

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 3 issue 15

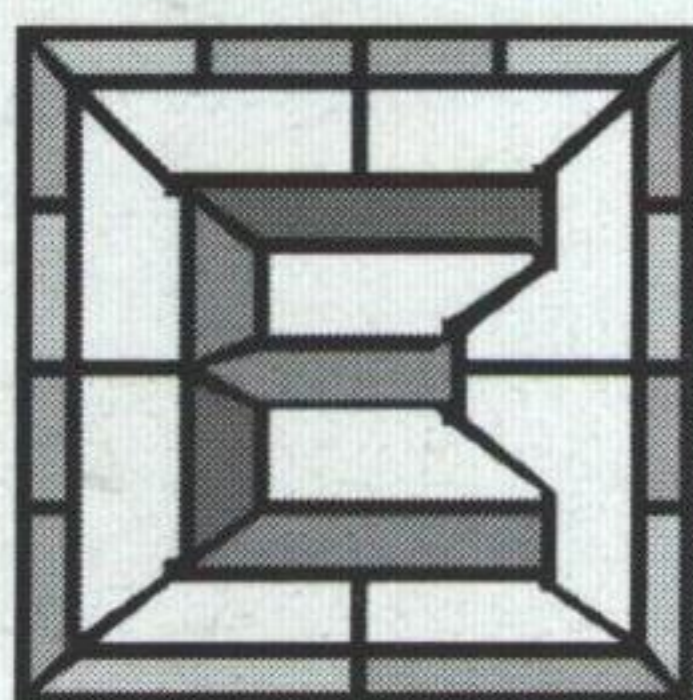


'Martin Dobo Martin Dobo Hello' Page 4

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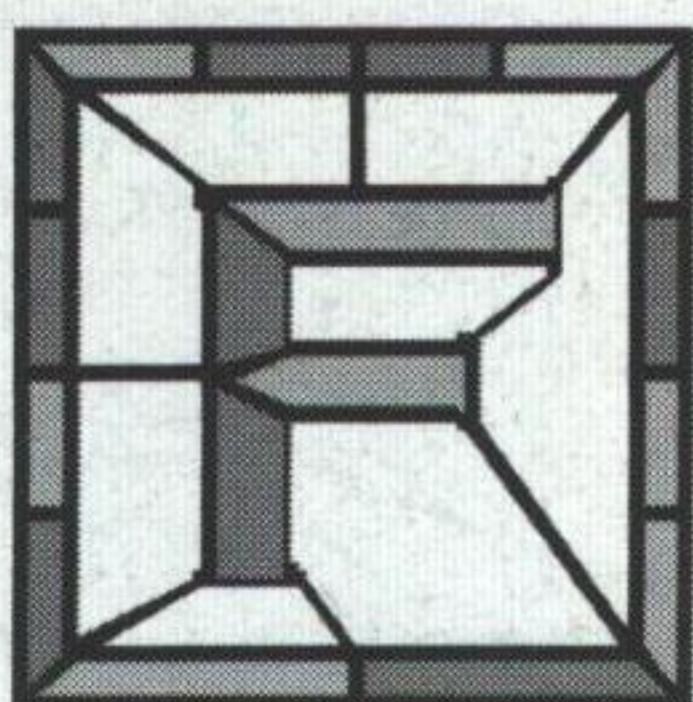
On sale outside the Winslow before home games

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



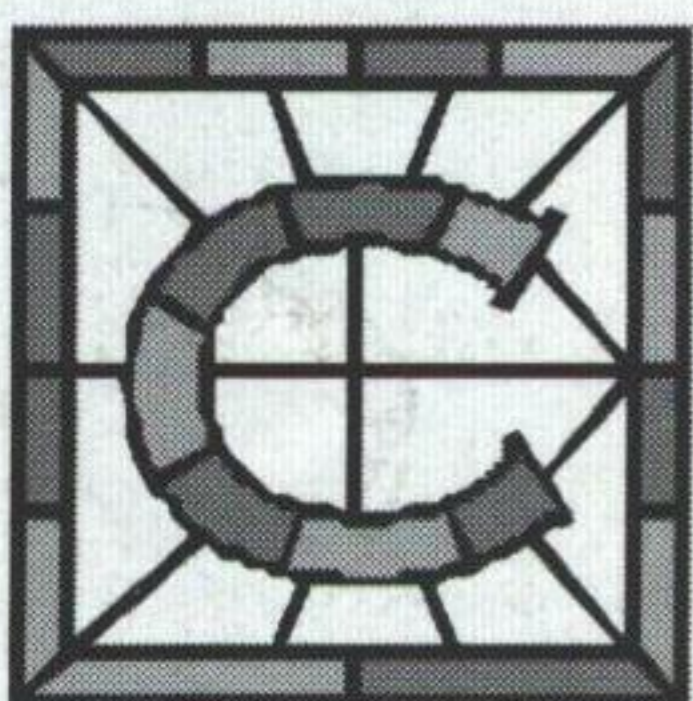
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Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Ephraim 'Jock' Dodds
Debut 2nd Nov 1946
Scored in 3-3 draw
Last game 2nd Oct 48
Played 58 games scored
37 goals
Replacement for Lawton
Big Bustling centre
forward

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

Before we go any further, I say that David Moyes should get down to Cardiff and buy Gabbidon, their gifted young centre back, ok we have to wait until January but do it and then get rid of Stubbs.

I have been told many times that I am a sad Blue, not only by Kopites, I might add and the trouble is I can't argue.

I was at a Wedding in Lytham St Annes when, out of the corner of my eye, a gravestone caught my attention.

It was the grave of Harry Catterick, I went over said a quiet prayer and then sadly took two photo's I took some stick, being told, I was at a WEDDING it didn't alter the fact that this was HARRY CATTERICK'S grave but it didn't seem to register with them

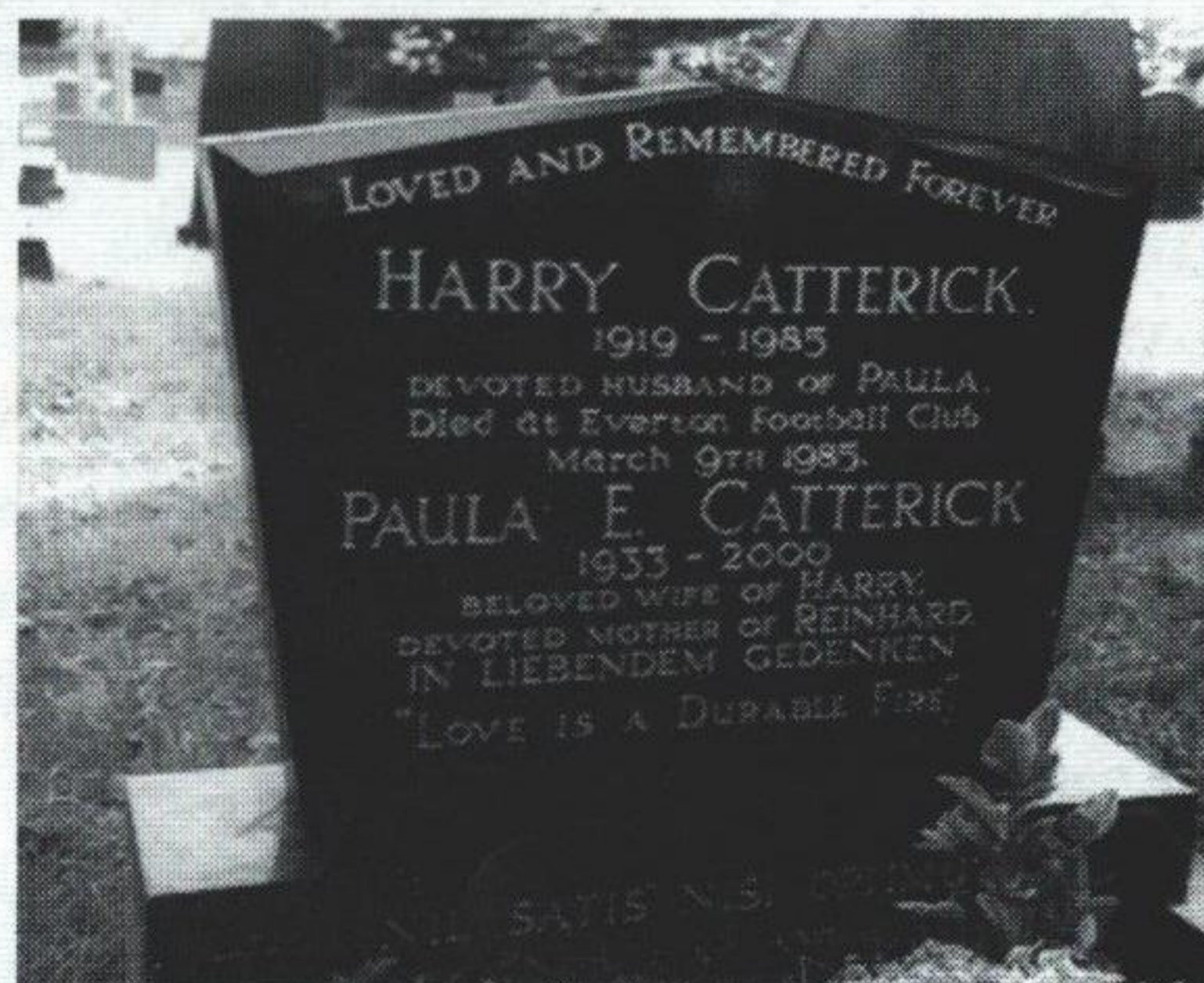
It was good to see the inscription Nils Satis Nisi Optimum on the bottom of the headstone but it also had Died at Everton Football Club March 9th 1985.

How many of today's managers will have gravestones with "Their" club name on?

I have always thought that Harry should be remembered at Goodison, he was the manager of the 60's that's a fact not some piece of fiction. Yet there is not that much about the great man.



Rob Styles :Something Missing?



Blue Blood is sad to say that the Rob Styles "Spot The Brain Competition has had to be cancelled because I could only obtain a photo of his head.

The Stockport game was a decent run out for the youngsters, Clarke, Chadwick, McFadden, Hibbert & Rooney. Stockport themselves played the game fairly and didn't resort to kicking anything that moved, in fact they played some nice football.

I thought the £5 admission for children and pensioners was great but the adult price was a bit steep at £15 maybe £10 would have brought out even more fans.

Back to planet Earth with the Spurs game, what is happening?

Everton have still not said what they intend to do over the "David France Collection" this archive of Everton history can not be left to the auction rooms of England, it would be split up and spread all over the World.

Blue Blood

Martin Dobo, Martin Dobo Hello, Hello, was the greeting Evertonians gave to Martin every time he took to the pitch.

He was a British transfer record signing at £300, 000 in August 1974 making his debut against Arsenal on the 31st August 1974 he went on to play 230 times for Everton scoring 40 goals his last game was on the 5th May 1979 against Spurs, he then returned to his former club Burnley.

In between that time he swooned Evertonians and frustrated them at the same time., he was cultured, stylish, skilful and any other adjective you can think of but he was also only running on two cylinders, as they say.

You always felt that he could give more, try harder, be more involved, he seemed to be the only player on the pitch not enjoying the game

There was a feeling that he lacked self belief, he wasn't aware of just how good he was and it annoyed even his most ardent fans.

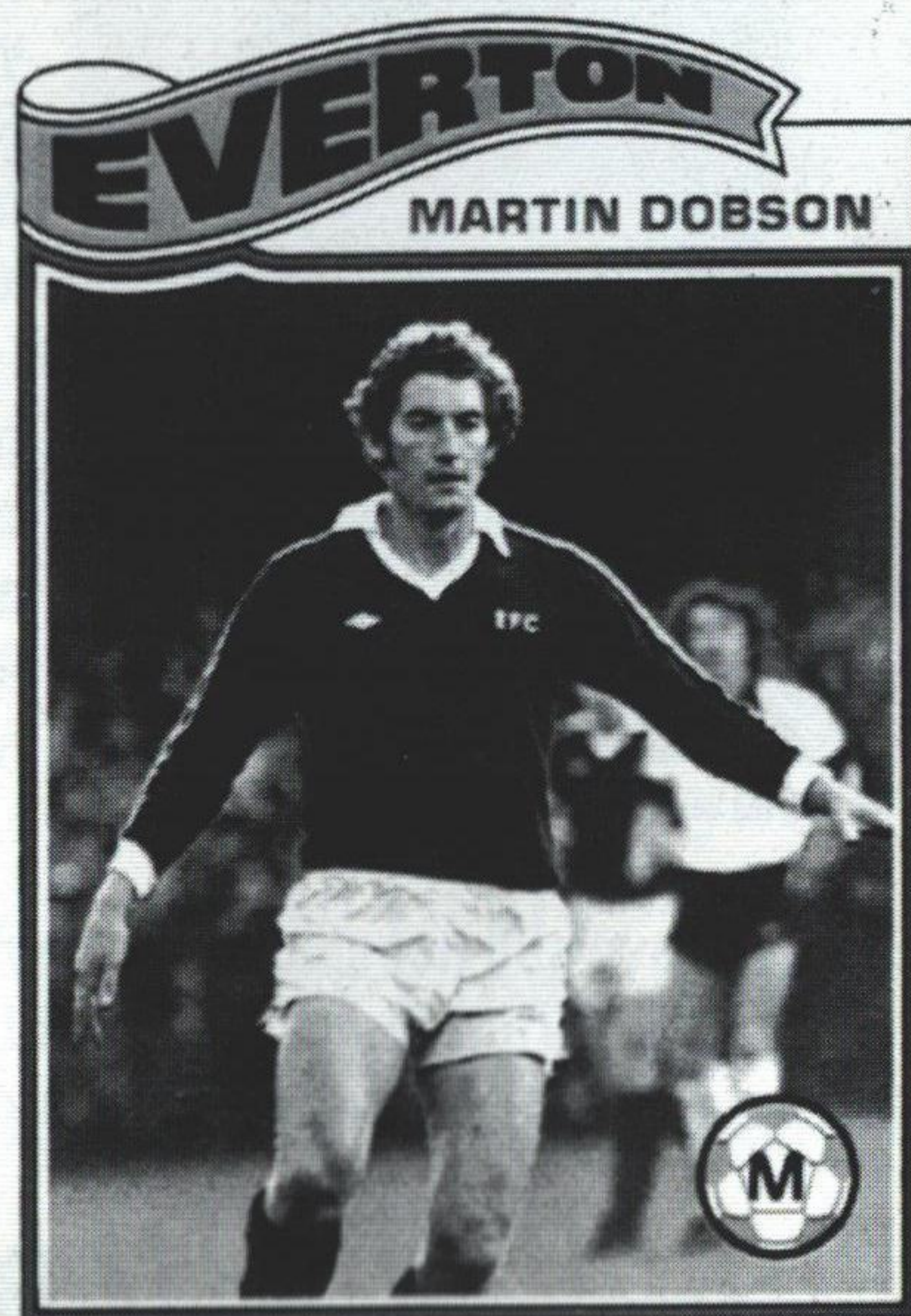
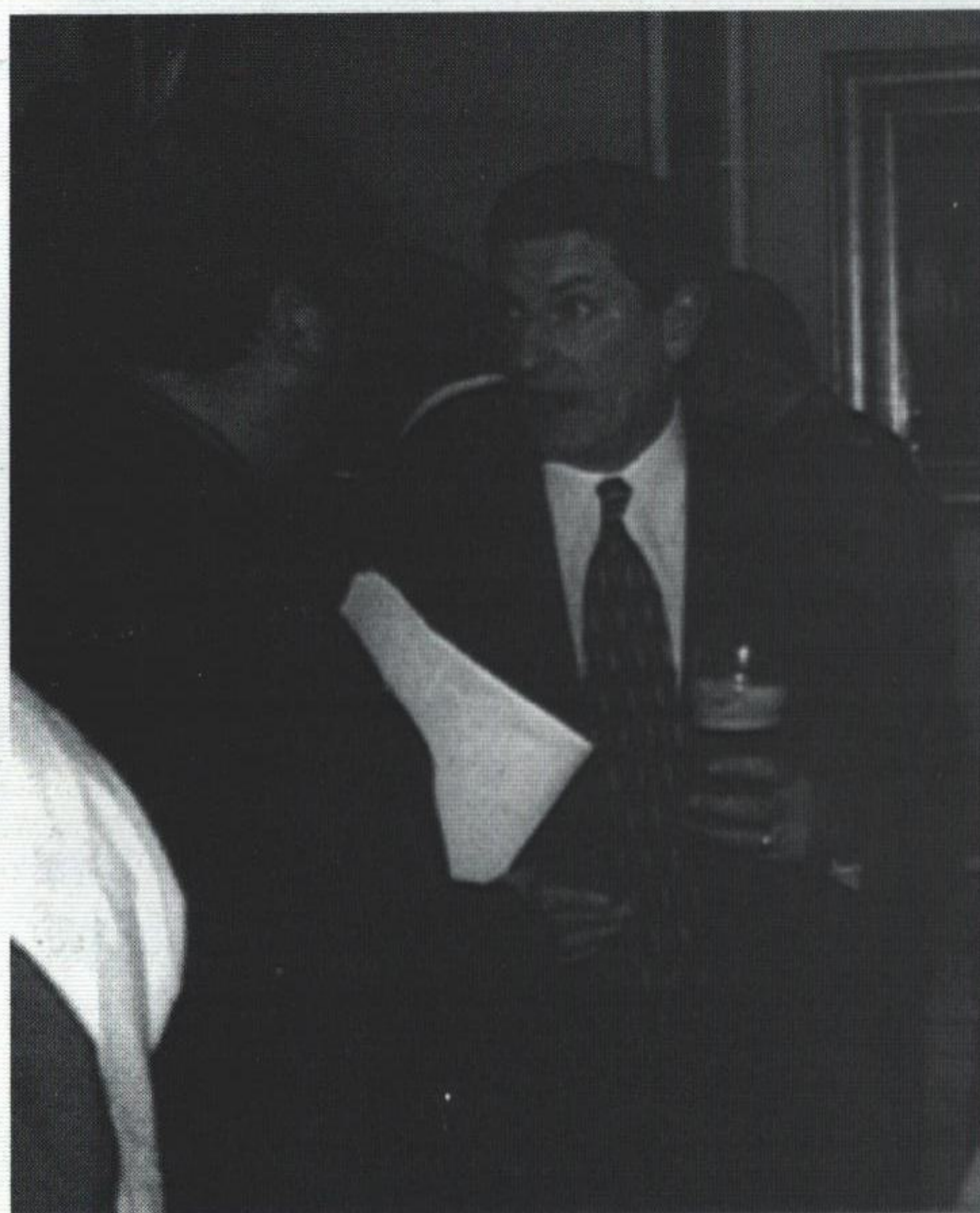
Everton fans had, since the 1960's been reared on the best of British Football, Alex Young, Roy Vernon, Kendall, Harvey Ball etc Dobo could slip into this company anytime he wanted, the trouble is, he didn't want to often enough.

He was class, a smooth operator as they say, always comfortable on the ball, never rushed, maybe I am being harsh on him, the players around him at the time were in all respect, not World beaters, he had to make the best of a bad job but even so, the feeling remains that he let himself down, he needed someone next to him to "Gee Him Up" to motivate him but sadly he never had that kind of help.

Earlier this year I saw him at the Hall Of Fame Dinner at the Adelphi, there he was just standing there, looking cool, relaxed but not interested in the goings on around him.

Even the beer he was holding seemed like a prop, put there to make you feel he was one of the boys but it didn't work, he still looked out of place. All the other past players were rushing about , shaking hands, laughing and joking but Dobo just looked on wondering what it was all about. He never felt comfortable being a "STAR" but in the eyes of many Blue Boys that is exactly what he was.

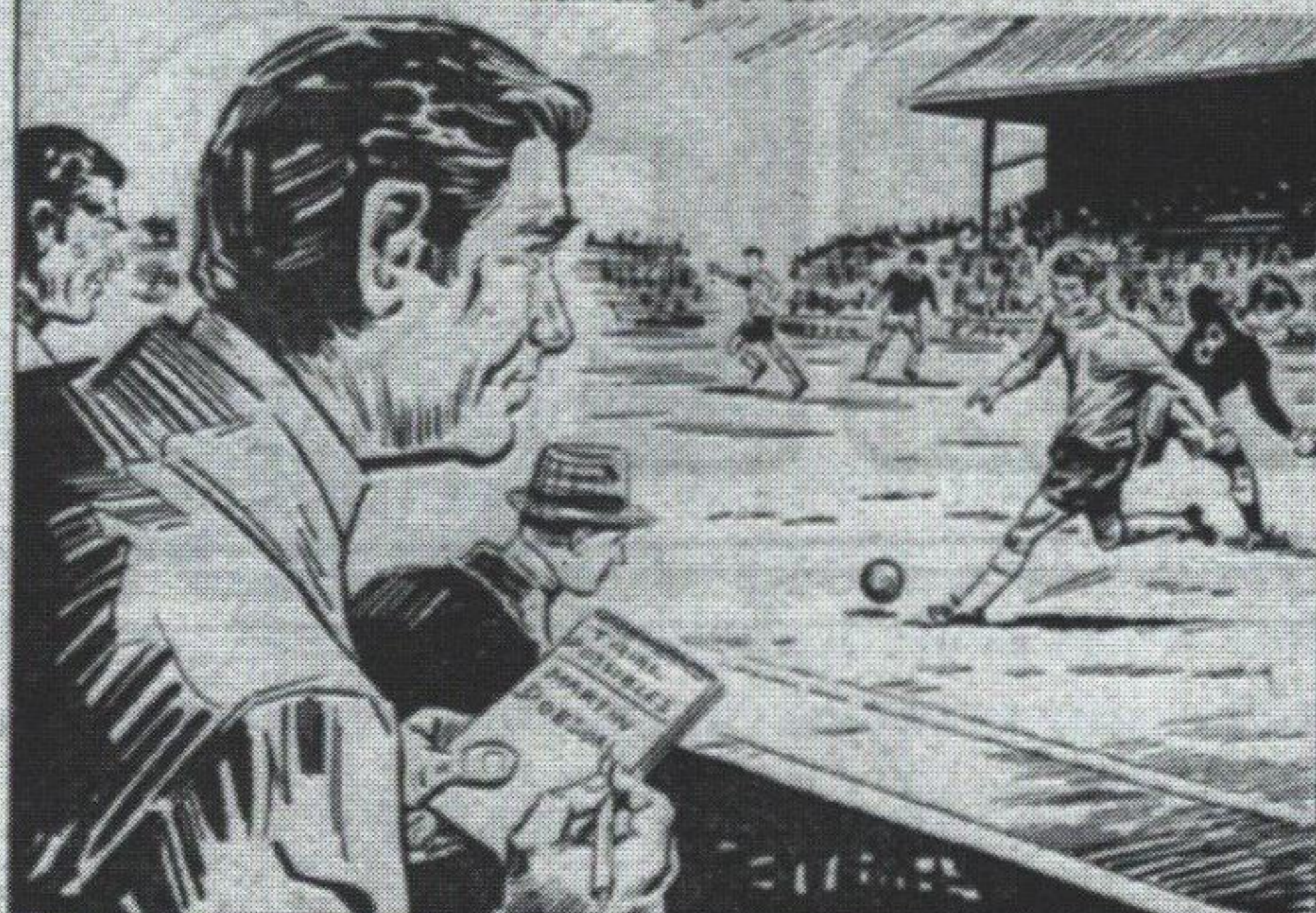
Martin Dobson was a brilliant Everton player, the only person that stopped him becoming an Everton Great was himself.



2

He didn't play the Bolton way!

A sporting all rounder at school, Martin always put football first, and made the English Grammar Schools team. Scouts from the big League Club began to watch him from the age of 15.



Martin was signed on by Bolton Wanderers, but didn't find it easy to become the kind of centre-forward they wanted.



After an unhappy spell at Bolton where he only once made the first team, he was given a free transfer!



Soon, Sir Alf Ramsay had his eyes on Martin for the English Under-23 squad. Martin played against Bulgaria, then was out of football for a spell with a broken leg.



1974 also saw Martin's debut for the England "Big Team", and he now totals five full caps. An elegant player, he is at his best in midfield where his skill and accuracy make him an asset to any team.

But recover form Martin did. He played a total of 220 League matches for Burnley, scoring 42 goals, mainly from mid-field. Then, in August 1974, he became the most expensive footballer in Britain when he was transferred to Everton for a sum that was to remain a record until Peter Shilton's transfer from Leicester to Stoke in December!



Text of the letter to the Club, The Premier League and various media organisations regarding midweek fixture scheduling;

Sir,

It is an obvious thing to say that supporters attending the match, are integral to the atmosphere generated and greatly help to make a professional football match, the occasion it undoubtedly is. It is therefore disappointing to see the number of occasions where these supporters are being taken for granted.

Supporters of all football clubs particularly those fans who travel to away matches are extremely loyal. Many people throughout the country dedicate a great deal of time to watching their team play. Supporters also accept that for away matches where the opposition plays a significant distance from home, then in order to be able to watch that match, a large amount of travelling is required.

There are a small number of occasions throughout the season where mid-week league fixtures are scheduled. Recently, Everton were scheduled to play a midweek fixture away at Charlton Athletic. This involved a round-trip of over 450 miles. During that very same week, Southampton were scheduled to play at Leeds, Tottenham Hotspur at Liverpool, Bolton Wanderers at Portsmouth and Middlesbrough at Leicester City. It is surely unfair to ask football fans to travel these long and arduous distances to support their teams.

Long and arduous trips through the country's rush hour black-spots and return journeys into the middle of the night are tiring for the drivers involved. With the additional consideration that the majority of people have to work the following morning, these fixtures increase the dangers of tired minds making long trips.

It is doubly frustrating for these situations to occur, when prevention would be so easy to achieve. Since the fixture list is compiled by computer, then it is relatively simple to include a provision to limit travelling distances for those small number of midweek fixtures. An equivalent limit is placed around Christmas fixtures one that is whole-heartedly welcomed by all supporters it must therefore be possible to do the same for the limited number of scheduled midweek fixtures.

We should surely look to reward not punish the loyalty of those supporters who contribute so much to the atmosphere at football matches. We therefore call for Everton Football Club to support us in our appeal to the Premier League and Football League, that scheduled midweek fixtures be arranged so that the away team and its supporters are limited to a travelling distance of no more than approximately 100 miles.

I look forward to your response.

The above letter was sent to Everton Football Club and other parties by the Everton Shareholders Association.

It is nice to know that someone is acting on behalf of the beleaguered football supporter.



**Milton Keynes
Blueblood Charity Dinner:
An evening with Legends.
Wilton Hall Bletchley,
Milton Keynes, MK3 6BN**

Saturday 8th November 7pm-1am

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

Confirmed Guests

Derek Mountfield, Andy Hinchcliffe, Earl Barrett

Tickets are priced at £35 per head or if you prefer there will be two hosted tables at £40 per head for a group of 9 people plus one ex-player.

Tickets are selling FAST so book early as we only have a limited number available. Tickets will be given on a first come first served basis. You do not have to be a member of MKBlues to come along so bring a guest or two.

Price includes a 3 course meal of :

Starter- Broccoli and stilton soup

***Main Course- Supreme chicken in light white wine and mushroom sauce**

Dessert- Lemon mousse

Coffee

***alternative vegetarian meal of vegetarian lasagne can be booked.**

There will be an auction, raffle, Question and Answers with the players and a comedian to entertain. Everyone is guaranteed a great night so dont delay, book today!

Please contact Steve Maynard

on: 07951 104728 or by email: members@escmka.co.uk



Blue Swayed Views

Your letters



Page 8

Blue Blood.

Share a ground with the six toed ones I think not. I'd rather move in with my mother in law.

Where do the lost tribe of Shankly get their ideas from?

How many times do we Evertonians have to tell them we want nothing to do with them?!

They sloped into Anfield when we moved out, they paid the extra rent, they are creeps not to be trusted.

We built Goodison Park into the finest stadium in the World, we can do it again.

No Evertonian I know wants to move into their Ikea (for all their Scandinavian fans) Styled stadium in Stanley Park.

They are a nasty lot, not to be mixed with or to befriend. Their "History" is one of violence and abuse. Let me take you back into the 1950's. Football fans were getting to earn more money, freedom to travel and watch your team away was catching on "Footy Special Trains" were put on for most games, guess whose fans were the first to be banned from them for "Smashing Up" the trains,? Yes the Lucifer's Lot across the park.

Which supporters came to Goodison every year in the early 70's and ripped out the crush barrier from behind the Park End goal? Correct again.

Who in 1977 when celebrating a trophy that had nothing to do with Everton drunkenly said they were Magic Everton are tragic, getting good at this aren't you?

Who on the same occasion had a "Wee" from the balcony and soaked a poor nurse who was only doing her job. Yes Kopite McDermott.

Who was to blame for Hysel , Chelsea or our Red Friends?

Into the 21st Century and surely by now they had learned to behave? Sorry no, the slugs slide up to Dixie's statue and daub it with paint.

They smile and say "We are all from the same city" when they need us to beat Man United but when we challenge them for a European place, like we did last season their true colours come out

They leech onto anyone who can put them in the limelight, such is their affiliation with Celtic.

Any tackle against them is a "War Crime" but any by them (Gerrard) is harmless and within the spirit of the game.

I could not feel comfortable sitting on a seat that was occupied the previous week by a Red Invader.

This has all come about because the inept Liverpool City Council, can not get a decent sized concert venue without others paying the bulk of the price.

They have got the International Garden Festival site derelict , they cocked up The Kings Dock Bid and now they want Everton to join their rivals because it would help the city!!!!!!!!!!!!

Maybe they are rubbing their hands at the prospect of all those parking fines, if they make a good profit from 40,000 parking on a match day and they do, imagine the profit from 80,000.

I would not share anything with the Red Fiends.

Paul Grady.

Born A Blue Die A Blue

No Chance of Being inbred

Don't Mix with anything Red



Everton v. King's Lynn. Goalkeeper Manning at full stretch during an Everton raid. Everton crushed the non-League club 4-0.



These two great photo's were sent in by subscriber, Richard Bate

The photo above is from the FA Cup tie against Kings Lynn on 3rd January 1962.

Everton played in a changed strip of Yellow & Black Alex Young & Billy Bingham can be seen in attack.

Bingham, Collins, Fell & Vernon all scored.

I cover this game in my book *Everton in the Sixties A Golden Era*.

The other picture is a very interesting one of Everton's Famous Umbrella Man. He was a very well known character in the 1930's following Everton.

This shot is of him in London for the 1933 Cup Final. He had his famous umbrella, a bell, rosette, scarf, cut out of FA Cup photo of Dixie Dean a Blue & White Jacket with matching trousers.

Apparently on his hat he had a In Memoriam Postcard. These were popular giving the opposition some stick by announcing their "death" by defeat. I have had some inquires about this fellows name but so far I have not heard the correct name. If you know write to Blue Blood.

Thanks also to Richard for the information about the World Cup Everton cards in the last issue. They were part of the preliminary 40 players squad.

Who: JOHN TURNER

Article by: Smart Arridge.

As mentioned in a previous BlueBlood piece on Everton managers' first signings, I first came across the name John Turner and his links with Everton whilst I was researching for the original article. John was the goalkeeper who in the early 1980's was then playing for Chesterfield FC, having appeared for a number of previous clubs.

Howard Kendall had just taken over from Gordon Lee as manager of Everton in early May 1981, and was on the lookout for a goalie - it seems Howard liked to start from the back in building a team, as his early signings for Everton usually included a new goalie!

Gordon Lee had brought in Jim (Seamus) McDonagh from Bolton to play between the sticks and occasionally used Martin Hodge as deputy. But Howard was definitely keen on finding a new goalie and that is where Chesterfield and John come into the story - Chesterfield had been drawn to play Bury in the semi-finals of the Anglo-Scottish Cup.

Keeping goal for Bury was a young goalkeeper named Neville Southall, who had just played in his first league season.

Nev had taken over from John Forrest who had been playing for Bury since 1967, amassing over 400 appearances and who had seen off, amongst others, Dave Latchford the goalkeeping brother of our own Bob !!

The Anglo-Scottish cup was a competition that had qualifying group matches, followed by knockout games over home and away legs.

In the Quarter Finals, Bury with the young Neville in goal had done well to progress past Airdrie. Whilst Chesterfield with John Turner in goal had excelled themselves by overcoming the mighty Rangers Sandy Jardine, Derek Johnstone, Jim Bett, Willie Johnston, et al! - John Turner had had a storming game against the Gers, and had even saved a penalty!

The scouts were very definitely watching, and when the Semi-finals came around in December 1980, Everton dispatched 'eyes in the stand' to look over the promising Southall.

However, Bury were defeated in their home game. And the second leg saw Chesterfield hold out for a draw and a place in the Final, with John Turner having yet another excellent game!

The Everton contingent was impressed! Ostensibly looking at Southall, it appears that Turner was the one who caught their eye, and Everton talked about making a bid to buy Chesterfield's John Turner.

The fee however, was the sticking point. Chesterfield had spent heavily on new recruits including one Danny Wilson, erstwhile manager of Sheffield Wednesday, who had cost Chesterfield £100,000 ...from of all clubs Bury!

The Chesterfield chairman was determined to recoup as much money as possible from Everton, and whilst a fee was being wrangled over Howard moved in and offered to take John on loan during late May 1981.

Everton already had two goalkeepers brought in by the sacked Gordon Lee : Mc Donagh was the first choice keeper, and Martin Hodge was his deputy. However, Hodge was suffering from a back problem, and Howard decided that he wanted Turner to go on Everton's

He might have been an Everton Legend

forthcoming trip to Japan for the 'Japan Cup Competition'.

The first John knew of the trip was when his then manager, Frank Barlow, called him at his Torquay home to tell him that Everton wanted to take him on-loan for the trip to the Far-East.

John, who was a boyhood Sunderland fan, had always chosen Everton as his second team and it was like a dream come true.

Thus ensued a frantic few days before departing for Japan - as loan forms were signed, club blazer and uniform fittings took place, and visa's were organised.

Everton's first game in the competition was against the Japan national side, which ended all square at 2-2.

Next up was the Chinese national team, which the Blues won 1-0.

That meant a semi-final game, against the first team Everton had ever played in the European Cup competition in the 1963/64 season Inter Milan!

Unfortunately, again the result went Inter's way, which meant Everton and John headed out of the competition. John had played two games on the tour.

But after a Reception in honour of the team at the British Embassy in Japan it was off to Los Angeles for a week's holiday in the USA, which was the club's 'Thank You' gift to the players.

John roomed with Asa Hartford and made many friends whilst on the tour, and despite not getting much chance to impress John was lucky enough to be invited to go to the States with the squad.

And thus ended John's three-week stint with Everton.

On arriving back on Merseyside John learnt that Everton were going to sign Neville Southall anyway, and for John it was back to life with Chesterfield.

Luckily, his wife presenting him with his first child Gavin just a few weeks later, took John's mind off the disappointment !!

John went on to play alongside ex-Everton player Bruce Rioch at Torquay, whilst his brother Robbie played with John Bailey and Gary Stanley at Bristol City.

John remains a realist about the experience, obviously he was sick at the outcome..... "But hey... that's football".

But who knows what might have been for John as it was just three years later that Everton began their ascent to the top of Europe!

And so in July 1981, shortly after Alan Biley joined, it WAS Bury's Neville Southall who signed a permanent contract for Howard Kendall - and he went on to become the biggest Everton Legend of his generation!

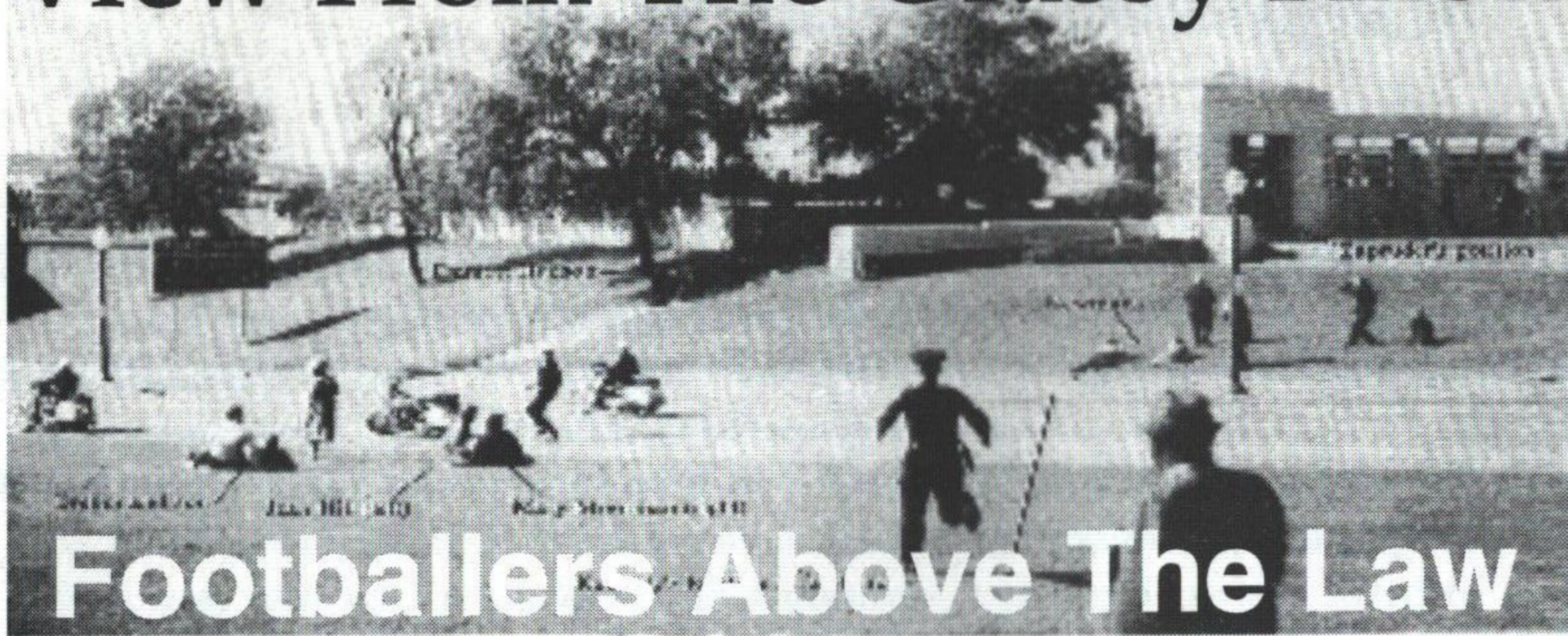
However, it was John Turner who was Howard Kendall's first signing for Everton - albeit as a loan signing - and he can take his place alongside the small band of custodians who all had the honour of being on Everton's books for a brief period of time:

Alec Chamberlain, Terry Gennoe, Pat Jennings, Gerry Peyton and Espen Baardsen.

SMART.

I would like to Thank John Turner and Paul Kellett for their help with this article, and give a mention to three Torquay Blues Eric, Paul and Mick.

View From The Grassy Knoll



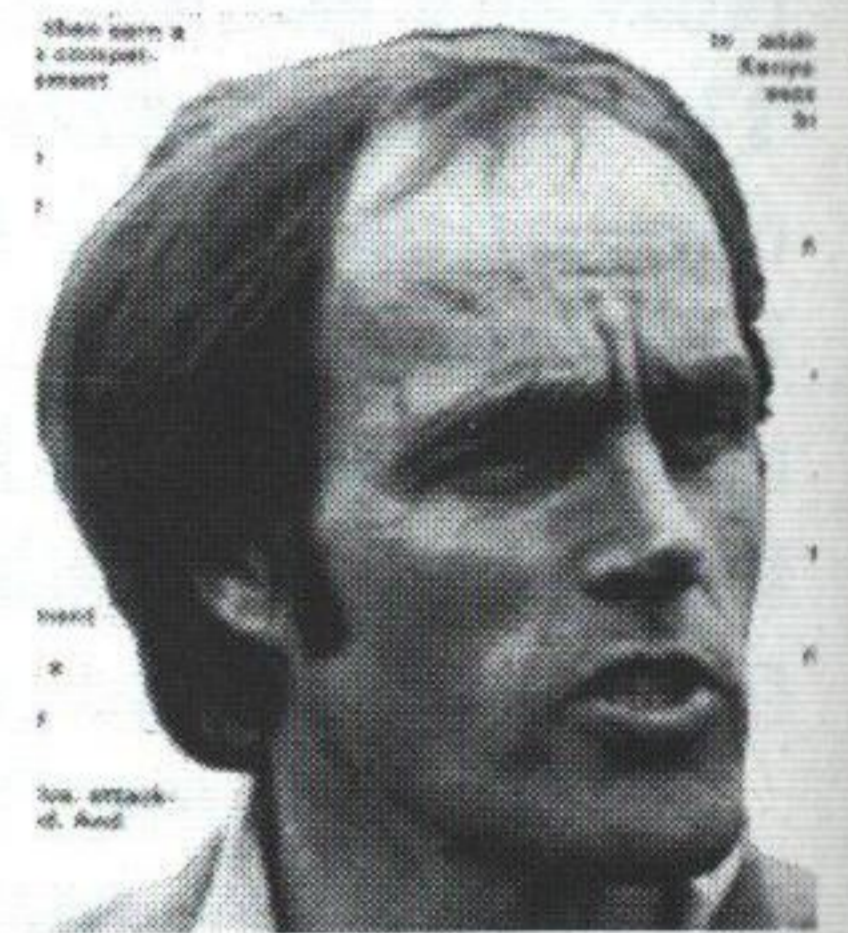
"I hope the Police release our centre forward on bail in time for the Cup game"

The football world is about to explode, Premiership players with more money than sense have been all over the papers.

No rules seem to apply to these Prima Donnas, they just can't seem to go out for a drink and come home without getting in to all kinds of trouble.

Their arrogance and greed are putting the decent football fan off, supporters are getting the feeling that the players no longer give a toss about them or the clubs they play for.

Surrounded by hangers on and chased down by the press, they lose all sense of reality. Feeling that they are immortal and everyone else are mere humans they do not take heed of any advice given to them, unless it's from their legal team, who are also hangers on, only after their money but the players are blind to this fact as well.



Lee



This is the crux of the problem, so many people make money off their backs that they can't get away from it.

The Beckham's live a lifestyle that is better suited to Hollywood and other young up and coming footballers are trying to do the same thing.

They do not see anything wrong with their actions and if they do, well there is always the Lawyers to pull them out of any trouble they might fall into.

The victims, whether they have been raped or assaulted find themselves thrown into the glare of publicity, unable to cope, some have nervous breakdowns, their lives ruined.

The costly system of "Justice" in this country ensures that they can't afford the large fees and legal costs

If they go to someone who can help them, like a newspaper, they are accused of 'setting up' the poor little footballer, all they are after is the money, that's the accusation flung at them.

All of the above is bad enough but by far the worst aspect of it all is that there are certain 'fans' who will forgive their heroes everything and believe that they are innocent no matter what the evidence is.

Even when found guilty, it doesn't matter as long as their superstar is 'free' to play in the next match.



Harvey



Oswald

The History of Everton Football Club is very important to many of us, certainly those of you who buy Blue Blood always tell me how much you like the 'Old' stories about Everton players and the season by season guide to our History.

That is why James Corbett's new book *Everton The School of Science* is an essential read.

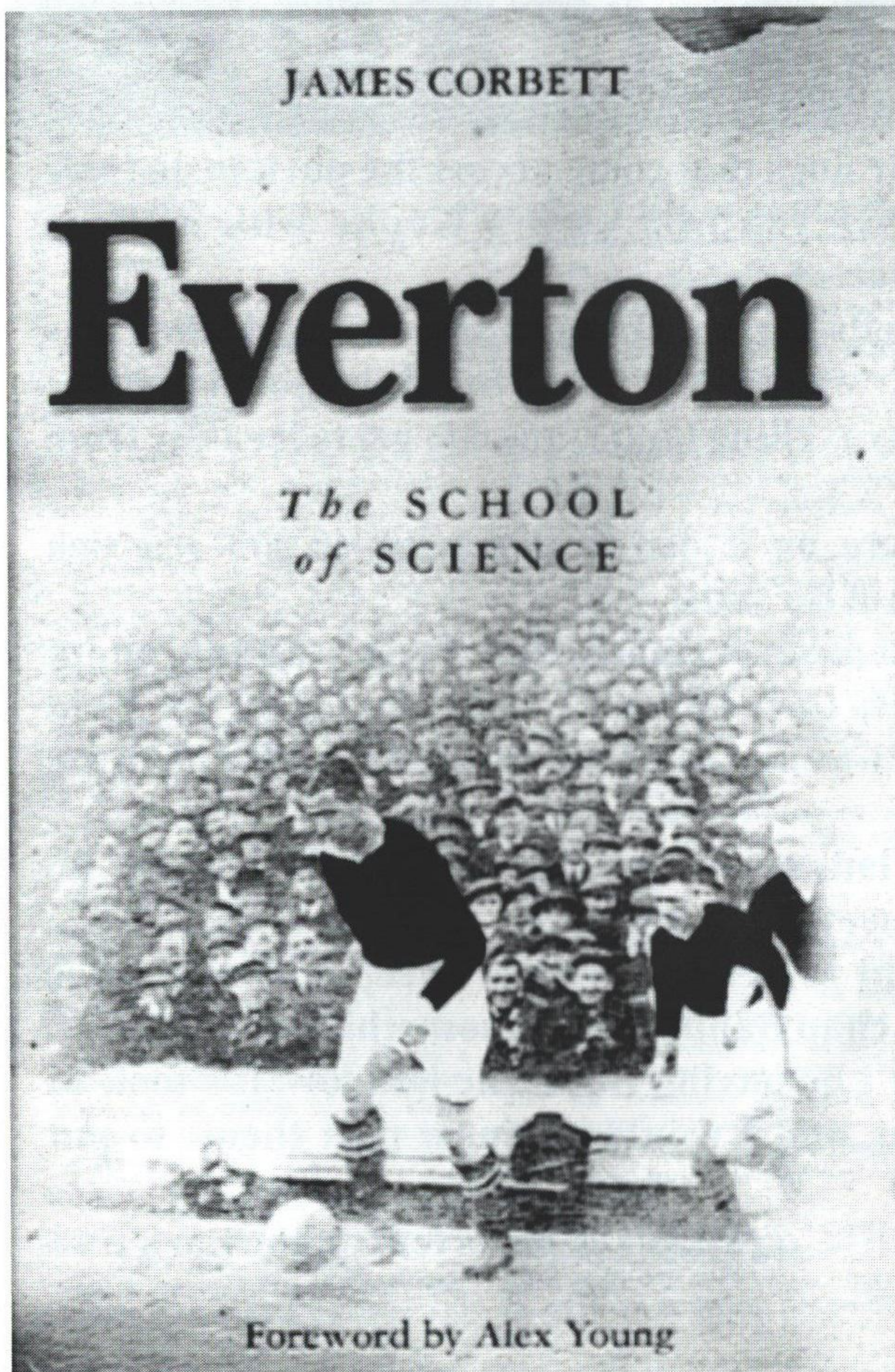
Published by Macmillan, in hard back, with over 400 pages at £17.99p it is worth every penny.

James used to produce the Everton Fanzine *Gwladys Sings The Blues*, which was a great read, he left Merseyside to study at Cambridge and has for the past five years put his thoughts about Everton into this book.

He has covered Everton's illustrious history in a very interesting way, from the beginning to the Johnson era, which is brilliantly covered in the chapter *Johnson's Odyssey* and on to the present day.

A humorous but very incisive piece of writing, shedding light on some of the darkest parts of our History. Let me state first, up front, that I know James well, and I like him, I consider him an Everton Historian, a Blue Boy and a friend.

I am mentioned in the book and therefore, some people might think I am being kind to a friend and going on a bit of an Ego Trip from seeing my name inside such an excellent book.



That's not the case, this book will inform you about our illustrious past, it will tell you things you might not have known and most importantly of all, it will make you proud to be an Evertonian.

How many other clubs have fans who not only watch their team play but also document it all, keep it inside their head and when the time is right, put it down on paper and let other fans read it?

How many fans care about the past as much as they do the future?

This book is to be taken to a quiet room and read from cover to cover then to be picked up every now and again and re-read so that you fully understand why you can still watch a team that sometimes let's you down so badly that you want to hide away.

It spells out what it is you are following, why you get so emotional over 'A Game Of Football' why at times Everton overtakes everything else in your life. How, they can take you to the heights then drop you from that great height and why no matter what, you will be there for the next game.

The meaning of life in hardback buy it now.

Just when everything was going well the letter arrived. It was from them across the park. A very surly letter it was too, they accused me of wanting to move in to their new home they are building in the park.

I was furious, I know I haven't been what you can call an angel but "Sleep with them" my stomach turned over. What would the neighbours think? Me move in with a Frenchman and those young Gigolos.

The cheek of it, I wrote straight back and told them in no uncertain terms that we had left Anfield over 100 years ago and when we did we went up in the World.

I said that we have no intention of buying, renting or sharing something we abandoned to them all those years ago.

I mean to say, Goodison Park is lovely, it only needs a bit of work, an extension here a new stand there etc.

They have got some nerve writing to me after all the trouble they have caused round here. It's their dogs that come across the park to do their business in our streets, have you ever seen a Kopite with a 'Poop Scoop'? No neither have I.

They built one of those smelly McDonalds and all you could smell was stinking onions. Anyhow, why don't they build it down by the waterfront, where all their travelling home fans can get to it easier from the ferry,

It's bad enough round here on a match day with 40,000 sea sick Norwegians without 80,000 of the sods.

They have got above themselves those Red Ones, talking about building this building that, they haven't built anything, we built Anfield and when it wasn't to our taste anymore we built Goodison Park.

I wouldn't want any of our lads over there sharing with them either, do you remember all those viruses they have had?

That Rob Jones boy caught something from a sheep if I remember rightly and then that other chap Babbel caught something nasty.

No I am afraid not, we can't be having Big Dunc laid low, it's took us three seasons to get him fit, and I wouldn't put it past them to put something in the water.

Share a ground with them!!!! I'd rather sleep in a tent on the Park End Car Park.

MY STORY...

BY



Dixie Dean

This is the second instalment of DEAN'S own story of his Soccer life

Penalty kick everybody was scared to take When Frank Barson was carried off The goalkeeper who wagered I wouldn't score

OCTOBER 9, 1926, is a day which will remain forever stamped in my memory.

Hundreds of Everton fans travelled to Huddersfield to see me turn out for Everton Reserves. Following my miraculous recovery from injuries received in a motor-cycle crash, the burning question was: "Can Dixie Dean still head a ball?"

My entire future depended on this vital test at the Leeds Road Ground, and I had instructions from my directors to let them know how I felt immediately after I had tried a header.

It was an awful day, with the pitch a mass of mud, and for some time nothing came my way in the air. Then, a fatal moment, as Ted Critchley, specially put into the reserve team to test me with centres, put the ball over. Up I went—headed the ball.

A few seconds later I realised what had happened. I had headed a heavy ball without any effect, no shooting pains, no trouble of any kind!

I gave a thumbs up sign, and a message came from officials to leave the field.

"Not while I can win bonus money!" I answered, and flung myself joyously into the game.

What a dramatic first half that was, and what a barrage of questions was

flung at me in the dressing room during the interval. To everything I answered: "I feel fine"—and everyone was overjoyed at the news.

When we returned to Liverpool, I was walking down the railway platform when I suddenly noticed a big crowd at the barrier. Believe it not, hundreds of fans were waiting for a full report of my try out . . . and to see for themselves that I was all right.

They were great supporters, those Everton folk, and soon afterwards I was able to repay them.

I had missed fourteen games when, on October 23, far sooner than anyone hoped, I returned to the first team against Leeds.

Everton were having a very thin time and badly needed points, so when the Leeds goalkeeper failed to clear from Troup and I scored, we were off to a good start. Bobby Irvine and Dominy got two more and we won 3-1.

The next week we beat Arsenal, and the previously struggling team began to pull itself together.

A tremendous amount happened that season, so I'll clear up our League position first.

When I returned to the side we were next to the bottom. I managed to get some goals, but as the New Year came round it was Leicester's Arthur Chand-

ler, with 24 goals, who was the league's ace marksman.

Everton, determined not to be relegated, paid out big money, about £20,000, for new men that season.

From Sunderland came that magnificent full-back Warney Cresswell; Ted Critchley came from Stockport; Ted Taylor was bought from Huddersfield, and other signings were Dick Forshaw, Tony Weldon and J. Kelly.

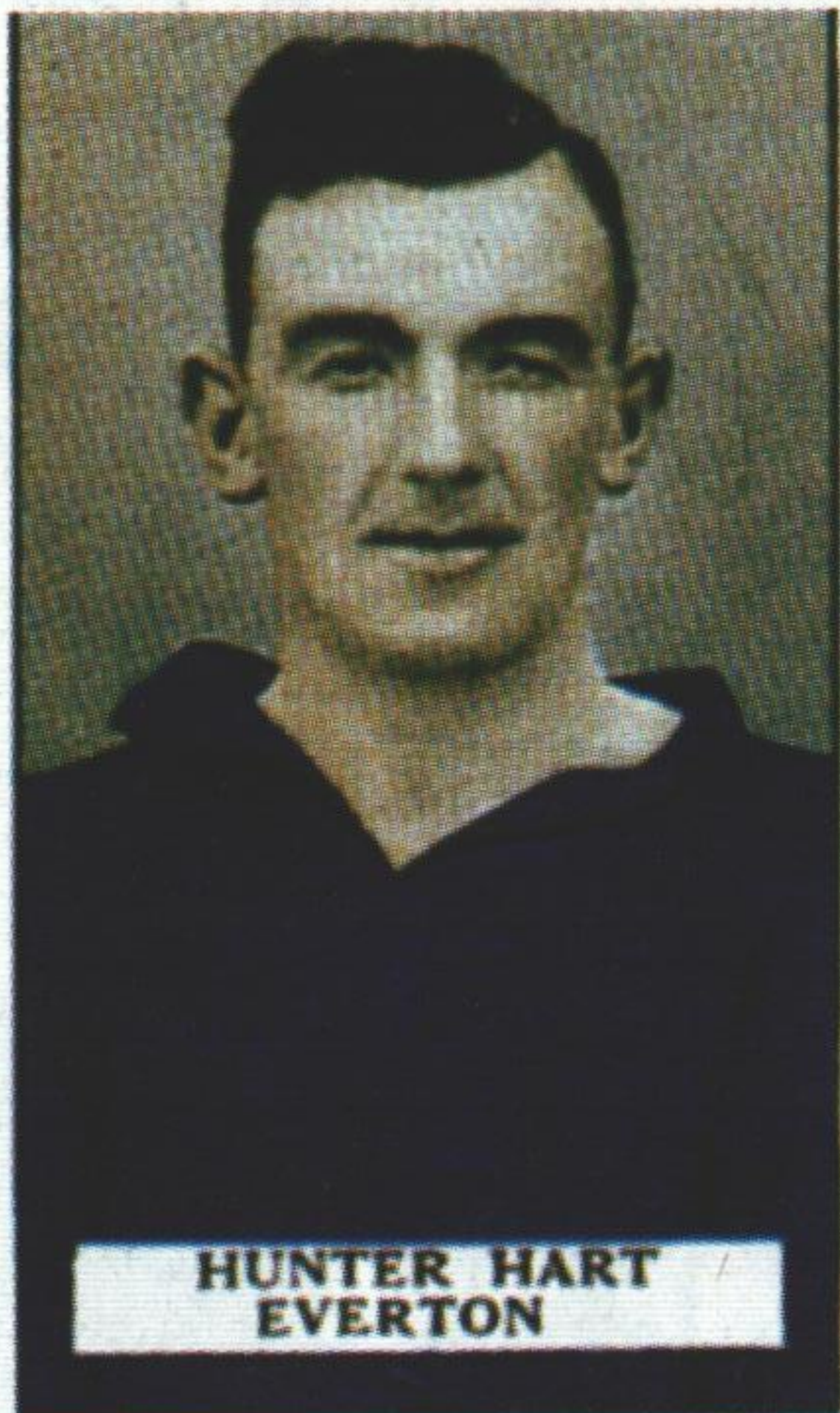
At the beginning of March we seemed to have little hope of pulling clear, but a good run gave us a chance and we met Leeds United in a vital decider.

Tom Jennings, Leeds centre-forward, who held the club's goal-scoring record until John Charles recently broke it, put them ahead. We fought back and got a penalty.

I was told to take it, but refused, having missed two spot kicks a couple of weeks earlier.

No one else would take the kick because it was so vital, and I was finally persuaded to do so. I hit it as hard as possible and leaped in the air as the ball rocketed into the net. Inside-left Tony Weldon got the winner, and, with 34 points, we stayed up; Leeds and West Bromwich, each with four less, going down.

Cardiff City made history by taking



HUNTER HART
EVERTON

Everton Captain Hart 1928

the Cup to Wales, and I well recall their granite wing-half, Fred Keenor, playing centre-forward against us and scoring the only goal in their win.

My come-back was a complete success. It reached a peak when a friend rang me early in February and said: "You're in!"

I could not understand his excitement.

"The England team—you've been picked!" he explained.

What a moment that was. So much had already been packed into a few months, any further excitement seemed impossible. But, at 20, I was now to get my first English cap.

The teams were:

England.—J. Brown (Sheffield Wednesday); A. G. Bower (Corinthians), Waterfield (Burnley); Edwards (Leeds), Seddon (Bolton), Green (Sheffield United); Pease (Middlesbrough), G. Brown (Huddersfield), Dean (Everton), Walker (Aston Villa), Page (Burnley).

Wales.—Lewis (Arsenal); Jones (Manchester United), John (Arsenal); Keenor (Cardiff), Griffiths (Everton), Evans (Reading); Williams (Sheffield Wednesday), Lewis (Swansea), Davies (Cardiff), Nicholas (Swansea), Thomas (Manchester United).

In this Wrexham match you will notice that my club-mate, Tom Griffiths, directly opposed me. He was a grand player—on his day, one of the finest headers of a ball in the game.

There was none of the "stopper" centre-half about Tom, for he would be defending one minute then quickly switch into attack and brilliantly send his forwards away.

It seemed we were going to win easily, but Len Davies had other ideas and got a couple of goals—the second from a penalty—to equalise those scored by Billy Walker and myself.

Jimmy Seddon, our centre-half, was

injured in a collision with Keenor, and we began to lose combination.

Seddon's return spurred us on, but Lewis put Wales ahead, and it seemed unlikely we could pull up again. However, I got my second goal, and a beauty it was, to earn a 3—3 draw.

This was my first taste of playing alongside Aston Villa's famous Billy Walker, who now manages Nottingham Forest. He was a classic player, a top-class dribbler, trickster, team-man and goalscorer. And as a club captain there were few to match him, as the following story shows.

One day at Villa Park a home player was cautioned by the referee for foul play. Immediately after the incident Walker said to the player: "You know my name, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the other man.

"Well, if you don't stop that nonsense, it will happen to you," said the skipper.

After the international I travelled home in the guard's van of the train because there was no other room. Believe me, it was no discomfort . . . because I kept recalling how easily I might have been the guard or driver of the train instead of a football star.

I had great hopes of playing against Scotland, a couple of months later, and my dream came true. I have already told you that little worried me, but the 111,214 attendance was a shaker . . . especially as the majority were fanatical Scots.

Our opponents started well, with clever ball play, and looked like swarming all over us. But goalkeeper Jack Brown, of Sheffield Wednesday kept cool and dealt easily with the attacks. Then we got a nasty shock when Jack Hill, of Burnley, our centre-half and skipper was struck in the face and hurt.

Hill was by no means a classic player, but this big, strong chap, with all sorts of corners that seemed to get in your way, was a sturdy, encouraging pivot. His eye injury meant Joe Hulme dropping back into the half-back line—and a great job he did.

All the England players muscled-in splendidly. Sid Bishop, the rangy Leicester man, got a grip on Andy Cunningham, while Willis Edwards, of Leeds, one of the best England half-backs of the century, worked like a real Trojan. Behind them, that sturdy tackler, Roy Goodall, never let up, and his partner, Blackburn's Herbert Jones, always kept his bald patch in the thick of the game.

Despite this, Scotland were ahead after eight minutes of the second half. McLean of Celtic put the ball through and Alan Morton managed to scramble it home.

Spurred on even

more, England hammered at the Scots' goal and amateur goalkeeper Jack Harkness pulled them out of trouble time and again.

Sixty-nine minutes had passed when Joe Hulme put through a perfect pass. Everything went quiet as I ran on to the ball, took it forward a little, then slammed a shot into the net.

Eight minutes from time I caught Harkness in possession and whipped ball and 'keeper into the net, but the goal was disallowed for an infringement.

A minute later, however, I was back on the rampage again and Jack Hill, still a bit groggy, sent me a pass. Before the defence could cover up, I was moving quickly and cracked home the winner.

Yes, we won 2—1, and beat Scotland on their own soil for the first time in 23 years. The black banners were out in Scotland that week-end, but for me it was an outstanding occasion.

I have mentioned the play of the England lads, but must also pay tribute to Scottish half-back Jimmy Gibson. This strong, hefty player, worked like a human dynamo to rally his team and, though unsuccessful, was able to leave the field with his head held high.

To cap everything, the same England team was selected for the close-season tour of Belgium, France and Luxem-

(Continued on page 28)



B. WILLIAMS

Ben Williams

Ben signed from Swansea Town made his debut against Carlisle in the F.A. Cup on January 11th 1930 at Right back he went on to play 140 games for Everton leaving for Newport County after his last game on 7th September 1935 against Liverpool

The fact that we lost 6-0 at Anfield would not have helped his Goodison career

(Continued from page 27)

bourg, and a grand crowd it was. Two of my best friends were the wingers, Joe Hulme and Louis Page.

I had always been a lighthearted character, and among these England players found many of my own make-up who could give or take a joke, and enjoy every second of their days.

It is not boastfulness to say I was usually the centre of most of the capers. Fun was something I wanted from life, and in addition I was very interested in music and able to play a couple of instruments.

Many times I was told by professional people that I could easily have made a very good living on the stage with my music and tap dancing.

Our tour proved very successful, for we beat Belgium, in Brussels, 9-1; France, in Paris, 6-0; and Luxembourg, 5-2. In the Luxembourg game Bob Kelly, of Huddersfield, and Fred Keen, of Wednesday, came in for Hulme and Hill. Early in the game Kelly broke away, lost the ball

and had barely turned round when our opponents scored.

What pandemonium it caused. Hundreds of spectators were perched on roof-tops and all sorts of similar precarious points of vantage, and when their heroes got that goal they went hysterical. So did we, as we visualised the fans falling and breaking their necks.

When that tour ended I looked back on the most exciting twelve months of my life. Never, I thought, will I ever sample such experiences again.

How wrong I was. For this proved to be but the beginning of a seven-year spell in which I won every possible honour in League, Cup and International spheres . . . and also sampled relegation!

Everton had a splendid start to the 1927-8 season with a 4-0 win over Sheffield Wednesday, and, along with Troup, Weldon and Forshaw, I got a goal. Next match we had five against Birmingham, and it was obvious that the players signed a few months earlier were beginning to settle into our plans.

This was particularly the case with the former Stockport right-winger, Ted Critchley, who succeeded Chedzoy. Very fast, despite a good build, he never gave a defender a second chance to tackle.

Like Troup, he knew where I would be, and, instead of always rushing down to the corner flag, would often put a beautiful ball through the middle, leaving me to finish the move.

In September, I was chosen against the Irish League, our team reading: Tremelling (Birmingham); Goodall (Huddersfield), Finney (Bolton); Edwards (Leeds), Spencer (Newcastle), Hardy (Cardiff City); Hulme (Arsenal), Johnson (Sheffield United), Dean (Everton), Carr (Middlesbro'), Seymour (Newcastle).

An easy 9-1 win made us fancy our chance for the full international against Ireland the following month but our hopes did not mature



Debut 12th March 1927

Last game 6th December 1929

With the strong team chosen for the October tussle we should undoubtedly have won without trouble, but two quick blows upset us. Our goalkeeper was injured and so was centre-half, Jack Hill.

Into goal went Bury inside-left, Jack Ball. This was his only international appearance, and did quite well until shots from Irvine and Mahood beat him.

Personally, I was having a fine season, rattling in hat-tricks—as I did against Leicester in a 7-1 win—so regularly that we went to the top of the table, four points ahead of Huddersfield and Leicester.

At this time Sam Wadsworth, the famous Huddersfield player, paid me a tribute I very much appreciated. He said: "Everton play lovely football, and have the best centre-forward in the country. Dixie Dean is a good-tempered player, who takes and gives knocks, and is a first-class sportsman."

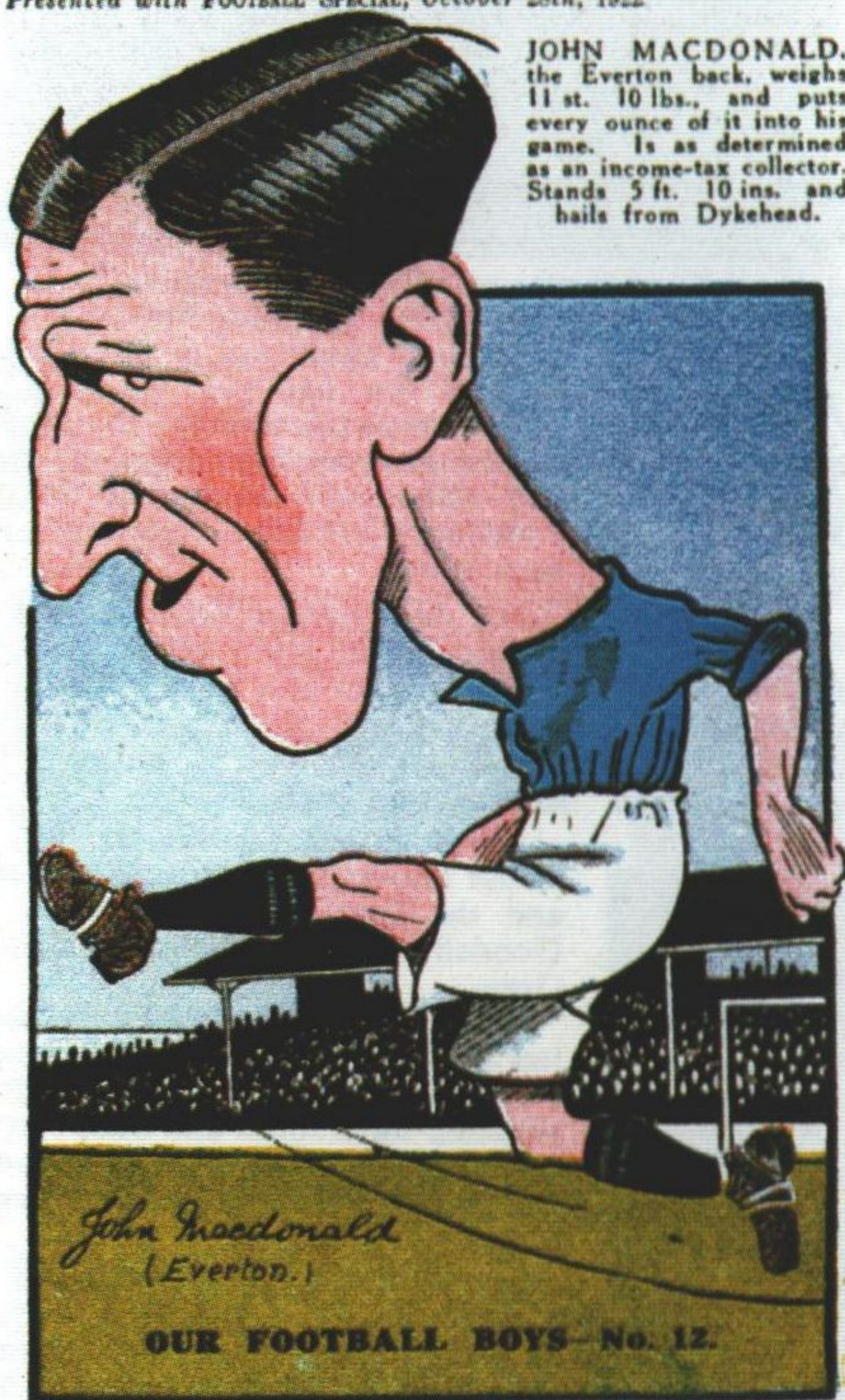
These words pleased me, because I was endeavouring to be a fair player despite some terrible buffetings. Mark you, it was a job, for there were some centre-halves who were as tough as teak and they fairly waded into me.

One of the hardest opponents I faced was Manchester United's Frank Barson. Barson was one of the most scrupulously fair centre-halves I ever met.

He was strong, about fourteen-stone of muscle, and the "Iron Man" title fitted him aptly. Fans used to say that when the trainer was checking the players before a match he would see Barson getting stripped and not worry any more.

After one game Barson came into our dressing-room, shook my hands and assured me he was certain I would have a top class career.

Presented with FOOTBALL SPECIAL, October 28th, 1922



JOHN MACDONALD, the Everton back, weighs 11 st. 10 lbs., and puts every ounce of it into his game. Is as determined as an income-tax collector. Stands 5 ft. 10 ins. and hails from Dykehead.

OUR FOOTBALL BOYS—No. 12.

This very rare card features John Macdonald who played 224 games for EFC between 1920 and 1927 at left back.

The wording in the top right hand corner is classical 1920's "Weighs 11st 10lbs and puts every ounce of it into his game. Is as determined as an income tax collector."

Continued on page 18



"The black banners were out in Scotland that week-end, but for me it was an outstanding occasion." England's triumphant team: Edwards, Brown (G.), Brown (J.), Dean, Bishop, Jones. Seated: Hulme, Goodall, Hill, Rigby, Page.

That, however, is getting away from the season's play and progress. Sam Wadsworth had also tipped us as Cup-winners, and as our form reached its peak we also quietly fancied ourselves.

Unfortunately we met a very good Arsenal side and lost 4-3. In the first minute Lewis brought off a wonder save from one of my shots, and it soon seemed this was not our lucky day. Probably the decisive goal was their third, scored by my pal, Joe Hulme, and the cheering must have been heard all over London.

I managed to keep interest alive to the last minute with a late goal, but could not get the equaliser, so our Cup hopes ended for another year.

The next week brought a bad blow when Huddersfield beat us 4-1 in the League, and with Leicester, closing in, I wondered whether we were to be thwarted of all the honours.

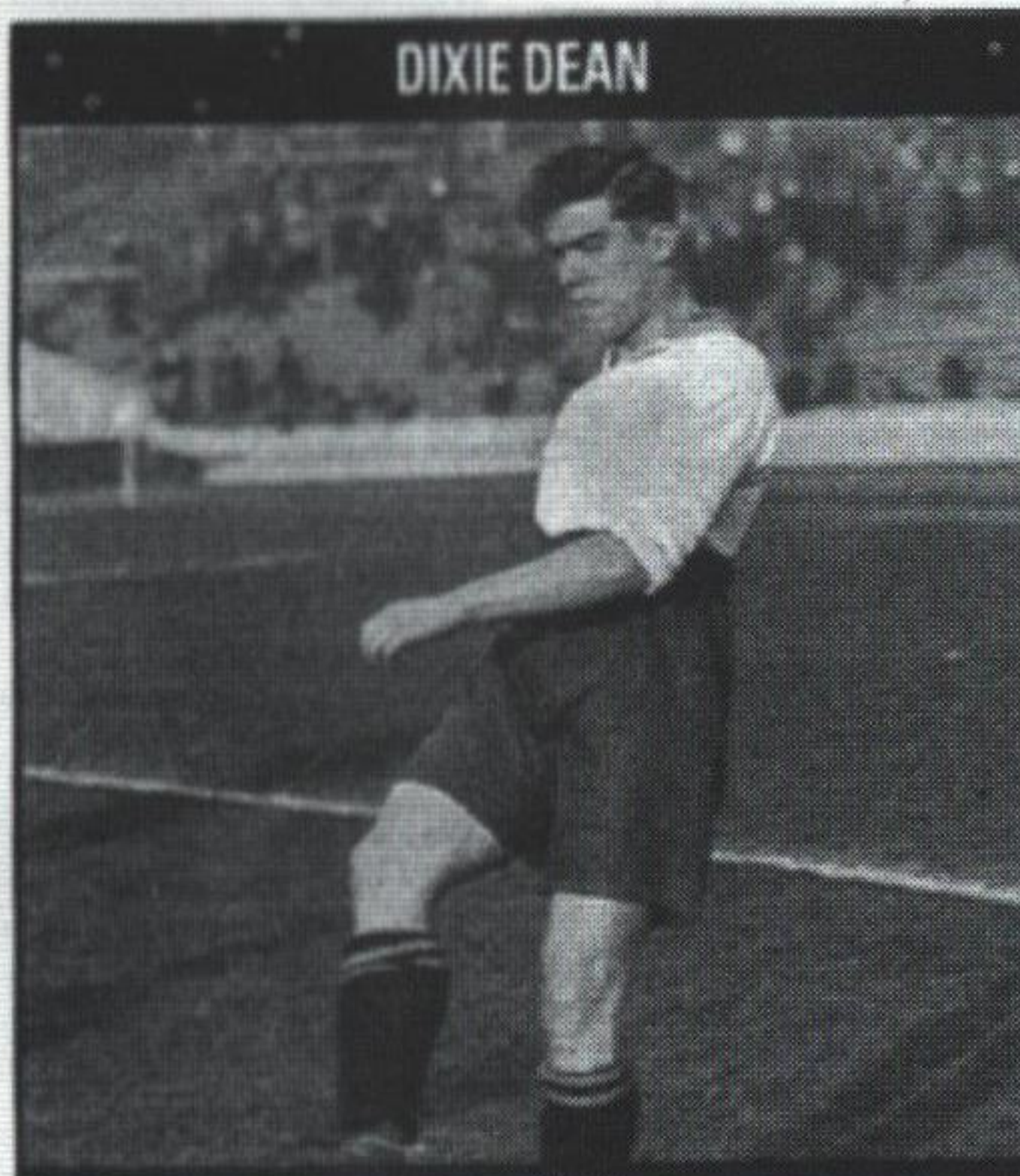
January, 1928, brought my 21st birthday and I received a delightful present, an illuminated address from Birkenhead Corporation. I think it was the first ever presented to a professional footballer, and I still have it hanging in one of my rooms.

It reads:

"We, the undersigned, desire to unite in tendering to you our sincere congratulations on attaining your 21st birthday."

"As a member of the Everton Football Club and representative of England in international matches, your great sportsmanship and brilliant play, together with unfailing tact and initiative as a leader, has endeared you to thousands of admirers."

"We hope you will enjoy health and strength, long to continue in your present career, and that your future prospects may be crowned with all happiness and prosperity."



England's Hero
Everton legend

This was probably the greatest tribute paid me throughout my career, and whenever I glanced at the scroll I realised I had a lot to do to live up to such words.

My next honour soon came along, against Wales, and I hoped to try and rally the team to a better performance than we had given against Ireland. But down we went, at Burnley, 2-1, after a very poor showing.

Lewis scored for Wales, then one of our players put past his own 'keeper, and the final blow came when Roy Goodall hit a penalty straight at Gray.

By March, Huddersfield were favourites for the "double." In the previous four seasons they had won the championship three times and been runners-up, too, so we knew the magnitude of our task if we wanted to get the League title.

The Football League played the Scottish League, at Ibrox, in March, and although their centre-half, Lambie, held me in the first half, I got away from him later and helped Joe Hulme to his hat-trick, which was the foundation of our 6-2 win, Jimmy McGrory getting their pair.

Our attack that day was Hulme, Jack, Dean, Bradford and Smith. Jack was then still at Bolton, and I think his partnership with Hulme in this game

(Continued on page 32)



Charlie Gee played for EFC between January 1931 and November 1938 games 212 goals 2

was a big point in persuading Arsenal to pay the first £10,000 fee for his transfer.

He was a cool player and possessed a lovely body-swerve. I used to chatter a lot on the field, but David rarely replied, for he set about each match methodically and had not time for idle talk. He was also a member of that splendid Bolton attack—Billy Butler, Jack, J. R. Smith, Joe Smith and Vizard, a combination feared by all defences.

Because of the poor international form, the selectors decided to hold two trials before the final game against Scotland.

I do not think these games proved a lot except to ensure I would be chosen. The first was at West Bromwich when

I got three in England's 5-1 win, and soon afterwards we moved to Middlesbrough, where I got five in my team's 8-3 romp.

I had scored five in a league match earlier in the season, and on this occasion all came before the interval. I wondered whether I would set up a goalscoring record in the second half, but the goalkeeper played wonderfully and stopped me increasing the total.

There is a tale behind this scoring spree which has never been revealed. Before the match I met a goalkeeper, who jokingly said: "You're getting on, there's not much hope for you to-day!"

I immediately offered to bet my probable bonus money against his that I would score.

"I'll bet you another 3 to 1 you do not get a hat-trick," he added.

"Oh, boy, oh, boy!" I thought, clinching the bet quickly.

Well, at the end of the match he owed me a fiver, but he had some recompense, for his second-half form brought the crowd to its feet.

Goals were flowing from my head and boots with regularity, but one for which I was responsible, against Blackburn Rovers, did not count to me.

I had scored a couple with headers, when a corner was taken. "You'll get no more," said an opponent, and as we jumped he gripped me tightly.

Part of his plan succeeded, for I could not climb high enough for the ball... which he lost sight of, and it finally struck my opponent before bouncing into the net!

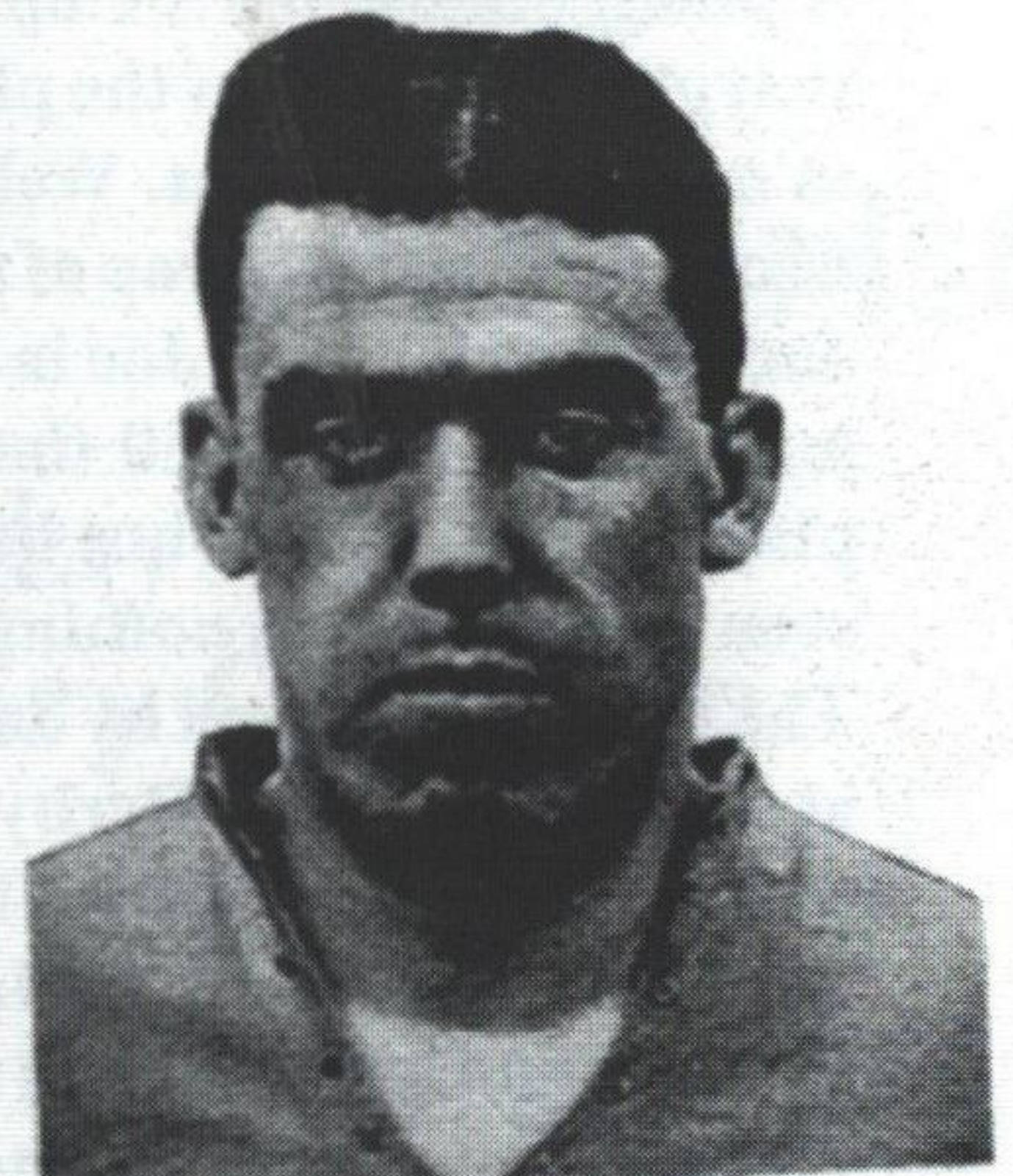
His failure summed up my success. It was not a question of just jumping higher than anyone else, but of being able to time my jump to the smallest

fraction of a second. I anticipated the centre, never took my eyes off the ball, whatever else happened, and practised for hours with my wingers.

Of course, it was also necessary to use one's brain. There was a goal that season which rates as my brainiest ever.

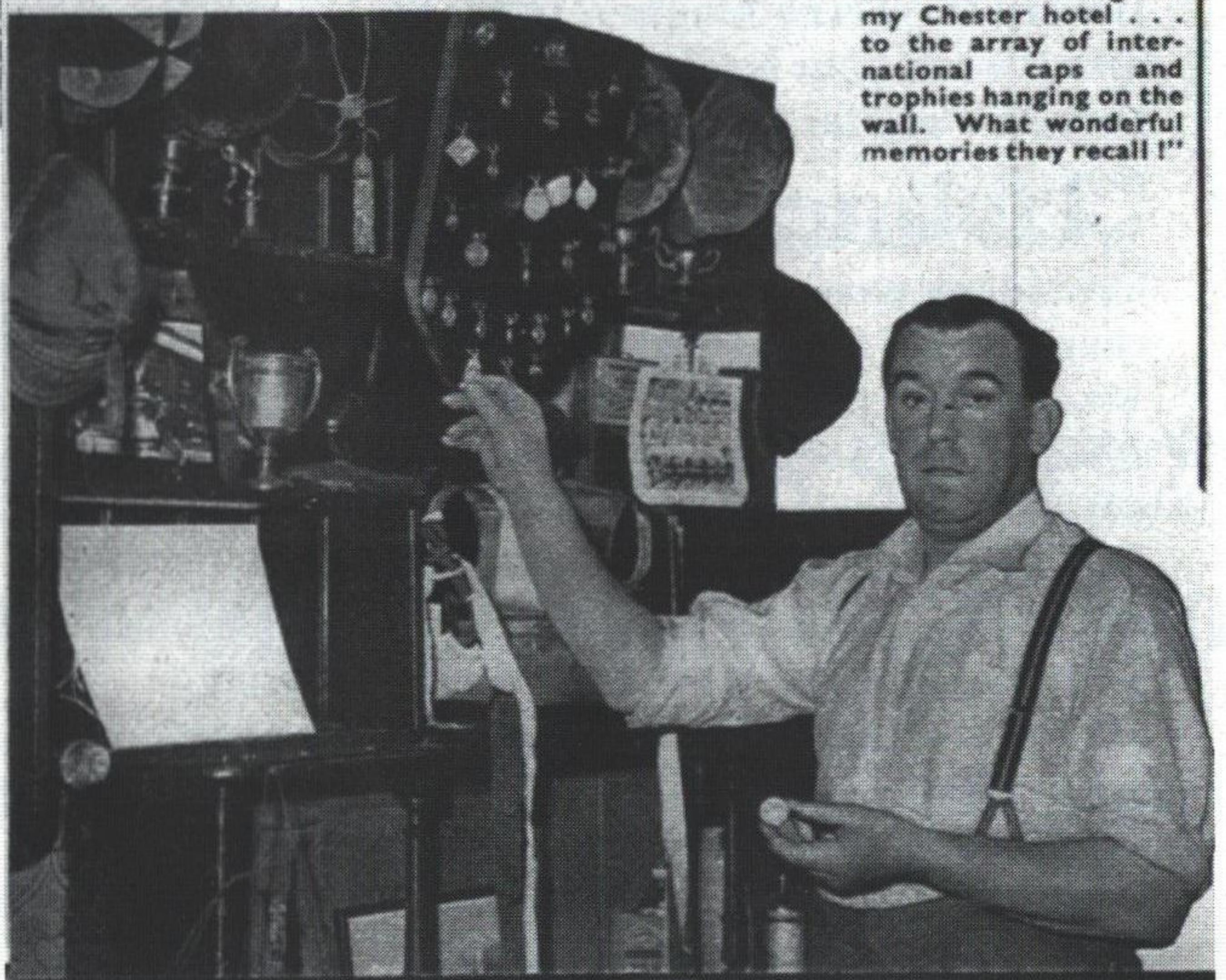
With the sun shining behind me, I stood waiting for the ball, my back to the opposing goal. The ball soared down the field and, as I waited for it, I could see the goalkeeper's shadow coming nearer.

Instead of stopping the ball or heading it to a colleague, I did a back-header which easily cleared the 'keeper, who had advanced a little too far, and it bounced into the empty goal.



Peck!

Dixie as he is



"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!"

Part Three of the Dixie Dean Story will be continued in Issue 16 of Blue Blood

The new Everton Book by Ken Rogers *If You Know Your History from Dixie to Ronaldo celebrating 125 years of Blue passion.*

The title leads you to think that at long last the Everton vaults have been opened and we are about to feast our eyes on many, many unseen items. Sadly this is not the case.

For £25 of my hard earned money I expected a lot more, a whole lot more, a skimpy 160 pages, with 32 photo's taken from his last book *Goodison Glory*, which had 302 pages and covered our history in more detail than this book., I felt as if I had seen it all before.

There are some nice colour photo's, 84 in total but nothing new for the Historically minded Evertonian.

Ken had the whole of the Liverpool Echo archives to trawl through but he seems to have taken the easy way out and gone over well tread ground.

The first 20 years of our history are all but neglected, some of the quips underneath the photo's are embarrassing and show a lack of knowledge about Everton.

A photo of Everton's Cup Winning team in 1906 on page 21 has wording underneath that glibly states that the players do not look to be that excited about their win compared to modern day teams. Well the photo was taken in a studio weeks after the final and a hand painted backdrop of the Crystal Palace was in the background.

Jack Elliott is called Joe in one photo, Tommy Ring is shown and said that he didn't stay long at Goodison, well that's because he broke his leg playing for Everton and never played for us again, but he was brilliant. The 1920's is peppered with photo's we have seen in other books nothing is new.

The 1940's is covered by one photo, yes one and guess which one, the Record attendance at Goodison in the "Derby" seen a million times. The 50's get 8 photo's three of which were in *Goodison Glory*. The 60's get better treatment with some nice colour pics,

The 70's have some nice pics but the one with Martin Dobson on the coach has the ditty, Martin Dobbo Oh Oh well as you will see in this issue page 4 that is also wrong.

£25 is a lot of money, go into any good book store and pay that amount and you will have a well researched, historically correct document, well written and well produced, unfortunately *If You Know Your History* is not in that class and *If You Know Your History*, there is nothing here in this book that will increase your knowledge.

Don't waste your hard earned money on this book, Ken Rogers *Goodison Glory* is far, far better and far, far cheaper, track one down in the bookstore and save yourself some money.

To waste such a golden opportunity for the sake of easy money is annoying, Everton have many unseen and brilliant items in their hands, so does the Liverpool Echo, to churn out the familiar old photo's is a crime.

Yes there are many nice colour photo's but not enough to justify £25, the period from 1900 to 1920 is one that not many Everton historians have wrote about, apart from the 1914-15 Championship team it is very difficult to get hold of any other photo's, why didn't Ken realise this?

The 1940's another decade hit by World War is never covered in any depth, Ken missed out by not showing us some more 'unseen' items.

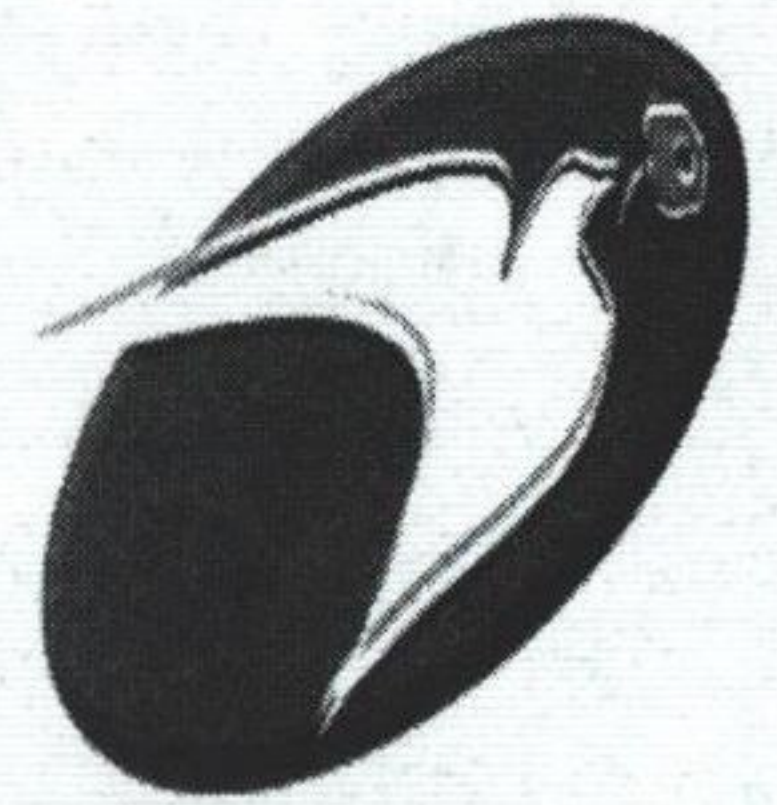
Maybe one day Everton will allow someone who cares about our History to see the archive and produce a really informative historical document but that day is as far away as it has ever been in this book.

It has all the glossy pictures of a magazine, a hard back edition of the *Evertonian* if you like but at eight times the price.

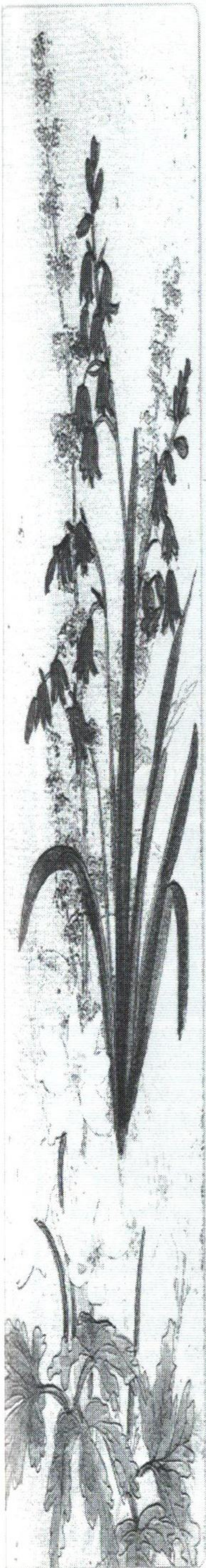
Bluebells Florist Page 21

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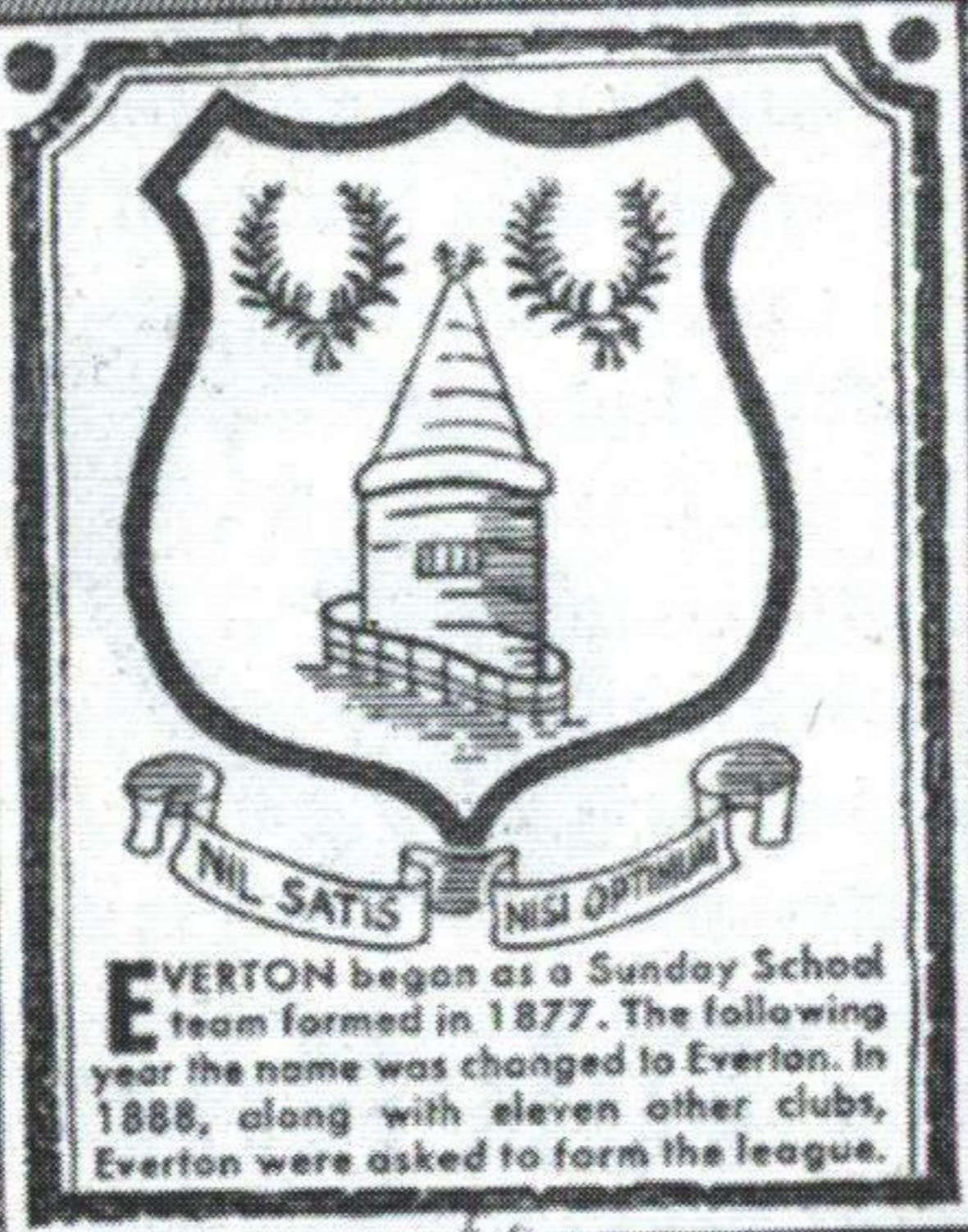


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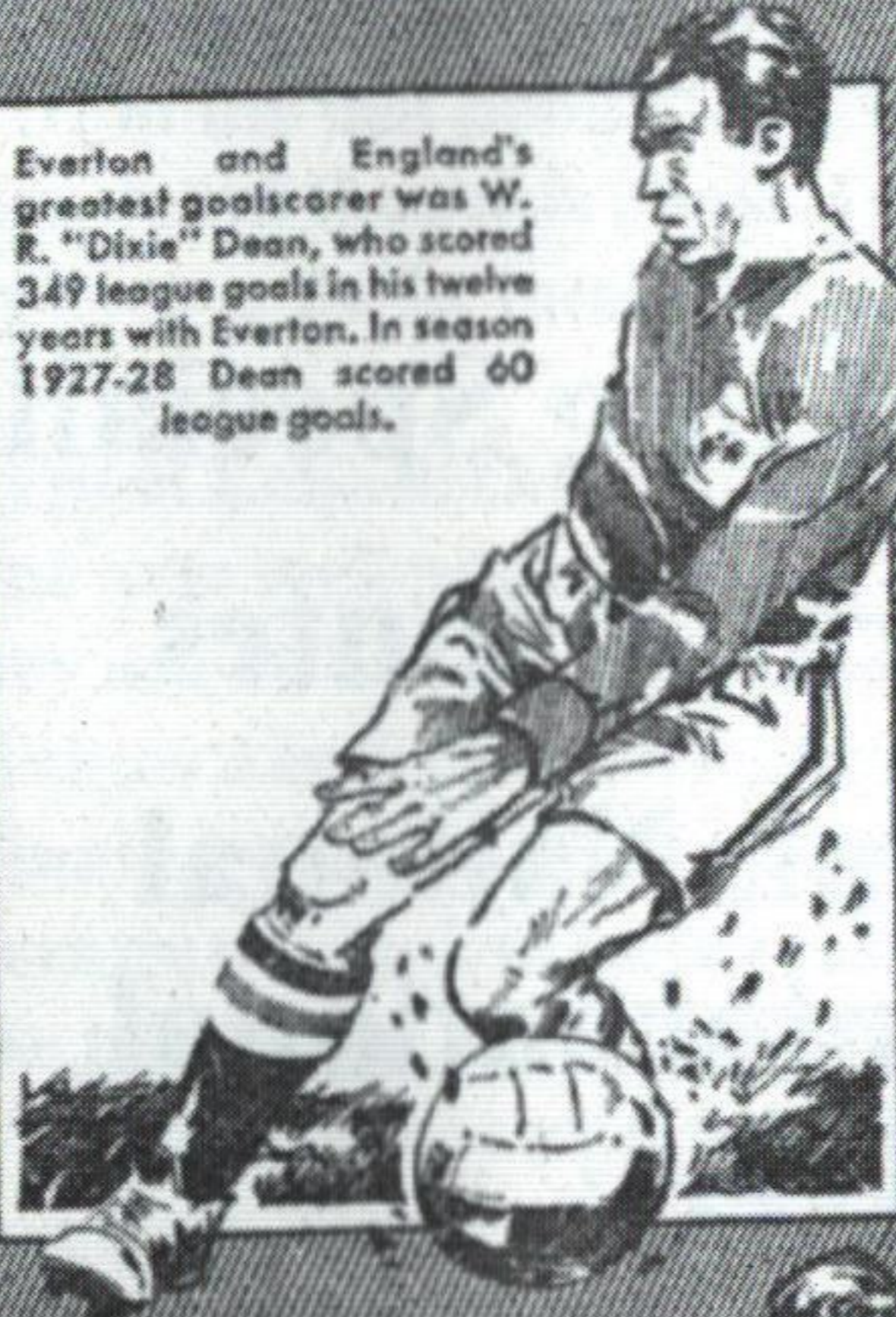


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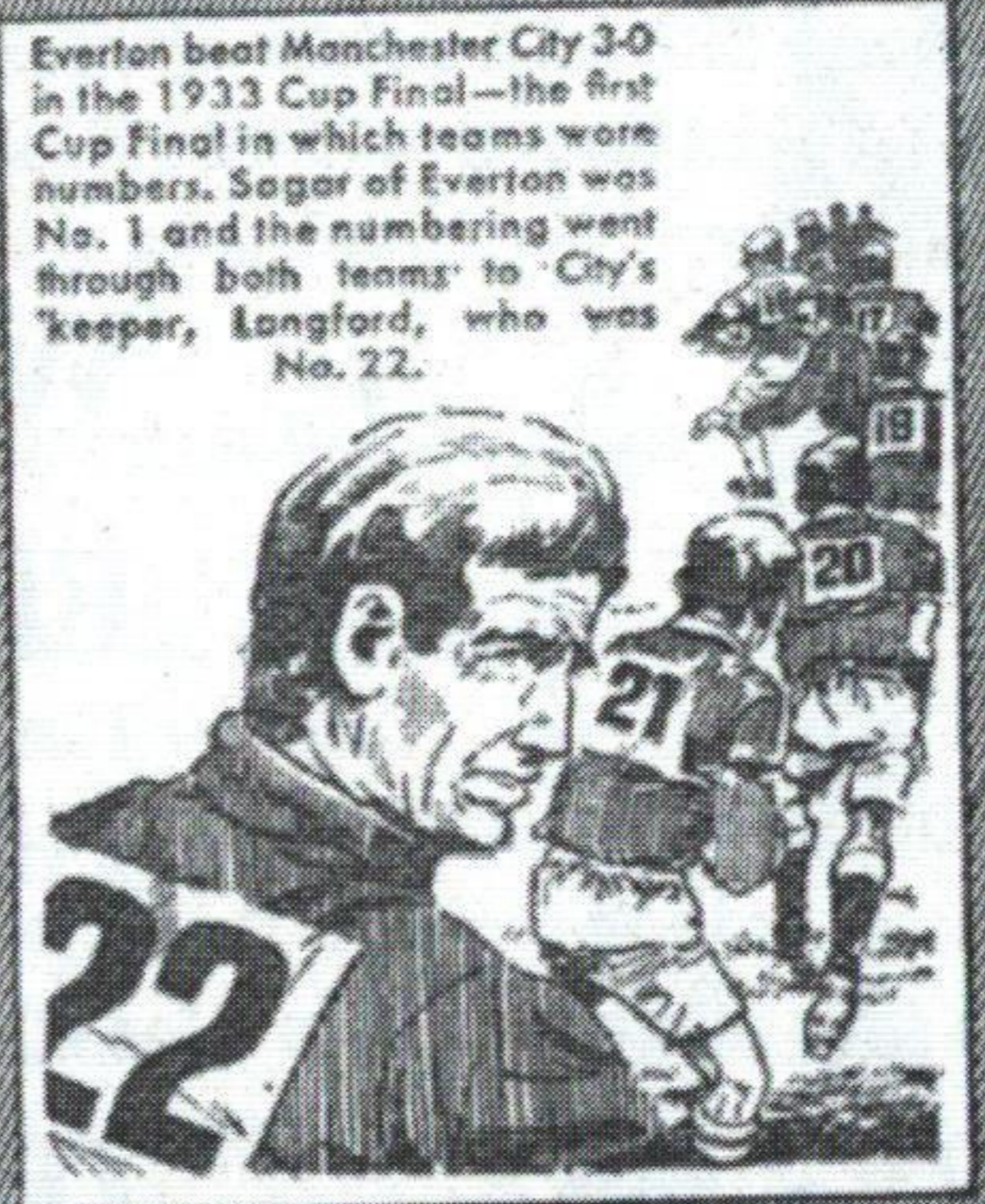
EVERTON



EVERTON began as a Sunday School team formed in 1877. The following year the name was changed to Everton. In 1888, along with eleven other clubs, Everton were asked to form the league.



Everton and England's greatest goalscorer was W. R. "Dixie" Dean, who scored 349 league goals in his twelve years with Everton. In season 1927-28 Dean scored 60 league goals.



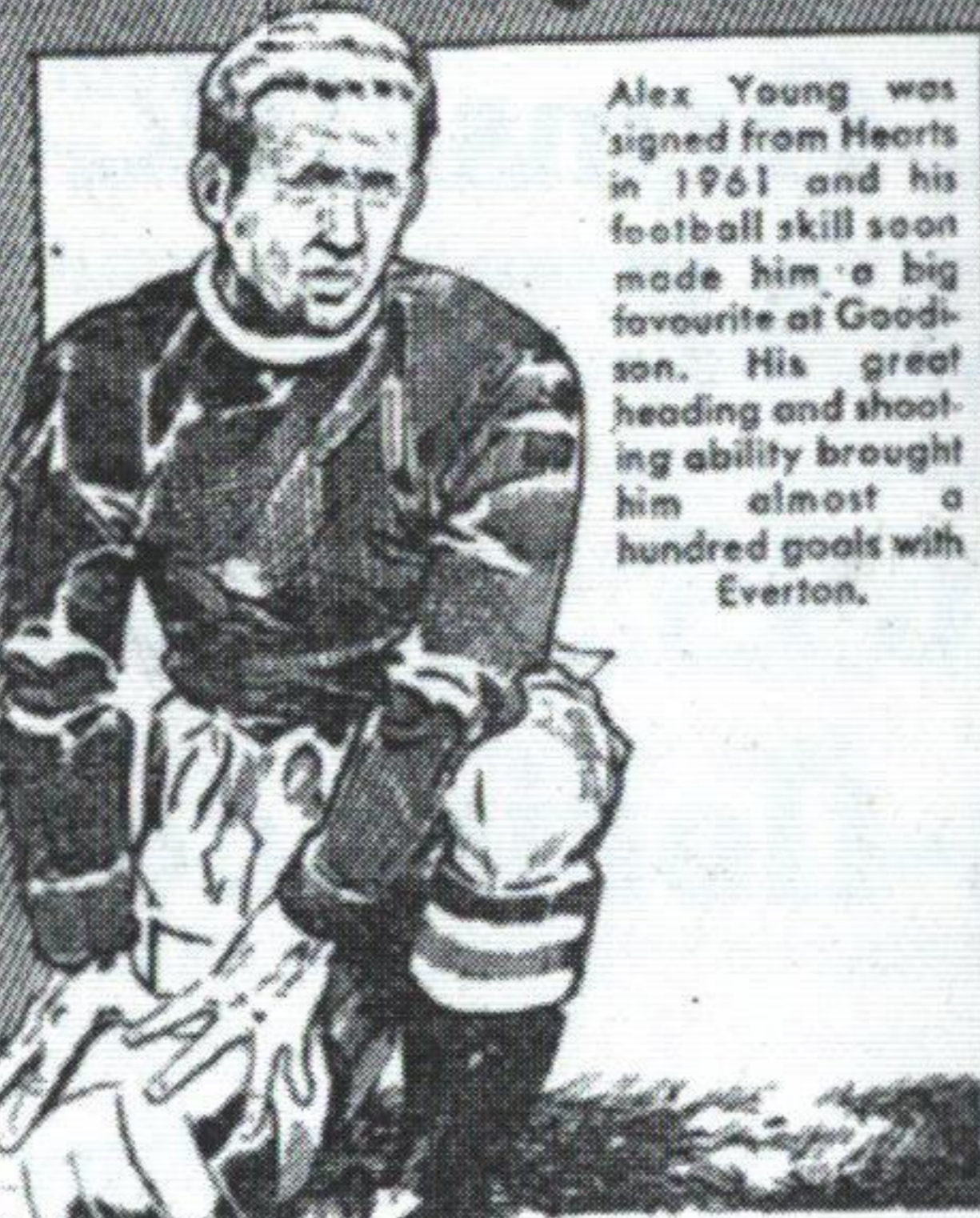
Everton beat Manchester City 3-0 in the 1933 Cup Final—the first Cup Final in which teams wore numbers. Sagar of Everton was No. 1 and the numbering went through both teams to City's keeper, Langford, who was No. 22.



Ted Sagar played at Goodison for 24 years. He kept goal for Everton in 465 league games and was capped for England.



Everton won the Cup in 1966 against Sheffield Wednesday. Two down at one point, Everton fought back to score three—the winner being scored by outside-left, Temple.



Alex Young was signed from Hearts in 1961 and his football skill soon made him a big favourite at Goodison. His great heading and shooting ability brought him almost a hundred goals with Everton.



In 1966, Everton paid out a record fee of £110,000 to Blackpool for Alan Ball. Alan Ball is one of many international players at Goodison Park.

FOR THE RECORD

League Division 1 Champions
1890-91, 1914-15, 1927-28, 1931-32, 1938, 1962-63, 1969-70

League Division 2 Champions
1930-31

F.A. Cup Wins
1906, 1933, 1966.

Ground: Goodison Park, Liverpool 4.
Ground record: 78,299 v. Liverpool, Div. 1, September 18, 1948.

Colours: Royal blue shirts, white socks.
Record goalscorer: W. R. "Dixie" Dean, 60 League goals 1927-28.
Record victory: F.A. Cup v. Derby Co. 11-2, 1889-90.
Record defeat: 10-4 v. Spurs, Div. 1, 1958.
Most appearances: Ted Sagar 465 between 1929 and 1953.
Nickname: The Toffees.

This item was sent in by Ian Buffey a Blue Blood subscriber from Hull.
If anyone knows which publication the above piece comes from please get in touch with Blue Blood.



The place, White Hart Lane, the date 19th December 1964 the crowd 41,994
 The score 2-2 The Everton goalscorer Fred Pickering got both goals.
 The Everton players in picture, Gordon West, Colin Harvey, Jimmy Gabriel

EUROPEAN CUP

(Quarter-final play-off, at Rotterdam, Mar. 24, 1965)
 Liverpool 2 (St. John, Hunt), Cologne 2 (Thielen, Loehr)

(Liverpool won by spin of a disc)

AFTER five hours of tough, uncompromising football, the spin of a disc by the Belgian referee which came down "red" at the second toss—the first having stood on end—put Liverpool in the semi-finals. So luck decided after football ability had been so even that after three games and extra time these teams were still level.

But Liverpool had their big chance here. They went into a 2—0 lead, and Weber, Cologne left-half, was little more than a passenger for most of the game. But the Germans fought back magnificently.

Liverpool: Lawrence; Lawler, Byrne; Milne, Yeats, Stevenson; Callaghan, Hunt, St. John, Smith, Thompson.

Cologne: Schumacher; Pott, Regh; Sturm, Hemmersbach, Weber; Thielen, Mueller, Loehr, Overath, Hornig.

Lucky Liverpool

For all those readers that are too young to remember the origins of the saying Lucky Liverpool.

Have a read of the article on the left.

Only the spammed ones could go through to the next round of the European Cup by winning the toss.

That's another point, they have always been known as the "Tossers" in our house.

Two men, both alike in position and verve; new signings each, bought on the same day and for a comparable fee; fresh blood for much needed width and panache; two players McFadden and Kilbane both with so much in common off the field, and so little on it.

When Everton met Leeds ten days ago, it was like watching a game from a different era, one buried in our recent past, but a bygone age all the same. The contrast with top flight football of recent years came not in the result (who outside Goodison would have looked twice at Everton 0 Leeds 4, as recently as two years ago), nor in the sight of Duncan Ferguson, rolling back the years and imperious again at centre forward (after so, so long), but in the display of our new signing from Motherwell, James McFadden.

For what seems like an eternity now, Everton have lacked a wideman with skill, vision and pace. The last man who could claim such abilities was in the mid-nineties, when the magical but mercurial Swede, Anders Limpar seized our hearts (or caused coronary arrests due to intense frustration, depending upon your perspective). On his day, Limpar was unstoppable, his brilliance earning him a comparison with the great Michel Platini, and during the latter stages of his Everton career, when he occupied the substitutes' bench with vexating regularity, a mere movement from the Swede got the crowd chanting his name in adulation. "When I first came here I was amazed by what I saw," said Joe Royle, not long after he had arrived as manager. "He is incredible. In terms of pure skill I have never worked with anyone like him." Limpar added flair to Royle's dogs of war, and in only Royle's second game in charge the transformation was complete when a rejuvenated Limpar single handedly tore apart Chelsea.

Yet it was Royle's love of the functional over flair that saw Limpar squeezed out at Goodison and saw his career nose dive and prematurely fizzle out (he is the same age as Zola). Andrei Kanchelskis skilled though he was in his own way after playing on several thrilling occasions with the Swede, took over Limpar's mantle on the flank. In many ways the Ukrainian epitomised the modern winger. He didn't glide or bedevil his way through defences, more bulldozed a route to goal before letting fly with a shot; he tracked back (when it suited him); hardly ever dashed to the by-line and cut back; and couldn't cross a ball. When he went, we fleetingly had the gifted but largely ineffectual John Oster then Idan Tal, who was never given a proper chance, but beyond that the Everton flanks have been tilled by converted full back after converted full back, or mere 'water carriers'.

The 'water carrier' is a player, who will hold their own, run around a lot, nullify their opposing 'water carrier', add the odd goal, and allow a whole season to pass without anyone noticing them: they won't have done much wrong; but they won't have added much either. Invariably (because they are so anonymous), they'll play in the one position where they can go missing: left or right midfield.

Everton have had more than their fair share of this ilk of player. Admittedly some of them have been converted full backs, and some of them have been put there when they're clearly suited to better positions, but can anyone remember exactly what Niclas Alexandersson, Scott Gemmill Gary Naysmith, Mark Pembridge, Stephen Hughes, Mitch Ward amongst others ever added to an Everton line up in recent years gone by.

The problem is not just Everton's. Cast your eyes onto any Premiership squad, or even the national team and you'll see similar individuals pervading on the flanks. Where once a Barnes or Steven or Waddle once stood, you'll see Owen Hargreaves or Frank Lampard. Even the most naturally gifted English player in the last ten years whom you would have once expected to sit on the flank and do his business there, was expected to play down the middle and thus be prone to fade away under the weight of expectation. Steve MacManaman's is a case in point: why was there never any room for him out wide? Though it suits me that he laboured largely ineffectual at Liverpool, why has most of his career been spent either being criticised for his team's failings (because too much was expected of him in the middle) when in a different era he would have flourished on the wing and nothing more would have been expected of him; or simply on the bench.

Which brings me round to the two new Toffeemen. Nothing is expected of Kilbane and I expect him to bring nothing. That sounds harsh, but he is typical of modern widemen, where industry and determination is everything, and skill and flair count for nothing. Today's managers like nothing more than a player consistent in their mediocrity, and seem to fear the very notion that a player might be missing one week, even if he's quite likely to be outstanding the next. They'll stick in a Kilbane to neutralise a Stone or play a Naysmith to kill off the threat of a Lazaridus, but who really benefits? Certainly not us in the stand, and I'd argue that the team seldom does either.

On the other hand, if that view was wholly prevalent, there would be no room for a James McFadden today. His performance against Leeds brought memories of Limpar, (and Pat Nevin before him) rolling back for me, and for those accompanying me (and more senior), Alex Scott and Tommy Ring. His close control, through balls, and running at players was like a breath of fresh air into an improving, though still often woefully functional, Everton team. He panicked players, he made space, he lessened the burden on defence, and despite taking one of the worst corners we'll see this season, was by a stretch my man of the match, this in spite of Steve Watson's goalscoring exploits.

It's early days yet, but it was immediately obvious that McFadden is a rare and precious commodity. He needs the ball at his feet, but it has to be out wide. I will despair if Moyes tries to convert him into a 'attacking midfielder' and pit him against the snarling dogs of a Premiership defensive midfield. Stick him on the wing, let him oppose the mundane and the ordinary, see him run them ragged, and if he goes missing for a week (as he did against Spurs), persist with him the next. If we do that, then maybe, just maybe, Everton will thrill and excite again, and if we do that, we can put the science back into the name of the old school.

February 5th 1898 and an away game at Sheffield Wednesday, 6,000 watch a poor Everton performance as they lose 2-1 Cameron getting his name on the score sheet.

Seven days later and it's FA Cup time again, a trip to Stoke is Everton's task and it is a task that has caused great interest, 25,000 fill the ground, most hoping for a Cup upset. Stoke had been playing poorly and were not expected to win this game. They play a defensive game and hold out for a replay with a 0-0 draw. The replay at Goodison Park takes place one week later, surprisingly only 10,000 watch the game.

Stoke are not the greatest of attractions, their league form is poor and they eventually finish bottom of the League, so most Evertonians were saving their money for the next round.

But that can be a dangerous thing to do, especially with Everton. They chose wisely those who stayed away, well wisely because we won but they missed a brilliant game where Everton put on the style and played perfect football.

Little Stoke were ripped apart with an exhibition of classic football, Lawrence Bell scored twice and Cameron, Chadwick and Taylor all get one apiece in a 5-1 victory. This was the last goal John Cameron scored for Everton, because after the next game at Sheffield United, which ended 0-0 he left for Tottenham Hotspur, he had played 48 games and scored 14 goals.

26th February and the FA Cup another away game, this time to Burnley, they were the runaway leaders of the 2nd Division but the prize of a semi final place meant that Everton would not underestimate them, we want to be in the semi final, seemed to be the attitude from the start from the Everton players.

Big match player Jack Taylor gets two goals and Lawrence Bell chips in with one in a fine 3-1 win.

Return to the League and Bury at home, 6,000 Evertonians cheer on their heroes. Everton respond with another fine display. It wasn't only the cheers that were ringing round the ground, both Bells scored with Chadwick and Divers also finding the net Everton won 4-2. Nottingham Forest away and 8,000 attend, they see a thrilling encounter, with Lawrence Bell scoring twice for Everton, Forest fight back with two goals and the game ends in a draw George Barker who came to Everton from junior football played his tenth and last game for Everton at left back, he went to Bristol City.

The FA Cup semi final, at Wolverhampton Wanderers ground against Derby County, 30,000 fans pay to see this giant of a game.

Unfortunately for all the Evertonians who had made the trip, they witnessed what was described as the worst Everton performance ever by John Keats.

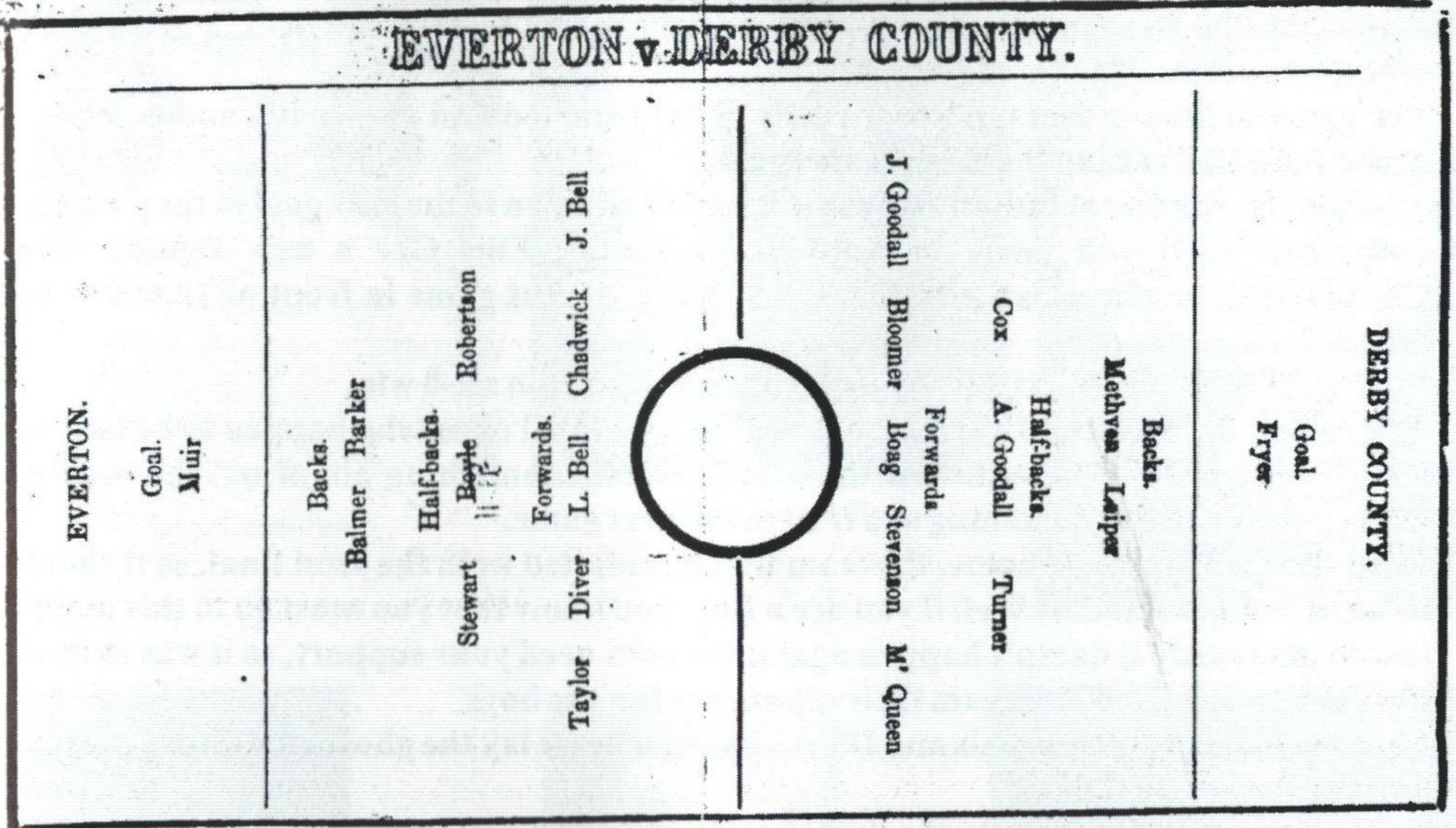
'Feeble play and a lack of combination were painful to watch, the defence was alright but the attack was crude. Conscious of the inglorious display, the team walked off the field as dolefully as if they were at a funeral.

John Bell told one of the directors later that he had only received and touched the ball once in the second half.

Bloomer was the star for Derby scoring two goals Holt had given away a free kick for the first Derby goal Chadwick scored for Everton but the game ended 3-1 for Derby, the dreams of another "day out" in London were dashed for at least another year.

ENGLISH CUP TIE.-Semi-final.

At Wolverhampton. Saturday, March 19th, 1898.

EVERTON v. DERBY COUNTY.

The team was slightly different from the programme it was as follows
Muir, Balmer, Storrier, Stewart, Holt, Robertson, Taylor, Divers, Lawrence Bell,
Chadwick, John Bell.

As was they way in those days a certain Thomas Bratt had a little poem about the game.

‘There’ll be a crowd at Molineux,
If the weather’s fine and dry,
To see these famous football teams,
Their mighty prowess try,
They’ll come from many miles around,
Their colours they’ll display,
And each will try their very best
To win the game today.
But let us give three hearty cheers
For the Derby County men,
For I think they’ll beat the Toffeyites
Whene’er they meet again.’

The semi final was Billy Stewart's last game for Everton, he was a right half, number 4, and he had played in 137 games scoring six goals, he was another player who went to Bristol City.

Two days after the terrible semi final shambles Everton played Preston North End at Goodison Park. The loyal Evertonians turned out in force to commiserate with their heroes. 25,000 were inside the ground when the teams took to the field, a great cheer greeted Everton.

The game drifted in and out never really getting started and eventually ended in a 1-1 draw, John Bell getting the home teams goal.

A lacklustre display at Bolton away saw Everton go down to the only goal of the game.

2nd April 1898 and home to Nottingham Forest, Ellis Gee a new signing from Chesterfield, he played at outside left and had a decent game in front of 10,000 home fans.

Lawrence Bell and Divers got the goals that gave Everton a 2-0 win.

The reason for being an Evertonian is well known to all of us who happen to be one, we feel that we are special and that there is a 'certain something about us' the modern Evertonians will see something of a trait in the next game.

It was Derby County at home, the team that humiliated us in the semi final, so it should be a poor turnout today. Well if you are a Blue you know that you must go to this match, just to make sure it doesn't happen again, the boys need your support, so it was in those days as it is now. 30,000 scream their allegiance for the boys

Lawrence Bell gets two goals and Divers another as we lay the ghost of Molineux, with a 3-0 win.

No time to rest on our laurels, the very next day Everton have a game at Stoke City. They are lying on the bottom of the league, with little hope of winning, 10,000 are in the ground, with a fair amount from Everton. S Keeley makes his one and only appearance in an Everton shirt at centre half, he left for Dundee, he didn't help much, the lowly "No Chance Of Winning" Stoke beat us 2-0!!

The last League game of the season at home, 28,000 make their way into the ground to show their appreciation of all the work the team have shown this season.

Sunderland are the visitors, they are in second place and are not going to be easy but Edgar Chadwick gets two goals in a 2-0 win, which sees Everton finish in fourth place.

Jack Taylor was an ever present with 30 games in the League and all five in the Cup, Divers 26 games 11 goals plus two Cup games, Johnny Holt 27 League games plus 5 Cup. Robertson 26 League games 5 Cup, Lawrence Bell 23 League games 5 Cup.

The sad thing was that little Johnny Holt left Everton, he was something of a hot head but the crowd loved him. Liverpool came in with a bid for him of £500 but the bad feeling between the two boards made sure Everton would not accept that. Celtic agreed to pay the fee but Holt, as independent as ever told both Celtic and Everton what to do in no uncertain terms and agreed his own transfer to Tottenham, stunning the Everton fans and board.

The season that had just finished 1897/98 had been Everton's tenth in the League, in the first three seasons when 12 clubs were involved Everton finished in 8th, 2nd, 1st average a point under fourth place, in 1891/92 when fourteen clubs competed, we finished 5th. In the next six years 16 clubs competed our average was one point above fourth place, in nine years we had averaged fourth place, in the other year we were 5th. This is a fine record, the first four years were at Anfield and the other six at Goodison Park

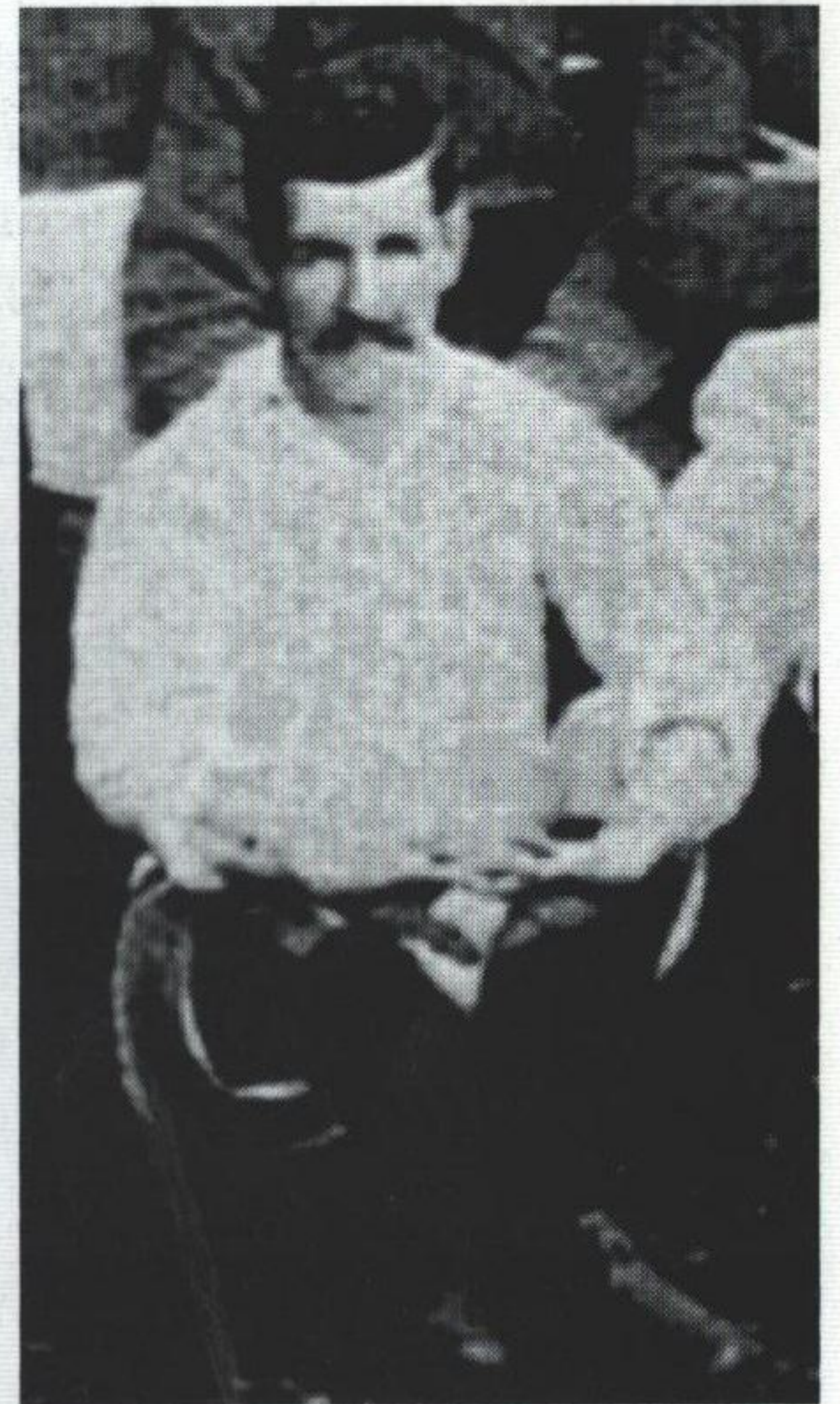
**Everton Players In The 1898/99 Season
Chadwick Completing Ten Years**



John Cameron



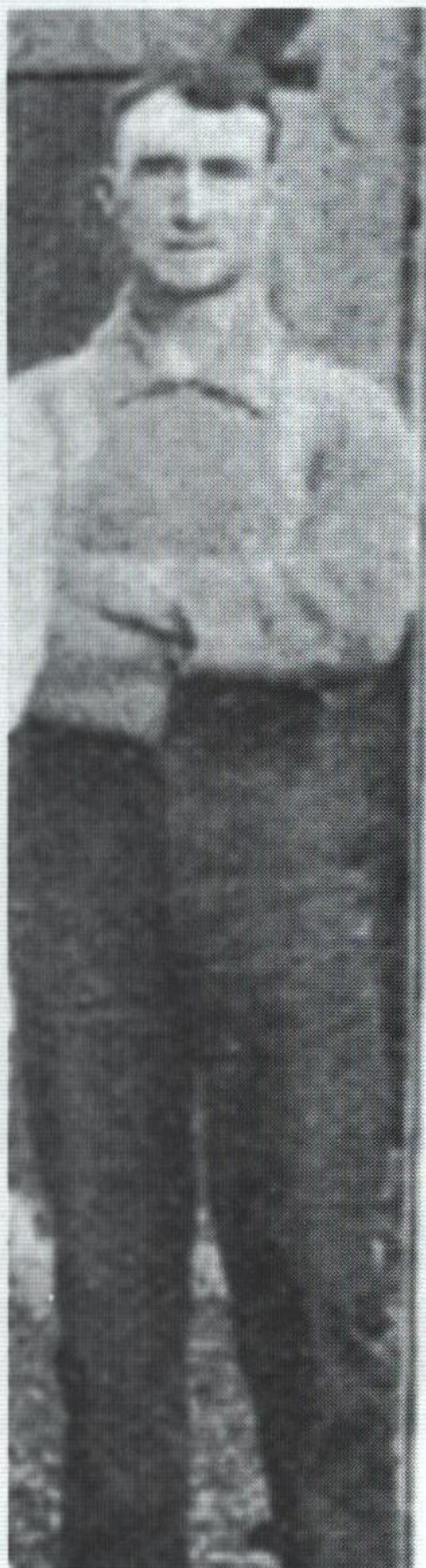
Lawrence Bell



John Bell



**Edgar
Chadwick**



**Wilfrid
Toman**



Joseph Turner
Made his debut on 11th
December 1898 seen here in
a Southampton kit

The 1898/99 season saw many changes in the Everton line up Barker, John Bell, Cameron, Hartley, Keeley, Holt, Robertson, Stewart and Storrier had all left the club.

John Bell had left after playing 147 games for the club, Liverpool put in a bid of £500 but because of the bad feeling between the clubs nothing came of it, Celtic also wanted him but Bell so annoyed about the situation decided to get his own transfer sorted out and joined Tottenham but returned to Goodison in 1901.

The biggest blow though, was the loss of little Johnny Holt (see page 31) he had been at Everton since the start of the League, ten years service.

New faces were brought in, among them were, George Eccles, J. Blythe, H. Clarke, W. Toman, J. Turner, A. Vaughan, Proudfoot, Owen, Oldham.

The first game of the 1898/99 season was at home against Blackburn on the 1st September, Harold Clarke, William Owen and John Proudfoot all made their debuts. 17,000 fans watch as an Everton team takes the pitch without Johnny Holt and John Bell.

The full line up was William Muir, William Balmer, George Molyneux, Richard Boyle, William Owen, Jack Taylor, Harold Clarke, John Divers, John Proudfoot, Edgar Chadwick, Ellis Gee Only Boyle, Chadwick and Taylor had survived from the first game last season.

The eagle eyed amongst you, and there are many, might have spotted that I have called Balmer William and not Walter, That is because David France, the renowned Everton historian, informed me that it is a popular misconception that his name was Walter when in fact it is William, I will therefore try to remember that and use William from now on.

Clarke and Proudfoot both score on their debuts and Everton win 2-1

Two days later Everton travel to Champions Sheffield United, we play the same line up and earn a 1-1 draw thanks to another goal from Proudfoot, 12,000 attended.

A week passes before the next game, home against Newcastle, the first ever meeting between the two clubs.

16,000 fans watch, none in replica kits, and Everton do not disappoint, goals from Clarke and Owen plus an own goal from the loveable Geordies gives Everton a 3-0 victory

Preston North End away and only 8,000 turn up, they must have known something, because it's a boring 0-0 draw John Kirwan, bought from Southport makes his Everton debut.

The next game is the Big One, the "Derby" the atmosphere had been building all week, with both sets of fans feeling confident in their teams chances.

The day arrives, fans everywhere. The Goodison Park turnstiles are clicking like they have never clicked before. A record attendance of 45,000 squeeze inside Goodison Park. The game is end to end, full of lunging tackles and every player commits himself to the cause.

Everton had Lawrence Bell back in the line up but there was no Edgar Chadwick. John Proudfoot scores again for the Blues, he is in a rich vein of form and Everton look good.

Our close neighbours manage to get two goals, one of them is a penalty (now that's rare) and they scrape a win.

The fans are down, the players are down, feeling the after effects of a "Derby" defeat is not something blue Boys are used to.

The next game is against Nottingham Forest and local lad Alfred Schofield makes his debut, Everton are without Proudfoot and Ellis, the game is watched by a healthy 10,000 fans, but healthy or not they felt sick watching a bland 0-0 game.

8th October 1898 and a game against Bolton at Goodison only 10,000 turn up, 35,000 less than the "Derby" while the turnstile operators wonder where everyone has gone.

Wilfred Oldham scores on his debut for Everton and it turns out to be the only goal of the game.

Seven games gone and Everton have had an in and out start, winning three games, drawing three games and losing one.

Not the form of hopeful League Champions we need to score more goals and in the next game we certainly did that, in fact it has gone down in our history as a very special game indeed, but you will have to wait for the next issue to find out what it was.

To be continued in issue 16



This is a very rare photo of Johnny Holt an Everton legend, he played 252 games for the Blues and scored 4 goals. He was only 5ft 4in but a determined player nicknamed "The Little Devil" He was worshipped by the Evertonian's who saw him play..

He was a stalwart of the defence in the first ten years of Everton's League existence. .He had signed from Bootle, Everton's fierce rivals and he was renowned for his man to man marking style.

He loved to turn on the style and the fans adored it when he did, a showman in every. sense of the word, he would have the crowd in pleats of laughter with his trickery.

Johnny also had the honour of being the first Everton player to get a call up for his country.

He played for England nine times making his debut against Wales at Wrexham on March 15 1890.



DAVID LAWSON

[Signature]

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HOWARD KENDALL

ROGER KENYON

[Signature] COLIN HAYES

EVERTON

NIL SATIS NISI OPTIMUM

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