Knox Grammar School has had a successful United Kingdom GAP Program operating since the early 1980s, which has seen hundreds of Knox boys enjoy a year working at schools such as Fettes College, Bradfield College and Uppingham. Since 2005 GAP students have been able to apply for the Simon Tucker Bequest, named in memory of Simon Tucker whose GAP experience at Fettes was the ‘best time he ever had’.

A recent recipient was Tom Cave and his GAP year experiences gained added poignancy due to the death of his father whilst he was overseas.

“I wandered lonely as a cloud…”
- William Wordsworth: 1807

The great arm of Alfred Wainwright's Coast to Coast Walk stretches over England's Lakes District, Yorkshire Dales and North York Moors for 300km from the West coast of the Irish Sea to the East coast of the North Sea. The single tracks weaving between craggy fells, paths that cut through the green paddocks and stiff climbs find it rare to see walkers during late October as winter draws near.

With a 10 day mid-term break from Feltonfleet School, where I was spending my GAP year, and plenty of vacant accommodation it seemed the most convenient, however somewhat risky time to do the walk. A day or so before the walk it was clear why this time was considered off-season for the walk; not only because of the cold but because of the forecast of rain for the week of the walk. With my pack and maps waterproofed ready to go I could hear in my head a somewhat distant yet familiar voice, "You haven't forgotten anything have you?"

With the freedom that comes with a GAP year it was easy, and quite nice to let it fade. With the short time I had it was only going to be possible to reach the town of Shap, a village just short of 100km from the Irish Sea. This allowed a 6 day walk through the breathtaking Lakes District, arguably the most enjoyable section of the walk.

The walk starts in the coastal village of St. Bees with St. Bees Head as the most western point of Northern England, overlooking the bitterly cold Irish Sea. After a hearty English breakfast consisting of the usual bacon, eggs, sausages, mushroom and tomato, a 20km walk to Ennerdale Bridge was ahead of me for the first day. The walk up the coast to St. Bees Head was simply amazing. The track followed the wind and sea battered red cliffs for a short kilometre before heading inland through farmland following hundred year old stone walls. For the first day the weather had been rather pleasant and whilst fairly overcast the odd ray of sunshine was able to creep through the dense clouds. As I looked toward the mountains that occupied the Lakes District National Park I had a small bit of hope as it looked as if there was a chance the rain would hold off. The walk through the public pathways on farmlands was wonderful. There was only the sound of my footsteps on the soft grass and the odd whinny or bleat as the farm animals watched and made sure I closed their farm gate properly. The first climb was to the summit of Dent and at 1131 feet was one of the smaller heights reached in the walk. The West coast was no longer in sight and looking ahead through the thin mist, I could make out paddocks and farms lined with trees scattering the countryside. The walk from Dent to Ennerdale Bridge followed a small stream that twisted through valleys, the crystal water gently trickling through as if trying not to disturb the mountains that surrounded it. After the first day of walking my legs were still wanting more but the farmhouse I was staying at for the night was a welcome sight.

After falling asleep to the sound of rain it was comforting to wake up to what I hoped to be a dry day. It was not comforting, however, to hear that there had been another forecast for rain in the area and I set off in hope of avoiding it. The walk through the small town of Ennerdale was very quiet and it looked like the town had left before the cold bite of winter had arrived. From there it was a short walk winding through trees, the path and trees themselves covered in leaves of green, yellow and orange. Once entering the open air again Ennerdale Water gave me a harsh greeting. The track ran close to the
The gentle climb to Gibson Knott saw the heavens open and the rain began to fall. Even though the rain did not seem to have a plan of ceasing it was a spectacular sight to see the sheets of rain falling over the mountains and miles beyond. As I reached Helm Crag the wind began to pick up and I sheltered behind the crag after feeling a few harsh cold bites from it. The rain had just about drained itself out and calmed to a light drizzle. The descent from Helm Crag into the town of Grasmere was quite treacherous and rocky. The track curved and twisted, somehow finding a way down the sharp daggers of rocks. The rain made it somewhat slippery and it was a slow climb down and I wondered whether going up or down was more of a challenge.

I reached Grasmere in relatively good condition; my waterproof gear had done its job. I had two nights in Grasmere as there were a few attractions to see and I don’t think I’d ever had a better sleep-in, the morning after arriving. The town seemed to be quite touristy, perhaps not for those looking for somewhere a little more quiet and genuine but nonetheless it was very interesting. Dove Cottage is one of the more well known attractions of the town as it was home to William Wordsworth who wrote most of his poetry during his time there which would no doubt have been inspired by the surrounding environment.

As I came toward the end of the walk the feeling of exhaustion in my legs became more noticeable although the day in Grasmere had helped to an extent. They would need all the strength they could muster as the walk from Grasmere to Patterdale was not an easy one either. Before passing the small stream of Little Tongue the track took me up to Grisedale Pass which overlooks a small lake at the top of the fell. The view was spectacular and ahead of me three different routes lay ahead. I had planned to brave the Helvellyn alternative, a treacherous ridge walk along Striding Edge, however once again the clouds had claimed the top of the mountain. So down the valley I went looking up at what Wainwright describes as “an eternity of toll”. A fair way along the track I reached Ruthwaite Lodge, constructed in the mid 1800s as a rest house for mountaineers. From here the track descended quite steeply yet each step of the way the scenery seemed to become more and more breathtaking with cascades along the track before it turns into an old horse and cart track. The track easily descends past a farm before being greeted by Patterdale. The town is lovely. It is shadowed by the monstrous Helvellyn on one side and the other holds a magnificent view of green valleys dotted with lakes. After a very heavy meal at the White Lion Inn and a long day of walking, bed at 8pm did not seem such a bad idea. As my legs gave sigh of relief once I lay down I realised how quickly the walk had passed, however my body would have to disagree as it felt as if I had been walking for twice as long and up twice as many hills.

I awoke to yet another grey, overcast day however I would sooner greet a cool breeze than the heat of the sun or the misery of the rain. The final walk between Patterdale and Shap is just over 25km and one of the longer legs...
was built during the 12th and 13th centuries. The setting was quite a simple one from here as the track follows the ridge of the mountain before meeting with the Haweswater. The descent is quite a simple one from here as the track follows the ridge of the mountain before meeting with the Haweswater. The temperature of the water I decided not to dive in. The walk provided a stunning backdrop which gently rolls down to the Angle Tarn Lake. The track then slides down the side of the mountain before climbing up again to reach the peak of The Knott at around 2500 feet. The descent is quite a simple one from here as the track follows the ridge of the mountain before meeting with the Haweswater. The track then curves and turns following a stone wall, passing a few farms before arriving at what remains of Shap Abbey. The abbey was built during the 12th and 13th centuries. The setting was quite a simple one from here as the track follows the ridge of the mountain before meeting with the Haweswater. The track then curves and turns following a stone wall, passing a few farms before arriving at what remains of Shap Abbey. The abbey was built during the 12th and 13th centuries. The setting was spectacular and one could only imagine the beauty of what it would have looked like when it was first built. The abbey is surrounded by lovely valleys, hidden amongst the trees with the River Lowther flowing nearby and yet is hidden from any view from afar. The abbey itself is all but ruins save for the tower just falling short of its original height. As I walked down a thin road guarded by two limestone walls the sight of Shap was a welcome one. It is very small, home to only a few shops and pubs along with its several B&Bs clinging on to the one main road of the town. Before a good night’s rest a celebratory beer was in order at the Bulls Head Pub which did a very good job of putting me to sleep.

The Coast to Coast was something my father had dreamt of doing but sadly he passed away in March last year. I wish he could have been there walking next to me. I was thrilled to have the opportunity to do this walk and I know my father was pleased that the books and maps he had collected on the walk were going to good use. I would definitely recommend that anyone heading on GAP or going on a trip to England consider giving it a go; perhaps even the entire 190 mile (around 300km). Wainwright believes that after Patterdale “there is nothing ahead as good” after walking through the Lakes District it is hard to imagine what could be. The people in the area are very friendly and welcoming; the owners of the B&Bs and guest houses offering any advice on the walk or news of bad weather. The terrain is amazing, from the treacherous mountain paths to the sweeping green English paddocks. I have never seen anything like it and it made for an incredible and unforgettable walk.

**Tom Cave, OKG 06**

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**Obituary - Jonathan Robert Cave OKG 76, 1959 – 2007**

Jonathan was the second son of Lynette and the late Mylles Cave and younger brother to Charles. He attended Knox Grammar from his early days and enjoyed the many years spent at Knox participating in rugby, cricket and tennis.

After leaving school Jon studied architecture at New South Wales University for two years before swapping to complete a building degree.

Jon’s building degree led him into quantity surveying. Five years later, Jon started up Cave and Associates with a rapidly expanding list of architects and builders. Jon was a Councilor on the AIQS NSW Chapter for several years before taking up the role of Treasurer in 2002. For his service to the profession and its members, Jon was awarded the Chapter President’s Medal.

Jon’s love of sport led him to meet his wife, Chris. They played for many years in the same tennis team in the Hornsby Killara District Tennis Association. In 1986 Jon and Chris were married and 21 years of a wonderful life together pursuing many mutual interests, followed. Their first year of marriage was spent working in London and traveling in the UK and Europe.

On returning to Australia in 1987 a house was purchased in Cheltenham. Over the years, the house and the garden were worked on extensively and Jon used his own design to extend the house.

In 1988 Jon’s first child Thomas (OKG 06) was born and in 1990 his second child Annie was born. He was an affectionate and good natured father who was always there and could be approached at any time. Jon treasured his time at home with this family.

Holidays were had driving extensively through NSW, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania and Kangaroo Island. Two years before Jon passed away his family spent four weeks, during the month of January in the south of France in the Languedoc and Dordogne regions.

Jon excelled at his sports, particularly with the bat and ball. He always played tennis and in his later years, golf. Golf became his passion and he became a member of the Pennant Hills Golf Club. After 12 months, a few lessons and a round once a week, Jon won the C Grade Championship.

Not only was Jon a talented and competitive sportsman, he was a collector of antiques and china. He loved reading and looking into his family history. He enjoyed working with wood and when time permitted, items were turned and objects were made. He loved having a beer after his sport and for a short time started brewing his own.

Jon was an unassuming man who possessed a quiet confidence and inner strength.

Jon passed away at the age of 47 years in March, 2007.

This lovely gentle man who was loved and admired by many, will remain forever in our hearts.