



Lundy Field Society Newsletter No. 27 October 1997



Editorial October 1997

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

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Next year there will be a Newsletter after the AGM. This year has been Overtaken By Events, but it is hoped that the three new Lundy books (see first article) will give such pleasure that the delays attendant upon their production will be forgotten.

Westwell Publishing are running their Sketching Breaks (Tutor, Peter Rothwell), at Millcombe again this year, - July 18th. to 22nd. and 22nd. to 25th. - details from yr. Ed.

Myrtle Ternstrom and Keith Gardner have an article (illus. Peter Rothwell) in the forthcoming Devonshire Assoc. Transactions on the Giants Graves. Jenny (Langham) Clarke has a new daughter, Liza.

This year's Ed.'s Report is overshadowed by three deaths, so I know you will understand its brevity - next year do remember to send yr. Ed. all your news for a Bumper Editorial: indeed, you could start sending it now!

Red Lyall, who will be vividly remembered by all who visited Lundy in the 50s, died in July. Jilly Lo-Vel died in October - her sweet cheerfulness and her courage will be celebrated by all those who knew her. Yr. Ed's "Sister Sue", Sue Mills, died on Lundy in August. - a stylish swift exit at a party, as she would have liked to go. I know LFS members will wish to send to Barbara (Bizzell) Lyall; to John and Joan Dyke, Reg. Lo-Vel and Jenny and Lucy, all our deepest sympathy.

The Island is being looked after by a joint team of Reg Lo-Vel and Paul Roberts with Nick Jeffery as Back-Up - a good 1998 is looked forward to.

N.B. N.B. N.B. You can now send your contributions to this Newsletter on floppy disk (please save in either of the following formats - .txt, .doc. for IBM compatible PC.) All floppy disks will be returned, if sent with appropriate SAE.

ATVB

The AGM - March 1997

(1) The Hon. Secretary Chris Webster read apologies from absent members

(2) The minutes of the last AGM: 92 members were present and 28 apologies for absence were recorded. There were no matters arising. The Hon. Treasurer's report, given by Ian Lovatt, was very satisfactory. Ian Lovatt said that he wished to stand down. The Hon. Secretary reported a successful Excursion. Working parties (five of approx. 20 members) were larger and fewer. The LFS was consulted on various working party matters, and Keith Hiscock was offered, and accepted a Vice-Presidency. 30 new members were elected. The officers were re-elected unopposed. Lundy reports were given by Tony Blackler and Emma Parkes, though Emma's was read by the Secretary. There were various comments made on the effects of the "Sea Empress" oil spillage. The proposed 50th Anniversary LFS book was mentioned. Talks were given after the Business Meeting. These minutes of '96 were agreed and signed.

(3) There were no matters arising.

(4) The Treasurer gave his report. Subscriptions were marginally down, but not significantly so, and stood at approx. £3000.00. Sale of Annual Reports and "T" shirts continued. Ken Rodley's "T" shirts and John Morgan's wine-bottles swelled the 50th Anniversary fund. The Anniversary publication had sponsorship from the World Wild Life Fund and English Nature, the money to be in a separate account. The WWF will also give a loan to launch the book. Thanks were given to Tony Parsons for keeping the cost of the Annual Report down. Four larger working parties were reported last year, and three grants were made to individuals. This report was accepted with thanks. Ian Lovatt was thanked by Jenny George for having made the LFS computer-literate during his 6 years Treasurer-ship, and for his general organisation of the Society's finances.

(5) The Secretary's Report spoke of

last year's big event which was the Anniversary week on Lundy - photos of this very successful visit will be for sale. The rest of the year was quiet, concentration being centred on the Anniversary publication. A meeting with Peter Pearce (the new director of the Landmark Trust) was very positive - he is not interested in past problems, and wants a harmonious future. He gave information on the task of Paul Roberts (the new general manager) on Lundy. He talked about grants being applied for: Lundy was NOT to become a theme park, though there is money from the European fund, and application has been made to the English Heritage Lottery Fund. The National Trust has made a contribution. There is money for a new aero-generator, and for improving the existing infrastructure. £4 million has been applied for, and £2.5 million has been granted. The Anniversary book has been delayed, so will be posted - it is important to get it right, rather than hurry it. This report was accepted with thanks

(6) 29 new members were proposed and accepted.

(7) The Election of Officers and Committee Members produced the following results: Jenny George, Chris Webster, Ann Westcott and John Schofield were re-elected: David Molyneux became the new Treasurer: Liza Cole left the Committee to become the new Lundy Warden. Steve Wing and Tony Parsons retired from the Committee. Bob Britton and Ken Rodley continued as serving members. Tony Parsons volunteered to undertake an extra year's service. Roger Chapple and Hayley Randle were elected as new members. One vacancy may be filled later in the year to "stagger" membership.

(8) Liza Cole gave the Lundy Report, as Reg Lo-Vel and Paul Roberts were unable to be present. She introduced herself with her personal history. She has had a chance to learn the job by starting in December, when there are few visitors. The island is looking good, with flowers in Millcombe Valley, and skylarks singing. A (dead) pygmy sperm whale has

been found in Lone Pine Gulch. A single oiled guillemot was cleaned. The goats are giving birth - 7 kids, and a colt has been born to Cirl Bunting. There will be an Assistant Warden before the season to help. English Nature and Leeds University are working on the Lundy Cabbage. There will also be Rhododendron Control Parties. Four LFS working parties are planned. It is hoped to start a tree nursery in Millcombe, collecting island seeds for planting - but the walls may need replacement.

(9) A. O. B. John Morgan asked about plans for the jetty: there will be environmental impact assessment; it is not planned before 1998; it is at the bottom of the list.

Clare Harvey (wife of the original LFS Secretary) died recently in the Scillies at age 92.

"Lundy Goods" have been recovered from John Walkinshaw, and are selling at rock-bottom prices.

No Excursion is planned for 1997. There is a suggestion that application should be made for 1998, with extended time on the island.

Drama of Lundy in Print. - ASW's Review in the *North Devon Journal*.

Lundy is 1000 acres of granite: a 450-foot high granite lump in the inhospitable Atlantic waters of the Bristol Channel. It is astonishing such a place should have so dramatic a history and excite so many scholars, and that it should inspire deep affection in many who just like visiting and doing nothing very much.

Three books launched at the Quay Gallery, Appledore, reflect all these "qualities of the isle". Felix Gade, author of *"My Life on Lundy"* (published by Myrtle Ternstrom, formerly Langham) lived there from 1925 to 1978 (except for four wartime years), most of the time as agent for the Harman family, owners of the island.

Not only is this book (first published in 1977) superb primary archive material, but also (if you'd ever met Felix) you can hear his voice as you read. The pages are full of his love for and knowledge of his island home.

There is an excellent set of photographs from the collection of Myrtle Ternstrom (she has been visiting the island since the 1950s).

The Lundy Field Society's publication celebrating 50 years of research on Lundy is a record of work by Lundy scholars in their specialist fields. The LFS was founded by Martin Coles Harman then owner of Lundy.

The contributors cover a huge range of subjects. You may read of metamorphosed sedimentary rocks and marine archaeology. You can meet pygmy shrews, green hair-streak butterflies and the unique Lundy cabbage. You can be amazed at the Royal Bastard, De Marisco and at the number of wrecks; and the rare birds which lure hordes of twitchers; there are trap-door spiders too and an important early Christian cemetery.

The third book is J. R. Chanter's *Lundy*, an island monograph, first published in 1877, and now re-issued by Westwell Publishing, with Peter Rothwell's black-and-white illustrations enhancing the text, which is both full of character and a scholarly pleasure. The illustrations have been researched so that they are records of 19th century Lundy as well as delights in their own right. All later historians owe a debt to Chanter, a Bideford man, whose original text is virtually unobtainable.

All three books may be obtained from either The Quay Gallery, Appledore, or Nicholas Nickleby, 9 Grenville Street, Bideford.

"My Life on Lundy" by Felix Gade - £19.95 (+ p&p. if posted.)

"Island Studies" ed. R. A. Irving, A. J. Schofield and C. J. Webster - £15.00

"Lundy Island" by J. R. Chanter (illus. Peter Rothwell) - £14.99

The Story Of a Book by Myrtle Ternstrom
Preface to "My Life on Lundy"

By 1976 Felix Gade was experiencing increasing difficulty with both sight and hearing, and the work on his memoirs had come to a halt. But he said that he would like to complete the book, if only he had someone to help him.

Accordingly I went to Lundy for two weeks; I would arrive at No. 1 Paradise Row every morning at 9.30 and we worked through until lunchtime. I wrote in longhand from his dictation, and in the afternoon I took away the notes to type them. I usually went back to see him at tea-time, but it was understood that this was always a social visit, and we only worked in the mornings.

Mr. Gade, "Gi", used his diaries as an aid to his memory, and we sometimes had recourse to the islanders, or the Illustrated Lundy News to get a particular fact right. By then his more recent memory was sometimes patchy, and he was certainly not at his greatest ease working in this way, but time was limited. He was at his best when something struck a chord which triggered him off as the true raconteur he could be. He was bothered if he couldn't

get something quite right, and he was always doubtful of his capacity as an author. He needed a lot of reassurance that the task was worthwhile, and that people would be interested to read what he wrote. During the course of the fortnight we succeeded in completing the narrative. When we had reached the end, he disappeared into a cupboard and emerged with great piles of the earlier manuscript which he put down on the table in front of me, saying "there you are!"

I received many well-meaning pieces of advice during the next few months on what should be done, but what was immediately obvious was that nothing at all could be done with the manuscript as it was. There had been three different starts made at various times, and there was no order of any kind, but just a jumble of pages, some typed and some hand-written.

I took it all home with me, and when I looked at what needed to be done, I was closer to giving up the whole project than at any other stage. It would be necessary to edit and type the whole lot, shape it into chapters, find illustrations, and provide an index before there could be any question of printing. The three versions of the early years meant they would have to be cross-indexed to get one narrative. This was where my friend Tony Walker came into the picture and retrieved my daunted enthusiasm. He offered to work with me on the editing, and most nobly got the work started by making a chronological index of the whole thing. The size of the finished book gives some idea of what this entailed. Tony and I then set to work with typewriter, paper, scissors and glue ... and a drop or two of sherry. I must make it plain that without Tony's help and good company I don't think I should have been able to do the work, and even if I had, it would have taken me infinitely longer, and have had a far less satisfactory result.

Tony came to Reigate for as many weekends as could be managed, and we worked at the manuscript all day long every Sunday. This process went on for well over a year, and it must be said that my family was very forbearing and helpful over this extended exercise. As the edited pages were completed, I sent a few at a time to Gi, who read them and sent them back with any amendments he wanted to make. I think he found this onerous, but fortunately the alterations were very few. Before the book was ready for publication, I went back to Lundy and spent some time going through Gi's photographs with him, to pick out the illustrations. We both enjoyed that, and it was entertaining to listen to his stories about people whose

pictures we found. All the photos were loose in a small suitcase, and I tried to trace the ownership of the photos we wanted to use, but I'm afraid that in many cases there was no indication of where they had come from. I received only one complaint afterwards, and that I was truly sorry about, as it had come about through a mistaken identification.

In 1977 it was time to consider how the book might be published. People suggested various publishers, but it did not seem to us to be a book of wide enough interest to be a commercial proposition. I was also concerned that the production process should not take long, because it was clear that Gi was in failing health, and I did very much want him to have the pleasure of holding the finished book in his hand. The solution was to print the book privately, and again Tony Walker fully supported me in this. I wrote to Jack Hayward telling him what I proposed, how much I thought it would cost, and asked if he would lend me enough to cover the expenses of publication. Without question he agreed, and from then on Mrs. Hayward very kindly attended to all the bills I sent her. I next asked Pam Darlston if she would manage the production. This she did without charging for her services, and but for her expertise the book would never have been the professional product that it was. She undertook the work with such keenness that the final costs were kept below the original estimate.

Four other people were involved in the early stages. Mary Gade and Peter Harman-Jones both read through the manuscript and put several things right that were either mistakes or might have been mis-understood. John Dyke most kindly provided the design for the dust-wrapper, and a drawing for one of the illustrations. Colin Taylor readily agreed to the use of his map, and then both suggested and generously provided the two plans showing the layout of the buildings in the 1930s. Whenever I asked anybody for any kind of help with this book, it was freely given, and such goodwill was in itself a tribute to Gi.

To keep costs down I decided to distribute the book myself. The printers promised delivery for June 1978 and I arranged to despatch all the post orders from home before going to Lundy in order to deal with all the copies required there. Of course it did not work, the books did not arrive, and eventually I found myself with just a token six copies when it was time to go to Lundy. I took these over with me and carried them up the Beach road to the top as fast as I could. At long last I was able to put the

book into Gi's hands which was a thrill to me and, I thought would be to him. There was a silence. And then he said "Oh! It's a real book," which proved to be a fairly common reaction.

The other 494 books still did not appear, and Gi was convinced that they had met an early end as abandoned and soggy parcels somewhere. That was the second point at which I regretted my undertaking. After much badgering the first batch of copies arrived on August 5th. That evening we had a party, a toast was drunk to Gi and the book, and he was able to present one of the first copies to John Smith who, happily, happened to be on the island.

It was interesting to see how the thrill of publication gradually took hold of the author. He had seemed bemused at first, then anxious in case people should not like the book. As the general pleasure made itself felt, Gi began to revel in the compliments and kind letters he received. He had 25 copies at his disposal to inscribe for friends and relations and those that had helped with the book, in which he wrote dedications, and he enjoyed signing copies for the islanders and friends who called in. All this coincided with the arrival of the new agent, Col. Gilliat and his wife, so that Gi was both televised and interviewed by the visiting journalists.

I prefer to pass over the harassment of getting the rest of the books and distributing them, except to pay tribute to my gallant husband Tony, who despatched orders from Reigate, brought over another 80 copies, and patiently extricated me from the muddle I had got into with the book-keeping and recording the numbered copies.

We had another party after family and friends arrived for the holidays, with a good sing-song which Gi always enjoyed very much. My abiding last memory of him is his singing away "Goodnight sweetheart" at the top of his voice after everyone had gone and he was getting ready for bed. In the autumn of 1978 Gi was taken ill and the helicopter took him to hospital in Barnstaple, where it was found that his cancer was untreatable. Fortunately it was possible for him to be air-lifted back to Lundy, which was what he wanted more than anything, and Mary, with Gwenda Morrow, took care of him. All the islanders rallied round to help in whatever way they could until he died on October 28th.

To my surprise, all 500 copies of the book were sold by the end of the year. Jill Davis then kindly took care of additional printing of 250 copies, which were sold to

contribute to Gi's memorial fund. The proceeds provided for the plaque on Gi's grave, and £750 towards the fund. Some copies were also given to Lundy so that one could be placed in each cottage.

It would have given Gi profound satisfaction to know how much his book has been in demand, and his daughter, Mary, has given her permission for it to be reprinted now, feeling sure that this is what he would have wished. The present version is a reprint of the original text, which has been greatly facilitated by Tony Walker's having nobly transferred it to disc. Where errors have been noted, the corrections are listed on additional pages rather than by making alterations. Unfortunately not all the original illustrations are available; two have had to be reproduced by laser copies, and two substitutions made. To compensate for this, 25 extra photos has been included which I hope will add interest to Gi's story. My Life on Lundy is in itself a memorial to a man of remarkable qualities, who devoted himself to a beloved island through his prodigious workload and his wide range of capacities and interests. He was loyal, upright, conscientious, not afraid to be stern when necessary, yet possessed of a sense of humour and a gift for telling a story that made his company a pleasure and an inextricable part of the Lundy experience for so many years.

Lundy's Archaeology - Past, Present And Future

by John Schofield

This paper was presented at the fiftieth AGM of the Lundy Field Society, March 2nd, 1996. The issues addressed are a reflection of the various ways I have been involved with, and interested in, Lundy's archaeology over a ten year period. However the views expressed are entirely my own, and not necessarily those of the Field Society, or of English Heritage (my employer). The paper is reproduced here in virtually its original form.

What I will attempt here is a discussion of two separate but closely related themes: first, our achievements - a retrospective on how far we have come since 1946 in understanding Lundy's archaeology; and second, prospects - exploring future directions over the next, say, ten years. Major anniversaries such as this, our fiftieth, are generally taken as opportunities for sober reflection of achievement and success. Of course we have much to be proud of in these terms, but I want to use this more as an opportunity for looking forward, suggesting areas for future research as well

as exploring the need for effective management, by which I mean safeguarding the archaeology, as well as promoting its presentation. In current parlance, its use value in terms of research, recreation and education, and its option value, being there for the future, whatever we might think of it.

Let's begin then with a retrospective. What has been achieved since 1946 in terms of our understanding of Lundy's archaeology? Well, as we all know, the Lundy Field Society began life as a bird-watching committee, originating from the Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society. In only its second year, however, archaeology was on the agenda with Martin Coles Harman suggesting a long-term project for the Field Society to repoint Marisco Castle. Clearly this was an initiative relating to archaeological site management rather than research, yet it is in terms of research that the achievements of the Field Society are most noteworthy. Four individuals or projects merit particular attention.

Keith Gardner worked on Lundy in the 1960s, producing numerous reports in our Annual Report, as well as more general statements in journals such as *Current Archaeology*, culminating in his *Field Guide*, produced in the early 1970s and still used by many today. Keith used survey and excavation as a means to exploring some of Lundy's more obscure and poorly understood monuments. In 1961 and 1962 he set about investigating the island's Dark Age and mediaeval ecclesiology. He began by reviewing the evidence of previous years (for example, excavations in the 19th century, and in 1928 and 1933 which revealed the so-called Giant's Graves), and supplementing it with a survey of Bull's Paradise, identifying mounds and a regular enclosure, and excavations. Keith also undertook work at a variety of other sites across the island. This included: trial excavations of huts in Middle Park, North End and south of Beacon Hill, some revealing Late Bronze Age/Early Iron Age pottery; additional work in Bull's Paradise confirming a correspondence between what he identified as a defended structure, constructed at around 1150 AD, and the time of the Marisco occupation; the site of a mangonel battery at Jenny's Cove; the entrance to Benson's Cave; Brazen Ward and the so-called Black House. He also demonstrated with others the potential for palaeo-environmental research in the form of pollen analysis, of which I'll say more later. In this respect Keith's achievements were considerable: he, along with colleagues on occasion, set the ball rolling,

and without his pioneering work, we would know a lot less about Lundy's past than is presently the case.

One of Keith's co-workers was Professor Charles Thomas, who directed excavations at Beacon Hill in 1969 to examine the cemetery. This was documented in outline in *Current Archaeology*, 1969, and re-examined recently. Our Annual Report was the first time in print for his revised thoughts on the cemetery, and the identity of the individual once buried there. These thoughts have now been developed in more detail in his book *And Shall Those Mute Stones Speak*.¹

Both of the above, but particularly Keith whose work was so wide-ranging, set a framework within which additional research and recording could progress. One such project has been the extensive survey of the island's upstanding archaeological remains undertaken by the National Trust over the last few years.

The rationale behind the National Trust's survey has been the need to document the extent and nature of the island's archaeology for management purposes (management in this context including presentation and dissemination as well as protection). It was never intended to be a research exercise in its own right; it will, nevertheless, have achieved a great deal in these terms, documenting sites previously unrecorded as well as revising their extent or their interpretation in some cases. Just as Keith's work provided a framework for subsequent investigations, the National Trust's survey provides the necessary baseline from which many researchers can progress in the future.

Finally, no review of Lundy's archaeology would be complete without mention of the late Tony Langham. Of course Tony's research on the island was wide-ranging and this will presumably be reflected in him being the most quoted individual in the forthcoming *Island Studies* volume. His historical research has been invaluable and his comments on the island's social history are worthy of particular mention. His research on the location of New Town helped to resolve an archaeological puzzle. Other work was equally compelling, such as his record of graffiti in Benson's Cave, while other descriptive work will be helpful in informing the National Trust in certain specific aspects of their island-wide survey, his records of anti-glider trenches for instance.

Other research has been undertaken on Lundy in recent years, with the nature of the work reflecting changing trends in archaeological methods and ideas more generally. For example, in the 1960s and

70s seminal research on living communities such as the Bushmen of southern Africa and Eskimo populations, demonstrated that it was misleading to study early humans in terms only of the places where they lived. These were often so small as to be invisible archaeologically, and in any case the habitation sites were part of a much wider settlement system within which a variety of site types exist. Some of these are highly visible in archaeological terms (e.g. watching stations in prominent - often cliff-top - locations and used to watch for passing herds or sea mammals; temporary encampments, sometimes for ritual activities, relating to rites of passage; and sites where flint was extracted and artefacts manufactured). This realisation led to a transformation in the way archaeological survey was organised: not only were the concentrations of artefacts of interest, but the isolated find-spots too. The unknown factor remained the territorial limit, and I came to Lundy with Chris Webster in 1987 with the intention of putting this approach to the test in a place where the terrestrial limit at least was known. We used a method involving the excavation of 1m² test-pits, to the depth of plough-soil, to retrieve artefacts in order that we might explore this. Soil was sieved in order to retrieve the smallest of artefacts. We also undertook a geophysical survey in an attempt to detect buried features such as ditches and pits. The result of this work appears in past issues of the Annual Report.

Personally I have been fascinated by recent research undertaken by Bob Farrah. Many, unfortunately and really without justification, dismiss this type of archaeology as unscientific; wacky even. I am not yet sure whether I believe his theories about the stones or the church, compelling though they are, but that really isn't the point. It is a sound piece of archaeological research which uses and indeed stretches the evidence in a way not previously attempted for these remains on the island. Bob received an award for his work, which, for me, was well deserved. The debate he had with Myrtle over interpreting the church alignment was of great interest and I was pleased to be able to chronicle that in the pages of the Annual Report.

It is easy for us landlubbers to forget underwater archaeology. In truth, the distribution of archaeological remains is continuous, spreading across the land, down to the inter-tidal zone, and under the sea. This can be illustrated in the extreme by somewhere like Scilly where the rising sea level has literally drowned

the prehistoric landscape; but in a case like Lundy the same is true. For example, Lundy has, around its shore, some 160 recorded shipwrecks and these and their associated remains, it can be argued, tell us much about the island's post-mediaeval heritage as the sites on land. And, importantly, we only get the full picture when the evidence is combined. It is rare for terrestrial and underwater archaeology to be combined in an analytical or interpretative sense, but Lundy provides an opportunity to achieve that, certainly in terms of presentation. At least the subject is now firmly on the map following excellent contributions to the Annual Report in recent years.

I think I've said enough about the achievements of the last fifty years and as I said earlier, we have much to be proud of. But we also have a long way to go. I want then to move to my second theme: future prospects. And, obviously this is a good time to discuss the future. Not only is it a convenient break-point in the history of the Society, but it is a suitable opportunity to take stock in other respects: the completion this year of the National Trust's survey of the island, and their plans now for publication both as a popular guide and a monograph; also Myrtle's work on the archive has been invaluable in documenting for future researchers precisely what exists and where. Changes in staff inevitably mean new ideas, and in these terms I believe we can be optimistic. I agree absolutely with plans for a study and presentation room on the island, and I agree with the principle of retaining a representative selection of artefacts and samples on the island, provided both facilities and opportunity will exist for them to be properly studied, and provided there is the option for removing any items from the island for scientific analysis.

In furthering research on Lundy, two pieces of work are an essential first step: first, a study in paleo-geography is required in order to determine the changing coastlines and configuration of Lundy and its coastal environs - the Bristol Channel in other words - through time. There are ways of achieving this and projects in the south of England, undertaken jointly by geographers, archaeologists and oceanographers, are paving the way. I have published thoughts on this, for instance challenging, on the basis of published results, the suggestion of Lundy as a Mesolithic peninsula. But the subject requires considerably more attention than it has had to date. Second, the island's past terrestrial environment needs to be explored and documented, and

this can be done through established methods such as pollen analysis. By auguring through the soil at various points, it is possible to provide a sequence within which proportions of fossil pollen can be identified and presented with changing patterns of predominance recognisable through time. This sequence can be tied chronologically by radio-carbon dating, allowing us to say, for example, that grassland of a particular type existed between certain dates, or that crops were first grown on an intensive scale at a certain time.

Once this environmental framework is established, other more specific questions can be addressed. For example, why are there no Paleolithic artefacts on Lundy: the island was almost certainly at the end of a peninsula at around 20 - 15,000 years ago, and would therefore have been attractive as a watching station on the outer limits of a hunting territory. Yet there is no evidence; but is that because we haven't looked in the most likely places? Also, why no evidence for Neolithic (i.e. early farming) communities because farmers on Lundy were using the same poor quality flint as their predecessors, making it impossible to distinguish artefacts of the two periods? If so, it may be that only pollen analysis will provide the answer.

One of the real puzzles remains the reason for Mesolithic and Bronze Age communities visiting the island in the first place. Was it for economic reasons, or were other factors involved? It is well documented, for instance, that rites of passage ceremonies among coastal and island hunter-gatherer communities often involve sea crossings, and generally have something to do with sea birds (the significant point being the insularity felt by island communities and the freedom birds have to escape; of course the birds are generally also a mainstay of the economy in such circumstances). Although the answer to such precise questions is likely to remain elusive, research on the mainland, such as sites like Baggy Point should at least provide clues as to the economic necessity for moving offshore.

Other questions requiring answers include a more precise estimate for the intensity of occupation in the Mesolithic and Bronze Age periods. We know that in the Mesolithic beach flint was being used to manufacture artefacts; while in the Bronze Age flint artefacts were again manufactured, but also (and perhaps significantly) pottery was made on the island. But to address the question properly requires trial excavations of the artefact

concentrations identified in the late 1980s, both to determine the overall quantity of flint worked and, one hopes, through the identification of buried features such as pits, to retrieve material suitable for dating; perhaps even evidence for the season of occupation.

Later periods also present questions which it is hoped can be addressed in the future. What is the so-called "Black House" for instance, and what precisely is going on in Bull's Paradise. What (if anything) is the Friar's Garden? Do the various structures around the tops of the cliffs on the north and west coasts, tentatively described as "batteries", actually represent evidence for the post-mediaeval birding industry, which was an industry large in scale and for which comparable operations elsewhere suggest must have left physical remains. What do the terraces on Rat Island represent? A leading landscape archaeologist has seen these and is convinced they are of human origin. I agree. Can we disentangle the complicated landscape around the present village? A combination of early maps and a detailed survey of the walls (now being undertaken by the National Trust) may provide answers.

We have already seen how archaeological work on Lundy has reflected changing trends within the profession more widely, and this will, I'm sure, continue into the future. Recent work on Bodmin Moor for example has explored the significance prehistoric peoples attached to rock profiles among its tors. At one hut circle settlement hut orientations were examined in relation to the view that would have been seen from the front door. Results showed that huts in one part of the settlement were designed to look out onto the hard rugged tors, whilst those in another looked out on soft profiles. Such studies are pioneering in that they seek to explore how people's minds worked in the past. Why one group of people should prefer to look out on "soft" landscapes, and others on "hard" can be interpreted in various ways: it may be gender related, or the different landscape types may have some totemic significance. What is clear is that the choice is not random, and therefore it begins to tell us about the people who made those choices. The same study has also looked at place names and the ways local names for rock formations can betray the values they hold for a community. This is a new branch of archaeological work (called phenomenology) and one I think well worth pursuing on Lundy.

Further work can clearly be undertaken

on the subject of marine archaeology, and here I would suggest two aspects which merit further consideration (though for further detailed thoughts on this subject, I would direct you to Philip Robertson's contribution in 1994's Annual Report): first, the co-ordination of the many diving groups active around the island within the framework of an agreed research and recording programme. The search for further wrecks and detailed planning of existing sites and the dispersal of artefacts from them would be a useful first step (and the logging of all artefacts recovered from the Marine Reserve is essential in this regard). Second, the integration of marine and terrestrial archaeology, particularly in terms of presentation. The guide book and monographs should, for instance, cover marine archaeology. Most of it can not be seen by the visitor, but neither can flint artefact distributions, the sole evidence for early prehistoric occupation. Both are integral to telling Lundy's island story.

A word now about Millcombe Valley. This for me is a critical area and one that has never been explored. Personally I find it hard to believe that anyone coming to Lundy would settle anywhere but Millcombe Valley unless their decision was governed by strategic considerations. The fact that Millcombe House and the terraced gardens are there today for me confirms this view. I would at some stage like to see a controlled excavation around Millcombe House and lower down the valley, from which information about the valley environment and perhaps its early inhabitants, could be obtained.

Finally, I want to raise a few items on the subject of management and presentation. These summarise as four points which may contribute to a future direction.

1 We - the Field Society, the island community, national organisations such as English Heritage, the Landmark Trust and the National Trust - must work together to ensure archaeology on the island is safeguarded from unnecessary damage, allowing visitors of the future to see the remains for themselves, and ensuring its survival for future research. This can be done through statutory protection, and a review of the Scheduling of monuments on Lundy, part of a wider long-term national review - the Monuments Protection Programme - is underway; but it is best achieved through close liaison of all concerned underpinned by a philosophy of common sense, realism and responsibility. On a small island ground disturbance will, at times, be necessary given the limitations on space. I understand that. Our plea as professional archaeologists, or indeed as a Field Society, must be for all ground disturbance to avoid recorded archaeology wherever possible, and where unavoidable, prior discussions should

be held with the National Trust archaeological advisor or English Heritage staff where appropriate to mitigate against unnecessary archaeological damage. This is of course a statutory requirement for Scheduled Ancient Monuments. In any event, ground disturbance should always be 'watched' (where possible by a qualified archaeologist, though it is understood that some crises have to be dealt with immediately) and any archaeology recorded. I am pleased to say this system appears to be working. From discussions I have had with those on the island, it is obvious there is a commitment to safeguard archaeology, and where ground disturbance is necessary, efforts have been made to accommodate the presence of someone to watch over the works (Ann Westcott's presence at the dredging operations at Pondsburry in 1995 is a recent example).

2 We must endeavour to present the field remains in an informative and interesting way to the visitor. This can be achieved quite effectively through the production of a useable and attractive guidebook. Keith Gardner's guide has done the job for many years, but now has been overtaken by the National Trust's work and by technical and graphic developments. With the completion of the National Trust survey, the time has to be right for a new or updated guidebook, which many visitors will buy and most will use. The National Trust are committed to this objective. Linked to this is the possibility of setting up archaeology field courses. This has been discussed before, and some were run by the Field Society in earlier years. There is real potential here for a joint Island/Field Society venture, one perhaps with the added advantage of financial gain.

3 Artefacts, their recording and curation. First, recording. Artefacts actually mean nothing unless they can be placed in some context, and at the very least this must include detailed reference as to where and when they were found, whether on the island or in the Marine Reserve. Many finds have been made on and around the island over the years and those which have been logged and are available for study have contributed in some way to painting a picture of Lundy's history, but it is important that some formal procedure for recording finds and bringing them together on a central

database, whether maintained on the island, by the National Trust's regional archaeologist, or at a museum. This system would require a central point to which all finds must be initially submitted and logged. This would of course have to be on the island. Second, curation. The island needs a study room and a display. On a recent visit to the island I was most encouraged to hear the (then) new agent talking enthusiastically in these terms. The display will of course be small, but much can be achieved nevertheless. The difficulty will be in presenting the range of Lundy material and the organisers will have to be highly selective. My own suggestion would be for an emphasis on the maritime theme, for example with artefacts from wrecks, items from the lighthouses and aspects of social history relating to piracy, smuggling and the lives of recent incumbents such the Heaven family. As for retaining a study collection, the National Trust would argue for a representative collection of finds to be retained on the island, with the majority stored and conserved where appropriate in a museum environment.

4 Clearly Lundy's archaeological sites present many practical challenges and the completion of the National Trust survey will be the baseline from which they too can be addressed. There is, for example, the issue of safety - access for example to the island's only two marine sites visible above sea level (the Kaaksburg and what remains of the salvage operation for the Montagu) is treacherous; and should such things as the remains of the Heinkel be left in situ, or could this form part of an indoor display now it has been surveyed in detail?

I have said much here about liaison and the need for discussions involving interested parties. What such a gathering might achieve is illustrated by two informal and rather ad-hoc meetings on Lundy in the last year, both of which discussed various of the points raised in this talk. I would like to see this arrangement continue, but on its present informal and ad-hoc basis. I anticipate a future meeting (involving the agent, warden, LFS, English Heritage and the National Trust's archaeological staff) devoted to the idea of a display and recording procedures for artefacts.

So there we are. We have come a long way since 1946. In 1996 we have taken stock of our position and produced a full record of available evidence. We are in a healthy position from which to progress to a further stage of research and presentation. We can be proud of our achievements, but

most important in this, our fiftieth year, we can be hopeful, dare I say excited and enthusiastic, about the future.

"Our English Holiday"

Friday, July 12th 1996

Having been to the UK on numerous business trips I decided that it was time to see what England was really like. Talking to British colleague about what I thought of as an "English" holiday at the beginning of this year I remember listing the following requirements: a small cottage far away from everything else, green grass as far as you can see, the Atlantic tossing against steep cliffs, a lot of wind, some sunshine and some rain. He gave me the Landmark Trust catalogue and pointed me to a place where he never managed to spend a holiday: Lundy Island.

Browsing through the catalogue my wife and I fell in love with so many objects that we had a hard time deciding what to go for.

Knowing that our two small girls aged 5 and 7 would enjoy some solitude too we made up our minds to try Admiralty Lookout for a week. As we live very comfortably in an old farmhouse in northern Germany we were looking for an experience of another kind. However we were pleasantly surprised what "comfort" we found here.

Admiralty Lookout turned out to be the perfect choice for us. Situated in the middle of the island it allowed us to see almost everything, even with two small kids. The weather was fabulous. Had it not been for the mist in the last two days of our stay we would not have believed we are in the UK. Walking down Lundy Island in the mist is an experience we thoroughly enjoyed.

We always tried to be out when the MS Oldenburg came in to bring a load of one-day-tourists. Obviously I am not too familiar with the subtleties of the English language. Being asked "Is this private or public?" I answered "This is not private it is owned by the Landmark Trust." Before I realised what a grave mistake I had made, an elderly couple stormed past me and entered the cottage. I had been assured that there were no more pirates on Lundy Island but it turned out they just disguise as tourists these days!

We very much enjoyed our stay on Lundy Island. It is with some regret that we leave tomorrow: a dream come true, one less to be fulfilled.

Jost & Petra Langenfeld, Germany.

Sancta Helena

At 2.15 p.m. on June 17th the bells of Lundy rang out to call the guests, islanders and visitors to a special service to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the Rev. Hudson Heaven's gift to the island: its church.

Thanks to the dedicated efforts of that same party of energetic bell-ringers, "The Lundy Society", the interior was gleaming and fresh. It was heart-warming to go in and find the church absolutely full with all who had come to celebrate the day, to remember the founder, and all those who have served it in the intervening years. The light of the candles and the full congregation seemed to encapsulate a strong sense of life and purpose in the building.

In 1897 Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter travelled to the island to consecrate the new building, and he was followed for this year's celebration by the present Bishop. Fortunately he had not suffered his predecessor's purgatorial crossing from the mainland (nor repeated his feat of producing sixteen children!). The Bishop gave the sermon and the final blessing; the first lesson was read by Mr. Barty Smith of the Landmark Trust, the second lesson by the Rev. D. Peyton Jones and prayers were led by the Rev. Andrew Edwards. The service was conducted by the Rev. Bill Blakey with a sincere friendliness which included everyone in the congregation in the happiness of good fellowship and thanksgiving, but also gave time for silent reflection.

From where I was sitting the reredos was highlighted by the candles on the altar, and it sprang to life; I saw that the backgrounds of the three tableaux gave the impression of blue sky with softly billowing clouds that made it difficult to believe they were carved of stone. My eye fell, too, on the windows and furnishings which members of the Heaven family, their friends and the islanders had contributed. Among the guests were the Trustees of the Doris Field Trust, which has given generously to the fabric of the church; Mr. Jeremy Thorpe and Mrs. Thorpe, and representatives of the Royal Air Force and the Coastguard.

After the service the admirable members of the Lundy Society of Bell-Ringers served a Devonshire cream tea for everybody while we chatted and met old and new friends. In the evening they excelled themselves with a barbecue given in the farm shed, hay bales and all to sit on. Reg Lo-Vel provided the venison, a master-chef bellringer made salads and

baked potatoes, and it was all of it very delicious, and washed down with suitable thirst-quenchers. It gave a very enjoyable end to a memorable day and I think we had a much happier time than they did in 1897. I am quite sure Bishop Bickersteth did not end the day with the good-humoured accolade of being crowned with a magnificent jester's hat (and we have the photographs to prove it!).

Bill Blakey and Reg Lo-Vel and all their helpers are to be heartily thanked and congratulated on the organisation of this event, which went with no hitches, despite a week of nor'-easterlies. If you were unable to be there, you can still mark the occasion with the three stamps designed by John Dyke for the special commemorative issue.

From the Heaven family diary for June 1897:

Thurs. 10th: "Dark came. Bell-hangers came." [5 bells had been landed]

Mon. 14th: "Phi [H. G. Heaven], Mie [Amelia Heaven], A [Ann Mary Heaven] at Church movings from the well-beloved to the new St. Helen's."

Thurs. 17th: "Wind NW more moderate than yesterday - fine till late afternoon when rain came on and blew very fresh. The Brighton came with Bishop of Exeter, various churchmen including Mr. Granville and Archdeacon Seymour. The St. Sidwell choir from Exeter brought by Mr. Hems and the Bishop consecrated St. Helen's church and confirmed 6 candidates. Dora Dickinson [nee Ackland], Harry May and Ethel Ackland, George Thomas and Willy Slater. Dr. and Mrs. Wigan came and Win [Mrs. M. C. H. Heaven] but left the same day and everything (except the service which was very nice, the music lovely -) was a hideous scramble - Two lunches 1 at House [Millcombe] 1 at bungalow [Brambles] - mostly useless - Phi had very bad cold - Eggs? - Dark came and Mrs. Dark, Sydney and Reggie D - some of our churchbuilders (to whom and to choir lunch was provided by Mr. Ackland - Phi payer) came - Mr. Pinn and Mr. Pickett [contractors] - Miso [cousin] came."

(Added notes are in square brackets)
Myrtle Ternstrom, June 1997.

Silent Flight

by Ken Nicholl

The unique geography of Lundy attracts many groups of people with very specific interests - scuba divers, climbers, naturalists. This is an account of a week on Lundy pursuing another such interest,

flying radio-controlled model gliders.

Growing up in Glasgow after the war, I had become fascinated with the design, construction and flying of model aeroplanes. My passion for this hobby was a major reason for my going on to Glasgow University and qualifying as an aeronautical engineer. Like most of my classmates in the faculty, I also joined the University Air Squadron and learnt to fly full-size aircraft.

After some years in aerodynamic research, I switched fields and joined the computer industry. Years of hard work in this very competitive business put paid to most of my hobbies, but at the age of 55 I took early retirement and determined to revive them. I particularly wanted to take up model aircraft again.

Not everything had changed since the 1950s. The primary construction materials were still balsa wood and plywood, the materials which had been used to build the Mosquito fighter-bomber during the war. But, once again, high-performance model aircraft incorporated the same high-tech materials as their full-size counterparts - kevlar and carbon fibre. The most dramatic change was in radio control equipment. The bulky and heavy transmitters and receivers of my youth had been superseded by almost unbelievably lightweight, computerised systems. The first radio receiver I bought in taking up my old hobby again weighed less than an ounce and a half, and could perform up to six different control functions on board the model.

As a boy, I had never flown a radio-controlled model and I decided to learn by building a glider. The training machine I chose had a wingspan of five feet. High performance models have wingspans of twelve feet and more. Model gliders are flown in a number of different ways, typically by towing them up on a line, like a kite, and releasing them at the top of the climb. But the model I had chosen was what is called a soarer, designed to be launched into an oncoming wind from a cliff or a steep hill. As the air is forced to rise when it meets the cliff, it can keep a model glider up indefinitely, flying in exactly the same way as a soaring hawk or seagull.

My first attempts to fly my new training glider were made on sea cliffs at the Hole of Horcum in Yorkshire. I went there with Robin, one of my old friends from Glasgow, who had joined the University and the Air Squadron with me in 1955, and had managed to continue building model aircraft all those years. He was now a well-known instructor in flying model gliders, and he also flew them in

international competitions. He was an ideal teacher, but I was far from an ideal pupil. I found it frustratingly difficult to fly the model smoothly, and impossible to land it safely.

In fact, I found it harder to fly a radio-controlled model aircraft from the outside than to fly a real aircraft from the inside. Strapped into a real aircraft, your body tells you exactly what the aircraft is doing and you react immediately and instinctively to any disturbance. Flying a model aircraft, you take a crucial fraction of a second longer to determine what the aircraft is doing before you can react. Landing presents another problem. With a soaring glider, you stand behind the model which is out beyond the edge of the cliff. But when landing, the model is flown round back from the cliff, through a full circle and comes into the wind towards you. The controls are now apparently reversed. If the aircraft swings to your left, you must correct it by moving the rudder control stick even further to the left. For a child growing up with computer arcade games, this is easy to learn. Not so for a middle-aged man. My Yorkshire landings culminated in a fuselage damaged beyond repair. Although the landing speeds are very low, the models are very light, fragile and easily damaged. I was sad that my incompetent flying had written off the model. In a couple of books about radio-controlled model aircraft, I had read the first law of learning to fly them; "do not become emotionally attached to your first trainer". Robin added a corollary; "do not give your first trainer a name". Unfortunately my first trainer already had a name when I bought it. It was called "Benjy". As soon as I had built it I became emotionally attached to it.

Later in the summer, I rebuilt Benjy, and Robin suggested we try again in much more sympathetic conditions. Lundy is ideal for flying soaring gliders, being completely surrounded by cliffs. The machines can fly only if the wind is close to head-on to the cliff face. On Lundy, as the wind changes, you simply walk around the coast. An island also has the advantage that the wind is coming off the surface of the comparatively smooth sea, rather than being disturbed and made turbulent by inland hills and other land obstacles.

We put together a party of seven, enough to reserve the whole of Old House. Robin's friend Rod has been coming to Lundy with his wife for many years. I persuaded my wife to join the party, though I was rather concerned with all the activity focussed on model aircraft. I need not have worried. She loved the beauty and tranquillity of the island, and was captivated by the wildlife.

One day while she and I were walking by the Battery, we came across a pair of Peregrine falcons, soaring effortlessly into the wind, just as we hoped to do with our model gliders.

Old House proved to be immensely comfortable and we settled into a pattern of dining either in the Marisco Tavern, or having two of us taking it in turns to cook for the whole party. Marvellous meals were prepared entirely from the produce on sale at the island's shop, though my wife did have to substitute rum for brandy for her pork chops flambé.

We took about a dozen gliders to Lundy, the largest having a wingspan of twelve feet. The aircraft take time to assemble, and when assembled obviously take up a lot of space, so Reg Lo-Vel very kindly allowed us to store them upstairs in the main barn. This saved us a lot of time and kept the fragile machines out of harm's way.

On the first day, the wind was blowing from the East and we flew from the cliffs above Sugar Loaf. For me, this had the great advantage that we could land the models in Tillage Field. My first landings were no better than they were in Yorkshire, but Benjy's erratic progress to earth was gently arrested by a foot of soft, wispy grass. This gave me a critical day of safe practice, and I was finally able to make one or two less dramatic landings.

The next day, the farmer politely asked us to move, as he was ready to cut the grass on the field. The wind was already swinging towards the South, and we began flying from Castle Hill. This allowed Rod and Robin to land in Lighthouse Field, giving them a short and lazy walk back to Old House at the end of the day's flying.

As the week drew on, the wind continued to swing round and we were soon flying from the cliffs on the West side of the island. By now, I had made a number of landings with Benjy without breaking anything. I contented myself with making figure-of-eight patterns along the line of the cliff, while my colleagues went through the aerobatic repertoire of which these models are capable. One of the most graceful manoeuvres is the stall turn, in which the aircraft is flown up to the vertical until it almost stops in mid-air, whereupon a flick of rudder tips it through 180 degrees to return vertically down again and level out.

Robin then introduced me to one of the most enjoyable forms of soaring, cross-country flying. In this, the model is gradually worked along the line of the cliffs with the flyer following at walking

pace. On a number of occasions, Robin has flown a model the full length of Lundy and back. In good weather, this is a delightful and tranquil way to enjoy the changing flying conditions and the scenery. Unfortunately, when I tried this with Benjy on the cliffs near Old Light, there was a stile to negotiate en route. I coped with this the first couple of times by handing my radio transmitter to Robin so that he could take over flying Benjy. I would then scramble over the stile and retrieve the transmitter from Robin. He didn't let me get away with this for long and made me learn to get over the stile on my own. To do this, I had to get Benjy to a safe altitude of a couple of hundred feet, then "park" the model in mid-air. I pointed the nose of the machine dead into wind and matched its speed exactly with the wind speed, so that Benjy hung stationary in the sky. I could then take my eyes off the model for the few seconds necessary to climb over the stile. I was relieved on reaching the other side to look up and see Benjy hanging obediently motionless, waiting to continue the cross-country walk.

By the end of the week, the winds were West, turning North-West and had greatly strengthened. We were now flying near Devil's Chimney, and with the winds gusting to 30 miles an hour, it was too rough for Benjy and my level of skill. But Robin and Rod flew large high-performance machines, which provided exhilarating flying when we got them into the air. The problem is that launching big models in very rough conditions can be traumatic. It takes two men to launch the aircraft, one to hurl it as hard as possible over the cliff, the other to hold onto the wingtip till the last possible moment, to prevent the model being blown onto its back before it gathers airspeed.

I greatly enjoyed my first week of silent flight on Lundy, and my wife loved the island as much as I did. We're all booked into Old House again this summer. I will be bringing Benjy back again, together with a second, larger trainer to which I will try not to be come emotionally attached. Its name is Dominic.

Some Personal Notes on a Visit to Lundy, 1925

by A. E. Blackwell.

August 27th. The three o'clock afternoon train from Waterloo, after a good run through the pretty scenery of southern England in general, and that of Devon in particular, landed us at Instow Station at 8 p.m. Appledore, across the broad waters of the Torridge, gave its customary bright greeting, its many houses standing white

and clear with a setting sun behind them. On our walk to the Marine Hotel, whose virtue is that it is the sole representative of its calling in Instow and situated at the very point of embarkation from the little quay, we encountered that genial gossip Mr. Sanders, vendor of groceries and all things, who informed us that Lundy, dear peaceful little isle, had been the scene of a tragedy, a visitor by a Campbell steamer having been found drowned that morning. Further particulars were not available and the news had a saddening effect. A meal and other refreshment at the Marine Hotel, however, dispelled the gloom for ourselves and awakening to the gleaming sunshine of an August morning with "Appledore in Devon" winking at us across the estuary, we arose to the full enjoyment of contemplation of a passage to the Island in the "Lerina". That sturdy little craft was lying on the Appledore side and had suffered no greater eclipse than a repainting, since our last view of her, whereby she appeared with a black hull in lieu of the familiar white band as of yore. It transpired however that other changes had been at work which restricted her activities to the limit of carrying twelve passengers as a maximum, an infringement of which Board of Trade condition had last year landed Captain Fred Dark in a Police Court. Captain Dark was interviewed early and announced noon or shortly after as his sailing time. Actually we embarked about 12.30 p.m. and the passenger list consisted of the most curious assortment that has ever trod "Lerina's" deck,....for we took aboard the Bideford Coroner, his clerk, his daughter ("The Coroner had taken his little daughter to bear him company" mis-quoted I), a full-blown uniformed Police Sergeant, a Doctor, two other passengers and ourselves.

The two other passengers were Miss Owen and Miss Holland who were going to join the former's mother and sister on the island and as we two had a mutual friend in Lady Savill there was much talk by the time the "Lerina" had tossed her way over the miles of choppy water, with Bull Point away to the starboard and Hartland away to port, and had brought up in her usual adroit style within easy reach of Lundy's ever-hospitable beach.

The welcome on land was as hearty as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Lang were there, Violet, a sister of hers and a new-comer acting as maids. There was also Charlie Parmenter and Reggie, the latter being now about three years old and the only child on the island, and Mrs. F. Sam was "capped" in his wonted style. A new blacksmith held

sway and the fishing is in the hands of a large and hearty skipper from Ireland named Burke. The hut on the "Beach Road" had its quota of men working under the aforesaid skipper whose little vessel "Westward" together with a small motor-boat rode at anchor close to "Lerina's" moorings. Mr. and Mrs. Barter were the sole survivors of the staff formerly known to us at the Coast-guard Station. Their welcome of us was most affecting in its heartiness. Mr. Allday was still taxing his energies to the utmost over stupendous mails, his wife being as smiling as ever. At each of the light-houses there was also a hearty greeting when we made our way there. The Coast-guard station no longer ranks as such but as "Admiralty Shore Signal Service Station", although its staff, presided over by Senior Chief Officer Sleep, a stout, happy, laughter-loving official, known to all as "The Admiral", carry out coast-watching and telegraphing work as of yore. At the old light-house there was no one in attendance, one of the boys, David, being expected to arrive later on. The Battery looked as serene as ever in its beautiful situation, perhaps appropriately, associated always in one's mind with glorious sunsets. The extreme north-end of the island is more purple than two years ago, the heather having grown over the large area which was merely brown. The gold and purple of the middle portion was as luscious as ever. The bracken on the East Side was almost my own height and Mrs. B. was invisible when walking through it! Blackberries were there in their customary profusion but seeming larger than ever. Mushrooms were nowhere prolific but we found one good little crop near the Signal Station. We made one descent of the "Montagu" Steps to the water's edge. Whilst there a friendly seal arrived and remained for a long while disporting himself in the, apparently for our edification. We were surprised to learn that as recently as the previous week divers had been working on the wreck and bringing up steel plates. On a visit to the North Light we were most cordially received and entertained not only with tea but to a portion of concert! It appears that Mr. Ayrce (who was on the light two years ago also) has a two-valve wireless receiving set and he is a great enthusiast, obtaining re-charge of his batteries by virtue of the kind offices of the Revd. Muller, Vicar of Appledore, who makes almost weekly visits to the island and executes such commissions. Thus we found young Mr. Ayr's "tinkering" with his wireless set on our arrival and, in accordance with its invariable custom, it

failed to function on our arrival. He informed us that on every occasion of the arrival of someone to hear the broadcasting there would be a failure but that at other times things worked splendidly. There seemed to be something reminiscent of a larger world than Lundy about this "cussedness" but it was emphasised by an assertion that a light-keeper had walked all the way from the South Light to hear things and the machine had been obdurate in its non-compliance until the visiting colleague had reached the steps on returning when perfection had been reached once more. So that in our own case we were debarred from experiencing the delights(?) of hearing the tea-time orchestra at the Trocadero Restaurant, London, whilst watching the seas break over the "Hen and Chickens" rocks and the wonderfully blue sea stretching far over to Caldey and the Welsh coast or whilst glancing upwards at the towering rocks which buttress the northern moorland of Lundy from the Nor'west gales. We did, however, have the experience of hearing some music from Cardiff and as one of the songs was a great favourite of mine, that quaint little conceit "The tin gee-gee", I was very agreeably pleased.

A propos light-houses the "character" of the South Light was altered last February to the extent of making a white flash every half minute instead of every minute, as formerly. We had some fog whilst on the island necessitating a good many hours of sounding. The weather on the whole was glorious, hot sun and happy breezes.

I have been generalising on the all-too-brief visit and the impressions derived therefrom but I must mention certain events of interest as they arose. I must therefore, revert to the sad events subsequent to the finding of one Capt. Griffiths, a former shipmaster of Cardiff, who had visited the island on a Campbell steamer and failed to return. Our fellow travellers on "Lerina" accordingly set to work immediately on arrival and held an inquest at the Signal Station. The following morning when Mrs. Owen and her daughters, ourselves and others were on the beach to see "Lerina" off we were treated unwittingly to an unexpected scene, as beautiful as it was impressive; the removal of the late sea-captain was reverently effected from the little hut above the beach, borne by Captain Dark and others and preceded by Mr. Allday, who had slipped on his surplice for the occasion, reading a portion of the service. At the water's edge the burden was placed on the beach for a few minutes whilst the reading was completed, then placed in the

boat and rowed over to "Lerina". Shortly afterwards "Lerina" sailed away from the island, the sun sparkled over the water and Lundy was her bright smiling self, the participators in the scene feeling, I am assured, a reverent, unspoken appreciation that they had been permitted to witness the loving care with which a fellow-wanderer had been assisted to take his departure from shores, once so scared with every violent crime and now so warm-hearted and knightly in its hospitality.

Everything thereafter being bright and smiling our week sped away under the happiest circumstances. There was a youth, recently from Oxford, staying at the Manor House, of some parts, one Terence Lucy Greenidge. He was well equipped with that fearsome implement a cine-camera, but he had used it well and judiciously, as a result of which we were treated on the first evening to a series of pictures of "Lundy Life"; the animals figured prominently, "Spot" (of happy memory), Miss Sage's little "pom" now upwards of seventeen years old, "Peter" the magnificent water-spaniel of the "Admiral" above referred to, and other joyous companions. There were scenes of arrival and embarkation, and pictures of various residents and visitors. The following night we had a still more alluring "film". It appears that during the early part of this year a party of the Plunkett-Greene's varsity friends, including one with his bride, had stayed on the island and had worked very hard at a story of villainy, heroism and romance supposed to have occurred on the island of "Desirade". As a prologue we saw a pirate bequeathing his secret of the whereabouts of hidden treasure. The "play" proper commenced with the arrival of a youth who made his way to the old light-house (supposed to be the "pukka" light-house of the island) and being offered shelter by the keeper. The new-comer discovered in the leaves of a book in the light-keeper's small library an old parchment deemed of no value by the keeper but which our hero found to state that the treasure was "under the bar". He accordingly made his way to the Signal Station and dispatched a radio message to a friend bidding him come and join him on the island and assist in recovering the treasure. His indiscreet message was divulged by the pernicious operator to the villainous chief and bully of the Eleven and who procured his satellites' help, raided the light-house, captured our hero and bound him, at the same time making off with the keeper's daughter, beloved of the hero. The villainous crew then made

their way to the shore, captured a vessel with appropriate tackle and proceeded to dredge the "bar" for the treasure. A splendidly conceived set of pictures followed, the scenes evidently having been taken on a steam trawler with plenty of tackle aboard, and on our friendly little beach. The colleague of the erring wireless operator then appears to have repented of his small share in the enterprise, so that we see him entering the Signal Station and wirelessly for a warship to come to the island which has been practically captured by the villains who have put the light-house out of action and generally "carved things up". Meanwhile he makes for the place where the light-house keeper's daughter has been shut up by the chief villain, (Miss Sage's ground floor room in the Manor House), releases her, and she, in her turn, makes for the old light-house, cuts her lover's bonds in time for him to meet the mad rush of the pursuing chief villain. A fierce struggle ensues in the lantern room and the villain is hurled from the gallery; his body is shortly afterwards found by the remainder of the crew at the foot of the tower. The arrival of the warship (a destroyer - we ourselves saw "Tyrant" on speed trials round the island one day -) completes the discomfiture of the surviving villains and hero and heroine fall into each other's arms. "Aye there's the rub"; in doing so, at the door of the "Store", the heroine's foot goes through the worn flooring and, behold!, the treasure "under the bar"!!! A very enjoyable representation of scenes on Lundy, admirably staged and capably acted.

It must not be imagined for a moment that there was the slightest incongruity in the temporary introduction of such fearful adjuncts to life as a miniature cinematograph representation or a small wireless set on Lundy. No, Lundy "stands where it did" in all its distance from the affrighting things of this age, and though a sea-plane may have visited it this year, as I hear, and the things above related have been enacted, Lundy is - just dear old Lundy. The gorse and heather mingle lovingly on the granite plateau, "Spot" basks on the Manor House steps, ever alert to chase off intruders, the sea beats steadily on the West Side, the fogs descend on the island and wrap it in its air of silent mystery, the sun gleams on the little beach, on Lametry, on the blue waters stretching away to Caldey, Hartland, Baggy and Croyde; "Lerina" tosses over the race into the calm waters, intermittently and unaccountably; tramps and trawlers ride out half-a-gale off the East Side; skippers

and mates put ashore for a brief respite; vessels pass the south end, are "spoken", reported and disappear; Miss Sage conducts her wondrous operations with that unaccountable ease which results in comfort and harmony for all. A peacock struts in the farmyard garden.

Of the church I would relate that bell-ringers came one day during our stay and rung for some hours, I believe. On Sunday morning we had Service at 11 a.m. and again at 6.30 p.m.

On Friday 4th September, we were obliged to return in "Lerina" and make our way to Bidford where we stayed the night, going by bus next morning to Hartland, leaving our luggage at a shop there and walking by the pretty road through Stoke and past Hartland Abbey to the "Quay" Hotel, where we found excellent accommodation and enjoyed four days on the very verge of the Atlantic. From our room window Lundy stood startlingly clear and at night the South Light winked on to one's very pillow, it seemed. The curious coast formation is a source of much wonder and the green valleys and waterfalls from their edge to the sea below are very beautiful. We walked to Hartland Point and inspected the light-house, now being shored up and repaired generally. We then walked right away to Clovelly by a somewhat circuitous route covering about 15 miles that day on foot (Monday). It seemed churlish to such wondrous beauty as we passed through to wish oneself elsewhere but my heart was in Lundy's cosy keeping all the while and I longed, as I do now, for her moorland beauties and smiling eastern coast.

It is terrible to contemplate the results of the sale (this very month!! Sale! Of Lundy!! Father Neptune should buy her and keep her ever afloat on Severn Sea; goddesses should weave their tresses about her and keep intruders from her shores. Lundy!

A. E. Blackwell retired to Instow after service in the Metropolitan Police. For a time he was Lundy shore agent. He was also curator of the North Devon Athenaeum, and published articles about Lundy in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association. He was an awfully nice man, very kind and devoted to Lundy. Myrtle Ternstrom.

Scalpel Please Nurse by Liza Cole

When I took the post of warden on Lundy, I knew it was going to be a challenge, and full of new and exciting experiences, but I never thought that within a month of starting the job, I would be carrying out a post-mortem on a whale, let alone using

the precision tools of a pair of rubber gloves and a billhook.

It was just after New Year, and I was on the beach tidying up the huge amounts of litter that had been brought up by the easterly winds. On driving up the beach road with a trailer full of rubbish, I spotted something floating in the water just off Lone Pine. Luckily I was armed with my trusty binoculars (they seem to be surgically attached to most Wardens), so I could inspect this interesting piece of flotsam a bit more closely. It was like nothing I had ever seen before. It looked initially like a shark, but its tail flukes were horizontal, not vertical, so it must have been a cetacean. I quickly zoomed up to the top of the island to collect my telescope and my sister, Kate, who is a bit of a cetacean expert. We rushed back down to have a closer look in the gloaming, and drew a quick sketch. On consulting all the identification guides at hand, we decided it must be a Pygmy Sperm Whale. The Natural History Museum, on examination of our sketch and description, agreed with our identification and were really quite excited, as this was only the fourth sighting in Britain and Ireland since their database started in 1913.

I was down on the beach the next morning, hoping that it had washed up, and so it had, but not where it was easily get-at-able. Instead it was high and dry on Ladies Beach. As Sod's Law always predicts, we did not have a suitable boat on the Island to go round by sea, but luckily the whale was still there on the next spring tide. So on a misty Sunday morning, a small expedition (consisting of myself, Nick Jeffrey, Roger Harvey, Terry Thomas, Paul Roberts and Sue Radio Room) set out to scramble round to Ladies Beach at low tide. We were armed with tape measure, camera, face masks, rubber gloves, a hacksaw and a specially sharpened billhook.

When we got round to the beach, we found the remains of the whale, which really was in quite a bad way, so much so in fact that I couldn't take the accurate measurements I was hoping for. However, this was not going to stop me from carrying out my post-mortem, mostly out of curiosity, but also in search of the lower jaw, which is a diagnostic feature in many cetaceans. So it was a case of donning the industrial rubber gloves (marigolds just didn't seem to be up to the job) and getting in there with my billhook. Funnily, at this stage, the rest of the expedition suddenly took a great interest in examining the caves at the back of the beach, or the view, or ... anything... other than my dissection

methods.

Unfortunately the carcass was so well gone that the head had come off (Nick found the top half of the skull further down the beach), and there was no sign of the lower jaw. Nevertheless it was what I think of as a typical Lundy expedition, and was greatly enjoyed by all!

One Week in Fifty by David Molyncux

Care for the island, conserve the wildlife, continue the tradition. Sound familiar? It should do. The constitution of the Lundy Field Society provides for all those things and more. In short the LFS was set up to celebrate the island of Lundy. However, in 1996 the LFS reached a significant landmark in its history. After half a century of celebrating Lundy, the LFS took a lingering look back at its fifty years of history, and for one week in June took the time to celebrate itself. The singer Bryan Adams wrote about the summer of '69 with some affection as he remembered a year that to him represented an important milestone. Perhaps the members of the LFS will in time look back at the summer of '96 with the same retrospective fondness.

Even before the planning was complete the organisers of the LFS's week on the island knew it would be a success. The plan was simple. Nothing could go wrong - and nothing did. From the trip on the boat to the rounders match that was the culmination of the celebrations, everything was perfect. Even the weather, a familiar bugbear in any English event, despite an initial peevishness which resulted in the temporary destruction of my tent, soon entered into the spirit of the party.

So what happened? Well that would take too long to explain in detail. There were guided walks, slide shows and talks on a variety of subjects from the marine nature reserve to the history of the Lundy Field Society. Some experimental kite flying and impromptu tent maintenance. A good deal of partying and general merriment - the latter almost always punctuated by boisterous cries of "wonderful". Those members whose chosen property was large enough to accommodate guests en masse, held large gatherings where the wine and the conversation flowed freely - "wonderful" was again the cry. For those fortunate enough to be taken under the wing, there was even a chance to gain a glimpse of the elusive Puffin for which the island is so famous. Nothing was left to chance. The cream of the LFS experts were on hand to escort the curious round the

island; to help in the discovery of its flora and fauna, or unearth some archaeological treasure trove. And, for those who simply wanted to relax and enjoy the peace and tranquillity, well what can I say? Resplendent in her summer garb, the island was as beautiful and serene as ever. As the week progressed, it became increasingly obvious to me that, more than at any other time, we were the guests of the staff and employees of the island rather than, as it might appear to some who visit the island, their clients. As I look back at the event, it occurs to me that no trip to the island would be complete without that friendly interaction which exists between the islanders and the holiday-makers - for want of a better word. This camaraderie was perhaps best demonstrated by the Islanders vs. Lundy Field Society 50th Anniversary Celebration Rounders Match, a sporting event unrivalled in recent history, which took place at the end of the week. It was a true Clash of the Titans. A highly organised team of dedicated islanders, hungry for victory, took to the field against the combined might of selected members of the LFS. Under the watchful eye of a carefully selected impartial referee, whose anonymity I have sworn to protect, the two teams commenced battle. The islanders, batting first, tore into the LFS offensive with undisguised enthusiasm and a shocking disregard for the finer points of the rules. Within the space of only a few minutes, they had amassed a truly impressive and totally unmemorable score which left the opposition in no doubt that it was time to buy the referee one more large Bristol Cream. When the last of their brave few had fallen to the unstoppable onslaught of LFS bowling, it was time for them to defend their position. The LFS took to the field with a single purpose and several carefully chosen non-playing members actively distracting the referee. If the islanders had been shocking in their disregard of the rules, the LFS were blatant. The gauntlet had been thrown down however, and the LFS had only to stoop to pick it up. In the end, despite the score-line, both teams were winners. After all, it's the taking part that counts - "wonderful" was the cry.

Perhaps the most unusual event of the week was a somewhat exclusive gathering which took place on the morning of the last Saturday. When most people busied themselves in packing or taking that final walk to favourite places, a small group of people gathered in the Marisco Tavern restaurant and went about the business of conducting a Committee Meeting.

Nothing unusual about that you might well say. Ah, but you would be wrong. In the fifty years of its existence the Committee of the LFS had, up until that fateful Saturday, never held a meeting on the island. Three times a year they gather to discuss matters pertaining to the running of the Society, but at the end of one in fifty of those years they had the pleasure of holding that meeting in the place which brought them all together.

And so it was over. The packing was done, the boat was loaded and once more we took to the sea and each bade our own fond farewell to Lundy. We will all go back of course. Who could doubt that? As the Oldenburg pulled out of the landing bay and turned eastwards towards home, I thought I heard a voice raised in merriment cry out a single word. It was a word we all came to remember, and one we just had to repeat. "Wonderful", we all cried.

Lundy Collectors Club Meeting, November 1996

Roger Allen reports.

The first meeting of the new series of Lundy Collectors Club meetings was held on the 30th November 1996 at the British Philatelic Centre, 107 Charterhouse Street, London EC1. It was counted a great success by all those that attended and was certainly a very enjoyable affair. About thirty or more persons attended in all. There were also three dealers: Michael Bale, Stanley Newman and Jon Aitchison. Several of the collectors who turned up brought a box of spares with them, and the bourse was quite lively, although for some not a great deal of money changed hands. There were several displays, but only one entry for the Stanley Newman Trophy, which was not in fact awarded on this occasion. The displays were varied in nature and covered a wide spectrum of Lundy interests.

The displays were given by the following collectors:

Roger Allen gave a display of covers addressed to well known characters of Lundy from the first years of the century up to now, and other covers addressed to some odd sounding addresses on the island.

Julie Lester brought along classic examples from her collection mainly from the World War II period.

Jim Mullett displayed some enviable items, described as "Gems from Lundy", and gems indeed they were.

Michael Bale brought a fantastic collection of archive material from printers and

designers, much of which was quite unique and a privilege to see. Research material of the first quality.

Tom Baker brought along some slightly more light-hearted material, all of which was most enjoyable, especially his collection of Lundy Christmas cards.

Tom Baker, in his usual generous manner, also provided some little souvenirs of the event in the form of a little sheetlet decorated with various handstamps, including the new handstamp mentioned and illustrated below. This item reads "LUNDY COLLECTORS CLUB UK MEET", and was used on Lundy postcards sold at the meeting, and then sent on to the island for posting.

Wim Ros brought along a display from his collection of older material, much of which we had not seen before. He also brought over for sale some remarkably low-priced items, including full imperforated sheets of the 1962 Malaria set, at £10.00 for a complete set of sheets. He also very kindly donated souvenir booklets to the Club to be sold to raise funds for future events. These booklets, at £2.00 each, will undoubtedly become one of the rarities of the future. They contained two miscellaneous obsolete Lundy stamps, and also one stamp from Wim's stock of grossly mis-perforated 1982 definitives. The designs of the booklet cover were mainly early drawings by John Dyke.

There was a raffle for various donated items, the first prize of which was a substantial brass model of a letter-box, probably produced by the Post Office in earlier times.

Non-collectors who attended the meeting included Mrs. Bronwen Bale and also Mrs Eva Allen, who kindly acted as cashier, and collected the entrance and dealer's fees and sold the raffle tickets.

We were very pleased indeed to see Mrs. Diana Keast arrive soon after the meeting began. It is always a great pleasure to have the company of the gracious Mrs Keast at any time, and at our meeting it was an honour. As everyone will know, it was her father, Martin Coles Harman who purchased the island in 1926 and commenced issuing his own stamps three years later. To be on the island with Mrs. Keast is rather like visiting one of the great Houses or Palaces in the country and being shown around by, or meeting one of the family that used to, or still does own the House.

A collection was made for Norman Hunter, still in hospital after a stroke, and Tom Baker took the cash with him to Devon and with his wife, he will think of something to get for Norman.

The meeting ended with a discussion as to how the group will continue. It was agreed that a thrice yearly publication called the "New Puffin" is to be produced, the editor to be announced later. An initial payment is to be requested, and thereafter an annual subscription scheme will be instituted. Readers will recall that the first series of "Puffins" produced by Brian Sherwood, ended with Number 28 in the Autumn of 1986. It was also agreed that the Club would meet three times a year, twice in London and once in Devon, with trips to the island where possible.

The next meeting of the Lundy Collectors Club is scheduled to be held on Saturday 26th April at Wembly, in conjunction with the Stanley Gibbons event at that place. This date will be confirmed in the first Lundy Collectors Club newsletter which Stanley Newman will be putting out in January 1997. Any readers interested in this forthcoming event and who are not on the Lundy Collectors Club mailing list, can contact Roger Allen for further details.

"Lundy Isle of Puffins" and "The Edge of Britain" (Videos by Gordon and Louisa Coward)
by Gordon Coward

I can clearly recall that summer's day when first I set foot on Lundy but am not quite sure whether it was in 1946 or 1947, most probably 1947 because the first few months of that year produced the severest 'hard' winter spell of this century. At any rate rumours began to circulate on the mainland in North Devon that there were many suffering and neglected animals on Lundy. It was of course known that the Gade family had commenced their four year sojourn at Hartland Quay in the spring of 1945, and that perhaps a much less experienced team were now attending the stock on the island. It happened that I was a fourth year veterinary student at that time 'seeing practice' in Barnstaple and I volunteered to investigate.

Accompanied by an RSPCA official we set out from Bideford on the *Lerina* on one of those days of perfect weather, warm and sunny, without a cloud in the sky and with a flat calm sea. There was no-one in sight when we arrived on the beach and in fact I do not recall meeting any of the residents during the few hours we spent walking about the southern half of Lundy. The 'village' appeared deserted and we seemed to have the island to ourselves. Finding no evidence of serious deprivation among the not very numerous

livestock I sat alone on the eastern sidings beyond Quarter Wall cottages and surveyed the smooth waters of the Landing Bay whilst consuming my sandwiches. From below came the echoing cries of gulls and from above the song of the larks. The enchanted Isle had already cast its spell and I knew I must return. Little did I realise that Lundy was to provide me with so many lasting friendships; 'Gi' and 'Cheerful' and Mary Gade, Albion and Kay Harman, Diana and Ken Keast, the Dykes, the Ogilvies and so many more.

It was to be several years, however, before that was possible and I think that it was in June 1952 that Louisa and I spent two weeks on Lundy. This was to become an almost un-interrupted annual pilgrimage for many years thereafter. In spite of its rather damp and fusty decrepitude the Manor Farm Hotel had a special charm, not in any way decreased by the intermittent nature of the lighting and the even less frequent availability of a trickle of tepid water for the occasional bath (bring your own bath plug!). In those days the very few guests were cared and catered for by Mrs. Gade and daughter Mary. Whoever could forget the meals provided by 'Cheerful': fresh cooked bread rolls each day, the abundance of vegetables from her garden (those tiny and tender young broad beans!), the cream cheeses made, I believe, by Mary, the cream teas and above all the frequent provision of lobsters and crabs straight from the pots in the sea to the pot in the kitchen.

We spent most of our days indulging in our hobby of bird photography, with what would seem to be the most inappropriate equipment for cliff climbing work, sometimes accompanied by Peter Davis, the LFS warden: an old and very large Sanderson quarter-plate reflex camera with a huge and heavy telephoto lens and a focal-plane shutter which 'went off' with a sound resembling that produced by a guillotine executing an 'aristo'. Each evening the delicate glass plates had to be loaded in the darkness provided by the bed clothes. We did, however, manage to obtain some quite decent bird 'portraits' and were delighted when one of them, I think a close-up of a flying Kittiwake, was published by the 'Field' as 'Natural History Picture of the Month'. Then my father generously provided me with a 16mm Bolex ciné camera equipped with a turret of three lenses (these superb instruments are still sought after today). It gave us the chance to start work on the making of 'Lundy, Isle of Puffins' in the summer of 1954 using Kodachrome colour film. We completed it the following year.

This experience whetted our appetite for

island filming, and I wanted to make another film on a very different and much more remote island, the uninhabited St. Kilda. All attempts to persuade the authorities to give me access were refused and so we turned to the most remote inhabited island in Britain, Foula. Even this was very difficult to arrange but with the help of Shetland's only resident Veterinary Surgeon we eventually arrived on Foula in June 1956 and spent several weeks living with a crofter on that bleak but lovely island with its high cliffs and cliffs dropping for fully ½ mile. This time we were also equipped with an early version of the portable tape recorder and were thus able to record sounds on location. The small population were all charming and very hospitable. Their way of life, unchanged over a long period of time, provided us wonderful material for film making, crofting, peat cutting, spinning the brown wool of their Shetland sheep. There was still one inhabited 'black house' without windows or chimney, smoke from a fire in the centre of the floor finding its way out via holes in the roof. We were able to film the Foula ladies dancing 'The Foula Reel' to the accompaniment of the island's fiddler playing the ancient tune 'Da Shaalds O' Foula' (extolling the bountiful shoals of fish which, when dried, provided useful food for the long winters although by then already greatly depleted). The fantastic wealth of nesting birds furnished us with masses of material for filming. The largest colony of Great Skuas ('Bonxies') in Britain, Arctic Skuas, Shearwaters, Red Throated Divers, Black Guillemot, Arctic Terns, Puffins by the thousand, Eider Duck, Snipe. Corncrake were frequently heard but sadly not photographed. In addition we filmed on the Shetland mainland the Gannets on the cliffs of Noss, a very large colony of Cormorants to the north, and with great good fortune, three of the few Red-necked Phalarope then visiting Britain. By a stroke of luck and almost by accident we captured on film the first ever recorded visit of the very rare Bearded Seal (*Erignathus barbatus*). This animal normally inhabits the ice-flows of the peri-arctic zone, is preyed on by the Polar Bear and breeds on the ice of the Barents Sea. We later discovered that the only previous record for Britain was the capture of an individual on the coast of Norfolk in 1892. 'The Edge of Britain' was completed when we returned to Foula for a further few weeks in 1957.

In recent years I began to fear that the two films might deteriorate and finally disintegrate. This would have been a

shame because, if nothing else, I believe they have probably become unique historic depictions of two very different islands as they were nearly half a century ago. The National Film Archive very generously agreed to provide me with 'Betacam' television-quality transcriptions of both films, providing that the original films be placed in the care of the TSW Film & Television Archive. These tapes have enabled me to re-edit the films, add sounds to the Lundy film and provide fresh narration. From the 'Betacam' masters we are able to produce VHS copies which can be played on domestic video recorders and so at last the two films can have a wider viewing.

[In order to recover some of the costs involved in the editing and improvement of the films we are offering for sale on two separate cassettes VHS copies of both "Lundy, Isle of Puffins" and "The Edge of Britain" at £12.99 per video plus p&p of £1.50 per video. (they can of course be purchased separately or jointly). If destined for foreign lands they can be produced in the format used in that particular country (i.e NTSC in the USA) and will cost US\$ 26.50 plus US\$5.50 per Video].

Lundy in 1897

1897 was an immensely busy and important year for Lundy. The island was alive with the sound of workmen.

January started with the customary children's party at the Villa, and the almost equally customary landfall on the beach road.

In March the Salado was wrecked below the Moushole and Trap, and the Wreck Index of the British Isles (1995) says that four of the crew rowed to Ilfracombe in an open boat. The rest were given blankets and housed at Signal Cottages, and the wreck sold in situ for £37, which the Captain held was "a song". Eleven days later, the Millicent ran aground on the beach and was lost, and islanders and tugmen helped themselves to the salvage. A telephone was installed between the Villa and the new bungalow, where Hudson Heaven had his study. In May, limestone burning was going on for whitewash for the Villa kitchen, and the drawing-room was also re-decorated. In May, Mr. Loane came from Ilfracombe with two coastguards to conduct a rocket practice, followed by an engineer who came to look at the quarries for a company that was intending to restart the works.

The first of the outstanding 1897 events was the consecration of the new church which took place on June 17th. with the

Bishop of Exeter officiating. A large party came to the island for the day by the excursion steamer Brighton, and the visitors included the choir of St. Sidwell's, Exeter and Mr. Harry Hems, who had made the reredos and many of the other church fittings. After the ceremony, and the confirmation of six of the islanders, the guests were entertained to lunch, some at the Villa, Some at the bungalow, with the workmen and choir looked after by the lessees at the refreshment room. All the party was to depart by the steamer after lunch, and the occasion is breathlessly described in the Heaven diaries: "everything was a hideous scramble (except the service, which was very nice, the music lovely) ...Phi had very bad cold"[The Rev. Hudson Heaven].

On June 20th. a special service was held for the Queen's diamond jubilee, followed two days later by an impromptu "jubilee feast" and sports day for the islanders, when the excursionists and lunch had already been prepared for them.

On November 17th. the islanders went out to the common at night to see the lighthouse shining for the last time. The next day Anne Mary Heaven performed the opening ceremony for the North Light, where the new head keeper was Mr. Couler, and the architect, Mr. Matthews, was in attendance. The Battery was closed, the furniture was moved to the new lighthouse, and Mr. and Mrs. Banner left Lundy.

On 10th. December Hudson Heaven inaugurated the South Light, where the keepers from the Old Light were installed, and had been operating a temporary light in the meantime.

The new lighthouses made a considerable difference to the Lundy population, because, as rock stations, they had no provision for wives and children - so the island lost five families, and a very useful part of its available workforce. As the new lighthouses were supplied direct by Trinity House tenders, there was also serious loss of trade for the store - so much so that the lessees eventually negotiated a rebate of their rent in compensation, although the Heavens had received no payment or advantage from the new lighthouses. The Old Light, Stonecroft, the Battery and the Trinity House store on the Beach Road all reverted eventually to the owner of the island.

The North Light also meant the end of the breeding gannets, since their nesting site at the North End had been taken over, and the noise of the foghorn was the final insult.

The lessee, Mr. Ackland, had taken his

son-in-law, Dickinson, into partnership, and the young couple, with their new baby, occupied the "New House" (south wing of the old hotel). Dickinson was described as a "veterinary student". Unfortunately the partnership was already in financial difficulties, which the renewal of the quarry working might have relieved, and there was optimism that the new company formed in December would soon go into operation.

The year ended with hanging of the first of the church bells ready to ring in 1898.

Myrtle Ternstrom.

You May Think You Had A Hard Time Getting To Lundy

If you could have afforded the luxury of a coach in 1778, it would only have taken you 12 hours to get to Barnstaple from Exeter.

After that it was horseback or a cart ride to Ilfracombe, or Instow, or Bideford ... or a long walk.

And after that, a sailing ship, which could take anything up to 26 hours to get to Lundy ...

Myrtle Ternstrom

**The LFS thanks
Roy Lancaster for
advertising in this
issue, thus making
Issue 27 financially
possible.**

STOP PRESS

THREE NEW LUNDY BOOKS

“My Life On Lundy” by Felix Gade
(£19.95 + p&p if Posted)

“Island Studies” ed. R. A. Irving, A. J. Schofield &
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“Lundy Island - A Monograph” by J. R. Chanter
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All Three Books obtainable from either the Quay Gallery, Appledore
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TWO VIDEOS

by Gordon & Louisa Coward

“Lundy, Isle of Puffins” and “The
Edge of Britain”

Copies obtainable from Gordon Coward (see leaflet in Newsletter)

Westwell Publishing's 1998 Lundy Sketching Breaks

July 18th - 22nd & 22nd - 25th at Millcombe.

Particulars from Ann Westcott, The Quay Gallery, Appledore.

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