

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY NEWSLETTER - No. 23 JANUARY 1993

Editor Ann Westcott, Friendship, Guineaford, Barnstaple, N. Devon
EX31 4EA. Telephone (0271) 42259

EDITORIAL

Abbreviations: WMN - Western morning News; NDJ - North Devon Journal; NDA - North Devon Advertiser.

The opinions expressed in the Newsletter are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Lundy Field Society.

With sorrow one records the deaths this year of 4 Lundy friends: Colyear Dawkins (one of your Vice Presidents), Nick Morrow, Stanley Smith and Ian Wilkinson. Many of their friends were present in Ilfracombe at Nick Morrow's Memorial Service and at Stanley Smith's funeral. Myrtle Ternström has sent a personal memoir of Stanley Smith to yr. Ed. For this newsletter, and we reprint Colyear Dawkins' Ghost Story from Newsletter 1986. The Cinderella Stamp Club's memoir for Ian Wilkinson is also printed.

Yr. Ed. owes to Stan Smith's Lundy Review an introduction to the scholarly levels of controversy over the Mariscos and their origins. The Lundy Reviews with Marisco material are Issues 5 (1959) and 6 (1960-61).

MORE MATERIA LUNDEIAE - Michael Freer.

I have recently been fortunate enough to discover two sources of information about the early history of Lundy which, as they are not referred to in any published bibliography of the island, may be unknown to the majority of the readers of the Lundy Review.

'The Family of Marisco' (JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND (1931 and 1932) vols. 1xi, 1xii) by Eric St. John Brooks naturally contains innumerable references to Lundy.

'The Murder of Henry Clement and the pirates of Lundy Island' (HISTORY (Mar. 1941) vol. xxv) by F.M. Powicke deals with the flight of William de Marisco - the main suspect - to Lundy and his activities whilst there. It also contains a good deal of material about the early history of Lundy which confirms some of the research of Mr. St. John Brooks and others. Since writing this, I have found its existence was recorded by Mr. Blacksell in his note on the bibliography of Lundy in the TRANSACTIONS OF THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION, 1957... Issue 6. ('60-'61).

I have received communication from The Royal Society Of Antiquaries Of Ireland regarding the review by Michael Freer, in the LUNDY REVIEW, No. 5, entitled; "More Materia Lundeiae".

Mr. A.T. Lucas, the Hon. General Secretary, points out that we are in error by reporting that "The Journal of The Royal Society of Antiquaries Of Ireland" is unlikely to be found anywhere except in The British Museum.

It is, in fact, "...available in at least 40 Libraries in England, including the following Institutions in London;- BRITISH MUSEUM; LONDON LIBRARY; LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS: PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE: VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM: Three Libraries of the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, and the Libraries of five London based Societies with which we exchange publications".

The volumes containing St. John Brooks' articles can be supplied for £1-13-6 the set (3 parts) post free, from;-The Royal Society of Antiquaries Of Ireland, 63, Merrion Square, Dublin. C. 17....

In this newsletter the first part of Steinmann Steinmann's 1836 study is offered to LFS members. It is an extremely rare source of Marisco material and jolly expensive when you find it. The Edition is the one printed by MCH and also contains the account of John Harman's VC: (of which more later).

Penny, Kate and Liz Ogilvie are now living in Appledore. Penny has let me have an article written by her father about Medical Life on Lundy. (He and Dr. Gordon Brook were together in the use of the South Light Supply Box for Rescue Work - Newsletter 1983) Myrtle and Olov Ternström are now living in Cheltenham, (Whistling Down, Sandy Lane Road, Cheltenham, GL53 9DE) and Myrtle asks yr. Ed. to say she is resuming her Lundy studies in this Newsletter.

Yr. Ed. is advertising her publication of "Lundy, A Sketch Book; A Collection of line and colour sketches of the Island by Peter Rothwell". R.E. Allen has given permission for the comment from the BPPSG Newsletter No. 58 to be used. 'Mrs Ann Westcott, the editor of the Lundy Field Society Annual Newsletter, is launching a new Lundy album of pen and ink sketches in line and colour, by Devon artist Peter Rothwell. These sketches cover buildings and scenes from all over the island. Some views of beach, cliff and clifftop take your eye down the length of two pages as the sketch book drops open. The skill of the artist and the excellence of the album production make this book a worthy addition to a Lundy collection. The total printing will be initially 1,000. The first 500 will be numbered and encased in hardback protective covers. The second 500 will be unnumbered, with no protective covers and will be two or three pounds cheaper. Any collectors wishing to obtain a copy of this book should contact Ann Westcott at "Friendship", Guineaford, Marwood, BARNSTAPLE. EX31 4EA. Once the publishing date has been finalised, Ann will reply to all those who have written to her indicating the price. Your editor hopes that members will give their full support to this venture'. Publication Day of the Sketch Book will be (DV) May 16th - the LFS Day Trip, when you will be able to buy copies on the Oldenburg and on the Island, and have the painter sign them. Yr. Ed. has received the kind permission of Wendy Puddy and Annie Alford to sell the sketch book on Lundy itself.

Yr. Ed's Newsletter Trawl for 1992 follows here. Dec.'91/Jan.'92 was FOUL, and the festive Lundy lunch was helicoptered over by RAF Chivenor (pic. Advertiser 2/1/92). The NDJ (7/1/92) had an article about Ilfracombe's prospects for growth, and Col. Bob Gilliat's views (somewhat caustic) thereon - '83 and '92: he is a Town Councillor and was the Lundy Agent before John Puddy.

In Feb. there was a 3 hour evening cruise on the Oldenburg for the Children's Hospice South West - complete with Live Entertainment and Full Central Heating.

The WMN (27/2/92) reported that "the Coastline from Bolt Tail to Slapton including Salcombe Estuary, Falmouth Bay and the Lizard, the Isles of Scilly and Lundy in the Bristol Channel will all get extra protection, Environment Minister David Trippier announced last night. "One hopes the Water Board has heard this, and really is going to spend all yr. Ed's extra Water Rate on cleaning up the Severn Sea. There was a super little article (Times 11/2/92) complete with the picture of the Marisco Stores and Church. The raison d'être of the piece was the appointment of a new "landlord" for the Tavern.

In the NDJ (19/3/92) there was comment on the Torridge Lib. Dem. candidate's hiring the Oldenburg to "appeal to Torridge floating voters". In April the Island advertized an Election-Free Holiday, by which yr. Ed. was strongly tempted - one will NEVER scoff at Americans or Balkan states again. The Old Light got a mention (Times 14/3/92) in a write-up of Landmark "weekend retreats with eccentric appeal". The WMN (14/3/93) mentioned the successful "new publicans" Nigel Walker and Linzi Tagaki, whom LFS members will remember in Millcombe and the Tavern several years ago. The Times (21/3/92) carried a "Birdwatch" advertisement for a 12-day coastal cruise from Edinburgh to Dartmouth "with Nick Dymond and Dr. Morton Boyd. ND was the LFS/Lundy Warden when Ian Grainger was Agent.

In April the Times (21/4/92) told the sad tale of Albert the only Black Browed Albatross in the Atlantic off Herm Ness Cliffs Shetland, 30 years celihrate and rebuffed by the Shetland gannets, and compared his lot with the Ancient Murrelet off Lundy, who really needs the Aleutians, N. Pacific. The WMN (27/4/92) and NDJ (30/4/92) reported a twitcher (genus TRIPODICUS TELESCOPIUS) injured in his observation of the AM - Tony Freeman's pic. showed 19+ twitchers (about half the size of the current soay flock).

David Bellamy (WMN 22/4/92) "joined the concern expressed by marine conservationists over the effects of huge sand and gravel dredging operations planned off the N. Devon and Somerset coasts". DB reckons the Lundy reserve "will suffer with deposits of fine silt covering the sea-bed.... A thorough 5-year study will tell us exactly what effect dredging will have... yet Crown Estates are poised to approve... licensing applications on the unsubstantiated results of a brief study, commissioned and paid for by the dredging company": so much for David Trippier. The Times included Lundy (18/4/92) in its list of "seven beautiful away-from-it-all isles off Britain's Coast, (away from dredgers one hopes). In the Appreciation of Michael Lees (Times 7/4/92) by Nora Beloff - she says ML's research at the Public Record Office cast doubt not only on the judgement but also on the integrity of some of the leading British pro-Tito-ists. And no responsible Ed. dares take that kind of risk, particularly after the award of £1.5 million against Nikolai Tolstoi, who used the PRO files to challenge, unsuccessfully, Lord Aldington's reputation. This is the Tolstoi mentioned in Myrtle Ternström's diary for '62 (his parents met on Lundy).

In May the WMN (5/5/92) reported on "Twitchers spotted by rare birds", and, guess what, the Ancient Murrelet got a mention. Yr.Ed. also gleaned (Times 30/5/92) the fascinating information that if you are interested in Follies (Decorations to the Gentleman's Estate - not the end of Brighton Pier or Bergère) there is a Folly Fellowship you can belong to. You can also stay in the Bath House at Walton nr. Stratford or the Culloden Tower, Richmond, Yorkshire (Landmark Trust Properties). A new set of Puffin stamps was mentioned in the WMN (12/5/92). The NDJ gave space (21/5/92) to thhe Oldenburg's historic canal trip to Gloucester.

June saw a sea-drama off the North Light, when 18-year-old Gareth Smith swam ashore from a damaged speed-boat in which he and 2 friends had set off from Carmarthen Bay 2 days earlier. He climbed-up to the North Light and raised the alarm from there. This amazing feat and the accompanying criticisms of the removal of coastguard services to Swansea from N. Devon, were fully covered (Gazette 25/6/92 WMN 23/6/92 The Times 23/6/92 NDJ 25/6/92). Heard's Garage offered "a night on Lundy Island" as a prize when you ordered a New Rover between 1st and 22nd June. The myomatosis accidentally released by fleas off official ferrets was mentioned in the Independent (13/6/92). Lorna Gibson says the abundance of flora this year was astonishing, as a result of no rabbits. In June Mary Squire retired, and she is now living in Bideford. Mary's knowledge of the birds of the island, and the island itself was encyclopaedic - if Mary said a bird or plant or stone wall was in such a place, you knew it was. Her presence will be sorely missed, by visitors who remember when Felix Gade was "Mr. Lundy" from 1926-75 (NDJ 18/6/92 WMN 6/6/92.)

The reverberations of criticism of Coastguard cover were still to be heard in newspaper comments in July (WMN 18/7/92 and 16/7/92). There was a Green-peace trip to raise money for the Save the Whale Campaign (NDJ 9/7/92) and a record 230 people on an Open Day (WMN 8/7/92).

"Lundy Plan for Oil Rig" was the banner Headline (NDJ 6/8/92) "An oil rig could soon be drilling for oil as close as 20 miles to the North Devon Coast". After the Braer disaster one would have thought David Trippier might be more careful to consult the locals - but perhaps he's no longer Environment Minister - a week is a long time in politics: or perhaps he simply doesn't care - the SW is a long way from Westminster. On a more cheerful note, you may remember some Newsletters ago the Pineapple (one of the Landmark's Scottish properties) was noted as being mentioned everywhere: It has again reached public notice in the Observer 12/7/92. And, even Grandeur, (the Times 5/8/92), you can now rent Hampton Court Palace (well, not all of it) through the Landmark Trust. Very nice pic. of a Lundy pony (with Government House and the Castle [horizon] in the background, another Tony Freeman photo. (WMN 6/8/92)

Due to a sudden (and v. welcome) contribution the rest of the Editorial have to be squashed. In September there was the happiness of Mary Squire's son Peter and Chrissy Ayrton's wedding on Lundy - but there was the sadness of Nick Morrow's death and the redundancy of 8 island workers (WMN/NDJ/Daily Telegraph). The Advertiser had a photo. of the Rev'd D. Peyton Jones (29/10/92) rescued by the Clovelly Lifeboat when the 5 a.m. boat broke down on his returning from Lundy. And there was the drama of the goat picture on Gannet's Rock (WMN 10/10/92). Lundy rare corals were mentioned, (WMN 12/11/92). Two v. nice pics. of sheep shearing (29/12/92) and the Landing Bay (24/11/92), both taken by Frank Gibson, were in the WMN. (Stop Press): Jan 28th '93 NDJ Pollution dangers from Sewage, dredging and drilling for oil are still with us (David Trippier please note). Roger Chapple has let yr. Ed. have 2 pies. of Rat without lighthouse, and the building of South Light, complete with builders' cottages, also featured on John

Dyke's stamp design to celebrate the 75th year of the completion of the light by Trinity Ho. An air service is mentioned as a possibility (Aviation News 4-17 December '92) between Swansea and Lundy "it is expected that the service will use a Pilatus Britten Norman Islander".

TV prog.(Dec) Underwater film featuring Lundy Marine Reserve (gorgeous)

Please do keep writing (those of you who have) and do write (those of you who haven't) See you at the AGM March 6th '93, and/or the day trip to Lundy May 16th '93.

A LUNDY GHOST STORY by Colyear Dawkins (First published in the LFS Newsletter Jan. '86)

The scene was Lundy, possibly the autumn of 1937, but more probably the spring of '38. Certainly the Carmine Filomena had already arrived for its unplanned but permanent visit, and certainly the conditions were similar to those which put it on the Rat - thick fog with both lights thundering their intermittent warnings. I was to spend a few nights deliberately in the wild loneliness of the Old Light, silent of course unlike the others, while geologizing among the dykes and the granite/slate contact zone at the South End.

I had arrived as usual by Lerina, Mastered by Captain Dark and fascinatingly engineered by a powerful sandy-haired individual who breathed heavy fuel-oil and appeared to live on cotton waste. He gave me a lifelong yearning to work on ships, an ambition often reinforced by the Gannet, almost extinguished by the Polar Bear, and entirely unrealized by fate.

There was a horse and cart on the beach to take the luggage, and of course island supplies from Bideford up to the top. My kit was all in a large rucksack, and it must have been large because it certainly contained a small primus and a sleeping bag as well as the usual camper's clothing. There was also my geological hammer, doubtless strapped conspicuously to the outside. It would never do to put the thing where it might not be noticed, especially by Mr. Gade.

"Gi" Gade was an extremely satisfactory person for the exploratory and probably romantic teenager to get on with. He took just sufficient care to discourage folly on the cliffs or near the sea, with just sufficient authority to impress on the would-be explorer why he must be heeded. On top of all this, he always seemed to know as much about one's own special interests as oneself, yet thoroughly encouraged further enquiry. For instance he introduced me to the geologist John Dollar with very great benefit to me thenceforth. I sometimes think I owe my survival to Gi's insistence that the cliffs from Goat Island to Dead Cow Point were out-of-bounds, at least to boys who combined geology and hirs with exaggerated ideas on their own agility.

After the privilege of supper in Mrs. Gade's kitchen, I went off in the gloaming to the Old Light, through what is now known as Bull's Paradise and the Lighthouse Field above it. Compass in hand and straining eyes through the mist, the next wall always seemed to turn up at the wrong distance and with the wrong orientation, but comforting nevertheless. Mist was scudding over the ground from the west, hissing through the walls, bending the thistles and occasional old bracken eastwards and blowing drops of water from the top of every stone. Strangely, I always enjoyed this "Lundy weather" - that is until the cold and wet really penetrated and induced thoughts of the lights and warmth of the tavern.....

And so to bed down in the Old Light, in that upstairs room on the south side that looks over the Parson's Well, across the sweep of field to Rocket Pond and the crag above the Limekiln. However none of this was visible, since I had arrived after dark and in driving mist. Mr. Gade had given me a few candles, and since I had stayed there before, but with companions, it was not too difficult to get sorted out for the night. It was also exciting to feel miles from anywhere and on my own, cut off from civilisation by the fog and the night and the absence of fellow beings.

Sounds were far from absent: the North Light's double roar and the South's gun-cotton explosions were both occasionally audible, depending on eddies of the wind, and there were innumerable hums and moans and whistles and squeaks in the building itself with its chimneys and eaves and ill-fitting windows. It was admittedly a little scary, but all the sounds were plausible - and all were definitely Lundy - much the most consuming interest of my life at that time. But Lundy is nothing if not capable of surprises, and she worked a terrifying one on me that night.

I don't remember much about the middle of the night, beyond sleeping fitfully with long periods of wakefulness, listening to the weird voices of the wind and the creaks and thumps from loose panes and joinery all over the building.

But quite unforgettable was my pre-dawn awakening, the night still apparently pitch dark, by the sound of slow and slithering footsteps, crackling grittily along the stone slabs at the foot of the stairs. The footsteps were utterly realistic, and were accompanied by rattling, as of chains and wheezy breathing, and interrupted by meaningless little pauses - silent except for the usual background of the wind. I found myself totally incapacitated by fear; sheer rigid terror making it impossible to move a muscle, let alone reach for the torch hidden somewhere down in the sleeping bag. I even remember being conscious of this state, and thinking "so this is what it means to be paralysed with fear", and it did not help at all to realize that the ghostly sounds were too exactly story-book to be likely. The grim impression was that they were real - and indeed were only the beginning.

The gritty shuffling and rattles finally stopped, but were followed after another pause by two loud clangs like dropping the chains, then an appalling series of very loud groans, choking sounds, screeches and rattles echoing around the old granite walls and continuing for at least half a minute. The effect of this on my state of mind can easily be imagined, probably correctly. Followed a pause with ghostly but obvious panting - human or otherwise to further heighten my terrors - and then the whole sequence again in reverse, first the half-minute of apparently excruciating torture, then the

shuffling footsteps and wheezing, but without the rattling chains - and this time (Oh Joy!) - clearly receding and finally fading out into the night and becoming engulfed in the wind and mist.

All this time it had been dawning, but un-noticed by me in my abject state. So it cannot have been more than a few minutes before I recovered and went downstairs to investigate, and to feel myself as possibly the biggest fool on Lundy.

The fact was that the Old Light was by no means so wonderfully isolated up there as it had seemed. Living next door in Stoneycroft there were real people - not spooks. Their water supply was the well under the Light and the pump stood in the passage between the tower and the crews quarters. The pump was one of those massive long-handled affairs like nearly all village pumps in Devon, serviceable but none too well greased and well capable of groaning, screeching and rattling. Moreover as I subsequently discovered, it was sufficiently strenuous in use to make anyone want to get their breath back between filling one bucket and starting on the next. Add to this the facts that at least one of the inmates of Stoneycroft was elderly, collected two buckets of water every morning, and used a couple of equally elderly buckets with loosely fixed handles to do so, and you have a full explanation of the whole Mystery of the Haunted Old Light.

What I had experienced was a genuine Ghost Story - every bit as real as any you will find in more contrived situations, and for once not in a Rectory. But I never dared tell it to the Gades. Mr. Gade had a pastel portrait up in the bar, of a former cowman, who he used to point to as having been "the biggest fool on Lundy". I never was one for breaking records, so kept my peace.

LUNDY STAMP MEET - Held on Lundy 31st October to Tuesday 3rd November 1992. Organized by Lundy, principally by Wendy Puddy, Postmistress.

Day 1, Saturday 31st October 1992

Twenty two Lundy collectors, mainly members of the Lundy Collectors Club, set out from Bideford Quay. The weather was perfect and the crossing an absolute millpond. The names of those who attended the Meet included the following: Stanley Newman and daughter Karen, Jon Aitchison, Roger Allen, Michael Bale, Jim Mullett and wife Norma, Wim Ros and wife, Tom Baker, John May, Robin Tapper, Tony Philpotts, John Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Smith, Christopher Willis, Michael Beck, Eric Church and Roger Wyatt. John Dyke, Reg Lo-Vell and Wendy Puddy from the island also attended the meetings.

The first official activity did not take place until five o'clock and so, in the sun, a walk to the Quarries was quickly arranged and enjoyed by us all.

At five o'clock the party gathered in the Quarters and were welcomed briefly by John Puddy who had to leave the island on the same boat that brought us. Wendy Puddy took over and spoke to us at length about the Lundy Post Office activities. She was very positive and we all listened attentively. We were informed that the next Lundy stamp issue would probably take place in the early part of 1994, but the subject matter of the issue was still undecided.

She reminded us that in early December 1992 the island will recommence the 1920's practice of placing the Lundy stamps on the front of the envelopes and not on the back. This has been approved by the General Post Office who have agreed that Lundy stamps may be placed at the bottom left hand corner of the covers, as far away as possible from the national stamps but still on the front.

Other matters that arose from her comments and from subsequent discussion included the possibility of the issue of Lundy postal stationery with copies of definitive stamps printed on cards and envelopes. The practice of selling cards with Lundy stamps already fixed on them to avoid the misplacing of stamps by day trippers was also discussed.

On a serious note, Wendy asked us all to refrain from asking her to cancel any items that did not come within the parameters of the Lundy stamp issuing policy; bisects, overprints, non-Lundy labels etc.etc. The Landmark Trust is very happy to continue a stamp issuing policy but wishes all items leaving the island to be of a correct and official nature. They intend to continue the high standard of printing and to maintain the integrity of the Lundy Stamps.

The other serious matter that emerged was her concern about the proliferation of Dartmoor style letter boxes on Lundy. The first three of these letter boxes were an excellent idea, the next five were acceptable but any additional boxes could turn the idea into a farce. In any event, Wendy insists that the island officers should be consulted concerning these boxes for security and safety reasons and for the reason stated above.

Dinner was taken in the Tavern restaurant and we were all allowed to keep our meal vouchers, carefully cancelled, as part of the souvenir portfolio of the weekend.

Day 2. Sunday 1st November 1992

The day was fine again and Andrew Gibson, the island warden, led us on a tour of the South East corner, taking in the church, castle, rocket pond, Old Light and the High Street complex. For those visiting Lundy for the first time, this tour was invaluable.

At two o'clock we met again for what was to be one of the high spots of the weekend. John Dyke spoke to us about his Lundy stamp designing career and his long connection with the island. He brought along many of his designs and drawings for us to examine. He mentioned some drawings that he had made for unaccepted stamp designs but which have been subsequently lost, including a very early pre-1939 item, an essay of a Martin Coles Harman portrait based on the Lundy coins and also a map stamp design.

He spoke of his early contacts with M. C. H.. In fact he did not get to Lundy until 1948, when he came for fourteen days and stayed in the Old Light, which had become the rent free Headquarters of the Lundy Field Society in 1947. He showed us some beautiful water-colours of the island which he made at that time and which most of us have never seen before.

The whole wall behind John was covered with his drawings, designs and essays which he used for a series of reminiscences about people of past times on Lundy. These included Lt. Catchpole the Marine Commander at the Old Light during the war, Barbara Snow (nee Whittaker) one of the earliest wardens, Bob Boyd the pilot and others.

The wall display contained designs of the very earliest stamps with which John was involved; the 1951 Flying Birds set, up to the the most recent definitives. It also contained designs for cancellors, including the cancellation for the M. V. Lindblad visit. Unfortunately this polar exploration ship suffered damage in the Antarctic and the visit never took place. There was also a fine pencil drawing of Diana Keast and Mrs. Gade processing the 1961 Boats issue.

He finished his reminiscences with a series of criticisms of those of his designs which in some way did not please him. He believed that the Royal portraits for the 1977 Silver Jubilee set were not good. He made the mistake of presuming that the drawing which he used for the 11 1/2 puffin green value in the 1979 50th Anniversary set was Mr. Gade, but in fact it is Frank Cannon. He criticised the borders around the U.S. centenary set as being too fussy and obtrusive. He never liked the pink colour of the 1951 Flying Birds 1p value.

Before he sat down, John passed round some comic drawings which he had made of some of the party there present, including Stanley Newman and Reg Lo-Vell. He said that he had never heard of the use of the word MEET as in Stamp Meet, and he had at first misunderstood the whole event. As evidence of this he showed us a drawing he had made of a leg of lamb being cancelled with the Lundy hand-stamp - Stamp-Meat!! His gift to each member of the party was a coloured drawing of a 1924 beach party including Fred Allday, Lundy Postmaster, Miss Sage the hotel manageress, and various naval personnel. Each of these drawings is personalised to the recipient and is signed by John and Wendy.

After tea, Andrew Gibson the warden presented a slide show of scenes of the island. It included general views of parts of Lundy which we could not see that week end, the animals and plants, the graveyard and the winding gear site at the top of the quarries. After Andrew had finished, Judge Christopher Willis showed us four slides in connection with the Six Brothers Field given to the National Trust for the use of the people of Chaldon, Surrey by Martin Coles Harman in 1927. Judge Willis also gave everyone a copy of the National Trust leaflet written by Tony Langham that tells the history of the Six Brothers Field.

Day 3. Monday 2nd November.

By 11 o'clock Stanley Newman had spread the trestle tables in the Quarters with rows and rows of covers and items of historical interest which he referred to as he progressed in his talk. He began by telling us that his interest in Lundy began with obtaining a few chance items in an auction in 1981 and from that chance beginning he is now on Number 20 of his famous Lundy auctions.

He divided the issues of Lundy stamps into eight historical phases as follows: 1929-1935. The Harman classic: 1935-1939. Air Services Period: 1939-1943. The Wartime Overprints: 1950-1951. First John Dyke designs: 1953-1963. Medawar/Wallpaper period: 1963-1969. Lundy's own inspired era: 1969-1982. 1st Landmark Trust period: 1982-1992. 2nd Landmark Trust period.

Using quotations from Felix Gade's memoirs to back up his comments, Stanley commented on each of these historical periods. He reminded us that the first 1929-1930 issues were printed in huge numbers and large stocks remained for overprinting right up to 1969, that is, for forty years. This is a very rare situation in the stamp issuing world.

He mentioned the Bob Boyd controversies during the air period before the war, in particular the 1/2 puffin large map bisect. Coins and stamps of this period had been sent to King George V by the Marquis of Carisbrooke on behalf of Martin Coles Harman. Because of the stance he maintained on independence, M.C.H. did not want to send these items to the King himself.

Rigby Hall was the philatelic agent during the war, operating out of Kettering for much of the time. Stanley mentioned that the only original item produced in this period was the Tighearna miniature sheet.

Antoine Medawar was a world-wide dealer with premises in Grays Inn Road. He died in 1964. During the 1953-1956 period there was officially only air transport for Lundy Mails but Medawar produced 19 surface mail stamps amongst his wallpaper issues. Medawar is often criticised for his Lundy business deals, but it is true that the lump sums he gave Lundy in return for his stamp printing rights gave the island a much needed financial boost. He was also instrumental in getting Lundy included on published lists in 1961 of stamp issuing authorities issuing "Europa" sets. M.C.H. was impressed by this feat but realised that profit would not only accrue to Lundy but also to Medawar and insisted at this point that Lundy should receive a fee of £1000.00 from Medawar and not the originally agreed £500.00.

The matter of acceptance of Lundy amongst the "Europa" countries changed Albion Harman's attitude towards the Lundy stamps. He became much more enthusiastic after this episode.

It was observed that very few of the Medawar wallpaper issues were used by Mr. Gade commercially on covers during the period of their issue. It is not clear whether there were in fact few of the millions of these stamps actually on Lundy

or whether Mr. Gade preferred using the classic definitives and 1951 birds on inward and outward covers. It was suspected that the latter was the case.

The Post Medawar period saw stamps of a high standard of design and printing and issued in very much lower numbers. It is generally accepted that the Lundy Churchill design is infinitely better than the G.P.O. Churchill stamps.

November 1950 saw the Lerina's last trip and Walter Bond a pilot moved to start up a new air service and Ft.Lt. Drabble, a pilot with an artificial leg, actually got the service going. There were no boats till the Gannet was purchased in 1956.

Stanley's talk ended with a recording of himself being interviewed on BBC 2 in 1984 on the John Dunne Programme talking about Lundy and its stamps. It was obvious that Stanley had put a great deal of research and effort into preparing his lecture and we enjoyed and appreciated all that he had to say and show us immensely.

After lunch Michael Bale, the Ilfracombe stamp dealer and Lundy collector took over from Stanley and covered the tables with a vast collection of ephemera of Lundy. The subjects of this fascinating show included original photographs of the Montagu, pamphlets, postcards, shipping notices, invoices, posters, books about Lundy and turgid novels set on Lundy, puffins, a book of pressed leaves by Colin Taylor, Gosse Crest China and a myriad other items.

Michael started collecting Lundy in the early 1980's and purchased the collections of George Ulrich in the late 80's and the collection of Ian Wilkinson in 1992. He started collecting Lundy postcards ten years ago and now has a collection of 750.

After dinner Andrew Gibson produced three videos for our entertainment. The first was a 1985 T.V. documentary entitled "Lundy Mystic Isle" with a commentary by Terry Wogan. The photography was superb but the comments were patronising, insincere and trite.

The second film was called "Puffin Summer" and was in fact the life cycle of the puffins on Skomer Island. A lovely film illustrating the stupidity of the puffins and way they are exploited by gulls but exonerating our favourite birds by revealing, with superb underwater shots, their skill in deep water swimming and their remarkable similarity to penguins under the sea.

The third item was a recording of a November 1991 Channel 5, Paris T.V. film entitled "Isle de Lundy". Once again the photography far exceeded the quality of the dialogue. All the islanders of the time had a chance to say something but only what the film makers wanted them to say. The film makers were determined that Lundy was a miserable unhappy place and that all the islanders were equally unhappy, for example, Mary Gade sat and lugubriously intoned how desolate and windswept it all was in winter.

4th Day. Tuesday 3rd November.

An early breakfast and assembly on the beach at 9.30 for departure. Once again the weather was with us and the sea like a mirror. Everyone was in total agreement that the weekend had been a great success and if it could possibly be arranged again in 1993 there would be an even better response than this year. We were profuse in our thanks to Wendy for her help and organisation and were prepared to come again next year even if the same programme were to be repeated which of course with all the resources of the Lundy Collectors Club at hand could never happen.

NEW HANDSTAMPS THAT CAME INTO USE AS A RESULT OF THE STAMP-MEET.

Three new handstamps came into use on the 31st October 1992 as a result of the Stamp Meet. Lundy produced a special and official handstamp to be used on all mail for the three days of the stamp week end only. It is black, rectangular and reads as follows: LUNDY 31.10-3.11 1992 FIRST STAMP & POSTCARD MEET. It also depicts a flying puffin.

A second handstamp, designed and donated by Jon Aitchison for use on the Oldenburg, is a rectangular ships mark in black and depicting a very clearly detailed drawing of the ship. The inscription is simply MS OLDENBURG.

The third cancellor, also donated by Jon Aitchison, is a paquebot handstamp for the Oldenburg. It is in two lines, in blue and reads: MS OLDENBURG-LUNDY PAQUEBOT.

LUNDY FOR THE NEW YEAR 1993 - Diana and Ashley Greaves

This was our fourth visit to Lundy, our third with our friends and our second stay in Government House. The four of us loved Government House when we visited in September '91, we felt very comfortable with its spaciousness and its two bathrooms are a real luxury. Most of all we were looking forward to sitting by a real fire in the evenings, glass of Scotch in hand, contemplating our day's ramblings.

Part of our reason for visiting Lundy in the middle of the winter is so that our friends could experience what we call "Lundy weather" - horizontal rain and rain and wind so strong you cannot stand up in it - wonderful when you have the comforts of Government House to retreat to in the evening. Our friends tend to bring good weather whenever we holiday with them; our previous two visits to Lundy have coincided with heatwaves, May '90 and September '91, and New Year 1993 also saw good weather. New Year's Day itself at the North End was like a balmy September day, and Benjamin's Chair on our last day was a real sun trap. That's one of the things we love about Lundy; it's so unpredictable.

Lundy at New Year for us meant isolation, no mid-week boats bringing day-trippers, and knowing that everyone crazy enough to visit in the midst of winter would love the place just as much as we did. The thought of spending New Year's

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Eve by the Tavern fire was very compelling. Unfortunately there were no piano players in the company, but a few rousing songs and it didn't really matter. We half expected to be plunged into darkness whilst midnight struck, but on that night the electricity stayed on until nearly 2am and then a bright moon saw us all safely home.

The more times we visit Lundy the more we want to give back to it. In future we may well visit with a LFS work party. All we were able to do was uproot the odd Rhododendron seedling near Brazen Ward, collect litter and report the fact that the Quarry beach rope was badly frayed. But, we feel Lundy appreciated our efforts and gave back so much more in return. We discovered Pilot's Quay for the first time, having spotted the steps and the rope from the Islander on a New Year's Eve round the island trip - another first! It was good to get so near the sea, and to realise that for an island of inaccessible cliffs there are a surprising number of places where you can reach the waves. We enjoyed seeing rows of Guillemots from the boat at the North East corner. We learnt more about the wrecks from Chris, the warden's son and were fascinated to find him first footing with coal from the Carmine Filomena. We also enjoyed visiting favourite old baunts and noticing any changes - the new letterbox site at Mousehole and Trap - the silence of the VC Quarry.

It was important for us to welcome in the New Year, this time so full of hope for so many people, in a place that to us is so real. It gave us a strong sense of renewal. Lundy helps us to remember what is important about the world - like the brightness of the stars at night, the changing shape of the moon and the regular flashing of the lighthouses. To us tired old city dwellers, the sunrise and the sunset and the infinite horizon offer a real perspective. And the purity of Lundy, the lichen growths, the clear seas and the clean, fluffy sheep, all proof of its wellbeing, ensure that we will always return.

FROM CINDERELLA STAMP CLUB. News Letter No 55, April '92
BPPSG Ed: R.E. Allen. 146 Headstone Lane, Harrow, Middlesex. HA2 6JT.

The British Library Press Release: 14/01/92

British Library Receives Lundy Philatelic Archive

The British Library has recently received an archive of postal and philatelic material relating to Lundy Island from The Landmark Trust. The Trust, who have administered the island since 1969, operate the postal service between Lundy and the mainland. They presented all the artwork, essays, proofs and issued stamps from 1969 together with 48 handstamped postmark devices dating from the introduction of the postal service in 1929 to the present day.

Notes to Editors

1. Lundy is a small granite island three and a half miles long and half a mile wide situated in the Bristol Channel on the western coast of Great Britain.
2. The Lundy private postal service is today the oldest local post of its kind in the world still functioning. The service was opened in 1929 after the closure of the government post office on the island. Each year 30 - 40,000 pieces of mail are sent from the island. There have been some 250 stamps issued in the history of the postal service. Most of the stamps show various island scenes and birds, especially the puffin from which Lundy derives its name. For further information about the postal service and its stamps, please contact Wendy Puddy, the Lundy Post Office, Lundy Island, Devon EX39 2LY (0237) 431831.
3. The British Library already holds the Chinchon Collection of Lundy stamps, donated in 1977 by Barry Chindhen. Now that the Library has been donated The Landmark Trust archives it holds a comprehensive collection of the Lundy Postal Service.
4. The British Library is one of the world's greatest research centres. Its Philatelic Collections are the National Philatelic Collections of the United Kingdom and comprise material from most countries and periods. Further information from The British Library Philatelic Collections, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3DG (071) 3237635/6.

BPPSG Newsletter No. 56. 'July 1992
Obituary - Ian Wilkinson

Ian Wilkinson, a prominent and active member of this study group died on 21 May after fighting bravely against heart trouble and cancer. Ian had several collecting interests, most importantly for us, the stamps and postal history of Lundy. Over the years he had built up not only an impressive collection, but a great store of knowledge which he was always prepared to share with fellow collectors through his writings, letters and delightful conversation. He has left us much useful material in articles in this Newsletter, in *The Private Post* (1980 - 81), *The Puffin*, and the *Lundy Collectors Club Philatelic Quarterly*. He was also interested in the local issues of Herm, in the Recorded Delivery service, Greetings telegrams, and Letter Boxes. Shortly before his death Ian published his own guide/catalogue of British Greetings Telegrams - a handsome little book which has already proved popular with collectors and has gained good reviews.

For many years Ian was Editor of the Newsletter of the Letter Box Study Group, and on behalf of that Group, produced an attractive series of letter box postcards. He worked tirelessly for the LBSG and when he relinquished his duties last year, the Group made him a much-deserved and generous presentation for his hard work. Ian's impressive collection of miniature letter boxes (and a few full-size ones) is now in the National Postal Museum, London. Part of the collection is on display in the main gallery, along with items from Ian's collection of model Post Office vans. The Museum also has his collection of postcards, photographs, stamps, postmarks and other paper items relating to letter boxes. It was probably the largest collection of post box material in the UK and took Ian some 20 years of visiting antique, junk, and souvenir shops to acquire. Even after he sold his collection to the Museum, he was still busy looking for further material.

But it is as a serious collector of Lundy stamps that we in BPPSG will miss him. When the Group was set up in 1977, Ian soon started to contribute to the Newsletter and was a great help to me as Editor. When it was decided to hold the Group's first meeting I telephoned a number of members to see if they would come along to show material from their collections. Most made excuses or vague promises but Ian (who I had never met or spoken to before) was full of enthusiasm and promised a good showing of Lundy material. He kept his word and we all enjoyed not only a display of fine stamps and covers but an interesting and witty talk. I met Ian on numerous occasions, at meetings, exhibitions, at

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the National Postal Museum, and in the pub! He was always good company - even in recent years when his health was deteriorating. He was in good spirits when I last met him in Stampex in March and his last letter, a couple of weeks before he died, was, as always, cheerful and interesting.

Ian has left us rather earlier than I expected and it is strange to think that we will not see his smile and bow-tie again, nor listen to his amusing stories. Many, like me, will remember him with great affection and send his wife Daphne our heart-felt sympathy. Amongst members of BPPSG Ian will not be forgotten.
John Holman.

BPPSG Newsletter No.57 October '92
Dartmoor Letterbox Style Handstamps on Lundy

There are now seven Dartmoor style handstamps on the island, with the following titles: Lundy: the Battery. The Marisco Tavern. Rat Island. Lundy Mouse Hole. Lundy South Light. Lundy North Light. Lundy Old Light. The actual location of all these letterboxes will not be revealed in this article so as not to spoil the fun for visitors to Lundy. It should be pointed out however, that there is a new version of the Rat Island letterbox as the first one placed there has deteriorated beyond acceptance. The Mousehole letterbox has been moved to a less dangerous location and the handstamp has also been renewed.

Market Coins. Ian Arnold List No. 9.

Ian Arnold's latest list of Lundy ephemera contains the following items:

1. A set of three black and white cards depicting prints of the Marisco Castle taken from F. Grosses's 'Antiquities of England and Wales. 1775'. Total printing of 60 of each card. Price £1.50 the set, mint. i) The West Aspect. ii) The Marisco Castle. iii) A plan of the Castle. These cards have the Allen Postcard Catalog Nos. MA 038, MA 039, and MA 040.
2. The above cards but with the additional printing on the reverse: "First released for sale Lundy Collectors Club meeting Bideford, 3rd August 1991". These cards are used with 24p, 25p, and 26p Lundy stamps and bear a cachet "First Day of issue" (of the cards). Set of these cards £5.00.
3. Black and white card showing Frank Cannon collecting the Lundy mail. Total printing 100. Price 50p each card. This card has the Allen Catalog number MA 043.
4. "A start to the day on Lundy". Card shows two ladies with full shopping baskets leaving the Tavern/shop. Total printing 100. Price per card 50p. This card has the Allen Catalog number MA 044.
5. Card with map of Lundy. Taken from the 1979 Ordnance Survey. Framed space on front to place Lundy stamp. Total printing 100. Price per card 50p. This card has the Allen Catalog number MA 047.
6. Card with line drawing of an artists impression of the proposed pier for Lundy. Total printing 100. Price per mint card 50p. This card has the Allen Catalog number MA 045.
Postally used on 5.5.92 with cachet "Lundy Field Society Excursion" in red. Total printing 25 only. Price per card £1.50
7. Coloured card depicting 15 different Lundy stamps. Inscription on reverse reads "For over 60 years Lundy has issued definitive and commemorative stamps such as these". Total printing 500.
 - i) Used on first day of new machine frank and carries the additional printing on reverse "New design machine cancel. First used 18th April 1991". Total printing 50 only. Price £1.50 each.
 - ii) Used on first day of issue of definitive stamps of 2.7.91 (22p, 27p and 100p). Total produced 30 only of each value. Price £5.00 for set of 3.
 - iii) Used as FDC for "Discover Lundy" set of 19.5.92. Only 15 produced. Price £1.50 each.
8. Large format cover 6.5" x 9" with reproduction of 1951 hird definitives on front. Used as FDC for the "Discover Lundy" set of 19.5.92. Only 15 produced. Price £6.50 each.

Market Coins Coloured Stamp Postcard. (Illustrating 15 different Lundy Stamps).

This postcard, number 7. in the list given immediately above, has also been reproduced as a small perforated label with no value or inscription. It is now tied to covers by a red "MARKET COINS" circular handstamp.

DEVON LIFE'S LUNDY

The present Ed. of Devon Life has given his kind permission to use the following material, culled from the Feb. '82, Feb. '83, June '84 and May '92 issues.

The Feb. '82 article by Michael Edwards is called "the Ponies of Lundy Island," and records Angela Bendall's work with the then 10 brood mares, yearlings, foals and a stallion....Mr. Martin Coles-Harman, who bought Lundy in 1925, is credited with establishing the ponies on the island in 1928, when he brought about 42 in-foal New Forest mares (taking care to introduce hay animals) and a Welsh/Arab stallion named 'Pepper'.

Harman was fascinated by the adaptability of mainland animals to island life. Could these ponies survive? The answer was that they could.

'Pepper' left a splendid colt called 'Midnight' who reigned supreme on Lundy until 1960, when he was sold to Mrs. Peggy Garvey's Braetor Stud and renamed 'Trapalanda.' A pure white stallion was brought to Lundy. He was followed by a splendid dun Connemara stallion named 'Rosenaharley Peadar' who did more to improve the herd than any other. One had only to compare the present Lundy pony with a Connemara. The likeness is quite remarkable. Lundy then exchanged 'Peadar' for Mrs. Garvey's 'Legend of Braetor,' after which a pure bred New Forest Stallion, 'Greenwood Minstrel' was introduced. Good tactics, since, although new blood has been brought to the island, the same lines have been kept all the way through. A part-bred Arab stallion stayed one season as did a thoroughbred which couldn't stand up to the winter. Lundy's present stallion is 'Knightwood Grenadier,' sired by a famous New Forest pony called 'Knightwood Spitfire.'

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From the original mares and imported stallions, a mild-tempered, hardy, good-looking and useful children's pony has emerged - and is still emerging.

With a well laid back, deep and well sprung body with sound limbs they make ideal pony club ponies, jumpers and hunters; and being placid and sure-footed, make excellent trekking ponies.

The stock consists of approximately ten brood mares, yearlings, foals and a stallion. The height of a Lundy pony can be between 12.0 hands to 14.0 hands, with the ideal height at 13.02 hands. Though the Lundy pony isn't yet a breed, the herd is acknowledged by the National Pony Society and was first accepted for registration in 1971.

Only dun ponies are kept on the island, as Mrs. Bendall explained; "We are still using a New Forest stallion because we simply haven't got a good enough Lundy stallion. Such interbreeding at this stage would give us throwbacks, which is the very last thing we want."

"We are still trying to improve the pony and to breed a good-looking animal, which in itself isn't too difficult, but it is just as easy to slip back if you are not extra careful. The biggest weakness is in the hind quarters. We have improved the shoulder but it's still not quite right. The problem in seeking such conformation is that one doesn't lose the superb temperament these charming ponies have."

"To establish the herd as a breed will take a hundred years; maybe I'm being pessimistic. If you push it you'll suffer throwbacks. While they are in my care I'll take my time, pick and choose and sell off anything I don't like. And of course, I have the full backing of the Landmark Trust."

She is very fortunate to have a good veterinary practice on the other end of the telephone, so should any pony fall ill, she simply describes as accurately as possible the symptoms. She has now got used to the dosage for certain ages of ponies and there is little danger of her overdoing it. All treatment is documented in the event of the problem cropping up again, in which case she knows exactly what to do. All the ponies are wormed every eight weeks.

Every pony born on Lundy is halter broken and branded. Most foals are sold in the autumn before the winter weather prevents the boat leaving. To drive the ponies down the one and a half mile of tortuous and steep beach road they have to be quiet and sensible, but temperament is one of the Lundy pony's biggest assets. But if Angela had her way all the foals would stay until they had learned more basic lessons. The ones that have stayed, marooned owing to bad weather, have sold very well. Indeed, people will pay almost anything for them.

Every buyer receives an impressive certificate and several photographs, one of which shows the old lighthouse in the background for authenticity...

The Feb. '83 article (also by Michael Edwards) is called "Land of the Puffins." The Andrew Cleave referred to in the article is mentioned in the Newsletter (1984) apropos the Ophioglossum. (Adderstongue fern)...Several seabird surveys have been undertaken, but because they have largely taken place late in the season, include many immatures which can be in attendance at a colony even if they have no intention of breeding. However, the number present can depend not only on weather and feeding conditions at the time of the count, but on the breeding success and post fledging survival two and more years before. So why are our puffins in peril?

The decline of the small fish on which puffins feed has been investigated as has the increase of industrial fishing for small fish for conversion into fish meal, but their disappearance has not been such to warrant the heavy puffin mortality.

Others have blamed toxic chemicals, but this was ruled out when eggs were found to contain negligible chemical count. Some have blamed the predatory Great Black-backed Gull, but the Lundy Field Society control numbers by pricking eggs...The puffin's decline may be due to oil pollution, and if not, to some obscure changes in the ecology of the sea which may or may not be associated with human activity...

The June '84 article has beautiful colour photos of the East Side, Church, the Old Light, and an aerial view of the island. There is also a truly splendid pic. of P.J. (the Rev'd Donald L. Peyton-Jones DSC, Hon. Chaplain, Missions to Seaman, Priest in Charge of Lundy), working at his table in the vestry. One forgets the whirligig of time brings in changes. The article refers to the helicopter service from Hartland, the Polar Bear sailing out of Ilfracombe, and Millcombe as a Hotel.

There are several errors. The Landmark is said to own the island. The Mariscos are spoken of as a "Norman" family. The island is said to have "become Crown property" after the execution of Wm. de Marisco: it was always so, and its "owners" were tenants-in chief, and tenants of theirs. Lundy was sold finally to Wm. de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury in Edward III's reign.

The quarries are said to have been still worked in 1964, though this could be a printer's error. Granite is said to have been used for building the Victoria Embankment, which is not so.

I was interested to read that then ('84) the black rat was still living on Rat Island, and that the Air Ministry used the airfield during the war '39-'45. The article asserts that there are over 400 different types of birds and 400 varieties of flora, and neither is the case. And the island is hardly a "retreat" for wild goats and ponies.

The article is a striking example of the difficulty of finding useful secondary material for an archive. J.R. Chanter used Steinman Steinman, and Loyd used J.R.C., and later historians use all three. Of course, it makes research terribly exciting.

The May '92 article by Derek Webb is called "Lundy Island, the Kingdom of Heaven," and is full of detail about the Heavens' occupation of the island. As the writer does not say where his facts come from, I cannot offer the sources either, but you can see how useful such sources would be, with one's appetite whetted by a very interesting piece. It is accompanied by that marvellous photo of 5 ladies and 3 gentlemen (and a picnic table in the background) on Benjies' Chair. The ladies' crinolines (1864 vintage) look to be Natural Hazards of the most dangerous order when visiting such a picnic site, more favoured today for Natural sunbathing. The other photo. is the tennis game in 1888 in front of the Manor Farm (now Old House South and Old House North and Square Cottage) on the Tennis Lawn.

...A century ago the owners of Lundy were one family who, for more than 80 years, stamped their personality on it and did much to make the island as we know it today. Their name was Heaven. If we regard Lundy nowadays as remote, think how isolated it must have been for the Heaven family; yet their motivation for going to the island was exactly the same as ours might be today - to get away from the hurly-burly.

Lundy was bought in 1836, for £9,870, as a summer resort for the family by William Hudson Heaven. A wealthy Bristol businessman and a freeman of the city. William Heaven had inherited estates in Jamaica from his godfather. On taking possession of the island, one of his first tasks was to build the house known today as Millcombe House. Standing at the head of a wooded valley looking down on the landing beach, the house has a very commanding position. Built in late Georgian style, the house boasted running water and washbasins in the bedrooms; which, at the time, would have been considered very progressive indeed even on the mainland. Its island situation, however, meant that getting it built must have been a massive effort. Not only did all the materials for its construction have to be brought across by boat, but they then had to be hauled by donkeys and sleds up an extremely steep path from the beach.

Only after the house was built did William decide on building an easier route up from the beach. Originally he approached Trinity House with the idea of collaborating in the construction of the new road. They were, after all, likely to be by far the heavier users of the proposed new road; transporting T.H. stores, coal and oil to the lighthouse which had been built on the top of the island some 20 years before.

Trinity House engineers however, declared the task to be 'practically impossible'. So, undaunted, William Heaven went ahead and designed the road himself. After it was built, he refused Trinity House permission to use the new route, until some time later when an agreement was reached whereby they could use the road on condition that they also maintain it. Despite two landslides, in 1969 and 1978, 'Beach Road' remains the sole way up on to the island plateau and is testimony to William Heaven's determination and tenacity.

Sadly his personal fortunes were not to prove so resilient. He suffered heavy financial losses in 1842 and it became clear that maintaining both a Bristol home and Lundy would prove too expensive. The family, by this time consisting of William, his wife Cecilia and seven children, decided to stay in Lundy for most of the year; renting a house in Bristol for the worst of the winter months.

To supplement their income, the farm on Lundy was leased and the possibility of exploiting mineral deposits was examined. In the event, it was not until 1863 that a serious attempt was made to realise the natural resources of the island. In July of that year the Lundy Granite Company was set up. The island, with the exception of remaining areas used directly by the Heaven family, was leased to the company and William Hudson Heaven was to receive royalties on all stone that was exported.

It is difficult to imagine the shattering effect that this would have on such a peaceful island. Not only did it bring with it the noise and disturbance of continual quarry blasting, but it also created an acute housing shortage. Some 300 additional people had to be housed. Cottages for the managers, hunkhouses for the workers and even a hospital were built, traces of which still remain today. You can also follow the old track bed of the mineral railway which took the granite blocks down to waiting ships for transportation. [And, if you take a stroll along the Victoria Embankment in London, you will have discovered one of its many destinations; it was Lundy granite that was used in the Embankment's construction].

The company's success was short-lived however. Within five years it was in financial difficulties and was finally wound up in 1868; the lease reverting back to the Heaven family. Some of the cottages built by the company were to provide some helpful additional income. Refurbished in 1872, they were let for holidays at a rent of £24 per annum.

Three years later William Hudson Heaven was to suffer a stroke that left him partially paralysed and deprived of speech. Unable to take care of the island, it was left in the hands of his eldest son Hudson Grosett who had returned to Lundy some years before. Educated at Oxford, he had taken holy orders and then became a teacher in Somerset. This experience he put to good use on the island. Besides attending to the spiritual needs of the islanders, he taught in day and Sunday schools for the boys and night school for the men, with the assistance of his sisters, sister-in-law and cousin.

A great reader, Hudson Grosett Heaven was nicknamed 'Philosopher' by the family and this, in due course, became shortened to 'Phi'. Indeed he had accumulated well over 1000 books at Millcombe House and, not surprisingly, it became a library for the islanders. As curate in charge of the island he held services every Sunday which, if the congregation was small enough, were held in the hall at Millcombe. In 1885 however, Lundy had a new church built. This was a corrugated iron affair which took a mere eight days to erect, dedicated by the Bishop of Exeter in August that year. Being a temporary structure, it could not be consecrated, so consequently no marriages could be performed there.

Lundy had to wait another 12 years for the church it still boasts today; and what an unlikely building it is. Seemingly oversized and far too grand for such a small island, this the church of St Helena, was the realisation of a dream for the Reverend Hudson Heaven. It was his life-long ambition to have a consecrated building on Lundy. Built in Victorian Gothic style, the church was designed by J. Norton who was the architect of a great many churches in towns throughout England. And that is exactly what makes St Helena so remarkable. It looks for all the world like a typical English town church; and can accommodate a congregation of 165. Yet here it is, perched on a tiny island which, at its peak, supported less than 300 people and for many is known only as a name in the shipping forecast. On the day of the church's consecration, that shipping forecast would have made very grim listening. The sea was unusually rough and the pleasure steamer Brighton, carrying the Bishop of Exeter for the ceremony was badly tossed about.

Unperturbed however, Bishop Bickersteth made light of the experience in his consecration speech. "One must expect," he said, "to have to face many difficulties before finally reaching the 'kingdom of Heaven'!"

Now that Lundy had a proper church, that original iron church became the parish hall. But the islanders still came to Millcombe House to borrow books, on special occasions such as Christmas when they would receive presents, and for medical help. The house had become the 'doctor's surgery' with the closure of the quarry company's hospital and first aid too was added to the Reverend Heaven's list of accomplishments. A good supply of medicines was kept in the 'Physic room', but for those cases which were beyond his capabilities, a fire was lit on Beacon Hill (the highest point on the island) to signal for help. One fire indicated that a boat was required, if the patient was able to withstand the journey to the mainland. Two fires meant a more serious case; and the presence of a doctor was needed on the island. In fact, the Reverend Heaven's sister Amelia was herself never in good health. She had a shelter built at the end of the terrace in front of Millcombe House, where she could lie and gaze down the valley to the sea. This shelter, Amelia called 'The House Beautiful'. Standing at the end of the terrace today, with the same vantage point, you can appreciate how very restful the view would have been for her.

Yet despite her very poor constitution she managed the whole household after the deaths of her mother and elder sister Cecilia. She was also the main contributor to the Heaven family diaries which were kept from 1870 to 1905. She survived the amputation of one arm in her old age and wrote diary entries to within a few days of her death.

These diaries provided a fascinating insight into island life in late Victorian times. Although living on Lundy was obviously no holiday, it was not all solid work either as a couple of extracts show: "Everyone did nothing in particular and the rest looked on..." and "Nobody doing nothing and no-one helping."

For the Heaven family it was indeed their kingdom. Only old age and ill-health finally forced the Reverend Heaven to leave. He went to live in Torrington, Devon in 1911, but even so came back each summer for the few years leading to the First World War. He died in 1916 and the island passed to his nephew Walter Heaven who, the following year, sold Lundy. The kingdom of Heaven had passed over to new owners.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND OF LUNDY By G. Steinman Steinman, Esq., F.S.A.

From the *Collectanea Topographica Et Genealogica*, (sic.) Vol. IV., 1836.

The island of Lundy is situate in the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and forms part of the hundred of Braunton, in the county of Devon. Lat. 50^D N. Long. 4^D 29' W.

The earliest mention of it that has occurred to me is in the 1st John (1199), when its lord, William de Marisco, son and heir of Sir Jordan de Marisco, by Agnes, daughter of Hamelin Plantaganet, natural son of Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, the father of King Henry the Second, [1. *By Isabel his wife, daughter and heir to William Earl Warren and Surrey, widow of William de Blois, Earl of Surrey, and natural daughter of King Stephen. For an account of the great family of Marisco, Monte-Marisco, Martys, or Montmorenci, see "Les Montmorency de France et les Montmorency d'Ireland. Par Col. Hervé de Montmorency-Morrès." 4to Par. 1828]* being in rebellion, the king gave it to the Knights Templars, and, until such time as they could obtain possession, the revenues of certain lands in Somerset, lately enjoyed by Nicholas de Knovill. [2. *Ronuli de Oblais, &c. 8vo. 1835. p. 101.*] In the 4th of the same reign (1202) it was still held by the same William, when an aid, by way of hidage, was levied upon the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall for its seige. [3. *The Sheriff of Somerset accounted for 40 marks which he had received of the County by way of aid for the defence of the maritime parts against William de Marisco (Madax, p. 425) and Geoffrey Fitz-Piers for £47 16s. which he had received of Richard, the clerk of William de Britwere, "et quodam Hidagio posito in Comitibus Devonioe and Cornubiæ, ad obsidendam insulam Willielmi de Marisco." Mag. Rot. 4 John, rot. 9.b. Willescira. (Madax, ibid.)*] In the following year he was received into the King's favour; [4. *On the 10th February.*] but whether the Island was then wrested from him, or whether he was allowed to retain it, does not appear. In the 15th of the same reign (1213) the Templars received out of the Treasury the sum of ten pounds for the Island, [5. *Rot. Lit. Claus. vol. i. p. 153.*] awarded them the 25th Oct. in the preceding year, [6. *Ibid. p. 125.*] and in the 5th, Henry III. (1220) the further sum of a hundred shillings, the same being in exchange for it. [7. *Ibid. p. 422.*]

William de Marisco was one of the prisoners taken by the English in the sea-fight with the French, Aug. 24, 1217, when the celebrated "arch-pirate" called Eustace the Monk was slain. [6. *[sic] Chron. de Mailros.*] By letters patent dated Nov. 17 following, having given the King surety of his faithful service, he was reinstated into possession of Lundy; and his wife, four sons, and two daughters, who had been captured in it, were restored to him. [7. *[sic] Rot. Pat. 2 Hen. III. m. 9.*]

In the 7th year of the same reign (1222) William de Marisco obtained permission of the Sheriff of Somerset to remove to Lundy the mangonells which he had erected on his lordship of Camley, co. Somerset. [8. *Rot. Lit. Claus. vol. i. p. 545.*] In the 18th of the same Henry (1233), he was again a rebel and a prisoner, when he paid a fine of three hundred marks to the King for his ransom. [9. *Dated on the 20th Oct. Excerpta à Rot. Fin. vol. i. p. 267.*] As he this year obtained a grant of the Island from Henry [10. *Rot. Pot. 18 Hen. III. m. 8.*], it is probable that by his rebellion it had eschated to the Crown. When this William de Marisco died, does not appear; but Stowe has recorded an epitaph formerly in Bath Abbey, which tells us he was here buried [11. *Chron. p. 1275.*] with his father and others of his family. As he left no issue [12. *Les Montmorency de France et les*

Montmorency d'Ireland.] Geoffrey de Marisco, sometime Viceroy of Ireland, and his next brother, succeeded him in the Island, which he held only a short time.

In 1238 an attempt was made upon King Henry's life at Woodstock by a clerk, supposed to have been tutored to the act by Sir William de Marisco a younger son of Geoffrey, and in this treason he appears to have been implicated. [13. See an account of the occurrence in *Holinshed*. At the traitor's death "he confessed that he was sent from William de Marisch, the sonne of Geffrie de Marisch, to murder the King by such manner of means, not caring what had become of himself, so he might have dispatched his purpose." (Ed. 1585, vol. III. p. 223).] "in these days (says Matthew Paris) William de Marisco, son of Geoffrey de Marisco, taking refuge in an island not far distant from Bristol, called Lundy, impregnable from the nature of the place, and having attached to himself many outlaws and malefactors, subsisted by a piracy of goods, more especially of wine and provisions, making frequent sudden irruptions on the adjacent lands, spoiling and injuring the realm by land and by sea, and native as well as foreign merchants in various ways. But when many nobles of England and Ireland, unable to remain at home with honour (the King being averse to the risk of war beyond sea) passing over into parts not far distant from the above mentioned Island, had learned more fully how the said William and his followers could not be surprised except by stratagem, they apprised the King that the securing this malefactor must be effected, not by violence, but by policy. The King thereupon ordered his faithful subjects, under the hope of full retribution, to exert themselves strenuously in capturing him and liberating their country. This same William was very odious to the King, in as much as it was reported of him, that, at the instigation of his father, he had conspired against the King's life, and had basely incited to the crime of high treason that miscreant who came by night to murder the King at Woodstock, and after that had killed a certain priest, a messenger from some person of authority from Ireland, in the King's presence at London." [14. Ed. 1640, tom. ii. p. 584.]

In a subsequent passage the same historian adds; "About the same time," (that the King was in Poitou and Gascony in 1242) "William de Marisco, Knight, while he abode in the island pursuing a course of rapine and treachery, was surprised by the King's lieges, taken, thrown in chains, brought to London, and confined in the Tower. "On the eve of St. James however, on receipt of the royal warrant, the said William and sixteen accomplices taken with him was legally convicted and sentenced to death with peculiar ignominy by the King's express command. Being first dragged from Westminster to the Tower, and thence to that engine of punishment vulgarly called the Gibbet, when he had there breathed out his wretched soul, he was suspended on a hook, and when stiff in death was lowered, disembowelled, his bowels burnt on the spot, and his wretched body divided into quarters, which were sent to the four principal cities in the kingdom, by that pitiable spectacle to strike terror into all beholders. And all his sixteen associates, after being dragged at the horse's tail through the city of London, were hanged at the gallows.

"Nevertheless, the said William, after capital sentence had been passed upon him, and when on the eve of suffering death, so long as he yet lived, constantly affirmed, invoking the judgement of God, that he was free from and utterly guiltless of the crime of high treason charged against him, and the same of the death of the before-mentioned clerk, i.e. of Clement; and that his only motive for withdrawing to the island had been by avoiding to turn aside the anger of the King, which by whatever judicial expiation, or other humiliation, it had always been his first wish to appease; but when he had fled to the island, and called some friends to his assistance, he was driven, as he had said, to support his wretched existence on necessaries snatched from every quarter.

Pouring out then his soul before God in confession, he acknowledged his sin to I. of Saint Giles, one of the order of the Preaching friars, not betrayed into expressions of malice in his own excuse, but rather accusing himself. And thus with soothing words of consolation, the discreet preacher and confessor dismissed him in peace, persuading him to sustain his approaching death as an evidence of penitence. And thus, as aforesaid, horrible to relate, he suffered not one but many deaths." [15. Tom. ii. p. 585. See also *Holinshed*, vol. II, p. 230. T. Gibbons, "*Analecta Hist. Polit.*" p. 7, Harl. MSS, No. 980, remarks that this is the first example of this kind of punishment mentioned in our histories.]

Upon the execution of Sir William de Marisco, and the flight of his father, who made for Scotland, and thence for France, where he died anno 1245, [16. *Matthew Paris*, and *Col. Montmorency-Morrès*.] the island was seized by the King, who, in the 29th of his reign, 1245, appointed Henry de Traci, baron of Barnstaple, governor of it, with the stock and profits of the island, during pleasure; [17. *Rot. Pat.* 29 Hen. III. m. 3.] as he did in his 34th year, 1250, Robert de Waleran [18. *Rot. Fin.* 34 Hen. III. m. 2.] (also a Baron of Parliament) as successor to Traci; and in his 39th, 1255, Sir Ralph de Wyllyngton; [19. *Dugdale's Baronage*, II, 142] who was succeeded, says Risdon, by Humphrey de Bohun. Previously to the death of Henry, the keeping of the island was confided to Sir Oliver, afterwards Lord Dynham, [20. *Rot. Hund.* i. 73 and 89.] who yet held it in the 4th Edw. I. 1275.

In the 3rd Edw. I. (1274), on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, an extent was made of the island, then the property of the Crown. The jury [21. *The Jurors were: Floer de Gifford (foreman), Geoffrey de Bysaford, Jahel de Hymiondescote, Robert de Lonaworth, William de Stokesworth, Richard le Bond, Reginald de Eworth, Geoffrey de Cronford, Henry Bolka, William de Bocys, Elias Pollard, and Stephen de Bocys.*] reported that, "There may be there twenty acres of arable land which may be sown with barley or oats. Each acre is worth per annum 2d. either tilled or not. There are also five acres of meadow, worth 3d. an acre. Also pasture for eight oxen and twenty cows, with their offspring, for two years. Also that, in all, the pasture can bear sixty-eight head of cattle, the pasture of each beast being valued at 1d. Also four mares and one stallion, with their offspring for two years, to wit, thirteen head, the value of the pasture for each head 2d. There is also there pasture for 300 wethers and 200 ewes with their offspring for two years; to wit, pasture for 900 sheep, the value of the pasture for each head, four head at 1d. total 18s. 9d. Also the taking of rabbits is estimated at 2000, £5 10s. and the estimate is at 5s. 6d. each hundred skins, because the flesh is not sold. Also the rock of gannets (or wild ducks) is worth 5s; other birds, but they are not sold. There is also one eyre of butcher falcons, which have sometimes three young ones, sometimes four, sometimes more and sometimes less. This eyre the jury knew not how to estimate, and they build their nests in a place in which they cannot be taken £7 6s. 2d.

"The burdens incumbent on the island are: in summer, even in time of peace, it is necessary to have fourteen servants and a constable to watch the defences of this island, and in winter ten servants." On the back of the inquisition it is recorded, "That the jurors being asked by him who made the extent, what the turf, gorse, and brushwood (turberia, jamprium, et felgeria) and the fresh water were worth to the King's benefit, answered, that none of these could take value, and that no man would buy them, nor account for the value; but the auditing clerk

perceives that all these things may be considered of such value to the keepers of the island, as to lessen their wages to the extent of 5s.; and the fowls beside, although they cannot be sold, nor are the keepers willing to eat them. [22. *A few words of the original are here decayed.*] yet he estimated them at 40d. Of quarrying stone (querera), minerals, or timber, none was found there. As for the flesh of the rabbits, what it is worth to the keepers of the island he leaves to the discretion of the King's Council to estimate. Be it mentioned, however, that for all these matters the keepers of the island have been wont to take nothing less in wages.

"The island contains two miles in length, and in breadth towards the south one mile, and so almost continually diminishing in breadth, towards the north, it scarcely contains the fourth part of a mile." [23. *Inq. 3 Edw. I. No. 54, obligingly communicated by T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., F.S.A.*]

In the ninth year of this reign, 1281, it was granted for the service of one tenth part of a knight's fee, to Sir William de Marisco, [24. *Cart. Rot. 9 Edw.I.m.21.*] son and heir of Jordan, son and heir of Geoffrey sometime Viceroy of Ireland. This Sir William died in 1284 [25. *Inq. p.m. 12 Edw.I. No.23.*] seized of the island, leaving John his son and heir who died five years after, leaving Herbert his son and heir. Upon the death of John de Marisco, Olivia, his second wife and widow, reclaimed the entire possession of the island from her step-son, as part of her dower. [26. *Rot. Claus. 18 Edw. I.m.7,dors.13 April.*]

In the 15th Edward II. 1321, Herbert de Marisco, at an assize of novel disseisin, held before John de Foxlegh and John de Stonhere, justices itinerant in Devonshire, recovered the island of Sir John de Wyllington, of the same family as the governor of the name, and the Justices issued their precept to the Sheriff of Devonshire to put Herbert in re-seisin; but still the said Sir John, not permitting the law of the land to be exercised, by force and by arms defended the island, whereby Herbert could not have his seisin, nor obtain his damages. [27. *Esch. 15 Edw. II. No.49.*] At the same time, Sir John de Wyllington being implicated in the rebellion of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, his lands were seized by the King, when De Marisco came into Court, and prayed that this island, with all its lands, tenements, and their appurtenances, should be restored to him. [28. *Rot. Pari. vol II, p.165.*] In this suit he appears to have been unsuccessful, as the island, with all other the lands of De Wyllington, were this year given by the King to his favourite Hugh Lord le Despencer, [29. *Cart. Rot. 15 Edw. II.m.9.*] "who rested not," says Dugdale, "till he had gained a release from the said John de Wyllinton of all his right and title thereto." [30. *Pat.6 Edw. III.op.3.,m.14.*]

Upon an inquisition being held upon the estates of Sir John de Wyllington, the jury reported that "the said Sir John held the island of Lunday, with all its appurtenances, in which is a certain castle with a barton, for which they made no valuation, as the same was destroyed and burned by the Scots. [31. *So in the original; but more probably the spoilers had been pirates from the coast of France.*] There are also there in demesne forty acres of arable land worth yearly 10s. at the rate of 3d. per acre. Also 200 acres of pasture worth 16s. 8d. per annum, at the rate of 2d. an acre. Also three acres of meadow, worth yearly 2s. 6d. at the rate of 10d. an acre. Also waste land, by estimation 200 acres, worth yearly 8s. 4d., so little because all the tenants in the island have common in it. There is also a rabbit warren worth in ordinary years 100s. but this year destroyed in great part by the men of John de Wyllington and the Scots. Also a certain rock, called the Gannets' stone, with two places near it where the gannets settle and breed, worth in ordinary years 66s. 8d. but this year destroyed in part by the Scots. Also eight tenants who hold their land and tenements by a certain charter of Herbert de Mareis, granted to them for the term of their lives, who pay 15s. yearly. Also one tenant who should keep the said gannets during the whole season of their breeding (aereacionis) thereon, for which service he will be quit of his rent of 2s. Also pleas and perquisites of Courts, worth yearly 4s.

"The sum of the value of the whole survey, as appears above by the parcels, £11 3s. 2d." [32. *Inq. 15 Edw. II.No.49; also communicated by T.D. Hardy, Esq.*]

When the unhappy Edward resolved to retire out of England in order to avoid his Queen and rebellious Barons, he looked first to Lundy as a place of refuge. "Having come as far as Chepstow," writes Sir Thomas de la Moore his contemporary, "with the Earl of Gloucester, [33. *Hugh le Despencer the younger, so called by some historians from his having married Eleanor, daughter and coheir of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.*] Robert de Baldock, and a very few others, he took sea in a small vessel, intending to make for Lunday; which is an island in the mouth of the Severn, two miles over every way, abounding in pleasant pastures, and producing from day to day rabbits, pigeons, and stares (termed by Alexander Neckham, Ganymede's birds [34. *"Struconas quas vocat Alexander Nechomus Ganymedis aves." See note in p.330. The gannets are now scientifically termed Solan geese.*]), in great plenty; well supplied with water furnished to the inhabitants from fresh springs. Though surrounded every where by the sea, it has only one approach, and there two men on foot can scarcely proceed abreast. In every other part of its ragged shores overhanging heights forbid any access.

"To this island, abounding, as has been said, with all necessaries of life, and moreover stored with wine, oil, honey, corn, malt, salted fish, meat and pit-coal a contrarywind, altogether prevented the King from sailing, though anxious so to do; whence with difficulty escaping the severity of the weather, he landed in Glamorganshire, and proceeded to the Abbey of Neath." [35. *Vita et mors Regis Edwardi Secundi.*]

Upon the execution of the favourite 30th November 1326, and the abdication of Edward the Second, the island again returned to the Crown, when Edward the Third, in the first year of his reign, 1327, gave the keeping of it to Otho de Bodrigan, [37. *Rot. Orig. 20 Edw.II.m.8.*] Herbert de Marisco being just dead.

LUNDY CENSUS APRIL 1891 Myrtle Langham

I have now been able to take a copy of the census made in April 1891 for Lundy.

The enumerator was The Rev. Hudson Grosett Heaven, who seems to have experienced some confusion, and a few difficulties. One of these was whether the Lighthouse and Fog Signal Station counted as vessels at sea; the entry is made separately on a Trinity House return completed by the Principal Keeper.

There were 9 inhabited dwellings, plus the Lighthouse (3 dwellings) and the Fog Signal Station (2 dwellings). 16 dwellings were uninhabited - this number is accounted for by the closure of the quarry workings in 1868.

The population (including Trinity House staff) consisted of the following:

Males over 16 years	20	
Females over 16 years	17	
Under 16 years	16	(Total 53 souls)

At Millcombe were The Rev. Mr. Heaven, his sister Amelia (Milly), cousin Anne Mary, and nephew Walter (age 26). They were looked after by a cook, a parlourmaid and a housemaid.

I have said elsewhere that the Heaven family referred to "the Villa" or "the House" and not "Millcombe". The evidence for this is in the diaries and letters, and my conversations with Eileen Heaven. Here, The Rev. Mr Heaven lists it as "Millcombe Villa", by which I think he intends "The Villa which is in Millcombe".

At the "Farm House" was Mr Thomas Wright, leaseholder of the island (with the exception of the private area reserved for the Heaven family). He is described as "Land Agent, Surveyor and Farmer" and married. He had a housekeeper and a maid.

This entry suggests either that at this time Mr Wright was the sole occupant of the whole of the Farmhouse, or (more likely) that he continued to occupy the south wing ("The Big House") and the original old Farmhouse was, by mistake, not listed separately as unoccupied. It is clear that Mr Wright completed the interior of the south wing for his own occupation in 1855/6, and that normally the Farm Bailiff occupied the Farmhouse. Mr Wright had already given notice in March to resign his lease, so it is quite possible that he did not have a Farm Bailiff in his employ at the time of the census. He had 2 sons and a daughter who visited Lundy, but his wife and family never lived there. He left the island finally in August 1891, after the valuation had been agreed.

George Thomas, his wife, Susan and four children lived in Lloyds Signal Station, which is listed as one dwelling although there were two cottages. Harriet Thomas ("Hetty"), who was 10 years old according to this census, was the only one of all the island inhabitants to have been born on Lundy. She fell over the cliffs at the South End in May 1892, and her body was never recovered; her age then was given as 13.

Thomas is listed as "Fisherman" and "neither employed nor unemployed". This means that he was no longer wholly employed by the Heaven family, but he was still their boatman and general handyman. He acted for Lloyds, and was probably fishing on his own account, as well as being partially employed by the Heaven family.

The Rev. Mr Heaven listed Mr Wright as employer and Mr Wright's employees, but did not make any entries to indicate his own employees.

"Store Cottage" was the home of Mr and Mrs Brimacombe, both aged 72. Mr Brimacombe was employed by Mr Wright as an agricultural labourer.

1,3, and 5 Barton Cottages were occupied by employees of Mr Wright. Mr Fry was Shepherd and Mrs Fry Dairywoman, and they had 2 daughters. Mr Jones was Blacksmith, and his wife looked after 4 children aged from 4 years to 3 months. John Stevens was an agricultural labourer whose wife was evidently not on Lundy at the time of the census.

Only one of the Castle Cottages was in use, for Mr Parsons, employed as under-gardener by Mr Wright - and he was unmarried. The Ward family were housed at Quarter Wall East ("Belle Vue") and only one of the three cottages was occupied. Mr Ward was employed by the Heaven family as gardener/servant and Mrs Ward was at this time not employed. They had living with them an adult unmarried son (John), and a daughter Annie, plus a lodger who was employed as a mason by Mr Wright. Annie, who was 15, was married in 1885 - in Australia - to Walter Heaven, much to his relatives' displeasure.

John Morgan was Principal Signaller at the Fog Signal Station, and had a wife, Margaret. They had been on the island since 1873. After Mrs Morgan died in 1892 Mr Morgan was superannuated. Mr and Mrs Banner lived in the other cottage, and had been there just over 6 months.

Three families were installed at the Lighthouse - two in the main building, and one in the house which stood in the compound (removed in 1896). Principal Keeper John McCarthy and his wife had 7 children, ranging in age from 23 to 6 years (this last had been baptised on the island with the splendid names "Augustus George"). Assistant Keeper Hall was married but his wife was not present at the time of the census, and Assistant Keeper Hast had a wife, a son and a daughter. Mrs Hast died suddenly in 1892.

Ref: Public Record Office, Chancery Lane.
Lundy: Registration District - Bideford, Sub-district Hartland
File reference: RG12/1789

NOTES FROM MYRTLE LANGHAM'S FAMILY DIARY, 1969

4.8.69

We arrived in the afternoon, having boarded the Balmoral at Ilfracombe with the Coles and John Dyke. John was coming over for the day to bring the proofs of the special issue in November to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the puffin post...On the beach we met Chris Price (of Barnstaple) who handled the recent sale of the island.

The first thing we noticed on landing was the repair made to the beach road just at the junction of the old and new paths...it is so good that the road is serviceable again, but I can't help feeling sad that the lower part of the old path has disappeared, and we can no longer climb the steep way to the top in the steps of those who lived here hundreds of years ago. We were surprised to see that the Lundy cabbage plants had already rooted themselves in the newly-made embankment and are flourishing there.

The luggage went up on the tractor and we walked up through Millcombe. Ken and Diana Keast were there with Inez (Harman) and her friend.

6.8.69

Yesterday the weather was lovely and Peter Cole and I went with all the children half way down to Pilot's Quay. I had never been down this path before, and was surprised how easy it was. On the way we saw the remains of an aeroplane which had crashed into the sidelands during the war; one propellor was in situ and another has been brought up to the top and is lying in the grass...In the afternoon we went down to the beach, where the Alert was anchored for the task of replacing the cables up to the South Light. The Gannet arrived with the stores and some day visitors, and there were also four yachts and some other small boats in. All three tractors were down on the beach with Arthur (Strick) and the Austrians...Arthur manned the dinghy to bring ashore the supplies and the passengers.

The weather has been beautiful again today. In the morning we went up the High St and had a look at the Linhay, where a new supermarket is being built...We then went up the Old Light tower, 127 steps. After that we went into the cemetery to see where the archaeology party had been working last month. One series of cyst graves has been left exposed and we could see where other trenches had been made and refilled. We saw the fine simple granite memorial that had been made for Albion Harman, so fitting, but so sad.

There is a party of skin divers in the Old Light, Jane and Arthur (Strick) have Stoneycroft, and Jane is helped in the Store for the season by Jill Dyke. Today the Richardsons (Cherry, Mrs Gade's niece) have come into Hammers, the Thaxteds are in St Johns, a family called Riley at Tibbetts, and the hotel and all the cottages are full. Penny Ogilvie has left for the mainland to await the hirth of her baby next month.

There are a lot of beautiful little white-faced calves at present, the Galloway herd is being bred with the Herefords. There are also three pigs, the first for some years.

9.8.69

Kay (Harman) arrived on Thursday. Today the Gannet and Apt arrived early and Tony Walker and the Westcotts arrived. There were 36 to dinner in the hotel last night, which was - incidently - the Keast's wedding anniversary. Yesterday we went down to the Battery, which was glorious, and we also went to the Quarries, where it was very hot and overgrown. Yesterday we went on a boat trip right round the island in two Campbell launches (12/6 a head). It was so enjoyable, but rather bumpy on the West Side...for the first time we went very close in to Seal's Hole and appropriately enough a seal popped his head up just at the right moment. This morning we went for a walk around the Castle and Daphne and Tony Marsh very kindly invited us into Castle Cottage for coffee - all eight of us (Langhams and Coles). Such a beautiful room to sit in, looking over the bay and the East Side. After that we went to the Rocket Pole pool, swirls of mist came over at intervals and the Old Light was only visible from time to time.

Alex and I played table tennis in the hotel, and in the afternoon we went down to the beach where it was warm enough for all the children to go in the sea. The Shiers family arrived today, in charge of the diving school which has been here for the last couple of years.

18.8.69

Only one wet day this week. I went out painting on Thursday with Tony Marsh at the Battery. On Wednesday morning we had a 13-man expedition to the Old Light, and yesterday we made up a working party to clear the old horse-trough near Millcombe gate. This morning I cleared away the undergrowth from around Wendy's seat along the East Side path. We had another working party to clear the path down from the terrace to Quarry Beach...Yesterday we were given a boat ride over to the Cove where the divers are based. There are pieces from wrecks there...they also had numbers of sea urchins which they sell to the trippers, and some crayfish and some scallops. It was very cold over there. Another day our working party completed cleared the East Side path as far as Quarter Wall.

On Thursday night there was a film show in the gamea room (Old Hotel); one film by Don Shiers and one by a Dr. whose name I forget. Afterwards there was a very jolly evening in the bar with Franz and Friedl (Austrian staff) entertaining us with accordions and singing - we stayed until 1.45 a.m. A Mr Tolstoy (great-grandson) is camping with a party of 14 boys...Five hippies arrived yesterday uninvited and unannounced and had to stay in Brambles overnight, which is terribly delapidated, and they were told to leave today. The matriarch was a Mrs Hicks, who had been here before the war with Dr. Dollar's party

We had tea with Rene and Gi (Gade), and enjoyed an evening in Millcombe with Kay and Diana, and sherry and coffee with Kay and Ruth. There was a fancy dress party one lovely night, which was held in the tea garden. The ingenuity of the costumes was fantastic. One of the pigs had been killed, and pork was roasted on the spit by Hermann, looking every inch a cave man. Marvellous evening.

All in all we had a very splendid holiday, having stayed for nearly four weeks and been unusually lucky with the weather.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO LUNDY IN 1875. - A.F. Langham 1992

From 'A Lundy Island Miscellany' (unpub'd) quoting extracts from 'Bishop Hannington' by E.C.Dawson. (1887)

Dr. James Hannington. DD, FLS, FRGS (1847-1885), the First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, paid a visit to Lundy in 1875.

He had often 'looked seaward where the cliffs of Lundy Island rose in purple line against the flame of golden sunsets' and persuaded a College friend, one T. May to join him. They sailed from Instow and received a hearty welcome at the Farm from Mr and Mrs Dovell, the tenant farmers.

They wore their oldest clothes, fished, egged, botanized and explored to their hearts content.

They had arrived at the height of the egging season and the two friends joined 'the egg-hunter (who) arms himself with an instrument called an egg-spoon, like a tiny landing-net at the end of a long, light rod.' The egg-collector is lowered over the edge, and fills his wallet with as many eggs as he can reach. Hannington "partly for the sake of adventure and partly to add some cormorant's eggs to his collection persuaded Mr Dovell to let him down from the edge of a tremendous precipice. Hannington was hauled up "with the contents of three nests in his pocket".

The next day Hannington and his friend explored the recesses of 'a large chamber called the Seal's Kitchen'. "As their clothes were off, and there were no summer visitors to be scandalized on Lundy Island, they next amused themselves by swimming to various places at the foot of the sheer cliffs, and climbing up, amid screaming, circling seagulls, to the ledges where the shags had laid their odd-shaped eggs.

Hannington was also approached by an islander who showed him a large egg, offering a reward if he could find one similar. After a daylong search Hannington admitted defeat, and opined that the egg shown was that of an Emu - but it was however more likely that this was an Egg of the Great Auk (see:- 'The Great Auk on Lundy-Its possible nesting Site' in 'Lundy Island Miscellany' unpubd. Ms by A.F.Langham).

The extrovert Bishop was translated to Equatorial Africa where he was attacked and eaten by the natives.

A relief party persuaded the natives to show them the site of a possible burial, whereupon 'an ammunition box' was revealed 'wood outside and a tin lining' and when this was opened it revealed a skull 'instantly recognised by Leith who knew him well' some rib bones and a pair of long boots. (Hannington had long feet).

STANLEY SMITH - A Personal Memoir. - Myrtle Ternström

Stanley first went to Lundy in 1931, at the age of 17, to work for the summer season helping in the kitchen - it was a fortunate temporary escape from the depression and unemployment in South Wales. From that day to the end of his life, Lundy was always in his heart.

He took to the island life, and fitted in so well that Mr Gade kept him on over the winter to look after the Tavern and Stores - "he was such a nice, intelligent, conscientious and honest lad". In the summer of 1934 he returned to take on that job as a regular member of the staff.

Another event of great significance in his life resulted from his being on Lundy. There he met "Judd" Turner of Oxford, a frequent and regular visitor, who recognised Stanley's innate intelligence, and what Mr Gade called his "independence of Mind". Judd Turner directed a solid programme of reading, which resulted in Stanley's lifelong admiration of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. It is a formidable work. His enthusiasm was such that he built a monument to Burton - singlehanded and of granite blocks - not far from the Castle: "Burton's Seat". It was Stanley's pleasure - and that of many others - to sit there in the peace and silence of the late evening to look out over the Channel, the passing ships, and the lights of the adjacent coasts. Despite his best efforts, it inevitably became known as "Stanley's Seat", until it finally disappeared during works in the 1960's.

In 1937 Mrs Gade was looking for a nursemaid for Mary, and Stanley introduced Audrey Cannon who, like himself, came from Skewen. On August 14th 1938 they were married in the church on Lundy. Unfortunately they had to leave shortly afterwards as Stanley's mother was gravely ill, and the imminence of war prevented their return.

Stanley served during the war in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and before he was discharged he seized the opportunity to develop some tradesmens' skills - he learnt carpentry, masonry, plumbing and decorating. When he eventually returned to Lundy for a family holiday in 1949, he was quick to put these skills to use as a volunteer. Typically, he was so immersed in what he was doing, that he overstayed, and had to face the music over his job when he went back to the mainland.

The Smith family (which now included John Lundy, June Lerina, and Wayland Pondsburry) returned for holidays as often as they could, until it was possible to return to Lundy to work in March 1956. Their home was to be in Marisco Cottage, but it was not habitable, and so they found room in the hotel until Stanley was able to do all the repairs - with his other work, it took him nearly a year. He combined the jobs of Tavern keeper and builder, repair and maintenance man, while Audrey took over the Store and the supervision of Wayland's lessons, and they both voluntarily undertook the care of the church in their free time.

Stanley worked hard, with gusto and enthusiasm, and his head was always full of plans and ideas for the island - many very practical necessities, and some occasional fanciful dreams. During this period on the island, apart from all the many everyday and maintenance jobs to be done, Stanley drained and repaired the reservoir and the water conduits, built the

shed for the generator and the goat sheds behind the barn, and the greater part of the reconstruction of the lower beach road where the path had fallen away - an enormous undertaking that was christened "the concrete mountain".

The Tavern then still had no limit of hours - it closed when the last customer left, so Stanley's late nights were often early mornings. There were also regular visits by the excursion paddle steamers two or three times a week during the season, which meant that the Tavern was working flat out on those days. In addition to the normal jobs of the barman - cleaning up, replenishing the barrels and stock, and so on, Stanley was determined to carry out the building, which he regarded as his real work. In the end, the amount of work he was trying to do began seriously to affect his health and well being, he lost his optimism for Lundy, and his confidence in what he could achieve, and he and Audrey left very sadly in 1959 to take up a pub in Bideford. There he channelled his love for Lundy into his "Lundy Review", of which he produced six editions that are now some of the rarest of Lundy collectors' items.

Whether from Bideford or Ilfracombe, Stanley always kept his eyes and ears tuned to Lundy, and he began to write his memoirs - a task he found too difficult to continue when he was so deeply bereaved by Audrey's death two years ago. After years of spirited humour and fortitude upheld through all sorts of adversities, he was not able to overcome this grief.

Those of us who keep our memories of days shared on, and talking about, Lundy with him are fortunate to have known a true Lundy friend.

THE NATIONAL TRUST Telephone Cirencester (0285) 651818 - Facsimile (0285) 65799935 - From Caroline Thackray to The Ed. LFS Newsletter

I have just read your most recent LFS Newsletter (No 22 January 1992) and am particularly interested in the paragraphs about private Lundy collections (page 4, paras 5-7).

As you will know, the National Archaeological Survey Team is presently engaged on a project to record in detailed plan all the archaeological sites on Lundy; our third season will take place this April. Although quite a lot of valuable survey and excavation has been undertaken by various individuals in the past and by Lundy Field Society itself, these have lacked a certain cohesion, and it is this consistency of approach and technique which we are striving to establish.

To accompany this, I am also trying to trace as many of the artefacts as possible which have been discovered in past work or purely by accident. I am already in touch with the British Museum and with Bristol, but am aware that a large amount of Lundy material must be scattered around the country in private collections, and it would be really helpful for us as students of Lundy's history to know their nature, extent and whereabouts.

From reading your newsletter, it occurs to me that you are already doing a great deal towards producing a catalogue and index of this type, and I am wondering if it might be possible for us to have copies of these at Cirencester for our archive...

NATIONAL TRUST ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF LUNDY - Caroline Thackray

In terms of the history of human settlement Lundy is truly a "sceptred isle". Its remoteness has resulted in an archaeological survival rarely to be found in such rich concentration on the neighbouring mainland. It represents an intact and discrete record of historical land-use and settlement, over 4,000 years.

Mesolithic flints, Bronze Age and Iron Age hut circles and field systems, Medieval enclosures and farmsteads persist as earthwork remains on the plateau, while the Dark Age cemetery, containing its mysterious inscribed memorial stones, lies in the shadow of "old Light". Above the Landing Beach, its simple outline dominating the skyline, stands Marisco Castle. The 13th-century keep was extensively repaired and garrisoned for the King by Governor Bushell from 1645 until 1648, when he was forced to relinquish the island to Parliamentary forces. The gun platform and breastwork at Brazen Ward (on the east coast) is the best survival of a number of coastal defences, possibly built to counter the threat from Spain during Queen Elizabeth's reign, but almost certainly re-used during the Civil War, and perhaps in later wars against France. Of more recent interest are the industrial remains of the Lundy Granite Company, a short-lived enterprise which was set up on the island from 1863, and was bankrupt and dissolved by 1868.

The special nature of the archaeological survival on Lundy has led to a programme of recording and monitoring sites to ensure their preservation. An initial inventory was compiled in 1989, in which approximately 200 sites were identified, of which 13 are scheduled ancient monuments. This forms the basis for the topographical survey which has subsequently been undertaken by The National Trust Archaeological Survey Team, sponsored by Devon County Council. The aim is to identify and document in detail all visible archaeological traces of past land use. The resulting report will help towards an improved understanding of Lundy's historical evolution, and will create an up-to-date and consistent record of sites for conservation and management purposes.

All archaeological features and significant natural topography are planned at a scale of 1:1,000 throughout, using an electronic theodolite; the results are computed in the office, and a survey plot is produced. In addition, detailed plans, sections and elevations are drawn of important individual sites or site complexes at scales of 1:20 or 1:50. Planning frames, tapes and offsets are used for this. All sites are described and photographed. Further contour information, aerial photographic and other existing mapped detail will ultimately be combined with the 1:1,000 metrical survey to produce a final plan for the island as a whole.

The work force for this project is drawn from a core of NT archaeological staff who direct an enthusiastic and varied group of volunteers. A fortnight is spent on Lundy during April/May, when the vegetation is at its lowest and the archaeological survival at its most visible. Beginning at the North End in 1990, each season has brought the survey southwards; the intention is to complete it by 1994, following which there will be a publication on the island's landscape history.

This year's season extended the EDM survey into Ponsbury, and also embraced a contour and feature survey of the Dark Age Cemetery. The boundary wall of the cemetery, thought to date back to the sixth century, had been very badly damaged by rabbits, and part of this year's task was to excavate and record the damaged section, prior to its consolidation.

An impressive range of buildings on the west coast, known as the Battery, was also recorded in detail. The cottages and battery were built by Trinity House for their employees whose job was to operate the fog signal guns after it was discovered that "Old Light" was not visible from the sea in foggy weather.

Also included in this year's programme was a feature survey of the nineteenth-century quarry complex. It is fascinating, although difficult to believe, that comparatively little is known about the technical workings of this, probably the most recent of Lundy's archaeological remains. One of our concerns here was to excavate and consolidate the winding house which operated the inclined plane. Research may lead us to a better understanding of the workings of this, but at present it is a matter of conjecture. Normally one would hope to be able to secure answers to such queries from company documents, but in this case they were all sold for scrap when the company was liquidated. However, somewhere there must exist photographs of the Lundy quarry, and we already have a volunteer who is trawling through the relevant years of the Bideford Gazette on our behalf. If anyone can help us by magically producing a photograph from an elderly relation's album, we would be most grateful: the search is on!

I REMEMBER - A.J. Dennis

I made my first contact with Lundy in 1917, when my father was appointed Manager by the late Augustus Christie.

At that time transportation to and from Lundy was even more difficult than it is today. We were at war with Germany, and the Bristol Channel area was infested with German U-Boats and Minelayers. Based at Milford Haven was a fleet of minesweepers and submarine chasers, and they were responsible for maintaining communications with the Island. Three vessels, usually converted drifters, would arrive at Ilfracombe, and off one would set, in the leading vessel, with an escort on both port and starboard bows. How important I used to feel at times!

When crossing in submarine chasers, we were always told that, while every endeavour would be made to deliver us safely, should contact be made with a German U-Boat, its destruction would be the primary objective. In fact, this happened on one occasion, and I am now the proud possessor of a brass shell case doing duty as a dinner gong.

My first landing was made below the South Light, one evening in the autumn of 1917 after a long and stormy crossing. There my Mother and I were met by some of the residents, and we had to make the ascent to the South Light and down the perilous path to the slip-way. For me, the last part of the journey was made on the back of Mr. Jukes, one of H.M. Coast Guards stationed on Lundy at the time. The tide was in and lapping the bottom steps, and I clearly remember waiting for the waves to recede, and then scampering up the slip-way to safety.

I can remember Tibbetts and the Coastguard Cottages occupied, and Mr. Jukes printing photographs (some of which are still in my possession) in his kitchen during the winter evenings.

I also recall the riotous evenings spent in the Manor House kitchen. The Tavern at the time was an oil store. The minesweepers regularly patrolling the Bristol Channel were still manned by their Scottish fishermen crews, and although strictly against orders, the call of Lundy could not be resisted, and occasionally the Skippers of perhaps a dozen vessels would come ashore. In exchange for butter, cream, and milk, they would give us baskets of first quality fish, so much in fact that whilst the mainlanders were virtually starving because of the U-Boat blockade, we were feeding prime plaice, turbot, and soles to the pigs. To obtain milk etc., was not the primary reason for coming ashore. They would bring whisky in one gallon jars, and seats for all would be found in our kitchen. Their leader was "Jock" - I never knew his surname - and when "Jock" was ready, drinking commenced. What evenings they were!

The Tavern could tell some tales, but I feel none of them would measure up to the events in the Manor House kitchen at the time. The greatest difficulty was in returning the visitors to their ships at daybreak.

Talk of ships reminds me of the wreck of the S.S. Enfield below the Quarries in 1918. At that time the Hotel wing and Tavern keeper's quarters were unoccupied, and here was accommodated the crew, consisting mainly of Lascars, while the officers under Capt. Evans, and Salvagemen stayed with us. The crew had a black cook, and one day they all succumbed to violent stomach pains and had diarrhoea. They swore the cook had tried to poison them, and for five days he was kept in the cubby hole opening off the Hotel kitchen for his own safety!

What a Christmas we had of 1918. Salvage operations were continuing on S.S. Enfield, and Capt. Evans had given us his stock of sultanas, raisins, and other items unobtainable in rationed Ilfracombe. My Mother made puddings, cakes, and other good things - a Christmas tree was erected in the Dining Room, and everyone on the Island contributed to its decoration. Imagine my delight, when, as the only child on the Island, all the toys were given to me. Everyone, including the Lighthouse keepers and Coastguards during their off duty hours, spent Christmas Day in our home, and joined in the festivities. After tea, the Principle Keeper at North Light had to return to duty, but before he left was given a large

19.
slice of Christmas cake to take with him. The remains of the cake were left on the kitchen table, and everyone returned to the festivities. The P.K. did not properly close the back door, and when my Mother went to the kitchen to prepare supper all that remained of a large Christmas cake were a few crumbs. The next morning our sheep dog was found dead in the back yard - his tummy twice its normal size.

I remember the General Election in 1919. The late Judge Tudor Rees was one of the candidates, and he visited Lundy during his election campaign. There was a Polling Booth in the extension to Marisco Castle, and Mr. W. Lee, the son of a well known Barnstaple Architect, was the Presiding Officer. My father had been sworn in as a Special Constable by the Bideford Magistrates, and was on duty at 8.0 am when the Polling Station opened. By 8.10 the eight voters had all recorded their vote!

I remember Mr. Allday, and having tea with him in Quarter Wall Cottages. I remember the visit of the Bishop of Exeter, and sharing his strawberries for tea. I remember.... I think this is sufficient - it makes me feel too old.

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY FIELD TRIP SUMMER '92 - Suzanne Adey

We are coming to the end of our stay here on Lundy. This two week field trip from Liverpool University studying animal behaviour has been a wealth of experiences for me and my fellow students. One of the most striking realizations was the difficulty of studying animals in the wild. The almost total lack of control one has over one's objects makes the collection of data a very problematic affair indeed.

Being used to town and city life, Lundy came as quite a culture shock. I still haven't got used to the electricity going off at midnight. Having traipsed to the bathroom in the middle of the night with my candle, I still find myself reaching for the lightswitch upon arrival. The adequate but scarce facilities on Lundy force one to slow down. You soon begin to realize that you've been living your life at three hundred miles an hour for the past n years, and haven't really been seeing very much.

The island is breath takingly beautiful and the people who live here are wonderful. Lundy holds a fascinating plethora of wildlife that one could spend a life time observing. The strange, and sometimes strained, living conditions of sharing a room with five other students in the barn, together with the nature of the work we came here to do, and the striking beauty and unique atmosphere of the island have led me through the whole spectrum of emotions. However, I think I will always remember my time on Lundy with fondness, and I certainly hope to come back here again.

SOME ASPECTS OF MEDICINE PECULIAR TO LUNDY - Dr. Wm. Ruddock

Some years ago when I had a summer cottage on the island, I found myself getting involved professionally. My first two patients were a sheep that contrived to cut its throat from ear to ear and an unfortunate duckling with a club foot. I did my best for these creatures and was later invited to try my skill on a sheep with a rectal prolapse about a foot long. I decided that this was a case for the experts, and was very impressed when Henry Irwin told me that the correct treatment was to "stuff it all back in again and keep it there with a purse-string suture".

About this time Jack Youngman forcefully suggested that I should look after the rest of the islanders. He'd had quite a lot of fun with trips on naval M.L.'s, but I don't really think that he fancied the "Lundy Gannet."

For a time it was all quite easy, but it was interesting to find that, although there were a number of minor ailments while I was on the island, these never required any treatment during the rest of the year. It made me wonder how many of our surgery sessions were really necessary.

One evening I was having a quiet glass of beer in the Tavern and chatting with the Principal Keeper of the South Light, when one of his assistants walked in swinging a 3 foot spanner and said to the P.K. "I've just knocked off your supernumerary and here's the weapon". The P.K. asked me to go down to the light with him and the three of us set off. We went down to the beach and started up the narrow lighthouse path, which was a bit crumbly and had a sheer drop of 100 feet or so on one side. The self-confessed murderer showed very good manners and indicated that I should walk in front of him. As he'd still got his blood-stained spanner, I declined. I really felt much happier in the rear. When we got to the lighthouse, there was no body to be found - only some bloodstains on the pillows. The injured keeper had managed to make his way down to the beach and up to the owner's house in spite of a fractured skull and a broken arm. A visiting Swiss doctor helped me to fix him up and we got him off on the Trinity House relief boat next day.

My first call to visit the island came at 10 o'clock one evening. The patient was a small boy who suffered from asthma and it sounded as though he had an acute respiratory infection. The tide was out, so I asked the Clovelly lifeboat to take me. There was a good moon and only a slight ground swell, so we had a very pleasant trip indeed - even for a December night. The call was genuine and it seemed better to stay with the child for a day or so rather than give him a cold trip back in the lifeboat. Within half-an-hour it was blowing a full gale and later storm force and this went on for about five days. I must say I had a splendid time with only one patient to visit and leisure even to watch the Oxford and Cambridge match on Television.

I had worked out a nice quiet routine for myself and was still in bed when a message came through the R.T. that a helicopter was picking me up in ten minutes. It seems that my partner had got tired of doing all the work and persuaded the R.A.F. to take me off during a lull. It wasn't till I got home that I found the newspapers had had a lot to say about a doctor who was clinging on to this gale-swept rock - presumably by his finger nails and eyelashes.

Next summer a lady made rather a mess of her knee by falling down part of a cliff. This seemed something that could not wait for hours while I went out by boat, so Chivenor came to the rescue again with a helicopter to take me out and bring the patient back.

About ten days later, a message came through to the effect that a visitor, who was known to have a peptic ulcer, was vomiting blood. I said "That's alright, we'll ring up Chivenor and get the thing arranged", but my partner said "To Hell with that! It's my turn". Well, he got the patient ashore safely and I thought that the problems of dealing with emergencies on the island was solved. So it was until I had a very agitated letter from the Ministry of Health, who had had a large bill from the Air Ministry for our helicopter jaunts.

This called for a lot of correspondence and telephoning to sort things out. I still don't know who paid, but it was made quite clear to me that I was much too insignificant and altogether civilian to be allowed to order R.A.F. transport whenever I thought it was a good thing. It was decided that helicopters might not be used unless requested by the clerk of the Executive Council or the County Medical Officer.

As you may imagine, Dr. Doyle was realistic and helpful. He said "How the Devil will I know if the thing is necessary or not?". I said "The information you get about the patient will be from a layman and relayed through a coastguard station, and you make up your mind about the degree of urgency of the case. If you think it will keep for a few hours, you get out your tide tables and see if there is enough water on Bideford Bar. Then you'll want an up-to-date Met. report, because if there is much wind and it is anywhere between N.N.W. and S.S.E. it won't be possible to make a landing on the beach". The line went quiet and I thought we were cut off, but he came back strongly. "Oi'll tell you what we'll do. You ring me when you want it and I'll order it and I hope I'll be in at the time. If I'm not, go ahead yourself but tell me all about it next day, so I'll have the answers ready for these fellows in London".

This worked very well, but another small nonsense blew up as to whether the bill should be paid by the Devon C.C. or the Executive Council - in other words, was the helicopter required to take the doctor to the patient, or was it being an ambulance to bring the patient to hospital. In most cases, of course, it's both and I don't know how they'll sort it out.

Sometimes, when a really urgent call comes in, the organisation becomes chaotic, and one is thankful for a partner, a secretary and a wife who have been involved before - calls to Chivenor to discuss the conditions with the pilot - to Exeter to get support from the civilian authority - calls to Mountbatten in Plymouth to persuade the senior officer that the emergency really exists - to Lundy via Hartland Coastguards to report progress, give an E.T.A. and ask for fires of green wood to show wind direction - to the police to keep people off the show ground or football field - to organise an ambulance to meet the aircraft, warn the hospital of a probable admission and, more recently, we have to have the Fire Brigade as well.

It's about this time that one wonders how to explain it all away if it proves to be a nonsense and the call was a false alarm.

During the past two or three years, there have been new regulations and a helicopter may not go to Lundy without a Shackleton escort from down in Cornwall, which no doubt adds to the cost.

About eighteen months ago, a man fell into a pit on the island and seemed likely to have broken some ribs. It was a Sunday afternoon and neither of my Exeter authorities was available. The Chivenor people as usual were very ready to help, but had to get permission from Mountbatten. The senior officer was't there, but they would ring me back, and eventually they decided that it couldn't be done. "You see, you must have a Shackleton escort to have a helicopter fly over the sea and that department of the Airforce only works five days a week. To get a Shackleton airborne will cost about £400. Now do you still feel that your case is a serious emergency?" I explained that the cost of an escort could have no effect on my assessment of the emergency. So we agreed that the Clovelly lifeboat should go half-way to Lundy to provide the escort.

All Lundy calls don't necessarily mean emergency visits. We do keep a supply of the commoner life-saving drugs on the island and can sometimes cope by remote control.

Our chief worry is a real emergency in the night when it is only possible to go by boat. Helicopter crews, however willing, are not allowed to fly over the sea at night. I must say that my partner and I are deeply grateful both to them and to the lifeboat crews.