

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 24



Price £1

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

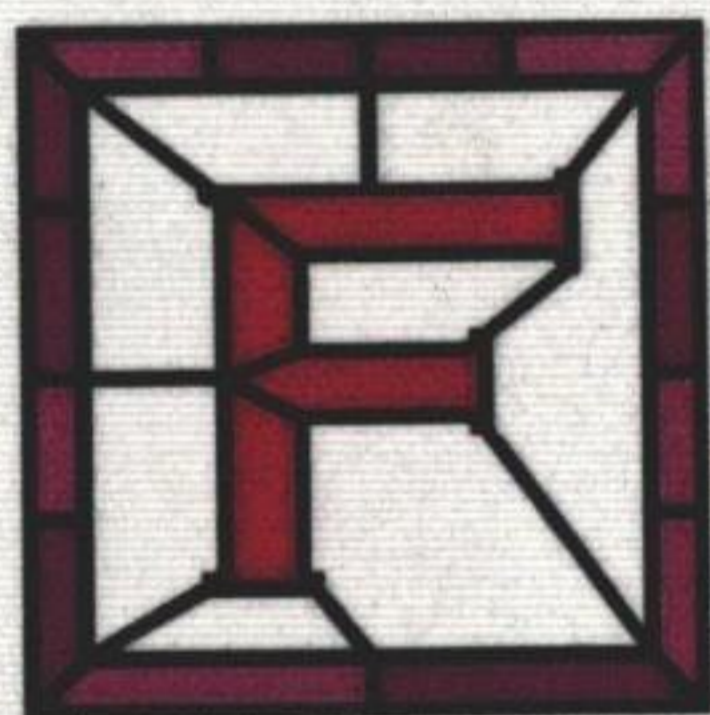
Editorial Blue Blood

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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.



Bob Latchford
Centre Forward
286+ 3 appearances
138 goals

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Back Issues available from me outside the Winslow (not many left)

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 version 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

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 heart-warming 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 understand 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!!!

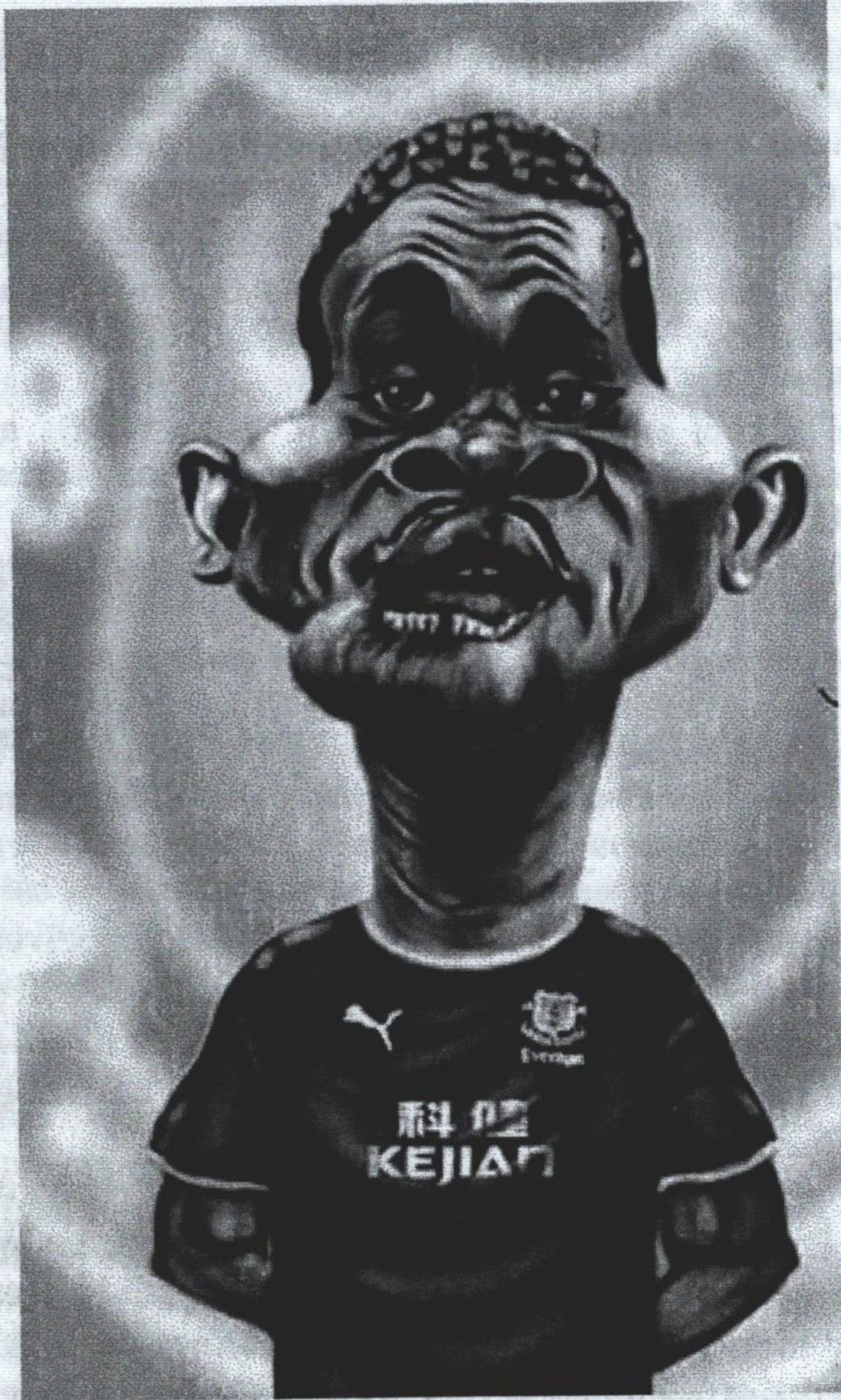
It is the second most common cause of cancer related death in men, 1 in 11 men will get it. Every man in the UK has an 8% chance of developing it, 20,000 each year, half the attendance at this seasons Goodison "Derby"

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 Yobo



Mr. Cool

We Are Not Alone

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 sub-standard 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 22nd. 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.

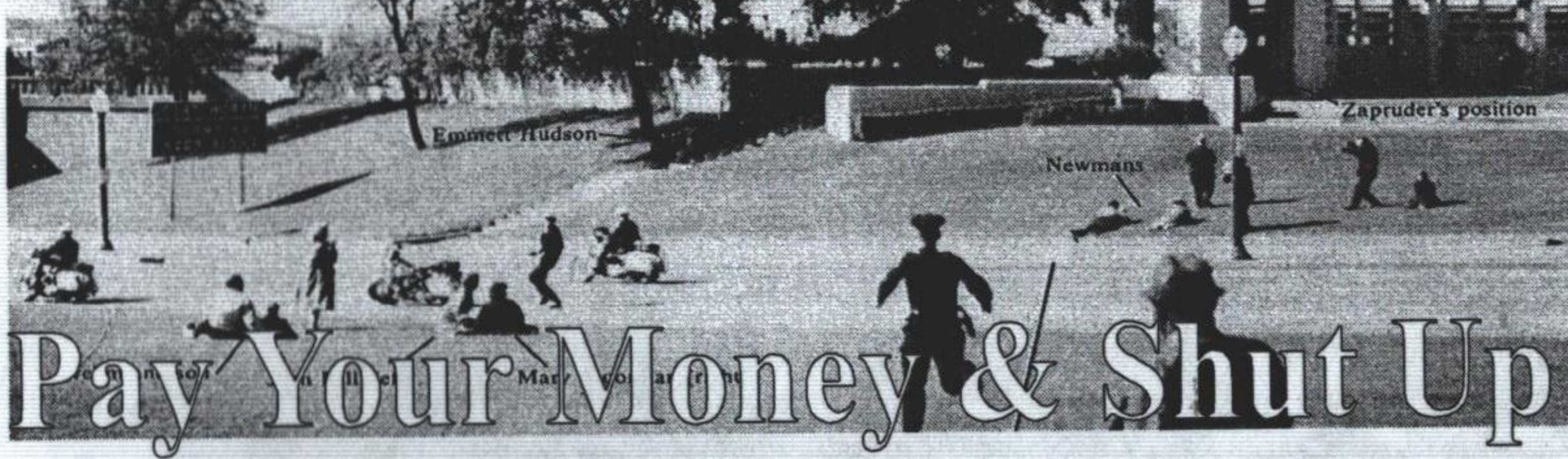
Cheers,

George Orr



Everton V Wolves 1949 / 50

View From The Grassy Knoll



Pay Your Money & Shut Up

"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 Liverpool 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 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 re-named 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

Gwladys 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.





EVERTON 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	

REAL MADRID C.F.

IX Trofeo Internacional
"SANTIAGO
BERNABEU"



ESTADIO SANTIAGO BERNABEU

28 de agosto de 1987

EVERTON F. C.

Campeón de Liga de Inglaterra

REAL MADRID C. F.

Campeón de Liga de España

PROGRAMA