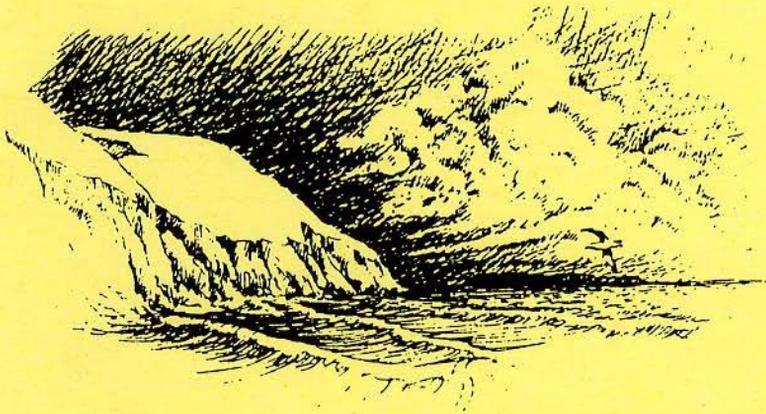


Lundy Field Society

Newsletter

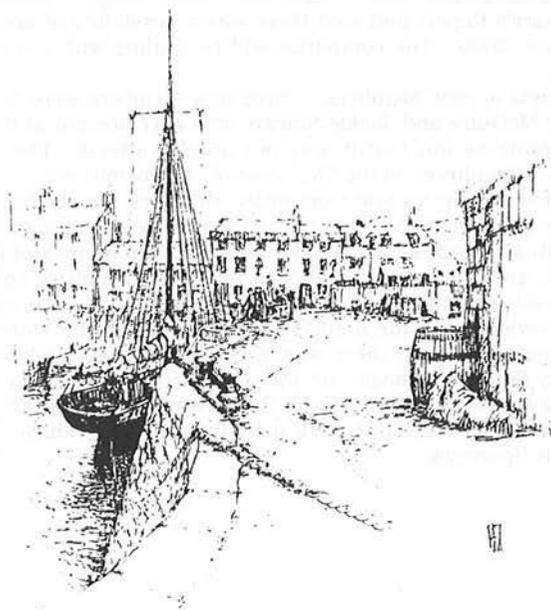
No 28



Autumn 1998

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The Lundy Field Society AGM 1998

Ann Westcott

1 The meeting was chaired by Keith Hiscock.

2 Apologies for absence were made.

3 The minutes of the 51st AGM 1997 were read. 83 members were present. There were no matters arising, so the minutes were approved and signed.

4 The Treasurer's Report was read. There were difficulties owing to the publication of "Island Studies" because of the money tied up in unsold copies. A suggestion was made that value of stock (realistically priced) should be added to the "plus" side of the general fund and this would show the size of the loss as smaller. Various members, especially Keith Gardner, suggested that the accounts should be presented in a more conventionally "accountant's" manner.

5 The Secretary's Report was given. It is hoped to get a link with the Collector's Club and possibly raise membership numbers in that way. There was also the hope of using Keith Denby's website which publicises diving but also contains other Lundy material. At this point in the Secretary's report, Dave Molyneux was asked to speak on working parties. Dave Molyneux gave the dates available for this year: two of them were to coincide with half terms though children under 16 are not allowed on working parties. The main working party was full for this year and there were some takers for the others. There was a party organised in May to do up the Heligoland trap on the Terraces, though the Marines will not be helping as had been hoped because they are going to the North Pole instead. Boat fares will be paid by the Lundy Field Society. A vote of thanks was proposed to Helen Cole who has run the working parties for many years, but is now spending, as they say, more time with her family. She and Pat have a new daughter Ishbel. Chris Webster continued the Secretary's Report and said there was a possibility of another Lundy Field Society week in the year 2000. The committee will be dealing with the Landmark Trust to make arrangements.

6 Approval of New Members. Three new members were "approved" at the meeting, Liz Davey, Sue McGuire and Jackie Smeare who were present at the meeting. Other names were not available as Ian Lovatt was not able to attend. The wording for this annual procedure was to be altered to the "Welcome of new members."

7 Election of Officers and Committee Members. Hayley Randle will be helping John Schofield this year with the Report, but will have to be elected officially when John Schofield eventually retires. An announcement of the names of present committee members was made, and one vacancy had occurred. The committee nominated Steve Wing who, there being no other nominations, was appointed. In future, the details needed for nominations will be provided with the notification of the AGM. The Warden presented her report. After the business meeting there was a notable talk on Lichens and a report by Paul Roberts, Lundy General Manager, on the works to be undertaken on Lundy in the ensuing months: the New Beach Road; the jetty; the aerogenerator and the preservation of the top of the Island by making the central track the only track that vehicles will use. There was also a talk on Lundy Sparrows.

Editorial

Ann Westcott

If your particular piece of news does not feature here it's because you didn't send it to me, and I would have loved to receive it.

Before I embark on the Newspaper Trawl which I am delighted to say is possible again this year, I record various personal snippets that have come my way.

Steve Wing is still on Cape Clear as Warden - he and Mary Gade may be back in Appledore in late October, early November. Their address is : Cape Clear Bird Observatory, Clear Island, Southern Ireland. Steve Wing and Mary Gade went to Egypt on a bird trip with Richard Campey and in lieu of the article I hoped for, I can tell you only that the overlap in species seen there and on Lundy is quite remarkable. Keith Gardner and Myrtle Ternstrom have had a fascinating article on the Giant's Graves in the 1997 Devonshire Association Transactions vol 129 and Myrtle Ternstrom has an article on the Grenvilles on Lundy appearing in the current DAT. Peter Rothwell has produced an excellent pamphlet on the Quarries which he put together for his guided walk on the Lundy Field Society day trip, and hopes to expand for publication in the near future. Caroline Thackray says a new Archaeological Field Guide for the island is to be hoped for this coming year - the result of National Trust work over the last 3 or 4 years. You can still buy copies of "My Life on Lundy" by Felix Gade (published by Myrtle Ternstrom); "Island Studies" Edited by R. A. Irving, A. J. Schofield & C. J. Webster (published by Lundy Field Society), and Chanter's "Lundy" (published by Westwell Publishing) from Lazarus Press, Unit 7 Caddsdown Business Park, Bideford Devon EX39 3DX (01237) 421195. These 3 are essential for any Lundy lover's library. The North Devon Journal 25/6/98 carried your editor's review of Brian Chugg's life of Dr Elliston Wright, the "discoverer" of the Lundy Cabbage and its beetles. You may buy this interesting slim vol. from Braunton Museum. Bookings are now being taken for Westwell Publishing's July 1999 *Sketching Breaks* on Lundy (apply to Quay Gallery & Coffee Shop, The Quay, Appledore, Devon EX39 1QS (01237) 474801, for further information). Nick Saunders (Alex Langham's husband and father of Emily and Lizzie) writes a column (of legal advice) for the Western Morning News. Patrick Penny hopes to become a partner in his law firm: It was very nice to see himself and Rachel and young Nick, albeit briefly, on the beach, and to hear Doug was hoping to join them. Other 3-generation groups visiting this year are Bar Cole, Helen Cole and Pat Hayes and Isabel, and your editor with Paul and Sue Metcalfe, Rebecca and Nicholas. If there are enough 3-generation families perhaps we could start a Lundy Field Society sub-group! An enormous 3-generation sub-group that your editor had the pleasure and privilege of meeting in July were the Canadian Heaven family, who filled Millcombe and were a splendid family party visiting the "Ancestral Home".

Now for the Newspaper Trawl - and may I recommend new Lundy Field Society members to join the Cinderella Stamp Club for the benefit of Roger Allen's newsletter (address: 146 Headstone Lane, Harrow HA2 6JT); and the English chapter of the Lundy Collectors Club as well as the American ones for the benefit of their newsletters: the emphasis in all 3 cases is on stamps of course, but there is much of general interest.

This time last year (North Devon Journal 9/10/97) there was a great to-do over vanishing wild goats from the Valley of Rocks. Some at least had officially gone to Lundy to support the goat herd there.

North Devon Journal (19/2/98) reported a man with a severe dental abscess being airlifted off Lundy to Bideford. The Weekend Telegraph (7/2/98); Western Morning News (3/2/98); The Times Weekend (23/3/98) and the Western Morning News (17/4/98) all featured Eddie Matthews as one of the last light-house keepers in Britain. He was stationed at South Light Lundy for some years, and took part in the cricket matches there - a very pretty natural cricketer. On Tuesday 24/3/98 on Westcountry Television at 7.30 Liza Cole

(the Warden) took part in "Wild West Country" where she and assorted seals were the stars. In the Weekend Telegraph (28/3/98) there was a full page article on Peter Collyson as "the man who paints the shipping forecast", also a reproduction of his painting of Lundy South Light - his book "Rain later, Good" (published by Thomas Reed Publications) is now available and part of the proceeds of the book will go to the RNLI. The Western Morning News (2/3/98) ran a full page article on the island featuring Reg Lo-Vel and the top of the Old Light in pictures; and mentioning the Marine Reserve. Reg (btw) has migrated to a landmark property in Scotland - his address is : The Pink Lodge, Ascog Estate, Bute, Rothesay, Isle of Bute PA20 9EU. The Gazette (2/4/98) praised Lucy Lo-Vel's performance in Edgell's "Fiddler on the Roof", and the Times (22/4/98) in its School News, recorded Lucy's sixth form scholarship. The North Devon Journal (5/2/98) had a picture of the Rev. Bill Blakcy flying in for the wedding described elsewhere by the warden.

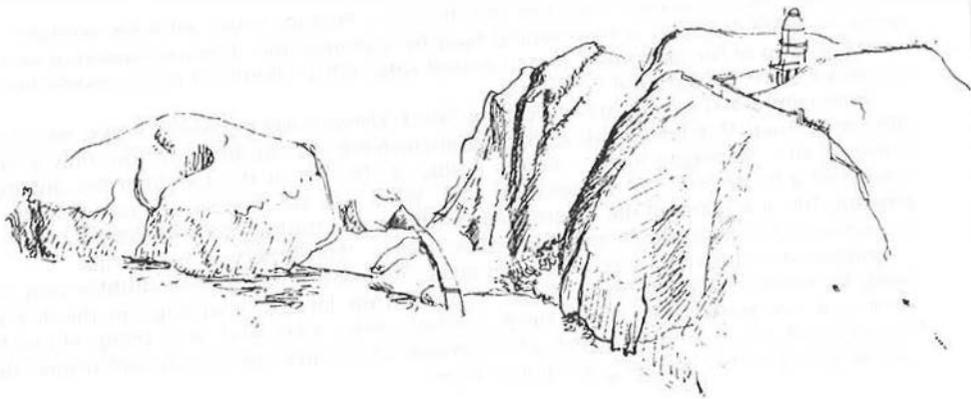
The Gazette (23/4/98) published a letter from David Rampling on the Racing Pigeons Controversy. "A healthy bird of prey population means everything lower down the food chain is doing fine. Indeed raptors are now classed as environmental monitors, as are all top predators." The Times (9/4/98) and Western Morning News (9/4/98) both recorded the Lundy Cabbage as being on the list of plants at risk - with the Western Morning News also reporting Dr Compton of Leeds University as saying the cabbage has been growing there since the last glacial period. Dr Key of English Nature reckons the cabbage can be saved from extinction, and the Western Morning News had a picture of a climber abseiling through brambles to cut back rhododendrons which are "promiscuous" and a lethal threat to the cabbage. The Times' photograph of the East Side was the wrong way round. The North Devon Journal (21/5/98) carried news of the lottery cash for the jetty. "Once the project is completed it will make it easier for the 15,000 visitors who travel to the island each year and for the handful of hardy souls who live on the island. 'It is very important that we secure the economic viability of the island', said general manager Paul Roberts. 'Building a jetty would give day visitors, in particular, extra time on the island because it would enable them to walk straight off the *Oldenburg* rather than having to be rowed ashore. Carrying out the work would free resources to be used in other projects.'"

The Daily Mail (16/5/98) and the Western Morning News (16/5/98) both spoke of vanishing puffins, and work being done by English Nature and the National Trust to research the causes. The North Devon Journal (21/5/98) gave a comment from Liza Cole (the Warden) saying numbers have been static for 10 years, though there had been "a sharp decline over the last 60 years." The Western Morning News (23/5/98) reported the sale of Lundy's brewery to the Pig on the Hill, Westward Ho! The Western Morning News (22/7/98) had a full page article (and picture) about Mr Van Leunen's visit to Lundy where he had been wrecked on the *Amstelstroom* from Amsterdam in 1948. He climbed up the hillside to the Old Light to give the alarm. The Western Morning News (22/7/98) published a lovely letter from Phillip Buddell of Truro (and a rather nice picture of the North Light) saying what a super day out he'd had on the island. The Daily Mail (6/6/98) had a nice picture of Nicholas Soames with his wife Serena (Smith) as part of an interview he was giving the Mail. The Times (24/8/98) spoke glowingly of Johnathon Edwards' gold medal in the triple jump at the European Championships. His father Andy Edwards was priest-in-charge of Lundy in the 80s and baptised both of your editor's grandchildren in St Helena's church. The Times (26/9/98) obituary column recorded the death of Celia Fiennes, the wood engraver. She was kin to Ranulph Fiennes (North Pole), Ralph Fiennes ("The English Patient"), Joseph Fiennes ("Elizabeth") and also the 17th Century Celia Fiennes as well as the 17th Century Lord Say & Sele of Lundy History. Isn't it rather nice that the family continues to be so gloriously eccentric. The late Earl Granville appears to have been also of that august company (eccentrics I mean). His obituary was in the Times too, but I have misplaced it. His family owned Lundy for a time.

The Western Morning News (22/9/98) published a double page spread on the controversy surrounding a new pier for Ilfracombe. The whole affair is a striking example of Local Government. The Western Morning News (20/10/98) carried a piece about Donald Peyton Jones' (priest-in-charge of lundy in the 70s) lucky escape when HMS *Coventry* (on which) he

was serving) had her bow blown away by a torpedo on a Friday 13th in 1941 in the Med. but she was able to limp home to Alexandria. The Western Morning News reports (23/10/98) that the Black Rat is now only to be found on Lundy and on an uninhabited island in the Outer Hebrides; heading the list of endangered mammals.

Do try and contact your editor with any news you may have. The address and telephone number are the same as those for the Sketching Breaks (see page 3). Contributions on disc (IBM/PC or Apple Macintosh compatible) gratefully received. Photographs do not reproduce well, but good black and white illustrations will. All our illustrations are archival as well as decorative; Brian and Mary Chugg's show the island in '47, '48 & '64 when they visited. Peter Rothwell's Chanter illustrations are an attempt to show the island in 1877/78. His illustrations on pp 22 and 34 are from 'Lundy an Island Sketchbook'. The other two pictures are late Victorian.



LUNDY: SOUTH LIGHT AND RAT ISLAND
BRIAN CHUGG. 1948

Letter to the Editor from Hugh Norton

A Light-hearted Meditation on Millcombe's pictures

A landlubber, privileged to spend a few days on Lundy living in Millcombe might feel reassured on arrival (perhaps after a bouncy crossing) to see a large print of Frith's painting of a railway terminus hanging opposite the entrance. A solid reminder of *terra firma*.

Soon however, wandering through the rooms on the ground floor, a much more marine theme asserts itself. Of the nineteen other prints or paintings, all but three feature the sea and ships. (Those three feature two photographs of the Millcombe interior, and a certificate commemorating the Queen's visit to Lundy in 1958).

What is more, whoever selected the sea scenes had a marked preference for storms and shipwrecks. A large print over the dining room mantelpiece shows, with great vigour, a desperate scene of rescue from a vessel foundering in the background. It is not clear that

the rescued passengers, cowering in two open boats tossed by the waves and gloomily gazing at a large piece of floating wreckage, are in any better shape than if they had stayed aboard the mother ship in the distance.

Next to it hangs *A Family Saved from Shipwreck*. Father, who appears to have survived with his clothing in far better repair than the rest of the tattered family, is handsomely rewarding their (presumed) rescuers – from whose humble fisherman's dwelling the storm and the wreck are clearly to be seen through an open door. No chance to forget the perils of the deep.

Further on, another print shows *The Morning After the Wreck of a Dutch East Indiaman*, dedicated (tongue-in-cheek?) "most respectfully to His Majesty the King of the Netherlands". And so forth. Picture after picture depicts sailing ships tossed by the storm, ploughing grimly through heavy seas. Two scenes of onshore activity, too – fishing from the shore, and selling the catch – emphatically incorporate stormy seas and threatening skies as the backdrop. How those painters did love their tempest!

Even the small number of scenes of calm water contain some ominous overtones. The wreck of *HMS Montagu* is represented both by a photograph of waves breaking over her, and by a print of the ship stuck fast in a dead calm, with a flotilla of naval vessels hovering nervously in the background.

Other calm water scenes are of North or South Devon ports or coastal views, two of them (Ilfracombe and Harland) with Lundy distinguishable on the horizon. The only scene of Lundy itself – *Montagus* apart – shows a ship of the line in the Landing Bay apparently letting off a broadside, on the seaward side. What was the occasion? Frustratingly, this painting, like a number of the others, has no title or descriptive words to identify it. Even an inspection of the back merely reveals the inscription: "Loft N Side of North Wall".

Somewhat shaken by these many reminders of hazard at sea, the landlubber may eventually be soothed, when retiring to bed, to gaze at the large oil paintings on the first floor landing of two generations of the Revd. Heavens, both adult and as a group of children, looking solid and dependable. Such placid images of Victorian prosperity and respectability will, with luck, usher in a long dreamless sleep.



The Warden's Year

Liza Cole, Lundy Warden

March 1997

Spring has really sprung in March on Lundy. The weather has been predominantly calm and dry, and the few days around Easter were glorious.

Wild flowers have started blooming, with Millcombe Valley having a wonderful show of, amongst others, daffodils, lesser celandines and violets.

Seabirds started arriving back at Lundy at the start of the month in readiness for the breeding season. The guillemots and razorbills are coming onto the ledges now, and we are just awaiting the first sighting of puffin for the year.

It is not only seabirds that have arrived during the month, we have had a lot of migrants coming in, starting with the first wheatear on the 12th, followed by sandmartins. There is now a steady stream of swallows, martins, pipits, wagtails and warblers coming in.

There have been a few more unusual visitors too, with a red kite flying over the Landing Bay on the 22nd (the first sighting on the island since 1971), and a Hoopoe on the 31st.

Butterflies have started emerging also, with regular sightings of red admirals, small tortoiseshells and peacocks.

The lack of street lights on Lundy make it the perfect place to watch the heavens. In March we have been blessed with clear skies on most nights, and the comet Hale-Bopp has been giving the most spectacular light shows.

May 1997

May has been an interesting month weather-wise, very dry with a lot of easterly winds; on the 6th we even had snow falling for about ten minutes! The easterly winds may have caused havoc with the boats, but brought in some exciting migrant birds.

By far and away the most exciting event of the month was on the 14th, when at about 5 a.m. Steve Wing, who was on the Island ringing birds, caught a strange thrush in one of his mist nets. After very careful examination he decided it was a Veery. This is an American thrush that has only been seen twice before in Britain, the last sighting also being on Lundy, 10 years ago. This attracted a lot of interest in the birding world, with the Oldenburg putting on a charter especially for the birders, who came from all over the country to try and catch a glimpse of this rarity.

The unusual weather brought lots of other migrant birds in too, including several Golden Orioles, a Sub-alpine Warbler, a Woodchat Shrike and a Red Backed Shrike, as well as large numbers of the commoner migrants like Chiffchaffs, Willow Warblers, Garden Warblers and Blackcaps to mention but a few!

The seabirds are all well into the breeding season now, thousands of them covering the cliffs on the west side, all incubating eggs. There have been a few sightings of Puffins but they are proving to be their usual elusive selves.

The Island is very colourful at the moment as it is carpeted with a wide variety of wild flowers. The east coast is purple and yellow with the Rhododendrons and the Lundy Cabbage both in flower. The west coast is a delicate shade of pink with a carpet of Thrift.

The mammal population on the Island has been added to again this month, with two more Feral Goat kids, the Soay Sheep lambing and another Lundy Pony foal being born.

Last but not least, you may well see my new Assistant Warden, Liz Davey, around and about on the Island. She is over for the three busiest months of the summer to help me out.

June 1997

June did not turn out to be very flaming this year with the weather being extremely wet and, on some occasions, rather cold. However the rain did at least top up our water supplies that were dwindling, and the Island is looking greener for it.

On June 8th, the first Basking Shark of the year was seen swimming around the Landing Bay. Since then there have been regular sightings all around the Island, 14 animals have been seen in total this month. These weird and wonderful creatures were once more common off the west coast of Britain, but were hunted nearly to extinction for their fins and for their oil rich livers. They are now making a bit of a come-back, but we still know very little about them, so I would like any sightings reported to me, with an idea of time, place and size of the animal.

There has been plenty of activity on the bird front. The cliffs on the west side are a hive of activity, with most of the breeding seabirds tending to their chicks. There have been quite a few sightings of puffins this month, both on the sea and on the cliffs.

All the land birds are getting on with breeding too, and there have been lots of sightings of linnets and wheatears feeding their fledglings.

There have also been a few migrants coming through, with a couple of scarlet rosefinches, a sub-alpine warbler and, towards the end of the month, a flock of about 20 crossbills.

The heathland flowers are putting on a wonderful show on Ackland's Moor and Pondsby. There is a veritable carpet of bird's-foot trefoil, wild thyme, tormentil and heath bedstraw.

July 1997

July has really been a month for watching the seas around the Island. There were several sightings of cetaceans. One was a very spectacular view of a pod of about 30 Common Dolphins that swam in very close to shore in Jenny's Cove and were seen breaching by many. There have been many sightings of Basking Sharks, with at least one sighting a day towards the end of the month.

Most of the birds on the Island have now finished breeding and family parties of all

different types of birds can be seen all round the Island. The only birds that have gone altogether are the seabirds. They come in to breed, but as soon as they have done this, they disappear back out to sea where they are really in their element.

There are a few migrants coming through already: warblers, flycatchers and a few waders. Plus more unusual sightings like a black-headed bunting and a rose coloured starling.

North of Quarter Wall, the heather is starting to flower and soon the whole top of the island will be shrouded in a purple haze. Intermingled with the heather, tormentil and bird's-foot trefoil add a splash of yellow.

August 1997

August is generally not thought to be a very exciting month as far as wildlife watching goes. However, there is plenty to see if you just know where to look, and the place to look is the sea!

Basking Sharks were seen by many all around the island. It did seem at one point at the start of the month that there was at least one sighting every day.

Other interesting marine sightings were an unidentified turtle (probably a leather turtle) and a sunfish. These are both occasional visitors to British waters during the summer months.

August is a good month for watching seals too, as they are coming up to their breeding season, and are spending a large proportion of their time hauled out on rocks at low tide. Any day now we should see the fluffy pups around and about the place.

The bird migration has started already with lots of warblers (willow warblers by the hundreds) and other birds coming through.

August is also the time when the heather comes into flower, so there is now a purple haze covering the north end of the Island, extending back to Quarter Wall.

September 1997

September has brought a mixture of different types of weather, one minute it was scorching hot, the next there was a very autumnal feel in the air. Certainly all the trees are losing their leaves, the bracken has died back and the whole Island has the red, yellow and orange hues associated with autumn.

Autumn is pupping time for the grey seals around Lundy, and there have been some sightings of fluffy white seal pups already. This will carry on right through to the end of October. Grey seals are notoriously bad mothers and will often leave the pups on their own. In fact they only feed them on milk (which has a very high fat content) for three weeks then leave the pups to fend for themselves. After weaning, mating takes place but only after a period of courtship. This is a very vocal affair, so often you can hear weird and wonderful noises echoing up from the sea.

We are in the height of the autumn migration, with large falls of birds coming in when the weather is right. There are literally thousands of common migrants like swallows, martins and pipits coming through, as well as rarer sightings including icterine warblers, ospreys and lapland bunting.

The sika deer are rutting at this time of year, so the stags look magnificent in their fully grown antlers. The best time to see the deer is at dawn or dusk when they venture out of the rhododendrons to graze on the top of the island.

October 1997

October has given us a wide variety of weather. It has been predominantly dry and sunny with lots of easterly winds. When the winds have been light, it has been surprisingly warm, but the stronger winds seem to have come all the way from Siberia.

Strong easterlies at this time of year tend to bring large numbers of migrants onto the Island. This month has seen large falls of swallows, martins, wagtails, skylarks and pipits coming through. There has also been a variety of warblers, mostly the common migrants like blackcaps, garden warblers, and chiffchaffs, but also some rarer ones such as the yellow-browed warbler and Pallas's warbler. The number of birds of prey increases at this

time of year too. This month has seen our resident peregrines and kestrels being joined by sparrowhawks, merlins, hobbies, a common buzzard and a rough-legged buzzard.

November & December 1997

The best way to describe the weather over the last couple of months is wet and windy, with November seeing over twice the average rainfall. This means that there is plenty of water on the Island, and all the ponds are full to brimming and the streams fast flowing.

Unfortunately, unscrupulous ship's captains see winter gales as the ideal opportunity to illegally wash out their fuel tanks at sea. The rough weather quickly moves the tell-tale oil slick away from the ship and they carry on undetected. However, seabirds then get caught in this oil and they die a slow death, either through starvation or hypothermia. Lundy saw five such birds washed up in the Landing Bay during rough weather in December, and none of them could be saved. Luckily, this type of pollution has had no other visible effects on the marine life around Lundy, especially as at this time of year we tend to get sightings of the rare and beautiful great northern diver. This year was no exception with three sightings during November and December. One was seen having a little trouble eating a flatfish in the Landing Bay.

During November some late autumn migrants, like swallows and warblers were still moving through on their way down south for the winter and the winter migrants had started to come in. Birds like redwings and fieldfares that visit Britain for the winter, as the climate here is warmer than Scandinavia.

With fewer people on the Island, the wildlife tends to be less timid in the winter months. This is especially true with the Sika deer. They can be seen at almost any time of the day, often on the top of the island.

February 1998

February is a time when wildlife starts to make preparations for the coming of spring, and this year was no exception. In fact, the unseasonably warm weather that we had for a lot of the month speeded up this process somewhat.

The start of the month was heralded in by the arrival of our first goat kids of the year, there are two distinct herds of wild goats on the Island. One herd spends a lot of time at the south end and the other at the north end. The first goat kids were born to nannies in the south end herd, one pair of twins and a single. As usual these youngsters were well able to follow their mothers around the cliff edges on the west sidelands from a very early age.

Millcombe, and other sheltered areas on the east side of the Island, are now adorned with the colour of blooming snowdrops and daffodils, and the pussy willow is starting to come out on the willow trees in the Quarries.

As the spring approaches, the birds have started to sing. Out on the moorland, the beautiful sound of the skylark fills the air, whilst, down in the scrub, woodland blackbirds, song thrushes and robins are in full song.

Sika deer are easy to see at this time of the year, much less shy than in the summer when they hide away from human eyes. Many of the stags are starting to lose their antlers now, some looking very odd with just half a pair! All are beginning to moult their winter coats into their spotted summer version.

March 1998

Spring certainly sprung on Lundy this month. The weather has been varied, with about the average rainfall, but some wonderful warm spring days.

More and more of the wild plants started flowering, with primroses, lesser celandine, violets and a few bluebells taking over from the daffodils that had started to fade. With the flowers beginning to bloom, some of the insects have also emerged, bumble bees being a common sight.

Around the middle of the month a sandmartin heralded the arrival of spring and soon after, other spring migrants started to come through - redstarts, black redstarts, wheatears, swifts and swallows. In Millcombe, and along the east side, the songbirds started to sing. The seabirds all started to come back in from the Atlantic, where they spend the winter. In the mornings the bays off the west side were alive with activity; the birds all

courting and displaying to each other and sorting out who nests where.

There has been plenty of activity on the mammal front too. The Soay sheep that live wild toward the north end of the Island started to lamb, and the feral goats continued to have kids. Two of the Lundy Ponies have had foals, and more should be born any time now. The sika deer have still been boldly wandering around on the top of the Island during daylight hours, and could be seen at almost any time anywhere on the Island.

At this time of the year some of the grey seals are still moulting their coats. They can be seen in quite large numbers, hauled out on the rocks at low tide, all around the Island. On some days they were quite vocal, and their howling could be heard echoing around the bays on the east side.

Any Other Duties

Working as the Warden on Lundy has introduced me to quite a few new situations. As any Lundy veteran could tell you, you are never quite sure what the Island is going to throw at you next. Towards the end of February the Island threw yet another curve and again I was in the realm of the 'any other duties' clause in my contract.

Ed and Emily had decided to have a Blessing of their wedding vows in St. Helena's Church and had booked all the properties on the Island for their unsuspecting guests and chartered the Oldenburg to bring the folk over. If fact everything was tickety-boo... always a fatal thing to think as far as Lundy is concerned!

As the wedding guests were travelling from all over the place to get to the wedding, it was decided that the Oldenburg should leave Ilfracombe at the reasonable hour of 10.30am. However, this meant that it was arriving at the Island just before low water, on one of the lowest tides of the year. This, combined with a slight easterly, meant that unloading the passengers was going to take all the ingenuity that the ship's crew and the Islanders could muster.

Big Reg and Derek the new farmer donned their wellies, and I donned my dry suit, ready for the fray as we guessed somebody or bodies were going to get wet. Roger Hoad came over to the dive beach in the inflatable for a recce and a pow wow as to the plan of attack, and it was decided that it was too lumpy to land people there but the cove was OK.

So the gang plank from the Landing Stage was lugged over the slippery rocks by Ian and Kelvin (more new members of the team), and the disembarkation began. This involved Roger bringing the inflatable in towards the shore, reversing in as close as the rocks would let him, lifting the engine out of the water whilst the bowman threw an anchor over the bow. The bowman then let out slack slowly on the anchor rope and the swell carried the inflatable in to the shore with me in my dry suit guiding it. Reg and Derek then put the gang plank onto the back of the boat and the passengers got off with not a wet foot between them. Not exactly orthodox... but it worked!

At this stage I was feeling pretty smug as I was completely dry whereas Reg and Derek had got full wellies! However, my smugness was not long lived because we still had to get off all the luggage and stores via the inflatable, as the Shearn had decided to give up the ghost that day too! And guess who spent the next couple of hours in the water? Again necessity was the mother of invention and Roger and his crew managed to get all the cargo to the shore in the inflatable either in cargo nets or boxes. I held the inflatable as steady as possible while Nick lifted the cargo out with the digger. It certainly was not the fastest unloading that Lundy has seen but everything came off in one piece and totally dry, including all the flowers and a wedding cake.

The wedding was the following day, the weather was kind and even feeding 80 people in the Tavern went without a hitch. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, and it was a very satisfied and well fed group of people that we put back on the Oldenburg (in a slightly less exiting fashion) 2 days later!

Lundy Staff (at the time of writing... 27th October 1998)

Paul Roberts - Lundy General Manager

Kelvin Harrison - Foreman

Nick Jeffrey - Foreman of beach road works at present

Annie Eden - Shop

Reg Tuffin - Cleaning cottages, shop, tavern and anything that comes up!

Rob Marshal - Chef

Derek Oram - Farmer

Marle Oram - Housekeeper

Janet Goodall - Tavern and kitchen manageress

Chris Goodall - Office and Tavern

Ian Cattrall - Boatman/property maintenance

Diane Cattrall - Secretary

Paul Cottenham - Engineer

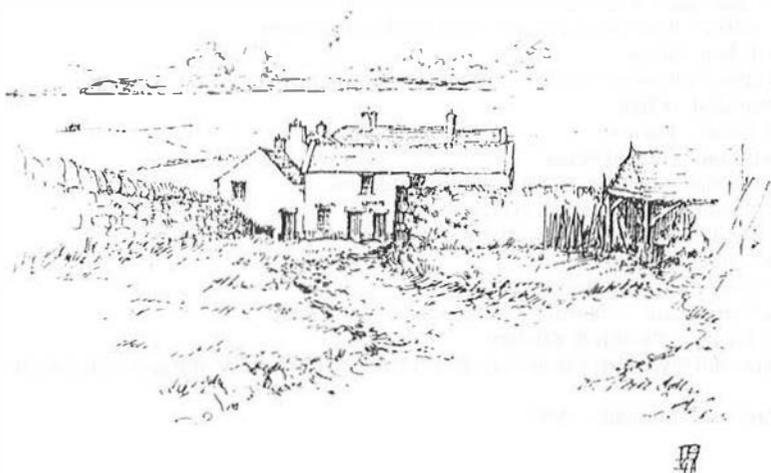
Linda Cottenham - Cleaning cottages, kitchen & shop

Jenny Lo-Vel - Tavern & Kitchen

Caroline Harvey (until Christmas 1998) Tavern, kitchen cleaning & helping on the farm

And last and not least... ME!



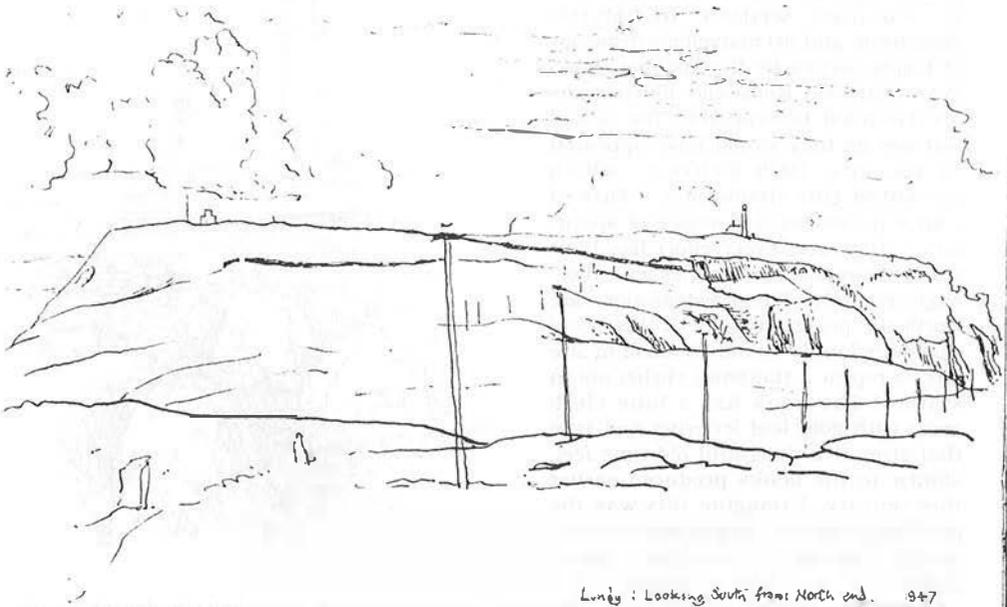


Roger Cichorz

LUNDY ISLAND - A MONOGRAPH By John Roberts Chanter. ISBN no.0-9521413-4-5. Published by Westwell Publishing Appledore, Devon, England. Printed and distributed by Lazarus Press, Bideford, Devon, England. 1997, xvi + 197 pages + Lundy map, 31 black-and-white illustrations, hardbound, 5" x 7 1/4" format, £15. (Available from Lazarus Press, Unit 7, Caddsdawn Business Park, Bideford, Devon, EX39 3DX, England, for £15.00 plus £2.00 postage and packing.)

The complete title of this book is *Lundy Island: A Monograph. Descriptive and Historical; With Notices of its Distinguishing Features in Natural History*. Chanter's *A History of Lundy Island* was originally published in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* for 1871, published as a monograph in 1877, and then reprinted in 1887 with a new preface giving some additional information. Chanter's *Lundy Island* is generally regarded as the first comprehensive work on the description, history and natural history of the Island. Chanter acknowledged his debt to S. Steinman's pioneer work on Lundy's early history (1836), and to the descriptions and field notes given by Gosse (1853) to which he added his own historical research. The edition by Westwell Publishing is a faithful (verbatim) reprinting of Chanter's 1887 monograph and preface (which he termed the "Prefatory Notice, and Postscripts").





Lundy : Looking South from North end. 847
 Sean 04044

The Perfect Day

Brian Symons

Saturday 21st March found me in the familiar queue standing behind John and Sue Lavington, waiting to board the *Oldenburg* for Lundy. The forecast was for a flat calm crossing, so I had already arranged with Reg Lo-Vel that we would try to ship off two youngsters [ponies] for sale on the mainland. Standing in the queue behind me were the farriers, jokingly asking if we were returning to the port of Bideford tonight or was anything else planned? Every time they now visit the Island, they have their legs pulled about the day they had to re-route to Bristol! Jan was behind us, loaded down with wormers and halters; we were all set for a busy day's work.

On arrival at Lundy, we were landed on the main beach as major roadworks were under construction, headed by Nick Jeffery. This is from the Jetty to the Landing Beach. The road is being re-built, and will enable vehicles to use the new jetty that is planned to be built at the end of the year.

Derek Oram, the new farmer, met us on the beach, and drove us to the sheep pens ready for action. We started work on the youngsters. I helped the farriers by holding the youngsters as quiet as was possible, and Jan organised the dosages for each pony's wormer. As usual, several visitors came to watch and ask questions. The farrier explained to one family why the feet required trimming, and how it was done. One little girl asked "Does it hurt?" to which he replied "It's the same as having your toenails trimmed." She said "Oh, I enjoy that!"

When we had nearly finished, Derek and Reg, joined us to help load Atlas and Salado.

This was completed, and they were slowly driven down to the beach to be loaded before all the passengers arrived for their return Journey.

Jan and I had just finished a snack in the tavern, when a holidaymaker rushed in, saying that one of the mares was trying to foal up in the field. Derek and Marie (his wife), Jan and myself rushed up past Barton Cottages to the field above the High Street Gate. On the other side of the field we saw Cirl Bunting, still with her afterbirth hanging, and on the grass in front of her was a wet coffee coloured foal, with a bright white blaze and black mane and tail. It still could not stand up, and Cirl Bunting was licking it with great pride.

Derek had brought his camera, and was sat on the grass, trying to get a good shot. Jan tried to work out its gender, but its tail was covering the whole area, and as she tried to approach it, Cirl Bunting put back her ears and turned her rear legs towards her, making Jan beat a hasty retreat.

By this time, it was nearly time for the boat to sail and the light was also fading. This meant a hasty retreat to gather our belongings, and make for the beach.

Walking down the beach road, I said "What a perfect end to a perfect day."

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Lundy Gorse Wine

John Morgan

To Make One Gallon

For Wine Makers, and Others Interested in Avoiding the Tax

Lundy : Take with you to the Island, when the gorse is in bloom and kissing is in season, the following:-

A 2 gallon container made of food quality plastic and scrupulously clean, containing about 1/2 pint of sulphite solution.

A 2 gallon plastic fermenting bucket with lid, inside which you can put :

1 large brown paper bag

1 plastic potato masher

Camden tablets, grape tannin and citric acid.

Method on Lundy

- 1 Ask Agent for permission to proceed
- 2 Empty sulphite solution from 2 gallon container and ask Reg Lo-Vel to fill it for you, direct from the borehole, having first ascertained that there isn't a drought! Add two crushed Camden tablets to the water, and seal the container tightly.
- 3 Check with Emma that it is OK to pick the gorse petals and, using the brown paper bag, pick four pints (measured shaken loose into a one pint measuring jug, not pressed down) without pricking your fingers - blood affects the flavour.
- 4 Back at your cottage, spread the petals over the kitchen work surface, remove any extraneous matter, and allow all the little bugs to escape from the flowers. Transfer the petals to the fermenting bucket.
- 5 Put three pints of the borehole water into a saucepan and heat to just under boiling point.
- 6 Pour this water onto the petals and macerate them thoroughly using the potato

masher to grind them onto the base of the bucket in order to get the scent, colour and flavour of the gorse into the water. You will find the petals surprisingly tough and rubbery.

7 Allow to cool and add a half tsp. of tannin, two tsp. of citric acid and one crushed Campden tablet. Stir well, and fit the lid to the bin.

8 At the end of your holiday, stagger down the beach road with the two containers, keeping them with you as hand luggage on the Oldenburg, otherwise the contents may end up cooling the ship's engines!

Completion at Home

1 Put 2lb. 6oz of granulated sugar into a stainless steel saucepan, cover with 2 pints of borehole water, warm and stir until dissolved into a syrup.

2 Strain the petals from the mixture in the bucket and throw them away.

3 Add the syrup to the mixture in the bucket.

4 Add more borehole water to make up to one gallon.

5 Wash and crush 1/2lb sultanas and add them to the bucket.¹

6 Add yeast nutrient, and check that the temperature of the must does not exceed 22° centigrade. Activate a general-purpose wine yeast by stirring it into approx. 50cc of water at 35/40° centigrade, to which 1/2 teaspoonful of sugar has been added. Wait 20 minutes then stir the risen yeast and add it to the must.

7 After stirring twice daily for two days, transfer the fermenting must to a demi-john, fit an airlock and ferment to dryness.

8 When fermentation has ceased, add a crushed Campden tablet, potassium sorbate to stabilise, and, after two days, add kieselsol and gelatine finings.

9 Rack when clear, and add 9oz of castor sugar, topping up afterwards to the neck of the demi-john with borehole water. This will produce a medium-sweet wine in the style of flower wines.

10 Store for 4 months, bottle and store for a further 2 months, at which point you should be able to drink *Lundy Sunshine* and savour the fragrance of gorse which has known no traffic fumes.

I DID ALL THIS FOR THREE GALLONS
YOU THINK I'M MAD?
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!

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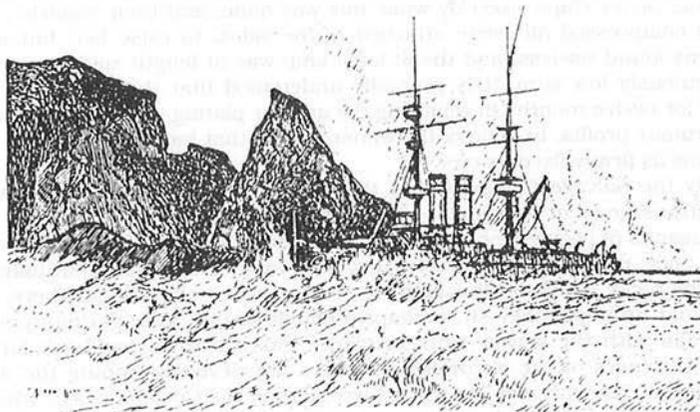
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¹ Typesetter's (& prop., North Devon Homebrews) note: If you don't want to do this: add 245 grm white grape concentrate - it does the same job i.e. gives added viscosity.

From a late Victorian History

LUNDY - HISTORY OF THE ISLAND - WRECK OF THE MONTAGU - LUNDY OFFERED AT AUCTION - DESCRIPTION



THE "MONTAGU," ON THE SHUTTER ROCK.

To visit Lundy from Ilfracombe is one of the favourite excursions with adventurous holiday-makers. Lundy (no-one who has any pretensions to correctness speaks of Lundy "Island"; the terminal "y" originally "ey" itself signifying an isle) lies twenty-three miles to the north-west, almost mid-way between the coasts of North Devon and South Wales, where the Atlantic surges meet the waters of the Bristol Channel. The excursion steamers that visit the island frequently in summer are broad in the beam, of large tonnage, powerfully engined, and in every way well-found: but there are always those among the company who are seen to be more or less uneasy upon "the sea, the open sea, the ever fresh, the ever free". These are not true sons and daughters of Britannia, you think, as, gazing on their pallid faces, the story of how "the captain cried 'heave', and the passengers all heft," recurs to your reminiscent mind.

But there seems still that spice of original discovery and exploration of the little-known, clinging to the trip to Lundy, which impels even the worst of sailors to commit himself to the symptoms of sea-sickness, for sake of an out-of-the-way experience: although, to be sure, the trip to the Island is now a commonplace, everyday affair...

...Two recent chapters in the history of Lundy afford interesting reading. The first is dramatic indeed, being nothing less than the wreck of the *Montagu*, first class battle-ship, on the Shutter Rock, at the south-westerly extremity of the island, at ten minutes past two o'clock on the foggy morning of May 30th, 1906. The *Montagu* was one of a squadron executing manoeuvres in the West. Coming up Channel, a dense fog shut down upon the scene, and confused the reckoning of the ship's officers, who, thinking they were just off Hartland Point, shifted her course into the fatal proximity of Lundy. In this perilous uncertainty as to the exact situation of the ship, when the captain should, by all the usages of the service, have been on deck, he was in his cabin; and not only the captain, but also the navigating lieutenant was away from his post, the battleship being at the time in charge of a junior officer. Suddenly the *Montagu* ran on to the sharp pinnacles of the Shutter reef, and became immovable; completely impaled on the rocky spikes, which thrust right

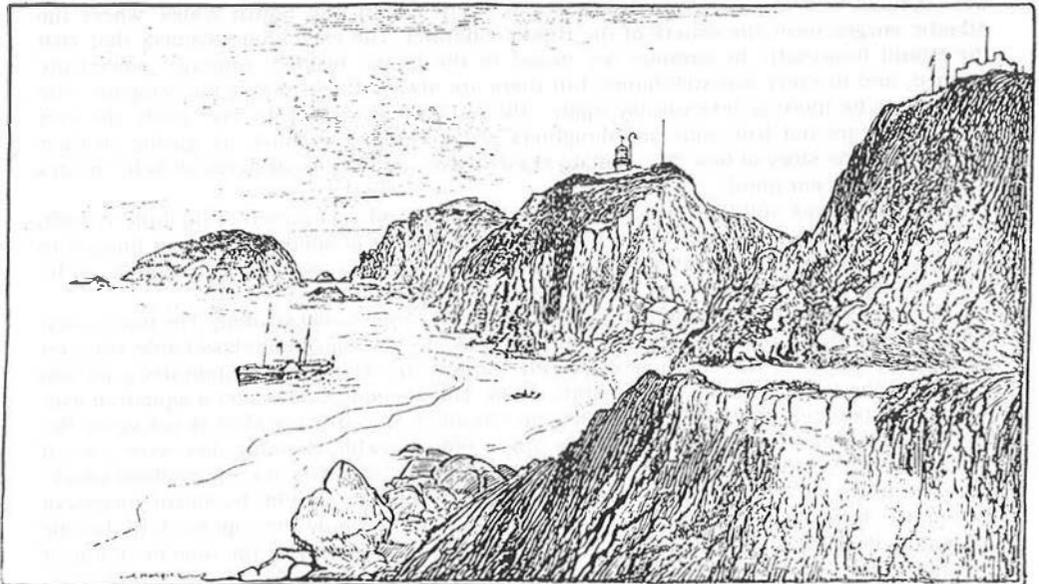
through the thick hull, and into the engine room. Thus were the lives of 750 men imperilled, and a 14,000 ton ship, launched as recently as 1903 and costing a million and a quarter of money, reduced to the value of old iron and steel. Captain Adair and his navigating lieutenant were court-martialled and retired from the service.

Fortunate it was for all on board that a heavy sea was not running at the time, or all must have perished. As it happened, the *Montagu*, although filled with water, was so immovably fixed that there was little danger, and the crew, without much difficulty, scaled the cliffs.

The Admiralty at first endeavoured to lighten the ship by removing the heavy guns and other tackle. Sister ships stood by while this was done, and then "camels", i.e. steel tanks filled with compressed air, were attached to the sides, to raise her; but after months of work, it was found useless, and the ill-fated ship was at length sold to a salvage company for a ridiculously low sum. It is generally understood that the company, working with a large staff for twelve months in removing the armour plating and other valuable parts, have made enormous profits. In spite of the winter storms that have ravaged here since then, the hull remains as firmly fixed as ever.

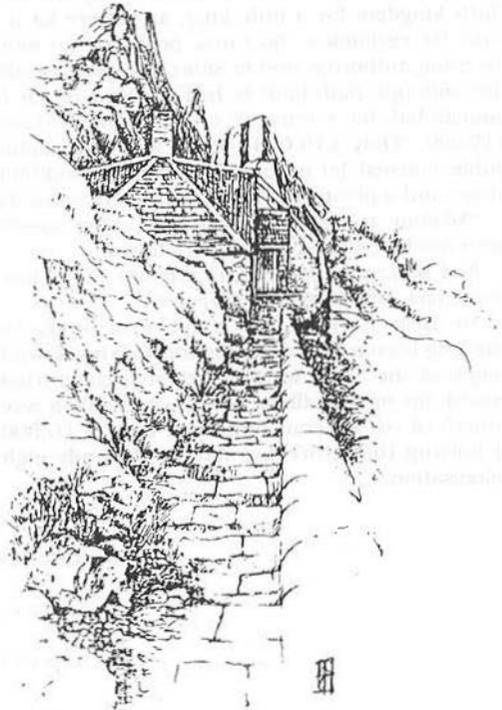
Not only the Salvage Company, but the excursion steamboats also, have benefited by that disastrous error of judgement on a foggy night, for, in the course of two summers, many thousands of people who might not otherwise have visited Lundy, have taken the trip to see the poor, rust-streaked wreck. They land upon the beach, and, toiling painfully up and over the rocky spine of the island, come to a grassy cliff's edge. There, below, lies the *Montagu*, and up above they sit, perhaps a couple of hundred, gazing upon the reddened decks, awash with the waves, until prudence bids them hasten back for the steamer's return. The owners of the excursion steamers are devoutly hoping the wreck may last another season. They are not the wicked wreckers of the Cornish coast, who often went so impiously as to pray: "O lord, send us a good wreck!" but they perhaps hope that, if any more naval commanders are about to pile up their ships on the rocks, they may do it hereabout, so that, at any rate, some honest folk may profit.

The year 1906 also witnessed the attempted sale of Lundy. It was offered by auction, at Tokenhouse Yard, on September 25th. The auctioneer was equal to the occasion. He



THE LANDING-PLACE, LUNDY.

momentary gleam of sunshine shot through the murky clouds as a "cheering ray" before starting. The steamer steamed out from the quay in fine style, accompanied by the excellent strains of the Bideford Amateur Band. The Torridge was looking magnificent, the hazy light of the morning had made its placid waters appear a perfect mirror, in which was reflected with sharp and faultless definition the dark hulls and long tapering masts of the shipping, and white houses of Appledore and Instow. In crossing the Bar, the ladies on board declared it was "delightful". There was only here and there just a tinge of a crest on the breakers and on the most dangerous sand ridges, which gave a gentle roll to the boat. The Fairway Buoy was reached, and the deep sonorous tones of the bell drew a crowd to the side of the steamer. A thick drizzle now came down and cloaks and umbrellas were in requisition, and the ladies drew themselves together, the prospects of the day being anything but encouraging. "What of the day?" said I to a



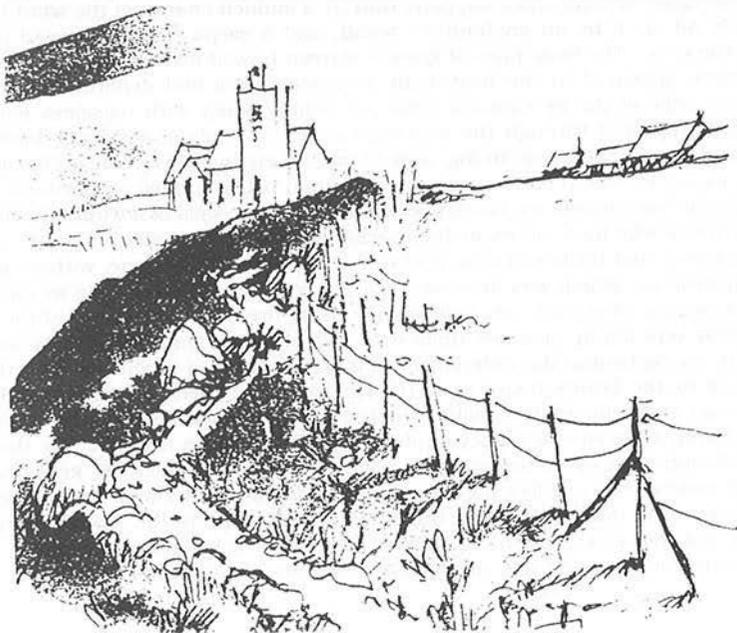
nautical friend of mine on the quarter deck. "A fine day Sir! a fine day! this drizzle will clear and we shall have a little breeze from the westward, which will make a "wind biter" and cause a few on board "to feed the fishes!" A thick bank of clouds obscured the varied undulating coastline from Peppercombe to Hartland Point, Bagg and Morte too, with their sharp, serrated heads, were hemmed in with the same impenetrable mists, and some of the boldest headlands and loveliest landscapes were lost to the excursionists on board. We had now to amuse ourselves as best we might. The "wind biter" had now increased, and with it an additional roll to the boat. The amateur musicians had dropped their instruments, the merry laughter of the ladies had ceased: their faces having assumed the colour of their snowy white dresses, and soon afterwards the prediction of my nautical friend was realised. A long line of heads hung over the lee side of the boat from stem to stern gazing wistfully at the dancing waves. The "sick proof men" now had plenty of sport in shooting at the gull and murr as they glided gracefully past the boat or dipped beneath the crests of the waves. A few good shots did some execution amid the loud laughter and ringing cheers of those looking on. When we had been two hours at sea, Lundy was anxiously looked for, but it was still shrouded in the morning mists, and the lee of the island was almost gained before it was deserted, hanging as a thick bank of clouds on the sea. Only on a nearer approach could the bald rounded head of Rat Island with its sharp projecting teeth which have dealt death and destruction to many a bold mariner, be seen. The water was as smooth as glass. A lookout had been made for the *Ely* steamer, and the amateur band, or those members who had been placed *hors de combat* by sickness, roused themselves and commenced a lively air to welcome the anxiously-waited-for *Ely* with a party of excursionists on board. A steamer was perceived approaching which was thought to be their (the *Prince of Wales*) consort on the occasion, but those who were acquainted with the *Ely* apprised them of their mistake, the object of their attention being the Lundy Island granite steamer, *Vanderhyf*. The deep

sullen booming of a heavy gun was heard at intervals of a quarter-of-an-hour, which my nautical friend informed me was fired from the signal gun battery in consequence of the thick weather. The good *Prince of Wales* steamed up and cast anchors within three cables length of the shore. The "sick and afflicted" had now recovered and crowded to the 'midships to prepare for landing. The captain (Mr. Read), mate, and crew were most assiduous in their efforts to make the passengers comfortable, and in a quarter-of-an-hour we were all on terra firma. Having some small knowledge of the island I acted as guide and M.C. to the party and conducted them according to a programme that I had before prepared. We visited the ruins of the ancient castle of Mortisco, St. Anne's Chapel, the Smugglers Cave, the lofty lighthouse, the signal gun battery, the large and extensive granite works, and last though not least, the singular and gigantic rocks with which the island abounds. We were greatly interested with the myriads of sea-fowl which prevailed on the jagged rocks at the north end of the island. I cannot now continue my sketch of our delectable excursion, but will resume it next week: suffice it at present to say that our enjoyment was greatly enhanced by the urbanity with we were received by those on the island.

There are two or three things that strike the visitor to the island on his landing viz. the fine sandy beach composed almost entirely of pulverized granite, white and glittering as hoar frost in the morning's sun, and the fine expanse of deep smooth water under the lee of the island making an admirable anchorage ground for vessels up and down the Bristol Channel in stress of weather. The drawback to this, as it is to all anchorages under small islands, is the danger of the sudden shifting of the wind; then woe betide the seaman who is not on the alert - he must either slip his cable and run to sea or stand the chance of being driven on the granite sides of the island. Notwithstanding this risk there are hundreds of anchors crowding in the deep water of Lundy roads. One of the first acts of the Imperial Government (if the island should, as has been suggested, be purchased as a convict settlement) should be the erection of a breakwater, ample materials for which are at hand in the solid masses of granite.

On touring the island we saw that it was capped with fog; not such a fog, however, as the thick dense atmosphere of London - but a light, vapoury, transparent mist in which objects at a few yards distance appeared magnified to three times their natural size. Not infrequently this fog hangs for weeks over the island. In reply to our enquiry, an "ancient mariner" told us that the fog was on the island when he came a fortnight before, and it had been there ever since. It sometimes happens that by a sudden change of the wind the fog is lifted suddenly off, as if by an enchanter's wand, and a scene of unsurpassed grandeur bursts upon the view. The huge piles of granite thrown in wild disorder as if by giant arms in wanton sport, appeared in the hazy light as castles grim and defiant; the sea birds, perched on the edge of the precipitous cliffs, or sailing slowly with noiseless wing a few yards overhead, appeared through the transparent veil as birds of a strange land. I have seen Lundy both in sunshine and in fog, and to me the fog had the greatest charm. In our circuit of the island we saw the dim outline of a human being of huge proportions, rushing wildly through the fog towards us, his arms working like the sails of a windmill. He turned out to be a stripling who had, in Devonshire parlance, "lost himself and his party", and had been running hither and thither in search of them. We were, at this time, within only a few yards of the lighthouse, which was, however, scarcely visible, and even when we came up to it, the tower was quite obscured. My lady friends being tired, the wife of one of the officials of the lighthouse very kindly provided them with refreshments, and the officials were most kind and polite in explaining the different objects in the tower. I might say that the lighthouse was built by the Trinity Board in 1819. The tower is 80 feet in height. The lights as seen from sea are two - the westerly light, which is seen by vessels coming up channel in a broad steady band of extreme brilliancy; and the revolving lantern from the top, the light of which is visible only once every two minutes. The lamps and reflectors are kept beautifully polished, and, indeed, every object bore signs of the greatest order and cleanliness. Three officers do duty in the tower. We made the circle of 147 steps to the top of the tower, in which was placed the revolving lantern, which was rather a leg-aching business; but the nerves of my fair friends would not allow them to go outside, the protection being a single

band of iron running round the tower. Today the view was clouded, and in that respect some of our party lost a treat in not being able to observe one of the most magnificent views that it is possible to witness. I have stood on that tower when the whole 2000 acres of the island could be taken in at a single sweep of the eye, and the Welsh coast rising bold and clear from the margin of the Bristol Channel with the Black Mountains standing as giant sentinels in the dim distance; when the Devonshire coast from Hartland Point to Bideford Bar, has appeared as sharp and clear as the lines in a map. I have stood there when a north west gale has been blowing, and the tower has appeared to rock and oscillate as a tree in the blast, and our voices raised to their highest pitch, sounded only as hoarse whispers in the roar of the gale. We returned our thanks to the officials of the lighthouse for their attentions, and made our way to the signal gun battery, which is half a mile distant to the Northward from the lighthouse, the pathway being marked with pillars of granite. After going in a zig-zag direction for hundreds of feet by the side of a low wall, we went down over some cliffs in one of the wildest parts of the island, where stands the signal gun battery and the residence of the two officials. One of those, unfortunately was laid up through illness on the day of our visit. The battery, which contains two 18-pounders (one only, however, is used, the other being reserved in case of accident) is built on the extreme edge of a dangerous cliff, hundreds of feet from the raging waters which lash its base. Some of the wildest and grandest of rock scenery is to be found in this part of the island. Up to the time of our visit the gun had been constantly at work, a round having been fired every quarter of an hour during the day as is the custom in foggy weather. During fine clear weather the officials amuse themselves by shooting the sea birds or gathering their eggs in the crevices of the rocks. We were shown some beautiful specimens killed and stuffed on the island. Previously to visiting these objects we had gone round and investigated the ruins of Morisco's Castle, which stands on the brow of a lofty precipitous cliff on the east side of the island, overlooking the landing place. The bold chieftain, in his days of lawless violence, chose an admirable site for his stronghold. The thick outer walls of granite ran along the extreme verge of the cliffs which made it the more dangerous for any invaders to attempt to scale them. Much of the interest has been destroyed by converting the best portion into cottages for labourers, which appears to have been the inner portion of the castle. The other ancient ruins of interest are those of a chapel which is reputed to have been dedicated to St. Helen. It is situated on the southern side of the island. Some years since the land slid



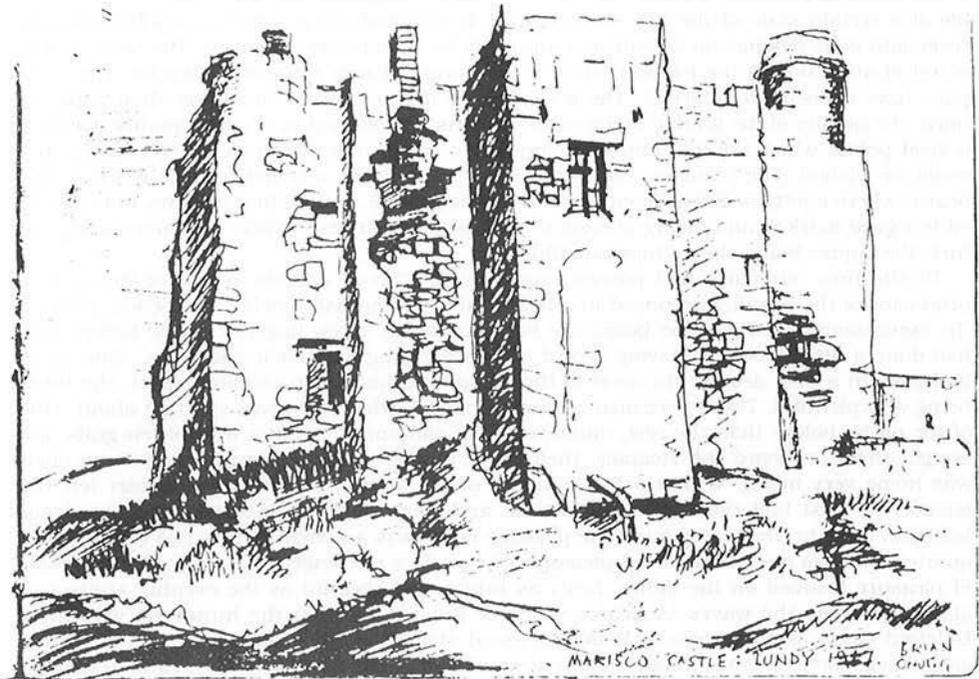
away and disclosed a portion of the subterraneous passage. On the east side of the island is the celebrated Benson's Cave, situated in a bold, dangerous and lofty cliff, only accessible at a certain state of the tide. Here it was, it is stated, these lawless men held nightly revel, and bade defiance to constituted authority for a long series of years. The most recent object of attraction in the island is that of the Lundy Granite Company's Works. The company have opened two quarries. The first of these did not appear to answer their expectations, the quality of the granite being rather porous. The second is of a fine quality, yielding a good polish when worked, and of a very close grain. It is stated to be everything that could be wished. The plant on the works is very extensive; a tramway runs down to the beach, where a jetty is constructed for loading the granite, and all that appears to be wanted is a good market, and plenty of capital to work the quarries to make it a successful venture, the supply being almost inexhaustible.

By the time our party had passed round by the "farm" and the house of the worthy proprietor of the island, ensconced in a beautiful vale, and had reached the beach, most of the excursionists had gone on board the *Prince of Wales*. A few lingered on the beach, who had done a little shooting, having a bird or two dangling from their shoulders. One party had gone in a boat around the west of the island and had some excellent sport, the birds being very plentiful. There were also a number of seal, which they saw sporting about. One of the party, bolder than the rest, climbed a lofty cliff and look out a nest of ten gulls and bought them on board the steamer, their shrill ptplings amusing the passengers on their way home very much. Within a few minutes of the advertised time the steamer left the island; the mist had risen from the island, and every object of interest on it stood out bold and clear in the setting sun. The passage home was accomplished in two hours and a quarter and was one of unalloyed pleasure. Scarcely a passenger was really ill and smiles of pleasure beamed on the ladies' faces as bright and cheerful as the evening sunbeams glancing across the waves. A hearty welcome greeted us from the hundreds who lined Bideford Quay as the *Prince of Wales* steamed steadily in. The amateur band (who had given their services gratuitously for the day) played some very lively airs. After returning our thanks to Captain Read, the commander, for his kind attentions during the trip, we got ashore filled with pleasant and agreeable reminiscences of our voyage.

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Visit to Lundy of H. M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother - 1958

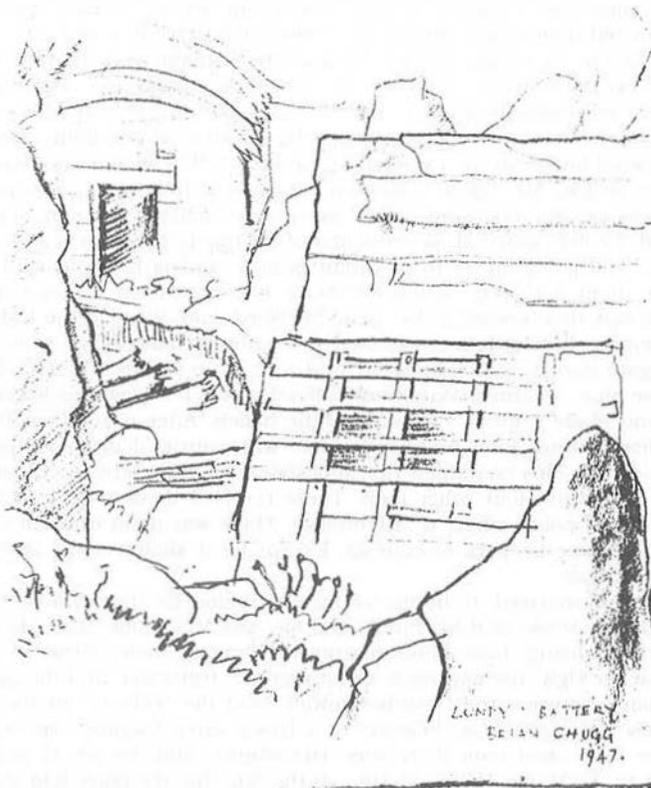
A. E. Blackwell

Albion Harman's party (which did not, unfortunately, include his wife who was still inunobile owing to the injury she sustained on Lundy recently) left Btdeford Quay at 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, 10th May, in "Lundy Gannet" and "Felicity". I was in the latter with John Dyke, the Rev. Dixon, Eric Barnwell, 'Wimpey' Warrow and three friends of Mr. Harman and a lady visiting the island, Albion and his two sisters and their respective husbands and families, also Drs. Ruddock and Ross and three ladies, were in the Gannet. We arrived after a pleasantly active sea trip at 2.50 p.m. and had lunch soon after. The only Press representatives (who were solely responsible for "covering" the event) were A. J. Butcher of the Western Morning News and one from the Bideford Gazette (who also travelled on the Gannet). With them I walked to the Quarter Wall cottages, then across to the West Side and so to the Old Light where we ascended to the light gallery and had a cup of tea with Barbara Whitaker. She leaves the island on 14th May and is succeeded as Warden by Will Workman (who also travelled with us on "Felicity"). Back to the Hotel where Albion look over the Press representatives to give them all the information about arrangements so far made for the royal visit. I went to the Ugly and after dinner to the Tavern but took a walk at 9.45 p.m. to the Marisco Castle and stood within the old walls for a few minutes in the near darkness and solitude, reflecting on the past scenes enacted there. The only ghostly movement was from sheep and lambs in the vicinity. I then walked across to the Old Light to see the lights on the Welsh coast. The silhouette of the church against the north-west sky, so

clearly defined, with the lights in the windows of the Manor House, made a wonderful picture. After this solitary walk, I returned at about 10.15 to the Tavern where there was a goodly company. There was a call for Audrey [Smith] and she got to the piano, dispensing music, particularly old-time songs. Altogether a good night. I went to bed at 12.45 p.m. Up at 7 a.m. and at 10 a.m. to a short Service. We had the National Anthem in all three verses and "For those in peril" as hymns. Albion read the lesson and the Rev. Dixon gave a short address. After that we resolved ourselves into a Parish Meeting to hear Albion's outline of the plans made for the royal visit. All this time the question of possibility was in the air. There was a cold wind but westerly. I walked as far as Half-Way Wall on the West Side then across to the east to join Mr. Splink [Tibbets] who was walking to the Manor House for lunch. It was lovely on the moorland, larks and peewits making the only sound; rabbits were plentiful and the deer gazed at me from afar. After lunch there was a sort of lull whilst speculations were still going on as to possibilities of a landing being feasible, all doubts being set at rest about 3.15 p.m. when Mr. Gade had completed a series of talks with "Britannia" which was then known to be near the North end. Went to the Ugly and found several others there, including John Dyke who subsequently made a fine sketch. The royal yacht with a frigate escort soon appeared and at 3.30 p.m. the anchor chain rattled through the hawse pipe. A launch containing half a dozen of her crew was lowered from her starboard side and made a quick crossing to the beach. After a little parley there, she returned and a few minutes later another launch, with canvas dodgers at the bows, was lowered from the davits. This contained Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, a boat's crew, of course, and four other men. These resolved themselves into the Admiral, Equerry, Secretary and police officer in attendance. There was not a uniform on the island (excepting the lighthouse keepers of course). Except for a shower soon after the arrival there was lovely sunshine.

A vehicle had been prepared, to be drawn by the tractor, for the royal visitor, who was received on landing by Albion and his family and Mr. and Mrs. Gade, the only other Lundy persons on the beach being those manipulating the landing stage. Those of us who had watched from near the Ugly, the approach and arrival of "Britannia" and the passage of the royal barge, passing between the "Lundy Gannet" and the "Felicity" to the beach, (the "Gannet" was gaily beflagged, also "Felicity" to a lesser extent) waited expectantly for the appearance of the party, and soon there was Her Majesty and the others walking up the road. I went back to the Manor House, noting on the way that the party had stopped at the Villa from which they next appeared walking up through the postern gate. They did not enter the Hotel but went across to the Church where they were received by the Rev. Dixon and Audrey Smith. A little later we saw the party emerge and take the road back to the Hotel. They had gone to the Tavern where, I learned later, Her Majesty wrote post-cards for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne and signed a most beautiful parchment scroll which John Dyke had embellished with a number of scenes of the island and on which were recorded the names of all the Islanders (now in *Millcombe*).

I was near the Tavern when the Queen Mother left and I thought her little changed since the days when I used to see her as Duchess of York, living then at 17 Bruton Street, Berkely Square, though that was 32 years ago! Albion conducted her through the little door leading to the grounds in front of the Hotel and they went down to Millcombe. It was decided that the picnic tea which Her Majesty had expressed a wish to share with the Islanders should take place at Millcombe Gate. There I went a little later and a delightful half-hour ensued. Cloths were spread on the grass and held down by stones at each corner in view of the wind, though it was sunny and sheltered there.. Her Majesty sat at a table and we all stood or sat about and had an excellent tea. Various people were presented and Her Majesty talked with each. I greatly admired Albion's kindly way of introduction and in my own case felt greatly honoured by having been included and enjoying a little chat with this gracious lady. I also talked with Admiral Dawnay, who was wearing a check tweed jacket, and we spoke of the beautiful picture "Britannia" made as she lay at anchor with her splendid paint-work gleaming in the sunshine. The Admiral was justifiably pleased with her appearance. I spoke too with the Chief Inspector who has been her escort for the past



four years and was previously with Queen Mary for eight years. I walked down the road with her Equerry who was taking photographs as we went to the beach. Just by the fishermen's hut there was a trestle table with two baskets of gulls eggs and a basket of lobsters which greatly surprised and delighted their recipient. It was now about 5.30 p.m. and a move was made for the boat. The leave-taking was most friendly as had been all the proceedings throughout. Handkerchiefs were waved and "goodbyes" called out. When she was on the stage preparatory to getting into the boat Her Majesty noticed Wayland Smith taking a photograph and she turned round to give him a good picture. Then she got in the boat and there was more waving and "goodbyes". Mr. Gade called for three cheers and the royal visitor and her escort returned to "Britannia". It had been entirely informal throughout.

There were no addresses, no Press photographers. It was just a happy Sunday afternoon visit to lovely Lundy. "Britannia" sailed at 6.00 p.m. to the accompaniment of rockets fired from the flagstaff at the Ugly and a crack from the South Light. Later a message was received by Albion from Her Majesty and a reply sent on the radio transmitter.

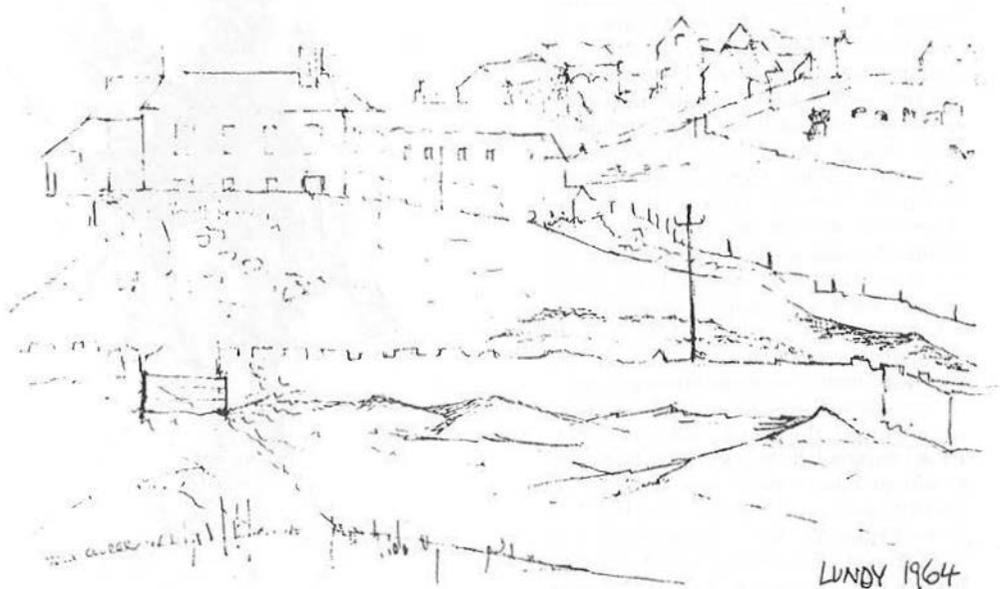
It then became a question of Albion and his family and guests getting ready for departure in the "Lundy Gannet" and "Felicity", and particularly were our two Press friends anxious to get their story, unreported by any other means, to the outside world. It was anticipated that we should arrive in Clovelly about 9.00 p.m. But it was not to be. Trevor Davey and his opposite number in "Felicity" finally decided that with a Force 5 nor-westerly wind and a

possible arrival off Clovelly in the dark it would be inadvisable to undertake the journey that night. Good old Lundy! As Stanley Smith put it: "Everything went off splendidly. The "Britannia" went off, the rockets went off: the only one that didn't go off was Trevor."

So back to the Hotel and frantic arrangements by the Pressmen to get the news across. This they did by the radio transmitter to Hartland, though not as long a story as they would otherwise have been able to send. However the National Press padded it out and one London daily especially managed to invent a farrago of nonsense in keeping with its usual output. We heard the 9.00 p.m. news while we still at dinner and the item about Lundy was succeeded by "bad weather prevented the return of Doctor": we all looked with surprise at Doctor Ruddock, when the item went on: "Fuchs ---etc" There was a mighty burst of laughter.

Oh! yes. It was a wonderful day: Lundy's first experience of royalty, and a jolly good one. There was the usual gathering in the Tavern and much to talk about, but a quieter night than last night. We breakfasted at 7.30 next morning in view of the little ships sailing at 9.00 a.m.

It was fine and sunny on the beach where we spent two hours and left at 11.00 a.m. The return journey was one of the best I have experienced. We really went up, and down, but we did not ship a bucketful of water. Got to Bideford Quay at 2.00 p.m. after this most historic and delightful event. All the very best.



LUNDY 1964

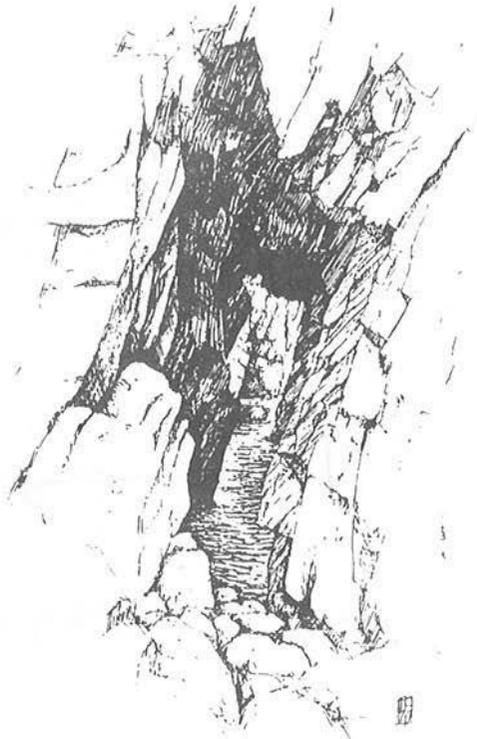
Waugh on Lundy

John Holman

Although not a character I can greatly identify with, Evelyn Waugh is one of my favourite novelists. Earlier this year, whilst reading the biography of him by Christopher Sykes I discovered that he had spent a holiday on Lundy in 1925. Sykes only mentions this in passing and so I turn to other sources to try to learn more. As a result I read about some further dubious exploits by Waugh and his friends – perhaps typical of the 'Bright Young People' of this period – which form a short and bizarre incident on the history of the Island.

Whilst at Oxford, Waugh became a member of the 'Hypocrites' club – described by Michael Davie, editor of *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh* as 'notorious not only for drunkenness but for flamboyance of dress and manner which was in some cases patently homosexual....' (The Club was eventually closed down by the university authorities). Amongst the members of this Club were Terence Greenidge a student of Hertford College and Rudolph Messel both of whom seem to have visited Lundy on various occasions. In July 1924, as he was leaving Oxford, Waugh and Greenidge made a short (20 minute) film having bought a small camera. This film – named *The Scarlet Woman* was a fantasy in which the Dean of Balliol ('Sligger Urquhart') attempts to convert the king to Roman Catholicism. Waugh took the part of the Dean and Greenidge played the Prince of Wales who approaches the Pope with homosexual intent. (One can only wonder what Mrs Whitehouse would make of all this!) The following month Greenidge 'decamped to Lundy' having borrowed money from Alistair Graham – a close friend of Waugh's. This may have been his first visit to the Island. Greenidge was by all accounts a bizarre character – details of him need not detain us here but can be found in Waugh's autobiography *A Little Learning* pp 176 - 179) That Autumn having left university and without regular employment Waugh became closely associated with the Plunket Greene family. Mrs Plunkett Greene took pity on the depressed Waugh (he terms her Lady Plunkett in his writings), and during the course of his friendship with the family Waugh fell in (unrequited) love with the eccentric daughter Olivia (1907-55) who he later described as 'one third drunk, one third insane and one third genius.'

Presumably on the recommendation of Greenidge, the Plunket Greene's rented a disused lighthouse (?Old Light) on Lundy at Easter 1925, and Waugh was invited along. The party consisted of Lady Plunkett, her daughter Olivia, sons David and Richard (and his wife Elizabeth), Greenidge, Waugh, Martin Wilson (a friend of David's) Anne Talbot and Julia (presumed to be Julia Strachey, niece of Lytton). On 6 April, Waugh had attended an uproarious

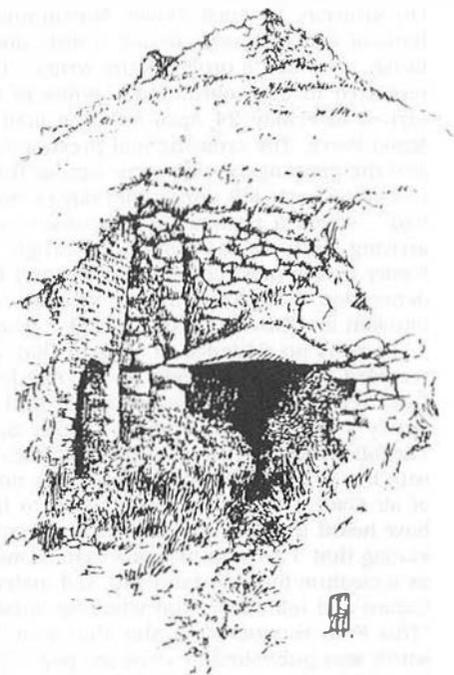


London party and the following day appeared in Court on charges of drunkenness. However, he had sobered up sufficiently to catch the west country train from Waterloo at midnight on 7/8 April. He described the journey as 'tolerable'; Richard, Olivia and Elizabeth spent the trip 'sprawled in various ungracious attitudes of Slade composition while I drank whisky and smoked cigars...' After breakfast at Barnstaple they went to a public house run by a man named Butler 'who has written a poem about Lundy.' The voyage to Lundy took place on the morning of 9 April, landing on the island at about 11.30 am. In his diary entry that evening Waugh describes the island as 'larger than I had expected. I have not seen very much of it so far. There are two lighthouses, a coastguard station presided over by a charming person called 'Admiral', a number of curiously bred dogs - one particularly tiresome one called Nanky lives in the hotel and is loved by everyone.' That evening the party was entertained by Lady Plunkett reading 'a dull shocker'. The next diary entry - 15 April - records 'I am enjoying this party very well. We do practically nothing all day - sometimes Lady Plunkett reads to us, sometimes we play obscene paper games. Richard and Elizabeth and I walk and sometimes climb rocks.'

On 13 April a party ('swingabout') was held in the canteen (presumably the dining room of the lighthouse) when not inconsiderable quantities of alcohol appear to have been consumed. According to Waugh, Admiral Sleep (?) shed more garments and more sweat as the evening went on.' Greenidge took a liking to the dog Nanky, described by Waugh as 'the impossible bitch'. Waugh, clearly no lover of the canine species, recorded that Greenidge 'feeds it from his plate and kisses its mouth.' As we will see later Greenidge was fond of animals. The clean air and tranquillity of Lundy clearly had an effect on David Plunkett Greene whom Waugh found 'more charming here than in Oxford or London'. On 14 April, Waugh returned to the lighthouse from an evening walk to witness 'an amazing orgy in progress'. The diary entry records:

'Everyone drunk or pretending drunkenness - - - who was sitting in the middle of it all unusually sedate. - - - almost naked was being slapped on the buttocks and enjoying herself ecstatically. Every two minutes she ran to the lavatory and as soon as she was out of the room everyone said, 'My dear, the things we are finding out about - - -'. It was all rather cruel. She looked so awful, with enormous shining legs cut and bleeding in places and slapped rosy in others, and her eyes shining with desire. She kept making the most terrible remarks too, whether consciously or unconsciously I do not know, about blood and grease and to my surprise Olivia saw them all. These girls must talk a terrible lot of bawdy amongst themselves. David became quite incredibly obscene before the evening broke up and I went to bed, as always, with rather a heavy heart.'

I doubt that the walls of the lighthouse have been witness to any similar spectacle - either before or since. The next day Waugh 'had to get up at 6 to row Captain Benson off which was exhausting'. On 17 April, Elizabeth, Richard and I went out in a boat and I



tried to climb a cliff and fell down'. Not surprising perhaps after a week of heavy drinking. On Saturday 18 April, David, Martin and Julia left Lundy. Mail arrived that day, the contents of which Waugh found 'a little disturbing'. Possibly Waugh wrote letters whilst on Lundy – he was a prolific letter writer – but if he did none have survived – at least none are reprinted in the voluminous *Letters of Evelyn Waugh* published in 1980. Another boat arrived in Friday 24 April bringing mail – this time Waugh received a missive from Lady Maud Parry. The crossing had presumably been unpleasant judging 'by the look of the sea and the passengers who came across this morning'. It would appear that Waugh and the rest of his party left Lundy that day or the following. Before he left, Waugh recorded that he had '...stolen a postcard of a drunken sailor embracing a postbox from the canteen'. On arriving back on the mainland Waugh went to stay with his friend Alastair Graham at Exeter before moving on to Oxford and London. Later that summer having suffered from depression Waugh attempted suicide. A photograph of Waugh, Greentdge, Olivia, Lady Plunkett and David (holding a dog) appears in Waugh's autobiography *A Little Learning*.

There is no evidence to suggest that Waugh ever returned to Lundy but Greentdge was recorded as leaving Lundy on the day Felix Gade first arrived there – 11 November 1926. Gade tells us in *My Life on Lundy* that Greentdge and Rudolph Messel were staying on Lundy – '...each had a dog, a Cocker Spaniel and an enormous St Bernard respectively.' The following March one of the first guests to stay at the reopened hotel was Messel (again with his St Bernard). Gade expresses no opinion of Greentdge, although from what I know of Mr Gade I would not expect him to have approved much of his Bohemian ways and I have heard it said that Gade was no admirer of Waugh. However he did approve of Messel stating that 'I grew to like this man of many parts, who was intensely interested in the film as a medium for entertainment and instruction'. Messel was then still an undergraduate at Oxford and told Gade that when he finished his studies he wanted to write a book entitled "This Film Business". Later that year he did return to Lundy and completed the book which was published in 1928 (on page 295 in the 'Conclusion' the datemark reads: 'Lundy Island March-November 1927'). Although Gade liked Messel, his St Bernard killed three of the island's goats much to the displeasure of Mr Harman. Messel appears again in Gade's autobiography as a practical joker. In December 1927 Gade and his wife-to-be Rene were exploring a cave when they heard a strange growl. Gade thought it was a seal, but the seal turned out to be Messel dressed in a dark brown suit. Mr Gade was amused by the incident but his fiancée was not and Messel apologised profusely for having 'terrified' her. Waugh described Messel at the time of their membership of the scandalous Hypocrites' Club as 'cadaverous, wayward and generous'. He was clearly a prankster for in November 1924 Waugh recorded in his diary that Messel had rung up a number of elderly ladies in Oxford and told them that a jumble sale was being organised in All Souls – would they send old clothes to the Warden. They did!

Anyone interested in Lundy knows the island had had a colourful and eventful history. Whilst the episodes recounted above cannot be said to have been amongst the more significant or prestigious the island has experienced, they are perhaps of interest, if only because of their being unorthodox. I have not seen details of Waugh's visit recorded in the Lundy literature and one cannot help feeling that the visit was deliberately omitted in order to protect the island's reputation as a haven of peace and quiet. Sadly the island does not seem to have made sufficient impact on Waugh to have caused him to feature it in his novels, but his diary entries have prevented the knowledge of this bizarre few days in Lundy's history from being lost for all time.

Sources:

Evelyn Waugh: *A Little Learning: The First Volume of an Autobiography by Evelyn Waugh* (1964)

Christopher Sykes: *Evelyn Waugh: A Biography* (1975), Revised Penguin edition, 1977

Michael Davie, (Ed.): *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh* (1976, Penguin edition 1979)

Mark Amory, (Ed.): *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (1980)

Felix Gade: *My Life on Lundy* (1978)



Circumnavigating Lundy at Plateau Level

Hugh Norton

A DIARY ENTRY

Tues 8 July 1997

Today's project is to circumnavigate Lundy from Millcombe at plateau level, and, in the interests of bolstering my fitness for a trekking holiday soon, to include a number of descents to the shoreline and reascents to the plateau, maybe seven or eight.

The day starts in thick fog. Just before breakfast, it thins temporarily, enough to let the sun gleam through. The dead trees outside Millcombe House are festooned with huge spiders' webs, every strand strung with drops of water that sparkle brilliantly in the sunlight. A memorable sight, like a network of chaotic washing line hung with jewelled handkerchiefs.

Our painting tutor, Peter Rothwell, has insisted that I do some artwork before he will allow me to play truant. I attempt a line drawing of an interior in the house. As usual, I am lulled into forgetting the passage of time. It is 11.30 before I set out. By now the fog has lifted as far as the highest tops, and the bracken, soaking wet at daybreak, has mostly dried out.

East Coast

Out along the lower east side path. The first descent to the shore is to Quarry Beach, passing the spot inside a tunnel of rhododendrons where, yesterday, a Black Rat kept me company for 20 minutes while I was sketching, poking around and inspecting me at close

quarters, unbelievably tame. No sign of It today. On Quarry Beach, I search in vain for the quay foundations that Peter says can be detected, though a number of obviously dressed blocks are lying about. Another Lundy visitor joins me, and we talk, rather philosophically, about noise and the value of silence, provoked by a passing power boat.

The second descent is to Brazen Ward and Frenchman's Landing. Words of wisdom from a different Lundy visitor, who knows his way around, persuade me not to make Queen Mab's Grotto the target of my third descent (doesn't sound interesting enough), so I pass in to Gannets' Cove, pausing there to enjoy the sight of 20 seals hauled out and singing.

The third descent, then, is to Gannet Rock. Partly, this is to verify my memory – did I really cross to it at low tide 40 years ago, on my first visit to Lundy, and scramble to its summit? The descent is quite easy, just to the north of the precipitous gully that used to throb with deafening screams from breeding kittiwakes (It is totally empty today). But the ascent of the Rock looks daunting and dangerous, and makes me doubt my memory – unless It was via the south face, impossible to check as the tide isn't quite low enough.

North end

It feels like an almost vertical reascent to the plateau facing the Rock. There I am delighted to see a peregrine entering its eyrie, to a clamour of young demanding food, while its mate stands guard on a rock outside. Then on to the North Light for a rendezvous with Peter at two o'clock. He is to lead me down to Virgin's Spring and the subterranean passage that is uncovered at low tide.

By now the sun is fully out, and it's hot. Pausing for a quiet bite, we watch the 40-odd seals that are basking or cavorting here. A pair of gannets flies close: what chance they'll resume breeding on Lundy in our lifetime? Then down to the shoreline. This is rather hairier scrambling than the Gannet Rock descent, and I'm left admiring Peter's superior agility and nerve. Barely glancing at Virgin's Spring, we clamber gingerly through the underground passage to rejoin the sea at the west side of the North Point.

The boulders are slimy and treacherous. I collect one or two bruises and scrapes. The rock arches above us are vividly coloured in carmine and green. Peter photographs them with flash. Near the far end, a little side-cavern contains a seal pup, either stranded or having a siesta. It snarls at us, but remains holed up. As I remember being charged by an adult in the entry passage to the Seals' Breeding Hole forty years ago, I retreat gracefully.

West coast

So back up the plateau. I leave the rest of our painting group at John o'Groats and proceed on my own down the west coast. It has turned into a baking hot afternoon. The fifth descent to the shore is to the Pyramid. Visiting It for the first time, I am struck by how much more scenic and attractive Jenny's Cove looks from sea level. Reascending, gulls scattered over the grassy slope like sunbathers on a beach scream and scold at being disturbed.

Back on the plateau, I have an unexpected confrontation with a lapwing, as I cross some bracken presumably concealing its nest. The bird flies with agitated cries parallel to my route, then turns abruptly and launches itself straight at me. As I ponder whether I'll need to duck out of the way, it shears off with a dismal cry while still four or five yards short of me. This is repeated five times, all from different angles, until I am reckoned to be no longer a danger.

The sixth descent is to Montagu Steps. All day the sea has been calm, and what wind there is is easterly, so these west coast shorelines are unusually balmy and soothing. Then back up to the south-west corner overlooking the Limekiln, and along the south coast to the Castle. Should I make my final, seventh descent to the landing beach? It is just on six o'clock, and a mixture of thirst, laziness, fatigue and the need for a bath before supper prevails. I cut and run (figuratively speaking) for Millcombe.

Just another ordinary, run-of-the-mill, entrancing day on Lundy.

A Young Polish Traveller on Lundy

Gilles Tournier

I discovered the existence of Lundy 2 or 3 years ago from a television programme: *Thalassa*. It's a programme on the 3rd French channel, dedicated to programmes about the sea.

Lundy seemed to me to be an island at the very world's end, or near enough to that to give me a strong wish to visit it.

The information offered by the Tourist Office of Great Britain was fearfully thin: just a leaflet, several years old, with the sailing times from Bideford and Ilfracombe. Fortunately the leaflet gave the address of the shore office at Bideford. I therefore wrote to Bideford and got the particulars about 1998. I wish to point out here, that at the British Embassy in Paris, no one seemed to know even of the existence of Lundy.

My nephew Tomek (aged 11 years) is Polish, and lives in the South of Poland near the Czech border. He had just spent his summer holiday in France and as this year was his first year of English, I thought it a good moment to visit England and discover Lundy.

Having spent several days on the North Devon coast we embarked on the *Oldenburg* at Ilfracombe. It was a fine day, but the sea was a touch agitated for our taste.

The disembarkation at the landing beach at Lundy was in the very spirit of high adventure. It seems there is to be a harbour built to make landing easier, which is a pity: it will lose Lundy some of its wildness.

The scenery of Millcombe Valley, dominated by its colonial mansion (Millcombe House) surrounded by luxurious vegetation, calls up the Antilles, or some tropic Isle. The contrast is stark when one reaches the bare top of the island, where the granite buildings of the village look like a village in Brittany. The further contrast of these buildings with the wooden barracks at the edge of the camping field, evokes the RAF Base barracks of countless war films.

There is little to say about the shop and tavern which are indispensable to Lundy life, except that I discovered the tavern does not serve early breakfast to campers, and when one wakes in the rain it's awful not to be able to breakfast at once in the dry! It would be nice too if there were a large communal tent for cooking and eating and letting campers gather together to meet each other, like in a youth hostel.

Tomek had brought his fishing net – purchased the day before at Combe Martin – for crabbing. On the way up to the village it was used as a butterfly net, and then when we'd explored the South of the Island, the church and the castle, we reached the Rocket Pole Pond, and Tomek discovered fish there, and thanks to his trusty crabbing net, he took 2 fish back to the camp site for supper, though one of them was rather small. Tonight we're going to look at the Devil's Limekiln.

The second day started off foggy, and we wished to continue exploring the island. Tomek returned to Rocket Pole Pond and with one sweep of his trusty net, captured 3 fine fish. The exploit earned a photo, but by now I regretted swapping fishing for walking, and finally as he caught no more he was persuaded to come with me to the Battery where we had a snack lunch and watched a fishing boat. Another photo of Tomek was taken, astride the now peaceful 200 year old cannon which had once roared to warn vessels approaching dangerously close to Lundy in the fog.

Further on we found Pondsbury and the ducks, but Tomek was disappointed because he caught no fish. In his fishing passion he demanded that we return to Rocket Pole Pond where he stayed till the evening and caught the odd fish.

I preferred to reach the North West point and near the North Light I could see through binoculars various seals, some enjoying the sun on the rocks below, and some swimming. That evening Tomek, full of pride at his fishing success, cooked his fish like Robinson Crusoe, living on the simple resources of the island.

The 3rd day started with drizzle. As soon as we got up, Tomek went off to his favourite place, his pockets stuffed full of bread for catching fish. Soon the sun came out and I tore my nephew away to help pack up and get the luggage ready for the tractor. Then we went North to see seals: but the expedition was a bit of a fraud because high tide covered the rocks and there were no sun-bathers, only a diving and disappearing display in the lighthouse bay for the watching chaps. We went right down the steps to the sea and the seals came within 30 feet of us. We felt *they* were observing *us*. Tomek didn't miss his pond or the fish – he'd never seen seals in their own place – free- with such a rare experience, he could dazzle his peers in Poland.

We came back by the East Side path and saw more seals sunning themselves on the occasional rock, but we needed binoculars to see them. Further on the path under the huge rhododendron growth again called up a tropical island for us: the whole area offered this astonishing flora – I have never seen anywhere else such a rhododendron "forest". It must be magnificent when it's in flower.

We ate our last meal in the Tavern and went gently down to the beach to catch the boat. It was with regret that we left Lundy – we had passed 3 days outside time, no cars, no noise, no cares.

The sea was slightly rougher than at our coming, and we discovered one last new countryside, the sand dunes as one approaches Bideford. The steep slopes of Lundy seemed already far far distant.



Stop Press

Paul Roberts is now spending more time on the Island, not sharing it with Crownhill Fort, and has his hands full with organising grants, but he's found time to set up the Lundy Fund for those who want to donate money with no strings :

He who gives fast, gives twice

Paul has also re-launched the Friends of Lundy. Isn't it nice that Lundy attracts so many people who want to help her?

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Fishing

When the Warden read the piece about fishing in Rocket Pole Pond (see p33) she blenched.

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Giants' Graves

Copies of the article (mentioned on p3) by Myrtle Ternstrom and Kelth Gardner which is published in the 1997 Devonshire Association Transactions vol 129 are available from Myrtle. Please send your cheque for £2.00 inc p+p to : Whistling Down, Sandy Lane Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL53 9DE.

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A Memorial Service for Eric Church was held in St Helena's on Saturday October 17th 1998. I know Lundy Field Society members will wish to send condolences to Wilhelmina Church; he and she have visited the island for 40 years and have been benefactors to St Helena's.

LUNDY SKETCHING BREAKS 1999

DATES & COSTS

5 day course

July 10th - 14th '99 --- £360

4 day course

July 14th - 17th '99 --- £299

The cost will include:

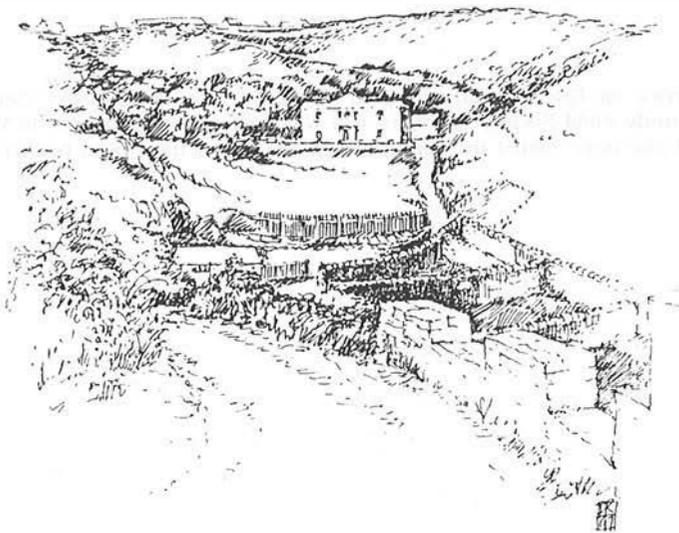
all travel to and from Lundy on board
Lundy's own MS Oldenburg
all accommodation and breakfast in
Millcombe. Tullton by Peter Rothwell.

£130 deposit secures a place on the 5 day
course, & £95 a place on the 4 day course. With
the balance to be paid by June 1999.
Unfortunately once the booking has been made
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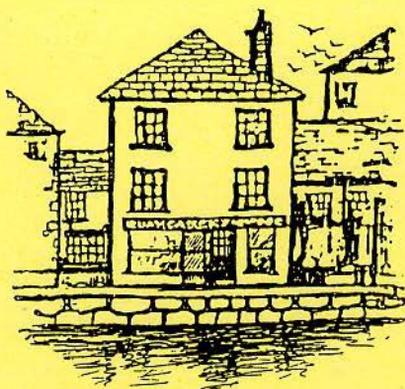
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