

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY.

NEWSLETTER NUMBER 15. January 1985

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EDITORIAL.

(NDJH = North Devon Journal Herald; WMN = Western Morning News)

I know you would wish to join with me in sending our sympathy to the Rev. Donald Peyton Jones on the death of his wife in the Autumn; also to Lady Geoffrey Percy (Mary Lea) whose husband died in December and to their daughter.

John Nunn (of Westward Ho!) says that P.J. is in Colombo at the moment, standing in for a Missions to Seamen colleague. Mary Lea worked on Lundy ('50-'55) just before her marriage to Lord Geoffrey.

Gordon and Joanna (Stafford) Blore have a son, Timothy Sebastian. They were married on Lundy when Ian Grainger was Agent. Penny Ogilvie writes that Inez Lunen (Harman) and John Harman (now living in Australia) each has a new daughter both born in '84.

Rosemary Ann Lauder became engaged to Christiaan de Blocq van Kuffeler on Lundy (where they first met) in October. Elsewhere in the Newsletter there is an account of how she came to publish her handbook on Lundy.

I have had a query in a letter from Major Peter Bellers. He writes : "I am often asked why I go to Lundy so regularly and what I do there". I usually reply 'Nothing' - I just enjoy the island, the air, the isolation (not found on a day trip!), the changing moods usually so peaceful and beautiful and yet subject to rapid change to storm, violence and even tragedy.

"Not being an expert or a specialist I take a great interest in all the island offers. I find everything on Lundy fascinates me, the sheer beauty of the rugged cliffs, the contrast between the East and West coasts, the birds (particularly the sea birds), the turbulent history and the present day traces of it still discernible.

"I really write to you to find out whether you know the history of the delightful picture in Millcombe dining room of the old man-o'-war in Lundy roads. Do you know the year, event and the artist, I wonder?"

There is also a WANTED Notice : J.R. Chanters "Lundy Island"; some stamps (particularly Red Cross and Appeal Overprints); please reply to A.Walker, 5 Stevenson Drive, Spital, Wirral, Merseyside.

Apropos stamps - the NDJH had "a tip-off for stamp collectors (on Nov.8th) that a new Lundy Puffin issue is on the way". The comment continues : "What form the stamp will take isn't yet known but, interestingly enough, the new issue hint comes at the same time as publication of a new catalogue of existing issues by the Lundy Collectors Club, with headquarters in Illinois, USA.

"Strictly by Trade Description Act standards the Puffins are "local carriage labels". This isn't good enough for many lovers of Lundy, its stamps, history and traditions and collectors in several countries got together to form the Lundy Collectors Club, publishing their own philatelic quarterly and catalogue.

"One thing leads to another ... checking on the Lundy Club with Ray Shapland, the Cross St, Barnstaple, Stamp Dealer, I discovered that he is about to start 'writing.. up' the extensive Lundy stamp collection of his late father-in-law, Mr. Ernest Warwick who died last year at 84. Writing up in stamp man's language means cataloguing and displaying."

Have Members noticed Lundy's year in The Media? The commentators for BBC1's "Birdwatch" from the Exe estuary on 4th November were Roger Lovegrove and Tony Soper. RL was on Lundy in '57. Amongst other activities he ran from the North Light kitchen to the South Light kitchen; one of the first to attempt this challenging 4 miles. BTW some LFS members were watching a $\frac{1}{2}$ Marathon at Barnes Green, Sussex; (pop. under 3000) when a runner waved at them and roared "Lundy" as he went past - he had met one of the party at Easter.

In a most excellent ITV series, "Secrets of the Coast", your committee member, Dr. Keith Hiscock, assisted with the Commentary on Lundy's marine treasures.

And no fewer than three National Newspapers have actually visited Lundy in '84. "The Daily Telegraph" sent Julian Bowden who took his own photographs of and from the Old Light. He was impressed by the church as an "example of Victorian excess", and by the "rare peace". Rob Neillands from "The Times" visited, but his account is rather travelogue-ish and lacks JB's personal touch. "The Mail on Sunday" had a large colour spread.

If you watch Channel 4's "Treasure Hunt" and you give a sharp eye to the 'chopper' that is vital to the programme, you will see it is labelled "Castle Air Charters Ltd"; the pilot, Keith Thompson, has ferried many of us from Hartland to Lundy and back.

Those of you whose birdwatching interests Richard Campey is so capably catering to, will be interested to know that "Where to Watch Birds in Devon & Cornwall" was published in May. It is by D. Norman and V. Tucker, with line drawings by Peter Harrison and an Introduction by Bill Oddie, who was on Lundy birdwatching in 1984. Lundy is mentioned in the book. Nick Dymond, who was Warden on Lundy, in the early '70s, is in Northern Australia establishing a Bird Observatory.

Some of us may remember parties of small boys on Lundy, being looked after by careful tutors. One such tutor was Count Tolstoy. Your Editor can confirm this because she wrote to ask if he were. He wrote back: "Yes, it was indeed I who brought the troops of boys to Lundy years ago! I will be very willing to write for your Newsletter, as I have many happy memories of the island. Indeed, my parents first met there and we were all very friendly with the Harmans. I allude to this in my forthcoming book on the Merlin legend. Please give my best wishes to Penny (Ogilvie) Ruddock, whom I remember well at Lundy and TCD."

Another group of small boys visited from Clifton College: one of them, Tony Cottrell, is now a regular visitor to Tibbetts with other C.C. connections. Tony Cottrell and Viv Hope-Scott, with Stephen Pile (who arranged the Festival) took part in the Nether Wallop festival of the Arts last month, together with such notables as Billy Connolly, Peter Cook, Ned Sherrin, Jenny Agutter, Rowan Atkinson, Michael Hordern, Wayne Sleep, Lynn Seymour, Gore Vidal.

On Lundy itself, February saw the arrival of John Ogilvie's brewing equipment and Easter saw the first quaffing of "John O's" bitter. February also saw the return of the "Polar Bear" to Bideford. The island now has a super-fast Dory as well as the P.B. - a sort of taxi service, according to the WMN.

In June, Cobweb had her lovely foal, Spider, and is herself learning how to run in harness.

In July, drought struck Devon. The WMN recorded the importing of water from the mainland to Lundy. The NDJH reported the use of bricks in cisterns and the supply of sea soap for use in salt water. Experiments (unsuccessful) were made in August to wash hair in the sea with Fairy Liquid. (Your Editor had a splendid August holiday and swam nearly every day as a most pleasurable alternative to baths.)

Another excitement in August was the "dig" at the Castle, at which many visitors (including LFS members) helped. This "dig" was directed by Dr. Thackray, archaeological surveyor to the National Trust. The part of the Castle being "dug" is thought to be 17th Century and it is hoped there will be funds enough to continue next year. The WMN and the NDJH speak of a "bread oven" as being uncovered, but Roger Allen thinks it could be a minting furnace used by Bushell: an interesting speculation. (Your Editor thinks Benson's Cave may be a fogou.)

Both "The Times" and the WTM carried a picture of David Trapnell who found Stone Age bones (oxen, dogs, deer) on Westward Ho! beach, exposed during March storms. D.T. says they belong to the period when you could walk to Lundy. (David & Mary Trapnell are friends of Mr. & Mrs. Gade.)

Did any member see Russell Davies' "Manglo-Saxon Gazetteer" in "The Times" in February - a sort of extension of Franglais. West Country items included Il Truro (It.) = Etruscan tourist - Le Crediton (Fr.) = overdraft (expressed in 100 franc units) - Le Lundy (Fr.) = long weekend, extra day off, truancy (Ed. ? Delayed by storm?)

The Ilfracombe life-boat crew has just been awarded a medal by the R.N.L.I. for a brave rescue in September. The crew's Engineer is Wayland Smith, who spent much of his young life on Lundy.

There is a Lundy Crossword in this issue. There will be a prize for the first correct solution received by Friday March 1st by your Editor.

Please do not forget the Editor is still looking for a Gosse "Sea and Land". ATWB.

EVENTS FOR 1985

Saturday March 2nd, 1985, The Society's Annual General Meeting will be held at 1.45 pm in the Hatherley Laboratories, the University, Prince of Wales Road, Exeter. After the meeting, at about 6.00 p.m., there will be an informal gathering in the Imperial Hotel which is close by; all are welcome.

Saturday June 8th, 1985, 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.

Grants - you are invited to apply to the Society, through its Secretary, for a Grant towards an (approved) Research Project relating to Lundy : apply to Peter Cole, 2 Beaufort Close, Reigate, Surrey.

The Conservation Issue (Lundy MNR) - Letter from Dr. D. Daniels, B.Sc., PhD.,
Please find enclosed the article I discussed with you on the telephone. I also enclose a photocopy of a news item published in the Guardian on December 1st 1984. As you can see from that item I am not alone in my concern over NCC tactics and aims. "Continuing and escalating efforts are being made by the Nature Conservancy Council to establish statutory control of Lundy. Lundy is to be notified as a site of special scientific interest under section 28 of the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981 and under section 36 of the same act the NCC seek to establish statutory control of the waters surrounding Lundy. Effectively such legislation would bring Lundy under the total control of the NCC. The Lundy Field Society would at best be subject to the dictates of the NCC and at worst become a totally redundant organisation. Members of the LFS should be alerted to these changes which are being condoned by NCC sympathisers within the LFS and the LFS committee.

My firm objection to Lundy becoming an SSSI and a statutory marine nature reserve is based on the following :

1. Lundy is currently a successful voluntary MNR and has been so since 1973
2. Lundy is sufficiently isolated geographically to make any statutory control unwarranted
3. The NCC propose to establish their own, as yet undefined code of conduct for visitors to the island
4. The NCC propose to impose their own, as yet undefined, bye-laws for Lundy enforced by a resident warden
5. Access to areas on and around Lundy would be restricted
6. Restricted access would interfere with farming practice on Lundy and inhibit spontaneous exploration of both the island and sublittoral sites.

"The peace, freedom and dignity of the island I have known, loved and visited over the past 20 years will all be destroyed in the name of legislation. I urge LFS members to think carefully about these matters and if anyone shares my disquiet about such dictatorial methods of conservation then perhaps they would write to the NCC expressing their concern."

From the "Guardian", Dec. 1st, 1984 - these are comments marked by Dr. Daniels:
"The chief geologist at the NCC has resigned because he objects to what he terms the new "uncompromising militancy" of the council and its imposition of conservation by diktat He believes that behind many of the examples of farmers and landowners ripping up council-designated sites of scientific interest was the fear that their land would be rendered sterile. He quarrels with what he sees as the NCC's intention to select additional sites of special scientific interest under the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981 for "cultural, recreational, aesthetic, inspirational and even spiritual reasons". Eventually, he says, landowners' and occupiers' freedom of action will be subject to control in perpetuity on land equal to at least 10% of Britain. . . . The NCC at its headquarters in Peterborough was surprised by Dr. Black's letter to staff and said it was not aware of his reasons for resignation. It said that its methods were used in order to comply with their obligations under the act which were to survey for sites of special scientific interest and protect them. It was not prepared to comment on Dr. Black's allegations about their methods."

From the WMN - comments from an article published on Dec. 6th 1984 :
"John Owen considers why Devon and Cornwall have done so much to topple the Wildlife and Countryside Act of 1981 which is intended to preserve beauty in all its natural forms : why the West is cold shouldering marine nature reserve scheme. One of the Government's most cherished achievements in legislation designed to protect the environment is currently undergoing trial by public judgement after only three short years of life. If the scaffold seems to have been erected with unbecoming haste, it is worth noting that the tricoteuses on its steps include many leading conservationists. . . . It is ironic to reflect that Devon and Cornwall, the two counties which for most people enshrine all that is most beautiful in our national heritage, have given the heartiest of shoves to topple an Act intended to preserve beauty in all its natural forms. . . . It is possible that the Act may be amended in such a way that the loophole which the Scillonians have exploited with such staggering success can be plugged for the future. For, make no mistake, it is upon a procedural point rather than upon an argued case that they have won the day. Under the act, the Nature Conservancy Council were given the responsibility for recommending to the Environment Secretary those areas which should be created marine Nature reserves. Two were in the West Country - the Scillies and Lundy - three were in Wales and two in Scotland. Informal consultation began as the first step towards an eventual recommendation and the operation soon ran into trouble. A hitherto unrecognised defect in the Act surfaced. Whitehall had enjoined the need to resolve substantial objections before a recommendation could be made - a manderin edict rather than an explicit Parliamentary wish, it would seem - and it became obvious rapidly that the hardening objections from the Westcountry were beyond amicable solution, with the local Sea Fisheries Committees setting their faces against the scheme. So the power of a vote which no-one had discerned was found suddenly to exist, to be used with crushing finality by the Westcountry fishermen."

Entertainments in St. Helena's 15th August 1984 : Whilst visiting Lundy last August, Peter Cole, Anne Betts and Ann Westcott, at the request of Rev. Andy Edwards, put together a very varied and enjoyable programme of entertainments in aid of the Church fabric.

In what seemed to me an incredibly short time, performers were found (some had to be inveigled into coming forward), encouraged, timed, rearranged and organised into a wonderfully smooth, professional and entertaining show. A good balance of musical, humorous and interesting material was presented by an equally varied cast of Islanders, staff and holidaymakers, introduced by Tony Langham. Contributions (not in order of appearance) were as follows :-

Viv Hope Scott made the Church organ rock (like I'm sure it had never done before) with his renderings of 'Putting on the Ritz' and 'Summer Time'. Susy Betts played a solo on the 'cello - a Bach Allegro from the Sonata No.2 for Viola da Gamba and keyboard, and Katy Ogilvie played a solo on the flute - a Handel sonata. A second Handel sonata was played by Katy and Susy together. The Farthingdale choir sang madrigals and everyone sang the Hartland Song (painstakingly typed out by Pete Cole so that no-one should be at a loss for words). Liz Ogilvie, Rev. Andy Edwards and I gave readings from Myrtle Tornstrom's Lundy works covering such diverse topics as 'egging', the iron church and the new St. Helena's, and a diary of events of a hundred years ago. Patrick Penny read the excerpt from Kingsley's Westward Ho! describing the wreck of the Spanish galleon onto the Shutter Rock. Original contributions came in the form of two poems 'The Puffin's Lament' and 'The Ballad of Lundy' from

Tony Cottrell, and in a hilarious commentary on the 'joys' of Tibbets life from Tony and his friends (Tony Williams, Tony Milligan, Eliot Watkins and Viv Hope Scott) who were staying there at the time. Sue Metcalfe rounded off the range covered by the programme with an excerpt from the music to movement demonstration she had participated in at the Albert Hall in July. The whole event was very well received by the entire congregation and well worth all the hard work from the three co-producers.

by W. Puddy

LUNDY ISLAND WIND DIESEL INSTALLATION

by J. Puddy

The Lundy wind generator was installed and commissioned during November 1982 and has had a successful life so far.

The wind generator site is located on the top of the island 900 m from the south end. The island is substantially flat on top but as it is only some 1000 m wide and rises 125 m above sea level with steep cliffs all round there is a fairly high level of turbulence and a degree of stratification in the wind stream over the site. The best wind approach is in the prevailing direction but even this can be quite turbulent in strong winds.

Despite the elevated site there is considerable salt spray and the only major outage occurred when this penetrated the alternator insulation causing an earth fault and necessitating a re-wind some seven months after commissioning. The machine was out of action for four weeks at that time and the remedial action taken would appear to have been effective.

Of a less serious nature the machine has on three occasions lost one of the fantail rotors and the nacelle cover was damaged by being blown open in a gale after the fastening bolts vibrated loose. These problems were largely due to vibration caused by the turbulence mentioned earlier.

The control system has performed well but some of the dump load control triacs were found to have gone diode at the end of the first year bleeding some of the energy to dump. This fault manifested itself in an odd way as the turbine sometimes failed to reach operating speed in light winds which would normally have produced 5-10 KW. The diode leak was loading the turbine to dump as soon as excitation developed, stalling the turbine at about 30-35 rpm. In stronger winds the machine came up to normal speed but with a permanent 5 K/ drain to dump.

The wind turbine output in marginal conditions, when unable to support the network is routed to selected local common use dwellings adjacent to the diesel generator house and also to a phase change heat store which is integrated into a hot water heating system in the main group of buildings formerly known as the Old Hotel Complex. The capacity of this heat store which is also charged in normal operations but with a lower priority is some 90 KWh and its use has largely eliminated energy loss to dump except during the warmer months when the store is fully charged.

The initial period of operation was characterised by frequent spoiler operations and wear on the spoiler gear which got out of adjustment causing whistling in some wind strengths. A new final drive ratio has eliminated this problem as the spoilers now operate rarely and the machine is quiet and unobtrusive in operation.

The annual output for the first full year was lower than expected. The dump fault had made a contribution but the real cause was even simpler. To save cable part of the load was fed directly from the machine to Stoneycroft and the Old Light and had not been metered. This omission has now been rectified and performance has been satisfactory. The use of wind energy to heat and light the buildings has greatly reduced the work of maintaining the building fabric and decorations and has extended the period in which the holiday accommodation can be let to the point where there were some 55 visitors staying on the island during the Christmas period last winter and a similar number this year. The machine performance in its first 2 years of operation is summarised as follows :-

Total hours of wind generation	9,973 hours
Energy to network	220,000 KWh
Energy to dump	41,000 KWh
Total WIG output	261,000 KWh

In the summer months some 120 KWh per week is used in the island brewery.

THE MELKSHAM COLLECTION

In July 1984 your Editor was received by Gill & Roger Davis at Melksham and shown their Lundyana. It was a fascinating afternoon and I hope that this (necessarily brief and incomplete) description of the collection will inspire other LFS members to look to see what they have.

Gill & Roger have the Langhams' first and private edition of "Lundy, Bristol Channel" signed by the authors and the Harman family. They have the first David & Charles edition of Langhams' "Lundy" signed by everyone who was concerned with it. They have a collection of all the Official Guides and five editions of Joan Watt-Smyrke's pamphlet on Lundy (between 1936 and 1950). There are five lovely copies of J.R. Chanter's "Lundy Island", including one with pictures; and the "Devon" edition of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!", which has a picture of the landing beach as one of its illustrations. Gill & Roger do not, alas, have Lord Saye's Romance, but they do have "Dangerous Knowledge" (by A.E. Knight) a crime story with a Lundy background; and a modern romance called "No Law on Lundy" (by Max Peacock) set in the 17th Century; and S.P.B. Mais' "Lights over Lundy", a children's mystery story, in which the light houses are vital to the plot.

There is a drawerful of magazines and pamphlets that I did not have time to explore, and a collection of Stanley Smith's Lundy reviews. Gill has two albums of old photographs and tickets from steamer trips and an album of postcards. There are 9 scrap books ('61 - '84) which might make the basis for an account of island life from the visitors' viewpoint, to complement Mr. Gade's "Life". Gill's collection of "Montagu" postcards became the book she published.

There is a 1906 water colour of the "Montagu" and an 1885 water colour of the Castle, initialled P.H. (Gill would like to know if anyone knows who this is.) I was particularly impressed by an 1850 collection of Lundy flora, pressed by one of the Heaven Ladies.

Your Editor knows at least three LFS members (not including the collector who wrote in the '83 newsletter) who have splendid collections of books/cards/coins/cuttings/photos/stamps/miscellaneous. There must be many others who are blushing unseen. Why not come forward to be catalogued for the benefit of future Lundy historians - a truly noble gesture.

INTERVIEW WITH ROSEMARY ANNE LAUDER

This year has seen both the second edition of the Langhams' "Lundy" and the publication of Badger Books' "Lundy Island", a short guidebook which crams much matter and some lovely pictures into a small compass.

I asked Rosemary Ann Lauder how she came to write the book. She told me that her first venture into the local history field was when, her interest fired by the Landmark Trust's purchase of the Old Library at Stevenstone, she wrote "Vanished Houses". The Callington Press printed and RAL sold.

While she was selling "Vanished Houses", RAL recognised that there was a viable small-scale market for such works, so she started "Badger Books" and both published and sold the books herself. They are on Devon topics by Devonians and sell in Devon.

The little book on Lundy by Joan Rendell is out of print, so there is no slim volume for interested visitors to the island. RAL felt that the arrival of the P.B. at Bideford nudged her further towards writing such a book.

She visited Lundy and was hooked. She also interviewed Wendy Puddy (Spring '84) and her article is a most sympathetic one, sharing WP's views more than simply reporting on them.

RAL said that everyone to whom she talked about Lundy shared with her their memories. Everyone was helpful - Dr. Valentine; Grace & Sam Redfern; Diana Keast and Ruth Harman Jones lent precious photographs. Fred Hutchings' widow, the Ernest Ireland Group, Tony Langham, the Nature Conservancy people at Taunton, all shared their experiences of Lundy with RAL. Keith Mortimer, Mary Gade, the Landmark Trust, all the photographers helped make the book possible. Francis Griffiths produced aerial pictures. So did Cambridge University, but these were too costly to be used.

RAL wrote to me from Lundy in October.

"Is it unique to arrive at the Landing Bay and find a deserted island? It is certainly unnerving, and somewhat eerie.

"I was vaguely aware that an "end of season" party was planned for the hard-worked islanders, but had not realised this had been postponed because of - what else - the weather. It finally took place on the evening of October 12th, and the entire population were ferried across to Woolcombe, leaving behind only the Trinity House men, and two brave volunteers who "island sat" for the night.

"How we were going to actually get ashore had not occurred to us as being a problem until we dropped anchor in the bay and looked across at the "Shearn", still high and dry on the slip. But help was at hand, in the form of the spanking new Dory "The Islander" - the 12 seater power boat (in comparison with the "Polar Bear") built specially for the island and delivered in early autumn. John Puddy and Stirling McEneaney had volunteered to make the effort and were fast catching us up, taking only one hour to cross from Bideford Bar.

"Everyone always wants to know what the weather was like; perhaps because they are afraid it was better than their own holiday weather? In the space of one short week Lundy gave us everything, except snow.

"Sunday was average - sunny intervals, slight wind. Monday was one of the days we all dream about; clear blue sky and hot, hot sun. Sunbathing at North End, bliss, but wearing all the wrong clothes and with soup in the Thermos instead of cold lager.

"Tuesday - dull, still virtually no wind, so no windmill (sorry, must learn to call it an aerogenerator). Wednesday, woke to the sound of the fog siren, but the mist gradually cleared during the day as the wind began to freshen. Thursday - clear, but much colder. Strong winds working themselves up into gale force. Anyone-else been caught between Pendsbury and Tibbets in a horizontal hail storm? I didn't know that hail could find so many points of entry into what I had thought was waterproof clothing. And Tibbets was locked.

"Thursday night was spectacular. Only those of you who have "slept" under a corrugated iron roof with gale force 9 winds gusting to 50 mph with intermittent hail storms, will know what I mean when I say it was a memorable night! During which the airport was put out of action because of damage to the terminal building - it was blown over the wall!

"Friday - similar but the wind was not quite so severe - just normal Westerlies making movement difficult, but not impossible, with several ships sheltering in Lundy Roads; and magnificent seas on the West side.

"Saturday was decision day - the "Polar Bear" was cancelled so did we want to fly back, or postpone our departure for a few days? Agonising discussions before family commitments forced us up and over to Hartland Point.

"It was with something of a shock we watched the mid-week arrival of the "Polar Bear" and saw a gentleman in black top hat and scarlet frock coat emerge. It was TSW TV personality David Young who had been touring the Westcountry in the guise of an early postman and couldn't resist a trip to Lundy to see how the mail used to be delivered. Sadly, I missed the actual transmission but no doubt there are a few snapshots in the Tavern to record the event.

"Back to their own, but travel by helicopter for me is too fast. One moment on Lundy, lost in that island world we all hold dear; a few minutes later deposited at Hartland Point and back into the world of motorcars, carparks (and charges), roads, and people, with Lundy a million miles away, yet still tantalisingly in sight, waiting for next time."

FROM AMELIA ANNE HEAVEN'S DIARY excerpts (between 1872 and 1878)

"Nobody doing anything, and everybody helping;
Everybody did nothing, particular and the rest looked on
Foggy, with small shinin; repentances and wet relapses
Twelve herrings arrived, welcomed, taken in, done for
Skiff (came) general fly round lively and followed by general subsidence
Skiff (came) skirmish as usual and every round thing in every square thing's place."

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ACROSS

1. Drunk in Holland, Pancho's lost nothing - is confused and meets paddle steamer. (8)
5. Mischievous little thing gets to perform and makes hit. (6)
10. Cardinal, counting on market fall, normally comes to Lundy. (5, 4)
11. In water there's an indeterminate amount - of cephalopod molluscs? (5)
12. When more of Lundy can be seen. (3, 4)
13. Judge has to use oars backwards to arrive at boat. (7)
15. Poet with retreat apparently treated by 25. (6)
16. Navy takes three letters for distribution after the second; some come from Plymouth. (8)
18. From Lundy what you see to south-east with a southern headland. (8)
20. Foolishly indulges in plunder and does damage. (6)
23. Sounds as if Father didn't catch the fortune-teller. (7)
24. Quiet editor took breathing apparatus and dived. (7)
26. Face in this state may be encouraging - or may it? (3, 2)
28. Pub's dry - no recycled water north of Old Light (9)
29. Communist is followed by American detective; it's ruddy fishy! (6)
30. One for punctilio, and second one who makes you laugh. (8)

Continued/.....

DOWN

1. Apprentice pretends to be upside down and helps to protect flower. (5)
2. Why all a flaw can disturb is a stony barrier? (7, 4)
3. Transport system for conveying vital essential under pressure. (7)
4. Now, almost, arranged to operate in advance. (6)
5. Putting anti-flood devices into kiddies' stomach would make U.S. rodent stand on head. (7)
7. Has bit part in Cleopatra's play. (3)
8. Gay clothes seldom permitted on Lundy. (9)
9. Mix up rye concoction in source of tavern supplies. (7)
14. Bird gets hot making mistake over hoax victim. (7, 4)
15. Fashion paper said to remove itself from sight. (9)
17. This will give you the pip a real deathly message. (7)
19. Catch that man with strong desire to return to top part of house. (7)
21. Prudence is almost ill - would be worse if she took this! (7)
22. Old instrument made from wood with tin outside. (6)
25. Equipment found in laundry eradicates dampness. (5)
27. Starts giving publicity to pursuit of pleasure. (3)

* * * * *

Chambers' Dictionary is recommended. Hyphens in answers are not indicated.

C. Betts

TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Simple Rules

- * Hold the camera still. It is usually a good idea to rest the camera or yourself against something solid.
- * Keep horizons level, and buildings upright.
- * Do not put horizons across the middle of the picture; do not put a strong vertical line in the middle of the picture.

2. Advanced Rules

- * It is often best to have the main point of interest about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way across the picture.
- * Diagonal patterns are usually more interesting than horizontal.
- * In portraits, focus on the eyes.
- * In portraits, the subject should look straight at the camera, or into the picture - that is, to the left if the subject is right-of-centre, and vice-versa.
- * In landscapes, put something in (house, person, cow, etc.) to give an idea of scale.
- * In difficult lighting conditions - e.g. against the light - try to set the exposure from the back of your hand.

3. Colours

- * It is difficult to take a picture with two or more strong colours. They look muddled. You can get a good effect with one strong splash of colour - a landscape with a person in a scarlet anorak, for instance.

4. Light and Shade

- * Look at the subject ignoring colour. See it in light and dark, and try to balance these. For example, if you have a lot of light on one side, get something light the other side as well.

5. Planes

- * When you look at a subject, you can mentally separate the main subject from its background and surroundings. The camera cannot, so it will show everything that you can ignore. Try to see the subject as a flat plane, background and foreground together.

6. The Rules

- * Ignore any and all of these rules if you like.

7. The Essence of a Good Photograph

- * When you see something that you want to photograph, work out why you like the picture. Then try to take the picture so that other people will be able to see why you liked it.

A.J.B.W.

THE MONTMORENCY & MARISCO FAMILIES

In the last newsletter I mentioned the work of Hervé de Montmorency Morrés (pub.1828) on the Montmorency and Marisco family. Michael Freer of Norwich wrote to me, sending me Notes he made upon the subject about 25 years ago for Stanley Smith's "Lundy Review". I am making less use of them than I might because S.S. is writing his Memoirs, which will include reference to the reviews, but the Notes made me take another look at the family myself.

M.F.'s states that "both Chanter and Steinmann assert that the Mariscos and the Montmorencys were one family; both derived this 'information' from a book that has been the cause of more historico-genealogical mistakes than practically any other - "The Montmorencys of France and Ireland", published in Paris in 1828. It was compiled by the simple process of placing any one of whom mediaeval records existed - and whose name was something like Morres, Montmorency Marisco, Marreys - on the same family tree. It has been rejected as practically useless, certainly as far as the early part of the pedigree is concerned, by every genealogist of note"

"Lundy Bristol Channel" by A. & M. Langham (Broadacre Books 1960) in the chapter on the de Mariscos, says "The Mariscos (known also as de Montmorency, Marsh and by other derivations) were a Norman family which spread throughout Europe to such an extent that King Henry IV of France referred to them as the first house and family in Europe after that of the Bourbons. The name, meaning 'of the marsh', probably refers to the district in Normandy where the first members settled. Genealogists have searched long for the origins of the English branch of the family which probably descended from a Geoffrey de Marisco who came here with the Conqueror in 1066. It is now known that one of Henry I's many illegitimate children, who was born about 1100, was named William de Marisco." They do not substantially alter their view in "Lundy" (David & Charles 1970). M.F. believes that the idea that "the Montmorencys and Mariscos were one is certainly not true".

After a necessarily superficial look at (secondary) sources, I would be inclined to agree that it is not true; but certainty is not something one could easily, if ever, reach.

The earliest Montmorency I could find in the D.N.B. Vol. XIII (OUP 1968) was Hervey de Mount Maurice (c.1169) whose name appears variously as : Monte Maurici, Monte Marisco, Monte Marecy, Mont Marreis, Montmorenci, Mumoreci, Momorci.

The D.N.B. says "he may not unreasonably be held to have belonged to the same line as the Montmorencies of France (of this there is not conclusive proof, but see Du Chesne "Histoire Généalogique de la Maison de Montmorency" - "Montmorency-Morrés Genealogical Memoir")."

Hervey de Mount Maurice is said (according to D.N.B.) by Hervé de Montmorency Morrés to have been the son of a Robert FitzGeoffrey, Lord of Huntspill-Marreis, by his wife Lucia, daughter of Alexander de Alneto. The D.N.B. (without revealing why) says this has been made up and may be dismissed. The D.N.B. prefers Du Chesne genealogy. There does, however, appear to be some evidence that a Geoffrey de Marisco did hold Huntspill in 1166 (quoted by M.F. from Eric St. J. Brooks' article in the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland (1931 and 1932) vols. lxi, lxii entitled 'The Family of Marisco')
A William de Marisco (d.1225) was married to Lucy de Alneto (according to the family tree in 'Lundy Bristol Channel'.)

Hervey de Mount Maurice

There is also an Irish connexion before Justiciar Geoffrey de Marisco (d.1245) who went to Ireland in 1169 sent by Richard Earl of Pembroke (Strongbow) to report on affairs there to the Earl (D.N.B.). Giraldus Cambrensis allows that Hervey de Mount Maurice was one of the four principal conquerors of the Irish. Much of the D.N.B.'s evidence about Hervey de Mount Maurice comes from Giraldus Cambrensis. G.C. was an aristocratic Welsh scholar-priest, a contemporary of Hervey de Mount Maurice; reliable in some ways, but writing primarily as a propagandist. Geoffrey de Marisco (Justiciar or Vice-roy of Ireland) was Hervey de Mount Maurice's nephew. Giraldus Cambrensis says Hervey de Mount Maurice left no legitimate children. There would appear also to be a Royal (if bastard) connexion. From the 1971 Encyclopaedia Britannica under "Montmorency", comes the statement "Mathieu I de Montmorency, constable of France from 1138, married first Aline a natural daughter of Henry I of England. A William de Marisco (c.1100) is given in the family tree ("Lundy Bristol Channel") as a natural son of Henry I. In the same tree, a Jordan de Marisco (c.1130) is shown as married to Agnes Comin, daughter of a bastard grandson of Henry I.

John Comyn (brother to Agnes) was Archbishop of Dublin (the Irish Connexion again), and, says the D.N.B. was devoted to the service of Henry II. The DNB also says (though without giving grounds) "there is nothing improbable in his belonging to the great family of Comyn. It might account for Scottish help given to the Traitor William de Marisco (The Comyns had Royal pretensions in Scotland.) It seems to me, even in so brief a survey as this, that one cannot entirely sweep aside Col. Hervé de Montmorency Morrés - who was, by the way, an Irishman.

A. S. W.

COLLECTING BOOKS ABOUT LUNDY.

by Myrtle Ternstrom.

In making a Lundy collection you must first decide on your policy - either a) Collect everything with a mention of Lundy.

or b) Collect only informative material.

The process becomes something of a treasure hunt, since the most desirable items are scarce. Two methods should be used in conjunction:

1. Ask book searchers for the items you want. You can find advertisements in newspapers and magazines (The Countryman, is particularly good) The book finders often offer a very good service, and there is no charge other than the cost of the books you buy. The more specific you are in your request the better; but you can just say "anything to do with Lundy" and see what turns up - it is also helpful to specify anything you don't need, in that case.
2. Painstakingly go through the shelves of every second-hand bookshop that you can; look under 'Topography, Devon' and also in the Natural History section. Try jumble sales, book fairs etc, and when you are rummaging, don't forget to look at pamphlets, and look for prints also.

Since it is impossible here to list everything having some mention of Lundy, I will concentrate on details of the most desirable books that form the core of a well furnished Lundy library:

1. Blackwell.A.B. The Charm and History of Instow with Lundy Island. pub. Instow Parish Council 1948
2. Boundy.Wyndham S. Bushell and Harman of Lundy. Gazette Printing Service, Bideford 1961.
3. Chanter The Rev. J.R. Lundy Island. First pub. 1871. This book was the first published, and it is very scarce. It can be found in a bound volume, or in Transactions of the Devonshire Association Vol: 4 1871, or as a reprint from the latter. The author never actually visited Lundy, but received information from the Rev.Hudson Heaven.
4. Current Archaeology. No 8. May 1968 & No 16. Sept.1969.
5. Dawson.E.C. Bishop Hannington. 1886 Seeley & Co.
6. Eatheron.P.T. & Barlow. V. Lundy the Tempestuous Isle. Lutterworth 1950. Very inaccurate.
7. Gade.F.W. My Life on Lundy. Privately Published 1973 (out of print.) - 500 numbered copies, 250 un-numbered.
8. Gardner.K.S. Lundy: An Archaeological Field Guide. pub. Landmark Trust circa 1970.
9. Gosse. P.H. Land and Sea. 1864. Sometimes also found as Sea and Land.
10. Gough.J.W. The Superlative Prodigal, 1932. pub: University of Bristol. The life of Thomas Bushell. Very Scarce.
11. Grose.F. The Antiquities of England and Wales. Vol.@ 1776 pp.191-6 treat of Lundy, and include two pictures and a plan of the castle. Apart from libraries, I have only seen one set of volumes intact - the books are usually split, and the contents sold separately. So look for these in the prints section under Devon and Castles.
12. Langham.A.&M. Lundy. 1970 David & Charles. Reprinted 1984 It seems presumptuous to include our own publications, but a great deal of research has gone into them!
13. Langham.M.A. A Lundy Album. Privately printed 1980. Contact Peter Cole RG 45031
14. Lloyd.L. Lundy. 1925 Longmans Green. Scarce.
15. National Geographical Magazine. May 1947. Contains an article on Lundy with some good photos. It is quite possible to find these, given patience to sort through the stacks - I bought one the other day for 50p.
16. The North Devon Magazine. Barnstaple 1824. Contains accounts of visits made to Lundy in 1752 and 1787. Very scarce.

17. Page.J.L.W. The Coasts of Devon and Lundy Island. 1895. Horace Cox.
18. Rogers.Inkerman. Lundy Island. 1938. An interesting little pamphlet with translated excerpts from the Rolls. Rare.
19. Perry.R. Lundy, Island of Puffins. 1940 Lindsay Drummond.
20. Powicke.F.M. The Murder of Henry Clement and the Pirates of Lundy Island. pub in History. Vol 25 No 100 March 1941.
21. Sack.John. Report from Practically Nowhere. 1955. Harper New York. One of the liveliest modern accounts I have read. You will need an American book searcher.
22. Steinman Steinman.G. Some Account of the Island of Lundy. 1837. Published in Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica. Private reprint by M.C.Harman 1947.
23. Transactions of the Devonshire Association. Vol XCII 1960. Vol 108 1976; Vol 110 1978.
24. Watt-Smyrk.J. Lundy. 1936. Pamphlet.

You will find more extensive lists in the Bibliography listed in the 10th Annual Report of the Lundy Field Society, 1956, and in the back of Langhams' Lundy.

It is worth collecting Guide Books, also the LFS Reports, and copies of the Illustrated Lundy News 1970-1975 are keenly sought after.

If you can't find all these, don't despair - most libraries now have a photocopying service. Everything is to be found at the British Museum; you can apply to have a readersticket for a day or longer, or you can write to the Director of the Reading Room to ask for help in getting photocopies.

It is difficult to give a guideline on price - in the final analysis you just have to decide if the price is worth it to you. In any case, most of the books are a good investment. Good Luck! M.Oct.1984.

CLIMBING ON LUNDY.

by K.M.Lawder. Rear-Admiral.

(Being an extract from a letter he wrote to the Editor.) In the 1950s a friend and I were exploring the north coast of Devon to look at climbing possibilities. In 1960 we visited Lundy by the paddle steamer and at once saw how good it was. So the next year a party went over and started on the cliffs. We had a wonderful time, and I led the first ascent of the Devil's Slide, which was quite something at 68. From then on I climbed there quite a lot, and in 1971 (I think it was that year) the BBC Bristol had me on a T/V programme titled 'Lawder's Lundy'. By then I had been on the LFS Committee though as a climber my knowledge of birds and other scientific matters was that of an interested amateur and a good deal of the talk was over my head. Also the years were mounting up, as was my activity on the cliffs, so I didn't go over much to the island. My time spent there was regretfully short, but with the 'old gang' was most enjoyable and to read the detailed items you have so well produced has given me much pleasure.

TREVOR DAVEY and RABBITS in JENNY'S COVE.

by Alan Johnston.

It was all so easy this year (1984) on the 1st May leaving via Jenny's Cove. John Alford the carpenter took my case from me at the top of the Pyramid and with two other pieces of luggage he

descended, surefooted, over the rocks to where Denver Scoins, Master of the Polar Bear, and a crew member waited on the calm water in an inflatable dinghy. Reg Tuffin and I, together with luggage and the Island mail bag, were soon in the dinghy with the nonchalant Denver and, propelled by an outboard motor, we quickly reached the Polar Bear and climbed aboard. In twenty minutes all of the returning visitors were on board, luggage in the hold, the dinghy made fast beneath a large green tarpaulin and the Polar Bear heading for Ilfracombe.

During the descent of the grass slope (trying not to tread on the thrift which was in its very first days of full bloom) and down over the rocks of the Pyramid my mind went back to 1960 - perhaps it was 1961. I remembered that it was approaching dusk on Easter Monday and those who had come to Lundy on Good Friday for the Easter break were at the beginning of their journey back to Bideford. On that evening the Lundy Gannet was anchored a long way out to the west of Jenny's Cove and her Master the unforgettable Trevor Davey, was loading his dinghy at the foot of the Pyramid. Landlubbers questioned the wisdom of the Gannet's position: why did Trevor need to anchor the vessel so far away from the Island. No doubt Trevor would argue that he needed searoom in case the wind suddenly changed from easterly and the Gannet dragged her anchor. Trevor, as always, was taking no chances.

On that Easter Monday more than twenty years ago I had not completed my stay on the island and was on the slope above Jenny's Cove only to assist with the luggage of those who needed to return that day. Those of us who have packed for Lundy know only too well of the need for all those extras; tough footwear, cold weather clothing and waterproofs. All this needed to be carried down to the water at the base of the Pyramid together with some rather special bundles: Lundy rabbits.

I ought really to say something about the rabbits because it was them and Trevor's reaction to them at the foot of the Pyramid which always comes to mind when anyone mentions leaving Lundy from Jenny's. As was their custom over several Easters Chris Price and his friends were staying that year in the old hotel and during the day, Saturday I think, they had staked out a long net for fifty yards or so along the east side of the Brick Field. The first I knew of the net was at the briefing in the Marisco Tavern that night after dinner. Chris stood at the bar near to the end where the Martell's picture of the Life Restorer used to hang before John Dyke painted the mural of the Landing Beach. He told us we were about to go rabbiting ^{and} in order to be successful we should pay attention to details and strictly adhere to them throughout the operation. The very thought of the Brick Field at that time of night with the rain slanting down on a howling wind was enough to make one move nearer to the flames consuming the drift wood in the fireplace.

Chris told us of his plan: we were to abandon our drinks for the time being, go to our rooms for more suitable attire - those were the collar and tie days - and re-assemble, complete with torch, in the Tavern. Then we should all proceed up the High Street and in single file at ten-pace intervals into the Brick Field. Silence was important - no noise and no lights until the signal from Chris's torch. Then in line abreast the whole company should walk quickly eastwards across the field towards the net, torches flashing and our voices making the maximum noise. Chris emphasised the need for stealth in our preparations; the feeding rabbits were not to know of our presence before the signal for our 'Advance' when they would be so frightened by the numerous lights and the shouting that they would run quickly away from us until they became entangled in the mesh of the net. It all sounded like a good plan and by the time Chris had finished we felt quite excited about it. In ten minutes or so we were suitably clad and making our way up the High Street and grateful that the rain had reduced to a mere spot or two on the wind. Chris had told us that by the time we reached the

Brick Field our eyes should be accustomed to the darkness and so it was, more or less. We felt our way in single file past the gate into the Brick Field. The first person halted, the second walked ten paces further and came to a halt, the third another ten, and so on until the line was complete. The last to join the line was Chris who halted, turned east and then signalled the 'Advance'. The operation was a complete success. We reached the net roughly in line to see the rabbits struggling in the mesh. Chris and his friends carried out the second stage of the operation: the rabbits, about a dozen if my memory serves me right, were quickly stunned and made ready for the hook.

Soon afterwards, in the warmth of the Tavern, we all agreed this unexpected experience had been most enjoyable and could be added to the list of replies to that mainland question; 'What do you do on Lundy?' We spoke of rabbit recipes and the delights in store for those who would enjoy them. At that time because of myxomatosis on the mainland it had been five or six years since anyone there had seen a healthy British rabbit.

To return to the pyramid, busy with passengers, helpers, personal luggage and rabbits; all were descending over the rocks towards the dinghy below. Trevor had rowed the dinghy several times between the distant Gannet and the Island and was loading for the final trip back to his ship. It was obvious that all that remained on the Pyramid was too much for one dinghy load but Trevor insisted that he could not return again - the water was developing quite a surge beneath the dinghy. So, two passengers and their luggage would need to return to the hotel.

I can see the scene now; water rising and falling against the smooth rock on the east side of the Pyramid, Trevor trying to hold on with hand and oar to steady the dinghy, a visitor climbing in and then the rabbits being passed down. Trevor took the rabbits and said: 'No room for these' and flung them into the sea. 'One more'. A visitor scrambled into the dinghy and Trevor skilfully manoeuvred out of the cove towards the Lundy Gannet.

Later I heard that once aboard with luggage and dinghy stowed, fenders inboard, all ropes neatly coiled, and decks swabbed, Trevor in the wheelhouse instructed his Mate to weigh anchor. The anchor winch was hand operated via two cranks, one at each end of a horizontal drum which wound the cable. The winch was so close to the deck I remember thinking it had been designed for operation by pygmies. So with some discomfort the Mate and a passenger weighed anchor whilst Trevor got the Gannet under way.

Watching from the top of the Pyramid not yet half way through my holiday I had mixed thoughts. There was that question again: 'What do you do on Lundy?' but the one I kept asking myself was: 'Why did Trevor cast those rabbits into the deep?' I knew he could have taken them and his 'No room for these' was an excuse, not a reason. It was not until much later that I learned the answer. Jane Strick, now resident on Bardsey, told me that the superstitious mariner will not take fur aboard his vessel.

12 May 1984. Alan Johnston.

(Extract from subsequent letter AJ wrote to Ed.) 'I cannot remember whether or not I changed the last sentence from '---will not take fur---' to 'will not take rabbit fur---'. I don't think I did and feel now that it is important. I discussed this with a friend retired from a working life at sea who confirmed this superstition about rabbit fur. He recalled an extreme case of a seaman who saw a rabbit when on his way to join his ship and turned round to return home.)

WORKING PARTY ON LUNDY - FEBRUARY 1984.

by Doug Kestell.

In October 1983 I received a phone call from Peter Cole, the LFS

Secretary, asking if I would be interested in organising a working party on behalf of the Society to assist the Landmark Trust on the island at the end of the winter. I didn't require a second bidding but was doubtful if we could raise the necessary dozen requested.

During the past few years I had made the acquaintance of Clive Mason, the Non-vocational Training Officer from Land Rover and we had previously discussed the possibility of getting some of his apprentices across to the island. Within ten minutes of the call from Pete I had phoned Clive who was most enthusiastic and ready to put the matter to his superiors but didn't expect any problems.

A few days passed and the idea began to take shape. We would delay the scheme until February so that it could be fitted into the Land Rover training programme and there would be more daylight. Landmark would place the Barn at our disposal and provide transport on the Polar Bear. The Field Society would give a grant of £10 per head, the apprentices would make a contribution to their food bill and Land Rover would meet the balance. Our next problem was the tides which affected the sailing times of the Polar Bear. Our outward trip on Feb. 18th was an 07.00 sailing. This meant that the party would have to leave the Midlands after work on Friday and Clive arranged for them to stay the night at the Youth Hostel at Instow. I arrived at Bideford on Friday evening and slept aboard the Polar Bear after arranging for the local Police to keep an eye on the Land Rover and trailer which was to be parked at Bank End.

Saturday the 18th dawned bright and clear and at 06.30 a rather sceptical number of apprentices arrived at the Quay having been told that they would be staying in a barn for a week. Sailing was right on schedule at 07.00 and in the early morning it was a marvellous trip down the Torridge, so much more interesting than the Ilfracombe departures. Slowly the apprentices (nine males and two females) began to come to life and in no time at all we were dropping anchor in the Landing Bay. The disembarkation into the Shern was interesting to say the least, with it rising and falling like a lift, but soon we had our feet on dry land and were installed in the Barn in time for an early lunch. After lunch I took the party on a quick tour of the South End and the rest of the day was their own to settle in and get organised.

One of the main tasks was to clear out Black Shed and to set up the newly acquired one and a half ton lathe and other machines to form a workshop in the south end of the shed and to fix nineteen steel storage cabinets along the west wall of the workshop. As well as this all the potential museum exhibits were to be removed to join the old North Light optic in the Rocket Shed. The paraffin tanks and the clockwork mechanism were extremely heavy but were all moved together with various bits of aeroplane and ship. This was the major task and took all the week with the largest proportion of bodies allocated to this project. By the end of the week it was possible to hold a dance if necessary on the vast acres of vacant space in the Black Shed.

Whilst this was going on the following tasks were also undertaken. A start was made on straightening the rhododendron path under the supervision of Landmark Trust surveyors who were present for a few days. John Alford was also assisted in the building of the Lundy Brewery and by the time we left the floor had been laid and the tiling on the walls had commenced. Assistance was also rendered to men working on the new drainage system in Millcombe Valley.

During the '83-'84 winter the wall at the bottom of Millcombe Drive on the east side just above the gates had collapsed into the garden. It had been rebuilt by Steve Wing up to about half of the original height, but the other half of the wall was scattered over the garden in an unsightly mess. The island now possesses a stone-crusher and this was positioned just below the gates and all the stones were brought from the garden and fed into the machine and the residue was then used to fill potholes in Beach Road. After this had been done the garden was completely dug over and was a

very satisfying sight on completion.

Several other tasks were also undertaken. The Castle Shelter has now been moved to a position near the top of High Street and we helped in building a block wall around its lower sides. Every day one person was seconded to Sterling Melhuish to carry out the farm feeding rounds. This proved to be one of the most popular chores after the first person had almost to be press-ganged into it. A couple of smaller tasks were the cleaning out of the floor of the gun-room at the Battery which had succumbed to the wintering Soay Sheep and after clearing out the mess the brick, granite and slate floor was revealed in all its glory. A few hours were also spent on repairs to the Quarter Wall Trap.

Every day one of the apprentices was put in charge and reported to John Puddy for the days instructions and then he or she detailed various bodies to the tasks for the day. In the evening after dinner there were lectures and each person had to write up notes to enable them to give an individual presentation on their return to Land Rover.

Because of their background the opportunity could not be missed to carry out much needed work on the Island Land Rover. Two new doors were taken across together with a new front bumper and a complete set of brake linings. All of these were fitted during the later part of the week, once we had made room in the Black Shed.

Saturday the 25th was to be the last day with the departure scheduled for about 22.30. The plan was to carry out a litter sweep on the South End in the morning, have an early lunch, then proceed on a North End expedition, have dinner, clean out the Barn and then depart. The litter sweep was completed successfully and it was then noticed that an east wind was making things extremely lively in the Landing Bay. John Puddy called in to say that embarkation could possibly be brought forward. We had lunch and departed on a slightly shortened tour and arrived back at the Barn at about 15.30 to be asked to be on the Beach for 16.00! The dinner was in the oven. Panic! An express dinner at 16.00 was followed by a lightning clean up and we were on the Beach for 16.45 ready to go through the rather wet process of embarkation. We all made it safely and eventually sailed about 18.00. This meant that we had to wait for the tide at Bideford and we finally berthed at about 00.30. A Burger and Chip van was still open on the quay and some of the party hungrily demolished what they considered to be the only real food they had consumed for a week. I returned to my bunk on the Polar Bear after waving goodbye to the departing Land Rover.

In conclusion, the week was a great success. The Island could not have carried out the tasks as the manpower required would have been equal to the entire Island population. The apprentices were put into a completely different environment and encouraged to think and work as a a group which was an invaluable experience. It is hoped that this pilot scheme will be of mutual benefit to all concerned.

(Olive Mason will make a presentation of this and a subsequent visit to Lundy at the AGM on 2nd March 1985.)

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION AND LUNDY.

Dr.Keith Hiscock. BSc PhD.

Over the past eighteen months, Dr Daniels has pursued a campaign against the Nature Consrvancy Council and , in my view, against the sensible planning of wildlife conservation measures on Lundy. His selection of quotations and notes are of course biased towards his case but are mostly journalistic nonsense. To perpetuate the suggestion that NCC is seeking 'to establish statutory control of Lundy' is mischievous since that cannot be be their aim. The statutory powers they pursue are for designation and do not inhibit or prevent studies

of wildlife or access to areas. If such measures were required, they would have to be the subject of the most detailed consultations and agreement. The NCC has always sought to consult over such conservation measures and to reach agreement with relevant bodies. Indeed the voluntary conservation bodies have been critical of NCC for compromising too much, not making full use of its powers and thus losing yet more of our natural heritage. The NCC does not have the power and, I believe, does not wish to have the power, to pursue the degree of control Dr Daniels would like us to imagine they seek. It does have national powers, which already apply to Lundy, to issue licenses for various activities such as the taking of chicks for experimental purposes and Dr Daniels might feel that these powers are restrictive. However, they are designed to prevent irresponsible behaviour and the responsible scientist and qualified amateur have nothing to fear from these regulations. There is now the possibility of fruitful co-operation between the NCC and Landmark Trust with the LPS closely involved and any attempt to wreck that co-operation is deplorable. The Committee of the Society has been fully consulted on the marine reserve proposals and on the re-scheduling of the Site of Special Scientific Interest designated many years ago on Lundy. The management plan drafted by the LPS several years ago is the basis for many of these discussions. I wish to call upon the Society to refute Dr Daniels statements and to ask for your support in achieving the status and protection which we all know Lundy deserves to ensure the conservation of its unique wildlife.

WHEEL MEET AGAIN.

by Jim Freeman.

As a first time visitor to Lundy, nobody had told me about Quarry Beach. Full of youthful zeal and vigour I was striding down to that oh-so-virtuous pre-breakfast swim when I was accosted by Patrick Penny. 'Ah Jim, we're bringing a rail wheel up from Quarry Beach; your help would be appreciated.' Anxious to please I readily agreed: what's in a rail wheel? In a voice used to instruct the hard of hearing and weak of intellect, he explained. Quarries, railways, violent storms and all night orgies were mentioned, but heedlessly I swam on oblivious of the hardships to come.

My mentor Moff opened my eyes to the enormity of the task to be undertaken. As we slithered down rhododendron tunnels bracken covered slopes. ('A controlled slide is needed here; it's the only way.' I was told.) I was convinced there was an alternative route along which we could manhandle what I imagined to be a cartwheel sized piece of machinery. On learning the truth, I must have paled beneath that much praised golden tan - now sadly peeling.

Blood, sweat, toil, and trembling upper lips were forgotten as we sported in the surf waiting for the less-sprightly members of this close-knit, highly trained team of professionals.

The wheel itself turned out to be not much larger than a dinner plate (if you are accustomed to big meals) but there was no doubt as to the weight. 'Ooh, 30 or 90 pounds at least': said the sages, headed by Pete, bald head shining with the sweat of excitement and exertion. Team unity came under threat at an early stage as we discussed various ways of transporting this dead weight off the beach. As a Royal Marine I'm a firm believer in yomping, i.e. putting the weight on your back and walking, and since the wheel had now been tied to Patrick's top of the range rucksack frame I was eager to make a start. But the wiser counsels of Tony (Walker), guile personified, prevailed. Three half-hitches and Tony's rope (An old Boy Scout?) was attached. Christopher supervised from above, Moff, young fit and agile guided the load, the donkeys hauled on the rope and the load came up the steep first twenty feet whilst Tony lent

his experience and expertise from a safe distance.

Once on solid ground my arguments in favour of yomping rebounded and I found myself harnessed to the wheel and staggering upwards. Pete took charge: 'Get out of his way, let him get a rhythm.'

'What is this, a steel band?' I thought as I puffed my way up the first section.

A change of tactics heralded the start of Phase III. Patrick and Molf between them carried the load up through the tunnel to much exhortation from the rear echelon of Christopher, Pete and Tony. Paul was also there but apart from hurling abuse at the brambles, the heat and the wheel his support was nominal. That 'controlled slide' was safely if slowly negotiated and we reached the terrace where our support team of Ann, the other Tony, and lots of others waited with cameras and drinks. We paused for team pictures and refreshments. Then we relayed the load back to the Tavern and it was with triumph that I bore it into the bar. Where were the bands, the banners, the cheering crowds? A pint of lager did much to allay my disappointment.

A last word from Patrick as he looked the buckled and flattened rucksack frame: 'Perhaps the Field Society will buy me a new one.' (A fall of earth and rock had uncovered the wheel which is now in the Rocket Shed. Jim was with a group of LFS members and is now one himself. Ed.)

BANDLEKNEE RIDGES AGAIN.

by A.J.B.Walker

Let's look around the South end this time: one for the surefooted and foolhardy, one for the surefooted and cautious. First, the Devil's Limekiln. To look down this you merely need a good head for heights and good shoes. Go to the South-West Point, where the blind Amyas Leigh sat, at the end of 'Westward Ho!', thinking back to the wreck of the Spanish Galleon on the Shutter. Walk down the sidings to your right (in the direction of Montague Steps) doubling back to the left and generally zig-zagging down to the left. Almost 100 feet down from the top, on the south side of the South-West Point, you will come to the top of the Limekiln. The safest place from which to look down it is from the rocky edge furthest from the top of the Point, but be very careful on these slopes - it can be like walking on ball-bearings. Do not try this walk in any sort of a breeze from the south, west, or north.

Now if you are thoroughly foolhardy, you might try the Very Severe cliff path down to the bottom of the Limekiln. This one is DANGEROUS! From the lower edge of the Limekiln, walk down an ever-steeper path towards (a bit left of) the Shutter. You will find the path, a band of slightly looser and less vegetated earth, curving to the right. Carry on down it with EXTREME CARE; it crosses a nasty rock-face (here it is six inches wide, rough, with a 200 foot vertical drop.) to the ridge joining the Shutter to Lundy. Scramble down among the very jagged shale on the north side of this and you are outside the west entrance to the Limekiln. I have, in the past, scrambled down into the south entrance but I cannot now imagine how I did it. Photographing the Limekiln from the bottom is next to impossible since the sky dominates the picture, and the rocks come out black and featureless.

Now, an easy excursion for the surefooted - Rat Island. The main problems here are 1) getting trapped by incoming tides (I always panic about this, which annoys everyone) and 2) the very slippery rocks all the way along the south side of Rat Island. Get to Hells Gates by whatever route seems convenient, and head along the rocks at the back of Rat, moving east. These rocks vary from sea-weed-covered round boulders to a slime-covered smooth expanse of rock at the far end. Cross the latter death-trap to the end of a curving

narrow shale outcrop at the extreme east end of Rat - it's about 8 feet high at the tip and would fit as the Rat's Tail. Climb up this end, and scramble along to the body of the Island. Here you will find quite unbelievable grass - Red Fescue, never grazed and based on a layer of dead grass stalks a foot thick. It's like a mattress. You can now walk along the top of the Island to wave to your friends on the Landing Beach. Return the way you came - there is no other safe way up or down. On your way back along the seaweed-covered stones, branch off to your right about two-thirds of the way back to the tunnel under Rat Island. A natural cave, this comes out on the north side: there are unavoidable pools in it, but if you take your plimsolls off you may damage your feet on bits of glass or other seaside debris. You will have to return through the tunnel, or swim from there to the Landing Beach if you are immune to cold water and deceptively long distances. It is worth doing this detour to see the fine seaweed at the end of the tunnel.

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

from Patrick Penny. 21.9.84.

Dear Ann, I was up in Barnstaple today and dropped into Knights Photographers of The Square. I always thought that they had some 2 prints of Lundy which they would copy (for suitable remuneration) but it transpires that they have about 20 different negatives which we saw (and another two boxfuls which we didn't). They are mainly of wrecks 'Carmine Filomena' & 'Maria Kyriakides' as well as 'Operation Beef', the 'Montagu', Old Light and others. Naturally they are all black and white photos. In the next month Knights are taking prints from all the negatives and mounting them in a viewing book to make ordering easier. Cost from £2.50 for a 10" by 8" B/W print and Knights will do sepia tints and frame them too. ATVB Patrick.

from Michael Fleet. 19.2.84.

Dear Mrs Westcott, I read with pleasure LFS No 14 which arrived recently. However although the feature about Avalon etc was extremely interesting and well presented it really is just speculation - and Lundy's history has had an awful lot of that over the years.

I have always been interested in Lundy's history (well, any way, since writing an essay about it while at school in Devonshire mostly cribbed from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, no doubt!) and whilst working near the British museum years ago amused myself by checking references to Lundy in historical documents such as the Close Rolls Patent Rolls etc of the 12-14 century. Some of my 'researches' formed the basis for a couple of articles Stanley Smith published in 1959-60. I really do think anyone who delves into Lundy's history should read Mr St. John Brook's articles on the Mariscos and Sir Maurice Pawicke's account of the Murder of Henry Clement. There really is no evidence for a link between the Mariscos and the Montmorencies, for one thing. Whilst reading about Lundy all those years ago it became clear that only Chanter and Steinman had done any reliable, original work on the Island's history and even the former 'borrowed' from the latter.

What happens, inevitably, is that anyone writing a short guide, 'history' etc selects the most attractive sounding information about a place and later writers carry on the bad work.

One writer's 'Possibilities' become another's 'Certainties' ad infinitum. Sincerely, Michael Fleet

from Peter Cole. 1.1.85.

Dear Ann, When ghosting the BB's note to 'A Chip Off The Old Block'

by Katie Ogilvie in Newsletter No 14 I omitted to explain why we thought it appropriate to read the play in Castle Keep. The following extract will make the matter clear:

'Granite. Act 1. Scene,--The living-room of Jordan Morris's farm on Lundy. Night.

It is a large vaulted room that has been the kitchen of a twelfth century castle.' Warmest regards. Pete.

from Bill Morgan.

Dear Ann, --We like the peace, the being cut off from the world feeling, the weather. Blue skies on Lundy, with the blue sea all around and the only sound the larks and pipits it is a wonderful place. Blowing a Force 10 gale, with the rain teeming down, you are aware of the elements. A clear night with all the lights on the North Devon and Welsh coasts visible for 40 or 50 miles and sometimes more. And the Shearwaters calling.-- Yours sincerely, Bill.

LFS SALES.

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LFS Car Stickers (Outline of island) 60p + 20p p&p. or send 60p +sae at least 6" long.

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