

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY.

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EDITORIAL.

This year's Newsletter is much longer than last year's because twenty or so splendid correspondents have written, & some at considerable length. A high-level editorial conference decided that we should publish everything, but that we would have to ask future correspondents to use a 500 word limit.

Roger Allen, a member of the LFS employed by Lloyds Bank International wrote a dramatic account of his escape, with his Lundy Stamp Collection, from Nicaragua at the time of the Sandanista revolution in 1979. This account was more about Nicaragua (naturally enough) than Lundy, so, under pressure for space, we felt we could not use it in full.

But it contained heavy artillery fire; a United States Cavalry-type arrangement to evacuate the British Community from Nicaragua, & an MBE for the British Consul who worked with the U.S. to get everyone out safely.

Evacuees were allowed one suitcase and one piece of hand luggage each: in Roger's case his were filled with his stamp collections. The final drive was through looters and hand-to-hand fighting between National Guard and Guerillas, to the air-strip from which the evacuees left in a U.S. troop-carrying Hercules. Roger with his Lundy Stamp Collection is now banking in Taiwan.

It is with great pleasure that the Editor introduces Corned Beef Hash as the ultimate in Quick Cottage Cooking. The Editor hopes for further recipes either in the instant or long-term category.

And also what happened to all the climbers, dowers, & ley-liners whose correspondence the Editor was looking forward to? And the two versions of "Racing Demon" one was promised? And those interesting personal details of births etc.? The Rev. Andy Edwards (of St. Philip and St. James Ilfracombe) has baptised a Hinshelwood grandchild; Louise & Stirling Melhuish's Claire, & Susan and Paul Metcalfe's Nicholas, in St. Helen's Church, Lundy, this year. Lt. Sanders is due for his second Falklands posting in February. Please do keep us informed.

Tony Langham has asked the Editor to say that any Lundy material or information is most gratefully received; and any Lundy queries answered, now that he has cross-indexed his collection.

Another high-level editorial conference decided that "Review" copies of this newsletter might be sent to the Western Morning News, North Devon Journal Herald, Devon Life, Tarka Radio Barnstaple, Devon Radio, & the BBC & ITV Stations in Plymouth. If any one has other useful ideas as to where the letter could be sent, please let Peter Cole know.

If you are coming to the AGM the Editor will be wearing a badge. This is so that any one with any sort of ideas or information about Lundy and/or newsletters, who does not want the strain of committing these ideas to paper, can actually give them to the Editor who will welcome them.

Furthermore, any one who would like to sell the Editor copies

of Victor Canning's excellent trilogy on King Arthur; John Rowe Townsend's childrens thriller, set on Lundy; and/or Gosse's "Land and Sea", can chaffer at the AGM. One looks forward to hearing from (and seeing) as many people as possible.

All the very best. Ann Westcott.

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CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED.

Twickenham, Middlesex. 12th May 1982.

An Un-named Lundy Satellite ?

An island may be defined in several different ways. My definition is a piece of land, supporting land vegetation, which is surrounded by water at high spring tides. On this basis, Lundy has the following satellite islands: Rat Island, Goat Island, Gannet's Rock, and an apparently nameless island off the south-east tip of Rat Island. Mouse Island is only a rock which is submerged at high water and can hardly qualify as an island by any criterion.

Could the makers of the original maps have printed "Mouse Island" alongside the wrong feature ? Should the name have appeared against the island off the south-east tip of Rat Island instead ?

Several years ago, I raised this matter with Anthony Langham. He told me that the earliest map on which the name "Mouse Island" appears is the 1884 original Ordnance Survey which contains one definite mistake (a name) and possibly several others. However, he also said that Mr. Gade, who first came to Lundy in 1926, had always known the present Mouse Island by that name.

If the nameless island is not the true Mouse Island, perhaps the Lundy Field Society could get together with the National Trust to decide on a name.

John Pickwell.

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Reigate, Surrey. August 1982.

Just where is Mouse Island ?

The Ordnance Survey quite clearly marks the rocks at the north-eastern tip of Rat Island as "Mouse Island" and this is the feature one sees from the Landing Beach at the nose of the rat of Rat Island.

Some years ago a visitor, new to the island and therefore seeing things with a fresh eye, asked what the name was of the grass-topped island south of Rat Island and towards Surf Point.

We asked Mr. Gade who said that he had always regarded the Ordnance Survey rocks as being Rat Island.

But the Ordnance Survey made one or two other mistakes in its survey of Lundy. Is it possible they marked the wrong feature here ? If so do we need an extra name; should we leave "Mouse Island" to mean the Ordnance Survey rocks and name the grass-topped island Surf Island, or what ?

30th October 1982.

Mouse Island.

There has recently been discussion about the true position of Mouse Island.

I have today discovered a map drawn by the late Prof. A.T.J. Dollar

which shows quite clearly that the rock to the east of Rat Island was known as Mouse Island during the 1930s, and that the island and the rocks to the south of Rat Island culminating in Surf Point were known as "The Stacks" - which seems most appropriate.

Tony Langham.

Park Forest, Illinois, USA. August 1982.

How One American Found Lundy.

Your readers know of the joys of Lundy but one need not travel far to find that knowledge rare.

In Devon nine out of ten people know of Lundy because of ship wrecks and the light houses.

In London four out of ten know of Lundy but place it either in the English Channel or in the Hebrides; though I admit one fellow did tell me that, "Lundy is the Puffin Isle between the Sceptred Isle and the Emerald Isle". But I suspect the fellow had been talking to Ann Westcott.

Outside England I doubt if one person in a hundred know Lundy. I would wager that of the one per cent of the people in the United States who have heard of Lundy, almost all are stamp collectors and first heard of Lundy through them. Lundy's claim to fame for the vast majority of the world is its stamps.

That is how I first heard of Lundy and that is how Jim and Sandy, the two other Americans who recently visited Lundy with me, first heard of the place.

When Mr. Harman issued stamps in 1929 to carry the mail he also put Lundy on the map for a lot of people.

George Fabian.

Leominster, Herefordshire. 21st November 19⁸/₂.

Dear Mrs Westcott,

Thank you for your letter of the 15th november. I didn't mind at all your writing to me - I only wish I had time to reply at more length!

About the 'Crimson Chalice' and Lundy - I'm a Devonshire man, born Ilfracombe, 1911! I lived for a long while at 'Riverside House', Alswear, near South Molton and went to Lundy a few times on the Ilfracombe steamer and it has always had a fascination for me - chiefly for its wildlife - but I always wondered how life was there in the past, so when I was writing 'The Crimson Chalice' I just had to use it, and use my imagination. I am sure that other authors have used it - but I do not know of them. I still return to Devon a few times each year, generally for the fishing, and stay at the 'Rising Sun' at Umberleigh.

I would be delighted to receive your 'Newsletter' if possible now and then. I cannot remember where I got the name Caer Sibli from - I think I just made it up!

Sincerely, Victor Canning.

(Ed's Note: 'The Crimson Chalice' is the first of a most excellent trilogy on King Arthur. Victor Canning makes Lundy King Arthur's birthplace.)

London. November 1982.

You are quite right that I am specially fond of staying on islands that are interesting to swim round! The other British islands I've enjoyed swimming round are Sark and Tresco; in the Mediterranean, Corvino and Stromboli; Dirk Island off Queensland, Australia; and, this year, a lovely island called Chebeague in Casco Bay off Portland, Maine. My taste for 'swimming round' chimes well with the fact that Nancy and I both enjoy 'walking to explore': the right size for a swim round is the right size for a nice systematic programme of walking to explore all over the island.

Lundy was perfect from both points of view; and there was the added bonus of all the wildlife. As a swimmer I got to know the seals particularly well, swimming into all their numerous caves. They are really very good natured animals.

I started my swim round immediately after breakfast, at about 10 o'clock, walking down from Millcombe and entering the sea at Landing Beach. I had chosen the day as one when there would be a neap tide so that the currents would not be excessively strong. I swam round clockwise because you get more help from the currents that way. (It helps too that I have a good scientific knowledge of oceanography which allows me to work out things like that.) Also, it means that the hardest bits of the swim came early while I was fresh!

The very earliest 'hard bit' was to get round Surf Point, beyond Rat Island. There was a fair amount of surf coming from the west, and it was against me, of course. At the crucial place, one needed to hover behind the Point on the eastern side and then wait for a moment when the waves temporarily subsided and one could sprint through!

After that, the swim was quite easy until one came to Shutter Point (where there was a similar problem) and then there was the long northward swim up the extremely choppy water of the west coast. That sort of swimming is quite different from the Public Baths! One is devoting so much of one's energy to battling with the waves and keeping one's head out of the water as much of the time as possible. The fact that I swim on my back helps in all that, of course. The mouth is as high as possible for getting good big breaths.

Swimming along a coastline like that, I try to follow a straight course; swimming right across the outside of Jenny's Cove, for example, rather than hugging the shoreline. But when you come to a bit where you know the currents will be very tricky, like the Hen and Chickens, you are wise to keep close in, of course! You don't want to be swept out into the race - but that means you have to be doubly careful to avoid being swept onto the rocks by waves. You need to be watching out for just-submerged rocks all the time and making sure you spot where they are, from the foam the waves make around them. Then, in your swimming, you have to thread your way between them.

From the North East Point onwards, the swim was very easy, because that side of the Island was sheltered from the waves approaching from the west. My family had chosen to spend the day at Brazen Ward which was looking lovely in the coastline. They saw me coming and my son Michael stood at the point with a camera and, believe it or not, at that moment a 12 foot basking shark came up and he got both me and the shark in the photograph! (The photo still exists: I hasten to add that, of course, this is an endearing and totally harmless species of shark....). Back to Landing Beach by 3 o'clock, and to the voracious consumption of my packed lunch. Altogether a most pleasant and memorable day.

Sir James Lighthill.

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41 Prices Lane, Reigate. 19th August 1982

Members who bought a copy of My Life on Lundy, may like to know that to date we have contributed £750 to the Gade Memorial Fund from the proceeds of sales. We have also paid for the plaque which has been put on Mr Gade's grave.

The second edition is now completely sold out, and my thanks are due to Jill Davis who undertook the distribution of this.

I understand that the memorial is to take the form of a restoration of the Clock Hut in the Quarries.

Myrtle Langham.

Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex. 12th August 1982.

Dear Mrs Westcott,

You seemed interested, when we met on Lundy in mid-june, in the comments of a bellringer on the subject of the Lundy bells. The long time-lag has been due to the fact that I couldn't resist doing a bit of research, some of which involved waiting for the answers to letters.

Having consulted "Dove's", a guide to the church bells of Britain (1976 Edn.), before our first visit to Lundy in April 1981. I had read "bells taken down", and had concluded that the bells had been disposed of. Hence, my first reaction, on seeing seven of them standing in the church porch, was surprise and delight and possibly-insane plans for re-hanging, involving the recasting of the 3rd, badly cracked across the crown.

My husband (also a ringer) and I spent a happy time photographing them, copying down their inscriptions and tapping them to hear their notes, from which latter activity it appeared that it is the tenor bell (the largest, with the deepest note) that is still up the tower and is chimed before services.

The Lundy bells apparently ran into trouble in their early days; the first and only peal (ie. 5000 or more changes) was attempted in August 1905, only 8 years after the church's consecration, and yet, in the words of Canon P.E. Robinson (who conducted the peal) in his book "Among the Bells" "as the bells had only once or twice been rung up since the church was opened, the fittings were so rusted by the sea spray that a great deal of attention was needed to make them ringable. After half-an-hour's ringing, the task was found impossible and the party, beaten and dispirited, prepared for their return voyage. But fortunately, as it turned out, a gale had sprung up and the little steamer could not risk it. Next morning, after more work at the bells, the band set to work again and secured a good peal of Stedman Triples in 2 hours 53 minutes.

Possibly owing to the fact that the band had included 3 clerical gentlemen, Rev. H.A. Cockey on the Treble, Rev. F.E. Robinson on the 7 and Rev. G.F. Coleridge on the Tenor, the party had been able to get to Lundy on the "Missions to Seamen" steamer Eirene, which was conveying the chaplain on one of his visits to hold services at the Lundy lighthouses.

It might be of interest to give the weights and diameters of the bells quoted in Canon Robinson's book:-

	Dia. ins.	cwt.	qtrs.	lbs.
Treble	27	5	1	20
2	27 1/2	5	2	12
3	29	5	2	13
4	30 1/2	5	3	9

(continued on next page)

(bell details cont.)

	Dia.ins.	cwt.	qtrs.	lbs.
5	33½	7	2	7
6	35	8	2	0
7	38	10	1	21
Tenor	42 ¾	15	1	0

It is unusual for the four lightese bells to be so very close in weight.

The only record, other than the 1905 peal, that I have yet come across of ringing on Lundy was in the North Devon Journal, 17th August, 1922, describing the induction of the Rev. H.H. Lane as Rector of Lundy, after the service the bells were rung by a band from Ilfracombe, and Mr. Lane, in an interview, said that "hitherto the bells had never been rung, as there was no band of ringers on the island." However, he was "initiating some of the islanders into the mysteries of campanology, and he trusted they would have an efficient band of ringers on the island before very long". One wonders whether he, too, found that the condition of the bells defeated his efforts - certainly the report of the 1905 peal in "Bell News" refers to the "hard work" of ringing the bells "mainly caused by the flimsy nature of the bell-frame"

To return to the present day, I was very disappointed, this year, not to be allowed to go up the tower to see the ringing chamber and study the bell-frame and the type of bearings used, especially never having seen bells hung by Carr's of Smethwick, a foundry long since defunct. One can, of course, see the point of view of those in authority, concerned about the safety of lunatic holidaymakers.

It seems that the condition of the church is so poor that its future is in serious doubt and the outlook for the bells also is therefore not good. And yet struggling up the hill from Millcombe last year in the teeth of a force 9 gale, and hearing the tenor chiming for Service, I was exhilarated by the thought of the splendour of the 8 bells ringing out over the Bristol Channel in such conditions. To a ringer, the sight of bells standing on the ground, unringable, produces a reaction similar to that of someone contemplating a caged wild bird, mute and unhappy. One is filled with a missionary fervour to get them ringing again, with all that that involves in the way of fund-raising, physical labour and eventual hours of tuition in bell-handling for recruits to the art of change-ringing. As Dorothy L. Sayers says, "By the English method of ringing with rope and wheel, each several bell gives forth her fullest and noblest note." (this method involves the bells swinging full-circle to and fro and is not to be confused with mere chiming).

Had there been plans afoot to strengthen and re-inforce the tower, I would have been full of helpful suggestions about getting advice from the Towers & Belfries Committee of the Central Council of Church Bellringers, applying for grants from Bell Restoration Funds and organising experienced voluntary labour for much of the work; most bell restoration work nowadays has a large element of "do-it-yourself", the foundaries being happy to co-operate. I thought of the possibility of canvassing in the pages of "Ringing World", a weekly magazine, for 10 Founder Members of "Friends of Lundy Bells", each to contribute £100, with the privilege that the 8 to take part in the first peal on the re-hung bells would be drawn from their number, etc, etc, etc.

Coming down to earth, but still supposing for a moment a repaired tower, and then restored bells, would anyone ring them? Even I, in my wildest dreams, can see that they would be unlikely ever to be rang every Sunday, that being a busy working day for most of the residents. However, the possible recruits to the art of bell-ringing would by no means be limited to the active church

members among the residents; learning to control a ringing bell, to strike it evenly in "rounds" and then in basic change-ringing is a fascinating and absorbing occupation for anyone, and it would be quite something for even 6 of the bells to be rung for festivals by local people, occasionally joined by visiting ringers.

It would be nice to think that, even if the Rev. Hudson Heaven's church cannot survive, perhaps the bells might be rehung in a less lofty tower of a smaller church, forming a link with the previous building and continuing the intention of its builders.

With all good wishes. Yours sincerely, Margaret A. Pink.

Furze field Rd, Reigate. 1982.

May I try to answer some of the points you raise in your review of Chanter's excellent work?

Say and Sele did write two 'romances' while on Lundy (we would call them essays nowadays) Both were anti-Quaker religious tracts and can be seen in the Bodleian, Oxford.

The Marisco work by Col. Herve de Montmorenci Morres of 1828 is wildly inaccurate and was an attempt to establish his rights to a continental title.

'Archaeologia' of 1771 contains in Vol. 3. a letter and a reply about viniculture on Lundy.

These last two works are in the British Museum Library and I have photocopies or texts as I do also of the Say and Sele works.

Chanter incidentally never visited Lundy. He gained all his information during a three-week visit to Fort Hill, Barnstaple by the Rev. H.G. Heaven.

Tony Langham.

(Myrtle Langham has also written about the Heaven acquaintance with the Rev. H.G. Heaven.)

Prices Lane, Reigate. August 1982.

The Rev. Chanter was supplied with at least some of the material for his book by the Rev. Hudson Heaven. The "notices of the island etc....." probably refers to, a) a collection of articles belonging to and contemporary with the Heaven family, and b) the result of a search in the Public Record Office commissioned by William Hudson Heaven in 1856 and carried out by a Mr. Pycroft. Mr Heaven was trying to find and establish what the ancient rights of the island were.

Whatever knowledge the Rev. Hudson Heaven had, he never recorded it, and the Rev. John Chanter's book represents the first valuable attempt to present a systematic account of Lundy.

The Heaven family had many esteemed clerical friends, among whom were the then Bishop of Ely, and the Rev. St. John who was a keen photographer, and who took the earliest of the photographs which I used for A Lundy Album.

Myrtle.

(She also says that there was a summer house at Gannet's Combe during the earlier years of the Heaven ownership.

In her view, efforts to trace Lord Saye's "Romance" have so far yielded nothing. I would not think (though yielding to none in my respect for Tony Langham's views) that a "Romance" could possibly be an "anti-Quaker" religious tract. Ed.

LUNDY JOINS THE E.E.C.

by I.J.Linn.

Shortly after 10am on Friday the 4th of June 1982, a helicopter took off from Exeter Airport carrying Dr.R.Hart of the Exeter Public Health Laboratories, Professor C.Chastel of the University of Brest, Professor J.C.Beaucournu of the University of Rennes and your respected Chairman. These distinguished people were on their way to visit Lundy as part of a large project, in which the University of Exeter, the Natural Environment Research Council and the Lundy Field Society are cooperating with French Universities in a study of the ways in which certain diseases which affect human beings can be carried by wild animals including seabirds. The object of the trip was to give Dr.hart and the French professors an idea of the location of the seabird nesting sites on Lundy, and to see whether they might be suitable for the collection of ectoparasites from the birds.

Having exchanged civilities with the small welcoming committee, we set off for Dead Cow Point to look at the herring gull nests. Arriving there, we were happy to see a reasonable variety of assorted seabirds travelling hither and thither, and it was at this point that we discovered that, to paraphrase the late and great George Bernard Shaw, "France and England are two great countries separated by two languages whose apparent similarities are highly misleading!" Thus a puffin, when pronounced "pouffin", becomes a shearwater; a razorbill is a "pingouin", while a penguin is a "manchot"; a "busard" is a harrier, while a buzzard is a "buse"; and it is fatally easy to confuse "choucas" (jackdaw) with "chocard" (chough).

At the head of the gully where the gulls were nesting, we discovered an unfortunate rabbit which appeared to have its hind legs paralysed, probably by a virus disease (NOT myxomatosis, which does not occur on the island). Professor Beaucournu pounced on it with glee, and rapidly divested it of its little passengers ("puce"=flea, not to be confused with "pouce"=thumb - those dam' French vowels!). The fleas were carried off for later study, safely locked in a plastic tube, while the bun, looking a little flustered, was tucked cosily away in the shade of a bracken frond in the hope that it might recover.

Having had a good look at the gull site, we returned to the Tavern for the statutory pint before lunch. Lunch was a salad of Lundy crab, organised by Louise, and was pronounced excellent by the gourmet French. (Culinary note - the French, whom I have always been told prefer proper home-made mayonnaise to salad cream "out of a bottle", actually adore the latter product, which they consider lighter and more refreshing than the home-made stuff.)

In the afternoon Colonel Bob very kindly took us all, accompanied by Keith Mortimer and Tony Langham, to Tibbetts in the Land Rover, where Keith showed us the shearwater burrows.

Finally, about four o'clock, we got away into the haze which was descending again, after a splendidly sunny day, with the French professors complaining that one day was not nearly enough time to spend on such a magnificent island, whilst Dr.Hart vowed to return with his wife, a keen ornithologist, in the autumn. I reckon that we have made three new converts to the Lundy Way of life. Many thanks to everyone who made the visit so successful and enjoyable.

A TRIP TO LUNDY.

by Dr.S.G.Brook.

A violent storm raged in North Devon during the evening of Saturday, 1st January 1966, with gale force winds and heavy squalls

of rain and hail. There was lightning and thunder. About 7pm the telephone rang. Mr. Bill Ruddock of Bideford -the Lundy doctor - was on the line asking me, as gynaecologist, to accompany him to Lundy to help with a patient, urgently needing medical treatment. He said we would have to go by lifeboat as he had already contacted R.A.F. Chivenor, and found that conditions prevented a flight by helicopter. Whilst agreeing to go, I was dismayed at the thought of a passage on the lifeboat on such a night. I asked him to try Chivenor again, whilst I contacted the hospital to make arrangements and advised my gynaecological colleague of the situation. Chivenor turned him down and I was soon on the way to Appledore. I remember violent wind and rain in Bickington which shook and appeared to be stopping the car.

On arrival at the Lifeboat Station I was feeling rather despondent but was encouraged to be told that I was going to be put into a survival suit, as I knew they would want that back. Bill Ruddock seemed full of confidence and to be looking forward to the trip.

Bill and I were sent to the aft cabin, being joined by some of the crew when we got away.

Going down the river was quite rough but it became much more violent as we went over the bar. Up went the boat and down with a crash and shaking, again and again. Were we hitting the bottom? After some time, a crewman came through our cabin and opened the shutter doors aft, muttering about some mishap with the rudder line or chain as he went out. This made one ponder. A little later he came back looking more satisfied. By then, I was being overcome by sickness and some of the crew were not too happy either. I lay stretched out on a bench seat with Bill steadying my head. He seemed completely unruffled. As far as I was concerned the important thing was to keep the Blood Transfusion pannier jammed against the wall by my legs, though this was difficult at times as the boat bounced about in the storm which put our radio out of action for a time somewhere in mid-bay.

Conditions became much better when we got into the shelter of the Lundy Roads, though the swirls and eddies were so dangerous that the island boat which put out to pick us up was capsized.

It was decided that Bill and I should go ashore in the South Lighthouse supply box, which was on a cable from the cliff top to a mooring in the bay. The Coxswain manoeuvred us alongside and in we clambered, with our gear. The start of our ascent was not auspicious. Instead of going up, we went down into the water. Apparently, the gear had not been changed but this was soon remedied and away we went to view a most remarkable scene. The beams of the South Light were revolving overhead; the lifeboat searchlight shone at us and the seven merchant ships sheltering in the Roads put on their deck lights to help illuminate the scene. We were able to study it all at our leisure because after a time we stopped.

A voice from above was heard to shout to another; "I've lost my grip."; not encouraging news, at the time. We jerked on again, to stick on the cliff edge instead of running up into a little cleft. Helpers came down and we scrambled up to the top. There we were told by the lighthouseman that we would have to walk to the landing beach, to be met by a tractor to take us up to the village. We were warned to hold on tightly to the rail of the bridge to the main island as violent gusts of wind blew through the gully. This again, was disconcerting, as I had a large case in each hand, but the youngest member of the lighthouse crew came over and took most of my things and so the passage was made safely, with much gratitude on my part for being able to cling to the rail in the storm, which was very fierce at this time.

We walked to the Landing Beach, to be met by the farm manager and others with a tractor and trailer, on which we were taken up the road to the hotel and then we went on to a nearby house, where lay our patient, and her husband. She seemed very pleased to see us as we were to see her, after our difficult but exciting trip out.

We were able to treat our patient in her cottage though it was obvious that we would have to get her to hospital as soon as the storm allowed. We returned to the hotel, run by Mr. and Mrs. Gade, the Lundy Agent and his wife. He worked the island radio and was in touch with the Hartland Coastguard and the two of them had monitored our movements, co-ordinated our help and kept people on the mainland informed of what was going on. We were told that a short lull in the storm was to be expected in a few hours and that then it would become worse again. So, it was arranged that a helicopter from R.A.F. Chivenor would try to come over when it was light, if conditions were good enough.

We were most hospitably received in the hotel and had a good meal and went to bed and got a few hours sleep, somewhat interrupted by howls and bangs as the gale tore around the old building. It seemed a very short time before we had to get up, as it was well into the small hours by the time we had got to bed. It was fast becoming light but all we could see of the mainland was the flash of Hartland Lighthouse. After a quick breakfast, we went to see our patient and organised her transport as we were told the helicopter hoped to be with us shortly and we were ready by the time the "chopper" appeared, swinging about in the strong wind, and came in to touch down near the buildings, the usual landing place being deemed too exposed.

The hospital was ready for us, and our patient soon recovered having borne a very trying experience remarkably well.

Later that day, the lifeboat attempted to get back to Appledore but conditions were so bad that the coxswain wisely turned back to the shelter of Lundy, being prepared to risk his boat and crew on a mission but not just to return home. When the gale had subsided a bit, they got home later the following day.

The whole expedition was a first class example of good co-ordination by the services involved, with the right decisions being correctly taken. I remember most vividly the determination of the lifeboat crew, Bill Ruddock's kindness when I was at my worst, the scene when on the cable and the lighthouseman's help, and most of all, the splendid grip that Mr. Gade had on the control of the operation. The whole experience is something I enjoy most in retrospect.

(Editor's Note. The mission described by Dr. Brook is also recorded in Mr. Gade's "My Life on Lundy" (pp. 451 - 453). The patient was Jean Stockwell, and the Assistant Keeper-in-Charge at South Light was Mike Matthews, whose idea it was to use the supply box to bring the doctors ashore. In order (if it were necessary) to show you further the winter conditions on Lundy, here follows (as told by Mary Gade to the Ed.) an account of flooding in January '82.

"IF YOU KEEP THIS LETTER YOU CAN USE IT FOR THE NEWSLETTER."

Mary thinks it was Jan. 12th - when we had all that snow anyway - and Lundy didn't, only 4" of rain in 12 hours. It rained all day and at 4.30 was torrential. The water came up to the first step of Mary's flat and up to the top step of John Hinshelwood's, and flowed in torrents under Pig's Paradise as it drained off the Lighthouse field. It went through the kitchen garden by Pig's, and poured past the Tavern and through the Hotel. There was a moon, and enough visibility to see although it was raining. The Tent field water flow went through the Hotel, starting at thigh level and was at ankle level coming out through the billiard room. The tennis lawn and the lower lawn in front of the Hotel were lakes, with the water up to the handle of the monastery gate, which Steve, Mary and Peter de Groot could hardly open, but they did and the flood rushed through, wherever it rushed it tore up the paths.

The stream down by the Casbah was roaring like a mountain torrent, and white with froth. Millcombe terrace was flooded and the lawn a lake. The gougings from the Millcombe path silted up the gate so that it would hardly open. You could hear the Golden Well Stream roaring and water from it gouged the beach road - there was movement enough of water to take you off your feet. At Windy Corner some of the water was going off the edge, but most was rushing down towards the beach, then it fell as a white gushing waterfall by the Lone Pine, with the residue going down (the road) to the beach.

Some water did not drain off the surface but burst through the sidings below the East Side terrace by the Heligoland Trap. Further up the Quarry Path, going north, the water burst out beyond the pool that is surrounded by Sallow Willows - there's a great scar on the face of the siding, and below the path, on the sea side you can see the debris.

Mary said the only time she knows that there was a similar flood was before she was born (early 30's she thinks) and then the slurry from the farm swept into the Hotel and the Tavern was filled with pig slurry.

This is Mary's description.

A DEEP SENSE OF MISSION.

by John Thomas of Philadelphia.

One day in 1969 I happened to be leafing through the New York Times and spotted a tiny article:

'KINGDOM' OF LUNDY IS PUT UP FOR SALE

Well, if anything could capture the imagination of this fourteen year old boy, this was it.

"King of Lundy!" - it sure beat living next to a pizza and beer place in Millwood, New York. I tried to convince my family and older friends of what a great deal it was, hoping some purchase could be arranged. I gathered a group of classmates together, bribing them with high-sounding Lundy titles, and we determined to take Lundy by force, but summer vacation intervened and put an end to that plot. How lucky Lundy was! It had survived Turks and French, Salkeld and Nutt, but a horde of pimply teenagers?

Side by side with these projects, I began a serious study of Lundy, especially its history. The materials at my disposal were meagre.

Three pieces I stumbled across during those dark days, however, served to keep my interest aflame! Col. P.T. Etherton's article in the May 1947 issue of National Geographic; Mr. John Sack's witty and charming account of his visit to Lundy in 1955 (Harper's Magazine); and Prof. Powicke's King Henry III and the Lord Edward (1947) on William de Marisco and Lundy.

The dark clouds shielding me from Lundy soon began to float away. The Langhams' book pointed me in a hundred directions and an Ordnance Survey map of Lundy allowed me to pinpoint such mysterious places as "The Ugly" and "The Cheeses".

My entry into Harvard College in the autumn of 1973 put a temporary brake on my Lundy studies, while I groped with such new problems as beer parties and an insurmountable pile of laundry in the corner.

Later that year I wandered into the British History section of Widener Library at Harvard. I started thumbing through the Transactions of the Devonshire Association; there was one Lundy essay after another. I soon discovered the Patent Rolls and Close Rolls, Grose and Gosse, The Historical Manuscripts Commission and the Naval Record Society. My roommates looked on in awe as the beer cans and the laundry were buried in an avalanche of xerox copies.

I made the remarkable discovery that a technical Lundy paper was always assured of a top grade, if I could convince a professor to accept it, because no one could really criticize it. Much of my research, which was later published in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, had its origin in sundry papers, invariably generously graded by befuddled professors.

The next obvious step was to visit Lundy itself. I enquired about employment on the island, but was told there was "no suitable post here" for me. Trinity House was similarly negative when I questioned them about a career as a lighthouse keeper: "I am sorry to tell you that we have no vacancies at the moment and foresee none for the next two years."

It became apparent that, if I was ever to see Lundy, it would have to be like anyone else - get a job, save up and go there for a vacation, which I recently did (Whitsun 1982)

I flew over on a hazy morning. Between the time Lundy first appeared, to the time we landed, only a few minutes passed, yet this was one of the most intense periods of my life: the southern end of Lundy became discernable, then clear and immediately after, the Castle sprouted on the horizon and then South Light glimmered in the morning sun. Walls became visible; Church, Town and Old Light peered out of the island and grew. I had my first and best view of Rocket Pole Pond in my life.

I waited anxiously at the Lundy International Airport for the arrival of my overweight luggage. I knew instinctively where to run down the path, to the left around the Tavern, through the Blue Gate along the path to Millcombe. Here I dropped my bags in Amelia Heaven's former room.

Then I decided upon a short walk: along the path from Millcombe past the Gardens, to the Battlements and across the hill to the Castle and Benson's Cave. This was followed by the Rocket Pole Pond, Goat Island, a trip to the Battery, the Punchbowl, the Marisco (?) Mangonel Battery, Devil's Slide, North End and John O'Groats, the Constable Rock, North East Point, Gannet's Rock, a walk past some hut circles around Gannet's Combe, the Mousehole and Trap, a quick expedition to Brazen Ward, the Knoll Pins, East Side Path, Knight Templar Rock, Logan Stone, the Quarries with V.C. Quarry, Quarry Pond, Quarterwall Hospital and Cottages, the road through the Village, a drink at Marisco Tavern and finally back to Millcombe for dinner.

Never had anything so thoroughly lived up to my expectation, yet, there certainly were pleasant surprises. I had no idea the electricity went off every night at midnight, which I thought was splendid (reading by candlelight in Millcombe was wonderful). I discovered the outdoor "Gents" by the Tavern afforded a majestic panorama of Morte Bay.

Finally, two decades of constant failure in raffles and lotteries were completely erased by the absolute thrill of winning the raffle at the South Atlantic Fund Barbecue. I was presented with an encased photograph of Lundy to be used as a serving tray. That evening all the folks in the Tavern signed the back of it.

I was lucky enough to be able to attend two services in the Church and to participate in a sheep roundup, but my favourite episode occurred when Ian Linn and a colleague flew in by helicopter with two French professors who were engaged in studying zoonotic diseases. We hiked to Dead Cow Point to search for fleas and ticks and rabbit warrens. Suddenly one of the Frenchmen leapt into some bushes and emerged grasping a live rabbit. You could see the satisfaction on their faces as one vigorously shook the startled rabbit and then went to work identifying the tiny creatures that fell off.

The rabbit crawled into the bushes with a story to tell his fellows, just as I returned to America and Dirty Frank's Bar to jabber about Swimbridge and Crisps.

SEAL'S HOLE.

by Moff Betts.

As proposed by our inimitable organiser, a few days earlier, we set out one Sunday afternoon during August '82 intent on reaching that well-known dwelling of amphibious marine animals, Seal's Hole. "We" had few female members, although my mother and sister, Ann and Sue, did accompany us.

Before we knew it we were descending an 'easy' climb, aided by advice from the foot of the cliff, on our way to the entrance to the cave. On reaching the bottom, seaweed was negotiated to give us a clear run straight into a rockpool. This second obstacle was defeated with rolled up trousers and foolhardiness. The advance party, set off into the gloomy beyond in bare feet and t-shirts. The abrasive effect of sand on rock did our feet permanent damage but all nerve impulses from down below were flooded as we rounded a corner, stepping into dry sand and darkness and the sound of a Bull Seal breathing heavily about twenty yards ahead of us. After initial apprehension, we approached it, feeling pleased that we had brought torches.

It knew there was a way out, which unfortunately involved passing us. The first dash for freedom by this lumbering hulk stopped as soon as the three men in our party made a speedier dash for safety and turned on our heels for the exit. Poor Susy was left alone - she turned round to see three heads sprinting away from her torchlight. Luckily the seal realised that she posed no threat, and stopped. So did we, and came back and peered at it until it decided to make another break. We had unwisely chosen the narrowest part of the cave in which to pass him. Roger climbed up the cave wall with amazing skill and Patrick, Sue and I huddled in a small recess on the outside of a corner in the passage. Well, the tons of margarine and fur flobbled past us and we followed it out to shout warnings to the rearguard. My brother Tom and Peter Pritchard, stood on either side of the rock pool. The seal splashed them as it entered the pool, but Tom escaped further harm and clambered onto a convenient ledge. Pete, however, was trying to melt into the rock as the seal swam past his submerged feet, only hoping that this was a vegetarian. The seal now saw my father at the cave entrance and executed an elegant return along the pool, only to see four more excited people shouting and waving at the other end. So he pulled another underwater stall-turn and swam past Pete once more, who was getting quite used to it by then. This time it did leave and rolled over the last few rocks to escape.

We all proceeded to the end of the cave, which terminated in a magnificent oval cavern, in which nothing could be heard or seen, only smelt - Lundy's seal population had marred the unreal effect of silence and darkness. There was still one surprise - a message left by the last visitors in 1977, who turned out to work for the same branch of the same organisation as Roger. So we left our names, and the cave, as we had found it, minus a ton or two of fur and fat. And not a moment too soon, it seems, as the seals had proved the worth of their alleged communication system, when we spotted six or seven seals watching us with mean expressions, no doubt ready to reclaim their territory. But no such fight was necessary - their mere presence helped us up the cliff onto terra firma.

SPACE FILLER.

Remember. AGM Sat. 5.3.83. Exeter. Excursion Sat. 16.4.83. Ilfracombe.

SONIC BOOM RECORDING ON LUNDY. AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1975.

by Mike Marsden.

During the summer months of 1975, Concorde was doing her proving flights from Heathrow out over the North Atlantic. As the flightpath of the aircraft was directly overhead Lundy, it was decided to make the point at which the aircraft should become supersonic on its outbound path, (and subsonic on its inbound path) 20 or so miles to the west of Lundy.

Lundy being a bird sanctuary it was decided that a monitoring team should be sent to the island to ensure that no damage was being done by Concorde's sonic boom, should it be heard on Lundy, to Lundy or its environment.

During July 1976 six members of staff were called together at the Air Traffic Control Evaluation Unit at Bournemouth (Hurn) Airport. We were told that at the end of August, or beginning of September we were to be sent to Lundy for a period of 4 weeks, in two teams of 3, for a period of a fortnight each.

As the decision to come to Lundy was made at quite short notice it was found that there was no accommodation available for the first team for the first week. So it was necessary to camp for this first week.

When the day came for the move down to Ilfracombe from Bournemouth there were three of us in the team in a large Transit van, and half a ton of equipment, camping gear, et cetera. The three members of the first team were: M. Gough, D. Markell and M. Marsden.

Arrival at Ilfracombe and transferring all the equipment into the hold of the "Lundy Gannet" caused some interest to the crowds of holiday-makers at the quay. All went well, however, and we settled down, after a meal in the town, to sleep the night on the "Polar Baer". Morning brought breakfast on the "Polar Bear" before a transfer to the "Lundy Gannet" for the trip to Lundy.

I think all of us will remember the trip over, as it was a somewhat rough passage, overcast with rain and seas over the bows at times. To anyone not a particularly good sea traveller the little shelter on the "Gannet" with the leaky exhaust pipe from the engine passing through it, was something to remember with a shudder.

When we arrived at Lundy everything was transferred to the Barge without mishap, and transported, camping gear to the Tent Field, recording equipment to the Coastguard hut in Pig's Paradise, and us to our tents.

On the first morning some discussion was entered into re. the merits of the Tent Field/Hay Field or the Cow Byre further up the island as a recording site. The Tent Field was decided on because it was more central to the tents, shop and Tavern, but most important of all the phone link to the mainland. This was important as we had to liaise with West Drayton Air Traffic Control Centre and A.T.C.E.U. as to the exact time that the aircraft would be overhead Lundy. Liaison was maintained by the phone in the office or bungalow (depending on the time), and our own Radio/Telephones.

The recording itself went very uneventfully. The aircraft was due to be over Lundy each day at approximately 7am and 8pm. Due to engine failures and delays of one sort or another one or two days were lost for recording so we had quite a lot of free time. Our most annoying problem was our generator (on loan from RAE Farnborough), it steadfastly refused to work reliably, but one of the islanders was kind enough to lend us one until a replacement one was obtained from the mainland.

Our leisure time was spent exploring the island in fair weather and foul, (fog, wind, rain etc.). Derek Markell and myself had a bit of a scratch round in the Victorian rubbish dump in the Carp Quarry and found a stoneware marmalade pot which was presented to the Tavern (now used to store darts). Derek Markell was very unfortunate

to break a bone in his foot one evening on his way to the Tavern after a late recording session. (No one at the A.T.C.E.U. believes it was on the way to the Tavern.)

When the time came for us to be relieved by the second team, the wind was easterly, so the "Balmoral", which was bringing them, could not land its trippers, so we and our camping gear crashed out through the surf on the barge to have a hurried 10 minute changeover briefing and the second party were off. Because the weather was so rough the "Balmoral" took us all for a circuit round the island and thence back to Ilfracombe. The same Transit van and driver then drove us and our kit back to Bournemouth.

After 21 days of recording no recordable sonic booms were on tape. Some faint ones were heard, but the recorders which recorded air pressure variations did not trip once.

I enjoyed my stay sufficiently to bring my family to the island the following year for a holiday and every year since.

AVALON-SACRED ISLAND IN THE WEST: AN ESSAY IN ARTHURIAN GEOGRAPHY.

by Peter G. Pritchard.

At a time when we have just witnessed the recovery of the "Mary Rose", it may seem ambitious to contemplate the recovery of any part of an event that occurred a full thousand years earlier. But have we not also just witnessed the discovery of the Mausoleum Philip of Macedon? Who pre-dates Arthur by some 900 years. And when Schliemann dug up Troy VIIA it had lain undisturbed for above 3,000 years.

These events have something in common other than their great national value, and international interest. They were all the result of conscious effort, none of them was an accidental discovery, these priceless finds were made because they were looked for.

I believe Arthur was entombed on Lundy. There is just a chance that he is still there, I am prepared to be laughed at for making the suggestion, but unless we seek we shall not find.

My task will be to show that the Severn Sea is beyond question Arthurian territory, and I will present my evidence to support the equation Avalon = Lundy.

Part One: TERRA ARTHURIANA.

E.K. Chambers says, "Arthur first meets us - in the pages of Nennius." He then attempts to establish first the location of Nennius. "Probably Nennius himself was of South rather than North Wales," and then the location of his subject: "Early in the ninth century - Arthur was not merely a national British hero; he was also the centre of popular aetiological myths in South Wales - and in - Herefordshire. - - the balance of evidence points to a southern rather than a northern area, alike for the development of the story of Arthur and for his historical activities, although this area was probably not South Wales but Dumnonia across the Severn."

Hermann de Tournai, describing a visit made to England by "certain canons of Laon" in the year 1113, says; "From Exeter they made their way to Danavexeria by which is apparently meant Devonshire, and here they were told they were upon the very land of the famous King Arthur, immediately following which," the text continues, "They came to Bodmin."

Geoffrey of Monmouth describes the coronation of Arthur taking place at Silchester, and also comments; "The Saxons promise to return to Germany, but instead sail tound to Totnes, raid up the Severn Sea and beseige Bath. There Arthur with his sword Caliburn, forged in the isle of Avallon - has a great victory." Geoffrey says

that; " - Arthur was wounded - and being borne thence for the healing of his wounds to the island of Avallon resigned the diadem of Britain to his kinsman Constantine, son of Cadur of Cornwall."

Geoffrey makes Merlin and Thegesinus describe the famous islands of the world. One of them is the Insula Pomorum. "This is an adaptation of the Fortunate Islands, probably the Canaries, told of by Solinus and Isidore. It is an earthly Paradise - and thither," says Thegesinus, "after the battle of Camblanus, under the guidance of Barinthus, we bore the wounded Arthur."

E.K. Chambers, discussing the Arthurian evidence from "the Mabinogion" speaks of Arthur hunting the Porcus Troit through South Wales, over the Severn Estuary into Cornwall. Arthur is seen in a vision, (*The Dream of Rhonabwy*) gathering at a ford on the Severn with his host for battle, making truce and retiring to Cornwall. Arthur pursues a sow with his army to the sea at Penryn Austin, (Welsh Triads).

Chambers concludes that we must focus our search for the historical Arthurian location; "in the very centre of the ancient Dumnonia," which he pinpoints as being, "about a mile from where the Exeter and Bodmin road climbs to its highest point on Dartmoor at Merripit," which is just 30 miles south-east of Hartland Point.

All this evidence is gleaned from a single work, based on purely literary sources, so we must ask, can we find anything of a corroborative nature to support these conclusions?

One of the best possible tests must be to seek the opinion of someone who qualifies as a native of the established focal area. Prominent among such would be Richard Pearse Chope B.A., born at Farford in the Parish of Hartland, North Devon, in 1862. Chope says, writing about 1935; "At the present time the total number of Celtic, i.e. Cornish names left in Devon is less than one per cent. of the whole". Then drawing on the evidence of King Alfred's will, he writes; " - the statement that all the King's Welshlands, except Triconscire, were granted to the younger son, reveals the remarkable fact that Hartland as well as the rest of North Devon, and North Somerset, were Saxon, while South Devon, South Somerset, and parts of Dorset, Wilts, and Hants, were still inhabited by people reckoned as Welsh. The evidence of place-names and dialects leads to the same conclusion, and it has been suggested that the northern lands formed part of the great Arthurian Kingdom". Chope also affirms; "Hartland was at the centre of the Arthurian Kingdom."

This is of course only in the nature of circumstantial evidence on its own, its importance lies in the fact that we have now reached agreement in two separate approaches, both by literary and linguistic evidence for an Arthurian Kingdom or area.

POSTSCRIPT TO PART ONE & INTRODUCTION TO PART TWO.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was of Norman-Welsh descent, wrote in 1147, of his final location for Arthur as; " - insula Avallonis." In 1155 Wace of Jersey makes the first written introduction of the Round Table, and names the island "Avalon." Layamon, circa 1200, follows Wace's poem in outline, but extends it. With a choice of spellings before him he adopts neither; the island under the pen of a native poet becomes "Avalun." He also informs us that the part of England he was native to was Ernley, at a noble church upon Severn's bank.

We have now reached the stage where a philological link can be seen as possible from Avalun to Lundy, but we still have to discover what the name means and where it comes from.

Part Two: THE HISTORICAL CORE OF THE APPLE CONTROVERSY.

In order to establish the original identity of the magical "Avalun" it is necessary to go back some 3,000 years, and to travel to the western extremity of the Mediterranean Sea.

That period, circa 1000 BC, sees the beginning of the late bronze age, in which the Phoenician traders established, beyond any question, their complete domination of what is called the Western Megalithic Trade Route: which operated from the Pillars of Heracles, due North via Brittany, Cornwall, Ireland, the Orkneys, and then East to the Baltic. They seem to have operated two Southern Markets, one on each side of the Pillars, Gadir (Cadiz), and Ceuta opposite Gibraltar.

Carpenter points out; "it was the Pillars of Heracles that figured as the limits of permissible navigation in the minds of the Greek poets of the fifth century BC." In support of the Pillars as a terminal boundary, it should be noted that the only one of Heracles' labours that he did not carry out himself, was collecting the Golden Apples of the Hesperides. In this one case he relieved Atlas of the burden of supporting the earth on his shoulders: arguably a greater labour, but not the one which he was commissioned to do, which was carried out by Atlas.

Clearly the legend, in part, owes its basis to the fact that the produce of the Canary Isles, nuts and fruit - mainly apples, could only be collected by seamen with knowledge of the local waters, and then brought to the Southern Pillar, Ceuta, which unlike its Northern counterpart actually formed the emporium for the South Atlantic, and African wares. So here we have Ceuta the original magical isle of apples.

The ancient names of the individual Pillars of Heracles were Calpe on the North, and on the South, Abylla. We will find William Smith's Classical Dictionary has "Abella or Avella - a town of Campania, not far from Nola, - it was celebrated for its apples." Lemprier's Classical Dictionary has separately listed under both headings, Avella and Abella: "Its (hazel) nuts, called avellanoę, and also its apples were famous.

Clearly there is some connection between these two renowned fruit markets of antiquity, and that one takes its name from the other can scarcely be doubted. What concerns us is the implication that any market, dealing in the same wares, might receive the same title, much as emporium, or market might be used of any location. A good example of such a 'travelling name' is given by Carpenter, describing the voyage of Pytheas, he has him leaving "land's end of Spain," sailing on and by, " - steering direct from land's end of Brittany," eventually arriving at " - land's end of Cornwall." There is another Abella at the Northern end of the Megalithic Trade Route, as Pliny has it; "Pytheas says that an estuary of the Ocean, Metuonis by name, is inhabited by the Gutones, a people of Germany, for a distance of six thousand stades and that the island of Abalus is distant a day's navigation therefrom."

We have done sufficient here, I believe, to establish the origin of the name 'Aval n'; probably beginning with the most renowned fruit emporium just North of Naples, Avella, it attached itself, firmly, by similarity of function, to the Southern Pillar of Heracles, from there certainly, it gained a tenuous grip, by similarities of both function and appearance in the Baltic as Abalus, the Amber Isle, at the other end of the trade route.

But now when we have finally got our teeth into the historical core of the apple controversy: how on earth does all this relate to Lundy ?

We return to Choep for the answer. "Ptolemy of Alexandria, gave the latitude and longitude of what he calls in Greek "Heracleous Acron", which has been generally identified with our Hartland Point." Choep continues; " - sailors may have traced some resemblance between Hartland Point and the Rock of Gibraltar (Calpe), which with the opposite shore (Abylla), formed the famous Pillars of Hercules - if we could be assured that Lundy Island was also known as "Herculea", we should be confirmed in our surmise, - unfortunately the only authority for this name is a forgery - the so-called 'Chronicle of Richard of Cirencester'."

I believe that Choep has here hit the nail upon the head. The

Pillars of Heracles are some 13 miles apart; clearly any seamen, familiar with those Pillars, sailing past Hartland and seeing therein a resemblance to the northern pillar Calpe, could then hardly fail to cast Lundy in the role of the southern pillar Abylla.

I hope I have done enough here to show that if any island within the Terra Arthuriana, actually bore the name Avalun, that island was Lundy; and the reason it bore the name was not because it was a market, as in the other cases, but because of a geographical similarity of appearance and relative position.

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(The author of this most interesting thesis is a member of the Lundy Field Society. He Lives at: 12 Clinton Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea. He would welcome correspondence on this subject.)

THE OLD HOTEL.

by Myrtle Langham.

It is an appropriate moment to consider the history of the buildings that have, in recent years, been given the collective name of "The Old Hotel" and this is most easily done in five separate stages:

1. The original and oldest part of the building - the section between the south wing and the billard room. We have no definite date for this, but it seems likely that it is the building referred to in 1787 as "the house lately built by Sir John Borlase Warren" (North Devon Magazine, 1824) since there is no reference anywhere to a building on the site previous to this. The earliest record is the drawing of 1838 which shows the house as it was when William Hudson Heaven bought the island in 1863 (see "A Lundy Album").

There are two towers, each having a single window at each of three levels, joined by a single-storeyed central section with two windows and a doorway; all three sections have pitched roofs. Mrs. M. C. Heaven, in her "Lundy Log", says that the towers contained four rooms and the central section was a large dairy, but she may not be entirely reliable as she never saw the original herself. It is possible that the lowest of the three window levels was for cellars, the southern one of which is still accessible, and which appears to have been either a cool room, a dairy, or a wine cellar.

Against the south wall there is a very small cottage, which must have been destroyed when the south wing was built, and another cottage adjoins or abuts the north wall; this may be the part of the building which was last used as a staff room, and which has a well below the floor.

The indication of the cellar windows, together with the signs of the roof level of the south cottage which have been exposed by recent demolition, suggest that the ground level in front of this building was considerably lower at that time than it now is.

The establishment of this building marked a shift in the focus of island life from the castle to what was then known as "the Farm".

2. William Hudson Heaven built up the central section of the farmhouse, replaced the pitched roof, and built up the front coping as it stands now. When the upper storey of the old hotel was dismantled I sketched and measured the interior walls which were exposed, and was able to trace the positions of windows, doors and fireplaces etc.

The farmhouse was inhabited by the farm bailiff, manager, or tenant, and it fulfilled all the functions of a farmer's home, plus that of affording simple accommodation to occasional visitors.

3. When the Granite Co. leased the farm from Mr. Heaven the building was extended, between 1863 and 1868, by the addition of the south wing. When they left the island the new wing was not completed inside, and was not in use. It was separate from the farmhouse, having its own entrance - later the front door to the hotel - and was called "the New House". It was used occasionally for Sunday readings or services when these were not held at the Villa (Millcombe) and as a play space for the Heaven children.

In 1871, after the Granite Co. had left, Mr. Heaven continued some work on the interior of the New House, which had drawing-room, dining-room, sitting-room and kitchen, with six rooms and "offices" above; the sitting-room next to the kitchen was later incorporated into the dining-room for the hotel. In 1871 there is the first reference to the new name of "Manor Farm", but it was never referred to as that in the diaries and letters until the turn of the century. In 1874 a porch was added to the back door, a drain made, and an extension to the dairy was started - this was completed in 1875, and formed the central west wing at the back of the building. At this time Lundy exported considerable amounts of butter to N. Devon.

4. Mr. Wright was tenant of the island farm between 1885-1891 and he completed the work on the south wing, which he used for his own residence, when it was referred to as the "New House". He built the first tennis court on the front lawn in 1886. (There are two photos of the building as it was in 1888 in "A Lundy Album").

Mr. Wright was succeeded by Mr. Ackland (1891-1899), then by Mr. Taylor (1899-1908), and then by Mr. Saunt (1908-1912). Mr. Taylor did not live on Lundy and during his tenancy there are references to the "Manor House", so it is probable that the "New House" was first used as a hotel at this time. We know that it definitely was the "Manor Farm Hotel" by 1910, when the manager caused a scandal by appearing in the bankruptcy court at Barnstaple that year.

5. When Mr Christie owned the island (1917-1925) the building was still principally a farmhouse, although visitors were accommodated. When Mr Harman bought the island in 1925 he converted the entire building to a hotel, and extended it by adding two bedrooms over the dairy wing and extending the rear of the building immediately to the north to provide the staircase, landing and bathroom. He also built the Billiards Room, and made a through connection between the farm and the Tavern. There is no record of what occupied that space previously, but the photos of 1888 show a cottage that is derelict, at least in the upper storey. The hotel was in use until 1972, when it was dismantled, and the accommodation for visitors was established in Millcombe.

1983 will usher in phase 6.

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KING ALBERT.

by Patrick Penny.

Perhaps the finest single pack patience.

Lay out nine horizontal rows of cards face upward.

The top row should have nine cards the second should have eight, the third seven etc, until the bottom row consists of just one card. The forty five cards should look like a right angled triangle. The seven remaining cards should be placed by themselves face upwards to be used when wanted.

The bottom card of each column is 'in play', as are the seven cards left over. Packing on exposed cards is in descending sequence and alternating colours. As Aces are exposed they are taken out and used as foundations to rebuild their respective suits from twos to Kings. Only one card can be moved at a time, but if a complete column becomes vacant, an exposed card can be moved into it. Cards stacked on foundations can be returned to play if they are on top and the other rules are observed.

Object: to get the pack in its respective suits stacked on the Aces. Odds on success; about 2 : 1.

LUNDYMANIA.

by Ian G. Wilkinson, October 1982.

Some time ago I placed an advert in a magazine stating that I wished to buy anything associated with Lundy. Mrs Westcott saw my ad. and asked if I would write about my collection for the Newsletter.

In the late 60s I once again took up a schoolboy hobby of stamp collecting and very soon realised that I found the odd and unusual of more interest than conventional stamps. Somewhere along the way I picked up some Lundy Locals (stamps valid for local carriage only) and soon gathered up a small collection. By 1968 I had become sufficiently 'hooked' to write to Lundy for more details and there followed over the next few years a flow of letters between myself and Felix Gade. While it was possibly an affection for the puffins shown on the stamps that attracted me in the first place, there can be no doubt that it was Felix who provided the impetus for my continued interest. By 1973 I

actually got round to visiting the island and had the honour to meet that great gentleman in person.

Since then the collection has continued to grow and where once upon a time the aim was just to obtain one of each of the stamps, issued, it is now striving to obtain those on envelopes both FROM and TO Lundy, plus examples of all the postmarks used, plus examples of all errors, proofs, colour trials, forgeries (yes, there have been a lot of these) presentation packs, etc, etc.

I think the next step was to branch sideways with a collection of view postcards of Lundy. It is amazing just how many of these there are when you consider what there is to be seen on Lundy. The Landing Beach, the Church, Millcombe, the Marisco Tavern and the Lighthouses would, you would think, almost cover it but I guess that there has been a card of almost every piece of rock bigger than a football - I even have a card showing a line of washing (with a nice pair of long-johns) by the North Light. And when HMS 'Montagu' decided to pay her visit to the Island in 1906, it seems every photographer in the land went and took pictures to make into postcards - I have no less than 70 different cards showing her in various stages of disintegration and I know there are many others.

Of course I keep a scrap book into which I place any newspaper cuttings, copies of articles, steamer sailing handbills and other ephemera relating to Lundy and the collection of souvenirs bought in the Island shop grows steadily year by year. They are happy days indeed when I find an early print, map or other picture of Lundy and one wall of my den is nearing saturation point - I'm very pleased to say.

Although there have been quite a number of books published about 'that island' these are not easy to find but many of the travel guides for Devon include details to either a greater or lesser extent. But among my most treasured Lundy possessions are six pieces of china with Lundy crests on. These are the sort of thing that everyone was throwing away as rubbish back in the 50s but are now becoming very collectable. This china was made between 1880 and 1930 and at the height of its popularity, there were some 233 different manufacturers producing it in every conceivable shape with crests for almost every town and village in the country - and where a crest did not exist, then they made one up. It is therefore perhaps not surprising that among the six pieces I have, there are no less than three different coats of arms - and I believe that a fourth could possibly exist.

Well that's about the extent of my Lundy collection but if you know of anything that I have not thought of collecting, I would be most interested to know. Or if you have any Lundy bits and pieces that need a good home you know where to send them.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

by Ann Betts.

In order not to cramp the style of the duty cook, cottage cookery must be either instant or premeditated. Here are some ideas in either category.

1. Baked Potato Variations

Large scrubbed potatoes (a pot scourer will do it), pierced all over at intervals with a skewer or carving fork, can be left in a slow oven for several hours, or in a medium - hot oven (say 375 - 400) for 1½ hours. They cook better without a dish. At the last minute cut them almost in half lengthways, take out the insides and gently mash them up with whatever filling you fancy, before replacing in the shell. A good one is chopped cooked ham mixed

with the potato and topped with grated cheese. Toast this for a few minutes under the grill and serve.

2. Corned Beef Hash

This is the ultimate in instant cooking. Shred a 12 oz tin of Corned Beef, fry an onion, chopped and mix with the meat. Make up a large packet of instant mashed Potato as instructed, and combine with the other ingredients. Put it all in a flattish fireproof dish and level the top. Finish with grated cheese and/or a layer of sliced tomatoes and grill lightly. Serves four.

So mething succulent is good with this, eg

3. Braised Onions

This can be done in advance and reheated. Peel 1 lb onions, the smaller the better, and leave them whole. Sweat them in oil in a saucepan, then add seasoning, the odd herb or spice as available (eg cloves, bayleaves), and a tin of tomatoes. Stock is a good addition if you have it. Cook gently until the onions are tender but not mushy.

4. SALADE NICOISE

Very good in hot weather, this is really an assembly job, and therefore QUICK.

- 1 tin Tuna fish
- 1 green Pepper
- lettuce, tomatoes
- juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1 hard boiled egg per person.

For authenticity, 2 - 3 oz olives and a tin of anchovies

Ahead of time, wash the salad vegetables, de-seed the peppers, hard-boil and peel the eggs. Just before eating break up lettuce into small pieces, chop tomatoes and pepper. Flake the tuna, reserving the oil. Mix tuna (and olives and anchovies if used) with the salad vegetables. Mix fish oil and lemon juice to form emergency French dressing and mix this into the salad at the last moment. Garnish each plate with a hard boiled egg, cut in half lengthways. Serve with plain brown bread.

FURTHER LUNDY SCRAMBLES.

by A.J.B.Walker.

The Battery is one of the best places for watching Gannets, Fulmers, waves, and so on. It is a collection of derelict buildings about 150 feet above sea-level, and is reached by a zig-zag walled path that goes down just short of Quarter Wall (on the West Side). The two guns which were fired at ten-minute intervals when it was foggy, are fairly severely corroded but still impressive. There is a hard scramble down to sea-level here: over the wall at the north side of the Battery, move southwards below the gun platform, and scramble down beyond a couple of small granite rocks that jut upwards side by side like teeth. At one point there is an eight foot drop that needs a bit of careful climbing, but it is worth coping with this to get a proper view of the Flying Buttress. You may even see a party of climbers on Diamond Solitaire, the south face of the Buttress

The next point of interest going North from the top of the Battery path is the Earthquake. This is an area of the clifftop at the South end of Jenny's Cove, over the Needle Rock, where the granite forms chasms and fissures: one intrepid scrambler (Mark Darlestone) reached a depth of about 70 in a chasm that

is fairly close to the North-East limit of the area. There is no great danger in this scrambling, though it's as well to have a good torch and a companion in case you get stuck, and possibly thirty feet of rope. For picnickers, the area is sheltered from East and West winds. Last year there was a dead sheep in a good picnic place, but that sort of annoyance does not last long.

About half a mile (or less) further North you will see the Pyramid: this is a granite outcrop at the bottom of the sidings of Jenny's Cove; and it is used as a landing place for boats in Easterly winds. For determined swimmers there is a fairly sheltered inlet at the South end; in 1976 a large party of swimmers spent an afternoon there, taking advantage of the only flat calm I have ever known on the West side. Your correspondent, as usual, thought that the water was too cold. The stone of the Pyramid is weathered granite and forms an excellent 'nursery' for starting scrambling. Personally, I find the Pyramid dull, and only visit it once every few years.

(Ed's Note. As we said last year; it is unwise to go on any of Walker's Walks on your own, and without anyone knowing where you are going. In the nesting season you should ask at the office if the place you are going to is a nesting area and closed for climbing.)

"TRIAL OF ERROR": The Court Martial Arising From the Loss of HM 'Montague', Lundy 1906. by G.M. and R.C. Davis. Is being published on March 5th 1983. price £1.50; £1.75 by post.

An account of the trial on the 'Victory', taken from THE TIMES. Obtainable at the LFS AGM or from: Keverstone, 6 Chapel Rise, Atworth, Melksham, Wilts.

Once again "Lundy Lights and Leads", and this time literally as well as metaphorically. In the "Western Morning News" your Editor saw a news item which Field Society members who only take "The Times", "Telegraph", "Express" or "Mail" might have missed.

The W.M.N. reports North Devon's parliamentary candidate, Roger Blackmore, as urging the establishment of a new Regional Energy Consortium in the S.W. to research and develop the potential of wind, wave, tidal and solar power.

Blackmore says that in a world concerned with excessive reliance on nuclear power, the need to pioneer is increasingly recognised: and, as example, he says, the new windmill generator on Lundy Island is a success.

Hot on the trail, your Editor telephoned Col. Gilliat on Lundy. Col. Gilliat says nightstore heaters have gone over on the 'Polar Bear'. (an entirely unsubstantiated rumour reached your Ed., two hundred.) The Colonel says that now all the cottages have dry heat in them.

He says one can now visit between October and March (as well as between March and October) knowing that however wet, cold, misty, windy, (etc.) it may be on the glorious plateau, one will be warm and dry at home: bliss. And there is No Extra Cost, because the Atlantic winds of Lundy are Lighting (and Heating) and Leading.

EVENTS FOR 1983.

Saturday March 5th 1983.

The Society's Annual General Meeting will be held at 1.45.p.m. in the Hatherley Laboratories, The University, Prince of Wales Rd. Exeter. After the meeting, at about 6.00.p.m. there will be an informal gathering in the Imperial Hotel which is close by.

Saturday April 16th 1983.

We are fortunate to have secured a vessel so that we can visit the island as a group for the thirteenth successive year. Full details are enclosed. We will be delighted if you can join us and remind you that non members of the Society are most welcome.

On Lundy at any time.

The objectives of the Lundy Field Society are to further the study of Lundy, in particular its history, natural history and archaeology and the conservation of wild life and antiquities of the island. With this in mind you are invited to contribute to the Annual Report, our Newsletter, or the Island Log., whichever is most appropriate.

Peter Cole.

ASW / PBFC / AFL. JAN. '83.

STOP PRESS. Copies of "A Lundy Album." by Myrtle Langham will be on sale at the AGM.