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Dear Sir/Madam

This is one man's thoughts on why wildfowling should be classed as a heritage activity. I am 70 years old, and the following are examples of wildfowling legacy on Holy Island and the surrounding area that was once under the Lindisfarne NNR area. I live in the same house as my great grandfather lived in on Holy Island, his name was Selby Allison, he was Able Chapmans puntsman when he came to the island. He is mentioned in his books as well as other authors like "BB". As I was growing up my father and uncles told me stories of punting and wildfowling. I was 12 years old when I first went in a punt. When my uncles came home from World War Two, this first winter home they hunted wildfowl semi-professionally (Crabs & Lobsters were sent to Billingsgate on the train from Berwick, they sent wicker baskets of ducks to Smithfield on the same train). Growing up ducks were a regular Sunday meal, so could smell roasting ducks walking down the street, ducks would be kept over to eat cold throughout the week. Before refrigeration ducks were cooked and put into class Kilner Jars filled up with fat and stored in a cool place we called them meat safes where the wind could blow through over meat and keep them cool. When plucking and cleaning the ducks the breast down feathers were kept separate in a box under stairs. The Bloody damaged feathers were discarded but the clean down feathers were put in Brown paper bags and dried on the clothes pulleys in the kitchen, when dry they were used to fill pillows and cushions. Over the last 50/60 years numerous of articles in the shooting press have involved myself and family and the Island. At the end of the season, we held a Duck supper, where Ducks were shared around with men who did not shoot (men only, no equal opportunities in those days). Today even with the Island population falling young men are keeping the wildfowling tradition going hopefully for many more years.

yours always in life

Collin Teago