

# Romantique on the LFW catwalk



Newby Bridge designer Angy Morton is to take her designs to the capital as part of London Fashion Week this month.

Angy, of Romantique Couture, will be holding a one-hour catwalk show and a two-day static exhibition at the Strand Palace Hotel as part of the Fashion Mavericks

event on September 17 and 18 (apply to Angy for an invitation, see [www.romantiquecouture.com](http://www.romantiquecouture.com)).

Angy will be exhibiting both her couture collections as well as Stolen Dreams, which fuses football and fashion, and Spectrum in Four Seasons, plus showcasing other projects.

then. The foaming head soon disappeared. There was not a bubble in it."

Arriving at the hostelry she found its ambience similarly flat, and lifting it somewhat was a challenge equivalent to that facing Hillary and Tenzing on their conquest of Everest (which also coincided with her arrival). She was 26 and it was a hard school. It was unknown in those days for women to go into pubs and when she decorated the bar, painting the nicotine-stained walls and hanging curtains, there was a furore. "What is this? A blooming bedroom?" was a reaction. The dozen big hooks fastened in the ceiling were not for curing hams but for accommodating shotguns. Following pheasant shooting days the men would put their guns up there out of reach as "they used to get tight".

No day out in the western Lakes was complete without a visit to "Annie's", a favourite haunt of Cocker mouth mountain rescue team, Honister 92 cycling club and Morris dancers. Keswick butcher Peter Myers, who runs his emporium in New York, says: "If Annie's had been in Manhattan complete with its flag floors, oak beams, the dancing flames of the fire and her real ale, she would be an absolute legend and a millionaire several times over. New Yorkers just love that kind of pub." At which, on hearing this pronouncement, any of her regulars would have chipped in with "and not only New Yorkers, lad, and not only New Yorkers".

**Peter Myers, his corner of Keswick tucked away in the concrete canyons of Manhattan,** has just become a grandfather, his daughter Jennifer giving birth to a baby girl called Isabella Mary. A grand Cumbrian name that, marra, and the apple of his eye. Who knows Isabella too might one day start her day like "Grand-fadda" at 10am, and open up as he calls it, "that Last Bastion of Albion in Manhattan"? No, not the British Consulate on Third Avenue, but Myers of Keswick on Hudson Street. Motto: Best Cumberland Sausage West of Allonby.

■ *Ambleside-based climber and freelance journalist Tony Greenbank writes a fortnightly Lake District Country Diary for The Guardian.*