

# ***Lundy Field Society***

## ***Newsletter***

***No 29***



***June 1999***

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## LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY AGM SATURDAY MARCH 7TH 1999

Report by Ann Westcott

1. Apologies for absence were read out.
  - 2a. Minutes of the 1998 AGM (the 52nd) attended by 80 members, with Keith Hiscock in the chair, were read, confirmed and signed. There were no matters arising.
  - 2b. The Hon. Treasurer Dave Molyneux reported a healthy position, though there were queries about "Island Studies".
  - 2c. The Hon Secretary Chris Webster reported a quiet year. He gave out the working party dates and thanked Helen Cole for all the work she had put into working parties over ten years. It was decided that instead of new members requiring "approval", they should be given a "welcome". Officers were re-elected: nem. con.. Dr. Hayley Randall would be assisting John Schofield as editor of the LFS Report, with a view to election as Editor in the future.
  - 2d. The Warden, Liza Cole, made her report. Portuguese Men of War had been sighted; basking sharks and turtles. Three pollution incidents in surrounding waters had occurred. 300 Lundy Cabbage flowers were counted.
  - 2e. Simon Griffiths gave a talk on Sexual Selection in Lundy's sparrow population.
  - 2f. Paul Roberts gave a report on recent developments on Lundy.
  - 2g. The Report of the AGM 1998 was adopted.
  3. The Hon. Treasurer reported: accounts are published herewith.
  4. The Hon. Sec. reported for 1998 there was little to report: it had been a very quiet year. There had been some difficulty with finally listing membership addresses because of the change over of Treasurer, (the last Treas. Ian Lovatt was also the membership secretary.)
  5. New members were welcomed.
  6. Election of Officers & Committee. This year John Schofield and Hayley Randall are joint Editors of the LFS Report. Officers were elected nem. con.. For the first time in some years there were vacancies for members of the Committee. Ken Rodley had finished his 6 year term : Steve Wing resigned because of his commitments as Warden at Cape Clear: Hayley Randall is ex officio as Co-Editor: this meant 3 vacancies and 1 from last year, and 5 people were put forward for the 4 vacancies. Liz Davey, Peter Rothwell, Allan Rowland & Maggie Shaw were duly elected.
  7. There was a question raised about the presentation of the Bird Report at the AGM: Should it be the full list? the highlights? not given at all?
  8. Mildrew presented a video of i) Lundy ii) Basking Sharks at The Lizard, and iii) The Pollution of Oceans.
  9. After the tea-break the Warden, Liza Cole, gave her report. She said that, with the new Beach Road finished in November '98, shore life (damaged because of silting) was already recovering. With reference to the jetty works, Robert Irving's assessment of environmental effect had discovered nothing damaging. The jetty was a Meccano putting together of pre-built parts. With reference to potting, the Warden reported less activity than last year, due to bad weather. There were fewer pots on the sensitive East side of the island due to successful frank talks between the interested parties.
- Diving was a flourishing activity: you can play with seals, and snorkel with basking sharks. Diving information packs inform people about sensitive sea-bed products, for example, corals. The Warden's walks, talks, and snorkelling were all doing well, in spite of the road works. The Warden reported various interesting sightings: 60 basking sharks at one go; porpoises in the Oldenburg's bow; 3 sunfish, 1 octopus, 1 red band fish. She also reported that the annual sea-bird count suggested a steady population. Puffin counts were down, but sightings were up.
- Volunteer helpers had done the work of 2 full time workers in the field. John Barber and Roger Chapple gave splendid help with the new Helligoland trap on the terraces. The British

Mountaineering Council has also helped: they have abseiled the East Side to kill encroaching rhododendron, to preserve the Lundy Cabbage. 10,000 cabbage plants are in flower. The grazing regime is about right. 1,500 bales of hay were made. Ref. Island "Works", the Warden reported the "new" *Oldenburg* (reconditioned) would soon be in service again. There will be a "new" road north to ensure that tractors etc. keep to one track rather than destroy a wide band of land, especially in poor weather. There will also be a "new" battery path. When the Jetty is finished there will be improvements to diving facilities. The Museum is for the near future so that works may be staggered. The Aerogenerator is "on the back burner" for the moment. The National Marine Reserve has European money for an assistant Warden for the new season 1998/99.

10. Tony Taylor gave the bird report. He had nobly rushed from Dorset to Exeter to do so. He did a "highlights" report.

11. Keith Denby reported on his Lundy pages on the W W Web. If you want to contact him with material or enquiries his address is Gratton Data Systems Ltd, Twitchen Farm, Challacombe, North Devon. (01598) 763455

12. The meeting concluded with a discussion on "Rats and Puffins" – the following general ideas were the basis of the discussion: to exterminate rats or not; are rats worth preserving; are puffins worth preserving; why are puffins declining on Lundy?

13. The first speaker was Tony Taylor: the LFS Ringing specialist. He posed the question, why the decline? It was not primarily due to rats, who have co-existed in the past with very large puffin populations. He reckons it is conditions at sea rather than rats. The rat population is limited by winter food supplies, and then in Spring when there is food again, the rat population increases, to go down again in winter and so on. Rats will take puffins, and if the puffin population is down then predations by rats will have a serious effect. But even if a stop were put to rats now, it might not benefit puffins, because conditions at sea might not be right for puffins. Lundy's puffin population has never been globally significant (Ed's query - How does the island come by its name in that case?). Tony Taylor does think rats have a significant impact on shearwaters and that shearwaters' numbers (rather than puffins') might advance if rats were controlled. In the case of shearwaters Tony Taylor does not think the sea-factor operates as it does for puffins - he did not say why.

The second speaker was from the RSPB. He pointed out that puffins were not high on the RSPB's Conservation list, and rats were not on any list at all. The Lundy Puffins are on the edge of the puffins' world range. The speaker suggested that if conservation were undertaken, the management of possible damaging factors would be an immense undertaking - e.g., management of fish stocks, management of pollution and keeping breeding places safe. Introduced mammals (e.g. cats/rats) can decimate - the speaker gave no examples. Rats can be eradicated and sea-birds can recover, but there is no way of knowing if this is cause & effect, if nothing is done, puffins (and manx shearwaters) on Lundy could disappear. Intervention could aim for rat-free zones; or costly and artificial encouragement to breed. There could be funding possible for the second intervention as puffins are popular birds.

The third speaker was Prof. Ian Linn, an LFS Vice President. He started by saying he was pro-rat. He was also pro-research. The black rat itself is now an endangered species, and the brown rat population goes up and down all the time. No-one has really addressed the question of how rats survive out of doors. If they are exterminated, that research may never be done.

The fourth speaker was Rob Walton of English Nature who used his last position to close with a number of vital questions, and the reminder that conservation increasingly requires an open mind to be kept.

- a) What lowers sea-bird population in general?
- b) Sea-bird counts up when rat counts are down - How did coexistence come to an end?
- c) What about puffins' food supply?
- d) Consider that sea-birds globally are fewer than rats who are global pests.

After contributions from the floor there was a vote taken and the House voted that more research was essential before anything was attempted.

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER 1998

1997		RECEIPTS	1998
£			£
2,079.50		SUBSCRIPTIONS	2,098.67
297.00		SALES	87.00
289.40		AGM INCOME	203.00
503.15		INTEREST	266.76
0.00		EXCURSION INCOME	3,054.70
1,000.00		LOAN FOR BOOK	0.00
13.02		DONATIONS	38.00
<u>4,182.07</u>			<u>5,748.13</u>
		PAYMENTS	
2,411.05		ANNUAL REPORT	2,012.18
		GRANTS	
645.23		- Working parties	501.00
0.00		- Warden	260.00
360.00		- Other	622.81
945.23			1,383.81
		SOCIETY'S EXPENSES & NEWSLETTER	
192.55		- Sec & Treasurer	154.93
185.00		- Newsletter	350.00
0.00		- Newsletter Donation	(350.00)
247.56	625.11	- A.G.M.	156.89
			311.82
26.00		MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS	22.00
1,000.00		BOOK LOAN REPAYMENT	0.00
0.00		LUNDY MARINE NATURE RESERVE ADVISORY GROUP	20.70
0.00		BANK CHARGES	50.00
5,007.39			3,800.51
<u>(828.32)</u>		EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER PAYMENTS	<u>1,947.62</u>
		ISLAND STUDIES PUBLICATION	
13,097.13		Cost - less stock / Reduction in Stock	(705.00)
966.00		Sales - less cost of sales	458.75
<u>(2,131.13)</u>			<u>(246.25)</u>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER 1998

GENERAL FUND

11,947.83	OPENING BALANCE	8,991.38
<u>(825.32)</u>	EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER PAYMENTS	<u>1,947.62</u>
11,122.51		10,939.00
<u>(2,131.13)</u>	ISLAND STUDIES PUBLICATION	<u>(246.25)</u>
<u>8,991.38</u>		<u>10,692.75</u>
	BEING:-	
443.54	BALANCE ON CURRENT ACCOUNT	2,355.27
7.61	BALANCE ON DEPOSIT ACCOUNT	7.58
4.32	BALANCE ON WORKING PARTY ACCOUNT	235.14
296.87	BALANCE ON PUBLISHERS ACCOUNT	295.75
<u>752.34</u>		<u>2,893.74</u>
4,789.04	INVESTMENTS	5,053.81
3450.00	ISLAND STUDIES STOCK	2,745.00
<u>8,991.38</u>		<u>10,692.75</u>

STOCK IN HAND 31/12/98 £ 226.00

A. D. MOLYNEUX JAN 1999

## EDITORIAL

Ann Westcott

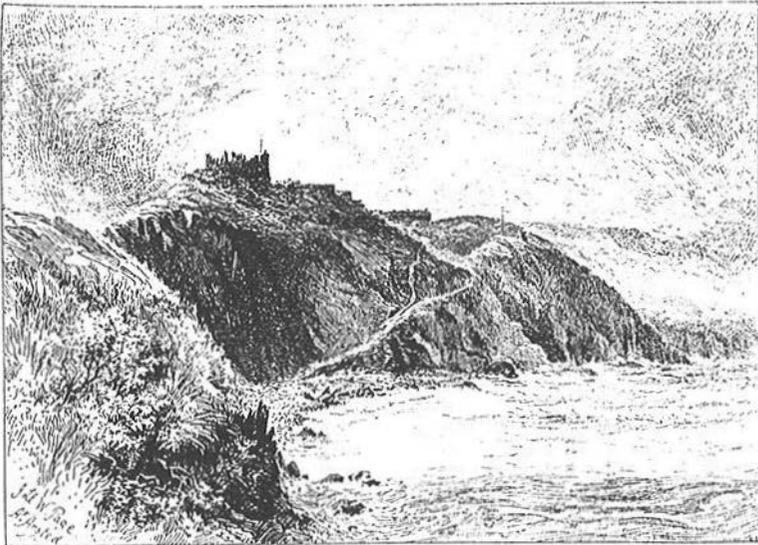
WMN = Western Morning News

NDJ = North Devon Journal

As your Editor said last time, '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'. But there was an appreciable and appreciated number of items arising from the placement of SAEs at the AGM: thank you all *very* much.

In November '98 the *Blue Hooker* went down off Clovelly with the loss of Mark Gist and Dave McBride. DM worked at the Marisco Tavern for some years and one of his sons is now the chef at The Beaver, in Appledore. Some of you will remember Suzy Betts' wedding reception at Millcombe which Dave masterminded. Lloyds Bank branches were running a fund for the bereaved families, as was John Rous of Clovelly.

Pam Heaven wrote to me from Canada to say that the Canadian Heavens had built a Mangonel on the shores of a lake - I hope the account thereof will reach your Ed. for the next newsletter. I also hope to research Hugh Butterworth's letter further [see letters]. While we wait for the Mangonel piece, there are some pics. of Mangonels for you. Keith Gardiner says the Lundy Mangonel site is on the west side immediately north of Halfway wall. The then Marisco was given Royal permission to install his war engine there. Its fixed trajectory would ensure the destruction of any vessel trying to land on the west side - bull's eye every time. The LFS has been fortunate to have been given permission to reprint the Lundy Historic Landscape Survey 1990-96 from the English Heritage *Archaeology Review* (1996-7): and the Lundy 'Weather Station' piece from Peter Collyer's (not 'Collison' as in last newsletter) *Rain Later, Good* published by Thomas Reed, with illustrations. We have a review of Sam & Joan Rendells' new book *Lundy By Air* which is a rivetting little volume with splendid pics.. The *New Puffin Journal* Spring '99 has an excellent article on Lundy Stamps with aeroplanes. I discovered in one of my 'filing system' newspaper files a review (Sunday Telegraph 4/1/98) of *A Looking Glass Tragedy* Christopher Booker published Duckworth and *The Cost of a Reputation* by EN Mitchell published Topical Books, each book arguing about the Tolstoy/Aldington affair in Yugoslavia



Sketch by John Lloyd Worden. Page

(highly topical!). Your Ed. remembers Tolstoy visiting Lundy in the 70s: his parents met there. The last pages of this newsletter introduce a new and exciting Westwell/Lazarus publication of *The Cave and Lundy Review* which it is hoped to bring out in 2000. **AND** in this newsletter are the full arrangements for the LFS 'occupation' of Lundy also in 2000. These are two super celebrations of Y2K and, in your Ed's view, they eclipse the eclipse.

Now for the newspaper trawl. The Ilfracombe harbour plan has been voted in, amidst protest 'Forms [for the referendum] went out on the Friday but no plans were available until the Monday and the district council's plans were misleading and did not show the pier at half or high tide when most of it will be under water.' Albert Furber quoted in the NDJ 4/2/99. The WMN (2/2/99) mentioned that all three kinds of Auk nest on Lundy cliffs: the paper also mentioned (3/2/99) the lottery grant for the jetty and the visitor centre with special mention for the Lundy Cabbage and its beetles: gorgeous pic. of North Light too. Landmark properties, other than Lundy, were featured in the *Sunday Times* (14/2/99). The Christmas and New Year period (1998/99), as the end of the year usually does, brought accommodation on the Island to people's notice *The Times* (31/10/98) had a picture of the Old Light, looking its usual superb self, and (12/12/98) 'an island of cabbages' was part of a Field Council brochure: and the NDJ (31/12/98) reported all Island beds full for New Year. The WMN (2/4/99) published a stunning pic. of the bay and the *Oldenburg*, with the heading 'Speed Merchant' saying '45 minutes could be cut from the journey': WOW. There is an equally stunning pic. of Eddie Matthews who is now, happily, going to turn from lighthouse keeper to tourist guide at the Lizard Light: he was at Lundy South Light (in the late 60s I think). As a footnote to the Puffin/Rats debate at the AGM, the NDJ (25/3/99) reported the Lundy warden Ltza Cole as saying, 'I believe our Puffins are at the outermost edges of viable Puffin territory and any species at those outermost edges of habitat is more at risk when conditions change. Just what the pertinent conditions are I haven't a clue.' The WMN (24/3/99) had a super picture of a Puffin with a reference to Lundy Puffins. *The Times* (12/4/99) reported early puffins at Sumburgh Head because of plentiful food supplies and (13/4/99) *The Times* reported a fishing ban on Sand Eels to save Kittiwakes. 'Britain has proposed seasonal closures of the Sand Eel fishery from Orkney to Humberside during the breeding season.... the fisheries expert at the RSPB said that the findings (in a report to the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea) gave the first scientific weight to the urgent need for closed areas during the breeding season. John Harwood of the Sea Mammal Research Unit at the University of St Andrews, said Sand Eels could be as important for Minke Whales and Purpoises as they were for sea birds.'

(BTW Robert Irving and your Ed. were at St Andrews)

LINKS, *The Times* 13/4/99: <http://smub.st-and.ac.uk/index.html> Sea Mammal Research Unit, including monitoring of grey seal, porpoise and dolphin populations and studies into sealions, monk seals and Amazon river dolphins.

[www.nmw.ac.uk/ite/banc/banc.html](http://www.nmw.ac.uk/ite/banc/banc.html) The Institute of Terrestrial Ecology at Banchory, including research in sand eels and seabirds, red grouse, reindeer and capercaillie.

[www.rspb.org.uk](http://www.rspb.org.uk) The RSPB: information on wildlife reserves, conservation issues and threats to birds.

The Roadworks and Jetty are moving forward to completion in spite of the collapse of one of the construction platforms: the NDJ reported.

'A platform being used by construction workers to build a jetty on Lundy Island collapsed into the sea when two of its hydraulic legs gave way. The platform, which had a crane on its deck, was being used to lift concrete slabs for the new £1.2 million jetty when the incident occurred last Wednesday. "There were people working on it from Swansea-based contractors Taylor Woodrow and I think we were very lucky no-one was killed," said Lundy Island Company manager Paul Roberts. "Two people were slightly injured while others suffered from shock."

The platform was moved to deeper water yesterday and divers from an independent salvage company are continuing to check it for damage. "There is a bigger rig here which is drilling five meters into the seabed for the jetty's legs, but we do not know yet whether or not a new rig will need to be brought in," said Mr Roberts. The jetty is being built to improve access on to the island and is due to be completed by the end of May.'



The collapse of the construction platform *Charlotte Louise*

© photo Paul Metcalfe



© Photo Shaun Barnes

LUNDY STAMPS IN RUSSIA  
(From the Cinderella Stamp Club Newsletter, Ed. R. Allen)

N Ivanov

The commencement of connections with the British Post Office occurred circa 1887 following a contract with the owners of the island, who delivered correspondence to and fro. They used stamps and standard dated frankings. The local Postmaster was employed by the owner of the Post Office in Bideford. In December 1927 M. C. Harman informed the Post Office Governors of the annulment of the contract by which the ties were severed in the island, because it had outlived its usefulness. From 1st January 1928 to 1st November 1929, the post was carried free but soon this practice stopped.



ПОЧТА ОСТРОВА ЛАНДУ  
Часть, но признанная почта

For payment at the delivery point, they designed a stamp with the name of the island and a value. On it was the picture of a puffin's head. From then on all the post which left the island has to be paid not only in British stamps but also in corresponding local tariffs. For franking they used a stamp of rectangular shape with a picture of a puffin and the name of the island and the date. Incoming post was covered with stamps of origin. The addressee had to pay the amount stated on the stamps. British stamps were franked in sorting offices where letters were delivered for further transportation.

At first the postal charges to Lundy were stuck on the envelope on the same side as the address, later – on the reverse, and from 1994 again on the front.

Early stamps had nominal values of 1/2 and 1 puffin (500,000 of each) and in June 1930 the series was added to (6, 9 and 12 puffins). On them were pictures of puffins sitting on a rock.

In 1939 additional stamps were issued for 2, 3 and 4 puffins. The first standard series consisted of 8 denominations. In that same year the first commemorative issues came into circulation, commemorating 10 years of local stamps. On the standard issue they made a lovely overprint "1929-1939". An edition of 5400 was put into circulation.

In time of war charity stamps were issued in aid of the Red Cross. In 1942 the first block came into circulation. A commemorative issue came out in memory of the 1000 years anniversary of the Viking invasion, and a second for 25 years of the first stamps of the island. The next standard series came out in 1991 showing pictures of local views. There were 14 stamps in the issue. All the stamps of the island were printed by famous British securities typographers.

An airmail link from Lundy was first implemented in 1935 by private aeroplane. To cover the cost a special stamp was issued valued 1/2 puffin. The stamp – overprinted "Atlantic Coast Air Service." A franking stamp was produced with the text "Barnstaple, Lundy Island." Later one more stamp was added "Lundy and Atlantic Coast Airlines" with a picture of an aeroplane. The value was 1/2 puffin. Franking was with a round stamp with the Company's abbreviation.

In September 1939 airmail links with the island ceased and were only restored in 1950 which was marked over the frank on standard stamps "By Air."

Payment symbols of Lundy island are often released by the Post Office and because of their quality deserve to be understood by philatelists. A special catalogue of these stamps has been published in England.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

from Jeff Evans

In response to Chrls Webster's recent LFS letter. I have one item which you might consider for the next newsletter. It's not a recent event or current affair but rather an item to add to people's list of books of Lundy interest. I think that most people know of SPB Mais' mystery novel called *Light Over Lundy*, published in 1938. A story based in Woolacombe and woven around the flashing of Lundy's North and South Lights.

Well I have discovered another novel, which on the jacket goes under the innocent title of *Ivor*, but inside is subtitled *A Tale of Lundy Island and the West Country*. It is a romantic pot boiler based on the 18th century story of Thomas Benson, M.P. written by a George Hansby Russell and published in 1911 by John Murray of Albemarle Street, London. The hero is an Englishman called Ivor Lovering, brought up in France and of Jacobite descent, who on returning to England to claim his inheritance finds himself somehow imprisoned on Lundy. He eventually escapes from Lundy and the clutches of Benson's agent Capt. Hannibal by rowing boat and lands on Woolacombe Sands. There is naturally a heroine, Alice Summerville, who Ivor saves from a watery grave, after some fast action based on Spreacombe Lodge near Georgeham, the countryside between Morthoe and Barnstaple and points south to Exeter. Even the Rougemont Hotel in Exeter, that well known haunt of LFS members on a certain Saturday evening in March, gets a mention. All the baddies of course, including a lord of the realm, get their come uppance, except sadly Benson, who, as in real life escapes to Portugal.

It is quite a good read, and for people who have walked the countryside between Lee Bay, Bull Point, Damage Farm, Morthoe, Woolacombe, and Baggy Point, quite nostalgic. I hope this is of interest - unless of course the novel has been previously 'discovered'.

§

from Ian Taylor

A first visit to Lundy. 31st May - 6th June 1953

This was Coronation week, so Michael Huxtable, a bird watching friend and I decided that it would be a good opportunity to stay on Lundy.

We were both members of the Lundy Field Society and had duly received a letter signed by Martin Cotes Harman giving us permission to stay on the island. This was inspected by Mr Gade on our arrival.

We flew over from Wrafton in an Auster piloted by a Mr Looker. Take off was supposed to be about 10.00 in the morning but a lot of cloud and strong wind meant the flight was delayed. In the end it was some time in the afternoon before we left. The aircraft was very small and we piled in with our luggage. We were flying above the clouds and I think were very lucky to land at all, as Lundy was covered in cloud as we approached. Then just at that moment the clouds rolled away from the landing field, the plane swooped down, a couple of bangs and we had arrived. It took off again almost immediately, the cloud came back and the Old Light couldn't be seen. We had to ask which way to go.

There were twelve of us including two women staying, Michael had fallen to sleep in the corridor as there was no room in the dormitory. The cooking arrangements and ablutions were rather primitive but it was all new and exciting.

Bird-wise we didn't really see that much, but a Golden Oriole in Millcombe and a Red-headed Bunting were worthwhile. I enjoyed watching the Peregrines best. The seabirds were also good with 200 + puffins at the North end and two night expeditions to 'see' manx shearwaters coming in to their burrows.

Graham Madge was staying at the Old Light and he suggested that Mike and I join the Devon

Bird-watching and Preservation society which we did and I have been very grateful for his encouragement in my early days of bird-watching.

Michael Carter from Epsom, Surrey was also influential in really getting me interested in watching birds and showing me how enjoyable it could be. He later became bird recorder for South London and then I believe went to Australia.

I still have the receipt signed by Peter Davis, the warden, the cost for the week was £4.13.0.

§

from Derek Cheesborough  
(To Roger Allen) 27/12/98

You probably will not remember me although you would on sight – I am a life member of the LFS and we have met on Lundy over the years.

I have just booked on the May 30th day trip with Roger Chapple and have been reading Ann's newsletter in which you are given a mention. This prompts me to give you an account, and thereby awareness, of a typically eccentric escapade of a Lundyite which occurred this (1998) summer.

I remembered your rocket firing caper. I believe Tony L gave you a boxful with the instructions "See what you can do with these!" You fired them from Rat Island.

This year I took two large rockets over in July and emulated your caper.

On the Thursday 9th July both were fired from Rat Island to the Beach Road. The first was blown back into the sea. The second landed right in the middle of the road by the old steps to the Lighthouse. The whole island had heard of this impending childish prank and were gathered at every viewpoint. There was tremendous applause when the second rocket hit the "mainland"!

Attached to the rocket were two cellophane protected, stamped addressed postcards. The bottom edge of each had a rocket motor burn along the full width.

Present with me was Max Knill of Ilfracombe, who had also witnessed your original rocket firing and still has one of the cards. I retained one of mine and gave the other to Max. Mine I posted to obtain a postmark – addressed to my home. Max said, "I'm not posting mine, they get stolen in the post by collectors somewhere in the Post Office." He retained it.

Mine did not arrive. It was stolen in the post!

I reported it formally to P.O. Inspectors who checked the Bideford and Exeter handling offices but nothing transpired.

I mention this because of your philatelic interest. I suppose it was a rare and unique event and there is only one such franked card. It could have some value. You may like to publicise this information in case it is offered for sale. If it is then advise the P.O. police at once, it *will* be the stolen one – it was the only survivor! It would be Lundy franked the 9th or 10th July 1998.

PS there is a full account of the rocket firing in the Radio Room log, 10/7/98.

§

from Stan and Joan Rendell  
10 March 1999

What a good opportunity the AGM always provides to renew long standing acquaintance with so many of our Lundy friends. But it was rather a pity that there was no AOB at the business meeting so that members could have participated more fully.

§

from John Morgan  
17/3/99

I enclose a cutting from the *Ringling World*.

The list of peals on St Helena's bells may only be of interest to bellringers, but Bob Caton's article could go in your newsletter.

I particularly admire their initiative when, bereft of fancy dress for the New Year's Eve party in the Tavern, they raided the laundry for staff overalls and went as the staff!

8

Extract from *Ringling World*  
New Year on Fantasy Island

Or back to Lundy for loads of ringing and partaking of the local brew. The event was to have started on 29th December, however, four of the party were enjoying the hospitality at the Piglet Campanile open day on 27th December when I was summoned to the telephone and informed by Rose Ball that, because of an unfavourable weather forecast, we were to travel by helicopter on 28th. My reaction to this news was, Yippeee! An extra day on Lundy.

We all managed to reorganise our commitments for the Monday and meet up in Bideford in good time for the helicopter. One of the first jobs to be done on arrival was to fit a brand new set of Minchin ropes that had been specially proofed to help them survive the harsh environment that the winter months produce. The slight amount of stretch that usually accompanies new ropes soon disappeared with a quarter peal of Grandsire triples.

The original ringing plan was for eight ringers to circle the tower to the standard eight surprise major methods. Unfortunately, due to a shoulder problem Alison had been advised by her physician not to use it for ringing she did however ring in the six bell quarters very creditably with her good arm. Jude filled in for the eight bell ringing and spent most of her time revising methods.

The only loss we had was the first attempt at Bristol but after a cup of tea and a chunk of Rose's Guinness cake we succeeded in ringing it.

New Year's Eve celebrations in the tavern proved to be very entertaining as we were told that it was to be fancy dress. Since we had all left home in a hurry we were unprepared for this so a little thought came up with, "let's borrow some Lundy overalls from the laundry and go as the staff". We had a really good laugh but failed to get staff discount at the bar. Just before midnight we went across to the tower to ring in the New Year. Twelve sedate blows in the tenor were followed by the Devon eight bell competition peal conducted by Andrew. Most of the customers in the tavern came across to the church complete with pints and paper hats to listen to the bells. We then returned to the tavern to finish the evening in true Lundy Party Fashion.

New Year's Day passed very quietly without any ringing and lots of folk nursing hangovers. A final quarter of Cambridge minor on Sunday and then we removed the ropes for dry storage until the first visiting ringers arrive.

If you are thinking about outings and day trips do consider Lundy, it has got a lot to offer ringers and non ringers alike and it is the visitors that keep the place alive.

BOB CATON

8

from Hugh Butterworth

At the archive in Windmill Lane I came across the following.

Bideford Gazette 7 September 1920, page 8 column 1. A description of a Lundy Concert held at the "Manor Hall" in the presence of the tenant Mr May. Among those present were Mr T H Hooper and men working on the landing stage.

On 14 September 1920 page 2 column 4, Charles Davey of Abbotsham won a bet by climbing "The Gantry" ie the wire which was used to haul supplies from supply boats to the South Light.

## LUNDY RATS

Rats on Lundy, a layman's view

from Barrie Evans

The rat has enjoyed human company for years. Whilst we concreted over, ploughed up, heated and sterilised the world, the rat colonised our excesses, using our heated sewers as highways, with unlimited food on route, our refuse tips as their supermarkets, our boats as cruise liners with opportunity to emigrate.

Other species having chosen different routes in the evolution process find human activity alien to their life style and as a result have been pushed back into places we have found more difficult to paint plaster or tarmac, this rate of so called human progress is so phenomenal, these creatures have not had enough time to adjust, the puffin seems to be one such.

Those of you who know Castle Cottage will remember that to use the loo requires an outside walk of about one yard (sorry metre) being elderly this journey may need to be taken during the night, these memorable excursions usually took about ten minutes, as I wondered at the many flashing lighthouses and the twinkling lights of boats bobbing in the landing bay, the lovely sound of the rhythmic sea, and many other rustling noises, and yes I did see the occasional rat patrolling the many dry stone walls around the castle.

My point is, there are many rats on Lundy, and many islands around the world that have had a successful eradication programme, have seen a marked recovery of ground nesting birds, maybe, just maybe, this could help the puffins on Lundy?

Handa Island, an uninhabited island off the west coast of Scotland, is a similar size to Lundy, and boasts one of the largest breeding colonies of auks in the UK. It was managed by the RSPB but last year was taken over by The Scottish Heritage so concerned were they about the rats in the island, they put down five tons of Warfarin over the winter 97/98, how successful this has been only time will tell, perhaps we should keep an eye on this project? I might add the Warfarin was only put down in what they considered to be rat-access-only traps, and removed before the onset of the puffins' breeding season.

Having watched puffins I cannot help feeling affection for this bemused looking bird, unsure of themselves in what to them is a hostile unnatural environment so can we help them?

Only 3% of England is unfenced, suggesting almost total management. I do not think we can dodge the issue by saying leave it to nature to sort out, we have interfered too much with our natural world in the name of profit not to bear total responsibility for the rest, as an optimist I take heart from many people around the world trying to redress the unbalancing we have caused to our ecological systems. Should we try and do something to help? But to do nothing will surely be our loss.

After all when on Lundy how often have you been approached by a breathless day visitor wheezing out where are the puffins, and helpfully pointing them in the direction of Long Roost doubting they will ever make it, let alone see a puffin. However I promise to report the first time I am confronted by anyone rushing round saying, where are the rats, have you seen the rats.

Extract from *The Sunday Times* 22 November 1998

'Black plague rats return to London' by Alexandra Williams

The black rat, responsible for spreading the bubonic plague that killed 25m. people in Europe in the 14th century, is making a comeback in Britain.

Six infestations of *rattus rattus* have been discovered thriving along the Thames in east London. There are fears that the rats, thought to be nearly extinct in Britain, may be spreading towards the centre of the capital.

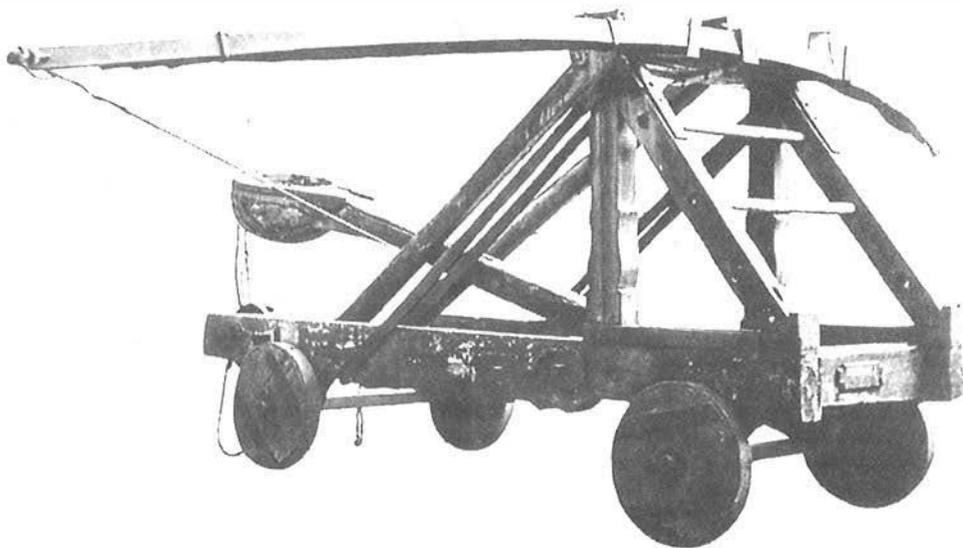
Kim Edwards of the pest control company Birdex, which has been contracted to destroy some of the colonies, said: "black rats are spreading out. They have been spotted near the Dartford tunnel and near Docklands. As the warehouses get renovated and more boats come in, I feel they could come up to central London."

The new colonies of black rats, also called ship rats, are thought to have been brought in on cargo vessels from eastern Europe, where pest control is not as advanced as in Britain. In the docks of Southampton, Portsmouth, Manchester and Glasgow, there have been no sightings of black rats since the 1960s.

Robbie McDonald, co-author of a Bristol University study on black rats, said: "It is a very rare animal in the wild. The only colonies I know about are on Lundy and the Outer Hebrides."

The rats can grow to 15in. long, including their tail. They are sexually mature at five weeks and can produce more than 2,000 offspring a year.

So far, the newly discovered colonies have not been found to carry the fleas that cause bubonic plague, known as the Black Death. However, the disease has not disappeared entirely. Between 1980 and 1994 there were more than 18,000 infections and 1,852 deaths around the world. Last year a case resistant to antibiotics was reported in Paris.



A Mangonel from *Great Military Sieges* by Vezio Melegari (published Ferndale, London 1981)

## THE WARDEN'S YEAR

Liza Cole

January 1999

The one word that springs to mind when thinking about January is wind. There was an awful lot of it, but there were also one or two wonderfully crisp, sunny days.

Wind always makes it difficult to watch wildlife on Lundy as it's hard enough to stand up on occasions, let alone hold a pair of binoculars steady. Plus, wildlife tends to have the same instinctive reaction as us...keep your head down! Nevertheless, on the days of respite between storms it's as if the wildlife breathes a sigh of relief and there is plenty to see!

On the bird front there are skylarks, meadow pipits and linnets flying round on the top of the island. Every now and again you can hear a short trill from the larks as they warm up for a summer of singing. With all the rain we have had there are a number of temporary pools of standing water on the top of the island and these attract gulls up in their hundreds.

As far as mammals go, these just seek shelter from the weather by going down the sidelands. However, the sika deer are very bold at the moment and can often be seen by Quarter Wall in the mornings and seem to like sheltering right under the staff's windows at Barton Cottages. Seals do not seem to worry about the bad weather and their inquisitive heads often pop up to check you out when you visit the beach.

One thing that is not affected by stormy weather is the number of snowdrops down the east sidelands and in Millcombe Valley. Even the daffodils are starting to poke their shoots through the ground.

February 1999

You can never be sure what the weather is going to do in February. And this year the weather didn't seem to know what it was doing, let alone us! One minute it could be blowing a gale and hailing, and the next it could be calm and sunny. Certainly the island is still very wet under foot but is greening up nicely and the gulls enjoy the temporary pools formed on the top of the island.

It's not only the grass that is growing well. The wild flowers are coming on a treat too. The snowdrops and primroses have been joined by one or two daffodils in flower. Even the Lundy Cabbage rosettes are taking on a lush green hue, let's hope that we get a wonderful show of flowers this year like we did last.

As far as birds are concerned, a lot of them are getting into spring mode. On sunny days skylarks can be heard singing; by the shore the rock pipits are performing their parachute displays and generally sorting out their territories; and on the cliffs the fulmars are back in residence.

The middle of the month saw the first of our goat kids being born, a pair of twins, around and about the Pilot's Quay area. The rest of the herd seem to be further north, some of them around Tibbetts and some around the Quarries. They do seem to come southwards more when they kid and the south-west corner of the island is a favourite place. Any day now we should start to see some Soay lambs.

March 1999

March tends to be the time when spring really gets going on the island. The flowers start to come out and the birds start to come in, and this year has been no exception.

As Lundy is pretty exposed the plants start to flower later than on the mainland but March saw the gorse in Millcombe being joined by the daffodils and a few red campion just starting to come through. Whilst at the Quarries the catkins on the willows were giving that lovely fresh green flush to the trees.

This month also saw the first migrants coming through. First a trickle of sand martins, followed by wheatear and then a steady flow of other migrants such as chiffchaffs and other warblers, swallows and house martins. Whilst all this was going on on land, the seabirds were getting themselves into gear as well. The gulls and fulmars had already arrived and were fairly settled but these were joined by guillemots and razorbills coming in in the mornings and sorting out their partners and checking out the nest sites.

A lot going on on the mammal front too. More kids being born to the feral goats that are hanging around the Quarry area. Two kids managed to fall into one of the quarries from the top, one was killed by the fall but the other survived until I rescued it and released it back into its mother's care. The Soay started lambing in the middle of the month, a slow trickle at first but soon they were coming thick and fast. Any day now the Lundy Pontes should be producing foals too.

April 1999

Spring definitely sprung in Lundy this April with plenty going on on the wildlife front.

A lot of the wild flowers have started to bloom. On the East Side the gorse is still putting on a wonderful show and this has been joined by lesser celandine, red campion, bluebells and even a few of the Lundy Cabbage plants have started to flower. On the West Side the maritime plants are coming out too with the thrift, sea campion and kidney vetch giving a lovely splash of colour to the cliffs.

April has been a great month for birdwatching as there has been a mixture of things going on. The ravens, who breed early, have fledged young; the peregrine falcons are on eggs; the seabirds are busily mating; and we still have migrants coming through. Interesting migrants included purple sandpiper, corn bunting, osprey, marsh harrier and a flock of ten dotterel.

Whilst all this activity is going on on land, things are getting going within the Marine Nature Reserve too. We have started to see a few jellyfish around the island, which is always a sign of summer approaching. The sea has taken on a soupy appearance as the plankton starts to bloom so forming an abundance of food for other marine creatures. Grey seals are very noticeable at this time of year as even though they are not doing anything in particular they spend a lot of time hauled out on the rocks. Plus the fact that the resident population is joined by non-breeders who can swell the number of seals to 150.

## WHO WAS WILLIAM OATWAY?

Myrtle Ternstrom

I had no idea.

The producer of a West Country TV programme wanted to know whether Oatway, or Oataway, had been a steward on Lundy for the Grenville family at the end of the 17th century. I could say that the Grenvilles certainly owned Lundy at that time, and presumably they would have appointed somebody to oversee the farm, so it was not impossible that, like Kilroy, Oatway had been there.

Second question was whether there had been a pirate raid on the island around that time. Having recently studied this question, and come to the conclusion that the probability lay on the "Yes" side of the matter, I agreed that it may well have, and sent him Grose's account of the story.

All this led to a November day that was very cold, windy and rainy, when the producer, the presenter, the film man, the sound man, and I climbed aboard the Lomas helicopter and made for Lundy, where I was glad to see Liza waiting for us. After testing the warming capacity of Lundy coffee, we spent a couple of hours looking around the castle and filming a Lundy sequence which, in the final viewing, filled a minute or two. I'm told that this is a par rate of production. We made sure the bar and tavern were in good working order, and enjoyed the company of the islanders, before we set off back to Hartland.

The programme went out on March 9th and then I learned that William Oatway was also a smuggler, and that he had a secret locked room at Chambercombe, which contained not kegs of brandy, but the skeleton of a young woman. Who was she? Nobody knows. More to the point, who was he?

The question remains to be answered. But it was a great fun day out.

## REVIEW OF *LUNDY BY AIR*

Myrtle Ternstrom

Did you know that the first person to reach Lundy by plane touched down as early as June of 1918? It was hardly a joy trip or a smooth landing for Lt Charles Oldfield, RAF, who was forced to land with engine trouble, as the plane promptly overturned.

This story starts off a new book by Stan and Joan Rendell, *Lundy by Air*, which was launched at the AGM in March. It gives the history of Lundy's air transport from that first upside-down landing through to the delivery of a new Land Rover by helicopter in November 1998.

The early air service was closely linked to the opening of Heanton Aerodrome, and the Barnstaple and North Devon Flying Club, by Bob Boyd in 1934. It was not long before the convenience of trips to Lundy secured an agreement with M C Harman for a regular Lundy service, but if Heanton had a nice new aerodrome, the best Lundy could provide was a bumpy runway across a couple of grassy fields. However, Ministry approval was obtained, and so long as the wind was right, it worked – and continued to work until the outbreak of war in 1939. It provided a speedy link with the mainland – pleasure trips, holidaymakers, airmail post, urgent supplies and, perhaps most important of all, a rapid lift to the mainland in cases of emergency.

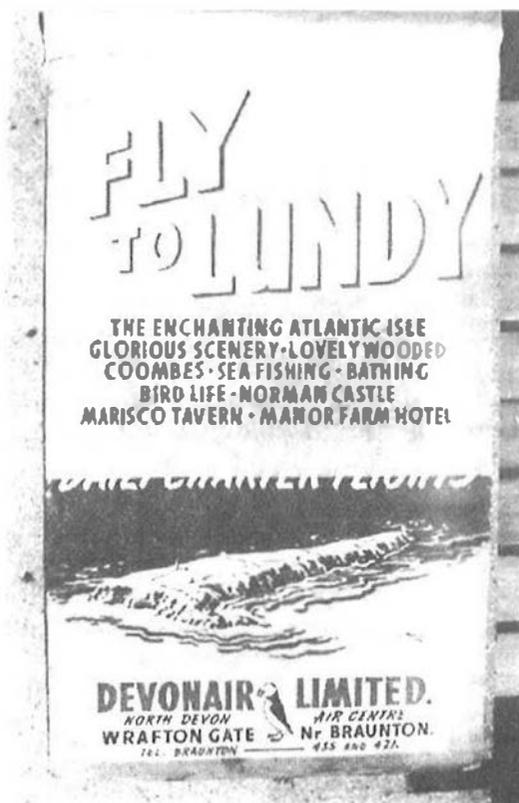
All this is described in the book as well as the war-time crashes and the post-war air service. The aircraft are accurately identified and dated, and the stories have been verified by a great deal of research. There are a generous number of illustrations, including some rare photographs from the authors' collection. One outstanding aerial photograph of the south end of Lundy, with the *Carmine Filomena* aground off Rat Island, was taken by R L Knight, of Barnstaple, in 1937. Others document the formidable task of manoeuvring the fuselage of a damaged De Havilland Dragon down the steep path to the beach and on to the *Lerina*, the wrecks of two German bombers which crash-landed

in 1941, and the Austers used in the 1950s. This last brought back one of my first memories of Lundy, when Tony and I were the two passengers, keeping company with a piglet that was tied up in a sack. These animals are much maligned – its behaviour was exemplary.

This book has a run of 1,000 copies, but don't delay as 1/3rd have been disposed of already – and Stan and Joan were kind enough to donate £50 from the sales to the LFS. Whether you are interested in Lundy in general, or aircraft in particular, this is definitely a book to add to your collection.

It can be ordered from the authors at 11 Fairfield Close, Milton, Weston-Super-Mare, BS22 8EA, and costs £4.50 plus £1 postage and packing. Enquiries: 01934 632 307.

76 pages, 58 illustrations, A5 format.



## LUNDY PONIES

Jan Symons (Lundy Pony Newsletter)

This must have been the wettest winter in record! The boat has been in dry dock having its new engines fitted which will cut the journey time to the island hopefully by forty five minutes. Two smaller vessels – the *Datchet* and the *Torridge Warrior* plus a Lomas helicopter have been chartered to carry the island's supplies over the winter months. The island has really been cut off during the winter. Derek the farmer has been busy with all the animals to care for and now we are well into spring we are already looking at a busy summer ahead.

We have Trident, Ariel, Mariner and Hornet to be shipped off to the mainland and hopefully sold, if you are interested please contact us. Thomas, Ben McCree and Loire have to be gelded and several of the older mares are due their tetanus update this year. Registrations for all the 1998 foals have to be completed. During the winter the ponies were wormed and had their feet trimmed, this is described later by Brian. The ponies were shown in Spotlight South West last summer when South Molton Community College was filmed by the Education Correspondent Adrian Campbell. Trident and Hornet were shown being patted and smoothed down by the children, they behaved very well for the camera.

Exeter University is at present studying the behaviour of the herd and hopes to publish a paper, which will be printed in the Lundy Field Society's annual report in the future.

## CALM TO GALE FORCE

Brian Symons (Lundy Pony Newsletter)

Leaving Bideford on a sunny calm morning on the 26th November 1998 with a good weather forecast predicted by the previous night's television the *Oldenburg* slowly steamed down the Torridge with the farriers and myself on board bound for Lundy for the belated autumn hoof trim and winter worming. We had been due to sail in October but the sailing was cancelled due to storm force weather and no scheduled boat for two weeks. I had promised the farriers a calm crossing!

On arrival at Bideford Bar things began to look different as the boat began to toss into the waves which were beginning to break over her bow. The NW 4-5 forecast was now looking like NW 6-8. Colln the farrier said "this looks like another choppy crossing for me" I took him a coffee and sat downstairs ready to brave it out. The only passengers were ourselves and a few Princes Trust volunteers. Three and a half hours later instead of the normal two and a half we arrived in the Landing Bay. Derek the farmer took us up in the Landrover driven by Liza the warden. Nick and Annie accompanied us (they were returning from shore leave).

My first impression of the island was how green it was looking after the very wet autumn. It was very soggy underfoot. I also noticed the beach road to the cove was finished and looking good.

The main pony herd were really looking well. Stonechat was very crabby as she had her feet trimmed, and Sabine was covered in mud from head to toe. Belinda stood quietly for a change which made trimming her hooves much easier. Cirl Bunting nuzzled me with affection and I thought she must be sickening for something, as she usually is a bit aggressive in nature. All the foals had their feet trimmed. Polar Bear kept squealing as she was handled and is an amusing little thing. She is the cremello foal with blue eyes out of Phoenix. Sabine nuzzled my pocket until he found an extra strong mint in it, which as usual he enjoyed.

We worked quite fast with Derek and Jenny Lo Vel giving us a hand, and were soon on to the yearlings. They were also wormed and trimmed, and are looking super, a good start to the winter.

At 3.30 we went down to the tavern where Jenny Lo Vel cooked us a lovely meal which was really appreciated by everybody. We were boarded at 4.45 before darkness came in although the boat did not sail until 7pm. It seemed funny to be sat watching TV in the aft of the *Oldenburg* waiting for the tide. The crossing back was as calm as could be with the welcoming lights of Appledore and Bideford a sight to be seen.

## LETTERS FROM A LIGHTHOUSE

Lundy North Lighthouse  
Lundy Island  
Via Instow  
North Devon

14. 12. '27

Dear Miss Smythe.

Your name is one of four sent to us by Mrs Swire of Park Hill, Mosley, Birmingham, and as there are four of us at this station we are each writing to one of the four names given to us.

I don't know if you have ever visited Lundy Island, but assuming that you have not, a little about the island and our lighthouse life may interest you. I shall be only too delighted if you ever find time to write to me occasionally, as in our isolated life letters are a pleasant and much welcomed break in the unavoidable monotony of our daily - and nightly - work, and are very eagerly looked forward to.

This is a very large station, one of the largest on this Trinity House District. (Perhaps you know that all lighthouses and lightships around the English and Welsh coasts, are divided up into "Districts" with a separate depot and superintendent to each). When I say it is a large station, I mean that there is a great deal more under our care than the light itself. We have powerful engines to pump compressed air to the fog sirens, which give out a loud blast during fog, mist or snow. (This last is very rare on Lundy, in my eight years here, I have seen snow on the ground only once). In addition to this fog signal we have a wireless beacon, which every fourth minute sends out the Morse letters "GGJ". It has a wide range and broadcasts on 1000 metre wave length. With a suitable coil I have little doubt you could pick it up in Birmingham. Attached to this are the engines and dynamos for the current; so you see we have a great deal to deal with apart from the light. The light is a flashing one, visible about 26 miles. There are always three of us on here at a time, for periods of two months, the third being spent on shore, at the Depot, in Swansea, Glamorgan. By this arrangement, one keeper of the four attached to the station, is always on shore and three on duty at the light. The month on shore comes to each in turn, of course. This month on shore would be a splendid concession to us, but for one thing. Every day ashore, I have to be in the depot from 8:30am to 4:30pm, and this confinement on top of two months at the light, is rather galling, but the "whole nights in bed" we much appreciate, as of course, we never have that treat, here, at the lighthouse. During fog, we are on watch - in the lantern and in the engine room - for 8 hours in every 12, day and night; so you can understand what "all night in bed" means to us when on shore. We very often smile over the "8 hours per day" controversy among the miners etc. for our day of 8 hours is in every twelve, not every twenty-four. "They should be lighthouse keepers" we say!! More than once, owing to breakdown of machinery etc, I have been on duty the full twenty four hours without sleep; yet we keep smiling - grumblers are few and strikes unknown. A strike in our work, would be sheer murder to many poor fellows, and no-one realises it more than the lightkeeper. Owing to the great kindness of many unknown friends, through the agency of the "Daily News" and "Star" newspapers, we now have a good wireless set at each of the lighthouses and lightships and the difference it has made to our lives can hardly be described. "Listening in" we feel "in touch with civilisation" at once, and with a mail only once a week the evening news bulletin is a great boon too. We are all more than grateful for that. I am sure that if those unknown kind hearted friends, could realise the good treat they have given us and could know how very much we appreciate it, they would feel well repaid.

The address by the Archbishop of Canterbury was thoroughly enjoyed here, as no doubt it was at other stations. The Archbishop's address disclosed a really wonderful insight into what I may term the "pin pricks" of our lives - yet I doubt if he had ever visited a lighthouse or lightship. That to me was the most striking thing in his address.

The lighthouses and the lightships, are quite separate departments. We never serve on the lightship and vice-versa. The work is quite different and conditions of service also: though many confuse the two when speaking or writing to one of us.

I am rather afraid that any further details of our life may simply bore you; so I will leave that and tell you a little bit about Lundy Island itself. As you, of course, know, the island lies in the Bristol Channel, almost directly opposite Ilfracombe, and is very bleak and very barren for its whole length of four miles, but at the South East, there are a few trees in a sheltered "coombe", but all across the island there are none. Yet bleak and barren as it is, it is, to me, very beautiful - especially in summer. The purple of the masses of heather and ling, the gold of the gorse, and the grey and yellow of the lichens, make a picture, looking across the island, that no-one could ever forget. One is rarely ill on Lundy. There is no doctor here - he would never make a living! In eight years here I have seen only two persons taken ashore through illness - that is a fact. For our

part we all enjoy splendid health. In spite of the confinement and long hours of night work. Yet as soon as I go onshore I have colds and coughs galore! Strange isn't it? There's wine in the air here!

Lundy Isle, in the spring and summer, is alive with thousands of sea-birds, who come here to nest, but leave us in the winter. Guillemots, Razorbills, Herring-gulls, Greater and Lesser Blackback gulls, Puffins, Manx Shearwaters, Kittiwake gulls, all make their homes here in the breeding season, and their extreme tameness at that time is surprising. The puffins, in particular, will allow a very close approach; they nest in holes in the ground, but they have a beak like a parrot and woe betide the incautious egg-seeker who puts his hand in the hole when Mr Puffin or his wife is at home! They bite very hard, making a snarling noise similar to a dog. The guillemot lays a very beautiful egg, and a very large one too! - they range through various shades of greenish-blue, but some are white. Few strangers can distinguish the guillemot from the razorbill in flight. It needs a practised eye. Both birds are black and white. Thinking that they may be a curio in an inland town like Birmingham, I am sending you a few sea-bird eggs. They are, of course, blown and will keep as they are for years.

This island has had a very varied history. Owned, at one time, by the Knight Templars (they were never able to take possession of it however!) it was later the haunt of convicts under a man named Benson, who, although supposed to be taking them to the penal settlement in Tasmania, under a contract from the British Govt. actually landed them here until he had a sufficient force to hold the island, turning pirate, he was responsible for great losses of shipping in the channel, he was eventually captured and, I believe, hanged in London. Several traces of his reign remain today. Much of its history is lost.

On the west side of the island, on the deadly Shutter Rocks, lies all that remains of HMS "Montague" wrecked there in 1906. The salvaging of the greater part of her equipment, up 500 ft cliffs of granite, was a great feat. One or two other wrecks have occurred since I have been here, but no loss of life, I am glad to say.



© Peter Rothwell

Personally I have a great affection for Lundy. I was severely wounded at the Battle of Delville Wood, on the Somme, in 1916, and being discharged from the Army as unfit for future service, I came to Lundy as a Lightkeeper, and the Island was, to me, after the Somme, a glorious haven of peace, so you will understand my affection for it.

The life of a Lightkeeper – its isolation and loneliness, the long rough sea trips at relief times, and all that makes many fight shy of it, was no new thing to me, because I was always in a Lighthouse, from a little child; all my father's people having been in the Trinity Service for many years. All my boyhood was spent at the South Foreland Lighthouse; so you see I came from the Army to very familiar work and was at once at home as many might not have been.

Well, I must bring this letter to a close now, I do hope you will find it of some little interest, and also that I shall hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely

William Hast

Assistant Keeper

Lundy North Lighthouse.

8

25. 1. '28

Dear Miss Smyth

Very many thanks for your long and interesting letter safely received last week. It was a very nice letter, and you had told me so much of your brothers and sisters and described them so well, that after reading your letter I felt that I knew them. You are fortunate in having so many brothers and sisters. I have often longed for a brother, but have never had one, being the only son. I have one sister, her name is Marjorie. She is twenty-three. She is to be married at the end of February, and all being well – and weather permitting, I hope to be ashore for the wedding, which will be in Haverford-West, Pembrokeshire, South Wales.

My sister, also, learnt typewriting and shorthand and when proficient, entered the employ of a firm of solicitors. That was six years ago. Now, she is marrying the head of the firm, and is having a nice car as a wedding present. So learning shorthand and typing was lucky for her wasn't it? I shall be very much annoyed with the "clerk of the weather" if I am unable to get ashore for the event.

Of course I meant it when I said I would send you some sea-birds eggs, and here they are! I hope you will like them, but be careful in handling the eggs of the little Kittiwake Gull, as the shells are so very thin and delicate – most fragile of all the sea-birds eggs. I wish you could see the little Kittiwake gull yourself. It is as beautifully white, as graceful and dainty, and so effortless in flight that it looks like floating thistledown. It is called "Kittiwake" from its cry which has that sound, but I always fancy that when one approaches their nests, the cry sounds very much like "Get away!" The mastery of flight in this little gull is no exception with the gull family, though. All the gulls are wonders on the wing. They wheel and swoop and soar with very rare flaps of the wings – in fact, their wings are held out almost motionless. This applies only to the gulls though. It is not the case with the Guillemots and Razorbills. Heavy of body and very short of wing, they only keep in the air by "flapping" at a terrific speed. If they cease to "flap" they fall, although they sometimes sweep down from the cliff tops with almost motionless wings, but they cannot soar and wheel like it. I should think that no birds have so rapid a wing-beat as these, but the Puffins – or Lundy Parrots – are the same in flight, as I expect you have noticed, the swallows and martins are also masters of the almost motionless-winged flight. The sea-birds are a wonderful study. Having watched them for years, I could almost write a book on them. Some of the things they will do are almost unbelievable. For instance, the Great Black-back Gull and the Herring Gull, do very little fishing in the early summer – which is their breeding season – oh! no! – they don't! – I hate to "give them away". but they live mostly by



waiting their chance to steal and eat the eggs and young ones of the other sea-birds, who are afraid of them. What do you think of that? – The wretched cannibals! I have seen a Black-back Gull – a large bird – flying overhead with a poor little baby Kittiwake hanging from his great hooked beak by one leg! The little Kittiwake still alive and shouting for his Ma. To steal the eggs, they sweep down and drive their beak right into the egg and then fly away, with the egg impaled on their beak, to a quiet spot to eat it. They are nice kind birds!!

Just fancy, you have never seen the sea! Yet I suppose there are hundreds in the big towns who can say that. But because you have not yet seen the sea I envy you. I should like to be going to see the sea for the first time; should like to begin and see, all over again, the dawns and the sunsets. You know the sunset or the dawn at sea, is not like those elsewhere. To me, the rising of the sun over the rim of the ocean, or sinking below it, is something I am never tired of watching. When it is calm on the water, it is most wonderful. The long, long path of crimson and gold that reaches across the sea to the rim of the world, can only be seen over the sea, and a splendid sight it is. I was born at sea, and so cannot remember my first sight of it, but your first sight of the majesty and immensity of the ocean, will be a great day in your life. I wish I was fifteen and had yet to know the pleasure of that; but alas! I am exactly twice that age, and the sea has ruled my destiny for a good many years; and all my people before me, for more than 150 years, have been Keepers of the Lights.

There was once a poet who said, "the sea is the Harp of God", and listening to its mighty organ notes in time of storm, I can understand what he felt when he said it – but more, much more, like an organ than a harp to me. I love the sea, and away from it, never feel so well. I have worked in London – in Balham – and it was always like a prison to me, so I came back to the sea, as we always must, I suppose. Yet there have been times when I have hated it bitterly too. One such time was a night in March last. In the evening I received a cablegram here, to say that my dear old Dad was dying, and that the relief-ship would steam out next day, to take me ashore to see him before he went. It was calm then, and I could have gone had the steamer come that evening, but she was not coming until next day, and in the night a terrible gale rose, and as the wind rose, the sea rose with it, till the rays of the great light were thick with flying

foam and spray. I stood in the lantern at the top of the tower and between me and home lay sixty miles of mountainous seas. I knew that they would be unable to take me off here for many hours after it was too late, and I hated the sea that night. I landed three days afterwards after a wicked time on the steamer, but my father lay dead then. No, I did not have any admiration for the sea at that time.

When I was ashore last November, my friends here – the other three Keepers – had their photos taken and sent to Mrs Swire. I wonder if you have seen them? Of course, in that photo, I am missing, as I was on shore, but I thought they came out very well. It is more than good of you to write, and to take the trouble to write such a long and interesting letter, but you would have to be here, to understand what a vast difference all letters make to our isolated lives. It is very nice to have someone to write to as if speaking to them, and very nice too, to hear all about the towns we so rarely see. Everything you said about Birmingham was of great interest, because it describes a life so very different to our own. Your description of the Assizes was excellent – I could almost see the judges arriving! No, I have never been to Birmingham, but I have been fairly close. During the war I was in Hospital, wounded, for four months at Leicester and for another two months, at Burton-on-Trent, and at both places, I enjoyed greater hospitality and kindness from many people, than I have known anywhere. Some day, I hope to go again.

So you go in for swimming and physical training. You must be a splendid swimmer to do those 72 lengths in winning time. I don't know if you know it, but when you swim in the sea for the first time, you will be surprised, unless you are prepared for it; because sea-swimming is very much easier than fresh-water swimming. The salt in the sea makes it so much more buoyant, that it is much less effort to keep afloat. I have found that fellows who have learnt in fresh-water could easily outstrip me, who learnt in the sea. You are taking up a splendid thing too, in physical training, but you will have to persevere with it. It is almost useless if spasmodic. Keep on with it, on the right lines, and you will grow into a fine woman.

Yes, I too was once very fond of dancing, but the Somme ended that for me. I had both legs smashed by a shell, and although I am not lame in any way, I cannot dance for any length of time without a good deal of pain. I still get pleasure from dancing by watching others.

Have you any "hobbies?" Favourite little jobs as a pastime I mean, apart from those you have described. Judging from what you have told me, you are far too busy to go in for making things as a "hobby". Of course, we all have our favourite "hobbies". I have several, but my chief ones are carpentry, making all sorts of mats, and marquetry work. In the sea-bird breeding season, I do a great deal of photography, but the birds breed on the shore face of the cliff – 600 feet in most places – and camera work is very risky there. The summer before last, my fellow keeper fell from the cliff face, but his luck was in, he fell clean into the sea without striking rock on his way down, and swam ashore unhurt.

I am sorry I did not make myself very clear in regard to our Wireless Beacon and the Morse letters "GGJ". Let me explain a little more. "Morse" is a system in which every letter in the alphabet is represented by an arrangement of dots and dashes. I am enclosing a copy of the alphabet in "Morse" so you will see what I mean. I expect you know that it is the system in use for sending telegrams etc. in every Post Office. If you entered the postal service, you would have to know "Morse" thoroughly to be able to send – and much more difficult – read it rapidly. You will, now you have a copy of the alphabet in "Morse", easily pick out the dots and dashes that represent the "GGJ" of our Wireless Beacon. Every ship at sea, carrying wireless, communicates in this "Morse", by means of a spark, worked by a key, which produces a high stinging note in the receivers of the listener. It is also a great nuisance to all wireless set users near the Coast for all the various ships "talking" in Morse are almost impossible to cut out except on the very high wave lengths, such as Daventry.

You could find it well worth the trouble to learn the "Morse" alphabet. Do you know that two people who are well acquainted with it, can converse silently across the room, by making the dots and dashes of the letters and words by moving the eyelids up and down? – A very useful accomplishment sometimes, and my sister and I used to do it frequently. "Morse" with us, is all "lamp work", that is flashing it with a lamp that can be shut on and off with a button, like

an electric torch. It is not used nearly so much, with us, as that other "language of the sea" - "Semaphore". That is a quite different system for talking at a distance, by which the different positions in which the arms are held, represent the different letters. I am sending you a copy of that too. You could very easily become very proficient in that too, by practising with your brothers. It is another very useful accomplishment, but needless to say, not very suitable for conversation in the street!! But by years of practice, we can converse at a very rapid rate, arms going like windmills! By using a telescope or field glasses, it can be read at very big distances, especially if a coloured flag is held in each hand. We hold long conversations with those on board the ships by that means. Besides the Wireless Beacon, to guide ships - they can pick up the Wireless Signal 100 miles away, before even the light comes into view - we have a Wireless set of our own, a very good one too. We often listen in to the Birmingham Station, and every night, from Midnight to about four am. We can "listen in" to New York., direct, for of course, American time is five hours behind ours, and midnight here is early evening there, with these programmes in full swing, and we are, of course, up all night at this place, and able to listen in - at least, all but the man actually on duty in the lantern.

I am taking the liberty of enclosing a little snap of myself and two keepers from another light, taken last summer with a party of friends on the Island. I have put a X above myself. Strangely enough, these friends were also from Birmingham. I wonder if you have a little snap, or photo of yourself you would send me. I should be able to imagine my "Birmingham chum" so much better if I had one. I am sorry I haven't a better one to send you, but, if you would care to have it, I will send a better one when I get ashore.

If you write after February 7th, will you address the letter "C/O The Superintendent, Trinity House Depot, King's Dock, Swansea, South Wales"? Because all being well I shall be ashore then. Well, now I really must bring this long letter to a close; I am afraid you will be "fed up" before you read as far as this!

I hope, very much, that you will continue to write to me - of course, with the approval of your mother and father - as often as you can find time for. I like nice descriptive letters like your last. Tell me of all your interests and adventures and of Birmingham itself. I shall be interested in all that.





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14. 3. '28

Dear Miss Smyth

Here I am again on Lundy. I am awfully sorry I have not replied before to your nice long letter, which I received safely at the Depot, but I was five days late getting on shore and then with the wedding preparations afterwards, it really seemed time to come off to Lundy again before I could do anything. I hope you will forgive me for this delay.

I asked you to send your letter to the Depot instead of to my address in Swansea, because being on duty there all day when ashore, there is a better chance to reply to letters; but this time on shore was an exception. I had a good deal of "leave", including three days for my sister's wedding, and had little time for writing at the Depot when I was there, as, unfortunately, I was the only keeper there, and consequently had all the "extras" usually shared by the other keepers when on shore.

The wedding went off splendidly – not a hitch, – and although five days late on the relief, I was lucky enough to be in time for that. My sister is still away on her Honeymoon – London, Brighton, Dover and Paris – so she is having a fine tour. She is in Paris at present, and due back about the 18th. The wedding was in Swansea after all, and not in London, which was just as well from my point of view at least, or the greater part of my three days leave would have been taken up in travelling. I "gave her away" and you may be sure felt rather nervous over the job! but it all went off well. Up to the time I came away, they had received over a hundred presents.

I am so glad you received the eggs safely and were pleased with them. I expect they are rather a novelty in a city. They were, of course, last year's eggs: the sea-birds do not commence to lay eggs before about the first week in April; sometimes a week or so earlier if it is nice sunny

weather. The Kittiwakes and Guillemots have already arrived to "claim their nest locations" and a terrible pushing and pecking and squabbling is going on too! I suppose Mrs Kittiwake says to Mrs Guillemot "I had this ledge last year and I'm going to have it this" – and then the row starts!! They are all as busy as bees, preparing for the house-keeping season, and I must say that Mr Seabird is a model for all husbands! He does an equal share of the work of nest-building, and sees that Mrs Seabird is well provided for all through the nesting. As to if it is the same husband and the same wife every year – that is a point I have never been able to determine, but I like to give them credit for it anyway.

It is a wonderful sight when the birds are all there in full force. Thousands upon thousands of them and the noise! Terrific! We have a camera here, and I will try to get some snaps of them for you when the nesting is in full swing.

You know I appreciate your letters very much. It is very good of you to write at all, but when you take the trouble to write such long ones – page on page, and every one interesting – I can't thank you enough. I suppose you could hardly realise just how much letters mean to us here; especially such long and interesting ones.

I thoroughly enjoyed our walk round Corporation Street, New Street, Lewis Stores, the Town Hall etc! Really, you described the walk so well, that I really felt, while reading it, that I was actually in your company. Suppose I try to point out the Island of Lundy to you in the same way. Of course, I don't hope to do it so well as you did – I think you have the literary gift – but I will do my best, so put your hat on and we'll start from the Lighthouse. (Yes, your hat is on straight!!)

The dwelling houses here, are built on to the base of the tower, and are on the flat principle with flat concrete roofs for catching the rain water. As we step outside, we are facing a very high granite cliff, and I hope you are not feeling tired because we have 286 steps to the top of the island. As we mount them, we gradually widen our view. Away there to the East, that dim like cloud is the coast of Devon, and little to the left it merges into the South Welsh coast, but we are, of course, too far away to pick out much detail of the coast line with the naked eye. Here are my glasses, they are German prisms and rather good; focus them for a moment on that little blue cloud on the ENE horizon – that is the Island of Caldy. Do you see the big white, red-roofed building shining in the sun? That is a Monastery of the Benedictine Monks. I have been inside, and it is very beautiful, and the father Abbot a dear old gentleman (photo enclosed). Before we continue our climb of the steps, look to the N West right out across the Lighthouse below us – no dim blue cloud on the horizon there, for you are gazing out to the mighty Atlantic, and those rolling waves you see breaking on the rocks below, have come three thousand miles. Sometimes in the most quiet and sunny weather here, the waves will come rolling in, like thunder in their sound – that is because somewhere out in that vast stretch of ocean, a storm has raised those great waves, and they have travelled on; but it isn't always wind raises a heavy sea; in a way that no-one seems able to explain, fog raises a very heavy swell – that is, long rolls of unbroken water – very unpleasant if one is not "a good sailor".

Well, there we are, nearly at the top of all these granite steps – Do you see, just to your right, that great cut in the cliffs, like a big slice from a cake? That is a famous home of the seabirds – have you a good head for great heights? If you feel giddy, you had better hold my hand while you lean over to look down at them. See those birds with "white waistcoats" and black backs? They are the Guillemots, the little white ones are Kittiwakes – what a clamour! and what a roar from the sea far below! It is not wise to gaze down there too long, it is too dangerous, so we will climb these last few steps to the top of the island. Here we are; now facing South, the whole length of Lundy Isle lies before us. What rugged masses of lichen covered granite, what a blaze of greens, browns, reds and purple! The heather, the granite, the gorse and the lichens, all have their separate colours, yet all seem to blend. You will see that the island is divided across, in three places, by great granite walls, that run from side to side across, dividing the island in to three, fairly equal portions. They are not modern walls. They were built more than three hundred years ago by convicts, who later, turned pirates.

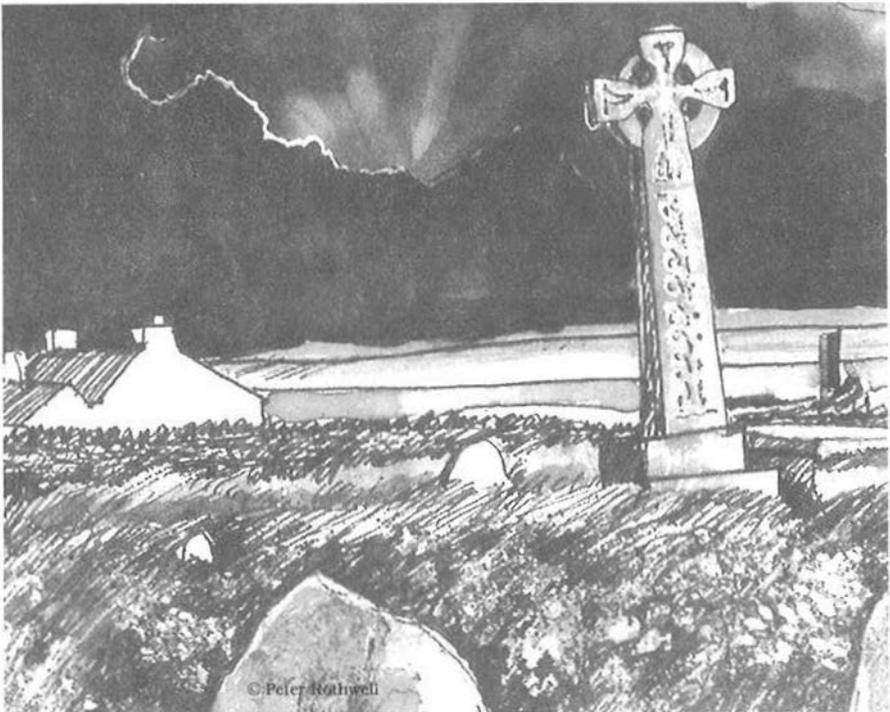
It came about in this way. A man named Benson, all those years ago, had an understanding with the Government of the day, to take convicts, by ship, from the Thames to the convict

settlements in Australia. Instead of that, he landed them here, on Lundy, until he had a formidable force, when he took to putting out and attacking ships in the Bristol Channel. These convict-pirates were finally expelled from Lundy by the military, but legend says that a great deal of their ill-gained booty still lies concealed in Lundy caves, the secret of which has been long since lost. The searching of caves I have found in my eight years here, is a favourite pastime of mine.

Come across now, the few yards to the East side of the island. I have something to point out to you there. That great rock towering sky-ward: at its very summit facing seawards, is a man's helmeted head. Look at the clear-cut face, shaded by the visor of the helmet: all in the solid granite, that has faced the sea storms for centuries. It is a very famous Lundy land-mark – it is the Knight Templar Rock – relic of the days when the Order of Knight Templars were the owners of Lundy Isle.

At the far end of the Island is a great white finger of solid granite pointing to the sky – it is the tower of the old Lundy Lighthouse, long since disused. It was so high, it was always fog-capped, so it was discontinued. Many years ago, my uncle was the Keeper of that Light, and at its foot, my aunt – his wife – lies buried. They had to blast the grave from the solid granite with dynamite. He was a very old man, even in my boyhood, but I remember him telling me, with tears in his eyes, how, during his lonely watch in the tower, he had to listen to the explosions, as they made the last resting place for the dear wife who had shared his lonely vigil for thirty years.

Just to the left of the old Lighthouse, is another square tower, but much lower. That is the tower of Lundy Church. It is a magnificent building for such a small island. It has a fine peal of bells, and is built entirely of Island granite. It cost about £9000 to build, even then – with the building material at the door. I have never understood why such a large edifice should have been built for so few inhabitants. The few inhabitants of the island – averaging thirty – are quite lost inside it. This church is quite modern, and was built by former owners of Lundy – the Heaven family. Old Mr Heaven, who had been ordained, took services there and was very proud of it.



We have walked half-way across the island by now, but tread very carefully in the heather here, let me go ahead a little, for just here, is the lip of the Devil's Lime Kiln, a great funnel shaped opening that descends sheer through the Island for over four hundred feet – some freak of nature. Right at the bottom, and known only to those who have climbed down the awful looking place, is a passage that communicates with the sea on the other side of the place known as "Jennie's Cove", on the Island's West side. Looking down with me from this side, you see those great black fangs of rock lashed by the sea? The longest is the Shutter Rock, and on that dangerous spot, in 1906, "HMS Montague" became a total wreck. By that Rock too, according to Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" sank one of the ships of the Armada. Above the "Shutter", here on the cliff top sat the hero of "Westward Ho!" – Amyas Leigh, when blinded by the lightning of that great storm which did so much towards destroying the Armada, and the hopes of Phillip of Spain.

There is very much of interest, further over the Island, including Marisco Castle ruins, and the other Lighthouse at South End, but we have come nearly three miles, and the heather, though so springy to walk on, is very tiring after pavements; besides, the sun is setting and I have to return to light the guiding light; so we must save the rest for the next walk, which I hope we will take another day.

I was pleased to hear you liked the "snap". In reply to Mrs Grey's query re the "gentleman in the front row". It is a Lighthouse-Keeper named Roach, who left this station for the Longstone Light (the home of Grace Darling) about two years ago. He was with me in the Army during the Great War: was at the capture of Jerusalem, and one of the guard on the Holy Sepulchre. But while I was discharged through wounds in 1917, he continued through to the end, and was fortunate enough to be unwounded all the time.

It is now 3 am and I expect you are fast asleep! We are expecting the mail-boat across this morning, so I must bring this to a close – hope you won't get tired of reading such a long letter! Goodbye till next time! Hope you, and all your family are enjoying as good health as we are here. Write when you have time, please, and don't forget the photo when you can spare one!

§

4. 4. '28

Dear Doris

Delighted to have your nice long letter on Wednesday last. It is awfully good of you to take so much trouble, and not to write little "scrappy" letters. You will understand how much I appreciate them, when I say that whatever the weather may be, I always feel amply repaid for the three mile walk over the island, to the landing place, when I find one of your letters awaiting me.

I am very pleased with your photo: it is very much as I had imagined you, too. It has a place – in solitary state – on the mantelpiece in my room here. It was good of you to send one so soon after I asked you. I have not yet sent you mine, but I will do so if you would care to have it. The photos of the various "Parent Days" are very good too: I was especially glad you sent them for me to see, as I could see you gradually growing up in each one! As you have asked me to do, I am returning them with this, but I am glad you don't want the other one returned – I shall treasure that. Someday – who knows? – I may see its original.

It is very nice of you to give me permission to substitute "Doris" for "Miss Smyth", I have thought of it myself, but did not like to suggest it. It is rather formal isn't it, between chums, but it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and my friends call me "Will" and not "Mr" so I hope that you will do the same when you write; it seems so much more "pally" than the aloof "Miss" and "Mr", after all we are quite old chums now aren't we?

Well, as you told me would be the case Doris, I did receive a long letter from Miss Stacy – or Margaret as she requests me to call her – a very cheery, amusing letter too, but quite different

to your letters in every other way. For instance, Margaret pictures me, when reading her letter as "tilting my spectacles on my nose, and passing sarcastic remarks on the coming generation"! I don't think you have such a picture in your mind, have you? The "spectacles" part is good - especially as keen sight is an absolute essential in my work; a Lightkeeper with spectacles is as rare as a strawberry in December. As you can understand, when we are so far removed from Doctors, the medical examination for this work is an extremely severe one, and no man is accepted for the work who is over 26 years of age when entering, or who is not perfectly fit in every way. The fact that I was twice, rather severely wounded before joining this service, caused three medical exams before they were entirely satisfied. If Margaret writes again, she will probably have me going for the old age pension, don't you think so? But I had several good laughs from the letter. She enquires if I am "long and thin" or "short and fat" and if I am a "Romeo" (Whatever that may mean).

Now, seriously Doris, I want to talk to you about Margaret's letter. I want to know if she is writing to me with your consent. You see you were my first chum, and I am not going to reply to Margaret's letter until I know it is by your wish. If corresponding with Margaret means the loss of your letters to me - well I'm not answering her letters at that price. I don't want you to hand me over to Margaret and leave me with only your photo as a souvenir of what has been to me, a very peasant and happy friendship! - but I don't think you would do that.

If Margaret is a particular friend of yours, and you wish me to answer her letters, then all well and good, but I'm not answering it until I hear from you; you understand, don't you? You see she says, in her letter, that she "means to interrupt the confidential tete-a-tete being carried on between" you and I, and that she "has wormed out the secret"! That may be only her fun, of course, but somehow I don't like the flavour of that, because it does not describe the situation truthfully. As you know, far from our correspondence being in any sense a "confidential secret", I have, of course, no objection to any of your family reading my letters to you. Perhaps she imagines there is a "secret" and has the detective instinct.

Of course, I know, from what you have said in your letters, that your family are aware of our correspondence and friendship; I should not like to think they were not; but it is evident from Margaret's letter that everything she says must not be taken quite literally, she is somewhat of a "nib". Apart from that little bit about you and I, which I perhaps took rather too seriously, I enjoyed her letter; it was "breezy" and cheery, as I should imagine she is herself.

I was sorry to hear that your brother and sister had been down with measles, Doris; I hope they have quite recovered by now. I have very vivid recollections of measles myself. They gave me "hot beer to bring the measles out", but all it did was to make me horribly sick. I was about eleven at the time.

By the way, I almost forgot to offer you my heartiest congratulations on "first for English". I am no judge of shorthand, but with yours and Margaret's letters side by side, I should say your "first" was well deserved, although it must have been "a close finish". I quite sympathise with you on the question of arithmetic! Especially that real abomination known as "mental arithmetic"! Oh! The suits I have had well dusted over arithmetic.

That was a good joke you played on your sister with the Abbot of Caldy's photo! It's a wonder she didn't say "what queer dress Lighthousekeepers wear" - she must have thought it. When I was doing duty at Caldy Island Lighthouse I came to know the monks rather well. The Abbot was a great scholar and a very cultured man, but quite contrary to all my previous ideas of monks, he loved a joke. I was once offered a peacock, in the monastery garden, "cheap, because he has the rheumatics" you can imagine a beautiful bird like the peacock!

How I wish you were here now Doris - I should so like you to see the sea as it is today; a great gale is blowing - what we term a "No 9", that is, three quarters of a hurricane, for "No 12" denotes a hurricane - I am writing this at a table before a window, and every now and then the room grows dark, as a great sea strikes below, and the water goes flying up past the window, many feet into the air, and the howl of the gale, blended with the continual roar of the sea, would I suppose, be appalling to anyone strange to it. Up above, wheels the great light, and as the long rays come around, the flying spray gleams in all the colours of the rainbow. Just out ahead, through all the smother of sea, is a ship; her lights show as she fights her way towards

the lee side of the island, where she will find calmer water. One moment her lights are almost out of sight among the running seas and the next, her lights are far up toward the sky. We have to be sharply on the look-out on such a night: at any hour a ship may require aid; but at present, it is not my watch, so I am relaxing a little from the usual constant look-out and alertness. If you could be here now, I wonder what you would think of it.

At any time, in such a storm, the spray and the mist may become so thick that we cannot see very far to sea, and the rays of the light "shorten up" so that a vessel cannot see the light so far away. Then I go down to the engine room, the big engines and their air-pumps are started, the valves between them and the great twenty-foot trumpets, (like huge loud-speakers on the engine-room roof) are opened up, air, compressed by the engines and pumps to one hundred pounds to the square inch, goes tearing up through the sirens and trumpets, and soon a long shuddering bellow, that makes even the furniture rattle, goes out over the water. The skipper hears it, and to him it says "Rocks! Keep away! Keep away!" That terrific bellowing – audible twelve miles away – goes on every minute while the mistiness or fog lasts. The thunder of the seas, the vibration of the engines, and that constant bellowing, make a concert you would find it impossible to sleep through; yet so tired are we, that our four hours in bed, after eight hours on watch, we sleep as if we were dead.

Just outside my bedroom door, in the long stone passage that connects up dwellings, tower and engine room, is the big switch-board and the dynamo and motor-alternator of the big wireless broadcasting set. The whirr and hum of that, also joins in the concert every two and a half minutes – yet still I can sleep. Use, they say, is everything. Yet I still think you would enjoy it here today. It would all be new and strange; and if you climbed the inside of the tower with me, and looked out through the lantern glass – which is nearly half an inch thick – and extends in almost a complete circle – you would see no land anywhere except the high cliff of the island above you – but on every hand, as far as you could see, there would be the great waste of tossing, tumbling waters, roaring up till they seemed to meet the leaden, lowering sky. The huge waves

travelling to the horizon, grey and white on the crests, but a vivid emerald in the valleys; rushing rank on rank and never ending. Beautiful, living, yet treacherous; always varied, never twice the same. A soft rise and fall, like the breathing of a giant asleep, when calm; capable of a power and force, in time of storm, that has to be seen to be believed; yet swung to and fro in great masses, twice every twenty-four hours, by the moon – the only power, save God, that ever controls it. All that, and more is the sea.

Great, very great, is its love and fascination. Of all the men the sea has slain, countless thousands probably, not one, if he could live again, but would go to sea again. Why, no one knows. Perhaps the sea-salt gets into the blood, and those who are born and reared to the

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ocean, are not as other men who are born and reared to the land and the cities.

Storms such as this, nearly always come in from the South-West, or West-South-West; that is, straight in from the Atlantic Ocean: very few big storms here, come from any other direction, and we are usually warned of their coming by the wireless, which is a very great advantage, for we can prepare and see that all is "made snug" before the gale actually begins. I suppose, in a town, one cannot realise the power of the wind as it is away out in the open. So great is its power, in a gale like this, that whole masses of sea-water are lifted and flung before the wind.

I shall be looking forward to your next letter and hope it will not be very long before I receive one; but I expect the time passes much more quickly with you than with me. It seems a very long while between mail-days here.

This is early morning now, just getting daylight, and there is a terrible bustle going on outside! In spite of the storm, all the little Puffins have arrived to begin nesting – countless hundreds of them – such funny little birds, with beaks like a parrot, in fact they are known as "Lundy Parrots" in Devon, but "Puffin" is their real name. All the bustle is caused by their "house-hunting". You see, they build their nests in the wild rabbits' holes, and as soon as they arrive – where from no one knows – they dive down the rabbit holes and out rush the poor bunnies – for Mr Puffin's beak is a dangerous weapon, he can bite very hard indeed. Yet he isn't dependent on bunny to make the holes for him, he can dig a hole well, when he likes, but chasing bunny out of his nice warm house is easier! Only a small bird is the Puffin, but his voice frightens far bigger birds – a simply awful voice he has, just like a big dog growling, and if you look down a rabbit hole now, you'll be greeted with a snarl that will raise your hair!

Well I must really finish for this time.. I expect you'll be terribly bored by the time you reach this part, as it is. Write to me soon.

Yours sincerely

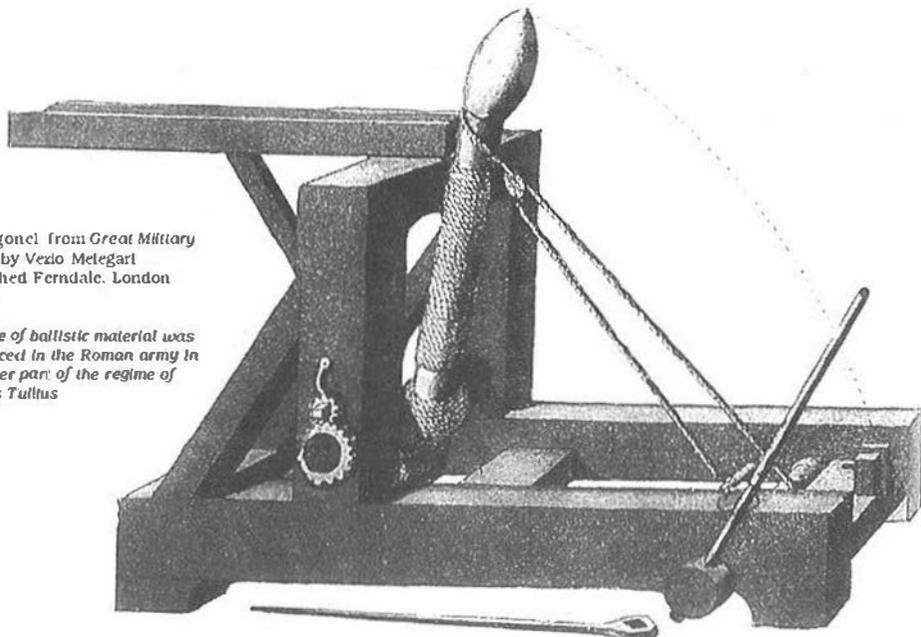
William Hast

Assistant Keeper

Lundy North Lighthouse.

A Mangonel from *Great Military Sieges* by Vezio Melegari (published Ferndale, London 1981)

*The use of ballistic material was introduced in the Roman army in the latter part of the regime of Servius Tullius*



## THE LUNDY WINDOW – SAINT MARY'S CHURCH APPLEDORE

Audrey Button & Marjorie Hopp

This window is to be found in St Mary's Church in the little fishing town of Appledore which is situated on the banks of the Torridge estuary. The window is dedicated to the memory of father and son – Arthur and Reggie – members of a local family, the Manley-Tuckers. Arthur was a keen yachtsman who enjoyed sailing the waters around Lundy Island and Reggie was an airman shot down in the second world war.

In the upper part of the window St Michael holds the scales of justice and the wreath of the Royal Air Force badge. Beneath the wreath is the Wellington bomber in which Reggie flew his last mission.

In the lower half of the window is the figure representing St Helena, Patron Saint of Lundy, holding Arthur's boat "The Temptress". In the right corner is Lundy island with its north and south lighthouses; and around are gulls and puffins, inhabitants of the island.

St Helena was the daughter of an innkeeper and lived in the third/fourth century. She was the mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, and through his influence was converted to Christianity. At the age of eighty years she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and was responsible for building churches in that city on some of the holy sites. Helena was renowned for her generosity to the poor and for her concern for prisoners.

It was this window that convinced the authoress Mrs Mallowan (better known as Agatha Christie) that James Paterson was the artist she wanted to create a stained glass window for her church in Churston Ferrers.

From *The Stained Glass Windows of James Paterson* priced £10.95 available from  
The Burton Art Gallery, Kingsley Road  
Bideford, Devon



## A FLAG FOR LUNDY? - SOME VEXILLOLOGICAL MUSINGS

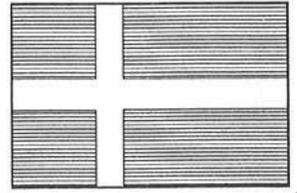
André Coutanche

I have always been interested in flags. Geography, history, politics and more are all reflected in the flags we see around us, which makes vexillology a fascinating hobby. Vexillology is the word for the study of flags (from the latin *vexillum*, a standard used by the Roman legions). Visiting Lundy again recently, the St George's Crosses flying (in the brisk April wind) from both the Church and the Ugly got me doing some vexillological musing. They seem to be asserting that Lundy is uncompromisingly *English*; and while this is of course administratively true, it is also its own place with its own identity, history and character. Could it not - should it not? - have its own flag which reflects this?

You might imagine that there would already be a design for a Lundy flag. After all, when Martin Coles Harman introduced stamps and a coinage, a flag would seem to be almost automatic. But while his conception of Lundy was of a self-governing dominion, it was a dominion of the British Empire and, by implication I suppose, its flag was the Union Jack. So we seem to be starting with a clean sheet (or a white piece of cloth).

Flag design is a game that anyone can play, but caution is needed. There are rules for flag design - or, at least, some very strong conventions - and it's a good idea to know how existing flags came to be the way they are. Flags also arouse passions and we must tread carefully. For a start, a flag is not necessarily a declaration of political independence; on each side of the Severn Sea there are counties which have their own flags - Cornwall and Pembrokeshire - and Northumberland also has a flag. These flags have different histories but in no case are they any more than a statement of local pride and identity.

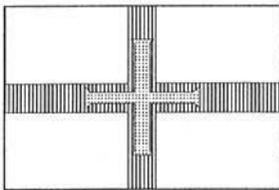
Both Orkney and Shetland also fly their own flags, and here we can start to get a feel for what makes for good flag design. All the Scandinavian countries have a flag with a cross on a coloured background (as does England with the St George's Cross), but the Scandinavian cross is displaced towards the flagpole. Orkney and Shetland both have strong historical links with Scandinavia and both have adopted flags in this format. Shetland cleverly combines the Scandinavian Cross with the Scottish colours - white on blue.



*Shetland's flag. The flagpole is assumed to be on the left*

Many other islands around Britain also fly flags (though in these cases there is some separate political identity). The Isle of Man, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark and even Herm (smaller than Lundy) have their own flags. For many years, Guernsey flew the St George's Cross, though no Guernseyman would ever admit to being English (British, yes), but in 1985 a variant on the design was adopted which superimposed on the red cross a different cross in gold. This gold cross was used by William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings and reflects Guernsey's link with England through the Norman Conquest.

There are rules (sometimes broken) about the way colours on a flag come together. Many early flags grew out of coats of arms and respected heraldic conventions. The most important of these is that two colours should not touch. This may seem absurd, but heraldically speaking white and yellow are not colours, they are metals - silver and gold. So colours which would otherwise join together are separated by a thin line of either white/silver or yellow/gold. This is why on the Union Jack (or Union Flag - arguments about the 'correct' term are as unending as those about split infinitives) there is a thin band - called a 'fimbriation' - of white around the central red cross to separate it from the blue field.



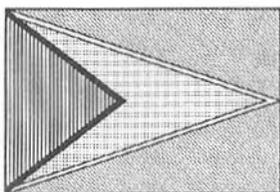
*The Guernsey flag*

With these basics in mind, what might be some suitable elements or references to bring to a Lundy flag? We might be tempted to start with the Red Ensign and put some sort of distinguishing mark in the 'fly' - the half of the flag away from the pole - but this is traditionally the form of flag for a colony of the United Kingdom and not really appropriate.

There are two visual 'shorthands' for Lundy: the puffin and the distinctive shape of the island on the map. It is never right in flag design to think like a modern graphic designer and look for a 'logo', but both these types of image have precedents in flag use. Dominica has a parrot prominent on its flag and other countries and states have references to (usually unique) flora or fauna. But Lundy's puffins are not unique to the island and I wouldn't like to encourage them to think that they could abandon the island altogether once they were immortalised on its flag. However, as we know, the puffin gives its name to Lundy and I will return to this idea.

Maps on flags have unhappy precedents. Cyprus has a map, since the shape of the island is about the only thing the Greeks and Turks can agree on. One of transient flags of Cambodia used a map of the country as a neutral symbol which it was hoped the warring factions could identify with. Unless Landmark find themselves fighting the Tibbetts Liberation Front or the Castle Provisional Government, then I suggest avoiding maps.

The St George's Cross is certainly a valid symbol, both for England and as an element in many of the flags of organisations associated with Lundy. The flags hanging in the Marisco all contain the St George's Cross - the White Ensign of the Royal Navy, the RNLI, Trinity House (ensign and jack). But since Lundy is a slightly off-centre piece of England, why not an off-centre St George's Cross? A Scandinavian cross, in fact, in English colours, to recall that it was the Norsemen who gave Lundy its name and its first mention in recorded history.



*The flag of Guyana*

And that name, of course, was 'Puffin Island'. Although I don't want the whole puffin on the flag, its beak coloration at the time of year that it visits Lundy is a striking feature which can work well on a flag. Geometrical shapes which reflect natural features are not without precedent on flags (implausibly triangular mountains, for instance). The flag of Guyana has a series of overlapped triangles in various colours. The colours of the puffin's beak - greyish blue,

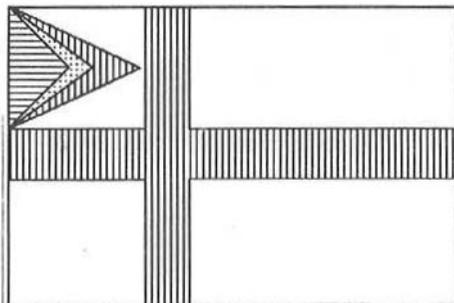
yellow, red - even have a built-in flambriation.

So far as the flag on the Church is concerned, there is a strong tradition of the St George's Cross being flown from Anglican churches. Strictly speaking, they should use a version which includes in the 'canton' - the top corner nearest the flagpole - the badge of their diocese, but I don't think I've ever seen this 'rule' observed. Our editor tells me that the Rev. Donald Peyton-Jones, when in residence at St Helena's, used to fly the flag of the Missions to Seamen - a striking blue flag with the 'flying angel' in white. It seems to me that this would be a most suitable alternative to the St George's Cross in the context of Lundy, but that would be a matter for the church authorities, of course.



*Missions to Seamen flag*

So this is where my vexillological musings have led me: a modest proposal for less assertive Englishness, and for a gentle statement, blowing in the wind, that the visitor has arrived somewhere, not foreign, but different - somewhere with its own style and its own story to tell.



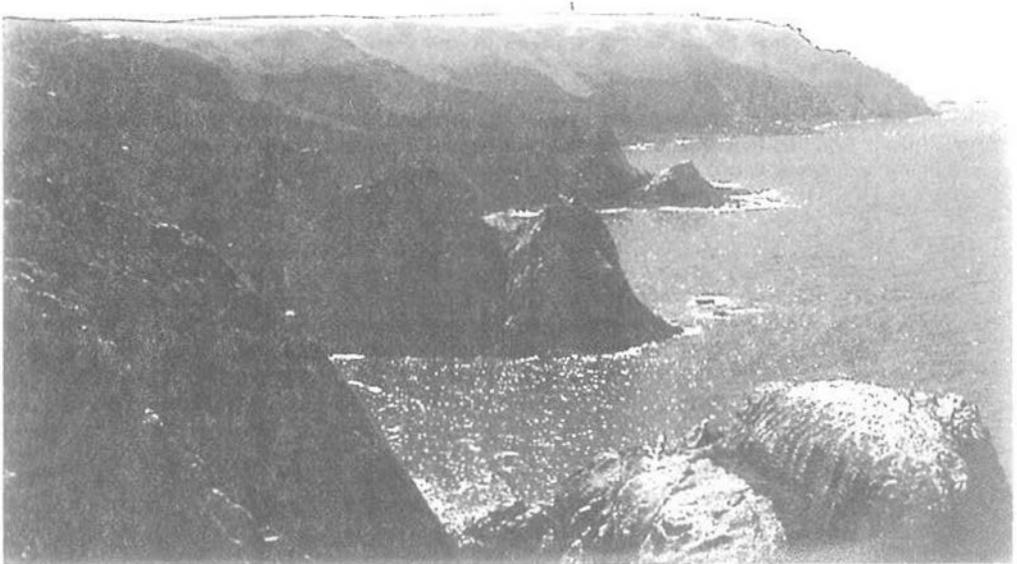
*A possible flag for Lundy*

## LUNDY ISLAND, HISTORIC LANDSCAPE SURVEY 1990-1996

Extract from *Archaeology Review*, English Heritage

Formerly in private ownership, Lundy was acquired by the National Trust in 1969, when it was placed on a long lease to the Landmark Trust. Three miles long and half a mile wide, this towering lump of granite, with cliffs almost sheer in places, and a plateau top, lies in the Bristol Channel shipping lanes, mid-way between the coasts of North Devon and South Wales. As a quiet island retreat, Lundy attracts numbers of visitors, on whom it largely depends for its survival, but it also enjoys special protection, both for its natural and historical worth, through legal designations. The ecologically rich waters surrounding the island have been designated a nationally important marine nature reserve and the island plateau (excluding the village) is an SSSI. Its archaeological importance arises from the quality and extent of its physical remains, ranging from evidence of prehistoric and medieval occupation to the industrial remains and other historical survivals of the more recent past. Currently, Lundy contains thirteen Scheduled Ancient Monuments or areas, and fourteen Listed Buildings. There is also a small island farm which requires a certain amount of grazing for cattle and sheep and the attendant watering, feeding, and stalling requirements. To cater for all these special provisions, successful management of the island must be very carefully balanced. Although the island's archaeological survival may not be perceived to be under any obvious threat, it does suffer pressure from a number of potentially conflicting demands. Whilst existing scheduling gives legal protection to some of these sites, the results of a preliminary archaeological assessment by the National Trust in 1989 showed a much greater survival than had been previously recorded, and the need for a re-evaluation of Lundy's archaeology, which would underpin a sustained management strategy.

Detailed field survey was initiated to enable more informed management of the archaeological survival and to devise a long-term programme for its best preservation and interpretation. The resulting information would allow an accurate record, assessment, and evaluation of the archaeological sites and areas, identifying them on the basis of their relative archaeological merits with a view to developing a sense of their national importance. The processes of drawing together the records, their assessment, and the identification of a hierarchy of archaeological value would also provide an essential basis for re-evaluation of the island's scheduling provision under the MPP. Existing records were incorporated where appropriate, but the majority of the



survey was the product of new measurement by EDM theodolite survey, and large scale, detailed drawings. All sites were described and photographed. Further contour information, aerial photographic, and other existing mapped detail will ultimately be combined with the 1:1000 metrical survey to produce a final plan for the island as a whole.

This historic landscape survey was undertaken by National Trust staff and volunteers in two week periods during late April/May over five years, and the data generated is currently being written up. A1 size annotated plots of the island's archaeology have been produced, and details of every site are being entered onto the National Trust's computerised database. Interpretation is ongoing, but it is clear that almost the entire island plateau shows evidence of previous farming and settlement, with field systems continuing below Halfway and Quarter Walls, and into and below the village. It is only the emergence of these patterns in plan form that enables informed analysts and interpretation of these remains and their relationships to each other. An especially high degree of detail has been recorded at the Beacon Hill early Christian cemetery, with both a contour survey and a feature survey of its interior. Detailed drawings of central features, the inscribed stones, excavated graves, and thirteenth-century chapel foundations were made, and context sheets and photographs completed. The short lived (1863-68), but extensive nineteenth-century



above :  
John O'Groats's House, north end,  
post-medieval building overlies prehistoric  
cairn

quarries on the East Sidings were also treated in great detail, and it is hoped that the resulting plan will give a better understanding of the operations there as all the records of the Lundy Granite Company were lost at the time of its liquidation in 1868. Part of the work of the survey was to record the architectural detail of those ruined buildings which have so far survived in more substantial form, and some fine plans, elevations, and suggested reconstructions have been drawn for Belle Vue cottages and the Quarry Hospital, the Battery Cottages and associated buildings; similar detailed recording has been given to the recording of John O'Groats House, Widow's Tenement long house and enclosure, Bull's Paradise, and some of the more structural ruins.

It is intended that this research will be published, both at an academic level, and to provide the interested visitor to the island with an updated archaeological field guide and, if appropriate, a discreet exhibition display. It will also, through its reinforced statement of the overall archaeological importance of the island, lead to a revision of existing schedules and a likely increase in their number under the MPP.

Valuable archaeological research has been carried out in recent years with the support of the Lundy Field Society running concurrently with the National Trust survey. This has concentrated principally on the



this page above : Lundy West Battery signal station: containing the well preserved remains of a 19th century Trinity House fog signal

opposite page : Lundy's west coast, viewed from the north.

fields within and around the village, using geophysical prospection and test pit excavation. Existing collections of flint artefacts have been examined and comparisons made with recent flint finds and those arising from test pits, particularly in Brickfield, Tillage Field, and St Helen's. Artefact concentrations south of Quarter Wall in the Atrfield and Lighthouse Field have also been examined, and the evidence reinforces the impression that this area was fairly intensively used in the Mesolithic and post-medieval periods. A geophysical survey of Bull's Paradise supports previous interpretations and also indicates new features. It will be interesting to compare the geophysical findings with the National Trust survey plan of the area.

Now that the National Trust survey is substantially complete, the resulting SMR record for Lundy and the supplementary geophysical research may be studied together, along with the extant documentary record, and current historical research. It is also hoped that the opportunity will arise for a programme of environmental analysis, including a reassessment of pollen analysis results from earlier investigations during the 1960s. A large but scattered and mainly anonymous archive exists for the island arising from past archaeological work, and from chance finds or personal interest. Collaborative work between the Lundy Field Society and the National Trust is already well advanced in locating, cataloguing, and indexing this archive.



above :

*Lundy village properties restored by the Landmark Trust, now used as holiday accommodation*

Although the major part of this project has been funded largely by the National Trust itself, with a substantial grant each year from Devon County Council, and small donations from the Landmark Trust, the final season of work in 1996 was made possible by a major grant from EH. The express purpose of this was to enable the satisfactory completion of the National Trust survey, and to make available the resulting survey material to EH, for the preparation of revised scheduling provision under the MPP. This provided the opportunity for a final season of fieldwork mostly at the south end of the island. Detail was added to the survey of a tenement at Halfway Wall, the recording of the village was completed, and a survey made of the steep East Sidelands, revealing a succession of terraces, small fields, and ruined structures concentrated in the deep

combes. Further coastal battery sites were discovered, and plan and elevation drawings made of the medieval Marisco Castle. It also helped provide up to date aerial photographic cover by RCHME, a photographic record of most of the ruined buildings, and analysis of the survey plots. A field officer from the MPP accompanied the 1996 team in Lundy, and the field data is currently being used to compile the new scheduling provision. During the course of the study, the number of recorded sites has been increased from approximately 200 in 1989, to approximately 1,200 in 1996. The more detailed record gives much greater scope for re-interpretation of the island's archaeological remains, and will make wider and more informed scheduling protection possible, which in turn will aid management of the island's historic landscape.



## LUNDY

(from *Rain Later Good*)

by Peter Collyer. Pub Thos. Reed Publications.)

It seems to me that the body of water between the south coasts of Pembrokeshire, Glamorgan and Gwent and the north coasts of Cornwall, Devon and Somerset should have a more appropriate name than the Bristol Channel. It's more than a channel, and estuary, too, is far from adequate. The narrow end is already known, quite rightly, as the Severn Estuary. I am sure that South Wales must feel pretty hard done by.

On some old maps, in the days before reliable navigational instruments, when mariners intending to sail up the English Channel found themselves on the wrong side of Cornwall, it is referred to as The Wrong Channel. On the beaches of the Gower Peninsular or Woolacombe it certainly looks, and feels like, the real thing; the sea. So how about a campaign in support of The Lundy Sea?

All along the north and south coasts people proudly proclaim that their bay, harbour, point, cove, bridge, has the second highest tidal range in the world. At well over 12m, this is second only to the Bay of Fundy between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in Canada.

One of the best places to witness this drama is at the town bridge in Newport, Gwent, where the considerable flow of the River Usk is sucked out of its channel by the ebb tide, as if someone has pulled the plug out, reducing it to a comparative dribble.

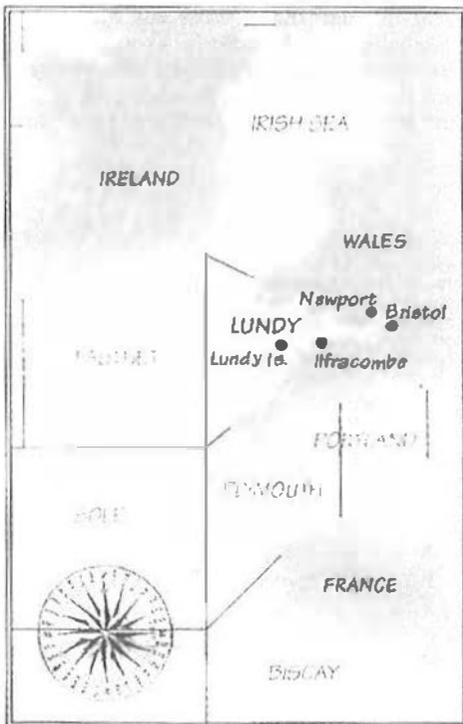
Take a summer evening walk around the headland at Baggy Point and you can watch the sun set behind Lundy Island, it is difficult to believe that from here it is 27km. away. Lying at about the point where the Lundy Sea meets the Atlantic Ocean, the island is made of granite which erupted from a volcano located under water a little to the north, at the same time as those on Skye, Mull and Arran. The name is old Norse for Puffin Island.

Nowhere else in Britain can you remain so close to normal everyday life yet feel so completely away from it all.

A natural fortress, the island is an undulating plateau 5km. long and nearly 1km. wide, a great hazard to shipping and consequently a ship graveyard with more than 200 recorded wrecks.

In 1987 it became Britain's first marine nature reserve. The wildlife both in and out of the water is outstanding. For many it is the main reason for their visit. Mountain goats, Soay sheep, Stika deer, grey seals, basking sharks, dolphins, many rare and unusual birds and, unique to the island, the Lundy cabbage all attract the visitor.

The landscape is open and virtually treeless so that consequently the few buildings, mostly clustered round the cliff top by the path leading up from Landing Bay, are prominent features. The church was built by the Reverend Hudson G. Heaven whose family owned Lundy for much of the nineteenth century, when the island became known as the Kingdom of Heaven. On the other side of the island, but only a short walk away, stands the original lighthouse. Built in 1820 on the highest point, at the expense of a group of Bristol merchants, the light proved less



than satisfactory. Unusually it displayed a secondary light lower down the tower to help mariners distinguish it from other lights in the vicinity. However, from a distance the lights appeared to merge into one, and the tower was so tall that the top light was sometimes obscured by fog. In the 1890s low level lighthouses were built at the north and south ends of the island.

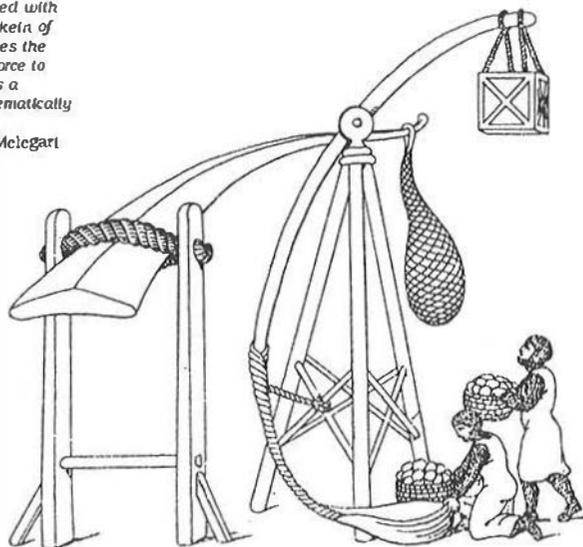
Since 1969 Lundy has belonged to the National Trust. It is managed and maintained, however, by the Landmark Trust, which has restored many of the buildings for renting out, short term, to those who want somewhere unusual or remote to stay. Lundy is both. The island is reached by a boat, the *MS Oldenburg*, which sails several times a week from either Ilfracombe or Bideford, depending on tides. The journey of about 36km, takes two and a quarter hours and offers good views of the North Devon coast.

Landing on Lundy is an adventure in itself. There is no quay. The *Oldenburg* enters Landing Bay and is met by a small open launch. Passengers transfer to the launch in groups and are then ferried to a tractor-drawn platform positioned at the water's edge. This is then followed by a 'gentle stroll' up the 120m. cliffs. Thankfully the Marisco Tavern is at the top.

On the day that I went out, the sea in Landing Bay was not yet deep enough for the *Oldenburg*-launch-platform arrangement to work, and we were taken on a cruise along Lundy's east coast, the gentler side, to view a seal colony. This proved to be fortuitous. Visibility was good, if only slightly hazy, and the sun was in just the right position to bring out the best in the cliffs: a gift I could not refuse.

*Two Mangonels used by the Crusaders : on the left the more simple form of a torsion catapult. The arm with the sack loaded with stones is attached to the base by a skein of twisted rope, the torsion of which gives the arm, when let loose, the necessary force to launch the projectiles. On the right is a counterweighted device somewhat schematically represented.*

from *Great Military Sieges* by Vezio Melegari (published Ferndale, London 1981)



**DATES & COSTS**

**LUNDY**  
**SKETCHING**  
**BREAKS**  
**1999**

*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*

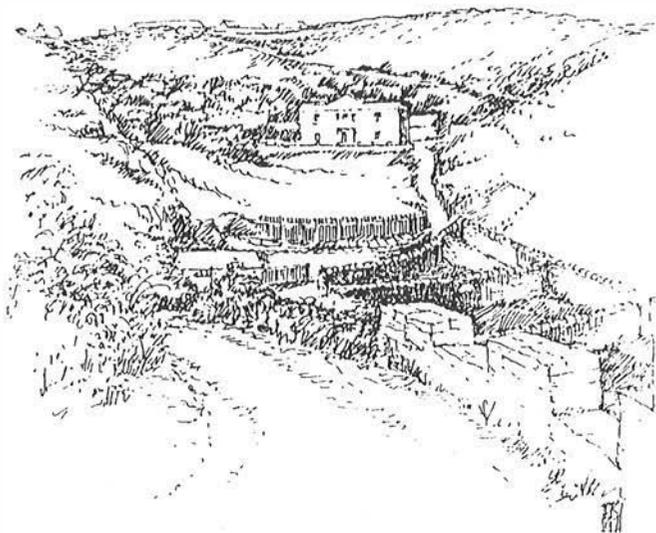
*all accommodation and breakfast in  
 Millcombe. Tutton by Peter Rothwell.*

*£130 deposit secures a place in 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 we shall be unable to return  
 your deposit.*

*Cheques to be made payable to:  
 Westwell Publishing*

For further details of the course, and sailing times, please write to: – **A.S. WESTCOTT**  
**The Quay Gallery, The Quay, Appledore, North Devon, EX39 1QS. Tel. (01237)**  
**474801.** If you wish to reserve your place send a cheque for your deposit made out to  
**WESTWELL PUBLISHING**, giving details of your requirements.

**STOP PRESS..... SEVERAL PLACES STILL LEFT.**



**LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY WEEK**  
**10 - 17 June 2000**

Applications are invited for members wishing to reserve properties on Lundy for the Field Society Week 10 - 17 June 2000.

The method of application will be by using the application form and envelope included with this Field Society Newsletter. Please write on the envelope the one property for which you wish to apply. Multiple applications will be ineligible.

Each application should be completed confirming the property applied for, the number of persons the applicant intends to use the property, and be accompanied by a one third deposit based on the 1999 price, plus the cancellation scheme premium, to reach Roger Chapple by the 30 October 1999. For your convenience, at the end of this news item, a copy of the Landmark Trust price list will be reprinted.

All envelopes will be held unopened until the closing date for applications. Immediately thereafter, the organizers (Ann Westcott, Myrtle Ternstrom and Roger Chapple) will invite the Reverend Bill Blakey to draw one application envelope for each property. The successful applicant will be immediately advised by letter.

All unsuccessful applicants will be advised by a letter returning their deposit, together with a list of successful applicants for each property and any vacancies within those properties, and any properties not taken up.

It will then be up to the successful applicant to sell or sub-let any vacancies if they so choose, the secondary applications for vacancies should be made directly to the successful applicant. **THE SUCCESSFUL APPLICANT WILL BE RESPONSIBLE AND LIABLE FOR ALL COSTS IN RESPECT OF THE WHOLE PROPERTY.** Any sub-letting will be a matter for the successful applicant and individuals, not the Lundy Field Society. Normal occupancy levels of the Landmark Trust must not be exceeded.

The successful applicant will then have to confirm to Roger Chapple, the final 'party details' by the 31 December 1999.

Final details and deposits will then be passed by our Lundy Field Society Committee to Landmark, as a confirmed booking, by the 10 January 2000.

The balance of the full price for each property, to include Oldenburg tickets, must be paid **DIRECT TO THE LANDMARK** (each booking will be monitored by ourselves and the total cost advised) in the normal way three months before the beginning of the period booked, i.e. by Friday 10 March 2000.

Any properties not confirmed by the Lundy Field Society to Landmark by 10 January 2000 will be put back on the open market by Landmark.

Notwithstanding any of the above, normal conditions of booking Landmark properties will apply.

The organizers propose to reserve part of Millcombe (at their own expense) comprising one single room, one twin bedded room and one double room, although they are flexible in this proposition and may alter their booking to accommodate members' requirements in the light of applications received.

The main reason for reserving part of Millcombe, was as a result of representations which were made by various members seeking smaller units of accommodation, and you may apply therefore for the remainder of Millcombe as individual rooms which should be described, and for which you should apply, as:-

Millcombe Twin Bed	B
Millcombe Twin Bed	C
Millcombe Double Room	B

Similarly, quarters will be treated as individual rooms, which we will describe, and which you should apply for, as:-

Quarters Single	A
Quarters Single	B
Quarters Single	C
Quarters Single	D
Quarters Single	E
Quarters Single	F
Quarters Twin	A
Quarters Twin	B

We appreciate The Barn offers dormitory accommodation, but invite offers for the whole rather than individual beds, although in the event of the whole not being taken, we would advise individuals who might apply for The Barn, or unsuccessfully on other properties, to allow them the opportunity to assemble a party.

Extract from Landmark Handbook with 1999 prices, for one third deposit calculations. Final booking totals will be based on the 2000 price list when available.

	Property	Sleeps	Beds	Price
All bookings must be covered by the Landmark Cancellation Scheme.	Admiralty Lookout	4	2B	364
	The Barn	14		699
If you have to cancel for any reason covered by the Scheme, everything you have paid will be refunded to you less a £30 administration charge and the premium.	Bramble Villa East	4	TD	442
	Bramble Villa West	4	TD	420
	The Castle -			
	Castle Cottage	2	D	331
	Castle Keep East	2	T	316
	Castle Keep North	2	T	264
If you cancel for a reason not covered by the Scheme, a refund will only be made if the period you booked is re-let (see Booking Condition 18)	Castle Keep South	4	2T	406
	Government House	5	STD	640
	Hammers	4	TB	534
	Millcombe House	12	2S3T2D	1261
	Old House North	2	T	384
	Old House South	5	STD	603
	The Old Light -			
<b>Insurance Premiums</b>	Old Light Cottage	1	(S)	156
	Old Light Trinity	4	2ST	499
	Old Light Venturer	5	S2T	599
	The Old School	2	T	312
	The Quarters	10	6S2T	679
1 Price less than £500 per week: premium £13 per week.	The Radio Room	1	(S)	156
	Square Cottage	3	ST	483
2 Price £500 to £1,000 per week: premium £18 per week.	St John's Big	3	(S)T	360
	St John's Little	2	T	276
3 Price £1,000 a week or more: premium £25 per week.	Stoneycroft	4	TD	492
	Camping	40		

The premium must be paid in full when the booking is made.

D = Double  
T = Twin  
B = Bunk

Prices quoted, with the exception of camping, are per property per week.

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

10-17 JUNE 2000 ON LUNDY

We (Roger, Ann and Myrtle) hope to organize an enjoyable week on Lundy, with a variety of activities which members may join if they wish, or ignore if they prefer to follow their own programme.

Below is a list of ideas for some possible activities:

- The organizers will invite as their guests, members and islanders to a welcome party on the evening of arrival (10th)
- Tavern Quiz (Barbara Cole)
- Concert Party (Diana Keast, organizer)
- Lundy Olympics, LFS and islanders (simple races, etc)
- North End Breakfast
- Auction
- Barbecue, potato-bake and sing-song. The LFS to invite the islanders as guests.
- Treasure Hunt

We ask YOUR help for the following, please:

- Volunteers to help organize events
- Donations for the auction
- Participants for the concert party
- Any ideas or suggestions you may have

-----  
(please feel free to photocopy this form if you wish to preserve your newsletter)

please complete and return in the envelope provided

I should like to help with .....

I can donate .....

I would be willing to participate in the concert party .....

(Talent not essential, just a sense of humour)

I suggest .....

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

Name: ..... Tel No: .....

NORTH DEVON  
MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

The Cape and Lundy Review.

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VOL. I.

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BARNSTAPLE :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. SEARLE, BOUTPORT-STREET

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1824.

### The Cave and Lundy Review (North Devon Magazine)

Westwell Publishing and Lazarus Press have been fortunate enough to obtain access to a copy of that rare publication *The Cave and Lundy Review*, and we intend to produce an illustrated re-printing of the two volumes as a sort of Millenium project. Each volume will contain a complete run of six-months: *The Review* only ran for one year. Those of you familiar with the magazine will no doubt be reaching for your cheque book already, but for those less well-acquainted it might be appropriate to provide some further details.

*The Cave and Lundy Review* was published as a monthly magazine in 1824 by a group of literary gentlemen whose leading light lived at Saunton. It was intended to be as classy a magazine as the then highly thought of *Edinburgh Review*. *The Cave* aimed to be a very up-to-date publication, with puzzle pages, travel articles, fiction and poems (Lord Byron had made poetry fashionable). It was a sort of early 19th century Sunday Supplement.

LFS members will enjoy (amongst other North Devon items) *Journal of the time I spent on the Island of Lundy, in the year 1752 and 1787*.

In this newsletter we print the *Cave's* account of the wreck of the *Weazle* and the accompanying poem, so that you can experience the flavour of the thing.

It is highly likely that this monthly magazine was the Parent of the weekly *North Devon Journal*, which started in 1824 and is celebrating its 175th anniversary this year.

We are able to make a very special offer to LFS members. The Volume will be (like the Westwell Chanter's *Lundy* printed by Lazarus Press) a 'period piece', handsomely bound in hardback; the illustrations will be re-productions of contemporary 19th century artworks. Furthermore, *The Cave* will have its own clothbound slipcase.

The price will be £35 per volume in the bookshops. To LFS members, applying on the form in this newsletter (and only on this form or photocopies thereof) there will be a special pre-publication price of £30.00 to include any postage and packing (UK only), as well as the inclusion of your name in the Subscribers' List - an integral part of the publication. Only Subscribers to Volume One will be eligible to Subscribe to the delectable Volume Two (at a further discount) and we will print an Application exclusively for LFS Subscribers in the next newsletter. We stress that this is not only an exciting venture, but, due to the very special nature of the production, an extremely limited edition.

We very much look forward to your joining us in this super project for the year 2000.

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(please feel free to photocopy this form if you wish to preserve your newsletter)

#### *The North Devon Magazine (1824) containing The Cave and Lundy Review in Two Volumes*

I would like to Subscribe to Volume One of the above publication which I understand will be in the form of a hardback book, cloth-bound and gold blocked, complete with its own slip-case.

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(Extract from *The Cave and Lundy Review*)

**The Weazle**  
(Feb. 10th, 1799.)

The tale is briefly told; – a gallant bark  
Embayed, and by the tempest overtaken,  
When midnight heavens were glooming pitchy dark,  
And wave and shore by the loud storm were shaken,  
Drove upon *Baggy's horrid Leap* – and hark!  
The seaman's cry, that never more shall waken  
Echo for mirth or woe; – down – down she goes,  
And for her fate a long Lament arose.

LOG OF THE SEA-MINSTREL, A POEM.

PREFACE

The 10th of the present month (February) is the anniversary of the loss of his Majesty's Ship *Weazle* and all her crew, on *Baggy Leap*; an event which even upon this iron-bound and wreck-strewn coast, and familiar as the inhabitants have been with 'moving accidents by flood,' seems to have left an impression beyond the ordinary tone of remembrance in cases of shipwreck. This very general sentiment of public regret in hearing of the catastrophe, was partly owing to the unexpected rapidity of the tempest that overwhelms the vessel in question, and the total loss that occurred, (as every individual on board perished on the spot) but is principally to be attributed to the circumstance of the *Weazle* having long laid in the Bay, and the consequently extensive acquaintance which the officers and crew had established on shore, with the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, with whom their gaiety and social character seems to have become proverbial.

It has, in fact, been asserted, but upon what good authority I know not, that this gaiety of the *Weazle's* company bordered even upon carelessness, and was one of the final causes of the loss of the vessel. It is, however, generally held requisite for the neighbourhood to assign some cause or other for a catastrophe, in all such cases and, perhaps, the free and daring character of the *Weazle's* crew, has offered a plausible solution to a difficulty which possibly might not exist.

Of those whom I have heard conversing upon the subject, few seem to agree in minute particulars; and as is usual on such an event, superstition and credulity have bound it up with many visionary warnings, fearful presentiments, and singular coincidences.

The principal features of the case are as follows: – The *Weazle*, under sail from her accustomed station, got safely over the Bar, and stood off to the westward, but, a storm coming on with great rapidity, she became as it were embayed between Lundy Island and *Baggy Point*, and in endeavouring to clear the latter, went on shore on *Baggy Leap*, where she was dashed to pieces, and all her crew, to the number of 106, perished with her. A complete wreck, perhaps, never occurred; but the lower part of her hull is said to have been visible under water, in calm weather, for some time after. One of the ship's company was, by accident, left on shore, and so escaped the fate of his companions; and the body of Mr Wm Grey, the surgeon, was washed on shore about six weeks after the wreck, and buried at Braunton.\*

Since writing these few particulars, I have also been favoured by an extract of the following 'Memoranda' from the journal of a gentleman who resided near the

\*We have heard that there is a record in the register of Braunton parish of the interment of the Surgeon Mr Grey, but at present, we have not had an opportunity of consulting the document.

scene of this calamity. *February 11th 1799.* The *Weazle* brig of war, the *Hon. Capt. Grey*, Commander, was lost in the night of the 10th instant, by striking, as is supposed, on *Baggy Leap*. in a tempestuous gale of wind; part of the vessel drove into *Woolacombe Bay*, near the houses; most of the surgeon's property came in there, a medical chest, 3 boxes of instruments, and other articles. The greatest part of the wreck came into *Croyde Bay*, the cables and anchors lay under the *Hooe*, not far from the point. All the crew were drowned; a woman on board, was washed into *Croyde Bay* the day after the vessel was lost, and not one person besides was immediately found, in any of the Bays, though the number lost was 106.

'In the course of a month after, 17 or 18 bodies were picked up on the rocks, and in *Baggy Hole*, in so mangled a state, without arms, legs, or clothing, so as to distinguish them. Three months after the melancholy loss I rode over to *Woolacombe*, and found six bodies washed in on the sands, in a similar mangled state and one body with all his clothes about him, as perfect as if he had been just drowned, but his face quite destroyed; he proved to be *Lieut. Butler*, whom I knew, having seen him before; the uniform buttons were on his jacket, and the initials of his name on his stockings: none of the remaining bodies were ever seen after.'

### LAMENT

#### I

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
The joy of our Bay;  
Whose trim was so gallant,  
Whose crew were so gay;  
Hearts that never knew fear,  
Yet confess'd beauty's eye,—  
Then rain beauty's tear,  
For the day-dream gone by!

#### II

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
The grace of our Pool;\*  
O! where is her sceptre  
Of wide ocean-rule?  
The waves in their madness  
To freedom awoke,  
And the Sea-queen o'erwhelmed  
As her sceptre they broke.

#### III

Lament for *The Weazle*  
Her voyages are o'er;  
She hath made her last port,  
She is on her lee-shore;  
Low down in the deep,  
When the sunbeams are sheen,  
And the waters are calm,  
May her ruins be seen.

\*Appledore

## IV

Hope breathed on her sail,  
 As she went o'er the Bar:  
 Pride waved in her ensign,  
 Seen flying from afar;  
 But her sail it was struck  
 Ere the Bay she had crost,  
 Her ensign was lowered –  
 Her glory was lost.

## V

Tho' the tear fell at parting,  
 When love bade adieu,  
 There was 'welcome to ocean!'  
 From all her bold crew;  
 And the wine-cup was spilt,  
 As it circled her deck,  
 But the blood of the gay  
 Is now red on her wreck.

## VI

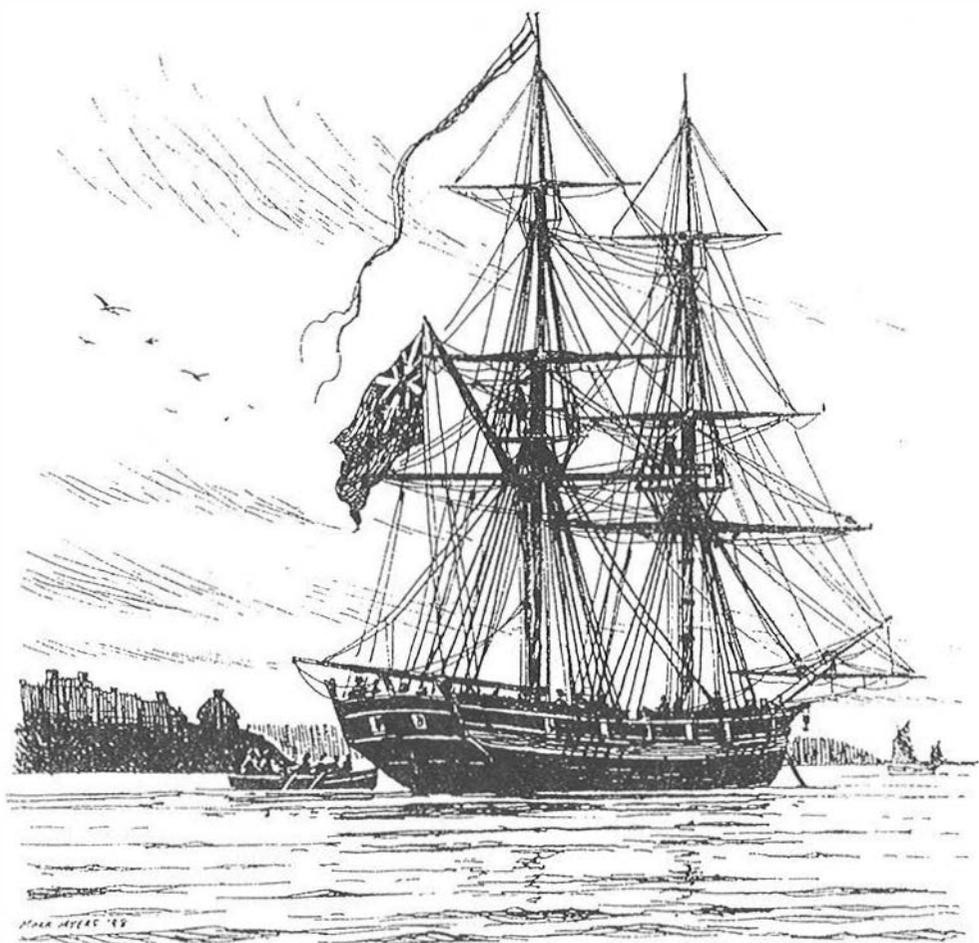
Who hath escaped  
 From the tempest's fell sweep,  
 From the crush of her timbers  
 On Baggy's dark Leap?  
 Not a soul: – there was one  
 left behind on the shore,  
 His fortune to thank,  
 But his friends to deplore.

## VII

Comrades in danger,  
 Companions in mirth,  
 Some sleep their last sleep  
 In a watery berth;  
 And one whom the tide  
 Hath restored as it rose,  
 By Braunton's grove-altar  
 Is gone to repose.

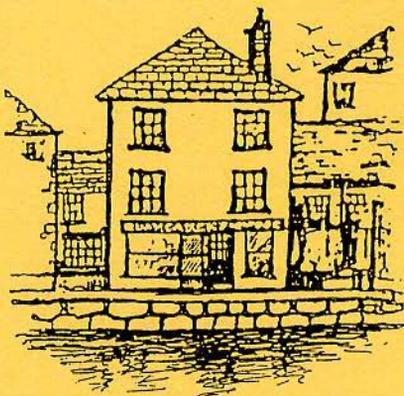
## VIII

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
 Her voyages are o'er,  
 From the port she last made  
 Came the ship never more:  
 And tho' memory long  
 Our Lament will renew,  
 Fill it up! – but in silence –  
 A glass to her Crew!



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