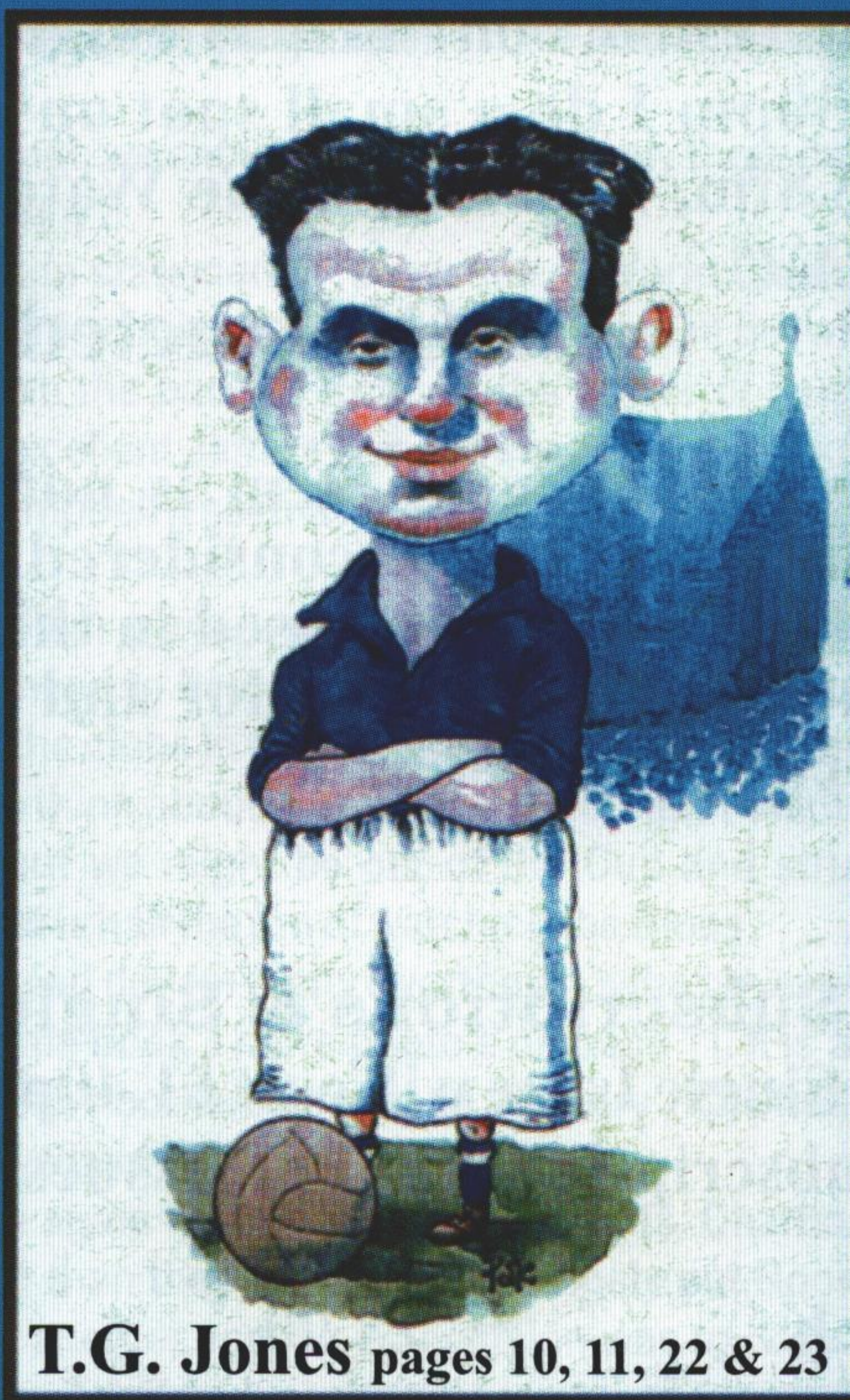


Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 3 issue 17



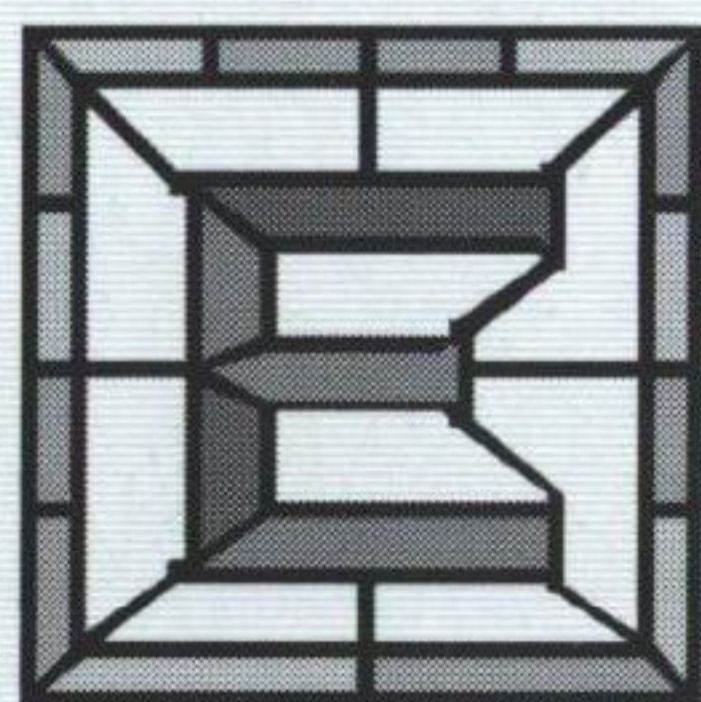
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Editorial Blue Blood

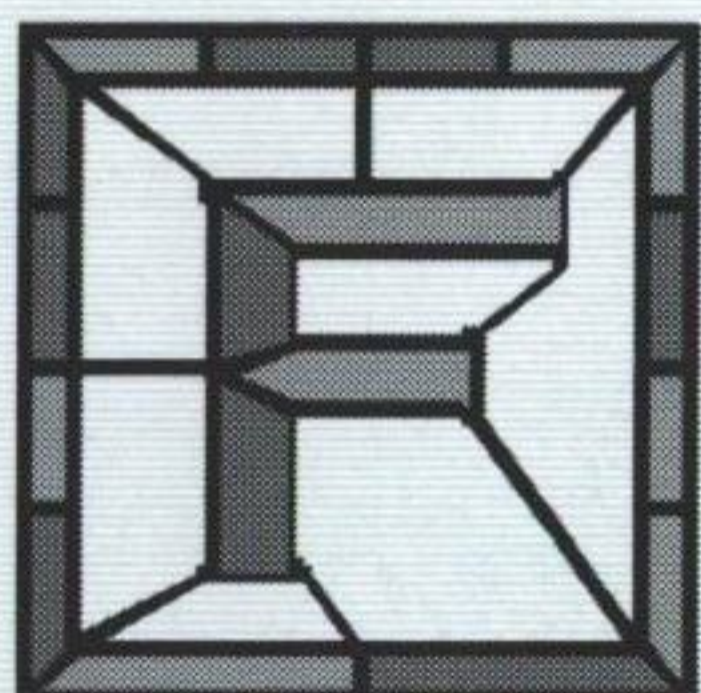
Page 2

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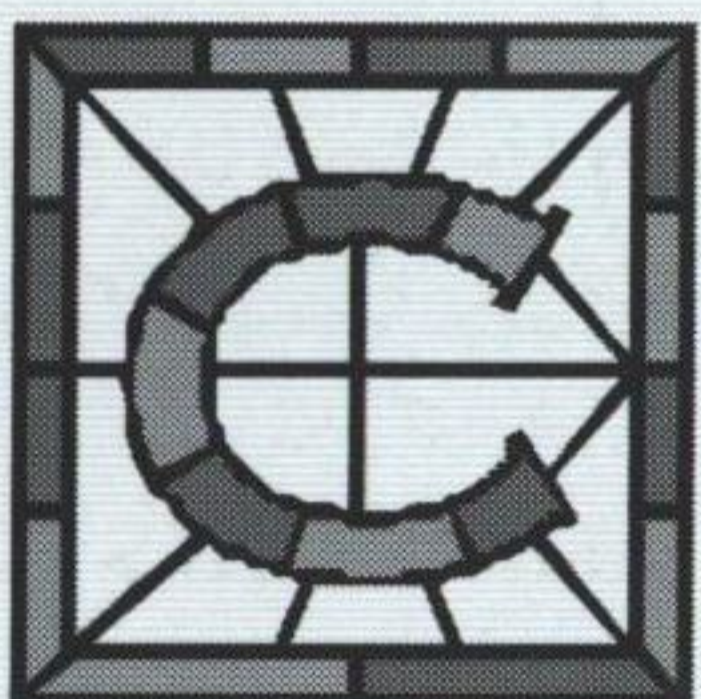
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Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Jack Cock
Debut 20th Jan 1923
Against Stoke City
Last game 7th Feb 1925
Against Liverpool
Total Games 72
Goals 31

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Back Issues available from me outside the Winslow (not many left)

First of all, apologies for the printing error in issue 16, page 28 was left in from the previous issue and I had to put in inserts. If for any reason you did not get one of these inserts please either write, email, or see me outside the Winslow. I hope the mistake did not spoil your enjoyment of the issue.

Many things have happened over the time since the last issue, Duncan Ferguson giving a new commitment to the BLUES is nice to see and let's hope he keeps it up.

Rooney seems to have come through his rough patch and most things look ok.

Moyes though has been somewhat inconsistent in his selections, chopping and changing his team, was he trying to 'Kid' Fulham at Loftus Road by playing a team that will be totally different to the one he will field in the Cup Tie? If he was then it went terribly wrong.

On too many occasions Moyes has had to totally rethink his tactics during a game, having to bring on subs to try and get back into the game and if we are hit by any injury there are not subs left to call on.

The Arsenal game was excellent, we should have won, but only three days later at Fulham we lose all our aggression and pace, why?

Moyes has made some strange statements, 'Gravesen is World Class' maybe so, but it's not at Football. Carsley is an automatic choice, so is Linderorth when fit but why?

When Everton have gone with the pace of Rooney, the power of Ferguson and the trickery of Radzinski, we have looked excellent Jeffers has not shown what we know he has got but is still nice to have on the bench, Campbell it seems has lost it but maybe he needs more time to get fully fit.

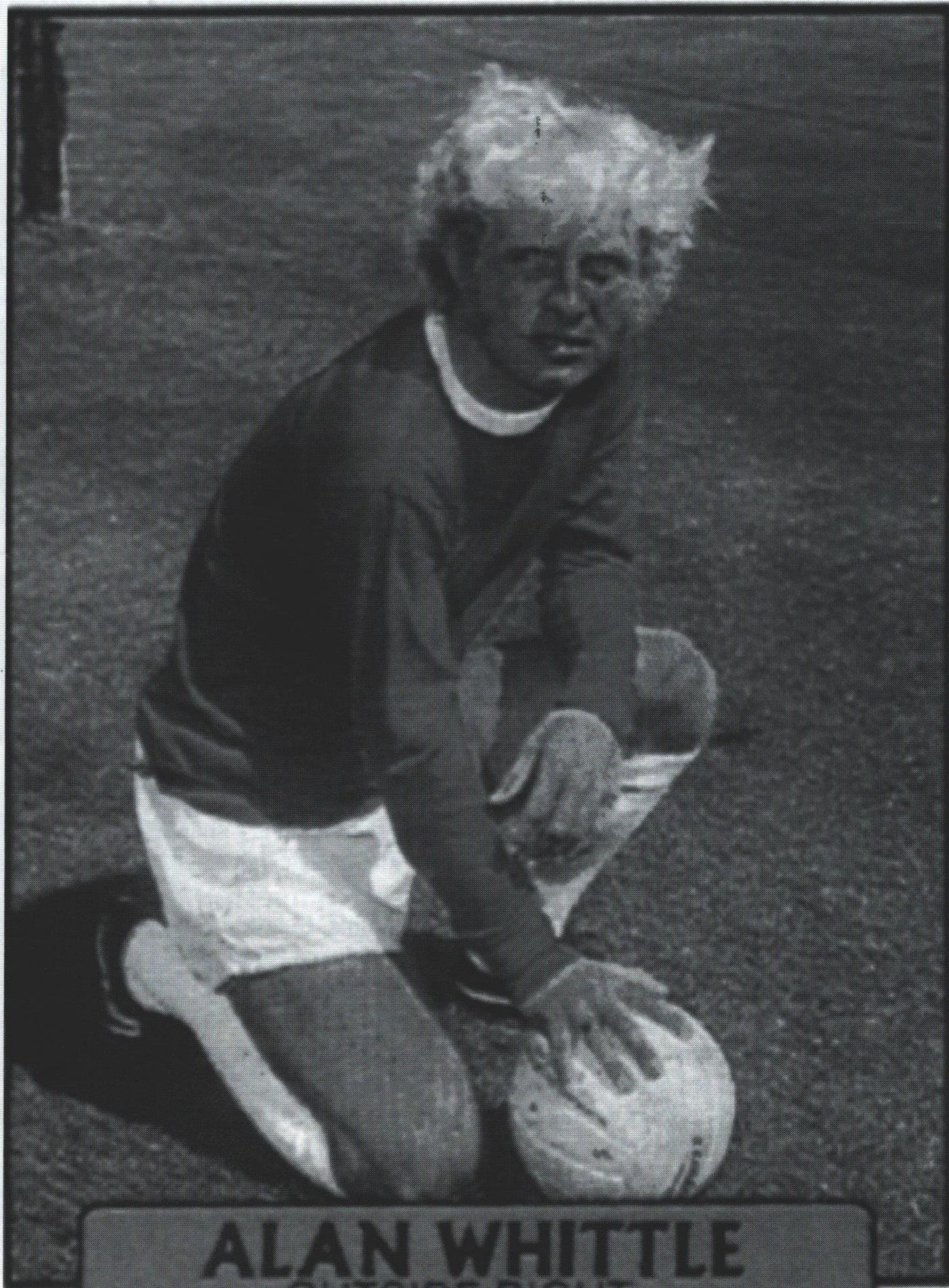
Kilbane is the sensation, if other players put as much effort into their game as Kevin then we would not be in trouble. We need to beat Fulham and then get another home draw, Everton, on their day, can match most of the clubs in the League, Chelsea and Arsenal at home prove that, so maybe it's time we started to think about a trip to the Millennium Stadium but then of course by the time this issue comes out we might be out of the Cup and struggling, who knows with Everton, and to be honest, that is half the fun of watching the Blues.

The death of TG Jones was a sad day for many Evertonian's the cover picture of TG is from David France's excellent Hall Of Fame book 3 more photo's on page 11. It is a shame that the so called Leading Newspapers couldn't be bothered doing an obituary, if he had played for Man United or Arsenal I think they would have paid him a handsome tribute,.

The Charlton game and once again we throw away the points, Charlton very not a good team, we made them look far better than they are. Moyes strangely put Rooney on the right wing while he dropped Radzinski, another very weird decision was to drop Hibbert and replace him with a left back, Pistone. Why didn't he just drop Naysmtih and leave Hibbert as a right back and put Pistone in his normal left back position? You might think I am wrong but we are losing points because of Moyes's tactics, players are in one week then dropped the next,, there is no consistency and there seems to be no tactical plan on how to play football. The big hoof to Duncan has crept back into our game and it isn't working. Every forward is missing open goals and the automatic selection of Carsley and Gravesen is baffling. Leon Osmon seems to have been forgotten, so too has Clarke. The players at the club are good enough to get us into the top ten but the selection and tactics employed at the moment are not.

Blue Blood

EVERTON



ALAN WHITTLE
OUTSIDE RIGHT

Alan Whittle

It was feared at the start of the 1969-70 season that Alan Whittle's chance of first team success had passed him by and that he was just another youngster, destined to drift away into footballing obscurity. However the 'blond bomber' was to burst onto the first team scene and by Christmas 1969 breathe new life into what would be a successful assault on the League Championship.

Born and bred in Merseyside, Whittle made it clear from an early age that Everton were the only club for him by rejecting the advances of a whole host of other big clubs. When Whittle first came into the Everton first team Man Utd's chief scout Joe Armstrong admitted that, "I wish we'd got him. A great prospect. I'd have felt like putting my head in a gas oven if he'd been Manchester born and gone to Everton." It was Denis Law, one of the stars of Armstrong's team that Whittle was perhaps unfairly compared to in his early days.

Whittle first broke into the Everton first team aged 18 in March 1968 when he came in as deputy for the injured Jimmy Husband. He made a handful of appearances that season and added a further five the next, showing his goalscoring capabilities with a brace in a League Cup tie against Tranmere Rovers. With his more senior team-mates playing so well, it was often wondered how the promising youngster would make the break through into the first team on a regular basis and many fans worried that he could simply fall by the wayside like so many before him.

Then in December 1969, injury struck Jimmy Husband and Whittle was recalled for the Goodison Derby encounter. Everton were humbled 3-0 but he had done enough to keep his place for the following week's encounter against West Ham. Having to play on a quagmire of a pitch, Everton had been drawing blanks until a poor back pass by Bobby Moore was intercepted by Whittle who sped 50 yards down the pitch, evading challenges by the West Ham full back Stephenson and Moore, before hitting the ball into the back of the Hammers' net. The *Liverpool Echo* commented, 'All credit to Whittle for the chance was brilliantly taken.'

Alan Whittle went on to score eleven times in fifteen games that season and much was expected of the 20 year old who had been so prolific during such an important time. However he was never really ever given an extended run in the side, and when he did play he was plagued with inconsistency. He was sold to Crystal Palace in December 1972 for £100,000 and on the same day Harry Catterick paid Aberdeen £180,000 for his replacement Joe Harper. After a proposed deal with Wrexham fell through in 1975 he found his way to Sheffield United the following year before trying his luck in Australia.

James Corbett

	League		FA Cup		League Cup		Europe		Total	
	App	Gls	App	Gls	App	Gls	App	Gls	App	Gls
1967-68	6	0	0	0					6	0
1968-69	4	0	0	0	1	2			5	2
1969-70	15	11	1	0	2	0			18	11
1970-71	24	7	1	0			4(1)	1	29(1)	8
1971-72	18(1)	0	4	2	1	0			23(1)	2
1972-73	5(1)	3	0	0	0	0			5(1)	3
Total	72(2)	21	6	2	4	2			86(3)	26

Honours: League Championship 1970.

Article by: Smart Arridge.

I am intrigued by Duncan Ferguson's latest affectation, the little white socks he has taken to wearing over the Royal Blue team kit ones.

This 'look', as copyrighted in the Seventies by Johann Neeskens the classy Dutch midfield star, has probably been explained away by Duncan to David Moyes as a cure for his bad back.

But it got me thinking...Everton play in Royal Blue and White, but what other additions to the kit have been made by players wanting to set themselves apart ?

In the early days Dixie Dean used to like wearing his collar upturned, and Bobby Collins wore his shorts turned over a couple of times at the waist not out of vanity, but probably to help them fit him.

However, the most memorable kit addition will be the white boots worn by Alan Ball. Bally's white boots were his trademark.

Apparently they started life as black boots painted white with a polish, but were soon made from white leather. White boots were also worn by other 'stars' of the day such as Charlie George and Alan Hinton, and were made by the sports goods manufacturer Hummel.

Every boy wanted a pair of white boots, and I remember as a lad lofting the ball over the bar from two yards out in my second-hand pair !

Nowadays the trend has re-appeared (thanks to Adidas and David Beckham), with our own players' Li Tie , Rooney and latterly SuperKev sporting white boots -although in Super's case they seem to be Brilliant White a la Alec Guinness's *white suit* !

Apart from boots, football Socks have been used regularly in the sartorial elegance of many past players, and in fact whole teams. Who can forget the Leeds sock tags worn by Billy Bremner, Peter Lorimer etc ?

Paul Gascoigne designed his own Everton socks by cutting the white tops so that just the Puma name was left flapping down over his shin, and Fergy also got in on the act by altering his likewise.

Dave Thomas will be forever remembered as the player who charged down the flanks with his socks down by his ankles, inviting damage from the less gifted full-backs of the day. However, he got away with it because he was one of the most skilful players ever to have played on the wing for any team.

Another wing wizard who favoured the special sock look was Andrei Kanchelskis, who used to have broad white tape on the outside of his socks, holding up his shin pads.

This look was also a Seventies favourite of Manchester United's Joe Jordan and Gordon McQueen, both ex-Leeds players.....*what is it with Leeds and socks ?*

However, I have yet to see any footage of our beloved Assistant Manager with his socks down by his ankles.

Last season I met a lady passing Alan Irvine a pair of white tie-ups from the side of the Goodison pitch during the warm-up session. Apparently this ritual was started in the Eighties when Alan arrived at the club.... and has continued ever since !

What about the shirts ? Surely no one could alter the shirts ?
as we are in pantomime season

“Oh Yes they Can !”

Ronnie Goodlass was noticeable because he used to hare down the wing with his sleeve pulled down over his hand, and before him it was the trademark of Wally Fielding who apparently used to hold each cuff in his clenched fist whilst tearing past opposition full-backs.

Gary Speed always seemed to have a different collar on his shirt to his teammates, usually as a result of some nifty trimming of the throat gusset with a pair of scissors ! But the most common shirt affectation is the long sleeve versus the short sleeve.

The most noticeable wearers of the short sleeve, in the last few decades were: Jimmy Tansey, who even rolled up his *short* sleeves ! 'Psycho' Pat Van Den Hauwe, who oozed hardness in his skimpy sleeves, And Joe Royle, even though he wore long sleeves, he used to have them rolled up around his elbows in an 'up and at 'em' attitude.

Conversely, the players who chose to make a statement in long sleeves include - Abel Xavier, apparently he used to take his shirts home and launder them himself because he liked his long sleeves so much.

Duncan Ferguson (yes Again!), and Nick Chadwick are mostly seen in long, while Rooney keeps us guessing from one game to another which length he will choose, but favouring mostly the longer length. Add to that list the latest Nyarko trend of short sleeves WITH gloves and you see how the shirt can be as much of a fashion icon as the Louis Vitton handbag ! And speaking of handbags, does anyone remember the green cotton gloves that Westie used to wear ?

One more shirt style, that does not seem to be in vogue anymore, is the un-tucked shirt. The most famous Evertonian throughout the Seventies for the un-tucked look was Duncan McKenzie. He would samba his way past three defenders in the twinkling of an eye, with his shirt swaying in rhythm around his waist.

Another player who seemed to wear his shirt a la Hoddle was Andy Gray, but I think this was more through combat than the affectations of style.

Of course, one player who never bothered whether his shirt was tucked or un-tucked, ...or even clean! ...Was Big Nev. He always looked like he'd finished a round on the bins BEFORE the game started !

Another part of the kit that has been used to get a player noticed is the Shorts.

Nowadays they are like sails billowing down by the player's knees - Rooney, Dunc (AGAIN), and Unsy are the worst of the fashion victims.

But in days of old, the sight of a young Adrian Heath or David Lawson in football shorts could bring tears to your eyes! There is also a part of the player that is used Hair.

Hair has always distinguished one player from another, from the perms of Bob Latchford's day, through to the hair extensions of Danny Cadamarteri, and on to Rooney's skinhead at the start of this season. But perhaps the most intriguing and immaculate hair was Tony Cottee's - he ALWAYS looked like he had come straight from the hairdressers.

And then there are the Italians, with of all things - the hair-band !

Both Pistone and Pascucci play in what looks like a strand of old knicker elastic wrapped around their foreheads ! Other 'accessories' that players have carried out with them on to the pitch include Wristbands as worn by Ken McNaught, Bob Latchford and latterly, of course, Big Duncan (*is there any affectation he hasn't tried ?*).

The already mentioned green cotton gloves of Gordon West, and the modern day monogrammed goalie gloves favoured by Richard Wright.

I also remember Gary Lineker complaining about not scoring because he had forgotten to pack his 'lucky' boots for an away trip and who can forget Mick Lyon's head-bandage !

Will we see a mask wearing Blue's player, like Fulham's Facundo Sava ?

Maybe, but I doubt anyone will ever match the impeccable style of Brian Labone.

He was a colossus every time he took to the field wearing nothing but his Everton kit. And nobody has ever looked as majestic in the plain Royal Blue and White as him !

SMART.

I am sure there are much more items that I have missed. Write in and remind us all.

Blue Swayed Views

Your letters



Page 8

George,

I think you will have to admit you have been wrong about Duncan Ferguson.

He is playing brilliantly and scoring goals.

Alan Parks

Ed

Yes Alan, Duncan is playing well but is it too little too late?

Three of his goals have been penalties against Stockport and Norwich.

Maybe the fact has finally dawned on him that very soon he will be unemployed and £35,000 a week, £150,000 a month, £1 million a year down?

He is now showing what he should have been showing the last three years, it's a pity he had to have an argument with Moyes to spark some life into him.

One last point Alan, when Duncan's contract is up, do you want Everton to renew it? And if you do, how much a week should we pay him?

Hi Blue Blood,

This letter might seem a bit petty but here goes anyhow.

My daughter bought me an Everton Selection Box for Christmas, it was in a very large box and looked very well presented. I couldn't wait to open it and get at all the goodies inside.

What a let down, inside were two small chocolate bars, a Chocolate Father Christmas on a stick lollypop style, a milk chocolate medal, a bag of iced caramels, jelly babies and a bag of wine gums.

No Everton Mints, no Everton Toffee's!!!

Sums up the merchandising side of the club

David Starling

Blue Blood

Goodison Park, what more can I say? The atmosphere against Norwich in the Cup, with 6,000 visiting fans and only 23,000 Blue Boys was magic, the Evertonians kept up a great support for the boys, Norwich fans also supported their team vocally.

Then on the following Wednesday night against Arsenal, the Evertonians did themselves proud, they urged the Blues on, singing and chanting, never letting up for one minute.

Some of you might wonder what I am getting so excited about, well I live in Australia and haven't been home for ten years, I have missed Everton more than you can imagine.

The internet helps, but being here is the only thing that can ease the pain, I will have to go home after the Fulham Cup game but already it has been worth the air fare just watching the last two games.

I will be at Loftus Road, shouting for the lads and will fly home after the Goodison Cup game.

I have bought everything Blue I could lay my hands on.

I loved Blue Blood and the Dixie Dean story is worth the £1 on it's own.

I will not be able to get back over for at least another five long years but the videos and fanzines will help with my "Cold Turkey" withdrawal pains.

To every Evertonian, I would just like to say you are the luckiest people on this planet, oh how I wish I could watch every game home and away.

James Williams

From time to time, some Everton fans suggest that, as a solution to our financial problems, the Club should think the unthinkable, and consider selling Wayne Rooney. We could, it is argued, raise anything up to £30M from the sale of young Wayne; remember, every player can suffer an injury at any time, or lose form, or become distracted by drink, drugs or any one of many other things. There's no telling if a player who starts promisingly will continue to develop, and besides, in this post-boom football era, a number of fine players can be obtained relatively cheaply, so losing Wayne need not be a major blow. If anyone sprouts nonsense like the above, have them placed under restraint and keep them away from sharp objects. Selling Wayne would be the worst step this Club could take. For one thing, it would declare to the whole world, in unmistakable terms, that we are not a big club, and that we have given up any ambition to become one. Any young player developed by us, no matter how good, would know that "success" would mean "a transfer from Everton". The price of any players we would be interested in would suddenly double, since other clubs would know we had money. No player with any ambition would want to join us; we'd merely attract the over-the-hill mob, the last-payday-before-retirement gang, and the could-have-been-a-star set. But as well as these valid reasons, there are even more important ones.

Firstly, buying players is an inherently risky business. We have had many failures in the transfer markets ourselves Bilic, Williamson, Alexandersson, and many others still cause a wince whenever they are mentioned but it is important to remember that every club, every team, every manager has experienced failures in the transfer market, some worse than ours. Even Sir Alex Ferguson has had his errors Veron, Taibi and others; Arsene Wenger paid £10M for Francis Jeffers; and few people would argue that the £23M Liverpool paid for Diouf, Diao and Cheyrou was money well spent. One need only look at Blackburn Rovers to see what effect selling a top star like Duff has had, when he is replaced by a number of average players like Barry Ferguson, Brett Emerton etc. The plain fact is, every transfer is a gamble. Take our mini-spree at the end of August, when we bought four players. While it is perhaps too early to judge them after only a few months, most would agree that success of the four has, shall we say, varied, from the signing of Martyn, which now looks positively inspired, to Francis Jeffers, who has so far shown little reason why we should re-sign him at the season's end. No matter how much one spends, a successful transfer cannot be guaranteed, and we could easily waste the "Rooney money" on the likes of Heskey (£11M), Bilic (£4.5M), Balban (£6M) and Cort (£7M). But the biggest reason not to sell is Rooney himself. He is an Evertonian, living the dream of every Everton fan; at the age of 16, he sank the mighty Arsenal; at 17, he scored for England; he is a former mascot who is now more popular than his former heroes. He is doing what every Evertonian dreams of doing, and to sell him would be to sell the Club's soul. Who hasn't felt the buzz of expectancy when Wayne gets the ball? We've seen defences, composed of seasoned internationals, go into virtual panic when Wayne gets the ball and attacks them. Think of Wayne's goal against Arsenal; of the crowd chanting "Rooney's going to get you"; the chant of "you can stuff your Alan Shearer up you're a**e" to Newcastle United; his belter against Villa in the last minute at Goodison in April; the magical goal against Leeds to slay that 50 year old dragon; that's why he's not "just another player"; that's the expectancy; that's Wayne Rooney. I am sure that David Moyes and Bill Kenwright understand this as well as we do, so, in my opinion, at least, we do not need to worry, at least in the immediate future.

Rolant Ellis

T. G. Jones, known as just T. G. to the fans, what did it stand for? Well the obvious answer according to all those who saw him play was The Greatest. But in fact it was Thomas George or Thomas Gwynfor, the Prince Of Centre Halves.

Many Evertonians who watched him say to this day that he was the best footballer you will ever see, the late great Gordon Watson said " Forget about Bobby Moore and John Charles, TG Jones was the most polished British defender of all time."

He was only 16 years old when he made his debut for Wrexham, after only six games he was signed by Everton for £3,000.

He was an instant hit with the Goodison faithful and was accepted into the School Of Science without having to pass an exam.

The War was to be the only opponent TG could not master, it took five long years out of his career.

Still in 1947 Italian giants Roma moved in for him, the offer of double wages and a better lifestyle appealed to TG but through various financial problems between the clubs it all fell through.

The Wales team improved under TG's influence and he played 17 times for his country.

He was born in Connah's Quay in 1917 and was 6ft 1 inch tall, weighing 13stone.

During the 1938/39 season he was a giant in defence and was a major reason in Everton winning the title. Making his debut in the 1936/37 season against Leeds on 17 th October 1936, it wasn't a debut to remember in Yorkshire, Everton losing 3-0. It was his only game that season but the following season saw him play 28 times in the league The Championship season 38/39 saw him play in 39 league games, he went on to play in 179 games for Everton before he left and went to Pwllheli as player manager , his greatest moment in management came when he took Bangor City to a playoff game against the mighty Napoli , the game was at Highbury and Bangor lost 1-0.

TG was the reason Everton Football Club gets talked about in Historical terms, he was one of the Everton Legends, up there with Dixie Dean, Joe Mercer, Ted Sager Alex Young, Jack Southworth, Jack Sharp and a host of others.

The Arsenal game, at Goodison saw a minutes silence to him impeccably observed, 53 years after his last game for Everton, Goodison fell silent in tribute to one of it's own.

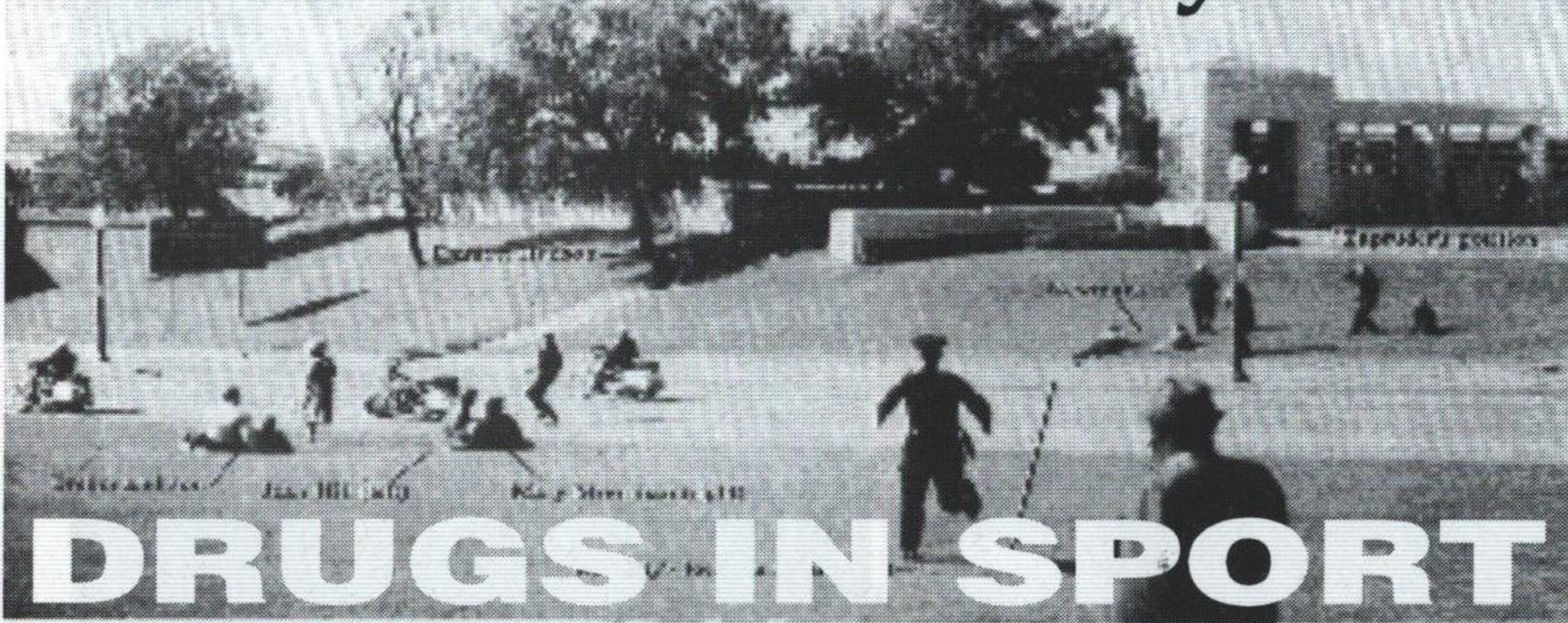
God Bless TG and condolences to his family and thanks Tommy for everything you did for Everton.



T. G. Jones

1917 2004

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"

The Rio Ferdinand affair has got everybody talking about drugs in sport but maybe we are all on the wrong track.

When Dixie and others used to ply their trade at Goodison Park, it was said that he could be seen in the Winslow having a swift pint before the game.

What would happen today, would it be a stimulant, an outlawed substance?

If Rio had been smoking a Joint over the weekend, would that be enough to be banned? According to the recent past, yes, it's a banned substance, yet the Law is going to downgrade Cannabis and other drugs might soon follow.

The use of steroids is cheating, there is no getting away from that fact and the F. A. should be more organised when trying to catch the cheats, Rio should have not been allowed to leave the training ground that day, he should have been informed that he was due to undergo the test and then taken to the area and asked for the sample.

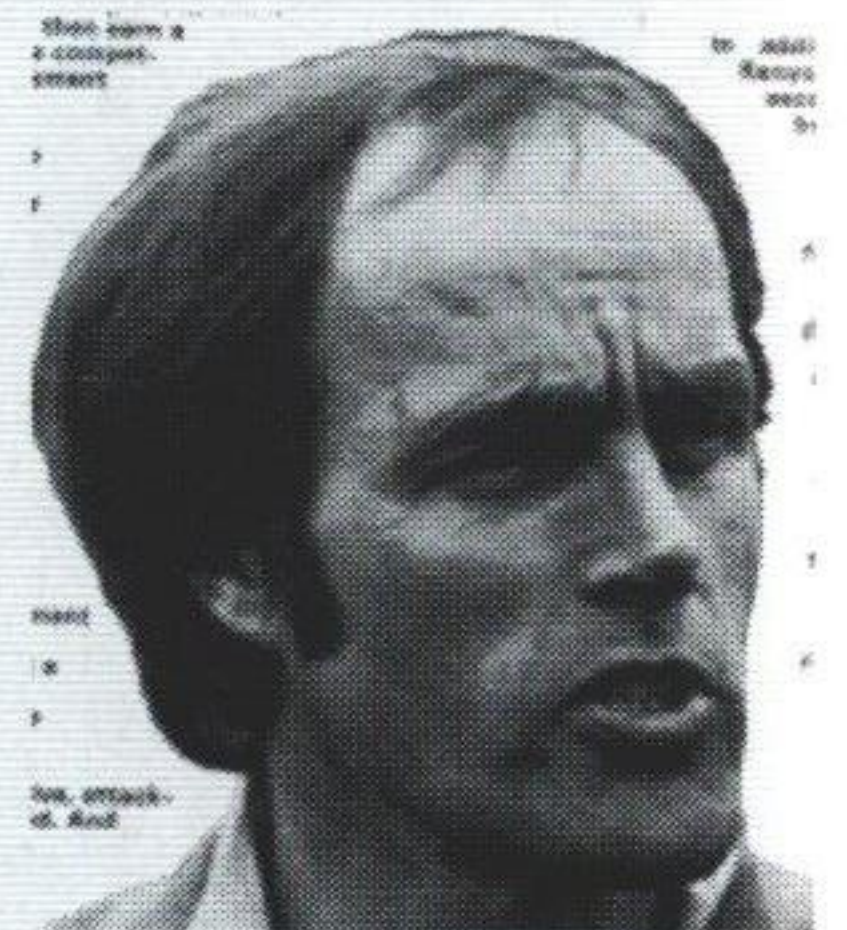
The F. A. are just as much to blame as Rio, the people employed by the F. A. are on good money, it's your money, you, the fan, it all comes from you, the money that you hand over to support your Club.

It also comes from all the Boys and Girls that play non league football, from all the League Secretaries who collect the 'subs'.

Yes Sky T.V. pay huge amounts to the F.A. but where do Sky get their money from?

Drugs in sport can only be stopped by testing every player after every game, random tests do not work. It might seem to be a drastic step but if the F.A. and the rest of football are serious then it's the only way to go.

Everyone who is caught out by the test, are innocent, according to the victims, not one has admitted it, so we are led to believe that there are no cheats, those caught took the wrong cough medicine, or their trainer prescribed something he didn't know was banned, they want you to believe, that the only dope in football is you, the fan and they are not far wrong because if you take what they say as the truth there is something wrong with you.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald



Harry Cook, Everton trainer 1948, note the smart suit and tie, no loose fitting track suit, no bag of tricks, with all the latest medicines and sprays. No just a sponge, a freezing cold sponge now if Big Dunc saw Harry running towards him with this magic sponge, I somehow think even Dunc would rise to his feet rather sharpish.

The other night there was all kinds of shouting and screaming going on, I was about to call the police when our Eva called and said it was the other lot across the park holding their AGM.

The Frenchman took some terrible abuse, the things they wanted to do to him, doesn't bare thinking about.

Not satisfied with all that, those horrible Kopites turned on that poor Moores lad, you know, the one who turned out Red, they used to keep him in the attic and feed him through a hatch, well him, he now owns the club, well as near as, because he has over half the shares.

It's all very well those Kopites wanting the Frenchman out but who is going to move in?

I have to live here and it's bad enough now with all those shifty looking Reds without another one we might know nothing about, better the devil you know. I have been saving my money since Christmas because I reckon we are on our way to The Millennium Stadium at Cardiff for the Cup Final. It's years since I went to Cardiff for a match, the place has changed a lot since then I am told. It would be nicer than going to Wembley, all those 'Dell Boys' just waiting to rip you off and when I was a young girl they wanted to rip off more than that believe me.

It has been fairly busy round here lately, thousands of Canaries were up here the other week, no not the little yellow birds, the supporters of Norwich, up for the Cup.

They were all over the place and I think they loved our chippies, well with that Delia one who does all the cooking for their supporters what do you expect, it's all right having them Vol Au Vount things but you can't beat a nice steak and kidney pie and a bag of chips, they got stuffed before, during and after the match.

It wont be long before the Fulham crowd will be up here, a bit posh that lot, living by the Thames and all that, they think they are something special, but the truth is they haven't even got a ground at the minute, they are renting a place.

David Moyes, lovely man, was a bit annoyed when we lost down there the other week, he never said too much but I know he wasn't happy with our lads missing sitters.

Charlton fans were up here as well, they loved the place, everything is so cheap up here, I heard one say.

I had a lovely Christmas and the New Year was great, our Billy was aiming rockets across the park but he never hit anything.

MY STORY...

By



Dixie Dean

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

The best pivot I ever met

When we beat Arsenal for the title

What I said to the Spanish goalkeeper

Why I always won the toss in the Canary Islands

INJURIES had lost me a number of caps, but in April, 1931, I was again selected for England, against Scotland. And, for the third season in succession, I was in a team beaten by the Scots.

Outstanding in my memory of this game was the crowd of 129,810, which roared itself hoarse when the Scots scored twice in the second half.

Archibald, of Rangers, sent in a shot which Hibbs, of Birmingham, could not hold, and Motherwell's George Stevenson drove the ball home. Jimmy McGrory got the other goal.

Mention of McGrory. This Celtic centre-forward was classed as another Gallacher; but, to my mind, he did not compare with the great Hughie.

I faced David Meiklejohn, of Rangers, in this match, and he blotted me right out, thus England had no spearhead.

Meiklejohn, by the way, was the best pivot ever to oppose me. He was hard in the tackle, good in the air, and was capable of sending his forwards away quickly with a shrewd pass.

Our team that day was unimpressive, for England were in the process of rebuilding. The line-up was: Hibbs (Birmingham); Goodall (Huddersfield), Blenkinsop (Sheffield Wednesday);

Strange (Sheffield Wednesday), Roberts (Arsenal), Campbell (Huddersfield); Crooks (Derby County), Hodgson (Liverpool), Dean (Everton), Burgess (Sheffield Wednesday), Crawford (Chelsea).

Switching back to the League tournament, Everton landed the Second Division title without trouble, and, with 61, had seven more points than West Bromwich, the runners-up and Cup-holders.

Before the start of the 1931-2 season I was made skipper of Everton. The club officials decided the extra responsibility would not worry me. I was pleased at the honour, but commented, "It does not matter who has the job, because we are all captains!"

That was the spirit which was making Everton the cock team of the sport. We enjoyed ourselves, both on and off the field, and many times rival players, impressed by our spirit, asked if there was any chance of joining the club.

I wondered whether we would be able to make a good start on the return to the higher grade, and quickly got the answer when we climbed to the top of the First Division.

On October 17 I got five goals in a

9-3 win over Sheffield Wednesday, and this clinched my place against the Scottish League a few days later.

Soon afterwards I was in shooting form again, with a four against Chelsea, and we reached the end of the year top of the table with four points lead over West Bromwich.

The toughest centre-half I met that



Very Rare Sketch by Giles

season was a 19-year-old Grimsby Town player, Harry Betmead, and I was not surprised when he got into the England side a few years later.

With the turn of the year came a change in our fortunes, for Birmingham beat us 4-0, and, the following week, local rivals, Liverpool, knocked us out of the Cup, 2-1.

After 45 seconds in this game I got the ball when defenders Morrison and Bradshaw collided. Elisha Scott was, as usual, prancing about on his line, but he had no chance with the left-foot pile-driver I put past him.

Our fans roared with delight, but goals by left-winger Gunson and international inside man, Gordon Hodgson, put Liverpool in the next round.

A few weeks later we had revenge in a League match, and then beat our title challengers, Sheffield United, 5-1.

A new menace, Arsenal, had crept upon us. They had won the title the previous season and wanted a repeat performance.

That Arsenal success started a seven-year spell in which they won the championship four times, were runners-up once, won the Cup and lost in the Final on another occasion. It was a magnificent record, matched only by the players who wore the red and white.

You have only to reel off some of the names to realise what a team of talents Arsenal could field in that spell—Preedy, Moss, Parker, Haggood, Male, Leslie and Charlie Jones, Roberts, John, Hulme, Jack, Lambert, James and Bastin.

It must have been joy to lead the attack in the early thirties, with speed merchant Joe Hulme partnered on

the right by precision player David Jack; and wee Alex James, master of the defence-splitting pass, teamed with "boy wonder" Cliff Bastin, one of England's deadliest left wingers.

But, in 1932, we were one of the few teams not fearing Arsenal. They had a wonderful team, but so had we; and, by keeping our form, we reached May Day needing to win our last game to be sure of the title.

When centre-half Charlie Gee was taken off injured, after ten minutes, our hopes slipped. *Late in the game, however, my old black thatch came to the rescue when a very difficult dropping ball came into the middle and I managed to glide it into the net.*

We got home with 56 points—just two ahead of Arsenal; and as the crowd cheered us after the game I gave a little speech and finished by saying, "Next year it will be the Cup!"

Only one international cap came my way that season, against Spain. They had a very famous goalkeeper named Zamorra, who was billed as "the best in the world," and was paid £40 a week.

Herbert Chapman explained to him in training that if he had the ball I was entitled to charge him according to the



Sixteen years after Dixie's death, the Legend lives on with the issue of this medal for the European Championships

laws of the game as we interpret them. *Looking down his nose—and he stood 6ft. 3in. !—Zamorra said I would not get near enough to charge him.*

He was certainly a clever and agile player, but his words got my back up, and I determined to teach him a lesson.

In this game one of our players was newly capped, and on the evening prior to the match he came to my bedroom in a dither.

"How will we get on?" he queried. "Win easily!" I answered. "And if you like, I'll take £6 to £1 we get more than five goals!"

Such a confident bet bucked him up, and he was quite willing to take my offer, realising that even if he lost all



Ted Taylor, Everton goalkeeper clears the ball from a Huddersfield attack, Hunter Hart, the Everton Captain looks on. Played on February 4th 1928 Everton lost the game 4-1 but went on to win the Championship



his match money it would be because of a big England win and the probability of his playing a good game.

So we came to Highbury and I soon found that three players, Camborena, Quincoces and Zabal, were detailed to watch me.

Unfortunately for our opponents, this left openings for our other forwards, and Jackie Smith, of Portsmouth, and my club mate, Tom Johnson, smartly cracked in two goals. Between them they had a lovely time, with plenty of room in which to work.

Soon afterwards, Sammy Crooks went down the right wing and, as I drifted to the far side of the goal, the defenders came with me, leaving Sammy to cut in and score easily.

Zamorra was like a cat on hot bricks, gesticulating and waving because Crooks did not centre! But worse was in store for Zamorra.

Sammy again broke away and centred, and I saw the goalkeeper awaiting my header. Using my experience, I lunged a fraction of a second early, sent him diving the wrong way, and then coolly nodded into the open goal.

Eventually we ran out easy 7-1 winners. I felt a little upset that some

Dean and Alex James (right) shake before a match between Everton and Arsenal in 1936.

of the critics "panned" me for not scoring more, without admitting that by keeping defenders occupied, I had opened the way to goal for my teammates.

I collected my winning bet and went along to the banquet in the evening. After the meal Zamorra sent an interpreter asking me to have wine with him.

He was in tears as he later told the interpreter to say that in Madrid that night they would think he was no good. I still remembered his words of the previous day and said, "Tell him he's no good in London, either!"

That close season we went on tour to the Canary Islands. On arrival I was told that if we won the toss we must kick with the sun in the opposing keeper's eyes, because it went low later on and was valueless. At the usual toss up I was allowed to shout, and each time called "Skay," at the same time waving in the direction we wanted the play.

My confidence won the situation each time, for my odd shout was never queried and so the ruse gave us the advantage and helped us to an easy, unbeaten tour.

One other strange incident on this trip was the occasion when the referee disallowed a goal because I shot the ball right through the back netting. The official maintained the ball had to stay in the net!



Injuries cost Dean many caps. Here he is leaving hospital after treatment for an injured ankle.



In the fifth instalment of his thrilling life story DIXIE DEAN, tells how though troubled with injuries he achieved every player's ambition—and won a Cup medal... how he beat STEVE BLOOMER'S record... He tells, too, of his successor at Everton—TOMMY LAWTON.

Don't miss next month's issue of Football Monthly, when Dixie is on the ball again. And tell your pals!

EVERTON F.C.



Back Row (left to right)—Mercer, Jackson, Sagar, Cunliffe, Cook, and Britton.
Front Row—Gillick, Hurel, Gee, Stevenson, and Leyfield. Inset—Dean.

Dixie Dean gets his last photo opportunity in the Everton squad for the 1937/38 season, almost an afterthought he is put inside an insert. The end was nigh Dixie only played five games that season and scored one goal fed up with Theo Kelly the Everton manager he left his beloved club but he stayed forever Blue

The latest news around Goodison Park is that Everton are looking into the possibility of a new share issue.

This idea has been proposed by Steve Allinson, vice chairman of the Everton Shareholders Association and according to reports, the board have received the idea with open arms and there has already been some thought given to the idea.

Celtic, took this road a few seasons ago and raised £9.4 million pound, it was a lifesaver for the club and there has been two other share issues since then.

Bill Kenwright would not comment on the idea but inside sources say the Everton Vice Chairman is fully supportive of the proposals There are already 35,000 Everton shares, with Steve Allinson's proposal, there would be an additional 15,000. The majority shareholder is True Blue Holdings Ltd, again it is thought that they would be supportive of the plan and they would not take up a share option, which means there could be 10,000 shares available to buy.

Most Evertonian's would like the opportunity to purchase the shares but of course they will be hard to get and will not be cheap, however it does give the ordinary fan a chance, even if he shares his share with somebody else.

The Everton Shareholders Association have yet to vote on the plans and it is not known which way any vote would go, in the first instance it seems sensible that more fans can have an input into the club but then there is the question which most shareholders would ask "Would this new issue devalue the shares they hold at present?"

That is a very important question and nobody really knows what way the Association would react if the answer was negative.

However praise to Steve Allinson, when many Evertonians are moaning about the club having no money, Steve has come up with an idea that just might solve the problem of the cash crisis at Goodison in the short term at least.

George Orr

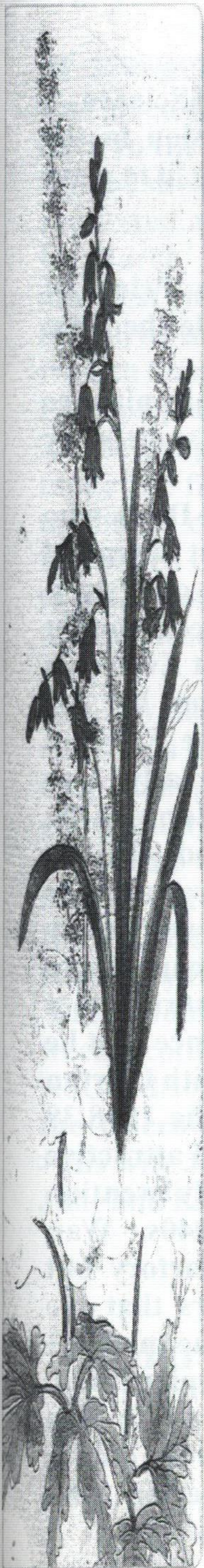
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The following Obituary was written for the Guardian Newspaper by James Corbett, author of the excellent book Everton School Of Science. It is printed here in its entirety unlike the abridged version in the newspaper, Blue Blood would like to thank James for allowing it to print the full unedited article.

TG (Thomas George) Jones, who has died aged 86, was the 'Prince of Centre Halves', an unruffled, elegant defender who bestrode the First Division and Welsh football team in the 1930s and 1940s.

Born in Connah's Quay, Flintshire in 1917, he first rose to prominence with Wrexham, but after only six first team games was spotted by Everton and signed in March 1936 for £3,000.

Goodison Park was then in a state of flux. The legendary Dixie Dean, who had dominated the blue half of Merseyside for a decade, was at the end of his career, and Jones linked up with several other notable youngsters, including Joe Mercer and later Tommy Lawton, who had been bought with one eye on the future, but were struggling then to arrest Everton's decline. He made just one appearance in the 1936/37 season, but the following year established himself in place of the sometime England centre-half, Charlie Gee. The style of the two men differed greatly. Gee was a traditional, uncomplicated centre back; Jones a defender with the skill and composure of an inside forward. Cool and relaxed when in possession, few defenders of his ilk had been seen before. A forerunner of Franz Beckenbauer, Jones' forte was dribbling out of his own penalty area and spraying the field with passes. 'He had the great capacity to stroke the ball around,' Lawton later said. 'He also had the best right foot in the business and so complete was his positioning and balance that he always seemed to receive the ball on his right foot.' Along with Lawton and Mercer, he was instrumental in helping Everton lift the 1938/39 League Championship. As one of the most accomplished and attractive teams of the inter-war years and with an average age in its early twenties, Everton looked set to dominate English football into the 1940s. War, however, changed everything. Jones went to work in a factory but continued to turn out for Everton during the seven years that the Football League was suspended; also for Wales, for whom he made 11 wartime appearances to add to the 17 caps he earned in happier times. When normal play resumed in 1946 Everton had lost Lawton to Chelsea and Mercer was on his way to Arsenal. The loss of his two friends (Jones was best man to both) was a crushing blow to him and Everton, who plummeted into mediocrity in the immediate post war years.

Amidst all the dross Jones continued to illuminate Goodison - when he was given the chance. Differences with the Everton hierarchy, dating back to the war, when a director falsely accused him of feigning an injury, saw him in and out of the team. On several occasions he requested a transfer, but Everton refused to sell him.

In March 1948 Roma launched an extraordinary bid to make him amongst the first foreigners to play in Italy. The £15,500 fee was as lucrative to Everton as the personal terms were to Jones, but at the twelfth hour, the deal collapsed over 'currency details.' He remained an Everton player.

To the perpetual bemusement of many fans Jones still often failed to make the first team. The situation got so bad that he was sometimes unable to even make the reserve side and would secretly turn out for Havarden Grammar Old Boys. Finally, in January 1950 Everton agreed to his release. It was a sad and inauspicious ending to the career of the man of whom Dean described as, 'The best all round player I've ever seen.'

After walking out on Everton he managed Phwelli part-time, also running a hotel. Later, his name again made headlines when, as Bangor City manager, he masterminded one of the most greatest ever acts of giant killing. In 1962 Bangor, as Welsh Cup winners, ventured into the European Cup Winners Cup and were drawn against Italian giants Napoli. Incredibly the Welsh side won the home leg 2-0, but lost 1-3 in Italy. Alas there was no away goal rule, a replay was required. At Highbury Bangor fought gallantly, but the Italians triumphed 3-1.

Later, Jones ran a newsagents in his beloved North Wales and filed a weekly column for the Liverpool Daily Post.

At Goodison, where lesser individuals now fill his mantle, the memory of the 'Uncrowned Prince of Wales' lives on.

>His wife Joyce died last September. He is survived by two daughters, Jane and Elizabeth.

TG Jones, Footballer.

Born Connah's Quay, 12th October 1917;

Died Ysybty Bangor

3 January 2004.

When Everton announced that they had bought Kevin Kilbane most Evertonians heaved a heavy sigh and said "oh no, not another journeyman"

He had been tagged as a failure who had been with Sunderland and had watched them get relegated while the Wearside fans gave him hell.

He was their 'whipping boy' an easy target for the Makems, the same fans who hounded Peter Reid out of his job.

I however remembered a different Kilbane, a midfield player, with West Brom, a hard tackling, hard working footballer, who if given the chance could score.

I thought, if he can recapture that form then Everton might just have bought themselves another Paul Power, he too came to Goodison under the cloud of Journeyman, only here for the money and his retirement package. We were all proved wrong then just as we are now with Kevin.

Kevin, holds the ball, passes the ball (that in itself is rare at Goodison) takes on defenders and can put over excellent crosses for the forwards.

Duncan, Campbell, and Rooney must be made up with him.

Moyes can think he has got a bargain at £1m and not many would argue with him, Kilbane is getting his confidence back and if he can keep up his present workrate and form, we can expect exciting things in the next few months.

The Arsenal game saw Kevin in fine form, tackling and taking on the so called Kings Of London, running them ragged and sending over 'Cruise Missile Precision' crosses.

He was my man of the match and at Loftus Road he played great again, the team as a unit move better with him in the side.

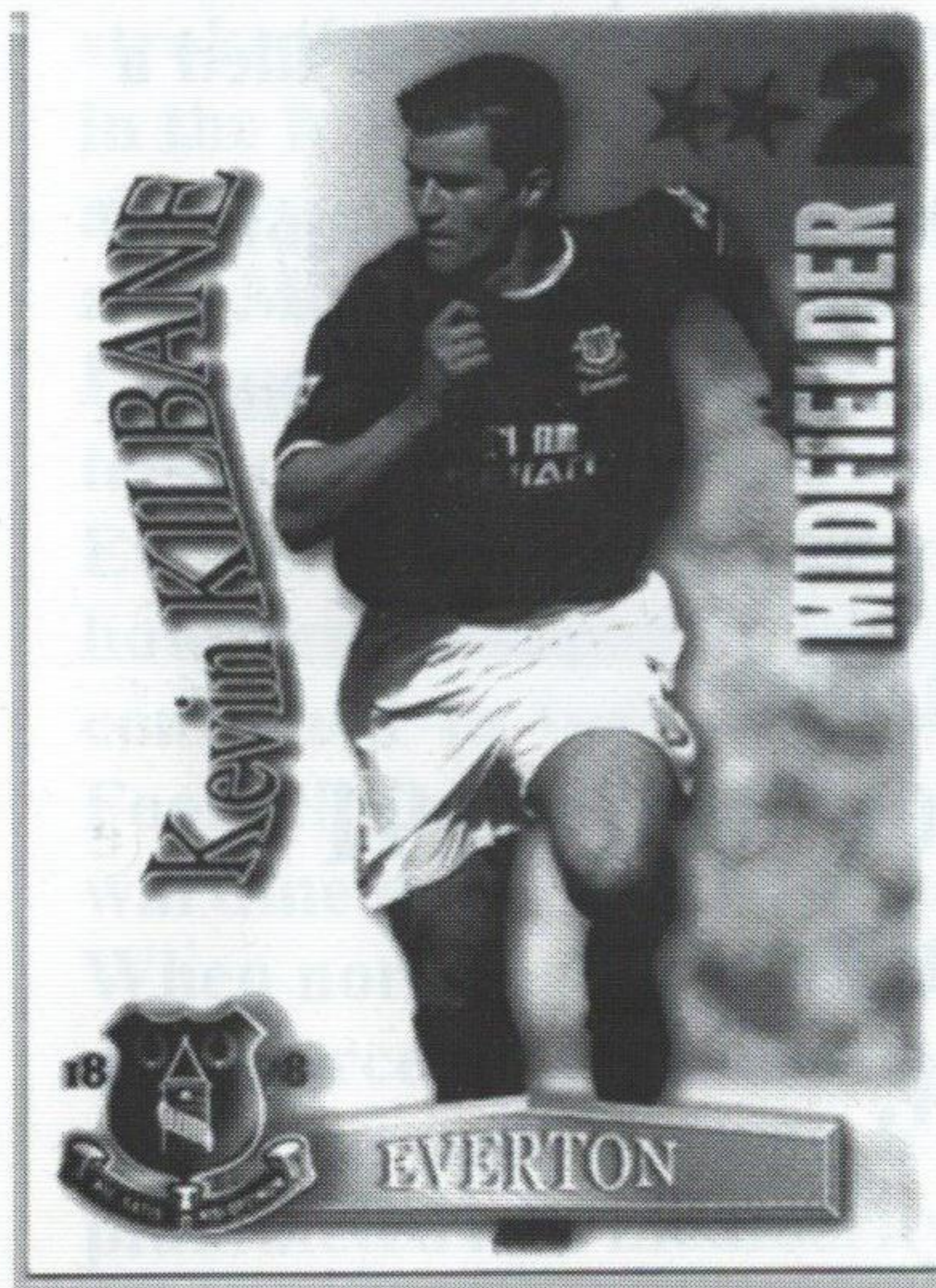
Let's just hope the Boo Boys don't get to him at Goodison, because some fans only go on what they have heard and not what they have seen, they can't understand that a player who has got a bad name at another club can be transformed by a good crowd and a good manager.

Kevin Kilbane could turn out to be the best signing Everton have made in the last few years.

Graham Wilson

Kevin Kilbane

Proving all the critics wrong, playing some good football and bringing Gary Naysmith back to form.



As Anne Robinson might say "Who is the person costing Everton Football Club a fortune?"

"Who is the one not pulling his weight, not earning his keep?"

There are some fans who would say Kevin Campbell, he is on £35,000 a week and has been struggling to regain form and fitness, some say that he is 'past his best'

The key word is Past, because Kevin has done enough in the past at Everton to be given a bit more respect and for that reason alone he is not the weakest link.

The next competitor is Duncan Ferguson, also on £35,000 a week, very few games and even less goals is what we get for all that money but when he feels like it, not often enough but when he does, he does enough to make sure he is not the weakest link.

Stand up Chris Woods, although he is not on a massive wage, what does he do? We have had Thomas Myhre, Paul Gerrad, Steve Simonsen and Richard Wright, every one of them scared to move off their line, to come out and command their area, only Richard Wright would accept any blame for his mistakes and whilst all this was going on Chris Woods continued to pick up a wage as a goalkeeper coach, still he is not at number one, oh no not by a long way.

That honour rests with Michael Dunford, our brilliant Chief Executive, he has been in charge of a club that has, off the field failed miserably to make any profit for many a year. Despite having the high profile of Wayne Rooney and over in China, Li Tie.

The ex Derby County Box Office Manager picks up nearly half a million pounds a year, yes, trust me, check out the AGM wages structure and with a little bit of accountancy you will arrive at that figure for our Chief Executive.

Again the question must be asked "What has he done to promote Everton Football Club?"

Why does a club that gets consistently good attendance's and high season ticket sales struggle to beat Birmingham or Bolton in the transfer market?

So there you have it, Michael Dunford, you are the weakest link

Good Bye

Everton Football Club are twenty one years old and the hopes are high for the coming season. Gate receipts for last season amounted to £9,658 16s 9d but players wages came to more than half that amount, £4, 908 4s calls for wages to be pegged at £4 per week were getting aired but that would be another year away.

Everton had been in the transfer market and they had bought Walter Abbott from Small Heath (Birmingham) a promising outside left, Jack Sharp from Aston Villa had the fans buzzing with excitement. He was a class player and could get Everton into the trophy winning places in the League and Cup. Everton also signed his brother Bert, a useful right back, others were to join the club during the season.

Lawrence Bell, Clarke, Crompton, Divers, Hughes, Kirwan and Vaughn had all left the club.

As I said hopes were high and the first game of the season couldn't come quick enough for the Evertonians. September 2nd 1899 and the waiting was over, Sheffield United at home, Walter Abbott makes his debut along with Jack Sharp, the exciting, skilful winger from Aston Villa. Jimmy Settle was also in the line up, so it looked a formidable Everton team.

25,000 Blue Boys pay to enter the Goodison Shrine but their prayers are not answered as they watch Everton stumble to a 2-1 defeat. Jimmy Settle scoring our lone goal.

Newcastle away, Everton keep faith with the same line up, it is not rewarded by the players, they perform as if they have never met each other, 30,000 Geordies go into raptures as their team win 2-0, a sad Everton team troop off the field.

16th September and the visitors to Goodison Park are Champions Aston Villa, Jack Sharp's old club and a very hard team to beat.

This time the 30,000 crowd are Evertonians and they roar their heads off for the Blues, Toman scores for Everton the ground erupts, the noise is deafening but short lived, Villa score twice to snatch both points.

The third defeat on the bounce, the board are not happy, some like Thomas Keates, who wrote the Brilliant History Of Everton 1878 1928 said that "The Club was carrying too many passengers, the board was persisting with players that were clearly not good enough, trying to make average players good", one hundred years later Walter Smith and David Moyes had the same problem.

The board are unhappy and make changes, the first to face the axe is new signing Walter Abbott, who has been very disappointing up front, Blythe and Schofield are recalled to the team for the next match and the next match is a vital one "THE DERBY".

After losing to the enemy twice last season a repeat of that would not be acceptable to the fans or the board, so some players were playing for their jobs, their heads would roll if Everton lost this one.

The game is at Anfield our old home but now the enemy encampment, 45,000 mainly hostile natives were there to hurl abuse and shout on their team, Everton entered the cauldron with little confidence.

But they "Settle" down when Jimmy Settle puts the ball into the net, stalwart Jack Taylor, always the man for the big occasion gets another and Everton win 2-1

Everyone at Goodison sighs in relief, jobs and pride are kept, maybe this is the kick start the boys needed.



Jack Sharp

Signed from Aston Villa, Everton didn't realise the gem they had until later in the season, Sharp was quality, and he also played cricket for England a master of both games and he was destined to become another Everton Legend, loved by the fans.

The next game is at home to Burnley, only one change to the team
Molyneux makes way for Eccles at right back. **Page 28**

Surprisingly, despite winning the "Derby" only 15,000 attend the game, Everton play well and Wilfred Toman gets both Everton goals in a fine 2-0 victory.

Preston North End away and how the mighty have fallen, once the Kings of English Football they now had lost their form and their crowd, only 3,000 pay to watch the game, Jimmy Settle scores again and the game looks to be ours but Preston also score, we have to do with a draw, not really good enough against a team that had little confidence and were there for the taking.

October 14th and Nottingham Forest are the visitors to Goodison, 10,000 fans attend, they witness the first League goal by Jack Sharp and with Wilfred Toman once again on target Everton take both points in a 2-1 win.

Seven days later Everton travel to little Glossop North End, the newly promoted newcomers to the First Division. They only last one season and finish rock bottom but not before taking a point off Everton in this 1-1 draw, 3,000 Glossop fans are pleased, Wilfred Toman's goal saves Evertonians from embarrassment.

10,000 fans at Stoke sense that Everton could be easy meat, and only for a goal by Jack Taylor to save a point, we would have been.

The board, under pressure to make changes persist with an unchanged team, the fourth game on the trot, the next game is a hard one Sunderland away, 18,000 fans against them and Everton are put under pressure from the start, they manage to play well, miss some chances and are unlucky to lose 1-0.

West Brom at home, no Jimmy Settle for this game, Oldham replaces him but only 6,000 fans turn up. There wasn't 6,000 inside the ground at the final whistle, West Brom were 3-1 winners and Evertonians were not happy, Jack Sharp scored Everton's goal.

November 25th Blackburn away and Everton crash to another 3-1 defeat, 7,000 Blackburn fans are surprised at how easy it was, Jimmy Settle got the Everton goal.

Behind the scenes at Goodison and a "Stop The Rot" campaign is under way. Walter Abbott the forward signed from Small Heath who had been a failure had been playing exceptionally well in the reserves but it was in defence that he was starring not as a forward.

It was decided to give him another chance and he played in the next game against Derby County at home. Also making his debut in that game was Bert Sharp, the brother of Jack, he was a right back, Robert Gray a signing from Partick Thistle also starts for the first time, the board had been determined to make changes and get a winning team. 15,000 Evertonians keep the faith and watch a new style Everton play really well to win 3-0 Jimmy Settle, Jack Sharp and Jack Taylor all score, the board pour the drinks and slap each other on the back, the crisis is over.

Bury away and not surprisingly the same Everton line up are selected, the magic fails to work, they play awful and get the worst hiding of the season so far, losing 4-1 Wilfred Toman scores our goal, 7,000 Bury fans go home to their Black Pudding.

Notts County at home and the fans stay away in their droves, only 4,000 pay to watch, a very poor turnout and an even worse performance. Everton lose 2-0 Not many of the 4,000 are still inside the ground on the final whistle. 23rd December 1899 and a trip to Manchester City, they had been in the League since 1894/95, trying to get promoted to the First Division and at last they had made it. They were doing fairly well and were not going to be an easy team to beat.



Jimmy Settle a £400 signing from Bury another Evertonian destined for the Hall Of Fame.



Walter Abbott

Signed from Small Heath (Birmingham) as a forward Walter was a disappointment, he was dropped and put in the reserves where he took up a defensive position and excelled. He was brought back into the team at left half and went on to play in 291 games for Everton.

Everton ruin the Manchester City Christmas celebrations and 14,000 home fans watch as their team are beaten by an exciting Everton side Robert Gray gets his first goal for the club and Jimmy Settle gets another one in a 2-1 victory.

Christmas Day and Everton are at home to Stoke City, 15,000 Evertonians are looking for two points as a Christmas present. The points are gift wrapped by Settle and Taylor in a 2-0 win.

Boxing Day and the weary players are on their way down to West Brom for a difficult game, West Brom had already easily beat Everton at Goodison Park so nobody was under any illusion about the task that lay ahead. 8,000 West Brom fans expect another easy game but Everton play well and come away with a well deserved point in a 0-0 draw. Blythe and Proudfoot had been recalled to the team over the Christmas period and had done well.

Four days rest before another hard game, away to Sheffield United, they are playing well and are in with a shout at the Championship. Everton make only one change for the game, Wolstenholme replaces Blythe at right back.

This is to be the last game in the Nineteenth Century and Everton want to go out in a blaze of glory. It didn't go to plan and being an Evertonian, I never expected it to. Everton get hammered, ripped apart, battered, use any term you like but 5-0 says it all.

The 20th Century is here, Queen Victoria still rules, although she is coming to the end of her reign, the Boar War is a distant battle that England is embroiled in and the Country as a whole is not in the best of shape. Football however is thriving and on New Years Day 1900 Goodison Park hosts the first game of a new Century, visitors are Preston North End, the giants of early League Football, 15,000 fans pay their money and watch Everton get off to a winning start, Proudfoot scores the only goal for the Blues. 6th January and home once more, this time to Newcastle United, no easy game and so it proves, in an exciting end to end match both teams give it their all and Everton run out 3-2 winners, thanks to Proudfoot, two goals and Jimmy Settle. The only downside to the day was the disappointing attendance figure, a paltry 2,000.

One week later Everton travel to the League Champions Aston Villa, they were on line to keep the title and didn't want Everton to upset that aim.

12,000 mainly Villa fans watch a hard fought game in which Everton earn a point thanks to a Jack Taylor goal, the game ends 1-1. The 21st January and the game, yes The Derby at Goodison Park, Everton are looking to do the 'Double' over the Red ones. 30,000 fans, are inside the ground when the whistle blows to start the game, the roar can be heard all over the City and the game settles down into a hard fought tough tackling affair. Everton gain the upper hand and Jimmy Settle scores twice along with Blythe. Everton run out 3-1 winners, all the Evertonians are happy, last seasons ghosts are laid to rest, we have done the 'Double' respect is regained.

The F.A. Cup is next on the agenda and Everton have been drawn away to non League Southampton, as there are only two Divisions in the Football League other clubs have formed and play in their own Leagues, Southampton are one of those clubs.

Apart from the long journey, nothing should bother Everton but of course, you know and I know that when you say that Everton will let you down and they do not fail to do that, it was hard to tell which one was the League Club and Everton go out of the Cup to a non League side, 3-0 the 10,000 spectators can hardly believe it.

(to be continued in issue 18)

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SOUTHAMPTON PLAYERS.

- *ROBINSON, J. W.—goalkeeper. Born Derby, 1870, 5ft 10in, 13st 4lbs.—Left Lincoln City, '92; Derby County, '97; New Brighton, May, '97. Ireland, 1897, '98. Scotland, 1897, '98, '99. Wales, '98, '99
- *MEEHAN, PETER—right-back. Born Broxhurn, 1874, 5ft 9½in, 13st. Left Hibernians, '91; Sunderland, '95; Celtic, Jan., '97; Everton, May, '98; Scottish Inter., Ireland, 1896.
- DURBER, PETER—left-back. 5ft 8in, 11st 4lbs. Left Stoke, May, '98.
- MESTON, SAMUEL—right half-back. Born Arbroath, 16th Jan., 1871, 5ft 10in, 11st 12lbs. Left Arbroath Victoria, '93; Stoke, May, '95.
- CHADWICK, ARTHUR—centre half-back. Born Church Lane., 1875, 5ft 8in, 11st 13lbs. Left Accrington, '94; Burt-on Swifts, May '97
- PETRIE, ROBERT—left half-back. Born Dundee, 1877, 5ft 7in, 11st 10lbs. Played for Arbroath; Dundee; East End, '91; Sheffield Wednesday, May, '97
- TURNER, ARTHUR—outside-right. Born 1877, 5ft 8in, 11st 8lbs. Left Camberley St. Michael, '99
- YATES, JAMES—inside-right. 5ft 6in, 11st 2lbs. Left Sheffield United, '97
- FARRELL, JOHN—centre-forward. Born Tunstall, 7th, 5ft 8in, 10st 7lbs. Played for Dresden United; left Stoke '99
- *WOOD, HARRY—inside-left. Born Walsall, 1868, 5ft 9½in, 12st 7lbs. Left Walsall Swifts, '87; Wolverhampton Wanderers, May, '98. Wales, 1890. Scotland, 1890, '96
- *MILWARD, ALFRED—outside-left. 5ft 7½in, 11st 5lbs. International twice, and Inter-League, '96 '97

* Internationals.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Robinson

Meehan

Durber

Meston

Chadwick

Petrie

Turner

Yates

Farrell

Wood

Milward



Gray

Settle

Proudfoot

Sharp

Abbott

Blythe

Taylor

Wolstenholme

Balmer

Eccles

Muir

EVERTON.

Referee—MR. A. GIBBS, West Bromwich
Liamson—MR. C. SQUIRES AND MR. H. C. PLATT

EVERTON PLAYERS.

- MUIR, W.—goalkeeper. Born 1877, 5ft 10½in, 12st 7lbs. Left Glenbuck Athletic, Jan, '97, and Kilmarnock, May, '97.
- ECCLES, G. S.—right-back. Born Newcastle-under-Lyne, 1871, 5ft. 9in, 11st 2lbs. Left Middleport, '93; Burslem Port Vale, '96; Wolverhampton Wanderers, May, '98
- BALMER, W.—left-back. Joined from Aintree Church, '96.
- WOLSTENHOLME—right half-back. Born 1876, 5ft 10in, 12st. Joined from Local Club, 1899
- BLYTHER, ROBT. F. centre half-back. Born Glenbuck, Ayrshire, 1870, 5ft 9in, 11st 7lbs. Left Glenbuck Athletic '92; Middlesbrough Ironopolis '93; Rangers '94; Preston North End '99
- ABBOTT, WALTER—left half-back. Born Birmingham, 1878, 5ft 8½in, 11st 8lbs. Left Small Heath '99
- SHARP, JOHN—outside-right. 5ft 6½in, 11st. Left Aston Villa, '99
- *TAYLOR, JOHN D.—inside-right. Left Dumbarton, '94; St. Mirren, '95. Scottish International Wales, 1892, '93. Ireland, 1891, '95
- PROUDFOOT, JOHN—centre-forward. Born near Glasgow, 1875, 5ft 6in, 12st 6lbs. Left Partick Thistle, Feb. '97; Blackburn Rovers, May, '98
- *SETTLE, JAMES—inside-left. Born Bolton, 5ft 5in, 10st 10lbs. Left Bolton Wanderers, '95; Bury '99
- GRAY, ROBERT—outside-left. Born Lenzie, 1878; 5ft 6in, 10st 7lbs. Left Partick Thistle '99

* Internationals.

W. WALTON, PRINTER, SOUTHAMPTON.

This is a very rare programme from 17th January 1900 when Everton went to the Dell to play non League Southampton in the Cup Everton lost the game.

Where Blue Boys used to go to say their prayers in the 70's

