

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY NEWS LETTER

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EDITORIAL Abbreviations: WMN - Western Morning News: NDJ - North Devon Journal: NDA - North Devon Advertiser.

WORKING PARTIES 1994

John Morgan has decided to step down as co - organiser of LFS working parties as from the AGM and we would like to thank him for all his hard work. We have, therefore, decided that this will provide an opportunity to streamline the organisation of working parties.

Old Light West is now available for use by volunteers for most weeks throughout the year and the Warden, Andrew Gibson, is keen to utilise it to the full. So, we effectively have the opportunity to supply him with small groups of volunteers for a large part of the year and you can decide when you would like to take part. Numbers will be limited to four per week, allocated on a first come first served basis, so the sooner you contact me with your preferred dates the more likely they are to be available.

The LFS also have the option of having larger groups of volunteers (maximum 10) staying in Quarters for the weeks 18th-26th March and 1st-8th October. If there is insufficient interest in these weeks to warrant retaining these bookings Old Light West should be available for a 4 person working party.

The Field Society make a contribution of £24 per person which will cover your boat fare and a proportion of your food. You are required to make up the rest, usually around £25. We ask you to send £10 as a deposit. You can settle up the remainder directly with your leader on the Island. Regretfully, we are now unable to accept children under 16 years of age on working parties.

Working hours from 9am to 5pm with an hour for lunch, Sunday to Friday, with a half day off

If you wish to join us please contact me with your deposit as soon as possible at the address below, first come first served. Cheques payable to Lundy Field Society please. Any queries, please phone.

Helen Cole

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Yr. Ed. specially calls your attention to a tremendous and exciting burst of Publishing and General Intellectual Activity relating to Lundy and LFS members. First, Westwell Publishing (Westcott and Rothwell) reports a successful first half year for "Lundy an Island Sketchbook": NDA. 29/7/93... "Peter Rothwell's record of Lundy is made up of 35 sketches, covering almost all the features of the island, from its stamps to the Villa, built in 1858 for the Heaven family, St. Helena's Church, Castle Keep, where Benson kept convicts which he was paid to transport overseas, Rat Island, and Shutter Rock, on which HMS Montague, a new battleship, came to grief in 1906. Thus we have an artist's sketchpad, rich in the atmosphere of the island, issued in book form." The sketchbook, the Landmark Video, and "Lundy, Island Without Equal" were noticed in the NDJ (12/8/93). We ran a series of Exhibitions (to promote the sketchbook) of pictures and photographs of Lundy and North Devon, in assorted venues, during November and December, and John Dyke and Peter Rothwell sold some gorgeous paintings, and Rosemary Kuffeler sold her books. You will see Westwell's "Sketching Breaks" advertised in this Newsletter - 2 Absolute Bargain 4-day breaks: you stay in Millcombe, and Peter Rothwell is the Tutor. Yr. Ed. also reports Roger Allen's postcard publication, (DV 1995) which will not only be of first-rate importance to collectors, but also to Myrtle Ternstrom's Index (see elsewhere in this newsletter) which we are all asked to help with. This Index is part of Caroline Thackray's National Trust Archaeological/Historical Research Archive. (Already the Newsletter is lodged at the Libraries of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, the National Library of Scotland, the Library of Trinity College Dublin, and the National Library of Wales.) As well as Myrtle's work on the Index for Caroline Thackray, you will notice (elsewhere in this newsletter) Myrtle's own publication on the Castle, which promises to be a most interesting booklet. Also in this newsletter is yr. Ed's. review/article on Lois Lamplugh's, "Lundy, Island without Equal", also reviewed in the WMN (25/9/93), and Paul Harrison writes about his climbers' guide. As one has said before - There's Glory for You - all those super Blooms on the Lundy Tree. Btw. HM the Queen Mother accepted a copy of "Lundy an Island Sketchbook", and said it brought back happy memories of her 1958 visit.

In the last Newsletter yr. Ed. called attention to newspaper coverage of the dangers of pollution in the Bristol Channel. The problem is still with us. The NDJ (28/1/93) reported the concern of Andrew Gibson of the RSPB over the Government "go-ahead for (oil) exploration to the N. and W. of Lundy. The WMN (22/4/93) reported a Birdlife International campaign in which the RSPB reports "most of the important coastal sites for birds around the UK continued to be threatened by man. As part of Lundy's own care for birds there are Climbing Restrictions between the end of March and the end of July. (Don't some of the Climbs have marvellous names: Beef and Beaufort Buttresses, Forgotten Pinnacle, Torrey Canyon, Weird Wall, as well as the more conservative Montague Buttress and Needle Rock.) The WMN reported (16/6/93) a "New Oil Probe" threatening wild life: the January concern of the RSPB over prospecting for oil has not been reduced by any Government assurance. In the WMN (23/8/93) however, the "Government's Countryside advisers" are reported as having named "eleven areas round the coast of the SW as important and vulnerable sites...which must be protected". The NDJ (26/8/93) carries the same item of news. The Times (23/8/93) gives the name of the report "managing England's Marine Wildlife" (The Marine Task Force, English Nature, Peterborough PE1 1UA). Lundy is, of course, mentioned in each of the last 3 articles. Coastal Conservation and Lundy were a topic in the Times (25/9/93) which pointed out the shocking fact that "about 200 SSSIs (Lundy is an SSSI) supposedly protected under the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981 are damaged or destroyed each year". On a more cheerful note the WMN (18/9/93) reported English Nature's zoning scheme, which would produce a colour-coded map of the sea round Lundy showing areas of lesser and greater protection, so that the reserve concept would be "much more understandable to people." It is a pity then that the last of yr. Ed.'s trawl of the Press on Pollution should finish in the NDJ (7/10/93) with a report on an application to dredge 850,000 tonnes of sand and gravel "from the "outer" Bristol Channel - 40 km. square over 20 years, described as

a "potential ecological catastrophe".

This year the SAGA of "will the Island keep afloat financially or not?" has been, as they say on-going. Happily (see the Daily Telegraph (29/11/93) article in this Newsletter) the answer is YES. But the Suspense has been Terrible. The WMN (2/3/93) reported a possible "Airlink to boost island's tourism". The WMN (21/5/93) further reported that N.D. District Councillors dropped "charges to save (the) shipping link", and spoke of a £150,000 loss in '92. This move by the Council followed a report in the WMN (20/5/93) that the Landmark Trust might have to leave Lundy. (It was a relief amidst the Prevailing Gloom to read (Times 29/5/93) in the Feather Report by Derwent May, that a black-headed bunting was on Lundy island, Devon.) The Bideford Gazette (27/5/93) ran a headline: "Heading for the rocks - make or break season for cash-strapped isle". The NDJ (10/6/93) ran a full page (with pics.) beginning, "Time is ebbing away for the rugged tear-drop Island," under the banner "Island on the Edge," The WMN (19/6/93) headline "Trust may leave Lundy," appeared above the comment that July and August would be crucial for the island's future. In the NDJ (24/6/93) Derek Henderson began his report "Lundy is facing a financial Crisis." (Relief was provided from the June Gloom by the publication of Lois Lamplugh's "Lundy - Island without Equal," reviewed in the Gazette (17/6/93). And by the picture (WMN 12/6/93) of Andy Jewels with a Giant Atlas Moth at the Ashford Garden Centre.) The Times (19/8/93) carried a fearfully symbolic photo, of dark clouds gathering over the Cemetery and Old Light with a heading, "Rough seas and cancelled sailings mean a fragile island economy is under threat." The WMN (14/8/93) offered the first encouraging comment of the year "Lundy looks all set to break record - Visitors boom brightens isle's future." So it was particularly pleasing that the NDJ (12/8/93) had a pic. of Caroline and Patrick Trainor, who, with 35 family and friends, celebrated the Blessing of their marriage at St. Helena's Church - the ceremony being conducted by Donald Peyton Jones. Warning noises, however, continued about the island's future: the NDA (2/9/93) reported that the Landmark Trust feels Lundy "needs special help to survive" and a survey is being undertaken to "examine the implications and costs of keeping people on Lundy." The turn of the year brought a Happy Ending. The WMN (13/12/93) had a pic. of Santa being winched on to the deck of the Oldenburg (courtesy of RAF Chivenor); and reported (18/12/93) the departure of the island vessel filled with festive goodies. The island was so full for New Year that extra glasses had to be sent over: this news was accompanied by a stunning Tony Freeman aerial photo of the whole island (WMN 30/12/93). Yr. Ed. was present at a truly amazing New Years Eve party in the Tavern, enormously enlivened by 40+ Aussies and New Zealanders (ex-pat) seeing in 1994. They wore an unbelievable assortment of Pirate costume, complete with plastic wounds, eye patches, inflatable parrots and cutlasses. A Great Time was had by All.

LFS members will rejoice to hear of potential new members: Jonathan, son of Tony and Jenny (Langham) Clark: Rebecca, daughter of Joanna and Ian Lovatt (your Hon Treas.). The Websters now have a second daughter, Sian, a sister for Eleanor - archaeologists-to-be? Aun and Christopher Betts are grandparents twice over: Tom and Janet's Jack is a year old, and Suzy and Seamus Tucker (married on Lundy) have a daughter, Jessie, born 30/1/94.

Patrick Penny and Rachel Pearce are engaged to be married. Keith and Ann Gardner's elder son, Justin, has married Julie Stevens of Louisville, Kentucky, and Serena Smith, daughter of Sir John and Lady Smith, has married the Hon. Nicholas Soames (v. nice pic. in the Times). Helen Cole and Pat Hayes were married in September: yr. Ed. will long remember their wedding ceilidh. Good Fortune attend them all.

Daphne Marsh died this year, and all who remember her and Tony and Carlin (always at Castle Cottage) will want to send our sympathy to Carlin (Anderson) and Steve and their 4 lovely daughters.

There is a KOHIMA DAY (June 21st. '94) on the island this year - a great gathering of the clans is expected: yr. Ed. hopes to report.

Thank you for writing (those of you who have) and please do write (those of you who merely thought of writing).

Remember you are the Archive of the Future

ATVB.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS by Yr. Ed.

In an article on Twitchers (Times 9/11/93) a Mr. Millington's epic journey was mentioned; from Canada to Lundy for the ancient murrelet (which he missed) and on to Shetland for a Pallas's sand-grouse, which he actually saw. The Times (27/11/93) noted a great white egret at Braunton - there's one in a glass case in the Tavern, which got to Lundy by mistake, like the murrelet.....In the Times (8/1/94) "Saturday Rendezvous" a gentleman island lover was seeking a female island lover - Lundy was on his list of islands he has loved.....£14 million-worth of jet fighter came down near Lundy on Jan. 6th '94. None but the plane was hurt and it is being salvaged. (WMN & NDJ 6/1/94, WMN 8/1/94, NDJ & Gazette 13/1/94).....The Observer Magazine (4/493) had a feature recommending castles to take holidays in, and the Landmark's Morpeth Castle was mentioned, as was the Lighthouse on Lundy.....The Times Christmas Appeal was for AFASIC, the society for children with speech difficulties. The society was founded by Elizabeth Browning, who used to visit Lundy regularly and has written for the Newsletter about it. Derek Jacobi was one of those who backed the appeal....A marvellous article about Arthur Dennis' time on Lundy (Gazette 21/10/93) has caused yr. Ed. to make a New Years resolution (always a rash thing to do) to visit him and Gordon Coward (vet. to the island when the Harmans were there).

LUNDY POSTCARDS: AN OVERVIEW by Roger Allen

Roger Allen has interested himself in the postcards of Lundy for at least 10 years, and has amassed a collection of about 600 items. It is his hope that this collection, combined with details of the collections of others, will form the basis of a very comprehensive catalogue of Lundy postcards, that should have well over 750 entries issued by nearly 100 different publishers.

The other collections of which full details have been obtained include those belonging to Tony Langham, Michael Bale, Jon Aitchison, the late Ian Wilkinson, Reg. Lo-Vel, Anne Marie Alford and contributions from many other collectors.

The largest single subject covered by all these huge numbers of cards is the "Montague" ashore by the Shutter Rock. These number several hundreds and cover the complete history of the ship from before the wreck up to the time when almost nothing remained above sea level.

This massed collection of cards covers the whole spectrum of time from the turn of the century up to the latest months of

1993. There are even some examples of negatives of scenes of the island which date from the last decades of the 19th century.

These cards give a visual history of almost every building on the island that has come and gone in the last 100 years. The transportation by sailing ship, steamer and motor vessel, and by plane for the same period are all there and the main characters who have lived on the island all appear somewhere on these cards.

No catalogue can ever hope to be 100 per cent complete, least of all a listing of postcards, produced by publishers, most of whom went out of business several decades ago. It would, never-the-less, be highly useful to collectors, and with all the historical details and extra information that are to be included in the text, it should be of great interest to all those involved in any aspect of Lundy.

ROGER ALLEN and HARRY - SKETCHING ON LUNDY

Harry had been set the task by his college of putting together a portfolio of drawings in readiness for the new term in September. To encourage him in this project, Roger also purchased drawing materials, pens and pencils, and on almost each day of their two week stay in August, they went out to some point on the island and sketched what they saw.

Their methods were quite conventional; the scene, view or building was chosen and then outlined in pencil in order to obtain the optimum position on the sheet, the correct perspective and an idea as to whether the general scene would be successful. The drawing was then completed in ink, with all its details, and the pencil lines erased. Some of the sketches were later coloured with water colours.

The first spot chosen was the Castle Parade Ground. This was something in the way of an experiment for both of them. Harry had acquired some experience in other media, but not in pen and ink line drawing. Roger had amused himself in this way several years ago on Lundy, but not recently. Harry's work at the Castle turned out to be a drawing of Roger sitting on the parade ground wall.

The next page in Harry's pad is a remarkable drawing of the view from the front door of Stoneycroft. It is, in effect, a series of horizontal stripes finished in water colours. The grass below, then the spiked wall broken only by the gate, above that, the rolling fields towards the rocket pole forming another horizontal stratum. This is broken quite dramatically by the upright stroke of the Rocket Pole itself: above this, the sea, and above that the North Devon coast: finally, the firmament, coloured red with the setting sun.

The following day, fine and sunny, saw them both down by the Quarry Pond, Harry below down by the water, Roger above looking down on the whole quarry basin. On this occasion, it was Roger who included Harry, with eyes down over his pad, as the central figure. They both found the rock walls, with their cracks, corners and infinity of line and shade, very difficult to capture.

We separated the next day but not very distantly, Roger moved just north of the Old Light to the tump with the stones on the summit, and sketched the line of the wall marking the southern end of Acklands Moor. The Old Light and the buildings in the Lighthouse compound and then Stoneycroft, ranged along the wall, formed the centre of interest in this scene. Harry went down to the Friars Garden and sketched the same line of buildings and walls, but from the south looking north. Both sketches were sparse of subject matter but quite effective.

The Rocket Pond was their next destination. Roger sat at the north-west corner of the pond with the Rocket Pole and St. Helena's Church in the background. Once again the rock walls of the pond with their cracks and broken surfaces were the real test for Roger. Harry chickened out of drawing the pond itself and sat in shadow of the pole. The Rocket Pole and its surrounding stumps are the main features of his drawing, but St. Helena's Church and the Old Light appear in the background. The Old Light cannot be seen from that position of course, and this was the only example of artist's license that crept into any of the sketches this holiday.

The Gade Memorial Hut at the Quarries was the next choice and although both drew from the same position and elevation, the results are quite different. Harry's version of this building is very successful. The Shutter Rock was the final location which Harry and Roger worked together, seated a short distance apart half way down the path to the Montague Steps. This time their efforts turned out to be very similar in style and outline. Roger has since coloured his version with water-colours and found the green of the grass on the Shutter very difficult to capture.

In the ensuing days of the holiday, Harry went on to sketch the Quarry cottages and the Hospital ruins. He had now become quite skilful in drawing the stone work of walls, and these two works are very successful.

Roger, meanwhile, had travelled no further than the bench outside the "museum" on the village green and his final works included the view immediately ahead, which includes the Marisco Tavern and restaurant with St. Helena's Church looming above it. The view of these buildings at this point makes the church appear to be just a few yards beyond the Tavern complex, instead of the 50 to 70 yards which actually intervene.

Turning his head to one side but from the same seat, Roger drew the shop and Linhay.

AMENDE HONORABLE: THE SYMBOLIC ORIENTATION OF ST. HELENA'S CHURCH

- R. W. E. FARRAH.

Some regrettable errors have occurred in my paper "The Symbolic Orientation of St. Helena's Church", which appeared in the Lundy Field Society 43rd. Annual Report. I would like to take this opportunity to correct them for the sake of accuracy and posterity. Myrtle Ternstrom was quick in her response to my article, bringing to my attention a number of these errors for which I'm grateful.

1. The consecration date of the Church is the 17th June 1897, and not the 7th June 1897 as reported in my article. My sources for supposing the 7th June 1897 to be the correct date of the consecration were, 'Lundy, its History and Natural History' by L. R. W. Loyd, the article on the 75th Anniversary service in Vol. 9 of 'The Illustrated Lundy News and Landmark Journal', and the same date written on a contemporary newspaper cutting supplied by Joy Slcombe, Curator of the Ilfracombe Museum. It seems that the error has been duplicated from an original misprint, this error was not corrected until 1980 with the publication of Myrtle's book 'A Lundy Album'. With so many sources agreeing to the 7th June I had wrongly presumed Myrtle to be in error with her date of the 17th June and my apologies are due to her for this presumption.

2. On page 82, line 7, "A picnic on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 1897". 3. Page 88 has been printed upside

down, the Chi-rho symbol is inverted Fig 5: The Chi-rho medallion is the bottom photograph, and Fig 6: The Crux quadrata medallion is the top photograph.

Happily none of these errors alter the fundamental thesis of my research which concerns the purposeful and intended orientation of the Church. It might at first appear that this is not so because of my error over the consecration date. However the astronomical accuracy of the sun setting central to the aisle of the Church implies purpose and intention. I have already stated on page 84 of my article that this event also coincided with Whitsuntide, and it is now clear that it's the setting sun on Whitsunday 6th June to which the Church is orientated.

The mystery surrounding the orientation of the Church, the silence concerning its orientation, the interpretation of its symbolism and the esoteric nature of the Church orientation must mean that some of the conclusions reached are of a conjectural and subjective nature. However as a cautionary measure I have endeavoured to balance this by deferring to the judgment of more academic expertise. I have recently found evidence of a more tangible nature to support the orientation to the 6th June and will submit this new research for publication in the Lundy Field Society 45th Annual Report. It is hoped that this new evidence will show the orientation to be irrefutably beyond doubt. For those who cannot wait so long and fancy some simple Sherlock Holmes detective work, have a keen eye and a love of cryptic clues, the answer can be found in my original article.

LUNDY PONIES from a Lundy Island leaflet.

The famous Lundy ponies were introduced in the 1920s by Mr Martin Coles Harman, a former owner of the Island. Originally a cross between the New Forest and Welsh Mountain breeds, they are now an officially recognised and registered breed in their own right. They are a hardy type, usually making about 13.1/2 hands, traditionally a handsome dun colour. Over a period of years the number of pure bred Lundy ponies on the Island has declined dramatically.

We started on the long uphill climb of re-establishing the Lundy pony on the Island in early 1990. In the previous decade the true Lundy had almost disappeared. As there had been no Lundy stallion readily available, Welsh blood had been introduced which unfortunately rendered all progeny ineligible for registration. All Welsh bred ponies were sold leaving a tiny nucleus of three breeding mares, one of which is privately owned and at the time was not included in the breeding programme. We had to move fast as our one and only pure bred mare 'Lundy Belinda' was then 22 years old and her chum 'Lundy Calloo' a mere 16! Although Lundy Calloo has New Forest breeding in her, she is nevertheless registered as a Lundy pony.

We were unable to obtain a Lundy stallion to run on the Island as had been done in the past. So we had to send the two mares off to an approved stallion on a stud in Cornwall. This would be a relatively simple exercise on the mainland, just a matter of loading two ponies into a horsebox and driving to the destination. Not for us such luxury, but the tale of shipping wild unhandled ponies across the sea to Bideford and onward to their destination deserves to be recounted separately at a later date. Luckily it all went smoothly and a few weeks later they were safely back home. In the meantime we continue our search for a suitable stallion and had almost given up hope when by sheer fluke we were offered the lease of 'Braetor Lapwing' who had unexpectedly returned to Devon from stud duties in Gloucester. He arrived on the Island in October 1990.

In April 1991 Belinda produced a dun filly foal, the first pure bred Lundy to be born on the Island for almost 20 years. Unfortunately Calloo wasn't in foal but we were offered the permanent loan of two Island bred ponies who were sold just over 10 years ago. They arrived in early June, one being 'Lundy Kittiwake' and the other, her half sister 'Lundy Reedwarbler'. With this little band of ponies we are optimistic that the future of the breed on the Island is safe, but of course it is a long and slow procedure. Belinda's foal 'Lundy Phoenix' - will be retained for breeding but it will be four years or so before she foals. In the meantime there are numerous costs involved, veterinary, registrations and, by far the largest - winter feeding.

In addition to the ponies already mentioned, we have a two month old colt foal who took us completely by surprise as he was such a late arrival. He is out of Stonechat by Lapwing and has been named 'Lundy Bewick' after a Bewick swan which joined us at the same time.

HARMAN OF LUNDY

J.P.H. V.C.

Far from the burning torpid heat
Of jungle swamps and battle cries
In V.C. 's Quarry's quiet retreat
His Memorial lies
Rhododendrons guard the Slab
Simply written is his name
Chosen and placed with loving hands
To record his Deed and fame.
One Easter Sunday long ago
When the world was torn with war
John Pennington Harman gave his life
For the Isle he loved and more
For the Comrades all who braved with him
Kohima's infamous hill.
Encouraging cries of a fearless man
Shall echo around there still
Here on Lundy he loved so well
Where the winds and the waves ne'er cease
In the shelter of V.C. Quarry
There will be eternal Peace.

EPITAPH

Bury me here where the winds blow chill
The sun shines hot and the world is still
Beneath this springy seablown turf
High and above the swirling surf
Let Lundy thus my cradle be
In peaceful blue eternity.
Loose then my spirit to the sky
Freed in currents where ravens fly.
Bound on its way to higher bliss
(Is there a higher bliss than this?)
Heaven itself must surely be
Calm as this golden sun soaked sea;
Safe as a rock cave in a storm
Shelter from battering gusts and warm.
Here let me sleep on thrift strewn bed
Pillows of bracken for my head
Until the day you really can
Bury all that is left of man
And mark with a cairn, above the wave
In the springy earth: a lonely grave.

These two poems are by Doril McMunn Gilbert, wife of John Harman's Commanding Officer.

DEEDS THAT WON THE BRONZE CROSS From the Daily Express 1953, by kind permission.

THE STRANGE, COLD COURAGE OF THE LONELY LANCE-CORPORAL by Tim Carew

It would not be easy to establish a connection between Lundy Island and Kohima. Lundy Island, two and a half miles long by one mile wide, lies 12 miles off Hartland Point, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel. It has a gently fluctuating permanent population of about 12 souls. Lundy has no police force; it has its own coinage and stamps; its inhabitants pay no rates, tithes, or taxes; its single public house - the Marisco Tavern - acknowledges no licensing laws.

Kohima is a straggling little town which nestles by the Naga Hills in Eastern Assam. It stands 5000ft. above sea level between two reckless mountain passes. It was the scene of possibly the bloodiest battle of the Second World War - a conflict which Admiral Earl Mountbatten described as one of the greatest in history; it was in effect, the Battle of Burma.

The Plaque

The link between Kohima and Lundy is to be found on two war memorials: at Kohima a massive white stone commemorates the 13,877 British, Indian and Gurkha soldiers who fell there; on Lundy Island a blue plaque stands sentinel 350ft. above the Bristol Channel.

The name of Lance-Corporal John Harman, V.C. is on both. John Pennington Harman was the elder son of Martin Coles Harman, buccaneering financier and self-styled "king" of the island, a man who, in the 1920s controlled 17 business corporations concerned with oil, gold, artificial silk, and rubber. They had a total capital of £14,000,000. But in 1932 Martin Harman was adjudged bankrupt. He was later sentenced to 18 months imprisonment for fraud and fraudulent conspiracy.

He had bought Lundy Island in 1925 for £16,000. He lived there until his death in 1954. He had hoped that the island would be the heritage of his eldest son. In fact John Harman's heritage was the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross, six feet of the unyielding Assam earth into which he had so often sunk pick and shovel, and a place in the neat row of graves which make up Kohima's cemetery.

Solitary

In the years between the wars John Harman spent most of his boyhood on Lundy, a natural paradise of rare flowers, birds, and pure streams. He was a solitary introvert boy. His powerful shoulders and barrel-like chest bespoke physical strength but his movements were clumsy and seemingly ill co-ordinated. Unruly black hair cascaded over his forehead.

He was ugly. Ugly, that is, until you noticed his eyes. They were of a strange deep-blue. In them lay thoughtfulness, kindness, and deep understanding. He was only really happy when climbing about the cliffs and rocks. He spent hours gazing out to sea, watching the ships and boats in the wide estuary. Among the rugged crags of Lundy he formed an affinity with birds and animals; he kept bees. He was content with his lonely early childhood, cut off from happenings on the mainland.

His first sustained contact with life outside the island was when he went to boarding-school. His father chose for him Bedales the co-educational school near Petersfield, Hants. Bedales suited John Harman. It is one of those schools which puts emphasis on developing individuality rather than imposing a common pattern. But Harman's school work was only mediocre. "He started everything and finished nothing," said his father.

Lumber Jack

John spent seven years at Bedales, returning to Lundy for his holidays. And at the end he had no formal career in mind. He once told his father: "I am not going to do as you did and work too hard." He became a globe trotter. For months on end his family never heard from him. He went to New Zealand and worked as a lumber jack. Then to Australia for a short spell of sheep farming. And later back to New Zealand.

He refused anything that involved accepting a measure of responsibility. He hated regular hours of work. He was not interested in money, having just enough to get by. Nowhere did he stay long. When the war began he was in New Zealand, but he came back in 1940 and for a year farmed in Lundy.

Then he volunteered for the Army. The regiment in which he found himself was the Royal Fusiliers. The training battalion of that regiment received him without enthusiasm. It was scarcely surprising that his early days as a soldier were undistinguished. Most of the men were Londoners. Harman had few friends. His unmilitary appearance saddened a succession of serjeant-majors. His unruly mop of black hair (which invariably needed cutting) and his massive ungainly frame drew from his instructors the oft-repeated observation that he made the whole squad look untidy. Harman was sent to India with the Fusiliers. There he was transferred to the Royal West Kents. Again Harman was in a battalion consisting predominantly of Londoners.

In the heartbreaking and inconclusive 1943 campaign in the Arakan, the coastal strip of Burma, the 4th West Kents marched endlessly, not knowing where they were going or when. They dug an interminable number of trenches and filled them in again, amid brief flurries of fighting when they bumped into Japanese patrols. They sweated and swore incessantly, and Private John Harman marched, dug, killed, sweated, and swore with them.

Of all the men in the battalion, John Harman was the last who would go out of his way to seek promotion. But the battalion needed junior leaders. Harman's physique, his education, the resourcefulness bred from his strange, lonely life made him a too-obvious choice. There was no escape. His platoon officer recommended him for promotion to lance-corporal. He was put in charge of a section of eight hard-swearing cockneys. From that moment he made the section his whole life; he inspected its feet, its weapons and its ammunition. Far into the sweating and humid nights he listened to their involved stories of amatory endeavour and alcoholic ambition. Yet John Harman remained strangely aloof from the men around him: he was in the 4th Royal West Kents but not of them.

Defeats

By May 1944 the tide was beginning to turn in the war against Germany: victories in North Africa and Italy; victories in the air and on sea - these had already taken their place in history. But in the Far East the picture was entirely different. Japan's ruthless, highly trained armies had scored a series of brilliant and almost uninterrupted successes. Hong Kong and Singapore had fallen. The British Army had been ignominiously chased out of most of Burma, though it had retained most of its foothold in the Arakan. The fate of the war in the Far East was on the razor's edge. And as late as 1944 Japan was still hopeful of delivering the most shattering blow of all - the invasion and subjugation of India.

That, and nothing less, was the assignment given to General Terauchi, the Japanese supreme commander in South-East Asia. But before he could proceed with this project, he had to deal with a place which few people in Britain had then heard of - a place called Kohima, which stood directly in the path of the invading armies. It did not seem a very

formidable task.

For Kohima was mainly a convalescent and hospital centre. It was virtually undefended. Men wounded, men sick with malaria and all the multifarious diseases peculiar to Burma were sent to Kohima to convalesce. The rest of Kohima's garrison consisted mainly of administrative and non-combatant troops. To strengthen this forlorn force, the 4th Royal West Kents were flown in from the Arakan. Three sides of Kohima were already hemmed in by the Japs, when the West Kents arrived. A few hours after they entered the town, the Japanese encircled it.

Pounded.

For 16 terrible days and nights the West Kents stood firm against everything the Japs could throw at them. By day they were ceaselessly pounded by mortar and artillery fire. At night the Japs attacked in suicidal waves of shrieking infantry.

The men of Harman's section, firing their rifles until they were too hot to hold, noticed a subtle change in their new commander. The aloof and detached man with the single stripe newly sewn on his arm had been transformed into a natural leader. There was a new rasp of authority in his normally slow-speaking and languid voice; he was seemingly without fear; he imbued in the men of his section the determination that the position must be held. The spirit of the leader became the spirit of the men. John Harman never seemed to sleep. It was as though he gave every man of his section a share of his tireless energy.

Cursing

On Easter Saturday 1944, a party of Japs broke through the British lines and established themselves in bamboo huts within the defences. From this secure anchorage they poured a hail of machine-gun fire into "D" Company of the Royal West Kents. All around John Harman men burrowed for cover. They cursed the war, the Japanese and the British generalship impartially - and died.

It was then that John Harman decided to impose his own pattern on the events around him. He climbed out of the trench which was affording him temporary cover. Alone and unhurried he walked to the hut from which came the fiercest machine-gun fire. His bayonet was fixed to his rifle, and as he advanced he pulled the pin out of a grenade with his teeth. By some unexplained miracle the bullets failed to hit him.

Unhurried

The men of "D" Company, pinned down by the Jap machine-gun fire, stared unbelievably. Some of them had harboured the thought that John Harman was a little mad; now they were sure of it.

Harman walked steadily on, the Japanese machine-gun bullets clipping up the ground at his feet. When he was 30 yards from the hut he halted and threw two hand grenades. The chatter of the machine gun was silenced. Then he was running forward at a steady loping trot. He disappeared into the hut, and there followed two single shots and an agonised squeal like that of a rabbit caught in a trap. John Harman came out, blood dripping from his bayonet and the Japanese machine gun over his shoulder.

Attack

When his comrades saw Harman emerge from the hut they burst into a great roar of cheering. Then, inspired by his example, they rose and surged into the attack on the other huts. The resulting struggle resolved itself into a snarling dogfight; a mêlée of cursing, blood-mad men hacking and stabbing with bayonets.

One party of Japs enjoyed a brief respite from the fury of the West Kents. Their hut housed a bakery and in it were 10 brick ovens, each large enough to hold a man. Seven Japs hid in the ovens, certain that they had found sanctuary.

By Minutes

They had reckoned without John Harman. They had, in fact, postponed their fate by 10 minutes. Harman raced back to his trench and returned with a box of hand grenades. Then, as calmly as if he were throwing stones into a river, he dropped a grenade into each oven. There were seven shattering explosions. Harman opened each oven in turn; he found five dead Japanese and two others, both badly wounded. Jap prisoners-of-war were a rarity in the Burma fighting. Now the first two Jap prisoners of the Kohima siege had fallen to one lance-corporal. Harman yanked the screaming, struggling Japs out of the ovens. Then, clutching one under each arm, he walked back to the British trench.

Inferno

The siege of Kohima continued. The days and nights followed an established pattern. The Japs had found daylight assaults on the West Kent's position so costly that, from dawn to sunset, they used only artillery. But at night, their infantry attacked. Every dawn saw fewer men in the British trenches. Many of the wounded, for whom there was no shelter, were re-wounded two or three times.

Kohima was an inferno of noise; the incessant crump of artillery and mortar fire; the unnerving stutter of machine-guns; the spiteful whine of snipers' bullets. The dead lay unburied and became black, bloated and misshapen. Over the whole town hung the sickly stench of death.

Many men of the West Kents considered that Lance-Corporal John Harman had won the V.C. twice over already. But he had not yet done with the Japs.

Ice Cool

On the twelfth morning of the siege the Japanese set up a machine-gun post overlooking "D" Company's position. From this commanding height they could play on the defenders with ease. Harman at once saw that if this position were not liquidated his company would suffer heavy casualties. He knew exactly what he had to do. To his Bren-gunner Private Jim Matthews Harman said, "I'm going to fix that lot. Give me covering fire." Matthews protested, "Why don't we all have a go?" he asked. "You do what you're told," said Harman curtly. "Now get on that gun and keep their heads down." Matthews opened his mouth to argue and then thought better of it. Harman's voice was measured and steady; his whole demeanour ice cool. Matthews poured a stream of fire towards the Jap position and John Harman went forward alone. He walked slowly and deliberately, searching for a good position from which to overlook the enemy. Presently he found a place which gave him a good view of them. As calmly as if he was on a practice range he shot one of them.

Menacing

Now the Japs had spotted Harman and were shooting at him. But the unhurried and menacing advance of this massive figure, coupled with the steady stream of bullets coming from Matthews' Bren-gun, made their fire panicky and ill-aimed. By this time Harman was a bare 30 yards from the Jap position. Still moving forward, he raised his rifle a second time and shot dead another Jap. Then he halted, crouched behind a bush and drew his bayonet from its scabbard. He was running towards the Japs now. The Japs just had time to loose off a few more shots before Harman jumped down into their trench, he thrust with his bayonet; withdrew and thrust again. Then followed two fearful screams and a single shot. The men of the West Kents rubbed their red-rimmed eyes and stared. They saw John Harman emerge from the trench, the

Japanese machine-gun held high above his head for them all to see. Then he flung it to the ground. They had all cheered at football matches, at boxing tournaments. Now their parched throats produced such a roar as is heard at Twickenham. John Harman started to walk back at his customary pace. Now the cheers were interspersed with shouts of warning. The Japs were firing at him again. Jim Matthews stood up and bellowed, "Run, you bloody fool, RUN!" But John Harman walked on unconcernedly; to this day men of the West Kents swear that he was smiling. The machine-gun burst hit John Harman at the base of his spine, when he was 30 yards from his section. The men whose lives he had saved brought him in and lowered him into a trench. They squatted awkwardly, looking down on the man who had preferred to fight the enemy alone. The end was clearly near, but John Harman refused any medical attention. The doctor, he well knew, already had more wounded on his hands than he could possibly cope with. He spoke once before he died and his voice was firm and clear. He said, "I got the lot - it was worth it." It was five days later that a relieving force cracked the Japanese ring round Kohima. The official citation said of Harman ".....His heroic action and supreme devotion to duty were a wonderful inspiration to all." On the memorial at Kohima are the words:-

*"When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow we gave our today."*
John Harman, rolling stone, the odd man out, the heir to Lundy, gave his today.

LUNDY ANECDOTES by Chris Price.

"Lundy, Lundy, Lundy, Barum calling Lundy. Are you receiving me? Over."

So the call went out from my office to the island, this radio telephone being the only means of quick communication for that time.

My memories, however, go back to earlier, and happier times when the Harmans ruled. I first went to the island at Easter, 1956 with the late Tom Oerton. Tony and Myrtle Langham were there on their honeymoon, and it was possibly their first visit too.

Four or five of us repeated this Easter exercise for some years, most notably Tom, Ray Wonnacott, John Stagg and Eric Church. It was a good time to go as Spring was at the morn, and the islanders had seen few people over the winter, and had not yet got fed up with noisy mainlanders.

We all became particularly friendly with the visionary Albion Harman, a great and good man. Albion used to leave London at 1 a.m. on a Saturday morning, drive down to Bideford Quay, board the Gannet, spend all day working and all night talking, accompanied by his favourite Guinness and Gold Flake, work all day Sunday, catch the Gannet back to Bideford on the evening tide, drive back to London and feel like a giant refreshed. Such was the magic of Lundy for him and so it was for many of the rest of us, for him and us always a tear in the eye as we left that mystic place bound back to that "offshore island".

Albion earned the money to keep Lundy going by drilling for water in the Sahara, and one year, he took me and the then island vet., Gordon Coward, on a three week trip round his rigs in Northern Nigeria, Chad, and the French Cameroons. Albion's idea of life was to keep going and only stop for breakfast at 5 p.m. so we had an exhausting but very stimulating time. Gordon Coward took a fine film mostly of the West African birds, and also has a splendid film he took on Lundy just after the war.

Trevor Davey was the idiosyncratic skipper of the Lundy Gannet, and was a stern disciplinarian aboard. I once scrambled down the cliff from the Castle to the Beach in my climbing boots and forgot to take them off before going aboard. I thought the world was coming to an end!

Trevor was a cautious, rather reluctant sailor, and on several Easter occasions my party was on the island rather longer than intended, so much so that the succinct signal "Marooned Marisco" transmitted to our wives by Mr. Gade through Hartland Coastguard became standard procedure. One year, with a Jenny's departure, common in those days, Trevor announced that he was only coming back in the dinghy once more, and could only take two. So the four of us left spun coins; Tom Oerton and I lost and had to go, leaving Ray Wonnacott and Eric Church on the island for 3 more days.

In 1965 my partner, Roger Vick and I, went over to make the Capital Gains valuation, and were billeted in Little St. Johns. It snowed for a week and we were well and truly stuck and ice-cold until Diana Keast took pity on us and pulled us into the hotel.

Tom Oerton was a great character, and many are the tales of his exploits on the island. Once Albion called upon him to go out with him to Pondsburry, on one of the three island tractors. They got it stuck in the marsh and couldn't get it out, so they decided to go and get another one, and made a pact to tell no-one. So they walked silently down High Street and fetched another, which they duly drove out to Pondsburry - and got stuck. So two down with one to go and again the pact of omerta, marching down the High Street, both redder than ever, but staring straight ahead. This time they succeeded, and three very muddy tractors found themselves restored to Dave Davey's ministrations.

One lunch time, Albion was holding forth at table about the fact that one was very privileged to be on Lundy and that one must play by the rules, never taking birds' eggs (except Blackbacks' which he encouraged one to take). Tom was turning redder and redder knowing that his early morning proclivities had taken him up his favourite plovers' egg country and that there was a nice nest of them reposing in a dish on the kitchen table in Hammers. Tom's colour was not improved when Albion announced that he would like to inspect Hammers directly after lunch. Tom did everything to put him off but to no avail and was duly found out. But only a quizzical glance followed.

For a few years I took my Rest-of-the World side over to Lundy to play at cricket. The scorecards were beautifully done by John Dyke in his best punning form but even he could not get it over that one year our No. 7 "batsman" was the beautiful blonde, Alison Muskett who subsequently married Hans Hausberger and now lives in Alpbach. Once I took over Harold Gimblett of Somerset and England but sadly never a ball was bowled due to rain. It may have been just as well as he would soon have hefted our small supply of balls over the cliff edge..

Another year we were playing our game and a left-arm slow bowler was performing. All of a sudden there came a cry for help. A man who had been on an Everest expedition had fallen off a cliff near the north end. We all rushed up there as best we could. It turned out that our only doctor was this left-arm bowler and he was in administration and hadn't practised for years. However, he bravely volunteered to go down the cliff on a rope and we all draped ourselves in various positions on the rope down the cliff. Then the helicopter arrived and nearly blew us all off and the more we

waved it away, the more it tried to get close. However, the pilot eventually got the message and landed on top of the island and we pulled the casualty up the cliff followed by the little old doctor whose only comment was "How I wish I could have finished my over".

This wasn't quite the end of the story, for the helicopter ditched off Hartland and they had to float the stretcher off into the Atlantic swell with this poor climber with his broken leg strapped on it until a relief helicopter arrived from Chivenor and took him thankfully to hospital.

The Alpbach connection came about through Ken Keast, husband of Diana (née Harman). Ken pioneered the skiing in Alpbach in the 1920s and 1930s and as a result of the many friends he made brought back some Alpbachers to Lundy for the seasonal summer work, farming, bar, beach-work, etc. The Alpbachers were uncomplicated happy beer-loving men and gave us a tremendous time when we went back there in winter. John Ogilvie spent some seasons there as an instructor.

Sadly all good things come to an end and so did the Harman reign when Albion died. I was then instructed by the family to sell the island and prepared particulars and was ready to go when the beach road suddenly fell in. The Gannet was out of commission but Diana Keast and I managed to borrow Appledore Shipyard's "Lundy Puffin", a river tug, and we went out to see the damage. I remember that we had to land at Hell's Gates and to go across the sea from the anchorage in a flat-bottomed punt and then climb up to South Light. All this done and the fall inspected, we missed the tide on the bar and had to sit outside it all night consoled only by a bottle of brandy.

However, the sale eventually got going and, as we thought, its announcement brought a tremendous number of undesirables who wanted to buy it as a tax haven or a gambling hell or for some other unwelcome purpose. As this started to happen I had to retire to my bed with a slipped disc. The only method of quick communication with the island then was through Hartland Coastguard to whom Mr. Gade spoke at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. and these radio messages could be picked up by anyone. I thought therefore that I had better devise a code with Mr. Gade and, knowing his lifelong interest in cricket, I wrote to him saying that, if the right man wanted to inspect I would refer to him as Statham but, if the wrong man wanted to come over I would call him Trueman. Shortly after an awful gambling man burst into my bedroom demanding to go to Lundy at once. I couldn't put him off so I signalled Mr. Gade, "Mr. Trueman arriving tomorrow at 10 a.m. by helicopter". Mr. Gade duly met the helicopter and said, "Good morning, Mr. Trueman" and the man said, "I'm not called Trueman". Mr. Gade said, "Yes you are; it says so here" and when the man still protested, Mr. Gade, a shrewd observer anyway, said, "In that case, you'd better take that thing away. You're upsetting the sheep".

It wasn't long after that that the Family was called to the Mother of Parliaments to be told that they must not sell to anyone undesirable or all hell would be let loose. John Harman got up at once and told them it was no business of Gt. Britain's what Lundy did but for their information his family had no intention whatsoever of selling to the wrong people - and walked out.

One nice man who was interested was a tiny Texan called Marsh. He rang me from America and explained that he considered that he was descended from the de Mariscos and was therefore interested in buying. Would I please contact his brother on honeymoon at the Dorchester and tell him forthwith to hire a helicopter and go to Lundy. The brother, protesting slightly that he had other things on his mind, nevertheless did as he was told and spent a week with his bride and his helicopter on the island.

All this time I was trying to encourage the National Trust to buy. They were enthusiastic but slow and time was dragging on so I recommended to my clients that we advertise an auction in the hope that this would concentrate their minds. Fortunately it did as Jack Hayward became involved (ringing Jeremy Thorpe several times in the middle of the night from the Bahamas before Jeremy Thorpe would believe it was a serious call) and offered to provide a substantial part of the purchase price, so a bargain was struck privately for the island "lock, stock and barrel".

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA by Steve Ashton (with kind permission of "Country Living".) Hold tight to the rails!" the steward of the MS Oldenburg bellows as we veer to starboard and take the waves broadside. Our faces turn green, our knuckles white. The ship rolls like a fairground swingboat, settling stomachs one way or the other. Those who have the wit to pray, do so. Others joke sardonically. Surprisingly few begin to scream. We are, after all, British.

I have come to Lundy to climb the Devil's Slide, a distinctive 400-foot wedge of granite set into the cliffs that entirely surround this three-mile island, lodged in the open jaws of the Bristol Channel. The escapade is a little reckless and entirely without justification, and thus satisfies two of the three prerequisites for great adventure. The third - finding like-minded companions - I have left to fate. And if fate so decides, I will climb alone and risk both the Devil and the deep blue sea.

A serendipitous encounter on the Oldenburg's deck doubles my life expectancy at a stroke. Steve and Paul, escapees from Surrey, plan to ascend the Slide that afternoon. They have rope. They have tenacity. The partnership is struck.

But first we must get ashore. From behind a row of menacing rock fingers at the island's southern tip appears an old wooden launch with John the Boatman at the helm. Our skipper John Puddy, the Lundy Agent, chins the spray with the defiance of a jutting bowsprit as she comes alongside. The launch oscillates across the Oldenburg's loading-hatch like a thing on a spring. At the optimum moment the crew fling us overboard with all the accuracy you would expect from men trained in the skills of garbage disposal. Most of us land safely in the launch. "Keep your heads down!" John the Boatman yells as we round the headland and assault the waves with full-frontal audacity. (Our heads may be down but our lunches are coming up fast.) Waves break over the concrete jetty as John the Boatman brings his craft alongside. "Jump for it! Go! Go! Go!" he orders militarily. He is not being melodramatic. I think he was at Iwo Jima and so knows the risks.

The island itself seems to pitch in the swell as our party of land-lubbers lurches up to the village along a track hewn from the cliffs. Once a pirates' lair, the village now exudes an air of honest - even twee - tranquillity. A handful of people live and work here: farming, conserving wildlife, or catering for the limited number of visitors. The village and farm are imprisoned by their own twin defences of cliff fortifications and a 20-mile moat, a tiny plot of civilised order in a huge ocean of elemental chaos. I am reminded of the little huts and gardens lovingly tended by the prisoners incarcerated on Devil's Island.

In single file, quiet and contemplative, the three of us march across the coarse grass of the plateau through the herds of Soay sheep and beneath the startled flights of skylarks. If we had time we would stand and stare, but we are impatient for our adventure.

Photographs have ill-prepared me for my first view of the Devil's Slide. Confronted by a natural sculpture of such breath-taking purity, my initial reaction is simply to sit and feast my eyes on the elegant sweep of orange-yellow granite as it shimmers in the afternoon sun. But if we are to climb the Slide - and we must - we have to move quickly.

Halfway down the approach gully we pause to gaze across at two climbers already battling with a route up the left side of the Slide. The leader pads his smooth-soled rock shoes up the holdless rock while his fingers grasp the crack at the very edge of the slab. The rope, hanging limply from his waist, snakes down into the expectant hands of his partner. She knows he will soon fall. Everything about his body language says so. Specifically, he twitches. Steve hesitates in lacing his rock shoes. Paul freezes in uncoiling the rope. I lower the apple from my mouth. Time slows. The climber will not die. He has taken precautions. The rope will save him. Probably. His arched body straightens in one final, hopeless lunge. For an instant he hovers impossibly, his levitation surely unsustainable, then with almost comic slowness he begins to slither helplessly down the rock. His fall accelerates sickeningly until his partner skilfully absorbs the force of the tightening rope. He jolts to a stop with a gasp. He's OK. He'll climb back up and try again.

Steve laces his shoes. Paul uncoils the rope. I bite the apple.

Now it's our turn. It's too difficult to scramble down to sea level so we tie one of the ropes to a spike of rock and slide down it in spider jerks, eager for the relative safety of a half-submerged block. Thankfully this western side of the island is uncharacteristically sheltered, the sea soothingly calm. We talk in hushed, respectful voices.

The smooth surface of the lower part of the Slide proves deceptive and we romp up to the halfway ledge. The dance-like movement is a joy but we are deflated by the lack of challenge. We ought to be struggling.

We struggle soon enough. As the Slide steepens, the cracks and spikes that fissured its surface below fill and dwindle to insubstantial creases and flakes only a quarter of an inch wide. Each movement demands concentration and fine judgement, the process not unlike that of ascending the polished metal of a playground slide. Except that a slip here will bring a thigh-rasping tumble down granite rougher than coarsest sandpaper. Gulls circle above, mocking our timidity.

Eventually the Slide rears up into a vertical headwall and we must teeter across on tiptoe, poised precariously above the awesome sweep of granite. In our haste we have climbed too high and the crossing we have chosen is more difficult than it should have been. Trained on lesser climbs, our minds and bodies suppress the debilitating aspects of fear - the vibrating limbs, the panicking thoughts - to leave us energised and exhilarated. Then my foot slips, stutters and stops, raising a treacherous sweat on my fingertips that threatens to unhook them from their hold. A deep breath calms me and I proceed to the summit, deluded into invincibility by ropes and climbing hardware and the supportive companionship of Steve and Paul. I should have climbed unprotected, alone. I should have risked all to win such a prize.

Later unhinged by euphoria, I scramble down cliffs to a hidden cove and dive, naked and clumsy as a walrus, into a sea of tropical clarity. I'm escorted through a flotilla of jellyfish by a shoal of bass to a rock island. A solitary black shag flies by, low and straight with predatory purpose. Somewhere a seal calls out, echoing and mournful. The sun dries my hair. The rock bites into my skin. The sea froths over my feet. This should have been what I came for. This should be why I'm here. If I could bark like the seal, I'd bark. And then how mad would I be?

RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS EILEEN HEAVEN by Myrtle Ternstrom.

We first met Eileen Heaven on Lundy in the early 1950's when she was about 60 years old. She came there regularly every year for her holidays, and stayed in the Manor Farm Hotel. Until 1951 she had been accompanied by her mother, the redoubtable Marion Cecelia Harley Heaven. This lady - a grand-daughter of William Hudson Heaven - had grown up on Lundy, and was a very proud and fierce protagonist for the Heaven family. Mr. Gade told me that Mrs. Heaven used to save up for the Lundy holiday, and when she paid the bill, out would come the savings purse and the reckoning would be settled in sixpences.

In 1888 Marion Heaven had married her cousin, Dr. John Cookesley Heaven, of the Bristol family of the Gyde Heavens - this at a time when the marriage of first cousins was strongly disapproved. There were three children of this marriage, of whom Eileen, born in November 1893, was the youngest. She had one sister, Sylvia, whose grandchildren are now the only descendants of the Lundy family, besides Walter Heaven's descendants in Australia and New Zealand. Eileen had a brother, Leonard, who married an American lady but had no children. It seemed that whereas Sylvia was the first-born, and Leonard the all-important boy, Eileen had no special place and was regarded as weakly. Consequently her mother sent her to dancing school, and she became a dancing teacher. During the First World War she worked as a clerk in the local Ministry of Labour, and in the Second World War, Eileen's life opened up when she enrolled as a VAD nurse; she later spoke of this time as some of her happiest days. At school she was found to be very intelligent, and the photographs taken in her youth show that she was very pretty, with dark curly hair, a pale complexion and retiring manner.

Mrs. Heaven and Eileen lived in a charming small house in Clevedon where Eileen cared for her mother in her later years. Right up to the time of her death, Mrs. Heaven was engaged in writing her memoirs of the Lundy family. For this, she used the family diaries as a basis, and from the entries wrote her own recollections and comments. Unfortunately she had only got as far as 1877 when she died. The memoirs are strongly partisan and not always 100% reliable, but they are very interesting, albeit often frustrating in the omissions.

"Lundy Lodge" where Eileen remained until the infirmities of old age forced her to move, was a Lundy treasure trove. It retained all the characteristics of a Victorian domestic interior. There were Lundy and family paintings and photographs on all the walls, some of the Lundy family furniture and china, and - best of all - the tin trunk with the family diaries, letters and photo albums. Tony and I visited Eileen there several times - tea was always made at the table with a spirit kettle, and we sensed the gentle refinements of a past age. Three of the paintings stick out in my memory: two were portraits of William Hudson Heaven and his wife Cecelia, painted when they were in their thirties and both of them extraordinarily handsome. The third is the portrait of their four elder children, painted in 1832. Eileen was lamenting that she did not know what would happen to such a large picture, and when I suggested that it would be lovely to see it eventually in its old place at Millcombe, she generously offered it to the Landmark Trust.

Eileen was always very patient with our endless questions about Lundy, and she had clear memories of her great-uncle (the Rev. Hudson Heaven) and of her great-aunts (Millie and Annie) who lived there during her childhood. I can only regret now, much later, that our own knowledge was not then at a stage where we could formulate our questions specifically, and when I returned in later years, her memory no longer served her so well. She was not fond of writing about her recollections, although she did reply to specific questions from me from time to time. But it was lovely to listen to her, and be given glimpses of a past Lundy that was a family home. We did try to tape her, but - as is so often the case

- the appearance of a microphone proved a block to the conversation.

Although her upbringing had been sheltered, and she had been overshadowed by her mother's forceful personality, Eileen was of resolute character, and had a strength that stemmed from the absence of indulgences, plus intelligence. She had a sense of humour, a certain hardihood, and she was a sweet companion. She was consistently concerned for the Lundy church, which had been a source of great satisfaction and pride for the family, and for whom it was very much a family memorial. When on Lundy she "bathed" in the sea every single day that it was possible, however cold it was - obviously, this had been a family tradition. She also walked indefatigably, and she knew the island really well - both the land, and the coastlands - boating had been a number one activity of the Heaven family. For as long as she was physically able to get there, Eileen continued to visit Lundy regularly, even when she could no longer indulge in walking and swimming, and the climb up the Beach Road became a challenge.

The time came when Eileen - even with the devoted help and support of her niece - could no longer look after herself alone in a house that had no modern conveniences. It was sad to see her after her unavoidable removal to a residential home for the elderly because, although her comments were of ladylike restraint, it was obvious that she hated it. She died in 1983, in her 90th year.

Eileen was very generous in lending us her diaries, letters and photographs, and in sharing her knowledge and experiences, and I have the pleasantest memories of the too-short times we spent with her.

One of her stories ran thus:

"The Revd. William Swatridge was sent as Curate-in-charge, I suppose by Exeter Diocesan Manpower Committee, as up to Mr. Muller's appointment it was a separate parish. (I think they must have sent all the misfits and problem clergy, judging by what was sent.) Mr. Swatridge and his wife occupied George Thomas's "Palace" (Hammers). He was a terrible drunkard, spending most of his time in the Tavern, though he did regularly take Sunday services, in a rather uncertain state of sobriety. He was very violent, and frequently attacked his wife, she running screaming from the house with him chasing her with a knife! Fortunately there was no tragedy. I think it got too much for the islanders. I think Miss Sage was in charge of the hotel, and she was a very staunch churchwoman. Probably she complained."

Mark Taylor, The Malthouse, 81 The Roving, Coalport, Telford, Shropshire TF8 7JH

Dear Mrs. Westcott,

I am writing as a LFS member and a long-standing lover of Lundy. I am very interested in poetry and have been doing some research on Dylan Thomas. What I would like to know is if there is any recorded information on Dylan Thomas's visit to Lundy in August 1949? Did the Summersbys record any information. Has anything been written in Lundy records? Surely his stay didn't pass without any comment at all! 'Dylan Thomas visited and left without comment' Ref. K. Crossley Holland. Is that it!

Secondly is just a point of observation which I'm sure is way out, but it won't hurt to mention I'm sure. I do tend to get a bit carried away!! In the Lundy Island Chronicle Vol. 3 No 1 Spring/Summer 1985, there is an article 'Lundy Wrecks in Recollection' by Gwyneth White. Am I right in thinking the ship in the bottom picture could be the Cardiff Queen (My first visit to the storm lashed environs of Lundy was on this steamer.) In the article she refers to coming on the Cardiff Queen, to Lundy, on July 13th 1949. The picture may not refer to this visit? To get to the point, do you not think that the man (and boy) in the foreground of the picture looks a little like Dylan Thomas!! Of course he didn't visit Lundy with his son Llewellyn until August 1949? I'm sure someone knows who every person on this picture is!

I also find Wendy Mitchell's tragic story interesting, and made a slight faux pas on Lundy by making my first query about her to Mary Gade! It is a shame her memorial stone becomes indecipherable so quickly, could it be protected in some way? Did she write much poetry in her short life and if so is it with the Lundy Field Society? and is there any possibility of seeing some without offending anyone?

My enthusiasm and imagination I'm afraid often exceed my talent, sadly I have the will but not enough ability but I do try, and at present compiling a book of quotes, general information etc. about Lundy. There is very little original, but a lot in one place!!

I enclose a few pieces of writing which may or may not be of use to the Lundy Newsletter!

I am also trying to contribute to the 'Friends of Lundy' Newsletter; if anything is used and considered suitable for LFS you would be very welcome.

LOOKING SEAWARDS

October 1986

End of the holiday, 8.30 a.m. the Oldenburg arrived and we were told to report to the Landing beach at 9.00a.m. We got down to the beach to see the Shearn trying to get out, swaying and to'ing and fro'ing, the wind increasing North east and the waves mounting ever higher. The Oldenburg turned round and the Shearn came in from a different direction, still no good. Increasing concern amongst the landlubbers on the beach! The Oldenburg then moved off around Rat Island out of sight, to Lametry, we heard for shelter, and the Shearn followed. Luggage was loaded into the landing boat and we climbed in with some trepidation as the waves were now really roughing up, and we anticipated a rough journey around the south end to the Oldenburg. The tractor pushed the boat towards the surge, on its trailer. Ten of us looking very apprehensive holding on grimly. Then nothing as the trailer wedged on a rock. We got out whilst they went to the top to get a jack. We were told to go up to Millcombe and come back in an hour, after a cup of coffee! relief! When we arrived back at the beach, it's certainly not looking promising as John Puddy and Stirling debate the situation. They push off in the boat, and are all over the place, waves breaking over the boat, spray everywhere and the boat swinging about, rising and falling very sharply. John Puddy nearly fell off the front and the boat seems to be drifting in towards the jetty. I suspect that they are having a problem starting the engine. Then John gets into the back and they head off into the waves and rock and roll around Rat Island. By now we are dreading our turn. Most people go up South Light steps to see what's happening at Lametry. We wait...Wendy comes down to tell us the attempt is off and we'll try again tomorrow, someone says it may get worse! We return to Bluc Bung then go to watch the manoeuvring in the bay. The Shearn and the landing boat seem to be moving about waiting? for the water level to rise? Shearn is very sluggish, they move together and I think John Puddy transfers from the boat to the 'Shearn', sooner him than me I think, out there. The 'Shearn' powers into the Jetty, as the lads come running down the cliff path to help secure the winch line, they winch Shearn up the pebble slope. Stirling then comes into the Jetty and they secure the boat and unload the luggage. It's all very exciting to watch, but must be worrying to be involved and all extra expense for the island. All the time this has been going on a red helicopter

has been going back and forth from a small ship in the bay to the lighthouse landing pad. The men all in yellow oilskins, rush to the hook on each load. One load had a big coil of hose hanging down, diesel for the generators I expect? Last load they all change into red overalls and go off themselves. The ship heads off North.

On Friday (I think - the days just blur here) a comet jet circled around twice low, and headed off to the west, leaving smoke trailing. Interesting, I remember the comet (De Havilland) coming into jet passenger service and their tremendous safety reputation worldwide. Only a few remain in service now, called 'Nimrods' and they have been adapted for coastal/weather/radar patrol work. Never a dull moment and I think of Elgar's 'Nimrod' ! We wonder how we are going to get off tomorrow! and already I am looking forward to returning soon.

Safe Anchorage

Look down from high, past the black outlined foreshore, the sea is quick silver in the reflection of the still ships' blazing lights, like distant palaces, in another place, a magic kingdom of unreality, not permanent, and this is so, for come morning they may be gone, leaving a changed place - or restoring an unchanged place! and you know that as much as you feel drawn to this transient kingdom, try and it is not possible. There is a magical fascination about them all alight at night, with dark reflections suspended, like distant citadels separate from reality - like Lundy!

Riding, turning at anchor

My chains singing,

Surging with the restless sea,

Under the lea, sheltered from

Atlantic's raging gales.

Overhead, buffeting angry cone

Of noise, swirling, battering.

Rain, searches, insists around.

I, impatient, standing off

anxious to continue course

To destined harbour, following

Curtains of rain to shrouded shore.

Paul L. Harrison, 28 Northfield Grove, Finchfield, Wolverhampton, WV3 8DW. (0902) 764377

Dear Ann

As promised, here are some details of the forthcoming Lundy Rock Climbing Guidebook. There are over 600 rock climbs described on the island, ranging in difficulty from straight forward scrambling to some of the most difficult and serious sea-cliff climbs in the country. All the major features have been climbed; they include impressive pinnacles such as the Constable, Needle Rock, the Devil's Chimney and Gannet's rock. There are serious expeditions up the Devil's Limekiln, and spectacular routes up the Flying Buttress and, of course, the Devil's Slide. This particular climb attracts climbers from all over the country and Europe! The climbers strictly observe a series of nesting restrictions, so as not to disturb any nesting sea-birds, a relationship that has worked well in Lundy's relatively short climbing history. (the first climbs were recorded in 1961)

On a personal note; I have been coming to Lundy for 14 years on a regular climbing basis, and, in that time, have fallen hopelessly under its spell. I have been lucky enough to climb over 100 new climbs on the island and have consequently gained an encyclopaedic knowledge of the island, in particular, the west coast, where all the good climbing is. For this reason I have been given the task of writing the new guide book, along with the previous writer, Gary Gibson. It is a labour of love, for only a very small fee, and very time-consuming. It is, of course, very important to the up-keep of the island that a good guide book is produced, as climbers present a healthy percentage of income for the island, a fact, I think that is often overlooked by the island and the Landmark Trust.

The guide will be plastic-bound, and include every climb on Lundy, and retail at a cost of £10.00. It is due for publication in the Spring of 1994. There will be a full section on the history of the development of climbing on Lundy, as well as sections on the flora and fauna on and around the island, complete with lots of colour photos of the island's rock climbs, and detailed maps to show climbers how to get down to the base of the climbs. This can be very tricky, and one has to take into account the tides and weather, as well as ability before tackling a climb. To date there have, fortunately, been very few serious climbing accidents on Lundy. Probably the most famous was in the seventies, when a climber fell over 200 feet down the slopes below Squires View cliff. Fortunately he survived, and was rescued by helicopter, only for the helicopter to run out of fuel and ditch in the sea. The climber was hastily thrown into the sea, still strapped in the rescue stretcher, and was only saved by the alertness of his wife and his own quick thinking to undo all the straps from the stretcher before it sank!

Hedley Thorne '93.

Dear Mrs. Westcott,

Sorry that this letter is so late!!! I have been extremely busy recently! Just out of interest, one of my school lecturers reckons that he knows you quite well-he's called Robin Dawkins, and he has a sister called Rowan. Ring any bells? Oh well, here's my report for your news-sheet.

I was persuaded to come to Lundy by my friend Charlie. He told me that it would be a 'holiday', and indeed it was - a working holiday!

At first, I was a little apprehensive about working on a voluntary basis, especially due to my bad asthma and eczema conditions - I'd never really done any physical work in my life! We finally reached an agreement that if I at least tried it, I could decide on whether or not to continue. My first day was very demanding. It involved chopping up wood, cleaning out sheep pens, and helping visitors disembark the Oldenburg. I was worked to my maximum that day, and in the evening, I simply fell into a chair, exhausted. I soon began to realise, however, that I was actually enjoying myself, and I felt that I had done something constructive for the Island. It must be Lundy itself that kept me coming back each morning, working with more motivation than I've ever worked with in my life. The fresh Atlantic air soothed asthma pains, and the work cleared my head of all worries back home, whether they be academical or medical! I obviously made a load of new friends during my stay. I felt that it was important to get on with them as best I could, and they made me feel very welcome indeed. It is this handful of people that keep the island functioning as well as it ever has been, and indeed, as it is today. My work never went without thanks from John Puddy, and it is this, and the overall 'Island atmosphere' which

has encouraged me to cancel my family holiday next year, and instead, return to Lundy Island.

I have since learnt that there is something extra in it all for voluntary workers, - free island accommodation, and enormous reductions on meals served at the tavern, which I must say are superb!

All in all, these factors, along with the friendliness of the people and the Island itself, make it worthwhile to return year after year, to offer my services in a job which does, after all, have more variety than any other I know.

John Lake, 25 Hadley Highstone, Barnet, Herts. EN5 4QJ

I have just got back from my first stay on Lundy. Our party comprised my wife Christal and I, our son David, my daughter Helen, her husband Richard and their three young children Laura, Nicholas and William. We stayed in Old House South, Old House North and the Radio Room. The Marisco Tavern was only 720 yards away.

Arriving on 29th December we encountered a Force 5-6 wind as we crossed from Bideford. The white paper bags came in handy. The sea trip was good fun. It was a great experience to be on a sea going vessel rather than the floating canteens which travel from Dover to Calais.

We were soon in the 'Marisco Tavern' for lunch and I made my debut on the radio. Radio Devon had rung the pub and asked for a holiday maker to be interviewed about the island. I volunteered and enjoyed myself no end.

And then we had five very enjoyable days. There were long walks around the island. Its a wonderful place for walking because although there are many well defined paths, one can walk almost anywhere. It's almost impossible to trespass.

Life without cars, television, radio, telephone or newspapers was very peaceful. There was time to read books, time to watch other people. We slept like logs.

The Marisco Tavern was our centre for lunch and an evening meal. It was always very jolly and the staff couldn't be more helpful.

There were no boat sailings all the time we were there but a diversion was the arrival of the helicopter from Bideford and a Cessna plane which parked on the field to the east of the old lighthouse.

With so few people on the island it was possible to talk to other holiday makers, and it was very interesting to meet John Puddy, his wife and their two children.

All too soon we were trudging back down the long path to the beach where John Puddy ferried us out in the old landing craft to M. S. Oldenburg anchored in the bay. Back to the mainland and 'civilization'.

A memorable holiday and we have a taste for more.

GIFT IS MUSIC TO ISLANDERS' EARS - Reprinted by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph '93.

Families will ring the changes at a Victorian chapel on Lundy in 1994 thanks to a £30,000 charity windfall.

The eight bells of St. Helena's church have remained silent for 40 years since being declared unsafe and taken down. But last weekend they were ferried the 20 miles to the mainland at Bideford, Devon before being transported to Derbyshire for specialist restoration.

A new galvanised frame will be installed before the bells, with a combined weight of three and a quarter tons, are re-hung. Metal fitting on the old oak frame corroded away because of the salt spray that blows over the Bristol Channel island.

It is hoped the work will be undertaken by volunteers during the spring and summer. Then Lundy's 13 adults and seven children plan to undergo a training programme to learn the art of campanology.

The sound volume of the eight bells, cast by Charles Carr of Smethwick in the key of F# and ranging from a 27-inch treble weighing 5cwt to a 42³/₄-inch 15cwt tenor, will be controlled by louvres and shutters.

They will provide a new attraction for the 20,000 visitors a year to the 3¹/₂-mile long island, which was bought by the National Trust in 1969 and is run by the Landmark Trust.

The church clock is also being repaired and will be electrified and linked to the bells to give a Westminster chime every quarter hour.

Money for the restoration is being provided by the Oxford-based Doris Field Charitable Trust, which distributes the proceeds of its namesake's £3 million legacy.

Mr. Andrew Wilby, an authority on church bells, is managing the project on behalf of the rector of Parkham, near Bideford, who oversees Lundy.

AN ISLAND REBORN - Reprinted by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph, 29th November 1993.

Lundy Island is a magical holiday destination in the Bristol Channel about 11 miles off the north Devon Coast. But last year was crunch time. The leaseholders, Landmark Trust, threatened to pull out unless it could stem its losses.

The threat resulted in a bold scheme to improve the island economy. Now for the first time in living memory Lundy is becoming a viable business.

Commercialism has taken account of its numerous claims to fame - stamps, beer, granite quarries, ancient castle, Celtic stones in the graveyard, three lighthouses (one still manned), and a farm with special breeds.

Pirates and convicts gave the windswept island a bad reputation, redeemed in the 19th century by the Reverend Hudson Heaven, who built the St. Helena church and led to Lundy being known as the Kingdom of Heaven. However, its fame never led to a fortune, and when it came up for sale in 1969 there were fears of exploitation.

The National Trust passed the island to Landmark on a 60-year lease in 1969. Landmark restored and furnished the historic buildings, but last year insisted that persistent losses totalling £150,000 that year alone had to stop. Hard decisions were taken as part of a business plan. Nearly a third of the community had to be made redundant and the distress made headlines.

Today there are only a dozen adults on Lundy, all paid employees, with a smaller team running the supply vessel MS Oldenburg and a quayside office in Bideford, Devon. But the cutbacks worked, and the employees feel that surviving jobs and homes are safe.

Lundy's turnover is approaching £750,000 and it has become a multi-faceted business serving visitors by operating the Marisco Tavern, a shop, farm and transport. It must also maintain buildings and support fund-raising.

Even today, Lundy - three miles long and half a mile wide - has no harbour, and that creates extra toil. Hope for funds to build one lies in a possible European grant. Up to 267 passengers are presently transferred to landing launches and then to

a mobile jetty on the beach. In the past year, Robin Evans, director of the Landmark Trust, and land agent John Puddy have started a marketing drive, spending £20,000 on colour promotional brochures and day visitors' leaflets. The former illustrates the 23 letting properties - from the classical Millcombe House built for the Heaven family, to the castle (which back to 1244) and the modest Old Light Cottage for one person. That tiny granite abode was once a pigsty.

Thanks to the brochure, the appointment of shore-based travel agent Brian Pointer, and television exposure, lettings are up 22% this year. A total of 3,500 booked nights, representing 50% over the whole year, marked a distinct improvement on 1992. Self-catering has been supplemented by bed and breakfast for the first time. "That's been very popular," says Mr. Puddy.

It is tourism with a deliberate emphasis on unspoilt isolation. There are no televisions in the cottages, and only three phones, but there is access to the entire estate, with wild goats, sheep, seals, birds and a host of view-points.

Farming activities cover most of the 1,100 acres. As part of the income-driven modernisation, Trevor Gasper, a freelance farm manager, was called in. The result is an increase in ewes to 650 and more cross-bred cattle, which are more profitable, but less attractive than pure-bred Devons.

Designation as a site of special scientific interest helps bring in grants. The Countryside Commission provides cash under its stewardship scheme, and English Nature contributes towards the salary of Andrew Gibson, warden for the marine nature reserve - the first such statutory designation in Britain. The reserve should lead to extra arrivals by helicopter or fixed-wing aircraft from Devon or South Wales - and more income from landing fees.

The island's postage stamps generate income, with new designs enticing collectors each year. A certain number of "Puffins" - 1p each - are added to the usual mainland first and second class rates.

Specialist conferences have increased on the island. Farmers, too, come on occasional group outings from Devon, some to see the free-roaming Lundy ponies.

Offices above the tavern (whose annual turnover with bar and restaurant has risen to £120,000) are the business hub. Newsletters are despatched to a new group of supporters, Friends of Lundy Island, who have brought in £8,000 since 1992. Newsletters offer special deals and encourage loyalty.

A longer standing group - Lundy Field Society - is about to publish its 44th annual report. Stalwart members, including academics and archaeologists, have devised projects, from studies of spiders and pygmy shrew, to an analysis of the graves in the ancient burial ground. Historical and biological assets bring in extra help - from English Heritage who protect ancient relics, and from the National Trust, which is undertaking a major survey of the island's archaeology.

Volunteers are usually given free accommodation. One retired devotee, John Steer, has been mending the stone walls which cross the island. Parties of youngsters come in summer to work on cliff footpaths, or clear overgrown patches.

Only the church is not owned by the Trust. It is owned by the Church of England. This unusually suburban edifice will celebrate its centenary in 1997, and an appeal is now under way to safeguard the structure and re-hang bells.

100 YEARS AGO - EVENTS ON LUNDY IN 1894 - Myrtle Ternstrom

January started with very cold weather and, as fuel was in short supply, some coaling was going on at the wreck of the *Tunisie*. For meat, one pig was slaughtered. In the previous year a new GPO telephone cable had been installed at Castle Park, and a new semaphore apparatus with Lloyd's man, Mr. Dear, to look after it. In his spare time he tried smoking herrings in the "powder proof place" by Benson's Cave. The lessee, Mr Ackland, got the contract to build the new cable hut for the G.P.O.

On the 24th January the annual party for the children and the women was held at the Villa. The next day work started on burning lime in the kiln, and work was also going on to finish off the fitting out of the new bungalow in St. John's Valley.

Mrs. Ackland's nephew came to learn the work at the Stores. March 16th was the Rev. Mr. Heaven's 68th birthday, when Cousin Annie presented him with a new bread knife, and shortly after she went off to the mainland to visit relations. The only lady at the Villa, then, was Millie (Amelia), and she received their relations who came for holidays, some of whom stayed at the bungalow.

On May 29th the maids were allowed to go to the North End for an outing, and on June 19th Lt. Loane came to supervise the first practice with the new Rocket Life Saving Apparatus. At the end of June officials came from Trinity House to discuss putting up two new lighthouses, and to view possible sites.

During the summer season the pleasure steamers came on Tuesdays and Fridays, unless prevented by the weather - either the *Velindra* or the *Brighton*. In August a new man, Mr. Savrall, arrived for the Battery. In September Mr. Hooper came across to shoe the horses and overhaul the carriage before the winter.

The Rev. Hudson Heaven took service in the little iron church on Sundays, although he was quite often indisposed, and then a visitor might fill in or a "reading" be given in the schoolroom instead. He taught a few of the island boys, gave some evening classes, and also took two candidates across to the mainland to be confirmed.

Mr. Ackland ran the farm, the Stores and the Post Office, and provided lodgings for visitors. In October he decided to take his son-in-law, Mr. Dickinson, into partnership, and so a valuation was made. He did not use Capt. Dark, but contracted with other boats for transport of passengers and supplies.

In December "the world was trotting round as usual" and Christmas day dawned misty, mild and spring-like. After the morning service, the island children came down to the Villa to receive their presents. The last day of the year was taken up with invitations and preparations for a children's tea to be held at the Villa on New Year's Day.

Dear Editor

In the 1993 edition (No 23) you give a piece by Derek Webb, published in *Devon Life* of May 1992, and you say that you do not know where the writer's facts come from. I do. They are taken principally from my "A Lundy Album", and also from other published sources which are not acknowledged.

There is one exception: Mr. Webb trots out the old chestnut about the Embankment in London being constructed of Lundy granite, which it definitely was not. The samples of granite sent to the contractors were not of the required quality, and the stones for the construction came from elsewhere.

Anybody wanting to read more about the Heaven family is referred to *The Heaven Family of Lundy 1836-1916*, published in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, Vol. 118, 1986. (This is obtainable by post from the Devonshire Association, 7 The Close, Exeter, and costs £5.00 incl.)

The 1993 edition of the newsletter may have given rise to confusion for some. I was Myrtle Langham until 1983, and I am now Myrtle Ternstrom. So, in general, things I wrote or edited or was joint author/editor of before 1983 have one name, and those since 1983 the other.

The Lundy Index

My thanks to those members who have responded by sending contributions to the Lundy Index.

To those members who have not yet made their own additions to this list, please do complete the form at the back of this Newsletter - all details of the project will be found there.

Please note that the list, when completed, WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED OR CIRCULATED but will be held only by the Lundy Field Society and the National Trust Lundy Archive. The list will be compiled by SUBJECT with number references to the holders. In order to protect members from unwanted intrusions, nobody who consults the list will be able to approach you for access or information before the LFS or the National Trust has contacted you to ask you for your permission.

Some time ago John Puddy asked me if I knew where the old Fordson tractor and Blackstone engine which had stood together for ages outside Dave Davy's shed had gone? Apparently someone took them away for restoration and repair and they haven't been heard of since. If anyone knows their whereabouts, John Puddy would be delighted to hear from them. Do you think it would be an idea to print a reminder that all articles remain the copyright of the authors? Otherwise people just feel free to use the material without either say-so or acknowledgement.

Lundy, Treasure Island of Birds: Ed.s. Note:

Many of you will have a copy of Col. Etherton's "Lundy, Tempestuous Isle" (1953). Some of you may not know that he wrote an equally highly-coloured account of the island for the National Geographic Magazine in the May 1947 issue. We publish (with the kind permission of the NG) an excerpt so that you can get the flavour. It is interesting archive material where Col. E. writes of the Harmans, and the photographs (by J. Allen Cash) are particularly good archives. The Villa (Millcombe) for example is covered with ivy and still has its porch. In the pic. of the beach-path you can clearly see the (second set of?) South Light steps (as you can in the pic. of the South Light itself), and also the wooden landing stage. There is a photo of a South Light keeper going down the rope from the Light to the beach, which yr. Ed. remembers doing, and quite frankly preferred to any path or steps. As the beach-path photo is pre-landslip, there are none of Bob Gilliat's "works". The splendid photo of the Castle on its cliff (taken from Rat? Hell's Gates?) shows two telegraph poles. The Ugly has the telescope for the observation of boats for Lloyds of London. Tibbetts still has its "top" and its flagstaff. The text with the photo of Quarter Wall suggests that it was built by Benson's convicts, which yr. Ed. doubts, but there is no proof that the wall is much older than the 18th C. The final photo is of the bar in the Tavern (which now houses Nigel & Linzi's delicious cakes) being used as a bar. There is a board wall at the west side separating the Tavern from the Old Bakery, the storerooms and the Shop.

LUNDY, TREASURE ISLAND OF BIRDS by Col. P. T. Etherton (An extract from the National Geographic Magazine, May 1947 (by Kind Permission.)

I crossed to Lundy in a naval patrol boat from Bideford and was landed in the sunny south-east cove. With me were officers from the United States Army in Europe, for the the overlord of Lundy has always welcomed our transatlantic cousins and allies. A thousand birds curved across the clouds and cried out at our intrusion.

We climbed up and up by a rocky path flanked by rhododendron, veronica hydrangea and wild flowers to the "king's" house. It was built more than a hundred years ago, a 12 room house equipped on up-to-date lines. Most of the windows look down the path out over the Bristol Channel to the North Devon coast.

Here lives Mr. Martin Coles Harman, the only king outside of royalty in the British Isles, a staunch believer in private enterprise and ownership, and with the individual taste for liberty so dear to Englishmen. He is a vigorous personality, a good raconteur, and owes allegiance only to King George.

Lundy has been privately owned throughout historical times, and various charters and letters of authority have been granted it by kings of England. In the earliest recorded period of its story the island is found in the possession of the Montmorency family, the Irish and English branches of which were called De Marisco. The first to come to Lundy was Sir Jordan De Marisco, about 1150, and this notorious family, members of which frequently occur in the annals of England as filling important offices under the Crown, ruled over Lundy for about 135 years. Unfortunately, we cannot be certain of dates, as the early records of Lundy, which apparently were kept at Cleeve Abbey on the mainland, were sent to London, where they were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

Because of these feudal charters, Lundy boasts sovereign rights and semi-royal prestige. Its Overlord has rights and privileges which sound strange to modern ears.

He has his own stamps, can remove anyone he wishes from his domain, and can land any cargo free of restraining customs or excise. He can deny anyone the right to land, and he controls all fishing and marine catches for a specified distance offshore. No tax of any kind is levied, and fishermen are not allowed without permission. Besides being an overlord by right of tenure of this Lilliputian strip of heather- and fern-covered land, he possesses the hard asset of some of the finest granite in the world, used in early Victorian days in the construction of the Victoria Embankment along the Thames.

Human habitations are limited on Lundy - a house, a few cottages, and the lighthouses. There are three lighthouses, but one of these is now used as a wireless station and can obtain advance notice of Atlantic weather. Only one store, where certain foods may be bought, serves the island. A Lundy directory would contain the names of only eleven people, six of these being lighthouse men.

Mr. Harman told me how, besides weather forecasts, this island was responsible for introducing rabbits into Great Britain. The first Norman overlord brought them here, and they spread, as rabbits have a habit of doing. Today they abound, though many of them have turned black, probably as a result of inbreeding.

Long ago strange primitives inhabited this outpost of Britain. During excavations above the western shore a burial place was found. It was a massive crypt built with blocks of granite, and in it were two stone coffins side by side, one ten feet and the other eight feet in length. The skeletons were those of giants; the biggest one was measured before the bones were moved and taped 8 feet 2 inches. The second, which was that of a woman, was 7 feet 8 inches. Seven other skeletons were buried in a line, and then came a mass of bones - men, women and children heaped in a common grave. Was it a massacre on a vast scale, or was it a human sacrifice to a deceased king and queen?

The Vikings, Scandinavian sea rovers first to cross the perilous Atlantic in their dragon ships, took a liking to the island and called it *lunde ey* or "Puffin Island". The authentic history of Lundy is fragmentary. The first book on the subject appears to have been in Icelandic. There are others in Latin which require a profound scholar to interpret, for they abound in ponderous and legal phraseology. Another effort is in Welsh. The full and complete chronicles of Lundy, its colourful and glamorous history, still have to be given to the world.

In the 12th century, King Stephen presented it as fief to one of the De Motmorencies, a name as prominent among the feudal barons as Montague or Montgomery. In those days of violence the Lord of Lundy had to make his home a fortress in which he could shut himself up and be safe from the attacks of his enemies. So, high above the cove he built a mighty castle. It had a massive tower, deep ditches and a drawbridge, with narrow slits for windows in the thick granite walls, while for moat it enjoyed the protection of eleven miles of sea. From its turreted fastness came raid after raid against the mainland and passing merchant vessels. The aggressors retreated to the safety of a hideout with walls nine feet thick and with an adjoining precipice on one side, which I inspected, over which undesirables were hurled to the rocks below.

Sir Jordan de Marisco fell foul of Henry II, who wished to give Lundy, valuable for both position and fisheries, to the Knights Templars. The King was defied by the local sovereign, who went even further. He started plundering passing vessels to show his indignation and independence, and Henry could do nothing about it.

Richard the Lionhearted was too busy with the Holy Land and crusading to be stung into reprisals by the the "Lundy Mosquito", but when his brother John reigned in his stead the old feud between the island King and the islet king was renewed. John tried his best to evict the Mariscos from their inheritance; but, secure in their sea-girt citadel, they could be defiant and tell him there was another king's business besides his own. "Get out", ordered the impetuous John. "Come and get us out", was the reply.

"LUNDY, ISLAND WITHOUT EQUAL" by Lois Lamplugh. Published by Robert Young 1993. Ed's. Review

This is a quite remarkable synthesis of historical and literary material; and it is a measure of its success that it pushed me to feeling that I must return to my long-neglected work on the Mariscos, and that I really should re-read Chanter and Gosse. The other remarkable thing that Lois Lamplugh has achieved is to allow the reader to share her pleasure in the island, while being a careful recorder. For example she corrects the idea (p.3) that the castle was built by the Mariscos, and on the same page she offers the opinion that it was a good thing the Quarry was a short-lived enterprise. She comments later (p.71) that what we think of as the interesting archaeology of the Quarries, might well have been the island's destruction, had the Quarry Co. been successful.

She offers (p.4) an introduction to J. R. Chanter's work and (p.5) to Steinman Steinman (whose monograph was reprinted in last year's Newsletter). It is an intriguing coincidence that Col. Etherton's "Tempestuous Isle" stopped her from attempting a book herself on Lundy in the early 1950s.

Chapter 5 collects together "several men with strong personal reasons for avoiding society" who chose to retire to live on Lundy. One of them, Sir Robert Basset, was said to be descended from the Plantagenets (which Wm. de Marisco also was *Eds. Note*). They are a splendid collection of eccentrics, and it is pleasing to record that the Fiennes strain of eccentricity is still going strong in Sir Ranulph, who lives on Exmoor when not walking over the Arctic ice.

Chapter 6 quotes a 17th C. comment that makes one realize why an inhospitable lump of granite could be so historically important "... if the Dutch should take the island, it would block up the Severn, and a dozen good men could secure it from the world." Lois Lamplugh's account of the 18th C. tenancies of Borlase Warren and Cleveland together with Grose's "Antiquities of England and Wales" provides exciting information, which, nonetheless, raises as many questions as are answered.

Lois Lamplugh notices a fascinating continuity of type in the overlords Vere Hunt (p53), Wm. Hudson Heaven (p. 56) and Martin Coles Harman. V.H. "bought Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel, by accident. Once, when walking in a London street he passed a room where an auction was taking place, and, attracted by the noise, entered it. The property set up for auction was Lundy Island. He knew nothing whatever about it, but when the auctioneer proclaimed it had never paid either tax or tithe, that it acknowledged neither King nor Parliament, nor law civil or ecclesiastical, and that its proprietor was Pope and Emperor at once in his scanty domain, he made a bid, and it was knocked down to him. It turned out to be a good speculation. It paid its cost by the sale of rabbits, and when its purchaser chanced to have a quarrel with England and Ireland at the same time, it was a hermitage to which he could always retire and meditate." WHH "liked to be known as the Squire; Kelly's Directory of 1883 refers to him as 'Lord of the Manor (which retains very full manorial rights) and sole land owner.' Moreover he was unwilling to admit that Lundy was not an independent domain, outside the jurisdiction of mainland authority. He refused to allow a small school he set up for the island children to be inspected; he refused to complete census forms; he refused to allow police to land on the island in 1871 to arrest a man accused of murder after an affray, although he did ensure that the man was shipped to the mainland to be taken into custody; his son, the Rev. Heaven, gave evidence at the coroner's inquest in Ilfracombe. (The man was acquitted and discharged.) He set up on the landing beach a concrete block enclosing a slab of slate on which was inscribed 'This island is private. There are no public roads, footpaths or rights of ways (sic) whatever hereon.' Of MCH she says, "Neither the Postmaster General nor, presumably, anyone else had objected to Lundy stamps (although it was stipulated that they should not be affixed on the same side as Royal Mail stamps). But coins were a different matter - especially coins bearing a portrait of someone other than the monarch. Plain clothes policemen visited Lundy to assure themselves that the coins were circulating there, in the Marisco Tavern and Store - there had never been any secret about it - and in April, 1930, Martin Harman was summoned to appear before the Bench of Petty Sessions at Bideford. He duly appeared, but refused to plead, as he denied that the Bench had any right to try a case concerning Lundy. Like William Heaven, he seems to have aspired to a kind of dual identity, as a law-abiding British citizen under the protection of the Crown, and as the unquestioned lord of a private and independent domain."

Lois Lamplugh shows us Kingsley in 1849 and Gosse (1850s) responding to the sensuous beauty of the place...In a letter to his wife Kingsley said, 'I saw the old Pirate Moresco's (sic) Castle on the cliff - the awful granite cliffs on the west, with their peaks and chasms lined with sea fowl - the colouring wonderful - pink and grey granite, with bright yellow lichen spots, purple heather, and fern of a peculiar dark glowing green. You wanted no trees; the beauty of their rich forms and simple green was quite replaced by the gorgeous brilliance of the hues. And beyond and around all, the illimitable Atlantic - not green - but an intense sapphire-black hue, such as it never is inshore; and so clear, that every rock and patch of sea-weed showed plain four hundred feet below us, through the purple veil of water. Then I went back to the landing cove, where shoals of mackerel were breaking up with a roar, like the voice of many waters; the cove like

glass; and one huge seal rolling his black head and shoulders about in the water - a sight to remember for ever. Oh, that I had been a painter, for that day at least! And coming away, as the sun set behind the island, great flame-coloured sheets of rack flared up into the black sky from off the black line of the island top; and when the sun set the hymns began again, and we slipped on home, while every ripple of the cutter's bow fell down, and ran along the surface in flakes and sparkles of emerald fire..." Page 86 carries a reproduction of an almost Gothique (not even Gothic) western cliff-scape by Gosse, who said he "had spent a few days of almost unmingled gratification". And that after what Lois Lamplugh (p. 120) realizes was (in contrast to a lumpy and uncomfortable but warm and dry Oldenburg voyage)..."a voyage lasting many hours in an open boat, sitting in clothes soaked by spray or a wave over the bows almost as soon as they set out."

It is nice to know Lois Lamplugh shares one's view of Wendy Anne Mitchell's poem:

"Where summer long we knew the paradise

That only the young and proud may know."

"... There is a particular sadness in the claim made by her poem: if she had lived, she might have come to know that Lundy can offer its paradisaal aspect to those much older than she was when she wrote it."

TALKING ABOUT LUNDY.... Ken Rodley

Ken Rodley, a member of the LFS committee, is aiming to bring together the resources and experience of the LFS members in giving talks about Lundy and the LFS to clubs and institutions such as Townswomens Guilds, Women's Institutes, Probus and the like. These would be general talks designed to whet the public's appetite, giving an overall view of the delights of the Island. Anyone who can offer material such as slides, OHP foils, charts that could be copied or borrowed and used by others please get in touch with Ken. He would also welcome any hints and tips of experienced speakers so that others may benefit. We hope to increase the number of speakers available and to assist with materials.

Contact Ken at 52 Langaton Lane, Pinhoe, Exeter, EX1 3SL. Tel. 0392 469802.

Ken will be at the LFS AGM in March.