



DISCOVERING LUNDY

The Bulletin of the Lundy Field Society

No. 48, January 2019



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Contributions in the form of news items, short articles, illustrations and photos reflecting the aims and activities of the Lundy Field Society are welcome and may be sent, preferably by email, to the editor. Telephone enquiries to 07795 303933.

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**See opposite for publishing details and copy deadline
for the next issue of *Discovering Lundy*.**

*Cover photo: Parasol Mushroom,
photographed on Lundy's East Side by Tim Jones*

Photo by Lottie Johnson



Editor's chatterings

I've had great fun putting together this year's *Discovering Lundy*. Articles were slower to hit my in-box this year and I was getting a little anxious, but when it really mattered the wonderful LFS membership came up trumps yet again with some interesting and entertaining stories and reports. I really hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have!

It feels to me like we've had a huge LFS presence on Lundy this year, with our Hon. Sec. Michael Williams (pictured below) spending several weeks volunteering as a General Assistant, Ali Sheppard (inset photo) following in his footsteps for a couple of weeks in the summer, two weeks

of LFS Conservation Breaks, a number of members taking part in the Lundy Ambassador project (see the report by Frances Stuart later in this edition) and many members visiting on a day or staying basis. With lots of members on the island, I hope the LFS logbook has had plenty of use.

Due to moving home and other events this year, I've managed fewer visits to Lundy than I usually do. I volunteered on St Kilda (Outer Hebrides, not Australia) for two weeks in May with National Trust Scotland. What a fascinating place! While Hirta, the main island of the archipelago, was very different from Lundy (lots of ups and downs for a start, as well as a pub that's only open for 2½ hours 6 days a week!) there were some similarities too. The island of Soay is right next door, and there's a flock of Soay sheep living on Hirta. They live much

Photo by John Tyrer



closer to the village than the Soays on Lundy and look quite different! I'd love to learn more about how each of the flocks have changed over time. Water is an issue for Hirta as it is for Lundy, and we were almost taken off the island early due to a shortage in the hot weather. We had a dedicated cook, which was interesting – fantastic food, and so much of it! There's no shop on Hirta so all our food came with us on the boat and had to be carried and wheelbarrowed up to our accommodation – as did our luggage – which was quite an introduction! Personally, I love the opportunity to take a turn in cooking with my cookery team mates during LFS Conservation Breaks; taking time to explore what the General Stores has to offer, planning the meal and having an early shower after the day's work before preparing the meal. One stand-out memory was the huge sea on our journey to Hirta – much worse than anything I've ever experienced on the *Oldie*, even though I was on the last sailing (pictured below) to Lundy this year, which was quite a journey!

I have managed three stays and one dive trip to Lundy in 2018, including two 'firsts'; my first stay in Tibbetts with three friends in September, and my first stay in Old Light Lower in October. I must say that the bunks in Tibbetts were a challenge to get into, but one we thankfully manged to overcome. As to whether we participated in the Tibbetts 'tradition', that will remain a closely held secret.

Thank you very much to all who have contributed to this edition – it couldn't happen without you. Thank you as well to the very talented Tim Davis who sadly has decided that this will be the last time he does the layout for *Discovering Lundy*. Don't worry, I have a plan for next year!

Belinda Cox

Photo by Martin Thorne





A word from the summit

As your newly elected Chair, I feel I should use my first foreword to introduce myself to those who I have not met on Lundy, at the AGM or through my LFS sales role. I have been visiting Lundy since 1991 and involved in various ways on the LFS committee since 1996. As well as Chair, I will continue to organise sales but have given my archivist and auction roles over to two willing committee members, André Coutanche and Bee Cox respectively. Bee has also taken on the role of Vice-Chair. You might also have seen my name as a contributor to our LFS publications.

Until I took over the role of Chair, I had not realised how busy with LFS matters my predecessor had been. Keith Hiscock has worked hard for many

years not just at meetings and the AGM, but continuously in the background. Since taking over this position, my feet have not touched the ground. There is always lots of background administrative work, as well as being a port of call for all manner of LFS-related queries.

However, this has not prevented me from visiting Lundy frequently. Checking this year's diary, I find I have visited Lundy on day trips five times in my role as Lundy Ambassador leading walks (see Frances Stuart's piece in this Bulletin) and to the Lundy Management Forum. I have also visited for longer stays an additional four times, one of which coincided with the service to mark the launch of the St Helen's Centre. I was fortunate to be chosen to greet and escort the Bishop of Exeter and took the opportunity to weave the LFS into the conversation whenever I could. These trips also allowed me to indulge in my Lundy passion of surveying for invertebrates, both terrestrial and freshwater.

One of the visits was timed to coincide with the launch of *Lundy Fungi*. This book has been 15 years in gestation, but the long-awaited and eagerly anticipated volume has been published and is now available for sale (see the inside back cover). If you can wait until our AGM in March, the two authors will be making a guest appearance to sell you a signed copy.

You will all have received the members' questionnaire from Tim Jones. Thanks to you all for the fantastic response rate; you have given us much food for thought in the coming months reacting to your suggestions.

I'm looking forward to reading the wide and varied articles in this edition of *Discovering Lundy* with subjects as diverse and varied as the island we all love. Thanks to all contributors and the editorial team for getting it all together.

Alan Rowland

Chair

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

CERIDWEN BIGWOOD tells the tale in verse of an unusual LFS Conservation Break in February.

L is for the day we **LEFT** our houses on February 23rd,
A week away (or so we thought!) for adventures yet unheard,
Four-hundred-and-twenty seconds is all the time that it takes,
To be transported from the mad mainland to this oh-so-wondrous place,
All the daily cares of life – we'll leave them all behind,
To news of Brexit for one whole week we'll be blissfully deaf and blind!
Instead we'll fill our eyes and ears with Lundy time and tides,
With pet sheep Domino and Polly the foal we'll happily reside.

U is for our very first task – the '**UP-AND-DOWN**' in lines,
Lots of Rhododendron searches the only thing on our minds,
Pondsbury was the focus set by Nick when we arrived:
“I'd love to see us Rhody-free by 2025!”
Two thousand-plus we found and marked with sticks and flags galore,
Trevor, our leader, set the battlelines: “We're off to Rhody-war!”
A yellow-clad warrior followed on seeking out stick upon stick,
With spray to hand, scythe as well, was trusty Ranger, Nick.

N is for the **NATURAL** life contained within these shores,
The young, the old, the weak, the strong, just step outside the door,
Some creatures braved the winter storms and some didn't fare so well,
A snipe, Neil the eel, a Raven, a Deer sadly by the wayside fell.



Some of the February Conservation Break team at Hartland International. Photo by Ian Davidson

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

D is for the **DIGGING** we did of trees from nursery to slope,
Saplings ready to be planted out, but just how would they cope?
To help them thrive we dug and dug into the mud and rock,
Twenty-eight hands in unison – all around the clock,
A coffee break, then back for more, posts in straight and neat,
Lastly net and guards to protect them, lest any deer should eat!
In years to come those trees will bloom and surely they will grow,
And we'll bring our family and friends to see them blowing to and fro.

Y is for the **YELLOW** warning of snow closely followed by red,
The fields of green and skies of blue,
Closed their eyes and were put to bed,
No orange or pink in the rising sun,
Or purple in its setting too,
All colours of the rainbow gone,
Shades of grey the only hue.

F is for the **FRIENDSHIPS** made, both old and new if you will,
Stories shared, lives compared, Souls meet – time stands still.
But perhaps it is Lundy Island that really makes its mark,
Draws you close and hugs you tight, engraves itself upon your heart.
And in return we, with each step on Lundy our marks we lay,
Our footprints planted in its earth remain long after our stay,
And from those prints you'll carry some earth and leave it at your door,
“But before too long you'll return to me and feel my power once more...”



Transplanting trees on the East Side slopes. Photo by Trevor Dobie

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

I is for the **INCIDENTS**, nothing too much to tell,
Just Tony and Ceridwen out in the bog – they regularly fell!
‘Newbie’ Nick, he took a tumble gathering blankets for the night,
Making sure we all were warm and cosy, tucked in warm and tight.
The barn steps were the ultimate test – How many can you climb?
One or two? Before that Easterly wind gets you from the side!
Mandyeee had a tip for all, so listen and heed her call,
“Just walk alongside the very top step – one knee up – then two – and crawl!”

E is for the **EATING** – Oh my goodness, soooo much food!
We simply cannot list it all – there really isn’t room!
From roast to sticky toffee pud, from bangers and mash to stew,
Cream teas enjoyed, banana loaf – just a slice or two!

L is for the Heligo-**LAND TRAP**, battered and bruised through the years,
So we set to and cut the brambles back with loppers and pairs of shears,
Others mended the net and gate and fenced it all around,
Hopefully one day soon there’ll be some birds that will be found.

D is all about Mandyeee and how she handled Nick’s **DRILL**,
No-one else was allowed a turn, Her moves – they fitted the bill!
Slowly and surely she drilled away, Nick, Trev and Sue hammered nails,
Building planks to make raised beds to grow some vegetables.
At the tip some went down on bended knee, hunting out nails and metal,
After filling up one large bag Keith said: “Ray – boil that bloody kettle!”
Mandy D, Andy, Ceridwen and Lou went round the back – the brambles they were tall!
But soon they cried: “Hurray – we’ve finally found the beautiful dry-stone wall!”



At work on the Heligoland Trap. Photo by Mandy English

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

S is for the **SNOW**, yes SNOW! Eight years since the last,
Rare easterly winds blew storm Emma across – it really was an icy blast!
Island life slowed down even more and came to a grinding halt,
Nothing could stop this, nothing at all, no amount of grit or salt!
We had snow in our bedroom, drifting down and settling on our beds,
Mark climbed up to the skylight and laid a tarpaulin to protect our heads.
Sooo cold it was that a snowdrift settled two feet up the back door,
Lou made a little snowy owl, with potato slices for wings and nose, what's more!

O is for the **OIL** with which we dressed the benches with teak,
Out in the snowy tractor shed – it really was quite bleak.
So much wood was dragged and chopped, for us and others too,
For Millcombe, The Tavern and Old House North, we were such a productive crew!
After such days, round the open fire at which we warmed ourselves,
We whiled away the wintry hours, reading books from off the shelves,
A glass of wine, a beer or two, then comes the dining hour,
A cry goes up, a call goes out: “Sue, get out of that ruddy shower!”

C is for the **CHARADES** with which we passed the evening hours,
“TV, two words, sounds like Halt” – “I’ve got it, it’s Fawlty Towers!”



Sheep in the snow. Photo by Mandy English

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

Articulate, The Logo Game, I Spy – they all were played,
We sang some songs, we hummed some tunes, sweet harmonies were made.

I is for the **ICY** wind, it has to be recalled,
That Easterly wind, it really blew, Storm Emma was terribly wild!
The flagpole snapped, the beach road sank, the wind brought snow and sleet,
Even Ian, all six foot of him, it nearly blew him off his feet!

E is for the **EXTRA** days we were gifted by the snow,
No helicopter or cars could move – there was simply nowhere to go,
Kevin he captured photographs out in the snow ice and cold,
The ones he took were really great, some were just pure gold.
Others hunkered down and turned their minds and hands to food and took to making,
Curries, pies and saag aloo and apple cake baking,
Cushions were knitted, baby blankets too, some snoozed by the fire,
Others they headed off upstairs and to their beds retired.

T is for the **TAVERN** where a pint or two was had,
Along with Rum and lovage or shrub – we all were merry and glad!
We drank them dry of mulled cider – none left for me or you,
It was everyone's fault, we all had some – it wasn't only Lou!

Y is for the **YEARNING** to return in weeks or days,
To witness Island wildlife and all its healing ways,
Though storms may rage and winds may blow the sun will shine again,
May the mainland be gentle and kind to you 'til we commune with Lundy again.



Storm Emma from the Barn. Photo by Belinda Cox

LFS Conservation Breaks 2018

DAVE POWELL reports on his enjoyable first experience as an LFS volunteer.

The October 2018 working party consisted of Jan (group leader), Mandy D., Helen, Mandy E., JoJo, Sue, Juliet, Michael, Paul, Bob, Andy, John and Dave. Most were LFS volunteering veterans, while for a few others Lundy was a completely new experience.

We met up on a damp Bideford quayside at about 8am on Sunday. Some struggled to remember new names, but one name was very clear in the mind of everyone – Callum, the storm that had left us stranded on the mainland the day before. The compensation for this however was to be a week of dry, often warm and sunny days, with some magnificent autumn sunrises and sunsets.

As soon as we landed, after a reasonably smooth crossing, Lundy started to weave its spell on us all; seals and their pups provided a welcome.

At 8.30am on Monday, we had our first briefing with Nick the Ranger and Chris, his assistant, who was spending his last week on the island. The working day was to consist of two tasks. A larger group focused on extending the tree nursery area below Millcombe. This involved removing one line of fencing, extending the sides, constructing an access, and re-erecting the removed section. New skills were acquired here! Nick closely supervised and paid much attention to the aesthetics of the structure. Chris was the chief post driver – heavy work! The smaller group made sterling work of cleaning and clearing the Millcombe footpaths and steps – they looked spotless by the end of the day.

Tuesday and Thursday involved the whole group working on one task: a couple of the Rhododendron wood piles on the eastern slopes were moved up the incline and along the path to the Heligoland Trap. This involved working in a chain gang – physical work that required a good sense of balance and hand-eye coordination. The log pile by the trap has consequently grown considerably. Surely it can now be seen from space!

The day off in between the wood shifting was a very good one weather-wise and a welcome break. It was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, but for most, if not all, it was not exactly restful. Activities included walking and exploring, bird and seal watching, wild swimming, fungi hunting, descending to Lametry Bay, and visiting the museum and the recently refurbished church. These pastimes also filled up much of the rest of our spare time.



*The chain gang moving Rhododendron wood piles on the East Side slopes.
Photo by Jan Paul*



The October working party bond on the Jetty at the end of their week. © Jan Paul

Friday was very varied for the group. While a few started the day with sorting the accumulated recycling, another group toiled in the Old Light, sweeping steps and cleaning windows. The gravestones in the cemetery were tidied up, and the posts and fencing along the cemetery wall were replaced, including rehanging the gate.

In the morning Mandy D led a very successful Fungus Foray around key sites in the south of the island with a group of 11 visitors. We all had to miss her tour, but she kindly took any volunteers who were interested on a ‘mini foray’ on the best patch (adjacent to the Old Light) during our lunch break. Her enthusiasm was very infectious.

Through the week, daily housekeeping tasks were carried out by everyone, with shopping and evening meal selection and preparation being the responsibility of two or three of the team on a rota basis. Consequently, we were very well supplied with everything that we needed from the remarkably well provisioned shop, and really well fed with some fantastic meals and amazing puddings, not forgetting the delicious homemade cakes that had been brought over. Probably not a week for losing weight despite the physical activity! The Tavern was a wonderful place to socialise after each repast, and several happy hours were spent there.

On Saturday morning the clearing-up tasks were quickly and efficiently dealt with, leaving much time before the afternoon sailing for some final immersion in the delights of Lundy and all that it has to offer. A very smooth journey to Ilfracombe was enjoyed, tinged with many wistful glances back to the island.

The week was a really pleasant and rewarding experience for everyone. As a first time LFS volunteer, I must say that I was a little apprehensive before joining the group about how the week might pan out. I needn’t have worried though; everyone was really helpful, inclusive, friendly and welcoming. Thanks to all, with a special mention for Jan who worked very hard to ensure that we had all that we needed (including the details about the delayed sailing) and that everything ran smoothly for everyone. Her efforts were much appreciated.

Good weather, great company and, with many thanks to everyone at the LFS, a wonderful opportunity to make a small contribution to Lundy and its very special environment. Who wouldn’t want to do it again?



The Lundy Conservation Team in 2018 (l-r) Chris Jones (Assistant Ranger), Siân Scott (Education Officer), Nick Herbert (Ranger) and Dean Woodfin Jones (Warden). Photo by Zoë Barton

Recalling the wildlife conservation year

Lundy Warden DEAN WOODFIN JONES reminisces on his second year on the island.

As I sit here in my cosy office, distracted by the sound of scuttling Pygmy Shrews navigating the wall space, I am trying my best to reflect upon the many delightful happenings throughout the year. Once again I am reminded of so many wonderful experiences, wildlife highs, meteorological delights and water level woes, as well as an odd shipwreck thrown in for good measure. We of course have also had many a celebration and meeting of friends in the Marisco but for me to cover ALL these events I would need my own personal bulletin so instead I will paint the seasons for you all in brief.

Winter on the island in 2018 was a harsh but exciting affair, and one that will be forever rooted in my memory. At times you could have mistaken Lundy for an island in the Svalbard archipelago as thick sheets of ice adorned the cliff sides and snow drifts towered over the sturdy village gates. As Lundy luck goes this was of course the perfect time for two of our generators to pack it in, leaving most of the staff and visitors with no electricity or heating for a number of days, a challenging accompaniment to the lack of running water due to frozen pipes. Luckily we were all able to seek sanctuary in the warming embrace of a log fire and comforting hot spiced cider shared with great friends in the trusty Marisco Tavern. A delight that was also shared by the hardy frostbitten LFS work party volunteers, thirsty and cold from

a busy afternoon making snowmen inside the Barn with snow breached through the wind-blasted windows. As horrible as it sounds it was truly awe-inspiring to see the island in this inhospitable manner reminding me that nature is truly in control here rather than us blue-shirted Landmark folk.

These cold winter conditions then merged somewhat haphazardly into a very much anticipated spring. Strong, bitterly cold winds occurred spontaneously throughout the start of the season, unfortunately catching some of the island's early-arriving African and European migratory birds. Luckily for us (and the migrants) these cold spells were rather short lived and before we knew it the island was rewarded once again with longer days, floral scents, plankton blooms and of course some smashing vagrant birds. This spring also brought with it some truly special events, in particular the onset of the sailing season on what was a very special year for our beloved MS *Oldenburg* – her 60th year of life!

Then summer approached, and as if every droplet of moisture was used up in the winter flurries, barely aizzle graced our now dry little isle, blistering the land and transforming some areas akin to that of a mini Serengeti. Superb conditions for the sandal-clad day-tripper, but not so much for some of the island's wildlife or the very sweaty Ranger team adorned in full spray-suits to treat Rhododendron on the sideland. Despite the heat-scorched ledges and slopes, 2018 turned out to be another fairly productive year for most of our seabirds, in particular our lively Puffins which managed to fledge a superb 129 Pufflings out of 235 active burrows! Unfortunately the same can't be said for most of our gulls and Fulmars, with which we have seen dramatic reductions in breeding numbers (e.g. Herring Gull numbers down more than 70% since 2000), coupled with a rather unproductive year for raising and fledging chicks.

In addition to our seabird studies, the summer brought with it the highly awaited grand opening of the newly refurbished St Helen's Centre which now acts as the island's information and education hub, an ideal spot to help inspire and educate the next generation of Lundyites and wildlife conservationists – a very exciting new chapter of Lundy indeed!

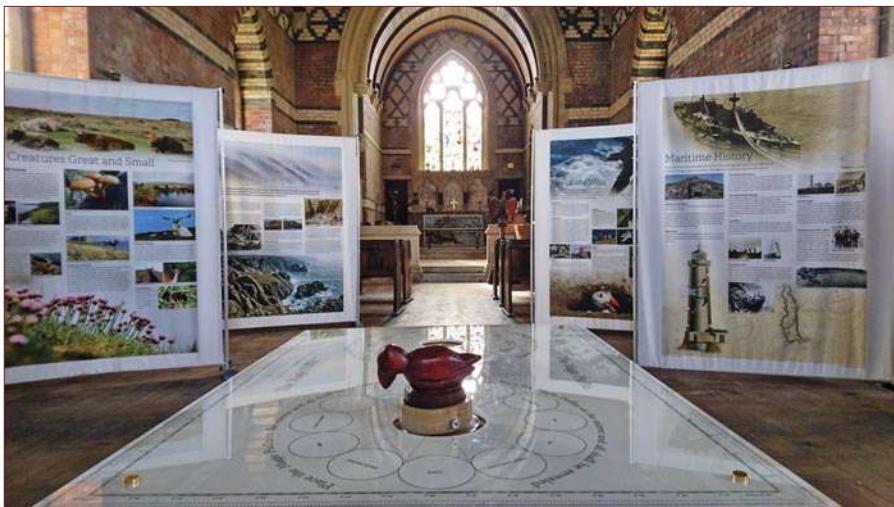
As I write this, autumn is in mid splendour, signalled by the first Lapland Buntings traversing the island and the now quieter coastline devoid of howling seal pups. We here in the Conservation Team are sad to see the summer come and go but are looking forward to the winter months so we can begin to materialise some of the ideas conjured through the season, and to work on the illustrative reports from a busy period of seabird and seal research. A massive thank you to all in the LFS as always for your support, love and dedication to our little piece of heaven here in the Bristol Channel. Hope to see you all in 2019!

All the very best.

An inspirational year

Lundy Education Officer, SIÂN SCOTT, reflects on her first year in post.

I am writing this following an afternoon of Halloween family activities in the Tavern, with my hands stained green from creating spooky arts and crafts, a warm inner glow from so many pumpkins carved and my sides aching from so much laughter as children took on 'mummy wrapping' each other, pin the wart on the witch, and apple bobbing – even the parents had their heads immersed in the Tavern cauldron attempting to out-compete their offspring in the family



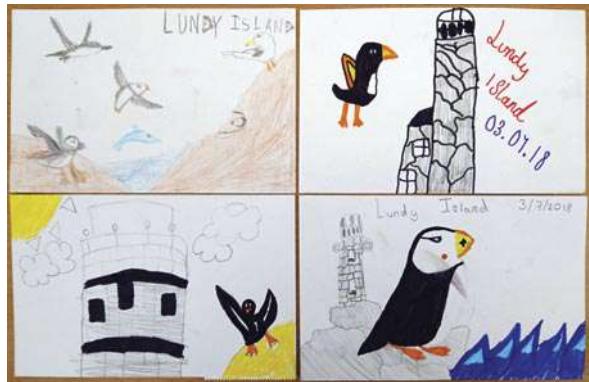
*The Education Area in St Helen's Centre and (opposite) artwork by a young visitor to the Centre.
Photos by Siân Scott*

fun. It strikes me that despite the horror-themed end to the season, my role this year as the first ever Education Officer on Lundy has been less scary overall than anticipated, though there have certainly been some ghoulish moments!

When I first visited Lundy nearly two years ago to roam the wild, windswept terrain by day and cosy up in the quiet sanctuary of Old Light Cottage by night, I could have had no idea that I would soon come to spend my time leading school groups around the island, setting up a pioneering troop of Ambassadors, contributing text, photographs and artwork to the monumental St Helen's Centre project, and having such a unique opportunity for personal and professional growth. This culminated in the official opening of the St Helen's Centre at the end of June, when the space fully came to life and light with the song of so many people who had contributed to this magnificent and challenging venture. For me, though, the satisfaction and achievement rang out at the end of every school visit over the sailing season, when pupils who had disembarked the *Oldenburg* with a sense of bewilderment (and disgust at the lack of phone signal!) returned with an understanding of this special place and a motivation to take conservation messages back into their everyday lives. Between the many trips up and down the steps of the Old Light, the hundreds of Lundy postcards designed with pupils and the setting up of countless telescopes trained on our charismatic Puffins, I have proudly come to realise that Lundy is the perfect place to engage and inspire young people in the significance of our natural world, and I am in such a privileged position to be the one to lead them through this landscape.

There are so many people to thank, and my gratitude goes out to everyone who has helped me along the way this season. I must take this opportunity to send special heartfelt thanks to Alan Rowland, who has responded to countless random requests from me regarding island information and last-minute appeals for photographs; to Michael Williams who has been a continuous source of strength for me during the project and without whom we would never

have been able to tackle the daunting task of writing and editing the text for the interpretation banners; to the hugely talented Alice Crane for piquing my passion for painting again; and last but by no means least, to Frances Stuart, whose support, vision, professionalism, humour and kindness has most certainly helped me to maintain some level of sanity in the midst of many different project streams. I only hope that I can inform and inspire the next generation of Lundy visitors and enthusiasts in the way that these amazing people have done so instrumentally for me.



Lundy Love!

On 9th September 2018, Julian Cann, the *Oldenburg*'s ever-cheerful Purser, and Siân Scott took the Lundy love all the way to the west coast of America, where they were married by 'Elvis' in the Graceland Wedding Chapel, Las Vegas. Siân said: "It was the culmination of a momentous and emotional journey for both of us, and we couldn't be happier! Proof, if you ever needed it, that Lundy magic really does exist!"

A concert in St Helen's

ANDREW CLEAVE reports on a musical event held in the newly restored St Helen's Centre.

The 26-strong Songways Choir ended their musical stay on Lundy in July by giving an afternoon recital in St Helen's. This was on the day of a Bideford sailing so there was plenty of time for staying and day visitors to attend and the audience soon outgrew the pews and chairs available for seating.

The choir is led by Jane Harris who performed some of her own works, inspired by a stay on Lundy, and accompanied the choir on the violin. The repertoire ranged from traditional and familiar pieces to some composed especially for Lundy.

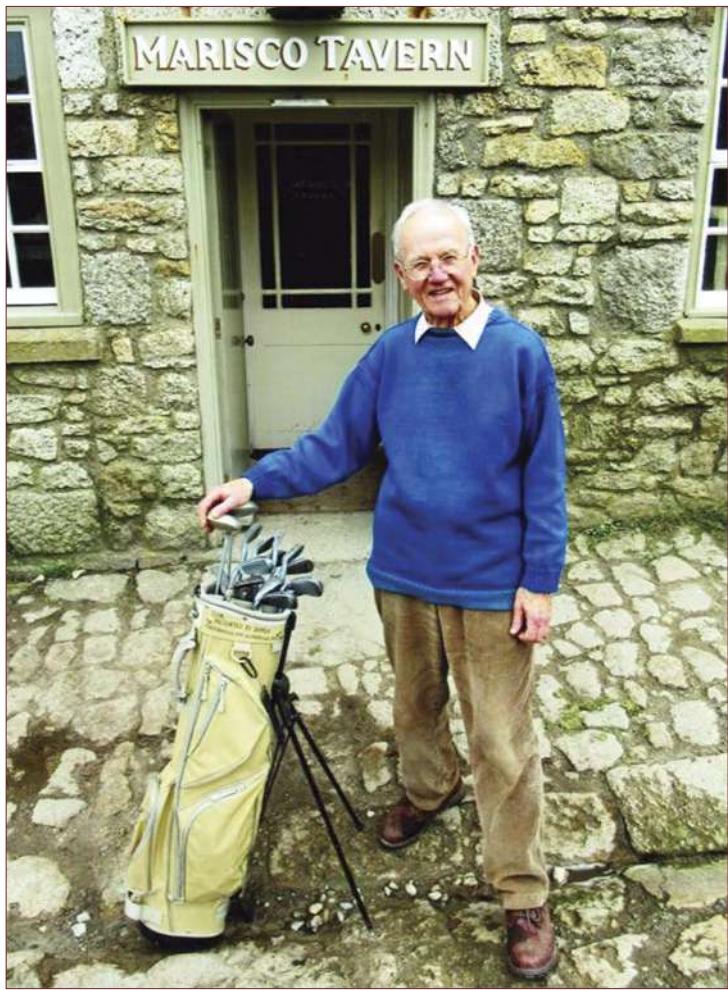
The newly restored building proved to be a very pleasant setting for the concert which was the first 'public' event to be held since the building works were finished.

The concert was greatly appreciated by both audience and performers and a collection was taken in aid of the St Helen's Centre project.

More information on the choir's stay can be found at: www.songways.co.uk/singing-holiday-on-lundy-island-july-august-2018-review.



Songways Choir in St Helen's, with Jane Harris on the violin. Photo by Andrew Cleave



Anyone for golf?

DEREK CHEESBROUGH would like you all to know that he has left a bag of golf clubs on the island for the use of LFS members and islanders. The bag includes several extra short irons which are ideal for using in long grass! He says in his letter that the clubs “will be useful for our occasional ‘Lundy Rules’ golf tournaments (‘Air shots don’t count’, ‘Cheating permitted as long as no one sees you’) during our Discover Lundy weeks on Lundy.”

The clubs are stored in Jack’s Store; the key is kept at Reception and is available from the Marisco Tavern when Reception is closed.

[It would be great to have a write-up of any tournaments for next year's issue of Discovering Lundy! Ed.]

The Lundy Boggit

MICHAEL and BARBARA ROTTENBURY found this wonderful mixture of fact and fiction, written by a school party after a visit to the island in the early 1990s.

Martin Coles Harman, owner of Lundy between 1925 and 1954 was an enthusiastic naturalist who will be remembered especially for his part in the founding of the Lundy Field Society. He made a number of attempts to increase Lundy's stock of wild animals. Many of them were totally unsuccessful, for instance his efforts to introduce a herd of Red Deer which made a very rough landing and were very aggressive. After attacks on visitors they were culled and, perhaps through inbreeding, the species dwindled to final extinction in 1962.

The gift of the Rock Wallabies, presented to Mr Harman in 1928, was perhaps a slightly ambitious introduction and everyone was very pessimistic about their chances of survival, but indeed, these two creatures were responsible for the origin of the now famous 'Boggit', for it was from the first breeding pair that the Boggit evolved and developed.

On their introduction to Lundy, both wallabies bounded away and were not sighted for a long period of time. At the end of May in the following year, 1929, the body of one was discovered in an old well and it was assumed that its mate would not survive. There were no more reported sightings until 1933 when, to everyone's astonishment, a visiting naturalist spotted three wallabies on the eastern side of the island close to VC Quarry. Sceptics were promptly silenced by the chance discovery of a dead baby wallaby near Brazen Ward. From then on the wallabies became a common feature of Lundy, and their regular appearances are well recorded in the Lundy Field Society's records of that time.

Prior to the War, Professor I.E. Ballaw conducted a thorough survey and study of the Lundy wallabies and established that there was a colony of nearly 20 frequenting the East Side, which was more sheltered and offered cover and browsing areas. What was even more remarkable, however, was that the wallabies were slightly adapting to their environment. In a comparative study with wallabies living in their natural habitat in Australia, the Lundy wallabies were found to be smaller in all measurements used for comparison. Ears, legs and noses were all shorter and it was obvious that Lundy was developing a dwarf version of the Bush Wallaby, genus *Wallabia*.

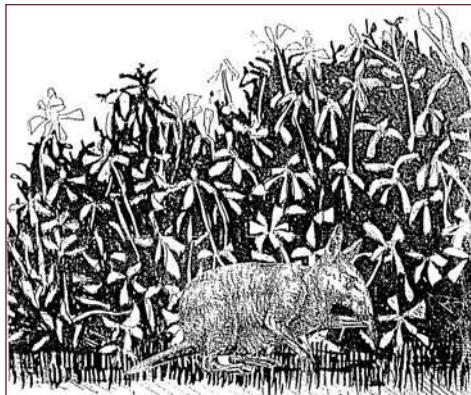
During all the turmoil and confusion of the war years, little time was devoted to the study of the wallabies on Lundy and it was not until the early 1950s that Prof. Ballaw was able to return to the island for further research. He was astonished to find an acceleration of the development of the dwarf wallaby. Though he could only locate nine wallabies, they were becoming markedly different from the wallabies introduced to Lundy over 25 years previously. Unlike his ancestors, the Lundy Boggit was a short, stocky, thin-legged species with long ears and a very pointed nose. Instead of being a middle-sized member of the kangaroo family, the Lundy variety was almost a midget. It was almost totally adapted to the peculiar environment of the east coast with its dense Rhododendron forests, low bracken, rocky crags, bogs and streams. Strangely, the Lundy wallaby had also developed the habit of wallowing in the bogs adjoining the small streams on this side of the island, and for this reason was nicknamed 'Boggit'. The name stuck and the animal has since always been known as the Boggit.

Nowadays it is a shy retiring creature and the casual visitor would be lucky to catch a glimpse of it. As more visitors come to the island, the Boggit only browses in the early morning and late evening. Efforts are being made to cut down the Rhododendrons, with some success,

so its natural cover is being reduced. It is rapidly becoming a rare and secretive animal; a nocturnal recluse. It is not unusual that most sightings have been recorded near the Marisco Tavern late at night, where the Boggit comes to gather scraps to supplement its meagre diet.

Should you see a Boggit, please observe it very carefully and do not attempt to approach it. Their bite is quite nasty and would involve treatment on the mainland. Boggit hunting is banned on the island and, for this reason, all torches and nets will be confiscated on arrival. Please hand them to the Warden.

[Ed: I know this won't be new to all of you, but it is to me, and I love it!]



The illustration that fronts the leaflet that "describes the introduction to the island of the Lundy Boggit, perhaps one of the strangest introductions to Lundy and a fascinating topic for all naturalists and visitors."

Filling the coffers

Despite the unavoidable absence of some key figures, the 2018 AGM auction and book stall brought in its usual large sum of money. We are particularly grateful to Richard Wright who sent his father's large Lundy collection, in two boxes and at his own expense, from Australia. This donation provided the bulk of the books for the sales stall as well as two rare early maps featuring Lundy for the auction. My thanks to all those who bought and bid so generously, as well as those who donated items.



We continue to provide auction lots from the residue of Judith Langford's legacy. Diana Keast donated her father's field glasses. Roger Chapple, Richard Breese, Petra Pulkas, the Gardner family, John High and Tony Walker's legacy supplied the rest of the lots, apart from a few odd and interesting items from the LFS stock cupboard.

Thanks also to everyone who stepped in at very short notice to staff the book stall and don the 'glamorous assistant's' spangled outfit.

Roger Chapple, our Treasurer, advises that the auction raised £385 and the book stall £565, all of which has been match funded once again by our generous but anonymous donor's company.

Alan Rowland

Back Home – a poem

No-one is discussing the moth trap catch,
counting Cream-spot Tigers, Underwings,
getting excited about the Netted Pug,
or saying how the Manx Shearwaters,
seen last night from Beach Road battlements,
looked like huge frantic ghostly moths.

No-one is climbing the steep granite steps
before crossing the field of Yorkshire Fog
to order breakfast at the Marisco Tavern,
or checking for Sika Deer and Soay sheep
where the Rhododendrons used to grow
way above The Timekeeper's Hut.

No-one is walking the West Sideland
where they are surveying Puffins and
Apparently Occupied Kittiwake nests,

or looking for Basking Sharks and Dolphins
from the ruins of The Fog Battery
where pincushions of thrift grow on the walls.

No-one is checking the Lundy cabbage
for Bronze Flea Beetles and Weevils,
lying prostrate to get a good photograph,
or finding Heath Spotted Orchids and Sundew
by Pondsbury near Quarter Wall Cottages
while trying not to sink into the bog.

No-one is studying the Field Society Logbook
to see if anyone else has had a sheep tick,
or drinking beer in early evening sunshine,
or sleeping in the quietest of night times
to be woken in the early morning
by the cry of a Gull or cronk of a Raven.

Jocelyn Dacie



Lundy – a poem

The open sea, shimmering with sun and sky,
Hearing the vibrating baritone of the ship's
soul.

A hum of excitement fills the hull,
As Lundy Bay before us lies.

Heart pumping, feet flying up the land,
As Lundy opens with rollings hills of green,
A more natural beauty you've never seen,
Where nature and peace together stand.

An island with hardships to its core,
Kin working hard to prosper and succeed,
A history of men passing down the deed,
Below the crops grow and above the birds
soar.

Take it all in, breathe in that fresh breeze,
Where no greed lives to pollute the air,
A community that can truly care,
On that great Lundy island surrounded by
seas.

Paige Canavan-Smith

Photo by Tim Davis



Our new LFS Committee members introduce themselves

FRANCES STUART returns to the committee after a few years' break.

I started my career in education as a volunteer at Whipsnade Zoo. I then qualified as a teacher and spent the next 16 years working in mainstream secondary education, during which time I discovered the restorative powers of Lundy. In 2001 I decided it was time to get out of the classroom, retrained as an Ecologist and have been working in the voluntary sector since 2003. I have worked for several charities, including four years on nature reserves with Somerset Wildlife Trust and four years as Chief Executive of a small, independent, environmental education charity on a landfill site in east Somerset. For the past six years I have been Chair of Trustees at Magdalen Environmental Trust, a residential education centre on an organic farm in Dorset.

I now work freelance as an environmental education consultant, as well as doing some project development and fundraising work. I do some part time teaching for the RHS at Rosemoor, with what is left of my working week spent managing my partner's consultancy company.

[Frances is the LFS safeguarding lead, and has taken the major role in setting up the Lundy Ambassador project – see facing page. Ed.]



Frances presenting copies of the Lundy family booklet to children of Hartland Primary School who supplied some of the illustrations. Photo by Mary Billson

CHRIS PAWSON was elected to the committee at the 2017 AGM.

I am a psychologist and university lecturer. I live in Bath and work at the University of the West of England in Bristol, where I am the Head of Psychology. Having first visited Lundy as part of a student research trip with Tom Dickins (also a committee member), I quickly fell in love with the island and now take my own students to the island annually.

When I am not teaching or working on research projects related to the psychological wellbeing of humans, I spend my time exploring a range of behavioural ecology and animal cognition research interests. Recent projects have included work exploring gulls (on Lundy

and the urban population in Bath and Bristol); Wheatear vocalisation, and... testing whether goats can learn the rules of Rock, Paper Scissors! I have just begun some research that brings together my work with human and non-human animals, and my passion for Lundy, as I am embarking on a project exploring the impact of nature and natural environments on psychological wellbeing.



Chris Pawson having fun!
Photo by Rachel Pawson.

Lundy Ambassadors

The Lundy Ambassadors volunteer team was set up earlier this year as part of the St Helen's Centre project, funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund. FRANCES STUART was responsible for the development of the team, and reflects on the success of the first year.

For a growing number of years, the LFS has provided guides for walks on the island. This year we've grown the team, expanded the range of activities and been the proud wearers of our 'Lundy Blue' Ambassador polo shirts.

After an excellent response to my appeal for volunteers at the AGM in March, a group of eleven of us sailed from Bideford at the end of May for a day's induction and training. The morning (after tea and toast) was spent discussing how we could make the scheme work, visiting the newly refurbished church and being measured up for our kit. After lunch some of us went on a gentle walk with Dean & Siân whilst the others headed off briskly with Simon in search of puffins. Then it was home to wait for the bookings to come in.

This season the Lundy Ambassadors have given 79 days of their time. There have been 19 days of training, with opportunities to shadow Siân and to pair up with fellow Ambassadors. Between us we have made 34 day trips to Lundy, during which we've done short guided walks from the jetty, longer ones from the Tavern and helped Siân as backstop for school groups. We've also done some round island commentaries and staffed the Oldenburg's information desk (FAQs: 'what time do they open the buffet?', 'where are the toilets?', and, inevitably, 'where can we see puffins?'). We've also done 4 Bideford to Ilfracombe relocation cruises, two days of family activities, 17 outreach talks and three days at Public Events. Not bad for



Newly inducted Lundy Ambassadors – (l to r) Jane Sharkey, Richard Ware, Teresa Davies, Alan Rowland, Leonie Langford, Mandy Dee, Simon Dell, John Bright, Amada Ware, Dan Gorvett and Frances Stuart. Photo by Siân Scott.

our first season. There are outreach bookings for the winter in the diary and we've already had an enquiry from a school for May (well promoted, Alan!). As thanks for our efforts, as well as ample free cups of tea, is a system of boat miles which can be used towards a free sailing at a later date.

I know there are some of you who wanted to take part this year but were unable to, and there may be others who reading this think they might like to join the team. The good news is we are looking for more people with good knowledge of Lundy and a willingness to talk to people they've never met before to become Lundy Ambassadors in 2019. If that's you, then drop me a line: frances.stuart@systematic-innovation.com.

From the 2018 LFS Logbook

18th February: A pair of Stonechats again at Pondsbury and a Teal on Quarry Pond. The Crucian Carp and Golden Orfe were feeding well today whereas after Saturday's earthquake none were seen!

Martin Thorne

Apple Bobbing on Lundy in 2017

JOHN HEDGER reports on the mouldy side of Lundy!

Actually it was baiting, not bobbing, for ‘water moulds’ that might live in Lundy’s Ponds and can grow on things that drop in, such as apples or more realistically other fruit, seeds or even terrestrial insects and spiders! ‘Water moulds’ are a mixture of different organisms that have minute spores which can swim using flagellae (tails) and are attracted to and settle on the apples, growing into rather slimy pustules on the surface or a white cottony ‘mould’. Some are simple fungi with swimming spores with one flagellum, the Chytridiomycota or Chytrids. Most Chytrids are harmless, though a species of *Blastocladia* is the cause of a serious worldwide disease of frogs and toads. Other ‘water moulds’ have spores with two flagellae and are not true fungi. They are actually Algae without chlorophyll, perhaps to be termed ‘honorary fungi’, and called in many books the Oomycota or Oomycetes. Usually they form visible mould growth in the water. Most are harmless decomposers (rotters) but species of *Saprolegnia* can attack fish and other aquatic life, causing serious problems to fish farms.

A trial baiting of some of Lundy’s ponds was carried out in Autumn 2017. Alan Rowland led the way by securing a mesh bag with three eating apples in Ackland’s Moor Pond in the last week in August. This was recovered by Mandy Dee and John Hedger after four weeks immersion in late September. Pustules had grown on the apples, and when checked under the microscope they proved to be a minute water mould, a Chytrid, with a long name, *Blastocladia pringsheimii*. This encouraging result led to the deployment of more mesh bags tethered to the shore by a wire and bamboo cane in Widow’s Tenement Pond, Quarter Wall Pond, Pondsbury and Rocket Pole Pond. Each contained three Apples (one Granny Smith cooker and two dessert Braeburns purchased from the Lundy Shop). Most of these were recovered by John Hedger and David & Jenny George after six weeks’ immersion in the second week of November, except for the Pondsbury apples which had gone missing!

Jenny George ‘apple bobbing’ at Widow’s Tenement Pond. Photo by John Hedger





Saprolegnia litoralis. Photo by John Hedger

The unexpectedly varied results are shown in the table below. Quarter Wall Pond apples had attracted the most diverse ‘water moulds’, including pustules of the Chytrids *Blastocladiella pringsheimii* and *B. ramosa* and white cottony growths of the Oomycete *Saprolegnia litoralis*, which forms rounded structures containing thick-walled ‘oospores’ (pictured under the microscope in the photograph). This water mould also appeared on the Widow’s Tenement apples together with *Achlya* sp., a related organism, but no *Blastocladiella* was found. Surprisingly Rocket Pole Pond apples had no water moulds on them.

The trial has at the very least added some new records to the list of ‘fungi’ found on Lundy. It also shows each pond may have a different assemblage of water moulds or, in the case of Rocket Pole Pond, apparently none at all, needing an explanation! It also showed that dessert apples are good baits, and Granny Smith no use, possibly due to the sugar content. A repeat baiting in 2019 would be ideal, taking in more of the island’s ponds. Mandy Dee and I will be on the island in late September but we need to deploy the apples in late August (and record their position). Any volunteers?

I thank the Lundy kitchen staff for kindly supplying the mesh bags we used.

Water Moulds	Ackland's Moor Pond	Quarter Wall Pond	Widow's Tenement Pond	Rocket Pole Pond
<i>Blastocladiella pringsheimii</i>	present	present	not found	not found
<i>Blastocladiella ramosa</i>	not found	present	not found	not found
<i>Monoblepharis</i> sp.	present	present	not found	not found
<i>Saprolegnia litoralis</i>	not found	present	present	not found
<i>Achlya</i> sp.	not found	present	present	not found

[John will be seeking volunteers for baiting opportunities in 2019. He can be contacted at johnnhedger2@gmail.com. Ed.]



A colour-ringed Wheatear photographed on Lundy by Elisabeth Price in June 2016.

Sitting and waiting – the practicalities of Wheatear research

ANN TAYLOR explains the long-running Wheatear project.

The Wheatear colour-ringing project on Lundy started in 2013, with the aim of investigating Wheatear survival rates. Tony, Richard, Rebecca and I are undertaking this, supported by sightings from islanders and visitors.

The first difficult issue is timing. We try to visit Lundy when most pairs are feeding young. They need to have established territories, so we can be sure they are Lundy breeders and not migrants, and they are difficult to observe and catch when they have eggs. In order to get a three-week slot, accommodation needs to be booked at least a year ahead, so we have to estimate when the breeding season will be. Of course this depends on the spring weather both on Lundy and on their migration route. In 2018 the season started late, so our timing was not ideal.

During the first part of the season we concentrate mainly on re-sighting birds which were colour-ringed in previous years. So what is a typical day? Set out, armed with binoculars,

telescope, notebooks – and of course chocolate. Choose a spot within the study area with a view across a slope and the sun behind you – preferably with a grassy mound or non-pointy rock to sit on. Now sit scanning the slope for Wheatears and listening for their calls. Try to avoid the plentiful distractions: a Peregrine chasing a feral pigeon, bickering Oystercatchers below, a seal or porpoise, the occasional butterfly, and the hope (still not fulfilled) of seeing a Thrift Clearwing moth.

Wait, wait and wait ... If you are lucky a Wheatear appears immediately, but sometimes it is not until you are about to leave after a fruitless hour that one finally arrives.

Is it ringed already? If so a telescope view is needed, with the bird's legs fully visible. Be patient while the bird endlessly hops through long grass or perches on rocks with its legs just out of sight. Choose a suitable rock on which it lands regularly and train the telescope there. More waiting while it perches on every other nearby rock, then bingo! The rings on one leg are identified. Now you need it to perch facing the opposite way so that the other leg can be viewed. Several viewings may be necessary in order to be absolutely certain. An old faded red ring can appear orange, and pale blue can look white in certain light conditions.

Previous records may be a help in suggesting you need to look again, as the ring combination you have identified is not likely; for example a bird cannot change sex! A particular ring combination that hasn't been seen for four years is possible, but not likely. One that was seen for the last three years at the Castle may have decided to nest at Halfway Wall, but again is not likely, as they do tend to remain in roughly the same area year after year.

Once all the Wheatears in the vicinity have been either identified or noted as un-ringed, it is time to move to the next slope.

Sitting in the sun, with a breeze to keep the midges away, is a pleasant way to spend the day, but as regular visitors to Lundy can imagine, we have also sat in waterproof trousers, cagoule, hat, gloves and all our winter woollies, even in May.

Later in the season, when the birds are frantically searching for food for hungry nestlings, we concentrate on catching the unringed birds. This requires more waiting, but now with a few traps baited with mealworms and set near rocks that the birds are perching on regularly. Wait, wait and wait... while birds fly straight past or view the trap suspiciously. Eventually one is caught, ringed and released. More sitting and waiting in various scenic places.

This is also a good time to locate nests, as birds are making frequent trips in and out. Many nests are over the cliff edge out of sight, but some are under rocks on the sideland, or even in rabbit burrows on top of the island. Finding the nest is the only way to be certain who is paired with whom.

Richard with all the necessary Wheatear-ringing gear. Photo by Rebecca Taylor





Ann waiting in her cold-weather clothes. Photo by Rebecca Taylor

We try to ring the nestlings (with only a metal ring). Watch till certain neither adult is in the nest, hurry down to it, lie full length on uncomfortable terrain and insert an arm down the hole. Attempt to bend the arm in ways it really shouldn't go, in order to follow the twists and turns of the tunnel. More often than not this is impossible, but occasionally the chicks can be quickly ringed and returned to the nest.

Although the aim of the project is to investigate longevity (so far there is one bird which has returned successfully after its long migration six times), we do gain insight into behaviour and the different characters of the birds. Some are shy and elusive whereas others are more accepting of nearby humans.

One pair nested near a favourite picnic spot for visitors (how many people noticed?) and another by a letterbox. Most birds avoid traps like the plague after they have been caught once, or even after seeing their mate caught. However one clearly felt the mealworm prize was worth the disturbance and went straight back in. Another, while its mate was in the trap, sneaked the mealworm out through the netting.

Some Wheatears are loyal to mate and nest site for several years, while others swap from one season to the next. Generally females are more assiduous at feeding the nestlings, but at one nest in 2018 the male was in and out incredibly quickly, doing several deliveries to each one of the female's. When we ringed the chicks both adults were back in the nest within a few seconds, which is also unusual. We felt he deserved the 'Best Dad of 2018' award.

Studying wheatears requires a lot of patience, but is rewarding and enjoyable (most of the time!). However last year the weather was so bad one week that Richard and Rebecca rewrote the Beaufort wind-speed scale in terms of Wheatears. Their scale went from Force 0–4 'conditions not experienced', and Force 5 'rings only readable in sheltered position', through 6 'it's a Wheatear with rings but won't stay still long enough for you to read them' and 7 'it's a Wheatear, but too much buffeting to see any detail', to Force 8 'was that a Wheatear?' and Force 9 'was that a bird?'!

Memories from Lundy

MANDY ENGLISH lets us read some of her Father's precious Lundy Logs and recounts some conversation with him about the island.

My father, Dr John Watson died on the 8th May 2018. He was 92 years old and fell in love with Lundy in 1967. He wrote logs of every day of our visits from then on. These include letters & cards from Mr Gade and Ian Grainger, as well as John Smith and others, invoices, logs of birds, flowers, boats and the weather! Also, newspaper cuttings and letters about Lundy specialist groups that Dad was a member of. A month or so before he died, I recorded him talking about the island and here are a few bits of this conversation and some extracts from his logs.

15th August 1967 – our first visit

“We (myself, my wife Marian and the younger two of our five children – Michael (8) and Mandy (5)) were staying with my Aunt Ella in Minehead and decided to make an expedition to Lundy – none of us having been there before. It was a pretty early start by coach from the quay to join the boat at Ilfracombe. The coach trip was uneventful but not so the outward boat trip! The sea looked deceptively calm and smooth, but there was a pretty strong swell which caused the *Westward Ho!* to pitch and roll. Michael quite frankly ‘fed the fish’, and I spent most of the journey looking green and wishing I hadn’t come! However, this was all forgotten as soon as we arrived on Lundy.

The first thing that struck us was the piratical appearance of the boatman – all dressed in blue and white woollies and bobble hats who took us ashore in the small launches – *The Devonia*, *The Ravenswood* and the *Lundy Queen*.

The Harmans were all there on the beach to greet us.

There was not a great deal of time to look around – about an hour. We were able to walk up the long, long hill to get some refreshments and wander over the south coast of the island and have a look at the sea breaking on the rocks. It was then a question of a hurry back to the beach. We didn’t see much, but what we did see was enough to make us want to return to explore further. We decided there and then to make enquiries about a holiday on the island the next year.”

Then began Dad’s love of Lundy!

The following year we returned to the island – a family of seven. We travelled over on the *Lundy Gannet* and stayed in the Manor Farm Hotel. A bill handwritten and signed by Felix Gade is for the princely sum of £213 16s 6d!

Dad recalls little bits about the hotel: “Between the hotel and the tavern there was a big room with table tennis table. There was a corridor, now the area where the bar is, linking the games room and the tavern next to the Gade’s house. Our bedroom was above the games room and I remember looking down into the Gade’s garden and watching the rats playing there!”

Hot & cold water was brought to the rooms each morning in jugs for washing. There were flushing toilets, but we can’t remember if there were baths – although it seems there must have been baths as in his log he mentions having a welcome bath. Dad says we just bathed in the sea which is probably true as well!

Dad recalls the guineafowl that roamed free in the hotel garden, and walking back from the Ugly and being greeted by them along the path.

Meals were in the dining room where we all sat on benches. John Stockwell was the chef and cooked amazing hearty meals. Our first meal there was a magnificent roast pork dinner. Dad recalls that staying in the Manor Farm Hotel was great fun. I remember the only running water being what came through the roof and into buckets at the end of the bed, but six-year-old me loved it all!

Later Millcombe became the hotel. Dad loved staying in Millcombe. He remembers the portrait of the Heaven family hanging in the hallway. One year the Duke and Duchess of Kent came for a day trip. Dad recalls the Duke got ‘wet pants’ landing on the island! They stopped off at Millcombe and wrote in the Millcombe visitors log. According to Dad, if we could find the log for that year, we would find our entry on the same page as the Duke and Duchess.

In our chat I asked Dad about the people he remembers. Here are a few.

Don Shiers ran a diving school and came over with his son Tom and ran a diving expedition the first time we stayed in 1968. Don’s wife had some ear problems after a dive one year and Dad had to send her ashore. They were often over at the same time as us.

The “Deer-man” – editor of a deer magazine who got up early to watch deer. A “Mad bee man” tried to nurture a swarm of bees. Mr Gade – an imposing figure. John & Joan Dyke, who lived in No. 2 Signal Cottages for three years. Tony Langham who, walking along the side of Millcombe Valley near Blue Bung, slipped and crashed into a tree, breaking his leg. Dad was called and tied his legs together and he was carried out of the valley and helicoptered to the mainland.

Tony Walker, who was always a source of fun! Ann Westcott had a party for their wedding anniversary which Mum and Dad went to and John Stockwell cooked his famous crayfish. They were often on the island when we were there. The Langhams and the Coles were often there when we visited too.

In his log from 1973 Dad describes Mr Gade as “slowing up” and his sight deteriorating. Mrs Gade was in a wheelchair most of the time and hardly able to speak. Dad recalls a conversation with Mr Gade. It seems that there was unrest amongst the islanders and some had left or were planning on leaving. I even found a short note to Mum and Dad from one person saying they had had enough and were leaving soon. It seems the changes were unsettling people!

Adventures

Rescue of a climber. This is a well-documented event but here is an extract from Dad’s log: “Frank Cannings had slipped on damp grass on the cliff edge in a little inlet just north of Devil’s Slide. He had fallen around 80/90ft onto jagged rocks. I went down the cliff with one of his companions having had a brief lesson in abseiling! The party was well equipped with walkie-talkies and first aid equipment. Frank’s wife and three other climbers were there. They had already trussed him up very efficiently. In fact I was most impressed by their efficiency! Fortunately he had not been knocked out and had managed to drag himself to a large flat rock. He had nasty scalp wounds. Clearly there was no fracture to the base of the skull but further head injury could not be eliminated. My main concern was the amount of pain in his pelvis. There didn’t appear to be leg or spine injuries but I felt it prudent to keep him pretty tightly

bound until he could be looked at under rather better conditions. He was somewhat shocked, but generally in better shape than one expected after such a fall.

In the meantime the Rover went on to the north light and summoned the Helicopter. The chopper was overhead in 20 mins and after jettisoning surplus fuel made four attempts to get above us. The wind eddied from the cliffs and the little islet in the inlet and made this impossible. They dropped their cradle which was then lowered down the cliff to us. We strapped Frank into it. I gave him another dose of morphine first as he was still complaining of considerable pain, and he was taken up the cliff. A team hauled on a rope and four of his companions steered the stretcher. So just two hours after the accident Frank and his wife were in the chopper with three of the chopper crew. Once they were away it was my turn to be hauled up. This was a far more unnerving experience than going down especially as the sling around my pelvis came undone a few feet up! It was quickly remedied and I was soon back at the top. Not unnaturally our first concern on returning to the hotel was to restore our fluid balance!

Not long after this we heard rumours that someone had picked up a mayday signal from the helicopter. Then on the radio, news of a rescue chopper down in the sea. It was indeed our unfortunate climber. Their SOS was picked up by another chopper which pulled them out of the water within about quarter of an hour and took them on to their destination. Curiously enough this wasn't the only Lundy alarm to affect the RAF rescue that day. A party of yachts had set out from Ilfracombe, and one was noticed to be missing when they arrived at Lundy. The coastguards and choppers got busy. It was however a false alarm – the yacht had turned back because something had been left behind!"

Pollywog – our little boat

We brought her over in 1969 and kept her in the cave at the bottom of the beach road. One time in the landing bay we came within a few feet of an adult Basking Shark. Another time we were adopted by a pigeon on the shore and went out in the boat only to be followed by it and it perched on Mum's head. Many jokes were made about Mum's hair looking like a bird's nest.

First entire tractor delivered

Dad remembers being on the island when the first entire tractor was delivered. It came on the *Polar Bear* and was brought to shore in the *Shearn*. Prior to that tractors were brought over in bits and assembled on the island.

Navy helicopter training

During a training exercise a Navy helicopter ditched in the sea. We sat on the south coast and watched the rescue. They put a flotation collar around it and HMS *Illustrious* came and rescued it. One of the boats from the island went out to it but was sent away.

Visit of Queen Elizabeth II in 1977

We were on holiday when the Queen visited Lundy. Raffle tickets were handed out at a meeting in the church, and the one I had drawn was for me to be presented to the Queen on the beach. Dad filmed the event on his 'cine' camera for Ian Grainger. I'm not sure where this is now but I would love to see it [Does anyone have a record of this? Ed.] Mum took photos but the camera broke, so we have only a few pictures and none of me!



Mandy (front) with Jenny (sister, left), Marian (Mum) and John (Father) leaving the island on the Lundy Gannet c.1973. Photo from the Watson family records

Dad made up a poem about the day:

Mandy, Mandy where have you been?
I've been to Lundy to visit the Queen.

Mandy, Mandy what did you there?
I shook her paw on the sea shore!

I am still working through all the logs so I am sure there is much more I could add to this, but I'll finish with an entry from June 1st 1973: "The lower Rhododendron walk (lower east path) is really superb – especially on a magnificent day like today. The shrubs were in full flower, and one just walks into these massive bushes and disappears into a cloud of violet flowers. The sea below the sidings and steep cliffs is a magnificent clear blue and views in either direction are a joy in themselves. One couldn't find better anywhere. A little puff of cotton wool cloud just sets off the towering rocky outcrop and frames the mainland in the distance. The blue of the sea, the clear-cut view of the mainland and a few cumulus clouds made the scene quite outstanding."

Amateur Radio update

After the failure to make contact with their amateur radio colleague last year (see *Discovering Lundy No. 47*) BRIAN G4CIB and LETA G4RHK WOODCOCK tell us about their success in 2018.

Any visitors to Lundy in early September who ventured down to the Marisco Castle may have noticed a small aerial just outside the entrance to Castle Cottage. This is one of the simplest radio aerials that exists and is known as a dipole, this particular one is resonant on the 145MHz amateur band, also known as 2 metres (the wavelength). Many amateurs use much larger aerials with multiple elements, but as Leta G4RHK and I travel from home near Tewkesbury by public transport before sailing to the island, all the radio equipment must be compact and lightweight. Since writing about my Lundy amateur radio exploits in the previous “Discovering Lundy” I have acquired a new transceiver, a Yaesu FT817ND which is a very compact rig covering all the amateur bands from 160 metres through to 70 centimetres and puts out a maximum power of only 5 watts.

Our sailing over on September 1st was uneventful, and it was a welcome return to Castle Cottage where we had last stayed in 2002. A high pressure system dominated the weather over the UK; this usually heralds good radio conditions on the VHF bands and this weekend was no exception. Even with this modest aerial and low power, I was able to communicate with stations on the 2-metre band in France, Isle of Man and Scotland. The advantage of Castle Cottage on the VHF bands is the proximity to the sharp drop to sea level which gives an effective aerial height of several hundred feet, and on these VHF bands height makes up for low power.



Brian G4CIB in QSO (contact) with Dave G4BCA.
Photo by Leta Woodcock

You may recall that last year a friend of ours, Dave G4BCA was staying on the Isles of Scilly and we tried to contact each other on the 70-cm band which unfortunately was unsuccessful. It turned out that this year Dave was planning to be in the Bude area during our second week on Lundy, so we said we would keep a look out for each other on the air, but no definite arrangements were made to make contact on the radio.

On a fine day during our second week we decided to explore the island's West Side and headed for Old Light. It was unusually quiet at the top of Old Light with only the faintest hum of wind noise. I had brought a little "walkie-talkie" hand-held 2-metre transceiver and put out a "CQ" call. This is essentially a call which an amateur makes to invite other amateur operators to call him. I was quickly answered by a local station in Clovelly M1JMH, John. When I had finished my contact with John I was immediately called by Dave G4BCA who was walking the coast path near Boscastle. We stayed in contact for a good quarter of an hour and subsequently exchanged photographs of our respective locations. On our return to the mainland we met up at the radio club in Gloucester, where we are both members, and swapped stories of our amateur radio exploits on Lundy and in North Cornwall.

Another chapter in the story of G-AJXC

JOAN RENDELL tells us about her exciting day taking a flight in aeroplane X-ray Charlie (see *Discovering Lundy* No. 47).

It was February 2017: the 'phone rang. "You wrote *Lundy by Air*?" "Yes ..." but before I could say my usual "but it is out of print long ago" (it was published in 1999 and soon sold out) the caller said he was researching the history of G-AJXC, as he now owned her. Could he borrow photos used in our book? I suggested he might write explaining exactly what he needed, and a letter promptly arrived.

That led to delving through massive files of background information on Lundy's aviation history to flag all the documents and photos, published and unpublished, relating to the Auster – which took a while. Robin Helliar-Symons duly spent a morning extracting all he needed for a book he was writing for his family of keen aviators. How different G-AJXC looked when he showed me a photograph of her repainted in officially granted 1944 wartime camouflage with invasion striped wings and reverted to her military AOP Mk V TJ 343 numbering – but we won't mention that in connection with Lundy!

He questioned that in *Lundy by Air* we had the 'wrong' Auster – not G-AJXC but G-AJEA which had ditched on its way back from Lundy in August 1955. I explained that we had made a difficult decision because we knew which aircraft it was, but slid over a problem. John Dyke, for our sake, although ill, had gone to so much trouble to get back his framed sketch (gifted to the family involved), dismantle, copy for us and then return it to them re-framed. He was thrilled that it would be included, and we just didn't have the heart to point out his mistake with the registration all those years ago – and he would have been distressed to see it corrected in the book.

At the end of a long session Robin gathered up an armful of documents and photos and, as he turned to leave, said, "Would you like a flight in her?" What an incredible offer! What a rare opportunity! My eyes lit up, then dulled. He was based far away and I no longer drive. "No problem. That can be arranged. There is a farm strip I use not too far from here, close to



Joan and Robin at their pre-flight briefing alongside X-ray Charlie. Photo by Simon Williams

family and one of them can pick you up.” I spent the next weeks trying to believe it would really happen. Robin had mentioned joining a Lundy Fly-in and hoping to take G-AJXC to another. Unsurprisingly, I had answered his casual questions about my flying experiences. I said how much I had enjoyed being in a light aircraft – mainly a Cessna, not an Auster, taking photographs of an archaeological site we were working on – and loved helicopter flights in everything from a Squirrel to an Augusta. I put my foot firmly in it by responding to a remark on airliners by saying I would never travel in a ‘Flying Bus’ – to be told his son-in-law is an EasyJet pilot!

Despite that, a copy of his draft history arrived, which gave me ideas for extra information he could use. Then came a list of possible dates for the flight, some of which clashed with other commitments, so if necessary they would have to be cancelled. The whole plan depended on light winds and good weather which, unlike 2018, was not an easy option in 2017.

After a flurry of emails and phone calls, despite gusty conditions, the date was set overnight for 4th August and Robin’s son-in-law was due to pick me up; but I began to fret because long after the arranged time he had not arrived. He was massively delayed because the day coincided with the most extensive traffic jam recorded for the area after two lorries had collided, blocking the motorway. Another stop-more-than-go drive through gridlocked roads eventually achieved a very late arrival at the farm strip, where G-AJXC (alias TJ 343) was patiently waiting on the grass.

A quick briefing and I climbed into the comfortable co-pilot’s seat. With 3-point harness secured and headset comfortable and checked, the engine purred into action and we were lightly bouncing over the uneven ground to be airborne in no time, flying at c.1,500–2,000ft above mean sea level at c.100mph in superb visibility, although clouds hovered above us.

We had contact with other aircraft in the vicinity: Red Arrows leader confirming their positions as they flew sedately down the Severn Estuary to Swansea for a display, an emergency helicopter being directed to the nearest hospital, and commercial airliners queuing to land at Bristol Airport. We looked down on the traffic jams, flew over Cheddar, Burrington, the lakes, reservoirs and villages to Weston-super-Mare. On our way we were warned by Air Traffic Control of an approaching squall but rather than avoid, this qualified Instructor of Instructors pilot flew through it. He had in mind locating my house for photographs, that I hopefully took, although even when banking lower it was difficult to spot which roof was which from that height and speed. Still in constant communication with ATC we circled Weston Bay and returned via the River Axe and glorious countryside under increasingly lowering cloud, over the still all-too-obvious traffic jams, back to the farm strip and (very late) family lunch at the local pub.

Thanks to Robin and his accommodating family it was a fantastic experience to actually fly in one of the vintage Lundy aircraft that Stan and I had written about and which we did not realise had since been restored from a wreck to such perfect condition. We may not have flown to Lundy in G-AJXC, but every moment of that 2017 flight was pure joy!

A small green surprise!

TIM DAVIS describes the finding of Lundy's (and Devon's) first Green Warbler.

Conditions for birdwatching on the morning of Sunday 7th October 2018 were ideal. The day dawned fine and dry with some patchy cloud and just a light northerly breeze which fell away to nothing by mid-morning. After some early morning migration watching on Castle Hill, at around 09:10 Tim Jones and I were walking along the track from the Ugly above Millcombe House when TimJ glimpsed a warbler with a prominent eyebrow and wing-bar moving through the branches of a Turkey oak. His immediate thought was Yellow-browed Warbler, having seen two a couple of days earlier, including one in Millcombe. He quickly corrected that, saying, "No, it's not a Yellow-browed ... what the hell is it?!"

Luckily, for a small green bird amongst green leaves, the bird showed quite well, if briefly, as it moved through the leaves. We both noted a single wing-bar, a very long eyebrow, an orangey bill and generally bright plumage. Our immediate thoughts were Greenish Warbler, a bird that has occurred on Lundy four times previously, the last in June 2016. However, we were particularly struck by the yellowish tones in the plumage, but with very little field experience of Greenish, and none at all of Green Warbler, we were unsure how yellow was 'too yellow'. Frustratingly, the bird disappeared from view and after a few



Photo by Tim Jones



Lundy's first Green Warbler in Millcombe Wood. Photo by Tim Jones

unsuccessful minutes trying to relocate we had to hurry off for house-keeping duties, having offered some voluntary time to support island staff.

Beds made, we returned to Millcombe at around noon and after about 25 minutes' searching we found the bird feeding in Turkey oaks and sycamores on the opposite (south) side of the valley, loosely associating with Chiffchaffs and Goldcrests. We watched it moving through the canopy at some speed, often against the light, which made snatching record shots with a bridge camera quite a challenge (though we managed a few of the upperparts). The bird was constantly moving ahead of us and once more dropped out of sight after about 10 minutes. It was not until 14:30 that we caught up with it again. At 15.25 it was in ash and sycamore trees above the gas store in lower Millcombe, when – at last – it rested in the semi-open for a few minutes, enabling some better record shots to be taken, albeit of the head and underside only. Altogether we estimate that we watched it for about 40 minutes.

Given the immense rarity of Green Warbler (only four UK records to this point for a bird that breeds in northern Turkey and Iran and winters in southern India), we posted pictures of the bird on the Lundy birds blog under a heading of Greenish Warbler. Later that evening, returning home to our hosts, Rob & Sue Waterfield, Rob welcomed us with the words, "You boys are in trouble!". Our photos had unleashed a 'Twitter storm', several birdwatchers with experience of both Greenish and Green Warblers strongly of the opinion that if the yellowish tones of the warbler's throat were real, then the bird was most likely a Green Warbler. We duly confirmed that this was indeed the case and not an effect of the light under the canopy or of

the photos themselves. Somewhat breathlessly – gobsmacked but chuffed at the same time – the realisation hit that we had in fact found the UK's fifth Green Warbler; more thrillingly for us, we had found it on Lundy!

By now the airwaves were buzzing and evening phone calls from ‘twitchers’ were coming into the Tavern, answered by a startled Ash Garfoot, asking if the bird was still around and were any boats sailing to Lundy in the morning! What, we wondered, would the following morning bring?

The answer to that question was 34 birders (including some from the other side of the country) on three boats out of Ilfracombe. Unfortunately the day turned out to be a bit of an anticlimax after the previous day’s excitement. The morning dawned heavily overcast and breezy from the south-west, with spots of drizzle in the wind, although the south side of Millcombe was quite sheltered, meaning that the Green Warbler should have been findable had it still been present. Though the continued presence of Chiffchaffs and Goldcrests gave rise to early hopes – we had been out searching since dawn – there was no sign of the bird by the time the first of the boats arrived. In spite of further scouring of the valley, it became increasingly clear that the bird appeared to have done a disappearing act and sadly everyone eventually departed – for a very wet and bumpy crossing back to the mainland – empty handed. Such is the nature of twitching: some you win, others you lose!



Wardens for a morning! Two happy birders.



One person who did miss out as he was off-island at the time, was a ‘very green’ Warden Dean! This meant that TimJ and I had to fill his shoes to manage the ‘twitch’, which was actually a lot of fun, meeting the birders off the boats and relaying the numbers of people to Rob via walkie-talkie, and generally keeping an eye on proceedings. Thankfully everyone took their disappointment on the chin and departed in resigned but good natured fashion.

For Tim and me, 7th October 2018 will forever be ‘The day of the Green Warbler’. Whatever Lundy’s next great rarity may be, we hope we – and Dean – will be there to see it.

Tavern chalkboard showing ‘Today’s Special’ – nice one Dave, but rather a cheap price for such a rare dish! Photo by Tim Jones

The *Lundy Fungi* arrives!

On 20th September 2018 the *Lundy Fungi*, 15 years in the making, was delivered (pictured right) to Alan & Sandra Rowland's Morwenstow home – the hub of LFS book sales. Within a week copies were on Lundy, together with its authors, John Hedger and David George, ready for a mini-launch (pictured below) of their long-awaited guide to the island's fungi, which took place in the Marsico Tavern on 27th September. The book, reportedly selling well in the Lundy Shop, will be launched to a full fanfare at the 2019 Annual General Meeting in Crediton on Saturday 9th March.

Tim Davis



Photo by Alan Rowland

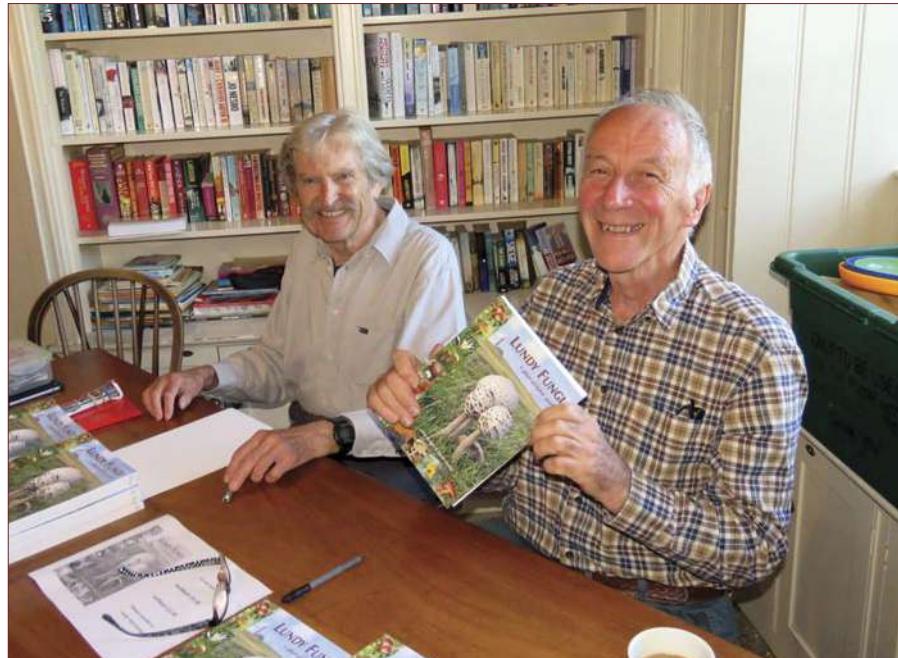
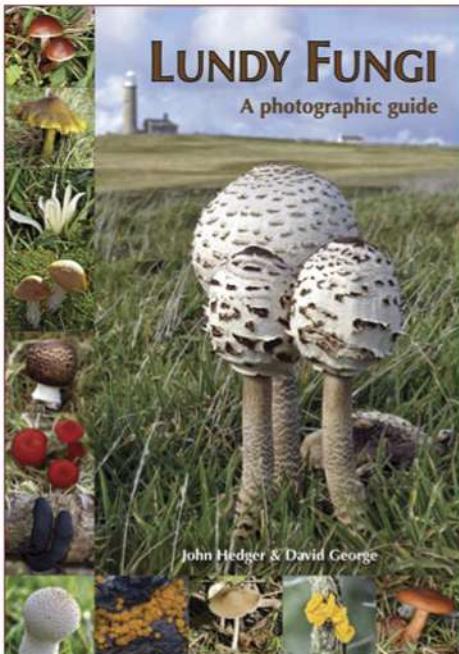


Photo by Tim Jones



Anyone for fungi? John Hedger (pictured below left) and Mandy Dee (in purple jacket above) led a Fungus Foray in mid-October, during which the 'Lundy Fungi' proved its worth in helping to identify the species encountered. Photo by John Hedger



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PUBLICATIONS for sale through the Lundy Field Society

Lundy Fungi: A photographic guide by John Hedger & David George, 2018, 200pp. Softback £12.50 plus £2.50 p&p / Hardback £15.00 plus £3.50 p&p – see inside back cover.

The authors have produced a sumptuous photographic guide to over 250 species of fungi they have found and recorded on Lundy. The records and photographs are by themselves and many other people who have helped record over 600 species found on Lundy during the 70 years of the Lundy Field Society and particularly since their project began in 2003.

Journal of the Lundy Field Society

First published in 2008 and illustrated in full colour. Published biennially. Members receive copies but others may order back numbers.

Vol 6 Jenny George (ed), 2018, 116pp, £10.00 plus £2.50 p&p.

Contents: A Particular of Lundy Island: the Clayton Manuscript, Clutch Size in Kittiwakes *Rissa tridactyla* on Lundy, Cliff Nesting Seabirds on Lundy: Population Trends from 1981 to 2017, Pollen Beetles and Reproductive Success of the Endemic Lundy Cabbage: the Consequences of an Apparent Invasion Event in 2007, An exploratory study into the behaviour of Atlantic Puffins *Fratercula arctica* on Lundy, The Secret Life of the Lundy House Sparrows, Black rabbits on Lundy: Tudor treasures or post-war phonies?, Monumental Standing Stones in the Burial Ground on Lundy, Bristol Channel.

Vols 1, 2 , 3, 4 and 5 are available at £5 per copy plus £2.50 p&p. Visit: www.lundy.org.uk/publications/volume.php?vol=1001.

The Harman Family's Lundy 1925-1969 by Members of the Lundy Field Society, 2013,

Softback in full colour £12.99, plus £2.50 p&p.

Covering the period from the 1920s to the late 1960s, the book includes stories which have never been told before and others which are well known but told here with new illustrations. The period photographs are from the collections of Diana Keast and other Lundy Field Society members, and many of them are published here for the first time. Memories and anecdotes from Diana Keast are the icing on the cake of a unique insight into a crucial period of Lundy's history.

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