

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 22



I think they love me more than you boss

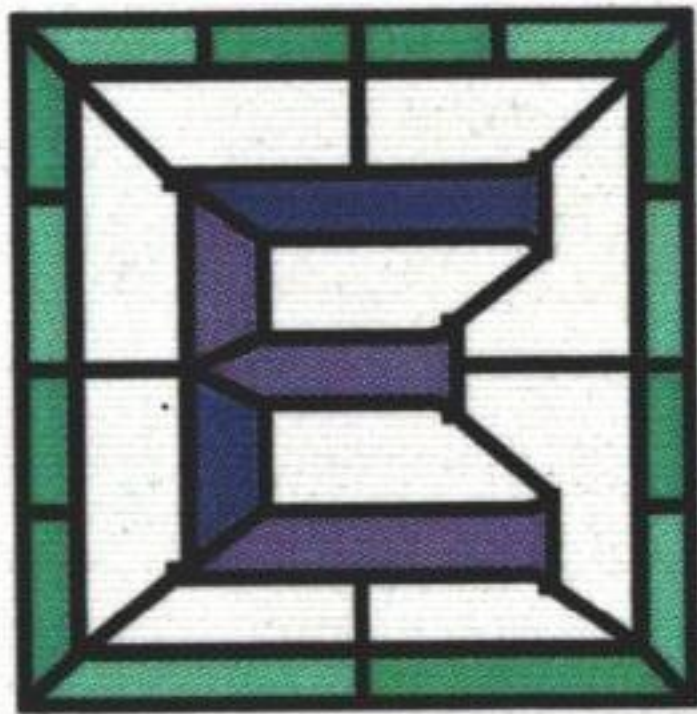
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On sale outside the Winslow before home games

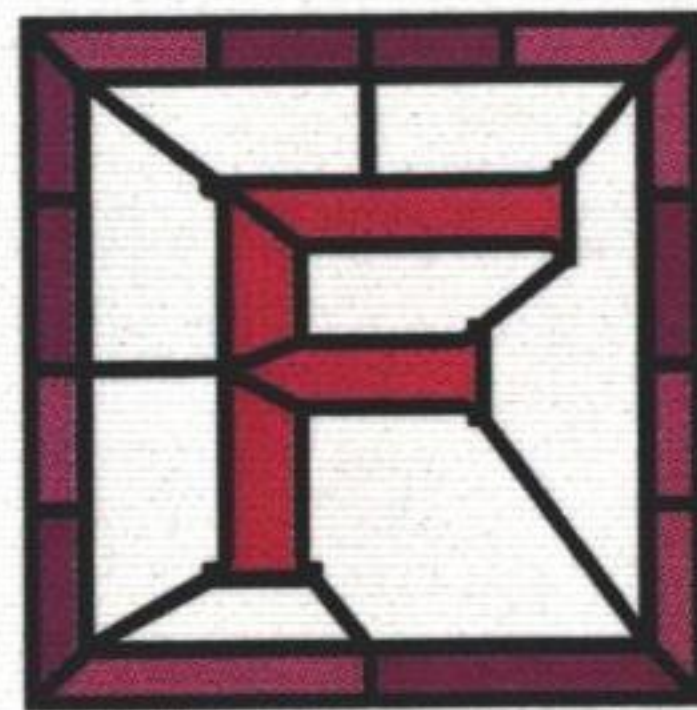
Editorial Blue Blood

Editor George Orr email george@blueblood.fsnet.co.uk
Or write to Blue Blood 7, Beechwood, Forest Hill Skelmersdale, Lanc's WN8 6UT

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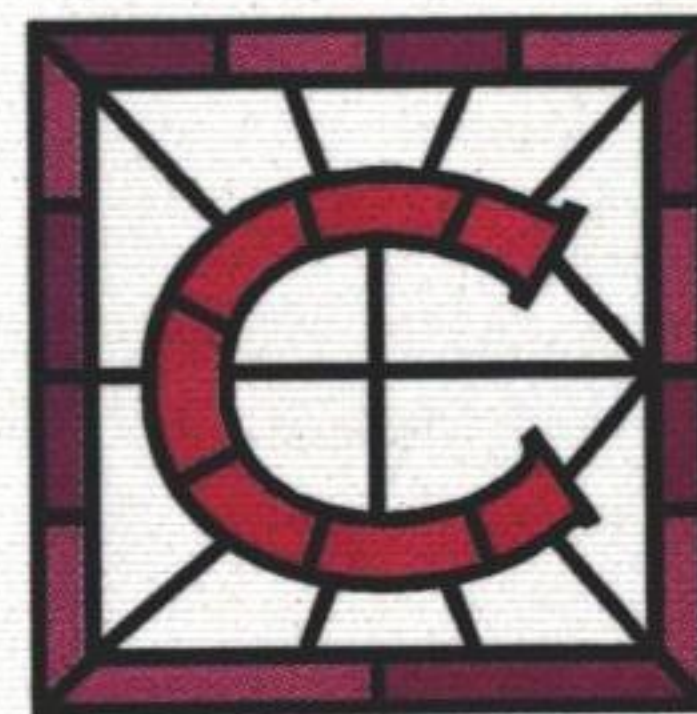


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

As long as your item is not racist, violent or offensive it will be considered for publication. All the views expressed in this fanzine are those of the contributor and not the editor so please don't sue me.



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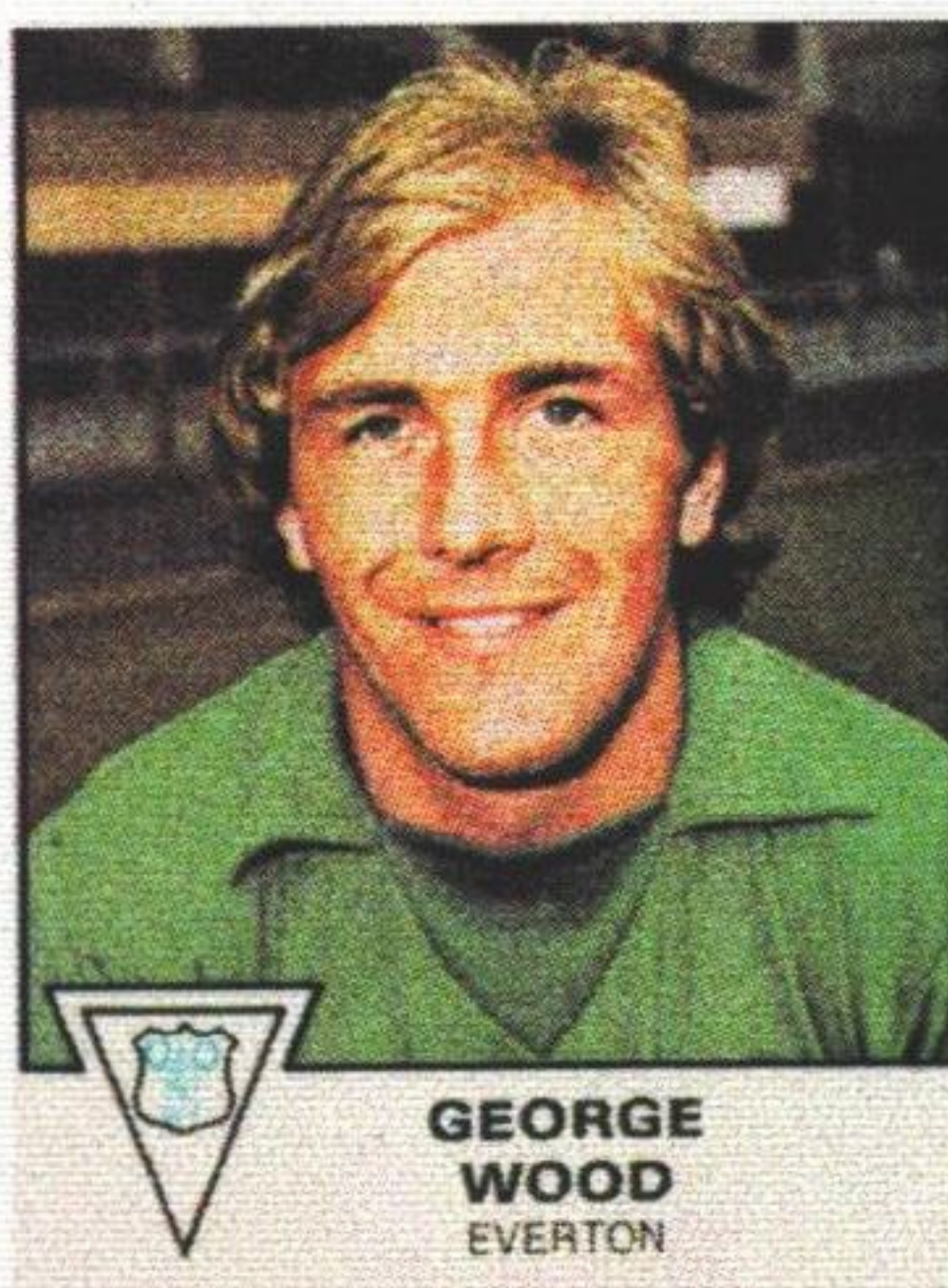
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Please make all cheques payable to George Orr
Back Issues available from me outside the Winslow (not many left)



Debut 20th Aug 1977
Against Notts Forest
Last Game Notts Forest
9th May 1980
Games played 126
Goals— None
Position Goalkeeper

Editors Page "The Orr-Moans"

Merry Christmas to every Blue out there, isn't it great? Everton top three and away wins galore. Moyes must be given some money in January, even if Bill has to have a whip round in the West End.

It has been nice watching the Boys this season, determination, skill, never say die and the most important ingredient LUCK, yes, for seasons we have had terrible refereeing decisions, injuries and no luck of the bounce. It has all changed, someone must have dug up the cursed chicken bones that were buried deep under the pitch and thrown them over the wall, I wonder where they landed?

Even the Club officials have opened new stores, what next? Will they have the item you want in stock? Let's not push our luck.

The A.G.M

A surprise appearance by Christopher Samuelson was the 'Highlight' of the night, this life long Evertonian didn't know who scored the winning goal in the 1966 Cup Final but the shock was that Gregg on the board had not seen any of the Fortress plans or proposals.

Another major shock was that someone I spoke to had phoned Companies House in London, on the day of the AGM Tuesday 7th December and he was told that True Blue Holdings had not informed them that they had ceased trading as a company, something which they are legally bound to do.

Once again, Blue Blood is as cynical of the deal as it was of the Kings Dock, I feel that it is another Bill Kenwright hoax, a fantasy which he truly believes but in reality any other person would walk away from.

One good piece of news was I was sitting with David France and he told me that the 'Collection' is virtually certain to be bought by Everton, Lord Grantchester and an Fans Trust, ensuring that it isn't left to rot in boxes in a back room at Goodison.

There is an article inside about the collection and you must believe me when I say it is tremendous, unbelievable and the DNA of EFC.

Back to the pitch, the boys are doing marvellous things, free kicks that are better than Brazilian ones, tackling, passing, shooting and guess what, we are even getting the bounce, it surely must be Christmas.

The Fans Council

This idea was floated late last season and seemed a fine idea, well it was until it was put into effect, I have attended meetings that to say politely were sparsely attended would be being ultra kind. Keith Wyness came to one and it was embarrassing, less than 30 fans, six from Tottenham, he must have thought, no opposition here to my plans to redevelop Everton Football Club.

Is that why, at the AGM Mr Wyness was very uncomplimentary about Our Tradition? He feels that he can put up the price of tickets over the next few seasons every season, introduce new shirts every season because all the new fans he is going to get will need a new one each season. Or is it the fact that he knows that EFC is the capital of apathy, especially when the team are doing well on the pitch, if you are heading for Europe Keith and Uncle Bill will have a field day?

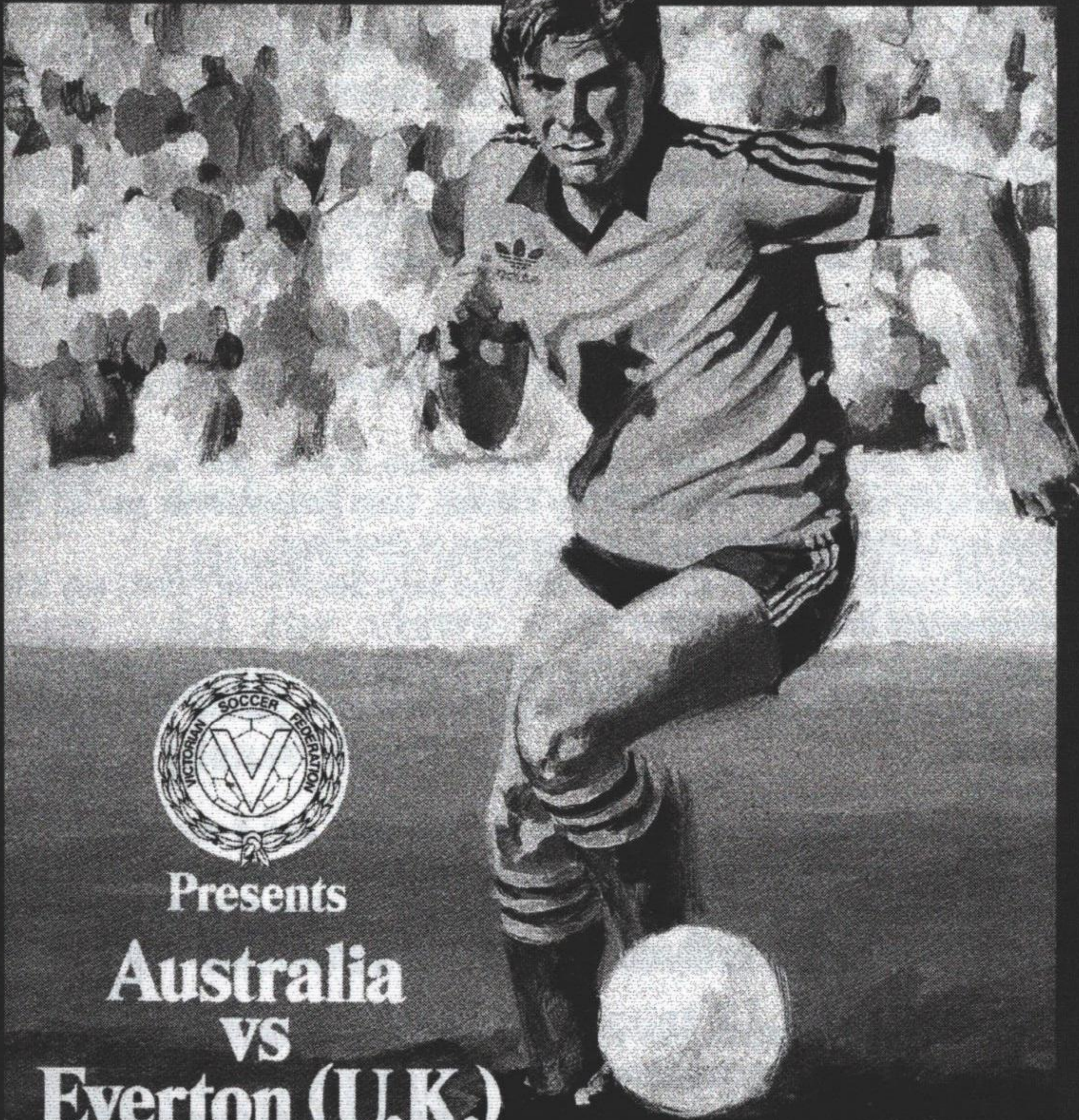
Everton Football Club are doing fine at this moment in time, we need to have all fans behind the team on the pitch, the Board can be held responsible off the field, our differences as fans can be sorted out away from the ground but the players need every bit of support you can give them.

Once the whistle blows we are all Evertonians, and the players on the field are all we have so support them, shout, sing, scream do anything but make sure you support them.

Blue Blood

Everton Tour Down Under 1987

Winfield Soccerroos



Presents

**Australia
VS
Everton (U.K.)**

FOR THE
NISSAN CHALLENGE CUP

A PLAYBILL *Sport*
PUBLICATION



Olympic Park-Wed. 3rd June, 1987



OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

Everton toured Australia in 1987 and Evertonian Derek Wylie was there following the Blues.

They played in New Zealand & Australia against Canterbury on May 30th, Auckland on June 1st and Australia on June 3rd.

EVERTON

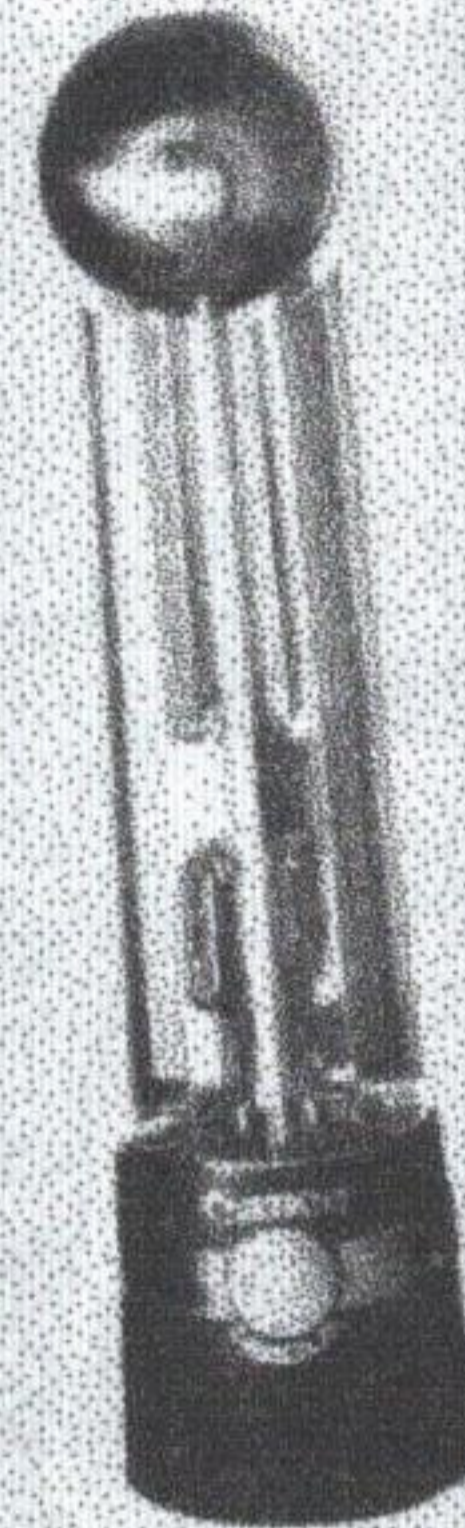
The Champions

TOUR
OF
AUSTRALASIA
1987



**SOUVENIR
LEAFLET**

THE EVERTON TROPHY PARADE



**CANON LEAGUE
DIVISION 1
CHAMPIONSHIP**
Won: 1985.



**TODAY LEAGUE
DIVISION 1
CHAMPIONSHIP**
Winners: 1987.



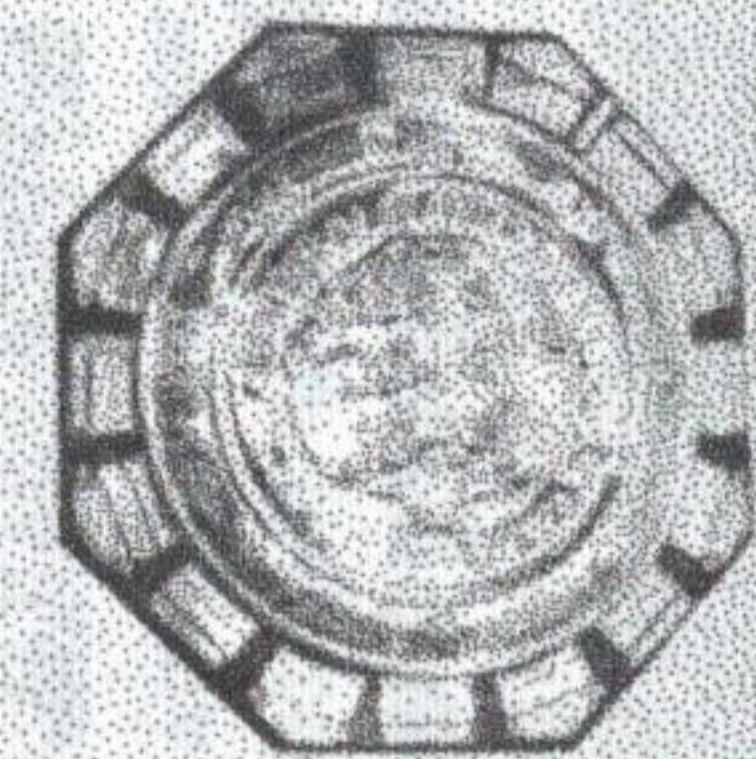
F.A. CUP
*Winners: 1906, 1933,
1966, 1984.*



**EUROPEAN CUP
WINNERS CUP**
Winners: 1985.



**1ST DIVISION
CHAMPIONS**
*1891, 1915, 1928,
1932, 1939, 1963,
1970, 1985, 1987.*

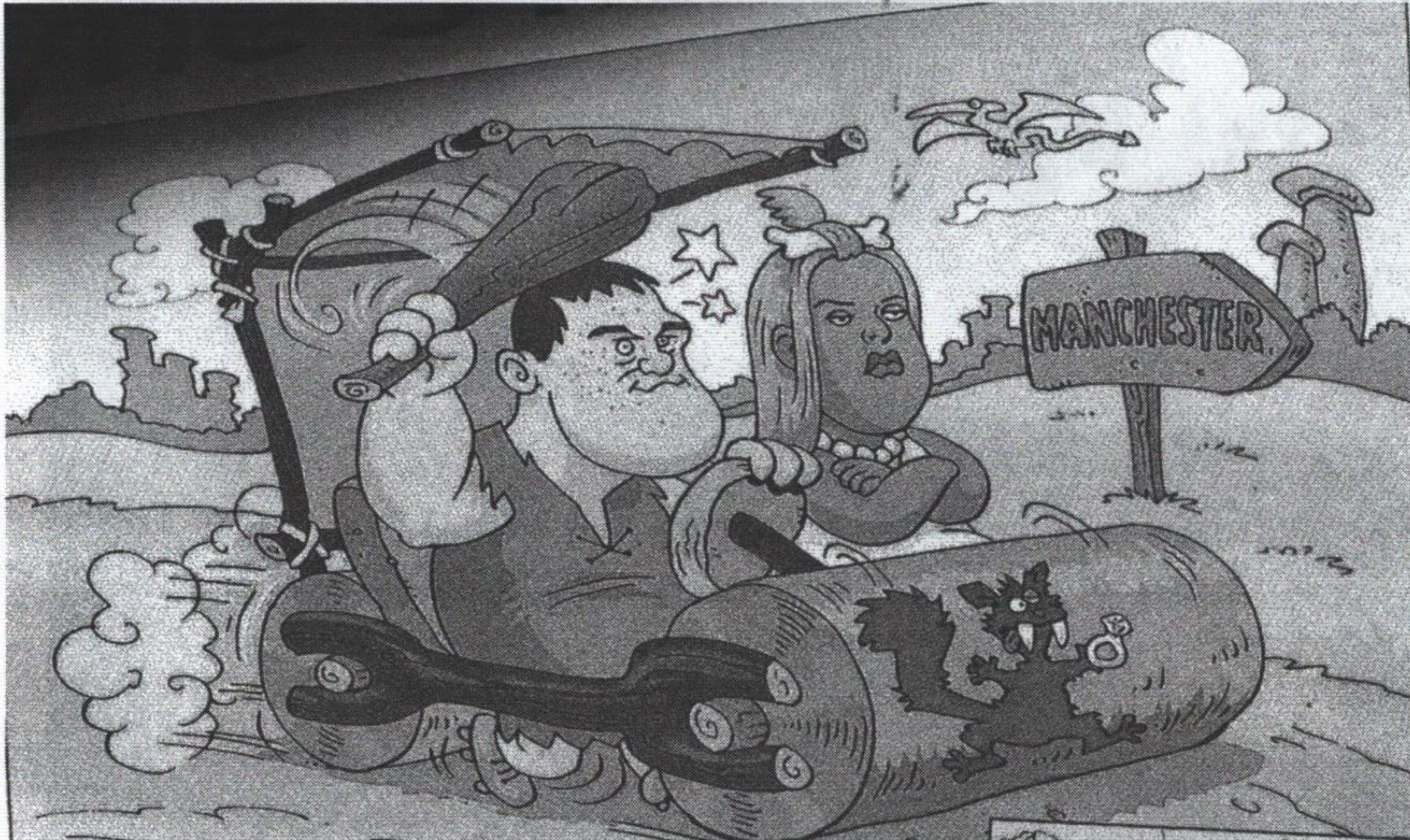


**F.A. CHARITY
SHIELD**
*Winners: 1928, 1932,
1963, 1970, 1984,
1985, Shared 1986.*

Stretford Wives

**Starring Paul Stretford fresh from his appearance at
The COURT in 'Liar, Liar'**

Co stars Wayne Rooney who appears courtesy of Help The Aged



**Wayne makes his way home from the Grafton with his Grab
A Granny Club Selector .**

Some of the reviews are printed below.

**Wayne isn't that fashion conscious, he only changes gear in his car.
Daily Star**

**The Kid from the back streets of Croxteth goes to the back streets of Manchester
Salford Gazette**

**Guest appearances by
George Best
Gazza**

And the stench from the bench Francis Jeffers

**A story of how a mind control freak tries to make a fortune out of a young
gullible lad.
Daily Sport**

Distant Blue Horizons

Growing up on Merseyside at a time when Everton and Liverpool ruled English football, the rivalry was even more all consuming than it is today. Thinking back to all the games we played in the mid-1980s: because we were both so good, it was almost inevitable that we'd meet in the latter stages of a cup competition; while the two league matches could very often be little short of title deciders. Everything rested on derby days, which inflated an enmity that – by dint history and proximity to the aftermath of Heysel – was already one of epic proportions. The fact that the red side of the city seemed to get every spammy refereeing decision; every easy cup draw; and were alternatively rescued or spurred on by the greatest Evertonian never to play in a blue shirt – Ian Rush – for me, turned rivalry into dislike then loathing.

Tied in to my own hatred of Liverpool Football Club was its fans. Sure, there were the occasional knowledgeable ones; those that knew the score; the supporters who actually went to the game (though to me they were as rare as Tranmere fans: when I was a sixth former, there were nearly fifty people in my year split roughly evenly between the two clubs: 14 had Everton season tickets or went each week; none went to Anfield); but more likely they were just armchair supporters, the glory hunters who rested on their laurels and the age old excuse 'It's dead hard to get a ticket, like...' Driving to the match, me and my Dad used to play 'Spot the Red' and it was almost guaranteed that wherever you saw a hunchback/ a nasty skin disease/ that glazed, inbred look it would be accompanied by a Carlsberg top or a Candy tracksuit.

There's something about living away from Merseyside, as I have for the last six years, that anaesthetises you to the plague from across the park. You bump into Surrey and Kent reds all the time – but these days that normally means they support Man Utd. Even when they don't, you realise they're a species to be pitied rather than despised.

On visits up to Liverpool, it normally centres on a pilgrimage to Goodison Park and a few staunchly blue pubs, and before you know it, there's the train back south. It helps too that Houllier transformed them from Championship dark horses into skint also rans. When they talk about winning the treble, these days it doesn't involve the league.

Occasionally though, you're reminded that these are people not of the same breed; that they're an odious kind. One such occasion happened a few weeks ago at the Missus's Christmas works do. I knew that one of her colleagues was a red, and I'd even avoided him at a previous shindig a few months earlier. This time though there was no getting away from him: some wag had stuck 'the red and the blue' together for a laugh.

Seeking to be diplomatic, however, I sought to avoid talking football for as long as possible. Although he was one of the rarer breeds of the species in that he actually goes the games from time to time, he wasn't, of course, from Liverpool itself but Leeds and had been brought up in Lancashire. Knowing that when he was a kid Leeds would have been in a position similar to what they are today while Liverpool were riding high, the thoughts 'glory hunter' flashed immediately on my antenna. He was also, as he started droning on about Liverpool, quite clearly a know-it-all bore.

'Yes it was in December 1990 that King Kenny signed David Speedie from under the noses of Everton, and though he wasn't one of the finest players to pull on a red shirt he's still a legend for doing so blah blah...' After 20 minutes of this and a few more glasses of wine to loosen my tongue, I'd had enough of listening to the dull gimp and asked him the question that had been gnawing away at me all evening: 'So, how come a Manc like yourself supports Liverpool.'

Distant Blue Horizons

Big mistake. At first I thought he was going to burst out into tears as he justified his unjustifiable allegiance to a club he had no familial or local ties to. Alright he wasn't a Manc, but he certainly wasn't a Scouser. The way he carried on you'd have thought he was born on Scotty Road, not in the heart of Yorkshire. As this spree of self-justification went on, I anaesthetised myself with more wine. It was going to be a long night.

Next, it was his turn to ask the questions. 'Why do Evertonians hate Liverpool so much?'

'Well..., ' said I. 'Where do I begin...'

Actually, I was quite dignified at first and gave detailed historical answers dating back to John Houlding and friends. But as this guy's ignorance riled me more and more, I knew what it was going to come down to... 'And for Evertonians of my generation, two things played a part. Ian Rush, a great blue who never got the chance – jealousy if you like; and the fact that Liverpool fans on a spree in Belgium got English clubs banned from Europe, lost Everton their most successful manager and three of their best players, and set in motion a decade long decline...'

'On a spree?' demanded my clearly befuddled acquaintance.

'Yes, they murdered 39 Italians,' said I, probably taking it too far.

'MURDERED?' demanded outraged of Leeds

'Yep. 39 Juventus Dads and brothers and sons and husbands went to a football match and didn't come back, because Liverpool supporters didn't know how to behave themselves.'

'They didn't murder them though. Who went to prison? You can't say they were murdered.'

'They were,' I replied. 'They were killed by rioting Liverpool fans and 16 or 17 of them went to jail.'

'Not on murder charges though,' says Mastermind.

'Alright, it was probably manslaughter if that makes you feel better about it, but the fact that ordinary football fans went to a football match and didn't come back alive because Liverpoolians couldn't behave – unlike Evertonians in Rotterdam a week earlier – is quite abhorrent to me.' My new friend was obviously quite perplexed by this bit of history, particularly since it's been written out of the Anfield annals. Bizarrely he then tried to suggest that it was only on a par with South Yorkshire police in 1989, so was actually alright – in a rather twisted manner. He then announced to the whole table in a rather loud voice, 'The only reason Everton fans don't like Liverpoolians is jealousy. We're the greatest and most successful club in the world, and we regard Man Utd as our nearest and greatest rivals, that's our REAL derby.' It was one of those moments when the table goes the silent and everyone looks in one direction, and I could see even non-football-fans thinking, 'Who is pillock?'

When attention turned away, I said: 'A few things. You're neither the greatest nor most successful club in the world. You might regard Man Utd as your nearest rivals, I don't think United think twice about you lot. As for your derby argument, you obviously don't understand – not coming from the city – anything about Liverpool. And don't think you can speak on behalf of Evertonians, because you're not one, and thankfully never will be one.' My missus then interrupted me because she thought her esteemed colleague was about to start crying and we spent the rest of an incredibly dull party talking about the weather and Christmas plans.

My point about all this – despite much rambling – is that we're not like them. If the roles were reversed, I don't think you'd have had such startling arrogance, self-justification and ignorance about the implications of any past ills that had been committed. The maxim, 'that Evertonians are born not manufactured, are chosen and do not chose,' holds great pertinence. We're unlike everyone else, and the contrast with our neighbours is the most startling of all (although Chelsea fans are edging nearer their mantle of Champion Premiership Whoppers). David Moyes's adage that we are 'the People's Club' took the uniqueness of our club and fans up another level. Nothing gives me greater pride than to be a follower, and no man makes me happier than Moyes himself when he comes on Match of the Day and beams a grin after victory has been secured. How long we can keep him remains to be seen, but I think his description 'The People's Club' will outlive all of us. 'Those who understand need no explanation, those who don't, don't matter.'

Howard Kendall's Love Child

PS all the above views are those of the writer and not necessarily the views of Blue Blood

Dear Blue Blood,

Following my recent article about the Everton player A. McCartney who was featured on a postcard circa 1906. I have found out that he is not as stated the only Everton player to be capped while not making a first team appearance for the Blues.

I now believe another Irish player, J, Kendrick also achieved this feat in 1927. Joe Kendrick was a winger signed from Shelburne for £500 plus a £75 re signing fee on 21/ 12/1926.

Despite several reserve outings Kendrick, unable to break into the first team. Returned home to Ireland with Everton saving the re-signing fee.

However while at the club Kendrick won one cap for his country, he gained four in his career.

Various publications list him as winning all four caps but one is I believe correct .

I also found out the following information on McCartney, Alexander was a full back signed from Irish Club Linfield. Although a regular at left back for the reserves during 1904/05 he left the club to sign for Glentoran without making the first team.

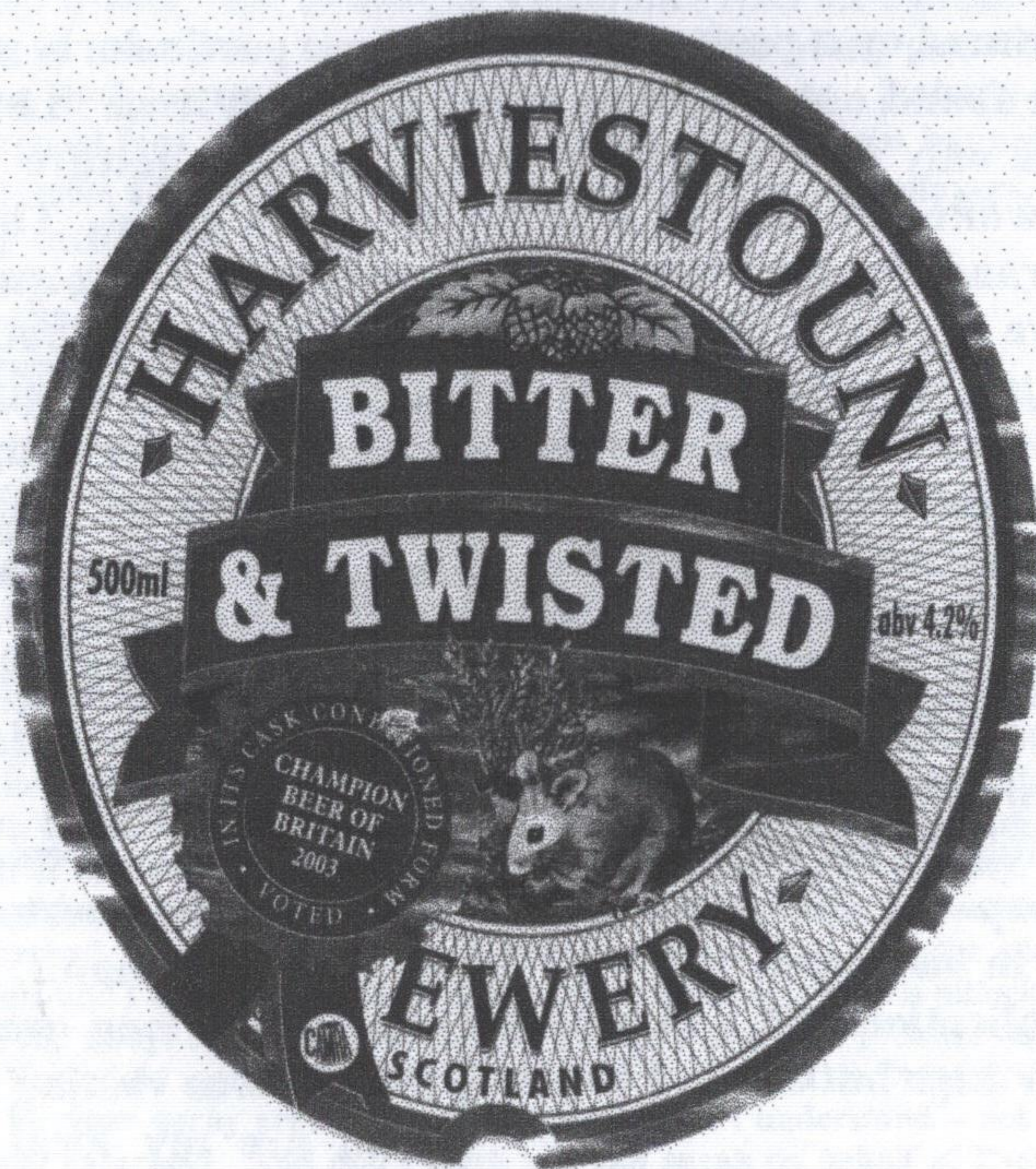
Barry Hewitt

.Dear George

What's going on? I was all set to write you a piece slating Everton's very own answer to Smashy and Nicey – Mr Sean Tilley, particularly after his appallingly trite 'Let's big it for Bigley' gesture prior to the Spurs game. There were other crimes too, principally the ridiculously loud volume of the match announcements and his really dodgy jeans with patches on. But at Bolton, the volume had been turned down, there were no stupid comments and Tilley was even dressed in a suit! Maybe, following the sad death of John Peel, he sees himself as the Evertonian heir to the great man... but he's still got a long way to go. When I was visiting Charlton (who are my local team in London) on a free Saturday last month, their DJ entertained the crowd with a succession of numbers from the Clash and the Jam. Now that's what I call music!

James Corbett
London

At Last



A Beer For Evertonian's

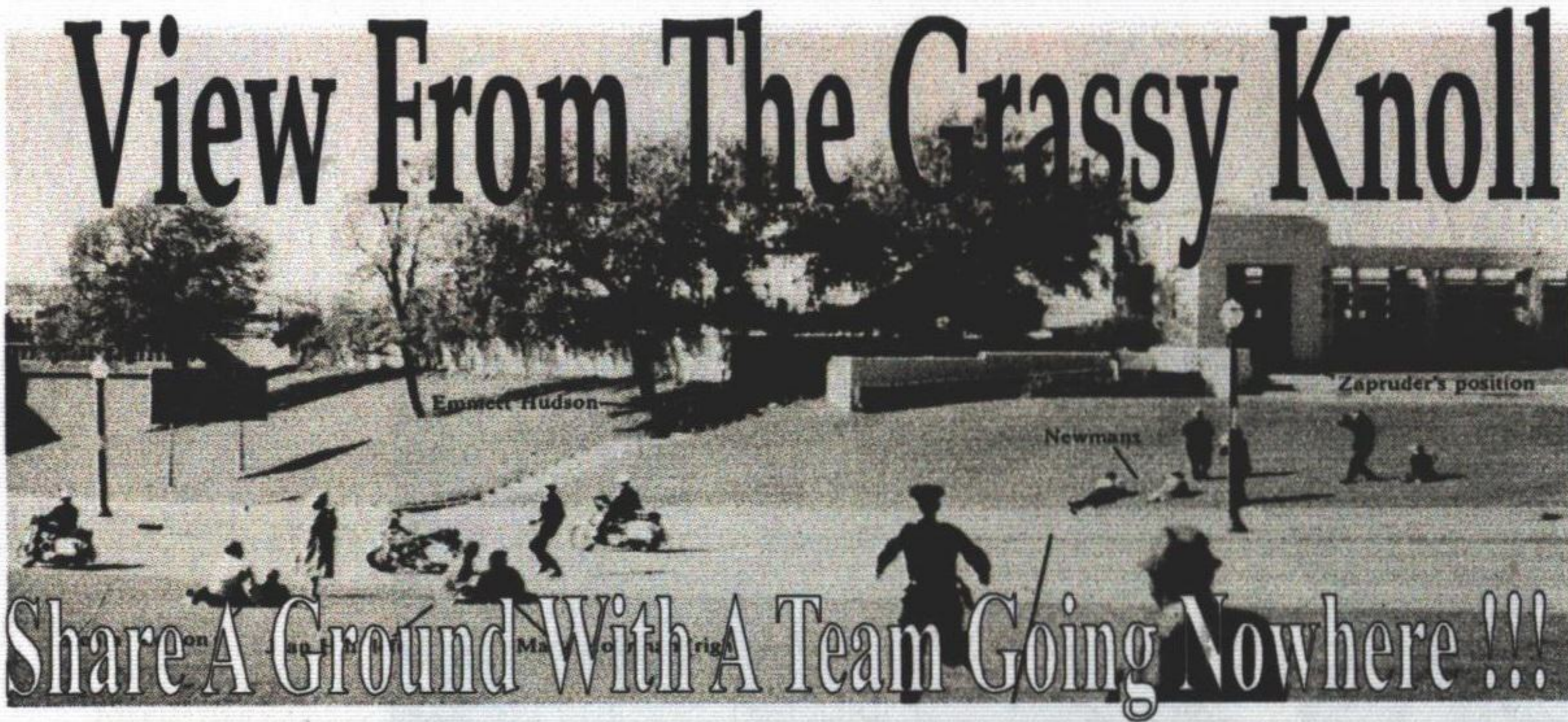
On sale in Asda

EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB



GABRIEL J., PARKER A., WEST G., KAY A., THOMSON G. :
SCOTT A., STEVENS D., YOUNG A., VERNON J., MORRISSEY J., LABONE B.

View From The Grassy Knoll



"I wouldn't share a bath with them, unless I had a wet suit on "

So we are being made to have talks about sharing with the squatters from across the park, they have agreed to have talks so as they can 'Bum; some money from the government.

They are openly hostile to the fact that we could share their new stadium with them but who are they?, They lost £21 million last season, their board are in turmoil, they have slipped down the League, Owen got off and now thuggie boy wants to leave unless they win something.

Everton might not have much but we have got some self respect, we left Anfield over 100 years ago, we do not need to go back.

Goodison can be redeveloped and even if that isn't the option, then we can do other things, especially if we qualify for the Champions League.

They have managed to get a site that should not have been allowed to have been built on but little do they know that in doing that they have actually helped Everton.

How can the City Council say we can not redevelop Goodison Park when they threw the rule book away for them?

Everton Football Club have built Anfield, it also built Goodison Park and it can build another ground given a little bit of backing form various areas.

But let's go back to the main difficulty, if Everton are in the Champions League, we do not need another Club playing in the League Cup the night before churning up the pitch.

Where will the Dixie Dean Statue go? And are we going to have put up with their Shankly Gates and other tribal rubbish.

The truth is that most fans from both sides do not want to share, they know that all this talk about it being a financial must will not give them anything, only the prospect of rising prices, more shirts and merchandise to buy and harder to get a ticket, even though the gates will rise to 60,000.

So leave us alone, we are not the most sociable of people us football fans, we are bigoted, biased and not sensible when it comes to talking about football.

If we have to share with the Reds then let it be St Helens, they at least have nothing to upset us with, they are not a threat to our Champions League place and they are from Merseyside and not Devon.

What would happen when we needed to book weddings or other events at the club, would the function room next to yours be full of Reds celebrating winning a line on the bingo or something else just as trivial.

And then there is the cost of a tetanus injection every season, no, let's stay as we are.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

Everton Stickers (part one)

Prior to World War Two stickers or paper pictures were spasmodically issued by newspapers, magazines & boys comics. Post War the previously prolific issues of cigarette cards virtually ceased, to be replaced in the mid thirties by cardboard bubble gum trade cards, obtained mainly with confectionary goods. These tended to reflect a relatively small selection of players popular at that time.

These were very colourful but presumably too expensive to produce in quantity. A firm called F.K.S. spotted a gap in the market and in 1967 in various parts of the country introduced the forerunner of today's sticker collections. Called The Wonderful World of Soccer Stars 1967/68 a large album to house 15 players from all 22 First Division Clubs was produced.

The stickers were bought in packets, I think there were six in each, and cheap enough to attract kids of all ages. I well remember the thrill of opening the packets to find players I needed. Of course many duplicates were obtained so swapping became an enjoyable necessity.

The 67/68 stickers were colour head & shoulder portraits sized 72mm + 49mm with team and name on a plain back. The Everton players to feature in this initial set were Ball, Brown, Harvey, Hunt, Husband, Kendall, Labone, Morrissey, Royle, Temple, Trebilcock, West, Wilson, Wright & Young. A common practice to update a set was to colour a previous club's shirt, hence on the Ernie Hunt sticker Wolves Old Gold, was transformed to the Royal Blue we know and love. Hunt, Temple, Trebilcock never appeared in any other Everton sticker set.

These stickers are now very scarce and this is reflected in the resale value of £3/ £4 each.

While other sets remain relatively cheap and readily available the 67/68 set represents the Holy grail of most collections.

Those fortunate enough to retain completed albums have valuable assets in their hands.

My complete sets, were presumably. Like many others, despatched by over zealous Mums or Wives. If only I'd known then the value of Football memorabilia today.

Barry Hewitt

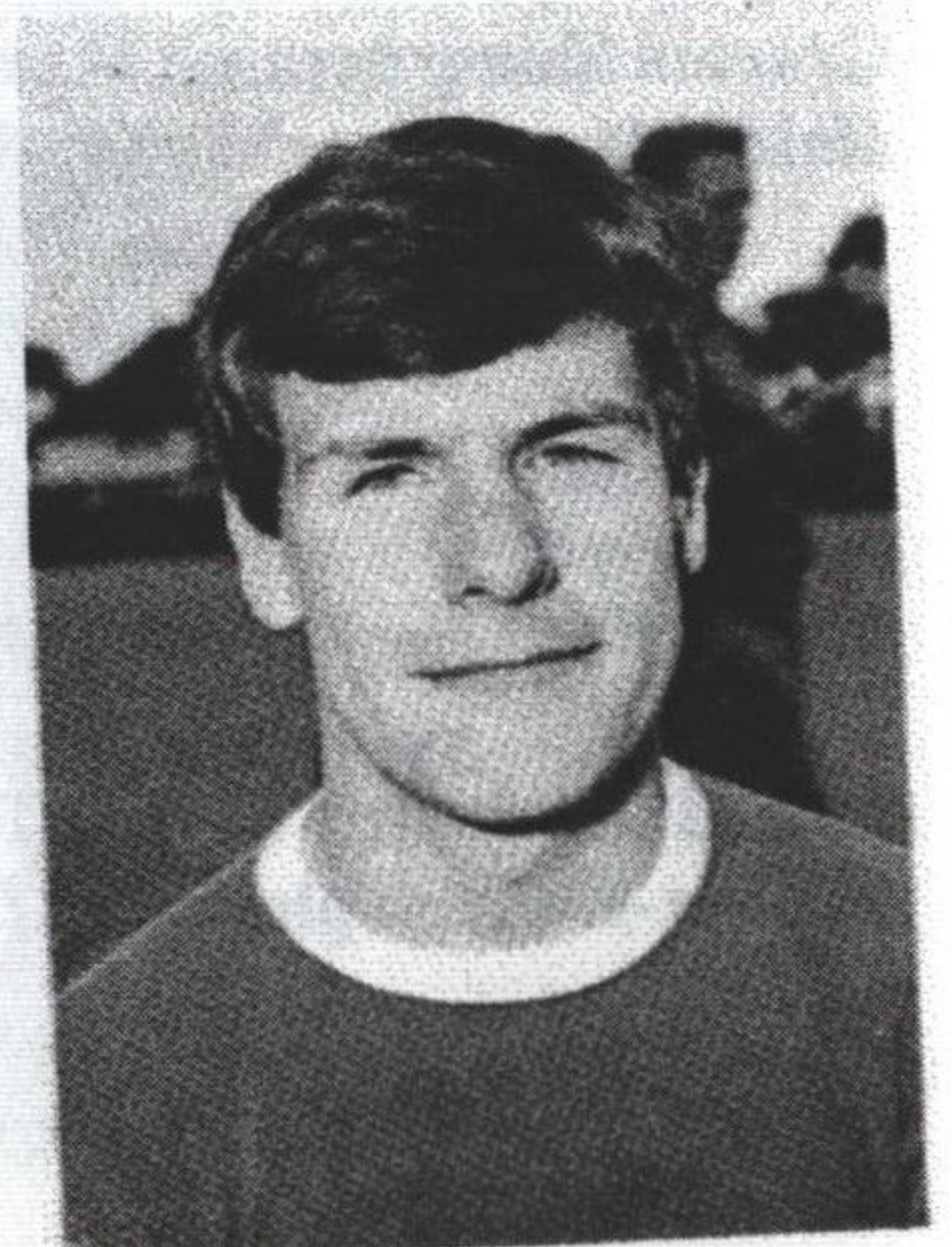
Alex Young



Johnny Morrissey



Joe Royle



Page 12
"Don't I Know You ?....." *the missing portion*

Article part two by: Smart Arridge.

So much for the Managers! Players too have an affinity with specific football clubs, and a certain breed of 'gaffers'.

Whilst compiling this article one player stood out as having an amazing record - not for consecutively playing for Everton managers, but for playing for Evertonians at all!

Whilst at Everton this man played in 21 games as a striker - with a single goal return (*versus Chelsea at Goodison Park*).

However, he has played for the following teams, who were all Managed by one-time Everton Players or Managers :

Alan Ball – Portsmouth
Asa Hartford – Stockport County
Howard Kendall – Everton (loan)
Mike Walker - Everton
Peter Reid – Sunderland
Howard Kendall – Sheffield United (loan)
David Jones – Stockport County
David Moyes – Preston North End (loan)

The man in question ?

Why one Brett Ashley Mark Angell.....

He is obviously a good pro who Managers like working with – especially Evertonian ones !

But the most 'connected' ex-Blue has to be Mike Milligan.

Born in Manchester, but winning a Republic of Ireland cap, Mike only played for four club sides, including one season for Everton.

However, he has been Managed by no fewer than eight ex-blues during his playing career !

From 1985 to 2002 Mike played for:

Joe Royle – Oldham (Twice)
Colin Harvey – Everton
Howard Kendall – Everton
Gary Megson - Norwich
Mike Walker - Norwich
Bruce Rioch – Norwich
Bryan Hamilton – Norwich
Steve Mc Mahon - Blackpool

Incidentally, Mike also moved from Oldham just a few months before Graeme Sharp became Manager there. And his last games at Blackpool were played alongside a namesake, who is also an ex-Blue – Jamie Milligan.

Mike's time at Oldham brought him into contact with a number of Toffees:

Glen Keeley	Neil Adams	Neil Mc Donald .
Ian Marshall	Earl Barrett	Andy Holden – current Reserve team manager.
Paul Gerrard	Neil Pointon	Willie Donachie – former Coach.
Asa Hartford	Graeme Sharp	

To end this Article a fact : The current Premiership team that has been managed by the most ex-Everton players is ?

Manchester City.

SMART.

The Tommy Lawton Story

Continued from issue 21

Then came a trip to Ireland and Scotland with the Services side, and on the day we lost 3-2 to Ireland, Everton and Liverpool played each other in a 'league' game and attracted the biggest crowd of the day—17,131.

On 10 October England were represented by an all-Services side in the international against Scotland at Wembley. The result was a goalless draw, perhaps a fair result after such a poor display of football, which must have disappointed the 'Royal' box, which included Sir James Grigg, Mr. A. V. Alexander, Lord Woolton, Lord Leathers, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Ernest Bevin and Mr. Clement Attlee, all members of the Cabinet. We were also provided with an escort of Spitfires, which circled the ground in case of air attack.

Two weeks later I played in the England side that lost to Wales 2-1 at Wolverhampton in a game that will always belong to Horace Cumner, the Arsenal winger. Horace scored both the Welsh goals, a wonderful triumph for a lad only just out of hospital.



He was in the Royal Navy and his hands had been seriously burned in an explosion, but there was no sign of an injury in his form that day.

I was still, of course, playing league football for Aldershot, and one game I shall never forget was against Arsenal. Aldershot had a star-studded team—four internationals in the forward line—but the Arsenal line-up had a weird and wonderful look about it. So we thought we had the points well in the bag thirty-five minutes from the end, when we led 3-0. But Arsenal never know when they are beaten, and they hit us with a blitzkrieg which sent us reeling to a 7-4 defeat.

That was, of course, a black game for me, and that whole period was rather a black one for me. After the game with Wales I had been dropped by the England selectors, and it wasn't until 16 October 1943 that I regained my international place. I was surprised to be chosen for this game because England had just beaten Wales by eight goals, and Don Welsh had scored three of them from centre forward. Yet he was dropped, and the teams for this memorable game at Maine Road, Manchester, lined up as:

England: Swift (Manchester City); Scott (Arsenal), Hardwick (Middlesbrough); Britton (Everton), Cullis (Wolves), Mercer (Everton); Matthews (Stoke City), Carter (Sunderland), Lawton (Everton), Hagan (Sheffield United), Dennis Compton (Arsenal).

Scotland: Crozier (Brentford); Carabine (Third Lanark), Miller (Hearts); Little (Rangers), Young (Rangers), Campbell (Morton); Waddell (Rangers), Gillick (Everton), Linwood (St. Mirren), Walker (Hearts), Deakin (St. Mirren).

You probably all know the result—England 8,

Scotland 0—and I can honestly say that I have never played in a better side than the England one that day. And despite what some people say about the 1953 Cup Final, I don't think the Old Maestro, Stan Matthews, has ever played better.

The poor Scots never had a chance. Jimmy Hagan put us one up in a quarter of an hour, and ten minutes later we were winning 4-0—and I had done the hat-trick. Actually, my third goal was meant for Matthews, who deserved to score if anyone did. Raich Carter had waltzed through the Scottish defence and then stood with his foot on the ball and called for Stan to come and have a crack. He did . . . but missed . . . and the ball flew straight to me.

The mesmerism went on. Carter scored the fifth, then missed a penalty, and then Jimmy Hagan and I made the total seven. By this time, of course, the Scottish team was in a whirl, and Matthews rubbed it in with a gem of a goal. He strolled through the complete defence with that immaculate ease that only Matthews has, took the ball right up to Crozier and then side-footed the ball into the net. It was a great goal, and it brought the house down. Even the Scots joined in the applause.

Another England v. Scotland game I shall never forget was played at Hampden Park in April 1944, on the eve of one of the war's most dramatic moments—'D' Day. The guest of honour was Field-Marshal Montgomery, and little did we know when he spoke at the luncheon before the game that he held in his mind the war's greatest secret. It's a good job, I suppose, that we didn't.

133,000 people—the war's biggest crowd—saw the game, and I am afraid that some of the things that

The Tommy Lawton Story

people were to be liberated at long last from what will always remain a terrible nightmare to them, but in the midst of all that joy you could see where no joy will ever reign again. I must admit that I felt sick when I saw the signs of so much cruelty and suffering. The bombing had been tough enough at home, but . . . well, thank goodness we hadn't to suffer anything else.

Our first match was against the famous Diablos Rouge (The Red Devils) at Bruges, and what a welcome we got from the lads who were stationed over there! I don't think I can remember a welcome to touch it, and it was wonderful to hear the boys shouting you on as if you were playing in a Cup Final at Wembley.

The crowd was right up to the touchline, and near the end we got a corner. Suddenly, I heard the unmistakable Liverpool accent. I had already scored three goals, and the voice shouted, 'Hey, scousa! Make it four. I've got 200 francs on you scoring more than three.'

When a Liverpool voice speaks to you like that ('scousa' is affectionate Liverpudlian for 'pal') you just have to obey, so I smiled in the direction of the voice and promptly headed Les Smith's corner kick into the back of the net.

Judging by what I saw, there was one British soldier from Liverpool minus a cap that night!

We went to Belgium again a fortnight later, and this time we were told that air space was very limited, so we only took a few players and our team was reinforced by some of the lads serving on the Continent—players like Eddie Hapgood and Bobbie Beattie. Not only that, there was no Dakota this time. All we got were Ansons, which gave some of us a bumpy trip.

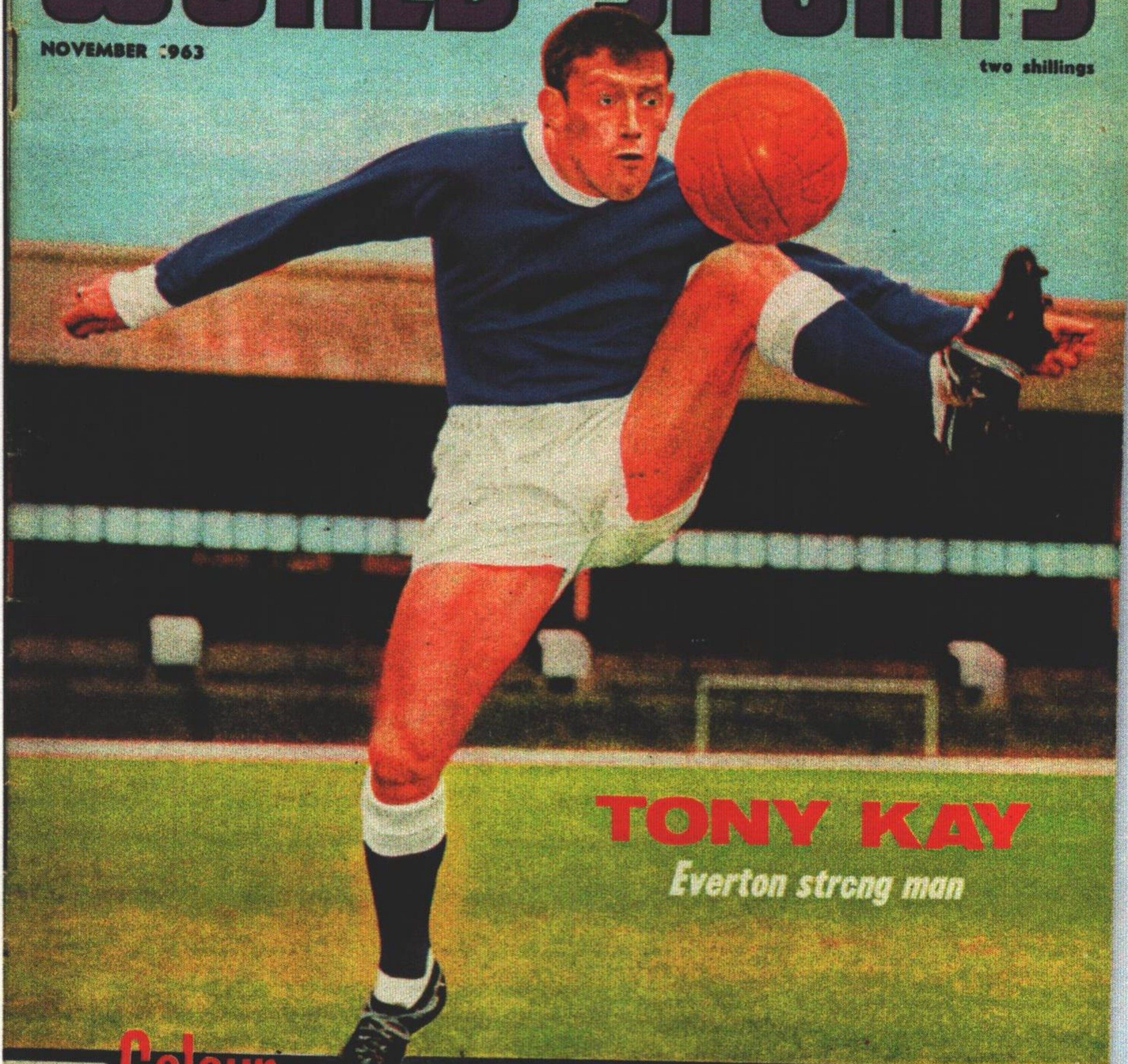


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WORLD SPORTS

NOVEMBER 1963

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