

Ghost on the Wall

The Authorised Biography of Roy Evans

Derek Dohren



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Dad, this one's for you.

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Author's Note

IT WAS NEVER MY INTENTION TO WRITE THIS BOOK WHEN I FIRST MET ROY Evans in the spring of 2003, my plans stretched no further than writing up an interview with him for a new Internet website I had set up in his honour. That interview was meant to sketch out a résumé of the highs and lows of his footballing career. I left our meeting an hour later, shaking my head in disbelief at how inadequate my cursory interview would be.

Having barely scratched its surface, it was clear to me that Roy's was a story that begged to be told in full. It was the remarkable tale of one man's role in the rise and fall of a magnificent footballing empire, an empire the likes of which the English game had never seen before and, in all likelihood, will never see again. Nor was this role a passive one, for Roy Evans was at the very heart of Bill Shankly's Anfield revolution, was there when it crashed and burned, and was the man chosen to lead it phoenix-like from the ashes. It was a tale, quite literally, of death and glory, of triumph and disaster.

I have met with Roy many times since that snatched interview, and, slowly, with the help of others who were witness to it, we have pieced together an account of his role in that most glorious of times in the history of England's greatest football club. I have not set out to make any sort of definitive judgement on Roy's time at Liverpool. I trust you will retain the thought that football is a game of opinions and as I have mine, you will have yours. Make of the facts what you will.

To those of a certain age, I hope this book brings back many happy memories. To younger readers who cannot recall those halcyon days, I trust this book will fill in some of

the gaps. To everyone, I hope you gain a fuller, more rounded appreciation of one of the Boot Room's most famous servants. My dearest wish above all else for this book is that it may find a worthy niche in that growing body of work celebrating the Anfield Boot Room. This account, after all, is an honest one, flavoured as it is with the observations of a man who found himself at the very core of events.

Prologue – Destiny

‘WE HAVE NOT MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR TODAY BUT FOR THE FUTURE One day, Roy Evans will be our manager.’ Thus spoke Liverpool chairman John Smith in August 1974 as he announced the addition of the young footballer to the ranks of the club’s coaching staff.

Fast-forward two decades to January 1994. Graeme Souness has just forlornly watched his Liverpool side capitulate to First Division Bristol City in an FA Cup third-round replay, Brian Tinnion’s goal securing a 1-0 victory for the Robins. Finally, Souness is convinced there is no longer anything he can do to halt the slide in Liverpool’s fortunes. It is a slide with tragedy at its roots and a slide that, alarmingly for the club, is beginning to gather pace. In the morning, he tenders his resignation.

As John Smith had correctly predicted 20 years earlier, Roy Evans is duly appointed Liverpool’s manager. He becomes the ninth post-war occupant of the Anfield hot seat. Speaking at the press conference, Roy joyfully tells the assembled journalists: ‘They have gone back to the factory floor to appoint me. It took me 30 seconds to accept the job. This is a dream come true. The Anfield traditions go back before Shanks but he brought with him a set of principles of how football should be played. Over the years, we have tried to stick to that. It’s with a great sense of pride that I say I’ve been lucky enough to be put in charge of this great club.’ Tradition is very important at Anfield. In appointing Roy Evans as its manager, Liverpool FC is acknowledging the debt it owes to perhaps the most famous tradition ever established at the club and perhaps the whole of English football, namely the Boot Room.

It is a tradition that began with the appointment of Bill Shankly in December 1959 and one that went on to herald an unprecedented run of success spanning three decades.

When Shankly arrived in the city, Liverpool was a club languishing in the depths of the old Second Division. By the time of Roy's appointment as manager, the club had become the most successful in English football history.

In the 29 seasons running between 1963-64 and 1991-92, Liverpool were the strongest team in the land and, for a dozen years in the middle of the period, the dominant force across Europe. The peak years of glory ranged from 1973 to 1990, when in eighteen years of sustained brilliance, the club scooped eleven titles, four European Cups, three FA Cups, four League Cups and two UEFA Cups. Add to that a smattering of Charity Shield, European Super Cup and Screen Sport Super Cup baubles together with a liberal sprinkling of near-miss runners-up finishes and the success of the Shankly-inspired Boot Room methodology begins to boggle the mind.

But as Roy settles his feet under the first-team managerial table, something, somewhere, has gone gravely wrong with the Anfield empire. The disasters of Heysel and Hillsborough have taken their toll on the club and a slow decline in fortunes has begun to set in. The all-conquering empire is being nibbled away at the edges. Roy's predecessor in the hot seat had failed to arrest the creeping decline. Though Souness had been an integral member of the successful teams of the 1970s and '80s, he had been away from Anfield for nearly seven years before being appointed manager. His appointment had been a move that had signalled a departure from established Boot Room principles.

Now the move has failed and the board have decided to get back to basics. It is determined to turn back the clock. But is it too late? The Kop holds its collective breath. Roy

Evans, the last of the Boot Room boys, steps forward to keep his date with destiny.

CHAPTER 1

Beginnings

ROY QUENTIN ECHLINE EVANS WAS BORN ON MONDAY, 4 OCTOBER 1948 in Waterloo Hospital, Crosby, just outside Liverpool. Proud parents Bill and Molly took him home to their small, unpretentious council house in Bootle's Masefield Place, just off the Netherton Way, and began raising a footballing prodigy. They did a good job. From an early age Roy ate, drank and breathed football. Of course, that in itself would not single out a working-class kid from the streets of Bootle. Thousands of other lads living in the terraced houses of Liverpool had similar aspirations. What gave Roy's ambitions an extra edge was the fact that dad Bill had himself been on Liverpool's books before the onset of the Second World War. What's more, it would soon become apparent that Roy had inherited his father's sporting prowess.

An RAF engineer, Bill had been stationed in Lichfield, Staffordshire, throughout the war. During his tour of duty, he had met a local girl called Molly Smith, and on 1 June 1946 they tied the knot in Molly's home town of Burntwood. Molly had a three-year-old son, Malcolm, whose father had died before she met Bill, and immediately after the wedding the young family headed back to Liverpool to start a new life together, staying at Bill's mother's house in Southport Road. It was a short stay, and Molly was delighted when Bill was soon able to move them into their new council house in Bootle. 'I never saw Malcolm as a half-brother or as anything unusual,' says Roy. 'We were brothers. It was as simple as that.'

Molly settled readily to life on Merseyside, finding work as a machinist at English Electric while Bill started work in Liverpool's Dunlop plant, working as a production planner and playing football for the factory team. He also played for several different semi-professional sides in the Welsh league on Saturdays, a very handy way of augmenting his salary. Having failed to make the grade at Anfield, Bill had played wartime football throughout Wales, most notably for Cardiff City, where he enjoyed a reputation as a skilful header of the ball. Despite his slight build, his heading ability gave him a versatility that meant he was able to play competently at either centre-half or centre-forward. He was also an accomplished long-distance athlete and after the war ran for Liverpool Pembroke Harriers, winning two Northern County Cross-country Championship medals.

As was the case with many youngsters in Liverpool at that time, Roy and Malcolm would get taken to Anfield and Goodison Park on alternate weekends by their dad. It was the start of a traditional Merseyside footballing education.

During the 1950s, Everton were unquestionably the top dogs on Merseyside and though the Evans household was ostensibly a 'red' one, if you wanted to watch top-flight football, you had to grin and bear it and go to Goodison Park. Liverpool had fallen into a serious decline after the twin peaks of their 1947-48 title triumph and 1950 FA Cup final appearance. Relegation, a haunting threat for three seasons running, had finally taken them at the end of the 1953-54 season when they finished a lamentable 22nd in the table, with the unenviable figure of '97' written large in the goals-against column. In what was chiefly a rotten time for Reds' fans, one shining light remained, namely the great Billy Liddell.

Although Roy was simply a football lover at this point (and even enjoyed his visits to Goodison Park), he had already begun pledging his loyalty to the Reds, swayed undoubtedly by his admiration for Liddell. The Scotsman was a bona fide

giant of the game: a world-class performer unfortunate to play in what was probably the club's most dismal decade of underachievement before or since. His dominance at Anfield was so complete that the team were even nicknamed 'Liddellpool'.

To the impressionable Evans boys, Billy Liddell was the main man. 'Aside from him being a magnificent player,' explains Roy, 'one of the great things about him was he was a giant of a man too. Though he always made you queue up for his autograph, he always stayed to sign every single one. Everyone respected him. He would tell us that if there was any pushing and shoving he wouldn't sign any and we all lined up in an orderly fashion. Then, and it didn't matter how long it took, he would sign every single one with a proper signature, not just some quick scribble. I can only think of Kevin Keegan in the modern era as someone who has done the same at Liverpool.'

The respect Liddell commanded off the pitch owed much to his colossal talents on it. His exploits at Anfield were indeed the stuff of legend. He was a powerfully built winger, capable of whipping in dangerous crosses or bombarding opposing goalmouths with cannonball shots. Despite the poor standard of the team during the bulk of his stay, Liddell managed 229 goals for the club in 537 games between 1945 and 1961. The Scot had been signed from Fife club Lochgelly Violet in 1938 for the princely sum of £175. Liverpool captain at the time, Matt Busby, had been instrumental in setting up the deal. Busby alerted his board to Liddell's talents after spotting him play whilst on a visit to his homeland. Once settled at his new club, Liddell was soon offered full professional terms only to see his fledgling career, like that of so many others, ruined by the onset of war. He joined the RAF, serving as a Pathfinder navigator, but continued to play as much football as he could fit in.

When full-time league football resumed for the 1946-47 season, Liddell's name was already known throughout the land. His footballing reputation had been cemented during the war years and he was selected for a combined Great Britain eleven to face the Rest of Europe in May 1947 to mark the readmission of England, Scotland and Wales to FIFA. It was an honour extended to him again in August 1955 when a Great Britain eleven once more took on a Rest of Europe side, this time to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Irish FA. Stanley Matthews was the only other player to line up for Britain in both games and both men remain the only players to have played twice for a British eleven. After retiring from the game, Liddell became a bursar at Liverpool University and a Justice of the Peace.

For the Evans boys, and for Roy in particular, Liddell was a true star and one who set the highest standards of decency and behaviour. 'He was a great figurehead for Liverpool Football Club in an era when you didn't really have stars as such, but he was a very moderate and humble man. I was lucky enough to meet and get to know Billy quite well in later years. He was the exception to that rule that says you should never meet your heroes and was a truly great man.' But if Liddell had been the bait that drew Roy's loyalty to Liverpool, it took the arrival at Anfield in December 1959 of another Scot, a charismatic Ayrshireman, to rubber-stamp the allegiance once and for all.

The coming of Bill Shankly as the messianic new manager, and his subsequent purchase of fellow Scots Ron Yeats from Dundee United and Ian St John from Motherwell in 1961, set in motion the chain of events that would lead one day to Roy's own coronation as manager of the club.

On the day Shankly came to take Yeats back south with him, Yeats had famously asked him where Liverpool was. 'The First Division, son,' barked Shankly. 'Oh, I thought they were in the Second,' said Yeats, demonstrating his wider knowledge of footballing matter over geography. 'Aye,'

came the inevitable response, 'but we'll be in the First next year now that we've got you.' As an indicator of how far off the map both the city and the football club of Liverpool were in the late 1950s, it was a revealing moment. 'Shankly brought some much needed sanity back to the club,' says Roy. 'He did away with the board picking the team and really turned the club into a proper professional outfit.'

Shankly's arrival at Anfield still lay some three and a half years off when Roy began his schooling at Roberts Drive Primary in Bootle. Once at the school, Roy wasted no time in demonstrating to his new chums his astonishing precociousness for playing football. He was big for his age and needed no encouragement from anyone in putting his superior physique to advantage during footie games in the playground. His first real break into the world of organised sport was afforded to him via the unlikely route of form teacher Mrs Barrett. It was she who recognised Roy's outstanding talent long before any of the allegedly more sports-savvy male teachers and, despite Roy's relatively tender age, it was Mrs Barrett who pushed for his inclusion in the school football team.

After a trial, Roy was duly selected and took his first steps on the road to a footballing career. At the age of eight he was playing for Roberts Drive Under-11s. Playing alongside and against boys three years older than he at such a young age was testament not only to his ability but also to the advanced physique he boasted and it was the combination of these winning attributes that helped set him apart from his peers. He did more than hold his own in the school team and starred in the side that sailed unbeaten through the 1956-57 season, capturing the North League Championship and the Griffiths Cup. His playing career was off to a winning start.

'That first season was very good,' remembers Roy, 'but the one game from that period I always remember was the

first game of the following season. We lost and I cried my eyes out. It was the first time I had tasted defeat and I didn't like it.'

Academically, too, Roy showed lots of promise, never finishing out of the top five in class, and it was expected he would attend the highly regarded Merchant Taylor Grammar School in Crosby after taking his Eleven Plus. It was not to be. After passing the school's own entrance exam, Roy was forced to sit the Eleven Plus with his arm in plaster, having sustained a nasty break whilst playing for the school team. Disappointingly, he failed the exam and his parents were forced to seek other options for his secondary education, though Roy remains reluctant to blame his broken limb. 'Well, to be honest, it wasn't my writing arm that was broken but who knows how you are affected at that age. I can't say for certain that it was anything to do with my arm but prior to the Eleven Plus, academically I had always been in the top handful of kids in the class. On the day of the exam, though, I just didn't perform well enough.'

Unfortunate though it may have seemed at the time, Roy's break had initiated a twist of fate that kept him firmly on the road to his sporting destiny. With Merchant Taylor now ruled out, Roy's parents had opted to send him instead to St George of England Secondary Modern on Bootle's Fernhill Road. At Merchant Taylor, rugby union was the nominated winter sport. At St George of England, football was the preferred option.

Roy started at St George's in September 1960. It was the perfect school to send a sports-mad young lad to in those days. As well as football, the school boasted of being able to provide opportunities in a myriad of sports. There were opportunities to take part in tennis, cricket, basketball, angling, gymnastics, sailing (the boys of the school had constructed their own boat), swimming, canocing, camping and even morris dancing (which, oddly, has a proud tradition in Bootle). It was the type of school that existed

the length and breadth of the country at the time, though sadly one that would perhaps be considered elitist or politically incorrect nowadays in its emphasis on team sports and excellence through competition.

Roy's physical stature continued to belie his age and at St George of England he cut a powerful figure on the football field, still able to hold his own amongst a much older age group. Naturally left-footed and with an eye for goal, Roy played left-half, a position wide on the left of midfield, a little more withdrawn than the position an out-and-out winger would adopt. The role gave him plenty of scope to indulge in something that would become a trademark throughout his playing career, his long-range shooting. It was a skill, of course, that had been a particular forte of his childhood hero, Liddell.

As well as starring for his school team, Roy had become a key addition to the ranks of Bootle Schoolboys. Such was the breadth of his sporting talents, he was already beginning to pick up column inches in the local press. In October 1962, Roy was described as a 'tower of strength' by the *Bootle Times* in their report of the Bootle Schoolboys v. Walton-le-Dale Lancashire Schools Trophy match. Bootle won 4-0, Roy scoring with a low first-time shot that beat the Walton keeper at the far post. Roy's progress was further underlined when, on 6 November 1962, he attended the Lancashire Schools Country Trials. Four teams were set up - A, B, C and D. Roy was in team D and the most notable other names on display were to be found in team B, where Alan Whittle of Wigan, Howard Kendall of Blackburn and Alec Lindsay of Bury were listed. These were heady times for the young starlet, for, just a week later, the *Bootle Times* featured the successful St George side in its sports pages, paying the following tribute to the talented Evans junior:

Personality of the school at the moment is 14 years old Roy Evans. Roy is a tall, powerfully built half-back who is as useful in attack as he is in beating off any challenge from their opponents. He played in the senior team last year when he

was two years younger than any other player on the field. And this season he is still one of the youngest members on the team.

In a set of pen picture profiles of the St George players, the paper eulogised further over the young starlet:

Roy Evans, 14, left-half. Pity the poor inside-right up against this young man. He is cool and accurate with his distribution, lethal on the ground, unbeatable in the air, and, at 14, has played for two years with the team. Roy has already caught the eye of Lancashire Schools' selectors.

Just days later, a new feature in the *Bootle Times* called 'Stars of the Future' heaped further praise on the burgeoning talent. No. 1 in the series was the '14 years old Roy Evans'. Once again, the piece noted how Roy had been playing and starring in teams made up of much older boys.

There was good reason for all the hype. Roy's outstanding displays had indeed caught the eye of the county selectors. When his call-up subsequently came, he sailed through the Lancashire trials, duly taking his place in the team alongside two other boys who would later become arch-enemies at Everton, Joe Royle and Roger Kenyon.

Though he had quickly made his mark on the football field, Roy's talents, rather like those of his father before him, were not confined to that particular area of sporting endeavour. Almost as soon as he had joined St George's he had become involved in the school cricket team. In that first summer season at the school in 1961, playing as an all-rounder, he had returned bowling figures of four for thirteen in a match against a club he would later join, Bootle Cricket Club, though batting at number three he failed to trouble the scorers too much. The following summer, however, Roy enjoyed far more success with the bat, his top score for the season being 101 not out, and his best bowling figures an impressive six for twelve. Roy was a cricketing all-rounder of the most curious kind. He was left-handed with the bat and a right-handed 'medium-pacer' with the ball, an unusual combination he is unable to fully explain. 'Any sporting

action that requires two hands together, such as golf or batting in cricket, I do as a left-hander but anything requiring one hand, such as holding a tennis racquet, I do right-handed. As a footballer I am left-footed, but don't ask me how that's all come about.'

Cricket may not immediately spring to mind as the sport of choice on the streets of Liverpool but as Roy remembers well, the summer months would involve the two Evans boys playing matches against each other in the back garden of the family home. 'I suppose I was more into footie than Malcolm was but we both loved our cricket too, Malcolm more so than me. We would play these full-blown matches against each other in the back garden. As a left-handed bat I was always Surrey, as they had a few well-known left-handers playing for them at the time. Malcolm was always Lancashire.' Malcolm's love for sport would remain with him into adulthood, though he was never going to make a life as a professional footballer or cricketer. 'He became a printer and settled down with a girl called Jenny. They had two sons, Chris and Nick. He changed his career later on and became a milkman, and we always remained close.'

If football was Roy's first love, and cricket a more than acceptable way to pass the summer months, he could also add to his portfolio the same talent for athletics ably demonstrated by his father. In July 1963, with a performance that must have gladdened the heart of the cross-country-running Evans senior, Roy starred for the school athletics team in an inter-schools championship organised by the Bootle Schools' Boys' Athletics Association. In the mile, he chalked up a record time for the Under-15 age group of 5:14.9, even though, naturally enough for Roy, most of the boys he ran against were a year older. On the same afternoon, he also won the 440 yards and took his place in the 4 x 110 yards relay team that finished in third place.

In addition to his expertise in those most traditional of English sports, Roy also represented the school's junior and senior teams at basketball. It was a wonder the teenage superstar had any time at all for academic study.

'I was happy to have a go at all the sports that were on offer,' explains Roy. 'I was OK academically but I revelled in the games periods. Although I was a tall lad at that stage, I can remember finding the basketball physically demanding - but I loved it. When you're that age, being good at sport, and particularly football, does give you a certain street cred. There were one or two other guys who tried to whack me out on the footie pitch now and then but I could look after myself. I belted a big kid once after he'd had a go at me. One punch sorted him out and I was the cock of the school after that. Whether it was a justifiable reputation or not, I'm not so sure but there was an unspoken respect for me which meant I didn't have to prove it to anyone.'

Roy's street credibility also came in useful during his flirtations with the less obviously masculine pursuits on offer at the school. 'Yes, I had a go at the morris dancing,' he admits. 'We didn't wear the pom-poms and the bells and so on, just ordinary P.E. gear. We would do quite intricate dances which ended up with us all in a circle pointing swords towards the ceiling.'

If surviving morris dancing classes was a testing enough challenge for a Liverpool teenager, Roy faced a far greater one outside of school. 'I was in the Cubs when I was young and then I progressed to the Scouts once I became 11. Our troop was called the Twelfth Bootle Scottish and we all had to wear a kilt. It was the Cameron of Erracht tartan that we wore. Walking around Liverpool in a kilt was character building, I have to say, but I loved every minute of my time in the Scouts. We did all the Outward Bound stuff and of course they had a football team that I played for. There were some weekends when I would be playing three

or four matches, one after the other. I was playing with my mates, for the school, for the Scouts and for Bootle.'

Given the sheer range of his achievements it was perhaps no surprise that Roy was awarded the St George of England Credit to School prize for the year 1962-63. The award entitled Roy to go and buy books up to the value of ten shillings and sixpence from a city-centre booksellers called Charles Wilson, though, as Roy admits, he wasn't particularly appreciative of the award. 'To be honest, apart from textbooks I had to wade through in school, I've probably read less than half a dozen books in my entire life.' Nevertheless, the award was a handsome achievement given the sporting and academic standards inherent to the school.

Roy's sporting fortunes continued to go from strength to strength and in the same month of his record-breaking mile run he was called up to play football for England Schoolboys. Other boys called up at the same time included two names who would go on to enjoy top-flight status as professional footballers in England, namely Vic Halom and Alan Gowling. At the same time, the English Schools FA was making new appointments within its coaching hierarchy. Tom Saunders, a Liverpool schoolteacher in the West Derby district of the city, was to be the new head coach of the England Schoolboy side. Saunders was appointed for a two-year tenure. He had been a holder of the Preliminary FA coaching certificate since 1948 but had now gained a full qualification. In a selection process that produced 15 successful applicants from 80 candidates (including Alan A'Court and Don Howe), Saunders was the only schoolteacher to make it through. It was a notable achievement for Liverpool schools' football.

Roy's relationship with Saunders was to last for almost 40 years and would be a happy one from the word go. 'He was a greatly encouraging type of person, not like how you would think of a typical headmaster,' explains Roy. Another

man who helped Roy enormously in those days was St George of England sportsmaster Peter Hurley. 'He was a great encouragement to me and to the other boys as well,' explains Roy. 'He would come with me to all the trials and so on and he was always interested in us and wanted us to do well. He ran the school team and also the Bootle Town side, which I played for as well. He was totally different to some of the other teachers. The thing with teachers in those days was that they were virtually fighting to stay behind in the evenings and look after the school sports teams. There was a sense of pride in doing that. That's changed a lot now. I know teachers have other things they have to concentrate on and it's quite sad that in later years Peter got quite disillusioned with the teaching life. He eventually left the profession after it became more of a chore for him than a vocation.'

Another of Roy's old teachers, Mr. J.R. Hartley, who had been Roy's headmaster at Roberts Drive and was now head at Crossens Primary School in Southport, was also keeping tabs on Roy's progress on the sports fields of Lancashire. In December 1963, he wrote a letter to Roy marking his latest call-up to the county squad.

. . . it is a success you fully deserve and I trust you will make the most of it, so giving yourself a chance to get an England 'cap' in the future.

He signed off with:

With very best wishes for a successful game at Sheffield.

Yours sincerely

J.R. Hartley

'Mr Hartley was another of those teachers who seemed to genuinely care about his pupils,' says Roy. 'What was also nice about those guys was that they realised that as you progressed you needed new coaches who could take you to the next level. They accepted the fact that once they had

done their bit they passed you over to another coach. Their own egos didn't come into it.'

The game at Sheffield United's Bramall Lane was a 'roses' derby match between the red of Lancashire and the white of Yorkshire. It was held on 30 December. Roy's Lancashire side, which included those future Evertonians Whittle, Kenyon and Royle, were beaten 3-2, though Roy was widely reported to have been in outstanding form. A 1-2 defeat at the hands of Durham followed in the new year and for the subsequent match against Cheshire the Lancashire selectors had the excellent idea of moving Roy's fellow wing-half Joe Royle into a centre-forward position. Once again they lost 1-2, though Royle showed his latent goal-scoring prowess, nicking Lancashire's goal with a powerful shot from the edge of the box. Roy got himself onto the scoresheet in the next game, scoring both Lancashire goals in a 2-2 draw with Birmingham and District, the second one being a last-minute equaliser.

Roy was continuing to make progress. He had come through an English Schools trial match playing for the North Midlands against the North, and, on 22 February 1964, had made it onto the substitutes bench for the North in the North v. South trial match, held in his parents' old stomping ground of Staffordshire. The game signified the penultimate trials before the selection of the England Schoolboy team for the summer internationals. His footballing prowess had taken him a long way since it had been spotted by Mrs Barrett in 1956.

CHAPTER 2

The Mersey Beat

THE YEAR 1964 WAS A GREAT TIME TO BE A SCouser. THE PREVIOUS YEAR had seen the city's vibrant popular music scene burst into the national consciousness, spearheaded by the 'Merseybeat' revolution and fuelled by the chart successes of The Beatles, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, and Gerry and the Pacemakers. Paving the way for the glories to come were Frankie Vaughan and Billy Fury, both of whom had already enjoyed a certain amount of chart success in the late 1950s, but it was the Pacemakers, with their first three singles going to number one, an unprecedented achievement at the time, who really set the ball rolling. Billy J. Kramer, incidentally another ex-St George of England man, had also hit the number one spot, his second single 'Bad To Me' having topped the charts in August 1963 before being usurped by The Beatles' 'She Loves You'.

The Kop at Anfield had picked up on the Merseybeat sound. The third in the Pacemakers' triple run of number ones was 'You'll Never Walk Alone', a strange and unlikely rehash of the old Rodgers and Hammerstein musical classic from the score of *Carousel*. The tune was played over the PA system at Anfield during the autumn months of the 1963-64 season and on the one occasion the DJ neglected to play it, the indignant Kopites burst forth with their own rendition.

Thus a cultural ritual was born and, of course, it is one that continues to be played out at Anfield to this day.

By the time 1964 had come round the whole country had tuned in to what was happening in Liverpool. The Beatles