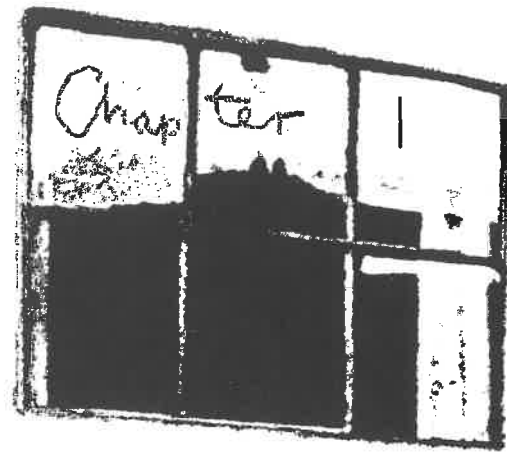


*that was  
then...*



*He wasn't much in the eyes of the world. He  
never made history. But he was the world to me  
– my dad – now there was a man!*

Factories. Rain. "What about the workers!" Shades of grey. My dad. He'd give advice like a sweet-tasting pill. None of your cod liver oil about 'arry Jones. Just a feeling of strength and security.

I remember as a kid, holding his big hand and being carried by him. Mine are as big now and I've carried my own children, so I know—he liked it. Own up—how many of you can remember conking out so that you got carried? First you fake tiredness—drop back a few times and get shouted at—then you get picked up and carried. I'd start just around Peter Pan Park; and by the railway bridge, near the reservoir, I'd be faking it—just to get that feeling of being carried.

My dad wasn't a tall man. He wasn't short. He was about this big. What he actually did at British Railways ("the tank," as he called it) was always a mystery. All we knew was he went and he came back. I spotted him when he turned the corner — it was the way he walked — proud — swaggering — swinging his arms —

He also seemed to paint the kitchen for most of my childhood.  
Twice a year, regular as Cup Final and Christmas, until I was about



NO SMOKING