

Letter from the Editor

Winter and Spring seem to have sped by amidst many enquiries as to 'when the next Chronicle is likely to appear' and suddenly it is July and we are looking back on the annual visits of the Waverley instead of forward. I apologise to everyone, I had such good intentions of producing a spring and a summer edition and here I am again bringing out a single Chronicle to cover the two periods.

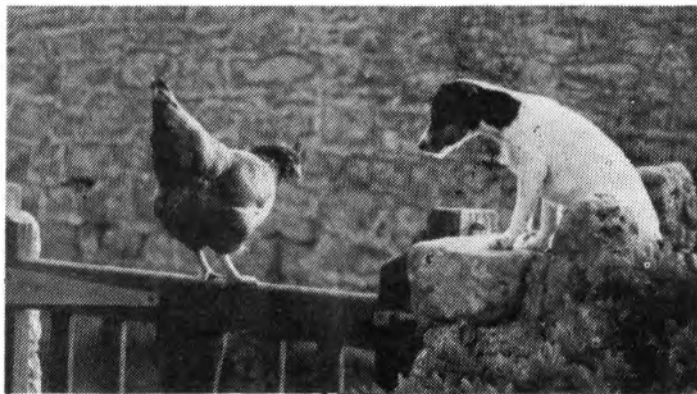
Over the winter months the island has been a hive of activity. The upper hay yard, the sheep pens and the cattle shelter floor have all been concreted. A new hut has been erected on the Diver's beach. Brambles has been converted into two properties each accommodating four people by the installation of an extra kitchen and bathroom, and a shower has been put into Hanmers. All this is largely thanks to the efforts of a team of share fishermen and builders who assisted those of us mad enough to live here all year round. Those braving the elements to help us out included: Eric Pinkney, John Olde, John Barnett, Norman Hunter, Brinley Vowles, John Snedon, Dave Gabe and Mark Phillips - to mention but a few!

Joining us here on Lundy during the winter have been Frank and Jan Bishop and their four year old son Brent. Jan has now gone ashore to allow Brent to attend school but hopefully they will be able to come over in the school holidays.

An interesting development in catering has been the introduction of the 'Tavern Gallery Restaurant' which operates alongside the Tavern Kitchen. It's now possible to have that special meal even when the Hotel cannot accommodate extra guests. Sarah Orchard has been responsible for starting this new venture and also for widening the scope of what meals are on offer generally from the pub. Helping us on the island this summer are Anita Baron, Liza Cole, Chris White and Ian Dunn.

The 'Islander' - the island based 32 foot Dory has been in continuous use since its arrival in October running some 80 trips between the island and Clovelly, Bideford or Ilfracombe, ferrying supplies and passengers and also undertaking round the island trips and fishing trips for the enjoyment of holidaymakers staying here. It ably 'held the

Lundy Island Chronicle



Is this dog being henpecked for sitting on the fence?

Send in your caption suggestions and we will publish the best of them in a future issue!

fort' whilst the Bear was in Dartmouth in January and delivering scaffolding to Alderney in June.

On the farming front, the lime finally got spread, thanks to the stalwart efforts of Chris Gubb, and the lambing season went well, despite the cold east winds. Our thanks too go out to Donna Claridge who helped Stirling bring in a good result. Congratulations are due to Stirling for his 100% success rate in his first season's A.I. (first to produce was Daisy with a fine male calf named 'Baldrick').

We're pleased to announce the arrival of six foals born to Lundy mares, Dunlin, Columbine, Maria, Kallou, Stonechat and Belinda - the first Lundy foals for 3 seasons. Cobweb too has had another colt named 'Edmund'.

The archeological dig at Castle Parade continued throughout May under supervision of David and Caroline Thackray. Four Acorn camps ran consecutively and a terrific amount of work was achieved - a tribute to the efforts of all the volunteers whether on the camps or visiting the island at this time. Thanks too to the Lundy Field Society in the form of Pete Cole, daughter Helen and friend Nan for their contribution to this back breaking task.

But I must not ramble on indefinitely, I must leave room for the articles:-

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Round the old camp candle

Though I have had two pleasant stays at Millcombe, and a not unpleasant week in the granite hut known as 'Old Light East', for me on Lundy, alone and not objecting to the odd gnar in my tea, camping is the thing.

My first camping summer on the island involved a meeting with Max; he was one of a number of rams that shared the field with us, the only one of them to take any interest in human beings. This interest was gastronomic. Max was not above butting the hand that fed him; once I gave him a crust and received, after he had finished it, a nasty crack on the calf. But Max had his principles - as far as I know he left tents alone. Other visitors have seen a dignified speckled hen that wanders around the tents sometimes, like Henry V before Agincourt. Bacon-rinds she is partial to. And early in the morning I often hear the whirring of small wings and the 'ping-tang' of beaks on enamel plates as sparrows scavenge. Once I left out a wooden spoon that had been used to stir a curry and found tooth-marks in it the next morning. Another camper perhaps.

One of the lesser delights of camping is the names of the tents. Mostly they are grandiose and absurd - 'Hurricane', 'Force Ten', 'Himalaya' and so on. My own tent, which flaps noisily in quite a light wind, is called 'Typhoon 11'. (What happened to Typhoon 1?) I feel such presumption could tempt the God of Lundy Winds to put on a gale. Maybe I should remove the last letter of my tent's name.

From the camping field (or

to give its proper name, "Bull's Paradise") one can see the church. I have often thought, while sitting on a stone outside Typhoon II drinking tea on a sunny afternoon, what fun it would be to have a 25-pounder on the field and lob shells into the church, stopping when one had turned it into an attractive "Gothick" ruin. To think of all the labour and expense that went into the putting-up of so uncharming and badly-proportioned a building. (I am thinking of the outside; I like some things inside, the marble carving behind the altar, for example, despite, or perhaps partly because of, its great brown stain.) - Ah well, never mind.

People light their tents in different ways. (I exclude those whose tents are so small - mere glorified sleeping bags - that apart from a few flashings-about with a torch they do not light their tents at all). My own preference is for candles: they're cheap and give heat as well as light. They are dangerous things; a candle-flame can set alight something which is quite a distance above it - your tent, for example. But you can't beat candlelight for friendliness. And when all is dark outside, if I am eating, reading or writing a letter, the tent lit by a battery of four candles on a metal plate, I feel a little, just a little, intrepid, - though the water-tap is barely a minute's walk away, and the loo not much further.

Nigel Barnes

Lundy Wrecks in Recollection

by Gwyneth White

It was to view a ship aground on Lundy that first took me to the Island which was to have a magnetic appeal that has lasted from 1929 to the present day. For my father, who had decided on that day's trip aboard the paddle steamer Glen Gower, it held memories of his first landing there in 1906 when, like hundreds of other South Wales excursionists, he had travelled down the Bristol Channel aboard a white funnel Campbells' steamer to gaze at the spectacle of the battleship H.M.S. Montagu fast held on a reef on the southwest tip of Lundy and close to the conical shutter rock upon which it ran in dense fog in the early hours of May 30th.

The great ship was never to escape the granite clutches and 23 years' battering by Atlantic rollers had left nothing of it visible to us as our parents guided my young brother and me round the dizzy heights of that southwest corner and past the fearsome circular chasm of the Devil's Limekiln, 300 feet deep with smooth walls funneling to a base in which the sea 'boils' at high tide. The Shutter Rock - so named because it was believed that if upended it would exactly fit into the horrific hole - looked satanic even on that beautiful summer day. And ever after, I've thought of it when gales rage as a dreadful pit into which to be sucked and have avoided it except in windless conditions!

In 1929, there still were remains of an iron handrail bolted to the steep sloping slabs near the Shutter. Known as the 'Montagu Landing' it was used by agile members of the crew and salvage workers during the months when they sought to save the 12 inch guns, other armaments, and machinery before the winter gales did their own demolition.

Many years after 1929 and the intervention of another war, my brother and I became acquainted with an old sailor named Sidney Stenner, who was harbour master at Porlock Weir in Somerset. He had been a 19 year old gunner on the Montagu at the time it struck, and he often talked of the events of that foggy night in 1906. His most precious possession, which he showed us with great pride, was a metal effigy of the head of a Montagu's harrier, the bird which was the ship's emblem. His specimen had been removed from the prow of one of the ship's boats, and he had it fixed to a plaque. After his death in 1966 at age 83, I sought to track it down for the 'Lundy museum' John Dyke had hoped to assemble on the Island, but a policeman nephew of Sidney's had laid first claim, so I forebore to follow it up. A larger plaque of a harrier crest was found subsequently in Appledore by John.

It also was fog that led to the stranding of the Maria Kyriakides, a Greek tramp steamer of 1200 tons that we had come to see that day in 1929. She had been lying on a narrow strip of beach below the northern quarry on the east side of the Island since March and was to remain there until July of the following year when, after repairs to the hull, she was towed to Ilfracombe where later we saw her berthed. We were told she was destined for Briton Ferry in South Wales and breakup, but Mr. Gade recorded in his book *My Life on Lundy* that she subsequently was towed to a north-of-England port, repaired and resumed trading.

We had 'fallen' for Lundy and its beauty on that first landing, and it seemed to exert magnetism on Greek navigators too, because the next vessel to try the overland route on the east side, again in dense fog at night - was the S.S. Taxiarchis of Andros in March 1931. She came ashore under the cliffs below Halfway Wall and the crew of 24 were brought off by breaches buoy, manned by Mr. Gade and his life-saving team of islanders, in two batches on consecutive days. The Captain and officers elected to remain on board a further 24 hours until convinced the situation was hopeless. Actually the ship was patched and eventually refloated after a stay of two years and four months on the Island where we became quite used to seeing it. Mr. Gade despite his many references to its usefulness as a coal mine omits mentioning its day of departure. A diary of my own records mentions it had been towed into Ilfracombe on July 28th, 1933, and we saw it on a trip we made two days later.

The next victim of the fog and 'fangs' of Lundy I remember was the Italian 4000-ton vessel Carmine Filomena of Genoa, bound there from Cardiff (again in fog) with a cargo of coal. It was particularly unfortunate since had it passed only about 300 yards to port, it would have escaped altogether the Island's southeast extremity of Surf Point. But on July 2nd 1937 it struck there and stayed despite tug and salvage attempts. When our paddle steamers would pass to starboard of it before dropping anchor in the landing cove, we were reminded constantly how narrow the margin is between pleasure and penance!

It was still there two years later on what was to prove our last landing before Hitler's war and its aftermath put a ban for ten years on regular steamer calls by Campbells to our beloved Island. And on that beautiful day of August 18, 1939, we saw yet another victim impaled upon the first in the shape of the yacht Freckles - owned by a Cardiff doctor, who with his family a few days before had anchored overnight in the roads off the Sugarloaf on route for a holiday at Brittany. Waking at sunrise, and deciding on an early start, the doctor, without rousing his wife and four children, weighed anchor and started the auxiliary engine, which after a minute or two stopped. While he struggled to restart it, the craft was caught in the strong ebb and moments later was swept onto the semi-submerged deck of the Carmine Filomena where a broken ventilator held it fast. The doctor hastened to get his family into a dinghy, and as always, Mr. Gade was first upon the scene, in another, followed by a launch with two of his men. The castaways were brought safely ashore, salvaging much of their equipment and spending a substitute and enjoyable holiday on Lundy instead.

But for us, seagoing was over for the duration. Campbells with a sadly depleted fleet of 'White Funnels' cut from eleven to four by war-service casualties, began sailings again in 1946. Even though these were augmented by two new vessels, Bristol Queen and Cardiff Queen, there were cruises in 1947 and 1948 only to 'off Lundy' since there were no launches available for landing nor enough islanders to man them. So, we had the painful pleasure of gazing at the Promised Land from half a mile offshore, with our itching feet longing to climb the steep and winding road to our particular paradise. It was not until July 13, 1949 that the longed for day came: the first trip down to land from Cardiff (and appropriately) aboard the new ship Cardiff Queen. I recall the enormous pleasure it gave me to feel Lundy's pebbles beneath my feet and exclaim 'at last'!

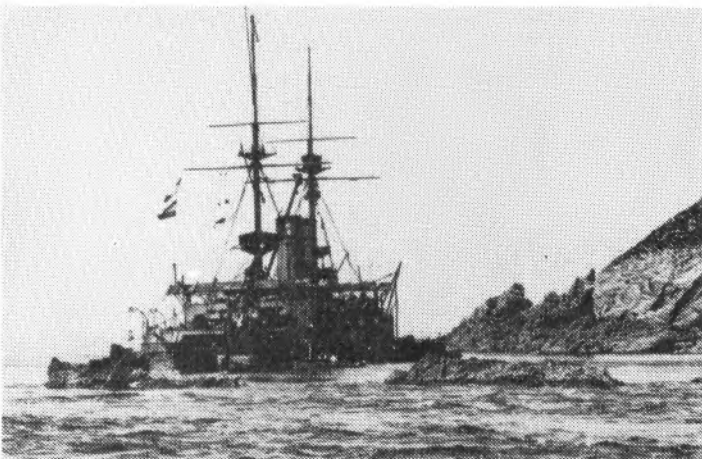
Mr. Gade has resumed as agent two months before, following his three year 'exile' ashore at Hartland Quay on doctor's orders because of acute sciatica brought on by the war years of heavy farm labouring with little assistance. So thin and spare from his former giant physique had he become that I had to look hard at the tall figure in his customary role on the beach taking our landing tickets to recognize that it was indeed him.

We made a beeline across the Island to our favourite spot on the West Side, the Old Battery - 300 feet down the wall-protected zigzag path and another 100 feet below the little platform with its two ancient muzzleloading guns that had been used as fog signals in the previous century. The sea was so calm and blue that day. We scanned the rocky shore for signs of the wrecked Dutch vessel Amstellroom which in fog in July 1948 had rammed the base of the cliff nearby. But such is the battering this west coast takes from wind and waves, with the full force of the Atlantic behind them, that 12 months had been more than enough to result in this ship's total disintegration.

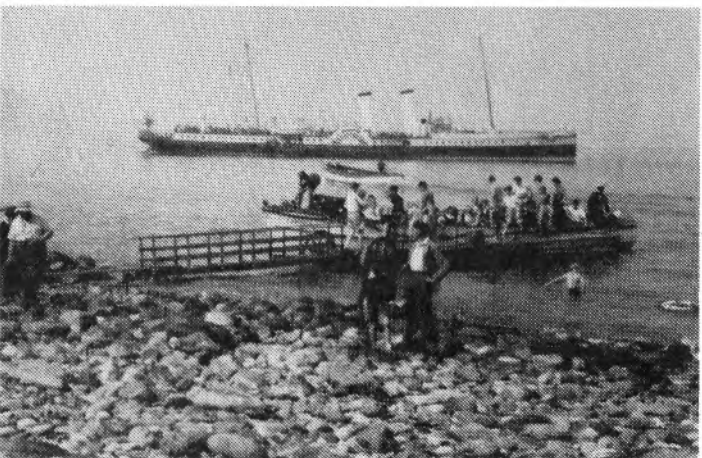
In the next 30 years, the most frequent casualties were moored launches in the landing cove. Campbells lost several, which mainly would occur overnight when a strong easterly would get up, raising the terrific ground swell that has been the Island's bane both for landings and re-embarkations and for anchored ships dragging and being cast upon the lee shore in the days of sail. The rise and fall is so great that the launches' cables often would saw through the hawse holes, part of 'snatch', and the crafts would end up as matchwood on Rat Island or the cove beach. The most regretted launch loss was the Cambria, a capacious craft holding 75 and formerly used in commando landings. It was ideal for expediting transit of us White Funnel day passengers from ship to shore where every minute of shore leave counted. Ironically, it was a westerly 'blow' that did for her, parting the mooring so that she drifted, unnoticed at first towards the north race. With the pursuing launch breaking down, the Cambria, once in the vortex of the race, was swamped and



Kaaksburg - a German coaster



Montagu



Paddle Steamer

sunk. Much to our disgust, on our next trip down, we found her gone.

This tale of maritime woe was added to in November 1980 when the small German coaster Kaaksburg was driven ashore under the east side quarries in a strong easterly gale. In darkness, the seven member crew (one a woman) was extremely lucky to have managed to scale the steepest part of the cliffs unassisted. True to family tradition, it was the late Mr. Gade's younger daughter Mrs. Mary Squire and her daughter Anne-Marie who were in the Island search party that found them. Gazing back at that wreck as we sailed away on a glorious evening

aboard the M.V. Prince Ivanhoe from what was to prove our last call on August 2, 1981, little did we think that our own trim and well found ship within 24 hours would itself be lying half submerged with a gashed hull on a Gower beach in South Wales, but fortunately, with its 450 passengers safely brought ashore!

The above article by Mrs. Gwyneth White, which was first printed in the Summer 1984 issue of the Lundy Collector's Philatelic Quarterly, appears at the kind suggestion of Roger S. Cichorz who produces the L.C.C.P.Q. and by the kind permission of the authoress.

Christmas on Lundy 1984

If I discount the journey from my home in Lancashire to Bideford I suppose I could say Christmas started on Bideford quay at approximately 0430 hours on the morning of Friday the 21st of December when the Polar Bear departed heading for Lundy. After a not too comfortable trip we arrived at Lundy at 0800 hours where on disembarking I walked up the beach road to Millcombe House - is this road really getting steeper or am I getting old?

On arrival I was greeted by Sue who soon produced a magnificent breakfast. Sue of course has been working in Millcombe during the season, but was now in her new role as **Manageress** during the Christmas holiday period. She was somewhat puzzled as to what had happened to her other guest who should also have been on the boat but failed to appear - it later proved that he had missed the boat and would probably arrive by helicopter the following day.

Later in the morning I took a walk up to the Tavern - nothing too strenuous you will notice being careful at the same time to keep out of John Puddy's way in case he found me some work to do and eventually at opening time sampling the special Lundy Christmas brew which proved too potent for a drinker of my calibre, then back down to Millcombe for lunch. After lunch I decided a little nod in Millcombe lounge where a good fire was burning would not come amiss. The little nod proved longer than expected, in fact it last for most of the afternoon.

Next dinner prepared by Sue who once again demonstrated her capability as a cook. I think I could get used to this life of eating, drinking and sleeping especially when others do all the work.

Saturday dawned misty and it seemed unlikely that the people travelling by helicopter would manage to get to the island and this in fact proved to be the case. I then decided that being the only Millcombe guest was quite a good arrangement. In the evening since things were somewhat quiet at the hotel the staff and guests went out to supper in a body - happens in all the best establishments I believe.

Sunday again dawned misty and once more no helicopter service. In the morning I went down to the diver's beach with John Puddy who assured me that one could walk across from the landing beach at the then current state of the tide, unfortunately my wellies did not come up to my ears and I did get quite wet. John was doing some work on the Islander since there seemed to be a possibility of taking her across to Clovelly to pick up the missing guests who must by now have been wondering if they would ever reach the island, unfortunately the weather conditions deteriorated and no trip was made.

Sunday evening and John, Wendy, Stirling, Louise and Claire came down to Millcombe for dinner which made a nice change from the usual one Sue, one Norman affair, apparently

after putting up with me for about three days an extra five guests caused Sue little extra problem and she once again responded in her usual efficient style. The lady guests also acted as waitresses on this occasion, nothing like making the guests do the work.

Christmas Eve and guess what, the other Millcombe guests arrived by helicopter, would Sue be able to cope with



Preparations out back ...

... and up front!!



this massive increase I asked myself. Sue soon proved that she could of course.

The evening was spent in the tavern where after a short session of carols and readings with musical accompaniment on what with my almost total lack of musical knowledge can best be described as a 'squeeze box'. This was followed by more songs of various types. A good time was had by all with mutterings from Sue about late breakfast the following morning, possibly as late as noon.

Christmas morning and I was up early as usual but there was no sign of Sue all this later breakfast stuff must have been true - obvious solution 'self

Let the celebrations begin



And now presents; a status indicating woolie hat (On Duty/Off Duty) very useful for keeping John Puddy at bay, conjuring tricks which I am still trying to master and the contents of a huge cracker which included a flying machine which later caused havoc by attempting to demolish the decorations in the tavern.

Christmas afternoon and a massive traditional Christmas dinner in the tavern prepared by the ladies of the island, again an excellent meal, loads of food and drink after which festivities continued - why do elephants have big ears, did we ever really find out.

Boxing Day dawned with I and I suspect others wondering if they would ever be able to eat again, however there was more to come. In the evening a huge buffet in the tavern - turkey, ham, venison, salad, trifle, Christmas cake, mince pies, and loads of other goodies again prepared by the ladies of the island.

Thursday the 26th when things should have been returning to some form of normality proved to be yet another day of eating, drinking and general laziness looked after by the able Sue.

Friday the 27th and the last day of my holiday. Barty Smith who had arrived by Dory on the previous evening joined me at Millcombe for breakfast. I never did establish how he managed to get up on time. The remainder of my time was spend on farewells, never a pleasant task. I would have liked to stay longer but had promised to visit friends in Clevedon before returning home and so it was on the Polar Bear at 1730 hours for the trip to Bideford and a night in a hotel before proceeding further.

Thanks are due to all on the island who worked so hard whilst I lazed so much and the crew of the Polar Bear who proved that the older established methods of transport still do have some advantages over the more modern types. They definitely made it a Christmas to remember - special thanks to Sue who tolerated me for a week - not an easy task.

The interesting thing about this holiday was of course that the cost per night was little more than the cost of bed and an average sort of breakfast in Bideford.

Norman Hunter

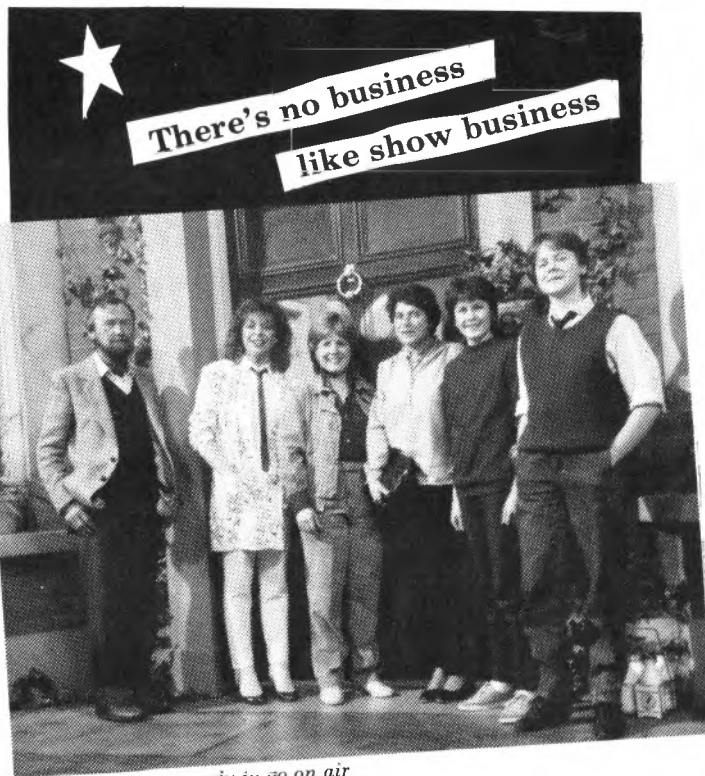
"Right, Liz, it's your turn now!" said Hazel. "Don't worry, you'll be O.K.!" I went to stand by the No. 73 door and Kim came and stood beside me. "And we're on the air" whispered Francesco. My stomach lurched.

I had been asked to appear on this programme by Janie Grace, the Director of No. 73. She had directed a mini-film about my life on Lundy and my feelings about living there. When this film had been 'cut together', the Producer, Nigel Pickard, had been so pleased with it that he wanted me to appear on No. 73 in the flesh ... so here I was!

Only the day before Mum, Dad, Kate and I had been met in TVS reception by Hazel Hemmings, my chaperone, who was really sweet. It was an extraordinary experience. In we walked and there was 'Strawberry Switchblade'. Up the corridor we went and there was 'Kissing the Pink' holding the door open for us! I even had my own dressing room next to 'Strawberry Switchblade' and the 'Sealed Knot', but much to my disappointment, they spelt my name wrong: 'Liz Ogilvy' indeed. Huh!

During the afternoon I rehearsed with Kim (Kim Goody), Ethel (Sandi Toksvig), Fred (Tony Aitken), Martin (Richard Addison) and the 'Sealed Knot' (Cavaliers and Roundheads). They were weird, I thought. It was as if they believed they really were Cavaliers and Roundheads. They came in costume and drank out of pewter mugs.

At about 6pm we watched and listened to the sound check



Meet the cast ready to go on air

for 'Kissing the Pink'. It was excellent and even my parents thought it was good. After that a minibus collected us and took us to the Larkfield Hotel where we spent the night. I ate a good meal and slept only about three hours, but all the same, here I was going through the door of No. 73.

"And we're off the air" said Francesco with feeling.

"Thank goodness!"

I went out of the cellar where I'd 'boogied with the band' and got trodden on by the Cavaliers, to be greeted by lots of 'well dones'. Even one from Frankie, the wardrobe man.

Everyone was ushered up to where the video play back was. Lee Reck was standing by me and when the Lundy film came on he said 'Beautiful photography'.

'Kissing the Pink' gave me a signed photo, as did 'Strawberry Switchblade' and an LP. I also acquired a ton of 73 badges, so, on the whole, I did quite well.

It was Janie's last week of directing No. 73 which she had done for the past month. I was glad to have been on her programme and to have had the wonderful experiences that went with it.

Liz Ogilvie

FIRST-TIMER

As I put it in the hotel comments column "Unforgettable company, food, weather." As I have told other people "I haven't eaten so much, drunk so much, walked so much, seen so much, learnt so much and laughed so much in years."

"It's a ridiculous island. You think there can't be much in the space except a bit of scenery, but there are so many places I haven't been to yet and so much I haven't done I am almost ashamed. I'd have maybe seen and done even less but for the wonderful friends I 'fell amongst'.

It's a noisy place! If it's not lambs, it's lapwings, larks and curlews, not to mention gulls and oystercatchers. The last two we have at home, and the others I have often heard, but the lovely Lundy sounds I will never forget are the singing seals and the shearwaters.

I took 110 photographs in a week (and I'm a Scotsman) of which most are satisfactory - people, places, and things of interest - like the wreck of the Kaaksberg, Soay rams fighting, the brewery, the launch of the coble and the Islander, the record of the Queen Mother's visit, the golden orfe in the quarry pond, the helicopter, etc. etc.

Thanks to all those wonderful friends I mentioned, and also to Joan and Sue for feeding me so well.

It's a hell of a long time till next May!

W.J. (Jock) Middleton

First Impressions of the Islander

We were waiting at Hartland Point in the fog when we heard the expected news - helicopter flights abandoned for the day - we were to be delayed in our arrival on Lundy. As we considered what to do for the day Keith Thompson came down and asked for 8 volunteers to drive to Clovelly as Lundy were sending a boat over. Most held back but our group of 5 and 3 others were prepared to face anything to get there. What intrigued us most was - what boat? All we could think of was the landing craft, Shearn.

Having dragged our luggage Down Along in Clovelly, and huddled on the quay in fog and wind for almost an hour, we at last saw a boat arriving. It did not look very big. Stirling came ashore in an inflatable dinghy, 'Avon' and we scrambled into it. Then we bumped out to the waiting dory - the 'Islander'. It had a small cabin where we could all shelter but, as we were equipped with full waterproofs, we stayed out in the open. There was a fair swell and choppy waves but the sea was not unduly rough. We all thoroughly enjoyed the trip, whooping with delight each time the boat bumped down into a trough and showered us with spray.

After 50 minutes we reached the Landing Bay and were ferried ashore in the Avon. There, despite the weather, we were greeted as usual by the friendly Lundy Islanders. The Islander then returned to Clovelly for the next 8 passengers. We had just tried our fourth method of transport to Lundy and were extremely grateful to have arrived on our intended day. Well done Lundy and the Islander.

Carol and Nick Nicholson

Editors Note: The Islander ferried 51 of our New Year visitors in 7 Dory trips ensuring that everyone arrived in good time to help us celebrate in style!

The Islander at Clovelly



Out & About



Belinda and foal



Sue and Jack

NOT MORE CHRISTMAS PHOTOS!



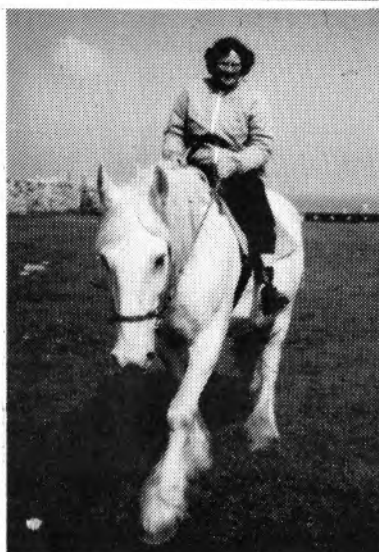
John and Annie



"I know they eat most things but will they eat me?"



The 'star' pilots and their mean machine



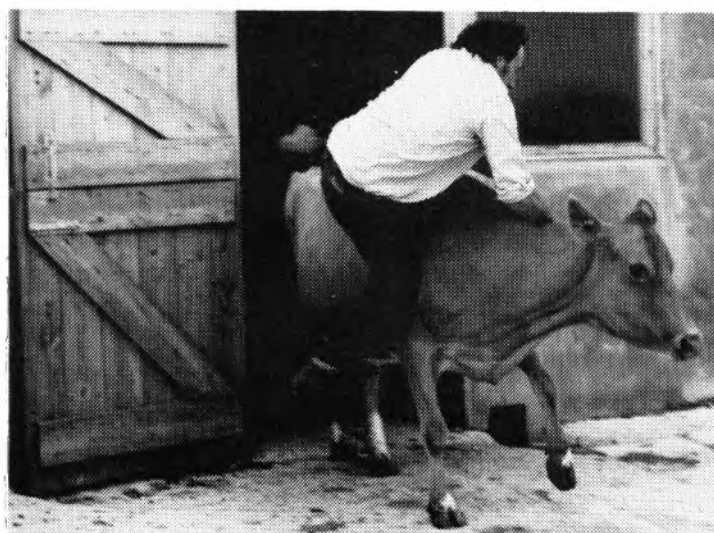
Joan at the helm on Lundy



Donald P.J. at the helm in Sri Lanka



He may win the sheep over with his charm ...



... but Daisy gives him the brush off

LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE ON LUNDY ISLAND

This year the Lower VI geographers returned to Lundy Island to carry out a programme of 'A' Level fieldwork and familiarise themselves with a unique island environment. Lundy has the advantage of being a small, well-defined geographical region and it is possible to study most aspects of its physical and human geography and appreciate the inter-relationships that exist between them.

The party was due to sail from Bideford on the Polar Bear on Thursday 11th April but force 8 gales made that impossible. The weather forecast for the next few days was far from promising but on the Friday morning, between two low pressure systems, the 'Islander' managed to get across to Clovelly, take us all aboard with other general provisions and return to Lundy. As we approached the Landing Beach we saw at least a dozen trawlers sheltering to the east of the island and we realised that the rough weather was probably far from over. Once ashore, we made our way to the granite buildings, 'East' and 'West' beneath the Old Light, which were to provide us with a base for five days. By mid-afternoon the equipment had been unpacked and the first pot of tea consumed. The rest of what of what proved to be has been unpacked and the first pot of tea consumed. The rest of what proved to be a very wet and windy day was spent obtaining provisions from the shop and making general preparations for the programme of work which was to follow.

Saturday turned out to be bright but extremely windy with gusts of well over 40mph at ground level. These conditions prompted the decision to study the more sheltered east coast of the island. The first stop was at the granite quarries worked by the Lundy Granite Company until 1868. This provided a good location at which to open a discussion on the economic geography of the island. A brief visit was then made to the Quarry Beach to see an excellent example of spheroidal weathering in a dolerite dyke. At the Halfway Wall the impressive Logan Stone was photographed and sketched and the weathering of granite discussed in some detail.

North Light



Lunch on the first day was taken at Brazen Ward before embarking on a study of evidence for sea level change provided by Mab's Grotto and an analysis of periglacial head deposits just south of the Mousehole and Trap. Further evidence of glacial and periglacial activity was located at Gannet's Bay where small streams follow unusually large valleys, probably former meltwater channels, to the sea. On reaching the North Lighthouse we turned round and walked south along the central track searching for evidence of early settlements in the form of hut circles and the Widow's Tenement. After supper that evening the process of writing up the field notes began. Sketches were improved and annotated, rose diagrams of the head deposits constructed and the geomorphological processes that had been responsible for the landforms observed that day were discussed and written up in greater detail.

By Sunday morning the wind had dropped to a more respectable 15-20mph and the clouds of Saturday had disappeared. The morning was devoted to a detailed microclimatic survey of the island along a transect in the vicinity of the Halfway Wall. Temperatures and wind velocity were recorded at 0, 1 and 2 metres and temperature and soil moisture recorded at various depths. A note was made of vegetation changes, and the data which took most of the morning to collect, produced an interesting insight into the contrasting conditions prevalent on the eastern and western sides of the Island.

After lunch our attention turned to the southern half of the island, in particular the Devil's Limkiln, an enormous 90 metre blow hole, and the Lametry Peninsula and Rat

South end and Hell's gates



Island, where Lundy Granite is replaced by Lundy Slate. The influence of rock type and geological structure can clearly be seen on the landforms in this region. In particular, faulting, folding and the intrusion of dolerite and trachytic dykes have left their mark at various locations and these were carefully measured, sketched and photographed. The next task that afternoon was to map the buildings in the village as part of a complete land-use study of the island. That evening the writing up continued and the historical development of agriculture, transport to and from the island and tourism were outlined and discussed.



The Devil's Slide

Monday was foggy, in fact very foggy. Visibility was only about 20 metres unless one could get down to sea level. As this was to be our last full day we had little choice of route. We explored the west coast looking carefully at the effect of the angle of dip of rock strata on the shape of cliff profiles, especially at Battery Point, Dead Cow Point, Jenny's Cove, and in the region of the Devil's Slide. As we moved, farther north, we searched for the roche moutonees pinpointed by Mitchell in 1968 and for small glacial erratics which Mitchell matched up with the sandstones of South Wales and Ireland. On both counts we were relatively successful and

by the end of the morning had developed a good picture of what it might have been like 150,000 years ago when Wolstonian Ice pushed up against Lundy's west coast and probably produced the meltwater that eroded the channels we had seen draining into Gannet's Bay.

Having reached the North Light for the second time we lunched and then turned south for 'home' but on this occasion we stopped to study the Heathland vegetation. After identifying the principal species we looked for evidence of fire and the effect this has on species composition. We then dug soil pits (and filled them in!) to familiarise ourselves with the soil profiles of heath podzols on granite parent material. This provided a good opportunity to appreciate the problems of sampling, recording and analysing vegetation and soils and gave everyone a good idea of the vegetation that can be successful in the climatic conditions we had studied the previous day.

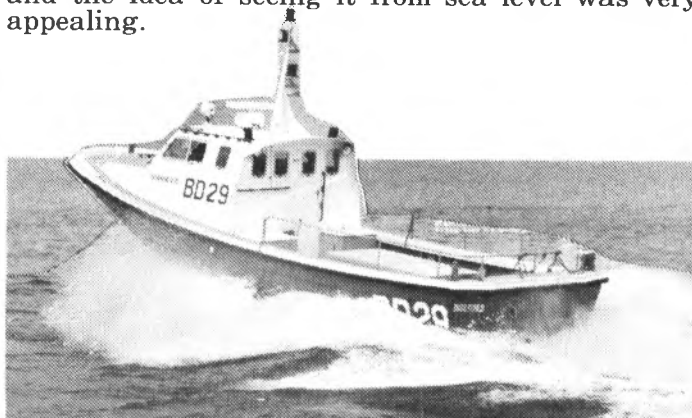
That evening individual projects were drawn up for the following morning. These were varied in their subject matter but all were straightforward and required the collection of first hand data and detailed analysis on our return to school. Examples were a study of the soil characteristics beneath Lundy Cabbage plants, a comparison of soil profiles on Lundy Granite and Lundy Slate, a study of the microclimate on either side of a granite wall, an analysis of pebble size and shape on the beach in Hell's Gates, a qualitative study of Granite weathering on dated granite exposures, tombstones and buildings and an analysis of the location of many shipwrecks that have occurred round Lundy's coast.

Tuesday morning was misty and calm and dry, ideal for carrying out the projects, but also and perhaps more important, for the crossing of Bideford Bar in the Polar Bear on our return journey to Bideford.

C. Charlton
Grenville College

Round Lundy by Islander

It was New Years Eve and we were watching John O. brewing his beer, when a notice went up advertising a trip round Lundy in the Islander. We immediately put our names down for it. Nick & Alan went off to collect Mum and Dad while I waited at the brewery. We had come to Lundy by Islander 3 days earlier and had been greatly impressed. Members of our group had been coming to Lundy for from 4-7 years and the idea of seeing it from sea level was very appealing.



At 11.30 we were ferried out to the Islander. John P. was our helmsman, ably assisted by John A. We set off along the East coast. From this view it was difficult to imagine that we had ever managed to scramble down to the many beaches we passed. The remains of the Kaaksberg looked sad and isolated, we saw our home while staying on Lundy, Tibbetts. In the region of Gannet Rock and northwards we saw several seals lying on the rocks. A number looked amazed to see us and slid into the sea where they obviously felt safer. As we progressed towards North Light we saw increasing numbers of Kittiwakes, razorbills and Guillemots as well as the fulmars, Herring Gulls and Lesser Black Backed Gulls. After Kittiwake Gulley we had to head further out to sea to round the Hen & Chickens. Here the sea was choppy and as on our trip to Lundy, we delighted in splashing over the wave tops.

With the wind direction as it was we were not as close to the west coast as we had been to the East. However, we still had great views of Devil's Slide, Pyramid, the Battery and Montague Steps. To our delight a gannet flew up behind us and circled round to give us a second view. It was smashing.

Unfortunately our trip was over all too soon and we returned to Landing Bay. Knowing us to be energetic types our boatmen offered to stop alongside the quay on Divers Beach and let us off to climb up to South Light. This we accepted although the other party opted for the conventional return to the landing beach by the inflatable.

We had all thoroughly enjoyed the trip and the new aspect of Lundy that it offered. We'll certainly repeat it next time we visit hopefully in spring '86. It's a trip we would recommend to all visitors, first timers and regulars alike.

Carol & Nick Nicholson

LUNDY BIRDS

John High

The strong easterly winds experienced during May brought three uncommon migrants to Lundy.

1. **HOOPOE:** This was the least rare of the three and has occurred on Lundy in roughly three out of four years since the war. A bird roughly thrush size, principally brownish with black and white barring on the wings and a large crest. The Hoopoe migrates from Africa to most of Europe to breed and has occasionally bred in Britain. This visitor was on Lundy from 13th to 15th May.

2. **BEE-EATER:** This bird has only once before been recorded on Lundy - in 1940. It is a bird the size of a blackbird and is basically a blue/green colour with a chestnut head and back, bright yellow throat and rump and black band on the chest. Again it migrates from Africa and breeds in the Iberian peninsula, Southern Europe and the Middle-East. The Bee-Eater was sighted on Lundy on 12th May.

3. **BLUE THROAT:** The smallest of our visitors, the size and shape of a robin. It has been seen on Lundy four times before - all in autumn, 1949 (twice), 1956 and 1964. This bird is normally trying to reach Scandinavia, North Russia or Eastern Europe again from North Africa. The male is a dull grey brown on top, pale fawn underneath and with a bright blue chest having a chestnut central spot, a black band below and a further patch of chestnut below that. There is more bright chestnut at the base of the tail feathers. The Blue Throat was on Lundy on the 20th May.

A Visit to Lundy

August 19th - 20th 1935

Having just left school I visited Lundy with two friends by P.S. Devonian from Ilfracombe via Clovelly - 6/- return.

Landed about 2pm from small rowing boat, found the hotel/guest house, a converted farmhouse, all booked up. But we were offered the Old Light House floor where there were two straw mattresses in one of the rooms up the 2nd staircase. The room had a fireplace and 4 doors opening off it.

We left our kit in the hotel and went off along the East Coast to Three Quarter Wall, where we bathed near a Kittiwake colony in a deep cleft. A seal watched us from close by and so did a porpoise.

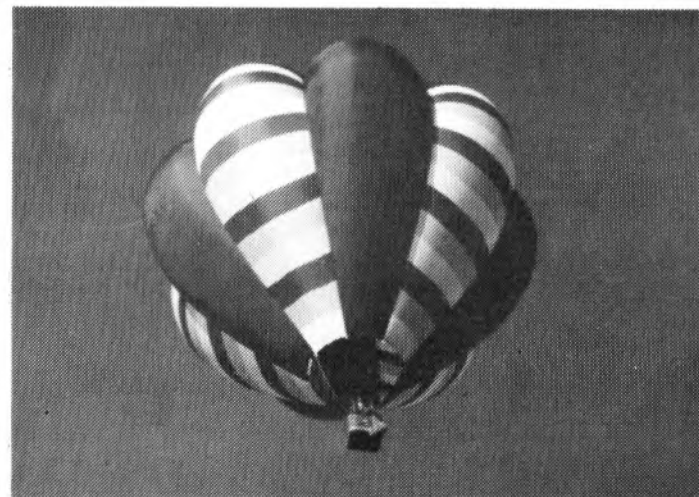
We returned for a meal we had arranged at the hotel and afterwards sat about in the Bar and Writing Room. Everyone seemed to live in the Bar and on the four Gambling machines which were there. ("Fancy! I had forgotten they existed in those days.") Those who came regularly to the hotel for their annual holiday also 'lived on' the Campbell day-trippers! They manned the teas and the Bar and took the landing tickets. There was one Regular who pretended to the Day-Trippers that he had never been to the island nor seen a train or car. With a rich imitated Devonian accent he attracted a flock of open

mouthed trippers around him each afternoon and gained a large number of free drinks. Actually he lived in London.

Next morning we set off along the west coast to the North Lt. Ho. where we sat close by watching the birds. We had not been there long when two men arrived and shook hands with the Keeper. We recognised one of them from his coins as M.C. Harman, the owner of the island. He was wearing khaki shorts, black socks, white shirt and a spotted bow tie. When he saw us he invited us to go round the Lt. Ho. with his friend. Then he took us on to the cliff, and talked about birds. He did not know very much about them but seemed to have a genuine interest. He seemed a nervous jumpy little man. (I was interested to be reminded of him in the middle of the War when I was overseas and saw that his son was awarded a posthumous V.C. in Burma).

Later we went back by the central track past a peatfire which had been smouldering for several days if not weeks. After lunch we went up the church tower and then down the cliffs by the Devil's Punchbowl & Shutter Rock where we could not quite get down. But we got down to the beach by Rat Island and bathed very unpleasantly among the rocks and seaweed there.

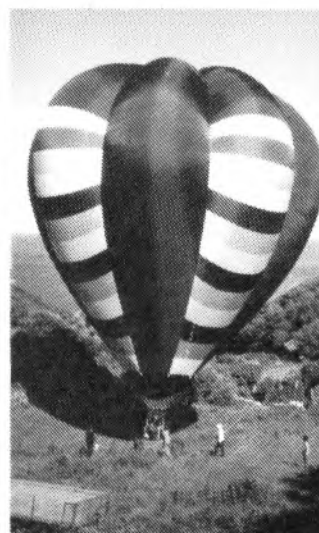
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Up, Up and Away

Those who were on holiday during the week 15th - 22nd June will all know of another 'Lundy First' which was the flight of a hot air balloon from the lawn at Millcombe House. The lovely red balloon took off at about 5.30pm on Wednesday 19th June and flew off into a clear blue sky. It was tracked all the way across by John Alford and John Puddy in the 'Islander' which was undertaking the task of safety boat for the balloon. All went smoothly and the balloon landed nearly 3 hours later at Castle Hill, Filleigh about 15 miles beyond Barnstaple. The first balloon post which was carried is available from Barry Chinchin through the Philatelic Service.

Wendy Puddy



A Visit to Lundy August 19th - 20th 1935

*Lepidoptera identified on
Lundy Aug. 19th-20th. 1935*

Small White, Large White,
Small Tortoiseshell, Red
Admiral, Painted Lady,
Meadow Brown, Grayling,
Small Heath, Common Blue.

Silver Y, Lesser Yellow
Underwing, Antler Moth,
Flounced Rustic, Dark Arches,
Yellow Shell, Mullein Wave,
Garden Carpet

Burnet Cocoons, Fox Larva, 2
Knot-grass larvae

Micros: N. Ruralis & N.
Noctuella

Raven, Peregrine, 2 Oyster-
Catchers & Buzzards were
noted as well as 2 Gannets over
sea.

*The Editor would be pleased to
hear from any current
Lepidopterists who could
update the above list.*

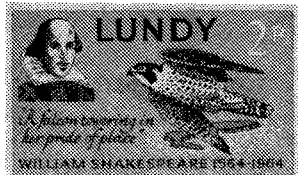
Lundy Shakespeare Issue 1964

From 1953 until 1961
it appears that an
International Stamp
Dealer Mr. A. Medawear
and his Company had a
major influence over the
stamps which were
produced for Lundy but
in 1964 the 400th
Anniversary of the birth
of William Shakespeare
the staff of J. Sanders
Ltd. (Philatelists) of
Southampton took over
the role of advisers to
the Lundy Authority.

As a result a design for a
Shakespeare commemorative
set was commissioned from
one of the most outstanding
ornithological artists of the
period, C.F. Tunnicliffe R.A.
and for the first time Lundy
used the printing services of
De La Rue one of the major
British security printing firms.

The stamp quantities of
30,000 of each value were
modest when compared with
the hundreds of thousands of
some former issues, but still
far in excess of requirements.
2000 extra (I was told 10,000 at
the time) of the low value were
provided, as this was the most
frequently used value for
puffinage (Lundy vocabulary
for postage). In reality hardly
any of the higher valued
stamps would have been
postally used except by
philatelists. It is therefore odd
that when the unsold
remainders of the stamps were
destroyed in October 1977 that
there were 7,148 of the 2p,
7,597 of the 10p and only 2,061
of the 18p. In addition there
were between 200 and 1000
imperforate sets. (Neither
figure which has quoted is
exactly divisible by the
sheetlet size of 12.)

The attractive, two-colour
design includes a bust of
William Shakespeare, a
peregrine falcon in flight and a
quotation taken out of context
from 'Macbeth'. Act 11 Scene
4. It is not recorded who
originated the idea for the
design or the wording, but to
obtain the services of such an
eminent artist as Charles F.
Tunnicliffe to execute the
design was good fortune
indeed.



Charles Frederick Tunnicliffe (1901-1979) lived at Shorelands, Maltreath Bay, Bodorgan, Gwynedd (Anglesey). Two of his publications were 'My Country Book' - 1942 and 'Bird Portraiture' - 1945. He became a Royal Academician in 1954 having been an Associate since 1944. He was presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in 1975 and was given the O.B.E. in 1978. The stamps were lithographed by Thomas De La Rue & Co. The 2p stamp was black and pale green; the 10p black and pink; and the 18p value black and pale blue. They were issued in sheetlets of twelve with no comprehensible marginal markings on 27th July 1964.

When I received my first sheets I was able to discover a number of constant flyspeck varieties common to all values and some which were apparently constant for some values only. It was some time before I discovered that this was because the stamps had been printed in sheets of 48 stamps in four blocks of 12 one above the other. The marginal markings were colour registration lines all round the edge of this sheet, with some crosses in the side margins. The two virtually identical, middle panes were a source of confusion until I found pinholes in the margins which were in different positions for each of these centre sheetlets.

As it took several years to build up a full set of the sheetlets I forgot to return to the idea of examining them methodically for the flyspeck varieties. I suspect that some blemishes are constant for all sheetlets and others constant to a particular sheetlet. I am fairly certain that more remain to be described. My sheets now reside in the British Library and should be available for examination if anyone wishes to take up the challenge of doing more research.

Even using a strong lens I have been unable to detect the artist's monogram which I would like to have thought was hidden on the stamps. This mark is clearly visible on envelopes first used in 1964 which were also designed by Charles Tunnicliffe, and which are still frequently used by the Lundy Office today.

LITTLE LUNDY MYSTERIES WHY PILOTS QUAY?

In the days of sail and the importance of the ports of South Wales and of Bristol, it is known that Pilotage was required eastwards of Lundy and that the island was used as a base and lookout for ships approaching from the West, and also as the setting down place for pilots who had brought ships out of the ports.

It has been generally felt that Pilots Quay takes its name from the Pilots who might have been obliged to anchor off the West side in times of Easterly gales. This may well have been the case but more than one early nineteenth century map marks the spot as Pile's Quay, which until recently I thought was a mistake for Pilots Quay.

However a recently discovered diary of Sir Vere Hunt (owner of Lundy 1803-1818) has the entry for Sunday January 20th 1811 - "Heavy sea. The Britannia and Pile's skiff came in from Ilfracombe, and Creedy & Buck's skiff from Pill."

Can anyone tell us more?

A.F. Langham

WHY LAMETRY?

Lametry or The Lametor is an old Lundy name - widely accepted, with various spellings, but never questioned.

One thing is certain and that is that it has nothing to do with Lambs; and the suffix Tor which might indicate a hill does not seem to fit the site.

I know of no other site with a similar name but Peter Pritchard has pointed out to me that there might be a connection with St. Patrick.

It is now thought likely that Patrick was associated with Lundy in some way. Patrick's grandfather was Potitus and his sisters father in law was Restitutus - both of which names might be commemorated on the Lundy Cemetery stones. Patrick was ordained by the Bishop of Auxerre whose name happened to be Amator. It is not impossible that Lametry (or Lametry as it was spelt until 1820) might have some connection with the Bishop.

Can anyone tell us more?

A.F. Langham

CROSSWORD COMPETITION SOLUTION

ANSWERS: ACROSS - 1. Virgin's Spring; 8. Eagle; 9. Jonquil; 10. Sika; 11. Mappers; 14. Use; 15. Disco; 16. Pig; 17. Embarks; 19. Ogre; 21. Marisco; 23. Iliad; 24. Brambles Villa.

DOWN - 1. View; 2. Ragtime; 3. Iclander; 4. St. James's Stone; 5. Pin; 6. Inure; 7. Gull's Egg; 12. Prokoviev; 13. Queen Mab; 16. Partial; 18. Barra; 20. Edda; 22. Sob.

Congratulations go to John Morgan of 68a Earlowood Road, Dorridge, Solihull, West Midlands whose card was the first correct solution to be pulled out of the bag. He wins a paperweight featuring a picture of the Polar Bear.

Extracts from British Library Leaflet

The British Library, Philatelic
Collections, Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3DG. Telephone
01-636-1544 ext. 323

Great Britain collections

The Chinchon Collection of
Lundy Island includes stamps
(many in sheets), proofs, covers
and is very comprehensive.
Formed by Barry Chinchon and
given in 1977.

Apart from any portions of the
collections on display in the
King's Library, one of the British
Library exhibition galleries, all
material is available to students
by appointment. It will be helpful
to the curatorial staff and the
student if an outline of the
research being undertaken is
given so that the full range of
material can be made available.
A separate students' room is
maintained at the Great Russell
Street building, but certain
collections are only available at
the Store Street office. While it is
advisable to give as much notice
as possible when making an
appointment, arrangements can
sometimes be made at short
notice by telephone.

The students room is available
from 10.00 to 16.00. Appoint-
ments can be made for Monday to
Friday (except public holidays).
All the philatelic books are
available in the various reading
rooms of the Department of
Printed Books, for which a
readers pass is required for
access.



Envelope illustration
designed by Charles
Tunnicliffe

You are invited to
contribute articles or
letters to future issues
of the Lundy Island
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