

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 11 issue 97



Harry Catterick

**Talks about Harvey /Kendall/ Ball
Page 19**

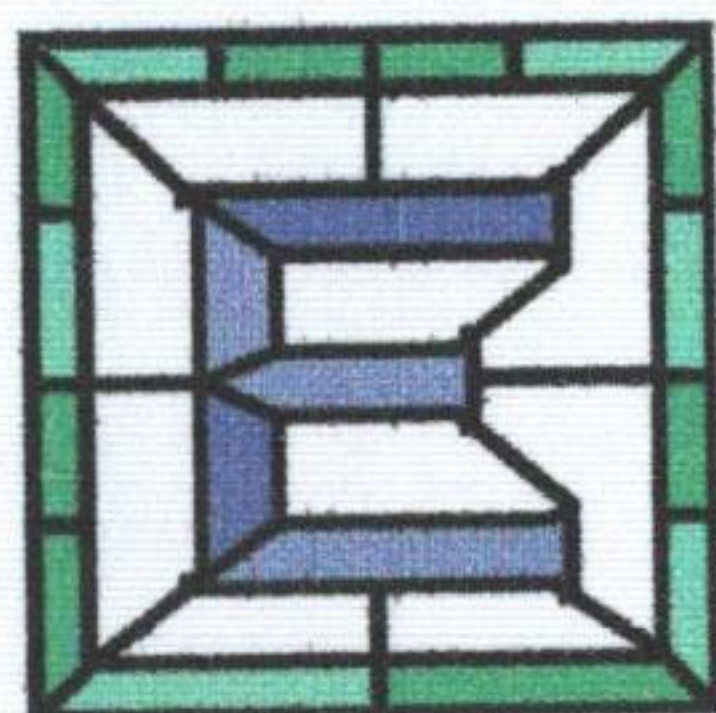
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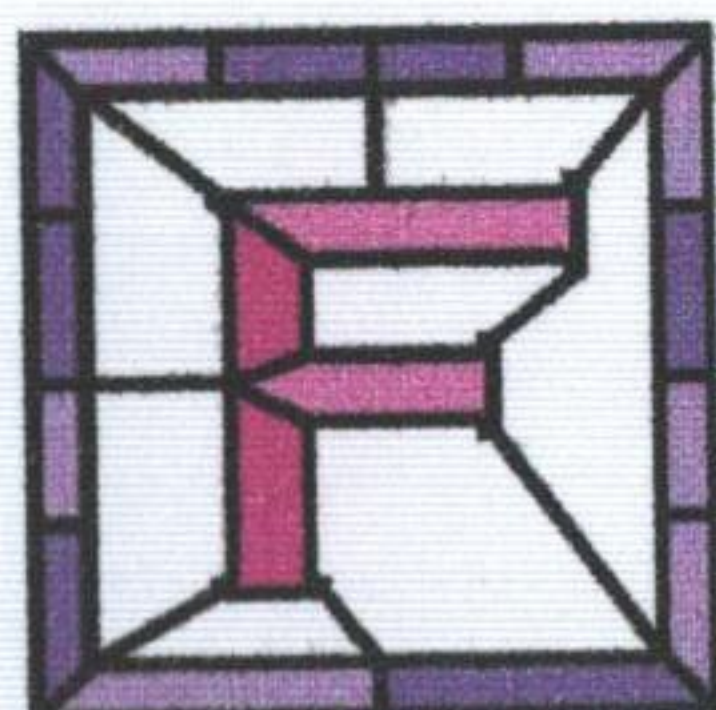
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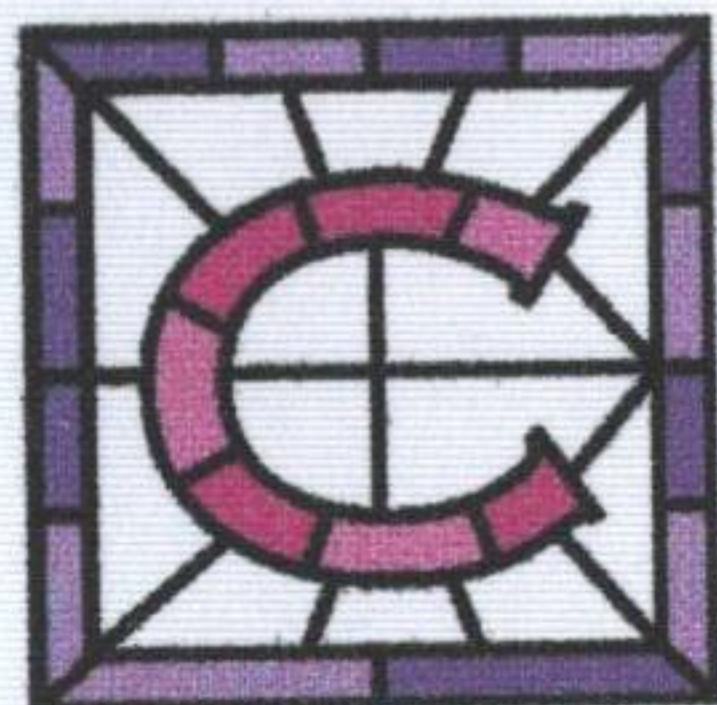
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Gary Ablett

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Editors Page Return Of The Orr—Moans

It gets worse , Bolton at home and we get outplayed by the bottom club, they have more shots on target they get more corners and they get more goals . We get one wind assisted fluke and Everton get booed off the pitch. Moyes makes no excuses and says the better team won!!!

Only 29,000 are there the lowest League attendance since Moyes came. Fans are voting with their feet. It has got to be said the standard of football at Goodison and in our away games is dreadful. As an Evertonian its bad enough having to watch but for neutrals, well they don't have to watch, they switch off if its on live tv.

Everton are now no more better thought off than West Brom , Stoke, Blackburn or Bolton , we have six or sometimes seven men strung out across midfield the ball goes sideways and back, no one shoots from distance , this happens all the time. I went online after I got home from the Bolton game and there were Blues there saying its not Moyes fault!! It was a one off !!!! Well for me it is Moyes's fault, he has bought all those players except Hibbert and Osman, he has decided to play negative shot shy football. Its not a 'ONE OFF' Q.P.R. And Stoke, have beaten us at home as well.

Tamworth at home in the Cup another poor gate 27,000 6,000 from Tamworth , I was looking forward to this game but it all went wrong for me. Tamworth come out to generous applause but their goalie comes to the Street End ,he gets clapped but there is no response, their fans are singing that horrible song and then throughout the game they booed Phil Neville (that's our job) so for me they were mostly Kopites on a day out . I wanted Everton to give them a hiding . They were a hard team and at times a dirty team. They tried to bully Everton but when we got the penalty and Baines was lining the ball up their goalie came out and sprayed water from his water bottle over the ball. I have never seen anything like that before, it was for me unsporting behaviour and I think he should have been sent off. He only got a yellow. If this kind of pathetic thing happens in a non League Club then football is indeed in trouble. When Baines slammed the ball past him and then blasted the rebound even harder I knew that even Baines knew what the goalie did was out of order.

I was made up we won and sent them out, I didn't stay to clap them and I would hope that they feel ashamed now ,it was their big day, it was their chance to enjoy it but they and their fans acted liked spoilt kids. Fulham on a Friday night at home will do for me.

Spurs away midweek and we have lost before we kick a ball, Moyes once again goes into his Spurs have pulled away from us, we can't compete mode, they have Bale, Parker, Adeybayor etc. I nearly threw the radio out of the window. Why can't he just get on with it, say we are here to win and that's what I think we will do. Is that too much to ask of man who is paid £65,000 a week to represent Everton in front of the press?

The game starts well we have Vic and Saha but Vic is now a left winger, lol I mean to ask you, would any football coach in this country look at Victor and say, that lad would make a good winger? No, only Moyes would do that. Saha again squanders chances and we go a goal down. The second half is the usual defend and try not to let more goals in. We have no shots on target (that's a shock) and they score again. Moyes says after the game that he thought we played well and the lads did as much as they could. Distan is injured but young Duffy came on and did well .

Gibson joins from Man United,. When I first heard we had signed Gibson I thought it was another Kenwright stunt , like when he got Sylvester Stallone over , I thought it was Mel Gibson. I was wrong its Darren another defensive player but we must give him a chance and see what he can do.

Aston Villa away and we have a positive line up Duffy plays and that's so good Gibson is in the team but Saha is still the centre forward , for me we should have won and if the changes had come earlier I think we would have done. Fellani doesn't do enough work, little passes and touches but no real effort . Saha is a lost cause time to ship him out. Drenthe is doing his Pienaar falling over impression but a good point in the end . Vic did well with the goal. As I have said many times we have a good team that gets held back by a negative manager .

A few issues ago I did a story on Tony Kay this is another view of that time

In January 1965 three of England's best-known footballers were sent to prison for four months after their conviction in what was called The Soccer Conspiracy Case. They were Peter Swan, the Sheffield Wednesday centre-half who had played nineteen times for his country, David Layne, the Sheffield Wednesday centre-forward, and Tony Kay, a wing-half, formerly of Sheffield Wednesday but at the time of the

disclosure playing for Everton. The gist of the case was that all three, while playing for Wednesday, had conspired to prevent their own team from winning a match to facilitate a betting coup. A few months after the case the three players were suspended from football for life by the Football Association, which meant that any form of officially recognised football anywhere was barred to them. Kay and Swan had pleaded not guilty in court.

The case made a wretched winter for British football. Seven less well-known players and former players were sentenced at the same time on similar charges to terms of imprisonment ranging from four years to six months. The exposure was the work of the *People*, the Sunday newspaper, whose reporters did their job resourcefully and ruthlessly, and the dirty shrapnel of the explosion nicked and wounded people all round the game. Such a revelation was bound to make the public ask each other, blackly, how much 'fixing' of matches was going on which was never discovered. This fear struck at the very roots and heart of football. The footballers, once found guilty, were bound to suffer the complete punishment.

While the tale was being told little sympathy was invited for the men concerned, although Mr Justice Lawton, passing sentence, said he accepted that the Sheffield Wednesday players were involved 'really by chance' and on one isolated occasion; they presented him, he said, 'with the most unpleasant part of my duty'. Excuse may never be possible, but at least the personal tragedy of the event should be acknowledged. The fallen, ruined hero is no figure for callous scorn. Some respected men in the game have given their names to appeals for the players' reinstatement. There is kindness here but also, I think, a failure on their part to recognise the significance of the case. Perhaps it is a matter of being too close to the game to see the extent of the damage. A court conviction on a charge of 'fixing' football is not just a nasty blotch on the wall, but a jagged hole in the fabric. Two or three more like that and the whole structure falls in rubble.

Of the three men I have named, Kay was the most colourful player, and he was notably articulate. He was twenty-seven at the time of the case, and he had played once for England, against Switzerland. He was an extremely tough, quick, enterprising half-back, of the combative, all-action kind: very much the type of player whom Sir Alf Ramsey developed in Nobby Stiles for England's World Cup victory. Stiles played magnificently for England. It is fair to ask whether he would have been given the chance if Kay had been available. That thought

was very sharply in my mind when I went to see Kay in Liverpool in 1967.

He looked haggard, although not in the debilitated sense of a man gone to seed. He looked what he was still: a hard-driven athlete, the flesh tight on the bones. He had red, scrubbing-brush hair, and he wore thick-rimmed glasses. He exuded an exaggerated ruefulness, a bitter and aggressive self-mockery. There was a distinct television-age, showbiz edge to the back-street wit. 'The cops have it in for me; must have,' he said. 'Have you ever heard of anyone being booked for parking by a copper on a horse? That's Anthony's luck.'

Kay was brought up in Sheffield, where he learned about life and football, which amounted practically to the same thing for him. . . . He knew working-class austerity as people know sweat, through the pores, not book-learned or observed in passing. Money was important because there was not much of it about. Everton bought him from Sheffield Wednesday for more than £55,000.

The face has a flare of insolence, and now that he had much to regret he played up this component in his personality, telling stories of the persecution and recurrent disaster in his life with a chirpy, gritty comicality. 'Wasn't I always in trouble?' he said. 'Well, I nearly got killed more than once, didn't I? Look how the crowds used to get at me.'

He launched into a story about a match in London, which ended with a mob of the home crowd's fans yelling for his blood round the exit. He walked out disguised in the home team manager's long overcoat and trilby. He said: 'When I got in the coach I took 'em off and tapped the window at the crowd. You should have seen 'em,' and he bared his teeth wide and crooked his fingers on either side of his face, like talons.

Then he said: 'There was that time in Italy when the crowd was at me. "Kay, Bastardo, Bastardo." They were behind this wire grille (bared teeth and crooked fingers again). I banged the ball at their faces. So what happens when we come off at the end? I'm there, with our team in the dressing-room, and I'm standing at the tunnel thanking everyone, and I go up to this Italian trainer, who's only about 7 feet tall. I hold my hand out, and what does he do? He's only got both me arms pinned behind me back. And all the Italian team's giving me one as they go off the field.'

The resentment poured out of him, as he built up a picture of a victimised upbringing. The voice teetered up into a thin malevolence,

the voice of childhood's tormentors: 'Right, you've been very, very naughty, and now we're going to rattle your little arse. Whack. Sort that out.'

Kay, the bolshie; Kay, the whipping-boy; Kay, the misunderstood; Kay, the unlucky: he overstated his battering from life, and his tumbling resistance, with the skill of a natural comedian who is beginning to believe the letter as well as the spirit of his material.

'I've always hated referees,' he said. 'To me they're all no-marks. Otherwise, they wouldn't be there. Who are they? All the week they're sitting there in offices, scribbling away, scribble, scribble, and on Saturday afternoons they're on the field with all the big men, and they're saying, "Right, now you do what I tell you or you're going in my little book."' He did a wickedly observed impersonation of a hunchbacked, myopic referee writing in a notebook, his hands up by his nose. He said: 'I've seen blokes kicking lumps out of each other, and what's the referee doing? He's wagging his finger and making a great production out of moving the ball three foot back for a free kick.'

Kay's sadly funny performance was the more disturbing because in his comment on authority, and its view of him, there was a strong thread of truth. As a player he was undoubtedly one of those eruptive influences which infuriate referees. He was known for his bitter tackling and only tough men were prepared to take the consequences. Kay insisted to me that he was a marked man not only in the opposition's dressing-room but in the referee's as well, and he added that he did not mind telling referees so. One of his troubles was that he was never discreet in what he said or what he did. He said to me: 'I was naive.' He was right. He knew most of the tricks of the trade, but not the most important trick of all, which is to appear not to.

The more Kay talks the stronger is the conviction borne in on the listener that his misfortunes were impelled from inside him. Like everyone else the influences he assimilated from his environment were an imperfect blend; but is it the mixture or the chemistry which makes a man? Kay was embattled against the world, pretty well all of it, so that ultimately he was working against himself. Even in trivial, everyday matters, such as his relationship with road traffic, his progress was interrupted by violent incidents of bizarre complexity, in which his saving grace was to be found in his comic, fatalistic hindsight. One accident, as he described it, involved the inexorable will of some dauntless old lady, launched come what might for the distant haven of the opposite pavement. There was also snow and a steep hill. Then: 'So

all of a sudden I'm waking up in me mini, upside down, and this geezer's shouting all sorts at me out of his bedroom window.' On another occasion the slapstick disaster ends: 'So here I am, can't move a limb, being wheeled about the station by a porter on a trolley.'

Kay managed to squeeze a few wicked, retaliatory jokes out of his prison sentence. He said that the prison governor was 'a wild football fan, and he couldn't get enough of the game'. Kay said that he and his friends were given full rein to train the prison football team, and that the governor refereed most of the matches himself. 'We only lost one game out of fourteen,' Kay said, adding with a look of feigned distate, 'and that was because the other lot brought their own referee: the game was *bent*.' He laughed. He said that the first warder he met in gaol was a little man - most villains in Kay's life are little men - who greeted him with: 'Yes, it's through people like you I never win the pools.' Kay said: 'I thought to myself, "Hullo, Anthony, you've found yourself one here. It's your luck again."' He encountered the warder later when the man was a linesman at one of the matches. The story is a symetry of irony: 'The governor was sold on us. I gave 'em all hell, you know. He used to say, "Well done, young Kay." Well, this little warder - the bad one - he kept sticking his flag up and shouting at me every time I touched anybody. After a bit I said to him. "Why don't you piss off?" He was furious. He said, "I'll have you yet." So I ran across to the governor - he was refereeing again - and I said, "Excuse me, Sir, can't you do something about this linesman? He keeps on at me. I can't concentrate." So the governor went across to this warder, and he said, "Not so much noise, please, Mr So-and-so."' Kay's eyes glinted at the memory.

To judge from Kay's conversation, his attitude to authority always had that cynicism. He reminds one of the bad lad at the back of the class, or the hard case in the barrack-room, who recognises the sneaking respect, and often fear, that the man in charge has for the ones who won't conform. Such men seldom appeal for help, and when they do it is to exploit the boss's sense of importance. Kay told me this story about a match against Fulham: 'I was up against Jimmy Hill, and he was up there towering above me. Every time I went up for the ball there he was, just leaning over the top of me. I thought, "Right, I'm not having this all the game. Next time we go up I'll have his shorts off him." Well, up we went, and I shoved me hand out and I missed 'em. Instead I caught him right between the legs. He screamed the place down. But he kept with me afterwards, all over

the field. I went to the ref. I said, "Hey, ref, look at this maniac with the beard. Look at the way he's after me." It worked.' Kay's relished little triumphs can only be properly understood by someone brought up where people never play cards for matchsticks.

I was warned before I went to see him that Kay might be sad; that if the gloom was on him he might even weep. He anticipated my wariness. He had stopped crying, he said, although when he was first told that he could never play football competitively again, he confessed: 'I never cried so much in all me life.' He said it looking straight at me, using the words like a showbiz catchphrase, but not smiling. He knew he had been overdoing the clowning. 'It just hides the tears,' he said. 'You can't cry all the time. You get a reputation for it. No one wants to know after a bit. They say, "Oh Christ, I've got to put up with this crying gett again." You can't just give up, can you?'

It was plain that he had been deeply hurt by what had happened to him; he was convinced it had been imposed and not brought upon him by himself. Every six months, he said, he wrote to the FA, asking if they would reconsider his registration. He did not really think they ever would. People in Liverpool, he said, were friendly and sympathetic towards him. That salty city would never snub a man like Kay. He was as much one of Liverpool's own, pugnacious and at least pretending cunning, as if he had been born there.

But his life was not pleasing him, to say the least of it. At the time I was talking to him he was a family man living away from his wife, and a bookmaker not sure that there would be another year's wages out of his betting shop. What had he been doing since prison? 'Just going round in circles,' he said. 'Getting nowhere.'

He had been playing football, surreptitiously, in scratch matches, giving another name when he was asked, keeping an eye open for men hanging about with cameras. He was training twice a week, and I could believe it when he said: 'I really push myself.' He did much of his training at a school gymnasium, often giving practical instruction to the boys. He said, the edge going out of the voice for the first time: 'They all want to take me on, you know. They think, "Oh, this old Tony Kay, he's finished." I like to get 'em trying to get past me on the outside, and I'm leaving 'em behind, and I'm shouting, "Come on, what are you waiting for, you lads?"'

There was a lot of heart in Kay as a player. Professional sport made him, tested him and broke him. He is one of football's tragic casualties because he was so strongly equipped in nearly all his aspects. His

counsel said in court, after his conviction: 'He has given up for £100 what has in fact been one of the greatest careers of any footballer. He was tempted once, and fell.'

from THE FOOTBALL MAN 1971

If you have any interesting articles please email them to Blue Blood

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Kids today they don't know they are born.

After the visit of Tamworth to Goodison I found this article, which I think will be of interest to all the readers of Blue Blood

As they walked slowly, attempting to recognise friends in the stands towering above them, all Woking's players could see was a forest of hands applauding. Goodison Park was theirs, and they didn't want to leave.

When you have changed in dressing-rooms with leaking water pipes, played in front of crowds of less than 150, and been denied the luxury of a professional career, the acclaim of thousands is something to savour. The memory must last a lifetime.

Tim Read, the teenage bank clerk who is serving his goalkeeping apprenticeship in the Vauxhall Opel league, decided he required a memento of the afternoon that justified all the trite, traditional words about the romance of the FA Cup. He raced with unashamed eagerness to swap jerseys with Neville Southall, the boyhood hero who had been his opposite number. 'I don't care if I have to pay for the one I gave him,' he said, pulling the green shirt over his head. 'This is mine, all mine. Brilliant.'

Kevin Ratcliffe, Everton's captain was standing nearby on the touchline, shivering as he waited to offer his congratulations. 'Great this, isn't it?' he said as he watched Woking's slow lap of honour. 'This is what it's all about. Where are they playing next?'

He smiled when informed that Woking would resume normal service at their Kingfield ground tomorrow in a Surrey Demolition and Excavation Cup-tie against Walton and Hersham. It was a reminder of another world.

The worries that had preyed on Geoff Chapple's mind on Friday night, during his four-hour drive to Woking's Southport base, were unnecessary. He knew, as he collected a scarf thrown from the terraces, his team had been the ambassadors he had hoped for.

Success can be as corrosive as failure when it is unexpected. Mr Chapple was concerned about the mercenary instincts of certain players and had been frequently at odds with Fred Callaghan, his coach, during the build-up.

The two men represent different strands of footballing life. Mr Chapple has no experience of the somewhat cynical world of professional football and his ambition is to become chairman of Woking, whom he has managed for six years. He sees beyond the win-and-loss column on a league table. Even minutes before the kick-off of the biggest game of his life he was saying: 'There are more important things than a football match. We've not handled things all that well, to be honest, and certain people have had ideas beyond their station.'

For Mr Callaghan, the former Brentford manager, this was the main chance, the great opportunity to remind chairmen of Football League clubs that he was ready, and able, immediately to abandon his job as a London taxi driver.

On Saturday afternoon their players had been given an inkling of what they were to confront at Goodison. They were introduced to the crowd at Anfield before Liverpool's game against Brighton; the Kop chanted their names and offered Everton ritual abuse in their honour.

They enjoyed the novelty of signing autographs and later in the evening sipped their beer contentedly. They began to be reminded of reality at the team meeting which followed their steak and chips.

'Don't freeze,' implored Mr Chapple. 'But remember this is gonna be one of the biggest things in your lives. It means I've got the easiest job of my career.'

Having kept to an 11 p.m. curfew, grateful that *Match of the Day* kept minds off the diversion of the hotel disco, they claimed to have slept well. But, yesterday morning, captain Adie Cowler and roommate Bradley Pratt radiated tension.

'This is like waking up on the day of your execution,' mused Pratt over breakfast. Mr Chapple named the team on Southport beach, the players huddled around him in a small, silent semi-circle.

Mr Callaghan was worried that nerves would afflict his young goalkeeper but, once at Goodison Park, he was sidetracked by his sudden celebrity status. 'Forget football,' he said. 'I think I'll become a film star.'

Surprisingly enough, Woking's management team maintained that relaxed approach. The nearest they came to impassioned protest was when they discovered they could barely see the far side of the pitch from the dug-out.

'Get in close. Bite in hard,' were Mr Callaghan's final words before kick-off. However, the part-timers had already determined to do themselves justice.

'They're not overawed are they?' mused Mr Chapple midway through the first half. Mr Callaghan continued to offer comment and criticism at ear-splitting volume, barely taking a breath.

'Sit down, Fred, sit down,' pleaded Mr Chapple who, like the rest of us, had to lean forward on his hands and knees whenever Everton attacked the goal behind which Woking's new found supporters were congregated.

Mr Callaghan railed, to no one in particular, that 'the fitness factor is going to be the difference'. Colin Lippiat, Woking's assistant manager, was more impressed by Everton's technique on the ball.

'They hit the ball well, these pros, don't they?' he reflected. 'So they should, on £2,000 a week,' answered substitute Andy Russell.

Pratt was evidently enjoying himself. 'Why is everyone getting so worked up?' he asked when he came to the visitors' dug-out for a tie-up early in the second half. 'Have a laugh.'

No one felt inclined to take up his offer when Kevin Sheedy scored the decisive goal. The silence lasted for fully thirty seconds.

'We're losing it in midfield,' complained Mr Chapple as Mr Callaghan raged on in his inimitable fashion. 'Biggo's got his blinkers on,' he said after an unsuccessful attempt to bawl advice at the ineffective Mark Biggins.

When Mark Franks was substituted eight minutes from time, he complained: 'Why me? I could have won us the game.'

That disappointment did not last long. The final whistle brought the realisation that, despite losing, they had been a credit to themselves. When, eventually, they returned to the dressing-room, Pratt and Biggins, the subject of Mr Callaghan's wrath, exchanged glances.

'Come on,' they said in unison, 'let's get back out there again.' And with that they were off, to milk the applause just one more time.

from the DAILY TELEGRAPH January 1991

Gary Ablett .



Ex players die, we all know that but not at 46 years of age. That is so sad, Gary Ablett had not even lived a half century, yet he had packed so much into his short life.

A unique record of Winning the F.A. Cup with both Merseyside Teams is so special. If you consider the amount of players that have played for both teams it is indeed an honour and a special record.

A player respected by both Red & Blue and that's hard to imagine , maybe only Peter Beardsley can come close in that role.

We knew he was ill but footballers are fit, they always seem to fight it off and come back stronger.

Alan Stubbs did it and others, so we didn't really worry about Gary and his illness. Sadly we were all mistaken, the illness drained him and he lost his fight for life.

The tributes have been many and heartfelt everyone said the same thing ' A lovely person , a great family man and a dedicated professional.'

Gary joined Everton in January 1992 for £750,000 , he stayed for four years giving wholehearted displays. It's never easy to move across the Park in either direction . Gary knew there would be those who would be waiting for any mistake anything to jump on his back but he just got on with it and he won the sceptics over.

He was what you used to call a Utility player, he could fill many roles and in 1994/95 he played in four different positions .

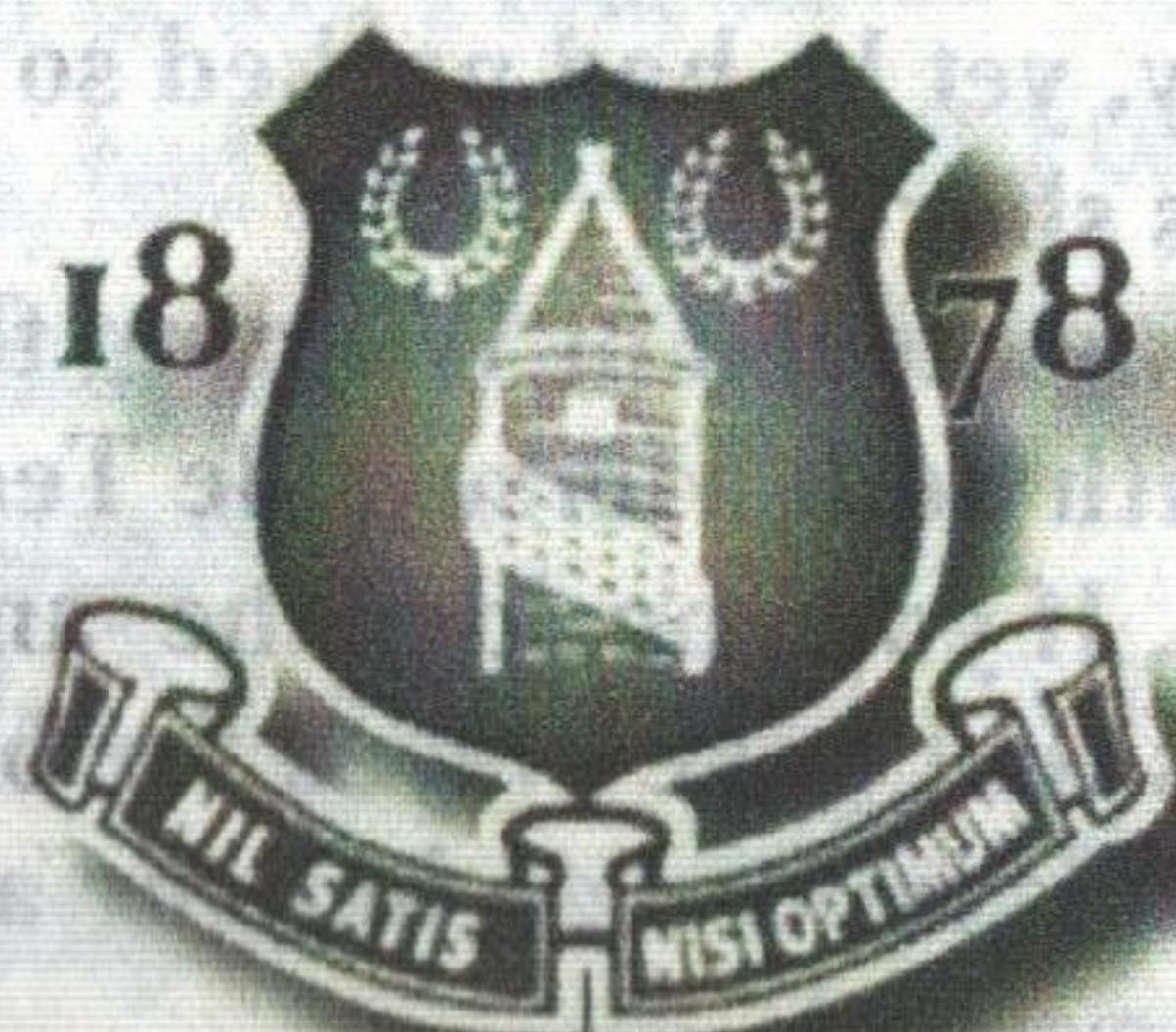
In the Cup Final he partnered Matt Jackson .

He played in 156 games for Everton scoring six goals then going to Sheffield United on loan before signing for Birmingham City in June 1996 for £390,000 , from there he went to Wycombe Wanderers on loan in December 1999 , a short spell at Scunthorpe for a trial then finishing his career at Blackpool in January 2000 .

Gary Ablett returned to Everton as a coach in the Academy, and served the club for two years before taking a job with Liverpool, coaching their Reserve team:

Condolences to all his friends and family

DAVE WATSON



| | |
|------------|------------------|
| Born | 20 November 1960 |
| Birthplace | Liverpool |
| Height | 6ft 0ins |
| Weight | 12st 4lbs |

| Team | Apps | Goals |
|--------------|---------|-------|
| Norwich City | 212 | 11 |
| Everton | 419 (4) | 23 |

Dave Watson began his career with Liverpool, but after failing to reach the first team he moved to Norwich City in November 1980. The Canaries paid an initial fee of £50,000, a similar sum after Watson had made 25 senior appearances and a further £100,000 after he had collected his first full England cap.

In the summer of 1986, while Everton were preparing for the new season with a series of friendly games in Holland, manager Howard Kendall was informed that centre-half Derek Mountfield would be out of action for a number of weeks through injury. The Blues' manager was determined to start the campaign with a fully fit complement of senior players and so contacted Norwich boss Ken Brown to ask about the availability of Watson. In so doing, he started a ten-day tug-of-war in which his initial advances were spurned by the Carrow Road club until he raised his bid to a club record £900,000.

Initially, Watson appeared indecisive and clumsy and was caught out of position far too often. He constantly found himself at odds with supporters on the Gwladys Street terraces who idolised Mountfield, the man he had replaced. In fact, at one stage in the autumn of 1986, he was dropped in favour of the fit again Mountfield but as the season began to unfold, he came to terms with the Blues' zonal marking system and helped the club lift the League Championship.

Having won a place in the hearts of the Everton faithful with his raw courage and never-say-die attitude, Watson was voted the club's Player of the Year in 1987-88.

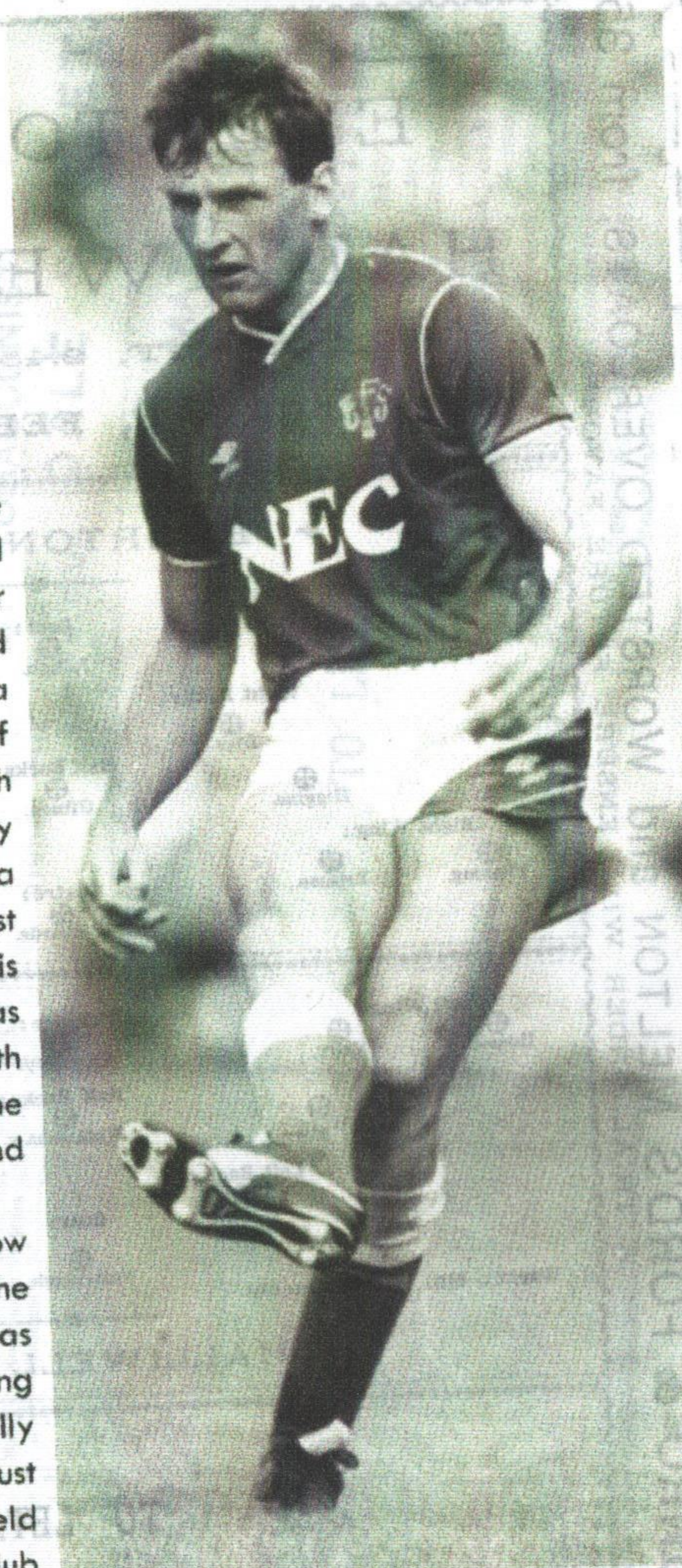
In 1991, Peter Reid, then manager of Manchester City, offered £1 million to take his former team-mate to Maine Road. Happily for Everton, Watson put his name to a new contract and was soon handed the job of skipper. He had by now become much more positive in attack, acquiring the welcome knack of chipping in with priceless goals.

In February 1991 Watson scored a fifth round FA Cup second replay

winner against Liverpool and a subsequent quarter-final strike against West Ham United. Perhaps even more memorable was his header that won the 1995 quarter-final against Newcastle United. The Blues went on to win that season's FA Cup with Watson being named Man-of-the-Match in a 1-0 win over Manchester United.

Watson, who had seen defensive partners come and go, stepped up to become caretaker-manager after Joe Royle's departure and steered the club safely through a relegation dogfight in the spring of 1997. He then began to suffer with back and knee problems and shortly after his 36th birthday, he needed a cartilage operation. Though he lost the captaincy to Gary Speed, this most inspirational of players was recalled to the side by Walter Smith for the 1998-99 season, ending the campaign with the captain's armband back in his possession.

Though he finally began to show signs of wear and tear, such was the esteem in which Dave Watson was held at Goodison that his playing contract was extended. Finally he ended his Everton career just three matches short of the outfield appearance record at the club held by Brian Labone. Though a considerable influence in a coaching capacity, Dave Watson finally severed his links with the Blues, crossing the Mersey to manage Tranmere Rovers.



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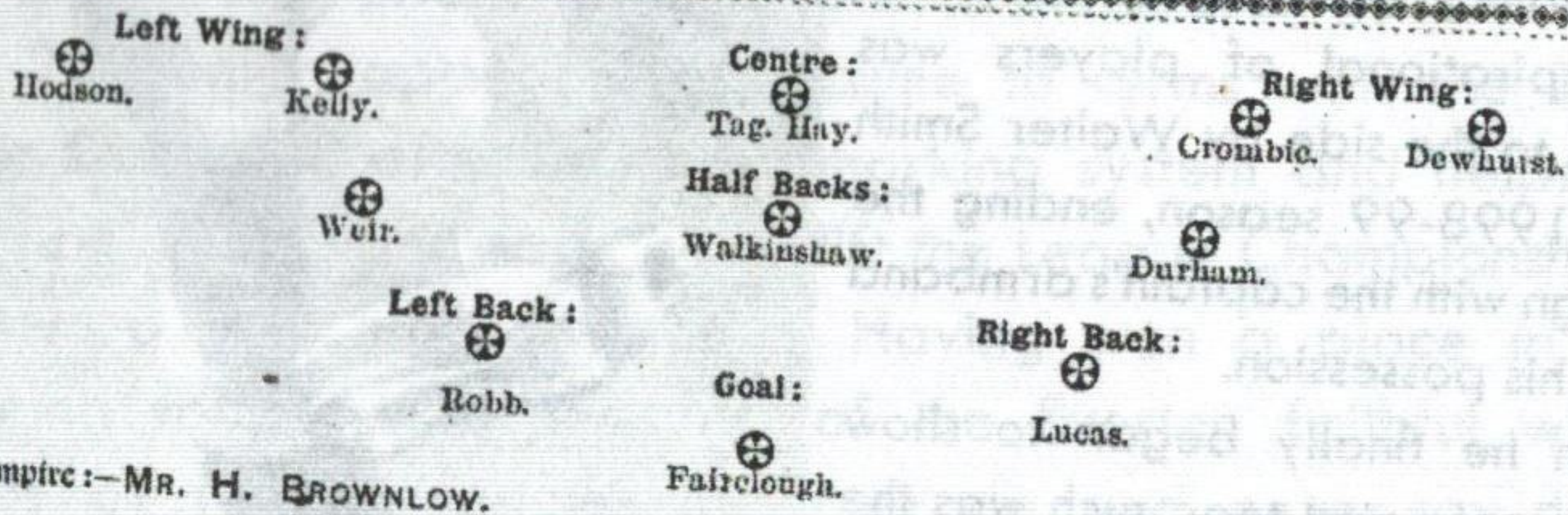
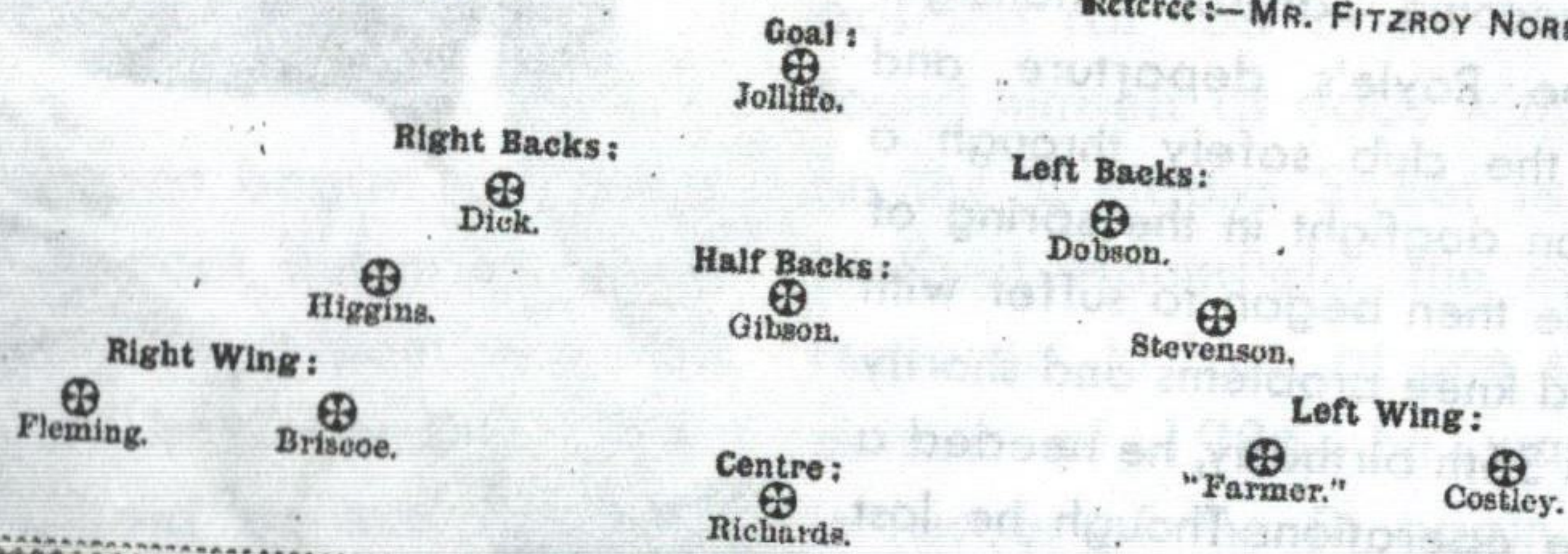
KICK OFF, 2.45.

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1887.

EVERTON TEAM.

Umpire:—MR. J. RICHARDS.

Referee:—MR. FITZROY NORRIS.



Umpire:—MR. H. BROWNLOW.

HALLIWELL TEAM.

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In the next few issues I will be reproducing programmes from the 1886 /87 season. These programmes were only printed on a single card but were so important as the crowd could follow the play and know who was who. Everton were at the forefront of match day information. The cards in the forthcoming series were kindly given to me by John Rowlands Author of "Albert Geldard The life & times of a Professional Footballer & "Everton Football Club 1878-1946"

TO LET.

EVERTON RECORD.

Season 1886-7.

| 1886 | EVERTON | GOALS. | 1887 | EVERTON | GOALS. |
|---------|--------------------------------------|-----------|---------|---------------------|-----------|
| | <i>VERSUS</i> | FOR AGST. | | <i>VERSUS</i> | FOR AGST. |
| Aug. 7 | Rawtenstall | 3 .. 4 | Jan. 1 | Partick Thistle | 1 .. 1 |
| " 14 | Bolton Wanderers | 1 .. 3 | " 8 | Renfrewshire | |
| " 18 | St. Benedict's | 5 .. 0 | " 15 | Blackburn Rovers | 0 .. 0 |
| " 21 | Darwen | 1 .. 0 | " 22 | Rawtenstall | |
| " 25 | Stanley | 3 .. 1 | " 29 | Burnley | |
| " 28 | Accrington | 2 .. 1 | Feb. 5 | Hulliwell | |
| Sept. 4 | Astley Bridge | 4 .. 0 | " 12 | Blackburn Rovers | |
| " 11 | Derby County | 4 .. 1 | " 19 | Liverpool Cup Tie | |
| " 18 | Rossendale | 3 .. 0 | " 26 | Bury | |
| " 25 | South shore | 5 .. 0 | Mar. 5 | Ulster | |
| Oct. 2 | Fleetwood Zingari (Lanc. Cup Tie) | 0 .. 0 | " 12 | Church | |
| " 9 | Bury | 4 .. 1 | " 19 | Liverpool Cup Final | |
| " 16 | Hurst | 2 .. 2 | " 26 | Bolton Wanderers | |
| " 23 | Bootle (L'pool Cup Tie) | 2 .. 0 | April 2 | South Shore | |
| " 30 | Glasgow Rangers | 0 .. 1 | " 8 | Padiham | |
| Nov. 6 | Lanc. Cup Tie | 2 .. 3 | " 9 | | |
| " 13 | Stanley | 4 .. 0 | " 11 | Burnley | |
| " 20 | Police Athletic | 4 .. 0 | " 16 | Oswestry | |
| " 27 | Hulliwell | 1 .. 0 | " 23 | Rossendale | |
| Dec. 4 | Haydock | 5 .. 0 | " 30 | Church | |
| " 11 | Astley Bridge | 2 .. 1 | May 7 | Northwich Victoria | |
| " 18 | Corinthians | 9 .. 4 | " 14 | Padiham | |
| " 25 | Ulster | 4 .. 0 | | | |
| " 27 | Northwich Victoria | 2 .. 0 | | | |

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RH/JMF

March 1996

Wayne Rooney
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Liverpool

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Yours sincerely,

RAY HALL
Youth Development Officer

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GOODISON LEGENDS

Harry Catterick

Harry Catterick on three of his most famous Goodison sons

There was the footballer with little pace, a hopeless left foot and a suspect temperament. There was the kid who came complaining to the manager when he was dropped from the "A" team to the "B" team. And there was the player bought by Everton without even the club's directors knowing about it.

Together they made up a midfield trio that the late Harry Catterick described as "the best in terms of pure skill that I have even seen".

Alan Ball was signed from Blackpool for £110,000 in 1966, soon after helping England to win the World Cup. Five years later, amid much controversy, he was sold to Arsenal for £200,000.

Colin Harvey, a Liverpool lad who made his way through the various youth grades with Everton, made a memorable first team debut as an 18-year-old in a European Cup tie against Inter Milan in the San Siro Stadium. His career was interrupted by an eye injury, but although he left Everton to end his playing career with Sheffield Wednesday, he returned to his old club as a key backroom figure.

Howard Kendall, the youngest player to appear in an FA Cup Final—with Preston in 1964—joined Everton for £80,000 in 1967 and later captained the side before moving on to Birmingham and then Stoke City.

He would later surpass Catterick's managerial achievements in the Goodison hot-seat.

"I've seen some great midfield trios, but in terms of spectator value, pure skill and entertainment Ball, Harvey and Kendall formed the best I've seen" is how Catterick once assessed his famous trio.

Catterick once said: "If they had a falling it was that they were possibly not the toughest of players in midfield."



Like many great discoveries of the past, the Ball-Harvey-Kendall midfield trio came into being almost by accident.

Catterick once said: "The indoor training arena at Bellefield was a great place for producing sharp, quick ball control.

"In five-a-side matches, these three always wanted to be on the same side. Their football became quick and sharp. Sometimes I wished we could have got the games televised; it was absolute magic.

"We started sticking them together in practice matches out of doors, and they developed a great understanding. They were all great players in their own right, but in terms of pure skill and ball control, Colin was probably the best of the three.

"He never had quite the acclaim that Howard and Ballie got, possibly because he had always been part of the Goodison scene and was a home-produced player. I am quite convinced that, but for his unfortunate injury, he would have got many more international caps."

Harvey was the first of the three to become established in Everton's team of the sixties, but he made his mark at the club long before winning a first team place.

Catterick said: "Colin must have been about 16, and he was playing regularly in the "A" team. One day I put him in the "B" team instead. He came to me, asking what the reason was. He was terribly upset.

"I told him I wanted to let some trialists play in the "A" team, but I have never seen a boy more upset and concerned. I tried to reassure him that I had a high regard for him — and the next time I spoke to him was to tell him that he had jumped straight from the "B" team to the reserves. He never looked back.

"I can remember Tony Kay coming along soon afterwards and saying: "Who the hell's this little so-and-so? I'm going to have to look out for my place!"

"Kay was also around the first time I noticed Alan Ball. We were playing at Blackpool, and Kay was left-side midfield, opposite Ball, then very young. Both carrot-head and they had a ding-dong battle.

"This little fellow kept going past Kay, and at half-time Tony said: 'I've clobbered him a couple of times, but the little so-and-so keeps coming back—and he can play.'

"When I think of Ball, I think of a player who was decidedly right-footed, limited in terms of pace and always in trouble through his temperament—but I would still classify him as a world class player, and I don't think Britain has produced many of those.

"He had high work-rate and no mean skill. He was a wonderful character with unlimited enthusiasm.

"He overcame all his shortcomings, and if he had a deficiency it was that he had little or no control over his temperament. He would get annoyed at himself, and take it out on the nearest person.

"You could talk to him and he always understood it was a falling. But he didn't like losing and he couldn't live with other players' shortcomings — or his own shortcomings either.

"With that in mind I made him skipper. It was something which had worked before with a player who was a little wayward in Roy Vernon, and I thought it might be a steadying influence. It worked up to a point, but it reached a stage where, if someone was playing badly, Ballie was really having a go at them on the field, and we couldn't stand for that".

It is unusual for Liverpool and Everton to become involved in a transfer chase for the same player, but that is what happened with Howard Kendall.

Catterick went on record as saying: "Bill Shankly was keen on signing Kendall, but fortunately for us we moved in quickly and managed to sign him.

"I spent about two hours talking to Howard and his parents, and I convinced them that by signing for us he was coming to the best club in the country.

"I think I had actually signed Howard before the chairman, John Moores, and the other directors, knew about it.

"Both Howard and Colin Harvey were rather quiet, introvert types. Ballie could never understand anyone who was like that. He thought that if they weren't excited they weren't giving everything.

"But they grew to understand Ballie, and Kendall would just smile and carry on playing when Ballie gave him a rollicking.

"When we talk about those three, we mustn't forget the great part played by Johnny Morrissey. He was always available to receive the ball whenever one of the three was in trouble, and he played a great part in our style".

Another player who could have become an Everton playing legend was ... Kenny Dalglish. Catterick once revealed how he stumbled on the talented Scot, almost by accident. He said:

"So far as Dalglish was concerned that was a typical example of a manager discovering a talented player by accident.

He telephoned Blackpool to inquire about the player who had been linked with Leeds.

In fact, Mr. Catterick was already in Blackpool and had called the club from a telephone in the town. He then nipped smartly round to Bloomfield Road and completed the deal.

"It was always a great help to me that I had the backing of my directors," he would say.

So what was the signing Mr. Catterick rated the best of the lot?

"I would say Tony Kay. It didn't work out because of his problems, but he was a great player.

"Alan Ball was a great investment and gave five years' service. Howard Kendall was also a great buy. And another player who was not appreciated quite as much but who also gave great service was Ray Wilson, a world-class player.

"But Tony Kay was probably one of the most talented players I have ever handled.

"He was a real extrovert, but he could bring the best out of most people.

"He had an awful lot of skill, and it didn't matter who the opposition was, he always thought he could do better. His loss was a great blow to the club."



COLIN HARVEY



HOWARD KENDALL



Alan Ball

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Bobby Collins & Albert Dunlop

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Check out Billy's Website bluescorrespondent.com.
enjoy the information. Billy can be contacted by email bluescorrespondent@bluescorrespondent.com
from Newspaper archives. Although there are a few spelling mistakes due to limited time I am sure you will
Billy Smith the author of the Blue Correspondent book has spent years researching Everton's History

PETER FARRELL (Everton & Eire/Tranmere R.)

1, 2a

Signed by Everton from Shamrock Rovers as a wing half for the future, although it was as an inside right when playing for the Republic at Goodison Park that he scored a goal which beat England. Was a tireless worker, cajoling the team wherever needed, fully justifying the captaincy. Played for his country 28 times before following Tommy Eglington once again, this time to Tranmere Rovers, to spend the evensong of career. Spent three seasons and played well over 100 games as captain, nearly as energetically as ever, before retiring.



Thanks to Richard Bates

The History Of Everton season 1938-39

Billy Smith the author of the Blue Correspondence Book has spent years researching Everton's History from Newspaper archives Although there are a few spelling mistakes due to limited time I am sure you will enjoy the information. Billy can be contacted by email bluecorrespondent@bluebottle.com
Check out Billy's Website bluecorrespondent.co.nr

became masters of the situation. It was a magnificent victory on a ground which was very soon a welter of mud, more suitable, to Derby than Everton but the crack-set forwards acknowledged the best "five" in the County., were spilt as under on Everton's defensive rocks. Never has the Everton defence showed up in such a strong light. **Small Crowd** every player deserved great credit for the way they fought on the ankle-deep mud, and although only one goal, was scored there was plenty of goals incident to keep the amazingly small crowd on their toss. Here were the two top teams of the League fighting out a cup battle with the small crowd of 23,237 people paying £2,197. That was the only disappointing note of the match at least from an Everton standpoint. Contrasy to expectations, Everton lasted the pace better; they were endowed with greater stamia but even allowing for that, I think it was Boyes goal, which was the deciding factor. Up to then the County had been a dangerous force with their sweeping ways, but even when they were hitting the Everton defence some mighty blows, their wing men, Duncan and Crook., had been effectively handled and McCulloch was completely clamped down to making passes. I think he had one shot which went wide. Just think of it half an hour play had seen Sagar without a shot. Whereas Boulton had been fairly busy. Gillick had had luck with a shot that Boulton could not hold, Stevenson gliden a ball just outside the upright. He should have scored-and Nicholas had headed out a Bentham effort from under his bar with the goalkeeper heaten. Then came a complete chance about. Derby desired an interval lead, and for ten inutes before the break they promised to get it. They swarmed round the Everton goal, and Dix had a header kicked off the line by Mercer. Sagar saved at the foot of the post and Hann actually hit the upright, the ball coming out to Jones to clear. **HECTIC DERBY SPELL** It was a nerve-wruckling for an Everton people but this hectic Derby spell only balanced Everton period of mastery just beforehand. So the teams turned round all square. It was anyone's game and I thought that a goal, no matter which way it went, would carry the day. It did and the most satisfying feature was that the goal, was clean-cut. No debatable point, about it only admiration for the manner of its making. It was a four-suit piece. Mercer to Gillick, the scot to Bentham, and Bentham centre right across goal. The Derby goal area was fairly, well packed, but the ball soared over the head of Nicholas, and Boyes jumping forward, headed the hall to the left of Boulton a outstretcheed hand and into the net. A bonny goal to say the least. Derby were finished with. They became over anxious, which did not upset, the Everton team in the slightest; in fact it had the reverse affect. They took charge, and the County's prospect of an equaliser became increasingly less for Evertonm looked more capable of scoring goals than their opponents. The Derby supporters kept calling, "we want one," but it must have fallen on deaf ears, for they got no answer., and, in the end the leaders were a well and truly heaten team. The referee handled the game well, with one exception. Bailey the centre-half, was repeadtely infringing the rules against Lawton, who would, I think have scored a couple of goals, but for that. He was once closing in, and had passed Bailey, to be suddently pulled up by Bailey grabbing him by the jersey. Half a dozen times he elbowed Lawton off the ball. He made no pretence to play football, his one idea, apparently being to stop Lawton. He was entitled to do that it must be done fairly. **MERCER THE STAR** Mercer had the best game ever. He did two men's



Joe Mercer

that it must be done fairly. **MERCER THE STAR** Mercer had the best game ever. He did two men's work, and one of his missions was to keep an eye on Dix the Derby "key" man. Dix had a good first half, but was not seen afterwards, thanks to Mercer, the out standing man of the match. It was not my intention to single out any one player, but I must say that Everton's half-backs were the keynote of their success, with the backs playing their part in the grand victory, a victory over the favourites. The inclusion of Stevenson at the eleventh hour was good news. His knee which was heavily bandaged stood the strain well and what a strain it must have been on with a surface, and not until some few minutes from the end was he troubled, and then it was an attack of cramp which got him. Stevenson's inclusion brought the left wing more into the game, for Boyes, without striking his best form, was infinitely better than for some weeks. Lawton had a better game against Bailey than McCulloch had against Jones, but the right wing was Everton's striking point, now for the next round. Result Derby County nil Everton 1. Teams **Derby County:- Boulton goal, Nicholas, and Rowe, backs, Hann, Bailey and ward, half-backs, Crooks, Ashley, McCulloch, Dix and Duncan, forwards. Everton:- Sagar, goal, Cook and Greenhalgh, backs, Mercer, Jones, and Thomson (captain) half-backs, Gillick, Bentham, Lawton, Stevenson, Boyes, forwards. Referee Mr H.H. Jewell (London)**

CENTRE LEAGUE

Everton reserves 2 Aston Villa reserves 1

January 9, 193. The Daily Post

Everton deserved to win but it was not until the closing stages of the game that victory was assured. Lovett gave a fine display in the home goal and deserved the ovation he was given at the end. Both backs, Prescott and Lambert did well while Gee was a strong defender at centre half, Merritt played a good game on the right wing, and Cunliffe who played forward was always ready to snap up a chance. Wakeman Guttridge, and Sockett formed a strong defence for Villa, for whom Moss was always

prominent. Parry Shell and Marna were clever forwards, Cunliffe (2), scored for Everton and Shell replied for the visitors.

Placed 2nd, played 25, won 15, lost 7, drew 3, for 47, against 45, points 37.

EVERTON SIGN SWEENEY

January 10, 1939. The Daily Post, by John Peel.

Everton have signed as a professional F.T. Sweeney, an outside right, who was previously with Witton Albion. Sweeney, who stands 5ft 8ins and scales 10st 10lbs, was sought by West Bromwich Albion, Huddersfield Town, and Sheffield United.

EVERTON AT FULL STRENGTH TO MEET ARSENAL

January 11, 1939. The Daily Post by John Peel.

Arsenal are not the power they were, but the side is still a most attractive one, and their Visitor to Goodison Park will as on previous occasions attract thousands of enthusiasts, who revel in the type of play adopted by such a team as Everton and Arsenal. Everton will have their full team as against Derby County cup match.

KEENAN OF HEREFORD UNITED SIGNS FOR EVERTON

January 12, 1939. The Daily Post. By John Peel

Everton have signed a promising young player in WG Keenan, an outside left of Hereford United, who are in the Birmingham League. Keenan's play in recent matches has attracted great attention, and Everton paid a substantial figure to secure his services, as several clubs were desirous of signing him. Keenan is 19 years of age, and stands 5ft 9 and half inches, and weighs 11". The new player will turn out in the central league for Everton against Sheffield Wednesday on Saturday.

Everton 1938 /39 season

Everton Season 1938/39

EVERTON AT HARROGATE

January 12, 1939. The Daily Post by John Peel

Everton are firm in their belief that Harrogate suits their players as a training centre for strenuous game, and next week the players return to the Yorkshire resort to prepare not only for the Cup tie, but in readiness for the possibility of having to play two League matches in following weeks if both Portsmouth and Everton get through the Cup-ties at first attempt, they will play their postponed League match at Portsmouth on January 25.

EVERTON FINE FOOTBALL

Everton 2 Arsenal 0

January 14, 193. The Daily Post, by Stork

Few teams can boast a double success from the Arsenal, but that is one of Everton's proud boasts this season, for at Highbury in the early part of the season they won by two goals to one, and on Saturday improved upon that by securing two goals without reply. The Arsenal may not be the Arsenal of old, but they are still hard to beat. So that means Everton's success have been well and truly won. The first half was a magnificent display of classic football, not quite as good as the first half at Highbury which sent the London crowd into ecstasy and Everton's football for their was one different, and that was the Arsenal; were somewhat better at Goodison. They were not so easily outwitted, consequently there was more evenness about the game. **PICTUREQUE PLAY** Nevertheless; they have to thank their strong defence for preventing Everton from running up an increased goal crop, for while the attack made quick thrusts it was the half-backs and backs who held a rampant Everton at bay for a long time.

Everton played picturesque football; the Arsenal replied with more direct methods. Three moves, and defence was turned into attack, just like the old Everton of championship days. It was such good football that one forget the cold and rain-surely sufficient argument of the intensity of the tussle. Thrust was met with thrust football artistry with football artistry, and had not a goal been scored I doubt if any single person would have left the ground dissatisfied. One interested spectator was Fred Emery, the manager of Doncaster club, who are Everton's next cup-tie opponents. He had nothing but praise for Everton's football, and he was particularly thrilled with Lawton's goal scored at 55 minutes. He will have something to tell his boys when he sees them to-day. The Arsenal defence had stood up to its gruelling with such success that we almost despaired of Everton breaking it down, notwithstanding that Everton had well over 60 per cent of the attack. Under the least provocation the defensive lines were augmented something as many as five men blocked up the path to the Everton forwards. But even so they could not prevent Boyes making a great drive which Wilson turned over his bar. Don't however, think all the goal incidents were in the Arsenal area. The Londoners had their moments which were



The cartoon from the programme against Doncaster on 21st January 1939 was so right about Doncaster getting a Good Licking Everton won 8-0 in the Cup.

was when Bastin swept in a centre and Sagar only just flicked the ball with his fingers. it turned towards his own goal, and he had to make a hurried dive to prevent the ball going over his line. That flick, however, undoubtedly saved a goal for had not Sagar deflected up the ball's flight, it would have gone straight to Drake's head and into the net. **GREAT GOAL BY LAWTON** It was certainly a relief when Everton took their goal, and it came through Bryn Jones losing the ball in a tackle with Bentham. The latter's pass went up the middle to Lawton. He (Lawton) beat Joy, saw Crayton coming towards him, so made his shot, and all Wilson could do was walk to the back of the net to pick the ball out. It was a one-man goal. Lawton has scored many but none better. It was his first goal since December 1'0, when he nodded home the winner against Preston North End. The Arsenal fought valiantly against the lead, and were ever dangerous when they stepped forward, but the Everton defence these days is very solid. They might have had a penalty when Jones handled. They got a foul but if it was a foul it must have been a Penalty for the infringement took place well inside the area. That however, only balanced the penalty Everton should have had when Joy learn on Lawton to prevent him going through. Five minutes from the end Everton clinched the issue with a goal from Boyes who took a Stevenson pass and steered the ball through the "pack" into the Arsenal goal. It had been a grand tussle for a long time no one could have named the winner, but Everton promised to do more than their rivals, near goal. Boyes had his best game for weeks. Stevenson was not so dominating, but I must pay a tribute to the whole of Everton's defence. Bryn Jones was not seen, and I rated Drake as the Londoners, best Forward. He did not put the ball to this midfield very often preferring to rely upon himself to beat the Everton defence. Bastin was not the fiery fellow he used to be, and Jones kept Lewis on tight rein. Joy, one of the few amateurs in the game is a rare stopper. He used his height and weight to the full and Lawton got several knocks on the face. He already had a black eye, a relic of the Derby Cup-tie. Lawton by the way once caught Wilson with the ball in his possession and humped him over the goal line, but Wilson had widely kept the ball in his outstretched hands so that it was not over the line even though his body was. Result Everton 2, Arsenal 0. **Everton :- Sagar, goal, Cook, and Greenhalgh, backs, Mercer Jones, and Thomson (captain) half-backs, Gillick, Bentham, Lawton Stevenson, Boyes, forwards. Arsenal :- Wilson, goal, Male, and Hapgood, backs Crayson Joy (b), and Copping, half-backs, Drake, Drury, Lewis, Jones (r), and Bastis. Referee Mr. R.N Mee (mansfield)**

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY RESERVES 1 EVERTON RESERVES 0

January 14, 1893, Daily Post

By the only goal of the game the Everton Reserves were defeated by Sheffield Wednesday Reserves at Hillsbrough, but had the margin been greater the visitors could hardly have complained. There was far more danger in Wednesday's advance but Lovett kept a clever goal, and Prescott and Lambert defended skilfully. The Everton attack showed flashes of cleverness, but lacked thrust, Cunliffe Kennan and Sweeney making the best scoring efforts Thompson scored. Wednesday goal in the second half the teams having turned straight round at the interval. **Everton Team Lovett goal, Prescott and Lambert, backs, Brittin, Gee (captain) and Lindley half-backs, Sweeney, Cunliffe Bell Sharp, and Kennan, forwards.** Played 3 played 26, win 15, lost 8, draw 3, for 47 against 46 points 35.

PROPOSED EVERTON TOUR

January 19 1939, The Daily Post

Dr Otto Nerg, the Germany Football official will join Everton team on Friday Night. He is coming over to Goodison to see the game and have a talk with the Everton directors about the purposed German tour this summer.

CLASS TELLS AT GOODISON

Everton 8 Doncastle Rovers 0

January 23, 1939 Daily Post, by Stork

Four for Lawton in total of Eight

They came to Goodison Park with the good idea, and that was to play Everton at their own game, and on that score alone and to be complimented. They never resorted to cup tie rush and hustle. Had they done so they would have caused Everton more trouble than they did, for although they were outmanured late on they had a spell in the only part of the game when I thought their football was a shade superior to that of Everton. Sitting on my self were the Doncaster followers, and such was their enthurasum during during those minutes that one would have though Doncaster were the home team, but as time wore on a silence settled over the stan. It was not as pleasant sight to see your team so completely outclassed as doncastle were in the second half. Everton ran through their ranks and goals came without any great effort. For 30 minutes Doncaster had looked worthy opponents but their

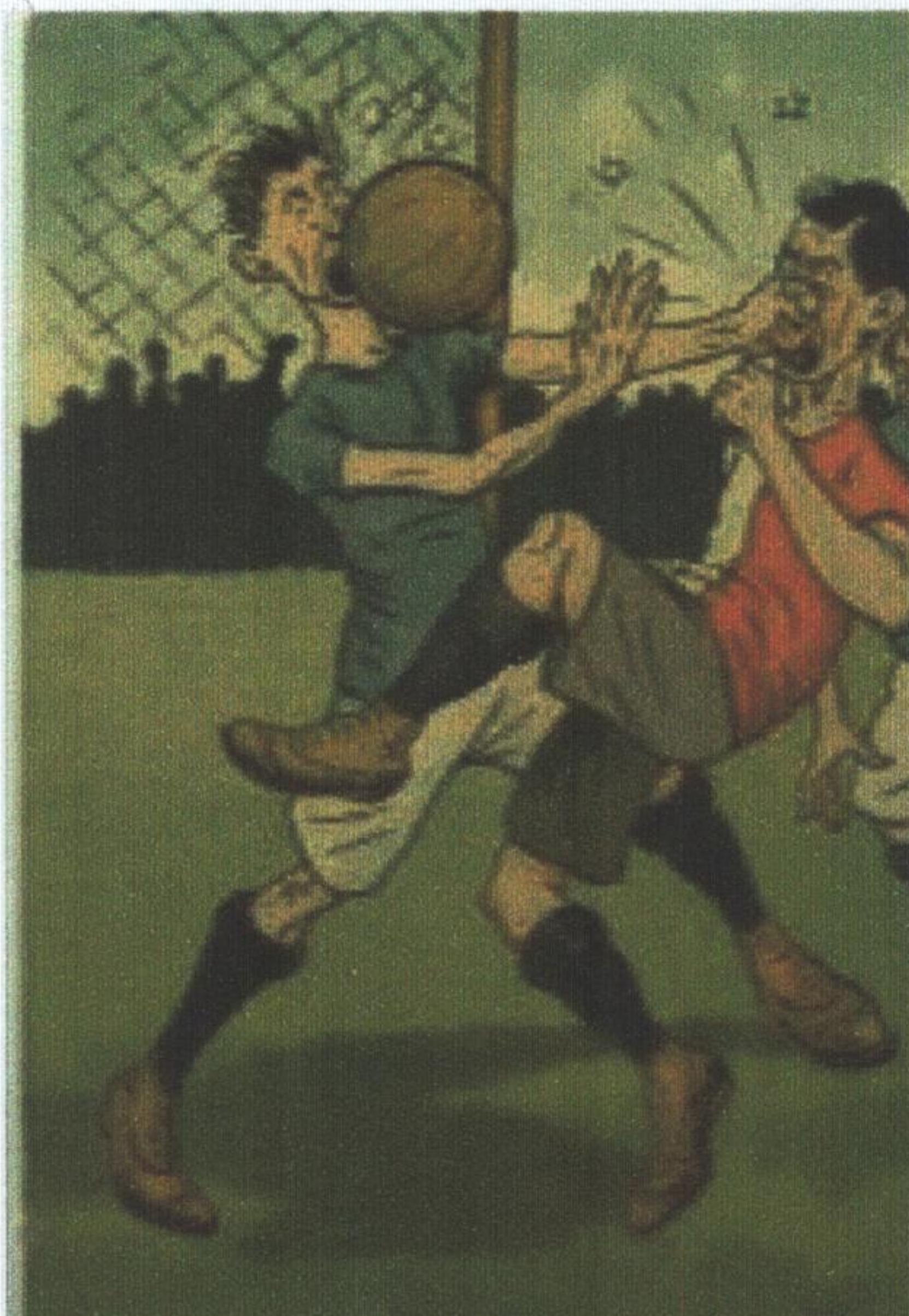
To be continued in next issue



A very rare Baines Card showing a strange player in a green kit with Play Up Everton. Paul said this is one of the earliest Baines cards from the 1890's

Thanks to Paul Simpson for allowing me to reproduce this card

Twitter @bluebloodefc



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