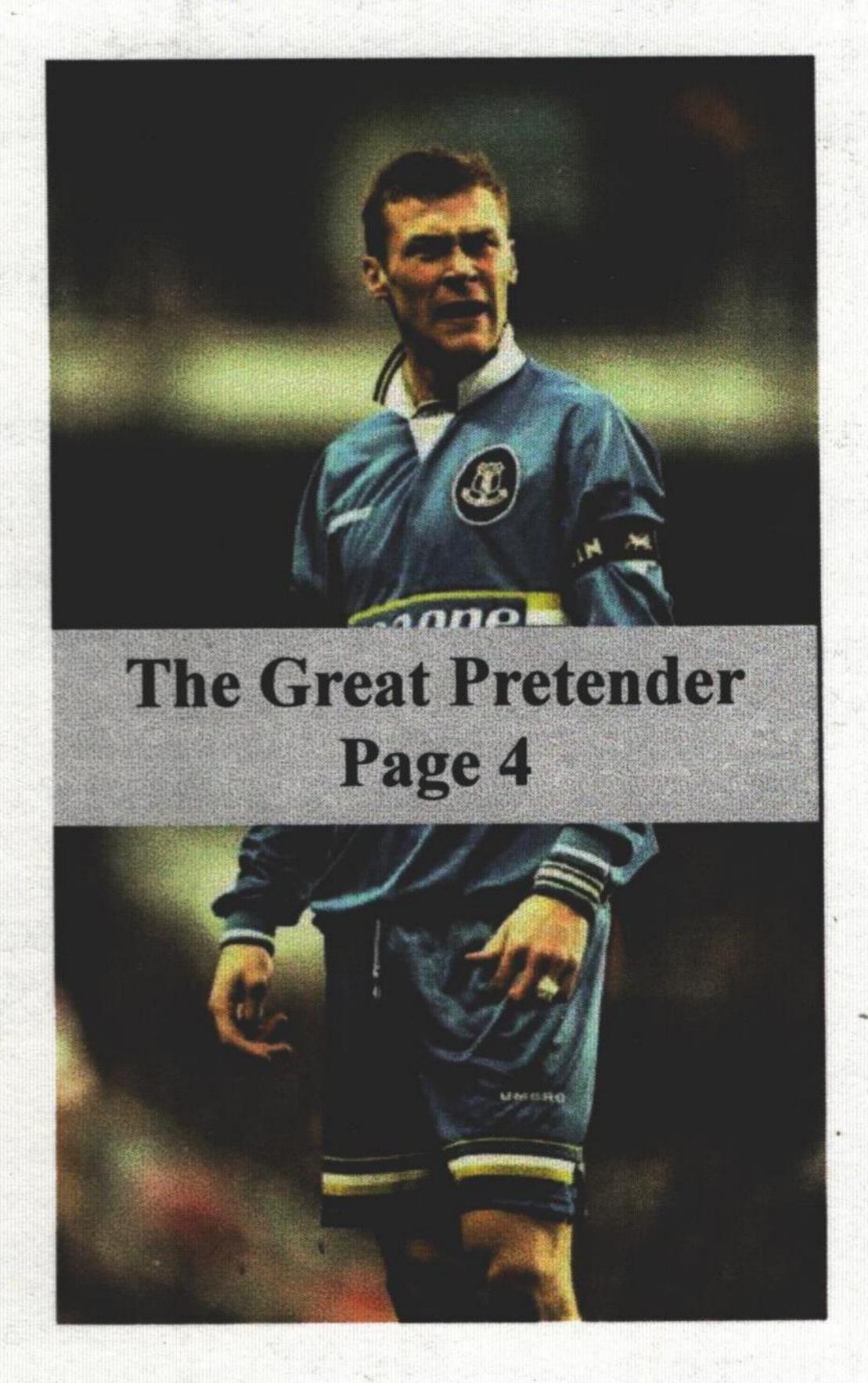
BIUE BIOOCI

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 4 issue 25



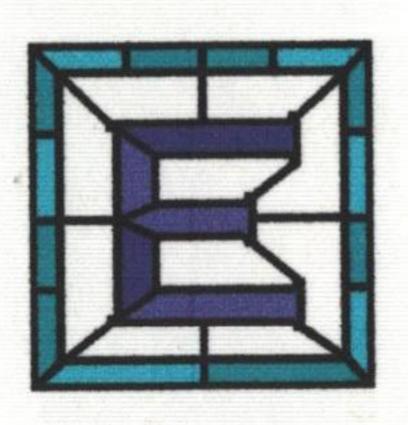
Price £1

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

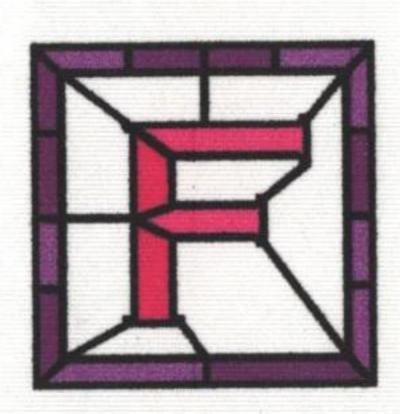
Editorial Blue Blood

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

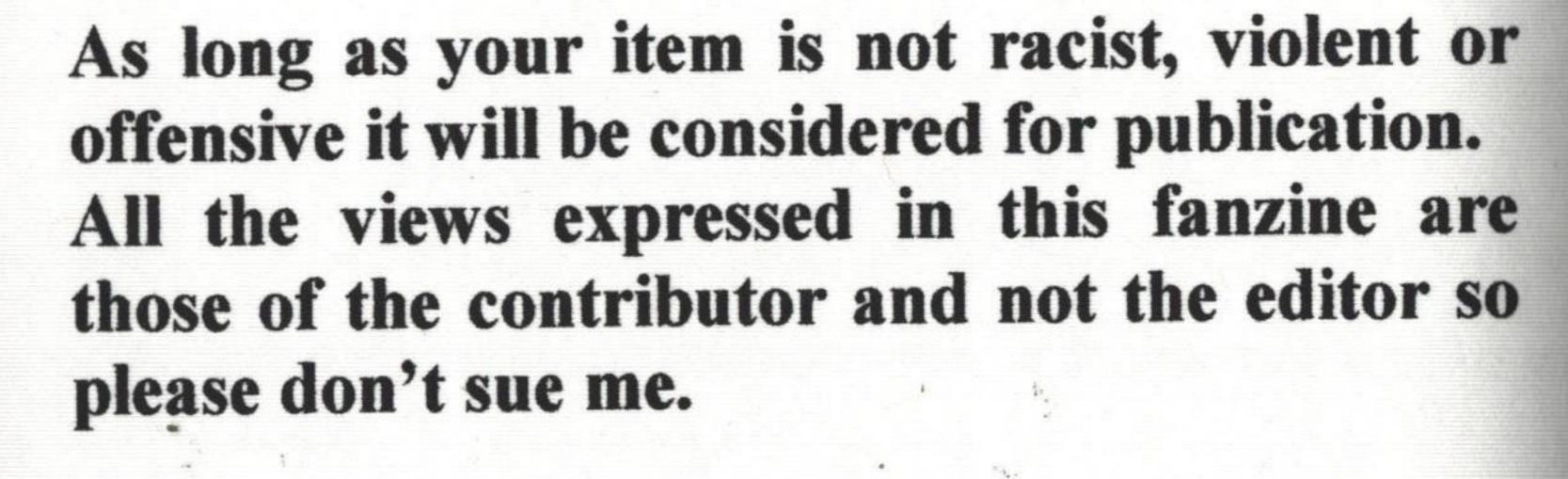
Radio Merseyside can be heard on www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool



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







IIV

Andy King Midfield 243 + 4subs 67 goals Born 14/8/56

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

to no

| U.N. | 27.00 |
|----------------|-------------|
| Europe | £16.00 |
| USA/Africa | £18.00 |
| Rest of the Wo | orld £20.00 |

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

Editors Page "The Orr-Moans"

This is the last issue of a great season, before any of you look at the cover and accuse me of being a hypocrite about putting Duncan there, let me explain, this fanzine although compiled by me is your fanzine, the readers, so if you send in articles about Duncan, I will print them, I personally have no time for the guy, either as a player or so called Evertonian but that is my personal view. It may well be the last season for the Big Man so it is only right that you have your say on his performances over the years.

Next season the price of the fanzine will rise to £1.50p (or €3 if we make Europe) it is needed to survive. If you subscribe the price will only increase by one pound, from £8 to £9 (UK), which means that you get every issue post free. It has been £8 since the start, four seasons ago, so I

think that it is reasonable to put it up.

Thanks to Richard Bate for all the info on the Burnley Cup tie in 1967, the information has been passed on.

Back to the pitch and not just the football, some cynical fans say Chadwick = £250,000 = Newly

Laid Pitch, can that be true?

There is an article in this fanzine about Chelsea Champions Elect, I won't say anything about it but I watched those boring Cockneys against WBA at home, top v bottom, only you would have been hard pressed to tell who was who. Time wasting, taking the ball to the corner flag and Chelsea fans whistling their heads off for the final whistle, oh yes, they won 1-0.

Man United, enough has been said about the trouble but Wayne did not help things because one week after the match, he said in the Man U programme that he was looking forward to playing A.C. Milan, the kind of game Everton would not be involved in. Well Chubby Boy, I was watching Everton in the San Siro in 1975 in a European Game against A.C. Milan, when you, THE ROLL OF THE PARTY OF A PARTY OF THE PART thankfully had not even been born.

The thriller at Villa was followed by the Blackburn farce, what went wrong? Even worse the no show at the Derby game, Pistone once again out of his depth, Stubbs also awful, Nigel, too was

not himself, many others also hid on the day.

Are we about to throw all our good work away? Will we slip silently out of the top six and end

up in eighth or lower?

The Board are at it again, Moyes will have £30 million to spend in the summer, so says the Liverpool Echo but it turns out that only £12 million will be available because the other £18million is for wages. Is £12million enough?

No matter where we finish in the table, it is guaranteed to be higher than any Evertonian thought at the beginning of the season. For all his restrictions, in money and sometimes his own judgement, Moyes has done remarkably well, it will be a tragedy if the Board do not support him with cash in the summer, £12 million is not enough in my opinion .

It might well be Duncan's last season and I for one hope it is, we can not afford to pay £37,000

a week for someone who is not fit to start a football match.

Good news on the David France collection I have heard that everything is about to be signed and sealed, so the greatest collection of football memorabilia in the World will belong to Everton Football Club. Let's hope they look after it and give the fans the chance to see it in all it's glory, David France should be thanked by every Evertonian for assembling this mind blowing collection, a truly unique item.

I am a bit worried by the Clubs attitude that the players that are out of contract will have to wait and see what is offered, if we lose Leon Osmon because of this, they will be to blame because

once again, a local talent has been allowed to slip through our fingers.

West Bromwich Albion, what can you say, apart from rubbish? Has Moyes lost the plot? Ferguson and the not yet fit Watson as subs yet again!!!!! Another late phantom injury this time to Beattie after a fortnight of no games, I will leave you all to think about it.

troff to affect the first of parties

The Great Pretender

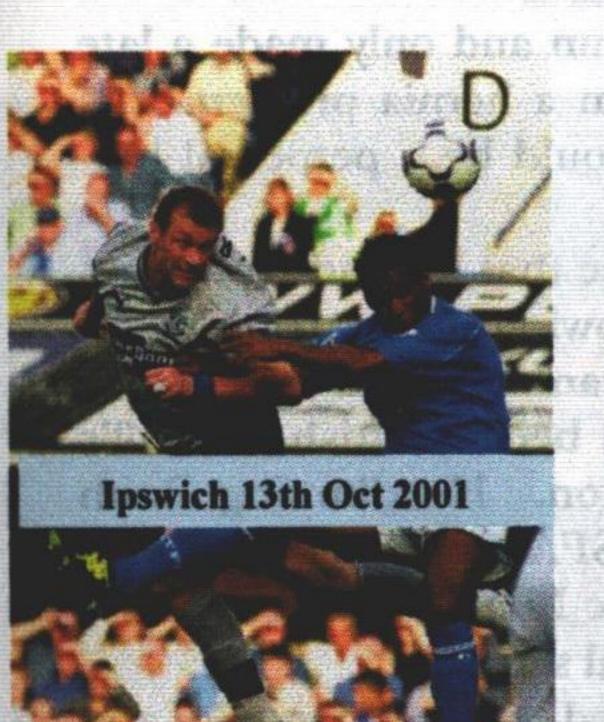
In the history of football, no investment has ever been as shrewd as the one Duncan Ferguson made the day that he walked into a Merseyside tattoo parlour nine years ago. On his forearm was etched the famous tower of Everton and the motto of the club that had taken the 23 year old Scot to their hearts: 'Nil Satis Nisi Optimum' - Nothing But the Best is Good Enough. Though debate would rage on the blue half of Merseyside for much of the following decade as to whether Ferguson ever lived up to that dictum, the very fact that his allegiance was engraved into his skin was enough to assuage most doubters. A prison sentence, lengthy suspensions, unnecessary sendings offs, epic spells on the sidelines, periods of footballing inertia were all endured - and sometimes enjoyed - while Ferguson picked up some £12 million in earnings. Though he could be brilliant, his career will ultimately be seen as one of underachievement. His is a footballing life symbolic of football's era of excess, a time when sentiment perpetually over-rode business logic, when any notion of value for money went out of the window. But Ferguson could just about get away with it, because every argument about the idiosyncratic forward would boil down to the same conclusion: Look at his arm -He's a blue...'

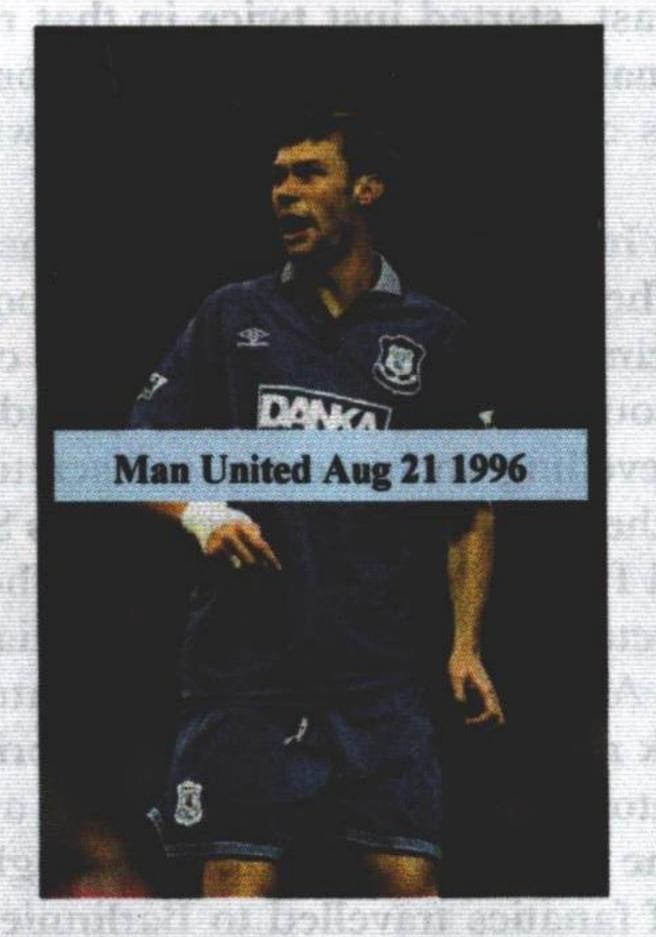
It's more than a decade now since Duncan Ferguson first arrived on Merseyside. It was October 1994 and both Ferguson and Everton were in deep trouble. He was the record-transfer footballer, whose move to Rangers had been beset by injuries, loss of form, criminal charges... Glasgow was swallowing him up was the word on the street – he needed a break. So did Everton. Bottom of the table and without a win all season, the loan signings of Ferguson and Iain Durrant were seen as the final shot in the arm for the pitiful reign of Mike Walker.

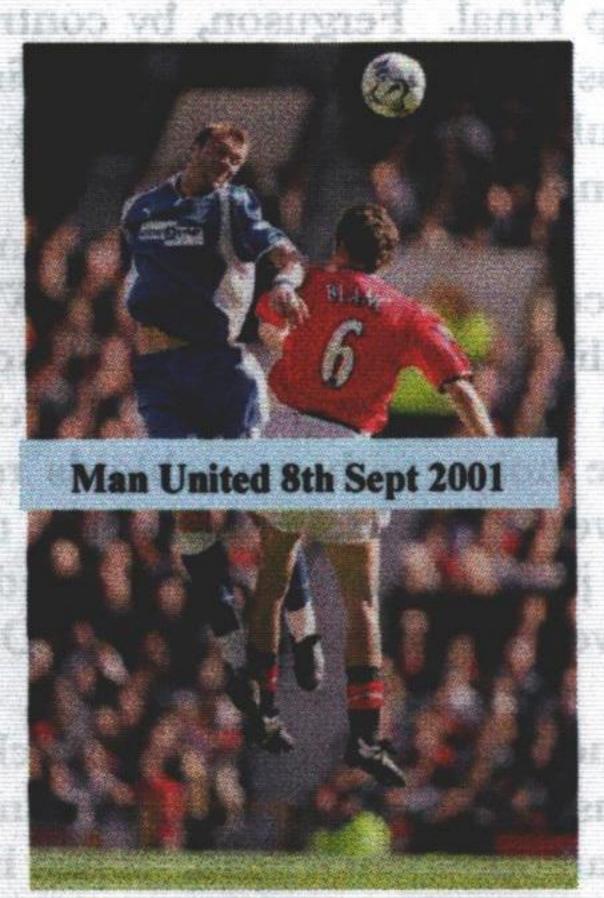
It wasn't enough. Within weeks Walker had been replaced by Joe Royle, who changed Everton and transformed Ferguson. Out went the short, neat but ineffectual passing game of the Walker era and in its place came a rough, tough core that was tightly disciplined and direct. Up front, Ferguson's task was to take this new found belligerence into the heart of the enemy defence, to fight, to challenge, to intimidate. Never was he better than on Royle's managerial debut against Liverpool, the night after he had failed a breathalyser test, when he rose majestically to head home Everton's first; and pressured David James into dropping a cross into the path of Paul Rideout, who snatched the second. Merseyside reverberated to roars of 'Duncan, Duncan Ferguson' long into the night. We Evertonians had a new hero.

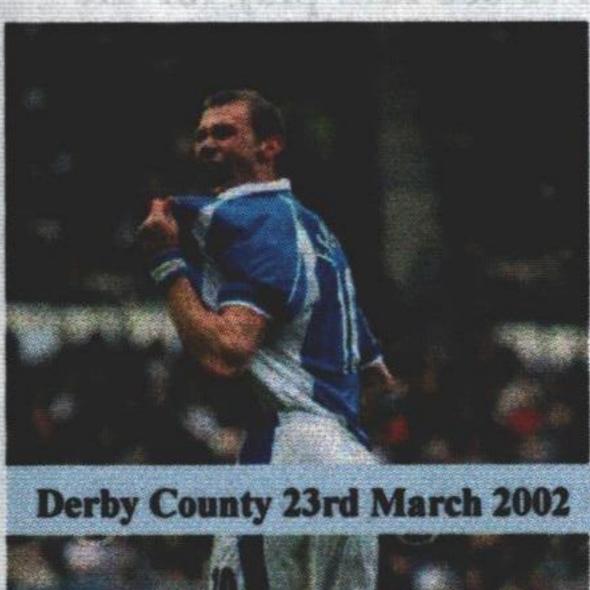
'Duncan went to war in the second half,' enthused Royle, who made the loan deal permanent two weeks later. In a side dubbed 'The Dogs of War' Ferguson was the focal point: a battering ram whose size and strength were frequently the winning ingredient in the battles of attrition waged against opposition rearguards. Though there was something unquestionably magnificent about the sight of Ferguson rising eight or nine feet high, deep blue eyes focussed intently on the flight of the ball, every sinew strained to make a clean connection before slamming the ball into the roof of the net; the popular perception of Duncan as a mere beanpole to whom endless long balls could be bounced down off was an injustice to his bountiful talents. A deft first touch and two quick feet belied his tall frame; he had pace; he was agile and he had charisma, bags of charisma. Technically he was as good as Alan Shearer; a man whom even Tommy Lawton believed could be the 'greatest number nine the club had ever had.'

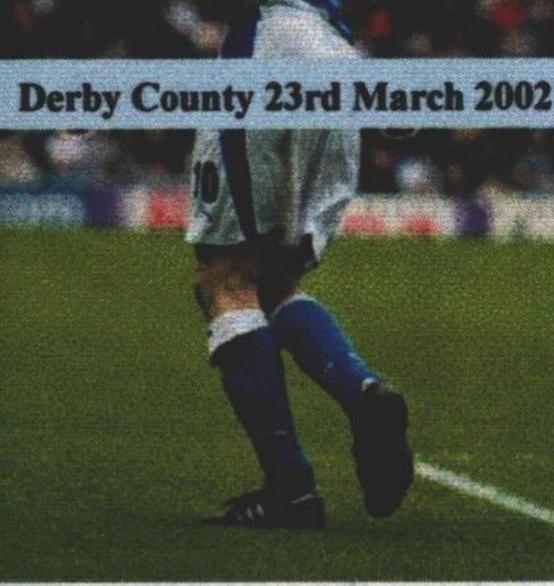
Week in week out, however, it was the efforts of lesser lights who hauled Everton clear of the relegation mire. He scored just seven times in the 1994/95 season – or half the tally of Paul Rideout, who also bagged the winner in the FA

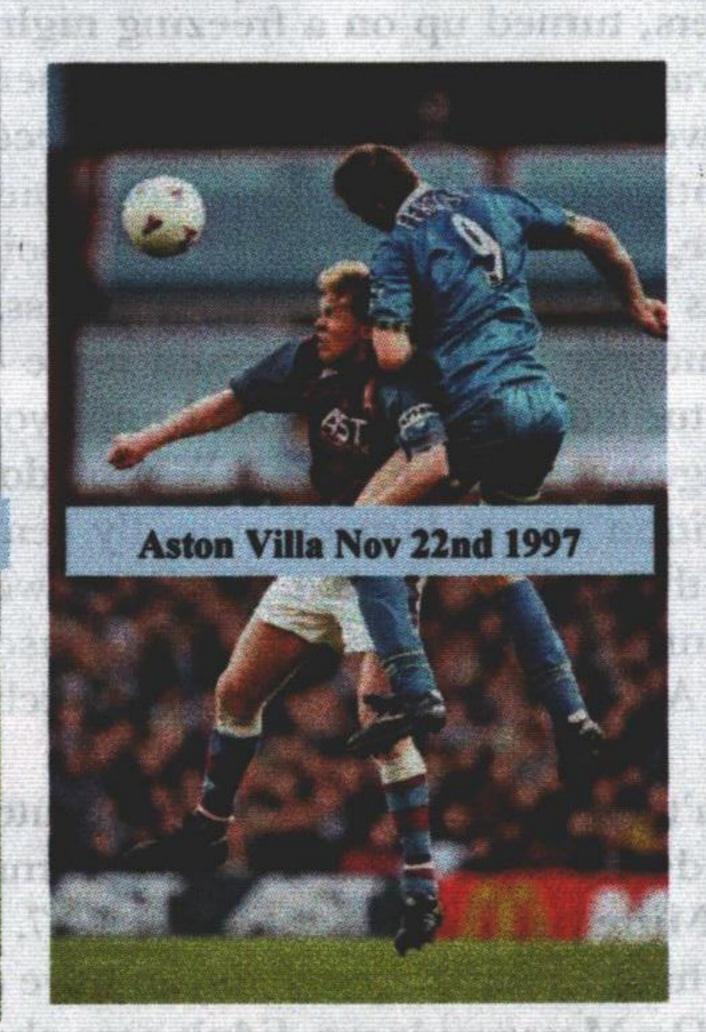




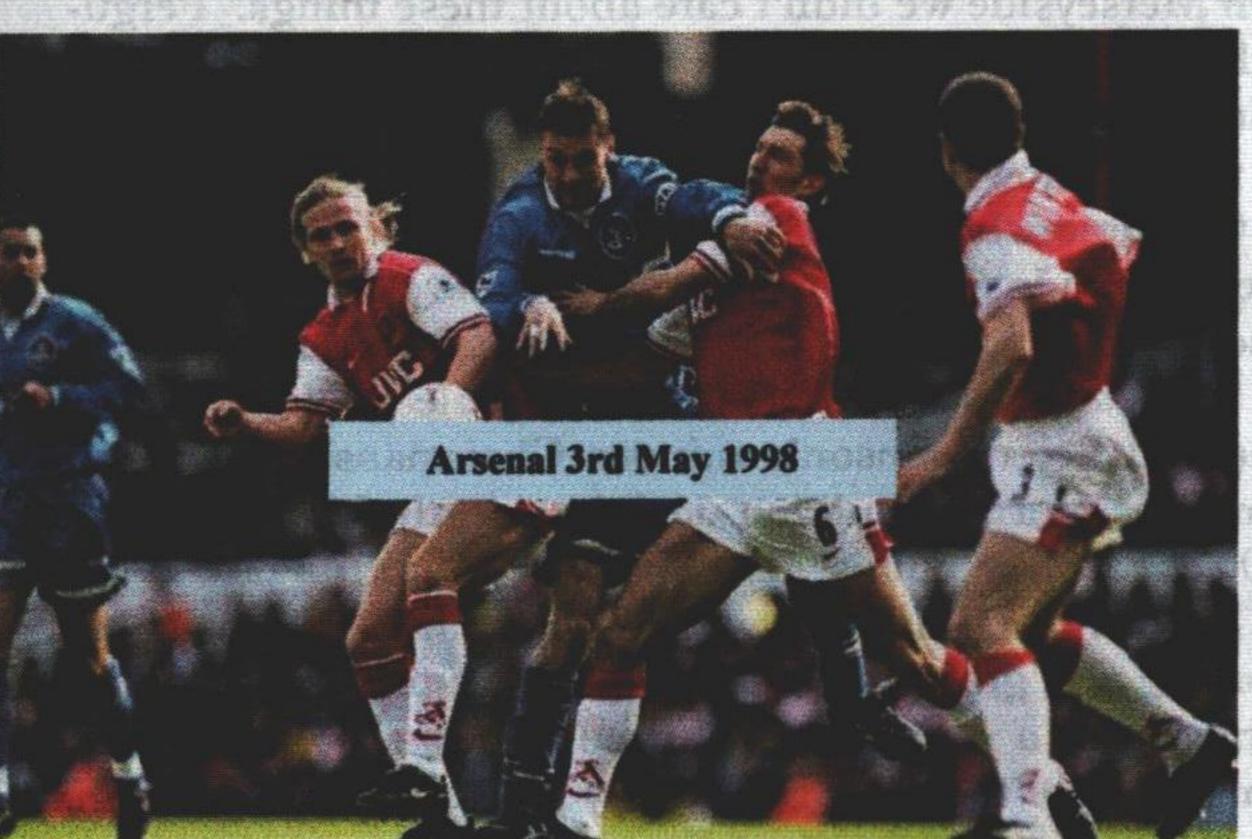


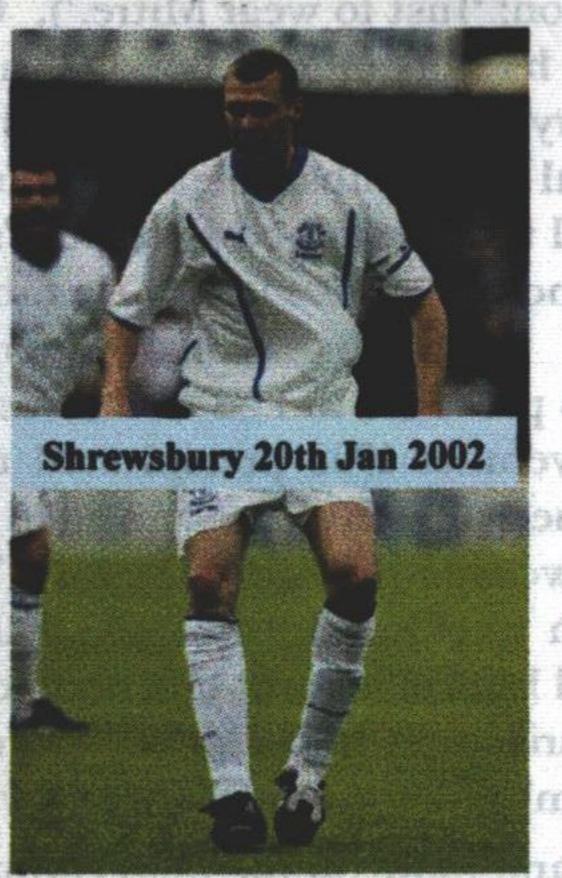












The Great Pretender

Cup Final. Ferguson, by contrast, started just twice in that run and only made a late substitute appearance in the final after barely recovering from a hernia problem. As would emerge, niggling injuries and disciplinary problems would be a perpetual hindrance to Ferguson's progress.

Twice he was sent off in his debut season, but the sense that his bad reputation preceded him was palpable. When he was dismissed for 'elbowing' Leicester's Jimmy Willis the referee refused to rescind the card even after Willis came out and said Ferguson had done no wrong. Of course 'Duncan Disorderly had been Scottish football's bete noire, with the tabloids revelling in his every indiscretion. Headbutting Raith Rover's John McStay had been the final straw for a pernicious SFA who, in tandem with the judicial authorities, pursued Ferguson relentlessly. For the McStay incident he received a 12 match ban and, in October 1995, a 3 month custodial sentence.

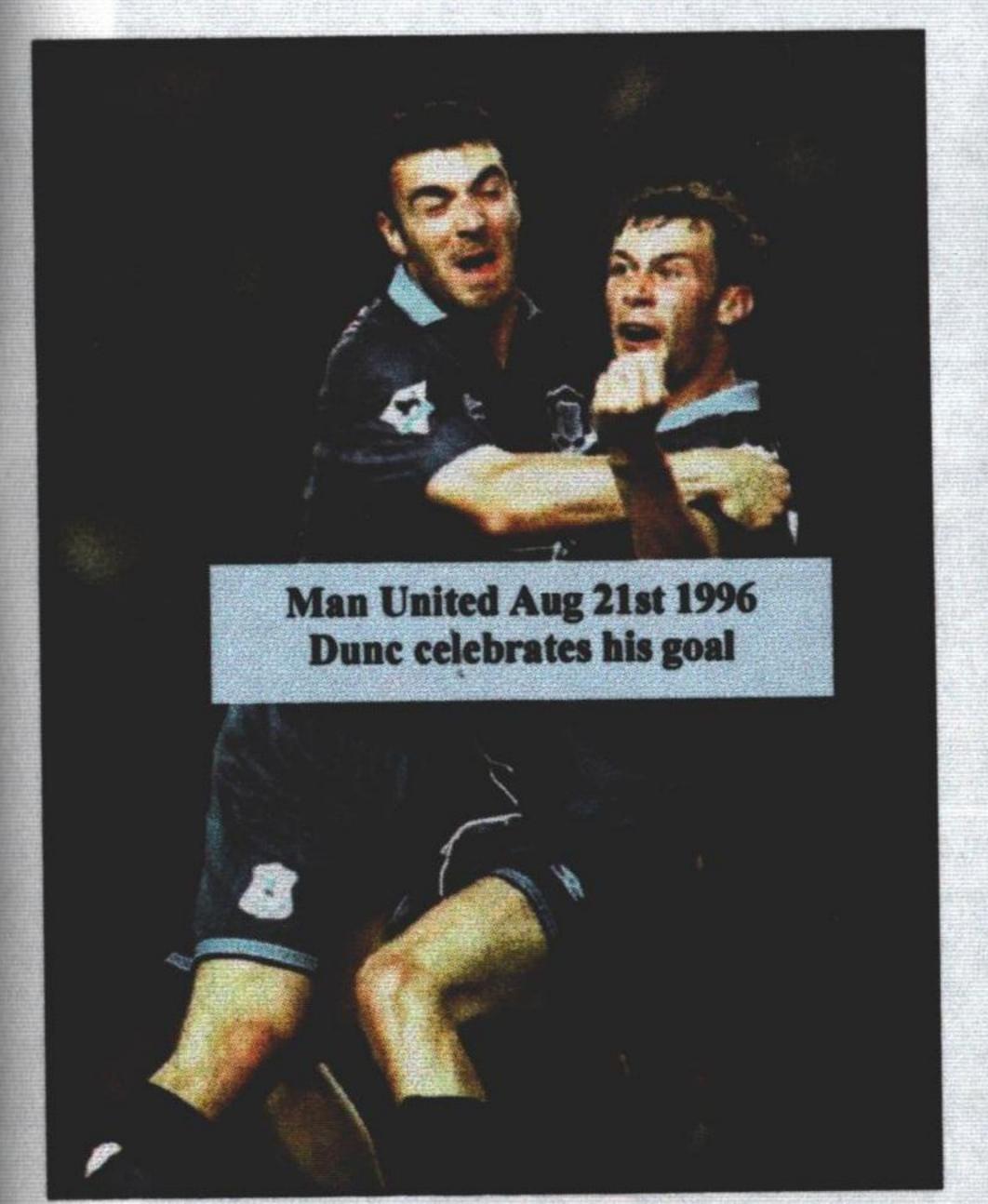
But still we loved him. At Goodison Royle had created a siege mentality and turned every criticism and black mark around. Ferguson's prison sentence seemed an injustice in a year that Eric Cantona had karate-kicked a fan and Julian Dicks stamped on an opponent's head. When he was released midway through his sentence it was to a heroes' reception. A handful of fanatics travelled to Barlinnie to greet their idol as he left jail and I, with 11,000 others, turned up on a freezing night to see him play for the reserves shortly after. Here was the apotheosis of the anti-hero: not just a gunslinger, but a wronged man. Now all we needed was for the idol to become a legend.

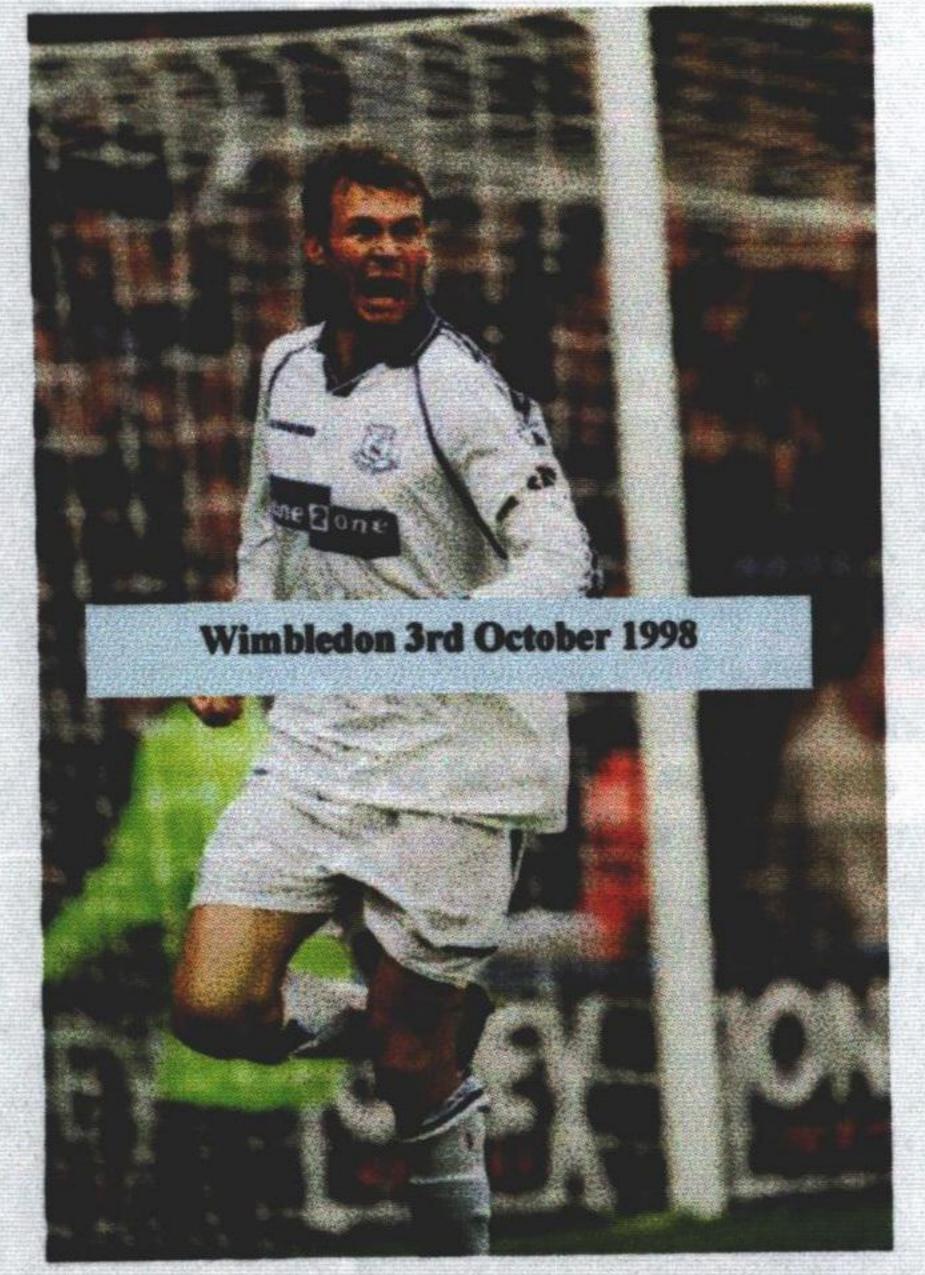
The talent was patently there. On his day – conveniently usually against Liverpool – he could be immense, giving exhibitions of such poise, power and perpetual excellence that his opponents would be dazed into submission and us Evertonians hoarse from shouting his name relentlessly. He could leave Goodison utterly exhilarated, convinced that he had turned the corner from bright young thing into goal machine. Then the next week, against a Coventry or a Wimbledon, he would go missing, lose interest, stray out of position or get himself stupidly sent off. Suspensions took their toll, so did injuries, but the reality was that Big Dunc was frustratingly inconsistent. His goals tally alone points to that: seven in his first season, Five in his second, 10 then 11 in subsequent years. Alan Shearer, by contrast, matched that total in a single campaign.

Off the pitch he didn't always help himself. Persecuted by the SFA he refused to play for Scotland; harangued by the press, he snubbed journalists. His last interview – set up by his boot sponsor, Mitre – came in September 1997, but Ferguson refused to speak about anything beyond his boot deal. (eg: 'Do you have any set ambitions?' Ferguson: 'Just to wear Mitre.'). On Merseyside we didn't care about these things. Ferguson had his unique bond with the fans, and even when he wasn't playing seemed to be everywhere: visiting sick kids in hospital, buying supporters vast rounds of drinks in local nightclubs, celebrating in the Winslow Pub (opposite Goodison) after scoring the goal that destroyed Liverpool's Championship hopes for another year. Everyone had a Duncan Ferguson story – a fable to provide reassurance that he was no false prophet.

Such was his immense popularity that he was made captain; so intrinsically was presence linked to the very heart and soul of the club that his sale to Newcastle in November 1998 precipitated the end Peter Johnson's ruinous Chairmanship. He returned after 20 injury ravaged months in a £4.5 million deal that nearly fell down after Newcastle refused to pay a £700,000 loyalty bonus. Everton picked up the tab, along with weekly wages of £35,000: He may well have loved Everton, but Ferguson never sold himself short. His homecoming was greeted ecstatically, but the problems of old—injuries and indiscipline—returned with a vengeance. Indeed it seems difficult to remember Ferguson Mark II for much more than a ludicrous pay packet, stupid sendings off and more off the field commotion—though not always of his own making.

The Great Pretender







The Great Pretender

Not once, but twice, Chez Ferguson was broken into, and on each occasion the prospective burglars were greeted with an almighty beating from the great Scot. Duncan Ferguson, idol

of Gwladys Street had become an unlikely icon of the vigilante-loving Daily Mail.

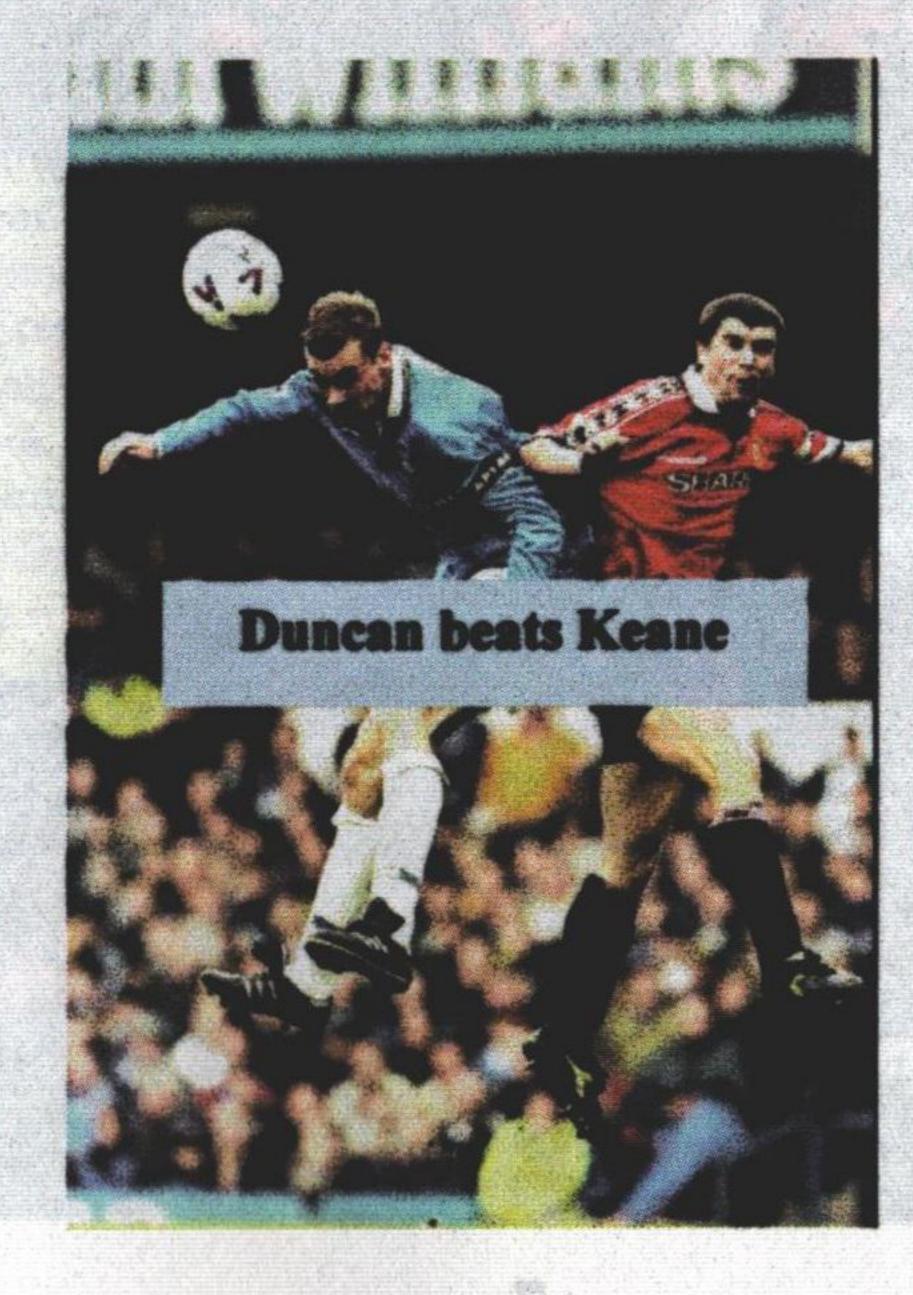
His relationship with David Moyes, who became manager in March 2002, soon became strained, despite Moyes restoring him as captain. His persistent injury problems and ridiculous salary increasingly created the perception that he was not just poor value for money, but a drain on resources. His star became dwarfed by that of Wayne Rooney, while Moyes was hailed as a new messiah for restoring Everton to the top end of the Premiership in 2002/3 - a campaign in which Ferguson failed to start a game. There was also a suggestion perhaps unfairly - that Ferguson was a divisive influence, that his very presence was undermining Moyes. A series of quotes attributed to 'Goodison insiders' appeared in the press, stating his signing was the 'worst in the club's history', that there was an unpleasant 'air' about the striker, that he resented being second fiddle to Rooney. Was the Big Yin not-so-subtly being forced out?

As Everton stumbled to a miserable 17th in 2003/4 Ferguson seemed to symbolise a rotten bunch of players that had done the bare minimum to escape relegation, while at the same time drawing wages so vast that they left the club teetering towards bankruptcy. So bad was the feeling that my Octogenarian Grandfather - who had seen everything from Dixie Dean to Wayne Rooney - vowed never to visit Goodison again after 77 years. Not, it seemed that any of the players cared about him or any other member of their paying public. Days after the season's nadir - a 1-5 defeat at Man City - they flew off to enjoy a Ferguson organised

end-of-season piss up in Marbella. Moyes, presumably, wasn't invited.

But something changed quite dramatically after that. Off the field differences were patched up, a new team spirit grew seemingly out of nothing, and though Ferguson was offered £500,000 to tear up the last year of his contract he stayed, vowing to maybe make something of his final year at the club. In pre-season he looked lean, fit and hungry, and as Everton's current season has increasingly come to resemble a Hollywood fantasy, his cameos have become a vital part of their tale. His wonderful diving header against Bolton evoked memories of old. Maybe, just maybe, after all those wasted years there can be a happy ending.

James Corbett

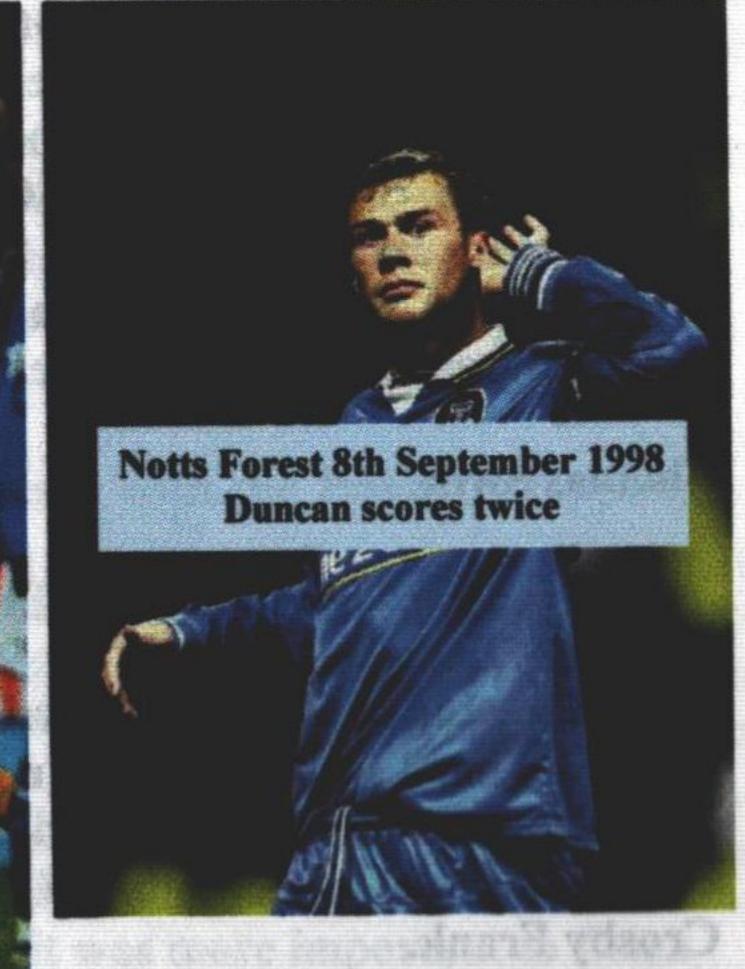


The Great Pretender

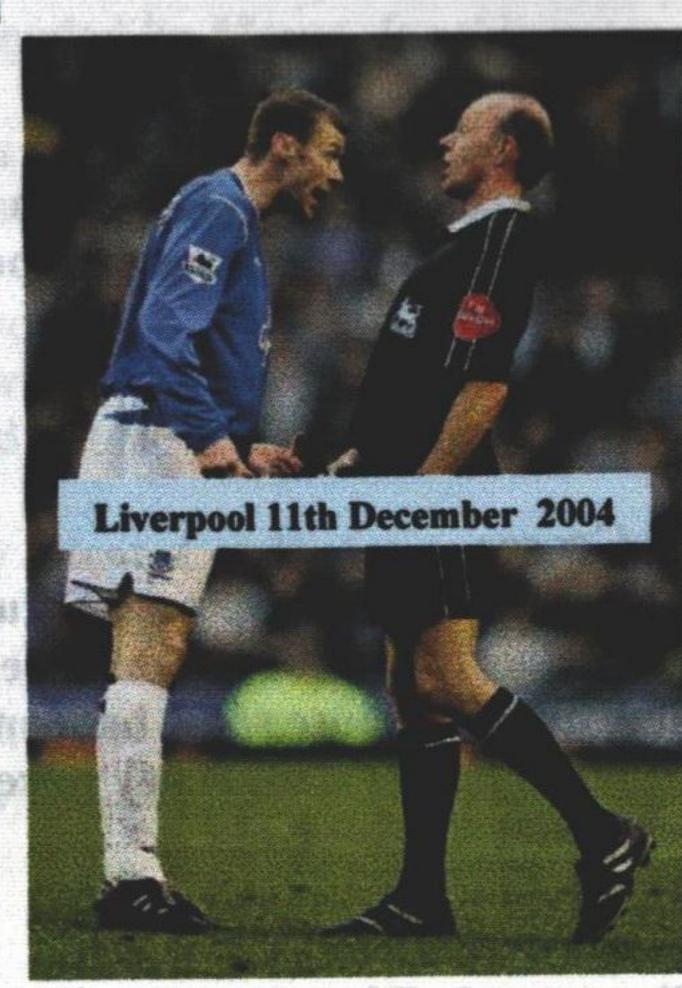












Please send all letters or cinails to the address on page two. Cheers George



Readers Letters

The performance against Aston Villa away was one of the finest displays by an Everton team in my time of watching the Blues and I have been watching Everton since the mid 1980's.

Marcus Bent ran himself soft, never giving up on any ball and holding the line for the rest of the lads. Cahill, exceptional, what a buy he has been, David Moyes must be made up. He provides, passes and shoots all in one flowing movement, a contender for Player Of The Season on every Evertonians voting sheet.

Leon Osman, a small mobile, agile player, he has scored four goals with his head and more often than not he is the smallest player on the pitch. He must be given a new contract.

Yobo, some criticise him but he is a fine player, not afraid to drift over and cover for less mobile players, he does not give stupid fouls away, almost always getting the ball and not the man. He must be persevered with because he will bloom into an outstanding player in years to come, don't forget he is only young.

Mikel Arteta could be a young Colin Harvey, high praise but he does look to be cool under pressure and confident.

Tony Hibbert and others have also put their foot in when needed, Everton are worthy of fourth place, do not let people tell you otherwise.

Thomas Swift.

Blue Blood,

I was listening to Radio Merseyside when that Red has been, Gary Gillespie said that it would be hard for Liverpool, now that they had lost the Cup in Cardiff, "They are a long way behind the top three clubs" arrogant Kopite, 'Gary, you are a long way behind the top four clubs mate and you will be a lot further behind when the season ends. Crosby Frank.

Blue Blood,

Roy Carroll comes to Goodison Park for Man United, one of the best paid goalkeepers in the land and he can't save a pound, sad man.

Bill Fearns.

Hi George.

A few nutters turn up on a Saturday night and the Police wet themselves, they haven't got a clue, this is the same Police Force that stopped traffic in Liverpool City Centre for four hours because some balloon heads climbed onto a bridge in fancy dress, protesting about rights for dads. They were twenty foot above the road and still the bizzies stopped traffic!!!!

Alan Lad

Please send all letters or emails to the address on page two. Cheers George

David Moyes Man Or Mouse?

I am not going to put my name to this because there are those out there who think that David Moyes is the Messiah. I on the other hand think he is a very young inexperienced manager who makes many mistakes and gets away with them, therefore not learning from any criticism that is due but not given, so here is my opinion on the Blues Manager.

When he first arrived I along with most Blues was glad to see a smiling happy soul after the dire

Walter Smith visiting the Dentist was a pleasure.

Moyes said the magic words Peoples Club and will live forever in Evertonians hearts for that alone.

He took the old, tired Smith squad and turned them into attacking, organised, fit footballers, everything in the garden seemed rosy.

Soon though cracks appeared, he was always seemingly aggressive towards criticism but it was

taken as defence of his players by the fans.

He took Everton to the verge of Europe and he was installed as the Messiah, by his adoring fans and the media.

However it all went wrong the following season and tactical mistakes, Man United 3-0 down at half time, needing to bring on all three subs at the start of the second half.

Looking after Wayne, protecting him as he was fond of saying, frustrating him was what some

fans said.

Young players were not given a fair chance, Rooney was held back, Osmon sent out on loan to Carlisle, then Derby, ignored by Moyes until he needed him up at Boro in a Cup game, put into the penalty shoot out line up young Leon saw his shot saved. Did Moyes comfort the lad, give him confidence, no he dropped him and shipped him out to Derby County, who were so impressed by him they offered £250,000, if they had offered half a million Leon would have been sent packing.

Players like Pistone play crap, week in week out but Moyes stays with the Italian, dropping

poor Tony Hibbert if he has a poor game.

Chadwick never let Moyes down but despite a threadbare squad he was sold to Plymouth, this despite scoring on his substitute appearances on the last two occasions he wore the Blue Shirt.

McFadden, is another who when he first arrived looked good but he too was dropped, suffered

a lack of confidence and played out of position, sound familiar?

Chelsea at home no mention of McFadden being injured on the Friday in training (happens a lot that) but he didn't play, could it have something to do with James Mc Fadden's ill advised exclusive for the Liverpool Echo, when he stated that he thought it was more important to finish above Liverpool than qualify for Europe? Was Mc Fadden suspended by Moyes, for this press interview? If so, why weren't the fans told?

Blackburn at home, twenty minutes gone and Mikel Arteta limps off, ok bring on Stubbs, move Yobo into midfield or a straight swap for McFadden, no, Moyes brings on Big Dunc, the least creative and least fit player on the books. This made Bent move over to the wing, where Dunc

slips to after ten minutes of exertion, so we have no centre forward

Of course Moyes has made some memorable substitutions, Norwich away for instance but you always feel he is forced into it, it's not something he has spotted before hand and stopped the problem from happening with an astute piece of tactical genius.

The strongest part of Moyes's managerial skills is his eye for new talent, Cahill, Arteta, McFad-

den etc.

uen etc.

I will go back to the start of this article Moyes is a great manager but he does make mistakes, if you ignore them he will not learn from them, so be more vocal, write into the papers or fanzines, phone the radio stations but don't just moan, praise then point out where he went wrong pray to God that they have, because next time someone could be seriouslyned that they have, because next time someone could be seriouslyned that they have, because next time someone could be seriously and they have, because next time someone could be seriously and they have have a seriously and they have because next time someone could be seriously and they have have a seriously and they have have been seriously as a seriously and the seriously and they have a seriously and the seriously and they are the are they are the are the are they are the are they are the are they are they are the are the are they are they are they

The Eye In The Sky.

injured.

Temer flutson. Segment flutson. Setting a Pare Translation All On Camera.

"I do not think we are to blame"
Police Inspector

Everton played Manchester United in the Cup and we all know what happened, or do we?

At nine thirty am on the morning of the game, seven and a half hours before kick off, Manchester United hooligans were attacking Leeds Fans in Manchester City centre.

These so called humans must have been up at eight am to get themselves organised, Leeds fans must have been up even earlier, so that suggests it was organised.

These Manchester Hooligans were kept under surveillance and allowed to get on to a train going to Liverpool City centre.

Merseyside Police were informed about their whereabouts and were waiting for them at Lime Street. Eleven were arrested and the others were allowed to join up with another three hundred known hooligans. They were put under escort and followed to a local pub.

They were kept under surveillance and left to drink their fill until four pm when they were escorted to Goodison Park, still being watched only this time, also by local hooligans.

The game ended and the Police in their wisdom, let the Manchester United contingent out at the same time as Everton fans. Their reasoning for this was that they thought they were in control of the situation, sadly they were not and we, the home supporters suffered the consequences.

The Police will and do say that they can not be held responsible for the actions of a mindless minority of hooligans and of course they are right but they do have the power to prevent the situation from escalating.

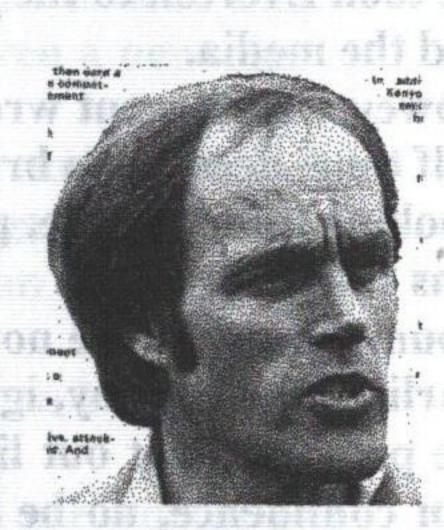
Anyone who remembers the miners strike will also remember that the Police would stop Yorkshire miners on the motorway, heading for Nottingham to picket.

They simply told them that if they tried to get into to Nottinghamshire area they would be arrested. Most, if not all of these miners had no criminal record unlike our Football Hooligan friends.

The question must be asked "Why were the hooligans allowed to travel on the day?" and the only answer is the Police allowed them to.

So there it is, quite simple, a new Police Inspector for Merseyside thought he would show everyone how efficient he was but it all backfired. Amazingly no one was seriously injured but having said that the officers in charge have not been held responsible or disciplined.

The old "lessons have been learned" line has been trotted out and we must pray to God that they have, because next time someone could be seriously injured.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

he Eve In The Sky.

EVERTON STICKERS (PART 4)

EVERTON STICKERS 1976-1980

While Panini continued to issue their Topseller cards, FKS continued to issue sticker sets virtually unchanged from their original format. The standard 15 players however reduced to 14 for the 1975/76 set, standard head and shoulder pictures being the chosen format.1976/77 saw the introduction of portraits of the managers with Billy Bingham being the first Everton boss to feature. The players were portrayed in both portrait and action pictures making an attractive set. Oddities in this set include Bryan Hamilton pictured in Ipswich strip and Ken Mcnaught that seasons only ever present, had only a portrait picture which was joined by a blue and white flag instead of an action shot.1977/78 saw the manger sticker replaced by a team group. The players action shots included number and name for the first time .Sticker 141 pictured Mike Pejic resplendent in full Stoke City strip. By this time Panini were on the verge of issuing their first sticker set so FKS in 1978 issued a set of foil stickers entitled Golden Collection Soccer Stars 1978, by the next season however they had reverted to standard formula ., the only variation being an England u21 set which included a young Billy Wright. Panini issued their first stickers simply titled Football 78 /The back states these stickers were distributed in England and Eire by Minicards Ltd and were published by Figurine Panini. These stickers had peel off backs and were glued ready to stick in the album, which needed great precision as once stuck they quickly became immovable.14 players, manager Gordon Lee and a foil club crest made up this debut set. The portrait pictures were framed and England and Everton crests sat proudly in the top corners. The next issue Football 79 was the same format except the club badge now had a fabric/ cloth feel. Panini also issued a set entitled Euro Football 79 which featured an Everton team group and a portrait of Bob Latchford. These stickers are very hard to obtain nowadays and this is reflected in the price you can expect to pay for them. The only other stickers of note were sets issued by AVA Americana titled football 78 and 79. The first set for 1978 was a large portrait sticker and they are extremely rare due probably to limited circulation. The second issue, were much smaller stickers and featured players such as Mick Lyons, Bob Latchford Roger Kenyon, Andy King and Martin Dobson and a hand drawn picture of an anonymous Everton player in one of Everton's classic kits, the Umbro diamond shirt and shorts. A simple but effective design which remains a favourite to this day amongst retro Evertonians like myself. ctui li olem ow tedu ocod beut te, moende bolioni, not our moil de étadi lisy

Barry Hewitt

Gwlady's Street's Neighbourhood Watch

All that trouble from that horrible Manchester lot the other month, made me get the cat in at seven o clock, I was worried sick.

The little fat kid didn't help things, he didn't even call in and say hello to me.

Then there was the Derby what a waste of time, Rob Styles, the first referee to be on Sky T. V.'s 'Player Cam' he was the star of the show, the only thing he got right was sending 'Bare-arse' off, can't expect much from a ref who's first name is 'ROB'!!!!

Then they tried to blame all the trouble in the Blue House on us, from what I heard it was them, coming past in their cars and blowing their horns and laughing, being 'gobby' as they always are.

They also blamed Evertonians for stabbing that poor Police horse it was only when I mentioned that there had been two hundred Derbies and no horse had ever suffered before, strange then when they have so many Spaniards in their team, I mean to say, when Spaniards aren't playing football they are at a Bull-fight, stabbing poor defenceless animals, so was it an Evertonian or a Spaniard who stabbed the horse?

Amazing isn't it for twenty years they have not said the word Hysel then they get drawn against Juve and it's all mates again, 'we are sorry but let's forget about it now and move on?' These are the same fans who will not forget or forgive the Sun Newspaper for Hillsborough, even though that paper has tried on many occasions to heal the rift.

What would Kopites say if the Italians said "We do not accept your apology"? If they had not be drawn against Juve, they would not have even known it was the 20th anniversary?

Paul Gregg is still going on about sharing with them, you know, the unclean ones, doesn't he know we don't want to share anything with them but then again he says that the Yanks might come over and build a new ground for us and put a casino in as well, it's just American Bingo to me but I do like a little flutter I have to confess.

I still haven't seen Bill or that other shifty character Samuelson around here lately, I wonder what happened to him, he said he had some money and friends that could help us but nothing has turned up.

I have been reading all about those corrupt referees in Germany, taking bribes allegedly and that poor Swiss guy who was hit by the cigarette lighter in Roma and then he had death threats from Chelsea fans Anders Frisk is his name, well he has retired now, fed up with all the abuse.

Can't imagine it happening over here, I mean, there is nothing suspicious about Mike Riley's refereeing is there?

Isn't it brilliant, our ladies team have reached the Cup Final, hammering Arsenal 3-0 in the semi final. I hope they go on and win it now, it will cheer everybody up. It will be all down to Upton Park for the final in May.

Well that's all from me for another season, I just hope that we make it into Europe, Mr Moyes has tried so hard to get us there it will be a crime if we fail.

Joe Mercer On Everton Football Club

IT was a great thrill when I first put on the royal blue shirt of Everton. They were the leading team in Britain—and at that time that meant the leading team in the world. The big character there was centre-forward Dixie Dean and when I arrived at "the Toffees'" ground for training he was doing exercises on a mat.

I took off the hard hat I wore at that time, hung it up and began to strip. I did not look much. I weighed about nine stone and my legs were peculiar. They have been likened both to a spiral staircase and a pair of brackets.

The big fellow stopped what he was doing and stared at me. Then he shouted in amazement: "Cor, look at that, lads. His legs wouldn't last a postman' the morning!"

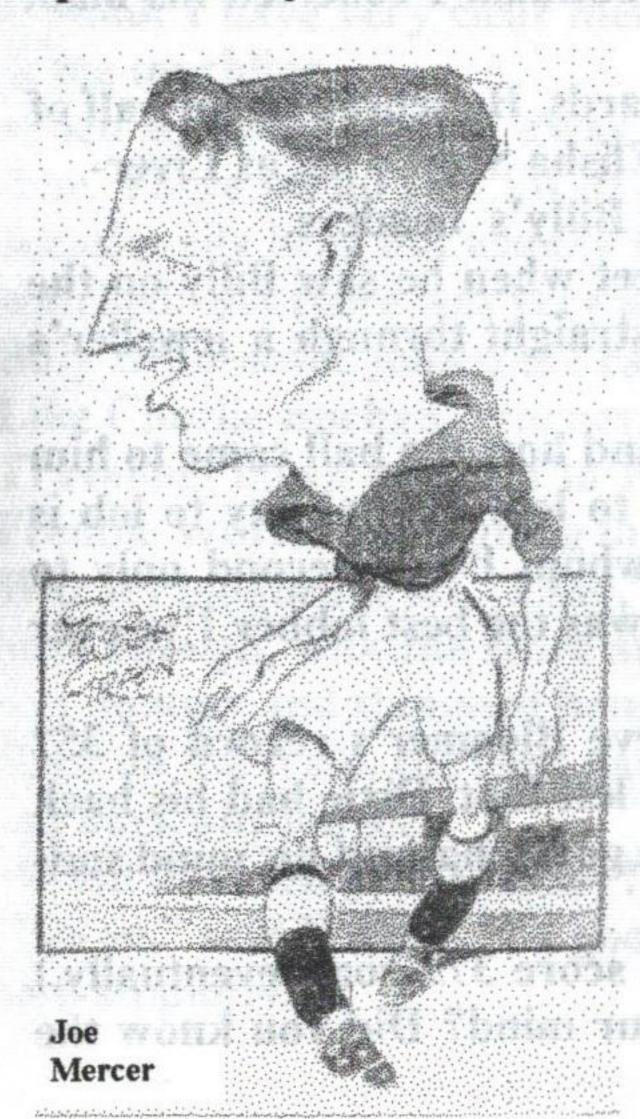
There was nothing cruel or malicious about it. He was to be very kind to me. My legs were and are odd!

I have a famous namesake who is a jockey and, my legs being more suited in appearance to a jockey than a footballer, I have often been mistaken for him. At the National Sporting Club I was introduced once to a peer who, after a glance at my legs, said: "Oh, I know Joe, he has ridden for me on many occasions!" Another time I had a cheque from the B.B.C. marked "Newmarket". I sent it back with a note saying: "Right name, right legs, wrong bloke!"

I was seventeen when I signed professional for Everton, having had two years with them as an amateur. I had been spotted by Tom Canby, an Everton scout formerly a Sheffield United goalkeeper, and given a trial while with Elton Green two years earlier. Everton paid me ~5 a week, which was a lot of money then—twice what the average working man got and I was only a lad. But my mother recalled a maxim of my father's: "It's no use turning pro unless you get the money."

My first Everton games were, of course, in the reserve team which included Sid Chedgzoy, son of Sammy, who had played with my father for Ellesmere Port before he went to Everton and my father went to Notts Forest. Sid had a lot of ability. Unfortunately he was always regarded as an outside-right because his father was an outside-right, but his best position was centre- or wing half. Sid could have been a great player in his own right, but in those days there was a lack of professional advice.

I particularly remember a reserve game against Stoke. A skinny youngster playing



right-winger soon had our veteran international full-back, Warney ("Grandad") Cresswell, in trouble. I was having my own troubles looking after Freddie Steele (Stoke's inside-forward who was to become a great England centre-forward). In the dressing-room at half-time I heard from Warney—as we all did—about a skinny youngster whose name we did not know. When one of the directors came in Warney urged him: "You see this boy. Go and buy him. Sell the Royal Liver building to get him if you have to but get him!"

Charlie Gee, then England's centre-half who was playing in that position that day to test his fitness, said in his schoolmasterly way: "I don't think he's all that good. I'd better stroll over to the right wing in the second half and take a look at this youth." He thought Warney had been exaggerating, but Charlie was soon tied up in knots as badly as Warney had been.

Joe Mercer

The player, needless to say, was Stanley Matthews, who has given me headaches both as a player and a manager in the years since then.

I did not have to wait long for my first League game with Everton, and though I have played in hundreds of matches since then it is still fresh in my memory. It was against Leeds and their team included three of Bobby Charlton's uncles. Everton were heading for the Cup Final and were resting right-half Cliff Britton, so I got his place and we drew i—i. I did not keep my place, however, as the Final was the following week. Everton beat Manchester City 3—0.

A less happy memory of my early days is of the first goal I scored while with Everton. I scored it against us! It happened at Stamford Bridge on a heavy pitch. I played the ball back to our goalkeeper, Teddy Sagar, but he was a lightning mover and was already out of the goal. The ball went past him. He swung round and how he got to it I cannot imagine. Only he could have done it, I think, but he just got to it and knocked it against the post.

That would have saved the situation but unfortunately I had rushed back to help. I could not stop; my momentum carried me on to the ball and I hit it into the net. It was my most embarrassing moment in football. Teddy had saved it once but I had still put it past him. Teddy had a quite forcible way of expressing himself and, of course, everything he said was justified. What a clot I felt!

The next few seasons there was a battle between Cliff Britton and I for the team but eventually I got in, not at right-half, for Cliff kept that position, but at left-half. My father's insistence on improving my left foot had paid off. Subsequently Cliff, Stan Cullis and I were to form England's half-back line.

Those were happy days at Everton, who had won the Second and First Division Championships and the Cup in successive seasons. I never imagined leaving Goodison Park.

Our big personality, the biggest in soccer at the time was, of course, William Ralph "Dixie" Dean, whom we knew as Billy. He hated his popular nickname, which he got at school because of his mop of black hair and dark skin.

Billy was 25 when I joined Everton. He was rough and tough—he underwent fifteen hospital operations during his playing days but he was kindness itself particularly to youngsters. He said to me at our first meeting: "Are you the son of Joe Mercer who used to play for Tranmere? I knew your old man." From then on I was virtually his batman. I collected his mail, ran errands for him and he let me borrow his golf clubs.

Tall, he had a superb physique and incredible speed over eighty yards. He scored about half of his goals with his head. There is a splendid story about Billy and Elisha Scott who, as Liverpool's goalkeeper, had dived countless times in attempts to deflect Billy's headers.

It was said that Elisha was walking along Liverpool's Lime Street when he saw Billy on the other side of the road. Billy nodded to him—and Elisha dived straight through a jeweller's window!

Billy said: "Heading is as natural to me as kicking." He didn't mind how the ball came to him but if it came in the air he was lethal, so we half-backs learned to lob. This ability to lob is something generally missing in the game today. Cliff Britton, whom I rate second only to Walley Barnes as a long-ball player, used to do it beautifully. He was the best lobber I've ever seen; he could drop them on to a sixpence!

We were playing Sheffield Wednesday the day Billy passed Steve Bloomer's record of 352 League goals. I got the ball up to Dixie about chest high with my left foot. Dixie had his back to the goal but he went to head it into the right-hand corner of the goal, changed his mind suddenly and sent it the other way into the top far corner.

That was the goal that gave him the new record. (He went on to score 379 goals eventually.) When I congratulated him I asked: "What made you change your mind? Did you know the way the goalkeeper was going?"

Joe Mercer

He said, "Yes, I saw his shadow move."

I have recently been told by an Everton follower of that time that it was impossible for Billy to have seen the goalkeeper's shadow at that time of day and that he must have been kidding me. It is possible, for Billy was a great joker. But he was also quick-witted.

He scored many goals in confined spaces by stabbing quickly at the ball without even pulling back his foot, thus preventing a defender getting in a tackle. (Jimmy Greaves, who is one of the best finishers I have ever seen, does this also, scoring goals from the most difficult angles and from farther out than Billy did.)

I can still see Billy's habit of hitching up his shorts when foiled. As he grew older we used to say: "Carry him on with crutches and he'll still score!" I believe he might have done at that, but today he is a security man with a Liverpool football pool.

We had a team full of characters at Everton. Full back Warney Cresswell was the team's steadying influence, apparently wise and imperturbable as an owl.

You would see him around the place puffing at his pipe, always looking cool and carefree. He was the same on the field. It was years later, when he had finished playing, that I discovered that he was in fact edgy and nervous and that his casual air was a splendid "front".

It came as quite a shock to me. Warney now keeps a pub near Sunderland.

Winger Albert Geldard was our worrier, a fitness fanatic who went to bed at eight and then could not sleep for worrying. He was very good on heavy ground and would be effective in today's changed conditions. He now has dry-cleaning shops in the Bolton area.

Inside forward Jimmy Dunn, one of the best "Wembley Wizards", was ageing and balding at the time, a nice, genuine fellow and he taught me a lot. Very small, smaller even than our five-foot-three-inch pocket Hercules Alex Stevenson.

I never got over the anticipation and thrill of running out at Goodison Park before a home crowd. I used to be caught up in the match atmosphere from the moment I left home at Ellesmere Port. On the train, on the bus, during the twenty-mile journey I was among the football-growing crowd. At the match the crowd would overflow on to the ground; I have very clear memories of throwing-in from among the crowd, packed tight to the touchline.

When we were playing away games, solo was the great game for passing the travelling time. There would be Cliff Britton, Jock Thomson, Charlie Gee and myself in the game—occasionally brag but usually solo—unless Warney decided to take a hand, in which case I watched! But there was very little gambling.

Billy Dean never joined the card school; he would occupy the time by kidding somebody. Like Charlie Buchan, Warney would always say the opposite, he'd swear black was white. Travelling down by train to Portsmouth one day, Charlie Gee warned Warney, "Watch Freddie Worrall, he's going to be a real danger."

Warney laughed it off. "Easy," he said. "Gives me no trouble, that lad."

Sure enough, with the score at i—i and ten minutes to go, Worrall gave Warney the perfect dummy and slammed home the winner.

Back on the train, the card game went on in silence. Then Charlie Gee couldn't hold him-self back any longer.

"What did I tell you, Warney?"

"Go on," said Warney. "A good player would have gone the other way. He beat me by his own stupidity."

take me to watch Liverpool. My idol was Tommy Bromilow, their left-half.

Forest when I was born. When my parents went out, Noel Watson, the referee, was my

baby-sitter. Now he is an elder statesman of the F.A.

My birthplace was Ellesmere Port in the Cheshire Wirral, between the Mersey and the Dee. It stands at the junction of the Shropshire Union Canal and the Manchester Ship Ca-

At this time (1920) Ellesmere Port was a divided town—above and below the station. Above the station lived Wolverhampton people who had come there with an iron works when it was moved from Staffordshire. They talked with a Wolverhampton accent and

supported Wolves.

I lived below the station and was a "Portite" and supported Everton and Liverpool. Friendly rivalry has always existed between Stan Cullis and me because of this. We were born in the same town and played football together as schoolboys, but his people came from Wolverhampton and, even now, he still talks with a slight Wolverhampton accent while I have a real Cheshire twang.

When I first watched my father play I was about five. When he had been with Nottingham Forest before the First World War he had been recognised as one of the most promising centre-halves in the game. He had been on the verge of an England cap. But the war came, and he joined the 17th Middlesex Battalion, known as the Footballers' Battalion because it included so many players. He was sergeant-major to Major Frank Buckley, the almost legendary boss of Wolves. Then he was wounded badly in a shoulder and held in a prisonerof war camp for eighteen months and, because of the deprivations he suffered then, was never fit enough for full-time football after the war.

So he worked as a bricklayer and played part-time for Tranmere Rovers where he met with Dixie Dean, the great centre-forward who was later to have a great influence on me. I watched my father play for Tranmere and I did not think he was much of a footballer he did not dribble! Yet his old pals tell me that he was a better footballer than I ever was! My idol then was the player who dribbled past man after man, like Jimmy Morton could,

who was eventually to become Tranmere's manager. Whether it was just wishful thinking or whether he saw promise in me at an early age I do not know, but my father always said I would be a footballer. He used to kid me that I could not use my left foot and he was right! I was naturally right-footed and had to work hard on my left. I was to be grateful to my father that he made me work on the left foot. But he died when I was only 12. His wartime experiences had accelerated his end. My mother was left with a 2 is.-a-week widow's pension on which to bring up three Sons and a daughter. I was the eldest, my sister Betty was 6, Stan was 3 and Arthur was just a baby. I sold newspapers to help out. We boys ran from the station down the main street with our papers, a couple of miles twice a night, which is not bad training for a sportsman.

I always intended to be a footballer. My friends and I did practically nothing else but play football. We did not have the money to go to the pictures and other places.

I was quite a good player at school and played for Ellesmere Port schoolboys, mostly at centre-forward. I was not able to watch a lot of games though. Ellesmere Port had a good amateur side and I can still remember the names of many of their team of i 920-21, when I was a six-year-old! There was Voce; Vicars; Green; Spencer; Paterson; Burk; Hughes; Matthews; Burley; Easson and Price.

I never went to Everton at all until I played there, though I had an Uncle Bill who used to take me to watch Liverpool. My idol was Tommy Bromilow, their left-half.

The man who started me thinking constructively about football was Billy Roberts, a cousin of Herbie Roberts, the red-headed Arsenal centre-half of the 'thirties. Billy, now chairman of the English Schools Football Association, came to Ellesmere Port as a young schoolmaster, played for the local team and also with us kids in the streets. It was he who taught me the fundamentals and he was my hero.

I have already said that Stan Cullis and I played football together as schoolboys, but football was not our introduction. Ellesmere Port was a town in which everybody knew everybody else. Stan was about i8 months younger than me and I played first at school with his brother Sid. Stan and I became friends about the time I was ten and then we were together a lot.

We were different types though. While I was always one for a laugh and a joke he was a serious boy, always studying something new. He did not share my fanatical desire to be a footballer. No other career would have done for me but Stan could have taken many other roads and made an equal success. He had the ability to absorb knowledge in a way that I did not. He went to night school and could have gone on to grammar school and probably university.

One of a large family, he wanted to improve his social standing and way of life. All the Cullis family were like that; I imagine they got their inspiration from Mrs. Cullis who was confined to a wheelchair but was one of the nicest women I have ever met. Stan saw football as an escape from his background.

He had an understanding of the game right from the start, but tactics never entered my head in those days. Stan saw everything earlier than me. When we were kids I said to him once: "Why don't you give me the ball?" He said: "Do you want to score all the goals? When you get it you don't give it to anyone—you just go up the field."

He was right. I played spontaneously, without thought, but even then he was thinking ahead. But I must confess that at this time, and when we played together for Ellesmere Port Schools team, I did not realise how great a player he was to be. It was only when, at 18, he became captain of Wolves that it dawned on me that he was in the very front rank. He did not have the same natural qualities as a player as Tom Finney, for example. He was not outstandingly strong or fast but he made himself an artist, the most effective centre-half I ever saw, one of the best tacklers and certainly the best captain. He did it by application, dedication and brainpower.

At 14 I started playing for the village of Elton Green. I got my fare paid—which was sixpence return and a bag of vegetables every Friday! Comical perhaps, and I suffered some jeers, but the vegetables were a welcome addition to the family larder.

I moved on to the Shell-Mex team. I was working for Shell at various jobs, in the wagon repair office delivering petrol, as a fitter's mate. I walked three miles every morning to clock on at 7.30 and got i 7s. 6d. a week. Sometimes I was so hungry I ate my dinner on my way to work.

My father had told me: "The only way you will learn to play football is to play it—and the better class of football you play the quicker you'll learn. Keep playing in better-class football all the time." So I moved next to the Ellesmere Port team. Years later at Arsenal players like Walley Barnes and Les Compton would kid me about the way in which, after a match, I was always in and out of the bath, dried and on my way out of the Highbury dressing-rooms before most had stripped off their muddy shirts. I explained: "When I used to play for Ellesmere Port the gates were so poor that by the time the last one dressed got into the secretary's office there was no money left for his expenses!"

But Ellesmere Port was my springboard to big football.

Joe Mercer and John John John John John Mark of the Company of the general salve forgered by common acide forgette and comments and the agent of the salve of the s before adverse it reporter all minimistration allow order tractions and thought properties for minimistration for



Joe Mercer, Footballer of the Year, 1949-30.

one test and emile self-yellow property of the guide and property the the the test one dressed got into the secretary's office in the Evertonian in Evertonian in the Evert

MINISTRIE

a mor now W

distribution

te no zinolo

senio rolled

adt lin find

pinyens like

Chelsea Champions!!!!!!!!!

distributed and the sour circular bearing to all more from the source of the source of

Event and test will religion that been this child while while which we have for the free for the

Do you really want to see Chelsea as English League Champions? Does your dislike of Manchester United or Arsenal cloud your judgement?

I ask these questions because for me no matter how annoying Man U can be and they can be very annoying especially with the little Fat Kid playing for them, they are still an attractive team to watch.

Arsenal, have the annoying, arrogant Henry but he's bloody good, they also have the "Snide" Bergkamp but once again he is deadly with his finishing, then we have the ever so boring Chelsea.

Anyone who witnessed their display against a ten man Everton team at Goodison Park would have been transported back to the 1960's and had visions of the Robotic Inter Milan team that visited Goodison Park in the European Cup.

They were only there for a 0-0 draw and that is what they came away with, masters of keeping possession, tradesmen in the art of cynical fouls and overwhelmingly frustrating.

Fair enough, they were Italians, that's how they played but you did not want to see it every week in English football, Chelsea however are doing just that.

They have come along out of the 'Blue' and bought what looks to be their second title, never a team to be considered for the Championship in all their long history, they were a good bet for a Cup run and that was about it.

Buying the Title is not in itself wrong, Man United, Arsenal, Blackburn and our Genetic Fault Brothers from across the park have all done the same but they have also tried to entertain along the way.

Even Everton were called the Mersey Millionaires in the early 1960's but Alex Young, Alex Scott and many others never, ever bored you, they could disappoint on occasions but they never made you yawn like our Cockney friends did at Goodison this season.

It hurts to say it because I do not want the Fat Kid to win any medals but rather the Mancs than the Cockneys for me because any team that wins the Title and it's best two players are the Centre Half and Goalkeeper sums it all up.

Chelsea have had a bottomless pit of money, they could have bought the most entertaining players in the World but they have chose to buy defensive minded players, I know that their display against Barcelona was great but they had no optician, it was a do or die game and defending would not help them, they had to attack.

It makes you wonder why, after a performance like that, they revert to the boring 1-0 game, it's not what the fans want, ticket prices reaching the £50 mark are only paid for the most entertaining shows or artists such as The Lion King or U2, Chelsea I am afraid do not come into that League but Arsenal or United on their day, well, I think that they do.

All we can hope for is that, if they do manage to win the League Championship, then they can relax, the pressure to win something will be off them and hopefully they can play good, skilful football next season and try to retain their title with flair but I am not hopeful on that either.

There are those of you who are reading this and saying "What's he going on about, a Championship Win is a Championship Win" fair enough but ask yourself this, would you want to see Everton play like Chelsea?

If the answer is yes, then why did you want Walter Smith out of the club? Before you write in and say that is an unfair comparison, Chelsea have spent £100million a hell of a lot of money but Walter Smith spent £74million, I know he got a lot back in sales but he did spend an amazing amount, only to produce boring 0-0 home games and defensive footballers, remember he ignored Phil Jevons the reserve goal scoring Centre Forward to play a right back (Watson) at number nine during an injury crisis and on more than one occasion.

Football at the end of the day is an entertainment, you come along to Goodison hoping to see a good entertaining game and an Everton win, if we scrape home now and again, so be it but if we did it in every game you would be bored to tears and reluctant to pay to watch that kind of football.

Stephen Wiseman

days, refusing to apologise to either faustomannumments.

Duncan's Last Stand.

I have heard from George that people have been sending in articles praising Big Dunc, that is your right but I am not going to sit around and do nothing about it.

For me Duncan Ferguson has been this clubs biggest failure in the last ten years.

It is no coincidence that in that time Everton have fought an almost constant battle against relegation. There are many reasons for this, Walter Smith is one, no more I ask these operations because for me no matter how according needs to be said about him.

The main reason for me though is the fact that we have had an unfit, mediocre centre forward who can hardly ever score more than ten goals a season, look at all the teams that have been relegated over the years and you do not need to be a rocket scientist to discover that they all failed to score enough goals, it is the single most common denominator between them all.

But there is more to Duncan's problem of not finding the net that has caused him to be a failure, his sendings off, in our hour of need he has always failed to deliver, stupid nonsensical sendings off have left Everton in the lurch.

Then we have his refusal to speak to the press because of the way he perceives they treat him, remember if Everton were on match Of The Day and Big Dunc would have been nominated Man Of The Match (Not often I grant you) then all the young

fans who had either stayed up late or watched the re-showing the next morning would have been waiting to hear from their hero. He would be sulking in the dressing room, even you who had paid had earned good money to watch him would have been treated with contempt because he didn't give a toss about anyone except him-Ereten sereten mere endled the Microsop Middlemanteet in the early 19

self and his pigeons.

This violent man felt aggrieved when a court of law found him guilty of assault and he was sentenced to prison, like so many others in this day and age he thought he was hard done by.

But those fans who did support him were rewarded with a stony silence, the man who owed everything to them repaid nothing, neither verbally or on the pitch.

He has like many of my workmates over the years had a sore back, a muscle strain anything that the Doctor can not argue with they have got, I have visited them when they have been off work "Sick" only to find them decorating their house, "I was bored, nothing else to do, I am fed up being in the house all day" that is what they said, then come back to work, that seemed to be the easy answer but they wouldn't. Try to remember the times you have seen Big Dunc go off the pitch like most other

cently in the Blackburn game did it happen.

No broken nose for Dunc, no split eyebrows for this fearless Braveheart of a character. He knocked out a burglar and broke a bone in his hand, the tough hard guy then missed eight games with this life threatening injury, no plaster cast for Dunc, he would have to stay at home and suffer in pain.

centre forwards to have a cut treated, to have stitches put in a head injury, only re-

The only time I have heard him speak is when he had a Newcastle shirt on, in the press conference that was called when he joined that club, he left his beloved Everton, he had no option, just like Wayne, I mean he couldn't have said no could he?

This guy who will not play for Scotland, which again only punishes the fans who want to see their national team do well, surprisingly got married in the full Scottish Regalia, proud to be a Scot but not a Footballing Scot?????

Also this publicity shy recluse offered his wedding photo's to the highest bidding every game you would be bered to tears and re-

magazine, hypocrite, Our Dunc? No chance.

When Everton were deep in relegation trouble last season what did our hero do to help us? He had a confrontation with the manager and took his ball home for eight days, refusing to apologise to either fans or management.

Duncan's Last Stand

The hero of Goodison refused to take a pay off to help his cash strapped club, deciding to stay and PLAY through the pain barrier, well at least to try and play when he felt like it.

I know he has had the odd good game but can you remember the last one and I don't mean ten minutes as a sub?

He has been known to come into training on a Monday morning after Everton have been "Live" on TV on the Sunday and say "How did we do yesterday"?

He is on £37,000 a week, not his fault I know but that is nearly £150,000 a month, nearly £2million a year, think about it, all that money from a near bankrupt club and he hardly ever plays ninety minutes of football !!!

There are fans who are writing in to the Liverpool Echo and phoning Radio shows saying Big Dunc should be offered a new two year contract, if he accepts £15,000 a week!!!!

I can't believe that there are people out there who think he is worth 15pence a week never mind £15,000.

For £15,000 a week we could get three young, fit players who would sign for Everton on a years contract. It's odds on that they would play more games than Duncan, probably even money that they would score more than him as well, so why do they want to keep him on Everton's books?

He is no good as an example for young players, i.e. he is never fit, he is always getting sent off and he doesn't give a toss about Everton, regardless of what you hear. On the odd occasion he will buy a round of drinks if he is out with friends and meets Evertonians, that is just to keep up the myth that he is a Blue.

Is there anyone out there who thinks that his famous Everton tattoo will not be lasered off the week after he leaves the club?

Watch him the next time he is lucky enough to wear the Blue shirt, he will come on, do the little run thing and drift to the left wing for a blow, only from corners and set pieces will he take up a centre forward role.

Am I being to hard on him? Think back to the Blackburn game at home, he had nearly seventy minutes to get us a goal, did he come anywhere near doing so?

Everton were accused, that day of playing the long ball and it didn't work, why?

It didn't work because Bent was told to go on the right wing and Duncan who should have been in the middle drifted as I have said onto the left wing, Kilbane got his head to the ball more times than Duncan.

Even when he does get his head on the ball, it hardly ever gives a team mate a scoring chance, think back to Sharpie, he made everyone around him a goalscorer, Heath, Gray and then managed to score quite a few himself.

No one playing alongside Ferguson has got into double figures, he does not score that often, he does not supply that often he does not play that often but despite all the facts he is a hero.

I am at a loss to understand, I just want him to leave Everton football club and the sooner the better. It will help us financially and we can do no worse than a nine goal a season centre forward no matter how little or much we pay him.

The seasons we have sparkled with him in the squad have been the ones where he has only played a minimum of games, we finished seventh and Duncan managed all of nine games, we nearly got relegated and Duncan played his highest amount of games for years, work it out, you will not need a calculator.

If you think he is a good centre forward then you should be watching Tranmere.

New Dixie Dean Book

There would, one would imagine be no need for another Dixie Dean book, certainly not after the excellent John Keith effort but amazingly there is room for this brilliant well presented book.

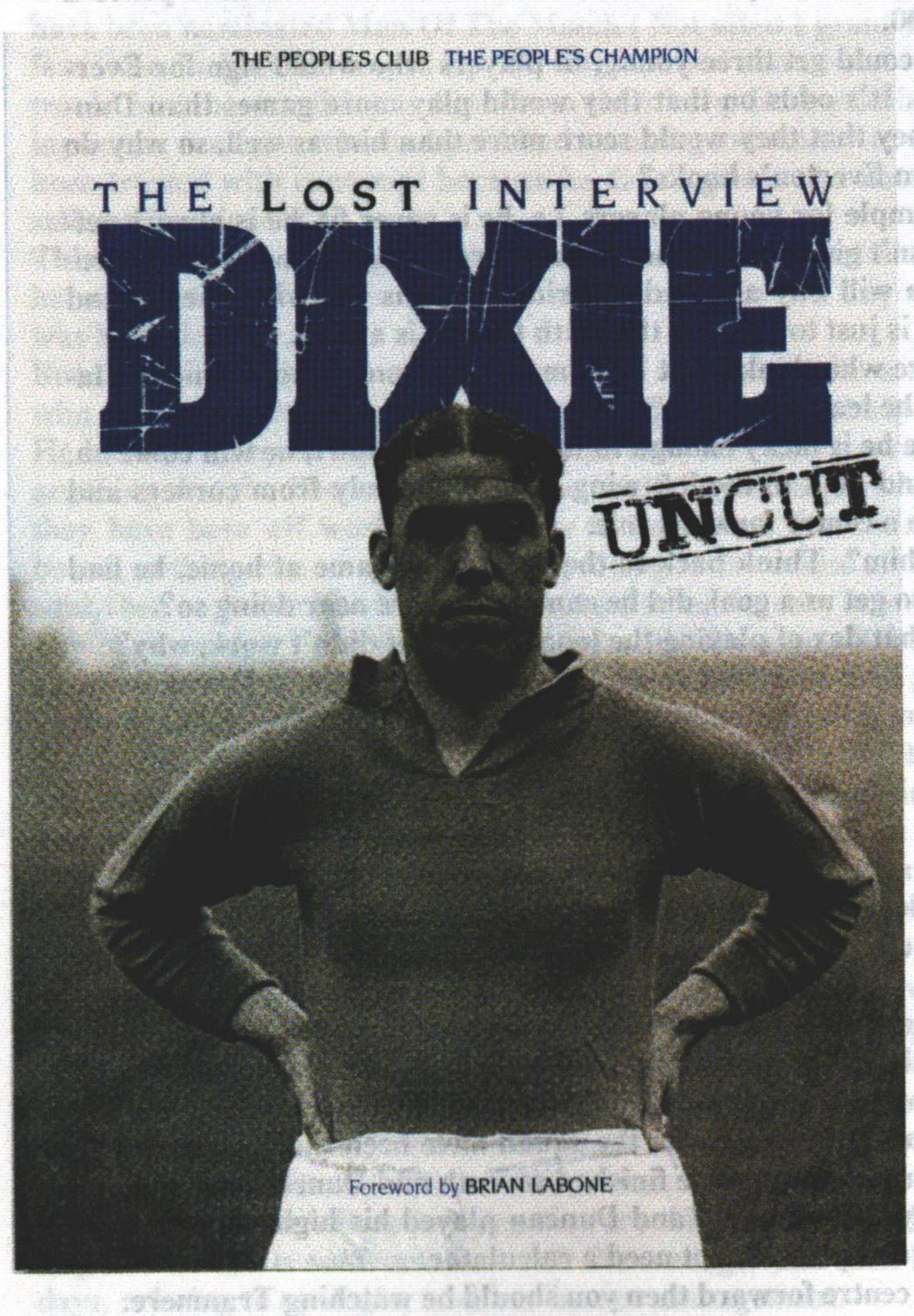
It contains many great pictures of the Everton Legend in action and in his social life but the most important thing about this book is that Dixie Dean spoke about his life in and outside of football. He told the incredible tale to Liverpool Echo journalist Michael Charters in 1971.

The story was then typed word for word on an old style typewriter (30,000 words) and used in the Liverpool Echo for an unbelievable four and a half months.

The original typed sheets and hand written notes were then filed away in the vaults, where they lay undisturbed until 1992 when Ken Rogers came across them when researching for Goodison Glory, Ken thought that one day it would be nice to compile it into book form.

Thirteen years later he did just that and you the lucky reader can reap the benefit of all his hard work by buying this fantastic book.

I highly recommend it to you, it will be read from cover to cover and you will find it hard to



put down

One hundred and forty odd pages, twenty three excellent chapters, some with excellent titles like, "Derbies? If I was playing today I would silence "You'll Never Walk Alone"

"As a boy I slept with my Blue Shirt and dreamed of playing for Everton"
There are many other things to mention but space is limited, just take

my word and send a cheque for £8.99 which includes free postage to Sport Media, PO Box 48, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, L69 3EB or phone 0845 1430001

Please mention this review in Blue Blood it is important.

I bought the book myself, it was not a 'freebie' so I have no obligation to promote it, I truly loved it, and it will go proudly into my ever growing collection of Everton books.

George Orr. Blue Blood

Mack The Knife





Tommy Jones (Everton) Centre balf.

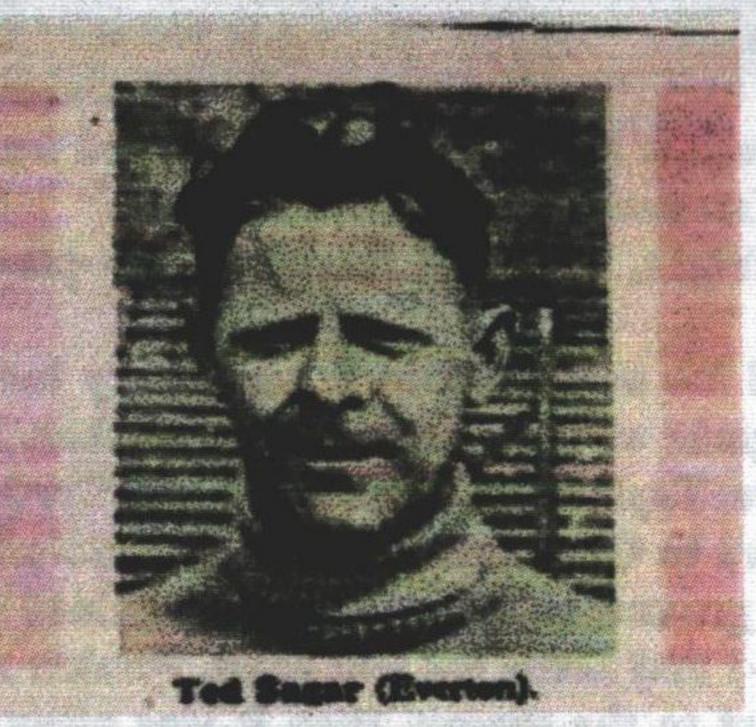
Just under thirty Jones have played for Wales and none with greater distinction than Tommy, the captain of Everton. Tall and skilful, he relies on good football rather than robustness to counter the pposing centre forwards . Played for Wales as a schoolboy, was taken on by Wrenham on leaving school and put out to Conners Quay for developnent. Shortly after being recalled to Wrexham he was transferred to Everton in 1936. An ankle injury which at one time seemed likely to end his career, held back his progress after the war but he is still a regular choice for Wales and has played for them 16 times

These two rare items are Robinson Football Stars 1949-50 paper cards taken from a booklet of Football Stars of Today and Tomorrow and Meet The Soccer Stars.

They were either 53 + 82mm or 71 + 87mm



of their a had vest



Football's perfect team man. Is now in his twenty first season with the same club, a record which hould make him every youngsters ideal sportsman. Joined Everton from Shorne Colliery in 1929 then. Won a League Championship medal in 1931 and played four times for England in 1936. One of

Thought be was finished when he returned from soldiering in Italy, Iraq and Dunkirk. Went into the reserves but recovered his international form and is still playing brilliantly for Everton. Is longest serving player in the game and has made more than 400 appearances for Everton a record for the club

orda accorden kalfreden, drag antakteens zervil

The new season was eagerly awaited by Evertonians for having just missed out on the Double last season they thought that it was going to be their year.

Everton had twenty players on their books last season and that was thought to be enough but not by the Everton Board, they brought in another eleven players making it a large squad of thirty one.

The new players were, Alex Birnie an outside right from West Ham, a Scottish lad bought as cover for Jack Sharp. William Black, another Scottish player, a right half, signed from Celtic. Scotland was raided again when Hugh Bolton joined Everton via Newcastle, an inside right.

Henry Collins was an Irish born goalkeeper, again bought as cover for Bill Scott,

he came from QPR.

Local lad Herbert (Harry) Cooke an inside forward would go on to become an Everton legend, he was an inside forward who was destined to play only nine games for Everton but he went on to serve the club for over half a century.

John McFarlane Donaldson a Glasgow lad of twenty one, a left back better known

as Jack was to become mainly a reserve player.

The tartan clan at Goodison Park was further enhanced when Joseph Donnachie an outside right signed from Newcastle, a fine winger who would leave Everton in 1908 but return after the first World War to play again for the Blues.

Henry Crundy an outside left from Neston, was to be an understudy to Harold

Hardman and was thus destined to only play two games for Everton.

Another Scott, John Hannah was a left back signed from Celtic, Jock however only played once for Everton.

Percy Hill, a right back from Southampton was more successful than most of the

signings and he played a major role in covering for injuries.

Prescott born Thomas Jones, a centre forward from Bootle was a quality player, Tommy Prescott Jones was well liked by the Evertonians but he had to play second fiddle to Alex Sandy Young the hero of Blue Boys.

Frank Oliver, a Southampton lad, joined from Brentford, an inside right, he was

to make a sensational debut for Everton.

Robert Wright, a centre forward only played one game before moving on to

Burnley.

Despite all the new signings it was a very familiar Everton team that lined up for the first game of the season on September 2nd 1905. Scott, R, Balmer, Crelley, Makepeace, Taylor, Abbott, Rankin, McDermott, Young, Settle and Hardman.

The visitors to Goodison Park were Middlesboro, 25,000 eager Evertonians were inside the ground and they were entertained for every minute of the match, Everton won 4-1 and Settle got two goals, Rankin and Young the others.

A fine start to the season, then it was away to Preston North End, a game that Everton should win comfortably, however nothing went to plan and with little atmosphere from the small 8,000 crowd the game ends 1-1 and Everton were grateful because their goal came from a own goal from Preston.

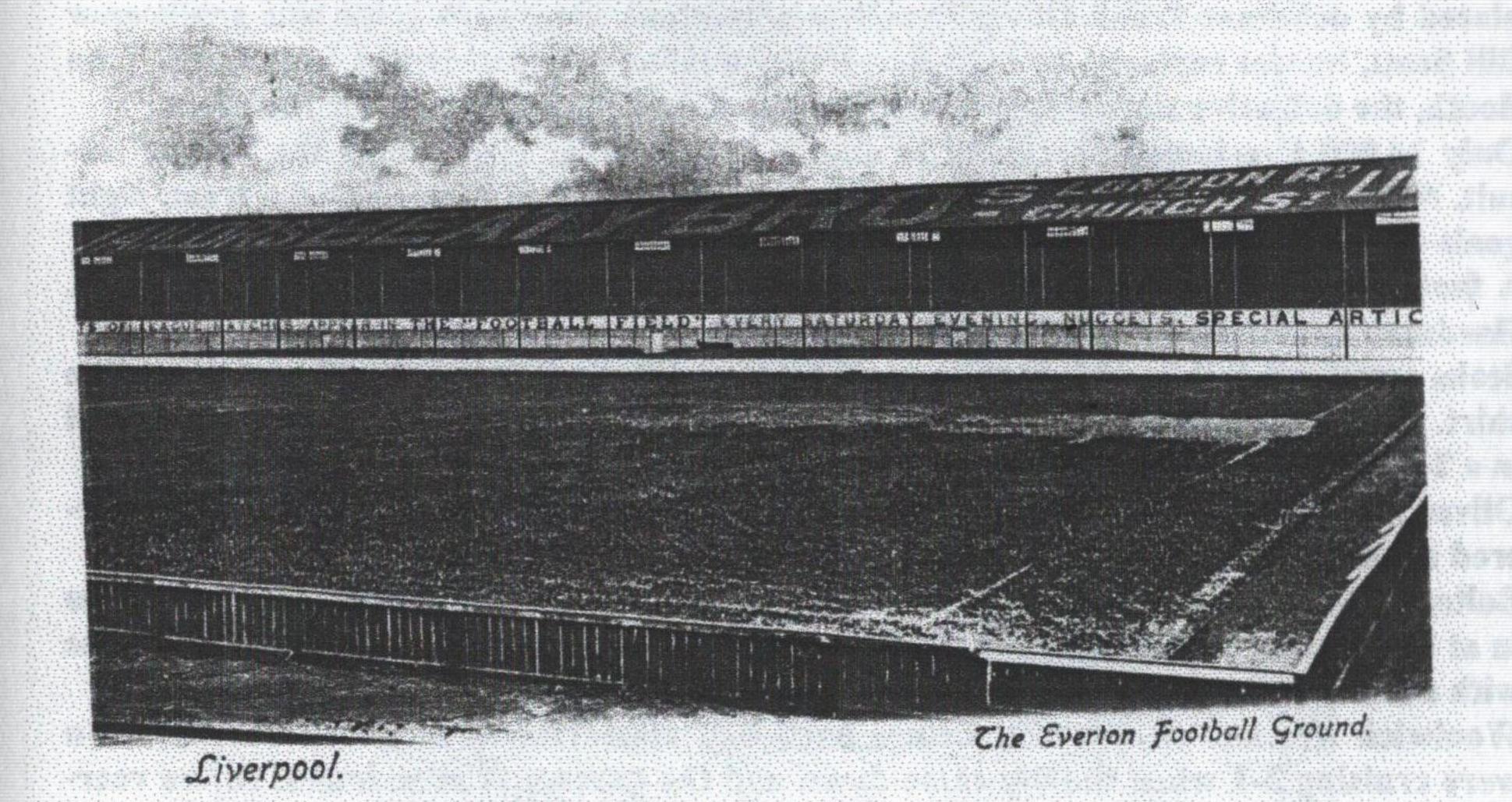
Newcastle at home and William Black makes his debut at right half, he doesn't enjoy the game and neither do the 16,000 crowd because Newcastle win 2-1, Ever-

ton's goal is scored by Sharp.

Aston Villa away, never an easy game and that was to be the case this day, 20,000 Villans cheer their team on to an incredible 4-0 victory, Everton are stunned, so are the fans back on Merseyside when the result filters through, they thought that there must be some mistake but there wasn't.

Evertonians are fearful about the next game, the "Derby" and they had a right to

Everton Football Club



Goodison Park 1905

A rare postcard of Goodison Park in the early 20th century, these postcards were very popular and every season a team photograph was taken and used as a postcard.

These postcards are now very expensive and can fetch anything from £80 to well over one hundred pound.

Once again it's another reason why Everton should buy the David France collection because David has every one of these postcards.

be worried as Liverpool had been on top form. The big day arrived 40,000 are inside Goodison Park, the atmosphere is brilliant, the banter between the rival fans is excellent and the roar that greets the players as they run out onto the pitch is deafening. Everton have nearly their best team available.

Liverpool are strong and the game flows, end to end, goalmouth incident to goalmouth incident.

The crowd are left breathless as six goals fly into the net, happily for the Blue Boys four of them are for Everton, Abbott, Hardman, Settle and Sharp are the Blue heroes.

The City is buzzing, it was the best Derby ever according to most fans but maybe not the Kopites.

Everton keep the same team for the next game, away to Sheffield United, another great game, five goals this time but Sheffield get three to Everton's two, 15.306 Yorkshire folk are happy Mc Dermott and Young got the Everton goals.

The next game saw Evertonian favourite Alex Young out through injury, he was replaced by debutant Frank Oliver. Another player missing a rare game was goalkeeper Bill Scott, he was replaced by Irishman Henry Collins who had joined from QPR. Tom Booth, the defensive stalwart made his first appearance of the season for the Blues.

Only 14,000 Evertonians bothered to pay, a poor turnout considering the 'Derby' result. Notts County are the visitors and those fans that stayed away missed a treat, eight goals were scored and Everton got six of them.

A fantastic debut by Frank Oliver saw the ex Brentford player get a hat trick, Abbott, Hardman and Settle rounded things off.

Stoke away and Bill Scott is back in goal, not surprisingly Oliver keeps the number nine shirt. 12,000 were inside the ground to watch an exciting game, the points were shared in a 2-2 draw, Oliver and Hardman doing the business.

Oliver had been a sensation, four goals in two games, it looked like Everton had uncovered another jewel.

Bolton at home, 17,000 fans and Everton make only one change, William Balmer comes in at left back in place of Crelley. Everton keep on the pressure at the top of the League with a 3-1 win Settle two and Taylor are the scorers.

Woolwich Arsenal away and it brings back bad memories from last season, Everton were cruising 3-1 when the fog came down and the game was abandoned. In the rearranged game Everton lost 2-1, that result cost them the Championship, so a determined Everton team took to the field of play.

A shock was in store for the few Evertonians in the crowd, Frank Oliver their new hero was dropped, replaced by Alex Young, McLaughlin takes Booth place and Crelley takes over from Balmer.

A good crowd of 18,000 watched as Everton kept up their recent form, slick passing, sharp shooting and hard but fair tackling won them the game, Settle and Young score in a 2-1 win.

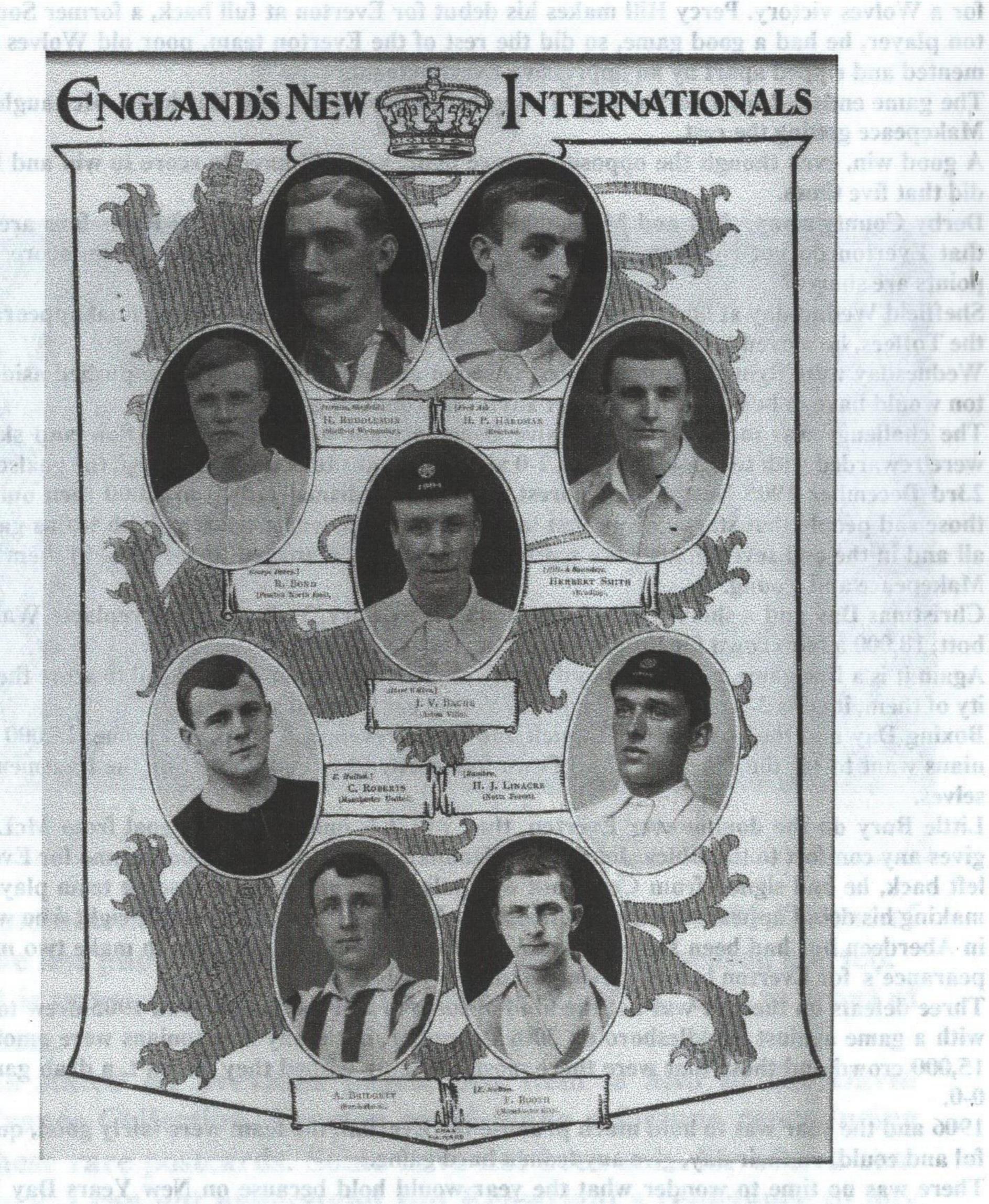
November 11th 1905 and Blackburn at home, Sharp is replaced by George Rankin at outside right, the only change to the team that won at Arsenal, so no place for Oliver. A small attendance, 12,000 are asking themselves what Frank has done wrong. The game is another thriller, end to end and goals from both teams, thankfully more from Everton than Blackburn. The final tally is 3-2 with Abbott, Rankin and Settle getting the points for Everton.

Sunderland away, Jack Sharp returns to the team but Rankin moves to the right wing in place of Hardman, Frank Oliver is back in the team.

10,000 are inside the ground to cheer on their favourites, Everton play below par and lose 2-1 Settle getting the consolation goal. This game signalled the end of Frank Oliver's career at Goodison Park, he moved on to Clapham Orient scoring ten goals in forty games for the Londoners.

Goodison Park is the place for the next game, against Birmingham, 15,000 Blue Boys

are inside Coodison Park hoping for a good result, Everron do their best to help and field and



Harold Hardman (second from top to the right of the Crown) joins the England Elite and has the honour of playing for England.

He also played for England at Cricket an all round sportsman and gentleman.

are inside Goodison Park hoping for a good result, Everton do their best to help and field what is probably their strongest team. It's all to no avail, the Blues crash to defeat, 2-1 Hardman gets the goal for Everton.

Wolves away, they are having a bad season, entrenched at the bottom and relegation facing them and it's not even Christmas!! Only 4,000 brave souls pay to watch, even they can not hope for a Wolves victory. Percy Hill makes his debut for Everton at full back, a former Southampton player, he had a good game, so did the rest of the Everton team, poor old Wolves are tormented and ripped apart by an impressive Everton team.

The game ends 5-2 for Everton with Young getting two goals and Hardman, McLaughlin, and

Makepeace getting the rest.

A good win, even though the opposition were poor, you still have to score to win and Everton did that five times.

Derby County away, Hill and McLaughlin are not in the team, 10,000 Rams fans are hoping that Everton do not rip them apart, they didn't have to worry, neither team score and the points are shared.

Sheffield Wednesday at home and William Wildman makes his second and final appearance for the Toffees, he moved on to West Ham at the end of the season.

Wednesday were flying high in the First Division and were not going to be pushed aside, Ever-

ton would have to be on top form to get anything from this game.

The challenge was met by an impressive Everton team who played with flair and skill, they were rewarded with two points from a 2-0 victory, thanks to Settle and Sharp, the goalscorers.

23rd December 1905 Nottingham Forest away and a dismal crowd of 8,000 turn out, it was those sad people that stayed away that lost out, the game was a cracker, both teams gave their all and in the end seven goals were scored. Everton only managed to get three of them Abbott, Makepeace and Young.

Christmas Day and a short trip to Lancashire rivals Bury, William Black replaces Walter Ab-

bott, 18,000 a fair crowd for little Buy, turn up.

Again it is a fine game, end to end and plenty of goals and again Everton fail to score the major-

ity of them, it ends 3-2 to Bury, Sharp and Young get Everton's goals.

Boxing Day and the chance to get quick and sweet revenge, it's Bury at home, 15,000 Evertonians want to see the Black Pudding Town folk stuffed but end up getting the treatment themselves.

Little Bury do the double over Everton, they win 2-1, only the single goal from McLaughlin gives any comfort to the Blues. John 'Jock' Hannah plays his one and only game for Everton at left back, he had signed from Celtic but was only ever considered a reserve team player. Also making his debut appearance for the Blues was Alexander Birnie an outside right who was born in Aberdeen but had been signed from West Ham United, he was only to make two more appearance's for Everton before moving to today's visitors Bury.

Three defeats on the trot was not the kind of form to win the League and 1905 drew to an end with a game against Middlesboro on 30th December, not many Evertonians were amongst the 15,000 crowd and those that were there most probably wished they weren't, a drab game ends 0-0.

1906 and the year was to hold much promise for Everton, the team were fairly good, quite skilful and could, on their day, give any team a hard game.

There was no time to wonder what the year would hold because on New Years Day Everton travelled to Manchester City for a League game. Percy Hill makes his second appearance for the Blues but Everton lose 1-0 in front of a healthy 25,000 crowd.

6th January 1906 and Preston North End visit Goodison Park, 10,000 attend the game Thomas Dilly makes a rare appearance for Everton at centre forward, he had been on the books since 1902 but had only played seven games, Abbott returned in place of Black and these were the only two changes from the City game. Harold Hardman got the only goal of the game to give the Blues both points. The next game would be the start of Everton's brilliant Cup run.

(to be continued in issue 26)



Another rare postcard of the Everton squad in 1905 /06 one of the few photographs that was taken before the season started. It is unusual to see this team without the F.A. Cup in front of them.

As stated on previous pages, this item is also in the David France Collection. Everton could make a fortune reproducing these rare postcards. Some have not been seen for over a century, I can not understand Bill Kenwright's reluctance to buy this collection.

If I won the lottery I would make it the first thing on my shopping list and guess what, Kenwright would have to pay if he wanted to see it.



Blue Nose Cup Final 95

