

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY NEWS LETTER - No 22 JANUARY 1992

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EDITORIAL

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

The opinions expressed throughout the Newsletter are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Lundy Field Society.

The Landmark Trust's Pony Appeal is being circulated by the L.F.S. with this letter, at the request of the Landmark Trust.

Later this year readers will be sent forms to fill in with interesting details, like Births and Marriages and Degrees and Learned Articles and Memories of Lundy, because your Ed. hopes that this will encourage all those who keep meaning to write, and then don't. Do remember that the Newsletter (MIRABILE DICTU) goes on to the Great Libraries for future researchers, and today's irrelevant detail is tomorrow's salient fact, or archaeological evidence.

The John Schofields (Eds. of the Annual Report) have a daughter Armored; the Carl Baidens have a daughter Elizabeth; the Keith Bryants have a second son, Robert. Neil and Pippa Willcox (NW was Warden before Andrew Gibson) have 2 boys, Alex is 2 and Fraser is 9 mths. Neil is a warden in Edinburgh for the Scottish Wild Life Trust. Kate Cole is doing Post-Graduate work on Animal Echo-Systems at Aberdeen University, where Moff Betts is reading Medicine; and Liza Cole is a warden in mid-Wales, near Rhayader: not as far-flung as LADAKH but not bad.

Jenny Langham and Tony Clarke were married in November; and Suzy Betts and Seamus Tucker in June, on Lundy: the Bride's Mother describes the logistics of the event in this Newsletter: your treasurer Ian Lovatt married Joanna Richardson in May.

Dr. and Mrs. Ruddock both died this year; Dr. R was the island Doctor for many years: LFS members' sympathies will go very specially to Penny, Kate and Liz Ogilvie. All those who ever travelled on the Gannet will be sad to hear of Trevor Davey's death this year: he was the nephew of William Dark's son Fred. Wm. Dark captained the island vessel in 1878 for the Heavens; she too was a Gannet. For more information about Lundy sea-transport, readers may refer to the 2 articles from SHIPS MONTHLY (March and April) reproduced in this Newsletter by kind permission of their author and the Ed. of Ships Monthly.

Dany and Dave McBride left Lundy to manage the Red Lion at Clovelly. They had the following super article in the WMN (21/12/91).

"Brace Yourself for the £25 Christmas Feast

It was a Christmas feast without a turkey in sight - and it cost less than £25 for four. North Devon chef David McBride happily accepted the Western Morning News challenge to prepare a truly festive meal for four without breaking the bank. The menu David and his wife Danielle devised was a triumph. It started with Clovelly herring and stuffed eggs, followed by rich and delicious roast pheasant, wrapped in bacon and served with potatoes au gratin, caramelised onions and lasagne Florentine. Dessert was a marvellous Apple and Cider pudding, with clotted cream, and the meal was rounded off with vintage port and cheese.

David cleverly worked out the budget to include two bottles of wine - a Muscadet for the first course, and a Cotes St Mont Gascoigne with the pheasant. "It wouldn't be a very festive meal without any wine!" he said.

David and Danielle served the four-course feast at the Red Lion Hotel at Clovelly, which they have been running for just three weeks. The couple are used to culinary challenges. They moved to the Red Lion after four years on Lundy, where David was catering manager. Supplies to the island are frequently erratic because of rough seas, and David learned to make the best of whatever was to hand.

The Red Lion, open for the winter for the first time in 30 years, is the perfect setting for a Christmas meal. Outside, only a few feet away, the winter sea crashes against the shore. Inside, all is warm and cheerful. Guests coming to spend Christmas at this Clovelly hotel can be assured of a wonderful time.

As David produced the first course platter - Clovelly herrings with red cabbage, stuffed eggs and tomato salad - a lone herring fisherman could be seen through the window, setting out to cast his drift nets. Herring fishing is part of Clovelly tradition, and the first shoals are generally sighted at the end of September. Those we ate had been landed that morning, and a more tasty and succulent fish would be hard to imagine.

David chose roast pheasant for the main course because while game is always rich and special, the birds are particularly cheap and plentiful just now. A brace of young pheasants costs around £4.50, and there is no special mystique to successful cooking. David said the trick to keeping the meat moist was to cook the split pheasant upside down for the first hour. He included the spinach lasagne in the menu because it works well as a vegetable accompaniment but could also be enjoyed as a main course meal, with the potatoes and caramelised onions, by any vegetarians in the party.

The Apple and Cider Pudding is one of David and Danielle's specials, and even those who said they weren't really pudding eaters asked for more. The recipe provided is really for six people, but four would easily polish off the lot. In fact, at our festive feast we did!

The cheese served to round off the meal was a generous wedge of mature Cheddar, but David said Stilton or Wensleydale would suit as well. The vintage port which accompanied it seemed an especially luxurious touch, but David said he'd needed a third of a bottle for the pheasant recipe so had worked it into the budget. David's delicious meal was shared with Margaret Oatley of Magnus PR Consultancy, Shirley Tassell of the Clovelly Estate office and local fisherman Dan Garnett. We found it hard to believe such sumptuous fare had cost less than £25, until David produced his accounts. So we raised our glasses to toast this super chef, and wish him and Danielle a very Merry Christmas!"

The WMN had a pic. of the Old Light & Stonecroft (12/1/91) - a most photogenic pair. In Feb. the NDJ reported that the whole of Lundy would be included in the National Heritage Coast. Yr. Ed. had a letter from Alan Johnston about the old Billiard Table - "Tony Langham's article, 'The Lundy Hotel Billiard Table', reminded me of a two-wheeled cart in the doorway of the billiard room with, if my memory serves me right and it often doesn't, Arthur Strick and Red Lyall moving a couple of the slates from the table onto it for transport to Castle Cottage. In those days, visitors often lent a hand in whatever was the current project on the island, and I vaguely recall trying to help with the very heavy slates. Probably, I only helped steady the cart for the loading, and to push it on its journey. I cannot recall a tractor.

That was the first time I had seen the bed of a billiard table in pieces, and was surprised by the weight of the individual slates which measured approximately six feet by one, and two or three inches thick. I think they were moved to Castle Cottage only two at a time. I remember seeing the floor in one or two stages of construction, but, for the life of me cannot remember who laid it.

It surprised me that Tony made no mention of the table-tennis table which, for several years, gave much pleasure to many residents and visitors alike. Maybe my memory is playing tricks, but I have a notion that the billiard table base was shortened to six legs to support a table-tennis top. I recall playing on the table in its new function with other visitors, and, occasionally with off-duty lighthouse keepers. On one occasion, I remember buying the last table-tennis ball in the shop from Jane Strick."

The WMN had a Front-Page Comment (21/02/91) about the Newsletter: we had more press than is normally devoted to us, and we owed it entirely to the racy diaries of Evelyn Waugh; only outdone by the Ancient Murrelet. The Independent gave the Landmark Trust a "plug" (16/02/91). The LT's spring newsletter was 50% Lundy with some lovely pics. It's not just the Old Light that photographs well. Elsewhere in this Newsletter the newspaper articles and LT leaflet concerning the LT's need for funds are printed. In April there was news that 6 rare Cheviot goats were to be transported from the Valley of Rocks at Lynton to Lundy. "They will be line-bred with hardy Lundy goats, which are thought to have been shipped in as prey for tigers which the then island owner Martin Coles Harman planned to introduce in 1935". (WMN 04/04/91). There's Glory for you. The Ancient Murrelet returned in April too. Also in April Ken Rodley sent me a letter and with it an account of the Heinkel's crash landing by one of the German aircrewmembers. "...I thought you might be interested to learn that one of the German aircrewmembers who crash-landed on Lundy in 1941 is still alive and there is the possibility that he may fly over to the island this summer.

I have a friend who is very keen on aviation archaeology and he and others have been researching all WW2 crashes in the South West. In searching German records they found that a member of the crew of the Heinkel 111 which landed near Halfway Wall had written a book about his wartime experiences. With this letter you will see an extract from that book. It matches up fairly well with Felix Gade's version as seen on page 252 of "My Life on Lundy".

With the help of German aviation historians the writer was found and he has been invited to re-visit the scene of the action. He is a little reluctant to come because he not sure how welcome he would be! He has been assured that all will be well, and that there are still bits of the aircraft to be seen and this time there will be no forced landing!..."

NO. 84804 ROYAL PRISONER OF WAR

1. The Imprisonment. (03/03/1941) (Lundy/London)

"I had heard and read many terrible stories about the misery of prisoners of war in mediaeval castle dungeons and in the Siberian camps of the First World War..Perhaps these accounts made me suppress and put to the back of my mind any thought that I could, myself, be captured during my 53 offensive flights against Britain. Our training had not prepared us for the possibility of being captured. Our only brief instructions were three concise sentences:- "Destroy your machine after an emergency landing. Justify your refusal to give any information by referring to your military oath, state only your name, rank and number. A German soldier never abandons the thought of escape."

However, captivity was now a reality; I found myself a British prisoner of war.

We had flown in two Heinkel 111 aircraft from Brest out over the Irish Sea on armed reconnaissance; we discovered and attacked a large cargo vessel. Badly damaged by heavy flak, both aircraft had to make emergency landings. Our comrades reached Ireland, and we with a daring landing manoeuvre reached Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. Having made the emergency landing we dutifully destroyed our poor Heinkel. According to instructions our wireless operator set off the detonator for the explosive charge, which was next to his seat. He then had only a few seconds in which to leave the aircraft. However the lock on his exit door jammed. The machine could have exploded at any moment. Despairing the wireless operator called for help - we freed him. Still nothing exploded, so I had to climb back into the Heinkel and take out my Very light pistol. We shot at the fuel tanks and set light to the escaping petrol. It is curious how quickly an aeroplane burns when it should not be burning, but how long it takes when one deliberately destroys it. Sadly we watched the dying Heinkel, thinking about our experiences in her - and of our uncertain future....

Soon a group of armed men took us into their custody. This was carried out in a correct, polite and even gentlemanly manner. After we had assured them concerning their most pressing question, that we were Germans and not Italians,

they became even more friendly. Our Italian allies had just as bad a name with them as with us. As it was the appropriate time we were given 5 o'clock tea in the hotel. We received many curious looks and questions until the navy took us on board the *Lerina*, to Appledore, North Devon. Now the strain of the last few hours took effect. We sank into a state of gloomy brooding.

Overnight we were locked in two rooms. The house obviously belonged to a military establishment. At some stage two sentries woke us and demanded our jackets. When they were returned to us several minutes later all medals and badges were missing. Our complaints to the Duty Officer were unsuccessful, "I cannot look into the incident-in any case a British soldier does not steal from prisoners." From then on I knew for certain that I was a prisoner. I felt it even more the next day. Soldiers took us by train to London and by lorry to the interrogation camp. Whilst being driven through the city we had to lie down on the floor; a guard placed a foot on each of our chests, ostensibly to prevent us from being seen by any Londoners angered by the air raids..."

Miss Hobbs' comments on her holiday are *An Encouragement to Us All* -not least, Lundy and the people who work there. I am only sorry I have no address for her; anyone who met her and might tell me, please do. "I leafed through the colourfully illustrated papers. Hm, Lundy Island! No, I've never been there but would like to visit it.

Dismay among friends and neighbours. Did I realise how difficult I would find getting there. One had to go by a steamer too big to get right in to land, so that one must go ashore in a small boat. I couldn't manage it. Besides once on land it was up high cliffs and climbing steep hills. Don't be silly. If you must go for a holiday, go to some nice seaside resort with a good bus service and a flat smooth promenade to amble along.

Oh dear why do people want you to lead a dull life just because you are getting older and less agile. Actually it can give one a new lease of life, stir up a tired mind and help keep one younger and happier if one can visit fresh places and meet new people.

A couple of weeks later I caught the quaint little local train on the Tarka the Otter Railway. So many people helped me get my case aboard. Kind hands helped me to climb into the carriage.

At Barnstaple I got a taxi which whisked me to a charming guest house in the delightful town of Appledore where I spent the night.

Next day the local bus deposited me right beside the Oldenburg which plies between Bideford and Lundy. I sat on deck in the sunshine watching the Devon coast slide away while the misty blue cloud came nearer and resolved itself into the solid granite rock which is Lundy. Magnificent towering cliffs, crowned in verdure. Great caves, flat rocks where grey seals lay sunning themselves and a multitude of seabirds screamed and scrapped overhead.

We sailed right round the island having a wonderful view of it from the deck. There was even an intrepid climber on *The Devil's Slide*. None of the tiny beaches were accessible from the cliff tops. So we completed the circumnavigation of the island back to the beach we had seen on the start of our tour.

The tide had now turned and the sea was calmer. The small island boat came out to collect a number of passengers who were to stay on the island. We went below to where a big door had been thrown open. The small boat was bobbing frantically about in the aperture, rising and falling in a terrifying way.

Oh no, I couldn't get into it, quite impossible. A firm friendly hand caught my arm and one of the ship's officers encouraged me, "take your time, my dear, there is no hurry. It's quite safe. Sit on the side and drop down when you are told. You will be caught". I sat. Straight into a puddle. My legs dangled above the tossing little boat. It looked so small, the waves enormous. Suddenly I was into the boat firmly held by two stalwart boat men my stick was handed down to me.

Away from the Oldenburg's side went our little boat twisting and rolling to the stony beach ahead. There a tractor awaited with a curious kind of cage which it pushed into the sea and our little boat fitted itself into this cradle and the tractor pulled it all on shore. We were helped out and did not even get one toe wet.

On shore was a land rover waiting for luggage and island stores to be fetched from the Oldenburg. I sat in the cab and the vehicle rattled over the stony beach and up a narrow stony twisting road which tightly hugged the cliff side, while below the waves splashed and foamed. Up through a leafy tunnel of trees into a valley with a large white house. Inside, it was warm and comfortable. I went up stairs to my bedroom, a bright cheerful room with a heavenly view.

A bath, a short rest and the landrover returned and I rode to the tavern and a very welcome hot meal. Later it again returned me to my 'home'. This was my taxi during my two days stay as I found some of the gradients too steep and slippery, even with a stick.

Everyone was so kind and helpful. The peaceful scenery. The magnificent views. Even if I didn't get everywhere those younger visitors with two good legs managed. I found it an exhilarating and enriching holiday. A real holiday not just a boring trek along a dreary promenade, stiff with very bored crowds and their dogs and tired children. A holiday to mull over during the winter months, to enjoy the photos of lovely things seen and enjoyed and to contemplate repeating in the Spring when the Puffins return to Puffin Island. It does prove never listen to folk who try to tell you that you are too old too decrepit too infirm to cope with an adventurous but quiet and peaceful holiday. Just listen to your own heart and know how much you feel you are capable of doing and you always find if you are needing to be helped someone is always there either young or old. A kindness that one receives and never forgets and that leaves one with a warm heart remembering the island of the puffin."

Hannah Ross-Tatam wrote me a viewpoint from the other end of the age-scale "...My holiday on Lundy was brilliant: We went in March and there were not many flowers. The trees were bare, but the stars and the moon were brilliant. What I liked about Lundy was the boat the cliffs the seals the south light, Tibbets, Hammers, The Tavern, playing darts and pool and rat island..."

The Gazette reported (09/05/91) the first visit for 2 years of the Balmoral to Lundy to land. Also in May, the Oldenburg made news (NDJ 23/05/91) when, "in answer to an SOS from the Scilly Isles, Lundy...loaned them the use of its supply ship for no fewer than 5 round trips to and from Penzance." The Scilly's airport was fog bound at the time.

In June (NDJ 13/06/91 and 20/06/91) Elmar Botcher (see Ken Rodley's letter) visited Lundy - he is now a consultant psychologist in Hamburg, and he said the island was exactly as he remembered it. On June 29th St. Helena's was full, for Suzy Betts' wedding to Seamus Tucker (of the F.C.O.'s Southern European Department which deals with Turkey). Yr. Ed. reports a Great Time was had by All, and the Bride looked Radiant: and the crossing both ways was like a saucer of cream (v. unusual for the Oldenburg). The wedding photo used by the NDJ (04/07/91) was taken by Bob Farrah of the South Light. Bob has been working, at least since '87, on the standing stones on Lundy. This year the LFS Report will publish an article by him, "Megalithic Astronomy of Lundy: Evidence for the remains of a Solar Calendar". Also this year, the Journal of Archaeo-Astronomy will publish the same material. The account of how he made his discoveries is in this newsletter.

July saw an "Explosion of Rabbits" (NDJ 25/07/91) on Lundy: one wonders if it was a slow news-week that week, because the shrapnel from the explosion also hit the Times (24/07/91) in a short piece by a named journalist. Derek Henderson of the NDJ wrote about preserving Lundy ponies, and the work being done by Lyn Bushnell (NDJ 11/07/91). Yr. Ed. met a carriage-driving buff (Sally Taverner of Silverton, Exeter) in the summer, who has a Lundy pair, she says they are ideal raw material - more next time. (She also knows of the good work being done by the Braetor Lundy Pony Preservation Socy. mentioned in previous newsletters.)

Jim Czul and George Fabian of the Lundy Collectors Club visited Lundy in July (NDJ 16/07/91): there are now, after 12 years' existence, 300 members from 24 different countries. Yr. Ed. has been sent a catalogue for the LCC Jan. auction (no.17) which not only has a glorious collection of cards/books/stamps, but is, as a list, valuable and interesting historical raw material. Of particular interest in the catalogue is Tony Langham's collection, which reads like a Select Bibliography.

Tony has a v. nice collection of Lundy material. He has correspondence (including that of his years as LFS Secy.) with Dr. Dollar (who let AFL have his (Dr. D's) geological and other papers on Lundy); Prof. Harvey (a founder of the LFS); the Harman family (including MCH); Roger Allen (stamps & PCs featuring strongly); Bob Britton (birds); F. W. Gade; the Landmark Trust; Stanley Smith (who has, b.t.w., given yr. Ed. permission to use material from his 'Lundy Review'; Eileen Heaven; and there are 10 volumes of Heaven diaries. WHAT A SENTENCE! Tony also has a large flint collection and, of course, the books & papers he has personally collected: of particular interest to yr. Ed. are the Journal of Antiquaries of Ireland for June 1931 and June 1932 which have articles on the Marisco; the 1985 Report on the Marisco Castle dig; & the Thackeray's really splendid Archaeological Survey of the Island for the National Trust. This noble work contains, in Vol. 1, for each of the 8 areas into which the island has been divided for purposes of the survey, a Summary Table of sites, an A3 reproduction of the relevant section of the OS map (6" to 1 mile) with sites marked, and a detailed inventory of sites. The whole thing is a treasure for the interested enquirer. For Vol. 2, yr. Ed. cannot do better than offer you the exciting list of contents:-

'Summary of Land History and a Discussion of Early Maps of Lundy and its Place Names.

A) "The Island of Lundy" by Benjamin Donn, (1765); B) "The Island of Lundy" O.S. drawing, (1804); C) "Plan of Lundy Island" O.S. drawing, (1820); D) "Lundy Island, advertised for sale, with map", (1822); E) "A Map of Devon" by C & J Greenwood, (1827); F) "Lundy Island in The Bristol Channel" Admiralty Chart, (1833); G) "Plan of Lundy Island to be sold at Auction", (1840); H) "Lundy Island" O.S. new series, sheet 275, (1874-95); J) "Particulars of Sale, Plan and Views of Lundy Island", (1925).

Bibliography: Glossary of Terms: Appendices:

A) Information on Scheduled Ancient Monuments & Listed Buildings/Summary of S. A. M.s on Lundy/List of known features in Scheduled areas on Lundy; B) Schedule Maps (from North to South).'

Other collections of Lundy material are Roger Allen's (of which the Indexes were given to readers in last year's Newsletter); Ian Wilkinson's; Ian Arnold's (commercial collectable ephemera); and when readers receive their forms For Putting Interesting Things On, it would be super to know of other collections, even if small. Roger Allen edits the Newsletter of the Cinderella Stamp Club which contains Lundy material.

And now some snippets: June '91 saw a new issue of 14 stamps (WMN 26/06/91). Stamps, sketches, art work and proofs, for all the stamps, issued by the island since 1969, together with samples of the stamps and redundant postmarks, have been given to the British Library by the LT (WMN 23/1/92). (Barry Chinchin gave a valuable collection to the BL in 1977). Keith Gardner figured as an expert witness in an art-fraud case; illustrations being passed off as rare prints. KG "an art dealer and director of Sir William Russell Flint Galleries said the prints had been taken from the frontispiece of a 1988 biography of Sir William, which he co-authored. The book costs £35 and 30,000 copies had been printed."

Please do keep writing (those of you who have) & do write (those of you who haven't). See you at the AGM March 7th, '92, &/or the day trip to Lundy May 3rd, '92. P.S. Dr. Vicky Thexton is engaged; Cariin (Marsh) Anderson has 4 daughters; the Brockenspectre was seen on Lundy August '91.

ISLAND IN APPEAL FOR CASH - N. D. J.

May Day calls are going out from Lundy, seeking public help to keep the island's head above water. The Landmark Trust, which has maintained and administered the island for the past 22 years, has pumped millions into rebuilding its infrastructure and restoring its buildings. But not enough people or revenue have come to the island. "Over the years it has made enormous losses, which we cannot bear single handed any longer," said Trust spokeswoman Rebecca Morgan. The island is caught in a chicken and egg situation, needing money to develop its potential and attract the necessary visitors, but with the Trust unable to bear the expense of major projects.

The supply and passenger ship Oldenburg is the island's lifeline, but the only way it can pay for itself is to carry more passengers. Without them it may be forced to cut back on its sailings. "We will do everything in our power to make sure that the vessel sails as often as it does at the moment," said Mrs Morgan. "Lundy has so much to offer that it would be a great loss if all those who wish to visit could not do so."

At present the main access to the island is via its landing bay, which means boat passengers having to offload into a small launch to go ashore. In rough weather, particularly with easterly winds, would-be visitors are advised not to make the journey, with a resulting loss in revenue. Provision of a jetty or an access road to allow alternative offloading on the opposite side of the island would solve the problem, but both are costly operations.

"When you consider that last year alone the island lost £130,000, there is no way we could bear such major cost," said Mrs Morgan.

LUNDY CAMPAIGN OPENS - N. D. J.

The Landmark Trust, which is appealing for sponsors to help preserve Lundy Island, is to start an awareness campaign. Lundy supply ship Oldenburg will visit Bristol Docks in November, where it will be open to the public. On board will be exhibitions and slide shows and there will be the opportunity to meet the island's nature conservation warden. Special events for schools are planned and many exciting activities will be going on throughout the weekend of November 1 - 3. Visitors will be able to book a cottage on Lundy at a special discounted rate.

The Landmark Trust took a 60-year lease on the island in 1969 and has completed the first phase of its long-term plan to restore Lundy and provide infrastructure such as a fresh water supply and electricity. Now it is appealing to companies, charitable trusts and individuals to become more involved in its work.

Money is needed to buy a glass-bottomed boat to enable visitors to discover the underwater delights of the marine nature reserve around the island. Also required are a long wheelbased Land Rover to take visitors to the top of the island, an equipped laboratory for use by field study groups and facilities to give slide and video presentations. The most ambitious project is to provide an alternative landing facility which would enable access to the island to become less dependent on weather conditions.

ILL WINDS THAT BLOW LUNDY INTO THE RED - Independent

More than 200 people queued along the quay at Bideford, waiting to reclaim the cash they had paid for a day trip to Lundy. The scene was a perfect illustration of the island's financial problem. To John Puddy, the agent who runs the tiny island in the Bristol Channel, the queue represented about £3,000 in lost revenue. As well as buying a ticket, the day-trippers would have spent money during the crossing and while they were on Lundy. The weather had played one of its regular tricks on Mr Puddy, who is trying to get the island out of the red. To the untutored eye, it was the gentlest of days, a brisk breeze skimming the waters off the coast of North Devon. But the wind was from the east, which meant it was blowing directly into the only landing place on Lundy, causing a big swell to build up in the tiny bay.

Stores and a few nimble-footed islanders can still be landed in this situation, but disembarking more than 260 day-trippers - including pensioners, toddlers and irredeemable landlubbers - is out of the question. So the crew of the MS Oldenburg, the 300-ton ship which ferries people to Lundy from the mainland, reluctantly told the passengers before departure that it would be a trip round the island and not to it. Only 60 of the 267 people who had booked decided to go. Mr Puddy, who has been agent on Lundy for 10 years, said, "I suppose that during the peak holiday season this happens six or eight times. It does lose us a lot of money."

Communications with the mainland have always been the biggest problem for Lundy, a 400ft-high plateau of granite, three and a half miles long and half a mile wide, which lies 24 miles from Bideford and Ilfracombe, the ports from which the Oldenburg sails. Transport difficulties and costs were the principal reasons for the island losing £130,000 on a turnover of £450,000 last year. Now Lundy is appealing for financial help. "Lundy has virtually broken everyone who has owned it because of the difficulties of getting there and particularly of landing," Mr Puddy said. He believes that the island can handle many more visitors without causing any environmental problems.

After a turbulent early history, which included a period as a private haunt for smugglers, Lundy was owned by a succession of families who ran it with only occasional interference from the outside world. In the 1890s an eccentric

Victorian vicar the Reverend Hudson Grossett Heaven, built a wildly inappropriate parish church which would look more at home in a London suburb. Inevitably, Lundy was nicknamed "the Kingdom of Heaven".

The last family owners, the Harmans, sold it for £150,000 to the National Trust in 1969, the entire amount being donated by Jack Hayward, the millionaire. The island was immediately leased to the Landmark Trust, an architectural restoration charity, for 60 years.

Since 1969, the trust has spent hundreds of thousands of pounds renovating buildings, turning many of them into self-catering holiday cottages. During this time the population has risen from 10 to 17, all of them outsiders who work for the trust. They tend to be rugged individualists with a range of practical skills. Mr Puddy was an engineer from Somerset who came to install the electricity supply and stayed on as the man in charge. Dave McBride, who runs the Marisco Tavern, the only pub, is originally from Yorkshire and has been on Lundy for four years. He brews 4,000 gallons of beer and a small amount of cider each year, and tries to use island produce, including lobsters, rabbits and some of the 200 wild Soay sheep, for much of the food he serves. He does this to reduce the amount of freight carried on the Oldenburg, Lundy's only regular link with the mainland. Everything from the lavatory rolls to the mechanical digger has had to be brought by the little ship.

Lundy is an artificial society in the sense that it could not possibly survive without special help. But, unlike many other British islands, it is neither in a group nor is it deemed by the Government to be in an area needing economic assistance. In 1985, Devon lost its status as a region needing special economic aid because it was deemed too prosperous. Just before that, the Landmark Trust got a 50 per cent European Community grant towards buying the Oldenburg. It had to purchase and convert the former German ferry because changes in air-safety rules after a crash in the Isles of Scilly had made the helicopter service to Lundy uneconomic.

Such money is not available now. When the trust appealed to all levels of government for help towards the £1.2m cost of building a jetty, it received universal sympathy but no promises of aid. Because the trust's funds are limited, Lundy has just launched an appeal for financial help for specific projects from companies, individuals and charitable groups. It also hopes to establish sponsorship deals.

Some needs are relatively modest, such as a long-wheelbase Land-Rover and a glass-bottomed boat for visitors to see the island's marine nature reserve. But the big project is either the jetty or an alternative landing place sheltered from easterly winds which, at £600,000, would be half the price. It seems an optimistic venture in the midst of a recession. But until a benefactor steps forward, Lundy will not be able to pay its way.

LUNDY ISLAND COMES TO BRISTOL - Landmark Trust Leaflet

The ship that provides the vital link between Lundy Island and the mainland, is coming to Bristol City Docks from the 1st to the 4th of November.

The island's 300 ton 267 passenger motor ship 'Oldenburg' will provide the venue for the first Lundy Exhibition to be mounted in Bristol.

Bristol has a long association with the sea and seafaring, and Lundy Island has played an important part. Long before Lundy became famous as part of the shipping forecast, it was held in deep affection by Bristol Mariners as it provided the only safe shelter for the ships entering or leaving the Bristol Channel.

It is appropriate therefore, that Bristol should be the first venue for Lundy's travelling exhibition aboard the M.S. Oldenburg.

Lundy Island has been owned by many colourful characters including the famous Elizabethan sea-dog, Sir Richard Grenville. A granite outcrop, rising 400 feet out of the Atlantic, Lundy is not a large island, being only 3 miles long and half a mile wide, and yet she has so much to offer:-

- * 23 unique properties available for holidays, including a castle
- * Britain's first Statutory Marine Nature Reserve
- * Romantic history of pirates and smugglers
- * The best sea cliff climbing in the South-West
- * Fascinating geology, including the unique Lundyite
- * Varied wildlife including Lundy Ponies, Sika Deer, Soay Sheep and much more
- * A haven for birdwatchers, particularly in the spring and autumn
- * Archaeological evidence of Bronze Age and Neolithic Flint working
- * Three light houses, one of which is the highest in England
- * Unique Lundy Stamps. The world's oldest private postal service.
- * A resident population of only 18 people
- * Peace, tranquillity and an opportunity to relax away from the modern world.
- * A Tavern serving freshly prepared homemade cooking with many seafood specialities

The sea is an integral part of Island life, and the Oldenburg provides the all year round service essential to sustain the island community, 22 miles from their nearest port. Islanders live a life of bygone times, where the gentle pace is based around farming and the essential services of the island, they even brew their own beer!

On her visit to Bristol, the Oldenburg will bring a taste of Lundy for you to sample (along with some barrels of "Old Light" and "Puffin Purge") The exhibition will bring alive the sights and sounds of this beautiful island where there is so much to discover and enjoy.

To visit Lundy Island is an adventure which begins by stepping aboard the ship. You will begin to feel that you are entering a world apart, full of life, natural beauty and tranquillity. The island takes you away from the strain of modern living. You will discover its freedom and many treasures. On Lundy there is always time to do anything and yet never enough time to do everything. You will soon find yourself slowing down to become absorbed into the magic and romance of the Island of Lundy.

Taste some of this magic - come and visit the M.S. Oldenburg while she is in Bristol - between 1st-4th November.

Lundy Island and M.S. Oldenburg are part of The Landmark Trust.

SAILING TO LUNDY - Brinley Mitchell.

All six of us had decided that we would make up our minds where to go once we had seen the state of the weather and sea. As usual there is the sudden realisation of how much there is to be done before leaving the marina which coincides with it being the right time to leave: wind is fine, the tide is going the right way and the sun is shining. I seem to have brought too much, there is no space to stow away items, and I wonder how can I survive mentally intact living in a 31-foot yacht with 5 others

We slipped the mooring on Saturday afternoon and, once out of shelter, set the sails with the usual fluffing that comes from the first trip of the season. The wind seemed to be playing with us and there is a brief panic that I have forgotten everything learnt over the past 4 seasons. It is at this point that an oil tanker decides to leave its berth just as we are skirting the tugs, and then square up to the inbound Rosslare-Pembroke ferry. You don't mess around with the ferry, it's big, fast and has a lot of clout. But we settled down and sailed around the Dales Roads; the thrill of being on water, using the wind and enjoying each other's company, wisecracks and all.

As this was our first hareboat charter, we spent some time working out, for sure, the state of the tide and the draught of the boat, as we inched towards the shore. We picked up a mooring close to the yacht club. Just about perfect.

The evening was spent ashore in the Club, whose Easter Hooley was in full swing. I was a bit disorientated to find the members in their party best, but then felt at ease: after all, yacht club members know about the merging of smart casual with dripping waterproofs and garish wellies.

Lundy was an ideal destination for the next stage. We had been there before, it was well within our capabilities as well as being a great place to show the attractions of land and sea to our other companions.

We left the Haven around lunchtime, duly informed the Coastguard of our passage, and settled along the course for St. Govan's lightship.

A brief sensation of relief when sighting the ship. Doleful, melancholy, it rides the swell, forever denied its primary function of moving through water. No one can approach her, and there is an earnest curiosity to stare and scour the superstructure as if half expecting a ghostly crew.

The St. Govan has a strong authoritative fog horn, usually heard before coming into view. The tone is tinged with regret, she can only advise, forever tethered to the seabed. Approaching the lightship is also a signal for a flurry of activity, as our course is set for Lundy; sails are trimmed and we all settle down to a meal with the awareness that we are to expect 'some fog patches'.

Suddenly the world closes in, fog is at first wispy and mild, lulling the senses, then it is a threat and dangerous. Are we going too fast? The wind has dropped. The flares are ready, go up on deck, life-jackets are to hand and slipped over damp oilskins; shall we trail the dinghy? Without much being said, we fall into our watches, each reminding the other not to forget to scan the sea behind us as well as in front. We are serious now - I am reminded of the sailing books; watch for the tell-tale sign of a breaking bow wave from an on-coming vessel. The fog plays tricks with my imagination, suddenly I see Lundy and it is huge. Rolling hills with sharp cliffs, white cliffs. A turn of the head and it all dissolves into a cloying greyness which I start loathing with an intense hatred; I am not going to let this fall apart, this is what we have been primed to expect, this what we trained for, now do it, get through and follow your course.

The fog seems to clear and, yes, it clears, and then the wonderful familiar rush of relief and accomplishment when Lundy is sighted. Then behind us on the starboard quarter is 'DUNLIN', another yacht making for Lundy. We want to lead the way in, so, in a burst of pseudo-competitiveness, we trim 'NYAMDZI's sails and head in towards the landing area below South Light.

'NYAMDZI' is Swahili for a small, darting, flying insect - nice enough name, but the source of some double-takes for those in these waters who may have expected a more Celtic or even Anglo-Saxon sounding name.

We dropped anchor in the landing area, just as the wind got up from the South West, but the clear water and good ground allowed us to see and feel the sturdy grip of the anchor, and we settled down to a meal, safe and satisfied, free of the elements. Looking out at Lundy, from off-shore, it is a powerful statement of presence and time.

The swivelling South Light with its deep horn is soon lost in my sleep.

Seeing the photographs and memorabilia of Lundy, there is an added boost to one's sense of accomplishment; we had got ourselves safely and surely to Lundy.

I had performed my first ever abseil on Lundy, and was keen to pick up the same joy by returning to its rocks in my new and sadly belated discovery of the fun in climbing. Bowled over by the wind, we managed to get to Knight Templar, and started preparing for a climb. In the event, only one of us, Peter, managed the climb. I prefer to think that I was just overwhelmed by all the scenery and the open sky to concentrate on climbing. All I could show for it was an attempt, and granite-slashed fingers. I am still green enough at climbing to anthropomorphize the stone rather than look at my own abilities!

The following morning, we woke up rather sluggishly, but in time to move from our anchorage to a mooring, so as to allow the 'OLDENBURG' its proper place. It would have been just too awful for words to have been caught out, and have to move as the ferry approached the anchorage, with a large number of spectators, and a presumably irate Captain.

The weather forecasts were still giving out gale warnings, so we made the collective decision to stay another day. Both Paul and myself decided to stay aboard while the others went ashore in the dinghy. It is quite an effort to go ashore, oil skins, life jackets and other paraphernalia - all essential, but an incentive to stay put in the cosy cabin.

I watched the tender move back and forth from the 'OLDENBURG' and saw loads of yellow, orange, blue and green anoraks and weatherproofs huddle on the beach, then begin the trek around the island, slowly dispersing heads bowed against the wind. The other reason for staying aboard was to get some cleaning under way - a difficult enough task with 5 others mulling about, always seeming to spill tea or crumbs just where I had cleaned. There was also the passage to our next destination to draw up and plot on the charts.

The fog horn started up, making me jump from the chart table, and pop my head out of the cabin. Another yacht and two Belgian fishing vessels were still there, anchored and riding out the bad weather.

Lunch, more cleaning and passage planning for Ilfracombe; then a luxury, the chance to read a book, something that seems to be quite difficult on board because there is always something to do or check, and at this early stage of my sailing career, double check.

There was a beautiful sunset and a rainbow that evening. Paul and I kept going up on deck to watch the different shades of light alter the texture and colour of the island. This was, for me, the most memorable part of the trip.

In October, a dear friend of Paul's had died, and this trip was planned in his memory, and for me. I was called to the memory of a long-time friend who died suddenly in January of this year. Over the months I had struggled to understand, and to come to terms with the loss. I hope I succeeded on Lundy under the rainbow, and in that special clear and gentle evening light. The sea had moderated, there was the peace of sunset and I finally said 'goodbye', and let go of my grief and loss. Feeling rested and reconciled with this reality, I can remember with affection and love, grateful that the island of Lundy was the source of this release and understanding.

The others returned from a full day on the island, full of details of their walk. The tenacious island had turned them into explorers, historians and 'yarners'.

Early the next morning, I managed to hurt out of sleep in order to catch the 5.50 weather forecast. Just in time to wallop the radio on and listen to the whiff of empire-nostalgia as Rule Britannia announces the start of Radio 4; slightly absurd, now that our merchant fleet is hardly a patch on Nauru, or some other flag of convenience.

We set sail for Ilfracombe with a moderate sea and swell, good visibility and a good breeze. I was keeping my ear open to the forecasts, plotting that miserable Atlantic Low that had dogged the area and was moving steadily east, and which was to cause us some problems at Ilfracombe; like now we all know why it is called the 'gluepot'!

Lundy was a presence both physical and metaphysical; a rock and an anchor for our experiences of sailing. Personally, for a special moment, it was a repository of thoughts that brought me closer to life, and, hopefully, the maturity that comes from appreciating and savouring its fragility and force.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO LUNDY, SEPTEMBER 1990:
AN ALTERNATIVE ACCOUNT - C. G. Harfield BA, MPhil.

It was important not to lose sight of the fact that it was an honour to have been invited. Was I not, after all, one of the man's closest confidants during three years at university? Had we not indulged many times in undergraduate frolics, capers and jests (which are best left unpublished for all our sakes)? This one fact then, sustained me as I was dragged mercilessly from my warm bed at half-past three in the morning; as I drove halfway across the country at the crack of dawn, listening to Rolf Harris on the car radio (anyone up that early deserves to listen to Rolf Harris); as I succumbed

to my ninth bout of Neptune's scourging within an hour on the deck of the MV Oldenburg; as I dug my twentieth metre-square pit to a depth of twenty centimetres - only to back-fill it again immediately: it was important to grasp hold of this one fact, that I was enduring all this because I was numbered one amongst that 'honoured' band, John Schofield's friends.

And who but a friend would have dared to ask another to undergo all this in the pursuit of science? All experiences are relative to each other of course. Comfort as I write this means sitting at my desk at home, listening to Puccini's Tosca broadcast live from New York. Last September, on the decks of the MV Oldenburg in a force 6-7, comfort was to be found in the bottom of a paper bag, a great number of which littered our wake on that crossing. The exhaustive misery of naval nausea only enhances the charm of Lundy when at last we are invited to step overboard from the Oldenburg onto whatever craft has been despatched to greet us. The island has its own intrinsic attractions, but all these are as nothing compared with the gratitude this landlubber felt as he wobbled up the cliff path from the landing beach.

John had the perfect recuperation for chronic sea-sickness. A Mars bar, followed by getting down to hard physical work immediately. The biting wind whipped around my numb fingers as I swung the mattock into Lundy's soil just an hour or so after arriving. At that moment, I wondered what on earth had possessed me. Why had I, a confirmed mediaevalist, forsaken the sanctuary of my Saxon churches for chipped flint on an island in the middle of the Bristol Channel? Did I not know that flint was only good for building castle walls with?

The team occupied Government House and Bramble Villas. Henry Stevens and I were billeted in Government House, where fellow residents John and Janet Schofield and Chris Webster could keep a close eye on us. Why this should have been considered necessary was beyond me, although everywhere we went, I had the feeling that our reputation had preceded us. Bon viveurs we may well be guilty of being, but we also struck out a commendable work rate, completing twelve test pits in a day on two successive days.

Part of the whole exercise was to compare the work rates and recovery rates of the different teams of two; a time and motion study for which we all had to fill out work sheets, as if the damn holes were not evidence enough of what we had been up to. Clearly the recovery rate depends on what lies beneath the surface to be recovered. Henry and I owed our productivity partly to the fact that many of the test pits which we dug were on the outskirts of the field, away from the main areas of find concentrations identified during the work of previous seasons. Having said that, Henry recovered a fragment of worked quartz, identical to any microlith in all but material, which is so unique that we had no trouble convincing John that we had not fabricated the evidence ourselves, (our preceding reputations again.)

Digging is digging and there are few descriptions which can be compiled to make it seem in any way interesting. The one lingering memory which I have of those few days, and which I captured on celluloid for blackmail purposes, was an image of sex equality in action, or delegation. Call it what you will - Mrs. Schofield is the one with pick-axe in mid-swing, whilst Dr. Schofield is taxing his strength with nothing more than the lifting of a tea-cup to his lips as he watches her.

Each evening the team gathered in Government House ostensibly to compare notes on the day's work, discuss hypotheses, debate strategy, deliberate over the finds, but principally to eat. Tired from the exertions of the day sometimes the conversation could not be raised above the intellectual level of discussing the different colours in which plastic shatter-proof rulers are produced. You have to have heard it to believe it. Then it was off to the Marisco to induce an advanced state of relaxation with the aid of a pint or several of Purge, surrounded by memorabilia hung on the walls from the various wrecks which have foundered off the island's coast; each of which provides sufficient reason in its own right against the wisdom of travelling by sea to Lundy to add to my growing contribution of innumerable paper bags deposited in the Bristol Channel.

After a night when the Milky Way, free from the neon haze through which I usually observe it, was as clear as any textbook picture, the day-off dawned bright and sunny. I parted the bedroom curtains to find a sheep exploring the open window for something good to eat. I enquired of the sheep its opinions as to the best colours in which to produce plastic shatter-proof rulers. It stared sanguinely at me for a few seconds, then bleated contemptuously, and wandered off, seeking more intellectual stimulation. The day presented the opportunity to explore what Lundy had to offer above ground. It also offered the chance to see what other visitors to the island were up to. They, after all, had been treated all week to the sight of our bottoms disappearing down holes as fast as mattocks could be swung.

The island that week was a veritable adults' adventure playground. Scuba divers were swimming around it, climbers were hanging off it, archaeologists were digging into it, the National Trust were conserving all over it, and naturalists were trying to catch sight of the indigenous fauna which was busy ducking out of the way of all the afore-mentioned. Like a vision from Enid Blyton's worst nightmare, Henry, Dom and I packed our ruck-sack with chocolate bars and lashings of instant coffee, and set off towards the North End to go exploring. The more sober majority voted to go the other way, as we three set course for the west coast route.

Jenny's Cove seemed as good a place as any to have lunch. We scrambled down the cliff to within a few feet of the receding tide, and there spent a couple of hours engaged in amiable conversation and preoccupied with our own thoughts as the warm sun sent a galaxy of reflections over the rippled surface of the Atlantic. The ascent to the plateau afforded a rich harvest of photo opportunities to be horribly heroic and utterly splendid all over the cliffs. A visit to the Battery and the Montague Steps followed, thus ensuring that our thigh muscles, if nothing else, were well and truly exercised.

To the amusement of the others I had spent the whole week of mainly glorious weather looking out to the mill-pond sea and praying that it would be that calm for the return crossing. The final day arrived with heavy rain which persisted for the whole sailing, most of which I spent on deck gulping fresh air like it was going out of fashion. I went below decks to try to catch a few moments sleep. The sheep with whom I was digging the world's biggest test pit was pointing to an

extraordinary and unique find, a multi-coloured plastic shatter-proof ruler - with secondary retouch. I awoke in a cold sweat. Through the spray-splattered portholes Bideford beckoned. 12/04/91

LUNDY BIRD RACE 1991 by Andrew Jewels (island staff)

On the 12th May 1991, Lundy's first Birdrace took place, raising money for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and 'Children in Need'. A Birdrace is a now standard charity event which involves a group of people aiming to see as many species of bird as possible in 24 hours, in a particular geographical area. The money is raised by being sponsored per species. On the mainland, teams are generally composed of four people, one being the driver, but the Lundy team contained three members - Andrew Jewels, Jonathan Jones and Mary Gade.

If covering a large area, for instance the Devon mainland, teams usually make full use of the 24 hours, starting and finishing in the dark, but due to the small size of Lundy, these extremes were considered unnecessary, and a more leisurely approach was taken.

The day started at 08.30, when we met at the Tavern, and set off towards Millcombe Valley. The weather was fairly warm, but the slight breeze was coming from the west, not ideal for migrants, and the team's target of 60 species suddenly looked very optimistic. STARLINGS and BLACKBIRDS feeding on the turf outside the Tavern started the list off; quickly joined by a singing SKYLARK and a SWALLOW flying northwards. The top of Millcombe Valley produced the resident HOUSE SPARROW flock, whilst HERRING GULLS and a CARRION CROW flew past. COLLARED DOVE, CHAFFINCH and LINNET were found on the walk down the Valley, and by 08.50 we were by the walled gardens. A DUNNOCK was quickly located, and a few minutes checking for migrant warblers produced BLACKCAP, CHIFFCHAFF and SEDGE WARBLER. Moving down to Peeping Corner, a scan over the Landing Bay produced LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL and RAZORBILL, before being interrupted by HOUSE MARTIN and WOOD PIGEON flying overhead. Further checking of the Landing bay produced several feeding SHAGS, a solitary KITTIWAKE and calling OYSTER CATCHERS.

We were now half an hour into the Birdrace, and headed part way down the Beach Road to see what was lurking there. Several RAVENS wheeled above us, and we found a singing ROBIN on the telegraph wires and a skulking WREN. We decided, at this point, to turn round, head back up the valley and spend some time on the top of the island. On the way back up, Millcombe produced a WILLOW WARBLER in front of Millcombe House, and a GRASSHOPPER WARBLER started 'reeling' (reeling = singing for this species) just as we reached the top of the valley.

Walking through the village failed to add any new species, but when we reached the Airfield we had a new lease of life, quickly adding WHIMBREL and LAPWING, a calling MEADOW PIPIT and a small number of SAND MARTINS heading northwards. A WHEATEAR was waiting for us at Quarter Wall stile but after this things quietened down again. We failed to find anything of note at Pondsburry except the Sand Martins from the Airfield that had stopped off for a rest. There wasn't even a Mallard on the pond.

Undaunted, we continued on our way, arriving at Jenny's Cove at 10.15. FULMAR were added to the list even before we had time to sit down, and a quick scan of the auks revealed GUILLIMOTS, more Razorbills and a few PUFFINS. It would have been nice to add the Ancient Murrelet to the day's list, but it was only showing very early in the morning at this time, and we had not really been expecting it to show.

After half an hour we left Jenny's Cove and walked up to Tibbet's, where we finally caught up with a GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL at 10.40. We now turned round south again, and headed off along the east side. We walked the whole length of the Terraces without finding a single new species. It wasn't until we reached Quarry Pond at 11.30 that we finally caught up with MALLARD. This was our 36th species, and now they were becoming increasingly difficult to find; we seriously began to doubt whether we could even reach 40 species.

As we set off along the top E. side path, the wind had become slightly more south-westerly, visibility had become rather hazy, and there were still no birds about. Walking beside Tillage Field we found a SONG THRUSH, often a frustratingly difficult bird to find when you need one, and a GOLDFINCH flew over, calling. Unfortunately it was only heard by one team member. We stopped and listened, and a second team member heard it in the distance, but it took a five minute wait before it flew back and was seen and heard by all of us.

Heading back to the village, we had a break for lunch (a luxury not usually present on a Birdrace) and rejoined at 13.30. We spent a fruitless hour in Millcombe still looking for two more species for the new target of 40. At this point we decided we had better have a serious attempt at finding a Rock Pipit so we headed down to the Landing Beach. There were none feeding around the slipway or the Sentinels, so we continued on to the Cove Beach, where we found not one but three ROCK PIPITS.

As we walked up the Beach Road at 15.00 we were discussing how long to continue for, as several of us had other commitments, including dogs to walk and livestock to check, but we decided to hold out until we found our 40th. species. At this point a PIED WAGTAIL flew over calling loudly, thus bringing our proceedings to a satisfactory close.

An enjoyable day's bird-watching had raised £120.00 and we had set an easily beatable target for anyone else who may wish to contemplate a Birdrace on Lundy. There is certainly a good chance that a Lundy team will be giving it another go.

Although only twelve miles from the coast of Devon, Lundy Island has a unique charm and atmosphere of isolation - to this day many people have never heard of Lundy, and still fewer have been there. Being small, at three miles long by one mile wide, and without roads, the minimal population of Lundy (quoted as seventeen in 1989) has never itself warranted any form of regular ferry link with the mainland. This alone makes the island virtually unique among British off-shore islands, where the ubiquitous car ferry is now finding its way even to such thinly populated places as the northern Orkney Isles. Present day economic activity on the island centres on farming, but tourism is becoming increasingly prominent, as the Landmark Trust (the current 'owner' of Lundy) invests in restoring derelict properties for self-catering holiday-makers who wish to relax, doing nothing, or possibly indulge in rock climbing and diving, just two activities for which Lundy is highly rated.

It is worth quoting the 1937 Bristol Channel District Guide for its opinion of Lundy which, after describing 'piratical excursions' and the 'sea-battered coastline' with its shipwrecking qualities, stated that "there is something unique in visiting a place that is free of rates, taxes, policemen and motor-dust". To understand the way in which passenger shipping services between Lundy and the mainland have evolved this century, it is necessary to look at both the ownership of the island over the years and the evolution of excursion steamer trips (from the late nineteenth century onwards) in the Bristol Channel, principally provided by the 'White Funnel Fleet' of P. & A. Campbell. Obviously, an island community needs to import basic foodstuffs and fuel, and in past times this trade was (to a limited extent) offset by the export of Lundy granite, probably the only natural resource worthy of mention apart from sheep and dairy farming.

Thus, various small vessels have linked Lundy with Bideford and Ilfracombe, and to a lesser extent Barnstaple and Instow in North Devon, under varying ownership. Whereas this trade has always been all-year round, excursion sailings have been seasonal but with quite a long season: right up until their last year of operation, Campbells operated between Easter and October. There have always been plenty of attractive destinations for day trips on both sides of the Bristol Channel (such as Lynmouth, Minehead, Clovelly and Tenby) for excursionists from the big, up-Channel ports of Bristol, Newport, Cardiff and Barry, but it is fair to say that Lundy stands out as the 'jewel in the crown'. In addition to core ferry services between Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare, the White Funnel Fleet traded by offering both trips on traditional paddle steamers to (primarily) Ilfracombe from up-Channel, and then what amounted to an Ilfracombe-Lundy ferry run in the afternoon, or a short coastal cruise, rather than tying their ships up at Ilfracombe and not earning any income. This article will attempt to chronicle the development of shipping services to Lundy in the 20th century, firstly by looking at the vessels that have served the cargo needs of the island, and secondly, by describing the way in which Campbells nurtured the excursion traffic in the Bristol Channel from the beginning of their operations (which 'transferred' south from the Clyde), to their sad run-down and demise in the 1970s. The story is then brought up to date by a detailed look at operations in the 1980s, as the position is now greatly changed from earlier years.

Historical Background of Lundy Island

The Mariscos were first mentioned in the twelfth century as owners of Lundy and indeed, the island's only pub to this day is the 'Marisco Tavern', complete with lifebelts of wrecked ships and former well-known paddle steamers. Various changes of ownership over the next few centuries need not concern us here, fascinating though all of Lundy's history is; more significant was the purchase of Lundy by the Rev William Hudson Heaven in 1834, as an element of stability was thus created. Inevitably, many have referred to Lundy as the 'Kingdom of Heaven', and this pun is rather more accurate than one might imagine, at least to those who have visited the island and enjoyed its remote peace and tranquillity. Something of this atmosphere of a private kingdom persisted when Lundy changed hands again in 1918, in which year Augustus Langham Christie purchased the property. In 1925, a further change of ownership occurred when Martin Coles Harman took over, and Lundy remained under the 'control' of that family through his son Albion Harman until the latter's death in 1968.

At this point, Lundy faced a very uncertain future, and after some deliberation and extensive fund-raising the National Trust acquired the island and gradually set about the renovation of derelict buildings in order to preserve the character of possibly the most unusual property in its portfolio. Day to day stewardship is now exercised through the Landmark Trust who, as we shall see, have ventured into ship-owning in a rather different way to their predecessors.

Early Island Shipping

One of the earliest references to organised shipping services to the island (as distinct from irregular sailings not organised by island interests) is found when, in 1878, the Rev Heaven arranged with a Captain William Dark to carry mails and general cargo from Instow, a small port opposite Appledore on the Torridge, in the Swansea-built cutter Gannet, of 19grt. which was entitled to carry the Royal Mail burgee, quite a distinction for such a vessel. This arrangement lasted until 1911, when the Devonian, belonging to the grandly-named 'Bideford and Bristol Steamship Company', of 99grt. took over and ran through the war years. Built in 1894 at Irvine, this vessel's earlier trade on the route implied by the title of its owners was such to permit use to Lundy as well, but in 1919 Christie purchased a former Lowestoft motor drifter named Lerina for Lundy use, and Devonian spent her later years engaged in general Bristol Channel coasting. The Lerina, new in 1917, was captained until 1941 by Fred Dark, the son of Captain William Dark, thus ensuring something of a family link with island. Refitted at Appledore in 1922, she was able to carry 40 day passengers and traded happily for a couple of decades until requisitioned by the Admiralty in 1942, hereafter a former naval motor launch, splendidly named Pelorus Jack, maintained a mail service.

The *Lerina* carried on until 1950, when she was laid up on account of her life-expired condition and eventually sold by auction. A handbill of sailings in her early days describes a typical voyage of the Royal Mail motor yacht *Lerina*; on Friday, 25th August 1922 she was billed to leave Barnstaple at about 08.15, Instow 30 minutes later, for a day trip to Lundy carrying the Royal Mails, no return journey time being quoted, for a fare of 7s.6d return, subject of course to "wind, weather and other circumstances permitting". It is interesting to note that coastal cruises were also being run on other days to such places as Clovelly, or just short trips over the Bideford Bar. Equally, the 'yacht' was available for hire for private parties.

Lerina's successor was very much a temporary affair, in the form of a former lifeboat originally named *City of Nottingham*, built in 1929. Having been on Bristol Channel duties at Clovelly, she was converted for the Lundy trade at Bideford but her 12-passenger capacity was soon found wanting and she worked to Lundy only until 1951. For the next five years, a local lugger named *Excellent* connected Ilfracombe with Lundy, although the majority of summer passengers had Campbells' sailings to rely on.

A greater degree of stability in Lundy services was to come, and a search began again for another second-hand vessel, this time by Trevor Davey, the nephew of the younger Captain Dark. A former North Sea trawler built in 1949, of 28grt, named *Pride of Bridlington* was chosen. Renamed *Lundy Gannet*, she made her first appearance at Lundy in June 1956. For almost 20 years she sailed from Bideford to Lundy three times a week in summer and once or twice-weekly at other times. In the hands of Captain Davey, she transported all manner of general cargo, plus up to 12 passengers. This vessel was owned by Harman, and eventually passed to the Landmark Trust. As with all the island vessels, she never operated to any regular timetable, the tides completely dictating when departure from her home port of Bideford would be possible. The general pattern of operation has always been to return from Lundy on the next tide, in order to arrive back at Bideford around high water - although there have been occasions when the vessel would lay overnight at anchor in Lundy Roads if the quality of cargo to be handled necessitated this. No pier has ever been constructed to assist cargo-handling at the island and, indeed, the weather sometimes changes so rapidly that after leaving the mainland, landing by launch becomes unsafe. An easterly wind causes the worst conditions at the landing beach in the S.E. corner of the island, and there is occasionally no alternative but to head back if the master considers it pointless to seek shelter and wait for the weather to improve.

The *Lundy Gannet* (known to many simply as the *Gannet*) plied until 1973 when the needs of the island led to a larger vessel being acquired. Built for service in Greenland, the *Agdlek* made her first appearance at Lundy on 24th July 1971. Subsequently renamed *Polar Bear*, Captain Payne (formerly of Campbells) was appointed master. At 200grt, she was a much more substantial vessel than any of her predecessors, but, like them, she could carry a maximum of only 12 passengers.

The *Lundy Gannet* continued to trade alongside the *Polar Bear* in 1972, the latter being more involved with bulk cargoes, such as sand, in connection with building works on the island. On some days both vessels sailed to Lundy in tandem. For example, on 30th September 1972 the *Polar Bear* arrived at 1400, followed by the *Gannet* at 1420; both departed at 1730. Accounts of life on Lundy at this time lay much emphasis on weather conditions, and something of an extreme example can be found on 12th February 1973 when the *Polar Bear* took nearly six hours to cross from Ilfracombe (her base had transferred there from Bideford by this time) when storm force 8-9 winds were encountered gusting to force 10. Normally the passage would take barely two hours.

Occasionally the island ship was used as a sort of removal van when residents came or went permanently. In March 1973 *Polar Bear* set off for Scotland carrying four passengers and did not reappear until 6th April, bringing two new residents (and all their worldly goods) from Loch Leven in Argyllshire.

Bookings for the *Polar Bear* and the *Lundy Gannet* were necessary because of their limited passenger capacity. These could be made either by application to the master of the former, or to the Lundy Agent, who also arranged accommodation on the island. After the disposal of the *Gannet* the *Polar Bear* carried on the trade until 1986. At this point, we turn to look at the development of P. & A. Campbell's 'White Funnel Fleet' sailings as, after their termination in 1979, the fortunes of island and excursionist interests became more closely intertwined, and the role of the *Polar Bear*'s much larger successor, the *Oldenburg*, cannot be fully appreciated in isolation from the activities of the famous paddle steamer *Waverley* and sister vessels of the PSPS/WSN backed companies.

P. & A. Campbells' Predecessors

Although it may have seemed to the casual observer that Campbells had always had a monopoly of Bristol Channel excursion traffic, this was not quite true, as other operators were in existence from the late nineteenth-century onwards, and at least two actively participated in the Lundy trade. Thus, Edwards and Robertson, a Cardiff-based concern, traded with vessels such as the famous *Lorna Doone*, but were out of the market by 1891. The Barry Railway attempted to compete generally with P. & A. Campbell, utilising purpose-built vessels such as the *Gwalia*, but had given up by 1910, despite the unique advantage of owning Barry Pier and its link with their extensive local rail network.

Of more specific relevance to the Lundy route were Pockett's Bristol Channel Steam Packet Company, a Swansea-based concern, and the operations of James Jones, likewise operating from Swansea in South Wales. Both concerns employed rather older secondhand tonnage: the *Aquila* was built in 1854, and acquired by Jones after service with the Weymouth and Channel Islands Steam Packet Company, acquired by the GWR in 1889.

Jones' operations appear not to have lasted beyond 1896, but 'Marine Excursions' were still advertised by Pockett's; another representative handbill from the period, this time published in the 'Ilfracombe Chronicle,' offered an 11.00 am sailing from Ilfracombe on Wednesday, 27th July 1898 to Clovelly and Lundy Island by the ss *Brighton*.

returning to Ilfracombe by 7.30 pm, still at a fare of 3s 6d. The Brighton, built in 1878 as a London, Brighton and South Coast Railway steamer for the Newhaven-Dieppe service, was Swansea-based at this time, her main run being across to Ilfracombe. However, Pockett's operations did not resume after World War I, and thereafter Campbells effectively moved to a monopoly position in the Bristol Channel. They established themselves firmly at Swansea and had their paddler Glen Gower based there for many years; Lundy trips then became a much more prominent feature of White Funnel activities than before WWI.

Campbells had 'arrived' in the Bristol Channel in 1887, and it is pleasing to record that the name of their first ship on the Channel duties was Waverley, built in 1885 as a Clyde paddler, and a historical link with today's vessel of that name. Having tested the market in that year to the obvious satisfaction of both themselves and their passengers, consolidation and expansion soon followed.

Ravenswood was constructed in 1891, and was duly followed by vessels with names of more local character which indicated the company's increased local commitment, such as Westward Ho! in 1894, Cambria in 1895 and Britannia in 1896 - all vessels which were destined to have a long and successful part to play in Bristol Channel duties where Lundy Island featured significantly.

A brief extract from P. & A. Campbell's archives illustrates neatly the scale of business to Lundy: on Monday, 28th August 1922 Britannia sailed from Bristol to Ilfracombe and Lundy, calling at Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare and Lynmouth on the way. Whilst 222 passengers disembarked at Ilfracombe, 200 stayed on board and a further 162 embarked for the Lundy portion of the trip. Despite the fact that the records show that it rained all day, punctuality was maintained, with arrival back at Weston Pier being slightly early, at 21.04 rather than 21.15! This illustrates how Campbells sailings neatly served different groups of people and highlights the very long day that a Bristol-Lundy excursionist would have had. The ps Waverley has (until recently) offered virtually identical trips for those with sufficient stamina.

From this pre-First World War heyday of numerous White Funnel paddle steamers serving almost the whole of the Bristol Channel, traffic dwindled after a minor resurgence in the 'fifties aided by the post-war construction of the two much-loved and well-known paddle-steamers Bristol Queen and Cardiff Queen. Study of the company's accounts during this period confirms that Ilfracombe to Lundy was the most profitable 'route' that Campbell's steamers plied. The end of the paddlers in 1967 obviously meant that much less tonnage was in service and available to make seasonal Lundy trips. Campbells had, in 1966, acquired the motor ship Vecta (built in 1938) from the Red Funnel Company after her withdrawal from the Isle of Wight trade. Renamed Westward Ho!, she maintained the Bristol Channel presence of the 'White Funnel Fleet' in 1968. She was occasionally assisted by an even older, smaller, motor vessel which Campbells had also acquired second-hand. This was the St Trillo (built as the St. Silio) dating from 1936 which, in its Liverpool and North Wales Steamship days, had maintained Llandudno-Menai Bridge sailings. A very slow vessel, the St Trillo performed (for example) four Lundy trips in the 1968 season, being more often deployed on up-Channel traffic at the beginning and close of the season, and flying Campbell's flag in North Wales in the high season.

Rather more significantly, a more modern former Red Funnel vessel was acquired by Campbells in 1969, which proved to be particularly well suited to Bristol Channel conditions. The 1949 built Balmoral, a first-generation side-loading dual-purpose car ferry and excursion vessel, sailed alongside the Westward Ho! in the 1969-71 seasons, but even at the commencement of the 1971 sailings it was apparent that the mechanical problems of the latter ship were becoming more frequent. Thus, on 29th May she was out of commission with engine trouble. On 9th June, her Lundy sailing was cancelled owing to a fuel system defect and on 31st August 1971 the Westward Ho! made what turned out to be her last voyage to Lundy, leaving Balmoral to continue single-handed. It is from this period that the events that unfolded in Campbell's last years led, somewhat obliquely, to the situation obtaining today, and the activities in the Bristol Channel after 1972 will be looked at in somewhat greater detail, as they are crucial to an understanding of passenger shipping to Lundy in 1990 and beyond.

Having described the evolution of both Lundy's 'own' shipping activities and the birth, growth and decline of the excursion traffic to Lundy from the end of the nineteenth-century through to the early 1970s, the story now starts to take on a more complicated character of occasional bursts of speculative action, a struggle against increasingly difficult trading conditions and often poor weather, culminating in the White Funnel Fleet's sad cessation of trading after nearly a century.

It could fairly be said that the motor ship, with lower operating costs than a traditional steamer, came late to the Bristol Channel. However, Campbells were certainly not alone in preferring steam power to diesel for their last purpose-built new vessels, the 'Queens', with both British Railways and the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company building traditional style turbine steamers well into the 1960s.

However, the policy adopted by Campbells was simply to acquire cheap, secondhand tonnage. Sailings by the Balmoral, running on her own during the 1972-76 seasons, continued normally enough. With low running costs and good reliability, a general pattern of mid-week Swansea-Ilfracombe-Lundy and alternate weekend Penarth-Weston-Ilfracombe to Lundy excursions emerged, connecting Lundy with the mainland two or three times per week and carrying the bulk of Lundy passengers staying on the island as well as all the day excursionists.

Events took a fascinating turn in 1977, when it was learnt that the 1955-built motor ship Scillonian, just withdrawn from Penzance-Isles of Scilly service (having been superseded by a newer ship of the same name), had been acquired by Campbells. They did not publicly state what this vessel was acquired for, but as she was available at a relatively low cost it was a strategic purchase which took account of Balmoral's advancing years. It was never specifically admitted that Devonia (as she was tastefully renamed) might become an all-year round Lundy vessel, being somewhat large for that

role outside the high summer period. Indeed, although she looked superb after a full repaint in traditional White Funnel Fleet colours, no rebuilding ever took place to convert her cargo hold into a passenger lounge.

It certainly was the intention of P. & A. Campbell to make the *Devonia* available for charter in the winter periods to improve her all-year round finances (and provide crew continuity), but this never materialised in the way desired. *Devonia* ran on the Thames somewhat unsuccessfully in 1977 but this was an experiment not to be repeated by Campbells.

In 1978, after what had seemed like years of decline in the Channel, it seemed remarkable that Campbells took the plunge to put a two-ship service on offer, with *Balmoral* mainly sailing from up-Channel locations and *Devonia* being virtually Swansea-based. Thus, much more frequent sailings from Ilfracombe to Lundy were possible and, of course, it was still possible for passengers to book passage on the little *Polar Bear*, which continued to make three sailings a week from her Ilfracombe base. There was no hint, at this time, of any restrictions imposed on the number of calls that were made at Lundy, where Campbells maintained their own launch for landing passengers on the beach, alongside Lundy-owned craft which included a very fine DUKW, normally used for cattle transshipment. Interestingly, the most regular traveller on Lundy departures from Ilfracombe was a White Funnel employee, Mr Albert Fisher, who, for many years, was the Lundy boatman in charge of getting passengers ashore at Lundy in the limited time available (and safely back on board again).

The luxury of this two-ship operation could not possibly last, and *Devonia* was laid up in Bristol after the 1978 season until late in 1981, eventually to be sold to Torbay Seaways, who used her to run a new ferry service between Torquay and the Channel Islands.

In 1979, *Balmoral* was again on her own in the Bristol Channel, but still running a full season's duties between Easter and October. However, to those that knew that she might not be re-certificated for further use after that season (as the Campbell's operation was evidently becoming less and less profitable), the announcement that the White Funnel Fleet was to cease operations on its own account after the end of the 1979 season came as no surprise. It also prompted the question of how Lundy excursion traffic would be handled (if at all) in the future.

The Years after the White Funnel Fleet

Although coastal cruising enthusiasts in the Bristol Channel area were inevitably despondent at the demise of Campbells, a further surprise was in store when it was announced that excursion sailings would be offered in the 1980 season after all, with a new company named "White Funnel Steamers" being created. Jointly owned by the Landmark Trust and P. & A. Campbell, this would charter the *Balmoral* to operate another full season. The directors of this enterprise were S.C. Smith-Cox, Campbell's Managing Director since 1952 and John Smith of the Landmark Trust. Campbell's part of the deal was to provide and manage the ship. Timetable publicity took on a new image and an effort was made to present the package of sailings in 1980 as being a regular, weekly schedule rather than merely on a day-to-day basis according to tides and tradition. With the new company shouldering the financial risk of this revised operational style, more Lundy sailings were advertised, mainly from Swansea.

It had to be said, with the benefit of hindsight, that reducing up-Channel sailings from Penarth to provide more options from Swansea and Mumbles was not a good idea. Results from the 1980 season were poor, with the inevitable result that the Landmark Trust announced the withdrawal of its support from White Funnel Steamers. This was not quite the end of Campbells, however. They continued operating in name as shipbrokers and managers briefly, but their end finally came on 31st December 1981, by which time both *Balmoral* and *Devonia* had been sold, after being laid up side-by-side in Bristol City Docks.

At this point it really did look as though the end of an era had arrived, with seemingly no vessel on offer to operate the 1981 season, to Lundy or indeed anywhere else in the Bristol Channel. For the author though, at least, the knowledge that representatives of the Waverley organisation had inspected Sealink's *Shanklin*, then recently withdrawn from Portsmouth-Isle of Wight passenger ferry operation with a view to purchasing and operating her somewhere around Britain (most probably the Clyde) in order to financially support the paddle steamer *Waverley*, was encouraging. When it was eventually decided that the *Waverley* would open a somewhat curtailed 1981 Channel season in June, but that the *Shanklin*, now acquired by the Waverley organisation and renamed *Prince Ivanhoe*, would thereafter continue until early September, great optimism was felt by all who had an interest in the future of coastal cruising.

It is not generally known what sort of agreement to provide Lundy excursion sailings had existed between Campbells and the administrators of Lundy. Whilst the island was under the ownership of the Harman family, the relationship between Lundy and the White Funnel Fleet was a friendly and informal one. Acquisition of Lundy by the National Trust had prompted the negotiation of a ten-year contract by P. & A. Campbell to continue to provide excursion trips in the established pattern, but with the earnings of the company in the '70s being insufficient to fully provide for a replacement vessel it was perhaps predictable that the point would be reached when the whole operation would need to be re-thought.

Thus in 1981, the Landmark Trust were still quite happy to "accept" Lundy calls by *Prince Ivanhoe* and *Waverley*, but continued to run their own *Polar Bear* whilst also sponsoring a weekend helicopter service from Hartland, near Clovelly, to offer additional capacity to those people wishing to stay on the island. This arrangement could perhaps have continued for some years, but for the tragic events of Monday 3rd August.

The impact in the Bristol Channel made by the newly-refurbished *Prince Ivanhoe* was truly remarkable. Registered under the Firth of Clyde Steam Packet Co Ltd, she was a thoroughly attractive vessel for general Channel duties, with high standards of accommodation and plenty of room (both sheltered and on deck) for passengers. Smartly turned out

and with upturn in the summer-weather that year, the prospects had rarely looked better for Channel cruising. However, after making a superb Penarth - Lundy day trip on Sunday, 2nd August and landing over 300 satisfied passengers ashore at Lundy, disaster struck on a Swansea/Mumbles - Gower Coast cruise the following day. Prince Ivanhoe, with over 400 passengers on board, struck a submerged object off Port Eynon and, within hours, was a constructive total loss.

That really did seem like the end of Bristol Channel cruising in any sort of traditional manner, after the failure of both the Campbell's interests and the valiant efforts of the Waverley organisation. A few years were now to elapse which confirmed most enthusiasts' fears, with no indigenous Bristol Channel cruising company, although this made the Waverley's occasional visits all the more welcome.

In late 1981, it was announced in North Devon that a company called "West Country Shipping" was to be formed in Barnstaple, with the object of acquiring Devonian and running a Lundy service in 1982 but no more was heard of it.

In the years 1982-85 inclusive, Waverley served the Bristol Channel in June, and made a small number of Lundy calls on each annual visit, rather 'rationing' general access to the island compared with previous years. Lundy interests continued to operate the Polar Bear three times a week, although her mainland base had transferred from Ilfracombe back to Bideford early in 1984. Despite the news that Waverley interests had succeeded in purchasing Balmoral from near oblivion as a near static restaurant ship in Dundee, and that they intended to repair and rebuild her to offer operational and financial support to their paddler, there was still no reason to believe that the Landmark Trust planned to become the principal provider of passenger transport to Lundy. Even so, following a spectacular helicopter crash on the Penzance-Scillies run in early summer 1985, which led to the imposition of more stringent restrictions on such flights over the sea, they had to consider their position. The arrangement the Trust had with Castle Air, who operated a helicopter service to Lundy, thus ceased after the 1985 season. Lundy, now, it seemed, had no alternative but to arrange its own passenger shipping service, but there is no evidence that Balmoral's new operators were approached to run a 'ferry' service in 1986.

Nevertheless, it came as something of a surprise to hear that, in late 1985, the Landmark Trust had purchased the 1958-built passenger vessel Oldenburg from Harle-Reederi Warring of West Germany. Of 288grt, this neat little vessel with a quoted 20-tonne cargo capacity and space for 250 passengers (150 in winter) seemed ideal to meet year-round Lundy needs independently of any separately-run excursion ship. First arriving at Lundy on 5th December 1985 amidst due celebrations, she sailed for her new home port of Bideford the next day, where she then stayed for extensive refurbishment. Interestingly, fares for the 1986 season were now lowered from £15 (Day Return) to £11.95, as the Oldenburg's capacity was so much greater than that of the Polar Bear. Inevitably, this new competition seemed ominous for Balmoral's interests, as Lundy was still regarded by many as the favourite Bristol Channel cruising destination.

Details of schedules that were to apply in 1986 confirmed what many suspected would happen, which was that the acquisition of Oldenburg (oddly enough she has never been given a more appropriate name) only made sense to her owners, with running costs significantly higher than those of the Polar Bear, if she was fully utilised. Thus, whilst Oldenburg was advertised to sail from Bideford to Lundy on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays and to run excursions from Ilfracombe on Thursdays, this left only Tuesdays and Fridays available for Balmoral to make calls, Fridays traditionally never being a good day for passenger traffic.

Oldenburg emerged from refit with a Class III certificate for 240 passengers, Class II(a) for 130, and entered service early in May. The author's first impressions of the refurbished vessel were most favourable. Travelling out on her from Bideford shortly after she had entered service, he found reasonable catering, a vessel smartly run and with a sense of being appropriate to her new route, in terms of size and facilities. The costs of tendering the Balmoral at Lundy were now made somewhat higher than in previous years, as an Ilfracombe launch, generally the African Queen, had to go out to Lundy specially, rather than an island-based vessel being provided.

Thus Lundy was served competitively for the first time by two ships in 1986, without any specific operational or political problems. Oldenburg was fitted out with a new 4-ton hydraulic crane whilst in dock at Appledore in November, and although Polar Bear had actually operated alongside her larger sister in 1986, mainly carrying bulk cargoes in connection with building work, she was eventually laid up and had been sold by the early part of 1987.

The situation for Balmoral, already struggling financially to pay off the costs of her own extensive refit after a first season of poor weather, was to become even more difficult in 1987 as only Fridays were made available for her to call at Lundy. A trend was emerging of Oldenburg making more Ilfracombe than Bideford trips, to gain a greater slice of the excursion trade, under less tidally-restricted conditions and, inevitably, at the expense of the Balmoral's takings. There were bright spots like the 'Three Ships' gathering on Wednesday 3rd June, when Waverley, Balmoral and Oldenburg all met at Lundy but, generally, it was obvious that traffic did not really exist to support two operators in such a small market.

Present Day - Competition Increases

Whilst Oldenburg and Balmoral co-existed somewhat uneasily in 1987, the 1988 season saw an intensification in the Landmark Trust's desire to maximise the revenue-earning potential of its ship. On a number of occasions Oldenburg sailed across very early in the morning to Swansea to offer Swansea-Ilfracombe-Lundy day trips (on Balmoral's 'up-Channel' days), in addition to offering occasional river Torridge cruises. Rather more blatantly, she was occasionally advertised to depart from Ilfracombe on the same day as Balmoral for Lundy, just ahead of the latter's published time, thus reducing the earnings potential of Balmoral quite significantly.

However, what was to become the turning point of this episode of the Lundy saga took place on Saturday 11th June 1988. Waverley had landed over 400 passengers on Lundy but weather conditions that afternoon changed suddenly. As it

became impossible to safely embark her passengers at the time she was due to leave, and with a weather report that forecasted continuing difficult conditions for many hours, Waverley's master, Captain Neill, returned to Ilfracombe, planning to return to collect stranded passengers once conditions had improved. Waverley was booked to carry out a charter cruise for charity that evening, which did take place, and although she returned to Lundy straight after this, it was not until daybreak that the stranded passengers on Lundy had been collected and returned safely to Ilfracombe, having been sheltered on the island overnight with some difficulty, given their numbers. Temporary lighting had to be rigged to get people back down to the landing beach in the dark, but the operation was carried out without accident.

Obviously, an incident like this is open to interpretation, but only the master of a ship can legitimately decide the safest course of action he should take under difficult weather conditions. It was said by the Lundy authorities that Waverley should have sheltered off Lundy until conditions improved, regardless of whether this would, in fact, have made for a speedier evacuation. However, the upshot of the whole regrettable episode was the banning of further calls by both Waverley and Balmoral at Lundy in 1989.

Meetings took place between the PSPS and Lundy managements to try and negotiate for even a few dates to be allowed to PSPS vessels, but the Trust has remained firm, alleging unreliability of operation, despite the offer of a guarantee that no PSPS vessel would leave the island without its full complement of passengers should similar circumstances arise in the future. Again, in 1990, it was possible to get to Lundy only by means of the Oldenburg from Bideford or Ilfracombe, but this is not practicable in one day from the Welsh ports, and by no means easy from (say) Clevedon. Figures released at the end of the 1989 season confirmed that visitor numbers that year to Lundy were no better than in previous years, despite the Oldenburg's monopoly and much better weather, with Balmoral breaking Channel records elsewhere.

The Future

Where have the events of the 'eighties led us? For 1990, Balmoral and Waverley remained barred from Lundy (nowhere else in Britain possesses this dubious distinction), restricting access and, thus, numbers to the island. One would have thought that a fragile island economy would welcome tourist revenues, but the Landmark Trust was evidently happy to handle only the limited numbers that Oldenburg carried when fully utilised.

The character of Lundy is changing even over the relatively short period of time that the author has been visiting the island, and the casual traveller is now, in effect, still further restricted by the decision taken early in 1989 to withdraw hotel facilities at Millcombe (the only island property that was not self-catering) in favour of turning this splendid property over to organised house-parties only.

A fair solution would be to ease the ban on Balmoral trips and permit these on days when the Oldenburg would have an off-day (or at least not be sailing from Ilfracombe), say weekly in high summer and fortnightly otherwise, as figures of demand in past years support the view that up-Channel traffic to Lundy is quite independent of access via Bideford, and thus would not be traffic "poached" from the island's own vessel. Without Penarth/Clevedon or Swansea links, those people simply did not come to Lundy, and it can be demonstrated that the opening of Clevedon pier has generated much new business for Waverley and Balmoral. Having said that, whilst the author has a particular fondness for Balmoral, especially given the now historic character she offers, it is inevitable that, at over 40 years old, she can't go on forever, although she is running as well as ever, being in fine fettle after a major refurbishment.

A Change of Heart?

Much tradition lies behind day trips to Lundy Island and, with a little goodwill, it seems that Balmoral might this year again be sailing out on a familiar course for a day with a difference. At the end of 1990, it appeared that the Landmark Trust had had a change of heart and as this article went to press it was hoped that Balmoral and Waverley would, in future, be permitted to make a limited number of calls at Lundy Island, on days when Oldenburg was not scheduled to sail.

This can only be the best possible news for Bristol Channel excursionists this summer, with a greater variety of Channel excursions being the best way to ensure both steamers' operational future in these delightful and varied waters.

Opinions expressed in this article are those of the author, and do not represent either any form of 'official' Paddle Steamer Preservation Society viewpoint, or Landmark Trust policy.

Much vital help in the preparation of this article, and collation of photographs, was received from Jon Holyoak, Nigel Coombes, Nick James and Nigel Jones of the PSPS Bristol Channel branch. White Funnel issues dealt with were based on information generously provided by S. C. Smith-Cox, the long-serving former Managing Director of P. & A. Campbell, which is gratefully acknowledged here.

* Editor's Note

When Mike Tedstone gave permission for the Newsletter to use his articles "Hence to Lundy", your Ed. knew that his excellent illustrations couldn't accompany the typescript. In an attempt to replace them, we offer a Brief Note on what MT used. He had a 60s photograph of the Cardiff Queen and the Lundy Gannet, with the CQ blowing her whistle to let the passengers know of her impending departure: and a nice pic. of the Lerina. She was a Lowestoft drifter, built in 1917, and served Lundy from 1914 to 1941. The Gannet was built in 1949 as the Pride of Bridlington for North Sea fishing and served Lundy for 20 years, retaining her Hull registration number throughout that time. There is a v. nice photo. of Campbell's Britannia (1896), in her final 2-funnelled 2-masted form, lying off-shore and looking most elegant. Part II has a lovely panorama looking Nth. from the beach and showing the Prince Ivanhoe on August 2nd '81, the day before she was wrecked off the Gower coast - looking most princely surrounded by a court of small sailing vessels: (MT's own photograph). Another pic. in pt. II is the Balmoral in 1975 en route from Penarth to Lundy (MT's

photograph). the 2 final illustrations are of the Oldenburg (photographed by MT in 1986) and the Waverley in 1984 off Lundy with the motor launch Westward Ho! approaching to take off passengers.

LUNDY, March - September 1991. Jenny Wallis (Island Staff)

It looked like a serpent hung with lanterns creeping past the window, swelling all the time. As the water between us disappeared it was possible to identify Bideford Quay on this monster the mainland. At this sight the panicky gut rotting feeling which had gripped me as I came out onto the deck of the Oldenburg surrounded by day trippers pointing at Lundy in the distance, slipped away. I gawped about in wonder. Some freak had brought me home in a thunder storm and on Bideford Carnival night, but more amazing than either of these were the whizzy cars and lights. After five months even the journey back to Westward-Ho! in a rusty old tin can car was a speedy affair. Although I am slowly acclimatizing to the explosion of mainland life I still feel a part of me remains with Lundy. I have enough of the Island in my head to let go over here and spin back through the soft stars which surround Lundy at night.

My departure from Lundy was coincidentally from the bottom of the Pyramid at Jenny's Cove, due to an Easterly wind. This meant that I left the Islanders coping with rather a muddled day. I must admit feeling very frightened while carrying a baby part way up the Pyramid before I got into the coble. The sight of an injured climber, coming down on his behind after refusing an easy ride out to the Oldenburg in the barge with the luggage, was a sight to avoid.

Most of my time on Lundy I lived in the second old stable behind the Barn. It is a quiet spot well hidden by the Round House, so that I only once had a visitation from two curious day trippers. There is a good patch of grass outside which I shared with Bic and Jonathan Jones next door. Occasionally residents from the Barn would sprawl out there on hot days and decide that our front door steps were ideal places for Barbeques. We had a small border where Jonathan and I both planted seeds which actually made it past the seedling stage and grew into herbs and flowers. Dany (McBride) also helped by lending tools and producing seeds. My one disappointment was my lettuces which were soon devoured by our lettuce freak rabbits. This area was always somewhat hazardous at night. For some unknown reason there was always one person staying in the Barn who felt the urge to sleep outside. The first time I staggered round the corner and found what appeared to be a mummified climber it gave me quite a shock; on subsequent occasions I was prepared! There was also a washing line across the grass which I managed to become tangled up in several times.

Apart from Tuesday (my loo cleaning day, when I had to be early if I was to avoid campers in the morning and day trippers later on) I was expected into work about coffee break time, 10.00am, when most islanders congregated in the Tavern for coffee, chocolate and chat. Having never lived away from home before I felt strange at first but soon came to feel very at home in the Tavern with all the Islanders to look after me. Happy evenings were spent in the Tavern earlier in the season after the washing up was done, talking to visitors. For a few days I played my viola with a morris accordionist from Braunton. During the climbing season we all enjoyed being with guitar playing climbers while Rachel (McBride) and I tried out a new drink each night. Of course the Tavern was nearly always the place to go to catch up on the latest news. How the new first day covers were coming along, which way the puffins would be facing. Then there was the iron age piglet incident. He was brought over to Lundy and left looking very miserable in the stable beside the greenhouse, of course the top half of the door was left open for air. In the morning he was gone. We all had visions of him going to earth in the Rhodies and becoming a vicious wild boar sort of animal who would terrorize the island. He was eventually caught, I think without the aid of a banana, chasing lambs.

My tasks, although sometimes mundane, were never boring. The Tavern kitchen turned out to be an amazing world of adventure. Food preparation was a startling affair at first. Coming from a home where all the knives are blunt I soon found my fingers in shreds and I may well have beaten Patrick (Rice) in plaster consumption. Dave (McBride) said he wanted to ban us both from using the kitchen utensils and issue us with plastic childrens' scissors. Worse than the cuts were the burns. The most vicious was my bite from "Victor", the hot plate out on the counter switched on to keep day tripper soup hot. I still have the scar on my arm. The most frightening burn incident happened on Pat's twenty first Birthday. It was entirely my own fault for not realizing that the fat fryer was still open and on, so full of hot fat. It was late and I was just putting away the last things. I hung up a ladle in its place and it fell into the fryer, hot fat splashed up in my face. All sorts of horrible thoughts of blindness flashed through my head. Luckily someone came in and forced me to keep my head under water for what seemed an age. Pat found an eye bath in the Barn where D.J. Moff (Betts) was presiding over a teenage disco. I was left in cold water for over an hour until at last I began to cool down. The heat was gone from the burns and I had no lasting scars. I even felt well enough to go and join the celebrations which by this time were in full swing.

Then there was the running battle between myself and inefficient "Humphrey Hobart" the dishwasher. There were a number of standard dishes he couldn't cope with such as cheese and crumble. I must admit I felt somewhat guilty when a whole plaice skeleton came out on an otherwise clean plate; perhaps I had been a little harsh in my expectations, although I didn't actually notice it go into the washer. On the whole Humphrey could never cope with burnt pots and pans so these often fell to me. This job was relatively painless as it involved splashing about in the sink and watching the bubbles fly.

When I was very new, Pat and I were set to make a cottage pie, a job we managed to convert into a riot of artistic expression. Although nobody ever knew it, the potato top of that pie was a classic masterpiece in the fork and mash technique. For some unknown reason the other job I ended up sharing with Pat was sausage making. This job is only really fun if there are at least two people. Once alone, the novelty soon wears off.

The first few weeks I spent in the Radio Room. I found it a very pleasant and handy spot, just round the corner from the Tavern. The steps were the only inconvenience as I found them very complicated in the dark. It was during my first few weeks, when Lundy was fairly quiet that I carried out the first stage of my island exploration. I knew that after a few weeks of going out nearly every day during time off, to explore new parts, that although I had covered all the main places on Lundy, I had only scratched the surface, and much remained hidden.

When I first arrived, the daffodils were out in Millcombe Valley and along the East Sidelands. Easter Day was cold and miserable, and my walk took me along through the Rhodies to V.C. Quarry. The top of the island was cloaked in mist, but nearer sea level it was clearer. As I walked, mist drifted down over the cliff edge, and on that day, the yellow daffodils were the only beacon to guide me. Later on came the bluebells. First along the East side, then the more stunted specimens up top. The Rhodie flowers are quite bizarre. To walk through these on a blanket of pink petals is a near trip to fairy land. When the sea-pinks were out on the South end, then a little later up North, I came across them quite by chance and was hit by the vivid pink in contrast with the bright bracken, and blue sea to sky. It felt like walking on candy floss, although the ground had a predominantly dry rather than sticky texture.

The island plants were one thing I hadn't expected to be so diverse. The blends of colours are perfect and very special to Lundy. To sit down among the bracken, you can become part of the island. The help of the fairies that we are sure still inhabit this part of England totally incorporates you until you trip briefly into the little kingdom of Lundy. I was later happy to hear from other islanders that I was not the only one to have a notion of the little folk who still have a stronghold here.

During the real busy season, pressure brought out some very weird incidents. One very busy evening I was totally freaked out when a lady asked, "is there anything special about the election of Jesus?". I'm afraid I was at a loss for words. I was, by this stage, used to strange goings-on on Lundy, but this was totally new to me. I felt sure that if there was going to be an election of Jesus, it would probably be something special. Then I had visions of myself being drawn into a discussion by some religious maniac. Luckily she came to the rescue and made all clear, "are they normal cheeses or just home made?" and I realised that what she had really said was, "is there anything special about the selection of cheeses?"

Saturday was the real hard day as there were cottages to clean as well as food to be prepared for the day trippers. The day tripper questions were always a source of amusement for the islanders, but sometimes very trying when faced with over a hundred trippers wanting food. The most popular, "do you live here or just work here," and, "what do you find to do?" always went down a treat. Very common, of course, was, "where are the loos," but I must say I laughed at, "do you have any loos?" always said in a very doubtful voice.

The busy season was the time when local sea activity peaked. Rachel (McBride) Pat and I spent many perfect hours on the beach. We often had the company of the off-duty lighthouse keepers, Chris (Bray's) niece Rachel, Jenny and (the unstoppable) Lucy Lo-veil and, of course, Dave (McBride's) two boys. Rachel McBride and I would sometimes run down to the beach on a boat day with about an hour to spare for a swim. A cup of tea on board the MS Oldenburg (ship!) was good once we had scrambled up into the coble alongside. The only downer on our swims were the jellies who washed into the bay later on in the summer. I was only stung once very lightly on the hand. Rachel was stung quite badly across her front one night. In the dark they are much more difficult to detect. I know after this Pat usually so un-bashful, insisted on always wearing shorts for swimming.

The midnight swim was quite a thing with those working late in the Tavern. It was sometimes the only way we'd get to the sea during the day. It was most invigorating after a long day to run down to the beach dragging unbelieving fishermen and visitors behind us to swim amongst the starry phosphorescence, under the South Light's sweeping beam and even better the moon. After this it was quickly up the hill for a hot chocolate and hot bath at Pat's.

Rachel and I once swam out to yachtie acquaintances we had made earlier in the Tavern. They were most surprised and after Gaelic coffee insisted on rowing us ashore. Another night we both swam out with two fishermen on their way back from the Tavern. They had some fish for Dave (McBride) which we had agreed to collect and carry up to the Tavern kitchen. The sea was actually very rough and normally we'd never have swum out as far under those conditions but in the dark we hadn't realised how far the boat was and luckily we had the dinghy beside us. On the boat we had cups of coffee and a long wait while the rest of the fishermen were collected from the beach and ferried back to their boats. Due to the rough sea their dinghy was swamped as they beached. Back on the fishing boat we wondered if we'd ever get home. We eventually did.

The South Light was always a place we could find a cuppa and chat. On some occasions when the island was particularly hectic it was a new and peaceful world with friendly ears.

One of my most memorable night swims was one fraught with disaster. Jamie's and Ally's friend Rod had fallen off the beach road, on the bend just below the oaks, on his way to their fishing boat a month or so before. He was lucky not to have been killed, and only broke his collar bone. Jamie 'the hero' found him, using only a pint glass and a candle. Rod was off work for a few weeks and this was his first visit back to Lundy since. A group of us decided to go down for a swim. We all set off; me, Pat and Jamie made it to the beach and decided to get on with our swim, which was memorable. Unfortunately, on the way down, Ally had sprained his ankle. After all the jokes that evening about flying over cliffs, the situation was pitiful. Ally was quite badly hurt and needed two weeks off work, no good thing for a fisherman. Once Ally, Jamie and Rod were safely off in their inflatable, Pat and I realized that, somewhere along the line, we'd lost Russel. He was staying in Tibbetts with a pharaoh hound to escape central London. He had mumbled something about sleeping in the Church so we clambered up searching and calling all the way. In the Church we stumbled about over sleeping campers who had arrived too late to pitch tents. Surprisingly, although some eyes opened, nobody was at all worried by two hedragged people wandering about the Church at about 4.00 am. We had no luck

finding Russel so decided he must have made his way home. At long last we both crashed out and next morning heard that Russel had walked back to Tibbetts.

One mammoth event was Susy and Seamus's wedding. Luckily for us Simon and Bic, two of Pat's friends volunteered to come over and help. The day before the wedding all four of us spent all day dressing a hundred crabs up on the balcony in the Tavern. It was a mind blowing job and that night my dreams were literally mishmash full of crabs. Luckily the company was good, hyperactive Simon's talk kept us going and later on there were other things to take our minds off crabs. According to all reports the wedding went well, except for the dog fight in church. Pat and I were left to look after the day trippers in the Tavern while Dave, Dany and co. went to do the reception down at Millcombe. I must say it was most odd to see so many people in suits and top hats on Lundy. I think perhaps the free-masons' charter may have equalled the wedding on the suit score.

Another busy do was the trawler race. Local fishermen and their families came over to Lundy for a drink and Sunday lunch then headed back for an on-board Barbeque at Appledore. Although hard work for us the fisher families are so cheerful and friendly that it was an enjoyable day for everyone. I think some of the visitors may have been a bit bewildered but the storm soon dies down.

For me the Lundy extended family was completed when Rachel McB. arrived. We are kindred spirits and both love the Island. I remember one idyllic afternoon we spent on the cliff below the castle, drinking milk, nutmeg and honey, our special favourite, playing our recorders and watching the sea in the bay. I think there was an Easterly blowing so it had been iffy all day as to whether the Oldenburg would land people. It was a very hazy day and the Oldenburg just didn't turn up. Nobody quite knew what was going on. Eventually we found out that she had got caught up in a lobster line so was waiting in Clovelly for a diver to untangle her propeller. So in the afternoon we both sat and watched for the boat. After all the evening hype in the Tavern kitchen, if we were too exhausted to swim we would sit together on the terrace outside looking at the stars and giving each other massages, certainly the nicest way to relax I've found yet.

I rang Lundy the other night to find out when Pat is actually leaving for Oz. I was quite surprised at the relief I felt from hearing all the islanders in the bar talking to me. I was overjoyed to find Lundy still there. It was strange to hear the news that Dave and Dany are planning to move to Clovelly. It was this that made me realize fully that Lundy is a place of constant change. I can never go back to the summer of 1991 with Pat, Rachel and Lundy as we were then. When I return it will be different but I am convinced that, although sad, this change is part of Lundy.

A LUNDY WEDDING - June 29th 1991 ANN BETTS (Mother of the Bride)

It was always going to be a cliff-hanger, from the moment that Susy thought of being married on Lundy. Our first tentative enquiries to John Puddy were met with heart-warming enthusiasm, and a faith that amazed us, considering that the sounds of a January gale were clearly audible on the telephone.

Susy and Seamus set about getting a special licence, necessary because Lundy is outside any parish. The Rev. Bill Blakey, who later married them, was a tower of strength in this, as in all else. We think that Lambeth Palace eventually granted the licence because Susy had worked on the island.

A date was set (we had to find a Saturday boat with reasonably convenient sailing times on a day that the Rev. could manage.) Lunch, provided by Dave and Danielle and the Tavern staff, was to be at Millcombe House which was to be our unwontedly luxurious home from Wednesday to Wednesday.

The invitations went out accompanied by Seamus' Government Health Warnings, containing analogies to Polar expeditions and advice about thermal underwear etc. Some of the replies (particularly from those who thought us mad) were very amusing, but our amusement faded as May, then June, wore on without a sign of summer warmth or calm weather.

Meanwhile Susy and Seamus on a day trip to the island in May had discovered that the church organ had finally given up the ghost. They bewailed its demise to two travelling companions who miraculously turned out to be organ builders. John Frampton and his brother (Tim?) heroically returned to the island for a week to clean the instrument and resuscitate it.

On June 26th we drove to the 'Oldenburg' at Ilfracombe through teeming rain, with Susy and her bridesmaid, Alison, (another tower of strength) and bearing from Warwickshire and Oxford, in two cars, the wedding dress and all other wedding gear, a two tier wedding cake, five boxes of garden greenery and two of flowers from the Bideford florist, and pre-cooked frozen provisions for an evening party. Oh, and a dog, some ordinary luggage, not to mention a music centre, loudspeakers and a few other useful things.

The sun came out as we stepped onto the quay, but it was a rough crossing, conjuring up visions of pale green wedding guests staggering up from the beach.

With flowers in buckets we confidently entered the church. Alas! 'If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year...?' But we did get it clear in less than two days, with the help of at least seven maids. The flowers and greenery we had brought over were backed with armfuls of the dreaded rhododendron ponticum and a few island hydrangeas. We had filched the rugs from Millcombe landing to cover the broken tiles, and St. Helena's looked cheerful.

The weather had steadily improved and, apart from a forecast fog, which briefly threatened to ground the helicopter, scheduled to bring vicar, organist and grandparents, we had no more worries.

The guests, bless them, arrived in force, saying that the crossing had been smooth; the bridegroom and his family had remembered to collect the bouquets; the bride managed to walk up Millcombe path without tearing her dress, the organ sounded good and the ceremony was lovely.

There was a fight, not ominous I hope, outside the church afterwards, between the dogs of the bride's and the groom's family, but otherwise all was fine, even the weather.

The bridal pair were driven in a dazzlingly clean Land Rover to Millcombe, to be joined by the rest of us for a delicious lunch on the lawn.

All was in full swing when suddenly it was time to cut the cake (magnificently iced by Seamus' brother) and distribute it hurriedly to the departing guests. Some pieces even had to be given out on the beach! We could all have done with at least an extra hour - but how often have we said that about day trips to Lundy?

We are so grateful to everyone on the island for their unfailing support, which enabled us to have such a memorable day, and our thanks go out everyone who helped to make it so, above all to whoever controls the weather, and to our guests, for coming.

SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED - Liza Cole

Sitting in the shop, trying to recover from the rigours of Dave and Dany McBride's leaving 'do' the previous evening. A nod and a wink from Annie and we're off... "Hello, Dennis Corbet I presume?" So started the short notice working party last October. I've spent many a happy hour carrying out systematic manual rhododendron extraction and eradication (or rhodie-hashing as it's known in the trade) and other tasks on working parties but never before have I had the doubtful pleasure of leading one. Well, it can't be that hard can it? All you have to do is make sure everyone has a packed lunch and is at work by 9.00 a.m. and then give them their tools and point them at a rhododendron. Little did I know that there were more taxing tasks expected of me, such as fighting off marauding John Puddys who loitered on every corner trying to tempt away members of my party with such delights as fixing fuse boxes and pregnancy testing ponies!

There were 5 in the group, excluding me: an electronic engineer and his 11 year old son, a social worker and 2 vets and it was my job to turn them into rhodicidal maniacs! All had been to Lundy before but only I had been on a working party so at least I was one step ahead!

There is no doubt that the path through the rhododendrons is beautiful, especially in May when the flowers are out, but it cannot be denied that the path would be a little monotonous without the glades of trees that appear all along its length. There are more trees than are immediately apparent, as many are surrounded by a sea of rhodies and are being slowly killed by being starved of light. Our task was to carry on clearing an area just north of St. Helen's Copse, known as 'Gibson's Glade'. The work had been started earlier in the year and already 4 oaks were clearly visible. When we had done our little bit we'd revealed another couple of oaks and a pine but there are still more oaks there to be freed. By the end of the week there were signs that the wildlife was already making use of the clearing i.e. a pile of feathers where a bird of prey had made a kill. With the rare and beautiful red-breasted flycatcher flitting about in St. Helen's Copse next door who knows what may seek shelter in Gibson's Glade next year.

Finally, my thanks must go to Nick, Carol, Elaine, Dennis and Robert for their energy and enthusiasm even in the mud bath that was our last day; to the Islanders for their help and sarcastic comments and to John Morgan for organising the whole thing.

L. F. S. WORK PARTIES - Roger Allen

Many working parties have been organised during 1991, in two of which I took part. The first party from from 21st to 29th June consisted of five volunteers, namely, John Morgan (leader), Richard Annear, David and Jane Wheeler and myself. Our main task was to clear the bracken from the lower East Side path. Two other requirements were a) to remove as much of the poisonous ragwort from the area as was possible and b) to remove the growth of vegetation from the bases of the tree sapling plantations on the East Side.

The Lower East Side path was successfully cleared of bracken and the young trees were all given breathing space but our effort with the ragwort was just a scratching of the surface of the job.

What I have not mentioned is that from the moment we landed on the island till virtually the moment we left, the heavens opened fully and remained open. Our main preoccupation every evening was to dry out all our protective clothing and boots around the radiators and fires in the two Brambles where we were lodged. Richard Annear stoically refused to join us in the Brambles but remained in a tent for the whole period.

The work was tiring but would not have been excessively so, had we not been absolutely sodden through to the skin day in and day out. We nevertheless enjoyed each others' company during the day and looked forward to the comfort and

relaxation of the Tavern in the evenings. John Morgan brought along a case of his famous home made wines, made from the most unlikely substances and we enjoyed a bottle with dinner each evening.

This particular working party is probably the only one ever to be commemorated philatelically. On the first boat to leave after we arrived, a small group of covers was posted, each cover marked with a special cachet "L.F.S. Working Party Commences" and signed by all five of us.

The second working party in which I participated consisted of only Richard Annear and myself and we worked from the 21st to the 25th September. The warden consigned to us the task of removing bracken and any other undergrowth which reached up and touched the wires of the electric fences. We were also commissioned to repair the fences as necessary. During the short period of our stay, we completed both sides of the walls of the Lighthouse and Tent Fields and the Church Common. Our equipment for the task consisted of the highly temperamental dumper truck, and large strimmers. The dumper truck was full of fence posts, fencing hammer, strimmers and strimming wire and our lunches. The labour was divided between us, Richard undertaking the repairs of the fences while I began the strimming which Richard latterly helped me to finish. The dumper truck has a mind of its own, both as regards starting and steering, but we soon became its masters. The weather was cool, breezy-bright and dry, ideal for the work in hand.

A small secondary task which we finished on the first working day was to strip the apple trees in Millcombe of their fruit. We were informed that most of this harvest was destined for cider making.

We were lodged in the Quarters, each with our own room and bathroom and lodged most comfortably. As in the earlier working party we ate well and enjoyed the company in the Tavern of an evening. We felt that for a short while we were part of the working life of the island and not just visitors on holiday.

SEE YOU LATER, EXCAVATOR - Peter Harman Jones

At the end of February 1969, not long before the proposed sale of Lundy was announced, disaster struck. The worst ever landslide took away a large stretch of the beach road and the link between the life of the island and the landing beach was severed. The tale was well told by Felix Gade in "My Life On Lundy" (p 460 et seq), but it bears embellishment in respect of the subject of this piece - the excavator.

A firm of contractors from Teignmouth had been engaged to repair and shore up the failen land and to restore the road, and very well they did their job. An excavator was essential for their work, Lundy did not have one and so it had to be hired. I forget whence it was hired. The problem was - how to get it to Lundy?

The logistics of the operation were quite alarming. MV Lundy Gannet was not capable of loading and unloading it and was heavily committed to carrying other material for the contractors. Various ideas were mooted by those involved - those in charge on Lundy, myself in London, Christopher Price in Barnstaple, Clifton Smith-Cox in Bristol, Trinity House and Mr Venus, Managing Director of Appledore Shipbuilders. From all this emerged the final plan. Appledore Shipbuilders would tow their pontoon to Lundy. The Trinity House vessel "Alert" would transport the excavator from, I think, Milford Haven and, on arrival at Lundy, offload it on to the pontoon which would take it to the beach. The plan was nearly scuppered by the difficulty of arranging insurance cover for this rather unorthodox voyage, but somehow that snag was overcome. On the day all went according to plan.

When the work was finished, for one reason or another it was not possible to reverse the method of arrival to get the excavator back to the mainland. Other means were explored but found impracticable. Meanwhile it was clocking up daily hire charges and things were getting a bit desperate. As a last resort we appealed to the Army at Fremington who, to our delight, readily offered to mount an amphibious exercise with a Landing Craft to include the rescue of the excavator.

On the day before its removal the excavator, which was on top of the island, refused to start. Fortunately the defective part was correctly identified and an urgent message sent to the hire firm. They acted with alacrity. The following morning, their engineer and the part arrived on MV Lundy Gannet, the part was fitted, the excavator started up and was driven down to the beach to board the Landing Craft.

Away it went. All in all, it was a nail-biting experience with fingers firmly crossed.

LUNDY IN 1892 - Myrtle Ternstrom

Extracted from the Heaven diaries.

Living in Millcombe were the Rev. Mr Hudson Heaven, his sister, Amelia, ("Millie") and cousin Annie. The coachman-gardener was Christopher Ward, and his wife, Louise, was cook. George Thomas was the indispensable general factotum - he had originally come from Sennen, and was a fisherman, but turned his hand to whatever was needed. There were three families at the Lighthouse and two at the Battery. The island farm and stores were let out on lease, and the Heaven family had a reserved portion of the island - roughly from Quarter Wall to South End, east of the path. They kept a carriage, also horses for riding, were fond of dogs and gardening. In Millcombe (then called "The House") there was a library of over 2,000 books.

The year started cold and snowy. The John, outward bound for Bahia, landed two stowaways, and Capt. Dark was sent for to take them ashore. On Friday 19th February an agreement was made with the Ackland brothers (of Barnstaple) that they would take over the farm from Lady Day, and would also take over New House (south wing of the old hotel, now demolished) and keep on with the Store.

Two more stowaways were landed in March from the Maltby out of West Hartlepool. One of them was kept on and given a job helping George Thomas, and the other was sent to Cardiff.

By March 18th there were 181 lambs. The weather was still very cold, and many of the islanders were ill. On 29th March old Mrs Morgan died of bronchitis, the doctor's verdict was that she was "worn out". Mr Morgan was a Trinity House keeper stationed at the Battery. Her body was taken ashore for burial.

In April the foundations were laid for the new bungalow in St. John's valley. It was built of prefabricated corrugated iron and timber, and was almost finished by the end of the year. ("Brambles" now stands on this site).

On 21st the Ackworth ran on shore in fog and the crew were taken off by a tug; the vessel later sank.

On April 26th Mr Ackland arrived, with all his goods. He did not contract with Capt. Dark, but would make use of the Velindra in summer and a fortnightly boat from Bristol in the winter. He lived in the farmhouse (now The Old House) with his family.

On 12th May the islanders who had helped rescue the crew of the Tunisie received fifteen shillings each from the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

May 18th Trinity House indicated their intention to put another fog signal station on Lundy and to increase the power of the lighthouse. The Inspector for Life-saving Apparatus at Wrecks came about placing rescue equipment on the island and enrolled volunteers.

May 27th there was a sad accident when Hetty Thomas fell over the cliff near Benjamin's Chair and was drowned - she was 13, and her body was washed away and never found. George Thomas was broken-hearted.

The Rev. Mr Parry Thomas arrived on the island, giving services and schooling (the Rev. Mr Hudson Heaven had suffered a breakdown in health). He was dismissed in December.

In June the Heaven family had a new carriage. The Board of Trade awarded each man £3 for their part in the Tunisie rescue, and George Thomas got a silver medal. Morgan was pensioned and left the island after 19 years.

In July the voters were taken across to the mainland for the elections.

On 18th August two earthquake tremors were felt.

On 31st August a picnic had to be held in the refreshment room as the weather was so bad. Mrs Helen Hast, wife of the head lighthouse keeper, was taken ill there and died before any help could be got. She was buried in the graveyard, and her headstone carries this inscription:

In loving memory of Helen Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Samueal Mayor Hast, who died on Lundy Island 31 August 1982 aged 44 years.

I have no pain dear husband now
I've gone to rest on high
Dear children, do not mourn for me
I pray you cease to cry.

In September it was recorded that there was a very heavy crop of mushrooms. 30 lobsters were sold, 16 crabs and 10 crayfish. (£2.19.6) On the beach a rock was demolished and the slip extended. The punchbowl was found tipped over and broken - the culprits were not found.

As so often happened, the boat did not arrive in time with the Christmas presents and goodies.

Final entry: December 31st. Cold bitter day.

The children's party was held with a "clamjamfray" of children. (The dictionary says this means a rabble).

MY FIRST VISIT TO LUNDY - Kevin McCully

I set sail for Lundy on the M.S. Oldenburg, at Ilfracombe, at 10.30 a.m. on the 20th June 1991. After a pleasant trip on a cool, breezy, but wonderfully sunny Thursday, we came to a halt at the Landing Bay. The small boat called 'Wendy' came alongside, and I landed for the first time on the landing beach. On landing, my first thoughts were that I had actually arrived at this place that I had read so much about. I was surprised at the blueness and clarity of the sea, and the greenness of the island. The air seemed so much clearer and the light sharper.

I walked slowly up and through the Millcombe Valley, enjoying the ever-changing view, reaching the village, and onto the campsite. The tent duly erected, I went for walkies along the central path, up through the fields to the Quarter Wall, and then beyond. In the distance, the Quarry Cottages. I walked in, sat down, looked around and tried to imagine the better days the cottages had seen.

That evening saw my first visit to the Marisco Tavern. Quite a lot of my time on Lundy was spent here, either drinking OLD LIGHT bitter, eating jacket spuds, or cursing the weather, especially the latter. There is a really friendly feeling in the Tavern, something I've never really found anywhere else.

The rest of my time was spent walking around with a camera or two securely slung around my neck, admiring the beautiful scenery along the East side, the breath-taking views of the west coast, enjoying the peace and isolation that makes Lundy so special.

I left Lundy on Tuesday the 25th of June. All packed and ready to go, down to the Tavern I went, just in time to see a notice on the blackboard outside saying 'M.S. Oldenburg cancelled until tomorrow.' After about an hour, I was told that

a fishing boat was coming to pick us up and taking us to Ilfracombe. So it was all down to the beach by 1.30 p.m. The boat arrived, we were taken out in 'Wendy', and we sailed out of the fog. This was one trip I hadn't expected, making an unusual ending to a wonderful holiday.

THE MEGALITHIC ASTRONOMY OF LUNDY - Robert W. E. Farrah

My introduction to the subject as with many others was the best selling book of the sixties, 'Stonehenge Decoded' by Professor Gerald S. Hawkins. The book was a great ambassador for Archaeo-Astronomy and caused much controversy at the time. In brief it stated that Stonehenge was a 'neolithic computer' used to mark the important solar calendar events. It was also found to mark major and minor standstills of the Moon; and that the Aubrey holes around the circle could be used to predict eclipses. The subject was much debated, the issue being whether the builders of Stonehenge had the intellectual capabilities. Since those days the subject of Archaeo-Astronomy has become widely accepted with many now working in the field.

I first witnessed the Midsummer sunrise (MSSR) on Lundy in 1988, and realised I'd discovered something of importance, but not being an astronomer, I didn't know then how to make a more academic study of the alignments. At the time this solitary weathered stone marking the MSSR, on Acklands Moor was far more exciting and impressive than the same event at Stonehenge. I realised I was witnessing an event for the first time since the time of the people who had erected the stone, and felt their ghosts looking over my shoulder. In 1989 I managed to photograph the event, it was at the time I realised the stone to the north was also aligned to the summer solstice but I'd run out of film. I next sent these photographs to the two foremost authorities working in the field of Archaeo-Astronomy, Dr. A.S. Thom and Professor Gerald S. Hawkins, with no other motivation but to have it recorded for posterity. On my return to duty at the South Light, I had letters from both expressing a keen interest and asking for more information. Gerald S. Hawkins followed his letter up with two telephone calls from Washington D.C., asking about Lundy, its ownership, management and population. There followed a lengthy correspondence between him and myself, with Professor Hawkins instructing me in the field work necessary for him to calculate the declinations. Being a novice in the subject I had relied on direct observations and photographs to record the alignments. To an astronomer this is unnecessary and inefficient, placing too much reliance on being at the right place at the right time and relying also on the vagaries of climatic conditions. Hence Professor Hawkins was able to tell me exactly what the Sun was doing on Lundy, by calculating the declinations in Washington D.C. Over the next 18 months I learnt to use a sextant and theodolite to obtain altitude readings of the horizon. I used a prismatic compass for azimuth readings, and took star trail photographs of all the alignments after marking them out with survey stakes. I must conclude by saying that the experience of observing the drama of these events on site, is far more rewarding than reading the calculated results on paper. The whole subject of Archaeo-Astronomy suddenly becomes both tangible and visionary.

MAKING A GOLF COURSE ON LUNDY - F.W. Gade (From the LUNDY REVIEW Winter '58 by kind permission of Stanley Smith Publisher and Editor).

Professional soldiers are said automatically to regard any landscape in the light of a battle-ground, and as their eyes wander over the scene, to make their dispositions for attack or defence. This may also apply to golfers, especially to those for whom golf is a means of livelihood. Be that as it may, it seems that Major Lionel Sullivan, visiting Lundy for the first time by one of Campbell's steamers in the summer of 1926, was struck by what seemed to him the eminent suitability of parts of Lundy for a golf course; for Major Sullivan was at that time Secretary of the Southerndown Golf Club in Glamorganshire.

Mr. Harman spent Christmas of 1926 on Lundy, and my rather dim recollection is that we discussed, among many other matters, the golf links, and my impression is that he was not over-keen but eventually he accepted Major Sullivan's view that a golf course, even if only of nine holes, would be a great inducement for people to stay at the Manor Farm Hotel, and I, among many others, shared that view. Major Sullivan assured us that there was already considerable interest in the links on the part of members of both the Southerndown and the Royal Porthcawl Clubs, and he considered that, as soon as it became known to golfers on both sides of the Bristol Channel, a great deal of interest would be displayed; and he undertook to do a lot of publicity work amongst the officials of golf clubs in South West England and South Wales. Mr. Harman agreed that a nine holes course should be laid out on Acland's Moor, which is the area immediately north of the Old Lighthouse, and running right up to Quarter Wall. Major Sullivan explained that a greenkeeper-professional would have to be hired, and that he would need some kind of shelter in which to keep his tools and machines and ply his trade, so a substantial lean-to shed was erected against the west wall of what is now the Lundy Field Society's laboratory.

If golf proved so popular on Lundy as to make it worth while to add a further nine holes, it was planned to lay out the area south of the Old Lighthouse, and known as the West Side Field; but that never came about. It is so long ago that the course was laid out that I cannot now remember the lengths of the "holes", details of which would probably interest golfers among my readers, but I do remember that 'bogey' for the course was 36, and it took a really good player to go round in 'bogey', and plenty of luck into the bargain. The fairways of the second and third holes were largely shortish heather, which was very difficult to master, and had to be cut with the hay mower from the farm; and, if you got off the fairways with your tee shots at these two holes, you were in dense bracken, so that lost balls were frequent.

The aim was to have the links ready by June, 1927, but there was a tremendous amount of work to be done. Most of the 'greens' and all the tees had to be re-turfed, and all the tees had to be built up. Labour was not plentiful, and it was difficult to spare even one horse and butt during the spring cultivation and seeding, and eventually the course was not opened until about August 1st, 1927 - to be exact, it was July 29th.

Bob Helson was the man mainly responsible for most of the work, and he had as assistant Alfred Branch, a lad of sixteen years, younger son of Jack Branch, mate of the "Lerina". However, in April, Ivor Llewellyn was engaged as greenkeeper-professional, and was a valuable addition to the labour force; and Charley Smaldon did the mowing with that wily old horse "Robin".

Meanwhile, Major Sullivan was busy with the publicity work. He arranged for two prominent Welsh amateurs, Mr. Henry Howells, the reigning Welsh amateur champion, and Captain G. Waddell, Secretary of the Royal Porthcawl Golf Club, and two equally well known professional golfers, Mr. Ernest Bradbeer of the Southerndown Golf Club, and Mr. Robert Walker of the Cardiff City Golf Club, to play the opening match, a four-ball foursome. Invitations were sent to the captains, secretaries, and professionals of all the golf clubs on both sides of the Bristol Channel, and to officials of national golfing organisations, both male and female. P. & A. Campbell were easily persuaded to run a special steamer, the old "Cambria", from Barry, calling at Ilfracombe.

It was estimated that there would be from 100 to 150 acceptances, and Miss Nancy Sage, the manageress of the Manor Hotel, was faced with the task of providing luncheon for a maximum of 150 people. The old Tea Room was in existence then, where 60 people could sit down at one time, and it was possible to squeeze 40 to 50 people into the hotel dining room, so the task of providing for 150 people was not so formidable as it would be now.

The fishermen, Chris Segens and Ally Fuller, were warned that from 70 to 100 lobsters would be required, and Bill Vennall, the barman-storekeeper, was told to set up a "19th hole" in the implement shed [MCH's Lab./Goat House. Ed's Note]

The great day arrived, and I see from an old cutting that it was July 29th, and the weather was fine and the wind west and not too fresh. Bunting was flying from the tower of the old lighthouse, and, as the visitors assembled, with many ladies in summer frocks, the scene was one of gaiety, colour, and animation.

Most unfortunately Mr. M.C. Harman was unable to leave the City to attend, but Mrs. Harman was present, and performed the opening ceremony, which included driving the first ball from the tee. This she did most successfully and gracefully. It takes a long time to play 18 holes even if the players are really good, so that, with the speeches made, it was time for everybody to get down to the beach and embark. There were probably two hundred or more ordinary day trippers in addition to the invited guests.

Ivor Llewellyn had left before the opening, having found a better job, and his place had been taken by Albert Jenkins of the Northam Artisans Golf Club, who played on the Royal North Devon Golf course at Westward Ho! by right, he being a 'commoner' of Northam Burrows. Albert was a very good player indeed. I cannot say that any of those who subsequently played on the course were unstinting in their praise. They mostly said - "Very nice, but it wants a lot more work done on it". It seemed to me, a non-player, that these men and women wanted the game made too easy for them. They did not think it at all funny if they found a 'lie' where the ball was nestling prettily amongst heather twigs, or in the 'slot' of a bullock.

A few days after the opening, Mr. Harman arrived and brought his clubs. With his usual zest, if not enthusiasm, he was soon on the links, and played 9 holes with Albert Jenkins. As far as I know, he had never played before. His ambition was to hit the ball as hard and as far as he could. I don't know how many balls he lost 'going round', but I don't think he was on the fairway with his tee shot more than twice. I think it was his first and last game. When he left Lundy on that occasion he said - "Here, Felix, you look after my clubs and use them if you want to". An offer which I gladly and frequently availed myself of.

During the remainder of the summer of 1927 several golfing parties stayed at the Hotel, and among them was the Secretary of the Ladies Golfing Union, a Miss MacDonald I think she was. She was a nice lady, who became really enthusiastic about Lundy, apart from her interest in golf. She it was who instigated the Lundy Golf Club, but the membership never got beyond 10 or 12. Islanders were eligible and paid only 5/- per annum, and those who joined got a lot of fun out of the course, and were the only players during the winter.

The cost of maintaining a golf course is pretty considerable, and there was little revenue coming in from subscriptions, green fees, and sale of liquor. The links were kept in good order up to the end of the summer of 1928, and then Albert Jenkins returned to the shipyard at Appledore, and the links eventually relapsed back to Acland's Moor, and now there is little to show that they ever existed.