

Lundy Field Society Newsletter

No. 39



Summer 2009

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without whom there would be no newsletter**

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

Front cover illustration is from Peter Rothwell's collection of New Work

**Any opinions expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those
of the Lundy Field Society.**



CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE - Keith Hiscock

The 39th newsletter of the Lundy Field Society has again been compiled, edited and distributed through the energy and enthusiasm of Ann Westcott. All Societies need enthusiastic members, especially on their Committee, and the LFS is very fortunate in having an excellent and very active Committee. 2008 was a marvellous year for activities on the island, many of which will be described in the Annual Report and the Journal. It was also a good year for publications especially with the launch of the new *Journal of the Lundy Field Society*. What we try to do in this newsletter is to give members some of the 'subtext' to those activities - an insight into what was involved as well as bits and pieces that add to knowledge of Lundy history, wildlife, archaeology and, indeed, contribute to understanding its social history.

What we fear is that those who enjoy Lundy do not get to discover the Society and the fascinating work our members do. Be shameless in promoting the LFS to those you meet.

We hope that you enjoy this issue of the newsletter and will feel moved to contribute your experiences to future issues.

EDITORIAL - Ann Westcott

I have produced a Newsletter now since 1980. That first edition was only sent out to a smallish circle, perhaps a couple of dozen or so, of close LFS friends, four or five of whom also doubled as editorial and production team. Pete and Bar Cole had a large old-fashioned kitchen with a splendid kitchen table. ASW typed the original copy onto 'skins' which Tony Langham 'Cyclostyled' (fore-runner of inkjet printing).

At intervals around the table we had piles of each page. We collated by walking in procession, picking up a page of Newsletter from each pile, and the last man stapled them together. Everyone joined in for the folding and 'stuffing' of the finished product into envelopes. Then there came the stamping and addressing - all done by hand.

It was Doug Kestell who said the production was unworthy of the LFS. By this time (the early 90s), the number being sent out had grown a bit to perhaps a hundred and fifty. That was the first edition of the LFS Newsletter to be produced by a commercial printer. The cost of production was very small so that ASW hardly noticed it - just a little extra paper and postage.

With the growth of the LFS came the growth of the Newsletter - but it is still essentially a 'family' archive. Valuable as all such things are (think of the Paston Letters or Pepys' Diary), it would not sit comfortably online. Also, if you are a member of anything, you do want to share something that only

members can share. When this Newsletter reaches you, I'd especially like you to read Fiona Reynold's (Director General of the National Trust) comments on the island. When she speaks of the extraordinary sense of belonging that the island offers her, she seems (to me) to be acknowledging that kinship felt by all those who are welcomed into the island 'family', a feeling difficult to achieve 'online'.

IN MEMORIAM

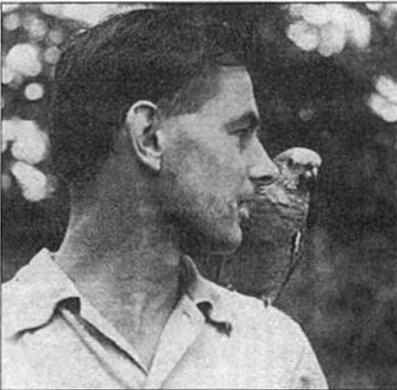
Elizabeth Mary Hubbard (1922 – 2008)

Elizabeth Mary Hubbard died unexpectedly from a heart attack on 8th December 2008, aged 86. Elizabeth was an active member of the Lundy Field Society, joining the Committee in 1970 and then becoming its Membership Secretary in 1972, a post she held until 1994. She was an accomplished botanist and published a comprehensive account of botanical studies in the LFS 50th Anniversary volume, *Island Studies*, in 1997.

A full obituary will be published in the Annual Report for 2008.



David Snow (1924 - 2009)



David Snow was one of the most important ornithologists to emerge during the great development of the subject as a productive branch of biology after the Second World War. Throughout his remarkable career he never lost his enduring love of birds and always evinced the delight he took in observing them. (*Times* obituary 28/02/09)

"With his wife Barbara (once warden of Lundy), Snow made a huge contribution to our understanding of the evolutionary consequences of fruit-eating in birds." (*Telegraph* Obituary 17/02/09). [See also Elliston Wright's article on page 32.]

Following Barbara's death in 2007, he published *Birds in Our Life*, an account of their lives and their close ornithological partnership.

SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS & BOOK REVIEWS

'Lundy Studies: Proceedings of the 60th Anniversary Symposium', 23 September 2006

(published by the Lundy Field Society in 2007).
(Review by Ian Mercer in Transactions of the
Devonshire Association Volume 140, 2008)

Small islands attract much attention. Or at least, if they have just enough room to house people and other terrestrial wildlife, their academic magnetism is enhanced exponentially beyond their inevitable value as bases for the examination of their own surrounding waters and offshore seabed. Lundy is no exception, and its rare 'Englishness' boosts its status in the hierarchy of British islands dominated by the Celtic fringe. Its Field Society, 62 years old this year, has marshalled the fieldwork of many, provided for the exposition and publication of same, and carried out its own programmes of investigation under various auspices ever since it began. The Island's owners and occupiers have always been among those sponsors. They range from Martin Harman who suggested the founding of the Society in 1946, to the National Trust/Landmark Trust partnership whose resources have allowed *inter alia* the kinds of survey that provide the better frame for all the land-based fieldwork.

Given all that, the annual reports of the Society, and various symposia, it is perhaps surprising that this volume, published in 2007, can be so rich and multifarious. The book is not only that, it is so organised that even the newcomer to the Island's story, let alone the avid historian or his or her 'natural' colleague, can acquire apparently from scratch a working knowledge of almost all its facets, and a whetted appetite for an early excursion from north Devon to this loaded larder of goodies for the curious.

The contents list of Lundy Studies follows the format of a symposium held in Exeter in September 2006. Nine papers are equally divided between: Archaeology and History, Marine and Freshwater Ecology, and Terrestrial Ecology. There follow six brief reports based on poster displays on the day which update readers on the Society, the birds, the breeding seabird recovery project, the terrestrial mammals, the lichens and the first three years of monitoring of the No-take Zone in the Marine Nature Reserve (still the only one in English waters).

The nine papers are clearly the meat of the volume. The first three summarise the whole prehistory and history of the Island from the Mesolithic to the building of the new pier in 1999. So lavishly illustrated is this section with maps, drawings and photographs that the rarest visitor (like me) and even the total stranger (like my wife) can feel that they know the topography well after only one read. The aquatic and the terrestrial ecological sections also start from scratch, so the natural historian has no need of earlier work to follow the

reported detail. Indeed the paper on the macro-fungi is the first comprehensive review of them and reports an increase in known numbers of species from 95 in 2004 to 358 in 2006.

For me, the final paper, on the Lundy cabbage *Coincya wrightii*, offers two most intriguing revelations in great contrast. It begins with the sentence 'Lundy is Britain's only offshore island that has its own endemic plant species with endemic insects feeding on it'. The abstract actually says that they are 'known from nowhere else!' Of those insects the 'best known' is the Bronze Lundy cabbage flea beetle *Psylloides iuridipennis* which is 2mm long. A series of 30 maps models post-glacial Bristol Channel sea level changes (to explain these floristic and faunistic arrivals and isolations). They show that Lundy existed as a granite hill on a peninsula separated from a proto north Devon landmass by a proto Taw/Torridge estuary until 10,800 years ago, and then part of a large but shrinking island until 8,700 years ago, when it began to assume its near present shape and size. The only contribution that a mere geographer might make to this story is that the estuary looks more like a proto Parret/Lyn than a Taw/Torridge which had not appeared as late as 2000 BP. But I digress; the significant proposal is clear: it is that the Lundy cabbage and its feeding population of beetles must have begun its isolation, and any subsequent private evolution is in the very early Mesolithic. [See also Dr. Elliston Wright's comment on page 32 of this Newsletter.] That nicely closes the circle of this fascinating volume.

(191 pages, illustrated. Softback. ISBN 978 0 9530532 16. £15.00 plus £2.00 postage and packing from alanrowland@morwenstow.freeserve.co.uk)

'The Birds of Lundy' by Tim Davis and Tim Jones,

(Harpers Mill Publishing, Berrynarbor, Devon, 2007),

(Review by Brian Le Messurier in 'Transactions of the Devonshire Association' Volume 140, 2008)

As a boy and teenager I heard stories related by my grandfather, Robert Henry McCarthy, about how he and other boys living on Lundy in the late nineteenth century spent time (when they weren't being tutored by Squire Heaven) 'egging' on the cliffs. Sometimes they were secured by a top rope, but on other occasions they just scrambled around the steep slopes and rock faces. How I wish I had taken more notice of what he had told me, but apart from these bare facts it all went over my head. As a youngster you don't take these things in. It was especially interesting to me, as later in life in 1985, I spent 17 days on St Kilda as a member of a National Trust for Scotland working party. Before the island was deserted by its inhabitants in 1930 the men had of course used ropes to descend the cliffs to acquire eggs and young sea birds, and this was a necessary part of the inhabitants' diet, and the collection of feathers and oil helped pay the islanders' rent.

So this 319-page well illustrated book is a most welcome addition to the Lundy literature. On the cover a wheatear perches on a wall near the Old Light where my great-grandfather was principal lighthouse keeper from the 1880s to 1893. Inside the book a 30-page general introduction with a detailed map leads into what the authors call the 'Systematic List'. This extends from page 44 to page 275 and describes the 317 species on the Lundy list. The remaining pages are taken up with sightings or reports of unsuccessful introductions, vagrants, and unsubstantiated reports. Another section at the back of the book labelled 'Endnotes' is an indication of the compilers' thoroughness. It summarises under species, the errors and discrepancies they came across in their research into the various reports. Lastly, the book ends with a six-page Bibliography and a two-page Index.

But it is the Systematic List which ornithologists will find most useful. There is a lengthy section devoted to Manx Shearwaters, and it was largely as a result of research into this species that a programme of rat eradication was introduced. 2,100 poison bait stations were set up, and since January/February 2006 the island has been declared rat free. With the disappearance of the rat it is hoped that the Puffin will make a come-back. After all, the name of the island derives from the Old Norse *Lundi* meaning Puffin and *ey* meaning island. But the birds breed in rabbit holes, and are thus easy prey for a ground predator - the rat.

This is a quite splendid book. Brimming with up-to-date, easily digested research, and not so esoteric that the less bird-obsessed reader cannot get much pleasure from having it at his elbow. The price, £18.95 as a softback, is good value at current prices, though a limited edition at £35 is available.

*319 pages, 20 colour plates and numerous black and white drawings.
ISBN 978-0-9540088-7. £18.95, softback; £35, hardback.*

'Journal of the Lundy Field Society' - Second Volume

Jennifer George (Editor)

The second volume of the Journal will be published in 2010. The Journal contains peer-reviewed papers of research that has been carried out on Lundy or is directly related to the island. In addition, short communications and book reviews of recently published books on aspects of the island are included. It is planned to appear biennially if sufficient papers are received.

The first volume of the Journal, published in November 2008, contained papers on a range of subjects - the marine reserve, terrestrial ecology, sea birds, archaeology and history.

The second volume will again have a diversity of subject content as papers have been received on climate change and slope stability of the Access road, the Lundy cabbage seed dispersal, further surveys of the fungi, and sea-birds (puffins, Manx shearwaters, sea-bird productivity). Further papers on archaeology, history, terrestrial ecology and marine monitoring have been promised.

New Website on Lundy Birds

Grant Sherman has developed (and is still developing) a Website that gives easy access to sources of information about Lundy birds.

The introduction on the Website reads:

"In 1939, Richard Perry travelled to Lundy to study seabirds. His work, along with the work of Ronald Lockley, initiated a new era of seabird research (Gaston and Jones 1997). Although some of his conclusions have been challenged, Perry's observations of Lundy's auks and Kittiwakes remain a useful baseline for current studies. As the 75th anniversary of Perry's research approaches it is perhaps a good time to return to his work and to the work of other researchers who have been drawn to the Isle of Puffins.

"This website is very much a work in progress. It aims to be a tool for those interested in Lundy's seabirds. It aims to do this in three ways. Firstly to provide a record of previous studies of Lundy's seabirds. Secondly, to cross reference those studies to work at other colonies. And finally, to suggest directions for future research." So, have a look at: www.returntickettonature.co.uk.



Ella and Patience Trout emptying crab pots at Hallsands.

**'Sisters Against the Sea' by
Ruth & Frank Milton, pub 2005,
Halsgrove
(Review by Ann Westcott)**

Mary Percy (Mary Lea when she worked on Lundy) brought this splendid book, about the enterprising Trout sisters, to Your Editor's attention. (The elder sister, Ella, was immortalised on the nameplate of the *Ella Trout* that used to hang in the Island Tavern. Where is it now?). [See also page 307 et seq. and page 333 et seq. of 'My Life on Lundy' by Felix Gade, who recounts the story of the loss of the *Ella Trout* off Lundy.]

NEWSPAPER TRAWL & LETTERS

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

NT Director General, Fiona Reynolds - from *National Trust Newsletter* Summer 2009: "How can I describe Lundy? The images that spring to mind are almost all intensely personal - as a family we've spent a week on Lundy most Easters in the last seven years. Seals sunning themselves at Brazen Ward,

newborn Soay lambs struggling to their feet as their mothers skitter off at the sound of human voices; my children leaning perilously over the top of the Devil's Slide; singing part songs at the top of the Old Light as the sun sets; playing Scrabble with a pint or two of local beer in the Marisco Tavern of an evening ... and no television, no mobile phones and no internet! It's the kind of place where family memories are made and renewed. Only 3½ miles long and ½ mile wide, you get to know the island intimately, yet each year we have discovered something new. You get to know everyone - the people who live and work there and the visitors - because after the boat has left there are less than a hundred residents. Families we've coincided with have become our friends, and we greet the staff with a hug and a smile each year. Above all, it has the most amazing atmosphere. Only a few miles offshore, yet it could be another country. Its sheer cliffs and springy turf, wild winds and shady sun-traps, characterful houses, the *Oldenburg* and the friendly pub and shop all add up to an essence that is Lundy. Two spoonfuls to be taken before bedtime and you feel you will never be ill again."



"From Lundy Island to the South West Coast Path" ... an illustration from Martin Hesp's article on the 2009 Walking Festival. (Western Morning News 09/01/09)



Above: A model for 'Midnight'? Midnight is the title of Victoria Eveleigh's new book set on Lundy.



Right: The arrival of the new stallion, George.

North Devon Journal 22/01/09 - Get away from it all - go to Lundy

Derek Green, Island Manager, says, "...you have got to be careful because we rely on supplies being brought across. If the weather is bad you go without. Planned holidays or breaks for islanders are never guaranteed - even with the helicopter." And the good news for the future Lundy visitors is that the Landmark Trust, who manage the island for the National Trust, is not planning any big changes. Derek said, "...people can enjoy a place which is unspoilt and that's the attraction of Lundy - it is my job to make sure this doesn't change." With such a unique lifestyle in an ideal setting, it is no wonder that those who just want to get away from it all go to Lundy Island.

Bruce Hughes emailed to inform us of a swim from Lundy to Woolacombe on 19th August. "We will have 2 support boats, one yacht with a diesel inboard, and one a 'rib'. Our support team includes a doctor and a navigation expert as well as the boat crew. The coastguard and RNLi will be kept fully up to



date with our plans and progress. We expect to swim an 18 miles course and to split this into 12 sections of 1.5 miles. Each swimmer will therefore swim 3 x 1.5 mile sections. We aim to take approximately 12 hours. All funds raised will go to Little Bridge House (Children's Hospice South West) and the fundraising and marketing team will support us with their expertise. I

am the Medical Director at Little Bridge House and am only too well aware of the good work that they do."

The photo shows Paul Irwin, Bruce Hughes, Jon Parker, Simon Mathers and John Jameson (swim tactician and reserve swimmer) who completed the mammoth Lundy Swim Relay in an incredible time of 7 hours 3 mins. Find more info and video at <http://surfyart.blogspot.com/2009/08/lundy-swim.html>.

Diana Keast has remarked to your editor on the similarity between John F Kennedy's famous Inaugural Address of 1961 and Martin Coles Harman's letter in the LFS Report 1949. "I have often wondered why JFK's words sounded familiar and felt there must be a source before my father's similar exhortation. I expect the original goes back to the Greek?"

"And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you - ask what you can do for your country. My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man."

John F Kennedy, 1961

"In wishing the Society all that is good for 1950, I would again address myself particularly to the younger and the new Members. I would ask them to ask themselves not 'What can the Society do for me?' but rather 'What can I do for the Society?' The answer will soon be found. There are lots and lots of little things to do which, in the aggregate, without placing a burden on any one shoulder can help the Society from strength to strength.

"Don't be bashful, don't wait to be asked, remember that a volunteer is worth ten pressed men. Insist upon bearing your share of the burden and don't permit the older Members to carry an equal share with you. Make use of them as elder statesmen, who can indicate what needs to be done and generally give advice. In this way you will make the Society, which I already count as a great success, of the utmost use to its Members, to Lundy and to everyone interested in nature in all its wonderful and beautiful and infinite manifestations."

Martin Coles Harman, 1949

Roger Upton was over on a visit in Diana (Harman) Keast's party. He is the author of: 'Hood, Leash and Lure: Falconry in the 20th Century,' 'Arab Falconry: History of a Way of Life' (This can be found on the internet priced £400) and 'Falconry, Principles and Practice'. Another writer about falconry is Clifford Homby, whose book *Rural Amateur* (pub 1943) contains some fine chapters about Peregrine Falcons, particularly the falcons of Lundy Island. This book is referred to by Roger Upton who named his son Mark Lundy Upton.



John Fursdon, of Crediton, wrote to Jenny George after he had received a copy of the Symposium Proceedings, and we have his kind permission to print his letter here:

I am most grateful to you for sending me the superb 60th Symposium Proceedings with CD of this fine volume. It presents an outstandingly successful record of the LFS's activities in great depth.

My first visit to Lundy was when, aged about nine, I was taken there by my father per Campbell's paddle boat from Ilfracombe. It was a wonderful introduction to puffins and other seabirds ca. 1929, but fog on leaving started loud and sudden gunfire, giving me quite a fright!

As an initial supporter in November 1946 I went to Lundy on the week-long survey by the Ilfracombe Field Club, together with Dr Harvey of the University of Exeter, and the supply officer (ex WRNS) of the first British Field Study Centre, on Skomer, Pembrokeshire. This was established and run by the West Wales Field Society (now the West and South Wales Wildlife Trust). At that time, 1946, I was Hon. Warden at Skokholm Bird Observatory, having been invited to restart it post-war by R. M. Lockley and John Buxton as I had already visited the island in 1938 and '39 (soon after leaving school).

I had a fantastic time on Lundy, staying at the then unrestored hotel, and we never saw the mainland until the end of our exploratory visit – nine days, I think, in total. We looked at the Old Light as possible accommodation for researchers and other interested visitors, and selected a suitable site for a Heligoland type bird-ringing trap. Following this initial reconnaissance survey, the whole enterprise continued magnificently, and the Lundy Field Society took off in fine fashion.

Thanks to my good fortune in being asked to give a film-lecture on the Pembrokeshire Islands, with my own films and live commentary, at Frensham Heights School, I met Mr and Mrs Keast, who gave me great hospitality, and an invitation to join their ski party to Alpbach in Tirol. There they introduced me to skiing for the first time, and this good fortune has enabled me to maintain contact with Lundy. Even now, Diana Keast invites me very kindly to the LFSAGMs, where I much enjoy being updated on Lundy news, especially the rat extermination success story. As on Ramsey (RSPB) off St David's- the start of a Puffin re-establishment, albeit in a small way at present; also Manx Shearwaters.

A Cambridge student visitor to Skokholm, when I was warden in 1946, ringed a Shearwater and by an amazing chance when he went to stay on Lundy, he met the very same Shearwater that he'd ringed on Skokholm – this story bearing up the inter-island connection. I doubt if there is a chance of any overflow of surplus Pembrokeshire-breeding Puffins, although there is likely to be a modest re-appearance depending partly on the sand eel food supply, and how pollution free the western Atlantic seas are. Certainly the island may well be able to realise its Scandinavian name, Isle of Puffins. We all trust this will gradually be achieved.

Lundy a Hundred Years Ago from Peter Saunt

In 1908 my Grandfather, Willfred Saunt, took the lease of Lundy and brought his wife and family of six children to the island. They never forgot their childhood years on Lundy and spoke of it often. As a child I myself lived a lot with my grandparents and remember some of their stories. The following account is based on my memories of what I heard and I hope may convey some idea of island life at that time.

My grandfather was a London Solicitor and took the lease with his brother, also a London solicitor. They took the lease of the whole island except Millcombe. They seemed to have some vague idea that they would like to try farming.

Their first journey across in the *Lundy Gannet* was a very rough one and some of their furniture was broken and ruined. Coming from near London it must have taught them straight away how different island life would be.

The *Lundy Gannet* was then skippered by Freddie Dark, for whom they came to have a great regard and for years after they used to quote some of the things he said. In the days of sail of course you could predict tides but not strength of wind and the *Lundy Gannet* didn't always make the bar in time. On one such occasion Freddie Dark had three of the Saunt children onboard, the eldest boy and two of his sisters. So he diverted to Clovelly for the night, kept the boy onboard and put his two sisters into lodgings. A bit of an adventure for the younger one who was only seven.

These were the days when our coasts saw all kinds of sailing trading vessels, of many types and sizes. The family once counted up to sixty of them, in Lundy Roads, sheltering from a bad storm. The Tavern could get to overflowing when a lot of ships were sheltering. My grandfather had a genuine interest in sailors stories and if he was around would occasionally join the crowd. Sometimes however, he joined them for a little too long and my grandmother would be asked by her puzzled innocents: "Mummy what's the matter with Daddy?" to which she would reply; "He's not very well dear."

The Lundy they came to was an island on which the Heaven family still lived, the hull of *HMS Montagu* could still be seen on the rocks and the light-house families were part of the community. There was church every Sunday taken by The Revd. Heaven, for which the bells were always rung by the Island's own ringers.

My grandfather resided in the Manor House and his brother Lewis, with his wife, went to live in the Old Light. Lewis and his wife were very much



Grant Sherman's photograph of snow on Lundy in 2009.

Snow is the rarest of phenomena on Lundy. The photograph could make ASW believe Lundy to be Arthur's Avalon 'Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow'.

GS is developing a website designed to help people researching Lundy seabirds: www.returntickettonature.co.uk

Londoners, always dressed in the height of fashion. The culture shock must have been extreme. They never went anywhere on the island, not even down to see their own relations. They were sometimes seen, dressed in the height of fashion, taking sedate little walks around the area of the Old Light. After eleven months they had had enough and went back to London. It is surprising they stuck it that long.

My grandfather had retained some business in London and used to go there sometimes. It wasn't that difficult. The *Lundy Gannet* in those days was based at Instow, and Instow then had a railway that went to Barnstaple, then he could go by train on the main line to London. When he was away my grandmother was left in charge of the island. Apparently the farm workers used to say they preferred it when the master was there, he didn't work them so hard.

In the summer months the island received three steamers a week and the visitors had to pay sixpence a head on landing. All that was provided for them was a sort of tin shack in the Tent Field, which acted as a kind of cafe. Rabbit pies and Lundy mutton, cooked in the Manor House kitchen, were always very popular, and beer could be had from the Tavern. My grandmother's kitchen also provided lots and lots of cream, real Devonshire cream. It had to be cut with a knife. They also prided themselves on their butter, of which they made a great deal.

When she was a very old lady, I remember my grandmother telling me how her greatest anxiety was always her children and what they might be getting up to, anywhere on the island. She had a governess for them, and the older ones went to boarding school on the mainland, but were always on Lundy for all the school holidays.

By their own account they got everywhere on the island. Swimming, walking, climbing and out with the fishermen. The North end seems to have been a bit of a favourite place for them, as some rock ledges there were good for diving. It was also sometimes a bit of an adventure getting to the North end. Some cattle, which seem to have become isolated there, had gone wild and would attack on sight. Not only on sight, if they sniffed someone on the wind they would come looking for them. So they seem to have regarded the trip as a bit of a challenge.

Beef cattle reared on the island were a main source of income for my grandfather. They were transported live to the mainland. It must have been quite an operation. The family used to have some very faded old photos of this performance taking place. Small flat bottomed coastal steamers were beached on the landing beach at low tide, and the animals were brought down. Straps were placed under their bellies and they were hoisted up by derrick into the ship's hold. It must have required quickness and skill.

When the family first came they lived in the original part of the Manor House and a friend of my grandfather's, a Mr St Claire, tried to run the

Victorian wing, now gone, as a hotel. However the venture never prospered and the family moved into the whole house. Mr St Claire wrote the Lundy Guide which was published in 1910. The children once dammed the little stream which ran close to the house and to their dismay discovered they had flooded the whole ground floor of the Victorian wing. I heard this story from more than one of them at different times, it obviously made quite a mark in their minds. It wasn't the only thing that made a mark, for discipline was administered Victorian style.

The family finally left their island life and moved back to near London in the year in which the *Titanic* sank. For some years after they used to come back for their summer holidays, staying at The Bungalow. Needless to say they never forgot their childhood days on Lundy and to the end of their lives, it could still be a topic of family conversation.



The Marisco Tavern, April 1969.

*Second from left, ASW thinks, is Peter Harman-Jones, third from left, ASW thinks, is a young Peter Edwards and it would be very pleasing if any readers could identify the whole party.
(pic: The Times 29/01/09)*

Visit to Lundy by the Betts Clan, August 2008 from Ann Betts

Well it was the usual chaos.

Christopher and I assembled with three offspring and partners, six grandchildren, Christopher's sister (from Texas) and friend, Susie and Seamus' former next-door neighbours, another family of friends comprising three generations and an American buddy of theirs, all taking up the entire Oldenburg waiting room. When Tony Walker turned up (we didn't know he'd booked) he looked understandably bewildered at so many unfamiliar faces which seemed to belong to us.

Actually most of these people had been to Lundy before. The young had camped in 2007 in the only fine week of that summer, so they thought they could do it again with impunity. Moff and his girlfriend Sophie suffered the first debacle when their tent collapsed in a force seven gale, shortly to be followed by our son Tom and his family. Tom had brought a tent which reminded one of the Taj Mahal, and it proved much too high and vulnerable in this year's weather. Last year he had got away with it as the weather was calm. I had better not reveal where all these people slept: let's say that they found alternative accommodation, and that the island staff were very kind. In spite of all this we had a memorable week : Susie has wonderful photographs of the waves on the west side, taken in a gale: there was a (wet) north end picnic eaten in the shelter of the rocks at the top of the steps, and a Brazen Ward picnic in brilliant sunshine. Our son-in law Seamus saw 42 seals at one go. Some of us got onto Rat, and there were several intrepid swimmers, not including yours truly.

I feel that the success of the week was largely due to the courage and good temper of the company in the face of adversity, and to the generosity of our friends who arranged a brilliant birthday party for me at Brambles. I have had several birthdays on Lundy, and have been made several cakes by my daughter and Jenny (Langham) Clark: one year it was the Polar Bear, next time the Old Light, another a map of the island. This year's was Tibbetts, as brilliant an effort as any. Apparently a special research party had been launched to check the dimensions of the building. (What do you do on Lundy?)

I should end by saying that the shop was excellent, and Nigel and *la signora* who run it deserve congratulations. We have never had such variety of choice or such fresh fruit and vegetables in all our years on Lundy.

OUR STAY: 9th - 14th May 2009
from Annie Alford

It was a lively crossing from Ilfracombe , but thankfully a quick one, arriving in the bay at Lundy by 11.40am, with the sun shining and a feeling of eagerness to be off and striding out to get to all those favourite places. But this is different, this isn't a day-trip, but a five day stay in Old House North at the very kind invitation of Diana Keast.

We are in very good company on our stay, Colonel Donald Easten and his daughter, Susan Ogilvy, Bridget Long, Jean & Roger Upton, Tortie Eveleigh, Francis Ivens, Marion Balls (nee Trapnell), myself, my sister Jane and the wonderful and much loved Diana, who was responsible for bringing together a most interesting group of people.

Somehow our days seemed to develop into excursions to places often visited by ourselves, but not fully explored by us for many, many years, like climbing down to the bottom of Puffin Slope, then on down onto the rocks below to call to the seals to come closer and pose for the camera, which they obliged. The same at the disused Trinity House jetty at North End, a place now sadly devoid of Kittiwakes, but as children well-remembered for the wonderful sight of the gully bursting with noise and activity from those noisy little birds.

A sight I had not come across before while sitting almost at sea level at the mouth of Kittiwake Gully was a seal which I thought at first to be dead, floating in and out with the swell, its eyes squeezed so tightly shut, nostrils too, flippers pressed tight to its body, just going with the swell, no movement whatsoever, I sat fascinated, tinged with sadness at this immobile seal, wondering what the other seals would make of it when its body reached them as the tide receded, when suddenly a snort of air came from its nostrils, eyes still tightly closed, it had been, in fact, absolutely, fast asleep. Of course I'd seen them asleep hauled out on the rocks, but have never thought of them being asleep at sea, obviously knowing it was protected in the gully, floating gently with the tide, it was probably a regular thing.

Two days and nights of a good North Easterly gale blew, wow did those windows and doors rattle, but the days were full of sunshine and shelter was found on the West side lands, being careful to keep out of the areas of nesting seabirds. Puffins in Jenny's Cove and Puffins on burrows further up the Westside, what a lovely sight, Guillemots & Razorbills jostling for space, Kittiwakes on nests, it all looked very encouraging. We watched a pair of Crows, who had a nest nearby with chicks, persistently hassle a Guillemot until it left it's spot and dropped its egg, upon which the Crows descended to feed on what might be left between the rocks below.

The most stunning sunset came on the eve of a change in the weather. I spotted the first tell tale signs of pink sky as I was dishing up our meal, hav-

ing placed it on the table I announced I'm just going to dash out and take a quick photo of the sky. It was captivating, one of the best I've seen for years, with the Old Light silhouetted, it was a photographers delight.

Most evenings there was a get together either in a Cottage or the Tavern or both. A coming together of new and old friends, with tales of your day's exploits and conversation of people's lives, past and present. Lundy has a way of bringing you together, talking to each other, I wouldn't dream of stopping a stranger in the street, and saying "Tell me about your day?" But on Lundy it seems the most natural thing to do.

Our last whole day brought cloud and a thin but penetrating drizzle, the lower East Side today, with a stop at Brazen Ward, disturbing three Sika hinds, then on to Gannets, discovering an Oystercatcher on a nest with at least one egg, seen through binoculars. On to Puffin Slope, but it did not seem the same as before, having to shelter there from the rain, behind rocks, like a couple of old ewes.

That evening we were invited to supper at Old House South by Colonel Easten and Susan Ogilvy, his daughter.

Colonel Donald Easten, was John Harman's Company Officer in Kohima. At 91, he is the most amazing man and it was a real honour to meet him. We had a very enjoyable evening with stories of the war, some sad, some told with great humour. Our evening was interrupted with a burst through the front door and a loud announcement from James Leonard, that if we wanted to hear Shearwaters, we were to go out this minute, as they were calling. What a way to end a beautiful stay on Lundy, standing out front of Old House South, on a damp misty night, listening to the almost haunting call of Shearwaters, as they fly over head, with South Light sounding and the lights of the sail training vessel *Lord Nelson* just showing, as she lay at anchor in the bay. A truly memorable holiday.

Counting Sheep on Lundy Island from Liz Eyles

"Counting sheep". The phrase alone conjures up thoughts of a monotonous and wearisome activity intended to bring on a peaceful sleep, however, counting sheep I did, and sleep I did not. As a second year student from the University of Exeter, reading Psychology, a week on Lundy studying the Soay sheep population was a welcome break from the day to day routine of student life. A life that commonly consists of hours spent glued to the computer in a variety of locations around the city with only a cup of coffee, a mobile phone and traffic noise for distraction. Exeter University students have been visiting Lundy since 1971 and each, I would imagine, like myself, would have come away calmer, with new friendships, memories and stories to tell. I was one of 43 students who opted into the Ethological Methods module that took us to Lundy Island for a week in the middle of April this year.



The University of Exeter 'Ethological Methods' students, who were on the Island to study animal behaviour. Dr Denver Daniels brought the first collection of students over in 1971.

Having little knowledge of the island prior to arrival, I anticipated the visit as merely a unique opportunity to collect data; however, Lundy offered far more. Lundy not only provided us a idyllic location for field studies, the scenery not out of place in an Emily Brontë novel, but also a sense of belonging, alongside a peaceful ambience which provoked a sense of calm in even the most neurotic individual. Many of us are now unpacking and applying these inescapable feelings of tranquillity to our pending examination period. The communal living on the island in charming buildings such as The Barn, majestic settings such as Millcombe House and unspoilt surroundings found in the camping field cultivated newly sewn friendships and offered absorbing backdrops to enjoy them after a day of observations. When considering the physical elements, the island acquainted us with lengthy but stimulating walks (with the consumption of one hundred loaves of bread providing testament to the expended exertion), dramatic scenery and diverse wildlife. Further to this we found the welcoming nature of the island continued into the Marisco Tavern where friendliness was in abundance and stories ran freely. The Tavern allowed us to absorb the culture of the island and share captivating conversations with the island dwellers in unrivalled surroundings.

Unlike Exeter, the few distractions we encountered, such as a collection of sika deer, a pod of seals or an informative conversation with an Island dweller, were interesting and added both to our experience, our knowledge and contributed to a highly inspiring visit. Lundy showed itself to be a place where secrets are kept, adventures are promised and discoveries are made. Having returned from the island only a day late (due to bad weather), we can provide an answer to the question, Does sheep watching really send you to sleep? The answer from our week on Lundy is, quite clearly, no. Counting sheep - a truly awakening experience

New Plant for Lundy from Andrew Cleave

I have just returned from a most exciting few days on Lundy staying in the Old Light with some other fanatical naturalist friends. On arrival (delayed a couple of hours due to easterly winds again) I was very thrilled to find a few plants of Wood Vetch, *Vicia sylvatica*, growing on the slope above the beach road, just up the road above the high wall over the cave where people leave canoes. The plants were in perfect condition (see photo) but by the end of our stay the hot dry weather had caused them to fade and wilt so I am not sure if there will be much to see from now on. I told Nicola about it, and also mentioned it to Derek Green, just in case someone decided to dump something at that point. Interestingly, the best site for Wood Vetch in Devon is at Hartland Point on the road down to the Lighthouse, although this is no longer accessible. I wonder how and when it hopped across to Lundy? I can find no previous records for this plant on Lundy - have you seen it there before? This is a scarce and declining species elsewhere so it would be good if a population could be established on Lundy.

I also managed to pin down a nice colony of Hard Fern *Blechnum spicant* in one of the quarries - not the VC quarry as previously reported, but in the northern-most large quarry - the one with the sheer smooth walls - does this one have a name? There were about 8 plants in very good condition. I don't know how I can have overlooked this in previous years. The *Ophioglossum azoricum* seems to be going over now, and is struggling somewhat in the long grass near three-quarter wall.



Wood Vetch, *Vicia sylvatica*

We had some fantastic dolphin watching from the *Jessica Hettie* and took hundreds of photographs of bow-riding dolphins and as many as eight at a time visible in the clear water alongside the boat - quite an experience, which Clive (the skipper) said he had never had before. We also caught delicious mackerel for our supper!

Moth-trapping proved to be very successful as well and I entered plenty of records in the log book. I will write up a full report in due course.

LFS WORKING PARTIES

LFS Working parties provide valuable help to conservation work on Lundy. Here, Trevor Dobie gives a flavour of one of those excursions.

March 2008. The spring conservation breaks are now earlier in the year than they used to be and require at least one helicopter flight. In 2008, the March Conservation Break required two such flights. Although the LFS were unable to fund the helicopter fares, the request from Lundy Warden, Nicola Saunders, to recruit a group of willing volunteers led, within days, to a core of interested souls, all willing to pay the helicopter fare for the privilege of spending a week on Lundy.

We gathered at Hartland chatting to fellow passengers. The forecast told of severe stormy weather for the following Monday. Not a good forecast when one of the passengers was Peter Pearce from the Landmark Trust who had to return on Monday.

Arriving at Lundy, we soon settled into The Barn, planning our week, storms permitting.

Saturday was our first working day. Chris Flower, the Ranger, led us along the East Side path to V. C. Quarry. We followed over the precipice to clear up some previously cut rhododendron that required gathering and stacking to enable regrowth control. This was precarious work and later, in a quiet moment, Chris told me that he wouldn't have dared asked any other group to take on that job as he knew he would get a short answer!!

The rest of Saturday and all of Sunday involved the usual cutting and burning that we expect on an LFS trip, working south of Quarter Wall Copse with the helicopter making several unscheduled trips to return the Peter Pearce party to Hartland.

Monday dawned noisily. The wind became ferocious and we were confined to the village area doing general maintenance. That evening most of the party decided to experience the storm at first hand. A trip to, and up, Old Light tower followed. The walk was literally breathtaking and the climb to the lantern room was unbelievably noisy. We felt admiration for this building and its creators.



Louise Cookson, Keith Dobie, Paul Newman and Kieren Dobie sheltering from the storm

Tuesday was our rest day. One of our party had to leave for work commitments but the rest joined with the Warden's wildlife walk diverting to North Light for lunch. Nicola kindly cooked our evening meal and we were joined by Sophie, the Assistant Warden, Chris the Ranger and Nigel Dolby from the shop for a very enjoyable evening.

Wednesday was seedling pulling day, walking north up the east sidelands pulling stray rhododendron. They germinate in some unexpected places, and can be well established.

A 60th birthday was celebrated by Keith Dobie on Thursday, a day early as it was our last night on Lundy. A splendid cake was produced by the Tavern staff and a pleasant evening followed. However persistent fog all day on Friday prevented our departure and the extra day allowed us to spend the day imagining the views.

All things considered, a very productive and enjoyable week.

LFS volunteers: Trevor Dobie, Keith Dobie, Kieren Dobie, Louise Cookson, Paul Newman, Dave Preece, Robert Preece, Michael Fry and Richard Viner.

If you would like to volunteer for a LFS Working Party, go to the Web site: www.lundy.org.uk.

ROYAL VISIT TO LUNDY

Sophie Wheatley, Assistant Lundy Warden

STAYING true to form time is passing like the wind over here on Lundy. The spring season is in full swing and we have already seen lots of visitors to the island helped no doubt by the good weather we've been having. All our visitors are equally important of course, but recently some have been more regal than others!

With more than 30 years having passed since the last Royal visit, Lundy was well overdue for another. In 1977 the Queen, Prince Philip and her young sons made a brief stopover as part of the Silver Jubilee Tour. This time the Earl and Countess of Wessex landed on Lundy for a tour of the island and to meet the islanders.

It was a great day. A chance to show how Lundy works and why it's so special. Apart from a small entourage of Royal attendees and bodyguards, you wouldn't have guessed that very much out of the ordinary was happening as it was a relatively low key event.

We only informed our staying visitors on the morning of the visit. However, by the time they arrived a bustling throng had gathered in the Tavern in anticipation of meeting the Royal couple. We realise that Royalty are used to more intense media attention and vast crowds but while visiting the island we wanted to maintain as much of a normal island working day as possible. After all that's our job and is what they were here to see - a day in the life of Lundy.

There was a lot to get through in the time available and although Lundy runs like a well-oiled machine, it's only thanks to the people who work here that makes it so.

The schedule was regimented to the minute, however within half an hour of landing we were already running over time. What we had forgotten to mention was that Lundy seems to run on its own time which is generally at a more relaxed pace!

First came the introduction to all the staff in the Tavern followed by a short talk about Lundy in general, the history, wildlife & unique private postal system, followed by a lunch of the island's own produce - Lundy game stew. Next came the

tour of the village including the shop, workshop and recycling centre of which the Countess in particular was very interested to impart her knowledge and experience of wormeries. Something which Chris our ranger might now look into as an alternative way of dealing with island waste. The highlight of the day for me however was the warden's walk, escorting the Earl and Countess on a short walk of the island to show them some of Lundy's natural features and wildlife. Taking in the east coast first we then crossed over to the west to highlight the striking differences between the two coasts and also try to find some of Lundy's infamous visitors - puffins. A tall order even on a regular warden's walk, but today the normally elusive puffins were out on show - what a relief!

They proved to be a real hit with the Royal couple and we all got a great view of these rare (to Lundy) clown-like birds in their natural habitat.

With the visit drawing to a close a quick stop at the Old Light, Lundy's oldest disused lighthouse which affords stunning views of the island and mainland on clear days. Then a stop at the church to sign our visitors' book before heading back to the Tavern for tea and cake.

Their last job of the day was to unveil a plaque to commemorate the visit and for us to thank them for visiting our island home. It was a fitting end to a busy but enjoyable day, the Earl and Countess made it very easy to carry on as normal and put everyone at ease with their friendly, easy-going manner.



Royal visitors to Lundy. Left to right: Peter Pearce (Managing Director of the Landmark Trust), Nicola Saunders (Warden), The Earl & Countess of Wessex and Sophie Wheatley (Assistant Warden)

pic: North Devon Gazette 24/06/09

'COAST' AT LUNDY

Keith Hiscock

Many of you will have seen the 'Coast' programme that featured Lundy. What you will not have seen is the incredible amount of hard work and even endurance that went into making it. Firstly, there was contact with the Lundy Field Society asking advice and then a reconnaissance trip. I was pleased to be able to accompany Barbara Lewis, an Assistant Producer, to the island and show her around including a snorkel with seals in Devils Kitchen. Derek Green, Nicola Saunders and the Shore Office were, as always, extremely helpful in advising and in making arrangements for the production team visit. Then the two-day excursion to the island loomed at the beginning of September, and so did the storms with near gale force winds for the trip out on *Obsession II* and the torrential rain that flooded so many homes on the mainland. But, the sun shone at critical moments and the Landing Bay at least was sheltered from the strong wind. Such is Lundy. At the island, the production team of ten had decided to start at the Jetty where we could do some shallow water underwater filming with their (then new) presenter Renee Godfrey. The underwater visibility had been wrecked by the storms but we found some Lundy 'specials' and Renee picked-up the story about them very quickly. My role was as local marine biologist and I was very much led by the production team including a diving supervisor and two standby divers for underwater work. Next, the seals duly performed for the team in Gannets Bay, with Nicola as local rep. Then back to the jetty as dusk approached to dive at low water - the visibility was appalling, there was very little daylight and I had two powerful camera lights in my face - finding particular wildlife to point out was not easy. One surprise was finding very large amounts of harpoon weed

Asparagopsis armata, a species that had been discovered as new to Britain by Clare Harvey at Lundy in 1949. Yes, it's another wretched alien, probably from Australia or New Zealand. The Tavern Kitchen were brilliant in coping with a late arriving and bedraggled group and a good night's sleep was had by all in Millcombe. The next morning was ponies



Presenter Renee Godfrey, Camerman Scott Tibbles, Soundman Paul Parsons, Camera Assistant Alia Bianco and Director Mike Taylor on the jetty before diving

(and, unsuccessfully, soay sheep) with Nicola and my main task was to collect the packed lunches. Then back to under the Jetty - I was getting used to the full face mask but that didn't help the awful underwater visibility which meant that the port of the underwater film camera was about 6" from our faces or 2" from the subjects.

I hope you enjoyed the piece and that you will encourage the BBC to return to Lundy to film some of the fascinating parts of the island that they missed.

RETURN TO LUNDY'S ROCKY SHORES

Keith Hiscock

Many of you may have taken part in rockpool rambles on Lundy and enjoyed the variety of bizarre creatures and beautiful algae to be seen in them. It was more than 60 years ago that Leslie Harvey (one of the LFS founders) documented the marine life found on Lundy shores and, by 2007, it was time to repeat the survey. But 2007 didn't happen: we had to stay away while the island bug was dealt with. So the grant that we had from Natural England, was left in the safekeeping of the LFS and all was re-organised for August 2008. What surprised me was the enthusiasm of a large number of marine biologists to take part - even though those who were not 'core team' would have to camp. More particularly, normally office-based biologists (far too many of those) expressed enthusiasm and some actually came. So on 30th August, ten



Survey Team: Chris Pirie, Nova Mieszkowska, Jack Sewell, Mark Hubble, Keith Hiscock, Judith Oakley, Gavin Black, Juliet Brodie, Ian Reach, Steve Hawkins

of us arrived in balmy weather and promptly set to work surveying the shores around Rat Island. The good weather continued and, with the help of the wardens, and use of their boat, we made it to shores on the west coast. The next day, the weather was awful, but biologists do not 'waste' a good tide and the survey work continued. On our final day, and after

assurances from me that the rather old rope leading down the cliff to the shore south of the South Light was "OK", several made it to the vicinity of Mermaid's Pool. All-in-all a very successful trip and a good time was had by all. Oh yes, and we did find most of what was recorded in the 1940s and a few additions. Thanks to Natural England for finance, to Nicola and Sophie for their boathandling and to the LFS for 'laundering' the money.

EARLY DIVING AT LUNDY

Keith Hiscock (with clarity and corrections from Don Shiers)

Don Shiers established diving on Lundy in the 1960s. I visited Don and Jeanie in May 2008 to catch-up with them and to make sure that part of Lundy history was recorded.

Don was there at the start of recreational diving in Britain. He was the first Training Officer of the newly formed London Branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club in 1954. Don had seen an article '*The Wrecks of Lundy*' by Michael Bouquet. Through this article, contact was made with Albion Harman in about 1964 at the White House Club in Regent's Park. By then, Don had established the Aquatic Club for recreational divers. With the agreement and encouragement of Albion Harman, Don, together with Bill Bowen and Tony Matthews, travelled to Lundy by 16ft inflatable boat from Bideford, the families following in the *MV Lundy Gannet*. They dived some of the wrecks and returned in 1967 to continue the exploration, including of *HMS Montagu*.

Don started taking members of the Aquatic Club to Lundy, and in 1968 with the help of the Austrians who provided seasonal labour on the island at that time, built the concrete hut above The Cove jetty, for changing/welfare with an attached shop/stores. Although Don's main interest was the wreck salvage and developing a sport diving holiday base, his team facilitated the work undertaken by the North-East London Polytechnic to census the seaweeds around the island in 1969 and 1970. The presence of his company, Bristol Channel Divers, on the island meant that I was able, after discussing the terms at his offices in North London, to dive the island in August 1969. Little did I know that, 40 years later, ...

Don's team of divers included members interested in underwater cinematography and Don and Jeanie showed me some of the footage from the 1960s. Many of the landscapes looked much as today but there were many more sea fans in the images than we see now and the pictures of divers delivering crawfish after crawfish to the inflatable could not be repeated today. Don suggested that two divers in one dive might catch six crawfish from locations around the island.

Through Bristol Channel Divers Ltd. (later to be renamed BCD Marine Ltd), Don and Jeanie acquired ownership of the *Carmine Filomena*, *Amstelstrom*,

Montagu and the *Robert* wrecks around Lundy and several more on the nearby North Devon coast. Don and his team were salvaging non-ferrous metal off the *Montagu* when I first dived the island, and watching the explosives used to turn over the plates, do their job, was fascinating. The *Amstelstrom* yielded its bell which remains on loan to the island from Don, and was placed on display in the Tavern.



Don Shiers in May 2008 next to one of his mementos of a life in commercial diving

Don and Jeanie stayed in The Old Hotel, (in the wing that has now been pulled down, adjoining the bar), with their children, Christopher, Russell, Terry and Andrew. Terry, his daughter, had an interest in marine life and is a talented artist. On one occasion she saw a sea horse as well as identifying sea slugs and doubtless much more.

Don had staff on the island most or all of the summer, including Pancho, who many will remember. The diving staff manned the launches that ferried passengers back and forth to the pleasure steamers, and being taken diving often revolved around when those duties had to be fulfilled.

Don was granted the sole concession to dive from the island by Albion Harman and that continued when the Landmark Trust took over management in 1969. Bristol Channel Divers provided facilities and support for the scientific expeditions investigating marine life in the early 1970s.

In 1973, Don had built, a 43ft steel motor vessel *Donjeano* to support diving operations and carry out salvage and survey work. In 1975 having sold *Donjeano* he then bought a larger 55ft ex-research vessel (RV *Jane*) which was renamed *Donjeano II*, to continue working around the island and generally around the UK.

Later, in 1979, he purchased the ex-research vessel (RV *Edward Forbes*) 105ft, to rename it *Donquesto*, to enable operations on a world-wide basis to be carried out. It was while carrying out initial proving trials around Lundy Roads, that the position of the *Iona* and *Robert* wrecks were located. The MV *Robert* sank in 1975 but took some finding. Eventually, Don obtained the use of a magnetometer, which, when towed behind the boat would indicate any large lump of iron on the seabed. They received a strong signal but one of his divers, Martin Dymond, was perplexed when he followed it to the seabed - it turned

out to be a 19th century paddle steamer. He had found the *Iona*, which lies directly off the stern of the *Robert*. The bronze propeller was soon separated from the rest of the *Robert* with the help of an explosive charge. Don still has it as a souvenir in his garden at Hemsby. He left the rest of the wreck for future divers to see and enjoy - thank you. It continues to be a great dive.

Don and his family saw less-and-less of Lundy but maintained ownership of the wrecks around the island, and in the early 1980s, John Shaw, who had worked for him as his Diving Superintendent on the Thames Barrier project, took over the running of the sport diving from the island and continued until about 1985, when visiting divers then had to be self sufficient with all their own diving equipment.

Now, the island has excellent facilities for visiting diving groups. However, the concrete dive hut and adjacent explosives store are long-gone, as are the crawfish.

From 'WHEN LIFE WAS NEW'
by Horace Hutchinson, published by Smith Elder, 1911
(from Peter Rothwell's collection)

Horace Hutchinson's account of a boyhood visit to Lundy

... everywhere, and ever louder as we went along to the north of the island, the air was full of a continuous, unceasing sound of the cries of the sea-birds. Where we had landed there had been few of them. We had, by that time, passed the ranks of the swimming razor-bills, guillemots, and puffins: the gannets could not dive with safety in the shallow water; and the only signs of bird-life were a few gulls hovering around us.

And yet, to our anxious enquiries after the birds, the skipper had told us there would be plenty. It was impossible to doubt him, as we heard the perpetual chorus, and yet we saw little except a plover or two flinging himself about over our heads, as we went along, and uttering his plaintive wild cry. The island was very unsympathetic to us, for, save in the sheltered combe where a stout elder bush flourished, there was nothing in the nature of a tree on the whole area; and the bare plateau did not appeal to our boyish need for secrecy and concealment.

Yet we kept on. And now, looking out beyond the northward limit of the island, we became aware of what appeared like a brown cloud, obscuring the bright levels of the sea. As we approached, it appeared that this cloud was composed of minute moving particles; and, drawing nearer still, it was seen that what had looked like a cloud was in reality a marvellously dense throng of sea-birds coming and going from their nests in the cliff-side to the sea and back again. The brownish aspect of the cloud had been given by the dark colouring of their upper parts, which alone were visible from above. But among and through them the great white gannets went sailing and swooping

majestically, throwing a fresh note of colour into the mass here and there. It was marvellous when we came near enough to be able to take in the details of the scene, that the birds could pass each other without collision, swiftly as they flew in such countless numbers. Yet if that were marvellous, how much more wonderful was it to see a bird shoot up and perch on a ledge of rock which appeared to us, looking from above, already so densely crowded, that there could not be room for a man to put his finger into the midst without edging one of the outside sitters off the ledge into the sea. And this, indeed, over and over again happened; for though the poet of our childhood had taught us that "birds in their little nests agree" it scarcely appeared as if his studies in ornithology could have extended to this remote island, so strangely did its inhabitants contradict his pleasant statement by the manner in which they fought and hustled for their footing on these ledges and terraces of rock.

Of a truth there were, as the skipper had said, plenty. From every rabbit-hole that seemed within feasible reach of our climbing the puffins were coming and going, and for their eggs we reached down the longest arm we could stretch, yet not without trembling and much clamour at the mouth of the hole, to scare the mother-bird away, for we had a profound respect for that most useful weapon of offence the beak of the Lundy parrot. And, after all, our quest of the sea-birds' eggs came to very little, for there were, no doubt, on the island boys, quite as keen bird-nesters as we and much better climbers, to whom the eggs were of value as articles of diet. All the nests within reach had probably been already harried, and the vast majority were on the precipitous cliffs, inaccessible to any creature that had not wings, or, failing them, a rope by which he might be lowered from above.

But if we did little in the way of adding to our collection of eggs, it was a sufficing joy to lie there on our stomachs, with heads over the edge of the cliffs, and look down on this mazy throng of winged things coming and going or sitting very straight up, as is their manner, on the terraces. And among the throng of sea-birds we saw, sailing out proudly from the cliffs, creatures that we had never seen before, peregrine falcons to wit, for Lundy is a favourite and unfailing source for the supply of these birds to falconers all over the kingdom.

The while that we lay and watched, the chorus of shrill voices was about us, deafening with its clamour and unceasing; increasing only to louder energy when we sent down a stone to clatter among the densely packed terraces and startle out a yet thicker cloud of bird-life. It was a wonderful sight, and we would make our way back to the landing-place feeling that, though we returned practically empty-handed, we had not lived in vain.

In the neighbourhood of the landing-place we found means of making up for our scant success in nest-hunting, for there would be boys of the island, informed no doubt by our friend the skipper of our tastes, with eggs to sell us of all the birds that nested on the island; and, though our finances were at

perpetual low ebb, a shilling, by judicious bargaining, would go a very long way in purchasing quite as many specimens as we were at all likely to be able to carry home unbroken.

A very interesting question had to be asked as soon as we reached the smack, were we likely to get home on the next tide, or should we have to be out all night?.....

The first part of the voyage, after leaving Lundy, was apt to be peculiarly exciting, for then we would often sail right through the troubled waters of the Lundy Race. This was not in any way different from other reaches of troubled water, caused by the meeting of conflicting currents, that go by the same name all round the coast; but it was the only race we knew, and we always looked forward to its encounter with a tremulous excitement. The smack went larking and bounding through the water which swept the deck with each successive wave, arousing the crabs and lobsters to a state of extreme liveliness. If the waves were breaking with any force, we were consigned to the obscurity of the cabin, whence we crept up the companion way till our heads were on a level with the perambulant crustaceans, and we could see the mysterious scene - the ship ploughing her way over the dark sea, the dim figures of the men moving here and there as the skipper shouted his commands, and an occasional white splash of a wave on the deck which gleamed as a ray from the port or star-board light fell on it. It was a scene that made us think of Grettir the Strong and all the heroes of the Sagas that people had told us about; we fancied ourselves hardy Norsemen and brave Vikings, and felt all the braver so soon as the smack had made her way out of the breakers of the race into calmer water. It was curious that the smoother the water fell the more confident we were that the heart of the storm was our true native element. As soon as our trawl-net was put down we became increasingly doubtful of it.

Of course the ever-moving sea has a wonderful variety in its movements, and different movements affect different people in different ways. Some especially dislike the roll; to others the pitch is peculiarly fatal; some endure with fortitude the motion of a following sea, but succumb to the tossing of waves that meet them; with others the sensations are reversed. But none of these, which are as it were motions natural to the great fluid body of ocean, compare at all with the discomfort of the uneven motion given to the ship when it is dragging its trawl-net behind. All others are more or less regular, rhythmical motions; but this is a horrid discord. We tried our best to be brave; we strove hard to think of Grettir the Strong, of whom it is never recorded that he was sea-sick, and further endeavoured to sustain our fainting courage by anticipating the delight of seeing the trawl hauled up. So the dark hours sped on, with fortunes that it is not well to chronicle too minutely, and maybe before the morning the trawl would have been hauled up several times.

SAVING LUNDY BECAME A CAUSE FOR THE NATION

from North Devon Journal 11/06/09

"Don't call it Lundy Island. The 'island' is superfluous because Lundy is a Norse word meaning Puffin Island."

This was my first encounter with the charming Diana Keast whose family, the Harmans, owned Lundy before the Landmark Trust became its custodians.

"I can remember very clearly listening to the radio with my mother. I was three, and we heard the announcement that Dad had just bought Lundy."

Diana's father was a financier in London and when her mother died in 1931, Lundy became a "proper home" for Diana and her two brothers. They spent blissful summer holidays, home from boarding school, like characters from an Enid Blyton story, exploring the island.

"You always remember the best times - lovely times on the beach, special times when entertainments were put on, with a temporary stage that was put up."

But she is quite pragmatic about the harder times she lived through.

"I remember 1933. People had very little money - so when there was a shipwreck, it was a tragedy and a blessing. Ships carried supplies and coal.



Diana Keast

"There were two major wrecks, in 1929 and 1931. They were Greek and carried olive oil and Camel cigarettes, among their supplies, which were distributed to all the inslanders. And with an impish grin she adds: adds: "That's when I learned to smoke - behind the rhododendrons ... well children do these things. I didn't smoke, I just learned to smoke."

She remembers staying with her father's agent on the island, Felix Gade, and his wife.

"My father wanted to preserve the peculiarities and special status of Lundy and was quite happy to rely on Felix, who stayed there until he died. His book, 'My life on Lundy,' was a wonderful account.

"Lundy was independent, a completely free place and my father always wanted to promote that it was different."

The family's ownership continued through the Second World War, but after, there were drastic changes.

Diana's elder brother, John Pennington Harman, was killed in 1944.

"He received the Victoria Cross and there is a memorial to him on Lundy near the quarry." John's death was a shock to the family and Diana's younger brother, Albion, took on the responsibility of the island.

"He wanted to make it self sufficient, as most people did. He introduced the diving and had a lot of ideas, but he died at 52 in 1968.

"He had been living two lives, in Nigeria, where he worked for a mining company and here.

"When he died, we knew we would have to sell the island. There was no more money to be put into it and Albion's widow had to be provided for.

"Of course there was a lot of discussion from people who adored the place, about having a trust created."

But as soon as the island was put on the market, the family were inundated with offers.

"There were two Welshmen, who offered £45,000. They were so nice and mad about the coins, so we gave them some Lundy coins and they were very happy."

Offers flooded in from around the world - from a Texan who flew in by helicopter, to Japanese visitors "who thought it might be quite nice for fishing.

"We had people come from all over the world, thinking it would be a tax haven. But the most money was offered by the Scientologists."

Diana didn't disclose a sum, but matters were about to take a new turn as news reached Westminster about the imminent sale.

"Sir John Smith had formed the Landmark Trust two years earlier and he came down from Westminster, while Jeremy Thorpe headed a group of West Country MPs who were very keen to know what was happening to Lundy, because they suddenly realised it was something that had been taken



David Salisbury-Jones and George Mitchell with a core sample from a bore-hole. John Harman VC left instructions in his will, that a bore-hole was to be sunk in the South West Field in the expectation of precious metal being found - unhappily, it wasn't.

for granted. Jeremy Thorpe was so kind. He was a Lundy lover. He had been all his life and came quite frequently. He spearheaded the campaign to save Lundy for the nation.

"John Smith heard that the National Trust could not accept Lundy, but he was already getting interested.

"He came over and I could tell he was fascinated by the dilapidated old buildings. He could immediately see the 'specialness' of Lundy.

"He could see it was something that needed preserving as it was. Only the buildings needed some work, but everything he did has shown that."

ON THE ORIGIN OF LUNDY FLORA, WITH SOME ADDITIONS

by F. R. Elliston Wright

Extracted from *The Journal of Botany*, April, 1935

Editor's comments: The debate on the origin of Lundy's flora is ongoing and readers might find it interesting to see some of the early thoughts on the matter.

See also Ian Mercer p4.

In taking a general survey of the list of plants occurring on Lundy (*Journal of Botany*, November 1933), which list, though incomplete, is quite sufficient for estimating the type of flora existing there; after removing those plants which have probably been introduced by man in recent times - some purposely, as trees, *Archangelica*, clover and grasses for improvement of pasture; others accidentally, as impurities in grass, corn, and other agricultural seeds, or adhering to imported cattle, horses, goats, etc., men's clothing, and packing materials, - the remaining, or what may be termed native plants are suggestive that the flora of Lundy may be Oceanic in type, in spite of the close proximity of the mainland. This would mean that Lundy, since its final appearance above the sea and becoming capable of supporting vegetation, has not been directly connected with the mainland. After the Lundy granites were thrust up through the Devonian slaty rocks, the latter, the overlying soft rocks, and the upper part of the intruded granites, were planed off by the sea about Pliocene times, still encased on all sides by the slates.

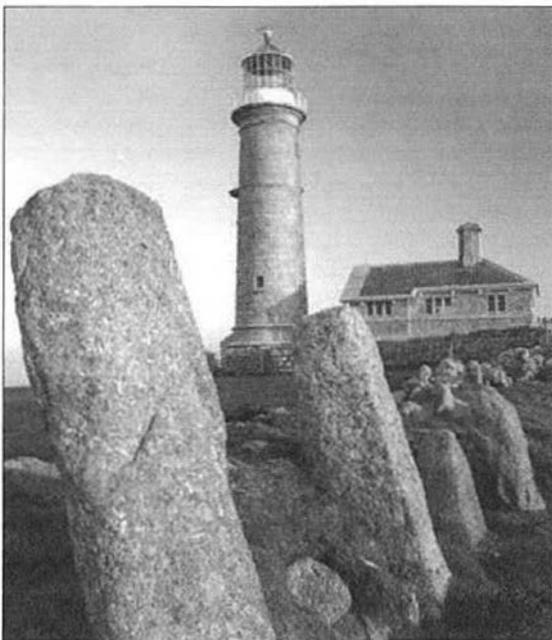
Subsequent change in level of sea and land brought the land above water; then for marine and subaerial erosion to detach the more easily weathered slaty rocks extending about 16½ miles between Lundy and the mainland, accepting Sir A. Geikie's erosion rate along our coast, would take some 900,000 years.

For various reasons, Dr. A. J. Dollar considers that the period could have been much less. In Pleistocene times, after the phases of the Glacial Epoch, about the late Paleolithic period, sea-caves and beach deposits were formed on

the east coast of Lundy, indicating definitely sea between this coast of Lundy and the mainland though in middle -Neolithic times, corresponding to the period when the present "submerged forests" existed about the Bristol Channel, the land rose possibly 60-80 feet above present level, and may have again been connected with the mainland, or was much nearer than at present. And the important discovery by Dr. A. J. Dollar of Neolithic arrow-heads and artefacts on Lundy may support this nearness or connection with the mainland.

The above forests were again submerged in late-Neolithic times, leaving the previously mentioned caves and beach deposits now 25-30 feet above sea-level. But, personally, I do not think that the necessity of passage by sea would have prevented Neolithic man from reaching Lundy; and the fact that they were using weapons suitable for the killing of large mammals, which could only arrive overland, does not prove that these animals were there, as I think that these stone implements were regarded as of such great value that the owners never went anywhere without them, and handed them on from father to son. So that in the present state of our geological knowledge, although no definite answer can be given, there is a high probability that Lundy was separated from North Devon by the time that it was capable of supporting vegetation.

This possibility is further suggested by the total absence of reptiles. There is certainly no reason why snakes and lizards should not exist there, and I think the same may be said of toads. Also the absence of stoat, weasel, and badger strengthens this suggestion. The introduction of all the mammals at present living on Lundy can, I think, be readily explained. The presence of the pigmy shrew, which must be one of the oldest inhabitants, perhaps raises some doubt, but this small creature could certainly arrive on drift,



Another ongoing speculation is "what date do we give the early Christian stones in the cemetery?"

packing material, etc. The absence of any trees, except recently planted, suggests the same thing. Acorns and other nuts must be dispersed by small mammals over a land bridge, except in very rare instances where acorns have been carried considerable distances by such birds as Corvidae, and the wind-borne samaras and winged fruits of elm, ash, birch, etc., are only capable of short flight, and quite unable to cross water, even a quarter of a mile in extent.

The question of unsuitability of habitat at once arises here, but there is plenty of suitable ground on the eastern slopes, which, moreover, is the side nearest the mainland, where such trees could obtain a footing. The biological spectrum of the flora on the east side is entirely different from that on the west and surface of the Island. The hydrotherm figure is also different, owing chiefly to less exposure to the prevailing wind on the east side. And we find planted trees of elm, birch, oak, alder, hazel, beech, ash, and sycamore, not only growing, but looking far less stunted than on the North Devon coast, or than the sycamore and ash on Bardsey.

Before the influence of man, phanerophytic vegetation was far more extensive over the whole mainland, and the examination of peat-remains for pollen might give us some information of past trees. The peat on Lundy is very shallow, and has yielded no evidence to me; but Dr. K. B. Blackburn has kindly consented to examine samples, so that we shall have valuable information on this point later. St. John Harold (Bull. Torr. Bot. Club, 1925) has told us how pollen of *Pinus* has been blown hundreds of miles. In the great dust storm in early summer, 1934, over three tons per square acre of the deposit in Chicago consisted of oak pollen, which had travelled a great distance. Such deposits, even if very rare, must influence our conclusions on the value of pollen remains, though negative results may be important.

The majority of the genera present of what may be termed native plants are represented by one species only, an oceanic characteristic. In the *Junci* and *Carices*, we have the largest number of species, and they are two genera which have been repeatedly observed to be dispersed by birds, *Sagina* is represented by five species, but I think quite rightly many botanists would only admit some as so-called micro-species; their minute seeds, though capable of being blown considerable distances, even on to high buildings, by strong winds on dry ground, could only be carried overseas by birds. Of what may be called the native plants. I think almost the total number have probably been introduced by birds, by viable seeds passed through intestine, seeds of drupes and berries regurgitated from the stomach, seeds adhering to feet and legs in mud, and adhering to feathery plumage. After removing from the list all those species of which there are known records, as having been observed as bird-carried, we have left such plants as *Caltha*, *Sisymbrium*, *Polygala*, *Silene*, *Spergularia*; *Montia*, *Radiola*, *Erodium*, *Trifolium arvense*, *Ornithopus*, *Cotyledon*, *Sedum*, *Drosera*, *Pepelis*, *Galium saxatile*, *Jasione*, *Wahlenbergia*, *Lysimachia*, *Pedicularis*, *Thymus*, *Scutellaria* - almost all small-seeded, - which could only be brought by birds.

Lundy is favoured by a large resident population of birds, and great numbers congregate there for nesting. Apart from these, Lundy is greatly used as a resting-place by birds on passage. It lies within the course of the great migratory stream, which passes down the western side of Britain to eastern Europe and Africa. The migrants *par excellence*, which are said usually to travel with empty stomachs, and partly clean themselves before migration, are not nearly so important for seed-dispersal as the partial migrants, subject to local and seasonal movements. Every cold spell in winter brings us thousands of White-fronted Geese, Barnacle Geese, Widgeon, etc., such birds having a seasonal to and fro movement throughout winter. In autumn numbers of Wagtails, Terns, Gulls, Grebes, Sanderlings, Sandpipers, Phalaropes, and others may be seen working their way down the coast. There is practically no time of the year when there is no movement going on along our coasts.

In considering the carriage of seeds by wind, we find the prevailing S.W. wind, which is strong enough and of steady force, is directed away from Lundy towards the mainland. The E. and N.E. winds are often strong, but more intermittent and gusty, and the first drive down on to the sea finishes the seed's journey. Several normally wind-dispersed fruits are included under observed bird dispersals, such as *Senecio*, *Hieracium*, *Hypochoeris*, etc., and are more likely to arrive on bird-plumage. In wet weather the pappus adheres very readily to trousers. I have found all these in plenty on my own; Cotton Grass fruits when walking over boggy ground in misty rain, and *Armeria* fruits on socks when walking on cliffs. The fruits of grasses, though well wind-dispersed on land, are not sufficiently buoyant by their attached glumes to cross the sea, but by their awns and roughened glumes may readily become attached to plumage; they are often found well buried in one's socks. *Phragmites*, which is the grass best adapted for wind-dispersal, one of the most widely distributed plants in the world, and one of the most adaptable to varying conditions, is absent; *Calamagrostis epigeios*, almost as well adapted for aerial flight, grows plentifully on the mainland coast at Baggy, Fremington, etc., but has not reached Lundy. The Filices have no doubt all arrived by air; wind is not needed, the slightest atmospheric movement being sufficient to carry their spores for great distances. *Orchis* may travel similarly. Mr. H. N. Ridley has shown us that *Pteris* may be introduced by man.

The Equisetums are absent. Prothallia produced from their spores are, I believe, in our species usually dioecious; consequently, spores travel in little clumps, by entangling their elaters, rendering it possible for prothallia of both sexes to arise near together. Such clumps would have less chance of travelling oversea than single spores; though against this *Equisetum debile* got to Krakatau; but I do not know whether this plant has dioecious prothallia.

No *Mentha* or *Euphorbia* is native, and, as far as I can find, these have never been recorded as bird-dispersed; but *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, which might well be expected from the floral conspectus on the surface of the island, and which has

so frequently been found to be dispersed by birds, is also absent; but we must remember that often without obvious explanation, equiconditional regions with the same floristic physiognomy often have widely different floristic compositions.

Regarding the arrival of plants by sea-drift, the steeply rising sea-washed cliffs are in most places unsuitable to give a footing. Common plants usually found on higher parts of beaches are absent. *Crithmum* may certainly have arrived by sea. The cremocarps are large and corky compared with the enclosed seed; they float well and are unharmed by sea water for a long period. I have noticed that either rabbits or rats in late autumn eat the roots of this plant on North Devon cliffs, tearing away masses of the plant, which, with dry fruit on them, fall and may readily be floated away.

Editor's Note: Dr Elliston Wright's 1935 Lundy Plant List, originally published to accompany this article, and compiled as a supplement to his 1933 list, is available by email from your editor (appledoria@tiscali.co.uk).

ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATIONS

The LFS is planning to expand the information resources available to Members through the Web site (www.lundy.org.uk) and by e-mail. There will be no reduction in the number of publications or information that you get via the Royal Mail.

If you have provided your e-mail address already and are happy to receive occasional information by e-mail (for instance, notifying new significant information on the Web site or 'special offers') you do not need to do anything more. Your e-mail address will not be visible in communications.

However, if you do not wish to receive e-mails or if you wish us to check that your e-mail address is current, please go to the 'Membership' section of the Web site and complete the linked form (at the time of writing the form is not yet on-line but will be soon).

LFS AGM AUCTION 2009 - Prices realised

LOT	Description	Realised
1	Box of 7 archive audio cassettes - recordings of Radio Broadcasts, Gade on RT to Hartland, private interviews - all Lundy related - Hours of listening	£45
2	Book Bushell and Harman of Lundy 1 st Edition, dustjacket, good clean copy, some pages have been bent	£12
3	Report + Transactions of the Devonshire Association XCII - 1960 containing "Lundy's Ecclesiastical History" AE Blackwell	£20
4	Book - The Old Light Lundy - unmade cutout model - 1 st Edition annotated on front "Belonging to John Dyke"	£5
5	LFS Birdwatchers Supplements - 13 copies 1982 - 1993 mainly originals, but completed with photocopies - a rare set	£15
6	Four Offprints - by Ternstrom (one plus Gardner) from Devonshire Association - Ownership of Lundy, Giants Graves, Legal + Parochial Status, Granite	£12
7	Painting - Oil on Canvas. View of Lundy Village from the steps of the Barn, unsigned, undated, but 2005 by Kirk Dobie. Size W24" x H12" see http://www.kirks-painting-4-pleasure.co.uk	£45
8	Painting - Watercolour-North light and steps - Von (Yvonne) Falcon signed Von 1996 size W8"x H10" including mount	£25
9	Photograph - Black and white mounted photograph "Mr + Mrs Peter Edwards" (Campbell's boatman + carpenter and stores assistant- 1970s) by Sachs-size H17 ¹ / ₂ " x W13 ³ / ₄ " including mount	Not sold
10	Postal cover - 25.11.96 to Mr + Mrs J Dyke - UK stamp plus private cachet - "Stamp out Lundy Stamps" private label "Kings Local Post 1 Moo"	£3
11	Postcard -to Tony Langham signed "Gi" 16 Feb 1968 bearing UK 3d and Lundy 1p stamps	£30
12	2 x postcards - Lundy West Side and Lundy the Castle - National Trust issues both unused but bearing a Lundy stamp	£3
13	Postcard - Sepia undated "K Ltd" annotated on reverse in pencil "Breasting the Swell" showing two youngsters on the landing beach helping beach a rowing boat containing three men and the mail	£25
14	Poster-original or colour copy "Presented to Robin Evans" JD 1995 with a dozen vignettes of Lundy scenes. Size H 16 ¹ / ₂ " x W 11 ³ / ₄ " (has been rolled)	£30
	Donations due to rounding up of prices realised	£10
	Total	£280.00

List of Books for sale through the Society.

Journal of the Lundy Field Society - Jenny George (ed)- 192pp - £10 plus £1.30 p&p (Cheques to "LFS")

The Journal of the Lundy Field Society, first published in 2008, contains the scientific papers previously published in the Annual Report. Illustrated in full colour it is published annually or biennially. Members receive copies but others may order back numbers

- Rocky shores of Lundy, Enclosures may overestimate the impacts of rabbits on the vegetation of Lundy, Lichen specialties of Lundy: an overview, Cliff nesting seabird productivity on Lundy 2007, Manx shearwater breeding success on Lundy 2007, Puffin numbers on Lundy during summer 2007, Questions concerning the ecclesiastical history of Lundy., Lundy - a thirteenth century landscape

Lundy Lichens - Ann Allen - £9.99 - 48pp -plus £1 p&p (Cheques to "LFS")

Specially produced as an introduction to the fascinating study of the over 350 species of lichens on Lundy. Over 50 colour photographs accompany descriptions of selected lichens grouped into community habitats. There is also a map of locations, an illustrated glossary and other background information

Lundy Studies - Jenny George (ed) - 192pp - £15 plus £2 p&p (Cheques to "LFS")

- The proceedings of the 60th anniversary conference of the Lundy Field Society, with papers on:
 - Archaeology and History: Milestones in the archaeology of Lundy, Patterns of settlement on Lundy: putting Lundy's archaeology on the map, Lundy's history: the course of change.
 - Marine and Freshwater Ecology; Introduction to the marine and freshwater habitats of Lundy, Lundy's marine life: Lundy's lentic waters:
 - Terrestrial Ecology; The terrestrial ecology of Lundy, The macrofungi of Lundy, Lundy Cabbage: past, present and future.

Lavishly illustrated with many coloured photographs the book also contains abstracts from posters displayed at the event. 192 pages 244mm x 171mm

Lundy Colouring Book- 24pp - £1.00 plus 60p p&p (Cheques to "LFS")

"A book for crayoning" with over 20 line drawings by Sharon Read for you to colour

Birds of Lundy - 319pp - £18.95 plus £3.00 p&p (Cheques to "LFS")

A joint publication with the Devon Birdwatching and Preservation Society, this book covers all 317 species on the Lundy list, with notes on another 32 species that have been reported from the island and surrounding waters. Each entry includes the species' status, pattern of occurrence, historical records and unique anecdotal insights as well as an analysis of ringing movements. There are also background chapters on the island and suggestions for the best times and places for birdwatching.

Lundy Letterboxes Alan Rowland - 100pp - £7.50 plus £1p&p (Cheques to "Alan Rowland")

One hundred pages of the history of letterboxing on Lundy with illustrations of all letter-box cachets. 30 Letterboxes and over 90 cachets - A5 size.

Orders to LFS Sales, Mole Cottage, Chapel Close, Woodford, Morwenstow, Cornwall EX23 9JR- enquiries to morwenstow@btinternet.com - please check the cheque payment details for each title.

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