



Everton

Thank you all for coming to dad's funeral today & for all the kind words and cards the family have received over the last few weeks. Can I just say a recurring word used to describe dad was "Gentleman"..and he was wasn't he? Dad just loved the simple things...like a year ago dad, Jackie & myself went the pictures to watch the new Laurel & Hardy film and we were joking on the way when was the last time you took your kids to the pictures dad..and it's not in black & white anymore dad..he had a great night. At family gatherings dad loved his family around him and his grandchildren fondly remember dad beating an old biscuit tin pretending it was a drum. He worked hard at school & in his career, but most of all he loved his family. I make no apologies that some of this eulogy will have my slant on dad's life but I would love to hear your stories about him later on in the Welly

Dad was born on 18th October 1934 and a little anecdote is that he just missed out by 12 days of having 4 generations all born on the same birthday - his dad, his son – me, and his grandson were all born on 6th October and all called John. Dad was born in Evertons Netherfield district in the North End of Liverpool to Mary & John Lamb – an electricians mate. Dad was one of 4 children with Maisie having passed away and dad survived by his brother David & sister Celia who are here today.

The Lamb family home was in Arkwright Street which was on the Everton Park side of Scotty Road/Great Homer Street and

for those of you who know this part of the world in those days it was very much split on religious grounds. Unfortunately for dad his side of Scotty Road was predominantly Protestant & Dad said, as a Roman Catholic, he quickly learned to stay indoors on Bonfire Night as the Catholics would have bangers thrown down their welly's. Aside from that dad made many friends around there. The densely packed terraced streets each had their own football team and they were in a football league that played on any bombed waste ground they could find for the matches. Dad's boys team was called the Arkwright Street Colts who had an average age about the same as Liverpool's last Sunday - sorry dad...it's ok I'm allowed..dad and me had good banter. Dad had told my daughter Sarah last year that if your dad thinks he's watching the European Cup Final in the Welly he'd better think again as dad was going to ring 999 Fire brigade to say there was a fire there while match was on! Dad played against a couple of future stars in the boys street league and they were also in his junior school football team St Anthony's....they went on to play for Liverpool & England... Jimmy Melia & Bobby Campbell . There was plenty of wasteland around for the matches as Arkwright Street was not far from Liverpool Docks an obvious bombing target in the war. Dad, was only 5 at the start of the war and was never evacuated..he had caught TB and his mum never wanted him to be away from her... he remembered the German bombing blitz over 1940 & 1941 which saw half of

Arkwright Street and nearby Netherfield Road suffer direct hits. He remembered playing in & out of the bombed out houses and with the shrapnel. They were obviously tough times but dad was very proud of his North End upbringing. Many people died during that period and many lived in appalling living conditions which is why I think dad loved and appreciated Hale so much....we all should. The family home was eventually flattened in the slum clearance around 1959.

Dad left St Anthony's to attend De La Salle Grammar School in Everton before it moved to Croxteth. He was academically very capable and carried on playing football at school. He passed all his O levels and was taken on by Manweb the electricity board. Dad immediately started his electrical engineering apprenticeship at 17 and spent a period of it in Wolverhampton passing the Higher National Diploma until finally qualifying as an Electrical Engineer. Dad quite enjoyed his time in the 50's in Wolverhampton...single..money in his pocket..a career & Wolves had the best football team in the land at the time. Dad's 15 minutes of fame came there. He and a workmate shared digs run with a rod of iron by the by landlady. Dad had befriended a new lodger in their digs and they had gone out all week with him....the new lodger liked to party. They enjoyed themselves and were quite boisterous getting home until finally one night they arrived home to find all their bags packed and they were no longer welcome.

Dad's new friend was Jack Hawkins – he was an A list British & Hollywood film star at the time but that was the last dad

saw of him! Dad then worked in Chester and later was based in Liverpool and thoroughly enjoyed his job – he managed to convince Liverpool FC and The Empire theatre that they needed an electrical Engineer on standby whenever the venues were in use resulting in free match & theatre tickets!

My mum met my dad when she was 5 years old and my dad was 10 years old in 1944. She had been brought over to Liverpool by my granny to stay with relatives but there was insufficient room and my dad's mum was asked to look after her. My dad introduced her to tupenny toffee apples and Penny Vantas drinks – but mum was not impressed. Dad tried again years later when mum took his romantic eye - only problem was that she was courting. Mum's b/f was a smoker so dad would give him money to go off the shop for cigarettes and while he was gone dad made his move – and the rest..as they say..is history. Mum & Dad were married at St Hughes in Wavertree in September 1960 and honeymooned in the Lake District. Dad's younger sister Celia remembers dad being over the moon swinging her around telling her he was going to be a dad. By January 1963 myself & Jackie had arrived and we lived in a small 2 up 2 down in Royston Street, Edge Hill. Dad enjoyed going to St Anne's club on the corner of Royston Street every Friday night for a card school with his brother David, best friend Freddie Lambert and neighbour George. Then on a saturday dad would go off to Goodison Park leaving the house at 11am and getting back at 11pm until mum realised the match doesn't last 12 hours

and so joined dad every Saturday night in St Anne's for the turn.

Mum was expecting our Jill in 1966 and at this time dad was sent to Hale Village as he was responsible for planning the electricity supply to the 2 new estates about to be built..the Wimpy & the Curlender. Dad vividly remembers his first site visit..stood at a field gate on Ramsbrook Lane where the new Arklow Drive was to be built and he could see across the fields to The Welly. He went home that evening and told mum he had found where they were going to bring their 3 children up and next day went down and put a deposit on a plot before even the showhomes were built. We moved in to the new home in January 1967 where mum & dad happily lived out the rest of their lives. It was a lively home with everyone welcome.

Mum & dad made sure we had an annual holiday starting with caravan holidays in Ffrith North Wales until dad decided to buy a tent. It was always fun, if that's the word, watching mum load the car up one side and dad take half the stuff back out the other side but they eventually loaded the car up and away we went to some of Britain's most beautiful places...Lands End, Cheddar Gorge, Somerset, surfing at Woolacombe, Norfolk Broads, Anglesey, The Scottish Lochs, Scottish Highlands, John O'Groats..even camping on Ayr racecourse. Many happy memories of mum n dad sat in the pub as they did in them days while we looked through the

pub window asking for another bottle of pop but we obviously did so much more.

Dad loved football and stopped going the Everton games to help set up and run Manwebs amateur football club Electric Supply in Wavertree. They played in the Liverpool County Combination with a reserve team in the Shipping League. I used to go every Saturday and loved the half time kick about into the nets with dad. He helped them develop great facilities including a large clubhouse. Dad ended up becoming Chairman of all the sports sections. He made many friends at Electric Supply and they became like a large family. Dad would arrange trips for the football team, mainly to France, at the end of each season. One year they went to Germany and when the coach pulled up into the German town they were met by huge crowds..the Germans had thought Liverpool Reserves..which in those days included many full international players.. were in town....dad's German had been lost a bit in translation when organising the trip. Anyway, the lads had a great time playing in a floodlit stadium and getting a full civic reception in the town hall after the match..with free beer & food. Saw Robbo on my way in..where are you Brian?..this is the fella who sustained a double leg fracture in a match and was thrown into the back of dads car with a can of beer for pain relief while dad improvised as an ambulance & drove him to the hospital. Dad had the misfortune of his children being red noses and would be greeted by flags hanging from my bedroom window or

pictures of Kevin Keegan on our Jackies wall..but this did not stop my Evertonian dad buying me my 1st Liverpool season ticket when I was 15 or giving me his ticket for the 1977 Liverpool v Man Utd Cup final which was his reward for all the organising he did for Electric Supply football team.

The first of dad's 5 grandchildren, John, arrived in 1982 and he has flown in from Sydney... it's not as smokey here John I bet. John was followed by our Sarah..Emma, Rachel who has flown in from Dubai & Mikey. Then 4 years ago dad's 1st great grandchild, Grace arrived followed by toddlers Charlie & Eve. Dad loved his grandkids greatly and would also take them on holidays camping to places such as Shell Island in Wales.

Dad took early retirement in 1991 having just completed 40 years service at age 57. It was time for a new chapter as mum finished work too. Dad packed the amateur football in and took up bowls and mum and dad embarked on a frenzy of foreign holidays going all over Europe and the USA many times spending weeks and weeks abroad. Sometimes they were on their own..often with a group of friends or our families. We had many happy memories as adults when mum and dad were with us abroad.

Dad signed me on for the Welly bowls team when I was 40 and we had 17 wonderful seasons together..there was nothing better dad enjoyed on a summers night playing bowls & enjoying a pint afterwards in The Welly. Dad had

roles as secretary and captain for over 10 years...helping The Welly to divisional & cup success in the Widnes & Liverpool leagues...too many people dad knew to mention sorry but a few were Dick Woods, Billy Christie, Joe Youds and all our present members. Dad helped the APH to many titles in the Liverpool pensioners league with Charlie Baker, Tommy Jamieson & Brian Lindford and Halwood Bowling Club with Jimmy Miney & Claire Howell. Dad had great individual success too winning the major trophies in Widnes..the Queens Nurses.. & in Liverpool as the individual pensioners champion. Again, it was a measure of how well liked dad was as every team I played against someone would ask me how my dad was getting on when he wasn't there last season.

Dad also played indoor bowls for The Welly with Bernie, Billy, Bob, Pauline, Carol & Cathy. Mum had captained the same team. They were top dogs for years winning the league but 2 years ago when I started an indoor team myself dad immediately said he wanted to join to help us out as we were mainly newcomers..with Arthur, Phil, Robbie, Dave & Gordon all getting advice from dad – that epitomised dad wanting to help us get up and running.

Dad did not have the best of times in the last 18 months with the melanoma cancer on his foot. This spread to his groin lymph nodes and then his shin. Dad required operations to all those areas which meant he was unable to walk for weeks at a time but he battled through. Dad was still 100%

independent until the day he went into hospital on 2nd December doing everything for himself..in fact..when I moved in with him a year ago we had a dad/n lad chat...dad said...right we are not the odd couple lad... you do your own cooking & shopping and I'll do mine..but if you're putting the kettle on I'll always have a cuppa with you.

We thought dad was over the worst and after missing the whole of last summer's bowls season dad made himself available for our Indoor bowls which started only 12 weeks ago. Dad ended up playing 7 games over the next 7 weeks and was unbeaten in every 1 winning 6 & drawing 1. He was the only unbeaten player in our squad. His last game was shortly before he was admitted to hospital so he was still performing right up to the end...still the best...a fitting bowls finale for him.

Finally, I will finish with an abbreviation and a couple of Latin phrases. Firstly..the abbreviation...Whenever the consultants or doctors were giving dad an update on his condition which was finally diagnosed as metastatic lung cancer he would always join in saying the problem was TMB's to which everyone smiled when dad explained that TMB's was...Too Many Birthdays..and that's what I will remember as the reason why dad passed away as TMB's and not that terrible disease..Anyway, a massive thank you to all our great NHS who cared for dad over the years.

Secondly..the latin...it will be 3 years next month since mum died and dad has missed her desperately over that time. Dad wouldn't want to be anywhere else but in her arms right now and his condolence card to mum simply statedI loved you and only you from the very beginning and there will never be anyone else. That was so true and in the spirit of his De La Salle latin school motto....Semper Fidelis ...which means...always faithful...and he was. Finally, Dad was able to tell us in his last weeks that he'd had a good life and he left Jackie, Jill and myself a letter in which he signed it off with the Everton motto Nil Satis Nisi Optimum..and that's what I will end with..dad you were nothing but the best...good night & god bless xxx