

Lundy Field Society Newsletter

No 37



Summer 2007

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**THIS EDITION OF THE NEWSLETTER HAS BEEN MOST GENEROUSLY
 FUNDED BY ROY LANCASTER (OF 'FROLICA'), & HIS ADVERTISEMENT
 IS ON THE BACK COVER.**

Front Cover Illustration is from Peter Rothwell's
 '*Lundy - An Island Sketch Book*'. Published by Westwell Publishing.

Stop Press: LUNDY LETTERBOXES. The popularity of the letter boxes on the island continues to grow, with Derek Green enthusiastically supporting them. Longstanding LFS member, Derek Cheesbrough, manages time from his world wide island wanderings to maintain the boxes and after arranging a "letter box" competition during the Society 2000 celebrations he has prepared a complete list of boxes on the island. This has formed the basis of the "letter box packs" which are available to the Lundy visitor from the Island shop. To encourage you to join the ranks of the ever growing devotees to the 'Hunt', Derek has kindly noted locations (See pages 38-40 for Letterbox 'Package'). I know you will not wish to cut your copy of the Newsletter - please obtain a pack on the island, it will come in a waterproof enclosure and a donation will assist in the upkeep of the boxes and contents! Roger Chapple.

Editor's Note: Any opinions expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those of the Lundy Field Society.

AGM 3 / 3 / 2007

It has been the usual Newsletter practice to give an account of the AGM. However the LFS now has a new 'Publishing Policy', which means that Tony Cutler (one of your Committee Members) will be Editor of the 'new-style' LFS Report, & that Report will contain an account of the AGM. The LFS will now have a Publication, which it has not had before, devoted to formal scientific Papers, on the Biology (Terrestrial & Marine), the Archaeology & History, & the Geology of the Island. This will be the *LFS Journal*, & will be edited by Jenny George (one of your Vice-Presidents). So this Newsletter will just say it was an excellent AGM, &, as always, such a gathering of friends. Due to Govt. Policy, that Schools & Universities should pay their way, by charging 'commercial' rates, we are now to be charged a huge amount to rent the Peter Chalk Centre & are having to think of other places to go, [Ed's Query: is this, 'Education, Education, Education?']

The Newsletter, then, will give here a brief account of Myrtle Ternstrom's most interesting (AGM) Paper on Lundy under the tenure of Augustus Christie of Tapely Park, Instow.

MT told us that when, in 1906, Wm Hudson Heaven (strapped for cash in crude modern parlance) offered the Island for sale for £25,000, there were no takers. In 1912, an Advertisement in *Country Life* on Nov 30, admitted the bad state of the buildings on the Island, & the price came down to £19,500. The Rev. Hudson Grossett Heaven, his nephew Walter C Hudson Heaven, owners after WIH's death until 1917, were, MT made clear, quite unequal to the task of managing Lundy. ALChristie was able to buy for £13,000. At the time of his purchase the land was described as very foul, there were no shipping facilities, & the buildings were decayed. ALC's Plans for the 're-make' of Lundy can be seen in the North Devon Record Office. As MT pointed out to us, ALC chose his Aides well - Mr Dennis (Bailiff), Mr May (who made the farm prosperous); Miss Sage (Housekeeper & Hotel Manager); Captain Dark (the purchase of the *Lerina* was a vital element in the re-make); & Pitts-Tuckers were able Solicitors. The mix of money AND management worked. In 1925 there were Christie family disputes, ALC was declared unfit to manage the Estates, & the Island was sold to Martin Coles Harman for £16,000, & the Stock & the *Lerina* for a further £9,000. MT had, however, made it quite clear to us that our debt to ALC's work, in restoring the Island, before this sadness overtook him, is immense.

'A Breath of Lundy Island - A Glimpse into the Life of People Who Live on Lundy Island'. DVD £16.99. VHS £12.99. 'Beautiful Lundy Island ... steeped in history, mystery and intrigue'. DVD £12.99, VHS £10.99. These can be obtained from: Alan Young, Footprints Video, Hillcrest, Graynfyld Drive, Bideford, Devon EX39 4AP. Tel: 0845 230 28 20 or 07778 555 406.

Devonspeak to say thank you to Roger
on his retirement as Chairman 03/03/07



Roger
Chapple

● Outgoing
Chair
of the LFS

Roger ee be'd anzum cabbical ossifer
Chicket nary drabbited nor dumdicketty
Jonick ee be, towse an thraipin
nary mismaized nor mumchance
nor paiksin about
ee lowstered ee ad lotsa bellishers
but ee dun no quirkin
Aw! Dally buttons!
Us'll do dree chairs an tack hands
An bibble to ans brave anzum Roger

anzum - fine fellow
cabbical - excellent
ossifer - officer
chicket - cheerful
drabbited - bad tempered
dumdicketty - dull and dreary
jonick - genuine
Aw! Dally buttons - Hooray, three cheers
thraipin - sorting things out
mismaized - dismayed

mumchance - moody
paiksin about - messing around
lowstered - worked hard
bellisher - exhausting jobs
quirkin - complaining
dree chairs - three cheers
tack hands - clap
towse - busy
bibble - drink (often)
brave - excellent

Chairman's Message - Keith Hiscock 24/06/07



Keith Hiscock. New Chair of the LFS

What an act to follow! Taking over as Chair from Roger Chapple is a challenging enterprise, but one I hope I can pursue with imagination and vigour. For five years, Roger provided strong leadership to your Committee, excellent relations with all on the island and a link to those who are involved in managing the place. Thank you Roger for your service to the LFS, and, Paula, you can have your husband back now.

Most visitors to Lundy are fascinated by its history, archaeology and natural history. The work of members of the Society has helped visitors to learn about those aspects of the island. But, the Lundy Field Society is not just about study; it's about enjoying a unique and special island. To continue to play a role in island life, we need to: provide facilities for members to undertake studies on the island; share and disseminate the knowledge gained, and assist - through the knowledge of our membership - in advising management of the natural and historical inheritance on and around Lundy. In short, the activities of a learned society (with a strong social element!).

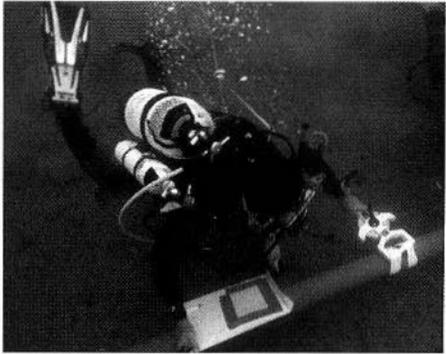
Several important initiatives have happened under the Chairmanship of Roger Chapple and with the leadership of Committee members. We had a successful 60th anniversary Symposium and there will soon be a Symposium volume. We also had a gathering of members on the island for an enjoyable week of not-so-scientific activities to mark the 60th anniversary. We are about to split the Annual Report into an Annual Report and a Journal. We are supporting significant publications on lichens and, with others, a new book on the Birds of Lundy. During Roger's tenure as Chairman, the Lundy Management Group (now Forum) was established and Roger represented the Society on that Group. There is doubtless more that I have forgotten, but for which we express our thanks.

As for me, well, I'm a simple marine biologist who, being born and brought up in Ilfracombe, visited Lundy over 50 years ago for the first time and first stayed on the island in 1967. Since then, I have spent most of my frequent visits to the island climbing up and down the Beach Road to continue by boat to the shores and seabed around Lundy or, often in recent years, not even landing during my visits. Well, that will change and I will take any opportunity to visit the island and spend time on top. After taking up the Chair, I spent just three days in March catching up with the landward part of Lundy and a most enjoyable day out in early June photographing seals underwater in Devil's Kitchen and a having meal and a chat in The Tavern.

The strength of the Lundy Field Society is its members. We are always delighted to see so many members at the annual meeting in Exeter and, from

those members, we recruit our very active and able Committee. Do help us to let visitors to Lundy know about the Society and become members. We also hope that anyone undertaking studies on Lundy will offer papers to the new Journal and a presentation at the annual meeting. If you come across someone on Lundy doing interesting work, do encourage them to submit reports of their studies to the Journal. We hope that we can continue to contribute in a tangible way to the island through supply of working party volunteers, provision of small grants for research, and of 'expert' advice on aspects of natural history, archaeology and history.

Most importantly, visit Lundy, contribute your observations to the Society, and enjoy.



Divers recording in the MNR, which Keith Hiscock was (with Robert Irving) instrumental in creating.



Sir John Smith

IN MEMORIAM

It is with sadness that I report the passing of Sir John Smith, & I know that all LFS members will share my sadness. We owe to him the administration of Lundy without which the National Trust's acceptance of Sir Jack Hayward's magnificent gift of the Island might not have been possible to accept. For us JS is not so much the Founder of the Landmark Trust, more the bestower of the inestimable gift of Lundy on those who could have lost her utterly to a Gambling Consortium. I know Members will wish to extend sympathy to Lady Smith, & Sir John's Family.

Ruth P Harman-Jones 1919 - 2006 • John Richard Evans, 1950 - 2006

Two Lundy granite stones now mark where their ashes rest in the Burial Ground on Beacon Hill. (Interment Nov 20th 2006.)

After days of unsettled and sometimes stormy weather, the clouds seemed to roll back from the island as our party of family and friends took the first two flights from Hartland. Thereafter our four hour visit was blessed with sunshine and a light NW wind until the storm broke again as the last party was leaving.

Marian and Bronwen Evans with Diana Keast were accompanied by close friends, all of whom have past family ties with Lundy.

They were: Hazel Davies, Mary Gadc, Steve Wing, Anne Marie Alford, Penny Ogilvie, Mary Percy, Diana and Bryony Percy and Bronwen's friend Anisha Birk.

At the Burial Ground, the Reverend Andrew Richardson conducted each interment with careful and unhurried ceremony which we found most moving and the consoling prayers were a fitting conclusion to a deeply felt occasion.

The family is indebted to Roger Fursdon for making all the preparations for the ashes to be interred and the granite stones erected.

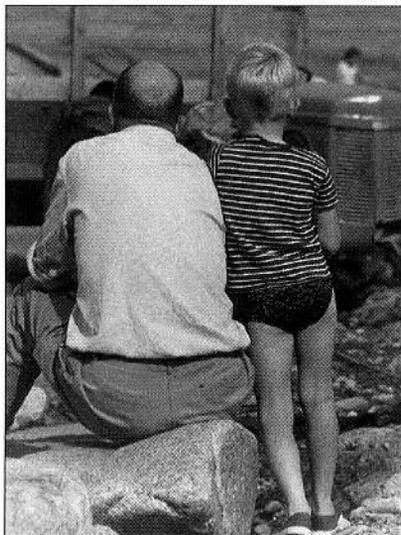
In spite of the sad occasion that had brought us back to Lundy, I know that we were all so glad to be there and were most grateful to the islanders for their warm welcome and helpful support with our arrangements.

Jim Cole, son of Peter and Barbara and brother of Helen, Liza and Kate, died suddenly on 6th May 2007, aged 44.

As the second of four children, Jim was used to having lots of people around him. In fact, there were three, almost four people present at his conception in Room 14 of the Old Hotel. One was his big sister Helen who refused to go to sleep so her innocence was preserved with the strategic draping of a blanket over her cot. The other was Mary Gade who obviously forgot to knock.

Lundy was always close to Jim's heart. He enjoyed many childhood holidays on the Island with his family and the Lundy B's. From an early age he enjoyed helping Pete Edwards on the launches on steamer days. Other regular rituals included the annual photograph sitting on the cannon at the Battery, communal baths with the Langham children and sliding down the lawns in front of the Old Hotel in cardboard boxes begged from the. He took part in the Lundy Lympics 1976 and he and Bar will also be remembered for being the winners of the first A&N Golf Championship in 1980, the last time the whole family was on the Island together.

When young, he and Helen used to look forward to the LFS AGM each year as this meant endless fun playing in the revolving doors at the front of the Hatherley Laboratory. He also caused much amusement at one meeting by successfully bidding in an auction for a carved bird, for which his surprised parents had to pay!



Peter & Jim Cole on Lundy a long time ago

Given Jim's love of the Island, it was very fitting that he moved down to Ilfracombe in 1982 to take over the Waverley pub. Although he changed pubs, his last 10 years being spent running the Wellington Arms on the High Street, Ilfracombe remained his home. A week on Lundy with the family two years ago was the silver lining of Bar's death. Although there to scatter ashes, it was the first time that all the Cole siblings had been on the Island together for 25 years and provided the opportunity to relive childhood memories. It seemed appropri-

ate that the family stayed in the Old Light where Bar lived when she first went to the Island, and where she and Pete shared many happy times.

Although Jim's commitment to his trade and the fact that the family were far-flung geographically meant they didn't meet as often as they wanted, he was loved by them all and their lives will never be the same without him.

I am sure members would wish to offer their deepest sympathies to Helen (Cole) Hayes, & Liza & Katie Cole on the death of their brother Jim Cole, & to Ishbel & Peter Hayes, & Dave Molyneux: & to Jenny (Langham) Clark, Lizzie & Jono on the death of Tony, husband & father. J & T were in Prague to celebrate the engagement of Jenny's sister, Joanna (daughter of Tony & Jennifer Langham) to whom we send felicitations, & to Marion Trapnell (daughter of David & Mary Trapnell) on the occasion of her marriage.

EDITORIAL - NEWSPAPER TRAWL - LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[Ed's Note: When Members have sent pics, I've used them: They too are Archive. If I haven't used one it's because I didn't get hold of one.]

If you were on Lundy when Suzy & Moff Betts were working there & their brother Tom was waiting for A-Level results, you will admire the intrepidity of their very large (12 I think) Family Camping Party returning for a visit. Please do remember to let me have Family news - it is such a pleasure to all Members to renew old acquaintance - I met Patrick & Rachel Penny & their two boys only this summer for a wonderful burst of nostalgia.

In this Newsletter I am recording a bumper crop of Publications for your Lundy Collection. In September '06 there was the Lundy Symposium at Exeter University - a great success organised by a splendid LFS Team - Myrtle Ternstrom / Tony Cutler / Jenny George / André Coutanche / Katie Cole AND Stewards of Unimpeachable Efficiency. Yr. Ed. was not a member of the team & was therefore able to sit back comfortably & thoroughly enjoy a most memorable day. Everyone who attended will receive the published *Transactions* (Ed. Jenny George - Co-Ed. André Coutanche), but the LFS is publishing extra copies so that you can purchase a copy, even if you were not able to attend. Myrtle Ternstrom asked Jack Hayward, as LFS President, if he could help financially, & he obliged with the stunning gift of £10,000. This money has not only funded the Symposium & the *Transactions*, but also a much smaller but no less exciting publication by Ann Allen, *Lundy Lichens* (for which a flyer is included in this Newsletter). And the LFS has been enabled to offer substantial assistance to Tim Davis' & Tim Jones' *Birds of Lundy*. Their Order Form is included in this Newsletter. There is a Review (p27) of June Woodward's (private) Publication in this Newsletter, & a Flyer for Westwell Publications' account of the Lundy Granite Company's Quarries, the amazing remains of which you will surely have walked amongst on the East Side. This definitive Quarries volume by Peter Rothwell & Myrtle Ternstrom is due out later this year.

I'm sure you will agree that this list represents a magnificent effort by a small local Society. The Lichen Field Guide, carefully managed, should stay in print as



Wm. Hudson Hooven. Image taken from
the Lundy Quarry Book by
Peter Rothwell & Myrtle Ternstrom

a Minor Classic, covering its costs & continuing to be an on-going advertisement for the Island & the LFS. I would think, too, that the *Symposium Transactions* could become a Collectors' item, & repay investment. The rest of the "Book List" is not produced by the LFS but is of interest, particularly *A Naturalist on Lundy* by Mary E. Gillham (Halsgrove [Pub.] have kindly given permission for me to use some of her pics.) She has visited Lundy for fifty years, so that this is not only a Social document (not unlike Felix Gade's *My Life on Lundy*) but a lively & appreciative record of the Island itself. The last on the list is *Daughter of Lundy* by Moira Brewer (Creedy Publishing) a fictionalized account of a real person who was brought up on Lundy in the late 19th c.

Before I leave this Editorial I'm reminding you of Westwell's Lundy Sketching Breaks at Millcombe - September 2008 - they share the flyer for the "Quarries" publication. And do send any interesting information - take Andrew

Cleave as your model, he has provided you (via this Newsletter) with news about the Adders Tongue Fern, *Ophioglossum Azoricum*, doing well in Middle Park - for me more exciting than the highly-thought-of Royal Fern, *Osmunda Regalis*, though I'm glad to see that that's doing very well, too. And has anyone any views on the possibility that the Earthquakes might be the product of a tsunami? There is an earthquake epicentre/fault (if I have the terms correctly) North & East of the Island, which produced an earth tremor several years ago - 3 on the Richter Scale, if I remember correctly. The exceptional rise-&-fall of the tides affecting the Island (& the Bristol Channel?) are mentioned as making the Lundy Yacht Race a really testing competition (p29). One wonders if the new Wind Farm (p30) sited not far from this fault (as far as one can see from the available information) will be affected by this tidal condition also. And might the wave that swept over the Capstone in Ilfracombe (1906, I think) also have been a tsunami?

Do please remember that ALL info is gratefully received, &, as I keep saying, today's gossip is tomorrow's Archive. AIVB

Did you know that pigs can swim? - from Myrtle Ternstrom

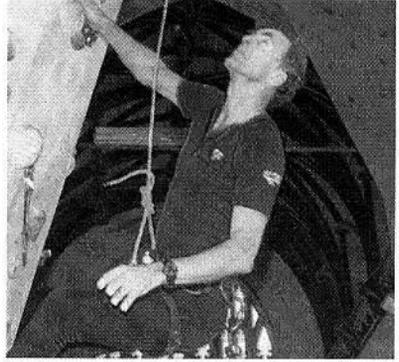
There was a problem when a large and heavy sow and her piglets had to be landed from the *Lerina*. The only way to find out if she could swim was to put her overboard and see what happened. She landed safely on the beach and the piglets followed her in the rowing boat.

from *Western Morning News* 09/12/06

Sir Ranulph Fiennes hopes to raise more than £1 million for Marie Curie Cancer Care in aid of an initiative that will allow terminally ill patients to choose where they die.

Even though he has married for a second time to Louise and is a first-time father to Elizabeth, Sir Ranulph has no intention of slowing down. He said, "I am not philosophical or introverted but I know I would not like to spend a period when I did not do anything."

[Ed's note: A member of the Fiennes family received Thos. Benson's surrender of Lundy to Parliament at the end of the Civil War.]



Sir Ranulph Fiennes in training for his ascent of the north face of the Eiger

from *North Devon Gazette* 06/12/2006

He's handsome and youthful and as Lundy Island's newest inhabitant, has a bright future ahead of him!

Meet Chandaem Rhythm 'n' Blues, aka George, the nine-month-old Connemara stallion who has joined a harem of 13 Lundy pony mares to become the first stallion on the island for six years.

"George is a strawberry bay roan, full blood Connemara with a very high standard of pedigree, and I am sure he will be a great asset to the island," said his breeder Ann Gibbs of Tiverton who said she was pleased for him to come to Lundy.



Chandaem Rhythm 'n' Blues, aka George

Lundy's pony sponsorship administrator Janice Symons said that George had settled in very well on Lundy and had already made good friends with two of the ponies, Hannah and Charlotte-Louise.

"He has a spirited nature and although we had a few worries about him getting bored in the horsebox on his journey to Lundy on MS Oldenburg, he settled himself down and slept through the whole experience," Janice told the Gazette.

The Lundy ponies - New Forest mares - were first introduced in 1928 by the then owner Martin Coles Harman.

Since then many different stallions have been brought in including New Forest, Welsh and Connemara - to enable the Lundy Pony type to evolve.

Lundy Farmer, Kevin Welsh, added: "it's been a long time since we had a stallion on the island and we are hoping that George will sire a whole new generation of Lundy ponies for the future."

The Lundy Ponies have their own 'fan club' with a sponsorship database of about 120. The club was set up on 1992 to help with any extra winter feed, farriers and vets' fees. [Ed's note: Two mares are in foal.]

Report by Nicola Saunders, Lundy Warden.

from North Devon Gazette 21/03/2007

It has been a couple of months and much has happened since my last letter in January.

The Fulmars have returned to Lundy and the best place to spot them at the moment is on Gannets Rock, where at least 60 are perched regularly. Kittiwake numbers are also increasing, and although I haven't seen any on land yet, their numbers out at sea feeding are on the increase and 800 or so were seen in January.

Some Lapwing passed through in January, and 10 were spotted on 25th. We've also had sightings of Jack Snipe, a Great Skua ...

The most exciting January sighting was on 16th, when a Little Auk was spotted in the bay. Little Auk breed in the Arctic and spend the winter in the North



Lundy's unusual February arrival

Atlantic. Devon gets a few sightings each year, usually when they are blown off course in storms.

Razorbills and Guillemots are visiting the nesting cliffs more frequently, but it is still pot luck as to whether you'll see them; some days there will be none at all and then the next you may be lucky enough to see hundreds! In another few weeks both species will settle down for the breeding season and the ledges will be permanently occupied with hundreds of the birds, which will put an end to the suspense and will mark the beginning of the breeding season.

Puffins should also be returning to Lundy shortly, last year the first sighting of the year was on April 7th, so all eyes will be on the look out for the first arrivals of 2007. Snowdrops, daffodils and primroses are in flower, the Lundy Cabbage appears to be doing really well, with new plants springing up all along the Lower East path. This year should be an interesting one for the cabbage and other wild flowers, our rabbit numbers have decreased so drastically over the last year that many plants are thriving and I suspect we are due to have a spectacular year for wild flowers.

We had an unexpected arrival in late February, in the form of a seal pup! A very unusual sight at this time of year, having said that, he (possibly) did incredibly well and grew enormously since he was first seen and by March 13th he'd moulted and had taken to the water. Grant, one of the island staff, has taken some video footage of the pup over the last few weeks and you can see this online at www.myspace.com/lundygrant.



Soay Sheep. This breed or something very like it could have been on the Island with the Gannets Coombe settlement.

With only a few scheduled helicopter flights left, we are gearing up for the summer season; the spring bulbs are in full bloom, our first sailing on MS Oldenburg is on March 24th from Bideford, bringing with it the first day of trippers of 2007 and marking the start of our 'summer season'.

We look forward to seeing some of you on Lundy this summer!

from Sophie Wheatley, Assistant Warden

from North Devon Gazette 09/05/2007

The summer season has started with a bang on Lundy with the first of many MS Oldenburg sailing scheduled from Bideford and Ilfracombe. The glorious weather over the last month has meant the island has been brimming with visitors and we had our first full boat of the season over Easter on the Bank holiday Monday. Easter is always a busy time on Lundy, both for wildlife and island staff. It has been lambing season for the domestic Lundy flock and Kevin the farmer has been working around the clock to make sure that our next generation of Lundy lamb enters the world safe and sound. The lambs are doing really well and have so much energy, already careering around the fields creating havoc for their mums.

Springtime means that the wild Soay sheep on Lundy have also been lambing but, unlike the domestic flock, they don't need any assistance. Often twins, the lambs which are dark brown in colour will remain close to their mothers until they are weaned.

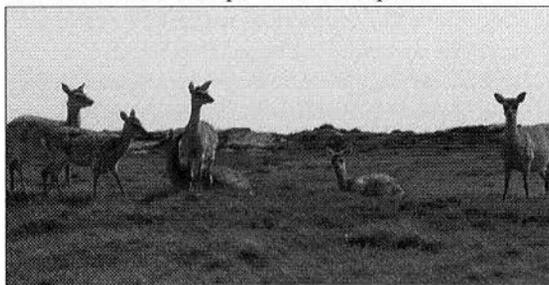
The Lundy Easter egg hunt this year was held on Easter Sunday which was a glorious sunny day. A set of clues led children (and quite a few adults!) around the island collecting eggs as they went and the clues led to a big basket of Easter eggs at the end of the trail. It was a wonderful way to spend Easter morning, collecting chocolate treats!

Lundy looks even more beautiful at this time of year, with many wildflowers in bloom. In Millcombe on the East side of the island, red campion, violets, lesser celandines and native bluebells are just a few of the species which grow in abundance in this sheltered valley.

The Lundy cabbage will soon be in flower towards the end of May and covers the southeast corner of the island in pretty yellow flowers.

The air is filled with the song of skylarks everywhere you walk on Lundy and over the last month we have seen a real increase in the numbers of terrestrial birds on the island, many of which stop over on their passage to the mainland. Willow warblers, swallows, sand martins, wheatears, meadow and rock pipits are all species which can be seen in high numbers on the island at the moment. Some ducklings have hatched and can be seen feeding with the chickens near the staff properties. A few rarities have also been seen. A whooper swan visited us for a couple of weeks, spending a lot of time at Pondsbyry, the largest lake on Lundy, before moving on again. A sub alpine warbler was seen regularly in Millcombe around April 20 and a black-eared wheatear was also spotted in the staff vegetable gardens earlier in the month - all caused a stir of excitement among keen ornithologists on the island.

Finally, you will be pleased to hear that the first Lundy puffins of the year were seen at St Philips Stone on April 5 and we will be monitoring the popula-



*Sika Deer. A late introduction to Island fauna by
Martin Coles Harman*

tion closely and hope to see increases on last year's numbers - watch this space! Other sea birds to look out for which are preparing for the breeding season on Lundy are manx shearwaters, guillemots, razorbills, fulmars, shags, oystercatchers - to name just a few.

from Sophie Wheatley, Assistant Warden

North Devon Gazette 11/07/2007

June was a very exciting month for marine wildlife, with the beginning of the month bringing the first basking shark sightings of the year. We normally don't see these sharks around Lundy until later in the summer. They are common around the UK coastline in the summer, as they feed on the abundance of plankton at this of year.

Pods of common dolphins and bottle nosed dolphins are becoming a regular sight from on board the Oldenburg and are often seen around the island - they look so playful when they leap and breach out of the water, you often wonder if they do it for fun. They move so quickly through the water especially when pursuing mackerel which is a very fast swimmer. There are lots of mackerel around the island at the moment which hopefully means we will see lots of dolphins! Keep a look out on the Oldenburg if you're coming over and let us know if you see anything.

This time of year also brings the SeaWatch Organisation's National Whale and Dolphin Watch week. People from all over the country spend time looking out

to sea and record their cetacean sightings which then get added to a national database of sightings. On Lundy we have held a special event spending the day looking out to sea. One in particular was a day that I won't forget.

On the morning of June 23, the whale and dolphin watch started up at the Castle - a great viewing platform as you get a wide angle of the east coast and the waters around the south of the island and can see for miles! Fine weather and perfect sea conditions for cetacean watching attracted a small but keen crowd and we began our cetacean watch with binoculars and telescopes trained out to sea.

The sea was flat calm which makes sighting fins breaking the surface of the water much easier, and before long James Leonard, a regular visitor to Lundy and an experienced cetacean spotter, was the first to see a porpoise - this spurred us on greatly in our search for other marine life.

A few hours passed and the weather and sea conditions started to deteriorate to the point where we had to abandon the watch - so we headed back to the Tavern. When the weather cleared we resumed our watch with a number of staff from the veranda at the back of the Tavern and spent time watching a frenzy of gannets diving and thousands of Manx shearwater feeding about half a mile out to sea.

While watching this already spectacular sight, a dark shape was sighted in the water right in the middle of the mass of feeding seabirds by Nicola Saunders, the warden. With two telescopes and five pairs of binoculars trained in anticipation on this dark figure, our expectations were exceeded when an enormous whale surfaced a few minutes later, breaking the water with its huge back and dorsal fin clearly in view.

It was my first ever sighting of a whale on Lundy! The whale was a baleen whale which is characteristically long and slim in shape, with a long back and



A puffin chick was spotted at St Philip's stone, by Nicola Saunders, the Lundy Warden, (at what we call Burrow E) at 6:30am on 13th July. It was then seen again on 15th by Nicola, Sophie and Grant, and a day or so later Grant managed to get some video footage of it; this picture is a still taken from Grant's footage.

small dorsal fin - at present we think it could have been a minke whale, which is fairly common to the water of the UK. The whale remained around the island feeding for over two hours, a truly wonderful creature that will definitely go down as the best sighting for whale and dolphin watch week on Lundy.

On a slightly smaller scale, June 28 was a momentous occasion for the yellow horned poppy which came into

flower on this day: this might not sound terribly exciting but for a plant which only flowers for one day of the year its quite a special day.

We came to know about this flower during a recent visit from a botanist who came to Lundy to survey the endemic Lundy cabbage and who spotted it while walking down the beach road - it is the first ever record of the plant on the island and is yet another rare and protected plant to add to the island's list. The yellow horned poppy is a coastal flowering plant which produces a beautiful yellow flower lasting for just one day. Growing in the most inhospitable of places, at the bottom of the slate cliff at the jetty next to the road, it has miraculously survived the past six months of road works and thousands of people walking past it, unaware of its significance.

On the seabird side of things, the Lundy puffins are doing well. Continued dawn patrols have seen a number of individuals returning to their burrows with sandeels in their bills - a good indicator that they are raising chicks and very encouraging news.

The Lundy Open Golf Championship August 1980

(Unrefined Coarse Golf) Lundy Ancient and Necropolistic Golf Course
by Jenny Langham from Newsletter No 1 (1981)

A lovely summers day in August. The sun beating down on deserted beaches on a small island in the Bristol Channel, while most of the inhabitants had chosen to gether on a small patch of green on top of the island, flatteringly called 'the golf course'. Thus the first Lundy Open for fifty years began.

Out of the 32 competitors only five had ever played before, a few discovered themselves to be quite able beginners, but the majority definitely belonged to the class of novices, while a few surpassed even this height of depth and epitomised that class of player who could only fairly be called 'sub-novices'.

With only one club (or 'bat' as the sub-novice would have it), between four, the essential factors of the tournament had to be friendliness and patience; especially when one's opponents spent 15 minutes hanging by their toenails over the cliffs on the West Side, poking down rabbit holes to find a ball.

Golf is not a skill quickly picked up - this was made somewhat more than apparent when we (the second group to tee-off, or 'kick off' to use the sub-novice term) were overtaken by everyone else on the course by the third hole.

Injuries, however, were few - the only minor incidents not leaving anyone mortally wounded, although there was a cleverly disguised attempt by one of the players to murder his youngest daughter by an adroit shot straight at the heart from 50 yards. Another player managed to cover himself and his fiance in large amounts of cowpat while trying to extricate a ball.

Praise must be extended to those members of the hotel staff who turned up in plus fours, with golf trolley and golfing umbrella, and also of course to the winners, one of whom heroically struggled round the course having dropped his all-important, life-giving cigarettes.

Cheating? I hear you ask.



*The Oldenburg
and open plan
jetty, new in
2002*

*1st of 4 pics on
Lundy
Transport.
From Mary
Gillham's
'Lundy'
(1)*

Not in the least ... although an interesting note was struck by one member's attempt to use the club as a snooker cue to tap the ball to the stone; several members moving the ball out of a clump of reeds who decided the nearest suitable point to take the next shot was actually 15 yards nearer the green; ... the several players who (accidentally of course) omitted to play a couple of holes ...

Four Answers to the question, "and what do you do on Lundy?"

(1) Nick and Friends Do Lundy

www.anotherurl.co/travel/Lundy/journal.asp

7 adults and 2 children on an island on a week's holiday in May/June 2000. It's a challenge to call this a travelogue. As soon as you get to the island, what's there to see? A handful of renovated cottages, a church, a pub, sheep, goats, deer, rabbits, chickens, pigs, cats, seagulls, seals, ponies, caves, cliffs, ruins ...

For the boys, Jack, 11, Tobias, 13, this was going to be traumatic. No computer games, no television. Would they be climbing out of their skulls by day three? For Andrew and I - there's no Chinese or Indian restaurants - would we survive?

Friday 26th May: Getting everybody together: The problem with adults is they all want to do their own thing. Kids are reasonably easy to manipulate; they can be overtly bribed or shouted at. Any sulks evaporate quickly. With adults, well, we compromise.

Today is a Friday before a Bank Holiday weekend. Aiming for an early start I squawk parrot-like, "Let's get down there early, and enjoy the delights of Ilfracombe without rushing." (Buffoon.)

Bernie arrives from Cambridge, complete with the children at 13.00. (OK, we can still make it in daylight - easy.) Laura arrives with son, Barry, at 13.30. (OK, still make; it's still light at 22.00.) We all end up in the local pub for lunch, but we stay far too long. (Food and chat was good, why get 'aggy?') So yes, I'm respon-

sible for being late too! We leave at 16.00. (The hotel at Ilfracombe has a night porter - we let them know we'll be late.)

Journey - on a Bank Holiday Weekend! A34, via Oxford, M4, M5 jct25 to collect Andrew from Taunton. Arrrgh tail backs. 3 miles at 5mph on A34 and an hour of stop-start on the M5! Andrew phones, demanding to be picked up at 20.30 at Taunton Station. Bernie and Laura get there a mere 20 minutes late.

Ilfracombe isn't far. Er, yes it is. Over 50 miles! We split. I go the proscribed fast way via Jcn 27 (longer, but with dual carriageway). The others take the direct scenic route via the Exmoor National Park. Petrol Stations close early in North Devon.

We finally meet at the hotel at 23.00 - relieved and amazed - for the last few miles our cars had been running on empty - not very relaxing!

Jenny flew in from Peru, to be collected by Nina and Jennifer at Heathrow at 18.00. The plane arrived on time, but the M25 crush got them. Jenny was collected at 21.00, and they finally made it by 02.00 Saturday morning.

Imperial Hotel, Ilfracombe: The hotel is entirely adequate and cheap. Ideal for our stopover. It's a large rambling building, geared up for coach parties and the blue rinse brigade.

Night Life in Ilfracombe: Friday Night at 23.30 in Ilfracombe consists of a kebab shop - we couldn't find any other places still open.

Saturday 27th May. The Ferry to Lundy: After meeting and greeting each other at breakfast we head for the docks, well, quayside wall. This means some faffing. Luggage has to be brought down to the docks, and cars returned to the hotel car park road. (Nina gets a ticket!)

We slip the quay at 10.30. "... going to be Moderate to Rough," the First Officer firmly announces. Laura and Jennifer join me on top - preferring my company and the salt spray to that downstairs. When the boat travels to the lee of the island the calmer water makes everyone feel much better. By the time we've tied up, Jack's telling me how he enjoyed it all. We disembark at 13.00. Dry land is wonderful!

Lundy: The Isle of Lundy is an unusual brick-shaped island surrounded by cliffs on all sides. The only landing place for boats is a man-made harbour: a large section of cliff blasted away on the island's southern tip. [Ed's note: NB see how important (archival) old photographs of the Landing Beach are in dealing with somewhat inaccurate comments.]

The Cliff Walk: There are no roads on Lundy, only rough tracks. No royalties to Mr Macadam here! The accommodation clusters on top of the island, a 1/4 mile walk up 140 metre cliff to get there. (Notice how I'm not quite metric!) A Landrover takes the sick and infirm to the top. (My dig at Laura - she suffers from back pain - so she's happy to take that lift up.)

I watched our luggage being unloaded from the distant Oldenburg onto a tractor and trailer. The Landmark staff are very flexible: they unload at the quay, work behind the bar, and reappear again as cleaning staff. I walk up the cliff on my own, the others go on ahead. The climb was pleasant and peaceful, the only time I was away from the rest of the party during the holiday. The air is fresh - sun intermittently shines from dark clouds - ideal picture-taking weather. A

leisurely walk, swapping lenses on my film camera. (None of that digital rubbish - it's not there yet!).

Lundy has large patches of vivid Rhododendron bushes. They must be a problem for the island management - yes, they are spectacular, but they are also a weed.

The Quarters: Our home for the week is a prefabricated builder's hut named 'The Quarters'. This is warm and comfortable with six single and two double bedrooms. The kitchen and lounge are large. In fact the kitchen is OTT - fitted out for feeding workers in the 1970s refurbishing the original stone buildings.

The major criticism with the Quarters is elephant-footed kids and suspended wooden floors don't go! Really noisy! The location is ideal; we're near the shop and the pub!



Mouse Hole and Trap. This natural phenomenon is close by Queen Mab's Grotto: QMG shows sea level differences over the Millennia.

paddle. The water is clear and cold. This was good - no crowds, no litter.

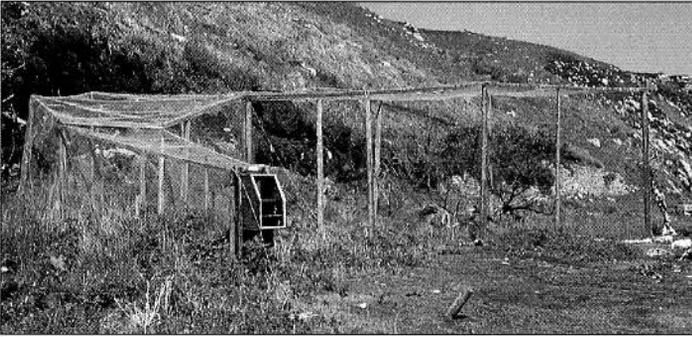
South Lighthouse: Jennifer, Bernie and I explore the South Light house. Fine solid white Admiralty building. The interior is like a Victorian vicarage and school combined - glazed tiles and large skirting boards. The functional light is now a small automatic device on one of the outhouses. Forbidding signs saying 'Keep Out' and 'Private Property'. We acknowledge these. Bernie and I admire the fine array of solar voltaic panels. Free samples from the major manufacturers? Deutsch Aerospace, AEG-Telefunken, and BP Solar.

Monday 29th May. East Coast Amble: The east side of the island is gentler than the abrupt harsh exposed west side. We scramble up to the ruined Quarterwall cottages. The roof's gone, only solid granite walls remain. We shelter in the ruin during a sudden squall. Further along the path is a shelter. This is an old ruinous cottage, with limited repairs. Tin roof and glazed. [Ed's note: the Time Keeper's Hut.] A fireplace exists, so could be a real life-saver if someone was stranded there in winter. I take pictures; my devious plan is to tease my sister, Judith, who has planned to stay on Lundy later this year, this is

Sunday 28th May. A late

Start: It's the beer, or the fresh air. I don't know! I get out of bed at 9.00 - that's late for me. Jenny hides in her bed all day - jetlag.

To the Beach: Nina, Bernie and I test the beach. We walk down back to the harbour where we landed the day before. Although designated a recreational beach, it's not. Lots of rock pools and stones to skim into the sea, but no sand, no amusement arcades. Nina and I put on our knotted handkerchiefs and go for a



*Heligoland Bird
Trap:
An essential aid
to primary
ecological
research*

her place for the week. This is a typical Landmark Property. I'll show her pictures of the damp floor and benches. (Laura astutely comments that Judith would be quite happy here also.)

We come across a peculiar bird trap - used for monitoring the bird population we guess. There's a large open wire-netting funnel one end, with a small wooden box the other to grab the wretched trapped bird. There's a window set in the box, with apertures for gloves. What kind of deviancy do these landmarkees get up to? [Ed's note: Perhaps an informative notice somewhere would be a help.]

Boat Trip: An enterprising Welslunan and his mate offer trips around the island for £8.50 a head. Bernie, Jennifer, Laura, Andrew, Tobias and I go for the 15.30 trip. We pair off. I walk with Tobias down the cliff. We spy round the outside of Millcombe House (12 people). Potential to rent for another trip.

We sail on the Jessica Hettie up the east (lee) side of the island, the boat slicing through the waves. Memories of the Oldenburg ferry come back, but we were toughened by now. The boat stops near an inlet. A family of seals is inquisitive - 6 black faces bobbing up and looking at us.

The boatman asks how sturdy we are: "Are we OK? Turn around?"
"No, keep going!"

The tide is slack at the North End, the water a curious flat calm.

Lundy is a tor - a pillar of granite surrounded by the Bristol Channel. There are two small beaches, the rest of the coast is towering cliff. The Devil's Slide is spectacular. This is Lundy's most popular climb: a 400ft (120m) slab climb and a true classic.

An hour after we start we're back at the harbour. The weather has been ideal - lots of sun - we get burnt!

Tuesday 30th May, North of the Island: We plan an epic walk of six miles round trip of the north of the island. We kit ourselves with sandwiches, biscuits, Pringles, chocolates, from the pub.

Laura and Andrew make their way up the middle of the island - an easier path. They befriend the island ponies on the way, but the beasts stampeade when a helicopter flies overhead.

Bernie, Jennifer, Jack and I follow the east coast route. We pass the Old Hospital looking for a secluded beach - Jennifer has plans for a 'nudey' swim - fortunately the water's too cold and the beach rocky.

I watch the others explore the beach from the vantage point by a Rhododendron tunnel. Jack examines rock pools - totally unaware of a seal watching him a few yards out - head bobbing. Jack, who sees everything, was out-smarted this time. We climb up the cliff and head for the central track to the north of the Island. Meeting up with Laura and Andrew, we devour our sandwiches. We sit near the edge of the cliffs overlooking the lighthouse. Jack and I scour the rocks for treasures.

The South Wales Pembrokeshire coast is clear - we see distant towers and cranes. We guess these are probably Milford Haven docks, 35 miles away.

Jennifer and Laura bask in the sun - staying put while the rest of us explore. Andrew and Jack climb down to the beach and are greeted by six seals in the water, only ten feet out. Bernie and I explore the lighthouse; similarly decorated with 'keep out' signs and solar panels as its southerly twin. The weather really is very pleasant and sunny.

Radios: Jenny, Bernie and I play radios. Jenny and Bernie are 'class A' radio amateurs. We attempt to get a station running on 80m. We're not planning on this being a DXpedition or anything serious, just a shout to friends back home. There is an ideal site in a field behind the Quarters. There's a 4m square concrete plinth with earth stake. Very useful. (The plinth was originally used for a wind turbine installed in 1982, but since removed.) A kite is flown, pulling a long wire. This looks splendid. But tuning the aerial fails. Duff ATU? 'Try Top Band - No match.

As a mere 'class B' I suggest using a useful book on growing tomato plants. "There's a copy in the Quarters bookcase." OK. Cut the length of aerial wire to form a simple quarter wave on 28 MHz. Now this should be dead easy. No.

50 Ohm dummy load - fine - lots of power. What can be wrong? Give up. Get more beer! Complete abject failure! 60 radio amateur man years of experience. Probably the simplest component to design, a short wave aerial, and we fail. The moral: Preparation!

Sunset: Round off the evening by watching the sunset over the Atlantic (21.14), then beer in the pub.

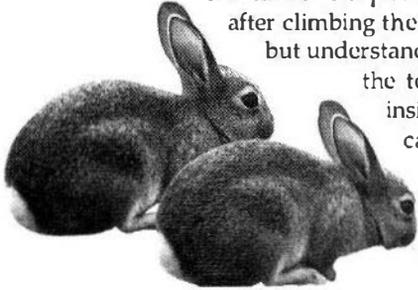
Telescope: Astronomic twilight is all night long at this time of year at this latitude - the clear black moonless, starry sky was littered with satellites. I dismissed flashing trails as aircraft navigation lights - until Bernie corrected me: these were spinning satellites. Their rotating solar panels reflected sunlight back. The flash really was a sinusoid.

We unpacked Jenny's 8 inch Celestron reflector and set it up outside. There was just an incredible number of stars! The finderscope was not fitted, so setting the polar alignment accurately was not easy. We'd leave that for another night when we would be clear-headed and sober. Tough. This was to be our last cloudless night!

Wednesday 31st May. Animals: We caution Jack about 'Mixy' bunnies. Apparently there is myxomatosis on the island. We don't want him nursing sick bunnies. Our teaching has some effect. He makes friends with a pet lamb. He names it 'Eyam' after the plague village in Derbyshire. On the way to the pub

there's a field with a couple of inquisitive Vietnamese Potbellied Pigs. They totally ignore my offer of cabbage and other kitchen scraps. See if I care!

Old Lighthouse: Jack and I walk up the west side of the island. Entry to the top of the (lighthouse) tower is by an internal cavernous spiral staircase. Jack has no problem with heights. He stares down through a hole in the floor; that really scares me! I explain my unease with heights, and wimp out after climbing the first floor. Jack thinks I'm being stupid, but understands. His only concern is being left alone at the top, the door locked with him trapped inside. Laura and Andrew climb the staircase with no qualms. He says the scariest bit is the steep bit before the first floor: I passed that bit, I should have carried on! The Old Light was made redundant soon after completion. Its light was too high and was often in cloud. New lights were built at either end of the island, lower down.



Rabbits: Who would have thought these would become rarities? Lundy was a Royal Warren in the 1340s

The Old Battery: The Old Battery

is a roofless ruin. 2 rusting cannons remain. They used to be fired every 5 minutes in fog. I'm amazed what the 11 year old can spot: Egg cases, shells, incredibly small flowering plants on bare rock. He gets really keen to get to nesting gulls on the cliffs! I have to say no! Jack and I return, and the rain sets in. That's the end of our good weather for the holiday. Thank God for Game Boys!

Drama! While Jack and I were meandering around the lighthouse and battery, there was a more gripping drama happening at the North end of the Island.

Nina, Jennifer, Jenny and Tobias had trekked to the North Lighthouse, where the rest of us had been yesterday. Nina, Jenny and Tobias were keen to swim; they had their togs and towels. Bernie, a keen runner, kitted himself out in shorts and joined them a short time later. The seawater was cold. Tobias tested the water and said "No way" and stayed out. Jenny half entered carefully, though cautiously. She retreated, "So cold." Nina dived in, and was playing and swimming with the seals. Bernie, not into swimming, was looking on, basking in the sun. He was lying on a large flat rock near the lighthouse jetty. Jenny was hovering nearby - should she dive in too? A large wave surged over the rock, and that was it: Bernie had been swept off. He was out of his depth, struggling to get back on the rock. Without hesitation, Jenny dived to Bernie's rescue. Seconds later he had been propelled back on the rock. No real damage. Both Bernie and Jenny grazed their knees. "Those bloody rocks are bloody sharp, covered in bloody barnacles!" What a little heroine Jenny is.

Thursday 1st June. A quiet lazy day: Too wet to be adventurous. The pub provides all. Jack and I criticise each other's cooking skills. His scrambled eggs would be better without the shells, my porridge without being flooded in cold milk. Andrew and I read and discuss the book *Extreme Programming Explained: Embrace Change*. Yet another answer to the nightmare of software development and delivery. Tobias and I teach Jack the rules of Rummy. Jack will be a mean

player when he's older. (Not just playing Rummy!) Tobias attempts to practice WWF wrestling moves on me. I use the word 'attempts'.

The Pub - the Marisco Tavern: The Beer is actually brewed off the island, even though it boasts the Lundy name. Some personal scoring on the beer: Experience 7/10. Smooth 4/10. Old Light 8/10 - my favourite. The food is OK, but they really need a gourmet chef. We think Landmark could easily afford it. A comfortable pub to relax in. Cliff, the landlord, does a good job. Next time we'll get some official looking 'reserved' labels printed: our favourite table was sometimes occupied by others! (Balcony, near window.)

Scruples: We all play the card game Scruples till late into the night. Bernie is perturbed at the ease with which we all lie and deceive each other.

Friday 2nd June. Wet: Jack and I venture out to a small pond - a flooded quarry on the east cliff [Ed's note: West Cliff, unless he means the Quarry Pond?] called the 'Rocket Pole Pond'. Armed with bread, we entice the fish. They are really stupid; very easy to catch by hand. Jack's dilemma, whether to hold on to and examine the fish, watching the gills gasping or release it. A few second later, splash. Freedom. We leave. No dead bodies were left floating on top. Jack will work with animals when he's older - either as a vet or in an abattoir.

Lies: The Landmark holiday guide [Ed's note: which guide was used?] has a few features that need correcting: Waterfalls: These are open drains running down the cliffs. You can hear the water gurgling under the bracken, but not the foss you get in Norway! Puffins: "Over 60 breeding pairs exist," says the guide. There are no puffins. Only stuffed, embroidered, printed on stamps, or blow up puffins exist. This bird is entirely extinct. The last one was shot in 1922 and was stuffed and mounted. This is on display over the entrance door inside the pub.

Bernie's 40-something Birthday: The pub cooks us a (soggy) cherry birthday cake. (Personally I like soggy cake - the others don't.) Icing and a solitary candle complete the effect.

Back at the Quarters, Jenny cooks for us veggie burgers and mash - very nice! Jack rounds off the day singing "Children; Children; Future; Future; we are the future yea yea yea," or some such ditty. After a few hours of his incessant singing we send him up the road to get someone else to shut him up.

Saturday 3rd June. Eviction: An early start - an 8.00 breakfast in the pub. Jack says goodbye to Eyam, and we're out of the Quarters at 10.00. The cleaning staff are waiting to get in. All our luggage is collected - we don't have to worry



Brazen Ward: Greville's Tudor fortification.

about it. We have to keep ourselves occupied until 15.30, when we are due to board the Oldebburg. The weather is a damp penetrating mist. We bagged a big table in the pub, and ate, and drunk. The drivers stayed dry for the drive later in the day. This is interspersed with short damp forays to the castle, church and shop.

We squared up our tabs with the pub and shop - a lot cheaper than we imagined. Jenny, Bernic and I leave for the harbour early, planning to have one last look at the south lighthouse. Down the cliff, the harbour is brighter and warmer - even sunny! We leave the mist on top as low cloud. A last chance to explore caves and stare at seals.

We board at 16.00 and sail at 16.30. The sea is calm, and we arrive at Bideford at 18.15. We play a game of "how many people are there on the boat." Jack and Tobias walk round counting people. Jenny counts people walking down the gangway when we dock. I ask the first officer for an official answer: "201 and a horse." I win.

Bideford: There are extra delays here - we have arrived at the "other" port, not Ilfracombe where we had parked our cars. We're not too sure why the ferry uses different ports, is it the tides?

Bye: A coach gets us back to Ilfracombe for 19.30. we collect cars, and hug as our party splits. Andrew, Laura and I head for Milton Keynes, whilst the others head straight to Cambridge.

Tiverton: We tried looking for inspirational restaurants in Barnstaple. We failed. The next town was Tiverton. Here we find a splendid Chinese - the Golden Panda, 18 Newport Street - almost Peking standard. Busy but good food.

Conclusion: We all enjoyed the break - and we each promise to return. The boys survived their week with no television. They enjoyed the experience.

Criticisms: Food at the pub could have been more adventurous. Entirely adequate for campers and day-trippers, but residents hiring some of the more expensive properties could easily stump up the cash for a more varied menu.

Praise: All the Lundy (Landmark) staff are very friendly.

(2) from Peter Mackay (Ridgmount Gardens, London WC1E 7AX pmackcb@hotmail.com)

"Let's all go to Lundy!" cried Cap'n Glen. Omnes, "ooh, yes let's!"

That was the easy part. Next came the logistics - drawing up a shopping list to cater for all tastes and allergies, and one that would ensure a sufficient (but not excessive) supply of wine.

Eventually, we gathered at Bideford and this motley crew embarked the motorship Oldenburg: eleven characters from Tunbridge Wells and London, intent on finding some peace, quiet, reading time, writing time and at least one cocktail party.

Several were worried about the crossing and had come with pills and stratagems for warding off seasickness; most had come prepared for cold weather, wind and rain. Instead the sea, this glorious Easter Saturday, 2007, was as smooth as silk, the ferry rolling only slightly with the movement of a full complement to the buffet and back.

"The road will only be open for 45 minutes," it was announced just before we berthed on Lundy, "on account of ongoing work." And so we disembarked and plodded up the track, unsure exactly of where we were going. It was only on passing the works in progress that it became apparent that this track was indeed the 'road' that had been spoken of.

Approaching Millcombe House, our home for the week, we thought we had been transported by magic to a Greek island, the sea so blue it looked more like



*Ex-ice breaker, Polar Bear, 1976.
From Mary Gillham's 'Lundy' (2)*

the Mediterranean than the Bristol Channel.

But first there was the visit to the office, then a wait in the tavern until the office opened. Four pints of Lundy ale and seven halves of cider set the tone for the rest of the week. And a visit to the shop to stock up on unexpected necessities: sun block, after-sun cream, sun hats, beer ... Then back to Millcombe House for the allocation of bedrooms, a

process that was surprisingly easy since each is so well proportioned and fitted out. We rushed to put our deckchairs on the lawn in front of the house and began the serious work of getting through the wine we had ordered, marvelling the while at the glorious view down to the water and our great fortune at catching such good weather in early April.

The unseasonable weather persisted to our amazement and joy right through the week, so hiding from the expected winds in the tavern was not necessary. But it also made it uncomfortable to walk for too long, there being very little shade to be found across most of the island.

As none of us had a particular interest in or knowledge of the flora of Lundy, nor its famed birdlife, our walks tended towards "there and back to see how far it is" - which revealed how badly named is the Threequarter Wall (the path from there to North Lighthouse surely being just as far as from the beach to the Halfway Wall).

These strolls revealed two noticeable features of the management of Lundy: firstly, there is a cheerfully laissez-faire attitude to safety which can no longer be found on the mainland. Responsibility for personal safety is placed full square on the individual - which is surely how it should be. Cliffs go unfenced, bogs go unmarked, treacherous paths lead nowhere. Nor is there any signpost to point the way home - only one, indicating 'Shop', stuck in the ground 50 feet away from the shop. Secondly, there is a delicate and well-managed balance between the various activities on the island; the farm, the serious research and the visitors. The relatively few buildings are kept in excellent condition, the paths and gates

well kept, so that each person, whether resident, researcher or visitor, can enjoy Lundy to the full without (apparently) inconveniencing any other.

We know that as visitors for a week we are merely passing through, although we quickly became territorial on boat days when 250 day-trippers were approaching Millcombe House up 'the road', threatening the seclusion of 'our' island - or at least, 'our piece; of Lundy'.

I can see how some come to fall in love with Lundy. It feels remote, yet is easy to get to; it is rugged, but is (mostly) easy to walk; it is desolate in parts yet beautiful everywhere. But it would be hard for me to return after this week - I could hardly dream to have such glorious weather again and, after all, there is little to see or do. But the memories will remain, supported by several gigabytes of digital photographs.

The rest of the party? I'll leave it to them to leave their own thoughts ...

Farewell, farewell to Lundy
It's time to say Goodbye.
The bottles now are empty,
The stores have run quite dry.
Farewell to sun and sea and seals,
Farewell to rock and stone.
It grieves to leave the tuna
(But we cannot lug it home.)
Adieu to cocktails on the lawn
And evenings of Kaluki;
Adieu to splendid Millcombe House
(Though some would call it spooky.)
It's ta-ta to the Tavern now -
Be still, you walking boots,
But Lordy, we were happy here
Happy, they say, as newts.

Jo Marks

... Well, that was the only contribution. The rest of the party all said, "you've captured the week completely - we don't have anything to add." Lazy buggers.

I'm sure we've all learned something. Being out-and-out townies of course, we certainly haven't seen Lundy in quite the same way as the properly booted individuals we've seen yomping around with serious binoculars or telephoto lenses. Those who return time and again must also have their favourite spots; nooks and crannies that we haven't found yet.

But we've made friends with the chickens in the Tavern garden and the robin that visited us on the lawn; we've learned to differentiate between the little brown birds and the big black birds. We've seen seals and ponies, deer and wild sheep, goats on the cliffs and some shaggy things that might have been sheep or goats but we weren't sure. Not a chuffin' puffin in sight, mind. We've also seen some changes in the flora over the space of this week - primroses bursting out all over, the hawthorn [Ed's note: ??] blossom sprinkling the hillsides, the delicate

alpines in the more exposed areas, strange spongy mosses carpeting the granite.

We have also wondered at the monomaniacal ambition of the Revd Hudson Grossett Heaven, while at the same time giving thanks to his father's vision in setting up his villa in such a sainted spot.

And thanks also to the National Trust, Landmark Trust and LFS for keeping this idyll so well in balance, and for allowing us the space and time to unwind from the quotidian cares of the business world.

(3) LFS Conservation Working Party

Claire Walker (from the Barn Logbook)

Members: Dave Preece, Tony Cutler, Richard Viner, Mike Fry, Trevor Dobie, Keith Dobie, Kieran Dobie (he left us in the middle of the week), Claire Walker (my first one!)

I have been roped into writing this logbook because I am the only girl! This is my first time of coming on a conservation holiday to Lundy Island and I'm the youngest one here, at sixteen. I decided to do this because you need people to conserve the wildlife and Lundy is a perfect place to start. This is my seventh time here, the other six with my parents on holiday. It is certainly a different experience, I go to sleep at about eight!

We all arrived on Saturday with surprisingly calm seas until we hit Lundy. The boat was then all over the place and we were not sure that the day trippers would get back. Got to the Barn and sorted our dorm arrangements. I got four beds by the window upstairs. Once we had sorted our cooking rota we went for a wander on the East Side - stayed in the Ugly for a bit. This was one of the days



*A Working Party, 1947. Photo by A J Dennis
Stan Ball, Dr Wile, Margaret Spinks, (unknown), Bob Britton, Mrs Spinks, Gerald Smith.
Does anyone recognise the unknown?*

when we didn't have to work and we used this to our advantage. After a gorgeous dinner we went to the Tavern for a drink and saw all the staff there for the first time. I was told I was going to need ear plugs, but we shut the door and slept soundly.

Sunday was our first day of work and it was so different to coming over for a holiday. We walked down the East Side and found ourselves surrounded by rhodies - and this was our task. Supposedly there was a chipper to make our task easier, but it couldn't get transported down there so we had saws and loppers and set to work. We cut branches down and piled them up in a line. These would be burnt at another date. Break at eleven and lunch at half one - watched the sea birds (shags and gannets) - saw a pied flycatcher - came back for tea.

Monday we did rhodies again, but the weather was terrible! Found myself a 'tree cave' to hide under. In the end we had to down tools and scramble up the hill on all fours. The afternoon was spent trying to warm up - and whatever anyone says the shower is good! It was mine and Trevor's turn to cook - the parsnips were impossible to eat!

Tuesday we altered the jobs and found ourselves clearing the beach of items and found a watch from three years ago. The weather wasn't particularly pretty. Watched the boat come in. The seals were being really curious. Wandered along the stones to the beach and stopped in the middle. Found a pair of Tussock Moth caterpillars. Came back for lunch and were given bags to pull up rhodie seedlings from Quarter Wall to Tibbets on the East Side. The ones that couldn't be pulled up had big poles placed by them. We did a big sweep and then came back for dinner. Saw lots of Soay sheep and a very tame Sika doe.

Wednesday was our day off so we got to do whatever we wanted. Michael and I wandered along the east side and scrambled down the north side to look for seals - I felt like a mountain goat, but we didn't see any. Had lunch while watching the shags and gannets. Walked back up and took the main road back to the Barn. Saw a tall ship coming over from Wales. In the evening went to hear the talk with Nicola in the Tavern - very interesting. Came back for 'fish' pie and crumble.

Thursday we split up into two separate groups, one was dry stone walling and the other pulling rhodie seedlings. I walked along the East Side with a bag and pulled up rhodies, up and down the cliff. Back for lunch via the very steep steps at Millcombe.

In the afternoon we were back bashing rhodies, but we had Chris and a chainsaw this time - a lot quicker! The weather has certainly perked up. We watched a navy boat drop anchor close to the Island. Dinner was gorgeous beef casserole.

Friday was our final working day and I was really upset. We have been frantically looking for this famous Osprey. Last time rhodie bashing and we finished the section that needed doing. I wandered around with a big paint pot to kill the stumps. Saw a few Brent geese flying the circles, a pair of robins and swallows. Really tiring work, but I'm going to miss it here.

I will definitely be back with the LFS next year and watch out, I'll be doing independent volunteering too! It was an amazing experience - I've decided to do a PhD in rhodie bashing.

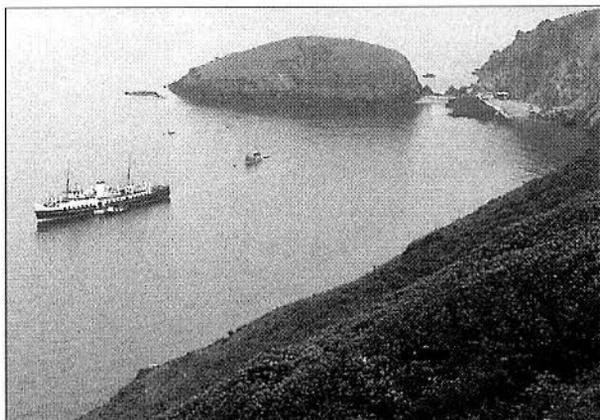
(4) Ceaseless Vigil (my lonely years in the lighthouse service)

W J Lewis BEM pub. George Harrap & Co Ltd.

Trawled by Peter Rothwell from John Dyke's collection.

... Swift shocks, momentary frights and a quickening of the pulse are common in lighthouses. Very often a large sea-bird crashes into the lantern glazing blinded and maddened by the beams of light. The loud crash shudders through the tower like the report from a gun, and the bird is often found dazed on the gallery floor, although usually it eventually recovers and flies away with the dawn. Sometimes, however, the bird is killed instantly or is so badly stunned that it never recovers - a tragic end.

The Principal Keeper of the North Lundy Lighthouse told me many years ago of what happened once to one of his keepers. North Lundy has a very small tower so that the roofs of the dwellings and the kitchen window is not much above the courtyard flags. A person could therefore easily look in to the kitchen. One night when a gale was driving squalls of snow and spray across the station he had gone into the lantern at midnight and relieved his mate who went down to the kitchen to make a cup of cocoa. The wick lamp stood on the table giving a nice bright light to the warm and cosy room. The keeper looked idly out of the window into the blackness watching the distant rays of the revolving light strike the cliff and the light from the kitchen shining on the white wall in front. He sat down at the table and picked up a magazine to glance through while he drank. Suddenly he looked up and saw eyes peering in at the window. He let out a shriek and ran from the room yelling for help. His mate heard him from the lantern and the other who was in bed heard him and both came rushing. When they crossed to the kitchen window they found a Negro lying half dead in the courtyard. He was carried inside and revived and after a while he was able to tell them that his boat had struck the cliffs a short distance from the lighthouse. It was lost with all hands but he had managed to scramble on to a ledge and climb the cliff and so make his way to the lighthouse. As he listened the keeper who had first seen the face slowly recovered the colour in his cheeks!



*The Balmoral lies offshore before the new Jetty.
From Mary Gillham's 'Lundy'. (3)*

Report of enquiry into the loss of the American brigantine, *Heroine*, 450 tons, on 13th December 1882

Trawled by Myrtle Ternstrom

She left Newport with a crew of ten, and was loaded with a cargo of 700 tons of coal.

"In the evening the weather became hazy, and a fresh breeze set in from the east. At that time the master was of opinion that he was abreast of Lundy Island. But the night was too dark and the weather too thick to enable him to see the lights on Lundy. The weather thickened and the course of the vessel was altered to west. The chief officer then took charge of the ship, but he did not know the position of the vessel, except what the master told him. The west course was continued, and as they were fast heading away to the Atlantic no lead was used. About half past 11 o'clock the vessel struck the ground on the east point of Lundy Island. All hands were soon on deck, but it was evident that she had struck something, and a hole was being made in her bottom. She was got off, but when the pumps were sounded 3 feet of water was found in her hold, and notwithstanding the efforts of the crew, the water gained rapidly upon them. The boat was got out, and when it seemed that there was no chance of saving the vessel, the crew took to the boat and landed on the island, and a few minutes afterwards the vessel went down ... there were no lights on this side of the island, and the Board of Trade desired the court to say whether, in their opinion, a light ought to be placed there. The master was of opinion that had there been a light, he must have seen it, and that would at once have told him his position. ... The court were of opinion that the evidence before them was insufficient to enable them to come to a conclusion whether a light on the side of Lundy Island where the vessel was wrecked was necessary or not. They were of opinion that the master was to blame. ... He had hitherto borne an excellent character as the master of a vessel, and has been rewarded for saving life at sea. Under these circumstances, his certificate would only be suspended for three months.

Book Review: "ATVB Lundy" June Lerina Woodward

(pub. Edward Gaskell. £10.99)

from *The Cornish Banner*, Feb 2007. Review by Lois Lamplugh

June Woodward provides a biographical introduction to this collection of letters, the majority written to two friends by her father, Stanley Smith, between 1984 and 1992, the year he died at the age of 78.

ATVB stands for 'all the very best', a phrase with which he sometimes ends his letters, and which was evidently often used as a toast in the bar of Lundy's Marisco Tavern in pre-war years, (one letter ends, 'All the very best. How I wish I could hear Mr Gade's voice calling that.)

(Felix Gade was for many years the resident agent on Lundy, managing the island's affairs on behalf of Martin Coles Harman, who owned it from 1925 until his death in 1954, and afterwards for his son Albion Harman.)

At the age of 17, having left school, Stanley Smith visited the employment office in Neath and was offered a job as 'helper' to Mrs Gade in the island's Manor House Hotel. At the time, like many people even today, possibly, he knew Lundy only as a name in shipping forecasts, but many years later he told his children that 'When Lundy came into sight I was mesmerised and loved it from the moment I first set foot on the beach; to me it was the nearest to Paradise I could ever get.' He seems to have quickly settled in as a useful and popular member of the island's small community.



Audrey & Stanley Smith at their Bideford home, 1988

In 1936 Mrs Gade suggested that he should take an after-Christmas break in his native South Wales to find 'a nice little Welsh girl' to act as governess to her daughter Mary. At a New Year Party he fell in love with a 19 year old girl, Audrey Cannon, who was playing the piano. In due course she arrived on Lundy, and they were married in the island's church of St Helena in 1938. All too soon the

outbreak of war meant that Lundy became a tiny naval outpost, and civilians, apart from the keepers of the two lighthouses, had no place there. Stanley served in the RAOC during the war. After 1949 he and Audrey and their 3 children (all having names associated with Lundy - June Woodward's is the name of the former Lowestoft drifter that served as the island's supply boat for many years) were able to spend summer holidays on Lundy. However, it was 1956 before Albion Harman engaged Stanley to be responsible for all necessary repairs and maintenance work and to look after the Marisco Tavern in the evenings, while Audrey ran the adjoining Stores.

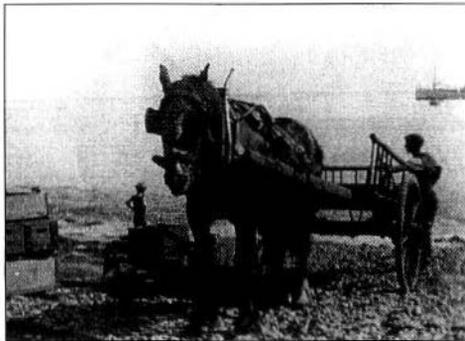
June Woodward says that in her father's later years "not a day passed without Lundy coming into the conversation" and that he "saved every little item, letter and picture connected with the island". He began work on a book about it, but intermittent ill-health and the death of Audrey in 1960 hindered him; after his death, "all his Lundy memorabilia inadvertently fell into the wrong hands, the result being that his Lundy book was never to see the light of day".

His letters are full of nostalgia for the Lundy of his youth, and it seems probable that the years from 1931 to 1939 were the happiest of his life. One can only sympathise with him for being, in effect, twice exiled from the beloved island. However, his name has its place in the annals of Lundy; between the spring of 1957 and the winter 1960-61 he produced six issues of the island's first periodical, the 'Lundy Review'. As it happened, the success of Lundy Villa as a guest house made it impossible to spare the time to continue as editor, and the artist John Dyke, who had made his home on Lundy, took it over and during the next five years, at intervals of four or five months, edited and illustrated fifteen issues of

what he called *'The Illustrated Lundy News and Landmark Journal'*. He paid tribute to its predecessor, the *'Lundy Review'*, observing that it presented an astonishing number of interesting features from writers well known for their close associations with Lundy. (One might wish that the Landmark Trust, which in 1969, when the Harman family sold Lundy to the National Trust, took over its management on a sixty year lease, would publish all the *'Lundy Reviews'* and *'Illustrated Lundy News'* issues in a single volume.)

The tiny granite island of Lundy, just three miles long and some half-mile wide, might be thought to lack the sort of attraction that draws life-long devotees to the Channel Islands or the Isles of Scilly, but for two centuries or so it seems to have been capable of exerting a subtle charm on many people. Yet few can have been more totally enchanted than Stanley Smith.

Copies of "ATVB Lundy" can be obtained from Waterstones, Barnstaple; Walter Henry's Bookshop, Bideford; Ilfracombe Bookshop, Ilfracombe, or direct from the author on 01227 450422.

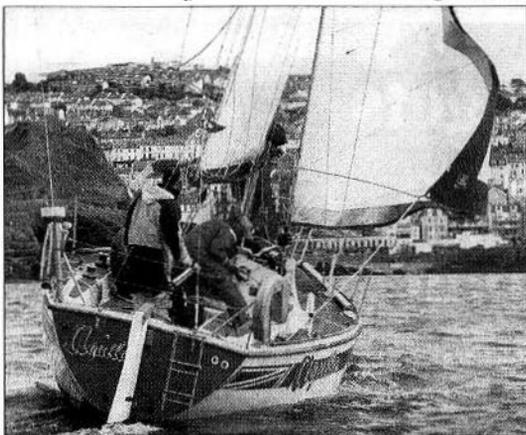


Hauling supplies up Lundy's beach in the 1930s

Lundy Yacht Race

from Western Morning News 02/06/07

The third annual Lundy Yacht Race sets off early this morning in some of the world's most dangerous waters. Covering a distance of up to 46 miles, the crews will set off from Ilfracombe from 7.30 am onwards today.



Aquila, GK29, from Portishead, skippered by Terry Harbour

Ilfracombe Yacht Club commodore and race organiser Dave Turk said: "This is not one of those races where you just sit and steer it is certainly not for the faint-hearted. The waters we will be sailing through have the second largest tidal scope in the world."

In its first year, just 60% of the 48 boats taking part managed to complete the course, which can take anything up to 12 hours.

And with competitors coming from as far away as Bristol, Newport and Cardiff, it is fast attracting the major sponsors, which include the NatWest Bank and St Austell Brewery.

Mr Turk said, "This all started in 2005 with the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. And in the three years it has taken off really well."

The Lundy Yacht Race is now recognised as one of the most challenging races in the sailing calendar.

Offshore Wind Disaster - from Peter Wyatt, Totnes
to *Western Morning News* May 2007

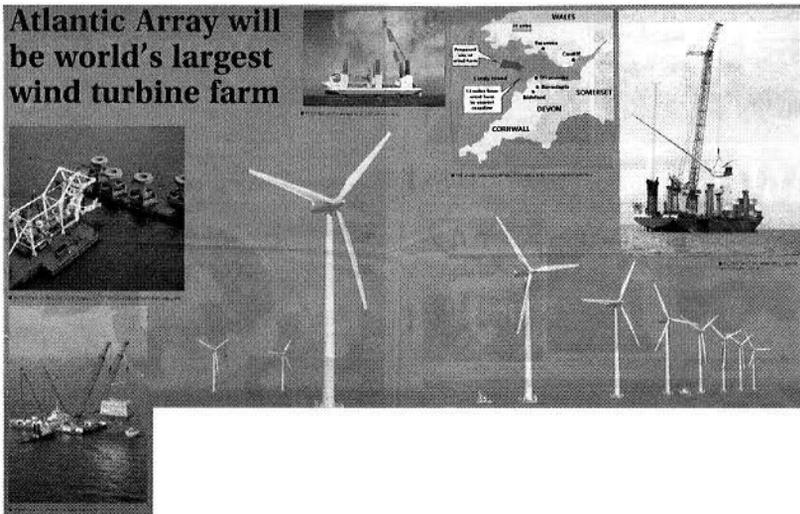
I regard your front page news story of May 18 - that the North Devon coast may soon be the site of "the world's biggest windfarm" to be both a potential financial and environmental disaster.

First, as a retired sea captain, I am familiar with the waters of the Bristol Channel. Tides run strongly and the area chosen is quite deep. To place 350 wind-driven turbines there will be an extremely difficult and very expensive bit of engineering.

And £3 billion as an estimated cost is most probably a gross underestimate. Even if the project comes in on price, three billion is an awful lot of money and can only be found by large government subsidies (taxpayers' money) or vastly increased electricity bills (more taxpayers' money).

Furthermore, we know that the wind is unreliable - we have no say when or how strongly it blows.

Most windfarms are less than 20% efficient - and an offshore windfarm will be no different, which means that we will still require conventional power stations as a back-up.



Of course, fishermen will be far from happy if they cannot fish in a rich fishing ground the size of the Isle of Wight. And bird fanciers will be very concerned, with Lundy so close.

I would suggest that for £3 billion we can build all the nuclear power stations we need. With the advances in nuclear technology we have no reason to fear a Chernobyl-type disaster, our CO₂ targets will be met and we will have less need to import carboniferous fuels from unstable regimes.



Tsunami?

Tsunami?

from North Devon Gazette 25/01/07

January 30th this year sees the 400th anniversary of the worst natural disaster to hit Britain, which devastated parts of North Devon and inundated the coastal lowlands of the Bristol Channel and Severn Estuary.

That was when a huge wave hit the South West, killing 2000 people, either through drowning or from the effects of exposure.

Previously, the massive wall of water was attributed to a storm but

a more recent theory suggests it was, in fact, a tsunami.

That is what Professor Simon Haslett from Bath Spa University and his colleague Dr Ted Bryant from the University of Wollongong in Australia believe following their review of historical accounts.

One pamphlet, entitled *More Strange News* mentions the devastation caused in Appledore where "many houses are overthrown and sunk."

The document records that the immense power of the wave deposited a well-laden 60-ton ship inland.

The two experts suggest that the transport of such a large vessel is reminiscent of similar events associated with known tsunamis.

According to the historical data there are no records of any damage caused by wind, only damage due to the power of the wave.

It is clear that the 1607 flood was a high magnitude event caused by either a hurricane or tsunami.



Earthquakes: Possibly the result of a tsunami?

***Frolica* ... A Regular Visitor to the Island of Lundy**

from Tony Freeman.

Affectionately known as the 'The Flying Banana', *Frolica* is seen in anchorage most weekends.

Frolica is a Fairy Marine Swordsman cabin cruiser registered in Dartmouth. One of only two ever made with a design speed of 28 knots making her journey to the Island from Ilfracombe possible within the hour. Purchased by the Lancaster family in 1972 *Frolica* has been making regular trips to Lundy with either Roy or his son, Rudi at the helm.

Since being bought by the Lancaster family *Frolica* has been seen in many ports including the Channel Islands, Cherbourg, Barfleur, Scillies, St Ives, Padstow, Skoma, Milford Haven, Tenby, Mumbles, Swansea, Porthcawl, Minehead, Porlock and Falmouth to name but a few. However, *Frolica's* main destination over the years has been Lundy. In fact the original Pinto autopilot fitted in 1962 still guides the boat and can be very temperamental when set to any to any other bearing than Lundy on leaving the harbour.

With the island being *Frolica's* main destination over the years its crew have witnessed many of the Island historic moments including the landing of the Queen at Brazen Ward and her leaving to reboard the *Britannia* in Lundy Roads from the Landing beach well before the construction of the new jetty. When the body of Felix Gade, the Island agent for so many years, was taken off the Island *Frolica* was there and its crew still talk about how everything went quiet. Even the birds stopped flying and singing they maintain. In recent years the Cessna plane that crashed and burst into flames in 2003 just missed two of *Frolica's* crew before hitting the ground.

Frolica was the cover boat for the university balloon crossing from Lundy to the mainland and charity 'Iron Man' surf paddle from the Island to Woolacombe by Nick Thorne.

Frolica also helped three nurses and the ear nose and throat consultant, Rillington Young, partake in the charity Dartmoor Prison Escape.

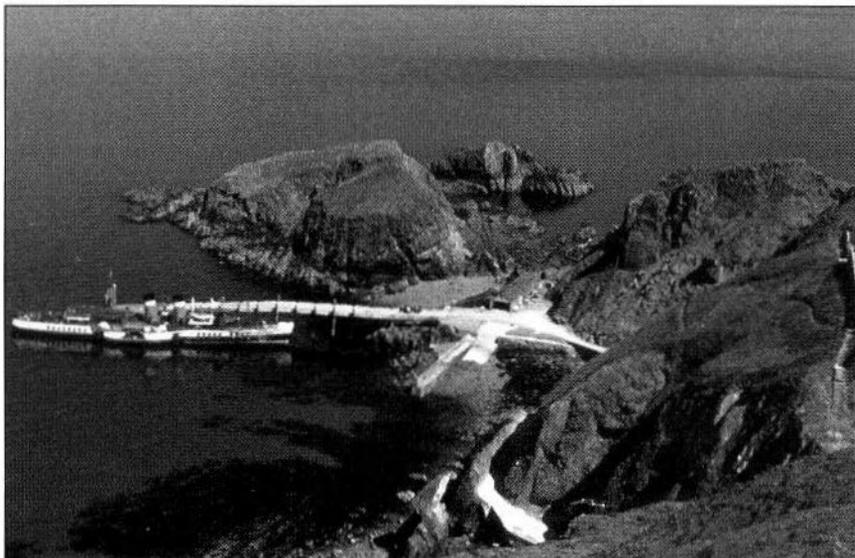
Frolica has been involved in rescues when divers have been in trouble and has given many lifts to people, both to and from the island including two members of the *Polar Bear* crew who were left behind. Kim Howell, the tourist minister with his family were guests aboard *Frolica* when they took a UK holiday in the Westcountry and wanted to visit Lundy.

In June 1988 *Frolica* arrived to find the passenger loading launch unable to load passengers onto the *Waverley* as it had a rope around the prop. Chris Mandry, a regular member of *Frolica's* diving contingent, grabbed his sub aqua equipment and dived overboard into a rough sea to solve the problem. Clearing the prop with difficulty he surfaced to find the *Waverley* had left for a 'Jazz Cruise' booked out of Ilfracombe arranging to collect the Lundy passengers later... about 3am! With an Easterly wind blowing conditions in the anchorage were uncomfortable so *Frolica* moved to Jenny's for the night and after dinner aboard the crew climbed the Pyramid and walked past the sombre faced

Waverley passengers who had been left behind waiting for 3am. Those on the grass bank outside the pub seemed considerably happier and inside there was a party atmosphere with Liza, [Ed's note: Liza Cole, the then warden before Nicola Saunders] on the table, leading the singing into the early hours. *The Waverley* came back to pick up its passengers in the early hours of the morning. She was not seen at Lundy for many years after. Having entered into the spirit of the occasion the return trip to the Pyramid to board *Frolica* was not without incident!

Frolica's crew have always received a warm welcome on Lundy and over the years been invited to many of the Island's parties. One occasion approaching the Islands the Danish flag could be seen flying from the Ugly. Fearful that the Vikings had again invaded, a cautious approach was made only to find that one of the Island's traditions to welcome visiting ships was to fly the national flag. On this occasion the *Mercandia Prince*, a brand new container ship moored in the Roads for three weeks awaiting its first assignment. *Frolica's* crew left the near empty Marisco when the genny was turned off to join the islanders who were partying on the ship. A good time was had by all we were invited back the next day to inspect the whole vessel; an amazing piece of machinery, it even had a cement mixer bolted in the bow area to mix the paint. The crew of the Danish vessel became so friendly with Islanders that there were almost nightly parties aboard leaving a rather depleted Marisco Tavern.

Whilst the Island has much to offer both on land and beneath the sea the journey to the island from Ifracombe also has its attractions. Basking sharks are regular visitors and spectacularly *Frolica* found herself surrounded on one occasion by some 30 sharks when running parallel with the *Oldenburg* to the Island. Having alerted the *Oldenburg*, she could be seen listing as passengers ran from



The Waverley at The Jetty

one side to the other to witness the event. Dolphins and porpoise along with Sun fish are regular sightings but a seal, well out to sea, eating a Ray by throwing it into the air and biting chunks before diving and retrieving it again was a rare occurrence especially as Rays live on the sea floor and the depth was 45 meters. The seals on Lundy are a great attraction however for Stephen, a friend of Rudi's, they have caused a life changing moment. Fishing off the Island Rudi was pulling in a small Pollock when a seal took it off the hook. Stephen's eyes popped out like saucers especially when it happened again a few moments later. He swore he would never swim in the sea and thirty years later he has kept that pledge.

The involvement with the Island and the Lancaster family is now written in the Island history as there is mention of Rudi Lancaster in issue 14 vol. 3 of the *Illustrated Lundy News* when he spent his ninth birthday at the Island. *Frolica's* boat crew never grow tired of diving and visiting the Island albeit the combined age of the six regular crew is 419 years, five are still diving from the 'Flying Banana' that might be in anchorage now.

Frolica (from Brian Watts)

Frolica was built in 1967-68 by Fairy Marine in the Hamble for a Mr Foster; a Fairy Marine Swordsman of hot moulded Plywood construction with a 6ft extension amidships. Her design speed was 28 knots. She was one of two off; 'Point One' of Jersey being the other. Even in 1971 Mr Foster still had clean newspaper under the engines to reveal any minor leak.

Mr Foster decided to move her on after he had got her to perfection. Roy (Lancaster) decided to buy her. After he and Rosemary had a look over the vessel, Rosemary's comment on her return was "She's lovely! She's got pictures on the bulkheads." They are still there in 2007.

Frolica was registered in Dartmouth and known locally as 'The Flying Banana.'

Roy was taking her down the Hamble on sea trials, when he was suddenly surrounded by about 30 10ft sailing dinghies.

"What do I do now?" Roy asked Foster.

"Just keep going, they'll get out of your way." Was his reply.

Frolica was purchased in 1972. A bar keel and Jersey legs were fitted to enable her to 'take the ground' in Ilfracombe Harbour. In 1992 two new engines were fitted, the vessel was rewired and the wheelhouse extended. A replacement bar keel was fitted in 2006, but the larch legs are still in excellent condition.

We arrived late at the shipyard to pick up *Frolica* for the voyage home to 'Combe. She was locked up with the keys in the office; it looked as if we had nowhere to sleep until we found a very small hatch unlocked. Rudi, who was about 6 years old, was just able to squeeze in and unlock a bigger hatch to allow the rest of the crew access. The voyage was uneventful, other than a very big swell running E to W down the English Channel.

Lundy was always the first love Saturday midday leave and Sunday night return for family weekends was the norm; a dive on the lee rocks or The Ratties, after that, a fishing trip in the dinghy or scramble over the rocks with the kids

while the roast was in the oven. After dinner aboard, it would be up to the pub for a homely welcome by all the staff. Launching the dinghy off the beach in the dark after a long day and a few pints, plus a freshening easterly could be very wet and sometimes terrifying.

Memorable times when *Frolica* was at the Island would include The Royal Yacht *Britannia* in the Roads, the Queen landing at Brazen Ward and leaving the Island from the landing beach.

Felix Gade's body leaving the landing beach; everything went still and quiet, even the birds stopped flying and singing.

The poor goat that survived on Gannets' Rock for about 12 months. I found a horned skull when I went diving off Brazen Ward a couple of months after its last sighting!

We covered the University Balloon crossing from Lundy to the mainland

We covered Nick Thorn, Woolacombe's Iron man, as he paddled his surfboard to Woolacombe for a charity stunt.

We smuggled 3 nurses with their hostage ENT consultant Mr Riddington Young to Lundy in the Dartmoor escape game. We had to land at Jenny's as a fresh easterly wind was blowing and then walk to the pub.

We had given many lifts to people to and from Lundy including 2 of the Polar Bear's crew who were left behind. They got home before the Polar Bear. We took the Tourist Minister Kim Howell and family to the island after Tony Blair insisted ministers should take UK holidays after the Foot and Mouth problems.

The Cessna that crashed and burnt out in 2003 missed 2 of *Frolica's* crew by a few yards as it hit the ground.

Nearing Lundy on a flat, calm day we spotted a gannet in trouble. We launched the dinghy and caught it. The poor bird had got its neck, head and beak entangled in about 8ft of badly frayed floating rope. We wrapped the bird in a bath towel and with surgeon-like care and a sharp knife we were able to cut the rope away. The bird was very thin but took off after a struggle.

Approaching Lundy on a glass-like sea we spotted a large black seal eating a huge ray throwing it about and biting chunks out of it. Rays live on the sea floor and there was 45 meters on the sounder.

Approaching Lundy on another flat calm day we came across 6 or 7 basking sharks feeding in the current slick. I radioed to 'Bruncl' who could see about 5 or 7 ½ mile to the north of us. The *Oldenburg* then radioed to say they could see 18 from the bridge ¾ mile south of us.

Over the years *Frolica's* crew have received warmth and friendship from the island and have been welcomed to many parties and gatherings on the island. The average number of trips per year is 24. the boat and crew will never grow tired of visiting the island albeit the combined age of the 6 regular crew is 419 years and 5 are still diving.

Lundy Island

- from *Const* magazine May/June 2005. By Lesley Gillilan, photos Alamy

Looking out to sea from, say, Ilfracombe, all you can see of Lundy Island is a lone-some hump of Granite sticking out of the Bristol Channel... I imagined it would be bleak, damp and permanently foggy; rather like an offcut of mainland Dartmoor that has drifted out to sea. Close up, however, it is greener than its distant image suggests, as well as larger and livelier. What you see from the north Devon coast is the island's rocky rear end, but as you draw up alongside the landing jetty, you can see that Lundy is long and narrow, with wooded hanging valleys and cliffs carpeted with undulating fields of sheep-dotted pasture. It is small (three miles long and only half a mile wide), but it is far from bleak (the island enjoys milder and often, brighter weather than the mainland) and it packs in a lot of attractions. Lundy life consists of three lighthouses (North Light, South Light and the disused Old Light), a Victorian Church, a farm, a pub and restaurant, a ruined medieval castle, a village shop, 23 assorted holiday cottages, a couple of nature 'interpretation centres', thousands of rabbits and 24 humans. This microcosmic community is not entirely real: Lundy's entire population is employed by the Landmark Trust, which manages the island and looks after its visitors. In a sense, it is a holiday island, completely focused on providing nature and nurture for day-trippers and overnight guests. Indeed, it depends on tourism - and was derelict and virtually uninhabitable before Landmark took it on in 1969. [Ed's note: This was not so. Yr Ed & family, like many others, had been visiting since the '50s in great comfort.] But, unlike a resort, Lundy is run as a non-profit-making conservation project, offering a unique island experience only 10

miles out to sea. Also known as Puffin Island, it is best known for its bird life and tends to attract a lot of 'twitchers'. The only Marine Nature Reserve in England, it also offers some of the best diving waters in the country. My bag is walking, so I was happy to spend most of my three days on the island yomping from one end to the other (and back again). The Lundy experience is all about nature.



Transportation to & from the Island: Getting loaded and unloaded from the Gannet before the Jetty. Dave Davey nearest camera Yr Ed thinks the others are Vince Squire, Arthur Strick and Red Lyall.

Can any reader help?



This is the Tea Garden on a Boat Day. Can any LFS member date this and identify anyone in the pic?

There are no cars (other than two tractors and two staff Land rovers), no roads (only footpaths) and not much to do other than stretching your legs, looking out to sea or, in the evening downing pints of Old Light bitter in the Marisco Tavern. For those who enjoy unspoilt scenery, solitude and fresh air, however, it is an invigorating place. And so welcoming that within hours of arrival you begin to feel like a local.

The adventure for me began as soon as the island's ship, the MS Oldenburg, left us on the beach - marooned, until returning a couple of days later. Thereafter, we checked into our holiday cottage (the ground floor of the keeper's quarters in the 18th-century lighthouse, which includes the run of the disused tower) before exploring the island. Going south toward the South Light and Rat Island, you can look down on Victoria Beach and the landing bay from the top of Castle Hill. The castle, incidentally, was built by Henry III, circa 1250, to protect the island from pirates. Inside its ruined keep, there are now three tiny 18th-century cottages. Going north, along the east coast, you can see a much larger landmark property, Millcombe House (the former home of the Heaven family who bought the island in the 1830s), before heading for Halfway Bay and Tibbett's hill. On the east-coast slopes - which in May and June are pink with rhododendron and sea campion - you can see the ruins of Quarterwall cottages, remains of granite quarries, Soay sheep, sika deer and clumps of Lundy cabbage as well as views of Devon and south Wales. From the cliffs on the island's wilder west coast, you might see grey seals among the rocks, or puffins at Dead Cow Point. But nothing quite compares to the feeling of standing on a granite outcrop, looking out across the Atlantic, knowing there is nothing between you and Nova Scotia. On a clear night, under a starry sky, it is absolutely awesome.

Lundy Letterboxes from Derek Cheesbrough

Lundy Letterboxes have become a major attraction for Island visitors, especially those with children. For many years there were only seven - The Battery, North Light, Mousehole & Trap, Oldenburg, Rat Island, St Helena's Church and The Tavern. I will not dwell on the history of the letterboxes as that will be the subject of a paper by Alan Rowland. In the millennium year, the LFS had a week on the Island. With the permission of the Manager, I built the 'Centre of the Island' letterbox to commemorate the event on behalf of the LFS. During the week my contribution to the Society events was to organise a 'Letterbox Campaign' - the winner to be the one who found most boxes. To facilitate the event I prepared what I believe was the first complete list of all known boxes on the Island, with compass bearings and directions to help locate them. The event was well received. This prompted me to suggest to the Lundy Island office that my list be copied and offered to any visitor who was interested in finding the boxes. A £1 donation to the letterbox upkeep fund was requested. The lists were in regular demand. Stamp pads were next to be requested. Also compasses. Mandy, Derek's wife, became an enthusiastic supporter. To meet increasing demands she introduced the innovative 'Letterbox Packs' which contained all items in a waterproof folder. Compasses were made available for hire. This was 2004/5. In 2006 some 250 packs were sold at £4.99 each. At this time there were 27 letterboxes on the Island which had been officially adopted and serviced. Lundy is a private island. The management had no intention of allowing Lundy to become another 'Dartmoor' on which is dumped some 9000 letterboxes, many 'dead' and unserved. It was firmly decided that no further boxes would be permitted - a decision welcomed by many regular visitors, including myself, who are anxious that Lundy be preserved. Boxes had been placed, without permission, in dangerous sites, ancient walls & adjacent to properties. These were all removed, as will any further personal boxes, without notice. LFS members are invited to publicise that decision. 'Letterboxing' is having a beneficial effect on the increase of lettings. Visitors are coming solely for that purpose. Those with children, whose pleasure is evident from notebook entries, are eagerly returning. For the interest of LFS members I enclose a copy of my latest list of directions for locating the boxes - have a go the next time you visit!

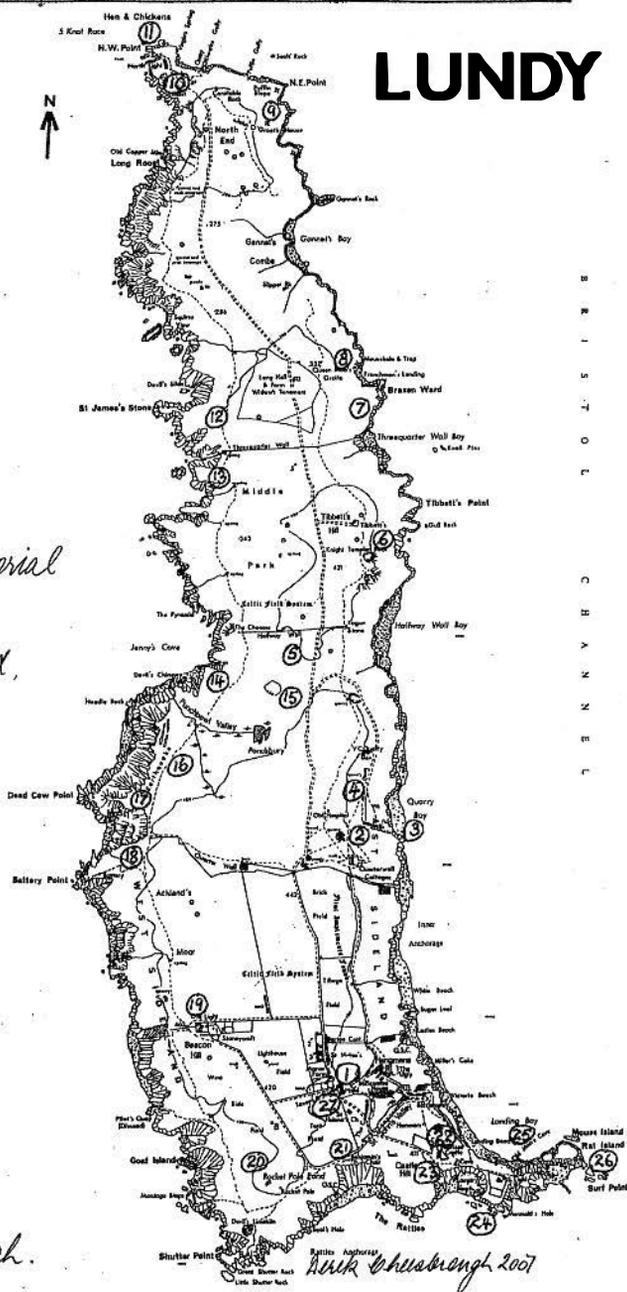


*Helicopter lands near the church, June 2006
From Mary Gillham's 'Lundy'. (4)*

LUNDY LETTERBOX APPROXIMATE SITES.

- 1 Marisco Tavern
- 2 Felix Gade Hut
- 3 Quarry Beach
- 4 The Quarry
- 5 Lost Heinkel
- 6 Gull Rock
- 7 Brazen Ward
- 8 Mousehole & Trap.
- 9 John O'Groats.
- 10 North Light Railway
- 11 North Light.
- 12 Millstone
- 13 Wavy Mitchell Memorial
- 14 Jemmys Cove
- 15 Centre of the Island.
- 16 Earthquake
- 17 Forgotten Heinkel
- 18 The Battery
- 19 Old Light
- 20 Rocket Pole Pond.
- 21 Benjamin's Chair
- 22 The Castle
- 23 Benson's Cave
- 24 South Light
- 25 Lundy Jetty
- 26 Rat Island.
- 27 St. Helenas Church.

LUNDY



THE LUNDY LETTER BOXES

Marisco Tavern	On the games shelf, but can you unlock the box?
Felix Gade Time-keeper's Hut	Between two rocks above quarry pond. Quarter Wall Cottages 180°, Old Light 220°.
Quarry Beach	Go down Quarry Beach path through rhododendrons. Box placed on left side of path, at foot of rock face before last zigzag.
The Quarry (Shadow)	From the south platform of VC Quarry walk 70 paces south along the old rail track. Turn right into the Quarry. Walk 15 paces to a 2foot square rock standing on edge about 9 foot above ground level. Box underneath.
Lost Heinkel	Take 44 paces to marker stone. On a bearing of 108° to mound, take 42 paces. On a bearing of 70° - box below east side!
Gull Rock	Accessible from above and below. 1. From Tibbett's Hill walk along top of plateau until you have a bearing of 58° on Gull Rock. Follow this down the slope between large outcrops to a cluster of large rocks. Beneath one is the box. 2. Walk along Lower East Side Path until you have a bearing of 58° on Gull Rock. Walk up slope on back bearing of 238° to the group of rocks.
Brazen Ward	At base of rocky outcrop. Queen Mabs Grotto 320° Gannett's Rock 350°.
Mouse Hole and Trap	The box is under the north side of the west end of the outcrop, about 30 paces below the track.
John O'Groats House	Walk 90 paces on a bearing of 70° from John O'Groats House. The box is under a rock about 40 feet below. Bearing on Constable Rock 312°.
North Light Railway	From the bottom end of the handrail, walk down 57 stone steps. The box is 3 paces to the right. Lighthouse bearing 324°.
North Light	Walk around the outside of the wall to the right of the Lighthouse. The box is in the corner of the small derelict generator room on the seaward point.
Millstone (Eclipse)	From the millstone alongside the track, walk 138 paces on a bearing of 36° to a cluster of rocks. The box is under one of those.
The Wendy Anne Mitchell Memorial	From stile at west end of Three Quarter Wall walk 200 paces south along path. Box sit in rocks beneath stone plaque to Wendy Anne Mitchell, on your right.
Jenny's Cove	Has proved impossible to find by many! Directions are box in the side of cheese type rock. Needle Rock 265°, Stile 28° and Tibbetts chimney 43°.
Centre of the Island	Halfway between Pondsby and Halfway Wall at the foot of the standing stone on the hill. Tibbett's 32° stile 334°.
Earthquake	From the south end of the main fissure, walk 70 paces along the path that climbs to the left. A level platform will extend 45° to your right. Walk 8 paces to the edge of the crevice. The box is under the left corner.
Forgotten Heinkel	From the south end of the earthquake, head toward the sea and turn left along first steep track. Walk towards beak shaped rock. Box is under rocks behind the Heinkel crankshaft.
The Battery	in rocks about 20 paces to the right from the top of the path.
The Old Light	Box in the lantern room at the top of the Old Light.
Rocket Pole Pond	Stand at the west end of the Rocket Pole Pond. Take 40 paces towards the Old Light. You will be on top of a mound. The box is below.
Benjamin's Chair	When you find this one there is a bonus clue inside on the lid for the next letterbox.
Castle	From the entrance to the Castle Keep, walk 33 paces on a bearing of 332° to a lump of stone and concrete. The box is under this.
Benson's Cave	By the entrance to Benson's Cave below the South East side of the Castle.
South Light	Climb 127 steps and follow path to entrance gate. Walk through lighthouse complex to the SW gate. Down slope on a bearing of 242° for 55 paces to box.
Lundy Jetty	8 steps up behind the divers hut. Turn left, step up. Walk 7 paces. Lift small stone
Rat Island	One hour before low tide walk carefully over rocks on south of island to extreme east end. Go around the corner and climb up the sharp rock face. Box in depression before summit.
MS Oldenburg	Ask the Information Officer.
St Helena's Church	Under the first pew on the left.
Lundy Bunny	There is a stamp on the Island called the "Lundy Bunny". This stamp moves from one letterbox to another. See if you can find it.

LFS Newsletter – Annual Postal Auction 2007

Lot	Description	Reserve
1	Offprint (Devon Association)– The Giants Graves: A nineteenth century discovery of human remains on the Island of Lundy – Gardner & Ternstrom	£3
2	Offprint (Devon Association) – The Ownership of Lundy by Sir Richard Grenville and his Descendants, 1577-1775	£3
3	The Postal History of Lundy – Gade (includes supplement)	£3
4	The New Puffin Journal – Spring 2000 (includes Lundy Millennium stamp)	£3
5	Lundy Marine Nature Reserve – English Nature - booklet	£3
6	Lundy Field Society Newsletter Spring 2006 No 36	£2
7	Lundy Puffin Island – Rosemary Anne Lauder – booklet	£2
8	Lundy an Island day out 1990 Sailing Schedule	£2
9	Postcard Recover Your Poise on Lundy <i>To Peg – from Ruth Harman Jones 1983</i>	£3
10	Postcard Lundy Coin Stamp card with plastic reproduction of half and one puffin – Market Coins cachet 1 Nov 1989	£5
11	Cover to J Dyke 1998 bearing “Stamp out Lundy Stamps” and “King Local Post 1 Moo” cachets	£2
12	Cover 1994 bearing Cylz’s penny post Lundy Visit 1994 and Lundy Pony Express	£3
13	Notecards 3 – drawings of Millcombe house, the Old Light and Marisco Tavern by Marilyn Ewens	£5
	Original mock up for First Stamp Meet on Lundy cut and paste of the Gannet and Captain Dark 1992 mss “Original for STAMPMEET held on Lundy 1992 Design subsequently revised”	£5
14	Se-tenant block of 4 Help the RSPCA save Sea Birds from Oil in four languages 6 puffin including sheet margin– (Cat 157-160)	£3
15	Printed Card “Day Trips to Lundy from Ilfracombe” 1968? In blue featuring many JD drawings	£5
	A3 folded card board game. Offprint from Illustrated Lundy News – Lundy Hazard	£3
17	Copy on card of the 1970 Grand Cricket Match showing names of the teams with their scores.	£2
	St Helena’s Church Centenary Celebrations, order of service 7 June 1997; Small card “Harvest Festival details 1971 lettered by J Dyke; small card Harvest Festival Service undated lettered by J Dyke (both with drawing pin holes.	£5
18	Typed circular letter Lundy Appeal to Friends of Lundy and Bideford and North Devon Gazette 12 Sept 1969 original newspaper page with the appeal list of names	£5
19	Envelope “Birds on Lundy by John Dyke bearing black and white reproduction of flying birds set – inside large postcard with “Some Birds to be seen on Lundy” from originals by J Dyke	£5
20	Postcard – unposted Landing Bay with Balmoral and Polar Bear – National Trust DEV 70/05 bearing 8p Silver Jubilee, 3x2p and 3x4½p and Austrian \$s stamps	£3
21	Postcard posted 26.8.87 21p stamp Puffins by John Ogilvie	£3
22	Postcard posted 22.8.88 21p signed by many Lundyites. The Devils Slide	£3
23	Postcard unused MV Balmoral Judges	£3
24	Postcard unused b&w Sweetman Lamety & Rat Island Lundy showing South Lighthouse	£3

Income from this auction goes directly to the Lundy Field Society. We are grateful to all those who continue to donate items for this purpose.

SEND NO MONEY – Winning bidders will be notified by email, phone or post together with costs including postage after the close of the auction. Send your maximum bid together with the identifying LOF number, name and address by post or email TO:-

Alan Rowland – Mole Cottage, Woodford, Morwenstow, Cornwall EX23 9JR
alan_rowland@morwenstow.freeseive.co.uk

Closing date is Monday 25th September 2007 – Good bidding

THE WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL



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 pools, (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

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www.woolacombe-bay-hotel.co.uk