

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY.

NEWSLETTER NUMBER 14. January 1984.

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EDITORIAL.

First, I am sure that all readers will join in sympathy for John Smith and his family in their loss of Emma, so tragically this Autumn.

"The Times" of July 16th reported the death of Dr. Peter Thexton in the Himalayas. Many Lundy-ites will remember the Thexton family. Peter's mother, Dr. Robina Thexton wrote to me: "He was 30 years old, doctor on K2 (British Alpine Style K2 Expedition led by Doug Scott) He & Doug & Greg Child did a first ascent of Lobsang Spire - then they tackled Broad Peak, but Peter had a sudden onset of pulmonary oedema at 26,000ft. ... he died peacefully (in a tent at 24,000ft) cared for by Gohar Shah, the high altitude porter. We are so grateful to Greg Child who helped him down to the tent. He died on June 28th. & was buried on the mountain. He became skilled at rock climbing on Lundy, which he always loved, & visited to climb many times. ... Vicky had a successful week's camp on Lundy in September. We also hope to come again."

Other news of a "family" nature is the departure from Lundy in 1983 of John and Ina Hinshelwood who are retired to Perthshire; Nick and Gwenda Morrow retired to Ilfracombe; Peter De Groot living and working in Bristol.

Jenny Lingham is now also living and working in Bristol, having graduated from Exeter. Helen Cole is doing research on bees at Cardiff. (I hope you will all enjoy our Bee report in this letter.) Tom Betts is reading Law at London, and Patrick Penny has a place at Downing, Cambridge.

No one has written to your Editor about Births or Marriages, but everyone who remembers the Marsh family will be glad to know that Daphne Marsh has new knees, which it is hoped, will soon carry her again to Lundy.

All sorts of activities have enlivened the island since our last newsletter. The 30 or so men of Ernest Ireland Ltd have laboured mightily to construct Jebb House and to convert the old Manor Farm Hotel into the new Tavern and Shop together with 'Square Cottage' and 'Old House North and South.' The aerogenerator having made all year-round visits possible (weather permitting), I understand that 50 or so people were over for New Year. When the Editor and family were staying in Jebb House this summer, photos were taken, and we had a fire (you remember how hot it was) for the Winter Brochure. Dare one hope ones picture drew the New Year contingent?

There has been considerable interest in the local press about the change of berth of the 'Polar Bear' from Ilfracombe to Bideford. Another topic given coverage has been the Statutory Conservation Plan for the Lundy Marine Reserve, on which we have a report in this letter. There is general approval of the plan (Prince Charles is supporting such a plan for the Isles of Scilly), but there are doubts about PLANNING. Denver Daniels, who lectures at Exeter University and has done considerable work on the island, writes that he feels that too much planning might spoil the spontaneity of exploration and research on Lundy.

The farming on Lundy has also caught the Press eye. 75 new sheep, a dairy cow for supplying fresh as against Long-Life milk, and a small herd of heifers and calves were delivered in December, together with an in-foal shire mare, Cobweb. According to the paper she will be "...pulling tourists round the 1000 acre rocky outcrop in a cart." Mr. Gade told that Mrs. Calmady Hanlyn, when she visited, came up the beach path that way to present her calling cards.

In October Mr. Bill Smith of Appledore (Trained at Hatton Garden) repaired the clock on St. Helena's Church while he was over on a short holiday. Also in October it was reported that a Lundy brewery is to be set up to brew "real ale under the Puffin label" - (Lundy Beer Festival?) Other "Lundy Puffins" (8inches high with orange felt beaks) are made at Molland Cross by Barbara Backhouse, who sends them over to the island shop in batches of 25, they are recommended as "lovely "special"

presents.

Lundy has also featured in the National Press. The "Observer Magazine" had a picture of the North Light, a "most important coastal lighthouse" in its article for Young Lighthouse Collectors. The "Sunday Express Magazine" in its Celebrity Islands, quoted Leslie Thomas (author of "A World of Islands") as choosing Lundy "because, although it's only in the Bristol Channel, it feels as if it's miles from anywhere". There's glory for you.

"Devon Life" (Oct issue) carried a photograph of a painting of Lundy by Robert Dudley RWS. It looked vaguely like the NE Gannets Combe area, or vaguely like the West Side of St. James Stone. I phoned John Collins, the gallery owner, who said it was sold to a collector for £300. Search your attics, you might find treasure there.

Now for some correspondence. Your Editor wrote to Lord Saye about the Romance written by the Lord Saye who was on Lundy in the 1640s. He replied; "Alas the only reference anywhere to William's romantic work is in the Dorothy Osborne letters which you quote. There is no evidence or knowledge about any existing manuscript and there is certainly no document here among our very small number of papers.

We know of course that William was on Lundy but somehow I doubt the work!"

Another intrepid traveller John Thomas of Philadelphia, who wrote in our last newsletter of his discovery of Lundy, wrote that his mother visited Lundy too last summer; "...my mother took a trip to England and Scotland. She had a day free in London, so while the other tour companions went to London shops, she took the evening train to Exeter and Barnstaple. The next day she took a cab to Hartland and flew to Lundy for several hours and was back in London by evening. She liked it very much, apparently the bartender remembers me so she could see where I spent my time."

Your Editor has been anxious for some time to give you the News of the Ophioglossum. It is a plant that shows what an excellent conservation area Lundy already is, and how worth conserving. Andrew Cleave of the Vyne School, Basingstoke, found it in '82 & '83 growing in huge abundance. He sent a specimen to the British Museum for identification. They were delighted because their only identification specimen dated from the 1930s when Dr. Ellison Wright (of Lundy Cabbage fame) sent them one. Since then no one has found enough to dare to pick any. This Lundy rediscovery (it is on Mr. Heaven's plant list in Chanter's 'Lundy') is a fertile hybrid *O. vulgatum* x *O. lusitanicum*. It's the Adder's Tongue, and John Ogilvie and Mary Gade both know whereabouts on the island it grows.

Foot notes; can anyone confirm that the actor Patrick Blackwell who appeared in the BBC's "Chessgame" as "Warren" on Wed. Nov. 30th. was the son of A.E. Blackwell, who was a great Lundy lover of the '40s & '50s? Did you see the BBC & ITV. Naturalists programmes on Lundy?

All the Very Best.

PS. Did anyone see the UFO. heading for Lundy in the second half of last year? Actual dates to be checked by Ed. in N. Devon Journal - Herald by the AGM.

EVENTS FOR 1984.

Saturday March 3rd 1984. The Society's Annual General Meeting will be held at 1.45 pm. in the Hatherley Laboratories, The University, Prince of Wales Rd. Exeter. After the meeting, at about 6.00 pm. there will be an informal gathering in the Imperial Hotel which is close by, all are welcome.

Saturday 19th May 1984. Annual Excursion to Lundy, full details are enclosed with this Newsletter. We will be delighted if you join us. Non LFS. members are most welcome.

Written Contributions. You are invited to contribute to the Annual Report, our Annual Newsletter, or to the Island Log, whichever is most appropriate.

LUNDY IN 1883.

by Myrtle Ternstrom.

The first event of each year was "the men's supper". On January 28th all the employees of the island and the Trinity House men, with their wives, were entertained by the Heaven family at the House - they were given supper on trestle tables put up in the kitchen, and, after the women had helped clear away, the evening was spent with music, dancing, games, cards and charades.

The Heaven household consisted of the Squire - William Hudson Heaven, aged 84; his son, the Rev. Hudson Heaven (57); his daughter Millie (50); his niece Annie (52); and his two orphaned grand-children Winnie (21) and Walter (18). After a stroke in 1876 William Heaven had been left with partial paralysis, and loss of speech, although his faculties were all right otherwise and he was able to get about the house if supported. He was attended by a nurse and a doctor, the expense of which was met by a kind and concerned relative, Mrs Langworthy. Dr. Smith lived in one of the cottages called "Belle Vue" (which we now call the Quarter Wall Cottages) and the nurse occupied the small bedroom to the right at the top of the stairs which connected with Mr Heaven's bedroom.

After his father's illness the Rev Heaven tried to take over the running of the farm and the island, but he was not really suited to such a task; he was benevolent and fond of books, but susceptible to colds and all kinds of upsets, and lacking the resilience and determination and business acumen that were needed to make a success of management. Consequently a Mr Dovell was installed at the farmhouse, and charged with restoring the state of the farm, helped by his wife - they were experienced in their work and brought about a great improvement; butter, cattle, sheep and rabbits were sold on the mainland and the area between Half and Three-quarter walls was cultivated after Threequarter wall was built in 1879. The shepherd was Mr Tidball, who had a wife and several children, one of whom, Johnnie, was an especial favourite with the Rev Heaven and referred to as "the satellite". Another worker on the farm was Tom Pennington, who was newly married. The coachman-gardener was Christopher Ward, married to Louise - who was in poor health - and with five children - Annie, Fred (who had a bad reputation as a Don Juan), John, Mary and Amy. George Thomas was boatman and general handyman, and one on whom the Heavens relied for all kinds of services; he lived in the Castle cottages with his wife, Susan, and five children, William, Henry, George, John and Betty. There were other island workers whose names are lost, and servants at the House, of whom two were Harriet Dolling and Emily.

At the Battery were two families: the Morgans and the James'. At the Lighthouse there were three families - two living in the main building, and one in the extra cottage which then stood to the south of it; they were the Whitchurch, Wilson and Parsons families. All these Trinity House families played a considerable part in island life. The children living on the island were given lessons and Sunday school classes by the Heaven family - usually Annie and Winnie, while the Rev Heaven gave a few lessons to some of the boys.

At this time there was no bar as we know it; the premises were entirely taken up by the Stores. It is clear that "refreshments" were available, since there were complaints about over-indulgence, especially on the part of visiting sailors, but I do not know whether drinks were sold in the Stores or (as I rather think) in the large room behind. At the beginning of 1883 the islanders were "wrecking" - in December the "Burnswark" had gone aground near Quarter Wall, at the same time as the "Heroine" had sunk near Seal Rock. Wrecking was, of course, not allowed, but it was virtually impossible to stop either the islanders or the various seamen who arrived. But it should be remembered that the islanders were always ready to give help to ships in need or distress, often under very difficult conditions.

The Squire had been in very poor health, and he declined with the weeks until Sunday March 4th, when he died. He had had the foresight to secure some elm boards several years earlier, which he stored against this event, and which provided his coffin. The funeral was delayed by gales - despite three attempts by Capt. Dark with "The Gannet", no landing was possible until the 13th. At 3.30pm on that day the funeral procession wound down the path to the stables, up to the crossroads, past Benjamin's Chair and up the South-west Field to the cemetery (at that time there was a well-used path to the Lighthouse). All the islanders followed the procession "not a sound was heard but the slow, steady tramp of many feet...The grave looked about a nine foot drop..."

A valuation of his estate showed that he had no assets apart from the island and

its stock, which were worth £17,400. His son had no fortune - indeed, he had had to use his insurance policy to borrow money to pay off his debts, and since he had lived on Lundy he had never had any kind of income or allowance of his own. Millie Heaven gave up her right to receive a share of her father's estate in order to avoid a forced sale, and so that the family home could be held together. The lack of money was a constant problem, but despite the urgings of more prudent and realistic relatives the family were united in their determination not to sell the island, because they loved it. They often had to "make do and mend", while struggling to preserve their gentility.

At the beginning of May the fisherfolk arrived for the season to take up their usual residence at the Castle. As the birds started to mate and breed, there were complaints of tugmen and unauthorised islanders going "egging" - this was not allowed and was a preserve of the Heavens. On the 8th of May Edward Heaven and his family arrived to stay at Belle Vue, after a prolonged voyage which had started at 8am the previous day. He was suffering from TB and it was hoped that a stay on Lundy would effect an improvement, but it was too soon necessary to send for the doctor, and he died on June 23rd. The funeral was held on 28th - a very wet, miserable day - and on the 6th July the widow went home again with her two children.

In July the "Velindra" steamer started its summer season of sailings to Lundy with dry trippers, and continued until the ship broke down in September. Visitors also came on "The Gannet", on chartered boats, or in their own boats - any visitor of standing was expected to "call" at the house, and would be received.

In August Winnie (Marion Cecilia Harley Heaven) who had lived on Lundy since 1866, became engaged to her cousin, John Cookesley Heaven. One senses that this was an occasion without much celebration - it followed closely on two bereavements, and possibly a marriage between first cousins would have been viewed with some disfavour. During August Mr H. Gosse visited the island, as did two government survey men in connection with the proposed telegraph station. In September Winnie and Walter went down the Limekiln, and the "Little Ruth" caught fire and ran ashore on the beach, providing a universal diversion. The next arrivals were two men from the Ordnance Survey, and while they went about their work, the family were gathering in a good store of honey and lamenting the apples spoiled by the rats. In November a Mr Hough came from Lloyds, and, with Mr Heaven, chose a site for the new Telegraph Station. After which it was Christmas again, and there was a "Nigger" entertainment at the farm, organised by Walter, who liked the company of the islanders....

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GOAT ISLAND.

We climbed Goat's Island for the first time today. It was more a crawl than a climb, and we were surprised how easy it was to reach the summit. We stood up to see how high we were and to look at the view. There was a swell on the sea. Nothing breathtaking in any way. The descent was easy and took three minutes. The swim afterwards was brilliant. Rat Island is a better challenge in our view.

Angus Jeffries & Luke Bland. 26.8.83. both aged 15.

BEE BREEDING ON LUNDY.

by A.R.W.Griffin. Bee Breeding Enterprise, Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

Introduction.

I have been engaged in professional beekeeping for many years, in fact our families have been inflicted with "Bee Fever" for generations. Lovers of Lundy will recognise this condition as similar to "being bitten by the Lundy bug." Grandfather kept bees in straw skeps and was a skilled beemaster, a title coveted by beekeepers of long ago; he was also a true countryman with an intense love of the countryside and the creatures that inhabited it. Being born and brought up in such an environment it was inevitable that a way of life would be fashioned for me in which the honeybee would play a very important part. From an early age I developed

a "feel" for beekeeping, this was not available from books on the subject, it never will be, in fact this sense is difficult to describe to others. Perhaps we should consider such phenomena as gifts. Throughout the years I have dedicated my life to honeybees, they have created for me and my family a way of life full of interest and fascination, and in spite of an occasional sting, a life of peace and tranquility. The hum of bees on a glorious Summer's day must be the most soothing sound of all. Beekeeping has not changed much over the years despite our furthering our knowledge about bee behaviour and despite the invention and development of modern equipment: it still remains an age old craft. In contrast to agriculture today, which tends to separate man from nature, the art of beekeeping creates a world in which man is closely associated with the wonders of the natural world.

The Lundy Experiments.

I made acquaintance with Lundy many years ago while serving at the Amphibious Experimental Establishment (AXE for short) near Barnstaple, North Devon. From the first meeting the island formed a lasting impression in my mind, although at that particular time I did not realise that sometime in the future Lundy would play an important part in my beekeeping. When studying drone congregations some twenty years after a thought suddenly crossed my mind, why not use Lundy to solve some of the problems associated with bee breeding. Why this thought should suddenly occur to me I do not know, perhaps some reader of these lines will have at some time or another experienced this recur of memory.

In order to obtain permission to use Lundy as a bee breeding station a visit was made to the island. I discussed the project with the late Mr. Gade who was full of enthusiasm for bees to be sited on Lundy. He informed me that honeybees had been kept in the past, but had died out, this fact was of special interest to me. Here was an area completely devoid of honeybees surrounded by the sea; any colonies placed on the island for queen mating would contain selected queens and drones and accordingly these would mate. Drones from mainland colonies would not fly the Bristol Channel to Lundy and so mismatings would not occur.

We decided on a site in Millcombe with sufficient protection from the Atlantic winds and reasonably isolated from visitors to the island. Although there were other locations along the eastern side, Millcombe had the advantage of being the most accessible site. I think it was probably the most enchanting apiary location that I have had during all my years as a beekeeper.

The experiments were designed to investigate drone congregations, line breeding and hybridisation and the use of miniature colonies for mating purposes. Three races of honeybees were used, the Italian Carniolan and also a black bee from the Southern Hemisphere: the latter race being closely related to the old English black bee which became extinct in the British Isles many years ago. The complete isolation of Lundy from the mainland would ensure matings between selected virgin queens and drones, in other words matings could be controlled, whereas on the mainland, isolation from strange bees that are kept by other beekeepers can be quite difficult to maintain, and mismatings between the various strains are a common occurrence. Isolated areas are available on the mainland, and our present breeding station, set in almost inaccessible hilly country, can only be approached on foot or by Landrover, in our case the latter is absolutely necessary. I suppose some readers will ask "why go to all the trouble taking bees across the sea to Lundy?". The answer to this question is as follows. I required very precise information about drone populations and congregations that would enable me to establish a bee breeding and queen rearing enterprise.

I have in a previous paragraph referred to the use of miniature colonies for queen mating. After studying the island terrain and the transportation problems that might be involved using orthodox equipment, it was decided that a small hive would be suitable for the work. A number were constructed and stocked with bees, prior to the experiments on Lundy, and were studied in a mainland apiary. My main concern was the food supply of these small colonies. I had to satisfy myself that the bees would have sufficient stores to last at least a month. Although these nuclei would normally remain on the island for three weeks, after which, they would be returned to the mainland, it was necessary to take into account gales etc that could delay their removal from Lundy. The study revealed some interesting data, from which I was able to reach a conclusion with regard to food supplies.

It was necessary to prepare the nuclei a day before their journey to Lundy, this work being carried out at the apiary containing the selected stocks. From the

aforementioned trials it was possible to calculate the number of bees and stores needed to sustain these small colonies. Selected virgin queens were introduced at the time of the preparation. When complete, a screen of wire mesh was placed over each nucleus, and the entrance closed by a cork: the bees were now ready for transportation. Over the years I have moved hundreds of colonies by road and most of the moves have been without incident. However, I do recall one event when a screen moved, allowing the bees to escape into the cab of the vehicle. The window, especially the windscreen became a mass of bees all determined to return to the great outdoors. At the time, I was making my way through a busy city centre and providing the windows remained closed, a stampede amongst the shoppers would be avoided, I shall never forget the expression on the face of the policeman on traffic duty. On another occasion while transporting the bees to Lundy I only just managed to park in a very crowded layby near Taunton in Somerset. After driving nonstop from Dunstable I felt in need of refreshment before proceeding to Ilfracombe. As I sat there consuming my sandwiches, a great deal of activity began to take place, cars and caravans were moving off and in a matter of minutes the layby was clear. Concerned about this sudden disappearance of so many travellers all at the same time, I decided to get out of the vehicle. As I did so, it became apparent why so many should leave in so short a time. The rear of my vehicle was a hive of industry, bees had escaped from a nucleus, the screen of which had moved in transit. Although the number of bees was small, the presence of these insects was sufficient inducement for the public to move on. It was fortunate that this incident occurred in the layby, just imagine the consternation aboard the "Lundy Gannet." There were no more happenings of this sort. As any traveller to Lundy knows, the weather can sometimes make life difficult. I remember arriving at Ilfracombe early one morning to find that the sailing to the island had been cancelled because of a gale. I had to decide whether to wait for the wind to moderate or to return to Bedfordshire: as the forecast suggested no improvement for at least 24 hours, I was compelled to return home. It may interest readers to know that mating hives the same as those used for the Lundy experiments are in use at our breeding station throughout the summer months. We call them the Lundy hives.

Originally, I had decided to use the Island for breeding purposes, only during the summer months, however Mr. Gade suggested it might be possible to establish a permanent apiary in Millcombe. This idea appealed to me because it would reduce the amount of labour involved in transporting the large drone colonies, also it might be practicable to produce some honey for use in the hotel. There was one problem that had to be solved before bees could be kept all the year round on Lundy, to find the answer to this difficult question, we required someone living on the island who would be prepared to learn something about beekeeping. Much to my surprise it was not long before I was introduced to a Mr. Colin Taylor who turned out to be a first class pupil and within the short time of one season had mastered the basics of bee management. Colin proved a great help to me for a couple of seasons: on one occasion I was unable to remove some mating nuclei from Lundy, so I contacted Colin and asked him if he would secure the bees and put them on the "Lundy Gannet", and arranged that I would meet the vessel at Ilfracombe. Throughout the months of autumn, winter and spring, Colin was able to keep an eye on the colonies. Unfortunately, after several seasons he left the Island to take up duties elsewhere, no one succeeded him as apiarist and consequently the permanent colonies died out.

The flora of Lundy will only support a limited number of colonies, probably three at the most, the east side being the most attractive to honeybees; when the wind speed exceeded 15 mph the bees were reluctant to forage on the plateau or the west side. During poor seasons the colonies needed feeding if they were to survive long periods on the island.

The Lundy experiments were the most interesting and informative of my beekeeping career. They provided some of the answers to problems that I had been trying to unravel for a long time. In addition, this knowledge qualified me to select and establish an isolated breeding apiary on the mainland. The project would not have been possible without the kind permission, interest and encouragement of the late Mr. F.W. Gade. I would also like to express my gratitude to Mr. C. Taylor for his assistance with some of the work.

How nice if there were still a breeding colony of honeybees on Lundy.

(Editor. In the late 1920s/30s ("My Life on Lundy." Felix.W.Gade. p435) Martin

Coles Harman installed a hive with FWG as beekeeper, and FWG kept bees on Lundy for many years. He supports Mr Griffen's findings, "that it is only when there is an early spring and a fine summer, with light winds, that bees are able to produce a surplus of honey," (p.436) John Harman VC also kept bees, and FWG records (p.282) how he told the bees of John's death a fortnight after it had occurred instead of formally and as soon as possible as ancient custom insists: the bees "had not only left their hives they had also left Lundy". Your editor and friends once found what was believed to be a colony of wild bees on the platform of the mangonel(?) site above Jenny's Cove. We did not meddle.)

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK ?

by Katie Ogilvie.

Cast of "GRANITE."

Judith Morris	Ann Westcott
Jordan Morris	Christopher Betts
Prosper Morris	Peter Cole
The Man	Tony Cottrell
Penny Holt	Kate Ogilvie
Clergyman	Tony Walker
Narrator	Tony Langham

Friday 19th Aug. 1983. 10am. The above mentioned invaded the living room at Big St. John's and prepared for their/last rehearsal of "Granite." by Clemence Dane. Well fortified with coffee and (some of us) cigarettes we commenced to read. 1½ hours, several stops, an abundance of syntax errors and plenty of extra cuts later, arrangements were made for the public reading later in the day. The cast had to arrive in Castle Keep by 4.30pm. to "organise the seating, check the acoustics and go to the loo," presumably in ascending order of importance! The more nervous-minded among us were viewing the foghorn with some trepidation as the thick mist showed no sign of lifting, but we were quickly reassured; and the company dispersed, prepared for almost anything!

Later - 4.30pm. Council of War in Castle Keep, due to the non-ceasing fog signal. The conversation finally resolved itself (ie. the performance would take place as advertised, but the Narrator would apologise first for "the unfortunately loud background noises which are beyond our control") after this type of discussion:-

- . Can't we go somewhere else?
- . Wherever we go, we're going to hear that horn, it was designed to be heard from a long way off.
- . In that case, can it be postponed until next week?
- . Sorry, I'm leaving tomorrow morning.
- . Oh. Well.

Also, as pointed out 5 minutes later, there was the additional problem of bad timing: "If it decides to come in at this point - 'What tune did she dance to?' 'Wild tunes.' DUUUUUUUUR ! ~ the audience will develop a severe case of mass hysteria!" Trying hard to ignore the last remark the cast repaired to the Green Room (masquerading as Castle Keep North) for refreshment (a sip of water). As a long queue for the loo formed in at least 6 seconds flat, several nervous actors prepared themselves for a very nerve-racking performance. The audience rolled in, complete with cushions. 'Backstage', people tried to calm their butterflies by making remarks like: "When the people who've come to see you start to outnumber you, you know you've really got somewhere!" or "Overture and Beginners please!"

We casually wandered out onto the 'Stage' and waited to begin. Four bitten nails later, the 'Narrator', apologised for the foghorn, which, of course, stopped immediately, introduced the players and read the introduction. CURTAIN!

After all the frantic rehearsal and conversation, although I say it myself, the

play went very well. Having no fog signal blaring every 25 seconds, we all became much more confident. the first 'technical hitch' was an erring seagull, who soared overhead squawking loudly. About 30 pages later, an Air Force jet chose to roar past during one of Judith's more melodramatic passages. Ass Ann said afterwards; "My thoughts on the RAF at that precise moment were not, on the whole, entirely complimentary !"

We took our 'Curtain calls.' Nobody slung any bouquets, but, on the other hand, nobody slung anything that might have been less gladly received ! As we steamed towards the local hostelry, the general opinion seemed to be that it had been great fun, and if another play was in need of an actor or two . . .

Any takers ?

(Editor. "Granite." A Tragedy in Four Acts, by Clemence Dane was presented in the West End between the wars and has been produced by the BBC. The LFS obtained a reading Licence from the publishers and with the kind permission of the Landmark Trust gave a reading in Castle Keep, Lundy. The account of our presentation is given by the youngest member of our cast. There is no record of any previous presentation on the island.

Copies of the play may be obtained from the publishers; Samuel French Ltd, 52 Fitzroy St, London. W1P 6JR.)



THE LUNDY MARINE NATURE RESERVE.

by Robert Irving. NCC Marine Liason Officer (Lundy).

As many of you will be aware, a Marine Liason Officer was appointed by the Nature Conservancy Council (NCC) last summer, to help in assessing opinions concerning proposals to establish a statutory Marine Nature Reserve (MNR) around Lundy. Despite knowing very little about the island before arriving, the 3 months I spent there proved most enjoyable and very rewarding, much of which was due to the kind hospitality shown to me by the islanders, as well as the friendliness of the numerous visitors I met...not forgetting the excellent summer weather too! These few lines are intended to put you in the picture as to how things stand at present, and what is envisaged for the near future.

NCC are obliged to ensure that all parties which have some interest in the waters around Lundy are fully consulted before a statutory MNR is designated (under powers afforded to NCC in the 1981 Wildlife and Countryside Act.) One of the main reasons why I was on the island last summer was to be able to do this first hand, talking with visiting divers, fishermen, anglers, yachtspeople, visitors to the island and the residents themselves, explaining NCC's aims for the MNR and noting their reactions. In order to help with this, a leaflet was prepared explaining why the waters around Lundy are regarded as being so special, and outlining the proposals to protect the variety of underwater habitats and wildlife, thereby helping to ensure they remain special in the years to come. These were distributed to all interested individuals, along with questionnaires designed to find out how best the MNR could benefit its various users, particularly with regard to possible interpretive facilities (displays, slide shows, leaflets, etc.) and the role a marine Warden would be expected to play. Those questionnaires which have been returned (and I should like to thank all those who have completed one) are being processed at the moment.

These, together with other reactions I've had from numerous divers, fishermen, yachtspeople, etc., have formed part of the 'informal' consultation stage that the NCC is undertaking. Once this has been completed (after further meetings with diving groups, fisheries representatives, etc.) the next stage of 'formal' consultations will take place. This will involve written notification of NCC's statutory MNR proposals (including the proposed boundaries, byelaws and code of conduct) being sent to all interested parties. All replies received from these proposals will be taken into account in NCC's submission to the Secretary of State for the Department of the Environment, requesting that a statutory MNR around Lundy be established.

As you can see, the whole procedure is a very lengthy one, and it is unlikely that the designation of the Lundy statutory MNR will take place before the spring of 1985. As Lundy may well be the first of Britain's MNR's, NCC regard it as essential that this consultation procedure encompasses all possible views and reactions, whether

in favour or against the proposals.

It is hoped that during the coming summer there will again be an NCC presence on the island, to help inform visitors about the marine life found on its shores and in the waters surrounding the island. If any of you have views you wish to express concerning the LNR, I shall be pleased to hear from you.

Robert Irving, NCC Marine Liason Officer (Lundy) Roughmoor, Bishop's Hull, Taunton, Somerset. TA1 5AA.

CRICKET, TCMS & OTHER THINGS.

by Eddie Spiegelhalter.

I was fortunate to be properly introduced to Lundy by John Dyke, having previously only visited the island as a Campbell tripper. It was a business trip as we were involved together with the Lundy stamps but bad weather extended our stay into a holiday, causing me to miss my daughter's birthday. A radio telegram sent by way of greetings and explanation had a national newspaper phoning my wife and a BBC news item about stranded businessmen. On that first occasion we lodged at the Lundy Field Society hostel in the Old Light, I remember a rescued seabird waddling about the place on its big webbed feet, (1956, a young guillemot called Jonathan which only survived a few months. Ed.) and gathering seagulls eggs for breakfast - very strong and fishy. About that time I was fortunate to see alive the little egret that later resided in the glass case in the tavern. The 'Lundy Gannet' was our transport then and unfavourable winds often caused its early departure leaving us behind. One brief camping holiday with friends was considerably lengthened but we were the envy of others stranded as we dined well on local lobsters at 15/- each and plentiful crisp Muscadet we had brought over with us.

Later acquaintance with the island was through the Lundy v Farmers & Auctioneers annual cricket match. This meant a Saturday night in the Tavern and a match played on Sunday morning - when unfortunately not everyone was in the best form. One memorable occasion some of us were billeted on the 'Polar Bear' for the night, thus having to return to the ship by rubber dinghy in the small hours. After making a perilous journey in the dark to the beach after the closure of the bar, our skipper, who had been enjoying himself, was unable to start the outboard, but in a bolstered up spirit of overconfidence insisted on rowing us out to the 'Polar Bear'. However it was not long before it became obvious that far from nearing the ship it was getting steadily further away despite the efforts at the oars of our now aggressive and stubborn skipper and it was apparent that we were in the tide race off Rat Island. Salvation was at hand in the form of the mate from the mate from the 'Polar Bear' who launched the ship's boat and unbeknownst to our still hard rowing master, who of course had his back to the action, took us in tow back to the ship. I believe that even today our oarsmen thinks he did it all by himself.

Honours on the cricket field were generally evenly matched but after a previous defeat a county player was sneaked into our side. Unfortunately that year the match was rained off and the issue settled on the darts board - when our lion of the field proved that flighting a ball and a set of darts is not the same thing, and once again we lost.

To me, as to many others, Lundy will always be a special kind of place.

WINDSURFING OFF LUNDY.

by Victoria Daniels.

At first glance Lundy does not seem ideally suited to windsurfing. It tends to be not very sheltered and with unfavourable winds you could easily be swept down wind of the island. It is a long way to safety. However on closer inspection the landing bay at the south end of the island facing north-east provides a sheltered area for sailing in most conditions so I tried it in August 1983. A light onshore breeze provides excellent sport and the more experienced sailor will revel in the high seas typically seen round Lundy in stronger winds.

For the first few days of our stay there was not any wind (This is not a problem one would expect to encounter on Lundy). As it was hot and sunny it was a good opportunity for keen beginners to get some practice. Amused spectators could now write a book on "101 ways to fall off a windsurfing board". There are two broad classes: those who when they foresee the event become immediately resigned to it and dive elegantly into the water, and those who, in spite of realising the inevitable, try to stay on for as long as they can and usually end up going in in a very undignified manner! Young enthusiasts on Lundy exhibited both techniques.

Latterly the wind was more favourable and soon all participants were sailing. Access to the island's inflatable dinghy proved invaluable on one or two occasions for rescuing stranded over-enthusiasts from the divers beach.

Windsurfing on Lundy is great fun. All enthusiasts should bring their boards provided they are not used to such an extent that they exclude appreciation of all the beauty and other attractions Lundy has to offer.

SPAGHETTI BUDA-PEST.

by A.J.B.Walker.

This is a simple slow-cooking meal. I give amounts for perhaps 3 people depending on size/energy/appetite.

1 tin minced beef; 2 tins tomatoes; paprika, lots; salt to taste; guinness/port/sherry to add liquid and flavour. Others - see below.

Mix well, bring to the boil, then put into a very low oven and simmer while you do a North-End expedition all day. On returning, stir and re-moisten with available liquor: cook spaghetti ad lib (boil 12 - 15 mins.) and serve.

Possible additions: (1) Onion. Very important but not absolutely vital. (2) Butter beans. (3) Mushrooms. (4) Sweet-corn. (5) Green-peppers. (6) Garlic. (7) Herbs/spices. I usually have a dash of curry powder and bay leaves. If you use dried vegetables add more fluid. With different additions this is an excellent basis for experiments. I like the version with garlic and other 'savoury' spices, but also the version with more curry plus sultanas.

LUNDY PIZZA.

by Jenny Langham.

A quick recipe in which to use up ANYTHING. Nice hot for supper or cold for lunch. Total preparation time 30 mins, when bread has risen.

Mix up a bread mix (white or brown) and let it rise once. Grease a backing sheet or roasting tin. Roll the bread dough out until about 1/4" thin (will be translucent) and lay on backing sheet. Cook in oven Gas 6 (or so) for about 10 minutes.

Take out of oven and cover with a chopped tin of tomatoes and fried onions. To this can be added chopped grilled bacon, cooked ham, chicken, mushrooms, cheese, crushed garlic, - even spam. Green peppers, sweetcorn or sliced cold sausages give a continental taste. Sprinkle pizza liberally with mixed herbs or oregano. Put back in oven for about 15 mins. serve hot or cold.

ST. PATRICK'S STEPPING-STONE TO IRELAND: AN ESSAY IN PATRICIAN GEOGRAPHY.

by Peter G. Pritchard.

Introduction.

Having previously suggested the equation: Lundy = Avalon: Legendary resting place of King Arthur, further research has indicated the probability that it is also the mysterious isle on which St. Patrick dwelled, before, during and after his sojourn in Ireland.

Part One: PATRICK AS PUPIL.

Professor J.B.Bury, says in his 'Life of St. Patrick' "Since the book was in type I have received some communications from my friend Professor Rhys which suggest a hope that the mysterious Bannauenta, St. Patrick's home, may perhaps be identified at last. I had conjectured that it should be sought near the Severn or the Bristol Channel. The existence of three places named Banwen (which may represent Bannauenta) in Glamorganshire opens a prospect that the solution may possibly lie there."

Part Two: PATRICK AS TEACHER.

Islands were the favourite dwelling places of the early Saints, and there are at least two islands in the Irish Sea named after St. Patrick. Given the evidence of his return to British waters circa 418 AD, and the certainty that he was not in Ireland prior to 432; leaving a minimum 14 year gap to account for, we are justified in presuming that one of his priorities must have been to establish a religious dwelling place somewhere in the vicinity of his home and family. There is some evidence that he did do precisely that.

The three main sources of this evidence are the following: 1. The Dicta Patricii, which states that Patrick spent some time on an island in the 'Mari Tyrreno'. 2. The 'Hymn Genair Patraicc', which in verse 5, has Patrick travelling 'Across all Britain', in verse 7, has him coming to Ireland; and between these two, in verse 6, places him in the isles of the 'Mare Tyrrhene'. 3. The 'Life of Patrick' by Tirechan, writing two centuries after Patricks death, who gives Bishop Ultan as his source for the statement that Patrick spent 30 years on the 'insula Avalanensis'. My own proposal is that 'insula Avalanensis' is "the island of Avalan", simply another version of Avalon - Avalun, and thus back to Lundy.

What evidence is there on the island for the proposed presence of St.Patrick? We could hardly ask for more concrete evidence for a christian community in residence on the island, at the right time, than the four inscribed stones, no fewer than two of which may relate to Patrick. One bears the name of his grandfather 'POTITUS,' and if we accept the proposed translation of the 'OPTIMI' stone meaning 'the best one', this could be a dedication to Patrick himself. Additional evidence, of a physical nature, is to be found on the southern slope behind the South Light. There are unmistakable traces of an early building on this site, first brought to my notice in 1982 by Tony Langham, who at that time suggested they were perhaps the remains of a monks cell. I now believe them to be the remains of the first monastery built upon British soil, founded circa 420AD by St.Patrick and his companions.

Part Three: PATRICK AS LEGEND.

Patricks conversion of Ireland was not an over-night success, but rather the result of long years of sustained effort, during which I believe he retained Lundy as his base, probably spending most winters there. This dual habitation of Ireland and Lundy, both of which he is believed to have separately resided in for no less than 30 years, is far more logical when taken as concurrent, rather than treated as independent periods of his life, which we can see as one reason why he is, by some sources, made to live 120 years.

We have some evidence that his main success with the native Irish hinged upon his emulation of Moses, Elias and Jesus, by fasting for 40 days and nights, high upon:- "the wild desolate promontory, which is girt on three sides by the sea, and is known as the 'sea-land' Muiriscc." (Bury p131). Bury mentions another Muiriscc in Sligo Bay, and continues; "Ever this western mount has been associated with the foreign teacher, not only bearing his name, but drawing to it multitudes of pilgrims, who every year, as the anniversary of his death comes round toil up the steep ascent of the Croagh Patrick." (p 132)

It is not unreasonable, in view of the importance of this site, to Patricks mission in Ireland, plus the fact that his name supplanted Muiriscc, to suggest that by exchange he may have transplanted that name on Lundy. For I would propose that herein lies the best explanation of the name 'Marisco'. Assuming the location of a monastery on the Lametor, the occupants' gazing up at the mainland of the island would see it as towering twice their height above them, and making the laborious ascent, via the then existing saddle, they would have looked down upon a site girt on three sides by the sea, and they would have been standing on the very ground that was to house the later Marisco Castle

I would further suggest that the full name of the island at that time, given to distinguish it from other Avalons, was:- in its local form - 'Avalun de Monte Muiriscc', of which, of course, the present Lundy is the residue so that anyone holding the island could be named from it a Marisco. It could of course be objected that there is quite a difference between Marisco and Muiriscc and I would have to admit that I cannot prove they are identical, but I would point to the present day spelling of the latter in Ireland as Murrisk to demonstrate how spelling can change. There are two other points I would make in support of this thesis, that it explains the name of Stronbows right hand man, when he invaded Ireland circa 1170AD, given as Hervey De Marisco, in more than one source, and that it explains the name of the birds, named in an 18th century work, as being the most valuable on Lundy, as 'Muirrs.' (Ed. J.R.Chanter says in his "Lundy, a Monograph.": "In the earliest recorded period of its history the Island is found in the possession of of thenoble family of ~~Montmorency~~ or Montmorence, the English and Irish branches of which were designated as de Monte Marisco, and generally called de Marisco." In a note on the same page (ch v p57) Chanter says: "For an account of the great family of Marisco, Monte Marisco, Monte Morenci, De Mareish and Mareis, see 'Les Monte Morenci de France and Les Monte Morenci d'Ireland.' by Colonel Herbe de Montmorenci Morres. Paris 1828. Has any reader a copy of this fascinating work? Ngaio Marsh, the late detective story writer, claimed descent from the Mariscos.)

MUIR in the Oxford English Dictionary is a variant of MOOR. Its first meaning is "a tract of unenclosed waste ground:" its second (later) meaning is "a marsh." It is used as the first part of many names of birds and flowers: moor-buzzard, moor-myrtle.)

We can thus see this mystery isle as very much taking on the qualities required in a sacred island in the West from which the stricken King Arthur can be expected, both to recover, and one day return. There is a clear running-together of the legends of Arthur and Patrick, and indeed if we turn to Nennius, our earliest source for Arthur, we find the Deeds of Arthur, and the Life of Patrick, not only on the same page, but forming consecutive verses. Since it is not so well known, and also brings me to my next point, I quote verse 55:- on Patrick "No man knows his tomb, for he was buried in secret, no one knowing where - ." Three Irish sites claim to hold Patrick's remains, which claims are of course mutually weakening, and none of which are at all convincing. Only one non-Irish site claims to be the Saints final resting place, and that is Glastonbury.

In "The Early History of Glastonbury." By William of Malmesbury, edited and translated by John Scott, a work but recently come to my hand, I have found more material than I can readily absorb, digest, and do justice to. I will quote just two sentences from this book: "the saint who was the apostle of the irish and the first abbot on the island of Avalon," (p59) "When he eventually returned to Britain he remained on the island of Avalon for 39 years," (p61) to show how this renders some of my efforts here obsolete, and clearly requires greater study. (Ed. "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." gives William of Malmesbury's date as (1143?) and speaks of him as "a historian of high authority.)

If we seek an unmarked tomb for Patrick, I can do no better than to point to the words of Keith Gardner in his contribution to Langhams' "Lundy.": "Perhaps the most significant site on the island is the early christian cemetery on Beacon Hill. It is a roughly oval enclosure on the western cliffs and contains many unmarked and undated grave mounds. One, a squarish flat-topped cairn or 'Leacht' is possibly the special grave of a saint - perhaps the founder of the Christian community there." (p128)

Lastly, I wish to urge the consideration that the position of Benson's Cave, squarely overlooking the Lamator, whatever puposes it may subsequently have been altered and utilised to serve, in origin suggests some religious signicance, perhaps a mausoleum.

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CITIZEN'S BAND RADIO IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

Two members of Taunton C.B. Radio Club were on the Field Society Excursion on the P/S 'Waverley' on 16th April 1983, using the call-signs "Dancing Master" and "Green Streak".

The following contacts were made with hand-held TX equipment: Cardiff transmissions heard but failed to acknowledge on the outward voyage: on Lundy itself transmissions were made on Channel 36 at a prearranged time: "Windrush" at Northam acknowledged signals which came through so strongly that only confirmation of these by a postcard stamped officially on the island convinced him: "Starfish" - 50 miles away on the Quantocks was in contact with the island.

The experiment was so promising that plans have been made to extend it in 1984.

by John Serl. "Dancing Master", Cromwell Rd, Taunton.

HOW BRAMBLES GOT ITS NAME.

by Molly Livie-Noble.

BRAMBLES is now a snug, weather-proof country cottage with all the modern amenities. But it wasn't a bit like that in 1935 when my husband and I asked Mr. Gade if we might rent it as a holiday home. The bungalow, of corrugated iron and matchboarding, had been built towards the end of the last century for the Heaven family's gardener. It shook and groaned and creaked in every wind. Some of the floor-boards had gone, the loft was unusable and the kitchen window could not be opened in case the whole frame fell out. It was said to have had its last coat of paint in 1911. But it was habitable, and the big sitting-room had a superb view over the bay. We rented it for twelve pounds a year and from September 1935, until the beginning of the war in 1939, we used to go across for all the long holidays and whenever we could snatch a few days from work. There was water laid on from St. John's Well, but we had to boil kettles for washing. The old-fashioned kitchen range was unsafe and we cooked on primus stoves and the open coal fire in the sitting-room. There was no electricity: we used candles and an oil lamp.

We had great plans for the garden, which had not been touched for years. The stream had once been channelled and bordered with rocks to run through a sunken garden, under the path and down through masses of hydrangeas to the well outside

to clear these - mostly, at first, with pocket-knives and a rake made out of bits of a broken deck-chair and some three-inch nails.

Millcombe gates. But the stream had spread into a swamp and the whole place was thick with nettles, brambles and thistles. We set to work with great enthusiasm to clear these - mostly, at first, with pocket-knives and a rake made out of bits of a broken deck-chair and some three-inch nails.

We decided that we ought to give the place a name and, during one those evening sessions in the tavern, we invited suggestions, which came from all directions and ranged from the romantic (caer Sidhe, the home of the fairies, came, of course, from Stanley Smith) to the facetious and the ribald. Gi Gade, behind the bar, listened to all of this in silence and eventually remarked drily: "Seeing what you're doing down there, I think you should call it Bramble Villa." And that was that. It could never be anything else.

We had some very happy times there during those four years and the big sitting-room saw some good parties, with friends of all sorts from off-duty lighthouse-keepers to Oxford undergraduates. I remember listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on an old battery radio set one magic summer night - dead still for once, with a full moon shining over the bay. And I remember standing there listening to that other broadcast which brought everything to an end, when the Prime Minister told us we were at war and the first air-raid siren sounded over London. Next day there was a general exodus. We had already decided that a London suburb was going to be no place for our two-year-daughter, so my husband went ashore to make arrangements and I stayed on with a woman friend and Mary, part of a population of less than a dozen, until we left at Christmas. It was to be seventeen years before I saw Lundy again.

MORE SCRAMBLES

BY A.J.B.Walker.

You can get the best view of the Devil's Slide from St.James' Stone, if you can cope with the path to it. This runs downwards to the North of the buttress above the stone, on loose and wet earth; there is a pretty sheer drop of a hundred feet or so to sea level so take care. Once you get out onto the Stone you can scramble about - it is lovely granite, in most places - or, if you are very lucky, watch climbers on the Devil's Slide. The next time you see the Climbers in the Tavern, ask them casually if they did 'Albion' at the top of the climb.

The Copper Mines are three dull mine adits at sea level at the south end of Long Roost. The only reason for visiting them is to be able to say that you've done so. Start on the south side of the gully at the south end of Long Roost, get down onto the very steep grass slope, and descend. You'll find yourself scrambling among big granite boulders, and later on, these will be looming above you in a quite frightening way. At the bottom you will be able to explore two of the adits, but the third is higher up, and difficult to get to.

(Ed. These scrambles are not difficult but they are potentially dangerous so proceed with due caution. You should ask at the office before you go on the cliffs during the seabird breeding season.)

THE 'NORTH DEVON JOURNAL' DURING THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY.

by Peter Christie.

I have recently directed a Manpower Services Commission (MSC) sponsored scheme to index the nineteenth-century files of the 'North Devon Journal'. In so doing various references to Lundy have appeared and, in some cases, add slightly to our knowledge of the island.

Thus, in 1858 the columns of the newspaper were full of the various schemes put forward as to developing a 'harbour of refuge' in the Bristol Channel. That such a refuge was needed is shown by the figures for shipwrecks in this area between 1852-56. Some 5128 ships were damaged of which 1940 were total wrecks.

Some three or four suggested sites were looked at - amongst them, Lundy. On 1st April 1958 on page 5 of the newspaper there appeared an item of some interest. It reads; "A petition from Mr.Heaven, the proprietor of this island, has been

presented to the House of Commons, setting forth the superiority of its position for the construction of a harbour of refuge over every other site that has been suggested. The petition is accompanied by a neat map of the island, with the various currents and depths of water by which it is surrounded."

In the event Clovelly was chosen as the 'refuge' but I presume that the petition and 'neat map' referred to are still in records of the House of Commons - now housed in the tower of 'Big Ben', perhaps a reader would like to track them down as these archives are now open to the public.

The other item of interest concerns the discovery of the giant bodies on Lundy. This discovery is set out in some detail in an article by J.R.Chanter. in the 'Transactions of the Devonshire Association' Vol 1V p568 (1870) where the author makes reference to the discovery being "About 20 years since". This rough dating was followed by Loyd in his 'Lundy' (London 1925) who categorically states that the discovery took place "In 1850 ...," Loyd bases his account on that of Chanter, "...that being the only one extant, which is even remotely contemporary." However, in the 'North Devon Journal' for 15th May 1856 p5. there is a short item entitled "Discoveries on Lundy." It reads: "Some few weeks since in digging a foundation for a building, a body was disinterred, the curious and ancient sepulture of which induced the proprietor of the island to make further search to discover other remains. The labour has not been in vain as already 15 other bodies have been discovered all of extraordinary stature; one, supposed to have been the chief, was lying apart from the rest, with his head encased in a block of granite, this body measured 8ft 5in, the rest were from 6ft to 6½ft and one or two are children."

This article dates the discovery much more exactly and, perhaps more importantly, refers to 15 other bodies. In Chanter's account only 7 skeletons were mentioned plus "...a mass of bones of all sorts and sizes." Also Chanter describes the skeletons as "...of the ordinary stature" unlike the newspaper report. One assumes that the contemporary report is the more accurate bearing in mind that Chanter wrote his account some 14 years after the events he describes. Reference is also made in the newspaper article (unquoted here) of possible investigations being made by the "Archaeological(sic) Society of Barnstaple." One wonders if these were ever undertaken and, if so, where the report if any now resides.

LAMETRY - SOME IDEAS

collected by the Editor.

1. Peter Pritchard's view is that St.Patrick and his monks named their monastery there after their teacher Amator, Bishop of Auxerre. PP. finds that Mr.Mudge (the man later commissioned to carry out the first Ordnance Survey of the British Isles) produces, some 200 years ago, a map of Lundy with the spelling Lamatry, and this spelling PP. believes supports his view.

2. Why Lametry? Asks A.F.Langham. Lametry or The Lametor is an old Lundy name - widely accepted, with various spellings, but never questioned.

One thing is certain and that is that it has nothing to do with Lambs; and the suffix Tor which might indicate a hill does not seem to fit the site.

I know of no other site with a similar name but Peter Pritchard has pointed out to me that there might be a connection with St.Patrick. It is now thought likely, that Patrick was associated with Lundy in some way. Patrick's Grandfather was Potitus and his sister's father in law was Restitutus - both of which names might be commemorated on the Lundy Cemetery stones. Patrick was ordained by the Bishop of Auxerre whose name happened to be Amator. It is not impossible that Lametry (or Lamatry as it was spelt until 1820) might have some connection with the Bishop.

3. Also from Tony Langham. Lametry (or The Lametor). It does not appear in any Place Name Guide or Gazetteer nor on maps of Lundy before the beginning of the last Yet it has an ancient 'ring' about it - and may well have been the accepted local name for the place - passed by word of mouth from generation to generation. I was pleasantly surprised therefore when reading through the late Prof.John Dollar's Lundy papers which have been passed to me, that he quite clearly gives the origin as: Llan-y-tor, which translates as 'The enclosure, or sacred precinct, on the hill. (Ed. The Church Yard on Lundy is a Llan or Lan(cf. Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names.) Landkey near Barnstaple was one - the Church (Lan) of St.Cai.

4. AFL. has received a letter from the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies (School of Celtic Studies), saying, "...about the Lamator I have no ideas, but cannot see how there could be a phonological connection with Amator.
5. From AFL. Lamiter, Lameter, adj. lame; n. a cripple; one deformed. ('Chambers's Scots Dictionary). Could it be either i) the shape of the rock looks deformed, or, ii) a cripple (hermit?) lived there?
- 6) Ed. A corruption of Le Maitre (ie Amator/Patrick) or a version of Lamasery (cf. OED) ?

BUSHELL IN COMBE MARTIN.

by Patrick Penny.

No doubt many people on Lundy have been fascinated by Thomas Bushell, and Brazen Ward and other Civil War Gun Platforms which were probably built by him around the island. Bushell also ran silver mines and a mint, and while he was on Lundy he was draining and working the old silver mines at Combe Martin, on the North Devon coast. It seemed a natural step when Roger Allen and myself went to Combe Martin to look for any traces of Bushell, to break the ground for further work.

We arrived in the village on a day in early September and it rained or drizzled for the whole time. Armed with information from Tony Langham's Lundy Collection, we spent the morning getting nowhere in the Tourist Information Office and the Silver Mine Cafe and watching the rain. After lunch at the "Pack of Cards" we steeled ourselves against the elements and pushed out into the great unknown. We knew a little, the mines had been worked extensively before and after Bushell and our chances of finding anything on him were slight.

We started at the Knap Down Mine, east of the village, upon a hill. This is the most obvious relic at Combe, an engine house chimney and a pile of debris, and this dates from the 19th. Century. Next stop was West Challacombe Farm. A 1930s guide book said that this was Bushell's house and it was certainly large enough, but the building looked later than 1650 and so we assumed there was little to find of Bushell: it needs further investigation.

From West Challacombe we went to the "Old Combmartin Mine" in Corner Lane, near Knap Head. Although unimpressive on the surface, this was probably where Bushell worked and my map showed a complex series of shafts under the surface, stretching under the village. All that we saw were the remains of a small building, about 7ft. by 4ft. and a long raised earth work by it, supported at one end by a wall 25yds. long and 3ft. high. There were no signs of shafts on the surface.

By this time we were quite damp so we left sunny Combe Martin to the ravages of the end of the tourist season. There were three other places where addits were meant to be but time did not allow us to get to them; ah well, next time. (Sources: "The Story of Combe Martin." by G.F. Beaumont and "Bushell & Harman of Lundy." by Boundy, as well as Tony Langham's collection.)

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MEMORIAL STONES ON LUNDY.

by Tony Langham.

Lundy cemetery is unique in having no less than four inscribed stones dating from the post Roman period.

The first of these was discovered in 1905 when a grave was being prepared for a member of the Heaven family. Unfortunately the stone appears to have been damaged during its removal and the top part of the original is still buried.

I was fortunate enough to discover the second inscribed stone, quite by chance, in the early 1960s while standing in the cemetery with Keith Gardner who was making archaeological investigations around the island. I remarked on the large number of 'interesting' mounds around us saying I felt sure there was something interesting under each one of them. As I said this I kicked the turf overlaying the mound by

our feet, and amazingly the turf flapped off revealing a clearly marked stone which has since been called the 'Potiti' stone. Douglas Hague who was in charge of the office of Ancient Monuments in Wales visited Lundy very briefly in 1963 and discovered the third and fourth stones within minutes of each other.

There have been several suggestions for the protection of these fascinating stones which sadly are now exposed to the weather and to damage caused by sheep gaining entry into the Cemetery. At one time it was thought that they might be kept in the shelter of St. Helena's Church, porch, and another suggestion was that they should form part of the exhibits in a Lundy Museum. Douglas Hague however felt that they should not be removed too far from their original site (though it does seem likely that they have been moved a few feet since they were first crafted.) In May 1981 I was able to offer some help to Douglas Hague who was ably supported by two ladies in the task of erecting all four stones in a group against the bank of the cemetery enclosure. The site was well chosen as the inscriptions are shielded from the weather and yet obliquely lit by the Sun in such a way that the wording is most clear.

The island authorities kindly supplied a cement mixer and a heavy tractor was used to move the stones which were then erected using a tripod, block and tackle. The work was carried out in poor weather but we were warmed and fortified by the contents of the hamper which the late Rosemary Christie brought each day. To lunch in a civilised way, and to take a nap afterwards among the graves is one of those magic memories that only seem to occur on Lundy and which I shall treasure. Oct. 1983.

TWO POEMS

by John Dollar.

(The late Dr. A. T. J. Dollar spent many working holidays on Lundy in the early '30s and carried out the only comprehensive study that has been made of the geology of the island. These poems are published with the permission of his widow Jenny Dollar and for this we are most grateful.)

Sea Winds.

Over the house the wind springs
Hurled from the western seas
Searching each slot in my window pane
Bluffing a way through the trees
Buffeting curtains and shivering doors
Bursting on bushes and walls
Leaping and swaying round dew-heavy grass
Thrashing green waves as it falls
Out by the combe where the pine-trellaced air
Lifts out the faint scent of flowers
Plucking at spiders and fluttering webs
Diving triumphant by towers
Bracken manned, holding a turreted head
High from the long searing cliff.
Doubling backwards and coming again
Full with unseeable things
The song of the storm and the foam-wetted rope
The smell of jet rocks by the quay
The cry of the gull and the grey speckled seal
And the swirl of the surf of the sea...

Lundy

Would you come if I told you
the winds always sweep there,
And snip all the wave-caps,
or blow through the walls?

Would you stay if I said
there were black eyes, star-lighted,
With trees full of grey gusts
and birds' fitful calls?

Would you wish to go often
and never cease thinking
Of high cliffs and wave laps
in harvest moon light,
If I said it is Lundy,
the shy nymph bewitching,
Who calls in the lone Sea of Severn
this night?

NY NIGHT ON SHUTTER ROCK.

by Barbara Whitaker now Snow.

On the afternoon of August 4th 1954, I made my fifth visit of the season to Great Shutter rock to check on the 30 Shag's nests there. For all these visits I climbed down to sea-level on the south side of Shutter rock and then swam about 10 yards across a sea-filled gully, often making several journeys to ferry across my belongings. It was a calm still day with a slight swell, but by the time I was ready to return a big swell had risen and the swim looked definitely dangerous. So I climbed to the top of the rock and waited about 3 hours, meanwhile regretfully watching my new pink jeans being swept out to sea by the tide. I could ill afford to lose them on my warden's salary of £150 pa!

My absence was not noticed until the evening meal at the Old Light, about 7 pm. After it, Mary Howarth the cook that year, and the visitors began searching for me. I think it was Mary that found me around 8.30 pm. She fetched Mr. Gade and some of the staff from the hotel. Mr. Gade decided it would be safest for me to spend the night there. Vince Squires sent a line over with the rocket, he was good at aiming and though I'd taken cover behind a rock, he managed to hit my rear! Not damaging as the rocket had lost most of its force. They rigged up a pulley and sent over a torch, blankets, sandwiches, coffee and brandy. The first brandy I'd ever drunk and I soon felt pretty warm and happy and was singing sea shanties to myself!

Before going to sleep, I explored the rock for other roosting birds. I found one ringed Shag sleeping so deeply I read its ring number without waking it, and another unringed Shag which I caught and ringed.

There is a flat comfortable space at the top of Shutter rock and it was a still night and I slept undisturbed except for waking once to the sound of migrating warblers flying over.

Early next morning one of the Campbell launches came round to pick me up. Used to choppy seas, Bill Fisher picked his moment to come into the gully, and I got myself and belongings on board.

Mr. Gade made me promise never to swim over to Shutter rock again. But that winter I persuaded the LFS. to buy a rope ladder which we fixed to the east face of the Shutter rock so for the next three breeding seasons I made weekly visits to the Shag colony there.

Many thanks again to my rescuers.

STOP PRESS
"LUNDY" - ISLAND SERIES

by A.& M. Langham.

In May 1984 Messrs. David & Charles are publishing a new, revised edition of this definitive work, which has been out-of-print for some years.

We hope to have the book for sale on the LFS Excursion on May 19th when Tony Langham will be pleased to sign copies aboard the "Waverley".

ASW/PBFC/AFL. JAN '84.