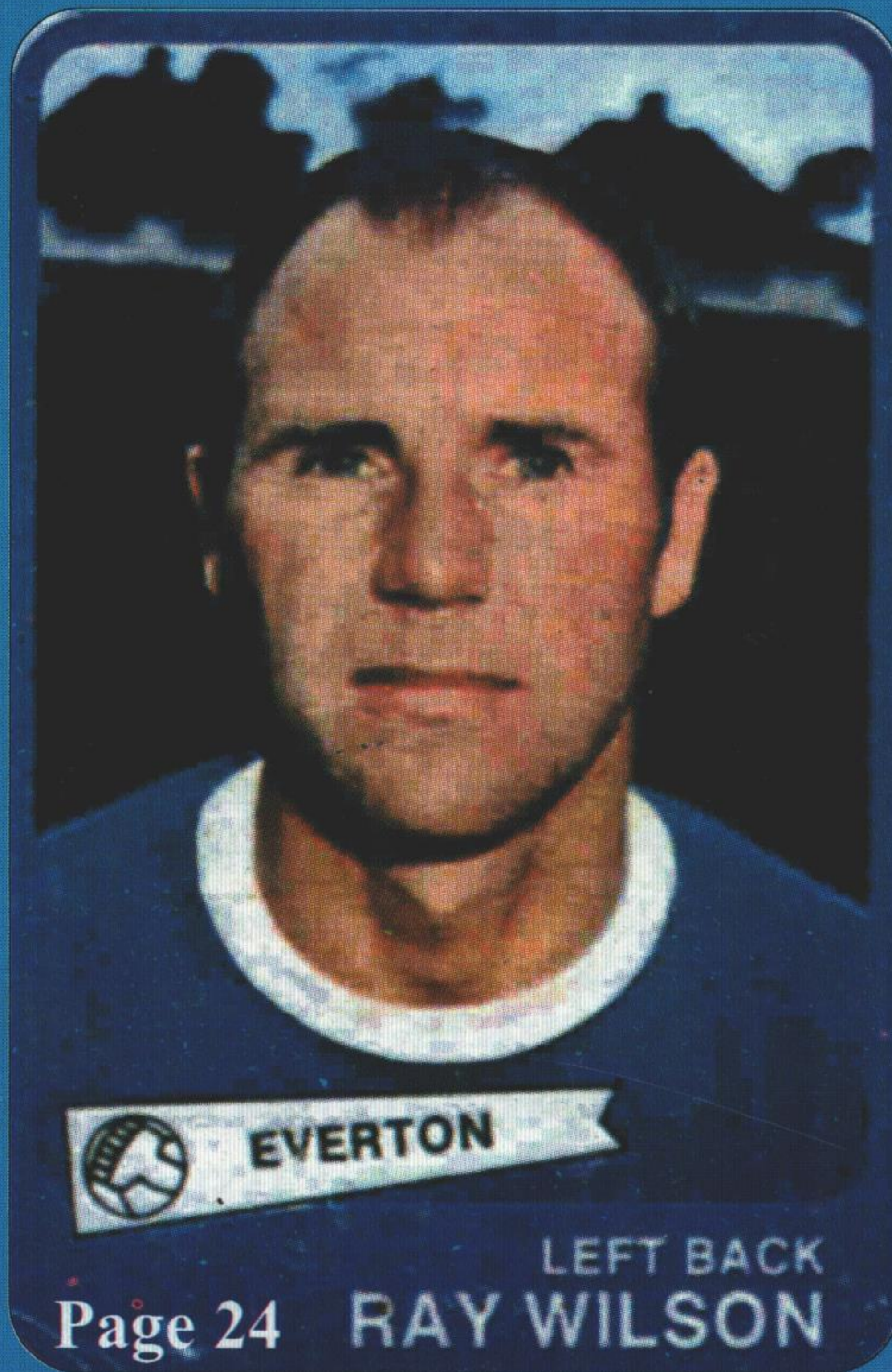


Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 3 issue 16



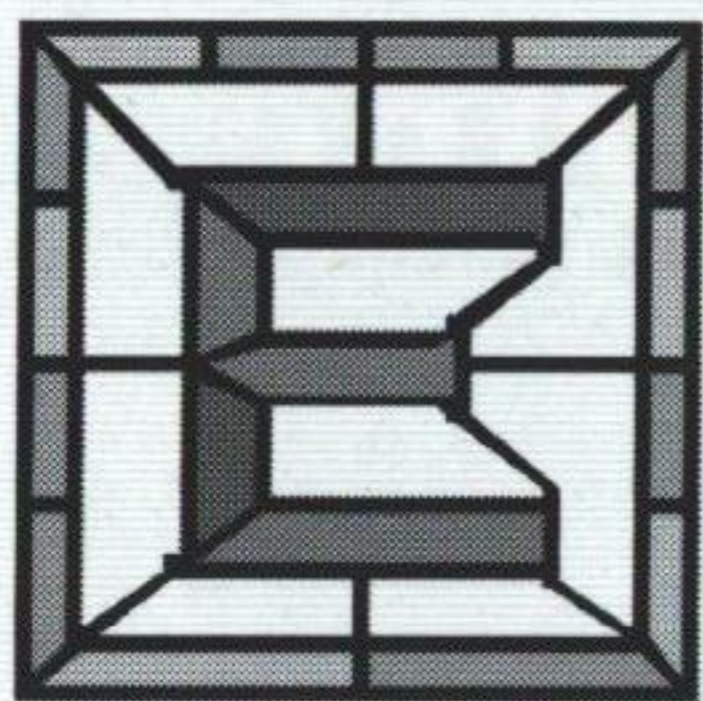
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Editorial Blue Blood

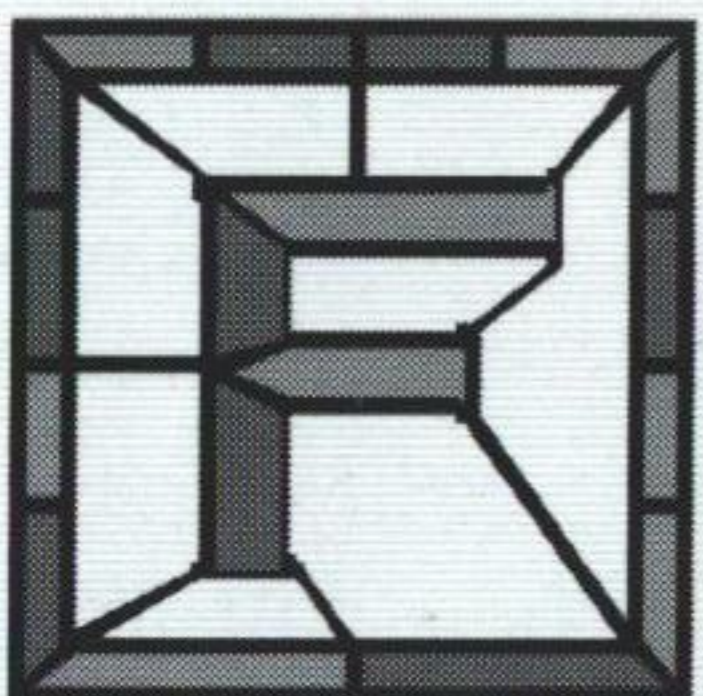
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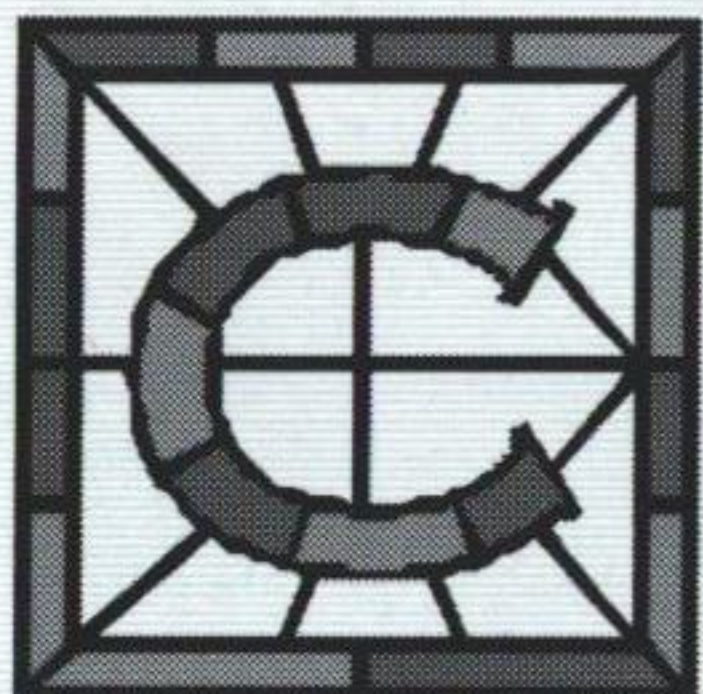
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Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



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

I will wish everyone all the best now because the way we have been playing it might be wishful thinking if I leave it any later.

What has happened to the Moyes Boys? They have disappeared and have been replaced by lethargic non trying misfits.

You don't agree? Well who turned up at Blackburn and Bolton wearing Everton shirts?

It certainly wasn't the same team that played Chelsea at Goodison and that leads to the question, what is Moyes thinking about when he goes away from home? We used to think that it was an attacking team that would take the field to represent the Blue Boys but now, we play one up and have the midfield overloaded with non tackling, shot shy so called professional players.

Tottenham and Middlesboro in the League were not much better to watch, Southampton and Man City at home were dire and 'Live' on TV, if you can describe them as 'LIVE'

Wayne Rooney has taken the brunt of Moyes's tactical changes, influenced by the Media Hype of "Play Wayne behind the front two" Rooney has been dragged off at half time, left on the bench and replaced in the second half but all of this didn't help improve the situation. The Portsmouth game became a massive, massive game, it was vital that we won, a draw would not be good enough and all the week before the match I told everyone who would listen that Moyes would bring back Campbell and have him up front with Radzinski while he left Jeffers, Rooney and McFadden on the bench. I was told not to be stupid, Moyes wont do that but he did.

Luckily after twenty five minutes Watson went off injured and Rooney came on, Moyes plan had been changed and young Wayne did the business.

Will Moyes learn from this, or will he persist with the "Look after Wayne" system?

Moyes is a great manager but he needs to learn that the Premiership is full of teams all trying to survive and nearly all of them go away from home to win, not for nil, nil, three points are vital and if you chase them, you might just be able to hold on and if it goes wrong a draw will do but don't play for a draw, Bolton didn't at Chelsea, neither did Birmingham at Leicester

Everton, for a club with no money, are extremely lucky to have Jeffers, Rooney, Campbell, Radzinski and McFadden, Evertonians don't want to see three of those players sitting on the bench like they did at Portsmouth, we were 1-0 down and if it had not been for that injury to Watson,(who was rushed back into the team too early) we would have lost again.

The problem lies in midfield, everyone except Moyes knows that, Carsley, Gravesen and Linderoth are not good enough for Everton. Gravesen might fetch a decent price if sold in January, Everton must let it be known that they have certain players available, maybe swop deals could be arranged., new blood is vital.

Blue Blood

Article by: Smart Arridge.

Who was the Everton and England Legend who talked his fellow players out of a strike before an American Soccer Bowl Final ?

For our younger readers this might be a bit of a too taxing question. Some older one’s, myself included, probably never even knew the answer. But read on and all will be revealed. This article covers what took place in the seventies and early eighties, in a land far away, populated with strange sounding club names, and even stranger and more garish team strips!

In this land clubs could spring up in one town, stay for a while, and then move to another part of the country and assume a new identity. It was a place where teams from England would be ‘hired’ for the summer months, assume a different name, and compete in the leagues during the English close season. Players of all nationalities would play in the same team, and the rules that had served the rest of the world so well would be changed to suit the marketing men of ...‘American Soccer’.

In the USA, teams would buy franchises to play in the league and then go in search of fans and *mainly* English players in an attempt to create a market for ‘Soccer’.

Traditional pride in your local team was not an issue for the American supporters, many of whom initially didn’t have a clue how the game was played.

However, when the gravy boat lured players from England, there were more than a few Everton players who decided that they too would taste what the American Soccer Leagues could offer.

In fact some of the pioneers in America have been Everton players.

Ernie Hunt was the first ‘Everton’ man to win an American Championship in 1967 with the Los Angeles Wolves, a team Ray Veall also later played for.

Jimmy Gabriel, Everton’s 1960’s stalwart, played, coached and managed in America. Jimmy’s teams included the Seattle Sounders, and later the San Antonio Earthquakes where the legendary George Best was playing.

And did you know that Roy Vernon appeared for the Cleveland Stokers !!

Many ‘fringe’ players from Everton were lured out to the States.

One ex-Everton man, who appeared in Everton squad photo’s during the mid-60’s but never actually played a League game for the blues, even scored in the finals to help his Dallas Tornado team win the 1971 North American Soccer League Championship.

This player earned a bit of a reputation for himself in his lone season in the States. A forward called Tony McLaughlin, he has been described as ‘eccentric’, ‘marching to a different drummer’, and a ‘crazy man’ So Big Dunc was not the first then !

Dave Irving was an Everton fringe player who managed just six games and one goal, but later went on to play alongside George Best for Fort Lauderdale Strikers !

Another ex-blue Steve Melledew, did not play a league game for us, but turned out in America for the Boston Minutemen. While Cliff Marshall, our black player from the mid-seventies, who had seven Everton games under his belt, was a player with the Miami Toros. However, big name players also took the ‘Yankee dollar’.

Lured by the prospect of lining up alongside the likes of Pele, Dave Clements even truncated the honour of managing his national side to join the Cosmos team of New York, and later coached an American team.

New York was also the city that in 1986 the Rod Stewart look-a-like, Alan Biley, would

turn up to play in. Unfortunately for Alan, and Chris Whyte the then ex-Arsenal player, the 'New York Express' indoor Soccer League team they were hoping to play for never got off the ground.

Some other American teams that hosted Everton players were:

The Tulsa Roughnecks, who had Duncan McKenzie, David Johnson and Terry Darracott on their books at one time or other, and the Vancouver Whitecaps, who paraded Everton stars such as Dave Thomas, Roger Kenyon and Colin Todd.

But the team that was the most successful at alluring ex-Everton players was the Fort Lauderdale Strikers: Mick Walsh, Garry Stanley, Brian Kidd, Dave Irving, Gary Jones and Asa Hartford all turned out in the pink, red and black concoction that was the strikers 'uniform'.



*Fort Lauderdale Strikers,
The team of choice for
most ex-Everton players.*



Later years have seen the likes of Richard Gough playing for San Jose, and other Toffee's such as John Spencer and Joe Max-Moore playing regularly in the American leagues. Some ex-blues are still playing, and are getting rave reviews !!

Nineties star Preki (Pedrag Radosavljevic) was voted player of the month last May for Kansas City Wizards. Which is not bad for a 40 Year old ! And 'Bob The Pole' Robert Warzycha, who was the first overseas player ever signed by the Columbus Crew, is now the assistant coach of the team, which includes another blue -Brian Mc Bride.



"Remember Me ?" currently playing for Colorado Rapids, can you name that player ???

All of which brings us back to the question I asked at the start of this article.

The answer is *Alan Ball*.

Bally talked his Vancouver Whitecap team-mates, which included Roger Kenyon, out of strike action on the eve of their Soccer Bowl Final versus Tampa Bay Rowdies in 1979 - Vancouver went on to win the Game.

Hence, Alan is the ONLY member of the 1966 World Cup winning team to win a Championship Medal on both sides of the Atlantic !

Vancouver Whitecaps was the next most popular port of call for ex-Everton players. A team that in 1979 Alan Ball and Roger Kenyon won the NASL Championship with.

The other Blues, that I could find, who played in the American Leagues were:

*Alan Ball
Geoff Barnett*

*Brian McBride
Jim McDonagh*

Blue Blood has recently discovered that the BBC had to scrap a This Is Your Life Programme planned for Duncan Ferguson.

When approached by Michael Aspel with the Big Red Book Duncan told him where to put it, but thanks to a Blue Blood subscriber who works at the BBC we have the transcript of the show.

It starts with Duncan's first injury, when the Midwife slapped his bottom at birth, severe swelling resulted and he was unable to wear a nappy for the first few weeks of his life.

Next was a mysterious injury when he was involved in a Play Pen fracas, this resulted in him being banned from the nursery for six weeks.

He managed to keep out of trouble until he entered primary school, it was here that he suffered a long list of illnesses Measles, Whooping Cough Mumps & Chicken Pox to name a few.

However he did manage to attend on fifteen days during his five years at primary school.

On to senior school where he showed little or no interest in football (same as today) he was injured on his thirteenth birthday when his classmates gave him the 'bumps'

When he reached the age of fourteen, he injured his wrist "Tossing His Caber" like most young Scotsmen of that age.

He left school at the age of sixteen and drifted in and out of jobs, with nothing suitable for the young Scot things looked bleak.

He was always losing his job because of ill health or injury and it wasn't until he met one of his mates in a pub that he found out, if you play professional football you get paid even if you are ill or injured.

Duncan was taken by this piece of advice and decided that his future lay in the Beautiful Game and the rest is as they say History.

Blue Blood trying to be as fair as ever to Big Dunc decided to find out the truth of the matter and went to the Adelphi Hotel for the 95 Cup Winners Tribute Dinner, over 500 Evertonian's were there to honour their heroes including Duncan.

But as is his track record, he failed to appear, no sign of him on the night, it was reported that his Everton tattoo was irritating him and he would not be able to lift his knife and fork, only his wage packet.

So there you have it, did the programme really get scrapped? Is it all a hoax? Or is it Blue Blood being nasty again to Big Dunc?



Duncan Ferguson

Rumours are circulating around Goodison that after his Tiff with Moyes Duncan is thinking about a new career in acting. He has been offered a role in Casualty.

Blue Swayed Views

Your letters



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Dear Blue Blood,

What is happening to our team?

Last season they had fight, some skill and a never say die attitude.

This season apart from a couple of players they do not seem to give a toss.

Has Moyes lost control, idle threats like Joe Royle's "Heads Will Roll" if not carried out only make the players more apathetic. Moyes has talked about the young lads like Chadwick, Osman and others but mostly ignores them.

He went to Blackburn with three strikers and only played Campbell from the start, the oldest one with a toe injury got the nod over a fit Jeffers and Chadwick!!!

I know Moyes has done well but lets not get carried away with him, he has made mistakes David Unsworth continually gets into the team while reserve players are ignored. Unsworth is not only playing awful but he has refused to sign a new contract, so why is he on the pitch?

Chadwick is put out to Milwall on loan but Duncan is welcomed back into the fold with the words from Moyes "His Everton career is not over"

Moyes says in the Liverpool Echo "Osman is Great" but he doesn't give the lad more than eight minutes in a game.

Yes I know, he is better than Walter but so would our cat be, let's not believe this Messiah thing.

We have Rooney Jeffers, McFadden and Radzinski so lets play them and rip the opposition apart.

Chelsea, Man United and Arsenal swamp you with players like that, but Everton will have maybe two of them on the bench.

I still think Moyes has a lot to learn but he

is good and given time and financial backing he will do a good job.

I only want to say that we must not be blind to his shortcomings because we are so glad to be rid of the Scottish Duo in managership.

This letter, if printed will probably not be well received but I ask all Evertonian's to be hones, and say that what we have watched this season is any better than the tripe Walter served up?

Thank You

Billy 'Not Blinded By The Light' Adams

Blue Blood,

On a cold Monday night in October I went along to the Adelphi Hotel to pay my respects to the 95 Cup Winning Team.

It was not a cheap ticket and I had to save up for the night. Anyhow I thought the whole night was a let down.

More than half the team didn't turn up, those that did were not , how can you say Over the top with their attitude but at least they were there.

Big Dunc, who has won only one medal in his Everton career did not show, Ablett who also works at Goodison didn't bother to come.

I want to ask the question, "Are these nights, becoming a pain for the players?"

The modern day player like Duncan, on £35,000 a week is hardly likely to want and come and be among, lesser mortals.

I too have decided that I will never go to any dinner/function again unless the players involved played before the 1980's

The so called stars of the 90's team should be grateful that they are remembered at all. Cheers David "No Longer A Mug".

Leading Nowhere

In amongst the dross of our recent performance against Manchester City was at least one welcome sight. The 64th minute arrival of Kevin Campbell added some attacking hustle and bustle to the forward line and afforded a directness that had been missing from Everton's play all afternoon, and for much of the season that had preceded it. I like Campbell. Injuries and creeping years have made him a declining force, and the decision to award him a five year contract worth £30,000 per week when he was past his 30th birthday was a stupid one, but he is the best centre forward that Everton have possessed since Graeme Sharp and when he is in the side the team as a whole rise up a level. He is a good team player, uses the ball intelligently and alongside him Rooney, Jeffers and Radzinski look far more deadly than they do without him. Although not as prolific as his 1999 heyday, he has an uncanny knack of getting a goal, even when he looks a hopeless case (by contrast Radzinski or Rooney could look a world beater, but could easily fluff five clear cut chances in a game Campbell has never shown such profligacy), and his strength and aerial power ask telling questions of even the Premiership's better defenders.

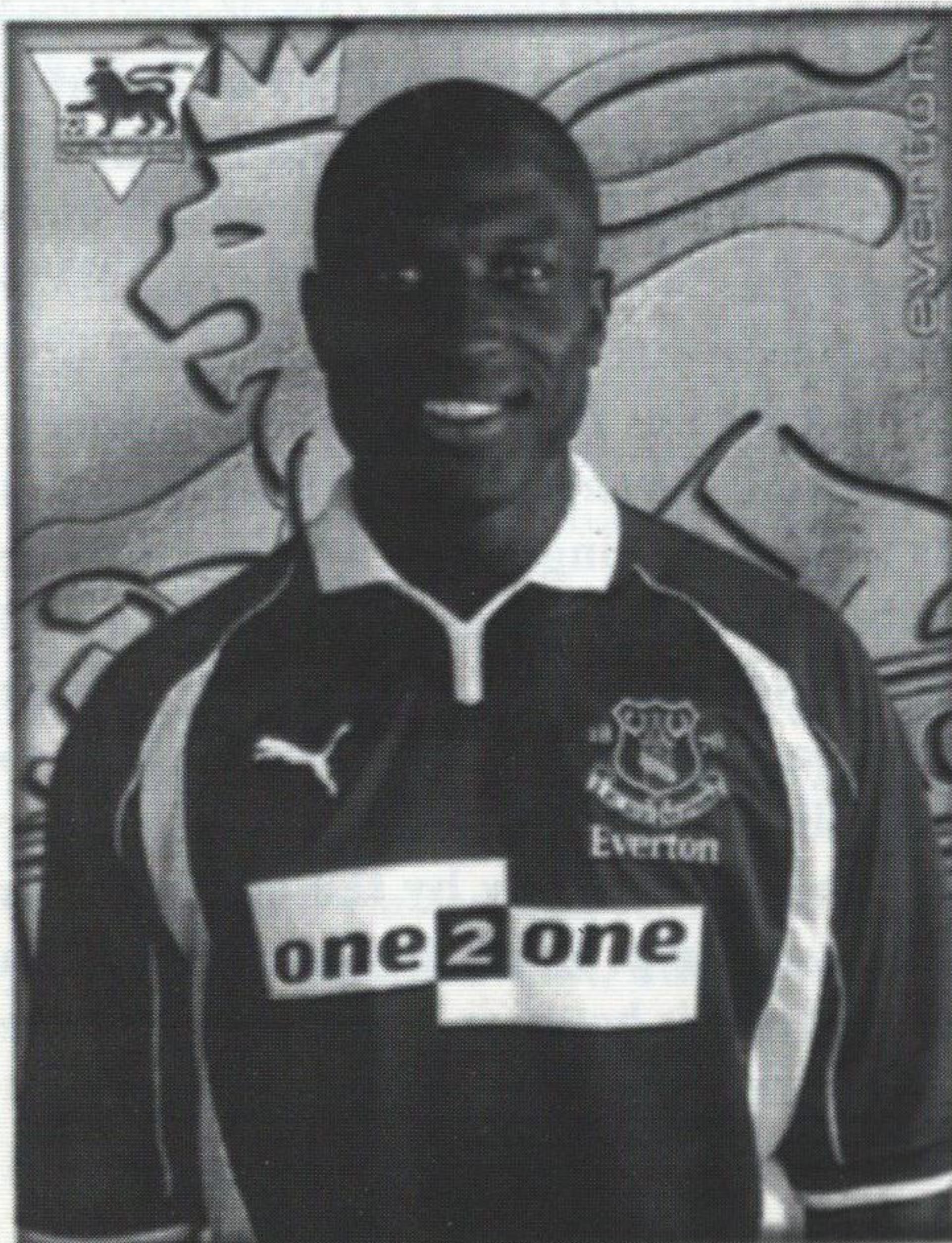
Ten minutes before full time, with Everton pushing albeit ever so gently for a winner, came a moment I'd been waiting for, for a long time. A corner came Everton's way, Graveson fluffed it and it was a goal kick to City. There was a hush of disappointment, a few disgruntled shouts at the harebrained, hairless one, and then a rising roar as Campbell stood in front of the Gwladys Street End, waving his arms and urging Goodison's finest on. It wasn't so much General Custer raising a last stand at the Alamo, more Dad waking up the kids on a wet school day, but it was the sort of rabble rousing we've been bereft of for a long time.

Everton's problems this season have been multi-faceted: weakness and inconsistency in defence, where we'd previously been excellent; a lack of a recognisable targetman for much of the campaign; a drop in form by Rooney, Gravesen, Radzinski and others; but most crucially, I think, is a lack of firm leadership on the field. It wasn't until October that the realisation struck me that Ferguson had been stripped of the captaincy and it had been passed to Alan Stubbs. The decision to award it to Ferguson in the first place was a misguided one and beyond his biweekly columns in the programme (surely they were made up the prospect of him writing it himself is even more ludicrous than him allowing a journalist who he invariably regards as scum being allowed to ghost it) he contributed nothing to the team thanks to a combination a combination of inertia and injury. But Stubbs, what does he really add? I suppose he plays fairly regularly, but he hardly seems a shouter or the man to boss ten colleagues around and inspire them to victory. Nor is he the sort of shining infallible star, like David Beckham for England or Bobby Moore and Billy Wright long before him, who leads purely by the extent of his ability. Stubbs seems a nothing sort of captain. A senior pro yes, a great Evertonian definitely, a first team regular also, but is that enough? Or is he there because no one else adequately fills the void? Perhaps I'm being harsh, but he's hardly Dave Watson is he?

It's not particularly Stubbs fault: he's there, doing his best in what is no doubt his dream job leading his boyhood club. But there seems to be a lack of characters and individuals capable of being handed responsibility in Everton's current squad. Look back at the great and good sides of Everton's past and you'll see sides bristling with such figures. In 1985 we had Southall, Van Den Hauwe, Reid and Gray to compliment our very own captain marvel, Kevin Ratcliffe; in 1970 we had Ball, Kendall, Hurst and West alongside the 'Last of the Great Corinthians', Brian Labone; even in 1995, when the FA Cup Winners were hardly versed in eloquence, we had the occasional hero, Ferguson, Horne, Parkinson and Southall to match the verve of Dave Watson. Who do we have now? Unsworth maybe, Campbell occasionally, Weir when it suits Moyes, and Stubbs. It's a paucity of options and seldom do they all play together anyway.

Which brings me back to Campbell. If he fits into any part of David Moyes plans, as I think he'll do (given that the rest of Everton's immense posse of strikers haven't delivered so far), with it I hope comes the restoration of the captaincy. Of all of Everton's players he looks most capable of leading the team out, helping the younger players, kicking necessary arses into gear and doing a modicum of what Watson, Ratcliffe and Labone did before him. He can't be expected to do everything, but we can expect him to do something. At the moment Everton are drifting dangerously back towards the Premiership's nether regions. In many respects they're a better squad than we've had for some time, and in Moyes they have a manager as good as we've had since Howard Kendall's prime. What we desperately need is someone to act as his lieutenant on the pitch. So come on Davy, what price Big Kev?

James Corbett



Take your
pick
Super Kev
or Stubbs





PRINCE RUPERT'S HEAD QUARTERS, AT EVERTON, DURING THE SIEGE
OF LIVERPOOL IN 1644

**This is an old print of Prince Rupert's Headquarters in Liverpool in 1644
The Everton Emblem today carries the St Rupert's Tower**

View From The Grassy Knoll



"I hope Wayne stays in Croxteth and has a kick about in the street I don't want him over in Spain"

There are some people out there who want to sell Wayne Rooney, there are some who want him to stay at home on his day off and not travel over to Spain.

I can't understand them, what are they going on about? Wayne was signing a Coca Cola contract for over £1 million. It will keep him happy, give him the cash EFC can't and it had Everton's name ringing out around the World.

When Beckham was doing the same thing a couple of seasons ago, he put his name and Manchester United on a global footing. Fans in China, Thailand, Singapore all wanted to see Beckham, they were not interested in any other player, the money rolled in. Ferguson never complained he took his team over there and the club made money.

Everton are in dire straits financially, they need every penny they can get, so why get on Rooney's back?

Do you think that if Wayne Rooney went to a golf course on Merseyside on his day off the Worlds Press would be interested, if he rode around all day with his mates on his bike, like he used to do?

Maybe he should spend his money at the local bookies, or play cards in some dingy back room.

Wayne is like any other teenager, if you try to stop him doing what he wants to do, he will walk away and then Chelsea and others clubs will be rubbing their hands.

Everton, will, as they always have, waste the money, we saw that with Walter. So if we want to challenge the Chelsea's, Arsenal's and United's of this world we must hold on to him.

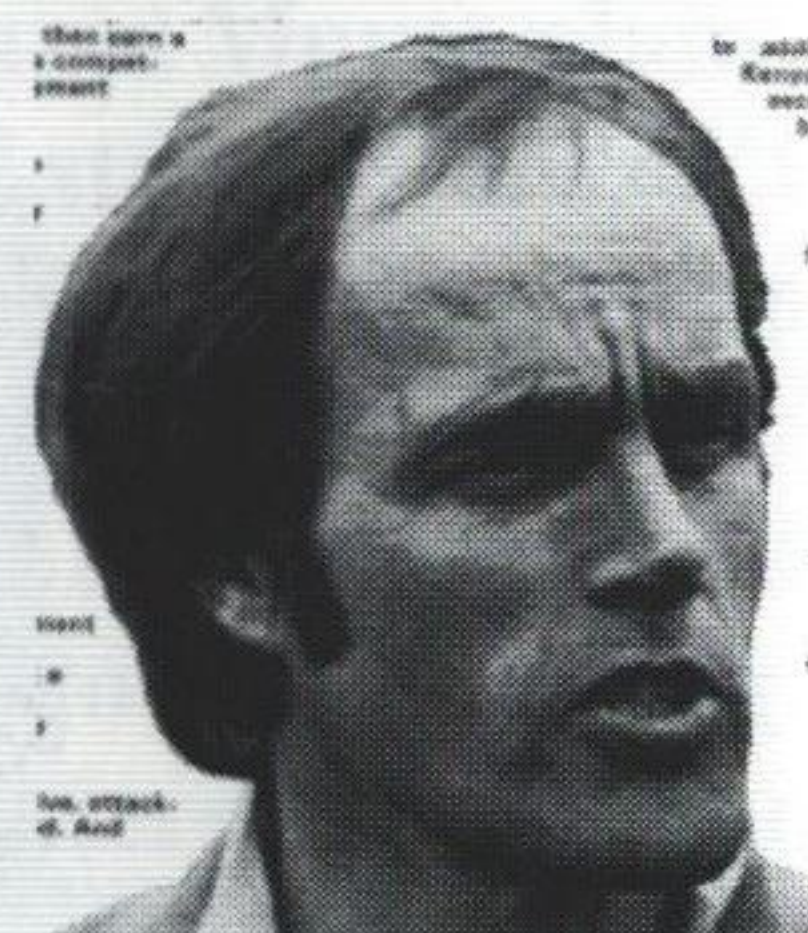
Moyes should not be taking him off at half time when Carsley and Gravesen are so bad.

The midfield give Wayne no service, and neither does Jeffers get anything, so why does Moyes insist on playing the same unproductive players week in and week out?

Moyes himself is only young, he does make mistakes, like taking off two forwards at Middlesboro when a penalty shootout was looming. He also threw young Leon to the dogs in the same game with his decision to put him at number three for the penalty shootout. Worse still, was not to have Leon involved in the Manchester City game, the lad might need to be given a boost of confidence.

If it is true that certain players do not like Moyes, or his training schedule then they can leave, let them put their names on the transfer list and then they can wait for the flood of calls, or they can rot in the shade, which they will, because who would buy any of them?

Rooney is our future, we should not treat him with kid gloves, let him play.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

Eddie Thomas, is not an Everton Legend or an Everton giant but he was an Evertonian and a very good footballer as well.

Eddie was born in Newton -Le -Willows on 23rd October 1933 signing for Everton on youth terms in 1951, Eddie waited a few years before finally getting his League debut on 6th March 1957 against the famous Manchester United Busby Babes, Goodison Park was the venue and Eddie wore the number 8 shirt and played well but Everton lost 2-1.. He kept his place for the next game away to Birmingham and he scored twice to give the Evertonians who had travelled a treat, as Everton ran out 3-1 winners. He played seven times that season and had done himself proud, a likeable, modest man, slim of build but strong of character.

The following season 57/58 Eddie played in 26 League games scoring a very creditable 15 goals, twice wearing the famous number nine shirt. On the 22nd February 1958 he scored the only goal against Newcastle in a 2-1 home defeat, the next game saw him getting both goals in a 2-0 away win against Burnley, he continued this form with an exceptional display against Preston North End at Goodison, he got all four goals in a 4-2 victory to send the 43,291 crowd wild.

He failed to score in the next game but was back on the mark for the following match against Portsmouth at home, he scored twice in a 4-2 win. Birmingham away and Eddie scores again, to make it 13 goals in eleven matches.

He played his last game for Everton against Sheffield Wednesday on 6th February 1960 when he was sold to Blackburn in a part exchange deal that brought Roy Vernon to Goodison Park

He had played 93 games for Everton scoring 41 goals, a fine average., He also played for Blackburn, Swansea, Derby and Leyton Orient.

According to all who knew him Eddie was a true gentleman, a committed Evertonian and a fine footballer.

He died early in November 2003 but he will always be remembered for playing the game the Everton way, in an era when Everton were struggling to regain their place at the top of English football, Eddie did as much as anyone to achieve that aim.

Blue Blood would like to pass on it's condolences to all his friends and family and to let them know Eddie will always be remembered by Evertonians

Edward Thomas

Everton 93 Games 41 goals

Blackburn 37 Games 9 Goals

Swansea 68 Games 21 Goals

Derby 105 Games 43 Goals

Leyton Orient 11 Games 2Goals



It's nearly Christmas but there is no goodwill around here, that big sick Scottish lad has been throwing his weight around, poor little David Moyes took a terrible tongue lashing from him but he held his own and gave as good as he got. Well that's what our Eva told me, she said she heard shouting and screaming and couldn't help but overhear the commotion, well not with all the windows and doors open anyhow.

Also young Wayne has been seen in tears, he was spotted crying his eyes out because he had been taken off and wanted to play, it's not right he's only young, full of energy and emotion, let him run it all off.

The papers have been full of that other lot, building another, flea pit, to hold 60,000 of the troubled ones, someone said it was England's Wailing Wall.

I told the Frenchman that I don't want to hear all that banging and thumping going on week in, week out and then there's the building noise on top.

I have been thinking about how I can get it all stopped when our Eva, she is a clever girl said that wasn't it a pity that the National Trust didn't want anything to do with it.

It was then that it hit me, if the Beatles had done something in the Park then maybe, just maybe the Trust would buy it and save us all from the Devil.

I thought, now, did Ringo walk his dog in the park, or maybe George went out on the boating lake but I think that I did hear once that John Lennon spent many an hour under one of the big trees in the park writing Norwegian Wood. So I have wrote to the National Trust to try and get the building work stopped.

If that doesn't work I have also written to the head of all the travelling communities in Britain telling them about the wide open spaces in the park that would be ideal for their caravans. They could race their horses and train their whippets and let their kids run free, well anything is better than living next to the Red Ones.

The weather has changed now, and I have got to put my thermals on, it seems so long ago since we had all that beautiful summer weather, it has gone to some peoples heads the frost.

The house down the road has got more lights on it than Blackpool Prom in October, stupid big Father Christmas's hanging from the chimney, well I don't object to large men dressed in Red being hung from chimney's but all the others stuff is stupid and over the top.

Someone said that it is the time of year to be happy and show kindness to your enemy, peace on earth and goodwill to all men and suchlike.

I might just be tempted to hope that the Frenchman keeps his job because he has done well to create employment on Merseyside, the local Radio Stations have taken on more staff to man the phone lines after every game.

MY STORY...

By



Dixie Dean

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

My mother wept and prayed as I broke the record

Charles Buchan's last match

My "feud" with Elisha Scott

What Alex James thought of tactical talks

The icy grip of relegation

THE international match of April, 1928, against Scotland, at Wembley, was a bitter blow for England.

We had lost to Wales and Ireland, and hopes ran high that we would secure revenge at the expense of the Scots. Instead, we ran slap-bang into disaster. Scotland whipped us 5-1. And, so far as I can recall, our goal came from a free kick.

Believe me, it was so bad, we would never have scored any other way!

I have since heard it suggested that the reason for England's failure lay with six of our players who, three weeks later, were due to play in the Cup Final, and therefore would not take risks.

Nonsense! We all tried to the limit. But this was Scotland's day, and we could do nothing with the blue-shirted demons.

It was a terrible match for me, most of my time being spent waiting for a pass or hopelessly chasing fleet-footed rivals.

Our wing halves were so busy in defence they never had time to send any passes forward, and after one early flourish, when we hit an upright

in the opening seconds, England were well beaten.

The Scots struck an outstanding combination with Alec Jackson, the tall Huddersfield right-winger, playing the game of his life. I liked the Jackson-Joe Hulme type of winger; fast, direct, and ever ready to cut in for a shot.

Stan Matthews is rated the best-ever in this position, but he was no better than these two, if as good. In build, style, and everything else, they were identical, even down to a belting left-foot shot... and remember they were RIGHT wingers.

James, too, had a fine game on that slippery Wembley surface. In his uncanny way he found open spaces that did not exist to anyone else. Time and again he did it, picking up a loose ball and, with one pass, splitting our defence with a tailor-made move.

A good sequel to emerge from that game was Everton's signing of Jimmy Dunn.

After the match our directors asked me what I thought of Dunn's play. "Do you think he will suit your style?" they asked. "He'll do nicely... if you can get him," I answered.

Well, Dunn and his Hibs partner, Harry Ritchie, joined us and teamed up on the right wing. Dunn paid his way well, for he was a good dribbler, useful in the air, and quickly settled down with me. In addition, he was a light-hearted chap, and added to the already happy atmosphere which was always in our dressing room.

By mid-April two things became obvious... we had a great chance for the League Championship, and there was hope that I would beat the record of 59 goals set up the previous season by Middlesbrough's George Camsell, in Division Two.

My personal record hopes dimmed when I had scored 53 goals. Only two matches remained, I needed seven goals and had a bad thigh injury. Trainer Harry Cooke spent hour after hour plastering my leg and treating me like a sick baby.

"I'll get you fit, you'll get that record," he told me so often that I began to believe he would have me ready in time.

Well Harry did, and I trotted out for the last but one game, at Burnley, to oppose international Jack Hill.

Now a centre-forward who scored one

goal against Jack did well, and it was soon obvious that he would not let me have an easy time.

I was just as determined, however, that the opposing goalkeeper would be picking a few from the net, and a tussle-royal developed. Fortunately the ball ran well and I smacked home four goals.

That win made us certain of the championship, Huddersfield failing in both League and Cup, and put me within three goals of the cherished new record.

The final match of the season was against Arsenal, at Goodison Park. The League Championship trophy, decorated in our blue and white colours, stood in front of the directors' box as I came out determined to play the greatest game of my life.

My colleagues assured me they would play to a standstill to help me reach the elusive and seemingly so-far-away 60 goal-mark. Another attraction of a match which brought a packed ground was that Charles Buchan, Arsenal's inside-right, was bidding goodbye to League Soccer.

The teams lined up :

Everton : Davies ; Cresswell, O'Donnell ; Kelly, Hart, Virr ; Critchley, Martin, Dean, Weldon, Troup.
 Arsenal : Paterson ; Parker, John ; Baker, Butler, Blythe ; Hulme, Buchan, Shaw, Brain, Peel.

Within two minutes the ball was in the net, Arsenal's leader, Shaw, having scored. Another two minutes and we had equalised when I got in a neat header to Martin's centre.

★

Already the crowd was roaring like mad. Half a minute later the excitement was unbearable as Butler gave away a penalty and I placed the ball on the spot.

I had missed penalties before, but I knew I dare not miss this one. If I did, my confidence might well break under the tension and I would not recover in time even to equal the record.

My heart beat like a huge hammer as I ran up, took careful aim, then joyously watched the ball go well and truly home.

I had equalled Camsell's record, one more goal was needed, and 85 minutes' play remained. Surely I could do it.

Five minutes before the break, left-back O'Donnell put through our goal and the scores were level at two each. So they stayed, well into the second half, and my hope of getting that one elusive goal was fading. My team mates were trying everything to work an opening, but luck did not seem to be with me.

Little did I know that up in the stand my mother was tearfully praying that I would succeed, while many of the other spectators were almost sickened with anxiety.

Seven minutes remained when Alec Troup, my little confederate on the

left wing, broke away. I knew he was going to send over my favourite high centre and—I prepared for the jump.

I can see that ball now . . . floating over . . . over . . . over, right into the goalmouth. Like a man inspired I jumped, as though springs were in my boots, completely beating two defenders. A quick flick and I knew I had succeeded, for no goalkeeper on earth could have stopped the ball as it soared into the right hand corner.

Hats flew in the air, the cheering was heard for miles around. First to congratulate me with a hug was the opposing 'keeper, Paterson ; then centre-half Butler, and finally my colleagues.

And so far as the fans were concerned, the stands could have been pinched, they were so happy.

After 88 minutes Shaw equalised, but the Everton fans cared little about the loss of a point, for "Dixie boy" had succeeded. The local lad had made what was then rated as easily the greatest individual feat in Soccer.

Before the whistle I asked the referee for permission to leave the field. An injury ? No, I had sampled the enthusiasm of Everton's supporters and knew I would be mobbed. So, as this epic game came to a close, I was thankfully stretched out in the spacious dressing room.

In all, that season, I scored 100 goals, as follows : First Division 60, Cup 3, Inter-League 6, Blackpool Hospital Cup 5, Fleetwood Disaster Match 4, F.A. Trials 8, Club Tour 3, England (home and abroad) 11.

Close-season games in France and Belgium topped off this season of seasons, and after a pleasant summer holiday I checked back to Goodison, keen for more action.

When we played Bolton at the start of the season I missed their centre-half, Jimmy Seddon, who was suspended for an incident which had occurred the previous season. Seddon was another hard customer, big and lumpy, but I always found him fair.

The season started badly for Jimmy, but ended well when he skippered his team to the Cup win over Portsmouth. For me, it was the other way round, a good start and a poor finish.

I played in all three internationals, but injuries cut down my league appearances to 29, and I got only 26 goals.

September brought an easy

5-0 win over the Irish League and, like Tom Johnson, my club-mate, I got a couple of goals, David Jack scoring the other.

In October, 1928, came the full international against Ireland on my club's ground. After eight minutes big Jim Barrett, of West Ham, was injured ; yet, even with ten men, we scored through Jimmy Ruffell, another West Ham player. Bobby Irvine equalised . . . then we got a penalty.

I placed the ball on the spot as Elisha Scott sauntered out of goal. "You'll not score this time," he said curtly ; then he followed words by deed, making an incredible save and turning my shot round the post.

How mad I felt that Elisha had thwarted me before my own folk. If it had been possible, I think I would have smacked him with a goalpost, but I had to suffice with a few carefully selected words, and equally unfriendly looks.

The One And Only T. G. Jones



A 1-1 draw seemed inevitable, and I felt there was a smirk about Elisha. However, four minutes were left when a loose ball came down the field and I controlled it, then took careful aim and smacked a beauty past Elisha.

"How did you like that one ?" I asked with a satisfied grin. Disgust was all over his face as he waited a few seconds before picking up the ball and kicking upfield to the centre spot.

As you will have gathered, there was a "feud" between Elisha and me. He was the hero of the Liverpool crowd, while I reigned, a short distance away, with Everton. The tales of our "enmity" grew, although they were all false.

One tale went of how I was walking down the street and Elisha came in the opposite direction. Allegedly I nodded to him and the Irish 'keeper dived through a shop window.

On the field we were, of course, out to master each other, but never let it be said we were enemies. For myself, I considered him the prince of 'keepers, and certainly the best I ever saw.

He was a player who never stood still, and in his goalmouth was always doing a type of war-dance. No other 'keeper ever did this hopping act, but it made the Liverpool man agile and eagle-eyed when the ball came, and he was naturally toned up and ready to move across goal like a leaping cat.

My greatest conquest of Elisha, and he had successes over me, came in a League game. I sent a parcel with the groundsman, to Elisha—the day before our "derby" game. Inside it were some tablets and a note : "Have a good sleep to-night—you'll need it for tomorrow !"

When I arrived at the ground he was waiting and, with a grim smile, said I had had my fun and now he would turn the tables on me.

Nine minutes after the kick-off poor Elisha was hopping twice as quick . . . for I had scored a hat-trick. I can assure you there were some very smart sallies flying round his goalmouth right through the game.

The Welsh match followed next in my international career, and we were 3-2 victors at Swansea. Our opponents were unlucky, for their half-backs, Russell, Bennion and Keenor, were getting on top when the last named was injured. He came back as a passenger and managed to score, but Wales could not peg back our lead.

We had hopes of winning the Cup and went for special training to Bournemouth and Brighton before meeting Chelsea. I have already told of the friendly atmosphere in the club, and this was particularly noticeable when we were away.

On this particular occasion I announced that I would hold an auction in the hotel, and most of the players thought I was hard up and wanted some spare cash.

All of them, and a number of residents, turned up and were very happy about their bargains until Dunn found he had paid 10s. for a pair of his own flannels which, like all the other goods, I had borrowed from my team-mates.

We seemed likely to hold Chelsea to a draw, but in the final minutes they got goals through Thomson and Millar and down we went. Aston Villa took our place as favourites, having such grand players as Billy Walker, Pongo Waring, Tom Smart and Dick York.

Waring, another Tranmere discovery, might have been the best centre-forward ever, but unfortunately did not win the honours which his remarkable ability should have earned him.

The final international came in April with England confident of the championship. When Alec Jackson was injured it seemed we must win this game, yet our opponents not only held out but beat us with a goal in the last minute, Alec Cheyne scoring direct from a corner.

It was a bad day for England, and our only outstanding players were Tommy Cooper, of Derby County, Edwards, of Leeds, and Nuttall, of Bolton.

Everton's slide down the League at one time seemed likely to land us in trouble, but we finally finished in 17th position with 38 points.

A most unusual honour came my way when I became the first footballer to have his model put in Madame Tussauds Waxworks. I was close to Jack Hobbs and W. G. Grace, but when the Everton players paid a visit I anticipated their thoughts and admitted I should have been in the Chamber of Horrors !

We started the 1929 - 30 season badly and never recovered. By the end of the year we were second from the bottom of

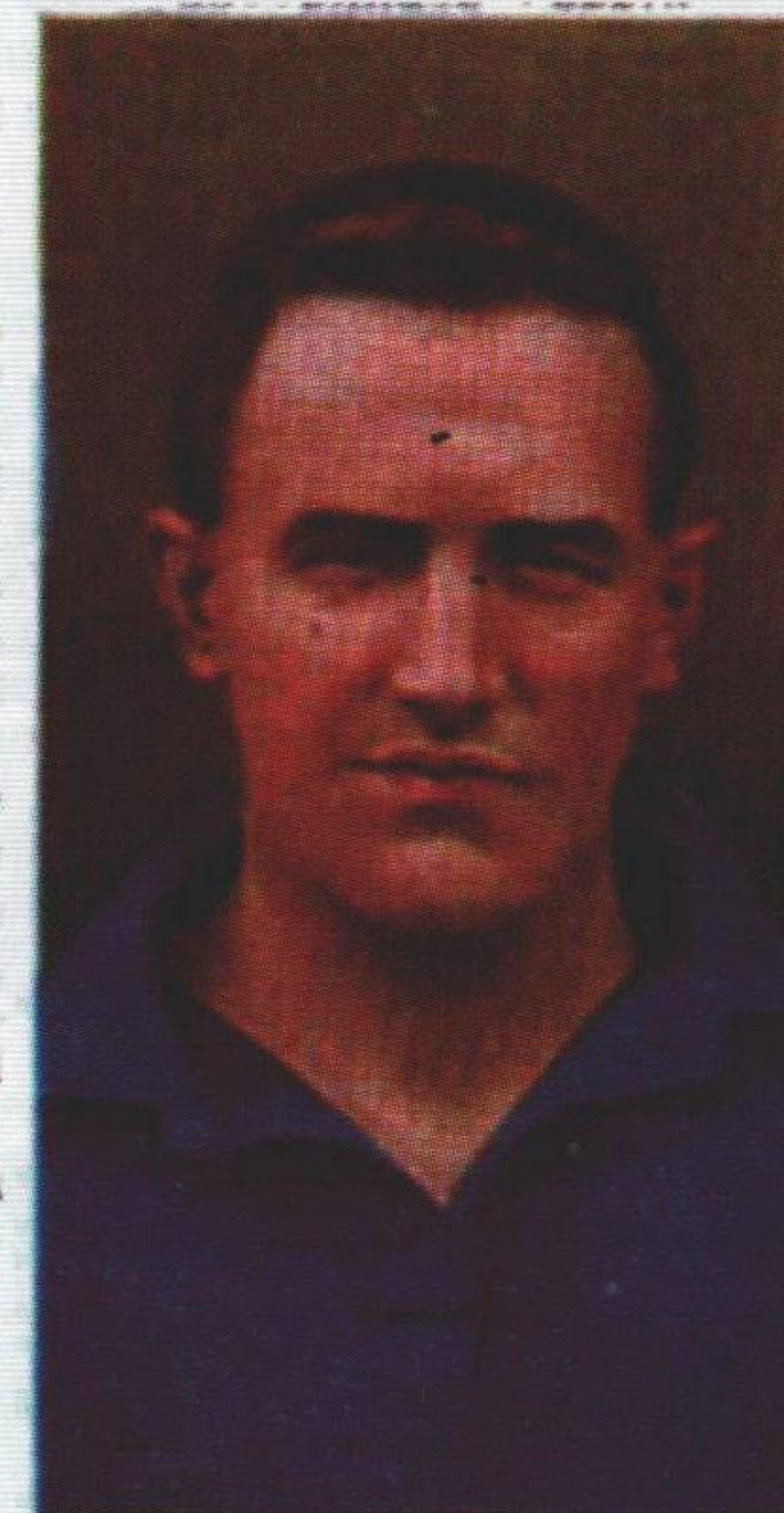
the First Division with 17 points from 24 games. Grimsby, who had a couple of games in hand, were just below us.

January brought the Cup, and another disappointment, when Blackburn beat us 4-1. Fellow strugglers at the time were Newcastle United, Sunderland, Arsenal and Manchester United.

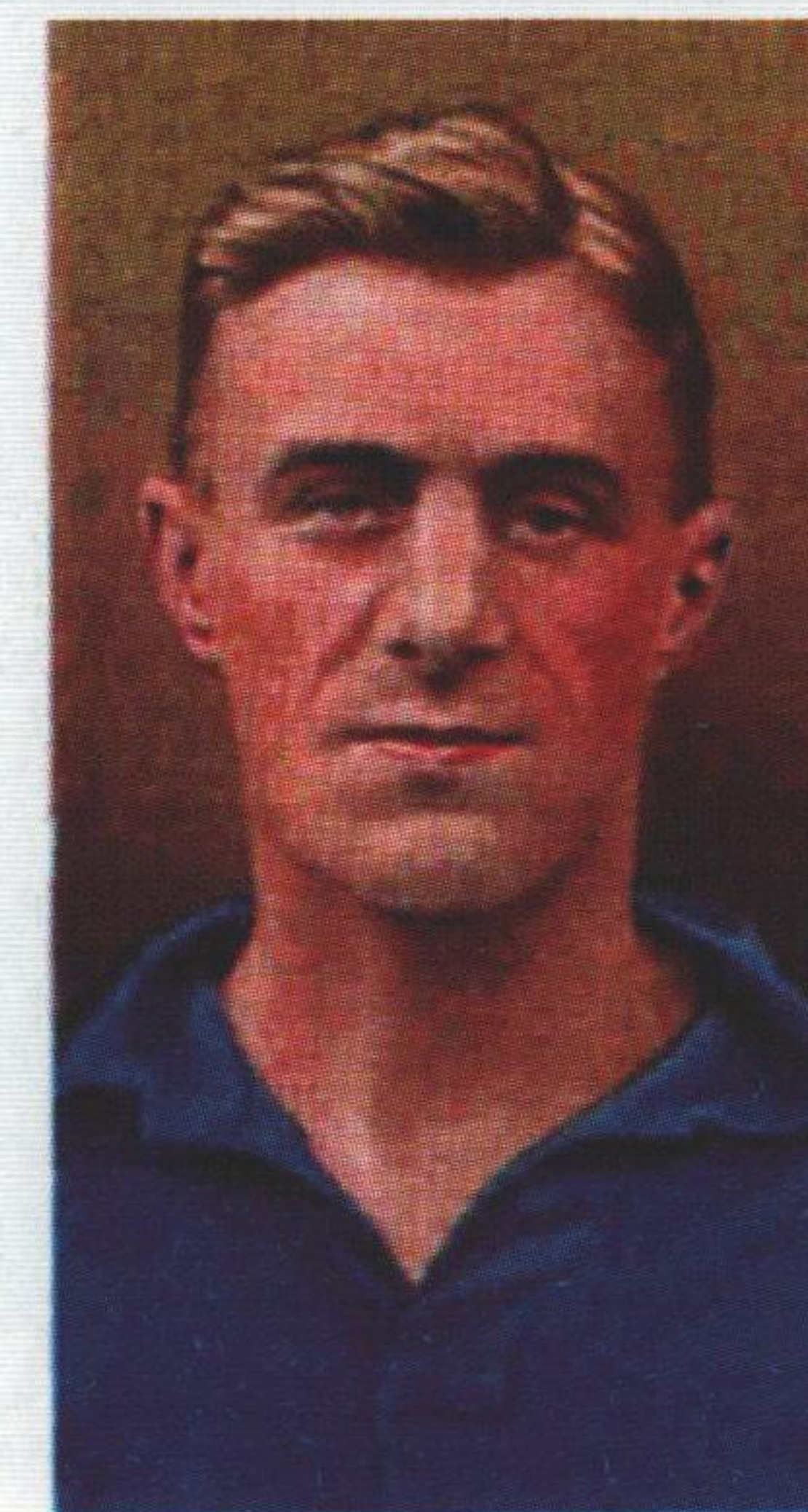
I was surprised Arsenal did not show better form—it came the following season. They had recently bought Alex James from Preston and had the makings of a tip-top side.

Alex was a masterly little man, but he had no time for theoretical play, believing tactics should be planned during a match and not in the conference room.

One day, when Arsenal were having



Jackie Coulter joined Everton in 1934 from Belfast Celtic. He made his debut on 21st April 1934 against Portsmouth. His last game was in September 1937 against Manchester City. He played 58 games and scored 24 goals



Cliff Britton Regarded as a footballing genius, he arrived in the 1930/31 season. Stayed for eight seasons and played 221 games. He eventually went on to manage Everton and was always remembered by Evertonians as a true gentleman.

a tactical talk and the manager had the players round a miniature field which contained eleven figures representing Arsenal, Alex expressed his feelings. Picking up his cap Alex flattened the figures, saying, "That's our opponents!"

Arsenal were then beginning the third back game with "Policeman" Herbie Roberts. This style did not worry me much because of my understanding with my wingers and my mastery in the air against the tallest opponents.

★

But on one occasion I did get fed up with the way Roberts, a grand, likeable fellow, stuck to me. The match was at Highbury, and whenever I moved my "shadow" came with me.

"What's the idea, Herbie?" I asked. "I have to follow you wherever you go," replied Roberts.

"Oho!" I thought. So, a few minutes later I edged towards the sideline near the dressing room, and prepared to leave the field.

"What do you think you are up to?" piped up Herbie.

"Well, you're supposed to follow me and I'm going to the toilet," I snapped. "Are you coming?"

Officials of both sides were sitting a few yards away and they nearly fell from their seats laughing. But even this incident did not stop my opponent from playing to plan.

Herbie was a very fine player and could have made an equal success of more attractive play. I always re-

gretted that this over-emphasis of defence was allowed to creep in and ruin so much Soccer as a spectacle.

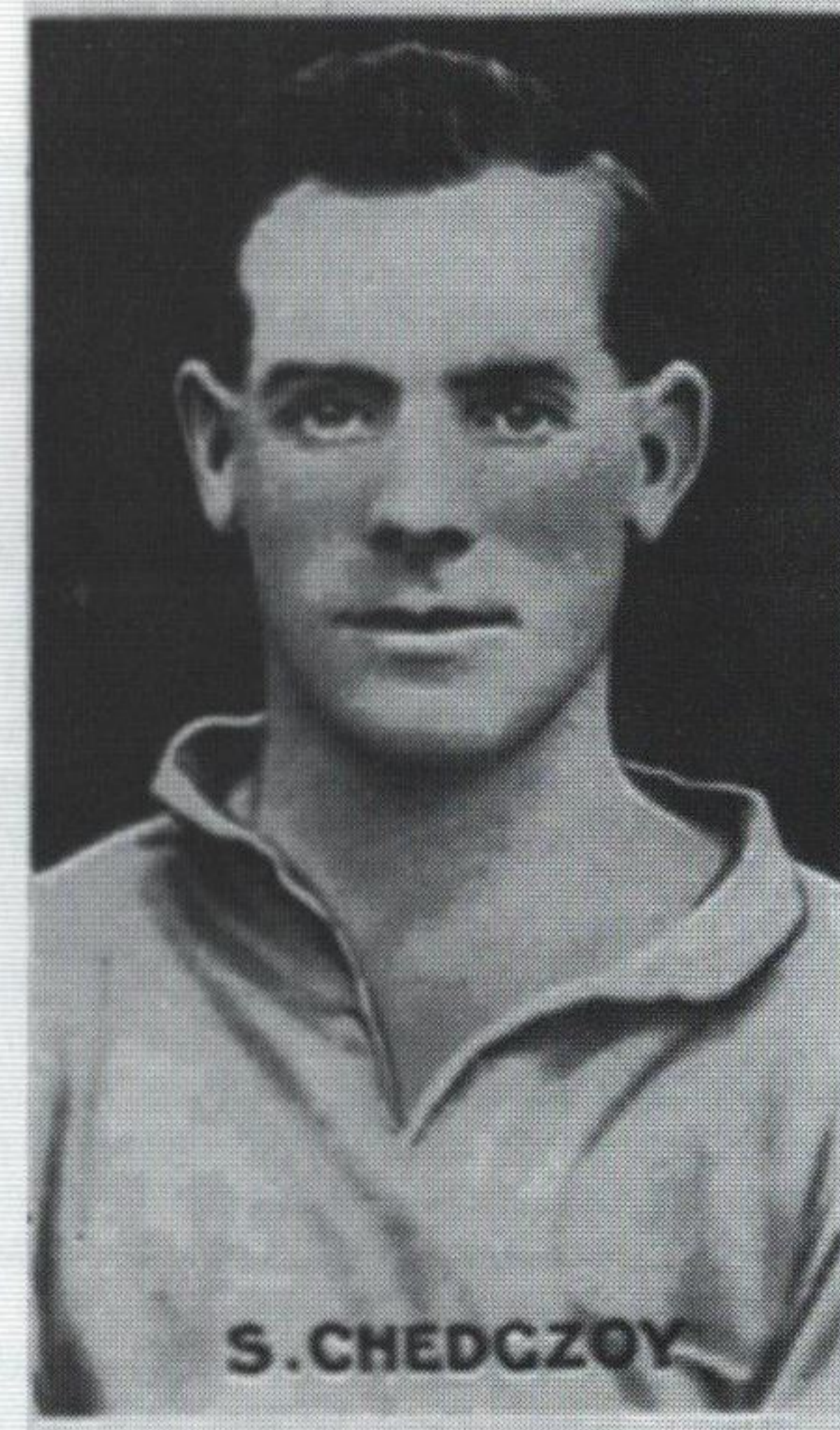
In April we played a vital game against fellow strugglers Grimsby. There was plenty of centre-forward skill and goalscoring in the match, but all of it came from the Grimsby leader, Robson, a little tot, who smacked in four precious goals.

With one match to go, we still had a slim chance of getting clear. The positions were: Sheffield United 34 points, Burnley 34, and Everton 33. If the other two lost and we won, then we would be safe.

We had to play Sunderland, and the team fought like tigers to a 4-1 win. Then came the worst moments . . . waiting for our rivals' results. When they came everyone gasped. They had done better than us, Sheffield beating Manchester United, away, 5-1, and Burnley beating Derby 6-2.

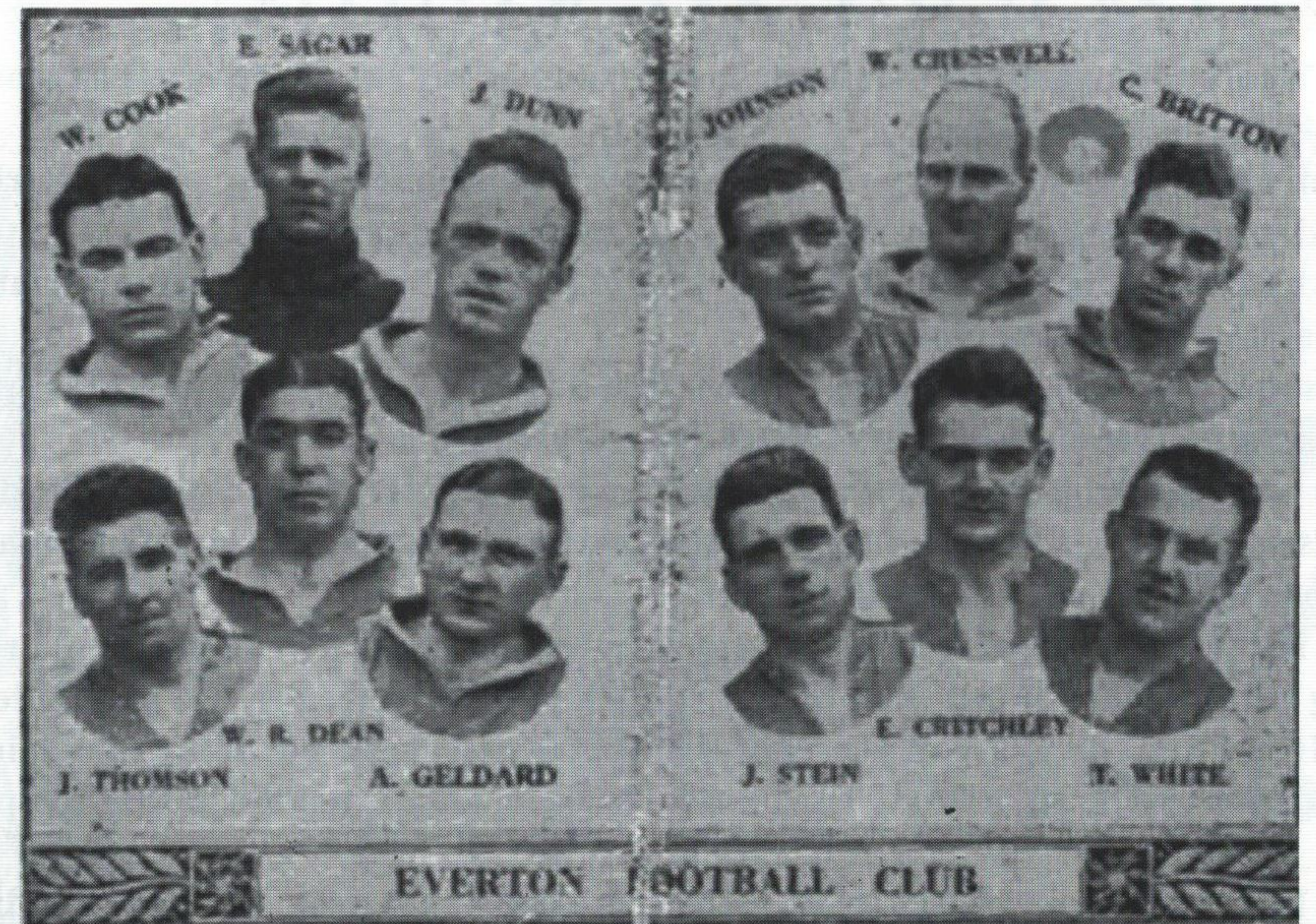
Just two years previously we had tasted the thrill of winning the Championship . . . now we were bound for the Second Division, with Burnley as companions. It had been a bad season for me, too. I had operations on my ankles and knees, and I was also dropped from the team for a time.

We went into the following season with promotion as our one aim. By Christmas we were virtually assured of this, having found our old form and waltzed through all the opposition. The players were on top of the world and, I recall, joined me in the most classic joke of my career.



Before a match in Wales we split into two parties, one under Warney Cresswell, the other with me. The director in charge was Mr. Clarrie Hayes, and we all went down to the sea-front on the morning of the match for a walk.

Mr. Hayes and Warney's party returned early to the hotel, leaving us near a roller skating rink. Nearby was a fruit shop, and the sight of oranges gave me an idea.



(Continued from page 29)

Buying one, I cut it in two, placed half down my right stocking, and I primed my companions on the parts they had to play.

As we entered the hotel a couple of them almost carried me along, and I limped badly on my "injured" foot.

When the director and trainer saw us they nearly threw a fit.

"What's happened?" they gasped. "I fell while skating," was the answer.

They groaned, realising we were hundreds of miles from home with no chance of getting another forward in time.

I kept up my pretence until we reached my bedroom, then I pulled out the orange. Mr. Hayes was decidedly relieved and treated the incident very sportingly.

★

When the fourth round Cup ties came round in January we had eleven points lead in the Second Division and took a step to Wembley by beating Plymouth, away, 2-0. Next round we crushed Southport 9-1, and were established firm favourites for Cup and promotion.

This feat was accomplished . . . by our rivals, West Bromwich.

We played them in the semi-final at Old Trafford, Manchester, and should have made the game safe by half-time. But, although we were on top we could not score, and in the second half we met tragedy.

Tommy Glidden, the Albion right winger, kicked the ball from near the

halfway line. Into the goalmouth it bounced, past the full backs, and even past Coggins, our goalkeeper.

What a disappointment! And what a tough game, for I had two pairs of pants ripped!

To be continued
in Issue 17

Those "Taking it Easy" Rumours

I hope you have enjoyed, as I have, Bill Dean's vivid description of the day he broke Camsell's record, writes CHARLES BUCHAN.

It was my last game for Arsenal and before it my colleagues presented me with a brief-case and a writing set—a gift that touched me more than anything in my career.

But, more important even than that gesture, so far as this footnote is concerned, is my answer to those who have since accused Arsenal of "taking things easy" so that Dean could set up a new record.

The allegation is of course ridiculous and nothing could be farther from the truth.

At the tactical talks before the match my Arsenal comrades impressed on me how determined they were to make my farewell a happy one by winning the match. And as we talked over ideas for beating Everton, you can guess that they nearly all emphasised the necessity for suppressing their brilliant centre-forward.

But no defence in the world could have subdued Dean in the form he struck that memorable day. He was at the height of his powers, his heading so perfectly timed that it seemed effortless.

Although Dean had stood between me and my ambition to leave the game on a winning note, I was almost as excited as the delirious Goodison crowd by his triumph.

At the end of the game I dressed in a hurry and rushed round to the Everton dressing-room to give Bill my very sincere congratulations. But even so I was too late. I was told that modest Bill Dean, made more nervous by his admirers than he ever was by rival centre-halves, had slipped quietly away.

No, I will never forget that magnificently built young idol of Merseyside.



Everton's team of 1931: McClure, Gee, Coggins, Thomson, Cresswell, Cooke (Trainer). Seated: Critchley, Dunn, Dean, Williams, Johnson, Stein.

He's Only Young With Lots To Learn Page 20

Yes, he's only young and has got plenty to learn and he isn't as effective as last season but he must be given more time.

Who am I talking about, I bet you all thought Wayne Rooney but no, sorry my friends, I am talking about David Moyes, our young and talented manager.

He has had to deal with many different, things on and off the pitch, football related and financial problems at the club.

He does not hold back, you can see at times that he is confrontational, with other players, Blomqvist, Ferguson and others when he was at Preston.

He has what an old timer like myself would say A Sergeant Major style of leadership, which isn't such a bad thing in itself but it is hard to carry off when you are not that much older than the people you are in charge of.

He has not got the respect that Alex Ferguson gets automatically, he is having problems dealing with Wayne Rooney, any parent will tell you that a teenager is more often than not a "Hell Child" as a parent, you find that out, try and stop them doing something they love and they will be off, nothing else matters to them, logic is not the top of their priority issues.

Others like Osman and Clarke will feel the same thing as Wayne, when they are dropped they will think they are being picked on, victimised and if it isn't settled quickly the sore will only fester.

Arguing the toss with Big Duncan, isn't a problem, the player is only important to himself but arguing with Wayne, or any of the young lads is different, they need a softly, softly approach. God forbid that we go back to the days of the iron hand of Walter and Archie, when everyone under thirty seemed to want to leave the club.

Some might say I am only going on hearsay and that there is nothing happening but look at the performances, watch the non effort from the players as they pretend to 'Tackle' their opponents.

Moyes has made glaring mistakes, putting Osman as number three in a penalty shootout is one, taking two forwards off during extra time with a penalty shootout looming was suicidal.

Making Alan Stubbs, the quietest man on Merseyside, the Captain is also a mistake, when Gravesen passes to the opposition, he needs someone to rip his head off not stand thirty yards away smiling. Keeping faith with overrated players like Carsley, Unsworth, Gravesen, Linderoth will not keep the young lads who are either not picked or taken of, happy.

But all of the above can be sorted out with a few words of encouragement, a few more chances for the youngsters when the old hands are letting us down.

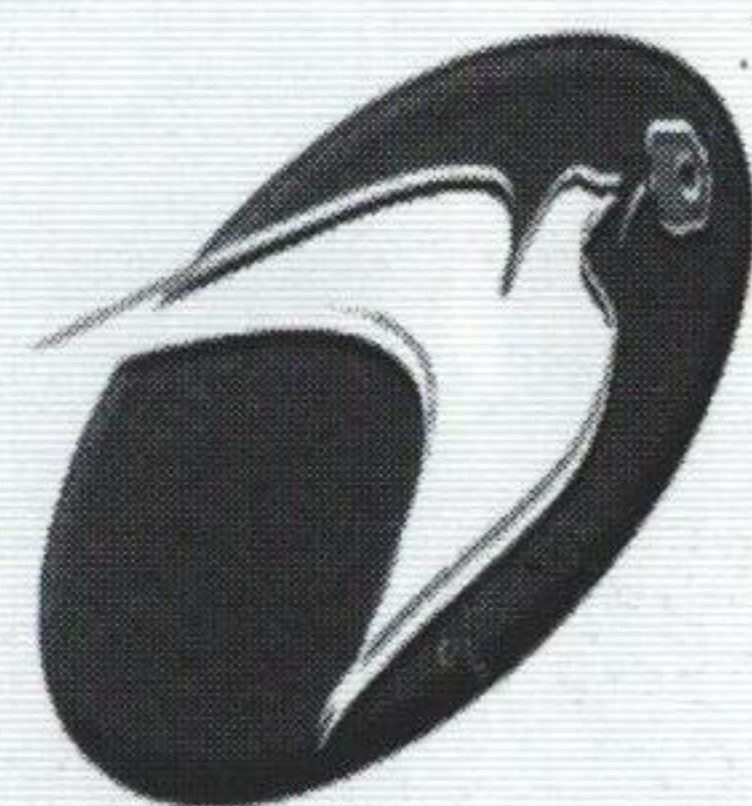
David Moyes needs Everton as much as Everton need him, the same goes for Wayne Rooney. Surely someone on the board can have a quiet word in his ear, explain to him that youngsters are headstrong, they just want to play football.

We should be glad that Wayne is in safe company in Spain, earning money Everton could never afford to give him, rather than say "I am not happy about it".

Bluebells Florist Page 21

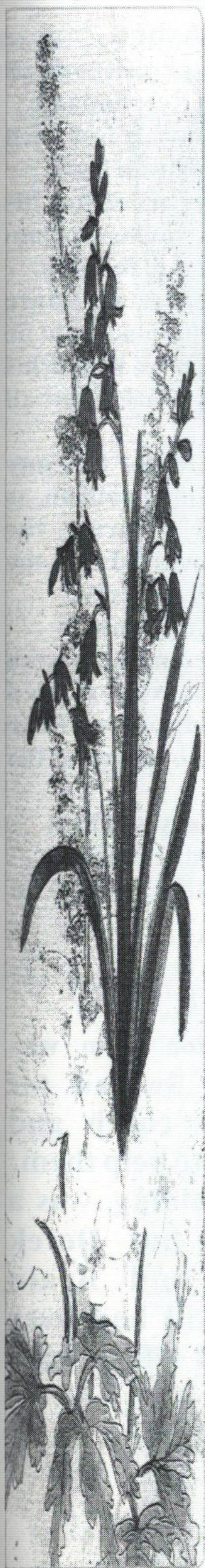
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J. LAWTON (EVERTON)

Tommy Lawton's Ashes

A strange story has hit the papers and it concerns one of the all time great Evertonians.

Tommy Lawton died in 1996 and his last wish was that his ashes be taken to Goodison Park.

Everything would seem to be in order but his son Tommy Junior has been having second thoughts about handing them over to the club.

He believes that because of the uncertain future of Goodison Park, which in his opinion, could be turned into a supermarket, he now wants his fathers ashes to go to The National Football Museum in Preston.

Everton have assured Tommy Junior that any move from Goodison would not be a problem, as provision would be made to relocate the remains. However he is not convinced and the ashes look like they are heading for Preston.

Evertonian's should write to Tommy Junior At the National Football Museum in Preston and demand that his fathers wishes are carried out. Maybe a few letters to Goodison as well so that Everton can let him know the feeling of the fans.

Tommy Lawton was, is and always will be a BLUE BOY, Goodison Park is his spiritual home, that's where he belongs, that's where he wanted to be laid to rest.



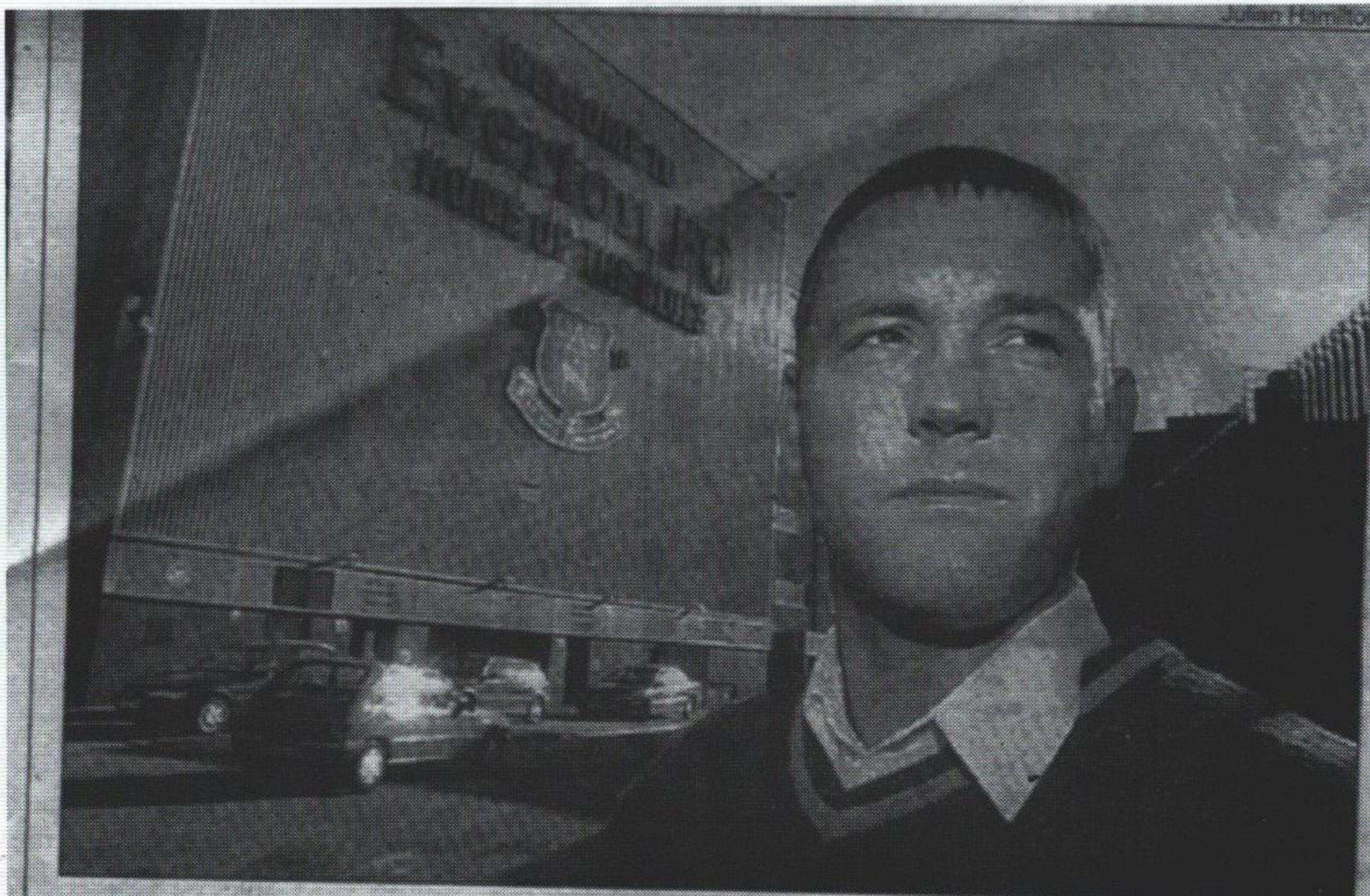
Everton 1957

The Everton team who had Ian Buchan for manager / coach and little else to help them.

Wally Fielding, was a stalwart but Derek Temple and Brain Harris still had over ten years left to play for Everton

A rare photo

Recently in the Times Newspaper there was an article about fallen football heroes, it highlighted the short and tragic career of Billy Kenny. I have put it below.



Fallen hero: Kenny's cocaine addiction soon wrecked his career at Everton

My tragedy of temptation

When I look at the behaviour of today's overpaid footballers, I can't condemn them. Unless you have been there yourself, you can't understand the temptations.

By the time I was 19 I had played for the England under-21s. Playing came easily. It was what happened off the pitch that was difficult to deal with.

Just before my 18th birthday Everton offered me a three-year professional contract. My earnings went up from £35 a week as an apprentice to £7,000 a week.

It was the first year of the Premiership. I was still a teenager and living my dream. I went from being known by nobody to being treated like a film star. I no longer had to chase the girls, they chased me. It's enough to make anyone a bit wild in the head.

It was all fine to begin with. I was playing great football. I was teetotal and trained hard. My problems started when I had shin splints and had to have an operation. I just started to get bored and go out on the town.

When you're a footballer, you have a million friends. When it is all over, you can count them on one hand. I started to drink heavily and got hooked on clubs and bars.

Sometimes I would go out for a night and it would turn into two nights. My parents could see where it was leading, but I was blind to it. I started to take cocaine. By the time I went back to training I was addicted.

I would go in to training in the morning before my hangover had even started. Sometimes I had drunk so much and taken so much cocaine I could hardly see the ball properly, let alone kick it. I never played in the first team again.

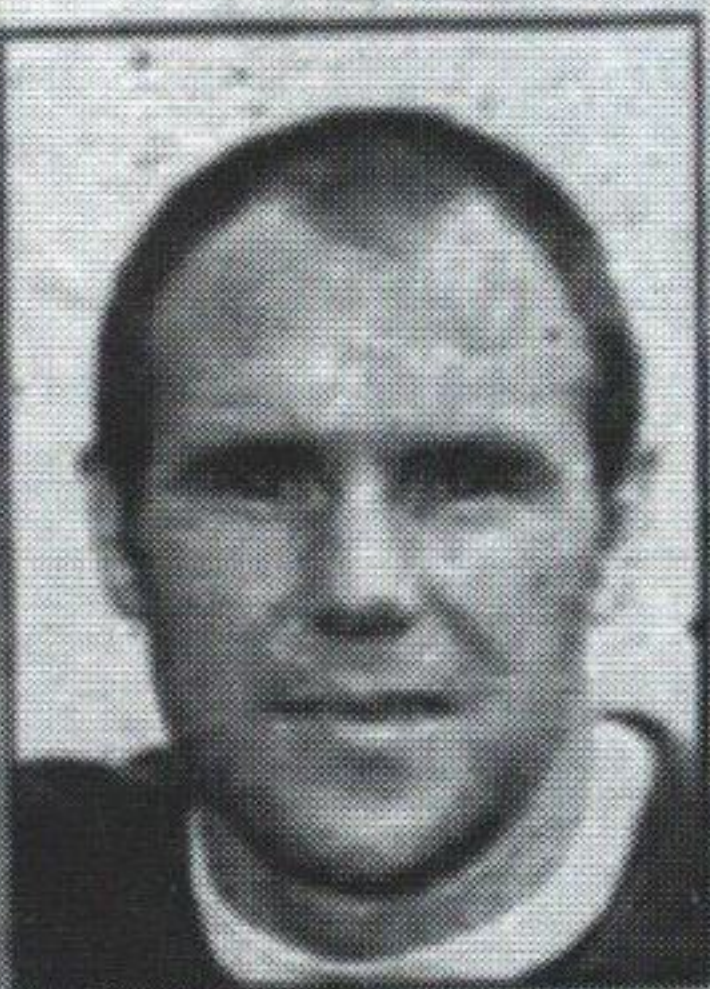
I was sent by the club to the Priory in London for rehabilitation and I got off cocaine. Then in 1994 I was sacked. It put me into shock. I was off cocaine and needed support. Instead, they got rid of me. Then I started the drugs again. I played for other clubs but my heart was not in it. The only team I wanted to play for was Everton.

I have been off cocaine for a year now. I play football with my friends and work with a cousin in property development. I am bitter at what happened. I have two children and I should have saved a fortune for them from a successful career, but I've got nothing. I still sometimes cry at night about it. It was an utter waste.

Billy Kenny

STAR STRIP

RAY WILSON, Everton



RAYMON WILSON WAS BORN AT SHIRKSBROOK, NEAR MANFIELD, AND WAS SO SMALL THAT HE WAS SOON PUSHED OUT ON TO THE LEFT WING IN ANY FOOTBALL GAME.....



FOOTBALL? HUH, I'D RATHER BE AN ENGINE DRIVER.



HIS FIRST JOB ON LEAVING SCHOOL WAS CLEANING RAILWAY ENGINES.....

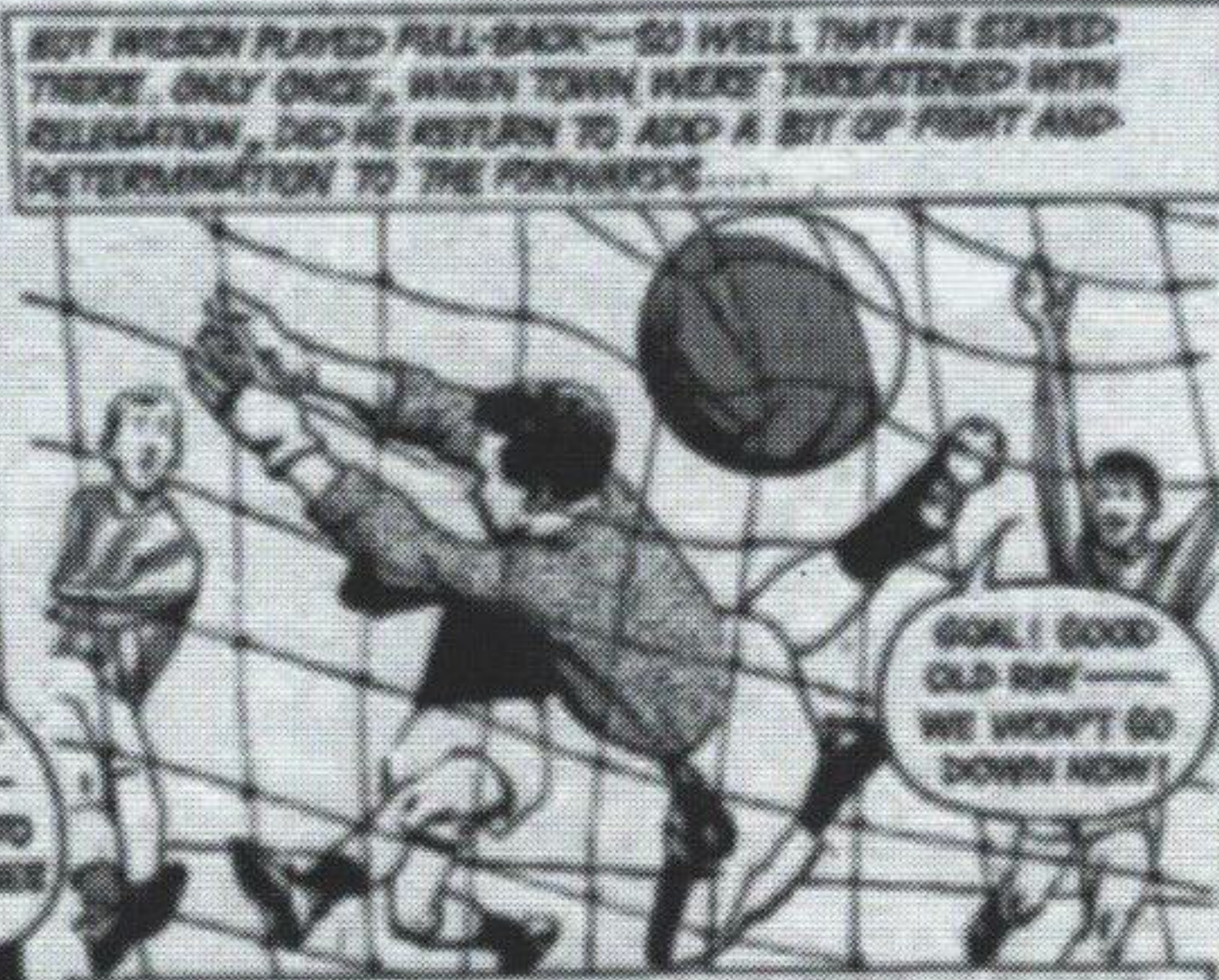
ALL THE SAME, HE WAS A GRITTY LITTLE FOOTBALLER, AND JOINED HEDDERSFIELD TOWN'S GROUND STAFF AT 16 - STILL PLAYING IN THE ATTACK.



RAY'S SOCCER GREATLY IMPROVED DURING HIS ARMY DAYS, BUT WHEN HE RETURNED TO HEDDERSFIELD ON HIS DEMOR, HE WAS IN FOR A SHOCK.....

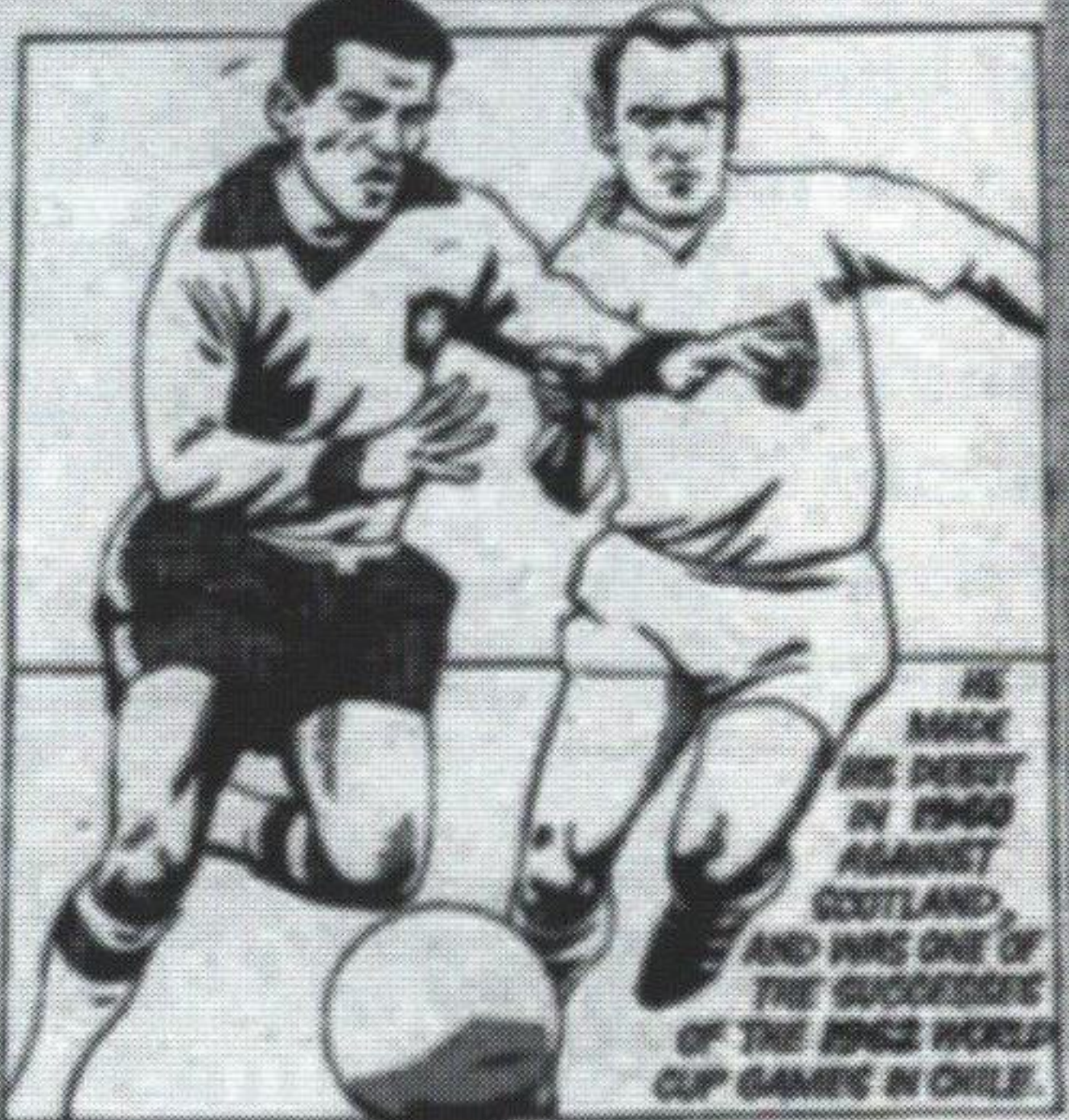
WE WANT YOU TO HAVE A TRY AT LEFT-BACK, RAY.

LEFT-BACK? NO YEAR - I'LL GO BACK TO CLEANING ENGINES FIRST.....



BUT WILSON PLAYED FULL-BACK - SO WELL THAT HE STAYED THERE. ONLY ONCE, WHEN TOWN WERE THREATENED WITH RELEGATION, DID HE RETURN TO ADD A BIT OF FIGHT AND DETERMINATION TO THE FORWARDS.....

GOAL! GOOD OLD RAY - WE WON'T GO DOWN NOW!



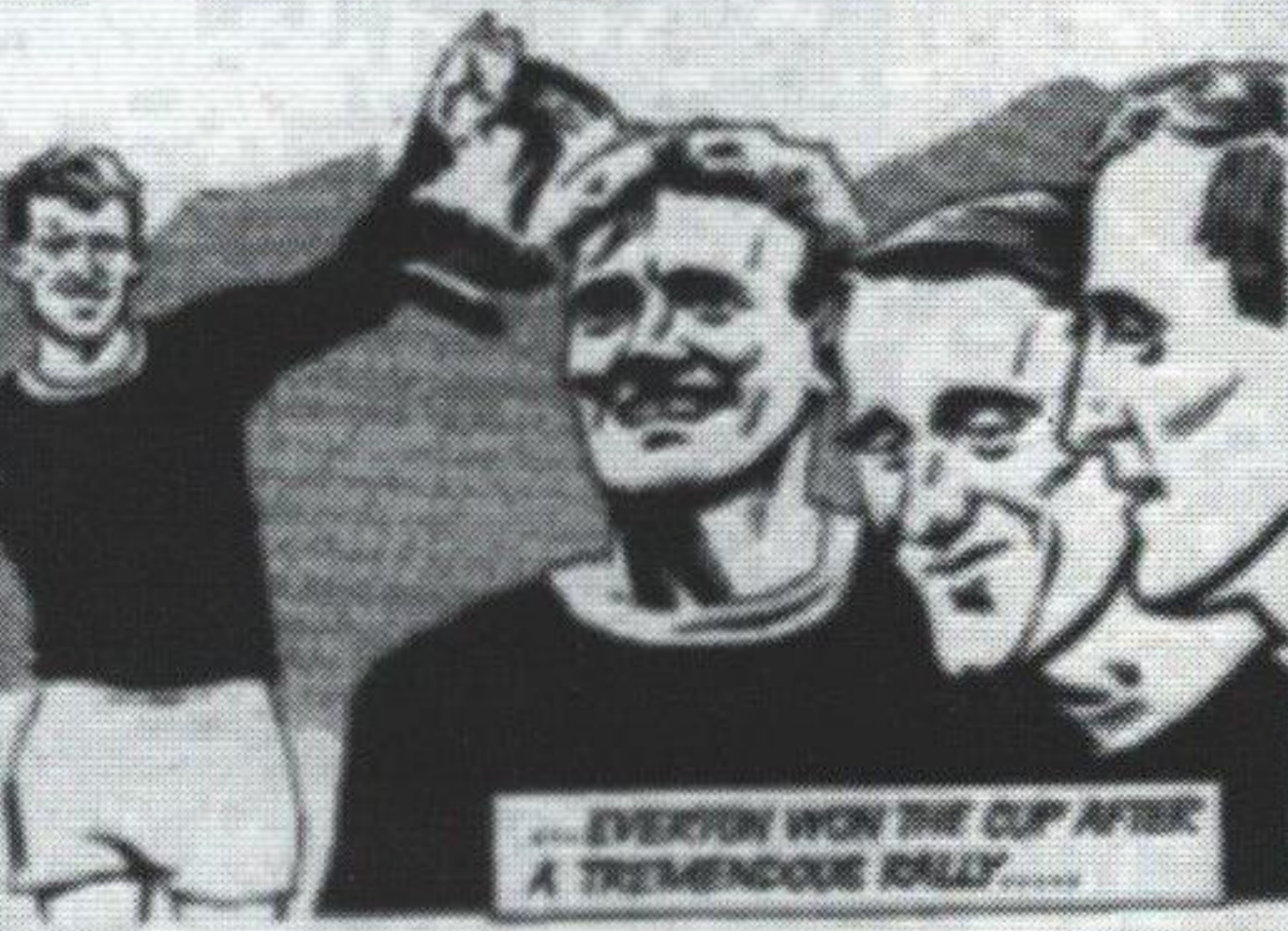
HE MADE HIS DEBUT IN 1940 AGAINST SCOTLAND, AND WAS ONE OF THE SUCCESSORS OF THE BRUCE WORLD CUP GAMES IN CHIEF.



ALMOST AN ENGLAND VETERAN NOW, 32 YEAR-OLD RAY WILSON IS STILL ASTONISHINGLY FAST. THOUGH ONLY 5 FT. 8 INCHES TALL HE TACKLES STRONGLY AND IS EXCELLENT BEATEN IN THE DRIBBLE - AND WHEN HE IS HE RECOVERS QUICKLY. IN MAY HE WAS IN THE EVERTON SIDE WHICH ONCE MORE REACHED THE CUP FINAL THIS TIME TO BE BEATEN.

THIS COULD HAVE JEOPARDISED HIS CHANCES OF PLAYING FOR ENGLAND, BUT DIDN'T. HIS STYLE AND CLASH WERE CONSPICUOUS EVEN IN A STRUGGLING CLUB.

IN 1946 EVERTON PAID £40,000 FOR HIM - A BIG FEE FOR A FULL-BACK IN HIS LATE TWENTIES. 1946 WAS A MEMORABLE YEAR FOR RAY.....



... EVERTON WON THE CUP AFTER A TREMENDOUS RALLY.....

... AND ON THE SAME WIMBLEY TURF WILSON HELPED TO MAKE JULY 30TH 1966 THE GREATEST DAY IN ENGLAND'S SOCCER HISTORY. WHAT IF HE WERE AT FAULT WITH WEST GERMANY'S FIRST GOAL? IT DIDN'T MATTER IN THE END.....

PEOPLE TEND TO REMEMBER A DEFENDER'S SLIP-UPS BUT FORGET HIS INDIVIDUAL MOMENTS. RAY NEVER NEGLECTS A CHANCE TO MOVE UPFIELD IN SUPPORT OF HIS ATTACK - AS WHEN HE MADE A GOAL FOR MARTIN PETERS IN THAT GREAT GAME WITH RUSSIA AT WIMBLEY LAST SEASON.



BOB BOND

15th October 1898 and Everton travel to Derby, the Everton line up is Muir, Balmer, Molyneux, Boyle, Owen, Taylor, Clarke, Bell, Oldham, Kirwan, Schofield.

It was a good line up but they let in five goals, a disaster you might say but no, Everton also scored five times and the game ended in a 5-5 draw, 7,000 fans are left dumbstruck by the goal blitz.

This was the first time Everton had been involved in a 5-5 draw, six years later it happened again but they are the only two occasions in our history that the scoreline ended 5-5. The goalscorers for Everton were, Centre Forward Oldham two goals, Centre Half Owen two goals, and Inside Right Lawrence Bell.

The fans got their moneys worth that day and 9,000 rolled up for the next match against West Brom hoping for a repeat performance. Everton, not surprisingly kept the same line up but it was a disappointing 1-0 victory to Everton Wilfred Owen is the goal scorer.

Wolstenholme and Proudfoot return for the next game away to Blackburn Rovers, the 14,000 fans created a great atmosphere and the game flowed with precision and skilful football. Everton are on top of their game and come away with a brilliant victory, winning 3-1 thanks to goals from Bell, Oldham and Proudfoot.

November 5th 1898 and 15,000 fans pay to get into Goodison Park, hoping to see an explosive game they were not too disappointed with a 2-0 victory over Sheffield Wednesday, who had been having a hard time of it in the League, this result didn't help them and in April they finished bottom of the League, Bell and Kirwan get the goals.

West Brom away and as they are struggling in the League Evertonians are looking forward to a victory. John Barlow Everton's outside left played his last game for EFC in this match, he followed little Johnny Holt to Reading.

The game was a very poor one for Everton, they are humiliated by an out of form West Brom losing 3-0, 6,686 fans of the home team are extremely happy. The few Evertonians in the crowd make the long miserable journey home.

Five days later Everton travel up to the North East to take on the mighty Sunderland, never an easy place to visit and with 16,000 Wearsider's shouting them on it was impossible for Everton to win on the day. Lawrence Bell does find the net but Everton lose 2-1.

19th November and a home game only attracts 6,000 fans, Wolves are the visitors and Everton need to win, they do what they need to and the points are secured with goals from Bell and Kirwan.

Home again and this time 10,000 watch, the visitors Bury are expected to roll over and die, the points are Everton's that is until the whistle blows and the game starts, Everton are playing terrible, no shape and no idea Bury can't believe their luck they sneak a goal and both points. The Everton players troop off the pitch to a chorus of boos.

3rd December and Notts County away, they are playing well and it will not be easy for the Blues to get anything from here. 10,000 spectators cheer County on but Everton hold their ground and counter attack, Proudfoot breaks the deadlock and snatches the valuable points for Everton.

Edgar Chadwick had come back into the team at Notts County after ten games out with an injury, he was a class player and very much missed when not in the team.



Edgar Chadwick

Edgar Chadwick had been with Everton from game one in the League in 1888 he had been a brilliant player for Everton playing in 300 games and scoring 110 goals he was one of the first Everton Legends and is a founder member of The Hall Of Fame. He is what being a Blue Boy is all about, also a proud England International

Due to a printing error, this page replaces page 28 in issue 16

10th December and Stoke City at home, 10,000 fans brave the biting cold Page28 weather to see the Blues earn a hard fought victory, Edgar Chadwick gets another vital goal and so does Oldham, Everton win 2-0.

The next game was down at Aston Villa, the League highfliers, it is going to be very hard for Everton, they will have to play to their best to get anything. The importance of the game is reflected in the size of the crowd, 25,000 pay to watch what turns out to be a formality for Villa, Everton are brushed aside easily, they lose 3-0.

Christmas Eve at Goodison Park and the visitors are Burnley, they are also high up the League and playing well, they will expect at least a draw at Goodison.

18,000 Evertonians are hoping for a nice Christmas present, they are given four in the shape of goals, Everton hit peak form and win 4-0 Proudfoot gets two, Kirwan and Oldham the others.

The players and fans take a well earned break for the Christmas holiday, there is no game until New Years Eve, the visitors to Goodison that day were Sheffield United and the Evertonians who had money left, 12,000 of them, came to cheer their team on. Joseph Turner a signing from Stoke City makes his debut for Everton at right back, he gets off to a winning start as Everton win 1-0 thanks to a goal from Proudfoot.

Happy New Year 1899 and on the 2nd January Everton play another home game, the third on the trot, Nottingham Forest are the first visitors of the year.

It should be a good start as Forest are a struggling mid table team but they play like champions and Everton once again show their inconsistency, as Forest score three times. Everton through Kirwan only score once, a terrible start to the New Year.

7th January 1899 and a historic trip to Newcastle, it is the first time Everton played at the Gallowgate, St James Park (see programme on next page) the game kicked off at 2.15 and 15,000 paid to watch. It was a cold day, as it nearly always is in the North East in early January.

Everton had signed two new players, in an effort to get some consistency, George Eccles a signing from Wolverhampton Wanderers makes his debut at left back, Thomas Crompton also makes his debut at centre forward, little is known about Crompton who only played four games for Everton, all in January of this year, he scored one goal.

15,000 fans turn up for this Historic first game against Everton and they were rewarded by an excellent end to end game, John Proudfoot playing at inside right slots two goals but Newcastle match them and the game ends 2-2.

The 14th January and Everton are at home against Preston North End, always an attractive side, they are never to be taken lightly. Eccles loses his place to Molyneux and Muir is injured in goal and is replaced by George Kitchen making his debut, a signing from Stockport County, it was to be his only appearance this season but his time was to come when he eventually claimed a first team place he made 90 appearances. Alfred Vaughan makes his debut at centre half, it was the only time he played for Everton.

Everton play well but Preston were poor, Thomas Crompton gets his only goal for the club and Kirwan adds another to make it 2-0.

Over to Anfield to play the squatters, having already beaten us at Goodison it is vital they do not beat us again, they are riding high, they are hoping to complete their first "Double" over the Blues. Everton fall apart in front of the 30,000 crowd and lose 2-0, This is the first time that Evertonians new exactly what it was like to feel absolutely gutted, this must never be allowed to happen again is the feeling among the faithful.

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

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Right Wing	Goal	Left Wing
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	Backs.	
	LINDHAY or HIGGINS.	JACKSON.
	Half-Backs.	
	ONLON.	STOTT.
	Forwards	
ROBERT STEVENSON.	MACFARLANE or HENDER.	AITKEN. WARDHOPE.
KIRWAN. CHADWICK.	CROMPTON.	PROUDFOOT. BELL.
	Forwards	
HUGHES.	TAYLOR.	BOYLE.
	Half-Backs.	
MOLYNEUX.	Backs.	BALMER.
	Muir.	
Left Wing	Goal	Right Wing
	EVERTON.	

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The programme above is from the very first meeting between Newcastle and Everton at the Gallowgate St James Park on 7th January 1899 .
 The Everton team that played on the day were
 Muir, Balmer, Eccles (debut) Boyle, Hughes,
 Taylor, Schofield, Proudfoot, Crompton (debut)
 Chadwick, Kirwan

The F. A. Cup at home to little Jarrow, can't ask for more than that, the rest is up to Everton and they play well enough to get through to the next round. The final score is 3-1 to Everton with goals from Chadwick, Proudfoot and Taylor. Thomas Crompton plays his fourth and last game for Everton.

There is no game for two weeks and then it's F. A Cup time again, home against Nottingham Forest, they have already beaten us in the League but the Cup is different, well it's supposed to be but 23,000 Evertonians watch as Forest do us again, it ends 1-0 to Forest and the disappointed fans leave the ground with the knowledge that another long awaited day out in London is now only a dream until next year.

Bolton Wanderers away in the League, 6,000 fans wait to be entertained, little Jarrow had impressed at Goodison and Everton had signed one of their players, he made his debut in this game, John Blythe a left half plays well as Everton win 4-2, Oldham gets two goals, Proudfoot and Taylor one apiece.

Sheffield Wednesday away and the travelling Evertonians are very happy, not many maybe among the 6,000 crowd but they see Chadwick and Oldham score in a 2-1 win.

With only the League to concentrate on Everton have to keep picking up the points. They keep an unchanged team for the third game on the run, 20,000 fans are inside Goodison to watch Everton play Sunderland, they are all expecting a thrilling game but it ends 0-0.

Bury away and again Everton keep the faith with the same team, but they are not rewarded with a win in fact it is an embarrassing defeat, we crash 3-1 Taylor scores.

Notts County at Goodison Park and Everton fall down again, 12,000 very unhappy Evertonians let vent with their anger, the game ended 2-1 with Proudfoot getting the Everton goal.

Two days later, Goodison again, Derby County the visitors, the ten goal thriller seems a long time ago., 20,000 fans hope to see a revitalised Everton but no such luck, they fall apart. It's the sixth time Everton have kept the faith with this team but the game ends 2-1 for Derby, Taylor scores our goal.

The Championship is lost, only a top five place seems to be achievable Lawrence Bell, Clarke and Eccles are all recalled into the team for the trip to Stoke, it doesn't help, we lose again 2-1 (Boyle) thank God only 3,000 are there to see it.

Champions elect Aston Villa visit Goodison, 20,000 fans are expecting a very hard fought game, Everton play well and get a 1-1 draw with a goal from Oldham.

April 22nd 1899 and Everton travel to Burnley, it ends 0-0 but the highlight was the debut of Jimmy Settle, a £400 signing from Bury. He was to go on and become another player who graced Goodison Park for many years, he played 267 games and scored 94 goals.

Wilfred Toman also made his debut at centre forward, 7,000 people watched the game Last game of the season away to Wolves, 4,000 fans watch as Everton end on a high note. Schofield and Toman score in a 2-1 win.

The sad thing about the last game was that it was Edgar Chadwick's last appearance for Everton. He had been in the Everton team ever since the first League game in 1888 a brilliant player and an England international. Everton were going to miss him very much but the signing of Jimmy Settle went some way towards cushioning the blow.

Everton had been playing League football for over ten seasons and they had been represented by some brilliant players, Chadwick was up there with the best, he went on to play for Southampton and then Liverpool but he will forever be a Blue Boy.

To be continued in issue 17



One of the oldest coloured articles of memorabilia a Baines Card from 1909 this card features the Everton player William Lacey he made his debut against Bradford City on the 3rd April 1909 he played in 40 games before leaving to join the people across the park. His last game was against Oldham on 24th February 1912 Signed from Shelbourne in Ireland . He played in every forward position but failed to find the net for Everton. Maybe his transfer across the park wasn't that upsetting to the Blue Boys of the day. He left in a "Swap" deal for Harold Uren.