

# Blue Blood

**A Historical Everton Fanzine**

**Volume 4 issue 21**



**Micky Lill Pages 6-7**

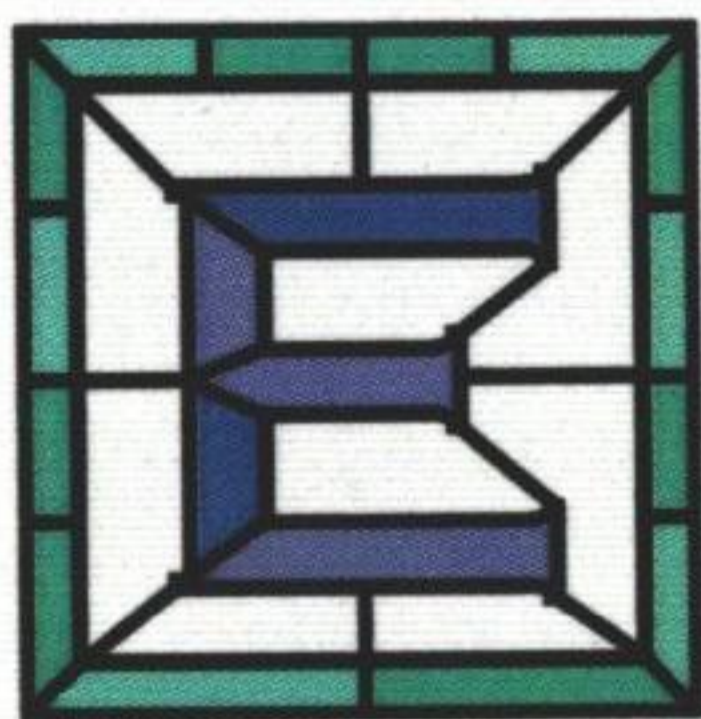
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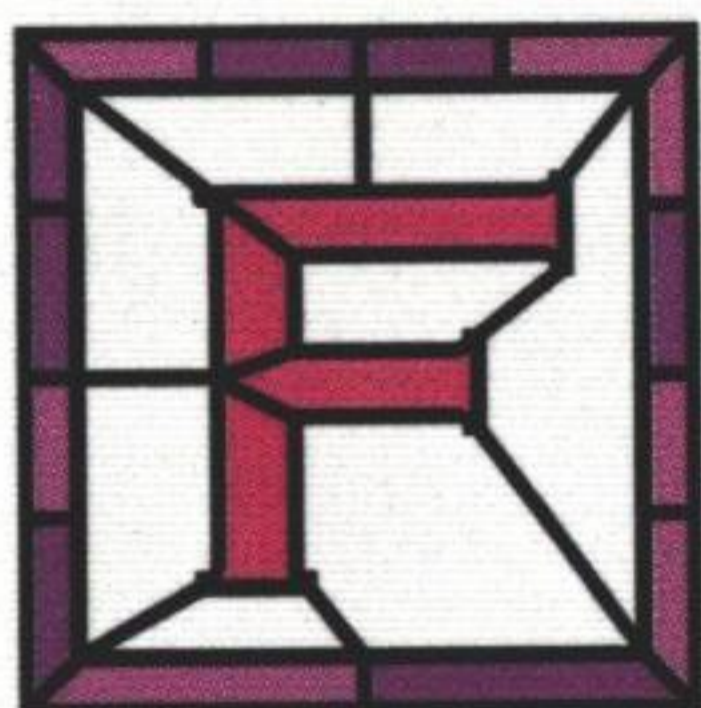
# Editorial Blue Blood

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Radio Merseyside can be heard on [www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool](http://www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool)

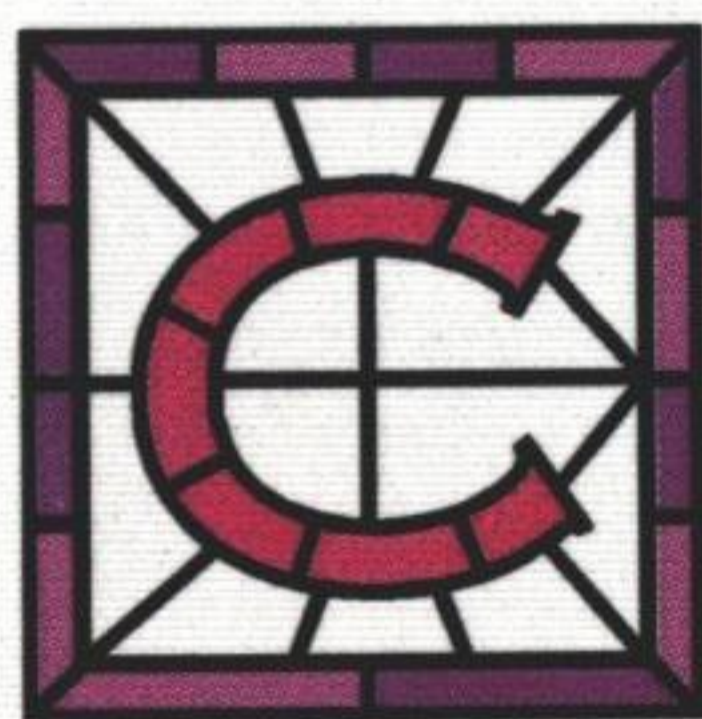


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



## 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)



KENNETH REA EVERTON  
Debut 1st Sept 1956  
Against Wolverhampton  
Last Game 27th March 1959  
v Luton Town  
Games played 51  
Goals— None  
Position Right Half

Thank you to all of you who have phoned, emailed and written in support of Blue Blood, there are to many to mention here but I do appreciate every word you have said, Blue Blood will continue and it will be hand printed, it's the only way it will survive.

Second in the League, even if it was only for a couple of hours, who would have thought it? How have we managed to turn things around from the shambles that was Man City away last season?

Moyes has brought in two new trainers who are more involved with the team and maybe Moyes is a bit more remote and relaxed with this set up. The players might not feel Moyes's passion and directness as a threat any more, as he is taking a more hands off approach.

Either way, I am not complaining, we are playing some nice football and Osman and Cahill are doing the business, passing and tackling and scoring.

Gravesen is playing well but could be a world beater if he could control the ball better and learn to pass with the right amount of pace on the ball.

Ferguson did at Norwich what he should have been doing all his career, heading the ball with precision and power and Stubbs with Weir alongside him are at times invincible.

It is worrying that the "Missing Millions" have still not arrived via Uncle Bill's negotiations but he has said it would be Christmas before that would happen and we will have to wait and see.

The Spurs game was annoying because you knew that Everton should have sealed the win early in the first half but missed chances cost us the game but the lads fought back from that and we are on a roll as they say.

Even George Graham on Sky sports was praising Everton's excellent football and style, it was worth the subscription just to hear those words.

Bent has had a had time, a lone striker is not what any forward wants to be, most need someone close by to work the short one-two but Bent has done well, holding the ball, passing and getting stuck in.

Pistone is the one weak link in my opinion, I fail to see how he gets a regular place, it's a position that Moyes must look at and buy another full back in the January sales.

Pistone has been quoted in the Liverpool Echo saying he is playing the best football of his career and he wants to stay here at Goodison for the rest of his time in football!!!!

Andy Hosie, the commercial manager is the first big name at Goodison to fall to the new man Keith Wyness, apparently Andy was a nice man but maybe that was the problem, Keith was at a meeting with Everton fans when he said he realised how hard it was to buy a ticket from Everton Football Club and other matters would also be looked into.

For the past four seasons I have stood in Goodison Road selling Blue Blood and have always heard the tannoy announcement that 'only tickets for today's game are on sale, for any other tickets come to the box office after the game at 5.30' at the last home game against Southampton that message was not transmitted, maybe now you can buy a ticket for the following week's game before the match.

It always seemed to me that the box office staff were using the crowds of people who wanted to buy tickets as an excuse to create their own overtime, instead of just selling tickets of any description they chose to sell only that day's ticket, which 90% of the people around Goodison on matchday have anyway.

Keith has a major job on his hands, the club is controlled by a small number of staff who run it to suit their own lifestyle, opening and closing at times not always suitable for people who live outside the City, not answering the phone, not taking credit cards over the phone but wanting you to FAX them, WHY?

Everton are falling way behind in their merchandising, the new City store must be run properly, aimed at the customer and not suiting the staff, training, if indeed any is given is woeful, the staff answer the phone as if they are talking to a mate, their lackadaisical attitude must have businessmen baffled at what kind of company they have phoned. I phoned the Megastore about something and when I asked the member of staff about it here was their reply "Know nothing about it mate" in a broad scouse accent, I was born and bred in Bootle so I am not anti Liverpool but you have to have trained staff who are able to deal with the public in a businesslike manner.

I am writing this after the Preston game and the fact that kids are getting charged a tenner instead of last year's five is awful, and £15 to watch a moderate First Division team is not on. Why they can not just leave it at a fiver I do not know. League Cup games have an atmosphere where the young kids who never get a chance to come on a Saturday can watch and shout their little heads off, they enjoy it and for a parent who has not got too much money a fiver for his child and a tenner for him is just about acceptable but twenty five quid for them both isn't, take note Keith and try to make sure those with money to watch Everton are allowed in to the game, Ian Ross has been in charge of this kind of fiasco before.

Aston Villa at home is the test, a hard team to break down, always well organised and if we are to keep up at the top, we need to win.







# Harry Catterick

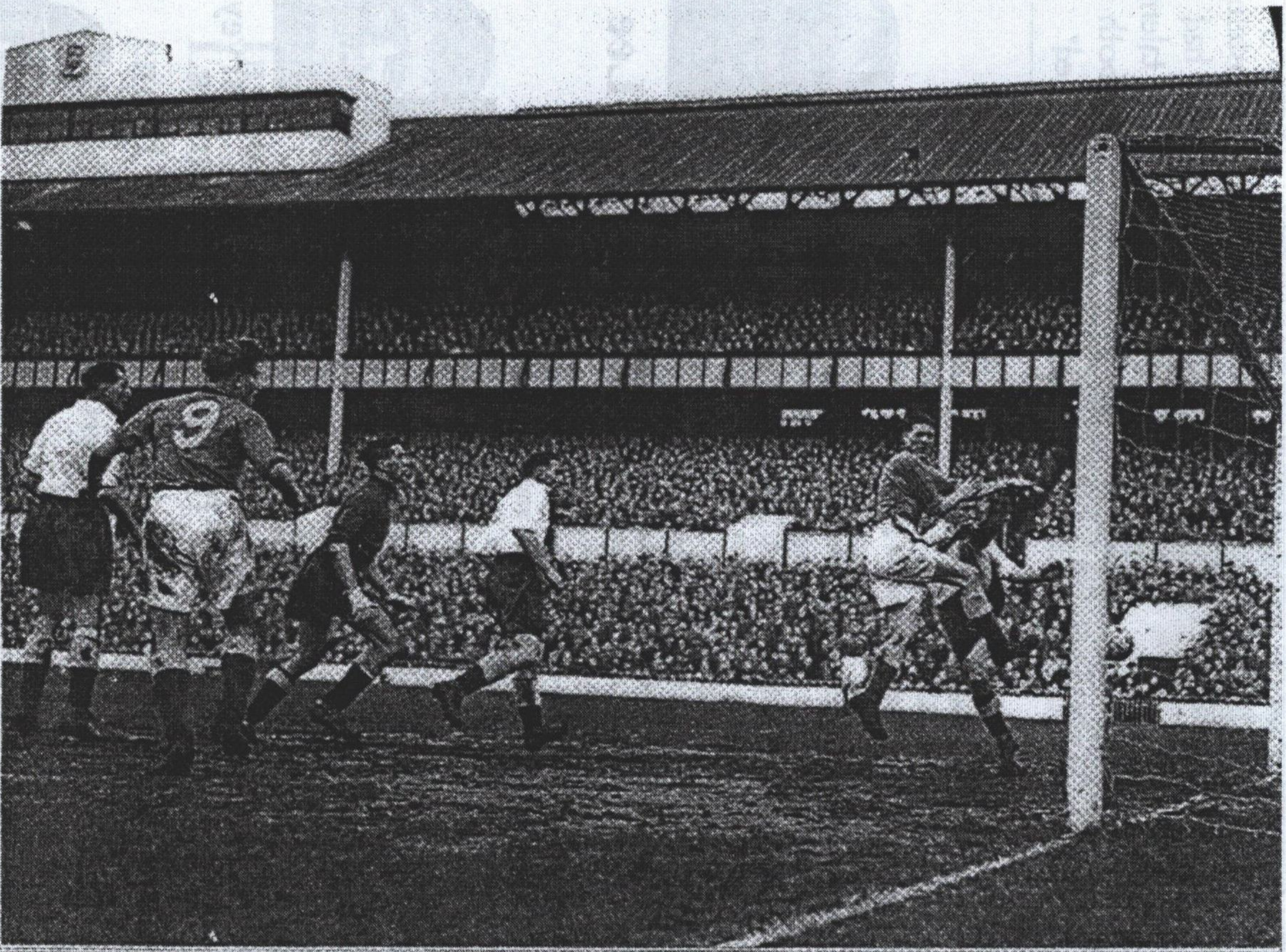


**HARRY CATTERICK, Everton's centre forward.**

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## Bill Nicholson A Football Great

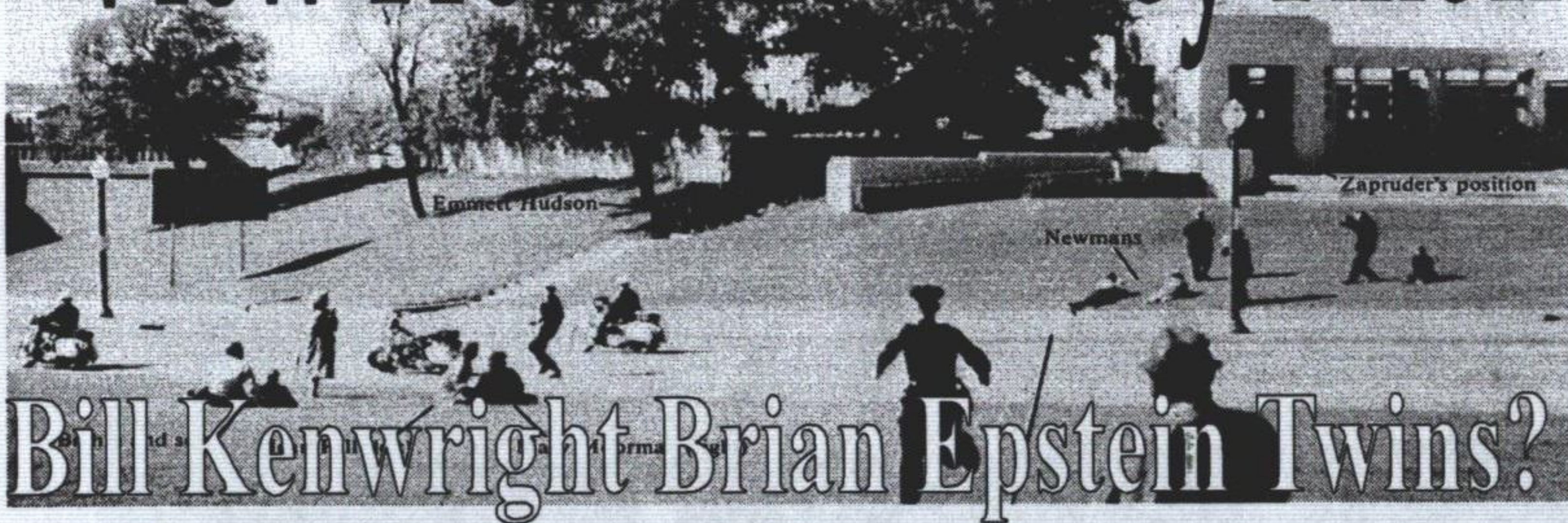
Page 11



Bill Nicholson (white shirt, centre) and Alf Ramsey (half-back), attempting clearance) playing for Spurs against Everton at White Hart Lane, December, 1954. Nicholson, as Manager of Spurs, led his side to the League and F.A. Cup double in 1961. Ramsey guided Ipswich to the First Division championship in 1962 and England to World Cup victory in 1966.



# View From The Grassy Knoll



"Kenwright and Epstein both had unique talents but both failed"

Bill Kenwright, in charge of Everton Football Club when the most unique talent for a long, long time came along. Wayne Rooney, the superhero of the Merseyside suburbs. Could Bill get enough from young Wayne in terms of commercial sponsorship and help Everton to get back to their rightful place in English football?

Brain Epstein, in charge of NEMS record company, along come the Beatles, arguably the most unique pop band the world had seen, could Brian get enough money from commercialism to reward himself and the Beatles?

The answer to both questions is no, they both failed to get the best for their artists and their respective companies.

Epstein was naïve and when he went to America, the land of opportunity he and the Beatles were ripped of. He sold the merchandising rights for a fraction of what they were worth and the Beatles were dragged all over the place, milked dry and then thrown away, back to the UK.

Kenwright also had the chance to 'Milk' the Wayne Rooney bandwagon, our Wayne had just lit up the World with an amazing display in the European Championships. The commercial side of Everton had the right to print their own money with Rooney Merchandise, they took the easy option and grabbed the first offer on the boys head,

Thousands of pounds worth of Rooney shirts, instead of helping to pay off Everton's huge debt were sent out to Africa to help the charities working over there.

£27 million might seem like a lot of money but the Worldwide sales of Rooney merchandise over the next few seasons will dwarf that figure.

Yes The Beatles and Wayne Rooney were hard to handle but with firm management and sensible advice both Epstein and Kenwright would have been more successful.

I do not think Bill would be negotiating for months with someone who only wants to invest £12.9 million if Rooney was still at the Club.

Everton are at this moment in time only three points behind Arsenal, so why are we dithering with minimal investors?

Kenwright should join the big boys, Glazer is out there trying to buy United, he didn't look at Everton, did he? But if Rooney had been here and we were in second, then who knows.

If, as Bill tells us, Football is big business then so be it, make it big Bill, don't fiddle about with Samuelson and his cronies who have not yet shown any interest except empty words.

Everton Football Club need to be led by a man with vision, not someone who will listen to anyone offering crumbs.

Only The Best Is Good Enough, remember that Bill.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

# COVENTRY CITY FOOTBALL CLUB LIMITED

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EP/jmr

30th November, 1972

W. Dickinson, Esq.,  
Secretary,  
Everton Football Club,  
Goodison Park,  
Liverpool,  
L4 4EL.

Dear Bill,

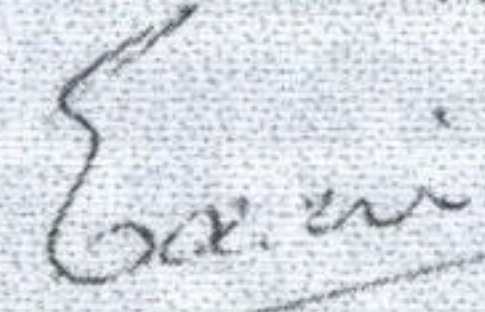
Thank you very much for the cheque value £5,000 relating to the Testimonial Match for Tommy Lawton at Goodison Park.

We have merely placed the cheque with the Bank in order to open an account to settle Tommy's debts. It seems certain that a trust fund will not be required as it appears that there will be very little available to him after meeting his creditors.

Nevertheless, thank you once again for all your help.

Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

  
SECRETARY

**Inside this fanzine you will find the Tommy Lawton Story, it is sad to think that Tommy ended his life in poverty and even though Everton held a testimonial for him, the money raised didn't really help Tommy. As you will see from this official letter Coventry were not very impressed by the amount raised from the testimonial.**

Isn't it great being up at the top again where we belong and those other ruffians across the park down where they belong.

I see they were up to their usual tricks again in London, at Millwall, but of course, it wasn't their fault, it was those nasty London lads singing nasty songs, the only answer was to smash seats up and attack them, wasn't it?

The Big sick Scottish lad has been looking a lot better of late.

He has a spring in his step these days, someone said it is because he is about to retire at the end of the season but I think they are being unfair to the big one.

Leon and Tim are lovely and they should be the pin ups in the papers not those tacky women we always see.

That nice man Mr Hosie has left the club, Keith the new man got rid of him because we are not making enough money from sponsorships.

I have heard that the Russian guy at Chelsea is cheesed off and might leave and take all his money with him. I think he wants to get away from that miserable manger he has employed, Morbidio or something, does he ever smile?

And the other lot down the Lanc's are on the brink of being sold off to a yank!!!

All those nasty men and we have lovely Uncle Bill but some people (George) still moan about him.

Preston had a lot of fans here the other night but they didn't mingle much, kept themselves to themselves and didn't really deserve to see their team win.

I watched the boys on the telly last week at Norwich, didn't they do well? I can't travel those long distances any more, my veins play up after a couple of hours on the coach and those toilets are not the easiest to sit on when you have a driver who thinks he is in the British Grand Prix.

The other lot had their "Derby" the other night against Deportivo, typical 0-0 I should have put a bet on it.

I must try to see Bill and see what is happening with all the talk about Russians and people from Geneva, where will I send my Christmas cards to?

The difference it makes when Everton play well, I mean to say, we are on Match Of The Day before midnight sometimes, throws you out if you nip out for a few scoops and think you have plenty of time to get home.

The talk about putting a tram track through the city has left me wondering what will happen if our Billy gets his bike wheel caught in the gap?

He is a silly lad at the best of times and it isn't right that the council should put down a gap which other lads on skateboards might fall into.

I have heard that Mr Moyes, that lovely man, might not stay unless Uncle Bill comes up with the money, I have heard all kinds of stories but Mr Moyes has been let down badly by Bill.

How many times will Moyes put up with the frustration of having no money to spend?

I have heard that there is going to be another AGM in December and that if Uncle Bill hasn't got any money then some of those nasty boys who called him a liar might get even more nasty.

Let's hope that everything works out fine and we can give Mr Moyes some cash.

## League Champions

So far my career had comprised just avoiding relegation with Burnley, doing the same thing with Everton (but in a different division), a tour to Denmark and a trip to Glasgow for the Empire Exhibition tournament. Not, you might think, overloaded with success-

But 'I had a feeling that the 1938—9 season would do us some good and bring us the success that had so far eluded us. After all, we had made a grandstand finish to the previous season, despite our low final placing in the table, and our football in Glasgow had won high praise from all the critics—including the Scottish critics, who never fall over themselves to say the Sassenachs are good! Maybe, then, we were slipping into gear.

I was confident, but little did I know that the coming season was to bring me great prizes. Neither did I suspect that the 1938—9 season was to be the end of an era.

Not many people shared my confidence. They thought Everton would be struggling again, but in our first game, against Blackpool at Bloomfield Road, we clicked beautifully and won easily. One newspaper said we played 'like a side ripe in the peak season of soccer'.

In the second game we thrashed Grimsby Town 3—0, and I scored two of the goals in the space of three minutes. Both came as a result of the hardest shots I think I have ever brought out of the bag.

Brentford were the next club to feel the weight of the new Everton, and then we whipped Aston Villa on the famous Villa Park 3—0 to put us on top of the league with, a 100 per cent record from four games. Our fifth game was against Arsenal at Highbury, and if we won we would equal the First Division record by winning the first five games of the season.

To prepare for this big game we travelled south two days before the game and stayed at Bushey. Our training consisted of walks and golf—after all, we were playing two games a week so we didn't need any concentrated training. We also had six-a-side football under the direction of Harry Cooke, the trainer, and this helped us to develop our plan of passing accurately at terrific speed. We were later to have cause to thank Harry Cooke for that practice.

The vast Arsenal Stadium at Highbury, in London, was packed with 68,000 people, and 68,000 people can make a lot of noise when they are whipped up to a fever pitch of excitement.

Our team for this important game was the same one that had taken us to the top of the League: Sagar, Cook, Greenhalgh; Mercer, 'Tommy Jones, Thompson, Gillick, Bentham, Lawton, Stevenson, Boyes.

The Arsenal side was: Swindin; Male, Hapgood, Crayston, Bernard Joy, Copping; Nelson, Leslie, Jones, Car, Bryn Jones, Bastin.

Looking back on the game, I don't think we played better all season. It was just one of those days when everything clicked. We moved swiftly, passed accurately (oh, thank goodness for those six-a-sides practices) and just couldn't do any wrong.

John Macadam, that brilliant writer who was then with the Daily Express—as I write this he lies ill in a London hospital—told his readers that 'the ball was handled like a weakly child—wheedled, guided, fed and occasionally belted'.

Only John Macadam could have thought of such an apt description perhaps a detailed description of our first goal will show you how we played together as a well drilled team. Billy Cook took a free kick in our penalty area and pushed the ball to Joe Mercer. Joe stroked it forward to Torry Gillick, who edged it on to Stan Bentham. Stan let the ball run on to me and I slipped a short pass to Alex Stevenson.

the little Irishman wriggled past Eddie Hapgood. waggled past Bernard Joy and slammed the ball past George Swindin before the Arsenal goalkeeper knew exactly what was happening.

That was the way of it. We were just in one of those moods, and before long I scored the second goal. In the second half Arsenal threw everything but the goalposts at us. At times nine men were milling round our penalty area, which was a strange sight because Arsenal were supposed to be the team that packed their goal. But we did it just as well as any Arsenal team could have done although Bryn Jones did slip through our screen and make the score 2—1.

It was during this tremendous Arsenal pressure that I went up for a high ball with Wilf Copping. Accidentally he butted me in the face and as our trainer was attending to me, Wilf came up and said, 'You're jumping too high, Tom lad, I'll have to bring thee down to my level'.

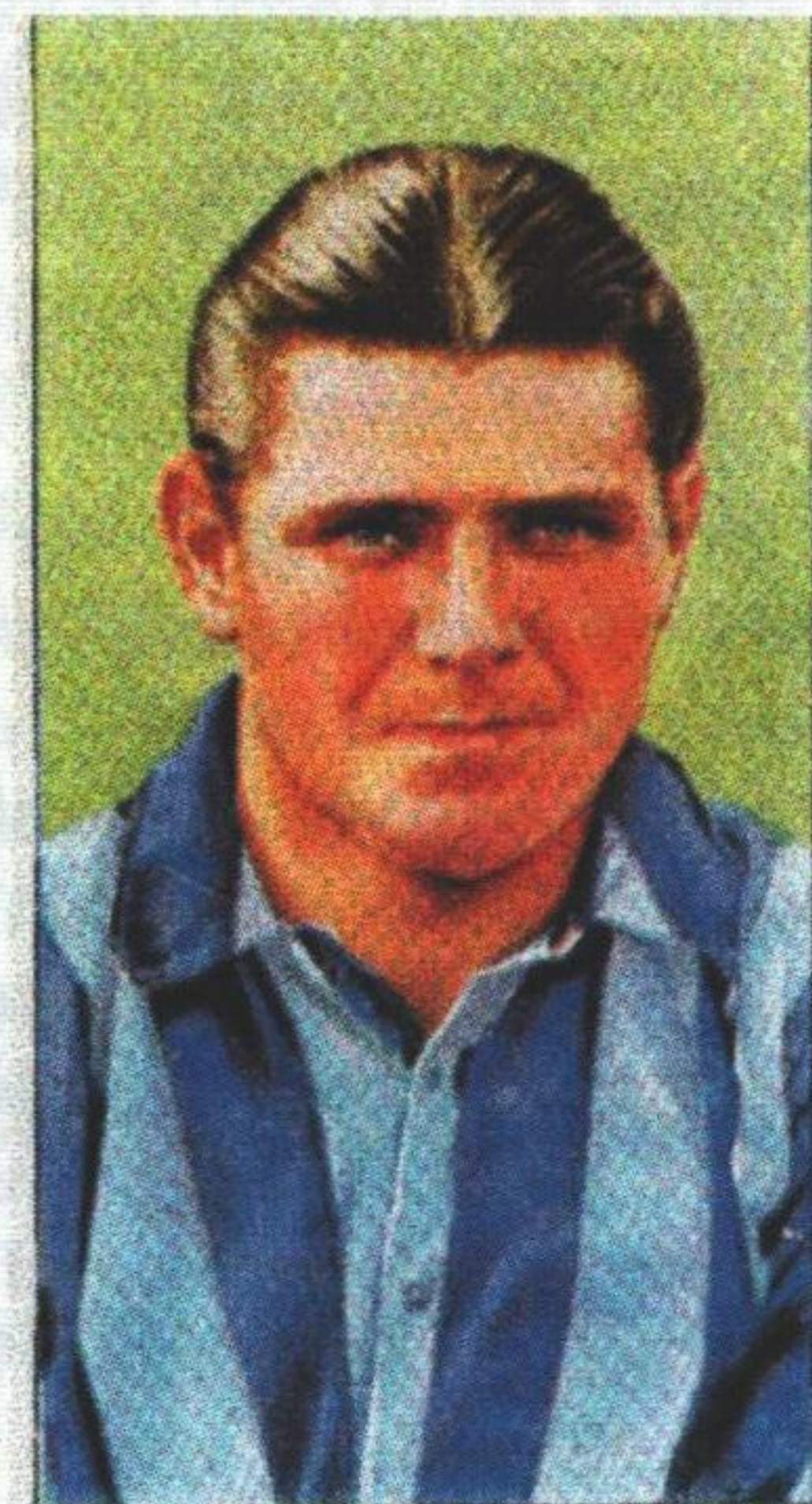
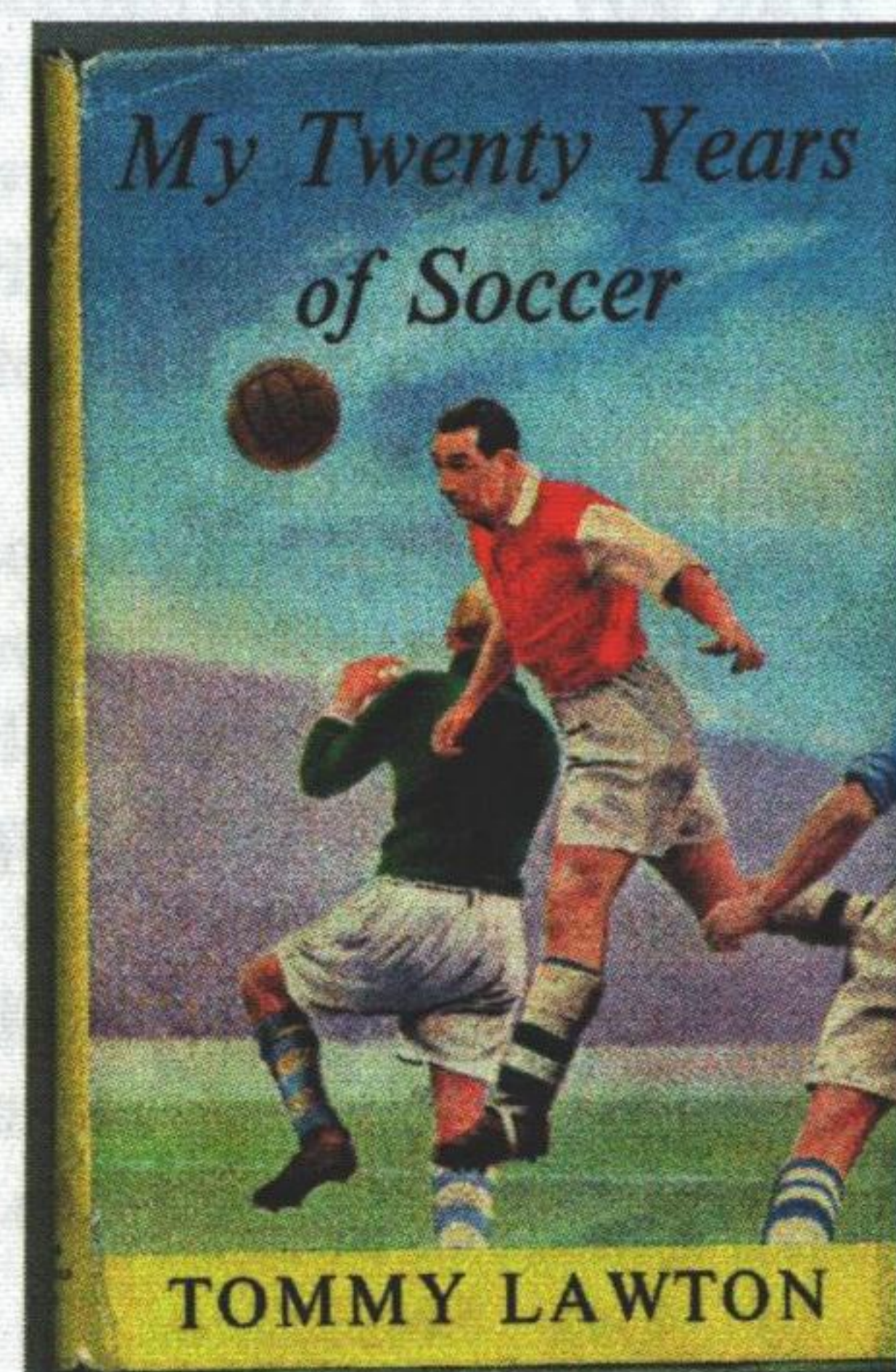
After the match it was found that my 'nose was broken and would you believe it, when we met Arsenal in the return game later in the season, Wilf Copping and I had a similar collision with the same painful result for me—a broken nose. Obviously, Wilf Copping must have been my bogey man, but let me make this quite clear—both incidents were pure accidents, the sort of thing that could have happened to anyone. Anyway, who cares about a broken nose when we managed to beat Arsenal 2-1 on their own ground, stay on top of the league with a 100 per cent record and equal the First Division record. Our only thoughts were on the next game the sixth and the victor we were determined to get to break the record.

Portsmouth were our opponents at Goodison Park and little did we know then that Jack Tinn's boys were going to provide probably Wembley's greatest upset of form by walloping Wolves in the Cup Final. They almost walloped us and robbed us of the record, too because they took the lead after five minutes or so.

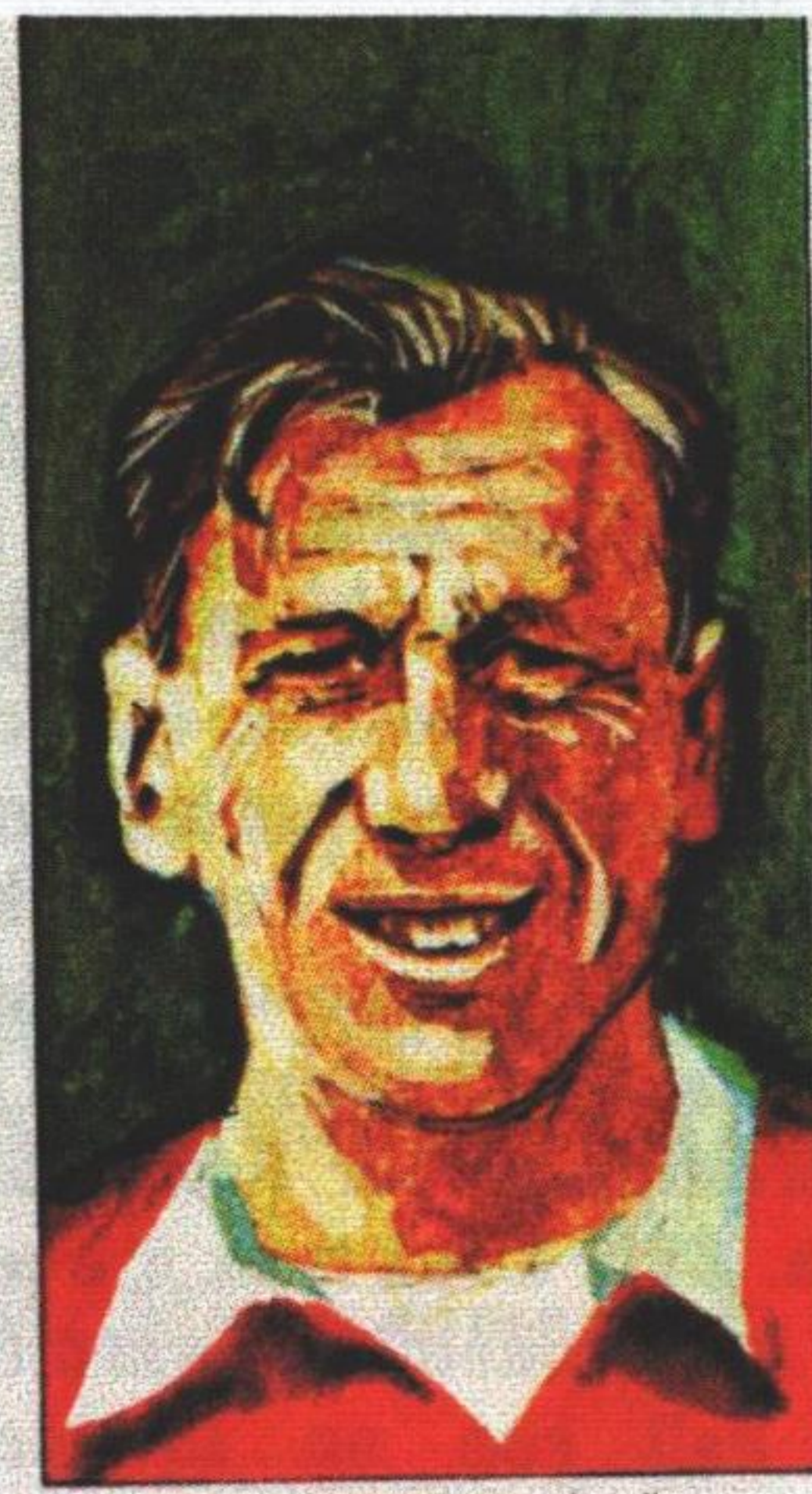
After that we did them proud and rattled in five goals to win the match and the record. I had scored in every game, and my total for the six matches stood at eight.

But all records have to go, and ours did the next week at Leeds Road, Huddersfield, usually a graveyard of records. Huddersfield Town beat us by three clear goals, and quite frankly we felt relieved. These wonderful runs of success are all right in their way but they impose a tremendous strain on the players you know everyone is waiting for you to be beaten and you know that every team is pulling out that something extra.

So with our glorious unbeaten record gone we could face our old rivals from across the park, Liverpool, with the light hearts or at least with the lightest heart it is possible to have when you are an Everton player facing Liverpool.



E. DODDS (BLACKPOOL)



J. MERCER (England)

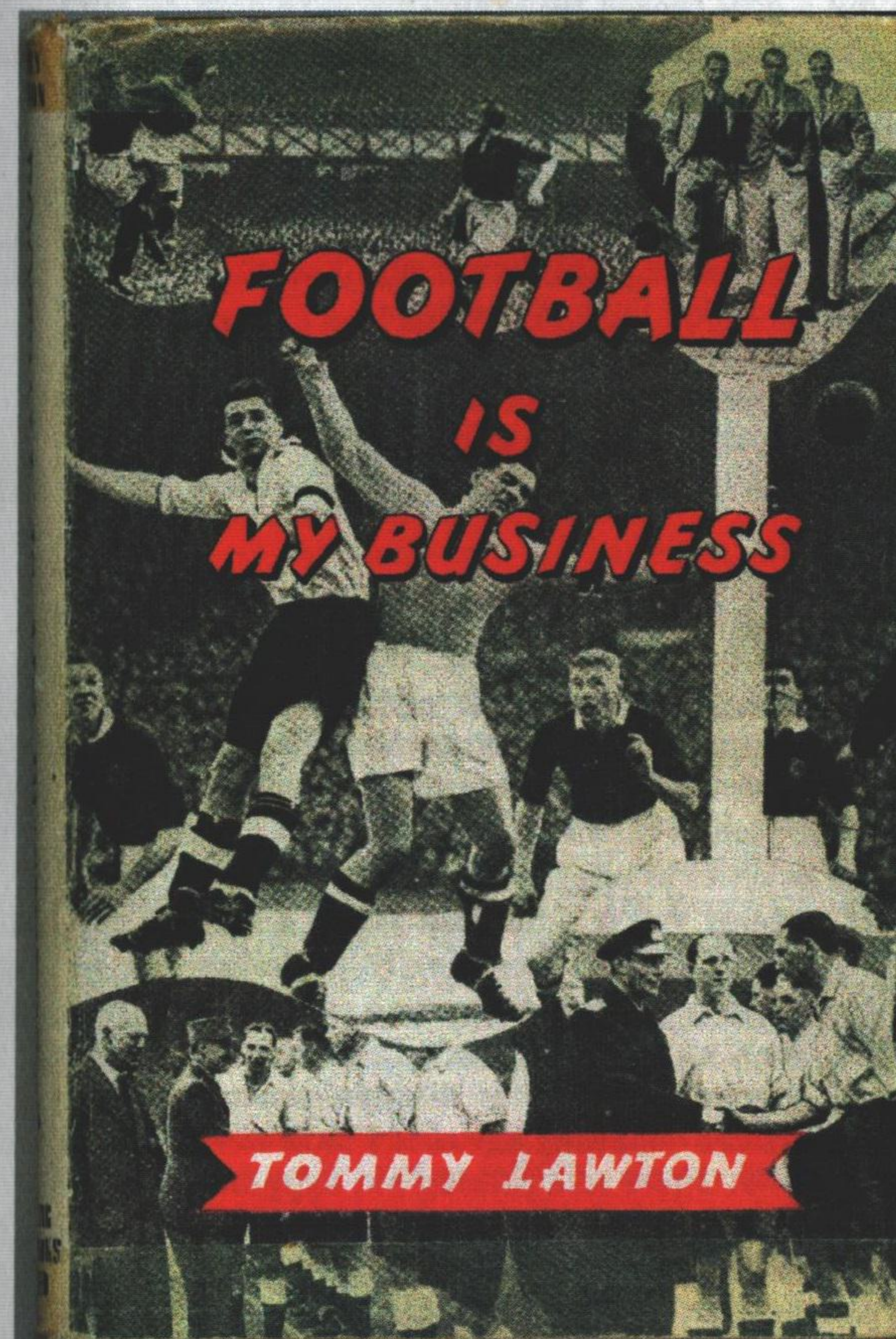
Anyway we put them in their place, beating them by the odd goal and at Anfield too!!

It was at this time that dark clouds appeared on the horizon. Our victory over Liverpool was gained the day after Neville Chamberlain waved that piece of paper in which some people believed so much.

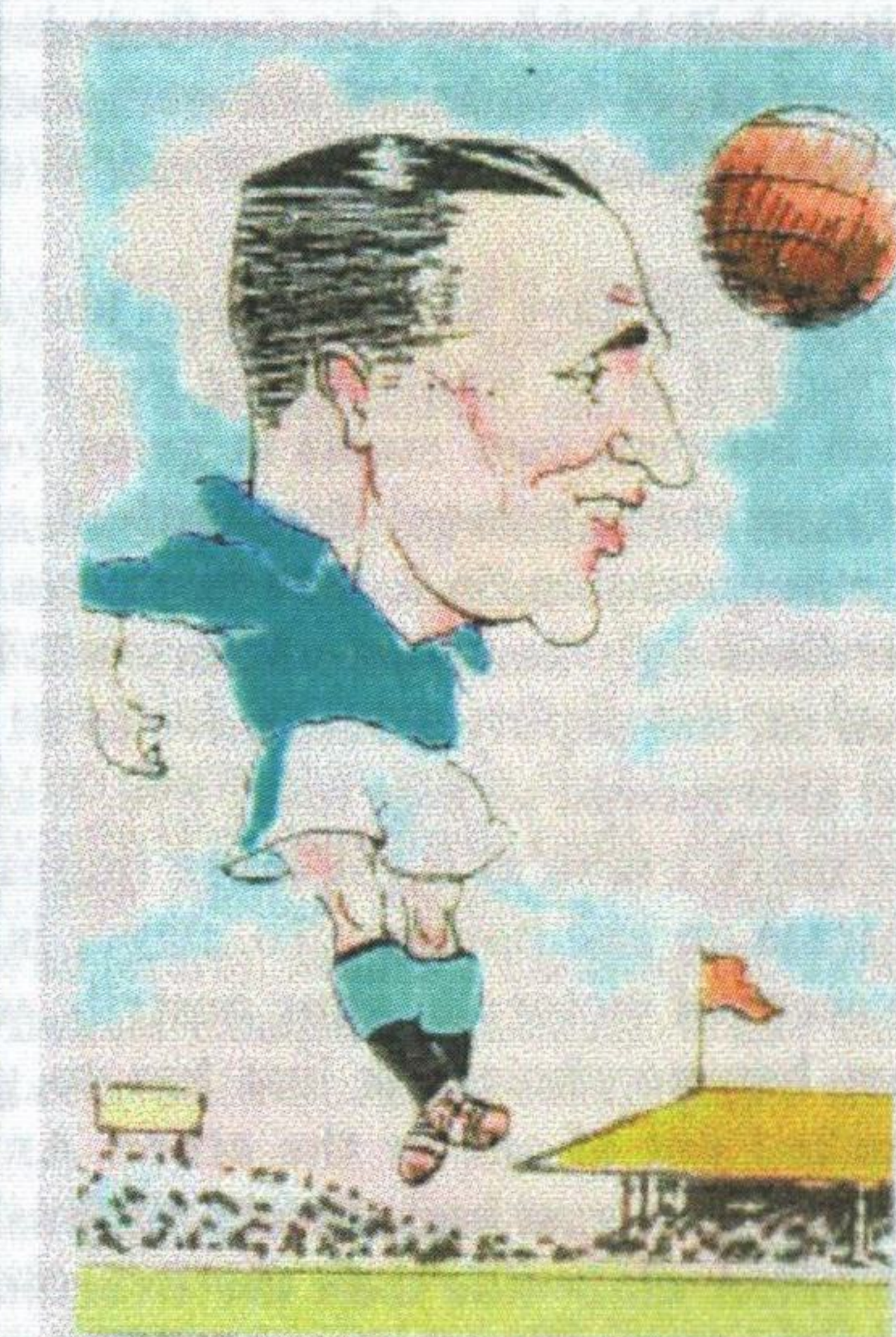
After our Liverpool victory we had to play one of our closest challengers Wolverhampton Wanderers and because Torry Gillick was playing for Scotland against Ireland in Belfast we introduced a newcomer to the football league, Arthur Barber. He was only nineteen and six weeks before this important match had been playing in junior football in Weston Super Mare. He did very well against Wolves and helped us to a couple of points in a game that must have painful memories for Stan Cullis. The iron man was knocked unconscious in a collision with Stan Bentham and was carried off on a stretcher.

We couldn't keep up our whirlwind start to the season, and we were soon displaced at the top of the table by Derby County, who were scheduled to be our opponents over the Christmas holidays, and no Everton supporter wished anyone a Merry Christmas in 1938 because the derby drew at Goodison and beat us in the return game.

Willie Cook, our Irish international full back, had a remarkable Christmas experience. He scored from the penalty spot in each of our three games. That must be a record few people have equalled, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled.



Tommy Lawton's book is an excellent read if you come across one buy it.



Tommy Lawton (Everton)

It wasn't until February that we regained our position at the top of the league, and by that time we could see the winning-post ahead. And we had the confidence to keep in front, too. Easter is, of course, the testing time for possible champions, and the Football League fixtures had given us a tough time. We had two games with Sunderland, with a visit to Chelsea sandwiched in between. If we won all three we were champions, so nothing less than six points was good enough for the lads.

We won the first game at Roker Park by 2—1, and then travelled overnight by sleeping car to London for the Saturday game at Stamford Bridge. Chelsea proved tough opposition. We just couldn't get the ball into the net, and as the minutes ticked away I began to think that only a miracle would give us the two points we needed to become Football League champions. Then the miracle happened Alex Stevenson headed a goal! When I tell you that Stanley Matthews heads a ball more often than Alex did you will know why I call it a miracle!

There were only fifteen minutes left for play when Stevie did the impossible, and before we had been able to digest our shock at seeing the little Irishman actually head a goal, Torry Gillick was there to put us 2—0 up and make us First Division champions.

So we went home to Goodison Park on Easter Monday the champions, and although Sunderland, our opponents, shocked us by scoring an early goal, we had a rare old celebration, winning 6—2 and being chaired off the field at the end.

At one time, some of us had hopes of that 'impossible' Cup and League double. After all, we won our Third Round tie at Derby by a goal scored by Wally Boyes to nothing, and then slaughtered Doncaster Rovers 8—0 in the Fourth Round. Birmingham City were our Fifth Round opponents and after sharing four goals with them at St. Andrews, before a record crowd of 67,144, we won the replay 2—1 and were all set to travel to Molineux to meet Wolverhampton Wanderers, at that time the new favourites to win the trophy. We were confident enough, having won there in the league competition, and as we were playing on top of our form we thought we had a chance of pulling it off. Yes, the Cup and League double seemed quite a possibility at Goodison Park at that time.

But we were to get our noses well and truly rubbed in the mud, and I do mean mud. For although it had been fine for four days before the match, the Wolverhampton ground was a sea of mud—shades of watered pitches—and the Wanderers beat us by a couple of goals scored by Dennis Westcott, who began his career on Merseyside with New Brighton.

Wolves also gave us our biggest league defeat—7—0.

Perhaps it is as well that we got knocked out of the Cup because so many teams have fallen between two stools in going for the Cup and League double. With the competition so fierce in the present-day football set-up it would take a miracle to pull off the double.

The only way to do it is to have two teams of equal ability so that when injuries or strain rear their ugly heads the deputy will be just as proficient as the man he replaced.

Even so, the deputy would have to fit into the plan of the first team so this means that both first and second strings must live, train and practice as one unit.

The more I look at it the more impossible it seems, but it is no good asking a team to concentrate on one honour. No player is going to lose a game intentionally, and when you get the scent of victory in your nostrils, whether Cup or League, there is no stopping you. So a team has no choice. It just has to go for the Cup and League until it eventually gets knocked out of one or the other. Anyway, although we had the disappointment of a cup defeat, we at least had the championship, and I can honestly say that I have never played in a better club side than the Everton of 1938—9. There was nothing but happiness both in and out of the dressing-room, and as the late L. V. Manning wrote in the Daily Sketch, 'every man was enjoying a game of football and not making a job of work of it'.

That, I think, is the whole point. Some people like to claim that soccer is such a commercial business

that no one loves it for the sport, but they are hopelessly wrong. The successful player simply loves the game for the game itself, and the fact that he plays for his living makes no difference to his love for the game.

Neil Franklin, who after the war became a great centre half for England, later faced a tough time with injuries which threatened to ruin his career. He told me that he would give ten years of his life for a game of football—any game, anywhere, at any time.

That is how all professional footballers feel. And is it surprising? No one is surprised to hear that Gigli likes singing, or that Margot Fonteyn likes dancing.

And yet both of them are professionals and sing and dance for money just as the footballer plays football for money.

But then it would 'not be done' to accuse opera and ballet of commercialism and I think that spotlights the reason for the attacks which are made on professional footballers—snobbishness. Let me assure you, though, if everyone loved their work as much as footballers loved theirs, the world would be a more efficient place.

Finally, for those who keep records, here is our championship record:

	1	2	3	4	5
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	points
Home	21	17	3	1	37
Away	21	10	2	9	22
Total	42	27	5	10	59

Goals for 88 Against 52

THE 1939—40 SOCCER SEASON began under a dark cloud, and before long, the rains came. We had played just three league matches, drawing 2—2 with Blackburn

Rovers, drawing 1—1 with Brentford, and beating Aston Villa 2—0, four points from three games with five goals against three. And I had scored all five goals!

But football meant nothing after 3 September. We were at war and I was a young, able-bodied man. So I determined that whenever they wanted Lawton, Thomas, they could have him.

The old country managed to do without me until January 1940, when, as you may remember, the country was held tight in the grip of snow. I had orders to report at Aldershot, and on the train from the north I met Frank Swift, 'Big Swifty', who was also in possession of the same orders.

We both began our Army careers badly, arriving late for duty, but soon we were in the 'Footballers' Battalion' of the Army Physical Training Corps, where the first person I met was Bob Pryde, the former Blackburn Rovers centre half back. I was soon to learn that Army life was a lot different from 'Civvy Street', for when I walked into

the depot—in civilian clothes—I met and chatted to an officer I had met previously through football. After I had been issued with my kit and fitted myself into it, I met the officer again and asked him how I looked. His reply was the one you can imagine, 'When you meet an officer, the first thing you do is to salute him!'

I learned. Seven weeks square bashing, gymnastics and general toughening up was my lot, but after a week I got a break. I was chosen to go with the British Army team to France, where we were due to play three games against the French Army for the entertainment of the lads in the B.E.F. (British Expeditionary Force, in case you've forgotten). And in case you think that no footballers were in the Army at that time, look at this list of names, the British Army party that made that trip, my first war-time tour: Reg Allen (Queen's Park Rangers); Andy Beattie (Preston North End), Bert Sproston (Manchester City); Matt Busby (Liverpool), Harry Goslin (Bolton Wanderers), Stan Cuffis (Wolves), Joe Mercer (Everton); Albert Geldard (Bolton Wanderers), Maurice Edelston (Reading), Willie Fagan (Liverpool), Don Welsh (Charlton Athletic), Dennis Compton (Arsenal), Willie Cook (Everton), Wilf Copping (Leeds United), Eric Stephenson (Leeds United), Jack Cunliffe (Hull City). And, of course, myself.

That was the trip on which Matt Busby, Stan Culls and I got together because we were such bad sailors. Stan had got hold of an infallible remedy for sea-sickness. We took the pills and were just congratulating ourselves on how well they had worked when we discovered that we still hadn't left Dover! I spent so much time on deck being ill that I contracted 'flu'.

From Aldershot I was posted to Birkenhead, which is just across the river from Liverpool, so I was able to turn out for Everton in the war-time Regional Competition. At that time Everton were in the Western Division along with Liverpool, the two Manchester's, Stoke City, Wrexham, New Brighton, Port Vale, Chester, Crewe, Stockport and Tranmere.

There were some queer results that season!

The 1940—1 season opened under the threat of invasion, but football still carried on. In fact it was improved, for the eight sections of the previous season had been contracted into two, and until Christmas I continued to play for Everton. Then, with a transfer back to Aldershot, I was 'transferred' in more ways than one.

Just before I left the north, though, I played in the England side that lost 3—2 to Scotland at Newcastle. Then I was off to Aldershot, where I had Jimmy Hagan as my inside left.

The Army took part in internationals in the 1941—2 season, and I was chosen for a September visit to Ireland. On the sea trip from Stranraer to Larne we all had Visions of being shelled, bombed, torpedoed or meeting some such unwelcome fate, so you can imagine our horror when we heard a tremendous bang.

We dashed up on deck, only to find that one of the crew had just dealt rather brutally with a floating mine!

By this time, I was beginning to get into the Army routine, and like the rest of the Servicemen I had my fun out of the life. Such as when Bob Pryde was drilling us in the same efficient way that he used to drill the Blackburn defence. But as we marched towards a brick wall, Bob forgot the necessary word of command. Suddenly the parade ground rang with the command, 'Whoa ~' We 'whoaed~'

Despite all the efforts and the claims of Herr Hitler, international football continued in Britain during those dark days, and in January 1942 I played for England against Scotland in the Wembley game in aid of Mrs. (now Lady) Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund.

We were all introduced to the Prime Minister's wife before the game surely the first time a lady has been the distinguished guest at Wembley\_ and while we were kicking-in, Mrs. Churchill spoke to the crowd over the loud speaker system. it was impossible for us to tell what she was saying, and it wasn't until the end of the game that we discovered that Mrs. Churchill had been announcing the return of her husband from that historic meeting with President Roosevelt at which the Atlantic Charter was signed. it was perhaps fitting that the game should be played in aid of the Aid to Russia Fund, because Wembley looked like Russia that day. it was covered

in snow. But snow or no snow, we managed to beat the Old Enemy 3—0, Jimmy Hagan scoring the first goal and yours truly getting the other two.

Representative games came thick and fast at this time. I played for the British Army against the Belgian Army, and then for the Army against the F.A. in a game which was watched by King Peter of Yugoslavia.

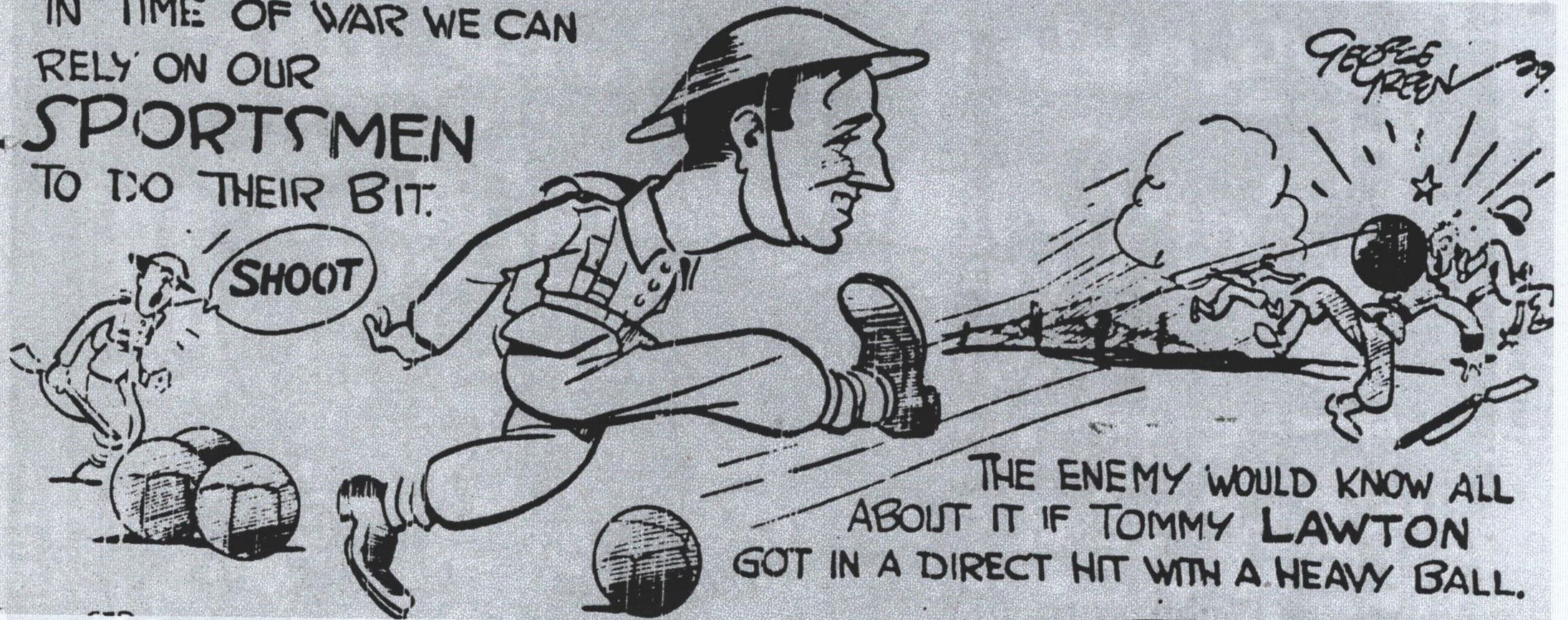
Then came the Scotland v. England international at Hampden, but this time it was no peacetime luxury of arriving in Glasgow two or three days before the game and having everything laid on by the F.A. We had to make our own way to Glasgow for 10 p.m. on the Friday, and in those days it was a case of third-class travel and your own sandwiches, for it was impossible to get food on the train. Scotland beat us that time 5—4 their last war-time win—and the match was noticeable for the fact that both centre forwards, Jock Dodds (Scotland) and myself (England) scored three goals each. For me it was a repeat, because I had scored three times for the Army against Scotland a fortnight previously. Just before the beginning of the 1942—3 season, I took part in the Aldershot District Military Athletic Championships, and shocked everyone by winning both the 100 yards and the Long Jump! (to be continued in issue 22)



**EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB 1938 / 39**



IN TIME OF WAR WE CAN  
RELY ON OUR  
**SPORTSMEN**  
TO DO THEIR BIT.



THE ENEMY WOULD KNOW ALL  
ABOUT IT IF TOMMY LAWTON  
GOT IN A DIRECT HIT WITH A HEAVY BALL.



**In December 1962 World Sports magazine ran an article about Everton Football Club, this brilliant picture of Labone started the article on pages 23 & 24 you can read what it said**



Forwards Stevens and Young watch unsuccessful efforts by West Bromwich defenders to stop Everton goal

# Everton chase the glamour spot

By ALAN HUBBARD

**A** GRIM line of terraced houses reminiscent of those in television's *Coronation Street* flanks the dusty approach to Goodison Park. The transformation from such a drab environment to the plush perfection inside Everton FC is one of the marvels of modern sport.

The soft, fluorescent lighting, the polished panelling, the Scandinavian-styled furnishing, the gilt and chromium of the boardroom and offices together with the newly-painted blue and white motif of an arena said to be the best in league football, make Everton a veritable jewel set in the murky Merseyside. Affluence and well-being pervades the whole setting. A visitor to Goodison might well think himself in the executive suite of a prospering public relations concern. And, indeed, he might be right.

Everton, a cosmopolitan, complex club, are "selling" success to the Liverpool public and boldly challenging southern favourites Tottenham Hotspur in the glamour stakes. The man behind them, John Moores, is a name well-known to the sporting public, and there is no doubting that his influence—and cash backing—has figured prominently in making the club the successors to Manchester United as head of the northern soccer household.

But credit for Everton's present effervescence must also be given to Harry Catterick, who, in little more than 18 months has steered them further along the road that the club believe will lead them to the No. 1 spot in British soccer. Catterick, of course, is the man who took over as Everton manager following the ignominious sacking of Johnny Carey in a taxi-cab. It is hinted that some factions still dwell with bitterness on this unhappy affair, but for Catterick it must be said that if Everton were a successful club

then, they are more successful now.

A former player with the club, craggy Catterick has carried that same air of determination into the managerial offices of firstly Sheffield Wednesday and now Everton. The Catterick Charter is a simple one: Soccer is a business. He says: "Whether we like it or not, results count more than anything else. It doesn't always follow that the most attractive football produces the right results, although we would like to think that it does." He adds, a trifle wistfully I believe: "Everton this season have produced consistency of results, but we haven't achieved consistency of football."

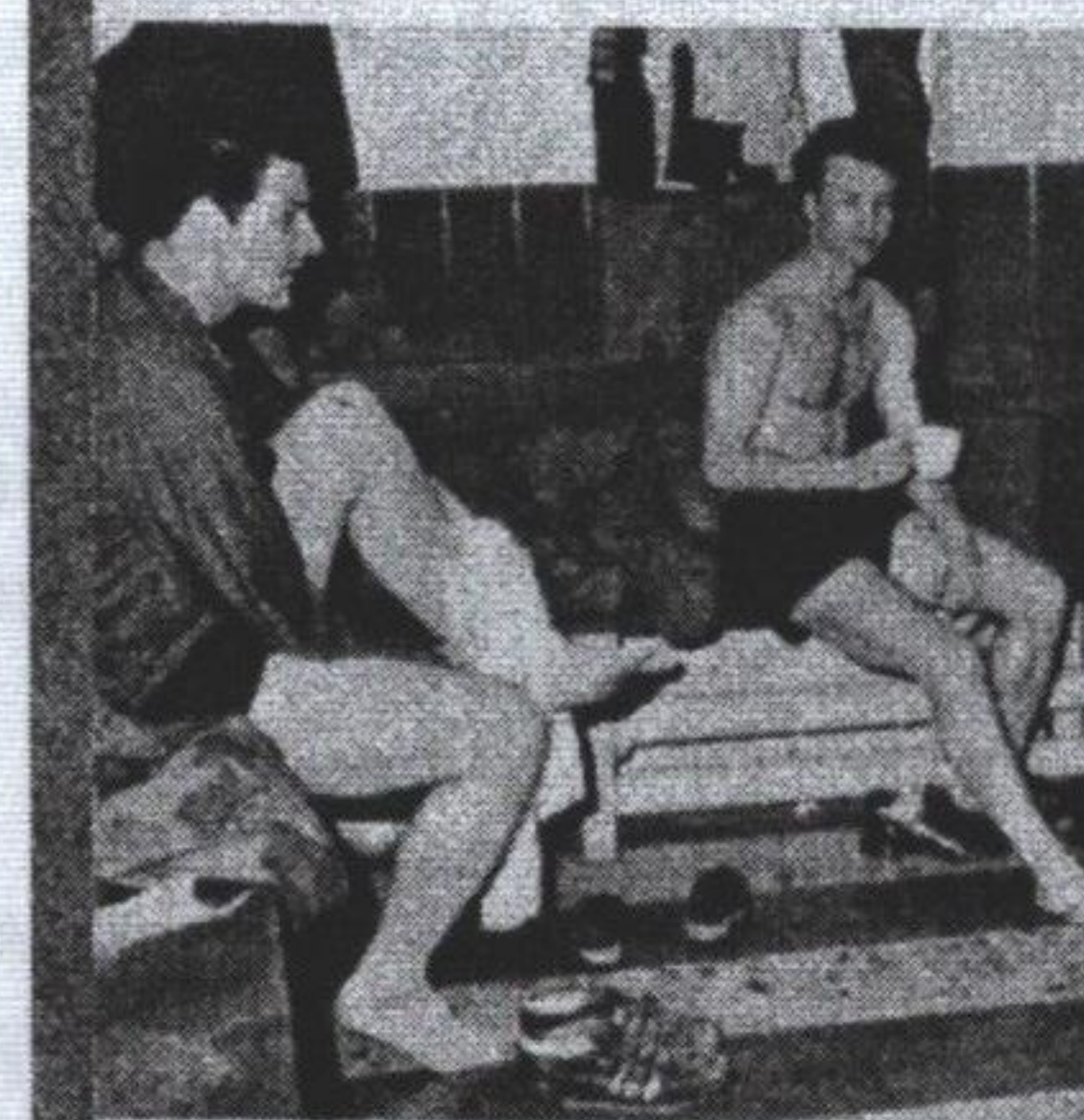
One of Catterick's main tasks has been to stamp out some of the individualism in the Everton ranks and put a greater emphasis on teamwork. "This is something that is always hard to do, for some 'stars'—I dislike the word but it has been forced upon us—are difficult to handle. But it is vital that the ability and character of each player blends into our team effort."

Obviously something of a soccer perfectionist, Catterick does not deny his admiration for arch-rivals Spurs. "They have blended into an excellent team," he said. "I like the way they have an ideal combination of the short- and long-ball game. In British soccer this is relatively rare. You either have the long-ball style of Wolves or the short-ball style of Ipswich. It must depend on the manager's interpretation of the game and the ability of the captain of the team to 'carry the message' on the field." With Everton, Catterick puts the emphasis on the closer, more attractive game but his players, who include a sprinkling of talent from all four home countries, are ready to adapt themselves to more direct methods in order to achieve the all-important results.

*Continued overleaf*

◀ Brian Labone . . . gained Everton's first post-war England cap in match against Northern Ireland

Colour photo: WALLY TALBOT



Labone and Bingham are two of Everton's highly-paid stars, but manager Harry Catterick (right) dislikes the "millionaires" label attached to the club.



## EVERTON CHASE THE GLAMOUR SPOT (continued)

A man keenly conscious of his club's debt to the soccer-crazy public of the Merseyside ("I liken this area to that of the fanatical North East"), Catterick proudly points out that Everton's success on the field is being passed on to the spectators by way of better amenities on the terraces. He realises that soccer as a professional sport will probably eventually develop into the survival of the fittest—and best-off. "Pure economics will decide the future of football. If you can't keep up with the times, then you must fall out." If, and when, the so-called "Super League" comes, Everton will be ready.

Yet despite the feeling of luxurious modernity that surrounds "The Blues" they view with distaste the tag "Merseyside Millionaires." Says Catterick: "Financially, the club is not a great deal better off than before the war. Certainly, thanks to Mr. Moores, a most progressive man, we have more security, but people forget that Everton have known success for some years. In fact, I don't feel that we have yet emulated the playing greatness of our pre-war days. Standards have changed, of course, and so have the rewards for players."

On this latter point Everton lead the way in Britain. Their crowd bonus scheme is probably the most lucrative in the country. "We don't talk about actual figures," says Catterick, "but no-one at Everton will deny that, with attendances averaging well over 50,000 for home games, Roy Vernon and Co. are among the highest-paid performers in British football, collecting around £100 a week, with some frequency."

Everton insist, however, that they are not the most expensive club in the country. "In round figures our team has cost about £200,000, less than either Spurs or Manchester United," says Catterick. Before the advent of Catterick sums such as the £42,000 for centre-forward Alex Young, £35,000 for Vernon and £16,000 for irrepressible Irish winger Billy Bingham had been commonplace. Catterick has made his costly captures, too—£30,000 to Bolton for Dennis Stevens, £25,000 to Blackpool for goalkeeper Gordon West, and £10,000 to neighbours Liverpool for Johnny Morrissey—but the books are balanced healthily with £70,000 income from transfer fees in the same period.

However, Everton will not be loth to buy big again should the need arise. They have the confidence of knowing they can afford to, and Catterick needs no reminding that the club's reserve strength is not what it should be. But, bulwarked by new England centre-half Brian Labone, and with a solid combination of striking and scheming in an all-star attack, Everton are likely to be a focal point for at least another season.

Undeniably, Everton are giving the soccer public what they want: colour, character and positive results. The feat of gaining success has cost them money—and may cost more. But it is worth it. Football cannot afford to live in the past if it is to have a future, as the giants of the Merseyside are demonstrating. For fortunate Everton money seems to be no object. Better, then, that their success should be bought, than not attained at all.

Man City away, 22,000 fans watch what should be an easy win for Everton. City are a poor team, propping up the table at the bottom of the League and facing relegation. Everton of old are the same as Everton of new, and they make a hash of it, City manage to win 2-0 and after catching Sunderland up we throw away any advantage we had managed to gain.

Small Heath away, Adam Bowman makes his League debut after playing in both Cup games earlier in the year, 12,00 watch as Taylor gets Everton's winning goal. Derby County at home and another 12,000 crowd come along to watch the Blues, Settle and Young score in a 2-0 win.

Notts Forest at home and Boyle makes his first appearance since September last year. 20,000 Evertonians cheer him and the team on to victory, 1-0 Sharp scores.

Sheff Wednesday away, only 2,000 watch, the game ends 1-1 Adam Bowman scores his first goal for EFC.

15,000 fans at Goodison Park to see Everton play Notts County, we lose 1-0, good-bye title, not a good way to end the last home game of the season.

Bolton away is the final game in the League for the Blues, even if we win, we will still be three points behind Champions Sunderland. Wolstenholme, Young and an own goal give Everton the points in a 3-1 win, 9,715 watched.

Even though the season had ended the football hadn't because there had been a tragedy up in Scotland at the England v Scotland game 26 people died and 500 were injured. Everton had agreed to play in a benefit game at Goodison against Rangers. The game ends 1-1 in front of 8,000 fans and a replay the following week at Celtic Park see Rangers win 3-2 with 12,000 in attendance, to reach the final of the British League Cup.

1902/03 season

Robert Balmer joins his brother William on Everton's books, he is followed by other new signings during the season, John Brearley, J. Lee, James Sheridan, Thomas Dilly, W. Henderson, Harold Makepeace, J. Whiteley players to depart the club were, Blythe, Bone, Eccles, B. Sharp, Singleton, Toman and Watson.

Everton had done well last season to finish second, they took £9,165 17s and 7d paying out £5,287 5s a profit of nearly £4,000.

The first game of the season was West Brom away, debuts for J. Lee at left back, John Brearley inside right, a very good crowd of 16,051 watched as West Brom played Everton off the park and won easily 2-1 with Young getting our goal.

Away again, Middlesboro this time, and another poor game from the Blues, 20,000 home fans watch as Boro win 1-0. J. Lee played his second and last game for EFC William Balmer played at left back and William Henderson at right back making his debut in the next game which was Newcastle at home, 20,000 Evertonians wanted to see a home win but they are disappointed as they lose 1-0.

Wolves away, only 6,000 watch but Everton earn a 1-1 draw Jack Crelley comes in at left back for only his third game in four seasons, Bruce Rankin also makes a rare appearance at outside right, James Sheridan makes his debut at inside left, Rankin scores.

The next game is the "Derby" at Goodison Park, most Evertonians are dreading it because we have been playing terrible, Sharp and Balmer come back to strengthen the team. 40,000 fans are bewildered by an amazing Everton performance, they destroy the Reds and win 3-1 Abbott, Brearley, Young all score.

Notts Forest away, Henderson is replaced by Wolstenholme no record of the attendance is known but four goals scored is sure to have pleased both sets of fans as it ends 2-2. Sharp gets both the Everton goals.

4th October 1902 and Everton travel to Sheffield United, Settle returns after three games out, Sheridan loses his place, Abbott and Booth upset the 13,998 crowd 2-0



Photo by H. Marfield.

R. Balmer	Joyce	Taylor	Crelly	Dilly	Monk	Clarke	Chadwick			
	Henderson	Abbott	Young	Booth	Wolstenholme	Whitby	Clayton	Toman		
	Hughes	Rankin	Brearley	Sheridan	Settle	Bowman				
	J. Bell					W. Balmer				

A very rare photo of the 1902/03 squad

The Balmer brothers are pictured in the team for the first time, Harold Makepeace who signed later in the season is missing but was to be on the team photo for many years to come.

Joyce, Dilly, Monk, & Hughes didn't play many games for Everton but it is good to see what they looked like.

Strange that the players in the dark shirts are not the first team players, they are in white.

Plus there are no trainers or directors on this shot just all the lads together.

Sheridan and Clark come into the team Settle and Booth step down, Page 28  
Adam Bowman comes in at centre forward, Goodison has 14,000 inside  
all of them hoping for a win. Bowman gets two goals, Abbott and Brearley one each in a  
fine 4-2 win against Grimsby.

18th October (see page 29 for pictures) Aston Villa away, Booth is back at centre half,  
Clark is replaced, this is the only change but Everton lose, 2-1 Bell scores in front of  
21,000 fans.

Only 10,000 are inside Goodison for the next match against Nottingham Forest, Sandy  
Young takes Bowman's place, Young scores but it ends 1-1.

November 1st and ten games have been played, Everton have lost four, drawn three,  
and won three. Bolton away and John Russell makes his debut at centre half one of only  
three games he was to play for EFC before moving to West Ham. 10,000 see an enter-  
taining game with Everton coming out on top 3-1 Bell two and Sharp.

Blackburn away, Booth comes back at centre half, only 3,000 watch this game, Black-  
burn win 3-2 Bell and Brearley score.

A third away game on the trot Sunderland, not easy by any means, Bruce Rankin re-  
places Sharp at outside right, Thomas Dilly makes his debut at outside left, he had been  
signed from Hearts. The two new wingers do not help, Everton lose, 7,000 Sunderland  
fans celebrate a 2-1 win, Young scores for EFC.

Stoke City visit Goodison Dilly is dropped and Crelley is replaced by Henderson but it's  
all to no avail, another defeat, 1-0.

One week later derby County are the visitors, 12,000 attend and hope for a victory,  
Jimmy Settle has missed the last seven games but is now fit, he lines up alongside  
Sharp, Crelley is at left back and Brearley is centre forward, Bell and Settle score in a  
2-1 win.

Sandy Young is out injured and that is a blow but December is here and Everton must  
get on with it. Bowman plays at centre forward, Dilly returns to the fold, this is the  
line up that goes to Sheffield Wednesday, The Wednesday as they are called hammer  
Everton 4-1, 12,000 Yorkshire men are happy with victory over their Lancashire  
neighbours. West Brom at home, a weary 14,854 Evertonians pay to watch, Brearley,  
Settle and Wolstenholme all score in a 3-1 victory.

20th December, Notts County away, Everton are unchanged, 8,000 are in attendance as  
Everton go down 2-0.

Christmas Day 1902 and Grimsby Town away is the treat for the Everton fans and  
players. George Kitchen is replaced in goal by Jack Whiteley, a signing from Aston  
Villa. Henderson returns at right back, Sheridan is at inside right, only 6,000 fans leave  
their dinner to watch this poor 0-0 match.

Boxing Day Everton played Glasgow Rangers at Goodison Park in a friendly, Rangers  
won 2-1.

The following day, a League game at Goodison, 20,000 watch their heroes against Bol-  
ton, a fine 3-1 win is their reward, Sheridan gets two, Sharp the other.

New Years Day 1903 and Bury away, attendance unknown but the score sadly is, we  
lose 4-2 Taylor gets both our goals.

3rd January Middlesboro at home, 14,00 brave the elements to watch as Robert Balmer  
makes his debut next to his big brother William. Bell returns after a six game absence,  
Settle is back, Whiteley keeps hold of the goalkeepers jersey, John Brearley gets a hat  
trick as Everton win 3-0.

Wolves at home, Taylor returns to the team, Dilly is on the left wing, Henderson at  
right back, Robert Balmer is dropped, only 8,000 inside Goodison, but Everton win 2-1  
Abbott and Settle score the goals.

Sheffield United at home, Bowman and Rankin are recalled to the team, Dilly and  
Sheridan make way, 20,000 Evertonians sing their hearts out, Rankin gets the only goal  
of the game.

F. A. Cup time and Everton play Portsmouth, a non League club, a huge crowd enters



VILLAINS v. TOFFEE MEN



The Everton League Team, photographed specially for the "Budget" last Saturday



M'Luekie claims a corner

Aston Villa forwards going up field



A corner by the Villains against the Toffee Men in the League Match

(Photos by Howard Barrat)

Another Blue Blood exclusive, this sequence of photo's is over 100  
years old. Taken at the Aston Villa v Everton game 18th October 1902

Goodison Park, 32,000 in fact, an amazing gate, maybe they thought there would be Page30 a goal feast against their lowly opponents, they were not wrong, Everton ran amok, poor old Portsmouth were destroyed, Everton slammed in five goals without reply. Bell two, Abbott, Sharp and Brearley got the others. 14th February 1903 and John Sheridan was off to play for Ireland, the first Evertonian to represent that country, he missed the game at Goodison against Aston Villa but 20,000 other Evertonians didn't, after the Portsmouth slaughter Blue Boys expected similar against the Villa, they were to be disappointed, Everton lose 1-0.

The F. A. Cup again, this time Manchester United, a Second Division team that should not pose a threat to the mighty Everton. 15,000 Evertonians watch at Goodison and see a comfortable win for the Blues, 3-1 Abbott, Taylor and Booth but the highlight of the day was the debut of Joseph William Henry Makepeace better known as Harold or Harry. He was an excellent cricket player and along with Sharp he would go on to play for Lancashire and England at both Football and Cricket. He was born in Middlesbrough but brought up in Liverpool, a strong tackling left half but he made his debut at inside left.

Bury at home in the League was next up, again no attendance figure is available for this fixture but those present would have enjoyed an Everton win by three goals to nil, Sharp two and Clark. Makepeace made his League debut and George Kitchen returned in goal but the highlight was the return to first team football for Sandy Young after an eleven game absence.

The F.A. Cup draw matched Everton with Millwall down in London, a Southern League Club which on the face of it should not cause too much concern to a team of Everton's calibre.

Even though George Kitchen had returned in goal for the last League game, he was dropped for this Cup Tie and Whiteley came in, Sandy Young kept Makepeace out, Clark held onto the number four shirt. The conditions were poor, rain, wind and a terrible pitch but in spite of all that Everton should have won the game comfortably but they squandered many chances and Millwall sneaked the winner, 14,000 London Dockers went berserk, Everton returned North somewhat embarrassed. The next game is at Goodison against Sunderland, a big game in many ways, Everton need to get some points on the board as they are struggling in the League. Whiteley kept his place despite being to blame for the Millwall goal in many peoples eyes, Makepeace played at left half, Crelley played at left back. It was a bad day for the Everton defence, Clark had a nightmare and never played for Everton again, Whiteley also had a stinker and didn't play in goal again for over a year and then he only made three more appearances for the club. Sunderland walked out of Goodison Park with an easy 3-0 victory.

Stoke away and desperate measures had been taken by the Everton Board, Makepeace was played at centre forward, a ludicrous decision, Young and Sharp did not play and Kitchen returned in goal, 6,000 Stoke fans thought it was their birthday as their team won 2-0.

Derby County away, Sharp and Young return to the fold, poor Makepeace is dropped, Dilly is on the left wing, William Balmer comes in at right back, Booth restores some pride with a goal to earn Everton a 1-0 win in front of 5,000 fans.

April 1st 1903 and the only fools are dressed in Blue, 18,000 Geordies laugh at Everton and win 3-0. Home to The Wednesday, Sheffield Wednesday are flying high, they are on line for the Championship and Everton will be hard pressed to stop them, 14,000 Evertonians arrive at Goodison with apprehension, Henderson for Crelley at left back is the only change to the Everton team that was mauled at Newcastle.

Settle scores for Everton and they play well enough to hold on for a draw, Wednesday go on to be Champions.

Liverpool at Anfield, Sharp, Crelley, Booth and Bell are all called into the team to try and stop an embarrassing result, they do well, the game ends 0-0 so Evertonians can breathe easily, a 28,000 crowd go home fairly happy.

Blackburn at home, only 9,000 Evertonians turn out, a poor Everton team let them down as they slump to a 3-0 defeat. Last game of the season, Everton need to win to finish 12th!!! Sheridan is recalled in place of Settle, only 6,000 watch. Notts County are the visitors, they are one point ahead of Everton but Everton win 2-0 with goals from Taylor and Young.

The end of an awful season, things must improve, the fans are not happy.

(to be continued in issue 22)



**Everton played Millwall in the F.A. Cup in 1903. A Southern League club at the time, it was thought that they posed no threat to Everton.**

**Above you can see Jack Taylor as he tries to head the ball towards the Millwall goal with Sandy Young waiting for any deflection.**

**Ground conditions were poor and Everton should have won but missed chances saw them lose by one goal to nil.**

# Stamp Of Approval



## Everton



Everton Football Club - Established 1878

# Grenada Stamps