

DADZINE

A TRIBUTE TO ADRIAN WALSH

BY JAMES WALSH



The Eulogy (Abridged)

My name is James and I'm Adrian's son.



You don't want to be here. I don't want to be here. None of us want to be here. Dad's death was too soon, and he was far too young; too vital a presence in too many people's lives.

I've actually put off writing these words for as long as I can, because to write a eulogy is to accept someone is no longer here, something none of us in the Walsh family are quite ready to do. Even writing the past tense to describe him is unutterably sad, jarring and wrong.

Adrian Walsh was an extraordinary man: kind, funny, clever, loving, and brilliant.

It's totally baffling that he's no longer here. We're all still in shock.

We've been overwhelmed by the kindness shown to us by everyone since his sudden passing, and also have loved all the stories we've been told, which are all of him being kind - that word comes up again and again - supportive, helpful, a true gent, and generally a bit of a legend.

Sometimes people die and one is shocked at how many people's lives that person had touched, but there was no surprise here. Just gratitude to hear about it.

Contrary to what Thatcherites and libertarians believe, there is such a thing as society.

Humans are social animals and our worth is

judged, at least for me, not on how much wealth you have managed to hoard in your short time on earth, but on how many people's lives you have positively impacted. We are all stories, in the end, and Dad's stories will live on through all of us.

And his is a story of someone who cared, someone who loved, even if his upbringing made him someone who didn't use that word very often. He was someone who enlivened a room and enlivened all our lives.

Friendship and family are the two words that come up most in the word association game of the mind when I think of Adrian Walsh. Followed closely by Stalin, admittedly.



Family first. Adrian loved Yvonne, his wife and partner for five decades. She is one of the most wonderful, caring and supportive people on this earth, and Dad was extremely grateful to have met and spent a life with her.

Dad was extremely proud of me and Lucy, his two children. As Lucy said to me, he was a good dad, and always encouraged us to do what we wanted. He wasn't pushy about getting good grades but was always proud of whatever we achieved.

And of course, his parents, and his sisters, and their kids, and his wider family were so important to him, as you can read my aunties talk about later in this programme.



As well as family, so important to Dad were his friends. Now men of Adrian's generation - I'm sure the boomers here won't mind me saying this - aren't necessarily the best at expressing their feelings, especially to other men.

His two best friends for many years, so far as I could judge, were Pete Millard and John Banks. Banks I knew well, as I know a lot of you did, and many of my cherished childhood memories involve him, my auntie Brenda, and my dad and mum. Especially our final voyage on *Squandabug*, our strangely named cabin cruiser, which we sold after Lucy was born - I will forgive you for this one day, sis.

But he talked with such love and generosity of the people he knew and the people he met over the years, whether it was an inexplicable story involving the legendary Burt Lancaster or speaking with admiration for Trevor's decision to study at Nottingham as a mature student.

Dad was profoundly affected by the early deaths of Banks and Pete, and found it hard to talk about. But it was clear they were both hugely important people to him. Pete was a quiet man, and I only got to know him well towards the end of his life, but he was a



With Pete Millard on HMS Shetland

very intelligent and thoughtful man, as of course was Banks.

But he was a very loving and loyal friend to all, and I'm profoundly grateful so many of you were able to come here today to celebrate his life.

There will never be enough words or enough time to celebrate my Dad, but I'm going to share a couple of stories.

One was my first school disco, aged eleven, and my first date, later the same year.

My dad was unbelievably excited that I was going on a date - with Sarah Cooper, Lucy, you're middle name is named after her, sorry about that - to see Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves at the Showcase Cinema in Nottingham.

It was a double date with Dan Ram, who really "fan-cied" Stephanie Whitely.

Honestly I didn't know what a date even meant at that age, and mainly asked Sarah because Dan was too scared to ask Stephanie himself.

But Dad was phenomenally excited. I believe he gave me TWENTY POUNDS for the date, an insane amount of money for 1991. Most of which was spent on popcorn, popcorn thrown at friends from my school who had found out about it and decided to sit directly behind us to watch.

And thanks to his days at MAFF, I went to my first school disco wearing a "Rabies: bringing it in is madness" T-shirt.

I got a lot of my love for music, film, comedy, and culture from my Dad - and mum.

Dad had a habit of showing me films when I was a kid that were, shall we say, intended for slightly older audiences, just to go with the fact I was reading Private Eye and Viz magazine from about the age of seven.

Sometimes the timing of this wouldn't be great, like when we watched Airplane! the night before my first ever flight to Majorca, and getting into trouble with my childminder for lending her son a VHS tape of The Blues Brothers.

But the one that stands out is Blazin' Saddles. A wonderful film, one of Mel Brooks' finest. But with a lot of language in it that wasn't appropriate THEN, never mind now, and a pisstaking, ironic, offensive dynamic that could be confusing to, you know, an eight year old kid.

So he sat me down, and said "Before you watch this, you have to remember: the people they're taking the mickey out of here are the white people, not the black people."

And that was it. One sentence that meant I was able to go to school the next day without saying something that would get me suspended forever.

As I said earlier, my dad was of a geezer generation who didn't talk much about their feelings. But on Christmas Eve last year, after a light ale or two in my parents' lovely little local taproom in Southsea, me and him went back to the house and had a glass of wine with mum.

And obviously, this felt like the ideal opportunity to tell them I'm most likely ADHD, and am at least not, as we say in the current lingo, neurotypical.

Mum wasn't convinced by this self-diagnosis - "being unable to concentrate on tasks? That could be anyone!" - but my dad was just sat there, glass of wine in hand, quiet, listening to what I had to say.

And finally, with an air of puzzlement, he just said...

"Well to me, you've just always been the perfect son".

And you were the perfect dad. I love you, dad.



With Dad and Grandad in Howard Road approximately 1996, judging by the curtains.



Top: with Uncle Dave, Uncle Dave (2), Auntie Nuala, Mum, Grandad, Grandma, Lucy, and Charlie the dog. Bottom: outside The Pelican.





Adrian was a kind, generous, bighearted person and as many people have already said to me, a true gentleman who was always there for his family and friends.

I would like to thank everyone for their support during Adian's time in hospital, especially to Nuala who looked after me so brilliantly.

He loved his children James and Lucy and was very proud of them both, and a special time was spent at Lucy and Josh's wedding, although he wouldn't let anyone see his wonderful African dancing at the second ceremony – yes it was pretty bad.

Adrian went to see James at his comedy nights in Brighton which he enjoyed, although I feel it may have been his favourite 'Harveys' beer that got him there!

Adrian was always early to meet ups and appointments, and I was late - who do I now ask to look up my train times and make sure I leave on time?

He loved the sea enjoyed the long sea journey to St Malo in France but even a 3 min ferry crossing to Gosport was a delight to him, he also loved walking

and reading history of WW2, Russian history and in earlier days him and his friend Pete could give you all the facts of the American Civil War.

His love of politics and sense of humour made him a fan of 'Have I got news for you' and he had a subscription to Private Eye which kept him going on his visits to the launderette- I wondered why he volunteered so readily until I discovered that the pub up the road again served his favourite 'Harveys' beer!

We are all missing him so much.

Yvonne Walsh

Adrian was a good Dad, and always encouraged us to do what we wanted. He wasn't pushy about getting good grades but was always proud of whatever we achieve. He always trusted us that when we went out we'd come home - he's always give me £20 for a taxi home

He was genuinely there for us if we needed him for anything.

Lucy Walsh

On March 19 1996 Nottingham Forest played Bayern Munich in the second leg of a UEFA Cup game. I asked the well-known Millwall and Forest supporter Adrian if he could get me a ticket and lo and behold I had one.

I went up to Nottingham by train, met Adrian, and while he went off to meet some friends in a Victorian-style pub, I went to the game. My seat was almost in the directors' box which made life over the next couple of hours a little challenging as Bayern thrashed Forest 5-1.

The Forest directors and guests were obviously a thirsty lot as there was a lot of beer, Canadian lager and wine on offer in the vicinity and I know he would have taken proper advantage so I did, on his behalf.

The following morning we met at the station where he suggested we break our journey with a visit to Ye Old Trip to Jerusalem, England's oldest pub. We were back on the manor, as he would say, towards early evening whereupon he suggested we meet his sidekick Pete Millard and have one of his ubiquitous light ales in the New Malden Tavern or whatever name it was operating under at the time.

Adrian often talked of taking a swift light ale but as far as I can remember I never saw him drink one in almost 50 years, though when a few weeks ago I mentioned passing his favourite pub near the Oval, the long-closed Durham Arms, he came back with memories of drinking light and bitter there at one and eight pence a pint.

I nicknamed Adrian Secret Squirrel, after the cartoon character for the coats he wore, so it was only right that the faithful Millard became known as Morocco Mole; he turned up en route to the New Malden Club, scene of many a jocular evening.

Editor's note: Chris is a lovely fella, whom dad and I met via the legendary John Banks. What he doesn't recall is I was also there for the March 19th 1996 Forest defeat in the quarter-finals of the UEFA Cup, dad meeting me and Chris at a terrible pub on the Market Square in Nottingham, and my bumping into my old neighbour Sukhdev Singh at the match itself.

Sure we lost 5-1 (7-2 on aggregate), but we scored the final goal, and all we Forest fans sang "Last team in Europe, we're the last team in Europe..." for the final fifteen minutes straight. And Forest are exceedingly unlikely to get into European Football Competition again, and my interest in football has waned extremely in the intervening years, so... thanks Dad for getting me there.

In February in the Royal Oak during a brief visit, Adrian recalled two incidents in the Club which have stood the test of time of absurdity. These involved non-members, one nicknamed Colonel Pinstripe (for his omnipresent blue suit) and the other, a hairpiece-wearing fellow we nicknamed Cyril the Syrup.

Both were part of an investment club which met there regularly. One occasion, Cyril ambled in and turned his head to his right as he muttered good evening to members including Adrian and Alan Gourlay. As he did, his hairpiece, which resembled a beehive, continued in a straight line.



Another evening, Pinstripe came striding in ahead of a fellow investor and suddenly bent down to fiddle with his shoelace, generously allowing the latter to reach the bar first. It always seemed that this lot drank half pints. "What will you have? A half?" asked the latter, rattling coins in his pocket.

"I think I could manage a pint," Pinstripe replied, to the visible dismay of his fellow investor at the bar and merriment in the cheaper seats where one person in particular, named Walsh, was convinced that Pinstripe was wearing slip on shoes.

Chris Mayer

A Tribute From Adrian's Sisters



Adrian was the first born, on our dad's birthday, so that must have made his arrival even more special. He was followed by us four girls, Brenda, Imelda, Maura and Nuala, so poor Adrian was outnumbered by females, which couldn't have been easy, especially when we hit our teens!

When Adrian had his first week of school in Vauxhall, our parents noticed that their little Irish boy had become a South Londoner.

He had quite the cockney twang, and on our family trips back to Ireland we were often jokingly asked by our relatives to translate for them. As one cousin remarked "I have so many fond memories of Adrian when the Walsh family came to Ireland in the Summer - my tall, skinny, blonde cousin who always made us laugh and was always getting into mischief".

He would often use cockney rhyming slang, such as dog and bone for a phone and that was one of the things we loved about him.

When we were young he was our cool older brother with his love of cars, levi jeans, long hair and afghan coats.



Before his wedding, our mother pleaded with Adrian to have his shoulder length hair cut - nothing doing. But he did have it cut - a week after the wedding.

He lived life to the full and was full of kindness, to us and to others. He loved it when we all got together for family gatherings or our many family holidays in France.

We could not have asked for a better big brother to look out for us over the years, and we will miss him greatly.

But he will always be in our hearts.





He was a good bloke, I'll always remember him driving up from London in the Range Rover to help us move, and then revving the engine as the last box was taken out of the boot, shouting "BE HAPPY!"

And shooting off down the road and out of sight.

Andy Dickson (below right!)



Where the suburbs met utopia
What kind of dream was this?

- Pet Shop Boys

New Malden is back in the news today, he says, like New Malden is often in the news. It's a Guardian article about a local football team, with a forty year old man having an epiphany in a new Malden gastropub toilet.

"Hang on", I thought. "New Malden doesn't have a gastropub..."

"They must mean the Glasshouse...", replied my friend Kamal, correctly, after I had relayed this to him via the internet.

The glasshouse isn't a sodding gastropub. It's the Railway with a lick of paint and slightly fancier chips.

Dad spent quite a lot of time in New Malden. This is possibly an understatement: his family moved there in 1970, and he lived there for much of the following half a century, apart from the nine or so years he was in Nottingham, nearer to mum's family, and the reason I have such a confused accent.

Grandma (the wonderful Carmel Walsh) always talked about moving out from Vauxhall to New Malden being "like moving to the country". It really must have seemed it, then, even if it was only a few stops down the Waterloo line - away from the fumes and dirt of what was still very much an industrial city, to a little place that barely existed before the coming of the railway.

We first lived on Beverley Road - I still know Anthony, my neighbour from that time - and then on Cambridge Road, before we headed off to the east Midlands.

But it was always Howard Road that felt like the centre of it all.

As a kid, some of my earliest memories are playing on the road with other local kids - something that would obviously not happen now, as cars get larger and satnavs send people down side roads. There

were other Irish people who lived on the road, including Hugh and Geraldine across the way, with their daughter Caroline, who taught me about Marc Almond.

I remember parties, listening to the Pogues, and people always popping in and out. And also getting into trouble for pretending to go to church and instead just kind of wandering about (thanks, Caroline).

There was a pub by the A3 motorway that used to be popular with the Kray brothers, but that was before our time.

It's now a doughnut drive-thru.

Random recollections aside, I think I want to write about New Malden because a sense of place is important to me, and is one that is becoming increasingly lost as property becomes an investment rather than a home.

Howard Road, now, is home to a different class of people to who were there in the 1970s and 1980s. It's enormous cars and people who can afford more than a million quid for somewhere to live.

One thing I loved about Dad was how he knew so many people locally. He would talk to everyone and anyone, and would of course occasionally avail himself of the local hostelries.

But what was incredible to me was for quite how long he had known them for, especially for my not-by-choice, increasingly peripatetic generation.

I remember once, sat in the bar of the Royal Oak, home of many an auntie wedding reception and, in more recent years, comedy gig.

I was there with my dad and his mates, some of whom I'd known for years - Nigel, Gerry, Chris.

There was one guy whose name I had forgotten, and we got chatting about this and that.

I asked him how long he'd known Adrian, and he said "well, I was in the Tavern with him celebrating your birth...".

I'll always enjoy memories of hanging out with my grandparents and my Dad's sisters, who would pop in for lunch and to help with the crossword. And I'll remember tougher times too - especially the last few years with Jim, Adrian's father and my grandfather, who suffered terribly with Alzheimer's, an affliction that affected him and, by extension, all of us terribly.

Surburbia had a big ol' impact on postwar culture. They were places of boredom but also places of safety; boredom begets creativity, after all. From the two towers by the station, creating an eternal wind tunnel for new arrivals, to the multistorey car park near the swimming pool, I've walked New Malden's streets a thousand times and always dreamed them anew.



At Howard Road a few Christmases ago

In the early noughties, I started a blog about New Malden.

This was the early, naive days of the internet. I wasn't really expecting anyone to be reading.

Suddenly, I had tens of thousands of readers a month. Even Channel 4 News' Samira Ahmed, who lives up the hill in posh Coombe, emailed me to say how much she enjoyed it.

This was baffling to me, given the whole thing was a mock-ironic take on how normal the place was, with occasional suggestions of how it could be improved (bid for the Olympics, do the wrestling on the top of the Apex Tower, was I think one suggestion)

Things got weird pretty quickly. I started getting recognised. A guy left a comment going "you get the 8:03 to Waterloo every day, don't you? You always go for the last carriage."

Like I said, it was the naive, early days of the internet.

And my dad mercifully didn't read **any** of this, because he had his work emails printed out and mailed to him until at least 2011.

Inspired by Bill Drummond of the KLF (wait - come back!), I'm planning to say a psychogeographic farewell to New Malden (don't worry, auntie Nuala - I'll still come visit).

And this means following Beverley Brook, from source to Thames.

It rises in Worcester Park, travels down the back of that first New Malden house I lived in, and then makes its way through Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park on its way to the Thames at Putney.

I'll paddle its waters, and hope I don't catch something nasty courtesy of our glorious privatised water companies. And at New Malden, I will emerge from the stream, doff my cap to the places we lived, and drink in the town's remaining pubs.

I'll even go to the Korean karaoke bar that was once the New Malden Tavern.

And that way, the circle will be complete.

James Walsh





Mum and Dad camping in Scotland, possibly with auntie Sheena. Seems unlikely but here is photographic evidence.

Excellent jacket 10/10; trousers don't look particularly suitable for wet underfoot conditions. I do like the bright orange backpack though: I'm guessing he used it like a beacon to find his way back to the campsite....



Dad as a baby, with his dad Jim and his mum Carmel second from right. Grandad looks so happy, and Dad looks like he's pondering the great unknown...

My parents' taste in music, and my dad's especially, shaped a lot of who I am now as a person. It might be strange for younger people to believe this, but from 1956 until approximately 12th March 1998 the pop single - or the vinyl 45, as it was for much of that time - was the perfect, most essential unit of culture. What's number one this week? Nobody knows, and if David Bowie was 17 now he'd probably be figuring out how to be an influencer rather than a pop star.

But in 1967...

Roughly speaking, my dad's appreciation of popular music started in 1967 and ended, suddenly, in 1983. How do I know this? Because vinyl is like the rings of a musical tree, and as a child I obsessively worked my way through him and mum's record collection.

In fairness, it's a fairly decent period to be up with the zeitgeist. As a late seventies teenager growing up near Brixton, Dad was exposed to ska, funk, blues, and soul along with rock 'n' roll and psychedelia. I'm pretty sure he saw the legendary Geno Washington fairly early on in some of those sweaty clubs of maximum R & B.

It's funny that I started this off bigging up the 45, as my Dad was more of an albums man, other than his early, beloved, and sleeveless Prince Buster singles. One of his favourite groups, Pink Floyd, didn't even *release* a single in the UK between 1967 and 1979. They were too busy making serious prog music for serious people with new, expensive hi-fi systems.

My parents didn't have an fancy record player, and their records were much-played and much-loved even before I got my sticky childish fingers on them. The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Ry Cooder, Madness, Led Zeppelin, The Band, The Specials, The Beatles (might have been more mum!), Pink Floyd of course... all were devoured, but it took me years to get through it all.

And, of course, Dad saw some of these people back in the day, in their prime: Jimi Hendrix at the Royal Albert Hall, The Who at the Isle of Wight Festival, Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin at Earl's Court...

In this era of post-everything, even irony, it's hard to imagine how genuinely revolutionary and shocking Jimi Hendrix must have sounded in 1967. He certainly scared my grandma, Carmel, who warned teenage Adrian that Hendrix' music was devilish, though when I asked her about this decades later she said "I've since realised he was just a really good musician".

Dad also looked like a proper 1970s rock star, to the extent that my pal Ishan always simply referred to him as "Steve Harley".

Dad's general interest in "new" music ended, suddenly, with Squeeze. Their seminal hits collection - Squeeze 45s - was the most up-to-date record I could find, and what a banger it was. I destroyed that record playing Cool For Cats in a sweaty basement in Soho. So much beer was spilt on it, I eventually threw it out into the crowd.

And as this anecdote reveals, his taste definitely rubbed off on mine. It would have been so much easier for me as a rebellious teenager to have got into happy hardcore or nosebleed techno. But no, I had to get into sodding guitar music.

And so picture the scene: it's the year 2000, and I'm playing the new Dandy Warhols album in the car. A catchy new song comes on - "Bohemian Like You", which had failed to hit the Top 40 but would be a top-five hit the following year after appearing on a mobile phone advert.

I'm in the passenger seat. He's driving along, I can't remember where. And as we get to the chorus, he goes...

"That's just ripping off The Stones".

He wasn't wrong. Ffs. I should have played him Asian Dub Foundation.

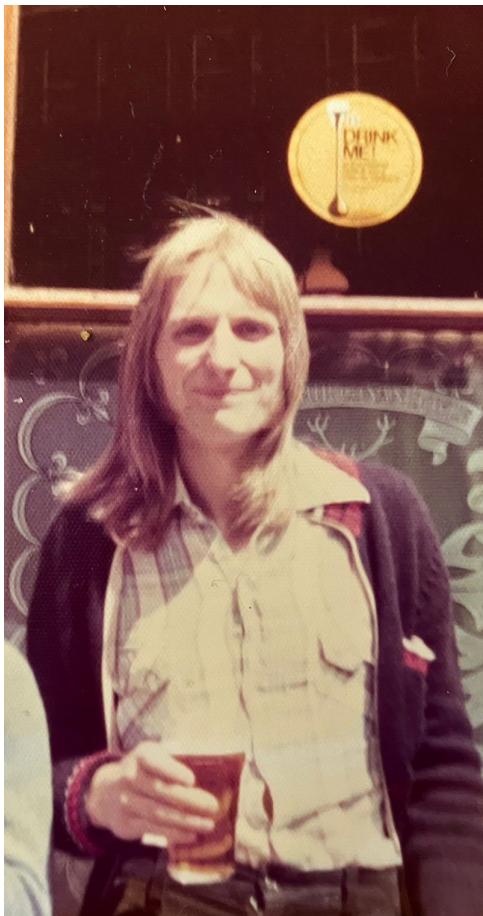
The first show I remember going to him was a Madness tribute band called Ultimate Madness, the trumpet player of which he inexplicably knew. It was at Nottingham University student union, and I was probably 13 - as was my friend Tom, who I brought along.

Over the past decade, I've started playing music and writing songs myself, and over the past couple of years started performing them to human audiences with the exits unlocked.

Dad came to these shows, most recently in February this year, at The Folklore Rooms in Brighton. The comedy in the first half, I think he found fairly baffling. But the songs, I think, he enjoyed. And, you know, we're all made of songs and stories.

My exaggeratedly analogue musical lever is currently pushed to "OUTPUT", but the songs and words that emerge are all there because of the beautiful music I was exposed to over the decades.

I'll just try not to rip off The Rolling Stones too much.



I have a feeling they probably weren't EXACTLY his favourite group, but Dad also provided my sister with an especially fond musical memory.

When he was working for the Department of Education, in the glory days before Cummings* and Gove, my dad would be involved in assorted promotional schemes to try and get kids to I don't know, read, or go to university or whatever. Indeed, I appeared in a government video and pamphlet with my dad encouraging kids from non-posh backgrounds to go to university.

Much better than this, though, was my sister's experience. It seems that S Club 7, in their pomp, had been roped in to a New Labour competition to BE GOOD AT MATHS. The winners of this competition got to go to Abbey Road Studios and record their maths-based song... with S Club.

There ain't no government-sanctioned campaign to improve maths skills like an S Club government-sanctioned campaign to improve maths skills.

My sister did not enter this competition. She probably wasn't even aware it existed. But she did get to sneak into Abbey Road, to meet those legendary pop stars of yore. Cheers, Dad! Why couldn't it have been Gorky's Zygotic Mynci.

In later years, Dad's tastes mellowed a bit. There was a lot more roots and Americana - stuff I also adore.

The CD was the last format of music for Dad, and even as recently last year he was in HMV, which apparently still exists, looking for records he'd already bought to play in the car.

And Lucy? Well she's now old enough for nostalgia of her own, with McFly and Busted fusing into one pop juggernaut, and S Club... well, it's best we don't talk about S Club.

James Walsh

* Dad once told him to fuck off, to his face, long before Dominic became the edgelord goblin King we all love to hate. But that's another story...

The Old Man's Back Again



“I've got Stalinist memorabilia but I'm not a Stalinist”

- *The Killers, All These Things That I've Done*

My Dad was not actually a Stalinist. He just really liked Stalin.

It's important to make this distinction, as you could easily be confused. Dad's facebook profile picture was - and remains - Joseph Stalin. His phone ring tone was the Soviet National Anthem. He owns the majority of books written about Stalin, although not those written **by** Stalin - which is a shame, as I'm sure 1951's "Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR" is an absolute banger.

But he wasn't pro-gulag. He never, to my knowledge, instituted any ruinous five year plans to increase coal and steel production while working for the Department of Education.

Dad wasn't a communist, even. His approval for all things Soviet-kitsch came mainly from his appreciation of the sacrifices the Soviets made to win the second world war, especially in hellscapes like Stalingrad (again, he owned ALL the books about Stalingrad).

“I just really like Zhukov”, he once explained. “Without him, the Russians would have been fin-

ished”.

The Death Of Stalin could have been a film made specifically for his enjoyment. Dad especially loved Zhukov's initial entry, all medals, power and smugness, as played by the brilliant Jason Isaacs.

I am now, I suppose, the inheritor of many Communism-themed zippo lighters. Soviet watches. KGB wallets.

His actual politics? Well, we furiously agreed on most things, expect, maybe, that whether David Milliband had it in him to fly back in Thunderbird 2 from America to save the Labour Party from itself.

Dad grew up in the postwar consensus of full employment, strong worker's rights, and free housing, education and healthcare - a consensus that has badly frayed since the end of the Cold War and the beginning of the very badly named “End of History”.

As a Civil Servant, my dad was of course exceedingly impartial. But I think his happiest times were after Labour returned to power in 1997, when the DfE had money and there was optimism in the air.

Either that, or when sailing on HMS Shetland...

James Walsh



Left: Adrian and Lucy by the river in Shepperton, I believe. There's a wonderful photo of the two of them watching a swan, which I think is from the same day as this. I'll have to dig it out. Judging by the suit this was one of the many family weddings - probably Imelda's.

My dad was always happiest by the water, be that a river or by the sea. It's something I've inherited from him, and is probably the reason I've ended up down in Brighton, though not in the Royal Navy as a submarine captain as he had kinda hoped in approximately 1987.

Below: On the Squandabug with Adrian, Carmel, and Jim. Difficult to tell from the background but I'm going to guess we're on the River Soar, which was home to an infamous incident when I fell off the boat into the river.

To begin with, Dad didn't even notice, as he was steering with earphones in listening to the radio.

I swam hopefully back towards the disappearing boat, to the horror of the old lady on the river bank, who I had been happily waving to before I fell in.

When Banks, I think it was, went to tell Dad that his son was in the river, he did about the worst thing: put the boat immediately into reverse. Fortunately I didn't suffer death by propeller, and I remember we all laughed about it pretty much immediately. It's a good job I could swim.





