



DISCOVERING LUNDY

The Bulletin of the Lundy Field Society

No. 53, February 2024



In this edition:

- Some hellos and goodbyes
- Conservation break reports
- News from the Bird Observatory
- Memories of years gone by
- The Lundy golf course
- And much much more...

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Contributions in the form of news items, short articles, illustrations and photos reflecting the aims and activities of the Lundy Field Society are welcome and may be sent, preferably by email, to the editor. Telephone enquiries to 07795 303933.

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Cover photo: Puffin having a wing stretch, Lundy 2023. Photo by Philip Lymbery.



*A selfie with the Lundy Bluetits after the
New Year swim 2024.
I'm the one in the pink hat!*

Editor's Chatterings

I'm writing this year's Chatterings from the Radio Room on New Year's Eve. The weather is typical Lundy; it's blustery, damp and there's a haze over the mainland as I look out of the window, however, the sun seems to be trying hard to be seen.

I've been lucky enough to have had several visits this year. I spent new year 2023 on the island, took part in the first working party of the year, joined the LFS committee for a weekend in Millcombe in May, and a group of friends celebrating a 60th birthday in October, and had

quite a few day trips as an Ambassador. I really love being able to talk to 'newbies' about my favourite island, sharing my love and passion for the place, and showing them some of my special spots, which on reflection are probably not as secret as I think they are, especially as I'm revealing where they are!

I have spent quite a lot of time travelling abroad this year, visiting Canada, a couple of Greek islands, Vietnam and Singapore. There is such a diversity of wealth, landscape, dwellings and places of interest in these countries, and I feel privileged to have been able to visit them. I was glad to get back to Lundy though!

There have been a few comings and goings on the island this year. Rosie Ellis, the Warden, left in September, and Joe Parker, who I met for the first time at the AGM in March 2023 in his role as Bird Observatory Warden, has now taken up the mantle (see pages 17 and 18).

As you may already know, Sandra Rowland has resigned as the LFS Membership Secretary and has handed the role over to Lucy Lo-Vel. Additionally, Chris Dee has stood down from his Treasurer role, and we welcome John Shelley in his place (see page 4).

Massive thanks must go to both Sandra and Chris for their commitment, time and work over the years. Thanks also to Lucy and John for taking up the reins.

The Lundy Bluetits (cold water swimmers) is thriving, and many swims have taken place over the year, me joining in when I've been on the island. I'm looking forward to celebrating the entrance of 2024 with a swim in the morning, weather allowing of course! I also plan to take my cossie with me whenever I visit the island in the future; you never know when the weather and the water will be kind to you, and there'll be the opportunity for a dip.

Once again I've delighted in reading the articles sent to me for inclusion in this *Discovering Lundy* publication, which I think is the 10th one I've edited! I've received some fabulous images too. Massive thanks must go to all who have taken the time and effort to get their words and photos to me, and I'm looking forward to doing it all again next year. I really hope you enjoy this publication as much as I have, and if you've never seen your name in print why not write something for the next edition, or send me some Lundy photos?

Belinda Cox



A selfie by our Chair outside Millcombe.

Words from our Chair

During the early part of the year, together with Mandy Yates, André Coutanche, and I, Chris Webster produced a successor to Gardner's Lundy Archaeology guide – *Lundy: an archaeological guide*. It is a full-colour guide to the visible archaeology on Lundy. We are so fortunate that most of what has been built on Lundy is still visible today and this guide takes you to each one and describes it. The collaborative process has produced a modern, colourful and up-to-date companion to everyone who finds Lundy's archaeology to be fascinating (see the back page for purchasing information).

At the request of Mandy Yates, the LFS was pleased to give each Ambassador a copy of the guide to inform them of background to each of the sites when giving guided walks to visitors.

I was most fortunate to be able to visit Lundy quite frequently earlier this year.

It all began in March. I usually choose that month to ensure the streams and ponds have water in them for my freshwater surveys. The visit coincided with the first visit of the year by the LFS working parties. I was pleased to be invited to chat with them about what Sandra and I do on Lundy. They were surprised at the range of activities we engaged in; from freshwater surveys, letterboxing, helping with stamp issues in spring, Cabbage counting, setting up the butterfly transect in summer, to, in the winter, airfield count of fungi and *Hygrocybe lacmus* count at the North End.

Our second visit was to attend the third LFS committee meeting to be held on Lundy in Millcombe in May. This also coincided with a working party. Much mingling took place and we both met lots of familiar and new Lundy friends.

We were kidnapped by the island for an extended stay to help with our third new stamp issue, the John Dyke anniversary issue. After a quick turnaround, we returned a week later in June to commence our annual Lundy Cabbage count which showed an increased number over the previous year.

Big changes have happened while we were away. We say goodbye to Rosie who was an outstanding Warden and Education Officer and congratulate Joe on his successful bid to replace her.

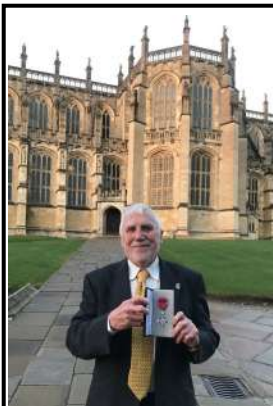
Sadly, June was our last visit of the year. Circumstances conspired to prevent our usual November visit, but we can't wait to return in March. We hope to see you when we are over.

In the meantime, I'm sure you will welcome this latest Bulletin where you can read about our favourite island until your next visit.

Alan Rowland – LFS Chair

Apologies from the Ed!

Apologies to Jilly MacKenzie for misspelling her name in the last edition of *Discovering Lundy*.



*Keith outside St George's Chapel, MBE insignia in hand.
Photo by Gill Hiscock.*

Keith Hiscock meets King Charles III

Keith Hiscock has a longstanding relationship with the LFS, being a member for over 50 years, the most recent retired Chair, a current committee member, and a Vice President of the Society. He tells us about receiving his Member of the British Empire award.

"The King presented my MBE insignia at Windsor Castle on Tuesday 12th December and chatted briefly with me. HRH started (of course) the conversation by asking about marine reserves. I indicated that marine nature reserves was where 'it' all started for me and at Lundy in 1969. I was accompanied during the investiture by my daughter Sally, son Peter and granddaughter Maisie. Other family members joined us afterwards for afternoon tea."

Meet the new LFS Officers...

Chris Dee's successor is **John Shelley** (right). John has many years experience in accounting, and has previously been treasurer of a local community centre.

Since his first visit to Lundy in 2007, when he fell in love with the island, he has been working his way around the Lundy properties with the help of his partner, Kim.



Lucy Lo-Vel (left) takes over from Sandra Rowland as Membership Secretary. Lucy is the granddaughter of John Dyke, LFS Secretary from 1959-1966, and is delighted to continue the family connection with the Society.

Lucy grew up on the island from the age of eight when her parents, Reg and Jilly, moved to live on Lundy after first meeting whilst working there in their twenties.

Lucy is now a frequent visitor and a Lundy Ambassador.

JULIE ROSS reports on the first working party of the year in March 2023

Our LFS group set off to begin their Lundy adventures on the 19th/20th of March. Our helicopter flight from Hartland was scheduled on the 20th but fog descended over the island, Hartland and the coast, causing our flight to be cancelled. This meant we all spent some extra time in Ilfracombe or at home before finally flying on Tuesday 21st.

Bee, our designated leader, met us at the heliport. Our working party consisting of Mandy, Carol, Caroline, Chris, Emma, Julian, Louise, Peter, Brian, Lou, Carole and me. Our flights went smoothly (not all of us were confident fliers!) and we arrived at the Barn with its trusty central heating! Apparently it wasn't working the day before, so we were very grateful and happy to settle in all cosy and warm, making new friends and drinking pots of tea! The wonderful Starlings all around the island were making themselves heard via the Barn's chimney.

Some of the team went to the 'Above & Below the Waves' talk in the Tavern, and some of us bonded over emptying the crates of shopping whilst Bee and Lou cooked a delicious first night supper of bangers, mash and gravy.

Matt, Rosie, Stuart, Luke and Vince, the drystone walling expert, arrived at the Barn for introductions. Matt informed us of his shoulder injury so we all offered to help as much as we could, and the plan for the week ahead was tentatively set amongst poor weather conditions with an emphasis on lots of walling, with options of the usual Rhodi searching, tree-guard repairing and more.

It was a very windy first night on the island and we had ear plugs at the ready to help with the snorers!

We were all up bright and early on Wednesday morning and some keen runners went off to run the length of the island before breakfast. Work began with half of us drystone walling with Vince near the Lambing Shed, and the other half protecting hazel and willow species around St Helen's Copse by securing tree-guards, fixing broken guards and weeding in between the trees and the guard; we also identified

any dead or diseased specimens. We were lucky with the weather and spent lots of time walking up and down the slopes with tools, getting some great exercise as is usual on a working trip. The drystone wallers began dismantling and re-building the wall just behind the Lambing Shed, with superb instruction from Vince. A Peregrine was spotted chasing a Merlin and later we observed the Merlin hiding in the copse.

We were lucky enough (thanks to Bee for organising this) to have an evening talk by the LFS Chair, Alan Rowland, where we learnt more about



The Team! Selfie by Belinda Cox.

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the endemic Lundy Cabbage, some invertebrates, butterflies and fungi. Yet again a wonderful dinner was cooked, with a pudding to top off the day's events.

We woke on Thursday to a chilly, windy day and headed out for some more drystone walling where we learnt even more from Vince, who continued to patiently teach us how to strategically place the stones in the correct positions. We learnt terminology such as 'coping stones', 'heart stones', 'key stones' and 'huge-great-heavy-stones'! We enjoyed working as a team, some of us placing and moving stones whilst others smashed up large stones into smaller ones to make the all-important heart stones. Bee and Lou had the pleasure of kindly removing the very frisky young stallion from the field as he had his beautiful nose in our work – expertly done and very brave!



The other half of the group weeded around the fuel tank and the Millcombe steps, chopped kindling, spotted a Goldcrest, heard Skylarks and generally had a lot of fun. They also dug up a grand total of 15 Turkey Oak saplings which were to be transplanted to the east side of the island, and three wonderous Slow-worms were discovered under some matting around the trees. In the evening, before yet another delicious dinner, Julie, Emma and Louise went to the church for some muscle-stretching yoga which was definitely needed after all that walling!

*To chop or not to chop? That is the question!
Photo by Belinda Cox.*

Friday saw a day of gale-force winds. We continued with project drystone walling even with dust, grit and micro-stones flying in our faces and hair; we certainly needed our eye protection goggles! We took down a section of the High Street wall, re-building it from the bottom. Some of us continued with the wall by the Lambing Shed too, and Vince supervised us across both sites. We had a wonderful feast again in the evening with a quiz by the fire and the usual Barn merriment. There was talk of aurora borealis in view from the island from midnight onwards but alas we were all too tired to stay up and see! Today we saw diving Shags, Great Black-backed Gulls, Guillemots and a Buff-tailed Bumblebee.

Saturday was a well-earned day off and the weather was mixed. Some of us walked the island, some swam off the jetty, some relaxed and some wrote postcards. A wonderful dinner in the Tavern this evening was had by all.

Some of us joined Stuart and Luke for a midnight exploration to see Manx Shearwaters. We set off with head torches and double layers instead of getting to bed – alas no Manxies appeared but we had some laughs along the way!

Sunday we were happy to return to some drystone walling in two teams. The sheep took the opportunity to leap through the gaps we created! We were visited by many Starlings and some Pied Wagtails, with the geese by the Lambing Shed providing the ambient sounds. Some of us went with Matt to Quarry Beach for a beach clean and

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enjoyable scrambling up and down.

We had our dinner party in the evening and were joined by Rosie, Matt, Stuart, Luke and Vince – a superb dinner and lots of laughs!

We awoke bright and early to glorious sunshine on Monday – our last working day. Julie, Vince, Peter and Lou joined Stuart in Milcombe at 06.30 where he was setting up mist-nets and then ringing birds. Chiffchaff, Goldcrest, Blackcap and Song Thrush (heard but not seen) were amongst the findings. What a wonderful way to start the day. The activities continued as half of us headed out to begin a day of rhodi searching. We found 12 specimens of various sizes, and dug them out and marked them. The rest of the crew did... guess what? Walling, where the search for the perfect stone, the placing, filling and building of the amazing walls continued long into the day. Such fun!

The last night we had the usual last supper, using up as much food as we possibly could with an amazing trifle or two from Emma. Julian wrote us a wonderful poem for the LFS work party logbook and our adventure ended on Tuesday with blustery helicopter flights back to the mainland.

We had a great trip with friends made, work completed, a fabulous opportunity to learn more advanced walling from Vince and an amazing time was had by all. Thanks Bee, the Lundy team, Vince, and everyone else involved in our week. I'm looking forward to another Lundy working party very soon!



That's a good bit of walling! Vince is on the left.

Photo: selfie by Belinda Cox.

Your Society needs you!

The LFS committee is seeking one or two people from outside the committee to be part of a small working group undertaking a governance review of the LFS.

It is anticipated that this work will be completed before the AGM in March 2025.

If you're interested in being involved, please email Michael Williams at secretary@lundy.org.uk.



ANN HISLOP reflects on her first visit to Lundy when she joined the second working party of the year in May.

Volunteering on a conservation working party on Lundy seemed a brave move for a patent attorney and a psychotherapist, both with less than zero transferrable skills! Steve had been a young ornithologist about 40 years ago, and I had looked longingly towards the island many times whilst walking or swimming around the Devon coast, but somehow getting to Lundy from Cambridge in school holidays with children in tow had proved rather daunting. However, this year we had been gifted a three-month sabbatical and, with our young people more or less independent, a trip to Lundy seemed a fabulous way to start our time off.

We were looking forward to approaching the island slowly on MS *Oldenburg*, but as our departure date drew closer we received increasingly frustrated e-mails from Trevor detailing the problems with locating and accessing the spare parts necessary for the essential repairs the ship needed before starting the spring sailings. In the end we flew on the helicopter: a thrilling 7-minute journey which gave us superb views of the whole island on a bright sunny afternoon. We had no duties that first afternoon and making the most of the weather I hastened down to the Landing Beach with Daisy, another keen swimmer, for a first dip. En route we bumped into Bee, who bestowed upon us honorary membership of the Lundy branch of the Bluetits (the international cold water wild swimming group). The sea was a brilliant icy blue and Bee immediately plunged into the waves with gay abandon, leaving the newbies no choice but to follow. It was fabulous if freezing and quite choppy, but we caught glimpses of the famous Lundy seagrasses and emerged energised and blue in all requisite parts of our anatomies. Living the dream!

Rejoining the landlubbers later that afternoon we found an eclectic group of volunteers, some old Lundy hands with several working parties under their belts and a few newbies making up with enthusiasm what they lacked in relevant skills. Matt,



The happy team! Photo by Matt Stritch.

the Ranger, had laid on a variety of conservation tasks for us including: repairing roads, clearing gullies, nurturing new trees, painting benches, organising the new Lundy stamp for collectors, hanging gates, digging ditches and pulling up the invading rhododendron on the north-eastern coast. My personal favourite was repairing the drystone walls damaged by sheep. I learnt that some sheep, like humans, are vulnerable to the delusion that the grass is greener on the other side and scramble over the walls to check this out. Who thought sheep were stupid!

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I enjoyed the business of finding stones the right shape and size to fit in the gaps of the wall left by the deluded sheep. It was like doing a concrete jigsaw puzzle and under the careful eye of Rob, I learnt to avoid dropping the stones on my feet and to place them in the wall to meet his high standards of functionality and aesthetics. Drystone walling truly is an art and a science.

Having the island to ourselves for most of the week, as the *Oldenburg* was not bringing day trippers, was an added bonus. On our day off we explored the island, delighting in all its nooks and crannies and enjoying sightings of Puffins, Gannets and seals off Battery Point and North West Point, a Purple Heron at Quarry Pond, and a Peregrine. The island was ablaze with the colours of spring including: pink sea thrift, primroses, bluebells, red campion, herb-robert, willowherb, kidney vetch and sheep vetch, and of course the Lundy cabbage. Throughout the week our understanding of the island's flora and fauna, its wildlife and its history was enhanced by a series of lectures and presentations, including a fascinating talk on fungi by Professor John Hedger, a specialist in mycology. I was particularly interested to learn that the area I had swum in that first afternoon forms part of a marine protected area, set up in 2003 as the first legally enforced no-fishing zone in UK waters. The species and habitat it was set up to protect are thriving. Good news in these challenging times of climate change and ecological breakdowns.

The volunteers brought a variety of skills and experience to the group. We were fortunate to have amongst us some knowledgeable birders, some experts on Lundy history, some good cooks, and some great talkers (you know who you are!?) so evenings spent getting to know each other as we prepared supper, talked over the day's work and enjoyed the delights of the Marisco were an important and enriching part of the volunteer experience.

The professionals on the island, led by Rosie the Warden, were a joy to be with. Passionate and enthusiastic, they were supportive and patient with those of us new to conservation work and generous with their time and expertise. We enjoyed opportunities to watch Joe the 'birdman', at work ringing birds and to join a night-time expedition to observe Manx Shearwaters. We were also fortunate to learn a little about the breeding and nesting habits of House Sparrows on Lundy from Yuheng, a researcher from China working in this area.

Steve and I, like many volunteers before us, are now hooked on Lundy. It is indeed a fabulous place. We have booked a return visit to learn more next spring and urge any of you yet to sample the volunteer experience to put it on your bucket list immediately.



Contemplating the new gate ready for Quarter Wall on the west side of the island.

Photo by Caroline Gaskin.

First time volunteer SUE HODDELL tells us about her experience on the September working party

After some unseasonable and unsettled weather brought choppy seas, it was a delight to wake to blue skies and a benign sea on the day of our crossing. So it was that 12 of us gathered on the quay in eager anticipation of our week on Lundy. For many it was a familiar experience but for a few of us it was a new adventure to spend any length of time on the island.

On landing, some of us had the pleasure of joining Lundy Ambassador Lucy (Lo-Vel) on a guided walk of a small part of the island. Lucy shared with us her experiences of growing up on the island and stories of the other islanders she shared her childhood with. Later in the day as we settled in, Matt (Ranger) shared his passion for the island with a talk in the pub on what people might see and enjoy on the island. I think that he was lulling us into a false sense of security before he set us to work! Finally, after a wonderful dinner, we settled in for the evening and prepared for the week ahead.

Sunday was showery and windy, setting the tone for the week. We gathered with Matt and assistant ranger Roger to be split into groups covering a variety of tasks on the southern end of the island. These tasks included clearing gullies, putting fencing up around the new water tanks and working on repairing and maintaining the footpaths. Everyone enjoyed the challenges and the busy day, so the chance of a visit to the pub or a relaxing drink in the Barn was very welcome that evening.



*Tending the LFS steps.
Photo by Jon Singleton.*

Monday and Tuesday brought another mix of jobs including replacing fencing, adding a top wire to the drystone wall near the Old Light, repairing the steps to the Lower East Side Path [Ed: these are the *Lots of Flipping Steep steps*, previously called the *Steps of Doom*], stabilising the path, clearing gullies by the Battery and Heligoland trap. A few of us were roped in to help the island farmer Tom to ensure that the domestic sheep got their vaccinations and worming medication. Keeping them healthy is vital and allows them to make more work for us as they clamber over the drystone walls everywhere they go!

Our day off on Wednesday brought Storm Agnes, the first named storm of the season. Undeterred, many of us set off for a walk around the island and discovered that heading north was reasonably ok but heading south into the headwind was extremely hard

work. Only the seals seemed to enjoy bouncing in the wavy conditions. We all enjoyed an early visit to the Tavern for the craft fair; all items produced and sold there were made by the staff on the island, and it was lovely to pick up an item or two to take home as a reminder of our trip. Dinner in the pub was very popular that evening as the storm blasted the whole island.

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Ponies helping with the rhodi search.

Photo by Jon Singleton.

Jobs for the last couple of days included the dreaded rhododendron searching (of which quite a number were found but can of course be dealt with), more gully clearing, more path clearing and stabilising, and as a last day treat, six tons of chippings were spread on the main track in front of the church by the sterling efforts of a few guys, whilst the stream in front of the church was cleared by the rest of us. I think Matt was keen to make sure we were left with no spare energy for partying on our last night.

However, a wonderful meal of Lundy lamb ragu in the Barn was a real treat and went a long way to reviving us all.

The last day dawned clear again, although it was obvious that the remnants of the storm were going to make for an interesting crossing home. We were all very concerned to hear that Diane, one of our group, had fallen and hurt her ankle and foot on the way down to the boat. She was apparently extremely well looked after by all concerned, including island staff and rescue and medical personnel, and we hope she continues to make a speedy recovery. She certainly missed a difficult crossing back, but we all made it home and look back with great affection to our time on the island and with each other.



New fencing in the evening sun. Photo by Jon Singleton.

The final working party of 2023 is reported by EVELYN NORTHAGE-HICKEN – and what it blast it was!

A round-up of our week on Lundy to entertain you for 5 minutes... so grab a coffee (or tea)... sit back... kick your shoes off... relax and read on...

They came from the north, south, east & west.

It's truly amazing the breadth of travel and individuals that come together for one of the LFS conservation breaks. Michael made his way from Sheffield, Evie hailed from north Nottinghamshire and Anna lives in Peterborough. Further down the country, Stephen travelled from Cambridge, London sent us Robert, with Bob residing in Chippenham. Skipping down to Portsmouth we pick up Sue, across to Exmouth and Exeter (Topsham) for Lynn & Kristen respectively, then moving on to Bideford for Rob and our leaders, Sue & Mandy.

These thirteen lucky intrepid adventurers meet on the quayside at Ilfracombe full of anticipation with eager excitement and yearning to get across to Lundy. I may have taken a liberty and stretched it a little with 'eager excitement and yearning' – more like tired, flustered, sleepy!

Introductions were made with tentative polite handshakes. This initial politeness was quickly replaced with banter & gentle teasing as friendships developed during the week.

Eyes scanned the horizon out to sea like master mariners, relieved that it looked calm with no white horses and the weather set to fair.

Tickets & labels promptly handed out by Mandy & Sue, some immediately misplaced and stuffed in rucksacks with frantic pat downs and searching of pockets as we boarded and the said tickets were required.

A smooth crossing for most, with Grey Seals in the harbour to welcome us to Lundy.

A gathering at the jetty for a little more information and then making our way at varying speeds to the village, dispersing to all four corners of the Tavern until the Barn was ready.

Matt Stritch, the Ranger who had the dubious unenviable task of organising us for the week, popped in



All ready to start a week's work!

Photo by Matt Stritch.

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and gave us a rundown of the week's proposed jobs, including the clearing of the Millcombe pond. These jobs of course were subject to weather and anything else that took precedence, namely Derek's gabion baskets, but more about them later.

The grapevine tells us that Matt really does welcome the LFS conservation weeks!

Most of us joined Joe Parker (Bird Observatory Warden) in the Tavern for the talk on Lundy, then hot footed it back to the Barn for our traditional Saturday hearty evening meal of sausage & mash followed by crumble.

Sunday was a full day working to install posts and top wire on the drystone wall by the Lambing Shed. This heightening of the walls is preventing the sheep jumping over and creating more damage. This had proved successful on other walls and the plan was to extend this work and called for some extensive teamwork. Were we up to it?

Whilst some of us deconstructed parts of the wall, others constructed the posts, cutting wood poles to size and carving out an area of the pole so that a flat piece of wood, cut to size by members of the working party, could be attached firmly to it. I hope you followed that!

The carving out of the post became such a feat of skill that Steve thought he may become a sculptor – not so sure that others would agree with this!

The modified post was inserted, and the wall skilfully rebuilt around it to hold the post securely. When all the posts were in place the eyelets were added at the top to hold the wires, which were then tensioned and secured. Job done!

Being the best... we are reliably informed that the sheep who make the best mums are also the best wall jumpers, hence this wall modification.

A great day's work much admired by all of us, with brownie points for impressing Matt with our enthusiasm; remember this is only the first day!

At the request of our leaders Mandy and Sue, Joe and his partner Ella joined us for our evening meal and gave an excellent talk about the Lundy Bird Observatory, with an update on how well Lundy's breeding seabirds are doing, particularly the Manx Shearwaters. As lovers of Lundy, we enjoyed hearing about the success of these birds, their significance on the island, and that they were recently mentioned in a *Guardian* newspaper article!

A mixed night sleep for some – there were snorers in the building, no names mentioned



Pull that wire tight! Photo by Steve Dosman.

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of course – brought **Monday**, and we started clearing the stream below St Helen's Church. The stream had become overgrown and needed attention to prevent water finding its way underground and popping up in the properties in St John's Valley. The clearing began with tools and bodies in unison, and gradually the stream bed became damper...and muddier...and wetter as we became a well-oiled machine in our endeavours. Famous quote from Matt, "I wasn't expecting mud and water." Right oh, Matt!

We exposed granite walls along the stream and proudly uncovered a carved granite sump not previously seen. More brownie points?

A break taken in the porch of the church brought us into conversation with the bellringers from Beverley who had provided some alternative entertainment. Does Plain Bob Doubles mean anything to anyone?

The afternoon was spent in sunshine rhododendron searching, and removing flowers and buds on the lower east side of the island.



Gabions in place. You're welcome
Derek! Photo by Neil Thompson.

What did **Tuesday** bring? Gully clearing and gabion baskets were installed next to Bramble Villas at Derek Green's request; the task included much digging before fitting the structures in place. A hasty retreat was made before he had the opportunity to ask us to fill them!

Next on the list was clearing vegetation behind Millcombe House/Staff accommodation. Paths were strimmed in the valley, as well as cutting the lawn in front of Millcombe House. The newly uncovered wall and steps behind Millcombe look the part and are ready to have some Devon sunshine on them now that they are exposed. Great work team!

A group went to Upper East Path to continue the path levelling started by the previous LFS group. Whilst the levelling of the path initially seemed minor to the naked eye, we became experts in watching walkers use the path that tilted downwards. This levelling made it so much better for the walking gait. Compliments on our work were received from walkers, and we think we earned our

next brownie point. There is more levelling to complete along to the Quarter Wall gate – a job for 2024?

C.C.C... Champagne, Cake, Celebrations. Today was also the day that we celebrated Lynda's birthday...what a place to have a special birthday – one to remember for you Lynda!

Wednesday brought us the 'Day Off', and left to our own devices we scattered to all points of the island exploring the archaeology, the terrain, the wildlife and of course the Tavern.

Additional guests to the island came in the form of eight members of the Barnstaple Fire Command to assess the island's fire crew, and be assessed as assessors

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themselves. Not being one to miss a chance to chat to a fireman, I chatted. They explained that it was also an opportunity for them to test their own skills with line rescue on cliffs. Extra movement of vehicles up and down the main track, with firehoses stretched and gushing, brought further entertainment to the day and an increase of confidence in the island's fire crew skills if we ever need them.

We did such an amazing job earlier in the week with the walls, post & wire that on **Thursday** we had the opportunity to do it all over again – on a different wall near the main track.

Some went off for more gully clearing due to the amount of rain that had washed more debris into them, others repaired stock fencing by the Lambing Shed which involved removing both the barbed and fencing wire and removing and replacing posts; new fencing and barbed wire were tensioned and attached to the new fence posts. Phew! A little tidying up of some drystone wall not far from Old Light and then time to head back to the Barn. And tomorrow Millcombe Pond...

This was the night our invited guests Matt, Joe and Roger joined us for our evening meal followed by entertainment. Entertainment I hear you say? What entertainment? This came in the form of a game of table tennis.

Now according to the dictionary, *'table tennis is as game played by two or four people. The players stand at each end of a table...'* and so on...

This particular night with guests, you would imagine to be a gentle ping-pong hit about. No! this was a game with absolutely no rules, a demon game, no holes barred, of fast, furious, frenzied, frantic hilarious entertainment! [Ed: *I've been there at past games – she's correct!*]

First thing **Friday** saw us complete the installation of the wire by the main track. Now it's fair to say that this wire has extreme magical powers and gets tangled by just looking at it! Much laughter was spent untangling along with words of wisdom and cussing.



Clearing above the staff houses behind Millcombe.
Photo by Michael Lenz.

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A tidy up of the path in front of St Helen's Church with some weeding & clearing before heading off to tackle...The Pond!

Now if you are going to get wet, Millcombe Pond is the place to do it... great views, great teamwork and of course, great thick mud.

The rill to the pond was clogged up, the pond itself was choked with weeds... who knew what was in there? Wellies and waterproofs donned, in we went like fearless adventurers of the Amazon...

With a sterling job done of clearing the rill, and the water gushing in like Victoria Falls (ish), we thinned out plants, removed mud, created channels allowing the water to flow and made small islands for the Flag Iris to flourish on. The mud may not have the healing properties of the Dead Sea, but what a way to end the week. Matt was satisfied with our work, and as the rain became wetter, we adjourned to the Museum in the dry to make bundles of kindling for future guests. And so ended our week.

This week was the last week on the island for volunteer ranger Roger who was leaving after his summer on Lundy to travel before heading off to pastures new. His first job back in May 2023 coincided with him joining the LFS working party too – a fitting end that he repeated that experience with us. Rumour has it he actually quite likes drystone walling. We wish you well Roger.

How did we spend our evenings? Apart from ensuring ye olde Taverna was operational of course, we were introduced to the addictive game of Werewolf with the spookiest music ever listened to....a game where initial courtesy led to acrimonious debate, caustic accusation, peevish denunciation and downright lies,...!%?&@! And laughing our heads off...

As ever, supreme pats on the back to our chefs and commis chefs throughout the week, with our guests and ourselves extremely well fed and watered; James Martin, eat your heart out!

A week of teamwork, friendships, laughter, cussing, rapport, snoring, goodwill, ribaldry and good old-fashioned fun...what else is there to say, except see you in 2024!

And for those foolhardy enough to book on a future LFS conservation break, here are your Tip Top Survival Tips for keeping on the right side of The Leader...

1. Make sure that the leader's glass does not get empty when in the Tavern.
2. Ensure that the leader's glass is topped up when in the Barn.
3. The Leader chooses their bed first.
4. And on a bed theme... do not sleep in the bed next to them if you are a snorer. In fact do not



*Getting muddy in the pond above Smelly Gully..
Photo by Steve Dosman.*

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sleep in the building! *[Ed: Joke! Everyone is very welcome in the building, and you will have been reminded several times before the week starts to remember to bring earplugs!]*

5. Make every effort to ensure that the leader has a good sized portion of dessert – giving up yours if necessary!
6. Upset the leader at your peril by running out of dessert.
7. Don't tell the leader you cannot come at two days' notice because you now have a new puppy.
8. Do not pull out at one day's notice after placing a long, complicated and expensive food order for which only you know the recipe!
9. Do make sure the leader has a cup of tea in bed first thing in the morning.
10. Carrying their tools back to the store for them will earn you more brownie points.
11. Don't offer to make them some toast and then burn it.

[Ed: Wow! The leaders this week sound much scarier than me. Maybe I should up my game a bit...]

Another Joe joins the Lundy team

JOE PARKER introduces himself to the LFS...

I'm delighted to be introducing myself to you all as the island's new Bird Observatory Warden. It's been a joy meeting so many of you already, the privilege of calling this lump of granite home is not lost on me and my first six months have been an absolute dream.

I was first introduced to Lundy two years ago on a Manx Shearwater ringing trip with Tony Taylor. And I'm sure just as everyone reading this experienced on their first visit, I became instantly hooked! I signed up to join a bird ringing trip with Chris Dee the following autumn and booked a visit for my Dorset-based Ringing Group for September 2023 – little did I realise at the time that I'd be living on the island by then!

As with most of my memories, they revolve around birds. My first journey to the island as its newest resident on 9th May involved some socialising in the Tavern, but more importantly, a hasty stomp up to Pondsbury to twitch the long-staying Purple Heron. Since then, we've enjoyed a sensational year full of birding highlights. It's not easy picking a favourite moment, whether it's the sleepless summer nights ringing Storm Petrel under the star-lit dark skies, leading evening wildlife log roll calls that fill the Wheelhouse with visitors, pulling all-nighters catching a roosting Hoopoe and record numbers of Common Snipe or the anticipation that comes with opening the Millcombe mist-nets, I have loved every moment.



*Joe Parker ringling a Hoopoe.
Photo by Adam Day.*

My conservation journey has taken me around the country and I'm particularly proud of my last four years with Birds of Poole Harbour, connecting thousands of people with birds and playing a role in the South Coast Osprey Reintroduction Project. I moved on to the island with Ella, a proud owner of the Lundy Bluetits pin badge. With all letterbox stamps to her name, Ella is now following her aspirations and has since moved to Northumberland to train as a veterinary nurse; I hope you'll all join me in wishing her the best of luck with her new profession.

Considering there are only 28 island residents, there is a disproportionately high number of Jo(e)'s among us. I have become the third Lundy Joe (actually fourth if you include *Oldenburg* crew Joe!). That said, I'm easy to identify in the field, diagnostic identification features being binoculars (worn at all times), beard and big smile, oh, and ideally a pair of bird ringing pliers in my hand!

I can't wait to experience a winter on Lundy and produce the Observatory's first annual report ahead of another busy season full of birds in 2024. If you see me out and about, come say hello! Happy birding.

[Ed: since writing this, Joe has also been appointed as the new Lundy Warden. Congratulations Joe!]

More from JOE PARKER as he reports on the Bird Observatory getting off to a flying start!



Re-accredited in February 2023 after a 50-year hiatus, Lundy Bird Observatory has gone from strength to strength right from the word go. In fact, the constant conveyor belt of exciting news and recent discoveries has made sitting down to write this article rather challenging (in a good way!). Every time I would revisit the article, another new finding deserving of a special mention took centre stage.

Turning our minds back to spring, a young naturalists' weekend visit in mid-April set the scene for a big year. Fourteen budding young naturalists were immersed in hands-on wildlife conservation on Lundy, experiencing everything from bird ringing, rockpooling, drystone walling and seabird surveying. Their visit also coincided with a monumental 'fall' of migrants and helped the bird ringing team process a mind-boggling 402 birds in Millcombe on 17th.

Our Puffin, Manx Shearwater and Storm Petrel breeding populations are all booming thanks to the island's continued rat-free status. Our all-island seabird surveys revealed there were more seabirds nesting on Lundy this season than at any time since the 1930s. We are enjoying a bumper autumn which has really helped to boost the profile of the Observatory. A full breakdown of the birding year will be prepared in the first Lundy Bird Observatory Annual Report in the new year.

With the boundless enthusiasm of our seasonal Bird Observatory Assistant Warden, Luke Marriner, we have smashed the all-time ringing totals (1947-2022) for Storm Petrel, Common Snipe and Golden Plover in a single season. The advent of thermal imaging has revolutionised our nocturnal surveys, unlocking a whole new side to the island! Nocturnal surveys have been eye opening and are already yielding superb

results, with large numbers of common migrants ringed as well as a few island scarcities thrown in such as Hoopoe and Dotterel.

The recently restored Terrace Heligoland trap (thanks to the hard work of LFS work parties) is already reaping the rewards, catching a nice spread of unusual migrants including Cuckoo, Wryneck and Wheatear. Millcombe has also received its fair share of attention, racking up a notable ringing list this season, featuring two Red-eyed Vireos (a rare North American vagrant), Melodious Warbler, Barred Warbler and three additional Wrynecks.

A much needed base is in construction at the moment. Located behind the Lodge, the new facility will accommodate Observatory and biosecurity operations, sparrow project research and LFS field studies. This was all made possible thanks to a legacy from Rachel Penny, with additional contributions from LFS through the Rodley legacy, and Sheffield University, to whom we are very grateful.

A Lundy Bird Observatory website is in preparation and will be launched very soon, so watch this space. In the meantime, all the latest news and sightings can be found on our blog www.lundybirds.blogspot.com

[Ed: the website is now up and running at <https://www.lundybirdobs.org.uk/> Have a look, it's great!]



The bird observatory & biosecurity hub under construction behind the Lodge. Photo by Joe Parker.

And twenty years on I'll be returning!

NEIL THOMPSON recounts his first working party, and plans to return.

My first trip to Lundy was in August 2003, so this year is the twentieth anniversary. I took part in a week-long volunteer working group on the island organised by the National Trust. Sadly, the National Trust didn't restart their volunteer holiday programme after the Covid pandemic. Back in those days the National Trust organised volunteer holidays by age group – for Acorns and Oaks. I can't remember what the cut-off age was but I was 39 at the time and opted to join the youngsters in the Acorn group, rather than join the more senior (in age) group the previous week.

At the time I was living in Kent, so booked myself into a bed and breakfast in Bideford to be able to get the ferry to Lundy the following morning. There were ten of us in the group, plus the National Trust leader, Stephen Hall (now Stephen Hall OBE), and the Lundy Ranger, Rod [Ed: *Rod Dymond*]. We stayed in the Barn, which meant we had a short walk to our work site on the slopes above the cliffs on the eastern side of the island. Our task was to help to clear the invasive rhododendrons which had taken over large parts of that side of the island.

The rhododendron bushes were enormous, very dense, and they towered above us. No other plants grew under them. Rod was the only one trained to use a chainsaw; the rest of us formed a line and passed and stacked the wood ready for burning. It was a hot and dry week in August, so the burning would take place at a later stage when the risk of the fire getting out of control was reduced.

It was a beautiful working location above the cliffs. I remember the wonderful views on the clear blue waters below and catching sight of porpoises or dolphins in the water. We had a day off during the week and were able to explore the rest of the island. On the way back to the mainland at the end of the week I remember looking back at the island and identifying the tiny patch that we had managed to liberate from the clutches of the rhododendrons, but also see the vast areas still remaining to be cleared.

Due to the tides, the boat went back to Ilfracombe rather than Bideford; taxis were arranged so we could collect our cars in Bideford. I have taken part in a number of other NT volunteer holidays around the country, on Brownsea Island, the Slindon Estate in Sussex and at Dalehead in the Peak District, amongst others, but my time on Lundy was the most memorable.

I am keen to return to the island to volunteer again with the LFS and have booked to attend the working group scheduled for June 2024. I am also on the waiting list to attend in the autumn of 2023, fingers crossed that a place becomes free [Ed: *it did! Neil was on the October working party*]. Looking at the group photo from 2003, I'm surprised to see that I still have the same red and blue striped t-shirt as I wore in the group photo, I'll have to wear that again on my next visit!



Rhodi bashing on the east side in 2003.
Photo by Neil Thompson.

Lundy

By ANN TAYLOR

Island of birds and wind and sky,
Singing seals and sentinel shags,
Bickering gulls and lark serenades,
Granite fort in a restless sea.

Bluebell drifts and cushions of thrift,
Soft kissing breezes and battering gales,
Tumbling ravens and peregrines soaring,
Orange lichen splashed on grey stone.

Wall-hurdling sheep, night skies dense with stars,
Comical puffins by sea streaked with foam,
Scurrying shrews boldly hunting for crumbs,
Shearwater calls haunting the dark.

Island of sunsets, sunrises and mists,
Of friendships renewed and anecdotes shared.
A place to slow down, to listen and look.
Welcoming island of rocks, wind and sky.

A half-century of memories

TIM DAVIS recalls some special moments from 50 years of ‘Lundy-ing’.

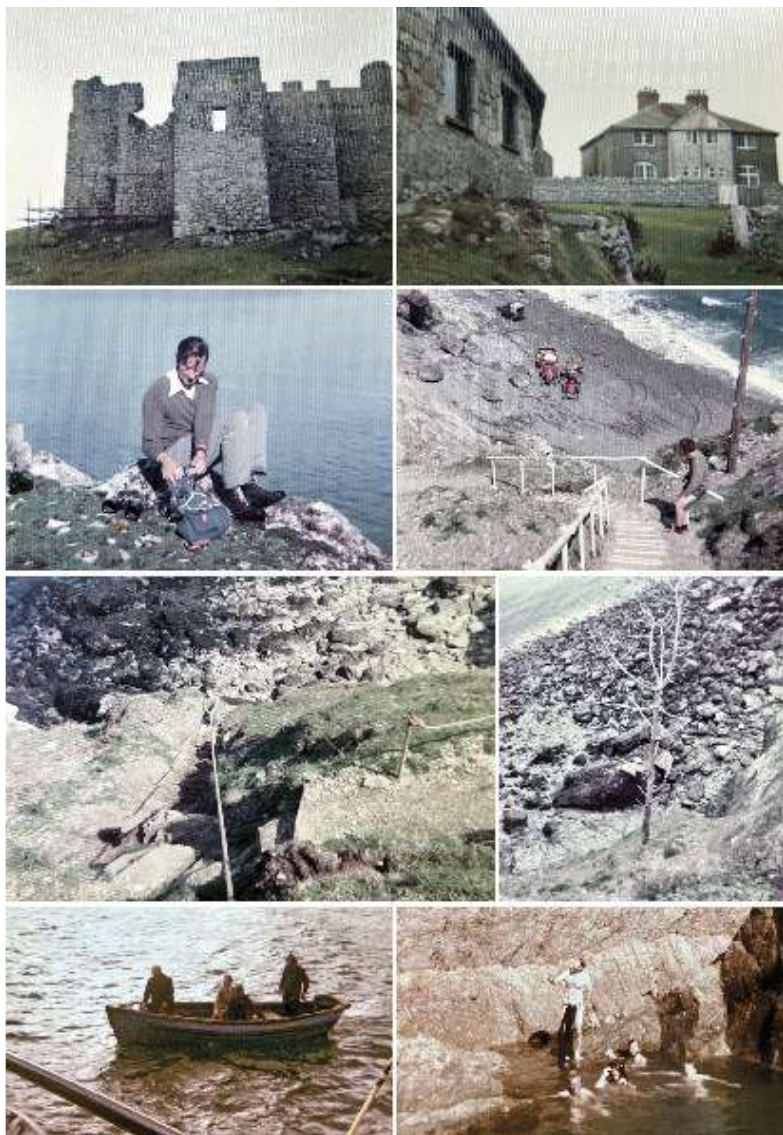
On a sunny early August day in 1973 I boarded the MV *Balmoral* on a day-trip to Lundy with some half-dozen or so members of my tennis club in Barnstaple. The instigator of our trip was Tony Vickery, a native North Devonian who at that stage had been visiting Lundy for 20 years. At various times between 1958 and 1972, as a member of the LFS, Tony was a committee member, accommodation & maintenance officer for the Old Light Observatory, assistant secretary and treasurer. He also happened to be an avid and highly competent birdwatcher. A little over a year later, after much pestering by me, Tony booked us into Millcombe House, then the island hotel, for a five-night stay. Little did I know at the time what a life-changing experience it would be.

First crossing

Our journey across the Bristol Channel, on my one and only trip on the *Lundy Gannet* – shortly before the *Polar Bear* took over as the island’s supply ship – was epic. We boarded at Ilfracombe harbour on a damp and windy early September morning. Tony instructed me to put on every item of warm clothing I had with me, topped by my thin waterproof and a woolly hat. Rather than sit in the confined space under (what I recall was) a corrugated iron shelter which abutted the stack, and thus prone to diesel fumes, we sat down on the hatch of the boat’s hold, facing the wheelhouse. The only other passengers out on the exposed deck were two elegantly clad elderly ladies sitting on the starboard side of the hatch. As the boat chugged out into the swell of the Bristol Channel, raindrops began to fall. At this point, Tony’s experience came into play. From somewhere he produced a large tarpaulin which he drew over us as we lay prone on the hold. As the rain became steadily heavier, Tony stuck his head out and asked the ladies if they would like to come under the tarp. Both had by then donned thin transparent waterproofs and were, by the look of things, drenched. One of them responded with the immortal words, “Too late now dear!” As the rain lashed down and the white horses grew seemingly ever bigger, the intrepid duo withdrew to the ‘hide’ behind the smoke stack. Our journey lasted more than three stomach-churning hours, but by some miracle I wasn’t sick and we arrived at Lundy shivering, but dry.

Meeting some Lundy ‘greats’

One of the great joys of the innumerable visits to the island is to have shared many memorable moments with a host of ‘Lundyites’. Three in particular stand out: shaking the hand of Felix Gade when meeting him in the High Street in September 1974, afternoon tea with Joan and John Dyke in Signals North in the same year, and ‘sharing’ Millcombe House for several days with Landmark Trust founder John Smith and his wife Christian in September 1979. John was over to see the arrival of a massive roll-on/roll-off landing craft bringing furniture and other items to Lundy, while Christian was measuring up all the cottages for new curtains. After lunch each day, John would almost throw himself onto the chaise-longue in the lounge and apologise before lighting up a Churchillian-sized cigar and filling the room with a smoky fug! Towards the end of the week, a New Zealand couple arrived. One of them was an ardent angler who caught a wrasse off the platform at North Light. He had it cooked for breakfast and when it was delivered to the table, he asked John if he would like to partake of it, saying, “After all it is yours”, to which John replied, “My dear chap, not any more it isn’t!”



Clockwise from top left: The Castle in the (very) early stages of reconstruction (September 1974), Signal Cottages (September 1974), the old, now washed-away South Light steps (May 1975), the long-standing, now long-gone pine in Lone Pine Gulch below the Beach Road (May 1977), Mermaid's Pool during an LFS field study fortnight (August/September 1980), John (later Sir John) and Christian Smith being ferried out to the 'Polar Bear' aboard the 'Coble' (September 1979), the author abseiling down the LFS rope to get to Rat Island (May 1975), and the much-missed Tony Vickery on the Terrace (September 1974). Photos by Tim Davis and Tony Vickery.

Birds

Prior to my first stay on Lundy in September 1974, I had never watched a bird with any particular interest – my overriding pastime was tennis (it still is but it has to share ‘top spot’ with birding). The epiphany happened on the penultimate day of that first September stay in 1974. Twenty or so minutes before the (literal) gong for dinner, Tony and I wandered down the track from Millcombe House. On reaching the gate, Tony paused and quietly told me to walk up to the Battlements. While I did as bidden, he walked slowly down towards Smelly Gully. No sooner had I reached the bend in the road that affords that magnificent view out over the Landing Bay and the East Side, than a bird shot out of Millcombe below me. I was transfixed by its orangey body, long decurved bill and, especially, its broad black and white striped wings. It flew in a sweeping arc towards South Light, turned and arced back, closer this time, and flew up the East Side to disappear into one of the combes. It was, Tony informed me, a Hoopoe. The memory of those moments has never left me – it was indeed, life-changing. I became a birdwatcher, learning the craft with Tony on the Taw Estuary, Exmoor, the North Devon coast and at the National Trust’s Arlington Court, which is today my main birding ‘patch’ – and of course, on Lundy. Nine years later I was to become the British Trust for Ornithology’s first Membership Officer.

In the years since the Hoopoe flicked a switch in my brain, there have been many thrilling encounters with birds on Lundy. Probably the most exceptional was the Rüppell’s Warbler (Britain’s second) which stayed and sang for nine days along the Terrace in early June 1979. The last 100 tickets for the annual LFS boat trip were snapped up almost overnight by birders keen to add it to their life lists, prompting Tony Langham at the next LFS AGM to say, “They didn’t realise we had tied it to a bush!” Others of note were a male Shore Lark in full breeding regalia at North End, a Bee-eater over Millcombe, an Alpine Accentor on the West Side by Halfway Wall, and the magnificently plumaged White’s Thrush that spent 19 days in Millcombe, drawing scores of birders. And of course, three more Hoopoes!

For any regular Lundy birdwatcher, finding a ‘first’ for the island is something of a Holy Grail. Happily, along with my partner Tim Jones, we have two to our names: a Dipper, ‘dipping’ characteristically on a wall in lower Millcombe, probably wondering where on earth it was, and a Green Warbler, the fifth for Britain, also in Millcombe; the following day 34 ‘twitchers’ in three Ilfracombe boats braved rough seas to see it. With Warden Dean Jones away, Tim and I, complete with walky-talkies, were charged with marshalling the eager birders. Sadly though, it transpired that the bird had flown overnight. Such are the ups and downs of birding!



A selfie by Tim D (left) with Tim Jones whilst ‘wardening’ the Green Warbler.

Bird ringing

Tim and I, through the 1980s, held bird ringing permits and occasionally contributed to the ringing effort on Lundy. This involved mist-netting in Millcombe and St John’s Valley, based in Brambles East, as well as running the (sadly no more) small Heligoland Trap astride Quarter Wall at the northern end of Brick Field. During a week in May 1986 we caught four Firecrests, one of them in the trap. On that particular day,

Devon birder, ringer and all-round inspirational naturalist Tony John was on a Devon Birds day-trip. He chanced upon us as I was extracting the bird from the catching box. Asked if he would like to process – i.e., ring, measure, weigh and release – what would be his first Firecrest exemplified Tony's unquenchable enthusiasm. His face lit up and in typical modest style he simply said, "May I?!" Tony died at the age of 81 in August 2023. His obituary, which I have the huge privilege to write, will appear in the 2023 LFS Annual Report. One other memorable bird ringing moment came in May 1980 when Richard Campey and I spotted a young Lapwing in Brick Field – there were still a small number of breeding pairs at that time. Richard decided he was going to catch and ring it. As I kept watch on the bird, Richard climbed over the gate and headed, in stealth mode, in its direction. When he got to where the bird had been standing there was no sign of it. It had simply disappeared. From where I stood I had not seen the bird move, so I said look down around your feet. As Richard did so, he dropped to his knees, put a hand into an evident hole in the ground, and came up with the bird! How sad it is that, from a peak of at least 40 breeding pairs in 1973, Lapwings on Lundy are now uncommon migrants, the English and Welsh population having collapsed due to changes in farming practices.



*Lapwing, Brick Field, May 1980.
Photo by Tim Davis.*

The Birds of Lundy

Whilst on the island in spring 1999, Tim and I had the idea to write a book on the birds of Lundy. The only two previous such books were Peter Davis's checklist in 1954, and Nick Dymond's *The Birds of Lundy* published in 1980. We got in touch with Nick, living on Shetland, to check whether he was planning an update; he had been but felt at such a distance of time he was unlikely to finish it, so he very kindly sent us everything he had done up to that point – it gave us a very useful start. Working full-time self-employed as we were, it took us fully eight years to complete the book, which saw the light of day in September 2007. It cost some £9,000 to print, nearly all covered by sponsorship, in particular from the LFS, Devon Birds and, especially, from the John Spedan Lewis Foundation. In all, the book raised £17,000 in sales, every penny of which went in the form of grants which supported tracking studies of Lundy's Manx Shearwaters during the period 2010 to 2013, a study of the population dynamics and foraging behaviour of Lundy's Peregrine Falcons in 2014 and 2015, the ongoing colour-ringing study of Wheatears on Lundy during its first two seasons (2013 and 2014), purchase of rings for the long-running ringing study of Lundy's Manx Shearwaters, and production of a leaflet on Lundy bird ringing by the Lundy Company. One of the most enjoyable aspects of the whole project was the extensive research we undertook before putting pen to paper. So too was dedicating the book to Tony Vickery, without whom it would never have happened, and former Lundy warden Barbara Snow (née Whitaker) who died two months before the book was published. We were delighted when Hugh Boyd (then 82), Lundy's bird warden in 1948 and 1949, and later internationally renowned ornithologist, not only agreed to write the foreword, but also spent a weekend with us reading the text and making many insightful comments. He also spent a memorable week with us in Square Cottage in what was to be his last visit to Lundy.

Island adventures

Lundy is an island of exploration. Thus, across the whole of my half-century of day-trips and longer stays, there have been many adventures, some unexpected and a few hair-raising! Prior to the advent of the 'highway' from the bottom of the Beach Road to where the beach building and jetty now stand, there were three ways to access Rat Island: to walk across the beach at low tide, to swim, or to abseil down what was termed the 'LFS rope' (see the photo montage on p.23) which would 'drop you off' opposite Christie's Quay, assuming the tide was sufficiently out. I've done all three, but only attempted the swim once, with Tony... we didn't make it owing to a seal popping up about a foot from Tony's nose. I couldn't tell which was the more frightened of the two, for one instantly dived and the other turned and headed back past me at full tilt for the beach.

Another rope (still in place) is the one that takes you (almost) down to the rocks and pools below Lametor. In the glorious late summer of 1980 I spent two sun-filled, windless weeks with a contented bunch of LFS members on what was termed a 'Field Course', led by Bob Britton, an ever-popular character who in his working life had been Devon Librarian and who set up the Lundy Library in the Tavern. As well as the East and West Side 'Swimming Clubs', which enjoyed 'galas' in flat calm seas off Brazen Ward and Dead Cow Point respectively, we also descended the Lametor rope to Mermaid's Pool – Bob is the one wearing seaweed in the photo montage and I'm the one nearest the camera. For me, the scariest rope of all was the one that helped one to descend to the lower cavities of the Earthquake – exciting but once was enough for someone prone to claustrophobia!

The least welcome Lundy adventures for me are rough crossings, no matter what the vessel. The one return trip that takes the prize for absolute torture occurred on the unforgettable day that I 'twitched' a flock of Tree Sparrows, once a regular migrant and a sporadic breeder on Lundy (the last time in 1962) but now very rare. I'd missed seeing one on a day-trip on 23rd August 2014, but a phone call from Tony Taylor informed us that twelve had turned up the following day. Thus, I joined the queue for the *Oldenburg* on the very next crossing. The Union Jack that flies from St Nicholas's Chapel above Ilfracombe harbour should have served as a warning: it was fluttering stiffly in an easterly 'breeze'. Fifteen minutes out I started to feel decidedly queasy but I managed to get off the boat intact at Lundy. Very soon I was enjoying close views of the sparrows along the track up to Old Light. Imperceptibly the breeze became stronger as the day wore on, and when I noticed *Oldenburg* 'parked' out in the Landing Bay, the stirrings of foreboding began. By the time Annie Alford (over to tend to the ponies) and I reached the back of the queue of 180 souls, the boat had nosed into the right side of the jetty. Four crew members were holding either end of an almost vertical ladder as one by one we boarded. As Annie and I reached the ladder, Derek Green, who was overseeing matters, smiled and said, "B&B?!" Had I known what was to follow, I would have jumped at the offer, whether meant or not. As the boat backed out and swung round to head into the easterly, the first massive wave swept over the upper deck, drenching everybody, and then crashed down the steps to wash over everyone there. Virtually everyone disappeared down below. No way, I thought. Soaking wet, I stayed up on top half-sitting, half-clinging to the port rail as wave after wave pummelled the boat. After a tumbling hour of absolute hell, the announcement came that the boat would – instead of Ilfracombe – make for Bideford. Suffice to say by the time we docked after what seemed an eternity, I was literally blue with cold. Thankfully, Tim had followed *Oldenburg's* track online and arrived laden with warm, dry clothes.

Lundy Bird Observatory – a second coming

The arrival of Dean Jones as Warden in February 2017 was, for Tim and me as the island's bird recorders – and indeed for all avid Lundy birders – a sea change. For the first time since Nick Dymond's tenure as Warden in the early 1970s, Lundy had an expert resident birdwatcher, indeed an all-round naturalist. Thoughts of Lundy rejoining the Bird Observatories Council began to gather momentum and finally bore fruit in February 2023 when members at the Council's annual meeting in Thetford voted unanimously to accept Lundy back into the fold – now as the 21st UK and Irish bird observatory, albeit initially for a probationary three years.

Fifty years on from those life-changing moments with that Hoopoe, how thrilling it has been – and still is – to be a part of Lundy's ever growing birdwatching community and to see the island fledge anew as a bird observatory. My great friend and mentor Tony Vickery, and all those Lundy birders who are no longer with us, will be smiling.



The old steps up to South Light, with the author in the foreground, May 1975.

Photo by Tony Vickery.

More precious memories are shared

IAN BARKER reminisces on his 35 years of Lundy visits.



Wind generator.
Photo by Ian Barker.

My first visit was on 2nd August 1987 with nine family members on the MS *Oldenburg* from Bideford. One teenager gave into his appetite cravings despite warnings, and lost his pasty over the side before we reached Lundy. *Oldenburg* anchored, and we transferred with help through the side of the ship to a small boat as the waves raised and lowered the waiting boatmen. At the beach the boat was drawn up alongside a pontoon with wheels attached to a tractor. The passengers left the boat to walk a plank to the shore. We explored the island on a sunny day and saw our first wind generator in action. This Lundy specimen seemed excellent but apparently did not outlast the winter storms, and as far as I know has never been replaced – yet. [Ed: watch this space!] The church was full of pews and nothing much else, a far cry from the St Helen's Centre of today.

The following year my wife and I left the children in Devon and Cornwall and spent a week at Hammers from 3rd to 10th May. The small boat trip, after departure from the *Oldenburg*, was 'driven' into a harness near the shore then pulled up to discharge us all directly onto land. It was a very good system before the new jetty was built. We walked, talked and sunbathed. I worked on the wheels of a 1934 Alfa Romeo model car, and we enjoyed most of our meals in the Marisco Tavern. We were also able to book an evening meal at Millcombe House, then a little-used hotel, with great enjoyment as all the guests sat around one large table. The rhododendrons were in spectacular full flower and there was even a tunnel through some of the ancient shrubs.

Some work was beginning then to remove the rhododendrons, and five years later, in October 1993, I joined a working party for a hard week based in Quarters and with daily Marisco sustenance. Our activity on the rhododendrons was enjoyable but there was still a lot more to do.

The church bells were lined up outside the church waiting to be rehung. I have never found a translation of the inscription on the bell I photographed; maybe it is Italian.

As a sabbatical GP from Holsworthy in Devon, I left the working party on the cliffs to give some first aid lectures to most of the 14 staff, particularly using a 'Resusci Annie' that I had brought with me for resuscitation instructions. We planted several trees in Millcombe in quite precarious spots and I saw some survivors two years later during another visit. Many did not survive!

The weather deteriorated and *Oldenburg* did not come, but John Puddy came to my rescue, and I was the sole passenger to Clovelly on a small boat that was then able to



Landing in 1988. Photo from Ian Barker's archives.

bring a wedding party back to Lundy. The 12-passenger availability from Clovelly for a day trip was nearly used by me for another larger family trip, but it never quite happened. The journey time of only an hour is certainly attractive!

A year later, 6th to 8th October 1994, my 22-year-old daughter and I did three days of volunteering work helping the housekeeping staff in the cottages, including changing the sheets on the beds at Millcombe House while the visiting dignitaries, including Jeremy Thorpe, arrived by helicopter to celebrate the dedication of the newly re-hung bells. We emerged to see the arrival of welcoming parachutists. We got to see views of Lundy from the top of the church tower, guided by the ex-naval chaplain who was also the vicar, and we explored the caves on Rat Island.

The next year I organized a party of 30 from our church of St Andrew's in Stratton, near Bude in Cornwall, on 8th April for a day trip from Bideford on the *Oldenburg*. Some of the older fraternity became quite poorly on the outward trip but had hardly any medical requirements on the return journey. Very few had been to Lundy before, but they had seen Lundy almost daily from the Cornish coast. We had with us eight bellringers who were able to ring the church bells.

Despite my frequent views of Lundy while flying model aircraft over the cliffs near Bude, I did not return until a day trip on 28th June 2011, when I was able to see the effects of all the rhododendron work on the east side.

We followed this in March 2017 with a four-night booking in Hammers, and appreciated the housekeeping changes in the cottages as well as the changes on our walks along the East Side; no tunnels and all rather bare. The view remains idyllic, and we always recall our various means of arrival and departure on jetty and beach. The use of the winter helicopter service from Hartland is a real bonus for us oldies now, so our future trips will be in autumn or spring to avoid the *Oldenburg* adventures. Lundy changes but remains the same! The organization of the Landmark Trust and the highly qualified staff on Lundy make every visit memorable. Long may it last.



The third bell waiting to be hung. Photo by Ian Barker.

Ed: Michael Williams has informed me that the inscription on the tenor bell is *Animis cedentibus dico valet* which translates to 'I say farewell to the departing souls'.

The inscription on the third bell (left) says *Horam precandi iam adventisse moneo*, translating to 'I warn that the hour has now come for prayers'.

The inscriptions are in Latin.

Some photos to make you smile :-)



The Tavern lunchtime team: Julie, Jo, Alice and Ella; a comfortably seated Foxglove; Millcombe daffodils; the Irish and British birdwatchers who gathered on Lundy in May to celebrate the life of Mary Gade. Photos by Tim Davis and Ella Berry.

Some photos to make you smile :-)



The new Heligoland Trap on the Terrace; a Highland cow cools down in Pondsburg; one of four Vagrant Emperor dragonflies at Pondsburg in May; a May evening's wildlife logging session in the Tavern. Photos by Tim Davis, Tim Jones and Ella Berry.

Management of the Feral Stock on Lundy

PETER HAMLYN explains how and why.

The feral stock on Lundy consists of wild goats, present since Norman times, Soay sheep and Sika deer, both introduced around 1927 by Martin Coles Harman.

Management of these wild residents of Lundy is a necessity to ensure that the island is not overrun, causing over grazing and hardship to all the wildlife, and has, since 2004, been undertaken by a dedicated team experienced in the management and control of wildlife, led by me. All members of the team are expert marksmen and certificated in the inspection and preparation of meat shot in the wild and destined for the table. All team members are also aware of the unique situation we find ourselves in when working on Lundy, conducting culling operations whilst the island is still open to the public.

The programme of management follows a regular annual pattern. First a feral stock count is carried out towards the end of March by volunteers, some staff, and team members, where the island is swept end to end and as far as possible, every animal is counted. Where possible, gender and approximate age are noted, as well as the rough location. This information is then used by Derek Green and me to formulate a management plan to cull several of each species during the following season, considering recommended stocking levels. The plan considers probable lambing and calving percentages and recognises the need for flexibility should unforeseen weather patterns affect stock numbers.

This plan is then put into effect during the months of September and October for the goats and Soay, and in February for the Sika. These timings are to ensure that this season's new arrivals are unaffected by the cull. The ultimate aim is to ensure that the flock or herd is maintained in the best possible condition to thrive on Lundy, which means careful selection of the beasts to be culled, whilst making sure the island can sustain the stocking level without over grazing, and last but not least bringing an extra revenue stream by providing a valuable source of organic, carbon neutral and sustainable product for sale in the Tavern.



Lundy goat. Photo by Mandy Dee.

During these operations several studies have been undertaken. Gut contents are examined to see how much heather is in the diet, which informs grazing reports as to how the feral stock may be affecting the regrowth of heather on the north end. It has been noticed during our work that animals which have ingested significant amounts of the herb tormentil do not suffer from liver fluke, and the occasional deer that regularly raids the sheep cake tends to get Aladdin's slipper (a hoof deformity) and go lame. Controversially, do the goats eat Lundy Cabbage? A study of goat droppings established that they do, but this was conducted in the spring, and we have noticed that there tends to be more cabbage where goats have been grazing; perhaps there should be a further study done when the cabbage is in seed, to see if the goats are excreting the seed and spreading the cabbage. We look at horn growth in relation to weather and grazing conditions and have found that billy goats very often have two annual horn growth rings - why? We have now sent off teeth to be laser cut for accurate aging to prove our findings.

As can be seen, the feral stock are, once you delve into it more deeply, quite a complex part of what makes Lundy what it is, and it is impossible for me to cover the subject in detail here. However, suffice it to say they are integral to the whole balance of the flora and fauna of Lundy, and are a definite attraction for the visitors that continue to bring the revenue that is needed to support the Island.

[Ed: See also Discovering Lundy no. 50, February 2021, pp12-13.]



Left: Sika deer on Ackland's Moor, April 2023.

Below: Soay lamb.

Photos by Mandy Dee.



VHF Amateur Radio on Lundy in March 2023

BRIAN WOODCOCK G4CIB reports on his success!

I have been a licenced radio amateur since the late 1960s and although I have operated on all the bands available to amateurs from 1.8MHz (160 metres wavelength) to 10GHz (3 cms wavelength), my main interest has always been operating low power (up to 10 watts) on the amateur VHF bands of 4-metres, 6-metres and 2-metres, along with 70 cms.

On our visit to Lundy in early March of 2023 I was able to activate a station on the 2-metre band as our few days on the island coincided with a short evening contest. The object of the contest, which lasts two-and-a-half hours, is to contact as many stations as possible, with points being given for the distance achieved (one point per kilometre) plus a bonus of 500 points for each "locator" square worked. Just an aside to explain "locator" squares. Essentially the globe is divided into squares equating to two degrees of longitude and one degree of latitude, then further sub-divided into smaller squares, enabling latitude and longitude to be encoded into a two letter/two digit/two letter combination. A full description can be found on Wikipedia; search for 'Maidenhead Locator System'.

Lundy is at the intersection of four locator squares, IO71PE, IO71PD, IO71QE and IO71QD; the locator for Castle Keep East where we were based is IO71QD.

The contest took place on Tuesday 7th March from 2000-2230 UTC and in the afternoon I set up my small home-made lightweight three-element antenna. The transceiver I used was a Yaesu FT817ND, a compact hand-held portable rig which covers all the amateur short wave and VHF/UHF bands. The power output from the transmitter is five watts. For the non-technical this is about the same power consumed by a car sidelight or number plate bulb. To score a valid contact with a station, I give them a signal report and serial number (the first station worked is given 001, the next 002 etc) and my locator square, IO71QD. The station I am in contact with gives me a signal report, their serial number and locator square. Logging accuracy is paramount, as any errors are penalised with points being deducted. In the heat of the moment, particularly if the signals are marginal, errors can easily be made!

I managed to work twenty stations in eleven locator squares and the map (overleaf) shows their locations. I logged my contacts on to the website of the contest organiser, the Radio Society of Great Britain. All the logs submitted for



The three-element antenna on the east side of the Castle.

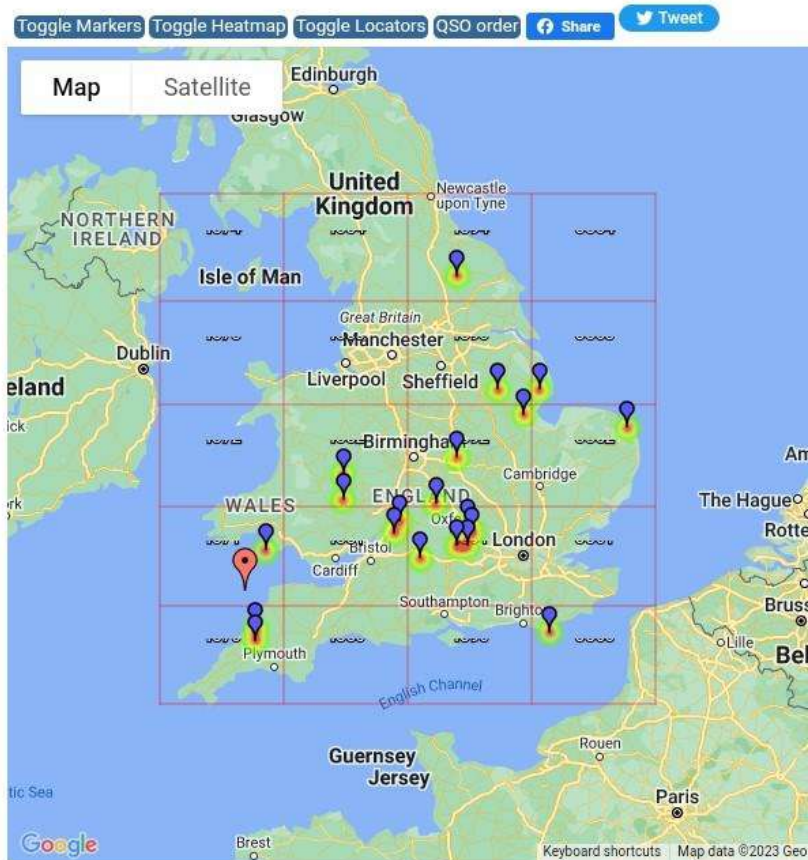
Photo by Leta Woodcock.

this contest are cross-checked for any errors and the results published a few weeks later.

My own submitted log showed the total cumulative distance worked as 4913 km giving me 4913 distance points and 5500 points for the eleven locator squares worked, a total of 10,413 points. A week or so after the closing date to submit logs, the results were published, and I was pleased to see I had no logging errors. Out of the 74 stations which entered the “Low Power 10 watt maximum” section, I came 20th and was the highest-placed 5-watt station, all the others above me running 10 watts.

RSGB Contest Results 2023

144MHz UKAC 7 Mar for G4CIB/P IO71QD



Map showing the 20 stations in 11 locator squares.

A celebration of a new parish

St Helen's Lundy

May 1st 2014



*From the front cover of the
order of service.*

LAURENCE GLAZIER and TESSA RAWCLIFFE have visited the island **13 times** since their first visit in **2000**. They write...

'Perhaps it would be of interest to your readers that we attended the special event at the Church on 1st May 2014. Laurence's Lundy Anthem was performed there during the service. The poem and tune had come to mind during previous visits, and some of the verses can be seen as puzzles. Tessa did a painting to go with the Anthem, and some artwork combining both were exhibited in London. We recalled the words a few days ago, while walking on Lundy's East Side.'

A LUNDY ANTHEM

Lundy Island! Lundy Island!
Long may we thy beauty share.
Climbing o'er thy grand escarpment,
list'ning to the crashing wave!

By white horse etched in granite tall
Arthur's knights do lie asleep,
Waiting for the trumpet call to
Rouse them from their slumber deep.

Five, twelve, thirteen Triangles lie
Whence stones came to where they stand,
Angles hewn from mountains high and
Placed there with a giant hand.

And now the giants lie at rest
Lullabied by organ sound,
From St Endelient's bequest
Echoes to the Lookout round.

Heaven's Mill come faithful Mirror –
Ev'ry equal part doth cast
Each hilltop, the merest glimmer
Of a starry Old Light past.

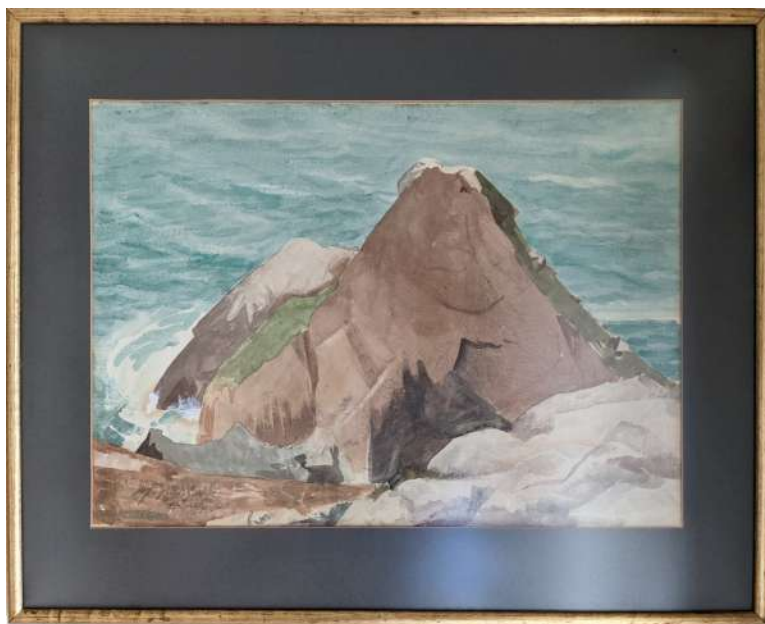
Lundy Island! Lundy Island!
Long may we thy beauty share.
Climbing o'er thy grand escarpment,
list'ning to the crashing wave!

The Art of Research – the Research of Art

ANDRÉ COUTANCHE has been getting a bit obsessive – and having fun.

The LFS *Journals* are full of wonderful papers, each one adding to our knowledge of what Anna Keay, Landmark's Director, has called 'this impossibly complex little kingdom'. You might assume that you have to be an "expert" to write a paper, a scientific 'boffin', a techy nerd – but you don't. Not to start with, anyway. Get interested in a subject, learn about it, ask questions and try to find answers. If it's a subject which isn't exclusively 'Lundy' – archaeology, birds, marine life, plants – then of course there are communities of people you can and should learn from. If what takes your fancy is a uniquely Lundy topic, then a bit of effort and a bit of thinking can make *you* an expert, and you can write a paper and add to our knowledge.

In the 2016 *Journal* I published a paper about Kristján Magnússon, an Icelandic artist whom Martin Coles Harman invited to Lundy in 1931 and who painted 32 oils and watercolours. Two of his paintings hang in Millcombe and to my inexperienced eye are very good. Kristján (to refer to him in the Icelandic way, by his given name only) had never been documented before and I was intrigued. In taking up this subject I had the luck of an excellent start. Diana Keast hadn't met him, but she had unique knowledge of him and some of his paintings through the Harman family, and she had some documents which she kindly lent to me. **Moral of the story no. 1:** Be lucky! Or make your own luck. Talk to people who can help. In fact, don't be possessive about your research – talk to everyone about what you're doing; you never know who might have a vital piece of knowledge, or a contact.



A watercolour of Shutter Rock (privately owned). An oil painting of Shutter Rock hangs in Millcombe and can be seen in André's 2016 paper at https://lfs-resources.s3.amazonaws.com/l5/LFS_Journal_Vol_5_Part_9.pdf

Apart from a small amount of traditional 'library' research, most of what I found out when writing my paper came either from Diana or from the internet. **Moral of the story no. 2:** The internet is a wonderful thing and increasingly has information on it which would otherwise be unavailable. Learn to search. What I found online complemented and was put into context by what I got from Diana and from written sources, which leads to **Moral of the story no. 3:** Think critically about what you find. I regard historical research as scientific research: collect data, look for connections, follow up leads. Use the evidence but don't go beyond it. Speculation can be valuable to suggest future research for you or someone else, but be open about it when you are speculating.

It's LFS policy, as with all responsible research organisations, to make our knowledge publicly and widely available. That means *Journal* papers appear on our website. Then the fun can start! I have had two contacts out of the blue arising from my paper.

One was a chap trying to find out about Kristján's paintings of Lundy on behalf of his gran who had a painting and thought she might like to sell it. Thereby hangs a tale! An exchange of e-mails resulted in an invitation to visit her retirement bungalow in Silchester. Two stickers were on the front door: 'Trespassers will be composted' and 'B*ll*x to Brexit'. The meeting was as interesting as that suggested. Eileen was a lady of firm opinions but who listened and responded to challenges. She had been a Greenham Common woman. The painting had come into her possession decades earlier,



'Wild Garden': the 'lost' oil painting bought from Eileen.

after Albion and Kay Harman had left it behind in the digs they rented from Eileen's father-in-law near Barnsley when Albion had been at the Yorkshire School of Mines. It had got a bit battered in Eileen's many house moves since then, but – cutting the story a bit short – we bought it from her and had it restored. A previously 'lost' picture had become found and available for recording and documenting. **Moral of the story no. 4:** The internet is a wonderful thing and can make possible otherwise impossible contacts. Get the results of your research online.

Another story to make that point: the second 'out-of-the-blue' contact happened more recently. Einar Ingólfsson, an Icelandic artist and photographer, had been commissioned by the wife of Kristján's nephew to write a book on the artist and he found my paper on the LFS website. He e-mailed me to ask if any more of the Lundy paintings had come to light. I'm now helping him to locate and document Kristján's work in the UK and we're visiting Lundy next June so he can photograph the views in the paintings.

Before that, though, another serendipitous thing happened. When Diana Keast moved from her flat in Marlborough to a residential home, she put a lot of Lundy 'stuff' into storage – it had previously been in her box room and most of it had come from Albion's office in London after his death in 1968. A group of LFS members

volunteered to help sort it out and make sure the Lundy material went to a good home – the North Devon Record Office, the British Library for the philatelic material, or the LFS auction for our funds. Another painting by Kristján was in that hoard! Perhaps more importantly, there was a file from the 1930s containing MCH's correspondence with Kristján and the galleries which showed his paintings. It answers previously unanswerable questions about the visit to Lundy which I could only speculate about in my paper. I think this is a repeat of Moral no. 1 – be lucky – but it's also an illustration of one of my favourite maxims: 'Chance favours the prepared mind'.

I'm now working on a follow-up paper, using both that serendipitous discovery and new general information coming from Einar Ingólfsson. I'm also contacting the galleries where Kristján's paintings were exhibited in the 1930s, and people who have or may have paintings. It's a bit obsessive – and it's great fun. Without really trying, I have become the expert on Kristján Magnússon's paintings of Lundy.

What do *you* fancy becoming the expert on? There are other undocumented artists who have painted Lundy. There are many aspects of Lundy's history which even Tony Langham and Myrtle Ternstrom have only touched on. And if you have any paintings by Kristján Magnússon, or know where they are, or have any other information, please get in touch. I'm at acoutanche@gmx.co.uk, or (0117) 964 3106.



'South End', an oil painting which emerged from Diana's 'hoard'.

New articles on the lordship of Lundy in the late middle ages

TIM THORNTON from the University of Huddersfield shares how to access this information.

My article, recently published in the *International Journal of Regional and Local History*, considers Lundy's place in two of the most important treaties between England and Scotland in the late Middle Ages. The treaties of York (1464) and Nottingham (1484) include exceptions for the territory of Lorn (Scotland) and for Lundy. Lundy's experience in this regard highlights the importance of lordship and local privilege, expressed in diplomacy, in the fifteenth century. In 1464, Lundy had recently passed from the control of the Lancastrian Butler family, and the exception in the 1464 and 1484 treaties reflects contests in the Irish Sea. In 1484, one of those negotiating was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and the value he placed on his island lordship of Lundy explains his response to claims from other English interests, interacting with the politics of Richard III's reign and relationships with France and Brittany. Lundy's role in these treaties demonstrates that individual lordship could still manifest on the diplomatic stage, which was not yet the preserve of specialist servants of centralised states.

The article is freely accessible to all who may be interested, online at <https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/20514530.2022.2057774>

Another recent article, this time published in *Southern History*, considers the ownership and descent of the island during the decades between its notorious role in the fall of Edward II early in the fourteenth century and its appearance in international treaties in the second half of the fifteenth century. My article establishes the path by which Lundy's lordship passed through the hands of increasingly important noblemen, notably Sir Guy Brian and his descendants, culminating in James Butler, Earl of Wiltshire, one of the most prominent supporters of the regime of King Henry VI and his queen, Margaret of Anjou, in the 1450s. Butler and his successors, William Neville, Earl of Kent (uncle of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, 'the Kingmaker'), and George, Duke of Clarence (brother of King Edward IV) represent well these significant military and naval figures, with connections close to the heart of power in England, but also with involvement and interests through the Irish Sea and English Channel and their neighbouring territories. And the legacy of Sir Guy Brian more generally passed into the hands of several noble and gentry families, including the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. This generated the conditions for contest and competition over the lordship of Lundy, in its context between England and Wales and Ireland, and further afield to France and Brittany – a contest that would result in its appearance in Anglo-Scottish treaties through the second half of the fifteenth century.

The article in *Southern History* is unfortunately not yet available to readers without the relevant subscription, but it may be possible to access it through some public and higher education libraries.

[Ed: Tim can be contacted at t.j.thornton@hud.ac.uk]

People who make it happen

Love her or hate her, KEVIN WATERFALL narrates why MS *Oldenburg* runs like a well-oiled machine.

When you step into the Shore Office to collect your tickets it is your first experience of what it is going to be like travelling to Lundy. The staff there are always so helpful and welcoming that you are immediately put at ease. Nothing seems too much trouble and I have even experienced their kindness when they stored a favourite drinking water bottle for a month after I left it on the top deck of the *Oldenburg*. The Shore Office is full of information and maps that can help you make the most of your day trip or longer stay on the island.

As you wait on the quayside watching the preparations for sailing, you realise what a well-oiled machine you are going to be travelling with. Bags are safely packed in boxes, stores for the island are loaded, spares for maintenance join them; the process is very efficient. The large wooden boxes are all pre-slung for convenience, the cargo nets go last into the hold, and odd sized items like canoes or gas cylinders are stowed on deck after the hatches have been sealed. Sometimes there are sheep or other livestock coming ashore, and these too are given careful consideration; I understand that livestock can only be transported if the sea state is going to be calm or moderate.



Sheep being transported; it must be a calm day!
Photo by Kevin Waterfall.

The boarding process is simple: hand in your ticket at the shore end of the gangway and collect your boarding pass at the other end. This allows for a simple check on numbers and ensures that nobody is left behind. Have you noticed bundles of ten tickets being given to a second person for checking? It even works in the event of unforeseen changes, such as when a person on a day trip had to be medically evacuated from the island during their visit, so couldn't return on the *Oldenburg*. Even a full complement of some 260 passengers can quickly get on or off the vessel with this simple and effective procedure.

On board you soon find that those who were slinging cargo, handling ropes or operating cranes and winches are transformed into cooks, bar staff, the information officer and caring support if you aren't feeling well. As the on-board briefing says, all these people are experienced seafarers and they are absolute professionals; some come from families who have been working on this route for many years. You know that if you feel unwell that they will assist you. If your case is serious, you can be evacuated by helicopter in an emergency. Some of you will have seen the Coastguard helicopter practising landing personnel on board and simulating an evacuation.

You may have noticed Jason, the Captain, popping out onto the bridgewing as the vessel is manoeuvring in port, giving directions and communicating with members of the crew, but what you can't see is that he also has to keep his eye on the weather and change schedules if required; additionally he manages the total operation of the vessel, and often has to discuss and arrange matters with island management.

The person who supervises the cargo loading of the vessel is the Chief Officer and as soon as things are battened down he is up on the bridge to assist the Captain.

Once fully underway and the passengers are getting their refreshments, the officers can get a bacon sandwich and a cup of coffee. The bridge is the command centre, but it also has the best views forward, so is where visitors such as the surveyors for MARINELife are based to record whatever marine life and seabirds are seen on the crossing.

As a passenger, there is always a rush for the hot snacks and drinks after leaving port, and if you are too late on a full ship then they might have sold out. If there are a few left on the latter part of the homeward journey, any remaining pasties and turnovers are offered for sale at £1 each so that the stock is cleared.

Remember that many of the crew are working very long hours, especially on a Bideford sailing with an early morning departure and a late return. Also, whilst we have been off enjoying ourselves on the island they have been unloading and loading the ship ready for its return. Between the three days a week for scheduled sailing to Lundy, there are other crossings on private hires such as for the Devon Farmers Association, or for day cruises along the Devon coast.

When the 'Oldie' is away for dry dock in the winter, some of the officers are with her whilst other members of the crew become the land crew at Hartland Heliport – so again another set of skills. Also remember that whilst passengers do not sail in the winter there are still some trips to be made to carry fuel, stores and spares out to Lundy.

As a grateful traveller to Lundy over several years, I salute and thank all the staff and crew of the Shore Office and MS *Oldenburg*.



View from the Bridge. Photo by Kevin Waterfall.

A (sort of) Lundy catharsis

MARK WEBBER shares a few Lundy experiences – some quite challenging!

Having had an article printed in the 2022 Bulletin (which at least the kids enjoyed... apparently) I thought I would put fingers to keyboard for some more Lundy-esque ramblings of a type! Although this primarily relates to 2022, it would have been submitted in 2023 to be (hopefully) there in print in 2024. The Bulletin is a great little publication, reading it and seeing the pictures just draws on your memories and has a 'pull effect' to get back to top up your Lundy fill! I wish it was a twice-yearly release, but then again, I'm not the one putting in the 'hard yards' producing it, so I'm sure we're all thankful to the team that does for all our enjoyment. [Ed: Team?? I wish! And you're welcome :-)]

Julia and I stayed on the Island on four occasions in 2022. Our properties, not in any particular order:

- Little St John – our first time in this one. A great place with fantastic views, and we've now booked it again for two stays in 2024.
- Castle Keep North, still my favourite.
- Old House North twice, of which one stay was our first Christmas on the Island.

A small side note – in 2022 I wrote that I wondered whether my wife was manipulating (*cheating*) at cards in the Marisco as she wins too often and thought it likely that I just wasn't concentrating. No! It was noted that instead of the regulation seven cards, she was in possession of eight...so that's cleared that up.

I was looking at the photos on my phone recently and I noticed the date – Sunday 7th August 2022. Three Piper Cubs had flown onto the island. Now, if a camera appears, I'm off, possibly adopting a recalcitrant attitude to boot! As a youngster it was just chronic shyness, still is really, partially due to security related reasons of a geopolitical nature going on when I was in my 20's, but on the whole, I just can't stand seeing myself looking awkward. This means I don't 'do' Facebook or anything of that kind. However, Julia (Instagram / not Facebook except for the Lundy Public site) asked me, as an aviation sort, to sit by the aircraft so a photo could be WhatsApped to the kids – the 7th August, the day before the 8th. Cue a photo of me feeling a bit uncomfortable but blissfully unaware of what the next day would bring.

Monday 8th came around. It was a lovely, very sunny, hot day. We were setting out from the Castle around 12pm, like mad English sorts going out in the midday sun, when we met a lady, Jenny Shaw, who had worked on the island a few years ago. And small world that it is, after general chit-chat, we discovered that she knew a chap I was working with at that time, and who used to be one of the island's chefs several years beforehand but had now gone into a totally different business.



A sunny North End. Photo by Mark Webber.

Whilst talking, Jenny commented on the Coastguard buggy parked on the track facing us and thought it unusual – quite perceptive in this case. Chat over, we started to walk up the track from the Castle when the island manager Rob, drove slowly forward to meet us. “Webber? Castle Keep North?” “Yes?”, hesitantly said in reply. We were then invited to climb aboard to be taken back to the island office. I remember stupidly saying something about how good the buggy’s suspension was, a deflection of sorts, knowing deep down something was up, and guessing it wasn’t likely to be a lottery win notification.

One of the kids was visiting Machu Pichu and three were at work in Ilfracombe. I hoped it wasn’t to be of the scale of a 2017 incident where one of my sons was mown down and airlifted to Derriford after being knocked off his motorbike and suffering bad injuries; now thankfully fully recovered. Motorbikes were ‘strongly’ encouraged to be sold after that, so I had a fair inkling of what it would be whilst being driven to the village. Julia was thinking something had happened in Peru, but my suspicion was that it was going to be closer to home – a village visible to the east, just across the water.

We were led into the office by Rob where I was asked to phone my youngest son who in turn passed me over to a police officer. Before every Lundy trip we’ve ever done, we tell the kids the property we’re staying at and the phone number of the Marisco *just in case* – and in this case, it worked out. As it was, my dad had suddenly passed away, certainly not expected but not totally surprising either. Life had become a trial for him after my mum’s sudden unexpected passing four years earlier; the coroner informed us that he wouldn’t have been aware of his passing.



Knight Templar Rock. Photo by Ruth Turner.

My thoughts then turned to the lovely meals-on-wheels people who had come across the incident and done a sterling job dealing with the police, for which we are forever grateful. Then my mind raced to the next situation, and then the next, and so on, feeling total helpless, and guilty that I was across the Bideford Bay whilst others were dealing with the immediate aftermath.

My initial reaction was to get onto the *Oldenburg* on the next day’s sailing as the three boys were outside his house, but the police and medics wouldn’t let them in, to protect them from seeing their grandad in that situation. The requirement for an inquest would have made that decision somewhat futile anyway. Now your mind can go racing away, trying to plan all sorts at once and thinking of the gravity of work that would be

coming our way; that much was certainly true and still is over a year later. However, and this is the important part that the background information has been leading to – if you’ve managed to stick with it! When returning to the Castle to have a drink after the urgently required phone calls that could be done had been done, you stop, draw breath, although still stunned, and then appreciate the small touches that the people who provide them wouldn’t give a second thought to.

Julia talked to Rob about me possibly ‘hitching’ an early ride back on the *Oldenburg*

but was provided pragmatic food for thought which, when reflected upon, was sound advice, and then Alice, who was also present, provided kind words to Julia and just a reassuring background presence. You knew if you were to ask anything, it wouldn't be a problem.

I did relay my gratitude to the Bideford Shore Office upon our return but I didn't get a reply so was never sure if the message was relayed back. If it wasn't, many thanks to Rob, Alice and other island staff for their assistance on that day, it was very much appreciated. When you hear about Lundy staff pulling out the stops in times of inclement weather for example, you can identify with that, as you know you have experienced that kindness too. I suppose it just adds another one to the myriad of reasons that make you want to come back to the island. Apologies if you were in the church that week and overheard conversations relating to the subject above – possibly a bit awkward!

So that was August's stay somewhat kiboshed! We were back in October and December though. December's stay was put back a day due to zero visibility, a total 'white out', so totally understandable. I remember being in thick cloud over the sea – never comfortable, and a bit eery – between Hartland and Lundy when I flew from RAF (now Royal Marines Base) Chivenor down to RAF St. Mawgan (now Newquay Airport) on a 'NAVEX' (navigation exercise) with nothing but thick white 'fluff' enveloping the outside of my cockpit and a strong desire to get out of it as quickly as possible.

The guys who fly back and forth from Lundy to Hartland know what they're doing. My brother is a military helicopter pilot (if the 'wings' are moving faster than the fuselage, you're in a helicopter!) so I understand these machines and am quite happy to sit in the back!

Landing on the island the next day – what a treat and a differing perspective. Landfall appearing out of the haze, flying in for the first time rather than going back to Hartland due to inclement weather reasons. Dropped nigh on next to the pub without the long walk up the Beach Road, straight into a hot chocolate at the Marisco, and then into a freshly presented Old House North. The peace on the island at that time of year was of a type we had never experienced before. You can immerse yourself in quietness during boat season if no-one else is around, but it's never for too long, and this was different – no problem in getting a good seat in the Marisco, plus an open fire too!

We sat in the deckchairs at the top of the Old Light on 25th December looking out to sea, letting the tranquillity of the island wash over us, except for the wind whistling past, and with a tinge of wistful and melancholic pondering given the 2022 events, which for me sat up there also evoked thoughts of the people who lived & worked here when it was operational; I wondered how their lives would have been all those years ago.



*The Marisco Tavern, Christmas Eve 2022.
Photo by Mark Webber.*

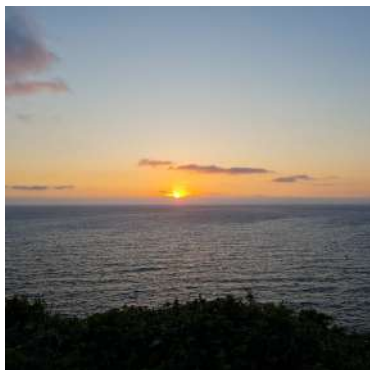
No TV over Christmas? No problem! I did miss the festive football, but not as much as usual because West Ham (I'm obsessed!) had been dire that season (until the end of the season – more later) so I was glad of the distraction Lundy provided. Fresh, cold air blowing in our faces along the Terrace, walking around the Rocket Pole and the neat path along the southern edge by Benjamin's Chair, spotting very sporadic bird life in a heaving sea, back to OHN to light the fire and just gaze into it, talking and contemplating, but above all, just taking in the peace... apart from the sound of the 'Roaring Forties' howling in the OHN kitchen.

Two 'choppers' were doing the shuttle run home – there was a little orographic turbulence on lift off to add a bit of interest – which meant we were back in Hartland and hitting the road to Ilfracombe in no time. What an impressive operation 'Hartland International' is.

In 2023 we had two trips, including our first June stay which was a lovely time of year to spend on the island. We had flown out as the *Oldenburg* was still out of action, but we were due to sail back upon its return. This coincided with strong easterlies which were hampering docking attempts. I looked on with trepidation, biting my lip from the parade ground – I had to be home for the football! The *Oldenburg* pulled back and sailed around to the West Side for shelter – yikes! Walking into the village, I heard an employee's walkie-talkie crackle, saying that if they couldn't land this time they were going home. Noooo!

The last time West Ham had got to a European final was in 1976 when I was ten years old and had to listen to it on a radio which was positioned between my younger brother's bed and mine, as we were not allowed to stay up – my dad hated football. The thought of missing out after waiting 47 years was too much for this fanatic even though I was stuck on a beautiful island. I remember walking along the South End path 'traumatised' – the thought of swimming back even passed through my mind but was immediately dismissed! In the end, perseverance and skill prevailed, the '*Oldie*' docked, and we were going home. Phew! I don't remember much about the final the next day other than the 'Welly' pub in Ilfracombe was packed with my fellow Hammers mates and that we won. I've since had to watch YouTube for the bits I can't remember at the end as it went berserk at the final whistle!

Another sad twist is that we can no longer see our friend from Ilfracombe, the former Ilfracombe lifeboat coxswain and *Obsession II* skipper, Andrew Bengey. He absolutely loved Lundy! We used to wave like fury when he cruised past the Castle



Sunrise 2nd June 2023, 05:18.

Photo by Mark Webber.

parade ground. When Julia managed to text him to see if he was visiting Lundy when we were on the island, we would jump on his boat and take in a fantastic trip around the island, getting into areas that the *Oldenburg* is not able to. He was a good, kind, unassuming family man, a true local hero with his RNLI endeavours and passion for the island, for which he will be missed.

Perhaps not the tone I would have planned to submit for the Bulletin, but maybe a cathartic exercise for me. So, bearing in mind all the above, many thanks to all the staff and visitors who we have got to know over the years, for making Lundy what it is even though it took many years to finally get there.

The Lundy Golf Course

PATRICK PENNY shares some fascinating insights into the infamous Lundy golf course.

You may have noticed that there is a large flat rectangular area just north-west of the Old Light compound. Its contours have softened over the years but it clearly has the lines and construction of a golf green. And that is exactly what it is: the 9th green of the Lundy Golf Course, one of Martin Coles Harman's innovations in the years after he bought Lundy in 1925.

It is now just a tranquil greensward on Ackland's Moor, but 96 years ago, on 22nd July 1927, it was a hive of activity, when a steamer brought 125 golfers and enthusiasts from South Wales and North Devon to celebrate the opening of the course. They were welcomed by Felix Gade, then the new agent on the island, and treated to a lobster luncheon before the course was formally opened by Mrs Harman, her husband being unavoidably detained on the 'Adjacent Isle'. There was an exhibition match between the Secretary of Royal Porthcawl Golf Club and the Welsh Amateur Champion against two professionals from Southerndown Golf Club and Cardiff Golf Club, with over 100 people following the match. The amateurs prevailed 2&1.

In the years following his purchase of Lundy, Harman considered ways to attract visitors to the island. After being approached by Major Lionel Sullivan (a member of Southerndown Golf Club, a fine links course near Bridgend) in 1926 he decided to build a nine-hole course on Ackland's Moor, which was designed and laid out by Sullivan in the early part of 1927.

But creating a golf club was more than just building a course. Special horse drawn gang mowers were purchased for the upkeep of fairways and greens. A small granite Greenkeeper's shed was constructed on the western wall of the Old Light complex. After Ivor Llewellyn's brief tenure, Albert Jenkins from Northam Artisans GC was employed as professional and greenkeeper, on a stipend of 45 shillings a week, with board and lodging and the right to sell golf clubs, balls etc. Felix Gade was appointed as Club Captain and Secretary, confirmed at the club's AGM in September 1927 and Miss M.M. Macfarlane, then Secretary of the Ladies Golf Union, even donated a silver cup for "genuine" islanders to play for in a knockout competition.

Despite this enthusiastic start, the Club was not a success and closed at the end of 1928. It attracted a maximum of twelve members; only five islanders played golf and the course did not provide the regular stream of visitors which had been anticipated. Harman himself did not play, although he kept a set of second-hand clubs on Lundy, but only used them once.

In modern terms, the course was simple and quite short, relying on the island's wildness and wind for its challenge. There weren't any bunkers (which were to be



*The opening of Lundy golf course, 1927.
From the Myrtle Ternstrom collection.*

constructed later) or even holes, with players putting to a small stone at the base of the flag on each green. However, in the 1920s, hickory-shafted clubs, old-fashioned balls and the scourge of Lundy's moorland rough would have made it very challenging. In fact, the Lundy rough was so difficult that special local rules were introduced, particularly for balls stuck in the island's uncooperative heather.

The cessation of the club itself did not bring golf to an end on the island and it has continued to be played on the course ever since. Felix Gade played on using Harman's clubs, although his attempts to teach his wife Rene usually ended by the 2nd or 3rd hole! The introduction of the Airfield, across the 6th and 7th fairways, and the consequential wall removal and rubble would not have assisted.

Many visitors have brought clubs to Lundy in subsequent years and there have even been competitions. Four competitions, held on a quinquennial basis for islanders and visitors between 1980 and 1995, were run by the Lundy Ancient & Necropolistic Golf Club, which also produced irregular newsletters and souvenir shirts.

. At that time the vast majority of the course could be found, and the course was played by 30-40 people in each competition, often sharing clubs, with a prize-giving in the Tavern afterwards. Despite the coarse nature of the golf, there was a certain amount of competition, heightened by a former Secretary of the LFS running an informal book on the outcome! Myrtle Ternstrom also noted the use of an indoor course in the Tavern when this competition was unable to take place in 2000.

So what is left of the Lundy golf course in 2023? A surprising amount, actually. The only building associated with the course, the greenkeeper's shed on the outside of the Old Light compound, is still in place but in a ruinous state. It gives a wonderful view across the old course. During a morning's fieldwalking in May 2023, the majority of turfed and built up tees and greens could still be found. Some are even obvious on lidar images of Ackland's Moor.

So next time you walk through the gate west of Old Light onto Ackland's Moor, have a look at the men's and ladies' 1st tees immediately to the west of the track, and imagine Felix Gade driving his ball northwards towards the green, or those Welsh amateurs and professionals putting out on the 9th green, on that opening day 96 years ago. And who knows, perhaps, just perhaps, there will be some golf played on Ackland's Moor again, to mark the centenary of the Lundy Golf Course in 2027.

Sources:

- *Western Morning News*, 23rd July and 28th September 1927
- *The Island of Lundy* (1994) – AF Langham
- *Lundy* (1969) – A and M Langham
- *My Life on Lundy* (1979) – FW Gade
- *The Island of Lundy* (1994) – AF Langham
- *Frivolling and Scurryfunging: a Lundy Gathering* (2004) - M Ternstrom
- The author's private papers.



*The opening of Lundy golf course, 1927.
From the Myrtle Ternstrom collection.*

Local Rules

1. The ball must hit the stone or the flag on hole out.
2. Rabbit holes - drop within two club lengths (not nearer the flag) without penalty.
3. Anyone hitting a grubbie is awarded an automatic par for this hole.
4. An award will be presented to the player with the highest number of 'putts' (25 strokes over par).
5. Anyone who scores a hole in one buys a round for all the competitors and plays the rest of the course blindfolded.
6. All cow paths to be played out of.
7. Bracken may only be cut with clashing scissors.
8. Stroker shots are only allowed on the greens.
10. Only the golf ball of an immediate opponent may be trampled into the ground.
11. Ricocheting off your partner is not allowed.
12. Drunkenness and irrepressibility is encouraged - anyone Not caught drinking on the golf course will be disqualified.
13. The sea is casual water and need not be played out of.



Score

Card

The 1990 Lundy A&NGC Open Golf Championship

Hole	PAR	YARDS	MARKER	OPPONENT
1	4	267	-----	-----
2	4	305	-----	-----
3	4	356	-----	-----
4	4	300	-----	-----
5	3	100	-----	-----
6	5	405	-----	-----
7	3	170	-----	-----
8	5	410	-----	-----
9	4	317	-----	-----

The Lundy A&N Golf Club Founded 1980

The club exists to promote the study and playing of the most order of sports, using the sports population and values to the limit. The open competition is held on the 1st course every day every week. The club is open to all who wish to play on the course on an amateur and non-profit basis. The A&N is a full members and visitors a portion of members pay to cover the maintenance of the course and the club's expenses. The club is open to all who wish to play on the course on an amateur and non-profit basis. The club is open to all who wish to play on the course on an amateur and non-profit basis. The club is open to all who wish to play on the course on an amateur and non-profit basis.

Lundy Ancient and Necropolistic Golf Club:
An Introduction to Lundy.

The Old Course, Ackland's Moor.



Above and below:

Scorecard for the Lundy Golf Competition in 1990, designed by Jenny Clark.

1. Cesspit Drive

Tee near old light with Ladies tee 50 ft north. Green: the arrow banks of the green are curved westerly and are obvious with stones on top. They are a little east of a stream.

2. The Devil's Burn

Tee 75 ft south west of arrow banks; 10 ft west of a path. Green: about 40 yards east south east of telegraph pole 30.

3. Biggles Ditch

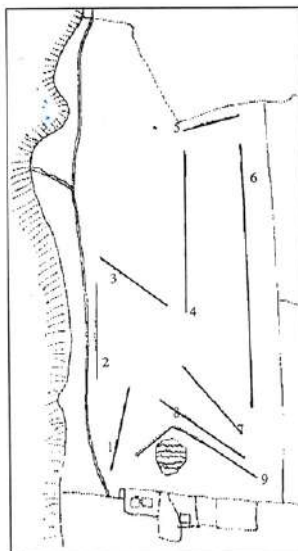
Tee about 40 yards almost due east of telegraph pole 30. Green: about 75 yards south of high pond on edge of bracken.

4. Cole's Revenge

Tee 25 yards south east of third green. Green: slightly raised circular, 20 yards to south east.

5. Quarter Wall Quagmire

Tee about 20 yards north of fourth green, by quarter wall. Green: 90 yards due east.



6. Who's got the hip flask?

Tee in line between fifth green and old light, about 40/50 yards from the fifth green. Green: between wall and seventh tee.

7. Penny's Pat

Tee approximately 50 yards north of rubble, near a wall running north. Green: near aircraft ditch.

8. The Bees Tee

Tee 75 yards north east of arrow banks. Green 75 yards north of 9th tee.

9. Langham's Last

Tee 75 yards north of lighthouse field wall, 10 yards west of north running wall. Green: raised near old hut at Old Light.

19. What's Yours?

Tee: No thanks I must buy the committee a beer each. Green: Only in the morning.

Moth trapping on a summer night

DAVID ROWE tells of his fruitful finds.

When arriving on Lundy in early June 2023, I was keen to check up on the recent moth-trapping news, only to learn from Joe Parker that since Stuart Cossey left, everyone had been too busy to run the device.

He promptly added that if I wished to operate it, he would charge up the battery and give me free rein. The site suggested was the walled garden in Millcombe, handy as the trap is stored in the gas bottle shed not many yards away.

At this stage I must describe what a moth trap is. It is basically a box with an ultraviolet (UV) lamp on top and a restricted opening designed to allow moths to fly in but not fly out. The box contains a few egg boxes that give the moths some shelter to hide and something to perch on. The UV light mysteriously attracts the moths.

The lamp is turned on at dusk and extinguished at first light, and ideally the 'moth-er' will arrive promptly to record and later release the catch unharmed from their stay – definitely before the breakfast-seeking sparrows turn up.

The great thing about moth trapping is that while Joe has to scan the island up and down looking for his birds, I only needed to go to the box, as all the moths had come to me.

It is one of the most exciting times of my sad life when I open a moth trap – all one's birthdays and Christmases come at once – sometimes. One never knows what delights the box will contain, anything from just a mozzie and a dead fly, to occasionally more than 30 species of colourful and exotic moths!

The ideal mothing nights are cloudy, mild, calm, and certainly rain-free; my two sessions on Lundy were 3 out of 5. Not bad! The moon was bright, and the east wind was such that even finding a turbulence-free spot in the walled garden proved difficult.

Both sessions proved very worthwhile, especially the initial one. Over both sessions I recorded around 20 different moths, the highlights being Cream-spot Tiger Fox Moth, Buff Ermine, Marbled Coronet, Mullein Wave and Garden Carpet.



Cream Spot Tiger (left) and Fox Moth (right). Photos by David Rowe.



Left: Buff Ermine.



*Right: Marbled Coronet .
Photos by David Rowe.*

Lundy from Hillsborough Fort, August 2023. Photo by Laurence Glazier.



Detective skills required

Gina Hacker contacted the LFS recently seeking information about four framed seabird photos (below) that she acquired at an auction in Pilton, Barnstaple. The Kittiwake picture has 'Lundy circa 1952/3' on the reverse, along with 'Nat. Hist. Picture of the Month' 'The Field' ? 1953'.

Intrigued, Tim Davis set about trawling through the 1952 & 1953 LFS Annual Reports to see if he could track down the likely photographer. In 1952 (the year of Tim's birth!) a Mr & Mrs T.J. Budge stayed at the Old Light Observatory from 7th to 21st June, right in the middle of the seabird nesting season. Two well-reproduced photographs taken by Mr Budge appear in the report: one (the frontispiece) of the road up to the top of the island, and the other of Lundy Cabbage.

LFS records show that the Budges also visited Lundy in June of 1950 and 1951. They were members of the Society from 1948 until at least 1964, after which publication of the list of members, and those staying on the island each year, were discontinued. Mr Budge was a Committee member of the Society in 1952/53 and was Assistant Secretary in 1954. They lived in Crediton in 1948/49, moving to Exeter in 1950, living in four different properties in the city up to at least 1964; two of their homes were called 'Marisco'.

The information on the back of the Kittiwake picture presumably refers to '*The Field – The Country Newspaper*' as it was called in 1952. It was a weekly publication at that time but became monthly thereafter. It celebrated 170 years, now as a 'field magazine', in 2023.

If any reader of this *Bulletin* can provide any additional information that might confirm Mr Budge as the photographer, or find a copy of *The Field* that contains the Kittiwake photo, please email bulletin.editor@lundy.org.uk.





Left: Highland cattle. Photo by Paul Dennis.

Below: Celtic cross. Photo by Jacky Cole.

Below left: Whitethroat in Millcombe Valley. Photo by Phil Lymbery.

Bottom: Clouds from Lundy. Photo by Jacky Cole.





PUBLICATIONS for sale through the Lundy Field Society

Lundy's Archaeology – new edition by Chris Webster

32 pages – full colour – all obvious sites described. Price: £5.00 plus postage (to a UK address) of £1.10.

People have lived on Lundy for at least 10,000 years but the traces they left behind are often very subtle. Archaeologists have been investigating these remains since the 1770s, culminating in numerous excavations in the 1960s and detailed survey work in the decades since.

This booklet is the third to describe the archaeological remains of the island following works by Keith Gardner (1971) and the National Trust (2002). It provides a description of the sites on Lundy, the story of the archaeologists who investigated them, and a modern interpretation of how they fit into Lundy's story and the wider world.

Chris Webster is an archaeologist based in Somerset who has been interested in Lundy since the late 1980s. His work on the island has involved geophysical survey, test pit surveys and writing up the unpublished excavations of earlier archaeologists.

Journal of the Lundy Field Society

First published in 2008 and illustrated in full colour. Published occasionally. Members receive copies but others may order back numbers.

Vol 8 Keith Hiscock (ed), 2023, 108pp.

Contents: Lundy now internationally important for seabirds; The streams, ponds and wells of Lundy; A preliminary survey of aquatic hyphomycetes in Lundy streams; The ups and downs of Lundy Cabbage; A preliminary note of the re-discovery of marine fossils in Lundy slates; Sibling aggression between Black-legged Kittwake chicks; A preliminary investigation into environmental factors impacting the maternal behaviour of Feral Goats and Soay Sheep on Lundy; A particular of Lundy Island; All eight volumes are available at £5.00 per copy plus £2.80 p&p.

Lundy Fungi: A photographic guide by John Hedger & David George, 2018, 200pp.

Softback £15 plus £3 p&p / Hardback £20 plus £3.80 p&p.

The authors have produced a sumptuous photographic guide to over 250 species of fungi they have found and recorded on Lundy. The records and photographs are by themselves and many other people who have helped record over 600 species found on Lundy during 70 years of the Lundy Field Society, and particularly since their project began in 2003.

The Harman Family's Lundy 1925-1969 by members of the Lundy Field Society, 2013.

Softback in full colour £12.99 plus £2.80 p&p. (Only a few copies left before this goes out of print). Covering the period from the 1920s to the late 1960s, the book includes stories which have never been told before and others which are well known but told here with new illustrations. The period photographs are from the collections of Diana Keast and other Lundy Field Society members, and many of them are published here for the first time. Memories and anecdotes from Diana Keast are the icing on the cake of a unique insight into a crucial period of Lundy's history.

Please send orders (with cheques payable to 'Lundy Field Society') to:

**LFS Sales, c/o Alan Rowland, Mole Cottage, Chapel Close,
Woodford, Morwenstow, Cornwall EX23 9JR**

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www.lundy.org.uk/index.php/publications/books**