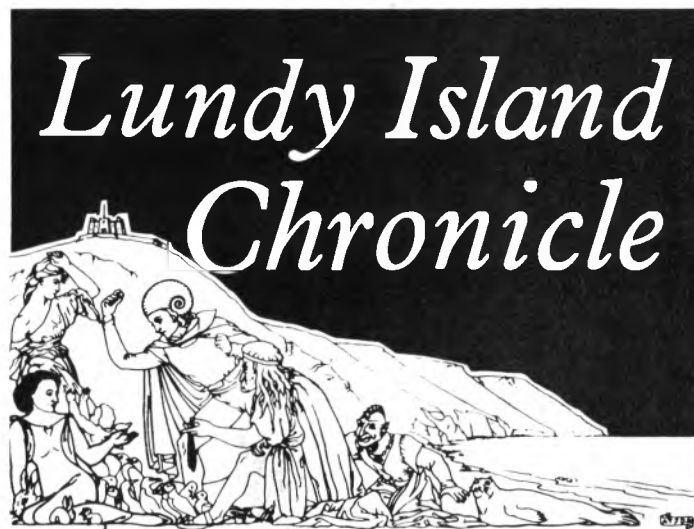


LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The Landmark Trust have produced an excellent new handbook full of photographs and information about more than a hundred of their properties and a new Lundy Guide containing more than twenty lovely colour photographs of the island so I thought the least I could do was turn out a new Chronicle – so here it is, after two and a half going on three years. So much has happened since "Spring/Summer '85" that I scarcely know where to begin and was very tempted to leave out this introduction altogether. However that would have meant that I failed to acknowledge the valuable contribution made by the people who have worked on Lundy over this period. Amongst those who have worked so hard but who have now moved away we must thank Joan (Foster) for her skillful management of the Hotel over the years; Paul (Rickwood) for his work running the Tavern; Lizzie (Bromfield) and Karen (Cain) for their work in the Shop; Graham (Cain) for his engineering work; Nigel (Walker) both for his part in the MSC scheme which followed from the archaeological dig at Castle Parade and his management of the Hotel; Sarah (Orchard) and Ray & Linzi (Tagaki-Grigho) for their work in the Tavern Kitchen; and Anita (Baron) for her regular seasonal work. This list long though it may seem does not even attempt to include all the names of the visitors, volunteers and members of the BTCV, Acorn, MSC and Lundy Field Society working groups who have all contributed in so many ways to make the island more interesting, pleasant and accessible to visit. New to the current work force are Neil (Willcox) our Warden; Pippa (Gooderson) now running the shop; the Shiles family – Nick, Joan, Sam and Ben (Nick as engineer); Dave & Danny (McBride) running the catering on the island; John (Steer), Richard (Goldsmith-Ryan) and Dave (Millar). I'd like to take this opportunity to offer our congratulations to the Smith family on two counts: the marriage of their son Bart to Catherine (Hammy) Rowan Hamilton in December and the knighting of Sir John in this year's New Year Honours list.

One of the most dramatic changes since the last *Chronicle* emerged has been in the means of transport to the island. The helicopter service had to be stopped due to a combination of new CAA regulations regarding the flight of single engine helicopters over water and escalating costs which precluded the option of switching to twin engine helicopters. The Polar Bear with its wonderful hold which brought every item of building material and equipment required to make the restoration of the buildings on Lundy possible, could not be altered to enable her to carry the number of passengers who now visit the island and so a new ship combining passenger and cargo carrying facilities had to be found. The Oldenburg has been in service for the best part of two seasons now. She was German but has been converted to the British Flag at great cost and we hope she will continue to keep Lundy



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accessible to people for many years to come. The story of her discovery, purchase and conversion are in this issue. In November 1986 Lundy was declared the first Statutory Marine Reserve in Britain. The marine habitats and marine life present around Lundy have long been recognised for their outstandingly rich variety and it is hoped that the island's new status will help protect this vulnerable asset from wilful and accidental damage. Lundy has continued to live up to its high reputation for bird life (see Neil's article about the Veery's visit last autumn).

We have continued in our efforts to improve both the facilities (for example all the cottages except Tibbetts now have a bath or shower installed), and information offered to our visitors (for example the Linhay is now full of illustrated panels showing aspects of the island's natural history, archaeology, social history and present day working).

But enough of this. Let's get on with your articles and 'news'.

Thoughts on St Helena

It is always a joy to return to Lundy for Easter and Harvest Festival services (and sometimes Christmas time when I'm in the U.K.) – my thanks to Brother Andrew for inviting me to help whilst he is fully involved with his Ilfracombe parishes.

Having enjoyed the privilege of leading worship at St Helena's, Lundy for some thirteen years now, may I suggest possible future plans for the island's Church. Many generous visitors, as well as islanders, contribute to Church expenses and maintenance, but it is difficult to know where to start – or what priorities should be for the next years before Centenary Celebrations in 1996.

First, why not concentrate on making the Sanctuary and organ adequate for normal island services, with possibly a lowered roof? Then it would be wonderful to restore the Tower to its former glory, re-hanging

the eight bells, after adequate repair of the granite walls, and getting the clock back to regular running order, with repaired face and hands.

Next we could refit the Vestry to modern standards for visiting Ministers and their families to enjoy a retreat holiday in return for leading daily worship at St Helena. Lastly the nave, with lowered roof could provide extra shelter on the island for library or museum – and an extension for worship on special occasions.

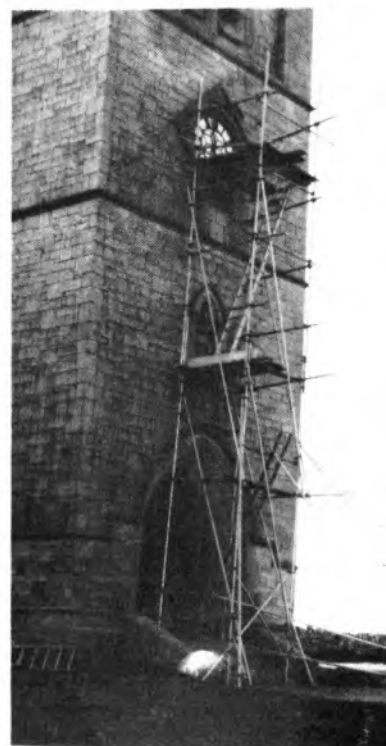
Please let me know your views and reactions.

Chaplain Missions to Seamen
Rev DONALD PEYTON JONES
Autumn 1986

Editors note: Since Donalds last visit we have had the clock face mended and made weatherproof (and given St Helena a scrub from the safety of the scaffold)

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LUNDY TRANSPORT



M.S. Oldenburg en route for Lundy

During July of 1985, the company who provided Lundy with a regular Saturday helicopter service dropped the bombshell that was to change the future of Lundy's transport system.

We were told that due to the outcome of investigations into the Isles of Scilly helicopter accident where the machine had literally flown into the sea, the C.A.A. were imposing new restrictions on helicopter flights over water. Although this had been to some extent foreseen, the real shock was that the restrictions were to come into force almost immediately.

Fortunately due to pressure of numbers we had already booked the twin engined helicopter for August and Castle Air were able to allocate this machine for the service for the first two weekends of September.

The immediate problems were considerable but the long term implications for tourism on Lundy were disastrous unless a solution could be found.

It was obvious that our only link with the mainland in the future would be by ship, so a suitable vessel had to be found. I should add here that the good ship Polar Bear, which since 1972 has performed stalwart service carrying cargo and building materials could only carry 12 passengers so unfortunately was unable to meet our future requirements.

My first problem was finding a means of locating ships for sale, this was quickly overcome by looking through the London Yellow Pages directory under the heading of 'Ship Brokers', there were hundreds – so what next? Write to them all of course, and we did. A pleasant weekend was spent addressing envelopes and sticking stamps (with a little help from our friends), then on Monday they were all dispatched on the Polar Bear.

Finance was also required for our ambitious project. The English Tourist Board and the E.E.C. were contacted, they both reacted with enthusiasm even though in the past funds had not been allocated to the purchase of a second hand ship.

In the mean time we were getting some response to our many letters, my first reaction was that ship bro-

king must be a risky business, as a considerable number of our letters were being returned by the Post office. However, a few brokers who specialised in smaller ships sounded promising and details of ships soon started to arrive. Ships unlike motor cars come in all shapes and sizes with no two being even slightly similar, so each set of details had to be thoroughly scrutinised. Our requirements were rather specialised, the vessel had to be able to carry passengers all year round, not just cargo and she also required cargo handling gear.

Difficult as it may sound, within a month we had a short list of some seven ships which we felt were worth viewing. All of them were lying in Norway, Denmark, and Germany. We selected these countries as their passenger ship regulations were most similar to those of England, a vital factor in the choice.

Towards the end of August, Barty Smith, a Lundy Director and I set off to the continent to find our ideal ship. First we went to Norway where we saw the 'Strilton', a smart little vessel with excellent cargo capacity and a superb derrick, but unfortunately with very miserable passenger accommodation. Our next choice the 'Hinna' was an elderly lady with excellent accommodation and a tiny hold. Her outward appearance was as if she had been involved in marine banger racing, with barely an inch of her hull undented, so on we went.

'Imi' was a funny little ship lying in a Norwegian backwater and was really a non starter adhering in no way to her glowing description, having recently returned from oil rig tender service.

Our next ship was in use as a floating restaurant and had been altered far too much to be a viable proposition, even though she was a nice looking vessel. Her only salvation was that we had an excellent meal on board.

By now we were beginning to feel that maybe we were wasting our time and that our ideal ship did not exist, but we carried on.

'Vicky' our next ship was right at the bottom of Norway. We arrived to find we were on the wrong side of the river to the ship. Even from that distance she looked terrible, lying in what can only be described as a ship graveyard. We lay down on the river bank in the warm summer sun and laughed, again the description didn't quite fit. After a while I hailed a passing speedboat and asked for a lift across to the 'Vicky' which I felt we had to board after coming so far. Poor old thing, she was such a pretty little craft, trying to look proud in her menial houseboat role and with little future as a seagoing vessel. We spent ten minutes aboard then left.

After an enjoyable day in Denmark we moved on to Germany and the MS Oldenburg. We were met at Bremen station by one of the agents involved in the sale, and driven to Wilhelmshaven where we were entertained to an excellent lunch at a sea front restaurant, but what about the ship? At this point the Oldenburg slipped gracefully into view, she looked a picture adorned in numerous flags and her decks crowded with passengers. Lunch was finished and we were soon on-board. She was a smart little ship, originally built for the German railway company as a ferry to operate between the German mainland, the Friesian Islands and Helegoland. The Oldenburg was running as a butter cruiser, that is she sailed on short cruises selling duty free butter. For this duty the aft saloon had been gutted and converted into a supermarket, otherwise her condition was original.

An interesting afternoon was spent on board making four short cruises each of which resulted in butter laden Germans leaving the ship. The night was spent in Wilhelmshaven then the next day we moved on to Travemünde to see our last ship the Dyroy, which from her description was our most promising ship. She was lying at a yard near Travemünde. A very impressive looking ship, with high bow and business like appearance. Alas, all was not good for she

had been owned by an enthusiast who had started to convert her into a dream yacht, but how many dreams come true? Her elegant timber clad interior had been gutted leaving only remnants of her former glory. Even her bridge had been fitted with a bouncy helmsmans seat. In the engine department however, she was a dream; the two enormous Blackstone engines, coupled to the single shaft, looked ready to go. Yes, she had potential.

Out of our list we had only seen two ships which could suit our requirements, so how were we to make the final decision? We sat pondering in a pleasant riverside bar when the answer came to us. We tossed the coin and the Oldenburg won the toss.

We returned to Wilhelmshaven and the Oldenburg for a final look, she seemed to have everything, good accommodation, a hold, a crane and most of all she seemed a happy ship.

The negotiations and formalities seemed to go on for ever, but eventually in November she was ours. The ship was drydocked in Wilhelmshaven to carry out essential maintenance and survey work. The white hull was painted blue and we were ready to sail.

Back in England I mustered a crew of the voyage, which was to be the longest she had ever undertaken, and returned to Wilhelmshaven. We spent a few days getting to know the ship, taking fuel and provisions, and sorting out what appeared to be an endless list of formalities, then we were ready to sail.

We made a short trial run with the ships old Master and then after dropping him off at the quay where we first saw the ship, set off for England. As soon as we cleared the estuary we hit bad weather, any misgivings about the Oldenburg's sea keeping qualities were soon dispensed with and we found her to be a good ship, able to maintain speed in adverse conditions. It was however not long before an unforeseen difficulty arose. For the last four years the ship had sailed mostly in sheltered waters and the tossing around was dislodging silt which had built up in the main fuel bunker tanks. This silt very quickly started to clog the main engine fuel filters, starving them of fuel and gradually reducing the speed, the filters were changed, but because of the long journey ahead of us we decided to put in and purchase a good stock of spares.

Fortunately the River Ems Leading to the port of Emden was close by and after anchoring overnight we proceeded during the next morning to Emden where our ever reliable agent was waiting for the ship with several boxes of filters, we thanked him for his excellent service and proceeded downstream towards the sea.

The ship performed beautifully and sped down the English Channel in fine style with a stiff breeze attempting to slow us down, but without success. The anchor was however dropped off Dunkirk when a gale was forecast for the sea area which we were entering. The day went by with no sign of bad weather and the decision was made to heave up and proceed across to the English coast and The Isle of Wight, and straight into the gale which was late arriving, again The Oldenburg showed that she was not afraid of bad weather and butted into a heavy head sea with enthusiasm.

The heavy weather stirred up even more sludge in the fuel tanks requiring even more regular fuel filter changes, which of course meant that our seemingly adequate stock of filters was being used up. The bad weather continued and it was decided that we could just make Poole Harbour, in fact we docked with only four filters to spare, a close shave. We immediately set about cleaning out fuel tanks which was a filthy task. It meant crawling through a minute manhole and scraping and shovelling the sludge and handing it through the manhole in buckets. The task completed we took on bunkers and prepared to sail to Bideford.

This was not to be, for as we were preparing to leave, four serious looking customs officers stepped aboard and announced that they were going to search the ship. And search they did, for 7 hours they went through the vessel with crow bars and screw drivers. Of course they found nothing but left us in a depressed state with a lot of clearing up to be done.

Worse was yet to come for again as we were preparing to leave for the second time a department of Transport official stepped aboard and announced that we were not to sail without certain items of safety equipment, we were furious because we had already been given clearance to sail by a DOT official who we had taken to Germany at great expense to make sure all was well, there was nothing we could do except to order the required items and wait for their arrival, in all we spent almost a week at Poole.

The journey from Poole to Lundy was spectacular and went without a hitch, I must say, I was pleased to be relieved of my filter changing job, even though I had become something of an expert in the task.

On Thursday morning December the 5th The Oldenburg dropped her anchor at Lundy for the first time, it was a great occasion, everyone on the Island was aboard within minutes and after giving the ship the once over we toasted approval of our new ship and the party started.

Friday morning The Oldenburg steamed to Bideford a dry ship, it was a terrible day with plenty of wind and rain. The town Band greeted her on the quay and lots of local dignitaries came aboard to welcome her home. Several ship yards were approached to carry out the considerable works to comply with DOT regulations, but at the end of the day it was decided to do the work ourselves alongside Bideford Quay. Many people said that it was an impossible task, but with the support we had from local and highly skilled craftsmen we set to with enthusiasm.

Everyone aboard worked at a feverish pace to ensure that we would be ready to sail for Easter, there was so much to be done. Insulating against the spread of fire, installing a sprinkler system, re-wiring, fitting new flooring, re-furnishing, replacing wooden stairways in steel, fitting a galley, building the shop, fitting life rafts, a new generator, we even had to remove the timber decking in the Lobby, lay fire retardant material underneath then cut the planks down to reduce the thickness before re-laying them. It seemed to endless task, and I can admit now that even I thought we had taken on too much at times.

Slowly however things gradually slotted into place and the Lady began to recover her poise, with lots of new paintwork, much of our work was hidden and the aim was that the ship should look very much as she would have looked when she came into service in 1958.

The inevitable delays meant that it was not possible to sail over Easter, but on Saturday May the 10th The Oldenburg sailed to Lundy in a strong southwesterly wind with 69 passengers, The Department of Transport certificate for 267 passengers being proudly displayed. A new and exciting era had started for Lundy Island.

JOHN PUDDY

(First published in the LFS Newsletter)



THE LAST DAYS OF THE POLAR BEAR

And (so it seems) we say 'farewell' to the Polar Bear. While under normal circumstances I would work up a fair degree of nostalgic raving upon this subject, I have recently completed the roughest crossing known to man on this vessel and can regard its disappearance for ever in a much more contented state than before.

We left Bideford at 9.30am and, having been up since 5am I took to the bunks before we left the quayside. About half way across, I was awakened by the smashing of crockery, the crashing of furniture and the widespread retching of humanity. The fullest details reached me via a small boy who came into the bunk room and reported a head-on, gale-force wind variously rated between seven and nine, which latter, let me remind you, is only three short of a hurricane.

The boy's recital continued with evidence of great drama on deck. 'My mum's been sick. My brother's been sick. My sister has been very, very sick, and I'm the only one who hasn't be . . . ' He paused, went an even deeper shade of green and was sick all over the anoraks, all over the ruck-sacks, all over the bunks, and thanks to the wind, most of Bideford. The boat pitched and tossed and rolled and swayed, going up and down and side to side, indeed everywhere except forwards. It reared up one six-foot wave and plunged down the other side in time for the next to crash upon the bow which disappeared from view like a whale having second thoughts and heading for the deep.

It was a supposed journey of two hours and yet at 1.20 there was still no land in sight. 'Where are we going?' I asked. 'I'm not dressed for the Carribean.' This last was a reference to the chunky plus fours, walking boots, and green waxed Barbour hat with which I have recently decorated the island on this, my third visit to Lundy. (Incidentally, my friends think that it is off the Italian Riviera

and I encourage this mistake by bringing a soft, lilting, almost passionate pronunciation to the word. The idea of spending a week in the Bristol Channel is not something that would easily be explained to them.)

Of the twelve passengers on board the Polar Bear that day, seven were day trippers who staggered ashore at 2.15pm, momentarily enfeebled and realising that they had only two and three quarter hours before their five o'clock check-in for the boat home. I told them about the myth of the Lundy Tiger which I had the misfortune to start four years ago whilst walking without my glasses on. Something moved in the blurry ferns and in my short-sighted state the outline suggested only one of God's creatures.

I told them this not to cause alarm, but to prove that it is possible, as I showed that day, to go from the Old Lighthouse to Tibbetts in just over four minutes.

'Where,' they asked us, the long term visitors, 'should we walk for two hours?' It was a hard one to answer. Should they go up the middle south to north? Or round the perimeter path? Or do the barren north, or just the cosmopolitan south, or the tropical west and bracing east? Or visit the Church? Or the Tavern? Or what?

In the end they decided to race around while reaching the obvious conclusion that it takes days, weeks, months, years and whole lifetimes before Lundy yields up its total mystery. I passed this ragged band of strollers, enthusing gently, on their way back to the boat. In spite of everything they were coming again as do most of us. After saying 'goodbye' I was able to console them that if the wind continued at this rate and consistency the homeward trip to Bideford would take just under twenty minutes.

Exit the Polar Bear and farewell.

STEPHEN PILE



Congratulations to our crew 'cos the Oldenburg won the cup in the 'Three Ships Competition' for the smartest ship in the Bristol Channel in 1987.

BURTON'S SEAT

Copyright by Stanley Smith 1985

My introduction to Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" initially came from my discovery, whilst moving a large linen cupboard that stood on the landing of Millcombe House, of a cloth covered volume of "Everyman's Library" entitled "The Golden Book Of Marcus Aurelius" lying directly behind it. That it had lain undisturbed for quite a while was evident from its dusty, mouse nibbled condition. Enquiries to the Gades and the Harmans brought no claims to ownership and so I was allowed to keep it. The date October 24th, 1933. I so loved the book (such a splendid philosophical companion for lonely Lundy) that I immediately wrote to Dent's the publishers for a complete list of their publications and it was from it that I became acquainted with the existence of the "Anatomy".

I had purchased several volumes of a poetical and philosophical nature from the catalogue between 1933 and the Spring of 1935 before the title intrigued me, provoking me into sending to Blackwells bookshop at Oxford for the first of the three volume set, at 2/-, clothbound. I was fascinated with the work and in September ordered volumes 2 and 3, but this time in the hard backed version at the luxury price of 3 shillings each (15p), (my wages at that time were 15/- per week) then eagerly awaited their return.

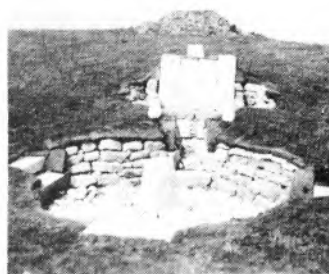
One must understand that during the winters of the early '30s the Postal service to Lundy was very irregular, the "Lerina" sometimes visiting the Island but once a month, and there were winters when, through lack of funds that boat was laid up between early October-Christmas, and again January-March. The appearance of the boat between these intervals can be likened to a birthday or Xmas occasion, the many letters and parcels brightening up many a dark day. Upon the expected time therefore all Lundy's eyes were stretched to the distant Bideford Bar, mine earlier and longer than any, to obtain the first glimpse of the vessel as soon as possible after crossing the Bar and to shout the glad tidings to those of less powerful vision, and the horse and cart were prepared prior to being sent rumbling to the beach.

Strict orders were given to the cartman that the mail-bag and perishable goods were to be transported immediately when landed to the office were Mr. Gade waited to sort out the mail; the Tavern being quickly occupied by an anxious, impatient and hopeful recipients. As the letters necessitating an immediate reply would have to be answered promptly to ensure their inclusion in the returning mail-bag a few hours later, I had to postpone my eagerness and excitement of seeing and handling the new books that stood, so neatly parcelled on the bar counter, until the Tavern cleared after the departure of the boat.

When I recollect, even now, I can still feel the immense and lasting joy contributed to my life during the silent days and nights of Lundy's winters, when the Tavern's less rigid routine allowed me the time to im-

merse myself in my books, which, because of the long unlimited Summer hours, (there were no closing hours then!), I had neglected.

On Steamer days in Summer Mr. Gade would take over the Tavern when the trippers reached the confines of the Hotel, whilst I spent the afternoon selling postcards, stamps, etc. at the Stores next door. Occasionally we found a volunteer to help in the Stores on a busy bar day and I would rejoin him behind the counter. In those days space behind the bar was very limited. Beer, being drawn from 18 gallon casks supported upon a timber stand about 18 inches from the floor, meant one had to bend down to the taps, and with the restricted space available when Mr. Gade's 6ft. 4 inches was performing this operation I was trapped one side or the other in my function of attending to customers, who were waiting for the beverage already drawn by me and which I could not deliver to their end of the counter, or by those seeing me "idle" called out for this or that. We worked as a good team nevertheless. The Tavern on "Campbell" days seemed to be packed continuously from the moment the first thirsty customer arrived to the last moment prior to sailing, and a load of "drunks" always occupied the last launch to the Steamer.



During Winters of that period the Tavern and Stores were open for business between the hours of 9am-1.30pm and again 6pm to about 10 or 11pm. We usually chatted about the events of the day birds that were seen or other items which affected our daily lives on the quiet isle. Games would be quietly played, Mr. Gade had a Mah Jong set which I particularly enjoyed passing an hour or two with, and the card games of euchre and cribbage were keenly contested. Mrs. Gade excelled in the playing of Table Skittles, locally called "swinging tit", and I have often seen her score 3 "Floorers" with 3 swings of the ball, scoring 27 altogether. The only person I remember being in her class was old Dr. Wright of Braunton, the discoverer of the "Lundy cabbage".

There were nights, when gales ripped across the Island, or rain lashed down unceasingly, when no islander ventured forth, that I found great contentment seated before a blazing driftwood fire, which roaring in the



Tavern grate spat live embers into the room to the accompaniment of rattling doors and windows; then I settled into an old "Captain's" armchair with the feeling that perhaps I was the last one left on earth.

It was such an evening, when studying Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" that I discovered the Author, apart from a portrait bust erected to his memory in the Cathedral of the University, had no other monument to his great work, that I decided Lundy, with the peace and quiet matching his lonely study at Christ Church, Oxford, could provide the ideal setting for such a memorial.

Selecting the site came easily. When I had short breaks I was fond of nipping over to Castle Hill to observe the coastlines of Devon and Cornwall and search the westward approaches for ships. It was a sunny and open spot having a peaceful and relaxed air about it. I renamed the hill "Burtonia" and set to work.

After receiving permission from a bemused Mr. Gade for the project I collected together the necessary tools, a pick-axe, shovel and stone hammer, a heavy elm bodied wheelbarrow with a wheel of cast iron from the garden, and a sack truck with two 6" cast iron wheels (stores), planned the lay-out and started digging about 30 ft. S. West below the summit of Castle Hill. The ground, fortunately, was not granite but of a brown shale which could be extracted with a reasonable amount of pick and crowbar use and wheeled to the summit where it was tipped to form a marker cone. The spot is now occupied by a water tank. The space the seat was to occupy was about 5 ft. wide and four foot deep, falling away with the ground level to 3 ft. at the entrance of the memorial garden which was approx. 6ft. in diameter, the cliff side of which ran out to almost ground level.

It was whilst excavating this area that I came across a line of earthenware pipes. Carefully exposing and lifting six of them I realized by their look and feel that they were of ancient manufacture. The pipes were of a plain light brown clay, about 15" long, slightly bell mouthed at each end, the smaller end made to fit the other. The diameter of the pipes was about 3", they were unglazed and outwardly plainly showed the marks of the potter's fingers. I assumed they had been turned on a wheel. The items were carefully stored until the time when Dr. John Dollar made one of his periodic visits to the Island. He seemed very interested in the find and requested that he take one back with him for identification. I had a letter from him later informing me that they were several centuries old and probably bore the water supply from

the tent field where it rose to the Castle's garrison. Mr Gade had the pipeline removed later on and used to drain a field.

My search for the right stones suitable for providing a smooth, comfortable seat base and back, took me to the ruins of the old Quarter Wall quarry cottages rear outhouses which had deteriorated to the point of resembling a heap of stones rather than a building, and, careful not to destroy anything, sorted out some ex-window sills, lintels and steps of granite which were already partly dressed, thus making my work with hammer and chisel less laborious, preparation proceeded with transportation. The free afternoons I devoted to this task of conveying the material to Quarter Wall gate thence through the air-field, (in those days called the hayfield), past Barton Cottages on "High Street", the Tavern to Church to final exhaustion on Castle Hill. No cement was used in the construction, seat and walls being dry built.

The hardest part of the task was getting the stones to the spot. There were days when the boggy ground North of Quarter Wall caused the overthrow of the conveyance and cargo when some of the large stones had to be abandoned along the track, awaiting a drier period for collection. One or two of the heavier blocks resisting the attempts to re-load had finally to remain where they had fallen, to be later accommodated in the walls of Brick or Tillage fields.

Yet there were other days when the wind was sharp but the sun shone from a scarce cloud sky and the skylarks and curlews were about, and Charlie Smaldon was driving the two-horse plough over the Tillage field, and I stayed to chat over the wall. There would be good days when I could complete the whole journey, Quarter Wall to Burtonia without mishap. That brought me great contentment.

I learned a lot of the art of dry stone walling from old Bob Helson, who now-a-days would be described as "Handyman". But what a HANDY MAN! He could thatch, was a past Master at rabbit trapping, he excelled as a boatman, was a builder of the most beautiful stone walls, he laid drains, built structures of concrete etc. and was a real "Lundy man" and a character of very independent nature. He had one glass eye. One day I discovered him shuffling down the "High Street" feeling his way along the walls, the other hand covering his eye. He told me he had been laying the base of a hayrick in the Mewstead with Blackthorn bush he had cut in the East Side, and taking it off the cart one of the tangled branches sprang out from the rest and a thorn pierced his good eye, so blinding him. What a tragedy for poor Bob, and for Lundy, for Bob Helson, an Appledore man, was sadly missed when he left the Island.

The monument was completed and a stone at the rear of the seat was inscribed "TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURTON, 1577-1640, AUTHOR OF 'THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY'".

Mrs. Gade officially opened it on Easter Sunday, 1936. Mrs. Gade was a good-natured, hard working lady and all the staff loved her. Mr. Gade told

Continued on page 5

me after she had died in 1973 that she had wished her ashes scattered at the spot, but, unfortunately, it was not possible and the Casket had to remain under his bed until interred in the graveyard on Beacon Hill, six months later.

Nothing now remains of the seat. It was partially destroyed during the War, the remainder of the stones being incorporated into the building of the water storage tank situated conveniently behind its site, so I suppose it still performs a useful task.

I would like to publicly thank Sir John Smith of the Landmark Trust, who kindly offered me the opportunity to rebuild Burton's Seat which age alone prevented me accepting, and particularly for his exceedingly generous gift of a 1660 edition of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" from his library, a remarkable treasure which I delight in.

Footnote

Robert Burton was born February 8th 1577 at Lindley Hall, Leicestershire. His preparatory schooling was done at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, and at Nuneaton Grammar School. In 1593 he entered Brasenose College Oxford. In 1599 he was elected to Christ Church, from which, in 1614 he received the degree of B.D. Two years later he was made Vicar of St. Thomas in Oxford, and in 1630 his patron, Lord Berkeley presented him with the living of Seagrave. From the year 1599 to the year of his death, January 25th, 1640, he lived at Christ Church College reading Mathematics, Divinity, Astrology, Magic, Medicine and the Classics "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was published in 1621. Burton, when the melancholy weighed upon him, would leave his study and stroll down to Folly Bridge and recreate himself by listening to the back-chat of the barges. He confesses, however, that he wrote "The Anatomy" to relieve his own melancholy.

Perhaps this memorial owed its existence to mine.



August 1984 saw a new season of archaeological excavations at Marisco Castle. In 1978 the interior of the Keep was examined by Stephen Dunmore of the Department of the Environment before its careful restoration together with the 19th century fishermen's cottages that lie so securely within it. The work begun in 1984 was designed to expose and conserve the 17th century Parade Ground to the east of the Keep, its curtain walls and imposing star-shaped gun-bastion, the 'Old house' and other buildings belonging to the Civil War refortification of the Castle.

August is a busy time on Lundy and was made busier by our continuous demands for empty trailers to remove the immense quantities of stone and other demolition rubble that sealed the site. The interior of the 'Old House' was emptied by the steadfast efforts of Harry Beamish, keeping pace with the two canoeists bound for Wales, Ireland and beyond, trapped on the island by a northerly wind and desperate for exercise. The rest of us, a team from The National Trust's archaeological office, then based at Saltram House, Devon, were assisted by many kind helpers on holiday on the island. Our somewhat less Herculean efforts resulted in the discovery of a series of brick buildings, one with a very fine cobbled floor and a metal-working furnace.

This year 4 successive groups of volunteers organised by the National Trust's Acorn Camps undertook, throughout May, to continue and complete the task begun last August. The volunteer strength was further raised by those members of the Field Society organised by Peter Cole who helped to make the time both on site and during our "well-earned refreshment" in the Tavern so much fun.

The Castle, which stands at the south-eastern extremity of the island and commands a wide view of the Bristol Channel, is not really the true Marisco Castle. The site of the de Marisco's strongland was uncovered during excavations by Keith Gardner in Bull's Paradise at the north end of the present High Street (Gardner, 1967). This was probably destroyed

when the treachery and execution of William de Marisco in 1242 prompted Henry II to build a new Castle in an attempt to establish a firm control of the island. The Sheriff of Devon was instructed in February 1243 to "choose a suitable site for a good tower with a bailey-wall, to be fortified now with good lime and stone." A number of medieval features from this earlier Castle still survive, visible now as earthworks, amongst them a length of curtain wall overlooking the large bailey ditch and external bank all running south-eastwards from the causewayed site of the original north gate.

However, it is with the appointment in 1643 of Thomas Bushell as Governor of Lundy that we are chiefly concerned, as it was he who repaired and refortified the castle – largely at his own considerable expense, if he is to be believed.

During this year's 4-week excavation we managed to reveal the whole of the Parade Ground, a level, but rough stone surface consisting of exposed bedrock, and rammed stone infilling and patching. This lay within the curtain walls which were also fully exposed. In addition, the "Old House" possibly Governor Bushell's residence, was turfed inside at its original floor level, the area to the west of it (containing modern service pipes) was excavated, recorded and filled in again. The area outside the south curtain wall, to the south-east of the "Old House" was excavated to its level at the time when the walls were originally built. Here was exposed the outlet of a three-tier brick and slate-lined drain which flowed along the exterior of the north and east walls of the "Old House". The furnace in the brick building with the cobbled floor was investigated



David's Seat

further, but continues to hold its secrets, although in the last week fragments of crucibles were found on the site. We now await the lab. analysis in the hopes that this will elucidate the mystery. This puzzle is especially beguiling in the light of Bushell's mining experiences and his connections with the mint at Aberystwyth Castle from which he supplied the King with coins during the struggle. So far, though, there is no firm evidence for a mint on Lundy – alluring as the thought may be.

The weather stayed fine for the whole of the month although protective goggles were necessary in order to work in the high winds, and the excavation was completed as planned. The detailed drawing of the cobbled floor has now been finished, and Caroline can now look at a beach (or worse still, the hill at Clovelly) without feeling compelled to draw pebbles! There now remains the analysis of the 'small-finds' and the writing of a report to be undertaken in the immediate future. The consideration and construction of the exposed stone and brick-work is also in hand; Mike Heycraft has spent two spells of a fortnight each working on the most urgent needs, and a further team is being organised to complete the work so that the Castle Parade Ground, with all its features, can be displayed to show people something of the lay-out of the Civil War Castle as a compliment to the fine restoration work on the Keep.

Our thanks are due to all, islanders, visitors and Acorners for all their help, enthusiasm and encouragement. After only a month on the island one can sympathise with Bushell's determined refusal to surrender it to the Parliamentarians. We, like Bushell, would have swapped our lands in Oxfordshire (if we had any) for Lundy, although, in his words, it may at times be "desolate and stormy" with "nought to invite an inhabitant". Our sadness at leaving is only tempered by thoughts of our return. Lundy, be warned, your archaeological fascination continues and we shall be back!

CAROLINE & DAVID THACKERAY

THIS ISLAND BREED

TONY COTTRELL

What are those pink and skinny things,
There, standing on the rocks?
No self-respecting seal would wear
Those sandals and grey socks –
And as for swimming trunks like that!
What have they got to hide?
Oh, yes – I see, us seals agree
That's better kept inside.

And what about those over there?
They've got a better shape –
The female of the species? – No
I find that hard to take.
I can't believe that any bull
Would ever let his cow
Push him from off this rock like that –
What are they doing now?

They're peeling off their outer skins
– Oh, not a pretty sight!
A vast expanse of meat like that
Can spoil your appetite.
I think they're settling down to feed
Or eat, that sort of thing –
Though how they're going to catch
their fish
Will be quite Int'resting

I can't imagine they can dive,
Or swim with much aplomb
– It must be hard not knowing where
Your next meal's coming from –
He's up on his hind flippers –
He's crossing to his mate
He's got a bottle in his hands
– A novel kind of bait.

And gently through the weed he moves
Across the granite blocks –
Then slips and hurls his bottle down,
Which smashes on the rocks.
He yells aloud the fish's name
And calls it once again –
Though how he knows there's
pollack here
Is quite beyond my ken.

And now the female's seen us –
She even starts to wave –
I do wish that these creatures
Would learn how to behave.
It shows that they're inferior –
Although sometimes one feels
That when they sit and look at you
You'd almost think them seals.



A VAGRANT VEERY

On the 10th of October, 1987, a bird that was believed to be a thrush nightingale was trapped and ringed. An unusual bird, even by Lundy standards but not one that was likely to cause mass hysteria outside its confines. However, as it transpired the bird watchers resident on the island were only half correct in their identification! Interest was maintained by sightings of a Swainsons thrush and during the evening confused interchange could be heard in the Tavern as the relative diagnostic features of these two birds was discussed; clearly there were the seeds of doubt in peoples minds. Both birds were subsequently retrapped, and by the 23rd of October the thrush nightingale was referred to as a veery. A what? A veery is a small North American thrush with a warm tawny back and a neat gorget of spots on the upper breast. Also from America was the Swainsons thrush and a yellow-billed cuckoo on October 16th made a transatlantic hat trick.

It was the veery, seen only once before in Britain back in 1970 for just one day by a handful of people, that was something veery (*sic*) special to that body of people known as 'twitchers': bird watchers who will go to extraordinary lengths to add a new bird to their lists and who on occasions get so carried away that they begin to shake (twitch)! A telephone call sent the twitching grapevine into action and over the next two or three weeks Lundy staff were kept busy answering never ending enquiries at every hour of the day from as far afield as Scotland: Is the bird still there? When is the next boat? But why isn't there a boat tomorrow? Sunday the 25th of October will be remembered for a long time; a flotilla of small crafts converged from North Devon on Lundy bringing with them what can best be described as (with the best wishes in the world) a sort of clone of

a South American freedom fighter, except that guns were replaced by telescopes and cameras. Over one hundred people formed an orderly line, as though part of a firing squad that wanted to be certain, and both thrushes obligingly posed for them; an unusual event indeed for two such rarities to be seen in the same field of binocular view.

Islanders, at first incredulous at this most unusual sight, became blasé as, over the next weeks, nearly a thousand bird watchers briefly set foot on Lundy. Although Lundy has, in the past, produced many outstanding rarities its isolation as always prevented them becoming national celebrities. The MS Oldenburg found itself in the unprecedented position of turning people away from a 1.30am sailing, a not altogether usual event for late October. Even the police were present in case of trouble, though we found that all the bird watchers were quite responsible and good humoured. North Devon boat owners, who would normally have been thinking of laying their vessels up for the winter must be investing in a pair of binoculars and forgetting about potting as they look for the next feathered windfall.

The veery eventually disappeared on the 11th of November, a full month after it had arrived; in the latter weeks it spent most of its time basking in the autumn sunshine outside the Tavern where it went largely unnoticed, no doubt relieved to be out of the lime light. This ended a year that was memorable, even by Lundy's high standards, for it birds and which included in the spring another American visitor, this time an eastern phoebe. A second ever European record, the first was just two days earlier in South Devon! 1987 is going to be a hard year to follow.

NEIL WILLCOX
Jan 21st 1988



Veery on Lundy (David Cottridge)

Flight of Fancy

'Good morning, darling, Merry Christmas!' said she thrusting an envelope at me - 'What about a flight over Lundy on New Year's Day?' Slightly dazed, I opened the envelope and found two tickets for a supersonic flight on Concorde!

What an experience - VIP reception at London Airport - a thorough briefing by the pilot before take-off and then, lining up on the runway, brakes off, reheat on, and a fantastic

surge of power as we punched a hole through the clouds - we headed for Bristol at 650mph keeping just below the speed of sound, until as we passed over Lundy, the reheat was turned on and we accelerated to a speed of 1,340 + mph (twice the speed of sound) and at a height of ten miles we circled over the Scilly Isles, enjoying a champagne lunch over the Bay of Biscay and then descending via the English Channel to a perfect landing at London Airport. Truly a day to remember - Thanks Norma.

JIM MULLET

The Annual Migration of Bird Watchers

During the past four years as a lighthouse keeper on Lundy, I have been very interested in the various types of birds which live on or visit the island. I have also been able to observe an interesting related species, the migrant bird watcher (*Homosapiens observatus scruffy*). This species has been increasing in numbers recently and now appears to have established a permanent colony here on Lundy.

The sea bird watcher should not of course be confused with the common or garden bird watcher (*Homosapiens observatus neat*). The latter is difficult to distinguish from an ordinary person, (*Homosapiens ordinaire*) as both types are alike in plumage. The garden bird watcher can only be recognised by its habit of tip-toeing along country lanes stopping suddenly and going "SHHH!", and with the aid of powerful binoculars used at close range confusing pipits with pheasants, blackbirds with buzzards and wrens with woodpeckers last seen in the area in 1851.

The sea bird watcher on the other hand has a fairly distinctive plumage, knitted woollen hat, growth of beard, coloured anorak and wellies. When migrating a faded rucksack sporting assorted badges may be seen hanging down its back. Females of the species are similar, although usually smaller and without beard. The female is a comparatively rare visitor

to the island and most nesting sites may be seen to contain male bird watchers only. It is thought that when male birdwatchers adopt their customary attitude of gazing out to sea through binoculars they are looking for signs of females who have gone astray during migration. It is known that female birdwatchers are often trapped in snares known as boutiques, from which they seldom, if ever, emerge.

The number of females is less than the number of males which means the number of breeding pairs is low (but shows signs of increasing). Much research has gone into the breeding habits of bird watchers, but results have been disappointing because they only appear to breed at night. Unlike most animals there is no clearly defined courtship routine, although prior to mating the male sometimes feeds the female several glasses of John 'O's beer.

As one will have seen this discussion on migratory birdwatchers is only a preliminary report as much more work needs to be done. Those who may be interested in the research being carried out are invited to send donations (not less than £50) to the author (care of the Lighthouse) for the continuation of his studies, and towards the purchase of further supplies of John 'O's beer.

JACK THE LIGHT

For further reading:-

"Birdwatchenmitderfeldenglasses" by Professor Frank Furter (University of Berlin).

Price 1017 Marks plus VAT (Out of print).



Lundy twitchers

An Unnoticed Arrival?

Among the excitement of a Pectoral Sandpiper on Lundy, it is only to be expected that the unobtrusive arrival of the AURUCARIA AURUCANA in the Millcombe Valley last Monday has largely gone unnoticed. A magnificent example of this species, once resident on Lundy, with a span of 24" was caught in an "Arbortrap" with such effect that it was driven firmly into the ground, and it is thus hoped that this vagrant may once again join the distinguished list of Lundy residents. Compulsive arbor-twitchers may try their luck in the vicinity of the pampas grass at the rear of Millcombe House. The green scaley "prehistoric" appearance, and its ability to freeze when observed are

the characteristic distinguishing marks. However, twitchers are warned not to approach too near to the Aurucaria, since the points of the scales are very sharp and have been known to draw blood.

I am grateful to Mary Gade for information on the previous resident status of this Central American species, which incidentally forms the principle diet of the Aurucaria tribe of Indians, all of which may explain the absence of this particular ethnic group to Lundy in recent years.

Meanwhile we await with interest the effects of the arrival of a troupe of Monkeys on the Island. A case of Gibbon's Decline and Fall?

J. M. GILL
27/9/85

TREES AND BROWN TUBES



Tree planting in progress

Those of you who are regular visitors to Lundy can hardly fail to be aware of the forest of brown tubes that has recently sprung up. Perhaps you view them as an unwanted intrusion, even a blot on the landscape. Maybe you think of them in terms of gnomes and an elaborate effort to bring some sense of artistic accomplishment to the Sidelands. Those of you who have taken the trouble to look down the tops of them will hopefully have seen young healthy and vigorous saplings. To me each tube represents a potential tree, a tree that many years from now will grace the island with its contorted windblown crown, which perhaps will support a crow's nest and will more than likely be adorned with epiphytic ferns. So I see them with a certain pleasure, an indicator of the care that Lundy's fragile woodland is receiving.

Lundy's mature woodlands are recent in origin dating from the Victorian plantings of the Heaven's. However it would be surprising if Lundy had not had a woodland of sorts at a much earlier time. Early settlement by prehistoric man (of which there is ample evidence) and subsequent land use no doubt soon exhausted all the timber that they could lay their hands on, a precious commodity for fuel, implements and as building material. Anyway by 1274 an Inquisition reported "of timber, none was found there". In 1620 there were just a few "withered elders", and of the many trees planted in 1775 they were all reported dead in 1776. Martin Coles Harman's efforts at planting 2000 larch in 1929 also proved to be a complete failure. Altogether not a particularly auspicious omen for recent attempts!

However, since the Landmark Trust have taken over the island, a number of people have done their best to establish new trees and their efforts have met with some success: Pines, whitebeam, ilex oak, Turkey oak and sycamores are all flourishing in Millcombe. Most recently the initiative has spread to areas of the Eastern Sidelands, notably St. Helens copse and Quarter Wall copse. Within the

last three years over 500 trees have been planted (more than the total sum of mature trees presently on Lundy). In Quarter Wall copse, for instance, there are more than 200 new trees, ten times as many trees as there already are!

In recent years the tree species planted have been almost entirely of native origin. Native species are more valuable, in terms of the greater variety of animals and plants that they support, than exotics such as the sycamore, which was introduced in Britain in comparatively recent times. Care has to be taken in selecting a species that is best suited to the local environmental conditions. For example of the two native species of British oak, the sessile oak was selected for planting on Lundy; this species is native in the north and west and commonly grows in Scotland in exposed positions by the sea, so it should do ideally here! Likewise downy birch is abundant in the Scottish Highlands, where it is prevalent on badly drained heaths and damper soils, and it might be expected to do better than silver birch. Other species that should do well on Lundy include rowan, ash and alder. Returning to the tubes these provide protection from deer, rabbits and sheep; they provide a microclimate that acts as a boost to early life and helps to prevent loss from drought; they allow easy location and weeding. Of course if it was all this simple we would have nothing to worry about, but in the future there will be losses as, for the first time, the young trees have to stand on 'their own two feet' without the comfort and support of a tube! However if even just a few survive it will ensure that the good example of the Rev. Heaven survives for at least another 150 years. For trees aren't immortal and many on Lundy are now moribund, reaching the end of a life that has spanned two centuries. So when you see those brown tubes think of the future and spare a thought for Lundy's hard won and precious woodland.

NEIL WILLCOX
Feb 2nd 1988

MY FIRST VISIT TO LUNDY

When I was released from the army in 1946 after seven years of soldiering through the war, I swore to myself a solemn swear that never again would I sleep a night other than in a comfortable warm bed in a comfortable warm bedroom. However, this oath was broken when, after several visits to North Devon, I became fascinated by that mysterious island which was sometimes there so plain on the horizon, sometimes a misty ghost just visible and often not there at all. Local enquiry as to how one got there was met with blank stares and whispered advice that it was best not to try.

Eventually I met a chap in London to whom I confided my ambition and it turned out that he had actually been there himself. He told me it was easy, you just wrote to the Agent, Mr. Gade, and he would fix everything.

I wanted a few days away at Easter, which is never the best time of the year for weather, and my eldest daughter Gay, aged 17, her then boyfriend Peter and my elder son Tom aged 12 were only too keen to accompany me. I wrote to Mr. Gade, who sent me details of the possible ways of staying on Lundy, but regretting that the Manor Farm Hotel was already fully booked over Easter. He did mention as an afterthought that we could be fed in the Hotel, if we chose to camp nearby. Rashly we accepted this alternative.

We managed to find two very inadequate pre-war 'hike tents', which, had we but known it, leaked like sieves (especially the one I slept in) and set forth as arranged by Mr. Gade with Cliff Barbary in his then boat 'the Apt' from Ilfracombe (the 'Lundy Gannet' from Bideford being fully booked). It was a pretty rough introduction to the voyage, though I have had stormier crossings since, particularly as 'the Apt' had no shelter on deck and only a two inch coaming round the sides, no rail whatsoever.

We were met on the beach, after being landed with very wet feet by Arthur Strick sculling over the stern of a little coble (no outboard motor nonsense in those days), by Mr. Gade himself and Diana Keast, representing the Harman family. The island was then owned jointly by Albion Harman and his sisters Ruth Harman-Jones and Diana. One or more of the family was always resident on the island at least from Easter to October and they always treated all visitors as personal guests greeting them on the beach and seeing them off again in due course, however unseasonable the hour or the weather. The family used to sleep at Millcombe, which was at that time pretty dilapidated, but generally had all their meals in the hotel.

Mr. Gade told us we could camp where we pleased, but advised protection from the south and west in view of the wind and weather. Obviously we did not want to be too far from the hotel, as we were feeding there, so we picked a site in the angle of the walls in the south-west corner of the Tent Field.

I will not pretend that we were very comfortable at night. When nearly dropping with sleep in front of the driftwood fire in the Marisco, we would hasten through the wind and rain to our poor tents and there try to get a bit of sleep before the wet penetrated properly. In the small hours we used to retreat to the boiler house, whence emanated the rather erratic of water supply for the hotel. We would huddle in front of the boiler with an orphan lamb who lived there in a cardboard box until such time as we judged that John and Jean Stockwell, who ran the hotel, were getting breakfast. And were we ready for that breakfast? 'First in - last out' became our family motto!

We thought we had really thoroughly explored the island from end to end during those three or four days we were there. It was not till we had been back again for several more visits that we found out how much we had missed the first time. Even now I am still finding little odd corners where I am sure I have never been before.

The first morning, the weather still being foul with a south-westerly, we decided to explore along the east side. As we poked about the cliff-top looking for the Knight Templar, the door of Tibbets suddenly flew open and an old gentleman started bellowing at us incomprehensibly. I thought 'oh Lord! we'd understood we were free to go anywhere on the island, but I suppose he's complaining that we are trespassing.' When we got near enough we understood him to say 'you can't go by here without coming in to see me. What will you have - tea, coffee, cocoa or Bovril?' We gladly went in to the cosy warmth of the old coastguard lookout and consumed various beverages and had much interesting conversation with Mr. Spink. He was somewhat of a hermit and lived alone in Tibbets every year from October till April - after that he found Lundy too crowded and went off to spend the summer with his daughter in a remote part of Canada. He only visited the village once a week to do his shopping and he then also did his week's drinking in the tavern from mid-morning till late evening. It used to take him a long time then to find his way back to Tibbets, but he could be traced home by the shopping which he shed at intervals all the way up the main road.

I have never again camped on Lundy, even with modern gear and gadgets but I have long ago lost count of the number of occasions when I have with various family and friends stayed at the Manor Farm, Millcombe, Hammers, Castle Keep, Big and Little St. Johns. Madge, my wife tells me though that I am a new hand still. She crossed under sail in the Lerina with Captain Dark. She is, however, rather reticent about the details as she was very seasick all the way!

JOHN NUNN

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There are those who say that visitors to Lundy should they wish to be promoted from Grockle to Lundyite, must arrive on the island by Dory from Clovelly in a force 8 easterly at 3.00 am on a winter's morning land at Jenny's Cove and scramble up the cliffs with their wet luggage, to spend the rest of the night in fitful slumber in the master bedroom at Old Light East.

There are also those who, being members of that loosely-knit organisation Sybaritics Anonymous, flew over before the advent of the 'Rolldenburg' in the Treasure Hunt Helicopter, often sitting in the very seat used by Anneka Rice, whose own seat recently achieved fame and fortune as the Rear of the Year.

These Lundy Sybarites, after an energetic day cliff-scrambling on the West Side in search of puffins glaring at godwits on Pondsby in the pouring rain, and staring at the Celtic stones in the cemetery, are firm in their belief that civilisation begins at 5.30 pm with a hot bath and change, followed by a schooner of sherry (or two) and the delectable cooking of Joan or Sue or Penny.

Afficionados of Millcombe House, to whom these delights are vouchsafed, suffered some confusion in earlier years when, on being shown

to their bedrooms, they beheld a landing giving access to a bewildering array of identical white-painted doors.

Those with experiences in orienteering made, one hopes, no mistakes. Those less fortunate were apt, when seeking the bathroom in the small hours, to blunder into bedrooms other than their own, with consequences no man (or woman) could foresee.

Life was certainly more adventurous under Wendy's administration, but the Landmark Trust promptly numbered the bedrooms one to seven, a soul-less thing to do.

When the bedrooms were named, however – here I beg forgiveness in advance from whoever did so, and acknowledge my indebtedness to Myrtle Ternstrom's excellent 'Lundy Album' – one looked around the landing with a wild surmise.

Naming three of them after old wrecks was hardly complimentary to the guests who occupied them, and who, apart from Neil Kinnock and Sir Peter Scott, would warm to names like Freckles and Eiderduck?

Better by far for the naming to reflect the contributions made to the Island's history by private owners through the centuries.

Let's start with Room 1, Mr. Acland,

by JOHN MORGAN

tenant farmer in the 1890's, has already had a moor named after him, and whilst the Mariscos are already remembered in the Tavern, they should surely have a place on the landing where the soul of William de Marisco – the one who was hung, drawn, and quartered – could rest in peace.

Room 2, being double-bedded and facing the sea, is the obvious choice for honeymooners, and what more appropriate name than that of the Squire who occupied it after building the house – Heaven?

Room 3, named after the Christie family who owned the Island briefly during the 1920's but removed the washbasins from the bedrooms – a retrograde step – could perhaps be named after the man whose generosity made the present peace and prosperity of Lundy available for all to enjoy – Sir Jack Hayward.

Room 4 – a choice here, say, between the notorious Benson of convicts and cave fame, and the Lerina, a boat which served Lundy and the Harman family well for nearly thirty years.

Room 5 – how about Thomas Bushell, famed for his fortifications at the Castle and Brazen Ward and for his Mint – possibly the only man ever to coin it on Lundy!

Room 6. This was Milly Heaven's room, the one who christened 'The Ugly', and made those whimsical weather recordings – wind E.S.E. and E., then perpendicular!

Martin Coles Harman for this one – perhaps Diana could enlighten us on whether he slept in it.

Room 7. No change; who would dispute Felix Gade's claim to be numbered among the 'giants' of Lundy?

The bathrooms, of course, could also be named – Clean, Decent and Spruce? Whilst John Smith, John Puddy, John Ogilvie, and John Alford would have no difficulty naming the loo!

Finally, may I suggest that the Hall be restored to its original function as an overflow lounge and library, and that the battleship, redolent of the 'Montague' though she may be, is as incongruous to Lundy as Hudson Heaven's Church, and should be launched on Pondsby on a course spiralling towards the centre, there to disappear into the reeds forever – who knows, eiderducks may nest in the funnels!

Having now ensured that Landmark will never again book me into Millcombe House, I may as well settle for Old Light East, and become at last a true Lundyite.

Editor's note: The model battleship, 'The Hindustan' has been moved to the Linhay where it can be viewed by a greater number of visitors.

The 1871 Census Return

Like all parts of the country Lundy had to complete a census return in 1871. The National Census had begun in 1801 and took place every ten years but it was not until 1851 that full details were taken. The 1851 count proved exhaustive, exhausting and expensive so that it was agreed that the 1861 census would be a less detailed affair.

From the 1861 Lundy census we learn that there were only four buildings: The Villa (Millcombe House), The Castle, The Farm (Old House) and the Lighthouse (Old Light – counted as two households).

There were 18 resident males plus 4 visiting 'Drainers', engaged in 'draining'; 13 females making a total count of 31 islanders plus the 4 drainers. All of this of course was pre-Quarry Company.

The 1871 Census is post-Quarry providing a marvellous contrast with 1861 and enabling us to trace much of what the Quarry company achieved.

The Farm House (Old House) was occupied solely by Fredk. Wilkins who describes himself as Manager of Quarries and Farm of 924 acres employing 5 men and 1 woman.

Garden Cottage (this must be Stoneycroft) occupied by two bachelors, one a Shepherd and the other a Farrier.

Storekeepers House (Uninhabited) (Mr Gades House, Tavern 1980s).

Managers House (Uninhabited) (South wing of Manor Farm Hotel – demolished 1982).

Store and Bakehouse (Uninhabited) (Marisco Tavern, now Shop and Office).

The Villa (Millcombe House) (4 males, 8 females) = 7 Heaven family, a Governess and four servants.

The Castle No.1 Thos and Ann Withacombe, Agricultural labourer and his wife who must be the female mentioned by Wilkins. Plus a lodging farm labourer, a widow and her daughter, and a 'boarder' described as a White Smith who must be the man employed at the Signal Station (Battery).

The Castle No. 2 Jo. Dark, Carpenter, wife and four children plus a lodger, a Master Mariner who must be the person mentioned as being in charge of a wreck.

The Castle No. 3 (Uninhabited).

Lighthouse Jeremiah Howgego, Principal Keeper, wife and two children & Wm Rees, wife and two children.

Lighthouse Cottage (This must have been the building removed when South Light was built which formerly stood in the 'Old Light' compound) John Chavener, Lightkeeper, his wife and five children.

Fog Station (Battery Cottages) Thos Lee, wife and 3 children in one cottage and John Blackmore wife and 6 children in the other.

Barracks 1-4 **Barracks 5** **Barracks 6** (all unoccupied) These must be the original wooden buildings erected by the Quarry Co 'with Tarred rooves'. The fact that they are listed thus implies that they were in one block of four with two separate buildings. AFL suspects that they were in the Mewstead of fowl run immediately north of the Shippens both of which were walled with high walls about the 1860s.

Iron House (Uninhabited) We know this was the refectory or Canteen and is believed to have stood "where the sheep dip now stands" according to an ex-Lundy Granite Co worker whom Mrs Gade met in the 1930s. We know also that it was dismantled but it is quite likely that some of the corrugated iron remained in use on the island.

Golden Square 1,2,3,4,5,6. (all uninhabited) More Quarry Co. dwellings probably built in the fowl run where a well, and traces of filled-in windows and walls still show.

Sea View Cottages No. 1 (Barton Cottages, High St. Cottages) Occupied by Obadiah Johns and his wife, and 5 children. No. 2,3,4,5,6,7,8 (all uninhabited).

Quarter Wall No. 1 Occupied by two young bachelor quarrymen (AFLs Block A).

Nos. 2,3,4 (unoccupied). This is the block immediately north of Quarter wall gate.

Quarter Wall (AFLs 'B') Four Building'. It seems that the second block of four cottages, immediately north of the first, was unfinished and abandoned by the Quarry Co when the works ended. (They are still listed as 'Building' in 1881 and so they were obviously left unfinished by the Heavens, to be finally demolished for use in the building of St Helenas Church in 1896.

Outside Quarter Wall Nos 1,2,3,4,5. (Uninhabited). This must be AFL Block which shows the foundations of five cottages and is sited between the Quarter Wall and the Hospital.

Hospital (Uninhabited).

Bel View Villas 1,2,3. (Officers block). Uninhabited.

On census day 1871 there were 14 ships anchored in the Bay only one of which was steam driven. The crews totalled 93 men and although most were British one was from 'Memel, Prussia' and another from 'Brindisi, Austria'.

By 1881 so much had changed; Only 4 Heavens and 4 servants in the Villa; only one castle cottage occupied by Christopher Ward, wife and two children; **Church House or Big House** is the name given to the South wing (known as the Managers House in 1871 now housed the Blackmores and other Agricultural folk; The Farm house held more farm workers; and the **Farm Cottages** (Barton Cotts) had been redivided into five of which only two were occupied.

Bel View Villas had become **Sea View Cottages** the middle one of which was uninhabited. Three lightkeepers and their families were at Beacon Hill, and two families of Trinity Gunners were at the **Fog Signal Station** (Battery).

The Quarter Wall Cottages South Row 1, 2, 3, 4 were unoccupied the four near them Nos 5,6,7,8 were still 'building', the North row 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 were unoccupied as was the Hospital.

All other Quarry Company evidence had gone.

A. F. LANGHAM 1986

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

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