

I was very sad to hear of your father's death. He was such a nice, kind and gentle man and enabled us all to have so much fun during our misspent youth.

I remember arriving one weekend in my new yellow convertible Pontiac Firebird complete with go-fast stripe. He came to look at the car and asked how much it had cost (cheap, second hand from some dodgy dealer). I told him and he looked rather wistful and said "You've got a lot of car there for your money". I could see that he just wanted to get in it and roar out over the fens at top speed, hood down. Well, let's hope heaven, which is surely where he is, has got a plentiful supply of V8 engines and lots of warm wind.