

# Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 3 issue 14



The Dixie Dean Story Page 15

Price £1

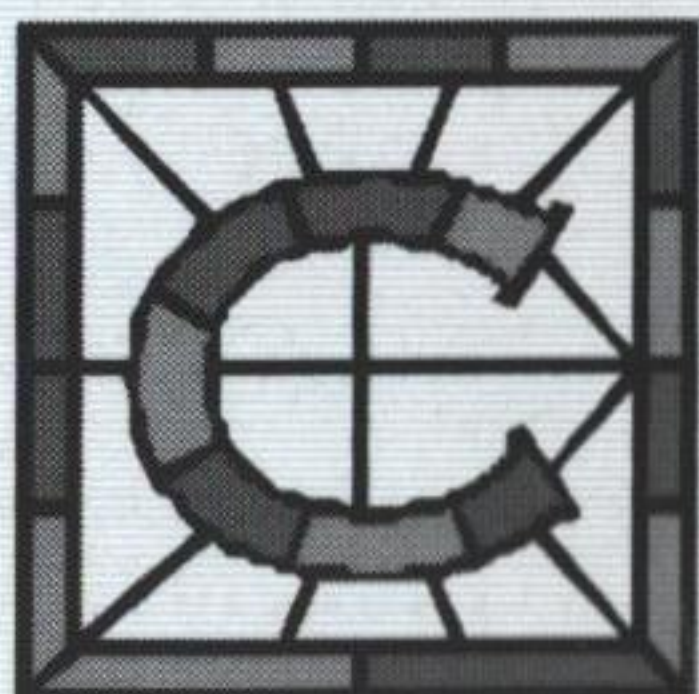
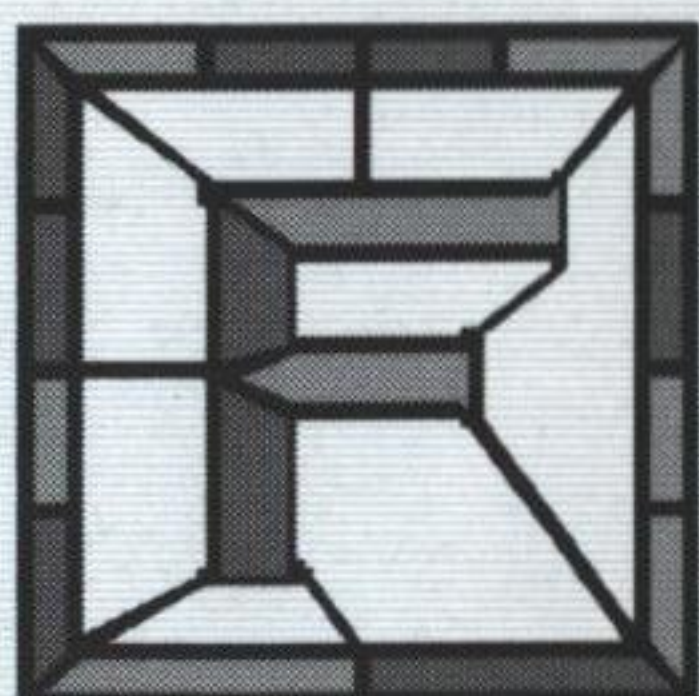
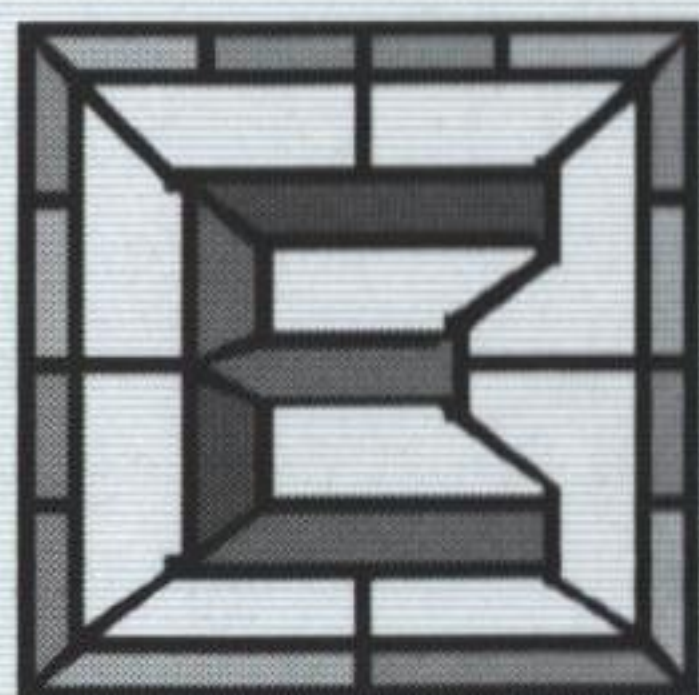
On sale outside the Winslow before home games



# Editorial Blue Blood

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Editor George Orr email [george@blueblood.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:george@blueblood.fsnet.co.uk)  
Or write to Blue Blood 7, Beechwood, Forest Hill Skelmersdale, Lanc's WN8 6UT



Printed by Expressions *Offset* 01942 729256

Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.

## No Obstructed Views

As long as your item is not racist, violent or offensive it will be considered for publication. All the views expressed in this fanzine are those of the contributor and not the editor so please don't sue me.

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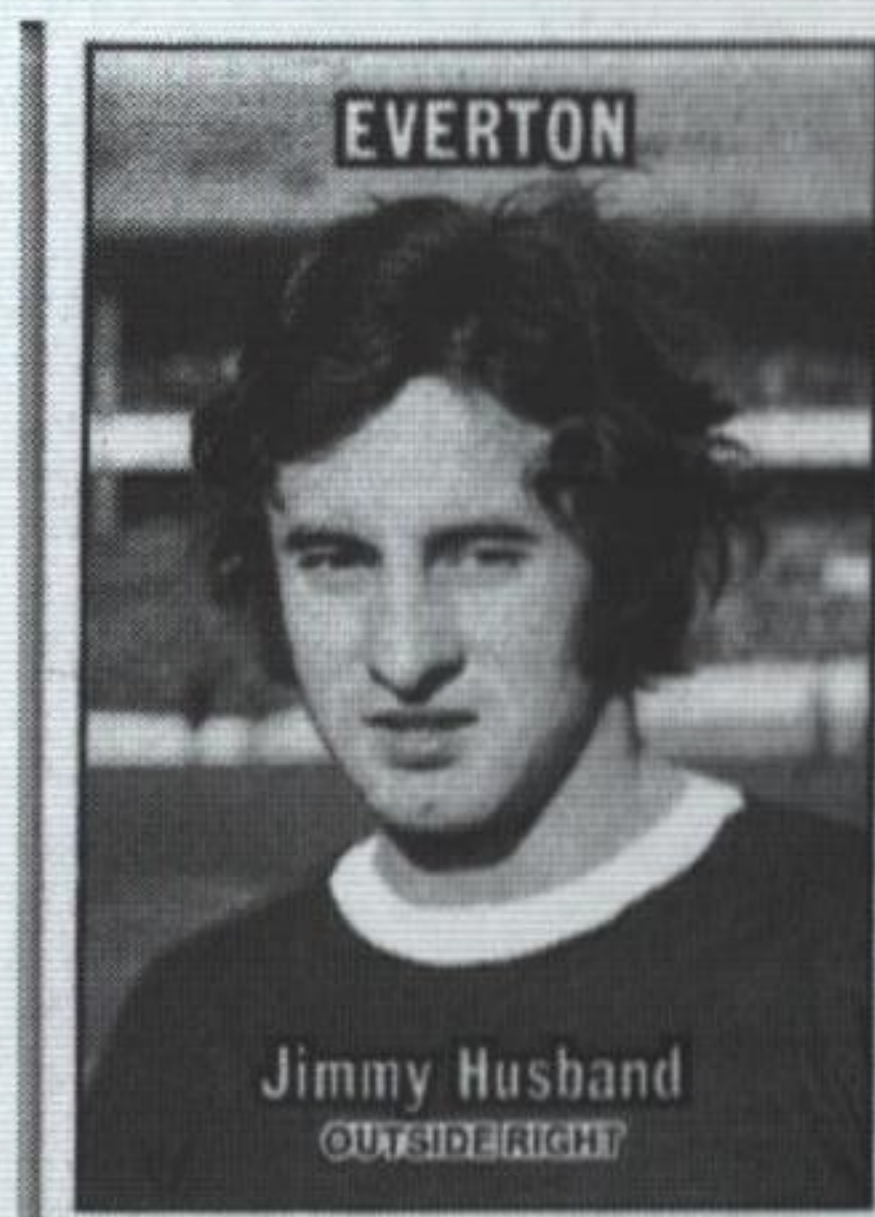
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Subscriptions : For Six Issues

U.K.	£8.00
Europe	£14.00
USA / Africa	£16.00

Rest of the World £18.00

Please make all cheques payable to George Orr  
Back Issues available from me outside the Winslow (not many left)



**Jimmy Husband**  
Debut 19th April 1965  
Versus Fulham  
Last Game 30th  
October 1973 v  
Norwich  
Played 191 (8sub)  
55goals Great Player



First things first, the Derby was the worst Everton performance since the Glen Keeley farce. How professional footballers cannot pass a ball ten yards to someone who is wearing the same colour shirt is beyond me.

Moyes seemed to think it was a reasonable game on Everton's behalf and didn't want to criticise too much. I hate to go against the Messiah but Everton didn't look like they had ever met each other after the whistle blew.

Still, let us put all that behind us and celebrate the great new signings, we all know about Jeffers and I for one think it's a brilliant piece of work by Moyes to bring him back. I do not agree with those that said he left us and didn't care. He was forced out by Smith and Knox, like so many other young players at the time. The main thing to remember is that the first words he said as an Arsenal player were "The manager here treats me like an adult"

Ok he said he left for better chances of a trophy, but come on what do you say when you leave a job? The boss was awful and I couldn't get on with him??

Kevin Kilbane, I liked him when he was at West Brom and although he has not done the business at Sunderland he is a class player who can score goals from midfield as well as from the wing.

McFadden, truth is a do not know too much about him apart from the fact that he likes to get in there and score goals. But he cannot be worse than Duncan and he will have more pace than Campbell.

Nigel Martyn, a great goalkeeper, who has the bottle to come off his line and dive at the feet of forwards. With him on the books it should be time to get rid of Chris Woods, our so called goalkeeping coach, this man has managed to train the three worst Premiership goalkeepers for the last four seasons and not a word has been said against him.

And last but not least the transfer of Mark Pembridge to Fulham, sorry Mark but I am made up, never have I saw a more pathetic effort at goal than his shooting, at least now that he has gone it will be safe to take my crash helmet off behind the goal.

At least Moyes has reacted to the Derby defeat, and it looks like a good reaction, they might take time to settle but I think it will make some of the more lax players sit up and take notice.

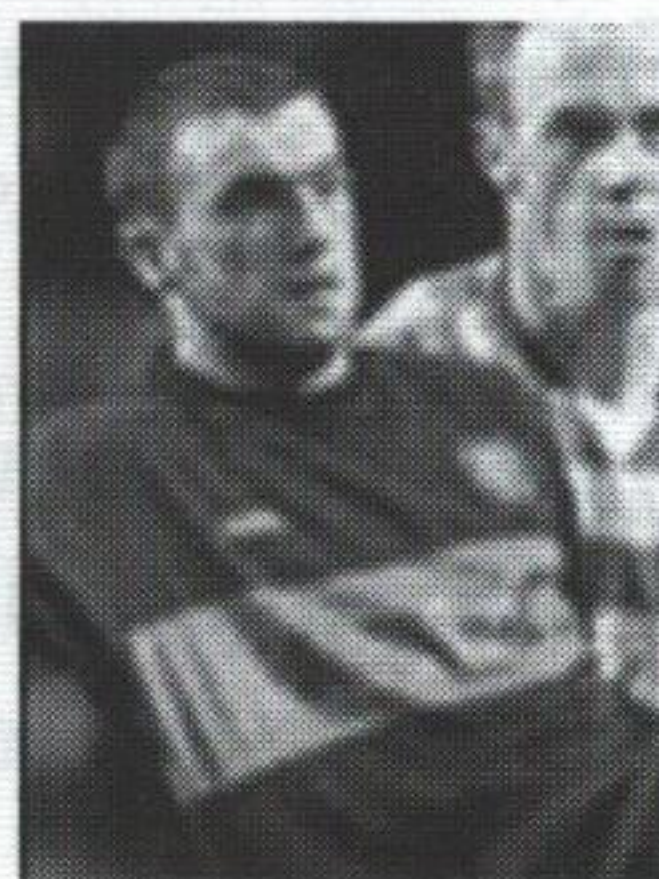
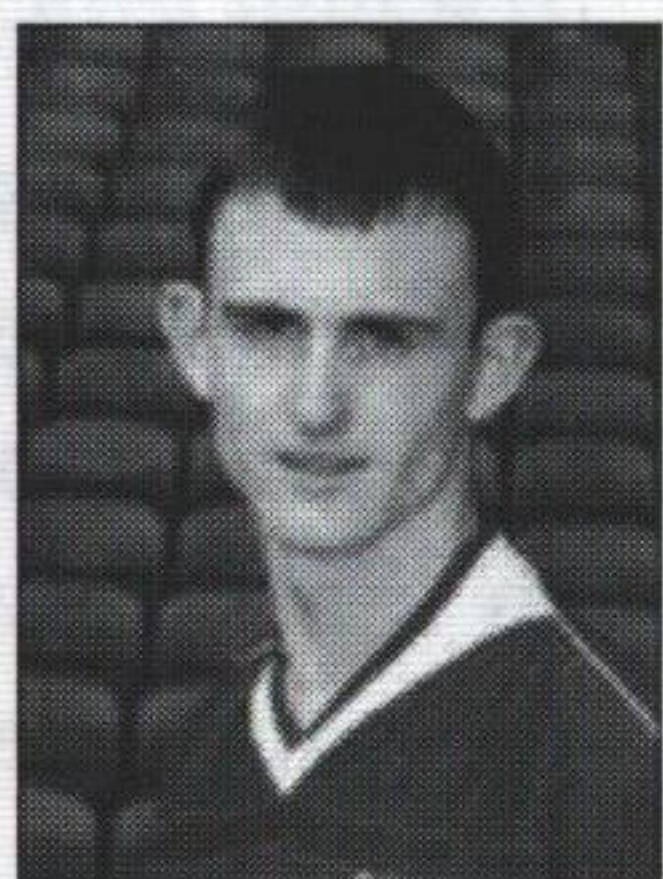
Talking of lax players. Is Pistone taking the 'mick' or what? I cannot think of a player that looks so good but plays so bad!!

I am also looking forward to the Rooney & Jeffers show, it could set Goodison Park alight, two young lads ripping defences apart. With Kilbane and Rad floating in crosses.

Just one more thing before you pass on to read the rest of the magazine, the Derby was so bad but it should not have covered what once again was an unbelievably bad refereeing performance from our friend Mike Riley, once again he managed to spoil the match with his constant whistling and over officious behaviour. At the last game of last season he was so poor that the Times reporter on the game gave him three marks out of ten and in the Derby he managed to beat that by one point, yes he was awarded four out of ten. Do the F.A. take any notice of these marks?

I hope you like the new look fanzine and it appears that you do, issue 13 looks to be the first Blue Blood sell out, I only have a handful of copies left, thanks for your support

## Blue Blood



Welcome to Goodison Park  
The return of the Prodigal,  
Kevin Kilbane  
Nigel Martyn  
James McFadden



**A little bit of advice before you start reading this article, find a strong chair, a piece of wood and some string. Put the wood in your mouth, bite down on it, strap yourself into the chair, good now we can begin.**

**Are you one of the Evertonian's who now, all of a sudden think Bill Kenwright has conned you?**

**I have been listening to many Evertonians at work, at the match, before and after the game and most of them are complaining. Sorry but it's reality time boys, you blindly followed every word Uncle Bill said, you believed all his promises about the Kings Dock and how good Walter Smith was.**

**The reason I started buying and reading Blue Blood was because it was the only Everton fanzine that saw through Kenwright from the start, it stated in the early stages of the Kings Dock that things were not right, that it would not happen, it was all a hoax to distract you from the dire on the field crap that Walter was serving up.**

**Satis the fanzine had a "Evertonian For The Kings Dock" campaign, they were fully behind the board and all the plans. Where are these campaigners now? Where in fat, is Satis now?**

**Speke From The Harbour also fully believed and supported the Kings Dock, but if you read it now, they will tell you that they knew all along that it wouldn't happen!! Oh Yeah, wise after the event, is the term I think.**

**Even those anarchists at When Skies Are Grey fell for the plot, they too believed Bill Kenwright said, "Everything is on line" "Trust Me" "The money is there" but it wasn't.**

**So the Kings Dock collapsed, some still believed that it did exist, for those people I have a question. If the Dock was a viable project and was on line, where are the disgruntled Hotel Chain, The Restaurant and Cinema Complex owners? Why are they not raging mad that Everton have pulled out? The answer is simple, they do not and never have existed.**

**Think about it, if this prime site, the best in Europe, according to some people actually existed, why haven't our Red friends taken up the option, it would only cost them £30 million not £200 million for a new Anfield. They would be next to the Liver Bird, their beloved club crest. Less than half a mile away from their club store and within walking distance for all those Devon Reds that fall out of Lime Street Station for every 'HOME' game?**

**Yes strange isn't it? The Kings Dock site is now planned to be what it always was, a car park, but it will now be a pay and display car park instead of a free car park.**

**So if you listened to Uncle Bill do not say he conned you, you conned yourselves, the evidence was there all the time, you chose not to accept it, if you get conned you are either gullible, stupid or you blindly follow your leader.**

**But why are you shocked? Bill Kenwright is a professional actor, that's how he made his name and his money. He is still performing today, those of you who have the video of the Granada programme about Moyes first season at Goodison Park should fast forward to the segment that has Uncle Bill romancing about David Moyes and how he knew immediately that he was the man for the job, cast your mind back three years and the**



introduction of Walter Smith to the Goodison Park faithful. The same speech, nearly word for word was used about Walter Smith.

Blue Blood again was the first to say "Sack Walter Smith" the feeble reply from most Evertonians was "But who can we get to replace him" the answer was a simple "Anyone" and Moyes has only made the same players play with a bit more passion and fitness than Walter. He has also played them in sensible positions.

When Everton finally admitted, reluctantly, that the Kings Dock Dream (Mirage) was dead they still insisted that they were on the lookout for another site. The statement said that there was no chance of staying and refurbishing Goodison Park!!!!

Blue Blood once again said, "If we haven't got £30 million where on earth are we to get £160 million from?"

You the disgruntled Evertonian moan about the lack of money and say "where has all the money from season ticket sales gone?"

Again, in your excitement about the Dock and your support for Walter, you stood by when the board, instead of sacking the useless Smith, took out a loan for £20 million to be repaid over the next ten years by giving up the money for season ticket sales.

The £20 million was duly squandered by Walter and we now have the legacy of, no money and not much chance of any for another nine years, until the loan is paid off.

So please, when you are moaning about the situation today, don't try and tell me that you thought Walter was crap, you didn't, don't tell me that you knew all along that the Dock wasn't going to happen, you did. And don't tell me that Kenwright is a Con Man, I already knew that, it's you who didn't.

At the end of the day though, what are you the conned, aggrieved Evertonian going to do about it? NOTHING is the answer, because you did nothing when you had the sweet smell of Europe in your nostrils, when told about the Kings Dock collapse, you didn't care, you thought we were heading for Europe, the Dock didn't matter, well with no Europe, no Dock and no money, you, all of a sudden want, others who were fed up telling you the truth, to support you in your campaign to "Sack The Board"

I for one will not be joining your campaign because when Uncle Bill comes out, smiles his smile, talks his talk, you Disgruntled, will clap, and walk away with a warm glowing heart, saying "He's an Evertonian just like us".

I have been a working man all my life, I have been promised everything by my bosses, but when the time came to "Pay Up" there was always a problem, something unforeseen had happened and the Promised Bonus could not be paid.

I never believe anything until it's there, right before me, in solid form, so I can reach out and touch it.

I am not trying to say I am ultra intelligent or more of an Evertonian than you, what I am trying to say is, if you believe everything you hear and trust someone blindly, then in most cases you will be disappointed. If that happens don't try and blame other people, don't try and say you never believed and don't try to say you are not to blame YOU ARE.





**This set of cards is from the 1970's, they were produced by A&BC cards they have purple backs but the actual pictures are Gold Framed with the World Cup in the bottom right hand corner.**

**The strange thing is that Colin Harvey only played one game for England and it was not a World Cup Match. Kendall as we all know, never played for the full England team. So why they were produced I don't know.**

**The motive might just have been to get money from any fans who would buy anything to do with their club.**

**There might have been others cards from this set but I have only got the six ones above.**





Jump to it. Dunlop, the Everton goalkeeper, is not punching Arsenal's Tapscott on the chin but is saving a dangerous situation while watched anxiously by Farrell. Everton won 4-0.

The place Goodison Park, the date October 26th 1956, the game versus Arsenal. The goalie Albert Dunlop the result Everton win 4-0 the scorers Farrell, Fielding, Jones & Kirby, the gate 52, 478



# Blue Swayed Views

## Your letters



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**Blue Blood.**

The Derby was terrible result, how can Moyes stand there and say that he was happy with the performance because his hands are tied and that is all that he has to play with.

The players should feel ashamed of themselves, the manager should apologise to the fans and the club should get it's hand in it's pocket and buy some quality players.

**Gary Pearce.**

Hope this is in time for your next issue, Didn't Moyes do well, the late swoop for the famous four what can I say, well done Moysie boy.

Jeffers is a BLUE so get off his back and support him, Nigel Martyn can train up the young lad Turner and McFadenn can play a major role for us when injuries strike the squad.

Kilbane could be the new Sheedy, given support, The Sunderland fans were on his back all the time, he lost his confidence, it's up to us to help him get it back.

The only regret I have is that they all arrived two days too late, if they had been available for the derby, who knows what the score might have been?

Anyway, it has given every Evertonian a lift, and boy did we need one.

Just a few words George to say how much I liked the New Style Fanzine, the colour adds that little touch of class.

Blue Blood is fast catching up on the so called Big Boys of the fanzine world.

I love the History section and the rest is excellent too.

**Harry Golding**

**Blue Blood,**

I hope you print this letter George, I know it isn't what the majority support but even so, I think I deserve to have my opinion aired.

Everybody thinks Moyes is the Messiah and he has indeed done a great job but he has made mistakes.

Stubbs is not good enough to play for Everton, he has no pace, no bottle and no idea about commanding his opponent.

Duncan Ferguson is a total waste of space he can never be considered a part of the future of Everton Football Club, he is part of a dark and hopefully distant past.

Pembridge might be a workhorse but he is also useless. Scott Son Of Archie is also not good enough, trying to raise the game of average players will only make you an average team.

Richard Wright couldn't catch Sars in China. We should have gone up to Leeds to buy Nigel Martyn, he could then coach the young Iain Turner for the future whilst keeping goal.

We should also sack Chris Woods as a goalkeeping coach.

We have the three worst goalkeepers in the Premiership and he is responsible. If he can't instruct the goalkeeper to throw the ball out to an Everton player rather than hoof it upfield to an opponent then he deserves the sack.

Pistone is not good enough, too slow, too weak, too anything you would like to say.

Campbell and Ferguson are taking £70,000 a week from our club, we could get ten midfield players at £7,000 a week from the Nationwide for that. How many goals could they score?

**Jenny Milton**



**Article by: Smart Arridge.**

**Sitting here the morning after the day before. After watching our display against our neighbours, I am waiting for Moyesy to make his first signing of the season before the deadline at 5pm on Monday. And wondering if we will get anyone, and will they be worth having?**

**You know the anticipation during the close season, is there ANY news? Who have we been linked with? What are they like? it has NEVER been more feverish than it is now with the Internet. If like me, you have been following the Everton message boards on the Internet you will know that we should have bought a couple of squads by now, and Sky Sports would have had a permanent studio erected to accommodate all of the press conferences that have been promised.**

**Alas, all the hot air (or should that be hot text) has come to nothing and we still wait our first real signing of the 2003/04 season.**

**By the time you read this you will know who we have managed to attract, but this article may help you recall some of our previous signings.**

**Who were the FIRST players that our new managers brought in to our great club? And do you even remember? The following should provide you with some quiz questions to test your mates with.**

**We start with the Cat. Harry Catterick. Back in the 60's some of his early signings on the way to building the Championship team of 1962/63 included Dennis Stevens and Johnny Morrissey. But his first signing, like other managers' signings to follow, is not who you may have thought.**

**Gordon West, the man who kept goal throughout all of our great triumphs in the 60's is thought by many to be the Cat's first signing. However, in researching this article it became apparent that that honour goes to another, less exalted player, but one who nevertheless played in the great 1962/63 Championship winning side Ray Veall.**

**Billy Bingham is the man who succeeded the Cat, and his early signings included Bob Latchford and Martin Dobson. Nevertheless, it was fellow Northern Ireland player Dave Clements who was Billy's first signing. And he remains the only player to be playing for Everton whilst managing a national side at the same time!**

**When Gordon Lee took over, it was the end of some of our more creative players' careers at Everton. But Gordon brought in Dave Thomas, Trevor Ross and George Wood as replacements early on in his managerial stint. His first signing though was a player who recently turned out for the Old Boys game at Goodison prior to Colin Harvey's testimonial. Mike Pejic, solid and hard, he was even sent off in that Old Boys friendly!!**

**How about our best ever manager Howard Kendall?**

**His early signings during his first stint as manager were not that brilliant. Alan Biley, Mick Walsh, Mickey Thomas, and Mick Ferguson. His real coup was the acquisition of the Legend Neville Southall.**

**However, HK's first signing, who I shall write about in a future article, is a player signed on-loan, one John Turner.**



When Colin Harvey took over the reigns from Howard he added the 'famous four' of Nevin, Cottee, McCall and Mc Donald. Again though there is debate around his first true signing. Colin had previously signed Ian Wilson from Leicester, but his first signing is believed to be Alec Chamberlain - and Alec holds the rare distinction of being one of a VERY few to have been on the books of all three Merseyside clubs: Everton, L'pool and Tranmere.

Howard returned in his second stint, and continued with his goalkeeping signings. Only this time a loan signing who made more appearances for his national side than he did for Everton (0 league appearances). The much travelled Gerry Peyton. (This before adding one-time L'pool players Harper and Ablett.)

The next incumbent was the much-maligned Mike Walker.

But was he really the catalyst to Everton signing Brett Angell and Duncan Ferguson ? Brett Angell actually played under Howard Kendall on-loan, even though it was Walker who committed the c. £500k to buy him. And it was Mike Walker who actually brought Big Dunc down on-loan from Rangers - whilst another manager, Joe Royle, committed the money to buy him.

So depending on your views .....Walker still did Everton a massive dis-service !

Joe Royle's first signing, apart from Dunc, was Earl Barrett.

Cue Howard's third spell in charge and some names remain best forgotten.

However, Gareth Farrelly he of the top flight record saving goal in 1998 was HK's first signing. So even in the midst of desperate times HK still managed a trump card - by signing the guy who saved our first division status, in the last game, with his only league goal!!

Then to dear old Walter, and again another strange occurrence...Alec Cleland actually joined Everton on the very day Walter agreed to become Everton manager ! But was the deal brokered by HK or was it his chairman 'agent Johnson' ???

Walter's first actual signing was Marco Materazzi.

That brings us to Moyes. Again a debate can be had about who was David's first 'real' signing seeing as two players joined as part of the sponsorship deal, two came on loan and one player actually committed to a permanent move.

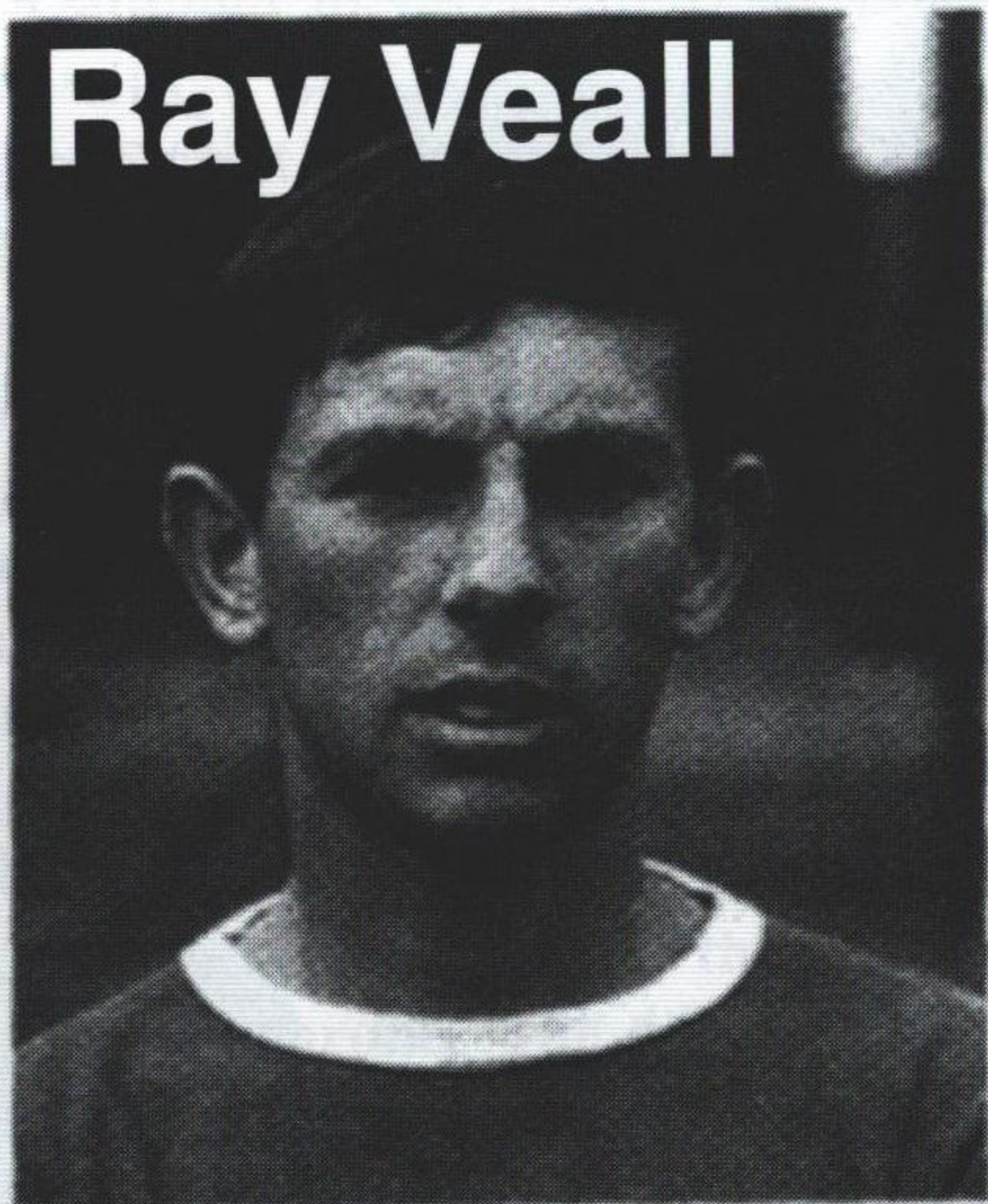
Joseph Yobo was the first player Moyesy brought to the club, although originally it was on a one-year loan deal, with Richard Wright the first player to sign a long term contract.

That brings us up to date, waiting for a signing 4 games into Moyesy's second season in charge. Who will it be ? Will they be any good ?.....only time will tell.

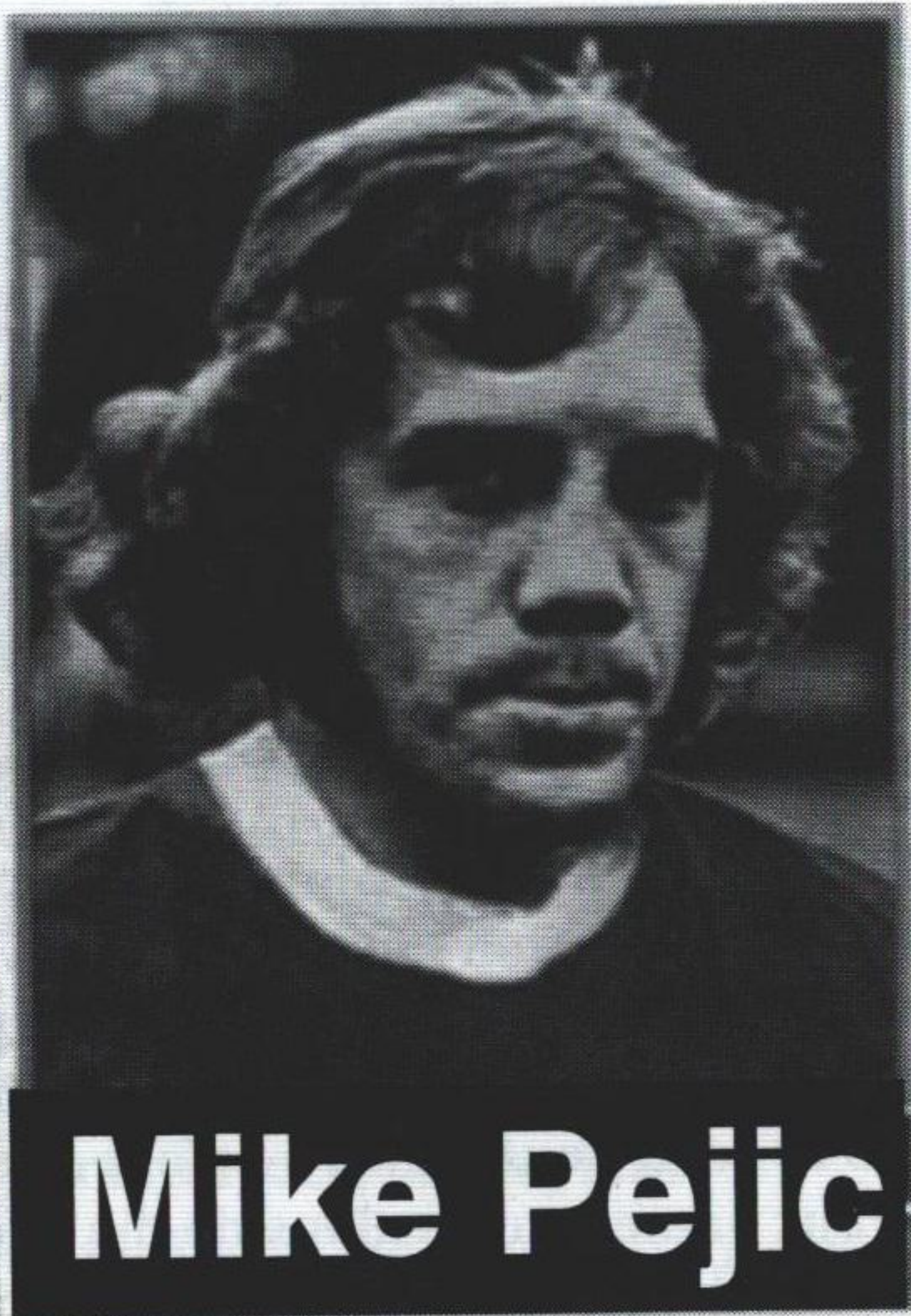
**SMART.**



**Ray Veall**



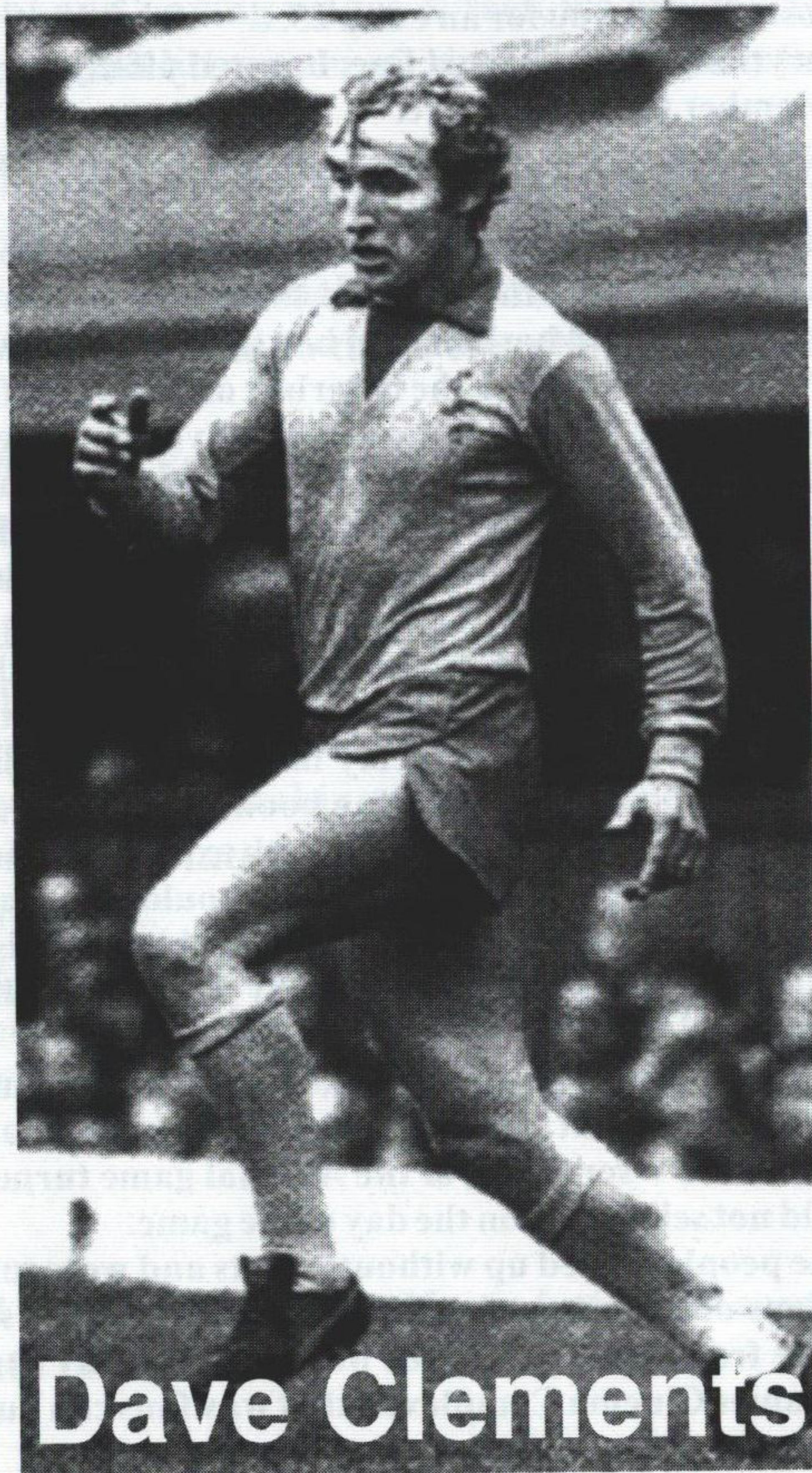
**Mike Pejic**



**Earl Barrett**

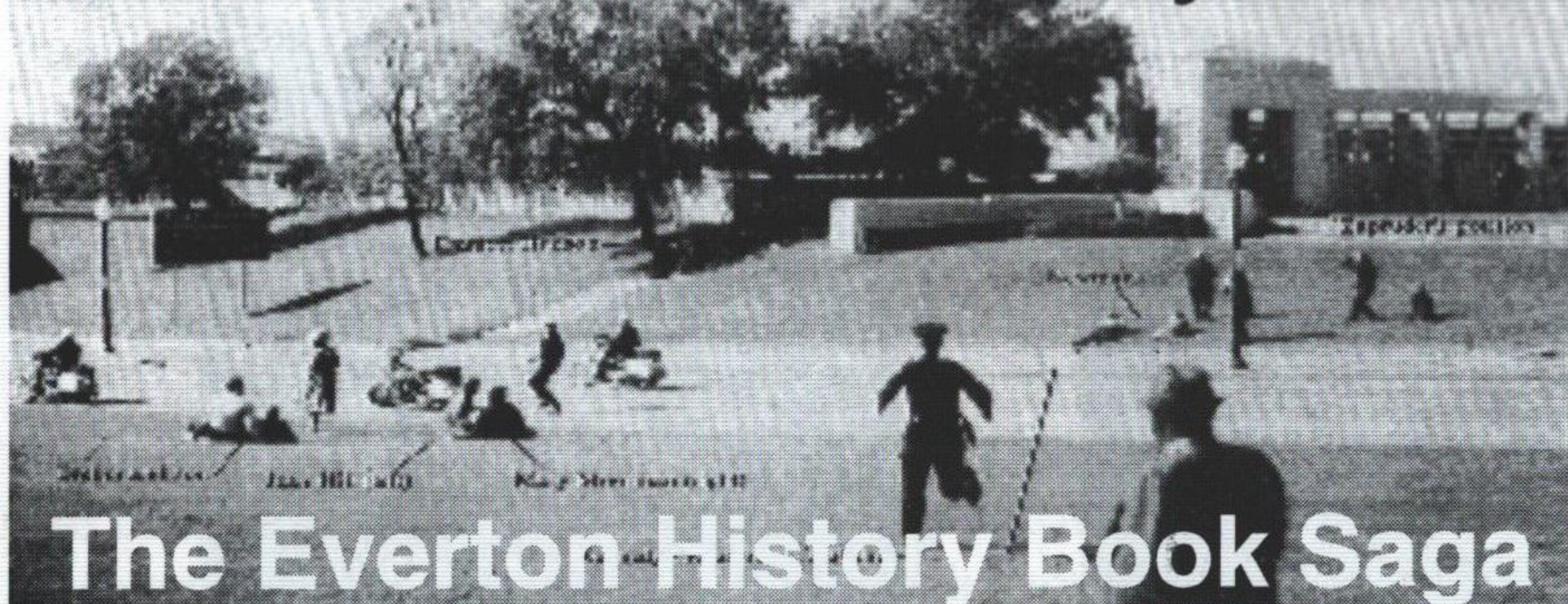


**Dave Clements**





# View From The Grassy Knoll



## The Everton History Book Saga

"If you know your history" you never expected the book to be on time anyway

In May of this year the Evertonian Magazine carried an advert for a new book to be published by Everton Football Club. It's title was "And if you know your history" priced at £25 it was not cheap but it promised to cover the 125 years of Everton's past in rare and unseen photographs,

If you were to send your money before the deadline of July 15th, then you would get your name inscribed inside the book. There was no extra charge for this and it seemed a good deal.

You could either pick up the book from the Megastore on September 1st or get it posted out to you for an extra £5.

Everything so far seemed fine, I posted off my money, sat back and waited for September the 1st to arrive.

It was a few weeks later that I saw another Advert for the book, the deadline had now been extended until August.

I thought there must not have been enough response from the first advert so they have extended the deadline, fair enough, not a problem.

Silly me, I should have known better, on Friday August 29th a letter from the Club dropped through the letterbox onto my hall floor.

On opening it I saw that it was from Everton,, due to Unprecedented demand the book was delayed from September 1st until September 26th.

How come? If the deadline had been extended, due to UNPRECEDENTED demand wasn't there going to be even more people wanting the book through the extended time?

It might seem petty to complain but it is just another chapter in the failure of Everton Football Club to deliver goods on time to it's customers.

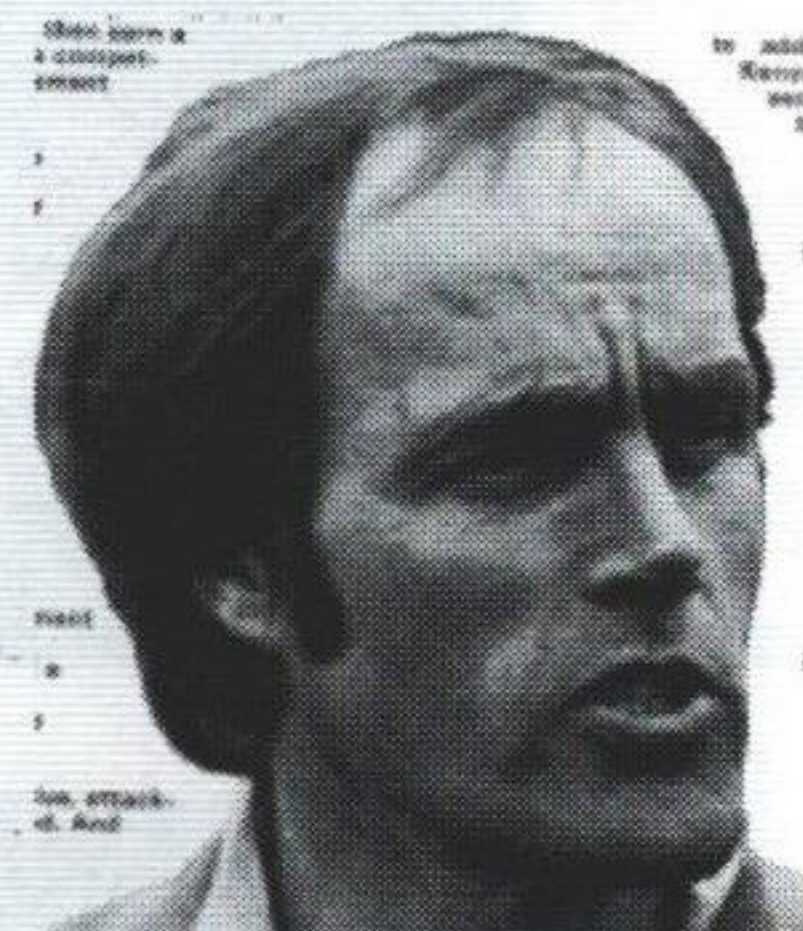
The real reason for the delay might never be told but when you only have limited amount of space inside a book to put people's names in a roll of honour, you can only expect more names with extended deadlines.

Even so the unprecedented demand could only have created at most another two pages to be printed, why is this a problem in this age of high technology?

It will be interesting to see how many pages are dedicated to the fans in the Roll Of Honour

The club needs to get organised, the Megastore is noted for it's failure to have what the fans want. The box office isn't the best place to go if you want a ticket, the recent TV screening of the Arsenal game turned into a farce because they would not sell tickets on the day of the game.

Some people turned up without tickets and were turned away, this from a club millions of pounds in debt. The box office didn't stay open late enough to let people from outside the area buy tickets. Why can't the club give tickets for TV games Cinema Complexes, that way fans can buy them at 10pm?



Lee



Harvey



Oswald



After a summer of speculation, we have to face the fact that Everton are going into the season with a squad no stronger than last season's and with most of our rivals strengthening, it seems we have taken a step back..

It is galling see clubs like Birmingham, man City, Blackburn, Spurs and Southampton clubs who are probably going to be our closest rivals this season splashing out and the question must be asked why haven't we spent anything like the same money?

We have in fact signed two players Joseph Yobo and Li Tie, who were here on loan last season. And who have now signed longer term contracts for us. If they can reproduce their best form for us that would be great.

BUT there are no new faces, We've been linked to McManaman, Davis Barry Ferguson, Savage, Carew, Fitz Hall, Jeffers etc. but none of these has actually signed on the dotted line.

Why have we been so quiet in the transfer market? The answer is, as we all know in our hearts, "We are broke, skint, cashless, poor, without resources, moneyless"

Thanks to the return of Nyarko, we have to shell out a hefty sum to him on a weekly basis and of course we are getting nothing in return, thank you Walter.

Apparently, after repaying the long term debt and paying wages & fees, we are currently just about breaking even, which means we are unlikely to generate significant profits in the short term.

So how can we raise more money? Well one answer is to raise the cost of the tickets by about 50%. Everton are one of the cheapest clubs in the Premiership to support and demand d is at a record level, so it would make economic sense to raise tickets substantially. Somehow however I cannot see this as a solution that would appeal to those complaining about the board's failure to back the manager.

"The directors should put their hands in their pockets and get the dosh out" Well, yes, except that the ones who have the kind of money that would make a difference are not real fans and the real fans do not have millions of spare pounds lying about.

"The board should make way for someone else with money to come in" I am not a party to the inner goings on at Goodison Park, but somehow I doubt if Mr. Dunford and his staff are spending a lot of time fending off would be millionaire investors. Besides would you be happy to see a Robert Maxwell or Mohammed Al-Fayed taking over at Everton?

A "Rights Issue" is sometimes put forward as a solution; also setting up a fans trust, improving the commercial side of the club and so on..

It may be that when some non performing big earners contracts run out in June 2004, Moyes will have a little more room for manoeuvre, but for the moment, things look bleak, and we should realise that, while striving all the time to improve.

Aberblue.

Editors Note. Obviously this article arrived after the swoop by Moyes but it has some interesting points and I felt that it should still be seen.



The weather hasn't got any cooler, I've been lying out in the garden again, just sipping my drink and reading the paper. I was shocked when I saw the article on that old Welsh lad that we wanted to buy but he did the dirty on us and signed for the dark forces across the park.

## Ex-Reds star Saunders held in gas fiddle probe

FORMER Liverpool star Dean Saunders has been arrested on suspicion of fiddling his gas meter.

The 39-year-old Blackburn Rovers coach and his wife Helen, also 39, were arrested at their £500,000 mansion in Northwich, Cheshire.

But the ex-striker today maintained his innocence, claiming it was a mix-up.

He said: "It is nothing to

do with us - it is a case of mistaken identity."

Saunders, an ex-Welsh international, signed for Liverpool in 1991 for a then club record of £2.9m, after turning down an offer from Everton.

A spokesman for Cheshire police said: "No charges have been brought and the couple have been bailed until August 31."

Yes Deano from the Beano has got himself in trouble.

I think he must be innocent because I remember every Evertonian saying he "Wasn't Worth A Light".

The Big Eared lad has been seen walking around here with his mate young Rooney, nice to see him back.

There is also another couple of new faces I have noticed hanging around. That big lad from Leeds Nigel Martyn has been hanging around as well. I remember him from the hamper company, he was in reception one minute and the next he had got off up to Leeds, I will keep my eye on him this time, make sure that he turns up on matchdays.

Mark Pembridge is going down to London, thank God for that, he was always hoofing the ball over our wall and then knocking to get it back.


I did hear that the squeaky voiced one that used to play over the park, you know, the one that used to drink three in one oil, Emlyn Hughes, well he has got a brain tumour, someone said that they have operated and got it out, but he won't be able to sit down for a week!!!!!!

As I said I am having a lovely time with all the hot weather but it has its drawbacks, there are lots of flies and other nasty things about it was terrible on Derby day, slimy things all over the place but they had all disappeared by three o'clock.

I am going out now, into town, the City of Culture, there are some nice shops now and I might just spend a few bob, now that Mr Moyes has had a shopping spree I don't see why I can't do the same.



# MY STORY... BY Dixie Dean



Dad offered me a shilling a goal

How the "Dixie" legend began

When I said "No" to Newcastle United

Story of a ref.—and a kipper

Why Sam Chedzoy laughed at a goalkeeper

Crash! And they said I was finished

I NEED not go far to recall the great moments of my life. Just a few steps take me into the lounge of my Chester hotel . . . to the array of international caps and trophies hanging on the wall.

What wonderful memories they recall of international matches, championship days, Wembley and the Cup . . . in fact, the winning of every possible Soccer honour. And I can vividly remember every glorious minute.

To most footballers there is nothing so satisfying as goalscoring. I was no exception, and beating a goalkeeper, either with a crisp drive or a header, made me tingle with joy.

You have to sample this thrill yourself fully to appreciate it; and, as I scored a record 379 Football League goals, there can be no greater authority on the point.

That figure, 27 more than Steve Bloomer scored, still remains a record, just as my 60 League goals in a season does.

But even a successful player has moments of misfortune. My career was

undoubtedly cut short by thirteen injuries, all requiring operations.

One of these, a bad head injury when I was only nineteen, threatened to end my career almost as soon as it began. I was told to give up any ideas of playing football again, and felt the world had come to an end.

Fortunately, wonderful medical treatment, plus my own determination, pulled me through to fitness, and I was soon making goalkeepers hop round.

However, in the excitement of writing this complete story of my career I'm racing away too quickly.

The tale first began in Birkenhead, a ferry-boat trip away from busy Liverpool. Playing with the local Laird Street School, I won town recognition, got a couple of medals and at the same time discovered a gift which later became the secret of my success.

While other lads did all the work with their feet, I found my head was my greatest asset.

Whenever the ball was in the air I was the master of my opponents. No effort was necessary to glide it perfectly to a chosen spot, and, in fact,

I could head a ball with more precision than the average player could kick it. And I could "nod 'em in" from 20 yards with bullet-like force.

In a schools match against Liverpool, I got my first Soccer payment. Before the game my Dad promised me a shilling for every goal I scored. Early in the game a full-back was injured and I moved from attack to replace him. Soon afterwards I put the ball past my own 'keeper, and Dad went home in disgust!

When I reached home he fairly ticked me off. Suddenly I said: "What about my bob, Dad?"

He nearly exploded. "I told you it was a shilling a goal," he said.

"Well, I scored," was my retort. And believe it or not, Dad saw the joke and coughed up.

While playing for the town schools' team, I received an injury which put my leg in a splint. That did not stop me playing in some games, even though I could kick only with my left leg.

This apparent misfortune turned out to be a stroke of luck, because it helped me develop equal shooting



power in either foot, thus becoming a completely balanced player.

My ambition on leaving school was to be a railway engine-driver, and I got a job with this in mind. The local railway Soccer team turned me down as too slow, but I did not lack games, and one day played in three different matches, scoring sixteen goals. It was all wonderful experience for me.

Eventually I joined a local side, Pensby United, and by then had acquired the nickname "Dixie," which eventually became part and parcel of me.

But how I hated it in those early days. It had come about through my swarthy complexion and crinkly black hair; but I made it plain to my friends that I wanted to be called Bill.

However, the nickname stuck, and "Give it to Dixie!" became a famous cry throughout the Soccer world.

Pensby had agreed to pay my expenses, but then I got a better offer.

"Come and have a trial with us—I think we can do something with you," said a Tranmere scout.

The trial did not materialise because the Rovers' directors decided reports were good enough to sign me immediately, so, in 1923, when 16, I went to Prenton Park.

A spell in the reserves was followed by a couple of games with the senior team, but I failed to score. By this time I had packed up my railway job

and signed as a professional for £4 10s. a week.

In the close season I had a rough time doing odd jobs, but the next season found me established as the first team leader, and my quick improvement was due to the help given by Irish international inside-forward Jack Brown, who got a couple of caps the following season. Jack helped me, not only in training, but also during matches when his prompting was of tremendous help.

One day we were travelling to a League match at Ashington and passed Newcastle United's ground.

"How would you like to play there?" asked a colleague.

I laughed, but it was a question which fired my already burning ambition to be a star.

Yet, strangely, when I had the chance to join Newcastle, I would not do so. My steady scoring attracted many clubs, including Manchester United, Aston Villa, Birmingham, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Everton, Middlesbrough, Chelsea, also Newcastle, who invited me to the north-east.

I had never been round such a magnificent ground as St James's Park, and was thrilled with everything; but, when officials asked me would I join them, I said I wanted a club nearer home.

One game which sticks in my mind during those Tranmere days was a match we lost 2-1 at Halifax. One of our lads had a penalty awarded against him and was still mad about it when we caught the train home.

Unfortunately, the referee got into our carriage and the player started arguing with him. Eventually he got so mad, he turned round to an old woman sitting in a corner with a basket of fish, took a kipper and swiped the ref. Needless to say, he was reported.

Life was now really enjoyable. I was scoring steadily and, at the same time, being paid for doing the thing I loved most of all. When 27 games had been played, and March 16, 1925, was reached, I had an average of a goal a game.

On this day I went to the pictures and, returning home, was surprised to find Tranmere secretary, Fred Cook, and some directors waiting. Their news was staggering. "Everton want you," I was told. I gulped, and wondered if I was day-dreaming.

It was, however, true, as I found on reporting to the nearby Woodside Hotel. There I met Mr. Tom McIntosh, the Everton manager.

"Would you like to join us?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, like a shot.

"Are you quite happy about the move?" was his next question. Again I answered "yes."

So I signed for Everton... and took the main step forward to Soccer stardom. What was most pleasing was that I need not leave home. A short trip across the water, a tram from the pier head, and I was bound for mighty Goodison Park.

Mr. McIntosh had impressed me as

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16)

soon as we met, and he proved a fine man, one of the greatest officials I met in all my career.

Most people imagined Everton would give me plenty of practice with the reserve team before promoting me. That was the normal course. I was tremendously eager to do all in my power to improve my skill and to justify the confidence in me that Everton had shown.

Jack Cock and Jimmy Broad were the first and second centre-forward selections, and I was quite agreeable to serving an apprenticeship under them. They were both fine footballers.

Not that I wasn't ambitious. I was determined to become a great player, and felt I was on the right road now I had joined a First Division club. But the thought of going straight into the first team seemed fantastic to me at the time.

Everton had other ideas. They signed me on a Wednesday, and 48 hours later my eyes boggled when I looked at the team sheet. There was a sensation... W. Dean, centre-forward for the first team, and our opponents Arsenal, at Highbury Stadium!

It is strange how much Arsenal figured in my career. I made my first team debut against them; it was against Arsenal I scored the vital goal which brought me the Football League scoring record for a season, and they were also our opponents when I equalled Bloomer's record of 352 League goals.

But back to that first game, a tussle that will remain in my memory all my life.

When I saw my name on the team sheet I was a bit shocked. Don't think, however, that I was in a nervous dither, for, fortunately, I possessed an ideal football temperament, worrying about little and refusing to be shaken from my chosen path. No one can ever over-estimate the value of a calm temperament.

It was this which helped me treat the most important match as just another game. But the promotion came so suddenly it was a surprise.

I will never forget that first journey to London, because of the difference in the way Everton treated their players compared with my humble times in the Third Division. The contrast was really remarkable.

A wealthy club, Everton never pinched and scraped,



Jimmy Stein Played with Dixie for nearly seven years between Dec 1928 May 1935

but did everything possible to make players comfortable. We travelled well and lived in first-class hotels. It was a new world to me, and very much to my liking.

Before this game, wing-half Davy Reid, an experienced campaigner, came up and said: "Don't worry, lad, we'll help you."

Those words I never forgot, and always afterwards I tried to help young players thrust into the team for the first time. Early in the match I had notched my first goal. A perfect centre came over, and I surprised the defence with a bit of heading brilliance.

I was turning for my colleagues' congratulations when I realised the referee had given offside. It was a bad decision... and the start of ill-luck right through the game. We lost 3-1, and Dixie Dean was a very disappointed young man.

Everton gave me another chance the following week when I scored against Aston Villa, then they dropped me for the remainder of the season. That spell in the reserves was invaluable, for I picked up many tips, and also quickened my pace.

Two of Everton's greatest players at the time were wingers Sam Chedzoy and Alec Troup. I had read about the brilliance of these internationals. What a pleasure it was to play between them!

Troup was a tiny tot of a man, but a splendid player. Although capped by Scotland, he did not receive as many honours as he deserved, for Alan Morton was more in favour.

Personally, I thought Troup one of the finest wingers I ever met, much better than Morton. His centres were

Dixie Was A Hero In The 20's & 30's  
A Host Of Cigarette Cards Carried His Picture



Top Teams

This Colour photo is taken from the Scorchers & Score Comic dated 23rd October 1971.

The Exploits of the Everton Team in the 1930's is fully illustrated and is on the front cover. A very nice collectors item



EVERTON

THE MERSEYSIDE BLUES ACHIEVED A REMARKABLE 5 SEASONS PERFORMANCE. IN 1928, THEY WERE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS AND BIG BILL "DIXIE" DEAN SCORED 60 LEAGUE GOALS, AN ALL-TIME RECORD; IN 1930 THEY WERE RELEGATED; IN 1931 THEY WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF DIVISION 2; IN 1932 THEY WERE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS AND A YEAR LATER WON THE CUP. "DIXIE" COLLECTED 185 GOALS IN THOSE FIVE SENSATIONAL SEASONS.



so accurate he could put a ball between centre-half and full-back on to a pin-head if necessary.

A grand ball player, his left foot was second to none, and he was an invaluable partner in helping me score many goals.

One of his troubles was a shoulder-blade which continually became displaced. It would come out and leave him writhing in pain . . . then, a couple



of minutes' treatment, and Alec would be back, as chirpy as ever.

Now to Sam Chedzoy—dear old Sam, who did so much to help me.

Direct, and well-made, he was the complete opposite to Troup in everything except ability, in which they had equal merits. Often before a match Sam took me on one side in the dressing room and passed on valuable tips about the opposition.

He was a great-hearted player, and also one of Soccer's history-

makers. Young readers may not recall the sensation he created in a League match by placing the ball for a corner then dribbling it towards the goal.

Sam and a friend had found a loophole in the law and determined to test it. The referee, also a lively bird who knew his rules, did not stop Sam. But this particular rule was soon changed to prevent a repetition.

Another incident I recall about Sam happened later in my career when we were playing Notts County. I had scored two goals, when we were awarded a penalty.

"You take it and get your hat-trick," Sam said to me.

I placed the ball, walked back, and was surprised to see the opposing goalkeeper, Albert Iremonger, walk out and turn the ball round with the lace facing away from him.

I moved it back . . . he came out again.

By now I was not so steady-nerved, and shrewd Sam realised this.

"Leave this to me," he said.

Turning to Iremonger, Sam shouted: "Get back in that goal and pick this one out of the net—then you can do your fancy tricks!" As cool as could be, he lashed in a shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance . . . and grinned all over his face.

I was occasionally accused of being "faddy" about my playing kit at Everton. Perhaps I was, because I believed a workman must have the tools he wants. I always had a piece cut off the bottom of my jersey as I did not like it long and clinging to me.

Everything went all right until the trainer opened the skip one day and found eleven jerseys, all with twelve inches cut off the bottom. After that, special kit was made for me!

In addition, I never wore the hefty shinguards most players have now, because I considered they pulled down my speed. Also, I would not wear new boots.



"Jack Cock was Everton's centre-forward, and I was quite agreeable to serving an apprenticeship under such a great player."

My boots were like dear old friends. I always scrounged round for old cast-offs from the other players, and when I got a pair, hammered the toes until they were like pulp. In this condition I could "feel" the ball through the boot and exercise full control.

When the 1925-6 season began I was still in the "stiffs," but did not stay there long. Seven goals in a reserve match against Bradford City, the last five in succession, put me back in favour, and I was soon established as the club's No. 1 leader.

Yet a few months later Dixie Dean was being written off the Soccer books.

It was July, 1926, when I went out for a motor-cycle run on the St. Asaph road. I pulled up to let a funeral pass, and I have often wondered since whether I would have missed injury but for those lost few moments.

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(Continued from page 17)

Anyway, I started off again. Cars were speeding along, cutting in among the busy traffic. One was involved in a collision with my wheel, and that was disastrous.

There seemed to be an explosion, and the next thing I remember was looking at my Dad. "It's your Dad, son," he said to me, quietly. For some time I could not understand where I was, or what had happened, as the blurred face remained in front of me. "What happened?" I asked.

"Don't you worry," said a feminine voice . . . so I took the tip and lapsed off into unconsciousness.

The crash was a serious affair. I had a fractured skull, two fractured cheek bones, and numerous other injuries.

Tranmere secretary, Bert Cook, Everton manager, Tom McIntosh, and the club doctor came to see me quickly,

and as I slowly pulled myself together, I realised they were not too happy about my condition.

I must admit Everton had every reason to be upset, for ability in the air was my key point, and a centre-forward with my injuries had little hopes of heading a football again.

That was not my idea. I had set out to be a star, and was determined nothing would get in the way. I refused to be downhearted as the weeks went by, and was rewarded by a move to a Liverpool nursing home, a sign that I was improving.

Some time after, I was feeling lively when a friend on a motor-cycle visited me. The sight of the machine churned my stomach over at first.

"This will never do," I said to myself, "your nerve's going." So much against my pal's wishes, I rode the machine for ten miles to prove myself to myself.

By the time the trip was over I was as confident as ever. But, as I returned the machine to a very relieved owner, I said, "Thanks for the loan . . . I'll never ride a motor-bike again."

Soon after this I was up a tree collecting fruit for the nurses. I climbed down, realising someone was waiting, and found it was Mr. Tom McIntosh.

I expected trouble, but he said some momentous words: "If you can do that, you can come back and play for Everton!"

Yes, the attitude of Goodison Park officials was slightly changed. No longer was I a complete write-off. They were still doubtful about my mak-

ing a come-back, but they were at least willing to let me try.

My recovery was a miracle. I will never forget the treatment given me by the nurses and doctors, and never did I pass the hospital without trying to make some small gift to the staff. Whatever records I wrote into Soccer were as much to their credit as to my football skill.

The Everton training staff, especially Harry Cook, now took me in hand. There obviously could be no question of my starting immediately with a full-sized ball. So I practised with a small rubber one; then I played with a rubber bladder, and slowly progressed to a match ball.

During training I experienced shooting pains when heading, and there were a lot of dubious faces at Goodison Park.

Frankly, despite my determination to win through, I sometimes felt a little despondent . . . then came October 9th, 1926.

On this date I played for Everton again, in a reserve match at Huddersfield. The grind of preparation was over, now we had reached the supreme test. If I failed in this game the outlook would be grim. Hundreds of Everton fans travelled to see me in the most vital game of my career. Yes, this was to be my supreme test. . . .

**WOULD that famous dark head ever be capable of directing another goal beyond the reach of a leaping goalkeeper?**

*Continued in Issue 15*

Below, the famed Everton line-up of 1928-29.—Back row (left to right): Hart, Cresswell, Davies, Griffiths, Virr. Seated: O'Donnell, Ritchie, Forshaw, Dean, Martin, Troup.



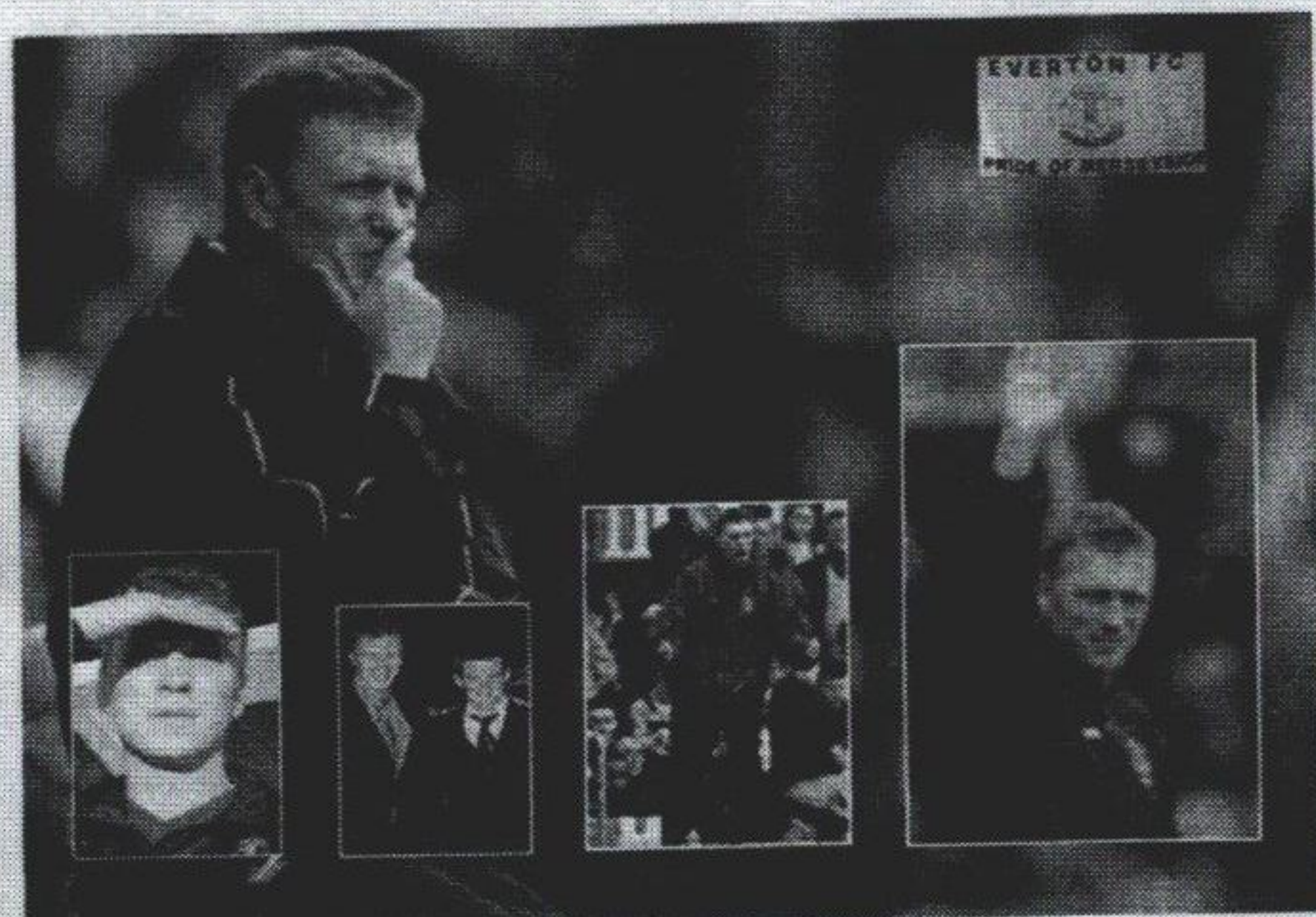
"Often before a match Sam Chedzoy would take me to one side and pass on valuable tips about the opposition."

Peerless Warney Cresswell was one of Dixie's Everton team-mates. In a later instalment Dixie tells how the cool, unruffled Warney smoked a pipe in the Wembley dressing-room during an anxiety-haunted half-time in the Cup Final.

"Alec Troup . . . his centres were so accurate he could put a ball between centre-half and full-back on to a pin-head if necessary."



# THE MOYES REVOLUTION



*"He's got red hair but we don't care"*



EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB  
season 2002/3

by  
Rob van Dijk



Everton might not have got into Europe but Europe have certainly got into Everton.

Dutch Evertonian Rob van Dijk has produced book number two in his recollections of following Everton and it's a great read.

It is a diary of the 2002/3 season, and although it seems that it was only yesterday and you remember everything he is going to write about, you don't.

I was reading through it and thought, that wasn't then, it seems so long ago. It is essential reading for any Evertonian who likes to have all the details of Everton's games at hand.

This book will give you a good feeling, it is the first one to follow exactly what Moyes has done for Everton.

Rob has spent a fortune and many, many hours getting this book out. You on the other hand will only have to stroll up the stairs at St Lukes Church, before any home game and see Phil Redmond, from When Skies Are Grey

stand, and buy the book. The pre published copy that I have has over 120 pages and it's A4 sized with a reasonable price of £5.

It not only gives a match by match account of Everton's games but fills in what other teams in the Premiership are doing. Blue Blood Fanzine can only say two words BUY IT. Contact Rob on [gta.vandijk@chello.nl](mailto:gta.vandijk@chello.nl)

Another interesting item for Evertonians is the latest list of Everton Caricatures from Bob Bond.

He has sets of 25 Everton Greats, which include Dean, Britton, Sagar, Lawton, Mercer, T. G. Jones, Fielding, Hickson, B. Collins, Alex Young, Vernon, Labone, Ball, Royle, Latchford, Lyons, Ratcliffe, Gascoigne?? Southall, Gray, Sharp, Reid, Bailey, Campbell, Rooney.

These can be bought as A4 size £2 each, A3 £3 each or as a card set all 25 card size £12.50p Bob also does Everton Banners, for more details contact Bob 145, Terringes Avenue, Worthing, W. Sussex, BN13 1JW. Or telephone 01903 604309 or go to his website [www.elbobbo.org.uk](http://www.elbobbo.org.uk) or email him [bobbond@cpo.org.uk](mailto:bobbond@cpo.org.uk)

Bob Bond's Wayne Rooney can be seen on the back cover of this issue.



# Bluebells Florist Page 21

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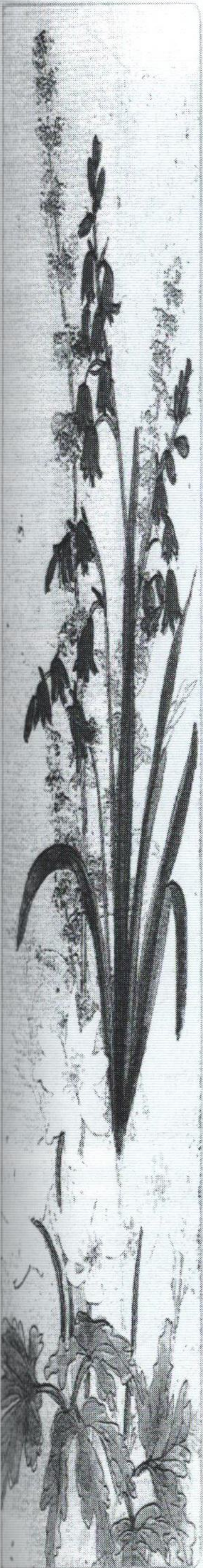


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**EVERTON F.C.—1933-34.**

*Back Row (left to right)—BRITTON, WHITE, COOK, SAGAR, CRESSWELL, THOMSON.  
Front Row (left to right)—GELDARD, DUNN, DEAN, JOHNSTON, STEIN.*

A4 size picture of Everton team squads, most seasons available up to 1963, some in colour others black & white all are £4. by post to any UK or European address. Individual players from 1878 until the 1970's also available, same size same price. Also Goodison Park 1966 World Cup picture and Everton Brow including the Prince Rupert's Tower. Send sae or email for more information.



125 years of EFC, 75th anniversary of Dixies 60, 100 years at the Top all great occasions but what about the 25th anniversary of Bob Latchford's 30 goals.

Bob made his debut against West Ham on 16th February 1974 and the fans loved him, it was hard for Bob because Kendall had gone in the other direction as a make-weight in the deal. For seven years he kept the Street End Boys in full song mode. 286 appearances for Everton, 138 goals make no bones about it Bob was class. Don't listen to those who say he didn't work, he worked and he played brilliantly for the Blues.

He was the most expensive player in the League and he was worth every halfpenny, he had fans saying many funny things about him, badges were made that said “Latchford Strikes faster Than Fords” a piece of social history because Ford Motor Company in Halewood was reportedly always on strike. He also had 12 games for England and every Evertonian was proud the season that a national newspaper put up £10,000 to anyone who could get 30 goals or more in the league.

Of course all the experts said that it couldn't be done in this day and age, but if it was to be done it would be someone from Arsenal, Liverpool, or man United Everton didn't get mentioned and our Bob was 100/1 to do the deed.

But as we all know, when it comes to making history and breaking goal records, Everton are always at the front of the queue.

So for those of you too young or too drunk to remember here are all those goals, I was one of the lucky few who happened to see every on of the live, going to every home and away game.

George Orr



**Goal 1**  
**Sept 10th 1977**  
**Leicester away**

**Goal 2 Oct 1st**  
**Man City home**

**Goal 3**  
**Oct 4th West**  
**Brom Home**



**Goal 4**  
**Oct 8th**  
**QPR Away**

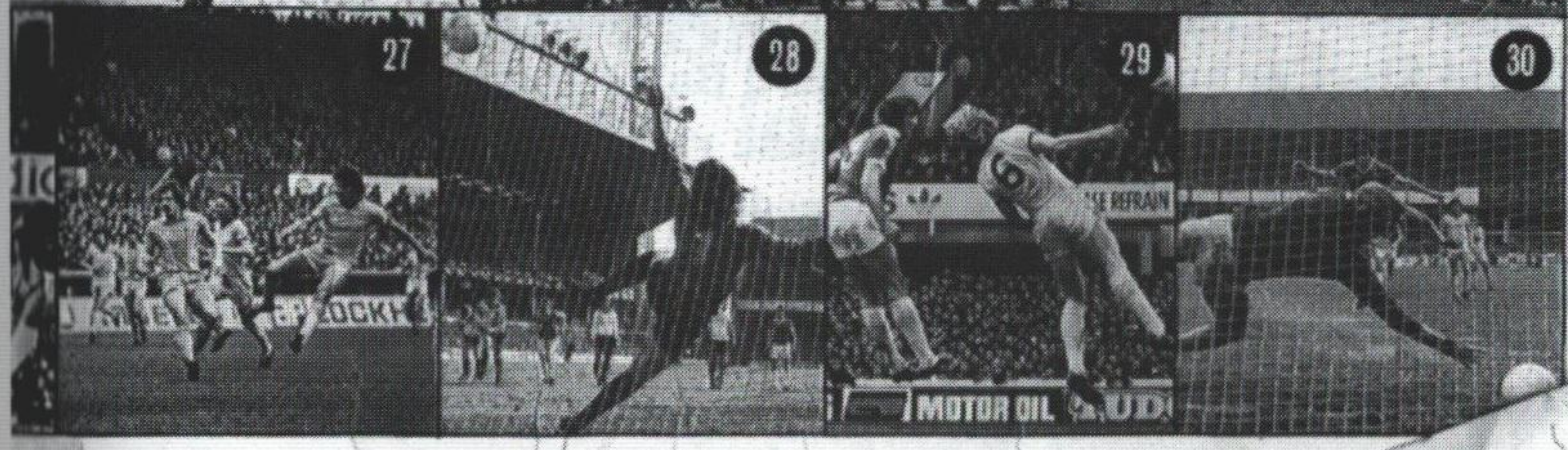
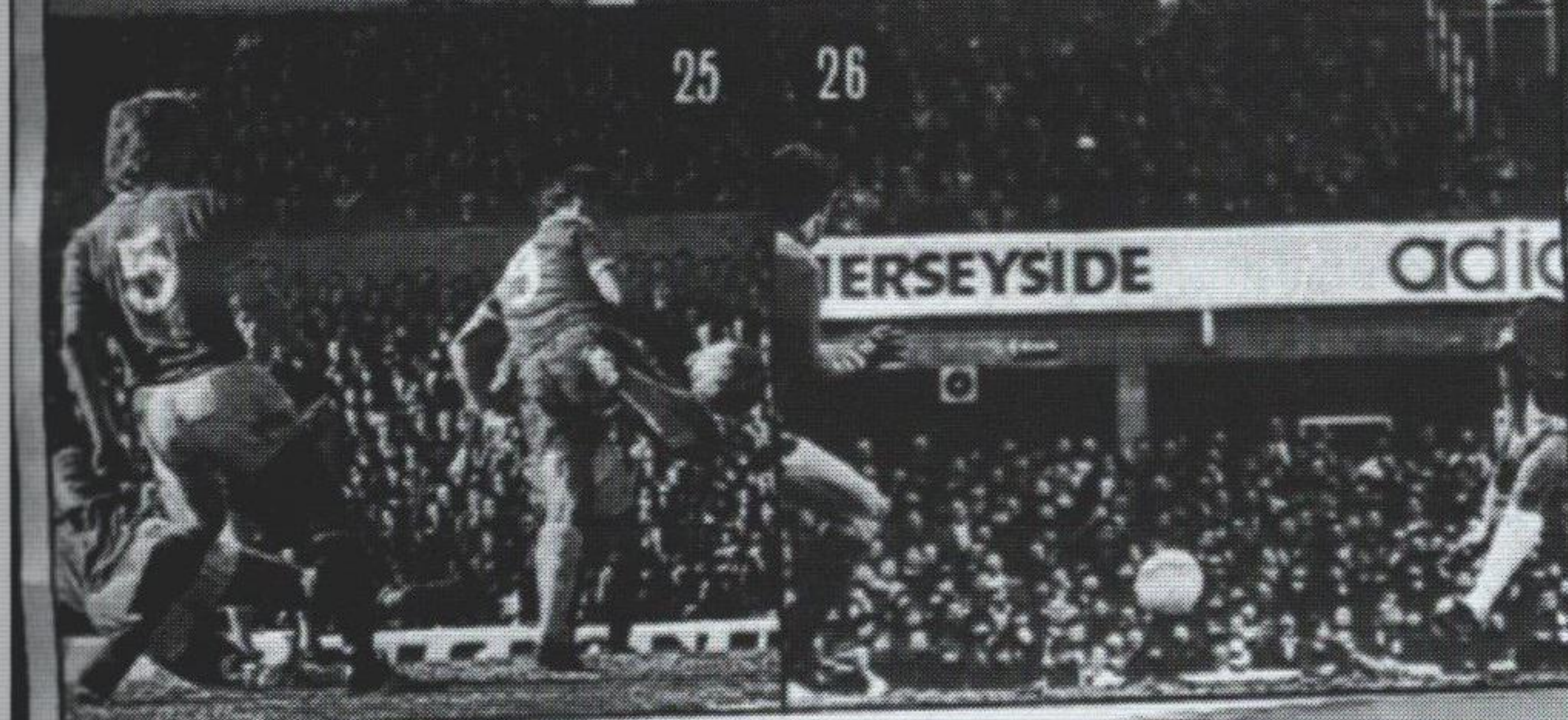
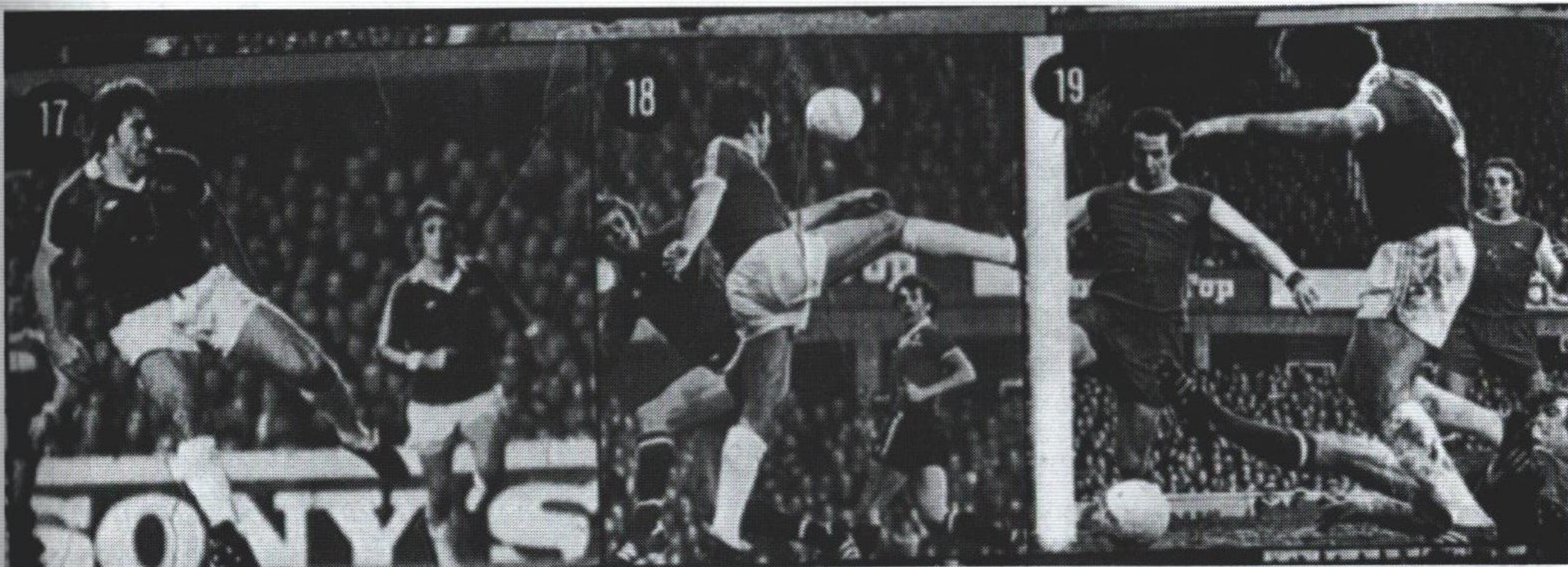
**Goal 5**  
**QPR Away**



Goal 6 Oct 8th QPR away, goal 7 Oct 8th QPR away, goal 8 Oct 29th Newcastle home, goal 9 Newcastle home, goal 10 Nov 12 Birmingham home, goal 11 Birmingham home, goal 12 Nov 26th Coventry home, goal 13 Coventry home , goal 14 Coventry home, goal 15 Dec 3rd Chelsea away, goal 16 Dec 10th Middlesboro home







- Goal 17  
Dec 10th Middlesboro home
- Goal 18  
Dec 26th Man United home
- Goal 19  
Dec 31st Arsenal home
- Goal 20  
Feb 4th 78 Leicester home
- Goal 21  
Leicester home
- Goal 22  
March 24th Newcastle away
- Goal 23  
March 25th Leeds home
- Goal 24  
March 27th Man United away
- Goal 25  
Man United away
- Goal 26  
April 1st Derby County home

Goal 27 April 8th  
Coventry away

Goal 28  
April 15th  
Ipswich home

Goal 29  
April 29th  
Chelsea home

Goal 30  
April 29th  
Chelsea home

Middlesboro United 18 Dec 10 1977 Middlesboro 1-0 Middlesboro United



The Cup Final had been a brilliant game, much praise was heaped on both teams but Everton felt let down by their goalkeeper. Robert Menham was criticised by some directors who felt that not only in Cup matches but in the league he was a weak link.

Six days later it was back to League football. The League had been wrapped up by Aston Villa, the new "Double Winners" but Everton still held high hopes of finishing second.

Derby County at home, who also wanted to finish in a respectable top three position were the opponents. 25,000 Evertonian turned up to cheer the Blues on, their support lifted the weary Everton team and they gave derby a bit of a hiding. The game ended 5-2 for Everton and the goals came from, Chadwick 2, Bell, Hartley, and Milward.

Home again the very next day, only 9,7000 turn up to watch, it had been a very expensive week. West Brom were the visitors, in what was to be an emotional game for one Everton player. Smart Arridge, he was playing his last game for Everton after 56 appearances he left for new Brighton, a class full back who never let Everton down, it was great to see that the team sent him on his way with a typical Everton performance of skill and power. Nine goals flashed into the two goals with six of them going in favour of the Blues. John Bell got a hat trick, Chadwick, Milward & Taylor got the rest.

Three days later and another away game, Derby County Everton completed a hat trick of wins over the Midlanders Billy Stewart scores the only goal. This game also saw the end of another Everton players career. The brilliant Alf Milward left the club after an amazing 224 matches and 96 goals. He was idolised by the Goodison crowd, skill and flair one of the original Hall Of Fame Greats.

The season draws to a close at Goodison Park on the 24th April against Bury, 6, 000 fans pay to see what was a poor Everton performance, they lose 2-1 with Bell getting the goal. It was his 15th of the season , two more than Jack Taylor.

This game was also the last match for two Everton players, Herbert Banks an outside left, played only the second of his games for Everton but went on to serve the Club as a Director in the coming years. W. Campbell finished, his short 3 game Everton career at inside left.

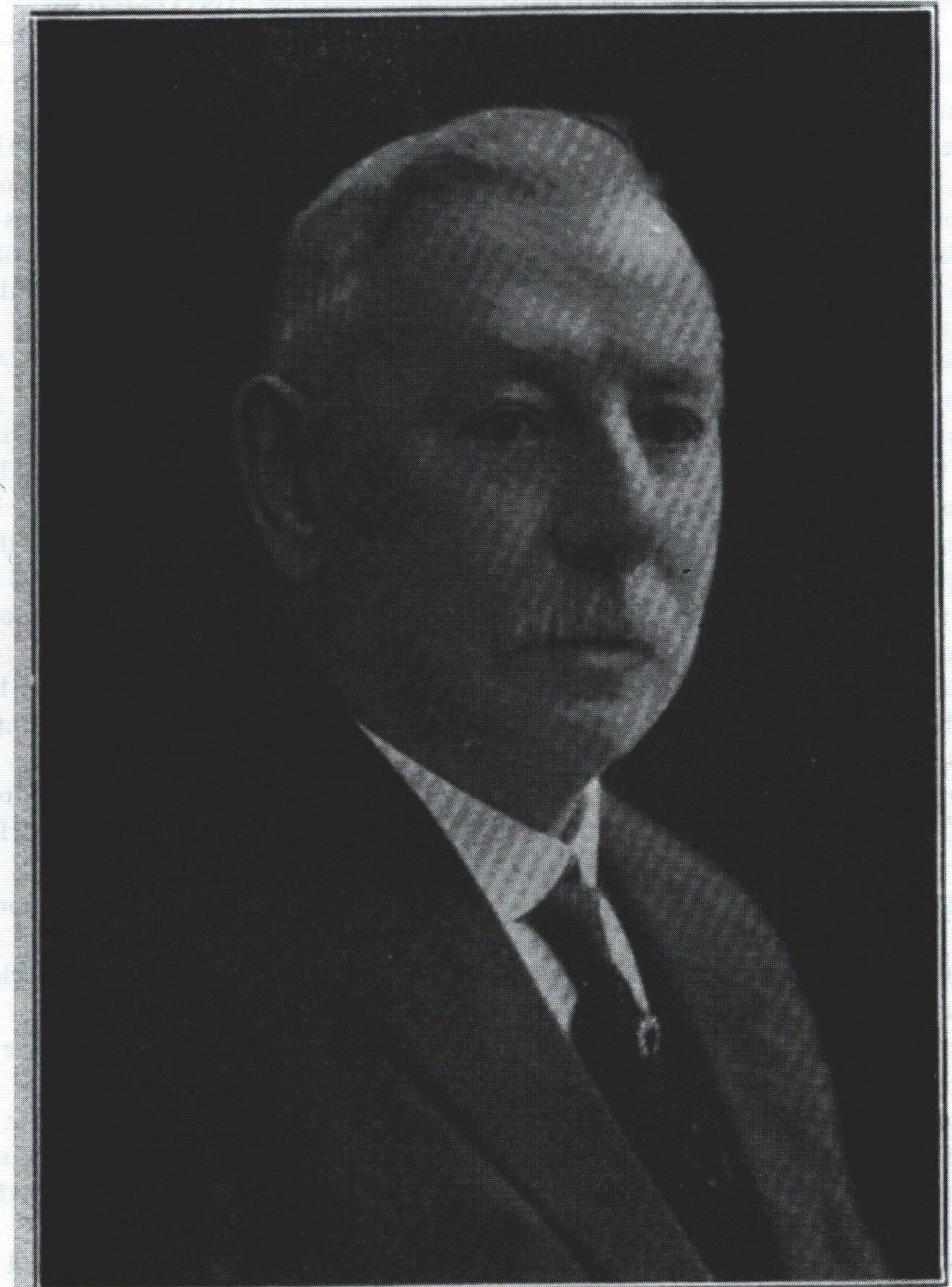
Goalkeeper Robert Menham was also playing his last game for the Club, the board were determined to get the goalkeeping position sorted out. Finishing 7th was not good enough and Menham took most of the blame.

Briggs, Maley and Goldie also left the club and the supporters wanted new blood, they needed to see Everton back up the League, the visit to London for the Cup Final had only whetted their appetite.

Robert McFarlane from Third Lanark was unveiled as the new goalkeeper, he duly took up his position between the sticks on the 4th September 1897 for the first game.

The rest of the team was as follows Right back Peter Meehan who was also the highest paid player in the team, David Storrier at left back, Richard Boyle at right half, Johnny Holt centre half, Billy Stewart left half, Jack Taylor outside right, John Cameron at inside right, Lawrence Bell signed from Sheffield Wednesday making his debut at centre forward. Edgar Chadwick at inside left, John Bell outside left.

The visitors to Goodison Park were Bolton Wanderers, 12,000 arrived to watch the new look Everton and were delighted to see new boy Lawrence bell get both goals in a 2-1 win.



## Herbert Banks

Seen here in later life, Herbert only played two games for Everton but was a member of the board that took Everton forward



Away to Derby County, the team we did a "Hat Trick" over last season, hopes were high for an Everton victory but as we all know, when we expect to win we lose, right again. John Divers made his debut at outside left replacing John Bell. Divers was bought from Celtic and Everton held him in high esteem. He scored on his debut but that was the only thing we got from the game, apart from a mauling that is, we lose 5-1.

The next game saw much the same formation from Everton, George Barker came in at left back, Andrew Hartley replaced Lawrence Bell at centre forward and John Robertson took over at left half from Billy Stewart. A poor crowd of only 6,000 watch as a silent Goodison Park is brought to life by Andrew Hartley. He torments the visitors Wolves and scores a great hat trick which sends the few fans present into ecstasy. The game finishes 3-0 and Hartley is cheered off the pitch.

28th September 1897 and the first visit to Anfield this season for the "Derby". A crowd that is said to be 30,000 strong but in fact was much larger crowded into the ground, passions were high, the atmosphere charged with emotion and during the course of the game the large contingent of police struggled to keep the crowd in order. The barriers collapsed twice but the game continued.

Everton, desperate to keep their 100% record in Derbies intact struggled from the start. Liverpool played with a self belief that the Blues did not have, the game ended in a 3-1 victory for the Red Ones, Jack Taylor scores but it is a sickening feeling for every Evertonian, defeat at the hands of the arch rivals will be hard to take.

Storrer, Divers & Lawrence Bell all return to the team for the next game, at home to Blackburn. Again only 6,000 pay to watch. Divers scores but it is wiped out by Blackburn and the game ends 1-1.

A return to form is needed and a trip to Wolves is going to be hard but the Blues turn on the style and return with both points. Lawrence Bell, Campbell & Divers score in a brilliant 3-2 win, a crowd of 8,000 watch an excellent game.

16th October 1897, the place Goodison Park, the occasion, the return fixture "The Derby".

40,000 are packed inside the ground to hopefully see Everton salvage some lost pride, they are dreading their neighbours doing the "Double"

Everton play the same team that did so well at Wolves, Liverpool have only one change from their victorious "Derby" winning team.

The game kicks off with a tremendous roar from the crowd, excitement is in the air. Everton take the game to the visitors and turn on the style, they torment them and score three times without reply. Pride is restored and Billy Williams gets two goals with the other one from Lawrence Bell, who is getting to something of a marksman.

The next game is the short journey to Bury, again Everton stay unchanged and win 1-0 thanks to a goal from Divers.

Sheffield United at home, 10,000 pay to watch, fourth game on the trot unchanged for Everton. Again everything looks like it's working out right again the Everton curse strikes. Lawrence Bell continues his impressive goal scoring but it is not enough, Everton lose 4-1. The crowd are unforgiving and a loud chorus of boos ring out around the ground. Action is taken immediately, goalkeeper Robert McFarlane sees his nine game Everton career come to an abrupt end. He could hardly complain, in those nine games he conceded 16 goals. Billy Muir is signed from Kilmarnock as his replacement.



**W. BALMER,  
EVERTON.**

Local lad Walter Balmer was called into the squad, a thick set 20 year old he was to become another Everton Legend. Thrown in at the deep end he managed to replace the highest paid player on the books and not only that, he went on to play for Everton in 293 games and gave ten years sturdy service to the Everton cause.



Walter Balmer, a local lad aged 20 is called into the team, he is a hard tackling full back and Everton hope that he can add a bit of bite to the defence.. George Barker also comes into the team to keep the defence tight. John Bell returns at centre forward. The first time this line up is tested is away to West Brom, 5,750 mainly local Midlanders arrive hoping to see their team pull out of a bad run. The game is nothing special but Everton manage to get a draw thanks to Divers & Taylor.

Aston Villa away and the Everton committee think that although Balmer performed well at West Brom a more experienced full back will be needed to face the "Double Winners".

Walter was probably glad he was sidelined as the Villa ripped Everton apart. The scoreline of 3-0 to Villa flattered Everton, they were totally destroyed, 14,000 Villa fans roared their heads off convinced that they would once again become Champions.

Another hard away game was next, Preston North End were never an easy team to play, although not as good as they used to be they could still give you a drubbing if you weren't careful.

Jack Taylor gets Everton a hard earned draw. The highlight though for the travelling Evertonians was the return to the team after injury of the great Edgar Chadwick. He had been sorely missed, a goalscoring, creative inside left, who, was a favourite of the Everton crowd.

At last a home game, West Brom are the visitors, 15, 700 fans are glad to see the return of their heroes.

The team themselves seemed to relish the return to Goodison and took a poor West Brom team to the cleaners. Chadwick gets two goals, Divers gets two, John & Lawrence Bell get one apiece in a 6-1 win.

Another home game but surprisingly the crowd is only 5,000, 10,000 less than the last home game, where six Everton goals thrilled the crowd. In the subdued atmosphere Everton struggle to show their superiority against Notts County

The game is drab but Divers gets the winning goal for the Blues which helps to keep them in with a shout of the Championship.

The team that is leading the chase for that Championship are Sunderland, who are Everton's next opponents. It's the 18th December and it's cold up in the North East, 8,000 brave the conditions to watch a poor quality game which ends 0-0, the first time this season Everton have been involved in a goalless game.

Christmas Day 1897 and Everton are at home, 18,000 fans call into Goodison to watch Everton play Aston Villa. The Midlanders have had the evil eye over Everton in past meetings and it's vital for all concerned at Goodison to make sure of an Everton win.

Edgar Chadwick and John Robertson get the goals for Everton that give them the points in a 2-1 victory.

It's New Years Day 1898 and Everton are away at Blackburn, a crowd of 17,00 turn out, which is quite amazing because Blackburn are struggling for form. Everton remain unchanged from the Christmas day fixture and Chadwick again scores to give the Blues a point in a 1-1 draw.

Unchanged for the third consecutive game Everton face Sheffield Wednesday at Goodison Park. 15,000 watch as their hero Edgar Chadwick gets his third goal in three matches, it's enough to earn the points.

15th January and away to Notts County, unchanged once again, with confidence oozing out of them Everton, lose!!!! We even get an own goal and one from John Bell but it's not enough we lose 3-2. The next game is at home to Stoke City, only 4,000 pay to watch, Everton play Sam Wolstenholme a new signing from Horwich, he plays at right half. It will be his only game this season and he does not feature in the first team again until October 1898 but then he commands a regular place and becomes a long serving player. The game against Stoke is poor, the crowd are not happy and a 1-1 draw doesn't help. Cameron gets the goal.

Next up is the F.A.Cup and after last seasons exploits the fans want another good Cup run, Blackburn Rovers are the opponents and the game is at Goodison, 12,000 watch as Billy Williams puts us into the next round we win 1-0.

To be continued in issue 15



Sam Wolstenholme made his debut on January 17th 1898 born in Little Lever he went on to become an impressive right half playing 170 games for Everton





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