

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY NEWSLETTER NO 20 - JANUARY 1990

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EDITORIAL

Abbreviations: WMN - Western Morning News
NDJ - North Devon Journal
NDA - North Devon Advertiser

Anyone who has played, or watched, say, Lundy v Farmers and Auctioneers batting and bowling their hearts out on the Oval at Lundy, will be sad for Eddie Spiegelhalter whose wife Fay died this January: we offer our sympathy.

Cherry and John Richardson's Mary was married this Autumn to Stuart Shorthouse. Nick and Alex (Langham) Sanders have provided 'young Em' with a sister, Elizabeth. Keith and Denise Bryant (Treefellers last year) have had a son. Rosemary (Lauder) and Christiaan van Kuffeler's Philip is now 2½, and has already 'done' the North End in a buggy, though not this year as Rosemary has been finishing a book for Robert Hale - of which more later. Emma Puddy was christened at St Helen's church in May by the Rev Donald Peyton-Jones. The NDJ (25.5.89) had a lovely picture of Emma Louise Catherine and her parents. Sterling Melhuish has left the Lundy farm for work on the mainland: your Editor saw himself and Jenny King at the Landmark Trust Gathering in the grounds of Stevenstone this summer. It was very nice to see Chris and Dave Davey, Penny and John O, Lady Mary Percy and the Puddys (and Emma). I also met Theo Williams and 'Roo', who has just finished at University. The party was in great style, even if it did absolutely pour with rain (this was before the drought).

In last year's newsletter there was a poetry competition - judging in whose style Martin Carson's team of 'poets' was writing: there was too little time for a large entry but the quality was high: the 11 poets whose manner was parodied were, in order, McGonagall; William Wordsworth; Ogden Nash; Anon; John Betjeman; Charles Causley; Wilfred Owen; Gerard Manley Hopkins; Longfellow; W H Auden; Shelley. Ann and Christopher Betts had 7 of these right and win the prize.

Lundy and/or the Landmark Trust hit the National Headlines quite seriously (as in 'serious money') in '89. (4/2/89): The Independent commented on 'Something Special in the Air for Valentine's Day' and suggested the 'Lighthouse Lover' visit Lundy: 'Lundy Lighthouse is probably the ultimate get-away. Lundy Island on which the lighthouse sits, can only be reached by boat. It takes 2½ hours from Bideford in Devon, and as there is no jetty, the final part of the journey is in a rowing boat. You'll either fall totally in love and cook each other nice meals (it has self catering facilities) or never speak to each other again, but it's not the sort of place you can just leave. The lighthouse keeper's accommodation (don't worry, he won't be there), which houses two suites, lies apart from the other buildings on the island. Neither are overflowing with luxury but at least there are no wooden beams to bang your head on, smiling labradors to pat or long healthy walks to endure.'

9/4/89: the Sunday Express mentioned the Landmark's Fort Clonque and the 18th century Pineapple house, which also got a mention and a picture in the Times' Property Supplement (29/7/89). I suppose a 60' stone pineapple has a riveting fascination all its own. It's cheaper to stay in a Folly than pay £1M for one. The Observer 28/1/90 has just recommended the Pineapple - AGAIN. The Observer Colour Supplement (30/7/89) had a picture of Sir John Smith as 'the Conservationist's Conservationist': an accolade indeed. The Sunday Express Colour Supplement (6/8/89) had that divine view of rhododendrons on the East Side, looking down into the Landing Bay (nobody would guess that rhododendrons are now a hazard in the whole western seaboard of the UK). The Sunday Express Colour Supplement recommended the clean living, lead-free lifestyle of Lundy. The WMN (15/9/89) had a special article on the Landmark when Exeter University gave Sir John Smith an honorary degree (guess what - the Pineapple gets into this act too). All LFS members will felicitate him upon this distinction. The WMN gave Lundy (naturally) a special mention. For people who want to get further than the delectable Pineapple, the Landmark Trust Handbook gives an interesting account of all its properties.

Rosemary Lauder (van K) gave your Editor lunch on the day of THE STORM FORCE 10+ and in spite of electricity cuts we managed to talk a little about her writing and publishing. Her 'Lundy - Puffin Island' is sold out, and she has made a neat little pamphlet from it - she hopes a full 2nd edition might be possible. Her latest book has Ilfracombe Harbour on the cover, but the book is, as its title says, 'A Picture of Devon'. Young Philip arrived in mid-book which is why it has taken some time to complete. There are very pleasant black and white illustrations by Bill Wright, including 3 of Lundy. The theme of the book is contained in Sir Francis Drake's words which occupy a whole page all to themselves before the book starts: 'See that ye hold fast the Heritage we leave you, Yea and teach your children the value that never in the coming centuries their hearts

may fail them, or their hands grow weak.'

RL reckons that she and her 'Badger Books' were Green long before Greenery became radical chic. She says she wonders if the County's New Roads, especially the Link, might not be its swansong rather than progress - too many Business Parks/Potential Motor Racing Tracks and even Heritage and Theme Parks - a huge Motorised Disneyland. I asked her for a list of her own writing, because such regional works eventually become Collectors' Items:

Westward Ho! to Welcombe: A guide to the coast, walks, villages, beaches etc: Vanished Houses of North Devon 1981 (Ed's Note: one of them is Stevenstone), Five former 'stately homes' now lost, for a variety of reasons: Villages of North Devon 1982: Market Towns of North Devon 1983: Lundy - Puffin Island 1984: A Tale of Two Rivers 1986, An exploration of the Taw and Torridge: Strange Stories of Devon 1982: (Bossiney Books): Views of Old Devon 1982, (Bossiney Books): Exmoor In the Old Days 1984, (Bossiney Books): A picture of Devon, (Robert Hale) 1989: Coming this year, A Walkers Guide to North Devon: Vanished Landmarks of North Devon.

RL also gave me Douglas Hague's entry from the Blue Bung Log Book. (DH came over to supervise the removal of the Early Christian stone to their present position; his leaflet thereon is on sale in the shop.) His and Myrtle's accounts of this characterful building show why it is many people's favourite.

From the Blue Bung Log book 17.5.83 Douglas Hague (Aberystwyth)

LUNDY is nobly endowed with architectural treasures and delights, Marisco Castle, the unique old light keepers' dwellings and the Blue Bung. Set confidently facing the rising sun, this distinguished building stands on a bold granite plinth. The monumental porch projects boldly and is reached by an uncompromising and dramatic flight of six hewn granite steps, unimpeded by any balustrade or hand rail calculated to impose on any intending visitor a proper sense of humility before ascending to the outer door. Who knows the date of the massive hand cut timbers forming the hidden structure - some unknown medieval master builder. The exterior is now covered with a beautifully fitted cladding of corrugated iron lovingly painted by generations of islanders. Its sombre exterior is playfully relieved by the delicately fashioned white painted windows. On reaching the interior of the porch the visitor is struck by the impressive battery of electrical equipment on the North wall whilst on the opposite a singular array of coat hooks are provided. The great chamber, the [illegible] hall which is of immense dignity and majesty, one's eyes are led up forever up by the vertical wooden lining to the great soaring lines of the roof. Generations of skilled carpenters have combined to make this possible. There are two trusses, one in the smaller master chamber, each is cleverly strengthened by beautifully fashioned cast-iron brackets both at wall plate level and high up in the ridge. But all is not ancient, the discerning architectural historian will have noted that Blue Bung has stepped confidently into the 20th century. On the south side a tasteful wing has been thrown out to accommodate a modern luxury kitchen and bathroom. This is reached by a doorway and step in the south wall. Internally one is impressed by the opulence and graciousness of the furnishing although some visitors have claimed that there is not a single comfortable chair in the building, these same critics have expressed a view that there is a lack of hooks, lines for towels, and no containers for food. Together these complaints add up to little more than a bagatelle.

The November '89 "Devon Life" had an article on the Pat Slade whose piece on "Mr' Evans ashes" is in this newsletter - "The History Woman" because of her interest in local history, (her Father-in-law Capt. W.J. Slade wrote "Out of Appledore,") her father Tom Hornabrook was Engineer of the "Lerina" in about 1929 - Mr Gade mentions him in "My Life on Lundy".

Mr A.J. Dennis (whom yr. Ed. is hoping to visit very soon because he has a terrific collection of Lundyana and has said he will show it) was in the NDJ (6/7/89) under the item "40 years Ago". He was then the North Devon Health Inspector, and he and a team of boys from Bryanston laid rat poison on Lundy. In the WMN (20/12/89) AJD recollects the Christmas of 1918.

Talk of people eager to spend Christmas on remote Lundy off the North Devon coast has reminded one WMN reader of a Christmas he spent on the rocky island at the end of the First World War, when he was five. Arthur Dennis, now 77 and living on the mainland at Braunton, was the son of the then leaseholder of the island. Christmas 1918 was a hard time for everybody with the war just over, but Arthur, still sprightly, remembers that on Lundy the festive season was slightly easier than for those on the mainland. "Of 12 people on Lundy that Christmas, I was the only child so I got all the toys," Arthur recalls with a grin. Shortly before the celebrations began, a vessel carrying sultanas and raisins was wrecked on the island and the captain of the vessel, called the Enfield, gave permission for the perishable goods to be used by islanders. Arthur's mother made Christmas puddings for all and a gigantic cake, which in its own way had quite sad consequences. For as the Christmas party wore on, the family's sheepdog snaffled down almost all of the cake and died of the surfeit shortly afterwards. "The head lighthouse keeper of the North Light left in the evening with a piece of cake to do his work and must have left the back door slightly ajar and that's how the dog got in," Arthur said. During the dark days of the war, Lundy proved a popular haven with the Scottish trawler captains whose vessels were

commandeered by the Admiralty to act as minesweepers. Although forbidden to land on the island, the skippers found the temptation of human company too much and came ashore bearing gallon jars of whiskey. Many a good party was enjoyed by all, said Arthur, but added: "The greatest problem was returning our visitors to their boats at daybreak."

The Braetor Lundy Pony Preservation Society is attempting to lay down Breeding standards. Jane Strick is advising, as is Mrs. Peggy Garvey, and as soon as possible copies of the standards will be circulated. A stallion and 2 mares are being loaned to a Gloucestershire breeder who wishes to start a herd, (WMN 23/6/89). Braetor Snow Goose and Braetor Snowbunting are the mares. The original members of the herd were brought off Lundy by Mrs. Garvey.

John Dyke held an exhibition of his work for the National Trust at Cotehele.

WMN 11/11/89: One of North Devon's best known authorities on Lundy, John Dyke, is holding an exhibition for the National Trust. It opened at Cotehele House St. Dominick yesterday, and it contained paintings of many of the best known beauty spots in the South West. Lundy is well represented and other subjects include Ready Money Cove at Fowey, Boscastle Harbour and the old Church Town at Veryan. North Devon pictures feature the parish of Alwington where the artist lived for ten years. During the second World War he was a tactical sketcher with the Second Army producing planning maps of Normandy for the D Day invasion. He also produced operational maps leading to the signing of the German capitulation at Luneburgh Heath in 1945. On moving to North Devon he became a Principal of Atlantic Coast Studios, but in 1970 he settled with his wife, Joan, on Lundy establishing the magazine The Illustrated Lundy News for the Landmark Trust. He also designed several of the Lundy stamp issues dating from 1951 and his design work became well known in philatelic circles. Lundy celebrated its 60th year of stamp issuing and its local postal service on November 1st. When he returned to the mainland, Mr Dyke joined a National Trust team based first at Boscastle and later at Saltram House, Plymouth. He then moved to the Cotehele estate where his major task has been to produce maps for the Trust's Coast of Cornwall leaflets covering an area from Bude to Sharrow Point.

Elizabeth Browning (Newsletter'88) wrote about AFASIC (Association for All Speech Impaired Children) which she started; & about visits of speech - impaired children to Lundy. In the Times (1/6/89) there was a long article about speech impairment, mentioning AFASIC as experts - EB must have been pleased at such acknowledgement.

In Dr. Mark Hubbard's account (Newsletter 19) of the memorable '88 LFS day trip, you will remember an expectant mother was whipped off Lundy in a helicopter, because a miscarriage was suspected. Mr. Griffin of Camberley Surrey rang yr. Ed. to say that Mrs. Linda Clark was safely delivered of a son, Christopher - such a suitable name.

If there are "Asterix" fans among you, I know you will be pleased to hear that the voice-over for Asterix himself, in the English film version, is Bill Oddie, who has bird-watched on Lundy and written about it. In last year's Newsletter Terence Greenidge figures as the author of one of a set of verses produced by a Housekeeper to Rudolph Messel. Mr. Gade referred to TG in "My Life on Lundy", and yr. Ed. discovered, by a happy accident, that TG appeared in Oliver's films Richard 3rd and Henry 5th, and is mentioned in Evelyn Waugh's diaries, until permission to quote the Lundy references from EW's diaries is received, quotation cannot be used. TG and EW were at Hertford College, Oxford, together and visited Lundy together.

The WMN (6/12/89) reports Ranulph Fiennes will race a Scandinavian and 2 Russian teams to the North Pole in March 1990. RF is a kinsman of the Lord Saye and Sele to whom Lundy was delivered by Thomas Bushell in 1647. Another C17th reference is (Jan '88) Hugh Trevor Roper's (sometime Regius Professor of History at Oxford) in "Catholics, Anglicans and Puritans" (Secker and Warburg) to one Nicholas Hill, "an obscure Heretic who planned to establish a Utopian Community on Lundy Island." We know how he felt. Yr. Ed. is still looking into the Marisco family: most recently in "The Origins of some Anglo-Norman Families" (publications of the HARLEIAN SOCY 1951) by Lewis C. LOYD: (any relation to Lewis R.W. Loyd of "Lundy"?): in his formidable bibliography DUCHESNE'S "HISTOIRE GENEALOGIQUE DE LA MAISON DE MONTMORENCY AND DE LAVAL" (Paris 1624) is listed. The De Laval family is mentioned briefly in L.C. Loyd's text, but there is no mention of the Montmorency. From another source Yr. Ed. has come across ADELOLF de MERC, an ancestor of the MARRIS Family, who does appear actually to have accompanied William the Conqueror: more next year.

The NDJ (30.11.89) had an article about Eddie Walford's "War over the West" (AMICOD BOOKS) which "starred" the 2 Heinkels that crashed on Lundy. Another book that might interest LFS Members was reviewed in the WMN (26.3.89): TINTAGEL PAPERS (Cornish Studies 16) edited by Charles Thomas, whose "Celtic Britain" was discussed in the News letter '88. CT "dug" the Cemetery on Lundy with Keith Gardner (LFS Report 1969). Ladybird Books (1979) "Islands" features the Lundy Cabbage.

Your Committee Member Richard Campey appears regularly (in his capacity as RSPB Information Officer) in the

WMN. On December 30th 1989, Nick Dymond (warden when Ian Grainger was Agent on Lundy) was mentioned as a leader of a Wildlife Holiday for Birders. Mick Rogers (recently one of your Committee members) was on Radio 4 (September 1989) talking about Willow Warblers whose numbers have now happily recovered since the Sahara Drought. Yr. Ed is now almost certain (thanks to a Mr. Simon Applebaum's kindly bringing a specimen from the far side of the QUARRY POND) that the Umbellifer there is ANGELICA.

The Rev. Andy Edwards is no longer Priest-in-Charge of Lundy, he has left Ilfracombe to work in a Group Ministry in Dorset. Jonathon Edwards won a medal at the Commonwealth Games, good luck to him and all the family. Andy has said he will write about his Lundy days for the next newsletter. Please will all LFS Members follow his excellent example. ALL THE VERY BEST.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ST M.H.M.C. by R.Cussetti and others

i) AFTER DR. P THEXTON'S DEATH

Back at Lundy 9 months after Peter's death the 'infamous' Andy Black was standing at the foot of a sea cliff known as the Alpine Buttress. The first 50 feet (5A) at Wolfman's Jack (150 feet E2 5A 5B 5C) confronted him. The climb looked hideously perilous, yet Pete had only been a fourth year medical student during its first ascent on April 13th 1974.

It was there that Andy Black first had the idea for the Dr Peter Thexton Memorial Expedition. Shortly afterwards its scope and objectives were formulated in Lundy's Marisco Tavern and were formally incorporated in the constitution of the St. M.H.M.C. (St. Mary's Hospital Mountaineering Club)

The initial plan was to establish a nucleus of equipment, which club members will subsequently use on future expeditions, Geodesic dome tents, Coretex storm clothing and survival gear, light weight stoves etc. An expedition will be mounted annually to a major peak outside Europe, thus providing experience of serious alpine style climbing and provision of a medical cover. Wherever possible new rock and ice routes will be established to further both the sport and the club with it - as Peter always strove to do.

Finally each member of the expedition will be required to undertake a research project appropriate to his ability and experience into an aspect of high altitude physiology or acute mountain sickness, thereby contributing to our understanding, of increasing significance to the travel industry, the military, and athletes; and of relevance to the pathology underlying much human chest disease, chronic bronchitis, emphysema for example.

To date, although nothing ever works exactly to plan, we have fulfilled most of our objectives. We climbed (or almost succeeded in climbing) several peaks, Mount Kenya, Lobsong Spire and El Altor amongst them in three continents.

ii) DR PETER THEXTON'S OBITUARY FROM THE GAZETTE 1984 by Professor J.A.Sirs

It is with regret that we record the death on the 28th June of Dr. Peter Thexton. At the age of 29 Pete, who was a member of an Alpine-style expedition attempting the first British ascent of D2 (known as the Savage mountain; at 28,250 ft second only to Everest), died from altitude induced pulmonary oedema at 24,000 ft during a preliminary practice climb to the summit of Broad peak (26,400ft), in the Karakoram Range. He was one of the outstanding members of St. Mary's Mountaineering Club during his student days from 1971 to 1977.

Even before he qualified, his interest in mountaineering was beginning to dominate his life. This led last year to his decision, at least for the time being, to give up a successful career in orthopaedic surgery, to be able to climb and travel more freely. Ultimately he hoped to find an opportunity to apply his medical education to the problems of high altitude mountaineering. While climbing as frequently as possible, he earned a living from medical locums, guiding rock and alpine climbs, and lectures to audiences such as the American Alpine Club in New York and the United States Airforce Academy at Colorado Springs.

With his exceptional climbing ability, determination and courage, he accomplished several new routes in North Wales and had many hard free-climbs (to 5.12) to his credit in the Alps, North America and Asia. These included classic routes such as White Slab, Vector, Cenotaph Corner and Lord of the Flies in North Wales; the Breriva Ridge and Couter Route on Mount Blanc; the Piz Badile North Ridge; the Bonatti Pillar on the Aiguille des Drus and the Grand Diedre on Tour des Jorasses; and what used to be considered the hardest mixed climb in the Alps, the Droites North face - climbed in a day. On his first visit to the Himalayas, he was one of five climbers who between them bagged ten peaks; most notable the first ascent of Sentinel Peak (19,000 ft) by its

SW face, a difficult rock climb; and second ascent of Devachen (20,500ft) by a new route up its icy North Face. Following a first ascent of Thelay Sagar (22,600 ft) in Gangroti, he was selected as a member of the 1980/81 British Winter Expedition to climb Everest by the direct West Ridge, without supplementary oxygen or Sherpa Support. In spite of gale force winds the expedition all but achieved their objective, in conditions in which a Japanese attempt by the standard route had earlier been abandoned. The broken ribs he suffered, due to the exertion of breathing while climbing at high altitude, bear witness to the character of the man. Sadly, the high altitude took its toll on his return to the Himalayas this year. We will miss the quiet, unassuming and diffident manner, with which he could turn some of the more serious and dangerous situations he encountered to laughter. Men of his spirit of adventure and dedication are rare, and we are fortunate at St Mary's to have known him and shared his enjoyment of life.

iii) Lundy is familiar to anyone who listens to shipping forecasts, as well as numerous societies interested in ornithology, but it is not only the feathered variety of birds that migrate to the island every year. This particular species are generally known as 'Rock Climbers' who discovered over the years what a paradise Lundy really is.

Take the 'Isle of Skye' as beautiful as it is, it's a bit distant for anyone living in the southern parts of the British Isles. Other seacliffs which are scattered all around our coastline are mostly reserved for Army/Navy exercises during the week and on the weekend as soon as the sun appears so do the climbers in the hundreds. Worse still, if you intend to climb something that's outside the impossible variety (the middle grades in other words, severe to very severe), you suddenly find yourself on the end of a queue that only a bus conductor in a rush hour could be proud of. Almost the same applies to the Lake District, Snowdonia, South Wales and seems even worse in the Peak District. Lundy has no such problem. The Devil's Slide occasionally gets more than its own share but with three miles of most spectacular rock-faces, with hundreds of climbs of all grades, there is never any shortage of climbing in solitary surroundings.

Before now I climbed from morning to night and other than my partner never saw another soul, while crashing waves and birds played an endless symphony to perfect the atmosphere. Add to this the friendliness of the people who run the island, the Puffin Ale and what more could anyone ask for? For almost a decade Lundy Island has played an important role with the St. Mary's Hospital Mountaineering Club (London W2) and now is part of the tradition.

As long ago as the 1960s people like the late Dr. P.Thexton's family visited the island annually. It was probably there as a teenager that he first developed a taste for climbing and it was in the 70s that he returned regularly spending many hours doing what he enjoyed best - exploring the cliffs, climbing in solitary surroundings, putting up new routes.

In August/September the island's register resembles a Who's Who in the climbing world but apart from those, it's the climbers of the middle grades who come to these shores for a pilgrimage every year.

Quite often one hears someone say 'I learned to climb in Lundy.' It is certainly the place to push up your grades and holds the opportunities for almost every taste from the difficult in perfect surroundings. We usually come in March when it's not only financially most favourite but almost deserted and certainly at its most peaceful. This year we 'suffered' with a heatwave - 6 days of glorious sunshine. Well, normally the weather isn't that kind to us but oddly that hasn't hampered us in enjoying what we come to do

iv) LUNDY '86

Lundy is an island in the Bristol Channel half way between North Devon and South Wales. At present it is leased from the National Trust by the Landmark Trust and attracts climbers and birdwatchers alike. There is only one road which leads from the landing bay to the village. As there are no telephones, the only communication to and from the island is from Ilfracombe and a helicopter service in the summer season. It is the remoteness, the rugged nature of the island and its minute population of no more than twenty (which is less than most hamlets), that gives the climbing a strong sense of isolation.

Most of the climbs start from sea level with cliffs soaring dramatically skywards and the spectacular surroundings contribute greatly to the character of the climb.

Since the first recorded climber in 1903, Tom Longstaff, many have followed suit and discovered what a climber's paradise it really is. Our own late Dr Pete Thexton was no stranger to the west coast and his exploits led to many new ascents, Valmalla, Bloody Ages, Immaculate Slab and Space Walk, just to mention a few.

'Our week' an annual event now in its fourth year, turned out to be another raving success. But at first it didn't look like it at all. Some of our regulars could not make it while others were hampered by injuries, like Brian Quilty (our ex-secretary) who, due to a bad fall, was still on crutches (practising climbing with the aid of sticks), while Shane Clark was nursing a broken arm, just to give examples. The list started off with 27, but dwindled to a mere 13 (lucky for some).

We arrived at Clovelly, North Devon, at 6.30 a.m. As our disco only finished half an hour before departure, with only the 'driver' in sober condition, most of us were trying to rid ourselves of hangovers and the ferry crossing was so windy that it was more a case of kill or cure, all twelve miles of it

At the landing bay we got bundled into a rowing boat. Shortly afterwards the boat was manoeuvred on to a trailer and to our biggest surprise, the boat, us and the luggage got taxied to the top of the island with the aid of a tractor. A real Marco Polo style arrival and the natives were friendly! Some got transferred to the 'Castle Keep', while the rest of us moved into the lighthouse.

After settling into our quarters, we all set off for the most famous of Satan's properties, the Devil's Slide and spent a pleasant afternoon getting in each other's way. The weather was on our side and the week saw a lot of climbing. Our activities all took place on the west coast on granite rock within a stretch of about three miles.

These are some of the achievements:

Andy Slater, Congor Corner (VS); Frank Rushworth, Devil's Spine (HS). David Taylor successfully completed Ulysses Factor (VS) but took a dramatic fall on Road Runner (VS), luckily without any after-effects. David Bray led American Beauty (E1) and Immaculate Slab (HVS) with Theresa Foley, while Danny McKay did his VS lead on Diamond Solitaire (a beauty) and did Road Runner to retrieve protection that had been left on the rock. Even this time the climb did not happen without an incident. Performing the 'Crux Move' of the climb, Danny's feet slipped and having both fists tightly jammed in the crack was the only thing that held him (hence, Tight-fisted Danny).

Lorna Coleman as well as Sera Horsfall did their first lead on Battery Rib (S). Paul Ursell excelled himself on the very exposed Quadratus Lumborum while Rick Pullinger, as well as leading Albion (VS) had his finger in just about every crack.

Gus and Death Wish 11 spent their efforts going up and down looking for a climb, or rather trying to - everybody laughed. (Abseiling and forgetting to bring the climbing ropes, would you believe it?) When Steve Hughes (D.W.11) actually located on the following day the climb he was looking for, he veered from Albion (VS), ending up climbing the A5 Pitch of Shark. Naturally he fell, a mere three feet from the top (just like him) everybody laughed again.

The only building of any importance stands right in the middle of the 'village'. During the day it is the (only) grocery shop and coffee bar, while in the evening it is the place where everybody meets - the pub. Heavy wooden tables and chairs, a roaring log fire and all the comforts of home, the nights saw a large intake of the island's own hooligan brew, John 'O' Special.

Steve made particular efforts at PR with the locals by discussing anatomy with the one who was playing the Bones. Exchanging songs and ditties, serenading each other, we even managed to get one of the 'natives' climbing with us.

On Tuesday, the weather was not up to par, so most of us took a well deserved rest and on the Thursday winds were blowing at a mere 95 mph across the island, which put off even the heartiest of us. Friday turned out to be by far the busiest and most satisfactory day. When we left the next morning with a better than expected week behind us, we all vowed to return in 1987.

v) LINDY '88

Bill Money-Kyrle (The Master) St. Mary's
 Wilb Oldfield, St. George's
 Jim Hart, St. Mary's 'Student'
 Dave Knowles (Lighthouse Builder) St. Mary's
 Dave Cowell, Lady Margaret Hall
 Gus, Pipe Surgeon

Lindy '88 brought its own box of tricks, some surprises, some magic and as usual plenty of excitement. Our number dwindled down to six, which was just enough to occupy the top part of the lighthouse. Some of us had quite a shock to find out in the very last minute that we were catching the Friday morning ferry instead of leaving on Saturday as usual. But despite the rush of getting the shopping, packing and sorting done in one go

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we did manage to arrive in Bideford, North Devon with time to spare. Once on the ferry crossing saw quite a few greyish, greenish faces and several brownish paper bags but the crux of the journey was when in order to get to the island, it was necessary to transfer from the larger to the smaller boat. The initial step between the two vessels altered from ten inches to ten feet constantly while the waves crashed against the ship. Choosing the right moment was quite tricky. (I was told afterwards by one of the 'sailors' that they had never experienced such a problem before.) Despite that everybody managed, except for one elderly couple who went into hiding and had to be dragged out screaming and bundled into the awaiting boat.

For the first couple of days the weather was out of favour with us. We learned a few new card games and jokes, had some rope practice inside the lighthouse tower and still managed to do the Devil's Slide (HS***) in pouring rain wearing walking boots.

On Sunday morning the weather improved. Straight after breakfast a few of us headed back to the Slide. Wilb decided to do Albion (VS4C). While he was on the first pitch the rain returned, it started to pour and the Slab turned into a slimy, greasy stream. He could only rely on lay-backs as his feet kept constantly slipping off the rock. A perfect opportunity to freak out ever so quietly.

The evenings were spent traversing between the pub and the lighthouse (getting more unsteady as time went on) and our cooking was second to none (someone pass me a paper bag quickly I feel Nostalgia coming on).

We did have a couple of days and two afternoons of sunshine, yet mist, rain and clouds never seemed far away. Winds were everywhere (but at least the outside ones didn't smell). Despite the weather conditions our spirits were never low and we managed a respectable bit of climbing. Bill was in good form, while Jim was showing Dave (Knowle) the ropes (a pun!). No, seriously, Dave spent most of the time "teaching" Jim, exchanging his knowledge of climbing for a few rugby tackles and by Thursday Jim had his first lead.

Shamrock (VS4C) Roadrunner (VS4C) and Albion (again) were blessed by sunshine, while on the aerete of Devil's Spine, (HS) wind force 8 gave the climb new meaning. Dave Cowell led Satan's Slip (E1,5A) with four of us seconding. (An odd sight - like a bus queue in the middle of the slide.) Horsman's Route was repeated and while at the base of Diamond Solitaire ten foot waves not only soaked us to the skin but made the 'getting back' a bit of a problem. (I had never seen such waves from close quarters before.) The outside of the lighthouse was abseiled in strong winds and renamed 'Gus's Escape Route, Double Quick, Mind blowing'. What a week it had been and we all agreed to have the same again, anytime.

SCHOOL BUNGALOW by Myrtle (July 1989 Copyright)

The bungalow was constructed in 1886, shortly after the iron church which used to stand to the north of where Government House now is. It was intended to serve as a Sunday school for the island children, and as a parish room; everyday lessons for the children were given elsewhere, and the teachers in both cases were the members of the Heaven family. There is in our collection a small drawing of a social evening held in the School House soon after it was built - it shows a harmonium in one corner, the walls draped with flags, and that the building then consisted of one room. The internal partitions which divided it into a hall and two rooms were added after 1917, when it came into use for staff, or for letting to tenants, and the kitchen annexe was added in 1927.

Mr Hamman's tenant 1949-1952 was Lt Col, "Tubby" Harrison, of Bristol, who used it for his many holidays on Lundy, and the hospitality which he offered his guests caused it at that time to be known as "The Red Lion" - the building was then painted red, not blue.

In 1979 the Landmark Trust rebuilt the kitchen extension, and one of the two interior partitions was removed to make a good-sized living room plus a bedroom, and it became a holiday cottage for visitors. When these visitors sit on the steps in the sun and look across the path at the spring daffodils, they may reflect that the ashes of their predecessor, Lt.-Col. Harrison, repose in the little garden in front of them.

Mr Gade, in My Life on Lundy, tells us that the kitchen and the lavatory were added to the bungalow soon after Mr Harman bought the island and a water supply was connected when it was let to a Miss Fotheringham. She was a lady of some seventy years of age, "a severe little lady whose demeanour did not encourage a close friendship with any but people of her own class", who went about little, and had all her shopping delivered to her. In 1927 Mr Harman asked her to leave, as she had been responding to tax demands sent to her on Lundy, and he was ever concerned to preserve Lundy's particular tax status, and she departed in great indignation. Mr Gade adds that "When she did venture forth, she was garbed like an old lady of the 1890s except that she wore a hat instead of a bonnet. She always carried an umbrella and opened it on most occasions, whether raining or not..."

MUSCLE POWER IN ST. HELENA'S By Judith Eling

Playing the organ on Lundy is by any standards a unique experience, but having to hand pump it as well is quite extraordinary. We did not make this discovery out of free choice, but because Father Peyton-Jones failed in all his efforts to procure the necessary "juice". Perhaps there was a fault in the cable, perhaps some switch we didn't know about.

In any case, it was Easter day and hymns were an essential part of the festive occasion. My brother and his friend agreed to provide the necessary brawn. Their task was to push up and down the wooden lever at the side of the organ, which is connected with the bellows. At first this had to be done rapidly to build up sufficient pressure, then at a steady rate to prevent "quavering" of notes. This may sound easy, but the pumpers were soon out of breath and found themselves switching over every two verses (and P J insisted on singing every verse of each hymn...) However, the pumpers say they were more than recompensed by the result of their efforts and by P J's sermon, which exhorted us in a frank manner to "live every day as if it were our last". Of course, if you really want to know what it takes to pump an organ - take a friend along to St. Helena's and try it out.

NDA 17.8.89

Lundy Island's water shortage problem has been solved - thanks to Sheila Hedges and a little divine intervention. A crisis threatens the whole of North Devon but on Lundy the situation is compounded because islanders and visitors have to rely on the small amounts of rainfall they manage to collect in storage tanks. With the shortage becoming acute the Landmark Trust, which leases Lundy from the National Trust, decided to call in water diviner Sheila Hedges, who lives near Brendon. Sheila and her husband, plumber Peter Hedges, visited the island recently, Sheila taking her tools of the trade - a forked hazel twig with her. She explored the island and quickly found two sources of water, both about 90ft underground.

Peter, in conjunction with Jimmy Jewell of Devon Rock Service, sank boreholes exactly where Sheila indicated and the result was gallons of water which should see the islanders through the drought. The Landmark Trust are delighted with the results of Sheila's divine intervention. Peter Hedges said after he returned from Lundy, "in the last 11 years since Sheila has been divining, she has never yet failed to find water".

NDJ 21.09.89

LUNDY - so often the scene of invasions in its chequered past - has virtually been taken over for a fortnight...by an army of BBC actors, technicians and researchers.

And its all because a geologist recommended that Lundy was the only place in the British Isles suitable for filming of the last days of Napoleon.

The BBC team, led by producer and director Neil Cameron, are filming the whole 50-minute programme on the great soldier for the historical series 'Timewatch' and the logistical problems have been considerable. The 25-strong team stayed in Bideford on Friday night before shipping over on the supply vessel 'Oldenburg' on Saturday, with costumes and equipment all crated up for the journey. They have been joined on the island by some of Europe's leading historians who will be taking part in the highly-researched programme.

Lundy was selected because of its similarity to the remote South Atlantic island of St Helena where Napoleon spent six years in exile before his death in 1821. When the BBC sent an observer to check on Lundy's suitability his first sight of Millcombe House clinched it. Negotiations to accommodate the film team were soon arranged with island agent John Puddy. "John and Wendy Puddy have been very co-operative and helpful over the whole thing," Cameron told the 'Journal'. "It's been more like an expedition than a piece of filming".

The programme, due to go out on BBC2 in February, concentrates on Napoleon's attempt to re-write history through his own biographer Count Las Cases, whose Memorial became a best-seller. Kenneth Colley, who had a major role in the BBC television thriller 'Edge of Darkness', which won accolades, plays Napoleon, John Normington is the Count and Ian McNeice is Napoleon's British doctor Barry O'Meara. The historians will be invited to challenge Napoleon's view of himself. A horse is being specially shipped over from the mainland for Napoleon's use during the film. Visitors to the island have all been given a letter from the BBC explaining what they are doing there. The unit hope to complete their work next Thursday.

L.F.S. WORKING PARTY. 28.10 -4.11.1989 by John Morgan.

9.

Under the excellent leadership of Helen Cole, the following masochists assembled at, or were contacted from, a certain Bideford hostelry on the evening of Friday, October 27th to listen to the weather forecast:-Nigel Bishop, Joan Chapman, Liza Cole, Owen Evans, Ian Lovatt, Jane Maggs, Gerry McKenna, John Morgan, Stessa Phelps, Ken Rodley and Gordon Vaughan.

Demonstrating the triumph of hope over experience, we all arrived at the quay at 0630hrs on Saturday to find that the 'Lusty Black-browd Girle' was playing hard-to-get, and with a storm force ten expected, the Master of the Oldenburg wisely decided that the best course for his ship was to remain firmly attached to the Quay.

During coffee later in the morning, we decided to have a closer look at the storm, and drove out to the Hartland Quay Hotel to view it from the bar prior to a pub lunch. Afterwards, we went onto the beach to see the Atlantic in all its wild fury, with the butterflies surging all around us like a snowstorm.

We fled to the relative shelter of Clovelly for a brief visit before returning to Bideford to learn that there was no possibility of sailing on Sunday on Sunday morning either. At least those of us who then did the rounds of the Bideford pubs on an ale-tasting research project were able to sleep it off in the morning! We drove on Sunday to Ilfracombe and thence to Hunters' Inn where we were delighted to have the company of Sue and Paul Metcalfe for lunch.

After a walk to Heddon's Mouth, we headed for Lynmouth where Gerry, on behalf of the Elder Brethren, invited us to be his guests at Foreland Lighthouse for a cream tea. We took the ingredients with us, and the inspired choice of cherry jam (liberally laced with cherry brandy), in place of the usual strawberry, ensured that our subsequent drive to the Sandpiper to have a drink with Gerry's colleagues was relatively carefree. As we drove back over Exmoor, the lashing rain increased, and thanks are due to Ian and Gerry for chauffeuring the party in such atrocious driving conditions.

After an evening meal at the New Inn, the wind eased off a bit (sorry for the ambiguity), and we were again asked to be ready on the Quay at 0630hrs on Monday. Third time lucky - we were off!

The journey was lively to say the least, but the landing bay was calm and we all felt a great sense of relief as we headed up the beach road. On arrival at the Tavern, our first task was to prevent Dave McBride from leaving Lundy until we had his assurance that supplies of John O's were adequate! After settling in at the quarters, we were free for the rest of the day to explore the island, noting the establishment of Fort Tibbetts (were we expected to dig a moat?) and the unlamented demolition of Signal Cottages.

And so at last on Tuesday morning we started work. Four of us worked in Millcombe valley, where the task given by Andrew Gibson, our new Warden, was to remove the flight of Granite steps leading from the upper to the lower lawn in front of Old House South, and use the stones to improve and make safer the path down to Millcombe House. We also buried a water pipe, and helped move three lively pigs from sty to paradise!

On the second day a relief party replaced the wooden steps that lead from the Albion Harman memorial seat towards the centre of the valley. Meanwhile, an ongoing rhodie-bashing situation was developing on the upper sideland between Tibbetts and the East Side Path above the Knoll Pins.

The techniques of removal have been refined over the years, and require intricate co-operation between:

- A) The mainstream gang - The Merry Mattockmen (and women) of Marisco.
- B) The heavy gang - operating the cable tensioning device for stubborn roots, the colloquial term for which will not be given in an article intended for family reading by the fireside.
- C) The support gang - generally of three members:-
 1. A combustion consultant, to construct the bonfire.
 2. An assistant ditto, to tell the above why it won't light.
 3. A deputy assistant ditto, to watch the fire and see that it doesn't go out.

It should be noted that

- (a) any wind above force 7 does not fan the bracken into flames - it blows it out.
- (b) The wind around a bonfire is always circular, and engulfs the stokers in smoke wherever they are standing.

We were fortunate in having four fine but windy days, enlivened by squally showers on Thursday and Friday, and a sizeable area was thoroughly cleared. Finally two of us went down to Pilot's Quay to assess the effect of a

recent landslip, and estimated the extra length of rope and number of pickets to improve the safety of the descent.

On Friday night, Liza entertained us with her melodious songs (how does she remember all the words?) whilst John demonstrated on the piano the awful gap between himself and Cole Porter. At midnight, Liza's birthday was heralded in customary fashion, and on Saturday we all looked forward, after sad farewells and a mercifully smoother crossing, to a celebratory meal at the New Inn at which we were delighted to be joined by John, Penny, and Liz Ogilvie, and by your Editor, who fixed me with her eagle eye and spoke of deadlines and printers!

We are grateful to Helen for all the hard work she puts into the organisation of these Parties, to John and Wendy Puddy and all the island staff for their help and encouragement, and especially to Sybil, Andy and the 'Blasters' for their tolerance of our somewhat noisy companionship.

It is sad to have to end this article on a jarring note. Tuesday was Halloween, and the men, naturally, arrived at the Tavern wearing full evening dress - well, bow ties anyway. Imagine our consternation when not a single lady had remembered to pack her broomstick, black conical hat and cloak, and fish-net tights - these latter, I am assured, are essential when descending the chimney of the Tavern, for reasons into which I dare not enquire.

The dates of the next working party have not yet been set, but it is hoped to be in February, and with a bit of luck will include St. Valentines Day. What about it girls, how about a fancy dress ball.

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY WORKING PARTY by Owen Evans

After driving for three days to reach Bideford, we had two frustrating days of waiting, all because of gale force winds. Not to be outdone I was treated to the sights and sounds of Devon. This included sampling some of the famous Cream Tea in Clovelly and a carry-in Cream Tea eaten in Lymeouth Foreland Point Lighthouse along with the light house keepers.

At last the days of early rising came to an end with a successful sailing on the Monday morning. Helen, fearing the worst, immediately lay down in the saloon of the Oldenburg, while I foolishly decided to chance my luck and suffered for it!

On Lundy at last. After briefly sussing out the important features i.e. the Marisco Tavern and Quarters, I was introduced to the island and did a bit of birding. It's great to see the sea on all sides.

I managed to avoid rhody-bashing the first day. Instead Mum (Jane), John, Nigel and I hauled granite blocks around. The result being a wee flight of stairs in Millcombe. Pretty good, though I say so myself. So were the steps built by the others. (I hope they haven't been washed away!)

Once on the rhododendrons it was frightening to see the vast amount of work to be done. After a tiring day burning, mattocking and turfing we were welcomed by the sight of Andrew, the warden, with a tractor plus trailer. The exhausted took the easy way home though it was little quicker than walking.

Two more days of hard work and the end was in sight. A concerted effort on the last day and we successfully cleared the whole of the enemy area before lunch, and with two less days than expected! It is amazing how much work can be done by twelve willing bodies (not that mine was willing come mid week!)

A well deserved session down the Marisco was most welcomed. Whilst Liza sang I sampled the Puffins Purge. Nice beer, despite warm and flat, not like Scottish beer at all! I am looking forward to drinking it again though, on my next trip to Lundy as a confirmed rhody-basher. If the omnivores cook the same vegie meals for me I'll be happy.

LUNDY'S V.C. by Myrtle

Forty years ago, on June 20th 1949, a memorial service was held on Lundy for John Harman, V.C. and the memorial tablet in V.C. Quarry was dedicated. The date was chosen as it provided the first sailing of Campbell's steamers since the war, and thus gave the opportunity for Mr Harman to invite and transport to Lundy all the guests he wished should be present. A detachment from John's regiment, The Queens's Own Royal West Kent, was among the guests who were greeted by Mr Harman on the beach and were then conducted along the East Side to the Quarry where the ceremony was to be held. The service of dedication was conducted by the Rev. Hugh C.A.S.Muller (Vicar of St. Mary's, Appledore and Priest-in-charge of Lundy), the memorial plaque was

unveiled, Mr Harman made a speech, and finally the buglers of the Royal West Kents sounded the Last Post. All those present found the ceremony very moving, and one can imagine the sadness of the dying notes of the bugles echoing in the beautiful quarry amid the summer stillness of a perfect day. It is a particularly fitting site for a memorial to John Harman, who had been closely attached to Lundy from the age of twelve, and for whom this had been a favourite place.

John Pennington Harman was the elder son of Martin Coles and Amy Ruth Harman. He earned the distinction of the award of the Victoria Cross by conspicuous acts of bravery in action against the Japanese at Kohima on April 8-9th 1944, when he twice went into action alone and single-handed annihilated enemy posts which were a serious danger to his Company. The Citation for his posthumous award ends with the words: "Lance-Corporal Harman's heroic action and supreme devotion to duty were a wonderful inspiration to all and were largely responsible for the decisive way in which all attacks were driven off by his company." His dying words were "I got the lot. It was worth it".

Mr Gade tells an interesting anecdote from when he received the news of John's death in 1944, and Mr Harman asked him if he had "told the bees". The bees had been one of John's hobbies, and Mr Gade was caring for them. Folk lore is that if the owner of a hive should die and the bees are not told of the fact, they will desert the hive. Mr Gade writes: "I was surprised, when I reached the hives, to see no bees entering or leaving, and no sound of buzzing...The bees had gone. There was absolutely no doubt about it, the bees had taken their departure, en masse."

**REPRINT FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, 20th JUNE, 1944-
WAR OFFICE, 22nd JUNE, 1944**

The KING has been graciously pleased to approve the posthumous award of the VICTORIA CROSS to: No. 295822 Lance-Corporal John Pennington Harman, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment (London, E.C.2.).

In Burma at Kohima on 8th April, 1944, Lance-Corporal Harman was commanding a section of a forward platoon. Under cover of darkness the enemy established a machine-gun post within 50 yards of his position which became a serious menace to the remainder of his company. Owing to the nature of the ground Lance-Corporal Harman was unable to bring the fire of his section on to the enemy machine-gun post. Without hesitation he went forward by himself and using a four second grenade which he held on to for at least two seconds after releasing the lever in order to get immediate effect, threw it into the post and followed up immediately. He annihilated the post and returned to his section with the machine-gun.

Early the following morning he recovered a position on a forward slope 150 yards from the enemy in order to strengthen a platoon which had been heavily attacked during the night. On occupying his position he discovered a party of enemy digging in under cover of machine-gun fire and snipers. Ordering his Bren gun to give him covering fire he fixed his bayonet and alone charged the post shooting four and bayoneting one thereby wiping out the post.

When walking back Lance-Corporal Harman received a burst of machine-gun fire in his side and died shortly after reaching our lines.

Lance-Corporal Harman's heroic action and supreme devotion to duty were a wonderful inspiration to all and were largely responsible for the decisive way in all attacks were driven off by his company.

THE VICAR WHO BECAME A LEGEND OF THE STREETS By Jim Butcher
WVN article used by North Devon Heritage No.1 1989

We were standing in Irsha Street, at one time the main thoroughfare of the hamlet of Irsha and still one of the principal streets of the one-off village of Appledore. There is no other parish or community in the West-country to match Appledore. As recently as the 1930s it was associated with smuggling. In 1707 Thomas Benson, the notorious Parliamentarian-pirate was born on its outskirts. Its seamen, known as the 'Blue Water Men', crewed the famous big yachts of millionaire owners like Sir Thomas Lipton. It was one of the last places in Europe to keep alive the skills of building wooden cargo boats. In my young days Appledore had a reputation for lawlessness. It had the toughest village policeman in the Devon Constabulary. He had only one eye but he kept the rule of law intact. To go single-handed into Appledore on regatta night was to risk a severe beating up. A waterfront entrepreneur at Barnstaple was much talked about by the youth of the town because it was said he filled his motor-boat and a converted lifeboat on Sunday mornings when the tide was right with men seeking the delights of the more liberal Appledore ladies down river. 'Trips down the Rhine' was the title of these excursions.

Into the rough and tough environment in about 1900 came a young curate, the Rev. Hugh Christian Andreas Sigvold Muller fresh from Cambridge where he had gained his BA. Half a century later on February 28, 1953, he died in Bideford Hospital leaving behind countless legends, a mountain of respect, but, to be honest, not a lot of love. His parishioners were intensely proud of him. Most North Devon people admired his strange and newsworthy lifestyle.

When he died the area was in the grip of the post-war soccer boom. Some 4,500 people poured into Bideford Football Club's ground for the annual Derby against Barnstaple. When news filtered down from Bideford Hospital that 'Yewcas' Muller, as he was generally known, had died they all stood with bared heads to observe a minute's silence while the club flag was lowered. Sceptics will sneer. Some of those old enough to remember the Rev. Mr. Muller will say how he was simply a parson who attended football matches and carried a silver flask of brandy in his hip pocket.

I disagree. There was something far deeper than mere eccentricity which made this remarkable man of God volunteer to serve as a Naval chaplain for 15 years including the early part of the 1914-18 war. It was not a quest for notoriety which made him answer the lifeboat maroon and go out over Bideford Bar in terrible weather. He was intensely proud of being priest-in-charge of Lundy and made many stormy voyages to the island to keep faith with the tiny community.

Would he have held power today over the 2,300 parishioners of Appledore and commanded their respect, even admiration. The answer is 'No'. He was a man of his age and that age has dissolved into a sexy superficial materialism.

THE CELTIC SAINTS IN NORTH DEVON from W.G. Hoskin's "Devon" (Collins 1959)

On page 220 of this book I expressed the view that "the Taw estuary was a centre for the early Celtic saints, as we might expect from its position in relation to Wales and Ireland, whence so many of them came..." The coast of North Devon consists almost entirely of towering hog-backed cliffs with few and dangerous landing-places, except the break in the cliff-wall afforded by the Taw-Torridge estuary and a few miles of level beaches on either side of it. This topography made the bay a natural point of entry for the missionary saints.

Since that page was written some further evidence confirming this view has come to light. It is possible to add to the number of sites in North Devon associated with these early sainte, in particular with St. Endelienta and St. John, two of the twenty-four sons and daughters of Brychan of whom St. Nectan (at Hartland and Welcombe) is the best known in Devon. Mr. Pearse Chope (in the Book of Hartland, 13n) considers that the dedication of Instow church (i.e. John's stow or holy place) is to this Celtic St. John rather than to the evangelist or to any other of the name. The church is built on high ground, looking due west down the estuary to the sea, with Lundy and Hartland Point in full view.

As for St. Endelienta or Endelient, we have Nicholas Rosscarrock's statement, made in the late 16th century in his MS Lives of the Saints (a reference which I owe to the kindness of Mr. A.L. Rowse): "I have heard it credibly reported that the chapel on Lundy was dedicated unto her and bore her name. Yet my good friend, Mr. Camden, saith the chapel was dedicated unto St. Helen, but, under correction, except he have better warrant than bare conjecture, I still hold the former report more likely, because her brother St. Nectan had a church dedicated at Hartland Point over against it, but fourteen miles from it, whereof it is not improbable that she did also sometimes dwell in that island. For many of St. Brechan's children planted themselves near one another..."

There are only three known dedications to St. Helen in Devon, all in North Devon, close to the sea, and within sight of each other: the chapel on Lundy, the parish church of Abbotsham, and the ancient chapel (now ruined) on the high ground just W. of Croyde village. Abbotsham church was originally sited on the summit of the bold ridge that runs S. of Westward Ho, about 1 1/2 m. N. of its present site, to which it was removed at an unknown date. Lundy is in full view from the old site. The church was dedicated, not to St. Helen or Helena the Empress (whose day was 18 August), but to St. Elen, whose day was 25 August. So said the Tavistock calendar, and as Tavistock Abbey possessed Abbotsham from the 10th century we may regard this as sound source. One is led to suspect at once that this St. Elen is St. Endelient, as on Lundy. Of the chapel at Croyde, which again is sited so as to have Lundy in view, we know nothing except that it was dedicated to St. Helen. But in view of the other two dedications, and its significant site above a good beach for landing, we can hardly doubt that is the third of the small group of chapels founded by St. Endelient in the 6th century. On these now despoiled beaches of Westward Ho and Croyde, we stand linked with the early saints who landed upon them. It is curious to discover, too, that South Molton Fair always began on the Wednesday after the feast of St. Elen, though the parish church is now dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Can it be that we must add South Molton to the little group of original Celtic dedications in this district, such as Landkey and Filleigh?

THE FLAGS AND FLAGPOLES OF LUNDY BY A.F.Langham 1989.

There are only two flagpoles on Lundy on which flags are flown, but there have been at least five others in the recent past. Those which have now disappeared are:

1. The flagpole at North Light was used until the lighthouse was automated and carried the Trinity House Flag on days when the Supply Vessel was expected. This brought either stores and relief keepers or was used on Inspections by the Elder Brethren.
2. The flagpole at Tibbetts was used from 1909 until 1927 for signalling using the International Code Flags, the pigeon-holes for which can still be seen in the building's dayroom.
3. The flagpole at Old Light carried the Trinity House flag on most days between 1819 and 1897 and certainly always on those days when distinguished visitors or supplies were expected.
4. During the Heaven's ownership the flagpole that attached to the central chimneystack of the Old Hotel would hoist a plain black flag on those days when the island mailboat was expected. This was a signal to the islanders to complete their correspondence in time for posting but why a black flag was chosen is not clear, unless it was felt not to detract from the International Code Flags being flown at the castle.
5. The Castle flagpole was manned by Lloyds Signallers to communicate with passing ships. In those days before radio, messages were carried between ship and shore by flag, and between Lundy and mainland by undersea cable.

Of the flagpoles now in use

6. The one at South Light carries the Trinity House flag on relief days, and as these visits are now carried out by helicopter the flag also acts as an indicator of wind direction.
7. The island's own flagpole on Hangman's Hill near the Ugly is the one on which a variety of flags have been hoisted. Neither the black 'Mailday' flag nor the Trinity House flag has been flown from this pole and prior to the purchase of Lundy in 1925 by Martin Coles Harman the only known flag to be flown here was the Union Flag but how often and for what reasons it was hoisted is not known.

Mr Harman had firm views on the status of Lundy in relation to the United Kingdom and about 1932 had a special Lundy flag made which consisted of a white background with a blue border and a large capital 'L' in red carried centrally. This flag was flown on special island occasions, such as visits by Martin Harman to his island, and on September 11th each year when the island, nearing the end of the holiday season was 'en fete' to celebrate Mrs Gade's birthday. On Royal Occasions the island flag would be flown together with the Union Flag. Gales took their toll of this flag when flown, and damp storage allowed moths and rot to hasten its demise! Its replacement was the 'Puffin Flag' which was a white flag with an outer blue and inner red border with a standing puffin placed centrally.

For some reason an Icelandic Flag was flown after the Puffin flag had disintegrated. Martin Harman's elder son, John, who was later to gain a posthumous Victoria Cross was a "keen flag flyer" and was possibly given this flag by a passing ship and decided to fly it as a gesture of the island's independence. It was certainly flown on occasion after the war ended in 1945 and was still lying in the loft above the Bar in 1968.

Meanwhile in 1954 a postwar design was produced consisting of a large 'L' on a blue background. This was flown on special days and on days of Trinity House visits - possibly to remind visitors that Trinity House had control merely over the lighthouses and their immediate surroundings, and that the rest of the island was quite different. Nowadays the flag usually flown by the Landmark Trust is the St. Georges Cross which is the flag of England and also the other offshore islands of Guernsey and Jersey.

There are many possibilities for future designs, perhaps the best suggestion being a St. George Cross with the upper masthead quadrant carrying a blue capital 'L' - a compromise between loyalty and individuality.

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN Pat Slade (nee Hornabrook) From N.D Heritage No.1 1989

Several years ago, my mother and I were looking through old photographs and came across an old postcard of the M.V. 'Lerina' moored off Point Quay with a group of people on the ship. My mother said it was a photograph of a funeral party travelling to Lundy to bury the cremated remains of Mr 'Evans. She could remember little else but I wanted to know more. So I wrote to Felix Gade the Agent at Lundy, and received a delightful and informative reply, which included the following:

"The ashes brought to Lundy in the 'Lerina' were those of Walter C Heaven, who was the owner of Lundy, which he inherited from his uncle the Reverend Hudson Crosett Heaven, M.A. Unfortunately, his uncle could not leave him any money. He and his wife and two daughters lived on Lundy from about 1916 to 1918, when the island was bought by Mr Augustus L Christie of Tapely Park, Instow, for £9,000 which was the exact amount of the mortgage which the Rev. Hudson G Heaven had negotiated on the security of the island. Thus poor Heaven gained almost nothing from his inheritance. He had come from Australia, wither he had emigrated some years prior to

inheriting Lundy, and he lies in the ancient burial ground close to the old lighthouse on Lundy. The ashes were in a tin, somewhat larger than a Lyle Golden Syrup 2lb tin. There was a north easterly wind the day he arrived in his casket and the Rev. Muller and another parson and a relative of Walter Heaven's were landed west of Lundy South Lighthouse".

I remember some of my father's anecdotes of his trips to Lundy on the 'Lerina'. I'd like to share them with you in the next newsletter. If you have any anecdotes about the 'Lerina' or Lundy, perhaps you would share them with me.

[Miss Bears vividly remembers the day in her youth, when living in Bude Street, the Postman 'dumped' something on the doorstep and said, "You will never guess what this is - it's Mr 'Evans ashes!"]

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON By Peter Cole 18.9.89

On the night 16/17th of August 1989 Barbara, Tony Walker and I stayed awake to see the total eclipse of the moon; all of us were sure that there was to be one but we did not know at what time it would happen. We were in Big St John's and the electricity went off at midnight so there was only interior light from a couple of candles; outside the full moon was south of the island, high in the sky above the sea. The bungalow is some 300ft above the sea which was also visible east and north east across to the Devon and North Wales coast. There was a breeze from the south west but it wasn't cold and great banks of cumulus clouds kept rolling up, obscuring the moon and bringing intermittent but heavy squalls of rain

At 1.45 a bank of cloud cleared the moon and continued towards the north east taking the rain with it and Barbara and Tony walked out to see better what was going on, at once they called excitedly to me. There was a lunar rainbow to the north, a silver arc that rose from the surface of the moon-light sea and arched high over the island; there was no differentiation of colours but the top of the arc was darker where the red would have been. It was a tremendous sight and it was ten to fifteen minutes before it faded away.

More cloud covered the moon but when it moved away at 2.15 the eclipse had begun the shadow of the earth moving down from the top left hand. Unlike an eclipse of the sun the part in shadow was not black but a dark orange colour, being caused, I understand, by the fact that the earth has an atmosphere. We watched and watched and as the shadow grew bigger the still clear surface of the moon seemed to become brighter and brighter until all that was left was an almost complete dark orange ball with the bright crescent of a new moon on one edge. Then the silver crescent was gone and the eclipse was total, it was 3.15 We watched for a little but the top of the moon did not start to clear at once, presumably because the shadow of the earth is bigger than the moon. More cloud obscured our view and at 3.30 Tony went home and Barbara and I went to bed.

BIRDS AND BERRIES, Barbara and David Snow, (T. & A.D. Poyser, 1988. £16) By Helen Cole.

Barbara Snow (nee Whitaker) was the LFS warden on Lundy from 1954 -1957. As well as being an excellent birder she was also a great character. In newsletter no. 14 (January 1984) she relates how on one occasion, whilst ringing birds on Shutter Rock, the tide came in and cut her off forcing her to spend the night there. Fortunately, she was able to keep herself warm by wrapping herself in a blanket and consuming the supplies of brandy which were hauled over by rope and then sung the night away! Since leaving Lundy she has continued studying birds all over the world.

'Birds and Berries' is a deceptively simple title for a book which is the result of four years careful observation of birds' fruit eating habits by Barbara and her husband, close to their home in southern England. Basically, they stood and watched which birds ate which fruits and how often. There are, apparently, fourteen species of birds which regularly eat fruits and in doing so disperse the seeds. But, in addition, there are the cheats, the so called 'seed and pulp predators' who manage to get a square meal without doing their bit to propagate the plants. So next time you see a bird eating berries, take a second glance, all may not be as it seems.

The most impressive thing about this book is the amount of time and patience required for its preparation. As well as the hours of painstaking observation required, the careful and attractive presentation makes it of interest to botanists and birders alike. There are separate sections describing observations on individual fruits and then on the bird species and a section discussing the evolutionary implications of the data. It is an excellent, informative, easy to read book, and a definite for the birthday list of anybody even vaguely interested in things biological.

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B.P.P.S.G. Newsletter No. 48. October 1989 THIS AND THAT ON LUNDY By R.E.Allen

[Roger Allen (a member of the LFS) has given permission to use this article from the Cinderella Stamp Club British Private Post Group Newsletter which he edits.]

In previous issues we have illustrated the cancellation to be found at the post box situated at the top of the battery on Lundy. We were never able to locate the other post box situated by the Mouse Trap near to Brazen Ward. Nigel Barnes has now provided us with an example of the cancellation to illustrate here. It is meant to represent a mouse with large ears and a tail but is not a very clear impression, as the ink pad at the site is old and the conditions of the box not ideal. Nigel states that it is difficult to find and reasonably dangerous to approach.

Joint meeting of the Lundy Collectors Club at Bideford with the Bideford and North Devon Stamp Club.

The above meeting was held in Bideford on the 5th August 1989 and was a great success. Several dealers were present and the competition for the Stanley Newman trophy was held for the second time this year. Postcards were sent to Lundy from the meeting. On the day following the meeting there was a convention sailing of the "Oldenburg" and a good number of the LCC members went along.

Barum Auctions, 1 Bear St., Barnstaple, EX32 7BP

On the 23rd August the above auctioneers held an auction which contained some unique and quite historic Lundy material. The prize item was a fine copy of the 1925 Sale notice (Christie to Harman), which sold for £120.00 Other lots included the following:-

A small collection of poems about Lundy by Ivor Dollar (Published 1936. Sold for £19.00) / Free sailing pass on the M.V. "Gannet". £17.00 / Menu for Mr. Gade's retirement party. £12.00. / Score card for cricket between the F.W.Gade team and the Wessex Gentlemen 1971. £13.00 / Ex-Libris of Irene Gade. 1952 £22.00 / Service sheet for the Service to mark the transfer of ownership to the Landmark Trust, 1969. and other items. £12.00 / Photo of Mr. Gade and John Ogilvie in the radio Room. £14.00 / I Know An Island. Book by R.M.Lockley. 1940 £12.00.

There were also about 150 other lots of stamps, photos, booklets and ephemera from the collection of someone who had once lived on Lundy but your editor has been unable to ascertain just who. This auction is unlikely to repeat itself and the prices serve to show that anything "Lundy" will fetch high prices and bids must be high accordingly if collectors hope to gain any lots.

Messengers (Auctions) 8 Parkside Road, Pinhoe, Exeter. EX31 3IN

Two interesting Lundy lots appeared in the June auction of Messengers.

The first was another Appeal Stamp on the specially printed card of 1969. This was offered at the reserve price of £300.00

The second item though considerably less expensive than the first, is much more interesting in your editor's view. It was a copy of "Bells Weekly Newspaper" dated 11.11.1832 containing a five inch column on the subject of Lundy entitled:- "Uninhabited Island in the Bristol Channel". This was an informative report by lieutenants Denham and Robinson R.N. which despite the heading, mentions two groups of inhabitants; the inmates of the solitary farmhouse and the lighthouse keepers. The lot had a reserve price of £20.00 but must have sold for more than £35.00.

Your editor has recently acquired a Lundy related cigarette card, which has not already been described in the three articles on this topic which have appeared in the Philatelic Quarterly of the Lundy Collectors Club in the U.S.A. The three issues were: No 26 (Summer 1985), No. 27 (Fall 1985) and No. 31 (Fall 1986) This new card is published by Brook Bond Oxo Ltd., Croydon, and is No.37 in their "Discover our Coast" series. It is entitled "Lundy (Bristol Channel, Devon)" and on the picture side there is a photograph in colour of two puffins (what else!)

DISCOVERING OUR COAST LUNDY (Bristol Channel, Devon) [The back of this card]

Lundy, which means 'Puffin Island', was named by the Vikings who visited it 1,3000 years ago. The island lies 18kms north of Hartland Point, Devon, and has a long and romantic history. Its 13th-century Marisco Castle lends substance to tales of piracy and wrecking, and there is a feeling of mystery about the Old Light on the island's highest point, abandoned by Trinity House in 1884 when the present lighthouses were built. Otherwise there are few buildings - the old hotel, a pub, and the church. In recent years the population has grown with the addition of ornithologists and marine biologists, for the sheer granite cliffs with their nesting seabirds overlook Britain's first Marine underwater nature reserve.

UP-DATE ON THE JETTY SCHEME By John Puddy

During the time we have operated the MS Oldenburg the existing landing arrangements have been put under some strain, for this reason we have been for the past 2 years investigating the possibility of constructing a landing jetty of some sort.

We investigated many types of structure and settled on a solid concrete breakwater which was to be constructed from the cove beach and extend into the bay for some 150 metres. Much research was carried out into storm wave heights and tidal ranges, the results of this was that an alarmingly high wave could occur once in fifty years and if this coincided with a large tide the forces on our structure would be enormous. These factors more than any pushed the construction cost up to £2000000 which was more than the Landmark Trust could bear so a partner or some grant assistance was sought. The required money was not forthcoming and the project has been shelved. The construction of the road to the cove beach has however continued and completion is expected at the end of the year. It is then proposed to extend the existing jetty for use at most states of the tide by the landing launch.

We are currently investigating the possibility of constructing a tunnel through to Lanetry bay to facilitate landing in Easterly wind conditions.

GAZETTE 16.3.89 - LUNDY JETTY PLAN IS ALL WASHED UP

Lundy's dream of a smart, new landing jetty has been washed away by the waves. Plans to spend £1.3million on the construction of a jetty and new roadway to make landing on the island easier for its growing number of visitors have hit a major snag. Final wave analysis reports have revealed the need to build a structure capable of withstanding 30ft waves. This has meant re-designing the project and a leap in the cost to £2 million. That is too much for the island's administrators, The Landmark Trust, to tackle on their own. "The project has been put on hold," said the island's shore agent Mr Duncan Withall. The trustees are now seeking a major sponsor to make up the cost difference. If one can be found quickly, the scheme could be revived, although the hoped-for completion date in time for the 1990 holiday season will be put back. Meanwhile, work on cutting back the cliff face to create the new roadway to The Cove at the south of the island is to continue. This will provide access to a sheltered slipway which can currently only be reached at low tide. "Use of the cove will make it easier to disembark in bad weather and improve the landing facilities," Mr Withall said. "It will provide more shelter than the current landing point in the middle of the bay."

NDJ 25.5.89 - LUNDY JETTY PLAN SAVED

Rapidly escalating costs mean Lundy's new jetty will have to be built later rather than sooner. Since the ambitious scheme was launched by the Landmark Trust last summer, the estimated cost has jumped from £1.3 million to around £2 million. The Trust say this new figure is beyond their resources. But they are refusing to abandon the plan altogether. They are committed to "keeping the door open" and providing it at a stage later than originally hoped for, they said yesterday. Work on the initial phase to improve landing facilities on the island - the construction of a road leading from the site of the proposed jetty - is well under way. It is hoped it will be finished by mid-July. But in admitting that rising costs have precluded them from providing "the perfect solution" - a jetty to be put up in the next few months - the trust say that when it is built, they want to be sure it lasts for 100 years. "When we came to the end of the design road to build a jetty we thought was the most acceptable, we found the cost was approaching £2 million - beyond the resources of the Landmark Trust," director Robin Evans, currently on the island for its two open days this week, told the 'Journal' last night. They had investigated ways of raising funds outside the trust but "it was quite evident that these were not going to make a significant impact upon that £2 million figure."

WMN 14.9.89 - PLAN FOR TUNNEL UNDER ISLAND

A tunnel under the island has been suggested as a way of helping Lundy win its battle with the elements. The Landmark Trust, which administers the island, has put forward a plan for the construction of a tunnel about 100ft long under the south end of the island. It would connect Lundy's landing bay on the eastern side with a previously inaccessible beach on the west. The idea is to provide sheltered landing for the island's supply and passenger ship MS Oldenburg in all weather. Lundy has always had problems in landing passengers and supplies during strong north-easterly winds. An initial plan to build a jetty was dropped when the cost grew to more than £2 million. The new scheme, costing about £500,000 would not only connect the beach on the western side with the existing landing beach and its roadway up the cliffs, but would provide a road link to an existing small jetty at the island's southern tip.

LUNDY SHOW BIZ: EDITORS'S REPORT

Actually, your Editor considers that there is sufficient 'show biz' material for a useful book.

In '88 Wendy Puddy was so kind as to recall the then tally of films made on Lundy. She reckoned it has averaged 3 a year while she has been there. This does not count 'homenade' films about which your Editor would welcome any information. The promised comment on Mr Cowards's (Lundy vet) film made in the '50s will have to wait till next year.

Johnny Morris did a 'walkabout' in about 1981. This was made during a very short Easter visit. The second film that Wendy Puddy recalled was made by 2 young free-lancers over a period of 2 months and was sold to the BBC. Laurie Emberson made the film about Underwater Life round Lundy. Another under-water programme was made by Mark Deeble and Victoria Stone free-lancing for 'Survival Anglia'. They spent about 2 months in Brambles in the Summer of '86. Neil Willcox (Warden) helped with this one.

After these, WP recalls a Japanese team making a film on Peter Davis who was LFS Warden in the '50s. This team lived in Millcombe while they made the film. Then there was a film about Lundy as a Painter's Paradise (David Lawrence was the Painter). This was made by John Huston/Queensgate Productions as a free-lance project. Terry Wogan did the voice-over, and the film was sold to ITV. The next programme was Liz Ogilvie. There is a report by Liz on that programme in the Lundy Chronicle (Spring/Summer 1985). Your Editor saw the Terry Wogan and Liz Ogilvie films but not the Japanese one.

1988 saw another Japanese programme, this time a quiz, and the question asked was 'what rent is paid for Lundy?' This film was made by Andrew Driver of the East Company. Also in '88 Channel TV did a Leslie Thomas Travelogue, featuring Tilly Lamps in Benson's Cave. There was a 2-day 'recce', then a 4-day preparation, and the film crew were over for 7 days. Leslie Thomas went round looking at places and talking to people. The WMN (29/7/89) reported that 'Great British Isles' would go out on Channel 4 starting on that Saturday. LITs' love affair with islands ... began when, as a 12 year old, he first gazed from South Wales in wonderment at Lundy - then a fog-shrouded dot in the Bristol Channel'. Another 'omnibus' view was in 'Angela Rippon Comes Down the Bristol Channel'. There were 6 programmes and Lundy got 10 minutes in the sixth programme. It took a very short time to make, and Sir John Smith, John Puddy and Neil Willcox were concerned in the making.

Thames TV (Educational) did 'Using the Wind' which went out on 9/11/88 at 11.40am. They made the programme in June '88, and as Liz Ogilvie was at home after GCSE she was able to take part. She told your Editor that the previous programme in which she had taken part was very highly structured, but that this one was unscripted 'Telly Journalism'. For such a project the team was small; one Director, Alison Rooper, one Researcher, one Personal Assistant, one Camera, one sound man, one lighting and one camera-holding technician. 'Floods' were used to light indoors, and there was a 'booster screen' for the sun outdoors.

Shots were taken from the Church Tower. There were walking shots of Liz Ogilvie going home to Stoneycroft, and walking to Pig's Paradise Pump (and showing it working). There was Liz in the Brewery and everyone round a table in the Tavern. There was Mary Gade using the microwave. Liz was shown listening to Radio plugged into electricity, and using a hairdryer and a Hoover. Sam and Ben and Joan Shiles, Marissa and Liz Ogilvie flew kites in the Lighthouse field and Liz went with one of the production team to look at the Anemometer at the South Light. John Puddy and Nick Shiles (Engineer) were interviewed on the techniques of the Aerogenerator. All voices and dialogue were done separately with the Sound Man: Liz's voice was used as the link throughout. There was no rehearsal and very flexible direction - discussion first, then film. The theme was the differences the Windmill had made. The programme will sell internationally.

In '89 a 'Timewatch' programme was made. As Wendy Puddy gave your Editor access to the organisational papers, there is much more information than for the others. The detailed organisation is impressive. The BBC sent a letter, available to each visitor, which was a courteous and helpful gesture:

'Dear Visitor

You may have noticed a film unit in the vicinity of Millcombe House, or maybe in the Marisco Tavern. To put you in the picture, we'd like to give you a brief outline of who we are and what we're doing. We are filming a dramatised documentary for 'Timewatch', the BBC History Series, about the last exile of Napoleon, to be transmitted in December or January. Napoleon ended his life on the tiny South Atlantic island of St Helena, where he systematically rewrote history to show himself in a favourable light. The principal source of Napoleon's version was an 8-volume work by his self-appointed biographer, a French nobleman, Count Las Cases. Las Cases' 'Memorial' became 19th century France's best seller. Based mainly on this and other accounts, written on St Helena - such as the one written by his British doctor, Barry O'Meara, the film reconstructs Napoleon's last battle- against history.

Napoleon claims to have rescued the French Revolution, to have fought only defensive wars, and that he crowned himself Emperor through necessity. Challenging him, over the distance of 170-odd years, are a number of leading European historians, who will also be on Lundy during the course of the filming. They are: Louis Bergeron (Paris Univ); Clive Elmsley (Open Univ); Gwynne Lewis (Warwick Univ); Hazel Mills (Cambridge Univ). We are

filming during the period 17 September to 28 September, mainly in and around Millcombe House. The case includes: Napoleon Bonaparte - Kenneth Colley; Count Las Cases - John Norrington; Dr Barry O'Meara - Ian McNeice; Louis Marchand (Napoleon's Valet) - Stephen Fulton; Josephine - Ava de Souza.'

There were detailed at-a-glance filming schedules for everyone and for individuals. There was a map of Lundy, a Tide Table, a bus timetable and an Oldenburg sailing schedule. A pleasing picture of a Puffin accompanied a cigarette - cardish description of Lundy, together with its postal address and useful Lundy 'phone numbers (both of them). There was a 'Useful Guide' to the island in typescript, to which had been added (in handwriting) advice to bring warm clothing, boots and wet weather clothing. A map of Bideford and list of hotels and car parks was provided, as it was for Ilfracombe. There was a splendid (if blobby) enlargement of Lundy 'village' showing where all the accommodation for the Cast was. The actors, were at Millcombe. The costumes and makeup were at Government House, The production and Design Team were in Light House Upper and Lower. Camera, 'Caffer', Sound and 2 'Sparks' (what glorious names they have) were in the Quarters, with 'Grips' and Sound in Bramble West. When the Historians arrived, they had rooms in Millcombe, Light House Upper and Brambles.

Boats were hireable from Roy Lancaster (whose 'Frolica' was on standby throughout), Steve Whittaker (who might also have been able to enlist the help of Appledore life-boat), Mr Sylvester of Bideford, and Clive Bonner. A special weathercall (Met Office) number was provided, and there was a list of Helicopter Hire Services including Castle Air (of Beloved Memory) and RAF Chivenor: splendid attention to detail.

Call Sheets for every day recorded where everyone and everything was to be, and the time they were to be there, and how they were to get there.

NB: (Nota Bene this time, not Napoleon Bonaparte) the scenes were not shot in order. Also your Editor did not see a Screenplay, which is why no dialogue is mentioned - screenplay was by Leigh Jackson.

On 17/9/89 Napoleon (hereafter NB) and Las Casas (LC) took breakfast and later coffee on the terrace (at Millcombe). NB's bedroom at Millcombe was also filmed. 18/9/89 saw NB and LC playing billiards (in Government House) and then talking and having lunch on the terrace and later working there. In the Hall (at Millcombe) LC and Marchand (M) and O'Meara (O'M) had a discussion. 19/9/89: a shot of the flag staff (by the Ugly) was followed by the sea at dawn, then NB looking down from a headland and throwing a flag into the sea, then another headland shot and 'Countryside' with no actors, then NB on the headland again (which headland?). Other shots this day were of LC writing his history of NB (in Government House). NB wandered distraught about the house (Millcombe) and there were 'shots of countryside surrounding the house'. 20/9/89 NB suffered a nightmare (in Millcombe). 21/9/89 the Call Sheet records 'Low Tide 1631 - Armourer present'. NB on a headland from which NB walked on path to house (Millcombe) with LC. Then NB and O'M walked to rocks by the sea (Hell's Gates). Guns were used in this scene, hence the Armourer. 22/9/89: the Call Sheet was for a beach scene ('wear wellies' the Special Note said: your Editor was yet again struck by the magnificent grasp of detail). A Union Jack was flying from the flagstaff and there was a Support Safety Inflatable in the bay. NB and entourage arrived and disembarked. St Helena (Lundy) was shot from the sea. 23/9/89 was a Day Off and the Call Sheet provided the Colin Taylor adapted map of Lundy for the Cast and Film Crew. 24/9/89: shots of beach and headland (which one?) (by Hell's Gate). 25/9/89: more beach, the Ugly and the entourage arriving up th 'rough track to the House' - obviously exterior shots take ages, all that equipment to move about. 26/9/89 was all filming in and round Millcombe: NB and LC dined together. Then there were shots of the house in darkness with a window illuminated, with the drive lit by flares, and then by the moon; and there were soldiers guarding the house. 27/9/89; there were shots of NB and LC on Millcombe path, but principally the Historians were filmed at dinner (in Millcombe) discussing NB. 28/9/89: the Historians were filmed on the Beach, on the terrace wall, but chiefly in NB's bedroom (the drawing room at Millcombe), discussing NB's place in history.

As a footnote, your Editor saw (in the Times) a review of the 'Robinson Crusoe' shot in part on Lundy in 1988 (see LFS Newsletter 17/8/88). The reviewer never acknowledged this, attributing all the scenery to Yugoslavia, where indeed much of it was shot. As soon as the Newsletter is finished, your Editor intends writing A Stiff Note to the Editor of the Times.