

Memories of my dad (Speech at Ceremony by Ritchie Hunter)

My dad was like a father figure to me.

When I was a kid I had to get up most mornings at six to push-start the Ford Anglia van my dad drove to deliver papers. I'm convinced one of the reasons we moved to a block of flats in the Dingle from Huskisson Street in 1968, was the steep hill next to the heights where we lived on the 14th Floor.

I have little recollection of him until after 1962, and his car accident. He stopped travelling up and down the country, and became much more involved in local communities and politics. This was when Bill, as we all called him then, really came into my life.

One of my dad's sayings was the "People are full of contradictions" and he included himself in this of course.

He encouraged me to read, but then burned all my superman comics. He was supportive of my getting out to make friends, but critical when this turned into an obsession with football.

At this time the whole family were totally committed to the revolutionary struggle. Child psychologists may say that all this commitment is wrong for the development and upbringing of a healthy balanced child. But we knew no different, and it's what we wanted to be involved in.

My knowledge of my dad's history is made up of points of reference.

Where born

How come to be involved in politics

The war

How came to Liverpool

Back into engineering

Lucas's (read 'Lucas Aid' from his 80th booklet)

Local campaigns – rent strikes, the Toxteth Uprising

Occupations such as Croxteth School, Massey Ferguson, KME

Miners Support Group

International work – Argentina 1989

Dockers Strike

Edward Rushton

Last days

Archives

How do we do justice to anyone's life in just a short time? The answer is we can't. People live on in those that knew them. Everyone who came into contact with my

dad, and even those who never met him, but know of him, carry something of him.

He always had faith in the capacity of workers to shape their own futures.

Read from 'Mask of Anarchy'

*Rise, like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you:
Ye are many—they are few!*