

He was a solicitor, and a manipulative and vain man — a proud man — who stood in his reputation as he put it of being something of a Robin Hood — he would take time with the little people charge them nothing, and reserve the moneymaking for the rich corporate clients. "Always be fair, son" but I think there was a certain amount of contempt in his time for the little people. I am the same, finding it extremely difficult to offend anybody even to the extent of disagreeing with their worldview — perhaps because I am not very secure in my own. Perhaps my father too, was like that — my mother had no time for his influential clients — ~~per~~ because he measured his worth in his importance to them, a proud man, but also one who, in his muffling way, bowed and scraped.

As I became a rebellious and directionless and essentially passive-rebellious adolescent, my head spins with the thought of how he would control me. I would be in his office — be once at home when I was old enough to have a bank account, ie when I went to University, instructed me how to make my signature — I was to sign my name "Christopher R. T-Ham", as he signed his "Roger H" — his non-di phone with the GP I recall. I didn't like it, it looked flamboyant, not like his — after "Christopher" who wanted anything more?