

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY NEWS LETTER - No. 21 JANUARY 1991

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EDITORIAL

Abbreviations : WMN - Western Morning News  
NDJ - North Devon Journal  
NDA - North Devon Advertiser

Two Lundy friends of long standing died in 1990 - Audrey Smith and John Ogilvie. I know all LFS members who ever stayed at Lundy Villa or drank John O's beer, will wish to send sympathy to Stanley Smith and Penny Ogilvie and their families.

Yr. Ed. has been sent (by John Brown of Winchcombe, Glos.) copies of Stanley Smith's 'Lundy Review' (1957-61), which make fascinating reading. Kate Ogilvie has graduated in Music from Birmingham; and Liz Ogilvie is UP at London University. Liza Cole is now MSc (Manchester), Helen Cole is a full-time Ranger-Naturalist for the National Trust of Scotland, and her patch is Ben Lawers; she is currently in training for the 50 mile MORVICH to BEAULY Cross-Scotland bi-athlon (run and cycle); the Highland Cross. Nick and Alex (Langham), Sanders and Nick's Mother, Olive Sanders, were on Lundy in August for THE Golf Tournament, superbly arranged by Patrick Penny, assisted by Tony Clark and Jenny Langham. Olive S. and her partner were the winners. Sue Metcalfe (winner last time), and her partner came last. Yr. Ed. and Tony Langham (a left-hander playing with a right-handed club) actually completed the course, as did some 30 others. Wendy Puddy gave the prizes, and had 'bouquets' presented to her.

Carl and Kim Baiden (Carl was Nick's and Alex's best man) were married in the Autumn. Sue Johnstone, who will be sadly missed in the Tavern, married Neil Mason in October. Their reception was on the Oldenburg and a most happy occasion it was, and the bride looked radiant. There was a lovely pic. in the WMN (19/10/90). The buffet was truly splendid - the vessel was moored. Suzy Betts (who worked on the island several seasons ago) is marrying Seamus Tucker on June 29th on Lundy.

As a propitious start to 1991 Wendy and John Puddy have a son, a brother for the delectable Emma; there was a very fine pic. in the NDJ.

Richard Campey has left the RSPB and is in the Binoculars Business, which will give him more time for birding, and work with TV.

Jilly (Dyke) and Reg Lo'vell are now part of the Island Work Force.

Roger and Eva Allen have Eva's younger boy, Harry, living with them. Roger has allowed Yr. Ed. access to his bound collection of Lundy papers, and has said that if anyone wants an item on the index (published as a Special Pull-Out with this newsletter) photocopied, he will do that for them: his address is 35 Crown Street, Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 0HX. Other owners of collections are Gill and Roger Davis, Tony Langham, and Ian Wilkinson. If there is anyone else with collections they would like LFS members to know about, do please let Yr. Ed. know.

Ian Arnold (Market Coins) 11 Hillcrest Road Bideford has issued his 'Lundy List No 8' containing various highly collectable items. He has also produced An Occasional Number (1 and only) of 'the Lundy Flier' ('89). According to this, at an '89 sale £86 was bid for Mr. Gade's 'My Life on Lundy' and £125 for the 1925 Sale of Lundy Catalogue. There is also an address to write to if you want a video of 'Great British Isles', broadcast on Channel 4 and repeated on ITV (16/1/91): JANE BAYER (Producer) Channel TV Ltd.: The Television Centre: St. Helier: Jersey C.I. Apparently a letter might encourage them to make the Lundy programme available.

The Times (6/2/90) had a photograph of the barque KASKELOT in heavy weather on her way to Liverpool: she is the vessel used in the filming on Lundy of 'Robinson Crusoe' (Newsletter '88 - miscalled by Yr. Ed.; CASTALOT - which was merely her nickname).

The Timewatch programme on Napoleon earned 2 columns in the Times (21/2/90 and 22/2/90): Peter Waymark felt that Lundy plausibly doubled as St. Helena and the programme was 'an effective piece of dramatization'. Sheridan Morley felt that Bonaparte as played by Kenneth Colley, 'found it difficult not to drift into aimlessly nostalgic chats with the doctor who would occasionally ask such leading historical questions as: 'Tell me, did you ever make a mistake?'

'The Isle of Lundy starred as St Helena, and managed to look like an equally appalling place to spend your exile.' Yr. Ed. was riveted by the use made of Lundy, but felt the text did not justify the expense of making the programme.

The WMN (10/2/90) featured a photograph of the Lundy Stallion Mozart, and an article about the work of Mrs. Peggy Garvey and the Braetor Lundy Pony Preservation Society, of which Lyn Bushnell (island staff) and Jane Strick are members. The secretary is Mrs. Martindale (TN Tavistock 832682) who has sent Yr. Ed. the Rules of the BLPPS, the Breed Standard, the Rules for the Registration of the Lundy ponies and a list of registered ponies. Lyn B. and the Lundy ponies were the subject of an article (WMN 14/5/90) about a liaison between the island ponies and the Braetor Lundy pony preservation socy. for the re-establishment of the ponies on Lundy. Lyn B. was shown on ITV (12/7/90) escorting the Red Devon heifers to Lundy aboard the Oldenburg. The WMN (11/7/90) ran an article (with pic. of the heifers and the bull - Burwood Commander) about the starting of a herd of Red Devon Cattle, (the Red Rubies of North Devon originally) on Lundy.

1990 was an outstanding bird year for Lundy. According to the WMN (12/3/90) a Great Spotted Cuckoo was seen on Lundy in late February, record breakingly early because of the mild weather, while Richard Campey was still with the RSPB he ran a cruise (7/4/90 WMN) to Lundy and reported a slight increase in puffin numbers. UNQUESTIONABLY the Great Gold Medal Bird of the Year was the Ancient Murrelet - distinctly dull for your non-twitcher, but of a rarity to ravish every twitcher for leagues. Simon Barnes (Times 23/6/90) wrote sympathetically, 'most rareties are the result of ...trouble... Lundy Island is simply a personal disaster for the murrelet, no more'. But the Times had already published (1/6/90) a picture of twitchers at Jenny's Cove, to which they had lugged heavy tripods and binoculars: over 1000 people had arrived and more were arriving with each Oldenburg sailing according to the Times. The NDJ (31/5/90) published a drawing which actually showed you what a murrelet looked like, which is more than any other paper did. No; one begs the Times' pardon, (31/8/90) it had a drawing, but much smaller, because the A M was competing with the Least

Tern, the Tree Swallow and Pallas's Sandgrouse for space. The WMN (8/6/90) reckoned that thousands had visited Lundy since 28/5/90 when the murrelet was first seen 'the first to have been recorded in Britain and Europe and is thought to have been blown across the Atlantic by last winter's westerly gales.' (WMN 29/5/90) There were so many small ships going to see the murrelet that the North Devon Coastguards were kept busy. The bird got a mention in Simon Barnes' article on Twitching (Times 29/12/90) and Murrelet Mania was recorded (NDJ 3/1/91) as the outstanding June event of 1990. The WMN mentioned it (27/12/90) in a column predicting 1991 would be a bumper bird year.

Yr. Ed. would say the Ancient M. had more coverage even than the Landmark's Pine Apple House last year. The bird took second place, however, in a piece in the Times (2/6/90) on the unspoilt beauty of Lundy, where the Ancient M. only made the final paragraph. The article, which was fairly low-key, gave credit to the National and Landmark Trusts and the wild life, but was a more attractive piece nonetheless, than Tom Davies' 2 page spread with lovely colour photographs (Times Saturday Review 14/7/90). (The murrelet got a line in this too.)

Daphne Marsh (a regular visitor from '68 to the early '80s) let Yr. Ed. have the loan of her Postcard & Photo Albums. The Postcards are interesting for the John Dyke cards, & the black-&-whites. There is a JD showing the Polar Bear, the Shearn & the Lundy Gannet together; another with 5 views on it - the Landing Beach, the Castle, the North End, the Beach Road & a 'spread' to show the village (especially interesting because it is c.1970). There is a JD Christmas Card ('74) with Signal Cottages as they were in 1907, complete with Mock-Tudor frontage, & Fred Allday & the donkey with the mail. There is another Christmas Card with Old Light, & there is the letter-head John did when he & Joan were living at Signals, which includes an old Castle Cottage chimney & the Coastguard Building(?). The photograph album is not so full of information as the cards, but there some super views of Quarry Pond when the tree was still there. The chief pleasure of such old photos is the nostalgia they induce for times past.

The Landmark Trust received a good deal of news-space (though not as much as the Ancient Murrelet). The Independent had a pic. (16/6/90) of MOWBRAY POINT Banqueting House, which the Landmark wishes to restore as its 25th anniversary project. The Independent also ran (14/7/90) a nearly full-page spread interview with Sir John Smith. The Times (10/3/90) had a super little column on the Keats Museum's search for an ideal Englishman - there was no mention of the Landmark, but No. 26 Piazza di Spagna has a 3rd floor flat that is Landmark property, as anyone who has breakfasted in Government House with Keats could tell you. The NDJ (24/5/90) had an affectionate article by Derek Henderson, with a pic. of that most splendid building in the world (Yr. Ed's words, not DH's) the Old Light. The Marine Reserve got a mention, & so did the water diver. The latter also starred in an article in the Gazette (3/5/90). And Yr. Ed. will Never Forget Being Present on the Island with a Giant Boer - August '90. The NDJ (26/7/90) & the WMN (17/7/90) both mention the NCC's judgement that the Lundy Marine Reserve has proved a resounding success. Returning to the Landmark Trust: the Independent Magazine (10/11/90) ran a piece on the Forts on Alderney with special reference to the LT's Fort Clonque. Also in the Independent (14/4/90) there was a feature on Round Britain Island Hopping with brief how-to-get-to Lundy details. The Times Saturday Review (20/12/90) also briefly mentioned Lundy as the ideal Christmas away-from-it-all, speaking favourably of the Lighthouse & the new 1-bedder which was the light-house keepers store; but half the article was about other LT properties. The Observer (30/9/90) (Christmas doesn't half start early these days) suggested if you have a huge extended family you could rent all the properties on Lundy. The article also recommended the Keats flat. The NDJ (20/12/90) reported, however, that fewer than usual spent Christmas on the Island - a harsh economic wind blows.

You could have dug (archaeologically) for your holiday on Lundy according to the Times (17/4/90), which took its material about digging from the British Archaeological News. A most interesting article (Daily Telegraph 30/7/90) describes David Thackray's 'archaeological landscape survey' of Lundy: he is Archaeological Adviser to the National Trust & has made, with Caroline Thackray, his wife, a report on Lundy & it is most exciting to feel that such work is being done. Yr. Ed. could photocopy the text (but not bind it) for you for £12 + p&p. An archaeological oddment from the Times (7/8/90); Yr. Ed. gleaned the information that archaeologists are searching for the grave of Erik Bloodaxe. EB bestrides the world like a colossus, with his dragon ship behind him, on a Lundy stamp of 1955.

Roger Allen's Index really hardly gives an idea of the riches contained in his Collected Miscellaneous Papers. If you are a Stamp buff there is specialist material to your heart's content. You could also write a 'social' history of Lundy hotels and modes of travel. In '74 the trip over on the Gannet cost £2. There is Grose's 'Isle of Lundy.' There is a photo ('72) of the entire island population of 34, all on the greensward behind the Tavern and General Stores. There are letters from Mr. Gade to RA.

Much of Vol. 2 is stamp material, including a Bibliography of Philatelic Books, Monographs and Catalogues (compiled by Roger S. Cichorz), which would be of interest to book-collectors too. In '78 Bob Britton organized (for the Devon Library Services) a Lundy Exhibition, and Roger has the index of the slides that were on display. There is an incredible account ('80) of Lundy from the Miami Herald by NINO LO BELLO. The media publicity attending Bob Gilliatt's appointment is well represented, and there is a close-up of the Queen when she had her day-off in '77. The '77 Country Life Article on the Island is there, and an article by Dr. Keith Hiscock(!) on Diving, and one by Daniel Farson on Bob Gilliatt's arrival on Lundy.

Vol. 3 has some very early newspaper cuttings; Alfred E. Blackwell on the Earthquakes ('55); one of 1900, one of 1930, 1944, 1952, 1968. Vols 4 & 5 (I have to condense now, as I have only 200 words left) are full of treasures for the post-F.W.Gade period both for the historians and the stamp-buff. There is A.F. Langham's early postcard catalogue, which he says is superseded by Roger Allen's (a special supplement in your '89 newsletter and available for £1 + SAE from Yr. Ed.) Vol 6 has not yet been indexed, (but will be soon) and is an equally rich research mine.

Final Snippets: the beleaguered Count Tolstoy figured more happily in a Times article (11/8/90) which mentioned his N.Devon holidays with his Wicksteed grandparents (see F.W.Gade MLOL). The WMN (6/9/90) had a v. nice pic. of Cathy O'Leary and Dave Parker who were married on Lundy where they met while on a climbing trip. In May (4/5/90) 30 light aircraft full of flying farmers visited Lundy. Yr. Ed. has a copy of 'My Life on Lundy' (2nd Edition) for sale: £60 ONO + p&p. PLEASE WOULD MORE OF YOU ACTUALLY WRITE, NOT JUST MEAN TO. ATVB.

TRIP TO LUNDY, 1886 by Myrtle Ternstrom

In 1886, a party of ten set out from Instow with Capt. Dark in *The Gannet*, for a day's outing to Lundy. They had with them provisions for lunch, and settled down on board at 8 a.m. with the Captain's assurances of a fine day, and a speedy voyage. The early mist and drizzle soon cleared, *The Gannet* sped along, and everything looked set fair for an enjoyable day

It was, of course, too good to last. The wind went round, the passengers, one by one, succumbed to sea-sickness, and by the afternoon, they had got no further than Clovelly. There, however, they had the good fortune to find a steam tug that agreed to pull them in to Lundy. Unfortunately, the tug rope broke, and the visitors did not set foot on Lundy until 4.30p.m. - exactly the time when they had planned to start the journey home. It says a lot for Mr. R. Podmore, who wrote the account of this adventure, that even after such a day, he could say of Lundy that "a more beautiful little spot I never saw."

The little party climbed the hill to the stores, but no-one was there to serve them, and so they set out to explore as much of the island as time allowed, before they had to be back on the beach for departure at 6.30p.m. But Captain Dark was not there, and after half an hour, the passengers were still anxiously waiting, noting that the wind had dropped away, and a thick mist had settled over the sea. Mr. Podmore spent half an hour clambering over the rocks, and seeing the caves, guided by Mr. Wright (who was the lessee of all the island except the part which was reserved for the Heaven family).

By 7.30, Captain Dark had still not appeared, and the visitors began to despair of returning that night. They wondered where it would be possible for them to spend the night, since there was no hotel, and no lodging house. They would have to telegraph their families to let them know what had happened - but alas!, the cable was out of order. While they waited for Captain Dark, they got into conversation with one of the natives, who said that the seventeen months he had spent on the island had been the longest in his life, and if he ever got away, he would never come back again - mostly because there was not enough to eat, and the employees were not allowed to shoot the rabbits.

When Captain Dark did eventually appear, it was to announce that a sailing was quite impossible. Mr. Podmore and a friend decided that they would sleep on board, but before that, they entertained by Mr. Wright to a convivial evening. As Mr. Wright's house was not yet finished, he could not offer them a bed, and they declined to stay for supper, since they should be on the beach by 9p.m. to go aboard *The Gannet* for the night.

There was nobody on the beach, and no boat to take them out to *The Gannet*, and no response to shouts, or to a volley of shots from the guns they had brought with them for an afternoon's shooting. All was dark, cold and silent, and lunch had been a very long time ago.

Eventually they found two others of the party - Mr. Podmore's father, a reverend gentleman, and a Dr. Alfred Harrison. The hunt for accommodation had been fruitless - the houses were either full up, or uninhabitable. In despair over the two young ladies of the party, the Rev. Mr. Podmore had begged for help from the Rev. Mr. Heaven, who had taken in the two ladies, insisted on making up a couch in the drawing-room for the Rev. Mr. Podmore, and had provided the three of them with a substantial supper.

As for the rest, the only place where they could sleep was in the barn, and the only food they were able to buy was some bread and some cream. There was straw in the barn, but not much space for eight people, and it smelt of cattle and rotten grain. It was, at least, better than nothing, and they laid themselves down to sleep as best they could. But as soon as all was quiet, out came hordes of rats, which had to be beaten off with sticks. Even when the rats had been banished, sleep was still impossible for seven of the party. The loud and resonant snores coming from one exhausted gentleman would not give way to any amount of prodding, or shaking. At last, with first light, three of the gentlemen, who had permission from Mr. Wright, set off on a shooting expedition, and walked through the Quarries, and on to the North End.

When they got back to the barn at 6a.m., they had a keen appetite, and breakfast was waiting. Only their extreme hunger induced them to eat it: "butter milk in a dirty jug, and our meat, dry bread and cream well mixed with dirty hands and sand". Suddenly a sailor appeared with a message that they should all go to the beach at once, as Captain Dark was ready to depart.

They set off with great relief at the thought of being home in a few hours, but, when they had just got clear of Lundy, they were entirely becalmed. The only movement was the sea swell, which added another bout of sea-sickness to the long list of miseries that had already been endured. They sat for three hours with no shelter from the sun, hungry and thirsty, before the wind enabled them to get under way again. It was 7 p.m. before they reached Northam, tired and exhausted.

For all this, Lundy still exerted a charm that would take at least one of the travellers back one day. Only, he would be better prepared: "One of my chief objects in writing this is to warn sailing parties against visiting Lundy Island under the same circumstances as myself...the results might be serious to a delicate person. I would advise ladies never to go in a sailing boat unless the boat is properly fitted out for their use, and they have food and necessaries with them for at least a couple of days."

WORKING PARTY (Second Week) - 16th to 23rd February 1990 by Gordon Vaughan.

What a grand week - great food, wine, women (or men, depending on your sex!), great company, many laughs and fantastic scenery. What more could anyone ask for? Uninterrupted sunshine, gentle breezes and the services of a couple of farzans would have helped enormously. Another great asset would be a Society sponsored masseur to soothe away those tired and aching muscles each evening!

Working parties are a wonderful opportunity to visit the island during its quieter times, and find out more about it. They also directly help to achieve improvements which otherwise might not be done, due to lack of permanent manpower.

On all occasions, there is plenty of hard work, but also equal amounts of laughs, enjoyable evenings and a satisfaction that, in future years, one can say "I helped do that!".

During our week, members worked on :-

- (a) pointing and capping the wall up from the Battery;
- (b) clearing rhododendron to open up the entrance to VC Quarry;
- (c) two large bonfires to clear (b) above;
- (d) digging some drainage channels to remove a slight surplus of rain water; and

(e) complete as far as possible, pending technical advice, clearance of the wheelhouse area of the incline plane.

Not bad for three ladies and three Old Timers!!

Our grateful thanks go to Andrew Gibson, the Warden, for all his help and encouragement and our best wishes to all the other islanders.

#### DIVING AROUND LUNDY by John Heath

For many years it has been recognised that Lundy has as wide a variety of life below the water line as it has above it, and this is one of the attractions that brings divers to the island. The others being the spectacular underwater scenery and Lundy's many shipwrecks.

Going clockwise around the island from the landing bay which is mostly a sandy bottom with little life in evidence and not much dived, but can turn up the odd surprise that's gone over the side from moored boats. Over the centuries there must be quite a collection of items beneath the sand.

Towards Rat Island kelp starts growing on the rocks, and around Mouse Island small gullies start appearing with sand and gravel bottoms. Ballan and Cuckoo Wrasse appear in the kelp along the gullies. A little further out from Mouse Island lies the remains of the Carmine Filomena, an Italian steamship wrecked in July 1937, the serious damage that her hull sustained and caused her to be declared a wreck is still visible today, and the rock still sticking through the large gashes where she came to a halt.

This really is a pleasant dive, in about 15 metres of water, there are some large sections of her still left which are inhabited with good size Pollock and Wrasse; a few medium Conger and small Pouting live under flattened plates, which have a few species of Anemones attached to them, the most abundant of these being Spakelock. There are several species of Crab, some of which inhabit the long stern tube which is in place minus the prop, the odd Lobster is around and, on rare occasions, a Crawfish has been sighted. Scattered around the wreck there are very large lumps of coal, which can be put straight on to the fire after 53 years in the sea.

Around to the south and into the Rattles, the sea bed here in the anchorage is mostly kelp covered boulders. The animal life here consists of Common Urchins, Cotton Spinners, small Wrasse, Pollock and the odd Crab. Going South, the ground quickly drops off to deep water, where Crawfish are more common.

A short distance to the West is Black Rock, and here the first mate was the only survivor of 20, when the 'Ethel' went aground, and sank almost immediately with her cargo of iron ore, not often dived because of swell and fierce current.

Going around the west corner, and north in a small cove at Shutter Rock, lies probably Lundy's most famous wreck, H.M.S. Montague. The wreck, mostly flattened and covered in kelp, is in approximately 12 metres, and is a great favourite with divers. There is still quite a lot to see, under the armour plating; ammunition from small arms to shell heads for the 12" guns are scattered about, the forward magazine must have been flooded soon after going aground as there are boxes of small arms ammunition still stacked in their original position.

In the nooks and crannies some quite large Ballan Wrasse live and I have seen the unusual sight of a Wrasse guarding its nest of seaweed in amongst the plates of the wreck.

The Seals like to haul themselves out on Little Shutter and surrounding rocks and hang about in the water while diving is taking place. It is not unknown for visiting divers to get a shock when probing around on the wreck, they feel something pulling on their flippers, thinking it is their partner they turn around to find themselves face to face with a Seal. This can be the highlight of someone's diving holiday on Lundy.

Moving north up the island the seabed is mostly open rocky ground up to Battery Point. Here, in close, is the remains of a ship in very shallow water, consisting mainly of rusty plates and girders. Approaching Jenny's Cove is Needle Rock, there are several rocks of a similar nature that just break surface at low tide and make a lovely dive. The small amount of kelp grown around its tops soon disappears to bare rock, and a sudden drop off makes these pinnacles exciting diving. At the bottom are boulder strewn gullies with some of the most extensive growths of Sea Ferns (and quite large patches of Ross Coral) to be seen on Lundy, also among the boulders are Common and Sun Starfish together with Common Urchin, Cotton Spinners and various fish life.

Turning your back to the rock and looking into the blue light the odd specimen of Rhizostoma Pulmo can be seen floating by, a large harmless Jelly Fish that can be a metre in diameter and quite impressive underwater.

On into Jenny's Cove which gets its name from the wreck of the Jenny in 1797, a three masted schooner, that was an African trader and the first recorded wreck that anything was known about. Little remains of her but a few baulks of timber and amazingly her anchor is stood upright against a rock. Occasionally large brass rivets that held her timbers together can be found in the sand, which of course leads one to think of her cargo of gold dust that was never recovered.

At the north end of Jenny's Cove are some spectacular gullies in about 25 metres of water, sheer sides lead down to white and very clean granite gravel. As you swim along these gullies bolts of silvery light, which are Sand Eels, shoot out from the gravel in front of you sometimes to be picked off by marauding Pollock from above.

The gullies peter out into an open and rocky seabed once again and this continues northwards up to St. James Stone where gullies appear once more with some scattered remains of an unknown wreck. Onward to the north end and the ground gets rougher, past the North Light to the Hen and Chickens. From there and through the rip at the north end are some very spectacular Pinnacles of rock in deep water and can only be dived at slack water. Around the north end into Gannet's Cove, this is a lovely quiet retreat, the bottom of the cove is muddy silt with worm life in abundance, the furthest point in-shore is boulder strewn with kelp and algae beds; considerable numbers of Common Urchin are found here. The north side of the cove continues out to a sheer face of rocks, this is known to divers as a 'wall dive' and the rock here is crammed with life. Under the kelp live masses of Bead and Jewel Anemones that shine fluorescent green, yellow and pink in torchlight; large Cuckoo Wrasse lurk in deep crevices, the face of rock drops off to 15 metres and a boulder bottom with specimens of Ross Coral and Sea Fan.

S.

80 Metres east from Gannet's Rock is a pinnacle, identical to Gannet's Rock itself. The Nature Conservancy Council use this as a marked point to study sea life, the drop off here is 40 metres and covers most levels of sea life.

Moving down to the Knoll Pins the bottom flattens out mostly to mud and you can come across the odd Scallop and Cuttle Fish. The Knoll Pins hold some of Lundy's richest marine life, here is one spot you can find all four Corals that appear in the British Isles. Colourful Nudibranchs and a wide variety of Red Algae, and a lot more sea life cram every inch of rock. The Knoll Pins are, understandably, a favourite dive for those interested in photography.

Half a mile out from the Knoll Pins is one of the more recent wrecks that has occurred off Lundy, the M.V. Robert, she is still intact. In the past 5 years, there has been an amazing growth of soft Corals and Plumose Anemones, and she is almost covered in white. Swimming through the hold, the port side, which is now the ceiling, is covered in Anemones, the wheel house and accommodation are now home to large Conger Eels.

Just over 60 metres from the 'Robert' is the now historically registered wreck of the 'Iona', the youngest registered wreck in the country, because of its fine example of its engine and crank shaft, completely untouched.

Back inshore, we make our way south again, and the seabed starts to change from mud to sand, past Gull Rock, where there is another historic wreck; on the way down, there are caves that can be entered at the right time of the year, when the Seals are not breeding, and make an interesting diversion.

As we pass Quarry Beach, there are outcrops of rock in the sand, covered with kelp and fair numbers of Urchins, Wrasse and Pollock.

Further south brings us back to the Landing Beach, and perhaps a few more yachts have moored since we left.

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#### THE LUNDY HOTEL BILLIARD TABLE by A. F. Langham.

Martin Coles Harman, who bought Lundy in 1925, was anxious to improve the attractions that the island had to offer and set out with characteristic enthusiasm on a variety of schemes.

Although previous owners had improved and extended the Farmhouse to accommodate visitors, the Tavern and Store were still separated from the Farmhouse by a collection of outhouses.

Mr. Harman decided that by joining the Farmhouse to the Tavern he could solve many problems - Guests would be able to move freely in all weathers between the Tavern and their bedrooms, Lounge and Dining Room, and the new connection could provide more bedrooms, another staircase, a lavatory and a Bathroom upstairs, with a room downstairs having windows and a door onto the Hotel garden and of sufficient size to house a Billiard Table.

The new complex was called the Manor Farm Hotel and aimed to provide good food and accommodation in a romantic situation where licensing laws did not hold sway and where attractions such as shooting and fishing could be complemented by a Golf Course and a Billiard Table.

Mr. Harman's Agent at this time was Mr R.G. Laws, a solicitor from Weston-super-Mare, who was instructed to make the necessary enquiries for the purchase of a Billiard Table. He contacted G. Spencer & Sons of Bristol, who replied on March 26th. 1926, to offer four second-hand tables from stock, none of which, sadly, were of full size.

Whether Spencers were the eventual suppliers of the island's table is not known but a fullsize, 8 leg table was eventually found, complete with Billiard Balls in a wicker basket; snooker balls and triangle; six cues; long cue; long and short rests; cue rack; marking board and a framed Set of Rules.

The new Billiard room had a solid concrete floor and the table was installed very soon after the completion of the connecting building. Sadly there is no record of the table's journey to the island which must have taken place before November 1926 as Mr. Gade makes no mention of it in his memoirs\*. The Table probably came by train to Bideford or Instow, was manhandled onto the 'Lerina' to be unloaded at Lundy and drawn by horses up the Beach Road for assembly in its new home.

The table proved a great attraction, and was illuminated by a proper Long Billiard Table Lampshade, containing three bulbs, which placed an added strain on the already hardworking island generator !

Although remaining in use until the beginning of the 1960s, its days were numbered, when the cloth became torn - an accident caused partly by wear, but most probably through a mis-directed cue falling from a rest and slitting the cloth. The room gradually became abandoned - the door to the garden became damaged, and was often left open, so hastening the decay of the table. It was still of use when Buffets were spread on its surface, and latterly it served as a bench for the luggage of arriving or departing visitors.

Although The Billiard Room disappeared when the Old House was restored, and the space it occupied now separates the Old House from the Tavern block, once again the table continues to serve Lundy.

When Albion Harman built the present Castle Cottage, by flooring and roofing-over the little garden of the Cable Hut, he used the 12 foot by 6 foot slate bed of the Billiard table as the central feature of the new floor and there it can be seen to this day !

\*'My Life on Lundy' by Felix W. Gade. (1978)

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#### LUNDY : BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDREN by Denver Daniels

"Daddy, Daddy, are we going on the Wobbly Boat, or the Bouncy Boat?" My five-year-old son's wonder and excitement about a visit to Lundy adds and amplifies our, perhaps more subdued but eager, anticipation. Too young to remember less comfortable modes of transport to Lundy, Lundy for him begins with whichever boat will carry him there. Lundy is where he has always had his birthday, where he helps with the lambing, the milking, the shopping, has adventures, picnics at the North End, goes fishing, sees the dew-dropped spiders'

webs in the rhododendrons, collects feathers, shells, flints and moreover, sleeps exhaustedly yet contentedly until 6.30 a.m. Then, hurled like some projectile from wherever we are staying, he seeks his cousins in other cottages, to go for an Explore before breakfast. Meanwhile, we can enjoy an early morning cuppa with our one-year-old, and remember how it was on Lundy before we had children.

Believe it or not, in Bachelor days, I would run, masochistically, from the Landing Beach to Mr. Gade's Office at the Manor Farm Hotel. Indeed, in those days, the Beach Road seemed less long, less steep and less arduous, even though one was discouraged from taking any short-cut through Millcombe (the sign said "Private"). The reason I ran was to get the best camping site. And this was the relatively peaceful and sheltered area around the Quarries. The favoured spot was beside what is now Mr. Gade's memorial cottage, and the race to it was fuelled by Mr. Gade's sonorous "Campers, beyond Quarter Wall, if you please". Later, and in more affluent days, when calorific intake was unimportant to the young(er), there was the damp, but salubrious Manor Farm, where four John Stockwell meals a day could satisfy a trencherman; and who could forget the afternoon teas, with three-decker sponge cakes filled with jam and cream. Unfettered with family, a bachelor could later, take his life in his hands and though full of sobriety in the early evening, lurch along the dark precarious top corridor and ricochet down the stairs to the Tavern for a pre-dinner sherry. There are subsequent (though now dim) memories of a profound and undisturbed sleep, to arise with clear eye to greet the possibility of fishing off Brazen's Ward, swimming out to Goat Island from the Montague, or diving into a crystal-clear Gannet's Bay to visit the seal. There were so many wonderful excitements and, of course, there was always good company in the Tavern in the evening. Marriage, let alone children, wasn't even a considered possibility in those days.

However, Lundy has a particular magic and many years ago when I took my wife, then girl-friend, to Lundy, one look at a silvery summer moon hanging over a peaceful Benjamin's Chair, and she too was completely enchanted. Since then we have been drawn back to Lundy for at least one visit a year. We even enjoyed our honeymoon at Millcombe (closely supervised by Ina Hinshelwood who kept tidying our room and asking whether we had enough to eat). In those carefree days, we used to take a small boat with us, row it out from the Landing Bay to Gannet's and leave it there for the duration of our stay. And one year we even took a sail board.

Gone are those carefree days. Now, a visit to Lundy requires careful planning. Nappies have to be ordered, high chairs, a cot, baby food and accommodation chosen with care with relatives coerced into paying exorbitant rental for neighbouring cottages. No more the ruck sack and tent, now an expensive holiday let and a carefully orchestrated campaign. Fortunately, the accommodation, though expensive, is superb, though the corridor through Government House can be ear-splittingly noisy on a wet and rainy day when the children are unable to play outside. These days a trip to the North End, involves an effortful push-chairing struggle along the L1 whilst back-packing the younger children and the picnic, but, as always the effort is worthwhile, the tranquillity of Gannet's contrasting with the savage beauty of Long Roost. The children sit in silent admiration, just looking.

Sharing the joy and enchantment of Lundy with anyone is a thoroughly rewarding and gratifying experience, but with one's own children, nephews and nieces, it is even more so. My wife and I are able to experience once more, the excitement of discovery, exploration, observation and adventure on Lundy through our children. They too are growing to love Lundy,.....and then of course, there will be the grandchildren.

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THE DIARIES OF EVELYN WAUGH (Ed. by Michael Davie; Penguin Books, 1986)

In the 1989 Newsletter, your Editor used material supplied by D. C. G. Cann from an autograph book given to his (R. M.'s) housekeeper by Rudolph Messel, who stayed on Lundy in the very early days of Mr. Gade's Agentship. Your Editor mentioned (in the '90 Newsletter) that both R. M. and Terence Greenidge (who contributed a poem to the autograph book) were friends of Evelyn Waugh, but that permission to quote from the diaries had not been received. Now it has, and here are the Lundy references. When your Editor was first introduced to Lundy by Stanley Thomas, he said he remembered hearing, in 1938-ish, of scandalous goings-on by Waugh and his friends. Here are the words of Waugh himself. I have left out some parts (always indicated) on the grounds of dullness or unsuitability, and included part of Davie's introduction, so that Lundy's connection with the Bright Young People (which I bet you did not know about) can become clearer. The Richard, David, Olivia and, I think, Julia, are all Plunket-Greenes, the original of the family in "Brideshead Revisited". Elizabeth is Elizabeth Russell who married R. P. G. After World War 2, R. P. G. and his second wife lived in Barnstaple. The Captain Benson must be the Olof Benson mentioned by Mr. Gade in "My Life On Lundy" (p84).

"Waugh went up to Hertford College, Oxford, in January 1922. No Oxford diary survives... Hertford was not one of the most prominent Colleges, and Waugh at first lived unobtrusively. In a letter to Dudley Carew, who was still at Lancing, he reported that he spent most of his time 'with Mallowan and his New College friends'. Then, through an eccentric new acquaintance in Hertford, Terence Greenidge, the orphan son of a don, and the ward of the Hertford bursar, he was introduced to the Hypocrites Club. It was a decisive introduction. The Hypocrites had been started by pipe-smoking Rugbeians and Wykehamists, but it was, by the time I joined, in process of invasion and occupation by a group of wanton Etonians who brought it to speedy dissolution. It then became notorious not only for drunkenness but for flamboyance of dress and manner which was in some cases patently homosexual... The Hypocrites, like Gatesby's swimming pool, saw the passage, as members or guests, of the best and worst of that year (1923). It was the stamping ground of half my Oxford life and the source of friendships still warm today.' Waugh's range of activities soon widened.

"His circle of acquaintances grew wide. He met rich, aristocratic friends, among them Lord Elmley and his brother Hugh Lygon; intellectual friends including Peter Quennell, Richard Pares, Robert Byron, David Talbot-Rice, Christopher Hollis, Claud Cockburn, Anthony Powell and Cyril Connolly; and undesirable friends the satanic Basil Murray and the incorrigibly homosexual Brian Howard. Above all he met Harold Acton, who had been brought up in splendour at La Pietra, a villa overlooking Florence, and who seemed to his Oxford contemporaries, by reason of his international interests and connections, to be years ahead of any other undergraduate in the university. A friend of the Sitwells and Norman Douglas, and an iconoclastic aesthete who collected Victoriana, Acton thought little of the Georgian writers admired by Arthur Waugh and Evelyn's Lancing friends, proclaiming instead the merits of T.S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein.

"When Waugh came down in the summer of 1924, owing £200, his prospects were not good. The years between his formal departure from Oxford and his secret engagement in the winter of 1927 were probably the unhappiest stretch of his life, though they were enlivened by his friendship with Alastair Graham and they supplied the material for two of his best-known 'comic' novels, *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. He had no settled job or ambition. His personal relationships were scarcely more satisfactory. Oxford and Acton had induced a certain contempt for the bourgeois, literary Hampstead world to which his father and brother were proud to belong. From 1923 onwards, according to Alec Waugh, his family found him increasingly aggressive and

cantankerous, hiding what they believed to be a warm and generous nature behind a protective front. At Oxford, his principle attachments had been to other male undergraduates. He was twenty-one, on the evidence of the dairies, before he fell seriously in love with a girl, Olivia Plunket Greene, a strange, disconcerting, secretive girl, younger than himself, who was never exclusively attached to Evelyn; she did little for his self-confidence either as a would-be writer or as a would-be lover.

"At times, escaping from jobs he loathed, he led an intense social life, at first among those of his old circle who were still at Oxford, and later among the Bright Young People. They were not a coherent group and were often led by girls - Elizabeth Ponsonby, the Jungman sisters, Diana Guinness, Olivia herself - who belonged to a generation that had found a new emancipation after the war and, with their shingled hair and motor cars and wayward independence, often confused the young men who pursued them.

In the public mind, the Bright Young People became notorious through their parties."

*Lundy Island, Maundy Thursday 9th April 1925*

Luncheon with Dudley Carew at such an old nightclub then on to Hanover Terrace where Elizabeth and Richard had arrived. Packing, supper at Florence, and then on to Waterloo at midnight. It was quite a tolerable journey. Richard, Olivia and Elizabeth sprawled in various ungraceful attitudes of Slade composition while I drank whisky and smoked cigars and sat upright between an elderly woman and her husband and daughter. For some of the time Anne and I tossed for shillings, and bet upon curious issues. She did not know what was meant by a phallic symbol. A very silly person called Martin Wilson who giggles without ceasing joined the party but spent the night in the next carriage. He is a friend of David's. We had breakfast at Barnstaple and some went on to Instow by car while Richard, Anne and I walked. We slept in the morning and lay about in the sun drinking gin. Martin did not appear all day. We walked over to Bideford and Olivia and Anne went back while Richard and Elizabeth and I stayed there for dinner. We went to the public house of a man called Butler who has written a poem about Lundy.

Breakfast was supposed to be at 7.30 for the 8 o'clock boat, but it was very late. Captain Dark did not start without us. No-one was sick (and this lost me some shillings to Richard). At about 11.30 we landed. The island is larger and higher than I had expected. I have not seen very much of it so far. There are two lighthouses, a coastguard station presided over by a charming person called 'Admiral', and a number of curiously bred dogs - one particularly tiresome one called Nanky lives in the hotel and is loved by everyone. Lady Plunket and David and Terence met us, Julia being in bed still. We rested all day and in the evening Lady Plunket read to us such a dull shocker while David drew unrecognizable caricatures. So far as I can see my friends in the party will be Richard, Terence and Elizabeth and, if she will allow it, Olivia.

*Wednesday 15th April 1925*

On the whole, except for the insistent sorrows of unrequited love which are ever with me in their most conventional form, I am enjoying this party very well. We do practically nothing all day. Sometimes Lady Plunket reads to us, sometimes we play obscene paper games. Richard and Elizabeth and I walk sometimes and climb rocks. On Monday there was a dance or rather, in Miss Sage's phrase, a 'swingabout' in the canteen. Richard and I made a great jug full of mulled claret and everyone became rather drunk. Admiral Steep(?) shed more garments and more sweat as the evening went on. Terence as always started superbly and ended in incoherent repetitions and belchings. Martin was more daring and drank two glasses of wine and squeaked uncontrollably. When everyone had gone to bed Olivia and I sat in the oak until nearly 4 and I became very sentimental and no doubt tedious, but she bore it with much kindness.

As I supposed it would, the party divides itself up into two camps. Richard and Elizabeth live infinitely remote and a rather exquisite world of their own making. I go about with them most of the time and find them very delightful. Elizabeth I like more every day. Often I have seen her looking really lovely which is odd because at first I could see no attraction in her at all. Terence is definitely of the first camp but is usually immersed in Anglo-Saxon syntax or playing bagatelle in the canteen. He drinks beer continually and has become quite pot-bellied; he also makes love to the impossible bitch Nanky and feeds it from his plate and kisses its mouth. David is so much more charming here than in Oxford or London. Poor thing he does draw so badly. Julia sleeps all day - in bed in the morning, on the grass in the afternoon, and on the sofa in the evening. When she speaks it is generally very wittily. Martin causes a lot of noise. Richard detests him and growls like a great bear whenever he comes into the room. He certainly is rather trying and once succeeded in infuriating me - last night when he sat on Olivia's chair and offered to 'burnish her bust'. This was in front of Lady Plunket too.

Yesterday evening there was a most depraved scene. After a quiet evening in the canteen I went down to the villa and talked in Elizabeth's bedroom until about 11. I came back to find an amazing orgy in progress. Everyone drunk or pretending drunkenness, except ---- who was sitting in the middle of it all unusually sedate. ---- almost naked ....

*Saturday 18th April 1925*

This morning Martin, David, Anne and Julia left the island and we waved them away rather gladly. I think that the party will be delightful now. After an orgy the other night I had to get up at 6 to row Captain Benson off, which was exhausting, .... Yesterday morning Elizabeth, Richard and I went out in a boat and I tried to climb a cliff and fell down. ....

*Friday 24th April 1925*

In a short time we are going, and by the look of the sea and of the passengers who came across this morning it will be a nauseous journey....

*Barford House, Monday 27th April 1925*

As I had feared I was sick on the boat but quite discreetly behind the cabin so that no one saw me except a tactful mariner in a blue jumper who was, I suppose, accustomed to such sights.

From Instow, where we ate eggs, we took an empty and leisurely train to Exeter.

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LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

Founded 1946

The 45th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society will be held at the Batherly Laboratories, the University, Prince of Wales Rd, Exeter, on Saturday 2nd March 1991 at 1.45pm. The building will be open for exhibits relating to Lundy from 1.30pm.

AGENDA

- 1 Apologies for absence.
- 2 Minutes of last AGM.
- 3 Matters arising therefrom.
- 4 Annual Report of the Hon. Treasurer.
- 5 Annual Report of the Hon. Secretary.
- 6 Approval of new members.
- 7 Election of officers & committee members.
- 8 Any other business, after which tea will be taken.
- 9 The Bird Report followed by other presentations from members.

CLOSE 5.45pm: there will be an informal gathering at the Imperial Hotel at which all will be welcome.

SUBSCRIPTIONS fell due on 1st Jan 1991: ord. £7.00; family £1.00 each addition; group £12.00; over 60 £4.50; life £100.00. Payments to 'Lundy Field Society': Hon. Membership Sec. Mrs. E. Hubbard, 158 Cheddon Rd, Taunton, Somerset.

P.B.F. Cole. Hon. Sec. Feb. 1991.

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

MAIL ORDER

'Survivor' T-Shirts @ £7.00 each.  
(Island outline and 'Lundy Field Society' on left breast. '1988 Excursion survivor' on back)  
Sizes : S, M, L, XL  
Colours : Red, Plum, Light-Blue, Dark-Blue

T-SHIRTS

(Island outline and 'Lundy Field Society' on left breast.)  
Childrens @ £4.25 each.  
Sizes : 26", 28", 30", 32".  
Colours : White, Mid-Blue.  
Adults @ £4.75 each.  
Sizes : S, M, L, XL.  
Colours : Red, Plum, White, Green, Lt.-Blue, Mid-Blue, Dark-Blue.

SWEAT SHIRTS @ £11.00 each  
(Island outline and 'Lundy Field Society' on left breast.)  
Sizes : M, L, XL.  
Colours : White, Red, Grey, Mid-Blue, Dark-Blue.

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(Approx. 10" x 8" by John Dyke. Suitable for colouring and framing.)

WRITING PAPER @ £1.10 a pack.  
(10 sheets quality paper with John Dyke engraving at head showing Old Manor Farm Hotel and St. Helena's Church; 5 envelopes.)

CAR WINDOW STICKERS  
OLD STYLE @ 0.60p. each (Oval, Island outline, 'Lundy Field Society' at bottom.)  
NEW STYLE @ 0.90p. each (Oblong, Island outline, 'Lundy Field Society' and 'Founded 1946'.)

NATURE CONSERVANCY COUNCIL  
'Lundy Marine Nature Reserve' booklet @ £1.00 each. (16 page, descriptive, colour illustrations.)

ORDER FORM Send to : 17, Furzeheld Road, Reigate, Surrey, RH2 7HG  
Please make cheques/P.O.s payable to : LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY  
Please add 0.50p. p&p for each item of clothing.  
0.25p. for other items inclusive.  
Please state second (or even third) colour choice for clothing.

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Items (quantity, size, colour.)