

## LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

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Editor: Ann Westcott. Friendship, Guineaford, Marwood, Barnstaple,  
Devon. E31 4EA. Telephone 0271 42259

EDITORIAL (NDJ = North Devon Journal) (WMN = Western Morning News)

Members will wish to join in congratulating the new Knight, Sir John Smith (knighted in the New Year's Honours); LFS member and Chairman of the Landmark Trust. We hope that this auspicious opening to 1988 for one LFS member will prove to herald a happy Lundy year for all.

In Devon, the Landmark Trust has purchased Kingswear Castle for £250,000 (when built in 1491, it cost £40) (WMN 3.7.87). Also purchased is Higher Lettaford Farm on Dartmoor, near Moretonhampstead (WMN 21.11.87).

Due to an Editorial Oversight, both the 1985 and 1986 Newsletters were labelled (15) - so, to follow other calendrical jugglers (we now use the Gregorian rather than the Julian calendar), I am calling this Newsletter (17/18).

Felicitations are due to Alex (Langham) and Nick Saunders on the arrival of Emily; to Helen Cole on her Ph.D.; and Suzy Betts on her 1st class degree in Music. Kate Ogilvie and Moff Betts are gracing Birmingham and Aberdeen universities respectively. Jim Freeman (who wrote 'Wheel Meet Again', (Newsletter Jan '85) is at St. John's Cambridge, and was a Reserve in 1986 for the University XV, and this year (1987) played for Cambridge against Oxford.

Keith Gardner (who, with Russell Flint's daughter-in-law) is a Director of the "Sir William Russell Flint Galleries", has produced a Catalogue Raisonne of Flint's signed limited edition prints. The Collector's Edition was £295 (1986/87) and the De Luxe £425 (1986/87) so you can see the Soaring Magnificence of the whole project.

Another project which I call to members' attention (and Keith G. has done the Archaeology leaflet) is the LFS leaflets, introducing people to Lundy. Whether you know Lundy well or not, they are a delightful and informative collection. Apart from the Archaeology leaflet, there are "Introduction to Lundy" leaflets on: the South End: Wild Flowers: the Grey Seals: Pond Life: Underwater Life: Birds: the Marine Nature Reserve: the Geology: and a Guide for Visitors to the Shore. All these are written by specialists in their fields, and have maps and illustrations; useful and collectable, and very inexpensive.

Ian Arnold (who has a piece about Oldenburg butter in this Newsletter) has loaned me his recent copies of the Official Publications of the Lundy Collector's Club (USA), whose President, George Fabian, and Vice President Jim Czyl have visited Lundy, and GF has written to the Newsletter. There are contributions and letters from Barry Chichen, John Dyke, Roger Allen, John Martin (Minehead), Mike Bale (Ilfracombe), Gwyneth White, Jill Davis, and Ian Arnold himself. Your Ed. (no stamp buff) is going to join. Ian's most recent list of Lundy collectables (as indeed are most of his lists) is very interesting: he does Lundyana, and not just stamps. His address is: Market Coins, 21 Tennacott Heights, Bideford, Devon.

"The Times" (30.7.87) published an article by Gareth Huw Davies, on the new "Atlas of Breeding Birds in Great Britain and Ireland", due to be published by the British Trust for Ornithology in 1992. The 1st edition (1976) was compiled with the help of 10,000 amateur bird watchers. The new work will call on 15,000/20,000 amateur birdwatchers. Your Bird Report Ed. Richard Campey (who is returning to Exeter to work in January 1988) is looking into the BTO's Atlas for us, as Lundy bird watchers are sure to be amongst the 15,000/20,000. Richard was one of the experts on "Birdwatch" in the last week of May. Lundy made headlines with a VEERY (WMN 29.10.87 and 30.10.87/Gazette 30.10.87). John Puddy reported loads of

little boats, disembarking more than 100 birdwatchers, and a full (267 seats) "Oldenburg". There was also a picture (WMN 30.11.87) of "four Lesser Detailed Twitchers" who "migrate in flocks to Lundy Island every year".

Robert Farrah of the South Light is undertaking research into Leylines, with possible reference to the relative positions of stones and the mid winter sun. I hope to tell you more about his findings next time.

In this Newsletter we have a report on the work of the Bristol University Psychology Department on Lundy. Dr. Crook (who has supervised the research for many years) tells me that he has not published work on Lundy, but he has published on Weaver Birds of Africa and Asia; on Gelada Baboons of Ethiopia; and field research on Primates. He is currently led by his interest in animal research to research into human populations. He is working on the Ecology, Agriculture, and Social Life of Himalayan Buddhist villagers in Ladakh, observing how their ways of life adapt them to an extreme environment. Is not a Lundy connection with Ladakh quite something, then?

Dr. Paul Munton (a student of Dr. Crook), whose thesis on Lundy Goats is in Bristol University Library, writes on Conservation topics for "the Times": on the Lynx (1.10.87) and Rats in India (5.11.87).

In the Spring an LFS Working Party planted trees; pulled up rhododendrons; put a fresh nylon rope and stake at Pilot's Quay, and a new one from South Light down to Mermaid's Pool, and another new one at the bottom end of the Quarry Beach Path. They also cut steps and put up a rope handrail on the South Light to Diver's Beach Path.

An LFS member, being interviewed for October 1988 University places, found that Prof. Duncan of Liverpool University had an LFS report, and knew about the Helligoland trap. At Sheffield there were students who had done a guillemot count on Lundy. Dr. Dallingwater at Manchester knew of the Lundy spider count made by Dr. Luxton of Leeds, who interviewed the LFS candidate from whom your Ed. gleaned all this. Dr. Luxton counted spiders on Lundy in 1987 and stays with Jane and Arthur Strick on Bardsey. Admittedly these connections are not as Far Flung as Ladakh, but impressive, nonetheless.

At the AGM, someone had a copy of Bill Oddie's article on Lundy in "Country Life" (Nov. 1986). I noticed Wm. O had used a phrase of mine from a piece I contributed to "the Lundy Chronicle". I sent a "Chronicle" to the Editor of "Country Life", suggesting I should have a copy of the Oddie article in exchange for my phrase, and they kindly sent one - I shall dine out on the story. I also had a very kind letter from Edith Pargeter (who is also Ellis Peters of the Brother Cadfael stories) when I asked how she came to use the name "Marisco" in "All Excellent Mystery". "The Marisco family and their tangled relationships with Henry III and Richard the Marshall came into my acquaintance while I was writing the Llewelyn quartet. I knew the main family as Lords of Lundy, and adherents of Richard, who were fined and imprisoned by the king for supporting the Earl Marshall's cause, and afterwards suffered considerable misfortune and persecution after Richard's death through being involved in the murder of Henry Clement, who had exulted in the murder at the Curragh. The Marisco family had great influence in Ireland at the time. The two in this particular case were Geoffrey and his son William. There is a great deal of information about them in one of the appendices to Sir Maurice Powicke's 'King Henry III and the Lord Edward'."

The Lundy Aerogenerator ("Lundy Lights and Leads" again, literally, has alerted your Ed. to windmills, and in Jan. and Feb. '87 (WMN and the Gazette respectively) news of the Ilfracombe generator was published. The generator has generated a £68 million export order, and was wired by the firm who wired the "Oldenburg", though "powered by Mother Nature". (Did any of you see the article - "Observer" 29.6.86 - "Electricity from the Wind" - John Puddy told me he was acquainted with the author, Colin Hope of Oxford?) In October 1987 the Electricity Generating Board had a double page advertisement in the Observer, "perhaps the day is not far distant when you will be able to turn on a TV set powered by . . . a puff of wind" . . . today Lundy, tomorrow the World.

In the "Sunday Express" (17.3.87) there was an article about the Association For All Speech Impaired Children (and an Open Space programme on TV before Christmas); and the founder, Liz Browning, has written in this newsletter of its and her connection with Lundy. Her book "I Can't See What You're Saying" was reviewed by Dr. Mark Hubbard in the "Illustrated Lundy News" (Issue No. 10 1973 vol. 2 No. 4).

Jim Butcher (WMN 27.5.87) wrote a warm tribute to "Yewcas" Muller, sometime priest-in-charge of Lundy. In June the Bishop of Crediton accompanied Lord O'Hagan (the Devon Euro-MP) to Lundy. Lord O'Hagan's visit was "in response to an open invitation extended when he helped secure £40,000 worth of EEC grant for . . . the MS Oldenburg". The Bishop's visit was headlined as the first episcopal visit to Lundy, which provoked the Rev. R. C. Dixon to write about Robert Exon's visit in 1953; and A. J. Dennis to recall another Bishop of Exeter's visit in 1918, when AJD's father was tenant on Lundy.

The Bishop of Crediton preached at your Ed.'s church a couple of months ago, and kindly talked with your Ed. about his visit to Lundy and the future of St. Helen's church. I asked him about his interest in Lundy, and was amazed and delighted to hear he was a distant Harman connection. He has a longtime interest in North Devon churches; and you can see Lundy (and in good weather the church itself) from anywhere on the N. Devon coastline, so he has been aware of St. Helen's existence for a very long time, and, more recently, of what it needed doing to it. So he came to Lundy to look into these needs - which he sees as being on three levels. The Church needs to be preserved: it needs to provide for worship (he spoke of it as a witness to God, appearing as a first impression to visitors coming up the path to the top of the island): it needs careful adaptation so that both the two first needs are met, and today's. He expects there to be much wide-ranging discussion, and that he will be visiting the island again while such discussion takes place

There was a picture of the Bishop and Lord O'Hagan chatting to Denver Scoins (WMN 22.7.87) and an article by Derek Henderson about the proposed Lundy pier - 150 metres long and costing half a million pounds. DH says "Lundy is a place all its own - the natural beauty - rocky cliffs, the teeming bird life and the bracing wind all have their fascination . . . (Lundy) is in good hands".

No-one, in the WMN "Bishop" correspondence, mentioned that in June 1897, the church was consecrated by Bishop Bickersteth, of Exeter. I wonder if any LFS member has seen the Church Plate, described in 1915 (Transactions Devon. Assoc. Vol. xlvii, referred to in Loyds' "Lundy" (p.44)). "The Chalice has a broad band with engraved inscription in old English capitals: CALICEM SALUTARIS ACCIPIAM ET NOMEN DOMINI INVOCABO. Marks: E.B. and J.B. (E & J Barnard) and London date marks for 1860.

Paten: Engraved round the Border: AGNUS DEI TOLLIS PECCATA MUNDI DA NOBIS TUAM PACEM. Marks as on Chalice but date letter for 1866.

The Flagon: has a pointed lid set with stones and an ornamental border set with amethysts. It is engraved with the words: SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS. Marks: Maker HEW and London marks for 1895".

Do members know of Mr. Gade's words that are on a plaque inside the church door? ". . . the peace of the island is very important and that's something you can only find on places like this with no hustle and bustle, and no motor cars in particular.

"Then I think the next advantage is the freedom of the place. Although it's an area of only one square mile, you never feel any sense of imprisonment at all. You can go just wherever you wish, you can do whatever you want to do. You haven't got to ask any authority if you can do this or that, or go this place or that place . . ." Aren't we privileged to enjoy such an Island.

The WMN (27.11.87) also had a splendid picture of the Rev. Donald Peyton Jones turning the hands of the clock on St. Helen's tower.

Peter Christie wrote an article about Capt. Dark (NDJ 3.9.87), who once made the trip from Bideford to Lundy in his 40-ton cutter the "Gannet" in 103 minutes, under sail, and carrying mail (see Myrtle's piece in this Newsletter). PC also gave an account (NDJ 22.10.87) of how the golf course came to be built, in which he said of F. W. Gade's "My Life on Lundy" (PC's source), that it must be "one of the most interesting books on Lundy". (There are copies available for sale if anyone likes to contact your Ed. - the original editions sold out.) Langham's "Lundy" (p.166 1st Ed.) says that Mr. Gade told the full story of the golf course in the "Lundy Review" of 1958.

The word Lundyfoot occurred in "Call My Bluff" (29.9.87): the definitions were - Lundy foot rot contracted by sheep walking over sea-bird droppings on Lundy: Snuff served by Mr. Lundyfoot of Dublin: the U-shaped plate on a gun into which the towing bar was fixed by a Lundy pin. It was the snuff.

In "Floyd on France" (Oct. 6th 1987 - ITV), there was background singing, referred to by Mr. Floyd as the "Almost OK Chorale", "and the boys from Clifton" - this was Viv Hope Scott's Brittany tour (he and other Cliftonians are regular Tibbettans. Tony Cottrell was in Little St. Johns from Oct. to Dec. writing a novel. Your Ed. was going over on Dec. 5th to interview him at breakfast but S.E. force 6 stopped it: (next time!).

Peggy Garvey (Devon Radio 21.10.87) reported that the Lundy Pony Preservation Society has now been registered as a Charity. On Radio 3 (31.10.87) a Burton Page (the B-P's are fans of Square Cottage) was commenting on the music of Alexander Goehr.

Sterling Melhuish was "halled as sea blaze hero" by the WMN (27.11.87) he put out an engine compartment fire on the "Islander" in rough weather, and landed his passengers safely - Mrs. Gregory is reported as saying ". . . I must say Sterling handled everything brilliantly . . . we thoroughly enjoyed our holiday. We shall be coming again."

While your Ed. was on Lundy in August, there were two glorious sailing vessels (a barque and a barquentine) in the bay, shooting the rough weather scenes for "Robinson Crusoe". The weather in the Seychelles and Yugoslavia (where the principal shooting was done) was too good. One of the vessels was called the CASTALOT because it has been in so many films. The Robinson Crusoe is AIDAN QUINN, who loved the island. Also in the bay was the sailing ship "Lord Nelson", which is specially designed to make it possible for the disabled to experience sailing. The Langhams and Sue Mills were shown over it.

Remember the Gosse your Ed. still searches for. News of the Appledore Gansey (which I have knitted) at the AGM. Please write. If pieces are cut it is space not disagreement (even if I don't agree!) that forces cutting. A.T.V.B.

#### TRANSPORT by John Puddy

During July of 1985, the company who provided Lundy with a regular Saturday helicopter service, dropped the bombshell that was to change the future of Lundy's transport system.

We were told that due to the outcome of investigations into the Isles of Scilly helicopter accident where the machine had literally flown into the sea, the C.A.A. were imposing new restrictions on helicopter flights over water. Although this had been to some extent foreseen, the real shock was that the restrictions were to come into force almost immediately. Fortunately, due to pressure of numbers, we had already booked the twin engined helicopter for August and Castle Air were able to allocate this machine for the service for the first two weekends of September. The immediate problems were considerable but the long term implications for tourism on Lundy were disastrous unless a solution could be found. It was obvious that our only link with the mainland in the future would be by ship, so a suitable vessel had to be found. I should add here that the good ship Polar Bear, which since 1972 had performed stalwart service carrying cargo and building materials could only carry 12 passengers so unfortunately was unable to meet our future requirements.

My first problem was finding a means of locating ships for sale; this was quickly overcome by looking through the London Yellow Pages directory under the heading of 'Ship Brokers', there were hundreds - so what next? Write to them all of course, and we did. A pleasant weekend was spent addressing envelopes and sticking stamps (with a little help from our friends), then on Monday they were all dispatched on the Polar Bear.

Finance was also required for our ambitious project. The English Tourist Board and the E.E.C. were contacts; they both reacted with enthusiasm, even though in the past funds had not been allocated to the purchase of a second hand ship.

In the meantime, we were getting some response to our many letters, my first reaction was that ship broking must be a risky business, as a considerable number of our letters were being returned by the Post Office. However, a few brokers who specialised in smaller ships sounded promising, and details of ships soon started to arrive. Ships (unlike motor cars) come in all shapes and sizes with no two being even slightly similar, so each set of details had to be thoroughly scrutinised. Our requirements were rather specialised, the vessel had to be able to carry passengers all year round not just cargo and she also required cargo handling gear.

Difficult as it may sound, within a month we had a short list of some seven ships which we felt were worth viewing. All of them were lying in Norway, Denmark and Germany. We selected these countries as their passenger ship regulations were most similar to those of England, a vital factor in the choice.

Towards the end of August, Barty Smith, a Lundy Director, and I set off to the continent to find our ideal ship. First we went to Norway where we saw the 'Strilton', a smart little vessel with excellent cargo capacity and a superb derrick, but unfortunately with very miserable passenger accommodation. Our next choice, the 'Hinna', was an elderly lady with excellent accommodation and a tiny hold. Her outward appearance was as if she had been involved in marine banger racing, with barely an inch of her hull undented, so on we went. 'Imi' was a funny little ship lying in a Norwegian backwater, and was really a non-starter, adhering in no way to her glowing description, having recently returned from oil rig tender service.

Our next ship, the 'Pieqie', was in use as a floating restaurant in Oslo and had been altered far too much to be a viable proposition, even though she was a nice looking vessel. Her only salvation was that we had an excellent meal on board.

By now we were beginning to feel that maybe we were wasting our time and that our ideal ship did not exist, but we carried on.

'Vicky', our next ship, was right at the bottom of Norway at a town called Friedrichstadt. We arrived to find we were on the wrong side of the river to the ship. Even from that distance she looked terrible, lying in what can only be described as a ship graveyard. We lay down on the river bank in the warm summer sun and laughed, again the description didn't quite fit. After a while I hailed a passing speedboat and asked for a lift across to the 'Vicky' which I felt we had to board after coming so far. Poor old thing, she was such a pretty little craft, trying to look proud in her menial houseboat role and with little future as a seagoing vessel. We spent ten minutes aboard then left.

After an enjoyable day in Denmark we moved on to Germany and the MS Oldenburg. at Bremen station by one of the agents involved in the sale, and driven to Wilhelmshaven, where we were entertained to an excellent lunch at a sea front restaurant, but what about the ship? At this point, the Oldenburg slipped gracefully into view, she looked a picture adorned in numerous flags and her decks crowded with passengers. Lunch was finished and we were soon on board. She was a smart little ship, originally built for the German Railway Company as a ferry to operate between the German mainland, the Friesian Islands and Heligoland. The Oldenburg was running as a butter cruiser, that is she sailed on short cruises selling duty-free butter. For this duty the aft saloon had been gutted and converted into a supermarket, otherwise her condition was original.

An interesting afternoon was spent on board making four short cruises, each of which resulted in butter-laden Germans leaving the ship. The night was spent in Wilhelmshaven then the next day we moved on to Travemunde to see our last ship, the 'Dyroy' which, from her description was our most promising ship. She was lying at a yard near Travemunde. A very impressive looking ship, with high bow and business like appearance. Alas all was not good, for she had been owned by an enthusiast who had started to convert her into a dream yacht, but how many dreams come true? Her elegant timber clad interior had been gutted leaving only remnants of her former glory. Even her bridge had been fitted with a bouncy helmsman's seat. In the engine department however, she was a dream: the two enormous Blackstone engines, coupled to the single shaft, looked ready to go. Yes, she had potential.

Out of our list we had only seen two ships which could suit our requirements, so how were we to make the final decisions; we sat pondering in a pleasant riverside bar when the answer came to us. We tossed the coin and the Oldenburg won the toss.

We returned to Wilhelmshaven and the Oldenburg for a final look, she seemed to have everything, good accommodation, a hold, a crane and, most of all, she seemed a happy ship.

The negotiations and formalities seemed to go on for ever, but eventually in November she was ours. The ship was drydocked in Wilhelmshaven to carry out essential maintenance and survey work, the white hull was painted blue and we were ready to sail.

Back in England I mustered a crew for the voyage, which was to be the longest she had ever undertaken, and returned to Wilhelmshaven. We spent a few days getting to know the ship, taking fuel and provisions and sorting out what appeared to be an endless list of formalities, then we were ready to sail.

We made a short trial run with the ship's old Master and then, after dropping him off at the quay where we first saw the ship, set off for England. As soon as we cleared the estuary we hit bad weather; any misgivings about the Oldenburg's sea-keeping qualities were soon dispensed with, and we found her to be a good ship, able to maintain speed in adverse conditions.

It was not long, however, before an unforeseen difficulty arose. For the last four years the ship had sailed mostly in sheltered waters and the tossing around was dislodging silt which had built up in the main fuel bunker tanks. This silt very quickly started to clog the main engine fuel filters, starving them of fuel and gradually reducing the speed. The filters were changed, but because of the long journey ahead of us we decided to put in and purchase a good stock of spares.

Fortunately, the River Embs leading to the port of Emden was close by and, after anchoring overnight, we proceeded during the next morning to Emden where our ever reliable agent was waiting for the ship with several boxes of filters; we thanked him for his excellent service and proceeded downstream towards the sea.

The ship performed beautifully and sped down the English Channel in fine style, with a stiff breeze attempting to slow us down, but without success. The anchor was dropped, however, off Dunkirk when a gale was forecast for the sea area which we were entering. The day went by with no sign of bad weather and the decision was made to heave up and proceed across to the English coast and the Isle of Wight, and straight into the gale which was late arriving. Again the Oldenburg showed that she was not afraid of bad weather and butted into a heavy head sea with enthusiasm.

The heavy weather stirred up even more sludge in the fuel tanks requiring even more regular fuel filter changes which, of course, meant that our seemingly adequate stock of filters was being used up. The bad weather continued and it was decided that we could just make Poole Harbour on our diminishing filters.

The ship docked at Poole with only four filters to spare, a close shave. We set about immediately cleaning out fuel tanks which was a filthy task, it meant crawling through a minute manhole, and scraping and shovelling the sludge and handing it through the manhole in buckets. The task completed we took on bunkers and prepared to sail to Bideford.

This was not to be, for as we were preparing to leave, four serious looking customs officers stepped aboard, and announced that they were going to search the ship. And search they did. For 7 hours they went through the vessel with crow bars and screw drivers and of course they found nothing, but left us in a depressed state with a lot of clearing up to be done.

Worse was yet to come, for again when we were preparing to leave for the second time, a Department of Transport official stepped aboard and announced that we were not to sail without certain items of safety equipment. We were furious because we had already been given clearance to sail by a DOT official who we had taken to Germany at great expense to make sure all was well. There was nothing we could do except to order the required items and wait for their arrival. In all, we spent almost a week at Poole and all because of petty officials showing their power.

The journey from Poole to Lundy was spectacular and went without a hitch. I must say I was pleased to be relieved of my filter changing job, although I had become something of an expert in the task.

On Thursday morning, December 5, the 'Oldenburg' dropped her anchor at Lundy for the first time. It was a great occasion, everyone on the Island was aboard within minutes and after giving the ship the once over, we toasted approval of our new ship and the party started.

Friday morning the Oldenburg steamed to Bideford a dry ship, it was a terrible day with plenty of wind and rain. The Town Band greeted her on the quay and lots of local dignitaries came aboard to welcome her home. Several ship yards were approached to carry out the considerable works to comply with DOT regulations but, at the end of the day, it was decided to do the work ourselves alongside Bideford Quay. Many people said that it was an impossible task but, with the support we had from local and highly skilled craftsmen, we set to with enthusiasm.

Everyone aboard worked at a feverish pace to ensure that we would be ready to sail for Easter. There was so much to be done, insulating against the spread of fire, installing a sprinkler system, re-wiring, fitting new flooring, re-furnishing, replacing wooden stairways in steel, fitting a galley, building the shop, fitting life rafts, a new generator - we even had to remove the timber decking in the Lobby, lay fire retardant material underneath, then cut the planks down to reduce the thickness before re-laying them. It seemed an endless task, and I can admit now that even I thought we had taken on too much at times.

Slowly, however, things gradually slotted into place and the Lady began to recover her poise. With lots of new paintwork, much of our work was hidden and the aim was that the ship should look very much as she would have looked when she came into service in 1958.

The inevitable delays meant that it was not possible to sail over Easter, but on Saturday May 10th the 'Oldenburg' sailed to Lundy in a strong southwesterly wind with 69 passengers, the Department of Transport certificate for 267 passengers being proudly displayed. A new and exciting era had started for Lundy Island.

THE BUTTER PAT (or how butter keeps the world churning over) by Ian Arnold

Earlier in the year I had given to me a small tin box. Much of the tin had in fact worn off and the hinged lid was broken, but what made the object interesting was still clearly visible. Embossed lettering in the form of an oval informed me that the contents had once borne the branch name of 'Oldenburger'.

I write this in the past tense because I have since given the handy sized container to Denver Scoins, Captain of the 'Oldenburg', to adorn his Captain's Table. It's true his puzzled expression betrayed the thought that he had been given more worthy gifts in the past and that, like me, he found the connection between the tin box and his ship rather tenuous. Not so now. Not for me at any rate. For I believe the little tin box to be a butter container and it is just possible that 1987 was not the first year that it had been taken aboard the Oldenburg.

Coincidences could not be worth relating unless the odds against them happening were not high. And it was that while on holiday in Corfu, later in the year, the Oldenburger tin came into my mind once more. Kassiopti is a charming fishing village on the North-East coast of the island. I can highly recommend it as an additional holiday destination to Lundy. (On occasion, it is warmer!) The Three Brothers' Taverna, too, comes recommended, not least because with your bread roll you will get an individual tub of "Oldenburger" butter! Needless to say my family shared their portions so that an eccentric father and husband could return a butter pat 1,500 miles to Bideford!

On my next visit to Lundy, in August of this year, I took my pat of butter aboard the Oldenburg with the intention of giving it to the Captain. A fitting and colourful resting place for the tin I thought. However, the crossing was far from smooth and the Captain did not leave the bridge. He did not, therefore, receive his intended gift. While on the Island and in the Tavern, I was fortunate enough to meet my friend and colleague, your editor, Ann Westcott. While we were talking, John Puddy gave Ann a typed manuscript. It was his account of the experiences he met in the buying of the Oldenburg for the Landmark Trust. Ann kindly let me read it.

How strange it was to learn that the "Oldenburg" was once a butter supply ship - and that she was named after that place in Northern Germany famous for its dairy produce. And how strange that, at the moment of learning these facts, I was able to pull from my pocket a much travelled pat of "Oldenburger" butter!!!

No doubt there are those who know much easier ways of buying German butter than to fly to the Greek island of Corfu, but then, they are unlikely to know of much greater coincidences!

#### LUNDY IN 1887 AND 1888 by Myrtle

The Rev. Mr. Heaven ushered in the new year by giving a magic lantern show for the children, of whom there were eighteen, and Walter Heaven organised a concert for the grown-ups the following evening, which was "very lengthy". Early in January there were some very heavy storms, and so much rain that the rabbit holes were spurting water, and a burst pipe at the Villa (Millcombe) flooded the drawing-room, spoiling a lot of the books. A new stove arrived for the Schoolhouse (Sunday school) and was used, but was very "smellsome".

Mr. Wright (the tenant farmer) set light to the bramble above Gannets Combe, but accidentally caused a lot of smoke and devastation. Walter Heaven was busy building a boat, and "gossiping in the store" - an occupation evidently not approved of. The boat was launched in May and called Heatherbell. On the 3rd February, the first ever G.P.O. service to Lundy was started with the arrival of the Queen of the Bay with the mail bag from Cardiff, and next day the outgoing mail (87 letters) was taken off, but the steamer failed to appear on the next due date, which was the 10th. They made up for this by coming on the 14th and the 16th and the 17th - only the Queen of the Bay on 16th had brought back the letters which had been taken off the island on the 4th. Hence the Clarissa was sent the next day to put things right. A poor beginning, which was not much improved upon subsequently, and there was a problem over letters that should have come via Instow being sent to Cardiff. In May the steamer left the mail bag in the coal cellar - but August it was necessary for two officials from Cardiff to come over about the irregularities, but still in November the islanders were complaining about the mail's having been a week on board the steamer, and the following year the service from Cardiff was abandoned and Capt.

Dark was engaged to bring the mails from Instow for the G.P.O. The mail for the Heaven family was still brought in their own box by Capt. Dark from Instow, and the Lighthouse was served by Capt. Cox, who carried their mail box.

The fisher people arrived for the season in April. Phoebe, one of the maids had married Ned Poinard and they were presented with an "ugly teapot" by Annie and Millie.

It was Queen Victoria's Jubilee year: a bay tree and a pear tree were planted, and on 21st June, everyone went to a service in the little iron church at the top of Millcombe. After the service, the National Anthem was sung, then tea was provided at the farmhouse, (Mrs. Wood, Mrs. James and Mrs. McCarthy had been baking) followed by sports and prizes, then a bonfire, and finally dancing.

On June 26th, "Annie's baby" was christened Blanche Margaretta (Annie, nee Morgan, then aged 31, was an adopted daughter of the Morgans at the Battery).

The steamers mentioned during the summer season were the Marquess of Lorne, the Rio Formosa, the Velindra.

In February Mr. Wright found a bullock drowned in the Kistvaen, so he had it filled in, an event which called for no comment or protest.

In the summer, family and friends came to visit and there was tennis on the lawn to add to the usual diversions of walking, boating, riding, picnicking, and beaching. Some new furniture arrived and was installed in the drawing-room at the Villa. There was a fire in the laundry, but fortunately George Thomas removed a barrel of blasting-powder from the loft above it just in time, and the fire was put out by "the garden engine" and buckets of water.

At the beginning of December, the catches of herring were so large that the island ran out of salt. During the season conger and red mullet had also been netted. Another item of diet that was a curiosity was a Lundy loaf of bread provided by Mr. Wright, pronounced "dark but not bad".

By 21st December, there had been no boat since November 25th and there was anxiety over supplies for Christmas, but on 21st both Dark and Cox came and made a landing on the west side, so all was well except that the presents ordered by the Rev. Mr. Heaven did not arrive in time. Winnie Heaven received wedding presents as well, and on 30th December she left her Lundy home, with her future husband, to be married in Bristol.

The wedding was held in Bristol on 17th January and all the family were there except Annie, who was in Canada.

Cultivation on the island was varied, as can be seen from entries referring to camellias and roses sent up by Mr. Wright, seaweed being cut and hauled up as manure for the asparagus beds, quince, strawberries, and apple distributions.

On December 22nd, Phoebe Poinard was taken ill and died suddenly - the Hartland Coroner advised that as there was no resident doctor on Lundy, no certificate of death would be needed provided it was clear that death was from natural causes. Attempts were made to get a R.C. priest to Lundy for the funeral, but the crossing was not possible, and she was buried by the Rev. Hudson Heaven according to Anglican rites.

By April, agreement had been reached with the G.P.O. that the Cardiff mail service was so unsatisfactory that it should be stopped, and the mail contract was awarded to Capt. Dark to take the mails from Instow every Thursday - this independently of the contract with the Heaven family. On May 4th, he made his first G.P.O. delivery to the island; after some dispute, Mr. Wright agreed to remain sub-postmaster.

On 9th May, the Radnor was wrecked, and there followed a fuss about things being stolen from it - it was taken off on 15th.

Frith's photographer arrived in July and took many pictures of the island (Friths of Reigate).

In March, Walter departed to try his fortune in Canada. Mr. Wright planted more than 1,000 bulbs, with the idea of starting flower farming a la Scilly Isles - no more was heard of this subsequently. The year ended with torrential rain, and stormy weather causing a shortage of supplies - "tempers generally tremelo".

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL ANNUAL COURSE IN ETHOLOGY (ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR)  
(as reported to the Editor)

Short field-study projects are set up, the students usually working in pairs. Students are being trained in method. Kittiwakes are the predominant study, because they are accessible, and there is plenty of data. Students are being trained to use data to answer specific questions, depending on the project. For example, is reproductive success different in differing parts of the Kittiwake colony - if so, why? Does such success depend on exposure to climatic conditions? Does local risk of predation differ? Do older birds prefer certain areas and do better there?

John Coulson of Durham University has observed the competition among kittiwakes for the centre positions in the colony. Adult kittiwake males, being heavier, win central positions from immature birds. JC has also observed that success in rearing fledglings is highest in the central area. Parental changeover on nests is efficient at the centre, and parental partnerships are longer, and re-occur each season. There is a higher "divorce" rate and lower efficiency on the periphery. These observations are based on JC's 30 years of collecting data and are used as the basis for the Bristol work.

Not only Bristol University uses JC's work as a basis for its own projects but so do Liverpool and Exeter Universities.

In the "Lundy Island Chronicle" (of 1984: Vol. 2, No. 1 (and only), pp6 and 8), there are articles on kittiwake fratricide by David Dickens of Liverpool University.

Larks are the subject of another project. The question posed is - how do larks distribute themselves territorially? They appear to sing within definite areas, so that it may be hypothesised that there is a notional boundary within which each lark sings: such boundaries would be mappable. Supporting evidence for such an hypothesis is the unique song of each bird. (But there is room for Ph.D. work on such lark song. Each song needs to be tape-recorded, and an analysis made of its content in phrases and repetition of phrases. Does each lark have a recognisable, individual range of songs? It is supposed it does, but infinite variety could occur, which would mean the song was useless as evidence. Such a recording, while it has been attempted for blackbirds, has never been done for larks.) Some 12 tapes have already been made for a small current project, a Lundy project, which is to play the tapes back to larks in assorted combinations (own song and/or others). When a tape of Bird A is played, and the song is assumed for the moment to be territorially marking, then neighbour B is to be observed responding (with its own territorial marking song) or not. Students are simulating nature in a devised sequence in order to see if predicted effects materialise.

Wrens are also the subject of a short project for Lundy. A pilot study of wren territory is being undertaken using song to identify location and extent of territory. Wren song is more stereotyped than larks. Lark song may contain more information than wrens'.

Goats and Soay sheep are also used for project work as training in research method. (Dr. Paul Munton's thesis on Lundy goats is in the library of the University of Bristol.) Attempts are made to answer such questions as: how do they use the island?: what kinds of parties do they move in?: when and where is the rut?: what are the sex ratios?

Differences in maternal behaviour between different breeds of sheep are matter for another project. Criteria by which maternal behaviour is judged are: distance of mother from lambs: frequency and duration of suckling: how protective mothers are. Welsh mountain sheep appear to have a stronger bond than others; ewe and lamb stay closer together, and suckling is more frequent, although not necessarily of longer duration. The Suffolk hybrid appears to show the least maternal behaviour.

In 1986 Guillemots were the objects of a research project. They were observed so that food brought to the chicks was identified, so that the diet of Lundy guillemots could be compared with that of Skomer guillemots, the differences being due to different patches of sea being fished.

Dr. John Crook has done many years of field work on Lundy in psychology and zoology; and this time was accompanied by Dr. Robert Weevers, Dr. Arthur Goldsmith, and a Barn full - all of the Bristol University Psychology Department. In the late 60s, Professor K. R. L. Hall (professor of Psychology, University of Bristol) started the annual courses on Lundy to train students in field work in the manner of Tinbergen's courses at Ravenglass for Oxford University.

### MY INTRODUCTION TO LUNDY by John Dyke

My introduction to Lundy originated in an unusual way fifty years ago when I was living in Cheshire. I had just purchased a 1s. 9d. postal order in the one and only village shop and noticed a 'foreign' coin in my change. Our postmaster was apologetic and immediately offered a replacement penny. I thanked him, but declined to part with this strange coin "Lundy one Puffin" - where on earth was Lundy? I concluded that it had been minted for some obscure overseas British possession (we had an empire in those days).

Searching through my Phillips Atlas at home, I found that Lundy was a solitary piece of land surrounded by water and nearer to England than I had expected. How inviting it looked in isolation; I vowed I would visit its shores as soon as I could. Greatly daring - to quote Rupert Bear, - I wrote to Martin Coles Harman, whose stern profile appeared on the coin, and asked for any available information about the island and whether it could be visited. In due course, a courteous reply was received together with a mint set of the 1929 stamp issue - an added bonus as I happened to be a collector. Mr. Harman expressed a hope that I would indeed visit Lundy and referred me to his agent, F. W. Gade who would be able to deal with further enquiries.

And so it fell to Mr. Gade to have to grapple with the requests of an impecunious art student who had fallen in love with a piece of rock out in the ocean. Mr. Gade dealt with my many and varied questions most obligingly, and from him I purchased every available postcard view of the island - and what literature there was, including Joan Watt-Smyrke's little guide, published in 1936, price 6d.

Meanwhile, searching Chester's second-hand bookshops, I secured Goss's "Sea and Land" for one shilling, and Warden Page's "Coast of North Devon and Lundy Island" at a cost of 7s. 6d. I commenced collecting anything connected with the island, but was disadvantaged by living a great distance away from the object of interest.

In 1939 I managed to persuade my brother in law to join me in making tentative arrangements to visit the island for a fortnight's stay at the Manor Farm Hotel in May 1940. In agreeing to join me, my brother in law - a qualified brewer - was attracted by the prospect of visiting the unlicensed tavern - and Lundy - in that order.

Eight years were to elapse before I actually set Wellington on Lundy's shores. By then, of course, through the instigation of Mr. Harman, Dr. Harvey (later Professor Harvey) and associates, the Field Society was established in 1946. Mr. Harman generously allowed the

society to occupy the old Light and make it its headquarters - it was ideally suited for the purpose. Nearly all the other buildings had suffered the depredation of wartime storm damage - virtually impossible to repair through lack of labour and materials.

The society's pioneers, with great determination and effort, cleaned, decorated and furnished the interior of the Keeper's cottage, creating really acceptable accommodation, whilst the fabric of the building contributed a special atmosphere of its own. Volunteers also erected the first Heligoland Trap at the head of Millcombe Valley close to the old hotel's gothic gate. Severe gales blew down their efforts - twice!

Food rationing was still in force: each visitor had to bring food for a fortnight. Generally rations were pooled. Nothing was available for purchase excepting fresh milk. A small barrel of beer came ashore with us but that had been consumed in the first two evenings and the tavern remained dry thereafter whilst we were there.

The "Lerina" having been commandeered for war service was in need of a complete overhaul afterwards so that the island had no boat of its own at this time. The Field Society chartered a small fishing boat, the "Girl Joyce" to run fortnightly out of Ilfracombe. Supplies for the island's few inhabitants were also carried on these occasions.

I recall arriving at Ilfracombe on the early morning train from Exeter, in pouring rain, accompanied by a westerly gale. Fortunately it was down hill all the way to base camp, "The Tranmere Hotel" in St. James Place, run by dear Mr. and Mrs. Cutcliffe who were so kind, consoling and considerate. Stan Cutcliffe was the LFS Shore Officer, a keen naturalist and ornithologist. Already assembled at the hotel were my fellow passengers and all eleven of them and myself voiced little objection when it was announced that Captain George Irwin had decided that it would be unsuitable to venture forth on the very high seas that day.

On the following day, many of us had the distinct feeling that we ought not to be on the high seas that day either! Some of the passengers being unfamiliar with ways of small fishing craft, chose to sit, recline and roll on the hatchcover amidships, finding themselves completely at the mercy of the enormous waves and wild billows. Persons were rather ill and others wished they could have been!

The covered area was occupied by the skipper and his crew. They said it was necessary that they should remain in that favoured position in order to keep their sandwiches dry and also that it was important to have a tight grasp of the wheel and the beer cask!

What a blessed relief it was coming under the lee of the island, when the "Girl Joyce" shook her self for the last time, dropped anchor, and Jack Crews, a skilful sculler, was soon alongside to take off the drenched but thankful passengers. Jack, and his wife Dorothy, had lived on the island before the war, had returned in 1947, and were living in the habitable portion of the old hotel with their daughters Joan and Margaret.

We all got ashore safely, the boat having to be run up on the beach each time, and were welcomed by Rosemary Studdy who was taking care of the old Light and the Society's affairs during an interregnum, the first appointed warden Roly Barker having accepted a post in Canada. His successor, Hugh Boyd, was to arrive at the end of the month. He was the first of a long line of qualified ringers and had been an assistant to Peter Scott at Slimbridge.

As we wended our way up the beach road, it was thrilling to see the beauty of the island in reality after having already familiarised myself with the help of the aforementioned post card views. There was the South Light, the beetle-browed cliffs with Marisco Castle a-top, the ruined fish palace, the limekiln, the lone pine - then in full vigour - and so on - it was one of the greatest moments of my life.

On arrival at the Old Light, we rapidly changed into dry clothing and festooned our damp garments above the stove in the common room.

The main purpose of my visit was to look around and choose some subjects suitable to illustrate the 1948 Annual Report. The Society had no badge, emblem or logo (to use modern parlance) and I quickly decided upon the Old Light tower and lantern as expressive of the Society's established purpose. On the following bright and sunny morning, I selected a suitable site and commenced a water colour painting of this majestic granite tower. After about 20 minutes the subject, to my consternation, began to disappear. We all know how particularly vulnerable Beacon Hill is to sudden sea mists and fog banks. In its more extensive form, especially if it covered the airfield, Flt. Lt. J. E. L. Drabble of "Devon Air" used to refer to it as "Mr. Harman's private bloody cloud".

On the day following, I completed the water colour and later made a scraper board adaptation for the annual report covers.

The following year, I stayed at the Old Light from June 1 - 10. Hugh Boyd was warden, assisted by Stan Ball, a jolly ex naval man who later became Hon. Treasurer of the Society. Stan, true to naval tradition, was very adaptable and undertook the cooking and housekeeping. I recall that the greens were rather high in protein due to the cook's shortsightedness, but he more than made up for this with his marvellous story telling, principally about his first war service, on a small naval craft on the Caledonian canal - comic situations reminiscent of the "Para Handy" stories.

Hugh Boyd concentrated part of his time on studying the growth and development of shag nestlings at the northern end of the west coast.

I sketched him making a daily descent to an otherwise inaccessible nesting site by way of a rope ladder - a courageous exercise, as he had to contend with a gammy knee caused by a cricket ball injury. That demonstrated the dedication which Hugh always gave to his work.

I usually managed to visit Lundy at least once or twice each year thereafter, thanks to my considerate wife, who came over only occasionally when our children were young.

An unusual occurrence took place in April 1957 when my colleague Eddie Spiegelhalter and I were stranded on the island for four days, on a visit which was to have been no more than an over-night stay. Trevor Davey, skipper of the "Lundy Gannet", was obliged to leave his moorings in a hurry during the night in the face of an increasing easterly. The Rev. Roy Dixon was also incommoded by the "Gannet's" sudden departure, and because of a shortage of world news our predicament was reported in the press, on the radio, and black and white television!

There was a superbly organised excavation in June 1957 on an exceedingly hot summer's day - the scene of activity, Parsons Well, near Friars Garden. Mr. and Mrs. P. Cole were participants and one who desires to remain anonymous, but who were the others? The day's work resulted in raising a lot of silt, which was beneficial to the surrounding pastures no doubt, a minute fragment of wood (part of hatch cover) and the counter sunk bronze ring belonging to the said cover.

Over the years, I have derived tremendous pleasure from my association with this beautiful isle. I could continue to reminisce but then you would miss all your trains and buses home. I will therefore close by expressing my gratitude to the late Martin Coles Harman and family for readily granting me permission to come ashore in those early post war days, and to Mr. and Mrs. Gade who were always so welcoming.

Perhaps I may continue this saga on another suitable occasion.

#### MY TIMES ON LUNDY by Elizabeth Browning, M.B.E.

I first went to Lundy when our friend Diana Keast found that Hammers was empty for three days in July 1968. I met her touting for takers (she always was a good salesman) and my husband George, son Freddy and myself fell for it. Thus our love affair with Lundy began.

I have no desire to add our reactions to that first trip on the Balmoral, first sight of the island, landing and climb, to all the other recorded accounts because we know (as does everyone else who has had this experience) that ours is different, meant more to us than to anyone else and is much, much more special than anybody else's could possibly be! . . . If anyone wants it they can write for it, it is not up for grabs! In typical Lundy fashion we had, during those three days, all kinds of weather, our third day being a summer dream during which we walked to the North End. By this time there were only two people in love because George was suffering quite severe vertigo from the cliff heights of the jig-saw piece this island is, lying as it does on a black, grey or blue table top according to the state of the sky. Mountain goats were what Freddy and I discovered ourselves become until we climbed the stairs to the Old Lighthouse when it was then our turn to be overcome and, feeling distinctly queezy we pressed ourselves backwards against the round of the light chamber while compelled to look out to see the marvellous ALL around us. While we felt sick, George was happy up there, it is perhaps a common experience that some can 'take' natural heights but not those made by man and vice versa? Thus it was when, as we stood with our baggage on the beach and Diana asked if anyone could consider returning to cook for the divers for two weeks paid work the following month, she recruited but two volunteers. Freddy and I returned, my association with Lundy began and our story is recounted in a book I wrote 'I Can't See What You're Saying' published in paper back by Angel Press Chichester or available in hard back published by ELEK BOOKS from libraries.

That first experience in the Old Light when, busy though we were with the job we had on hand still lent some time for exploration of the island, was sufficient to set my imagination working and I knew that this diving scene so admirably organised by the Don Shiers enterprise (regrettably excluded from mention in Mr. Gade's book) had potential for social exploitation and the area of my interest was what was then known as Borstal Training. I returned from that fortnight burning with ambitious desire to see Borstal lads learning the discipline of good diving practice, being part of a group made of a rare comprehensive social mix, sharing all chores and in the environs of Lundy Island. I set about forthwith writing up my propositions in project form. (Details available on request. Send SAE to me c/o Editor) The day dawned when I arrived at the Home Office for confrontation. I had covered and could qualify every aspect of my scheme (or so I thought) and had even acquired a couple of sponsors to cover the considerable costs for two lads to partake in a week's instruction with Bristol Channel Divers. I could answer every query put by the team I faced except one. This was the burning question of safety and I then knew that no matter what I said regarding the safeguards I knew were solidly built-in to the training programme and maintained with watchful care at all times, there was no way the Home Office was going to risk the Mirror headlines DIVING DISASTER BORSTAL BOY DEAD. I left Victoria punctured and my disappointment sank to the soles of my feet where it stuck like a load of lead.

Lundy's magic worked like yeast in a mysterious way. It bubbled continuously in the back of my mind for several years rising and reacting at last in 1974 when I was working for the Association for All Speech Impaired Children. A group of 24 children suffering speech and language disorders had been Activity Weeking at Edgehill College with Outdoor Pursuit Instructor Tessa Huggett (a regular diver with Bristol Channel whom I had met when cooking on Lundy). We had been given free passages by the Campbell Steamship Company for a day trip to Lundy whence we arrived groggily but upstanding. There had been an 8th birthday celebration on board . . . only those proved 'Good Sailors' could face the cake which the captain came down to cut. There was intense excitement among us as Balmoral let her anchor down and the small boats chugged alongside for landing us all. Everyone enjoyed the short time available spent on shore and as the party left, two older boys and myself stayed behind along with Fritz Kolbe, a Swedish friend who, on his very first visit to England, had found his way to Bideford hitch hiking from France, ferreting us out at Edgehill. Freddy too was with us and a climbing instructor from Bristol gave his time for the following week when, sharing the Old Light with the divers for whom I was cooking, these young people with their devastatingly socially debilitating difficulties enjoyed a week being made to feel equal with others, accepted (and so acceptable) as mortal men and valued as such. I watched from the kitchen doorway as morale mounted and I delighted in all I saw. Of all our faculties, being able to speak and understand is the most vital. I believe what we all most dread is being blind but a blind friend once told me not to worry about her for she

said, 'I've got my brail telephone and so can ring my friends, I go to the park with my white stick on nice days and people come and sit with me and chat, above all, I have my radio . . . being deaf is what I dread and those are the people for whom we should have most care because they are isolated'. So it is for those born with all other faculties intact, people who are not mentally handicapped, not physically handicapped, not deaf, autistic or emotionally disturbed but whose IQ is average yet their speech and good understanding capability has failed to develop. They cannot cope with the speed and competence with which the rest of us think and speak (two skills we all take entirely for granted).

Society expects and demands that its members will, as they go around looking like everyone else, be able to understand the spoken word and speak it. Someone struggling all the time hoping against hope they've 'got' the meaning and having a lot they wish to say in reply but unable to muster the 'right' words in time, finds themself simply left behind. No-one will give such a person that little extra time needed and without which they just cannot cope and so, feeling rejected, discarded and of no worth, it is hard to contain and manage the emotions of rage, inadequacy, depression and frustration, not to mention loneliness which is the experience if this is your specific problem.

From that time on I came to Lundy with small groups of older speech impaired people to climb and explore and we occupied the Old Light or Signal Cottage according to our numbers. We were always accepted by the Islanders and other holiday makers as perfectly ordinary people and this attitude, coming as it did convincingly and not contrived, was a great boost for the confidence which everyone so much lacked. Darts teams formed up in the Tavern and matches took place while rounds of drinks were bought between the general company and ourselves equally. In the environs of Lundy the sickening pressure of life on the mainland causing as they do so much intense anxiety for those with communication problems, fell away and the 'young' feeling secure, began to relax in which happy state they also began to grow. They were great times and all who partook in those adventures have the memories of Lundy branded for ever on their hearts. Those experiments resulted in the ultimate adventure so far when in 1986 twelve of us went to the States on a camping expedition with Trek America. During the three weeks we were there we spent time in New York City, Niagara Falls, Washington DC, Chatanooga, New Orleans, Orlando and Florida Keys. Of the four boys and four girls all aged between eighteen and twenty-seven, all either in work or training, three of them were Lundy-ites. Again, as on Lundy, the experience of an exciting adventure stretched all our minds and gave new and further confidence with which to face our lives on return.

So what about the Borstal Boys? Well, once again I found myself at the Home Office and this time the visit resulted in lads becoming involved in a successful and happy scheme - AFASIC\* got off the ground over eleven years ago when three young men joined three different AFASIC Activity Weeks as links looking after a speech impaired child one-to-one. This scheme is still going strong and is still a happy successful exercise. Borstals as such are now a thing of the past, young men in certain circumstances undergoing what is now termed Corrective Training. We have not as yet achieved 'Borstal Boys and AFASIC children and on Lundy and at the moment the inclusion of diving as an activity is not appropriate. Rents on Lundy are now way beyond the AFASIC members' purses and indeed the purse of the association which has to find the expenses for the support teams as well as all the links. These teams consist of an organiser, a speech therapist and an outdoor pursuits instructor and with the links each acting one-to-one we make large parties. No accommodation on the island can contain groups like these, all come from different parts of the British Isles so to get everyone assembled and down to North Devon, across to Lundy and back to their homes again, all within the confines of a week (the most time the professionals involved can spare) is not realistic. For the moment Lundy must remain a treasured memory and constant inspiration for those who have been and a dream which may yet be realised in some form for those who see the photos in the files. As for me, I realised an ambition three years ago, when with Tessa Huggett, we stayed in Signal Cottage for a week in winter. Freddy and I had often fantasised a whole four months in Tibbetts in wintertime, tantalising ourselves with questions such as what we would do all day, whether we had the inner resources by which to sustain ourselves, if we could cope with the physical discomfort, survive without a record player etc. It was a game we played knowing full well there was no possibility of our putting ourselves to such a test. That week with Tessa presented no hardship at all

for, although due to thick fog our helicopter flight was postponed for a day and while we had a nine force gale and a good deal of mist, most of our days were so hot, a cotton shirt was too much clothing! Lundy in winter was after all, just Lundy!

\*The first International Symposium on SPECIFICALLY SPEECH AND LANGUAGE DISORDERED CHILDREN was organised by AFASIC at Reading University in March 1987 - 670 participants attended this, the first EVER world meeting on the subject and there was representation from 26 different countries.

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## LUNDY ISLAND by Kay Rawson

A climber does not look for simple sport, but for a blend of many things. There is the pleasure of strenuous exertion in the open air, the exploration of new places, which are often strange and remote, and the spice of danger, which however low the grade of climb, however much equipment and technique is used, is always present in the climber's mind. There is also the almost indefinable pleasure in the texture of the rock, its smoothness or roughness, its shape and features, and the unique quality in every climb. And there is the exposure, the sensation drawn from the drop beneath one's feet and the empty vault of air. This is not caused by a sense of danger, but a delight in the sheer paradox of the position, and perhaps by the savouring of a controlled feeling of vertigo. It is a pleasure which has many addicts.

Lundy Island can offer all these things to a climber. Although it is close to tourist Devon and its traffic jams, ten miles of sea and tide rips in the Bristol Channel make it a separate world of quiet tranquillity. It is a place of varied attractions, of which its natural history is perhaps the greatest, as it is the home of many seabirds, and its coast is now a marine nature reserve.

It even has a little human history as well, although its inhabitants in the old days must have made a poor living. The island's past has been involved with sheep, lighthouses and shipwrecks, some of the latter even being accidental, but many brought about by the islanders themselves for the sake of plunder. But, of course, for a climber the greatest attraction of Lundy is its crags and sea cliffs.

One climb is famous above all its others - the Devil's Slide. This spectacular ramp of pale granite rises from the waves of the western shore and sweeps steeply upwards for over 400 feet. The classic route is not a hard climb by present standards, but what climber could resist such rock? We started where the waves break on the rocks as the swell rolls in from the west, moved up the edge of the slab on good holds before the rising tide reached us, and climbed easily away from the sea. A hundred feet, two hundred feet, here a belay, there sometimes a peg, the sensation of space and exhilaration growing as the exposure mounted. Half way up there was a traverse. Then once again we climbed the edge of the slab on delicate holds which diminished foot by foot up to the delightful last traverse made in classic slab climbing style, balance and friction leading us to the top.

On the centre of the great slab is a route called the Devil's Slip, which will give the hard climber food for thought. We didn't do it, but in our stay on Lundy we tried many other climbs, some hard, some easy, some impossible, although we only touched a fraction of the climbs that are there.

We stayed in the camp site but often ate in the bar. The site was grassy and sheltered and not overcrowded. If you have a good tent camping is a wonderfully relaxed style of holiday, especially if you do not have to cook too often. A good tent? Well Lundy does have British weather, and probably not the best of it either. It has its share of rain and gales, cloud and sea mists. In the old days these may have helped the inhabitants with their ship-wrecking activities, but the modern visitor may not welcome them: We were lucky, as we had reasonable weather during our visit, and we found Lundy an ideal place to watch the world go by, to potter about or to do absolutely nothing at all, when we didn't want to climb.

It was sad to take the boat back to the real world. After a few days on Lundy we had almost forgotten that it was there.

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### ST. HELENA BY THE SEA by the Bishop of Crediton

Have you ever seen St. Helen's Church on Lundy Island? You can, just about, with a good pair of binoculars from Hartland Point on the North West Devon Coast. The island is about twelve miles away, and the Church stands up boldly on the top of the cliffs at the southern end of Lundy.

You can see that Church better, of course, sailing through the channel between the island and the mainland, on a yacht or fishing boat or best of all from the new ferry M.S. Oldenburg which sails to Lundy every day in the summer, from either Bideford or Ilfracombe, according to the tides.

From the landing stage, walking up the steep path for some four hundred feet, St. Helena's Church is the first main building you come to. It is surprisingly large, with an impressive tower, built with local granite from the island quarry and completed in 1896. Looking at the Visitors' book in the Church the other day, it was clear that many people look in each day, and that they come quite often from Devon, but also from all over the world.

Inspiration for building this Church came from the Rev. H. G. Heaven, the then owner of Lundy, who was also a clergyman. The island was known at that time as the Kingdom of Heaven! He is thought to have planned such a large building because in those days many fisherboats from South Wales, Devon and Cornwall put in at Lundy early on Sunday mornings, and the crews went to Church before refreshing themselves in other ways at the inn next door. Occasional services are still held there when the priest in charge, the Revd. Andrew Edwards from Ilfracombe can get across, and other clergy also help. That apart, the building remains in itself an imposing reminder that Christianity has taken root here, and the present residents are glad to have it so.

St. Helena is the very suitable patron saint of this Church. You can see a statue of her in a niche above the door. She is famous as the mother of the Roman Emperor Constantine. A devout Christian herself, she has been honoured through the ages for the Churches she founded in Jerusalem, and for her discovery of the Cross on which Christ was crucified.

In mediaeval times, Helena was often supposed to be British, the wife of a Roman General who lived in Britain, or else married to the minor English King Coel of Colchester, old King Cole of the nursery rhyme. Dorothy Sayers once wrote a play about all this, and some years ago, when I was the Honorary curate of St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, a centre London Church quite near the Bank of England, the story was that a Church had been originally built on this site on the direct order of Constantine when the news reached him that she had found the true cross. Legends apart, the name Helen, and the similar name Eleanor, take us back to the fundamental Christian truth - in the Cross of Christ is our true peace. Helen's famous son Constantine has been always remembered as the man who made the Roman Empire Christian, allowing the previously persecuted church to come into the open, build churches and preach the gospel freely. He made Sundays into public holidays, was a great defence of Christian orthodoxy and a friend to many Bishops of his day. Although he delayed baptism until a year before his death in 337 ad., by then he had established the Christian faith irrevocably in Europe and the Mediterranean lands. I have often wondered how much his mother influenced him in his journey towards faith. There is no direct evidence in the historical documents we have from the period but I think she was bound to have had an effect on him. That may be romantic, but you can see why I am glad Lundy's Church is dedicated to her.

(Ed's. note - the Bishop kindly said I could use this article in the Newsletter.)

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## THE NORTH END: THE LIGHT, LONG ROOST, PUFFIN SLOPE, AND KITTIWAKE GULLY

by A. J. B. Walker

- '82 (Newsletter 12) Needle's Eye/Montagu Steps/Pilot's Quay
- '83 (13) Battery/Earthquakes/Jenny's Cove
- '84 (14) St. James' Stone/Copper Adits/Long Adits
- '85 (15) SW Point/Devil's Limekiln/Roose/Rat Island
- '86 (15) Upper & Lower East Side Paths/Brazen Ward
- '87 (16) The Castle/Benson's Cave/Benjie's Chair/Pilot's Quay

This is a leisurely afternoon outing - take a bottle of water, because it's a good 3 miles out even if you keep to the main path. (Ed.'s note - For the less vigorous, the journey out and back takes 1.5/2 hours without any stops to look at things or eat - so a whole morning with lunch is a good idea. Your Ed. has had a birthday breakfast there.)

Simply head to the North from the High Street Gate (the Old Light is a few hundred yards to your left). Halfway to the North end, you'll get to Tibbett's; carry on North past Gannet's Combe, and Northwards again past John O'Groat's house (on your right) to the big H set in the ground to mark the helicopter landing place for supplying the North Light. Now Long Roost is to your left - it's the west siding for several hundred yards - the North Light, Puffin Slope is to your right. Let's look at these in order, West-North-N-East.

Long Roost is a lot of sloping grass with nothing much of interest, except for the mine adits in the little cove at the South end. You can't safely get to these adits except from their south side, which means getting up to the top of the island at the south end of Long Roost, going a bit further south and then down again. This is a messy scramble down a very long and very steep grass slope, with thousands of tons of jagged boulders above you. Forget it.

(Ed.'s note - AJW's view is a trifle sweeping. When the wind is right, this is a glorious place to sunbathe, and the adits are a challenge, especially the climb up!)

The North Light is fully automatic (gone are the days when you could sometimes get a cup of coffee from the keeper) but you can walk around the walls and look out over the currents around the North end. Back southwards from the North Light, bypassing the steps up, there is a little railway that was used in supplying the Light from the sea via a cable. Down to seaward there's a very professional flight of steps with railings, and this goes down the side of Kittiwake Gully, to the sea. The gully is a very densely populated nesting site for Kittiwakes, with quite a lot of Guillemots. You get the full effect of these in May, and the sight and the noise are lovely - the sun in the afternoon shines down the Gully without falling on the far face, so flying Kittiwakes shine out brilliantly (for photographers and the romantically inclined).

At the bottom of the Gully there's very good swimming (though cold). There are seals to swim with (these can be attracted by singing "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window" by large groups of expeditioners).

Puffin Slope, on the East, has no points of general interest except for some traces of (civil war?) fortifications. (Ed.'s note - see note 2 - and you can swim off the bottom of the slope if you are competent and careful.)

(As with all the Walker's Baedeker, you are advised to be careful; for preference not to go alone, and if you do, say where you are going; and ask at the office about nesting sites in the breeding season.)

## A COLLECTION OF VIEWS OF LUNDY

One view by Oliver (aged 7) had a splendid drawing with it of John Gilbert's inflatable "Lundy Wasp". Oliver's comment on his stay on Lundy was, "my best bit was in a dingy (sic)". William Ritchie (aged 9) also drew the "Lundy Wasp". JG took them out in her in the Landing Bay.

Having always appreciated the countryside, a holiday on Lundy with our daughter and grandchildren seemed quite exciting; we were not disappointed. The sense of feeling free of all modern pressures, the motor car, aircraft, television, no burglar to break in at night, does a lot for one's sense of relaxation, which really starts on the boat trip to the island.

We were very appreciative of the ruggedness of the island, and whilst being part of a small community a short walk and you could be entirely on your own, and in close touch with the environment.

It is still more or less untouched by those who have no respect for the beauty that surrounds them and long may it remain so.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Walker, 1987.

I like going to Lundy Island but I don't like the boat trip much. It was better going in the day instead of the night like last year. It was nice to have it warm enough to go swimming which we did nearly every day. There are lots of things to do on the Island like climbing down to Montague Steps and Pilots Quay. There are lots of things to look at as well like the Devil's Limekiln, Devil's Slide, the Old Light and the church. I enjoyed climbing down to where the seals were and watching them swim around. The best bit this year was the boat trip round the Island because it gave you such a good view of the Island. I liked going out in the evening to see all the rabbits. It was good fun playing volley ball as everybody was so friendly.

Paul Hetherington (grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walker)

I think the real reason of why I enjoy Lundy is because it is different!

There is plenty to do over here if you want something to do, but on the other hand you can come here and do nothing and be just as happy.

It's just great to live wild for a week and not have to worry about being civilised

Kirsty Parsons, 1987.

I enjoy both being near wild life, in its natural surroundings, and also to be by myself for a while. Both of these things I can enjoy on Lundy. I like to try and make friends with the animals, especially the small foals, although the ducks down beside Pondsburry do go a bit far. I really enjoyed the week here and home's going to be boring compared to it.

Lucy Parsons, 1987.

LUNDY - Mark Ollis, 1987

I've fallen in love with an island,  
Far, far out at sea,  
A place of wind, and sun, and rock,  
But, oh, what a place to be

SWIM - Mark Ollis, 1987

Swim, Run, Climb, Walk,  
Goat, Seal, Sheep, Deer,  
Wind, Mist, Sun, Rain,  
Flower, Rock, Grass, Sea.  
Lundy, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Lundy

Received by the Editor from Myrtle, April, 1987:

FORENOON - John Dollar MUSINGS

In brackened chair, with thyme-scents moving by  
 I lie beneath a tilted ancient slab  
 And count the grasshoppers that leap, or change  
 The ranging ants from some moss-glad to heath;  
 Now breathing on a folded butterfly,  
 I pry between the grasses to the sea;  
 Meandering, my eye swings down the slope  
 And floats out on a grey gull unaware,  
 Where from a height the cliff's long pile it sees;  
 Beyond the stern rock there, a sanded cove  
 Woven with foam-strands and long ribboned weeds  
 That feed the big-eyed fishes in the deeps  
 And sweep the green light from pale fickle waves  
 To bathe the drowned corners of the pools.

NORTH END - Ivor Dollar SOLITUDES

Blue sky . . . granite track . . . and mica glitter;  
 Golden glare beating on a dried up pond;  
 Bare rock . . . burnt grass . . . and dust puffs flitter;  
 Heat above . . . heat below . . . and heat beyond.

High up . . . wheeling gulls . . . and molten sunlight;  
 East and West . . . out of sight, lies ferned cliff verge;  
 Far off . . . deer stare . . . and turn in swift flight;  
 Down to where, far below, sighs quiet sea surge;

Up past guiding lines of massive boulders;  
 Grassgirt lies North End's high commanding plain;  
 Flow'r clad far edge with pink blaze smoulders;  
 Flow'r scented comes . . . wind puffs rise . . . and fall again.

Rock edge . . . steep slope . . . with blossoms' pink flame  
 Underneath . . . cobalt sea is flecked with light.  
 Close to . . . peewit, hid . . . pipes his queer name . . .  
 Lighthouse lies . . . far below . . . gleaming white.

T. G. LONGSTAFF AND LUNDY by Sylvia Branford

My father started rock climbing on the North Devon coast, facing Lundy, with his cousins Ralph, Cuddy, Mabel and Daisy Longstaff of Twitchen, Mortehoe. By 1892, when he was 17, they were using a rope. He writes . . . (from his book, "This my Voyage". John Murray, London 1950):

"We also visited Lundy, "Puffin Island" of the Norsemen, a primitively fascinating place. In Gannet Combe is a strange, dense growth of *Carex Paniculata*, our largest sedge, this grows in huge tussocks separated by dark tunnels. The whole aspect is reminiscent of the breeding places of giant petrels in some of the islands of the Southern Ocean. Off the Combe Gannet Rock rises sheer out of the sea. One day we rowed out and climbed it, a reputed first ascent. Guillemots and puffins eyed us curiously and staring seals poised themselves upright in the water, I was astonished at the size of their eyes.

The pillar of the Constable at the north end of the island always defeated us, though the lighthouse keepers said it had once been climbed by a sailor."

There is a photograph, taken by my Father, of the party on Gannet Rock, one of his girl cousins poised elegantly in a full-length skirt. (It is now in the possession of my daughter, Mrs. Gabriel Rex, of Hilltop House, Hilltop Road, Bideford.)

I do not know what climbs my Father did on Lundy as a young man. His cousins did not become life-long climbers as he did and as far as I know he never climbed the cliffs with anyone of his own calibre. His love for Lundy was for the island itself, its wild position, the sea birds, seals and wild life in general.

In 1926, my Father took my elder sister and me to Lundy. (We were then 13 and 12.) We crossed from Instow in the Lavina (this must be the Lerina) with Captain Dark, I have a photograph showing him in a rowing boat at the landing place with the Lerina in the bay.

We stayed in the Harman's house as p.g.'s. John and Albion Harman were there with their Father, but not, I think, their Mother or younger sisters. The boys were of prep-school age and never came cliff climbing with us. Probably they regretted that their house was full of p.g.'s during their summer holidays.

Other guests were a painter named Hurd who did many water colours along the cliffs, and a young man, Sir Francis Chichester, who was interested in birds. We also made friends with a Miss Wilda Gee who came frequently to her cottage on the island.

My Father took us to call on the lighthouse keepers at the North and South Lights, he asked them to keep notes of migrating birds attracted to their lights, which they did for a number of years.

The high, central lighthouse was already disused.

My Father, who kept a climbing diary for me, listed our daily scrambles in 1926 as follows:

September 1st	West Landing.
2nd	Gannet Curtain to 'Strid'. He jumped across, my sister and I did not.
3rd	St. James's Rocks, chimney
September 4th	Rat Island
5th	Down cliff into Devil's Kiln Cave by the little Shutter Rock
6th	West Battery climb and up and down Battery Arch Ridge
7th	Down to Jenny's Cove by the Needle Rock

He did not enter Gannet Rock in our list of climbs, although we did it. I suppose the other scrambles were a little more difficult. Neither of the Harman boys ever came with us. Mr. Hurd, the painter, was very friendly and showed us how much brighter colours appeared if you looked at them between your legs. He was a striking sight doing this on the cliff tops and straightening up to add a few more splashes to his water colour.

We returned to Lundy the following summer, 1927, and this time had permission to camp in the disused lighthouse. The party consisted of my Father and Mother, Charles Elton the Ecologist, my Mother's youngest sister Meg, aged 14, my sister Diana, also 14, and myself, 13.

We all enjoyed Lundy but as far as I can remember, the only rock climbers were my Father and myself. The entries in my climbing diary read:

August 31st	St. James's Rocks
September 1st	Devil's Limekiln
September 2nd	Gannet curtain and Strid alone
September 3rd	Down and up Battery Arch

I had not dared to jump the Strid the year before but now, a year older, I went off alone before breakfast and found the jump not too alarming. When I got back to the lighthouse and told my Father I had jumped it he was delighted. I wonder if I should have felt happy if my child had done the same, but he never thought I could be 'such a MUG as to slip'.

The old lighthouse was quite unfurnished. We took a door off its hinges and stood it on bricks as a table. Provisions all came with us as there was no shop on the island. At night the wind made an extraordinary howling in the tower which we could not climb as part of the stair had been removed.

Apart from jumping the Strid my most vivid memories are of the wide lines of surf round St. James's Rocks, seals chasing each other below Gannet Rock, and, from the old Battery, a vision, down Channel, of what looked like a very tall, thin white lighthouse which moved towards us. It revealed itself as a tall ship, a four masted barque that had completed the Grain race and after reaching Falmouth for orders was advancing up the Bristol Channel. Some years later I myself sailed past Lundy in the Passat, the winner of the Grain Race that year, and that was my last near sight of Lundy, though I often look across to it from Bideford.