

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

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WMN = Western Morning News  
NDJH = North Devon Journal Herald

EDITORIAL

Those of us who saw David and Mary Trapnell at the AGM in '85 will have been saddened to hear of her death in May and I know everyone who knew them will send condolences to Della and Marion and David.

P-J (the Rev. Donald Peyton-Jones) has announced his engagement and members of his Lundy Congregation will felicitate him. Anne Marie Squire and John Alford married in December, and a most handsome couple they made: your Ed. had the privilege of drinking their healths.

There have been two Lundy books published this year: two pamphlets and a second edition: and a Lundy-goer has opened a book-shop. "Collecting Local History" by James Mackey (Longman) makes special mention of MCH's purchase of Lundy in 1925, and the stamps and coins. Barnstaple writer Peggy Loosemore Jones has written a Romance: "The Lundy Summer" (Robert Hale). The two pamphlets are Tony Langham's, and there is an interview with him (masterly recorded by Jennifer Langham) in this newsletter. The second edition is of Keith Gardner's Archaeology guide to Lundy. Ann Betts, with all three offspring launched is now an active partner in a bookshop in Leamington.

You may remember we had a correspondence in last year's newsletter about conservation and the Lundy marine reserve. There must always be difficulties where earning a living and preserving a landscape appear to pull against each other, so it is pleasant to be able to record that Lundy's "proposed marine nature reserve has been agreed between the Nature Conservancy Council and the Devon Sea Fisheries Committee." (NDJH Aug. '85).

The NDJH (Aug. '85) quotes the LFS report of four remarkable firsts ornithologically - a Subalpine Warbler, a Bobolink, a Scarlet Rose Finch and a Black Poll Warbler. In the Times (no less) in April, Rob Neillands surveyed the birdwatchers' holiday scene and Lundy was mentioned, together with, amongst others, Russia, Bulgaria and the Seychelles (where prices start at £1,338 for two weeks).

More news about fauna on Lundy - the stallion Troy has left the pony herd and has been replaced by his son Trojan. In the WMN (Feb. '85) Mrs. Martindale, secretary of the Braytor Lundy Pony Preservation Society, wrote to say they "are trying to find out what happened to as many ponies as possible", and to ask "if any reader who has ever owned a Lundy pony could supply details of their particular pony's life history". She tells me she has 100 ponies listed, and Angela Bendall is helping her with details from her time on Lundy. There is now a small herd of Lundy ponies on Bodmin Moor. Mrs. Martindale's address is Fir Trees, Drakewallis, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

Stamp enthusiasts missed a treat if they were not able to see the Special Lundy Postal History feature at the Bideford Stamp Club in August. Even to a non-philatelist it was impressive. The LFS secretary has sent me a letter from Roger Cichorz of the Lundy Collectors Club of the USA. Many LFS members are also members of the Lundy Collectors. There were in '83, 64 USA members, and 31 UK members, and a sprinkling from Iceland to Australia. Members receive the "LCC Philatelic Quarterly", and a mail auction catalogue for the annual auction. The LCC Secretary is Duane Larson, 2021 Ridge Road, Homewood, Illinois, USA, 60430.

This has been an incredibly Marine year for Lundy in the Press. In March the NDJH had a magnificent picture of the 1933 wreck of the Taxiarchis, after

she'd been towed into Ilfracombe Harbour; and a picture (in April) of the Montague from a 1906 issue. The returning of the "Balmoral" to regular service received a great deal of coverage, as did the visit of the "Waverley" last summer. In June Prince Edward took part in a large scale sea rescue exercise. Taking part were the RAF Chivener helicopter; lifeboats from Clovelly, Appledore and Ilfracombe; coastguards from Hartland; the Royal Marines AND the Lundy supply vessel the Polar Bear. The WMN reported that lifeboat mechanic Wayland Smith was the first person to recognise the heavily blacked-up prince.

Jack Hayward was reported in The Times as giving £500,000 towards the restoration of Brunel's "Great Britain", and was described as "saviour of Lundy Island". (BTW he was knighted in the New Year's honours).

50 canoeists marathon-ed from Hartland Quay to Lundy in September for: the Bristol and SW Children's Heart Circle. And there was a Sailboard (wind surfing) Marathon from Appledore to Lundy for the RNLI in August.

The new Lundy supply vessel the Oldenburg has made headlines since November. She will carry 150 passengers in winter and 250 in the summer. She will be cheaper and faster than the PB - only taking 2 hours (subject to weather). The helicopter has had to be withdrawn in the face of new flight regulations.

The Oldenburg is available for special charters, such as a wedding reception afloat. The first bride and groom to travel on her were Anne-Marie and John Alford.

The vessel was delayed by gales and a routine drugs search by HM Customs, but was eventually welcomed at Bideford in pouring rain by the Appledore Silver Band. She will still be called Oldenburg, because it is bad luck to change a ship's name. Now, according to the NDJH, there may be problems parking on Bideford Quay - times don't change. One wishes the PB and the chopper good hunting and one thanks them for Services Rendered.

A Assorted islanders described for me the formidable weather of Jan. '85. It snowed for 10 days on and off, drifting by the High Street walls. At the end of Jan. and in early Feb. while John and Wendy Puddy were off the island there was a Great Freeze-Up. There was no water for animals, the Tavern, and staff quarters - only ice. There were 15 leaks sprung at the Puddys, and when the furniture was put out to dry, it froze. Lavatory U-bends and cisterns froze and had to be thawed out daily. The E/SE winds force 8 roared in the Tavern, moved the slates and set the "chandelier" swinging. From Pondsburry there was a glacier frozen in waves down Punchbowl Valley. (There were 104 tame snipe in St. John's Valley, and 30 Woodcock on the E. side). Pondsburry held human weight, and ice pebbles were ringing at the edge. Lapwings flew about like tumbleweed. There were amber icicles along the Quarry path, where water had dripped down the sidings; like a curtain, in the Northern most quarry. No stock was lost, but watering was impossible, because running water froze and water carried in buckets froze as it was carried. The chill factor was more than -27. Neither clothing nor indoor heating had any effect - it was like the frightening end of the human race in an Ice Age. The Ogilvies' water tank split and the Rayburn died. However, although there has been no room for it this time, Roger Allen has sent a glowing (in all senses) account of New Year on Lundy '85/'86. The first crossing by balloon from Lundy to North Devon took John Albury and Peter Sorreti 90 minutes to travel from Lundy to Castle Hill carrying a set of first day cover postcards. Your Ed. has acquired copy of the "England to Lundy Swim" rules of 1952 - a truly magnificent document. Four fat bullocks (or cash) were the prize.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings was given a splash in the Observer in June, with special mention for the Landmark Trust, and praise for its handbook and its rescue of "buildings in distress". The handbook (says the article) "is a guide to unusual holidays all over Britain - in a lighthouse on Lundy Island, for example."

In November a workforce of 13, taking advantage of the Manpower Services scheme, went over to Lundy to work for the Landmark Trust on the Castle, footpaths and dry stone walls. Steve Wing was the subject of an item in the WMN in August as a dry stone waller who had learned his skill on Lundy. Do please write about any Lundy topic (including selling the Ed. a Gosse)(IMPORTANT AGM NOTICE P. 20) ATVB.

A JOURNEY TO LUNDY

By Peter Harman Jones

I have travelled to Lundy, alone or with my family, many times and by many methods since 1938. Recollection of detail has been hazed by repetition. But one journey is clearly memorable.

It was August 1948. The plan was to travel from London to Bideford by train and embark on Lerina, reaching Lundy within the day. In those pre-Beeching times one could travel directly from Waterloo to Bideford. We assembled at Waterloo station, an assortment of Harmans, with connections, dependants and hangers-on. I realised apprehensively that I was the only adult male in a party of thirteen, with thirty two pieces of luggage with children, women friends and several teenage girls brought along for domestic and nanny purposes.

We arrived relatively uneventfully at Bideford. At the Quay we found no Lerina. The Master at the time was Mr. Wilson. We discovered that, inexplicably, she was lying off Clovelly. It took three large taxis to move our - by now - rather fractious party to the car park above Clovelly. Thence by innumerable journeys in the resident jeep to the Quay. Things were beginning to get expensive.

Several of us were ferried out to Lerina to be told that there was little chance of reaching Lundy that evening. The engine had broken down. So we had to find a night's shelter for our desperate, tearful and travel-stained party. There were no rooms to be had. But the Red Lion Hotel saved the situation by offering the use of its lounge, where the entire party spent a restless and rather hungry night - except me. Selfishly, but sensibly, I chose to stay the night on Lerina with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

During the evening Mr. Wilson and I took the defective bit of engine ashore and fortunately found a garage capable of mending it. Miraculously the engine worked, and after a great deal of costly ferrying from the Quay, we sailed for Lundy in the morning.

Lerina moved like a corkscrew. It had, on the stern deck, exposed rudder chains. During one of her more violent pitchings I leapt towards one of the children who had tumbled over, tripped, fell and gashed my lip and gum on the rudder chain, bled liberally and was seasick.

We got there and distributed ourselves around Millcombe House, which we filled. I have never been so glad to have arrived.

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From Anthony Walker

Dear Editor,

I have recently found definite or possible solutions to three of the Lundy mysteries; your readers may be interested.

First, a definite solution. The big picture in the lounge of Millcombe House is of Falmouth. I found a print so identified, drawn from a position about half a mile to the right of the viewpoint of the picture, and the town and topography are identical. From internal evidence (the steam-tug) I would guess the picture to date from perhaps 1850, but I am not an expert.

Second, a possible solution. A "boojy" is the unidentifiable thing (possibly a tick or mite) that lives in bracken and bites people, raising little itching bumps around ones waist and in other places. There is a Hindi word, pronounced roughly "Pootchy" meaning any small unidentifiable thing that bites people.

Third, an interesting possibility. The Millstone - past Halfway wall on the West Side - is of the wrong type of stone for milling grain, and is also probably too large to be turned effectively through wooden gears and drive shafts. But until quite recently cider used to be made from juice pressed out of the apples by a large granite wheel going round in a trough, usually hauled or driven round by a work horse. Could the Millstone be the core of an apple-press?

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MILLCOMBE

Taken from Heaven Letters and Diaries

by

Myrtle Ternstrom

The name Millcombe properly refers to the valley: when the house was built it was always called "The Villa" and, subsequently, "The House" - not until Mr. Harman took over in 1925 was it called Millcombe.

When the house was built it was intended as a summer home for the holiday months and for use with the shooting parties that Mr. Heaven envisaged. Work was started in 1836, and was beset with all the problems that can still sound familiar to the modern ear: there were labour troubles, promised materials failed to arrive, the wrong fittings were delivered, the various craftsmen did not co-operate and spoiled each other's work etc. etc. The island agent, William Malbon, wrote to Mr. Heaven on 19th April 1838 to say that the house was completed but the work was so bad that he might rather sue for damages than pay all the accounts, particularly that of the builder, Hemmer. The architect, Edwin Honeychurch from Bristol, went over to make a report, and his opinion was that the roof, water pipes, drains, woodwork and bell system would all have to be re-done, the work being carried out "in a very improper manner".

The porch, terrace, and outhouses were all added later, the latter at a cost of £112.0.0. plus the cost of the lathes. The porch was pulled down and re-built again in 1879, one year after the new path was made behind the house, leading up to the farm, and about 1883 the composition roof was replaced with copper - this has been restored by the Landmark Trust. The outhouses were, from right to left looking from the house, a carriage room, a harness room, two laundry rooms, and a gun room - where a male servant also slept. Stores were kept in the cellar, but there were troubles with rats who got through the drains.

The house was first used only for a few months in the year, and then used increasingly, as Mr. Heaven's fortune declined and his family grew. But after the deaths of her two youngest children there, Mrs. Heaven did not care for Lundy; it was only after she died in 1851 Millcombe became the permanent family home. The house must have been crowded, and most particularly when guests arrived in the summer - after 1873 Belle Vue (Quarter Wall) cottages were used as an extension for guests, until the bungalow was built in St. John's Valley in 1893 - apart from guest rooms, one room there was set aside as the Rev. Hudson Heaven's study. The hall of Millcombe doubled as an extra sitting room, and the porch was used as a conservatory. The main bedroom at the top of the stairs was the Blue Room, the bedroom next to the lavatory the Pink Room, adjoining that was the maids' room and beyond it the Dimity Room. The present bathroom was The Little Room for the cook. In 1893 a telephone was installed, connecting with the Store, the bungalow and the Lighthouse (Old Light), but this presumably disappeared with the cable, later. Unusual features for the time of construction of the house were the installation of water closets, and the fitting of handbasins with taps in three of the bedrooms - these basins were removed by the Christies, and taken to Tapley. There was a bath in the small room at the top of the stairs, with a cold tap, but hip baths were used in preference and a bed was put over the old, high bath.

The Christies never lived on Lundy, since Augustus Christie was taken ill soon after the purchase of the island was completed. Millcombe was a home to the Harman family, who spent as much of their time there in the summers as was possible. Now it is used as a hotel, and it has really changed very little since William Hudson Heaven's time - it remains an attractively proportioned very modest country house, in a sheltered position and with a beautiful view down the valley to the sea.

## THE EAST SIDE PATHS, AND BRAZEN WARD

By A.J.B. Walker

These are walks rather than full-blown expeditions. The leisurely hour's stroll before dinner along the Upper East Side path takes you to the Quarry Offices and the Old Quarry. You can start either from the north end of New House or from the path round the North side of the Ugly, and the walk is along a well marked track below St. Helen's Field, the Tillage Field, and the Brick Field, at the top of the East Sidings. If you are out at twilight you may see Sika deer in the rhododendrons below.

The Lower East Side Path is considerably more energetic, and in one or two places goes very close to the cliff edge: don't step downhill off the path into bracken or rhododendrons - they may not hide solid ground. Go down through the gates of Millcombe House onto the beach road and turn north (left) by the pond below the walled gardens. You will find yourself on a path that alternates between heather (at the start) and bracken and rhododendron further north. In the rhododendrons the ground is sometimes soggy underfoot. If you take the path in the autumn you can cut thumbsticks (given a saw-bladed knife), but the wood is brittle for a couple of years after it has been cut, and will crack if you peel the bark off when it is still moist. My best rhododendron stick was cut in 1975 and is still going strong.

After about half a mile of the Lower East Side Path, you will find yourself walking below a scatter of trees, and there is a large oak tree with a splendid horizontal branch for sitting on - this is about 50 yards above the path. The Quarry terrace is another three hundred yards beyond that - but all the distances seem further. At the Quarry Terrace one can walk to the end of the wide part of the terrace and turn back up the path to the Old Quarry, or one can head northwards along the quarry terrace until - not far past the last very large quarry - the lower east side path branches off to the right. It carries on across the heather and bracken of the sidings below the Knight Templar and the other massive buttresses (I have seen these covered in Lundy Cabbage); past Tibbetts, and the next big headland is Brazen Ward. This was a Civil War fortification covering the vulnerable coastline of Gannets Combe; it is now one of the best swimming places on the island, with deep water to dive into, occasional curious seals, and the usual Lundy in-built refrigeration that some people find so exhilarating. The two dangers to note are:- excessive sunburn, as at most places around the island; and barnacles on the rocks, so use plimsolls if you have sensitive feet. It is a lovely place for doing nothing much, but the climb to the top of the island is definitely strenuous. Take a picnic meal, with bottles of water or squash.

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## FURNISHING THE NEW PROPERTIES ON LUNDY

By John Evetts

Fortunately we hold a fairly large stock of furniture at the stores for furnishing and re-furnishing of Landmark properties as a whole, and so it would not be true to say that all pieces were individually bought for each property.

However, every house did have its own requirements and certain pieces were specifically bought. The new Lundy tavern table, for instance, had once graced a naval hospital dining room in Bedford and was found upside down on a Volvo roof-rack in Canon's Ashby. Most pieces, however, were bought in and around the Cheltenham area, while others were acquired while on the road on other Landmark business.

One of the most important aspects of the furniture has been that it should primarily be robust enough, not only to survive a journey in the Polar Bear, transfer to the Shearn and then the shore, but also that it should stand up to the naturally tough elements of weather and camper alike. Most pieces have been chosen to that end rather than for merely decorative merit; and I have also had to be careful not to impose too much of my own taste, but adopt a more anonymous tone rather, in John Smith's words, like a school common room.



All the soft furnishings were chosen for their strength and sturdiness, and most were comprehensively re-upholstered in our workshops by two Winch Combe Magistrates! - although we ultimately loose cover such furnishings in material chosen by Christian Smith for ease of cleaning.

In some properties I have used furniture designed by Gordon Russell of Broadway and made in solid timber in his workshops before 1936. Apart from, in hindsight, being a good investment, I feel the excellence in manufacture, and utter simplicity in design complementary to the solidity of the granite buildings, although the result can sometimes be a little austere.

We have been accused of hanging too many seascapes and marine disasters, and are prepared to accept this, but it is very difficult to find other suitable subjects, in quantity, especially those pertinent to the island. So I have tried in most buildings to provide a mix which I hope is satisfactory, though I should be pleased to hear from anybody finding any other suitable pictures.

In furnishing ten properties and a Tavern in one year the main problem has been finding furniture of sufficient quality in sufficient quantity, and in some cases I have introduced inferior pieces, though the plan is gradually to replace them as more suitable pieces are found.

There have been amusing decorative finds, like the standard lamp in Castle Keep South, made from chain welded link to link, like a dancing snake, and bought in Glasgow - or Mr. Maxwell's Patent Hunting Boot Remover in the New House, and I derive the greatest pleasure from finding and placing such articles. In 1983 the main objective was to furnish the properties for letting, and it is only now that I can start to consider the little finishing touches that we hope make each property homely, comfortable and that little bit individual.

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#### SECOND ROUND

By George McHale and Liza Cole

(The Second A&N Golf Club Championships, Thursday 29th August 1985).

After being delayed for a day due to fog, the tournament began with the grouping of the competitors in the Tavern for 'fortifications' before the match. Here someone started a book on the event and all the wagers having been covered, it was arranged that everyone should meet on the first tee at 2.30 p.m. The competitors, when congregated, were in all stages of inebriation and had attire to match. The variety of players stretched from the Agent's wife to a three year old pro!

After an address by the secretary the first ball was tee-ed off amid shouts of "Fore", "Whack it in there Big Boy" and "Where did it go?". The last phrase was because the conditions were so wet that several balls were literally lost without trace.

The fifth hole proved the name Coarse golf to be an apt description. The hole consisted of reeds, water and a little bit of grass. Here the mounting tension was given away by the language and the continual supping of 'refreshments' whilst shots were being planned. Unfortunately, too, the wildstock had not been removed from the course before the game, so all were forced to take cover as shots were attempted out of unsavoury places.

The last hole was reached with great relief after a gruelling yet enjoyable afternoon. Due to the unexpected appearance of the sun, many players were seen to break down in the Secretary's office begging for wine (or even water!). Congratulations must be given to the winners, Sue Metcalfe and Charles Ellis (and of course to the bookie who only paid out on one bet!). Also, much thanks must be given to Patrick Penny, the Secretary, and Tony Walker (who was sadly missed) for their time spent in the organisation of a very successful tournament.

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LUNDY ANCIENT AND NECROPOLISTIC GOLF CLUB  
SECOND OPEN COARSE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP 1985

By Patrick Penny (Hon. Sec.)

Golf: banish from your mind any thought of elderly gentlemen dressed in tweeds and plus fours strolling leisurely up an immaculately manicured fairway. This has little to do with Lundy where we play that neanderthal of the sport: coarse golf. The open championship which the L.A.N.G.C. runs is designed to save the coarse player from extinction, from being engulfed and suffocated by greenkeepers and Lyle and Scott sweaters. In short the club preserves that true competition between man and nature that has been bled out of golf on the adjacent isles.

Five years ago the first match was so successful that it only seemed proper to run another one after a reasonable interval. Meanwhile golf on the island has been ticking over, with the opening of the 2 hole, 6, 110, par 106, New Course in 1981 and various 'friendlies' since then. It does not take very much to organise this extravaganza. Before heading over to the island a few flags were made from old blankets, tape and the bamboo canes that used to hold up the blackberries in the garden (some sacrifices have to be made), which are always useful in case my tent falls down. A quick raid on the golf club store under the stairs produced some clubs which were probably manufactured before the original Lundy course, as well as a new monster, a 3-wood. After a rummage through the family golf bags for old balls, the equipment was ready for planning another 'real' (or royal) golf match.

And so to Lundy. For those readers who have forgotten the Bristol Channel weather in August, the Met. Office probably described it as "changeable" which gave the L.A.N.G.C. Committee plenty of time to write out the scorecards in the Tavern as rain and storm lashed the island. When it relented, Tony Walker and I would get in some practice on the course, and reminisce about when the Acland's Moor bracken was a real hazard or else putt down to the Battery.

Eventually Wednesday 28th August approached. The bar was deserted the night before as the 32 competitors bedded down early or else were practicing their chipping in the privacy of their tents and cottages. (It was noticeable that a number of people had their own clubs this year and this caused a handicapping nightmare, as did the circulation of a "coaching manual" forged in the secretary's handwriting and written on paper stolen from his notebook). It would be nice to say that we woke to brilliant sunshine the next day, but I cannot, since the fog came down at 4 a.m. and stayed for the daylight hours and so there was a 24 hour postponement which was cheered up by the L.F.S. secretary discovering his true metier as a driver with a 5-iron.

Thursday 29th was a balmy hot day and the secretary spent the morning marking out the course with electric fence posts as the markers and the new course flags for the greens. The flurry of expectation was added to by 'a book' run on the competition in the bar over lunchtime.

At 2.00 p.m. the 32 competitors and a sprinkling of autograph hunters gathered outside the old club house by "The Old Light". The secretary outlined the course, the rules and which end to hold a golf club, and then distributed score cards. Within 20 minutes all the players had teed off and were away northwards to the first and second greens. There is no point in describing all the heroic deeds of the afternoon. As Keith Gardner and I wandered over the course we were constantly overwhelmed by the courage of the farm animals around us.

After two hours of sheep worrying, the foursomes returned to the Old Club House and handed in their cards. The Susy and Tom Betts pairing looked impressive, but the early leaders in the Club House were Jennifer Langham and Mike Johnson. We were kept nailed to our pieces of rock as the scores flooded in, and then one of the last scores, that of Sue Metcalfe and Charles Ellis had beaten everyone. Their wonderful achievement was commemorated in the award of two neolithic golf balls in the prizesgiving ceremony in the bar that evening.

I would like to thank Wendy Puddy for giving away the prizes, John Puddy for the use of the fence posts, Tony Walker for his "help and constant encouragement" and all the players and spectators for making the day such a happy one.

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THE CINDERELLA STAMP CLUB'S B.P.P.S.G. NEWSLETTER

By Roger Allen (Editor thereof)

The Cinderella Stamp Club is one of the most respected philatelic societies in England, and has just produced the 100th number of its magazine the "Cinderella Philatelist". This publication covers the non-postal philatelic spectrum; fiscal and tax stamps, railway stamps; propaganda and advertising labels; telegraph stamps; hotel and college stamps; local issues of all kinds, including off-shore islands, amongst which Lundy is pre-eminent.

Such a wide range of interests cannot be adequately covered by one quarterly publication and a couple of specialised study groups have been formed, each producing its own quarterly newsletter.

Roger Allen has now been the editor of the British Private Post Study Group newsletter for three years, and has made sure in that period that Lundy has received more than its fair share of cover. Each quarter the Editor writes a regular feature entitled "This and That on Lundy".

Subjects covered by this feature have included reports on the new buildings; archaeological digs; the "Lundy Chronicle"; social events on the island; new stamps and postcards, both official and unofficial; notices of the L.F.S. outings and newsletter; John Ogilvie's brewery; "Polar Bear's" move to Bidford; the M.C.H. Lundy cigarette packet; the Appeal stamp and postcard; Cobweb the carthorse; World War II Heinkel III crashes; the 1985 Balloon flight and stamp issue; the birth centenary in 1985 of Martin Coles Harman; Montague souvenirs and sea soap.

Special B.P.P.S.G. articles (not necessarily all by the Editor) have included illustrations of some of the unique gems from Tony Langham's collection; a copy of a Lundy shipping manifest; notes on bisected examples of the Atlantic Coast Air Services map stamps on cover; details of various bogus or unofficial overprints on Lundy stamps; Rigby-Hall philatelic "re-prints" of the 1970s and, perhaps most important of all, a fully illustrated description of all the fly speck constant errors on the present Lundy definitive stamps.

A further feature which ran for six issues, was a series of excerpts from letters of F.W. Gade written (to R.E.A.) during the period 1972 to his death in 1978

His historical account of the manner in which the Lundy radiogramme system operated must be definitive and his graphic description of two gas tank accidents in 1977 is hilarious.

In 1977 he excused his deteriorating handwriting as a result, not only of "failing eyesight" but also due to the "thinness of modern ink". In the same year his letters seemed to contain a premonition of his approaching end; . . . "I keep well but know very well that I am getting older and that the progress towards senility or death grows quicker as the years pass. I might almost say "as the months pass" . . .

His humour never left him however and immediately after the above passage we read . . . "there was a strike at Worthington's brewery in September . . . so I am now drinking Bass's light ale. I am sure I cannot tell one from the other. My daughter Rosalind has just brought me in a glass. So all the very best . . .

He always ended every letter with weather reports that left a clear vision of Lundy in one's mind: winds boxing the compass: a severe October gale:



winds from S and W: the sun is shining but to the S.W. there is a blackish cloud pregnant with rain; and fields full of rained-on green grass and ewes grazing.

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### A LUNDY GHOST STORY

By Colyear Dawkins

The scene was Lundy, possibly the autumn of 1937, but more probably the the spring of '38. Certainly the Carmine Filomena had already arrived for its unplanned but permanent visit, and certainly the conditions were similar to those which put it on the Rat - thick fog with both Lights thundering their intermittent warnings. I was to spend a few nights deliberately in the wild loneliness of the Old Light, silent of course unlike the others, while geologizing among the dykes and the granite/slate contact zone at the South End.

I had arrived as usual by Lerina, Mastered by Captain Dark and fascinatingly engineered by a powerful sandy-haired individual who breathed heavy fuel-oil and appeared to live on cotton-waste. He gave me a lifelong yearning to work on ships, an ambition often reinforced by the Gannet, almost extinguished by the Polar Bear, and entirely unrealized by Fate.

There was a horse and cart on the beach to take the luggage, and of course island supplies from Bideford up to the top. My kit was all in a large rucksack, and it must have been large because it certainly contained a small primus and a sleeping bag as well as the usual camper's clothing. There was also my geological hammer, doubtless strapped conspicuously to the outside. It would never do to put the thing where it might not be noticed, especially by Mr. Gade.

"Gi" Gade was an extremely satisfactory person for the exploratory and probably romantic teenager to get on with. He took just sufficient care to discourage folly on the cliffs or near the sea, with just sufficient authority to impress on the would-be explorer why he must be heeded. On top of this, he always seemed to know as much about one's own special interests as oneself, yet thoroughly encouraged further enquiry. For instance he introduced me to the geologist John Dollar, with very great benefit to me thenceforth. I sometimes think I owe my survival to Gi's insistence that the cliffs from Goat Island to Dead Cow Point were out-of-bounds, at least to boys who combined geology and birds with exaggerated ideas on their own agility.

After the privilege of supper in Mrs. Gade's kitchen, I went off in the gloaming to the Old Light, through what is now known as Bull's Paradise and the Lighthouse Field above it. Compass in hand and straining eyes through the mist, the next wall always seemed to turn up at the wrong distance and with the wrong orientation, but comforting nevertheless. Mist was scudding over the ground from the west, hissing through the walls, bending the thistles and occasional old bracken eastwards and blowing drops of water from the top of every stone. Strangely, I always enjoyed this "Lundy weather" - that is until the cold and wet really penetrated and induced thoughts of the lights and warmth of the tavern . . . .

And so to bed down in the Old Light, in that upstairs room on the south side that looks over the Parson's Well, across the sweep of field to Rocket Pond and the crag above the Limekiln. However none of this was visible, since I had arrived after dark and in driving mist. Mr. Gade had given me a few candles, and since I had stayed there before, but with companions, it was not too difficult to get sorted out for the night. It was also exciting to feel miles from anywhere and on my own, cut off from civilization by the fog and the night and the absence of fellow beings.

Sounds were far from absent: the North Light's double roar and the South's gun-cotton explosions were both occasionally audible, depending on eddies of the wind, and there were innumerable hums and moans and whistles and squeaks in the building itself with its chimneys and eaves and ill-fitting windows. It was admittedly a little scary, but all the sounds were plausible - and all were definitely Lundy - much the most consuming interest of my life at that time. But Lundy is nothing if not capable of surprises, and she worked a terrifying one on me that night.

I don't remember much about the middle of the night, beyond sleeping fitfully with long periods of wakefulness, listening to the weird voices of the wind and the creaks and thumps from loose panes and joinery all over the building.

But quite unforgettable was my pre-dawn awakening, the night still apparently pitch dark, by the sound of slow and slithering footsteps, crackling grittily along the stone slabs at the foot of the stairs. The footsteps were utterly realistic, and were accompanied by rattling, as of chains and wheezy breathing, and interrupted by meaningless little pauses - silent except for the usual background of the wind. I found myself totally incapacitated by fear; sheer rigid terror making it impossible to move a muscle, let alone reach for the torch hidden somewhere down in the sleeping bag. I even remember being conscious of this state, and of thinking "so this is what it means to be paralysed with fear", and it did not help at all to realize that the ghostly sounds were too exactly story-book to be likely. The grim impression was that they were real - and indeed were only the beginning.

The gritty shuffling and rattles finally stopped, but were followed after another pause by two loud clangs like dropping the chains, then an appalling series of very loud groans, choking sounds, screeches and rattles echoing around the old granite walls and continuing for at least half a minute. The effect of this on my state of mind can easily be imagined, probably correctly. Followed a pause with ghostly but obvious panting - human or otherwise to further heighten my terrors - and then the whole sequence again in reverse, first the half-minute of apparently excruciating torture, then the shuffling footsteps and wheezing, but without the rattling chains - and this time (Oh Joy!) - clearly receding and finally fading out into the night and becoming engulfed in the wind and mist.

All this time it had been dawning, but un-noticed by me in my abject state. So it cannot have been more than a few minutes before I recovered and went downstairs to investigate, and to feel myself with relief as possibly the biggest fool on Lundy.

The fact was that the Old Light was by no means so wonderfully isolated up there as it had seemed. Living next door in Stoneycroft there were real people - not spooks. Their water supply was the well under the Light, and the pump stood in the passage between the tower and the crew's quarters. The pump was one of those massive long-handled affairs like nearly all village pumps in Devon, serviceable but none too well greased and well capable of groaning, screeching and rattling. Moreover as I subsequently discovered, it was sufficiently strenuous in use to make anyone want to get their breath back between filling one bucket and starting on the next. Add to all this the facts that at least one of the inmates of Stoneycroft was elderly, collected two buckets of water very early every morning, and used a couple of equally elderly galvanized buckets with loosely fixed handles to do so, and you have a full explanation of the whole Mystery of the Haunted Old Light.

What I had experienced was a genuine Ghost Story - every bit as real as any you will find in more contrived situations, and for once not in a Rectory. But I never dared tell it to the Gades. Mr. Gade had a pastel portrait up in the bar, of a former cowman, who he used to point to as having been "the biggest fool on Lundy". I never was for breaking records, so kept my peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Extracts from a letter to Mrs. Marion Heaven from her aunt, Amelia Anne Heaven, dated 13.2.85.

"It is a horrid wreck, the very offensive-est crew we have ever had . . . they had got at the brandy and most of them were fighting quarrelling bad-languaging up and down like demons . . . we heard a wild shouting while we were at tea and presently 'House Ahoy!' just outside the window . . . the man was taken to the gun room and was finally conveyed off by George but not until he had managed to slip into the kitchen when the door was opened, where he was very affable to the 'lasses' who responded with the Civility of terror! . . .

INTERVIEW WITH TONY LANGHAM IN AUGUST 1985

(The two new booklets are "The Pirates of Lundy" and "The Shipwrecks of Lundy")

Editor of  
LFS Newsletter

How long have you been writing?

Tony Langham

Almost 37 years now. When I first came to the Island, little had been written of its history so I have been searching it out ever since.

Ed.

And now you have produced these two new booklets .....

A.F.L.

I felt these covered areas of interest: "Shipwrecks" for the divers who frequently discover remains of wrecks and have difficulty in identifying them and "Pirates" might appeal to the younger reader.

Ed.

Have the contents simply been abstracted from the forthcoming book to which you refer?

A.F.L.

Not quite. The main text of the book will flow as narrative and this information has been abstracted and edited to produce an 8,000-word series.

Ed.

Are you intending to do other parts of the whole before publication?

A.F.L.

It very much depends on the response to these two and whether a particular subject could be contained in the 8,000-word format - for example, there is a tremendous amount about the smugglers which might be of interest.

Ed.

Whether you publish further abstractions or not, is there a publication date for the whole book?

A.F.L.

No, not yet.

Ed.

What about a collection of monographs which could then perhaps be assembled into a whole book?

A.F.L.

That's an idea, but the trouble is that if you keep an open manuscript and keep publishing bit by bit, new information comes along and you never quite finish. One needs to set a finite date; perhaps the whole book should be published posthumously!

Ed.

If you did publish a collection, perhaps a binder could be provided.

A.F.L.

That's a good idea, but whether every subject could be produced in 8,000-word format is questionable.

Ed.

But would they all need to be 8,000 words?

A.F.L.

Not really, I suppose, but variations in length and even interest might be too great to sustain a series.

Ed.

If these booklets are to continue, some kind of way of putting them together would be a good idea but not if you are then going to publish the whole book.

A.F.L.

The real difficulty is that people are interested in highlights or specific areas and therefore not all the material in the book would be suitable anyway. Perhaps at most half-a-dozen booklets might result.

Ed.

What has the response been like to far?

A.F.L.

It's too early to say as I only collected them six days ago, en route to Lundy. A few postal enquiries reached me before I left home, I have signed about twenty copies here and am leaving a supply in the Island shop.

Ed.

How many were printed in all?

A.F.L.

1,000 of each.

- Ed. How much of the research is new?
- A.F.L. About three-quarters hasn't been used before. Research seems to grow geometrically - one thing leads to two and so on. For instance, last May one of the archaeologists working on the island asked if I had contacted Customs and Excise, where he was employed, and when I did so I discovered a wealth of new information from their records.
- Ed. Have you thought of compiling a bibliography of sources as a separate booklet? There are quite a number of young people who are interested in the Island and this sort of information would be helpful for the new generation.
- A.F.L. No. This might pose problems as some information is specific and once it has been given the source might be irritated by continual enquiry. One might, I suppose, provide a list of interested sources which would lead to others but in a way this simply duplicates research.
- Ed. But one must allow people to follow in your footsteps as if a start is provided, this could lead on to new things.
- A.F.L. I would never claim to be the sole researcher of information and personally, I am happy to help anyone who contacts me and none of the material which I hold is secret.
- Ed. It would be super for people to know that your material was available.
- A.F.L. I like to feel that the collection I hold isn't "mine" but that I happen to hold it for anybody who might be interested. I have made arrangements for it to be kept and made readily available on my death.
- Ed. Back to the booklets ..... are others ready for publication when you decide the time is right?
- A.F.L. Not quite. The information is to hand but when you publish yourself, you take a gamble and it depends entirely on the response to these first two if I start work on further titles.
- Ed. I feel they do fulfil a need and the price is certainly agreeable.
- A.F.L. Well, I didn't want them to be too expensive and I priced them so that if they all sell I will cover costs, plus enough to pay sundry expenses. I hoped that at 50p per copy there would be an inducement to buy both booklets for a round £1!
- Ed. It was a nice idea to involve John Dyke.
- A.F.L. I have known John for about 40 years and we are together perhaps the longest surviving members of the LFS. He was the obvious choice and I think his covers are evocative and strike the right note.

\* \* \* \* \*

GRENVILLE COLLEGE (BIDEFORD) LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE ON LUNDY ISLAND

by  
Christopher Charlton (Head of Geography)

This year the Lower VI geographers returned to Lundy Island to carry out a programme of 'A' level fieldwork and familiarise themselves with a unique island environment. Lundy has the advantage of being a small, well-defined geographical region and it is possible to study most aspects of its physical and human geography and appreciate the interrelationships that exist between them.

The party was due to sail from Bideford on the Polar Bear on Thursday 11th April but force 8 gales made that impossible. The weather forecast for the next few days was far from promising but on the Friday morning, between two low pressure systems, the "Islander" managed to get across to Clovelly, take us all aboard with other general provisions and return to Lundy. As we approached the Landing Beach we saw at least a dozen trawlers sheltering to the east of the island and we realised that the rough weather was probably far from over. Once ashore, we

made our way to the two granite buildings, "East" and "West", beneath the Old Light, which were to provide us with a base for five days. By mid-afternoon the equipment had been unpacked and the first pot of tea consumed. The rest of what proved to be a very wet and windy day was spent obtaining provisions from the shop and making general preparations for the programme of work which was to follow.

Saturday turned out to be bright but extremely windy with gusts of well over 40 mph at ground level. These conditions prompted the decision to study the more sheltered east coast of the island. The first stop was at the granite quarries worked by the Lundy Granite Company until 1868. This provided a good location at which to open a discussion on the economic geography of the island. A brief visit was then made to the Quarry Beach to see an excellent example of spheroidal weathering in a dolerite dyke. At the Halfway Wall the impressive Logan Stone was photographed and sketched and the weathering of granite discussed in some detail.

Lunch on the first day was taken at Brazen Ward before embarking on a study of evidence for sea level change provided by Mab's Grotto, and an analysis of periglacial head deposits just south of the Mousehole and Trap. Further evidence of glacial and periglacial activity was located at Gannet's Bay where small streams follow unusually large valleys, probably former meltwater channels, to the sea. On reaching the North Lighthouse we turned round and walked south along the central track searching for evidence of early settlements in the form of hut circles and the Widow's Tenement. After supper that evening the process of writing up the field notes began. Sketches were improved and annotated, rose diagrams of the head deposits constructed and the geomorphological processes that had been responsible for the landforms observed that day were discussed and written up in greater detail.

By Sunday morning the wind had dropped to a more respectable 15-20 mph and the clouds of Saturday had disappeared. The morning was devoted to a detailed micro-climatic survey of the island along a transect in the vicinity of the Halfway Wall. Temperatures and wind velocity were recorded at 0, 1 and 2 metres and temperature and soil moisture recorded at various depths. A note was made of vegetation changes, and the data, which took most of the morning to collect, produced an interesting insight into the contrasting conditions prevalent on the eastern and western sides of the Island.

After lunch our attention turned to the southern half of the island, in particular the Devil's Limekiln, an enormous 90 metre blow hole, and the Lametry Peninsula and Rat Island, where Lundy Granite is replaced by Lundy Slate. The influence of rock type and geological structure can clearly be seen on the landforms in this region. In particular, faulting, folding and the intrusion of dolerite and trachytic dykes have left their mark at various locations and these were carefully measured, sketched and photographed. The next task that afternoon was to map the buildings in the village as part of a complete land-use study of the island. That evening the writing up continued and the historical development of agriculture, transport to and from the island and tourism were outlined and discussed.

Monday was foggy, in fact very foggy. Visibility was only about 20 metres unless one could get down to sea level. As this was to be our last full day we had little choice of route. We explored the west coast looking carefully at the effect of the angle of dip of rock strata on the shape of cliff profiles, especially at Battery Point, Dead Cow Point, Jenny's Cove and in the region of the Devil's Slide. As we moved, farther north, we searched for the roche moutonnees pinpointed by Mitchell in 1968 and for small glacial erratics which Mitchell matched up with the sandstones of South Wales and Ireland. On both counts we were relatively successful and by the end of the morning had developed a good picture of what it might have been like 150,000 years ago when Wolstonian Ice pushed up against Lundy's west coast and probably produced the meltwater that eroded the channels we had seen draining into Gannet's Bay.

Having reached the North Light for the second time we lunched and then turned south for "home" but on this occasion we stopped to study the Heathland vegetation.



After identifying the principal species we looked for evidence of fire and the effect this has on species composition. We then dug soil pits (and filled them in!) to familiarise ourselves with the soil profiles of heath podzols on granite parent material. This provided a good opportunity to appreciate the problems of sampling, recording and analysing vegetation and soils and gave everyone a good idea of the vegetation that can be successful in the climatic conditions we had studied the previous day.

That evening individual projects were drawn up for the following morning. These were varied in their subject matter but all were straightforward and required the collection of first hand data and detailed analysis on our return to school. Examples were a study of the soil characteristics beneath Lundy Cabbage plants, a comparison of soil profiles on Lundy Granite and Lundy Slate, a study of the microclimate on either side of a granite wall, an analysis of pebble size and shape on the beach in Hell's Gates, a qualitative study of Granite weathering on dated granite exposures, tombstones and buildings and an analysis of the location of many shipwrecks that have occurred round Lundy's coast.

Tuesday morning was misty but calm and dry, ideal for carrying out the projects, but also, and perhaps more important, for the crossing of Bideford Bar in the Polar Bear on our return journey to Bideford.

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#### TAKING CHILDREN TO LUNDY - ONE MAN'S VIEW

by

Keith Hiscock (Chairman L.F.S.)

In jest, I told Ann Westcott that I would write a note for the LFS Newsletter on how long a piece of string I needed to stop my children falling over the cliffs whilst we took a holiday on Lundy. Never jest about articles in the newsletter to Ann - I was immediately taken up! So, here it is - not an attempt to advise would-be holiday families on how to amuse/look after children on Lundy but rather an account of a very enjoyable holiday with a few notes which might help such prospective holiday makers. In fact, the only piece of string we had was attached to a plastic boat which was dragged up and down to the beach on most days by my son Peter (aged just 6) and by my daughter Sally (aged nearly 8).

We did choose to stay in a cottage remote from any cliffs and Little St. John's suited us very well. Our supply of wet weather amusements was selected from some of the childrens favourites and will vary for other families, but a supply of scrap paper for drawing, colouring pens and pencils, colouring books; one bumper bedtime story book; a container of Lego and two 'My Little Ponies' proved adequate. The jigsaws were not used and we found jigsaws supplied when we arrived anyway. We forgot buckets and spades - these would have been appreciated.

But we wanted to explore the island - how far would they go, would my shoulders take the excessive demands to be carried? Some basic warnings were given about slippery paths and grass, about not making too much noise and, to Sally (a budding botanist), about not picking flowers. We started off gradually. Certainly, our first foray along the rhododendron path to The Quarries was easy. Encouragement was needed on the ascent to Quarterwall Cottages and a little shouldering, but we reached the Tavern just as it started to pour with rain. Here, the children's impression that Lundy could be fun was reinforced by the entertainment underway by participants in the North Devon Hospital's Excursion. That evening, Sally completed the log in Little St. John's and neither of them had the least difficulty getting to sleep.

And so it continued: up the Old Light Tower and down to The Battery the next morning, followed by beach in the afternoon. If you have ever wondered how to get a reluctant child to walk, nay run, all the way up the path from the Battery, all you need is a co-operative pigeon which when chased flies a short distance ahead then settles again. The thorough wash they had that night in the sink was a source of complaint - I was reminded that I had said they would be unable to

have a bath or shower all week on Lundy!

On the next day our worst fears were realised when we looked out of the window to see a wet and windy day which continued from early morning to late at night. Lying-in was extended followed by some clouring and Lego enterprises until the rain changed to drizzle. We shopped and, in the certainty that staying inside would be wearing on the children and us, I took them to a place where I could shelter and they could play safely within easy reach of the cottage. This was The Ugly. Children invent the most marvellously simple games and just playing, appropriately clad around Hengmen Hill whilst I sat in the shelter scanning the Ocean Youth Club flotilla in the Landing Bay occupied a pleasant hour. Having something we really wanted to do and would have few opportunities to do helped greatly to get us out on a day like this - Sue and I went diving. This meant that the children had the chance to explore The Cove, including the discovery of one of the caves, and to come out on John Shaw's boat.

It pored with rain that night and I was beginning to wish that I had bought the full set of PVC waterproofs I had thought of for the children. But the next day developed into a bright if blustery one - ideal for a picnic and sunbathing in the shelter of The Quarries. Here, the LFS bird trap proved a great attraction while we dozed in the sun. Halfway Wall and home via Pondsbury and The Earthquake was an acceptable route although both children complained, and I wasn't sure whether we should try any of the more distant routes on future days. However, an inquest revealed that they were worried about the strong wind as much as being tired.

So, the next day, we decided to give the North End a try and, with the information that we were going to see the seals rather than that we were walking to the North End, we set off. The east coast path north of The Quarries was a lovely easy walk and we soon reached Gannet's Bay with little complaint. Sally and Peter were fascinated by the view of the seals and after a long rest there determined that they did wish to complete the journey to the North End - then they didn't, then did, then didn't. In the end, they decided to play 'budgerigars' (don't ask me what that is) on the moor at the head of Gannet's Combe while Sue and I continued to the North End. As instructed, they stayed where they were and we duly made our way back along the road to the cottage with Dad ending up more exhausted than the children, who promptly demanded to go to the beach. (Dad promptly demanded that he be allowed to lie down and rest for half an hour!). Our final full day was an easy one with a return to the children's favourite location at The Quarries amongst other short excursions and a very pleasant meal together in the Lundy Restaurant. Sally was a bit worried about the helicopter trip on our departure but enjoyed the ride greatly and even asked for 'another go'.

The holiday was enjoyed by the children who were enthusiastic to return to many of the places we had visited. Having fun and seeing things of interest to them were all important in determining what we could do. Of course, for adults their presence was restrictive and certainly lessened the undisturbed peace and tranquillity that many go to Lundy for. But it had many advantages apart from the pleasure the children obviously derived. It stopped us rushing about too much and being tempted to spend too much time diving. Also, the children's sharp eyes and enquiring minds drew our attention to many features we might not have thought of. For me it was a real holiday - a chance to renew my knowledge of this fascinating island above sea level, to extend it in many fields and to share my enjoyment with my children. I'm sure that we'll be back for another holiday.

\* \* \* \* \*

From a letter to her husband, Dr. John Heaven from Mrs. Marion Heaven, dated 21.8.85:

"... the Bishop hoped to be able to consecrate the Iron church and grant there-with licences to baptise ... at present until the freehold of the site is given up to the Church Uncle is only licensed to hold services and give religious instruction in this 'Iron Chapel of St. Helena' ... this good kind Bishop of Exeter has completely won our hearts ..."

AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN "THE GOLDEN STREAM", MAGAZINE OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, 1951

"LUNDY"

By J.A. Wallby

Lying off the coast of Great Britain are many small islands. One of the least known but most fascinating is Lundy - 1,100 acres of green-topped granite lying in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. To those who know the island it is a world and life of its own.

Approached by air (now the only way), Lundy's whole expanse is seen - three miles long, nearly a mile wide at the southern end, tapering to less than a quarter of a mile wide at the northern end, and, mainly 400 feet above sea level, the gently undulating top.

In a slight hollow near the southern end, lies the "village". This comprises the largest building on the island - which combines the function of farmhouse, hotel, tavern and general store, the church, and on either side of the "Main Street" the rickyards, shippens, stables, slaughterhouse, and other farm buildings, all built of granite. In Millcombe, which drops away to the beach road, nestles the owner's house, and on the south east tip, looking across to the coast of Hartland 12 miles away, stands the keep of Marisco Castle and a few closely huddled cottages. Romantic though Lundy's history may be, the island is of particular interest to the agriculturalist. Like most islands its principal industry has always been farming, and in fact in the past the very existence of the inhabitants depended upon it.

One enormous hindrance to profitable farming on the island has always been the inaccessibility of a market. The nearest port is Bideford, 24 miles away, and the shipping of live and dead stock has always been expensive and difficult, and owing to the nature of the landing facilities, extremely unreliable. This is a problem now, and must have been an even larger one centuries ago.

A Suit in Chancery in 1776 caused an official visit to be paid to the island by the Rev. Thomas Martyn of Trilow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge University, and who described himself as having "made Natural History and Agriculture the chief study of his life". He stated the area to be about 3 square miles. About one sixth of this was coarse grass which "might feed lean Welch cattle", but the rest was incorrigibly barren, and what soil there was, being poor and shallow, was incapable of economic improvement. He thought the height of the island and the winds practically excluded the successful growing of corn. Cats and rabbits overran the island and it was practically impossible to grow trees. (It is interesting to note that Lundy is now one of the few places where our native Black Rat is still found). The only possible advantage to be made of the island, stated Martyn, lay with cattle; but he emphasised the difficulty of transport to the mainland.

Despite Professor Martyn's qualified report, a few years later there were to be found on the island 7 houses with 23 inhabitants, nearly 500 head of sheep and cattle, pigs, poultry, and crops of wheat, potatoes and turnips!

During the last two centuries the value of the island has fluctuated enormously. In 1781 it was sold for £1,200, in 1803 for £700, and in 1830 for £4,500. The present owner, Mr. Martin Coles Herman, bought Lundy in 1925 for about £20,000.

Lundy today is in many ways different from what it was years ago, but it is such a small world in which to live, that one can never move very far without bumping into evidence of some incident in its past, or having to consider some problem with which very much earlier islanders had to contend.

As Professor Martyn said, the best use of the land is made by stock. The main body of the island is rough grazing, but also includes a large amount of heather, bracken, and reeds, and in places is just bed rock. Considering this, Lundy carries a fair head of stock, and includes an incredible variety of species. Among the purely agricultural stock are about 45 North Devon cattle. Eight or so

cows are kept to produce summer milk, and a few more as foster mothers, and the remainder - other than "dairy followers" - as beef cattle. They all live out the year round.

There is a flock of 200-250 Devon Closewool sheep producing fat lamb - and Lundy lamb has an excellence of its own! Tupped in October, the ewes lamb early and benefit by the warm early spring, which is even more characteristic of Lundy than the South West in general. Good wool is produced, and the flock is naturally very healthy despite a fair infestation of liver fluke. Blowfly in the summer is difficult to cope with owing to the bracken and many scars in the cliff in which infected sheep hide themselves. Rounding up for dipping and other purposes entails walking to the North End and driving back to the village.

Legend has it that Lundy pork is invariably yellow and strong tasting, but a few pigs are kept and produce apparently normal meat. Poultry fowls and turkeys run loose around the yards and each summer proudly produce batches of chicks, without the least encouragement. A flock of about 20 geese run semi-wild on the island, and also multiply naturally.

Importations of stock are rare so that there is little disease amongst the stock. The tetanus or wiss is apparently there, but few cases have occurred. Occasional foot rot trouble crops up with the sheep.

Mr. Hurman, the owner of Lundy, is a lover of wild animals and has introduced onto the island a great variety. There is a large herd of wild ponies which was started in 1926 by the importation of some New Forest mares and foals. A championship Welsh Mountain pony stallion soon followed and he has left his mark on the present stock which include duns, roans and chestnuts. During the past few years inbreeding has produced a few albino and also some herniated foals. But as the albinos tend to live apart from the main herd, and the herniated ones are frequently killed before reaching maturity, both characteristics may be eliminated in time. Incidentally, another example of inbreeding on the island is the appearance of black coat colour in the wild rabbits. Every year or two a few ponies are sold in Harrogate market, most as children's ponies, but the duns are popular with circuses.

Another interesting class of stock is a flock of Soay sheep. They are natives of the Isle of Soay, off St. Kilda, and belong to one of a group of breeds of wild sheep, native to Northern Europe, known as Loughton sheep. They are small, mainly brown in colour but with white underparts and black areas on face and legs. A ridge of black hair runs from the base of the neck to the short deer-like tail. They have a very fine soft fleece which if not pulled is shed during the following summer. The flock numbers about 35 and has developed from 7 ewes and 1 ram, bought from the Duke of Bedford's flock in Woburn park.

There is a herd of red deer which was started in 1927 with stock from Ashbourne Park and Inverness, and also over 40 Japanese sika deer from stock also imported in 1927. Both deer and Soay sheep are occasionally shot for the table. There is a large colony of wild goats on the black North End, and pheasants have been successfully established on the sheltered East Side. Other species which have been imported but did not take to Lundy life include Barbary sheep, wallabies, squirrels and swans.

All these wild animals naturally reduce the possible domestic stock carrying capacity of the island. If no wild stock were kept it is reckoned that a flock of 600 breeding ewes could be run.

Maintaining its traditional independence, Lundy does not receive a ration of concentrates. This makes the successful cultivation of even a few acres absolutely vital. The land that is cultivated is shallow, peaty, and sour. Oats are the usual cereal grown, and it's cut with a mower and carried loose. Rye was attempted last year, and though indicated by the conditions, did not yield well. Potatoes are grown regularly and are usually lifted with mattocks. A little kale and turnips are grown for the ewes. There is no doubt that heavy liming of the land would improve yields greatly, but under the prevailing conditions of extreme lack it would be so costly as to be quite uneconomic. Many years ago limestone was brought in sailing hatches from Galdy Island and

burnt in a kiln on the beach. It is possible that the land had pretty heavy dressings of this lime, but the residual effect has long since been lost.

The enclosed pasture is usually cut for hay, but last summer some pit silage was made successfully.

The water supply depends almost entirely upon catchment and in some years, for example the summer of 1950, sinks to a dangerously low level.

There was a tremendous amount of unavoidable degeneration of land and buildings during the war, when the island was bereft of labour and practically isolated. Now the struggle goes on to repair the damage and return the island to the comparative prosperity which it enjoyed pre-war - but with the common handicaps of shortage of labour and capital.

Contact with the mainland has always been a problem. The island's M.F.V. "Lerina", based at Bideford, used to bring all stores when required. Everything had to be rowed 300 yards to the shore, including such weighty items as 40 gallon drums of T.V.O., sacks of coal and flour, barrels and crates of beer. Stock had to be driven to the beach, to be swum to the ship, and hoisted in-board.

Now, "Lerina", rather the worse for her war service, has had to be dispensed with and all depends upon the air service which started last summer. So far a D.H. Rapide has been able to bring practically everything required. A pair of tractor tyres presented the first problem, but Trinity House came to the rescue and brought them with the next lighthouse relief.

Owing to bad weather the annual export of cattle and ponies did not take place in October last year, but during February, the Royal Navy obliged with the assistance of a Tank Landing Craft, and shipped the stock to the mainland.

The only source of power on the island is an old Fordson. This does the tillage work and haulage up and down to the beach. Two years ago, with trailer behind, it trundled over the edge of the slipway and crashed onto the surf-covered rocks 20 feet below. When the tide had retreated it was salvaged, and in a few days with new front axle assembly, radiator, tank and steering, was in use again.

The hotel accommodates a few guests, and other visitors are of the Lundy Field Society which uses the Old Lighthouse as a hostel. Lundy is a bird lover's paradise - over 150 species are known to nest on or visit the island, and there is a resident bird warden for eight months of the year. Puffins, Razorbills, Guillemots, and Kittiwakes, to mention but a few of the sea birds, nest in the rabbit buries and on the rocks of the North end. Visiting rare birds include the Montagu harrier, ospreys, and snow bunting. The Peregrine falcon is a resident, and in cold weather woodcock, snipe, and various duck are plentiful. During early autumn swallows, on their way south, settle on the island for a rest, and in such numbers that the noise is more like an enclosed aviary at the zoo!

Lundy has also a reputation for lobsters, and for about eight months of the year, often in very wild weather, strings of pots are laid off the coast.

Winter gales prevent the growth of even the stunted thorns characteristic of the Atlantic coast of the mainland, and in the few sheltered spots on the East side young trees are either killed by deer and rabbits or just do not take. Two exceptions to this are, however, Hydrangeas and Rhododendrons which in early summer make a magnificent rage of blue, purple and pink on the Sidelands.

Lundy has for centuries maintained the right to the privileges of an independent kingdom. The owner is truly lord of all he surveys. This independence has been maintained even so far as disallowing the police to land and arrest an islander for manslaughter, and preventing French crabbers from poaching, by force of arms! None of the islanders vote for a government which does not legislate for them, and their only law is that of their "king". An unsuccessful attempt was made to establish a Lundy coinage known as Puffinage, but a levy is still made, in the form of Lundy stamps, valued in Puffins, to pay for the transport of mails to and from the mainland.



Island life is a life of its own, and for me is the nearest to the life one can attain. Have not the various "Utopias" of Man generally been islands? Lundy is exemplary of this, and has the additional merit of including a circle of fine people with a common love of the island. Lundy could perhaps be made a profitable sheep farm, or its natural beauty and equable climate could be cashed as a holiday camp - but how mundane compared with its present wild existence!

As Lundy stands today it is one of the few places where one can live, think and behave according to one's own ideals. Gone are the inhibiting factors of social economics and the easily acquired habits of our civilised existence, and, with Nature herself, one pits one's strength against the elements - including the greatest of them all, the sea.

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### TAKE THREE DOZEN EGGS . . .

By Core Ann Gardner

My oddball cooking career started when I was 17 and worked for a large company with no canteen. Six of us formed a "luncheon club". We armed ourselves with one saucepan, one frying pan and a gas ring, and on this fantastic array of equipment I produced 6 lunches 3 times per week for 7 years and then joined the civil service, which had a canteen.

I cooked for 15 on 2 primus stoves in the rain by the road whilst waiting for a boat to Steephelm and again in the derelict Cholera Hospital on Flatham. I cooked in the Brue Valley while the cows wrecked the loo built tastefully by the stream. I'm sure I could list many weird spots I've practised in, but for inventiveness and adventure cooking, Lundy will always take first place.

One occasion at the Old Light when it was 'primitive' (cooking for 20 hungry archaeological diggers), all was ordered, menus planned, nothing left to chance. Day Three dawned bright and clear - no boat. Make do and curried this and that appeared and we laughed about it until (you've guessed) no boat again. But we were prepared. At crack of dawn the island was heaving with diggers, sent out foraging like the locusts they imitate, we had mushrooms, some rabbits, potatoes and tinned veg. I made Soda Bread, has to be eaten quickly, but filling and goes well with mackerel for breakfast. Then the boat came in with all our supplies and we ate very well until the next disaster.

"Would you like some crabs?" Innocent words, and, fool that I was, I thought of those starving diggers and said, "Yes please" remembering that although sandwiches are do-it-yourself, it still remains for cook to provide filling materials and choose pulls when you are faced with it daily. I found that marmite, dates, cheese, cold meat, salad, cabbage, cold beans and even peanuts went between bread; and if you've not had cold cabbage and peanuts you've not lived! During the early evening the crabs arrived, not as anticipated (almost promised) 6 neat and pink and ready to eat. No - 13 of the largest, angriest athletic living crabs, with a hint in determination to remain that way. Various diggers were stationed in doorways with crab repelling tools, old tennis racquets, and golf balls being favourite. We trapped the crabs in a corner in a box, put on the clothes boiler, and spent an amazing time grabbing wandering crustaceans with tongs and/or two fish slices and dumping them into boiling water and poking them down with an old golf umbrella when they tried to get out. We won because we were bigger. After the crabs cooled, some of us spent the next morning with culinary artifacts - hammer, screwdriver, pliers, knitting needle and a pair of nail scissors - removing crab from shell. There was a large pastrymix full and we dined well on Crab Salad, with enough for "Sarnies" next day. When asked if I required any more crabs, I gently declined and crept off to the pub.

The last mammoth "Cook in" was in the renovated barn at the top of the High Street. Keith was running a Field Study Week on the various "diggings". There were 26 beds altogether including the cook. I fancied going to Lundy and had a choice, cook or don't go, so I went, and cooked. I spent weeks planning menus, ordering food, sending vast lists to the store, praying for inspiration and all on £1 per capita per diem. I found that after a few days one is able to think in stones and gallons and dozens without shuddering.

The only way to handle large cook ups for giant appetites is to work well in advance. It takes a strong willed cook to close ears to pleas from one (there's always one) person who "doesn't actually eat this" and say brightly, "what a pity, it's all there is."

My old friend the Boat didn't arrive midweek. You could always reckon on one non-arrival if you were running something approaching the feeding of the 5,000. No leg of lamb: no frozen chickens, cook having one of her headaches. We acquired 3 tins of frankfurters, 4 tins corned beef, 12 eggs and 2 lb onions. I had flour etc, so Boatless Pie was invented. Simply chop meaty bits and onions up and beat eggs with 2 pints Long Life, salt, pepper, herbs etc. and fester in a pastry case for about an hour, or 3 gins whichever is longer.

The joy of staying at the barn is that with careful planning and dinner at seven, one can get things in the oven and simmering, scoot to the pub for the "happy hour" and nip back for the last minute bits like gravy and custard, pop to the door and bang a pan and lid together and "presto" diggers come popping up the slope at a goodly speed. The Queen had her Jubilee during our stay. Dinner was arranged for 7.30 to allow her health to be drunk properly and to keep cook properly lubricated (cooking is hot work). I felt that a special meal was in order and presented them with Union Jacks in jamjars as table decoration; cottage pie - mash (white), carrots (red) and cabbage (blue - due to the addition of food dye) and trifle, red and white with those little blue balls like ball bearings you can decorate cake with on top. You can also ruin your dental work with them so the odd "ping" as people "lost" them was ignored.

There is, of course, much more to it if anyone is interested in taking a large party and needs a good basic medium sized cook with reasonable running costs and a fairly low gin consumption . . .

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#### NEW WARDEN FOR LUNDY

by Keith Hiscock.

The Landmark Trust have just appointed a warden for Lundy, Neil Wilcox, who has now taken up his post. His job on Lundy will include protecting wild life interests on and around the island, visitor liason and interpretation, research, survey work, estate management and maintenance. An important first task will be the preparation of a management plan for conservation, in part based on a draft prepared by the LFS several years ago.

The Society has been pleased to be involved in this appointment from being consulted on the drafting of the job description to having a representative on the interview panel. The post is supported financially by the Nature Conservancy Council and the LFS with the major input from the Landmark Trust. The warden will maintain scientific records and undertake other activities for the Society on Lundy, working with our island representative Mary Gade.

Neil has experience of nature reserve management on Noss National Nature Reserve in Shetland. More recently he has been working at a field centre, running courses in natural history subjects. His university training included marine biology.

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Written Contributions are invited for the Annual Report, Newsletter, or Island Log.

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