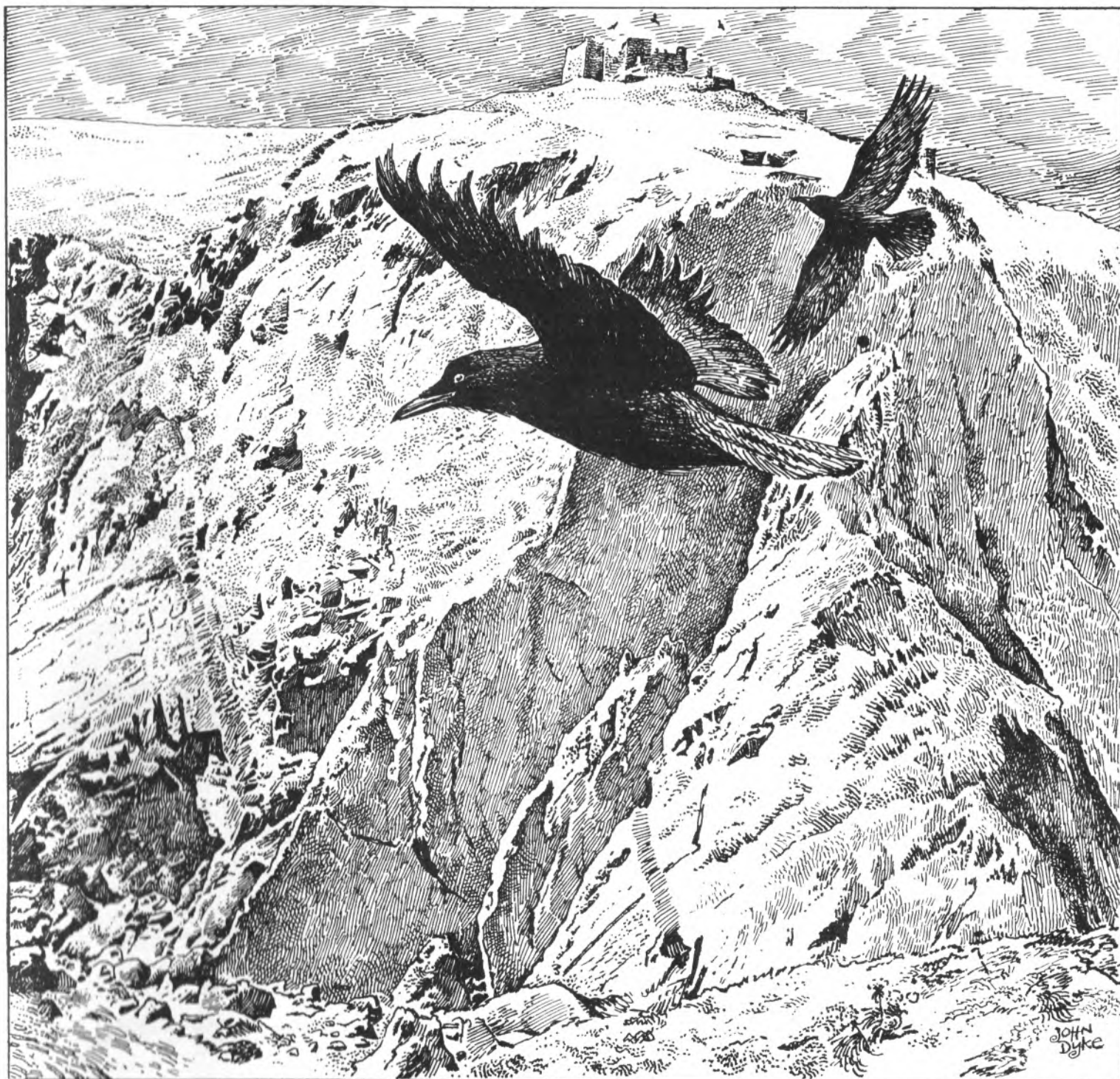




ISSUE No. 10 1973

VOLUME 2 No. 4



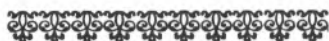
"And Crows repeat the Raven's croak in symphony austere" ——— Our cover picture shows the great precipice below Marisco Castle, where Ravens can frequently be seen (and heard) indulging in their fascinating aerial acrobatics.

Unfortunately, these birds have a more unpleasant side to their character, attacking the new-born lambs and goat kids. Mr. Paul Munton, who, for several seasons, has studied the feral goats of Lundy, suspects that Ravens may be one of the major causes in the decline of the goat population on the island. Mr. Munton has witnessed attacks by Ravens on new-born lambs, and notes that where there is a carcass these birds appear to claim first 'pickings', followed by Carrion Crows, and then the Gulls.



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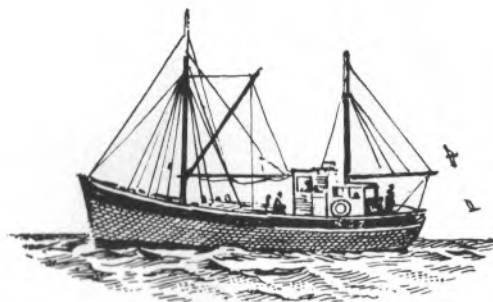


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FROM

ILFRACOMBE QUAY

by M.V. LUNDY GANNET



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When next planning a holiday visit to Devon and Cornwall in England we will be happy to send a FREE colour leaflet describing opening arrangements at our properties in the two counties and Lundy. Send S.A.E. to Warren Davis, Saltram House, Plymouth, Devon. Tel.: Plymouth 37579.



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HOLIDAY LETTINGS ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE CONVERSIONS

CASTLE COTTAGE: A ground-level granite building built onto the keep of Marisco Castle, providing accommodation for 4 people. There is a large convertible living room, bedroom, small kitchen, washing cubicle, and separate W.C.

LITTLE ST. JOHN'S: Adjoining Big St. John's — contains a small kitchen, convertible living room, bedroom — provides accommodation for 4 people. There is a washroom with W.C., hand-basin and h. & c.

BIG ST. JOHN'S: Contains a convenient kitchen, a convertible living room, and bedroom, providing accommodation for 5 people. The washroom has a hand-basin with h. & c., and a W.C.

HANMERS: Has two living rooms, each with a single divan. One bedroom has two 3 ft. divans, and the other has bunk beds for two. There is a pleasant kitchen, washroom, and separate W.C.

THE OLD LIGHT: Hostel-type accommodation for 14 people is provided in the Keeper's cottage.

TIBBETTS: A pre-First World War naval lookout, with accommodation for 5 people. There are two rooms, an out-house kitchen, and an Elsan closet.

In each letting, cooking is provided by Calor gas, as is lighting and water heating, with the exception of the Old Light and Tibbetts (cooking only).

Detailed information and charges may be obtained from:
THE AGENT, LUNDY, BRISTOL CHANNEL, via ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON
Telegrams: Lundy, via Hartland Point

NEW ISSUE OF STAMPS

Trinity House set of five stamps

ISSUED on November 25th 1972, the stamps are designed by Mr. J. C. A. Dyke, and printed by Messrs. Bradbury Wilkinson & Co. Ltd., of New Malden, Surrey.

- 1 puffin: Depicts the Old Lighthouse with lighthouse keepers in the uniform worn at the time of its abandonment.
- 2 „ Shows the Trinity House vessel *Vestal*, which was the Bristol Channel tender for many years prior to 1900.
- 3 „ Shows the South Lighthouse in the course of construction.
- 5 „ Shows the North Lighthouse, having been completed.
- 10 „ Depicts the Trinity House Crest.

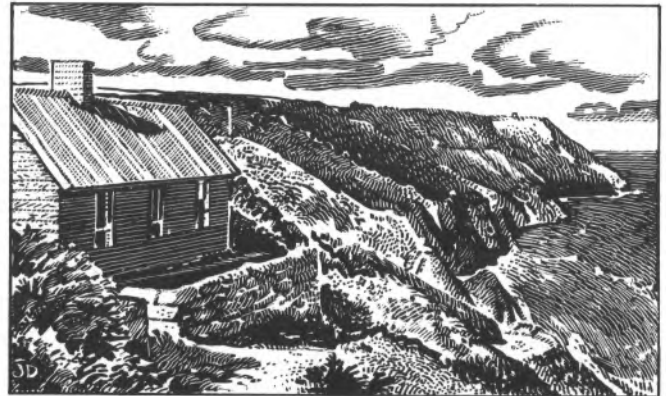
Each denomination is printed in dark blue and red on a white background.

There are 2,500 First Day Covers with stamps affixed to the front or address side of the envelopes, and 300 First Day Covers from Lundy on the day of issue to Mr. J. L. E. Smith, Chairman of the Landmark Trust, and the stamps are affixed to the reverse of the envelopes. The stamps measure 40mm. x 24mm. and are printed in sheets of 50 on un-water-marked paper.



Mint sets cost 21 pence, and the price of First Day Covers is 35 pence. Payment must include postage of 5p for the British Isles, 10p for Europe, U.S.A., Canada, S. Africa (including Rhodesia), Australia and New Zealand—by surface mail.

Cheques, Postal Orders, and International Money Orders, should be made payable to: **THE LUNDY COMPANY**, and addressed—**Lundy, Bristol Channel, via Ilfracombe, N. Devon, England.**



Hammers and East Coast

ILLUSTRATED LUNDY NEWS AND LANDMARK JOURNAL

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The Editor welcomes M.S. and photographs for consideration (to be sent at owner's risk and accompanied by return of postage)

Subscription Rates: Obtainable on the island 20p
Postal Subscriptions (Home and Abroad) £1 for 4 issues

PUBLISHED BY JOHN DYKE, ON BEHALF OF
THE LANDMARK TRUST

Editorial Offices: Signal Cottage, Lundy, Bristol Channel
via Ilfracombe, N. Devon

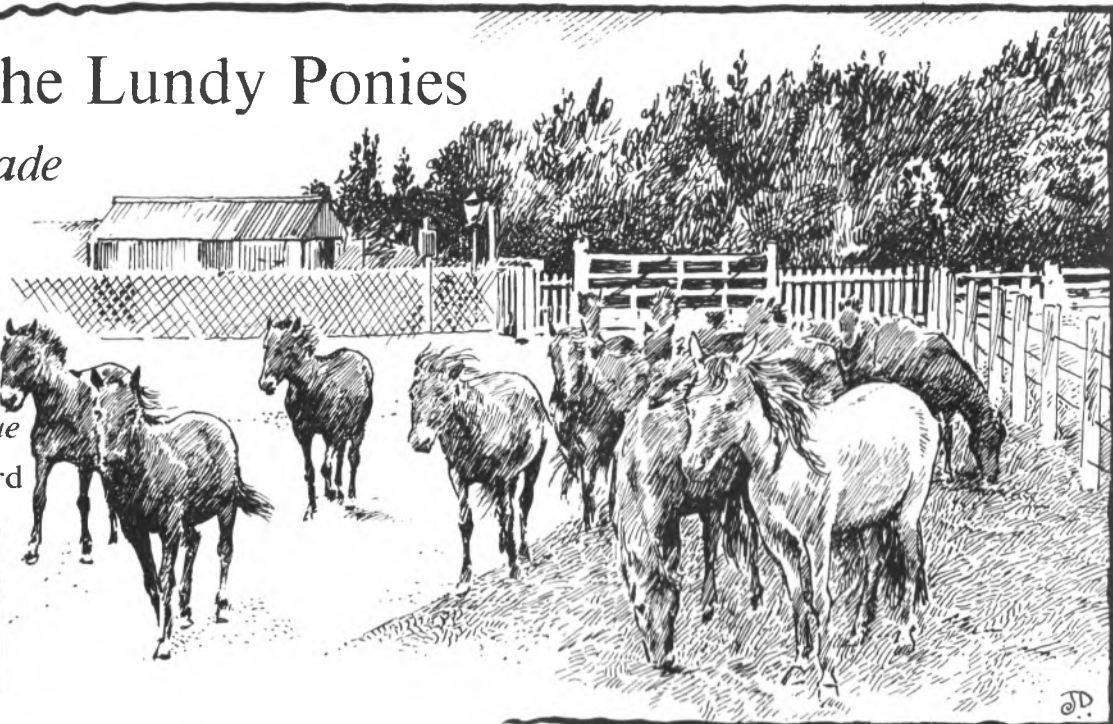
Origin of the Lundy Ponies

by F. W. Gade

INTRODUCTION TO AN ARTICLE ABOUT LUNDY PONIES

appearing in next issue

by Judith M. Langford



I well remember the arrival of the 42 ponies, 34 mares and 8 foals, although the exact date has slipped my memory. It was a fine August day, and the sea was calm when the M.V. *Lerina* picked up her mooring. I had had very little previous experience of disembarking large livestock. The riding gelding "Roy" had been landed in 1927, and he had swum strongly, arriving at the beach before the escorting boat. All that his landing had taught me was the advisability of having at least a 20 foot line to the head collar.

I thought that the operation this time could be speeded up, and the work lightened by using one of the motor boats. I asked Chris Segens, the coxswain, to throttle down to the slowest possible speed. The first of the mares was lowered into the sea, and the launch was started. The first few yards showed what a terrible mistake I had made, although the launch speed seemed insignificant, the mare's nose was towed under water. The launch was put into neutral, and the mare brought up alongside, so that I could get my hands under her chin, and thus keep her from taking any

New Forest ponies at Ringwood Station, preparatory to being transported to Lundy in 1928.

more water, and the beach was reached. With some difficulty, we got the mare to her feet, and led her slowly to the slipway, where she collapsed, and lay on her side.

It was not a case where physicking would have done any good. We could only hope that the mare would recover, but shortly after a thin trickle of blood ran from her nostrils and in an hour or so she was dead.

That was the first and last attempt to land horses or cattle with a motor launch. The remaining 33 mares were brought ashore without mishap, and the 8 foals were put into the *Lerina's* boat and rowed ashore.

I have often admired the calm and methodical way in which Captain Fred Dark, master of the *Lerina*, tackled the problem of shipping 42 ponies at one and the same time. He was a mariner, not a farmer, and his contacts with livestock were few, and the same can be said of his engineer, Tom Hornabrook, and his mate, Jack Branch, senior. The ponies were consigned to Bideford, and Captain Fred was able to enlist the aid of one or more horsey individuals to help in dis-entraining them and leading them from the lairings to the Devon Trading Co's wharf, where he was able to get the willing assistance of the crane driver to drop them on board.

The hold would accommodate 24 or 26 of the mares, and foals were stabled in the fore and aft deckhouses, from which the furniture was removed. As it seemed likely to be a fine and calm day, the remainder of the mares were tied up to the mainmast, the boat's davits, and any other convenient purchases.

Mr. Martin Harman had asked that the ponies be put out north of Halfway Wall, and this was done, but, as the winter came on, it became evident that the pasturage would not be adequate for 42 horses, and, after 2 ponies



Lundy proving its jumping ability at Fremington Horse Show. This pony was owned by Mr. Bertie Hill, the well known show jumper, who trained the British team for the three day event in the 1968 Mexico Olympics, when they won the Gold Medal.

had got bogged in Gannet's Combe, all were allowed to range from Quarter Wall northwards. Subsequently the mares with foals were admitted to the best pastures, and one rather aged mare and her foal were stabled at night.

It was about this time that the first stallion arrived. I was told that he was a Welsh Mountain pony, and had been a champion, but where I never learnt. He stood no more than 13 h.h., and was probably smaller. He was 12 years old but full of fire, a beautiful strawberry roan. I shall never forget the joyful neigh he let out when he was released in the presence of the mares, and his proud look as he thundered over the turf to join them.

All the mares were stated to be in foal before being entrained but, in fact, only one had a



Lundy Hannah in full gallop.

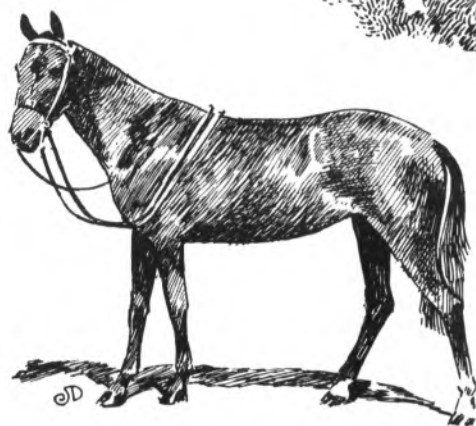
foal in 1929, a dark brown colt, which was gelded and ultimately broken in for riding and light draft. He was named "Sonny Boy".

anyone riding over the island on one or other of the riding horses, as he would be most aggressive, and on one occasion seized a boy

(right) Foals, *Sophie* (left) and *Cinderella* (right).



(below) *Betty Brown*, Lundy pony mare, owned by Lady Slade, was a very successful performer in the show ring before the war.

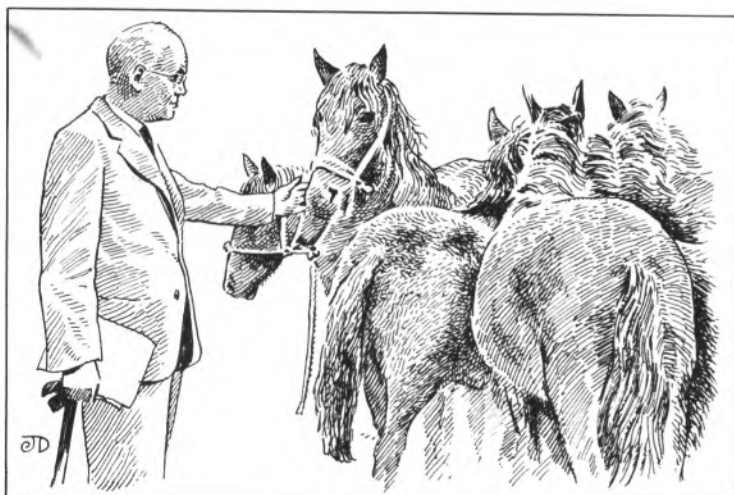


rider by his calf, fortunately without serious harm to the boy. After that incident his shipment was not long delayed. He was a nice looking pony much resembling his sire.

"Pepper" became therefore the stud stallion and was very successful. With the outbreak of war in 1939, and the commandeering of the *M.V. Lerina*, there were no means of shipping ponies alive until 1947, and the herd increased to nearly one hundred head. As the young entires came to maturity, there was constant war amongst them, and it seems to me it was at this point that "Pepper" retired to part of the island, north of halfway wall, with about seven or eight of the older mares. Eventually in 1944 it became necessary to put down a number of the entires.

Between 1947 and 1949, by which time the *Lerina* had been returned to Mr. Harman's ownership, two or more shipments of ponies were made to a local farmer who had a licence to slaughter horses. In 1949 two shipments, each of about twenty ponies, were made and were auctioned at Barnstaple.

It was during the war years that the stallion "Midnight" first became prominent amongst the welter of entires. He was perhaps older than any of them, and a master pony if ever there was one.



The late Mr. Martin Coles Harman inspecting his ponies at Barnstaple Market.

Lundy philatelists may recall that our second and fifth illustrations are taken from photographs which provided the inspiration for the ½ and 1 puffin triangular stamps issued in 1954.

PERSONAL VIEW

Lundy, July 1970

THAT day, we decided each to do our own thing. So instead of scrambling up the cliffs in competition with younger leg and heart muscles I went off by myself. Pauses for sunbathing in secret corners among the rocks, a trip down to sea level to talk to the seals and a long rest on the grassy slopes above the sheer rocks watching the Kittiwakes flash their grey cross against the sky. Later a Lapwing tried hard to look interestingly wounded to lead me away from its nest. The sun still high, the sea shone beyond the cliff-edge. The chore of preparing supper was still hours away, and as for tea, I agree with the French cellist Tortelier who holds that the English would have more composers if they gave up twin beds and tea-time. Not that I have ambitions to compose. But the afternoon was flowing slowly, smoothly, I felt light, age-less, happy.

On the top of one boulder, an oddly square outline caught my eye. It was easy to reach the top, and the large boulder had a faint air of an altar stone. On the upper surface, propped in a hollow made by the rain, lay a square of granite, its edges rough, its face polished and carved. It was fouled by birds' droppings and in the strong light the shallow engraving was hard to decipher. I went down to the brook below; the one, they say, that never dries up. With wet grass and moss, and handkerchiefs, I rubbed the surface clean. Most of the inscription still eluded me: my sight, as people say, is not what it was. But I saw enough: it was a memorial stone to Wendy Ann Mitchell, poet, who died on Lundy in 1957 at the age of 21.

I came back the next morning: sea mist rolled from the West and stung my face—fitting weather for a last day. But the softer light made the characters easier to read and the four lines that had escaped me came over clear:

'Where summer-long we knew the happiness that only we, the young and proud, may know.'
Poetry of the dead Wendy Ann.

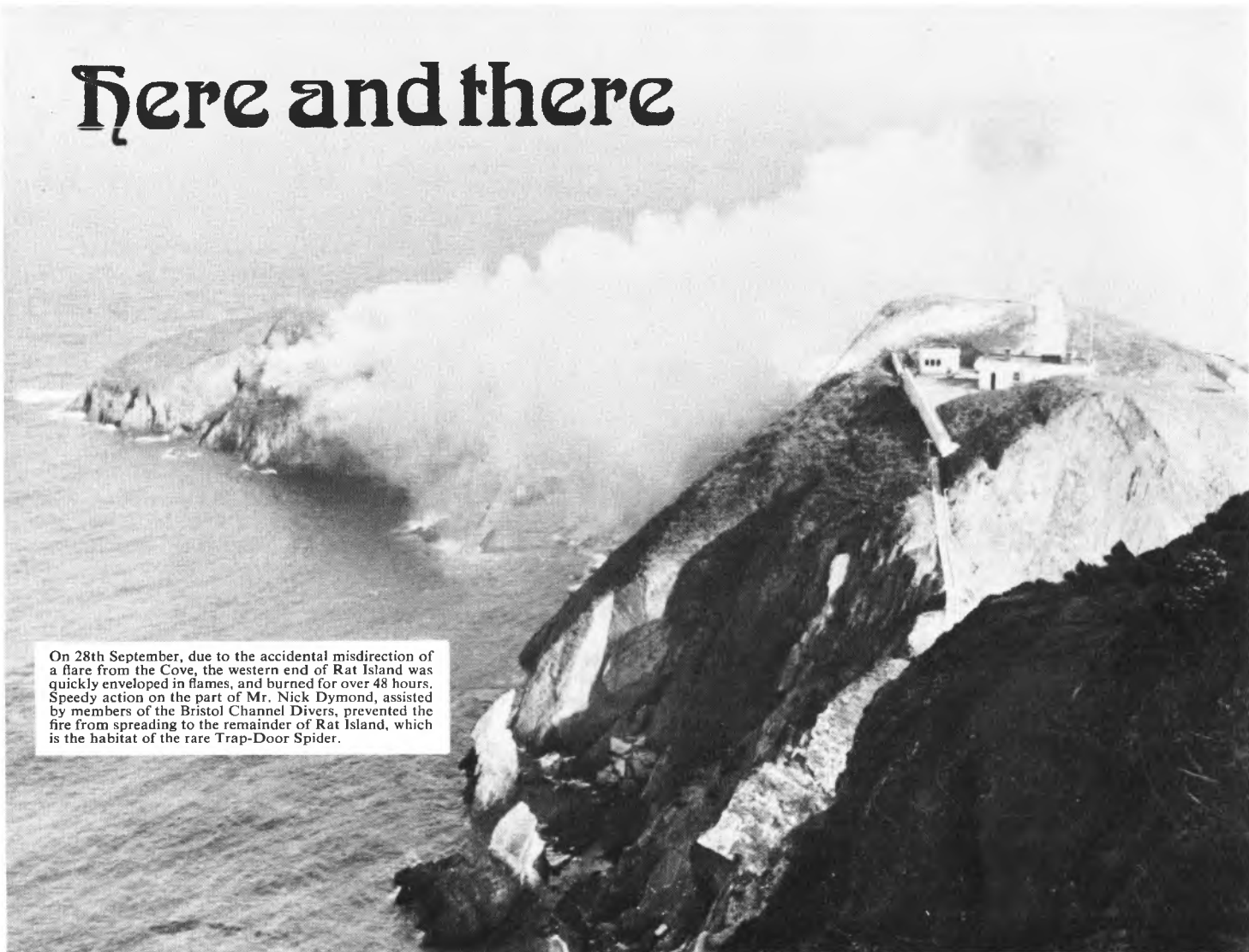
The death of the young always seems more unjust, more pathetic than that of the old, and the girl's love of the island rang true: but—her arrogance! I am not young, though in company of the young, I easily forget past experience and aching muscles and hard-pumping heart. But who was Wendy Ann Mitchell to tell me I could not know happiness such as hers? And anyway—who was Wendy Ann Mitchell?

I cleaned the stone again, helped by the sea-mist; the engraved letters stood out, as grey as the sky; the gulls mewed overhead. To show Wendy Ann's wandering spirit that happiness was not dead, I picked some cross-leaved heather and fixed the little bunch under the stone. Rest in peace, Wendy Ann, but begrudge the old neither their joy nor their pride.

O. DE POMERAI



Here and there



On 28th September, due to the accidental misdirection of a flare from the Cove, the western end of Rat Island was quickly enveloped in flames, and burned for over 48 hours. Speedy action on the part of Mr. Nick Dymond, assisted by members of the Bristol Channel Divers, prevented the fire from spreading to the remainder of Rat Island, which is the habitat of the rare Trap-Door Spider.

Colin Taylor

(right) A consignment of special Chivenor Air Day philatelic covers (details of which appear on the back page) being loaded onto an R.A.F. helicopter in the Tent Field, having been initially conveyed to Lundy by the Clovelly lifeboat. The helicopter was piloted by Flt. Lt. R. L. Probert.

(below) The Manor Farm Hotel undergoing a "face-lift". At the time this photograph was taken the central section was being gutted, the rubble being disposed of by means of a chute into the trailer stationed below.

(bottom right) On 24th May, 1971, a small Hereford bull calf accompanied his mother up the Beach Road to a new home on Lundy. He has grown into a fine animal, as the photograph shows —Friendly by name and by nature!



Nick Dymond

(right) The stallion *Legend of Brae Tor* being led aboard the sea truck, *Shearn* to be crated and winched into the hold of the *Polar Bear*. Mr. John Shearn, Chief Engineer of the *Polar Bear*, is at the wheel of the sea truck which he designed and constructed. This new method of shipping animals has proved highly effective. On the beach, l. to r., Mr. Ian Grainger, Mr. John Ogilvie, Mr. Keith Blaxhall and Mr. Terry Dymond. *Legend* is now home at Lydford in Devon with the mare *Ella* who was sold to the stallion's owner, Mrs. Peggy Garvey, and shipped on the same day.



(below) Two of the approved foundation stock mares being ridden in the West Field. L. to r., Miss Alison Grainger on *Lundy Elsie*, and Miss Serena Smith (daughter of Mr. John Smith, Chairman of the Landmark Trust), on *Lundy Carmine* — the Old Light in the background.

(below right) A charming study of the three domestic goats taken in St. Helen's Field. L. to r., *Folly* (belonging to Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogilvie), *Friday* (belonging to Mr. and Mrs. P. Edwards), and *Goatley*, also belonging to the Ogilvies, who, sad to relate, died on Boxing Day.

Nick Dymond



Catherine Blaxhall



Nick Dymond

In September, the Lundy Committee of the National Pony Society visited the island to undertake the branding of approved Lundy mares and fillies.

(bottom left) Following inspection of the new stabling: l. to r., Miss Keigwin, Mr. Keigwin, Mr. Purse, Mrs. De Quincey (in doorway), Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall, who is in charge of the ponies, Miss Pam Forman (N.P.S.), and Mrs. Keigwin. Not included in the photographs: Mrs. Alexander, and Major and Mrs. Pritchard, of the National Pony Society, who were also members of the party.

(below) A group taken outside Millcombe House: l. to r., Mr. Chris Price (the island's Mainland Agent), Miss Keigwin, Mr. Charles Purse, Mrs. Keigwin, Mr. Tim Keigwin (prospective Parliamentary Conservative candidate for North Devon), and Mrs. Noel De Quincey. Mr. Price, and Mr., Mrs. and Miss Keigwin, were day visitors — Mr. Purse, and Mrs. De Quincey, members of the N.P.S.



Nick Dymond

(above) The aftermath of a winter storm when several vessels sought shelter in Lundy Roads, a number of which are pictured here, including the Clovelly Lifeboat 70-001 (fourth from the left).



John Stockwell



John Stockwell



Mrs. Mary Edwards has kindly loaned us this old photograph, which, judging from the absence of the Church clock face, would appear to date from 1896. Note the gravelled paths, carefully tended flower beds, and summer-house (known to the Heaven family as the "House Beautiful") to the left of Millcombe. The Mission Church is just visible in the foreground of the Hotel.

(below) This photograph conveys the attractive wooded setting of Millcombe House. Part of the newly restored outhouses can be seen at the rear of the main building, with work on the roofing nearly completed.

Photo: Phillipse & Lees (Ilfracombe)



Nick Dymond

(above) A happy picture of Mr. and Mrs. John Stockwell at the conclusion of their first season looking after the guests in Millcombe House while the hotel is undergoing internal reconstruction. On the right is their assistant, Miss Janie Wilson.



Colin Taylor



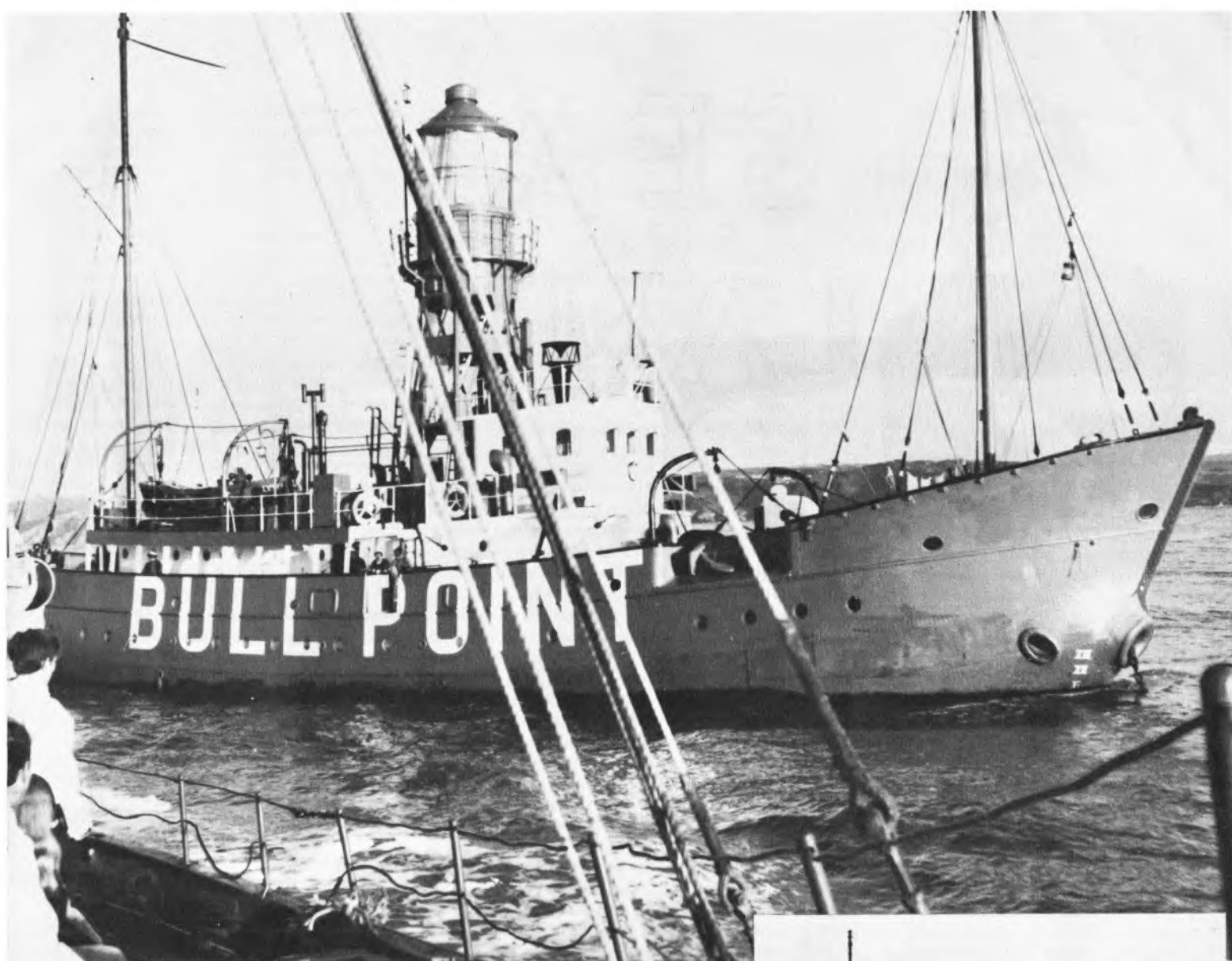
Nick Dymond

(above) On the exterior of the Barn, work proceeds removing the old outer rendering. The fine granite coursing beneath (a section of which has been revealed top left of the building) will remain visible as a permanent exterior wall.



John Stockwell

(above) Mr. Arthur Brown (l.) and Mr. Syd Allen (r.) erecting scaffolding inside the old Barn, which is to be converted into the main gallery of the Lundy Museum.



Nicholas Rowe

(below) 19-year-old Syd Allen can well afford to smile over his plumbing achievement at Pig's Paradise — something akin to Charing Cross Underground, with an intricacy of sewer pipes coming in from all directions! Syd has been with us for two years now: born at Windsor, he's a Torringtonian by adoption, and likes Lundy.

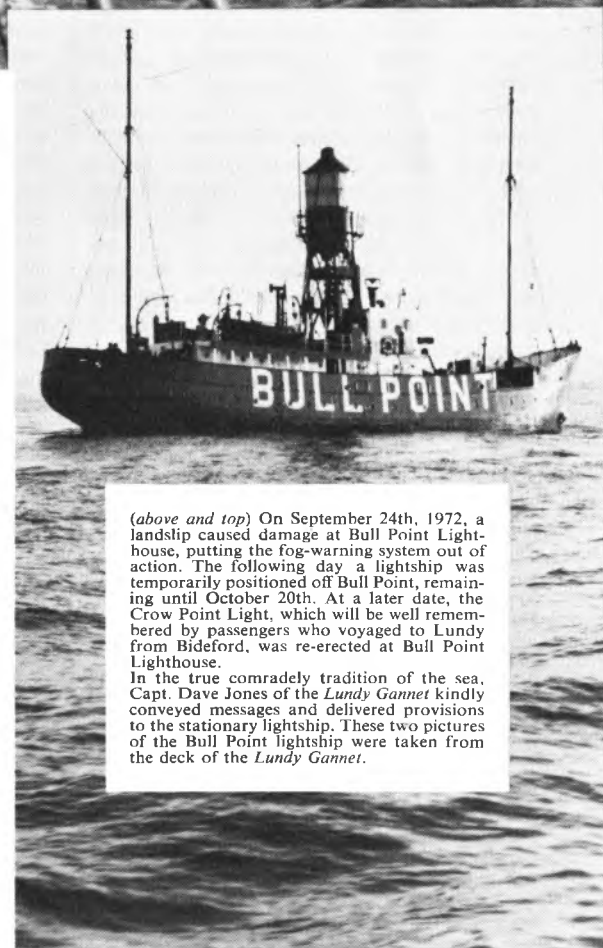
(left) In the last issue we pictured the newly erected temporary dwellings in Pig's Paradise, and here you can see the method of construction. Messrs. "Robbie" Robinson (nearest camera), Syd Allen, and Arthur Brown, aligning a portable section of the north wall.



Colin Taylor



John Stockwell



(above and top) On September 24th, 1972, a landslip caused damage at Bull Point Lighthouse, putting the fog-warning system out of action. The following day a lightship was temporarily positioned off Bull Point, remaining until October 20th. At a later date, the Crow Point Light, which will be well remembered by passengers who voyaged to Lundy from Bideford, was re-erected at Bull Point Lighthouse. In the true comradely tradition of the sea, Capt. Dave Jones of the *Lundy Gannet* kindly conveyed messages and delivered provisions to the stationary lightship. These two pictures of the Bull Point lightship were taken from the deck of the *Lundy Gannet*.

Nicholas Rowe



SEA AND LAND

by Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.

(continued from previous issue)

A mid-day dinner left the afternoon free for a visit to the Seal Cave. A council was called on the practicability of effecting an entrance, and on the best mode of gaining access to it. Old Captain Jack and his son, Captain Tom, agreed in thinking that the low state of the water, for it was now spring-tide, would permit our approach to the cavern on foot, but that the surf would render it difficult for a boat to land, which otherwise would have been the most pleasant mode of reaching the spot. It was, therefore, resolved that we should approach it from the landward side, descending the cliffs at Benjamin's Chair. We wended our way, accordingly, as if we had been going to the Castle, but turning short to the right, we found ourselves at the edge of the precipice, in the middle of the south end of the island above a shallow bay called Rattle's Landing Place. A line, drawn from this spot to the landing-place on the eastern side, divides the island geologically. All to the north of this line, including the greater part of the island, is granite; the little corner to the south-east of it is the gray friable shale common to North Devon. The junction of the two structures is well defined down the cliff. At the point of union copper ore has been found, in sufficient quantity to warrant the formation of a shaft, the erections of which were pointed out to us.

A narrow track, easily overlooked by those who are not familiar with it, leads down to a little grassy platform. A huge perpendicular wall of granite forms the back, thirty feet high, profusely clothed with gray and orange-coloured lichens in loose shaggy tufts. A semi-circular horizon, dividing the blue expanse of sky from that of the sea more deeply blue, was in front. A magnificent scene it was in its grand simplicity; nor unappreciated, for it was evidently a favourite resort. A long tea-table, rudely made of unpainted boards, which the sun had warped out of all shape, had been set up under the rocks, and a bench on each side afforded accommodation for a rather numerous

party. Nature had herself provided a throne of massive state, suited to the giant, whom imagination might picture as the presiding genius of the place. A square cavity in the granite wall formed a low-seated chair, furnished with projections resembling elbows, and a rest for the feet. This seat, which for some reason or other, unpreserved by tradition, is called Benjamin's Chair, gives name to the place.

While we rested here, Captain Jack appeared, followed by two servants bearing a long ladder, a lantern, and a few tallow candles. We watched the proceedings with interest. The assistants, having fastened a long line to the ladder, go down with their charge; the one letting it gradually down from above, the other guiding it in its descent. Then down goes the Captain with the lantern, and we all follow as best we may; each one concentrating all his thoughts on securing his own footsteps on the giddy height; for we had to make a descent of four hundred feet, down a cliff which, though not actually a precipice, was fearfully steep. But we all contrived to scramble down without injury, except a sting on the finger, inflicted by a bee that considered himself insulted, when one of our party thought to obtain a little assistance by grasping a tuft of thyme which the busy insect had appropriated. "Take your time", said the Captain. "I have not gained much by taking thyme", grumbled E., holding up his smarting finger.

A more efficient help was afforded by the angular projection of the solid rock, which occurred here and there, and, in one portion of descent, by the sides of a watercourse, which, though the roughness of the way was increased by the rolled masses lying loosely in it, was less perilous than the open declivity.

Sad witnesses to the power of the winds and waves were lying in our way; for we saw, at a considerable height above the bottom, the blocks and ironwork of some ill-fated vessel, so firmly jammed into the crevices of the rock as to resist all efforts to dislodge them, without more labour than they were worth. These, as the Captain told us, were the relics of a fishing-smack that was driven on the rocks below, of whose hapless crew not one survived to tell the story.

Behold us then collected at the bottom, or as near to it as we were destined to go; for, though it was spring-tide, and the hour of low-water, no beach appeared, but the clear transparent

sea was washing the foot of the cliff. On a narrow slanting ledge, some eight or ten feet above the water-line, we were all perched in a row, like so many guillemots; and there we had quietly to remain till some needful preliminaries were adjusted. We now perceived the use of the ladder, which was not at all intended, as some of us had naïvely supposed, to help us down the declivity. The ledge on which we stood was not horizontal, but would have led us into the sea if we had pursued it. At a certain convenient spot, therefore, the ladder was set, and held firmly by the two men, while we, one by one, shinned up to a higher ledge. Along this we crept in the same manner, our feet shuffling along the narrow shelf, our fingers hooked into the crevices above; for these ledges were often barely wide enough for the foot to rest on lengthwise. As they all had a similar inclination, the same process had to be repeated several times, the ladder enabling us to mount to another ledge, when the one on which we were walking dipped into the sea.

While holding on to the broad surface of the precipice, and especially in the moments occupied in waiting for the ascent of those who happened to be foremost in the line, it was interesting to look down beneath our feet into the hollows between the rocky masses, covered with water of crystalline clearness, which rose and fell with every wave, but was prevented from breaking by the barrier of rocks outside, on which the violence of the swell had spent



itself. In these hollows the large seaweeds were waving, the wrinkled fronds of the oar-weed, floating like the streamers of a ship, and the massive tangle tossing about its long many-fingered hands, as if in distress, with every undulation. The submerged rocks, too, were



densely studded with the olive coloured cups of the sea-thong; many of which were crowned with the singular appendages which bear the fructification; narrow forked straps or thongs, not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, but stretching to a length of several yards, and springing from a point in the centre of each cup-like base.

After rounding in this manner the face of the cliff for a considerable distance, we came at length to some rocks which were high and dry above water, where, as we stood, the wide mouth of the dark cavern yawned immediately in front of us. Between us and it, however, lay an ample area, strewn with boulders of various shapes and sizes, but almost all covered with sea, which was breaking over them with a formidable surge.

Now another council of war. How are we to

pass this Scylla and Charybdis in one? The ladder comes again into requisition; when laid down horizontally, its extremities just reach across the space, from our position to a dry rock at the cave's mouth; its middle being supported by the top of a boulder which rose above the surface.

We looked rather blank at this precarious causeway; our only chance of getting over dry lay in the nimbleness of our heels; for every breaking sea washed away the ladder, despite the efforts of the servants to hold it firm at the ends. To him who was not agile enough to skip across in the interval between one sea and another, a ducking was inevitable.

By Captain Jack's advice, all of us took off our stockings and our upper garments, tucking up our trousers, and replacing boots and shoes for the protection of our feet in crossing. Captain Jack remained on the rock, and became the depositary of clothes, watches, note-books, etc. "Here goes!" said one, and, rapidly stepping from rung to rung, adroitly effected the passage between the seas. "Oh dear!" said another, "I can never do that". "I think I can", said a third; "I'll try at least". He essayed it, but was scarcely half-way across when "Look out!" was the cry; and a green curling wave at the same moment swept the ladder from the grasp of the assistants, and our luckless adventurer found himself, when the wave had passed over his head, up to the waist in water.

This was poor encouragement for the others, who, despairing of tripping it on such a light fantastic toe as the first had exhibited, determined to creep along on hands and knees, meekly resigning themselves to the brunt of the sea, with the philosophic exclamation "'Tis only a wetting!"

When the hilarious mirth produced by these scrapes had subsided, we prepared to enter the cave. It was a noble vault, of sixty feet in height and twelve in width. For a little space we stepped over boulders; then a broad pool crossed our way, extending from wall to wall, seven or eight feet deep. Again the ladder was our medium of passage; now without risk, for the clear bluish-green water was unruffled as a mirror, and the narrow segments of the black tangle lay motionless in the depths, clothed with miniature forests of tiny zoophyte the delicate zigzagged Laomedea.

The damp walls of solid granite were studded with marine animals, but not nearly to the extent that I had anticipated. The low oval cones of the common limpet were adhering to the rock, with the little shelly tribes of *Serpuloe*, and small patches of orange and olive-coloured sponges; and some parts of the sides and rocky floor were plastered over what appeared a coating of brown mortar, but which, when examined, was seen to be an assemblage of tubular cells, composed of grains of sand, agglutinated together by an animal cement, so as to form walls of exquisite mosaic work. Each cell is inhabited by a worm (*Sabella alveolata*) of curious structure, and instincts no less remarkable.

After we had passed the pool, the bottom consisted of fine sand, wet but firm, its level sensibly rising. The cavern grew every moment darker and narrower, and here the candles were lighted and distributed. Each of us carried a

piece in his fingers, which soon became streaked with stiffened streams of tallow, and one fragment was committed to the lantern as a reserve in case of accidents.

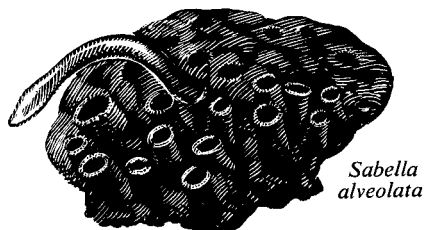
We proceeded silently and with caution, for we were now approaching the principal chamber, the place where seals would be found, if any happened to be at home. But in order to enter this hall we must pass through a gallery so narrow that a person could only squeeze himself along it sidewise. It is just as the foremost emerges from this passage that the seals make their rush. Alarmed by the approaching footsteps, they wait with expectant gaze until the intruder appears in their doorway. The sudden flash of light from the candle into their obscurity is a signal for their escape. With one bound the seal dashes at the man, who, if he not be thoroughly prepared for the shock, will inevitably be knocked over, while the seal makes good his exit across the prostrate person of his baffled invader.

All this was described to us while one of the servants, a cool, resolute fellow, used to the warfare, was exploring the passage, peering through the darkness with his light above his head, and a stout bludgeon grasped in his right hand, ready for a blow. This man told us, as we returned, that he had killed no fewer than five seals on one occasion within the cavern.

We were not, however, favoured with so stirring a termination to our adventure. No sound proceeded from the interior, as our vanguard passed beyond our sphere of vision, and we all in succession followed him.

We found ourselves in a gloomy chamber of spacious area, and so lofty that the united light of our feeble candles could not struggle to its roof. The walls were formed of the plain smooth rock, not particularly damp, and devoid of any incrustation or deposit of stalactite, the rock being composed entirely of granite, of which lime is no ingredient. There is a low and narrow hole at the farther end of the chamber, into which a man may enter by creeping on his hands and knees. It is believed to lead to another cavity, but none of us cared to explore it.

Our curiosity being satisfied, we commenced our return, which we effected in the same manner as our entrance, except that in crossing, by means of the ladder, from the cave to the rock where we had left the worthy old Captain, we were more unlucky, for everyone was washed off from his hold by the surf. This involuntary bath, however, was no great misfortune; for the beams of the burning sun soon dried our drenched garments. Indeed, the contrast which we felt as we emerged from the chilly cavern into the warm sunny air without, was like going into a bake-house on a day in November.



Sabella alveolata

(a further instalment of "Sea and Land" will appear in the next issue).

BOOK REVIEW

I CAN'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

by Elizabeth Browning

Pub. Elek, London, £2.75

"Communication" may indeed be a fashionable topic, but it is truly an important one. Here, in this readable book, is told with energy and considerable emotion, by his mother, the story of Freddy's childhood. Freddy was born with a perceptual speech defect (and other mental handicaps) which deprived him of that fundamental communication channel — human speech.

As with all communication this is a two way concern and so the book is not just the case history of a boy with developmental aphasia but a book about a boy on the one hand and two parents, a family, and a host of doctors, educationalists, and administrators on the other.

Just what is involved in building a bridge across this communication gap is apparent here, but perhaps we with no such handicaps can consider just how many quarrels have as their opening line some such phrase as "Oh, but I thought you meant" or "Oh, but I thought you said", and can then consider how we ourselves would cope if inflicted with the loss of such a basic human ability.

Mrs. Browning set herself a twofold task and attacked them both with indomitable determination. The first was to define and understand her son's problem which was by no means easy for a non-medical person, for not only was the clinical condition imperfectly described but it is hard to comprehend what this disability actually means to the victim — so different from a visible physical handicap. The second was to provide a remedy. This was a task of immense proportions. There were no guidelines to work on, precedents to follow, or authorities to consult. She found herself an explorer on uncharted territory and her journey was full of hopes, disappointments and successes as she sought to equip her son to take his place in the world as an independent adult. The reader can judge her success and the book will delight all those who rejoice in the triumph of the gifted amateur over the professional.

Freddy's very existence is eloquent of our imperfect world and Mrs. Browning shows this clearly. Amongst these imperfections is the lack of educational and therapeutic help for the Freddy's amongst us. She paints her picture on a wide canvas and we are taken the length and breadth of England — on land and afloat — in houses and in tents — and on Lundy itself which made its own contribution to Freddy's progress. There are a host of characters, good, bad and indifferent and their virtues and shortcomings are clearly shown. The villains are clearly there and equally clear is the heroine shown — Mrs. Browning herself.

MARK HUBBARD.



LUNDY LOG

Compiled by John Dyke
FEBRUARY - MAY 1972



N.B.: To save space in this crowded article, we use the abbreviations: Gannet, for Lundy Gannet, and 70-001, for the Clovelly lifeboat, R.N.L.B. Charles H. Barrett.

FEBRUARY

1st: Dull, cold morning. Wind S.E. 6-8, veering S.W. 4-5, and increasing 6-8. Supersonic explosion at noon. A lovely sunny afternoon. Superb sunset — pink clouds and rosy tinted sea. Starlit night, with near full moon, reflecting a silvery sea. Wind decreased for a while, but resumed to become a very rough night by 2200 hrs. Future forecast S.S.W. 9 to storm 11. Hundreds of Redwings and Blackbirds on the island.

2nd: Commencing dull — wind S.E. Tremendous waves in the Bay. The sun appeared in the late morning. Less clear, but moonlit night — clouds developing. "Rona", the oldest mare on the island, humanely despatched today by Mr. John Ogilvie.

3rd: A dreadful storm broke at 0200 hrs., continuing throughout darkness. Thunder, lightning, roaring winds, and torrential rain. The remaining portion of Coastguard Cottages roof lifted off and deposited neatly outside Signal Cottage No. 3 kitchen window. Dawn was followed by a dull day and decreased wind. Ceilings repaired and interior decoration commenced at Millcombe House. Mr. Nicholas Dymond redecorating and repairing interior of Old Light.

4th: Clear, sunny morning. *Gannet* arrived at mid-day with Miss Sue Marsh (to deputise for Mr. and Mrs. John Stockwell), Mr. Arthur Brown, to join building staff as mason. Mrs. Shirley Glover came for the day, also one Trinity House employee. *Gannet* left at 1500 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Grainger and Tom, Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell (on leave), Mrs. Penny Ogilvie, Mr. Arthur Strick, and Mrs. J. Dyke. Wind S.E.5, later becoming S.W. 6-8. Slight rain in the evening.

5th: A lovely sunny day — milder. Wind S.E.

becoming E. 5-7. Slight rain at 16.30 hrs.

6th: Overcast day — fairly calm sea — light airs. Sunset reflected on the windows of the Church. A bright starry night.

7th: Dry, sunny morning. S.E. to E. 5-7. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* arrived off the E. Side at 13.15 hrs., proceeding to the N. End. *Gannet* moored at 13.35 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Grainger and Tom, and Mr. Ernie Dowding (Plumber). *Gannet* left at 16.45 hrs. Sky clouded over at mid-day threatening rain, but none came. Plumbing commenced at Millcombe House.

8th: Heavy rain between 0800 hrs. and 1100 hrs., clearing to become a bright and sunny afternoon. Cement mixer brought up from the Beach Road coastal erosion work to prepare a floor for the store room next to the "Supermarket". Wind S.E. 6-8, decreasing 5-6.

9th: Heavy rain during night, becoming a bright and sunny day. Wind S.W. 3-4, backing S. 4-6, later W. 6-8. Sea very calm — mainland exceptionally clear. Mr. Gade unable to make R.T. contact with Hartland Coastguards at 1600 hrs. Concreting of store floor completed.

10th: Rather dull morning — slight rain at 1300 hrs., clearing at 1500 hrs. and becoming sunny — wind S.W. 6-8. Lowestoft registered trawler *Bryher* anchored in the Roadstead during the evening.

11th: Fine, sunny day — cold wind, W. 5-6, backing S.W. 7-9. *Peter Sonne*, Danish coaster, came into the Roads for shelter, followed by the Belgian trawlers, *Surveyor* and *Mariner*, from the W. Side. Reconstruction of Millcombe House drainage in progress.

12th: Wind N.W. 6-8, locally 9 — moderating 5-7, exceptionally ferocious. Heavy seas on W. Side. News received that the cruise ship *Lindblad Explorer*, due to visit Lundy in May, had gone aground during a blizzard in the Antarctic. 70-001 at anchor in the Bay. *Kaiserberg*, *Heathergate*, *Anna Hartmann* (coasters) and trawler *Soleillevant*, joining those already sheltering in the Roadstead during mid afternoon. *Gannet* sailing cancelled.

13th: Wind N.W. 5-7 — squally during mid morning. *Heathergate* and *Anna Hartmann* sailed during darkness, *Peter Sonne* at 0800hrs., and *Kaiserberg* at 11.15., the latter returning during the evening. *Gannet* arrived at 1000 hrs., with Miss Alison and Mr. Jonathan Grainger on board, and Mr. Arthur Strick. Captain Dave Jones did not linger, in the face of gale forecast.

14th: Lovely warm, sunny day — sea very calm — S.W. 3-4, increasing 5-7 later. *Kaiserberg* sailed at 11.15 hrs., 70-001 also left for



Clovelly Roads. Miss J. Dyke and Mr. Colin Taylor completed anti-rabbit fencing in the E. walled garden in Millcombe.

15th: Severe gale, S.W., veering N.W. 7-9, blew up during the night. Very windy and rainy. Slight pause for sunshine mid morning. Torrential rain after darkness. Ships coming in for shelter.

16th: Stormy night. Forecast N.N.E. 8, locally 9. Lundy sheltering *Esso Dover* (London), *Quo Vadis* (Groningen), *Elbmarschen* (Gluckstadt), *Niedersachsen* (Hamburg), and one Belgian

trawler (sailing at 11.45 hrs); the remainder having all departed by mid afternoon. Sea much calmer in the evening. Island stock of calor gas exhausted.

17th: Dull, cold and windy morning. N.E. 3-5. Sunshine at mid-day. No *Gannet* sailing.

18th: Wind N.E. 6-9. Very cold and fiercely windy, with occasional rain — the sea whipped up into a seething brown mass of waves, with white breakers.

19th: Dull, but no rain. Wind N.E. 5-7, decreasing in the evening. Very cold. Rough in the Bay. No *Gannet* sailing.

20th: Wind variable 3, later S. 3-4, increasing 5-6 from the W. Still cold. Choppy in the Bay, but better than yesterday, "Patsy", the deserted feral kid, died at the Old Light.

21st: Wind light E., 2-3. *Gannet* arrived at 12.30 hrs., with Miss Linda Palfreeman (fiancee of Mr. Arthur Brown), Mr. Sanders (Trinity House technician), Mr. Robbie Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. John Dyke. All landed dry-shod, in spite of surf on the beach. Miss Jilly Dyke left on the returning *Gannet*, also Mr. Ernie Dowding. Continuing N.E., with an overcast sky — milder.

22nd: Appreciably colder — N.E. wind, increasing during the day 5-6. Mr. Nick Dymond undertook a sea-bird count at N. End. Sheep drive over the island from N. End. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strick, Mrs. Linda Charteris, Messrs. Phiroze Dottiwalla, and Nick Dymond assisting farm bailiff, Mr. John Ogilvie.

23rd: Cold E. wind, force 6 — dry, low cloud, turbulent in the Bay. Further rounding up of sheep from The Ugly to Benjamin's Chair area. I.L.N. magazine mentioned in the Spring issue of the National Trust Newsletter. E. wind gusting to near gale force during the day.

24th: Grey, overcast, poor visibility — E. force 7 wind. Bay very rough. Mr. Paul Munton reported that landslides have occurred at the Earthquake, south of Jenny's Cove, and above Quarry Beach. Wind abated slightly, becoming warmer. Heavy rain during late afternoon and after darkness. Large breakers coming in as a result of E. wind.

25th: E. wind gradually diminished — calm by early afternoon, when it became warm and sunny due to a mild airstream from S.W. Mr. Nick Dymond demolishing remainder of Terrace Heligoland Trap. Most of male staff busily employed at Millcombe House. Fine moonlit night.

26th: Light S. airs. Beautifully sunny. *Gannet* arrived at 0915 hrs. with Mr. and Mrs. John Stockwell and Mr. Ernie Dowding on board. Snowdrops, and emerging daffodils and crocuses, making a welcome sight in Millcombe. *Gannet* departed at 13.10 hrs., with Miss Sue Marsh, Mrs. Mary Edwards, Mr. Jim Webster, and Mr. John Ogilvie on board. T.H. helicopter relief of S. Light at 12.50 hrs. Rain after darkness. Wind S.W. moderate, clearing later, becoming moonlit.

27th: A beautiful morning, warm and sunny. Larks singing, also Robins, Dunnocks, Wrens and Goldfinches. S.S.W. wind increased during the afternoon — grey clouds loomed up. Future forecast gave the possibility of a S. gale. Church Service at 1700 hrs. Five present.

28th: Strong S.S.W. winds 6-7 during the night. Overcast at dawn, continuing so, with fine rain coming in on the decreasing wind. Clouds dispersed after mid-day, becoming warm and sunny. Very Spring-like. Old slates being conveyed from Millcombe House up to the proposed new Dairy in Old Light compound. Superb moonlit night — full moon, with a magnificent silvery reflection on the moving water off Hell's Gates. The island breadless!

29th: Dry morning — overcast. *Gannet* arrived at 0945 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Nobby Smith (Summer Isles) for the day, also two tradesmen on contract work painting holiday lettings.

Hartland Coastguards enquired of Capt. Dave Jones whether he had seen an oil slick off Morte Point. Capt. Jones reported that it was an extensive drift of seaweed. T.H.V. *Argus* in the Roads unloading stores for the S. Light. *Gannet* left at 14.15 hrs. S.W. wind increasing to near gale force. Another moonlit night.

MARCH

1st: A bright and beautiful day — N. wind 3-4. Mr. Paul Munton reports that the feral goats have finished kidding — only 10 surviving out of about 24 live births, due to the inclement weather, and possible intervention of Ravens! 70-001 at anchor in the Bay. Another moonlit night.

2nd: S.S.W. wind — grey day. *Gannet* arrived at 10.35 hrs., leaving again at 14.30 hrs., with Mr. Ian Grainger on board. Rough return passage. Coaster *Orion II* (Hamburg) came in for shelter at 1500 hrs. Intermittent rain — S. to S.E. gale, gusting to 10, lulling in the late evening, but increasing again in the small hours.

3rd: A wild day — heavy, squally showers. At its worst, a huge swirling mass of sleet, like a spirit in agitation, was sent crashing against Signal windows. Spume (Lundy butterflies) flying off the top of the West cliffs. Sunshine accompanied by blue skies appeared in the afternoon. The S.W. storm continued with ferocity. *Ardglen*, and *Lord Suffolk* (Lowestoft registered trawler) came rolling and pitching into the Roads at 1700 hrs., also a foreign trawler, *Duc in Altum*. *Selectivity* anchored at 17.30 hrs., and during darkness *Surreybrook* and *Quiescence*.

4th: Another stormy night with heavy rain-storms. Ground underfoot absolutely sopping. Two trawlers made a run for it — *Lord Suffolk* left unobserved; *Duc in Altum* at 14.45 hrs., when S.W. to W. 9-10 had decreased 7-8. Heavy squally showers continuing.

5th: A modest W.N.W. wind, but rough seas resulting from recent storms. Brilliantly sunny — daffodils flourishing in St. Helen's Valley. Five vessels in the Roads: *Orion II*, *Sigfried Flint* (Hamburg), *Venus* (Zeebrugge), *L.T. 371* (Lowestoft), and 70-001. The two latter left in the early afternoon. Great rollers crashing onto Lundy's exposed coastline. Ten seals in the Bay below. Daughter, Elizabeth, born to Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvie at Maternity Hospital, Barnstaple.

6th: A stormy day. Wind S.W. 8-9, increasing 9-10 during afternoon, with frequent rain-storms. *Gannet* astonished all, including, no doubt, the sheltering vessels, by arriving at 1300 hrs., after an abominable crossing — turning back off Bull Point, and then proceeding westwards again. Mr. Ian Grainger, Miss Jilly Dyke, and Mr. Reg. Lo Vel were passengers. Four cargo vessels sheltering: *Orion II*, *Clarebrook*, *Rosa* (arriving at 11.30 hrs.), and *Trio*; also trawlers: *Atlas*, *Venus*, *Surveyor*, *Suzy*, *Bryher*, and one unidentified. *Gannet* left as quickly as possible, and, through the telescope, could be seen going through some incredible antics on the return passage. During the afternoon the gale veered N.E., and all sheltering vessels had to retreat. Heavy squalls after darkness.

7th: Greyish morning — N.E. force 6; coldish. Large areas of swampy ground on the island — ideal for the mud snail. Enormous rollers crashing upon Black Rock and the Shutter with a tremendous roar — the spray shooting high into the air. Wind blowing briskly from E. up to 7 at darkness.

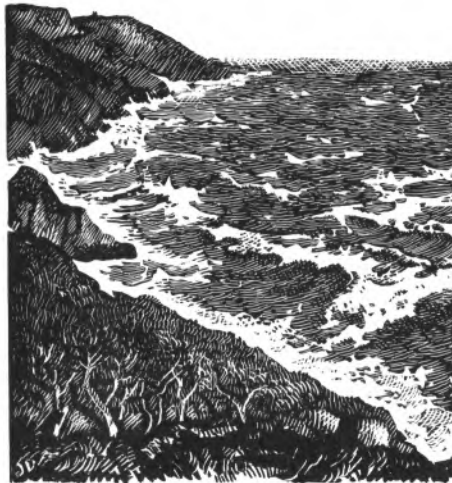
8th: Grey morning. Wind abated, but still E., 3-4 — gradually clearing with sunny intervals — cold. A formidable drainage blockage at the Old Light. Fishery Protection vessel in evidence off the West Side.

9th: A bright, sunny morning, clouding over at mid-day. Blockage at Old Light proved to be a broken and semi-collapsed culvert channel, which will necessitate digging out for the whole of its length. Small open-decked motor vessel, *Gower Venture*, anchored in the Bay at 1500 hrs. Supersonic explosion, shaking doors and windows, at about the same time. T.H.V. *Argus*

anchored at 15.45, transferring technicians on the Landing Beach. Rain after darkness — S.E. 3-4, increasing 5-6 during the night.

10th: Bright, sunny morning, clouding for a while, then becoming sunny for a while. Lobster boat, *Marigold*, at anchor in Jenny's Cove. Cold wind, N.E. 5-6, dry.

11th: Another very cold day — N.E. wind, 8 gusting to 9. Dry. Tremendous seas on the East Side. *Marigold* still in vicinity.



12th: Bright, sunny, cloudless, ferociously N.E. 8-9. Signal back gate blown down. One West German cargo vessel anchored in Jenny's Cove. Difficult to stand up on the Hanmers path. A barrage of huge rollers from Rat Island to Tibbetts Point, with gigantic waves and troughs further out, and endless white horses. Young male Eider tossing and pitching happily near the shore (5th island record). Church Service at 1700 hrs.: seven present.

13th: Grey, overcast day — cold wind N.E. 6-7, but considerably abated S.E. 3-4 in late afternoon. Front windows of Signal coated with salt, resulting from recent storms.

14th: A fine, warm day, with light S.E. wind. Drizzle commenced at 1730 hrs. *Gannet* arrived at 0945 hrs., with much needed calor gas aboard, deliveries having been affected by British Industrial strike action. Passengers aboard were: Mrs. Mary Edwards (returning from leave), Mr. Jim Webster, Mr. John Ogilvie, Mr. Terry Dymond (to assist on the farm), and Mr. Colin Taylor. *Gannet* left with Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall and Mrs. Liz Stafford on board.

15th: Grey and overcast — windless. 31 Sika deer sighted, including 3 stags. 20 seals seen off Tibbetts.

16th: A very fine, sunny day — easterly breeze. *Gannet* arrived at 0945 hrs. on a tranquil, sparkling sea; with Mrs. Blaxhall and Mrs. Stafford aboard, and Miss Lynda Thorne for the day. Wind E. 3-4 in the late evening.

17th: Sunny morning, becoming overcast mid-day. Slight E. wind, 2-3. A sheep drive took place at 14.30 hrs., coinciding with the punctual arrival of a Wessex helicopter in the Lighthouse Field with a party of Service climbers, including Rear Admiral Keith Lawder, Major Mike Banks, Mr. Robert Moulton, and five others. The sheep were rounded up for the lambing season. A fine starlit night.

18th: A gorgeous day — warm and sunny — wind E. 1-2. *Cleave Petrel* arrived at her moorings, preceding the *Gannet*, which arrived at 10.30 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Scott-Walker on board for the day. Admiral Lawder gave the Warden climbing instruction below the Battery, and on the buttress north of the Old Light. Dustproofing of the Supermarket floor commenced, to be followed by two more applications. *Fendyke* (Hull) anchored at 15.30 hrs., later joined by a R.N. Minesweeper on exercise laying smoke-screens. *Gannet* left at 1600 hrs. Sea calm. *Cleave Petrel* left later.

19th: Fine, but overcast. Messrs. Nick Dymond and Paul Munton, accompanied the climbers

in the morning and scaled the Devil's Slide. Great excitement at sighting a superb Greenland Falcon, under observation by the Warden and Mr. and Mrs. Strick: the fourth record for Lundy. The *Fallow Deer* (Rochester) a new vessel out of Appledore Shipyards, arrived for sea trials at mid-day, leaving again in the afternoon. The *Marigold*, with a newly painted white hull, rounded Rat Island at 1305 hrs., and moored in the Bay. The *Cape Horn* appeared at 13.30 hrs. to lay P. & A. Campbell launch moorings. *Fendyke* sailed at 1800 hrs., shortly after the *Cape Horn*. Church Service at 1700 hrs. Congregation 10. Chivener helicopter paid a surprise nocturnal visit, landing in the Lighthouse Field, and then circling the island for over an hour, establishing radio contact between another helicopter on a rescue mission off S. Wales coast, and Hartland Coastguards. Much colder in the evening, with N. wind 3-4. First lambs born today (twins).

20th: Very foggy — South Light siren commenced at 0845 hrs., continuing for about 2 hours, when fog disappeared, giving way to sunshine. Coldish N.N.E. wind 3-4, increasing 4-5. Third application of floor sealer applied to the Supermarket this morning. Climbers departed in the Wessex helicopter at 1400 hrs.

21st: Fine, sunny day — strong E. wind 4-5. T.H.V. *Stella* anchored in the Roads at 0800 hrs., remaining until 18.30 hrs., then proceeding to Penzance. Arriving *Gannet* signalled to make round to Jenny's Cove, where she landed her passengers at the Pyramid at 12.45. Aboard were Mrs. Alison Taylor and Mrs. D. E. M. Alexander (Lundy Pony Committee members) and Mr. Taylor to look at the ponies. Also Mrs. Mary Squires, Rev. R. C. Dixon, and son, Mr. Peter Dixon, Mr. Christopher Price, and Mr. Arthur Bealey (all day visitors); Miss Janie Wilson (to assist in the Hotel); one Trinity House technician, and Mrs. and Mr. Coleman to stay in Little St. Johns. Wind abated in the afternoon, although still E., permitting the *Gannet* to discharge bulk cargo at the Landing Beach, and pick up her returning passengers. Greenland Falcon seen by several persons again today.

22nd: Another beautifully sunny day — wind E.N.E. 3-4. Greenland Falcon again sighted. Hazy seascape suddenly cleared in late afternoon, revealing extensive shipping activity in the lane south of the island, including the B.P. Tanker, *British Splendour* (11,232 tons) being towed to the Breakers' Yard by the tug *Gabriel* (informant, Mr. John Stockwell). Dark objects noted floating 4 or 5 miles off, and likely to be a hazard. A quiet moonlit night.

23rd: Beautiful weather continues — wind E.N.E. 3-4. Moonlit night.

24th: Another sunny day. Wind as before. A large moon, casting cloud shadows on the sea.

25th: A dull, overcast day — intermittent rain in the afternoon, then clearing. The *Margaret* arrived at 0600 hrs., and disembarked her passengers at 0800 hrs., the Wickham party from Bideford for Tibbetts. *Cape Horn* arrived at 0930 hrs., with a full complement — students from Exeter University led by Dr. Daniels; the remainder sailing on the *Gannet*, which moored at 0945 hrs. Issue No. 7 of the I.L.N. arrived, and all subscribers' copies were distributed by return, with the additional help of Mrs. Liz Stafford, Mr. Colin Taylor, and Mr. Nick Dymond. *Cleave Petrel* moored at 11.45 hrs. with Mrs. Penny Ogilvie, Kate, and newly arrived sister, Elizabeth. Trinity House helicopter relief today — two missions being made to the South Light. Thick mist at nightfall.

26th: Bright, sunny morning — considerable fast-moving clouds — wind W. 4-5. Colder. *Cleave Petrel* sailed for Bideford at 0200 hrs. *Crescence* and *Eminence* at anchor, both leaving shortly after 1400 hrs. A Hull trawler arrived at 0900 hrs., followed by L.T. 737, *Willing Boys*. Church Service at 1700 hrs. Congregation 8. Future forecast not very encouraging — W. 8-9. **27th:** A very boisterous night — severe gale. Lundy sheltering: *Westondyke*, *Chesterbrook*, *Concordia-E* (cargo vessels) and trawlers: *Venroi*, *Roi Leopold*, *Ster-Der-Zee*, *Kris Jean*

Rachel, Angellus, D. Vanmaerplant, Suzy, and Willing Boys. Westerly wind blew with severity during night.

28th: A fine, sunny day. Wind N.W. 6-7, moderating sufficiently for all trawlers to resume by 1900 hrs., and cargo vessels by 23.30. *Gannet* sailing postponed. 70-001 anchored after darkness.

29th: Wind decreased, W. 4-5 — sunny and warm. Short shower at mid-day. *Fendyke* anchored at 0905 hrs., sailing again at 15.30 hrs. *Gannet* arrived 1300 hrs., with a camping party on board, including Mr. and Mrs. Hailstone. *Gannet* sailed again at 1500 hrs., with Mr. Ernie Dowding and Mr. Syd Allen on board for Easter leave. 70-001 sailed during day.

30th: Wind force 7 S.W., increasing W.S.W. 8. *Gannet* sailing cancelled. Grey, overcast day. Two trawlers anchored. Sea watch at first light revealed a steady inshore passage of Manx Shearwaters and Kittiwakes to W. Thick mist descended on the top of the island. S. Light siren active in the evening and during the night.

31st (Good Friday): Thick mist — S. Light siren in operation at 0905 hrs. *Cleave Petrel* at anchor. *Gannet* and *Cape Horn* (skipped by Mr. Eric Barbeary) on their way at 1100 hrs., Capt. Jones reporting that they were in convoy, but couldn't sight each other. Both arrived at 12.15 hrs., sharing 21 passengers, including members of the Nunn party. Heavy rain afternoon and evening, with accompanying poor visibility. Mr. Robbie Robinson went on shore leave — two Exeter University students also left.

APRIL

1st: Wet — thick mist — wind S.W. 5-6, clearing slightly in the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Glover (*Cleave Petrel*) came ashore in the morning. Sailings of both *Gannet* and *Cape Horn* cancelled, resulting in a spate of telegrams from visitors who would otherwise have left the island. S. Light siren active for most of the day. The Church decorated for Easter Sunday.

2nd (Easter Sunday): Inhospitable weather continuing — S.W. 6-7, gusting to gale force. No sailings from Ilfracombe. *Cleave Petrel* left in the early afternoon, kindly collecting island mail and posting at Bideford. *Crescence*, *Quiescence*, and *Fendyke*, at anchor in the morning. Church Service at 1700 hrs. 33 in congregation; music being provided by one violin and three recorders. S.W. winds still blowing steadily, with accompanying heavy rain and poor visibility.

3rd (Easter Monday): Wind S.W. 4-5, but a very pleasant day — overcast at mid-day. *Fendyke*, *Quiescence*, *Crescence*, still at anchor — the latter leaving at 0845 hrs. The new Campbell launch, *Lady Moyra*, arrived at noon, followed at 13.10 hrs. by the *Balmoral*, with 169 passengers, including Mr. S. C. Smith Cox, Chairman of the Company, on board, also Lt. Col. and Mrs. R. Jennings from Kidwelly, and Mr. Whatley, day visitors. Also, Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson and family (staying at Hammers), and the Rev. R. C. Dixon. The *Cape Horn* arrived at 13.30 hrs., with a party of students from the Dept. of Animal Psychology, Bristol University, led by Mr. Ian Vine; Mr. Martin Webb and assistant, Mr. Philip Anfield, to recommence Bristol Channel Divers' activities. A small yacht, *Yo-Yo* (Ilfracombe) came into the Bay for part of the afternoon. Leaving today, the Exeter University students (Old Light), and the Wickham party. Evening Service conducted by Rev. R. C. Dixon — 35 in congregation, and music provided by the ensemble. Wind S.W. 3-4.

4th: Gale 8, S.W., gusting to 9. 15 communicants at 0800 hrs. Service. Very heavy rain-storm with sleet and hail at 1400 hrs. No *Gannet* sailing. *Quiescence* and *Fendyke* still at anchor, joined at 11.15 hrs., by the Lowestoft trawler, *Bryher*. *Bowcrest* anchored at 19.10 hrs., sailing again at 2000 hrs., accompanied by *Fendyke*.

5th: Moderate N.W. wind, later increasing. *Bowcrest* returned again from the W. Side at 1300 hrs., evidently having found conditions

too rough. The sun made an appearance at mid-day. *Crescence* reported running short of provisions, and, if unable to sail on the morrow would take on supplies from the island. A member of the Bristol University party ill with temperature and swollen glands — Mrs. Cherry Richardson in attendance, and advised removal to hospital at earliest. Arrangements made for patient to be conveyed to Ilfracombe by the Clovelly lifeboat, 70-001 on the following morning. "Pipit", a bay filly, was born to "Lundy Elsie" today.

6th: Wind S.W. 5-7 — sea moderating after 0500 hrs. The sick patient was conveyed to Ilfracombe and thence to hospital at 0830 hrs. Other passengers were: Mrs. J. Dyke (hospital appointment), Mr. Peter Edwards (shore leave) and Rev. R. C. Dixon. 29 persons requiring to leave the island. *Shetland Trader* and *Westondyke* at anchor, the latter departing in late afternoon. *Bryher* left at 0930 hrs. Wind continuing S.W. Forecast, S.W. veering W. 5-7, later 8-9. Heavy mist descended on the island during the afternoon. Fog siren sounding up to 2000 hrs.

7th: High winds to gale force persisting; squalls up to force 9 — visibility poor. *Crescence* at anchor. *Shetland Trader* departed at 0915 hrs., later returning. Clouds dispersed at 1100 hrs., and sun appeared. T.H.V. *Stella* came into the Bay at 10.45 hrs., landing technicians for N. and S. Lights. The Captain kindly agreed to convey four stranded visitors (including Mr. Joseph and Mr. Bristow, members of the Nunn party) to Penzance. T.H.V. *Stella* left at 11.20 hrs., rounding Rat Island and dipping her bows into a heavy sea — a colourful sight — best viewed from dry land. 42 persons are requiring to come and stay, but there are only sufficient passages for 36. Vessels at anchor: *Laurenz*, *Expansa*, *Dynacontainer II*, *Shoreham*, *Fendyke*, *Formality*, *Shetland Trader*, joined at 12.50 hrs. by *Wilhelm Florin* (E. German, 8,000 tons), and 70-001, followed by *Crescence* returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get over Bideford Bar. Supersonic explosion at 13.35 hrs. *Lune Fisher* arrived after 1500 hrs. Intervals of heavy rain and severe gales persisting throughout the night.

8th: Sunny, with swiftly moving clouds passing over the island. Gales continuing. No prospect of the three boats coming. Additional vessels sheltering: *Guardiance* and *Meteor*; later, *Revi*, *Levern*, and *Faience* joined the vessels at anchor — 15 sheltering. Wind gradually abated to 3-4 W. in the evening. *Expansa* sailed at 1900 hrs. on a W. course. Hartland Coastguard informed Mr. Gade that the *Margaret* (Bideford) would not be sailing at 0300 hrs. tomorrow. R.T. rendezvous arranged for 0700 hrs. to see whether *Gannet* and *Cape Horn* would be sailing.

9th: Lundy sailings reported at 0900 hrs.: during darkness, *Fendyke*, *Dynacontainer II*, *Lune Fisher*, *Shetland Trader*, *Formality*, *Meteor*, *Revi*, and *Levern*. At anchor, *Foxtongate*, *Eminence*, *Faience*, *Guardiance* and *Crescence*. Beautifully sunny day with a cool N.N.W. wind, 2-4. *Gannet* and *Cape Horn* arrived — members of the Conservation Corps, Dr. and Mrs. Mark Hubbard and party, later joined by Mr. Warwick Dyer (for Hammers), Dr. and Mrs. Day and family (Millcombe), and new occupants for Castle Cottage. All campers departed on the return voyages, also Mr. John Richardson Junr., and the Bristol University party. *Margaret* arrived at 16.15 hrs., at high tide, presenting some difficulty in landing passengers on a short beach with active surf. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cobbledick and daughters (Torrington), Mrs. Ramm, son and 3 daughters (Alwington), arrived; and 3 members of the Conservation Corps. Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson and family were among those departing on the *Margaret* for Appledore. The evening sky looked forbidding, and by darkness the wind had veered S., and was approaching gale force. Church Service at 1700 hrs., congregation of 7. Sailings after darkness: *Crescence* and *Guardiance*. Conservation Corps brought a storm-blown Puffin from Braunton Burrows.

10th: W. gale 8, to severe gale 9. Lundy sheltering: *Anna Drent* (Gronigen), *Adolph Flint*, *Clarebrook* (London), *Foxtongate*, *Kleven*, *Lorraine-D* (Newport), *Sussexbrook* (London), *Hardy Merchant* (London), *Eminence*, and *Faience*. 70-001 anchored in the early evening. Conservation Corps commenced the reclamation of the Rhododendron Path, operating in two gangs, Mr. Colin Taylor advising on the best route for the second section north of St. Helen's Valley; Janet, a Corps member, suffering from drowsiness — a reaction to seasick tablets.

11th: W. gale continuing with ferocity — moderating in the evening. Heavy showers in the morning, otherwise brilliantly sunny all day. 13 vessels sheltering, with the addition of *Brandon*, and *Janne Wehr* (Hamburg). No sailings to the island. Janet, still suffering from drowsiness, attended by Dr. Mark Hubbard — need for helicopter assistance averted. Recuperating Puffin taken by the Warden to Lametry Beach, but conditions too rough to permit release; Mrs. Grainger kindly agreed to look after the bird, which would have the facilities of Bramble pond. Demolition of the two chimney breasts at Coastguard Cottages completed without mishap. Some of the granite on site is being used by the Corps for the repair of Battery path retaining wall. The Corps also loaded sand on the beach for use at the Battery, whilst others continued with work on the Rhododendron Path. Wind N.W. to N., decreasing 4-5 in the late evening. 70-001 left her anchorage in the afternoon, returning at 2000 hrs.

12th: A brilliantly sunny morning — overcast in the afternoon. Wind N.W. 4-5. All vessels resumed. *Fendyke* and *Westondyke* weighed anchor at 14.15, having arrived unobserved — 70-001 also departed at this time. Puffin swimming happily in Bramble Pond and eating well. Further demolition of Coastguard Cottages under the command of Mr. Arthur Strick, further stone being removed for Battery wall repairs. Janet finally wide-awake today, and, assisting with reconstruction work at the Battery. Rhododendron Path proceeding. At 1600 hrs., a cabin cruiser, 7001, flying Blue Ensign, appeared proceeding up the East Side on a N. course. N.W. wind abating all the while until 2-3 late evening.

13th: Wind W., light airs, very calm sea. *Gannet* arrived at 0930 hrs. Passengers were Mrs. J. Dyke, and Messrs. Robinson, Dowding, Edwards, and Mr. Phiroze Dotiwalla (accountant). Also Mr. Arthur Bealey (to supervise the embarkation of ponies), Misses Catherine Hubbard, Sarah Hook, and three day visitors. Four to five tons of cargo were discharged, including 3 wooden farm gates. *Quiescence* at anchor, leaving at 14.20 hrs. Ten ponies, including "Carmine Filomena" (Mrs. Jane Strick's mare) were shipped aboard the *Gannet* during mid afternoon. Mr. Richard Jennings, leader of the Corps, departed on the *Gannet*. Commenced raining at 1540 hrs., continuing to pour down for the remainder of the day, to the accompaniment of a vigorous cold N.N.E. wind, 5-6. Signals water supply ceased.

14th: A fine, sunny day, tempered by a cool N. breeze. Lundy film shown by Mr. Cobbledick in the Hotel lounge at 2100 hrs., followed by "The Climbing of the Devil's Slide", taken by Mr. John Stockwell — about 40 persons present.

15th: A beautifully sunny day. Cool N.W. wind 3-4. *Gannet* arrived at 12.15 hrs., after delaying decision to sail; also an unscheduled visit from *Cape Horn*, the latter taking back 4 visitors. Landing difficult — the wind whipping up some billows, and the low tide surf got the beach party very wet. Passengers taken off at the Cove — whilst luggage was landed on the beach. Mr. and Mrs. Munton (Castle Cottage), and new occupants for Tibbetts were the arrivals, also Mr. Richard Grainger (Barman). Dr. and Mrs. Day and family were among the departees. *Jan Laurenz* anchored in the Roadstead early evening. Miss Mary Kohli (Conservation Corps) presented

the Museum with the head of a stone mason's hammer, found beneath the roots of a large rhododendron bush. Presentation on behalf of islanders by Mr. Gade to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strick, and Mr. and Mrs. John Charteris, on the eve of their departure to take over the farm tenancy on Bardsey.

16th: Departure of the Stricks and Charterises by the specially chartered *Gannet*. Four tractor loads of luggage and furniture, lobster pots etc., were ferried aboard; and finally the four departees, with domestic pets, including "Blanche" (Jane's white goat). Church Service at 1700 hrs.

17th: Cloudy, but bright day, wind N. 3-4. 70-001 in the Bay, and a small yacht, *Beau Gull*. Chris, of the Conservation Corps, suffering from a septic throat and high temperature. Dr. Mark Hubbard in attendance. Water supply to Signal Cottages restored at a much reduced pressure. Albino colt, "Sandpiper", born to "Lundy Cinderella" today.

18th: A fine sunny morning. Wind N., force 3-4. The patient at the Old Light a little better, but advised to go ashore on the *Gannet* at 1700 hrs., she having arrived at 12.20 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown (returning from their honeymoon), Mr. Reg. Lo-Vel (Mason, from shore leave), plus Mr. Christopher Price, Mr. Arthur Bealey, and Mr. Gordon Coward for the day; also "Ricky" (Stud Book name "Legend of Brae Tor") to replace the former stallion, "Rosenaharley Peadar", who came to Lundy in May, 1967. Miss Janie Wilson left on the return voyage. The Conservation Corps, having made a magnificent job of the reconstruction of the Rhododendron Path on the East Side, and in repairing the Battery Wall, spent the morning tidying up and erecting stone cairns to mark the path which stretches from St. Helen's Valley to the approach to the Quarry Terraces. Chivenor helicopter arrived with bomb disposal experts at 1730 hrs., to explode a Bofors shell which had been washed up at Hell's Gates on the 16th. The successful operation took 20 minutes to perform — there was a modest explosion.

19th: Fine at first, with sunny intervals, then clouding over — the sun reappearing in the afternoon. Mr. Ernie Dowding brought a large water filter from Stoneycroft garden for the Museum. Annual visitation of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. T.H.V. *Patricia*; anchoring at 14.30 hrs. North and South Lights inspected, and the fog warning systems dutifully sounded. The Curator visited the Old Light in the evening, and various exhibits from the Museum collection were shown to members of the Conservation Corps.

20th: A fine day, but N.N.E. wind 3-4 kept the temperature down — periods of sunshine. *Gannet* arrived at 13.30 hrs., and after quickly setting down her passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Hogben and family, made for Jenny's Cove. Conditions were rough and difficult for the beach party, and the coble damaged her outboard motor, having to be withdrawn. Dr. and Mrs. Mark Hubbard, son and daughter, Mr. Warwick Dyer, and Miss Sarah Hook, left on the returning *Gannet* at 17.45 hrs., together with seven members of the Corps. Corn Bunting seen by Signal Cottages.

21st: The fine spell of anticyclonic weather continues — N.E. cold. Mr. Phiroze Dotiwalla was thrown from a galloping pony, sustaining an injury to his forehead, which received treatment from Mr. John Stockwell.

22nd: *Cleave Petrel* arrived off the Rattles anchorage at 0245 hrs., moving up to Jenny's Cove, coming round to the Landing Beach later, but finding conditions unsuitable made for home at 1000 hrs., in the face of a bad forecast. Grey and overcast in the early morning — wind E. 4-5. *Gannet* arrived at 0845 hrs. Boat disembarking and loading was most difficult on the Landing Beach. Arrivals included Mrs. Diana Keast, Mr. and Mrs. John Langford, and Mr. David Lawrence. Mr. John Smith (Chairman of the Landmark Trust) and Mr. Philip Jebb, arrived by Trinity House Relief helicopter from Swansea at 0900 hrs. Welcom-

ing flags, the Union Jack and Lundy flag, flying from Hangman's Hill. After going to Jenny's Cove to look at the landing conditions there, the *Gannet* returned to the Bay and took off all departing visitors and baggage from Hell's Gate Cove; unfortunately the tide was on the flood and everyone and everything had to be hauled up to the South Light and down the Rope to the Cove. The Cobbledick family left, also Mr. Philip Jebb, Mr. and Mrs. Munton, and the remaining four members of the Conservation Corps — the latter with a considerable amount of tools and equipment. *Polar Bear* successfully underwent her sea trials today. Wind continuing E. to N.E. 6-8 during night.

23rd: Mr. Gade unwell. Mr. John Ogilvie deputising on the R.T. Fine, sunny, but cool E.N.E. wind 5-6. Male Cuckoo calling in Millcombe Valley. Church Service at 1700 hrs., nine in congregation.

24th: A fine day. E. wind increasing in the evening, 6-7. Mr. Gade still unwell — The Dr. been consulted via U.H.F.

25th: Sunny day, but N.E. blowing 4-5, with considerable sea on the E. Side, gradually improving. *Gannet* arrived at 0930 hrs. No passengers. Anchored in Jenny's Cove, and was uncertain about landing stores or taking up passengers when she did reappear in the Bay; however, the landing stage was eventually put out and, with difficulty, the transfer was completed. Those leaving included Dr. Young and family (staying at Tibbetts), Mr. and Mrs. Hogben and family, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. Paul Munton (having completed his study of the island's Feral Goat population). By mid afternoon the sea had become like a millpond. An encouraging rosy sunset — wind increasing in the late evening. Female Peregrine in Quarry area; three Cuckoos frequenting St. Helen's Field.

26th: Sunny most of the day — N.N.E. 3-4. *Margaret* appeared in the Bay at 1800 hrs., last seen moored off the Rattles at 2000 hrs. 70-001 in the Bay.

27th: Moderate N.E. wind, but gradually increasing, reaching nearly gale force at noon. Sunny intervals. No *Gannet* sailing. 70-001 temporarily retreated to the Rattles, returning to the Bay when the sea moderated. Swallows quite numerous; 21 Golden Orfe noted in Quarry Pond. Fine night with a full moon.

28th: Dull and overcast. Wind S.W. 2-3, increasing to gale force by late afternoon. 70-001 left her anchorage at 1400 hrs. for a refuelling rendezvous at Ilfracombe, kindly agreeing to take Mr. and Mrs. Blaxhall and Mr. and Mrs. Stafford ashore. *Gannet* arrived, bringing Mr. and Mrs. Ballard to cater for the building staff, and six day visitors. *Cleave Petrel* arrived ahead of the storm, mooring in the Bay. Trinity House flag flying at half-mast. *Gannet* left at 15.25 hrs., with Mr. Ernie Dowding on board. 70-001 reappeared in the early evening to take up anchorage again — wind by now blowing severe gale 9. Mr. John Langford rescued a ewe from a perilous position, caught in a bramble thicket on the edge of the Fosse, north of the Castle. Swallows abounded today.

29th: Wind W. 6-7 at first, but abating — heavy rain easing by mid-day, wind later increasing 7-8. *Cleave Petrel* left during the lull, with Miss Alison Grainger on board. 70-001 came into sheltered waters again at 2000 hrs. Change-over of dining room furniture and kitchen equipment from the Hotel to Millcombe House completed this morning — the latter to serve as accommodation for guests until the restoration of the Hotel is completed. Museum objects placed in Nave of the Church in anticipation of tomorrow's excursion steamer.

30th: Sunny, but with occasional heavy showers in the morning. S.W. gale. Special National Trust excursion aboard the *Balmoral* from Swansea cancelled. The Warden unwell. Unidentified coaster lying off the Quarries. Church Service at 1700 hrs., congregation 9. Fine night, but strong S. wind.

MAY

1st: Overcast at first, but gradually improving, becoming brilliantly sunny and windless during the afternoon and evening. *Polar Bear*, in all her splendour, flying the Red Ensign, arrived on her maiden trip at 12.30 p.m. under the command of Capt. Jack Payne. On board were three lady visitors for Millcombe, Mrs. June Bendall, daughter, Pamela, and Miss Marion Hodge (for Castle Cottage), also Mrs. Cherry Richardson, and Mr. Tony Vickery. Mr. Gade's health improving. Demonetised stamps (1p blue on 9 puffin brown) issued today. Unidentified coaster left during the morning. After off-loading a considerable amount of building material, the *Polar Bear* left at 1800 hrs. A quiet, virtually windless evening.

2nd: Heavy morning dew — sunny, warm, and windless. A N.W. breeze sprang up, increasing gradually and becoming much cooler. *Gannet* arrived at 11.30 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, Mr. Ernie Dowding, and four day visitors on board. The three Campbell launches, *Devonia*, *Ravenswood*, and *Lady Moyra* arrived — the latter returning to the mainland in the late afternoon. A nightingale singing in Millcombe — the whole Valley alive with birds, a Hobby soaring above.

3rd: Overcast — bright patches. Wind N.W. 4-5. 70-001 anchored at 12.40 hrs. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* anchored at 15.45 hrs., remaining overnight. Wind became N. 5-6 by late afternoon — heavy rain during the night.

4th: Wind N.E. 3-4. Mr. Vickery reports that it is warmer at the N. End than the South. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* proceeded to the N. End with engineers to rock drill a new securing for the hoist cable. *Balmoral* arrived at 13.15 hrs., landing doubtful at first — becoming calmer. 26 persons to stay on the island, including 18 from Barnstaple Grammar School (staying at Old Light), Mr. and Mrs. Keith Blaxhall (returning from leave), Mrs. Gade's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. F. Green, from Melbourne, Australia, who came to stay. Day visitors included Mr. Jack Dickens, Mr. Derek Sach. Mrs. Diana Keast left on the return voyage. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* took up night anchorage in the Roadstead. Adult Cormorant on the pond in Pig's Paradise. Wind N.N.E. 2-3 in the evening.

5th: Dull and overcast — freshening N.E. 3-4 — some drizzle. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* left anchorage at 0745 hrs., to resume drilling at the N. End. *Gannet* arrived at 12.45 hrs., no passengers either way. Mrs. R. M. Taylor, a committee member of the National Pony Society, inspected the Lundy ponies with a view to future registration. Foggy with drizzle in the evening. *Cleave Petrel* moored in the Bay at midnight. Three Puffins seen by lighthouse keeper, N. End. Manx Shearwaters calling everywhere around Castle Hill, and flying up and down Millcombe and St. John's Valley after midnight. Museum exhibits laid out in the Nave of the Church for tomorrow's charter boat.

6th: South Light siren commenced at 0645 hrs., continuing for most of the morning. *Cleave Petrel* left her moorings at 0825 hrs., to pick up from Clovelly Dr. and Mrs. Ruddock and son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ruddock, to convey them to Lundy for the afternoon, returning to Clovelly at 1800 hrs. 24 Atlantic Seals seen off Surf Point during passage from Clovelly. *Cleave Petrel* returned in the late evening to take up her moorings in the Bay. 400 Clevedon Pier supporters arrived aboard the *Balmoral* at 1500 hrs. £13 in aid of Church Funds collected at the Museum exhibition. *Polar Bear* arrived in mid-afternoon, having escorted the new landing craft designed and built by Mr. John Shearn, to her safe berth above the slipway in Hell's Gate Cove. Passengers arriving on the *Polar Bear* included Mr. R. Tuffin and Mr. Alan Johnston. Mrs. Bendall, Miss Bendall and Miss Hodge (Castle Cottage), Mrs. Joan Dyke and Miss Jilly Dyke left on the return voyage. Wind W. 3-4.

7th: A beautiful morning. Wind 3-4 — sunny, but gradually becoming overcast. The second

Clevedon Pier excursion took place with 511 passengers on board — leaving again at 18.45 hrs. Mr. Nick Dymond performed a difficult and gallant rescue, with the assistance of Mr. Terry Dymond, of a rock-stranded ewe below the South Light. Church Service at 20.45 hrs. A visitor saw four Puffins off Battery Point. **8th:** Overcast morning, occasional drizzle with heavy rain at times. Wind S.S.E., developing into a gale, veering S.W. later in the afternoon and easing. Messrs. John Ogilvie, Nick Dymond, and Terry Dymond rescued a ewe and lamb from the cliffs, with the aid of a rope. *Polar Bear* arrived at 0500 hrs., conditions unsuitable on the Beach; left again at 11.30 hrs. without landing any cargo.

9th: Wind S.W. 5-6. Clear, with considerable sunshine. *Gannet* arrived at 0900 hrs., after a rough voyage. Passengers included Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Holder and children, and Miss Lynda Thorne (Hanmers), and Mr. Dennis Knight (Millcombe). Three Millcombe guests left on the return passage, together with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Grainger and son, Tom. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* at anchor. 12 inch eel observed making its way upstream from Millcombe Gardens. A quiet starlit evening. **10th:** Wind S.W. 3-4. After a shower at 07.30 it became fine and sunny for the remainder of the day.

11th: A very wet and cold day until 1600 hrs., when the sun appeared. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1000 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Grainger and Tom on board, also a technician, for the day, to attend to the Church organ. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* at anchor. Wind S.W., nearing gale force. *Polar Bear* left at 13.30 hrs. *Balmoral* arrived at 13.45 with a large party of Primary School children, most of whom were soaked by torrential rain which greeted them on reaching Lundy. The return complement included the Barnstaple Grammar School party and Mr. Dotiwalla. Wind still boisterous in the evening — sunny. *Else G.* anchored at 20.45 hrs.

12th: Westerly gale. Heavy showers, including hail in the morning — occasional sunshine. Sheltering in the Roads were *Else G.* (Elsfleth) and *Hermann Grave* (Idafehn). T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* at anchor — went up to the N. End to pick up a compressor at 1300 hrs., returning later. *Else G.* sailed at 19.45 hrs. Showers continuing — cool.

13th: Strong N.E. winds prevented the *Polar Bear* sailing. Overcast at first — gradually clearing, with continuous sunshine. Cold wind. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* finally sailed from Lundy waters, being unable to load the compressor from the N. Light. Fancy dress party at the Tavern at 20.30 hrs., in honour of three birthdays. Some excellent and ingenious costumes — Mr. Syd Allen (Pirate), Mr. Peter Edwards (Brunette Lady), Mr. Terry Dymond (Teenage girl), Mr. Mike Stafford (Bacchus), Mrs. Liz Stafford (Lady Bacchus), Mrs. Linda Brown (M.P.), Mrs. Cherry Richardson (Edwardian Lady), Mr. Nick Dymond (Shag), Mr. Dennis Knight (Goodnight), Mrs. Chrys Davey (Eastern Promise), Mr. Colin Taylor (Chef), Mr. Arthur Brown (his Wife), Mr. Ernie Dowding (Skeleton), Mr. John Dyke (Old Light). Refreshments were provided by Mesdames Davey and Richardson.

14th: *Cleave Petrel* anchored in Jenny's Cove in the early morning, returning to Bideford in the afternoon. A beautifully sunny day throughout, but tempered by a very cooling N.N.E. wind, 5-6 at first, later moderating, then increasing again. *Polar Bear* arrived in the Bay and was signalled to go round to Jenny's Cove, where she disembarked her passengers, including Mr. Phiroze Dotiwalla. The *Polar Bear* came round to the Landing Beach at 1400 hrs., conditions having improved. Mr. Nigel Holder and family left on the return passage. *Balmoral*, out of Avonmouth, arrived in the early afternoon with a G.P.O. Telecommunication party from Bristol. Barely 200 passengers. The yacht, *Albert* (Swansea) anchored in the Bay for a short while in the morning. Both *Balmoral* and *Polar Bear* left before 1700 hrs. Church Service

at 20.45 hrs. Congregation 15.

15th: A dull morning at first, later becoming sunny for the remainder of the day. Wind N.N.E. 5-6. A small vessel, *T.H. 170*, came into the Bay at 1400 hrs., seeing conditions on beach quickly turned about and departed whence she came. "China" gave birth to a dun colt, "Fulmar" in Middle Park today.

16th: A beautifully sunny day. N.E. winds and sea gradually decreasing — prodigious swell and surf on the beach at first. *Polar Bear* arrived at mid-day with Mrs. K. Harman and three day visitors on board. Mr. Dennis Knight left on the return voyage at 1700 hrs.

17th: Fine, sunny and calm, clouding over slightly mid-morning. *Marigold* appeared at 1100 hrs., from Padstow, and *Dorothea*, 40 ft. cabin cruiser from Mumbles with fuel injection problems, at 1400 hrs., staying overnight. T.H.V. *Argus* arrived at 17.20 hrs., sending a tender up to the N. End, and landing building staff at the S. Light to carry out improvements on the helicopter landing pad. New timber conveyed by tractor to the Heligoland Trap site on the Terraces.

18th: Dull and overcast at first, but later becoming beautifully sunny. *Dorothea* (a pre-war vessel with the appearance of a steam pinnace) resumed at 0600 hrs. *Polar Bear* and *Cape Horn* arrived at 12.30 hrs., with full complement including 18 students and staff from the Department of Environmental Studies, St. Luke's College, Exeter, to stay at the Old Light and Hanmers. Mrs. J. Dyke returned from leave. Sea-truck, *Shearn*, used for the first time today, successfully off-loading quantities of building material, including joinery for Millcombe outhouses and sections of Pig's Paradise prefabricated dwellings. Over 20 porpoises seen off the Landing Beach. *Polar Bear* left in the early evening.

19th: Overcast at first, but becoming bright and sunny. Wind S.E. 3-4. T.H. helicopter made four lifts from Swansea with heavy building materials for S. Light landing pad. Yacht, *Anahi* (Hurley 27 — 1st of its class) built at Plymouth, arrived at 16.50 hrs., from Padstow bound for Porlock Weir. A heron observed flying over the southern end of the island. Roan foal, "Falcon", born to "Lundy Elan".

20th: Wet, dull, ceasing at 10.30 hrs., brightening and becoming sunny, Gentle S. breeze 1-2. R.N. launch, *Royal Governor*, at anchor mid-morning, some of crew landing, leaving late afternoon for Barry. *Anahi* underway at 1500 hrs. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1500 hrs., with a further cargo of building material. Passengers included Dr. and Mrs. Watson and family, staying at Millcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hardy (for Little St. John's) and Miss Pat Parsons. *Cleave Petrel* arrived in the afternoon, kindly bringing bamboos for the Millcombe gardeners. Motor launch, *Cockayne* (Southampton) at anchor, leaving on evening tide. Menacing clouds gathered in late evening, bringing rain. Wind S.W. 3-4. Mainland exceptionally clear.

21st: An undisturbed day — considerable rain — Wind S.W. 6-8, decreasing. *Crescence* anchored at 17.30 hrs. Church Service 20.45 hrs. 26 in congregation.

22nd: A beautifully sunny, hot day. Wind SW 3-4. R.N. Frigate passed the S. End and along the W. Side at 1600 hrs. Small yacht, *Karesta*, arrived in the Bay from direction of Clovelly at 20.30 hrs.

23rd: *Karesta* sailed at 0630 hrs. Overcast — S. wind 6-7. *Polar Bear* arrived at 0835 hrs. Passengers included Rev. R. C. Dixon, and two Ministry of Agriculture Vets. to carry out brucellosis tests. Small exhibition of Museum objects arranged for St. Luke's students. *Marigold* left for Padstow at 0820 hrs.

24th: Dull and overcast. Strong S.S.W. winds continuing. Thick mist descended on top of island at 1100 hrs. Sheep drive commenced S.E. corner at 11.15 hrs. Complete transformation of weather at 1600 hrs. — warm and sunny, blue sky. Evening Service at 20.45 hrs. 18 in congregation. *Crescence* at anchor in the

Roadstead. Near full moon at nightfall.

25th: Vigorous W.S.W. wind 6, increasing. Communion at 0800 hrs. (5). *Polar Bear* arrived at 1100 hrs., taking four hours, owing to headwind. Three passengers aboard — Mr. Robbie Robinson, and two lady campers. *Balmoral* sailing cancelled. *Surveyor* at anchor in the Bay — fresh fish obtained from the crew. *Polar Bear* departed at 1500 hrs., in advance of increasing S.W. gale to severe gale 9. Shipping coming in for shelter during evening and darkness.

26th: S.W. gale persisting, 8-9. *Polar Bear* gallantly set out from Ilfracombe in atrocious conditions, arriving at 11.30 hrs., with five passengers, including Mr. Pickwell for Millcombe. Twelve St. Luke's students made up the passenger complement on the return voyage. Gale continuing with unabated fury — very heavy seas. Lundy sheltering: *Dinkelborg*, *Rolf* (container vessel) and *Eminence*, also Belgian trawlers, *Romeo*, *Hendrick Judith*, *Surveyor* and *Kamina*.

27th: Dull at first, later becoming sunny. Wind direction changed to N.W. 5-6. Additional vessels in the Roadstead including *Shoreham* (proceeding at 1700 hrs.), *Alexis*, *Bacau*, and *Anna Luhmann* (latter anchoring at 09.45 hrs.) *Polar Bear* sailing cancelled.

28th: Wind S.W. 6-7, later reaching gale force. All vessels resumed, with the exception of *Dinkelborg* — later joined by *North Star*, *Mercanton*, and *Laurenz*. Thick mist on top of island, clearing by mid afternoon. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1100 hrs. — passengers including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Westcott and daughter, Susan, Mr. Tony Walker, Major Peter Bellers, Mrs. Liz Stafford. *Balmoral* arrived with 75 passengers, including (to stay) Mr. and Mrs. Bob Britton and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Rayner (Tibbetts), Mrs. Darlston and son, also Miss J. Dyke. Departees included Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Pickwell. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard (staff caterers) left permanently. Strong S.W. wind persisting. Full moon.

29th: Wind S.W., gale 8. Bright, occasionally sunny with slight showers in afternoon. *Sheratan* joined vessels sheltering at 1600 hrs. *Balmoral* sailing cancelled.

30th: Overcast at first. Wind N.W. 6-8. *Polar Bear* arrived at 11.30 hrs., with Mr. Keith Hiscock, to camp. Day became beautifully sunny — cool on exposed coasts. Miss Pat Parsons, Mrs. Ann Westcott and daughter, and Major Peter Bellers left on the return voyage. *Sheratan* and *Laurenz* resumed at 18.30 hrs., and *North Star* at 18.45 hrs. Television Film (B.B.C.) "Lawder on Lundy" shown at 22.30 hrs.

31st: Wind W. 4-5. Dull at first, but with occasional bright intervals. *Crescence* anchored in the Roads mid morning, sailing again in N. direction at 13.45 hrs. Weather became much brighter after mid-day. *Marigold* resumed lobster fishing. Most of the internal plumbing completed within the Old Light compound today.



GOD SPEED

On 8th December, 1972, the Revd. R. C. Dixon paid his last visit as Priest in Charge of Lundy prior to leaving Appledore to become Vicar of Exwick, near Exeter. During an informal gathering in the Tavern, Revd. Dixon was presented with a cheque and a water-colour of the Church on behalf of the islanders and lighthouse keepers.

During the past 19 years, Revd. Dixon has braved wind and weather to visit Lundy whenever possible, holding services in St. Helena's Church and calling on his parishioners, including the lighthouse keepers. We thank him for his ministry here and, together with his wife, Kay, wish him every happiness in his new Parish.

Photo: John Parkhouse

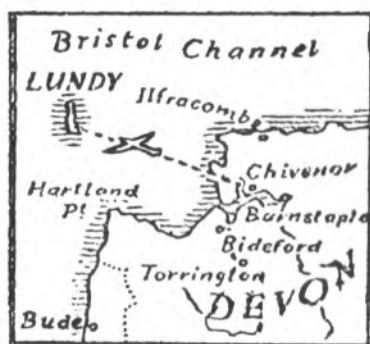
THERE has been considerable interest in envelopes and cards used on the first day on which a stamp was issued, so much so that in recent years special envelopes have been produced by stamp dealers and stamp issuing authorities specifically for collectors.

Originally the importance of First Day Covers was to provide evidence of the actual date of a stamp issue. Modern examples are often of little more than souvenir value and sometimes more common than commercially used pieces, but the best are collectable as works of art in their own right.

Lundy covers are known used on the first day for most stamps. I have never seen a genuine first day cover of the 1929 and 1930 issues or of the Tramtickets reputedly placed on sale on April 1st 1935. Likewise second or subsequent overprintings of some stamps were not recorded in this way.

I think it was in 1950 that the first Lundy illustrated cover was produced by the island. It was rubber stamped in pale blue with a design reminiscent of the Large Map airline labels of 1936, and marked the resumption of an airmail service, and introduction of some over-printed stamps.

LUNDY AIR POST



RESUMPTION OF AIR TRANSPORT BETWEEN LUNDY AND CHIVENOR NORTH DEVON

An attractive cover printed in red showing the Marisco Castle and a galleon on the rocks commemorated the Queen's Coronation in 1953.

FIRST DAY COVER

JUNE 2nd 1953.



KEEPING YOU POSTED

SOME LUNDY FIRST DAY
COVER DESIGNS

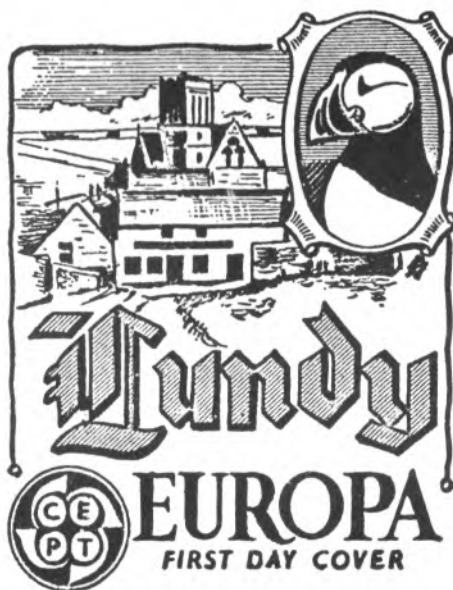
by Barry Chinchin

Special covers appeared the next year for the celebration of Lundy's Postal Jubilee. The two envelopes show a plane over the island and *M.V. Lerina* respectively. Both were printed in black.



The only Millenary cover I have seen was a sad affair printed in blue in assorted type without any illustration, and for the 1957 definitive stamps only the words 'First Day of Issue', and the address were printed.

A 1961 Europa cover was produced in two versions with a common design obviously taken from the ½p Jubilee surface-mail stamp. It was printed in black for the ordinary stamps and in blue for the miniature sheet issued three weeks later.



The Anti-malaria issue of 1962 had a special envelope showing a picture of the Old Light as on the 6p value of the issue, but printed in green.



LUNDY ANTI-MALARIA FIRST DAY COVER

In the same year another Europa cover depicted a puffin and fulmar in flight over Lundy.



There was an unexpected departure from the tradition of special covers which was developing, when, in 1965, postcards were prepared for use on the day of issue of the 1p surcharged stamp. This was a good idea, especially as John Ogilvie's classic colour photograph of puffins on Lundy was the subject.

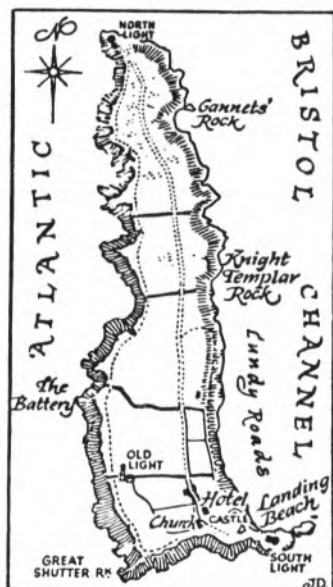
(continued on the next page)

SAVE SEABIRDS FROM OIL

First Day Cover
- 29 May 1967 -



FIRST DAY COVER



FIRST DAY COVER



40th Anniversary of the Lundy Post

75th ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION
OF ST. HELENA'S CHURCH • LUNDY

FIRST DAY COVER



Save the sea-birds from oil covers, printed in black, showing a group of puffins somewhat similar to those depicted on the stamps, were on sale from May 1967.

The cover commemorating the 40th Anniversary of the first Lundy stamps (1969) was of islanders with the mail with the *M.V. Lundy Gannet* in the background, thus continuing the theme of the stamp issue. These were printed in black. The decimal stamp cover showed a map of Lundy in deep blue. The last two covers mentioned were screen printed with a glossy ink which gave a rich "die-stamped" effect.

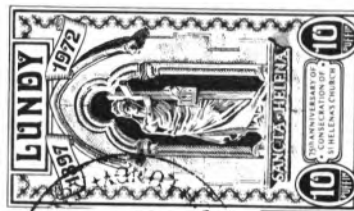
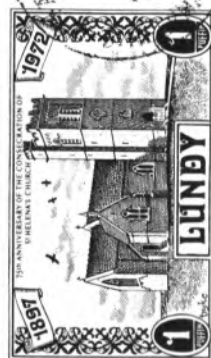
Unlike stamps, anyone can have envelopes printed. Often the Island has commissioned the work, but privately produced covers exist and it is not always easy to tell which is which. This article is not a complete list, as I know of examples I could not illustrate.

Our editor John Dyke was responsible for many of the most attractive designs, the two most recent being: 1971 Map of Lundy design, also screen-printed, used to illustrate cover bearing five views of the island (first decimal issue)

(continued above right)



The Churchwardens,
St. Helena's Church,
Lundy,
Bristol Channel,
via Ilfracombe.

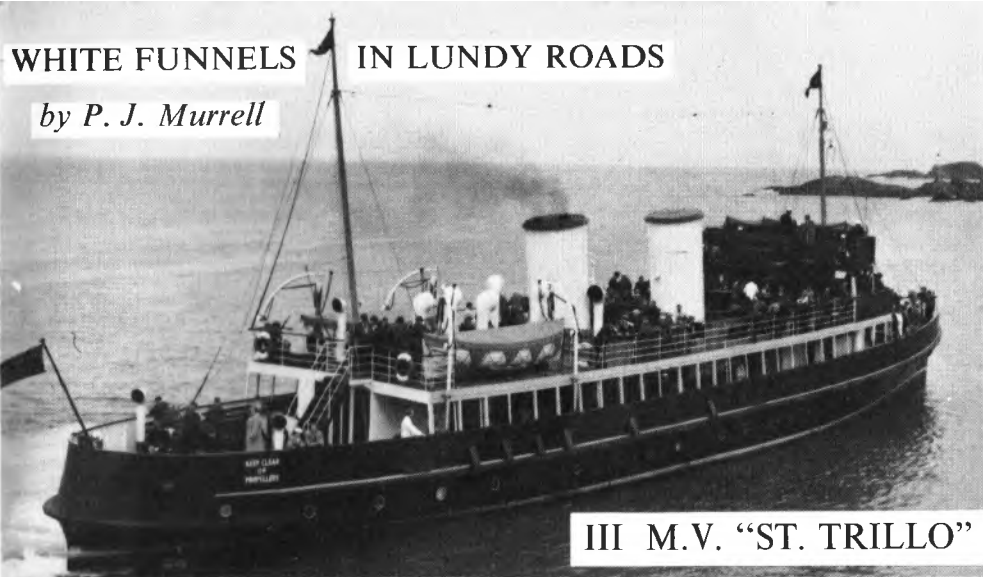


Mint sets cost 21 pence, and the price of First Day Covers is 35 pence. Payment must include postage of 5p for the British Isles, 10p for Europe, U.S.A., Canada, S. Africa (including Rhodesia), Australia and New Zealand. by surface mail.

— five stamps commemorating the 75th anniversary of the consecration of the Church.

7th July. 1972, letterpress reproduction of the Mariners' Window in St. Helena's Church

by P. J. Murrell



III M.V. "ST. TRILLO"

Photo: Courtesy "World Ship Society" (South Wales Branch)

A vessel which had a somewhat spasmodic career in the waters of the Bristol Channel between 1963 and 1969 was the small motor ship *St. Trillo*. The ship was built on the Clyde by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. Ltd., and was launched on 24th March, 1936, to the order of the Liverpool and North Wales Steamship Co. Ltd.

At the time of her launching, she was named *St. Silio*, and was designed for use on short cruises and excursions out of Llandudno and Menai Bridge. She was just under 150 feet long, and had an open-sided main deck extending the full length of the vessel. Above this was a promenade deck extending about two-thirds the length of the ship, with the open navigating bridge above this. There was a large lounge bar amidships on the lower deck, with the engine room aft of this, and the officers' quarters aft again. On the promenade deck there was a small open tea buffet under the bridge. Passenger accommodation was very sparse, but presumably considered adequate considering she was designed for only short cruises. Propulsion machinery consisted of twin Crossley diesel engines driving twin screws through a mechanical transmission. Her normal speed was about 12 knots.

Prior to the war, she was employed on the services she was designed for, but she did make one or two interesting excursions from time to time. Among these were sailings to Manchester via the Ship Canal, and she also visited Amlwch.

Just after the outbreak of war, the *St. Silio* was taken over by the Admiralty, and spent the next five years as an examination vessel in the Mersey. In early 1945, she was transferred to the Clyde, where she served until the end of the war as a troopship tender.

After the war, she was returned to her owners. It was decided to re-name her *St. Trillo*, and this was duly done. However, she carried on with sailings between Llandudno and Menai Bridge very much on the pre-war pattern, and commanded by her pre-war master.

At the end of 1962, the Liverpool and North Wales Steamship Co. announced that they had gone into voluntary liquidation, and their ships were advertised for sale. The two large turbine steamers *St. Tudno* and *St. Seriol* were sold for scrap, but the *St. Trillo* was purchased by P. and A. Campbell for a reported £18,000.

Her new owners reported that they intended

to run her in North Wales in the main summer season much as she had done under her old ownership. However, they also said that it was proposed to use her in the Bristol Channel in the early and late season to avoid having to use the large Bristol Channel paddlers when the traffic was thin. Between 1963 and 1967 this pattern of operations was followed, with *St. Trillo* usually putting in an appearance in the Bristol Channel at Easter and September. With the arrival of the *Westward Ho* on the Bristol Channel, however, these visits became less frequent.

For season 1968, it was necessary to have an additional vessel in the Bristol Channel to serve with *Westward Ho*, following the sale for scrap of the two paddle steamers. For the whole of this season, *St. Trillo* struggled valiantly around the Bristol Channel, undertaking some feats which sounded almost impossible for a ship of her age, size and speed. She undertook several trips from Cardiff and Barry to Lundy or Bideford and back the same day, her starving passengers being fortified by no more than tea and beer! Meanwhile, her North Wales sailings were taken over by the *Queen of the Isles*, chartered for the season by Campbells from the Isles of Scilly Steamship Co. Ltd.

Luckily, salvation for the Bristol Channel passengers came in the shape of *Balmoral* in 1969. *St. Trillo* was then returned to North Wales for the 1969 season, which turned out to be her last. She had been plagued by engine trouble for the year, so it was decided that she had come to the end of her economic life as far as North Wales was concerned. She sailed south to the Bristol Channel in September, and happily had a final "swan song" before being retired. She was used to supplement *Westward Ho* in carrying out passengers to Lundy for the Thanksgiving Service on Sunday, September 28th, 1969. She had sailed light from Cardiff to Ilfracombe the previous day, and on the Sunday crossed from Ilfracombe to Lundy and back with almost a full load. Happily, she performed perfectly for this trip. The following day she sailed back empty to Barry, where she was laid up in the graving dock, and advertised for sale.

However, no takers seem to have been forthcoming, for she was still there, becoming increasingly more dilapidated, until the middle of 1972.

Letters to the Editor

To: The Editor, Illustrated Lundy News.

The readers of I.L.N. who were patient enough to scan the few lines on the auk population on Lundy in 1971 will probably have detected a cautious note of optimism. From my brief counts in 1972 I am pleased to be able to say this persists.

On the occasions of visits to Jenny's Cove, the number of guillemots present on Devil's Chimney and surrounding cliffs was greater than that observed last year; there being 394 in 1971 compared with 500 plus this year. Whilst no complete count of the puffins was possible, it was clear that in the several communities observed there were significantly more birds seen. Razorbills also were numerous, especially in the Jenny's Cove area, and further North.

Now there is a resident Warden, one looks forward with interest to see his figures for auk population, which I am sure will be far more exhaustive than mine. I think it fitting at this stage to say how pleased I was to meet Nick Dymond. The qualities of keen observation and a willingness to help those interested in field studies are obvious and essential attributes he possesses. We are fortunate indeed to have him on Lundy. Good luck, Nick!

BOB BRITTON,

34 Trafalgar Road, Lymington, Nr. Exmouth.

The Editor: Dear Sir,

You may like to make use of the enclosed in some way. It is an item I came across in an issue of the *Exeter Gazette* of July 5th, 1792, and must be one of the first newspaper mentions of Lundy. In A. and M. Langham's book on "Lundy" (p. 151) there is a reference to the 18th century trade in feathers, which seem to have fetched 1s. per pound.

CLIFFORD JIGGENS, *News Editor*,
Western Times & Gazette, Exeter Office.

"TO THE PRINTER

Lundy Island, June 29th, 1792.

Sir,

Your very extensive newspaper reaches this place regularly; it is brought over from Ilfracombe, and we shall take it always.

We increase in black cattle prodigiously, insomuch that there is going to be kept every Monday in the month Lundy Great Market, for the sale of all sorts of cattle and sheep. We have a very great demand for feathers from London and Bristol, to the amount of one thousand pounds yearly. Mackerel has been very plenty; there were caught in one haul full 20,000 last week. We are going to have the place fortified, and to erect a lighthouse.

(Signed) J.S. Farmer and Grazier. "

(Editorial Comment)

The Lundy Great Market must surely refer to one held on the mainland, since there would be insufficient farming population here to support a market of any kind.

The feather trade was abolished by the Heaven family—and not before time!

The mackerel haul sounds absolutely prodigious. I should have thought 2,000 rather than 20,000 would be good going!

Plans to fortify the island were promoted by Sir John Borlase Warren: we have no information to the effect that John Cleveland was going to pursue the matter.

The reference to the lighthouse is probably concerning that which the Bristol merchants apparently erected—nothing more than a beacon, so we are told—the Old Light not being installed until 27 years later.

THIS · MADE · NEWS

100 YEARS AGO

Article from
DORSET CHRONICLE
- JULY 1872

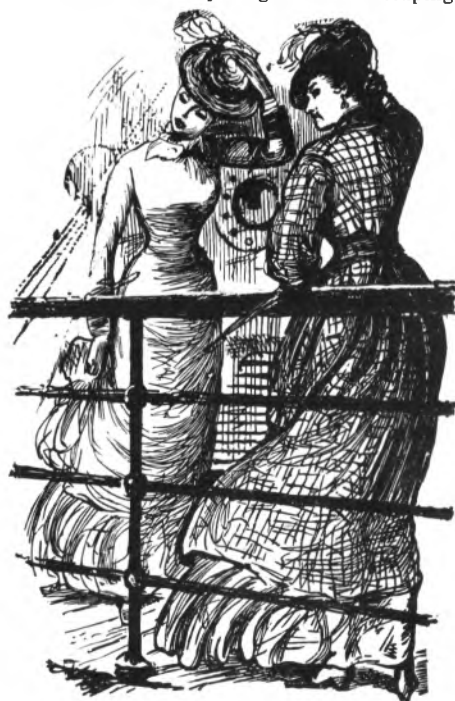
It is undoubtedly true that oftentimes the happiest part of any event of pleasure that may have fallen to our lot in life, is the calmly surveying afterwards what we have seen and done — the subsequent review of our actions when the bare matter of fact features of detail have faded away, and the highlights are gone, giving place to the softer tints of a sunset of thought and fancy. Thus it was worth the while sojourning in Ilfracombe — that paradise beside the waters of the Bristol Channel — my one fear while admiring one fine bit of scenery after another was that it could not be enjoyed sufficiently. But now, regarding from a distance, I am better able to do so.

At an early hour one Monday morning, some while after our arrival, many small craft (represented on paper as first-class paddle-steamers, but which to the casual observer appeared nothing more than tug boats in Sunday clothes), began noisily to puff their way into the harbour, bringing numbers of excursionists from Swansea and Cardiff to see the Forester's Fete about to be inaugurated. It was accordingly rendered necessary at all hazards to escape from the noise of fifes and drums and revelry of these pleasure seeking bacchanalians as quickly as possible.

What better than a trip to Lundy in a really fine vessel now at her moorings in the offing. When the boat from the shore has set us down on deck (*the pier not having been constructed then. Ed.*) we might surely do worse than turn round for a few moments and view the town, the Lantern-Hill (now being carted away piece meal as fast as not-too-active workmen admit) Rapparee Cove, of bathing notoriety, from which even now some ladies are emerging with hair streaming down their backs, and clad in waterproofs. But where to sit down becomes momentarily more and more a question of import, as the tottering bodies of our companions play "blind man's buff" against us every second, and we perceive every bench and chair occupied by the female division, some engaged in working; while they all imagine they will have a delightful trip on the

sea. Fond delusion! Stewardess, get ready your cabins; soon enough they will be filled. Not long need we wait for ample room for already no few of the women on board are beginning to take a complexion of pale arsenic green, for one of "Strawberries" bathed in Devon's cream, and even now are showing signs of distress. There on the "Capstone" we see some friends waving their handkerchiefs to wish us every success in our venture, which it were odd we did not realize this bright summer morning, with the water a beautiful blue, save where the paddles and bows beat it into a seething white foam. Yes, there are the Torrs — those stately cliffs, with their luxurious walks, that frown over the water, defying it to approach an inch nearer inland, and there is Lee, with its mill hard at work close to the water's edge, and its narrow wooded vale of oaks; and now we are off Bull Point, and nearing Morte, that dangerous, pitiless headland that shoves its arm far out into the path of all vessels coming up channel . . . and here is Lundy on our right.

We enter by the Trinity House landing place, and begin to ascend the hill, long and steep, which leads to the lighthouse. This island three miles long and one across is the property of Mr. Heaven who with his family and a few farmers make up the whole population. While trying to make a short cut to the top, I suddenly found myself in a garden of cucumbers and lettuces surrounded by a high wall. On escaping



from this I found it necessary to travel knee-deep in furze bushes some way further. I would fain get out of that interesting condition of things with all despatch, fearing lest the owner of the garden might come and wish me in a place scarcely so happy in nature or situation as that which his name denoted. Of course on re-entering the road, after the fashion of most short cuts I found that I had been making a wide circuit, instead of a straight course. Two lights shine brightly from that fine building (the Old Light), the one stationary, composed of nine lamps with their reflectors, and whose office is to warn ships from a ledge of rocks out at sea; the other a "first-order dioptric revolving light", the dazzling flame of which is rendered doubly intense by the convex triangular tiers of glass that form the screen and radiate it far and wide. A complete revolution is accomplished every two minutes, and so bright is the lantern that captains have reported being able to see it on a clear night full forty miles off. Everything inside the house is kept clean and bright as though brand new. But what a curious crusoe-like life the men must spend, who, three in number, are cut off from the outer world, and stationed permanently on the island. On going from the lantern to the balcony outside, the transition from tropics to pole was as sudden as gratifying; and what a splendid view we see all around us! Bideford Bay behind, Hartland Point opposite, the cliffs of Bude trending far away beyond, beside the grand expanse of the Atlantic before us, ever rolling its waters on, never at rest, ever troubled. The features of this isle on which (says the guide book) no venomous creature has ever found footing, there to spend its existence, reminded me very much of Cornwall, as I walked from the lighthouse away along a track of soil, in part covered with heath, oats and turnips, among which masses of granite boulders were seen peeping up above the ground. There was the same absence of trees, bleak look, rocky shore, and "cow comforts" found in that country. But it was not until I had walked some two miles due north and sat down overlooking the water, and had seen the "Seabirds Home", that I had visited the most (to me) interesting part of all. There before me all down the cliff side, sea fowl were gathered together, some squatting on the hard points of rocks, others brooding over eggs or newly hatched young, or flying to and fro from water to nest in search of small fish — each with his own business to perform, in no way interfering with his neighbour. Here was a long ledge devoted to the common gull, and to them alone; there nothing but cormorants could be seen; while scattered about, among the community, hosts of divers had taken lodgings for the summer season. Everywhere perfect harmony reigned among this city by the sea. The air was rendered deafening by the chorus from these thousands of parents who disputed the advent of an intruder, echoed still louder by the more piercing cries of their young. The only unpleasant part that marred the sight were the currents of noisome stifling atmosphere that entered my nostrils, surcharged with the taint of putrefying fish bones, and decaying seaweed, that constituted the scanty nests of

some. It was a delight to watch how each bird was fashioned on a common type, modified though it was for the purpose of their existence — how some had short wings, others long tails, how the gulls for instance in their navigation of the sky made such good use of their long angular wings,

That dare

The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air.

Verily nature is a wider, grander field for awe and admiration than any works of man. And as I saw the cone-shaped eggs, placed on the narrow crevices of sloping rock, that revolved on their axes without rolling far, I fully realised how, had they been elliptical like those of tree building birds, many must be broken by tumbling off their pedestal. The steamer was delayed some time before return by the discovery that two children had wandered away, and had not yet returned. As the anchor was weighed, there was found to be another fixed to it and attached to a chain. Unwilling to lose the latter, steam was put on in order that whatever was below, probably a wreck, might be lifted with it. The cable was however too strong, and instead of going ahead the vessel merely heeled over to the port side. It was scarcely worth while to buoy our discovery, as two-thirds must be given to the custom-house. The new found anchor was therefore again let go.



100 YEARS AGO

October 12th, 1872. (An extract from "The Cruise of the *Kate*", by Empson Edward Middleton; taken from *Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

Lundy and Its Tides: . . . Finding I must be out all night, I put the boat on its course for Milford Haven and chose to pass to the westward of Lundy to lessen the chance of being run down by the fleet astern. The fresh favourable breeze was of short duration, and left me becalmed throughout the night, to the westward of the North end of the island, in a very lumpy sea. It was so dark that I could form no notion of how to trim the sails — in fact they could hardly be seen, and the mainboom, as usual, went about on its mad course. I made it fast once or twice, but found that I could not keep the boat's head in the right direction, and therefore had to loosen it again.

I will make no pretension to understand the tides by Lundy's Isle; the fishermen I met informed me that it took them a whole year to make them out, and therefore my ignorance may be excused . . . The weather was so thick that I could not judge from the brilliancy of the lights if I was being carried back by the tide, for they would appear nearer or more remote in proportion to the thickness of the haze.

A dull roar from the rocks very soon put the question beyond doubt. The *Kate* was being drifted right upon the shore, the low light being no longer visible — a fact which spoke volumes, I fancy, at that time (near one a.m.). I was not far from the Hen and Chickens Race.

The paddle offered the resource,
South westerly the safest course.

It was terribly hard work rowing in the seaway and the dark. I forgot to count how many raps on the knuckles, scrapes from the mainsheet, whacks on the head from the boom, I received during the next hour; at the end of which time I became aware of a charming ounce breeze, just sufficient to do the work of the oar. I found myself at dawn just off the South point of the Island, and beat up for the roadstead, passing the fishermen as they came out to lift their pots, but not near enough to speak. I passed through the Race off the Shutter Point for the second time, tacking across and across it, when the wind suddenly changed and blew a fresh, strong breeze, about S.W., which carried me safely through the extraordinary race tide off the S.E. corner, enabling me to anchor in safety about 5.30 a.m., with Rat Island S.S.W., and the farmhouse W. by S. The salmon were jumping all around, seemingly peculiarly partial to the Race just mentioned, which has all the appearance of running straight through the island. I was sleepy and tired, but was compelled to keep awake so as to catch the fishermen on their return, which took place about 9 a.m., when they came alongside to put a small boy on board, and went off to land their fish, promising to return at tide time, and anchor the *Kate* a good deal nearer in.

The fishermen came at low water, the boat was moved afresh, and the sails made up, and I was glad to go ashore at about 3 p.m. and eat a capital breakfast the sisters of the fishermen had prepared for me. The family were from Lands End, to which they were about to return after an absence of two years.

The Lights on Lundy Island are not well placed, being on the top, which is very often hidden by fog, while the foot can be distinctly seen. A gun should be fired from the height in foggy weather every few minutes, and a new light erected lower down, so as to prevent large ships from mistaking the land for St. Ann's Head. The east roadstead at Lundy is serviceable so long as the wind is not easterly, but if it blows from that quarter, or looks threatening, vessels must depart elsewhere, the usual move being to the west side of the island to Jenny Cove.

The day had been very dirty, with a strong westerly breeze, but the sky wore a very threatening aspect from the east, consequently; I engaged one of the men to accompany me round if the wind should change to the east during the night. It would have been the height of folly for me to attempt finding Jenny Cove in the dark, or even in the daytime for that matter; for I do not think there is anything to mark it, and nothing in the world requires such care as the choosing of an anchorage. The wind did not shift, therefore I set sail for Milford Haven about 4 a.m. I was advised to keep quite close inshore so as to avoid the Race; I did so until off Tibbit Point, where the wind eddied in such a disgusting manner that I kept out and was carried through the race of White Horses, a decidedly dangerous race, and a most fatiguing one, being three miles long. I struck it about the south east corner, and came out at the north-west one, receiving the full benefit of the distance. The tide swept me right off the north end of the Island where I both heard and saw the Hen and Chickens Race running like

mad; and I verily believed that if the wind had dropped a little I would have journeyed through that also.

It is no easy matter to get out of the influence of the tides off Lundy, as they run four and five knots an hour. I made a great allowance for the tide when crossing the Bristol Channel, which proved to be a very great mistake, because the tides run in different directions in different parts of the distance and do not assist much, but if mismanaged are sure to cause great delay. The bearing course is the proper one to steer; a very smart sailing vessel or steamer may be better navigated by slight compass allowance, if crossing just a change of tide, but a small boat with a strong breeze can hardly make Milford in one tide."

(The Kate was a small yacht, 21 feet in length along the keel, which cruised around the British Coast, manned singlehanded).



December 14th, 1872. (*Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

On Sunday morning the timber barque *Tinto* first saw land near Lundy. The Master tried to induce a Bristol Pilot they saw to take charge of the vessel, but he refused, and after vainly trying another, they shaped their course south-west, and then east by east, trying to "wear". The gale continued to grow to a hurricane, and shortly after they went on the Down End Rocks at Croyde, with the loss of 8 lives.

75 YEARS AGO

1897. Article by H. W. Strong in the *Westminster Gazette*. "The Kingdom of Heaven".

"The Kingdom of Heaven rejoiceth" ran the laconic cable message which the call-boy laid on my desk in my office in Devonshire one day seven or eight summers since. Despite its apparent flippancy the communication was, in sincerity and truth, a sober statement of absolute fact. The daughter of the lord of the isle was wedded that morning, and the first cable communication from Lundy to the mainland conveyed the joyful news! So the wit who was the lessee of the land at that time had only chosen the most picturesque and expressive phraseology in which to give a just and adequate appreciation of the festive jubilation in which the flock of the Rev. Hudson Grosett Heaven, M.A., were indulging with what, it must be allowed, was the strongest possible justification. As befiteth a gentleman with so excellent and uncommon a family patronymic and patrimony, Mr. Heaven stands related to Lundy Island in very many benevolent capacities. He is the personal providence of the place made for ever interesting in the eyes of the romantic Englander by Don Guzman's dramatic marriage with the peerless daughter of Devon, Rose Salterne, in "Westward Ho". Like the average man, he plays many parts, but 'tis Mr. Heaven's peculiar personal distinction that he appears to the islanders in each and all of his several capacities at one and the same time. First and foremost, he reigns undisputed Lord of Lundy. The Queen's writ may run on the island nowadays, if it ignominiously failed so to do when Lundy was a robbers' stronghold, where the pirate was a privileged person, and the atmosphere was much akin to that of the cave of Adullum.

On the point of deponent, one is not in a position to speak with the dogmatism that personal experience begets, but most certainly the inhabitants thereof pay no Imperial taxes. Oh, what a happy land is Lundy! When at twelve noon by the neighbouring clock on the 27th day of February, 1822. Mr. Forrest, a famous auctioneer of that time, opened at Garraway's Coffee House, Change Alley, Cornhill, the sale in one lot of "the island of Lundy, situated in the Bristol Channel about four leagues from the Devonshire Coast and convenient to the ports of Bideford and Barnstaple; also to Swansea and Bristol; containing by estimation about 1,500 acres." By reading the "particulars and conditions of sale" it was observed that he laid particular emphasis upon the fact that the property was unique in this respect, that it was "free of tithes, taxes, poor rates, quit or chief rents, or any outgoing whatever". Then, Mr. Heaven has presented himself to the Rectory of Lundy, and no Bishop breathing can say him nay, for, ecclesiastically also, the island is extra diocesan and extra parochial.

October 7th, 1897. (*North Devon Journal*).

*"I looked upon the rocks of Hartland Quay
And thought their spacious parlours at low
tide*

*Fit for the tenements of giants to be;
And then I gazed on the Atlantic wide,
And Lundy with its white Church fell in sight,
And its tall lighthouse lit by sunbeams bright,
And heard the mystic music of the sea.
Anon, I climbed the downs, and kneeling
there*

*Among the flowers, pink and blue and gold,
The names of my belov'd to Heaven I told—
Committing them unto their Saviour's care,
Beseeching that His mighty hand would keep
And fold them all among His gathered sheep,
Safe in the country that is yet more fair."*

HOPE HULME.

November 11th, 1897.

Wreck off Lundy: Intelligence was received at Ilfracombe on Tuesday that the salvage steamer, *Bally Doone*, which had been engaged for some time in attempts to recover machinery of a sunken steamer on the North End of the island, had become a wreck herself, and had sunk on the eastern side of the island. The crew were all saved, and were landed on Lundy.

November 13th, 1897. (*Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

A wreck at Lundy Island — At Barnstaple on Friday last, Frederick Binding, a diver, and James Hambly, a seaman, both of Cardiff, were charged with stealing copper piping from the wrecked ship, *Salado*, at Lundy Island. Evidence was called from which it was shown that the prisoner, Binding, had been at work on Lundy, and prisoner, Hambly, had been in charge of the wreck. On 25th September last Binding went into Cardiff and sold to Mr. Skirm, a Marine Store dealer, a piece of copper piping, telling him he had dragged it out of the Channel. Skirm consequently sold the copper piping to Messrs. Jones, Marine Store dealers of Cardiff. He said Binding bore an excellent

character. The wreck was bought by Mr. Edwards, an engineer, in conjunction with Mr. Rowlands and Mr. Ford, of Cardiff, for £375, and they had since spent £2,000 in trying to get it off. Hambly and Binding, in last month, went to Cardiff from Lundy. Hambly was in charge of the *Salado*, and he left her without permission. Several conversations took place between them and the owners of the wreck with regard to the things lost, prisoner Binding at one time saying he would make a clean breast of it, and that Hambly had given the piping to him. The case against Hambly was dismissed, but the Bench decided to commit Binding to the Quarter Sessions for trial.

November 18th, 1897.

When the Lundy mail skiff *Gannet* (Capt. Dark) was seven miles off the island in the early morning a few days ago, a fire-crested wren flew on board. After hovering about, apparently exhausted, it was caught by a passenger (Mr. H. P. Tardew, of Bideford). The bird is an occasional visitor at Lundy, and was evidently migrating.

November 18th, 1897. (*Western Morning News*).

An important aid to the navigation of the Bristol Channel are the new lights of Lundy Island, which will be shown for the first time today, the 18th inst. When the new lights are used, the present lighthouse in the centre of the island will cease to be of service, except that the cap, some seven feet below the beacon, will, as at present, act as a day-mark on the western side when easterly gales prevail. It would be idle to remove the structure, and therefore it will be allowed to remain. One of the two new lights will be seen from whatever point the island is approached, while the two will be visible from certain positions. Navigation will gain a great deal by the change, as either end of the island can be taken at any time. On the N.W., inside the Hen and Chickens, a dangerous line of rocks running out for 1½ miles, is the first light, which will shew two short white flashes, with an interval of ten seconds between each flash. There are two sirens at this north-west light, with a high and low note alternately — two seconds low blast, two seconds silent, two low blast, two silent, two high, and fourteen seconds silent. The engines which drive the air compressor which charge the accumulators for the sirens are 16 brake horse power horizontal Hornsby-Ackroyd, coupled direct in parallel to air compressors of very compact type by Messrs. MacLove, Alliot and Co. This is the first instance in which oil engines have been used for lighthouse work, nearly all the engines in use for fog-signalling

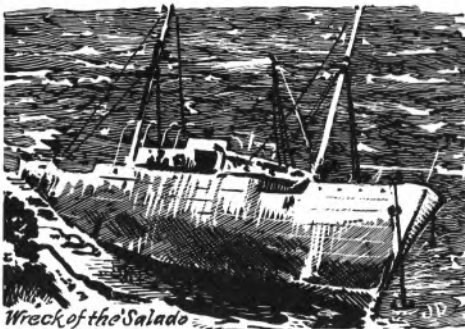
being of the hot air type. There are two sets of engines to prevent delay in case of a breakdown.

All the plant, with the houses and out-buildings, are of the most perfect design ever yet reached. The Lenses in this light are of French manufacture, and have been placed in position by a Frenchman. Lametry peninsula, on the south east, is the position of the second lighthouse. A temporary lighthouse has been erected until the transfer is completed, and a similar light will be shewn from this until this is effected, which will be in about six months. The white light revolves in 60 seconds. Near the Lametry light will be a fog detonator fired by electricity every ten minutes whenever necessary. The present light is over 500 feet above sea level, while the N.W. one will be about 150, and the S.E. one, 180 feet above the sea. This will do away with the light being so often enveloped in mist. It is believed that the new lights will cost nearly £50,000, and the work has been carried out by the Trinity Brethren.

November 25th, 1897. (Extracts from a similar report on the new Lighthouses) . . . At Ilfracombe, and other points on the coast, the new lights were plainly visible — the northern light, in particular, appearing very brilliant.

The Lighthouse which has been in use up to the present time, stands about half a mile from the southern end of the island on its western side upon Chapel Hill (*Beacon Hill* — Ed.) so called from the fact that a place of worship, of which remains can still be traced, occupied an adjoining site. The tower is 96 feet in height from base to vane, and the hill is so high that the main light, which is white and revolving, is shewn every minute from an elevation of 540 feet above high water spring tides. There is a lower fixed light in the same tower 70 feet down, which clears the rocks in the locality. This lighthouse was established in 1820 (1819—Ed.), and was then deemed to be in the most eligible position for the purposes of navigation. The range of the light in clear weather, with an intensity latterly of 42,000 candles, has been thirty-one miles, but the light has often been obscured by fog and clouds when the atmosphere has been clear at a lower level, while it has not defined the extremes of the island, but has been obscured by the cliffs to a distance of three and a half miles to the northward of the lighthouse and to more than a mile both to the eastward and the southward. Further, the anchorage, being upon the east side, is in shallow, whereas it was very desirable that vessels seeking shelter should have a light to guide them to it. Again, the present fog signal station, which is a little northwards of the lighthouse and lower down the cliff, and from which a sound rocket has been fired every ten minutes during thick or foggy weather, did not mark either end of the island, and was not so efficient in respect of vessels approaching the island from the eastwards as from the westward.

Although the buildings formerly used by the light keepers and signallers will be abandoned, the old lighthouse tower will still be maintained as a sea-mark. Wire rope hawsers which were stretched from isolated rocks in the sea to



Wreck of the Salado

positions on the cliffs near the new lighthouses, and were used for landing materials while the buildings were in the course of construction, will also be maintained for the purpose of landing stores hereafter.

The island is now, and has been for some years, connected by submarine electric cables with the postal telegraph system of the country.

Formerly the Lundy lighthouse was treated as a shore station, and the wives and families of the lighthouse keepers lived there, but the new establishments will be rated as rock stations and the keepers brought in turn for a change to the mainland, where their families will always live.

The buildings were designed by Mr. Matthews, the engineer-in-chief of the Trinity House, and have been constructed under his direction without the aid of a contractor.

December 2nd, 1897. (*North Devon Journal*).

Collision off Lundy — Steamer Sunk: News was received at Cardiff on Monday afternoon that the French steamer *Thryne*, bound for Barry to Algiers, has on board part of the crew of the steamer *Labarroue* which foundered off Lundy last week. No doubt is entertained that the men are Capt. Young, the second mate, and three able-seamen who were in the second boat that put off from the steamer. The *Labarroue* was bound from Cardiff to St. Nazaire, laden with coal, and was run down early on Thursday morning by an unknown schooner. The sea was smooth, but the night was very dark, and after striking the steamer abaft the mizzen mast, the vessel was lost in the darkness. The steamer was kept afloat for 50 minutes, and the crew put off in two boats; eleven men and a stowaway being in the lifeboat, and the captain and four of the crew, including the second mate, in the jolly boat. Both boats kept together for some hours making for land, which, however, was not visible. They shortly afterwards lost sight of one another, and that containing the majority of the crew, after beating about for 23 hours, was overtaken by the Norwegian schooner, *Greigi*, which happened to be bound for Cardiff, at which port the men were landed. Some anxiety was felt for the captain and remainder of the crew, but the despatch from Barry sets all doubts at rest, so that, so far as is known, no loss of life has taken place.

50 YEARS AGO

September 27th, 1922. (*Daily Express*—"Beach-comber").

A retired solicitor assures me I need not be too apologetic when I wondered whether Lundy Island needs the Rector it has acquired after 100 years. The men of Lundy, he says, were wild and wicked as recently as the sixties, when he was articled at Bideford. The bailiff of the local County Court was an old man, and one day they sent him over to Lundy Island to serve some plaintiffs. Three weeks elapsed, and then the bailiff appeared with his head bound up, his face stuck all over with plaster, and his arm in a sling. He told them all about his adventures in good Devonshire, which I regret I cannot reproduce, rich in "thiccys" and "downalongs" as it would be.

Briefly, the wicked islanders had seized the

aged man as soon as he landed, made him eat all his documents, and then hove him over a cliff and hurled rocks at him till they were tired. I wonder the Bishop considers a Rector enough for such naughty fellows. He should send them a Rural Dean at least!

September 27th, 1922. (*Hartland Chronicle*).

Mr. Herbert May is lessee of the boat *Lerina*; Mr. A. L. Christie of Tapeley Park, who fitted up the boat at his own expense to comply with Board of Trade requirements, retaining the sole ownership. We are asked to mention that the work of refitting the yacht was carried out in the past by Messrs. P. K. Harris, of Appledore, the Hansen Shipbuilding and Ship Repairing Co. Ltd., the Taw Shipyard Co., and Messrs. F. B. Baker, of Bond Court, Walbrook, London; the latter supplying the lifeboats, life jackets, and bunting.

October 5th, 1922.

The death has taken place at Newton Abbot, somewhat suddenly at the age of 79, of Mr. George John Taylor, son of a former well known West of England railway contractor, who carried out important works in North Devon and Somerset. The deceased, who inherited a considerable fortune, lived for some years at Abbotsham Court, Bideford, and was the moving spirit in several enterprises not always advantageous to himself, for the development of Westward Ho! For some years he leased Lundy Island from the late owner, the Rev. H. G. Heaven, but latterly lived very quietly in retirement at Torquay and Newton Abbot.

October 27th, 1922.

Marriages. Brain — Owens. October 7th, at Bishops Tawton — H. Brain, Coastguard, Lundy, to Florence Owens of Cheshire, resident at Bishops Tawton.

November 4th, 1922. (*Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

Lundy's 13 Voters — Visit to Mainland Necessary to Ballot. The voters on Lundy Island — on the present register there are 13 — will have to cross to Instow to record their vote in the Barnstaple Division. At the 1918 election the lonely island enjoyed the distinction of having a ballot box of its own, but then, owing to arrangements made for collecting the votes of absent voters, the count did not occur until some time after the polling day. Prior to 1918 the inhabitants of Lundy had no votes at all, and even now they run the risk of being disfranchised by the weather in any winter election, for embarking and landing is not always practicable at the island in the stormy season. It is not likely that either of the candidates will visit this outpost of the division in so short a campaign. The possibility of being stormbound and left out of the fight outweighs the romanticism of such an undertaking. The ordinary winter communication with Lundy is by the weekly mail boat. This island is 22 miles from Instow.

November 18th, 1922.

Ilfracombe Then and Now — A Prediction, by Mervyn Thompson. Lundy Air Service . . .

"A purely local service is maintained between Lundy and Ilfracombe. It is these facilities of travel by air that has brought Lundy so much into prominence. As a holiday resort, Lundy is fast developing into a second Palm Beach, or Honolulu, although of a different type. Scores of bungalows line the eastern shore; and a yacht squadron has its headquarters there. The terminus of the Airopcars is at Larkstone Beach, and on a fine day, in the height of the season, the station is all a bustle with arriving and departing cars. A two-hourly flying service to town (London), and a ten-minute service to Lundy, would have seemed outside of the realms of possibility 30 years ago!"

November 20th, 1922. (*Hartland Chronicle*).

About the middle of October, James Guard, from Lundy, who accidentally fell down and dislocated his arm, was admitted to the North Devon Infirmary and detained.

Of the thirteen electors of Lundy, eight recorded their votes at Instow. They were assumed to be Conservatives, which prompted the desire of a Liberal that they might be torpedoed on the way!

STOP PRESS

Situations Vacant

A vacancy occurs for a Shorthand Typist/Secretary to live and work on Lundy. Apply to I. G. Grainger, Agent, Lundy, via Ilfracombe, North Devon.



DEATH AT PONDSBURY



*In the deep red furrows of a ploughed field
The lonely heron has stood for the last time.
He flew to an island in the sea.
On tattered wings he finally arrived
To stand in the duckweed of a shallow pond
And finish, gazing at his own reflection.
He waited, silent for the last time
Till death swam slowly round his ankles.
Faithless life left him in his loneliness.
He came to lie upon a salt-burnt hillside
Above the dark waters of the fishless pond.
The noisy gulls and stealthy rats attend him—
Make a revelation of the whiteness of his bones,
In which the wind also finds a song.*

Paul Munton



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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. and Mrs. John Dyke much appreciate the Christmas greetings recently received from subscribers. We cannot write to you all but, through the medium of the magazine, wish to say "thank you most sincerely".

We apologise for the delay in publication of this issue due to lack of postal communication at a vital time, followed by indisposition of the Editor at the end of December.

SEA SHANTY PUZZLE

Solution from I.L.N. No. 8

1. Hell's Gates.
2. Black Rock.
3. Parson's Well.
4. Devil's Punchbowl.
5. Devil's Chimney.
6. The Pyramid.
7. The Cheeses.
8. Widow's Tenement.
9. Constable Rock.
10. Puffin Slope.
11. Gannet's Rock.
12. Brazen Ward.
13. Knoll Pins.
14. Knight Templar Rock.
15. Ladler's Beach.
16. Hangman's Hill.
17. Marlisco Tavern.

TO POTENTIAL ADVERTISERS

We will be pleased to quote rates, from whole page to eighth page, on application. Classified adverts can also be accepted at 2½p per word.

A SPECIAL PHILATELIC COVER FOR CHIVENOR AIR DAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1972

The Royal Air Force Chivenor Stamp Club mailed 11,000 special covers to Lundy on August 3rd, 1972, through the British Forces' Post Office, Chivenor, North Devon. The stamps were cancelled with a special pictorial date canceller, and conveyed to Lundy by the cruising reserve lifeboat of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute, 40-001, and

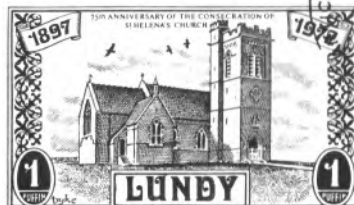
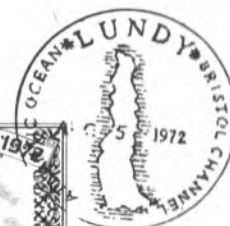
then flown back to Chivenor by a Search and Rescue helicopter of 22 Squadron, a Flight based at Chivenor, on August 5th — see "Here and There", page 6 of this issue. The covers were stamped with 7½p stamps commemorating the 150th Anniversary of the establishment of H.M. Coastguard Service.



Taken from Clovelly, Devon
to Lundy Island in R.N.L.I.
Waverney Class Life-Boat
44-001

Crossing Time 1 hr 15 mins

Flown to R.A.F. Chivenor in
Whirlwind Mk 10 XP 347 of
'A' Flt. 22 Sqn. R.A.F.
Captain
FLT. LT. R. L. PROBERT
Flight Time 20 mins



Officer Commanding
Royal Air Force
Chivenor, Devon

A limited number of these interesting covers are available to collectors of Lundy material at 40p each — see foot of column 1, page 3 for postal rates.

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