

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 19



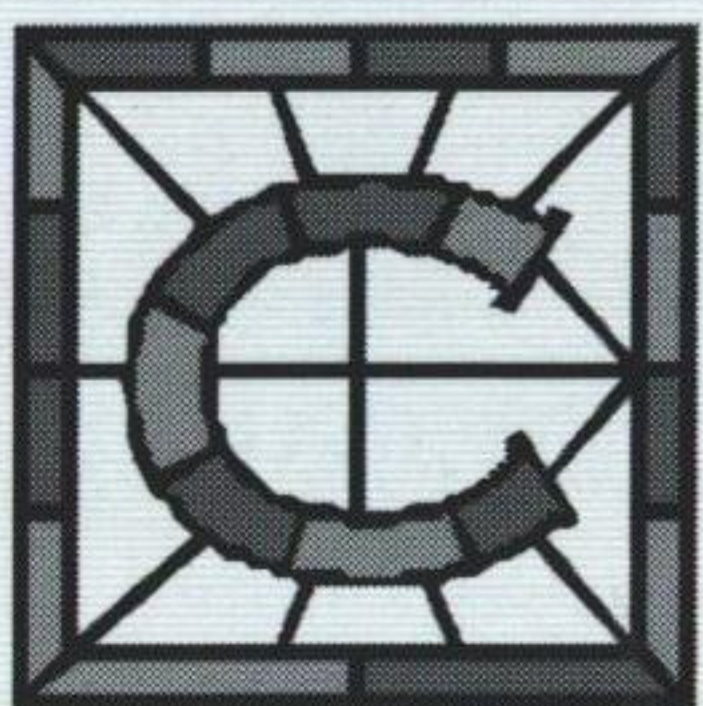
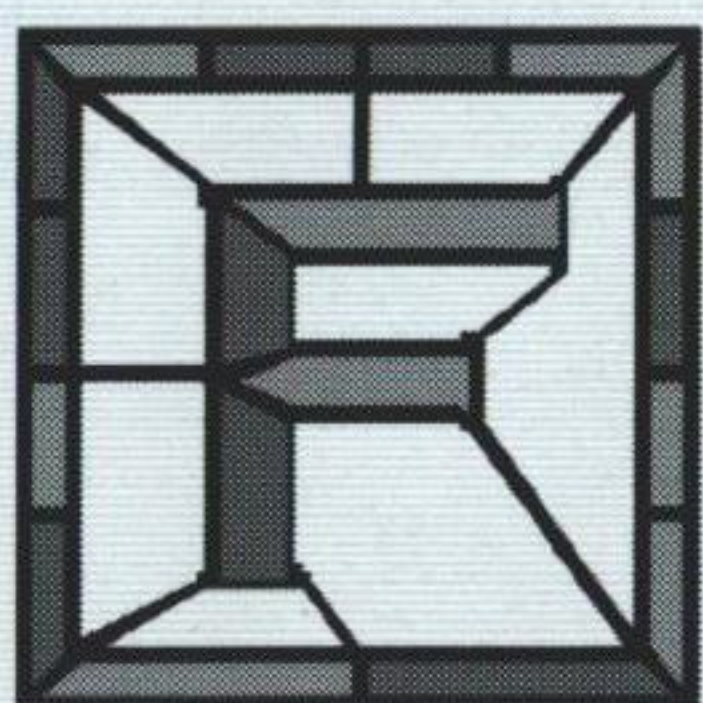
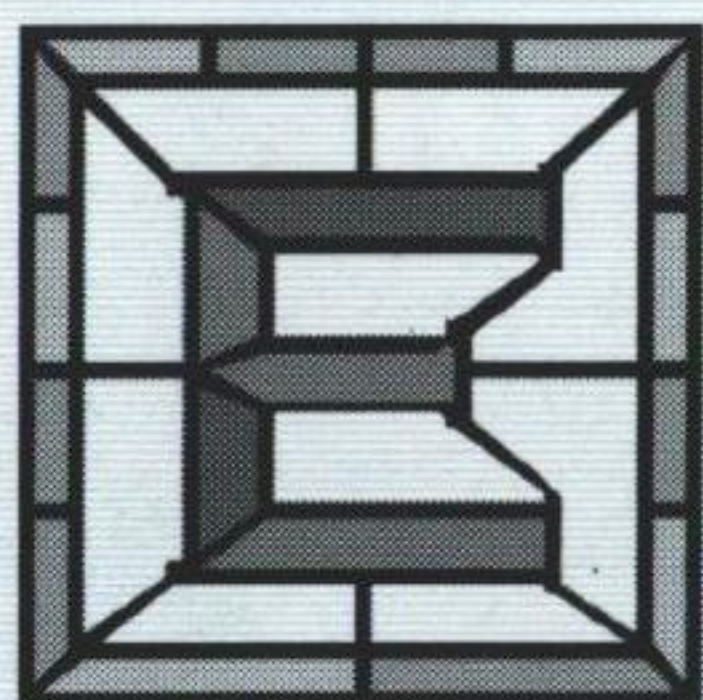
THE GOLDEN VISION

Price £1.20

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

Editorial Blue Blood

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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)



Alex Troup
Outside left

Joined Everton in 1923 and became the man who was to make Dixie Dean world famous. His precision crosses found Dixie's head on many an occasion.

Played 259 games
Scored 35 goals

The last issue No 18 had a page from the previous edition left in, I am sorry if it spoilt your enjoyment but I have spare inserts for page 26 email me if you need one.

Also you will have noticed the price increase, it's the first in four years and had to be done if Blue Blood is to survive, I hope that you understand.

What a busy summer, Carter and Dunford gone, Trevor Birch in for six weeks, Rooney boy to man in four games, boardroom turmoil.

There are a lot of Evertonians crowing now about how bad Kenwright is but once again Blue Blood was ahead of the pack, in the last issue of last season I wrote on page 3, Kenwright has taken Everton as far as he can, Carter has been his invisible self and the unheard off unknown rest should resign. It was obvious from day one that Kenwright would not be our saviour, the Kings Dock (another Blue Blood first) did not exist, except inside the head of "lovey dovey" Bill. He told us many times there was money for this player, that player and that if asked to step aside he would do so gracefully. Well Bill you did not do any of the above things. Everton have become a laughing stock, bids for Smith & Savage are only the tip of a very big iceberg. We as Evertonians are only too ready to accept any praise and believe it, like Moyes is the best young manager in the Premiership. Well I am sorry to disappoint you but he isn't, It is probably Bruce or Coleman, Moyes was the fourth worst manager in the Premiership, with less points than Walter & Walker in the Everton shame Museum.

Kenwright & Gregg what is going on? They both say they have the clubs interests at heart but both of them see a different picture.

Kenwright has been very quiet, it is only a week away from the Premiership start as I type this page and Everton are grinding to a halt.

We are linked with players we can't afford, we have players on our books who are telling management what to do, ie Gravesen and Naysmith. Others like Dunc the Croc will not help out by taking a cut of his £2 million wage pack.

Everton are in deep, deep trouble, apart from the debt, we are £5 million overdrawn and rumour has it the bailiffs could come in, don't laugh, cast your mind back a few years to when Bruce Rioch was manager of Middlesborough and he arrived at Ayresome Park one day to find it padlocked.

The banks know that we have some assets that will pay them off, Wayne Rooney for one, but if the banks do put the squeeze on EFC then we will not be able to pay the staff never mind the players.

If Gregg gets frustrated with Kenwright and walks away like Granby and leaves Kenwright and Woods alone then we are in big trouble. Bill has not delivered anything he has promised but argues to the end making the situation worse.

Gregg is not a Blue, ok that's fine, he is a businessman who knows the only way to get his investment back is to take control and run the club as a business, we all know that the club is not run properly and we need an IRON HAND at the top.

The pre season games have shown us that we are in big trouble, the players we have are not good enough even when they try their best, if any get injured then we could be watching Everton Youth v Man United, or any other team.

Some good points in a bleak summer, the opening of a City Centre Store is what has been needed for a long time and what a time to open it, when Rooneymania is at it's height, so well done to all those involved but we need to stock it with money making goods.

Moyes for all his lack of money, could in my opinion have brought more players into the club on free transfers, maybe they would not be big names but they would be players to join a depleted squad.

Unsworth and others have left the club, their wages are now being saved every week, why can't we get more players in at the same wage or less?

All summer I have had phone calls, text messages and emails and every one has been doom, nobody expects anything but relegation and if Kenwright can't understand that then it is just another reason he should go.

Blue Blood

It was Sunday 27th June 2004, I was browsing through the TV magazine listings, just mooching to find something after watching the Czech Denmark European Championship game.

Nothing of any interest took my eye on the terrestrial TV listings, on to Sky, not a lot there either, so I glanced at BBC 3 and BBC 4. There it was, like a beacon it shone out at me 10 15pm The Golden Vision. It couldn't be, could it? I mean I have a poor bootleg copy of the Everton play from 1968 but I have written to the BBC and Everton, trying to get them to put it out on video.

The BBC said that it no longer existed, it had been wiped, not correct as my poor quality tape testified.

Everton said that there was insufficient interest and were not interested, nothing surprising there either.

Just in case it was THE GOLDEN VISION I set the video and sat back to wait for the start.

Going through my mind was the thought of how stupid I would look when I discovered it was a Religious programme or one of these documentaries where someone has a dream, a vision.

The introduction started, the words, Ken Loach, that was enough, my heart beat faster, I checked that the video was recording and then it started, Alex Young's daughter, the teams on the pitch, Everton & Man City, Z Cars The Golden Vision, nearly forty years wait was over, a top quality version was now on my TV and not only that, it was recorded on my video.

I phoned a few other Blues but most were not in or their mobiles were switched off, never mind, their loss.

What a great play, brilliant, exceptional, Everton F C on the brink of greatness, Alan Ball, Howard Kendall, Colin Harvey and of course the one and only Alex Young.

Within two years this team walked the Championship, sadly Alex had left but Jimmy Husband, John Hurst and many others carried the name of Everton proudly into history.

The play only had one fault, for me, not enough was shown of Alex Young on the pitch, a genius, a player that oozed skill. He glided around the pitch, mud, ice, rain, snow nothing could stop him, not even the hired assassins from other clubs, in the 60's, if you stood still you got kicked and kicked hard.

Young, didn't get kicked, he didn't stand still, God, The Golden Ghost etc no name, can describe how good he was, a rare talent that sadly is not seen today.

The play ended, I checked that the video did record it, I rewound the tape pressed play and there it was, bright as a button, in full glorious black and white, it was now 11.30pm Sunday night, I was supposed to go to bed and sleep, no chance, I watched it again, laughed at the excellent jokes, remembered the good times watching Everton home and away in the 60's and nearly cried when I recalled what these great players were given as payment, buttons compared to most of the clowns who wear the shirt today.

Rooney has given me some hope, some chance to think that there are Evertonians today following in my footsteps, watching someone in a Blue shirt who is different, exceptional, someone who has the name EVERTON on everybody's lips

Alex Young was sold before his time but I did see many seasons of skill and sublime football from him, with Rooney, we haven't had that luxury yet.

I feel that the lad will stay, he loves Everton, he breathes Everton and hopefully he will live Everton.

I must stop now because I have a video to watch, guess which one?

Bill Whelan.

TERRACE TALK

Hooligans? Oh no, not in my play

IN ITS WEDNESDAY PLAY SERIES IN JANUARY THE B.B.C. WILL SCREEN "THE GOLDEN VISION"—BASED ON EVERTON F.C. AND THE EVERTON SUPPORTERS. THERE WON'T BE ONE SCENE OF HOOLIGANISM IN IT.

Says the author Neville Smith: "You don't find it in Liverpool. I'm an Everton-crazy fanatic and I've never seen trouble at either Goodison or Anfield except a bit in an Everton Reserve match in the early 50's.

"Our fans are nice guys. They're people who love their football, and football lovers never cause trouble for the game because they daren't miss a second of a match."

The play, whose title is based on the nickname of Everton's Alex Young, shows how football fever can dominate the people, making their lives more worthwhile because of the colour it injects into their everyday drabness. The play dissects what the team and the Saturday match means in a big city. "I've tried to show fans as they are, nice people," says Neville, "not as the headlines try to tell us they are."

He admits: "I've been working on the idea for two years, and thanks to the BBC it's really going to happen. Producer Tony Garneth, my soccer-mad friend Tony Loach who did *Cathy Come Home*, and who is a Fulham director, my collaborator, Gordon Honeycombe, have all been wonderful.

"The play couldn't have been written without the great help I've had from football men like my mate Vic Buckingham, the Fulham manager, Don Revie, Bill Shankly, Malcolm Musgrove, Harry Catterick and everyone at Everton. I trust this will be a tribute not only to Everton and their fans but to football fans everywhere."

IN FOCUS WITH PETER ROBINSON



BBC CAMERAS went to Everton recently to film crowd scenes for a soccer play they are screening in January. Above: Director Ken Loach on the camera. Top left: Policeman chats with the crew. Left: Tony Imi filming during the game. Below left: Main actors share a joke during a break in rehearsals with author Neville Smith (third from right). Below: Two of the actors placed in the crowd, complete with radio mikes. Compare faces with picture left. What's it all about anyway? For the full story of this play please turn to page eight.



Goodison Park had the BBC TV cameras in the crowd for a few games during the 1967 68 season.

They were there to record the play *The Golden Vision*, about Everton Football Club, their fans and Alex Young. Strange that it wasn't George Best, Bill Shankly or other so called giants of the 60's but maybe, just maybe, they were filming the giants of the 60's. History has recorded Everton as THE team of the Sixites, do not let others tell you otherwise.

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Twenty Years Ago!!!!!!!

Blue Blood subscriber Cliff Derbe sent in these photo's of Everton's magical night in Rotterdam when we won the European Cup Winners Cup.

The photo at the top is just as the teams take to the field and the bottom one is the team celebrating with the trophy, note that all the Rapid fans had gone from the other end of the Stadium.

It's hard to think that it was twenty years ago this season and sad to think that we have not got anything to look forward to this season.

Thanks to Cliff for sending in the photo's, if you have any you want to see in Blue Blood send them in.

Blue Swayed Views

Your letters



Page 8

Blue Blood.

Wayne will go!!! Rooney to move to Manchester United. Roonski goes to Chelski.

These and more were headlines during the European Championships.

All because the Boy did what every Evertonian knew he would do, he set the place alight, with an all round brilliant performance.

Now I am going to upset the closed eyed ones who follow our great club.

Let me ask you all one question, why did Rooney play so well?

I hear you say he had better players all around him and they brought out the best in him.

Well Scholes was no better than Gravesen . Beckham no better than Radzinski and Terry no better than Linderoth.

The hard truth is there was no Moyes saying Wayne, you are playing on the wing today, Radzinski's centre forward.

Or playing him on the right wing, or worse still getting him to play behind the ever mobile Ferguson.

Erickson allowed Wayne a free forward role and the lad showed his intelligence by supplying and creating chances for others and also taking on responsibility.

Cast your minds back to the last home game last season, Bolton at home, we are 2-1 down and Moyes decides to have Rooney next to Yobo whilst up front clueless forwards ran around like headless chickens.

The Greek team showed everyone just how simple it is to play football, they passed to each other, not the opposition, like Everton. They supported the man with the ball, unlike Everton.

They only lost possession when tackled and not always then.

They tackled when the other team attacked them, they didn't back off and back off until it was too late to tackle.

So you see Mr Moyes, we do not need to have "Star" men, who do nothing, we need hard working, skilful lads who want to play football. Wayne Rooney can be the new Dixie Dean or he can be driven out of Goodison Park by a manager too scared to let him play his own way.

We need to build a team around Rooney, Linderoth, Gravesen and maybe even Radzinski are not good enough, so goodbye and let's hope that whoever replaces them have the sense to know that we play in a Blue shirt and if they pass to someone wearing a Blue shirt, at Goodison, the chances are they are on our side.

Maybe you think I am going over the top in my criticism but Moyes finished on less points than Walker or Walter Smith.

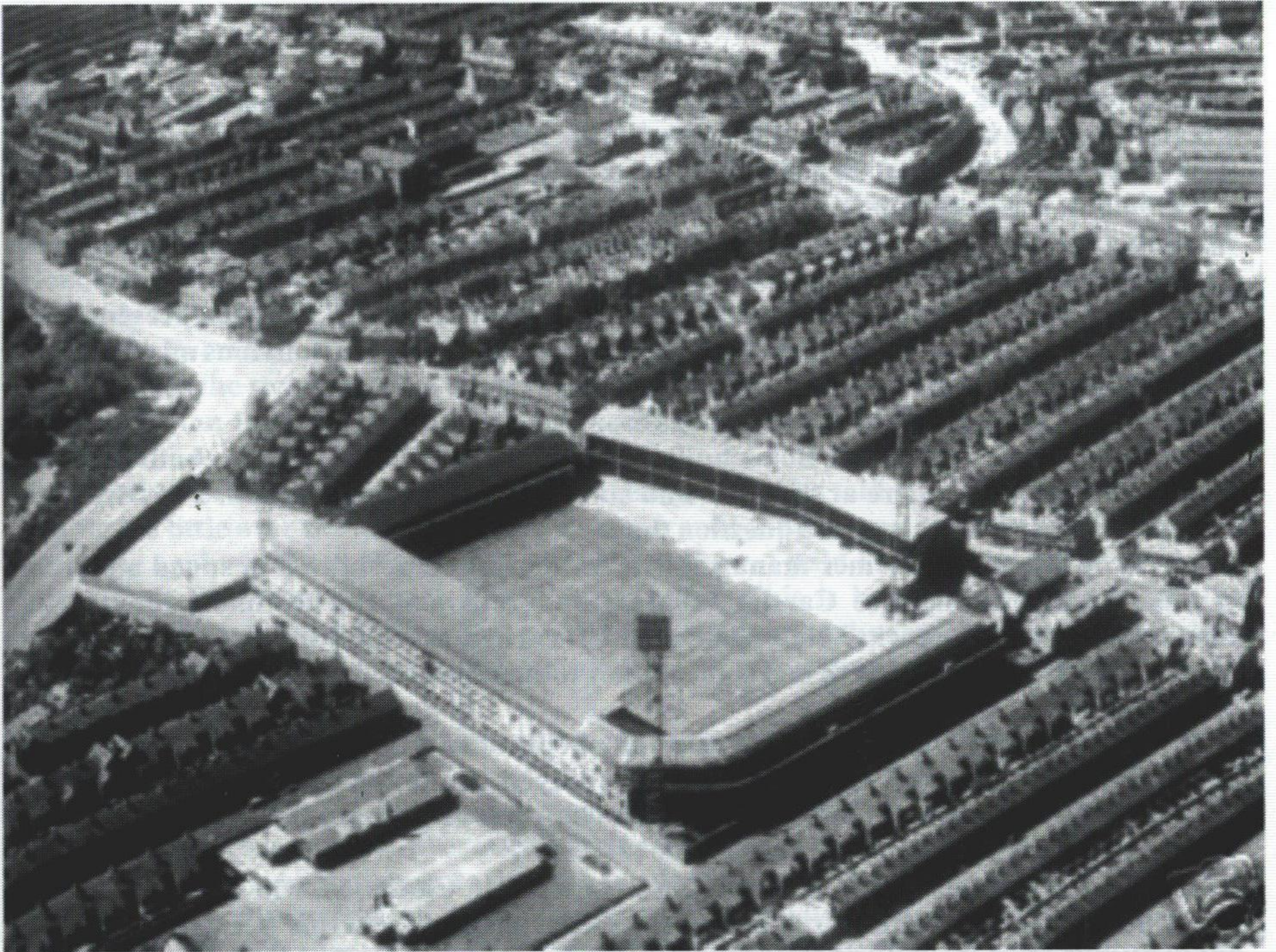
He was also was in charge at Shrewsbury, the lowest placed League Club ever to beat Everton in the F. A. Cup.

Do not be kidded by the "Best Young Manager In The Premiership" bull . That is Steve Bruce, not Moyes.

After saying all that, Moyes can become a good manager but he needs to react quicker to situations, his nickname at Preston was "Dithering Dave". He also needs to get rid of Alan Irvine because as I have said above, we have a team, who on a Saturday turn up as if they have never met before.

Two years of David Moyes and be honest, do Everton have any pattern or style to their play?

The Blue Oracle



Goodison Park above in the 1950's below in the 1930's



Dear Sir Philip

I have supported Everton for over forty years, and it pains me to have to express my great concern at the way Everton F. C. has been run in the recent past.

The team's performance over the season has been a very great disappointment to all Evertonians, and, with hindsight, it is clear that the squad should have been strengthened last summer. The performance of certain players has been unacceptably poor in all areas of the field, as you well know.

However, I am of the opinion that the leadership from the top has not been present, and here I am not referring to the Team Manager. There have been many obvious mistakes and shortcomings at Boardroom level.

I would point out some of these mistakes, as I see them.

Firstly, why were no Executive Boxes built into the Park Stand when it was rebuilt in 1994? The opportunity was there at the time, and since most of the present Board of Directors were Board members then, it is a question that needs an answer.

Secondly, why was the former manager, Mr Walter Smith, permitted to spend about £5 million on purchasing Lee Carsley, Tobias Linderoth and David Ginola only to be dismissed within five weeks? Had Mr. Smith left earlier, as most supporters wanted, the new manager would then have had some money to spend on his own signings, rather than have to make do

with "dead wood". I do not expect you to comment on individual players, of course, but the principle stands irrespective of the ability of the players in question.

Thirdly, why were absurdly long and generous contracts given to players who, even at that time, were manifesting signs of less than 100% fitness?

I refer here particularly to Duncan Ferguson and Kevin Campbell, who have contributed relatively little in relation to the money paid to them this season. I remember that, at the time of Duncan Ferguson's re-signing, while I hoped everything would work out, in view of the player's injury record, I feared that this was not the likeliest outcome. Did the people making the decisions really believe that Duncan Ferguson would be available for all our games at the age of 32, given his appalling injury record over the years? The point also holds good for Alex Nyarko, who was given a five year contract when he had only four years on his work permit, quite apart from his manifest shortcomings as a footballer. Once again, I realise that it would be improper for you to comment on individuals, but far too many sub-standard players have benefited from Everton's generosity in recent years.

Fourthly, I would ask you whether any director or directors has ever brought a player or players to Everton without the full knowledge and approval of the Manager. I ask this because of the fiasco over the return of Francis Jeffers. Again, I realise that you cannot discuss individual players, but I am concerned that scarce resources were wasted on this player, who has done little or nothing to justify his return. If we don't have money to waste, we need common sense, and management that can look dispassionately at the needs of the club.

Fifthly, I am sure you have heard enough about the King's Dock fiasco, but the point must be raised; the Vice Chairman stated once that "there is no Plan B", and said that the King's Dock had to succeed, or Everton faced gradual decline to oblivion. I very much fear he was right in this respect! I would ask you, what are the Board's plans for the stadium?

Will Goodison Park be redeveloped on its present site? Are we expected to share a stadium with Liverpool? There has even been a suggestion that we should be their tenants, a totally unacceptable idea which I hope is mere scaremongering. Are plans being drawn up to move to another location within Liverpool? We have had nothing

but silence on this issue for months.

Sixthly, what has happened to the plans for a new training complex to replace Bellefield? It was put about that this was one of the main reasons for the loan in 2002, yet the whole scheme seems to have died a death. Is anything happening?

Seventhly, why is the Club apparently running deeper into debt all the time? Despite Goodison being 96% full this season, the debt is increasing and we seem to have no money available for transfers. How has this situation been permitted to develop?

As I see it, Everton F. C. 's main assets are its history; the fans; Wayne Rooney; and David Moyes. With the steep increase in season ticket prices, the club seems to be doing its best to alienate its fan base. I believe that fans would grudgingly accept the need for increased prices if

the money was to be used for team strengthening, but to be told, in effect, that we've been paying too little over the last few years is, quite frankly, insulting. Last Saturday, I watched the game against Bolton Wanderers with my nephew. I paid £58 for two tickets, and our view of the field was obstructed by a large pillar. This is by no means uncommon at Goodison Park, as I hope you are aware. To expect us to pay the same as other clubs, when their facilities are better than ours, is unsatisfactory, especially as the entertainment on the field is so poor.

You will no doubt say that the money must be found from somewhere, and that other revenue streams are being exploited. All well and good, but I must ask the following question are the Club's Directors increasing their contribution? A good proportion of fans' income goes to support Everton do all the directors make a similar sacrifice?

It is clear that a cash injection into the club is a desperate necessity. Can you assure me that the Board are actively seeking new investors, as individuals or by means of a share issue? There are persistent rumours that individual directors are unwilling for their control of the club to be diluted. I can only hope that these rumours are untrue.

May I beg you to do everything in your power to see to it that the manager has the resources necessary to improve the fortunes of the team for the coming season? Otherwise, I can foresee relegation, the sale of Rooney, the departure of David Moyes, crowds plummeting to less than half the present level, and years, perhaps decades, in obscurity for what should be, and to me is, the greatest club in Britain.

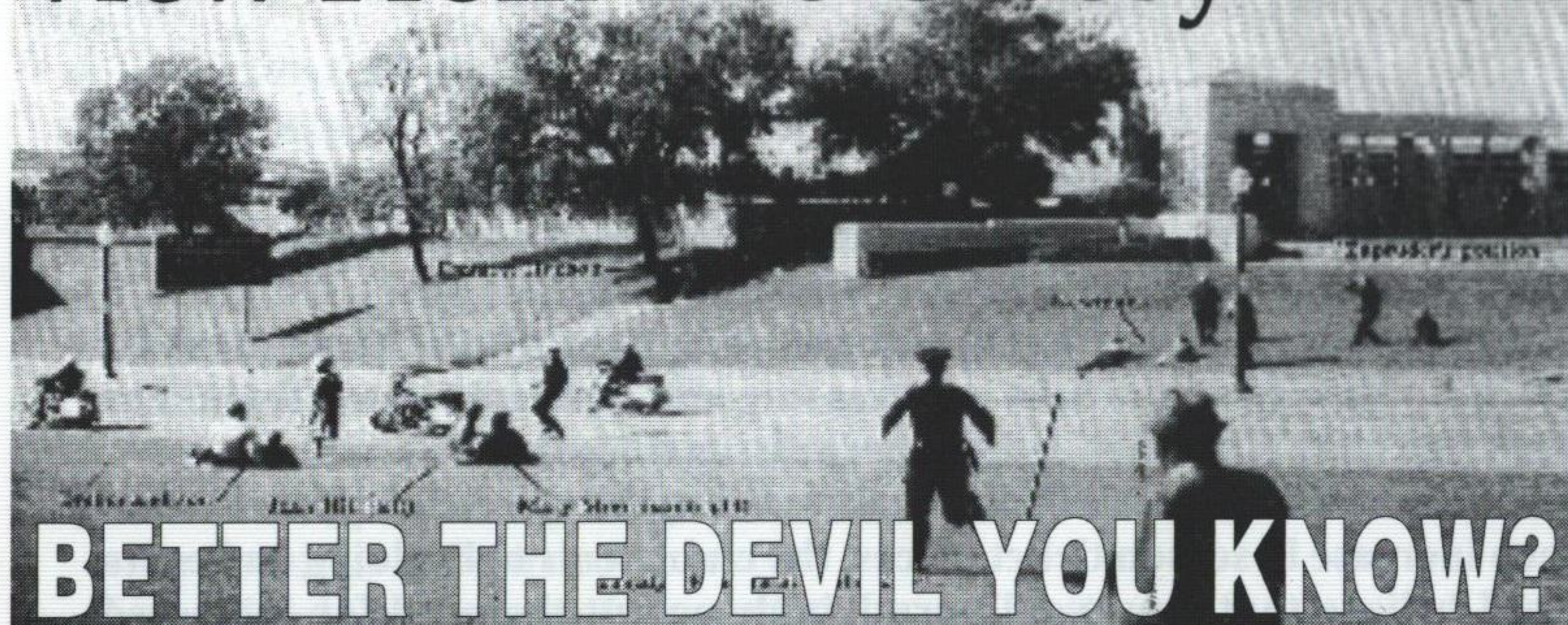
Wishing Everton every success,

Yours sincerely

Rolant J. Ellis (Mr.)

Rolant received a reply from Michael Dunford, it was a standard letter and concentrated wholly on the season ticket price increase, ignoring all of the other points. Thank God then that Carter and Dunford are gone and whoever replaces Mr Birch will have the common sense to deal with any letter like this, point by point and not to "stereotype" it and photocopy a reply that is obviously condescending.

View From The Grassy Knoll



"Kenwright failed as a Chairman, not as an Evertonian"

BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW?

Bill Kenwright told us that there was no Power Struggle at Everton, Paul Gregg agreed but wanted serious changes to the Board and that Bill Kenwright would see sense and open up True Blue Holdings to other investors.

We the fans sat back amazed as all our business was run through the press. Trust Everton to do things the wrong way round, this was our 'Summer of Discontent'

The gauntlet was thrown down by Gregg and of course Bill pretended that it wasn't there, reality isn't Bill's strongpoint but when the penny (that's all we can afford) dropped he tried to delay the inevitable.

He accused Gregg of not loving anything Blue except a five pound note, Gregg hit back with, stand down, your time is up.

Which man deserves your support? How do you choose? Bill is an Evertonian through and through, Gregg isn't. Gregg is a businessman through and through Bill isn't, you could go on all day but in the end Bill failed, he failed as a chairman not as an Evertonian, he failed to bring in new money, he failed to see the stupid long term, high cost, contracts he offered to the likes of Duncan, that were in the end the crippling factor that put us on our heels.

Johnston built the Park End and the Megastore he was not as bad as Kenwright, with hindsight.

The Kings Dock was a fiasco costing Everton £1 million in promotional costs but even to the bitter end Bill said "the money is here trust me", we did Bill, we did.

Dunford was in charge of disaster after disaster he ended his "rain of error" after ten years on wages approaching half a million pounds!!!!

Carter sat smugly behind his desk, smiling like a male Queen Mother but doing little else, Kenwright was oblivious to all of this.

But what of Paul Gregg, will he be any better than Uncle Bill? It's hard to say but he is not distracted by on the field action, he will be focused on the business side of the club and anyone who has tried to buy anything from the Megastore or tried to buy tickets over the phone with a credit card at Goodison will know just how much that is needed.

We have at this moment in time a certain Wayne Rooney, any businessman worth his salt should be able to make a profit for the club with "Merchandise" like that.

It is a time to move forward, a time to forget our "Glorious Past" for the moment, the future is waiting for us, do we run out to greet it with open arms or do we close our eyes Kenwright style and hope that it goes away?

Some may say, 'Better the Devil You Know' but they said that when Walter and Walker were here and look what happened.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

TOMMY EGLINGTON,

THE BROTH OF A BOY FROM
OWD OIRELAND!

BELOVED
BY THE
CROWD AND
AFFECTIONATELY
KNOWN AS

"FLASH
EGGO"

"COO-ER,
ANY FASTER
AND I'LL GO
INTO ORBIT!"



WAS TRAVELLING
FASTER THAN SOUND
BEFORE ROCKETS WERE
THOUGHT OF.

Sandford.

Blue Blood readers have asked for more tributes to Tommy Eglington who died in February 2004. I have dug this out of my collection, it is taken from Tommy's Testimonial programme Tranmere v All Stars XI on Monday May 1st 1961.

What a summer, all that football and didn't the Greeks shock everyone with their team? Our Wayne was brilliant but then we all knew that he would be, I have watched him since he was ten years old, I used to shout to him "Score a hat trick today and I'll get you a Lucky Bag" cost me a few bob did our Wayne.

I have just heard on the Radio that the marble eyed one, the Frenchman has been sacked by the recycled ones from across the park. That's a great name for them, because you only recycle rubbish, anyhow they have now appointed a new Spanish manager, I just caught his name on the radio, I think it was BennyHill Tez.



The new manager across the park BENNYHILLTEZ

beat Tommy's goalscoring record.

That Canadian Polish bloke has also had a go at poor Mr Moyes, called him Dithering Dave, I don't know what's going on, old Mr Catterick wouldn't have had such backchat from these upstarts.

Michael Dunford has also left Everton and been replaced by Trevor Birch, he used to play across the park when he was a lad but with a bit of therapy I think he will get over it and fit in well with the Blues, I was going to go round to Trevor's house and welcome him to Goodison but he had gone.

Marcus Bent has signed for us but I can't see many people wanting to have his name on the back of their shirt.

I can't see him staying here, I mean to say how many Spanish players have come over to play in the Premiership in the last twelve years, never mind coaches?

Strange things happen in life Concorde the aeroplane was scrapped last year and many people miss that huge nose appearing on their television screens. Now Phil Thompson has gone, there will be another huge nose missing from the telly.

Thomas Gravesen says he wants to try something different maybe like passing a ball to someone wearing the same colour shirt. Cheeky sod, says he wont stay unless better quality players come to Goodison, they do not need to be that good to

The Tommy Lawton Story

Football is My Business

I sign pro forms . . . Board-room discussion
Grandfather decides . . . I go to Everton.

IN August 1936 I reported for training with Burnley although I had been out on the ground nearly every day that summer and started the season as the regular centre-forward. Things seemed to go right for me from the first moment I ran out on to the field in the opening game.

The lessons I had learned in my Second Division games at the tail end of the previous season, plus the extra training I had put in during the summer, were all part of the ever-growing confidence, without which it would have been impossible to have played in the

tough testing ground of senior football. I scored goals at regular intervals and was getting a lot of help from the lads behind and around me in the Burnley team.

On October 6th I reached a milestone in my comparatively short career . . . I was seventeen. Three days later I signed professional forms for Burnley.

As if to celebrate, on the following day I gathered my first hat-trick in Second Division football against Spurs at Turf Moor. It was a great afternoon and one of the highlight memories of my life. Within thirty seconds of turning professional, so to speak, I had scored. We had barely kicked off when I received the ball, and streaking down the middle, crashed a shot past the Spurs 'keeper. We won 3-1, and I got all our goals. I remember that Arthur Rowe, who I was to meet often during war-time football, when he became the team attendant to the Army soccer team, was the Spurs centre-half that afternoon.

Incidentally, I had occasion to remember another match with Tottenham, but that came later, when I was an Everton player. First things first, so more about that match anon.

Christmas came and went, and from personal observation and odd remarks which were flying about, I figured I might soon be changing clubs. But things were happening fast, faster than I anticipated, and, before the turn of the year, I not that I had really had much to do with it had signed for Everton.

Here's how it happened. I have already told you about the 'phone inquiries from the big clubs. Actually, I learned afterward Burnley had refused offers from eight clubs before agreeing to Everton's offer of £6,500_ Which was, and still is, a record transfer fee for a boy under 21 years of age.

On the afternoon of December 31st, at about 4.30, Everton directors, Will Cuff and Tom Percy, together with Manager Theo Kelly, were shown into the Burnley Board Room, and, a few minutes later, I was sent for and told the situation.

Mr. Tom Clegg, the Burnley chairman, said, "Tom, these gentlemen (introducing them) are from Everton and want you to sign for the club. Will you go?" I asked leave to speak to my grandfather~ who was the groundsman at Turf Moor. This request granted, I informed him of the position, and he came back to the Board Room. I figured I ought to have an older man's advice on what, to me, was a big step. Granddad said he would like to come to Goodison to look after me, and suggested it would be possible for him to work

on the ground. Eventually Mr. Cuff agreed, and I signed. It was quite a big decision for me to make. Confident as I was and a boy of 17 who knows he is going places is confident I knew that when I got to Goodison Park I was to be understudy to one of the greatest centre-forwards the game has ever known, and whose name was a legend. . . Dixie Dean. However, I signed.

Mr. Kelly wanted me to go back to Liverpool with him as soon as I could get a bag packed. Everton had a match with Preston the following day, and he wanted me to see it, and meet the lads. But Grandad suggested it would be better if I travelled through in the morning, so it was fixed I should catch the 9.8 from Burnley, which would get me to Liverpool at 10.30.

Breaking in on myself for a moment, I had a moment of regret when I said good-bye to the good folk of Burnley that evening. They had all been extremely kind to me since that day, a boy of fourteen, I had rather nervously hung my hat up in the Burnley office and had hitched my waggon to their star, for good or ill.

From Chairman Tom Clegg to Ray Bennion, they had been friends. Alick Robinson, goalkeeper Adams, Bob Brocklebank, Ron Hornby, Gil Richmond, "Dusty" Miller, Jimmy Stein, trainers Billy Dougal and Frank Hudspeth, and old player, Mr. Brunton...but especially Tom Clegg and Ray Bennion. All had helped a youngster stand on his own feet, but had never willingly caused him to stumble or slip off the path to fame this eager, almost cocky, boy footballer was determined to travel.

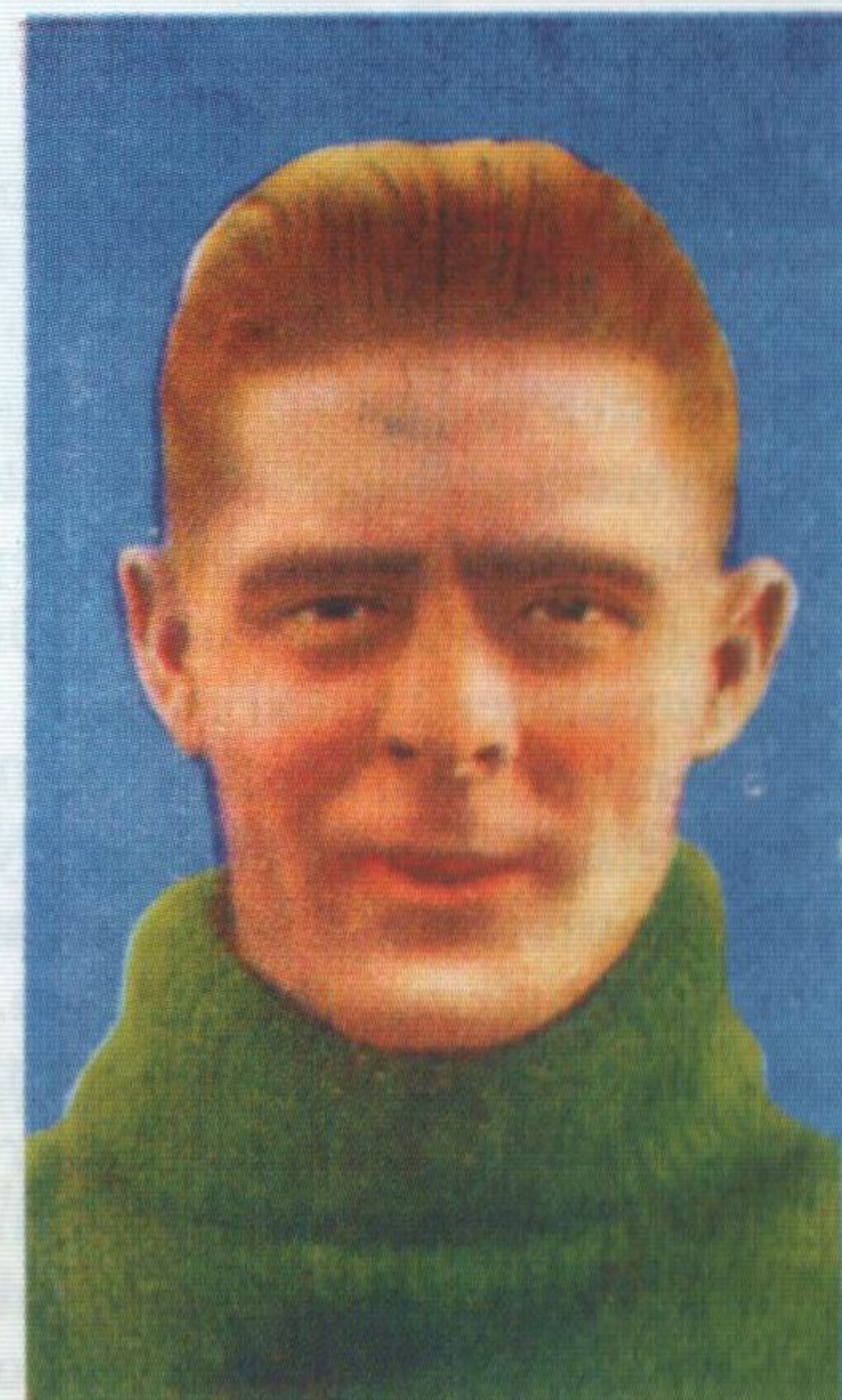
For coincidence collectors, I played against Doncaster Rovers in my first and last games for Burnley.

Well, there it was, my stay at Burnley was finished, and I was now a member of a great First Division club.

Look out, Everton; watch yourself, Dean; here I come.



T. LAWTON
EVERTON



E. SAGAR
EVERTON



JAMES MECKER
EVERTON F.C.

I MEET "DIXIE"

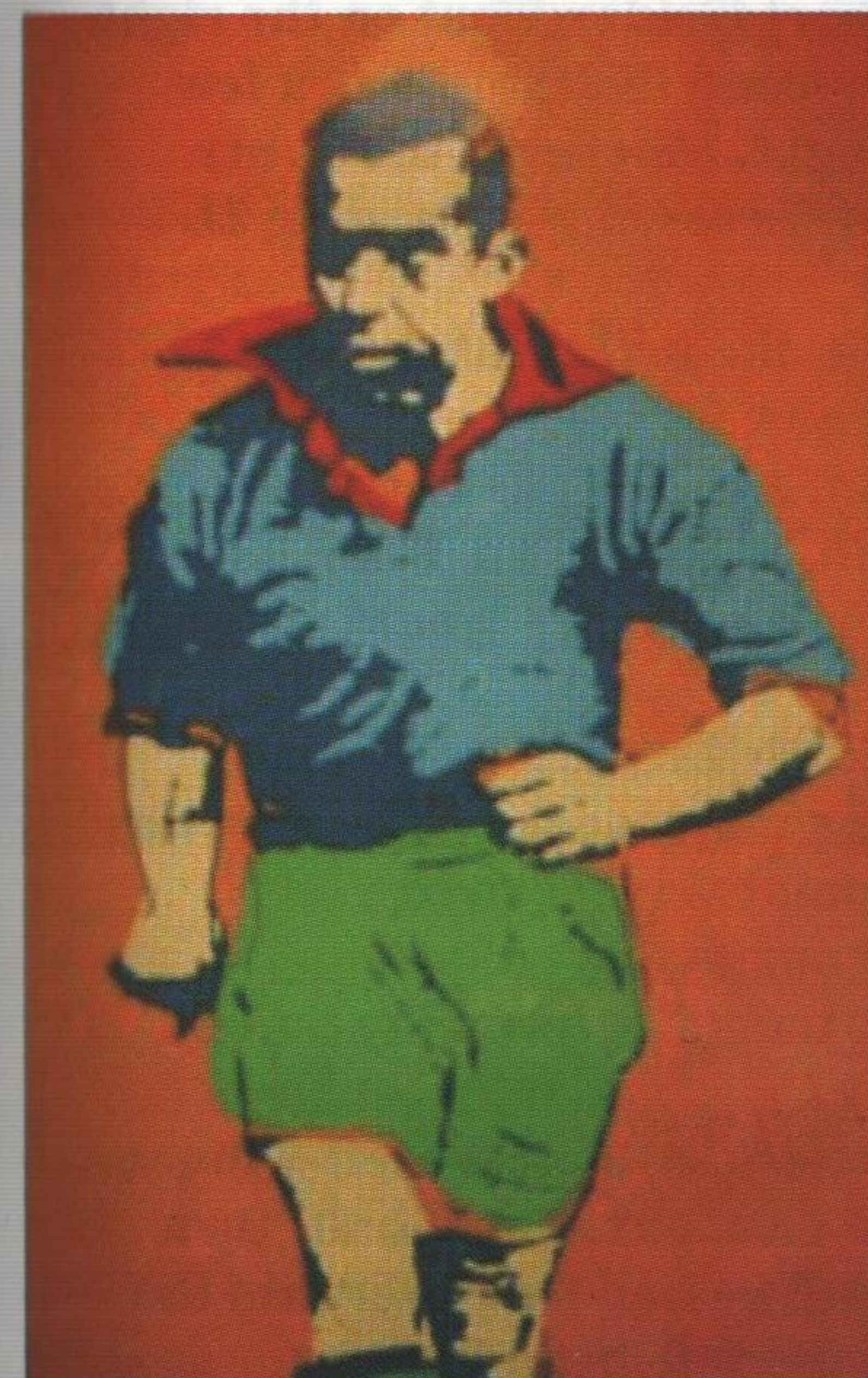
"Welcome" to Goodison . . . I play against Burnley
Penalty at Molineux. . . Last-minute Cup drama

I DON'T know what I expected, but when I stepped out of Exchange Station, Liverpool, that first day of 1937, there was nobody to meet me! It didn't worry me unduly, but if I had been conceited, the next few minutes would have dented my ego. Directed to Dale Street to catch the tram for Goodison, I inquired from the conductor whether the vehicle passed the ground.

He looked at me silently for a few seconds, then said, "Are you Lawton?" A trifle flattered at being recognised so quickly, I said I was. Another pause, then he said shortly, "You'll never be as good as Dean!" "What a welcome!

Everton drew 2-2 with Preston that day. It was the first time I had seen Dixie in action, and I certainly was impressed. After the match I was taken into the dressing-room by Theo Kelly and introduced to the lads, with whom I was later to have such grand times, and among whom I have made so many friends. As soon as Dixie saw me, he put his arm round my shoulder, and, drawing me aside, said, "Youngster, you've come here to take my place. . . anything I can do for you, I will." Such was my meeting with Dean. . . and such was Dean. They don't come any better than Dixie.

Before the game, Mr. Kelly had told me to hold myself in readiness for the trip to London for the match with Brentford the following day, but with everybody reporting fit, I was chosen to lead the central League team, the reserves, at Goodison against guess, yes Burnley reserves! A strange position. The previous week I was playing for Burnley in the first team, now I was to meet their reserves!



FOOTBALL GREATS

TOMMY LAWTON

Fabulous action as MATT BUSBY tackles TOMMY LAWTON during a wartime Scotland versus England match. A truly magnificent centre-forward, Lawton started with several clubs and scored a remarkable 22 goals in his 23 England appearances.

© THE FOOTBALL CLUB LIMITED

Lawton would have a very hard, if not impossible job trying to replace Dixie but some say he did even better than him, others say he was great but not as great as Dixie

Naturally, I went into the visitors' dressing-room before the match, and amid the chaffing I received, Bob Johnson, who was playing centre-half; bet me I wouldn't score against him. He lost his bet for we won 20, and I got the second goal.

I was schooled and groomed with the reserves for little over a month before I got my chance in the first team. Then for the match at Molineux, against Wolverhampton Wanderers, I was selected at centre-forward, Dean being rested. It was my first visit to Wolverhampton, and my first sight of Stanley "Flipper" Cullis, later to be many times my colleague in the England and Army sides.

We lost 62 that day, but I had the satisfaction of scoring my first First Division goal when making my debut. It was from a penalty, which big Jock Thomson told me to "have a do at." Those are the gestures that make a youngster eternally grateful to the experienced player, the chance to lose the nervousness which is part and parcel of the make-up of a debut in the thrilling excitement of a First Division game. Dean played again the following week, and I was back in the reserves. Actually, I played in about ten games that season, being inside-right to Dixie. Two games stand out in my mind, one marking my senior debut at Goodison, that lovely enclosed ground, which, I think, is the best club pitch in the country. We beat Leeds United 7-1, and I got a goal! And the other?

For sheer drama, I don't think I've played in a like match. It was against Tottenham (odd how the Spurs kept cropping up in my young life!) in a replayed fifth-round cup-tie at White Hart Lane on a Wednesday afternoon. I had not played on the Saturday, when Spurs, after leading until the last seconds at Goodison, were caught by Jackie Coulter and forced to replay.

I was brought in at inside-left. The centre-forward was, of course, Dixie. Barely had the game started than Everton scored. And I got the goal! Albert Geldard, out on the right-wing, crossed a ball for me to head in the net. Dixie got a second the same way a few minutes later, and Spurs were out of the Cup so we thought. Morrison, the Spurs centre-forward, got a goal midway through the half, but we crossed over leading 2-1. And it was 3-1 shortly afterwards.

I shot for goal from about 25 yards out, the ball hit Dixie in the middle of the back, and, quick as a flash, he turned round and flicked it into the net.

It was then the Spurs started to roar their team into action, and, for a club game, I don't think I've heard anything like it. It was like a miniature Hampden Roar. They got a goal to make it 3-2, but we were playing well, and I for one felt we would get away with the match.

It was still 3-2 in Everton's favour three minutes from time. By then the noise had reached a roaring crescendo, and it was during one of these many vocally aided sorties the Spurs equalised. Meek was the scorer, and to say the point was received enthusiastically was putting it mild. I think the goal upset our defence, for, from being a side well on top, we were now definitely struggling. And the Spurs crowd shouted their side home.

With less than a minute to go they launched yet another attack. Miller, the left-winger, crossed a high ball which bounced off the back of Charlie Gee, our centre-half. By a miracle, it went back to Miller who centred straight away. The ball flew over into the middle, Teddy Sagar couldn't reach it, and Morrison was there to head into the

undefended net. What a game, and what a finish.

Being beaten on the post is an experience that comes to you many times in this great game of ours, but losing my first cup-tie hit me harder than the others. But the main feeling was a reaction from the tremendous strain of that Herculean ninety minutes, when every one of us had given of his best. But there were no eyes for Everton as, tired, dog tired, we trudged through the mob who were milling and fighting to pay tribute to their heroes. It is an amazing feeling that tiredness, especially when only a few minutes previously one felt capable of going on for hours. I suppose it is the disappointment and the sudden reaction which makes you feel like a machine switched off when running at full power.



The great Dixie Dean (centre) snapped with the author (right) and George Jackson, during the Everton tour of Denmark.

MY FIRST TOUR

Forgotten in Denmark . . . Uninvited substitutes . . . the crazy Lascar.

WELL, it had been a satisfactory enough start my First Division career, and, although I had another five months to go before I was eighteen, I felt I was making my presence felt in top-class football.

Although that may sound boastful, actually it was only a side-light on my supreme confidence, without which a youngster in this exalted company would be

lost. You have to learn the hard way in soccer, and while the majority of players are always willing to give a guiding hand, things are never too easy for an ambitious youngster trying to make his mark quickly.

However, as I say, I was quite satisfied with my showing, and so too, apparently, were the Everton directors, for I was chosen to make the close season tour to Denmark with the club side as soon as the 1936/37 season ended.

It was my first trip out of England, and did I enjoy it! We had a lot of fun, as footballers often do on these tours, when, for a lot of the time, you are off duty.

We left Harwich for the sea trip to Copenhagen and, thanks to the easy crossing, I was able to sit up and take a little nourishment from the start, although I had been secretly dreading my first voyage.

Our arrival at the Danish capital, coincided with the Jubilee celebrations of King Christian, and so excited were the Danes over this event that we appeared to be overlooked. So much so that when we arrived at Copenhagen Station there was nobody to meet us no band, no flags, no committee, not even a reporter not that any of us could speak Danish, although we kidded little Alex Stevenson he could get away with anything with his Irish accent.

We finally sorted things out, and piling on to a luggage waggon, rolled off to our hotel, feeling very little like distinguished guests. Later, the Danish officials put in an appearance at the hotel, apologies were tendered, handsome phrases and tributes passed between our directors and Danish F.A. chiefs, and everybody was friends again. Arrangements had been made for Cliff Britton, on tour with England in Scandinavia, and Torry Gillick, who was with the Scottish team in Czechoslovakia and Austria, to join us, but only Gillick appeared. Cliff had been held up in the Finland Archipelago through fog, and, eventually, went straight on to England with Mr. Will Cuff our Chairman, who had accompanied the England team. We had three days in which to get acclimatised, and, naturally, got in a bit of sight-seeing. On one of our trips, we went across the frontier to Sweden, but were very disappointed at not being able to buy any souvenirs, as nobody would change our Danish money. However, as I have said, it was all very enjoyable, and we particularly got quite a lot of fun out of the language. Weird and wonderful were the signs used by some of the lads in their efforts to be understood, and I remember the roar of laughter which went up when one of our number called for two lagers with much gesticulating and handwaving which they took to be indicating their need for liquid refreshment, but which the waitress misread. She returned, beaming, a few minutes later with a steaming plate of smoking sausages. (to be continued in issue 20)



Tommy Lawton as Everton's young centre forward

SEASON
1937

The Mexicans, the Scousers of South America, they like us are forever branded by stereotyping "Hey Gringo Give Me Your Boots" is as derogatory to them as "Watch Your Hub Caps" is to a Scouser.

Everton of course without (John) Wayne Rooney and Duncan the criminal, (sad that a country that lets Gerry Adams meet their President feels Duncan is unsuitable to enter their country), still tried to keep up the pretence that we were to be a formidable side to beat, whilst back home in Limeyland all hell broke loose in the Boardroom.

What a shock then when Everton met Pachuca the Mexican Champions.

A small injury hit squad is all Everton had, the heat was unbearable, we were going to get slammed said all the critics.

Everton didn't get 'Slammed' Everton played well, going 2-0 up thanks to Jimmy Mc yes James McFadden sparkled scoring after just three minutes but he wasn't the Lone Star, in the Lone Star State, Everton were then awarded a penalty, Gravesen took the kick and it was 2-0. The small band of travelling Blues were amazed but they

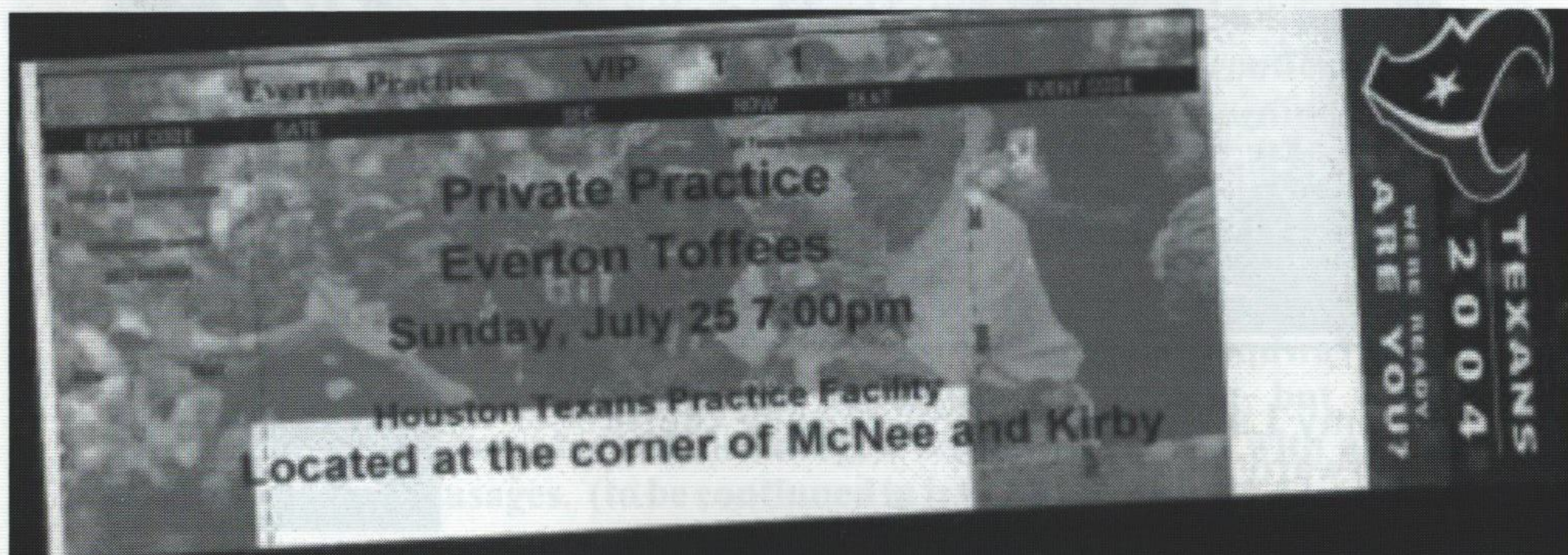
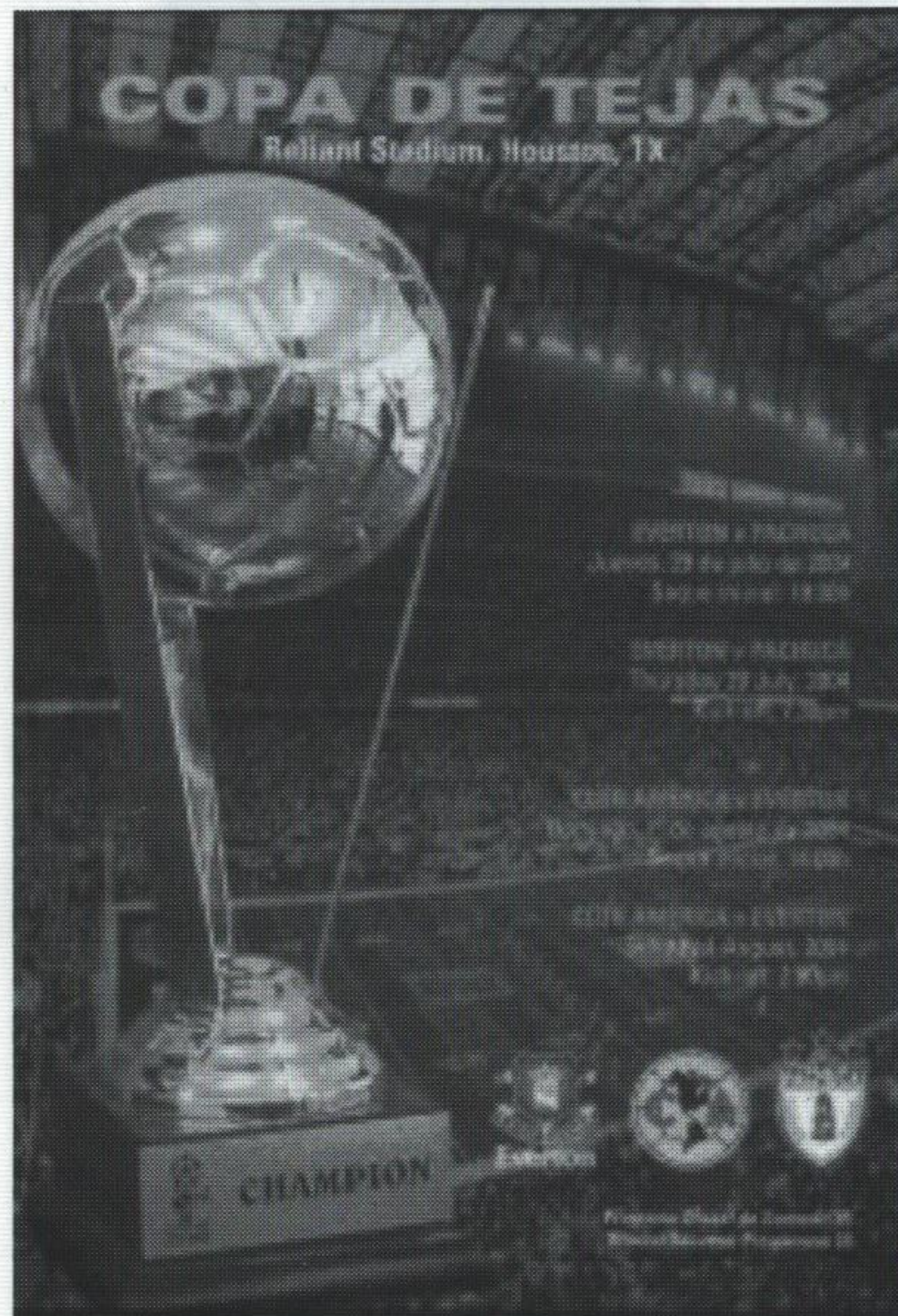
soon touched down in Houston when Pachuca hit two goals to go in at half time level.

The second half started well for EFC and in the 57th minute Campbell made it 3-2. Kevin Kilbane headed the fourth Everton goal and the game was wrapped up by Chadwick, 5-2 highly impressive and McFadden was the man of the match.

Club America and Everton revert to form and lose 3-1 but we still win the Tournament.

Gravesen has shown more determination and has taken on the job of penalty taker, so let's hope he does more with his feet this season than his mouth. Chadwick, Osmon, Clarke and Hibbert can only improve. Big Dunc can't, Campbell will perform now and again, Cahill is unknown and Bent needs to impress, so let us pray.

AMEN



The first time I saw David Unsworth in a blue shirt was about twelve years ago. It was a reserve game, midway through the second Kendall era, when our reputation as also-rans was being cemented. Unsworth was playing in midfield. Besides John Ebbrell, Everton hadn't really produced a young player of any great note since the early eighties when the nucleus of what would become a great team were trying to stamp their youthful authority on the old First Division. Kevin Ratcliffe, Kevin Richardson and Gary Stevens would all become good, and in Ratcliffe's case great, players; and Steve McMahon, who defected to Liverpool by way of Aston Villa, would become a much hated mainstay of our neighbour's midfield. But then there was nothing. Everton won the FA Youth Cup in 1984, but none of its winning side made the step to the first team; and thereafter there was only Ebbrell out of subsequent contingents of bright young things. Even he soon had Evertonians pondering as to whether he would ever make the step up from outstanding prospect to anything more than an ordinary professional. It was as if Everton didn't have a youth team, and little use for a reserve side for anything more than keeping senior outcasts fit.

That evening Unsworth availed himself well. He wasn't the game's outstanding presence (that accolade fell to Billy Kenny, who would months later threaten greatness, before combusting under a shower of grief), but he put in a commanding performance: tall, sleek, quick, with a sweet left foot and bite in the tackle. He seemed a little gangly perhaps lacking some of the adroitness of his fellow midfielders, but then he was only a teenager, and many initially do seem to possess that slight awkwardness on first viewing.

He made the step up to the first team a couple of months later, scoring on his debut at Spurs, but subsequently faded from my view a first team regular, but more infrequent visitor to reserve games. Perhaps he had gone the way of Billy Kenny? Perhaps not, but it seemed by the time his twentieth birthday came along in October 1993 as though he might slip the way of an entire generation of Goodison hopefuls and disappear into obscurity.

Six weeks later Howard Kendall resigned. Easy going and affable, Everton's most successful manager nevertheless displayed occasional obtusity, overlooking certain types of player often against the informed opinions of those of us in the stands whom us fans could only assume that he didn't 'fancy'. Andy Hinchcliffe was one such victim; so too, earlier, were the likes of Kevin Richardson, and even Ratcliffe. Did Kendall simply not rate Unsworth? Later, when he returned to manage Everton for a third time, he would sell him without even playing him swapping him for the uncelebrated Danny Williamson and a bundle of cash. Indeed, when Mike Walker took over the Goodison hot-seat in January 1994 and placed Unsworth straight back into the first team it was abundantly obvious that he was more than ready for senior football.

Indeed, as Everton got steadily worse under Walker, Unsworth's stature rose and rose. He was outstanding in the latter-half of the 1993/94 season or at least as outstanding as one can be in a defence that leaked goals with reckless abandon. With Dave Watson in and out because of injury, and looking off the pace when he did play; and Gary Ablett inadequately gifted to act as the mainstay of the Everton defence, it was left to Unsworth to sweep up, to charge back down the lines and clear up the unfolding mess. His tackles were crisp and precise but hard, hard enough to rev up a crowd deprived of other meaningful action in a moribund, three-sided Goodison.

Of course, Everton famously escaped the drop and Walker 'took a taxi' after just ten months. Unsworth continued to impress enormously, though oddly not in the eyes of the London-based media, who seemed preoccupied with the likes of Gareth Southgate and Sol Campbell, but rarely gave the Everton man the credit he deserved. By early 1995 there was no contest. Campbell was clumsy, error-prone, wayward with only the Spurs

badge on his shirt seemingly holding favour with a Tottenham-friendly press; Southgate, who had just converted to defence with Aston Villa after providing some very ordinary service to the Crystal Palace midfield, looked pedestrian, uninspiring, as if he was the living embodiment of the mistaken notion that a defender who can pass more than five yards accurately is a good one. Of course, both went on to be excellent players for club and country, but back then each were being talked of as the future of the national team's defence when the reality was that Unsworth was peerless amongst the Premier League's best young defenders. As Joe Royle inspired fire and brimstone amongst an Everton team in the midst of a long decline, Unsworth, along with Duncan Ferguson, stood out as the outstanding prospects amongst a rag-tag army of journeymen, veterans and over-achievers, supplemented by the occasional genius of Anders Limpar. If Neville Southall quipped that Everton were really 'just like' a Sunday-League team, then Unsworth and Ferguson offered genuine hope for a bright blue future. They could be contenders. If the press were initially unaware of the unfolding revolution at Goodison, Alex Ferguson certainly was. There was strong talk of a £3 million bid then a colossal amount for a defender; of Unsworth being lined up as a replacement for the ageing Steve Bruce the sort of ugly-pseudo-tapping-up that has become all too synonymous with United. I felt threatened enough by the talk and enamoured enough with Unsworth to do something I'd never done before and write to a player.

For me, Unsworth was living out my dreams. He was the first player of a similar age to make the breakthrough to the Everton team; he played in a manner to which I myself aspired in park kickarounds gritty, but in his own way cultured too; and though he wasn't from Liverpool, nor a boyhood blue, it was apparent every time he pulled on an Everton shirt that he cared deeply about the club, had maybe even grown to love it in the way that other non-believers, like Howard Kendall or Peter Reid, had also once done.

He wrote back! He even agreed to the interview to which I'd not-so-subtly hinted (I was then a fanzine editor), and later, after I'd hung around the player's entrance to thank him, whenever he bumped into me selling fanzines in and around the ground he was always kind enough to pretend that he remembered me.

Unsworth was one of but eleven heroes when we beat Spurs in the FA Cup semi-final in 1995 a collective performance of such magnificence that its recollection still pricks up the hairs on my back but in the final itself he really shone. Mark Hughes, wily, hard and deeply experienced was extinguished as a threat by an unruffled, impenetrable collective display from Unsworth and Dave Watson. When the latter won the Man of the Match Award, I felt the outcome slightly harsh, as if it should have been shared by the two players. A few weeks later, Terry Venables called Unsworth up to the England squad and he made his one and only international appearance in a 2-1 win over Japan. It was an unremarkable performance (his mistake defending a corner led to Japan's goal) in an unremarkable game, and in many ways marked the turning point in David Unsworth's career for the worse. When the 1995/96 season kicked off, it seemed as if he had spent all summer in the gym he was huge, not in the way that professional footballers generally are, more like a heavyweight boxer, or even a wrestler. It seemed to rob him of a yard of pace and aeon of agility. Mistakes began to creep in, his head dropped, scrutiny increased. His heading never his strongest point, though he eventually improved it came under particular criticism. He dropped out of the England squad, then the Everton team, with Royle preferring the doughty but limited Craig Short in his place.

As some of David Unsworth's limitations came to be exposed, so too did those of Joe Royle's gameplan. When things became really dire, less than two years after the FA Cup win, it seemed as though the solitary tactic began with Unsworth's left foot and ended

with Ferguson's head, with not a lot passing in-between. Some began to take their frustration out on Unsworth, his head dropped further; Joe Royle left; and with little more than 100 appearances under his belt, the defender was left to contemplate life under a fourth different manager. As it happened, Kendall returned and Unsworth, still only 23, joined West Ham. He returned a year later after a bizarre interlude at Aston Villa, where he announced his wish to leave days after signing, claiming he'd not known of Everton's interest. Still a young player, he became an integral part of Walter Smith's squad, then David Moyes's without ever touching earlier heights. It wasn't that he had regressed as a player, more that at a time when strikers were becoming faster, smarter, and more powerful, his game had never evolved to deal with them. Campbell and Southgate, miles behind Unsworth a few years earlier had left him flagging in their wake. Perhaps under cleverer mentors than Joe Royle or Walter Smith things may have been different; maybe had he not spent so much time out of position on the left his career would have picked up again. At the Goodison derby last season there was a moment that couldn't help but make me laugh out loud. A loose ball had fallen, and Unsworth marched towards it from a standing start, otherwise baggy shorts tight on his barrel bum, legs pumping like pistons; the quicker, infinitely more adroit Michael Owen chasing him. Unsworth cut in front of Owen, dragged the ball back and cleared with efficiency if not panache. He'd looked like a pub footballer but he'd done the job. Just like Mick Lyons typified the seventies, so will David Unsworth become synonymous with the nineties and early-21st century. After a promising start: good, but not quite good enough at his best which was often; at his worst, gut-wrenchingly awful. At least when Unsworth was bad and for all my eulogising, he could be *very bad* there would be an awareness of his shortcomings, some pain in defeat, a blow to his pride. If nothing else, here was a man who cared.

When his departure was announced this summer, another little part of the once-mighty Everton I have loved died. I don't know why his contract negotiations fell down although I suspect he was offered terms rather more paltry than befits him but there was none of the sniping and backstabbing ugly proffered by men, such as Tomasz Radzinski, who are far owed far less by the club and fans. He may not have been everyone's first name on the team sheet nor even mine but every squad needs an Unsworth, both on and off the pitch. On it, he could fit in anywhere commendably and sometimes with distinction, a latter-day Sandy Brown or Alan Harper; on and off it, despite past allegiances, he is a true blue, a man who, like most us fans, would bleed blue. Whatever you think about Unsworth, consider two things. Awful though Everton have been during most his time here, it is no coincidence that the only time they *truly* deserved to be relegated was in 1998, and that was during his season with West Ham. Furthermore, with Wayne Rooney (currently) stalling on his new contract and Alan Stubbs sinking from the inept to the incompetent, there are no true bluebloods left in the team. We lack spirit, we lack heart and we lack love from our players. That worries me more than anything.

As for Unsworth, he will be missed.

James Corbett

West Brom, was not an easy win, yes Everton won 1-0 thanks to Jack Taylor, the mysterious R. Beveridge plays his fourth and last game for Everton. In some books it says that he died in October 1901 just one year after this game.

The next game sees the return of John Proudfoot at centre forward, George Eccles also comes into the team at right back for his first appearance of the season, Balmer is injured. 9,000 fans at Goodison see Proudfoot celebrate his return with a goal but Sheff Wednesday also score, the game ends 1-1.

December 1st 1900 and Sunderland away, Thomas Corrin makes his debut for Everton at outside left. Robert Gray replaces Jimmy Settle, it didn't help Everton, a poor Sunderland turn out of only 5,000 see their team win 2-0.

Strange, such a poor attendance on Wearside and Sunderland were playing really well, in fact they only just miss out on the Championship.

Derby County at home, 14,000 Evertonians hope to see Everton get back to winning ways, McDonald and Wolstenholme do the business and Everton win 2-1. It was Wolstenholme's first goal for the club.

15th December Bolton away, only 6,747 bother to pay, Everton struggle to find their form, Bolton get the winning goal and Everton make the short journey home pointless.

One week later Everton are at home to Notts County, 12,000 Blues are there in festive spirit hoping to get some joy from their heroes Jimmy Settle returns to the team after a three game absence, he replaces John Proudfoot. Notts County are not the best team in the League but they do not have to be to beat an out of sorts Everton team, they only score one goal but it's enough to take both points.

Christmas Day 1900 and Everton are away to Sheffield United, 17,000 fans come out to wish everyone all the best. Jack Sharp returns after missing the last seven games, Proudfoot regains his place, Gray and McDonald make way.

The changes are helpful but not successful, Everton play better but still lose 2-1 Jimmy Settle the goalscorer.

Boxing Day and Everton are at home against Bury, 20,000 Evertonians make a special atmosphere inside the ground and both sets of players respond. The game is brilliant, a six goal thriller, but the goals are shared, three each. It's not a two points but then again it isn't a fourth defeat on the trot. Abbott, Turner and Proudfoot are the goalscorers.

Everton are at home again three days later, this time Preston North End are the opposition. Everton keep faith with the team that has played in the last two outings, 12,000 Evertonians turn up hoping to see the year out with a win.

They do not disappoint the faithful, from the kick off Everton show power and skill, Jack Sharp gets two goals Abbott and Taylor help out with one apiece, the game ends 4-1 for the Blues. The crowd drift away to celebrate the New Year, hoping that their heroes can win the Championship.

New Years Day 1901 and Everton are away to Bury, the team they shared six goals with a week ago, Bury manage to get another three, unfortunately Everton can not get any, this is not the way to start a New Year, the news is greeted with disbelief when it gets back to those Evertonians at home.

Tom Booth misses the next game away at Wolves, Boyle replaces him, McDonald comes in and Sharp drops out.

Everton play well and get a point in a 1-1 draw, Jack Taylor once again finds the net.

12th January 1901, Aston Villa at home, Booth and Sharp are back, 20,000 fans are glad to see them, Jimmy Settle and Wolstenholme both score in a 2-1 victory.

ALWAYS . . . DRINK **ANCHOR PURE BEER,**
ON DRAUGHT AND IN BOTTLE.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY v. EVERTON.
Played at Owlerton, Sheffield, March 30th, 1901. No. 27.

WEDNESDAY.

Right Wing.		Left Wing.
	Stubbs.	
	BACKS:	
Layton		Langley or Gosling
Fetrier	HALF-BACKS:	Ruddlesdin
	Thackeray	
	FORWARDS:	
Davis	Chapman	Wilson
		Wright
		Spikesley
	Referee: Mr. R. Glass (Northumberland).	

WEDNESDAY official PROGRAMME.

Linesmen: Messrs. Cropper and Wallis.			
	FORWARDS:		
Turner	Settle	Proudfoot	Taylor
			Sharp
	HALF-BACKS:		
Abbott		Booth	Wolstenholme
	BACKS:		
Eccles		Muir	Balmer
Left Wing.		Right Wing.	

EVERTON.

ANCHOR PURE BEER
Always on Draught and in Bottle at the "OLD CROWN," OWLERTON.

In Small Casks direct from the Brewery; DELIVERED FREE TO ALL PARTS

Brewed . . . Absolutely . . . Pure . . . ON DRAUGHT & IN BOTTLE AT ALL RESPECTABLE LICENSED PREMISES.

Another rare programme, this time Sheffield Wednesday v Everton 30th March 1901 at the Owlerton Stadium. This was Robert Gray's last appearance for Everton, although not listed in the programme he played in Settle's position number ten inside left. He had signed from Partick Thistle in 1899 and played in 20 games for Everton scoring one goal, he left for Southampton.

Everton took the game seriously and changed their defence for the day, Crelly comes in at right back and Eccles is at left back, whatever the reason behind the changes Evertonians are not bothered, we win 2-1 with Jack Taylor the hero getting both goals. The pubs are doing a roaring business as the Blue Boys celebrate a great victory, how great was to be left until the end of the season.

The F. A. Cup and a frightening trip down to Southampton, the team that beat us down there last season, Alf Milward the old Everton Legend scored a hat trick and embarrassed his former employers.

There was to be no shock this time, only for Southampton, the Everton team lined up as William Muir, William Balmer, George Eccles, Sam Wolstenholme, Tom Booth, Walter Abbott, Jack Sharp, Jack Taylor, John Proudfoot, Jimmy Settle, Joseph Turner. A very good Everton team and the proved it, 12,000 excited Saints were soon brought back to earth, as Everton turned on the style and won comfortably.

Settle, Taylor and Turner all score in a fine 3-1 win.

Back to the League and Manchester City at home, 15,000 Evertonians are feeling confident Thomas Corrin who made his debut against Sunderland on December 1st last year makes his third and final appearance of the season at outside left, replacing Joseph Turner, Balmer returns at right back after missing the last League game.

The game is an excellent one for Everton, they play with style and flair, City are turned inside out and run ragged, the Blues are rampant. Jimmy Settle gets two goals, Jack Taylor also gets two goals and Jack Sharp gets one in a brilliant 5-2 win.

The F. A. Cup and Everton change their League line up for the same team that played at Southampton in the last round. The opponents are Sheffield United and the game is at their ground, it does not go well for Everton, the changes have thrown the team out of their stride, they lose 2-0 and go out of the Cup.

Evertonians are desolate, what chance is there of a trophy now? Not much is the answer, only the League is available and Everton have been so inconsistent that, that really is not a reality with 8 defeats, 5 draws and eleven wins and with ten games to go.

Nottingham Forest at home, Turner is back at outside left, a crowd of 12,000 Everton loyalists turn up to show their support, the League performances had been good, with nine goals in the last three matches, they were confident their heroes could get another victory. The team do not let them down, Proudfoot nets twice, Abbott and Settle get one apiece and Everton win 4-1.

Blackburn away, Everton are unchanged, 10,000 Blackburn fans are nervous, Everton are on form, they know they could get a hiding, but they don't, Everton lose for the first time in five League games, the score is 2-1 and Turner gets Everton's goal.

The next match is at Goodison against Stoke City, 10,000 Evertonians want a return to form and Everton make only one change, Watson comes in at left back for Eccles. Everton play well, they get their rhythm back and Stoke are turned over 3-0 Proudfoot, Settle and Sharp score.

The next game is away at Sheffield Wednesday (see programme on pages 27 & 29) at the Owlerton Stadium. Eccles returns, Gray replaces Settle, a poor crowd of 3,000 add nothing to a lacklustre performance by both teams.

Everton are so bad that they get ripped apart at the back, Wednesday win easily 3-1 Jack Taylor gets the Everton goal.

The title is now beyond Everton's reach but 20,000 Evertonians still turn up at Goodison Park to see the game against Sunderland.

This will be no easy game as Sunderland are up there fighting to win the League but Everton play well and win 1-0 thanks to Jack Sharp.

Two days later and home again, this time it's the other North East team Newcastle who are the visitors. 15,000 watch as another 1-0 scoreline is registered but it's in Newcastle's favour.

The next day Everton are away to Notts County, another team in the top three, John Blythe makes his only appearance of the season replacing the injured Tom Booth at centre half. He is given a roasting by the County forwards, the ex Jarrow player is out of his depth, County win

ALWAYS . . . DRINK **ANCHOR PURE BEER,**
ON DRAUGHT AND IN BOTTLE.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY v. EVERTON.

Played at Owlerton, Sheffield, March 30th, 1901.

No. 27.

WEDNESDAY.

Right Wing.

Left Wing.



Stubbs.

BACKS:

Layton

Langley or Gosling

Ferrier

HALF-BACKS:

Thackeray

Ruddlesdin

FORWARDS:

Davis

Chapman

Wilson

Wright

Spikesley

Referee: Mr. R. Glass (Northumberland).

WEDNESDAY official PROGRAMME.

Linesmen: Messrs. Cropper and Wallis.

FORWARDS:

Turner

Settle

Proudfoot

Taylor

Sharp

HALF-BACKS:

Abbott

Booth

Wolstenholme

BACKS:

Eccles

Muir

Balmer

Left Wing.

Right Wing.



EVERTON.

ANCHOR PURE BEER

Always on Draught and in Bottle at the "OLD CROWN," OWLERTON.

In Small Casks direct from the Brewery;
DELIVERED FREE TO ALL PARTS

Brewed . . . Absolutely . . . Pure .
ON DRAUGHT & IN BOTTLE AT ALL RESPECTABLE LICENSED PREMISES.

Another rare programme, this time Sheffield Wednesday v Everton 30th March 1901 at the Owlerton Stadium. This was Robert Gray's last appearance for Everton, although not listed in the programme he played in Settle's position number ten inside left. He had signed from Partick Thistle in 1899 and played in 20 games for Everton scoring one goal, he left for Southampton.

Page 28
Everton took the game seriously and changed their defence for the day, Crelly comes in at right back and Eccles is at left back, whatever the reason behind the changes Evertonians are not bothered, we win 2-1 with Jack Taylor the hero getting both goals. The pubs are doing a roaring business as the Blue Boys celebrate a great victory, how great was to be left until the end of the season.

The F. A. Cup and a frightening trip down to Southampton, the team that beat us down there last season, Alf Milward the old Everton Legend scored a hat trick and embarrassed his former employers.

There was to be no shock this time, only for Southampton, the Everton team lined up as William Muir, William Balmer, George Eccles, Sam Wolstenholme, Tom Booth, Walter Abbott, Jack Sharp, Jack Taylor, John Proudfoot, Jimmy Settle, Joseph Turner. A very good Everton team and they proved it, 12,000 excited Saints were soon brought back to earth, as Everton turned on the style and won comfortably.

Settle, Taylor and Turner all score in a fine 3-1 win.

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Our To-day's Visitors . . .

EVERTON . . .

Like several other big clubs Everton began in a very humble way, and, according to "The Rise of the Leaguers," was originally started by a few young men attending the Congregational Chapel at St. Domingo Vale, in the year 1878. The first name of the club was St. Domingo F.C. but in November, 1879, the name was changed to Everton—just 22 years ago. Everton was admitted as members of the Lancashire Football Association in the season 1880-81, but for two years the club had a rather rough time of it, and made little headway. In 1883 they rented their first enclosed ground. The gate money taken was not enormous, but the members stuck together and persevered. The ground was situated at Anfield, and during this season a certain player, named Trainer, played for them, but after a very brief spell he removed to Bolton. This was the Trainer who made such a name for himself with Preston North End. In their first year on the enclosed ground Everton won the Liverpool Cup, which had been offered for competition in the newly-formed Liverpool Association. This success had a very good effect on the club, and in the following season (1884-5), they removed to Anfield road, the ground whereon the Liverpool players now disport themselves. This proved the turning point in the history of Everton, for from this time forward the club so rapidly forged ahead that they were not long in becoming recognised as one of the leading clubs in the country. Moreover, their gates increased with great rapidity, and they were soon enabled to secure the best talent in the country. In 1888-89 the Football League was formed, and Everton were one of the first members of this organisation. In the first season Everton finished with 20 points, and in the second with 31; but in the season 1890-91, with only 29 points, they gained the League Championship.

All the best clubs in the country were invited down to the Anfield road enclosure, and everything appeared to be going as merry as a marriage bell, but at length Everton once more decided to remove their quarters, and in 1892 Lord Kinnaird formally opened the beautifully appointed and splendidly commodious ground at Everton, known as Goodison Park. Here in their new home the club became more powerful than ever, and

made a most auspicious commencement by defeating Bolton Wanderers, Sheffield United, and Newton Heath, and drawing with Notts Forest and Wolverhampton Wanderers in the first month of the season. Wednesday's first League match at Goodison Park, however, resulted in a defeat for the Evertonians by 5 goals to 3. However, the Toffee men finished up with 36 points at the end of the season. They dropped down to 33 points in the following season, but at the end of 1894-95 they finished second to Sunderland. At the close of 1895-96 they were third to Aston Villa and Derby County, came down to the seventh in the following season; and was fourth the two following seasons.

Previous to the commencement of the season of 1892-93 the members formed themselves into a limited company, with a nominal capital of £2500. Mr. R. Molyneux, who had done such splendid service for the club since his appointment as Secretary in 1889, was again elected to this position, and probably only a few people know how much the success of the club is due to his untiring energy, whilst his courtesy is proverbial. So greatly had the club's finances increased that it was decided in 1895 to purchase the freehold of Goodison Park, which measured 29,471 square yards, the purchase money being £8000. Although Everton had invariably held a good position in the League table, once being champions, they have never succeeded in winning the English Cup, though twice they have figured in the final. Wolverhampton Wanderers beat them by one goal to none in the final of 1892-93, and Aston Villa beat them by three goals to two in the final of 1896-97. Everton have had some of the most famous players in the country in their ranks at one time or other, amongst whom may be mentioned Trainer, N. J. Ross, J. Holt, E. Chadwick, A. Millward, Dan Doyle, Bob Keise, R. Howarth, F. Gearay, A. Latta, J. Bell, J. Southworth, &c. It is stated that in the season 1893-94 Everton had no fewer than twelve Internationals in their ranks, and this makes it all the harder to understand how it is they have never been able to carry off the blue ribbon of the football world. However one invariably experiences a feeling of pleasure in watching Everton play, as they are a team of undoubted skill, and thorough sportsmen. We hope to meet them for many years yet to come.

3-2, the Everton goals are from Proudfoot and Settle, 9,000 watched the game.

13th April 1901 and Everton travel to Derby County, a team having a poor season, so there is hope of an Everton win. Only 4,000 watch this game, Proudfoot makes the journey worthwhile for the few Blues in the crowd, it ends 1-0. Booth was still not match fit and Boyle replaced him letting John Blythe off the hook.

Bolton at home and a disappointing attendance of only 9,000 sums up the feeling around Everton, although the team were good they lacked that killer instinct, a prolific goalscorer was needed. Everton had lost too many "Hard Fought" games and this was to be another against Bolton this time. Although scoring twice Bolton got three to take the points, Sharp and Taylor score. Booth had returned but it didn't help, this was the last home game of the season and not a good way to bow out.

West Brom away, already relegated they were relaxed and ready for Everton, a decent crowd of 7,000 turn up, Everton win 2-1 Abbott and Taylor score, everyone should have been happy but there was terrible news from Merseyside. The squatters at Anfield had won the League, yes they were Champions. This was going to be hard to live with, you would never hear the end of it.

Everton had finished seventh, a poor season but they had only scored four goals less than the Champions.

1901/02

Wilfred Toman had missed all last season returns to the team, over the course of the coming season Everton try out nine new players only one is to stand out Alex "Sandy" Young a centre forward signed from Falkirk. John Bell had also returned to the fold, he was idolised by the Goodison crowd.

Apart from all the new signings this season will be forever remembered for one reason, a Historical moment in Everton's history. The club decide to adopt Blue and White as the official club colours, on the opposite page you will see a very rare picture of the first Everton team to wear the Royal Blue Shirt. So no matter what you hear about New Orleans or Chicago the Birth Of The Blues started at Goodison Park on September 2nd 1901.

The Everton line up for the first game was Muir, Balmer, Watson, Boyle, Booth, Abbott, Sharp, Taylor, Toman, Settle, Bell.

20,000 were inside Goodison to watch THE BLUES John Bell is given a rapturous reception, he rewards his faithful fans with two goals, Toman also scores on his return, Manchester City, the pale Blues are beaten 3-1.

Five days later home again and surprisingly only 6,000 attend, Wolves are the visitors and Everton are unchanged. Wolves don't know what has hit them, they are run ragged by an exciting Everton team. Jimmy Settle and Jack Taylor both get hat tricks in a brilliant 6-1 victory. Two games and nine goals, Evertonians are overjoyed but with every high as an Evertonian there is a low, Toman broke his leg and never played for Everton again.

Proudfoot comes in to replace Toman for the next game, a massive game, the "Derby" at Anfield, it's not any normal "Derby" they are the Champions and they have been crowing about how good they are.

30,000 fans are inside the ground, the atmosphere is as good as it gets, both teams are confident and the game turns out to be a humdinger. End to end, fierce tackling and goals, yes four goals luckily both teams shared them. Jimmy Settle and Jack Sharp get the Everton goals that lets all Evertonians walk around with pride, unbeaten by the Champions.

Proudfoot retains his place for the next match against Newcastle at Goodison, 20,000 fans pay to watch this exciting Everton team, Newcastle though were no mugs, a well organised team who would be chasing the Championship every inch of the way.

(to be continued in issue 20)



Everton F C 1901 / 02

Back Row	Balmer, Muir, Watson
Middle Row	Taylor Wolstenholme, Booth, Abbott, Elliott (trainer)
On Bench	Sharp, Young, Bell,
Front Row	Proudfoot, Settle

This very rare picture is allegedly the Everton team from the historic 1901 /02 season, it has to be around that time because Alex Sandy Young and William Muir the goalkeeper only played together during this season . The credit on the picture says the first player is Balmer but I have my doubts also is this John Proudfoot On the front row??

If there are any Historians out there who know exactly what season this is can you email me.

I am fairly sure it is 1901/02



Everton Village. 1830