This article was first published by the English magazine TEN/8: No. 17 (Special issue: Men in Camera) on 24 October 1985, and is reprinted here by the kind permission of Dick Hebdige. It was written during the miner’s strike in Britain and during the Greenham Common demonstrations against nuclear war and American military occupation, both of which are referred to in the text. It is part of Hebdige’s ongoing work on the relationship between images and everyday life, explored in more detail in his forthcoming book, Hiding in the Light (London: Comedia/Methuen, 1988). “Some Sons and their Fathers” will be part of the exhibition, “The Impossible Self,” to be held in Winnipeg in April of this year (see Scanner for details).


Dick Hebdige explores the relationship between fathers and sons weaving words and photographs around the memory of his own experience last year of an identity crisis.

To my Mother and Father, a weaving together of words and text - a weaving of personal, private and public, which uses different forms and techniques in an attempt to explore things that are not only filial and paternal bonding, but also things from the inside the relationship to actual and potential. Dick Hebdige’s essay explores certain possibilities for more straight-forward forms="I think, obscure."

We hardly need remind ourselves of the tragic moment that the tradition and practice of specific forms of masculinity and working men are in crisis. The bloody confrontations between miners’ picket lines present the most tragic evidence of the crisis. As has often been the case in the past, what motivates the bitter conflicts between workers and employers or between working men and employers is mostly
Some Sons and their Fathers
An Essay with Photographs

Dick Hebdige

To my Mother and Jessica

Although I write and don’t take photographs, I do write in images. In this essay, I want to try something new: not an analysis of images or a history of images but rather a weaving together of history, image and text - a weaving that combines personal, private and public voices and which uses different forms of storytelling in an attempt at rendering my relationship to actual and symbolic familial and personal bonds and to examine from the inside the relationship between fathers and sons, men and boys. By trying to speak in more than one dimension - by using different voices and images - I am trying to explore certain possibilities which a more straightforward approach would I think, obscure.

We hardly need reminding at the moment that the traditional class specific forms of masculinity are in crisis. The bloody confrontations at the miners’ picket lines provide perhaps the most tragic evidence of such a crisis. As has been often pointed out, what motivates the bitterness of the antagonisms between working and non-working miners is more than just the meaning of manual work, manhood and class-society which until fairly recently has provided the nucleus for what we now call ‘traditional working class culture.’ The disintegration of that culture has been preoccupying sociologists for years but the process of collapse has been vastly accelerated under the present Tory regime. The initiatives taken by the Government in anti-Trade Union legislation and under the auspices of the Manpower Services Commission (in Youth Training Schemes with an emphasis on vaguely defined ‘social and life skills’ form part of a long term strategy for reorienting the relations between employer and shop stewards; and for dismantling hard won notions of workers’ rights and the institutional framework through which those rights were originally secured. These initiatives have found ideological support in the right wing common sense of the ‘New Realism’ with its double insistence on the individual (competitive) ‘career’ and the primacy of the national interest (defined for us not by us) both of which serve to further undermine older oppositional forms of collective identity and collective struggle and to enure alternative definitions of shared class interest and communal rather than individual consciousness. The Tories’ Y.T.S schemes are together transforming the experience of working class adolescence by blocking the normative transitions from youth to maturity, from school to work, from dependence on the family to independence and a break
from the parental home. This is particularly clear where I teach in the Midlands where the work ethic and the wage form are very deeply embedded in the local working-class culture forming the core around which the patriarchal family and the strongly marked sex roles it supports and reproduces are organised.

On the other hand, these broken transitions need not have entirely negative implications. The newer forms of cultural and sexual politics have positively challenged or reworked the established modes of identity, for young or old, male or female. To take a topical example, gender-bending is one of the most obvious attempts within the milieu of fashion, subculture and popular music at articulating a transfixed masculinity. It is the science fiction solution to the crisis facing men: a revolution in the use of personal pronouns. Gender-bending substitutes the wholly 'it' for 'he' and 'she': that most of us' still inhabit. A less bizarre proposal has been made by the marketing people who have set out to sell us the 'new man' - a creature addicted to totiastics, terrorised by the fear of impotent baldness.

Whether or not the reader finds these solutions attractive or convincing, they hardly represent meaningful alternatives for most men. We still require positive images of a new, more responsive and more responsible masculinity. Clearly, we are living on the crest of multiple transitions however these transitions are defined. The transition, for example, from the industrial work and the cultural forms and subjectivities it supports into something vaguely 'post-industrial' - from the known to the unknown - is the result of a shift in patterns of investment away from the labour-intensive industries, but the social consequences of that shift and the brutal and sudden implementation of the new productive methods are themselves by no means inevitable. Ultimately the New Technology may lead to the releasing and reconquering of energies and possibilities which are repressed within the current structures: freedom from dull, repetitive and dehumanising jobs and the dismantling of the work ethic. It may bring a new sense of space and scale into people's lives, providing the basis for the emergence of new, much more diverse and less oppressive forms of social and sexual identity.

It may lead to a softening of the contours of masculinity. It should lead to a future sexual division of domestic labour. It may make men and women more flexible, more fluid, less driven to acquire and possess, less fearful and more playful.

symbol of God incarnate.'

In Leukov's view, the pinnacle of creation has been attained with this, and at the same time he seemingly sees it as a bridge between this world and the other...

Barbara Walter, The Storyteller

'Certainly there's no-one found that now
Knows what I approve and what to disallow.
All array-swear, nothing is its own
But to our proverb all turned upside
Where hell is heaven and heaven is turned
bald.'

Michael Drayton, To my noble friend

Master William Browne of the 2nd

Time.

Eighteen months ago, a very close
friend of mine died. I had known him
for half my life, over since my first
entertaining forays with another adolescent
friend into the man's world of the
West London pubs and clubs - a milieu
which seemed to our young eyes
marvellous and dangerous and thus
treacherously real: a place reserved
principally for the boys. It was warm and
comfortable in its own way - each bar a
giant living room - but it was marked
off from the home - at least from our
respectable working-class homes - by
the smell of smoke and raucous
laughter that hung in the air and by the
ever-present possibility of violence.

Here we learned how to dream our
selves into manhood.

The older man, the friend who died,
stood at the centre of this world like a
nagin or a sorcerer and it was he who
gave us our appearance of high
status. He took us under his wing leading us down into the underworld past all the
carnival-like characters - the 'hard
nuts', 'brasses', villains, common, the
musicians, the boozers, the actors and
the poets. He led us down in language
through the 'wind up': showing us
how to weave stories, how to play chess
with words, how to laugh away the fear
that came splintering up into the throat
from time to time. He taught us how to
enjoy the pulse of death and renewal of
individual reputations and individual
fortunes, of crowding and uncrowding
which made up a kind of tempestuous
order in the world of the pub.

No image could contain this man. No
words could trap him: story teller,
rebek, warrior, trickster, jazz musician,
benefit, natural gent. ladies' man, man's
man, guardian of the marker, a man born

with his boots on and his roses in his mouth.

When he died, the flowers. Big men were
helped to wipe away their tears at the
crematorium, a man who had never once faltered.

lost her dignity, whose tragic, pale brightening

funeral.

During the service, my name was not
announced but this didn't matter. Any of this

This man had also been used to spin out our

shapes: the visual and the full notes he blew

and of the living story wound up from his

of his lips. His music were all part

less we became.

About a year before he began his final pairs

 took up one wall of

with his wife and to her

receptacle, his last

The mural consisted of done in clear, strong

warm, ten backgrounds.

find salvation in. A

bird, a dove of peace

'Bye Bye Blackbird'

in its box.

"IDENTICAL"

"C "
with his boots on; a man born with
totes in his mouth.

When he died, the florists ran out of
flowers. Big men wept and women
helped to wipe away the tears. At the
crematorium, a massive crowd of
friends gathered round his wife, who
never once faltered, who never once
lost her dignity, who shone with a
tragic, pale brightness throughout the
funeral.

During the service, the vicar forgot his
name but that didn't matter. He didn't
believe any of that stuff anyway.

This man had also been a painter. He
used to spin out abstract forms and
shapes: the visual equivalents of the fat,
hall notes he blew down his saxophone
and of the living stings of words he
wound up from his belly and spat out
of his lips. His speech, his painting, his
music were all part of the same seam-
less web he wove around himself.

About a year before he died, this man
began his final painting, a mural which
took up one wall of the flat he shared
with his wife and two kids. It was, in
retrospect, his last will and testament.
The mural consisted of a Noah's Ark
done in clear, strong lines against a
warm, tan background. A solid boat to
find salvation in. Above the Ark flew a
bird, a dove of peace with a sprig of
ganja weed in its beak. In the housing
erected on the body of the Ark, he had
stacked a line of mugs that he had grown
up with, fought against and fought
alongside of all his life. These portrait
photos, taken by the men themselves in
station booths and free-given for the
painting formed a real rogues' gallery.
They stared, grinned and grinned out
from the wall like gargoyles. By 1983
this was the last surviving local
fragment of that generation of 'tough'
working class men who had lived
through the London Blitz, made its
bones on the bomb sites of England, in
the cages of the National Service,
through Rostal, Scho jazz clubs, and
Her Majesty's Prisons before settling
down amnestly into the no less con-
strained, no less passionately contested
regime of marriage, wife and kids or
going off to seek out wild destinies as
lifers. The 'animals' preserved in the
Ark were the magician's own dying
tribe.

And when he died, his wife began,
slowly at first, one at a time, to peel the
photo's off the wall, to put the animals
away.

When I was a boy I had thought in fear
and admiration that these were the 'real
men.' This sort of 'difficult' and 'unruly'
characters formed just one poten set of
images in which and against which I
sought to draw myself together as a
man. The dream was woven out of
many different coloured threads:
gangster films, crime novels, the ghost
written biographies of convicts,
adventurers, revolutionaries, the history
of the London Underworld, Gustave Doré
prints, the legendary lives of the be-bop
kings, rat race coups, photographs of
spies and teddy and early modernists,
old television shows, zine album covers,
accounts of the Great Train Robbery, the
seriousness logic of Rasta, the saucy patter
of Max Miller, the bruised grin in the
voice of Billie Holiday and Julie
Londond - images and sounds and
memories. When the magician disap-
npeared, the spell broke, the mirror
cracked. I began to fall to pieces.

It is so difficult to resist our own
construction, to build constructively on
what's already there. It is so difficult to
peel back the shifting layers of images
and words through which we have been
made and within which we go on
creating and remaking ourselves so that
we can stand up and say this is who I
am and this is where I come from. But
that struggle to put the breath right back
into the voice, to speak from a motion-
less centre, is still right at the core of
things despite all the theory and the
doubts and the self-reconstruction
which pulls us back the other way
against ourselves. We want to own
ourselves at least. To own our own
voices. We want to be authentic men
and women. But when I try to speak
about my masculinity I dissolve into
more dreams: more images and words.
I conjure up another story, another funeral, another dead father.

Is it necessary to gather up all the strains and wounds and conflicts here and lay them on the table?

To understand what’s happening in this newspaper account of Jason Lake’s compasos and his father’s funeral, we have to bracket off the real boy and the tragedy he has suffered from the way these have been constructed in the text. Those words “constructed,” “text” — that surgery-prising the photograph away from its anchorage in the Daily Mirror piece — just seems wrong. My paternal instinct is to loyse the boy in peace — to let him be. The death of Dianna Lake from cancer in May and Alan Lake’s suicide five months later have been seared into the popular memory, as a dark and ominous configuration. These tragedies filled the front pages of the tabloid press for weeks. Lake’s death pushed aside the war in Lebanon as the leading item in the News at Ten on October 10. He was pulled before the public time and time again as the archetype of the weak and fatally dependent husband, as the little man in the big woman’s shadow, as obsessed lover and alcoholic flop, as an unemotional man (made whole only through his absorption in his “better half”).

Press reports of his passionate bond with the “tragic” comedian, Freddie Starr, who had already gone through a very public nervous breakdown, exposed levels of emotional intensity between men which are rarely given any public airing.

Freddie said, “Alan always came to me when he was depressed. We were like brothers. At Die’s funeral he turned to me and said, ‘What do I do now?’ I told him to be strong and just walk away. But no one can describe the love he had for Di. She was a real part of him. When she went he was left half a man. He tried to put on a brave face on it but it never really worked. He just couldn’t cope in that house. She was all around him. She was everywhere. But he alone. When he came around to me he looked terrible. His face was drawn and he looked so thin. We sat down in the lounge drinking coffee. My wife Sandy made him something to eat but he couldn’t face it and did not touch a thing. He said he just didn’t know how to carry on. I tried to cheer him up. But he still seemed unable to look to the future. ‘I want to end it,’ he said. So I tried to shock him out of it. I told him to stop thinking like that. I remember saying, ‘How dare you think like that when Di fought every step of the way to stay alive.’ I thought it worked. He stayed for about four hours and left at 10 o’clock. When he was going he took me in his arms and embraced me. ‘I love you, Freddie. You’ve been like a brother to me,’ he said. ‘Don’t say anything more. See you until another time.’ Then he drove away. That was the last I ever saw of him.”

This stuff is raw. The last thing young Jason Lake needs is to be turned into an object of analysis. But what is clear from even a superficial reading of the report of Alan Lake’s funeral is that the boy is placed here in an impossible position. He is stuck at the dead centre of a set of double bonds in which his “engils” (i.e. unascended) essence is extracted from the tension between on the one hand his beautiful i.e. feminine” appearance and his heroic i.e. “masculine” reserve and on the other, his assumed identification with a strong mother (a link reinforced by the physical resemblance between Jason and Diana Dors) and the disavowal of any link whatsoever with his weak father. There is a deeper mythological structure here too: the parents are polarised — he is dark, she is light and here the light has triumphed in the person of young Jason who is looking down the same line of vision as the blondest Star. However, Paul Gallau’s prose monitoring every ripple on the surface of the boy’s self-restraint threatened to turn this victory inside out. The journalist engulfed the boy. He eats him up. The world turns darkly in upon itself.

Where are the sources and resources of renewal? We have to find a faith in being men without turning back to the old patriarchal structures, the old phallocentric images, to the compulsion, and the violence and the fear, to the ‘foul’ frenzied forces of the past. It has got to be a faith that is span out of the gut and felt in the belly. It has got to be born out of the darkness of the present evil time.”

I turn the page of the Daily Mirror. The world of the tabloids is the world of the fairy tale. The logic it employs draws anew to the ancient popular wisdoms — a narrative which acquaints the current construction of the “popular” under Mrs. Thatcher by several thousand years. The old world turns on its axis as it has always done between night and day. There is an even distribution of light and darkness and the world is as it is conceived within this tradition. There is also the wheel of fortune. To the tabloids the majority are unworried in scandal and the losers come up trumps: the body politic is resurrected every day in the same stories, the same balancing of the scales between the comic and the tragic, the serious and the lighthearted. Michael Bakhtin once described the principles upon which this alternative popular order was organized which juxtaposes all the accumulated hierarchies and was based in laughter and a mythology of regeneration in which the old world is continually eaten up and replaced by the new: Here...the bodily collective is deeply positive. It is presented not in private, egocentric form, severed from the other spheres of life, but as something universal, representing all the people... To degrade is to bury, to sow and to kill simultaneously in one grave something more and something less.

Degradation digs the grave of the new birth. It has no at all positive aspect but one. To degrade is to imply merely hurting and dispossessing, to hurt it down to the lowest strata, to a new level 2.

So by turning back to our present, we have to reassess ourselves: the light and the shadows and the beautiful female are reconciled and happy, smiling fruit elements of the new reconstructed world bound back together. Our knowledge of the context of the traditional marriage. Our knowing change — this much is clear.

Death of a Son

It is altogether more if those points at which and forces intervene in the individual biography exactly where and in word “crisis” cuts into our lives. My own past is no less real, no less a melodrama of the type this year I had a total breakdown. For a few weeks I descended into a neurosis believed to eternal being waged between
simultaneously in order to bring forth something more and better...

Degradation digs a deadly grave for a new birth, it has not only a destructive, negative aspect but also a regenerating one. To degrade an object does not imply merely burying it into the void of non-existence, into absolute destruction but to hurl it down into the reproductive lower stratum, the zone in which conception and a new birth take place. 2

So by turning back one page, fatherhood is miraculously restored unto itself: the light and the darkness, the blonde and the brunette, the male and female are reconciled once more in this happy, smiling group. The scattered elements of the nuclear family are reconstituted. 'We the people are bound back together round the generous, laughing presence of the father. A new day; a new dad. Boyhood and fatherhood became possible once more. The transitions that were broken are now reclaimed.'

The tabloid solution to the crisis in patriarchal norms is a magical one. Any deep fractures in the petrified conception of the male role as breadwinner, 'natural' law giver and bringer of order will be slow to reassert themselves. It is moreover unlikely that the newer, more enabling definitions of masculinity and the patriarchal role will develop exclusively or even predominantly within the context of the traditional monogamous marriage. But that must change - this much is clear.

Death of a Son

It is altogether more difficult to locate those points at which these pressures and forces intervene in our own individual biographies. It is hard to say exactly where and in what ways the word 'crisis' cuts into our bodies and our lives. My own personal crisis was no less real, no less imaginary than the melodrama of the tabloids. In April of this year I had a total nervous breakdown. For a few terrible months I descended into a netherworld where I believed that eternal Holy War was being waged between night and day, between male and female, between blonde and dark haired people.

I believed myself to be at different times John the Baptist, Christ, the AntiChrist, the instrument of a vengeful Jehovah, a warbling hermaphrodite, the Once and Future King, a human sacrifice, Tiresias: a sex half man, half woman. I drooped myself and my family and friends backwards through the centre of my own heart of darkness. I shall never forget the loyalty, love and steadfastness they showed me when all the lights went out, how they stood by me and led me gently forward like a little child.

I went into crisis when I tried to write a version of this article last Easter in the West Midlands in the middle of the wilderness this country is threatening to become under the present Government, in a locality where only 1 in 10 of last year's 16 year old school leavers have found jobs. I had taken as my opening text in Michael Drayton's poem Of the Evil Time written in the English Civil War and Mrs. Thatcher's famous statement from 1979: 'If you have got a message preach it. Remember those Old Testament prophets? They said: 'This is what I believe.' I sat and worked at my desk and eventually after several days without sleep I followed her down into my own desert.

I wrote as I descended:

Thatcher and her thrones will be forced to give us back our language because it is ours by right and she shall not take it from us. There is something that begins to stir in the gut of the nation: when it is coagulated by the demeaning spectacle of a Government attempting to purchase Trade Union rights won at the cost of immense effort and suffering for the piffling sum of £1,000 as a necessary step on the road to 'freedom.' Forget India. Forget the 'glory' that was the British Raj. This is the real jewel in the crown and it will not be bought with money.

I wrote as I descended:

Something begins to burn out of the heart of the darkness of this present evil time when a young woman like Sarah Tindall is imprisoned for speaking out for what she knows is right. Forget the golden boys of Oxford and Cambridge. Forget the victories won on the sportsfields of England. She shall drive our Chariots of Fire. These are not empty words stolen from the ether. They are filled with a hurt for justice which has sustained the generations of the righteous down the centuries and...
ing to be heard.

I wrote as I descended:

It is not foolish or unseemly to see the dreams of the early Trade Unionists or the visionary socialists being lived out through other bodies in a different time just because those bodies now belong to women and have different coloured skins. It is not to render ignoble or forever obsolete the Trade Union tradition and the Labour Movement to say that new forms of idealism are being forged in the fires which broke out on the streets of Brixton and Toxteth in 1981 or around the fires which are burning out against the darkness at the Greenwich Common base.

And when I finally fell through the glass that holds the world to place for each of us, I wrote:

The new movements are not, as some would have it, the worm in the socialist nose but rather the thorn in the crown of the future.... The body of socialism will be reconstituted as it has been in the past on the basis of both passion and compassion.... It is there amongst the tribes which now are gathering in the margins that the phoenix is rising from the flames.

When the police arrived to investigate the shouting they found me crouching in a rotting fairground boat in a yard in a small wood which is situated behind the College where I teach. Staring like an ass at the moon on that mild Easter night I fell convinced that at last I'd found my voice, I was speaking out. Little did I know at the time how easily the 'still small voice of reason' can be swept aside in that sudden violent seizure of the right to have one's say. How could I know?

There was no 'I' to the knowing. Little did I realise then that the jangling in my ears was the sound of the bells in the Fool's cap I was wearing. How could I realise! To my crazed ears the bells were pealing out in triumph at a glorious ascension: 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'

This was the beginning of the end of the time of Margaret Thatcher. And then the fear moved in. I spent the next three months in and out of different hospitals and slowly, slowly thanks to the love and patience of my family and friends I began the journey back.

It is taking me time to dream myself back together as a man again. The pieces refuse to fall back into the old patterns but I am trying - if I can - to dream in a different key, to dream myself into something better that before. A New Year requires New Year resolutions:

We shall have to learn to be less defensive, less demanding, stronger and less powerful, more open and more openly desiring.

We shall learn from the women at Greenwich Common who are spinning out a new language of positive dissent in the wool and in the photographs of loved ones which they hang in the perimeter fence and in the mirrors they use to shine back the evil contained within the base. It is no good us saying that the intensity of that desire for change is irrational or 'typically feminine' or that such beliefs are held only by a lunatic fringe. It is sufficient that they exist and that they carry within themselves a bright, prophetic power that will brook no compromise.

We shall have to recognize that the fragmentations and dispersals that we're living through today require a new kind of integration and synthesis. We shall have to go beyond our bodies, beyond the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake and learn to cultivate instead a responsible yearning: a yearning out towards something more and something better than this and this place now.

We shall use a logic which is no longer cramped and stifled and no longer held in service to the narrow quotations of dogma - a logic charged with power and with life.

We shall seek to maintain what has always been the source of all good thinking and feeling: the reverence for unity in difference, the reverence for unity in separate struggle.

New Year's resolutions are easily broken and, in the end these are just words and what matters is less what we say than what we do. In the end, we are just men and women doing what we can, trying to survive and to snatch some joy, however sweet and bitter as it passes, and trying, too, that we get the chance to build something better for the next generation. I am just beginning to learn all that.

In terms of effecting change, what counts now as always is collective action, and such action in this context requires a long, gradual process of articulation: finding ways of linking with and expressing the residual forms of tracking out how the related to and shape pressures and form economic forces. This articulation is a fine and more delicate rhetorical 'solution' course have to be we cannot simply be we must know to what degree we are to go on and to be to bear our witness: we're living through the sharing to be done.

I used to dream in the mirror cracked ago. Last April a friend of mine who turned in upon us to try to bury the mirror old and really is not a lot of fun in it, it is, we walk down the slopes at the base to fill me with despair of earth could it? to make me laugh, to make me laugh.

whem we free the crowed Narnia in the mirror eventually.

A final story for the year.

Once upon a time I was born in York. I left school and went to work on the
with and expressing emergent and residual forms of masculine identity, tracing out how these new forms are related to and shaped by institutional pressures and broader social and economic forces.

This process of articulation is a far slower, more subtle and more delicate affair that imaginary rhetorical ‘solutions.’ The future will of course have to be struggled for. It cannot simply be willed into place. But nonetheless we still have to dream and to know in what direction to desire. We have to go on making new connections, to bear our witness and to feel the times we’re living through. There is still some sharing to be done.

I used to dream in front of a mirror but the mirror cracked for me 18 months ago. Last April is shattered into fragments. Something old and tired died then but the seed that was sown in that dying may, I hope, engender something new, something more fruitful and less turned upon itself. Meanwhile, I shall try to bury the past because there really is not a lot of time in a life: the future is already here sitting in its pram, playing in its playgrounds. When we walk down the streets it toddles alongside us at knee height. It doesn’t fill me with despair — this future how on earth could it? — it’s more inclined to make me laugh. The mirror lies in pieces.

“When we free the children we also drown Narcissus in his pool.”

A final story for the next generation.

Once upon a time there was a man... (continues)

Footnotes
2. Mikhail Bakhtin and His World (Massachusetts Institute of Technology 1968)
3. William Kennedy, Billy Budd’s Great- est Game (Viking Press 1978)

Key to photographs
Page 28
John Topham Picture Library, Woman’s Realm. This picture appeared with the following poem: Pretend that you are happy! Though your spirits may be low! Wear a cheerful face and sing! A little as you go! Pretend like this is courage! / Spreading sunshine on your way! And you’ll often find the effort! Clear your troubles right away.

Page 29
Top: Nick Hodges, Born to Work (Photo Press 1982).

Page 30
Above: Photo Nigel Henderson, Bethnal Green series.

Page 31

Page 32

Page 23
Christmas party organised by workers at the Sunderland Furniture factory, Wainsworth, 1966/67. The author is ringed.

Page 341.33
Clockwise: My father and me at my christening, 1931. The fiancee at Greenham Common. Photo: Belinda Whiting. Shop’s chairman, shop steward (my father), shop’s convenor of union at Cinnamon’s furniture factory/Hackett with sweets and Coronation mugs to be presented to workers’ children at Hackney Town Hall, Coronation Day, 1953. Cover of Weekly Illustrated, October 7, 1938: “Goodbye Daddy.” Knitting pattern, 1930’s. My father on a week’s bonus to Southend or Margate 1900’s. My mother and father, booth photograph, 1936.