

# Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 5 issue 26



Europe We Are Back

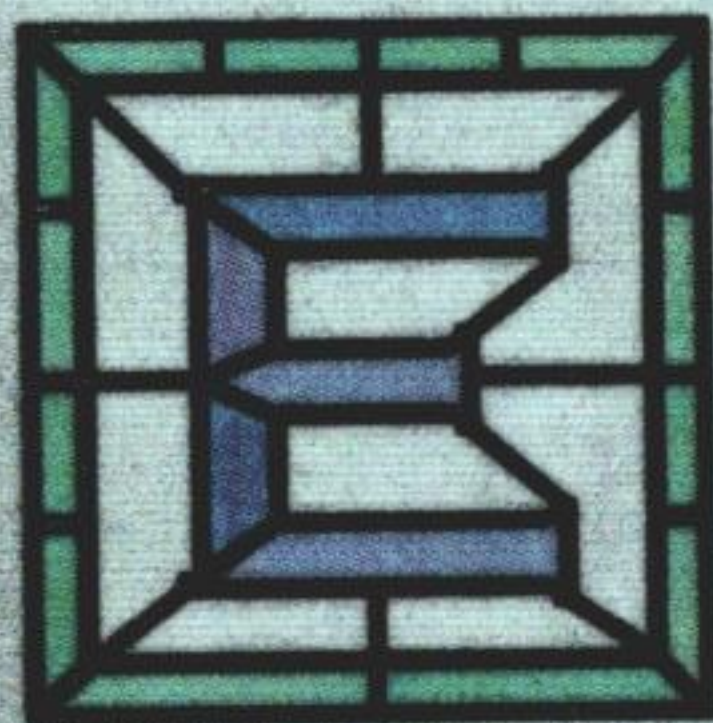
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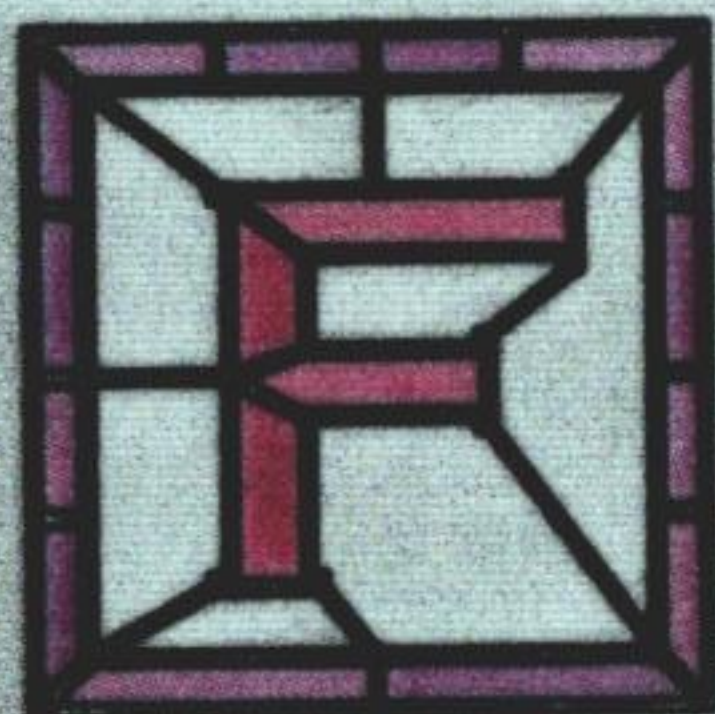
# Editorial Blue Blood

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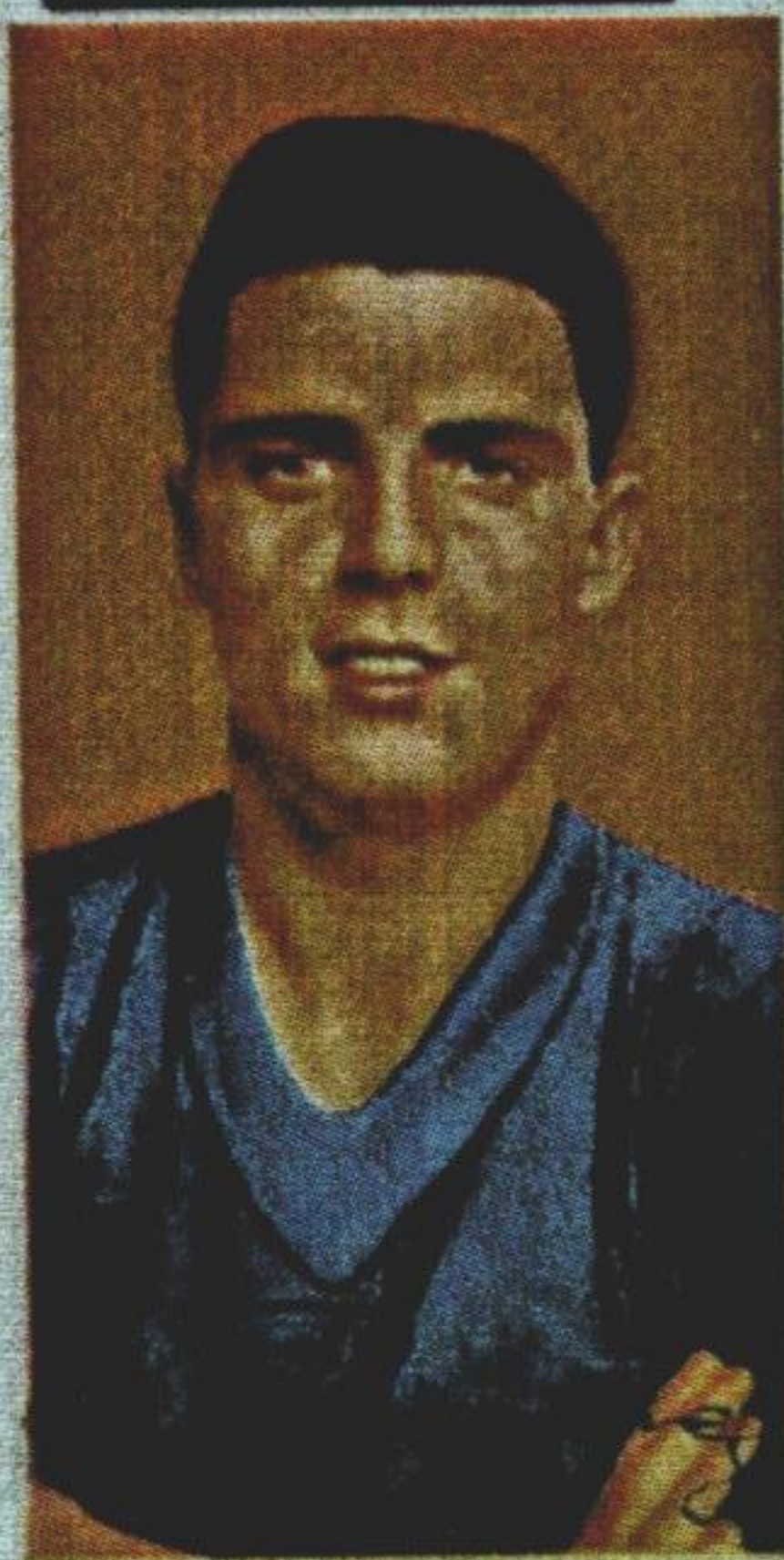


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



## No Obstructed Views

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



Fred Pickering  
Centre Forward  
Everton Games 106  
Goals 64  
1964-67

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

## Editors Page "Orrsome View"

Here we are another season, Blue Blood's fifth and as you will have noticed the price has gone up to £1.50p, I have tried to put more colour photo's in and hope that you like them.

This season is a special season, not because of our appearance in the Champions League but 100 years ago Everton won the F.A. Cup for the first time and then 40 years ago in 1966 we won it for the third time, two great occasions to be celebrated, do you think the Club have anything planned? Do you think they will have any special merchandise available? Do you think that they even know about the two historic events? If you answered Yes to those three questions you are either a die hard Evertonian who sees no wrong with the Club or you are a Club employee who will run straight to Uncle Bill on Monday and tell him all about this.

Villarreal, well it could have been easier but what the hell, we are Everton and that should be enough to convince you that a packed Goodison Park on a Wednesday night will intimidate anyone, ask Bayern Munich.

Moyes has not been spending the amounts of dosh most Evertonians thought he had at his disposal but maybe he didn't have that much, maybe the right players are not available yet, either way it's a bit disappointing to start the season with only two new additions, Kroldrup and Davies. Yes Arteta is also here but we knew that and so was Ruddy, so where do we go from here?

Hopefully upwards and onwards as they say, Cahill and a refreshed Beattie might just unlock some Premiership defences, Kroldrup and Davies might give us more play on the floor than the big boot from Stubbs. All in all Everton can do the same as last year as long as we keep away from stupid suspensions and injuries.

I am still feeling sick over the other shower robbing that Cup, it feels as if I have got malaria or something like that, I can't shake it off and probably never will, you will see what I mean if you read the article on page 12 'Rules No Longer Apply'.

The good thing about the draw against Villarreal, is that Spain is fairly easy and cheap to get to and there will be massive Everton support over there, they can help if they chant non stop and make it feel like a home game.

The Blues who travelled to Thailand enjoyed themselves, apart from the Joey 'I'm Better Than Gravesen' Barton' incident, everyone had a great time.

Thanks to all those who emailed details of events to me and sent attachments with photo's of games and programmes.

The results were not good but two draws in that heat wasn't that bad, Istanbul, Why Did we Go? Some think that the heat and style of opponents would prepare us for Europe but most places will not be like that soulless stadium and we picked up injuries that will come back to haunt us.

Fenerbahce 5-0, Richard Wright, when will Moyes realise this man is no good, across the Park there is a goalkeeper, who isn't as bad as the Reds think, why don't we buy him?

Pistone, what did we bring him back for? Moyes panicked and stayed with what he knows instead of buying someone new.

An Evertonian that I know said "Don't go in for this Moyes Brilliant stuff, in three seasons he has got the worst points total ever, the lowest League Club ever in our Cup history (Shrewsbury) put us out and the 7-0 thrashing at Arsenal was our worst defeat ever, so what's so good about him?"

The David France Collection has at last been put on the Everton Board's agenda, the Collection now has it's own website available from the official Everton site or [evertoncollection.org.uk](http://evertoncollection.org.uk).

Blue Blood has been in touch with David France and he has kindly allowed Blue Blood to run an 'Everton Collection Special' hopefully in with the next issue due out for the Portsmouth game on September 10th.

Everton have put up £250,000, Lord Grantchester £100,000 but you the humble fan can also contribute, the Manchester United Home programme will have more details but if you can't wait phone 0871 789 6089. On match days there will be collection envelopes around the ground. Now is the time to prove to the World that we are the Peoples Club, we can buy the D.N.A. of Everton F.C. for that is what this collection truly is.

When you get to know the full extent of what it contains you will be amazed, it is a fantastic collection, unrivalled anywhere in the sporting World.

Hopefully this issue will be out for the Udinese friendly and will be on sale also for the Villarreal and Manchester United games.

The next issue will be the 10th September home against Portsmouth and have a David France Collection Special with it, if all goes well.

I need you to send in your articles as soon as possible, any photo's from the past are also nice to see, let's hope we have a decent season.

## Motley Notes

Maybe it's an Everton thing, but there always seems to be a sting in the tail with this grand old team we all love so much. A year ago, after the most miserable season in living memory, I was rewarded for my loyalty and persistence with a 22% hike in the price of my season ticket. Step forward 12 months and that devotion reaps some dividends with Everton's stunning fourth-place finish. How does the club capitalize on all the good feeling in the air? By sending out a letter a couple of days after the end of the season telling me that my seat will be turned over to corporate facilities and that I should make my choice of alternative seating known to the club. A list of alternatives was given, which would be ranked first choice, second choice and so on.

Having been down to Goodison in June 2003 to pick out a pair of tickets for my brother and coming away with two on the back row of the Upper Bullen's, I could only imagine the alternatives on offer. In essence I was expected to give up a second row seat in the main stand for effectively one on the back row. The spread of four seats, which the club would be casually ripping up, was shared out between five members of my family, including my grandfather, who had recently been diagnosed with cancer. Between us we had more than 226 years of watching Everton a not inconsiderable record by anybody's standards.

I appreciate that in order to keep up with the pace of development on the field, certain sacrifices need to be made off it. Most fans will accept that. But the club acted in a manner that was wholly heavy handed and dissipated any sense of goodwill.

How did I react to the club's latest show of loyalty? By undertaking that great British tradition and writing a letter. I fired off a two-page missive to Bill Kenwright, enclosing a copy of my book *Everton: The School of Science* which I wrote a couple years ago and which draws on some of my families anecdotes about the club. At the same time, my uncle wrote to Keith Wyness. Our response? From Wyness's secretary we at least got a sympathetic phone call (the Chief Executive was at that point in hospital). From Uncle Bill? Not even a letter of acknowledgement, much less the expected platitude laden standard response dismissing our claims.

Luckily we had the foresight to get down to the club and pick out new seats straight away. Could we get four seats together with equivalent views? Of course not. It was our luck that a family friend was giving up one of his tickets while his daughter went to university, and we were able to get a stretch of three seats elsewhere (though not with views anywhere near as good as we once had). But we weren't able to say good bye to those who sat around us for years and years, with whom we had shared so much pain and joy. That's sad, but it's also just another symptom of the shabby way this club treat supporters. I know difficult decisions frequently need to be made within organisations, but why do Everton always make such a pig's ear of things?

When Bill Kenwright ignored my letter it really rankled. For the last year or more this club has been gripped by a boardroom civil war between Kenwright and Paul Gregg. Kenwright, rightly or wrongly, has been the whipping boy of sections of the support, some of whom even set up a Billy Liar website chastising the man and mocking his outpourings. I was initially furious by these intimations. Anyone with any memory of the ruinous Peter Johnson years should be grateful that Bill Kenwright

## Motley Notes

effectively rescued this club. I argued with people on message boards, I wrote supportive articles in fanzines, I even rubbished his critics in a chapter I wrote for a forthcoming book. Even now, I disagree with some of his more ardent opponents. However, after his grubby refusal to even acknowledge a letter I took a good deal of time over, not to mention a gift that accompanied it, I'm beginning to understand why those who call him a charlatan, do so.

As someone lucky enough to write about this glorious game for a living sometimes for national newspapers, sometimes in books, sometimes (unpaid!) in fanzines people often ask me why Everton get such a bad rap in the press. I always stumbled on giving an appropriate answer: was it because we lived in Liverpool's shadow? Was it because we somehow lacked the glamour of the London clubs (even though most of them have been substantially less successful than us)? Was it the lack of media friendly stars a Beckham, or an Owen? Or was it just that for the last decade and a half, Everton have mostly played dull football, dodging between mediocrity and the mire of relegation battles?

Until recently I never quite knew the answer, but I think I've since stumbled across why Everton get such negative press.

On assignment for my paper, I'd been asked to give an Evertonian perspective on the Heysel Stadium disaster and the devastating consequences it had on our history. I felt it was a vitally important article, as the issue has never been properly addressed in the national press, and it would perhaps make the footballing fraternity think differently about Everton's decline over the years.

As part of this piece my editor required me to speak to Howard Kendall. I dropped an e-mail to Ian Ross, the club's head of public relations and corporate affairs, and he was glad to help out, replying straightaway. He directed me towards the press office and told me that they would put me in touch.

So I phoned up. I can only describe the person who picked up the phone I'm not naming names, but he's high up within the Press Office as sounding like an insolent teenager. No 'Hello, Everton press office', just a gruff 'Yeah'. When I told them who I was and what I wanted (and that his boss had given his approval), you would have thought I'd asked for Howard Kendall to do a nude Playboy spread or something. Eventually I was told by this sullen individual that he would see 'what he could do' and that I should phone back sometime (never, of course, offering to call me back).

24 hours later I called back. The press officer was busy, can I call back? 20 minutes later, he's on the other line. 'What's your number?' Does he return my call? Does he heck as like. Two hours later I get hold of him. Has he put forward my interview request to Howard Kendall? 'Sorry mate, couldn't get hold of him, try me tomorrow.' The next day and I underwent this whole rigmarole of trying to get hold of this press officer again. Finally I spoke to him, and found he couldn't contact Howard. That's fair enough: if the man is not around, he's not around.

## Motley Notes

I spent the following week chasing after this interview request, but at every stage I was treated by the Everton press office like an annoyance. At the same time I had to fend off the questions of my editor. I had a job to do too. In the end we cut our losses, and gave up. I looked bad because I'd not come up with the goods; how Heysel affected Everton never made it to the pages of my newspaper; and half a million readers missed out on the truth behind Everton's appalling decline.

I contrast this experience with those of other clubs I've recently had dealings with. All lesser than Everton, none sharing the club's great history (or pretensions), yet all with equivalent media standings. And why? Because they have courteous, friendly, and helpful press office staff, who are willing to go out of their way to help sell their clubs, and give a positive portrayal to the press. I write as a fan, as well as a journalist. But those not sharing my love for Everton are not going to be willing to make the same allowances in their work that I will make. If you get treated badly or in a disinterested manner by a club, you won't want to write nice things about them. That I'm afraid, as much as anything else, is why Everton have such bad image problems.

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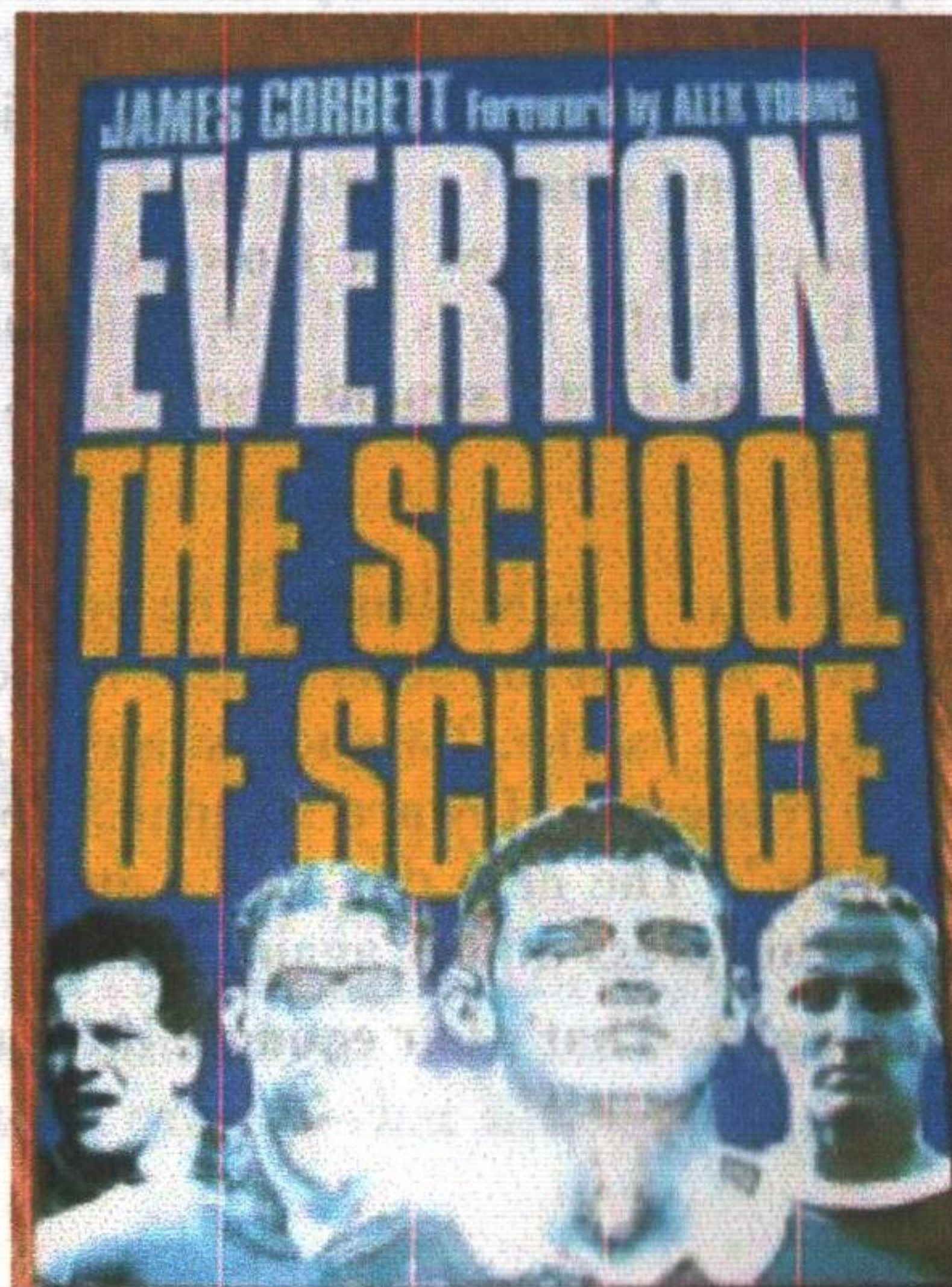
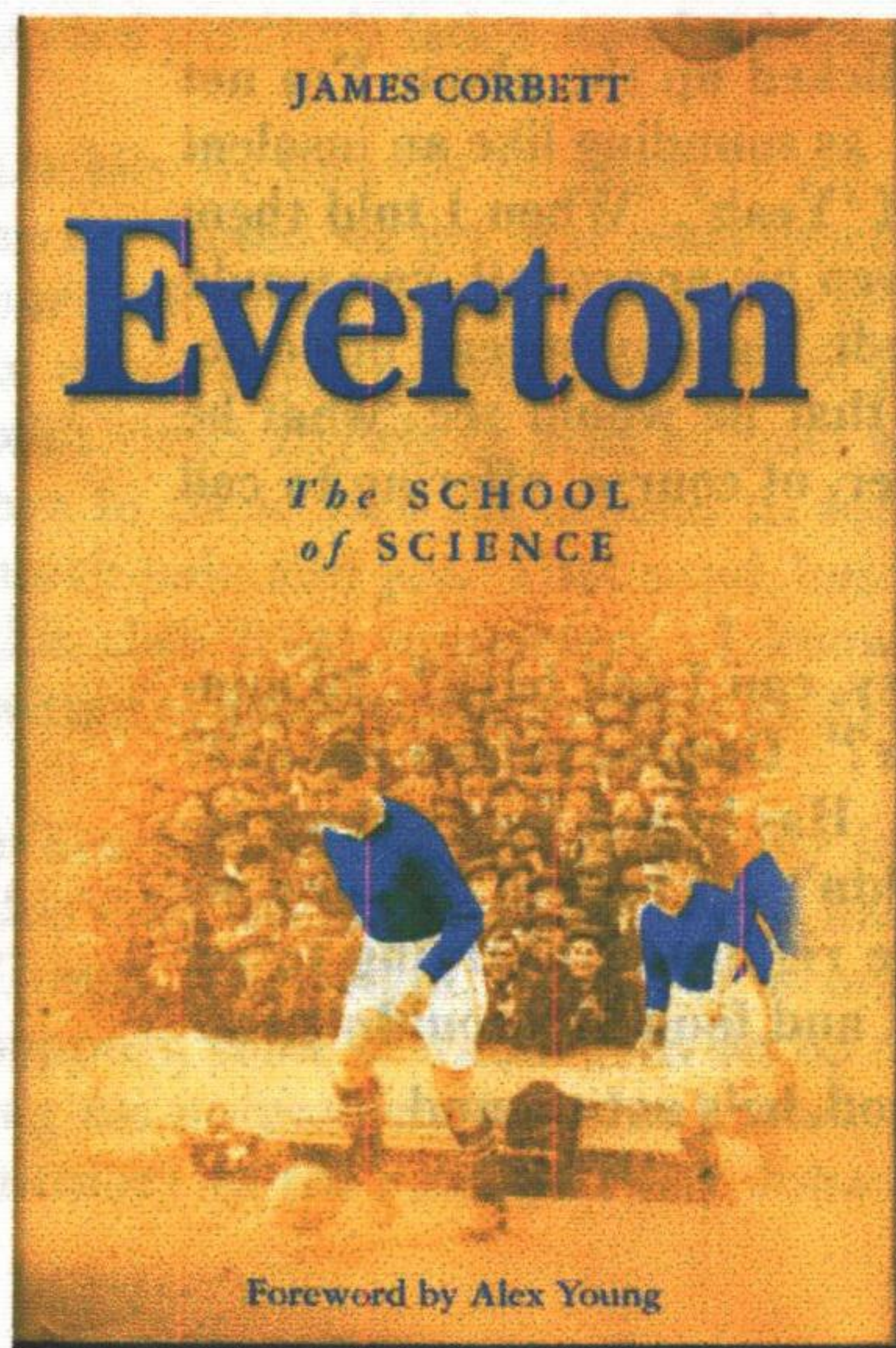
## James Corbett

James is contributing editor for the Observer Sports Supplement which is out on the first Sunday of every month.

He has interviewed Alan Ball and this interview should be out in the October Sports Observer magazine, make sure of your copy, it is rare that a genuine True Blue like James gets to interview stars such as Alan Ball and can ask questions that every Evertonian can relate to.

He also edited one of the first Everton Fanzines, When Gwladys Sings The Blues but for me his greatest achievement so far is his brilliant book. Everton The School Of Science. The book pictured below is worth every penny and is now out in paperback, available from Ottakars, W.H. Smith and all good book stores.

It is a must for any Evertonians collection, the copy shown on the left is the hard back issue the paperback issue on the right has a different cover



## Evertonians Food Guide To Europe

Thinking of following the Blues in Europe, here are some tips that might just help

### Scotland

Haggis and deep fried Mars Bars do not eat until after the game and then only if desperate

### Ireland

Stew, anything can be put into this dish and if they find out you are English, it probably will be.

### France.

Le Escargot not a good idea to make a butty out of this, snail's are slimy and the bread is thick, sounds a bit like the French themselves.

### Germany

Sauerkraut, no not a description of how the Germans will feel after we beat them but a revolting pale concoction called a meal, avoid.

### Russia

All food should be treated with care, better to wander off and find a McDonaldski

### Bulgaria

Start your diet to coincide with your visit.

### Hungary

You will be by the time you get home Goulash is exactly what it sounds like Goo Lashed into a bowl

### Spain

Paella, buy this and get salmonella free.

### Italy

Pasta etc rather pale looking stuff with the consistency of Wrigleys without the spearmint flavour.

### London

Jellied Eels possibly the worst meal anywhere it's what makes those Cockney chaps so slippery

### Portugal

Sardines, bloody sardines everywhere, their little eyes look at you if you try and bite their heads off first.

### Holland

Cheese that tastes and looks like candle wax and Mayonnaise with everything even on your chips.

### Turkey

Something that looks like an Eccles Cake becomes a kebab once you knock the flies off.

### Sweden. Norway. Iceland etc

Take a packed lunch

Strangely enough the beer can be drank safely in all of the above countries

Information for all travelling Evertonians only two items are essential a passport and a toilet roll

BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE EIGHTIES TRADE CARDS HAD ALL BUT DISAPPEARED WITH TOPPS ISSUING THEIR LAST SET IN 1980.

THIS COLLECTION OF TINY CARDS, EVEN SMALLER THAN CIGGIE CARDS, WAS THEIR SWANSONG UNTIL THEY RE-EMERGED IN THE LATE 90'S. PANINI AND FKS ENTERED THE DECADE BULLISHLY TRYING TO OUTDO THEIR RIVAL..THE FACT WAS THAT THEY NOW HAD NO REAL COMPETITION AND ONLY TWO STICKER SETS OF ANY NOTE WERE ISSUED BY TRANSIMAGE AND QUADRIGA.FOR BOTH COMPANIES ONE SET WAS THEIR ONLY ISSUE.

WHILE FKS MAINTAINED THEIR PREVIOUSLY SUCCESSFUL BUT TRADITIONAL FORMULA . PANINI AT LEAST ATTEMPTED A TOUCH OF STYLE AND INNOVATIVE DESIGN WHICH IN THE END PROBABLY SAW OFF FKS. IN 1982 FKS ISSUED SOCCER 82 THEIR LAST SET LEAVING PANINI UNCHALLENGED IN THE STICKER MARKET.BY NOW MOST TEAMS WERE SPONSORED AND PANINI BOLDLY ISSUED A NARROWER TALLER SET OF STICKERS FOR THEIR 1983 COLLECTION.MANAGER HOWARD KENDALL AND A STIFFLY POSED FIRST TEAM SQUAD PROUDLY DISPLAYED THE CLUB SPONSOR ON THEIR KIT NAMELY HAFNIA A COLD MEAT COMPANY NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD OF.

THEIR SPONSORSHIP BEGAN IN THE LATE SEVENTIES BUT I NEVER DID MEET ANYONE WHO HAD SAMPLED THEIR PRODUCTS.OR WOULD ADMIT TO IT . THIS WAS ONE OF THE FEW STICKER SET TO PRESENT FULL LENGTH POSED SHOTS OF THE PLAYERS AND TRUE TO FORM NEVILLE SOUTALL WAS FEATURED HOLDING THE FOOTBALL WITH BOTH SOCKS DOWN AROUND HIS ANKLES.

GLOSSY,SHINY STICKERS NOW COMPLEMENTED EACH SET . A FAMILIAR FACE IN A COUPLE OF THESE SERIES WAS PRESENT ASST MANAGER ALAN IRVINE. 1984 SAW PANINI REVERT TO MORE TRADITIONAL HEAD AND SHOULDER SHOTS AND FEATURED EIGHT OF THE PLAYERS WHO WOULD WIN THE CLUBS FIRST TROPHY FOR 14 YEARS AT WEMBLEY THAT MAY.

THIS WAS OF COURSE WAS TO BE THE START OF A GOLDEN ERA WITH UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS ,WHICH WAS CUT SHORT IN A TRAGIC TWIST..... THE EARLY 80,S STICKERS ARE STILL FAIRLY EASY TO OBTAIN AND ARE RELATIVELY CHEAP AS FAR AS FKS AND PANINI ARE CONCERNED. OF THE OTHER SETS TRANSIMAGE FALL INTO THE SAME CATEGORY , HOWEVER THE QUADRIGA SET ARE VERY RARE PROBABLY DUE TO LOW PRINT RUNS ,AND CONSEQUENTLY MUCH SOUGHT AFTER AMONGST COLLECTORS

BARRY HEWITT



Some nice Everton stickers from 1977

One of my great pleasures comes from talking to those older than me about Everton sides of yesteryear. My grandfather saw his first match in Dixie Deans famous 60 goal season, but was only a young child. However, one of his great friends – Dick White – a few years his senior, saw the great man action many times and remembers him fondly. My favourite story comes from the day he plundered goals 58, 59 and 60, against Arsenal on the last day of the 1927/28 season.

Aged ten, Dick had been building up to the big day for weeks. But it was very nearly a day of disappointment. He told me the story 75 years later: ‘I kept saying to my father, in the week leading up to that game – “Hey Dad, we’re going to have to be up there early.”’ My father was never a man to hurry though. Although he was no longer a policeman he had that majestic, slow, policeman’s gait – he walked that pace everywhere. And he always insisted that I went up to the ground with him.’

‘We lived about ten, fifteen minutes walk away from Goodison, but you wouldn’t believe, on this particular day, he still left at the same time AND insisted I was with him in case I got lost! We walked up to the ground, along Walton Lane, up Bullens Road and into Gwladys Street. The old boys pen was on the Bullens Road, just around the corner of Gwladys Street and my father always paid his “bob” and stood under the clock (on the corner of Gwladys Street and Goodison Road). We got to the corner, he put his hand in his pocket and produced four pence and said: “Now, at the end of the game, meet me on the corner, by that lamppost.” I said, “Yes alright Dad, I’ll be there.” And off he went and I got in the queue.’

The streets around Goodison were crushed with throngs of expectant and excited fans. As three o’clock neared, the long queue to the boy’s pen was shortening, but Dick White was still far from the turnstiles. Finally, it began to shorten, and he could see the white painted walls of Goodison’s interior. Then, as he was within five boys of the front of the queue disaster struck. The gates shut. Full!

‘I was distraught. I’d been looking forward to this for weeks, months. It was history in the making. I was weeping and all sorts of things were going through my mind: shall I go home; or shall I wait until three quarter time (when they opened the turnstiles); and if my Dad comes out and I’m not here, he’ll be worried, so no, I’ll have to wait....’

With tears streaming down his face, and throngs of people still packing the streets with tickets or the money to go elsewhere in the ground, despair filled his heart.

‘Then this gentleman was walking along, and stopped, and looked at me. “What’s the matter with you,” he asked. So I unburdened my sorry tale on him. “How much money have you got?” He asked. “Four pence.” “Well, you need a shilling to get in.” “Yes,” I said. “I know.” And he gave me eight pence! I don’t think I even thanked him! I legged it to the nearest turnstile, paid my shilling and fought my way through this mass of people behind the Gwladys Street goal, around to the far side, as near as I could get to the players subway and fought my way down, almost to the well.’

Dick missed the opening stages of the game, but saw Dixie claim his famous record. Now in his late eighties, he still goes to the match, and even now, his grandchildren always remind him of his great story every time they walk past the spot where the good Samaritan gave him the shilling he needed.

James Corbett



## **Moyes Is He The Main Man?**

All I hear is that David Moyes has worked miracles since he came to Everton, he has been voted manager of the season twice so why is it that I still feel I need to be convinced of this all so obvious genius?

First of all last season's fourth place was more by luck than any kind of Moyes Master plan.

Teams that are usually up there fighting for a top four spot all had a bad season be honest how many games did you watch at Goodison and say we are brilliant, a great team?

Arsenal, Tottenham, Man City, Charlton, Blackburn, Birmingham, all were abysmal but we hold on to The Derby Man Untd, the injustice but rightful result against Chelsea, the Bolton humdinger.

How many times did you question the substitutions or non substations of the manager? Ok let's move on to the close season and we have got through to the Champions League qualifier, there is money available to Moyes, the World, so to speak is his oyster. A team that got through last season without too many injuries all of a sudden sees the manager buying non fit players, i.e. Beattie, out injured for ages at Southampton and still not fit even though he has been here six months. Simon Davies out injured most of the season at Spurs, we buy him. Ferguson out injured more than any other premiership player even sick note Anderton, we re sign him, Pistone been here four seasons been fit for only one, which just happened to be the one he had to convince Moyes for a new contract.

Per Kroldrup looks to be a good signing but so did Marco Materazzi he lasted 32 games.

We have an ageing goalkeeper and an understudy who has let twelve goals in in his last two games!!!! Carsley is still in contention for a game!!!! How much more do you need to hear?

A penalty shoot out in Thailand with Weir and Yobo amongst the first five to take one!!!! Ok it's a friendly and we shouldn't take too much notice but why weren't the young lads given a chance?

Everton are 40/1 to finish in the bottom three, should I put my money on them? Would I be disloyal if I did? Or would I be sensible considering our old and injured squad plus Dithering Dave, look around you at all our rivals, they have been spending, replacing the failures of last season, we have been re employing them.

Who wanted Pistone? Who wanted Duncan? Who wants Richard Wright? Only you, the blind, follow like a sheep Evertonian.

With the price increases in the lounge areas and my seat taken away from me I will not be paying the over the top price, I will watch EFC on Sky TV or go to Wigan, Bolton, Blackburn when we play there. Everton have treated their fans with disrespect, they think there is an endless queue of blues prepared to throw their money away.

Tell me I am wrong, tell me I am not an Evertonian and I will tell you that I am not stupid, I watched a poor Everton team play above themselves last season Arsenal summed us up 7-0.

Look at last seasons attendances, we did not get a full house on many occasions and we were doing well, what happens when we slip down the League and believe me, with Moyes and this team we will?

I will tell you what will happen, Everton will try and woo back all the loyal fans they have ripped off but they will be in for a shock, they won't come back.

Get ready for the fall, it's a long way down and if I am wrong then you can write in and slag me off.

Martin Ford

## **Mack The Knife Sees A Hard Year head**

Let's get the bad news out of the way first, super five goals, eight games a season Duncan is still here, the man who can hardly play two games back to back has decided to take a pay cut and 'PLAY' another season. Am I being too cynical in saying that the only way he will get a full wage packet is to be available for every game, if he is unfit he will only get the minimum amount.

Now all of you Duncan fans might think there has been a modern day miracle when surprisingly he is fit for every game, not that, that means he has been working the head on us for the past ten years, of course not. More bad news, Pistone is back, now Goodison Park has two statues, Dixie Dean's and Pistone, at least Duncan's pigeons will have somewhere to rest during training.

The good news, Bellamy, the ugly little cheat, will not be joining Everton, the prolific, eleven goals in two seasons forward (Maybe Duncan isn't that bad) has decided, purely on football terms you understand to join Blackburn, the fact that he will get £10,000 a week more had no influence on him whatsoever.

Those who have left the club, Steve Watson, a good hard working utility man, Evertonians should thank him for his hard work and effort. Alan Stubbs, another who had more graft than class but he did his best for Everton and therefore should also be remembered fondly. Beattie, well what can we say about him, not a lot, he has had a strange start to his Everton career but something tells me deep down that we have a 'Good Un'. He reminds me of Bob Latchford at times, that stride, pounce, lurch call it what you like but he seems to be like a lion waiting to pounce on it's pray. Maybe I am wrong and he will let us all down but at 50/1 for top goalscorer in the Premiership I might just throw a Bluey on him.

Kroldrup, has been called a 'Footballing' Centre Half, well if he can match T.G. Jones or Brian Labone, we will have a treat in store, a graceful footballer is always welcomed at Goodison Park.

Simon Davies, I didn't think much of him to be honest but in Thailand I thought he looked good and I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, yes he has a problem with injuries but who at Goodison doesn't?

Yobo, he is another who sometimes looks class then the next minute looks like a novice, it is his last chance to convince Evertonians that he has what it takes to command his defence. Kilbane, is certainly not a left back but he is a hard working, midfield / winger. I think Kevin does more than most Evertonians give him credit for, he is tireless in his running off the ball, always ready to take the weight of a colleague, he will have a great season.

I would have liked to have seen a new goalkeeper but Moyes seems happy enough with Martyn, Turner, Ruddy and Wright.

Tony Hibbert, he can be good or awful and at times brilliant, his tackling is exceptional, as is his timing but he seems to lose interest at times and his throw ins are abysmal, he never finds a Blue shirt. Still for all of that, he is only young and is progressing, who knows he might make the England team if Everton keep up their high profile.

Leon Osman can also make the breakthrough this season, he can pass, run and score, an excellent reader of the game, he can only grow in confidence, he will in my opinion be man of the season.

Tim Cahill, if he cuts out the stupid fouls he also will have a great season, a good header of the ball and clever runner off the ball, expect more goals this season as well.

Mc Fadden, Carsley, will probably only play minor roles, Carsley for me is vastly over rated, he has lost the art of putting in a tackle and gets skinned too often for my liking. Weir and Bent will have to play well to keep in the team but both can do that, so with captain Davie Weir, it will be interesting to see what happens. All in all we will need to convert all the chances we usually miss to stay in the top ten.

# View From The Grassy Knoll



"I wonder where they got all their tickets from"

## Rules No Longer Apply - Sentiment Takes Over

The impossible happened, the worst team in the competition won. The shock waves around Turkey were more than any Earthquake could create.

The Lost Tribe Of Merseyside had fought back from three goals down to cheat in the penalty shoot out and take home the Cup.

Your non football loving neighbour decorated his house, your workmates that would not find Anfield if they were parachuted into Stanley Park said how great it was. Thousands who have never paid a penny to watch went to see their heroes come home.

The TV Companies and Radio Stations all joined in praising 'the best night of football ever'.

The newspapers printed pictures of the crowd, a mass of Red & White, they seemed to be everywhere said one rag.

The fact that they were everywhere did not bring any inquiry into how they got 'Everywhere' who sold them the tickets? Was a question never asked.

Uefa F.I.F.A, The F.A. and the Football League all have rules saying that fans should not travel without tickets, they should not be in enclosures that are allocated to other fans and they should not run onto the field of play.

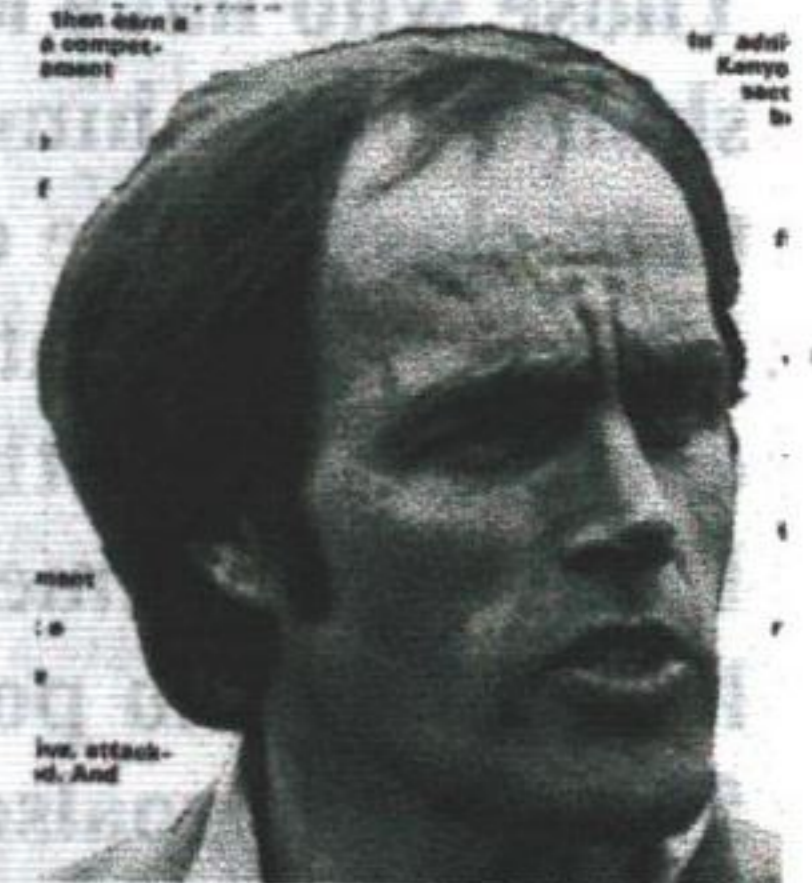
Liverpool fans broke all those rules, they travelled without tickets and bought them from Touts, they were in the Italian section of the ground, they ran on the pitch and had their photographs taken with the team.

Nothing has been said or done to those fans or to Liverpool Football Club, the only Club in the Premiership last season to have fans jailed for Rioting at a Football Match (Millwall in the Carling Cup).

On the other hand Everton football fans who ran onto the pitch last season to celebrate goals scored by their team found themselves in court, banned from their beloved stadium, Everton were warned by the F.A. about the conduct of their fans.

At Blackburn and Bolton last season Everton fans who bought tickets from the official box office were thrown out of the stadium for being in the home fans enclosure, these tickets were not bought from touts.

Why were Everton and Evertonians punished by the F.A? The simple answer is our name is not Liverpool, rules apply to us.



Lee

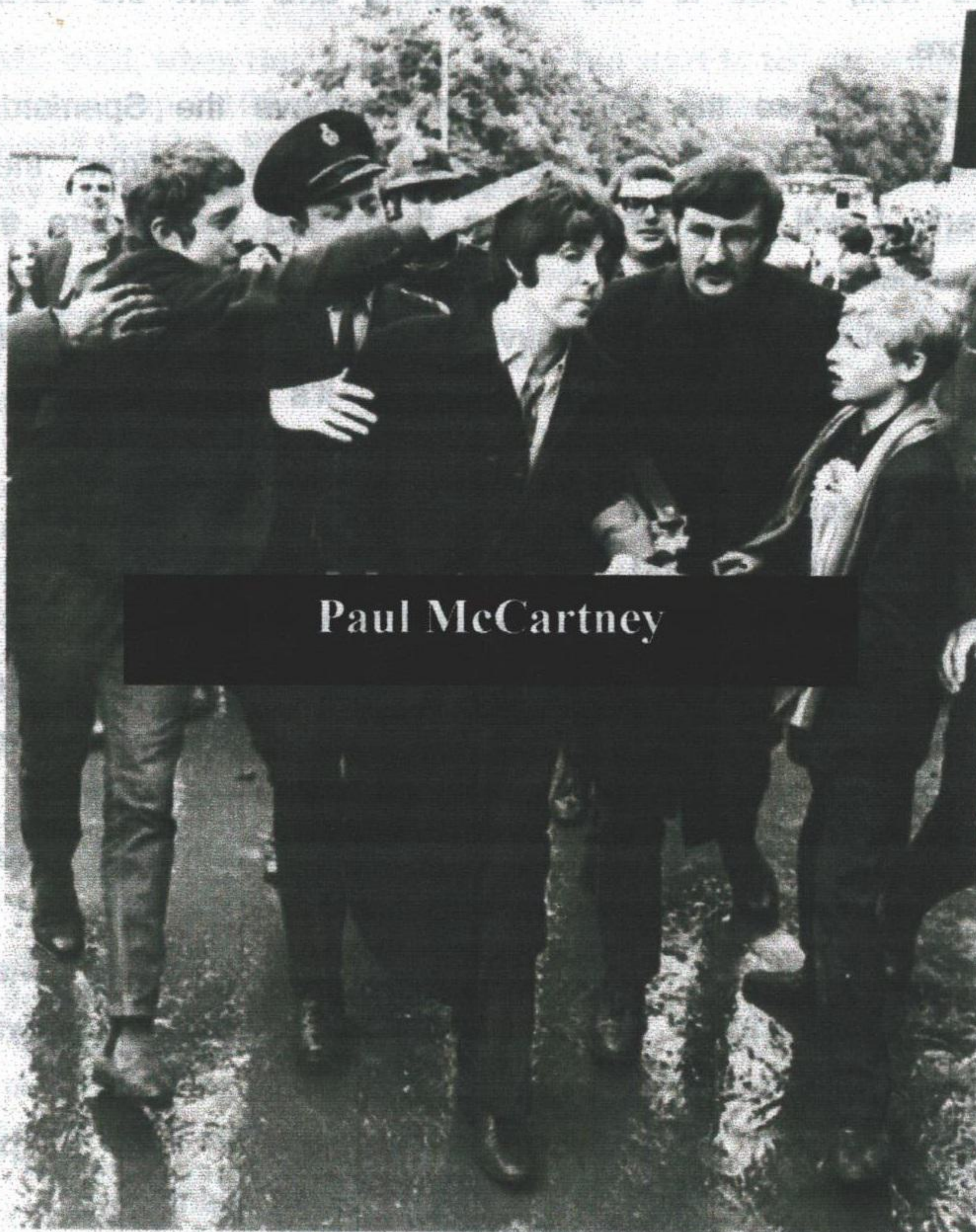


Harvey



Oswald

## Singing The Blues



Paul McCartney

**It has often been wondered if any of the Beatles were 'Blue Boys' maybe this picture will clear some things up.**

**Paul McCartney is besieged by Evertonians outside Wembley before the 1968 Cup Final.**

**If you are one of the fans in the picture, get in touch with Blue Blood or if you know someone in the photo let me know.**

**If Paul was still a Blue surely he would have bought the Kings Dock Stadium and donated it to Everton!!!**

## **Gwladys's Street's Neighbourhood Watch**

Isn't it great to be back Europe and all of that stuff ? I can't wait, some of you went to Bangkok but it's too bloody hot out there for me, my makeup would be matted and my mascara would run faster than Pistone.

Those gorgeous Italians were over here the other night for the Udinese game, they have the most lovely clothes, their shirts are pure silk and those tight trousers well, I had to stop the ironing and draw the curtains, I couldn't take any more.

No sooner do we lose the Italians than we have the Spaniards on the way Villarreal, it's going to be hard to keep them away from their Red Mates over the Park. I will keep an eye on them and make sure they get up to no mischief around here.

Back to the football, the prices have gone up something terrible, friends of mine say they can't afford to go any more, it's as if we live in some posh area, the prices Everton are charging for a Lounge ticket.

There has been talk that the little fat lad who used to play for us is in trouble with his driving around Manchester .

I am not surprised, when he lived around here, he was on a BMX bike, he goes off and buys a big Four Wheel Drive car, it's a bit different isn't it?

Anyhow we have got a lovely lad to replace him, well we have two actually, Tim Cahill and Mikel Arteta what more could a woman ask for than two gorgeous hunks running around in a pair of little shorts just around the corner from where she lives?

There will be more life around here at night this season, what with all the European games scheduled and the other Cup matches it will be nice to hear all the hustle and bustle of a match day.

Some neighbours moan about the traffic and find it hard to park their cars but it's only for a couple of hours, what do they want?

Mr Moyes has been getting moaned at for not spending any money but remember he is Scottish and they do not like to let go of their cash without getting a bargain. Give him time he will come through and buy a real diamond, he got Kroldrup another good looking lad and Simon Davies is a real rugged Welshman.

I think Davie Weir will make a great captain and we can go on to win things this season, if we all have a little faith and keep up our support for the Boys then I am sure they will respond.

James Beattie is looking far slimmer than he was when he arrived and I will have a tenner on him at 50/1 to be top Premiership Scorer.

# The Gordon West Story.

A great Evertonian and a brilliant goalkeeper, Westie still walks around Goodison on match days. Always cheerful, he comes over to me and talks, buys a fanzine and then wanders off to do some Corporate entertaining. I thought that it would be nice to let those of you who were too young to have seen him just what he is all about.

Gordon had a book out in 1970 called *The Championship In My Keeping*, it is a great book but hard to find, so I decided to run sections off it inside this seasons *Blue Blood* this is the part one.

I Suffer for Soccer!

PEOPLE MAKE ME mad, when they come up to me and start to tell me what an easy life I live. 'Fancy picking up £ 100 a week or so, for doing nothing!' they joke. And even when they concede that I do SOME work for my living, they seriously believe that I've still got 'a bobby's job'. But don't you believe it!

I admit that I'm a Soccer oddity, in more ways than one. For instance, I was absolutely dedicated almost fanatical in my determination about becoming a professional footballer. Yet I seldom watch a match on television, I hate talking about football when I'm away from the ground and I've been to watch only one League game since I joined Everton, on March 18, 1962.

That game was at Anfield, where Liverpool played Tottenham Hotspur. It was in the season that Everton last won the championship and the only reason I went to watch the match was that I hoped Liverpool would give the Spurs a tanning because Tottenham were our most dangerous rivals during the run in to the title.

Yet, as I say, I was utterly fanatical in my determination to become a professional footballer. And if anyone thinks that I've had it easy, he can forget that idea, straight away. I've known what it's like to go from rags to comparative riches and I still know what a sacrifice I make, every day of my life, to keep at the top in my chosen profession.

You're an ordinary working chap, maybe you sweep the streets for a living; or empty dustbins; or work in a factory; or sit at an office desk. But you still get three square meals every day of your life. That's two more than I get!

I'm a big lad, a shade over six feet tall. And I weigh 14 stone 2 lb. But I'm one of those people who naturally put on weight. So I've really suffered in the cause of Soccer, I can tell you. The day I was transferred to Everton, I weighed 14 stone 9 lb. And I was just 18. I sometimes wonder if Blackpool transferred me because they thought that, like Topsy, I'd just keep on growin' and growin' outwards, instead of upwards. Yet, to look at me when I was a 15-year-old, and had just arrived at Bloomfield Road, you would think I was a weakling. There was nothing of me!

Maybe it was the seaside air but whatever the reason, I put on weight after I arrived at Blackpool. And it seemed as if, no matter what I did, I would never stop until I finally broke the scales. Of course, I was always hungry, and so I ate. But to counteract the surplus weight, I used to take a hot bath every night, before I went to bed. That would shed something like a couple of pounds from the load until I got up for breakfast.

The first thing they did, when I arrived at Everton, was to put me on the scales. As I said, I weighed 14 stone 9 1/2 lb. 'That's too much,' they said, straightaway. 'You've got to get down to around 14 stone.' And every week since I joined the club, I've had to tip the scales at little more than that weight.

The hot baths might have been reducing my weight a little, but they did nothing for my nerves. I found that I became edgy and upset easily. So I stopped the bath 'treatment'.

Eventually, I found that there was only one sure way to keep reasonably slim. I cut out breakfast, I cut out lunch; and I didn't have a whacking great evening meal, either, come to that. Every morning, breakfast for me consists of a cup of coffee; every evening, I have something like a steak and vegetables, and maybe a piece of cheese. No chips which I love; no sweet stuff which I love. Nothing which could add as much as an ounce to my six foot frame. So the next time you're tempted to have another chunk of that luscious cream cake, just remember that I work for my living and, in some ways, I suffer because I wanted to play professional football. Just in case you think that maybe I don't work quite as hard during training as the rest of the lads at Goodison, let me tell you that I match players like Brian Labone and Alan Ball, stride for stride. But they don't have to watch their figures like I do. As for Sandy Brown, I really envy him, for he can eat anything and he never puts on an ounce of weight.

I spoke about rags to riches, too. Well, I've no complaints about my pay as a professional footballer these days, but it wasn't always like that. My Dad is a miner, and I know what it's like to have to watch the pennies. I still possess a photograph of our primary school football team. Oh, yes, I'm on it front row, centre, right behind the trophy that we won. The reason? I couldn't afford a proper pair of football stockings, so I nipped into the spot on the front row, so that the trophy would hide my legs.

It's a bit of a joke, really, how I broke into professional football. I'd always played centre-forward or centre-half, and then one day, I went to play for a mining team. Their goalkeeper hadn't turned up, so I went between the sticks. I did pretty well, too, and I enjoyed it. Soon afterwards, I got the chance to go for a trial at Blackpool. Accidentally like.



Gordon West signs for Everton

Originally, I come from the little mining village of Darfield, near Barnsley. It's not so far from Scunthorpe, either, where Ronnie Suart used to be the manager, before he went to Blackpool. I had a pal called John Rennie, and Ronnie Suart knew John's uncle. One day, he suggested that John should go for a trial to Blackpool. John's uncle asked me if I wanted to go, and when I said 'Yes', he asked me: 'What position centre-forward or centre-half? Don't forget, they want to have some idea of what you can do.'

Quite firmly, I said I wanted to be put down as a goalkeeper and I think this rather embarrassed John's uncle. As a centre-half or a centre-forward, he knew I could do a bit, but as a goalkeeper well, I'd only played in that position once. Still, he took me along. And three week ends later, after I'd played in various trials, I was hopeful that I would have a future in professional football as the last line of defence.

By then, I was going down to Barnsley, training a couple of nights a week, after they had seen me playing in local Soccer. So now two clubs were showing interest in me. One night, after training, I happened to be alone in the dressing-room, fastening my shoes. The manager, who had been out with us, was the only other person in the room. I plucked up enough courage to ask if there would be an opening on the ground staff for me. Not unkindly, but as gently as he could, Tim Ward told me that he was afraid there were no openings, at that moment. I shed tears of despair on the bus ride home that night. If Barnsley didn't think I was good enough, what chance had I with a club like Blackpool? I wondered. My dreams of a career in Soccer vanished.

However, I kept up the pretence by continuing to go to Blackpool at the week ends although I felt too hurt and ashamed to go back to Barnsley in mid-week. Seven weeks later, manager Ronnie Suart took me on one side, and I feared that this was going to be the moment of truth. A repeat of the verdict I had received at Barnsley. Instead, I left Bloomfield Road walking on air. For 'the boss' said, simply: 'You can start on the ground staff next Monday all right?'

At last, then, I was IN even if it were the humblest position in the club. I received the princely sum of £2 10s. a week for this privilege of being a real, live footballer with a First Division club. But by the time I had paid a bit of tax and national insurance, my £2 10s. had dwindled to a couple of quid and that had to last me until the following pay day.

Did I say I knew what it was like, to be poor? One day, I was out with centre-half Glyn James and I confided: 'I've seen a smashing pair of trousers they're thirty-nine and eleven pence.' I decided that I had to have those trousers, so I coughed up the cash from my two quid which left me with exactly one penny to get through the following week.

Later on, I was able to add a jacket to that pair of trousers a sports coat which was my pride and joy. I felt the best-dressed teenager in Blackpool, and I had my photograph taken, in my new rig-out, especially for my first visit home. I wanted a permanent reminder of what a smart young fellow I was, as a professional footballer. When I'd arrived at Blackpool, I'd possessed only the clothes I stood up in.

Incidentally, if you're wondering how I survived, that week when I had only a penny between me and the workhouse, I'll tell you. Part of my job, as a ground-staff boy, was to sweep the terraces. And that week, as I Swept the terraces of the 'scratching shed', as the popular side was known, I did the job with more than usual intensity. I never lifted my head for a moment because I knew that I was likely to find the odd tanner or shilling that some unlucky customer had lost, at the previous home game. My luck was in I finished up with about 3s. 6d, so I managed to eke this out until the next pay day.

As I swept out the 'scratching shed' that day, I didn't realise for one moment that my fortunes would take a dramatic, upward trend within a short space of time; that I would make my First Division debut for Blackpool at the ripe old age of 17 or that I would be transferred to glamour-club Everton for a record fee of £27,500 even if I were back in the reserves for Blackpool, at that time.

Thinking back to that night when I had my hopes dashed at Barnsley, I can only be thankful that Blackpool gave me the chance to set my foot on the ladder to Footballing fame and fortune; otherwise, it might have been the mines for me, as it was for so many of my pals back at Darfield.

I made my First Division debut for Blackpool in a game away, against Aston Villa. I had quite a good game, although Villa's centre-forward, Gerry Hitchens who has just returned to this country, after a long and successful spell in Italian football scored two goals. We were at the bottom of the First Division, but we managed to salvage a point, in a 2-2 draw, and I was reasonably happy with my performance. It might have been beginner's luck for me to some extent but, after all, it was New Year's Eve, 1960.

In fact, I kept my form and my place, right to the end of the season. And when the following August came round, I was in the first team again. I stayed there for more than a dozen games, collected an England Under-23 caps and then I was dropped. I was still in the England Under-23 squad, still in the reserves at Bloomfield Road, when the bombshell exploded. I had been up to Scotland for an Under-23 game, along with a couple of team-mates. Manager Ronnie Suart met us at Manchester airport, and dropped off my team-mates, then we carried on along the road to Blackpool. Almost casually, 'the boss' turned to me and said: 'Look in at the ground this afternoon, will you? Harry Catterick's coming through from Everton and he wants to sign you.' I almost fell off my seat, I was so surprised.

I started to feel nervous. I thought back to my early days at Blackpool they weren't so long ago, at that and I wondered what I should say to the Everton manager, when (and if) he showed up. I knew that I hadn't been playing too well at Blackpool, and had been trying to fight my way out of a black patch; I was courting a Blackpool girl she later became my wife and I had made plenty of friends in this friendly, seaside resort. I liked the club, I liked my team-mates. And I liked and respected Ronnie Suart.

Indeed, I was grateful to him for all the interest he had taken in me, and for the help he had given me. My mind flashed back to a couple of games one good, one not so good. The second match had been at Fulham, and we had lost, I felt, somehow, that I had been at fault with almost all the goals, although I wasn't quite sure what I had done wrong.

On the Monday after the game, Ronnie Suart collared me, and walked me round the whole of the track at Bloomfield Road all the time quietly talking to me about the game and the goals the previous Saturday. One moment he would be asking me where I thought we had been at fault, the next moment he was suggesting that the answer might lie in such and such a thing. I realised, gradually, that he was pointing out to me where I had gone wrong; but he did it in the gentlest possible way, and at the end, I was grateful for his patience and wiser, as a result of this little chat. I resolved that I wouldn't make the same mistakes again.

The other occasion I remember was when, instead of spelling out my errors to me, he finished up hugging me in the dressing-room. And this time, it was because I had played a blinder in a game which ensured that Blackpool would remain in the First Division. The match was at Birmingham; we had to win it, while our rivals in distress, Preston North End, still had to lose their game at home against Manchester United. It was Blackpool or Preston for the drop.

Well, I pulled off a couple of good saves early on, at Birmingham and then, suddenly, we were two goals up, through Bruce Crawford and Stanley Matthews, if my memory is right. I suddenly realised I was shaking, from the tension of it all. I started to think what might have happened, had I not pulled off those two saves early on. And then it was half-time, and I was walking down the passage towards the dressing room. I heard a voice yelling 'Preston's losing!' And I realised that the voice belonged to a Blackpool director. He was beside himself with excitement. I started shaking all over again, when I thought about the 45 minutes we still had to endure. Well, the second half wasn't half as bad as I had feared, and we were still two goals ahead, when the final whistle went. When we heard that Preston had lost, it made our day and we celebrated with champagne which Birmingham had thoughtfully laid on.

It was the first time I had tasted the stuff, and as I drank it, and everyone was laughing and talking at once, I wondered what it must be like to win the F.A. Cup, or the League championship. After all, we had only just ensured our First Division survival. But I felt really great when Ronnie Suart came up to me and said I'd played so well; then he grabbed me, and started hugging me, in his relief and excitement that we had made it.

Now here he was, calmly and matter-of-factly telling me that I could sign for Everton, if I wished. It was up to me, of course but what the heck was I to do? I still hadn't got things sorted out properly in my mind, when he dropped me at my digs, and so I decided that the best thing would be to go to bed for a couple of hours, and sleep on the matter.

Easier said than done. I tossed and turned, pondering what the future might hold for me, whichever way I decided. I realised that money wasn't everything. I wasn't on a fortune at Blackpool far from it but I'd settled there so well, and I really felt that, with a little bit of luck, I could win back my first team place from Tony Waiters. But if I went to Everton, where they had so many big name players what would happen, then? How long would I hold my place there? And what would my new team-mates think about me?

I suddenly realised that I was far from being a man of the world, even though I had been living away from home for quite a time. I was just 18; and this was a tremendous decision to have to make. I also knew that, in my heart of hearts, I didn't really want to go I was too much at home at Blackpool.

I tell you: frankly, I was terrified. I knew just what a great club Everton were but I felt they were TOO great for me. I was overawed. The news had come too suddenly, right out of the blue. And it had left me breathless, and feeling afraid. In Everton's team at that time were players like Alex Parker, Brian Labone, Jimmy Gabriel, Brian Harris, Alex Young, Roy Vernon, Bobby Collins . . . players who were taking the Goodison club towards the First Division Championship.

I never did sleep on the matter; I didn't even manage to snatch 40 winks. For before I realised it, it was time for me to go down to Bloomfield Road and face Ronnie Suart and Harry Catterick. When I got there, 'the boss' introduced me to Mr. Catterick. He told me what a great club Everton was, what tremendous plans he had for the Club's future, and then he asked me what I thought about joining them. I suppose I must have sounded a bit gormless, as they say in Yorkshire, but I just gaped and answered: 'I don't know.'

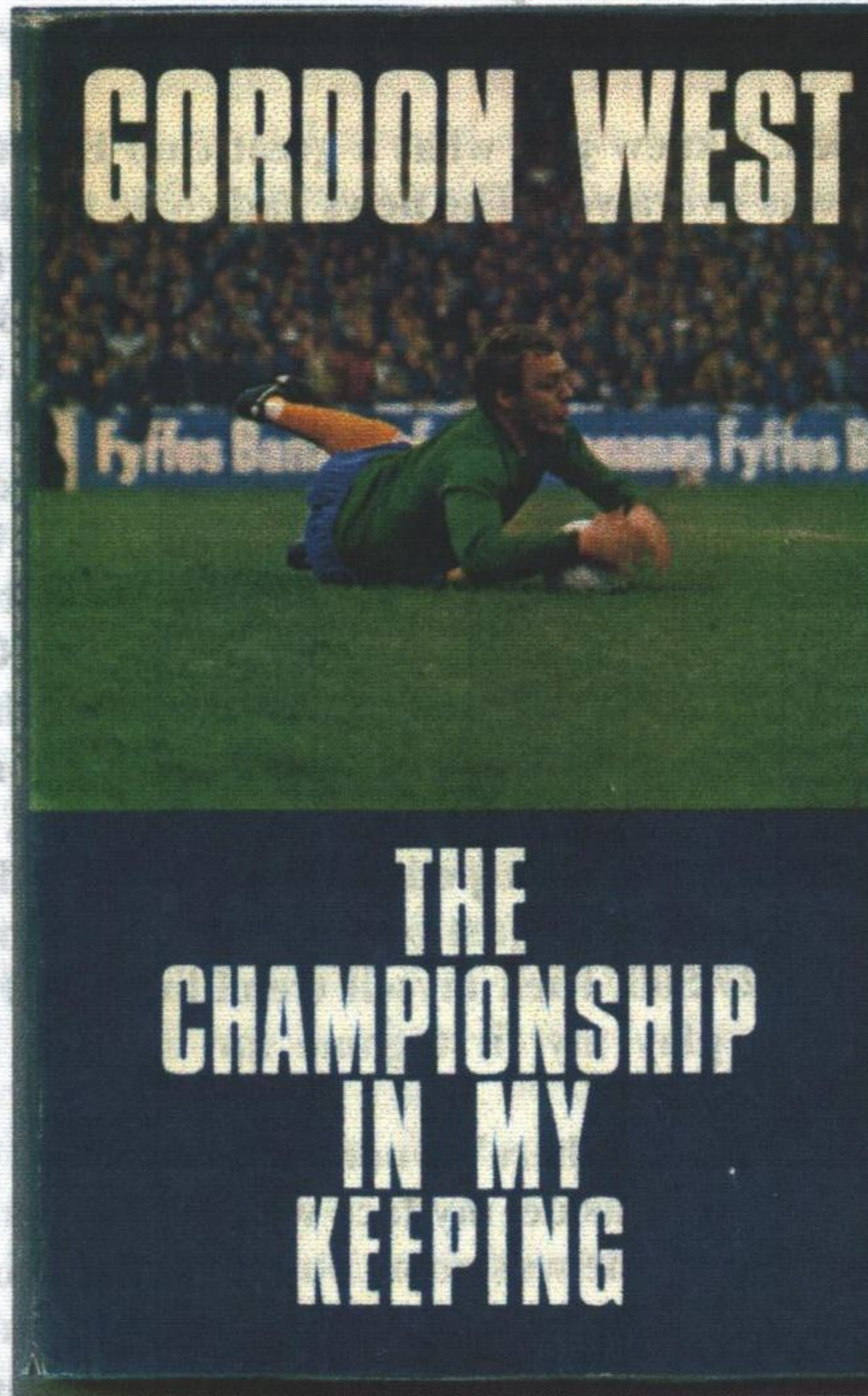
Patiently, the Everton boss went over the points he had made, once again. And, without really knowing what I was doing, I grasped the pen and signed for the Goodison club. When I walked out, knowing that I 'had just been a party to my own transfer, for a British record fee at that time of £27,500, I felt myself trembling. And when I went into the dressing-room at Goodison, to play my first game for my new club, against the Wolves, I was almost paralysed with fright.

Brian Harris, a great joker, called out: 'Where's your sun tan, son?' He told me afterwards that though I had come from the seaside, my face was as white as chalk. And it was no consolation to me to know that this game was going out over the air indeed, if the commentator, Wally Barnes, had asked me to say even one word, I would probably have choked. I'm still not quite sure how I made it to the goal that day, without my legs buckling from under me. But they told me afterwards that I had played pretty well, and we won, 4-0, so I felt happy enough. But this was the first time I had come up against the absolutely fervent atmosphere of a Merseyside crowd which is on your side, and I realised that I would have to get used to it. Bobby Collins was the skipper of the side, that day and on the following Monday, Leeds and Everton agreed terms for his transfer. You come, you go football fortunes can change as swiftly as that. Bobby went to Leeds, almost before I'd had time to say 'Hello' to him, and he proved a great little general for the Yorkshire club. He helped them to stave off the threat of Third Division football, helped



to steer them into the First Division and to an F.A. Cup final at Wembley, as well as into Europe. And he was named as the Footballer of the Year. So Everton, who had signed him for £25,000, had done well in recouping every penny of the cash they had paid for him; and Leeds found that they had got a bargain buy, at the price, considering the fantastic service he rendered them.

As for me, I consider my move to Everton was the best I could ever have made. I was overawed at the time, but now I know I didn't make a mistake. Although I do remember that, as I picked up my first wage packet, my hands were trembling. I'd never handled as much money in all my life. For in addition to my wage and the win bonus, I'd picked up a hefty crowd bonus. On the way home, I kept feeling in my pocket to make sure that the cash was still there. Seventy pounds was a fortune to me.



To be continued in issue 27

# Pre Season Tours.



Having just got divorced as a result of 'paying more attention to Everton than you do to me' I decided to continue my true love affair with the Blues and go on the pre season tour.

The beauty of Austria the bustle of Scotland, the heat of Thailand, the noise of Turkey the joy of following Everton is unmatched by anything else you can think of.

People who know me always ask me why do I waste my money going to watch matches that even the players aren't interested in? The only answer is because it's Everton, there is something special about being in a Bangkok hotel, planning your journey to the stadium and taking in as many bars on the way there and on the way back. You see other Evertonians who also go to every game, some go in little groups, others like myself stay on their own, it's up to the individual but everyone seems to enjoy themselves.

Up in Glasgow for the Motherwell game I booked a B&B just on the edge of the City and made my way into town, there were a lot of Blues about and some Manc's they were playing Clyde, anyhow I had a few beers and made my way to the ground, it's not the new Wembley but nevertheless I thought it was ok, much better than the game, only Motherwell took it seriously, well Big Dunc did go into the Walton Strangler Mode at one time but all in all it was just a loosen your muscles exercise.

Bangkok, no one can forewarn you about the heat, as soon as I walked out of the airport it hit me, the worlds biggest open air sauna, talk about sticky weather, I went into the City, a concrete jungle with every junction looking exactly like the other, Milton Keynes with a heat lamp. I thought that I would never find my way around but the tuk tuk's were cheap and fast, the train brilliant and the bars excellent.



Before the game I had a spare day so I took in the sights, the Temples were magnificent as were the Orchid gardens, The food from the street traders was cheap and excellent, the beer was also cool and delicious.

The stadium was not as good as I thought it would be, it was big but soulless and I didn't really like it. The games were shown live back home so there is no need to go into a kick by kick assessment, I would just like to say to you, don't judge the boys too harshly, it was unbearably hot, sultry, suffocating at times, not a Footballing environment, but we did alright, we didn't get beat, they were both drawn, only the penalty taking let us down.

Istanbul, more heat and flies, noise, all around you, trying to walk around without getting pestered to buy something was

a pain but not as much of a pain as the trip to the stadium. Out in the back of beyond, what a great place for a prison but not a football ground. Wright and Pistone are in the team, that means only one thing we get Roasted in Turkey, Stuffed, you name it, it applies to Everton, 5-0 it's embarrassing.

Moyes seems to be at a loss as to what formation to start with, Beattie up front on his own, is not working.

So there you have it, thanks to the wonders of the internet café and my digital camera I have been able to send you some bad news about Everton on tour.

I will be back next week for the Udinese friendly and will hope for a better performance from the Blues but nothing really matters until we kick off against Man U in the Premiership.



Roamin Withoutthebitch

# Everton In Chile

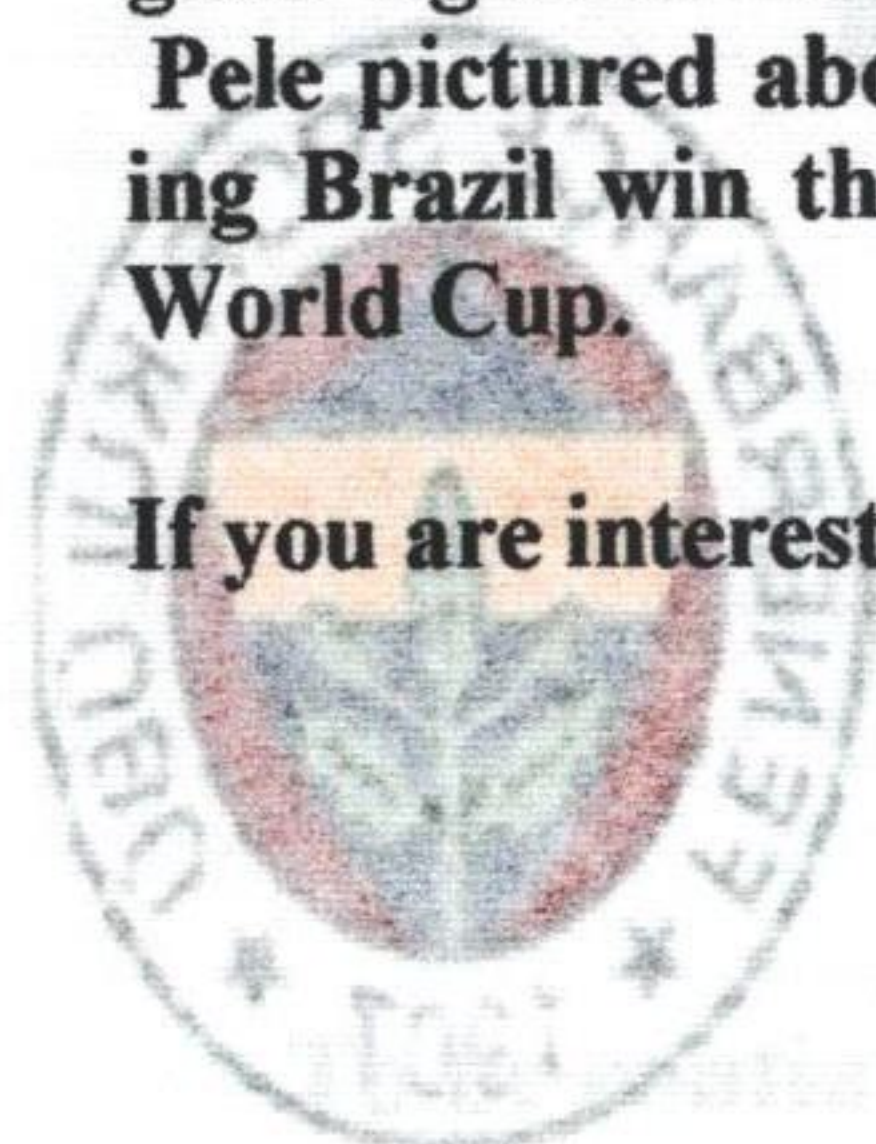
## 1962



**When Brazil went to Chile in 1962 for the World Cup, they had a warm up game against Everton of Chile, the match was played in Vina Del Mar.**

**Pele pictured above taking on the Everton defence had little trouble in helping Brazil win the game, the final score was 9-1. Brazil went on to win the World Cup.**

**If you are interested in Everton Of Chile go to [www.the-ruleteros-society.org](http://www.the-ruleteros-society.org)**



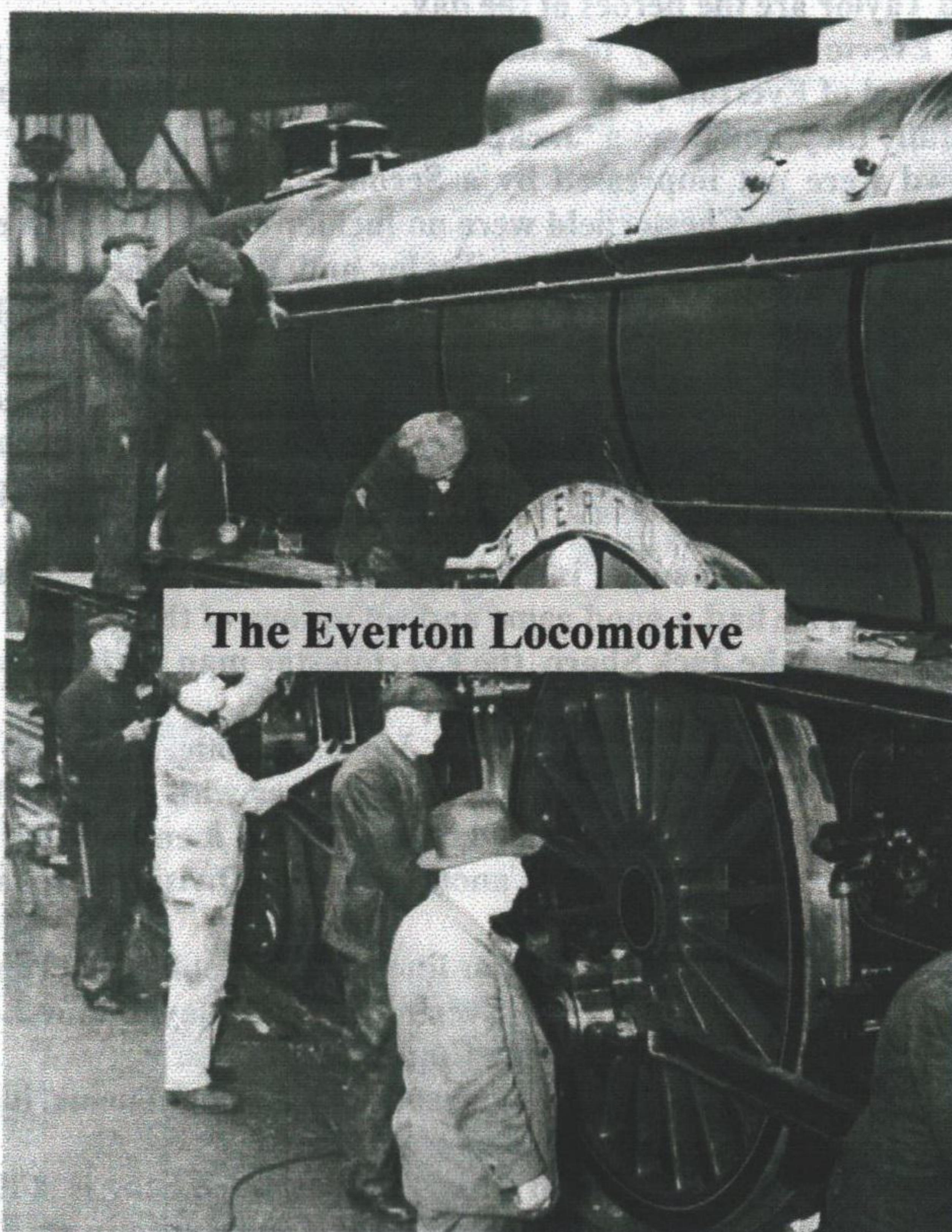


In one of last seasons Blue Blood issues I told you about a new Everton Fans website [www.borntobeblue.co.uk](http://www.borntobeblue.co.uk) well it won the best unofficial football website and that means it beat 1,000 other sites to become the best.

Blue Blood would like to pass on it's congratulations to Jon Bauer who runs the site and thank him for helping to promote Blue Blood on his site.

It is a brilliant site, as it must be to beat [bluekipper.com](http://bluekipper.com) and [toffeeweb.com](http://toffeeweb.com) both of which are excellent.

So once again the other super teams Chelsea, Man U Arsenal and the worldwide luvvies from across the park are all left in the trail of the Evertonians.



**The Everton Locomotive**

**On 20th January 1937 The Everton locomotive was being built at Darlington by Robert Stephenson & Co for the L.N.E.R.**

**Another Everton that saw nothing but 'Hard Lines'.**

## The History Of Everton Football Club

Part 26 - season 1905 / 06

13th January 1906 Everton V West Brom in the F.A. Cup, 18,023 turnout to watch Everton's quest for glory. Albion a poor 2nd division team offered little opposition to the Blues and it was a comfortable win in the end for Everton 3-1 Hardman, Makepeace and Sharp get the goals.

Newcastle away in the League, a hard game is envisaged, they are a team on form and were last seasons Champions. Hugh Bolton an inside right made his debut for Everton born in Glasgow he had been signed from today's opponents Newcastle. Thomas Dilly, another Scott gets a rare game for Everton, signed from Hearts in 1902 he only played nine games for Everton and this was to be the last of those nine. He did however go out with a bang, scoring both of Everton's goals. Unfortunately it was not enough to earn the points as Newcastle won 4-2.

Goodison Park and the visit of Aston Villa in the League is eagerly awaited, they always give you a hard game, a tough, skilled outfit and if Everton are to get back up the League they must beat the likes of Villa. 22,000 Evertonians were hoping for a good win, once again the game ends 4-2 but this time Everton reap the rewards of all their hard work, Sharp 2, Settle, and Taylor are the heroes of the day.

3rd February and Everton are away to Chesterfield in the F.A. Cup, or at least they should be but the board of Everton persuaded Chesterfield to change the game to Goodison Park and hopefully they would get a 'Jackpot Gate'.

The Goodison crowd were not impressed by a Second Division club and most stayed away, a lowly 8,000 turned up. Chesterfield were no luckier on the pitch, Everton showed their class and won 3-0 with goals from Settle, Taylor and Young, the game is of interest for Evertonians because Herbert Cook made his debut at inside right, replacing Settle, he was a local lad better known as Harry and he would only play nine games for Everton before injury ruined his career, however he went on to coach and train Everton, becoming one of the longest serving players in our history. He helped Dixie Dean to get over his injury and got him match fit for the never to be forgotten 60 League Goals game against Arsenal.

Sheffield United at home in the League is next up, John Donaldson a 22 year old from Glasgow makes his debut. He had a good game and set up one of the goals in Everton's 3-2 win. 18,000 Evertonians make Jack Sharp the Everton star man of the match after getting a hat trick.

Notts County away and another Everton debutant, Joe Donnachie, a Scottish lad aged 21, an outside right, he was to have a long but interrupted career with Everton. 10,000 hardy souls watched what can only be kindly described as poor game, it ended 0-0.

Goodison Park is the next venue for the Cup, another Second Division team are the opponents, Bradford are the visitors.

Settle and Young are missing from the Everton line up but Cook and Frank Oliver replace them. It is to be Oliver's last game for Everton, he had played four League games and scored four goals, this was his one and only Cup game.

18,000 watch an under par Everton struggle against their lowly opponents, luckily enough Harold Makepeace saves our skin with the winning goal.

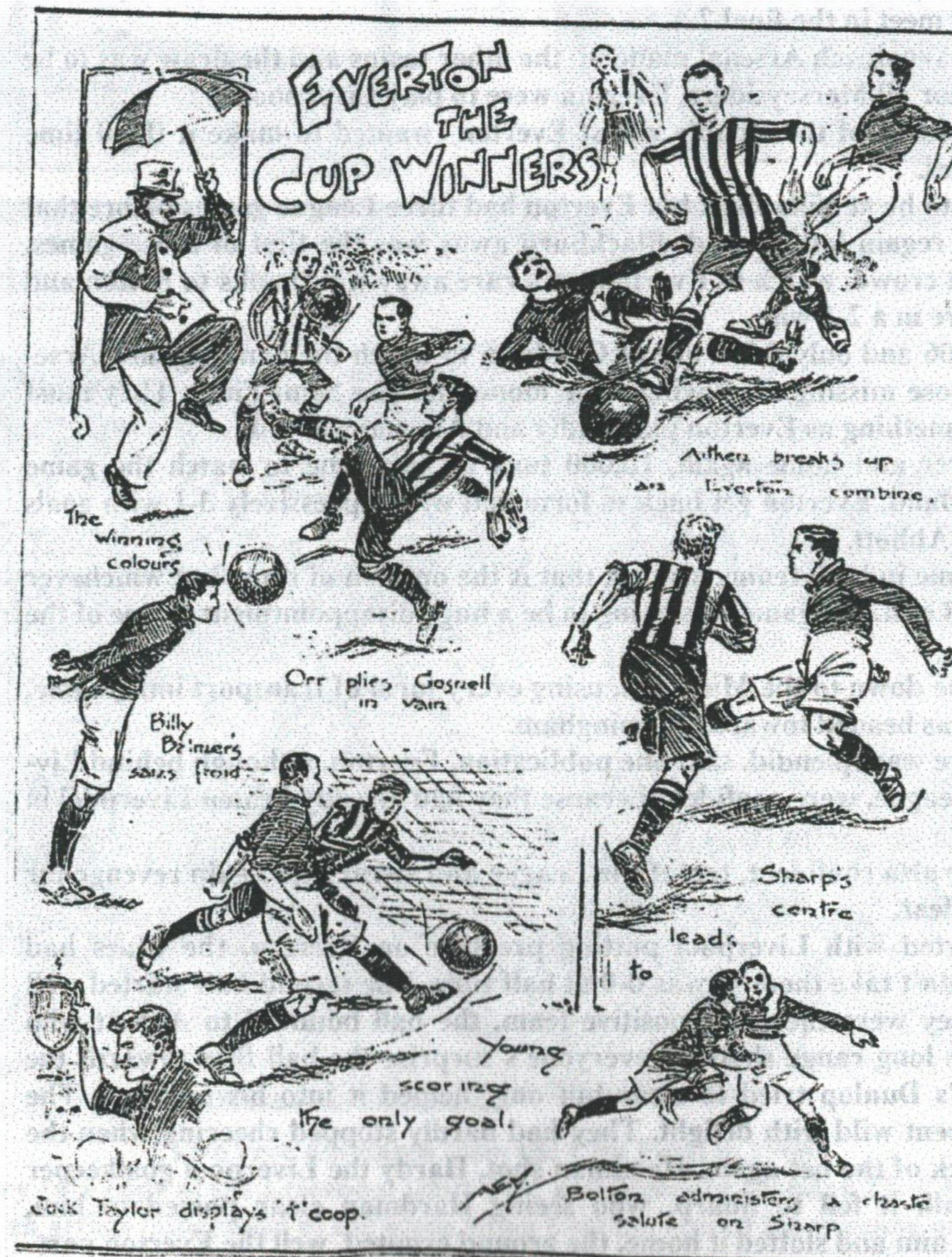
Bolton Wanderers away, 22,000 fans, a hard game for Everton, Young is still injured and is replaced this time by Robert Wright, his one and only appearance in an Everton shirt. Alex Birnie makes his second appearance for the Blues at outside right. Harry Cook makes his League Debut and he scored as did Taylor but Bolton got three goals and both points.

The F. A. Cup and no easy Second Division team this time, First Division Sheffield Wednesday are the opponents but at least the game is at Goodison. 30,000 Evertonians are inside the ground fully aware of the importance of the game, the winners go to the

## One Hundred Years Ago This Season



Action from the 1906 Cup Final



**The History Of Everton Football Club**

Semi Final. The game was a tremendous one, skill, flair and commitment was shown equally by both sides. Young and Settle have both returned to the side and their skill is showing through as Everton get the upper hand.

Everton took the lead through Sharp and Taylor, Scott in goal also played his part by saving a penalty.

Makepeace was having a poor game, hardly involved at all but Everton carried on and scored twice more in the first half, Booth and Bolton made it 4-1 at the break. Seemingly it was all over, the second half started and Villa were a team with a mission, they put Everton under the cosh and scored again, Everton were rocking and then Villa managed to get another. The Evertonians had gone quiet, fingernails were getting bitten, surely all the hard work of the first half wouldn't be thrown away, would it?

The final whistle blows, it's all over, Everton are in the semi's, the rejoicing around the ground can be heard all around Walton but there was more tension, even though the game had ended Evertonians wanted to know if their arch rivals from across the Park had got one of the other semi final places. News filtered through that they had indeed qualified. The next question was could they avoid each other and meet in the final ?

Newcastle and Woolwich Arsenal made up the other teams and the draw was to be disappointing for all Merseysiders, Everton were to play Liverpool.

Liverpool had ideas of the Double whilst Everton wanted to make it third time lucky in the final.

The game was to be at Villa Park but Everton had three League games before that and needed to regain lost ground. Blackburn away was the first of those games, 10,000 a decent crowd, watch as Everton get a rare away win thanks to Bolton and Cook who score in a 2-1 win.

21st March 1906 and only 8,000 are at Goodison to watch the game against Arsenal, most of those missing are saving their money for the Semi Final. They must have known something as Everton play badly and Arsenal win 1-0.

Three days later and home again, 10,000 turn up this time to watch the game against Sunderland. Everton get back to form and win impressively 3-1 with goals from Young 2, Abbott.

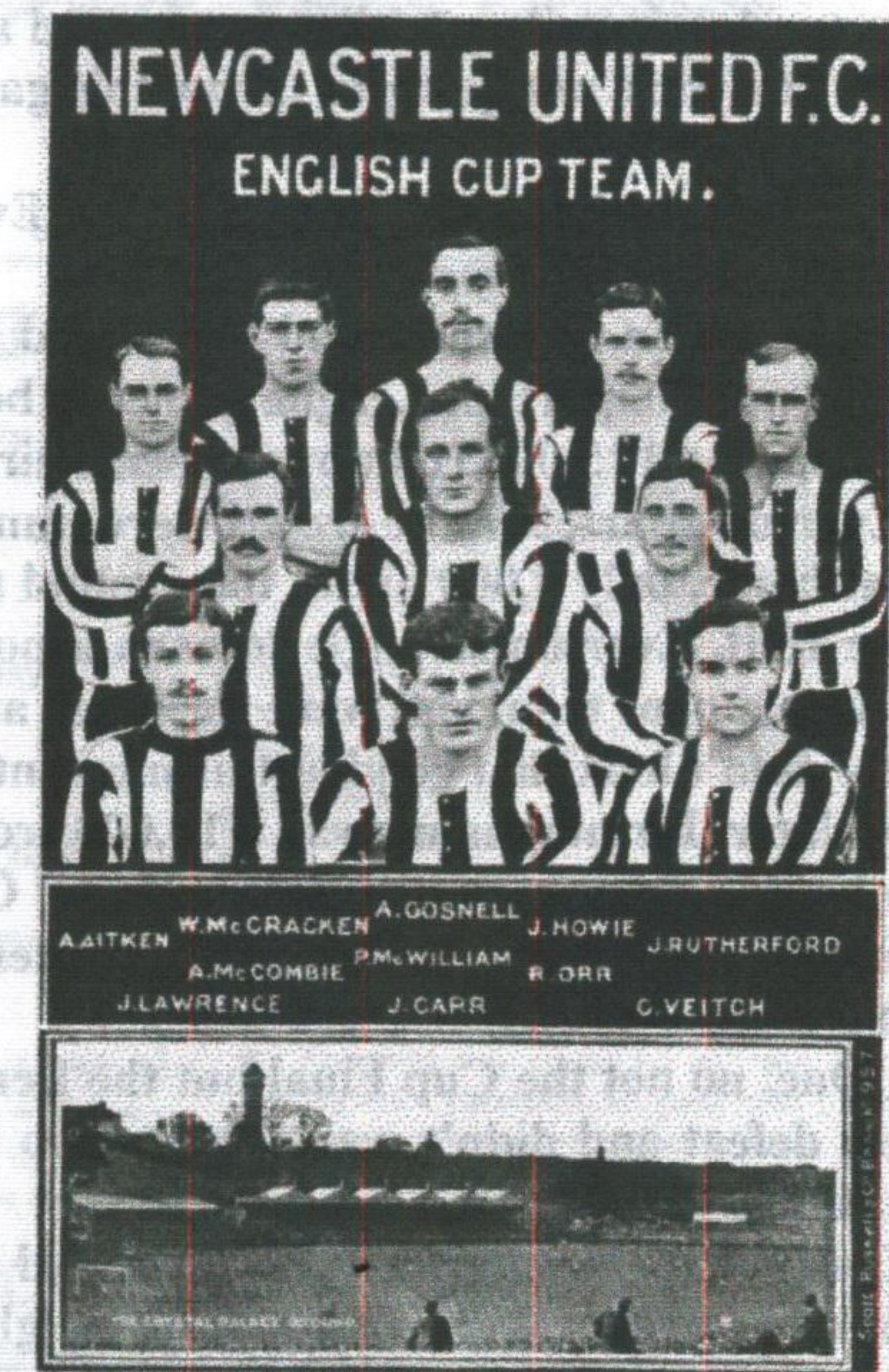
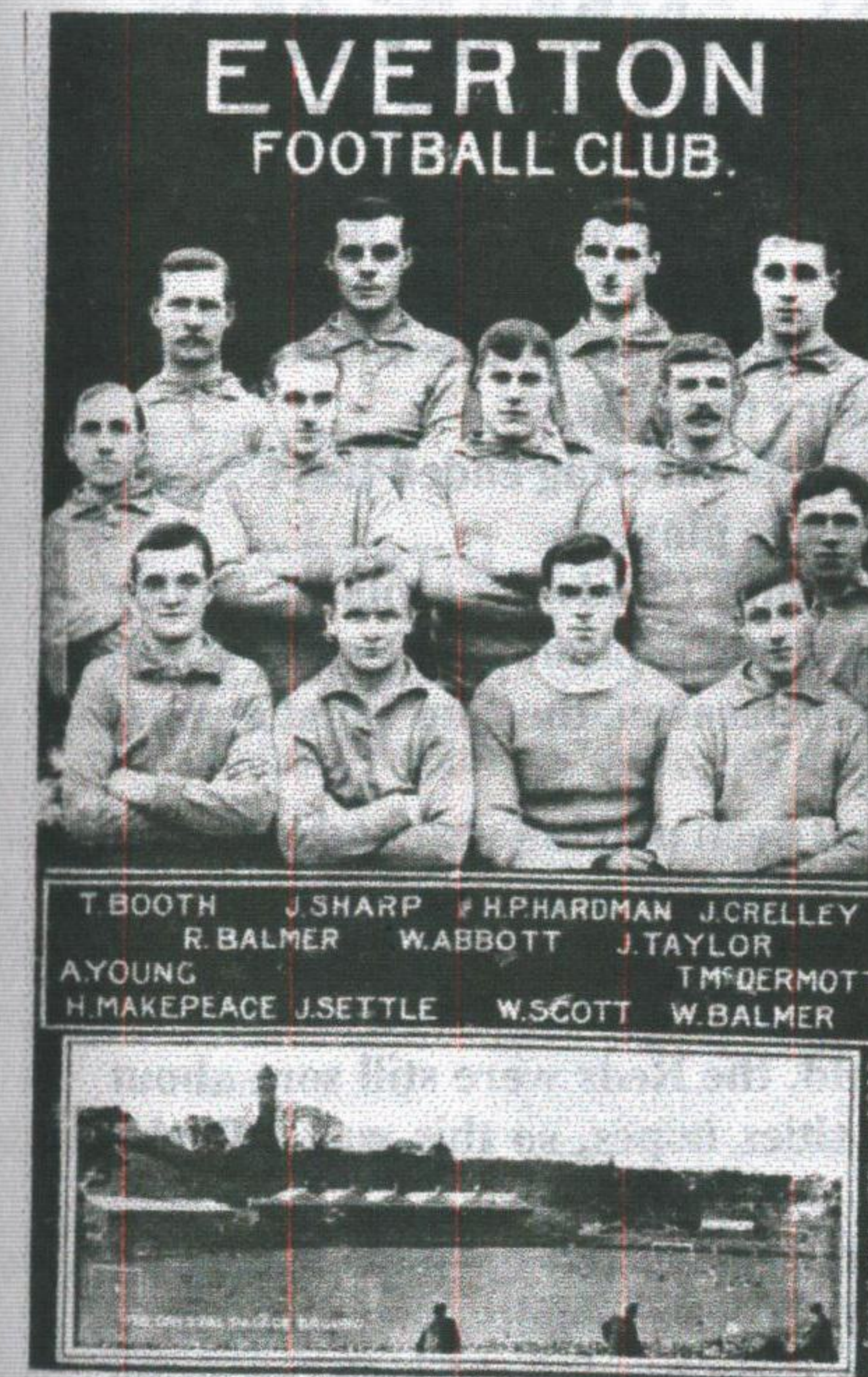
The biggest game in both teams history, that is the opinion of some but whichever way you looked at it, the game was going to be a huge disappointment to one of the teams.

37,000 had gone down to the Midlands, using every form of transport imaginable, if it moved it was headed towards Birmingham.

The atmosphere was splendid, said one publication, Everton, although behind Liverpool in the League, were confident because they had already beaten Liverpool in the Derby.

Liverpool were also confident, top of the League and swearing to gain revenge for that League defeat.

The game started with Liverpool putting pressure on Everton, the Blues had chances but didn't take them, it was 0-0 at half time. The second half started well for Everton they were the more positive team, the ball bounced to Abbott who tried one of his long range shots, to everyone's surprise the ball flew towards the net, Liverpool's Dunlop tried to clear but only helped it into his own net. The Evertonians went wild with delight. They had hardly stopped cheering when the ball hit the back of the net again, Hardman shot, Hardy the Liverpool goalkeeper parried the ball, it fell to Sharp, who seeing Hardman clear passed to him, Hardman took aim and slotted it home, the ground erupted, well the Everton part



Two rare postcards from the Cup Final in 1906 and a very rare copy of the Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury Monday 23rd April 1906 showing an artists impression of the scene when Everton scored the winning goal

of the ground did, a silence fell over the Red areas. The game continued but Everton were in control and were not going to throw this game away. The final whistle was greeted by a huge roar.

Liverpool's hopes of a Double were ended, Everton however were on course to bring the Cup back to Merseyside for the first time.

Newcastle had won the other semi and would be Everton's opponents in the final but once again there were important League games to be played before the final.

Stoke at home and 15,000 roll up to cheer their Cup heroes, the cheering ended there, Stoke ripped Everton apart, 3-0, the crowd were stunned, so were the players.

Wolves at home, only 8,000 are in the ground to watch, Thomas Chadwick replaces Taylor at Centre Half, Everton struggle to earn a point in a 2-2 draw, Bolton and Young score.

Wolves were a poor team and were relegated at the end of the season, the Cup Final against Newcastle didn't look that good at this moment in time.

Two days later, Birmingham away a 10,000 crowd, they had been playing well and it wasn't going to be an easy game for Everton. Henry Collins replaces Scott in goal, only his second appearance for the Blues. McLaughlin replaces Bolton but the changes didn't help Everton they lost 1-0.

The Big One, no not the Cup Final but the Derby at Anfield, the Reds were still sore about their Cup defeat and didn't want Everton to upset their titles hopes, so this was a Derby with extra bite.

33,000 fans are screaming for their team and the game starts, Everton have Scott back in goal, Abbott scores for Everton but surprisingly the Red Ones get a penalty, they spam a 1-1 draw. Honours are shared but Everton walk out with their heads held high, on three occasions the Champions elect have failed to beat the Blues.

The next day and another Derby match, this time it's Derby County at home, with the Cup Final in mind Everton made quite a few changes for this game. Crelly and Grundy play, local lad Tom Jones, a centre forward makes his debut, 12,000 pay some of their hard earned money to watch. The reserves as they were called won the game 2-1 with debut boy Jones scoring and Cook also finding the net.

Two days later and another match, again at home, the visitors this time are Manchester City. The Cup Final is only five days away so no one was surprised when another weakened Everton team took to the field. Henry Collins in goal plays his last game for Everton, there is no Young, Scott, Settle, Sharp, Makepeace, Hardman, R. Balmer or Abbott, so the 10,000 crowd were left wondering who was who!!

Man City however turn up with their first team and set about Everton's reserves, they are no match for the Manchester team and Everton lose 3-0 but nobody is bothered, it's the F. A. Cup that everyone wants to win and it is now getting very near to the day.

April 21st 1906 the F.A. Cup Final at the Crystal Palace in London.

Evertonians in their thousands have made the trip, 76,609 are inside the ground hoping for a great game of football and hopefully an Everton victory.

Newcastle are the neutral favourites, they are the present League Champions and they have already beaten Everton home and away in the League, they fancy their chances to do the treble over us.

Everton however have other ideas, long serving Jack Taylor who was involved in Everton's last Cup Final defeat is determined it won't happen again.

The game was a nervous one and not very good, Young scored but it was ruled offside, the game was tied at 0-0 at half time. However Young was not to be denied and when Sharp set him up he duly obliged and put the ball in the net, the Evertonians went wild with delight, the cheering and dancing was a sight to behold.

Newcastle had no answer, they had tried roughhouse tactics because they were physically stronger than Everton but not as skilful. The game ended with Everton the Cup Winners

# One Hundred Years Ago This Season

1906

THE LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL ECHO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906.

## ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

EVERTON v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.

CRYSTAL PALACE BESIEGED.

AN IMMENSE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

SANDY YOUNG SCORES THE WINNING GOAL.

CUP COMES TO LIVERPOOL AT LAST.

[From Our Own Reporters by Special Wire from the Crystal Palace.]

Date 21 April 1906  
Place The Crystal Palace  
Score EVERTON 1 NEWCASTLE UNITED 0  
Teams EVERTON Scott, Crelley, Balmer (W), Makepeace, Taylor, Abbott, Sharp, Bolton, Young, Settle, H. P. Hardman, NEWCASTLE UNITED Lawrence, McCombie, Carr, Gardner, Aitken, McWilliam, Rutherford, Howie, Orr, Veitch, Gosnell  
Official Referee F. Kirkham (Preston)  
Goal Scorer Young 75  
Attendance 75,609  
Gate Receipts £6,625  
Guest of Honour Lord Kinnaird  
Copy The Liverpool Football Echo  
21 April 1906

### "ECHO" CLOCK.

TIMED AND REGULATED.

BY JAY CEE.

335—Veitch starts palpitation of the heart all round. One hundred and one ladies head simultaneously, and the cinematograph man grinds away the film, which is almost as important as the match nowadays.

336—Beeve efforts on the part of both ever that early.

337—Ever danger comes from the Blues Bellmer lob the ball in from a free kick, and the Newcastle goal is almost captured.

338—Young's "beast" however, is just over the bar by Lawrence. Corner proved useless.

339—Everton giving the Gordian knot heretofore.

340—The much-vaunted Newcastle halves absolutely in Queen's street, but McCombie and Carr defend like fury.

341—The players show some heat already, and Mr. Kirkham called them together, and said a few words.

342—Everton all eyes on the other people. Bolton shoots. His idea is good; his execution plain.

343—Play quieter, but still in favour of the Blues. United seem very much excited just now.

344—Ditto.

345—Everton forwards having a field-day, but they seldom shoot—the importance of the occasion too great, I suppose.

346—Newcastle can't get out of their own half, and Lawrence is on tenter-hooks.

347—Sandy Young gets in a lovely header, and it was worth a goal, but did not come off.

348—Young is giving great satisfaction.

349—John Rutherford at last changes the venue, and Newcastle get a corner.

350—Poor play in midfield.

351—The same.

352—Worm.

353—Sharp and Bolton midfielders and fairly walk round McWilliam's half a dozen, but fails to improve it. It was only half a chance, anyhow.

354—Everton seem to be able to do anything but score. What a pity! Not half!

355—Another game without incident.

356—At last Newcastle show the stuff they are made of. It was bound to come.

357—Orr sails through and Hadden a header, came shot just past the post. Scott's defence never and give rid of impending trouble.

358—Thousands of eyes are on him as he rubs his hands in dirt. Thousands of eyes are on him as he wipes them on his shirt.

359—Newcastle backing up wonderfully well, and Everton now seriously on the defence.

360—High falling play noted by honest folk.

361—Gardner's confidence.

362—Goals are made by worm.

363—Excitement and alarm.

364—Nothing between them just now.

365—Crowd wants a goal badly, and fairly howled at every time.

366—Everton has a chance, but should too soon, and Balmer clears with plenty of room.

367—Everton not nearly so cocky, but still on the job.

368—Wonderful shot from Rutherford, but still more wonderful save by Scott.

369—United busy as bees now, but the Everton defence holds them up.

370—Pressure by the Blues hot and strong.

371—More pressure.

372—And still more.

373—Yet no goal. Back up Hadden.

374—Newcastle press again, but no good. Balmer and Crelly on their best behaviour, thwarting Scott.

375—Mutual work in midfield.

376—Ditto.

377—Referee Kirkham a great success.

378—No.

379—Half-time, no score.

380—Off again.

381—Everton first away: Jolo Sharp send lobby-dancer over the bar.

382—Corner to the Blues.

383—Everton giving other people socks.

384—Everton still top dog, and visions of the precious bubble loomed in my eye.

431—Drive work by Newcastle spoilt by Keesing's defence.

432—Malpas glorious.

433—Lawrence runs out 20 yards to save. Which he does—well.

434—Linesman Whittaker stops the game and examines the ball. He thinks it has gone out, but it is all right.

435—Everton press like demons.

436—Young scores, but Kirkham declares him offside. Great snarl! No matter. Our willies are unerring.

437—Taken the whole of this minute to recover from the shock.

438—And the rest.

439—Only one team in it just now. The other team is Newcastle.

440—Typical Cup-like play. Either side attempting to settle down to their usual methods.

441—Things quiet heretofore, even the crowd.

442—Nothing to enthuse over from either lot.

443—Finest bit of play in the match from the Everton side. The goalkeeper and foot is right up to Scott, who saves grandly from Rutherford.

444—Everton at it again, but Young offside.

445—But Jack is so glad as his master all the time.

446—Further vision.

447—Having attack on Scott's charge.

448—Francis efforts by Newcastle to settle the issue. They do not want to be bothered over to Glasgow.

449—Promising play by the Blues right in front of Lawrence.

450—Balls nearly down the touch, hooks the ball into the corner, but Lawrence just reaches.

451—Everton fairly raving round McCombie and Coy.

452—Nothing eventful.

453—Newcastle still being pressed.

454—At last a goal. Sandy Young a home fireworks and miniature earthquake in goal—shades of the Franciscan.

455—The big glasshouse still shakes at its foundations.

456—Everton still keeping up in good style.

457—Newcastle somewhat dispirited.

458—Glasgow looks as good as finished, but Everton must be wary of a final rush.

459—Referee Kirkham a great success.

460—The Cup is over. "Hooray!"

### SANDY YOUNG.

Young, the centre forward, is a variable sort, the player few could name in three minutes on an average. He takes the home a centre forward must inevitable except unwillingly, and determination makes up for lack of skill at times.



Cup final crowds outside St Pauls before the match

56

This was how the 'Footy Pink' broke the news of the great Everton Cup win. It was a minute by minute report on the game by special wire from the Crystal Palace

The Athletic News praised Everton for English muscle, English Skill, English Pluck but managed to overlook the fact that goalscorer Young was Scottish. They wrote a poem about Everton's great win

**Crown Ye The Brave ! Crown Men Of Worth**

**With wreaths of laurel fair!**

**Let cries of triumph now ring forth,**

**And split the ambient air!**

**Let songs of victory be sung,**

**And carol one in praise of Young.**

**O Evertonians, such a day**

**So fought, so sweetly won,**

**Hath ne'er inspired a roundelay**

**Since ever time begun;**

**As sweet as toffee to the tongue**

**Was that one splendid goal by Young.**

**What shall he have won who won the match-**

**Who on safe Lawrence stole,**

**And, quick as flame flash fierce did snatch**

**That glorious winning goal?**

**A statue on a plinth so tall**

**Erected near St George's Hall**

After the game the players went to the Charterhouse Square Hotel for dinner and speeches. Lord Birkenhead F.E. Smith esq. the M. P. for Walton.

On Sunday more wining and dining, then on Monday up to Sheffield to play a League game against Wednesday. A tired and slightly overweight Everton team played in front of 4,000 disinterested Yorkshire folk, the fact that Wednesday were third in the League and Everton were the new Cup Holders did not seem to motivate them to leave their houses. Everton made a couple of changes from the team that won the Cup, Bolton scored for Everton but the Blues lost 3-1.

Back on the train for the trip to Merseyside and a huge crowd awaited them, Evertonians were everywhere, Blue was the colour that covered the City centre.

April 28th 1906 and the last League game of a brilliant season, Goodison Park had 15,000 fans inside and they cheered their heroes onto the pitch.

Everton looked refreshed and played well, the ball was stroked around and it wasn't long before Everton took the lead, the game ended 4-1 the Cup Final hero Sandy Young got two, and Bolton got the other two.

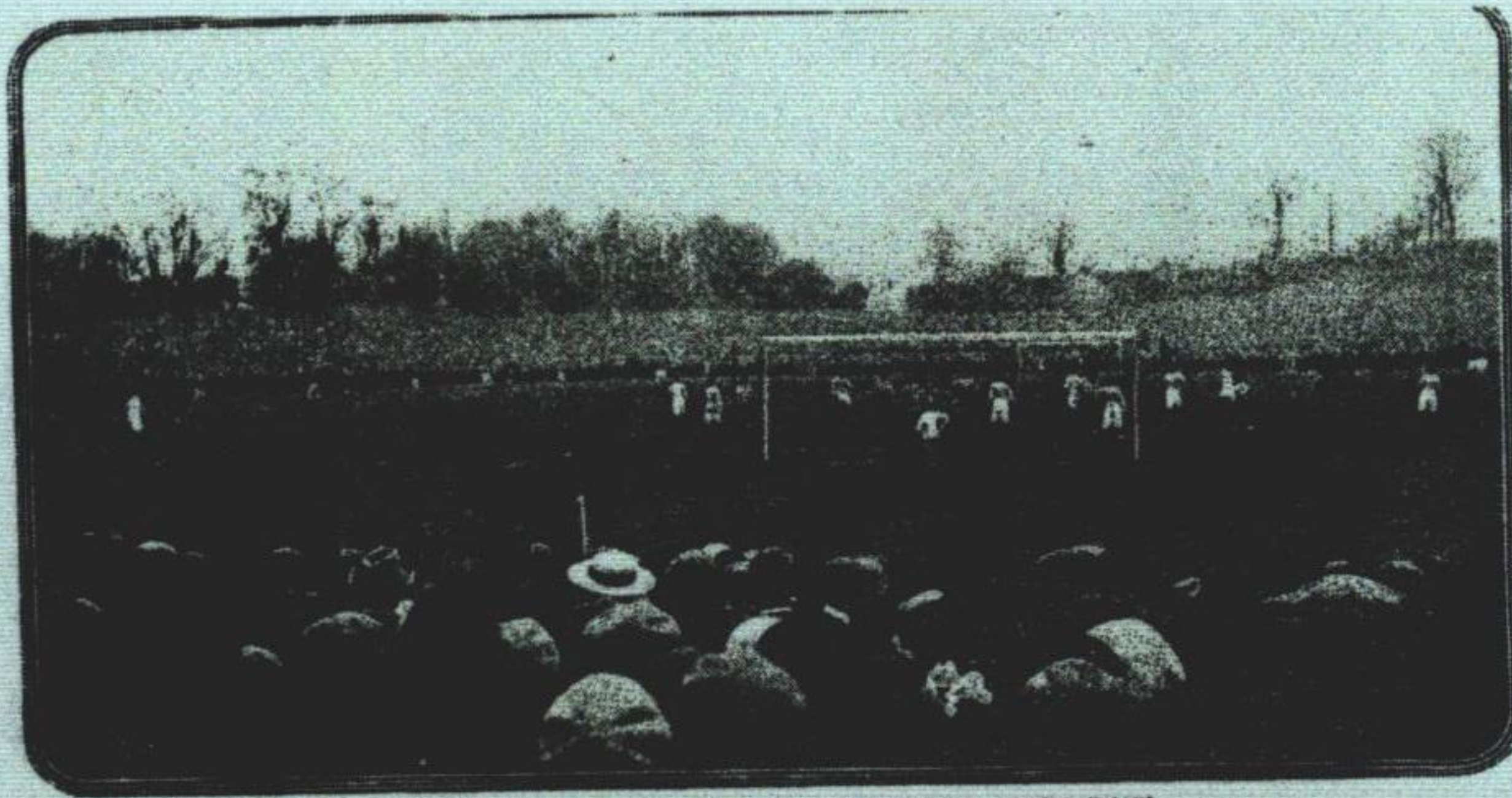
Across the Park the other lot had managed to win the League, so Merseyside was the Capital Of Football.

The Everton squad were to be rewarded for their Cup win with a trip to London on May 29th, 30th, 31st and June 1st 1906.

( to be continued in issue 27)



# One Hundred Years Ago This Season



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUND WITH THE GAME IN PROGRESS: EVERTON PARKING  
From a photograph by W. F. WATSON, 1906. (British Museum)



## 1906 Cup Final

The two pictures above are from the Graphic Magazine April 28th 1906 the top photo shows Everton on the attack. The other drawing shows Newcastle's solitary attempt on goal. Sharp initiates the run which resulted in the only goal, passing to Young.

At the bottom of the poster (not shown) is the following.

### The Invasion Of The Crystal Palace By Northerners & Midlanders

Nearly 76,000 people watched the match that decided the final tie for the Association Cup at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. It was a crowd composed of every class and kind. Many of the spectators were excursionists who had arrived in London in the early morning. Many of them wore the colours of the rival teams the black and white of Newcastle and the blue and white of Everton.

Everton won the toss and Newcastle united kicked off against the wind. At the beginning Everton did all the attacking, then Newcastle took a turn and there were one or two shots at the Everton goal. Once Rutherford nearly scored but Scott saved brilliantly. But half time came and neither side had scored. Play was no a bit more exciting and at length Sharp started a run and enabled Young to score a goal for Everton. No further score was made and Everton thus became possessors of the Cup, which was duly presented to the captain by Lord Kinnaird. It was not a great game — the fight for the cup seems to unnerve the best of sides and there were many who thought that had the match been a League game Newcastle would have won.

**B.T.**

**FODBOLD  
NYT**

EUROPACUP-KAMP

# AaB - EVERTON

Ondags d. 28. sept. 1966 kl. 19.30 på Aalborg stadion



*[Small, illegible text, likely a short article or commentary related to the match.]*

**SPORTEN - DEN KLARE B.T.**

**A&B Aalborg v Everton September 28th 1966 score 0-0  
Very rare programme**