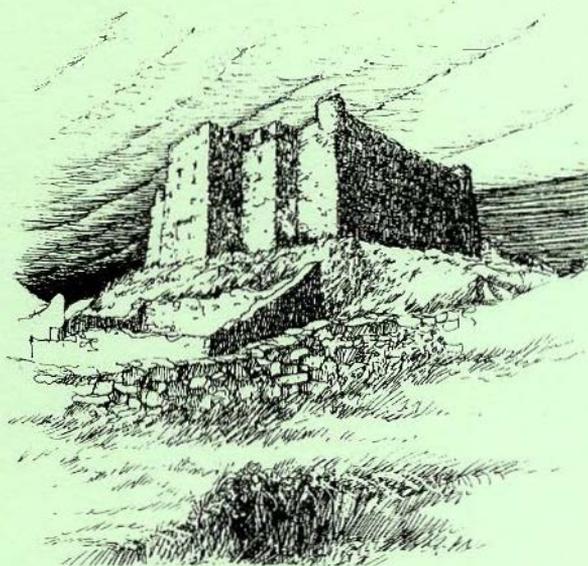


***Lundy Field Society
Newsletter***

No 31



Autumn 2001

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LUNDY AGM 3/3/2001

As usual this was a most pleasing gathering of old friends and a welcoming to new ones.

Amongst the routines of AGM-ery, it was nice to hear that Alan Rowland is cataloguing LFS correspondence as archive and that the librarian at Bath University has compiled a Lundy bibliography, linked to the LFS website.

Paul Roberts was not able to be present because of Foot & Mouth, so the Warden (Liza Cole) gave a report for both herself and Paul Roberts. The island is quarantined till 28/3/2001. Last year's valuable Assistant Warden, Ian Reach, is (happily) able to be assisting this year also. The Divers Beach slipway and the new Beach building are both completed, and the building is only waiting for its new generator, new compression and airbank, and the new "Interpretation" Boards to be installed. There'll be a new aquarium too. A Marine Nature Reserve access boat to go round the island (possibly an RIB) is still being considered, for inspection/monitoring purposes. Pots have been laid on the border of the protected area and the skippers have been spoken to. A "No Take" zone off the East side (nothing to be taken out) protects fragile things and conserves fish stocks. (New Zealand has done this successfully).

Divers are visiting from everywhere in the world. A diving survey has been made on *Iona II* off Tibbetts Point – a protected wreck: (see 'newspaper trawl'). The MNR's monitoring work is recorded in the current LFS report.

A seabird count was done in June by David Price. Razorbills and guillemots were stable, puffins few and kittiwakes declining; manx shearwaters 300/400 nesting pairs – figures deduced from replies to "Recorded Voice" input into shearwater burrows. David did a puffin survey and counted 21.

July saw large numbers of Cetaceans in the Bristol Channel: dolphin: bottle-nosed dolphin in the landing bay; porpoises and killer whales were seen off Clovelly. There was a possible sighting of a minke whale.

Very large numbers of basking sharks were seen – the largest shoal was 28 strong. The total seen was 104 and the Warden saw one "breach" (out of the water, up and back). 5 sunfish were seen.

John Heath reported increased numbers of red bandfish at the Knoll Pins and lesser octopods, also at the Knoll Pins. Unhappily the sargasso weed had also increased. The MNR now has SAC status and there's a new management plan, the whole Lundy SSSI is to be managed as one – sea and land.

There are 3059 cabbage plants, fewer than expected due to grazing; grazing levels and pressures are very difficult to arrange.

The Island's Countryside Stewardship (arranged with MAFF (now DEFRA)) has encouraged rolling rather than cutting the bracken, which is a very effective control – twice the acreage is now controlled compared with last year. Rhododendron control is (nearly) winning, and there are now abseilers attacking the plants on the inaccessible cliff where more terraces have been revealed by this rhododendron control (North of St Helen's Copse on the East side.)

The laying of new cables for the electricity and also of water pipes required trenches to be dug, and Shirley Blaylock and Tony Cutler explored these trenches for archaeologically interesting features, (which there were – see Editorial). The generators are nearly there, but water tanks can't be put in because the ground is too wet.

The last bit of work on the Battery Path is now done. The Quarry Pond steps have been improved. Rod Dymond has been putting in drainage on the Upper and Lower East side paths. The Lundy Fund has been spent by Paul Roberts and the Warden, Liza Cole on a list of what one might call vital minor projects: the fencing on the East Side and Light House Field and Brick Field has been replaced; Rod Dymond is employed as a Ranger (plus one other); the dry stone walling has been improved; rhododendron control likewise. Post Foot & Mouth there will be more volunteers and the Lundy Fund can pay for their accommodation right through the year.

A feasibility study is being made into removing rats totally from the island. (New Zealand has carried out rat-eradication.)

The Rocket Shed will be a museum.

There was no official bird report this year. Liza reported interesting visiting birds – a chough, wryneck, rose-coloured starling, little auk, buzzard.

After the Warden's report, Shirley Blaylock spoke on the state-of-play archaeologically (see Editorial).

R Kcy, the Lundy cabbage specialist, talked (with catching enthusiasm) about the cabbage count and said how widespread within individual plants the cabbage beetles are. The cabbage itself occurs as far North as the Knight Templar on the East Side.

At short notice Myrtle Ternstrom gave a talk on skulduggery in the Lundy Granite Company, based on the McKenna-Maxwell Affidavit during the bankruptcy proceedings. Fascinating stuff. (See Editorial for MT's re-publication of S. Thomas' *The Nightingale Scandal*).



The Warden. Liza Colc. (Western Morning News 4/9/01)

EDITORIAL

I apologise for the lateness of this newsletter, but assorted events overtook it, not least the uncertainty about funding – **BUT St Austell Breweries and Carlton TV between them have turned up trumps: I know every one will wish to join me in thanking them for their generosity.**

I will reiterate my comments that if your news isn't here it's because I haven't received it and would so much have liked to.

Abbreviations: pic. = picture/photograph/image NDJ = North Devon Journal WMN = Western Morning News

I know members will wish to send our sympathies to Myrtle Ternstrom (one of your Vice Presidents) on the death of her husband Olov; & to Marjorie Musckett and her two daughters on the death of Bill Musckett, (who was one of your committee members some years ago). Alison (Musckett) is now Mrs Hans Hausberger and lives in Alpbach, Austria. Jenny (Musckett) Mclland lives in Combe Martin.

Felicitations are due to Stuart and Shirley Blaylock on the arrival of their son; (from the Devon Archaeological Society Newsletter Sept 2001) "Our warmest congratulations to Stuart and Shirley Blaylock on the arrival, on the 2nd of August, of Lawrence Aubrey. This could prove to be a very productive twelve months for Stuart – his book on Bowhill is listed as 'forthcoming' in the latest English Heritage catalogue." . We also send felicitations to Wendy Puddy & Reg Lo Vel on their engagement.

Liz Davey (one of your committee members and sometime assistant Warden on Lundy) is now working in the Scillies. She is the officer for raising public awareness of the fact that they are an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty - AONB. Kate Cole is working in Lewes, Sussex. She is Coastal Bio-Diversity Officer, and she too is raising public awareness; in this case, of the need for environmental care - her area is East Brighton to Rye. Andrew Gibson (sometime warden on Lundy) has taken early retirement and he and Lorna are living in Weston-Super-Mare.

Alex (Langham) & Nick Sanders, Em & Lizzie, are in the Falklands. Nick is the Senior Magistrate, the only Resident Judge for Falkland, South Sandwich, South Georgia, the Antarctic Territory and Ascension Island. It's a 2-year Sabbatical for him, and an adventure for them all. Em will take her GCSEs there, & Lizzie will have all sorts of chances for sport - even golf, though Alex tells me that if there's a wind blowing, it can take all morning to do one hole - bit like Lundy.

Apropos "Is your Lundy bookshelf up to date?" here is a very pretty collection of things I'm sure you'd like to have your attention drawn to.

1) The June 2001 "Friends of Lundy Newsletter" is full of interesting snippets (never forget that today's "snippet" is tomorrow's research material.) I was specially interested in the splendid (page 6) partnership between Lundy & archaeology - the trenches dug for water & electricity pipes provided Shirley Blaylock (National Trust Archaeologist) with the chance for "rescue" archaeology (in which Paul Roberts joined) which turned up some exciting finds including a flint arrowhead. [Your Ed found just such a one in '68 when she was helping with the Beacon Hill "dig" - she's like to know where it is now!]

2) Stanley Thomas' super little book "The Nightingale Scandal" has been re-published by Myrtle Ternstrom.

3) Michael Williams has published a "Lundy Companion" - this is very much in the spirit of Chanter's "Lundy", affectionately introducing new people to the author's pleasure in the island.

THE NIGHTINGALE SCANDAL

by
Stanley Thomas

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by Michael A Williams

With illustrations by Peter Rothwell

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- Learn about features with names such as Dead Cow Point, the Hen and Chickens and Queen Mab's Grotto and take a guided walk to see many of them
- And discover the magic of Lundy

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4) Edward Gaskell (Lazarus Press) has drawn your Ed's attention to an amazing website manuscript. "Lundy Isle of Avalon" (www.mysticrealms.org.uk).

5) The National Trust Annual Archaeological Review No 8 1999-2000 has an article on the new Lundy Survey in it. It does not appear that anything like the gloriously useful 2-volume Survey made in 1989 will be published this time, but we are promised that "the whole survey with descriptions and photographs has now been entered onto the National Trust archaeological database, and a copy on a GIS base is ready for transfer to the island in spring 2001". The article also says, "the achievements of the survey can best be measured in terms of an extension of existing knowledge, rather than for its 'new' discoveries. The survey plots can now indicate the location and relationships of sites and areas of archaeological sensitivity, more accurately than has been possible before. The advantage of this is that we are able to overlay the digitised survey information (the completed plan of surveyed features) onto a GIS (Geographical Information Systems) map base of the island. This means that analysis and interpretation of relationships between features now becomes possible. For example, one can examine the relationships between coastal 'batteries' or 'lookouts'. One can see more clearly how the archaeological survival relates to the topography and begin to build up models for historic phasing of sites." Yr. Ed. immensely looks forward to being able to "overlay the digitised survey information ... onto a GIS map base of the island." I loved Caroline Thackray's comment about the island being "a new centre for the human soul" as the visitor approaches ever closer to the island, away from the mainland.



Surveying Lundy: National Trust 'Coast' Issue 1 2001

6) The National Trust's "Coast" Issue 1 2001, has a nice little piece and a very nice pic. of the Landing Bay. I had never heard before that "the Gun Battery at Brazen Ward ... reflects Lundy's former importance to the Navy."

7) "Ships Monthly" Dec. 2000 had an article on the Oldenburg & the Lundy Supply ships.

8) Alan Rowland (one of your committee members) sent me an excerpt (about his visit to Lundy) from R M Lockley's "Myself when Young" (pub 1979).

9) Barbara Dawkins sent me (some time ago now) the transcript of an essay of her late husband's, Colyear Dawkins, (one of your vice-presidents) written while he was still at Gresham's School, Holt (it won a prize on "the Geology of Lundy" - BC says, "I understand that Gade introduced HCD to John Dollar who was helpful and encouraging" HCD, more than once, told your Ed, that Mr Gade was a wonderful person for a 17-year-old to be guided by.

10) Myrtle Ternstrom sent your Ed. a photocopy of "The Sybil's Portfolio" from "The North Devon Magazine" 1824 - it's vaguely in the manner of Sheridan's "the School for Scandal." & packed full of references to Lundy, *very* gossipy, & now, sad to say, largely unintelligible. (as I suppose "Have I Got News For You" will be in 170 years from now), but great fun.

11) Dennis Knight sent me a 1976 "Staying on Lundy" leaflet, with £22 the High Season price for a double room at Milcombe (then the Hotel), and Signal Cottage still available for letting, and Tibbetts still with the Elsan. I particularly noticed the reminder that "water can still be short." The transport was the "Balmoral" & the "Polar Bear" (£7.60 return).

12) Charles Ellis sent me a photocopy of the 1926 (1st published 1893) Frederick Warne Guide to the Bristol Channel (price nine pence) with an entry on Lundy Island; it was the "official handbook" to P & A Campbell.

Newspaper trawl: since the June 2000 newsletter there has been a series of events that has ensured Lundy hardly figured in the press, even locally. Oct/Nov 2000 saw widespread flooding; Dec 2000/Jan 2001 saw the Millennium; Feb (& currently) saw Foot & Mouth, with the island in quarantine till April 7th 2001. And now there is the Twin Towers disaster with its subsequent hostilities.

However, there are some gleanings, and if only more of you dear people could be persuaded to alert your Ed. to the "gossip" of the press, there would be more archival anecdotes available to you & to posterity.

Sept 2000 starred Jonathan Edwards (at 34) winning a Gold Medal at the Sydney Olympics for the Triple Jump (Daily Express 26/7 & 27/9 - WMN 27/9 & 30/9) JE also figured this year in the WMN (8/8/01) when he won a Gold in the World Championships. His father, Andy Edwards, as vicar of Ilfracombe, looked after Lundy (as part of his parish) in the 80s.

November starred the "Lundy Lamb" venture (WMN 10/11/2000) - it's *very* successful because the lamb is utterly delicious.

On Jan 24th 2001 the WMN announced the Nationwide Amnesty to encourage people to declare "treasures of the deep," that is, wreck material. Lundy's popularity with divers was specially mentioned "because of the many wrecks near the island." The NDJ (8/3/01) mentioned also (complete with a pic.) two very famous Lundy wrecks, the Maria Kyriakides & the Taxiarchis, which both arrived within a few years of each other, in Ilfracombe Harbour for repairs.

The WMN reported (3/5/01) the opening of the new shore office at Ilfracombe (there's still the "old" shore office at Bideford Quay).

By June 2001 the WMN was able to include a piece on the island in "Wish You Were Here," announcing that the Island was open again, & using a very nice pic of the North Light. The Lundy Earthquake (well, it was felt in ~~all~~ the Western Atlantic Approaches) was reported (WMN 2/6/01 & NDJ 7/6/01): "Although the remote, granite outcrop of Lundy Island was close to the epicentre of yesterday's quake, no one was injured and no structural damage was reported. A spokeswoman in the island's shore office said: 'they felt it in the village more than the outskirts. Island staff had reports from people staying on the island that furniture had moved, but there were no reports of structural damage. People on the island certainly felt it, not so much in the wooden structures, but certainly in the solid buildings.'" The WMN had an article on "Rats may be to blame for decline of Puffins," which commented on that decline & the large numbers of Manx Shearwaters. (See the Warden's comments in the AGM report in this Newsletter.)

The NDJ (16/7/01) had a very nice portrait of the Oldenburg steaming past Appledore en route for Lundy; and reported (26/7/01) news of a seal finding sanctuary on Lundy. (The WMN reported (Sept 5th 2001) that the same seal had swum back to Cornwall, where he was "touring" the resorts, & really needs to go away & fend for himself before someone shoots him.)

The WMN (29/8/01) reported (again) on Damien Hirst's intention to open a seafood restaurant at the old "White Hart" near Ilfracombe Pier, which would mean visitors to Lundy

could visit it. [The new 'pier'. (a sad, sad shadow of the old one, even when it was in its death throes), is finished: one has to be grateful for small mercies & the new 'pier' certainly is one.]

The WMN wrote (22/9/01) of "cracked tanks spark[ing] water crisis on Lundy," which SWW provided bowsers-full to overcome. One of the nicest media pieces about the island was in the WMN (4/9/01) under the headline "Island Experience is enhanced by Centre": "The Government's nature watchdog, English Nature, and the Landmark Trust, which administers Lundy on behalf of the island's owners, the National Trust, joined forces to provide the new centre. The centre has been installed in a purpose-built beach building designed to be of use to the wide range of visitors attracted to Lundy, which has been a marine nature reserve for 20 years. The building, which cost just over £200,000, houses the centre, and also improved facilities for visiting divers including a brand new compressor with air bank, changing rooms, kitchen and composting toilet. Kate Arnold, a marine conservation officer with English Nature, said: "We are very pleased with the centre. People can come off the boat and come straight in to discover the wealth of marine life that lies in the waters around Lundy, which is England's only marine nature reserve." Liza Cole, the island's wildlife warden for the last five years, said: "It's a great centre for everybody. Divers can find out more about what they can see before they take the plunge and non-divers can get a taste of what all the fuss is about. Even before the centre was finished the kids were enjoying the puzzles while the builders worked around them." The information centre includes information boards, interactive puzzles and a huge aquarium containing prawns, crabs, fish and other marine creatures. In the middle of the building is a hand-painted podium showing where the different types of marine life can be found. Liza said the centre was a huge improvement for visitors and also for her. "Previously I would meet every boat and have noticeboards listing what they would be likely to see. If I got busy with one group, other people would miss out. Now, even if I am talking to a group, people can still find out about the island for themselves in the centre," she said. While the facilities of the information centre will go a long way towards explaining to visitors what they will see, nothing will surpass the excitement of seeing such creatures as basking sharks, which in some instances can be seen from the new landing jetty. Visitor Peter Harvey, from London, said: "To see such magnificent creatures is unforgettable." Paul Roberts, the island's general manager, said the centre was a welcome addition to the improvements that have been carried out on Lundy. These include a new combined heat and power generator. "The heat from the engine is piped underground to quite a few of the properties," he said. One of the most significant improvements on Lundy has been the construction of a landing stage. Completed at a cost of £1.2 million two years ago, the jetty enables passengers from visiting boats such as the island supply ship MV Oldenburg to walk off the boat rather than be transferred by tender. "It could take up to an hour and a half to transfer everybody from the Oldenburg. Now they are off in about 15 minutes, which gives them longer to enjoy the island," he said. Plans under consideration include using an old building known as the Rocket House as a home for an exhibition on the island's history and archaeology." In addition to the pfc. of the Warden, that we are using, the WMN has one of a group of young visitors using the centre, a super view of Gannet's Bay & a basking shark's dorsal fin & tail fin in the bluest of seas.

Special Trawl Items: in June 2001 "Devon Today" published an article on Lundy with astonishing pics., three of which the photographer (Lee Pengelly) has allowed us to use: where are these pics. taken from? do you recognise them? Second special item: did you know that the Stephen Pile, who free-lances regularly as a TV critic for the Saturday Daily Telegraph, was once a regular Tibbetan? Third special item: did the Landmark Trust's Icalict, "Holidays in Historical Buildings," fall out of your newspaper this summer? Lundy had a special mention in it, with that ravishing pic. of the Old Light to illustrate it.

The island information centre



Photographs from the Metcalfe collection

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR & INCUNABULA

Mushrooms

There was a spectacular crop of parasol mushrooms in August 2000, almost to the point of mushroom-fatigue. Parasols are edible and delicious, as was proved by the chef's presenting a very special mushroom Stroganoff on the Tavern menu. (Mushrooms gathered for the Stroganoff by LFS member AJB Walker.) [Ed.'s note - not so many in 2001, but still a Presence]

From Hugh Butterworth, Branton

Two items from the Gazette of 30th November, 1920.

Page 8/B "A football team has been started on Lundy Island. Most of the members are ex-soldiers and have seen active service and are well up in football. They will shortly be playing a match. The team is to be called "The Pirates of Lundy".

Page 8/D This is a precis: "Whist drive at Manor House held by Miss Sayer in aid of chiming apparatus for the clock. Amongst those present were MCS Collins, Mr Smith of The Villa, Mrs & Miss Hill, Miss Blackburn, Mrs Lang, Messrs B Jilks, H Gaston, G Burnham and Miss Mallow.

A Lundy First

The Island Leads the World in the new sport of Tiddley-Golf

Did you know there are the remnants of a golf course on Lundy? A 9-hole course was laid on Acland's Moor in 1927, when there was a ceremonial opening by Mrs Harman on July 31st. Mr Gade said that there was a "well-stocked bar at the nineteenth hole," which was a lean-to against what is now Old Light West. Unfortunately the golfing did not survive more than one year, but the golfing tradition has not died, and the nineteenth hole has been safely transferred to the Tavern.

In 1980 a regular visitor, Patrick Penny, (and friends), instituted the "Lundy Ancient and Necropolistic Golf Club," (Lundy A & N Golf Club for short). "The club seeks to promote the study and playing of the most noble of sports among the native population and visitors to the island. The open competition is held on the course every five years..."

2000 was the year, August 31st the date, and members gathered on the island, many and varied clubs at the ready, to do battle for the challenge cups. Alas, the event was rained off Acland's Moor, but club members were not daunted. Jenny (Langham) and her husband, Tony Clark, constructed an exact miniature of the course on the tavern table, and invited members, Islanders, and visitors to form pairs and fight out the honours with tiddley-winks. Myrtle Ternstrom found a partner who managed a hole-in-one, and this is how she is now the holder of a cup as joint open champion for 2000, despite never having grasped a golf club in her life.

Trophies for the highest score were carried off by Jenny and Rebecca Metcalfe. [Ed.'s note - very nice pic. of the whole occasion in the Lundy Friends Newsletter June 2001.]

The story of the Lundy golf course can be found in F.W. Gade's My Life on Lundy.

Note on the letter of Aug 3rd 1927

[This 'letter' and the Note were specially composed for the 1990 A & N golf tournament] It is not entirely certain who wrote this letter, or to whom. As it was discovered amongst some papers that Evelyn Waugh (EW in the letter?) left on Lundy, it is assumed the writer belonged to that circle.

M is clearly Montdore, and Lady M. Lady Montdore. It is thought that MBC is Margot Beste-Chetwynde who later married Humphrey Maltravers (HM?) and is better known as Lady Metroland. It has been suggested that Rosebud is a Milford Connection, but there is absolutely no evidence.

Ann Westcott

Manor Farm Hotel - Lundy

Aug 3rd 1927

Darling - We are waiting for caddies. HM is over here to play golf with the new Vice-roy, and they cannot possibly play without caddies. This hotel is fantastic; lobsters and Exceptional plumbing. HM felt it would be a good thing to join the vice-regal party, though he hasn't played for years. The course is brand-new and we all went out and watched the three gang mowers going over it yesterday - Such a pretty sight, all that heather and bracken, and horses and cows, and sheep. HM is having doubts.

Aug. 6th - Well, Darling, I watched the match yesterday. (No Caddies.) A large concourse gathered at the first tee - lovely sunshine and a wind that made hats and skirts difficult to manage (fuchsia pink is this year's colour). Montdore and HM looked superb in fair-isle and plus-fours, and M's first drive was lovely. HM was into a reed patch. M pitched onto the green and was in for four, par for the hole. HM's niblick shot hit a sheep and ricocheted onto the green, where he took three putts over island terrain. M was very gracious and waited for the onlookers to catch up. The hat-and-dress brigade mostly went home and left the field to tweeds-and-brogues, but MBC followed in high heels.

Have you ever tried a grouse moor in high heels? The second hole is pure grouse moor. M drove clear, but HM had to take a provisional ball. (I went round with the

greenkeeper/pro. – a cullie and so informative!) Then they each pitched on to the green with niblick shots. HM was obviously concerned at being 'one down', and a stroke down and he took a huge divot out of the green with his ball. He lost that hole too, failed to replace his divot, and MBC sank her heels into the second green. (The pro., must have been in the navy, or learned it from his parrot or something.)

The third hole is bracken, so pretty with autumn browns, and Death to golfers. I must say that M is going to make a superlative Vice-roy. He avoided bracken, bog, and reeds with his drive and his mashie and holed out in three – a birdie. HM makes one fear for the Civil Service: straight into the bracken and he decided against a provisional ball and we wasted time whilst he searched and swore. M took the hole.

The fourth tee is turfed and not natural which made things easier for all. "Natural" means that you can just see the tee (or green) if you are a golfer. There are interesting natural hazards on the fourth: uphill and into the gale, and it was halved, but HM was still three down. Also he caught his new plus-fours on a vicious bracken stalk. (I'm sure marriage is further from MBC's mind.)

The fifth is a pretty little hole, with superb views almost to the North End, and spectacular amounts of fresh air. MBC broke a heel off her shoe, but she refused to return to the hotel.

The sixth hole looks easy: parallel with a wall and almost all grass!!! HM used the wrong wood to drive with, and lofted his ball (and divot) over the wall. The pro and I searched for it (did I tell you he was a poppet?) but the ponies must have eaten it. HM in a furious temper conceded the hole, which M played quite beautifully: such a pity Lady M is advising the owners on how to run the island, and didn't watch. MBC hobbled after us, and I shall be v. surprised if she and HM were to marry. He was quite purple with frustration and snagged his fair-isle jersey on some heather.

The seventh and eighth holes are short and deceptive and easy-looking, but the brambles and bracken seemed to move toward HM as he approached, and away from M – quite daunting for HM who lost both holes! If M weren't the Vice-roy I think HM would have stopped, and MBC hobbled home at the eighth. The wind reached hurricane force. HM's nose ran, (MBC told me, I didn't see). This meant his niblick shots were wrecked. You would have loved HM being a gentlemanly loser (I would have retired, sick, myself) and the ninth hole was BLISSIKINS to watch.

There are huge stones, right in the middle of the fairway, and M's second shot, an immaculate mashie, landed just beside a stone, already to be flipped (I'm sure that's not the right expression, but the pro wouldn't let me say "niblicked") on to the green. HM's second shot was a slice and moved as though it were alive. Darling, if you hadn't seen it you'd never believe it. He hit the stone (a monolith I understand) very hard and then a bull with the ricochet, (he showed a real flair for ricochet shots). The bull got up and the assembled company considered abrupt departure: (especially MBC with no heel to her shoe); even M – most un-vice-royish. I think HM saw his Principal Secretaryship vanishing. But the bull lay down again and we finished. M was bogey for the course, which only goes to a really good golfer – with luck, HM took 72!!! He will need to be a PPS to console him. (Because MBC won't!)

Those onlookers who were left consoled themselves in the ducky little clubhouse – a teeny bit primitive but well stocked: and right next to the gorgeous Old Lighthouse. EW says they have fantastique parties there. Sometime the pro says he'll take me round, and show me the finer points of the course. Could he mean gorse?

Lobster for dinner. Darling, why don't you visit this healthy spot?

Yours v. affectionalely,

Rosebud.



The Landing Cove and South Light from *The Islands of England* by JH Ingram pub. 1952 Batsford. Loaned to Yr. Ed. by Alan Rowland (Archive plc.)

IS YOUR LUNDY BOOKSHELF UP TO DATE?

(See also editorial)

A Lundy Sketchbook, Peter Rothwell, 1993. H/B £14.95. P/B £9.95. P&P £2.50. Available from The Quay Gallery, Appledore, North Devon EX39 1QS (01237) 474801.

Lundy Island, 1997 reprint of J.R. Chanter's book published in 1887, with illustrations by Peter Rothwell. H/B £14.99. P&P £2.50. Available from The Quay Gallery, Appledore, North Devon EX39 1QS (01237) 474801.

My Life on Lundy, 1997 reprint of F. W. Gade's memoir of 1978. price £19.95. P&P £4.15 (it's heavy!). This reprint contains additional photographs, a list of corrections to the original, and an introduction "The Story of a Book." Available from Lazarus Press, Unit 7 Caddisdown Business Park, Bideford, Devon EX39 3DX (01237) 421195.

The Castle on the Isle of Lundy, 1244 - 1994, Myrtle Ternstrom, 1994. P/B £5.50. post free.

The Giants Graves, Keith Gardner & Myrtle Ternstrom, 1977. reprint of article in *The Transactions of the Devonshire Assn.* £2.50. post free.

The Ownership of Lundy by Sir Richard Grenville and his Descendants, 1577-1775-1998, Myrtle Ternstrom. In the *Transactions of the Devonshire Assn.*, No 130. Apply to the Devonshire Assn., Bowhill, Dunsford Road, Exeter EX2 9PW (01392) 252461.

The Devonshire Assn. is able to provide some back-numbers of the *Transactions*, which can also sometimes be found in second-hand bookshops.

issues of particular Lundy interest are:

1960: *Lundy's Ecclesiastical History*, A.E. Blackwell

1976: *Some Notes on the Administration of Lundy by Sir John Borlase Warren*, John Thomas

1978: *A History of Lundy from 1390 to 1775*, John Thomas

1986: *The Heaven Family of Lundy 1836-1916*, Myrtle Langham

Current and some back numbers of the *Lundy Field Society Annual Report* can be obtained from the secretary, Chris Webster, 38 Greenway Avenue, Taunton TA2 4HY (01823) 282889.

RETURN OF THE HEAVEN FAMILY

A party of the Heaven family came from Canada in September 1998 and very much enjoyed a stay in Millcombe. They are descendants of William Hudson Heaven's brother, Cam Gyde, whose son, Arthur, emigrated to Canada, where the family has flourished. They returned to experience life in the house, and to see the island with which their forbears had had such close associations; Cam Gyde and his numerous family lived in Bristol and some were frequent visitors to the island. The descendants of the two brothers united their families when William Heaven's grand-daughter, Marlon, who grew up on Lundy, married Gyde Heaven's grandson, Dr John Heaven in 1888.

The Canadian Heavens visited again in July 2001. If anyone wishes to get in touch, here is Cat Heaven's address: 5 Mill Pond Drive, Georgetown, Ontario L7G 4S6

[Yr. Ed. spent a couple of lovely days with them in July. They were part of a video that went out on July 16th: "Adventure Tales" by Nathan Budd for Carlton TV. It dwelt on the magnificently extraordinary persons who have owned or leased Lundy. **Yr. Ed. feels very strongly that a catalogue should be made of the now very considerable TV/video collection of film on Lundy. Does anyone have such a catalogue, or even the beginnings of one: PLEASE WRITE AND LET ME KNOW.]**

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Lundy featured on German TV

In July 2000 representatives of Westdeutscher Rundfunk, Cologne, visited Lundy and filmed material for two broadcasts due to go out in Germany in October. One programme is designed for a TV history magazine and the other for a travel magazine. [Ed.'s note - Peter Rothwell, Tibbetts, and Yr. Ed. took part in this, but we don't know whether the material was used, and we've not seen the programmes.]

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From Edmund A Stanbrook

Members of the Heaven Family at Harrow School and Oxford University

At HARROW SCHOOL

The original Old School was completed in 1615 and remained thus until 1819. Within this building is the Fourth Form Room, (as it is called today,) but in Heaven's time this room was Harrow School because all the Boys received their education here for the whole of their academic stay in Harrow.

This room is approximately 50'0" long by 23'0" wide by 15'0" high and the walls are lined throughout in wooden panelling from floor to ceiling. Ingress and egress is through a door centrally placed in one long wall and facing it is a large fireplace in the opposite long wall. With one exception the windows are placed in the upper half of the wall. There is one in one short wall, two in each of the long walls, and in the remaining short wall is a large one about 2'0" from the floor to ceiling.

In front of this large window sat the custodian in his desk, and opposite him at the far end, the headmaster in his desk. Behind him are two cupboards, one containing the text books etc. and the other the canes etc. with the punishment stool to his left. Four masters completed the academic staff, two to each long wall: one each between the door and end wall, and between the fireplace and end wall. The 69 boys were divided between the masters and they sat on wooden benches facing them. There were no screens to separate the classes, so concentration required of each boy must have been difficult to maintain. The boys' daily lessons were from 6-11 am and 2-6 pm and they were only allowed to communicate with each other in Latin.

The boys carved their names on everything wooden, excluding the floorboards: on the wall panelling, the cupboard fronts, top and sides of desks, and tops of the seating forms. Many, (including WH Heaven) carved theirs over former boys' efforts. Heaven's carving is about 1" high and 6'0" from the floor under a window in a long wall and is I think the only

one enclosed within a border. I formed the opinion that the behavioural pattern of the boys amounted to nothing short of arrogance; being the sons of rich parents bent them that way. Apparently when it first happened, the boys were expelled, but soon the School Authorities realised that a source of income vanished with the boy, so although discipline was hard, the mutilation of the woodwork was condoned. Today each new boy is entitled to have his name carved onto a wooden panel and this is now part of the custodian's duties, just as it has always been at Eton College.

William Hudson Heaven entered Harrow School during the last term of 1813 and was placed in the upper fourth form; he left in February 1817 when in the under sixth form, and went on straight to Oxford University.

AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

William Hudson Heaven aged 18 years, entered Exeter College on 7 February 1817 for the Lent Term, and left at the end of the Spring Term in 1820, and took his BA degree on 10 October 1820.

Hudson Grossett Heaven aged 19 years, entered Trinity College on 5 March 1846; and took his BA degree in 1851 and MA degree in 1852.

William Walter Hope Heaven aged 18 years, entered Trinity College on 21 May 1847, and took his BA degree in 1852.

Bodleian Library informed me that the BA degrees gained by WH Heaven and WHH Heaven were Pass degrees and that the subjects studied would have been some aspect of Divinity, such as the four Gospels, Latin and Greek authors, and Mathematics. Whereas HG Heaven for his MA degree achieved a 3rd class honours in Literae Humaniores, and a 4th class honours in Mathematical Sciences and Physics.

These degrees had to be paid for and the charges levied depended upon the financial status of the graduate's family.

WH Heaven was a 'grand compounder' because he possessed property and income above a certain level. In 1820 the property required to be a 'grand compounder' was a financial income of £40.00 per annum, or property of other kinds giving an annual income of £300.00. This contrasts with a 'petty compounder' who was only required to possess an annual income of 25p without reference to property.

Where the ordinary BA paid 32s on admission, the 'petty compounder' paid 86p and the 'grand compounder' over £13.00. They all paid additionally for their MA degree and Doctor of Divinity awards. (Apparently here, rank was ignored, the same 'extras' applied to all.) Exeter College concludes, "These fine social distinctions are no longer used in assessing fees" and "are now obsolete". (Myrtle Ternstrom informs me that his system of charging became obsolete in 1853.)

Trinity College referred to the two sons of WH Heaven as being 'admitted commoners'. Chambers English Dictionary defines 'commoner' appropriately as "at Oxford, a student who is not on the foundation of a College and pays for his commons, or share of provisions". Exeter College states that "today's commoners pay their way only in so much as the money does not come from the College or University but from a combination of local council grants, and parents' contributions".

Trinity College also states that in the 19C, they did accept a limited number of 'scholars', "who are funded by the financial resources of the College itself" and "for a long time limited to 12 by the statutes which established the College". "These were in addition to the 'admitted commoners' ". "Of the 21 people admitted to Trinity in 1847 (one of whom was WHH Heaven), two were 'scholars' and the rest were 'commoners' ".

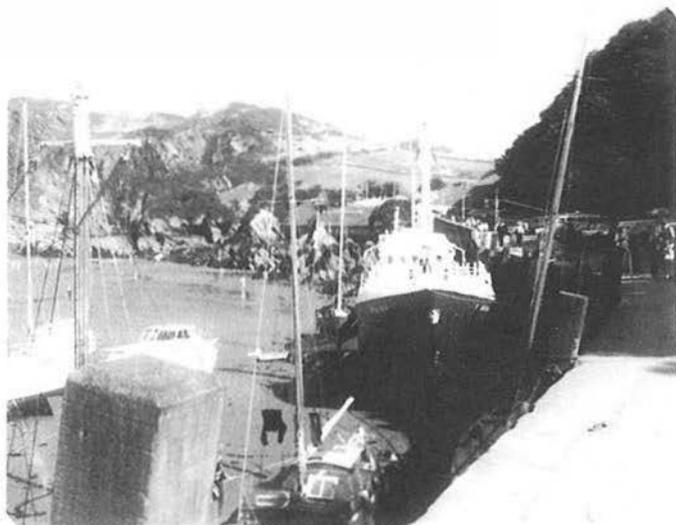
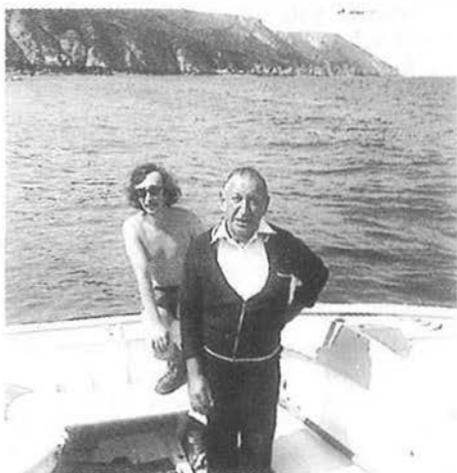
May I conclude this article on the Heaven family by adding this footnote:
THE HEAVEN DYNASTY in BEACON HILL, CEMETERY

A thought that struck me when I was looking at the grave of William Hudson Heaven in June last year, was that within that plot lies the body and the ashes of Walter Charles Hudson Heaven, the first and last members of the Heaven family who owned Lundy; so that the dynasty of the Heaven family begins and ends in that plot.



Peter Edwards operating a launch
to take passengers from the
Bahmoral to the Landing Bay:
pre-Polar Bear?

Albert Fisher operating a launch
[These are early '70s photographs
from the Metcalf collection as is the
Polar Bear below.]



The Polar Bear in Ilfracombe
harbour - she pre-dated the
Oldenburg.

From Edmund A Stanbrook
Members of Parliament associated with Lundy Island

The four men represented here are, Thomas Benson 1708-1772; Granville Leveson Gower (Viscount Trentham) 1721-1803; John Cleveland 1734-1817; and Sir John Borlase Warren 1753-1822.

My researches into the political lives of these men during the time of their ownership of Lundy has been confined to the Greater London area only. Lundy does not feature in any of the records I perused, but nevertheless, I hope that the following notes will be of interest to the reader. It is not my intention to repeat information already known about them, but of necessity some overlapping must occur in order to 'close the gap'.

Thomas Benson 1708-1771

MP for Barnstaple 1747-1754, Sheriff of Devon 1746-1747

He was the second son of John and Grace Benson, and married twice, first his cousin Frances Melhuthsh (on his mother's side), and later Eleanor Barber, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He succeeded to his father's property in Appledore and part of the family business in 1739, and gained full control of the business empire in 1743 on the death of his elder brother Peter.

As well as owning lime and ash works in Bideford, he also transported merchandise by ships and vessels to France, Portugal and Placentia in Newfoundland. Peter in his will advised Thomas to dispose of the shipping line "with all haste due to the uncertainty and hazard of trading with all the risks involved"; but as we know later, this advice was ignored by him.

He never owned Lundy but leased it from Lord Gower for £60.00 in 1748. As an MP he was classed as Opposition, otherwise nothing about his parliamentary achievements is known to me.

Granville Leveson Gower (Viscount Trentham and later Lord Stafford) 1721-1801

MP for Bishops Castle (Dec.)1744-1747, MP for Westminster 1747-1754, MP for Lichfield 1754 (Apr.-Dec.)

He was the first surviving son of John (1st Earl Gower), and Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower, and was educated at Westminster School and Oxford University. He married three times:

- 1) In 1744, Elizabeth Fazakerly (d.1746) by whom he had a son that predeceased him.
- 2) In 1748, Lady Louise Egerton (d.1761) by whom he had a son and three daughters.
- 3) In 1768, Lady Susanna Stewart, by whom he had a son and three daughters.

He succeeded his father as 2nd Earl Gower in Dec. 1754, and became Knight of the Order of the Garter in 1771 and was created Marquis of Stafford in 1786. Other posts held by him were Lord of the Admiralty 1749-1751; Privy Councillor 1755; Lord Privy Seal 1755-1757 and 1784-1794; Master of the Horse 1757-1760; Master of the Wardrobe 1760-1763; Lord Chamberlain 1763-1765; Lord President of the Council 1767-1779 and 1783-1784; Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire 1755-1800; and High Steward of Stafford 1769.

He entered Parliament in 1744 when his father went over to the Administration (party in power) but in 1747 when he was returned for Westminster, he met with stiff opposition to his election alleging partiality on the part of the High Bailiff. He refused to resign, and after succeeding his father, went over to the Administration and held the various offices mentioned above almost until his death in 1803.

John Cleveland 1734-1817

MP for Barnstaple 1766-1802

He was the first son of John and Elizabeth Cleveland, and succeeded him in 1763. He married Elizabeth Awse, a widow in 1782 without issue. Prior to his parliamentary duties he held the following offices in the Admiralty (using the nomenclature of those times):

Extra Clerk at the Admiralty 1751-1753; Clerk at the Admiralty 1753-1766; Deputy Judge Advocate of the Fleet 1754-1762; 2nd Clerk Marine Dept. 1755-1760; Agent of Marines, Plymouth 1760-1763; Agent of Marines 1763-1767; Commander for the Sale of French Prizes 1756-1763; and Commander and Accountant of the Sixpenny Office 1762-

1814. In addition to the above, he was Director of Greenwich Hospital 1769-d. and was Recorder of Bideford but no dates are given.

Although he was an MP for 36 years his interest in politics gradually waned: there is no record of him having spoken in the House up to 1781, and his attendance in divisions was poor. He voted both for and against the Government on various issues much to Pitt's annoyance. He was returned at each election except for the last one in 1802, when he made a late bid to hold onto his seat and came bottom of the poll.

Sir John Borlase Warren 1753-1822 (See John Thomas' articles page 11)

MP for Great Marlow 1774-1784, MP for Nottingham (Nov.) 1797-1806, MP for Buckingham 1807 (1 month)

He was the first son of John Borlase and Bridget Warren and was educated at Winchester College and Cambridge University. In 1780 he married Caroline Clavering and had issue of two sons and three daughters, all of whom with the exception of his eldest daughter, predeceased him. He succeeded his father in 1763; and was created a Baronet in 1775; Knight of the Bath in 1794; Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1815; and Knight Grand Cross of Hanover in 1819.

He was of distinguished birth, Borlase is the surname on his maternal grandmother's side of the family and it can be traced back almost to the time of William the Conqueror. It was his parents' wish for him to enter the church, but from an early age the thrill of adventure dashed their hopes, and his leanings were towards a naval career.

In 1776 he took his MA degree at Cambridge and about this time he bought Lundy Island and a yacht in which he amused himself in the Bristol Channel, but with the imminence of war with France, he resolved to join the navy in earnest; so he sold his yacht and "left Lundy to the Rabbits".

In 1777 he became a midshipman in the Royal Navy; a lieutenant in 1778; a commander in 1779; a captain in 1781; half pay in 1783; rear admiral in 1799; vice admiral in 1805; and admiral in 1810. In addition he was a Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Clarence 1787-d.; Privy Councillor in 1802; Commander-in-Chief North American station; and British Ambassador to Russia in 1802-1804.

As an MP he generally supported the Administration but was often at sea during his term of office. He was constantly 'bombarding' the Admiralty for promotion, and parliament for increased remunerations, and tended to vote with the Opposition when he was passed over for it. His electioneering costs and gambling debts forced him to sell off some of his property at various times. His attendance record at the House and Constituency was poor, and because of his behaviour and general attitude towards Parliament, he gradually lost the confidence of his superiors, so much so, that in 1804 Pitt recalled him from Russia for this reason. He gradually deserted the Government because they did not advance him in his profession. But he did have a distinguished naval career, scoring victories over the French etc., and he was liked both by his officers and men.

He died in 1822 and was buried in the family vault at Stretton Audley in Oxfordshire; and there is a tablet to his memory in Attenborough Church in Nottinghamshire.

In Nottingham, on Derby Road and about a mile from the railway station, there is a public house named after him containing details of his naval victories etc.

I noticed when perusing his letters to the Admiralty at three locations that most of them were written in English, whilst others were in French, Latin, English and code, and 100% code. He always signed off thus, "I have the honour to be, Your Lordships, your most humble and obedient servant", but I was amused by one of them because he had added a PS, the theme of which was, "General *** who is with me is in want of envelopes, paper and writing materials ----- and so is your most humble and obedient servant".

It would appear that because, in those days, MPs were unpaid and were also responsible for their own electioneering costs, that they tended to give preference to their other activities which gave them their financial stability; and the four MPs above were no exception.

A FEW MEMORIES OF THE LUNDY JOLLY

JUNE 10TH - 17TH 2000

A Brummie Crockle travelled down.
Stayed B&B in Ilfracombe Town.
Come Saturday morning, oh so clear.
I strolled towards the harbour pier.
● Old acquaintances renewed.
Luggage stowed and then we queued.
For MS Oldenburg was our boat.
Across the waters we did float.
Seventeen miles across the sea.
To that special island called Lundy.
Onto jetty, round landing bay.
On this Isle a week we'll stay.
Walked up the hill, right to the top.
Had a beer, popped in the shop.
Luggage unpacked and settled down.
Tea time came then off to 'town'.
The King and Queen were joking and dancing.
Could this be the result of over indulging?
Their enthusiasm could not be contained.
An audience of two they entertained.
One last drink and off to beds.
Pleasant place for woozy heads.
Sunday morning bright and clear.
East side path I watched the deer.
Rhododendrons were in abundance.
Foxgloves and bluebells in attendance.
Felix' hut and VC quarry.
Around the top I had to hurry.
To get back for South End walk.
With friends and colleagues for Ann W's talk.
The church, the dump, the kist, rocket pole.
Ann pointed out the luncheon hole.
Old Light tall, visit churchyard.
And then the group found it hard
To view a rare Asian pink starling
lie'd flown away, little darling!
Then later on we had to go
Where adult 'cocoa' began to flow.
Some modest drinking vessels on view.
A chamber pot and ballock too.
And then the Tavern and later beds.
There to rest our weary heads.
Monday it was fog all day.
So in the Tavern we did stay.
To watch Roger C's video show.
We know much more of Lundy now.
We fell about and squawked like parrots.
At little Reg and his tins of carrots!
Church slide show from warden Liza.
Showed she's knowledgeable and clever.
Tuesday morning, fog again.
The horrid stuff that's doused with rain.
But that soon cleared and after a while,
I went to explore this Lundy Isle.
The Battery and the Earthquake too.
Jenny's cove, a magnificent view.
Saw the goats, they tried to hide.
The Cheeses and the Devil's Slide.
Right to the top and down the East.
Not so rugged at the West.
Flora, fauna all so clear.
And marvellous views of the sika deer.
Through the bracken and over walls.

Unknown birds making chirping calls.
After tea, to the church we did go.
For Myrtle F's Informative show.
All about the kingdom of Heaven.
Later golf was the subject of mirth in the Tavern.
Wednesday morning we had zebra toast.
One side while, the other roast!
Sat in the Ugly writing postcard list.
Occasional view of the sea through the mist.
The fog got worse throughout the morning.
South Light hooting out its eerie warning.
In Hells Gate I was to wander.
Seeking Lundy jewels to plunder.
And up to Barn to have a peep.
● One minute ten to shear a sheep.
This dismal weather remained all day.
And surprise surprise the same Thursday.
Although it was still not clear, we held the
Tournament of the year.
Golfing fiasco was all mirth and merriment.
The fifth hole was lost in this foggy experiment.
Roger A, whilst forgoing on ahead.
Was nearly poleaxed by a ball on his head.
On the night was Barbara's quiz.
The sages four they did the biz.
The rest of us were mere beginners.
As the clever beggers romped home the winners.
Friday morning trekked off, no care.
To North Light and breakfasted there.
Then back for bird walk and snorkelling too.
Rounders in Tent Field for the agile few. (Ed.'s note -
the Islanders won)
Then party time in the Tavern.
Jovial drinking and prizes given.
Around midnight, full moon, quite bright.
Andre C hosted stars at night.
Then back to the Tavern for a sing-song.
More adult cocoa to help us along.
Really enjoyed the celebration.
Heading for inebriation.
"Starkle, starkle little twink"
Was this the effect of the drink?
Zigzagged back to quarters and into bed.
Superb place for drunken head!
Saturday morning sunny and bright.
What did I do in the Tavern last night?
Fed the fish up at Rocket Pond.
The carp even eat food from your hand.
Strolled down to Bay, got on the ship.
Back to Devon by channel trip.
As Victor would say, "I just don't believe it"
Now that the sun's out, this island we leave it.
But hold fast dear reader, there's a sting in the tail.
The fog reappeared as we started to sail.
The weather was calm, thick mist, not windy.
No place on board for Ralph and Hewvy.
A record time to reach the mainland.
We all disembarked, our luggage was found.
Said our goodbyes, tinged with sorrow.
Go back again? I'd go tomorrow.
Travelled back from whence we'd come.
Eventually arrived back home.
Return the wireless from Radio ●ne.
Get some classical music on!

Many thanks to all the organisers, helpers and islanders for a truly memorable week.
Dave (The Badge) Precc

LIMERICK SUCCESS AT FIELD SOCIETY JOLLY, JUNE 10-17

37 members of the Lundy Field Society much enjoyed a very good week on the island in June, despite some days of misty weather. The week was masterminded by Roger Chapple, with Diana Keast and Myrtle Ternstrom.

One of the week's challenges, organised by Diana Keast, was to write a Lundy Limerick, and there were an impressive 67 entries. The first prize was shared by two entrants: Jennie and Stuart, of the Tavern, and LFS members Christopher and Anne Belts.

Jennie and Stuart wrote: A man called Roger on Lundy
Said "Come round for drinks on Sunday"
We drank vodka punch
With the Lundy Field bunch
Then fell fast asleep until Monday.

Christopher and Anne wrote: The Montagu's Captain Adair
Said "My battleship's grounded - but where?"
I have it, by Heaven
This coastline is Devon."
Said the keeper, "Tis Lundy, so there!"

Christopher and Anne were unfortunately not able to be at the prize-giving ceremony as Anne took a tumble on a slippery path and suffered a multiple fracture to her wrist.

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LUNDY SKETCHING BREAKS 2002

Dates & Prices

7 Day Course

Saturday to Saturday
July 6th -13th inc --- £666

5 Day Course

Saturday - Wednesday
July 6th-10th inc --- £520

4 Day Course

Wednesday - Saturday
July 10th-13th inc --- £450

10% OFF THE PRICE FOR LFS MEMBERS

The prices include:

- travel to and from Lundy on board Lundy's own MS Oldenburg,
- accommodation at Millcombe, breakfast and tuition,
- guided walks of the island.



Millcombe (early '70s?)
the Metcalfe collection

A £222 deposit will secure you a place on the 7 day course, £175 on the 5 day course, £150 on the 4 day course, with the balance to be paid by June 2002. Unfortunately once the booking has been made, we shall be unable to return your deposit.

Cheques should be made payable to Westwell Publishing.

For further details of the courses and sailing times, please write to: Westwell Publishing, The Quay Gallery, The Quay, Appledore, North Devon, EX39 1Qs. Tel. 01237 474801

LUNDY

From the Telegraph Travel Saturday June 2 2001

"The key?" asked the man in the reception office, momentarily puzzled. "Oh, you'll find Bramble West open. We don't lock doors on Lundy." That was what I had been hoping to hear: that Lundy had not changed since my previous visit, 10 years before. Back then I had camped in a tiny tent and wandered freely over the three-mile long island in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. The enduring impression I had taken away with me was of green stone-walled fields, sea-bitten cliffs and teeming wildlife, with friendly faces at every turn. Now my wife Jane and I had brought our two youngest daughters, Elizabeth (16) and Mary (11), out to Lundy aboard the supply ship Oldenburg to taste a bit of that liberating magic for themselves.

Close up under some cliffs, on a boat trip to visit the seals, we saw puffins, black-backed gulls, guillemots and shaggy-coated wild goats. Rammed into a tight little cove were the rusty bows of a wrecked ship. "Kaaksburg," said the launch's skipper. "Drove in here in November 1980, with a whole easterly gale behind her. Officer-of-the-watch mistook Lundy's south light for the north one."

A dozen grey seals lay out on the rocks around Frenchman's Landing, shiny black adults and pale fluffy cubs regarding us with suspicion. Some slipped into the water, entering that peculiar state of grace that transforms seals from giant rock-bound slugs into sinuous athletes of the sea. "Ah," sighed Mary in ecstasy, "aren't they sweet!" The skipper let her steer the launch on the way back, the first of several courtesies the Lundy adults were to show the children.

Down by the jetty we stepped ashore and climbed slowly up the steep zigzag path to the village, the island's social centre. Bramble West was half of a wooden bungalow tucked into the hillside below the village, comfortably furnished and with a bookshelf that included *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, Enid Blyton's *Sea of Adventure*, and plenty of bird, flower and shell books. On Lundy you enjoy electricity from 6am to midnight, drink treated rainwater, and travel everywhere on foot. But this is no hearty, spartan hell-hole. After a home-made supper of pizza and salad in our wooden house, we walked up to the Marisco Tavern and found a bright pub hung with lifebelts and wreck mementos, its rooms cheerfully done out in wood, its shelves stocked with games and books.

If the weather closes in on the island, this is the warm refuge to which all retreat. Later that night in Bramble West, luxuriating in the absence of television, Jane and I played Old Maid, Continuo and Pass the Bomb with the girls while a rain shower ticked on the windows.

You could be forgiven for expecting boredom on Lundy, especially with a teenager in the party. But the island turned out to be the kind of place where a week, or even two, seemed far too short to cram in all that there was to do. The posters and chalked information boards in the Marisco and the reception office offered snorkelling, seal watching, rock climbing, scuba diving, sea kayaking, scenic walks and a Rocky Shore Ramble. In the morning we set off to walk round the island. The path wound in and out of rhododendron thickets, with glimpses across a blue sea towards the mistily distant coast of North Devon. Warblers and wrens sang in the bushes. The girls hurried ahead, absorbed in their own island. One of the beauties of Lundy is that, with common sense and respect for cliff edges, children are safe to wander in this crime-free, traffic-free slip of land.

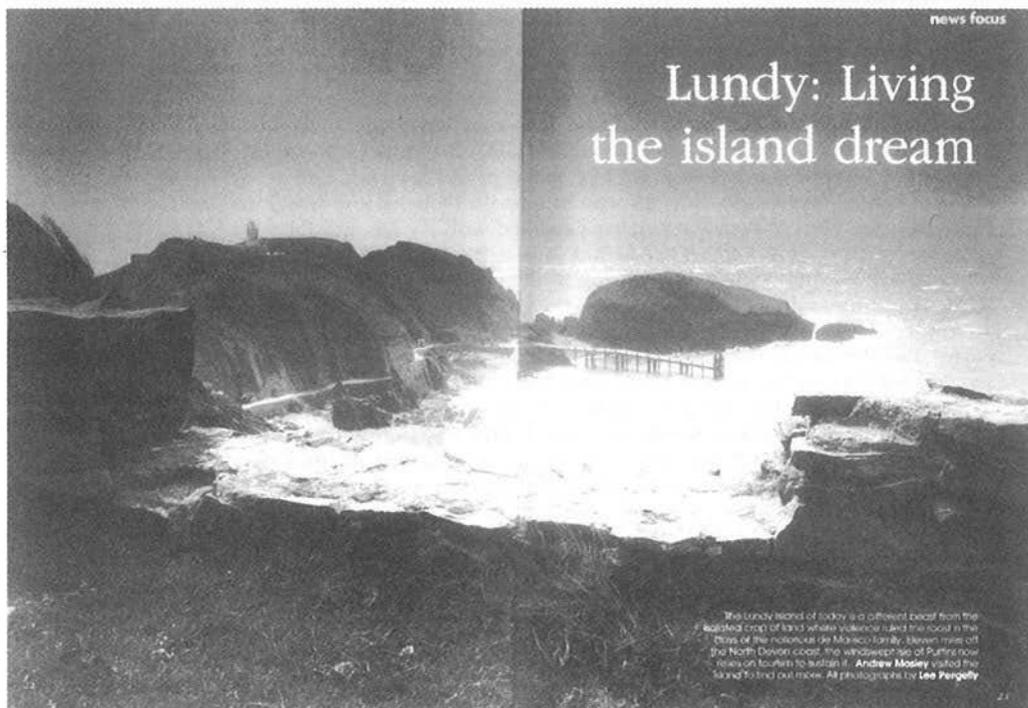
We found the big Heligoland traps where migrating birds are caught and ringed. Lundy is famous as a landfall for rare species. Among the rock slabs of an abandoned granite quarry the girls discovered a memorial plaque to John Pennington Harman, son of the last family to own the island, who was killed in 1944 at the Battle of Kohima in Burma and awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross for his bravery.

On a green ridge we came across more relics of the war - the rusty engines and melted airframe of a Heinkel bomber that came to earth here. The west coast cliffs, craggier by far than their eastern counterparts, dropped sheer in naked rock, sucked by white tide rips.

On the rim a magnificent bearded goat with backswept horns stood outlined among his wives. His goatish smell came pungently downwind. Perhaps it was one of his offspring that turned up on the menu in the Marisco tavern that night. The Rocky Shore Ramble proved one of the best episodes of our stay. Twenty adults and youngsters flocked up. Liza Cole, Lundy's warden, couldn't have been better with the considerable flock of children she shepherded across the slippery rocks of the Devil's Kitchen. "Yes, that *is* interesting ... just let me look at Shirley's anemone, and then I'll come straight across and see that lovely crab you've found ... well done, that's brilliant."

Lundy's rock pools teem with life, and we found plenty: barnacles and limpets, beadlet anemones and strawberry anemones, snake-locks and spiny stars ("It sort of throws its stomach out of its body and over what it wants to eat ... weird, eh?") Mary and Jane discovered a little grey fish peering out from under a weedy ledge. "A Cornish sucker," pronounced the warden. "Obviously hasn't done its Geography O-level." Up on the top of the island again, we climbed the Old Light's granite tower to see Lundy laid out like a relief map. In the graveyard below, the graves of Harmans and Heavens lay in the grass. "Here's someone called Giant, and his wife Cheerful," said Mary. "Funny names."

Late that evening, full of roast goat and Old Light Bitter, we wandered down the track to Bramble West. The family next door were out deer-watching. Two boys with guitars over their shoulders passed us, heading for a late night sing-song at the Marisco. "It's lovely here," murmured Elizabeth. "Can we come back next year?"



Devon Today June 2000 Lee Pengelly's photograph of the Landing Bay

ISLAND SIKA

Peter Carne

From Shooting Times & Country Magazine, September 9-15 1976

I think it was in one of the Ward, Lock regional guidebooks, of pre-war vintage, that I first read about deer on Lundy. Three species, it said, were present on an island scarcely more than three miles long by half a mile wide, an elevated hump of exposed and inhospitable granite guarding the entrance to the Bristol Channel, halfway between north-west Devon and Wales.

This is a lot of deer, you might think, for so small and unpromising a habitat. So did I, which was one of the reasons why I went to Lundy on search of them more than 25 years ago. The only way of getting there for a short visit, then as now, was to go on a day excursion from Ilfracombe, very much subject to wind and weather allowing the boats to sail as advertised.

The paddle steamer from Swansea had an ominous roll, I remember, as she ploughed into Ilfracombe Harbour. It was touch and go whether she would proceed further. She did, at the price of numerous breakfasts returned to nature by her passengers.

At last we dropped anchor in sheltered water on the east side of the island. There is no landing jetty on Lundy, only a beach to which goods and passengers are shuttled by small vessels. By contriving to include myself with the first launch-load of excursionists going ashore, I had just sufficient time to do almost a full circuit of the island on foot before catching the boat back to Devon the same afternoon.

Buzzards soared above the bracken, rabbit-haunted eastern sidelands which seemed the likeliest haunt for deer. Puffins and razorbills huddled in regiments on the rocks above high-tide level, and from the rugged western cliffs a herd of wild goats, some 40 in all, paused in their grazing to look up at me, no two quite alike in the colour pattern of their shaggy, wind-blown coats. The billy which led them had massive horns which would have made a handsome trophy.

I was nearly halfway back down the island when, turning inland from the steep west side to cross the moors in Lundy's centre, I "bumped" a herd of some 20 brown-and-buff animals, all with horns. After bunching to look back at me, they took themselves off in a frenzied stampede to join another herd of their own kind which had materialised in the meantime.

The combined assemblage departed over the skyline to the east, displaying agility and speed which would have done credit to any wild deer, which these were not. They happened, in fact, to be wild sheep, of the Soay breed originally brought to St. Kilda by the Vikings and in recent times distributed to various other places.

That Lundy was one of these places was an unexpected and pleasant surprise that went some way to offset my failure to sight a single one of its deer. I did get verbal confirmation that deer of three kinds still occurred there. There were red, fallow and what were then almost invariably referred to as Japanese deer though most people now know them as sika.

Sailing away in the sunshine to Ilfracombe, I promised myself that one day I would go back to make a more intensive search for Lundy's deer. I would stay there, not just for a few hours or even days, but perhaps for three months. I would opt out for that length of time from the pressures of life on the mainland. With binoculars, camera and books, plus bed and board and writing material, I would enjoy an idyllic interlude, watching and studying Lundy's wildlife and, hopefully, writing a book about it. I would also find time to do a good deal of loafing around in between whiles - in other words, generally leading the sort of life I had dreamed about since childhood, yet never quite managed to attain.

I have still not quite attained it. But, after a quarter of a century, I did get back to Lundy, not for three months, to be sure, but for five highly strenuous, unforgettable days which allowed little time, alas, for loafing and not enough to keep my diary up to date, let alone write a book. And my wife and I did see deer, within about two hours of our arrival in an unprecedented Easter snowstorm which capped the granite crest of Lundy in a short-lived layer of white.

Fortified with tea and buttered scones, and dressed for the worst that the weather might throw at us, we set out on foot from our very comfortable hotel base at Millcombe house, home of the Harmans when they owned Lundy, up until 1968. A gift by a wealthy property owner enabled the National Trust to purchase the island when it came up for sale. They leased it in turn to the Landmark Trust, who now run Lundy through a resident agent and carefully chosen staff.

The Harmans introduced deer to Lundy, as well as other exotic fauna including the Soay sheep, some wallabies (which soon accidentally drowned themselves), and 14 red squirrels, which never bred, and had to be artificially fed with monkey nuts placed in trees for them to find. Fallow deer soon found the monkey nuts, which had then to be placed higher, out of their reach, to prevent the intended beneficiaries from dying from starvation.

We were told this by the man whose job it was to look after the animals, octogenarian FW Gade, the Harmans' agent for the island, still living on Lundy as one of a resident population of around 30. The red deer, he informed us, originally came from a park in Derbyshire and had an admixture of wapiti blood.

Later, some hand-reared red deer calves were sent to augment the island stock. Some died, but among those released were two stags which proved dangerous during the rut. A girl visitor was attacked and wounded in 16 places, only escaping when the onset of darkness and the rutting seasons hostility of the two stags for each other gave her a chance to slip away.

A near repetition of this incident involving another girl, shortly afterwards, might well have had a tragic outcome if Mr Gade had not been present and able to ward off the attacking stag with a stick while the girl escaped over the wall. Orders were then given for the "tame" stags to be shot.

Lundy's red deer eventually died out, we learned, mainly due to overshooting by some self-invited guests. Fallow deer disappeared also, for much the same reason, in the early 1950s.

The survival of sika is mainly due to their partiality for lying up among impenetrable rhododendrons. These flourish along the eastern sidelands, especially towards the southern end, which was where we saw our first Lundy sika, towards dusk on the day of our arrival.

From a path parallel with the farmland edge wall at the upper end of the sidelands we watched a hind, in grey winter pelage, run fast from left to right, well below us, with the Bristol Channel behind her. Another hind, with a last-year's calf, followed suit, and the three disappeared into rhododendrons.

Throughout the remainder of our short stay it became our regular morning and evening routine to go out sika watching. We seldom failed to find some, always along the eastern sidelands and always poised for swift departure as soon as our presence was observed. Once, halfway through a brilliantly sunny morning, at a point farther north than we normally saw them, we had sika deer, Soay sheep and wild goats all in view at the same moment, a lucky visual combination of Lundy's three species of wild hoofed mammals.

Some of the hinds, I thought, looked larger than most of our southern English sika. Could there be Manchurian blood, I wonder, as well as Japanese in this island stock? This seems quite possible, since Lundy's sika came from Surrenden Derting, in Kent, whose one-time owner, Walter Winans, experimented with the crossbreeding of various sikine subspecies. A careful biological study may one day sort this question out.

[Ed.'s note - sika, soays and goats are (interestingly) not nearly as timid as they were. They certainly move off, but more as if you were an unwanted guest, than a fearsome intruder.]

POEMS AND A DRAWING FROM MILES TAYLOR'S LUNDY COLLECTION

Sanctuary

The seals gliding like ghosts underwater
 Illuminated in pale blue, sinuous. A monkish
 Head breaks the surface, staring with pleading
 Curious, white rimmed eyes, cowed and whiskered.
 Venerable face, enquiring, quizzical stares, with
 Deliberate slow head swivels, at the aliens on the rocks.
 Then a graceful curve down and away, chasing
 The light shafts over the their cloistered caves
 And ledges.

Sun Worshipper

I worship the sun,
 Not its heat
 But its rise and fall
 On the tilt of the world.

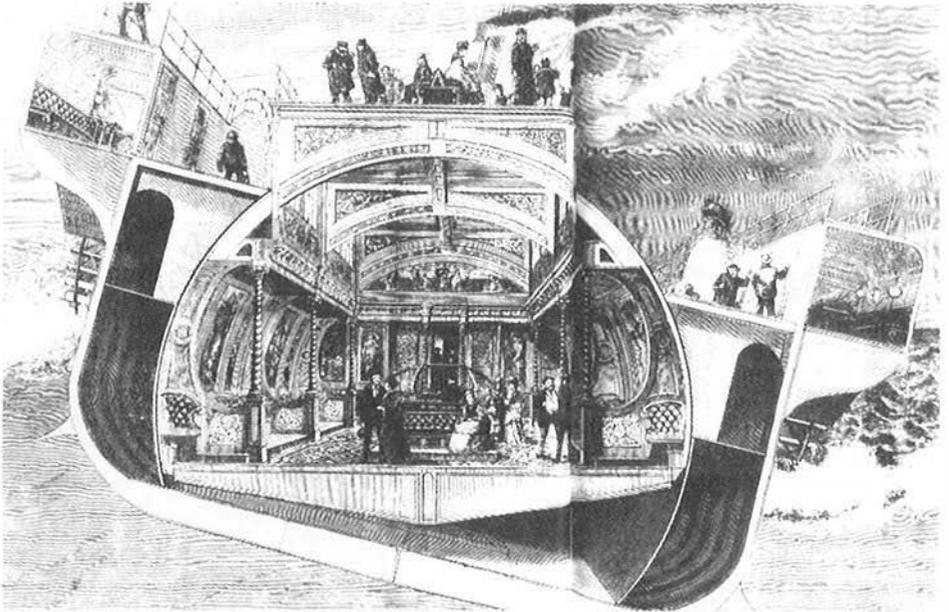
For Emma Puddy, Bonfire Night 1989

Bonfire night, for one child, but everyone
 Came to share. A two wheeled cart aflame
 An offering, fiery spoke, charring spars. A
 Ceremonial pyre for Samhain. A fierce
 Glow against a backdrop of blue black Atlantic
 Clouds, wind fanned flames, glowing and
 Sparking, lighting up the towering church
 Spectral. The Pagan and the Christian.



Wind Sprite, Samhain 1997

November the first we cross the boundary from sea into Caer Sidi.
 As we start up the climbing track as many have
 For more than a thousand years, two sentinel ravens
 Watch us in black pose from a crag fifty feet above
 By the old path.
 The wind whips up writhing sea serpents and
 Gannets of pure white, edge and plunge the troughs.
 Pondsbury, an obsidian mirror reflects the sky at Lundy's
 Centre, a dark, calm portal. Beyond Atlantic's restless
 Increasing frenzy.
 From still nowhere the sudden wind voice swirls in the grass
 And reeds, making you look to see where this dervish is.
 Then it is gone without being seen, a silence returns the spirit
 Moves on.
 A sparrow hawk shadows the slope, in migrant pursuit.
 Feather scatters mark the track of the hawks.
 Then the redshank that's waited our leaving, rises to a
 Height, shows its dark angled wings and is also suddenly gone.
 I hear a distant shout, one call, and look to Jan - who didn't hear it.
 We are alone, the island is empty as far as vision all round
 But it was a wild call - human, strange.
 It must have been a raven but I didn't see it!!



The New Bessemer Saloon Steamer for the prevention of seasickness - the joint invention of Mr H Bessemer (Bessemer's 'Converter'), and Mr RJ Reed sometime Chief Constructor of the Navy. Barbara Cole drew Yr. Ed.'s attention to this invention, as being of possible use to the ●Oldenburg.

LETTER FROM A HEAVEN LADY ON RETURNING TO LUNDY IN 1985

(The Heaven Family owned Lundy from 1836-1917)

Dearest Lucy

I think what I most expected was Progress. Now I ask myself, does it exist?

You remember the excitement of the Railway? Well, you might not credit it, but today one cannot even reach Barnstaple, let alone Bideford, without the greatest discomfort, and ALL the Stations are most distressingly decayed.

On the other hand, you know what Mr Wollaston's 1844 views on Lundy were: "utterly inaccessible except in the calmest weather: frequently shut out of all communication with the mainland for months together..." Well, I was only delayed on the Island for 36 hours in really TREACHEROUS April weather, and such a nippy little boat (almost a Hackney Cab!) drove me to Clovelly.

You recollect Captain Jack entertained visitors at the Farm even in 1852: today as many as 150 persons may be accommodated at one time! The Villa, which dearest William so lovingly built, is now an Hotel. (How Are the Mighty Fallen), BUT it does have 3 bathrooms! They quite put dearest William's Modern Sanitation in the shade.

And I should tell you that the Island's new Owners are a most WORTHY group called The National Trust. You know how we used to feel that Reform was bringing more and more people into the Educated and Leisured Classes, and they had no Estates to retire to for Leisure Pursuits—well, now they have! Lundy is their Estate, stewarded for them by another thoroughly Worthy institution called the Landmark Trust.

And, my dear, the Visitors! In the great English tradition of Eccentrics! They are ALL Ornithologists or Botanists, or Archaeologists, or Photographers or Alpinists: and today, dearest Lucy, they DIVE, as Human Submersibles, to study Rare Marine Specimens!

The Lighthouse and Battery were in our day the Peak of Achievement: they were to PREVENT wrecks. Eight lenses round a quadruple burner with prismatic lenses above and below. AND the 18-pounder firing every 10 minutes. What further Progress could there be?

Sic Transit. The "Old" Light, as it is now called, provides accommodation for visitors. As it was always a most Elegant building, it makes exceedingly superior accommodation: as does the Farm House.

And how are wrecks prevented today, you ask. I regret to tell you they are not. Since our day 2 new lighthouses have been built, and even then, I'm told, a 16-gun Battleship of the First Class on Maiden Manoeuvres, was a Total Loss, north of Shutter Rock. Only last year apparently, there was a Merchant Vessel ran straight into the East Side in dirty weather. (Progress?)

You remember that dearest Hudson always wished to build a Church on Lundy – DARLING Lucy, he has! Even in its sadly decayed state (rather like the Railway Stations) you can see the Magnificence of its Conception. It lacks, perhaps, the impressive exterior of Keble or St. Pancras, but once inside one is in Renaissance Italy or Byzantium, with a touch of Early English – and on LUNDY!

But dearest Hudson Broke the Bank, as they say, to build the Church, and no-one since has been able to afford to keep up the Edifice, such is the nature of Progress.

Still, dear Lucy, it is a miracle that the Island is not a Gambling Den, a Convict Prison or the Headquarters of a most DUBIOUS Healing Cull, which were all possibilities in 1970. So perhaps a miracle will occur to rescue the dream of dearest Hudson's life.

Today's Scientific Triumph, dear Lucy, is a Windmill! No, no, not one of THOSE: this one is a metal object rather like one of HGW's Martlans, and it generates Electricity! ALL the houses are heated, and the bathrooms have Running Hot Water!! Many fewer people are as rude today about Lundy's gales as Dr Crespt was!

The triumph of Hope over Experience is the Golf Links – in its way as Noble an Endeavour as Hudson's Church. The Island has won, of course!

I think perhaps the Nicest thing, and, perhaps the closest to Progress (paradoxically!) is that people visit to find pleasure in EXACTLY the things we did, and all visitors have done; and I was DEEPLY gratified to find that dearest Hudson's List of Flora is still useful. And some visitors still call the Island after us – the Kingdom of Heaven!

Yours affectionately

P.S. The Farm is in Good Heart: and there are Horseless Machines to do much of the work!

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FATAL SHOOTING INCIDENT ON LUNDY

Peter Christie

From 'Christie's Histories', North Devon Journal, February 17 2000

Lundy has been called 'the tempestuous isle' because its history is crowded with exciting episodes. One such occurred in December 1871 when a 20-year-old man died as a result of a shooting incident on the island.

His name was George Tippett and he was employed as a sailor by his father Joseph, who was a pilot at Bristol. The two men plus another pilot, George Harris, had sailed to Lundy to meet and offer their services to ships making their way up the Bristol Channel.

To pass the time they went ashore with some other pilots and sailors and ended up in 'a store at which beer and stronger drinks are furnished'. Here the deceased and Harris became drunk and went on an alcoholic spree smashing windows and acting in an aggressive way to the island's inhabitants, including the owner Mr Heaven.

On being informed of what was happening, Heaven, his clergyman son and a servant called Treleavan set out to stop them. As they left their house Treleavan picked up a loaded, double-barrelled gun, which belonged to his master.

They encountered the two men and in the struggle which followed George Tippet was mortally wounded by a gunshot.

Taken on board his father's boat to Ilfracombe the young man died within hours but not before making a statement about what had happened in which he said he had been deliberately shot.

At the coroner's inquest in Ilfracombe Town Hall the full details emerged.

The first witness, Joseph Tippet, had not been present when the argument took place but repeated what his son had said – 'I do not know, father, what the man shot me for', adding that after Treleaven shot him he said 'If you are not satisfied with that I'll give you the second dose'. The shot had entered his son's bowels and some three inches of intestines were hanging out.

George Harris admitted he and Tippet had got drunk and tried to get more drink in one of the two cottages built into the old Castle. Here they broke two or three cups belonging to a woman who lived there and then broke the window of a nearby cottage. Two men armed with 'picks' drove them off and they staggered towards the beach.

It was at this point that the Heavens and Treleaven turned up and after 'a bit of bother' which Harris couldn't recall in detail Tippet was shot from about 10 feet by Treleaven, who shouted 'Take that' as he fired.

Dr Gardiner, who had treated the dead man, then gave medical evidence. He reckoned the shot had been fired from very close to George, possibly from only a foot away, as George's clothes were singed from the discharge.

He was followed by the Reverend Hudson Heaven, who agreed that he told Treleaven to bring the gun as, 'it may intimidate them if they see it.' Coming up to the drunken men his father had tried to reason with them but Harris became very violent and offered to fight the islanders. At this point George charged at Treleaven exclaiming, 'I'll cut your bloody heart out.' It was then that the gun went off and George fell wounded. He added that Treleaven did not say, 'take that' rather, 'I am very sorry, I could not help it. He caused it himself, let us see if we can do anything for the poor fellow.'

Further evidence came from other islanders as to the drunken behaviour of Harris and Tippet. Thus Joseph Darke a carpenter recounted how he saw Tippet flourishing a knife at the Castle which he stuck into the door of a cottage inhabited by a Mrs Widdecombe. Darke had been present when the gun was fired and he alleged that the dead man had grabbed the muzzle of the gun and pulled it towards his stomach before it went off.

The jury took just 10 minutes to reach a verdict – 'That the deceased, George Tippet, came to his death accidentally in an attempt to pull a loaded gun from under the arm of Charles Walter Treleaven.'

A few days later Treleaven appeared before the Ilfracombe magistrates on a charge of murdering Tippet. The bench reckoned that the death had been accidental and so discharged the accused who returned to Mr Heaven's employ on Lundy.

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THE GREAT BELLOWS

Mike Lock

As a relatively new discoverer of Lundy, I avidly devoured the various histories of the island and its inhabitants and was delighted to find that not only had the island had its own beer in the past, but it also once had a blacksmith. Whilst beer was a longstanding interest, I also had a burgeoning interest in smithing.

Could there really be a smithy on the island? True, there was no blacksmith, but fortunately my visit coincided with that of members of the Lundy Field Society and within a minute (it's only a few yards from the Tavern) I was shown the black corrugated hut near the shop.

Imagine my delight to discover what looked like a Great Bellows still in situ. Whilst not an extinct species, they are rare enough to warrant excitement almost as great as actually finding puffins on Lundy!

It was indeed a Great Bellows with two chambers which allows it to blow when the levers are going both up and down, and I found, peering through the gloom, that it seemed to have all the operating levers and a beautiful stone-built hearth. Unfortunately this encounter took place on the last evening of my stay, and I had to leave it unexplored.

Myrtle Ternstrom has found a reference in the Heaven family diary that the bellows was installed on November 22nd 1899, when Mr George Taylor was the lessee.

It remains for me to properly explore the Great Bellows, the levers, the hearth, and the contents of the Smithy and, I hope, to write a full description for the Annual Report, followed, I hope, by plans for restoration.

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A TRIBUTE TO JILLY LO VEL

With the exceptional permission of the trustees, Reg Lo Vel has placed a plaque to Jilly's memory beside the quarries path, just south of V.C. Quarry. The text is taken from a song written and sung for her funeral by her brother, David Dyke.

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Devon Today June 2000
photographer Lee Pengelly



ACKLAND'S MOOR – WHO WAS ACKLAND?

Hugh Ackland came to Lundy in 1781 as a servant to John Cleveland, who bought the island in that year from Sir John Borlase Warren. Ackland stayed for 30 years, having at some time held a tenancy, and he was there in 1811 when Sir Vere Hunt, who bought the island from Cleveland in 1802, spent a cold and stormy week there. In 1826 he was sent to London to testify in a legal case for Vere Hunt's son, and he ended his days in the poor house at Northam.

Henry Ackland was by origin a grocer from Bideford, who took the lease of the island Store and farm between 1891 and 1899. A newspaper of the time said that:

"Those visiting the island will find every comfort. Mr Henry Ackland...provides excellent accommodation for those who land and who wish to remain. He is storekeeper, postmaster, and everything, no-one else on the island being allowed to trade. There is a right genial welcome for everybody...Mr Ackland brews beer..."

When Ackland signed the lease, it included a clause that he was "not to use the upper Store House for sale, consumption, delivery of goods, stores or liquors" which would indicate that some private enterprises had attempted to by-pass the legitimate trade at the Stores. (The upper Store House stood at the junction of the Old and New paths to the beach).

Unfortunately Ackland and his partner, Dickinson, experienced a period of agricultural depression, became insolvent, and had to relinquish the lease in 1899.

Since mention of Ackland's Moor occurs in the Heaven papers prior to Ackland's arrival in 1891, the spelling should, properly, be Acland?

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AN UNKNOWN SNATCH OF ISLAND HISTORY (c.1859/60)

... When I got inside I found the *Ranger's* crew and the farm labourers were having a jolly time of it. They were just getting up an extemporaneous dance in the large roomy kitchen of the house. I was soon informed that, in consequence of the visit of the old light-keeper, they were enjoying themselves. I saw that each person had got a glass containing a white liquid, which appeared to me to be milk. But I thought the consumption of that article could not account for the broad grin on the honest visage of my new acquaintance, the farmer. The fine bronzed face of the old lighthouse keeper was radiant with smiles, while the captain of the *Ranger* was amusing the company by dancing a hornpipe. All this was an enigma to me, so I took the liberty to enquire what they were drinking. The reply was that they were drinking "raw milk" and a half dozen glasses were raised for me to drink. I declined, as I had reason to suspect that there were other ingredients besides milk in the glasses – to wit – rum, that had never been gauged by the excisemen nor adulterated by the publican. The milk was sold and not the rum!"

The captain of the *Ranger*, was Capt Bragge, and the tenant farmer was Capt Jack Lee, who had also been a sea-faring man. At this time, before the granite company came to Lundy, there was no Store or tavern, and the kitchen of the farmhouse was where Old house North now stands. According to the Heaven letters, Lee had been summonsed for smuggling around 1858-60 but no more details are known that that. He left Lundy soon after this visit as his eyesight failed; his son, Tom, returned in 1862 to be a gunner at the new Fog Signal Station (the Battery).

The writer went on to say that "the horses, as useful working animals, were certainly among some of the finest that I had ever seen on any farm in the West of England. Those horses were bred by the old captain, and always fetched a high price when sold on the mainland."

What was raw milk? A milk punch?

(From a typescript in Myrtle Ternstrom's collection).

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FILM PREMIERE ON LUNDY

As part of the South West Arts' Year of the Artist, a pioneering and unusual 15-minute film was given its premiere in the Old light in July.

Entitled *The Island*, the film was made on Lundy by a leading photographer, Tim MacMillan, to capture the action of the sea that has shaped the island over time. The power of a single wave is frozen as it hits the rocks, and is then turned through 90 degrees in a technique called timeslice, and the film charts the ebb and flow of the tides. The filming took place over three days with a rig set up at the Devil's Kitchen, and Mr MacMillan said that "working on Lundy was the most difficult task he had ever undertaken ... more difficult than filming in the Alps." He also compared Lundy with Patagonia for the strength of the wind!

The originator of the project, Simon Heath, said that Lundy had been chosen as it was a microcosm of North Devon.

For pictures and details, see *The Western Morning News* of Tuesday, July 11th 2000.

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WORK ON LUNDY'S INFRASTRUCTURE

(See also Editorial)

There have been a lot of interesting holes to look down this season. The islanders and contractors have been busy laying water and power cables to each and every property, with the sole exception of Tibbetts.

The most interesting and fruitful search was carried out by Shirley Blaylock, of the National Trust, in Pig's Paradise, where – in an exhausting and hectic week's excavation, she found over a thousand pieces of pottery, and other interesting relics of a medieval settlement, as well a number of flints. These have now been sent for a specialist report, for the cost of which the Lundy Field Society has made a grant.

More details will be found in the forthcoming Field Society Report, and a full analysis is expected to be ready for next year's report.

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SOUTH WESTERN AERO GROUP LANDS ON LUNDY

On August 28th 2000, members of the South Western Aero Group held an excursion and landed their delightful small vintage monoplanes on Lundy. It was very interesting to watch them approaching and negotiating the landing strip. Some had a decidedly bumpy ride, but fortunately none came to any harm.

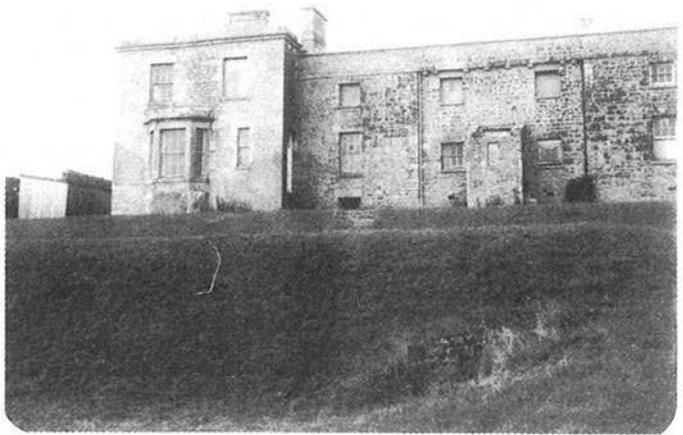
Mr Peter White, of Bodmin, the organiser, was first to arrive in his 1946 G-IVOR, and he said the landing was all right, but the cross-wind was troublesome. Other members came from as far as Gloucestershire and Sheffield, but there was no agreement among the onlookers as to how many aircraft sat on the airfield in the end. Estimates varied from 12 to 31!

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Recollections of times past.
The Kaaksberg wrecked off the
East Side. Practically nothing is
now left.

The Old Hotel just before its
transformation into Old
House South and Old House
North. Very early '70s



Mrs Paul Metcalfe. (all three photographs
are from the Metcalfe collection) sitting
in Stanley's Seat which Yr. Ed. can no
longer find. It was by Castle Hill near
the incinerator

THE MONTMORENCY & MARISCO FAMILIES

Ann Westcott

in the last newsletter. 1984. I mentioned the work of Hervé de Montmorency Morrés (pub. 1828) on the Montmorency and Marisco family. Michael Freer of Norwich wrote to me, sending me Notes he made upon the subject about 25 years ago.

MF states that "both Chanter and Steinmann assert that the Mariscos and the Montmorencys were one family; both derived this 'information' from a book that has been the cause of more historico-genealogical mistakes than practically any other - "The Montmorencys of France and Ireland", published in Paris in 1828. It was compiled by the simple process of placing any one of whom mediaeval records existed - and whose name was something like Morres, Montmorency, Marisco, Marreys - on the same family tree. it has been rejected as practically useless, certainly as far as the early part of the pedigree is concerned, by every genealogist of note."

"Lundy Bristol Channel" by A&M Langham (Broadacre Books 1960) in the chapter on the de Mariscos, says "The Mariscos (known also as de Montmorency, Marsh and by other derivations) were a Norman family which spread throughout Europe to such an extent that King Henry IV of France referred to them as the first house and family in Europe after that of the Bourbons. The name, meaning 'of the marsh', probably refers to the district in Normandy where the first members settled. Genealogists have searched long for the origins of the English branch of the family which probably descended from a Geoffrey de Marisco [Ed.'s note - I haven't been able to trace him.] who came here with the Conqueror in 1066. It is now known that one of Henry I's many illegitimate children, who was born about 1100, was named William de Marisco." The Langhams do not substantially alter their view in "Lundy" (David & Charles 1970). MF believes that the idea that "the Montmorencys and Mariscos were one is certainly not true."

After a necessarily superficial look at (Secondary) sources, I would be inclined to agree that it is not true; but certainty is not something one could easily, if ever, reach.

The earliest Montmorency I could find in the DNB Vol. XIII (OUP 1968) was Hervey de Mount Maurice (c.1169) whose name appears variously as: Monte Mauricii, Monte Marisco, Monte Marcey, Mont Marreis, Montmorenci, Mumoreci, Momorci.

The DNB says "he may not unreasonably be held to have belonged to the same line as the Montmorencies of France (of this there is not conclusive proof, but see Du Chesne "Histoire Généalogique de la Maison de Montmorency").

Hervey de Mount Maurice is said (according to DNB) by Hervé de Montmorency Morrés (1817 - see below) to have been the son of a Robert FitzGeoffrey, Lord of Huntspill-Marreis, by his wife Lucia, daughter of Alexander de Alneto. The DNB (without revealing why) says this has been made up and may be dismissed. The DNB prefers Du Chesne genealogy. There does, however, appear to be some evidence that a Geoffrey de Marisco did hold Huntspill in 1166 (quoted by MF from Eric St. J. Brooks' article in the journal of the Royal Society on Antiquaries of Ireland (1931 and 1932) vols. lxi, lxii entitled "The Family of Marisco").

A William de Marisco (d.1225) was married to Lucy de Alneto (according to the family tree in Langham's 'Lundy Bristol Channel').

There is also an Irish connexion before Justiciar Geoffrey de Marisco (d.1245). Hervey de Mount Maurice in 1169 was sent by Richard Earl of Pembroke (Strongbow) to report on affairs there to the Earl (DNB). Giraldus Cambrensis allows that Hervey de Mount Maurice was one of the four principal conquerors of the Irish. Much of the DNB's evidence about Hervey de Mount Maurice comes from Giraldus Cambrensis. GC was an aristocratic Welsh scholar-priest, a contemporary of Hervey de Mount Maurice; reliable in some ways, but writing primarily as a propagandist. Geoffrey de Marisco (Justiciar or Vice-roy of Ireland) was Hervey de Mount Maurice's nephew. Giraldus Cambrensis says Hervey de Mount Maurice left no legitimate children.

There would appear also to be a Royal (if bastard) connexion. From the 1971 Encyclopaedia Britannica under "Montmorency", comes the statement "Mathieu I de Montmorency, constable of France from 1138, married first Aline a natural daughter of Henry I of England." A William de Marisco (c.1100) is given in the family tree ("Lundy Bristol Channel") as a natural son of Henry I. In the same tree, a Jordan de Marisco (c.1130) is shown as married to Agnes Comyn, daughter of a bastard grandson of Henry I.

John Comyn (brother to Agnes) was Archbishop of Dublin (the Irish Connexion again), and, says the DNB, was devoted to the service of Henry II. The DNB also says (though without giving grounds) "there is nothing improbable in his belonging to the great family of Comyn. It might account for Scottish help given to the Traitor William de Marisco" (The Comyns had Royal pretensions in Scotland.) It seems to me, even in so brief a survey as this, that one cannot entirely sweep aside Col. Hervé de Montmoreci Morrés – who was, by the way, an Irishman.

From Marshall "The Genealogists Guide"

MONTMORENCY. *Histoire Généalogique de la Maison de Montmorency*, par André du Chesne. Paris. 1624. folio. A Genealogical Memoir of the Family of Montmorency, styled De Marisco, or Morrés, by Henry de Montmorency-Morrés. Paris. 1817. 4to. Les Montmorency de France et les Montmorecy d'Irlande. *Précis Historique*. Paris. 1828. 4to.

[If anyone knows how Yr. Ed. could obtain copies of these books, from any library, please do write.]

S



From the Metcalfe collection, early '70s. All three pics. (pp. 32 & 33) remind you of what it was like landing on the portable jetty.



EARLY APPLICATION FORM FOR THE FIELD SOCIETY

Roger E Allen

In a recent auction of Lundy ephemera and other material. I was lucky enough to obtain a copy of a very early pamphlet produced by the LFS as combined application form and information leaflet. It consists of six A5 size pages, printed by James Townsend & Sons, Exeter. An additional single page insert is dated 1954 but the wording and format of the main document date from much earlier years.

The pamphlet begins with the names of the officers of the Society who are named as follows:- Hon. Secretary, Mr LA Harvey, Dept Zoology, University College, Exeter.

Hon. Treasurer, Mr JE Moore, 23 Upper Redlands Road, Reading, Berks.
Warden, David Lea, The Old Light, Lundy.

Shore Officer, Mr AS Culliffe, Trammere Hotel, St James Place, Ilfracombe.

Accommodation Officer, Miss D Jameson, 59 St Brannocks Road, Ilfracombe.

It then has eight paragraphs giving general information to Field Society members intending to stay at the Old Light. These are paraphrased below.

Postal Arrangements. Address: LFS, Lundy, Bristol Channel, via Blideford, Devon. Telegraphic address: - Lundy Via Hartland Point. All letters must go through the Lundy postal system and must not be handed to passengers of calling ships.

Transport and Accommodation. Sailing by the MV 'Lerina' from Blideford, Clovelly or Appledore. Master of the 'Lerina': Mr A Hooper, 36 Market Street, Appledore. (Tel. Blideford 468). Return fare 25/-.

Campbell Steamer sailing information from P&A Campbell, 1 Britannia Buildings, Cumberland Basin, Bristol, 8 or 10 The Quay, Ilfracombe. Tel 11r 687.

Visitors to the Old Light must advise the Accommodation Officer of the dates of their visits in order to confirm that accommodation is available and they must book passages through Mr Gade or Mr Hooper or Messrs P&A Campbell. They must also advise the Accommodation officer of the time of arrival of their boat.

Sleeping Accommodation. Dormitory accommodation is provided but married couples can usually be accommodated together. Camp beds and blankets are provided.

Domestic Arrangements. The warden is but one man, with scientific work to do, household work must be shared by all, to include cleaning, cooking, carrying water and waste disposal.

Rationing. It is essential to take Ration Books with the correct points and coupons for the period, this includes tea coupons and seven points per week. It is illegal to take rationed goods instead of the coupons.

Equipment. The following equipment is suggested: Gumboots, sheets or sheet-bag and pillow, towel and toilet gear including soap, bathing suit, telescope, compass, pocket barometer, microscope, collecting equipment, books for reference and general reading, personal medicaments, postage stamps and tobacco (stocks of these last are obtainable at the Marisco Store and Tavern).

Accommodation. 9/- per day inclusive, payable to the Treasurer Mr JE Moore.

General. No children under sixteen and no pets.

There follows the membership application form which reads as follows: "I desire to become a member of the Lundy Field Society. I agree, if elected, to observe the objects of the Society, namely the furtherance of the study and conservation of the fauna and flora of Lundy. I further agree, when visiting Lundy, to conform to the customs of the Island and to respect its rights and privileges. (Name, address, date.) I am interested in the following aspects of field biology:

To be returned, when completed, with the minimum subscription of 7/6d to LA Harvey, University College, Exeter. I enclose the sum of £...s...d., as a donation to the funds of Lundy Field Society."

All the above information and text appear in the body of the leaflet itself. As an additional insert, there is a single sheet dated 1954, which gives some changes to the above information. These changes are as follows.

Postal Address of the Island now. Lundy, via Devon-Air Ltd., Wrafton Gate, Braunton, North Devon.

Transport. The 'Lerina' no longer sails. An air service now flies from Chivenor. Book passages with Devon-Air. Tel. Capt. Maurice Looker, Braunton 435.

Officers. Hon Treasurer now, SF Ball, Sillery, East Down, Barnstaple.

Accommodation Officer now Mrs FM Ball, Sillery, East Down, Barnstaple.

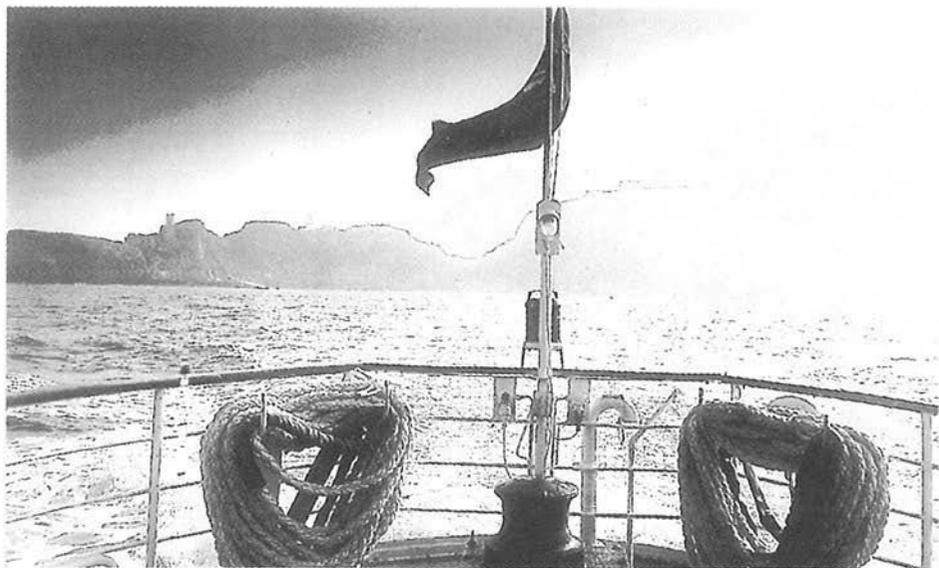
Subscription and Residence Charges.

Residence Charges: 4 guineas per week March to May
 4 1/2 guineas per week June and July.
 5 guineas per week August and September
 3 1/2 guineas per week October to February, when open.

Minimum subscription 10/- per year, 7/6d per additional family member. 5/- per year junior membership under 16.

Life membership £15 for members under 45 and £10 for members over 45.

S



Devon Today June 2000, photographer Lee Pengelly.
 Leaving Lundy

LUNDY IN PRINTS

James W. Leonard MA

We are probably indebted to Napoleon for the wealth of prints of West Country scenes: around the beginning of the 19th century the English could no longer take their continental tours and they were forced to discover their own countryside.

Before 1800 the number of prints showing scenes in the West Country was small, but as the popularity of the area increased, local publishers and later those from London produced an increasing diversity of prints in sets that could be kept as mementos. Furthermore local histories were written which incorporated printed illustrations of local houses and views. Most of these have long since been broken up for the prints.

The prints discussed here are all either aquatints, copper or steel line engravings, lithographs or etchings, all processes by which many copies could be produced from one, or in some processes involving colour, more than one, 'plate'.

In 1977 Devon Library Services published a book by J. V. Somers Cocks entitled *DEVON TOPOLOGICAL PRINTS, 1660-1870—A CATALOGUE AND GUIDE*. This invaluable book lists some 3,500 prints of Devon and gives details of the artists, engravers and publishing houses that produced them. The book is written mainly from the viewpoint of the historian, but nevertheless it is of great value to the collector. Comprehensive as the book is, it is not complete: there are several plates that show Lundy (Plate VII in this article is one) that are not in it even though they fall within its period.



Plate I VIEW OF ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH.
Aquatint by & after W. Daniell c1814 (165 x 236mm)

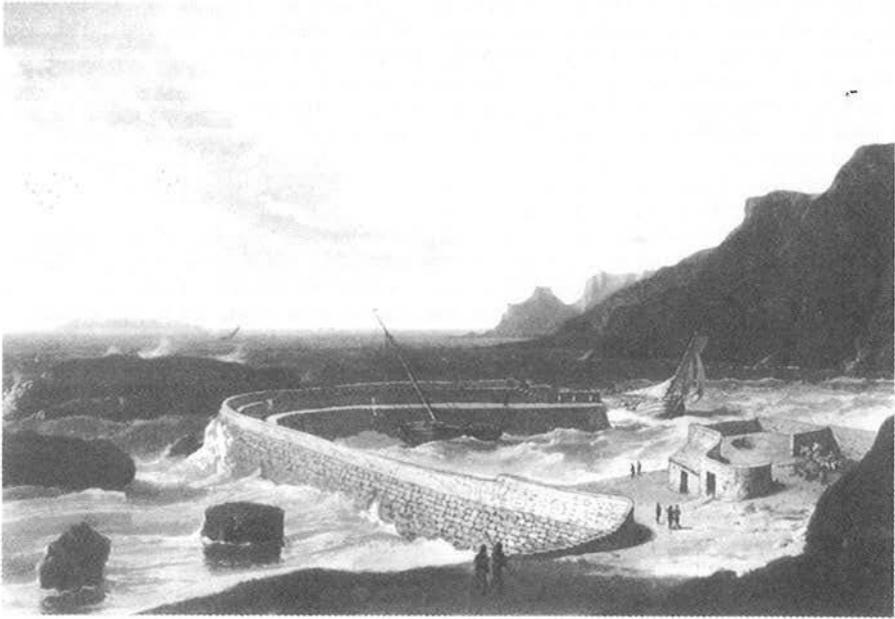


Plate II HARTLAND PIER NORTH DEVON.
Aquatint by and after W. Daniell. 1814 (165 x 239mm)

Out of the 3,500 recorded prints of Devon some 473 cover the maritime area of North Devon from Hartland to Lynton, their distribution is shown in the Table at the end. Only about 25 of these show Lundy, some boldly, some just as a hint on the horizon. In some, one feels that it was intended to be an integral part of the picture, in others that the artist put it in because he had been told that it was there, but it was not visible that day, as is often the case. It seems to have presented many different outlines even from the same viewpoint.

There are, of course, the three copper line engravings of the castle on Lundy, two entitled *THE CASTLE IN THE ISLE OF LUNDY* (designated pl.1 and pl.2) from *Antiquities of England and Wales* by Francis Grose published by S. Hooper in the 1770s (variations on the title exist). This work also includes the ground plan of the castle showing Benson's Cave. The third, with the same title, comes from an *Historical Description of New and Elegant Picturesque Views of the Antiquities of England and Wales* by Henry Boswell printed for A. Hogg c1785. Most readers will be familiar with these as they often appear in the literature on the Island, and at least one is framed as a picture in a property on the Island (Old House South).

Two of the earlier prints showing Lundy (Plates I & II) come from William Daniell's *A Voyage Round Great Britain Undertaken in the Summer of the Year 1813 and Commencing from the Land's End, Cornwall*. He made this epic voyage clockwise hence the aquatints of North Devon appear in Vol I. These aquatints, highly prized now by collectors, must have been esteemed at the time perhaps for their topographical accuracy. The Trinity House Brethren record in their Cash Book (1820 to 1824) an entry on March 18th 1820 the expenditure of £3=3s=0d for the purchase of the first 6 volumes. (On the previous page three payments relating to Lundy are recorded, two being instalments to William Grant for work on the Lighthouse, the third being a payment of £5=12s=6d for an advertisement giving notice of the first exhibition of the lighthouse—i.e. its opening.) What made William Daniell

climb Hillsborough with all his artistic equipment, we may never know. However he seems to have made this trip compulsory for almost all the artists that followed. This view of Ilfracombe, usually entitled **ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH** looks down on Ilfracombe with Lundy on the horizon. In contrast no artists seem to have imitated his view of Lundy from Hartland Pier (Plate III), perhaps because the pier that forms the foreground has long since disappeared. Daniell's other views of North Devon show Clovelly, Combe Martin, Lynmouth and another view of Ilfracombe showing the Lantern Chapel and Hillsborough from under the Capstone Hill. Versions of Plates I and II currently hang on the south west wall of the hall in Millcombe House.

The great JMW Turner also undertook a coastal voyage and his Picturesque Views on the Southern Coast Of England in 2 volumes was published in 1826. Somehow this includes 4 views of North Devon. His **CLOVELLY BAY—SOMERSETSHIRE** (Plate III), showing a curiously dumpy Lundy in the background, hints at his forte being art not geography. The Turner prints are not noted for their topographical accuracy but for the dramatic seas and skies. His view of Ilfracombe depicts a shipwreck somewhere between Hcle and Watermouth with the Lantern Chapel and part of Ilfracombe in the background: tiny characters watch the tragedy from the cliff top.

The great period for prints of the area, particularly Ilfracombe, was between 1830 and 1850, and this reflects the growth of Ilfracombe from a tiny port to a flourishing Victorian holiday resort. Views from Hillsborough such as Plate IV, a Lithograph c1837 by Day & Haghe Lithographers to the Queen, apart from showing Lundy, help to trace the development of Ilfracombe and the buildings creeping up along the southern slopes. This can be compared with a similar view Plate IX, of which more later.

Plates V, VI and VII, all from the mid 1830s, show that it is not necessary to climb Hillsborough to see Lundy. Plates VI and VII are both by the prolific George Rowe. Originally based in Exeter, he moved to Cheltenham in about 1833. However, both before and after his move he produced many lithographs of Devon including about 20 views around Ilfracombe and it is said that his

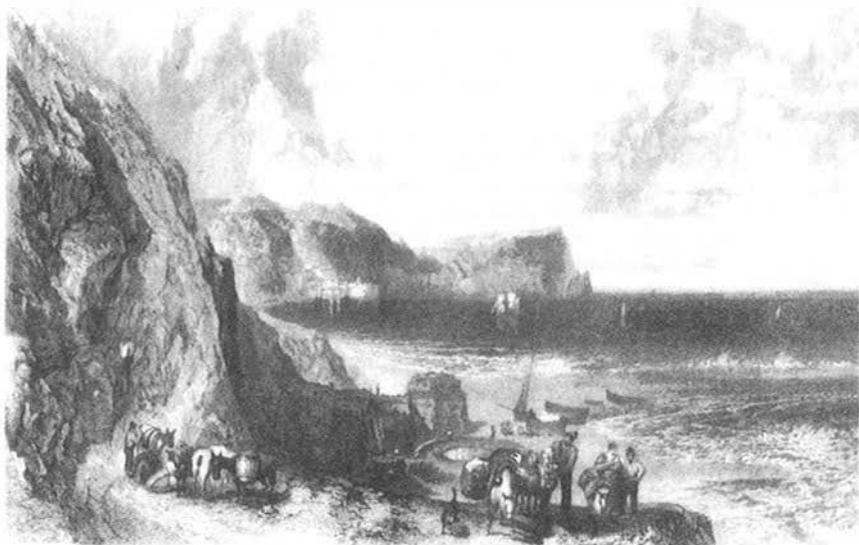


Plate III CLOVELLY BAY—SOMERSETSHIRE.

Copper Line Engraving by W. Miller after J. M. W. Turner RA. March 1824 (145 x 226mm)

works did much to popularise the various resorts in Devon.. He too produced at least three versions of ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH, all showing Lundy, the earliest one in about 1829. Much of his work was published by the Banfield Library, Ilfracombe. This flourished between 1830 and 1860 publishing works by many artists beside Rowe. William Sprat was another artist prominent in Devon during the 1840s and 1850s. He is chiefly known for the number of churches his lithographs depict. He too climbed Hillsborough (c1850) and his version of ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH shows Lundy in the background but the obligatory boat sailing in or out of the harbour is now steam powered.

Plate VIII, a lithograph simply entitled CLOVELLY, by Day & Haghe, shows Lundy prominently, and like many prints of Clovelly seems to make the jetty much larger than it is. Most prints of Clovelly show it from the end of the Jetty or from the sea looking south. However Plate X, a much later etching from 20th century by R. L. Armitage, shows Lundy from a similar angle. At least one other print exists showing the view of Lundy from The Hobby Drive. That is CLOVELLY FROM THE HOBBY (sic) a small (68 x 105mm) steel line engraving by G. Townsend published by H. Besley of Exeter.



Plate IV ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH.
Lithograph by Day & Haghe after G. Hawkins c1837 (185 x 226mm)

Henry Besley and Co of Directory Office in Exeter started producing vignette views of Devon in 1848. The artist of all of these up to 1860 was George Townsend. The views were sold in booklets of 4, 6 or 12, without text, and some larger booklets were issued with 30 and 60 prints. There were two series, the larger ones the size of Plate IX (108 x 72mm), of which there are over 60 prints of Devon some 10 of which show Ilfracombe and the later smaller series, the same size as the one cited in the previous paragraph.



Plate V ILFRACOMBE NORTH DEVON.

Lithograph by W. Gauci after W. Gauci & Rev. J. Bulwer c1837 (185 x 276mm)



Plate VI SCENE FROM THE TUNNEL. ILFRACOMBE.
Lithograph by & after G. Rowe c1835 (146 x 220mm)



Plate VII Ilfracombe from Killage (sic) Point.
Lithograph by G. Rowe of Cheltenham c1835 (90 x 180mm)

There are over 110 prints in this series, some 6 of which are of Ilfracombe but none, other than the one of Clovelly cited above, show Lundy. Plate XI, which does show Lundy, is an early version probably about 1855, there are at least 2 later versions. One of these shows the Ilfracombe Hotel (built 1867), the church of SS Philip and James (built 1857) and a second mast on the Capstone Hill. An even later version shows all these additions and some development of the pier eastwards (started 1873). These were all done from the same steel plate by burnishing out the detail to be replaced, releveling the surface and re-engraving the new detail. Other prints of Ilfracombe in the larger Besley series were updated. Later versions show Airdrie, the first house to be built on the Tors.

There are prints that show Lundy from viewpoints other than those illustrated and discussed above. Rock & Co produced a large number of small vignette steel line engravings between 1848 and 1876. One entitled APPLEDORE DEVON (63 x 93mm), dated London 1850, shows Appledore from the front at Instow. Lundy can be seen over the bar. Two others in this series, which has 260 views in Devon, show Lundy both from Ilfracombe. They are (not surprisingly) ILFRACOMBE FROM HILLSBOROUGH (63 x 94mm) dated 1863 and WILDERSMOUTH BAY, ILFRACOMBE DEVON (61 x 89mm) dated 1864. The viewpoint of the latter is the Capstone Parade (opened with two days of junketing in September 1843) looking west, not unlike Plate VI. Ilfracombe Museum, which has a good number of local prints available on request, has one entitled VIEW OF MORTHOE FROM THE NE (J. Martin del. W. Gauci lith.) printed by Hullmandel & Walton. This shows Lundy beyond the church and Morte Point. The print is not dated and is not included in J. V. Somers Cocks' Catalogue though it almost certainly falls within the period covered by it. W. Gauci is mentioned in the Catalogue as both an artist and a lithographer producing work between 1828 and 1860.

In addition an unquantifiable number of drawings, sketches, water colours etc. must exist in private hands or old Victorian sketch books. Some of these may well show Lundy lurking in the background.

As well as Ilfracombe Museum, mentioned above, the North Devon Athenaeum in the North Devon Library has some local prints. The most complete collection is in the Westcountry Studies Library in Exeter. Any Devon Library should be able to produce a copy of the J. V. Somers Cocks' Catalogue. The Ilfracombe Museum, the Ilfracombe Library and

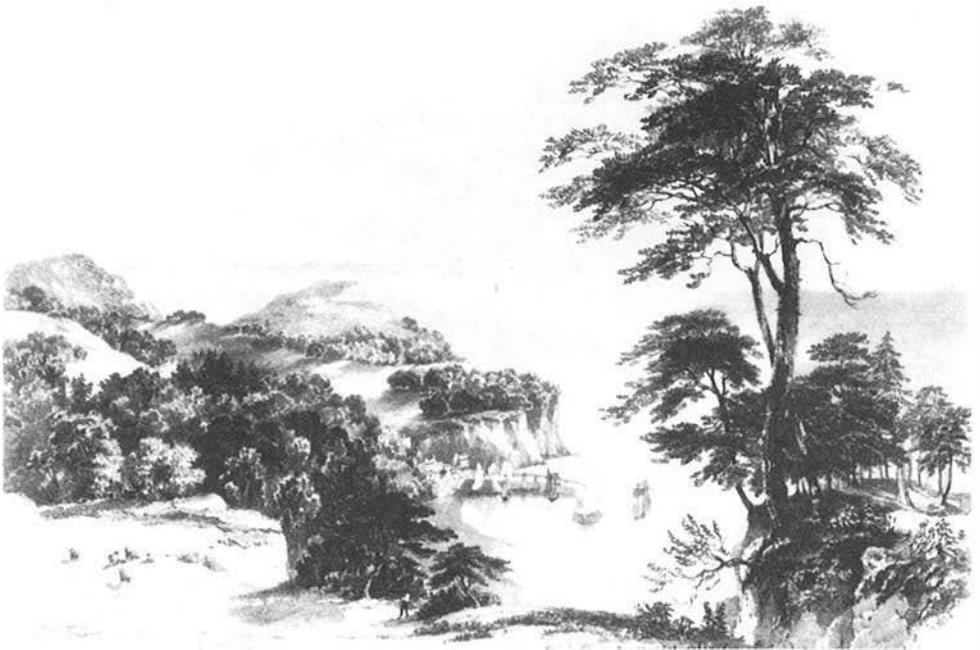


Plate VIII CLOVELLY.
Lithograph by Day & Haghe after E. Vivian (1842 (222 x 315mm))



Plate XI ILFRACOMBE from Hillsborough.
Steel line engraving published by H. Besley, Exeter after G. Townsend. (1855 (108 x 182mm))

the North Devon Athenaeum all have copies on the shelves. The 18 page Introduction to the Catalogue gives more details of the artists, engravers, printers and publishing houses as well as more background detail than can be fitted into this article.

TABLE

PLACE	No. of PRINTS listed in Somers Cocks'.
Abbotsham	1
Appledore	4
Barnstaple (inc Pilton)	39
Berrynarbor (inc Watermouth)	16
Bideford	17
Clovelly	26
Combe Martin	8
Hartland	4
Ilfracombe (inc Lee)	155
Instow	3
Lynnton & Lynmouth	192
Morthoc	1
Northam (inc Westward Ho)	5
Trentishoe	1
Westleigh	1
TOTAL	473



Plate X CLOVELLY AND LUNDY FROM
THE HOBBY DRIVE.
Etching by Robert Linnell Armitage
c1930 (174 x 125mm)

Extract from **SUNLIGHT ON THE PATHWAY**

Peter Rothwell

Ed.'s Note - This MS is "Work in Progress". PR has written a "sequel" to Henry Williamson's "The Pathway" (pub. c1928), in which Willie Madison drowned. PR imagines what would have happened had WM not drowned, but been rescued and landed on Lundy, (owned by Robin Flindlay-Hammond, who is attempting to create there a true community). PR's novel is about WM's rehabilitation - physical and spiritual: (and the effect of his 'death' on his closest acquaintance who believe he has drowned, so that the first part of his private 'journey' is, indeed, private). HW himself had envisaged the possibility of allowing such rehabilitation to his WM.

The storm seemed to be increasing in intensity as Willie made his way up the northern slope of Beacon Hill toward the Old Light. It was becoming increasingly difficult to keep to the path, the weight of the wind driving him eastwards like a great hand determined to deflect him from his course. Lad walked in his lee, gaining what respite he could from the power of a wind that was quite capable of lifting him bodily and tossing him aside. The grey monolith of the lighthouse tower emerged from the enshrouding mist and in the lee of the massive structure all was calm apart from the savage roar of the rising wind. Man and dog gathered their senses and gazed southward into the confusion of mist, rain and spray that was driving across the island, curving over the cliff edge in a scimitar-like arc.

To attempt to reach the cliffs across the open ground would have been foolhardy, but by using the lighthouse wall that ran to the very brink of the cliff, for shelter, Willie and Lad were able to drop down below the cliff edge and begin to work their way south. This final section of the coast between the Old Light and the Devil's Limekiln was the most treacherous on the island. The granite of the high cliff was shattered and loose, and prone to sudden unpredictable rock slides during which huge quantities of rock and earth thundered hundreds of feet into the sea below, leaving livid scars of pale, naked rock in their wake. Here the process of erosion and destruction was at its most dramatic. The outcome of the battle between the elements and the solid granite had not yet been resolved.

Using whatever shelter they could find, the young shepherd and his dog traversed the sidelands, literally creeping in a series of zigzags across the scree, pressing themselves to the rock and grass to try and deny the wind a grip on them. Occasional small falls of stone, loosened by the rain and spray, tumbled past them, Willie aware that each one could be the beginning of a major fall. The mind-numbing ferocity of the storm increased and the scream of the wind rose to an even higher pitch. Beneath them the sea was a cauldron of seething white water clawing at the cliff face to be borne upward by the wind and carried over the island in a fury of spray and foam.

Slowly and with extreme care Willie and the collie searched the slopes and the old path down as far as Pilot's Quay, then high across the escarpment and scree above Montague Steps until they reached the south-western lip of the island. Below the bank of fog that was driving in from the Atlantic, the scene was awesome. Massive seas pounded on the Shutter and creamed into the narrow gully beneath the cliffs to boom in the deep chasms. Behind them the cliff rose to the rim of the Devil's Limekiln, its gaping maw amplifying the thunder of the waves that crashed into its sea cave hundreds of feet below. By the time they had climbed around its eastern edge, man and dog were almost exhausted. No part of them was dry. Willie's body seemed to vibrate rather than shiver. He lay back against the cold granite and pulled the dog close to him. Slowly they warmed each other and Willie's body began to tingle as the blood gradually returned to his feet and hands.

All around them the fog coiled and writhed, obscuring what should have been a clear view along the south side of the island. They had covered the area they had to search and found no sign of the lost sheep. ...

Willie wondered how Nick had got on, and how the rest of the island was faring in the storm. He could hear the regular boom of the foghorn from the South Light, although it

sounded very weak and distant beneath the roar of the wind. The prospect of any vessel being at sea and relying on the foghorn for a warning was too dreadful to contemplate, the seas that were breaking over the Shutter behind him were forty or fifty feet high. No wonder there were so many ships in the roadstead. The mist and fog were thickening and the light was beginning to fade, usually the sign that Willie's workday was drawing to a close. However, since the storm had begun, everyone had acknowledged that they were on constant call.

Willie ate what was left of his rations, paring off the occasional slice for Lad who liked a strong cheese. They had been out on the cliffs for nearly ten hours, although it felt like longer. Willie's intention was to make his way back to the village, and, if he kept to the sidelands until he reached Benjamin's Chair, he would then be able to use the Trinity House wall for shelter until he reached St Helena's Church. After that he would be almost home if not dry.

Lad was staring intently into the fog in the direction of the South Light, ears pricked, head cocked to one side.

'What is it, Lad?' The dog's ears twitched slightly as the distant mournful moan of the foghorn repeated its warning. Something was troubling the dog, and as Willie got to his feet it was clear that the collie was keen to be off. They followed the sheep tracks that carved contours into the slope of the sideland, grateful for the shelter that the high cliffs afforded them. Visibility was down to less than a dozen yards but still the search went on. The gentle slopes of the South Side made their job easier and Lad ranged up and down responding to Willie's call. Between then they worked a pattern that covered the full extent of the slope, Lad often disappearing into the mist but always returning on his master's whistle.

The dog disappeared out of sight behind a granite ridge at the base of the scree and Willie was summoning up what was left of his energy to follow when he heard the collie bark. He knew instantly that Lad must have found something. Willie climbed cautiously around the outcrop that dropped away steeply to the sheer lower cliffs and the boulder beach below. As he rounded the last granite buttress the sight that greeted him was totally unexpected.

On the very edge of the cliff three figures were gathered, two were lying flat, a third appeared to be pointing. High above them in the mist, four more figures were stood, ghostly silhouettes against the grey of the mist. A number of ropes connected the two groups. Lad crouched, his head low, hackles stiff, his nose pointing at the lower group, for there behind the men was Nick's dog Beth. There was no love lost between the two animals and Lad was very wary of Beth's unpredictable nature. Beth only answered to Nick and she and her master were inseparable. Under his control she was without doubt the best working dog anyone could wish for, a true champion, but she would only work for him; with anyone else she was surly and suspicious and could turn if any of the other dogs got too close. A low growl came from Lad's throat as he slowly lowered himself between the mounds of sea pink and stonecrop on the scree, his body tense and expectant.

'Stay low!' Willie touched him behind his ear as they started to climb down to the men on the cliff edge. He sympathised with Lad's reaction; he didn't trust the other dog either. As he got closer Willie could make out that the standing figure was FH. The three men turned at Willie's call.

'Hello, Bill, come and look at this. Lie down there between Reg and Nick. No doubt you've been scouring the cliffs looking for our lost lovesies, well, you've been on a fool's errand. Look down here.' He pointed to a long ledge maybe twenty feet below them. On it were the missing sheep contentedly chewing away at the vegetation.

'Now don't they look bloody content' said Nick, his tone capturing perfectly the irony of the situation. 'And to think of the bloody hours that you and I 'ave spent traipsing round these bloody cliffs looking for these bloody sheep.' The humour did not take the edge off the danger of the situation. Findlay-Hammond was the next to speak.

'We were just working out the best way of getting a line on to them without panicking them. One of them is favouring a leg, I reckon it might have slipped and bowled the other

two over, taking all three off the scree and over the edge. Lucky they hit on that ledge. Beth found them. She just wouldn't leave the cliff edge. The problem is if one of us goes down onto the ledge, the sheep will bolt the opposite way. We need to put someone down at each end of the ledge at more or less the same time and we just haven't got the manpower. There are seven of us and I won't let anyone else apart from Reg, Nick or I go down, and the others could only lower us one at a time: we're all too heavy, none of us under fifteen stone.'

Willie gazed at the ledge below him. It stretched for perhaps twenty yards curving inward with the cliff and then narrowing to about a foot in width as it disappeared around an outcrop. Willie crept along the edge to see if the ledge extended further around the cliff.

'Nick! Can you hold my belt, I want to get a look over this overhang!' Nick clamped his massive hand into the waist of Willie's trousers, allowing him the confidence to lean out far enough to see that the ledge narrowed as it rounded the bulge in the cliff and widened again below him.

'Good. Haul me in, Nick, I think I've got an idea. I'm a lot lighter than any of you, you could lower me and a dog onto this section of the ledge.'

'But it's too narrow, you couldn't get round the corner Bill.'

'But the dog could!' Reg's eyes lit up.

'And we leave the dog there, haul you up again and then we lower you down on the other side beyond the sheep. The only problem is that Beth is the best dog and I don't know if she'll take to being lowered down with me. What about it, Nick?'

'She'll do what I tell 'er.'

'You'll have to work her from up here, I'll just concentrate on getting the line on the sheep at the other end'

'Bill, are you sure about this?' FH sounded sceptical. 'I can't ask you to do it, although I admit I can't see any other way. You are several stone lighter and it will be crucial in the end. I'll go and tell the others what's happening. Reg, you're in charge. I'll pass on your instructions to the others up top.'

'Right. We'll need three lines.' Reg gave his orders calmly. 'One for Beth, one for Bill and one for the sheep. God willing.'

FH climbed up into the mist, the loose, rain soaked stones of the scree, making progress difficult. Willie had forgotten the wet and the cold and was rehearsing what he was about to do. Nick took Willie to one side.

'Are you sure about this? You know what I've always said.' Nick gave him a quizzical look 'I mean I can see the theory of it and it's the best hope we've got, but...'

'Look, I'd be much more useful on this end of the rope than on the other'

'You're right there, you bag o'bones.'

'And Beth will only work for you so there's an end to it.'

Findlay-Hammond arrived back with the lines and handed them to Reg who went over the procedure.

'We've got bars driven in and lines to everyone. Nick and I will be tied off and you and Beth will be tied off when we've got you down to the ledge. You'll take the line for the sheep, and there's a loop on it you can use as a sling like this.' Reg demonstrated the knot. 'Now, when Beth's settled on the ledge, we'll haul you back up. Then you can call Lad in. He can help when we've got the sheep up, then we'll lower you down this end as Nick calls Beth round. If we get it right you'll be able to hold them between you as you get the line on. At the thumbs-up from you, I'll signal the team and we'll lift the sheep off. Does everyone agree?'

Nick and Bill nodded. The three faces, their hair plastered under the drenching rain, looked at each other.

'We must be bloody mad. One day you'll have to explain to me what it is about this bloody island that makes people do such crazy things.' Nick hauled his large frame to his feet.

'Here, Beth!'

'I think you know the answer to this as well as I ever will, Nick!' FH patted the shepherd

on the back. 'It is after all a special kind of madness, and we've all got it. I saw it in Bill the first day he arrived, and look at him now; incurable.' The tension broken: Findlay-Hammond wished them luck and disappeared up the slope. The three men set about the task ahead.

Nick tied a neat harness around Beth's middle and fore legs and put a bowline in the rope for Willie. As far as Willie was concerned, carrying a dog he didn't trust was likely to be the worst part of the whole exercise.

'Here, girl. Stand! Right, pick her up. Bill, she won't do anything! Let her get used to you. That's it, good girl. Now give Uncle Bill a kiss!' Nick shook with laughter at the look on Willie's face.

'I'll be quite happy if she just ignores me, if it's just the same to you.' Willie held the dog for a minute or two: its eyes never leaving Nick's.

'Well done, girl.'

With considerable relief Willie put Beth down - she was a solid dog and he was glad he hadn't had to hold her for long.

'Right, if you're both ready?' Willie buckled on the harness adjusting it for comfort. Reg signalled the team above. The banter stopped as the serious and tricky task began.

Willie felt the tension in the line and backed toward the cliff edge. He lowered himself over until he was suspended just below the edge and Nick lowered Beth to him. Slowly and smoothly he was lowered the twenty or so feet to the ledge below. It was clear that the practice that the islanders had in cliff rescue was paying dividends. Nick's voice above him, constantly soothing and reassuring the dog was working on Willie as well. He placed Beth on the ledge and gave the thumbs-up. The line tightened and he was lifted gently off the ledge, a hand from Nick helped him back over the edge -

'Well done!' He put a hand on Willie's arm. 'I think she likes you.' Nick could never be serious for long. 'Good girl! Stay!'

Signalling the team to ease out the lines, Willie guided himself over the cliff again when he knew he was well away from the sheep below him. Once on the ledge he stood motionless for several minutes to let the sheep settle. They were apparently quite content and enjoying the lush grass on the ledge. He signalled to Reg and heard Nick's whistle to Beth. Slowly and steadily he began to approach the sheep. He saw Beth's head appear at the far end of the ledge low to the ground. As the dog crept nearer, Nick working her from above, the sheep closest to her began to break away then stopped suddenly its eyes fixed on those of the dog. The sheep nearest to Willie backed away from him until all three were huddled against the edge of the cliff.

Waterfalls breaking in the wind were drenching everything; sheep, dog and man alike, but Willie was unaware as he got closer and closer. The sheep nearest to him seemed very calm and there was only a slight scuffle as he grabbed one of its horns. Nick called Beth to work the other two as Willie passed the loop beneath the sheep's belly; tightening it into a girth strap until he was sure it would support the creature. He signalled to Reg, and the sheep was lifted quickly into the air.

'One down; or up in this case, two to go!'

The procedure was repeated taking the more docile of the two remaining sheep. This time the task was going to be a little more difficult. The ram was clearly distressed at the prospect of losing his last companion, or of being left on the ledge. ... Beth had done her job magnificently, instinctively positioning herself where she was most effective. She faced down the ram, her eyes holding it with an unblinking stare. Every move it made was instantly responded to, leaving Willie free to deal with the rather more submissive ewe. Willie knew that the ram was going to be difficult and was ready for a struggle.

The conditions on the ledge were very unpleasant. The water cascading onto it from the overhang made things very precarious. The big ram was backed against the cliff face, the ledge being about six feet wide at this point and covered in a sodden mixture of shale, sheep droppings and a mash of mud and trodden vegetation. The ram was extremely agitated and made repeated attempts to break away every time Willie approached.

Willie shouted. 'Give us a bit more slack can you. I need to be able to move with it if it

gets past me! And Beth will need to be able to move quickly as well.' Willie wasn't sure how much they had heard but a few tugs on the rope had the desired effect. He looked up again to see Nick's face high above him.

'Don't do anything bloody stupid.'

'Would I?' Willie's reply did nothing to reassure Nick, who could see the potential for disaster. 'Just be ready with those lines.'

The nervous ram kept on rushing at them then backing away, testing Willie and the dog. Slowly and steadily they inched closer, the water beating on them as they came under the cliff edge. The dashes of the ram were gradually curtailed until it stood tense and trembling, its eyes wild and staring flicking from man to dog. It was cornered and it didn't like it at all. Willie had the loop ready but needed to get a grip on the creature first. He and Beth were about two yards apart and about a yard or so from the ram when it suddenly made a dash in the only direction it could go. As it passed between them, both its would-be captors made a lunge for it. Willie just managed to get a hold on its right horn; Beth buried her teeth in the fleece on its rump. The desperate panic in the ram had given it a momentum that neither man nor dog could arrest, and as it leaped into space they were carried with it. For one or two seconds they were weightless; locked together as they plummeted to the rocks below, twisting with the momentum of the leap.

It seemed an age before a vicious jerk on his waist almost cut Willie in two. It was instantly followed by a sickening wrench on his shoulder as he took the full weight of the ram to which both he and Beth were still clinging. All three spun momentarily in mid air before banging against the cliff face as they swung inward. The impact winded Willie and broke his hold on the ram. The ram and dog seemed to slide in slow motion down the rock beneath him until miraculously their descent stopped. The ram and the dog were hanging beneath him swinging like a pendulum. In the mayhem of the fight the loop had fouled itself in the ram's horns and now the frantic creature was suspended by them with the collie clamped firmly to its fleece.

'Pull me up to the ledge!' Willie shouted at the top of his voice. When he felt safe he grabbed hold of the rope that was hanging beside him. 'Now haul on the other line and be careful, the ram's hanging by its horns. I don't know how long it will hold. Just haul it up steadily. That's it, nice and easy.'

First the ram appeared then Beth, her jaws locked onto the ram's shaggy fleece. Willie pulled the sheep onto the ledge and Beth reluctantly released her grip. The ram was obviously stunned but was just able to stand. Willie re-tied the sling and signalled for the team above to haul away. With the last of the sheep safe Willie gathered Beth into his arms and wailed to be lifted off the ledge. It was then that the effects of his fall began to make themselves felt. He became acutely aware of a searing pain in his right shoulder. His head began to spin, then it filled with a thick fog as his knees began to give way. He shouted for the men to hurry. All he could think of was holding onto the dog still cradled in his arms, then the fog enveloped him and all was stillness and calm.

'Hold the dog! Hold the dog!' Willie fought to control the desperate sense of falling. 'I can't hold her.' An inexplicable darkness surrounded him. A voice was calling to him from far above.

'It's all right. It's all right, you can let go. You're safe, the dog is safe.'

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