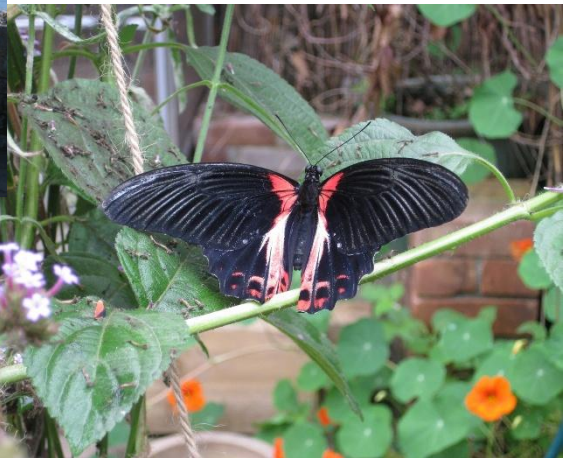


Visits to Devon and Cornwall



Michael Pierre de Villiers

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Title page: Top to bottom; Tintagel Castle, Falmouth, Plymouth, Buckfastleigh Butterfly Farm, Dartmoor, Ilfracombe

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael Pierre de Villiers was born in Durban, South Africa. He was trained to World Meteorological Organization class one meteorologist and multi-discipline weather forecaster in the South African Weather Service where he reached the rank of Director. He served on a weather ship in the South Atlantic. He served on World Meteorological Organization expert teams and was World Meteorological Organization rapporteur for the Africa region. He was also a commercial pilot and flying instructor. More recently he was a weather forecaster in the United Arab Emirates, then in England. Now retired.

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Devon

The trip to Devon on the 14th to Monday 16th March 2009 was twofold, to visit maternal relatives in Plymouth and Paignton and to visit a region not seen by the author since 1975. We travelled there on Saturday, leaving home at 8 am and stopping at a National Trust place called Knightshayes Court. It is a Victorian country house at Bolham, near Tiverton in Devon. Its claim to fame is that although it is a Victorian building, built between 1860 and 1874. The architecture is strongly influenced by 13th century Gothic design, complete with gargoyles and gothic style windows. Inside is really ostentatious, especially the ornate ceilings.



Paignton and pier seen from Fairy Cove. A rather plain place.

From Knightshayes we travelled to Paignton, in Torbay, to the B+B we had booked and left our luggage, before going to the station to do the trip along the so-called Riviera Line between Paignton to Exeter and back. At one point the railway runs along the sea wall and in rough weather the sea waves burst over the track and trains have to proceed very slowly. Some years later this section, at Dawlish, was destroyed in a storm and had to be rebuilt. It also has numerous tunnels and runs alongside the River Exe and the estuary at the Exeter end. So apart from the excellent scenery, there is also all the bird life that can be seen from the train. Our trip back was in a rather noisy, squealing, wobbly and slow train that

I later found out is called a Pacer. It is based on a Leyland National bus chassis. The squeals where due to wheel flanges grating on curved track because it does not have flexible bogies.

After this we went on to visit my cousin and husband in Paignton, getting there about 4:30 pm, where we were treated dinner. We left there about 9 pm and were really ready for bed after a long day.



Britania Royal Naval College Dartmouth.

Sunday morning after breakfast at 8:30 we headed to Dartmouth, enroute to see my 2nd cousin and her husband at Plymouth. We had to be at their home at 12 noon for a pub lunch date at 1 pm. On the way we passed alongside part of the Paignton and Dartmouth Steam Railway that ends at Kingswear station next to the ferry across the River Dart to Dartmouth.

Dartmouth, with its renowned Britania Royal Naval College, is very picture skew (as my mother purposely preferred to say, rather



Dartmouth and tug powered ferry.

than picturesque). From the Kingswear side one can see the ancient Royal Navel College buildings on the far hillside.

Before we got there, we had to decide which road to take, the one to the lower ferry, or the one to the upper ferry. We chose the lower ferry route with the idea that the river estuary would be wider there and we would get more for our money on the ferry across. It appears that it is equally wide and costs the same. The difference being that the lower ferry is a tug powered pontoon and the upper ferry is cable winched.

From Dartmouth to Plymouth, it is a short trip reached with no difficulty their house using the Tom Tom GPS (global positioning system) satellite navigation, although it did seem to be a bit slow among the buildings in the centre of Plymouth, which is a most unusual thing for it to do. My relative was just as I remember my grandmother. Always fussing about, tending to your needs, quite talkative and lovely. She had everything organised and arranged.

Later after lunch at the pub and a guided tour of Plymouth we had tea and scones with strawberry jam and clotted cream at their home. Her husband was very jovial and amusing. They both know Plymouth very well, of course and had many interesting things to tell one about the place, such as showing where the mayflower departed for America on the 16th September 1620.



The Royal Albert Bridge.

The Royal Albert Bridge pub, where we had lunch, is almost directly under the still amazing Royal Albert (or Saltash) railway bridge across the Tamar River. It is still used and now, alongside it, is the new road bridge. The bridge connects the Cornish Main Line over the River Tamar from Plymouth, Devon, on the one side to Saltash, Cornwall on the other side. It is an outstanding feat of engineering carried out by Isambard Kingdom Brunel constructed between 1846 and its official opening in 1859. The two 139 metres (~456 feet) main lenticular trussed spans were floated into position in two stages

and raised in 1 metre stages while the piers were built beneath them. In total, there are seventeen shorter spans on either side.

After lunch, which they refused to let me pay or contribute toward, we went for a tour of the Barbican area. This is like an esplanade, but quite hilly with a large bay and marina. As the day was sunny and warm, all the locals were out eating fish and chips and queuing for ice cream. Tremendous. They pointed out the plaque commemorating the place where the Mayflower settlers left for North America (where there is a commemorative plaque) and where the Sunderland flying boats took off during the war from the RAF base. The bay curved around to

the right where, if one heads back toward the Brunel Bridge and where they live, is the naval shipyard. This is where my cousin's husband worked as an electrician and later taught others. While we were at the sea front, high up on the esplanade, we saw a submarine come in and anchor in the bay, but it was too far away to photograph. We only saw it properly through my binoculars. We had a very good time with them and left their home after tea and scones about sixish. George insisted on leading us to the motorway to the B+B, even though we had Tom Tom.

We left after breakfast Monday morning, first doing a tour of Paignton and its beaches. Paignton is a typical seaside town with an amusement arcade type pier. Then it was inland to the Dartmoor Forest, on to Exeter and the M5 home to Solihull by about 4:30 pm.

Cornwall

June 2014, my wife's cousin and his wife from South Africa holidayed in the UK While residing with us, we took them to the Dudley Canal and Kinver Rock houses and did a short Severn Valley Railway steam train trip from Bewdley Station to Arley Station and lunch at the nearby Harbour Inn, which is a misnomer, because it is located about halfway up a rather steep slope between the station and the River Severn. All in one day on the 22nd. Then, on the 24th to 27th we went with them in two motor cars to Cornwall. Two cars because we had to return home while they carried on with their holiday. Cornwall is lovely, especially the coastal villages and beaches, often only accessible after negotiating a narrow, winding and steep roads.



The start of the path down to the entrance and ticket office. Part of the ruin can be seen silhouetted against the sky.

After our first night in Cornwall, we travelled together one car to the Tintagel Castle ruin (Leapman, 2005), or Kastel Dintagel in Cornish with its mythical King Arthur connection due to the writing of Welsh cleric Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Regum Britanniae* (History of the Kings of Britain in circa 1135 to 1149). One gets to the spectacular Tintagel Castle ruin by walking down a narrow, winding and steep road. Cars must be parked in the village. There is a long-wheel base Land Rover Defender Station Wagon shuttle service for those who cannot manage the walk. Although, one has to be reasonably fit and able to walk around the ruin, because it is high on a promontory with steep and winding paths.

The ruin, of which there is not much to see, is in two parts, one part on the promontory, the other part on a high nearby island with a narrow chasm between and turbulent sea below. As far as I am concerned, the main attraction is the history of the place and the scenery. Until 2019 when a steel footbridge was completed, the island part was inaccessible. Built in the 13th century by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, there was a cliff high land bridge between the two parts. It disappeared sometime between the 14th and 17th centuries (English Heritage).

Tintagel village, with its grey stone houses and other buildings, such as King Arthur's Great Halls, is picturesque. A tourist trap, but pretty. To quote a notice board outside the Great Halls

building, it was “Built by a romantic millionaire in the 1930s at enormous expense, these vast halls tell the story of King Arthur and his knights. Robert Powell narrates with laser, lights and sound. Imposing granite throne. Round table. Sword in stone. 72 stained glass windows designed & built by a pupil of William Morris. Do come and see us.” Thank you, but no thank you. Anyway, do not know the people mentioned from a bar of soap and King Arthur is a myth.



Left: The old Post Office. So named because it once served as a post office. The medieval manor house dates from the 14th century. Grade I listed, it is owned by the National Trust. Nearby on the right is the King Arthur's Great Halls building.

After an early lunch, from Tintagel we went westward to St Ives (pretty). At Porthgwidden, in St Ives, there was a sandwich board sign advertising the Porthgwidden Beach Café outside a small white building with a similar plaque on a wall. The problem is that the building is a public toilet. From there, there is a narrow path between buildings down to the beach and the Café. Lovely beach. People sitting on benches with ice cream cones, some with 'ankies on 'ead.



A panoramic view of St Ives beach.

On the way from St Ives to Penzance we passed a ruined tin mine building. These were fairly common in this part of the world. Tin and copper were mined in the region since the early Bronze Age, around 2100 BC. Tin mining continued long after other metals, such as silver, zinc and arsenic, became unprofitable.

Of course, at Penzance, one is close to the famous St Michael's Mount, which I first saw on the visit to England in 1975. Still looked the same. Still impressive. It is a tidal island in Mount's Bay. Between low and mid-tide, the island is linked to the nearby town of Marazion by a man-made causeway using granite setts, or blocks. Managed by the National Trust, the castle and chapel has been the home of the St Aubyn family since about 1650.



An abandoned tin mine and St. Michael's Mount.



Mousehole harbour. This coast has a tidal range of ~5-6 metres. 7-10 is not uncommon in the UK.

carried. Not needed on the Isles. Crew 18, speed 15 kt (28 kph) with two Blackstone engines driving two fixed pitch 4-blade bronze propellers. Alternatively, one can fly in 20 minutes from Land's End Airport to the Isles of Scilly Airport via the Isles of Scilly Skybus Limited, which operates four de Havilland DHC-6-300 Twin Otter aircraft. The Isles of Scilly Travel is the trading name of ferry and airline. That evening we had very good pub dinner at The Ship Inn at Wadebridge.

Then westward to the fishing village and holiday resort of Mousehole (pretty, again), Cornish pronunciation mauzel. Not what you were thinking. From Mauzel one can see across Mount's Bay to St Michael's Mount and Penzance to the east. While at Mauzel, we saw the Isles of Scilly ferry returning to Penzance. The 45 kilometres crossing to the isles to the west of Land's End, takes about two and three quarter hours on the Isles of Scilly Steamship Company's RMV Scillonian III ferry. A neat and trim ship. The 485 passenger ship is one of only three ships that still carry the Royal Mail Vessel title. It was built for purpose in Appledore, North Devon, entering service in 1977. No cars



View toward West Looe.

Day 2, we headed east, to the small coastal town and fishing port of Looe, which is 32 km west of Plymouth. Our intention was to follow the rural, scenic coastal roads westward along the south coast, visiting small villages on the way. Rural does not adequately describe many of the roads. We rarely got up to 50 kph. They were frequently so narrow we wondered if we would get through. In places so steep downhill they were negotiated in 1st gear. Really good scenery, not so good for the driver. Looe is located in a steep sided valley divided into

East Looe (Logh in Cornish) and West Looe (Porthbyhan in Cornish) by the River Looe and connected by a bridge some distance inland from the mouth of the river. Connected is misleading. The two parts of Looe evolved as two separate towns each with its own mayor and Members for Parliament. A pleasant place. Not particularly pretty. Maybe because the tide was out at the time.

After winding our way west, we arrived at Bodinnick, a small fishing village on the west bank of the River Fowey with the town of Fowey on the other side. More important to us was the Bodinnick Ferry. The ferry is the only way to cross to Fowey. It takes 5 minutes to cross compared with a 50 minute trip around inland. Fowey (Foy in Cornish from Fowydh, meaning Beech Trees) is a small town and cargo port in existence from before Norman times, that is, before 1066 with a church since the 7th century. From September 1884 there was a railway line to Fowey, primarily to export china clay. Sadly, no more railway. The port became a thriving harbour capable of handling large ships of the day, complete with tugs and the usual paraphernalia associated with a busy harbour. It did need dredging from time to time. It was an important harbour during both World Wars. An interesting place and bigger than one first imagines. Well worth visiting again and spending more time there.



The ferry approaching the Fowey side and our turn to board for the trip across.

Charlestown was our next port of call. It was overcast and gloomy at times while we were there for a brief walk. Maybe this is why I was left with the impression of a depressing and rundown place due to its empty and neglected looking stone wall harbour with a derelict small crane.



A composite of two photographs of Mevagissey inner harbour. The outer harbour beyond.

Mevagissey, on the south coast, was a different kettle of fish where we had take-away cod and chips. Delicious. My wife's cousin also added a pie. I bought a leather belt. A pretty place in a

small valley with an inner and outer harbour stocked with a mixture of fishing boats and pleasure craft. It is said that Mevagissey is the second biggest fishing port in Cornwall. It is also a tourist trap with numerous places to eat and tourist shops next to the harbour. We were spoilt for choices where to buy our fish and chips.

We arrived on the outskirts of Falmouth just before 3:30 via a circuitous route around the Carrick Roads, which is not a road but the large estuary of the River Fal. Falmouth is a large town and biggest port in Cornwall. The arrival of the railway in August 1863 provided an important link for exports and imports and tourists. Its harbour, combined with the Carrick Roads, forms the third deepest natural harbour in the world and deepest in Europe, so they say. The foundation stone for the present docks was laid on the 28th February 1860. With three large dry docks, ship repair is still an important industry, although considerably less than in the past. Its largest dry dock, Queen Elizabeth dock number 2, holds 128 million litres of water. It can be emptied in three hours. The docks handle vessels from luxury yachts to warships, tankers and cruise ships. While we were there, I saw two Royal Navy fleet auxiliary (RFA) ships docked for maintenance, RFA Mounts Bay (L3008) and RFA Lyme Bay (L3007). Two of the three Bay-class Landing Ship Docks, that provide logistic support and amphibious operations. The Pendennis shipyard, established in 1988, is one of the world's leading builders of multi-million-pound luxury yachts. Falmouth is also an international bunkering (refuelling) port. Its oil tank farm houses thousands of tonnes of oil. These days, Falmouth is primarily a tourist and holiday resort. Large roadside notice boards proudly extol the virtues of the place. All in all, an impressive place and also worth visiting again.



Another panoramic view. This time Falmouth. The two RFA ships are visible on the right.

South of the docks on a peninsula, are the remains of Pendennis Castle. Built in 1540, during the reign of Henry VIII, to defend Carrick Roads. During the English Civil War, it was the second to last Royalist fort to surrender to the Parliamentary Army after a lengthy siege in 1646. It was renovated after Charles II was placed on the throne in 1660 (Fedden and Joekes,



Polzeath beach picnic on the north coast.

1982. Andrews, 2009). Defence was modernised during the Napoleonic wars. Rearmed during World War I (not in action) and World War II when it was in action against German Luftwaffe aircraft. By 1956 it was definitely obsolete and became a tourist attraction. The others went in to see it. I remained outside and admired the view.

That evening we had a beach picnic at Polzeath, meaning dry creek, it is a small seaside and holiday village in the civil parish of St Minver on the northern Cornwall coast. About 8 kilometres north of Wadebridge. At

low tide the beach extends about half a kilometre. It is the first time that I and I think the others, had our first beach picnic where one can drive one's car onto the beach and picnic next to the car, or sit nearer to the water than on the promenade. We elected to picnic next to the car. The next day, after breakfast we returned home, leaving cousin and wife to continue their holiday

Devon

From the 4th to the morning of the 7th September 2014, we were in Devon to tour the Dartmoor and Exmoor area. We stayed in the Travelodge in Tavistock Road, Plymouth. Situated in the north of Plymouth, it was a convenient base with quick entrance and exit, to and from home on the motorway. There is also a bus terminus nearby. Handy for trips to the city without car parking and traffic problems.

After finding the place, we headed north to see the sights before checking in in the evening. We had no itinerary, simply going where our noses led us and stopping when we saw something of interest. First stop was to look at the local heritage railway, the South Devon Railway that follows the Dart River from Buckfastleigh Station 10.5 kilometres to Totnes Littlehempston Station, about 150 metres from the Totnes mainline station. Quaint. Always ready for a steam train ride, but it was not to be.



Butterfly maternity ward and otters at the sanctuary.

Then to the nearby Butterfly and Otter Sanctuary. There were also terrapins and otters. The wife is keen on butterflies, so we had to go in. Lots of butterflies in a large walk-in enclosed and controlled environment with naturally growing vegetation and water features. An incredible number of varieties of butterflies, including rows of chrysalis where, as the sign said, "metamorphosis is taking place." In other words, worms were becoming butterflies, including species such as Great Eggfly, Comet Moth and Small Postman (never saw a big one). The otters were more of a side show. Very interesting and pleasant, even a relaxing experience.

The next stop was Buckfast Abbey, Devon. An impressive building. The first abbey was in built 1018. The monastery was surrendered for dissolution in 1539 with buildings left in ruins. The site was used as a quarry, later there was a mansion house.

In 1882 the site was purchased by French Benedictine monks, who reinstated a monastery on the site, dedicated to Saint Mary. The Abbey forms part of a Benedictine monastery, complete with conference centre, education centre, Monastery Guest Quarters, Southgate Retreat Centre, as well as Hotel and self-catering accommodation. It also has a post office and shop. The



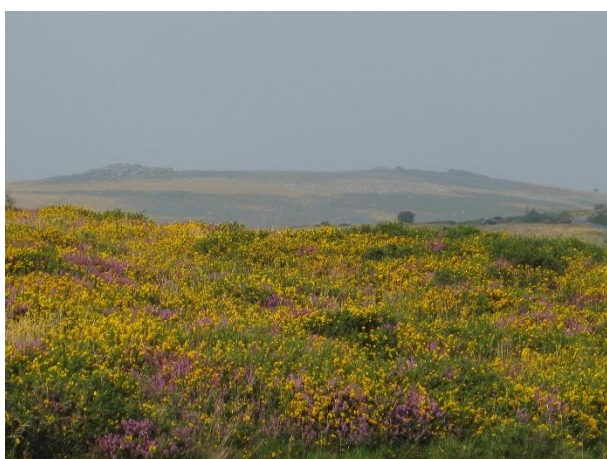
Buckfast Abbey.

enterprise now operates as a Benedictine foundation and is a registered charity under English law. After looking around the place and inside its tourist shop, I decided it was Fast Buck Abbey. I did buy a book marker. During our travels, I built quite a collection of book markers. In no particular order, Hardwick Hall (Derbyshire), Sudbury Hall (Derbyshire), Croft Castle ((Herefordshire), Baddesley Clinton (Warwickshire), Packwood House (Warwickshire), and Leeds Castle (Kent).

We then headed into Dartmoor National Park, first stopping to photograph and read the roadside signboard map with rules and regulations. Dartmoor covers 954 square kilometres. It is the largest area of open country in the south of England. One is cautioned to keep to the 40 mph (65 kph) speed limits and one is welcome to walk where one sees the CROW sign (Countryside and Rights of Way act). Except the sign is not of a crow, but of a person walking in the dip of V shaped ground.

Within the park are small villages or hamlets. There is also a bus service through the area. Go too far north and the map clearly shows one will be in the Dartmoor Military Training Area consisting of Okehampton, Merrivale and Willsworth ranges. The boundaries of these range danger areas are marked on the ground by red and white posts with warning notices. The public has access to these moorland areas except when the ranges are in use for live firing. We stayed clear. Our route north from Buckfast was to Haytor Vale, Postbridge then via Two Bridges back to Plymouth.

Dartmoor consists of moorland dotted with many exposed rounded boulder granite outcrops, or hills known as tors. They date from the geological Carboniferous Period of geological



Dartmoor yellow and purple flowers.

history. The moorland and tors, provide habitats for Dartmoor wildlife. The highest point is High Willhays at 621 metres above sea level. A good part of Dartmoor is covered in thick peat (decaying vegetation). In places where water accumulated, peat forms dangerous bogs sometimes covered by a bright green moss. A lot of the park consists of grass moor, or cotton grass that develops areas of white when flowering. At lower altitude, there is western heath, forming stretches of yellow and purple flowers late summer and autumn, which we were fortunate to see, being there at the right time of the year.

Elsewhere we came upon a Clapper Bridge at the nearby village of Postbridge. A clapper bridge (also known as a post bridge), is the west country name for a bridge spanning a river, or stream, which has one or more flat slabs of stones, resting on stone piers. Dating from around the 12th

to 13th century, it was used for 500 years to cross the Dart River until the present road bridge was built in 1780. The grade II listed bridge is made from 4.5 metre long 6.5 to 8 tons granite slabs with granite cladding piers. The bridge is 12.95 metres long and 2.7 metres at its widest point.



A tor and the 13th century clapper bridge or post bridge at Postbridge with the road bridge behind.



Dartmoor ponies.

At a car park we walked quite a distance uphill to a tor where some people had clambered to the top.

Of course, there are the semi feral Dartmoor Ponies that have existed for centuries, except they are not so semi feral, at least not at the car park. They will casually stick their head through the car window, if it is open, looking for handouts. Obviously, there are people that oblige. At one time they were used by local tin miners and in quarries. We also saw black cattle. Obviously, not feral.

The following day we headed north on the A386 through Tavistock, by-passing the military ranges to the east, through Okehampton to Ilfracombe.

On the way we stopped at the southern approach to Sourton, a small pretty village at the north-eastern edge of Dartmoor, not far from Okehampton. What caught our attention was The Highwayman Inn built in 1812 (seen on the next page). Although the site has been an inn since 1282, it was named The Highway Inn in 1959. It has what is described as unique external features. No argument. The old Launceston to Tavistock coach, in its original maroon colour, is installed as the entrance to the inn, while to the left of the entrance is Sally's Olde Curiosity Shoppe. Next to the parking area is an enchanting and small ye olde house. Hard to describe inside the Inn. Very quirky is apt. It has been described as a fairy tale Aladdin's cave. There is a bar area that looks like the interior of an old wooden ship. Other smaller drinking areas are designed as little different themed coves or grottos.

Ilfracombe is a town and seaside resort with a small harbour on the north Devon coast,



The Highwayman Inn and small ye olde house.



Verity. Tourist transport in foreground.

surrounded by high ground and cliffs. We headed directly to the harbour. The first thing that caught our attention was the hideous Damien Hirst statue Verity that is on long term loan to North Devon Council as a gift from the artist. Verity means a true principle or belief. Made of stainless steel and bronze, weighing 25 tonnes, it stands 20.25 metres high at the entrance to the harbour looking toward Wales. One half looks, shall we say normal, the other half exposes sinew, bone and a cutaway foetal view. It is supposed to be an “allegory for truth and justice.” Unfortunately, it is weather and lightning

proof. It was also wind tunnel tested and can withstand high winds. Pity. The truth be told, if there is any justice, it would be removed, or destroyed, or both.



Yet another panoramic view. This time Ilfracombe seen from the old chapel and lighthouse.

Adjoining the harbour is St Nicholas’s Chapel and lighthouse on the top of Lantern Hill. The chapel dating back to 1321 was built as a place of worship for people living and working around the harbour. From the Middle Ages the chapel maintained a light to guide ships to the harbour. It is still a working lighthouse. When King Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries in 1540 it ceased to be a chapel. Since then, it has been alternatively, derelict, a laundry, store room and family home. However, the lantern kept going.

A ferry transports passengers and goods to Lundy Island. Lundy, 19 kilometres off the Devon coast in the Bristol Channel, is a marine conservation and nature reserve. Managed by the Landmark Trust on behalf of the National Trust. It has a resident population of about 30, consisting of a warden, a ranger, an island manager, a farmer, bar and house-keeping staff and volunteers, most of whom live in the village on the south of the island. Visitors are mostly day-

trippers, although there is a camp site for over-night visitors and there are 23 holiday properties.

From Ilfracombe we headed east to the Exmoor National Park and the small coastal twin towns of Lynton and Lynmouth at the confluence of the West Lyn and East Lyn rivers. Lynton is situated on a coastal ridge, Lynmouth below at the river mouth. Driving through Lynton we saw a sign that indicated a cliff railway, the Lynton and Lynmouth Cliff Railway, also known as a funicular.

It reminded me of the funicular at Brighton Beach, in Durban, when I was a child. A funicular is a cable railway in which a cable attached to a pair of tram-like vehicles on rails that moves them up and down a steep slope; the ascending and descending vehicles counterbalance each other. The Brighton Beach had a single track. The carriage was counterbalanced by a trolley that fitted under the carriage on a narrower track.



Lynton and Lynmouth Cliff Railway at the top and at the bottom/.



The Lynton and Lynmouth Cliff Railway is water driven. When each car is 'docked' with full water tanks (700 gallons) at both stations the cars are in balance (weighing the same) and are ready for loading. While passengers board, the variations are accommodated for by the brakes which clamp the cars to the rails. Each car's brakes can hold the weight of both cars fully laden. In addition to this the lower car has a water operated locking device which clamps the car to the bottom station. When loaded, the drivers use pre-arranged bell signals, unlock the safety locking device, then both car's brakes are released. The lower driver then discharges water (if required) to make the top car heavier. Sometimes this is achieved with the weight of passengers alone and no water is used. The top car then rolls down the rails at the same time pulling the lower car up. The water is not damaged or polluted in any way, just used as ballast and dropped on the beach at Lynmouth about 100 metres away from the river, from which it was taken.

The Lynmouth and Lynton Lift Company was formed through an Act of Parliament in 1888 which gave them perpetual right to extract up to 60,000 gallons of water a day, quite a foresight all those years ago.

After our return trip to the bottom, we repaired to the next-door restaurant for tea and scones.

We then made the scenic drive inland alongside the East Lyn River before heading east to Dunster Castle and nearby Dunster village. The castle is impressive and not a ruin. We decided not to go in. The village was pretty. We then made the rather long drive back to our place of rest.

The next day, the 6th, after a leisurely start and a meandering sightseeing drive into Plymouth and the docks we headed to my cousin and her husband to lunch at a local pub, then back to the hotel and home.

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