

Lundy Field Society Newsletter

No 35



Summer 2005

NEW LUNDY PUBLICATIONS

Wildwatch on Lundy by Peter Hamlyn

£4.99, available from Highfield House, Leigh Road, Chulmleigh, Devon EX18 7BL.

Frivolling & Scurrying: A Lundy Gathering, 2004 by Myrtle Ternstrom

Privately published in a limited edition of 400 copies.

£9.60 from the shop on Lundy or post-free from M Ternstrom.

A Lundy Album by Myrtle Langham. A new fourth edition with 3 extra pages, 2 different maps and some amendments and corrections to the 3rd edition. Available only from the Lundy shop. £7.50 (p&p £1.50)

The LFS has published *A Lundy Colouring Book* for children, which is now on sale in the Lundy shop, priced £1.00. Members can order copies from Alan Rowland, Mole Cottage, Morwenstow EX23 9JR. Please add 40p for p&p and make your cheque payable to Lundy Field Society.

Myrtle Ternstrom, 6 Queensholme, Pittville Circus Rd, Cheltenham, GL52 2QE. Tel: 01242 577792. email: mst@waitrose.com. *Granite. A Failed Lundy Enterprise*. I have written a paper giving the history of the Lundy Granite Company, which will be published in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* at the end of this year (or the beginning of next). Copies of the *Transactions* will be obtainable by non-members from the Devonshire Assn at £22 plus postage. I have the opportunity to buy offprints, which I can offer for £3.00 each, including P&P. If you wish to have an offprint, it will be helpful if you would please ring, write or email me so that I can order enough.

Byways in Lundy Collecting:

The Commonwealth & Empire Annual, 1956 - general article.

History, March 1941. F M Powicke: 'The Murder of Henry Clement and the Pirates of Lundy.'

Amateur Photographer, May 12 1948. J Allen Cash, article about Lundy

The Wire, The Royal Signals Magazine, Dec-Jan 1965/6. 'Expedition to Lundy' - establishment of Ham station GB3LPC

Arrived in Ilfracombe "a most beautiful lugger, *Fanny* of Fowey, captured in a calm with 400 ankers of spirits on board off the Isle of Lundy a few days since by the *Nimrod* cutter ... she had run 600 tubs on shore at Lundy previous to capture."

Western Flying Post, 2 July 1804

(There is a notice about the LFS library on Lundy, on the inner cover back page.)

CONTENTS

		<i>Page</i>
LFS AGM	Ann Westcott	2
Lundy Grants Awarded 1990-2005	Jennifer George	6
Editorial	Ann Westcott	7
A Personal Tribute to 'PJ'	Joan Rendell	14
Letters to the Editor	Various	17
Lundy & the Harmans In the 1960s	Gwyneth White	19
1914/18 war experiences of Capt F W Gade	Mrs Gade	20
Reminiscences of an Ancient Landlubber	Ian Linn	24
Lundy Collectors Club report	Roger Allen	27
New Puffin Journal	Roger Allen	28
The Sequence to an Unhappy Episode	Myrtle Ternstrom	29
The Spice of Flight	Richard Pike	31
A Line in the Sand - the Lundy NTZ	Kelth Hiscock	32
Lundy - Cornerstone of Neolithic Science	Alan Rayner	33
Whig Government	from The Times 8/11/1832	34
Lundy's Wartime Undercover Agent	BC 15/9/1978	35
Voyage Around Great Britain 1813	Richard Ayton	39

We thank Mr Roy Lancaster of 'Frolica' for advertising
on our back page.

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Typeset, Printed & Bound by:
Lazarus Press
Unit 7 Caddsdwn Business Park
Bideford
Devon EX39 3DX
01237 421 195
www.lazaruspress.com

AGM SATURDAY 05/03/2005

The AGM was held at the Peter Chalk Centre, University of Exeter, on March 5th 2005. There was, as always, a concourse of friends, and an excellent collection of presentations.

Sadly we bade farewell to some notable Lundy people: Barbara Cole, Joan Dyke, David Trapnell, Gwyneth White and Donald Peyton Jones. BC, then Barbara Morris, did her MSc in 1957 on liverflukes. Everyone will remember Joan as wife and partner of John, and mother of David and Jilly (LoVel). GW (and her brother Gwilym) came over first in 1929 – she has left her Lundy book collection to the Island. DT grew up in Westward Ho!, came first in 1937 to shoot rabbits; flew over for his honeymoon in 1951. PJ, who was a fighting soldier, and a stalwart of Missions to Seamen, as well as Priest-in-Charge on Lundy, had obituaries in the Times and the Telegraph, as well as our own from Joan Rendell. I know members will wish to extend sympathy to all their families. Anyone who knew them will remember their presences, in special places on the Island, it being that sort of place.

Dr Kate Cole was elected to serve another three years on the committee and André Coulanche (an astronomer) was elected to join the committee. Members were reminded that nominations for the committee, prior to the AGM, or from the floor, are welcomed.

After tea, Paul Roberts (General Manager), gave a talk on the achievement of 2004 on Lundy. The visitor numbers have increased; there were 16800 visitors – a 95% visitor occupation from April to October, with a 78% visitor occupation over the whole year.

PR reported that the New Waste Management was up and running. The Composter (for Tavern waste) was producing splendid compost and the Shredder (for paper products) was producing excellent animal bedding. All glass and plastics were recycled. Sustainability in every way is the watchword. In 2005 it is hoped to achieve better insulation of properties. The slurry tank only needs a lid, and then the Island hopes for its own sewage disposal.

The back room at the Tavern is redecorated as an Eatery-cum-Restaurant, but it's still available as a general meeting place.

Jeff Hirst has been replaced as Island Manager by Derek Reed. (It is rumoured that Jeff and Wendy H may be running a Diving School.) Ben Sampson has been "restraining" the rabbit population and the deer have also been culled, (and deep frozen – more sustainability, coupled with management). Rod Dymond's conservation work, which has been so valuable, has been taken over by Tim Hartley. PR feels Lundy is moving from ad hoc to sustained policy. The Beach Road has significantly moved, so a £1million project is necessary to ensure the ingress necessary for "Seed Corn" day visitors (as well as the stayers). "People," says PR, "visitors and staff ARE Lundy." The LFS chairman, Roger Chapple, has helped to oil the wheels of progress. English Heritage, National Trust and Landmark meetings have asked him to join them.

Ben Sampson (the Warden) followed PR's talk. Tim Hartley was in charge of rhododendron control. The fire took 5 days to put out, a kind of Swayling – but the rhododendrons are cleared below the Lower East Side Path and towards the Quarries.

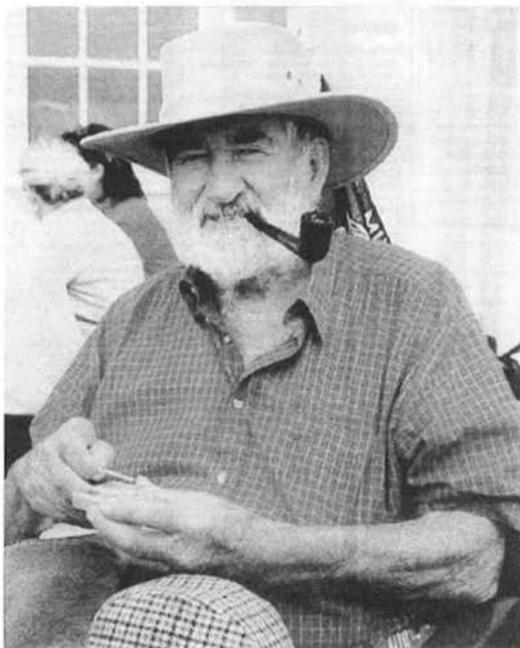
There were 650 ewes with 200 "followers". 13 silks, 30 soays, 17 goats were culled, 2000 rabbits were taken out in November, 1500 in January, from a last reported total of 22000. Netting and shooting were undertaken throughout the year.

The vegetation (especially heather, in spite of the heather beetle), has improved. The first rat-free year (last rat went in February 2004) has seen the Manx



Above & Top Right:
Barbara Cole 1957 & 2005

Right: "PJ" (Major the Rev.
Donald Peyton-Jones MC)
Pic from The Times 20/01/05



We have not been able to
obtain a pic of David Trapnell.



Above: Gwyneth White



Left: Joan Dyke

Below: John & Joan Dyke



Shearwaters breeding successfully for the first time in 45 years. Rats are still being monitored, especially by the Jetty and the Farm. Breeding success rates similar to the Shearwaters have not been achieved by the Puffins – 10 to 20 non-breeding pairs were only checking out sites. There are huge numbers of pygmy shrews. Patches of ground (2ft x 3ft) have been wired-off to be rabbit-free, the vegetation within the fences responded favourably. Bracken rolling continues on the plateau with encouraging results. Shearwaters do well on the bracken-covered East Side.

Diving activity was very successful in April, May and June, but adverse weather caused cancellations later in the year. In the No Take Zone, within 18 months, the number of lobsters made a laudable increase, and although at the Northern end of the island, pot-strings sneaked in, there was support to deal with this from Fisheries Control.

LFS Volunteer Workers in April and October, gave valuable working hours. Dave Preece on his 60th birthday climbed the Devil's Slide.



Dave Preece climbing the Devil's Slide on his 60th birthday

Richard Castle's Bird Report (from Tony Taylor's Data, both personal and from the Log Book) was yet again a tribute to the Log Book and the regular bird watching contributions. To the non-birder (like ASW), the figure of 5000 swallows seen in April 2004 and an Iceland Gull in the same month, and 8000 Swallows in May are very exciting. But, as any true researcher of anything knows, it is the long-term regular attention to particular detail that provides the opportunity for conclusions and speculations to be made, and this attention the Log Book and the Report significantly provide.

21/07/04, 10,000 Shearwaters (with some Gannets) passed the East Side in a dramatic feeding frenzy. There was a Hoopoe in August, and a Rose-coloured Starling in September. The Warden saw Shearwater chicks which, it is hoped, means the rat cull has actually worked for the Shearwaters. In October '04 an American Blackpoll Warbler was blown

East to Lundy. A Little Egret, a Hen Harrier, a Slavonian Grebe and a Black Redstart were seen in November. 3 Brent Geese, 4 Chiffchaffs, and assorted Warblers were seen in December, and were assumed to be over-wintering.

Following Ben Sampson, Jenny George (a LFS Vice-President now, and long-term Lundy researcher) spoke on Pond Life on Lundy, and exhibited that glorious enthusiasm for her subject that so engages an audience. She talked about Freshwater Ecosystems in Pondsbury; Quarry Pool; Rocket Pool; and Quarter Wall Ponds. Prof. George's paper will appear in the LFS report so if you missed the AGM you can catch up with the research in the report. An encouraging example of the amazing adaptability of even so small a creature as the water flea. Is the capacity of the males (the daphnia is parthenogenetic) to turn up at a cold period, and "cold time" eggs can remain dormant until circumstances allow parthenogenesis again – one does hope human kind proves this flexible. Quarter Wall Pond had a tremendous population of water boatmen – and a leech. With all the variety and flexibility there is also stability of floral and faunal taxa.

Singhi Nagakawa (University of Sheffield) continues the work of Simon Griffiths and Nancy Ockenden into Lundy's sparrow population, and gave us a paper on his work. Lundy is a good place to research sparrows. The mainland's unprecedented sparrow decline (causes are cats/sparrowhawks/lack of habitats/modern agricultural practice) is not so observable on Lundy. In 1922 Lloyd recorded 5 breeding pairs. In 1932 there were 22 pairs. In the 1940s and 60s sparrows were controlled because they were a nuisance on the farm: During the period 1946-96 there were 350-60 pairs. Research is into sparrow 'conduct' - they are socially monogamous but not genetically. The choice of females may be related to the badges of status, the black chest feathers of the malebird, and/or the capacity to "provide". SN's paper also will appear in the LFS report.

Henrietta Quinnell's talk on her research on pottery on Lundy (2003) I have left unrecorded because you can read the article on her detailed and exciting work in the LFS report. She has done archaeological work on Lundy since 1968, and has also contributed major papers on the prehistoric period to Kain and Ravenhill's "Historical Atlas of SW England" (pub University of Exeter, 1999).

Robert Deane talked about the important Conservation Plan for Lundy, made by English Heritage, English Nature and the Landmark Trust. From this document it will be possible for, say, the LFS to see, and to offer, information on the policy ideas of the three "parent" groups.

The meeting ended convivially at what I shall continue to call the Rougemont (it's opposite Exeter Central Station).

Lundy - Grants Awarded 1990-2005 from Jenny George

- 2005: Telescope repair (£50)
- 2004: (Total £700)
Survey of Fungi - J Hedger (£80)
Survey of Lundy House Sparrows - S Nakagawa (£350)
- 2003: (Total £360)
Survey of Fungi - J Hedger (£80)
Survey of Freshwater Habitats - J George & B McHardy (£280)
- 2002: (Total £388)
Grazing Activity of Lundy Ponies - H Randle & L Gill (£388)
- 2001: (No Grants Awarded)
- 2000: (Total £250)
Pigs Paradise Archaeology - S Blaylock (£250)
- 1999: (Total £500)
The quarry Complex on Lundy - P Rothwell (£500)
- 1998: (Total £882)
Church Blinds for Presentations - Lundy Warden, L Cole (£260)
Repair of Heligoland Trap - Lundy Warden, L Cole (£622)
- 1997: (Total £300)
Study of Ship and Common Rats - K Varnham
Mating Strategies of Japanese Sika Deer - H Thomas
- 1996: (Total £450)
Survey of the Pygmy Shrew - S Bull & R Parker
Marine Survey in the MNR - R Irving
- 1995: (Total £674)
Telescope and Tripod - Lundy Warden, E Parkes (£400)
Marine Survey in the MNR - R Irving (£274)
- 1994: (Total £883)
Orientation of St Helena's Church - R Farrah (£229)

- Heligoland Trap – Lundy Warden, E Parkes (£254)
 Equipment – Lundy Warden, E Parkes (£400)
- 1993: (Total £150)
 Survey of Pondsburry and Lundy Streams – P Clabburn & P Long (£150)
- 1992: (Total £762)
 Projector, Screen, Table & 50% to chainsaw purchase and bench
 – Lundy Warden, A Gibson (£762)
- 1991: (Total £97)
 Plankton net, magnifying lenses and contribution to Church Display
 – Lundy Warden, A Gibson (£97)
- 1990 (Total £615)
 Archaeology Survey of the Artefacts South of the Quarterwall
 – J Schofield & C Webster (£400)
 Various Equipment – Lundy Warden, A Gibson (£215)

NB: it should be noted that the LFS has made significant contributions to the Working Parties every year: eg £401 in 2003, £192 in 2003, £178 in 2001, £315 in 2000, £198 in 1999, £301 in 1998, £645 in 1997, £484 in 1996, £595 in 1995, 3928 in 1994, £954 in 1993, £747 in 1992, £537 in 1991 and £336 in 1990.

[**Editor's note.** What a very excellent record for the Society. I had no idea how much help the LFS had given. It makes one very proud.]

EDITORIAL - NEWSPAPER TRAWL - LETTERS TO EDITOR

Abbreviations: pic = picture/photograph/image [unless otherwise acknowledged all pics are John Dyke's]. NDJ = the North Devon Journal. WMN = the Western Morning News.

If there are wrong names/dates/or any other inaccuracies, these are the Editor's. Please let her know of them.

I make the same observation as last year: "pure" news/reports from the Press/& newsy letters can't be separated without difficulty, so a tapestry is offered ("life's rich", we hope).

Paul Roberts has left Lundy as General Manager – his talk to the AGM shows how well the Island has done under his care, and everyone will want to welcome Derck Green as Paul's successor and the Island's new curator. Paul and Annie have bought a canal boat, which Paul is even now working on in France, so that he and Annie may live on her and run her as a mini-hotel for canal tours – Bon Voyage to them both and the boat, and all who sail in her.

Liza Cole is now a Marine Ranger for the Scottish National Trust at the St Abbs and Eyemouth Voluntary Marine Reserve and can be contacted at: The Ranger's Cottage, Northfield, St Abbs, Eyemouth, Borders TD14 5QF. Tel: 01890 771443. Email: lcole@nts.org.uk.

The pics of Tibbetts (see p8) show the outside kitchen – not Elsan as mistakenly stated in the 2003 Newsletter. The view from the North shows a chimney on the West Side and Penny Ogilvie remembers a stove in the bunk room, but the position of the chimney means the stove chimney would have passed too close to the bunks for comfort – the pie of Florence Nightingale's Hospital shows how a chimney *extension* might have worked in Tibbetts.

from Chris Russell, London WC2A 3SW

It was good of you to publish my letter (Newsletter no 34) about the inscription under the church clock. The printers have allowed a curious misprint to creep in to the expected meaning of "tempus sator aeternitati", giving "time the sower of 'electricity'" for 'eternity'. The church, I have always thought, is a place of very carefully hidden

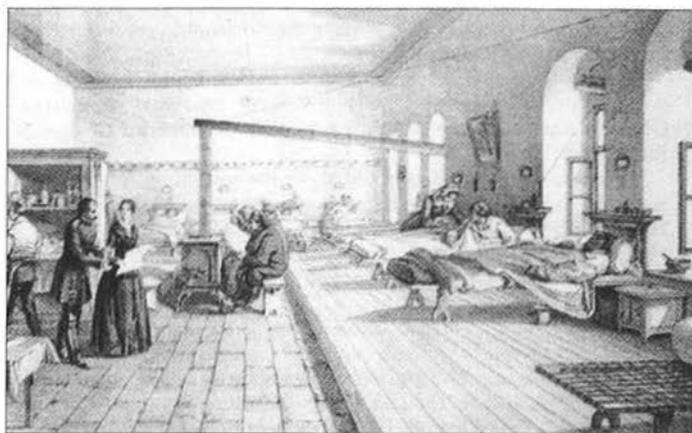
Right: Tibbetts
from the North
East



Below: Tibbetts
from the North
and after the
removal of the
Watch Tower



Right: Florence
Nightingale's
hospital at
Scutari, Crimea,
from the 1850s
showing a
chimney
extension



secrets, and that the Reverend Heaven is always quietly laughing at us – no doubt this misprint will have given him cause to laugh rather more loudly, at those who have the impertinence to try to unravel his secrets! [I must apologise to Christopher Russell who wrote (2004) about the inscription on the church clock. I do not know how I came to miss it in proof reading, but I did. Mea Culpa.]

Stuart Beer sent me photographs of a) the Old Light's top surrounded by mist, which shows how wrong Trinity House was to build it there in the first place. b) a cormorant disturbed while feeding in Quarry Pond, and c) Henbane by the Old Incinerator. They are super colour pics, but I'm not sure how they'd reproduce in black & white for the Newsletter.

Derek Cheeseborough sent me last year a piece of pot he picked up on the Castle Parade, which John Allen (who spoke at the AGM last year), identifies as 16th century to 18th century N Devon pottery. I am passing it on to Shirley Blaylock. (It's been put away in a Safe Place, and only just re-discovered).

Professor Ian Linn (a VP of the LFS) wrote me about the peregrine, the Latin for which is *Falco Lanerius* in the 1273 inventory of produce made when Lundy reverted to the Crown. [ASW's note: Current Bird Books name the Peregrine *Falco Peregrinus* and the Lanner Falcon which is said to resemble the peregrine, but to be uncommon (Mediterranean countries only) is *Falco Blarmicus*. The 1273 Latin name is clearly given to what we would recognise as a peregrine.]

While staying in Sheffield (June '04) I was taken to visit Renshaw Hall, the home of the Sitwell family: the only daughter of Sir Reresby and Lady Sitwell is married to Richard, elder son of the "Union" Jack Hayward who bought Lundy for the nation (see pic p22).

Reg LoVel (who loaned the pic of John Dyke in the Church) told me Jenny (LoVel) and Dave Bourne are engaged. Jenny runs the stables at Exford – preparing horses for eventing and dressage and show jumping. Lucy (LoVel) is in her final year doing Business Studies and Accountancy at Bristol.

Sue Metcalfe ran with 2749 others. (Well Done All Those Women – a truly splendid effort), in the Race4Life in June '05, which raised more than £100,000 for Cancer Research. Bec Metcalfe is now a Staff Nurse (RGN [Child]) on Bramble Ward at the Royal Devon and Exeter and also works with Special Needs Children at Honeylands (part of the RD&E) in Exeter. Nick Metcalfe gained a 2:1 degree in Product Design and Mechanical Engineering and is now working for an Aeronautical Weapons Systems Co in Cheltenham as a Design Engineer.

Roger Chappell sent me email print-outs of Tibbetts Point Lighthouse, Cape Vincent, New York, but the v attractive pics, were too pale to reproduce. MT sent a pic of the grave-yard (p10), The Times (01/02/05), wondered whether the moving of monuments to tidy up the churchyard was a proper thing to do – the pic does not actually show the early Christian memorials and there was no text to identify the pic for Times readers, so one wondered why it was included.

Other contributions from MT (she & Roger Allen are noble performers in the Correspondent stakes) are a list of the Harman Memorial Trees planted in Millcombe in 1970 (I have added a note to this list) and also a notice of an 1886 confirmation and a 1916 wedding in St Helen's.

WMN (5/4/04) ran an article on declining seabird populations, mentioning that the "English breeding populations of Manx Shearwaters, and Storm Petrels are on the Isles of Scilly and Lundy."

Bill Oddie (who used to bird watch on Lundy) (WMN 1/6/04) presented "Britain Goes Wild" and also he & his excellent team watched and reported on the 2005 Spring Time from the Fishleigh Estate near Hatherleigh – for several continuous weeks.



WMN (26/7/04) published a plea from the Review of Marine Nature Conservation for more Marine Reserves like Lundy's. There was also (WMN 16/7/04) a report on a boat trip run from Instow to Lundy (they moored in Gannets Bay) as part of the Devon Wildlife Trust's scheme to promote "marine awareness" – splendid accompanying pic of a seal pup. NDJ (26/8/04) carried an ad for the "Balmoral" coming to Lundy, and also a mention of Tim Jones (also for the Devon

Wildlife Trust) giving an illustrated talk on the Birds of Lundy in Sept '04 at the Barnstaple Library.

WMN (16 & 18/10/04) commented on the successful first year of the Lundy No Take Zone – the lobster stock has greatly benefited. (16/10/04) had a pic of a handsome lobster and an excellent one of Lundy looking South from the North End (see p39).

WMN (14/10/04) carried a pic of Mark Darlaston, ecologist for Defra's Rural Development Service, who monitors endangered bird species and their habitats. He visited Lundy last year with James Leonard, to observe peregrines. His mother, Pam Darlaston (who worked for David and Charles, and was a regular Lundy visitor) gave advice to Myrtle Ternstrom and Tony Langham for their 1970 "Lundy" (pub D&C).

The Autumn 2004 Landmark Newsletter had a pic of Steve Collinson doing the windows for the refurbishment of Millcombe – he made them all and installed them. (See pics on p12&13) The Autumn/Winter National Trust Devon & Cornwall 2004 News published a stunning colour pic of the West Side as part of its appeal for funds.

The Saturday Telegraph (6/11/04) and the "Culture" supplement of the Sunday Times (7/11/04) each had long (and illustrated) reviews of "Patrick O'Brian: the Making of a Novelist" by Nikolai Tolstoy. (Newsletter 2004 carried comments on the Tolstoy/O'Brian Lundy connection.)

NDJ (16/12/04) reported on Amber's Ashley Court at Chawleigh, and the celebrating of Amber's 10th anniversary. "Amber" is Barty Smith's foundation (there are 2 other centres as well as Chawleigh in the S West) to help young people in need of support, and get them back on track. The "Amber" visits to Lundy were particularly mentioned.

The Saturday Telegraph (Dec '04) had an obituary of Mark Fiennes with a loving comment by his actor son Ralph Fiennes (soon to be seen in "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire"). WMN's "Out & About" (3/12/04) showed a front page promotional portrait of Joseph Fiennes, starring in the film "The Merchant of Venice" with Al Pacino as Shylock. The Fiennes family are the longest-running examples known to me of the truly incredible people connected with Lundy – they appear first in 17th Century Lundy. (Hector Christie of Tapeley Park is another interesting example.)

Charles Ellis (LFS Committee Member) sent me a cutting from the Western Mail (8/1/05) about a Tsunami in Wales in 1607 – Newport, Gwent was hit, and Barnstaple, and a "possible cause" includes an earthquake along an active fault system in the sea south of Ireland. Could it have produced the Earthquakes on the West Side? Dr Simon Haslett of Bath Uni. & Dr Ted Bryant of the Uni of Wollongong, Australia, have made a collaborative study of the 1607 event.



A family portrait taken by the photographer Mark Pinnock in 1972. His son Ralph, now a leading actor, is on the far right.
Father of Fiennes film clan dies aged 70

The Sunday Times (16/1/05) reported "13 species at risk in dying British Seas", and commented there's only the one official protected reserve, off Lundy.

WMN (25/3/05) reported Ben Sampson's comments on the new Bird Guide for Lundy. The Landmark's Spring 2005 Newsletter for its 40th anniversary, featured 39 properties, with Lundy the 40th (!) in the very middle of the mosaic.

"Style" - a supplement of the Sunday Times (5/8/05) featured the Most Fashionable Parties of the Season, and the Serpentine

Gallery's June Gathering was specially mentioned co-hosted by the gallery's director Julia Peyton Jones - a member of PJ's family - she is held to be one of London's most enterprising gallery directors.

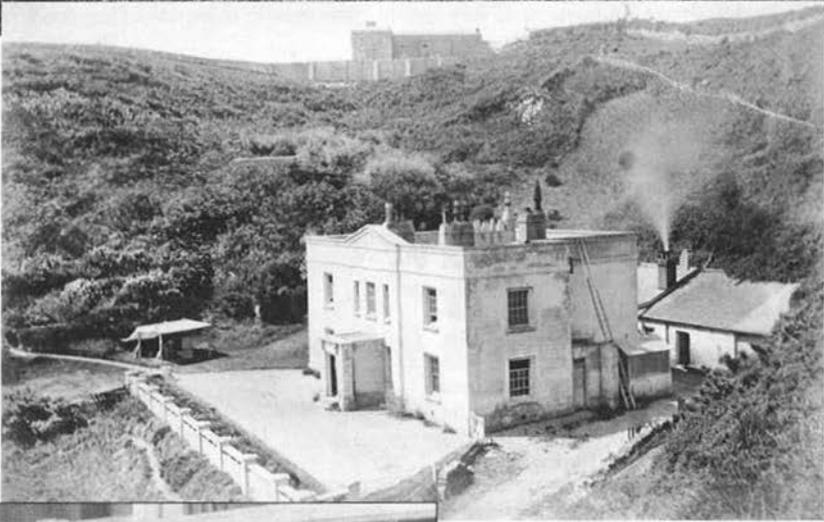
The Saturday Telegraph (4/6/05) reported, most encouragingly, in an article by Julian Rollins (Interviewing David Appleyard of English Nature), on improving

prospects for Manx Shearwaters and Puffins on Lundy (the plc used didn't have the jetty in the Landing Bay). WMN (9/6/05) carried a v nice colour pic of a Puffin (life size) with sand eels in its beak and a banner headline - "Rat-cull gives hope for Lundy Puffins", in horrible contrast the WMN (11/6/05), using an even bigger headline and the South to North plc of the island, said, "isolated Lundy was considered as a site for a nuclear waste dump". The list was made by the Government Agency NIREX, in the '80s, and Lundy and Dartmoor were early dropped from the list. We only learn of the list now because of the Freedom of Information Act (makes one wonder what else is secret), and, with a possible new nuclear programme to produce electricity, the whole issue re-emerges - the new NIREX is the Committee on Radioactive Waste Management (CORWM).



Ben Sampson

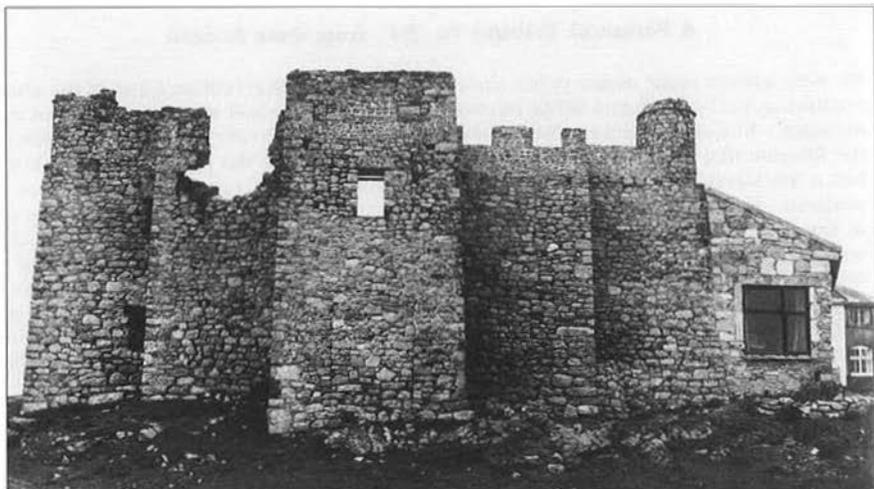
If your news is not included here, it's only because you didn't send it to me, and I should so love to have received it.



Top: Millcombe before restoration, 1970.

Above: The Villa. Notice no church yet. Does anyone know the date?

Left: Steve Collinson constructing replacement window frames for Millcombe House. From The Landmark Trust Autumn 2004 Newsletter



Top: Martsco Castle taken by Derek Sach. late 1960s

Above and Right: Renovation of Castle Cottages

A Personal Tribute to 'PJ' from Joan Rendell

We were always made aware of his arrival on Lundy. Within half an hour of the ship anchoring, and passengers being ferried ashore, the single bell started ringing out its message – in those days the others were forlornly lined up in the church porch. Next, the Mission flag was hoisted on the tower, if by any chance the pole or rope had broken a few strong hints soon found a volunteer to mend it. Accommodation was not a problem. If no unoccupied property, or staff quarters were available, he would camp in the vestry, 'content with a log fire and a bunk'. At the first opportunity he 'held court' in the Tavern getting to know people, or renewing acquaintances over a meal – and not being averse to having his personal pewter tankard refilled from time to time!

PJ succeeded the Rev'd Dixon as Incumbent of Appledore in March 1973, and so automatically became Priest-in-Charge of Lundy. He was formally inducted at the church of St Helena in the following June, but even before then he lost no time in sailing over to faithfully keep in touch with islanders and visitors.

What made this remarkable man what he became? During the Second World War he was a Major in the Royal Marines, whose ship was sunk in the Mediterranean. By a miracle he was rescued from the sea with 'not even a toothbrush to call his own'. The trauma of war led to a change of priorities. He once told us that he was 25 years as a Royal Marine, and following his ordination in 1961, another 25 years as a priest – albeit, as we had soon realised, a somewhat unconventional one with a determined mind of his own. When Lundy came under his care, predictably, it had a profound effect upon him, leading to his interest in the Mission for Seamen (now Seafarers). On retirement, he dedicated the rest of his life to a self-appointed roving commission to reach as many sailors as possible. Despite his wartime experience he loved sailing and followed the example of the founder of Mission for Seamen (then the Bristol Channel Mission) the Rev John Ashley, by using his own boat to deliver Bibles to ships and preach to the crews.

His favourite technique was to 'ship-hike' from one country to another on his journeys around the world, but always regularly returning to Lundy, especially for festival services. There must be many 'old-timers' who recall with pleasure – and perhaps in retrospect, some amazement – their association, no matter how brief, with Mission to Seamen Padre, the Reverend Donald Peyton-Jones, MC. Why amazement? Because he had the gift of persuading people to do things they had no intention of doing – and, once the shock had worn off, actually enjoying the experience!

There was first of all a call to 'clean up the church' followed by "who can play that organ?" If no-one owned up to being able to play, the singing was led 'plainsong' by PJ stringing up and down the aisle. On one occasion, he was insisting that someone must be able to play some instrument. Does the Exeter University lady who admitted to being able to play the violin, (which she did not have with her), still remember what happened next? "Good! You can read music. That's enough for you to be able to play the organ." "But, I have never played a keyboard instrument!" "No matter, we will go along to the church and have a practice." in a state of trembling nervousness, she agreed – discovered which note



PJ on the steps of St Helen's Church, Lundy

was which, and, to everyone's delight and relief, played beautifully for the service.

He revelled in the delight of taking open air services on Lundy - sometimes blessing the animals. "Who needs a building on a fine day amidst such lovely surroundings?" Harvest celebrations were held firstly in the church, afterwards adjourning to the Tavern for a 'sing-song' - in effect a second informal service for those who had missed the first one - accompanied by vigorous playing on the piano that used to be in the corner.

There was no getting away from PJ's persuasion. For one service, I thought I was let off lightly when asked to give out the hymn books and candles - no electricity in the church then, only oil lamps down the aisle, so it was a complicated process - only to be asked to read the lesson as well. "Sorry, I can't do that, I'm handing out the books." With that unforgettable twinkle he answered "Of course you are, I'd forgotten; you will read the second lesson instead, they will all be in by then, and someone else can read the first." Stan was recruited as a Server. "But I don't hold a Bishop's license!" "You have taken communion often enough from the other side of the rail, so you know what to do." So, we all coped with tasks that were far beyond normal duties expected of us in 'formal' church.

At his bidding in preparation for the 1990 Palm Sunday service, everyone including a visiting Scout group set about cleaning and polishing the church - even to the tower and vestry. On the Friday it looked superb, then he realised that we were due to return on the Saturday. "What a shame, after all that work. Never mind, we will have the Palm Sunday service tonight!" We did, and afterwards, full of euphoria, packed our bags, and cleaned our properties in readiness for going home. What happened? Gales cancelled all sailings over the weekend - and we had yet another Palm Sunday service on the correct day!

All this and much more accounts for the impact that this forthright man had upon those he met. He told us that he had been in trouble with a Bishop for conducting baptisms in a dockside public house bar - but that did not stop him. In the absence of an official Mission Centre, he set up his own base. If seamen wanted their children baptised and had not the opportunity or inclination to go to church, he would happily hold an impromptu service, afloat or ashore, sometimes improvising with a ship's bell upside down in a lobster pot as a font. His Baptismal Book was kept up to date, so what was the problem?



PJ sending a message home
by carrier pigeon
Pic from The Telegraph
04/04/05

He took part in the re-dedication of the bells of St Helena on 8th October 1994, and also the 100th Anniversary celebrations of the church, and I think that was the last time we had the pleasure of talking with him.

PJ never knew how greatly he influenced many people in the most unexpected ways, by his humour and direct approach - as well as his keen interest in those he met, and ability to recognise them months or even years later. He experienced great personal sadness, and in old age both his legs had to be amputated; but he still whizzed around in an electric wheelchair, flying the Mission flag from its back.

He died in January 2005, aged 90. Does anyone know whether his personal pewter tankard is still in the Tavern? If we drank a toast to his memory, I'm sure he would approve!



The 50th anniversary of John Harman's posthumous award of the Victoria Cross
 Above: June 1994, Burma Star Veterans with Rev. Bob Varty, team vicar of Appledore.
 John Gilbert on the far right.
 Right: John Nunn at the VC Exhibition



On p17 there is The Times' actual mention of the names of the two Kohima VCs, John Harman and John Randle.

Left: John Dyke and VC Commemoration in the church. (Reg Lo Vel's pic)

Kohima Visit

Diana Keast and Cherry and John Richardson visited Kohima with a British Legion party on the 60th Anniversary of VJ Day and of John Harman's VC. The Sunday Times 21/08/05 said: "The late Lord Mountbatten, ... described Kohima as 'probably one of the greatest battles in history'. Two Victoria Crosses were awarded, both posthumously. Lance Corporal John Harman, of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, won his for attacking a Japanese trench and killing five men armed with automatic weapons. Captain John Randle, of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, was awarded his VC for charging a Japanese machine gun post single-handed with rifle and bayonet, throwing in a hand grenade and sealing the bunker slit with his dying body."

Letters to the editor

from Myrtie Ternstrom

On August 5th 2003 Miss Gwyneth White, one of our members, made a visit to Lundy aboard the *Balmoral* from her home in Penarth. She is now 92 years of age, and first came to the island in 1929 - so this makes the 74th year of her visits. She was disappointed that this year she could not manage her excursions to the North End, nor her beloved Battery, or the burial ground where she has been accustomed to lay flowers on the grave stones of departed friends. But otherwise the only concession to her age was to accept a lift in the Land rover to and from the jetty.

She was accompanied by Mrs June Woodward, nee Smith, who lived on the island with her parents, Stanley and Audrey, and her brother, Wayland, in 1956-59, and later returned to work on the island. It was 27 years since she was last on Lundy.

from Joan Rendell

During the week before the LFS AGM we were giving one of our talks to publicise Lundy, and afterwards a member of the audience offered to send us photocopies of two letters he had kept, written to his late father from the Keeper of Lundy North Light in 1936. Of course, we were delighted to accept, as we always welcome any feedback.

We arrived home from the LFS AGM to find among the mail waiting, the promised copies together with a little note to the effect that Mr Cruse (spelled incorrectly in the first letter) was a keen ornithologist who lectured widely on 'Wild Birds of the West Country'. He wrote a 'Country Diary' column in the *Wiltshire News* for over 21 years, and also contributed articles for the *Evening Post*, *Bristol Magazine* etc.

Mr Cruse also mentioned that the letters were written using a sea gull's feather! He is happy for them to be published, and I have re-typed them exactly as written. The references to the 'egging' traffic are illuminating!

Robert Hall was Principal Keeper of the North Light and is mentioned in Felix Cade's *My Life on Lundy* (p32) as a 'character' and a hospitable man, who was interested in the bird life of Lundy - no mention of eggting activities in the book, though!

Letters from a Lighthouse Keeper Lundy North Lighthouse, 26th January 1936
Dear Mr Cruze

I was writing a letter to Mr Pearse yesterday & thought of the afternoon you spent out here with me with your young lady. I have thought how you enjoyed it. I should have written before but was kept ashore when I went just after you left to assist in the Depot office as one of the clerks was ill & been ashore just over six months & only returned the 11th of this month. I did not have your address at home. We had a very rough trip coming here this time we left Swansea on the 9th & got caught in a gale & it took over eight hours to steam about 32 miles. The steamer rolled, pitched, grunt-

ed & snorted but we got here safe & had to wait two day at anchor before there was a chance to land. I am off now until the 9th of March & then ashore until 9th April & return just right for the eggng. How did you get on with yours? The H. Gull you had was very uncommon & I expect you would have a job to make anyone believe it was a Gull's egg. Some have come here especially to get a set of them & there are only two places on the Island you can get them. You will have to let me know what kind you want if any this year. There are a few Guillemots arrived & heard the Oyster-Catchers today for the first [time]. The Lerina is not running regular until April. But the plane is supposed to come once a week but very rare the weather permits her to make the trip regular. The island is looking very bare & wintry now. Expect you have had the rough & cold weather the same as we have had. I trust this finds you both well & wishing you all the best in the New Year.

24th May 1936

Dear Mr Cruze

I was very pleased to get your letter & glad you like the change from Wiveliscombe still there is no place like home after all. Glad you are getting on alright. yes we have had a very rough winter here but have weathered it alright. The birds are here & seem more numerous than last year. I am glad you enjoyed that day here at North End, it was an ideal day & that blue egg crowned the day what your young lady picked up, several try to get one if they can but some are years before they fall across one. You were very fortunate to get that one. It is nice you having no[t] many of the land birds there as you are no[t] interested in them. There is a Shag's nest about 180 feet down the cliff & we are getting it tomorrow, so you shall have them, the Kittiwakes have not commenced yet I will get a few of them & send them on to you with a Greater Black Back Gull & Guillemots in a week or two. It was nice seeing Mr Pearse when you were home at Easter & am glad to hear he is well. You have an opportunity in future to make a trip here about this time in May & shall be pleased to see you. You I will send more of what you mention later. It is blowing a gale here now and raining. Yet we may meet here at some future time & we will have a good chat. I trust this finds you well & getting on alright & hope your young lady is well & with kindest regards.

Yours very sincerely R.R. Hall

P.S. Got the first Kittiwake a few minutes ago one of my chaps brought it in. I have some good specimens of Guillemots & Razor bills this year. R.R.H

**The First Confirmation since Henry VIII
From *The Ilfracombe Gazette*, Saturday August 7th 1886**

On Friday last, "the first confirmation since Henry VIII". The Lord Bishop of Exeter went to Lundy per SS *Velindra*. Revd H G Heaven was organist and choirmaster.

The 4 candidates for confirmation were Violet Heaven (niece of H G Heaven), Jane McCarthy (daughter of lighthouse keeper), Alice Legg (servant), George Thomas (fisherman and handyman).

Violet Heaven was dressed in a "cream-coloured silk dress, her head and shoulders enveloped in a white gauze veil" and the other young girls were clad in a light material and wore pretty little white caps."

[Note from Myrtle Ternstrom: This would have taken place in the Iron church, which was built in 1885. I have no idea where the reference to Henry VIII (1509-1547) comes from.]

The First Wedding in the Church of St Helen

On February 6th, 1916, the bells of St Helen's church rang out in honour of the first recorded wedding to take place on Lundy.

The bride was Miss Mildred Allday, aged 24, who had lived on the island since her father was appointed Lloyd's signalman in 1896. The family (with Polly, the parrot) had both of the Signal cottages, and when Mr Allday took on the extra post of sub-postmaster in 1898 the island post office was set up in the front room of the south cottage. The Admiralty took over the signal duties in 1909, but Allday stayed on as postmaster and the family moved to Quarter Wall cottages, where they stayed until they moved into the Cliff Bungalow (now Hammers) in 1919. Mildred went to school at Edgheill College.

The bridegroom, William Thomas, aged 33, also grew up on Lundy. His father was originally one of the fishermen from Sennen who rented the seasonal fishing, but he moved to live on Lundy in 1879 with his wife, Susan, four sons and one daughter. The children had their lessons from members of the Heaven family, for whom their father was fisherman and indispensable general factotum. He built his own house in 1899; at first it was called "George's Palace" and then Cliff Bungalow. The Thomases were unfortunate with their family; the only girl, Hettie, was lost overcliff, and George Junior joined the navy and died in an accident at Bangkok. The family left Lundy when the Rev Hudson Heaven retired to Torrington in 1911, but still rented the fishing.

The wedding ceremony was conducted by the Rev William Swatridge, who was sent to Lundy in 1913, and who also went to live in the Cliff Bungalow. Miss Eileen Heaven said that he was one of "the problem clergy" of very uncertain sobriety. He and his unfortunate wife left the island later in 1916 after complaints had been made about his erratic behaviour, which included chasing his wife around with a carving knife in hand.

William Thomas was in the Trinity Servlee at Milford Haven, and the young couple made their home there. In their time on the island they had seen the coming and going of four lessees, the building of the two new lighthouses and the church, the death of Miss Millie Heaven, the wreck of the *Montagu*, the departure of the Rev Hudson Heaven and his cousins, and the arrival of Walter Hudson Heaven with his wife and daughters. They left the island in a state of very sad decline, and not many days after the wedding a Lundy era ended with the death of Hudson Heaven at Torrington. Mr and Mrs Allday Thomas continued to visit Lundy for holidays with their two sons, Frank and Peter, until Frederick Allday left the island in 1926.

Lundy and the Harmans in the 1960s

from Gwyneth White's Collection (Oct 2004), John Nunn's account (see pic p21&22)

Every Easter from 1961 onwards, I crossed to Lundy with some of my family and friends to stay a few days; this migration was as regular as the swallows and cuckoos, except that it was regulated by the moon, as was Easter.

It was then the start of the 'season' for visitors, we were always the first since the previous October. New residents used to hear 'The Nuns will be landing today' and make sure they were in sight of the Landing Beach in the hope of seeing nuns wading ashore in their long black habits. What a disappointment!

Easter was also the time when all or most of the second and third generations of the Harman family would be on the island; Albion, his wife Kay, their children John and Inez, his sisters Ruth, and her husband Peter Harman-Jones, and Diana, and her husband Ken Keast. They would come and go throughout the season, except Kay who was always desperately seastick on the way over, and would retire to bed for a day or

two on landing. Thereafter she flatly refused to leave the island until she had to – in October!

One never seemed to see Albion when he was wearing anything but an old seaman's jersey, shapeless corduroy trousers, and old boots. He was crowned with a porridge-coloured woolly hat. The rest of the family were usually very smartly turned out for Manor Farm dinner, and Marisco Tavern in the evenings. Diana Keast in a gold lamé cat-suit, kept my daughters spellbound for days. But Albion was always too busy with a hundred jobs around the Island to find time to change his clothes.

In those days some of the Harmans would go to Alpbach in Austria to ski in the winter, and engage half a dozen Austrians to work on Lundy for the season, which conveniently fitted in with the end of the ski season. They worked on the farm, on the beach, and in the Hotel, some returning year after year. Often on arrival, the new ones could hardly speak a word of English. An Austrian girl who was to be chambermaid in the Hotel, came over on the same boat as us one year. Life in the Hotel was in some ways crude, but in others very comfortable. Your bed was turned down for you every evening, and a piping-hot stone water bottle inserted. You had to take care not to stub your big toes on it when you hopped into bed! In the morning you had your cup of tea brought to you in bed, and your can of shaving water placed on your wash stand. Unfortunately that year there was a leak in the roof, which dripped through my bedroom ceiling, and formed a puddle just where I put my feet when I got up in the morning. I thought I had solved the problem by putting the washbasin under the drip, but this made an irritating 'ping, ping, ping' noise, so I cured that by putting a dirty old sock in the bottom of the basin, so it made a much more restful 'plop, plop, plop' noise.

However, I could not explain all this to the chambermaid, who had not English. She must have thought I was completely mad. I spent a long time gesticulating to her, pointing to the ceiling and then the basin, making suitable 'ping' and 'plop' noises and shaking my head when she tried to move the basin. She would nod her head and smile, but as soon as my back was turned, back would go the basin on the stand, the sock hung up to dry, and the puddle growing again.

One of the best was Friedl, (see Newsletter 2004) who was Marisco barman for several years. He was a ski instructor who was 'grounded' by an accident as a result of which he was very lame. Working behind the bar six days a week, he was teetotal, but he made up for that fully on his day off! It was his job to switch off the Hotel's diesel generator when he closed the Tavern and he would usually be considerate enough to give the lights a 'waver' a couple of minutes before to give people a chance to find their torches or light their candles.

1914/18 War Experiences of Captain F W Gade, MC

from Mrs Gade (from Gwyneth White's collection)

The incident related in the citation when I was awarded the MC was later in 1917, after I had been home on leave. On my return to France I was immediately sent off to Arras to arrange billets for the troops, and it was not long before we were back "in the line," to the right of where we had been in May, and in front of the ruined village of Monchy-le-Preux. We relieved the regular 3rd Division and our battalion took over the section which had been held in succession by the Gordon Highlanders and the Royal Welch Fusiliers. There were far too many dead Gordons and Welch still awaiting burial. "D" Company, of which I was in command, had to hold the Hook of Hook Trench. The left flank of this trench ended in the air. In other words the ground was too wet to the left for the digging of a trench, and so there was about 200 yards where there was no trench, until one reached a very small copse of hazel and alder, where I had to establish a "post" of a section or possibly two sections, including a Lewis gun.

1960s Lundy



1960s. R to L:
Angela Garrard,
John Oglvie,
2 unknowns, Mary
Gade. 2 unknowns.
Does any reader
recognise the
unknowns on
either side of MG?

Marisco Store &
Post Office
R to L: Mary Lea
(later Lady Geoffrey
Percy), Mary Gade
and Peter. Angela
Garrard, Cherry
Crabtree (Mrs Gade's
niece)



The Dyke Mural
Inside the Tavern

1960s Lundy



Tavern Interior 1960s

L to R: ?, Dave Davey, Diana Keast, Win Rogers, ?, Mick Rogers, Wayland Smith



Above. Front Row L to R: FW Gade. ? Jack Heyward, Peter Mills, MP
Jeremy Thorpe, MP. ?.

I can tell you the whole system was bloody uncomfortable. The trench was shallow, the ground marshy, the snipers numerous, the nearest communication trench more or less flat, and the Jocks, Welch and Jerries had done quite a bit of fighting in the neighbourhood, so that, apart from Jocks and Welch to bury, there were some dozen or more very bloated German corpses right on the parapet. An attempt had been made to produce the trench further to the left, but swinging towards the enemy trench. This had evidently given rise to some attacking and counter attacking, and the trench had finally been blocked up at the end. Two days later the CO summoned me to HQ Dugout in the Support line, and gave me details of the operation which I was to carry out the same night. Briefly it was to re-open the left end of Hook trench, and push on, as far as possible, and dig a strong point, which could later be linked with Hook. "You do not go over with the troops," says the CO. "Send 2nd Lt Davies with them." So over into the old trench with about 20 fusillers, with Davies, and I am standing at the block, with my revolver in my left hand and a Verey pistol in the right hand. By and by a soldier comes creeping across the ground to my left, not in the trench. I do not know if he is friend or foe, so I challenge, but get no answer. Fortunately I do not fire at him, for he is the man who has been sent back by Davies to say that they have reached what seems to have been the real end of Hook trench, and are starting on the strongpoint. I then surmount the block and drop into the old trench to go forward to see how things are going, when several shots ring out, and there is much confused noise, and down the trench towards me comes a man, running. This time I can see when he is but 2 or 3 yards away, that he is German. Instantly I fire with my right hand. In which I hold the Verney Pistol, and the flaming rocket hits the German hard on the left shoulder, and knocks him over. I am going to capture him, but he jumps up and runs back the way he came. Seconds later I hear a shot, and go forward to find the German lying full length. Up comes one of the party from the strongpoint. I said, "Did you fire?" "Yes," says the soldier, "I think I have killed him." We examine the German, and find him not dead, but probably mortally wounded. I told the soldier to help me lift the man on to the old firestep, out of the liquid mud. I then asked him his name, regiment and so on, and took his pay book and other papers, also his shoulder straps and all other regimental identifications. He could not speak English. I told him I would see that his wallet, with a photo of his wife perhaps, would be sent home, and gave him a drop of Irish whiskey out of my flask. "Das ist gut," he said, and half an hour later he was dead. I then examined him for wounds, and found that, in addition to the bullet which had killed him, he had a horrible burnt bloody wound in his shoulder from the Verey light. Before the German died I got through to the strongpoint, and was told that another German had been killed, but that it was not really a German attack, but simply a patrol of two men, who had come over from the enemy trench, which later we discovered was only about 15 yards away, to discover what we were about. The strongpoint was found to be too close to the enemy for comfort, as either side could, and did, lob bombs across. That kind of thing can be put up with for a few hours, but it is too disconcerting to have the knowledge that a stick bomb, or an egg bomb, might come sailing in at any time of the day or night, and so the CO told me to abandon it by day, and have a listening post in the strongpoint by night. So that was the end of that caper. A very minor affair, and I could not really believe that it had earned me the MC months after, when I was told by the adjutant. I believe really that it was awarded by the CO for general good work. The battalion was so often short of officers, that I was frequently transferred from company to company, and sent on duties up the line more frequently than I would have been, had the battalion had a full complement of officers at all times. I guess that every battalion was in a similar plight. There were occasions when the company was in the line with only three officers. ... If that ever happened in the

company I was commanding, I used always to spend the whole night in the trench, so as to give the young officers, and incidentally the troops, a little more confidence. Many tours in the line I would not spend any night of the six, which made up the tour, in the dugout. Also, when we were in support or reserve, and had to provide working parties for the "line" every night, if there were only one or two junior officers in my company, I would take my turn leading the party. This was very much appreciated by the junior officers, as it meant that, in a stretch of six days, they would each have 4 nights on which they would not have to lead a working party. I also saved the CO's life when he and I were walking up a long communication trench, on our way to a day's relaxation at the RA Divisional Horse Show and Gymkhana. I heard a German 5.9 gun fire, and experience told me that the shell would explode far too close to the CO and I. There happened to be a recess in the wall of the communication trench just where we were. I grabbed the CO by one arm and pulled him into this recess with me. The shell fell and exploded a second later right in the trench, and we were unhurt. We laughed but it was a close shave. I am sure that a German captive balloon spotted us walking along the trench, and had tipped off the gunners to snipe us with a 5.9 shell. The CO had not had the trench experience, or been shelled and mortared as I had been.

Reminiscences of an ancient landlubber from Ian Linn

(from Gwyneth White's collection)

In 1949 I arrived in Devon to take up a teaching post in the University College of the South West of England (later to become the University of Exeter) under the redoubtable professor L A Harvey. At that time I was a standard laboratory scientist, while Leslie Harvey was quite the opposite. Although a true townsie by origin, he believed that much useful biological knowledge was best gained by studying organisms in their natural habitat. This was a pretty bizarre idea at the time. I can remember a distinguished Cambridge don averring, with some satisfaction, that "at Cambridge we do not study ecology". Undeterred, Leslie inaugurated a series of field courses in Devon, at which school teachers from all over the British Isles were introduced to the delights of field work - the fun activity of poring over undistinguished-looking organisms in torrential rain and biting wind. Despite these drawbacks, the courses proved enormously popular, and continued in various forms for many years. Leslie was thus a true innovator, and has never, in my opinion, had his pioneering work on the concept of field studies properly acknowledged.

He also, like so many true Brits, had a great affection for small islands, with the inevitable result that he became a co-founder of the LFS, and started taking student groups to the island to savour the wind, rain, etc so freely available there. As a new boy, I was of course 'volunteered' to help with these. We all lived in the Old Light, unimproved in those days, by courtesy of the Owner, Martin Coles Harman, under fairly primitive conditions which we thoroughly enjoyed - they brought out the latent pioneering spirit. Food was still rationed, and some of the meat which reached us from the mainland had failed to survive the hazards of the journey in edible condition, and had to be sent over the cliffs to Davy Jones. A resuscitation of my boyhood skills as an amateur poacher provided a meagre supply of rabbits, but we were much more dependent upon Mr Harman's Agent, the splendid Felix Gade, who would occasionally sacrifice one of the island sheep. We would also take every opportunity to visit the North or South Light. Lundy was classed as a Rock Station, and the manned light-houses received regular supplies via one of the Trinity House supply ships. Landing these supplies by a cable hoist was a hazardous undertaking, and provided welcome entertainment for the island's residents.

More important, however, were the copious food rations provided by Trinity House to the lighthouse keepers. Many of the keepers were skilled bakers, and would dispense hospitality most generously to visitors. In return, we were expected to warn them if we saw a Trinity House vessel on the horizon, so that they could scurry home from the island tavern, since in return for the advantages of being classed as a Rock, they were expected to eschew alcohol and all human companionship. I was told a lovely story about a cat which lived with several others at the South Light and was stone deaf as a result of having been asleep too close to one of the explosive charges which were set off in foggy weather as a warning to shipping. These cats were great hunters of the local rabbit colony, but the deaf cat could no longer hunt. Nevertheless the other cats looked after it, and would bring home a rabbit for it from time to time, if any of the keepers saw this they would appropriate the rabbit; but cats ain't stupid, and they soon learned to leave their quarry where it was, and bring the deaf cat out to share the feast.

Travel to Lundy in those days was done uncomfortably in a small fishing boat marginally converted for the purpose, and if funds were available, it was infinitely preferable to fly. This was done from Wraiton, near Barnstaple, and was an adventure in itself. The aircraft was a small high-wing monoplane of dubious vintage, nothing like the luxurious Dragon-Rapide in which Mr Harman commuted down from the Big Smoke. It was piloted by the redoubtable Maurice Looker whose undoubted skill ensured that his passengers and freight arrived safely, even when sheep had invaded the airstrip. Later trips by helicopter were perhaps more comfortable, but there was still the occasional 'dry-mouth' moment when it was necessary for the pilot to feel his way in under a low overcast which hid the exact location of the Old Light. It was on one of these helicopter trips that I had an interesting insight into *haut cuisine*. I had been asked to arrange for some French biologists from the Universities of Rennes and Brest to visit Lundy to look for evidence of the presence of zoonotic disease on the island. This was duly arranged, and human residents, live-stock and wild-life donated blood to the cause of science with varying degrees of willingness. But what to give these undoubted epicures for lunch? As ever, the hotel came up trumps with some excellent crab salad, which went down a treat. But what to garnish it with? Some home-made mayonnaise? *Vinaigrette*? No luck – all that was on offer was a bottle of Mr Heinz's best Salad Cream. This was placed on the table with some trepidation, as we all knew that the French are world-class fuss-pots in these matters. It was with great relief that the salad cream was pronounced very refreshing, entirely acceptable. Another myth demollshed!

The Old Light was, of course, a complete failure as a navigation aid whenever, as is so often the case in the Bristol Channel, it was obscured by a low overcast. In clear weather, on the other hand, the view from the top, in all directions, was stunning. On one particularly fine starlit night I accompanied a young female person to the top to view the vast firmament (what else?), taking with me a Tilly lamp to light the steps. This was apparently clearly visible from Hartland Point, and caused some puzzled toing and froing on the Coastguard radio.

These days the visitor to Lundy is lucky to catch a glimpse of the occasional *lur-de-fuji*, the bird from which the island derives its name. Global warming, overfishing or whatever have changed the ecosystem, and if you want to see wall-to-wall puffins go to Staffa, Lunga, or one of the other Hebridean islands where they flourish. But don't abandon Lundy – it is a magical place, and will provide you with many glorious memories, as it has me.



Above:
"A Flight of Lundy
Parrots" circa 1900
[re-print by Derek
Sach]



Two photos.
pre Second World War.
Lundy airfield



Report of Lundy Collectors Club Weekend on Lundy 5th to 8th November 2004 from Roger Allen.

The weekend began at 11.30 on Friday 5th November at the helicopter pad on Blagden's Farm at Hartland Point. The choppers carry eight persons, including the pilot, and the party of thirty four were soon all on the island. All the accommodation was ready to be occupied as soon as the party arrived and the activities of the weekend began almost immediately at four o'clock. Paul Roberts, the Landmark Trust manager for Lundy and other properties in Devon, welcomed the LCC in the Tavern with an overview of the island activities and developments during the year. Most importantly he spoke about the Lundy stamp Issuing policy for the next few years.

In 2006, Paul stated, there will be an issue of Lundy stamps to mark the 100th anniversary of the wrecking of the HMS Montagu by the Shutter Rock. From thereafter there will probably be an issue of stamps every second year but he was not able to give any further details. He emphasized the firm intention of the Landmark Trust to continue with the stamps and to maintain an issuing policy of integrity.

The Tavern became the principal location for all the LCC activities during the weekend. Six of the principal accommodation units were occupied by the LCC members but the other forty odd non-LCC members staying on the island had to make do with the more outlying units such as the Castle and the Old Light. The Tavern was virtually fully taken over from 4 o'clock to 10 o'clock on the three evenings of the LCC weekend but the other visitors and the islanders seemed to be more bemused by our activities than put out.

At 8 o'clock on the Friday evening we all trooped over to the chilly church of St. Helena to hear Ben Sampson, the island warden, talk to us about the island wildlife, with a slide show, and to answer questions about the year's activities. Ben also led a nature walk around the island the following morning and as the LCC activities were scheduled only for the afternoons and evenings, most of the members were glad to go with him.

On Saturday afternoon Michael Bale made us all green with envy as usual by a display of material from his incredible Lundy collection. Original artwork, sheets of the rarest and most valuable material, printers' proofs, errors and many other scarce and unusual items. At 8 o'clock, after dinner, there was the famous Lundy auction with Mike Thompson performing as auctioneer in his own amusing but efficient way. By now the Tavern bar was full, not only of the LCC members, but also all the other people on Lundy at that time. The auction was open to all and several of the non-LCC members purchased items for their collections. When he saw that the charming partner of the warden was bidding for a postcard that he wanted, Roger Allen gallantly stopped bidding to let her have it.

On Sunday morning, Jon Aitchison led an expedition to Rat Island to obtain examples of the Dartmoor-style postbox to be found on the summit. Unfortunately the weather and tide turned against the party and the trip to the top of Rat Island was aborted. In spite of the expedition being partly abandoned, the group did make it to a cave in Rat Island and Jon Aitchison produced postcards to celebrate this event, with the cachet '7.11.04 SEA CAVE THROUGH RAT I. TRAVERSED'. They then went around Lundy to find the other more accessible Dartmoor-style boxes scattered around the island.

At 4 o'clock on Sunday Jon Aitchison presented us with a large selection of scarce and valuable items from his Lundy collection. Following Jon, Roger Allen, whose interests in Lundy spread out much wider than just the areas of philately, gave a lecture based on the 1871 Monograph by John Roberts Chanter on the History and Natural History of Lundy. This had originally been a paper in the 1871 Transactions of the Devonshire Association but was reprinted and extended as a Monograph in

1886 and also in 1887. Roger used Chanter's paper to show how almost every writer on Lundy since that date has used it as a basic source for their works. He brought along a small selection of classic Lundy books that had made copious use of Chanter's History, as well as the Monograph itself.

After dinner the assembly was presented with a series of short displays of material from the collections of other members of the LCC. These were mainly of a purely philatelic nature including stamps and covers from all periods. To lighten the mood, Roger Allen displayed some sheets of what he called 'Official Rubbish'. These included labels from products sold at the island shop over many years, such as cheese and egg labels, jam pot covers, fudge box covers, wine bottle labels, also laundry tabs picked from towels and blankets and luncheon vouchers and so on. [Ed's note: such ephemera are the archive from which later researchers may work out how life was lived.]

The last event of the weekend was the Lundy Quiz, devised by James Thomas, the Editor of the 'New Lundy Puffin' and with Roger Chapple, the president of the Lundy Field Society, as question master. This was an absolutely hilarious occasion with the whole island population crammed into the Tavern listening to Roger's performance. The questions were not so difficult and covered the whole range of Lundy material, history, nature, architecture and stamps. Roger Allen and Tom Baker, probably the two top Lundy experts in the room, were neck and neck with their final scores. After two 'Sudden Death' questions, one of which was to ask the year of the birth of Martin Cotes Harman, Roger Allen was declared the winner and won a woolly hat as prize.

The major philatelic event of the week end had, of course, been the issue of the new Lundy stamps to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of Lundy stamps. The first day of issue of this set had actually been the 1st November and FDCs and souvenir packs etc. were still all available from the Lundy shop. A second special cancellation had also been produced by the Landmark Trust to mark the visit of the Lundy Collectors Club to the island and all mail posted in the Lundy post box this weekend received this hand stamp.

On Monday morning the chopper flew us all back to Hartland Point. After such a successful weekend, a unanimous decision had been reached to hold future winter meetings of the LCC on Lundy, but only every two to three years.

The New Puffin Journal from Roger Allen.

The Lundy Collectors Club publication the New Puffin Journal is full of first class Lundy material. Much improved since its early days, this journal is now produced in colour and to a high professional quality. The contents of these journals have not been regularly reported in this newsletter but they are worth noting. The most important articles in the last three New Puffin journals are as follows:-

Spring 2004. Issue No. 22.

The obituaries of Stanley Newman and John Dyke who both died early in 2004. A tribute to John Dyke, which included reproductions of some of his nature strips from the first fifty issues of the Eagle Comic.

A look back at the 1988 Rat Island Rocket mail, organized by Roger Allen, who had produced the stamps for that occasion. The article tries to prove that as these stamps had Landmark Trust approval, they should be included in the Lundy stamp catalogue.

Tom Baker's 'Shipping Report' which in this issue was an historical account of the Victorian paddle steamer the 'Velindra', which made regular visits to Lundy.

A nostalgic look back at the 1992 'Stamp Meet' on Lundy organized by Wendy Puddy, the Postmistress of Lundy at the time. This article was well timed in view of the impending Lundy Collectors Weekend planned for November 2004.

Summer 2004. Issue No. 23.

Some Memoirs of Stanley Newman, from his youth up to 1996, by Roger Cichorz. An account of the mail sailings from Appledore and Instow from 1849 up to 1939 by Tom Baker. This article also gives a historical view of the life in these two villages during the century covered.

The sheet and page format and marginal markings of the 1967 'Save the Seabirds' issue.

Report on the Appledore Maritime Players production of a new play entitled 'Mr. Benson's Nephew'. Semi fictional story based around the time of Thomas Benson and his Portuguese connections. Thomas Benson being very closely connected with Lundy in the 18th Century.

Autumn 2004. Issue No. 24.

Preview of the stamps and cancellations to be issued and used on 1st November 2004 for the 75th Anniversary of Lundy stamps.

Tom Baker continues with his shipping articles. A maritime history of the Darks of Instow. The two Captains Dark, father and son, ran the boat to Lundy for one hundred years from 1853 to 1942.

Description of the exhibition of John Dyke material on display at the Lundy Collectors Club meeting in Ilfracombe on 24th and 25th July.

History of the Lundy landing barge 'Shearn' that conveyed passengers and cargo from the ships to shore from 1972 to 1983 once again written by Tom Baker from his vast Lundy collection and from his research.

These journals always contain news of current events on Lundy, sales of Lundy material at auction, future events and book reviews. As well as covering matters philatelic, they also contain articles of historical interest and research on shipping, architecture, personalities and other subjects. At the end of 2003 an index of the New Puffin was produced for all issues dating from the inception of the publication in 1997 up to the end of 2003. Individual issues and the index, where still in stock, are available at £4.00 each, plus postage, to non members from the editor, James Thomas, 5 Manor Drive, Kingskerswell, Devon, TQ12 5HB. Membership of the Lundy Collectors Club is also available from Mr. Thomas and the annual subscription is £13.00.

The Sequence to an Unhappy Episode on Lundy from Myrtle Ternstrom

In 1871 a young man of 18 years, named Charles Treleven, had left his home in Cornwall and was working for the Heaven family on Lundy as houseman.

● On the afternoon of Friday 15th December two of the pilots who came ashore, George Harris and George Tibbets, became very drunk, in which state they caused mayhem at the cottages in the castle. One of the Heaven family recorded the event:

They terrified the women ... breaking crockery ware, cutting down the bacon that was hanging up, and brandishing their knives, threatening to kill the women if they did not supply them with spirits. Some of the islanders bolted and barred their doors and one of the drunken men ran his knife through one of the doors ... the two men went as far as a hill which overlooks the house of Mr Heaven ... here they paused and attacked each other.

The islanders fetched the Revd Heaven to deal with the situation, and Charles went with him, being much attached to Mr Heaven and, fearing that harm might come to him from these two violent men, said "shall I take the gun, Sir?" Mr Heaven thought it might be as well, hoping that the sight of the gun might cause the men to calm down, so Charles took up a gun (which had been loaded with shot for birds) and followed.

Unfortunately the two pilots refused to return to their boat and started a fight during which one of them, George Tibbetts, made to snatch the gun from Treleven. In so doing the gun was accidentally set off, and the charge was emptied at close range into Tibbett's stomach. There was little that could be done to help him. He was carried down to the landing place and put aboard his father's boat, which set out for Ilfracombe, where the young man died in the early hours of the morning.

The police arrived that next morning to arrest Treleven, but Mr Heaven denied them the right to do so, claiming what he thought to be Lundy's exemption from mainland law. However, in the interests of justice, he undertook that the accused and the witnesses would present themselves at the mainland court as required, which they did. At the court the immunity of the island was again brought into question, but Mr Heaven desired that the trial should proceed in the interest of the accused. So Treleven stood trial for having caused Tibbett's death, but fortunately there were plenty of witnesses to attest to what had happened, and he was cleared of any blame.

It was felt that Treleven would be better for a change of scene after such an experience, and that he might be in danger if the pilots should attempt any revenge, so the Heaven family arranged for him to go to their plantation in Jamaica as a clerk for Spencer Heaven, who had charge of the estates there. Some time after William Hudson Heaven died (1883) his son, the Rev'd Hudson Heaven, sold the estates in Jamaica. Following the abolition of slavery and the ensuing disorders, the value of West Indian estates dropped catastrophically, and Treleven was able to buy the one called Golden Grove – a reverse of fortunes that the Heaven family found difficult to accept in their own straitened circumstances.



Treleven made his way, and married a Miss Vines, and had seven children: three boys and four girls: Conrad, Grace (Gay), Lucy (after Spencer Heaven's elder daughter), Charles, Winifred, Walter, and Jenifer. One daughter visited Lundy, sometime after 1912, to see the island where her father had at one time lived.

On one delightful sunny afternoon in Marlborough, Diana Keast and I visited a charming lady, Mrs Diana Cook, whom Diana introduced as a grand-daughter of Charles Treleven. We spent a most enjoyable time hearing about Mrs Cook's mother, Gay, and the rest of Treleven's family. Mrs Cook also enlightened us as to Treleven's own history, in that he was thought to have been a natural son of a noble West Country family, which had been instrumental in helping his advance in circumstances with the purchase of Golden Grove.

Diana Keast recorded the occasion with this photograph.

"THE SPICE OF FLIGHT"

by Richard Pike, published 2000 by Woodfield Publishing
(Roger Chapple called this item to the Ed's attention)

"Coastguard... Coastguard... this is Lundy Island. Do you read? Do you read? Over." The Coastguard Duty Officer immediately sensed the urgent tone of the radio call.

"Lundy... Lundy... you are weak. Go ahead. I say again, go ahead. Over." The radio crackled intermittently as the Duty Officer strained to listen to the message.

"Coastguard... Coastguard... we have an emergency... I say again, we have an emergency. Over."

"Lundy... Lundy... go ahead... go ahead. Over."

"Roger, Coastguard. Seriously ill female requires evacuation. I say again evacuation. Did you read? Over." The Duty Officer wrote some details on his note-pad.

"Lundy... Lundy... message copied. Standby. Over."

The Duty Coastguard Officer called across to his colleague, "Fred!"

The colleague looked up. "There's a problem at Lundy, Fred. Female requires urgent evacuation."

"OK," replied the colleague. He checked the time on the Operations Room clock. "I'll scramble the Chivenor Whirlwind," he said.

The Whirlwind helicopter from Chivenor had been duly scrambled. It had flown to Lundy Island, located the seriously ill woman, and had evacuated her from the Island. There had been hassles, as is often the case with such flights, but the casualty had been rescued, and was being flown to safety.

However, during the return flight from Lundy to the mainland, with the casualty on board, disaster had struck. The Whirlwind had suffered engine failure. The crew were forced to ditch the aircraft into the sea. The rescuers had themselves become casualties.

A second helicopter had been scrambled immediately. The relief Whirlwind had spotted the survivors shortly after departing from Chivenor. Fortunately, the visibility that day had been good. The Captain of the helicopter was under no illusions: his speedy arrival was a matter of life and death. He flew the aircraft low over the sea. He flew at maximum speed, maximum power, maximum everything.

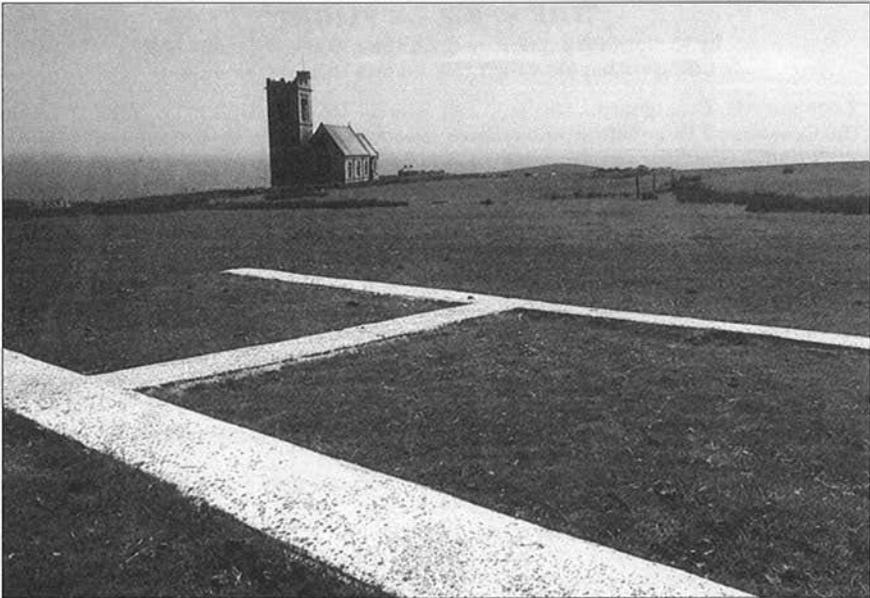
It must have been agonising for the rescue crew. In the mid-distance, they could clearly see the casualties. The slow progress of seconds and minutes had no doubt tormented them.

By the time the 'rescuers of the rescuers' had reached the scene, the survivors were in a desperate situation. The female casualty had nearly died. Apart from her original problems, she had become hypothermic, and heavily traumatised by the whole incident. It was thanks to the heroic efforts of the crew, her fellow casualties, that she had been kept afloat and alive.

Eventually, when the second Whirlwind had reached the scene, it was in an unholy rush. At that stage, the Captain had no doubt forgotten some of the niceties of a neat training scenario. He had practically hurled the aircraft into position. In double-quick time, the Winch Operator had the Crewman winched down.

The crews of both the Whirlwinds had been highly professional in their duties. The woman victim was first to be winched aboard, soon followed by the Crewmen of the first helicopter. That Crewman had continued then to administer first-aid to the female casualty, while the second crew concentrated on rescuing the remaining survivors.

It had been touch and go, but the life of the original casualty was saved, along with the lives of all the first aircraft's crew.



Above: Helipad. Notice Signals and Coastguards cottages to the right of the church.
Pic from "Voiles & Voiliers" Jan 1983 – brought to the notice of the editor by
Richard Viner and Ken Rodley

A LINE IN THE SAND – MONITORING SEABED SPECIES IN THE NO-TAKE ZONE AT LUNDY

Keith Hiscock

Longitude 4° 39'W – the line that from 2003 demarcates the edge of the first marine No-Take Zone established for nature conservation in Britain off the east coast of Lundy. So, another first for Lundy – Britain's first voluntary Marine Reserve in 1973 and first statutory Marine Nature Reserve in 1986.

But what effect will the No-Take Zone have on the marine life around Lundy? With funding from English Nature and the Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs, a monitoring programme has been established. Thus, with much hard work and complicated organisation, Miles Hoskin and Holly Sheldon of MER Consultants assembled the required survey equipment and, on 22 May 2004, we set out from Clovelly on *Jessica Hettie* skippered by Clive Pearson. We had camera equipment to try out and more specialised DIY measuring gear including the usual quadrats and a 3m length of plastic pipe with writing boards attached for counting scallops along a transect – the responsibility of Becky Harris and Ross Coleman. We were testing statistically rigorous methods to minimise worker-bias in the survey work – which, for me, mostly meant swimming with eyes closed so many fin kicks in a random pre-determined direction before lowering the survey quadrat.

My role was really as 'tour guide'. After 35 years of diving at Lundy (Yes, it really is that long), I was able to suggest and find the sort of seabed required for the different studies. I was pleased to be able to contribute to training methodologies and had some of my cynicism about the practicality of 'stratified random sampling' tempered.

My brand-new 'dry' suit wasn't – and around the lower half – so an abundance of the expected jokes about "It's your age Kelth, you can't help it."

But what a palaver ("palaver": an unnecessary fuss and bother) It is to get any biological survey work done that involves diving these days. There are dive supervisors, record keeping and, I had to do it, a one-day course at Falmouth (in using a full-face mask was needed so that divers could communicate by voice with the surface – an 'essential safety measure' we were advised by the local HSE diving Inspector.

The studies of density and size of scallops proved reasonably straight-forward and should produce good results. The work to count branching sponges and sea fan density on rocky surfaces was much less promising as we kept straying in the 'wrong' habitat and the number of quadrats needed to get statistically acceptable results was very large (and divers can only spend a short time on the seabed). At least the gas-guzzling full-face masks have been determined not to be needed for many dives in the future. For those of you who have seen the press coverage, the observation that there are more and larger lobsters in the No-Take Zone was established by experimental potting later in the summer and not diving. Whatever the methods used, they have to be capable of showing real differences and initial results are very encouraging for the No-Take Zone concept.

Miles and his team will be continuing surveys in 2005 but I'm too expensive to be taken on and perhaps I too much question the need for debilitating and unnecessarily rigorous safety measures for the sort of diving we were doing. I'll be continuing my recreational diving and underwater photography around Lundy – making observations of the colourful and often rare sponges, sea anemones, corals and their relatives that make Lundy special. I might also be making a contribution to ensuring that there are less scallops outside of the No-Take Zone than inside.

Oh yes, and that fabulous and expensive communication equipment with full-face mask and all the training – well, very useful for telling the surface whether we wanted tea or coffee when we surfaced.

And no, there isn't a physical 'line in the sand' at 4°39'W but there is one on the T shirt created by Chris Mandry of *Frolica*.

LUNDY – CORNERSTONE OF NEOLITHIC SCIENCE?

Alan Rayner

Lundy has had an intriguing history since medieval times, but what do we know of its role five, or even six, thousand years ago? Recently Robin Heath, an author who lives in Wales, has uncovered some exciting evidence – now professionally published (Summer 1995) by Bluestone.

Robin, an Engineering graduate was Head of Technology at Cardigan College and has a lifelong interest in megalithic sites. Whilst doing some research on Stonehenge – and pondering the question as to why it is where it is – his thoughts turned to the Presell Hills from where the Bluestones were taken for Stonehenge Mark I. Other researches at Stonehenge had revealed that right-angled triangles play an essential part in the alignment of the stones.

In an inspired moment, Robin applied right-angled triangle theory in spherical geometry to the Stonehenge-Presell line. His reward was a "5-12-13" fit – with the right angle on Lundy.

Further analysis shewed that this "Pythagorean" triangle was even more interesting. The 'short' side (Lundy/Presell) is divided into a three/two ratio by the Island of Caldy, just off Tenby. This discovery is all the more remarkable as the 3:2 point in the 5:12:13 triangle is the pivotal point of a lunation triangle – giving the ratio of the sun and moon orbital movements (One Year = 12.3659 'Months').

tered off by one of their shots wounded him in the leg. He sustained a broken fibula & complication by thrombosis and it was 10 days before the strong east wind which prevented a naval party landing eased, and he could be taken first to the North Devon mainland and then in an emergency dash to London for treatment that saved his leg.

But being wounded in action was not a new experience for Van Os. It was as an Army Officer in the First World War that he was selected for special training and it was while leading a series of successful commando-style raids with 20 hand-picked men to recover much-needed cavalry horses near Calais from French deserters that he was shot in the back. He got 96 horses and his remaining men back to England – but without proper medical attention his wound turned septic and he nearly lost an arm.

He could well be said to have been living on borrowed time for quite a period. His love of shooting almost cost him his life when, at Hartland, one man in the party fired at a rabbit through a hedge and shot Van Os instead. He would have died without brilliant medical treatment by a team at Hammersmith general hospital.

He left the army after the First World War with three certificates for master of arms, armed and unarmed combat and rough rider – and entered the family shipping business but later took up medicine. With a special interest in public health, on qualifying he accepted a post as consultant with the Mashaba Rhodesian Asbestos Company. Then came the Second World War: because of injuries received in the first he was denied active service and offered a staff job – but that, he says, was “not my cup of tea.” That is one reason why he jumped at the Lundy opportunity.

“No-one on the island knew what my job really was,” he recalled. “I kept my wireless transmitter in the bedroom.”

Later, with the Lundy episode behind him, he took up the post of head of infestation control for a huge area of London and became involved in another previously untold story: a Port of London Authority doctor reported that two black rats had been caught infested with bubonic-plague-bearing fleas. He recalled: “This was a desperate situation where secrecy was so essential that only Winston Churchill, Lord Woolton, the Minister responsible, plus the PLA doctor and his two assistants and I knew the true facts.”

Dr Van Os was put in charge of a great charge to exterminate as many rats as possible and his method was so effective that in one 24-hour period, he says, over three million rats were destroyed. The US Government adopted the method officially. Van Os was given full credit, and found himself receiving what he calls “an embarrassing number of degrees and diplomas” for his work.

More adventures followed in the postwar period, and since then his life has still been far from idle. Only two years ago he gave up riding and boating and now he concentrates more upon his garden. But he keeps well in touch with the political scene as befits a man who has known no fewer than five Prime Ministers. He is a most extraordinary gentleman.

Incidentally, a fact unknown to many in Appledore, where he has lived for the past 40 years, is that he can also claim the title of Herbert, seventh Baron Van Os of Orange and Brixham. Historian Mrs Irene Northan of Brixham, has traced his line back to 1688 when his ancestor Baron Pieter Van Os came over from Holland with William of Orange as his Master of Horse. But the only indication of his title is a plaque bearing his coat of arms hanging on the wall of his sitting room.

1950s Lundy



Beach work
1950s. John
Oglvie on the
tractor

Late 1950s.
John Vickery
with his horse
"Gayboy"



Left. L-R: Jean (Cherry) Crabtree
later Richardson. Jim Prouse,
Angela Garrard. ?,
Frank Cannon

Arrowhead dug from Lundy Island c 1893 (112 yrs ago)

Item number: 6550334807



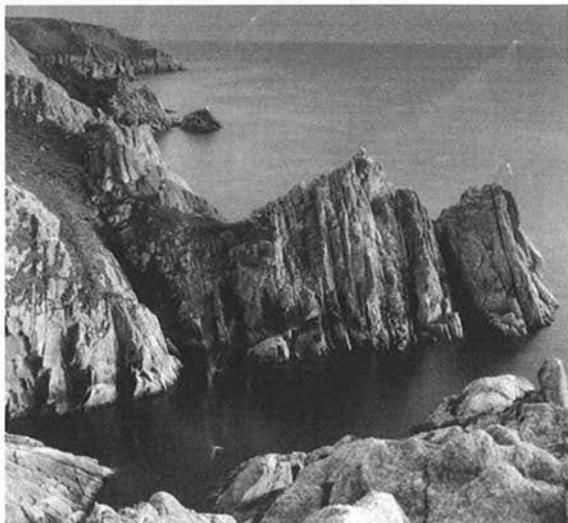
Seller	the_flycatcher 1628 ★
	Positive Feedback: 99.4% Member since 09-Jun-02 in United Kingdom
Starting bid	£49.99
Time left	8 days 5 hours 10-day listing Ends 10-Aug-05 21:33:25 BST
<i>Buy It Now</i> Price	£350.00
Item location	Milton Keynes United Kingdom
Post to	Worldwide

Neither Shirley Blaylock (as archaeologist) nor ASW (as historian) believes this is an arrowhead. ASW thinks the whole presentation either a 'con' or a practical joke

Summary

fantastic and very rare collectable This is one of a number of items collected by a work traveller during one of his 'tours' during the late 1890's / early 1900's (see my other items) It seems this character undertook a number of 'digs' all around the world, in Scandinavia Africa, the Middle East, and all around Britain & Europe (don't have any more info on the gentleman himself (unfortunately) but I'm sure you'll agree that this is a really interesting and unique collection, with some fascinating items. If nothing else these items will be great conversation pieces, and will look great on display. This piece of rock was excavated and catalogued in 1893 from Lundy Island, which is situated just offshore of North Devon, England. It looks very much like an arrowhead although I am no expert. However it has clearly been 'crafted' into its current shape. It is approx 3.5 inches long, and 1.5 inches wide at the widest point. It is approx 1 inch thick at the bigger end. There is a handwritten dated sticker on top. Undereath there are traces of the original catalogue reference number. This very rare and valuable piece will be securely packaged (as are all my items, out even more so!) and posted recorded delivery in the UK. All international sales are sent air mail. Bid now or be very very disappointed! No Reserve

A glorious pic of St James' Stone on the Atlantic side of Lundy, used as part of the National Trust's Appeal for legacies and gifts.
National Trust
(Devon & Cornwall News Autumn/Winter 2004.)



A VOYAGE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN UNDERTAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1813.

Richard Ayton, with views drawn and engraved by Wm Daniell A.R.A.
British Library 10348.f.9. Vol I. p35

[**Editor's note.** One wishes Richard Ayton had acknowledged his sources for this very interesting piece. The pic below, of the island cannot look much different now from the way it did when Ayton made his voyage made his voyage round Great Britain.]

Four leagues to the northward of Hartland Quay is the Island of Lundy, a conspicuous object in the Bristol Channel, which is distinctly visible from every part of the north coast of Devonshire, and the opposite coast of South Wales. It is three leagues and a half from the nearest promontory on the English coast, Hartland Point, and about six leagues from the Welsh Coast. There is a character of great wildness and desolateness about islands, whose utmost limits may at once be comprehended by the eye; which may be seen, in one view, bounded on all sides by the sea. The land is at all points so blended with the water, so unsheltered and unsupported, that it appears scarcely to possess the ordinary security of habitable ground. The best view of Lundy Island is from a distance, when it is seen rising like a solitary mountain from the midst of the waves, like a spot disinherited of the common favours of the earth,



View of Lundy from North-South, from
Western Morning News 16/10/04

banished from its rightful place in creation, and cast out into the waste of a foreign and discordant element. There is not a tree nor a shrub upon it, nor would one wish to see any there; its nakedness accords with its situation, and one regards it only as a mark for every storm that blows; a strange excrescence of nature, with the form and substance of land, but as desert and inhospitable as the sea which surrounds it. We sailed to it, and found every indication of barrenness that we had observed from a distance fully confirmed on a nearer approach, though it lost much of its dreary grandeur when no longer an island to the eye – when land formed the line of the horizon, and concealed from us the expanse of sea beyond.

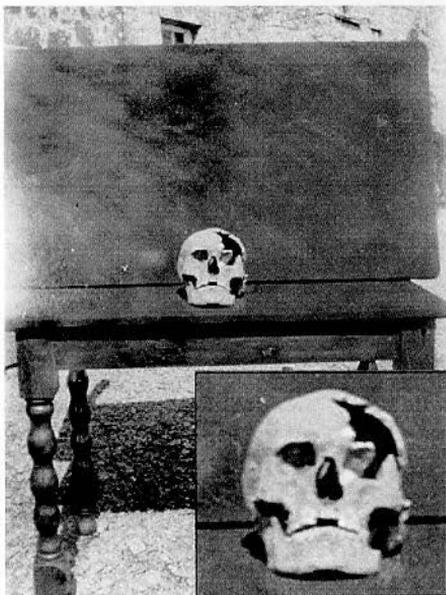
There is but one landing-place, and that is on the east side of the south end, where there is a good beach, leading to a pathway cut in the rocks of the cliff. This little cove is sheltered by a detached mass of rock, called Rat Island, from the east, but is open to the north wind, which was unluckily blowing at the time of our visit, and had raised a surf on the beach that prevented our landing. Round every other part the island is guarded by perpendicular cliffs, in some places more than six hundred feet in height, so that if it could ever become of

importance as a military post. it would require no ramparts but its rocks, and no centinel but the north wind. Its length, from north to south, is three miles, and its breadth nowhere quite a mile. It contains two thousand acres of ground, four hundred of which have been tortured into a state of meagre cultivation. There is no depth of soil sufficient for any kind of vegetation except at the south end: the middle division and the north end are little better than a waste of sand and rocks. Some attempts were made a few years ago to raise trees on Lundy, but the salt-wind resisted any such innovation, and if it allowed them to take root, effectually provided against their appearance above ground. The island is inhabited by a few families, comprising about thirty people, who have an opportunity of passing their lives with truly primitive simplicity. The summer recreation of this little society chiefly consists of plucking gulls and skinning rabbits; and for their winter hours. I am, perhaps, as much puzzled to mark out an employment, as they are themselves. The air which they breathe is healthy, so that if they do not live merrily they live long. The biography of one John Sharp, a Lundy man, is thus succinctly made out - he died at the advanced age of ninety-six. Rabbits swarm in every part of the island, and in summer the gulls assemble upon it in such prodigious flocks, that the spoil of their feathers, in conjunction with the furs of the rabbits, forms a very considerable revenue. The rabbits are not valued for their flesh, which is not good, and judging from the surface of the soil, under which they burrow, one would imagine that there must be very little of it. Rats complete the catalogue of wild animals, and are the only troublesome guests on the island, not only not contributing their common share to the improvement of its resources, but actually assuming a hostile character, and employing their forces against the rabbits. There is no possibility of expelling these marauders, who have already very evidently thinned the ranks of the rabbits, and will, it is feared, ultimately succeed in establishing themselves the lords of the burrows.

● On our return to Hartland Quay and to our inn, our host received us with a quartern loaf in his hand and a countenance full of his larder. This was a comfortable surprise, and the more so, as our next stage, a very laborious one, was to be performed on foot. The man had hay in his stables, but no horses. In these rude parts of the coast many privations must be patiently submitted to; where travellers are not expected they are not provided for. To do justice, however, at once to the courtesy and thrift of the coast. I must observe that where there was but little we always found it very cheerfully supplied, and amply charged for.

(This journey was made by coastal land and small boats.)

Human Skull dug up in July 1928 in Bulls Paradise. Does anyone have any further details of this interesting discovery?



60TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

Frances Stuart, Hon Secretary. Tel 01275 871434

We are working on an exciting programme for next spring's Island week and I can report that, having spent an afternoon in May picking Gorse flowers with John Morgan, there will definitely be a gorse wine party! Ann Westcott is working on a series of events with an Archaeological favour and we hope to include walks and talks on other areas of interest. There will be quizzes, musical interludes and if weather permits a barbeque. We are also hoping to persuade the Islanders to take part in a friendly match of rounders. If anyone would like to contribute to the programme then do please get in touch.

There are still spaces available on the week (25 March to 1 April 2006). These are mostly in the larger outlying properties but if you's like to bring your family or are happy to share then why not join us. The Final Deadline for reserving places on the week is Monday 12th September as we need to confirm details with the Landmark Trust fairly soon after this date. We will then write to all of you who are joining in to confirm details of your accommodation and how to proceed with your booking.

LFS LIBRARY ON LUNDY

When the LFS gave up their quarters at the Old Light in 1958, the library was moved into storage and suffered depletions.

We hope that members will now enjoy the LFS library which has been restored in the Tavern (separately from the Landmark collection). We are building up the collection and if you have any suggestions for books to be included, please let me know the details.

Or, if you are able to make a donation, it would be most welcome, particularly books useful for island studies. Thanks to donations from the late R Burroughs, of Taunton, and the late Gwyneth White, of Penarth, and others, we have most of the basic books about Lundy.

We would like to thank the islanders for their interest, help and patience with this operation.

Appeal

We hope to add sets of LFS and Lundy publications to the library.

We hope to bind a complete set of the *Illustrated Lundy News*, but have only 5 copies to hand. If any member has a spare copy of the issues we need, would they possibly donate or sell them for the library?

We need all EXCEPT

Vol 1	No 1, Summer 1970
	No 2, Sprint 1971
Vol 2	No 2, 1972 [issue no 8]
	No 3, 1972 [issue no 9]

Lundy Island Chronicle. We are looking for Vol 3 No 1 spring/summer 1985 to complete the set. We could offer exchange for either Vol 2 No 2 Summer or Vol 2 No 1 1984.

Of the old-style Newsletters [A4 duplicated] we are missing: 1979, 1980, 1981, 1983, 1998. We could offer exchange of one copy of No 20, 1990.

Of the new-style Newsletters we have 1999, 2002, 2003.

THE WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL

AA ★ ★ ★ RAC



Set in six acres of quiet gardens, gently leading to Woolacombe's three miles of golden sands. Directly looking over the bay to magical Lundy Island.

In fact, the proprietor who visits Lundy most weekends, chartering, can easily see the hotel's floodlit tennis courts from the Marisco Tavern.

Visitors to Lundy wanting either a two destination holiday or a short break, whilst awaiting transport, could do no better than to "stay at the Bay".

This seaside hotel, built in the halcyon days of the mid-1800s, exudes a relaxed air of friendliness and good living, comfort and service in the traditional style.

Guests have unlimited free use of the superb sporting and leisure facilities. For the energetic, heated swimming pool, (one indoor, one outdoor), golf, tennis, squash, Hot House, Haven, with aerobic classes are all on site. More relaxing activities include leisurely games of snooker, bowls or relax in our health suite with sauna, steam room and spa bath. Of course there is also the chance to simply sit by the log fire, catch up on a good book, or just have a snooze in one of the spacious lounges with your afternoon tea.

Woolacombe is the ideal place for country walks, with Exmoor National Park just a stone's throw away, and miles of coastal paths on our doorstep. Guests can charter the hotel boat MV "Frolica" for fishing or excursions to Lundy. The choice is absolutely yours at the Woolacombe Bay.

For further details,
phone (01271) 870388, fax (01271) 870613, or write to the
Woolacombe Bay Hotel, Woolacombe, North Devon, EX34 7BN
www.woolacombe-bay-hotel.co.uk