

ILLUSTRATED LUNDY NEWS.

CHANGE IN SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Costs have increased greatly since the price was fixed in Spring 1972 and we are extremely sorry to say that, if the magazine is to continue, we must raise the price to 30p per copy - annual subscription by post: 3 issues for £1.

Subscriptions received before the 1st October will be honoured but from 1st October, 1973 the new rates will apply.

At the moment the I.L.N. is costing more to produce than the selling price.

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ILLUSTRATED LUNDY NEWS

AND LANDMARK JOURNAL

ISSUE No. 12 1973

VOLUME 2 No. 6



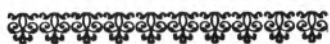
Mr. Paul Munton, author of the article on page 4 of this issue, came to the island for his usual prolonged study of the Lundy goats in January. With him, on this occasion, were three colleagues: Mr. Ian Ingles, ornithologist, who studies feeding behaviour in gulls; Mr. Pelham Aldrich-Blake, who has made a study of Blue Monkeys in Uganda; and Mr. Roger Crawshaw, an expert on animal husbandry.

The cover picture, taken from photographs supplied by Mr. Munton, shows a nanny in 'head up' alarm posture on sighting the cameraman. The goats below have assumed a rather odd position as they stand on an almost vertical cliff south of the Battery. This appears to be a family group with a home range centred on the Landing Craft beach area: l to r: a nanny, one of her twin kids, and an older nanny (probably mother of the first animal).



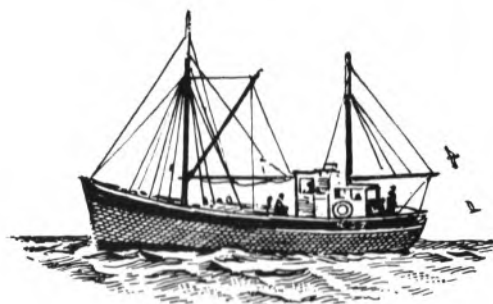
PORCUPINE'S

ANTIQUARIAN
AND
GOOD MODERN BOOKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD



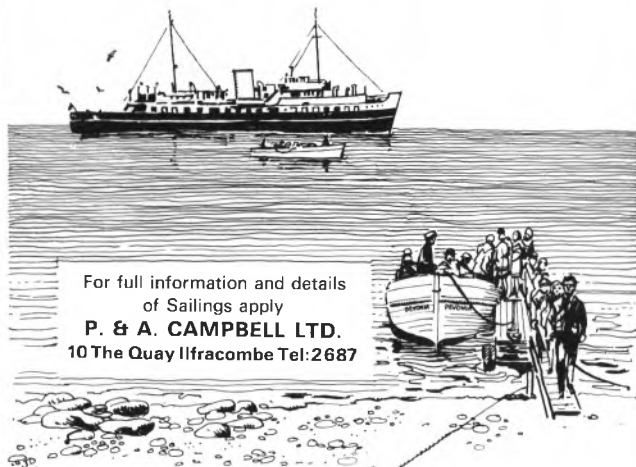
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In each letting, cooking is provided by Calor gas, as is lighting and water heating, with the exception of the Old Light and Tibbetts (cooking only).

Detailed information and charges may be obtained from:
**THE AGENT, LUNDY, BRISTOL CHANNEL, via ILFRACOMBE,
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One of the last photographs taken of Mr. and Mrs. Gade together, as they sit near the Tea Garden on a sunny day in June accompanied by Mr. John Stockwell.

Photo: Derek Sach

MRS. RENE GADE

With deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Rene Gade at her home, Marisco Cottage, Lundy, on Friday, August 17th.

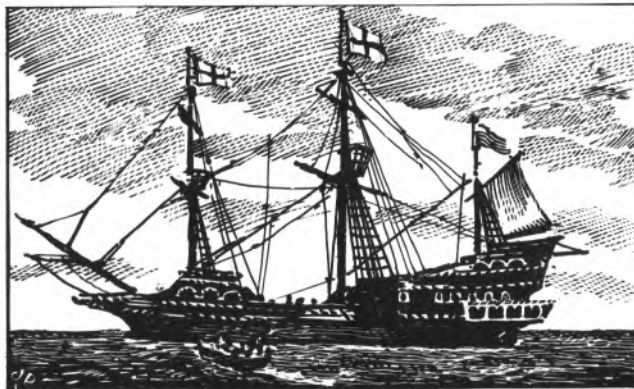
Mr. and Mrs. Gade had worked together on the island for over 40 years, during which time Mrs. Gade's efficiency in everything she undertook was renowned, and her cheerful, active personality will long be remembered by all who knew her.

At about 5.30 p.m., on Sunday, August 19th, the coffin was carried from Marisco Cottage by Messrs. John Ogilvie, John Stockwell, John Dyke, and Jim Webster ready to be conveyed to the Landing Beach on one of the island trailers attached to a tractor, driven by Mr. John Ogilvie. The trailer was strewn with flowers, including hydrangeas from Mrs. Gade's garden and two posies from Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvie and daughters Kate and Elizabeth. Laid upon the coffin was a beautiful floral spray including gladioli, fuschias and roses, made up by Mrs. Jean Stockwell on behalf of the islanders.

The tractor and trailer, followed by a silent party of mourners — Mr. Gade, his family, islanders and friends — proceeded slowly down the Beach Road, as the visiting *Balmoral*, with flag at half-mast, steamed out of the Bay. On reaching the shore, the coffin was carried to a waiting launch by Messrs. John Smith, Ian Grainger, Nick Morrow and Robbie Robinson, assisted at the landing stage by Mr. Syd Allen, and Messrs. Peter Edwards and Keith Blaxhall who were in charge of the launch. An atmosphere of peace and serenity lay over the beach, as if the elements, also, were paying their silent tribute. Standing by the water's edge the Rev. Donald Peyton Jones spoke the well known and beautiful words of farewell as Mrs. Gade took her last journey from Lundy and the launch moved out gently across a calm sea towards the waiting *Polar Bear*, which was to convey her, Mr. Gade, and their family to the mainland.

Later in the evening a Memorial Service was held in St. Helena's Church, with the colourful flowers from the trailer banked up on either side of the Chancel steps. A congregation of 70, including family, islanders and friends, sang three of Mrs. Gade's favourite hymns: "Abide with me", "The King of Love my Shepherd is", and "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended". The Service was conducted by the Rev. D. Peyton Jones, the lesson read by Mr. Ian Grainger, and the organist was Mr. Jim Webster.

Funeral arrangements were carried out by Messrs. Trapnells of Bideford; the directors, Peter and David Trapnell, being friends of the family and long associated with the island.



The *Golden Hinde* in Lundy Bay, August 18th, 1973

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 JOAN AND JOHN DYKE, ON BEHALF OF
THE LANDMARK TRUST

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

THE GOATS OF LUNDY

By Paul Munton

Photographs by courtesy of the Author



It is in the harshness of winter, when the rising winds force them to leave the plateau top of the island and take to the cliffs, that the goats of Lundy are seen at their best. It is then that they cast their spell over the precipitous cliffs and rocks, turning the imperturbable granite walls to a maze of footpaths by their presence, yet, when gone, they take their magic with them and the rock is frozen once again to smooth impenetrability—admitting nothing.

In January the nannies find on the cliffs a bed in which the young are born: a sheltered place—a ledge, or, better still, a cave. Rocks give shelter from the wind and rain and a place where the kid may hide from the roving eyes of the voracious Ravens, birds who, over generations, have learnt the easy vulnerability of the goat kid in its first days of life, and teach each new rapacious generation so they will recognise the thin bleat of the newborn goat, that they may begin their slow circling and rough repeated note which tells the world that they know sustenance is not far away.

One white nanny, mother of many, had chosen her usual place to bring her new kid to life and stayed with this newborn for many

hours until it could stand and suckle, and stand and walk at will. A Raven had observed the pair and circled, landing a few feet from them both. Calling all the while, it half spread its wings, bat-like, and hopped closer. The female moved towards the rasping bird, and off it flew immediately, circling once and then straight southward out of sight. Every half hour the bird returned to circle once, or maybe twice, above the careful mother and kid. At length, the female, becoming hungry, moved off to feed, and the kid lay down in the sea-burnt bracken where it stood. The white nanny moved away slowly and in less than half an hour was several yards below the kid on its ledge upon the precipice. The Raven flew up from the south, circled but once and, calling continuously again, landed about two feet from the kid, shook out its wings and hopped closer. The mother, seeing the Raven land, ran upwards to her kid and attacked the bird, stamping at it with her feet. In its second crooked hop the Raven managed one hard peck at the sleeping young and then rose upward to escape the mother's hooves. The nanny suckled her frightened kid and licked and nursed it, then, after a few minutes led it northwards a mile to the shelter of rocks at Brazen Ward.

Not all nannies are as good mothers as this—often they give birth on an open cliff or slope where the wind and rain sweep in. Nevertheless many, especially the older nannies, show care in the selection of the birth place of the kid and are careful not to expose it. To find a kid is difficult—one must first look for a lone female, for goats are very sociable and (like people) are rarely seen alone. Only when a goat has a kid does she spurn the company of the herd, and may not be seen with another animal for up to three months after the birth of the kid. Females often leave their kids to feed, and may go upward of a mile from the place of birth. One such female was stalked by me when it left its young: I crept along walls watching her as she walked slowly, stopping frequently to look around. She fed for nearly an hour before she headed off in a different direction to that by which she had come. After more hiding behind ridges, walls and boulders, scrambling across marsh and mud and running between points of cover when the goat herself was behind some outcrop which kept her path from my sight, there was the reward of discovering the first kid to be born that year. It lay

behind a high outcrop of rock on the west side, whilst below a huge Atlantic swell broke on the rocks, sending a spray over one hundred feet in the air. This spray soaked me when I crept near the mother and kid although they, themselves, were sheltered from both wind and spray by the rock and by sea pink tussocks resting on earth broken into a series of grassy steps. The soft grass and the roar of the waves on the rocks below disguised my footsteps and I was able to watch the mother and kid without detection.

When the kids are two or three weeks old, the mothers form them into a sort of nursery group which is more loose than the adult group. Here the kids meet other goats for the first time, and play with other kids. The mothers in these groups are more tolerant of young ones than the nannies in the other adult groups. It is anything up to three months later that kids are brought into the adult group, where they soon learn the basic rules of social behaviour. The most important of these is to learn who is dominant to whom: this is easy to learn, for every other goat is dominant to him except other kids, and it is made even easier, because



The Author: Mr. Paul Munton.



Five year old nanny fleeing from photographer, followed by a yearling billy.

if a kid comes too close to another animal it will be butted very hard, especially by the females, who will horn it in the stomach and often lift it off the ground, throwing it down the cliff. The kids seldom fall far, for their immediate response to a fall is simply to splay their feet, and they soon come to rest by digging in their sharp hooves, or by using the sandpaper-like underneath of the hooves to grip smooth rocks. If a dominant animal moves towards a subordinate it must move away or get butted; this means that the dominant animal has first



A billy kid between 1 and 2 weeks old. Note the tiny horn buds.

choice of the tastiest food and the best resting places. Amongst females, it aids the protection of kids, for if a kid is close to its mother it takes on her rank, and subordinate animals will not dare molest it. The females re-establish the hierarchy every Spring, when the small Winter groups meet to form the large Summer herd. Goats that have not met for some time sort out their dominance hierarchy at this time, and it appears to hold for the rest of the year. There was a dramatic example of this that I was fortunate enough to witness: two large groups of goats had already formed—one in the south moving north, and one in the north moving south—in mid April they met below the northernmost quarry. After an initial few minutes manoeuvring, the goats clustered together into pairs and nothing could be heard for the next few minutes but the clashing of horns as the females sorted out the business of dominance. Occasionally, at these times, quartets of goats form in the shape of a cross, heads together, one pair butting across the other, the whole formation rotating uphill as each individual seeks the highest ground from which to deliver the horn blow. This horn blow starts with the animal on its hind legs and ends with it on all fours, horns below the adversary's throat—the horns are often brought back sharply into the opponent's throat after the initial clash.

The males may fight at any time of the year. By the time of the rut, every goat knows which animals it may intimidate, and which it may not. There is very little fighting during the rut, though horn-blows to subordinates are common in the heat and confusion of a rutting

group. When a battle does take place between two billy goats of equal vigour, it may go on for hours at a time and last, on and off, for weeks!

In spite of the formidable horns and the jaundiced oval-pupilled eye of the billy goat, they are very timid, often sleepy, creatures. Even if one meets a goat on the narrow rhododendron path they turn and disappear as fast as the eye can follow them—Mr. Gade recalls how someone once caught a sleeping billy by the horns! Only once did I find them dangerous, and that was when I was at the bottom of a very steep and broken cliff just north of the rock known as Goat Island (almost the only place on the island where I have never seen a goat!). There were 8 goats browsing about 300 feet above me: I had been still for some time and they were obviously unaware of my presence. As soon as I moved, however, a regular sequence of large boulders was dispatched from the top of the cliff, which gathered speed at an alarming pace, landing with an awful crash at the bottom, sending shrapnel-like fragments all around. To get back up the cliff I had to go across a ramp of scree down which most of the rocks were coming. I eventually made it, but it was the most alarming experience of my stay on Lundy, as one could hear the thudding of a rock as it started its descent, and there was a very long period of time before one could spot it and take appropriate avoiding action. I would not like to assign a sinister intent to the goats, but, in all probability my sudden appearance startled them into careless movement, which sent down the missiles—nevertheless, this is a most useful form of defence against an enemy!

LUNDY

Royal Mail Motor Yacht

LERINA

WILL SAIL AS UNDER

(Wind, weather and other circumstances permitting):—

WEEK ENDING SUNDAY, AUGUST 27.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th.

Leave Barnstaple Quay about 7.45 a.m.,
Instow 30 minutes later.

Day Trip to LUNDY.

Single Trip, Barnstaple to Instow, or vice-versa.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25th.

Leave Barnstaple Quay about 8.15 a.m.,
Instow 30 minutes later.

Day Trip to LUNDY. (Carrying the Royal Mails.)

Single Trip, Barnstaple to Instow, or vice-versa.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th.

Leave Bideford Quay 9.30 a.m., Instow 20 minutes later.

Day Trip to LUNDY.

Single Trip, Bideford to Instow, or vice-versa.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27th.

Day Trip to LUNDY.

Leave Barnstaple Quay about 9.10 a.m.,
Instow 30 minutes later.

Afternoon Service at St. Helen's Church, by
Rev. H. H. Lane, Rector of Lundy.

Single Trip, Barnstaple to Instow, or vice-versa.

FARES.

Barnstaple, Bideford, or Instow to Lundy and back, 7/6.

Bideford or Barnstaple Bar Trip, 2/-

Single Trips, Barnstaple or Bideford to Instow, or vice-versa, 1/-

WEEK ENDING SUNDAY, SEPT. 3rd.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28th.

Leave Bideford Quay 10 a.m., calling at
Instow and Appledore at 10.15 a.m., for

Day Trip to LUNDY. Fare, 7/6.

This Trip allows about 6 hours at Lundy.

Single Trip, Bideford to Instow and Appledore, leaving Bideford at 10 a.m.

Single Trip, Appledore and Instow to Bideford, leaving Appledore and Instow at 9 p.m.

Fare, 1/-

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29th.

Day Trip to CLOVELLY. Fare, 5/-

Leave Instow and Appledore 10.45 a.m.;
return from Clovelly for Instow and
Appledore, 7 p.m. This trip allows about
7 hours at Clovelly.

COAST CRUISE down Channel beyond
Hartland Point. Leaving Clovelly 2.30
p.m. Fare, 1/-

Leave Clovelly for Instow and Appledore 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30th.

Day Trip to LUNDY. Fare, 7/6.

Leave Instow and Appledore 11 a.m.

This trip allows about 5½ hours at Lundy.

Leave Lundy for Instow and Appledore 6 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st.

Single Trip to CLOVELLY. Fare, 2/6.

Leave Instow and Appledore 2 p.m., arriving
at Clovelly about 3.15 p.m.

Trip UP CHANNEL beyond Westward Ho,
leaving Clovelly at 4 p.m. Fare 1/-

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

Trip to LUNDY.

From Instow and Appledore, carrying Royal
Mails, and admitting a limited number of
Passengers, to return Saturday, Sept. 2nd

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

BAR TRIP.

Leave Instow and Appledore 2.15 p.m. Fare,
2/-

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd.

Day Trip to LUNDY.

Leave Ilfracombe 10 a.m., returning from
Lundy 4 p.m. Special Fare, 6/-

Tickets may be obtained on board.

SPECIAL TERMS for HIRE of YACHT for
PRIVATE PARTIES on application.

Further information can be obtained from—
F. Gibbs, Hermitage Road, Ilfracombe.
T. Lake, Bridge Street, Bideford.
North Devon Billposting Co., Barnstaple.
Cruse, Red Lion Hotel, Clovelly.
Richards, 29, Meeting Street, Appledore.

[2388

We began camping thirteen years ago when the children were small—Jan was three and Michael five. But why, after all these years, are we still camping, still with the family, and still coming back to Lundy year after year? Why do we prefer it to the comfort of a cottage, or the idleness of a hotel?

It all started through Mark and Elizabeth Hubbard, now frequent contributors to the annuals of the Lundy News. It was Mark, doctoring to the needs of a son with tonsillitis, who asked us if we had ever been to Lundy. His description (he had only viewed the island from the sea) must have been spell-binding, because later that same year we paid our first visit to Lundy.

The voyage was memorable. We travelled by the *Gannet*. Ray spent the entire voyage, semi-conscious, with his head in the lap of Marion Harman-Jones, whilst five-year-old Michael slept soundly after a wee tot of brandy from another passenger. Jan and I nursed each other, without actually being ill, whilst the boat rocked from side to side and the water washed nearly over us.

On finding our landlegs again, we loaded ourselves up like pack-horses and set off up the goat path to find the tent field. Never again! We subsequently learned the art of loading all our gear into the tractor's trailer and making our way up the path in slow and civilized fashion, but in those days we were green and eager. Certainly, our eagerness has never left us, even though the years have taught us wisdom; and we have returned annually since that first visit in 1960.

I think that camping is, essentially, living. Perhaps we are puritan at heart, but we gain tremendous pleasure from having to fend for ourselves—finding wood for our fire, fetching and carrying water, braving the elements to do shopping etc. We are not campers in the continental sense of the word: we have no tables or chairs, we sleep in our sleeping bags on the ground (until Ray and I succumbed to the comforts of lilos in 1970), we have no light except a torch; but we are comfortable and we are happy.

We soon discovered a corner of Lundy to which we always (with permission!) return; sheltered on two sides by stone walls, we are left exposed only to the easterlies. We have had to fence ourselves in to protect us from sheep, we have had rats near our food, sheep through our flysheet, goats chewing the guy ropes, but by and large we have survived. There was one memorable occasion, only two years ago, when after a Force 9 gale throughout the night we had at last dropped exhausted off to sleep. A kind friend delivered to us his morning's gathering of mushrooms; he noticed that one tent was in a state of near-collapse, but did not disturb us to warn us because he was sure that after all these years we knew exactly what we were doing. Half an hour later, we were woken by the muffled shouts of two teenagers buried beneath the ruins of their tent! Happily we have



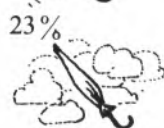
The Camping Group in 1972: Mr. Ray and Mrs. Meryl Newbigin — front row, l. to r.: French friend, Aline; daughter, Jan; Spanish friend, Kike; and son, Michael.

one tiny tent for food and clothes, so we transferred Michael and Jan to the food tent and covered the food and clothes with the collapsed canvas.

We have had our share of gales, but it is interesting to look back through the weather charts which we have kept in our logbook. The observations have been taken from 1960 to 1972 and the results of 130 days on Lundy, without being entirely scientific, are:



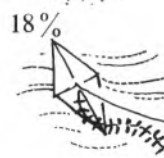
Miserable weather for most of the day.



A passable day, cloudy with a little sun or rain.



Splendidly sunny — which meant being on the beach all day.



Wonderfully windy: the type of day that only a small island on the edge of a large ocean can produce.

But one of the joys of camping is that, whatever the weather, we still go out. It is so tempting when living in a cottage (which we tried one year) to stay in when it is wet and cold, but we have little choice. Movement keeps us warm and the confines of a tent do not allow for much movement. To be fair, our wet day walks have often ended in the comfort of Big or Little St. John's or Castle Cottage, where we have been invited in out of the rain, but we are equally delighted when those same friends call on us in our tents, as they often do . . . we have even managed to invite friends for supper, but they have to bring their own implements. But the overall effect of this outdoor existence is that, when we return to the mainland we look and feel so fit and healthy, people find it hard to believe we have only been living on that small island facing the Atlantic and haven't been sunning ourselves on a Mediterranean cruise.



NOTICE

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SEA AND LAND

by Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.

(continued from previous issue)

velvet patches of its expanded bases, as well as from the stems.

The great tangles and oar-weeds were abundant, as were the sea-thongs already mentioned; and among them grew a much less common species, at least on the English shores, the henware (*Alaria esculenta*), a large plant, much resembling the oar-weed, but of paler colour, and distinguished from it by having a stout midrib running through the whole length of the leaf. This midrib is eaten by the poor of our northern coasts, and other parts of Europe.

Of marine animals I did not see many. The commonest species of sea-anemone (*Actina mesembryanthemum*) was speckling the rocks, in its many varieties, for it is a very variable species, sometimes chocolate-brown, or of all shades between that and glowing red. More rarely, it is dark olive, merging into grass-green; and not unfrequently specimens are found, especially such as are of a very large size, in which both of these hues are combined, the ground colour being dark-red, studded all over with small green spots. This is the best known of all our native species; indeed, it is the only one ever seen by thousands who fancy themselves familiar with our sea-anemones. The reason is not only the great abundance of this kind, but its habit of living within tide-marks; for such is its patience of exposure to the air, that it may frequently be seen sticking to rocks, particularly if shaded from the sun, not far below high-water mark, where it must be necessarily exposed to the air for many hours out of every tide. Handsome as its appearance is, whether displaying its smooth and glossy coat, or expanding its crown of tentacles like a full-blown crimson flower, it is the least beautiful, perhaps of all, and is not worthy to be compared for beauty with some other species which frequently dwell in its immediate neighbourhood, but in so retired a manner, that few, except the professed naturalist, ever have the opportunity of admiring their charms; like modest worth, whose excellence is often unknown or unappreciated, because of that retiring humility which is its greatest grace, while inferior pretensions are honoured, because they are flaunted in the face of the day.

In one of the crevices within the cavern I had noticed a specimen of a far nobler species, certainly the most imposing, if not the most beautiful, of all the British sea-anemones, *Tealia crassicornis*. When contracted, its body is usually of a rich crimson or fine scarlet hue, often streaked irregularly with green, like a ripe apple. Instead of being soft and glossy like

A. mesembryanthemum, it is hard and firm to the feel, almost like leather, and its whole surface is rough with numerous warts. It does not adhere to the exposed sides of rocks, but hides itself in dark holes and narrow fissures. Nor is it satisfied with this protection, but for further concealment it covers its body with a coating of gravel. This it does by means of its warts, which are the terminations of so many tubes, and which act as suckers, each one firmly attaching to itself a small pebble or fragment of gravel. When the animal is dislodged from its fortress, an operation by no means easy, and deposited in a capacious vessel of sea-water, it presently throws off the gravel, bit by bit, and stands revealed in all its beauty, as if it were aware that its usual artifice would avail for its concealment no longer. Soon, however, it assumes a new form and greater magnificence. It expands a disk three inches in diameter, fringed with many rows of thick conical tentacles. These are of different colours in different individuals, sometimes clear pellucid crimson, at others purple, always surrounded with a broad ring of white. Another variety of very charming appearance has the tentacles entirely cream-white. The animal has the habit of imbibing water, until all the tissues of the body, as well as the tentacles, are filled with it, and swollen to a surprising extent. All the rich colours, especially those of the tentacles, are softened, diluted, and rendered translucent by this process; and the gorgeous array exhibited by a finely-coloured individual, when in this condition, can hardly be surpassed by anything of the kind.

With much fatigue and difficulty we made our way up the lofty slope, not altogether without danger, from the loose stones which the climbers were perpetually dislodging from the rubble, and rolling down upon the heads of those coming below. Arrived at Benjamin's Chair, we sat a few moments to recruit ourselves, while our friend entertained us with anecdotes illustrative of the habits of the seal.



"I was one day standing", said he, "here at Benjamin's Chair, when I saw in the water below, which was clear and smooth, a large seal come up to the surface, carrying in its mouth a conger-eel, perhaps some eight or ten feet long, and as thick as my leg. The animal played with his prey, exactly as you have seen a cat play with a mouse; letting it go; then darting after it as it sought to escape, and catching it with perfect ease. All its motions were full of grace. At length the seal bit the fish in sunder with one snap, and, allowing one portion to sink, he ate from the other till he reached the head. This he rejected, throwing it from him; then dived for the tail, which he brought up, and ate that in like manner.

(continued on page 11)

I took the opportunity, before climbing the cliffs, of examining the rock pools that were exposed by the present low condition of the tide. It was evident how much superior, as a field for the zoologist or botanist, the shale is to the granite; for while the latter presented no tide-pools, and comparatively few of the finer or more delicate seaweeds, the former, nearly clear of boulders, exhibited a comparatively level surface, hollowed into numerous pools, varying much in form, size, and depth. Though the aspect was a southerly one, and much exposed to the sun's rays, the seaweeds struck me as unusually fine. Thus the dulse, (*Rhodymenia palmata*) a species common on our coasts, and eaten by the poor in Scotland and Ireland, was fringing the sides of the pools, its broad, deeply cleft, dark-red fronds, developed in great luxuriance. There were also large and dense tufts of *Chondrus crispus*, the Irish or Carrigeen moss, which is sold to make jellies, for use in cookery, and for many other purposes. This, too, is a common species, and one that varies much with the locality where it grows. When found in shallow pools, considerably above low-water mark, it degenerates in size, becomes of a pale olive tint, and quite devoid of beauty. But see it at a lower level, growing in some deep shadowy pool, as I saw it there, and you would hardly believe it to be the same. The fronds form large, bushy, and well-grown tufts, with the leaves clean and glossy, and of a dark-purple hue; but what gives it its peculiar beauty is, that every segment of its many-cleft leaves reflects the most refulgent hues of azure and steel-blue. These tints, however, depend entirely on the submersion of the plant; remove it from the water, and every trace of them has vanished; replace it, and they as instantly reappear.

Another curious seaweed was *Codium tomentosum*. It forms thick cylindrical stems, much branched, and of a dark-green colour. Its appearance is downy, and, when touched, it has a soft spongy feel, and is enveloped in a slimy jelly. This curious plant was growing numerously here imparting a somewhat singular aspect to the shallow pools, from the green

HERE and THERE



During the night of March 28th, DO-1, H.M.S. *Caprice* anchored in the Bay, leaving the following morning for Swansea. This vessel is the last destroyer left in the Royal Navy (commissioned in 1944) 2,749 tons, 31 knots, with a crew of 186. We are indebted to the Director of Public Relations, Royal Navy, for the above photograph; and for information on the vessel supplied by Mr. John Stockwell.

(Below) A familiar figure on the bridge of M.V. *Balmoral* is Captain E. J. Wide, who is taking things a little easier these days and making fewer trips to the island. His first ship with the White Funnel Fleet was P.S. *Glen Avon* (lost on active service in the war), and since then he held command of both *Bristol Queen* and *Cardiff Queen*. His deputy is Captain Davies, who hails from another island — the Isle of Man.



Photographs by Derek Sach

On Saturday and Sunday, April 28th and 29th, M.V. *Balmoral* arrived on special charter cruises from South Wales, sponsored by the National Trust. Both excursions were blessed with fine weather, and over 800 passengers visited Lundy on the two days, during which a successful island exhibition was held in the Church. On Sunday, the 29th, a special Service was held in St. Helena's conducted by Mr. Ian Grainger, the lesson being read by Lt. Col. C. Jennings, Hon. Organiser of the National Trust cruises. Mr. David Mansell Lewis (Lord Lieutenant of Carmarthenshire) was the organist, and a choir of Welsh voices led the singing using a bi-lingual hymn sheet provided by the National Trust. A B.B.C. T.V. crew were filming during the visit, and the programme (spoken in Welsh) was produced on B.B.C. (Wales). Amongst the visitors on Sunday were Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Llewellyn Jones, of Lantwit Major, who were celebrating to the very day the announcement on Lundy of their engagement before the war.



(Above) A picture taken in Millcombe: l. to r., Mr. David Mansell Lewis, Miss Catherine Mansell Lewis, Lt. Col. C. Jennings, Mr. John Dyke, Mr. Claude Page (Appeals and Publicity Officer).

(Below) The T.V. camera crew interviews Lt. Col. Jennings aboard the *Balmoral* whilst at anchor off the Landing Beach.



(Top right) "Progress", this fine young bull, born on the island on 15.1.1972, has been specially bred by Mr. John Ogilvie (Farm Bailiff). This is the first time for about 20 years that a bull has been reared in this way on Lundy. On April 24th 1973 "Progress" was inspected and passed for Ministry of Agriculture licencing to be retained on the island for breeding purposes.
Photo: Keith Blaxhall



(Far right) Readers who received the last issue will remember mention being made of Mr. R. Tuck, Farm Bailiff, who emigrated to Australia (page 21). We have since been pleased to hear from Mr. Tuck, who forwarded several old photographs of himself on Lundy in 1921, which include this one taken at The Battery on the West Side.



(Above) The second phase of Pig's Paradise workmen's accommodation with Mr. Robbie Robinson issuing instructions to his colleagues.
Photo: Derek Sach



(Above left) A happy smile from Mr. Syd Allen during a pause in the work: having completed his 5 years apprenticeship: he is now a fully-fledged mason. Born at Windsor, his family now resides at Torrington, North Devon.
Photo: Derek Sach

(Left) A charming picture taken in the stable yard, showing "Serin", born 9.4.73, the first of this season's foals — a dun filly, out of "Lundy Cinderella" by "Legend of Brae Tor". Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall encourages 'mother and child' to face the photographer.
Photo: W. Cobbedick



(Left) At St. Mary's Parish Church, Appledore, Captain Nelson Clover (R.N., Ret'd) holds the Montagu plaque. Left of photograph, the Rev. Gilbert Molesworth, who set in motion the operation of securing for Lundy relics of H.M.S. *Montagu* belonging to Captain Clover, who was a midshipman aboard the vessel when she struck in 1906. The plaque, from one of *Montagu's* pinnacles, was afterwards presented to Appledore Parish Church as a temporary resting place. Captain Clover's midshipman's Log, together with a photograph album of the salvage operations, was given to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who placed them in his Museum at Buckler's Hard. Through the intervention of Mr. John Smith, Chairman of the Landmark Trust, the two books were handed over to the island to become part of the Museum collection. In 1972 the plaque was also secured for the Lundy Museum with the kind co-operation of the Rev. R. C. Dixon (former Priest in Charge of Lundy) and the Appledore Parochial Church Council. Photo: Courtesy Rev. G. Molesworth



(Right) Mrs. Anthea D'Aeth, great-niece of Captain Thomas B. Adair of H.M.S. *Montagu*, visited the island in July, and is seen inspecting a scuttle recovered from the wreck and kindly presented to the Lundy Museum by the Bristol Channel Divers. In the foreground is a Museum model of the *Montagu* constructed by Mr. W. Fyson of Ilfracombe.



(Above) July 15th, 1973 — What might have been !! The annual cricket match in honour of Mr. Gade's birthday, arranged between Lundy and a visiting team, unfortunately coincided with a period of almost continuous rain, and not a ball was bowled! The visitors, captained by Mr. Chris Price, included former Somerset and England Test cricketer Harold Gimblett, and it was a great disappointment not to have seen this brilliant batsman in action. We are indebted to Mr. Gimblett for the above photograph, which he sent with the following comment — "... it is very old, and I think a few grey hairs would bring it up to date. It was not posed but an actual match play shot, which did go for 6".

(Left) Miss Dorine Bennett, of Glasgow, has kindly sent us the photograph (left) in which she displays the birth certificate of her father, who was born at the Old Light in 1867. (Miss Bennett's visit to Lundy reported in issue No. 7, Lundy Log, July 14th, 1971). The certificate reads as follows:
Lundy Island, May 26th, 1867.
I hereby certify that I this day baptised, according to the rites of the Church of England, Joseph, the infant son of Joseph and Jessie Bennett.
(Signed) Henry Grosett Heaven, M.A., Clerk in Orders and Resident Minister in Lundy Island.

Lundy Island, North Devon.
I, the undersigned, hereby certify that Jessie, the wife of Joseph Bennett, resident on the island, was, on the 11th day of May, 1867 professionally attended and delivered by me of a male child (living) at a quarter past four o'clock of the morning of Saturday.
Given under my hand this 26th day of May, 1867.
(Here follows the Doctor's signature).

THE LURE OF LUNDY

By May Manaton



Mr. and Mrs. Manaton (extreme left centre) landing at Ilfracombe from the "Devonian".
Photo courtesy of the Author

My purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
of all the western stars, until I die."

Tennyson has always been my favourite poet, as he wrote poems that had an understandable story to tell; and, like Ulysses, I have often looked West and remembered his words.

Long ago, I promised John Dyke that I would write my story of Lundy for the first issue of the Illustrated Lundy News if possible. Now, about three years later, after reading the "Official Trial Trip" under the date August 19th, 1922, in issue No. 9., I am giving some details not mentioned in that account.

Why should I? Because I was one of those 30 guests on the Official Trip. I was not one of the V.I.P's, but merely the fiancée of one of the press-gang, hereinafter to be known as 'A'.

The *Lerina*, left Bideford, dressed overall for the journey, and picked some of us up at Instow. Among the guests were the Mayors of Barnstaple, Bideford, and South Molton, with their ladies; the Chairman of Councils, with their wives; and other ranks, with or without female company.

The sun shone, the breeze blew; we got over the Bar safely, and then the Royal Mail Motor Boat, *Lerina*, suddenly remembered her humble origin as a coastal trading ketch—or was it a gravel barge! She began to roll to and fro, left and right (sorry, port and starboard), up and down, in a most tummy-upsetting way. Then the weather really took a hand. Rain poured down from the heavens—Lundy and the mainland were lost to view.

In those days there were no weather reports, no mal-de-mer minimisers, no radio contact between ship and shore. There was room for some of, but not all, the passengers in the cabin. I just leaned over the side and prayed for sudden death. Then the engine stopped. We wallowed and I unswallowed!

The Captain decided to hoist sail. The crew hadn't done their homework, and the boom swung round lower and lower over my head. Captain Dark yelled "Get back there!" I couldn't have moved an inch, but 'A' summoned strength enough to pull me clear before the end of the boom went down into the water.

They got the sail hoisted eventually and we moved onto another bit of stormy ocean. Still no land in sight! I wondered if we should give Ireland a glancing blow and then plough on to Barnstaple, Mass. Engine broke down for the second time—sail again—suddenly, calm! We were in the lee of Lundy, but about two miles north of the only landing place. We were literally soaked to the skin long before this.

I remembered I had brought a thermos of tea and some sandwiches in my attaché case. I suggested to 'A' that a cup of tea might be a good idea. He opened the case and found some sodden sandwiches and a broken thermos, so that went overboard!

The engine came to life once more and we got to the beach. Then came a tough climb, in clinging clothes, to the Hotel. If I did it today I think I should qualify for the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh—pity it's not retrospective!

Those who had been at the mercy of the elements were taken to various bedrooms, told to leave their wet garments on the floor, and get into bed. Garments would be collected, dried, and returned. I was the only forgotten one, so I looked round for something to put on. The rightful occupant of the room was a very tall young man. I helped myself to a shirt, a pair of grey flannels, which had to be rolled up quite a lot, and a pair of white plimsolls several sizes too large, even for my big feet. I picked up my washing and went down to join the rest of the party. No sign of 'A'—nobody knew what had happened to him. He arrived some time later in, amongst other bits and pieces, a pair of grey flannels reaching just below his knees. He is about 6ft. 2in., and had been taken in tow by the recently installed Rector, the Rev. H. H. Lane. If you look at the pictures of Mr. Lane on page 22 of Issue No. 9 of the I.L.N., you will know the reason for the roars of mirth from the assembly.

The others may have had a good time exploring the nearest parts of the Isle before it was time to set sail for the mainland. I hardly moved, except to swallow some sal volatile prescribed by one of the staff. Then it was a slither down the slippery slope in still damp

clothes. I remember thinking, as I looked at the *Lerina*, "If I even smell that ship, I shall die". Then I collapsed on the beach and my innards went into reverse once more. I think we must have had prunes for lunch—I seem to remember some of them on the shingle near me! Mr. Herbert May, the lessee of Lundy and host for this pleasure trip, came over and said he would not allow me to go back on the ship—Blessings on his name! He sent 'A' and me back to the Hotel with instructions that we were to be his guests there until next time a boat called.

There was I with an empty attaché case for a week-end stay. Miss Sage kindly lent me a nightie, and we were able to buy toothbrushes at the Stores.

For the next two days the weather was marvellous. 'A' and I explored the Enchanted Isle. We even found some white heather and we decided to have our honeymoon there the following year. But fate intervened—for the first time in my life I went down with 'flu a few days before the wedding, and medical advice was to stay ashore. We heard later how disappointed the staff were after arrangements were made for our reception. We were disappointed too, and we have never dared to show our faces on the island since. Next year, if we survive, we shall reach our Golden Anniversary. I wonder if a helicopter service will be available then!

P.S. We came back on a Campbell's, via Ilfracombe, as it called before the next *Lerina* trip. I still love Lundy.

SEA and LAND

an unctuous appearance, somewhat like that of a grave; but no trace of bone or other organised matter could be found.

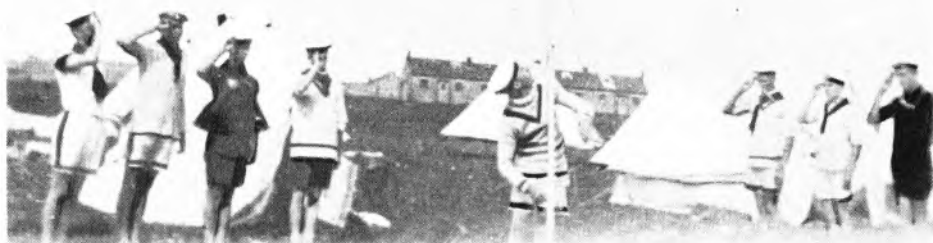
The appearance of this rude structure somewhat resembled that of the monument known as Wayland Smith's Cave, near Ashdown, in Berkshire. This consists of a broad slab laid horizontally on several upright ones. The earth in the lapse of centuries had accumulated, until it was level with the flat slab; but the lord of the manor, about thirty years ago, cleared away the ground both within and without the edifice. Local tradition assigns it to an invisible blacksmith, who was said to shoe traveller's horses there for a small fee. The money was to be laid on a stone, and the steed tied; in the morning the money was gone, and the horse was found shod. The prescribed fee was sixpence, and neither more nor less would do. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to "Kenilworth", suggests that this legend may have alluded to "the northern Duerger, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in steel and iron"; for there is little doubt that the monument is an accessory of the pile raised over the tomb of Baereg, the Danish chieftain, slain here in the great battle with our King Alfred. It is possible that the construction, the opening of which we saw at Lundy, may have been an antiquity as great as its counterpart in Berkshire, or perhaps even greater, seeing that the huge upper slab was here quite covered with the common mould; and, in default of any evidence to the contrary, we may conjecturally assign to it a similar commemorative purpose.

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

REMINISCENCES OF A SEA SCOUT



By William Cann



Photographs by courtesy of the Author

IN 1927 I was a member of 99th Cabot Sea Scout Troop, and we wanted, if possible to hold a summer camp on an island. Mr. Harrison (Tubby) wrote to Lundy, and we were allowed to go. In 1927, with depression and unemployment, this to us was wonderful. We trained at Instow, then rowed all of our gear (including trek-cart) in the *Lerina's* life-boat from the beach out to the *Lerina*.

On arrival at Lundy a horse and cart, together with our trek-cart, carried our gear to the top of the island, and we pitched camp in the corner of the field at the back of the cottages.

We, of course, found the island marvellous, and used to go in the Tavern and drink what Mr. Gade called "Bolshie Bloods"—I have no idea what they were!

Farmer Laramie organised a sheep round-up and dip so that we could help to bring the animals in from the North End. Quite a number of sheep were literally being eaten alive by maggots at that time.

We, naturally, had an "England v Lundy" cricket match. Lundy always won, as they had a demon fast bowler, Sam Stookes—I believe he was a farm-hand, but what a bowler!

We always held a Fancy Dress Parade on the lawn in front of the Hotel. The finale of the week was the concert which we gave in the Tearoom. We formed the Lundy Ballet, which must have been a sight! Sketches etc., were also performed, and we ended up with a camp-fire sing-song.

We were very lucky in those days, as some of the Swansea trawlers used to call at Lundy, and we were all taken for a cruise around the island. Some of the names I recollect were: "Doddy" (what a man was Skipper Dodd—first on the *Picton Castle*, and later a brand-new trawler, the *Pembroke Castle*); Skipper Brown, of the *Walwyns Castle* (an enormous man, who could go up the forstay, along the wire between the masts, and down the mizzen backstay, hand over hand). There was Skipper Simpson (of *Oystermouth Castle*); "Darkie Jimmy" (of the *Roche Castle*); Skipper Benson, a real gentleman (of *Amroth Castle*), and "Jimmy Mac" (or Skipper MacDonald, of *Cardiff Castle*). Other names I recall were Skipper Jimmy Mills, and Ernie Squibs, but I cannot remember their ships. I met all of these men at different times on Lundy.

days I remember that year, as we were probably the first group to have lived in the building. The Harman family and Mr. and Mrs. Gade again made us very welcome and happy on the island. In 1929 we did not take any camping gear because we moved straight into the Old Light, as we did in 1930.

Of course, we made lots of friends on Lundy, and, for myself, a love of the island which lasts till this day.

Some names I remember, but do not know what they were doing on the island: Mr. and Mrs. Boothman, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Smalldon, and Rosalind Gade, then there were Chris Segens and John Roberts, fishermen.

The changes on Lundy are very few. The cottages in the High Street had slate roofs—not flat as at present—and the Tearoom is completely gone. I think the worst deterioration is in the Old Light, which in 1928 was in a wonderful state of preservation. Lloyds Signal Station was operative, and I remember running over there on one occasion to look through their telescope at the *Hugomont*, a four-masted barque bound in from Australia with grain. She was under full sail, and looked wonderful. As soon as a breeze sprang up she went faster than the tug which was trying to take a tow!



(Above) Bringing the piano into the Tea Room for a concert given in 1927. Here Mrs. Gade served her celebrated lobster teas on steamer days. Mr. Vennell, Manager of the Tavern, in the striped jersey.



(Above) Members of the troop outside the west end of the old bakehouse.



(Left) Miss Rosalind Gade and Mrs. Rene Gade attending a presentation at the Old Light.

Another wonderful sight from Lundy was the onion boats sailing by — they were lovely little topsail schooners, and would leave Cardiff outward bound on their way back to France. After every gale, a couple of trawlers used to search for anchors in Lundy Roads, and, if lucky, sell them back to their ships!

I imagine we were the last Ringers on Lundy, as on one occasion we climbed up the Church tower on a beautiful clear, calm day, and rang the bells. Mr. Gade nearly had heart failure, as he was not at all sure about the safety of the bell mountings — we were not very popular that day!

We were also on the island when the experiment with black and white Angora and Chinchilla rabbits was tried out. Twenty or so rabbits were let loose at the Battlements, hoping that they would intermix with the local breed, but they just sat about where they were liberated, and did not attempt to join the others!

Captain Dark and the *Lerina* were part of life to us boys. His crew, I believe, were Jack and Alfie Branch. Jack Branch was on a boat wrecked in Jenny's Cove about 1908 during January in blinding snow, when he had to climb up the rocks and walk to the Manor Farm for help. Two other wrecks prominent at that time were the *Maria Kyriakides*, and the *Taxiarchis*.



(Above) Kit inspection, 1928. Note the hipped roof of Barton Cottages in the background.

FOOTNOTE BY F. W. GADE:

Jack Branch was Mate, and subsequently engineer in the *Lerina*, but Alfie Branch worked on the farm on "Lundy." The third hand in the *Lerina* at that time was, firstly (1927) John Abbott, engineer, and afterwards Tom Hornbrook, engineer.

Bill Cann has not mentioned the Scoutmaster, Mr. William Jeffery, or the Assistant Scoutmaster, Mr. E. A. Scudamore. Mr. "Tubby" Harrison was the very efficient Secretary of the Troop, which was very well run and disciplined; and we islanders were always pleased to have them there.

Incidentally, "Bolshie Bloods" were Cherry Ciderette!

LUNDY LOG

OCTOBER 1972 to JANUARY 1973

Compiled by John Dyke



OCTOBER

1st: Wind E., cold. Rain commenced mid-morning. Miss Katie Ogilvie's 3rd birthday. *Cleave Petrel* left at 0900 hrs. *Balmoral* arrived at 1350 hrs. 70 passengers landed. Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. Martin Harman, Major Peter Bellers, and Mrs. Gwenda Morrow left on the return passage. Weather improved in afternoon, but heavy rain returned in the evening.

2nd: E. 5-6. Misty day. S. Light fog siren commenced 1400 hrs. Occasional drizzle. Bright periods during afternoon and evening.

3rd: Wind E. 4-5. *Polar Bear* arrived at 0815, landing her passengers at Hell's Gates, including 6 men and 2 dogs for sheep round-up, which took place for most of the day. *Balmoral* arrived at 1345 hrs., landed 3 guests for Millcombe and conveyed Messrs. Martin Webb and Phil Anfield (Bristol Channel Divers) ashore. Rough seas washed the islanders' bread and meat off the landing stage—most of the bread being lost. Fog siren in operation until mid-afternoon.

4th: E. 4-5, locally 6. 20 Soay sheep taken off from Jenny's Cove by *Polar Bear*—9 visitors also left today. A sunny, hazy day, with a rough sea.

5th: E. 4-6, becoming S.E. 5-8—sunny. All sailings cancelled: sea very rough. Mrs. Blaxhall, with assistance, halter-broke 4 ponies: "Jay", "Fulmar", "Falcon", and "Swift", in the Shippen.

6th: E. 5-6, backing S. 3. Sunny and hazy. *Polar Bear* arrived at 0830 hrs. with Mr. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jebb, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant. Landing effected at Jenny's Cove. 2 Soay rams were brought over to strengthen the herd. T.H.V. *Stella* at N. End 0800 hrs., moving down to S. End at 0900 and departing at 1015 hrs. *Balmoral* arrived—Mr. Peter

Lovell and friend, Mr. Bouquet and other hotel guests left on return trip. T. H. helicopter relief at 1440 hrs. Fine, hazy evening, with lovely red sky and cloud formation at sunset.

7th: S. 4-5, sunny, warm and hazy. *Gannet* arrived at 1015 hrs., with 5 visitors to stay, leaving at 1500 hrs., with Mr. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jebb, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

8th: S. 4-6. Mild, bright, but becoming dull in the afternoon. *Cleave Petrel* arrived in the Bay at 0955 hrs., departing at 1530 hrs. Catamaran *Solaire II* arrived in the mid-afternoon, leaving again at 1645 hrs. Wind increased in late afternoon.

9th: S.W. 4-5, becoming W. Thick fog and drizzle—visibility down to 50 yds. at first, lifting at 1400 hrs., when rain ceased, then recommencing at 1600 hrs. and continuing most of the evening.

10th: Final sailing of the season of M.V. *Balmoral*—100 passengers, including Mrs. Mary Squire, Mr. Derek Sach (day visitors), Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. John Dyke (returning from leave). Beautifully sunny all day—windless. *Gannet* arrived mid-morning, departing again after the *Balmoral* in late afternoon. A quiet, starlit evening.

11th: N.N.E. wind developed during the night, blowing 5-6 by dawn. Heavy dark clouds scudding across the sky—clearing and becoming pleasantly sunny. 5 of this year's foals had identification photographs taken with the Old Light in the background. The afternoon became progressively overcast and dark. Wind N.E. increasing and gusting to gale 8. A boisterous night. *Polar Bear* sailing cancelled.

12th: A turbulent sea on the E. side. Gale force N.E. winds gradually subsided, and the sea likewise during the afternoon. *Polar Bear* and *Gannet* sailings cancelled. Some rain in the later afternoon and early evening.

13th: A peachy dawn—wind E., increasing 5-6, with heavy seas developing on the E. Side. Beautifully sunny day. Wind increased again in the evening, E.N.E. 6-7.

14th: Wind continuing E. 5-6. *Gannet* and *Polar Bear* sailings ruled out. Grey sky over all—sea rough. *Balmoral* rather surprised us by arriving from Portishead, having made a special call at Ilfracombe to pick up Mr. and Mrs. Grainger. The vessel lay off in Jenny's Cove, permitting the landing of Mr. and Mrs. Grainger and two ladies staying at the Old Light—also the mail. Landings made by rubber dinghy, piloted by Mr. Peter Edwards. Miss Eileen Heaven on board the steamer, which had a complement of about 300 passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Keith Blaxhall were taken on board for their annual shore leave. Wind continuing E. 4-5 in the evening.

15th: Bright, sunny day—wind continuing E. 4-6. Large breakers on the E. Side. *Balmoral* arrived at 1515 hrs., taking a quick look at the Landing Bay, then proceeded to Jenny's Cove, where she was met by Mr. Peter Edwards and Mr. Wayland Smith in the rubber dinghy. One passenger landed for the Old Light, also the mail. Two ladies staying overnight departed. *Balmoral* left Jenny's Cove at 1545 to the accompaniment of 3 blasts on her siren, and again at the Battery where the editor was waving—a sad farewell to the 1972 season. Wind abated a little in the evening. Church Service cancelled.

16th: Wind still E. 4-5., abating as day progressed. Fine and sunny until mid-day, when clouds formed, becoming dull and overcast. No *Gannet* sailing.

17th: Wind continuing E. Dull and overcast. Mr. and Mrs. Nick Morrow removed their effects from temporary occupation of the hotel to No. 1 Barton Cottages.

18th: Another grey day. Wind E., blowing strongly 6-7. Forecast at 1755 hrs. suggested that it might back to N.—a slightly more hopeful sign of a supply boat arriving.

19th: A beautiful dawn, but wind still strong, backing N.E. Overcast during the day but developing into a lovely moonlit night.

20th: A brilliant dawn—heavy clouds seawards and over Lundy, dispersing and giving way to a beautifully sunny day. N.E. wind moderated to a gentle breeze. Messrs. Peter Edwards and Richard Grainger left at 1000 hrs., to convey the *Ravenswood* and *Devonia* launches to Ilfracombe; the Campbell season having concluded. *Gannet* arrived at 1030 hrs., with 2½ tons of general cargo and mail, leaving again with Mr. Nick Morrow (dental treatment), Mrs. Mary Edwards, and Mr. James Webster; also Mr. and Mrs. Hogben and children (staying at Hanners). Very warm in sheltered areas. N.E. wind increased to 5-6. Overcast in the evening. Vessel with Bideford registration entered the Bay in the evening, staying about 20 minutes. N.W. wind ceased during the night.

21st: N.E. wind resumed at dawn, backing N., and causing some billows in the Bay, coinciding with the *Gannet's* arrival at 0900 hrs., Mr. Bob Bendall deputising for the mate, Mr. Vic Knock (on leave). All passengers landed safely. Mr. Nick Morrow returned with Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Shannon and infant son, Mr. Reg Tuffin, Miss Alison and Mr. Jonathan Grainger, Mr. Martin Preece, and Mrs. Chrys Davey's brother and wife. Wind moderated after departure of *Gannet* at 1140 hrs., backing N.W. 3-4. Occasional sunshine—considerable cloud. 70-001 arrived in the Bay at 1745 hrs.

22nd: A fine day—periods of sunshine. Wind W. 3-4 for the first time in many days. Coaster, *Royalgate*, at anchor in the Roads, sailing at 1630 hrs. Church Service at 1700 hrs. (10). Brilliant moonlit night—modest W. wind 3-4. **23rd:** Dullish and grey. Wind continuing W. Yelland collier (unidentified) sailed at 0800 hrs. Clouds lifted, giving way to a gloriously sunny afternoon. 70-001 still at anchor. A beautiful moonlit night.

24th: Grey morning—calm. *Gannet* captain reported at 0900 hrs., that he was investigating a leaky hull and would not be sailing. 70-001 weighed anchor at 0920 hrs. *Despatch* came into the Bay at 1520 hrs., leaving at 1615 hrs. Island sheep drive. Calm evening, beautiful moonlight—mild.

25th: Mild, dull morning—light W. airs. No *Gannet* sailing—no bread. Beautiful autumnal afternoon followed by a clear night.

26th: Bright, sunny morning—deteriorating, becoming overcast with slight rain in mid-afternoon. Wind S. to S.E., 2-3, increasing 4-5. Future forecast at 1755 hrs., given as S.S.E. 6-8. *Swansea*, new tanker out of Appledore Shipyards, arrived for speed trials at 1100 hrs. in the company of *Lundy Puffin*. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1130 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown and Mr. Richard Grainger (returning from shore leave), also Min. of Ag. Vet., Dr. and Mrs. Mark Hubbard, Mr. Stephen Hubbard, and two other day visitors.

27th: Thick mist on top of the island. Heavy, continuous rain, ceasing for a time, recommencing and then becoming beautifully sunny in the afternoon. Strong S.W. wind by late afternoon. 70-001 anchored at 1000 hrs. Small cargo vessel, *Tide*, arrived at 1730 hrs. Wind W.S.W. 5-6. Clear, moonlit night.

28th: Wind W., pleasantly sunny, apart from a sharp hailstorm at 0945 hrs. H.M.S. *St. David*, from Cardiff, arrived at 1020 hrs. practising anchoring runs and gunnery outside the Roadstead; weighing anchor at 1410 hrs., and proceeding E.N.E. Rain in the evening—strong S.S.W. wind. Arrangement made for 70-001 to take passengers tomorrow.

29th: Strong winds continuing throughout the night. 70-001 took 6 passengers to the mainland at 0940 hrs.—Mrs. Gwenda Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Morrow, Miss Alison and Mr. Jonathan Grainger, and Mr. Martin Preece. Passage back to Clovelly turbulent, as

the sea was mostly on the lifeboat's starboard quarter. Belgian trawler, *Venus*, arrived during mid-morning. S.W. Wind increased to gale force, with heavy drizzle during afternoon. Church Service at 1700 hrs. (3). Wind moderated in the evening.

30th: Tide and *Venus* resumed under cover of darkness. Cloudy at first—S. wind abated 2-3—becoming sunny. T.H.V. *Stella* came into the Bay at 0830 hrs., landing stores for S. Light; departing 30 minutes later. Stock-taking at Tavern and Stores. *Polar Bear* sailing cancelled. Light airs, sunny and warm in afternoon. Periods of rain in the evening—mild.

31st: Misty on top of island—atmosphere damp—warm. Fog cleared mid-afternoon. *Swansea*, undergoing further trials along the E. Side: *Lundy Puffin* in attendance. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1550 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Blaxhall, Mrs. Mary Edwards, and Mr. Jim Webster on board. Building staff erecting scaffolding within the Museum gallery to enable the walls to be capped and lintelled. Rain during the evening—slight N.E. breeze 1-2.

NOVEMBER

1st: Beautifully sunny until 1000 hrs. Thick fog descended, dispersing at 1020 hrs. N. and S. Light sirens in operation. Loading of livestock proceeded without hindrance, the sea being calm—windless. Five ponies were led down to the beach—decoy pony 'Titch' being led by Mr. R. Davey, followed by 'Falcon' (sale price 36 gns.) led by Mr. Colin Taylor 'Sandpiper' (35 gns.) led by Miss Jilly Dyke, 'Fulmar' (42 gns.) led by Mr. Keith Blaxhall, 'Jay' (27 gns.) led by Mrs. Mary Edwards, and 'Swift' (100 gns.) led by Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall. In addition, 11 Galloway/Devon steers and heifers, 7 cows and 14 calves, were shipped to the mainland. Leaving permanently today were Mr. Richard Grainger (Barman) and Mr. Terry Dymond (Farm-worker). Mr. and Mrs. I. Grainger and Mr. John Stockwell went on shore leave. Mr. and Mrs. Terry Shannon and son, Nicholas, completed their holiday. Mrs. Blaxhall also went ashore to attend pony sale.

2nd: Beautifully sunny day—wind S.W. light airs. Two Great Northern Divers observed off the East Coast.

3rd: Heavy mist and drizzle. Wind S.W. 4-5. 70-001 arrived mid-morning with District Officer Richards (Hartland Coastguard) to give further instruction to Coastguard Sea

5th: Sea mist and occasional periods of sunshine. Small trawler (Yarmouth registration) at anchor in the Bay, leaving at 1300 hrs. on a N. course. Wind S.W. 2-3, mild. *Cleave Petrel* left at 1305 hrs. Heavy mist continued on top of island for remainder of the day. No Church Service.

6th: Heavy mist at dawn—N. and S. Light sirens commenced in the early hours, ceasing for a short while after daylight, then resuming until 1500 hrs., very heavy rain following the mist. A stormy, wet night, mild. Wind S.W. 6-7. Work commenced on gutting the central portion of the Manor Farm Hotel. Field mushrooms being picked.

7th: Wind S.W. 5-6. *Polar Bear* anchored at 1130 hrs. with two unexpected day visitors, Herr. Friedl Hausberger and wife, Pat, from Alpbach, Tyrol—former residents. Mrs. Gwenda Morrow returned from sick leave. *Polar Bear* left at 1430 hrs. Heavy rain for most of the day, the wind taking a sudden turn to the N. at 1530 hrs. In spite of damp conditions, Guy Fawkes night was belatedly celebrated by 14 inhabitants, and £5 worth of fireworks were effectively set off in St. Helen's Field, with the help of a blazing bonfire. Rain eased off in the late evening.

8th: Fine, sunny day throughout—calm sea. Wind N. 2. Loud supersonic explosion at 0805 hrs., and one to a lesser degree at 1550 hrs. Mr. Jim Webster moved into the Blue Bungalow, vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Keith Blaxhall. Visibility good—a fine, starlit night.

9th: Inspiring, though menacing, dawn—vivid pink to cyclamen sky, capped by banks of grey clouds. S.W. wind increasing to gale force by mid-morning. M.V. *Swansea* (new tanker out of Appledore Shipyards) undergoing further sea trials along the East Side, carefully avoiding the angry Race off Mouse Island, and finally heading into the teeth of the gale when she elected to run for her home port. Rain squalls commenced at 1115 hrs., gale continuing throughout the afternoon. One Belgian trawler at anchor at 1645 hrs. Gale reached force 9—at least 7 vessels sheltering at 2300 hrs.

10th: Grey morning, gale having blown itself out, much colder. 9 vessels sheltering overnight: *Jurgen Drews*, *Hanne Dancoast*, *Shoreham* (left at 0820 hrs.), and six Belgian trawlers, *Adriatic*, *Cleopatra*, *Zeephaard*, *Atlas*, *Tul Uilenspiegel*, and *Asdic*. *Polar Bear* sailing cancelled. Glass rising, and weather visibly improving, clearing to blue sky and sunshine. Majestic cloud formations passing overhead. Royal Navy Frigate "001" cruising around the island, providing a striking contrast of pale grey against an indigo sea, with her sharply defined white wake. *Hanne Dancoast* sailed at 1900 hrs., all other vessels having resumed. Wind increased after nightfall.

11th: N.W. wind, gale 8, moderating. Hailstorms during previous night and early morning—large cloud banks, sunny intervals. *Nordheide*, cargo vessel in ballast, arrived at 1330 hrs. Occasional heavy showers until darkness, when sky cleared and stars appeared. In dismantling the hotel housemaid's cupboard, Mr. Colin Taylor found the inscription: "Lewis Dovell, May, 1929, when the *Maria Kyriakides* went ashore in fog, East Side". Mr. Gade, recalled that the carpenter came from Combe Martin, N. Devon. Ceilings, partition walls and woodwork have now been removed in hotel middle section, from rooms 18 to 24. No island boat sailings today.

12th: Dull, overcast, occasional showers. Wind strong S., force 6. No boat sailings from Ilfracombe. *Nordheide* proceeded at 0830 hrs. *Eminence* anchored at 1030 hrs., and sister ship, *Crescence*, at 1045 hrs. S. wind increased during the day, becoming severe gale 9 at 1600 hrs. Six vessels sheltering and the 70-001. The gusts were descending into the Bay and causing swirling eddies on the water—torrential rain. Church Service cancelled owing to severity of the weather. Gale moderated in late evening. *Quiescence* asked a sister ship for anchorage information over the radio, and being told that there were already 12 ships in the Roadstead, decided to make a run for Bideford Bar. Later, 15 vessels at anchor.

13th: Gale blew itself out—sea much calmer. *Nordheide*, *Crescence*, *Eminence*, *Morag*, at anchor; also trawlers, *Rubens*, *Tul Uilenspiegel*, *Atlas* (sailed at 0830), *Zeephaard*, *Asdic* and *Cleopatra* (crew of the latter coming ashore to do shopping, as did crew of 70-001). *Regalica* (Polish trawler from Gdynia) also at anchor—most vessels had proceeded by noon. A fine, starlit night with exceptional visibility—W.N.W. 3-4. Wicket gate in Lighthouse Field blown down, letting out all the sheep.

14th: *Polar Bear* arrived at 0130 hrs.—fair passage. Mr. and Mrs. I. Grainger, returning from shore leave, the only passengers. 70-001 left during the morning. A brilliantly sunny day with magnificent cloud formations—visibility exceptional. *Gannet* arrived at 1230 hrs., with two Ministry Vets for the day. Mr. Robbie Robinson returned from sick leave. *Gannet* left at 1530 hrs., *Polar Bear* at 1930 hrs. 6 tons of meadow hay and bedding straw arrived for the ponies per the *Polar Bear*. New Trinity House stamps arrived from Messrs. Bradbury Wilkinson. A quiet, moonlit night—wind N.W. 3-4.

15th: Wind S.W. 2-3. A pleasant, sunny morning. Welsh and Devon coasts exceptionally clear. Sheep round-up commenced at 1430 hrs. Lambs sorted from the ewes afterwards. Rain after darkness. Wind S.E. 5-7.

16th: Wind increased to S.E. 8 during the night, accompanied by heavy rain. Grey, overcast day. Mr. I. Grainger unwell.

17th: E.N.E. wind 4-5. Grey, cold morning, clouds dispersing at 1030 hrs., revealing blue sky, and becoming beautifully sunny in the afternoon. Fine moonlit night—cold wind from the N.E.

18th: Wind S.S.E. 3-4. Overcast. Visit of *Polar Bear* cancelled. Bay relatively calm in the morning. Heavy rain in the evening, with strong S.W. wind developing into a gale throughout most of the night.

19th: Wind continuing S., although abated, 3-4—overcast. *Venus* and *White Horse*, followed by *Kamina* at 1140 hrs., and *Surveyor* at 1210 hrs. came in for shelter. Heavy squalls after darkness. S.W. winds to severe gale 9. Church Service cancelled owing to storm, and indisposition of Mr. Grainger.

20th: High winds persisting. 12 vessels sheltering, including *Quiescence*, Belgian trawlers listed on the 19th and, in addition, *Hendrick Judith*, *Apollo*, *Sonja*, *Adriatic*, Polish trawler *Mamry*, PZ375 *Penzance Pegasus*, and LT371, *Bryher*. Cloudy, with bright intervals. Wind increased to S.W. severe gale 9. Torrential squally showers throughout afternoon and early evening, then clearing. Large remaining chimney stack at western end of Coastguard Cottages blown down. 13 vessels sheltering at 2200 hrs. Immense seas off W. and S. coast—large columns of spray rising above Mouse Island and engulfing surrounding rocks. New generator (6 kw) installed by Mr. Davey in the powerhouse—its predecessor to be used for the benefit of Signal Cottages.

21st: Winds reduced to gale 8, blowing in gusts. A sunny day, but with occasional heavy showers. All vessels at anchor, with the exception of 70-001, who left and returned on 2 separate occasions. *Mamry* supplied the inhabitants with fresh fish. Moonlit night, but with intervals of heavy showers.

22nd: Bright, sunny morning. Wind W. 4-5. All vessels resumed; *Mamry* being last to leave at 0910 hrs. *Crescence* anchored unobserved, leaving at 1520 hrs. *Polar Bear* arrived with Min. of Ag. Vet to carry out brucellosis tests on cattle. Rough outward passage, owing to ground sea—aftermath of recent storms. *Shearn* (sea truck) damaged a propeller. New cement mixer and compressor arrived—took 2 tractors and Landrover to haul the former over beach shingle. Swell increased surf on the beach in the afternoon owing to a wind change, N.N.W. 3-4. *Polar Bear* left at 1610 hrs., with Messrs. Allen and Hopkins on shore leave. Mr. Grainger able to resume duties today.

23rd: Bright and sunny first thing. Wind N. 3-4. Rain shower mid-morning. No cargo or passengers for *Gannet*, so sailing cancelled. N. wind increased 4-5 in afternoon—cool.



District Officer Dick Richards

Rescue Team. Mr. and Mrs. Mike Burrows also came ashore, all leaving again at 1415 hrs. Trinity House helicopter relief at 1510 hrs. T.H.V. *Stella* entered the Bay, making a brief call, departing at 1530 hrs. Wind continuing S.W., damp and mild. Lundy ponies sold by Messrs. Price, Oden & Stubbs, at Barnstaple Market today.

4th: Greyish morning. Wind S.W. 3-4. *Polar Bear* arrived at 0930 hrs. with stores. Mr. John Stockwell and Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall were passengers, also Mr. Doble and party of 3 for the day. *Cleave Petrel* arrived in the Bay, Mr. John Baker sailing her single-handed. The making of a bonfire commenced in St. Helen's Field. Continuous rain in afternoon. S.W. wind increasing 5-6. Rain eased in early evening, later increasing, becoming heavy, and then reverting to drizzle at 2300 hrs.

24th: Brief visit from T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* to South End at 0700 hrs. Fine and sunny throughout day. Wind N.W. 3-5. Tanker, *Swansea*, undergoing further sea trials. Pipe-laying across High Street, E. to W. completed today.

25th: Grey and overcast. Wind W. 3-4. *Gannet* arrived at 1115 hrs., with Mr. Ivor Hopkins on board. Official issuing date of the new Trinity House Commemorative stamps—philatelic department, under Mr. F. W. Gade, busy despatching orders. 25 Maran hens sent ashore. Miss Jilly Dyke the only passenger on the returning *Gannet* at 1500 hrs. Two R.N. Recovery vessels in the Roads at 1800 hrs; attempts being made to recover ditched Hunter aircraft off N. Devon coast.

26th: Beautifully warm and sunny. Calm throughout but clouding over in the afternoon. Church Service at 1700 hrs. (5).

27th: Dull morning with strong S.W. wind, increasing to gale 8 later in day. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1330 hrs., departing at 1845 hrs., with 16 bullocks and 2 ponies ('China' and 'Jenny')—Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvie and daughters were passengers. 70-001 anchored at 1530 hrs., also fishing vessel LT109, joined after darkness by another vessel.

28th: Bright, sunny morning after a stormy night. Wind W. 3-4. Sheltering: *Viva* (tanker-sailed 1430), *Gabriela*, *Frisco*, *Swansea* (sailed at 1030), LT109, LT100, and *Twilight* (Belgian trawler). Heavy hailstorms accompanied by gale force S.W. winds in the morning and early afternoon, dying out later. *Gabriela* sailed at 1600 hrs., and *Frisco* during darkness. Visibility good.

29th: Very dull morning—strong wind from S.W. 70-001 left at 1035 hrs. *Nautilus* at anchor, leaving at 1300 hrs. Three vessels sheltering at 1600 hrs., *Hanne-S*, *Hein Schriever*, and *Tower Julie*. Gale continuing in the evening—heavy showers. No *Gannet* sailing.

30th: Heavy showers—brief intervals. Wind abated W. 3-4. Visit of Regional Inspector of Coastguards and District Officer Richards postponed owing to weather conditions. Wind increased in late evening—vessels coming in to shelter.

DECEMBER

1st: Very dull. S.W. gale continuing, becoming severe gale 9. Heavy continuous rain. Five feet of coping fell outside No. 3 Signal Cottages, fortunately without injury to anyone. *Elbmarschen*, *Camilla*, *Weston*, and *Cresta* sheltering at mid-day, together with 6 Belgian trawlers, including *Zeephaard*, *Caroline*, and *Asdic*. Squally rain eased—clouds lifted slightly—occasional showers. T.H. helicopter relief took place at N. and S. Lights, outgoing personnel being picked up from the Tent Field as previously arranged in anticipation of continuance of severe winds. 11 vessels sheltering at 1900 hrs. Wind abated by 2330 hrs., occasional rain.

2nd: Wet and dull, heavy rain clouds—calm. All vessels resumed by 0830 hrs. with the exception of an unobserved arrival, *Lincoln Ellsworth* (lying off Quarry Beach), which proceeded at 0915 hrs. No *Gannet* or *Polar Bear* sailing owing to difficult tides at Ilfracombe. Exceptional visibility after darkness—starlit sky—wind W.N.W., becoming cooler.

3rd: Apart from 2 heavy showers—early morning and evening—the day remained bright and sunny. Wind W.S.W., increasing 4-5 during afternoon. Church Service at 1700 hours. (7). One vessel at anchor in the Roadstead after darkness.

4th: Very stormy night. S.E. gale continuing until first light, and then veering S.W. Russian cargo vessel, *Kozelsk*, at anchor, and *Atlas*. Large cargo carrier, *Diamond*, dropped anchor at 1020 hrs. Heavy hailstorms in the morning. *Polar Bear* set out from Ilfracombe, but had to return to port as there was a danger of her losing her deck cargo when 9 miles out from Bull Point. *Rubens* arrived at 1115 hrs., and Z571 at 1430 hrs. Wind continuing, severe gale 9. *Diamond* departed during darkness. Another stormy night.

5th: Another wild day. Severe gale 9 to storm 10. Hartland Point Coastguards reporting

gusts of up to Hurricane 12. Mr. Peter Edwards, going down to inspect beach, discovered the road blocked by a rock fall north of the last bend approaching the former landslide. The largest obstruction, weighing about 5 tons was drilled with the aid of the compressor and removed by Messrs. Robinson, Brown, Hopkins and Edwards, assisted by Keith Blaxhall and Colin Taylor (See I.L.N. No. 11 for picture). 8 vessels sheltering in the Bay, additional ships being: *Seechwalbe*, *Frendo*, trawlers *Tul Uilenspiegel*, *Asdic*, and one other. *Vaterland* arrived at 1330 hrs. Weather mild considering wind force.

6th: Distinct electric storm at 0300 hrs. S.W. gale and squally showers continued. Nine vessels sheltering at dawn. *Seechwalbe* sailed at 0930 hrs. Torrential showers—very dull in the morning: oil lamps having to be lit at Signal Cottage, pools of water coming through W. windows—greater part of lounge ceiling collapsed, fortunately without injury to occupants or cats. No *Polar Bear* sailing.

7th: Short spell of really ferocious wind at 1000 hrs., causing Signal roof to shudder. High winds persisting from the S.W. easing off during the morning. All Belgian trawlers resumed, with one exception. *Vaterland* sailed at 0815 hrs. *Gerlinde* anchored unobserved, five of the crew rowing over to the Norwegian vessel, *Frendo*, at noon. A large fall of rock spilling onto the Beach some time within the last 24 hours included the familiar overhang south of and up to the old ruined 'Fish Palace'



below South Light path. Appledore Shipyards' new tanker, *Aberdeen*, undergoing sea trials all day. S.S.W. gales still being forecast for the Lundy sea area.

8th: Dull at first, then brightening with periodic heavy showers throughout the day. Wind abated W., 4-5. *Polar Bear* arrived at 11.45 hrs., with Rev. R. C. Dixon, Mr. Peter Dixon, and Mr. Syd Allen (returning from leave). At the farewell presentation in the Tavern, the Rev. Dixon, who had accepted the living at Exwick, Exeter, was handed a cheque resulting from a collection amongst islanders and lighthouse keepers, also a water-colour of St. Helena's Church with a border decoration of Church Anniversary stamps. *Polar Bear* departed at 1600 hrs., with the two day visitors and Mrs. Mary Edwards. The sea, a steel-grey, matched a forbidding wild and colourful sky. Wind moderated W. in the evening—rain.

9th: Wind W., freshening during the day 6-7—occasional heavy rain. Russian vessel still anchored. Rain clouds receded in an E. direction, giving way to a clear, starlit sky.

10th: A rosy dawn, then becoming cloudy and dull—light S.W. airs. *Kozelsk* sailed during darkness. One vessel, *Corona*, at anchor in the Roadstead. Church Service at 1130 hrs. (revised winter timing). Heavy local thunderstorm during mid-afternoon. N. Light struck by lightning—torrential rain. Wind became S.W., gusting to gale force. 2 vessels anchored after darkness.

11th: Another colourful dawn—dull at first, brightening at 1000 hrs. Additional vessels at

anchor: *Moray Firth IV*, and *Saskia*. S.S.E. wind 5-6, increasing to gale 8. Polish trawler, *Wal-Sza*, anchored at 1400 hrs. Two more rock falls, one slightly damaging the landing-stage; and a ton of rock fell between the road and the Lone Pine. Wind increasing to severe gale 9, S. Eight vessels sheltering at 2200 hrs.

12th: Wind abated during the night, becoming a modest 3-4 S.W. by morning. Large piece of timber, 7 ft long found dislodged from the eaves of Signal roof. *Wal-Sza* sailed 0830 hrs. *Corona*, *Saskia*, *Moray Firth IV*, *Venus*, *White Horse*, *Twilight*, and *Adriatic* remaining. Bright, hazy morning with large areas of blue sky. *Gannet* arrived at 1150 hrs; a rough trip in heavy ground sea, passengers being Mrs. Mary Edwards, Miss Jilly Dyke, and 2 Trinity House technicians to work on North Light radio. *Gannet* sailed again at 1500 hrs. Wind increased in the late afternoon. All vessels resumed, with the exception of *Corona* and *Saskia*, who were joined in the evening by 3 small French trawlers. Wind S., nearly gale force.

13th: Bright, sunny morning—hazy. Wind S.W. 4-5. *Corona* and French trawlers at anchor, including *Regis Eric* (Le Guilvenic). All vessels resumed by 1000 hrs. Drizzle descended on the island at 1700 hrs., sea mist thickening. S. Light siren at 1910 hrs., for a short while. Strong S. wind during the night.

14th: Dull at first. A bright orange sun piercing the horizon for a brief while. S. wind abated, but increased again during the morning. No

Gannet sailing. *Lincoln Ellsworth* anchored in the Roads at 1215 hrs. Afternoon and evening almost calm—mild.

15th: Dry, with sunshine during early morning. Wind S.S.E. 3-4. *Lincoln Ellsworth* sailed unobserved. *Gannet* arrived at 1230 hrs., doing a quick turn round after landing bread, meat and mail. Mr. and Mrs. 'Dave' Davey left for Christmas leave. Forecasted S. gale did not materialise.

16th: Fine, clear morning. Wind S.W. 2-3—remaining fine until darkness when there was slight rain. Sika deer broke into Millcombe gardens damaging produce. Strong S. wind late evening and early on Sunday morning.

17th: Fine, sunny morning and evening. S. wind abated 3-4. A deer and pony 'Unity' discovered entangled in Airfield fencing separating Quarter Wall from the cattle shelter. The deer was released, and 'Unity' extracted with difficulty.

Service at 1145 hrs (7). *Polar Bear* arrived at 1800 hrs. in a S.E. 4-5 whipping up enough surf to prevent high tide landing. Another attempt was made at 2230 hrs., with a successful landing at 2300 hrs.—passengers, Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvie and daughters (returning from leave) and Mr. Theo Rowe, safely landed in very tricky conditions. Headlights from tractor and Landrover providing markers for the coble, assisted by a fairly bright moon.

18th: S.E. wind 4-5 continuing, abating in afternoon and veering 2-3 after darkness. Brilliantly sunny day. *Polar Bear*, at an uneasy anchorage overnight, announced she had

hydraulic trouble and might not be able to raise her port anchor—it was planned to slip her cable if necessary and attach to a buoy, to be recovered later. As conditions were difficult, Captain Payne requested that the passengers should be aboard an hour earlier—passengers included Mr. and Mrs. Ian Grainger (booked to fly to the Holy Land with their family on Dec. 23rd), Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. John Stockwell, Miss Janie Wilson, and also 3 members of the T.H. personnel, including radio technicians, having completed the restoration of N. Light beacon. Ferrying of passengers and luggage was accomplished with some difficulty, owing to the large breakers coming ashore, but *Polar Bear* left approximately on time, having recovered her anchor. Later the sea improved as wind decreased. A fine, moonlit night.

19th: Beautifully sunny day throughout—modest S.E. breeze. Hartland Coastguards announced over the R.T. at 0900 hrs., that District Officer Richards and Inspector would be coming on the 70-001 tomorrow. Full moon; absolutely sparkling sea and island features wonderfully sharp and discernable.

20th: Another lovely sunny day. *Gannet* arrived at 0930 hrs., with one day passenger. On the return voyage Messrs. Robinson, Allen and Taylor were conveyed to Ilfracombe for Christmas leave. Two trailer loads of wool were also put aboard. *Gannet* left at 1230 hrs. With the reduction of population, the beach party consisted of Messrs. John Ogilvie, Jim Webster, Keith Blaxhall, and Peter Edwards in charge of the coble as usual. 70-001 arrived from Clovelly at 1030 hrs. with Commander P. Cardale (RN Ret'd), Inspector of H.M. Coastguards Southern Division, and District Officer Richards. As the sea rescue team was severely depleted, no exercise was undertaken. The Coastguard Hut and contents were inspected. 70-001 left at 1400 hrs. Fine, moonlit night—Wind S.S.E. 2-3 throughout.

21st: Beautifully sunny morning. *Gannet* arrived at 1015 hrs., with $\frac{1}{2}$ ton of cargo, Christmas fare, and mail. Passengers were: Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Senr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hampton, and also Mr. Woodward to inspect N. Light radio installation (conveyed up to N. End in a tractor by Mr. Webster). *Gannet* left at 1400 hrs. in a fairly calm sea. Wind S.E. 2-3. *Polar Bear* laid up with mechanical defect involving the hydraulic pumps, necessitating ordering of new parts from Denmark. Remainder of the day fine—hazy moon—light airs.

22nd: Dull commencement to the morning—considerable cloud. Virtually calm all day. Fine.

23rd: Very dull, wind S. 3-4. *Cleave Petrel* arrived at 1100 hrs., with Mr. John Baker on board and former owners, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Glover; all landing, and departing again at 1540 hrs. Editors of I.L.N. gathered decorative material for the Church. Large clouds looming up over the S. horizon in late afternoon. Heavy rain after darkness, accompanied by a S.E. wind 4-5.

24th: Rainy and dull at first, becoming brighter, with the sun in evidence. Christmas greenery for the Tavern gathered by Mrs. Blaxhall, Mrs. Dyke, Miss Jilly Dyke, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Morrow, and Miss Janet Sutton. Candlelight Carol Service at 1715 hrs. Lessons read by Mr. Theo Rowe, Mr. Nick Morrow, Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall and Miss Jilly Dyke. Service conducted by Mrs. J. Dyke—16 present. Collection, £4.20p, for R.N.L.I. funds. Considerable rain during the night.

CHRISTMAS DAY: Pleasantly sunny throughout. Wind S.E. 3-4. Christmas messages exchanged over the R.T. at 0900 hrs. Residents, Lightkeepers, and visitors assembled at 1300 hrs. for a cold buffet of Roast Pork, Vol-au-Vents (creamed mushrooms, and shrimps), various salads, sweets, and mince-pies. Wine kindly provided by absent friends, including Mrs. Cherry Richardson, Mr. Robbie Robinson, and Mr. Syd Allen. A very happy time ensued, Mr. Gade acting as Toastmaster. The buffet was arranged by Mrs. and Miss J. Dyke, Mrs. C. Blaxhall, Mrs. G. Morrow, Mrs. Mary Edwards, Miss Janet Sutton and Mr. Jim

Webster. In addition, the following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Gade, Mr. J. Dyke, Mr. N. Morrow, Mr. N. Dymond, Mr. P. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogilvie with daughters Kate and Elizabeth, P.K. Mr. Bert Tromans, A.K. Mr. Keith Simonds, also visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Senr., Mr. and Mrs. R. Hampton, and Mr. Theo Rowe. The festivities concluded at 1500 hrs. R. T. message sent to the Vet by Mrs. Blaxhall reporting that the filly, "Unity" was unwell, resulting from her entanglement in the fencing. A fine, starlit night.

26th: A greyish day—strong S.E. winds developing later. "Unity" responding to penicillin injections. "Goatley", belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie, died today—she was aged about 8.

27th: Considerable S.E. wind accompanied by rain during the night, continuing for most of the ensuing day. Wind E.S.E., becoming gale 8 throughout the evening and night. Heavy seas on the E. Side. Mr. Gade unable to contact Hartland Coastguards, who at the time were dealing with a casualty off the mainland coast.

28th: Contact re-established with Hartland C.G. "Stormbound" telegrams despatched on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Hampton. Rain during the day, accompanied by heavy mist on top of the island—ground very sodden after prolonged rain. No prospect of *Gannet* sailing. S.E. wind abating, backing N. during the evening, and increasing. Thick drizzle.

29th: A fine morning, N. wind having abated. Sea much calmer. Helicopter relief for N. and S. Lights arriving at 1420 hrs. and kindly agreeing to convey Mr. Nick Dymond ashore to attend B.T.O. Conference. T.H.V. *Argus* at anchor in the Bay. Wind variable 2-3.

30th: A fine, sunny morning after haze. T.H.V. *Argus* left at 0845 hrs., making for N. End. Light wind, S.W. 1-2. *Rubens* arrived at 1300 hrs., having spent the Christmas period at the fishing grounds. Mr. Peter Edwards secured some fresh fish for the islanders from the vessel. A pleasant afternoon, with the sun penetrating occasionally. Light airs, S.W. *Cleave Petrel* arrived in the gathering dusk and moored at 1700 hrs., sailing with the evening tide. Editor retired to bed with chest pain.

31st: *Rubens* departed at 0030 hrs. in calm weather. A pleasant day, dry, intervals of sunshine. Church Service at 1130 hrs. (5). Pony "Unity" continuing to improve. New Year's Eve Party at Marisco Tavern: fancy dress costumes including: Mr. Peter Edwards (Pakistani Agent), Mrs. Mary Edwards (Christmas Tree), Mr. Theo Rowe (Dr. Who), Mr. Keith Blaxhall (Lundy Quarryman), Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall (Puss-in-boots), Mr. Richard Hampton (Pirate), Mrs. Liz Hampton (Chinese Lady), Mrs. Penny Ogilvie (Nurse), Mr. John Ogilvie (Toyman), Mrs. Joan Dyke (My Fair Lady), Miss Jilly Dyke (Lundy Fee-Mail), Mrs. Gwenda Morrow (Elizabeth Taylor), Mr. Nick Morrow (Pyjama Game), Miss Janet Sutton (Lighthouse Keeper). Refreshments were provided by Mr. Jim Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Edwards, Mrs. Dyke, Mrs. Blaxhall, and Miss Janet Sutton.

1973

JANUARY

1st: Hazy morning. Light S.W. wind throughout the day. Starlit night.

2nd: Sunny dawn, but thereafter overcast. Wind S. 3-4. *Gannet* arrived at 0900 hrs., with remaining Christmas mail and provisions for the Stores. 70-001 anchored at 1145 hrs., departing for Clovelly Roads at 1420 hrs. *Gannet* left at 1320 hrs., with departing Christmas holiday guests, Mr. Theo Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Senr., and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hampton. Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall also went ashore to attend a Pony Management course at Bristol. Wind remained S. throughout.

3rd: Very foggy all day. S. Light fog siren commenced at 0800 hrs., ceasing at 5 mins. past midnight.

4th: Misty morning with occasional clear patches—calm. Clearing for about 2½ hrs., from mid-day, descending again even thicker at 1500 hrs. and continuing until early evening.

Slight increase in the wind late afternoon. *Gannet* arrived at 0945 hrs., with Messrs. Colin Taylor, Syd Allen, and Ivor Hopkins aboard, returning from leave; also one T.H. technician for the day. Mr. John Dyke went ashore for hospital check up. Sea very calm. Rain commenced during the evening.

5th: Misty during early hours. S. Light siren commenced, ceasing at 0700 hrs., thereafter the morning became very pleasant with sunny periods. Light breeze. Forecast S.E. 3-4—wind freshening at 1600 hrs. Fine, starlit night—sound of surf on the beach.

6th: Cold morning—strong S.E. wind, with 'white horses' in the Bay and heavy surf on beach. *Gannet* arrived, rather surprisingly, just before 1000 hrs., and off-loaded some stores at Jenny's Cove. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Davey, and Mr. Robbie Robinson landed. The island rubber dinghy was nearly lost when a sudden gust of wind caught it whilst positioned just above the Pyramid. Wind continuing E. 4-5. *Gannet* had a turbulent return journey.

7th: Grey morning, remaining overcast all day. Wind S.E., moderating. No Church Service.

8th: A thoroughly grey day, but not unpleasant—calm in the morning, wind freshening at mid-day, becoming S.S.E. 3-4, backing again in the evening. Mr. John Ogilvie reported seeing a Barnacle Goose in Lighthouse Field.



Barnacle Goose

9th: Grey and overcast at first—cold—wind S.E. 1-2. Sun appeared mid-morning, developing into a lovely day. *Gannet* arrived 1215 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, Tom, and Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall on board. A pleasant starlit night with crescent moon.

10th: A grey day—very cold. Wind S.S.E. 4-6. T.H.V. *Stella* came into the Bay from N., turned round and headed N. again.

11th: Dark, overcast morning. Wind S. and very strong—cold. *Gannet* arrived unexpectedly at 1300 hrs., with an emergency supply of diesel oil and 5 passengers, including 2 day visitors. Wind backing S.E. 4-6. Moonlit night.

12th: Another similar day—wind in same quarter—cold. *Polar Bear* deputised for *Gannet* and arrived with Mr. Nick Dymond, returning from B.T.O. Conference, on board. Moonlit night—wind S. 5-7, increasing to gale 8.

13th: Overcast, S.E. 4-6, later becoming variable. Messrs. Keith Blaxhall and Colin Taylor working on collapsed Beach Road restoration with the inclusion of a dry stone parapet wall. "Unity's" injured leg much improved. Continuous rain during afternoon—heavy at times. Late wind forecast E. 5 to variable 4, increasing S. 5-7 later.

14th: Rain ceased in early hours. Mr. Colin Taylor went for a swim. Bright by 0800 hrs., becoming sunny. Strong S-S.W. winds up to 6. Church Service at 1115 hrs. (6). Evening forecast S. 7 to severe gale 9, then W. 5-6, increasing to gale 8 later.

15th: Overcast with slight rain at 0730 hrs. 3 Belgian trawlers in the Roadstead at 0930 hrs. Wind W., increasing with occasional rainstorms, 2 trawlers, *Coudekerke 2*, and *Atlas*, remaining at mid-day, joined by bulk liquid gas carrier (1066 tons) *Lincoln Ellsworth* (Oslo). Another trawler arrived at 1415 hrs. Sunny intervals after noon. All trawlers resumed by 1700 hrs. Rain coming in again at 1800 hrs.

Polar Bear arrived at 1815 hrs. with Mr. J. Dyke on board. Some cargo unloading achieved in difficult conditions. Moonlit night—mainland clear. Pony “Linnet” treated for an abscess and laceration in her mouth.

16th: Pleasant and, for the most part, sunny day. *Polar Bear* lay off the island overnight, moving in to discharge a cargo of animal fodder, cedarwood roofing shingles, calor gas and stores. The vessel left at noon, with Mrs. Grainger and Tom, also Mr. Colin Taylor, on board. “Linnet” not responding to treatment—“Unity” much improved. Beautiful moonlit night.

17th: Pleasantly sunny day—dry, but coldish, with S.E. wind 2-3. Forecasted S.E. gales not yet materialised. Building staff engaged in the restoration of Old Light ceilings. Fine moonlit night.

18th: Cold during small hours—slight frost in sheltered hollows—thin ice on pools. Developing into a sunny day with a cold S.E. wind, later becoming S. *Polar Bear* arrived with stores and animal fodder at 0830 hrs., in the company of *Gannet*, undergoing sea trials. Mrs. Rena Grainger, Mr. Paul Munton and 3 University colleagues, were passengers aboard the *Polar Bear*, which departed again at 1415 hrs., with Mrs. Linda Brown and Miss Jilly Dyke aboard; and the *Gannet* in tow. Building staff engaged in nailing the recently received wood shingles onto Pig’s Paradise roof.

19th: Wind S.S.E., increasing and becoming S.E. Continuous rain throughout the night.

20th: Dull, with low cloud. Heavy rain—squally at 0900 hrs., in advance of the *Polar Bear* anchoring at 1020 hrs., with Mr. and Mrs. John Stockwell and Miss Janie Wilson (returning from shore leave). Mrs. Linda Brown also on board. Excessively wet conditions for the beach party. Rain ceased at mid-day, cloud level becoming higher. *Polar Bear* departed at 1445 hrs. Wind N.N.W. 4-5 — cold. Ground very sodden underfoot, in spite of drying wind. Lovely moonlit night, with mainland coast distinct. Virtually windless.

21st: A dry day, with the exception of a shower at 1230 hrs. Grey sky with occasional clear patches. Tanker, *Swansea*, arrived at 0800 hrs. for further sea trials, departing at mid-day.

Wind N.W. 2-3. Church Service at 1130 hrs. (7). Beautifully moonlit night.

22nd: A fine, clear and bright morning—periods of sunshine. Exceptional visibility—snow clearly noticeable on Exmoor, over 30 miles distant. *Cape Horn* arrived at 1335 hrs. to pick up the Campbell moorings—making back for Ilfracombe. S.W. wind increasing 4-5, later becoming S. 5-7.

23rd: S. Light fog siren commenced in the small hours, continuing until 0940—fog remaining on top of the island. Siren resumed at 1030 hrs., ceasing at 1500 hrs. *Gannet* sailing cancelled. Much milder. A quiet night—some drizzle.

24th: Dull and misty at first, developing into a fine morning, with occasional sunshine. Wind S.W. 3-4. *Gannet* arrived at 1215 hrs., with 2 day passengers. Very misty on top of the island. *Gannet* departed with Mrs. Catherine Blaxhall and 3 members of Mr. Paul Munton’s party, Mr. Roger Crawshaw, Mr. Ian Ingles, and Dr. Pelham Aldrich-Blake. Wind continuing S.W. Misty, clearing after darkness.

25th: The early morning sun piercing the sea off Hartland in a most attractive way—sharp rays descending from the sky resembling a series of spotlights, casting a pale hue on an otherwise grey surface. *Polar Bear* arrived at 1330 hrs., with a B.B.C. Television crew from Cardiff to film tomorrow’s Trinity House helicopter relief at S. Light. At 1900 hrs., in the Marisco Tavern, Mr. John Shearn showed his film of the construction of the sea truck *Shearn*, also the embarkation on the *Polar Bear* of soay sheep from the Pyramid landing last year. Clear after darkness, becoming windy, S.W. during the night.

26th: Dry at first. Wind S.W. gradually increasing 7-8, later abating 4-5 W. Heavy rain in late morning continuing for most of the day. T.H. helicopter relief at 1330 hrs., with Mr. John Smith to stay. Work for I.L.N. No. 10 completed and despatched aboard the *Polar Bear*, sailing at 1900 hrs. Mr. Bob Bendall, responding to shore signals, came ashore in the ship’s boat to collect the parcel and, on returning, snapped an oar, which caused some laughter—fortunately, he was carrying a spare. Vessels coming in to shelter up to 1915 hrs. Rain ceased during the evening.

27th: Sheltering vessels departed without identification owing to poor visibility, the last leaving at 0850 hrs. Belgian trawler, *Carolina*, anchored at 0830 hrs., leaving again at 2000 hrs. Dull, misty day, with heavy drizzle after nightfall.

28th: Dry morning. T.H.V. *Winston Churchill* at anchor, proceeding up to the North End at 1430 hrs., returning to the S. End at 1630, and then departing N. 10 minutes later. Church Service at 1130 hrs.(10). Exceptional visibility after darkness. Quiet night, N. 2-3.

29th: *Polar Bear* anchored at 0400 hrs., main cargo calor gas. Overcast morning but good visibility. *Polar Bear* departed, with Mr. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. I. Grainger, and Mr. Keith Blaxhall on board. Drizzle at 1340 hrs., continuing during afternoon, with momentary sunshine, followed by mist on top of island. *Lincoln Ellsworth* sheltering. *Crescence* anchored at 1600 hrs., awaiting suitable conditions for a passage over Bideford Bar—departing after darkness. A vessel anchored during the evening.

30th: Some rain during the previous night. *Gannet* arrived at 0730 hrs., some 2 hours earlier than anticipated; the reason being that she had to move to the Pier from the inner harbour at Ilfracombe to catch the tide, and Capt. Jones decided he might as well proceed to Lundy without delay. Cargo mostly provisions, including bread—no passengers. Unidentified vessel proved to be a British trawler, *Dreadnaught*, Aberdeen, flying the Blue Ensign. *Gannet* departed in the early afternoon. *Venus* arrived at 1050 hrs., *Kamina* at 1120 hrs. After a dullish start the afternoon became brilliantly sunny. Wind N.W. 4-5, becoming colder. Fresh fish obtained from the Belgian trawlers. Rain after darkness, then clearing. Wind S.S.W. 4-5. Four vessels at anchor.

31st: Dull, but fine morning. Wind N.W. 3-4. *Lincoln Ellsworth* still at anchor. *Mariner* arrived at about 1000 hrs., joined 30 mins. later by *Lune Fisher*. *Venus* and *Kamina* departed unobserved. Weather deteriorated at 1400 hrs., with rain coming in on a W. wind. *Lune Fisher* sailed at 1630 hrs. Occasional showers in the evening.



IN the summer of 1912, I and a few kindred spirits, felt an urgent wish to visit Lundy — although living in sight of it, none of us had ever set foot on the island.

We — being myself (Connie Spring) and my friends Dorothy Dawson, Marion Gubbins, Arthur and Charles Huson and “one other” — so we persuaded Captain Dark to take us on his yacht the *Gannet* — a solid and reliable little ship, with an unreliable engine! It entailed an early start from Appledore Quay, and, for me, a nine mile bicycle ride from Alwington.

1912 ‘OVERTURES’

By the late Miss Connie Spring

However, we forgathered, if I remember rightly, at 7.30 a.m. on the 22nd August. All went merrily, but, when approaching the Bar, one friend “the other” refused to proceed, as she felt seasick — so Capt. Dark reluctantly turned back, and our “Jonah” was dropped at the Quay. Owing to this delay, we nearly missed the tide getting over the Bar. Then to our dismay a thick sea mist came up over the whole bay. However, we felt the *Gannet* would not fail us, but she did — the engine refusing to function — so we spent hours — seeing nothing — not a glimpse of land anywhere, and after rocking to and fro for hours, we caught the tide back and eventually recrossed the Bar, when the mist at once lifted and allowed us to reach Appledore Quay — and so once more a long weary ride home to Alwington.

Nothing daunted, we fixed a repeat trip the following week and were determined to reach the elusive Lundy. Another early start, this time minus our “Jonah”! We crossed the Bar safely, but Lundy was not to be reached easily, and again the engine conked out; then a strong North Westerly wind sprang up, and we spent a lively time tacking across the bay from

Baggy Point to Hartland Point. A good four hours with the sea pouring in; and I, for one, thoroughly ill and wet through. Eventually we made it, our spirits rose, and we landed precariously on the beach. Lundy at last! With the sun out we felt thoroughly light hearted, and scrambled up the beach. Then we spent a happy hour exploring. We had not much time as Captain Dark reminded us that we must “catch the tide”, but we saw the lighthouse, and H.M.S. *Montagu* fast on the rocks where she was wrecked a year or two before, and I picked a sprig of white heather. Again our luck was out as the wind changed and we had another four hours tack, the reverse way home, but we enjoyed the tossing and were fascinated by the sunset and the rainbow effect on shoals of mackerel. I shall never forget the beauty of the colouring, or the moon shining on the sea as we crossed the Bar. We reached the Quay to find a row of fisher folk watching anxiously for us, as we were so late, but all was well and it had been worth it. Thus ended our second and successful trip to Lundy — but not quite — a three mile bike trip to Westward Ho! where I was given a bed for the night by my kind friend Mrs. Dawson.

WHITE FUNNELS IN LUNDY ROADS



Photo by courtesy of the Author

At the outbreak of the Second World War P. & A. Campbell Ltd. had a fleet of eleven paddle-steamers, of which five were lost on active service during the war and two others finished their service in a condition which left them unsuitable for further work. The average age of the four remaining ships was 39 years and, in addition, the company owned the new turbine-steamer *Empress Queen* delivered in 1940. To bring the fleet to the strength required for immediate post-war operations two new oil-fired paddle-steamers were ordered, *Bristol Queen* was launched in 1946 and *Cardiff Queen* in 1947. The *Cardiff Queen*, although outwardly resembling *Bristol Queen*, was not a real sister ship; she was built on the Clyde by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. Ltd., who had produced many steamers for the Clyde and for the South Coast trade. In her design she was very similar to the Clyde steamer p.s. *Jupiter* of 1937; this meant that she was of lighter construction than her sister "Queen" and was thus a more economical ship; however she was less able to cope with heavy weather and her timekeeping sometimes suffered by comparison.

The accommodation aboard *Cardiff Queen* was the best on any of Campbells' Steamers either before or since, with the exception of the *Empress Queen*. The older steamers still bore the marks of having been built as two-class ships and were spartan forward but very comfortable aft. The *Bristol Queen*, whose internal accommodation was similar to *Cardiff Queen*, lacked some of the latter's finishing touches.

Cardiff Queen had two deckhouses on the Promenade deck. The forward one housed the Master's Cabin, the Purser's Office and the Wireless Room; these were separated from a small deck shelter by an alleyway which gave access to the ticket-window and the Bridge. The shelter covered the companionway to the main deck forward. Immediately facing at the bottom of the steps were glass doors through which one passed into the Buffet Lounge which was tastefully finished in polished wood, the seats having red upholstery. Immediately below the Buffet Lounge was the Lower Deck Bar which was a comfortable retreat.

The after deck saloon on the Promenade Deck consisted of a small bar right aft and a large Sun Lounge which also covered a companionway to the main deck. At the bottom of this companionway there was a vestibule with the entrance to the Ladies' Room on the Port side. From the vestibule one entered the large Dining Saloon which occupied the whole of the main deck aft.

Cardiff Queen was launched on 26th February, 1947 by Mrs. W. J. Banks, wife of the then Managing Director of P. & A. Campbell Ltd. On trials she achieved 18½ knots over the measured mile and on 21st June, 1947, nine days after her trials, she entered service and was mainly employed on the Cardiff-Ilfracombe run both in this year and again in 1948 and 1949.

It is never a wise practice to name ships after a place, as this presumes they will serve throughout their existence from that place, and it happened that in 1950 and 1951 *Cardiff Queen* was moved to Swansea for the service to Ilfracombe, becoming the most frequent caller of all the steamers at Lundy. Her first visit to land passengers at the Island had been on 21st July, 1949, the year in which sailings to Lundy were resumed. More incongruously the next two years saw her on the Company's South Coast service from Brighton, etc. Whilst there she made the first post-war call by any vessel at Ventnor Pier, I.O.Wight, and a few days later she was present at the Coronation Review of the Fleet in Spithead.

Several "firsts" came *Cardiff Queen's* way in 1954. She returned to the Swansea station and made the first public calls at Bideford (since 1924), Tenby (1938) and Clovelly (1939). She also made the first call at Lynmouth following the 1952 flood disaster. For the next four years *Cardiff Queen* stayed mainly on the Swansea station and again had the honour of reopening a pier disused since the war—this time Mumbles, on 18th May, 1956. During 1959 and 1960 *Bristol Queen* was laid up for reasons of economy and the maintenance of the principal down-channel sailings from Bristol and Cardiff fell to *Cardiff Queen*. From 1961 to 1965 she served all over the Channel, sharing sailings with *Bristol Queen*.

In 1966 a second-hand diesel vessel was introduced into the Bristol Channel services. There was insufficient trade for an extra ship and although the newcomer, *Westward Ho*, was slower and smaller than *Cardiff Queen* there were economic advantages in withdrawing the paddle-steamer. Having spent most of the summer based at Swansea she visited Lundy more frequently than either *Bristol Queen* or *Westward Ho*. From time to time she also worked out of Bristol and Cardiff and it was from Cardiff that she made her final sailing on 21st September, 1966. Appropriately enough this was to Lundy, calling at Penarth, Barry, Minehead, Lynmouth and Ilfracombe. Thereafter she was laid up and after several rumours about her future she was finally sold for use as a Club ship at Newport, Mon. This came to nought and in the spring of 1968 she was scrapped at Cashmore's yard at Newport.

STATISTICS

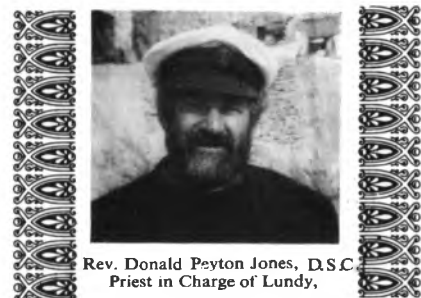
P.S. "Cardiff Queen"

Gross tonnage	..	765
Net tonnage	..	287
Length	..	238.4 ft.
Beam	..	30.1 ft.
Depth	..	9.7 ft.

Passenger certificates: Class IV-1, 107
III 883

Plus Crew of 39 II 763

PADRE'S NOTES



Rev. Donald Peyton Jones, D.S.C.
Priest in Charge of Lundy,

It is a great joy to me to join the team working in Lundy and to be instituted, in March, by the Bishop of Crediton, as Vicar of Appledore and Priest-in-Charge of Lundy. More recently on June 22nd the Archdeacon of Barnstaple was able to come to the Island for the Service of Induction at St. Helena. At this Service, besides my being formally inducted as Priest-in-Charge, Mr. Ian Grainger was Admitted to the Office of a Reader in the Church and received the Diocesan Reader's Licence with the Bishop of Exeter's Episcopal Seal.

There is tremendous scope in Lundy and a great challenge for the Church—for surely here are conditions of peace, unity and healing for mind, body and spirit—which the world needs so badly today. There is already a strong nucleus of Christians worshipping regularly at St. Helena and we hope to spread the Good News to many visitors, as well as to the local community—that God is Love—and through the Power of His Holy Spirit all things are possible for those who learn to worship and work together to the Glory of His Holy name.

Yours Sincerely in Jesus Christ.

Donald P. Jones

THIS · MADE · NEWS

125 YEARS AGO

April 6th, 1848 (*North Devon Journal*).

Shipwreck of the Barque, *Princess Royal*, in Morte Bay.

We lament to have to add another list of disasters which have happened to shipping on this coast—not in the present instance occasioned by violent storms, but by dense fog.

On the morning of Friday last, the fine barque, *Princess Royal* (Sewell, Master), 317 tons burthen (new register) came ashore at Morte Bay. She was on her voyage from the Mauritius, laden with raw sugar about 500 tons, and had called at Cork for orders, whence she sailed on Tuesday last bound for Bristol. She was becalmed for two days off Lundy, and sailed for her destination with a light wind on Thursday night. A heavy fog prevailed, in the midst of which she got embayed, and drifted by the set of the tide in upon the sands, on which she struck at about 5 a.m. . . . All efforts to refloat her have been unsuccessful.

The crew received all hospitable attention from Mr. Langdon, of Woolacombe Barton, and within a few hours after the vessel came ashore, Lloyds agent at Ilfracombe (Mr. Huxtable) and the Customs Officers of Barnstaple were on the spot to protect the vessel's stores and assist in saving the cargo. In this they were successful, notwithstanding that hordes of wreckers were on the lookout, and evinced their good will by throwing stones at the parties who were engaged in defeating their nefarious intentions . . . The crew are a remarkably fine set of fellows, and all are teetotallers . . .

This casualty affords another proof of the desirableness of a steam tug in the Bay. If such an assistance could have been afforded this unfortunate barque on Friday morning, in all probability she might have been got off and her valuable cargo (scarcely less than £20,000, with the vessel) might have been saved.

100 YEARS AGO

April 5th, 1873. (*Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

Collision and Loss of Four Lives off Lundy Island—The brigantine, *Eliza*, loaded with copper ore, was run down about midnight on Thursday of last week when four miles off Lundy Island in foggy weather, by the iron screw steamer, *Sir Bevis*, of Southampton, bound from Cardiff to Malta, which proceeded with part of the crew saved to St. Ives, Cornwall, and afterwards continued her voyage. Four of the crew of the sunken vessel who were forward at the time of the collision—William G. Grenfell of St. Ives, mate; S. Blewitt of St. Ives; J. Chinn of Hayle, and James Cloak of Porthcawl, being drowned; the Captain, H. B. Richards, and a boy, Joshua Behenna alone escaping by supporting themselves in the water by a hatch until the arrival of the steamer's boat, which speedily put off to the rescue. It

appears that the deceased, Cloak, formed one of the crew of the *Francis*, of Porthcawl, at the time of her being wrecked on 2nd February last, when they were saved at great risk by the lifeboat belonging to the place. The *Eliza* was insured in the St. Ives Shipping Club.

May 31st, 1873.

Shocking Accident at Lundy Island. An accident of a terrible and fatal nature occurred on Lundy Island on Tuesday afternoon last, resulting in the death of a young man of Pill, assistant on a Bristol pilot boat. The poor fellow, Thomas Reed, about 20 years of age, was searching for bird's eggs on a cliff near Gannet-stone, and by some means fell from this position to a depth of about 80 feet, being killed on the spot. His body was conveyed to Bristol in the No. 11 Bristol pilot boat, to which he belonged.



The Gannet's Stone. From a contemporary photograph (Courtesy Ilfracombe Museum)

75 YEARS AGO

April 23rd, 1898 (*Ilfracombe Chronicle*).

Correspondence—"The farther the sight, the nearer the rain."

It is generally supposed that when "distant hills are looking nigh", or, as the term is localised—when the Welsh coast shows clear—it foretells of rain. This is true in midwinter when hard clouds are to be seen and the blue sky cobalt in hue. Not so in midsummer, with a blue sky of dark indigo hue. Friday, the 15th, to Sunday the 17th, would go to show an earlier time of the year might be reckoned upon, for on the three successive days mentioned, there was an unbroken line of Welsh coast showing, and also Lundy Island. The nights, too, were clear, and all the time the wind was in a "rainy quarter", but no rain followed the so-called presage till Tuesday, when we had a

shower in the afternoon. I have often known the Welsh coast clear for two days in succession in summer without having rain, but cannot remember it three whole days clear with the same result as mentioned above.

(*An old inhabitant—Ilfracombe*).

June 16th, 1898. (*North Devon Journal*).

Terrible Thunderstorm in North Devon. Horses and Cattle killed. Bugler struck by lightning.

. . . somewhat exceptionally, the storm was not felt to any great extent at Lundy Island. The telephonic apparatus at the Post Office there and at the lighthouses was not affected. The lightning, as witnessed there, was, however, superbly grand, and the thunder sounded like the distant cannonade of heavy artillery. At the Lundy Island cable hut on Croyde Sands, the lightning protector was found to be also fused, and was speedily rectified.

June 30th, 1898.

Defencelessness of the Bristol Channel.

. . . one of the most practical suggestions is the construction of a fortified harbour of refuge at Lundy Island. It is needed by the mercantile marine and by the Navy as a place of shelter and as a coaling base for warships; and its fortification would effectively command the Bristol Channel . . .

50 YEARS AGO

January 25th, 1923. (*North Devon Herald*).

Excitement ran high when, about five a.m. on Sunday morning, the 14th, the rocket crew were called out, and very loyally they responded, and mainlanders also volunteered in a body. The Chief Officer of Coastguards (Mr. Splain) explained to the assembled crew that they had received a telephone message to the Lizard saying that a 2,000 ton steamer was aground on Lundy, and an S.O.S. wireless message had been picked up to that effect, but the vessel was unable to give her position. After four and a half hours searching the cliffs they could not find any such vessel around the island, and the message was at fault in assuming that she had struck the island. Mr. Splain, Chief Officer of Coastguards, is leaving the island soon, much to the regret of the islanders.

There were twenty entries for a recent bagatelle tournament. The first prize was won by Mr. Maskell of the South Lighthouse, and the second prize by Mr. Lang, the Storekeeper.

May 9th, 1923. (*Hartland Chronicle*).

A big shark landed at Cardiff on Wednesday, Feb. 21st, was found to contain 7 other sharks. Weighing half a ton, it was 14ft long, and its victims measured up to 2½ feet. The capture was made by a trawler 200 miles west of Lundy. Crowds followed the big fish through the streets to the Welsh National Museum, where Dr. Simpson discovered its contents.

Services were held in the Parish Church on Easter Day. The church was tastefully decorated. Mrs. Lane presided at the organ.

Coastguard Symons has left the island for Milford Haven, much to our regret.

Lundy's Vestry was interesting from many points, for it was the first for many years, and Rev. Henry H. Lane, who presided, is the first Rector since 1335. Ladies were appointed to both Wardenships; Mrs. Lane being appointed Rector's, and Miss Sage, People's.

Mr. F. W. Allday, resident on the island for 25 years, and who, as diocesan lay reader, has at various times in the absence of the clergyman

had entire charge of the Church, was appointed Parish Clerk and Sexton. The balance sheet showed total receipts £293.55.0., and expenditure, £261.1.2d. during 10 months dating from the Rector's appointment.

The Rector thanked those who had worked in making a handsome chancel carpet which was finished in time for the Easter Services.

June 4th, 1923.

Lure of Contraband, by J. Weare Gifford—a novel unfolding a pretty romance associated with smuggling days in local history—The Golden Bay (Jarrollds, 7/6d).

... is a tale of Bideford Bay, called by the pirates the "Golden Bay" as it afforded them a rich harvest of reward for their lawless and thrilling deeds of adventure. The pirates made Lundy their headquarters, and preyed upon the shipping of Bristol, Bideford, and Barnstaple, and some of the Welsh ports. The Government of the time is considered to have too many little wars and other more harassing business looking after the Frenchmen to be able to send ships and men to drive pirates from their lair at Lundy.

June 9th, 1923. (Ilfracombe Chronicle).

White Funnel Steamers—The first trip of the season to Lundy Island to land (via Clovelly) will leave Ilfracombe at 10.15 on Thursday, and return from Lundy Island at 4 p.m. This trip allows about 3½ hours at Lundy Island.



The Old Light and Keepers' Cottage.
(Photo: Derek Sach)



A Lundy departure.
Waiting to board Mr. George Irwin's boat, Girl Joyce, in 1948.
(Photo: E. D. Wiggins)

25 YEARS AGO

January 30th, 1948. (Ilfracombe Chronicle).

'Combe Boatman's Task—Sailed in gale to Lundy—Naturalists were his Passengers.'

A trip to Lundy in a 24ft open diesel-engined fishing boat, of which Mr. G. Irwin (Coxwain of the Ilfracombe lifeboat) was skipper, is recalled by Mr. L. A. Harvey Hon. Secretary of the Lundy Field Society, in an interview with a reporter regarding the season spent on the island last year by a group of ornithologists and zoologists.

Mr. Harvey made two trips to Lundy—in late March and in August—and in March, when Mr. Irwin and his passengers were about to embark from Ilfracombe, the storm comes were hoisted. Despite this they decided to go ahead with their plans, with the result that most of them were ill before they arrived at the island. Although wearing oilskins, they were

drenched to the skin. "The trip takes three hours, and is never smooth" added Mr. Harvey, "but there was never any real danger. We always had complete confidence in our skipper. Difficulties of landing were part of our everyday existence."

LIVED IN LIGHTHOUSE

There was not much room in the boat for personal luggage, which had to be strictly utilitarian. Space was required for scientific equipment, the bulkiest of which were poles and wire netting for the bird trap. The party of seven, which included two schoolboys, lived in the seven habitable rooms of the Old Light—a lighthouse now superseded by two new light-houses. Most of the food had been brought over from the mainland, although potatoes came from the farm and latterly the party had milk from the two goats the Warden brought over from the mainland. Because of the

difficulty of getting meat, Lundy has a vegetarian food licence, allowing a big ration of cheese and points goods. Anyone going over takes bread, fruit and vegetables, and water is obtained from storage tanks and well, which hold hundreds of gallons.

ENTERTAINED OWNER

During their stay, the scientists received a visit from the owner of Lundy, Mr. Martin Coles Harman, who lives in London, and as a gesture of their indebtedness, the party (fifteen people) sat down and there were gallons of beer from Marisco Tavern, the island's public house, which is open all day.

The expedition had a costly side; sea transport cost £170, and food rather more. Capital cost and equipment accounted for another £170. Parties comprising members of the Lundy Field Society visited the island from Easter to October last year. They went from many parts of Devon and as far afield as Reading, Guildford, and Cambridge. Visitors included bird watchers, botanists, entomologists, and zoologists. "They all want to return," commented Mr. Harvey.

March 5th, 1948. (Ilfracombe Chronicle).

THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION

A recent meeting of the North Devon Branch of the Devonshire Association was addressed by Captian E. L. Sherwell on "Lundy and its Bird Population". He said the Lundy Field Society kept records of birds seen on the island and thus obtained information on the bird population and its seasonal "long term" fluctuations: the Gannet, for example, had not been seen on the island for many years.

May 21st, 1948.

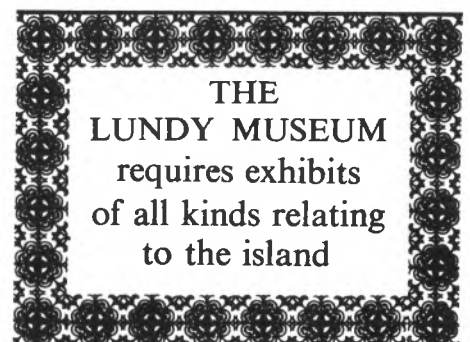
Messrs. P. & A. Campbell's first steamer of the season arrived at Ilfracombe on Saturday. There was one trip from Ilfracombe to Lundy Roads, and nearly 500 people availed themselves of the opportunity.

June 25th, 1948.

The *Brita*, an eight tons auxiliary cabin cruiser which has been missing since Saturday morning, left Ilfracombe on Tuesday last week bound for Brixham. Heavy seas and high winds forced it to return on one previous attempt to sail south, and on the second occasion it was forced to shelter near Lundy Island. The *Brita*, with a crew of four, has disappeared during bad visibility, and on Saturday morning Coastguards in Devon and Cornwall were asked to keep watch for her.

STURGEON OFF LUNDY

A sturgeon caught fifteen miles off Lundy Island by the trawler, *Excellent* of Newlyn, has been despatched to Buckingham Palace. It weighs 58 lb. A second fish near 6 ft. long and weighing 7 stones was sold in Newlyn Market for £18.4s. Sturgeon are rare in these waters.



Letters to the Editor



The Editor,
Dear Sir,

William Hudson Heaven

I would like to add to Myrtle Langham's interesting article on the above, information about the 3rd (and also resident Heaven owner of Lundy) who was my mother's brother, Walter Charles Heaven, grandson of William Hudson Heaven.

When my great-uncle, the Revd. Hudson Grosett Heaven, went to the mainland to live in 1911, Walter Charles came from abroad to look after the island. On my great-uncle's death in 1916, Walter Charles became the owner until he sold it to Mr. Christie, of Tapeley Park, Instow, in 1919. My uncle, Walter Charles Heaven, did not actually leave Lundy until 1920: he was owner for 4 years, living on the island during the first World War. I spent part of the years 1912-14 and 1919 with him on holiday.

I am sure Myrtle Langham will appreciate my wish to complete the Heaven history of Lundy.

Yours sincerely,

EILEEN HEAVEN

(great grand-daughter of W. H. Heaven)
Portishead, Bristol.

The Editor,
Dear Sir,

... A small but interesting point arose lately and I take this opportunity of raising it with you. Since our first landing on Lundy (on the occasion of our Silver Wedding anniversary seven years ago) we have always thought the name "Marisco" an odd one, though we have done nothing about uncovering its derivation. Now, browsing through a copy of a guide to Durham county by J. E. Morris, I am surprised to find references to Bishop Richard de Marisco as one in the line of succession of Prince-Bishops of the See, though without an ascribed date. He appears to have been: "constantly at war with the monks", and is (dis)credited at one point with having sworn that: "the Church of Durham should have no peace while he lived"—an odd sentiment for a Bishop, reflecting more the Prince side of his position than the Cleric. Can there be any connection here with Lundy do you suppose? As I have said, no date is given; but at one place the name is coupled with that of Philip of Poitou who 'reigned', it seems, from 1197 till 1208...

Yours sincerely,

G. MAUGHFLING
Washington, Co. Durham.

The Editor,
Dear Sir,

As a native of Barnstaple living there until I was over 40 your Issue No. 11 of 1973 of the Lundy News did in fact conjure up nostalgic memories for me. Many a Sunday have I been allowed to take the wheel of the *Lerina* on the passage across Barnstaple Bay and have been seasick on a few occasions on a rough outward journey. Never on the return journey, except once when we hove to to pick up a bag of flour floating in the water. You may ask why pick up a bag of flour floating in the water? The answer is of course that when a bag of flour falls into the water all that happens is a thin surround of dough forms around the bag leaving the greater part of the contents intact and in 1928 or thereabouts 140 lbs. of flour was not to be sneezed at.

You mention Capt. Dark but you do not mention Tom Hornabrook who was the Engineer on the *Lerina* in addition to being the Engineer of the Appledore Lifeboat. Jack was a very fine type of man who I admired very much. I believe he died not so very long ago. You are right in saying that the *Lerina* was licensed for 12 passengers only.

At about this time I was employed by the firm of Fred Knill & Co. of Barnstaple who supplied the fruit and vegetables to the Island when Miss Sage was Manageress and afterwards to Mr. and Mrs. Gade. Usually we sent goods from Chivenor by plane piloted by Capt. Boyd of Braunton who ran a service between Chivenor and Lundy at a fare I believe of 10/- (12/6, later increasing to 17/6 (Ed.)).

It may be a matter of interest that I took my Alto Saxophone along one Sunday and shall I say charmed the natives for the whole of the afternoon in the Marisco Tavern. The tune very popular at that time was something called "When I Grow too Old to Dream" and during the afternoon I must have played this particular song half a dozen times so in fact there was a little sophistication on the Island in 1928/9.

I enclose a snapshot of our little crowd with Mr. Fred Knill, his father and brother, taken with Mrs. Gade who as you can see was a very nice looking lady. Alas there are only two of the men left. Myself the rather disreputable fellow wearing glasses with a cigarette between his lips and Mr. Bert Alford who is now a Director of H. R. Williams & Co., Ironmongers of Barnstaple.



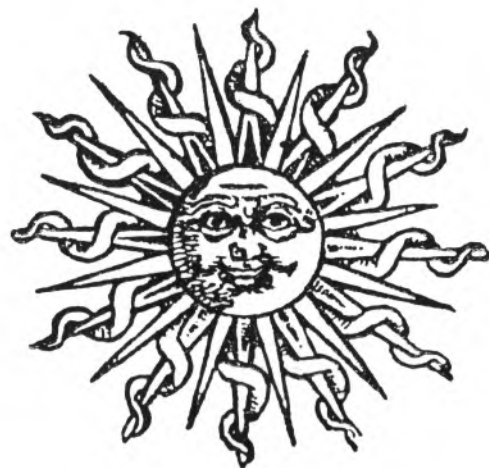
A group photograph on the Green outside Marisco Tavern. Back row: extreme right, Mr. Bert Alford — front row: extreme left, the author; right, Mrs. Gade.

Photo by courtesy of A. F. Mogridge

I must say that during the year or so to which I refer the Church was badly neglected and in fact on one Sunday I saw the remains of rabbits etc. in the aisle. I am very glad to read that this is no longer the case and that the Church is now and has been for some time a Church in use and not just a landmark.

Yours faithfully,

A. F. MOGRIDGE
London, E.C.2.

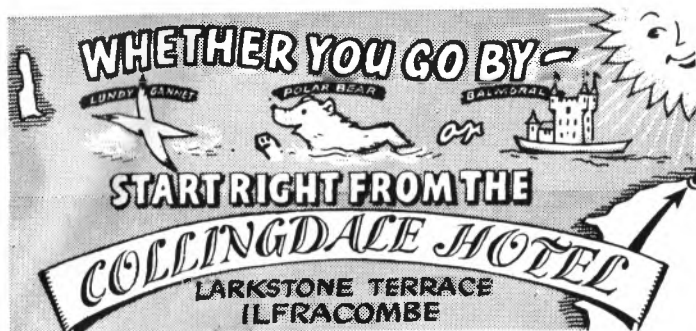


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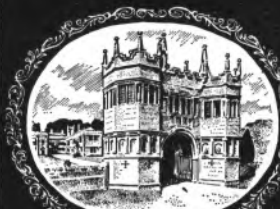
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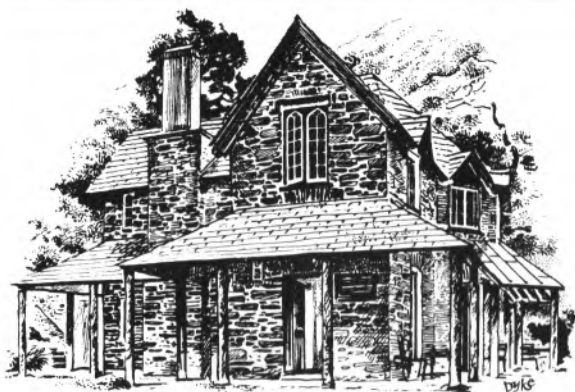
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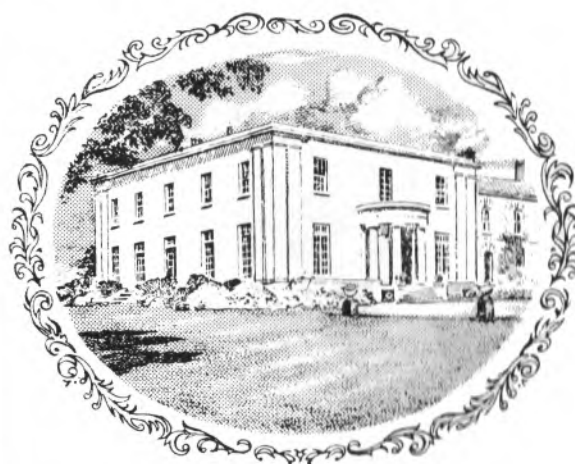
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