



Lundy Field Society Newsletter No. 25



Editorial

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

The opinions expressed throughout the Newsletter are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Lundy Field Society

STOP PRESS: EXCURSION. The Society has organised a Day-Excursion to Lundy on Saturday 1st. July, 1995. We will sail on the Oldenburg from Bideford at 9.30 a.m., and return at about 7.00 p.m. Tickets are limited (to 100), and will be on sale at the AGM (see enclosed leaflet), and subsequently from the Hon. Secretary.

It will be a great sorrow to all who knew Peter Cole to hear of his death in May '94. All LFS members will, I know, wish to extend sympathy to Barbara, Jim & Jill, Helen & Pat, Liza & Kate.

Patrick Penny & Rachel Pearce were married in Cambridge in June, & a concourse of Lundy friends voted it a great wedding. Andrew and Lorna Gibson are now in the Scillies, where AG is Warden: they will be sadly missed on the island. (Btw, LG writes that she has met Mrs. Harvey who is helping her with her botanical studies - Prof. Harvey was the first LFS secretary.) The new warden on Lundy is Emma Parkes, and all LFS members will welcome her, and wish her well. Annie & Quintin Campbell are now i/c the shop (vacancy advertised in WMN 31/1/94; Gazette 3/2/94). Wendy Puddy is using a sabbatical to take a Post Graduate Cert. Ed. at Exeter University (Rolle College).

This Newsletter marks a new venture. You will see the back is occupied by an ad. for the Woolacombe Bay Hotel, whose owner, Roy Lancaster, also owns "Frolica" which many of you will recall having seen in the Landing Bay over many summers, including the '77 visit of H. M. the Queen. RL is sponsoring this newsletter, a much appreciated Grand Gesture. This generosity has enabled us to use (with JD's permission) John Dyke illustrations from early LFS Reports.

This year Lundy has seen an Historic Occasion in June, when John Harman's win-

ning of the VC at Kohima was celebrated. There is a collection of accounts later in this newsletter. (The Times (5/1/95) reviewed a book about "Heroes of the Forgotten Army": "Not Ordinary Men - The Battle of Kohima re-assessed". John Colvin: Leo Cooper: £18.95). There is also a collection on the re-dedication in October of St. Helena's Bells.

This is also a literary year. You will see (on the inside back page) notice of Myrtle Ternstrom's new edition of the Lundy Album, and the auction of some Lundy collectables at the AGM. We have Ian Linn's review of Tony Langham's new book on Lundy. (IL & AFL are LFS Vice-Presidents.) Professor Charles Thomas (an LFS member) has had his "And Shall These Mute Stones Speak" published by the University of Wales Press @ £35.00. This is a fascinating enlargement of his article in the LFS Report No. 42, '91 on early Christian Memorial Stones. Brian Chugg is researching Dr. Elliston Wright (the Lundy Beetle man).

Now for Yr. Ed.'s trawl of the 94/early 95 newspapers. The Nicotinell Smoke Stops in Feb. & Mar. received Extensive Press Coverage. The WMN (28/2/94) reported a potential non-smoker saying "one of the most distracting factors was ... the enormous number of journalists on the island to cover [the event]". Not even the salvaging of the Sea Harrier jet off Lundy (NDJ 10/2/94) stemmed the flow of comment on smoking. The Times reported (26/2/94) "Puffin Isle Stubs Out Smokers." The WMN (23/2/94) said "Desperate Smokers Retreat to Lundy", & (26/2/94) "[they] face deportation ... if caught smoking on the island." The Observer Magazine had a whole article on Smoke Stop (27/3/94) which actually paid the island some compliments. The WMN (9/3/94) had a half-page with pic. of a non-smoker but no compliments. The Times (9/3/94) reported one non-smoker as saying, "the weather was terrible & it was very windy and dark & there were no lights. I'm definitely giving up smoking because I never want to have to come to Lundy again."

All other Feb./Mar. island coverage pales into insignificance beside Nicotinell's. The LFS had 2 mentions (WMN 22/2/94 & 24/2/94) one for being awarded £400 by the Shell Better Britain Campaign for work

on "developing a tree plantation [sic] on Lundy", and the other for the index of Historical Materials relating to Lundy, that Myrtle Ternstrom is co-ordinating for Caroline Thackeray of the National Trust. Westwell Publishing [Westcott & Rothwell] had several mentions (NDJ 10/2/94 - 2/4/94; NDA 7/4/94) for their July Sketching Breaks on Lundy. Lorna Gibson and Emma Puddy featured in an interesting & sympathetic article in the Observer Review (20/2/94) on the education of Lundy's children. The Times had 2 articles (8/2/94 & 14/2/94) on Speech Impairment & gave AFASIC's number for parents to 'phone for help. Liz Browning was a founder of AFASIC and a Lundy visitor (see Lundy Newsletter 1987). There was a v. nice pic. of goats near the Battery (WMN 16/2/94). Ralph Fiennes was mentioned (WMN, March) as the star of the film "the Saint": he is a cousin of Ranulph Fiennes (Arctic explorer) & both are distant kinsmen of the Lord Saye & Scle, who lived on Lundy at the end of the Civil War. The aero-generator & Phil Congdon (the then engineer) were photographed (WMN 4/4/94), & it was recorded that well over 1 million kilowatts of electricity have been generated since 1982. The NDJ (7/4/94) reported that the Island looked set for a busy summer.

The WMN (20/5/94) had a very fine pic. of the Old Light staircase, with a mention of the Landmark Trust's 25th year of Stewardship, & also of the Island's breaking even in 93/94. In the same issue, it was reported that "European money could be used to give a boost to outline proposals to build a landing jetty on Lundy" - (also mentioned in NDJ 26/5/94). The NDA (26/5/94) had a glorious pic. of the Old Light & blue sky, to celebrate financial stability, and the Landmark's 25 years. The WMN (May) carried an English Heritage supplement which mentioned a Landmark property in Lymington - Peter's Tower, once a Victorian fishermen's look-out. The NDA (19/5/94) reported Sqdn. Leader Dave Lewins & Flt. Lt. Duncan Aitchison (both RAF Chivenor) sailing for 6 hours, circumnavigating Lundy, to raise money for the Cheshire Homes at Braunton: in the steps of Magellan & Amerigo Vespucci, not to mention several Celtic Saints.

During the summer, the papers were full of a new Lundy Study (NDJ & NDA 28/7/94; WMN 22/7/94). The group who undertook the study are Atlantic Consultants: the bodies who appointed them to undertake it "are Torrridge & N. Devon District Councils, The Landmark Trust & the National Trust, the Rural Development Commission & DCC", (NDJ 28/7/94) The WMN reported on the report, but Yr. Ed. reckons you can't do better than read it yourself. You can buy it (£5) from Torrridge DC, Riverbank House, Bideford, North Devon, EX39 2QG.

Libby Purves in the Times (1/8/94) laments the passing of the lighthouses. She & husband, Paul Heiney & their children are coast-sailors: She says "Even 15 years ago there were men on ... Lundy [etc.] ... most are gone & by 1997 all Trinity House lights will be unmanned. Nobody to wave to any more; nobody to notice that your keel seems to be sticking up and your mast pointing downwards". The NDJ 11/8/94 & 25/8/94 reported the Rev. Rob Varty of Appledore canoeing from Lundy to Appledore for the North Devon Historic Churches Trust - he raised £500. The Gazette Property section (11/8/94) carried an ad. for "Blenheim", once lived in by the Rev. H. G. Heaven.

One was glad to read (WMN 27/8/94) of a video of Lundy designed to show "the rest of the country the importance of the marine environment": because the WMN had earlier recorded (4/5/94) "SW Coastal Sea in Crisis". The RSPB warns that the "SW coast is suffering from neglect & mismanagement". Also the Gazette (28/7/94) talks of fears for beaches & marine life" because of dredging operations off the N. Devon coast (cf. Newsletter '93).

The NDJ (15/9/94) reported John Puddy's receiving 2 sets of Centurion breathing apparatus from manufacturers SABRE. Devon Fire & Rescue will train the Islanders in the use of the equipment; a providential precaution, with Gov't Ho. having to have 10 fire fighters lifted by Sea King (1/10/94) , but "the islanders own fire-party had already tackled the blaze". Foot-note to the Nicotinell Smoke Stop: the WMN (29/10/94) said "former nicotine addicts" returned to Lundy for a reunion. Lundy had a 50% success rate. The WMN (29/10/94) reported another Smoke Stop.

But October was really the month of the St Helen's Bells, (reported fully elsewhere in the newsletter). The High Sheriff, Lady Arran (WMN 29/9/94) could not be present at a Charity Car Boot Sale at her home, Castle Hill, because she was on Lundy for the dedication.

The WMN (7/11/94) reported the excellent news that Lundy has broken even for the 2nd year running. Sir John Smith (an LFS member) reviewed 3 books on the work of the National Trust for the Spectator (12/11/94): Yr Ed. enjoyed the reviews, & agrees that whatever may be wrong with the NT, (cf. Paula Weideger "Gilding the Acorn", Simon & Schuster) "it offers ...the chance ... to do & see things which they could not do & see before". Myrtle Ternstrom wrote to the Times asking "what the members of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 do?" And (17/11/94) the Times actually answered, in a v. interesting & informative article. This Royal Commission, full of the spirit of Prince Albert, "annually hands out fellowships to post-graduate science researchers, young industrial design students, and promising young industrialists." And the money comes out of its own carefully nurtured income, not taxes - well done Prince Albert & all his Royal Commissioners.

The review (Times Magazine 28/1/95) of "The Revival of the Palladian Style: Lord Burlington, his house & garden at Chiswick" an exhibition at the Royal Academy Feb. 2 - Apr. 2, pays Philip Jebb & the Landmark a pretty compliment about work at Ingestre. (PJ designed Govt. Ho., Lundy.) Country Living featured the Landmark's Bath House at Walton, & ran a competition with the Landmarks's four limited edition prints as prizes. The Times (21/11/94) reported a rush for large Landmark properties for families to spend New Year in, with Rebecca Morgan of the Landmark especially recommending Millcombe.

I look forward to hearing from you ATVB.



Eds. Note: Bill Blakey gave Yr. Ed. an afternoon of his precious time, to talk about the work of, and for, the Church of St. Helena's on Lundy. I have to hold the material till next Newsletter, but it was most encouraging to talk with him.

The Bells of Lundy Church by Revd. W. G. Blakey, Priest-in-Charge, Lundy.

(An introduction to the Service at St. Helena's Church, October 8th, 1994)

The eight bells were cast by Carr of Smethwick for the church when it was

built. They were hung in 1897. The Ilfracombe Chronicle of Jan. 8th 1898 tells us that "they were heard for the first time on New Years Eve when the Old Year (1897) was tolled out and the New Year rung in, under the direction of Mr. Busserly, who is superintending the erection of the bells for the founders." The first peal was rung in September 1898 by a party of bellringers who came from Ilfracombe on the Campbell's steamer "Lady Margaret". It seems that the bells were not rung all that often. The first "true and complete Peal of STEDMAN TRIPLES" rung on August 23rd., 1905 is commemorated by a painted plaque in the church porch. The Hartland Chronicle records that on Sunday 5th. December 1920 the bells were rung for the first time on a Sunday by the Bristol Channel Football Team no less. Sadly the elements took their toll and the metal framework deteriorated to such an extent that the bells were taken down for safety. This was done around 1960. The tenor bell was removed to the Bow Bell Works where Mr. Arthur Fidler fitted special non-ferrous bolts allowing the bell to be hung from the main beam of the tower roof. It was sounded by a specially made clapper. The other bells sat in the porch and waited... A former vicar attempted to remove them to the mainland so that they could be sold. The then owner of the Island refused passage from the church to the landing beach and so the bells stayed. In recent years interest grew in the possible restoration and re-hanging of the bells. Initial estimates produced costings that seemed quite beyond the church's resources and yet some persisted. Mr. John Puddy, the Island Agent, found both a project co-ordinator, Andrew Wilby, and a trust, the Doris Field Trust, who would put up the money. The project now became possible.

Eventually, following the inevitable inspections, paperwork and meetings, a faculty was obtained from the Chancellor of the Diocese of Exeter. The bells left the Island on 17th December, 1993 aboard the MS Oldenburg and, once on the mainland, were taken to the works of Messrs. Eyre & Smith at Melbourne near Derby for specialised restoration work. The work included providing new fittings for all the bells, and welding the cracked No. 3 bell, the latter task being carried out by Soundwell of Cambridge. The full set was retuned at Whitechapel to improve tonal quality. A new frame was built by Nigel Brewer of Farm & Industrial Buildings of Northampton. The frame is made of galvanised steel and includes a walkway for observing the bells and access to the

shutter system, which gives a measure of protection against the elements.

Whilst all this was being done, Bob Caton and other volunteers cleared the tower so that the new frame could be installed. This was duly done in May this year. The bells were returned to the Island on 28th. June. All the volunteers and the contractors turned out in force for the re-hanging during the first week of July. The tower was wired for electric light and power points. The bells were rung officially for the first time on Thursday 7th. July, an event recorded by the BBC.

During the summer months final checks and adjustments were made and a full peal rung. The clock is being restored but is not yet finished, but soon the bells will chime the hours as well.

Today's service marks the finish of the main part of the project and we give thanks to God and dedicate the bells to His glory.

"Big Day For Lundy's Bells" *By courtesy of NDJ (13/10/94)*

Bellringers from as far afield as Leicester and Bristol converged on Lundy Island to celebrate the dedication of the bells of St. Helena's Church at the weekend. Having lain forlorn in the porch for almost four decades, the eight bells were restored earlier in the summer at a Derbyshire foundry with a grant from the Doris Field Trust. They have been fitted to a new steel frame together with new clappers, mountings and headstocks. Over 60 ringers, along with family and friends, came to give thanks at a service of dedication conducted by the Reverend Peter Coleman, Bishop of Crediton.

Out of a blue sky, on a perfect autumn day, five members of the Brittany Ferries Free-Fall team came tilting down to earth to initiate the proceedings. The dramatic jump marked the installation of an electricity supply to the church for the first time in its history. The funds for the work came from the parachute jump which had been sponsored by Westwell Publishing, Westcountry Television and Ransome Body Protectors. Throughout the afternoon, bands of ringers rang on turn to try the new bells and add their own note of celebration. They included teams from Mortehoe, Stoke-in-Teignhead and Truro. The band which rang first, and then last to lower the bells, was fittingly a local one from Georgeham, captained by veteran bellringer Ben Isaac. It was a Georgeham band over 60 years ago that last (as far as is known) rang the bells properly before the bell frames and fittings had corroded making the bells not fit to be rung. The present Georgeham band, one of the top

Devon call change bands, rang the bells impeccably. There were other fine demonstrations by exponents of the arts of call change and method ringing. Georgeham's Mr. Isaac, who has been ringing for nearly 50 years, revealed that it was probably the first time the bellringers had been on an outing by boat. "The event was well organised and all in all it was a super day," he enthused.

Every pew of the island church of St. Helena was packed for the service of dedication. Others, crowded at the back, remained standing. Among the visitors were the Countess of Arran, High Sheriff of Devon; Chief Constable John Evans; former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe and his wife Marion; Nick Harvey MP and chairman of Torridge council Pam Paddon. They were joined by Michael Thomas of the Landmark Trust and Patrick Watson of the National Trust who own the island. In a moving address, the Bishop of Crediton described the church and its activities, including the ringing of bells, as giving tangible expression to the world of the spirit. He also gave tribute to those who had helped to raise the bells and begin the work of restoring the church which celebrates its centenary in 1997.

On Sunday a Harvest Festival was conducted at the church by Bill Blakey, Rural Dean of Hartland and Priest-in-Charge of Lundy. Before and after the service the bells were rung by ringers from Hartland Deanery. *The Lundy Society of St. Helena has been formed - for membership details contact Bill Blakey, at The Rectory, Parkham, Bideford, North Devon.

Lundy Revisited *by Peter G. Davies. (Courtesy of "Ringing World").*

The message on the answerphone stirred distant memories: "Fancy a trip to Lundy? - ring me back if you want to go". The occasion was, of course, the re-dedication of the bells, but I had other memories of the place and the invitation was too good to miss. Besides, it would be an opportunity to meet again with Devon call change ringing friends and see if I could still match their high standards.

So, Friday evening, 7th October found me ringing at Mortehoe, thrilling to the immaculate striking, praying I could understand the calls in the rich Devonshire dialect and hoping I wouldn't be the one to make the first trip. The ringing over for the evening, we retired to what I hoped was the inappropriately named pub, the Ship Aground.

Saturday dawned misty and autumnal but this meant a calm sea and there'd be no problems landing on the island. So, from

8.00 a.m., a milling hoard of passengers waited impatiently on Bideford quay for boarding time. The departure board announced that the boat was full and so the only anxiety about the impending trip was whether we would get a ring. If the boat was full of ringers, there would be 240 to ring and 240 divided by 8 was 30 and 15 minutes each ring made it 7½ hours; but we'd only be on the island for about five and there was the service to fit in!

I needn't have worried. Closer examination revealed that not all passengers were ringers. You could tell by the uniforms they wore. The islanders had foul weather gear and the rugged weatherbeaten look which comes from living on a wet and windy island. The climbers were young and fit-looking, wore alpine-style gear and carried coils of rope - at least I hoped they were climbers and not that they knew something about the cliff path that I'd forgotten! The birdwatchers (were they also going "ringing"?) had telescopes and binoculars slung around their necks. The ringers wore "outing" gear and the call change bands were identified by their flat caps and association badges proudly worn.

The trip out, lasting just over 2 hours was uneventful as there was little to see and much gossip to catch up on. Half way over we had a close encounter with a tanker going down channel but our skipper was well versed in the Rules of the Road and a neatly executed right angled turn to starboard avoided any risk of collision. At about the same time the 10.30 Concorde contrailed overhead, rocketing up to 60,000 feet and mach 2. Staggering to think that the passengers would be in New York before the service started!

My previous visits to Lundy had been by paddle steamer from Swansea, via Ilfracombe. They were wonderful craft with evocative names such as Glen Gower, Cardiff Queen and Bristol Queen and they had rather more character than the diesel powered Oldenburg which had been built for German Railways nearly 60 years ago. But the nostalgia returned when I found postcards of the Cardiff Queen in the ship's shop.

Transfer to the landing stage was by small boat, efficiently organised by the numbers on our boarding cards and then it was the long haul up the 500 foot cliffs to the church. As if to encourage us, as we neared the top, we were greeted by the finishing stages of a well-struck quarter peal. The ringing schedule was posted in the porch - the result of some last-minute organising during the crossing. I was again with my Mortehoe friends and we rattled round some very good call changes which sub-

sequently appeared on Westward television.

Lunch was taken in the garden of the Marisco Tavern, the Lundy local, in shirtsleeves with the bells ringing in the background. The only interruptions came from a Police helicopter bringing the VIPs and a sponsored jump which landed five parachutists neatly alongside the church. At 1.30 p.m. the church literally filled to overflowing and it was standing room only for the re-dedication. I found the service moving and I think it was because so many people had put so much work into getting the bells ringing again that I wanted to believe they would stay ringable for much longer than they did the first time.

In general ringing after the service, I found myself in the RW Chairman's select band. "Shall we ring Yorkshire or Stedman?" was the question. I strongly advocated Stedman with so many call change ringers listening and that's what we did, ringing, if I may say so immodestly, the "touch of the day".

My ringing over, there was just time to visit the Old Lighthouse, passing the wind turbine which usually supplies electricity to the island. Unfortunately, it was demonstrating the main snag of wind energy: no wind, no energy! In the lighthouse, 137 steps up, two deck chairs were strategically placed inside the glass lantern where the autumn sun had raised the temperature to the 90s. I could have dozed the rest of the day away!

As the last grabbers rounded the day's ringing, the homeward journeys began. The sheep were chased off the uneven airstrip to allow the parachutists' plane to bounce crazily down it until it staggered into the air. The Bishop and VIPs had another uplifting experience as the helicopters wheeled away. We mere boat passengers wended our weary way back down the cliff with gravity now on our side. The trip home was subdued and not just through tiredness. I'm sure everyone, like me, was thinking, "what a wonderful day, I must return soon!"

BOOK REVIEW by Ian Linn

The Island of Lundy by A. F. Langham. Published by Alan Sutton, Stroud, 1994. 246x pages. Price £9.99

This book is a must, not only for those who love Lundy, but also for anyone interested in the history of the west of England. In the first 70 or so pages, Tony Langham, using meticulous research into ancient and modern documents, leads his reader with a light, deft touch through the Byzantine complexities of some ten centuries of English power politics, using a

minimum of speculation to fill in the gaps, and always careful to point out inconsistencies and contradictions. In so doing, he demonstrates the inordinate influence that this small, rocky island had, by virtue of its isolated, but strategic location, not only on local affairs, but on matters of national importance. The narrative is never dry, and the fates of kings and lords are enlivened by tales of the escapades of pirates, smugglers and the many colourful characters who have lived on or near Lundy over the centuries.

Perhaps inevitably, the rest of the book never quite lives up to this tour de force. The descriptive chapters on the features of the island, its archaeology and ecclesiastical history, are informative enough, but show only occasional flashes of the earlier style. A bit of what the media call "human interest" would have lightened the narrative, as it did in the earlier chapters. In the chapter on "Lighthouses", for instance, the comment that "Lundy is... the most attractive [of all rock stations] as keepers are able ... to visit the tavern" could be expanded to include the tale of a keeper who set off for the South Light about midnight but failed to arrive, and was finally discovered about 3 a.m., after a frantic search of rocks and cliffs, fast asleep in the back porch of Millcombe House.

The concluding chapters on geology, climate and flora and fauna are, of necessity, rather brief, if the book is to be kept within reasonable bounds, but drama comes into the story again with the chapter on "Shipwrecks", and the comments on "Lundy's Uniqueness" present a fascinating review of the rights and privileges that the Lords of Lundy have arrogated to themselves from time to time - now, alas, almost all have fallen into desuetude through the dead hand of bureaucracy and the law. The National Trust, I fear, lacks the piratical panache of earlier masters.

It was, perhaps, over-ambitious to attempt to pack 24 chapters and three appendices into 231 pages, so that some topics have been treated very lightly. In particular, I regret that space could not be found for a critical review of the Landmark Trust's stewardship of the island. In spite of all this, the book has many sterling values, and should give much pleasure both to readers seeking basic information about the island, and also to those looking to expand their knowledge of the island in new directions.

BOOK REVIEW - LCC PHILATELIC QUARTERLY by Roger S. Cichorz.

The Castle on the Island of Lundy - 750 Years 1244 - 1994 By Myrtle Ternstrom

(Available from Myrtle Ternstrom, "Whistling Down", Sandy Lane Road, Cheltenham, GL53 9DE, England, for £4.75 plus 75p p&p)

Myrtle Ternstrom avoids terming the subject of this book Marisco Castle, as it has been referred to for generations, because it was built by King Henry III, and not by or for the Mariscos. According to the author, "the King was beset by political troubles throughout his reign, and coastal fortifications were important as he was ever conscious of the danger of his rebellious barons making an alliance with his enemies in France, Scotland, Ireland or Wales. So the King's castle was erected on Lundy to defend his realm from the pirates and outlaws who infested the Bristol Channel, and who used the fortress nature of Lundy to suit their own purposes." Mrs. Ternstrom also infers that "the Castle" is a seeming misnomer. "In itself it is small, a fort rather than a true castle, but what it lacks in grandeur, it possesses in scale and the dignity of being, appropriate both to its setting and its purpose."

"The Castle on the Island of Lundy" is a concise and engaging history of the castle from the time of its completion in 1244, through its succession of Lundy owners, occupants (whether in legal possession or not), and caretakers, and up to its recent restoration and preservation by the Landmark Trust. Mrs. Ternstrom integrates the histories of the now-defunct Cable Hut (which was built on to the castle exterior) and Signal Cottages as their purposes were intertwined with that of the castle at the time of their construction.

I recommend "The Castle on the Island of Lundy" without reservation to anyone with an interest in Lundy history or archaeology, as this book is interesting reading as well as a scholarly work that is well annotated with notes and source references. Profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs, "The Castle on the Island of Lundy" suddenly takes on added importance to the philatelist now that Lundy issued its set of four "castle" commemorative stamps in May '94! The engravings from Francis Grose's "The Antiquities of England and Wales", which form the design basis for two of the four Lundy "Castle" stamps, are among the illustrations, so stamp collectors who possess a copy of this book can boast of owning artwork for the stamps (albeit not original)! After reading "The Castle on the Island of Lundy", Gwyneth White, who is a long-time visitor, observer, student and friend of Lundy provided me in personal correspondence written March 22, 1994 an el-

egant encapsulation of her perceptions of this book. I have taken the liberty of presenting Miss White's comments as a closing to this review and as a further enticement to readers to purchase Myrtle's excellent book.

"Myrtle Ternstrom and Allan Sutton Publishing have made an excellent job of its production. Myrtle is always meticulous in historical research, and the plans, old prints and well-chosen photographs of last century and this century give a clear idea of the castle's layout and difficulty of access from below. One really has to stand there (in good weather) to gain a complete picture of the majesty of its position, but so perilously perched that in bad weather, in wind of any force, it is impossible to stand! So difficult is that exposed promontory above a precipice that I can but admire the ingenuity and hardihood of the martial holders of the Island who constructed its various stages, and the masons' hands who put it together, no road nearby as now, but only a goat path - perhaps with irascible wild goats who defended their territory! Two of its human defenders, Sir Bevil Grenville and Thomas Bushell, emerge from Myrtle's pages as men who really seem to have developed that love and fascination for the island that many of us know so well, and defended it to the utmost of their ability - traits that were admirably carried on by Heavens and Harmans in seeking its preservation unspoilt and which, we hope, The Landmark and National Trusts will perpetuate".

BOOK REVIEW by Roger S. Cichorz
(Courtesy of L.C.C. Quarterly)

Lundy - an Island Sketchbook, by Peter Rothwell, published by Westwell Publishing. Available from Yr. Ed. - £9.95+p&p. This is a book comprised entirely of sketches (primarily pen-and-ink, but a few done in pencil or charcoal) by Peter Rothwell, a talented Devon artist. There are two non-sketch pages - the title frontispiece that gives acknowledgements and publishing information, and the closing page that has a strike of the Marisco Tavern cachet. There are 36 sketches presented (29 vertically and 7 horizontally) across the two pages that measure 16" in length when the book is opened. It is unfortunate that the book was published in an 8 3/8" across by 6" deep format because the sketches are cut in half by the centre binding. If the book were published in pages 16" across this seam across the middle of the sketches could have been avoided. (Perhaps the resultant 16" long book would have been unwieldy and not as handy for bookshelves as the published

book; still many "art books" are published in odd sizes to accommodate the drawings.) That criticism aside, Rothwell's sketches of Lundy are marvellous and enjoyable, with some of the vistas simply breathtaking.

Most of the sketches are done in black or Indian red ink. Various earth tone colour washes (slates, browns and reds predominate) accentuate many of the penned sketches, with the resultant drawing appearing as a water-colour. The sketches are printed on high-quality buff-colour artist paper, and could easily pass for "originals"! The only text in this book consists of Rothwell's handwritten diary-style notes appearing at the bottom of each sketch. These provide the viewer with information about the sketch - primarily location, but sometimes include weather reports, past history the artist's impressions and/or feelings at the time the sketch was executed, and ancillary bits and pieces not directly related to the artwork. Another minor criticism of the book is that, in several instances the handwritten notes were partially cropped out, no doubt to make the sketch fit into the allotted space.

The book is an art book, but it is not completely devoid of philatelic content. Besides the aforementioned strike of the Marisco Tavern cachet, the book's title page consists of an outward cover franked with a Lundy meter strip dated March 31st, 1993 for 64p. and six Lundy stamps that total 80 puffins (strategically placed bottom left) tied by three March 20th, 1993 Lundy postmarks. Perhaps this book is not for the die-hard Lundy stamp collector, but it is a welcome sight for anyone with a love of the majestic nature of the Island, which is well represented in Rothwell's sketches. The second to the last page in this book has the handwritten note by the author - "till the next one! -", which implies there will be another one. I hope it's soon.

The Pelican - A Lundy Memoir
by Hugh Norton

An oddity from my earliest memory of visiting Lundy was a pelican. The time was April 1951 - the LFS report records that my brother and I stayed at the Old Light from 20th - 24th April that year. Both teenagers and schoolboys, we were keen but amateur birdwatchers over for the spring migration; in my case, my first visit to Lundy, and I was delighted with the variety and charm of the island and its shifting population of migrant birds.

We were not alone in the Old Light - four or five others were staying too. Their names are in the record too, maybe one of

them will read this and remember the incident. One morning before breakfast my brother, waking early, set out with glasses for a visit to Great Shutter Rock, to see what was to be seen. He returned, while the rest of us were at breakfast, in a great state of excitement, and what he told us, though some were disbelieving, persuaded everyone to abandon the meal and hasten down to the Rock.

An amazing sight met our eyes. Sitting exactly on the apex of Great Shutter was a pelican, unmistakable and looking absolutely vast in comparison to the herring and black-backed gulls. These were mobbing it in a screaming, swirling swarm like a cloud of infuriated gnats. The pelican sat totally ignoring its attackers for the most part. But occasionally, when one came too close, it would tilt its head back, open its enormous bill and snap it shut with emphatic menace. The over-ambitious gulls sheered off in panic, and the swarm dispersed momentarily before reforming itself for the attack.

So there it sat, monumental and impassive in the morning sunlight. After a while we returned to the Old Light, baffled by the apparition of the pelican and debating where on earth it could have come from. Later the same morning, walking on the east coast north of Tibbets, we suddenly saw the pelican again, at a great height and flapping slowly towards the north. A gap in one wing indicated missing flight feathers. The huge anomaly proceeded steadily on its way, with every appearance of knowing its destination, until it was lost from sight.

A paragraph spotted in a newspaper a few days later gave a clue to its origin. A pelican, it reported, had escaped recently from a zoo in Amsterdam - whereabouts unknown. Re-reading the LFS 1951 report recently, I note that the pelican was not deemed worthy of recording in the bird notes - not on the European list, I suppose, and therefore reckoned to be an avian non-person. So perhaps this small memoir can stand as an overdue tribute to what must surely have been one of Lundy's weirdest, and certainly its largest, bird visitors of all time.

Letter from an Imaginary Heaven Lady on returning to Lundy in 1994

(The Heaven Family owned Lundy from 1836 - 1917)

Dearest Lucy -

I think what I most expected was Progress. Now I ask myself, does it Exist?

You remember the excitement of the Railway? Well, you might not credit it, but today one cannot even reach Barnstaple, let

alone Bideford, without the greatest discomfort, and ALL the Stations are most distressingly decayed.

On the other hand, you know what Mr. Wollaston's 1844 views on Lundy were: "utterly inaccessible except in the calmest weather; frequently shut out of all communication with the mainland for months together...." Well, I was only delayed on the Island for 36 hours in really TREACHEROUS April weather, and such a nippy little boat (almost a Hackney Cab!) drove me to Clovelly.

You recollect Captain Jack entertained visitors even in 1852: today as many as 150 persons may be accommodated at one time! The Villa, which dearest William so lovingly built, is now an Hotel (How Are the Mighty Fallen), BUT it does have 3 bathrooms! They quite put dearest William's Modern Sanitation in the shade. And I should tell you that the Island's new Owners are a most WORTHY group called the National Trust. You know how we used to feel that Reform was bringing more and more people into the Educated and Leisured Classes, and they had no Estates to retire to for Leisure Pursuits - well, now they have! Lundy is their Estate, stewarded by another thoroughly Worthy Institution called the Landmark Trust.

And, my dear, the Visitors! In the great English tradition of Eccentrics! They are ALL Ornithologists or Botanists, or Archaeologists, or Photographers or Alpinists: and today, dearest Lucy, they DIVE, as Human Submersibles, to study Rare Marine Specimens!

The Lighthouse and Battery were in our day the Peak of Achievement: they were to PREVENT wrecks. Eight lenses around a quadruple burner with prismatic lenses above and below, AND the 18-pounder firing every ten minutes. What further Progress could there be?

Sic Transit. The "Old" Light as it is now called, provides accommodation for visitors. As it was always a most Elegant building, it makes exceedingly superior accommodation.

And how are wrecks prevented today, you ask. I regret to tell you they are not. Since the 2 new lighthouses have been built, I'm told, a 16-gun Battleship of the First Class on Maiden Manoeuvres, was a Total Loss north of Shutter Rock. Only recently, apparently, there was a Merchant Vessel ran straight into the East Side in dirty weather. (Progress?)

You remember that dearest Hudson always wished to build a Church on Lundy - DARLING Lucy, he has! Even in its sadly decayed state (rather like the Railway Stations) you can see the Magnificence of its

Conception. It lacks, perhaps, the impressive exterior of Keble or St. Pancras, but, once inside, one is in Renaissance Italy or Byzantium, with a touch of Early English - and on Lundy!

But dearest Hudson Broke the Bank, as they say, to build the Church, and no-one since has been able to afford to keep up the Edifice, such is the nature of Progress. Still, dear Lucy, it is a miracle that the Island is not a Gambling Den, a Convict Prison or the Headquarters of a most DUBIOUS Healing Cult, which were all possibilities in 1970. So perhaps a miracle will occur to rescue the dream of dearest Hudson's life.

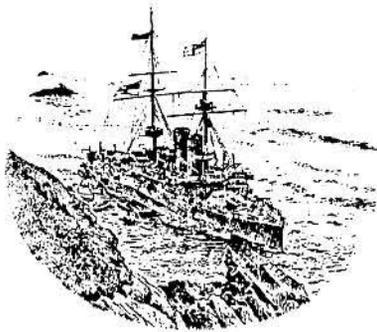
Today's Scientific Triumph, dear Lucy, is a Windmill. No, no, not one of THOSE: this one is a metal object rather like HGW's Martians, and it generates Electricity! All the houses are heated, and the bathrooms have Running Hot Water!! Many fewer people are as rude about Lundy's gales as Dr. Crespi was!

The triumph of Hope over Experience is the Golf Links - in its way as Noble an Endeavour as Hudson's Church. The Island has won, of course!

I think perhaps the Nicest thing, and, perhaps the closest to Progress (paradoxically!) is that people visit to find pleasure in EXACTLY the things we did, and all visitors have done; and I was DEEPLY gratified to find that dearest Hudson's List of Flora is still useful. And some visitors still call the Island after us - the Kingdom of Heaven!

Yours affectionally

P.S. The Farm is in Good Heart: and there are Horseless Machines to do much of the work!



Ed's note: As there will be (DV) a Golf Match in '95, we offer this "record" of a very early game

(Note on the Letter of Aug. 3rd.

It is not entirely certain who wrote this letter, or to whom. As it was discovered amongst some papers that Evelyn Waugh

(EW in the letter?) left on Lundy, it is assumed that the writer belonged to that circle.

M. is clearly Montdore, and Lady M. Lady Montdore. It is thought that MBC is Margot Beste-Chetwynde, who later married Humphrey Maltravers (HM?) and is better known as Lady Metroland. It has been suggested that Rosebud is a Mitford connection, but there is absolutely no evidence. Ann Westcott.)

Manor Farm Hotel, Lundy, Aug. 3rd. 1927
Darling - We are waiting for caddies. HM is over here to play golf with the new Viceroy, and they cannot possibly play without caddies. This hotel is fantastique; lobster and exceptional plumbing. HM felt it would be a good thing to join the viceregal party, though he hasn't played for years. The course is brand-new and we all went out and watched the three gang mowers going over it yesterday - Such a pretty sight, all that heather and bracken, and horses and cows, and sheep. HM is having doubts.

Aug. 6th. - Well Darling, I watched the match yesterday (No Caddies). A large concourse gathered at the first tee - lovely sunshine and a wind that made hats and skirts difficult to manage (fuchsia pink is this year's colour). Montdore and HM looked superb in fair-isle and plus-fours, and M's first drive was lovely. HM was into a reed patch. M pitched onto the green and was in for four, par for the hole. HM's niblick shot hit a sheep and ricochet-ed on to the green where he took three putts over island terrain. M was very gracious and waited for the on-lookers to catch up. The hat-and-dress brigade mostly went home and left the field to the tweeds-and-brogues, but MBC followed in high heels. Have you ever tried a grouse moor in high heels? The second hole is pure grouse moor. M drove clear, but HM had to take a provisional ball (I went round with the greenkeeper/pro. - a cutie and so informative!). Then they pitched on to the green with niblick shots. HM was obviously concerned at being "one down", and a stroke down and he took a huge divot out of the green with his ball. He lost that hole too, failed to replace his divot, and MBC sank her heels into the second green. (The pro. must have been in the navy, or learned it from his parrot or something.)

The third hole is bracken, so pretty with autumn browns, and death to golfers. I must say that M is going to make a superlative Viceroy. He avoided bracken, bog and reeds with his drive and his mashie and holed out in three - a birdie. HM makes one fear for the Civil Service: straight into the bracken and he decided

against a provisional ball and we wasted time whilst he searched and swore. M took the hole.

The fourth tee is turfed and not natural which made things easier for all. "Natural" means that you can just see the tee (or green) if you are a golfer. There are interesting natural hazards on the fourth; up-hill and into the gale and it was halved, but HM was still three down. Also he caught his new plus-fours on a vicious bracken stalk. (I'm sure marriage is further from MBC's mind.)

The fifth is a pretty little hole with superb views almost to the North End, and spectacular amounts of fresh air. MBC broke a heel off her shoe, but she refused to return to the hotel.

The sixth hole looks easy: parallel with a wall and almost all grass!!! HM used the wrong wood to drive with and lofted his ball (and divot) over the wall. The Pro. and I searched for it (did I tell you he was a poppet?) but the ponies must have eaten it. HM in a furious temper conceded the hole, which M. played quite beautifully: such a pity Lady M is advising the owners on how to run the island, and didn't watch. MBC hobbled after us, and I shall be v. surprised if she and HM were to marry. He was quite purple with frustration and snagged his fair-isle jersey on some heather.

The seventh and eighth holes are short and deceptive and easy-looking, but the brambles and bracken seemed to move toward HM and away from M - quite daunting for HM who lost both holes! If M weren't the Viceroy I think HM would have stopped and MBC hobbled home at the eighth. The wind reached hurricane force. HM's nose ran, (MBC told me, I didn't see). This meant his niblick shots were wrecked. You would have loved HM being a gentlemanly loser (I would have retired, sick, myself), and the ninth hole was BLISSIKINS to watch.

There are huge stones right in the middle of the fairway, and M's second shot, an immaculate mashie, landed just beside a stone, already to be flipped (I'm sure that's not the right expression but the Pro. wouldn't let me say "niblicked") out to the green. HM's second shot was a slice and moved as if it was alive. Darling if you hadn't seen it, you'd never believe it. He hit the stone (a monolith I understand) very hard and then a bull with the ricochet (he showed a real flair for ricochet shots). The bull got up and the assembled company considered abrupt departure; (especially MBC with no heel to her shoe); even M. - most un-viceroyish. I think HM saw his Principal Secretaryship vanishing.

But the bull lay down again and we finished. M. was bogey for the course which only goes to a really good golfer - with luck. HM took 72!!! He will need to be a PPS to console him (because MBC won't!). Those on-lookers who were left consoled themselves in the ducky little clubhouse - a teeny bit primitive but well stocked; and right next to the gorgeous Old Lighthouse. EW says they have fantastique parties there. Sometime the Pro. says he'll take me round, and show me the finer points of the course. Could he mean gorse? Lobster for dinner, Darling, why don't you visit this healthy spot? Yours v. affectionately Rosebud.

Playground For The Winds, (courtesy of the *Birmingham Post Weekend*.) by Simon Hale.

We had been sailing for nearly two hours under a bright blue sky and there was still no sign of land. Yet the distance on the map read a mere 24 miles. An elderly day-tripper in flip-flops and shorts asked if we were going the right way. Another first-timer among the 150 of us who had boarded at Ilfracombe was worried he had got on the wrong boat

Then out of the sea haze the grey-green slopes of Lundy's east coast suddenly emerged. Ten minutes later the MS Oldenburg had dropped anchor in a sheltered bay and we were clambering into a landing launch - there is no jetty on Lundy - for the short trip ashore. This three-mile-long and half-mile wide outcrop of granite in the Bristol Channel, famed for its starring role in the shipping forecast and for the puffin which gave the island its name - "Lund-ey" is Norse for puffin island - beckoned us up a steep windy track to its tiny village. Lundy was saved from the scourge of London developers by Wolverhampton Wanderers owner Sir Jack Hayward, who bought the island in 1970.

Words of welcome and encouragement were offered by two of the island's friendly residents, the Landmark Trust Agent (or island governor) John Puddy and the conservation warden Andrew Gibson, as they guided us on. Even the most well-worn of our shipload were out to prove they were sprightly enough not to need the lift in the waiting Land Rover, the only passenger vehicle on Lundy.

Most were here for just a taste of the island, the ship expecting their return in a few hours. Others were part of the island's 20-strong population, others still, like me, were about to stay overnight - or in some cases a week or more - in one of the island's holiday properties. These were not purpose-built prefabricated huts but care-

fully restored and converted buildings that were once an integral part of Lundy life, like the castle built by Henry III in 1244 to protect his kingdom from rebellious lords and pirates.

Another building, the Old Light was once the highest working lighthouse in Britain and from the top you can see the whole island. The most northerly abode, Admiralty Lookout, is for those who really want to get away from it all - the electricity supply doesn't even reach that far. The little matter of power was sorted out for the islanders in 1982 with the installation of an aerogenerator, the arms of which revolve frantically whenever the wind picks up. For an island known as an adventure playground for the winds, I was relieved that all that blew was a gentle soothing breeze that took away the intensity of a hot summer's day.

In fact the weather was perfect for walking along the length of this extraordinarily peaceful and tranquil island. The only signs telling you where to go or what not to do were those saying "shut the gate behind you". So it was a delight to veer off along the many footpaths to be among the drifts of rhododendrons on the gentle eastern slopes, and to gaze in awe at the crashing of the waves on the exposed west side. Oblivious to everything but the abundant vegetation they were munching were the island's Soay sheep, first imported from St. Kilda in 1944 and still thriving. More open to human affection - and an apple or two - were the unique herd of Lundy ponies. Sporting a beautiful dun colour, the 11 ponies are the subject of an appeal launched in 1992 to help increase their number. Sadly my search for the puffin was in vain, although I was assured there were about a hundred birds in the upper reaches of the cliffs. My fault for not bringing the binoculars. Better still, if I'd arrived at a different time of the week I could have joined one of Andrew Gibson's guided walks to Jenny's Cove for a sight of those peculiar-looking creatures through a telescope.

One activity worth joining was the new underwater nature trail. You can hire wet suits and snorkels for a tour of the island's fascinating marine life. Lundy has all Britain's species of coral including one or two of its own, and unusual creatures like the burrowing red band fish not seen anywhere else as far north in Europe.

We weren't the only ones doing the investigating - a group of grey seals were bobbing about in the water, their eyes fixed on us with curiosity. Schoolchildren on a field trip were clearly in their element, probing around the rock pools at Devil's

Kitchen, where starfish, anemones and tiny corals can be found in abundance. Their enjoyment was matched by a tour of the island farm where they were able to feed the goats and pigs and cuddle orphaned lambs.

The Radio Room, where I stayed was a delight. It was lined with old photographs and there were books on Lundy next to the bed. I was told the building was where the islanders used to huddle to hear news from the outside world. The original wireless transmitter was there in one corner.

The property is next to the Marisco Tavern, the centre of the island's social life. Despite being decked by reminders of the many ships that have come to grief on Lundy's rocks, the tavern is friendly, welcoming and always open. Here in the evening I ate superb Lundy lobster salad and joined in pleasant conversation with the locals and other "stayers", as those who rent properties are known.

As a security-conscious townie I clung on steadfastly to my room key and wallet. This brought a smile to John Puddy who maintained he thinks nothing of leaving his own wallet on the tavern counter all evening. The trust and respect islanders have for each other and for Lundy, he says, eventually rubs off on everyone. That's one of the reasons why, when they come to leave, so many visitors wish they'd stayed longer.

I'd spent just one night on Lundy and I'll be back - if only to catch sight of those elusive puffins and wallow in the remnants of a bygone age.

LUNDY SNIPPETS - *Myrtle Ternstrom*. (Copyright)

Mr. George Taylor, lessee in 1906, reported on Lundy as follows: "It has been tried with the battering ram of the Montague and found substantial."

From Lundy Log, Mrs. M. C. H. Heaven
On 6th February 1877 the Ethel was wrecked on Black Rock and the mate, John Laurence, was the only survivor of a crew of twenty. "He swam along the coast and landed on the beach behind Lamatry. He laboriously dug foot-holes in the loose shale to climb to the ridge, and made his way down to the landing beach, and so on, up to the house*: he landed about half past seven in the morning. Next day he went on board the steamer Wanderer to go to the mainland. He sent a sketch he made from memory of his last sight of the Ethel."

*Millcombe.

From The Hartland & West Country Chronicle No. 271 Jan. 1st. 1920

The Bishop of Bath & Wells* gave an account of a sailing from Cork to Bristol, when a fellow passenger was Lord Carbery, who was dumb. A dense fog came on and there was no visibility, when Lord Carbery suddenly shouted "Land!". The captain put about and just missed the southernmost rock of Lundy. "We all had a narrow escape.... so far as I know he never uttered another coherent word."

*Dr. Kennion

Lundy in 1895 (Taken from the Heaven diaries and from newspapers.)

Lundy was alive with activity in 1895, when the new north and south lighthouses were being built, and the construction of the new church was under way. The workmen for the lighthouses were accommodated in the Old Light store until their temporary barracks were ready, and a pulley system was erected from Benson's Cave across to Lamatry to transport materials. Transport was a problem, as there was a landslip from the Castle cliff to the Beach Road in February, which destroyed the Trinity House store, and their workmen had to use dynamite to clear it. They were still working on the road in June.

The residents at the Villa were the Revd. Hudson Heaven, his sister, Millie, and cousin Annie, and they started off the year with a children's party on New Year's Day, then an evening party for the family employees and the lighthouse families. A sad event in February was the death of Old Brimacombe, who had come to Lundy with his wife in 1886, to work for Mr. Wright, and stayed on for the new lessee, Mr. Ackland. A piece of bad news for the Heaven family was the marriage of Walter Heaven to Annie Ward, who was the daughter of the groom-gardener - this marriage took place in Australia, and it was not well regarded. In July some of the islanders went ashore to vote in the elections.

On September 19th the Marie was wrecked in fog on the East Side near Quarter Wall. It was said that the crew heard the rockets and saw the light flashes, but thought they were thunder and lightning - "a whisper of Schnapps is to the fore as to cause". She was refloated a few days later and brought to the beach, where the hawser to the South Light was in use for the first time. In November the widowed Mr. Hast left the Old Light with his daughter Lily, and a fisherman landed who said that he had been wrecked on Lundy 24 years before, and he had been pulled up the cliff by the Squire with his walking stick - one of only

two survivors.

In June, Messrs. P. & A. Campbell launched their new Paddle Steamer, the Cambria, which joined their Bristol Channel fleet of the Westward Ho!, the Ravenswood, the Lorna Doone, and the Bonnie Doone. She was capable of a speed of 21 m.p.h., and the fare for a ride was one shilling.

My Visit to Lundy by *Alex Hamilton* (Eds Note: AH is reporting on Westwell Publishing's Sketching Break July '94.)

Once you start looking, you can't stop. We arrived on Lundy on a Saturday afternoon. We admired the view. Hmmm it's lovely here. Yes. A beach, some rocks, a path, a cliff, a blue sky, a green sea, some oystercatchers, clouds.

You know how Lundy can look in brilliant sunshine.

When we left on Tuesday afternoon, Lundy had multiplied, fragmented into a hundred Lundies - a thousand. Everywhere we looked, there was a picture.

This wasn't just a path to a beach. This was a towering gallery of forms and shapes and planes and tones and shadow and light, each one beckoning like a siren, sighing "paint me, paint me, paint me." Now it seemed we'd never have enough lifetimes to celebrate all the Lundies there turned out to be.

In four days we had been hooked.

The pamphlet for the Four-Day Sketching Break promised "complete tranquility".

Huh! Fat chance.

Peter Rothwell, our tutor, set a fire under us the very first evening. He had us out in the last shreds of daylight, to do 12 drawings in one hour.

What kind of maniac is this?

Not that he wanted to see them, as it turned out. It was just to get rid of the rubbish from our minds (thanks Peter), and to get the juices flowing.

"Draw what you see. But not every little thing. You'll never get it perfect. Don't even try. A camera makes perfect pictures. You're better than a camera. It's your job to look and look, and respond to what you see. Only you can draw it the way you see it."

Or something like that.

I found I couldn't wait to get going. Peter had stirred up a whiff of old memory - the smell of wet yellow paint, the swirl of dirty purple-pinky water, the feel of new brass pins going through white paper. I ran to the cliff edge with my pad and pencils, like a nipper.

I hadn't wielded a coloured crayon since 1966.

Now here I was, in the midday sun, scrawling the page with cliffs and sea and sky and seals in brown and green and bright red pastels, on the rocks at Hell's Gate, as if it mattered.

It took us all in different ways, this Lundy intoxication.

Morwen normally draws neat postcard-size sketches of peaceful moorland scenes. Now she is filling A2 sheets with big bright strokes of Cezanne.

Gay saw Lundy as a Mediterranean isle at first - piercing blues and acid greens - then travelled further to the Caribbean, with pink and gold and scarlet. Are those puffins there, or toucans?

Mary only draws buildings - except here she seems to be doing sheep and deer. Nigel starts by doubting if he's up to scratch - then does the "best painting of his life". Sue isn't going to paint at all - "I haven't even brought a pencil. I am so hopeless." So how come she's sitting on the roof of the Ugly for four hours just to get the light right?

And Trish. She didn't come to paint at all. She's just come to keep Gay company. But, hanging about, on Monday there she is - brush in hand, gazing out to sea, and cocking her head to one side in admiration of something or other.

Everywhere you look, there seems to be something to draw. And everywhere you looked, there was somebody drawing it. Charcoal junkies, graphite groupies, gouache fiends and watercolour weirdos. And, when I met them all on Saturday, they all seemed so sane.

Be warned. If you ever go on a Sketching Break to Lundy, it'll get you.

And once you've seen Lundy through an artist's eyes, you won't be able to see it for looking.



Editors Note: The 50th Anniversary of John Harman's winning of the VC was commemorated on Lundy in June '94. We offer here a series of commentaries on this commemoration.

June 21st, 1994 was the date set by the North Devon Branch of the Burma Star Association to hold a service at VC Quarry to mark the 50th anniversary of the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to

Lance Corporal John Pennington Harman, son of Martin Coles Harman (Lundy's owner 1925 - 1954).

About 70 were booked to sail from Ilfracombe at 9 a.m. that day, mostly Burma Star members, but included other friends and relatives of JPH stretching down to an 11 month old third cousin. But though the previous two weeks had been ones of virtually unbroken sunshine, June 21st was different, starting off drizzly and turning to persistent rain. As we assembled on the Ilfracombe quay, the Oldenburg's crew gave us fair warning of what was to come: very rough seas. But Burma Star members, the youngest 68, are not easily deterred. One or two dropped out for understandable reasons, along with the 11 month old cousin, his mother and the non-Burma Star day-visitors. The rest of us went aboard, hoping for the best on what was a special day.

When scarcely out of the harbour, the Oldenburg began rolling and pitching - as we had been told it would. But there was worse to come. We were heading into a force 8 which did not seem to have been forecast by the Met. Office. We ploughed on, longing for the sanctuary of Lundy, but the force 8 arrived, gusting up to force 9. With 90 per cent of those aboard being sick, it was decided that a landing on that day would be impossible, given the 70-plus age of the passengers, so we made for the calmness of Clovelly. The Order of Service said it would be held at VC Quarry if fine, otherwise St. Helena's. As it turned out, a further venue should have been listed: the lounge bar of the Oldenburg because that is where it was held, conducted by the chaplain to the North Devon Burma Star branch, Prebendary Bill Roper of South Molton, assisted by the Rural Dean, the Rev. Bill Blakey and the Vicar of Appledore, the Rev. Rob Varty. It was an occasion none of those present will ever forget.

The seeming incongruity of the venue with the three vested clergymen standing behind the bar against a backdrop of spirit optics, did not detract from the solemnity of the occasion. There was lusty singing of the two hymns and the National Anthem, and full-hearted voicing of the prayers. It was a moving ceremony, capped by a inspiring address from Bill Roper, who put into simple yet vivid words the feelings of all those present. A day that had started badly from the weather aspect and then became worse almost by the minute as the voyage to Lundy continued, ended as a triumph over adversity.

Three wreaths were laid on the bar counter: one by Bob Frayne on behalf of

the North Devon Burma Star Association, one by Colonel Donald Easton MC (JPH's commanding Officer at Kohima, and in whose arms JPH died) representing the Royal West Kent's Old Comrades Association, and the third by Major Peter Bellers, on behalf of the Taunton branch of the Burma Star Association.

The service began at the announced time of 1.30 p.m. and ended at about 2.00 p.m. The ship was in radio-telephone communication with Lundy and so over the ship's tannoy system Mrs. Diana Keast, the younger of JPH's two sisters, was able to send us a loud and clear message from Lundy commiserating with us about our predicament and thanking everyone for making the effort to get to the island.

Then there was a gap of about 90 minutes while we waited at anchor for the tide to rise high enough for entry into Bideford harbour. That 90 minutes was filled with conviviality, with everyone more or less recovered from sea-sickness. A few people left the ship at Clovelly, including the West Country TV crew and the reporter from Radio Lantern, one of the local radio stations. Also one lady who was worst affected by sea-sickness, and for whom the journey must have been unmitigated discomfort. The rest of us sailed to Bideford in still rough sea, but nothing like as severe as the outward journey.

Meanwhile, back on Lundy at about this time.....

21st June (from Penny Ogilvie and Mary Percy.)

We woke to a westerly gale and our anticipation of the night before of what should have been a most memorable day turned to disappointment, as we thought of all the planning and preparation of so many people on and off the island which had gone into it.

We were amazed, and somewhat appalled, to hear from John Evans that the "Oldenburg" was on her way, and that the ship was making slow progress and might not in fact reach Lundy. We felt we must be ready for all eventualities and decided to get our VC postcards signed by John Dyke and ready for posting. We found John in the church putting the final touches to his display, and we read of John Harman's outstanding courage and bravery at the Battle of Kohima. Also in the Church was Cherry [Richardson] topping up the flowers and checking on her wonderful arrangement on the font. We were all very concerned to know how the Burma Star party was surviving what must have been an extremely uncomfortable crossing. As John Dyke remarked, "they were magnificent soldiers, but may not be such good

sailors." There was a great feeling of relief that the ship was in the lee of Clovelly and that the service was to go ahead on board.

It was while we were at Government House helping to consume the delicious luncheon prepared by Diana and her fellow tenants for the VIP party that Sir John Smith suggested that we should all go out to VC Quarry anyway, thus giving a focus to the disrupted day. We decided to go along the Lower East Side path to gain maximum shelter from the still fresh westerly wind, and were rewarded by the sight of a clearing below St. Helen's Field positively aglow with foxgloves. We were soon caught up by our neighbours from Bramble West, Chris and Mary Price, and when we reached the Terrace could see people converging on the Quarry from all directions. The rain had eased a bit by now, and it felt good to have this informal gathering. Westwood about talking and thinking about the Harman family, those present and those unable to be with us. Diana recalled the day when the memorial stone was unveiled and where Albion and young John, Martin and Ken had stood, and where the press photographers with their enormous cameras were positioned. Being there with all the memories and so many old friends was very moving.

We were delighted to hear that the Burma Star were to make another attempt on 23rd June to hold their service in the Quarry. It turned out to be a perfect day in every way, a beautiful and unforgettable occasion.

Meanwhile back on the mainland.....

As we were heading for Bideford on the 21st, fairly content with ourselves at having at least managed to hold the memorial service, an announcement came over the Oldenburg's tannoy saying that anyone wishing to try to get to Lundy on the next sailing on June 23rd could travel free. This generous offer by the Oldenburg crew, who had behaved superbly throughout the day, was much appreciated, though 99 per cent of the passengers at that time were feeling too fragile to indicate immediate acceptance. The next day, when we were all ashore and mainly recovered, was a beautiful day and the same sort of weather was forecast for the 23rd. But because so many of the June 21 passengers had other commitments, there was only a small attendance for the try-again trip on June 23rd. They included three members of the Taunton branch of the Burma Star Association, who had to get up at 5 a.m. to get to Bideford for the 7.45 sailing. We set sail in excellent weather, with only a slight swell throughout the voyage, anchoring on time off Lundy at 10 a.m. There was the

welcome sight of a 12 seat Land Rover waiting to take us up to the Tavern, where Diana Keast had arranged for us to have coffee before setting off to VC Quarry for the second memorial service. At the quarry, in glorious weather, about 50 people had gathered for the repeat of the service conducted on the Oldenburg, with the Rev. Rob Varty, vicar of Appledore, officiating. Most of the 50 had not been on the Oldenburg of course. They included a couple from Denmark who spent a week on Lundy in 1993 and were back for a three-week stay. Again, it was a moving ceremony, during which the Rev. Varty made special mention of Albion Harman, JPH's brother, who had died on that day in 1968.

One especially memorable feature of the service was the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille by a bugler, Clive Pearson, on a fishing boat some 200 feet below us on the sea. The sounds came floating up, echoing off the granite sides of the quarry. We had had a bugler, Mark Harvey, on the Oldenburg, but did not expect one at the quarry at the re-run of the service. Clive Pearson had made the same salute on the 21st, and when we finally made it to Lundy on the 23rd, he volunteered to perform again, which much appreciated by all.

The wreaths were laid again, this time at the foot of the huge stone on which the memorial is set. Major Bellers again laid the Taunton wreath, the Royal West Kent's was laid by Diana Keast, and the North Devon Burma Star one by Eric George, who first had the idea of a memorial service on Lundy for JPH, and who was the principle organiser of the event. Diana was the closest relative of JPH present, her eldest sister, Mrs. Ruth Harman-Jones being prevented by illness from travelling to Lundy. Ruth was not forgotten by anyone present as flowers had been sent to her London home by the North Devon Burma Star Association and by the Harman family.

After the service, some went back to the Tavern by the Land Rover, but many chose to walk back up the cliff path in the brilliant sunshine, past the ponies, the cattle and occasional deer. There was just time to call in at the church to see the special flower arrangements which transformed the rather sparse interior, and to look at the display of photos and memorabilia, which included JPH's VC.

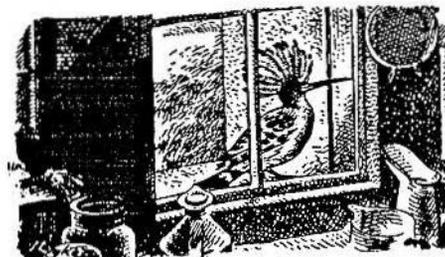
Then it was on to Government House for an all-too-brief call on Diana Keast, who had drinks and nibbles ready for us. She and her helpers had done it all before on the 21st, when we couldn't turn up. We had been on the island for almost four

hours, but reflecting later, it seemed to have lasted only five minutes - and this was a measure of how much we had enjoyed a memorable day.

We had to make our way back to the Oldenburg for the 2 p.m. sailing. And what a send-off we got. More than a dozen of those staying on Lundy came out on the launch to wave goodbye as the Oldenburg raised anchor and set off for Ilfracombe on a virtually millpond sea.

Finally, and certainly not least of all, it must be recorded that the success of a memorable two days, the 21st as well as the 23rd of June, would not have been possible without the fullest, friendly co-operation of John Puddy and his staff, on the Oldenburg as well as Lundy.

This was recognised on Friday 8th July, outside the Lundy office on Bideford Quay, when the North Devon Burma Star Association made a presentation of a Burma Star Association plaque for display on the bar wall at the Marisco Tavern. The presentation was made by David Ingle, president of the North Devon branch of the Association, and received by John Puddy, at a small informal ceremony, which was also attended by the Oldenburg's captain, Roger Hoad.



An Address given at the Anniversary Service to commemorate the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to Lance Corporal John Pennington Harman - Preached by the Hon. Chaplain to the North Devon Burma Star Association, Preb. Bill Roper, on 21st June 1994 aboard the Oldenburg off Clovelly.

"We will remember" provides the theme for the day. We humbly remember the outstanding courage and bravery of one particular soldier, Lance Corporal John Harman, epitomising the sacrifice of a countless number who paid the supreme sacrifice - or who had their lives so badly scarred by the evils of war.

As Honorary Chaplain to this Association I have been afforded the opportunity and privilege of becoming deeply aware of the specific occasion, which resulted in the posthumous award of the VC.

Probably none of us here, except the family, knew him - that is apart from Colonel

Easten, his then commanding officer, and in whose arms John Harman actually died. The family recalls how delighted he was to live on the island of Lundy - how he so enjoyed spending his first Christmas there in 1926. In a way, he was something of a 'loner' - using his time to enjoy nature in its uninhibited state. I am assured that he had an engaging and kindly personality - easy to get on with - easily and quickly establishing a rapport with those with whom he came into contact. He particularly loved bees, and became a skilled bee-keeper. This life of nature and exploration he had to give up - as did all servicemen - when he was called up for service in the war against evil.

However one incident I was made aware of, which might help us all to reflect a bit more on the citation which I have just read. In May 1942, he was given a month's agricultural leave to return 'home' to Lundy, to assist with supervising work vitally necessary for the nation's food demands. He had been back only six days, when a Whitley Bomber crashed into the cliffs on Lundy, near a spot called Pilot's Quay on the West side. With help, he made fast the body of the plane, and then crawled along the fuselage, hanging perilously as it was over the edge of the cliff, in order to get to the rear gunner trapped in his seat. Alas, he found the gunner had been killed - but he returned back to continue getting the ammunition free, and trying to rescue the other airmen.

Surely this act gives us a glimpse of the nature and character of the person we now honour. When we hear so much today about common-sense, reason and logic, we tend to overlook the reality [of human kindness]. The basic outlook of John Harman was to reach out and save others. As a Christian, I firmly believe that it is the image of God implanted in each of us which calls forth such spontaneous acts of self-sacrifice - for God did not shield His only Son from the supreme sacrifice. To put it more simply, what makes you reach out to a child running into the road, and take a risk which might well cause your own injury, even death?

I make no excuse for presenting this fundamental truth, for we live in a very materialistic world which tends to disregard the power and balance of the spiritual. It was this innate spirit of saving others that resulted in the courage and bravery of John Harman. Others were in danger - he determined to try and rescue them.

His act enables me to address this service with the same words which preceded the citation, namely "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for

his friends".

I end with the thought given by our Archbishop of Canterbury in a D-Day Service about a fortnight ago. He quoted the prayer of Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the American President. During the war she constantly prayed, "help me to remember out there a man died for me," and she reflected, "am I worth dying for?"

This is the epitaph with which I end - a thought which must evoke from us the determination to answer, "yes".

It was on Easter Sunday, 9th April 1944, that John carried out this great act of daring and unqualified bravery - and at almost the same time his father was reading the lesson in Appledore Church. What a coincidence you might think. But what an act of providence I maintain, for through Easter, we know John's sacrifice was not in vain - Easter proclaims the ultimate victory over Death. May he rest in peace.

LUNDY, June 1994 - Kohima. (*Myrtle Ternstrom*)

June 20th was fine and sunny, and islanders and visitors alike were busily engaged in preparations for the ceremony to commemorate the award of the VC to John Harman. Sir John Smith arrived in honour of this occasion, many old friends of many years Lundy standing met again with much pleasure, and every cottage was occupied. John Dyke and Cherry Richardson arranged displays of photographs and memorabilia in the church. Diana Keast and friends prepared to receive the guests and - in case it should rain on the day - spring-cleaned the church and decorated it most artistically with all the floral pickings that Lundy could offer. The VC Quarry, and the paths leading to it, had been cleared of bracken and undergrowth, parties were prepared.....

Alas, not only was the next day wet, but a gale force wind had risen overnight, and although the indomitable Burma Star veterans insisted on setting out in the Oldenburg, before long it became clear that the captain had no alternative but to declare the crossing impossible. The Oldenburg put in to Clovelly, a memorial service was held on board, and Diana Keast gave a message by telephone. On the island, all was deepest disappointment....

Ironically enough, Wednesday dawned fine and bright and we enjoyed a day of lovely warm sunshine. What was that about Lundy being a wayward nymph not caring for traffic or return?

But Thursday was also a glorious day, and

at 10 a.m. the Oldenburg arrived with some of the Burma Star party who should have crossed on Tuesday, and they gathered with islanders and visitors at the Quarry, where the Vicar of Appledore conducted the service. He spoke of "the wisdom to choose and the courage to carry out..."

The complete harmony of the setting and the ceremony were felt very strongly, as the infinitely sad notes of the Last Post echoed up from the sea, and the flag was slowly lowered. It was an unforgettable moment of silence, reverence, beauty and simple dignity. John Harman was honoured in memory by his family, his comrades and by those who did not know him, but who follow him in loving the island.

LUNDY, June 1994 - Kohima.

(*Berry McConville*)

I first went to Lundy some years ago, just for a day trip. That whetted my appetite. I was resolved to go again, and to stay for several days, so, when, earlier this year, I heard about the 'sketching break' organised by Ann Westcott and Peter Rothwell, it was just what I had been waiting for, and was lucky enough to be included in the second party in mid-July.

We were installed in the lovely Millcombe House, and then followed four wonderful days.

I had no idea that Lundy had such a fascinating history, and such beautiful and interesting places to see, explore, paint and draw. A magical island. Four days were not enough.

I was particularly keen to see the old quarries, which are situated on the east side of the island. I had heard about the posthumous VC awarded to the young son of the Harman family, who had been killed at the battle of Kohima, and I had recently learned about the memorial service, held earlier in the summer in the big old quarry, one of his favorite places, where there is an inscribed tablet to his memory.

During the War, I was a Red Cross VAD in Assam. Once, when the Burma war was coming to an end, I was visiting Kohima. I lost my bearings in a mountain mist, and found myself wandering over part of the old battlefield. The blackened stumps of charred trees made eerie shapes. It was a haunted place, but not in a frightening way. I just suddenly felt that I was not alone.

It was a golden morning with sparkling blue sea, when Ann guided me part of the way, along the high coastal footpath, to the first, smaller quarry, and the old time-keeper's hut. The main [VC] quarry was

impressive, its high steep sides softened now with ferns and grasses, small bushes and wild plants covering the ground. There, on a large boulder, I saw the plaque. The memorial tablet. In memory of L/Cpl John Harman, the inscription read - "Greater love hath no man - than to lay down his life for his friends....." Resting against the base, were three poppy wreaths, still glowing bright red in the sunlight.

I found a shady place to sit and draw. It was very quiet. No sound save for a few buzzing insects, and the occasional cry of a sea bird.

Then suddenly I felt the same strange sensation - that same feeling of awareness that I had experienced in Kohima, those many years ago, on the old battlefield. The feeling that I was not alone.

The 50th Anniversary of the Posthumous Award of the Victoria Cross to Lance-Corporal John Harman

by Eric George

There was plenty of the "can do" spirit about as 67 members of the Burma Star Association from Kent, Somerset and North Devon embarked on the MS Oldenburg at Ilfracombe for the 2½ hour trip to Lundy on Tuesday 21st June. A choppy but uneventful voyage was expected - after all it was the Summer Solstice - the longest day; but it was not to be. Apart from our group no day-trippers embarked. In spite of the forecast of S.W. gales, force 5 to 6 increasing to 7, occasionally 8, the captain, Roger Hoad, knowing the importance of the occasion to us, set sail.

By the time we had reached the point of no return, conditions had worsened, most of us became queasy and some downright sick, movement about the ship was hazardous and the sight of mountainous waves frightening. Within 7 miles of Lundy, but running late, Roger turned for shelter to Hartland Point and anchored in Clovelly Bay, where we were joined by John Archer, Vic Morton and Gordon Short.

If the success of the day rested upon the criterion that we did not reach Lundy, then the day was a failure; but Shakespeare has written that "sweet are the uses of adversity", and from this adverse beginning, we rekindled in ourselves that Burma Comradeship which is apt to be forgotten in our normal comfortable existence, and the spirit of adventure was forced upon us and gladly accepted.

The service was held in the ship's bar. Flanked by the Rural Dean and Fr. Rob Varty of Appledore, our chaplain, Preb. Bill Roper rose to the occasion (is there

an occasion to which he could not rise?), and conducted a deeply moving impressive service. The hymns were sung heartwarmingly, and with spirit, and, in spite of his violent sea-sickness, young Mark Harvey sounded the Last Post and Reveille with feeling. Diana Keast, L/Cpl. Harman's sister, who was on Lundy, was patched through on the ship's radio and spoke of her and her family's disappointment for us and themselves, and of her thanks to the North Devon Branch.

Our Standard and those of the Taunton Branch and the Royal West Kent's were dipped on the open deck. Accompanying us were Holly Lewis, the West Country reporter and her cameraman. Although, like us, they were not feeling too good, they gave the occasion a good coverage, and left at Clovelly to make sure that the report was on the local 6 p.m. news. Devon Air and Lantern Radio also covered the event.

On Thursday 23rd June, in contrast, a warm sunny and windless day. 7 of us sailed from Bideford to Lundy. Fr. Rob Varty performed the same service as Tuesday's - it was equally moving and inspiring, though in a different setting. I laid our wreath on the memorial, Major Peter Bellers the Taunton wreath, and Diana Keast that of the Royal West Kent Regiment.

This is a factual account of the events of the 21st and 23rd, but it would be almost impossible not to finish on a lyrical, not to say poetic, note concerning the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille. On Thursday, the fishing boat Jessica-Hettie was at anchor off Lundy and, as we landed, John Puddy the island's agent told us that the owner of the boat would sound the calls.

The Jessica-Hettie is owned by Clive Pearson and he and Fr. Varty discussed the time of the service. At VC Quarry the service began without the presence of the bugler, but at the right time, the notes of the Last Post floated in the still summer air, from the sea 300 feet below; in the silence that followed, the only sound was a skylark singing and a seal barking. It was faultlessly timed, and a heart-movingly emotional experience. The Lance Corporal would have liked it.

Clive Pearson is a couple of generations younger than Burma Star holders, but obviously has sympathy for the Branch's activities. He knew when to sound the calls, although out of sight and sound, because he was called up on John Puddy's ship-to-shore radio.

Martin Coles Harman's England to Lundy Swim 1952

The Rules.

1 The Swim shall be under the control of a Committee comprising a Chairman, a Secretary and Treasurer, and not less than five nor more than fifteen Members.

2 The Swim is open to the World, and to women as well as men. No swimmer must start before 30th June, 1952.

3 The prize will be four fat bullocks or a minimum of £250 for the first to complete the Swim.

The Directors of Lorna Doone Cider Vintage Ltd. have presented a handsome Challenge Cup which will be held in safe keeping at 'The Williams Arms' Wrafton, and upon it will be inscribed the names of those who complete the Swim in this and subsequent years

In addition for those who complete the Swim during 1952, 1953 and 1954, a case of wine will be given by the Directors of Lorna Doone Cider Vintage Ltd. Should the successful candidate prefer a prize of silverplate or something of that nature to the value of £250 rather than the four fat bullocks or the cash, no difficulty will be raised by Mr. Harman or by the Committee.

It is possible that further prizes may be given, for example by representatives of the towns and villages on the English coast, with a possibility that a condition may be attached that the winner must set out from this or that specific point.

4 In the event of a tie or ties, the Committee may aggregate the prize-money or prizes as they think fit, and divide the prize-money or prizes so aggregated amongst such of the competitors and in such proportions as they may in their absolute discretion decide.

Preparations For The Swim

9 Each Competitor must at his own expense:-

(i) Ascertain the starting place and actual starting times.

(ii) Make his own arrangements for travelling to the starting place.

(iii) Provide a motorboat (or tug) and rowboat to accompany him during the Swim, together with any necessary crews and pilot.

(iv) Submit the name of the boat, its description and the name of the pilot at least fourteen days before the date of the Swim to enable the Committee to decide for their part whether the pilot is competent to accept responsibility for the Swim and whether the boat is suitable for the attempt.

(v) The swimmer must have at least one competent swimmer in the accompanying boat.

(vi) The boat must have a lifebelt, or means of supporting the swimmer in the water.

(vii) The boat must have the means of lifting the swimmer in a collapsed condition into the boat.

(viii) The swimmer must provide all food, drink, clothing, towels, rugs, lights, torches, grease, solvent and all other articles that may be required by him in preparation for, during and after the Swim.

Start of the Swim

10 Swimmers must enter the water unaided.

11 A number will be allotted to each swimmer and this must be prominently displayed throughout the Swim on the side of the motorboat (or tug) accompanying the swimmer.

12 Rowboats to accompany the swimmer shall take up a position not closer than ten yards from the shore at the starting point as may be ordered and such boats shall be at least five yards away from any other boat accompanying a swimmer. No other boat will be allowed within two hundred yards of the starting point.

13 Swimmers must wear recognised bathing apparel but no more than one costume and one pair of slippers throughout the Swim.

14 No swimmer shall be greased after entering the water.

The Swim

15 The Swim will begin from the time of the official start, as to which the decision of the officials shall be conclusive.

16 Each swimmer must be accompanied by a motorboat (or tug) and a rowboat, both with an adequate crew.

17 No swimmer may use flippers or any other aids whatsoever.

18 A swimmer may receive only food and drink during the Swim.

19 During the Swim no swimmer may touch any person or any boat or anything or person attached to or in any boat except as far as may be necessary for the purpose of receiving drink or food from his own boat.

20 Two representatives of the Swim Committee or any member that they should nominate shall be allowed to observe the swim of each competitor either in the motorboat (or tug) or rowboat accompanying the competitor.

21 The swimmers representative in the motorboat (or tug) or rowboat shall be solely responsible for the swimmer,

who shall obey immediately all instructions given to him by this representative, including instructions to abandon the Swim and leave the water. While the Swim Committee accepts no responsibility whatsoever for the swimmer it reserves the right at its absolute discretion to instruct the swimmer to abandon the swim and leave the water, or otherwise to give to the swimmer such instruction as it may think fit, and the swimmer shall immediately obey any such instructions.

22 A swimmer shall have reached the Island of Lundy only when he shall have touched the main mass of the Island (excluding smaller ancillary islands or rocks). The time at which he shall have done this shall be determined by the representative of the Swim Committee accompanying that swimmer and this representative's decision on all points arising under this Rule shall be conclusive.



Pupil Scientists on Lundy

by Dr. Stephan Natynczuk

Young scientists from the Bristol area took part in a training expedition on Lundy at Easter. Eight sixth formers from Clifton

College tried their hands at various field techniques in preparation for a scientific expedition to the rain forests of Sulawesi, Indonesia. During the long summer vacation the young scientists plan to study the chemical defences of rain-forest plants to insect attack. On Lundy the young scientists learnt about each other and how to work as a team.

The large variety of wildlife on Lundy combines with its romantic location to offer an excellent facility for training young scientists. Camping on Lundy seems to provide the right mixture of learning and adventure. The Easter expedition was the fourth in a series aimed at giving school pupils the experience of science as a creative endeavour. The young scientists learn through working with professional scientists who also advise on the pupils' own project work. Many of the pupils have taken advantage of these expeditions to complete 'A' level projects in biology and geography, components of Duke of Edinburgh Awards and CREST (Creativity in Science and Technology) Awards. Further expeditions for young scientists are planned, and details are available from Dr. Stephan Natynczuk, Rookery Cottage, Droitwich Road, Feckenham, Nr. Redditch, Worcester, B96 6RT.

Michel et Thierry, Une Royaume pour un Puffin. Editions Bedescope, Piroton. By courtesy of Roger Allen, B.P.P.S.G. Newsletter

Your editor recently acquired a Comic from the United States with the above inscription on its front page, together with a drawing of three men in an air balloon above the clouds, one of whom is climbing up the ropework on the outside. The story in this Comic is based around a certain Mr. Kermanagh, the King of Lundy, who looks remarkably like Albion Harman, and the evil plans of a gambling tycoon to turn Lundy into a second Monaco or Las Vegas. The daughter of Mr. Kermanagh is kidnapped and used as a means of blackmail to get the sale agreed. The young balloonist on the cover after



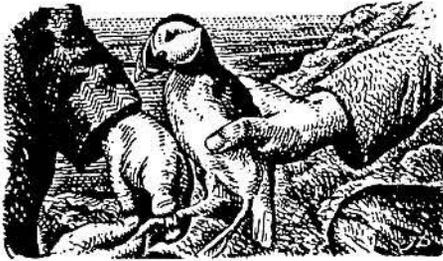
LUNDY WOULD HAVE BECOME ANOTHER MONACO OR BETTER YET, ANOTHER LAS VEGAS...

balloon adventures in the air, gets wrecked on Lundy and eventually saves the daughter and Lundy.

Except for the coloured front cover, the Comic is line drawing only, but full of pictures of the well-known buildings and features of the island; Millcombe, St. Helena's Church, the old hotel complex and the coastline.

There is a remarkable drawing of the tycoon's dream of Lundy as a gambling paradise; stretching out over the East Side are a series of huge buildings and hotels with names such as; 'The Marisco Club', 'The Lundy Park Hotel', 'The Golden Puffin', and 'The Gannet Casino'. We illustrate this particular frame.

There is no indication of the date of publication, or the name and address of the publishers. Apart from the French inscription on the front cover, the remainder of the Comic is in English. Any further information?



Island Medical Services - A Sabbatical Experience by J. A. H. Barker. *FRCGP, who would be happy to answer any questions on his Sabbatical experiences: Sanctuary, Diddies Road, Stratton, Bude, Cornwall.*

Tresco - Lundy - Colonsay

After 25 years as a GP I was fortunate, in the Autumn of 1993, to take a three month Sabbatical from my Health Centre in Holsworthy. My theme of comparing the medical services of that rural Market Town practice with isolated community care in pre-defined areas with restricted population, settled on three islands. A key issue that I was keen to explore from the medical angle was access to medical care, coupled with how Government Edicts towards General Practice can be followed in such areas. I quickly found that access to the mainland is the controlling influence on nearly every quality of life and care; and this has been decided in each case in contrasting ways.

Tresco, as one of the off-islands from the main island of St. Mary's in Scilly, depends for most of its services on the larger island, which in turn is serviced by boat or air from mainland Cornwall. The is-

land steamer, the 'Scillonian III', does the journey from Penzance in two and a half hours once a day, except Sundays, while the helicopter service, also from Penzance, taking 20 minutes, usually comes several times a day, according to the season, but also not on Sundays. A light aircraft service from the tip of Cornwall takes a similar length of time and frequency, but with a smaller number of passengers. Tresco also has two flights a day of a helicopter direct from Penzance, but the majority of its visitors and general traffic comes on the small boats that ply between the islands.

Medical contact, in a routine way, is via a weekly surgery on Tresco, or, using the inter-island boats to visit the St. Mary's Health Centre and Hospital which has some ancillary services. For more urgent situations, one of the two partners on St. Mary's uses the islands 'Santa Warna', a motor boat that can be used as Doctor/Nurse's taxi, patient transport and water ambulance. If evacuation is required to the mainland Hospital, then Ambulance Control in Cornwall can use the commercial services outlined above, or the Cornwall Air Ambulance, with the Royal Naval Air Service at Culdrose as the final back-up with their helicopters. Acute problems are managed admirably. Routine care relies on the islanders self-reliance and tenacity to be effective.

Lundy has its own boat, the Oldenburg, which is based at Bideford and, according to tides and seasons, plies the 2½ hour journey only twice a week in winter, but may be daily in the high season, and, for convenience of time and tides, also uses Ilfracombe. The residents of Lundy are registered with the General Practice in Bideford, which, for continuing care, means at least one night away from Lundy, if not half a week. Emergency management has an excellent arrangement through the Ambulance Control giving access to a helicopter from the RAF station at Chivenor, and incorporates the help of an Immediate-Care trained G P from Braunton. Additionally efficient is an arrangement where the Agent's wife on Lundy has care of a number of medications which can be given to a patient under telephone instruction from the Bideford GP. The people of Lundy are all active employees of the Landmark Trust, and pride themselves on their first-aid knowledge, a great asset when up to 250 people wander round the rocky coast-line in the summer on day-trips.

All three islands have day visitors that improve their financial viability, but equally can put a sudden strain on

stretched medical services in the peak season.

Colonsay, at the southern end of the Inner Hebrides, is served by a three times a week car ferry from Oban, a journey of 2¼ hours on a new ship with considerable stability and reliability. In the summer the mid-week boat comes from Islay with tourists, and does a round trip to Oban, before returning via Colonsay. This brings day visitors only once a week and the Oban visit is too short for any islander to have even a dental appointment. A new quay built at a cost of 1½ million pounds in 1990 allows an on-off change in 15 minutes, and then the ferry disappears again for at least two days. The residents, now less than 100, are registered with a single-handed GP on the island who is on-call all the time, and has the back-up of a district Hospital at the other end of the ferry trip at Oban. Again, a 2 night stay away is required for any Out-Patient contact, taking the islanders away from family and occupation. For emergencies, the whole of Scotland is covered by a network of Air Ambulances, and Glasgow can be reached by helicopter in 20 minutes from Colonsay, and arrival time from call-out is just as quick. These services are also used for medical evacuation for which the boat and land ambulances covering the 96 miles from Oban to Glasgow would not be suitable.

The weather can disrupt all the services mentioned above with cancellations due to wind, tide and fog, and perhaps Lundy is the most vulnerable in not having a quay for its boat, requiring a quiet bay to ferry visitors on and off the anchored ship by a small motor boat. A quay for Lundy to take the Oldenburg is estimated as likely to cost 1.2 million, with some opposition from Lundy visitors (as well as lack of finance) preventing that being built. EEC money has helped Colonsay and may yet be available for Lundy, which would allow it to offer more reliability for its visitors, whilst still keeping its basic characteristics. The car ferry has not changed Colonsay a great deal, but has helped it to survive.

Colonsay is the only one of the three islands where the workers can retire and safely stay on the island they have worked for. Tresco, with a residential population of about 100, does have some elderly folk, but they are being nudged out of their tenancies, if at all possible, by the owner, in order to turn their homes into Timeshares as well. Those who work for him live in tied accommodation, which they leave when the job finishes.

Lundy, perhaps, is understandably rather unique in being very close to survival at all, and has no spare capacity for non-

workers to stay. With approximately 20 hard working adults, husbands and wives, all full-time labourers for the islands benefit, there would be no space or money for anyone to stay when retirement arrives. However, the smallness of the number of residents, and their superb community spirit, makes this island the best I found for working together with each other, for a collective survival. Perhaps naturally the Landmark Trust agent has to take on a feudal role, but only as a captain of a close-knit ship. As a worker there, I enjoyed being one of their voluntary peasants.

Colonsay with its just 100 residents naturally has a largely Scottish population, who have always been an independent race, and so along with those born there, there are many having lived there for years, as well as those who have come from other Scottish islands. Glasgow is the local Mecca, and some of the younger families, in search of income and a better life, have tried to survive in Glasgow as much as on Colonsay. Surprisingly here, as in Holsworthy, there are folk who lack self-reliance and so depend on State hand-outs and medical advice repeatedly given to make any form of lifestyle. The complexities of Social Security are made no easier by all phone calls to mainland advice being in the long-distance bracket, so perhaps a Social Worker here will be as much, if not more, benefit than a hands-on nurse. Sadly, there is no resident priest, or, more correctly, minister to intercede, and the pastoral role is only partially provided by visiting priests on holiday, or over for the week-end from Oban.

Scilly is fortunately able to sustain both Vicar and Minister, and their boat journeys to the off-islands at least sew the seeds, even if the ground, as well as the sea, is rough! Lundy is rather interesting in that it has a Church of England, built nearly 100 years ago, when the owner was an ordained Priest. Nowadays, twice a year, at Harvest Festival and Easter, a few services are run by a retired Chaplain from the Mission for Seamen, who was, at one time, also Vicar of Appledore and Lundy. The church now comes under the Vicar of Bideford, and his team visit when they can, and do take an interest in this small group of the flock.

The basis of the new NHS GP's Contract was to create competition for excellence, so that patients would choose the better doctors, which was a nonsense when it came to the rural areas. Geography dictates choice and rural patients may be able to choose within a small partnership, but cannot choose a single-handed doctor on an isolated island. He or she sinularly can-

not choose or discard any patient, however much either may wish to do so. Fortunately by the nature of the job the isolated doctor has the time to make up for lack of ancillary help by knowing the patients somewhat better, and so influencing their behaviour in a Health Education role during day-to-day work. Isolated medical care fortunately invokes a salaried fee rather than a capitation method of payment, but the doctors I met had to complete the forms to prove various targets, even if they were not paid for doing so. It is difficult to achieve a 90% target if only two out of three comply with a recommendation. The GP is also in a position to influence the Community in a wider way, and by doing so he can promote health. The type of food available, its preservation and distribution are all closely observed and the providers in this case can be influenced quite strongly by the purchasers. Additionally, the doctor has his own formulary to follow, and any whim of prescribing needs the drug to be ordered, obtained and paid for, before any recompense and profit can be made from the Health Service. He has to know techniques of getting help from secondary care that involve boats and planes rather than cars and ambulances, and, in turn, the Hospital services need to consider their availability to these distant guests. Transport payments and allowances are studied to make the access as efficient and cheap as possible, knowing that only one night away may cost half a week's income.

On Scilly, protracted and frustrating negotiations over three years have just resulted in the appointment of an extra doctor for seven months of the year, to help with the tourist influx, but enlarged premises all desperately needed, maximize the services offered by three doctors and a practice nurse, for preventative and treatment care. Some public money may be available, but the problem of inflated property values means that the cost is way beyond anything the doctors could buy themselves, and Health Centre construction by benevolent Health Authorities is very rare these days. A public campaign for the community to finance their new premises is now under way.

On Colonsay, a disastrous fire 18 months ago burnt down, and destroyed everything the doctor had in his surgery. Building, records and equipment all went in 20 minutes, and has been painstakingly reconstructed in a Portakabin ever since. A new building is being paid for by the Health Board, who also own the adjacent doctor's house, so perhaps the Scots are more used to handling unusual situations. The con-

struction of new records, including patient histories, has been a prodigious event, helped by the community spirit. Copies of hospital letters have been obtained from various sources to help complete records. Equipment provided by voluntary donation cannot be quickly replaced, and with a replacement single-handed partner in the New Year, the community may be able to build up an excellent service yet again.

Lundy, meanwhile, will continue to be the epitome of self-reliance. It has achieved, with the co-operation of Bideford and Braunton doctors, and with support from the Health Authority financing Air Force helicopters, a standard of care that is different, whilst being practically supportive. Lundy, Easter 1970 by Keith A. Nicholls
During the Easter period of 1970, a large high pressure system centered itself to the north of the country which resulted in bright weather but with lively, cold north easterly winds. It was broadside to one of these winds that our party of students set off in the "Lundy Gannet" from Ilfracombe. The Gannet was an inshore fishing vessel which was used then as the communications and supply vessel to Lundy. It carried 12 people only and, as I



remember, was 30 feet or less in length. We had a sunny but boisterous crossing with surprisingly only a few seasickness cases. On arrival, it is true, we did run into difficulties. Not only was it rather rough and difficult getting off into the coracle [sic. Ed's. note: coble?] for transfer to the beach, but the road had recently collapsed, and entry to the island was by means of scrambling up the cliffs from the beach area using a top rope to join the path from the South Light. There was at least one dramatic incident when an ill-pre-

pared student froze halfway up the ascent and gave us all something of a fright as she appeared to be on the verge of giving up the climb.

This was a party of students from Exeter University Psychology Department, led by my colleague Denver Daniels. It was the first of its kind for this department and the intention was to teach the students some of the basic skills needed in the observation of birds and animals. While Denver was well trained for this event I was something of an interloper in that my trade was really that of psychological therapist. However, being a lover of cliffs and the sea and having Denver's recommendation, I'd cobbled together a case that justified having my fare paid as a member of staff on the trip. The students stayed in the Old Lighthouse. Denver and I stayed in the old hotel.

Memory is an unreliable thing. It remains so vivid while secretly, insidiously becoming more inaccurate as the time from the original event increases. I no longer fully trust my memories. Especially of the hotel. Nevertheless I shall relate them. For me it was rather like entering a time-warp. Throughout the first week, the continually cold north-easterly wind streamed across the island at about 20 to 25 miles an hour. At the same time, I could only discover two sources of heat in the entire hotel, one an open fire in the bar and a second fire in the dining room. Consequently, it was mortifyingly cold and for the first week my chest ached from bracing myself against the very cold northerly air which streamed through the hotel.

The hotel bedrooms were, in contemporary phraseology, "challenging". The old wooden sash windows were only an approximate fit. Not only did they rattle in the gusts, but they leaked copious quantities of near arctic air. There was a small square of carpet on an otherwise black floor, no handbasin nor running water, and, of course, no heating at all. As I remember things, there were two concessions to comfort the guests. At night a chamber maid slipped a hot water bottle into the bed, and in the morning, she reappeared with an enamel jug of hot water which the guests could pour into an enamel basin which adorned a marble slab dresser. As a 20 year old from Essex, and well used to central heating, my first few days of the two-week stay were governed by the task of adjustment.

The dining room, however, was another world - small, cosy, cheerful and with a gentle bustle. Denver and I shared a table for the two weeks with two other guests. There was the author Al Alvarez who,

shortly before this trip had published his book on suicide, "The Savaged God". Al was with his climbing companion Peter Biven. Peter was a noted sea cliff climber and put up several routes I believe. He too published a book (an exposition on sea cliff climbing in the south west) a little while after this visit to Lundy, and a couple of years before his death in a fall while climbing at the Avon Gorge. On this particular week they were joyous and ribald company. We were all often aching with laughter at the table. Not, I suppose, the classic Lundy guests that in later years I sampled at Millcombe - murmuring quietly between long silences and evidently in some ecstatic state of tranquil retreat.

Then, of course there was Mr. Gade, the island agent at the time. I felt his presence although I saw little of him. Later in our stay when we were in fact marooned on the island for several days because of gales, and the island was running short of supplies, Mr Gade made morning calls to Hartland Point Radio, the contents being relayed to Ilfracombe and Bideford as required. Because of the situation, these transmissions were broadcast into the dining room to the guests during breakfast. Great drama indeed, equivalent to NASA talking to the shuttle. His voice reverberated through the room. Something like - "Hartland Point, Hartland Point - this is Lundy calling, Lundy calling" after which he made a weather report and the likelihood of one fishing boat or another making it out to the island was discussed.

Physically the island was different in little ways. The erosion was less advanced, of course, hence descent down the Montague Steps was easy, as was the scramble down to the entrance of the Devil's Limekiln at low tide. The engines of the wrecked aircraft were rather more intact. Pride of place in my memory though, is reserved for the North Light. This was manned at the time, and we visited it during the stay. It was a piece of machinery unlike anything I had encountered. A large oil-fired light with four huge sets of circular prisms which all floated on a bed of mercury. Although obviously weighing tons, gentle pressure from one hand could set this in a slow turn. The light, as I remember, was rotated by a weight and chain device. As always, the light was kept with an obsessional pride, and the colours of the copper and brass metals interplaying with the prismatic refraction made it a wonderland. I can't tell you how impressive I found it, nor how stunned and outraged I was a year or so later, when told it had been dumped in the sea to be replaced by an electric light. (I never cross-verified this with Trin-

ity House, nor found out the reasoning if it was truly jettisoned in the sea, but that was the most beautiful machine I have ever seen, and I felt the act to be one of repugnant vandalism.)

The buildings today are, of course, much "modernised" and timeshare apartments must surely be round the corner. The Tavern was quite spartan compared with its present standard and generally, without the wind generator, everything was a degree or two more primitive.

The stay on the island had to be extended because of the persistent NE winds. Eventually we did get off without a change in wind direction, just a brief drop in strength. This was enough to allow three boats to retrieve our party, plus other guests, from Jenny's Cove. The Lundy Gannet and the Cape Horn put out from Ilfracombe, and were joined by the fishing boat Margaret from Bideford. Another wet crossing under a bright blue sky in clod north-easterly air. These little boats were pitched about quite alarmingly at times, especially going round the South end, and meeting the swell from the north. However, we came to no harm, and arrived in Ilfracombe 3½ hours later. Once there, I discovered the real power of Lundy. For two weeks I had been exposed some six or seven hours a day to a constant wind of clear sharp air. Also we had been near to the mainland, but quite cut off - a feeling of sanctuary. Ilfracombe, on this Sunday afternoon, with its crowds, cars, ice-creams, and litter was another, suddenly hateful, world. When I got home, the central heating was suffocating and I grieved for the sound of the kittiwakes in Kittiwake Gully, mixed in with the rollers hitting the rocks.

First Impressions of Lundy

by Chris Baker

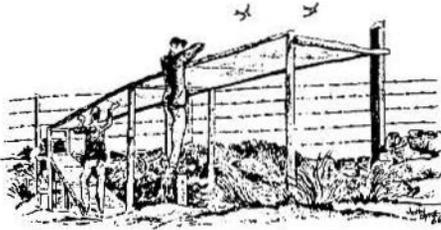
My friend and neighbour, Liza Cole, had spoken of holidays and time spent working on an island in the Bristol Channel. I never thought that one day I would find myself a victim of a Lundy Working Party. I kept my eyes fixed on the horizon, on board the Oldenburg, to keep sea-sickness at bay. "There's Lundy," someone shouted. I turned to look. My first impression? How can an island so flat be beautiful or interesting?

Our quest was to rebuild a Heligoland Trap. (I hoped that somebody in our party knew what a Heligoland Trap was, and had a plan to build one.) It became apparent as the days passed, that Helen Cole and Pat Hayes had such a plan!

We were housed in a building at the base of Old Light East - cosy accommodation,

but a dark walk from the tavern each night! Throughout the following week, my impression was of very friendly people, very good food and lots of alcohol in the Tavern.

The Trap, at Quarter Wall, was delapidated, but we had the technology (timber, wire mesh and staples) to rebuild



it. I will not mention the fact that one of our number "bogged" the dumper truck down to axle level on the first day. The walk from home to work was, on some days, via the shop or workshop. The shop was very well stocked with all the provisions we needed. I was impressed with the neatness of the village, and really liked the colour of the stone in the buildings.

One lunchtime was spent on the Terraces, where I took in the views of the sea, Lundy coastline and the mainland coastline. We were progressing well with the Trap and Wednesday afternoon was a half day holiday! After lunch of a Climbers Special at the Tavern, I was taken on a walk to the North Light. It soon became apparent that my first impression of Lundy was completely wrong. The walk was easy, but there was a huge amount of interesting vegetation to peer at. There were climbers on the Devil's Slide, and amazing views of sea and cliffs with fascinating rock formations. Snow Buntings fed a few yards from our feet. I was hooked on Lundy by day.

To my disappointment, on a night-time visit to the Ugly, the lighthouse was being automated, so did not light up the island, but the view to the mainland was wonderful - twinkling lights, the brightness of the larger towns and the flashes of the lighthouses along the coast. When we left the Ugly, I was hooked on Lundy by night. We were all very satisfied and happy with our finished Trap. It was successfully "christened" and a blackbird was taken away for ringing.

It was sad to leave Lundy on our last day, but one day I will go back - hopefully with more free time to explore the Island.

Members of the Heaven Family at Harrow School and Oxford University

by Edmund A. Stanbrook

At Harrow School

The original Old School was completed in 1615 and remained thus until 1819. Within this building is the Fourth Form Room, (as it is called today) but in Heaven's time this room was Harrow School, because all the boys received their education here for the whole of their academic stay in Harrow.

This room is approximately 50' long by 23' wide by 15' high, and the walls are lined through in wooden panelling from floor to ceiling. Ingress and egress is through a door centrally placed in one long wall, and facing it is a large fireplace in the opposite long wall. With one exception, the windows are placed in the upper half of the wall. There is one in one short wall, two in each of the long walls, and in the remaining short wall is a large one, about 2' from the floor to the ceiling.

In front of this large window sat the custodian at his desk, and opposite him, at the far end, the headmaster at his desk. Behind him are two cupboards, one containing the text books etc., and the other the canes etc., with the punishment stool to his left. Four masters completed the academic staff, two to each long wall; one each between the door and end wall, and between the fireplace and end wall. The 69 Boys were divided between the masters, and they sat on wooden benches, facing them. There were no screens to separate the classes, so the concentration required of each Boy must have been difficult to maintain. The Boys' daily lessons were from 6 - 11 a.m. and 2 - 6 p.m. and they were only allowed to communicate with each other in Latin.

The Boys carved their names on everything wooden, excluding the floorboards; on the wall panelling, the cupboard fronts, tops and sides of desks and tops of the seating forms. Many, (including W. H. Heaven), carved theirs over former Boys' efforts. Heaven's carving is about 1' high and 6' from the floor under a window in a long wall, and is, I think, the only one enclosed within a border. I formed the opinion that the behavioural pattern of the Boys amounted to nothing short of arrogance; being the sons of rich parents bent them that way. Apparently when it [carving] first happened, the Boys were expelled, but soon the School Authorities realised that a source of income vanished with the Boy, so although discipline was hard, the mutilation of the woodwork was condoned. Today each new Boy is entitled to have his name carved onto a wooden panel and this is now part of the custodian's duties, just as it has always been at Eton College.

William Hudson Heaven entered Harrow

School during the last term of 1813 and was placed in the upper fourth form; he left in February 1817 when in the under sixth form, and went straight to Oxford University.

At Oxford University

William Hudson Heaven, aged 18 years, entered Exeter College on 7th February 1817 for the Lent Term, and left at the end of the Spring Term in 1820 and took his BA degree on 10th October 1820.

Hudson Grossett Heaven, aged 19 years, entered Trinity College on 5th March 1846 and took his BA degree in 1851 and MA degree in 1852.

William Walter Hope Heaven, aged 18 years, entered Trinity College on 2 1st May 1847, and took his BA degree in 1852.

The Bodleian Library informed me that the BA degrees gained by W. H. Heaven and W. W. H. Heaven were Pass degrees, and that the subjects studied would have been some aspect of Divinity, such as the four Gospels, Latin and Greek authors and Mathematics, whereas H. G. Heaven, for his MA degree, achieved a 3rd class honours in Literae Humaniores, and a 4th class honours in Mathematical Sciences and Physics. These degrees had to be paid for, and the charges levied depended on the financial status of the graduate's family.

W. H. Heaven was a "grand compounder" because he possessed property and income above a certain level. In 1820 the property required to be a "grand compounder" was a financial income of £40.00 per annum, or property of other kinds giving an annual income of £300.00. This contrasts with a "petty compounder" who was only required to possess an annual income of 25p. without reference to property.

Where the ordinary BA paid 32½p. on admission, the "petty compounder" paid 86p. and the "grand compounder" over £13.00. They all paid additionally for their MA degree and Doctor of Divinity awards. (Apparently here, rank was ignored, the same "extras" applied to all.) Exeter College concludes, "these fine social distinctions are no longer used in assessing fees" and "are now obsolete". (Myrtle Ternstrom informs me that this system of charging became obsolete in 1853.)

Trinity College referred to the two sons of W. H. Heaven as being "admitted commoners". Chambers Dictionary defines "commoner" appropriately as "at Oxford, a student who is not on the foundation of a college and pays for his commons, or share of the provisions". Exeter College states that "today's commoners pay their way only in so much as the money does

not come from the College or University, but from a combination of local council grants and parents' contributions.

Trinity College also states that, in the 19th C., they did accept a limited number of 'scholars', "who are funded by the financial resources of the College itself" and "for a long time limited to twelve by the statutes which established the College". "These were in addition to the 'admitted commoners'". "Of the 21 people admitted to Trinity College in 1847, (one of whom was W. W. H. Heaven), two were 'scholars' and the rest were 'commoners'".

May I conclude this article on the Heaven family by adding this footnote:-

The Heaven Dynasty in Beacon Hill Cemetery

A thought that struck me, when I was looking at the grave of William Hudson Heaven in June last year, was that within that plot lies his body, and the ashes of Walter Charles Hudson Heaven, the first and last members of the Heaven family who Lundy; so that the dynasty of the Heaven family begins and ends in that plot.

Members Of Parliament associated with Lundy Island by Edmund A. Stanbrook.

The four men are: THOMAS BENSON 1708 - 1772; GLANVILLE LEVESON GOWER (Viscount Trentham) 1721 - 1803; JOHN CLEVELAND 1734 - 1817; and Sir JOHN BORLASE WARREN 1753 - 1822.

My researches into the political lives of these men, during the time of their ownership of Lundy, has been confined to the Greater London area only. Lundy does not feature in any of the records I perused, but, nevertheless, I hope that the following notes will be of interest to the reader. It is not my intention to repeat information already known about them, but, of necessity, some overlapping must occur in order 'to close the gap'.

Thomas Benson 1708 - 1772

MP for Barnstaple 1747 - 1754

Sheriff of Devon 1746 - 1747

He was the second son of John and Grace Benson, and married twice. first to his cousin Frances Melhuish (on his mother's side) and later, to Eleanor Barber by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He succeeded to his father's property in Appledore and part of the family business in 1739, and gained full control of the business in 1743, on the death of his elder brother Peter.

As well as owning lime and ash in Bideford, he also transported merchandise by vessels to France, Portugal and Placentia in Newfoundland. Peter, in his

will, advised Thomas to dispose of the shipping line "with all haste due to the uncertainty and hazard of trading with all the risks involved"; but as we know later, this advice was ignored by him.

He never owned Lundy, but leased it from Lord Gower for £60.00 in 1748. As an MP he was classed as Opposition, otherwise nothing about his parliamentary achievements is known to me.

Granville Leveson Gower (Viscount Trentham, and, later, Lord Stafford). 1721 - 1803

(Myrtle Ternstrom has drawn my attention to her findings that, although the estate of the 1st Earl Gower was in the hands of Trustees [not Executors as given in Lundy 1984], he did not die without an heir. He was succeeded in the title of Earl Gower by his son Viscount Trentham, who was the third and first surviving son by Lord Gower's first wife. [ref: Burke's Peerage, Dictionary of National Biography.]

MP for Bishops Castle Dec. 1744 - 1747

MP for Westminster 1747 - 1754

MP for Lichfield Apr. - Dec. 1754

He was the first surviving son of John (1st Earl Gower), and Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower, and was educated at Westminster School and Oxford University. He married three times.

1 In 1744, Elizabeth Fazakerly (d. 1746) by whom he had a son who predeceased him.

2 In 1748, Lady Louisa Egerton (d. 1761) by whom he had a son and three daughters.

3 In 1768, Lady Susanna Stewart, by whom he had a son and three daughters.

He succeeded his father as 2nd Earl Gower in Dec. 1754, and became Knight of the Order of the Garter in 1771, and was created Marquis of Stafford in 1786. Other posts held by him were: Lord of the Admiralty 1749 - 1751; Privy Councillor 1755; Lord Privy Seal 1755 - 1757 and 1784 - 1794; Master of the Horse 1757 - 1760; Master of the Wardrobe 1760 - 1763; Lord Chamberlain 1763 - 1765; Lord President of the Council 1767 - 1779 and 1783 - 1784; Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire 1755 - 1800; High Steward of Staffordshire 1769.

He entered Parliament in 1744, when his father went over to the Administration (party in power), but in 1747, when he was returned for Westminster, he met with stiff opposition to his election, alleging partiality on the part of the High Bailiff. He refused to resign, and after succeeding his father, went over to the Administration, and held the various offices mentioned

above almost until his death in 1803.

John Cleveland 1734 - 1817

MP for Barnstaple 1766 - 1802

He was the first son of John and Elizabeth Cleveland, and succeeded him in 1763. He married Elizabeth Awse, a widow, in 1782, without issue. Prior to his parliamentary duties, he held the following offices in the Admiralty (using the nomenclature of those times):- Extra clerk at the Admiralty 1751 - 1753; Clerk at the Admiralty 1753 - 1766; Deputy Judge advocate of the Fleet 1754 - 1762; 2nd clerk, Marine dept. 1755 - 1760; Agent of Marines, Plymouth 1760 - 1763; Agent of Marines 1763 - 1767; Commander for the sale of French Prizes 1756 - 1763 and Commander and Accountant of Sixpenny Office 1762 - 1814. In addition to the above, he was Director of Greenwich Hospital 1769 - d., and was Recorder of Bideford, but no dates are given.

Although he was an MP for 36 years, his interest in politics gradually waned; there is no record of him having spoken in the house up to 1781, and his attendance in divisions was poor. He voted both for and against the Government on various issues, much to Pitt's annoyance. He was returned at each election except for the last one in 1802, when he made a late bid to hold on to his seat, and came bottom of the poll.

Sir John Borlase Warren 1753 - 1822

MP for Great Marlow 1774 - 1784

MP for Nottingham (Nov.) 1797 - 1806

MP for Buckingham (1 month) 1807

He was the first son of John Borlase and Bridget Warren, and was educated at Winchester College and Cambridge University. In 1780, he married Caroline Clavering, and had issue of two sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the exception of his eldest daughter, predeceased him. He succeeded his father in 1763, and was created a Baronet in 1775; Knight of the Bath in 1794; Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1815; and Knight Grand Cross of Hanover in 1819.

He was of distinguished birth, Borlase is the surname on his maternal grandmother's side of the family, and it can be traced back almost to the time of William the Conqueror. It was his parents wish for him to enter the church, but, from an early age, the thrill of adventure dashed their hopes, and his leanings were towards a naval career.

In 1776, he took his MA degree at Cambridge, and, about this time, he bought Lundy Island and a yacht in which he amused himself in the Bristol Channel, but with the imminence of war with France, he resolved to join the navy in earnest; so he sold his yacht and "left

Lundy to the Rabbits”.

In 1777 he became a midshipman in the Royal Navy; a lieutenant in 1778; a commander in 1779; a captain in 1781; half pay in 1783; rear admiral in 1799; vice admiral in 1805 and admiral in 1810. In addition, he was a Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Clarence 1787 - d.; Privy Councillor in 1802; commander-in-chief, North American station in 1802, and British Ambassador to Russia in 1802 - 1804.

As an MP, he generally supported the Administration, but was often at sea during his term of office. He was constantly ‘bombarding’ the Admiralty for promotion, and parliament for increased remunerations, and tended to vote with the Opposition when he was passed over for it. (His electioneering costs and gambling debts forced him to sell off some of his property at various times.) His attendance record at the House and constituency was poor, and because of his behaviour and general attitude towards Parliament, he gradually lost the confidence of his superiors, so much so that, in 1804, Pitt recalled him from Russia for this reason. He gradually deserted the Government because they did not advance him in his profession. But he did have a distinguished naval career, scoring victories over the French etc., and he was liked both by his officers and men.

He died in 1822, and was buried in the family vault at Stretton Audley in Oxfordshire, and there is a tablet to his memory in Attenborough Church in Nottinghamshire.

In Nottingham, on Derby Road, and about a mile from the railway station, there is a public house named after him, containing details of his naval victories etc.

I noticed, while perusing his letters, to the Admiralty from three locations, that most of them were written in English, whilst others were in French, Latin, English and code, and 100% code. He always signed off thus, “I have the honour to be, Your Lordships, your most humble and obedient servant”, but I was amused by one of them, because he had added a PS, the theme of which was “General *** who is with me, is in want of envelopes, paper and writing materials ——— and so does your most humble and obedient servant”.

It would appear that because, in those days, MPs were unpaid, and were also responsible for their own electioneering, that they tended to give preference to their other activities which gave them their financial stability; the four MPs above were no exception.

Wanted: Wartime Memories of Lundy Island (from WMN)

Wartime memories of life on Lundy are being sought by two North Devon authors with a special interest in the island. Michael Harman, whose family owned the island for more than 40 years, and Mary Gade, whose father Felix was island agent for half-a-century, are working on a new book to be entitled “Lundy’s War.”

Many events are well documented and response to calls for extra information have been good, said Mr. Harman. But to give the book special appeal, the joint authors are keen to document personal memories and experiences of people living on the island at the time, or who were in any way connected with it.

They are hoping to publish the book in the Spring. In the meantime, anyone connected with Lundy during the 1939 - 45 period, or any of their relatives who might have information, is asked to contact Mr. Harman on Barnstaple (01271) 816461.

A Lundy Album

Lundy during the ownership of the Heaven Family 1836-1917 by Myrtle Ternstrom. A new (3rd) edition is now in preparation, and will be available from the island in March.

This edition has been revised, and most of the photographs will be taken from the originals, which will give much better plates than in the second edition. There will also be eight extra pages with new material, including maps from 1822 and 1840 which not hitherto been published. It is expected that the price will be £5.95, and if ordered by post from the island £1.00 should be added for packing and postage.

(This edition will be published in conjunction with Lundy, and only available from there).

Postal Auction of Two items of Interest to Lundy Collectors.

1 Some Account of the Island of Lundy G. Steinmann Steinmann from Coll. Top. et Gen. Vol IV, 1837
Reprint by M. C. Harman.

2 Brochure from the Manor Farm Hotel c. 1930

In the course of compiling the Lundy Index, Myrtle Ternstrom was in correspondence with Mr William Rowcroft, U.S.A. He kindly sent her these two items which she has given for auction in aid of the Society’s funds.

The Steinman Steinman is copy No 599 of the limited edition reprint of 1,000 issued in 1947, autographed by Mr Harman, and inscribed to Oscar H Patterson. Con-

dition is good - there are a few marginal markings in pencil. Enclosed with the book is the letter received from Mr Rowcroft.

In addition to the Steinman Steinman text, it contains a photograph of M. C. Harman, also one of John Harman and the citation for his V.C., together with one of his sketches, and photographs of the castle and an aerial view of Lundy. Steinmann Steinmann wrote an account of Lundy up to 1836, documented his research, so this is a valuable early work which all Lundy enthusiasts will want to have in their collection.

The Hotel Brochure has a blue marbled pattern cover with “Lundy” and a blue puffin. The inside heading is “Nature’s Unspoilt Isle”, and the print and pictures are in blue. The details of costs and transport have been altered in Mr. Gade’s handwriting (full board went up to £7. 7. 0. per week!). The condition of this brochure is all right, but the staple has rusted, and there is a slight fold across it.

We now invite your bids, which we hope will be generous! Please send your bid BY MARCH 4th to the Treasurer: Ian Lovatt, 54 Oxford Road, London, W4 3DH. Alternatively, members attending the AGM on March 4th can hand their bids in then. Simply, those submitting the highest bids will be the winners of these rare items, and will be supporting the Field Society at the same time.

Please note that to save time and postage costs, only the two successful bidders will be notified. If you want to know the outcome, please phone Myrtle on 01242 580 931 after March 6th.

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THE WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL

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Set in six acres of quiet gardens, gently leading to Woolacombe's three miles of golden sands.
Directly looking over the bay to magical Lundy Island.

In fact, the proprietor who visits Lundy most weekends, chartering, can easily see the hotel's floodlit tennis courts from the Marisco Tavern.

Visitors to Lundy wanting either a two destination holiday or a short break, whilst awaiting transport, could do no better than to "stay at the Bay".

This seaside hotel, built in the halcyon days of the mid 1800s, exudes a relaxed air of friendliness and good living, comfort and service in the traditional style.

Guests have unlimited free use of the superb sporting and leisure facilities. For the energetic - heated swimming pool, (one indoor ,one outdoor), golf, tennis, squash, new health club and aerobic classes are all on site. More relaxing activities include leisurely games of snooker, bowls or relax in our health suite with sauna, steam room and spa bath. Of course there is also the chance to simply sit by the log fire, catch up on a good book, or just have a snooze in one of the spacious lounges with your afternoon tea.

Woolacombe is the ideal place for country walks, with Exmoor National Park just a stones throw away, and miles of coastal paths on our doorstep. Guests can charter the hotel boat MV "Frolica" for fishing or excursions to Lundy. The choice is absolutely yours at the Woolacombe Bay.

For further details, phone (01271) 870388, or fax (01271) 870613, or write to the Woolacombe Bay Hotel, Woolacombe, North Devon, EX34 7BN