

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 20



Phew!!! Got Away With That
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Editorial Blue Blood

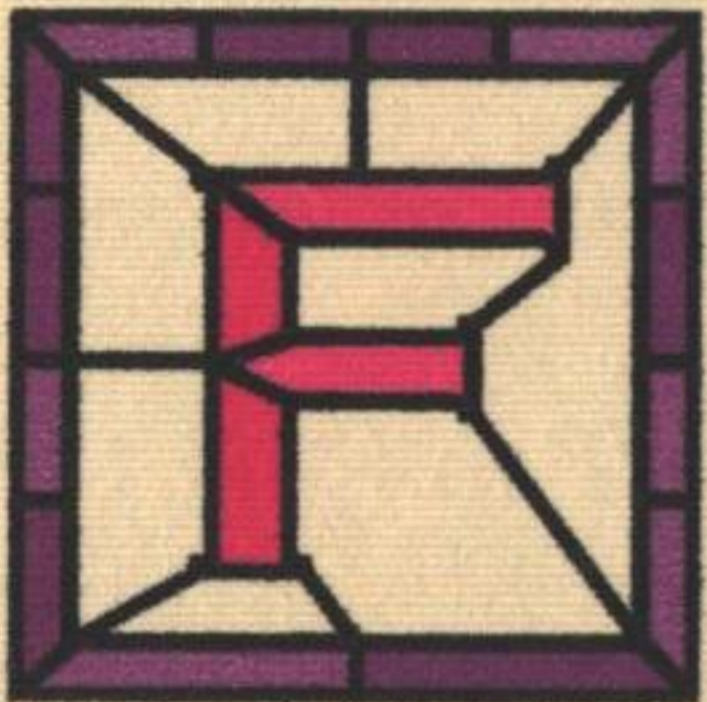
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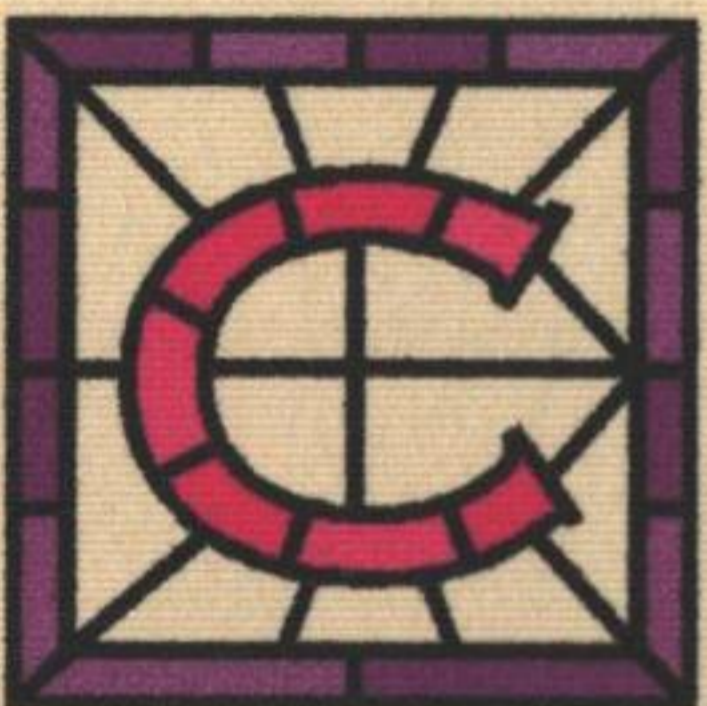


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Jim Stein

215 games
65 goals
1928 - 1936

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

As you will see from the start this issue is vastly different to others, the reason for that is that for some unexplained reason, sales have dropped dramatically. I can do one of two things, finish and produce no more copies or carry on printing it myself until sales recover and then go back to the old format. I have decided to carry on in the hope that enough of you support the fanzine. It takes many, many hours of hard work to produce the fanzine and it has always just about covered it's costs. The last issue didn't and by a wide margin, after working for ages on it and paying for the printing, I lost a lot of money on it. Annoying because it is hard work and losing money is heart breaking after so much effort. If anyone does not like the new format then I am sorry.

The Kid has gone, the Once A Blue Always A Blue EVERTONIAN has deserted us for the Paul Stretford End. Regardless of his complaints and he had many, Rooney should have stayed and got the fans on his side. To say he is upset because he knows the TRUTH is a joke. Why don't you tell us the TRUTH then Wayne? You can't because you will not talk to anyone without your agent working your mouth, you are the World's most expensive DUMMY and Paul Stretford is the ventriloquist.

Let me tell you this Wayne, well I know you wont actually get to read this because anything said against you will be kept well away by your agents, you might as well live in North Korea. But I will say it anyhow, take a look at Everton's history and tell me, who, in the last thirty years has left this club to go on to better things? A hard question isn't it Wayne? Because you see there is only one player who springs to mind, Martin Keown, yes he excelled at Arsenal, McMahon went to Villa before he got any better, so you see Wayne, History is not on your side and neither are thousands of Evertonians, who, no matter how bad things have been at Goodison and they have been bad, Bernie The Bolt, Mike Walker, Walter Smith, Brett Angell etc, etc we have stayed Once A Blue Always A Blue.

I feel sorry for your mates and family who you have also betrayed but you made that decision and come what may you will have to live with it. One last piece of advice read Dixie Dean's Story, Tommy Lawton's Story, Alex Young's Story, Joe Mercer's story and they all say one thing. They regretted the day they left Everton Football Club for the rest of their lives.

The EGM, where do you start? Uncle Bill put on the performance of his life, all his theatrical training came into force, an outstanding Oscar display.

Some would say that we should not criticise Kenwright because he stepped in when others turned their heads away. Yes he did and every Evertonian is grateful for that, but it is his running of the club that has brought about major concern. £40 million in debt, the ground falling down, Rooney sold, no money for transfers, phantom millionaires, Kings Dock, how many other reasons do these fans need to find out about before they see sense?

All Kenwright did at the EGM was what he has done for the past four years and that is make promises, this time he says he will keep those promises but I for one am very dubious about them.

How much will Moyes get for the January sales? I think it will be enough to go to T.J. Hughes rather than Harrods, I hope I am wrong, I dearly hope I am wrong because if I am right and Kenwright fails to deliver any of his promises then Everton will be in the worst trouble they have ever been in. John Houlding and a rent revolt will be nothing compared to this, our very existence as a club depends on the next three months, when the first ten million is sorted out to various areas of need what then is left? Will the Russians come in? Do we want their money? Can Kenwright become businessman of the year?

Back to the pitch and what a great start, passion, skill and a new found determination for the Blue shirt, Moyes has had a hard year, Duncan, Jeffers, Rooney and Radzinski all said nasty things about him, he has weathered the storm and come through stronger, he might have learnt that confrontation is not the only way to get the best out of players.

We still have senseless refereeing and it will always be the case until the F.A. get a grip of these overpaid under trained idiots who for their own pleasure enjoy ruining great games of football. Watch Mike Riley as he plays his whistle longer and better than a professional musician, stopping the games flow and spoiling any chance of a great game. Watch Styles as he stands there in the middle preening himself like a Hollywood Star, listen to Steve Bennett when he says that he is sorry to have to send Cahill off but he had no choice, then when the F.A. give him the chance to rescind his decision he decides not to!!!!!! Lovely people those refs.

Middlesbrough, they came, they saw, they crumbled, the new look Everton outfought them, outplayed them and outscored them. We have got a team of hard working, fairly skilful players who are playing for their Club and they are doing fine. Everton need to get those supporters who have deserted the club back, how can we progress if we are 7,000 fans down a game, the loss of income is enormous and Everton need every penny . Good luck to Peter Clarke, who has joined Blackpool.

Blue Blood

**This Article was sent to Blue Blood it was published in Private Eye
In the City**

THE Merseyside mystery over whether or not the Russians are coming to rescue premier-ship under-achievers Everton with a boundless cheque book has thrust back into the spotlight one of the pioneers in piloting Russian offshore money. Trust manager and investment adviser Christopher Samuelson — a one-time business partner of the world's richest prisoner, Mikhail Khodorkovsky of Yukos, and last heard of five years ago amid the Bank of New York hot money scandal — quickly emerged as the spokesman for the suggested takeover of Everton by a Brunei based sports fund backed by the Zingarevich family whose estimated £400m fortune has been made out of timber products.

Twentysomething Anton Zingarevich has made all the running over Everton. He was said to have formed with the Geneva-based Samuelson and others the Fortress Sports Fund that is supposedly set to inject £20m into the club in return for a controlling stake. But the real money and power resides in Moscow with his father Boris, best known for an ongoing battle for control of core paper mill assets in the Ilim pulp empire with the aluminium boss Oleg Deripaska of Rusal.

A battle which has extended from the courtroom to armed confrontations between rival goon squads. Just the kind of people to own a soccer club.

Three years ago a disputed legal judgment resulted in three Ilim pulp and paper mills, among the largest in Russia, being seized by the state and sold to Deripaska and his associates. Ilim contested the sale and refused to hand over the mills. At one mill two busloads of private security men retreated when outnumbered by him heavies. Since then the two sides have been alternatively negotiating or litigating. That's business, Russian style. Samuelson appeared to be singing from a different songbook when confidently telling

Everton fans the £20m was a done deal. The next word coming out of Moscow was that Boris and his twin brother Mikhail had no interest in Everton. "If we do that we have to leave the country forever," declared an Ilim spokesman.

No doubt the Zingarevich brothers have in mind the example of Roman Abramovich (Deripaska's partner in Rusal, but not part of the battle over Ilim). After buying premier-ship rivals

Chelsea, Abromovich's high profile in Russia has hurt him and helped make him such a political target he rarely if ever now goes there.

However, Moscow sources suggest that because in Russian business all is not often what it seems, there may yet be some more discreet deal done involving Zingarevich interests and Everton. If so, the world will be hearing a lot more from Christopher Samuelson who now runs Mutual Trust Management, much better known under its previous incarnation as the Valmet group.

Valmet operated mainly from Geneva, Gibraltar and the Isle of Man. For five years from 1989 Valmet was 51 percent-controlled by the Washington-based Riggs Bank which, it has since emerged, was the bank of choice for foreign dictators looking to hide their illegal loot. The bank was fined \$25m in May for failing to prevent suspect transactions. Riggs remained a 5 percent Valmet shareholder until 1998.

In 1994 Riggs sold most of its shares back to Samuelson and his partners Christian Michel and Peter Bond. Michel ran Geneva while Bond ran the Isle of Man. Samuelson ran Gibraltar. By now Russian money was a big Valmet earner. The company had already attracted the attention of Khodorkovsky, then running Bank Menatep and the industrial group Rosprom while planning to grab the state-owned Yukos oil group through the loans-for-shares scam.

Another Valmet client was Roman Abramovich who would soon acquire Sibneft by similar means. Valmet ran offshore companies, trusts and bank accounts for the new owners of Yukos and Sibneft. These arrangements were often used to channel funds out of Russia. Valmet said these were legitimate, commercial deals. Critics, such as minority shareholders in Russian companies controlled by Menatep, disagreed. They said the offshore companies were used to short-change investors.

Disputes involving Yukos and Menatep- controlled titanium producer Avisma ended

in court. Peter Bond was a key player in many of these deals. So too was London lawyer Stephen Curtis whose helicopter fell out of the sky last March not long after he had offered to share his Yukos secrets with the British authorities. Bond and Curtis's sensitive role in creating the offshore ownership structure behind Yukos was set out in Eye 1102.

So close did Samuelson and Bond get to Khodorkovsky that Bank Menatep in 1994, post Riggs, became a 20 percent shareholder in Valmet's Bermuda-registered parent; but unlike Riggs it had no boardroom presence. When Bank Menatep imploded in 1998 in the rouble crisis, Samuelson and friends moved to buy back the stake.

It was eventually acquired after the Bank of New York scandal broke in 1999 when it emerged that \$7bn had flowed out of Russia through BNY accounts resulting in a US investigation into allegations of money-laundering for the Russian mafia. While certainly some of the BNY funds were mob linked, mainly to the crime group headed by Semion Mogilevich, most was flight capital or tax evasion.

Investigators soon focused on the role of Bank Menatep and its associate Valmet which had made several transfers to a London company called Benex which was central to the laundering investigation. The wife of Menatep director Konstantin Kagalovsky ran BNY's Moscow operations.

Kagalovsky recently surfaced with a plan to buy out the Khodorkovsky stake in Yukos, largely held through the Gibraltar company Group Menatep, in a bid to save the company from possible bankruptcy and provide a get out of jail card for his former partner.

No action was taken against the Kagalovskys or Valmet as a result of the BNY investigation; but when the smoke cleared Menatep ceased to be a Valmet shareholder and Valmet became Mutual

Trust Management owned by Samuelson and his associates. Soon Peter Bond too was no longer part of the Valmet picture. Bond left in 2001 after he gave evidence about his involvement in the affairs of American penny stock promoter Robert Brennan. Bond testified under an immunity deal that while at Valmet he had helped hide money for Brennan who was jailed for nine years. Neither Bond nor Valmet was accused of any wrongdoing. Valmet

has always insisted that its offshore activities are entirely legal.

Should the Everton deal go ahead, no doubt fans on Merseyside will be happy to know they

have such a well connected and financially astute benefactor as Samuelson and his colourful clients.

Thank You to the anonymous reader who sent this article in, make of it what you will.

Apparently Christopher Samuelson has decided to take Private Eye to Court for defamation of character . I will let you know the outcome

See also page 22 for an update on the takeover story

If Football Clubs were computers then Everton and it's former and present players would have been plagued by the dreaded computer virus below are some examples.

Alan Ball - The Titanic Virus As a player he was fine but as a manager he took more men down than the ill fated Titanic.

Blackpool, Portsmouth, Exeter, Southampton, Man City etc seemed to know what he was doing then suddenly a little squeaking sound was heard and the computer went down

Peter Reid The Profanity Virus, Seemed very calm and controlled until the cameras rolled, then the air turned Blue, he lost control and Man City, Sunderland and Leeds all suffered system overload

Walter Smith The G Virus. The system broke down many times and crashed to within danger point, the virus infiltrated and all new parts were replaced by old worn out ones, like **Ginola, Gascoigne** and **Gough**, very disappointing.

Gordon Lee—The Nil, Nil Virus, screen went blank, 0-0 0-0 0-0 then appeared and operator usually fell asleep Screen froze and nothing moved.

Mike Walker Lost In Space Virus, created havoc in such a short time, nearly everything was lost but at the last minute the Wimbledon Brown Envelope Anti Virus Disc saved his skin

Nick Barmby The infiltrator Virus comes into the computer and professes to love it, then leaves for another computer that he always wanted to play for i.e. Middlesboro, Spurs, L'pool, and now Hull. Will take everything from the system before moving on, very destructive.

Duncan Ferguson very strange virus this one, seems to self destruct before it can do any damage, has been known to shut down for eight days before returning to life, possibly the only virus to catch a virus.

Andy Gray The Mouse Virus, this virus only attacks the keyboard mouse, sending it wildly across the screen leaving stupid little squiggles and strange lines all over the screen. Fairly harmless.

Obviously there are more as yet undetected viruses out there so send the details in to Blue Blood, we should warn the World.

What's Our Name? Everton!

Mark O'Brien

This book is fiction, it didn't happen, well not the way I remember it anyhow.

How can someone take one of the worst seasons in Everton's history and make it entertaining?

I don't know the answer but Mark O'Brien does, this book is highly enjoyable, laughs, depressions and the reality of just how much EFC means to every one of us.

I wish I had seen this book before I bought my season ticket. Why should I waste £400 on going to the game when Mark will do it all for £8.95?

Mark has managed to do what most film directors do, they take a story from a book, transform it into something unrecognisable and even better than the original.

Reading this book is like following Everton while under an anaesthetic, it takes the pain away. Highly Recommended

The Death Of William Cropper an Everton connection

On the 12th January 1889 William Cropper a left winger with Derbyshire club Staveley made the journey to Grimsby to play a game of football. Staveley had been playing well and had lost only one game out of the last twenty two matches, so they were fairly confident when they kicked off at 2.30pm at Glee Park Grimsby, the weather was awful, high winds and torrential rain had made the pitch a quagmire. Fifteen minutes into the game a loose back pass soared over Grimsby defender's Coulbeck's head, Cropper moved in to try and take control of the ball, Dan Doyle, Grimsby's right back tackled Cropper, the ball bounced off Doyle's thigh and his knee came into contact with Cropper's abdomen, it was a terrible collision and Cropper was in agony, he was carried to the dressing room, where a doctor was on hand to administer medical assistance.

Cropper was given morphine to alleviate the pain and the Doctor advised against moving him until his condition improved. The doctor left Cropper in the hands of others and did not return until several hours later. He found that Cropper had not improved Dr Grimoldby then decided to get a second opinion and called Dr. Annington, he said that to move Cropper would not be advisable and administered another shot of Morphine.

The two doctors then left agreeing to return in the morning but Cropper died before they returned.

Dan Doyle later left Grimsby and played for Bolton and then Everton before moving to Celtic. The incident with Cropper was a complete accident, no foul was given or asked for on the day of the game.

Dan Doyle (left) went on to play for Everton. William Cropper age 26 (right) died because medical care in 1889 was inadequate.



I stated in this fanzine last season (Volume 3 Issue 17) that selling Wayne Rooney would be the worst step this Club could take, and it has now come to pass. It has declared to the whole world, in unmistakable terms, that we are no longer a big club, and that we have given up any ambition to become one. The loss in revenue will be enormous; it can almost be taken for granted that Chang will not renew their sponsorship next season, and TV revenue, merchandising and gates will, of course, all suffer significantly. Marketing head Andy Hosie knows his work has been made much harder as a result of the sale. Moreover, any young player developed by us, no matter how good, now knows that "success" means "a transfer from Everton for a lot of money".

We should be grateful for the fact that Man United are a plc, and that they are therefore obliged to make the details of the transfer fee public, otherwise we can be sure that Everton's directors would have tried to pass it off as a £30M deal. Also, I doubt if Everton's directors would have been keen to reveal that Rooney's agent will get £1,000,000 for reasons which can only be guessed at. There is also a "fee" of £500,000 to Rooney's agent if he stays at Old Trafford for the length of the contract. Leaving aside Rooney's agent, however, the details of the deal make very depressing reading for Evertonians. On Sky Sports News, on the day of the transfer, the presenters were obviously delighted beyond measure that Rooney was moving, and were gushing like hysterical schoolgirls about the fee of "almost £30,000,000". The breakdown of the fee, as shown on the BBC website, shows how much we can expect to receive. We have been paid £10M now, with another £10M on August 1st 2005 – in effect, a year's interest-free loan of £10,000,000 to the richest club in Britain, or to put it another way, the interest on that £10M will pay Rooney's wages for the next ten weeks or so! That part of the fee is guaranteed. The remainder of the fee is conditional; we will get an extra £1m on August 1st 2006, 2007 and 2008 if Rooney is still at Man U on those dates. On top of that, there are the "walking on the moon" clauses; further sums if Manchester United win the League title (£500,000); the F. A. Cup (£150,000); become runners-up in the Premiership (£250,000); and more again if Man U. succeed in the Champions' League (£1M if Man U. win it, half that if they are runners-up). There is also a bonus of £500,000 if Rooney should get 20 caps for England in competitive matches, and a further half million when he gets 40 caps.

I have called them "walking on the moon clauses" because of the inherent improbability of more than one or two (at most) of the above coming to pass. I should add that the "25% sell-on clause" is actually 25% in excess of any sum over all amounts paid under the agreement. Put another way, if Rooney is sold

To say, Real Madrid for £30,000,000 in 2007, Everton would get 25% over what has already been paid, i. e. £2M, so the total fee we would have received for Rooney would be £24M. If Man U. had won the League twice in that time, we would get 25% of £7M, making the total received £24,750,000. If Man U were to sell Rooney two years from now for £20M, we would not get a penny over the £20M United will have given us by 1/8/05. As for the England caps, the important word is "competitive". It will be October 2005 before Rooney gets EIGHT competitive caps, assuming he plays in every single World Cup qualifier from 9/10/04 onwards. If England do not qualify, then it will be well into 2008 before there is the faintest hope of Rooney winning 20 competitive caps. Bearing in mind the mysterious injuries which affect so many Man U. players before international matches, it would be a very optimistic Evertonian who would assume that we'll get a penny of this particular payment. As for the further half million if Rooney gets another 20 competitive caps, Rooney would have to sign an extension to his six-year contract for us to have any hope of seeing that money. "Well, at least Moyes will have money to buy players in January." Will he really? All the evidence points to the bulk of the £10M having been used to pay off some of our debts. If we spend more than £3M - £4M net when the transfer window opens, I will be very surprised. It can, however, be worse – Kenwright and his cronies could borrow MORE money on the strength of the £10M that is guaranteed for August 1st 2005, pushing the Club even further into debt. So not only has Kenwright confirmed us as a "selling" Club, destroyed the hopes and dreams of countless fans, trampled the Club's motto in the dust, made us as unattractive as possible to potential sponsors, players and investors; he has not even given us a good financial deal. Any sum over twenty million is dependent on Manchester United's success, so Kenwright has put us in a position where we have to hope Man U. do well! *Nil Satis Nisi Optimum?* I doubt it!

Rolant Ellis

reprinted this two page article from Charles Buchan's Football Monthly July 1956. Condolences to Eric's family



My second home game in the first eleven was against Liverpool. It was quite an experience.

PETER FARRELL

Our Irish international skipper is first and for most a team player. There are no individual stars at Everton.

Eric Moore

EVERTON

Although we lost 3-1 when I played my first game against this great winger, I had a good match.

BILLY LIDDELL

NO OTHER CLUB CAN HAVE THE TEAM SPIRIT TO MATCH THAT AT GOODISON PARK

IT'S a lot easier to produce a hundred per cent. effort when you know the man in front, and the one behind, are going to fight like demons to support you on the field. Any player who has been in Everton's league team during the past few seasons will bear me out in this.

I hear a lot these days of how young players are spoiled by Army service. My case must have been exceptional for it was while wearing khaki that I acquired some football polish.

Winning a place in the divisional side, I teamed with stars like Bill Jones, of Liverpool, Scottish international Jimmy Mason and Adam Little of Rangers. All my colleagues did their utmost to help and I have often had cause to remember their tips and advice.

After a 4 1/2-year break I checked back at Everton, still an amateur. There were no flags out for my return and I was allowed to rejoin my local club for a spell while finishing apprenticeship as a glasscutter.

Everton kept tabs on me, seeing what they had to gain or lose, and, after a spell part-time, soccer became my only occupation in 1949.

It had been a slow process reaching this position but success then came in an unexpected spurt. Left-back Gordon Dugdale had to retire suddenly, his partner George Saunders was switched, and I got promotion.

A big step made all the easier by the encouragement and assistance I received from the man who was then our manager, Mr. Cliff Britton.

It was a remarkable experience playing before the huge crowd in my home debut against Middlesbrough. But I think the second game was a more trying experience.

This was a local derby, against Liverpool, and the electric atmosphere of these matches must be sampled to be believed.

The talk of the days before the game was how I would shape against all-action winger Billy Liddell. Despite losing 3-2 I had a good game.

Later in the season I faced Liddell again. This time it was at Maine Road, Manchester, in the F.A. Cup semi-final. The prospect of a Cup medal in my first big season seemed fantastic but, after we had beaten Derby County in the sixth round, I began to get Wembley ideas.

Those ideas got a severe jolt when wing-half Bobby Paisley put our rivals on the victory road with a goal and Billy Liddell made our fate certain late in the game.

Bad luck... but worse was to follow.

We were relegated the following season. The next season I needed a cartilage operation, and so began a period of three years during which I only played 28 first team matches.

Cartilage trouble is a football scourge but I did not worry much about my first operation as the specialist assured me I would soon be playing again.

When later I had to have a second operation, on the same leg, I did get upset and wondered if my career was coming to a premature end.

It was Easter 1954 when I got back permanently into the team following Jack Lindsay's broken leg injury. The few remaining games were packed with excitement as we tussled for promotion.

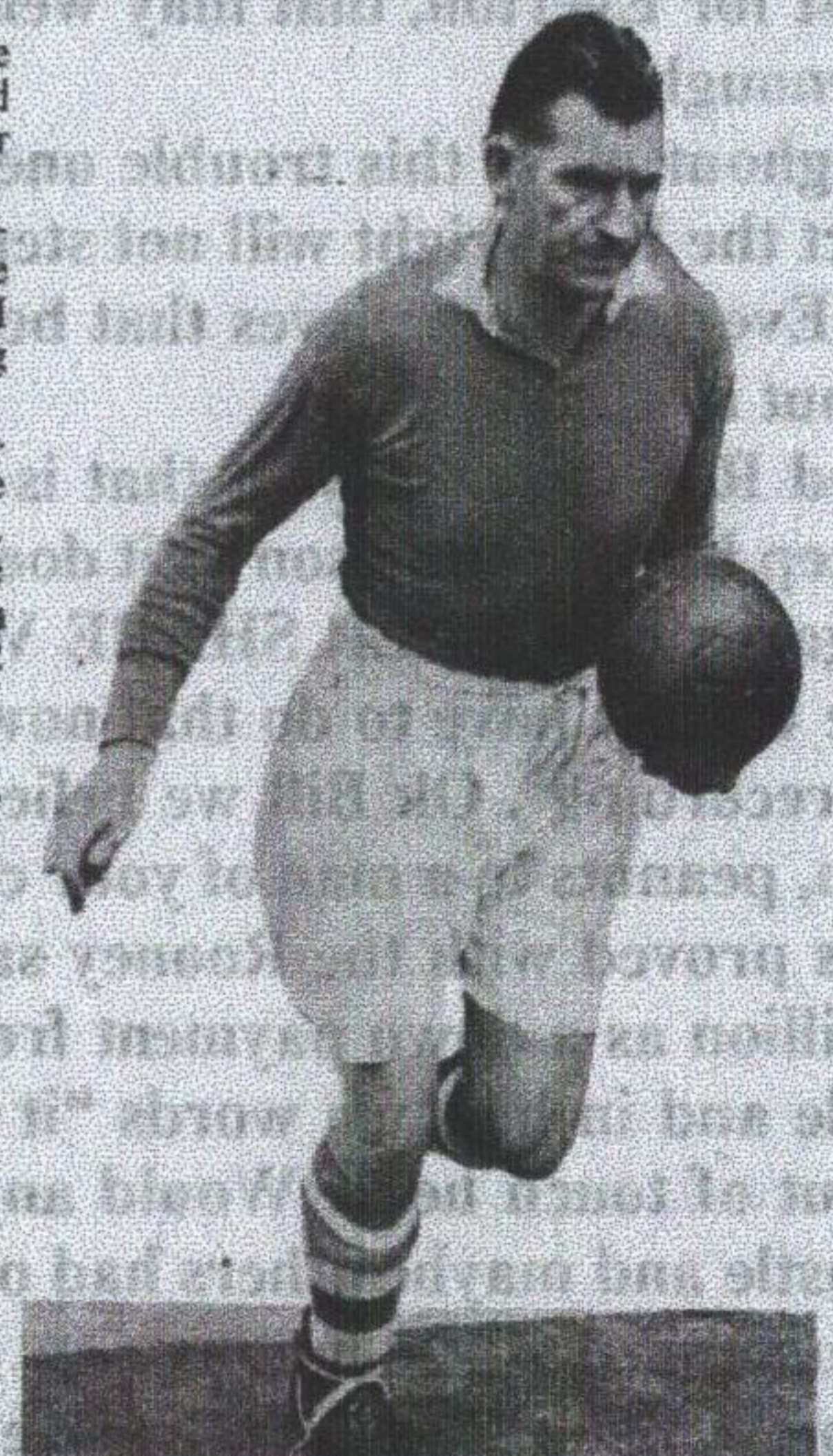
When the last game came round it was a re-arranged match against Oldham Athletic. To go up we had to get both points and a six-nil victory would ensure us of the championship.

At half-time we walked off with a four goal lead cheered by thousands of our fans. It seemed that Oldham, doomed to relegation, would not be able to prevent our getting the other couple.

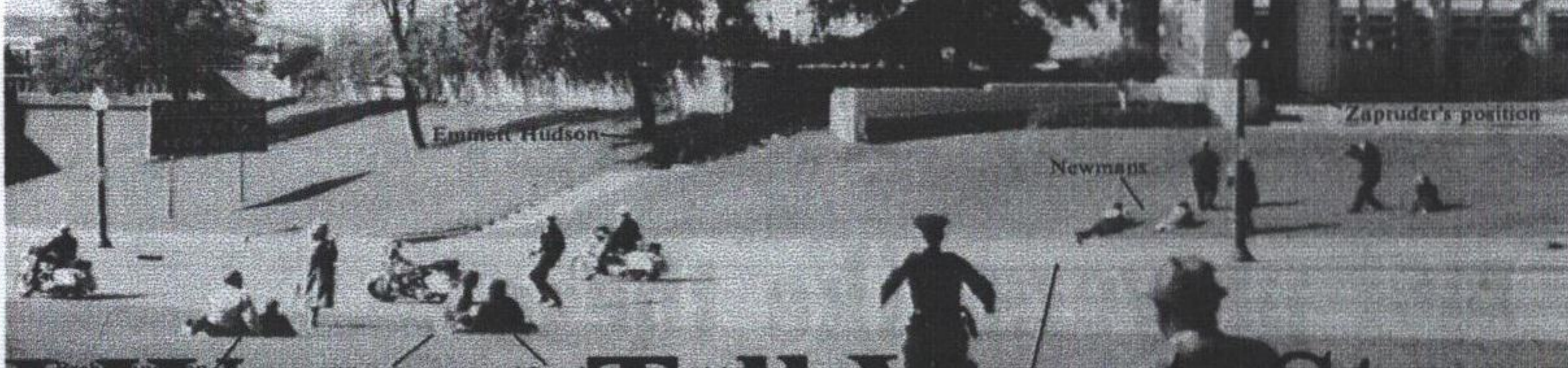
Well, they did, and we had to be content with second place. Nobody worried unduly, however. The great thing was that we were back in the First Division again.

BILL JONES

The Liverpool star was one of the colleagues I played with while I was in the Army.



View From The Grassy Knoll



"Kenwright or Ken Wrong? Do you know the answer?"

I Wanna Tell You A Story

Bill Kenwright has, in some peoples opinion got off Scott free over the Kings Dock, Russian Money and Rooney Fiascos but is he innocent of all charges? Let's have a look at what has gone on, The Kings Dock, Bill said "Trust Me the money is there" it wasn't.

I have been in contact with the Russians and they are going to put £20 million in for a 40% share in the Club, they didn't put the money in as of yet but Bill insists they will

"I do not want Wayne Rooney to leave this club" well rip up his transfer request and he wont. Bill didn't rip up the transfer request and he did leave.

Bill Kenwright is as we all know a lifelong Blue but he is also a lousy businessman and Everton have paid dearly for that fault.

Paul Gregg came to the club because he believed his mate Bill. He invested £6million of his money believing that it was a safe investment but after eighteen months he discovered his pal Bill was not very good at running a football club.

Paul then tried to take over the club and run it properly then hopefully he would then get his money back. Kenwright suddenly sees that his beloved Everton, his little toy and comforter could be torn from his grasp, so he does what he should have been doing for the past four years and seeks out investors, names are bandied about.

Kenwright has taken a lot of stick but to some he is innocent and has done his best for Everton, that may well be the case but obviously his best is not good enough.

Throughout all of this trouble one thing has come to the forefront and it is the fact the Kenwright will not step aside gracefully for anyone, he thinks he is Mr Everton, he believes that being a passionate Blue will get him off the hook but it will not.

Tainted Russian money, if that is what it is, makes no difference to Bill, it will keep him at Goodison so it doesn't matter where it is from.

As regards his NEVER SHARE WITH THOSE from across the Park, well maybe we will have to do that now but I will try to find other options is his latest recording , Ok Bill we believe you, a new ground will only cost £160 million, peanuts to a man of your calibre.

He has proved with the Rooney sale that he can not negotiate, to only take £10 million as a down payment from the richest club in the World is unbelievable and in his own words "it was the best deal I could get" shows just how out of touch he is. Would any other Chairman have taken that, when Newcastle and maybe others had offered more? I think not, they would have stood up and said £20 million now or I go up to Newcastle.

Everton are a selling club, we are willing to share with the dark ones, how many other betrayals do you want to hear?



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

Amongst the dozens of Everton players to gain international honours whilst at the club surely the most unusual circumstances must relate to a player missing from many record books and totally overlooked in all histories of Everton F. C. The player in question, A. Macartney is shown to have won 15 Irish caps from 1903-1909, two were won while with Everton who signed him from Irish club Linfield the matches being against England at Middlesbrough and Scotland at Glasgow both in 1905, further caps were then won while at Belfast City where I presume he was sold / released on leaving Everton having failed to make even one first team appearance. The postcard (below) was published by G J Webster of Belfast showing A. McCartney Everton F.C. (late Linfield F.C. Irish international) , note the different spelling, as far as I am aware it is the only case of an Everton player gaining international honours while not making a first team appearance for the Blues and I would estimate the post card to be nearly 100 years old.

Barry Hewitt



A. McCartney
Everton F. C. (late Linfield F. C.) Irish International

What is going on? That lovely young lad has been seen with all kinds of women of ill repute, the papers have been full of it, out with women old enough to be his grandmother and then he gets up and leaves home. I just wish we could go back to the good old days when players were only involved with Old Boots that had dubbing on.

The neighbours have been acting very strange lately, I have heard all kinds of things, Russians are moving in, Bill is moving out, I don't know what the truth is anymore.

Our Eva says she has seen some shifty looking characters hanging around, I told her that they were Kopites but she wasn't convinced.

There was some shouting and screaming the other night at the EGM, some rough looking chaps called Mr Kenwright a liar, well I never, how could they, I mean to say, he might not have done everything he said he would do but what man does?

There have been all kinds of things painted on the walls and I have to say that the spelling was excellent and there was a large religious content with Judas getting a few mentions, I think Rev Harry Ross was quite impressed with the biblical knowledge displayed.

Rumours of Mr Moyes having millions to spend have been doing the rounds, I don't mean to be nasty but he doesn't look like he has that kind of money, I always see him in a track suit, not exactly fashionable without being rude.

There have been a lot of Spanish people walking around here lately, much more than the French blokes when the Bug Eyed one was in charge over the park.

I don't think they will be hanging around when the temperature falls to freezing point.

The new lad Marcus seems like a nice chap, he is always smiling and the other chap, you know the Australian one, well, our Eva just loves him, and when he took his shirt off she nearly fainted. The referee was right, it's not nice to be showing your suntanned, beautiful body at half three in the afternoon, we ladies have shopping to get and hoovering to do, we can't be distracted from that.

The boys have been talking about going to Europe next year, I think it will make a nice change from Rotherham and Burnley. They have really taken the team to their hearts this season, the new sponsors have been getting a lot of custom in the Winslow, they say they have got to help those who help us, so I suppose we ladies should not complain.

I noticed the chap from across the park limping the other day, you know the one, the nasty faced one who is rather rough when he goes into a tackle, well apparently some one stood on his foot and it's broken, same as young what's his names? They do say what goes around comes around.

The nights are drawing in and it's getting colder, it will soon be time to put the thick duvet on and close the windows at night. At least I will not hear all those bloody fireworks going off.

Time to get my Christmas present list organised, the lads want Easy Jet Timetables and passports for the European games that we will be going to next season.

I think I will ask for a bag of salt, so I can take a pinch of it every time Bill says something.

It was very hot, and we were glad the first match was to be played in the cool of the evening. At least the selected eleven were, as I was not chosen for the match against the Combined Copenhagen XI. Here's how Everton lined up: Morton; Jackson, Jones; Bentham, Gee, Mercer; Geldard, Cunliffe, Dean, Stevenson, Gillick.

Over 20,000 excited Danes watched the match, and our team had to pull out a little extra before winning by the odd goal in seven. Cunliffe got two, Dixie and Stevie one each. I gathered afterward, the Everton style of play created a great impression among the enthusiastic soccer population of Copenhagen.

Two days later we played a Representative Copenhagen eleven, and for this match I replaced Dean at centre-forward. It was a scorcher, both for pace and heat. So much so that we were almost run off our feet in the first half. At the interval we were glad to plunge our heads into ice-cold pails of water, and then pour the rest over each other. When we lined up for the second half I noticed something strange about the centre-forward, and commented on it to Stevie, saying, "I didn't play against this fellow in the first half." Alec replied, "No, neither did I. And he's a new 'un, so is he . . ." pointing out

another two new faces. Actually, no fewer than six of the team had been replaced during the interval! However, all's well that ends well, and, after Stevenson had equalized the Danes' first-half goal, he got another couple, while I added a fourth.

Our third and last game was against the Danish International team on the following Sunday. Dixie came back for this match and I moved to inside-right to replace Cunliffe, who dropped back to right-half in place of the injured Bentham. It was a terrific battle, and, once again, the heat affected our lads. Anyway, we did very well to draw, no goals being scored.

Although we hadn't lost a game, we were very impressed by the football of the Danish players, but, even more so, by their hospitality. It was a grand trip, and a good time was had by one and all, to coin a phrase.

There was quite a bit of excitement on the way home from Esbjerg, on the Jutland coast, to Harwich.

Shortly after we had left harbour a lascar member of the crew approached some of our party who were sitting on deck and excitedly informed them he was being followed round the ship by somebody we took to be his enemy. We humoured him and, eventually, went to the dining-saloon for dinner. During the meal there was quite a commotion on deck and, suddenly, the ship lost way, and eventually hove-to. We learned afterward that the lascar was crazy and suddenly attacked a Danish clergyman who tried to reason with him. The Dane was stabbed three times in the arm by the maniac, who then jumped overboard. A boat was launched and, after a long search, returned with the lascar safely trussed-up and lying in the bottom.

Unfortunately, it meant that our ship had to return to port to hand the man over to the authorities. We were late back in Harwich, and instead of going on to London, returned direct to Liverpool after breakfast on board.

Are these trips worth-while I'm often asked? Yes, I always reply, definitely yes. The players usually look on them as a reward for the hard work they've just put in during the previous season, while the club management welcome these overseas "get-together's" as a help toward fostering team spirit.

Anyway, I'm still young enough, or old enough, depends which way you look at it, to be thrilled by the excitement and unusualness of foreign travel.

Although during the ten years since that first tour I have visited nearly every country on the Continent, I have spent three months at a time in Switzerland, have played in Brussels under fly bombs, and in Lisbon at 85 degrees in the shade, I still have fond memories of my "maiden" overseas trip.

THE DEEPDENE GHOST

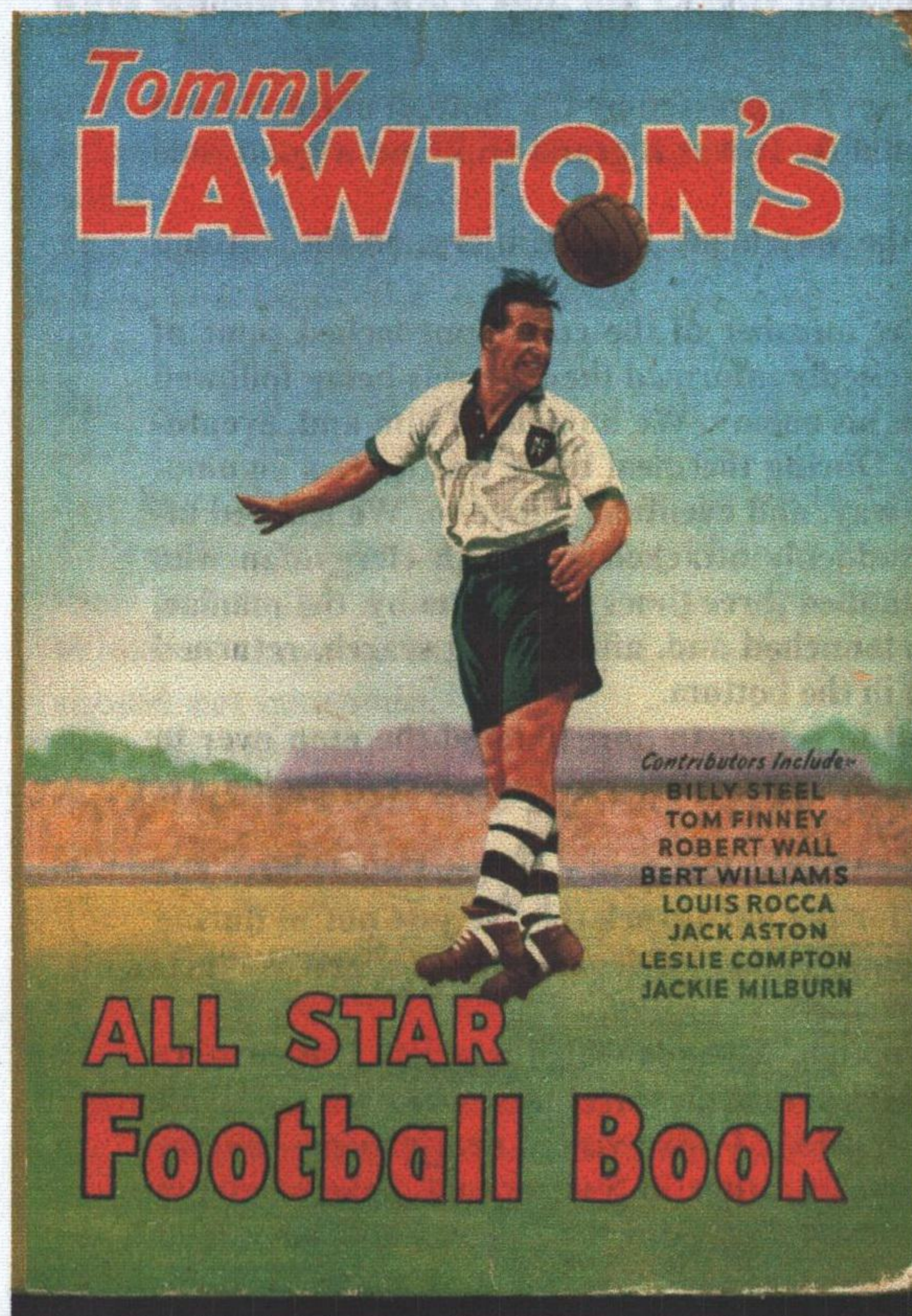
Everton drop the Pilot . . . I meet Swifty . . . Local "Derbies" Stevie v. The Army. . . Selfridges' Commando. . . Dean departs. . . Special training.

WHEN I reported for training in the August following the Copenhagen tour, I little thought I was about to enter the most momentous year of my football life. I didn't know then that the 1937-38 season was going to put me bang into the scorching limelight of top-class football—and that I, indirectly, would write the soccer story of one of the greatest centre forwards who had ever worn the England and Everton jerseys.

But that was to come. Meanwhile I was training as hard as ever. There was little superfluous fat to be wheedled off. I didn't go out of training during the summer cricket, golf and swimming saw to that.

I started that season in the reserves, leading the Central League side, while the First team made a depressing start, losing the opening game at Goodison 4-1 to Arsenal. The following Wednesday they were beaten again, 2-0 at Maine Road by Manchester City.

So with the club at the bottom of the table, forward changes were made for the third match, at Blackpool, the following Saturday. This time I was included, at inside-right to Dixie, Cunliffe being left out, while Dougal and Trentham took the places of the Irish international left-wing, Stevenson and Coulter. We lost again, this time 1-0, and it was a rather depressed bunch of players who watched the team pinned up on the notice-board for the return game with Manchester City the following Wednesday.



Contributors Include:
BILLY STEEL
TOM FINNEY
ROBERT WALL
BERT WILLIAMS
LOUIS ROCCA
JACK ASTON
LESLIE COMPTON
JACKIE MILBURN

Alex



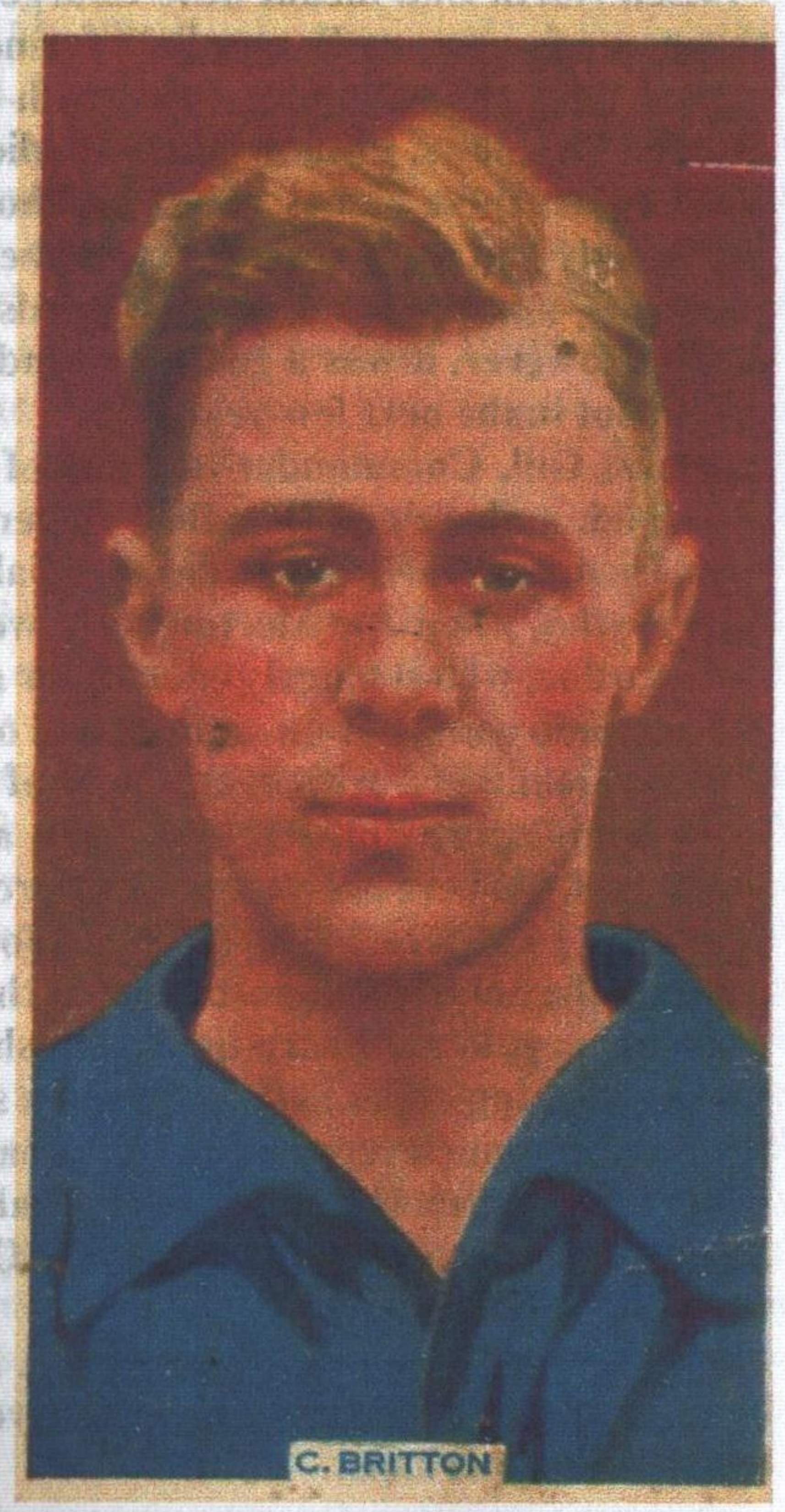
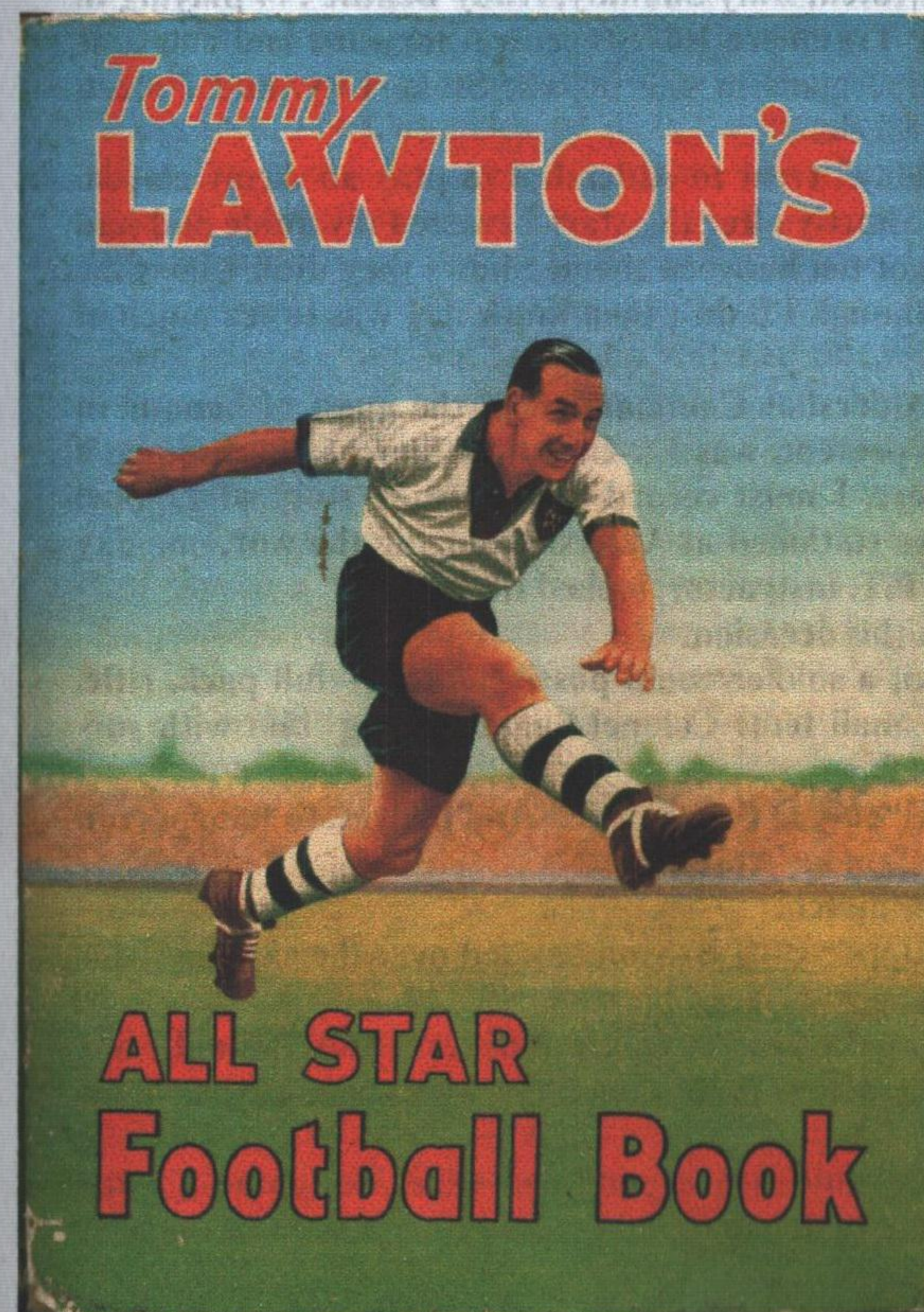
Rather to my surprise, but certainly to my delight, I had been chosen centre-forward. It must have been quite a decision for the Everton Board to leave a fit Dixie out, for he was the club skipper. Anyway, although nobody could read the future, that decision meant Dixie was finished so far as Everton were concerned. He only played one more game for the first team, mid-way through the season, when I was hurt and unable to turn out against Birmingham.

But to revert to Wednesday, September 8th, 1937—an eventful date for me. The Everton team chosen that night was: Sagar; Cook, Jones (J. E.); Britton, Gee, Mercer; Geldard, Stevenson, Lawton, Dougal, Trentham.

Manchester City were represented by the side which had finished the previous season on top of the First Division: Swift; Dale, Barkas; Percival, Bob Marshall (playing his 495th League game—I was playing my 12th), Bray; Toseland, Herd, Allmark, Doherty, Brook.

It was my first sight of the famous Light Blues, and of the giant Frank Swift, who later was to become my closest friend in professional football.

Maybe it was the youth in our forward line which gave Everton a fresh surge of confidence, but, whatever it was, big Swifty had a tough task in the City goal. I scored early on, and from then until the end of the game, we went all out for goals, and our first points of the season. "Old man" Stevenson, playing his first game at inside-right for two seasons, blossomed out as a goal scorer, and rammed in two much needed goals, while Peter Dougal, who had come to us from Arsenal during the summer, added a fourth. We won 4-1. It was a happy team in the bath that evening, and none sang louder than Tom Lawton. I felt I was on. my way, and knew that I had played well—perhaps too well to be left out.



And my optimism, and hope, was justified. I missed only one more game that season. I won't bore you with a match by match description of the rest of the term, but there are a few highlights which still stand out in my memory.

A couple of weeks after the Manchester game, I played, for the first time since leaving my home town, at Bolton. And had the satisfaction of scoring one of the goals by which we beat the Wanderers. Incidentally, that goal (so I learned later through the local evening paper) was the first to be scored before half-time in Bolton's last 13 games!

The teams, and names of great players, pass in orderly array down Memory Lane. Huddersfield Town still means Alf Young, straw-haired dominating personality of the area through which I must pass to goal (he looked after me all right that day). . . . Wolves, my second sight of Stanley Cullis, four years previously a shop assistant and townie of Joe Mercer, and Liverpool my initiation into the dour local Derby matches.

Perhaps that first match at Anfield was my sharpest memory of my first full League season. Well over 50,000 watched the battle, and I had the satisfaction of scoring the winning goal from a penalty. No quarter is given or asked in these Everton-Liverpool matches, and everybody on both sides seems to pull out a little extra when the clubs meet. It was my first sight of Tom Cooper on the field. Poor Tom, so soon to be tragically killed in a war-time motor-cycle accident.

The match with Grimsby was memorable in that Jackie Coulter, who, starting the season as the Everton outside-left, had moved on to Grimsby, just in time to score the winning goal against us. He came into the dressing-room to chip us good-naturedly after the game.

Preston North End meant little George Mutch, Billy Shankly, Andy Beattie . . . playing in this game for us was Bunny Bell, former Tranmere Rovers centre-forward and one-time record League individual scorer with nine goals in one match; Stoke City, and I meet, Stanley Matthews, Frankie Soo, Freddie Steele.

In between these games we had a "holiday" treat to Aldershot to play an Army eleven. Everybody had a good time, except me. Shortly after the start I twisted my ankle and had to go off—and the other four forwards got ten between them! Shows they didn't miss me much. However, it was a good trip, and though I didn't then know it, I was to see much of Aldershot in the next few years.

General Gill, Commander-in-Chief of Aldershot Command, was the guest of honour in the stand, and, among the other officers present, was Lt.-Col. Jack Sharp, who became a firm friend of war-time soldier-footballers. I must record this amusing story of Colonel Sharp, who, when Joe Mercer and I were stationed at Aldershot during the war, one day ran into Joe, who strangely enough for a P.T. instructor, looked like a

Commando going out on manoeuvres on this occasion.

Joe was loaded up with every piece of kit a soldier could possibly carry—full pack, rifle, extra equipment, and, I believe, even a small tent! Colonel Sharp, eyeing him with surprise, said, "Where are you going, Mercer?"

Overseas, I suppose." "No, sir," said Joe, "only to Selfridges!" And he was, to take part in a Salute the Soldier demonstration at the famous store!

But to revert to our peace-time Aldershot match.

In the dressing-room before the start, skipper Cliff Britton handed over the captaincy for the day with much ceremony to our goalkeeper, Harry Morton.

Harry was formerly a lance-corporal in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the only one among us with any army experience. Our new captain then lined us up, and gave us a little square-bashing!

Stevie scored five goals in that match. He could score, you know (like Alex James), when he wanted to. Stevenson is a great player, greater to the play close to him than he appears to the crowd, perhaps.

I had really worked up a fine understanding this season with one of the finest footballers who has ever kicked a football on an English ground.

Alex is an adept at giving you the short ball when the opponent is on the wrong foot, of stealing those few precious inches for you which mean all the time in the world to get in a shot. And not only is he a brilliant player, but, wherever Alex is, on or off the field, you can be sure a laugh is coming. A grand companion, and a firm friend.

Incidentally, the Everton team dined at the exclusive Officers' Club after this game—the first time a professional team has been so honoured.

The injury I suffered at Aldershot kept me out of the side for the following match with Birmingham, and gave Dean his last game with Everton. A few weeks later Dixie left us to join Notts County, and it was with real regret all at Goodison said good-bye to this lovable, boisterous character. Bill Dean, as he prefers to be known, helped me a lot when first I joined the club and speedily admitted me to the august circle of his friendship. Faults he had (haven't we all, and some of his antics frequently caused eyebrows to be raised, but we all liked Bill, and I don't think he had an enemy in the world.

So the season went on. It wasn't a particularly lucky era for Everton. We played well, but injuries affected us and the luck didn't always run smoothly. So it wasn't until right at the end of the season that we knew we were safe from relegation. Actually, we beat

Portsmouth in our last match but one to put us safe.

But our greatest disappointment came in the Cup. Frequently, a team doing badly in the League gets compensation with a good Cup run, and after we had won our Third Round match with Chelsea at Stamford Bridge by a first-half goal scored by Stevenson, we had high hopes of a home match when the draw was made on the following Monday.

The players listened-in to the draw (being broadcast for the first time) in the social-room at Goodison, and great was the excitement when Mr. Pickford announced to the world that Everton were to meet Sunderland at Goodison. We had got our home match—with a vengeance. The Cup holders! Well, the bigger they are the harder they fall!

That the match was going to draw was evidenced by the fact that before we left the ground that afternoon telegraphed orders were coming in for tickets from England, Wales, and Ireland! It was a draw; in fact a record crowd for Goodison (68,158) watched the teams take the field for the match. The date, by the way, was January 22nd, 1938.

Some of you white-hot fans who watched this match might like to glance again over the teams. They were: Everton: Morton; Cook, Jones (J. E.); Britton, Jones (T. G.), Mercer; Gillick, Cunliffe, Lawton, Stevenson, Trentham. Sunderland: Mapson; Feenan, Hall; Thomson, Johnson, McNab; Duns, Carter, Gurney, Gallagher, Burbanks.

It was a terrific battle, but, once again, the luck didn't run Everton's way. After Gurney had scored a first-half goal for Sunderland—the only goal of the match, by the way—Mapson played a magnificent game in goal for the Wearsiders, and we couldn't get the ball into the net for the vital equalizer. In addition, Jack Jones was a limping cripple on the left-wing throughout the second half, and, with a reorganized defence, we did well to keep Sunderland out. Especially with Raich Carter showing his brilliant best form. I was later to see quite a lot of Carter in the England team, but that particular day I wished he hadn't

played so well!

It was not long after our Cup defeat that the directors decided that we needed some extra special training to help us in our fight to keep in the First Division.

So, after the home match with Wolverhampton on February 19th, we were told to meet at Exchange Station the following evening, and that we were going to have a week's holiday at Harrogate. It was a grand success, from our point of view, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. Anyway, I'm convinced that this special training, which later became a regular thing at Goodison, helped to lay the foundations of our League Championship win the following season.

The idea was, apparently, that when we arrive at Harrogate, Sunday night and all day Monday were free for us to do what we liked. Then on Tuesday morning we reported to Trainer Harry Cooke, and the schedule for the week, previously arranged, was then proceeded with. Apart from long muscle-loosening walks, we had training sprints, and with the Harrogate Town Council kindly putting a ground at our disposal, we were able to indulge in ball practice, heading, and shooting-in.

It was on this ground that we first tried out Harry Cooke's six-a-side idea, which, I maintain, is ideal preparation for forwards and half-backs for the quick-moving style of modern football. Harry would permit nobody to dribble in these "matches" for fear of a casualty, so that as soon as anyone was tackled, they had to let the ball go to a partner. In this way we began to make quick, first-time passes at a much faster pace than hitherto. Apropos of this, I might say the tuition immediately bore fruit, for, in the match at Elland Road the following week, we got a smash hit goal as the result of top-speed, first-time passing. Few of the crowd who saw the goal realized that the ball travelled from Britton to Stevenson, from Alex to Cunliffe, on to me and back to Cunliffe in about twelve seconds, so fast was the move carried out.

Back to Harrogate . . . apart from training, there were many opportunities for entertainment. We played table tennis, cards, or billiards at the hotel, while hardly a day passed without some of us dropping in at Harrogate Golf Club for a round. It was here that I frequently met three great Yorkshire cricketers, Maurice Leyland, the thoughtful and gentlemanly Hedley Verity, who was to play and die for England, and Frank Smailes. We all became firm friends. In addition, there was the cinema, music-hall, or local repertory theatre. At the latter place we were particularly struck by the dramatic acting of a girl named Sonia Dresdi, who I was glad to see early in 1945 in London as the star of *Laura*. It was an enjoyable week and, as I say, I believe that was when we first really got together in the 1937—38 season. Anyway, we didn't go down to the Second Division, securing eleven of the last sixteen points to keep out of the last two places.

Mention of hotels never fails to recall the humorous episode during our stay at the Deepdene Hotel, Dorking, before our match at Brentford that season.

I was sharing a room with Tom Jones, and we had retired for the night and were yarn-ing in bed when Tom suddenly said, "Shush, can you hear what I can hear?" I could, it was a slow knocking on the wall.

We both got out of bed and crept over to the wall. The knocking was bad enough, but what followed was worse. Suddenly there was an outburst of whispering, then a high-pitched scream. Without more ado both Tom and I dived for the door, and, convinced the room was haunted, spent the rest of the night huddled round the huge fire in the hail. Came the dawn, as the good writers say, and the pay-off. At breakfast we were told, among roars of laughter from the rest of the crowd, that Norman Greenhaigh, Wally Boyes and Alex Stevenson had found a secret passage in this rather old-fashioned hotel and they were the "ghosts." Tom and I weren't allowed to forget the "haunting" all day, so the next evening we decided to get our own back. We found a

white marble bust (hollow), stuck a candle inside it, and covered the bust with a sheet. Then upstairs to the room occupied by the practical jokers. They were wise, and had locked the door. But the joke was too good to miss so we did the next best thing and took the apparition into the next room, where Torry Gillick and Stan Bentham were peacefully sleeping. We woke them with a blood-curdling howl—and a fraction of a second later Torry went past the two of us, now doubled up with laughter, at Olympic Games sprint pace. We found him downstairs muttering fierce Gaelic oaths, and, eventually, persuaded him to go to bed. But I still think Torry is convinced the ghost of an old-time evil-doer walked the house that night! (To be continued issue 21)



EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB 1937 / 38

Geneva financier mounts takeover bid for Everton

THE Geneva-based financier Christopher Samuelson is close to leading a takeover of Everton Football Club with an initial £2.8m investment, climbing to an eventual £30m. Samuelson's vehicle, the Fortress Sports Fund, is taking over the £15m guarantee given to the club by retail tycoon Philip Green this month through his Leafpoint vehicle.

As part of the deal, he will convert the loan into shares in the football club, emerging Matthew Goodman with a 29.9% stake. Fortress will have an option to enlarge its holding at a later date to a controlling 50.1% stake, at a price of £17.2m.

Samuelson has assembled about a dozen investors for the scheme but they will not include Boris Zingarevich, a Russian millionaire businessman revealed by The Sunday Times to be a key figure in the takeover of the Merseyside club. Zingarevich dropped out because he did not want the publicity that came with the deal. Samuelson, who describes himself as a committed Everton fan, is investing part of his personal wealth in the deal. He said fellow investors include Michele Saba, a private banker; Patricia German-Ribon, a member of the Aramayo mining family;

Guy de la Tour du Pin and Emily Willi, two wealthy Europeans; and Robert Steelhammer and Michele Miller, who are past business associates of Samuelson.

Samuelson said another half dozen individuals had also contributed money but he declined to reveal their identities.

Under the terms of the proposed deal, Everton's current majority shareholder, a company called True Blue Holdings, would be liquidated and the shares in Everton passed to its shareholders, who include club chairman Bill Kenwright. Fortress has made it a condition of its investment that Kenwright stay on as chairman.

The fund is also keen for team manager David Moyes to continue in his role.

It is understood that Kenwright is keen to see the deal go through and resolve the issue of the club's ownership. An announcement could be made in the next couple of days.

Samuelson said he thought Everton had great potential and that it could draw regular crowds of between 55,000 and 60,000 people. "There is a lot of room for improvements but Everton has a good team," he said. Samuelson is a co-founder of the Fortress Sports Fund alongside Kevin Neal, a fellow investment adviser, and Jerome Anderson, a football agent known for his links to Arsenal.

Anderson's clients include Thierry Henry and he has helped bring stars such as Dennis Bergkamp to the Premiership champions.

Speculation has swirled round Everton for several weeks as it grapples with its finances. Kenwright has been searching for new investors for months.

He first bought into the club four years ago, buying out hamper king Peter Johnson for £20m. His fellow shareholders include Paul Gregg, the leisure entrepreneur.

Kenwright avoided being voted out at an extraordinary meeting this month, after introducing new chief executive Keith Wyness. He has provoked fans' anger after selling the club's star centre-forward Wayne Rooney, to Manchester United for almost £30m. Everton have had their best-ever start to a season, including earning a draw against United at Old Trafford.

Matthew Goodman

Reader Rob van Dijk from The Netherlands pointed us at the forthcoming publication, written by his fellow countryman Han van Eijden and Wigan based George Chilvers

Please find attached a small article about EFC written by Dutchman Han van Eijden. Ever since first seeing Goodison Park on TV during the 1966 World Cup, Han has been fascinated by English football. He's been travelling over to England since the early '80s (- has seen over 250 games and has visited all 92 league grounds at least once).

Next to supporting Preston North End, his main interest lies with the history of the English game and every club that has ever played league football since the start in 1888. Together with co-writer George Chilvers, Han has written a book about football crests, club colours and nicknames. Unfortunately, no-one is yet willing to publish it as most publishers fear they won't be able to make any profit on it.

Having read the Everton-related chapter, I suggested to him that you might be interested to use his piece for Blue Blood. It was all my idea, Han is not trying to use your fanzine to get extra publicity or to find sponsors for his book. I just thought that other Evertonians would be equally interested in the article, especially as it's far from certain whether the book will ever be published.

At my request, Han kindly send me the article to mail forward to you.

Just a few household messages Han pointed out to me.

In his article, he has used a few quotes from ToffeeWeb.com for which he has written permission from their editor Michael Kenrick. I'm not sure how all this copyright-stuff works, but if you do need to include such information in your fanzine, now you know.

Also, knowing Han, he wouldn't mind at all if you have any suggestions for his article if you believe he has left important information out or if it includes any mistakes. Should he use your suggestions later on, you will be credited for them.

Finally, he has penned down a little intro to the article which you are allowed to use, or quote from, in Blue Blood;

"Why do AFC Bournemouth play in cherry red? Why did Bolton Wanderers once sport white jerseys with red dots? What's the relationship between Wycombe Wanderers' swan and Humphrey, 6th Earl of Stafford, the first Duke of Buckingham in 1444? What does PP in Preston North End's crest really mean? Why does Wigan Athletic's first emblem bear so many symbols of royal favour? Why were West Bromwich Albion once called The Nigger Minstrels? And who were the Peeping Toms?

The answers to these intriguing questions are all in an excellent book called The Beautiful History, yet to be published. A nostalgic journey of reminiscence it is dedicated to the crests, the club colours and the nicknames of all the clubs that have played in the Football League since the Second World War. From Accrington Stanley to York City.

The article that Han & George have done about Everton is on page 24 & 25, the book sounds like a good idea but publishers, as I know only too well will not take anything on that they feel will cost them money,. My advice to Han and George is to do it your self, get it all down on disc, take it to a printers, do it fanzine style and get fanzine editors to plug it for you. If good enough quality companies like Ottakars would stock it and they cover most regions in Britain.

EVERTON

The origins of Everton Football Club go back to an English Methodist congregation called New Connexion, founded in 1797. They decided in a meeting in 1868 to renew their social activities in the Liverpool area by building a new chapel there. The following year, they bought some land on Breckfield Road North, between St. Domingo Vale and St. Domingo Grove. This was located near the district of Everton, which had become part of the City of Liverpool in 1835.

St. Domingo Methodist Church's new chapel was opened in 1871. Six years later, a gentleman called Rev B.S. Chambers was selected as the new Minister. He was responsible for starting a cricket team for the youngsters in the parish, but because cricket can only be played in the summer, they had to find something for the kids to play during the winter as well. And so, The St. Domingo Football Club was formed in 1878.

Since many people outside the parish were interested in joining the football club, they decided that the name should be changed, so in November 1879, at a meeting in the Queen's Head Hotel, near

Ye Anciente Everton Toffee House, the name was changed to Everton Football Club, after the surrounding district.

Everton played at Stanley Park and then Priory Road, from where they were evicted by their landlord

J. Cuitt (who had donated the land) after disturbance caused by fans when the team beat Earlestown to win their first trophy in 1884. Everton found a new ground at Anfield Road in September 1884, but the exploits of their new benefactor, owner of the Orrell Brothers brewery, John Houlding, did not amuse a band of club members, led by George Mahon, organist at St Domingo's Church. Mahon and his colleagues objected to the interest Houlding charged on his loans, the monopoly he had on the catering inside the ground, and, an important factor in Victorian England, the fact that the company was run from licenced premises. Mahon joined forces with a wealthy medic by the name of James Baxter and the two suggested the club move to Mere Green on the North side of Stanley Park. The new ground was quickly renamed Goodison Park after the road in which it stood. With three stands, able to hold 11,000 spectators, together with proper turnstiles, it was in essence the first proper football ground in England. And Houlding and the ground at Anfield Road? Well, that is really is another story.

A unique feature of the ground at Goodison Park is the church, St Luke's, which abuts into the space between the now-towering Main Stand and the Gwladys Street Stand. Connections with the Church still exist!

In the earliest days St Domingo started out in blue and white striped shirts, the school colours, but as other players joined the club with a rainbow variety of shirts it was decided to dye the shirts a uniform black. As this looked rather dull, a red sash was added, and the team acquired the nickname "The Black Watch". Over the years Everton have played in the following colours: white, white with a black sash, playing at Stanley Park, white with a black sash, playing at Priory Road, blue and white stripes and finally black, playing at Anfield.

Arrival at Goodison Park saw dark blue stripes, salmon-pink, ruby with blue trimmings, and finally royal blue. It is in fact fascinating that at the time of the split from Houlding, Everton wore ruby-red shirts, while the team remaining at Anfield, Liverpool Football Club, wore blue and white shirts. Something for the Blues and Reds of the city to consider in their present-day rivalry!! Not so long ago Everton reintroduced the salmon-pink into a change strip with navy-blue stripes.

The Toffees (or The Toffemen) is the established and traditional nickname for Everton FC, and certainly preferable to the dull alternative of "The Blues", which is used only locally to differentiate the club from its equally famous neighbours. It originated very early in the history of the club, by association with not one but two local Toffee Shops that figured in Everton's early history. 'Ye Anciente Everton Toffee House' was located within a "mint ball's throw" of the Queen's Head Hotel in Village Street, where much of Everton's early development as a Football Club occurred.

The Toffee House was the operation of Old Ma Bushell, who was the original Toffee Lady, and actually invented Everton Toffees. This confectionery was sold in huge quantities to the hungry hordes as they journeyed from far and wide to watch Everton play in the new Football League at Anfield, Everton's third ground.

'Mother Noblett's Toffee Shop', meanwhile, was located near Goodison Park, and figured prominently after the move from Anfield in 1893. Old Mother Noblett was placed on the horns of a dilemma when that momentous decision was taken to move the great club from Anfield to the new Goodison Park. But, being the 'mother of innovation, Mrs Noblett hit upon a great idea as direct competition for the Everton Toffees patented by her arch rival, Old Ma Bushell. She invented Everton Mints.

Everton Mints were a great success with the crowd. The black & white stripes of the new sweets reflected an older strip that Everton had worn some years earlier and sales of Everton Toffee from Ye Anciente Everton Toffee Shop declined rapidly, mainly due the long distance that now separated Old Ma Bushell's tasty goods from the crowds milling around Goodison Park.

Not to be outdone by the inventive Mrs Nobletts, Old Ma Bushell pulled a masterstroke of marketing acumen. She gained permission from the leaders of the Club to distribute her Everton Toffees to the crowd inside the ground as they waited patiently for the kick-off. Her beautiful young grand-daughter, Jemima Bushell, was persuaded to perform this honourable task. She dressed in her best finery, and donned a broad hat before carrying around her basket laden with individually wrapped Everton Toffees.

Thus was born the tradition of the Everton Toffee Lady, a pre-match feature at Goodison Park that has lasted remarkably well down the years. In previous years, one Toffee Lady did the job week-in, week-out; Mary Gorry fulfilled this role in the mid-Fifties. Nowadays, for each home match, a different teenage girl is selected from the ranks of Everton's Supporters Club to perform this time-honoured task. Again it is worthy of note, however, that the "toffees" thrown, are usually "Everton Mints".

The official crest of Everton Football Club features a tower erect (in heraldic parlance!), bordered by two wreaths resplendent (eh?). So just what is that tower? Rupert's Tower is an old bridewell or lock-up that is still located on Everton Brow, in Netherfield Road, Everton. The old stone bridewell is looking a bit the worse for wear, but it is now within the 'Everton Park' development, and is used by council workmen for storing tools. It was built in 1787, and was used to incarcerate wrong-doers (typically drunks) overnight, until they could be hauled before the magistrate the following morning. Note that the depiction of Rupert's Tower has changed a bit on the latest version of the Club crest, which may or may not be linked with the construction of the new Everton Superstore in a design that consciously echoes the Tower motif.

The club motto is the Latin phrase "Nil Satis Nisi Optimum" - nothing but the best. The Toffees have always been known for the style of their play - gaining them a popular nickname of "The School of Science".

And now for something completely different, to complete Everton's wonderful story. The word Everton is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word Eofor. Eofor means "wild boar that lives in forests". This means, of course, that Everton was once a jungle with wild animals running all over the place. Ton is Anglo-Saxon for hill or farm, so Everton may have originally been a pig-farm on the hill....."

So there you have it, ok you knew it all but maybe you didn't, anyhow a book with other clubs histories as well as ours is something the market can take, good luck to them both

It was a hard game against Newcastle but Everton stuck with it and a point was hard earned in a 0-0 draw, the first time in 28 games that an Everton game ended goalless.

28th September 1901, the buzz on Merseyside all week was the news that Everton had bought Alex 'Sandy' Young from Falkirk in Scotland. He was a centre forward with some reputation and it looked a good signing for the Blues.

Once again Everton had raided Scotland, they have bought some greats from the Scottish League and if Alex is as good as most of them then Evertonians would be in for a treat. Another new signing was W. Roche, little is known about him but he made his debut alongside Alex at outside right, it was to be his only appearance for Everton and he disappeared into the mists of history.

The game in question was at Aston Villa, Wolstenholme replaced Boyle Roche replaced Sharp and Young replaced Proudfoot. A healthy crowd of 20,000 watched the match expecting Villa to turn over their illustrious visitors, Abbott scored for Everton but Villa got an equaliser and the match ended 1-1. 5th October 1901 and Everton are at home to Sheffield United 18,000 Evertonians get their first glimpse of Young. Peter Patterson, a signing from Royal Albert makes his debut at inside right for Everton, Abbott finds the net for the second game on the trot, Settle also scores and Everton win 2-1. Six games unbeaten and Everton travel to Nottingham Forest, a decent team playing well. Patterson and Young keep their place in the team Sharp returns for the injured Bell. Everton hopes are high but they soon get lowered Forest play exciting football and outclass the Blues William Muir in the Everton goal has a nightmare and Everton are hammered 4-0, 12,000 Forest fans go home very happy.

Muir had played his last game for Everton, after 135 games he was no longer wanted by the Blues he had been signed from Kilmarnock and had been a very good goalie but his time was up, reserve goalie George Kitchen was given another chance to shine for the men in Blue. He had signed from Stockport in 1899 and had played in a handful of matches, now it was the real thing, could he keep the goalies job on a permanent basis? We were soon to find out, home to Bury, 20,00 fans inside Goodison Park, Kitchen is in goal, John Blythe at left half, Abbott at inside left quite a new look line up and the game ends 1-1, Jimmy Settle got our goal.

Blackburn away and 10,000 watch as Everton play very poorly, Blythe makes way for Bell and George Kitchen keeps his place in goal. He doesn't do himself any favours as Everton lose 3-1 Patterson gets his only goal for the club. Stoke City visit Goodison and 16,000 fans come along hoping that their trip ends in a pointless task. Everton had slipped down the League, their recent form was poor and it was not certain that Stoke would be dispatched so easily. Charles Clark makes his debut at right half, there is no information of where he came from but he seemed to have played well in this game. Everton get back to winning ways with a narrow 1-0 win thanks to Jack Sharp.

Newly promoted Grimsby Town are the next opponents on the 9th November and Everton travel to Grimsby for the first time to play a League game. George Eccles comes in at left back for his first game of the season. Proudfoot also returns after missing the last six matches. 5,000 fans watch as Everton hit form, Jimmy Settle hits two goals in a 2-0 victory.

The next match would be the tester, Sunderland, playing well and championship hopefuls. It was not the place to go but Everton had no choice. Wolstenholme replaces Clark, 13,200 watch

**Jack Sharp
Outside Right**



Signed from Aston Villa in 1899 he was an excellent footballer and also a quality Cricket player who played for England in both sports.

A short, stocky man, he could turn a full back inside out.

Described as a 'Pocket Hercules' he was to serve Everton well.

**Jack Taylor
Inside Right**

Signed from St Mirren he could play in any position, Mr Versatile, A dedicated Blue.

He was on the right wing in the Cup Final in 1887 against Aston Villa but was just as comfortable at centre half.

Helped out with many goals and was a regular selection but suffered injury during the 1901 / 02 season.



**Alex 'Sandy' Young
Centre Forward**

Signed from Falkirk in the summer of 1901, he was to become an Everton Legend.

A great team player and goalscorer in his own rite.

He would write his name in the annals of Everton History in the coming seasons



A. YOUNG.

a brilliant game. It is action packed, end to end and had plenty of goals, six in total and thankfully four of them went to Everton. Settle gets another two, Abbott and Sharp one apiece. This was a brilliant win for Everton and put them firmly in the race for the title. Home against Small Heath (Birmingham) Everton remain unchanged, 20,000 Everton fans cheers on their beloved Blues, Everton struggle to win but win they do, only one nil but a vital two points, John Bell is the hero, scoring the only goal.

Derby County away, 12,000 watch, Everton only make one change, Proudfoot makes way for Jack Taylor. With four wins on the bounce Everton want to make it five, Derby have other ideas they match Everton in every department and win comfortably, 3-1 Settle gets the Everton goal. The Derby County defeat is a blow to Everton's pride, they need to get back on track. Sheffield Wednesday are next up at Goodison Park, a must win game for the Blues. No change to the Everton line up despite the hammering by Derby, the 15,000 crowd are expecting the old Everton, the one that can rip teams apart with skill and flair.

They got what they expected, Everton turn on the style, poor Wednesday do not know what has hit them, Jimmy Settle gets two goals, taking him to thirteen for the season so far, Jack Sharp also scores twice and the other goal is put away by Alex 'Sandy' Young, the date is 7th December 1901, it is his first League goal for Everton, it will not be his last, or the most important.

Notts County away, a lowly 4,000 turn up, the atmosphere is nil but that doesn't bother Everton, they play controlled and skilful football and take the points with two fine goals by Settle and Taylor.

21st December and Bolton are the visitors to Goodison, only 13,000 fans pay to watch, money is needed for Christmas, Everton keep the same team for the fourth time on the run, Bolton make it hard for the Blues but eventually Everton break the deadlock through, the one and only Jimmy Settle.

Christmas Day, home, unchanged, 18,000 gate, what more could you ask for? Two points would be nice, Aston Villa do not want to give them to us, Jack Taylor gets two goals but Villa get three, Christmas is ruined.

Boxing Day and Wolves away, Watson replaces Eccles at left back, 10,000 inside the ground watch Everton lose again, 2-1 Bell the goalscorer.

This was the last game in 1901, a year that saw Queen Victoria die, The Boer War end and Everton throwing away their last two games and maybe a chance of the Championship. Evertonians were disappointed with their team, there was enough quality but not enough consistency, the New Year needs to be much better.

The Edwardian Era starts and Everton get their League campaign under way on the 11th January 1902, the problem left back position is changed once more, this time, Jack Sharp's brother Bert is tried there and what a game to be tried out in, The Derby, against the loveless ones. 25,000 fans get inside the ground early to try and get the best viewpoint, Goodison Park is steaming.

The crowd expect a close fought game but they are shocked, pleasantly shocked, Everton are superior in every department, the Reds are run ragged and lose 4-0. Settle gets another two goals, Bell and Young get the others, Evertonians get the ale in.

This is the biggest victory in a Derby game so far and Everton looked light years ahead of their local rivals.

Newcastle away, Eccles returns at left back, John Blythe is at left half in place of Abbott. A hard game and Everton do well to earn a point, the game ends 1-1, Young scores.

Giants Of EFC

1901 saw Will Cuff (bowler hat) become Chairman of Everton Football Club.

He went on to serve Everton for nearly 50 years and was also elected to the Football League Chairmanship.

He was Mr EVERTON, a driving passion for all things Blue. It was Mr Cuff who upheld Everton's proud 'School Of Science' tag.

Below him is Jack Elliott, another passionate Evertonian, he would do anything asked of him for the Blue Cause and in 1901 he was rewarded for his loyalty by being appointed first team trainer, a role he held until 1927. He can be seen on every official team photo for that period.

Even when he retired as trainer he became the caretaker at Goodison, the first in and the last out.

It was said that if anyone would haunt Goodison after their death it would be Jack because he could not bare to be away from the place.



The Newcastle game attracted 17,000 fans, not as good as what was expected but still far higher than any other event at this time in the Country's history. The F. A. Cup, always a special time but this draw was to be more than SPECIAL, it was the first time that Everton met Liverpool and it was to be played at Anfield.

The City was buzzing, ticket sales went through the roof, fans could not wait until the big day, the art of Boasting reached it's height, then the big day 25th January 1902 and bring on the players is the cry.

25,000 fans inside Anfield created a very special atmosphere, the game was to be won by Everton, that was the considered opinion of the press and those in the know, after all Everton had already drawn at Anfield and destroyed them at Goodison only two weeks before.

The game was full of excitement and end to end action, Liverpool were awarded a penalty and took the lead in the first half. After the break Alex Young got the equalizer but within ten minutes the unwashed scored again, Jack Sharp put things level again and the game ended 2-2. In all the excitement the debut of Adam Bowman for Everton at inside left is nearly overlooked, he had been signed from East Stirling.

A replay at Goodison Park, brilliant thought all the Blues, now we will finish the job. The game saw the now obligatory change at left back for Everton, Bert Sharp came in for Eccles, 20,000 watch the replay, surprising that there wasn't any more but still a healthy gate, disaster strikes Everton, Balmer heads into his own net, they get another in the second half and Everton go out of the Cup, a shock result.

February 1st Sheffield United away, Bruce Rankin makes his debut for Everton at inside right, a Glasgow lad he is joined in the debut stakes by Harry Singleton who plays at outside left for Everton. It is the second game on the trot that Everton fail to find the net but all was not lost it ended 0-0 and 14,306 fans were fairly happy. Bury away only 7,000 fans, Bell returns on the left wing, it didn't help, we lose 1-0 a terrible defeat.

Blackburn at home 22nd February Thomas Chadwick makes his debut for EFC at outside left in place of the injured Bell, he was signed from Blackburn, the opponents today, Everton fail to find the net again and Blackburn pounce twice to take the points, Everton's hopes of becoming Champions are fading and fading fast.

Stoke City away, another must win game, 10,000 fans attended the match, Everton get back to winning ways, they take both points with a 2-1 win thanks to Abbott and Booth.

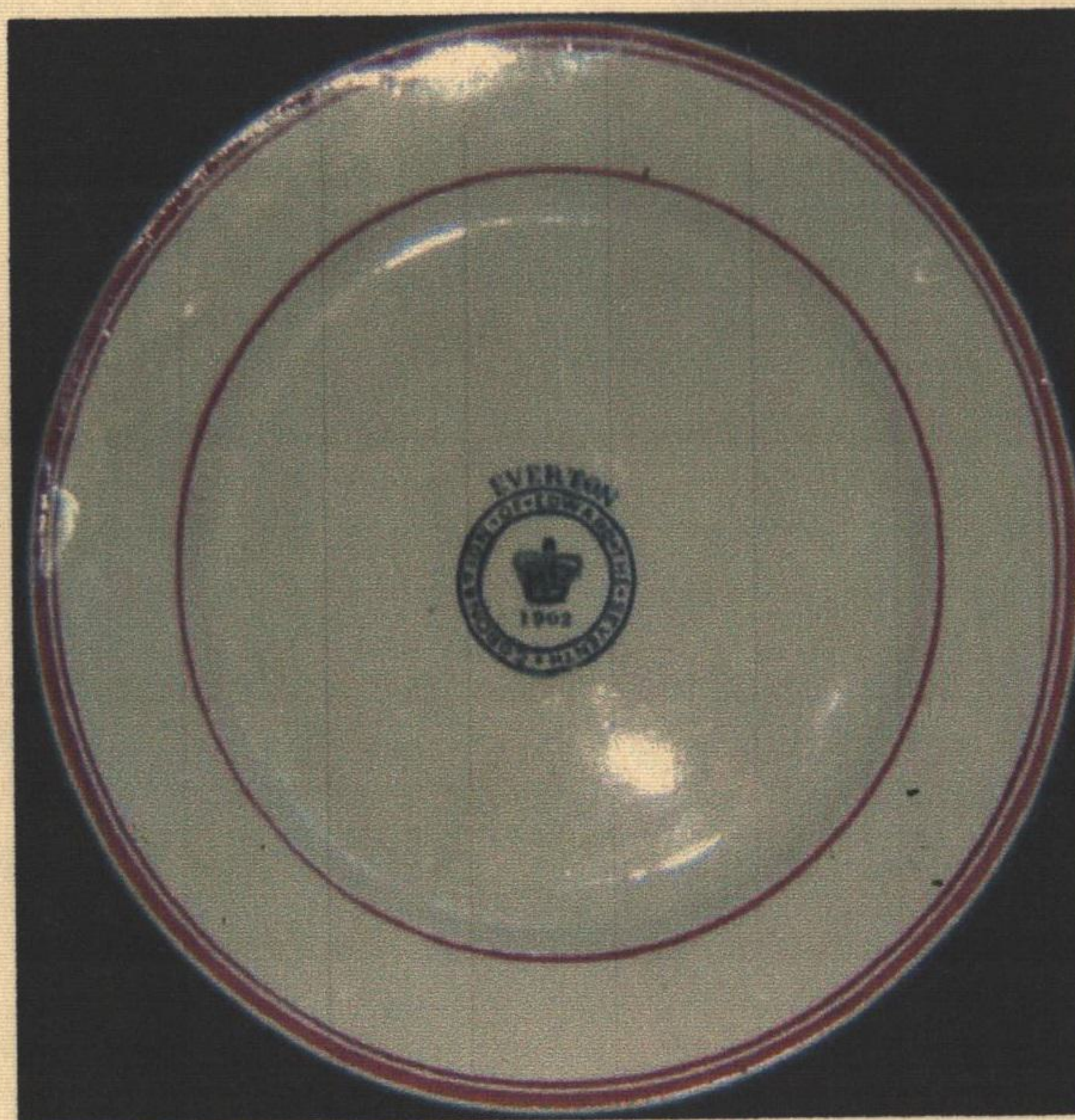
Two days later at Wrexham, Abbott makes his debut for England against Wales, a fine player but this was to be his only appearance for his country, the game ended 0-0.

Grimsby Town at home, 10,000 Evertonians still have some faith, not that much but a little. J. Bone plays his second and final game for Everton, Clark returns at right half, but it's all in vain, Everton lose 1-0, wave goodbye to the title boys.

With eight games left and a few points adrift from Sunderland in top spot, things do not look good for the Blues.

It would take a tremendous effort to win the title now but if they were going to do it, they needed to start today against the high and very mighty Sunderland.

It's the 15th march and 25,000 Evertonians inside Goodison know just how important this game is. Everton take the game to the Wearsiders, Jack Taylor and Alex 'Sandy' Young get a goal each, it's enough to give the Blues both points and complete a double over Sunderland. Could the mission be possible or would our heroes fall apart and fail
The to be continued in issue 21)



This plate has Coronation Of Edward The Seventh 1902 stamped on it but also has Everton over stamped at the top, don't ask me why.



**The New King of England Edward The Seventh
But Evertonians were only interested in Alex 'Sandy' Young he was to
become their New King**

Once A Blue Always A Blue

Written In Your DNA : Not On Your T- Shirt

