

Lundy Field Society Newsletter

No 33



Autumn 2003

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Opinions expressed throughout are not necessarily those of the LFS

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To read text on some illustrations you will need a magnifying glass

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Editor:

Ann Westcott

The Quay Gallery, The Quay, Appledore, Devon EX39 1QS

Printed & Bound by:

Lazarus Press

Unit 7 Caddsworth Business Park, Bideford, Devon EX39 3DX

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From Myrtle Ternstrom

I have a few off-prints of my article published in the 2002 Transactions of the Devonshire Association: *Lundy's Legal & Parochial Status*, which traces the history of Lundy's exceptional status, and explains its loss.

These are for sale at £3.00 including p&p.

Please write enclosing your payment to 6 Queensholme, Pittville Circus Road, Cheltenham GL52 2QE.

For those who already have a copy, I made a miss in the proof-reading. On page 12 the date for Edward IV should be 1447 - sorry about that.

LFS AGM 01/03/2003 AT THE PETER CHALK CENTRE, EXETER UNIVERSITY.

The AGM was, as usual, well attended and most enjoyable. Roger Chapple chaired the meeting. Ken Rodley, after years of magnificent LFS membership and service has left the Committee, though not, happily, the LFS. Alan Rowland returned to the committee, and Tony Cutler and Charles Ellis filled two vacancies.

Ben Sampson (Liza Cole's successor as Warden) gave the Warden's Report, his first. It was so nice for everyone to meet him, and his effort in getting to Exeter was much appreciated.

BS reported that Susie Ballastead was Assistant Warden (2002 season), and he will have an assistant this year too. The Ilfracombe Aquarium, the Shore Offices and the Oldenburg have new posters on display interpreting the island. Ben continues the Sea Bird Walks, Church Talks about the island (Yr Ed very much enjoyed this year's); Rocky Shore Rambles and Snorkel Parties.

The No Take Zone (see also Editorial), in the Marine Nature reserve, will not include 'seeding' crabs and lobsters. There is a new Dive Guide which is a code of conduct as well as a guide to underwater sites. The NTZ attracts funding for monitoring the MNR this summer.

Jellyfish and plankton and sunfish have had a great year, but it was a poor year for basking sharks. Cetaceans, however, put in pleasing appearances. One such appearance was a pod of 60 common dolphins in the bay.

The Lundy Cabbage had a poor year. The sheep and goats grazing in Millcombe valley present a problem, as does the rabbit population (estimated at 20,000). The South end is, in cabbage terms, overgrazed, and there is soil erosion also. The Pondsburg bog flora had a very good year. (Yr Ed saw the stunning collection of orchids there.) The rolling of the bracken continues to control the growth well. And Rod Dymond and abseilers (see Editorial) on the East Side are keeping the rhododendrons at bay. (Reports reach Yr Ed that the flora on the cleared East Sidelands is sensational.)

In April 2002 there was the first feral animal count, with a second count in May 2002. Possibly, following these counts, a feral animal cull might be undertaken in the winter 2003.

There was no 2002 sea-bird survey, but Helen Booker checked storm petrel and shearwater levels; and 8 pairs of breeding puffins were recorded. R Castle reported bird highlights for 2002: a red kite; 26 oystercatchers seen together at one time; cross-bills; an egret; a bee-eater; an icterine warbler; woodchat shrike; white-rumped sandpiper; grey phalarope; goldcrests and firecrests.

Paul Roberts (the Island's General Manager) also gave a report. The winter helicopter instead of the Oldenburg worked well. He commented that 2003 was the No Take Zone/No Rats year - where would the MNR and the island surface go next?

He said the jetty plans are the last infrastructure plans for the moment, and the savings in administration produced by the jetty will mean more money for the conservation, to which PR claimed Liza Cote and Derek Oram had fired him up. The aerogenerator remained still a possibility: 'Lundy Lights and Leads'

Happy relations between the LFS and Lundy have been and are being fostered by PR and Roger Chapple. (Yr Ed's comment - 'well done, those men'.)

The Seabird Recovery Programme was presented to the meeting by Bullock of the RSPB. English Nature/the National Trust/the RSPB/the Landmark Trust have decided that the protection of puffins and manx shearwaters necessitates the eradication of the black and brown rats. It is thought wrong to have foreign invasive species anywhere.

EDITORIAL

Abbreviations: pic = picture/photograph/image NDJ = North Devon Journal
WMN = Western Morning News Yr Ed = Your Editor

The last newsletter recorded the death of Martin Harman-Jones: Diana Keast (MHJ's aunt) sent yr Ed this letter describing the service of interment of his ashes in the cemetery on Lundy.

"Martin Andrew Harman-Jones
August 22nd 1943 - January 30th 2002

On June 1st 2002, on a fair morning, a small party of family and friends sailed with the *Oldenburg* from Ilfracombe with Martin's ashes, accompanied by the Rev. Andrew Richardson, Priest in charge of Lundy.

"On our way up from the beach to Beacon Hill we paused at the Tavern and, with perfect timing, were joined by John Harman, Inez Lunan and Christopher and Agatha Russell who had arrived by helicopter. We all made our way up together to the Burial Ground, the boat party being Marion and John Evans, Diana Keast, Hazel Davies, John and Cherry Richardson, Penny Ogilvie and Mary, Diana and Briony Percy.

"A granite stone from Aclands Moor marked the place where Martin's ashes were to be interred, close to where his grandparents lie buried and to the granite cairn of his uncle, Albion Harman.

"The Rev. Andrew conducted the service of committal and prayer and we remained some moments in that unique place, so serene that day, with a warm gentle breeze and sparkling sea around us, telling of timeless peace. We were greatly gladdened and strengthened by our being there.

"On his stone, Martin's own words are a fitting memorial: 'It's been a lovely day.' "

John Vicary, who worked on the Island (early fifties) has died. Mary Gade and Penny Ogilvie remember him (and his horse Gay Boy, who remained on the island when John left). Mr Gade mentions JV in *My Life on Lundy*. Barbara Dawkins (widow of Colyear Dawkins, sometime LFS Vice-President) died last August – very suddenly, which was sad for her family, but how she wanted to go, her son Christopher wrote me. She and Colyear loved the Island, and were regular visitors, as long as health permitted. Norman Hunter died after a long illness. He was a Right-Hand-Man to Wendy (Puddy) Lovel, with stamps specially, but in all sorts of ways: and she was his most regular visitor in Bideford Hospital where he was for some years. Many LFS members will remember his gruff helpfulness – we publish a pic of him. (I think on the *Shern*, when Bob Gilliatt was Island Manager).



Above:
The late Norman Hunter
on board the *Shearn*

Since the last newsletter Derek and Marie Oram have moved to Surrey. Derek manages an equestrian/mixed estate and Marie is Head Housekeeper (check) at a rather splendid hotel in Guildford (I think). The whole Tavern Team, Martin, Linda, Jennie Clarke and her daughter have joined forces to run their own place in North Wales. I know all LFS members will wish them well in this venture.

Annie Alford tells me that her sister Janey is now running her own painting and decorating business – her address is Jane Anning (Squire), 15 Market Street, Buckfastleigh, Devon.

Tony Cutler reports that he and LFS volunteers have cleared the Quarry Incline, from the winding gear to the lowest point. Apparently even yr Ed might venture down it.

The 2002 Friends of Lundy Newsletter (Ed Lesley Dixon-Chatfield), recorded the return of the model of the Battleship Hindustan (sister ship to the wrecked Montagu) to the Museums of Scotland, who had originally loaned the 8 foot model to Lundy in the '70s. The model went back to be renovated. Yr Ed remembers it for ages in the front hall of Millcombe.

There used to be one Japanese Knotweed in the Heligoland Trap on the Terraces. Yr Ed is pretty sure it's been got rid of, but was reminded of its past existence by the Environment Agency's current "Alien Invader" pamphlet.

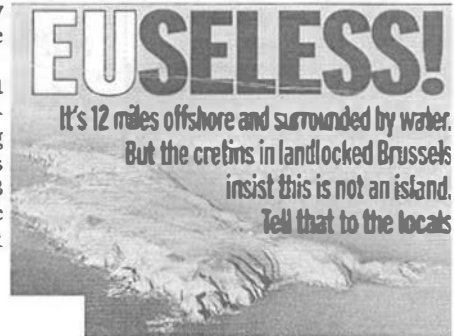
James Leonard gave yr Ed a photocopy of the obituary of Mary Rous. She had been preceded in her guardianship of Clovelly by her mother, and before her mother, by her great aunt Christine Hamlyn, who Mr Gade remembers (see MLOL) visiting Lundy and wearing a hat, and presenting her calling cards and picnicking Out Over, (Mr Gade pers. comm.).

Keith Gardner promises a piece on his archaeological work on Lundy for 2004.

Newspaper Trawl: Island ship logs on to net system From Western Morning News March 8th 2001. The tiny island of Lundy has firmly entered the 21st century with the installation of an internet ticketing system. The island, which lies 12 miles off the North Devon coast, has been administered by the Landmark Trust since 1969 and needed to modernise and update its booking procedure for its own supply ship MS Oldenburg. The Landmark Trust awarded the contract for the project to Copperthorn, a Totnes-based software company. The company has created a system that allows tickets to be sold simultaneously at the Lundy Office in Bideford, at local Tourist Information Centres, at the Landmark Trust's office in Berkshire and also on the island itself. "Before this system was installed, all the offices had to make countless telephone calls to make sure that the ship wasn't overbooked," said Mark Shepherd, technical director of Copperthorn. "They needed to have a system which meant that they could see tickets from a variety of locations. "The boat holds 267 passengers and our system ensures there is no duplication of bookings. ... soon visitors will also be able to book their own tickets on-line on the website, www.lundyisland.co.uk." ...

WMN 31/8/02 & NDJ 5/9/02 Paul Roberts is reported making clear the isolation of Lundy (especially in winter) that any potential shepherd must bear in mind when applying (with a pic of the Old Light, sheep, Derek Oram & his dog). WMN 3/10/02 headline "Water Shipped in as island faces shortage". with splendid pic of Oldenburg in the Landing Bay (jetty still under construction?!) It was the region's driest Sept since 1997. Sunday Times 24/11/01 Country Property Section (!!!) The double-page spread hangs its article on Kevin Welsh's appointment as the new shepherd and Ben Sampson as Warden. The pic is pre-jetty with 6 small sailingboats anchored in the sunshine.

WMN 24/1/03. There was a comment on the EU finding that Lundy did not qualify as an island - with Paul R commenting on the transport costs that Lundy faces because it's an island. The Times 8/2/03 carried a NT "ad" for volunteers, with a pic of sheep on Lundy which volunteers might go over to count.



EU SELESS!

It's 12 miles offshore and surrounded by water.
But the cretins in landlocked Brussels
insist this is not an island.
Tell that to the locals

From the Daily Mail 24/1/03 (See Newspaper Trawl)

There was considerable coverage of the linked Marine Nature Reserve species decline and the NTZ: NDJ 20/2/03 on MNR & 25/7/02 & 13/2/03 on NTZ; the Gazette 24/7/02 & 12/3/03 NTZ (there's even more in the Internet Surf.) The Daily Telegraph 15/2/03 "Marine Mystery of Lundy's vanishing sealife."

The Daily Telegraph 13/7/02 TV & Radio Supplement featured Jonathan Edwards (whose father was priest in charge on Lundy in the '80s) as a Top Sports Star in "Sport Relief" on the cover portrait-collage of such stars. NDJ 17/4/03 JE unveiled a commemorative cairn to himself and his 1995 World-Record-Breaking leap, in Ilfracombe. He said, "I don't think anyone has ever done anything quite so nice for me."

NDJ 24/4/02 & WMN 18/6/02 both report on David Rampling's career as a falconer: he spent a year on Lundy (in 1993) & flies a hybrid peregrine/prairie falcon (among others) at the N Devon Bird of Prey Centre at the Milky Way near Clovelly.

Art Review's Supplement Dec 2002 "Power 100." rates Julla Peyton-Jones as no. 67 in the 100. She's made the Serpentine Gallery in London a key exhibition space, and remains nonetheless, a risk-taker. She is related to Donald Peyton-Jones, sometime priest in charge of Lundy.

In May 2003, the Sunday Times Magazine's "Relative Values" feature was about father and daughter Count Nikolai Tolstoy and Alexandra. Count Tolstoy's parents met on Lundy, and he used to bring over parties of prep-school boys to stay on the island.



Nikolai Tolstoy and daughter Alexandra. Sunday Times May 03
(see Newspaper Trail)

The Bideford Gazette advertised (Spring 2003) an astonishing house for sale on Lundy. "Devon Life" Spring 2003 had a nice column by Stuart Beer on the island with pic of the Landing Bay.

WMN 9/5/03. Lundy was mentioned as a part of the N Devon and Exmoor Walking Festival WMN 17/6/03 reviewed "Devon Moods" by photographer Lee Pengelly, who has had "studies accepted by the Landmark Trust." & allowed yr Ed the use of his photographs in Newsletter 31. WMN 10/6/03 yr Ed's favourite long-running Lundy family - the Fiennes, are still making headlines. From Major Richard Fiennes (mid 17th Century) to Sir Ranulph getting over a heart by-pass op "because he's fit" (all that Arctic exploring) "he's recovered quickly." And Ralph Fiennes is the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Brand" (Ibsen) this season.

Bid. Gazette 18/6/03 says the Waverley will only be seen "late this season, as she's been undergoing a £7,000,000 face-lift." The Westward Ho! Reporter for June 2003 carried a double-page Lundy spread with 20 colour pics.



LUNDY

Link detached house, modern property, 3 bedrooms, oil c/h, garden & garage

£575 pcm

From the Bideford Gazette, Spring 03
(see Newspaper Trail)

Kent on Sunday (free newspaper) 16/3/03 had an article from a journalist who stayed in Castle Cottage in mid-winter and loved it. Jeff Jenkins of Herme Bay sent yr Ed the cutting.

Lastly there are 2 undated pieces (and yr Ed does so rely on the press dating *everything*). The first was a magazine (not even named on each page) celebrating the Antiques Roadshow's 25th year, and having a pic of Tim Wonnacott, whose father, with various others, used regularly to visit Lundy in the late '50s and early '60s. "Culture" (Sunday Times), undated, ran a review of "Glimpses of the Wonderful: the life of Philip Henry Gosse" by Ann Thwaite, pub. Faber. The review is so full of such fascinating comments about PHG (did you know he invented the aquarium?) that yr Ed intends to buy the book. The pic we publish is the one John Dyke used in his publication of "Land & Sea" (or Sea & Land) in the Illustrated Lundy News.



From the Sunday Times magazine Culture, undated (see Newspaper Trawl)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR AND PERS COMM

["Pers Comm" is now permitted in scholarly texts to indicate that the information was given in conversation, or a similar less gravid way, than a full-blown MS - so yr Ed has borrowed it.]

No sooner were the last Newsletters in the hands of recipients, than **Paul Metcalfe** phoned to say that it was the South Light winch (NOT "the winch that Dave Davey used to haul up the Landing Stage" p11 LFS Newsletter No 32). He was sharply followed by **Myrtle Ternstrom**, who wrote to the same effect and reminded me that, "when the Hotel Manageress suffered a severe haemorrhage, Dr Ruddock was urgently sent for", and had to be hauled up the cable in the box used for South Light Stores (utterly forbidden by Trinity house), because landing in the bay was impossible. The story is told by Dr Gordon Brook (who accompanied Dr Ruddock), in a previous Newsletter. The third person to point out my error was **George McHale**, for many years a keeper at the South Light. it was the largest number of people ever to contact yr Ed about one subject: after this splendid start, do keep the ball rolling.

Two marvellous charity activities have been pointed out to yr Ed. **Paul Roberts** told me about the 10km charity run through the centre of London, which he'd entered for, on behalf of the Lundy Fund. So yr Ed sponsored him in this noble act, and he completed the run in 57 minutes, raising nearly £1400 for the Lundy Fund.

Ken Rodley told me about the Loughborough Students Union Hot Air Balloon Club, who aimed to fly from Lundy to the mainland in their hot air balloon. They raised over £5000, split equally between the ME Association, CLIC and the Lundy Fund.

Roger Chapple, yr Chairman, sent me a copy of Terry Sylvester's account of a record congregation at St Helens at a service organised in association with a visit to the island by the Waverley. The Rev Canon Roger Royle took the service and the church was packed to overflowing, and one of the congregation was heard to remark,

after the service, "if every service was like this I would be in church every week." The account is from "Paddle Wheels," the journal of the Paddle Steamer Preservation Society whose Membership Secretary is B Whitmore/PSPS, PO Box 365, Worcester WR3 7WH.

Peter Rothwell has sent me copies of the internet "handouts" of two resorts called Lundy and Lundy Lake in Nova Scotia and Sierra Nevada, California, respectively. I can see how Nova Scotia might have a Lundy name (Appledore for example has long connections with PEI) but California – anyone know anything more?

Alan Rowland sent me a nice piece of advertising for LFS sweatshirts:

Why you should own a Lundy Field Society Sweatshirt

This year is the 25th Anniversary of the South West Coastal Footpath. In celebration numerous events are taking place from May onwards. In my coastal parish of Morwenstow we held a celebratory walk on the coast path from the Cornwall/Devon border at Marsland to the southern parish boundary at Duckpool. The plan was to meet at Duckpool to be transported to Marsland so that we could walk the 7 miles back to our own cars.

I arrived at Duckpool car park at 10.30 on the 24th May dressed for the weather. It had showered slightly at 8am but stopped and began to brighten up. I decided to wear layers that I could remove and replace against the changeable weather. I wore a polo shirt, with a sweatshirt over and carried my Fleece Jacket in my back pack.

I walked over to the group waiting for the transport and was immediately addressed by an elderly man. He had spotted the logo on my sweatshirt.

"Ah, LFS," he said, "I used to be warden there 50 years ago!"

For the next 5 hours we were able to have frequent conversations and reminiscences of our experiences on Lundy. David Lea was a wonderful walking companion, extremely knowledgeable about all the wildlife and birds we saw, and his recollections from 1950 fascinating. Since Lundy, he had worked a long time for the RSPB and lived in the Orkneys amongst other places.

I particularly recall his forthright condemnation of the Lundy rat solution. He recalled fondly hand-feeding a half-tame black rat in the Old Light when he was resident warden in 1952.

I was able to repay his companionship by satisfying his long-term wish of visiting St Morwenna's well on Vicarage cliff.

And all because I chose to wear my LFS sweatshirt!

Vicki Loader sent yr Ed this account of her Lundy wedding:

And the bells rang after all ...

"Lundy, force four/five, east south-easterly" was the shipping forecast on BBC Radio Devon the morning of our wedding – Friday 13th September! Our 60 guests were safely tucked into their cottages, having arrived, rather "green around the gills", on the previous day. This morning they were waking up to see Lundy at its best – strong sunshine already warming the fields as they emerged to explore before the afternoon service.

We, meanwhile, had other things on our minds.

The south-easterlies meant that the boat carrying the photographer, six bellringers and the organist, would have trouble landing. The night before we had appealed on Radio Devon for a bigger craft, and we were stunned by the number of locals with generous offers of help. Anthony Glover and the 'Datchet' took up the challenge. That morning, whilst the bride was swept away on a tide of veils, flowers and anxious in-laws, the groom, stealing a few minutes peace and quiet on the cliffs overlooking the landing bay could see the drama unfolding below. As the 'Datchet' careered through

the swell towards the beach, the crew made one attempt after another to try to land, throwing the battle-grey craft at the wooden quay, before being beaten back, unsuccessful, to the West Side.

So why did we choose Lundy for our wedding? Besides sharing in the deep affection which everyone who stays there has for this peaceful haven, the island holds special personal memories for us. Warren, my husband, had proposed to me on Quarry Beach two years previously. We celebrated my startled "yes" with pasty and chips in the Marisco – hence our unusual choice of the same for our wedding breakfast. We could never have planned it without the help of so many fabulous "locals" – Marie on Lundy, Ann in Appledore, the Rev Richardson. They made every step exciting.

Back to the Day. Dressed and ready, my Dad, Michelle my bridesmaid and I were delivered to the church in the most exhilarating manner, careering down the track in a Landrover. We descended with a cloud of dust and a gust of wind which threw my veil vertically into the air. And what about the absent photographer, bellringers and organist, still circling the island in the 'Datchet'?... Well, Derek and Jenny grabbed their cameras, and Brian donned a suit and snatched up his flute to accompany the hymns. With the lilting flute, St Helena's packed with family and friends, and shafts of sunlight coming through the stained glass – it could not have been a more perfect moment. As we posed for photographs afterwards, the wind whipped the guests' smiles into laughter. Even when I got the unavoidable sheep muck on my dress it could not spoil the moment! And the church bells rang after all – two of our friends who were junior campanologists managed a simple peal sounding out across the fields and through the village.

What followed was a very emotional and wildly fun reception where the guests' growing affection for Lundy was firmly sealed – and a second round of photos and bell-ringing when the 'Datchet' finally made it to shore.

As we piled onto the Oldenburg for our journey back to the mainland there was an air of camaraderie aboard. People lent over the back, watching Lundy melt into the sunset. They had shared a special experience, in a unique place. No-one will forget it – many will be back.

From Dave Preece

Can I take this opportunity to say a big thank you to all the friends and colleagues who expressed their concern about my well being and general health during my conservation holiday in May 2003. Special mention to Sandra (caravan two), Megan, Rod, Reg and Tony for their help, tolerance and understanding of a stubborn Brummie.

After returning from Lundy I was hospitalised early June with vasculitis, a kidney complaint which had left me working on 10-15% kidney capacity. Luckily I was diagnosed in time and I'm now on the pills and monitored frequently, with greatly improved health.

Again thank you all for your kind thoughts, cards and phone calls etc.

From Gay Wallis

On May 22nd 2003, the Nunn family gathered at the Red Lion, Clovelly, from all over the country to fulfil the terms of their father's will. John/Josh, or most commonly Fardy, wished that his and his wife Madge's ashes should be "scattered in the graveyard on Lundy" and he had left a sum of money "to be spent in connection with family and friends attending the small and joyful ceremony on the Island".

We had agreed that a small fishing boat would be more in keeping with our many Easter journeys to Lundy since 1959, but finding a date that everyone could manage, when Clive the boatman was also able to carry us, was far from easy, but all was set for Friday 23rd May. It was a good month later than our annual pilgrimages had been when we were all younger so there should be no problem with the crossing. We were

to go for the day and planned to hold our celebration at the Red Lion on the Friday evening when those who were not making the pilgrimage could join us.

The weather was distinctly unsuitable-looking on Thursday evening when we met and the *Oldenburg* had already been turned back twice that week. Next day it was certainly no better, and when we met Clive in the harbour, he was making unhappy noises from the start. He made a lot of grim remarks about his licence and "if anything went wrong". He agreed to try on the proviso that if he felt it was unsafe, the decision not to continue would be his.

So at 9.30 am the Nunns set sail for Lundy complete with two caskets of ashes. There were the eldest daughter Gay Wallis, her husband Bob and daughter Jenny; Tom Nunn; the Rev. Alice Nunn; Miriam Farr, her husband Ric, son Tommy and daughter Phoebe; and Bill Nunn and two boatmen. The boat was licensed to carry 10 passengers, so the rest of the party stayed on shore - lucky things! This is the point where you can tell that this account was written by Gay, the only member of the party to succumb to seasickness. I was sick enough for all the rest!

How glad I was when Clive made the decision not to make the crossing, but the problem of our purpose remained. Tom and Bill were Fardy's executors and they suggested and we all agreed that, as our past voyages to Lundy had often been problematical, it would be in the spirit of Fardy's request to scatter the ashes in the sea off Hartland Point. Clive was happy to sail along the coast for a while. (I was not!)

Off Hartland, Alice said her priestly bit and the ashes were scattered, but mostly blew back onto the scatterers. I was sick! Then, with the poor little boat plunging up and down in the seas, Clive braced himself and blew the Last Post on his bugle. How he managed to stand firm enough I can't think. One thing I do know is that Fardy would have richly enjoyed the whole affair: the seas, the bugler, the family - both the hearty and the sensitive. He would also have appreciated the true Lundy send-off ... All The Bloody Best!

The boat carried us back to near Clovelly where I dimly heard the boatman say, "Shall I drop her off?" What - overboard? He pulled in for me to disembark, but the rest of the gluttons for punishment sailed on eastwards for a pleasure trip - it was only a short one I noticed as I sipped my medicinal brandy (Mum's cure for seasickness on the way to Lundy) in the bar. They all trooped in before I was restored.

We assembled that evening for a wonderful meal in the Red Lion with the non-sailors; Bill's wife Della, Jenny's partner Cookie and Mum's brother John Swain and his wife Phyl, very much in the spirit of a Nunn celebration. Dad's bequest just covered it! We felt he and Mum were probably laughing.

Alan Rowland passed on to me the Lundy section from what looks like a nice little book on North Devon, "This Part of Devon" by Harold Lockyear (some time vicar of Hartland), drawings by Jack Faulks. Polypress Ltd, Bideford c1968; and AR also gave me the following background to the climbing film, shown at the 2002 AGM:

Climbing on Lundy

Members present at the 56th AGM at Exeter in March 2002 will have had the opportunity to view a film of climbing on Lundy. The original 8mm film had been transferred to video but was entirely without any sort of audio prompts.

Limited (only by speed of film and slowness of memory) commentary was supplied by the audience. This was mainly confined to the effect that the original film was shot "in the 1960s" and showed John Earl climbing on Lundy in the company of Rear Admiral Keith M Lawder.

At the time I found it difficult to trace the provenance of the film, but on returning home, I perused my growing collection of publications about Lundy some of which contain references to Lundy climbing.

from "A Climber in the West Country" by E C Byatt

Looking back it is difficult to appreciate why we did not go there [Lundy] much earlier to look at the climbing. Keith Lawder and I had been exploring the opposite coast of the mainland for several years, always seeing Lundy away across the sea and in fact using it for weather forecasting in accordance with the ancient rhyme.

Lundy plain, sign of rain: Lundy high, sign of dry; Lundy low, sign of snow.

The western outline, steep as it is, did not promise anything better than we had at hand. How wrong we were! I am not sure what tipped the scales, probably when we read that the island is mostly granite. So, at length, in 1960 we became day trippers on our first visit. Among the first off the boat and ignoring the minor aspects of the scenery, over which we lingered in later years, we tore off to cover as much ground as possible. We found fine granite sea cliffs on the west coast. At first like those of West Penwith, then some even bigger, and finally others higher even than our favourite crags at Morwenstow. Our plan was to use slightly more than half the time for the journey north, thus leaving in theory ample time for return. Something went wrong and we finished the last mile at a jog-trot, spurred on by the steamer hooting for stragglers, and dashing down the steep road we were just in time to join the last boatload. A new climbing ground had been discovered!

One June morning the following year the *Lundy Gannet* sailed from Bideford with what we thought was the first climbing reconnaissance party to visit the island. Later, inevitably it would seem, we found that Tom Longstaff had been already, as long ago as the 1890s in fact, then again in 1903 and 1927. Our group consisted of Keith Lawder, the notable West Country climber, his brother Pat and myself – all members of the Climbers' Club, with C F Keys, J Logan and R Shaw from the Outward Bound School at Ashburton, the first, at that time, in charge of the School, the other two were instructors there, and our shock troops for the present campaign. The owner of the island, Mr A P Harman, was also aboard and when we reached the anchorage he set off a signal rocket as a formal welcome to our party. As well as looking closely at the possibilities everywhere we concentrated on the major isolated pinnacles which, by climbing tradition, were the first obvious objectives. The Constable, which Longstaff says he could not do, was climbed on the short side, VS, by Shaw and Logan using two pitons; the longer sides still await the climber. The same two also needed pitons to reach the top of the Devil's Chimney, VS, where the gulls usually hold council sitting in rows on the topmost block. Here a complex access problem had first to be solved on the steep cliff of mixed grass and rock behind. The Needle Rock gave a somewhat easier climb, VD, to Keith Lawder and myself, once again with complicated access down the main cliff.

Climbs were made on the north face of St James's Stone and on Goat Island, both of which gave problems similar to those of West Penwith. By Gannet Rock we scrambled down the main cliff to a point only fifty ft above the sea, but the tide prevented any attempt being made to reach the rock on this occasion. We learned subsequently that Longstaff had been there by boat, a later



"Climbing on Lundy": the Constable (from Peter Rothwell's "Lundy Sketchbook"), "which Longstaff said he could not do".

party found it to be accessible over the boulders exposed at low tide. There would seem to be some useful climbs. On this first visit, however, Shaw and Logan made a fine route, VS, on the main cliff here which we called Gannet's Buttress. The longest climb of the holiday was the great slab of the Devil's Slide 400ft VD. We could not solve the problem of reaching the foot by traversing from a climbing-way-down, so Keith Lawder and Logan abseiled down from a point on the edge about halfway down. We had several times noticed how the goats (unroped) skipped across the top of the slab from right to left below the final vertical wall. When the climbers (roped) reached this they had the utmost difficulty in utilising the holds on this section, so that everyone acquired a great respect for caprine cragmanship.

In later years several climbing parties have visited the island and fine climbing has been done below the Old Battery (seven routes of 120-200 ft), in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Slade and at two places on the east coast. Considerable possibilities remain. It is particularly interesting to look forward to a coastering traverse of the base of the cliffs: this would take several weeks of entertaining climbing to develop and would be a worthy project. Because of their accessibility from a central base the cliffs of an island are particularly suitable for this sort of thing.

As a climbing centre Lundy has an atmosphere of its own – the rock is excellent, the feeling of pioneering is very real and the hours at the Inn very accommodating.

Tony Cutler and **Myrtle Ternstrom** both met John Marris on Lundy, and have written telling me about him. He descends from Wm. de Marisco, and has researched his genealogical history, and claims he has successfully traced his ancestry in direct line of descent. John M lives in New Zealand. (Ngaiio Marsh, the detective novelist, was also a New Zealander and also claimed descent from the de Mariscos.)

Derek Cheesbrough let me have some extremely interesting archival material about Kohima – not directly about John Harman, but filling in the detail about the campaign. Particularly interesting to me was the translation of the Kohima recollections of a Japanese Captain, Shosaku Kameyama. He appears (to my surprise/prejudice?) as a thoroughly decent man.

In October 2002 the NDJ ran a headline "Go and enjoy an Island Fling. Buy Lundy for just £60." This was an ad for Devon Monopoly. I intended to buy one, but I never found a set: does any member know where I can get one? [Kate Cole, LFS Committee Member, tells me she and her father, Peter Cole, (yr Hon Sec for many years) made up just such a game when they had wet days on holiday over here.]

Miles Taylor writes to me that he is compiling a sort of Lundy "scrapbook" filled with all kinds of information, "snippets, interesting facts, Lundy inspirational, the Celtic entity, Pirates, Smugglers, puffins," and some of his own poems and illustrations. He says, "it does not contain much that is original, but is a great deal of information about Lundy in one place, which I hope to eventually present to Lundy to be used there for reference by visitors."

MARISCO: A TALE OF LUNDY

William Crossing

From *Doige's Western Counties Illustrated Annual* Cont. from Newsletter 32

IV – Barnard Gamley

On quitting the hall Jayvalt rapidly makes his way towards the gate, and telling the sentinel who is posted there that the two men who have been appointed to relieve those keeping guard near the landing-place are coming, and that he wishes to accom-

pany them as it may be the last time that he will see them at their posts, is allowed to pass out. Very speedily he is lost in the darkness, and when he knows that the sentinel can no longer hear his footsteps he quickens his pace to a run. But he does not descend to the beach. A short distance from the castle stands the little oratory of St Anne, and it is towards this that he sets his face. In a few minutes he reaches it, and entering feels his way by the wall to a deep recess, from which he brings forth a couple of torches that have been concealed there, and is about to quit the building when the sound of someone swiftly approaching falls upon his ear. He has hardly time to draw back within the doorway when Lambert passes at a run. But he cannot see the boy, and is at a loss to conceive who can be abroad at such an hour, and why they should be speeding so fast. Again he ventures forth, and proceeds with almost feverish haste to light one of the torches. But the sparks from the flint fall wide of their mark, and as the minutes pass and he cannot accomplish his object, he begins to feel that his errand will prove fruitless. He strikes desperately as he remembers what may perhaps hang upon a single moment, and it is with a feeling of intense relief that he at length sees the flame burst forth. He holds the lighted torch above his head, waving it in a peculiar manner, and almost immediately the signal is answered from the Round Tower. As he sees the flames leap up towards the dark sky he dashes the torch to the ground, and stamps upon it that its glare may not betray him. At that moment the trampling of many feet is heard. It is Bertrand Avenal and Hugo Fleming with the archers on their way to the tower. Jayvalt crouches by the wall of the oratory till they have passed, and then leaving its shelter sets out rapidly across the down.

When Barnard Gamley sees the beacon fire blaze above his head, he tears up the steps of the tower like a madman, forgetful for the moment that it is impossible for him to reach the summit. But the yawning breach, now clearly revealed by the light of the flaming faggots, checks him, and he can only stand and look up at the man whom he knows to be endeavouring to bring about the

destruction of Marisco together with all upon the island, and curse the impediments that prevent his reaching him. But it is not long that he is destined to feel his impotence. Loud shouts announce the arrival of the aid he has sent for, and rushing down the steps, and almost throwing himself from the doorway of the tower to the ground, he is met by Avenal and his companions.

A few words suffice to bring them acquainted with what has occurred, and to unfold the plan of action upon which Barnard has decided. With all speed the men set about the execution of his commands, and in obedience to these a quantity of heather is cut and carried to the tower and thrown through the great breach in the wall of the stairway into the shaft. Then an old hut that stands near by is quickly demolished, and the ship timbers of which it was built are also taken to the tower and heaped upon the heather. The barrel of pitch that Bertrand Avenal has brought is then hoisted up to the doorway, and being conveyed to the breach is rolled on to the pile of timber.



Gannett Rock (from PR's 'Lundy Sketchbook') near which Maude de Marisco, drowned, (and which Longstaff did climb).

"You sent for twine and ropes," says Avenal: "they are here."

"They will not be needed now," returns Barnard. "Had Bryder not lighted the fire I should have sent a string through the shaft by means of an arrow, so that we might have drawn a rope to the top by which he could have descended. As it is he will have to come down in another manner."

All this while the beacon fire is roaring and crackling above them, and showers of sparks fall around the tower and into the shaft. On the narrow ledge, and only a few feet from the flames, stands Leyman Bryder, looking down at the preparations beneath, and the light falling full upon him shows that his face wears a mocking smile.

"Let an archer stand in the breach," cried Barnard.

A man steps forward and fits an arrow to his bow. Barnard tells him to look upward.

"Do you see Bryder?" he asks.

"I do," replies the man.

"Can you make sure of hitting him with your first arrow?"

"I never miss my mark."

Bryder sees the archer peering up the shaft, but deems it well nigh impossible that a man can shoot with any certainty of hitting him in such circumstances.

"So you have brought your skillful bowmen, Barnard Gamley," he cries tauntingly, "but if I mistake not you will find that his errand will prove useless. There is not an archer to be found anywhere in England that could aim true through such a hole as this, and I am very sure there is none such on Lundy."

"You may alter your opinion as to that," replies Barnard; "he is about to give you a proof of his skill."

"Do not think to frighten me," returns Leyman Bryder, standing on the verge of the ledge, as though in contempt of those below: "you will never force me to surrender. It will be you who will have to yield yourselves prisoners ere long, and when you do so you will receive as much mercy from me as I crave of you now."

Barnard turns to the bowman.

"Are you ready?" he asks.

"I am."

"Then shoot when you get the signal."

"What is the signal?" asks the bowman.

"Keep your eye fixed upon the man on the tower," cries Barnard fiercely. "When the shaft is so filled with smoke that you are in danger of losing sight of him, then loose your arrow."

He snatches a lighted torch from the hand of Hugo Fleming, and flings it upon the combustibles they have heaped together.

A crackling noise is heard, and speedily great tongues of fire lick the walls of the shaft. The barrel of pitch bursts asunder, and the deep pit becomes a roaring furnace. At that moment the archer draws the bow-string to his ear, and the arrow speeds upon its flight.

A shriek, so loud that even the dreadful din does not drown it, rings for an instant through the tower, and a heavy body falls into the flames.

"I have kept my word," says Barnard.



A modern general view showing where Henry II's invasion troop led by the Templar, Bernard Tyrrel, landed.

V -- The Traitor

Not far from the Castle of Marisco is a great subterranean chamber known as the Seal Cave, into which the sea penetrates through a narrow vaulted passage, and it was to this that Stephen Jayvalt made his way on leaving the oratory. The cave, which is about half-a-mile from the landing-place and on the other side of the island, may be approached in calm weather by a boat, but only with much difficulty from the land, except by those well acquainted with the locality. That Jayvalt had made himself familiar with the rugged way is evident from the comparative ease with which, notwithstanding the darkness, he descends to the entrance to the passage. Arrived here he pauses and listens, but no sound strikes upon his ear, except that made by the lazy surge as it falls backward from the rocks, or by the seals in the great cavern. Silently he waits, peering out into the darkness, but sees only the white foam at his feet.

A cry resembling that of a sea-bird is heard, and a moment later is repeated. Turning quickly Jayvalt gropes his way along a narrow ledge that runs on one side of the passage a foot or two above the water that rolls through it. In a few moments he procures a light, and speedily the torch he has brought with him is flaming brightly. Its glare cannot be seen from the island, but those for whom it is intended as a signal are on the sea, and to them it is plainly visible. Guided by the blaze, four large boats, impelled by oars working in padded rowlocks, and each containing a number of armed men, approach the shore, and presently the foremost one touches the rocky platform in front of the entrance to the cavern. Quietly the men land, one of them, by the direction of the leader, making his way into the passage to take the torch from Jayvalt, who on being relieved of it hastens to where the men are standing.

"Where is Baldwin Tyrrel?" he asks of the leader.

"He is in the last boat," is the reply. "He will see that they all reach the shore before he lands."

The second boat has now touched the rocks, and when the men have left it the third approaches, and then the last. In the stern is Baldwin Tyrrel, one of the Templars who claim the lordship of the island. He rises when the bow grates against the rocks, and leaping upon them is followed by the men. Giving orders that two shall remain in each boat, he turns to Jayvalt, who has pressed through the crowd to meet him.

"This is well," he says; "our plan prospers. The men were in readiness in the boats when the beacon fire was kindled, and not a moment has been lost. We have but to strike sharply now, and our blow will be effective."

"And the ships?" asks Jayvalt.

"They made for the bay when the light went up, and by this time I doubt not their presence is known to Marisco, for the blaze must have alarmed the whole island. They should draw the pirates there, and if so our project cannot fail."

"It will not," says Jayvalt. "Our numbers are far in excess of the force that Marisco can muster. The island is ours."

"And what is your plan?"

"We must hasten to the castle," Jayvalt replies, "and lie in wait for the Islanders when they return from the beach, after having driven off the ships. You have so ordered it that the vessels shall withdraw as though beaten?"

"I have," answers Tyrrel.

"That is well; it would be useless to attempt a landing in the face of the enemy. Our purpose will be served by having withdrawn the men from the castle."

"But why need we lay in ambush for them. Can we not take the castle during their absence?"

"It is strongly fortified," answers Jayvalt, "and it is certain that a sufficient force will have been left to defend it, if we attack it openly we should soon have the men from the beach in our rear, and be between two fires."

"What then do you propose?"

"We must make our way through the darkness in silence, and conceal ourselves in the ditch near the gate. This is defended by outlying forest, but I can lead our men by a path that will avoid them, though as it passes near to one the slightest sound will betray us. Let each man be warned. They will have to follow me singly till we reach the down, for the steep path by the crags will permit only of this."

"I will station myself at the foot of it," says Tyrrel, "and warn them as they pass me. But when we reach the ditch?"

"We can only do this," answers Jayvalt. "We must wait until the men from the beach arrive, when the gate will be opened to admit them. As they are passing in we must throw ourselves upon them and endeavour to seize it, and if we are sudden in our onslaught this should be easy."

"But is we fail?"

"In that case, finding the gate closed against us, we shall have to encounter those without in open combat. As we number three men for each one of the enemy, the victory must lie with us. Then we should have to besiege the castle, but I cannot promise you when it would be taken."

"I do not like the scheme too well," says Tyrrel.

"It is the best I could devise. There is no postern to the castle, and no part of the walls left unguarded, or I would have tried to find a means of gaining admittance by some other way than by the gate. As it is that must be our point. Let the man who imitated the sea-bird's cry in the boat follow next to me. When the moment for attack arrives I will see that he repeats it, and then let every man rush to the gate."

This plan of action having been decided upon, Jayvalt leads the way to the foot of the path that climbs between the crags to the down. The ascent takes a considerable time, for the difficulties of the way are greatly increased by the darkness, but at length the men reach the top and stand upon the turf. Enjoining silence, Jayvalt goes forward, and presently reaches the ditch that protects the wall on that side where it is not carried along the verge of the cliffs, and bidding the man behind him pass the word for all to drop upon their knees, creeps towards a gap in the side of the trench. Here the earth that has fallen inward forms a mound by means of which it is easy to descend, and presently the men are hidden within it. A few yards off is the castle wall, which dark though the night be, is yet discernible, and Jayvalt hesitates to proceed lest the movements of the troop should betray them to the men on guard. At length, having satisfied himself that their discovery is unlikely, he moves slowly and silently onward until he reaches the corner where the wall turns towards the gate. Here he again halts, but finding the way clear, resumes his stealthy progress, the men following him as silently as shadows. But no sooner is the corner passed than distant shouts are heard, and the sounds of the trampling of many feet fall upon their ears. Marisco and a part of his band are returning from the beach, and Jayvalt knows that the moment when he must strike is approaching.

The gate of the Castle of Marisco was not reached by a draw-bridge, there being no ditch immediately in front of it. This ran nearly up to it on one side, and recommenced just beyond, leaving a narrow roadway as a means of reaching the entrance. It is towards this point, where the ends of the trench form an easy slope, that Jayvalt and the troopers make their way, and having reached it they find themselves within a few yards of the gate. At a short distance from them are two small forts forming part of the outworks, and from the direction of these a number of men are heard approaching. To his dismay Jayvalt sees that some of them carry lighted torches. Thinking discovery inevitable, he is on the point of giving the signal for the men to rush from the ditch that they may not be taken at a disadvantage within it, when the first party, headed by William de Marisco, draws near. The men with the torches belong to another band not yet arrived at the outworks, and the castle walls are still in darkness.



Ken Rodley's pics of the Lundy Hot Air Balloon Challenge. (see Editorial)



Marisco with his small force advances to the gate, and the password being given, this is thrown open. At that moment the shrill cry of a sea-bird strikes upon their startled ears, and the next a strong body of the followers of the Templar is upon them.

At the first sounds of the conflict the band of men near the two outlying forts hurry forward, and speedily the battle rages furiously. As Stephen Jayvalt had expected, a number of the troopers are able to reach the gate before it can be closed against them, and the conflict is waged both within the castle yard and without it. Marisco's men fight desperately, and notwithstanding that they are so greatly outnumbered, the battle appears at first to go in their favour. But gradually the followers of Baldwin Tyrrel gain the ascendancy, and the islanders outside the gate are scattered, while those within are beaten back towards the great hall, behind which rises the lofty keep. Above the clash of steel is heard the voice of Mariseo cheering his men, while with a huge two-handed broadsword he keeps his enemies at bay. Presently the glare of torches lights up the scene, and the horrors of the conflict are revealed. Men, dead or dying, lie upon the ground, now soaked with gore, while over them clash the weapons of the combatants. Each fights for his life, giving and expecting no quarter, one for the glory of victory, the other to defend his island home. The sickening sound of the heavy mace as it descends upon some unprotected head, the rattle of spears, the ringing of gleaming blades, comes from every corner of the courtyard, and groans and cries of agony mingle with exultant shouts.

Conspicuous in the warring crowd, and fighting near their lord, are Barnard Gamley, Hugo Fleming and Bertrand Avenel, and on the side of the enemy the Templar, Baldwin Tyrrel, but Stephen Jayvalt is nowhere to be seen. On passing into the courtyard with the attacking party, he had immediately separated himself from the combatants, and aided by the darkness made his way unobserved to that part of the castle where the apartments occupied by the old steward, Peter Lanyon, were situated. Entering without noise, he steals along the passage leading to the great hall, now lighted only by a solitary lamp, Lanyon having extinguished the flambeaux immediately the castle was attacked. The sound of voices comes through the partly open door, and Jayvalt pauses and listens.

"So not remain here, my lady, I pray of you; let me lead you to your apartments. You will be safer there."

"Nay, Rachel, I am safe here. I have no fear that the enemy will vanquish our people. In this hall I am near to my father, and here I will wait until he returns victorious."

It is the voice of Maude de Marisco, and as the last word falls from her lips Jayvalt knocks at the door.

"I crave admittance," he says, as Rachel throws it open. "I have urgent business with your mistress."

"Stand back, Stephen Jayvalt!" cries Maude. "You must not enter here. Never yet has the hall of the Mariscos been knowingly opened to a traitor."

"A traitor?" exclaims Jayvalt. "What mystery is this? But it shall speedily be cleared up. Do you leave us, good dame," he continues, turning to Rachel, and advancing a few steps: "what I would say is for your mistress's ear alone."

"Remain with me, Rachel," says Maude quietly.

"I regret to have to interfere with your orders, but it cannot be. Let her wait without."

Rachel reluctantly leaves the hall, and Jayvalt closes the door.

"How greatly you mistake me," he says, going towards the great window in the deep embrasure of which Maude is standing; "I am anxious for your safety."

"Leave me in peace," she replies. "I trust to my father for protection."

"Mariseo cannot help you. The Templars, aided by the troopers of the king, have attacked the island, and greatly outnumber your father's followers. There is no doubt as to the issue of the conflict; Lundy will be taken, and it is for that reason that I am here. I would save you."

"Save me? And from whom? If your story be true, and numbers should indeed prevail over the bravery of my people, what manner of men are the victors that women should fear them? Are those who fight under the banner of the Templars lost to shame? One there may be among them so vile as to betray those who have befriended him, but they are not all as you, Stephen Jayvalt."

"Betray you? Nay, I am your friend. Aye, and I would be more to you. Had fate so ordered it, and I had been landed on the coast of Devon as was intended, I should have left my heart in Lundy."

"Silence, traitor; you insult me. Leave the hall instantly, or I will summon aid."

"Why do you spurn me? I repeat I am your friend."

"My friend? You say you are my friend? Then let this be the proof. Draw your sword, and hasten to the courtyard; there take your stand beside Marisco, and fight with him against our foes. Help to repel the enemy who would snatch from us our home; be ready to spill your blood in our cause. Do this, and I will believe that you are my friend."

"I cannot fight against King Henry," replies Jayvalt; "but that does not prove me to be a traitor to Marisco."

"No further proof is needed; your infamy is known. Stand aside. Since you will not quit my presence as I have commanded you, I will leave yours."

She moves towards the door, but Jayvalt places himself in front of her.

"Stay one moment," he says. "Why do you call me a traitor? Who has dared to accuse me of being so?"

The door is suddenly thrown open, and Lambert appears.

"I have said so," explains the boy.

"And what is the word of a stripling worth?" asks Jayvalt sneeringly.

"As much as the word of most men; more than that of some," returns Lambert. "And his eyes are worth something too. They were sharp enough to discover the difference between a tuft of moss and Leyman Bryder."

Jayvalt starts, and a look of alarm spreads over his face.

"You saucy boy," he cries; "you shall be chastised for your insolence."

"It were hard to compare them now though," continues Lambert, not heeding him. "For one cinder is pretty much like another."

"What do you mean?" demands Jayvalt, trembling with rage.

"I mean that before you could match Bryder with a tuft of moss you would have to be sure which of the charred lumps lying at the bottom of the Round Tower represents his ugly carcase. But I am come for my mistress Maude; Rachel Lanyon bade me fetch her."

"The lady is not ready attend you," says Jayvalt hastily. "Leave us, you young dog or I will chastise you."

"Not while I can handle a sword," replies Lambert, snatching one of the weapons that hang upon the walls. "Do you leave the hall, mistress; I will see that you are not followed."

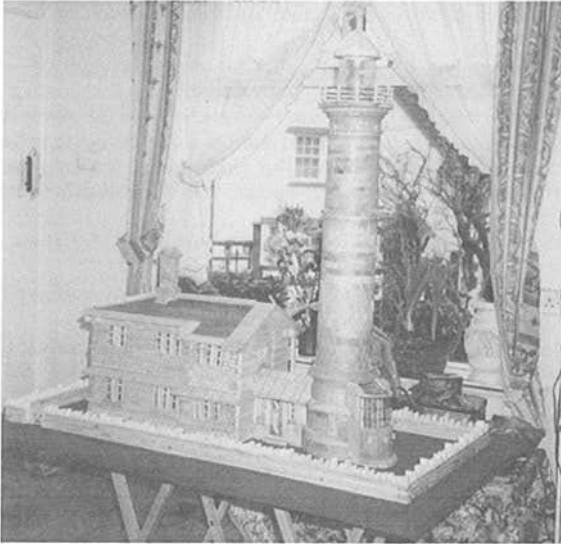
"Pshaw!" exclaims Jayvalt; "a flogging would most befit you. I cannot fight with a boy."

"Then fight with me!"

The words are uttered by a man who, dashing through the doorway, confronts Jayvalt with his drawn sword. It is Barnard Gamley.

Their blades cross, and a sharp ring of steel echoes through the hall, and is clearly heard above the din of the strife without. But the combat is of short duration. Though an experienced swordsman, Jayvalt is no match for the islander. The heavy strokes of Barnard, who is filled with fury at the sight of the traitor, break down his opponent's guard. Stephen Jayvalt yields foot by foot, his blanched face betraying his fear and doubt of victory. More than once he glances anxiously towards the door, as

though in hope of succour. But it comes not, and soon despair is marked upon his visage. Barnard, with a determined look, and jaw firmly set, presses him closely. Presently the islander's blade is lifted above his head; it gleams for an instant in the air, and then descends with the rapidity of the lightning flash. There is a heavy thud, and Stephen Jayvalt falls dead upon the floor of the hall.



*The Old Light, Lundy Island (Scale 1:72) - made by R I Barnes
June 2001/July 2002 - Estimated hours 10264
All Free Standing*

VI - The Templar

Maude de Marisco had made her escape along the stone passage immediately Barnard appeared, and followed by Lambert had hastened to her apartments, where Rachel was tearfully awaiting her, and here they were speedily joined by old Peter Lanyon. The boy returned to the hall, anxious to witness the fight, although he was in no doubt about the result. When Jayvalt fell he uttered a cry of triumph.

Barnard Gamley wipes his sword upon the doublet of his slain foe.

"There is other work for this good steel to do," he says, "and it is not fit that the blood of a traitor should mingle with that of other men. Go again to your mistress, boy, and cheer her if you can. I must hasten to Marisco with the tidings that she is safe; it was to learn how it fared with her that I came hither."

"I would you could serve all our enemies as you have served him," says Lambert.

"I fear we cannot hope to vanquish them," returns Barnard, "for this traitor has succeeded in landing on the island a force that greatly outnumbers our small band. But though we lose the victory we have not been cheated of our revenge. Hark! I no longer hear the sounds of conflict. The battle is over."

He strides towards the door, but ere he can pass out into the passage is met by Marisco. Behind the chieftain is Baldwin Tyrrel, while several troopers bring up the rear. Barnard raises his sword, and stands on the defensive.

"Sheath your blade, my faithful follower," says Marisco. "It is vain to seek to overcome the powerful force that has been brought against us; we must submit."

"I will never submit to man," cries Barnard. "If fate wills it I will die, but will not yield."

"I know your courage and bravery," returns Marisco, "and that whenever I have commanded, no matter with what difficulties you were faced, you have obeyed. I ask for your obedience once more. To have continued the fight against such odds would have been folly, nay worse, a crime. Had I refused to submit I might have died as I could wish, by the sword, but all upon the island would have perished with me."

"Surely that were better than yielding to the foe," says Barnard.

"Ah, my good follower, you know not what you say. In the conflict I set my foot upon a spot wet with blood, and fell. Opposed to me was the leader of our foes" – and Marisco extends his hand towards Baldwin Tyrrel – "and while I was at his mercy he offered to spare all upon the island if I would yield myself a prisoner."

"And you consented, Marisco?" asks Barnard. His voice is husky, and he looks into his chieftain's face with a bewildered air.

"I could do no other. Refusal meant death to all. I therefore ask you to throw down your sword."

"It would surely seem that I have no further use for it," says Barnard mournfully, "yet I refuse to obey you. I cannot recognise as a leader a man who would purchase his life as you have done."

"Ah, Barnard, how you wrong me. I have not bought my life. I have given it for those among whom it has been spent. Better face that the executioner should receive me as a victim than that my people of Lundy should perish."

"The executioner!" cries Barnard.

"Let me speak," says Baldwin Tyrrel, coming forward. "As a Templar I claim a right to share in the lordship of this island, which was given to our order long years ago. Having subdued it my end is accomplished, but I owe a duty to King Henry. He has commissioned me to seize Lundy, and to spare none who raise their hands against his troopers, but to pardon all who submit except William de Marisco."

"And have any submitted?" demands Barnard.

"Our people have laid down their arms at my command," answers Marisco. "Could I suffer my followers to be slain when defeat was certain?"

"And do you command me to do this?"

"I have given my word that all shall make submission."

"Then if I now raise my hand against any on the side of the Templars the pledge will be broken?"

"It will."

"Since your word has been given, Marisco, I will do what you bid me," says Barnard. "But it is fortunate that you did not come sooner to bind me, for I could not then have obeyed you."

"I know not what you would say; you would tell me --"

"That Stephen Jayvalt should not escape my vengeance had I to break a thousand pledges," cries Barnard.

"Stephen Jayvalt!" exclaims Tyrrel. "Where is he?"

"Here!" shouts the islander, seizing a torch from one of the men who accompanies the Templar, and letting its glare fall upon the spot where the dead man lies at the further end of the hall. "Here is the traitor!"

"Who has slain him?" demands Tyrrel. "Tell me, and I will have him flung from the battlements on to the rocks below."

"Here is the sword that cut him down, and here the hand that wielded it," cries Barnard, waving his blade above his head.

"Seize him!" shouts Tyrrel to his men.

"Stand back!" thunders the islander, as several of the troopers advance towards him. "Templar, withdraw your men, or I break Marisco's pledge."

"Call away your men. Baldwin Tyrrel," says Marisco. "Our compact makes peace with all."

"True; I was hasty," replies Tyrrel. And he orders the troopers to fall back.

"I put up my sword," says Barnard, placing it in his belt: "it has served me well in many a combat on the sea, but never better than in this fight on Lundy."

"How came Jayvalt in the hall?" asks Tyrrel.

"Here is one who can answer you," replies Barnard.

There is a slight commotion among the troopers gathered near the door. They fall back on either side as Maude enters hastily, and springing towards Marisco, flings her arms around his neck.

"My father and my king," she exclaims, looking affectionately into his face.

"Alas, Maude, I am no longer a king," returns Marisco.

"They have told me all," she says, "but to me you are still as ever you were. Though vanquished by our foes you are yet a conqueror, and a greater one even than you would have been had you gained the victory over them. You have conquered yourself: in the fierce struggle within you have obtained the mastery."

Baldwin Tyrrel signs to the troopers and they leave the hall.

"Fair lady," he says, addressing Maude. "the fortune of war has gone against your father, and at daybreak he will depart from the island. But until that hour arrives he is still the lord of this castle, and his commands shall be obeyed. I will leave you now, for I doubt not you would be alone."

"I thank you," replies Maude, "but I desire no favour from you, since it is not to the fortune of war that my father owes his defeat, but to treachery."

"It was King Henry's command that Lundy should be taken," returns Tyrrel: "and to effect a landing it became necessary to scheme."

"Call it what you will, it is none the less an act of the basest treachery."

"How!" cries Tyrrel.

"And do you ask me how? Is not the man who betrays those who have befriended him the vilest of all traitors?"

"I do not understand you."

"I speak of Stephen Jayvalt."

"Still I know not what you mean. Stephen Jayvalt was sent hither some two weeks ago, together with an attendant, for the purpose of spying out the land. His boat was furnished with provisions, and he was instructed to remain concealed in one of the caves on the island, and to stir abroad only by night. At a certain time he was to signal to our ships by means of a beacon fire, and guide to a part of the shore which we had discovered could be reached by boats, a strong body of troopers. Was this an act of treachery? Is it dishonourable to use such means of effecting a purpose in war? Let Marisco speak."

"But the work was not so accomplished," says the fallen chieftain.

"Tell me then what has passed."

"It can avail nothing now," says Marisco mournfully, "but since you wish it you shall hear why we speak of our defeat being due to treachery. Jayvalt and his attendant, Leyman Bryder, were washed ashore in a small boat, having put off from a sinking vessel, as they said. We received them as shipwrecked strangers, and Jayvalt became my guest. How ill has he requited my hospitality."

"Had I known this," cries Tyrrel, "I would have slain him with my own hand. I looked upon him as a man of courage, willing to undertake the risk that always attends the spy, but what you tell me shows him to have been a villain."

"Then if by villainy we have suffered defeat," says Maude, "is it fitting that my father should be carried away captive from his home? Will you use the advantage the act of a traitor has given you? Oh, Templar, you belong to an order than which none can be more honourable. The duty you have taken upon you is to protect the pilgrims on

their way to the Holy Sepulchre; to keep free the roads that lead to the city on which the eyes of Christendom are fixed; you are a soldier of the Cross, and fight in a cause whose foundations are eternal. To-night your hand has helped to gain a victory built on perfidy. Unless you relinquish its fruits can that hand ever again wield the Templar's sword? It were a mockery should it do so. Which will you choose? Will you forego your conquest of Lundy, and again go forth to fight under the red cross banner, or will you cast away the glory that this shall bring you for the poor fame of a battle won in dishonour? Be true to your order. Templar, I ask you for my father's life."

"Fair lady," says Baldwin Tyrrel, "were this but a Templar's victory you should not entreat in vain. But it is King Henry's, and I must do his bidding."

"The King the Templar fights for is higher than he," she says.

"It grieves me much to refuse you, but duty compels it," returns Baldwin.

"Pause ere you take my father hence," Maude continues. "Think what you would do. Not only will you rob me of a parent, but the people of our little realm of a chief they honour. In happiness have we dwelt together, bound by ties stronger than any that exist in a larger kingdom, and you would blast it. Templar, again I pray you, spare my father's life."

"I cannot listen to you," replies Tyrrel. "King Henry's commands are imperative: Marisco is to be taken to the Tower. A sufficient force will be left on the island to hold it, and those of your people who care to dwell here are permitted to do so."

"There will be few who will remain on Lundy if Marisco leaves it," remarks Barnard Gamley from his station near the great hearth, where he has been leaning moodily against the wall since Maude's entry.

"Nay, my good follower," says Marisco, "it must not be so. I would that Lundy should still be the home of my people, though I hold sway over it no more. To you I confide the care of my daughter; promise me that you will protect her."

"Have no fear for her," replies Barnard. "While I can raise a hand in her defence she shall never lack a protector, but Lundy will not know us; the sea will be my home."

"I leave you now, fair lady," says Baldwin Tyrrel. "My sad duty must be performed, but believe me, I would that I had fallen in the fight rather than have to execute this task. At dawn, Marisco, we set out on our voyage to the mainland. Lady, farewell."

Though her face is deathly pale Maude betrays no sign of agitation as she returns the Templar's bow. In another moment Baldwin Tyrrel is gone.

When the great red sun, slowly rising above the eastern wave, looks again upon Lundy it sees the island uplifting itself from a broad belt of foam. With the coming of the new day a breeze sweeps across the waters, and the rolling surge encountering the unyielding rocks falls angrily back, but only to renew its attack upon them. But the little beach below the Castle of Marisco is sheltered from the breakers, and here several boats are moored, one of which is being got ready to put off. Descending the pathway leading from the down above is a party of men, and among them Baldwin Tyrrel and the fallen lord of the island. They reach the beach, and presently stand near the water's edge, while the boat which is to convey them to the ships that lie at anchor a short distance from the shore is drawn towards them. Ere it grounds upon the shingle another boat shoots from behind a rock on one side of the tiny bay. In the stern sits Barnard Gamley with Lambert, while Hugo Fleming and Bertrand Avenel and two other Islanders bend lustily to the oars. A few strokes and the prow gates upon the beach.

"Hold!" cries Barnard. "Our lady of the island would speak once again with her father. It is fitting that she should take her last farewell of him on the sea."

Maude comes down the steep path, and is soon at her father's side. At that instant Marisco is seized by Fleming and Avenel, and despite his resistance, hurried to the boat, while Barnard follows bearing Maude. So rapidly is this effected that Tyrrel is hardly aware of what is taking place before the islanders have embarked, and the boat is being pushed from the shore.

When clear of the bay Barnard Gamley hoists a sail, but turns the head of his boat away from his desired course lest the others, which he sees are being manned, should intercept him. Baldwin Tyrrel is already in pursuit, and Barnard notices with some concern that his boat is gaining upon him. He determines to attempt a dangerous passage between some sunken reefs, certain that his enemy in following him will there meet destruction. Overlooking the spot is a huge mass of granite, to-day known as the Templar Rock, and which viewed from a certain point presents a rude resemblance to a human face in profile. As Barnard nears this he looks anxiously about him, for he is so close to the shore that the wind hardly serves him. Behind is the Templars' boat, full of armed men: before the raging breakers that lash the hidden rocks. He presses the tiller, but the craft is at the mercy of the furious waves, and the rudder has no power over her. Another moment, and she strikes. She is engulfed, and nothing is seen but the foaming waters.

The Templar stands in the bow of his boat, whose steersman has turned her head away from the reef. Suddenly an object is seen floating on the waves, and Tyrrel recognises the face of Maude. Heedless of the heavy coat of mail that he wears he plunges into the sea to her rescue. But in vain: the waters only claim another victim. Barnard and his companions, with Marisco, gain the great granite mass, and find safety under the stony face that looks down upon the deep.

A morning came when within the walls of a great fortress in a distant city a bird, perched upon the battlements, sang a requiem for one who had once been a chieftain. The answering waves of Lundy, all unheard, lifted their voices in a dirge for that chieftain's daughter, and they sing it still.

NORTH DEVON WALKING FESTIVAL

Sunday 4th May 2003

Frances Stuart

Such is the popularity of Roger Chapple's guided walks of Lundy for the North Devon Walking Festival that 58 people booked on this year's walk. A group of this size would obviously need more than the two guides originally planned for the walk (Roger and Ben Sampson, Lundy Warden) and so Dave Stuart, information officer on the MS Oldenburg, and myself were brought in to make the numbers more manageable.

The weather in the week leading up to the walk was rather mixed with some sailings cancelled due to high winds. The Saturday boat had taken only staying visitors to the Island. Most of the day visitors rebooked for the Sunday sailing, which was extra to the timetabled sailings having been scheduled especially for the walking festival. Hence what should have been a nice quiet daytrip turned into a fully booked boat. By some careful planning on his part Roger was already on the Island having sailed for a weeks holiday the previous day. With Ben also on the Island and Dave busy doing his job on the boat it was left to me to find the 58 walking festival participants in amongst the 200 or so other passengers waiting on Ilfracombe quay. The coach full of small children on a school outing narrowed it down a little and I had some success by stalling up to people and asking "are you with the walking festival?" Even so I was still 19 people short when we boarded, but Dave assured me there were the right number of people on the boat and all 58 walkers got off on to the jetty at the other end.

The crossing was not the smoothest I've been on. I take no chances and always go heavily drugged! I have only actually been ill on the Oldenburg once (7th April 2001, seasickness tablets don't last for 10 hours) but this trip was nearly my second sickie. I had to concentrate very hard on the horizon to retain my breakfast. I was not alone in my suffering and was very glad I was not in charge of the school party.

We arrived on the island in sunshine with Roger on the jetty to meet us. After a brief introduction he and I walked the group up the beach road to Millcombe pond. At this point we divided the walkers into two smaller groups. Roger took the first, joined by Dave, along the lower east side path to follow the route as originally planned. The second group were to do the route in reverse so we continued up to the tavern to meet Ben who had taken the easy way up in the Land Rover. With such a short time on the island there was no time for the rest of us to recuperate in the tavern and we headed straight off up the high street.

The walk itself was delightful. The air was full of skylarks and a herd of a dozen or more Sika deer crossed Acklands moor ahead of us, leaping the fence with great ease. There were plenty of Soay lambs to provide photo opportunities along the west side. We lunched at Jenny's and managed to stay dry despite the ominous looking grey clouds. We crossed to the east side just beyond quarter wall, passing both the ponies and then Roger's group, and then headed south along the quarries and the lower east side path, where we saw the end of this year's Primroses and the start of the Bluebells.

We arrived back at the tavern just before the others and our group dispersed to the bar and shop. Roger and Dave (who had the most amazing back-combed effect hair from the wind!) soon joined us for a reviving beverage or two. We just had time to finish the walk with a trip to the church and castle, descending to the beach road via Hammers. All 58 walkers re-boarded the boat and Roger waved us off. Thankfully, as is often the case, the return crossing was far more pleasant and I was able to remove my eyes from the horizon to watch the Gannets and Manx Shearwaters skimming the waves along side the boat. More than one person asked me if Dave and I are related, perhaps because of the blonde hair as well as our surname (I wish my blonde was as natural as his!).

We sailed back into Bideford and then returned to Ilfracombe by coach. As we dispersed from the quay there seemed to be plenty of happy walkers. The day was thought to be a good taster with most people agreeing that they would return to the island to see more. Roger tells me that there has been plenty of positive feedback to the walking festival organisers. They sent a cheque for £58 for our services as guides which we have passed on as a donation to the Lundy Fund.

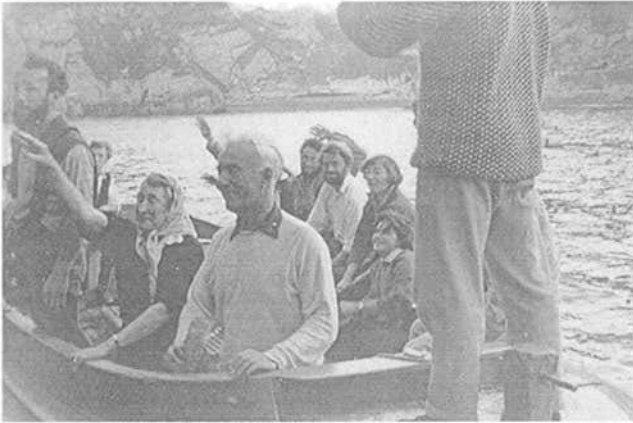
LUNDY ISLAND

(from *The Home Friend*, 1853, PH Gosse;
published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge)

There are many odd nooks and corners in England which are seldom visited by tourists, and of which topographical writers know next to nothing, which are yet well stored with objects of interest amply sufficient to repay the toll and ingenuity expended in searching them out. Such a spot is Lundy, that little rocky island with precipitous sides that stands in the midst of the waters of the Bristol Channel like a sentinel, to guard this great sea-road into the heart of England.

The island is the property of William Heaven Esq. who has erected a handsome mansion above the landing-place in a sheltered hollow, which commands an extensive view of the opposite coast of Devon and of the broad Bristol Channel. Here he resides with his amiable family, exercising a patriarchal rule over his little dominion. Two thousand acres form his realm; of which a considerable portion is under cultivation and is let to a tenant farmer, John Lee by name, familiarly known as Captain Jack, an excellent, worthy man. In his earlier days he was bred to the sea, but now he ploughs the land. At his house, "The Farm," visitors are entertained; we found accommodations decent (for the circumstances), a well-supplied table, attendance prompt and kindly, and charges moderate. With the exception of the lighthouse-keeper, who with his family and subordinates occupies a substantial stone house at the foot of the light-

house, on the western edge of the island, rather remote from the Farm, the rest of the inhabitants are labourers, and their families employed in husbandry, or in the mechanical occupations that minister to it.



*Pic by
G M White
27/9/1959*

Farewell to the last boat of the season. Penny Ogilvie let yr Ed have this pic.
Right to left, back row: Arthur Strick, Penny Ogilvie, Barbara Bizzell, Red Lyall, Bill Wakeman
Right to left, front row: Albion Harman, Dorothy Brodribb, Vince Squire

The whole population amounts to about fifty souls, not one of whom is a native of the isle: a child had not been born here within the memory of the present generation; the women invariably going over to the mainland when their confinement approaches. No medical man resides on the island; but a fire lighted on a particular summit summons a boat in cases of emergency, from the little village of Clovelly, just opposite. This place, itself a spot of romantic beauty, one of the gems of the North Devon coast, is situated in Barnstaple Bay, just within Hartland Point (the Hercules Promontorium of Ptolemy), and is distant about five leagues from the end of Lundy. A boat comes across every Friday, bringing the week's accumulations of the post-office, and returns with any letters that are ready. Other communication with the shore is only casual, as when the Pill boats come down as far as this from their little pilot village at the Avon's mouth to look out for ships, and anchor in the bay; or when a skiff-load of lobster is run up to Ilfracombe to be shipped, per steamer, for Bristol.

A mutton-chop, improvised by Captain Jack's larder, revived our vigour, and we sallied out towards the south end to reconnoitre. A walk between stone fences, enlivened by many interesting plants in flower, some of which I shall mention presently, led us to the ruins of the castle, bearing the name of the De Mariscos, the earliest possessors of the island on record, who held it as early as Henry the Second's time.

...

The walls of the castle and the ancient keep remain in integrity, and have been turned, by the addition of new walls, into labourers' cottages, the chimneys of which peep out from the ruins, so as greatly to mar the effect.

A woman was standing at one of the doors, and children were playing round: we shuddered to see the little things run and jump on the edges of the precipice, and babies carry babies a little younger than themselves into places where a single false step would have plunged them fathoms down; and we spoke to the good woman about the danger. Such, however, is the power of habit to create indifference, that she actually appeared not to understand what was meant. Great mixens outside the doors, strewn with the shells of enormous limpets, and with those of the green conical eggs of guillemots, afforded amusing evidence of the favourite food of the poorer inhabitants of the island.

A few rods below the castle, where the greensward slopes steeply down to the south-east, a sort of doorway in the hill-side attracted our notice, and we looked in. It was the entrance to a large chamber excavated out of the solid rock, and bore indubitable proofs of its being a work of art. The grey shale of which this end of the isle is composed is friable, and easily removed; and time and labour alone would be needed to form such a cavern as this. A long slab, resting on two upright ones for joints, made the doorway. The cave is now used as an occasional stable, but tradition assigns a very different purpose for its construction. It is called Benson's Cave.

The steep sunny slopes of this part of the island were gay with the purple bloom of the heath, and with the brilliant masses of blossom of the yellow broom. A bush of this latter kind was springing out of the very lintel of the cavern doorway, and its long spikes of flowers were elegantly pendent over the entrance, the darkness of the interior throwing out into fine relief the rich golden mass of bloom. The thorny, or Burnet-leaved rose, was trailing its lengthened and tortuous branches over the ground, nowhere rising to more than a few inches in height; we were charmed with the beauty and delicacy of its spotless cream-coloured blossoms, and still more with their exquisite fragrance. we afterwards found this plant quite characteristic of the botany of the island.

From these slopes we looked down upon, but did not explore, the peninsula of Lametry, a mass of land precipitous on every side, and joined to the main of the island by a ridge of rock running up to a sharp knife-like edge. Beyond this is an insular rock called Rat Island, from the great numbers of rats that have made it their home. They are believed to feed largely on fish, as well as on limpets and other littoral prey. Lundy is much infested with rats. For a while the old English, or black rat, succeeded in maintaining undisturbed possession of this little nook, against its ruthless exterminator the Norway, or brown rat; the latter, however, has at length found its way across, and is already the more numerous of the two. Mice are quite unknown.

Among the lovelier plants we noticed the little euphrasy, that tiny flower, that derives its name of eyebright, not from its beauty, though few lovers of flowers behold it without brightening eyes, but from its old reputation for "making old eyes young again".

The little shining geranium, the dwarf red rattle, the yellow tormentil, and that universal favourite the scarlet pimpernel, were scattered in the bordering herbage of the paths; and the walls of uncemented stone were nearly covered with large patches of white stone-crop, and of wild thyme, both beautiful but minute plants, the pink blossoms and downy capsules of the latter particularly noticeable from their abundance. Here also, as well as in other places, grew in great profusion, the wood germander, or bitter sage, whose wrinkled leaves have been used ... as a substitute for tea.

Fortunately, however, we were not reduced to any such sorry alternative, for our worthy old landlady's tea-caddy proved well stocked with the real China leaf; and when we got back from our afternoon's stroll, we did justice to its revivifying qualities.

The next morning we started, under the auspices of our courteous guide, to visit the north-end, the resort of countless sea-birds; and in going to it we skirted along the eastern side. Viewed from the road above the landing place, this line of coast presents a curious appearance. The grey cliffs rise nearly perpendicularly from the sea, to a height varying from fifty feet to as many yards; then a broad green slope very even and regular, forming an angle of 45° with the horizon (less or more), carries up the elevation to four or five hundred feet, and there is a flat summit. The regularity of these slopes is remarkable, and one is ready to fancy that some gigantic carpenter has been at work, bevelling off the edge with a plane. From the sea the deep rich verdure of this inclined surface has a very attractive appearance, and when looked at narrowly, has a roughened texture, like that of a close-grown forest; this is owing to the nature of the herbage, which consists almost exclusively of the common brake-fern. In winter,

as we were informed, the brown hues assumed by this plant in decay, give to this side of the island a russet tint particularly rich and mellow.

One of the first things that attracted our attention, and that continued to excite interest, was the extraordinary abundance of the cocoons of a small species of hawk-moth, known to collectors as the Burnet-moth. In the open waste places, the stalks of grass and the slender stems of herbaceous plants were studded with these little appendages by hundreds, or even thousands. The cocoon is a pretty object, it is of a spindle shape, that is, swollen in the middle and pointed at each end; it is formed of silk compacted into a papery substance, bright yellow and glistening, and is attached to the grass perpendicularly all along one side. Some of them which I opened displayed the caterpillar as yet unmetamorphosed; an inert little creature of a pale yellow, studded with rows of close-set black spots; others contained the black shining chrysalis, in which I detected a curious habit. I had collected a dozen or two stalks with cocoons, and had brought them into my bedroom. At night, while sitting reading, I perceived some faint creaking sounds proceeding from them, and by bringing each in succession close to my ear I was enabled to find out the individuals from which the noise issued. Then holding the cocoon between the eye and the light, its semi-transparency permitted me to see the enclosed pupa busily engaged in revolving on its long axis, and the sound was caused by the grating of its rings against the papery walls of its prison.

We found multitudes of the moths sitting on the herbage, or flitting hither and thither on feeble wing; many were drying their half-expanded wings in the morning sun; some were pushing their way out of the upper extremity of the brittle cocoon, previously to bursting the chrysalis skin, and others were emerging from the projected pupa, so wet and shrivelled that it seemed marvellous that those crumpled and distorted wings should in an hour become the elegant organs which we afterwards see them, smooth and satiny, or rather burnished with that rich subdued gloss that we see in what is called frosted gold, dark sea-green spangled with large spots of crimson.

Truly in studying so insignificant and lowly a creature as this, sown broadcast as it were upon the wild moors of this island rock, we cannot help being struck with the lavish pains (to speak according to the manner of men) that have been bestowed upon it. How elegantly has it been fashioned and trimmed; how gorgeously painted and gilded; how carefully provided for! Surely he must be blinder than the mole who does not trace here,

"The unambiguous footsteps of that God
Who gives the lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

We wended our way along a narrow path through the tall fern, occasionally entangled among the tortuous branches of the sweet honeysuckle, or catching our feet in the trailing shoots of the white rose. How different the odour of these two flowers! Both are sweet, but the fragrance of the rose is far superior as an aroma to the sugary scent of the honeysuckle. Tall foxgloves, everywhere springing up from the dense bed of brake, gave quite a character to the scene. I think I never saw this magnificent flower in so fine a condition: several spikes occurred fully six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and densely crowded with their large purple bells. Our friend assured us that he had counted, on a specimen of extraordinary dimensions, the remarkable number of three hundred and sixty-five flowers, exclusive of unexpanded buds. This must have been a giant. We could not have selected a more propitious time for seeing nature in her loveliness: it was what Virgil elegantly calls "formosissimus annus," the year in the height of beauty. The opening of July is the season when more plants are in flower than at any other period; the joyous insects are gay upon the wing, and those birds that are so inseparably associated with lovely summer weather are all with us; the atmosphere is apt to be calm and clear, and the deep transparent azure of the sky

is reflected with a deeper intensity from the sparkling sea, just as we saw it now, as from our bowery walk we ever and anon gazed out upon the broad main, the white sails scattered over its surface, gleaming in the morning sun, and answering to the fleecy clouds that flitted over the face of heaven.

"Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity."

Several tiny streamlets ooze out from the upland moors, and trickling down the sloping sides find their way along the chines and gullies to the sea. The spongy nature of the soil, and the matting of the vegetation impeding the flow of the water, cause the courses of these streams to form bogs, difficult to pass, but presenting some objects of interest. In the first that we came to we found two kinds of speedwell, the lovely germander, familiar to every one as the blue-eyed gem of the hedge-bank, and the spike speedwell, a smaller species and much more rare, and rather to be looked for in chalky pastures than on the swampy borders of a stream. That plant, sacred to friendship, the true forget-me-not, was also abundant here, together with a white variety of the same species that I have not seen noticed.

In another similar brook that breaks out from its darkling bed beneath dwarf willows, the common buttercup of our meadows was growing in company with a much more uncommon species of the same genus, the great spearwort: the latter we found by no means rare in various parts of the island.

The dwarf-furze, a smaller kind than that of our commons and downs, overruns a considerable portion of the central part of the isle, mingling freely with the fine and the cross-leaved heaths, and the ling or true heather: this last was not indeed yet in blossom, but the true heaths were in full flower. The white-blossomed variety of the cross-leaved heath we found not uncommon, readily distinguished from the ordinary state of the plant, not more by the pure creamy-white of its bloom, contrasting with the rosy purple hue which is normal, than by a pale yellow-green characterising the foliage, by which patches could be discriminated almost as far as they could be seen.

How delightful it is, when tired with exercise, to throw one's weary limbs upon the soft yet springy heather, which yields and yet sustains with the elasticity of a hair mattress!

The warm sun pours down on you, it is true, but the cool breeze plays about your face and tempers the ray; and as you gaze upward into the unfathomable sky, and feel its pure cloudless azure penetrate your soul, and inhale the aromatic odour of the opening buds and the mingled perfume of a thousand humble flowers around, you fancy, for the time at least, that no couch in the world could yield you so refreshing or so delightful a repose.

Hereabouts we obtained a view of the beach far below, covered with huge rounded boulders of granite, all invested with a coating of green seaweed, for the tide was now at its lowest. The eye, roaming over the intermediate slope of fern, so feebly appreci-



*Mr Gade and John Ogilvie in the
Radio Room.
(Myrtle Ternstrom sent yr Ed this pic)*

ated the distance, that it seemed an easy matter to run to its edge, and then scramble down the face of the perpendicular cliff, which appeared only a few yards high. The boulders upon the beach, too, appeared not too large or weighty to be turned over by hand, and I was actually meditating an attempt to explore the inviting locality, in hopes of finding many Annelides and Crustacea under those stones. But our more experienced friend assured us that those green-clad boulders were masses of many tons weight; that the cliffs were from fifty to a hundred feet high, and so inaccessible that it would be utterly impossible to ascend or descend them unassisted. "Not long ago," said he, "a vessel came on shore in that very spot; walking here one morning early I discovered her on the rocks; she was a Norwegian brig in ballast, outward-bound; all hands were saved, but it was only by means of ropes passed down to them by our people, by which they were hauled up those cliffs that you think so easy to climb."

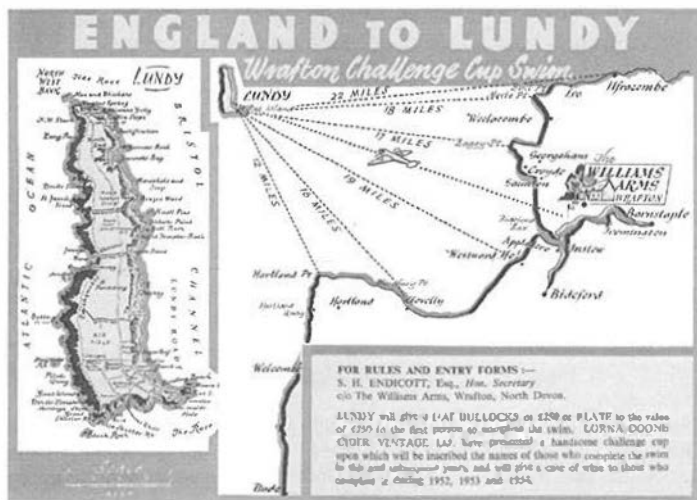
We now come to the half-way wall, so called because it cuts the island transversely in the middle. Its eastern extremity, close to which we stood, terminates in a huge mass of granite, on which a cubical (or rather parallel-sided) block, about fifteen feet high by eight wide, stands. It was formerly a true logan-stone, being so poised by nature that it could be rocked by the hands of those who had nerve enough to stand on its narrow and lofty base, as our friend had often done. Now, however, it has slipped out of its equilibrium into a crevice, and is immovable; the action of the weather, as is supposed, having worn away its base.

The paths through the heath, and the open spots in many places, showed the power of atmospheric action to change the condition of the solid rock. There were covered with a sort of gravel, composed of white fragments about the size of peas, very uniform in appearance, which, when examined, proved to be nodules of quartz, liberated by the natural disintegration of the granite. A large quantity might be collected with little expense of time or labour. An attempt was made to use the granules as gravel for garden walks, for which their regular size and form, and their pure white colour, would have made them very suitable; but the absolute want of any adhesive principle caused them to be rejected on trial: in technical phrase "they would not *bind*." ...

A little beyond the half-way wall we were introduced to "The Templar," a colossal human face in profile, sculptured by nature out of the rock. It forms a projecting point, one of those corners which, from the southern end of the island, we see standing out at the upper extremity of the bevelled slope: an enormous block of granite, rudely split and shivered by the elements, but accidentally fashioned, as you look at it in bold relief against the sky, into so perfect a resemblance to the features of a man, that one can scarcely believe that it had not been touched by an artist's chisel. The features are bold and masculine, the nose sharply aquiline, the mouth compressed with a determined expression, the forehead projecting, the chin a little double, the neck muscular and swelling; the head is covered with a low round skull-cap, furnished with a projecting peak in front: it requires, indeed, no stretch of fancy to imagine we see in it the portrait of one of those warlike Knights of the Temple, to whom the island at one period belonged.

We noticed here a curious phenomenon, with which our prolonged stay on the island made us sufficiently familiar afterwards. On looking back to the southward, we perceived everything distinct and palpable, except the lighthouse, the summit of which was enveloped in a semi-transparent haze, that streamed off some distance to leeward like a white veil. We were informed that it is a common thing for the fog to lie on the heights of the island, while the sides, the beach, and the sea, are perfectly free from cloud; hence the elevated parts are generally moist, and thus, doubtless, those springs are fed which issue from these lofty moors and trickle down on either side.

Farther on, still keeping along the inner or eastern side, a romantic glen opens, very boggy, and therefore difficult to be explored. By means of the tufts of a sort of grass



Leaflet advertising the England to Lundy swim.

that grows here, however, we managed to make our way some distance down it. This plant grows in large stools or tussocks, formed of the densely-matted leaf-bases of successive seasons; some of which are eight or ten feet high, and two feet in diameter. An agile person might leap from one of these to another, and so traverse the valley without wetting his feet. Through the gully we had a view of Gannet Cove, as also of Gannet Rock, an insular mass lying off one of its points; and here we saw the first outpost of the grand army of birds that we had come to visit. We pushed up on the opposite side of the valley, through the tail fern, which was growing excessively rank, reaching about as high as our heads. — sat down a few moments to rest, and amused ourselves by seeing which could cut the fern-stalk so as to produce the most effective royal oak. Perhaps some of my readers may like to amuse themselves in the same manner: if you have never seen it done, select a stout leaf of the common brake-fern and pull it up from the roots, then with a sharp knife cut the stalk across slantwise, in the black part that is ordinarily immersed in the soil, when the section of the vessels will display a very pretty semblance of a well-grown oak-tree, either tall or widely spreading, according to the direction in which you make the cut.

In the vicinity we found some interesting plants. The beautiful blue skull-cap was growing in the streamlet that trickled into the gully; higher up the pretty little yellow pimpernel, or wood loosestrife, was abundant; and so was the bog pimpernel, as, indeed, we found it widely spread over the north end and centre of the island. Mr Heaven mentioned his having met with the much rarer blue pimpernel on some former occasions; but it did not occur to us. Among the brake the wild hyacinth yet lingered in flower, but was found more numerous in fruit. The dwarf red-rattle, a lowly denizen of waste places, scarcely rearing its rosy vaulted head above the level of the moss in which it grows, occurred here, together with its usual companion, the bird's-foot lotus. The small upright St John's wort, an exquisite flower, the tiny eyebright, and the milkwort of the rich blue variety, were also among the plants we gathered here.

But now we were approaching the scene which had been the chief object of our curiosity. Near the northern extremity of the Island stands a huge oblong block, like a square column, called the Constable: we pass this, and the wondrous spectacle suddenly bursts upon us. Much as our expectations may have been excited, they were in

nowise disappointed; though my companions were not like myself naturalists proper, we were unanimous in declaring that the sight was more than worth they voyage, sea-sickness and all: it was a scene, the witnessing of which must always stand out prominently in memory, as one of the remarkable things of which an ordinary life can reckon but few.

We turn the corner of a pile of rocks, and we stand in the midst of myriads of birds. We are on an inclined plane, extending, perhaps, half-a-mile down to the sea-cliffs, composed of numberless hillocks of red earth, on which lie, heaped irregularly, and partially imbedded in the soil, great boulders of the granite rock. on these, on the hillocks, and in the hollows between, sit the birds, indifferent to our presence, until within two or three yards of them, when they turn the large liquid eye towards us, as if demanding the meaning of the unwonted intrusion. If we avoid sudden motion, we may approach still closer: but generally at about this degree of proximity the little group congregated on the particular stone or hillock leap up, spread their short feeble wings, and fly with a rapid laborious beating of the air, out to seaward. The flight is painfully feeble at first, but presently gathers strength and becomes more forcible, though always fluttering.

The great congregation of birds begins just hereabouts: the cover of fern to the southward, which we have been skirting, is nor suitable to their habits; but it extends as far as the eye can reach, and is not then bounded, but spreads on around the north extremity of the island, far down on the western side.

The air, too, is filled with them like a cloud. Thousands and ten thousands are flying round in a vast circle or orbit, the breadth of which reaches from about where we stand to half-a-mile seaward. They reminded me strongly, with their little wings stretched at right angles to their bodies, painted in black against the sky, of the representations we see in astronomical works of the fixed stars arranged in the Ptolemaic system in a crowded circle around the sun and planets. If you attend only to those near you, they seem to rush on in one direction in an unceasing stream; and you wonder what can be the purpose, and what the terminus of the universal migration: but when your eye has followed them a little, you perceive the circular movement, that the same birds pass before you again and again, as they come round in their turn, like the movers in a theatrical procession, that cross the stage and pass round behind the scenes to swell the array again.

But the earth and the air are nor the only spheres occupied by these birds: look down on the sea: its shining face is strewn, as far as you can discern anything, with minute black specks, associated in flocks or groups; some comprising few, others countless individuals. These, too, are the birds, busily employed in fishing for the supply of their mates and young, or resting calmly on the swelling undulation.

The fearlessness manifested by those that are sitting around us, permits us to observe them at leisure. They are principally of two kinds: the smaller has a round large head, with a beak



Model of a Scorpio if the Marisco Mangonel were this sort of Ballista, it would have fitted the site by the Halfway Wall, without the wall there.



Model of an Onager (see comment on preceding pic).

monstrously deep and high, but thin and knife-like; and as if to make this organ more conspicuous, it is painted red, blue and yellow. The legs and large webbed feet are orange-coloured; and these, too, are sufficiently remarkable in flight, for the bird stretches them out behind, somewhat expanded at the same time, in such a manner that they appear to support the short tail, the broad feet sticking out behind. The whole of the upper plumage is black; the face,

sides of the head, and under parts, pure white, except that a black collar passes round the throat. These are known by the fishermen as sea parrots, or coulernebs; but are more generally designated in books as puffins.

The other species is larger, being nearly as big in the body as a duck, but shorter in the neck. The beak is formed on the same model, but is more lengthened; and it, as well as the feet, is black. The general proportions are more those of ordinary birds; and though the distribution of the hues of the plumage, black and white, is nearly the same as in the former species, the black covering the whole head and neck, combines, with the other differences I have mentioned, to render the discrimination of one from the other easy, even at a great distance. This is the razor-billed auk.

These two species furnish the principal part of the individual birds that are congregated just here. But when we get round yonder point we shall open the haunts of several other kinds, almost as innumerable as these. It must not, however, be supposed that they keep their localities so strictly as not to intermingle in any degree. From the point where we stand, we may with a little care be able to discern individuals of all the kinds, more or less numerous. The different species of gulls, in particular, amounting to four or five, are conspicuous for their long pointed wings and elegant sailing flight. They are wary and alert; we do not see them sitting still as we approach, as the puffins and razor-bills do, but before we can get within gun-range they are on the wing. Then, as conscious of their powers, they are bold; sweeping by over our heads, with a querulous scream; now and then swooping down and making as if they would dash at our faces, but taking care to swerve as they come close, and gliding away with the most graceful ease and freedom.

Let us examine for a moment the ground beneath our feet. We need caution in moving about, for the tussocks and mounds feel precariously hollow and spongy; now and then the foot breaks through, and the whole leg is buried in a dusty cavity that gives forth an insufferable odour of guano; then as we jump on a hillock, it totters and breaks off from its base to roll down the hill, laying bare an interior riddled with holes like a honeycomb. These hillocks themselves are nothing but enormous tufts of the common thrift or sea-lavender, so often used for edgings in cottage gardens; the plant in a succession of years assumes a dense hemispherical form, while the decay of the old leaves forms a reddish spongy earth, which constantly accumulates, and constitutes the soil on which the living plant grows.

Under the projecting shelter of one of these tussocks we found a nest of one of the gulls, the lesser black-backed species as was supposed. It was a platform made of the redleaf-bases of the thrift, dry and brittle, on which lay one young chick and one egg, the latter was larger than a hen's egg, of a dark greenish hue with black spots; it was

on the point of hatching, for I distinctly heard the feeble piping of the impatient chick within, whose beak had already begun to chip the shell. The hatched young one, a tiny creature, covered with pale-brown down, lay quite still with shut eyes, which it opened for a moment when touched, to close them again in stoical indifference.

Presently we came upon another nest, containing one young rather more advanced; its clothing of down prettily spotted with dark-brown. Then another with two eggs of a dirty white, mottled and splashed with brown, which was conjectured to belong to the glaucous gull, a powerful and handsome bird seen hovering about, of snowy-white plumage, except the back and wings, which are of a delicately-pale bluish-grey.

The whole atmosphere was redolent with the strong pungent odour of guano, which, as everybody knows, is the excrement of fish-eating birds, collected from the rocks on which they breed, where it has accumulated for ages. The same substance was splashed upon the stones and earth wherever we looked; we saw it falling through the air; our clothes were spotted as if with whitewash; and we scarcely dared to gaze upwards on the circling flocks, lest our eyes should suffer the misfortune of Tobit.

It is to the puffins that the burrows with which the soft vegetable earth is honey-combed are chiefly attributable. The whole island is indeed stocked with rabbits, and their warrens (or buries, as the local phrase is) are very numerous. The puffin does not hesitate to appropriate these whenever he can; but as there are many more birds than beasts, the former are generally compelled to excavate for themselves: this is effected by means of the powerful cutting beak, to the depth of two or three feet. At the bottom of the hole the egg is laid, never more than one. We saw several egg-shells, from which the young had been hatched; they were nearly as large as hen's eggs, of a dirty white-brown tint, which is said to be derived from the soil, as they are purely white when first laid. We had no means of digging them out, and we did not choose to explore the burrows by thrusting in our arms; for the puffin, if at home, would have given our intrusive fingers such a welcome with his strong and sharp beak, as we might not soon have forgotten.

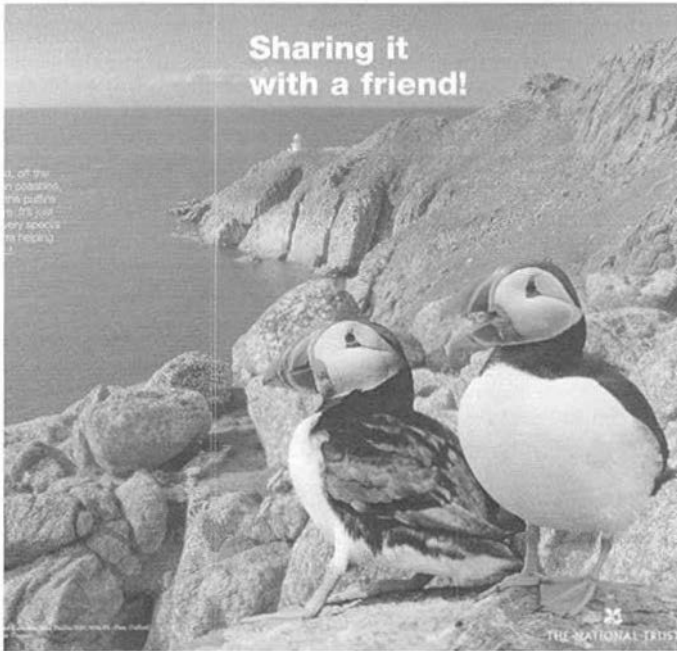
Mr Heaven informed us of a curious habit in the economy of these birds. Immense numbers come to the breeding-place in April to reconnoitre the ground: they remain three or four days, then disappear so completely that not a single bird is to be seen. In about a fortnight they return for good, and set about the work of family-rearing. Then mortal combats may be witnessed; the rabbit and the puffin fight for possession: the old buck stands up in front of his hole, and strikes manfully, while the knife-beak of the dishonest bird gives him a terribly unfair advantage. Sometimes two male puffins contend; each strives to catch his adversary by the neck; and when he can accomplish it, shakes and holds him with the tenacity of a bull-dog.

Auks and guillemots likewise bear a part in the exploratory April visit; but not in such numbers as the puffins.

One of our party knocked over a puffin with a clod of earth, just to examine it. We did not wish to destroy them, and therefore abstained generally from throwing. It was stunned, and lay in our hands while we admired the thickness and closeness of its plumage, beautifully clean and satiny, especially the white parts. Presently it began to open its large dreamy grey eyes, so singularly set in scarlet eyelids; we did not wish to prove the keenness of its beak, and therefore laid it on a rock in the sun, when no doubt it soon recovered.

It must not be supposed that this was any feat of skill in the marksman. It would have been perfectly easy to have procured hundreds in the same way. Our friend assured us that he had himself knocked down six with one stone; and that he had seen twenty-seven bagged from a single shot with an ordinary fowling-piece, not reckoning many more which were knocked over, partially wounded, but which managed to fly out to sea.

We walked on a few rods further. The character of the declivity continued pretty much the same; but we had opened a point of the distant cliff which was cut into a



This is a composite pic. Yr Ed feels it suits the Whole Question of rats and puffins. (Note well what Gosse says about the North End and Puffin Slope and its puffins in 1853.)

series of rocky ledges, like a wide flight of steps leading to some magnificent building. On these were seated a dozen or twenty gannets, beautifully snow-white birds, with black tips to their wings, larger than geese. We could easily have scrambled to their rock, but our friend was reluctant to have them disturbed. This fine bird used to be numerous here; and Gannet Cove and Gannet Rock received their appellations from the hosts of these birds that used to make that neighbourhood their resort; but having been much annoyed by idle gunners from the main, they had deserted the island, it was feared finally. Lately, however, a few pairs have returned, to the gratification of the proprietor, who is desirous of their increase. In truth, they are noble and beautiful birds; their long pointed pinions enable them to wheel and glide about in the air, to soar aloft, or swoop, or float on motionless wing at pleasure with the utmost grace; while the contrast of the black wing-tips with the general whiteness of the plumage cannot fail to elicit admiration. As they sail near, we perceive that the neck and poll are tinged with buff; but this exception to the general purity of the vesture is not at all conspicuous, nor universal. Their cry is, "crak, crak, crak," uttered on the wing. The snowy purity of the mature plumage is said to be reached through several alternations of opposite hues. The young, when newly hatched, are black slightly spotted with white; and this by the spotless white investiture in which we saw them.

Another reason why the gannets should not be disturbed, while so few as they yet are, is the bold piratical character of the larger gulls. These are ever on the watch to destroy the eggs of the gannet, the moment both the parents are flown. We had a proof of the ferocity of these predaceous birds before our eyes. As we were looking down the slope, we saw a glaucous gull emerge from a puffin's hole into which he had just crept, bringing out the little black puffin-chick. We watched the marauder shake his victim and give it repeated blows with his beak, the poor little thing now and then crawling away feebly, just as a mouseling does when half-killed by a cat. We began to run towards the spot, the gull taking no notice till we got pretty near, when he turned up

his eyes and gave us a look of impudent defiance, then deliberately seized his prey in his beak, and bore it off triumphantly far out to sea. The larger gulls will sometimes swoop down upon a group of puffins sitting on the sea, and snatch up an adult from the flock in their powerful beak. Mr Heaven has seen this done.

Our attention was here pointed to a new bird. On the lower ledges of the wide stair-like rock occupied by the gannets, sat in little crowded rows, many birds about as large as pigeons, which in form and in the colours of their plumage they much resembled. They were the kittiwake, the smallest of the gulls that can properly be called indigenous to our shores. We afterwards made closer acquaintance with the species.

The shearwater is said to breed in the rocks hereabouts; but we did not notice it, nor do I know of which specie it is. Nearly at the edge of the slope we observed a stout iron rod erected, standing some ten or fifteen feet high. On inquiry we found that this, with a corresponding one at some distance, is used for the support of a long but narrow net, which is stretched along like a wall at the edge of the precipice, to intercept the puffins. These birds, when they fly, shoot down in a straight line, just sufficiently above the ground to clear the rocks and hillocks; they thus strike the net, and are caught. They are also taken in numbers by dogs, which run upon them before they have time to fly; and in other modes, chiefly for the sake of their soft and abundant feathers.

From the spot where we now stood there extended a considerable space, almost covered with the wild hyacinth, as we could see by the fruit-bearing stalks. the contrast which this large belt presented when in flower, with the thrif which occupies as exclusively the range below it, was described to us as very curious and pretty; the whole forming two parallel zones, the one of blue, the other of pink. Large beds of coarse sorrel were prominent in the vegetation here; and the crevices and bases of the rocks were fringed with the singularly-cut leaves of the buck's-horn plantain, growing in unusual luxuriance. The pungent, peppery, scurvy grass we also found very fine.

We now approached the north-west point, the very extremity of the island: no slope of earth, but a wilderness of huge castellated masses of granite, piled one on another

in magnificent confusion. By scrambling between and over these, we contrived to take a perch, like so many of the tenant-birds themselves, on the very verge of the stony point, whence we could look over on each side, and gaze on the boiling sea at the foot of perpendicular precipices. In truth this was a noble sight: the point was fringed with great insular rocks, bristling up amidst the sea, of various sizes, and irregular angular shapes, partially or wholly covered by the tide at high water, though now largely exposed. There was a heavy swell on from the westward, and as it rolled in with majestic rounded undulations, each mighty wave breasted up against the rocks, like a gallant army assaulting an impregnable fortress, and, spending its fury in a wall of mingled water and foam, shot up, perpendicularly to an immense elevation, as if it would scale the heights it could not overthrow. The insulated masses, all brown with



The Jetty (from a diver's point of view?), (from a watercolour by PR).

their leprous coating of barnacles, received the incoming surge in an overwhelming flood, which immediately, as the spent wave receded, poured off through the hollows in a hundred beautiful jets and cascades; while in the narrow straits and passages, the rushing water boiled and whirled about in curling sheets of the purest white foam, curdling the surface, or (where this broke away) of the most delicate pale pea-green, the tint of the bubbles seen through the water as they crowded to the air from the depths where they were formed, the evidence of the unseen combat fiercely raging between earth and sea far below. The breeze, which was blowing fresh, took off the crests of the breaking seas, and bore the spray up to the height where we stood; while the foam, as it formed and accumulated, was seized by the wind in broad masses, and carried against the sides of the projecting rocks, flying hither and thither like fleeces of wool, and adhering like so much mortar to the face of the precipice, until it covered great spaces, to the height of many fathoms above the highest range of the tide. Looking over the battlemented margin of the platform on which we stood, we could see the entrance of a fine cavern, sixty feet in height, about thirty in width, and perhaps eight hundred in length. It completely perforates a projecting promontory, the part of the coast, indeed, which we had been skirting, on which our principal observations on the birds had been made. A boat can go right through, but only at high water, because there is a rock in the midst of the course, which, at any other state of the tide, leaves too narrow a channel on either side. But the most interesting fact connected with the cavern is, that a spring of fresh-water is said to rise in its centre, bubbling up through the sea-water that overlays its mouth. Mr Heaven could not vouch for this on personal observation; but the well-known occurrence of similar phenomena renders credence in this case no great difficulty. The breaking of the sea into the mouth of the cave, narrowed as it is, and the reverberation of its hollow roar from the sides of the chasm, were particularly grand and striking.

MY ADVENTURES ON LUNDY

John Nolan (from *The Wide World Magazine*)

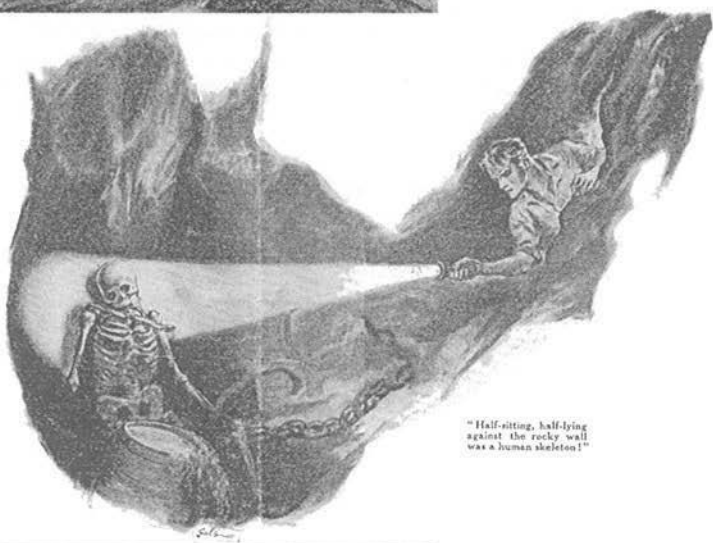
Our readers will remember the Author as the enterprising young sportsman who in 1934, commissioned by *The Wide World Magazine*, captured the world's seas-record by paddling a fourteen-foot canoe for over a thousand miles round the British coast. Last year he essayed another canoe-trip – from Hereford to London by way of Land's End – but ended up on Lundy Island, at the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Here, during a brief sojourn, Mr Nolan met with the variegated [Ed's note: and quite unbelievable] experiences set forth in the following articles. It will come as a distinct surprise to most people to learn that prosaic old England has for a neighbour a tiny "island kingdom" where taxes are unknown, where one may hunt wild goats and deer among their native crags, and where a real pirate treasure awaits the fortune finder.



Right: John Nolan describes
Mary Gade (centre front)
as the Gade's son.

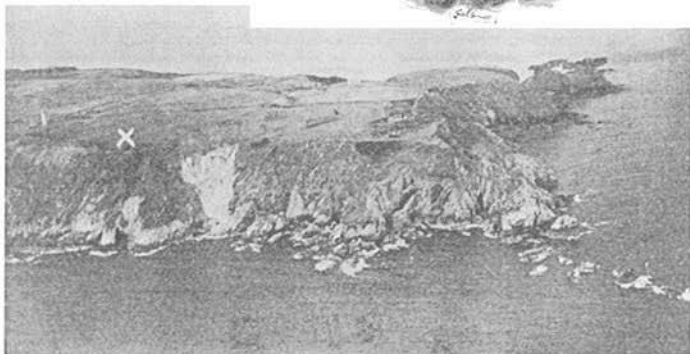


Left: Pic. from John Nolan's 'My Adventures on Lundy' - Hunting on Lundy



Right: John Nolan's Treasure Cave on Lundy

"Half-sitting, half-lying against the rocky wall was a human skeleton!"



Left: Pic of Lundy, showing the whereabouts of John Nolan's Treasure Cave

MY CHILDHOOD ON LUNDY

Arthur Dennis

(MS by kind permission of Mrs Dennis)

23 miles from Ilfracombe and 9 miles from Hartland Point stands the island of Lundy, 3 miles long from North to South, half a mile wide at its widest point and rising to 500 feet above sea level. Its area is about 1100 acres, 200 acres of which at the Southern End is cultivated and enclosed in fields of varying sizes by granite walls. The rest is moorland, rather like Exmoor.

When I lived on the island there was a Church, a large farmhouse, where I lived and which was later to become an hotel reserved for the owner and his family, four coast-guard cottages, four farm cottages, a disused lighthouse, a derelict castle and two lighthouses, one at the South End and the other at the North End. Now, sad to say, some of the cottages have fallen into disuse and the farmhouse, later used as an hotel, is no longer habitable. The derelict castle, known as Marisco Castle stands on the cliff top at the South End of the island dominating the Landing Bay and was probably erected by Sir William de Marisco between 1199 and 1235. The disused lighthouse was erected in 1819 on the highest point of the island and was soon found to be useless as its light was often obscured by low cloud and mist and it was therefore replaced in 1897 by the two lighthouses now in use.

One of the most famous residents of Lundy was Benson, a Bideford merchant and at one time a Member of Parliament, who, in 1750 had a contract with the British Government to transport convicts overseas, ostensibly to Australia. However, his definition of "overseas" differed somewhat from that of the British Authorities, because he took them to Lundy where they were engaged in quarrying the granite there to erect the walls enclosing the fields previously referred to.

Lundy is in one ownership. There are no tenancies, or rights of way thereon and the only people having the right to land are the occupants of the two lighthouses and representatives of Trinity House. Everyone else can be charged a landing fee. With the exception of the lighthouses, the other buildings, together with the farmstead are mostly at the south end of the island. A road winds up the hillside from the Landing Beach to the settlement of Church, houses and farm buildings and on through the farmstead where it is affectionately known as "High Street". On its way up from the beach this road passes through the sheltered combs leading down to the sea and where rhododendrons, narcissi, and other flowers bloom in profusion in due season and where there are fine views of the east sidings, the Landing Beach and the South Lighthouse. At the end of the High Street, passing through a gateway we cross a field onto the moor. We have now left the road behind and find ourselves on a rough track which crosses the moor all the way to the North End and the North End lighthouse. This track is marked by blocks of granite at about 60 yard intervals. These are to help the traveller find his way for without them he could quickly be lost especially on a dark and foggy night.

My father was the farmer and the other residents were my mother, with a domestic help, 3 workmen, 6 lighthouse keepers, 6 coastguards, 2 landgirls and myself, the only child. We went there to live in 1917 during the First World War and that was why the coastguards and landgirls were there.

This country was then in the grip of the German U-boats and one of their favourite haunts was around Lundy waiting for shipping entering and leaving the Bristol Channel. History tells us that the actions of these submarines nearly starved our country into submission. The submarines of that day were compelled to surface to charge their batteries and as there was no radio they often did this in broad daylight without fear of interference and I remember seeing them on the surface, of course only when there was no other shipping about. At the outbreak of the First World War there was a direct telephone link between Croyde to Lundy by underwater cable which came

ashore near the Landing Beach and led to the Cable Office. To make quite sure that this telephone was not used by the islanders to pass information, the Germans landed on the Beach one dark night and cut the cable in three places, but it did not interfere with us. These submarines sometimes laid mines in the Bristol Channel and approaches. Part of the British effort to combat this menace was to mobilise the Scottish drifter fleet and base some of them at Millford Haven. The skippers and crews were retained and formed into a special unit. Some of these ships were used as submarine chasers while others, working in pairs, were used as minesweepers. With wires strung between each pair, the idea was to cut the restraining chains of the mines and then explode them by gunfire. The crews of these ships being fishermen brought up in the tough life of the North Sea were not noted for their discipline. When they left their base at Millford Haven they were supposed to stay at sea for a week. They did a wonderful job under very dangerous conditions but quite rightly felt the need for what is now known as "Rest and Recreation". Where did they get it? Why, on Lundy of course. My mother would be working in the farmhouse kitchen with its view over the sea to North Devon when she would suddenly exclaim, "They're coming!" This would herald the imminent arrival of the crews from half a dozen of these ships. They would come ashore to our farmhouse bringing with them baskets of lovely fresh fish. You see, as fishermen they still had their nets aboard. We had so much fish in fact that, while the people on the mainland were almost starving, we were feeding prime fish to pigs.

My mother always kept buttermilk when she was making butter and after the ship's rations the sailors would enjoy this drink and also on leaving to go back to their ships they would take with them some butter and cream. They also used to bring something else besides fresh fish, whiskey, in gallon jars. They would sit in our large kitchen and have a right royal time and my father had to be sure there were at least two or three sober men on the island to get the crews back to the ships in due course. It wasn't just a case of taking them to the Beach, they had to be rowed out to the vessels anchored off shore.

As you may imagine, transport to and from the island was at that time very difficult. In fact we were dependent on these trawlers. When someone had to go to the mainland we would signal by semaphore to the trawlers and three of them would arrive even though it may only be my mother and I who wished to make the crossing.

Of course these crossings were few and far between and there always had to be a justification for the request. We would go in one boat and we would have an escort of two, one of the port side and the other on the starboard, and off we would sail to Ilfracombe.

My favourite ship was the *Favorita*. We were always told that while every effort would be made to get us to our destination, the ship's primary duty was to



"The biggest bull and I had
over and over me!"

John Nolan's version of Seal's Hole

deal with submarines and mines. One day when crossing from Ilfracombe to the island we did in fact engage a German submarine. I am now the proud possessor of a 12 pounder shell case whose shell had been fired at the German submarine. Another time when crossing to the island I was sitting amidships with my mother and on the bench beside us was a canary in a cage. The vessel gave a sudden lurch. She had been hit by a huge wave, the result of what is known as "ground sea", a phenomenon which sometimes occurs even on the calmest day. I was washed over board, as also was the canary. I came back on the next wave, but, sad to say, the canary did not.

One of my most vivid memories was of being awakened by my parents one night to see a large fire on the water between Baggy Point and Lundy and slowly approaching the island. This proved to be a ship on fire from end to end. She came into the Landing Bay and everybody thought she was sure to run aground, but the current took her around the South End of the island and the next morning she was off the west side reduced to a burnt out hulk. As she passed below us the mast toppled into the water which was boiling all around. An awesome sight I shall never forget. My father made every effort to establish her identity but was never able to do so, nor was he able to find out what actually happened. There were certainly no survivors.

I have pleasant memories of picnics with my parents. There are several sheltered spots on the sidings with close-cropped grass, granite outcrops and lots of sea thrift and other flowers. It is possible to sit all day in these sheltered places and watch the ships passing by, or the rabbits at play, the seabirds going about their business and the seals on the rocks below. We used to visit the lighthouses regularly and sometimes stay to tea with the keepers. I did not like the condensed milk, which was a regular ingredient, but all the other delights made up for this. I used to help the keepers clean the glass on the revolving lantern and I was always delighted when we stayed until sunset to see the light lit and set in motion. As we walked home across the island we could watch our lighthouses flashing their beacons of safety across the sea and see ten other lighthouses doing the same along the North Devon and South Wales coasts.

In June 1918 the first aeroplane landed on Lundy. It was a biplane of the RAF and it crashed on the island and finished upside down with the pilot hanging from the cockpit. He was saved by the islanders and nursed back to health by my mother. You see, with no radio or helicopters in those days information could only be sent out if the mine-sweepers were close enough to see our semaphore. The crashed plane was spotted by the crew of an airship which had been searching a wide area of the sea from St Ives to Pembrokeshire. Imagine my surprise when I ran out of the back door of the farmhouse to see this airship hovering about fifty feet above us with the captain just about to call through a loud-hailer. It was some time before a rescue ship came to fetch the pilot and when he left he wrote in my autograph book:

*I think that in future if I want to crash
I'll fly off to Lundy, I won't mind the smash
For while I've been here I've had such a spree
That I know they'll be glad to see me on the sea.*

Signed: Charles Oldfield, Lieutenant RAF, first aeroplane to land on Lundy 4th June 1918.

I remember a visit by the Bishop of Exeter who came with a party in 1918. They brought their own food but my mother laid it out in our dining room. I made it my business to let them know that there was a child on the island by hovering around outside the window. Of course I was called into the room where I ate a plate of strawberries and cream, sitting on the bishop's knee, the first strawberries I had ever eaten.

I referred earlier to the island's Church. This was built of granite and has a seating capacity of 165. You may rightly ask what such a large church was doing on

Lundy. In the 1800s the island was owned by the Heaven family. Towards the end of that century the owner of that time, one Revered Heaven, achieved his life's ambition by building this fine church. It was consecrated by the Bishop of Exeter of that time, not the strawberry and cream bishop, and he and his party had a very unpleasant crossing in a small boat and they were all ill, which prompted the Bishop in his address to say that he had been converted to the belief of the necessity of passing through purgatory to reach the Kingdom of Heaven. Services could only be held in the Church on the rare occasions visiting clergy were available. When this happened my mother would take her harmonium across to the Church from the farmhouse to play for the service.

I did not have any cats or dogs as pets but seagulls. The island abounds with nesting seabirds from April to August. There are puffins, guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes and common gulls. The sidings are clothed in thrift and the cliffs are spattered with nesting seabirds in spring and summer, an unforgettable sight. In the spring seagulls' eggs could be collected and preserved for use throughout the year. They are first class for cooking and for omelettes. Gulls, unlike other seabirds, but similar to domestic fowls, will continue laying so long as their eggs are taken, so no harm is done in collecting enough for one's needs. Occasionally, when egg collecting, the men would come across young chicks abandoned or lost by their parents. These we would rear and they would be my pets. They would stay with us until almost adult when they returned to the cliffs and their kind.

As the only child on the island I had no playmates and therefore had to make my own amusements. Close to our home was a dew pond and I would spend hours there playing with a toy battleship made by Mr Jukes, one of the coastguards. I remember this toy well. It had small lifeboats along the side and moveable gun turrets. I thought this was the finest toy of all and Mr Jukes the cleverest man in the world. I spent hours sailing this ship across the pond from Lundy to Ilfracombe and back. How wonderful a child's imagination can be.

A general election was held soon after the end of the First World War and there was a polling station on Lundy to cater for the eight voters living there. My father had to cross to Bideford to be sworn in at the Magistrate's Court as a Special Constable enabling him to officiate on the appointed day. Mr Lee from Barnstaple came over as the Presiding Officer. On Election Day he opened the Polling Station at eight o'clock and my father was standing there outside wearing his official arm band. By five minutes past eight all the voters had cast their votes but the Polling Station had to remain open until eight pm.

I have already spoken of the difficulties of crossing to and from the island. Well, a persistent East wind prevented Mr Lee from leaving the island and his return to the mainland was delayed, and until his arrival at Barnstaple the counting of votes for the North Devon division could not commence. The fact that everyone knew there were seven Conservative and one Liberal vote in the box made not the slightest difference.

Another of my outstanding memories was of a shipwreck in the autumn of 1918. The SS *Enfield*, Captain Evans in command, was on passage from Swansea to the south coast and due to engine failure was wrecked on the East Side at the same spot as a German coaster was wrecked a few months ago. Luckily no lives were lost, but what a contrast between the rescue of the crews of the two ships. When the German coaster grounded last October, the crew members were rescued by helicopter and were on their way home to Germany by ten thirty in the morning. In the case of the *Enfield*, however, the officers and crew had to be accommodated in our farmhouse and they were there for weeks. In fact the Captain and officers were there for Christmas. Most of the crew were Lascars and they had an African cook. The problem was feeding this sudden increase in the population. You see there are no shops just around the corner on Lundy. The problem was solved by the slaughter of an old bull. I do not

remember the reaction of the crew but this tough customer was served in all disguises, as roast, stews, pies, sausages, stew again, until finally the crew members became ill with food poisoning. Luckily none died, but the Captain had an anxious time as no doctor or modern drugs were available. Luckily the surplus fish helped out.

It was decided to attempt a salvage of this vessel and after the departure of the crew my mother had to cater for the ship's officers and the salvage crew. No mean task, but luckily because of the salvage operation an occasional boat arrived from Swansea and food was easier to come by. The salvage attempt was unsuccessful however. After months of work repairing the hull, preparations were completed for towing the stricken vessel to Swansea for full repair. I remember standing on the cliff top with the other islanders watching as she was towed away. But one mile off shore, she started to sink. Her tow lines were severed just in time and we watched as she disappeared beneath the waves right in front of our eyes.

The island was equipped with life-saving apparatus including rocket equipment for firing life-lines to ships which may be stranded on the rocks and the means by which the crew could be rescued by breeches buoy. Every three months there had to be a life-saving drill and the breeches buoy equipment was tested by fixing the life-line to a permanently positioned pole on the island. I eagerly looked forward to these drills because I was always going across in the breeches buoy. The equipment was used to advantage during the rescue of the SS *Erfield's* crew.

Christmas 1918 was a memorable one for me. The salvage crew was still with us. The war in Europe had just ended and a memorable Christmas was planned. Everyone on the island, depending on their duties in the lighthouses, would spend their free time in our house. The salvage vessel was by that time making frequent trips to Swansea and, aided by close links with the Navy, adequate fruit and other delicacies unknown in Britain for the past five years were available. My mother made Christmas puddings and cakes and there was a Christmas tree brought from Swansea. We were loaded with presents, and although I was no longer the only child on the island - I now had a three month old sister - I certainly had my share of good things from the tree. Before going to bed on Christmas Eve I left a cup of cocoa and a banana on the dining room table for Father Christmas and in the morning the dirty cup and the banana peel was there, evidence of his visit. He even remembered me way out on a lonely island.

There seemed to be an unlimited supply of cigars. Whenever I walk into a room where a cigar has been smoked now, I am taken back immediately to that farmhouse and Christmas 1918. Does smell have an affect with you in reviving memories of bygone days? If I close my eyes and sniff gorse blooms I am immediately transported back to a very special spot on Lundy.

Although we always tend to remember only what is good as a child, I have one very sad memory of Lundy. When the island boat called, which after all was a very rare event, I would always go down to the beach to watch them unload and generally see what was happening. On this occasion when I arrived on the beach my father did not appear to be his normal self and when it was time to go home, instead of taking my hand to walk up the Beach Road he told me to run along. As I arrived home I saw him take my mother who was very distressed, helping her to a chair. The mail which had arrived by that island boat had brought the news that her brother had been killed on the Western Front. This was only a few weeks before the Armistice and he had served right through the war in the North Devon Yeomanry. However, as I was so fortunate as to be able to spend my childhood days in such a paradise as Lundy, I am sure that the good time easily outweighed the bad ones.

You may wonder what I did about schooling. Well, when I lived on Lundy, I did not go to school. My education came from living close to nature in all its aspects, aided by my mother's tuition in basic matters. When I finally returned to live on the main-

land and I went to school. I was never at a disadvantage. This brings to mind a quotation by Lord Tweedsmuir; 'if you have had the good fortune to have a country childhood you may hope to grow up with one of the greatest ingredients for a happy life - the ability to take pleasure in small things.' This is to me very apt and has certainly applied to my life from those early days in Lundy to the present time.

Party of Brjancston pupils arriving to help AJD to eradicate rats, in 1945. (pic from North Devon Journal-Herald; used by Peter Christie in 'Golden Years of North Devon')



RATS ON SEABIRD ISLANDS

David Appleton

(from the Newsletter of the Devon Mammal Group)

There are a large number of small islands worldwide which are ideally suited to accommodate large populations of seabirds. Some of these islands provide shelter and ideal habitat conditions for both the brown rat *Rattus norvegicus* and the black rat *Rattus rattus*, both of which are distributed abundantly throughout the globe.

Studies have concluded that the rats restrict the size of the bird colonies due to their predation on the chicks and eggs. Various management techniques have been developed to control this problem, varying from controlling rat numbers at a sustainable level, to the complete eradication of rats from the islands.

Both species of rats were introduced to the UK and are having a detrimental effect on our seabird islands. Brown rats are abundant within the UK. Black rats were once common, they are now confined to four island populations due to the dominance of the browns. Lundy is one of these islands where both species were accidentally introduced (by ship wrecks and importing foodstuffs). The rats are having a detrimental impact on the seabird populations.

Lundy plays host to Manx shearwaters and puffins, the populations of which have declined significantly since bird records began in 1939. Puffin numbers have crashed from 3000+ pairs to only 12 individuals. The UK Government has a commitment to protecting globally important populations of seabirds, and UK islands account for a large proportion of the global Manx shearwater population. It has been suggested that the reason for this decline relates to the crash in food sources for these birds, however it is difficult to justify this when neighbouring populations on Skomer and Skokholm are healthy and increasing and all the birds fish in the same area. The only other major difference between these islands is the presence of rats.

As a result of a 2001 study, a decision was taken by the Lundy Management Group to eradicate all the rats from the islands. This followed the successful removal of rats from Ramsey in 2000 and various Scottish islands over the last 10 years.

The obvious difference with the rat population on Lundy is the presence of the black rats and a number of people consider the island to be a unique location as black and brown rats rarely live together. One suggestion was that the rat population should be controlled to ensure that the bird population can recover. Unfortunately the study established that the highest density of both species of rats coincided with the seabird colonies and the regular control of the rat population is a long-term and unsustainable commitment.

Work has been being carried out on Lundy during this winter to ensure that the rats are eradicated and precautions are being developed to ensure that rats do not re-invade the island. This was a difficult conservation decision but over the next 20 years the puffin and shearwater populations will start to recover.

INTERNET LUNDY GLEANINGS

All the following internet information was supplied to yr Ed by **Peter Rothwell**. Where I have not offered the website address, you can get it from me if you want it.

- 1 BBC Devon Great Outdoors 27/6/2003.
Headline: Bid to save Lundy's puffin population. (see **editorial**) Spokesman for English Nature '... rats not native to Lundy ... imported on ships.'
- 2 Manchester Metropolitan University.
 Protection of the Lundy Cabbage. Richard Peart (Crewe and Alsager Department of Environmental and Leisure Studies) 25/5/98 'a group of four mountaineers was selected and equipped by the British Mountaineering Council.
- 3 Genuki (UK and Ireland Genealogy)
 Very interesting miscellany of information; eg Realscared.com article on Sea Kayak trip to Lundy, Bank Holiday June 2002.
- 4 mini-grid.com
 1983 Data for 'windmill' - first rate archival material.
- 5 Daves Wrecks Website
 HEINKEL HE-111H-5 WERK 3911. Excellent account of the crash March 3rd 1941. Very fine piece of archive work.
- 6 madasafish.com
 Time of writing New Year 2003. Letter written anti-extermiation of rats, from Animal Aid point of view - well and clearly expressed.
- 7 www.geocities.com (post 1980s from internal dating)
 Lundy is called YSLA LUYDON. Probably written by a Cornishman. An astonishing account of the island, including the comment that there is 'a vacation residence used by his Britannic Majesty Gereint III'
- 8 www.leyhunter.com
 Astroarchaeology of Lundy - sacred isle of ANNWN (sent by Sharon Higgins, The Bungalow, 134 Bay View Road, Northam EX39) ANNWN is the isle of departed souls, the entrance to the 'other world'. SH uses RWE Farrah's articles (recommended to her by the National Trust archaeologist she spoke to on Lundy in summer 2000(?), together with other work done by the NT and also Prof A Thom.
- 9 There's an excerpt from the Autumn 2001 edition of Cambria - "Lundy, Wales' Lost Island." This author also thinks Lundy is a possible Celtic "isle of the dead" or ANNWYM (sic) - a gateway to the next world.
- 10 www.nicolacornick.co.uk (2003 from internal dating)
 "Lady Allerton's Wager" Mills and Boon. NC "visited Lundy in 1996 and knew at once that [she] wanted to set a book there."
- 11 www.red4.co.uk
 2000 V Wales' "The White Woman of Lundy," a legend about the pirate Pronoville's comeuppance.

12 2002 Oxford Arch Digital. 27 Park End Street, Oxford OX1 1HU. 01865 793043. Ref National Trust Sites and Monuments Record for Lundy.

13 COBH (Ireland) to Bristol via Lundy. 4/11 - 8/11/02. The Endeavour sails the Irish, Welsh and Severn Seas. www.barkendeavour.com.au

14 Agequipment UK Press Release on new tyre changer.

Protection for Lundy Island's sea life boosted: The First No Take Zone in UK confirmed by Government.

15 English Nature's No Take Zone Press Release.

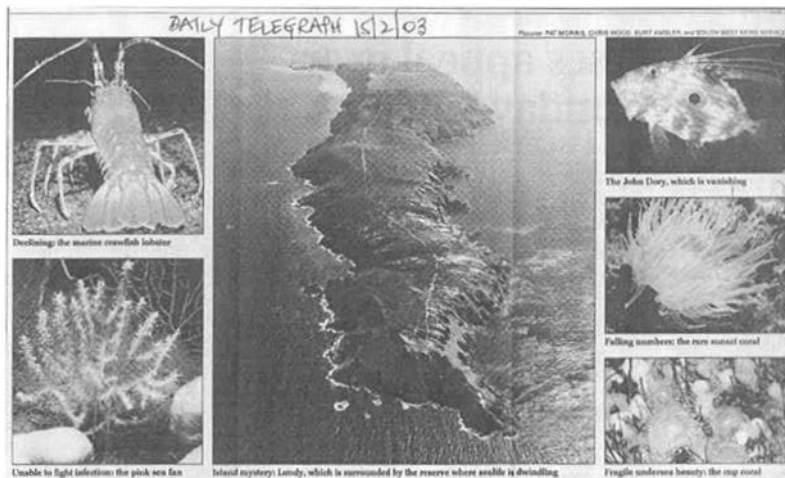
Chris Davis, English Nature's Maritime Conservation Officer for Lundy said, "this is fantastic news all round. The marine life around Lundy Island is internationally important as well as being a valuable asset for local fishermen. The No Take Zone aims to ensure that our rich marine biodiversity is given full protection as well as continuing to provide for the local fishing community."

English Nature's Chair, Sir Martin Doughty said, "we are delighted with the support we have received and we value the essential management partnership that exists on Lundy. This initiative leads the way for marine conservation in the UK and we look forward to seeing its benefits. The Lundy No Take Zone is a vital step towards improved management of our seas, as outlined in English Nature's Maritime State of Nature Report published in November 2002. In it we highlight the fact that we currently use, or exploit our maritime environment, leaving no areas undisturbed to show what 'natural' seabed should look like. As well as being important for the conservation of Lundy's rich marine wildlife, this site will give an example of the types of changes taking place in the rest of our seas as a result of exploitation, and we hope will be the start of setting aside other areas, both for wildlife benefits, and fisheries management."

English Nature supports the process of establishing the No Take Zone at Lundy, but we will continue discussions with commercial and recreational fisheries groups to identify benefits for fishermen, their future and the environment.

I Pictures of Lundy and its marine wildlife are available from the English Nature National Press Office - contacts below. High quality footage of its marine wildlife is also available on VHS and DVD.

II English Nature is the Government agency that champions the conservation of wildlife and geology in England.



Daily
Telegraph
15/2/03
(see
Newspaper
Trawl)

III The No Take Zone covers an area of 3.3km on the east side of the island. Devon Sea Fisheries Committee will enforce the bylaw with assistance from the local warden. English Nature is developing detailed monitoring plans to evaluate the effects of the area on both commercial species and species of nature conservation importance. No Take Zones have been proved to increase both fish and shellfish stocks all over the world including New Zealand, Canada and Australia whilst protecting the wealth of marine life in the sea.

IV Lundy is designated as a European Special Area of Conservation and is important for the following habitats and species:

- Reefs
- Subtidal sandbanks
- Sea caves
- Grey seals

V Lundy Island is the only Marine Nature Reserve in England. The island's reefs are outstanding for the large number of rare or unusual species, including solitary cup corals, sea fans and sponges.

VI Lundy Island is located in the Bristol Channel, 12 miles off the North Devon coast and is owned by the National Trust and is leased to the Landmark trust.

VII Lundy Marine Nature Reserve is managed by a partnership between English Nature, the Environment Agency, Devon Sea Fisheries Committee, the National Trust, and the Landmark Trust.

VIII The Scuba Divers Guide to Lundy Marine Nature Reserve is available (£5.00) through English Nature 01733 455181, www.english-nature.org.uk, the Marine Conservation Society, www.mcsuk.org, 01989 5660127 - and through the Landmark Trust at its shore offices at Bideford and Ilfracombe 01271 863636, on the boat to and from Lundy and on Lundy island itself.

Contacts for more information:

English Nature's National Press Office, 01733 455190, out of hours 07970 098005, email press@english-nature.org.uk or visit our website at www.english-nature.org.uk

HOW DO YOU SUPPLY TYRE BAY EQUIPMENT TO AN ISLAND THAT HAS NO CARS OR ROADS?

Well, Automotive Garage Equipment have achieved the near impossible and done it. To celebrate 5 successful years of their web site at www.agequipment.co.uk they decided to attempt to get a tyre changer to as remote a place as realistically possible. Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel was the chosen location for this enterprise.

Island maintenance manager Roger was delighted with their proposal to donate a tyre fitting machine to the island as he currently has to either ship wheel and tyre assemblies back to the mainland for changing, or change tyres in a rather physical, time-consuming and potentially tyre and wheel damaging procedure. Automotive Garage Equipment decided to donate one of the last reconditioned machines that they will do, as costs and the competitively priced new machines they sell are making it uneconomical to do many more. The machine was completely stripped, shotblasted and re-powder coated by Redditch Shotblasting, recognised



Automotive Garage Equipment's Tyre Changer (for Lundy's vehicles).

as one of the best shotblasters and powder coaters in the country. Machine parts were then reconditioned with worn parts being replaced. The machine was then re-assembled and tested with a Dunlop Motorsport rally tyre. The machine was then taken to Ilfracombe ready to be placed on the MS Oldenburg ready for shipping along the Bristol Channel into the Atlantic and on to the remote Island of Lundy.

Upon arrival at Lundy the machine was hoisted off the boat, lowered onto a tractor and taken up the steep path to Roger's workshop in the small village on the island.

The machine will now be used by Roger to maintain the tyres on the island's 2 Landrovers and their fleet of quad bikes.



The Tyre Changer being put
aboard the Oldenburg

LUNDY: AN ABUNDANCE OF LICHENS

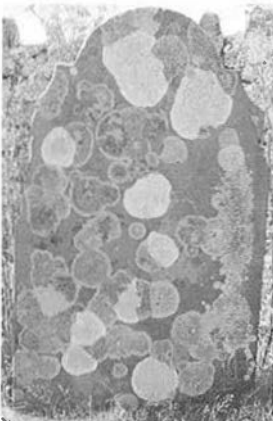
Ann Allen & Barbara Hilton

Lichens are very special on Lundy: 350 different species are recorded, one-fifth of the total lichens in Great Britain – an amazing diversity for such a small island!

Lichens are tough pioneers. They grow slowly, often less than 1mm per year on rock, wood, peat, moss, concrete, mortar, brick – even metal! Lichens are a partnership of threads of a fungus and microscopic algae – taking on the form, often brightly coloured, of a crust, leafy or bushy shape. The form adapts the lichen to the conditions where it grows. Lundy's south-western, oceanic position favours a special maritime lichen community which boasts some rare species, which are protected nationally, as well as the common grey bushy *Ramalina sitiquose* (Sea Ivory), so abundant on the western granite cliffs.

In Lundy's clean air lichens thrive on coastal cliffs, walls, gravestones, heathland and trees. Many lichens are sensitive to sulphur dioxide air pollution; others are affected by fertiliser with ammonia, and traffic exhausts: fortunately Lundy has little of these. Over 100 different species grow on Lundy's trees. A few lichens are marine and grow between the tides. Maritime lichens on Lundy are adapted to the salt spray above the tidal zone and are found in black, orange, yellow and grey zones. Some lichens, sensitive to wind and salt, find shelter in crevices and underhangs. Lining from birds encourages many lichens, some are confined to bird perches. Lundy has a wealth of perches for its many birds – cliffs, walls and boulders.

The next time you walk about Lundy, cast your eye upon the splashes of colour on the coastal rocks, walls, quarries and standing stones – and the beautiful lichens on the slate headstone at Beacon Hill Cemetery. You can appreciate the lichens clothing the old trees near Millcombe House and growing through the heath, as mats of *Claadonia* (Reindeer Moss), around the pond and at the north of the Island. Lundy while small, is home to an abundance of lichens.



Lichens on a slate headstone
in Beacon Hill Cemetery.
(Ann Allen and
Barbara Hilton).

List of Lundy Broadcasts, Films and Videos Alan Rowlands

Ref No yyyymmdd	Type	Station	Title/Name etc	Description	Date	Names	Time	References
1930000	Cine Film	Harman's film	Harman's family cine film – since remastered onto Video by TSW Film & Archive	Views on the island	0/0/1930			LR = Lundy Report ILN = Illustrated Lundy News NL = Newsletter 'Owned copy' = AR's copy
19390526	Radio Broadcast	BBC	Lundy Island Broadcast					Puffin Stamps Auction Catalogue 23 Oct 2002
19580904	Radio Broadcast	BBC West of England	Round Up	Interview?	04/09/59		00:06	LR No 3 Winter 1958
19581125	T V Broadcast	BBC	Play	Granite the play	25/11/58			LR No 3 Winter 1958
19590000	Cine Film		The Story of Lundy	A proposed film	0/0/1959	Arthur J Dennis		LR No 5 Autumn/Winter 1959
19590400	Radio Broadcast	BBC Western Region	The Naturalist	Recorded April 1955	04/04/59	Bill Workman, Peter Davies		LR No 4 Spring/Summer 1959
19600000	Cine Film	Lawder Film	Climbing – since re-mastered onto Video by TSW Film & Archive	Trip over on the Gannet and some climbing	0/0/1960	John Earl, Rear Admiral Lawder		
19600324	TV Broadcast	BBC	Birds' Eye View	Film crew arrive to film	24/03/60			ILN Vol 1 No 3 Spring 1971
19600617	TV Broadcast	ITV	The Pursuit of Happiness	Short film on inhabitants of Lundy	17/06/60			LR No 6 Winter 1960/61
19700413	Radio Broadcast	BBC	Lundy Gannet		13/04/70			ILN Vol 1 No 3 Spring 1971
19710620	TV Broadcast	BBC	Some Lovely Islands or Great British Islands		20/06/71	Leslie Thomas		ILN Vol 2 No 1 1972
19711206	TV Broadcast	BBC	Unknown	BBC TV Film Crew on island 4 day	06/12/71			ILN Vol 2 No 2 1972
19720414	Cine Film		The Climbing of the Devil's Slide		14/04/72	John Stockwell		ILN Vol 2 No 4 1973
19720414	Cine Film			A Lundy film show	14/04/72	Mr Cobbledick		ILN Vol 2 No 4 1973
19720729	Radio Broadcast	BBC	Pick of the Week	Interview Gade, Ogilvie, Grainger	29/07/72	Interviewer Anna Perry	00:05	ILN Vol 2 No 5 1973
1730125	Cine Film		Film Show	Construction of Sea Truck 'Shern'	25/01/73			ILN Vol 2 No 6 1973
1730125	Cine Film		Film Show	Embarkation of Soay heep from Pyramid to Polar Bear 1972	25/01/73			ILN Vol 2 No 6 1973
19730125	TV Broadcast	BBC	Trinity House Helicopter Refuel at South Light		25/01/73			ILN Vol 2 No 6 1973

19730430	TV Broadcast	BBC Wales	Welsh Language News Programme		31/01/73			ILN Vol 3 No 1 1974
19740001	TV Broadcast	ITV	News	John Smith Interview	18/01/74			ILN Vol3 No 3 1975
19740118	TV Broadcast	ITC	Magpie	Ref to Lundy Pony named Magpie	18/01/74			ILN Vol 3 No 3 1975
19810001	TV Film	Freelance	Sold to BBC by 2 freelancers		0/0/1981			NL No 20 1990
19810002	Film		Underwater life round Lundy		0/0/1981	Laurie Emberson		NL No 20 1990
19810003	TV Broadcast	BBC	Zoo Quest?		0/0/1981	Johnny Morris		NL No 20 1990
19840001	TV Film	TVS	Liz Ogilvie's life on Lundy		0/0/1984			LC Vol 3 No 1 1985 NL No 20 1990
19840002	TV Broadcast	Room 73	Liz Ogilvie's life on Lundy		0/0/1984			LC Vol 3 No 1 1985
198400032	TV Broadcast	BBC	Naturalist Programme					NL No 14 1984
19840004	TV Broadcast	ITV	Naturalist Programme					NL No 14 1984
19840800	Video		Marine Environment			From WMN 27/08/94		NL No 25 1995
19850001	TV Broadcast	BBC Bristol	Lawder's Lundy	Climbing		K M Lawder		NL No 15 1985
19850002	TV Broadcast	ITV	Secrets of the Coast	Commentary on Lundy		Dr Keith Hiscock		NL No 15 1985
19860001	Film	ITV	Painter's Paradise		0/0/1986	David Lawrence (painter) John Huston, Q. Wensgate Productions Terry Wogan voice over.		NL No 20 1990
19860002	Film		Peter Davis LFS Warden	Japanese Crew	0/0/1986			NL No 20 1990
19870001	Radio Broadcast		A West Country Journey			Tom Salmon		NL No 16 1987
19870002	TV Film	Freelance - Anglia	Survival - Lundy's Golden Mile	Underwater programme narrated by Chris Kelly with help from Warden Neil Wilcox	0/0/1987	Mark Deeble/Victoria Stone	00:24	NL No 20 1990 and owned copy
19880001	TV Broadcast	East Company	Quiz - what rent is paid for Lundy		0/0/1988	Andrew Driver		NL No 20 1990
19880002	Film		Robinson Crusoe		0/0/1988			NL No 20 1990
19881109	TV Broadcast	Thames Educational	Using the wind	Evidence of using electricity from the generator	09/11/88			NL No 20 1990
19890001	TV Broadcast	BBC West	A Summer Journey - The Bristol Channel Coast - Towards the Atlantic	Programme 6 - Oldenburg, Marine Nature Reserve, Stamps, Coins, Views, Wrecks	0/0/1989	Sir John Smith, John Puddy, Neil Wilcox	00:12	NL No 20 1990 and owned copy
19890729	TV Broadcast	Channel 4	Great British Isles, see also Some Lovely Islands	Repeated ITV 16/01/91	28/07/89	Leslie Thomas - Benson's Cave - Broadcast 'that Saturday'		NL No 21 1991 WMN 29/07/89 21 page assoc booklet

19900201	TV Broadcast	BBC	Timewatch	Last Days of Napoleon - Lundy used as St Helena - 1st September 1869	01/02/90			NL No 20 1990
19921200	TV Broadcast		Film LMNR		00/12/92			NL No 23 1993
19930000	Video	Springfield Productions	Islands of the Bristol Channel	Cine to Video film of Sully Flatholm, Stepholm and Lundy	00/00/93	Produced by Mike Edmunds narrated by John Dodge		Copy owned
19930000	Video	ME Productions Exeter University & Landmark Trust	Lundy	Promotional Film		John & Wendy Puddy, Andrew Gibson - Warkler, Tony Lingham	00:20	Owned copy
19950706	TV Broadcast		Tracks - Rat Race	Rats v Puffins	06/07/95	David Stafford, Kenny Taylor (Scottish Wildlife Trust)	00:07	Copy Owned
19950806	TV Broadcast		Really Wild Show	Wildlife above and below water	06/08/95	Chris Packham	00:04	Copy owned
19960001	Video	Marisco Productions	Lundy Isle of Puffins (The Edge of Britain)	Cine to Video film from 1954-55	00/00/96	Gordon Coward	00:45	NL No 27 1997 and copy owned
19960002	TV Broadcast	BBC	Holiday programme - 5 minutes out of half an hour	Holiday on Lundy (c 1996)	00/00/96	Shonku Guhar, Reg Lovell, Emma Parkes	00:05	Owned Copy
19970000	Video	Footprints Video Bideford	Beautiful Lundy Island	Promotional Film	00/00/97		00:35	Copy Owned
19980324	TV Broadcast	Westcountry	Wild West Country	Seals	24/03/98	Liza Cole	00:03	NL No 28 and owned copy
19980407	TV Broadcast	Westcountry	Wild West Country	Cabbage	07/04/98	Steve Compton	00:03	Owned Copy
20010627	TV Broadcast	BBC SW	News Puffin v Rats	Rats v Puffins	27/06/01		00:02	Copy owned
20010916	TV Broadcast	Carlton	West Country Tales	Marisco/Heaven/Harman - includes some of Harman's 1930s cine	16/09/01	Wm Scutt Archaeologist, Dorothy Ann Heaven, Cat Heaven, Diana Keast, Cynthia McVey, Psychologist	00:20	Copy owned
20030212	TV Broadcast	Carlton	News	Loss of Underwater Species	12/02/03			
20000701	TV Broadcast	WDR	TV History Magazine			Peter Rothwell, Ann Westcott		NL 31
20000702	TV Broadcast	WDR	Travel Programme			Peter Rothwell, Ann Westcott		NL 31

THE WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL

AA ★ ★ ★ RAC



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

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

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

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

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

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

For further details,
phone (01271) 870388, fax (01271) 870613, or write to the
Woolacombe Bay Hotel, Woolacombe, North Devon, EX34 7BN
www.woolacombe-bay-hotel.co.uk