

KEOGH'S COLUMN

It's a knockout

Shaun Keogh writes
from deepest
Hertfordshire

Number seven please, David

I'VE HEARD it said many a time that playing for Boro is an education...but I can't imagine that urology was foremost in David Chadwick's mind when he was running down the wing laying on the goals for John Hickton back in the late sixties.

My curiosity, aroused by this clipping from the *Sunday Times*, got the better of me and so I telephoned South Cleveland Hospital and demanded to speak to DC;MD.

David Chadwick MD, wild coincidence though

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David Chadwick MD
Consultant Urologist
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it is, is not "our" David, nor indeed is he any relation. He's not even a local lad, having just moved up from London. It gets worse, however, as he confesses a lifelong soft spot for West Ham. However, his two sons have developed an interest in Boro, and he is going

to buy them season tickets for the new stadium which incidentally he thinks is fantastic. I put the phone down feeling strangely superior; an odd thing for a Boro fan. It takes some getting used to doesn't it, discovering you are now a supporter of a fashionable club? It's a bit weird finding that people now want to talk about Boro.

Let's face it, we were flavour of the season this year; it reminds me of the seventies and the Charlton era. Was there ever a time before that when the Boro was fashionable? Did the World Cup games at Ayresome increase our public profile? I'm afraid that I am too young to remember.

You what?

SO, FAREWELL then, Ayresome. One particular memory springs to mind.

In the late eighties, I took my then girlfriend to her first and last match. We stood on the Holgate. I can't remember who we were playing, but it was the week after Pally had made his first England appearance. The ground was alive with fervent "Come on Boro", interspersed with chants of "Gary, Gary Pallister" and "Bernie, Bernie Slaven", until virtually the whole team got a namecheck. I wanted her to enjoy the evening. I wanted her to savour the magical atmosphere of a packed Holgate in full swing. I wanted her to buy me a pie at half time. I was therefore screaming into her ear, above the terrific noise around us, that Pally is number five, Bernie is number seven, until I'd ID'd all of the players that the crowd were namechecking amongst a deafening "Come on Boro". And what do you think she said? What gem passed her lips? She said, "Which one is 'Bullen' then? They all seem to be shouting for him." Come on Bullen? I don't know why we bother trying. I really don't.

Moody not-so-blues

I'VE ALWAYS been interested in following the progress of ex Boro players, but I'm not talking about the Sounesses and Pallisters. I want to know what happened to the likes of Stan Webb, Maurice Short and Bryan Myton.

Stan Webb was particularly fascinating because he was so ugly and had the worst haircut of the 68-69 Boro team picture. But did you know that he used to play basketball for England? Well you do now. My brother in law reckons he saw Stan playing Sunday league for a team from Redcar only six years ago, and he would have been about 40 years old even then.

Complete stiff

Short was a stupid name for a mediocre goalkeeper who only got his game when "Willie Willie Willie Willie Whigham" (as we would joyfully sing) was injured. We eventually farmed him out to Oldham, who were less than mediocre themselves in those days.

Bryan Myton just looked like a complete stiff, even when he wasn't playing and didn't he get sent off on his debut?

Of all the ex-Boro stiffs though, the most successful appears to be Brian "bloody" Moody, as we used to spit through gritted teeth. In five years he made 44 full appearances for Boro, and his name on the teamsheet meant that a nailbiting game was about to take place. But he left Boro for Southend, and holds the record for the most league appearances for them - 504 league and cup games. He now works as a golf professional near Southend. It has to be said that when you look at the other faces in the Boro team photo of 72-73, he must therefore rank as one of the most successful members of the then Boro squad over his career period in terms of stability and career longevity, alongside Willie Maddren, Gordon Jones, John Hickton, David Armstrong and even Nobby Stiles.

Remember, remember

SOMEONE MENTIONED in the last **ms** that it is not unknown to bump into Chubby Brown at Boro home games. It got me wondering how many famous faces I had seen watching the Boro. After much thought, it turns out that in 27 years of Boro watching, I have seen two.

The last one was a couple of years ago at Portman road the year that Boro and Ipswich were both

promoted. Standing on the terrace in front of me was Bob Mortimer, along with a few of his mates. No surprise there, he is a fairly high profile Boro fan.

The first sighting was back in 72-73. I can't remember which match, but there is no doubting who we saw, because he was at that time one of the biggest rock stars in the world, and highly recognisable. It was Paul Rodgers,

who at the time was in Free, and went on to form Bad Company. That was he, right in front of me and my brother in law behind the goal in the Holgate. It's a little known (or indeed cared about) fact that Paul Rodgers was born and brought up in the Boro. It's heartening to see local boys made good sticking to their roots. (I could namecheck Steve Gibson here, but that would look a bit like grovelling.)