# Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 24



## Price £1

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

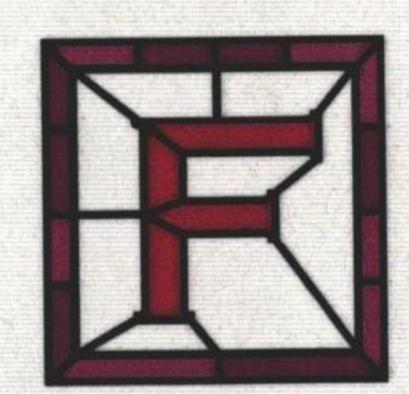
## Editorial Blue Blood

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

Radio Merseyside can be heard on 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.



# Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices A Single Issue will cost £1.40p (UK only) Subscriptions: For Six Issues



U.K. £8.00

Europe £14.00

USA / Africa £16.00

Rest of the World £18.00

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

Bob Latchford
Centre Forward
286+ 3 appearances
138 goals

### Editors Page "The Orr-Moans"

The season is flying over, this issue should not have been out until April but because of the way we are playing, the Cup run and the fact that I am now in control of producing it when I can, here it is, a whole month early.

It means that there will be one extra copy this season, instead of the usual 6 issues there will be seven. Those of you who have a subscription should have received a letter with this issue,

if not do not panic, the extra issue will be posted out to you in April.

Well Norwich at home, a bad game or what? Maybe our worst home performance of the season so far but a win and you need to have that little bit of luck if you are to win things or qualify for Europe. We then went to Southampton and played even worse than the Norwich game, live on T.V., it all started well, we looked good and Beattie's goal was a beaut. Somehow we went downhill from there, the passing was abysmal, the tackling (what tackling) was awful and Pistone was his usual pathetic self. Don't write in and tell me he isn't that bad, he is, all through the game I was getting text messages on my mobile about him and how can Moyes possibly pick him week in week out. We miss Osman, his creativity on the right side of the pitch and his passing, shooting and even his tackling.

Arteta, is someone who might need a bit of time but if he can slow the game down and hold up

play then we will need him.

Everton seem to play as if the ball is on fire, they have no time to think, just kick and run, the game is not under our control. Much like last season, it is where the ball bounces and whoever is nearest that dictates the run of play.

We now have some massive games on the horizon, the Chelsea game and then the Man United

Cup game.

First up Chelsea, they are not as brilliant as the media will have you think. They struggle to

score goals, and the injury to Robben is a blessing for us.

Man United in the Cup, well Man United reserves, do you honestly think that Sir Alex will play his stars four days before the game against A.C. Milan? Maybe I will be totally wrong and you will be able to shove this fanzine in my face for years to come but I firmly believe they will play the team that faced Exeter in the first encounter in the Cup.

Apart from all of that, where is the Money Bill? By now a boring, boring subject and what is the point of asking it? He will not give you a straight answer only another screenwriters ver-

sion of his take on reality.

Everton Football Club are up there at the top end of the English Premiership and that is all we should be interested in at this moment in time, the money will look after itself and Moyes can

get on with trying to get every last drop of sweat out of the squad that he has.

Everton need to just believe in themselves, as I have said before, who deserves fourth place in the Premiership other than ourselves? No one, we are as good and better than all the rest, that's why we have more points than them, we have a good defence, a good midfield and now with Beattie & Bent a good forward line.

Just look at the Norwich game, we were not at our best but still had Cahill, Kilbane, Beattie, Bent, Carsley, Ferguson & Mc Fadden who all had shots at goal, yes seven different players. Compare that to last season when only Rooney and Radzinski had shots on target in most games. Everton are chasing third place, not hanging on to fourth, at times things go for us, at times they don't but it is averaging out in our favour.

We are getting the bounce of the ball, we are getting refereeing decisions in our favour, come on there have been some penalties that we could have conceded but they were not given, last

season if an Everton player sneezed in the box it was a penalty.

Sad to see Nick Chadwick leave, I thought he was a fine young player but so were Peter Clarke, Danny Cadamarteri, Michael Branch, Phil Jevons, Kevin McLeod and many others. I hope young Nick does better than those mentioned.

Blue Blood

## Bluffalo Bill

So once again our leader has failed to get us to the promised land, the Fortress Fund Farce (from now on the FFF) has been coming and going for months.

Why is it, according to Bill, that this funding is so vital, that we haven't been informed about the details of the bid, not you, or the Board, or the shareholders?

Surely it would have speeded things up if everyone knew in advance what the proposals involved.

But Bill plays the same old record (see page 5) saying 'Trust Me' and smiling his showbiz smile.

He is a very lucky man, saved from the Kings Dock fiasco by the charge for Europe and now he is getting away with his incompetence by another charge to Europe, Evertonians are detracted from the real issues off the pitch.

Samuelson, the front guy for faceless, nameless figures, tells us, in Kenwright style, that the money is there, trust him, everything is fine. He could be another of Kenwright's long lost twin brothers, all talk and no action and in between, we the fans are left in limbo, watching as our beloved club is dragged through the mire and devalued, come on, £12.9 million for a potential Champions League Team, is cheap.

We have a great manager, someone who will be on the Head Hunters List of League Managers, if ever Celtic, Man U, Rangers. or Arsenal are looking to recruit. The team are doing well, the fan base is exceptional and the chances of extra funding should be more than likely, so why is Uncle Bill following Samuelson around like a lost little puppy?

The answer is EGO, yes BLUFFALO BILL has been promised that he will keep hold of the chairmanship of EFC and that is all he wants, to be number one.

That in itself is not a bad thing, but you have to be totally committed to being in charge of a Premiership Club, not just doing it on the side while you run your London Showbiz Empire.

Abramovich, might have countless millions of pounds to spend but he is also a businessman, so he employs Peter Kenyon to run the club. Keith Wyness, with due respect is not of his stature or even allowed to have that much power by Bill. The Rodeo Show of Bluffalo Bill is over, it's time for him to ride off into the sunset, dismount and look up at the stars and dream.

Everton can make the Champions League, and with a new more powerful businessman in charge of our Club, we could be looking at a whole new era for Everton Football Club, one that will truly put us into the 21st century, a Club that will not waste three years on a non existent ground, a Club that will not hang around for six months hoping for peanuts from a Russian Front Man, a club that hopefully will see the potential of having a sponsor in Thailand and taking Everton Football Club to the World.

These are harsh words and I am not trying to belittle the fine work that Kenwright has done, but it has all been very limited and 'cornershopish' we need to move into the big time.

Even now the media look at Everton as something 'Quaint' something to listen to but not take seriously. It is partly our own fault that we get treated this way by the media, watch how Everton Football Club makes the men from the press stay outside the ground on any day that there is NEWS to be had, they are all over the Park End Car Park, left in the rain, Everton do not treat them with respect and in return get no respect back.

Mack The Knife

## The Same Old Song



## To The Same Old Tune

entering transfil regard, and water your policy for product of product of the product of the contract of

### The Death Of The Footy Song

Everton fans have been accused of not singing at games, fair enough we do not sing like we used to in the Good Old Days but we can still give out a heartwarming chant or two.

There are a few reasons why fans do not sing like they used to, all seater stadiums being the most popular one but I think that it goes back further than that.

In the 70's I travelled the length and breadth of this land watching the Blues, I had more alcohol than Blood in my veins at certain away games and could sing with the best of them.

I would roll up at the Footy Special Train at Lime Street, with both hands full of ale and cheese and onion butties.

As the journey progressed, the ale flowed, the lips became loose and any popular song in the charts was given a reworking, new lyrics were added and it would be given a debut between Crewe and London, one table would start it off and then all the others would join in. Before long it had travelled the length of the train and was the finished article by the time the train pulled into the station.

Then 500 rather the worse for wear Evertonians would stagger along the platform singing the new "Hit Song".

A long line of Evertonians would then queue up to get inside the ground, all those who had travelled by coach, car or hitchhiked would be treated to the new version and before you knew it, the whole of the away end were singing this new song as if they had been singing it since birth.

The game would end and the scramble to get to the nearest "Offy" for more ale was started. Sometimes other inebriated souls from the home team would try and delay you by asking you to fight. This was a minor inconvenience, a bit like a lion at a waterhole in the African Bush, I mean you need a drink and there is nothing on this earth that will stop you from getting one.

Once the "Waterhole" was spotted then it was every man for himself, none of this "Designer Brand" crap, just get anything you can, fill two carrier bags and get off, paying was optional.

If you had time, food was considered but it wasn't essential, then it was back onto the Footy Special and another bout of singing or if you had lost, a serious discussion as to how a certain player had the cheek to pick up his wages for a display like that.

Back into Lime Street and stagger off, heading for the American Bar and more ale, the footy pink, was the only other thing you wanted, something to read on the bus home or in the taxi if you made a night of it.

Today you get on a coach, no ale, no singing, no chance to do anything, except have a go on the spot.

If you make your own way to the ground, when you arrive, the local bizzies move you on, the pubs don't want your AWAY FAN money and you are herded into the ground to face an hour and a half of some spotty faced local kids trying to balance a ball.

I don't bother anymore, I have, as they say Done that, Been There, got the Stained Tee Shirt.

Billy "Ring Pull" Jones

### **Everton Based Information**

A few pieces of information for you, maybe you already know but not everybody does.

A website of some interest to Evertonians is www.borntobeblue.co.uk easy to un-

derstand and informative give it a try.

Also another site that will make the collectors amongst you excited John Steadman from South Wirral Programmes has started an Everton Collectors website you can peruse the site at your leisure www.evertonprogs.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk John has also organised a giant North West Football Programme and Memorabilia Fair at Stockport County Football Club on Sunday 6th March 2005 admission is only £1 children get in free.

Other websites of interest www.bluekipper.com and www.toffeeweb.com both of

these sites are excellent and are updated on a daily basis.

## Arrowe Park Works Department Appeal For Awareness About Prostate Cancer

A series of events will be held this year by the Arrowe Park Works Department which has Plumbers, Fitters, Electricians and Builders.

Their aim is to raise awareness about Prostate Cancer, which affects a

large portion of the male population of this country.

Any support you can offer to their cause will be gratefully received, even if you just book yourself in for a medical check by your G.P. it will go a long way to make sure that if you are unfortunate enough to be diagnosed with the condition, you will be giving yourself every chance of catching it in the early stages and therefore getting the correct treatment.

Mr. Parr Consultant at Arrowe Park has 270 cases of Prostrate Cancer and another 170 with Prostrate problems and that is only on the Wirral!!!

It is the second most common cause of cancer related death in men, 1 in 11 men will get it. Every man in the UK has an 8% chance of developing it, 20,000 each year, half the attendance at this seasons Goodison "Derby"

21st March 2005 starts Prostrate cancer Awareness Week, you can help by

donating some money to the cause.

Most men find it an embarrassing subject but remember "if you turn a

blind eye, you might die".

Send your donations to Jimmy McGannon, c/o Works Department, Arrowe Park Hospital, Upton, Wirral, CH49 5PE.

## Joe Mobo



Mr. Cool

Just in case you thought it was only Evertonians who couldn't stand the sight of our beloved neighbours, here is an article from a Burnley fan.

Burnley 1 Liverpool 0, a night to remember for all Evertonians

### BY CLARET DAVE THOMAS (no not him)

I have a soft spot for all things Evertonian even though I'm a Claret living in Leeds. My Uncle Arthur from Earlestown now in his 80s is an Evertonian through and through and actually had trials there as a player in the late 30s and then along came the war and that ended that. My nephew Andy from Warrington is a Blue but is married to a Red. And didn't Burnley supply Everton with Tommy Lawton, Trevor Steven, Geoff Nulty and Martin Dobson. Then by a roundabout route along came the other Dave Thomas, no relation to me, but who by coincidence I do happen to know. Mind you my soft spot hardens a bit when I remember the broken leg Willie Irvine suffered in a cup replay at Goodison in February 67 when that legendary hardman Johnny Morrissey hit Willie's leg instead of the ball.

Anyway, I thought you true blues would all love to read about the night Liverpool fell apart at Turf Moor because they thought they could just turn up with a couple of first teamers and a few bit part players and casually walk away with a result. Fraid not Mr. Benitez.

Basically, Mr Beneathus totally misjudged what it would be like to come to a small, compact but passionate stadium, where the small but totally dedicated squad, some of whom play for two bob, and the others for peanuts, outplayed them from start to finish. How Mr. Benitez quite came to the conclusion that Liverpool after the first few minutes then controlled the game is quite beyond me. But then he had to say something I suppose to salvage some pride.

Liverpool frankly were poor, dispirited, disinterested, and eventually easily dispelled. I guess you've heard the joke that does the rounds at Burnley now, it probably came from one of you guys in the first place but "what's the difference between Liverpool and

a teabag. Well, a teabag stays in the cup longer."

The game that took place came several days after the postponed first date. We all made the assumption that Gerard who was chosen not to play on the first date, would actually come in for the rearranged game, after they lost at home to Man U. Not so, big mistake Benitez. Likewise not playing Baros from the start. The only time Liverpool displayed any interest was when he came on, but luckily Baros does tend to run into blind alleys, or off the pitch when he can't stop himself, or runs with his head down and doesn't see a pass that he could make to a colleague in a good position. Hypia spent the evening generally playing superb long passes but sadly for him usually straight over the touchline. Pongo had a few runs but more often than not the aforementioned long passes were intended for him and sailed over his head. Biscan was dreadful, what on earth is he paid per week and Nunez would struggle to get into the Burnley reserve team.

Liverpool certainly cannot blame the Burnley pitch, which is nowhere near as infamous as the press would like to make out. The ball, rolled sweetly whether it was on the grass or the sandy middle and at the end of the day the pitch is the same for both sides. Truth is the game could have been played on the first date when soggy turf and a bit of standing water in just one small patch was the problem, but the ref bottled it. This was a pitch that any side of the 60s would have classed as 'good' and the 70s pitches weren't

that much better. I guess we can all remember the mud baths of the 60s.

So the Mrs and I sat in the car prior to the game eating bacon sandwiches and wondering if Liverpool would just roll us over with casual ease and premiership class. No danger, I

### We Are Not Alone (continued)

can't tell you how poor they were and if I were one of the travelling Liverpool 3,800 that night I'd have been on the phone in the morning to tell them they were rubbish in fact I'm told that as they came off the field at the end they were told in no uncertain terms just how pathetic they had been. We've seen some poor teams at The Turf over the years but Liverpool, whilst not the worst (have you ever watched Stockport), were just so anonymous it wasn't true.

And the goal; none of us have seen anything so comic ever. Under minimal pressure, somehow Traiore got in such a tangle, sort of half turned, sort of performed a drag-back as he turned, sort of did it all in slow motion and then none of us could believe it as we watched the ball trickle over the line. And then from that point, though we lived on our nerves the result was never in doubt. It wasn't nerves because Liverpool pressed, or came back into the game, or looked threatening, it was nerves because we are conditioned at Burnley to be nervous the minute we take the lead.

And the best bit, well don't let any Liverpool supporter tell you Liverpool were unlucky. Not a bit of it and such was Claret superiority there was even a bit of keep-ball showboating in the last ten minutes just to rub it in with the obligatory ole's.

So how does it feel to be above them in the league after all these years of looking up? My uncle and nephew have to pinch themselves. I'll hazard a guess that you'll stay above them for quite a while if this is the Benitez revolution. Liverpool fans must despair, first a Frenchman who filled the team with substandard Frenchmen and Africans and now a Spaniard filling it with mediocre Spaniards.

Be funny if we play you eventually in a forthcoming round, I'm writing this on January 22<sup>nd</sup>. Be warned, if the game is at the Turf we don't make life easy but I somehow doubt that Moyes would make the same mistake as Benitez.

**Dave Thomas** 

Dave has asked me ask any Blue Blood reader if they have any memory of a game played by Burnley against Everton in February 1967, it was a Cup Replay game and Willie Irvine, a Burnley forward was carried off with a broken leg after a bad tackle by Johnny Morrissey.

The game was a bad tempered one and Irvine was allegedly booed and jeered as he was carried from the field of play.

My own recollections of the two Cup games was that the Turf Moor clash was a bruising affair and not for the faint hearted. There was bad feeling against the rough treatment dished out to certain Everton players and in the replay an air of Revenge hung around Goodison.

If you do recall the games, please let me know at Blue Blood, or come and tell me outside the Winslow on a match day.

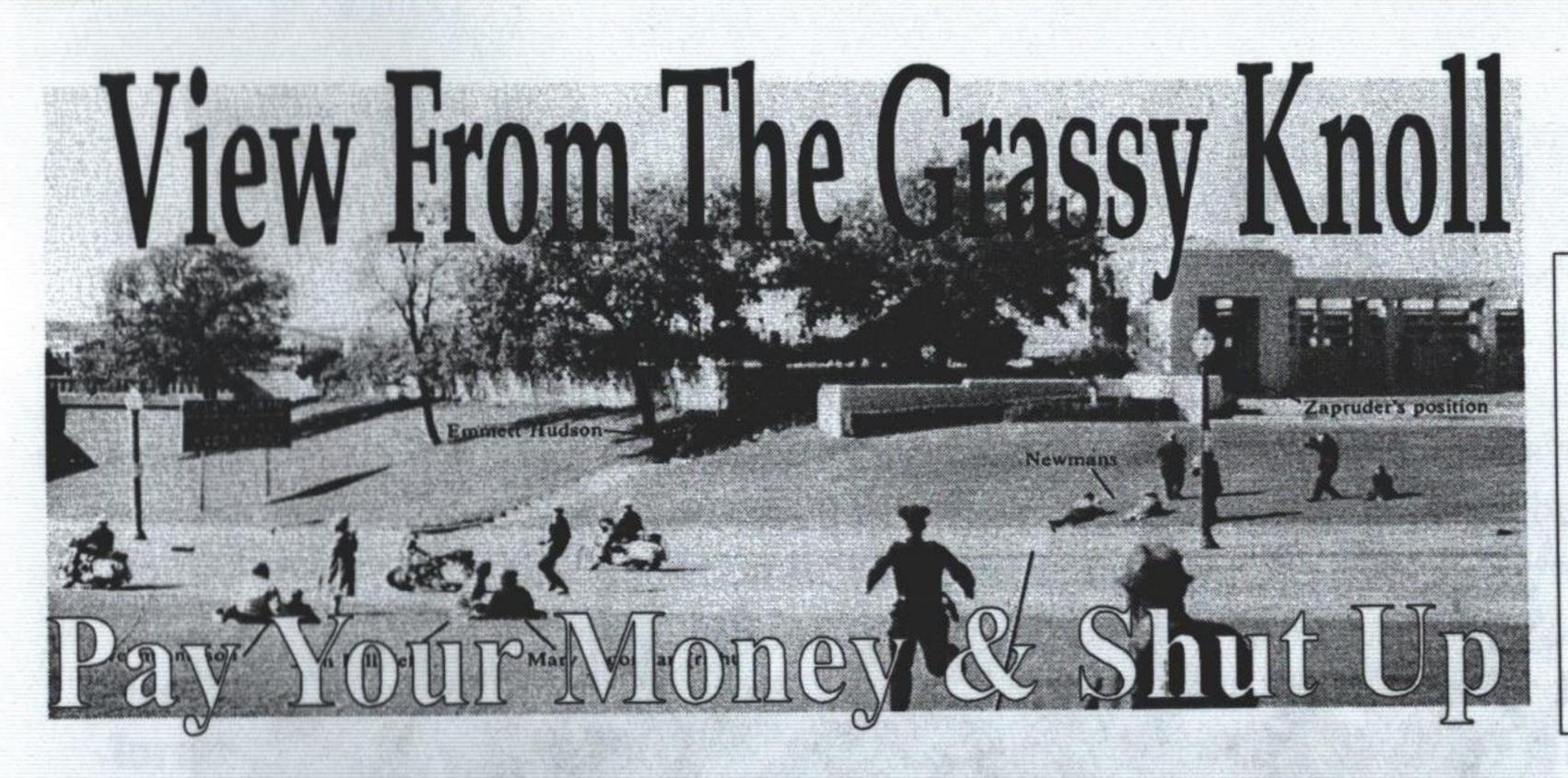
Cheers,

George Orr

distributed of the contract of



Everton V Wolves 1949 / 50



"I can't see anyone objecting to a Wednesday Cup Final"

It is now official, you as a football fan no longer matter, the F. A. are considering having next seasons Cup Final on a Wednesday.

The reason? To help Sven get his World Cup Team organised.

Now if Wembley is ready in time and that's a big 'IF' with the F. A. in charge, you will have already had the pleasure of a nice long trip to the new home of English Football because the Semi—Finals were held there.

Things get worse, the new head of the F.A. is a Kopite, so I don't hold out much hope there.

The F.A are a sad organisation, they ignore their customers, the fan, even treat them with disrespect and apathy.

If you were one of the poor sods who travelled to Turf Moor to watch Liver-pool play Burnley (I know you personally didn't as you are a Blue) only to find that their official, the referee had decided to call it off less than an hour before kick off.

Did those fans who made the trip get reimbursed? Did the F A apologise to them?

Then what about those Spurs fans who left London early in the afternoon on a Tuesday to travel 200 miles to Manchester where they saw their team win 1-0 only to be told by a linesman sorry an Assistant Referee that the ball didn't actually go over the line, although everyone else knew it did.

Their entertainment was ruined by a petty official, who was incompetent, the fact the some fans had paid out nearly £100 for a ticket and travel didn't seem to matter to the F. A.

If you travelled to London and paid £30 for a theatre ticket and £70 for travel but couldn't hear the last act because the sound engineer had made a mistake and lowered the sound, would you be happy. Would you be entitled to some kind of refund? Yes is the answer but no if the show was put on by the F.A.

So there it is, you are just someone who gives them money, someone of no importance. Imagine an F.A official having to pay half his weeks wages (£100 is just that to most football fans) to watch something that was then ruined by an incompetent official I think they might have something to say Maybe it will take some well off football fan to take the F.A to court and get some compensation out of them. This then might just open the floodgates and at last the footy supporter will get justice but don't hold your breath. The football stadiums are not as full as they once used to be, yes I know Man

The football stadiums are not as full as they once used to be, yes I know Man U, Chelsea and some others are but the vast amount are not, look at live televised games most of the grounds are empty, fans are fed up being ripped off. One day the F.A will have no one left to con.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

### EVERTON STICKERS(PART 3) 1970-75

The threat of PANINI was hanging over the traditional suppliers of cards and stickers such as Barratts and A&BC as well as the now established FKS. Consequently all producers were looking for new and eye catching

products.

1970/71 saw A&BC include paper pin ups and transparencies. FKS renamed their collection The Wonderful World of Soccer Stars Gala Collection. Set size increased to 420 including sections for second division star gallery, best players of Mexico 70 and European Cup finalists which included Feyenoord defender Rhinus Israel sporting thick horn rimmed glasses! Keith Newton was the only new face in the Everton squad. Stickers retailed at 6d or 12p 7 stickers per pack reflecting Britain's forthcoming change to decimal currency. Brian Labone featured on the album cover pictured while playing for England v Wales. 1971/2 saw PANINI enter the market under the name Top sellers with a collection of sticker sized cards Football 72 which they produced yearly until 1977.

To counter FKs and their stickers had a one off trial with a small b &w picture on the back of their usual colour picture Set size dropped back to 330 although a sticker of each clubs crest was issued to stick in the album. A&BC also issued set of crests and football superstars:71/2 saw the beginning of the break up of Everton's Championship side. Brian Labone retired through injury and the white booted Alan Ball was sold, unthinkable to most Evertonians. 1972/73 saw even more changes to the Everton squad as players such as Bernard, Lawson, Lyons & McLaughlin made their first appearances. A rival set of stickers was issued by AMERICANA MUNCHEN 15 players from first division teams but cannot have been a success as this remains the only set issued by these publishers and

they are very hard to obtain these days.

1973/74 again saw FKS in experimental mood as stickers included both action portrait pictures plus club colours. Darracott, Harper and Connolly made first appearances as Everton struggled to find a settled team with many ins and outs at Goodison. 1974/75 saw FKs copy PANINI and this years stickers were similar card s rather than paper and feature both action and portrait pictures using a mixture of pictures showing players in both home and away kit. Full back Mike Bernard was pictured in an anonymous blue track suit. A noticeable feature on this years pictures was hair styles were longer and facial hair more prevalent. Bob Latchford was a notable new inclusion in the Everton set. John McLaughlin chose to go for the veteran look sporting both moustache and sideburns to compensate for his thinning scalp! The previous seasons new shirt including collar and EFC logo made its first appearance, the sign of things to come. Both Joe Royle and Colin Harvey were in this set the only players to feature in every FKS set from 1968, however both were transferred during the season.

**Barry Hewitt** 

Gwlady's Street's Neighbourhood Watch

Things are getting exciting, we are still in the top four and Europe is beckoning, I

will have to get a complete new outfit.

We have just bought a lovely looking Spanish lad and I have heard that he was only bought to be an interpreter in the 'Derby' still I think he's going to be great. Someone said that the little fat lad is coming back but I don't think so. I will be really mad if I see him. I looked after him from a boy until he was eighteen and what has he done since he moved down the road? Nothing, no phone calls, no postcards no letters, it's as if I never existed.

People can be cruel, I heard someone say that if you took Francis Jeffers ears and

stuck them on Rooney then you would have "Dumbo"

I was upset the other week when all those fat striped shirt wearing Wearsiders came to Goodison for the Cup. The abuse they gave poor Kevin Kilbane was terrible, why? He didn't walk out on them, he stayed until they got relegated and they got a good fee for someone they considered rubbish. I think they are an ungrateful shower and I am glad our lads waltzed around them and put them out of the Cup.

James Beattie scored a brilliant goal down at Southampton and once again fat red and white striped nobodies booed him WHY? They got £6 million for a player that they wanted to sell, their manager said so, he needed the money for

other players.

James never let them down, he was a fine player for them, so when the ball hit the

back of the net, I hope they choked on their beer.

Come to think of it, Sunderland and Southampton, who the hell are they, the last time they won anything it was on our telly in black and white.

I hope Mr Moyes is all right after his fall at the Norwich game at Goodison on Wednesday night, he went up in the air and landed on his bottom. I think he felt a

little bit embarrassed, can't see why, Pistone does it every game.

It must be my moan period, I think I am starting to sound like George, Delia Smith, wouldn't sit in the Directors box with Mr Kenwright, good, she would probably only get in the way, I mean to say, with all due respect she took half an hour during a TV programme to show people how to boil an egg!!!!

The other lot are touting for business again, yes they want someone to give them a few bob and they will allow them to name their new ground. I hope Disneyworld

buy them, or a circus, that's what would suit the Red Clowns.

Getting back to the Cup game against the Manc's, I think they will play their reserves, they are going to Italy the week after, so they won't bother with us on a Saturday night. Here I go again, Saturday night, I mean to say, it's the only night I get a chance to get out and have a few scoops and relax. Now I will have to watch the boys and by the time everyone has cleared away it will be eleven o clock. It doesn't matter anyhow because I am saving all my money now, Europe is all I want, it will be great to be going back there.

Do not listen to those Red Sods about what they have and haven't done in

Europe, we were in Europe when they were playing in the Second Division.

We are the main club in this City, we gave it the Culture that won the competition, none of the Beatles either were Kopites were they, class tells?

## Is It True What They Say About Dixie?

FOR ONE WHOLE CHAPTER of some three and a half thousand words, I have written about the great soccer names that will live, yet I have not mentioned the one that will, as far as I am concerned, live longer than any of them. I did that purposely, because William Ralph Dean is entitled to a chapter all to himself.

Dixie Dean! The great, the fabulous, the immortal Dixie. What a player. What a personality!

Yet when he reads this humble appreciation of his talents, he will not like it, for throughout this chapter, indeed throughout this book, I have used the nickname known to millions—Dixie. And William Ralph Dean just couldn't stand it. In fact he loathed it. No one at Goodison Park ever used it, because we all knew that he preferred to be known as Bill Dean.

So sorry, Bill, but I just had to use the name by which you are known and loved by the soccer millions throughout the world.

Now how does one write about Dixie? Frankly, I don't know. He was indescribable. To me, he was all that a centre forward should be, and any tribute to him would be inadequate. But this one is given sincerely, and in the knowledge that no one admires him more than I do, and although there could very

well be many tributes of greater literary merit, there can be no tribute more sincere.

First, let us consider the bare facts of Dixie's record. He was born in Birkenhead, and was originally intended to be an engineer's fitter. In fact, he actually started his apprenticeship.

But Dixie was made for soccer, and soccer was made for Dixie. Almost from the time he could walk he had been practising the game by kicking rag balls or tennis balls against a wall, learning the basic arts of kicking, heading, and ball control.

So it was no surprise when he joined Tranmere Rovers, the local Birkenhead team, during the 1923-4 season. In 1925, he crossed the river and signed for Everton.

He didn't set the Mersey on fire at the start, but soon Dixie was on the goal trail that was to make him famous. Everything seemed set for a great career, yet in those early days, bad luck followed him everywhere, and in the summer of 1926 it nearly cut short the career of the man who was destined to become, in my opinion, the world's greatest-ever centre forward.

Dixie had an accident on a motor cycle at Holywell, and was rushed to hospital with the kind of injuries that would have killed most people and certainly put paid to any athletic career for the others. His skull was fractured, his jaw was broken in two places, his kneecaps were smashed, and he was pitted with cuts. Dixie Dean, it seemed, had finished with football. Indeed, it looked very much as if he was finished with walking, even if he survived the terrible injuries.

But Dixie had an unbreakable spirit. He also had a

great friend in Harry Cooke, who has served Everton as a player and trainer for more than half a century.

It was Harry Cooke who took Dixie under his wing as soon as the player hobbled painfully on his crutches out of the hospital. At that time, Dixie could walk only a few inches at a time, but both he and Harry Cooke were determined that he was going to wear the famous Everton jersey before long.

So as the strength gradually, but ever so slowly, flowed back into Dixie's legs, Harry Cooke began the training sessions. First it was the tennis ball, the ball with which Dixie had started on the road to fame. Then came the rubber ball, then the size four ball, and finally, the great moment when Dixie began to practise with the size five ball—the full size ball.

When I tell you that the great Dixie Dean did all that with a steel plate in his head, you will realize what a miracle it was that he ever came back. To come back with such tremendous success as he did qualifies for the description 'One of the Wonders of the World'.

The Everton Club was, of course, so shattered at the appalling accident their centre forward had suffered that they forbade all their players to use motor cycles. That ban is still in force, not only at Everton but also at many other Football League clubs.

I believe that Dixie's first game after his injury was as tense as any game during his career. For a long time he had suffered from dizzy spells after heading the ball, and he was given strict orders to report on how he felt the first time he headed the ball in a match. It was typical of the Dixie Dean I was to meet that his first header smacked against the crossbar and there were no ill-effects.

It was in the 1927-8 season that Dixie Dean really hit the jackpot, for it was in that season that he smashed George Camselk's goal-scoring record.

He needed sixty goals to do the trick, and just when it appeared likely that he would do it, fate stepped in again and dealt him a scurvy blow. He went down with a thigh injury, and once again everything depended on Harry Cooke.

'Don't worry, Bill,' Harry told him, 'I'll get you

And Harry was true to his word. Dixie was soon back on the side, and with two games left—against Burnley and Arsenal—his personal goal tally stood at fifty-three. Two games to play and seven goals to score. Dixie, everybody said, had had it.

In the game against Burnley he was up against Jack Hill, that tall, dominating Burnley centre half back who had a reputation of shadowing opposing centre forwards from the moment they stepped out of the dressing-room. Yet despite the attentions of Jack Hill, Dixie whipped in four goals.

Fifty-seven goals, then, and just one game to play... against Arsenal at Goodison Park. This memorable game, by the way, was the last Charlie Buchan played for The Gunners, and those who saw the tussle tell me that nothing like it will ever be seen again.

Arsenal took the lead, but the famous Dean head bobbed up to make the scores level, and Dixie's total fifty-eight. Two to get. Arsenal went into a 2-1 lead, but Everton got a penalty and Dixie did the necessary. Fifty-nine goals, and the record was

equalled. Then Arsenal scored again to take a 3-2 lead, and the minutes ticked away, quicker, quicker, quicker,

Nobody in the packed Goodison Park worried two hoots who won the game.... Everybody was cheering for Dixie.... But Dixie couldn't get the goal he wanted, despite the fact that he roamed here, there, and everywhere.

Ten minutes to go ... nine ... eight ... seven ... and then Everton get a corner.

The noise makes the Hampden Roar sound like a whisper. Alec Troup takes the kick... the ball soars tantalizingly into the goalmouth... everybody jumps for it... but there is Dixie, timing his leap to the split second and nodding the ball into the net with the speed of a bullet.

Seven minutes left, and Dixie Dean has done it... established a record that will stand probably for all time. Pause for a moment and look at the record:

League games (39 of them)	60 goals	
Cup games	3 goals	
Representative games	19 goals	
GRAND TOTAL FOR SEASON	82 goals	

Perhaps it would be a good thing to set out how he scored those nineteen goals in representative games. Here, then, is the record:

FIVE GOALS for England v. The Rest.

FOUR GOALS for Football League v. Irish League.
THREE GOALS for England v. The Rest.

TWO GOALS for Football League v. Scottish League; for England v. France; and for England v. Belgium.

ONE GOAL for England v. Wales.

Going back to his record in the Football League games, he scored five in one match (against Manchester United), four in another, three on five occasions, and two on fourteen occasions.

His record beat that of George Camsell, of Middlesbrough, who the previous season scored fifty-nine goals in thirty-seven league games, and whose total for the season (league games, cup-ties, and representative games) was seventy-five.

The nearest approach to this fabulous feat came in season 1951-2, when Derek Dooley scored forty-six goals in thirty Second Division games for Sheffield Wednesday.

Dixie went on to complete twelve full seasons for Everton, and then towards the end of the 1937-8 season he was transferred to Notts County, where he succeeded Hughie Gallacher. He then played a few games for Sligo Rovers, the Irish Club, before retiring on the outbreak of the war.

He captained the Everton team that defeated Manchester City 3-0 in the F.A. Cup Final of 1933 (he scored the second goal), and he represented England on sixteen occasions. His international appearances were:

- v. Scotland 1927, 1928, 1929, 1931
- v. Wales 1927, 1928, 1929
- v. Ireland 1928, 1929, 1933
- v. France 1927, 1928
- v. Belgium 1927, 1928
- v. Luxembourg 1927
- v. Spain 1932.

Never was there such a goal-scoring machine as Dixie Dean, and the following record of his goal-scoring achievements will, I am convinced, stand for all time as a monument to a great player.

### The Tommy Lawton Story

	League Goals	Representative Goals	Cup	Total Goals
Tranmere Rover				
1923–4	0		0	0
1924-5	27	0	0	27
Everton:				
1924–5	2		0	2
1925-6	32	0		33
1926-7	21	0	3	24
1927-8	60	19	3	82
1928–9	26	16	0	42
1929-30	23	rect 10.1 6 11.1.11	2	31
1930–1	39	0 0 0	9	48
1931–2	45	3	1	49
1932–3	24		4	29
1933-4	9	0	0	9
1934–5	26	on 1400 0 /100	4	27
1935–6	17	0	0	17
1936–7	24	0	3 111	27
1937-8	1	0		
Notts County:				
1937–8	0	0	0	0
1938–9	3	0	0	3
TOTAL	379	45	27	451

That, then, was the Dixie Dean everybody knows, but what of the Dixie I knew? What of this great man who was to become my friend, my teacher, and who was, from the days when I was a toddling schoolboy to the present day, my idol?

I don't mind how many times I say it, but he was the greatest of all centre forwards. He was also a great character, and unfortunately, characters are going out of the game nowadays.

He simply oozed personality, and nothing seemed to ruffle him. I have seen him with his ankles and back kicked black and blue, but I have never seen

him without a smile.

### The Tommy Lawton Story

Dixie was a pal to everybody, and everybody came alike to him. He lived near the Everton ground at Goodison Park, and it was nothing to see him walking to the ground in a pair of old flannel trousers and a sweater, with his famous feet clad in bedroom slippers. In those days there used to be hundreds of unemployed men outside the ground, waiting for the gates to be opened twenty minutes from the end so that they could go in and see the last part of a game they couldn't afford to pay to see. More than once I have seen one of these unfortunate men approach Dixie on his way to the ground and ask, 'Have you got a ticket, please, Dixie?'

Always Dixie's reply would be the same. 'Just a minute, Dad,' he would reply as he cheerfully slapped the man on the back

Then he would go into the office, get a ticket—if he had had his ration of complimentaries, he would buy one—and give it to the unknown fan outside with a cheerful, 'There you are, pal. Now go and enjoy yourself.'

That was Dixie Dean the man, and I mean 'man' in its real sense.

Dixie Dean, of course, is famous for his heading, and without a doubt I have never seen a better header of the ball. He timed his leaps to the split second, and he could hit a ball with his head as hard as most men can hit it with their feet.

But Dixie could also shoot. He could hit them with both feet, and his deadly head, together with his deadly feet and his incredible positional sense made him just about the most complete centre forward you could possibly wish to meet.

He helped me a great deal in my early days with

Everton. He would spend hours with me, teaching me his tricks and giving me tips. There was never any bitterness, although he knew I had been signed to take his place. In fact he went out of his way to help me, and would, indeed, help any member of the Everton staff.

Now, of course, he is out of football. He is the licensee of an hotel in Chester, but the mark of Dixie Dean will never be rubbed out as long as soccer is played. For Dixie was one of the game's immortals, and the greatest compliment anyone could ever pay me is to say, 'Tommy, you are as good as Bill Dean ever was.'

No one could wish for more, for William Ralph Dean was a great and glorious player. I am proud to say that I have played with him and that he was my friend.

I idolize him as much today as I did when I was a kid at school. I think I always will, because for me Bill Dean will always remain the No. 1.

So thanks, Bill, for all you did for me and for all you did for football. You will never be replaced.

Yes, it certainly was true what they said about Dixie!



'Dixie' Dean





and appropriate to

Oh No Not Again Part Two

I read the article in the last issue about Keith Wyness, our new commercial genius and couldn't agree more.

I have been to meetings where I have heard him say, "I know how hard it is for you to

buy a ticket at Everton"

Well I am sorry Keith but you don't, you have been here a few months now, so there is no excuse for you to be oblivious to the incompetence of your Box Office.

Let me explain, I am a season ticket holder and as such joined the scheme to get my same

seat for any Cup Tie at Goodison Park.

I filled in the form that came with my season ticket renewal and sent it off.

A week before the Sunderland Cup game, I received a letter form the club informing me that my Credit Card had expired and as such they could not process my ticket for the Sunderland game.

Very good of them to tell me, I thought, progress at Goodison, anyhow I phoned the Club, I waited for ten minutes at 4 18 pm on Wednesday afternoon, hardly peak time but after

listening to the same recorded message three times a human said "Can I Help?"

I told her my problem and that I had the new Credit Card details and could she amend my application and send me my ticket? "Sorry I can't do that over the phone, you will have to fill in another form and send it to the club" but I have my credit card here now and you have got my ticket reserved until Friday, "Sorry" well ok will you take my Halifax Switch Card "Sorry no, you will have to post off voucher 21 and send a cheque for the ticket to arrive before Saturday"

Well I am coming to Goodison on Saturday for the Charlton game can I pick it up then? "Sorry, no, the box office is open tomorrow (Thursday) until 6pm and the same Friday.

I said I live 20 miles away and do not finish work in time, "Sorry, that's the only way". So on Thursday, I left work early, losing money and drove to Goodison Park, a small queue, and ten minutes later I was at the window, I bought my ticket with voucher 21 and said I needed a new application form for Cup Priority "Oh just put your details on the letter you were sent and hand it over to me" I did just that, maybe it took one minute no

more than two and handed it back.

I returned home, through the rush hour and it took me three times as long getting back as it did getting there, I wasn't happy and then the phone rang, it was my Cousin from Yorkshire saying he was coming down for the Charlton game and was there any chance of me getting him a ticket? I tried to keep cool and said to him what had just happened, he understood and said he would ring them in the morning to see if he could get a ticket.

He phoned the next day and said he had been phoning Goodison Box Office and the ticket

line for over an hour and gave up.

I have not, as yet received my Man United ticket, so if they haven't put my new details in the computer, they can shove their ticket, you know where, I will watch it on TV and save a few quid.

What other company would do so much to avoid taking money from one of their custom-

ers? I had already spent over £400 on a season ticket, so they knew who I was.

I can phone any company I do business with as a customer and get anything I want from all over the World by using my credit card, any company, that is except Everton Football Club.

So Mr Keith Wyness, instead of saying patronising things like "I know how hard it is to buy a ticket at Goodison" Do me a favour, phone your own club, do it at different times of the week, try and buy a ticket from the Box Office with your credit card, if you can get through, then turn up at the next meeting and tell me again what you know.

A Fed Up Season Ticket Holder

David France, author of Gwladys Street's Hall of Fame, has just acquired some of Harold Hardman's collection and he has kindly allowed me to use some of it in my review of the 1905—06 pre season tour.

Harold Hardman was a fine amateur footballer with Everton from 1903 to 1908 and during that time he collected anything and everything relating to his career in football. He made 156 appearances for the club and was one of only three amateur players to win an FA Cup winners medal in the 20th century. He loved the game and was a true sportsman but he saw football as his pastime, because he practised law in Manchester.

When he left Everton he joined Manchester United and eventually became the Chairman - he was still at Old Trafford at the time of the Munich disaster.

Back to the memorabilia though. Everton undertook a gruelling tour in 1905, known as the Austro Hungarian Tour, taking in five different countries and lasting twenty-three days. Hardman's tour booklet gave all the travelling and accommodation details, plus a list of scheduled games. It is a little gem and I will try to recapture some of the events that happened in 1905.

The Everton contingent left Exchange Station at 2.10 pm on the 27 April and, after arriving over seven hours later at Harwich, they boarded the ship to Holland. The trip had been arranged by Everton directors, Will Cuff and George Mahon and must have been a nightmare to arrange, not only all the travel details but the hotels, matches and training stints. The equipment they needed along with the players' luggage must have been gigantic and the poor porters probably wished they had booked the day off! Arriving at the Hook of Holland in the early hours of the morning, they set off for Dresden at 5.50 am, arriving almost 16 hours later!

They stayed in the German city for a full eight minutes before boarding the train to Vienna, arriving in the Austrian capital's North West Station at 7.35 am on the 29 April.

But their journey was still not over after a quick trip across the city they boarded another train just over one hour later from the Staats Bahnhof railway station. Finally another five hours later the squad entered Budapest, Hungary. Their hotel was the Grand Hotel Royale, which according to Hungarian based Evertonian, Gerad Gorman, was a "state of the art' place, and having only been built in 1896, it was the place to be.

So even in those days Everton had style! Sadly for the hotel it suffered during World War Two and even though it was rebuilt and renovated it now lies derelict and in ruins.

Anyhow, the Everton players would have been glad of the chance to sleep in a real bed after all that travelling.

They all enjoyed an evening meal then retired to bed, the next day they had a match to play against Magyar Athletikai Club

Apart from Hardman, the Everton team contained some other great footballers, there was a local lad Billy Balmer a formidable full back who must have been on a trip of a lifetime and goalkeeper Billy Scott brother of the Reds Elisha who played in nearly 300 games for the Blues, Jimmy Settle was a goal-poacher who was a joy to watch, a fast inside forward his pace would leave opponents trailing in his wake.

Harry Makepeace, a wing half, and Jack Sharp, a skilful winger who, of course, played for England at both football and cricket, were also in the squad.

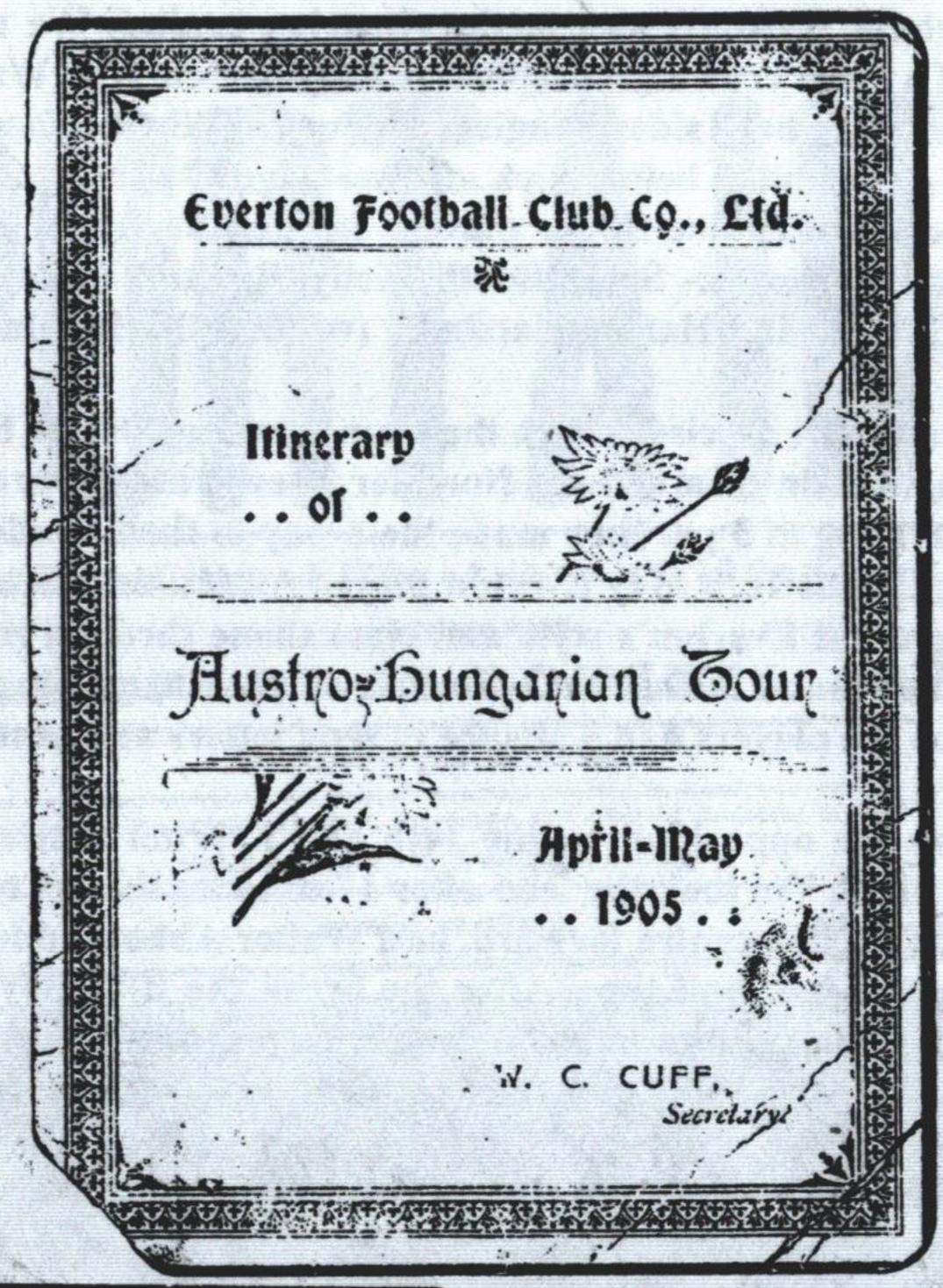
Unfortunately Hardman's newspaper cuttings didn't say anything about the game with Magyar Athletikai, so I'm afraid I don't know the result!

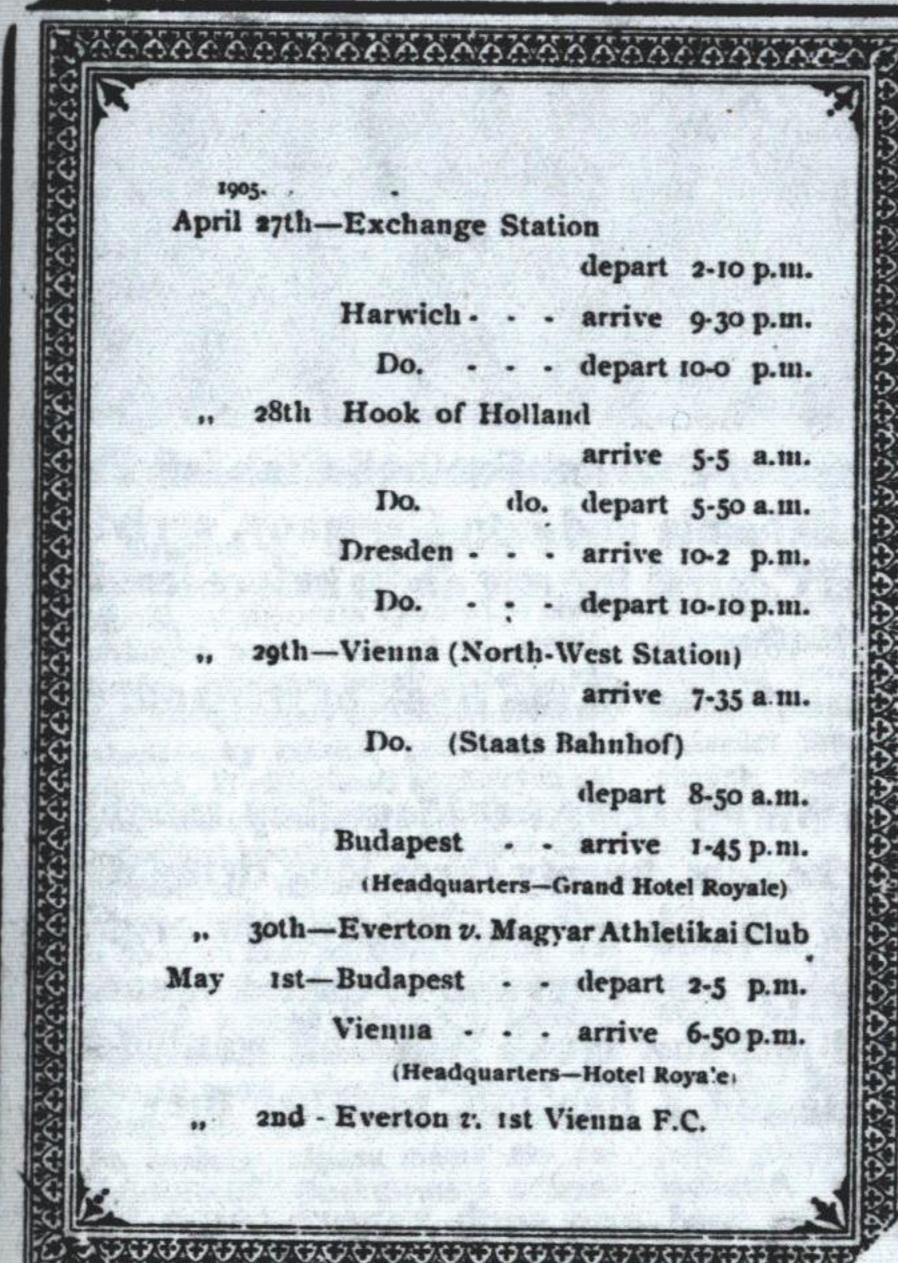
The next day, 1st May, the players took to the city to do some sightseeing, strolling through the many different areas of the city, relaxing in Lake Varosliget Park and rowing on the lake.

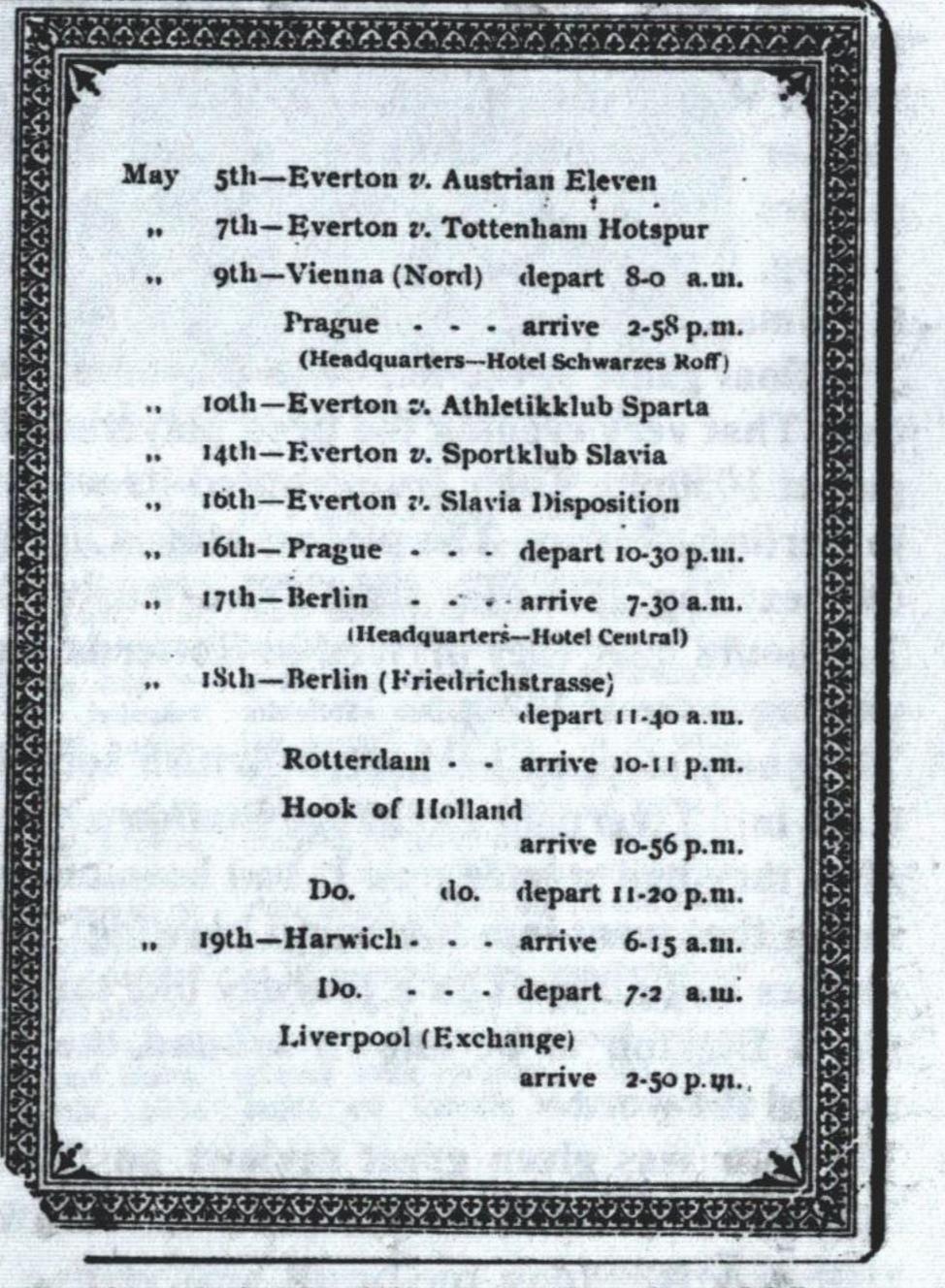
Later that day it was pack up your bags and move on time, they left Budapest at 2 pm and headed towards Austria back to Vienna and upon arriving at 6.50 pm, they checked into the Hotel Royale.

The second game of the tour against 1st Vienna FC took place the next day but again, sadly, details are not known about the outcome.

The players then had three whole days off as, apart from light training, they didn't have another game until the 5th May. They had all that time to take in the delights of Vienna.







This fantastic item is from the David France Collection, it is the itinerary for the 1905 Tour Of Europe by Everton. It was kept for nearly a Century by Harold Hardman in his private collection which was acquired by David France at auction.

On May 5th 1905 Everton were in Vienna to play an Austrian Eleven, and two days later we met Tottenham Hotspur, also in the Austrian capital. We managed to beat Spurs 2-0 in front of a large crowd (Spurs had already beaten Wor Wac 4-1 and Budapest 7-1). The players from both sides mingled with one another before the game and a photo was taken out on the pitch before kick off (see page 29) The crowd can be seen in the background; there are twelve Spurs players in their strip but only eleven from Everton! The Everton team was:- Scott, Booth, Kelly, Rankin, Taylor, Abbott, Elliott, McLoughlin, Young, Settle and Harold Hardman (whose collection included the newspaper cutting).

The following day was spent at leisure with the team relaxing. On the 8th May, Everton left Austria, boarding a train from Vienna Nord for a seven hour journey into Bohemia (Czechoslovakia). Arriving at 3 pm they made their way to their headquarters, the Hotel Schawarzes Roff. On the 10th May Everton played Athletikkub Sparta and won 6-3. It was 2-2 at half time but Everton's style and class shone through in the second half. The Everton party then found themselves with time on their hands, the next match wasn't until 14th May, so the players had a chance to send letters and postcards back home to their loved ones.

Spotklub Slavia were the opposition on the 14th and Everton destroyed them with a fine exhibition of football. We took the lead after 17 minutes thanks to Alex Young (no not the Golden Vision), a fine centre forward, and Walter Abbott added a second in the 21st minute to make it 2-0 at half time. After the break the Blue Boys strung together some fine passes and in the 50th minute Jimmy Settle got the third goal. Eight minutes later McLoughlin scored the fourth and Everton went on to score once more to run out 5-O winners. The Sportahry newspaper carried a full report of all the games Everton played in Bohemia and also included a very interesting photo of Everton and Spurs before their match.

Everton of course, are in the dark shirts and an interesting feature is that all the players except goalkeeper Scott (wearing the cap), and Jack Taylor, had a white collar on their shirts. Will Cuff, the John Moores of the era, a Blue Boy of the highest order and organiser of this tour, can be seen standing next to Taylor in his bowler hat. The Everton players in the photo are as follows: back row left to right, Booth, Taylor, Abbott, Young, Crelly, Scott, Elliott (trainer); front row seated: Settle, W Balmer, R Balmer, Hardman, McLoughlin.

The final game of the tour was played on 16th May when Everton beat Slavia Disposition. That very evening the tired players and officials of Everton Football Club left Prague at 1030pm. Their train rattled its way out of Bohemia and into Germany, arriving in Berlin at 730am. The players stayed in the Hotel Central for one night before leaving the next day, 18th May from Friedrichstrasse at 11-40am.

Ten hours later they arrived in Rotterdam and transferred to the Hook of Holland, departing there at 1120pm.

The party stepped back onto British soil on 19th May 1905. At 6 15am they caught a train into Liverpool Exchange Station arriving at 2.50pm, twenty three long tiring days after they had started out. It had been one hell of a trip - to try and think of the organisation that went into it is mind blowing. Remember, it was 1905 and to take a squad of players and officials on a journey like that showed just how much Will Cuff wanted the name Everton to be known around the globe. He did a fine job, together they had spread the word.

The tour was given great reviews on the Continent and one such report came from Sport In Bohemia an illustrated all sports weekly with an English section, this was their view of Everton

Everton v S. K. Slavia 5—0 Our quests respectably did their best to fulfil the excellent reputation that preceded them. They performed well yesterday on a muddy slippery surface and produced accomplished exhibition—football, technically very nice and

Dislo. Všesportovní iliustrovaný týdenník (ena 10). – sportovní iliustrovaný týdenník (ena 10). – sportovní iliustrovaný týdenník (ena 10).

Officielní orgán 92 sdružení

pošt. spořitelny
Předplatné celoroční 6 K, //sletní 3 K, //sletní 1.60 K.

Účet pošt. spořitelny 860.841.

Ročník IV. 1905.

Vychází ve středu.

.. V.Praze, dne 15. května.



Mušstva Evertonu (modři) a Tottenham Hotspurs (bili), jež se utkají o sv. Janě na hřišti Slavic.

Everton v. S. K. Slavia 5:0. Hosté se poctivě přičinili o to, aby plnili, co slibovala výborná je předzali, byl dokonalý exhibition-football, akademicky krásný, prostý vší násilnosti. U příležitosti anglických zá-pasů minulých jsme několikrát měli příležitost konstatovati, že prvá třída anglických amateurů nám ještě dlouho bude moci sloužiti za vzor a že dosti naše mužstva učinila, dovedou-li jim vzdorovati. Nepatrné rozdíly, v nichž Casuals a London Pilgrims nad Slavií vítězili, zdály se mluviti proti našemu tvrzeni a vynesly nám četně výtek anglofilie (1). Po dnešnim zápase máme své zadostinčinění. Opakujeme a zdůraz-

ne ještě mnoho vody ve Vltavě než budeme vážnými soupeři mužstvům jako Everton. Chce-li professionálská prvá třída, dovede naši kontinentální první třídu rosdrtiti. Pohledme jen na mužstvo Evertonu i Jedenáct pevných, jako ze žuly tesaných, mohutných těl; jedenáct postav sobě k nerozeznání podobných

Viděli jste je na Příkopě v "civilu", pozorovali jste tu pohodlnou širokou chůzi; ani jejich postavy vám neimponovaly. Vidíte je teď vstupovati na hříště, jaká těla! A pozorujte je nyní s míčem. Jako by se jich dotknul kouzelný proutek, nestačite obdivovati rychlost, křepkost ba eleganci jejich pohybu. Ta vztýčená hlava, mohutný, klenutý hrudník, paže

skocich k miči nebo soupeři pílici, tu v drobounkých krůčcích míć pobánějící - jakoby ani nepatřily těm hotelem •u černého koně«. První athletická zdatnost. A pozorujte je, jak pracují s míčem. Tu jej podávají dlouhým vydatným kopem přes půl hřiště, tu jej šoupnou sotva na metr, tu jej berou nártem, tu špičkou a hned zas vnější nebo vnitřní plochou noby, jednou umrtví míč hrudí, jindy jej přiklepnou podrážkou k zemi, at jej vezmou čelem, temenem nebo týlem hlavy, vždy mu dovedou dátižádaný směr. A každý míč dostane přesně tolik rychlosti, kolik potřebuje; ani kvintlik více ani méně.

Another piece of amazing Everton Memorabilia from the David France Collection. This newspaper, lay unseen for nearly one hundred years. It covers the game against Everton & Tottenham in Bohemia in 1905.

The text is translated on page 28 & 30.

and without hard play. We have had the chance to state several times during English football matches that even English amateur players will serve for a long time to come as a model for us and that our teams will have achieved something if they are able to simply hold out against them. There were some slight differences in the matches when the Casuals and the London Pilgrims beat Slavia, some rebuked our admiration of the English game. But after todays match we are satisfied, a lot of water will flow through Prague in the River Vltava before we can count ourselves as serious rivals to teams like Everton.

When professionals like these wish to, they can beat us with ease. Have a look at the Everton team Eleven stout, as from granite hewn robust bodies, eleven figures almost indistinguishable one from another. You saw them at Prikopy Street in "civilian clothes" you saw their leisurely long stride and perhaps their figures did not impress you. But then you see them enter onto the

football pitch with such a physical presence.

And have a look now at them with the ball, as if touched by a magic wand, you are unable to fully admire the speed and grace of their movements. A lifting head, bulky, bulging chest, arms and legs which seem as if they do not belong to those gentlemen which this morning phlegmati-

cally measured a pavement in front of the Black Horse hotel.

The first condition needed for perfect football athletic sturdiness is there. And look at them, how they work with the ball. Here they hit it long. further than a half of the pitch, then they pass it short, perhaps less than a meter and here they kick it with the instep, then by pointed toe and by both the outside and the inside of the foot. They kill it with the chest, another time they trap it with the sole of a boot. Whether they play it with the forehead, top or the back, every time they play it in the right direction and every ball received is weighted exactly with the speed it needs.

A brilliant article which says that Everton were a stylish club, long before the nickname "School

Of Science"

Everton returned to England and were ready for the 1905-06 season but first of all there was a scandal in English Football. On August 4th 1905 the Football League held an inquiry into a game that had been played between Man City and Everton on 21st April 1905. There had been a running battle during the game between Tom Booth of EFC and Frank Booth of City.

The referee Mr J. T. Howard had lost control of the game and players were involved in Off The Ball Incidents. The F. A. Commission decide to suspend Tom Booth for a month as was Man City's Sandy Turnbull. The referee was also suspended for a month and criticised for

'Extraordinary Feebleness in a critical match'.

However worse was to come for Man City, they were accused of bribery, by Aston Villa. The game in question was played a week after the Everton game. The inquiry led to Billy Meredith being suspended for one season for trying to bribe Villa Captain Alec Leake.

Man City even reported Meredith for trying to claim his wages, Meredith hit back by saying he

had a letter from City officials who were aware of his attempts to bribe Aston Villa.

The F. A. Exploded with anger and 17 players were fined a total of £900. They were also suspended for a year and forbidden to play for Man City again.

The manager and Chairman were also banned for life, two other directors got one year bans

and City were fined £250.

The game had been rocked by all these allegations and fans were disheartened, they felt that a stain had been put on their game and wondered how many other players were involved in bribery.

Everton on the other hand were looking forward to the new season, they had just missed out on doing the 'Double' last season and were determined to improve and gain at least one trophy this

season.

Everton were now reaping the benefit of great support, last season they took £12,590 a record for them and the players wages were only £3,748 which was the lowest payment to players for twelve years.

(to be continued in issue 25)





## EWERTON F.C. 1905-6

J.ELLIOT T. McDERMOTT T.BOOTH R.BALMER W.ABBOTT J.TAYLOR A.YOUNG J.CRELLEY J.SHARP H.MAKEPEACE J.SETTLE W.SCOTT W.BALMER H.P.HARDMAN



#### ESTABIO SANTIAGO DERNADEU

TB de agoste de 1907

### EVERTON F. C.

## REAL MADRID C. F.

Carnonista Liga on Corasa