

Lundy Field Society Newsletter

No 36



Spring 2006

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We thank the St Austell Brewery for advertising on our back page.

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"LUNDY - ISLE OF PUFFINS"

The film "Lundy - Isle of Puffins" [Lundy as it was in the early 1950s] is now available as a DVD, at £13 plus £1 p&p. Obtainable from Gordon Coward, Marisco, Saunton, Braunton, North Devon EX33 1LG. (01271) 890466 email: gcoward@onetel.com. Cheques Payable to Gordon Coward.

MORE VIDEO/DVD PRODUCTIONS

Alan Young of Bideford, some Society members may have noted on the island from time to time, has spent hours capturing the unique isolated beauty of Lundy on film.

The first, a re-issue of a 1996 production. *Beautiful Lundy Island* (DVD £12.99, VHS £10.99 inc p&p) and a new production. *A Breath of Lundy Island* (DVD £16.99, VHS £12.99 inc p&p), are available by cheque payable to Footprints Video at Hillcrest, Graynfyld Drive, Bideford EX39 4AP. Further details can be obtained by telephoning 0845 2302820 or emailing alan.young2000@ntlworld.com



Editor's Note: Any opinions expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those of the Lundy Field Society

AGM SATURDAY 4/3/2006

The AGM was held at the Peter Chalk Centre, the University of Exeter, on March 4th 2005. The Meeting's success, (both as a social occasion, & as an interesting day-ful of talks), was a tribute to the Organisers - special mention to Tony Cutler. The Chairman, Roger Chapple, spoke first to us of the deaths of an old Lundy friend, Ruth Harman Jones (sometime co-owner of the Island) & of a new friend, Mandy Green, (wife of the General Manager Derek), whom we have not been given time to know, except as a comforting presence, so quickly has she left us. RC extended the sympathy of the Meeting to the families of Ruth & Mandy - & I know all members will wish to join in that sympathy. The Business of the Day being completed (IE Chairman's/Secretary's/Treasurer's/Membership Secretary's Reports being read, confirmed & signed, & new members welcomed) & Tea having been taken, we were given the General Manager's Report. Not only was this Report highly informative, but Derek's own enthusiasm for what's been going on this year was most infectious. He reminded us that he first came over to dive in 1989. He thanked Paul Roberts (from whom he has taken over) for all his work on the island. He then moved on to describe this year's developments. A record number of visitors, 17,250, came to Lundy, & a 77 1/2% overall occupancy of properties was clocked up. A staggering programme of energy-saving/efficient use of buildings was undertaken. There's now 850 sq.metres of lagging in ceilings. Low-energy light bulbs are used in all properties, & have strikingly reduced the kilo-wattage consumed - now ALL Landmark Properties use such bulbs. Literally "Lundy Lights & Leads". There are "Turtle" stoves in the Barn. Windows everywhere are being as draught-proofed as possible on an Atlantic-facing island. Big St. John's & Little St. John's & Old Light Cottage have been re-furnished. The interior of Old Light has been re-painted. The Lambing Shed & Engineering Shop have been re-wired. The "Back Room" in the Tavern has been re-furnished. The Farm has produced 250 bales of silage, & as well as the continuing Lundy Lamb Project, there is goat/rabbit & venison on the menu - the island's own slaughter-house ensures correct procedures, especially hanging, for the best meat. So, on-going self-sufficiency as well as energy-saving, is the order of the day. The Beach Road is causing concern, & needs 18 month's work & will cost £1.6 million - & arrangements will have to be made to keep Lundy open during this time. The New Shore Office on Bideford Quay is now fully in use & complete with running water & an inside loo. (Editor's Comment - which the splendid staff most fully deserve) We were introduced to Nicola Saunders, the New Warden (Ben & Emma, now Mr. & Mrs. Sampson, are working in the Seychelles). And we bade farewell to Charlie Kilgour, the Assistant Warden. (Editor's comment, CK is moving on nicely, as other Assistant Wardens, & Wardens, have done, following their Lundy experience.)



*The new
Lundy
Shore
Office on
Bideford
Quay
Jack Bater,
Lesley
Dixon-
Chalfield,
Lyndsey
Stade and
Tracey
Crump.
(See p24)*

There's a new Stamp Issue for the 100th Anniversary of the "Montagus'" 1906 Catastrophe. Other projects planned include the external rehabilitation of Hammers & Blue Bung & the roofs of the Linhay & the Castle Cottage. The next Report was the Warden's. Nicola Saunders, being only 6 weeks into the New Job, freely acknowledged her debt to Ben Sampson's Notes, in making her Report. It was hoped both puffins & shearwaters would benefit from the rat-free island. The "ratters" were over for 6 weeks to check that there were no rats since 2004. 5 to 6 pairs of active(?) puffins were observed, & also the first chick since 1973. And, in early September, shearwaters were still visiting their burrows. Marine sightings included dolphins & bottlenosed dolphins. Few seal pups were seen. The largest group of basking sharks seen (in contrast with last year) was 20. There was a Marine Nature Reserve Survey undertaken. In 2005 Vegetation was spectacular. (Editor's Comment In all the years I've been visiting Lundy I've never seen anything like it. Millcombe was sensational, but everywhere on the island shared with the mainland an outstanding vegetational year) .Peter Hamlyn was taking a look at the sika deer (see p18). The bottom of the Quarry Beach Path has a "stair-case" - thanks to Steve Collinson; Steve and Gemma and their gorgeous daughter have left the Island, and I know that all LFS members who knew them will wish them well. There is a new volunteer Team doing "Estate" work. Richard Castle gave his customary excellent Bird Report - reminding all LFS Members at the outset, of the value to general scientific observations (eg regarding climate change) of specific bird



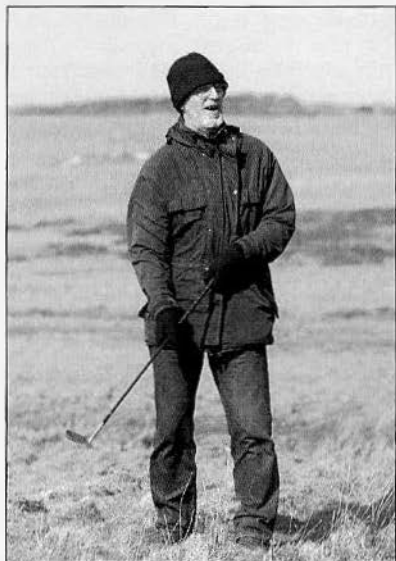
*Ben & Emma Sampson
(Robbins), Trevigue*

recording - & urging the fullest use of the LFS Log Book when members are on Lundy. (Editor's Comment. It occurred to me, as it does each year, that Richard's "Highlights" might be made available on the LFS Website) The Meeting ended with Roger Chapple (& his "Beautiful Assistant" Alan Rowland) auctioning Lundy Material kindly given by Members - Tom Baker was a most notable purchaser Then large numbers of us moved on to the ex-Rougemont Hotel for a most convivial ending to another great AGM.

THE 60TH. ANNIVERSARY. LUNDY 25/03/06 - 01/04/06

This brief outline can only hint at the splendid time we all had - each "doing his own thing" & yet one with the group - which is exactly as I remember Lundy since my first family visit actually to stay in 1957-ish. The settling-in on Saturday was smoothly achieved, thanks to sterling preparatory work by Roger Chapple & Frances Stuart - a master juggling act. Each day had at least one event, & most evenings saw an informal gathering in the Tavern. Sunday's event was the John Morgan Gorse Wine Party in Old House South, with John & Myfanwy as Wine-Makers & Roger & Paula Chapple as occupants of OHS, hosting a large concourse of LFS guests. On Monday (27th) Myrtle Ternstrom & Douglas Penny (see p21) hosted another lovely party at Government House. On Tuesday there was an informal meeting of Committee members at Govt. Ho. - because LFS business wasn't forgotten - Myrtle T & Michael Williams did great works with the LFS Library. Kelth Hiscock, who came over on Wednesday, was joined by Lize and Katie Cole in a check of current work at the Marine Nature Reserve. Chris Price (friend & Land Agent of the Harmans) came over for the day on Wed, & Penny Ogilvie & Mary Percy had to return to Mainland Commitments. (PO & MP were working on the Island, when I first went) Also on Wed. a group of musicians, organised by Diana Keast (sometime co-owner of Lundy) came over & gave great pleasure in the Tavern in the evenings. (see p33) Also on Wed. Tony Cutler took a party to look at the molybdenum deposits, in the cliffs visible from the Battery, & then some of them nobly climbed up to the Ancient Monument at the highest point of Acland's Moor, from which you can see to the North End, to join me in a small dowsing session, for which I had brought Rods, made for me by a member of the Devon Dowsing Socy. From my point of view it was a most exciting experiment. Several people bought Rods, & the money was donated by the maker to the LFS. Incidentally Tony Cutler led expeditions to Geological Sites all over the Island in the course of the week. On Thursday Diana Keast & Frances Stuart organised a very fine display of maps of Lundy in the Back Restaurant, which was also used in the early evening for a comment on the setting up of the LFS (Roger Chapple) & a reading of a Paper sent us by Hugh Boyd (2nd. LFS Warden) (see p36) from Canada - we had hoped HB would be with us but his Doctor said, "no" - so Douglas Penny read it, with great panache - a super reaching-out over the years. There was a Golf Match, over the 1928 Golf Course (I think!) (photographs by Jennifer Ellis). On Thursday also there was a Sausage Sizzle at Gi's Hut (the Time-Keeper's Office of the Lundy Granite Company) - those responsible for this very Lundy Occasion were Chas. & Jennifer Ellis, (CE in his earliest stays on Lundy was "honey-pot emptier" at the Old Light, at that time the LFS HQ), Michael Williams, & Derek

THE GOLF MATCH



The Golf Match

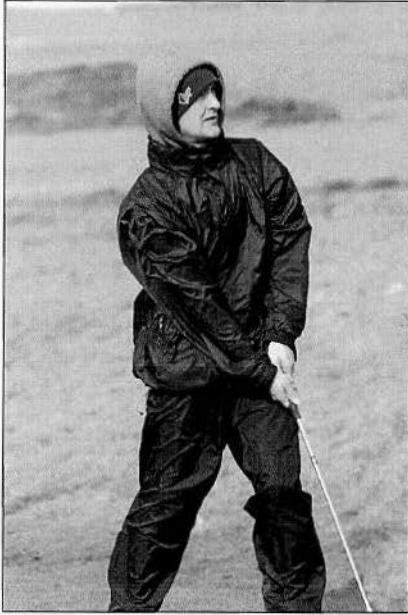
Above Left: John Barber. Above Right: Andre Coutanche.

Below Left: Kate Cole and Derek Cheesebrough.

Below Right: Roger Allen and Charles Ellis



THE GOLF MATCH



The Golf Match



Above Left: Dave Molyneux,
Above: Lita Woodcock,
Left: Roger Chapple
Below: Richard Viner, Lita Woodcock,
Dave Molyneux, Kate Cole, Derek
Cheesebrough, Roger Allen, John
Barber, Andre Coutanche, Charles Ellis
Roger Chapple (kneeling)





Sausage
Sizzle

Richard
Viner
and
Charles
Ellis

Cheeseborough, who did the cooking over the fire in the hut - beyond the call of duty, I'd say, well done that man... (Photographs by Jen Ellis). Friday was Packing Day, but even so Mytle T had set a Quiz, which we all took part in, (very full Tavern), Roger Allen won it, & the evening finished with Music in the Tavern. Saturday was leaving day, but, as Peter Cole (sometime Secretary of the LFS - father of Ltze/sometime Warden & now with the Scottish National Trust &

Katie/committee member) used to say, "if you don't go, you can't come back". I was fortunate enough to be staying on, & it was very nice to see Nick Jeffrey (of the JCB) & Jan Symons (who keeps an eye on the ponies) arriving - I like continuity - it was most interesting that, on April 1st, the Warden spotted a Boggit & alerted persons on the Island not to approach it, but tell the Warden. I am sure I speak for all of us when I extend most heart-felt thanks to all the cheerful, helpful Island staff for their part in a GREAT week.

2004 ANNUAL REPORT

Roger Chapple

I offer apologies for the non-appearance, as yet, of the 2004 Annual Report, which is now, I assure you, in the final stages of preparation.

The current Editor has taken up another post in advancement of her academic career and will step down after publication of this report.

The 2005 report is being compiled and will be produced by the Editorial Board formed from your committee.

The Society seeks a suitable person to assume the responsibilities of Editor which is seen as a relatively long-term appointment to a suitable candidate.

Anyone with editorial experience, preferably with a scientific background, is invited to offer themselves for consideration by applying to the Secretary, Frances Stuart, in confidence.

RUTH P HARMAN JONES 28TH MAY 1919 - 9TH FEBRUARY 2006

Address by the Rev David Loftus of Kneller Hall

(notes provided by Marion Evans, Ruth and Peter's daughter)



Ruth Harman Jones

There are so many stories to tell about Ruth that it is almost impossible to remember them. She was such a loving, caring person with an enormous sense of humour.

She was born in Chaldon on 28th May 1919 to Martin Coles Harman and Amy Ruth. When she was 6 her father bought Lundy and it was to remain in the family until 1969. She with her sister Diana was sent to boarding school at a very young age due to their mother's ill health. Ruth was 11 when her mother died and she took on the responsibility of trying to be a mother to her two elder brothers and most of all to her younger sister Diana. The girls were educated at Bedales where they were extremely happy. They alternated their time between school and Lundy. When Ruth left school she went to Queen's Secretarial College in Kensington. She shared a flat with her brother

Albion in Kenton Court Kensington. On November 5th 1937 Peter who was living in digs in Earls Court Square, organised with friends a firework party in Earls Court Square. The girls in digs next door came from Queen's Secretarial College and they were asked to bring friends along to the party and that was how Ruth and Peter met and started the love and romance that was to result in 65 years of marriage. When war broke out on September 3rd 1939 Ruth was on Lundy with Albion and his new bride Kay who had married two days before. Albion and Kay on hearing the news, immediately left and Peter set out from Cardiff to fetch Ruth somehow reaching Instow and got the boat to Lundy. It was to be one of the worst crossings Peter ever experienced. He spent most of the time hugging the mast. A few days later they left Lundy and eventually reached Cowbridge in South Wales where Ruth was made so welcome by Peter's family. She got a job working for the Ministry of Food issuing licences to farmers. On June 7th 1940 Ruth married Peter in Bournemouth where he was stationed. Peter's mother said that if he had searched the whole of the Vale of Glamorgan he couldn't have found a prettier wife. In 1947 after the birth of Martin and Marion they moved to East Sheen intending to only stay a year or two but lived there ever since.

Ruth was famous on Lundy for her early morning swims, she even swam one Christmas Day proclaiming that the water was much warmer than at Easter. She was well known for her parties and her piece de resistance was

Martin's 16th birthday on Lundy when she invited the whole island including Light House Keepers. The party started in the afternoon and went on well into the night. She was renowned for dancing the Charleston and on Saturday nights which was always party time in the Tavern on Lundy, she would dance the Charleston and the Butterfly Polka.

She was a very feminine lady who loved fashion. Marion can remember when she was small on the evenings her parents were going out to a function Ruth gliding down the stairs in long evening dress with her cape looking like a fairy princess. There are many stories, Marian remembers the time when Ruth bought a Dior hat to go to Ascot and hid it in the shed for a fortnight so Peter wouldn't see it. When she wore it to Ascot and he said is that a new hat she replied indignantly no I've had it for ages. ● On Lundy before going out for the evening she would pick fuchsia flowers from the bush outside Millcombe House and use them as earrings. Ruth loved her garden and tending to flowers.

One day she went to Harrods to buy her brother-in-law a record for a present and came back having bought a Bechstein piano. She was determined that both Martin and Marlon should play and when Martin sat at the piano for the first time and straight away picked out middle C she said to Peter. "I told you so."

Ruth went to Russia with her friend Leo Smith in the early 70s. She was most put out when the Immigration officials in Russia confiscated her copy of *The Lady* as it was considered subversive literature, and cut open her apple in case it was bugged and then handed it back to her.

She was a very caring person and people were always asking her advice. Marion can remember the long journeys on the train to Devon. After a short time a lady in the carriage would be telling Ruth her life story and all her problems. She had so many friends from all walks of life and loved people. She was extremely strong willed and one of the family's favourite stories is when, before she was married, Ruth had an argument with Peter and his friend Claude about where the sorbet came in the dinner menu. She was so frustrated that they wouldn't believe her that she caught the bus from Earls Court still in her Lundy shorts, aertex shirt and sandals and stormed into the banqueting hall in the Dorchester in the middle of dinner demanding a menu from the head waiter who looked a little alarmed but duly obliged. She then returned only to be told that they knew all along.

Ruth loved cooking and was famous for her pastry. Her asparagus quiche was renowned. John her son-in-law nicknamed 25 Leinster "Quiche House". When Bronwen was little she loved the mornings they spent together cooking.

When life became too much, Ruth would always retire to bed with a pot of tea and slices of thin bread and butter. This was her remedy for all ailments.

Ruth was a very strong person which was borne out during her long 15 year illness with osteoporosis. Four years ago she lost her son Martin which affected her deeply, but she still persevered.

She was loved and cherished by her family and friends and the memory of her wit and sense of humour sometimes bordering on the wicked, will be remembered.

DAVID TRAPNELL

It was disappointing last year not to have a pic of the late David Trapnell, but we have a very nice one this time (from Marion his daughter), and, naturally, he is on a boat. His Memorial seat is at the top end of the Millcombe path, not far away from Albion Harman's & Tony Langham's.

MANDY GREEN

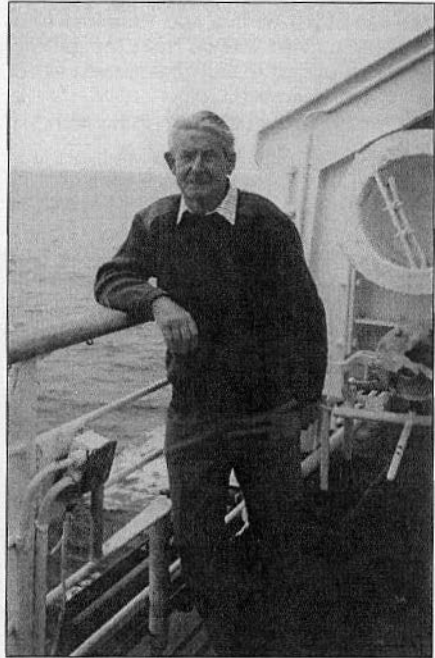
Mandy Green, wife of the Lundy General Manager, Derek, collapsed while they were on holiday in Egypt during early December, was flown to England and passed away at the North Devon Hospital on 25th January 2006, aged just 39.

Although on Lundy for only some eighteen months, Mandy's lively personality, hard work and involvement in all aspects of island life had endeared her to many.

Her mainland funeral, officiated by the Reverend Andrew Richardson (Priest in Charge of Lundy), was held at the Barnstaple Crematorium on

Thursday 2nd February, attended by over 500 family and friends including Peter Pearce - Director of Landmark Trust, Diana Keast and Roger Chapple (representing the many Lundy Field Society members who would have wished to attend.)

A special service on Lundy was held Sunday 12th Feb at 3pm officiated by Andrew Richardson, when a throng of Islanders and staying visitors filled the church, dress of the day



David Trapnell



Mandy Green

was decorated wellies and Nepalese hats. Mandy's ashes were scattered by family and close friends from the gallery of the Old Light. A piece of granite has been placed in the churchyard which is in the shape of a diamond. It is as yet not engraved.

Our thoughts continue to be with Derek and members of the family.

VISIT TO KOHIMA

From **Diana Keast**

We joined the Royal British Legion's Remembrance Travel pilgrimage to N E India (2nd-14th April 2005). This pilgrimage included the Heroes Return Programme, and we spent three nights in Kohima, where we saw the battlefield and war cemetery. We were about forty veterans, soldiers and nurses and carers - mostly relations - and four staff. John Richardson was a veteran of the Royal Signals Corps who fought in the same area. An altogether superb experience, backed up with great expertise from the RBL and the Assam authorities. Curiously, because that part of the Far East war was known as the Burma war, Kohima was mistakenly thought to be in Burma, but was on the Indian border in Assam. [Editor's note: There are two John Richardsons in this account - Dr John Richardson and John Richardson, husband of Cherry (nee Crabtree).]

EDITORIAL - NEWSPAPER TRAWL - LETTERS TO EDITOR

Abbreviations: pic= picture/photograph/image. NDJ = North Devon Journal.

WMN = Western Morning News

If there are wrong names/dates/or any other inaccuracies, these are the Editor's. Please let her know of them.

When I came to put this year's Editorial together, I found that the disentanglement of 'pure' editorial, letters, personal comment and the Newspaper Trawl was nearly impossible, so I've attempted a blend.

The Autumn 2005 Nat. Trust Mag. had a fine pic of the East Side, with a comment on the "containment" of the Rhododendrons. The Sunday Times Supplement on SW England (12/3/06) described Lundy as "a maritime national park," & used a basking shark as illustration. The Walking & Cycling Fest (26/4 - 2/5 - 06) had its own Hand-Book mentioning the LFS & using a pic of the West Side & Needle Rock. WMN's "Wish You Were Here" supplement, Spring 2006, also featured the Fest, & spoke of "the gem of Lundy...unspoilt by the modern world." Your Chairman, Secretary & the Purser of the Oldenburg were amongst the walk-leaders.

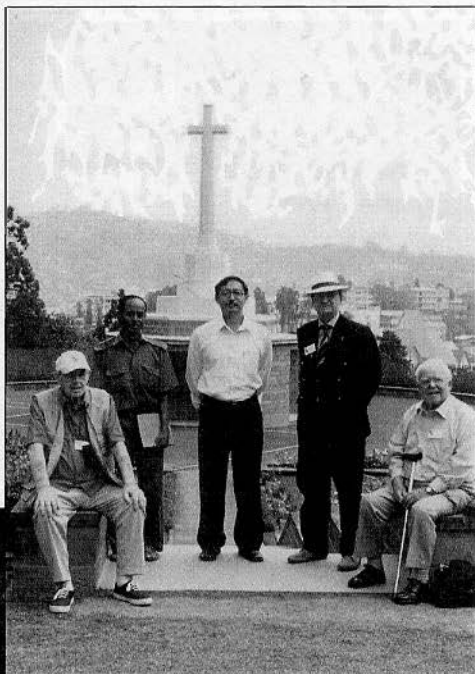
The North Devon [ex-Bideford] Gazette (3/5/05) showed a wonderful pic of the new 9-seater island Land Rover hanging in mid-air being loaded on to the Oldenburg, en route for Lundy.

Ralph Fiennes (of the long-running Lundy Family, first noticed in connection with Lundy in the 17th.c.) adorned the Front Covers of the Sunday Times "Culture" (9/10/05 & the Daily Telegraph Mag.(18/2/06). (Ed's Note Has anyone a rival for this Fiennes Family Record, of still making headlines after an initial appearance on Lundy?)

The Nat. Trust Autumn/Winter 2005 Devon/Cornwall News Sheet mentioned the Puffins' gain from rat elimination.

KOHIMA WAR CEMETERY APRIL 6TH 2005

Right: Mr Medzur (centre) with one of his garden staff and Dr J Richardson of the Royal British Legion, flanked by two veterans of the battle of Kohima 1944. The District Commissioner's tennis court has been reinstated as part of the memorial.



John Harman's photograph, together with the Citation for his VC are on the inner back page

Left: John Richardson at Kohima War Cemetery

KOHIMA WAR CEMETERY APRIL 6TH 2005

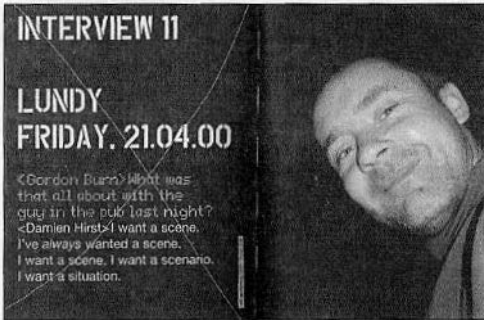


*Above Left: Cherry Richardson and Diana Keast at John's grave with some Lundy granite chip to mix into the soil
Above: Cherry digging in the Lundy granite chips (with permission)*



The N.Devon Gazette (8/2/06) devoted a whole page to Lundy; to the Oldenburg (with Sailing List) :to the Sth./Nth view of the whole island & a description of it: & to a warm advertisement for Lundy Lamb.

The NDJ (2/10/05) commented on the English Nature report on Rabbit damage on Lundy, using a pic (taken from the top of the Old Light?) of the churchyard, (the West wall of which is particularly under threat). Trevor Beer



(WMN 7/3/06) recommended a Shire Archaeology Publication, "The Archaeology of Rabbit Warrens" by Dr. Tomlinson, Reader in Landscape Archaeology at the Univ. of East Anglia. Lundy was a Royal Warren. Anyone interested in PalaeoAstronomy on Lundy can look at Sharon Higgins' Paper <http://www.leyhunter.com/archives/new14.htm>.

Damian Hirst's Lundy interviews

The Landmark Trust's Autumn Newsletter gave Lundy a nice "puff" (for Puffins-after-the-Rats-have-gone).

Peter Rothwell has discovered WNP Barbellion's June1909 entry ("Journal of a Disappointed Man") about a visit to Lundy, & also WNPB's delightful "A Fool & A Maid on Lundy". PR's "Lundy Sketchbook" (Westwell Publishing) is still selling nicely, & a 2nd. Edition of Westwell's re-print of Chanter's "Lundy", with illustrations by PR is planned for this year: A new book on the Quarries is also planned. (The cover image for this newsletter is Needle Rock on the W Side reproduced from the Sketchbook with PR's kind permission.)

Your Editor was told about a book by Damian Hirst & Gordon Burn, containing many references to Lundy. In fact, there is very little mention of Lundy, which appears to have been seen merely as a backcloth for the Principal Actor, who also wrote his own script. The book records five interviews (18/4/00 - 22/4/00) that took place on Lundy, but could have taken place anywhere. Properly marketed, the book might become a best-seller.

LUNDY ISLAND SOCIETY BELL RINGERS

Michael Williams heard this memorial peal

Lundy Island, Bristol Channel, St Helen, Tuesday 30th May 2006 in 3h 1m (13 Cwt). 5040 HMS Montagu Surprise Royal

Composed by: Richard I Allton

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1: Gerald V Skelly | 6: Andrew W R Wilby (C) |
| 2: Joanne C Lovell | 7: Ian G Campbell |
| 3: Teresa J Dunstone | 8: Clive Holloway |
| 4: Michael A Spencer | 9: Richard I Allton |
| 5: Neil M Thomas | 10: John M Thurman |

1st peal in the method HMS Montagu Surprise Royal -3-4-5.2.36-47-58-6-7-8.34 LH2. First of Royal: 1.

To mark the 100th anniversary of HMS Montagu running aground on Lundy.

THE LUNDY WE REMEMBER

by Richard Perry, *The West Country Magazine* 1947

Throughout the spring and summer of 1939 M and I dwelt in the shadow of the old lighthouse on Beacon Hill, nearly 500 feet above the Atlantic breakers thundering on the west cliffs of Lundy. From March until August it was my unique fortune to study day after day the varying activities of the thousands of seabirds breeding on the Island's cliffs and stacks - notably the guillemots, puffins, razorbills and kittiwake gulls, and by night the weirdly crying Manx shearwaters. Since then we have lived on many islands off the coasts of Britain. We have, in fact, but shortly returned from a six-month expedition to study the gannets, the great and arctic skuas, and the tysties [Editor's note: black guillemots] on the island of Noss, Shetland. But Lundy, Isle of Puffins, is perhaps the island we shall always remember most poignantly. It was our first expedition together (hazarded on an advance of £13 from my publisher!) and we knew, when we shut up our cottage in Buckland Woods that blue March morning, that it might well be our last: feared, indeed, that the storm-clouds of war might break even before the expedition had run its course - as break they did within a month of our departure from the Island.

I am told that in this year of 1947 a Lundy Field Society has been formed and a ringing station for migratory birds is being established. The old order changeth. A new edition of *Lundy: Isle of Puffins*, the account of that 1939 venture, is on the market, and a new generation of bird-watchers will read it. Alan Richardson, whose superb photographic studies illustrate the book, was killed four years ago in the Desert. "Giant" Cade, for so long the Island's indefatigable guardian, has emigrated to Hartland Point across the water. Joan and Charles Robertson, who farmed the Island after him, now, like ourselves, live in the Highlands of Scotland. For all we know, the six keepers of the north and south lighthouses may be the only inhabitants of Lundy this winter. They will bemoan the good old days when an evening pint of beer could be enjoyed in the cheery bar of the hotel-cum-farm and the Perys might drop in any any time at the Old Light [sic] for a lobster tea or, sometimes, in the silent night-watches for a mug of cocoa and a game of darts. More than ever before those good fellows, with their essential tradition of unselfishness towards each other and hospitality to the stranger, will set their calendar by the coming and going of the sea-birds, whose main stronghold is on the sidings, cliffs, and stacks converging on the promontory on which the North Light has been erected well below the top of the Island - for it was found that the 500-foot lantern of the old lighthouse on Beacon Hill reached into the main zone of low cloud.

Already, now, in January the earliest returning kittiwakes will be fishing in the swift tide-race over the Hen and Chickens reefs out beyond the North Cape, and guillemots will even be jostling one another in their hundreds on the cliff-ledges for an hour or two some days, though not for another four or five months will they lay their eggs on these ledges. Before February is out they will have been joined by razorbills; but not until the end of March will the puffins return to the grassy boulder-strewn sidings above the cliffs, which they share with razorbills and Manx shearwaters. August, and their multitudes have gone out once more to sea.

But if sea-birds were my primary objective on Lundy, they were not, as they are on Noss, the sole attraction for a naturalist. on Noss rabbits are the only wild fauna: no trees grow there, and the flowering plants - red and white campion, the vernal squill, rose-root, thrift, sorrel - are luxuriant only on the cliffs and steepest sidings, where the hardy moorit sheep [Editor's note: a short-tailed primitive breed created from the Soay, Manx, Shetland and probably wild Mouflon] cannot reach them, or if they do, soon hurtle to their doom on the reefs below by the accidents of wind and falls of rock. Not so Lundy - *Lunde, the Grove*; *Inyswyre, Isle of Hay*; *Caersidi, Fortress of the Fairies*. We remember the yellow Welsh pony-stallion rounding up his harem of shaggy New Forest mares and their black, cream and bay foals; pacing proudly with flowing mane and tail along the boulder-signed path over the moors, symbolical of the Island's spirit of freedom; or driving them before him to the shallow mere of Pondsbury, where shy fallow deer, both English and Japanese, and red deer, couched in a fold of the moors, and peewits cried wildly at the full moon, and a little green tree-frog rasped mid-summer nights with its strong throbbing *crek-crek-crek*.

Who could forget that wild flock of some forty skewbald shaggy goats and kids, which grazed wherever the sidings and cliffs were steepest, bucketing down the screes from one boulder to another, browsing on the white bells of the sea-campion, not touching the fragrant thrift, whose hot scent was over all the Island - those lecherous marked old billies with flaming eyes?

We still hear the moaning of the great grey seals, whose sleek, shining bodies, marbled in olive and black, cruised sinuously through the clear green waters lapping the base of *Petra Ganetorum* - The Rock of Gannets. Their glaucous and luminous shapes swirling away from one another, as they bore down into the opaque chalky underworld, set the small auks pattering over the surface of the sea above. When the tide ebbs they heave themselves up on to the reef and, rolling over on their sides, expose their swollen mottled bellies to the warm sun. How reluctant they are to quit their suntraps, when the incoming tide surges once more over the reef! Lifting their whiskered heads petulantly from the dashing spray, they obstinately raise their chests and sterns high out of the swirling water again and again, until in the end, moaning and roaring, they are washed off by an extra big breaker.

We remember the blaze of carmine and red valerian, and the terracotta cups of the rare sage-leaved figwort, [Editor's note: balm-leaved figwort?] in the sombre grey-slate cliff edging the road, which winds up from the landing beach below the square grey ruin of Marisco Castle; and the dense thickets of blackthorn, fragrant with honeysuckle, in the groves of oak, ash, willow and sycamore in the wooded cleft of Millcombe; the burnished gold globes of broom which hung from the square-hewn ivy-clad facings of old quarry-workings and cavernous bushy grottos hidden in the hanging terrace along the south-east sidings - those sunny sidings with their gay clumps of daffodils and narcissi, their violets and primroses, and the deep rose of pink campion mingling with the violet and azure mist of wild hyacinths; and, after them, tall spires of foxgloves towering above the six-foot bracken, their trumpets a little more deeply shaded than the misty fuschia of the rhododendron blooms, concealing the brown thickets of brine-scorched foliage.

And what of Lundy, the lone granite rock with eleven miles of sea between it and the nearest mainland – a grey blur at the horizon, a long buttress of cliffs on clear days? We remember Spring! with bitter gales sweeping the lambing pastures below the Old Light, and lost lambs crying pitifully at our garden-gate in the dark night. Summer! and the jade-green flash of the sun setting into the deep slate-blue Atlantic in a partial eclipse. Night! A myriad stars glinting, their 'innumerable silences' shaming us with our pettiness, and a blaze of bright lights from ships at all points of the compass, from light-houses and the distant coastal towns and hamlets of England and Wales – those last, bright, friendly nights before all the lights went out; and, day and night, the antiphonal crying and sweet yodelling of gulls soaring and wheeling high over the cliffs; and ghostly interludes of silence, when for fifty hours and more together fog blanketed sea and island: silence intensified by the shattering crack of the fog-exploder from coombe to coombe up the east sidings and crashing and rumbling around the fogbelt over the sea for a quarter of a minute, while from far and near sounds the blaring and booming of fog-horns and the wailing and moaning of hooters and syrens. At midnight, when the fog swirls thickly about the cottage windows, there comes a weird rasping *cok-kororka, cok-kororka*, a caterwauling dying swiftly to a *co-corr; cok-corr* as if some poor spirit has been whirled away by the blast to perdition – the strange nocturnal shearwater.

In the passage of time Man forgets the discomforts and hardships of other years and remembers most vividly the happy and exhilarating hours. Thus we remember above all else the luxuriant beauty and tranquillity of Lundy: the infinite tranquillity that the mind drew from the soft grey harmony of boulders and shingle in the little coves, with their black smugglers's cavern and their deep and narrow steps cut steeply into the face of the cliff, zig-zagging up to the black and white lighthouse: the tranquillity of the white drifter rocking gently in the bay while the men on the grey beach strain on the mooring ropes of the white rowboat, two brown horses in tandem standing knee-deep in the sea hard-by. The tranquillity is expressed in the brown eyes of their swarthy carter from the Gower Peninsula. But the tranquillity, like that of the mind, is only fleeting. The white drifter, the old *Lerina*, begins to pitch and toss on the incoming swell, and miles out to sea little steamers come wallowing up from the east, shipping big seas. By dusk, when the slowly revolving yellow glow from the South Light softens the tempestuous night, and a lip of crescent moon is setting in a west of turbulent blue-grey clouds, twelve boats are putting out their riding lights in the bay: cable boats, tramps, colliers, trawlers from Lowestoft, Cardiff, and Swansea, and a little Belgian drifter from Ostend, newly-painted in red, green and yellow.

LFS CONSERVATION BREAK OCTOBER 2005

from Trevor Dobie

This year's autumn conservation break was one of the best for attendance with the full quota of fourteen volunteers. This made mealtimes an event although everyone coped extremely well with the problem of catering for so many hungry mouths.



Tasks completed in the week were mainly rhododendron-centred with two days of cutting and staking plus two more days mainly filled with burning both newly cut and ready-stacked rhodies.

A fence was erected around the 'business end' of the heligoland trap on Quarter Wall at the request of the bird ringers. The intention is to stop the ponies from rubbing up against the supports and

loosening the poles. This task was completed in heavy driving rain with all the group lending a hand with the pole thumper and hammers and a bedraggled party was pleased to have lunch in the Barn in order to change clothes for the afternoon sortie.

Some dry-stone wall repairs were carried out with a section being rebuilt at Hammers and many minor repair jobs around the village.

On Friday, during a fierce gale, some intrepid members were asked to carry out a survey of the Marine Nature reserve to note any boating or fishing activity within the reserve. This entailed walking the entire circumference of the island with binoculars



in hand, peering through squalls into the foaming sea. One large dredger was spotted sheltering off Quarry beach and nothing else dared venture out in such weather. The task was completed with soggy feet and weary limbs!

All in all this was a fun week spent in splendid company and with a good amount of conservation work completed.

Our thanks go to Tim the ranger who guided us throughout the week with calm and wisdom. He will be sadly missed.



SIKA DEER PROJECT

from Ian Linn

I have read with great interest the proposal submitted by Peter Hamlyn for a study of the Lundy herd of Sika deer. Before any decisions are taken a major snag needs to be resolved. Peter Hamlyn, in his first paragraph, repeats the assumption which we have all made, over many years, namely, that the Lundy herd has not been contaminated by red deer genes, despite the two species having cohabited on the island for 35 years. The value of any research on the Sika would be greatly reduced if the Sikas have been the subject of miscegenation, and senior deerologists have expressed to me the fear that it is likely to have taken place. However! Surely modern DNA technology should enable us to determine whether rogue red deer genes are lurking in the Sika gene pool? It seems to me that, before any discussion of a Sika project takes place, tissue samples should be submitted for DNA analysis, in an attempt to dispel this notorious canard. The result would have a profound influence on the shape of such a project.

Moreover, the proposed project should be submitted for assessment to a couple of deerologists of national standing. I would suggest Rory Putman (RoryPutman@freenet.co.uk) and Norma Chapman (Mrs N G Chapman, Larkmead, Barton Mills, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP28 6AA), but others are possible.

LEECHES ON LUNDY WINTER '06

from Jenny George

I have just returned from a week on Lundy. Cold easterlies all week, which whistled right through Old House South. The pond water was 4/5°C, but we managed to do the 4 main ponds with a cursory look at some of the smaller water bodies. This completes the four seasons for me as I have never been over in the Winter before. I have never seen the Rocket Pole pond so clear. There was no evidence of a plankton bloom at all as I have seen in the other seasons. Two of the other water bodies, Pondsbury and the larger pond at Quarterwall had fairly large water flea populations.

John Hedger found at least 30 new records of fungi, which were duly collected and photographed. He now has well over 200 records of fungi for the island.

We met the new warden, Nicola Saunders, who had arrived two days before we did!

An interesting piece of news is that Roger Fursdon, the Water engineer, has found a large leech in the water tanks.

It has been sent to a leech expert at Oxford University by Roger Key, who cannot identify it as a British species. We were given photographs by Roger, and it looks to me very similar to the Medicinal leech, *Hirudo medicinalis*, but the colouring is not quite correct. David is taking the photos to the NHM to see if they can help. Unfortunately Roger could not give me a live specimen. I did suggest to him and Charlie that if they find another one (Roger is currently cleaning the tanks) they should place it on the inside of their wrists to see if it attaches and sucks their blood. This suggestion was not received with much enthusiasm! Most leeches place their eggs in cocoons at the edges

of ponds and they can be picked up on birds' feet. I find a small brown leech, *Heliodella*, in the large Quarterwall pond but nothing like this one in the water tanks. There is a medicinal leech farm near Swansea so if it is *Hirudo* it could have come across from there. *Hirudo* is rare in the UK, being found in the New Forest, Anglesey and the Lake District.

A very cold but good productive research week. The lack of visitors (only 11) enabled us to talk to many of the Island staff.

[Ed's note: I understand from JG that a leech expert in Slovenia is checking the leech.]

RE: ERRORS IN LFS NEWSLETTER ISSUE 35

from **D J Mayes**

(2 Paynes Pitch, Churchdown, Gloucester GL3 2)

Perhaps I might point out a small error on page 26, the aircraft shown are from the early 50s not pre-Second World War. The twin engined plane is an Aerovan and the smaller an AusterV which I flew many times. They both belonged to Devonair run by Maurice Looker from Chivenor airfield. I first met Maurice and XC at Yarmouth in 1952 where I had a university summer vacation job as a pilot doing 10 shilling pleasure flights with Anglian Air Charter. The next summer, 1953, Maurice was at Chivenor and I again flew for him with many trips to Lundy in both AJXC and the Auster J/5 AJEA taking freight and passengers. It was during this time I met my wife to be, Ava. In 1954 I married Ava on Lundy and Maurice took us over a day or so before in XC. The day of the wedding it blew a gale and Maurice, my best man, couldn't fly from Chivenor but 'Uncle Fee', as Ava called him, stood in.

While I'm pointing out errors, I think you will find the aircraft in which Maurice ditched in the Bristol Channel, as described in a previous issue of the Newsletter, was AJEA not XC as shown in the sketch.

Kind regards to anybody from those days who may remember me.

from **Keith Gardner**

With reference to the plea (LFS Newsletter 35) "*does anyone have any further details [of this skull?]*", may I be excused for pointing out that it has twice been referred to in Lundy literature in more recent years. Excavated by W S Bristow and R Lynes in July 1928, it was one reason why I excavated the Bull's Paradise cemetery (LFS Annual report No 14. 1962. p24).

Dr Bristow's letter to me was quoted verbatim in TDA 129 p64 (on the Giant's Graves Cemetery). "*Presently our pick went through a second skull. This we managed to dig out intact, except for the hole we had made in the side...*"

[Ed's note: KG's memoir *An Archaeologist on Lundy* may be ordered price £12.50 per copy plus £1 p&p from KG at Thynne House, Backwell, North Somerset BS48 3BH.]

HONEYMOON FOR TEN

John Cutting

I think it was 1977 when my wife and I brought our two sons (then aged 8 and 11) to Lundy. What a wonderful experience of freedom: for the boys to run wherever they wanted and for the parents not to worry.

Our younger son, Andrew, was always keen to return, so it was no great surprise when he invited us to join him and his girlfriend, Vic, for a week on Lundy. The holiday started with a couple of nights in a farmhouse B&B near Ilfracombe. We slowly became aware that the party included Vic's two children (by an earlier marriage), her parents, her best friend and best friend's child.

After breakfast on Friday, Andrew stood up to make an announcement. "I hope you have not made any arrangements for today because, at twelve o'clock, Vic and I are getting married." (Aside to Vic's father: can I have permission to marry your daughter?) Short period of stunned silence! Happy congratulations all round. What shall I wear? We were all kitted out for a walking holiday on Lundy, so no choice - jeans and sweater. After the ceremony at Northam, with the Registrar happily doing duty as photographer: where shall we go for the wedding breakfast? A big white hotel at Instow did us very well, with zero warning.

● On Lundy, we took over Stoneycroft, Square Cottage. The Blue Bung and Castle Cottage with flowers for the bride and champagne for the groom, and



The wedding party: Kate Rusby (Guest and Great Singer), Sarah Coxson (Best Friend), Chris, Lady Knight (Mother of Bride), Vicky Cutting (Bride), Professor Sir Peter Knight (Father of the Bride), Andy Cutting (Groom), Olive Cutting (Mother of Groom), Gareth Cutting (Brother of Groom), John Cutting (Father of Groom).
and 3 children: Gabriel, Joe and Louie.

much intervisiting took place. The group visit to Castle Cottage was the most memorable, being done into the teeth of a full westerly gale with heavy rain. Ten wet people in Castle Cottage, all being impressed by the marvellous view from the window.

Then the infection took hold. We discovered Lundy Letter Boxes! Three adults and two assorted children became addicted. Up and down the island – then back up again to have another go at the one we couldn't find. Thursday was programmed for the boxes on Rat Island and the Oldenburg – then the Oldenburg didn't come – negotiated a waiver – had to get the Oldenburg stamp on the way home. Finally got every one, including the 'bunny' and another strange intruder. Success comes with a certificate. For those who don't know what I'm talking about – come back to Lundy and find out.

60TH ANNIVERSARY GORSE WINE PARTY

from John Morgan

Alicionados of the bibulous tendency were looking forward ten years ago to



The birthday cake(s)

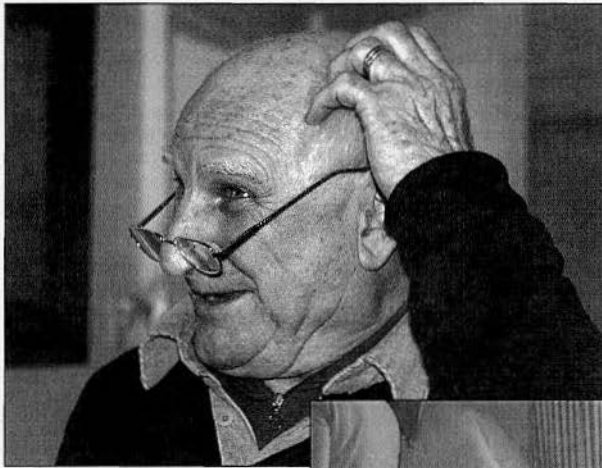
All the photographs in this article are by Jen Ellis of the party at Govd Hse

celebrating the 50th anniversary in the courtyard; it being flaming June on Lundy, they imagined themselves in straw hats, the ladies twirling parasols, and mild flirtations would be the order of the day. Alas Lundy played its usual trick of delivering an icy blast which drove us all into Old House North – in every room and cheek by jowl.

Yielding to Myrtle's persuasive powers, I decided on a repeat performance for our 60th Anniversary. May 2005 saw your secretary and myself plucking petals together in good time for the wine to mature by March 2006.

There was a certain amount of anxiety about the venue, and I was very grateful when Roger and Paula Chapple offered us the far more spacious rooms of Old House South. It turned out to be a most enjoyable evening, one of the highlights being a phone call to Helen Cole, (who would have given her back teeth to be present) during which the toast to absent friends was given, Helen joining in with a bottle of gorse wine I had sent her for Auld Iang Syne.

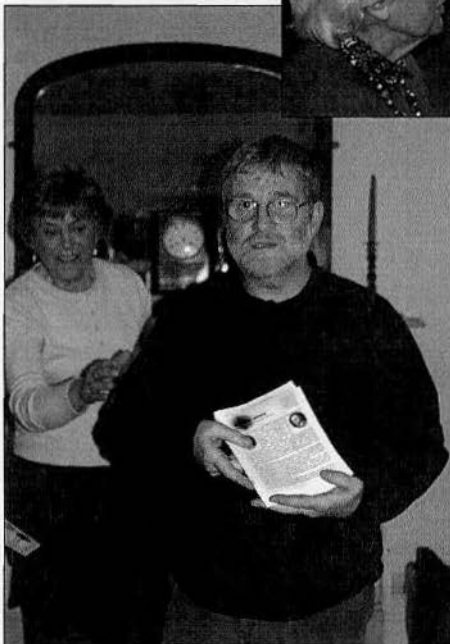
Modesty forbids me to say how good the wine was, so I won't.



Left: Douglas Penny



Above: Diana Keast and
Mary Percy



Left: Myrtle Ternstrom and
Alan Rowland with
Anniversary booklet - see p 45



Ken Rodley and Roger Chapple



Alan Rowland and Derek Cheesebrough

Looking to the future, at the 75th anniversary, I shall be 96, and there is a strong statistical likelihood that the grim reaper will intervene, so it would be nice to have a successor.

I would like to get a younger winemaker interested in Lundy, but don't know any locally.

Easier to train up an LFS member in the art of winemaking. I offer free tuition, bed, board and all the necessary apparatus for an intensive weekend course. It's a most fascinating hobby and providing you don't sell it, the Chancellor is deprived of the duty, so all 55plus retirees, think on!

from **John Morgan**

I would like to draw your attention to the picture at the top of page 22 in issue 35 of the LFS Newsletter.

On the 3rd lifebelt from the left, the ship's port of registration is shown as JTZEHOE and the first two letters of the ship's name are KA, the remainder of the letters being off the picture.

The Kaaksburg is also registered at JTZEHOE, which I have established is a small port on the right bank of the river Elbe, near its junction with the Kiel canal.

It does seem strange that two ships registered at this port should come to grief on Lundy, and I wonder if an examination of the original picture would reveal the name of the earlier ship?

I was fascinated by the article on Dr Herbert Van Os, and suspect that Martin Harman was told his real purpose on Lundy during the war, but was sworn to secrecy.

Re: NEWSLETTER ISSUE 35

from **Nick Dymond**
dymond@nick.shetland.co.uk

In your recent Newsletter number 35, on page 21, regarding the mystery persons in the top photo. The man next to John Ogilvie is definitely Roy Dennis, later to become warden of Fair Isle from 1964 to 1971. He also later got an OBE (or maybe an MBE) for services to conservation and the Osprey breeding successes in Scotland. The photo has to be 1960-1963 as Roy was on Fair Isle in 1959 as assistant and there as warden 1964 onwards.

LUNDY HELICOPTER SERVICE TAKES OFF

from *The North Devon Gazette*, November 2nd 2005

A winter helicopter service to Lundy Island takes off from Hartland Point on Friday as island supply ship MS Oldenburg goes in for her annual maintenance. Two flying days a week have been allocated for the service, which will take both supplies and visitors to the island. The exhilarating seven-minute flight from Hartland Point will allow passengers a spectacular view of the North Devon coastline. And there will be a warm welcome waiting for them at the Marisco Tavern on arrival.

Helicopter tickets may be booked from the new Lundy Shore Office which has just opened on Bideford Quay.

There is plenty to see and do on Lundy, even during the winter months, with great opportunities to take pictures of the wildlife, such as the sika deer and soay sheep.

Families visit for a festive break and couples use Lundy as a romantic hideaway for Valentine's Day. People wishing to spend the New Year period on the island must book early. Acting Lundy general manager Derek Green said: "People come to celebrate special birthdays and events, have their corporate team builders and generally to relax and unwind."

The Lundy Shore Office is at last in its new home, three years behind schedule. Staff had to make do in temporary premises at Bank End while its new office on the Quay was being completed.

It meant a long trek for passengers from the check-in at Bank End to the Oldenburg berthed on the Quay.

"We are delighted to have the ship and the office together again," said ship's superintendent Jack Bater.

"At times, it has been a logistical nightmare and we have been immense grateful to our visitors for their patience, especially during the time when the Quay itself was under reconstruction and we had to physically escort them from the temporary offices to the ship."

LUNDY ANECDOTES

from Chris Price

[Editor's note: These anecdotes are included in June Lerina (Smith) Woodward's new book, and she has very kindly given permission for them to be used here. Copies of the book 'ATVB' (A collection of Stanley Smith's letters) may be purchased price £10.99 plus p&p from JW at 33 Queens Avenue, Canterbury, Kent CT2 8BA.]

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

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

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

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

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

Albion earned the money to keep Lundy going by drilling for water in the Sahara and one year he took me and the then island vet Gordon Coward, on a 3-week trip round his rigs in Northern Nigeria, Chad and the French Cameroons. Albion's idea of life was to keep going and only to stop for breakfast at 5pm so we had an exhausting but very stimulating time. Gordon Coward took a fine film mostly of the West African birds and also has a splendid film he took on Lundy just after the war. [Editor's Note: For details of the DVD see inside cover.]

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

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

In 1965, my partner, Roger Vick and I, went over to make the Capital

Gains Tax valuation and were billeted in Little St John's. It snowed for a week and we were well and truly stuck and ice cold until Diana Keast took pity on us and pulled us in to the hotel.

Tom Oerton was a great character and many are the tales of his exploits on the island. Once Albion called upon him to go out with him to Pondsbury on one of the three island tractors. They got it stuck in the marsh and couldn't get it out, so they decided to go and get another tractor and made a pact to tell no one. So they walked silently down High Street and fetched another, which they duly drove out to Pondsbury - and got stuck. So two down with one to go and again the pact of omerta marching down the High Street both redder than ever but staring straight ahead. This time they succeeded and 3 very muddy tractors found themselves restored to Dave Davey's ministrations.

One lunch time, Albion was holding forth at table about the fact that one was very privileged to be on Lundy and that one must play by the rules, never taking birds' eggs (except Blackbacks which he encouraged one to take). Tom was turning redder and redder knowing that his early morning proclivities had taken him up to his favourite plovers' egg country and that there was a nice nest of them reposing in a dish on the kitchen table in Hammers. Tom's colour was not improved when Albion announced that he would like to inspect

Hammers directly after lunch. Tom did everything to put him off but to no avail and was duly found out. But only a quizzical glance followed.

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



*Abion & Kay Harman 1964
Photograph by Gordon Coward*

rain. It may have been just as well as he would soon have hefted our small supply of balls over the cliff edge.

Another year we were playing our game and a left-arm slow bowler was performing. All of a sudden there came a cry for help. A man who had been on an Everest expedition had fallen off a cliff near the north end. We all rushed up there as best we could. It turned out that our only doctor was this left-arm bowler and he was in administration and hadn't practised for years. However, he bravely volunteered to go down the cliff on a rope and we all draped ourselves in various positions on the rope down the cliff. Then the helicopter arrived and nearly blew us all off and the more we waved it away, the more it tried to get in close. However, the pilot eventually got the message and landed on top of the island and we pulled the casualty up the cliff followed by the little old doctor whose only comment was, "how I wish I could have finished my over".

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

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

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

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

and when the man still protested, Mr Cade, a shrewd observer anyway, said "In that case, you'd better take that thing away. You're upsetting the sheep."

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

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

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

TWITCHING A MURRELET

by Peter Marren & David Carstairs, 2004

(Diana Keast brought this piece to the Editor's notice)

Just occasionally one strives to live up to the title of one's column, and so it is with no mean pride, not to say boastfulness, that I announce – loudly and often – that I have *twitched a Murrelet*. An *Ancient Murrelet*, to be precise. For those of lesser status, who will never come close to approaching, let alone surpassing, my tremendous feat, I should explain that an *Ancient Murrelet* is a kind of sea bird. About the size of a puffin, with white rings round its myopic eyes that look like spectacles, and also some amusing whiskers about the face, emblematic of great age. It is, indeed, the ancient mariner of the avian world, a most wise and distinguished, if daft looking, bird, or at least that's the way it looks in books.

So how do you twitch a murrelet? Well, so far as Britain is concerned, you have to cross the sea to the island of Lundy. (What is the Murrelet, a native of California, doing on Lundy? Don't ask, no one knows.) But getting there is easy, that bit's a doddle. The hard part starts when you learn that the murrelet appears only for an hour or so after dawn, and that it lives on the windiest, rockiest part of the island. This means dragging yourself out of bed at about 4 am and into the waterproof trousers. Setting off, you grope your way across the island through a 60-knot headwind, with a hint of sleet and water trickling down your neck and down both legs of your waterproof trousers; then you tumble down several hundred feet of beetling cliff before realising you've gone too far, and then have to crawl all the way back up again, mugged by yapping gulls. Finally, with a belated realisation that your

'bins' are inadequate for the purpose of singling out a murrelet, you're reduced to begging a glimpse through a snarling fellow twitcher's scope. Then, with luck, you should glimpse a dot out at sea, or possibly a speck on the rocks. That is the Murrelet, and now you can limp back to base, pencil a big, happy tick in your best bird book and retire to bed content. If not, it's the same again tomorrow. And the day after that.

As a result, there is now a new word to grace our mother tongue. The word is 'murreletted'. On a wet day on Lundy, the local bar is thronged with murreletted twitchers, hunched over their pints of Pullin Ale and squinting into the gathering gloom, as they contemplate yet another nocturnal tramp. But you can use the word for any occasion when you're feeling sufficiently cold, wet and cheesed off.

ISLAND TO POISON ITS RATS – ONCE THE MICE ARE SAFE

from *The Times*, 15/08/2005

A colony of rare woodmice, unique to the Scottish island of Canna, is going to be evacuated before a £250,000 project to exterminate the entire population of brown rats.

About 120 woodmice will be captured in their burrows next month by experts from Edinburgh Zoo and transported in cages to the mainland until conditions are right for a return.



Island of Canna

The Canna woodmice are a unique genetic strain and are larger than usual, having developed in isolation on the most westerly of the four Small Isles. The mice will be divided into two sustainable breeding colonies, one at the zoo and the other at the Highland Wildlife Park in Kingussie. Their rescue will take place before the cull, which will start this autumn and is designed to protect nesting seabirds from the rats' voracious appetite for eggs.

The five-mile-long whale-shaped island, owned by the National Trust for Scotland, has been a bird sanctuary since 1938 with 157 recorded species including white-tailed eagles and corn-crakes. Whales and porpoises can be seen from its shores.

Dubbed Operation Canna Recovery, the cull will be carried out by Wildlife Management International, a New Zealand firm of rat catchers. They will dangle over the island's 100ft-high cliffs to plant 3,500 plastic traps, baited with warfarin poison, at the entrance to the rat burrows.

Yesterday Abbie Patterson, the Trust's species protection officer said: "the mice live in the same area as the rats. If we left them there during eradication, then there is a chance that they would eat the poison and be wiped out themselves."

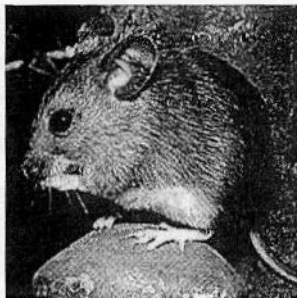
It is estimated there are 10,000 brown rats on the island, outnumbering the 16 human beings by 625-1. They are believed to have been introduced a century ago from a ship. In recent years they have attacked important colonies of nesting seabirds. A once healthy population of 1,500 pairs of

Manx shearwater has been all but wiped out, and the numbers of shag, razorbill and fulmar have all fallen.

The Trust has been working on plans to rid the island of rats for eight years and has mapped out their burrows. They chose the New Zealand firm for the job because of its experience tackling the rodent menace on islands from Lundy in the Bristol Channel to Mauritius.

They have also removed rabbits from the Atlantic island of Deserta Grande, near Madeira, goats from the Galapagos Islands, and feral cats from the Pitcairns in the Pacific.

It is hoped that, as the rats' food supplies dwindle over the winter, they will eat the waxy poison and die. The Trust hopes that about 90 per cent will be exterminated and says that there will be a mop-up operation next year, if needed.



Woodmouse

HOPE FOR ISLAND'S PUFFINS

from *The National Trust* Autumn/Winter 2005

A project to protect Lundy's famous puffins by culling all the rats on the island, thought to have been introduced from wrecked ships over 200 years ago, has been declared a success.

The scheme backed by the National Trust, English Nature, the RSPB and the Landmark Trust (which administers the island) has seen the elimination of rats from the island.

Rats have terrorised the puffin population along with the island's other burrow-nesting species the Manx shearwater. They had been eating the eggs and chicks of the birds that nest in burrows in the ground, and had depleted the numbers of puffins to the point where they were in danger of being lost from the island altogether. Numbers plummeted from over 3500 pairs since records began in 1939 to fewer than 10 pairs in 2000; and there are only 166 pairs of Manx shearwaters compared to an estimated 1000 pairs in the 1940s. [Editor's note: The 'plummeting' is not proved to be due to rats, even if recent depletions might be rat-driven.]



Puffin

However this year four puffin burrows – representing four pairs of puffins – have been found on Lundy.

"It's early days, but the future is looking more positive for sea birds on the island," said Ben Sampson, Lundy's Warden.

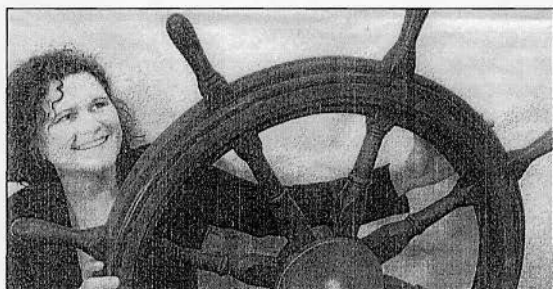
CITY SET TO HOST NAUTICAL AUCTION

City auctioneers are holding a nautical sale of a collection of seafaring artifacts next month.

Hampton Littlewood will auction a wide range of items at the maritime sale at the firm's showroom in Alphinbrook Road, Alphington. Among the highlights is the wheel from the ship *Lerina*, which has strong links with Devon.

The ship was built in 1917 and purchased by Augustus Christie a year later to service Lundy Island off the North Devon Coast.

It became the post and passenger ship for the tiny island until being drafted into the war effort as a patrol vessel, *Lerina* failed to return to service after the war and was broken up in the 1950s.



Lerina's helm

LUNDY 1820, 1941, 1945-49

trawled by Myrtle Ternstrom

from *The Times*, Friday June 13th 1820

Thursday se'nnight, as a pilot, belonging to Pill, was gathering gulls' eggs on Lundy Island, having missed his footing, he fell at least three hundred feet and was instantly dashed to pieces. The unfortunate man has left a wife and four children to lament his loss.

'True Story' from *Flash*, the lighthouse magazine

(This probably relates to the time when Mr Gade was at Hartland 1945-49)

A famous episode occurred on Lundy when a keeper, Bert T, was in the village collecting mail for the lighthouse. Following his usual spiritual fortification at the pub, he decided it would be nice to augment his meat ration with one of the islanders' chickens, and duly secreted the protesting fowl about his person as he staggered back to the lighthouse.

Shortly afterwards the de-fowled farmer approached Bert and accused him of taking the chicken. Bert vehemently denied the charge and said he was only collecting the mail and wasn't anywhere near his chickens anyway, so he couldn't prove a thing.

"Would it be this mail?" the farmer asked, producing a bundle emblazoned with the Trinity crest, tied together with an elastic band and slightly soiled.

"Er yes. I suppose it is," is replied Bert uneasily. "I must have dropped it on my way back to the lighthouse ..."

"You dropped it alright," snapped the farmer. "you dropped it in my hen-house! And that chicken you stole was the only cockerel on the island."

from *The Way to an Island* by R M Lockley, 1941

One day I saw an advertisement in the local paper. A small steamer was going to make a trip to Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. The fare was ten and sixpence, day return. Immediately a wild plan to go and settle on Lundy filled my head. I had heard – for I had now read everything I could come across about the islands off the coast of Britain – that there was a large farm on the island. I would go and offer my services to the farmer. I would try out island life. And I wouldn't tell mother first. I would go there and write a letter, which I would send back on the returning steamer, a letter explaining that I found it impossible to live at home any longer, that my studies were bound to end in failure anyway, and that mother would be well rid of a stupid son. ...

... [And yet] I felt I would not care to live on Lundy. It was too sophisticated, with a steamer landing scores of visitors on a fine day in summer, with its church and two lighthouses, a farm and small village, it was too inhabited.

from "The House on the Strand" by Daphne du Maurier

trawled by Peter Rothwell

[Editor's Note: Henry Bodrugan was governor in 1480 - can anyone illuminate further?]

"Sir Otto Bedrugan, for one," said Roger quietly.

A murmur rose amongst the men, the name Bedrugan was repeated, and Henry Treteng, who had spoken against the French monks, shook his head once more.

"He's a fine man, none better," he said, "but the last time he rebelled against the Crown, in 1322, he lost, and was fined a thousand marks for his pains."

"He was recompensed four years later when the Queen made him Governor of Lundy Island," replied Roger. "The sea of Lundy makes good anchorage for vessels carrying arms, and men as well, who can lie in safety there until they're needed on the mainland. Bodrugan is no fool. What is easier for him, holding lands in Cornwall and Devon, and Governor of Lundy into the bargain, than to raise the men and the ships that the Queen needs?"

A SMALL FLOCK OF FOLK

from The Folk South west Group via Diana Keast

At the Folk South West office we get a lot of letters and phone calls; most are connected with the projects and events. some are about Sidmouth Folk Week or other festival and occasionally people want dance bands for weddings or parties. Sometimes however something really extraordinary crops up and that is exactly what happened when we received a letter from Diana Keast.

Diana had an idea to provide some live music for the Lundy Field Society 60th Anniversary visit to the Island and we were thrilled to be able to help her fulfil her wish. We were so excited that I am ashamed to admit that we rushed home to thumb through the pages of Langham's book just to make sure that we weren't the victims of some elaborate hoax!

As the event drew close so the weather worsened, and on Monday night as our fence took off into next door's garden we began to feel that we might never make it to the island at all, and if we did we would certainly never make it back! At 6.30am on Wednesday morning Eddie, Coling and I left our battered Dorset fencing and set off for North Devon. The weather seemed to have calmed down a bit and we encouraged each other with optimistic observations all the way to Ilfracombe. None of us can be described as keen, or even competent sailors and I'm sure there have been worse crossings!

Reaching the calm of the Island jetty we were at last able to be truly excited. Conversely Diana must have wondered what she had let herself in for as three ashen-faced people staggered up the gangplank to meet her, looking as if they may not make the top of the hill never mind last four days! Very quickly the journey paled into insignificance as we were guided up the hill. As we went we were introduced to everyone we met and made to feel very special and welcome, something which was to last for the entire visit.

It is very hard to describe the next four days as we had such a wonderful time that there is a great danger of running out of superlatives! Our accommodation was comfortable and cosy and we indulged in the luxury of exploring as much of the island as we could during our three days there. In the evening we played and sang in The Tavern. We had three lively nights of eating, drinking and making music and all of us felt very proud to have played our small part in the rich musical tradition of the island. It seemed exactly right to be playing and singing traditional music in a place so steeped in tradition and I hope Felix Gade would have been impressed with the enthusiastic singing of the *Hardland Song*. As the Tavern emptied we were thrilled for the tables to turn and for us to be entertained with songs from various members of the Society. They were three very special evenings for us.

Throughout our visit we were spoilt with hospitality and overwhelmed with generosity. The collective knowledge of the members of the Field Society is fascinating and as impressive as their energy and enthusiasm. We were sorry to miss the golf, but standing on the cliffs by the quarry looking out to sea and indulging in cheese and wine and sausages was a surreal highlight.

In the late afternoon sun (and wind) we sadly started our long journey home. But then it should be an effort to get into the Kingdom of Heaven and certainly should be rather a sad thing to leave. Thank you so much for having us.

Back to our hectic work it is a comfort to know that Lundy is sitting out there as a haven of peace and tranquillity. We certainly need to go back to it, very soon.

BARBARA OF BIRD ISLAND

Dennis Holman (trawled by Myrtle Ternstrom)

from *Illustrated* (incorporated with John Bull) October 30th 1954

She turned down a plum job for a £3 a week life that needs a strong will, strong nerves and a strong stomach.

The wind was rising as twenty-eight year old Barbara Whitaker plunged into the sea off the southwest tip of Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel, and swam twenty yards to a rock known as the Shutter. There she visited some shags' nests she had been observing for several weeks. But as she was about to leave the rock a squall struck; she was cut off by what was now angry, pounding surf.

Seven hours later Barbara's friend, Mary Haworth, brought a rescue party with a rocket line. An attempt to bring Barbara across would have been risky, so blankets and food were roped over to her by pulley, and she spent the night on the Shutter. She says: "It was well worth it. I heard lots of waders going over in the dark."

And to Barbara, this was important. She is bird warden on Lundy, where she lives in an old, disused lighthouse, the only woman attempting the dangers and discomforts of life among thousands of birds on one of the lonely island sanctuaries dotted round the coast.

From spring, when flocks of sea birds wheel off the cliffs, or float on the swell, throughout the breeding season until late summer, when the chicks grow up and fly off again, Barbara is counting eggs, studying courtship behaviour, locating nests. But the toughest job is getting a small aluminum ring round one leg of the chicks, as a check on migration; rings have been returned from the south of France, Cornwall, Sweden and even Newfoundland.

Gulliemots, razorbills and shags nest mostly on the rocky ledges of the cliffs; kittiwakes in the deep gullies; puffins in sandy slopes; and Barbara has to climb to the nests, or hook the chicks by the legs with a pole tipped with a wire crook. Lundy cliffs are treacherous. Two years ago, Barbara's predecessor, Peter Davis, and his pretty fiancée, Wendy Mitchell, were out collecting gulls' eggs. He left Wendy on a ledge, telling her not to move, while he climbed under it. A moment later he heard his name screamed out, as she slipped and fell four hundred feet to her death on the rocks.

The birds themselves complicate the ringing process. Razorbills and shags peck vigorously, and a peregrine falcon has been known to strike and claw at an intruder clinging to the cliff face. The fulmar petrel has a more subtle, but no less effective, attack. One vomited an evil-smelling oil all over Barbara as she neared his nest. When ringed, some chicks bring up a meal; a little herring gull once produced three sausages on a string.

"You need a strong stomach for the job," said Barbara, who ringed over nine hundred birds this summer. "The stench of a colony of sea birds is indescribable, and the noise is deafening. It's always a relief to reach the sudden quiet of a cliff top."

Ringing adult birds is particularly tricky. One night Barbara heard Manx shearwaters coming in. Thinking they could be picked off the cliff top as they landed, she rushed back to the lighthouse to get the help of Mary Haworth -



Barbara looks out over Lundy from her century-old lighthouse home. The lighthouse was abandoned because it was too high; fog often hid the beam

distinct," she insists. "They are tall, beautiful black glossy skin, sea-green eyes and large feet."

Barbara makes daily rounds. Once, to avoid getting her slacks wet, she left them on a rock while wading waist-deep to a promontory. When she returned, they had been washed away. Fortunately, visiting members of Lundy Field Society were busy collecting beetles, and she was able to slip back to the lighthouse unseen.

All through the summer a stream of naturalists, amateur and professional, stay in the upstairs rooms of the lighthouse. After supper, Barbara brings out her record book and jots down the number and species of birds seen that day. One evening, a birdwatcher claimed to have seen a pelican. Barbara demanded proof, and the bird-watcher *indignantly* led the party to a rock. There stood a lone pelican. They found later it had escaped from a zoo.

Three and a half miles long, half a mile wide, Lundy has a farm, a hotel, a pub, a church, half a dozen cottages and about as many trees on the sheltered east side. The population consists of Felix Gade, the owner's agent; his wife and twenty-one year old daughter, Mary; her friends Angela Garrard and Mary Ogilvie, who help in the hotel; George, the cook; Jim, the barman; three student farmers; two boatmen, who bring day trippers ashore; a lobster fisherman; a retired business man who lives in the old coastguard station; six keepers of the two working lighthouses, and Barbara and Mary. Visiting naturalists and hotel guests may double the population in any summer week, but Barbara, busy working, sees little of the social life at the Marisco Tavern.

who cooks for her – and a party of school-boys camped nearby. "Shearwaters are curious, oval-shaped birds that make a noise like a cockerel being strangled while crowing," Mary says. "They were all round us, but we only managed to catch one."

Barbara was more successful with the shags, after she discovered on the Shutter that they slept soundly. Some were ringed as they slept. Barbara has little patience with bird-watchers who make the common mistake of describing shags as cormorants. "Shags are quite dis-

Lundy's owner is a London business man, Martin Harman, who calls himself the "Overlord" and issues his own postage stamps. Every September his friends come to shoot deer in the bracken and rhododendron glades on the east side. Peter Davis, touring his bird traps, was once mistaken for a stag. Luckily the sportsman missed.

There are few comforts at the lighthouse. When Barbara's mother and sister arrived to find that she had not had a bath since she had started the job - except in the sea - they heated pails of water and gave her a good scrubbing. She is paid £150 a year by the Lundy Field Society, and took on the bird wardenship after turning down an offer of £16 9s a week as a geologist, the profession in which she was trained. Her explanation: "I prefer birds."

LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY 60TH ANNIVERSARY

Recollections of the earliest years of the Society

Hugh Boyd

As a survivor of the original members of the Society, I would like to tell you a little about the Lundy scene in the late 1940s, though I was then far too junior to have been a member of the group of Devonians who decided to form the LFS.

Chief among them was Leslie Harvey, professor of zoology at the University of Exeter. He brought with him a measure of scientific respectability not to be found at the competing Bird Observatories that were springing up around the coasts of Britain. Leslie, and his wife Claire, also brought organisational competence and leadership that lasted until his death, not long after we saw him at our 40th AGM. Leslie's work, with his teams of students, provided solid basic knowledge of the littoral fauna and flora. But access to Lundy's inter-tidal zone was limited, so that after a few years their shore-searching efforts were transferred to the Scillies. This didn't lessen Leslie's devotion to our Society.

EW 'Snip' Ware, a skilled bird photographer, who had just published *Wing to Wing*, a cheerful account of his 'bird watching adventures at home and abroad with the RAF', brought his great enthusiasm and 'can do' approach to the Society. Snip was a keen cricketer too. I remember playing stump cricket with Leslie and Snip on the remains of a golf tee just north of the Old Light, in happy relaxation from the serious businesses of shore-searching and photographing birds.

Stan Cutcliffe, proprietor of a guest-house in Ilfracombe, was a very important player. He assumed chief responsibility for getting visitors, food and equipment to our magnificent headquarters in the Old Light. At that time, food rationing was still in force, so that provisioning could have caused major headaches, especially when the *Lerina* was sailing from Bideford, not Ilfracombe. Stan made it seem easy, though it must have cost him much time. One of his good ideas was to register the Society as 'vegetarian' so that we qualified for extra rations of cheese, while Lundy itself provided lamb or mutton, as well as fresh milk. My happiest recollection of Stan was of his delight during one of his stays at the Old Light. While he was doing some washing-up, a Hoopoe alighted on the kitchen window sill and raised its crest to him. The tribute was well-deserved, for Stan was a kindly man as well as a very capable quartermaster.

In 1947, after an exhausting war, England and most of its citizens were shabby and battered. Lundy was shabby too. Mr Harman's pre-war agent, F W "Giant" Gade, was still living near Hartland Point. Don Heysman - a melancholy-looking character with a perpetual drop at the end of his nose, thanks to the Island's winds - was the acting-agent. he maintained daily radio contacts with the mainland, which brought him to the Old Light each morning. Whenever the *Lerina* arrived, we went to him in search of mail, not released until it had been franked with Lundy stamps.

Those stamps were perhaps Martin Coles Harman's most lucrative contributions to life on Lundy. Mr Harman derived great pleasure from his 'kingdom'. His beaming smile somehow conveyed the sense of how privileged we were to be allowed to be there.

The Society's first warden was Rowland 'Roly' Barker. Though he had no special knowledge of, or a consuming interest in, natural history, he did much to make the Old Light habitable, in a suitably spartan way. After a year he decided to emigrate to British Columbia, in search of better prospects than this small Society could provide.

A replacement was needed. I had been among the visitors in the summer of 1947, and had fallen at once under Lundy's spell. My previous field work had consisted of bird-watching at Blagdon Reservoir in North Somerset, where I had spent months watching Coots, after illness and injury had forced me to take a year off from my zoological studies at Bristol University. A man with a limp and some knowledge of Coots was not obviously well qualified for the warden's job, and I knew only too well that I was no match for Roly in sprucing up and maintaining the Old Light - or, indeed, as a friendly host. However, there were not likely to be very many applicants for a job offering room-and-board plus 150 pounds a year. I was strongly supported by HH Davis, a working farmer who was a leading light of the Bristol Naturalists' Society and my ornithological mentor.

I returned to Lundy as warden in June 1948, in a mixture of gloom at academic failure and wild excitement at the opportunity to work here. The gloom was soon swept aside.

Another Stan - Stan Ball - spent long periods on the island in both 'my' years. He was a widower and retired businessman, who had been in the Navy in the First World War. Full of good sense and practical know-how, he



Lighthouse guests are members of Lundy Field Society who report birds seen. BW far left, front row, Cedric Milner, Mary Haworth, Dudley Iles, Stan Ball, Dr Mary Gillham

seemed happy to do lots of work around the Old Light, so that I could do far more bird-counting than I would have had time and energy for if managing alone. Helpful and selfless people like Stan will always be very important for the continuing success of natural history societies and the county wildlife trusts.

On the foggy morning of 18th July 1948 Stan and I had some unexpected visitors. A bedraggled man appeared at the Old Light to explain that his ship, the MV *Amstelstroom*, a Dutch coaster (which I had often seen in the City Docks at Bristol), had run around just north of the Old Battery. The crew had been able to scramble ashore. We helped them with coffee and dry clothing (including my last naval jersey) and they were soon taken off the island. The ship broke up quickly. Not a good day for the captain, though perhaps less damaging to his career than the stranding of the cruiser *Montagu* in 1906 had been to its commander and navigating officer. This was a sharp reminder of the many wrecks that have occurred around Lundy over the centuries.

By the end of September 1948 I had worn myself into a sticky state and asked to come off, though the autumn migration was far from over. In 1949 I lasted better, having grown in confidence and with many ideas to pursue.

One of them was to study the development of nestling Shags. This was prompted by a paper by Adolf Portmann that I had seen in *Ornithologische Beobachter*, dealing with the growth of young pelicans in the Basel Zoo. Pelicans and cormorants were supposed to be closely related. I wanted to find out whether Shags reared by their parents in the wild would show changes in their rates of development resembling those of the pelicans in a protected environment with assured supplies of food. For several weeks I had to weigh and measure the nestlings each day. This required me to traverse the wet and slippery grass slopes west of Threequarter Wall, climb down a rope ladder that the Society had bought for me, creep anxiously along a slimy ledge to the nests, carrying a rather primitive pair of scales, callipers and a notebook, weigh and measure the unfortunate nestlings, then creep and climb back up again. All very character-forming - looking at the site again in 1986, I was amazed that I had attempted the exercise, let alone survived.

I had found that the pattern of growth of the Shags was somewhat different from that of Portmann's pelicans. When it was clear that I would not be able to continue the work for another year I wrote a paper for *Ibis*. (I had joined the BOU (British Ornithologists' Union) in 1948 and was anxious to establish my credentials.) John Dyke kindly created two graphs for me. But the beauty of John's graphs did not outweigh the over-ambitious claims about fundamental differences between pelicans and shags that I had made in the discussion section, and the paper was rejected by Reg Moreau, one of the best editors *Ibis* has had. That was my fifth 'paper' and the first to be rejected. (In today's more competitive world, rejections are very frequent.) Fortunately, Barbara Whitaker, the next-but-one warden, took up the subject again and carried it forward far more successfully.

John Dyke continued to work voluntarily for the Society for the rest of his life, so will be known to many of you. What a good and likeable man he was.



A robin, driven along the tunnel of netting, has flown into the glass box at the end and is removed by hand

Burma in 1944 had cost him his life. This was a notable occasion for his family and their friends and for the Royal West Kent Regiment, which sent a detachment, including a bugler. They arrived on one of P&A Campbell's paddle-steamers, making its first post-war trip to Lundy. Lurking on the fringe of the assembly, not 'belonging', I found this occasion more moving than I'd expected.

One task that I carried out in the 'off season' was to visit Eileen Heaven and her mother, who were then living in Portishead, not far from my home in Bristol. In addition to telling me about their own lives in the 'Kingdom of Heaven' they allowed me to borrow some of Mr Heaven's diaries, from which I extracted the references to birds that I summarised in an early LFS Annual Report.

Among our notable visitors was WB Alexander, in his capacity as chairman of the Bird Observatories Committee, which gave him splendid opportunities for island-going. He

One of the social functions of small islands is to provide 'launching pads' for lives and loves. Some of our early visitors certainly used Lundy in that way. In the autumn of 1949 one of our visitors was a widow, Mrs Williams. After a few days, Stan Ball told me, with becoming bashfulness, that they were going to marry. Does Lundy continue to be a great place for that sort of thing?

Anyone visiting Lundy, whatever their interests, is likely to be impressed by the evidence of its human history. One memorable event in 1949 was the dedication on 20th June of a memorial in 'VC Quarry' honouring Lance-Corporal John Pennington Harman, whose bravery in



Gently, Barbara removes parasites from the robin with a pair of forceps. Now it will be released.

had been on Lundy in 1942, trying to verify some of Richard Perry's estimates of the numbers of breeding birds in 1938-39, which had aroused some sceptical comment, and to confirm that Manx Shearwaters were breeding (*British Birds* (1945) 38: 182-191).

Before the war there were very few positions in Britain for professional ornithologists, so that WB had spent 20 years working in a museum in Queensland. In those days travelling to Australia took six weeks. WB had used his journeyings to study seabirds. This led him to produce *Birds of the Oceans*, published in the USA in 1928, the first field guide to seabirds. (I was proud to have a copy, bought for me by my brother John while his ship was at a port in New Jersey during the war.)

I had met WB before, first in an office in Oxford, in his capacity as first Director (and, I think, sole employee) of the recently-created Edward Grey Institute for Field Ornithology. Our second meeting had been at Blagdon reservoir, in north Somerset, during the severe winter of 1946-47. As he, Mr Davis and I walked along the shore we came on a Bittern, too weak to fly. WB grabbed it quickly by the neck in a gloved hand: "to prevent the bird striking at your eyes". (I have had no opportunities to follow his advice.)

WB brought with him Richard Vaughan, then an undergraduate at Magdalen. Richard has had a distinguished career as a Historian. Historians write books as readily as ornithologists write 'papers' and he has a shelf-full. His last appointment was as a Professor of Arctic History at the University of Groningen, which enabled him to spend much time in collecting materials for *In search of Arctic Birds* (1992), a very useful account of the history of Arctic ornithology. Forty years after our meeting on Lundy, I was able to send him some notes on the birds of Ellesmere Island and north-west Greenland. We have since looked together at the changes during the 19th and 20th centuries in catches at duck decoys in England, the Netherlands and north Germany.

Trudi Hoffmann, from Switzerland, was our first visitor from 'abroad'. She was 'middle-aged' (which then meant 40-50ish), tall and very active, an ardent promoter of 'healthy living' with a keen sense of fun. I found her exhilarating, despite her lack of earnestness about birds.

Though I was comfortable with older women, I found young women alarming. One of the most alarming was Rosemary Studdy, who played a vigorous part in the Society's early activities. Formidably energetic young women are probably as important for the successful functioning of natural history and conservation organisations as avuncular 'Stans'. But I never fathomed what Rosemary was about.

One of the weaknesses of the LFS, and most other bird observatories, has been their lack of sufficient reliable funding to support an unbroken succession of 'permanent' wardens. They have proved valuable elsewhere, most notably on Fair Isle. The resulting lack of continuing research projects has led to fragmentary results on topics for which prolonged recording is most needed, such as changes in the timing of migration and breeding, which have now become fashionable because of concerns about the effects of global warming. [Editor's note: See the reference to Richard Castle's talk and the use of the LFS log in the account of the AGM.]

Though it is many years since I last visited a British bird observatory, I took a keen interest in attempts in 2002-03 by RG Loxton, long involved with the Bardsey observatory, to persuade the Bird Observatories Committee to complete a grant proposal for the funds needed to create a central data bank of migration records. He failed, yet again. Among the current generation of bird observatory officials there seem to be hardly any believers in the very real merits of collaborative 'citizen science', as practised so successfully by the BTO. How well do you think the LFS performs in this respect? (I'm too distant to know.)

Loxton told me that several British observatories have degenerated into little more than bases for 'twitchers', who arrive in numbers whenever rarities are reported. Aided by modern optical equipment and cameras, twitchers have achieved great improvements in bird recognition. But many of them are scientifically feckless, when not actively hostile to research. They seem to have embraced the recent Phylogenetic model of pecliation, rather than Ernst Mayr's Biological Species concept (on which I was reared) for no better reason than that it produces larger lists of species for them to tick. Taxonomy like much of the science, has always been subject to fashion. It is now wonderfully complicated by the technical mysteries of DNA analyses. The current squabbles between different schools of practioners and their hangers on seem to be as fierce as they were when taxonomically-minded naturalists were often younger sons of the gentry. Today, the successors of the Jourdain and Blathways are to be found in second-tier universities, not in country rectories.

In my day, the wheatears and stonechats passing through Lundy offered many puzzles especially in Autumn. As they were not interested in the Heligoland or other cage traps, and mist nets has not arrived, the puzzling birds could not be caught to be photographed and examined in hand. We could only make field notes, then try to match our amateurish descriptions against those in Witherbys *Handbook*. Vol II (1938) which dealt with palearctic wheatears in some detail but had little to say about exotic Stonechats.



Coal would cost £28 a ton in freight charges alone on Lundy. So, Barbara collects her own firewood, relying mainly on driftwood from wrecked ships

There was no field guide to all the palearctic passerines. The fullest descriptions of plumage were those in a book by HGK Molineaux (1930) with the unpromising title: *A Catalogue of Birds giving their distribution in the western Palearctic region*. This had no illustrations of entire birds and the plumage descriptions were in the worst museum-skinned-based tradition. The copy we had at the Old Light was more bewildering than helpful.

Where there was scarcity there is now abundance. Last year EN Panov published a monograph devoted solely to the 14 species of Wheatears. Another by Urquhart & Bowley on stonechats appeared a few years ago. Both, alas are too expensive for me to buy solely for sentimental reasons. My only look at Wheatears in recent years involved measuring skins in the Canadian Museum of Nature for a German PhD student.

When looking at changes in the status of bird populations over time, you should not think that previous generations of observers were less observant and more stupid than you are, simply because they had poorer equipment and much less information.

I fully intended to stay on Lundy, where I was very happy and felt useful. but in the autumn of 1949 the Severn Wildfowl Trust, which I had hurried to join on its formation in November 1946, decided that it needed, and could now afford to hire a resident biologist. My mentor HH Davis had convinced Peter Scott to 'set up shop' in Slimbridge by showing him a wild Lesser White Fronted Goose among the large wintering flock of Whitefronts on the dumble - the salt marsh in front of the sea wall. Now he weighed in again, by saying that I was just the man for the job. I received an offer of a 3 month trial, at a salary equivalent to 300 pounds a year.

Lundy is not designed for geese, in which I'd become especially interested. I had already met, and admired Peter Scott. The prospect of working with Peter was an additional attraction. (You worked *with* Peter not *for* him), So I accepted the offer and moved to Slimbridge in January 1950. Three months turned into 16 years, in which much of my most original work was done.

In 1965 I moved from Slimbridge to Edinburgh to represent the Wildfowl Trust in Scotland (where I was spending increasing amounts of time) and to take part in a International Biological Programme project at Loch Leven. But I continued to be restless.

Sitting in the Scottish office of the Nature Conservancy was my first experience of working in a bureaucracy. I was delighted when I was offered a position with the Canadian Wildlife Service, as Research Manager for their Eastern Region. This was a far denser thicket of bureaucracy than the Nature Conservancy could offer.

Moving to Canada was a big upheaval for me. As I was already over 40, I saw it as perhaps my last chance to widen my horizons and to increase my responsibilities. The move was an even bigger upheaval for my wife Gillian and our three young sons. Fortunately they have all thrived in their new environments and are well content to be Canadians. As a representative of Canada in dealing with the United States, I thought it proper to take Canadian citizenship at the earliest opportunity. Yet I continue to think of myself as British (my father was an Aberdonian, my mother a Bristolian).

My new horizons were very wide indeed, extending from the Atlantic Provinces westward to the Manitoba border and north to Ellesmere Island. I



Every morning, Barbara goes round her traps. On wind-swept Lundy, it is only here, on the east side, that vegetation other than grass can grow.

had never 'managed' anybody before. Now I was responsible for 16 biologists.

One of them was the redoubtable Les Tuck, 'our man in Newfoundland'. Soon after I had arrived in Canada I went to see him in St John's. He took me on a trip to Funk Island. The fishing boat that took us out rolled far worse than the *Lerina*, bringing back memories of miserable times in the Navy in 1943-44.

Funk Island had been the last North American breeding place of the Great Auk. I found some of their

bones in the crevices. Funk Island now holds half a million pairs of Common Guillemots. Fortunately, our immediate task was only to count Gannets' nests on the top of the island: about 3500, only about as many as there had been on Lundy's Gannet Rock. We also recorded the first Fulmars that Les had seen there.

Sea sickness didn't prevent me from deciding to build up the CWS seabird programme, especially as Les Tuck had turned most of his attention to writing a monograph on the Snipes (Common Snipe *Gallinago gallinago*) and was soon to retire. He had already looked at several colonies in the eastern Arctic. On Akpatok Island in Ungava Bay, north Quebec, he had estimated the numbers of Thick-billed Murres (Brunnich's Guillemot) as 1.2 million birds. Later he had visited colonies in Digges Sound (off the NW corner of Quebec), with 2-3 million Murres and one west of Cape Hay on Bylot Island (off the north-east corner of Baffin Island), which held about 400,000 pairs. Canada is a large country, where the birds think big.

I set my sights on Prince Leopold Island, further west in Lancaster South (the eastern stretch of the North West Passage), where I first landed in 1970. Prince Leopold is a loftier high Arctic version of Lundy, with then-unknown masses of seabirds. The project that we started there three years later has run for more than 30 years and yielded a monograph of its own, as well as lots of scientific papers. The island has an unfortunate attraction for Polar Bears in July, when the top is often shrouded in fog. This makes Prince Leopold a great place for other people to work.

That same summer, when I was flying round Ellesmere Island looking for breeding Greater Snow Geese, I asked the pilot to divert to look at Cape Vera.

According to James Fisher's massive New Naturalist monograph *The Fulmar* (1952), Cape Vera had had a large breeding colony in the 1890s, but there seemed to be no later information. In 1970 the colony was still large. Several studies have been made at Cape Vera, looking not only at the Fulmars but also at the many Black Guillemots that breed there, many in unusually accessible crevices among the boulders at the foot of the cliffs. The northernmost colony of common Eiders is on a nearby island in Hell Gate Strait, where apolynya allows many seabirds to stay over winter, though the Fulmars winter off west Greenland, Baffin island and the coast of Labrador.

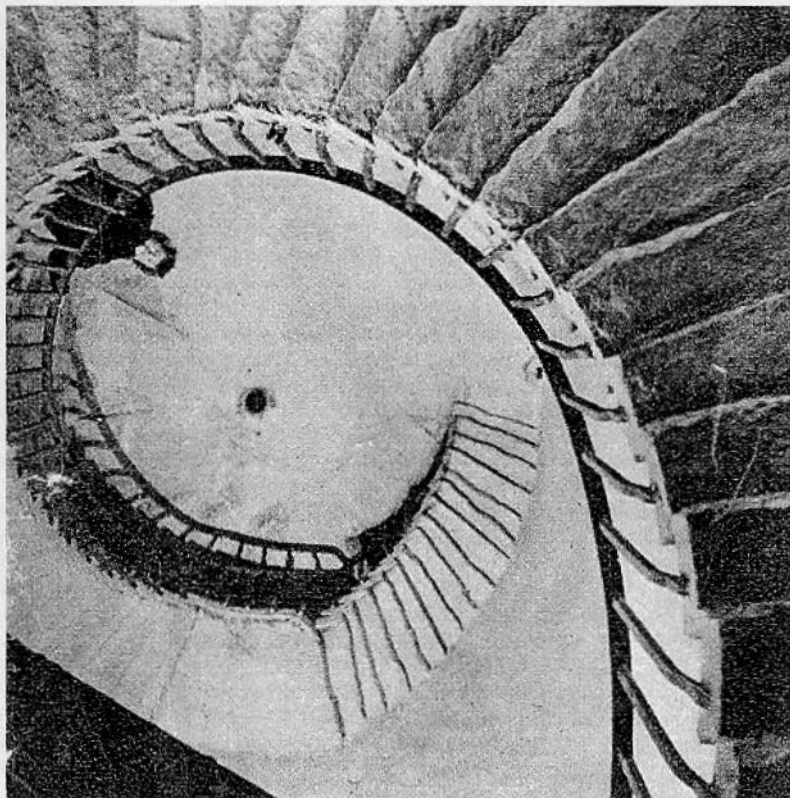


The day's work goes into the records; Barbara is helped by her friend, Mary Haworth. Those books on the shelves are nearly all about birds.

My experience in studying the migration of 'twittering birds' by means of a daily cruise around the southern half of Lundy, and my membership of the Bird Observatories Committee of the BTO, also had Canadian consequences. David Hussell, another 'expatriate Brit' was one of the prime movers in setting up the Long Point Observatory series of research contracts. They have provided much of what we now know about the movements and population changes among the warblers and other birds of the huge tracts of Boreal Forest in Ontario and Quebec, where the roads are few and rough. A great many biting flies in the summer make this a difficult and unpleasant region in which to work. Trapping and counting migrants at Long Point provides opportunities to sample what is going on in the Boreal Forest from a safe distance.

When I was watching and ringing Greater Snow Geese on Bylot Island in the 1970s and 80s it was fun, after scrambling up the steep sides of their main nesting valley, to find Greenland Wheatears living on the flat hilltops - unexpected reminders of my happy days on Lundy, now nearly sixty years ago.

"Home is where you start from": Lundy is where my professional life began. It was a splendid starting point and remains my scientific 'home'. I hope that the Field Society will continue to flourish for many more years.



Dizzy view up the spiral staircase to the top of the lighthouse, also used as an observatory

Lundy Field Society Conservation Breaks 2006

Booking Form

This year's dates are:

October 14th - 21st 2006

Numbers will be limited by the accommodation available and places will be allocated on a first come first served basis. Regrettably, we are unable to accept children under the age of sixteen on Conservation Breaks. If you wish to reserve a place on one of the Conservation Breaks this year, please complete the tear off slip below and return it with your payment to David Molyneux at the address shown.

Cheques should be made payable to "Lundy Field Society"

David Molyneux
May 2006

I would like to join the Lundy Field Society Conservation Break on Lundy from:

(Start Date) to (End Date)

or register your interest for
2007 by returning this form
NOW

Name:

Address:

Dave Molyneux
The Flat
Woldringfold
Burnthouse Lane
Lower Beeding
West Sussex
RH13 6NL

Tel:

- I am a member and enclose a deposit of £10
- I am not a member and enclose a deposit of £10 plus a donation of £10
- I would like to join the Field Society and enclose a deposit of £10 plus membership (Ordinary £12, Over 50s £8, Family £15)

Signature:

(You will receive an acknowledgement of your booking)

EXCERPTS FROM LFS 60TH ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR BOOKLET

Printed and published by Alan Rowland.

The origins of the Lundy Field Society can be traced to a meeting held on the 8th December 1945 by the Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society (DBWPS). The meeting heard discussed the resumption of bird monitoring after the war and listened with interest to a report developments on the Pembrokeshire islands of Skomer and Skokholm as bird ringing stations. In discussions Leslie Harvey, a lecturer in the Zoology Department of the University College of the South West (now Exeter University), "made a suggestion that consideration might be given to linking Lundy Island and the Scillies with the activities on the Pembrokeshire islands ... the meeting decided later to explore its possibilities" (DBWPS minutes). It is evident from subsequent events that they asked Harvey to investigate the possibility of using Lundy.

Harvey wrote to Martin Coles Harman, the owner of Lundy, a week later. Harman was a keen naturalist, who had published brief notes on ornithological topics, but he was also fiercely keen to preserve the independence of Lundy from the mainland. His reply expressed interest in the project as long as his rights could be preserved.

Harvey wrote again in March 1946 indicating the nature of his proposals which included: the erection of a heligoland trap, the presence of biologists to operate the trap, ringing of nesting cliff-breeding birds, and periodic publication of progress reports and results. Harvey also expressed a personal interest in the study of other forms of wildlife.

Harman replied saying that he was agreeable providing the work was carried out by the formation of a Lundy Bird-watching Committee which was to be acknowledged as Harman's idea. Harman offered £50 as a first subscription (a considerable sum in 1946) and further insisted that members would need individual invitations by him to visit the island each year.

The DBWPS minutes of the meeting of 6th April record:

"... the most important business of the day came under consideration. This concerned further developments towards the possible achievement of Lundy Island as a base for a station devoted to the intensive study of bird migration in co-operation with the West Wales Field Society ... Mr L A Harvey who initiated the proposal at the previous meeting gave a report of his preliminary negotiations with Mr Martin C chairman, the owner of Lundy. On the whole these were reassuring ... the scheme was to be commended, and many expressed their willingness to take an active part in the project. Accordingly a Lundy Field Committee to consist of the officers of our Society with Mr L A Harvey as convenor further to explore the possibilities of the scheme, was set up."

Between then and the end of May, however, Harman and Harvey seem to have agreed that the 'committee' should be a separate society as, in a letter, Harvey refers, without explanation to the Lundy Field Society. This is almost certainly due to Harman's concerns that the Lundy activities should be completely separate from the DBWPS whose own minutes at their next meeting simply record "that the Lundy Field Society has been successfully launched"

The LFS was inaugurated on 29th May 1946 at "an informal meeting ... at which we drew up the ... constitution for a Lundy Field Society," (LA Harvey letter to MC Harman).

Inhabitants 1957

During the Winter of 1956-7 the following people lived on the Island. Mr & Mrs F W Gade, Agent & wife; R Bendall & family, farm bailiff; Richard Jennings, farm student; Vince and Mary Squires, shepherd 7 mech; Frank Cannon, gardener; Stanley Smith & family, Tavern Stores and building; Mr JC Spink, Tibbetts; Barbara Whittaker, Warden Lundy Field Society; Barbara Morris, student. Old Light. There are also 3 men at each lighthouse.

Lundy Island Owner Dies. *The Times*, June 24th 1968. From our Correspondent, Barnstaple June 23rd

Mr Albion Harman, owner and ruler of Lundy, died in a Barnstaple hospital yesterday afternoon. He had been flown by RAF helicopter to the mainland after a severe heart attack.

Earlier Dr William Ruddock of Bideford, was flown to the island after the resident agent, Mr F W Gade, had radioed for help. Islanders lit a smoke fire to guide the helicopter in to a landing spot marked out in white stones.

Mr Harman inherited Lundy from his father, Mr Martin Coles Harman, a London financier who fought tenaciously for many years to obtain recognition of his claim that Lundy was a vest-pocket kingdom outside the jurisdiction of the British Parliament. He minted his own coinage, known as Puffins, and printed his own stamps. He had to cease issuing Puffin coinage, but Lundy stamps are still issued and used as seals for mail carried to the mainland by the Lundy Gannet, a little mailboat.

A quiet, almost sombre man, Mr Albion Harman was devoted to Lundy. All the time he could snatch from his London business was spent on the island. In recent years he had worked hard to establish it as a holiday resort for people seeking complete peace and as a centre for wildlife study. Lundy has no cars and no telephones. The winter population is about a dozen.

New Warden for Lundy Society

A Hertfordshire man, Mr A J Prater, of Radlett, is the new warden of the Lundy Field Society.

Mr Prater, engaged on a temporary basis, succeeds Mr Jonathan Sparrow, who was killed in a cliff fall last week. Mr Prater, now at Exeter University, is a qualified bird ringer. He was trained under Mr Peter Ellcott, secretary of the Devon Bird Watching Society. 1st July 1965.

Obituary

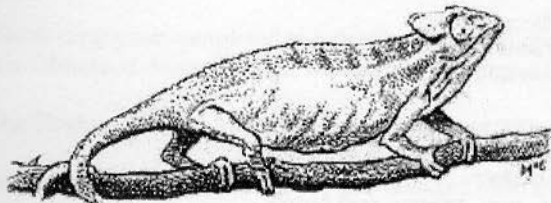
Dr Fredk R Elliston Wright, an Honorary Member of the Lundy Field Society, died at his home in Braunton in August 1966 at the age of 87. It was while in general medical practice in Braunton that Dr Wright developed his interest in Natural History and especially in Botany. His book "Braunton. A few Nature Notes", appeared in 1926 and seven years later he described in a paper the hitherto unrecorded species of Cabbage on Lundy which now bears his name.

Extract from *Report from Practically Nowhere* John Sack 1957 read by Myrtle Ternstrom at the 1996 LFS 50th Anniversary meeting on Lundy:

"... there surely hasn't been anything of such profound consequence to the average bird of Lundy as the founding of the Lundy Field Society there, in 1946. Since then, the birds have scarcely known a moment to call their own. Not only are they kept under a constant surveillance that would be reserved anywhere else for suspected criminals, but a full blotter is being maintained on their comings and goings, their associations with other birds, their sexual indiscretions, and such intimate details as personal hygiene as even Mr Perry would blush at, such as the name, number, and whereabouts of their body lice. Many of these birds, after a dozen years of such scant privacy, are beginning to betray the same signs of nervous collapse that might be expected in a human being. A case in point is the Manx shearwater, a shy, rather introverted bird whose mental state became so desperate that Mr Harman had to memorialise the Lundy Field Society on its behalf. "This particular colony," he wrote, "has suffered from rats, but has also suffered a bit from being over bird-watched. I don't take any exception to this, for it is all in the cause of science, but I understand that not a single bird has hatched."

"Wednesday September 7th. Oliver Hook arrived. OH entered straight way into LFS activities and visited Seal Hole with BKW, where a calf about 24 hours old was found. The spirited young lady left her imprint on OH."

Puzzled by this, I asked OH for a fuller explanation, and hastily was told that the spirited young lady referred to wasn't Miss Whittaker but the seal, and the imprint was of its teeth - by now, a terrifying purple welt on his forearm. Mr Hook assured me it wasn't malignant and, when I inquired about the seal, observed it had been shooed away by splashing water in its face, apparently, in Lundy, the accepted procedure for shooing away seals. Later, Mr Hook said he managed to get the seal ... weigh it, measure it, and tag it for future reference with a small aluminium band. Both parties to the operation had set a record for Lundy, the seal being the first of its species to be tagged by a human being, and Mr Hook being the first of his to be bitten by a seal."



'Kembo', Lundy's chameleon (owned by Barbara Whitaker) and the mother of a large brood, none of whom survived the rigours of Lundy's climate or the absence of winter insects

LUNDY STUDIES SYMPOSIUM

Organised by the Lundy Field Society
Recent studies of marine, freshwater and terrestrial ecology
of Lundy and the archaeology and history of the island
Saturday 23rd September 2006
at The Peter Chalk Centre, University of Exeter

PROGRAMME

- 10.00 Registration and Coffee. Poster Displays
10.30 Introduction to the Symposium
Roger Chapple, Chairman, the Lundy Field Society

SESSION 1: ARCHAEOLOGY AND HISTORY

Chair: Henrietta Quinnell

- 10.45 Milestones in the Archaeology of Lundy
Henrietta Quinnell
11.00 Patterns of Settlement on Lundy
Archaeology on the Map *Shirley Bloylock*
11.30 Lundy's History: the course of change
Dr Myrtle Ternstrom
12.00 Discussion
12.15 Poster Displays
12.30 Buffet lunch

SESSION 2: MARINE AND FRESHWATER ECOLOGY

Chair: Dr Keith Hiscock

- 13.30 Introduction to the Marine and Freshwater Habitats of Lundy
Dr Keith Hiscock
13.45 Lundy's Marine Life: a balancing act of protecting and promoting
Robert Irving
14.15 Lundy's Lentic Waters: their Biology and Ecology
Professor Jennifer George
14.45 Discussion
15.00 Tea and Poster Displays

SESSION 3: TERRESTRIAL ECOLOGY

Chair Tony Parsons

- 15.30 Origins, Progress and the Future
Tony Parsons
15.45 The Mushrooms and Toadstools of Lundy
Professor John Hedger
16.15 Lundy Cabbage: past, present and future
Dr Steve Compton
16.45 Discussion
17.00 Closing Remarks
17.15 Close

REGISTRATION FORM

I wish to attend the Lundy Studies symposium at the Peter Chalk Centre,
University of Exeter on 23rd September 2006

Title: Name:

Address:

.....

..... Postcode:

Telephone: Email:

Any dietary requirements:

Please note that your details will be held on computer purely for the purpose of organising the Symposium and will not be passed to any other person or organisation.

The registration fee is £15.00 per person, which includes coffee, buffet lunch, tea and the Symposium Proceedings. (A CD-Rom will be included in the delegates' pack and printed copies will be circulated later.)

I enclose a cheque payable to 'Lundy Field Society' for places.

Please tick the appropriate box to indicate whether you would prefer your registration to be acknowledged by post or by email
If by post, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Please send your completed registration form and cheque to:
Alan Rowland, Mole Cottage, Morwenstow, Cornwall EX23 9JR.

The Closing Date for Applications is 1st August 2006.

Further copies of this form can be downloaded from the Lundy Field Society website at www.lundy.org.uk.

The Lundy Field Society is very grateful to its President, Sir Jack Hayward
●BE, for a generous donation towards the cost of this event.

LUNDY AND THE LUNDY FIELD SOCIETY

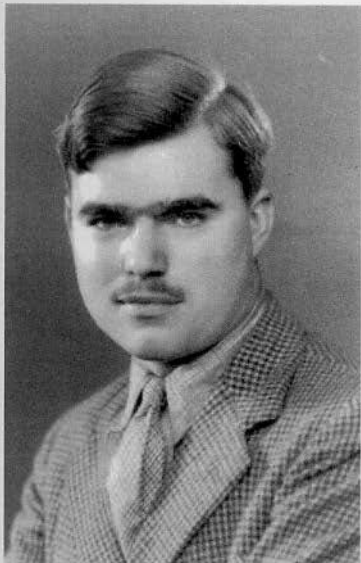
Lundy is unique in many ways. It is home to an unusual range of plants, birds and wildlife and, as it has suffered little disturbance, it offers special opportunities for study and research. The island also has an interesting history, with Bronze Age settlements, a medieval castle, and the remains of Victorian granite quarrying. There are 41 scheduled sites and monuments and 14 listed buildings. It is a Site of Special Scientific Interest (SSSI), and the surrounding seas are the UK's first statutory Marine Nature Reserve (1986). This is now also the first No-Take Zone (2003) where all fishing is banned, which is already showing positive results.

The Lundy Field Society (LFS) was founded in 1946 to further the study and conservation of Lundy's natural history and archaeology. Initially a bird observatory was established and various field courses were organised, since when the range of studies has expanded constantly. A log-book is maintained in which all visitors and islanders are invited to enter records. Bird-ringing is carried out seasonally by members who are qualified experts.

Members of the LFS initiated archaeological surveys and excavations and published the first archaeological guide in 1971. Studies carried out by the Society were instrumental in the designation of Lundy as an SSSI and in the establishment of the Marine Nature Reserve. We encourage studies into all aspects of Lundy, offer modest grants to support independent research, and organise working parties to assist the Warden with island tasks. The Society publishes an Annual Report and Annual Newsletter, as well as other books and leaflets.

- For more information about the Lundy Field Society, and about the Island itself (including a virtual tour), visit the Society's website at www.lundy.org.uk.
- For information about visiting Lundy, including accommodation, and general information about the Island, visit the Landmark Trust's Lundy website at www.lundyisland.co.uk
- For information about the habitats and wildlife of Lundy, visit English Nature's website at www.english-nature.org.uk and click on 'Lundy Island virtual tour'.

CITATION FOR JOHN HARMAN'S VC
from Supplement to The London Gazette
Thursday 22nd June 1944



War Office, 22nd June 1944

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to:
No 295822, Lance-Corporal John Pennington Harman, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment (London E.C.2)

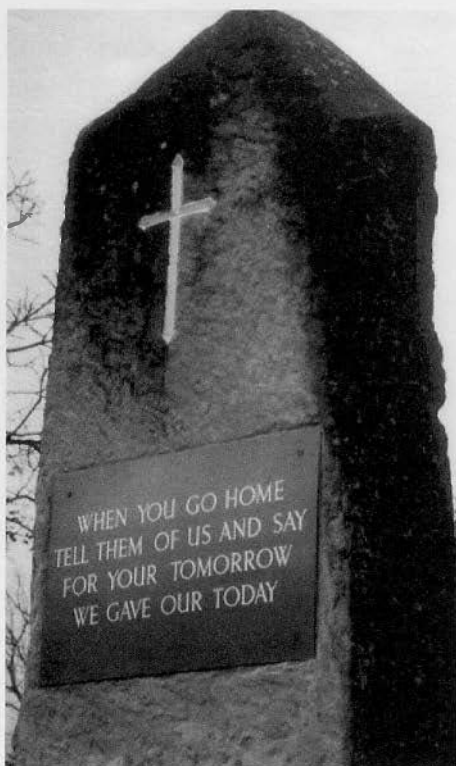
In Burma at Kohima on 8th April 1944. Lance-Corporal Harman was commanding a section of a forward platoon. Under cover of darkness the enemy established a machine-gun post within 50 yards of his position which became a serious menace to the remainder of his Company. Owing to the nature of the ground Lance-Corporal Harman was unable to bring the fire of his section on to the enemy machine-gun post. Without hesitation he went forward by himself and using a four second

grenade which he held on to for at least two seconds after releasing the lever in order to get immediate effect, threw it into the post and followed up immediately. He annihilated the post and returned to his section with the machine gun.

Early the following morning he recovered a position on a forward slope 150 yards from the enemy in order to strengthen a platoon which had been heavily attacked during the night. On occupying his position he discovered a party of enemy digging in under cover of machine gun fire and snipers. Ordering his Bren gun to give him covering fire he fixed his bayonet and alone charged the post shooting four and bayoneting one thereby wiping out the post.

When walking back, Lance-Corporal Harman received a burst of machine gun fire in his side and died shortly after reaching our lines.

Lance-Corporal Harman's heroic action and supreme devotion to duty were a wonderful inspiration to all and were largely responsible for the decisive way in which all attacks were driven off by his Company.





& Walter Hicks Fine Wine Merchants

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Marisco Tavern, Lundy
& pleased to support the
Lundy Field Society.**

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