

# Blue Blood

**A Historical Everton Fanzine**

**Volume 5 issue 27**



**The David France Collection  
'Behind The Scenes'**

**Price £1.50 or €3 Euro's**

**On sale outside the Winslow before home games**



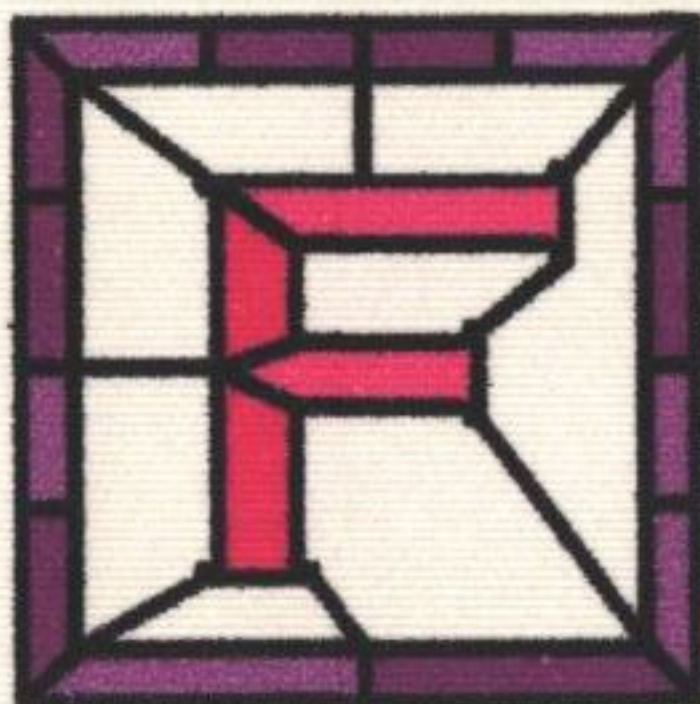
# Editorial Blue Blood

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Radio Merseyside can be heard on [www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool](http://www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool)

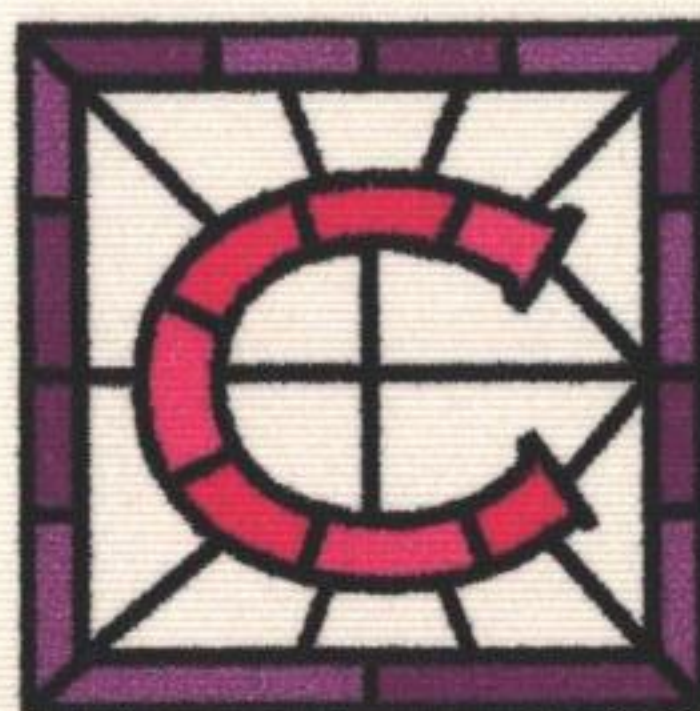


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



## No Obstructed Views

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



Alan Ball  
Debut  
August 1966  
Last Game  
December 1971  
Played 251 Games  
Scored 79 Goals  
Everton Hero

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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"

I am sorry if anyone missed me at the Man United game, I was outside the Winslow from 10pm but the rain lashed down and I was soaked to the skin, at 11.45 I gave up and returned to my car to dry out before kick off.

A request, did anyone tape the David France piece on Sky News on the 13th August, I did a piece for the item but I have not seen it yet, I would appreciate it if you could lend me the video and I will return it to you with all your costs covered.

What is going on at Goodison Park? Quite a lot is the answer. New signings, rumours and startling bids, Owen!!! All have been in the papers recently.

It's good to see Everton's name getting linked with top quality players, even if they didn't arrive, they did speak to the club. Moyes has done well buying or getting on loan new players of the quality of Nuno Valente and Matteo Ferrari.

Nuno Valente, if he is half as good as his looks we will have a winner. He has great experience with Porto and should slot right into the team.

Matteo Ferrari from Roma also looks quality, he scored on his debut for the reserves and had one disallowed, not bad for a defender.

The last minute signing of Van Der Meyde is the dodgy one, injured at this moment in time, he will find plenty of company in the sick bay at Goodison. There has been talk that he is somewhat arrogant and not a team player but everyone should be given a chance. He didn't really hit it off in Italy and will want to show how good he is, especially with The World Cup looming.

Now there is also the strange Anderson da Silva transfer deal, we own him but can't play him, so we loan him out to Malaga and if he plays well over there we will bring him back in January, providing he isn't injured of course.

Goals or the lack of them have been Everton' problem, we must start converting our chances, Everton are also reluctant to shoot from distance, Lampard and other players in the premier-ship do it on a regular basis, I can only think of Phil Neville's long range shot against Villarreal this season, it is the only occasion someone has tried a shot from distance.

Dinamo Bucharest, didn't you just want to go to Romania? Never easy, that should replace our Motto 'Only the Best is Good Enough'

Everton have to start believing in themselves sometimes you feel as if they don't, they pass the ball until the air goes out of it, I don't know how many times I have stood up and shouted 'hit the bloody thing' but nobody takes any notice, even when we are a goal down with less than a minute of injury time left, we still pass the bloody thing about.

Back to the David France collection, you will see that there is a vast amount of items in this fantastic collection, I have put some items and information on pages 9,10,11,12,13,14 but you would need to have hundreds of pages to itemise what is there.

I have been extremely lucky in the fact that I know David France, he trusts me to look at the collection and treat it with respect. I have sat for hours looking at the amazing Everton memorabilia and I still can't believe that one man could collect all this, the time, money and passion that went into this collection is there for all to see.

It is immaculate, spotless, wrinkle free, the programmes are in the vast majority of cases in mint condition.

The medals are presented in a green felt backed display board, the International Caps are fascinating, the team postcards from the 1900 1920 are excellent. Season Ticket Books from the 1890's all excellent.

Everton should have just bought the Collection outright but maybe it is better now that the whole lot will be turned over to the correct people to look after it, the Public Records Office and Library.

Either way I feel very privileged to be one of the few Evertonians who has held the treasures in their hands.

Blue Blood



## 'That's Another Wyness You've Got Me Into'



Keith Wyness and Bill Kenwright, better known as Laurel & Hardy, have done it again, Sky News carried the Villarreal Ticket Fiasco all over Europe, Everton became the laughing stock of the Football World. This from a club that is trying to impress major sponsors.

The Villarreal farce could be put on in the West End, it was a side splitting comedy, unless you wanted a ticket that is.

Does Keith Wyness seriously think that we believe that he had to wait until the draw before printing tickets?

The same man and Club have managed to produce Golden Goal Tickets with Opponents A, and B on for the first two games of the season, so someone knows what to do in advance.

Bill Kenwright was in charge of this Club when the Preston North End and Leyton Orient fiascos happened, surely he would say to his new Commercial Manger, "Let me know your ticket plans for Europe, I don't want another Cock Up" but apparently he didn't.

There was a conspiracy theory in Blue Blood's last issue, that EFC needed cash and needed it fast, so sold six tickets at a time to anyone with the cash. Possibly but that overlooks the arrogance and ineptitude of the Box Office Staff. Yes this little local click think that every Evertonian lives within a one mile radius of the ground and when they announce ticket sales, they do nothing to help the fans who live outside that area, to say that Season Ticket holders would have priority for 48 hours was a joke, if you lived locally that was fine but if you were a season ticket holder in London, (and Escla, the Everton supporters club in London have hundreds of members, many whom are season ticket holders,) hard luck, online booking was stopped for this period, so unless you did the 400 mile round trip to the box office you would not get your seat. But even for those who did live near the ground their seats had been sold the day before in the great ticket rush, of course you could have another seat but not the one you have sat in for the last ten years.

The farce didn't end there, a mate of mine who goes everywhere with the Blues turned up at Goodison Park early on the morning of the Man United game, he produced his season ticket voucher 62, 20 away ticket stubs and had his travel and hotel details. He asked for a Villarreal away ticket, shock, horror, "I can't sell you one of them today, we are too busy, I can sell you a Bolton away ticket though". Now apart from the Man United game being a virtual sell out, and nobody else in the queue, how come she had the time to sell a Bolton ticket but not a Villarreal one?

Bill Kenwright has been told before about his Box Office refusing to sell tickets for other games on a match day, how do they get away with it? We are £40 million in debt and send people with money in their pockets home!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The postscript to this stupid but sad tale is that in the following Tuesday nights Liverpool Echo, Everton said they still had 250 Villarreal Tickets for sale to those who wanted to make their own arrangements, I wonder why!!!!!!!!!!!!

Keith Wyness has been quoted as saying "When I came here I found out just how hard it is to buy a ticket at Goodison" Well Keith mate, nothing has changed, it's just as hard to buy a ticket. Maybe Everton should change their signature tune from "Z Cars" to "Send In The Clowns, Don't Bother, They're Here. Blue Till The End.

Rob van Dijk is a Dutch Blue this is his story about following Everton

January 1st, 1990

After falling in love with Everton FC on that beautiful Wednesday night in 1985 when I watched the Bayern Munich game live on Dutch television, I finally made my first pilgrimage to Goodison Park on December 30th, 1989.

My dad, my brother, two uncles and myself were on our way to see my favourite Blue Boys take on Luton Town on New Years Day 1990 and enjoy a few days in the city of Liverpool.

It seems strange now in the days of low-cost airlines like easy jet that 15 years back we had to pay over £100 each to fly from Amsterdam to Manchester whereas nowadays I never pay more than half of that when flying directly to John Lennon Airport.

We knew little to nothing about Liverpool apart from the two football local clubs and The Beatles. My dad and uncles grew up listening to that band and were looking forward to visit some famous Beatles' places in the city. Or so they said! After we arrived in Liverpool and had checked in at the posh St. George's Hotel they took us no further than the first pub in sight where, apart from the football, we would spend almost all of our time in England.

Not that me and my brother minded too much, three middle aged men let loose in a country where beer is served in pints and women wear as little as possible is a guarantee for some hilarious moments.

As for the football, my first game in England just happened to be at Anfield Road! Not the ideal place to start but then again, Everton played there of course before we moved to Anfield so I now look back upon it as simply visiting another historic Everton landmark. And, in my defence, I did wear a blue scarf under my coat! On December 30, 1989 Liverpool played Charlton Athletic and me and my family loved every single minute of it. In Holland we only went to a handful of games a season at PSV Eindhoven or FC Den Bosch, but that was nothing compared to a game in the English top-flight. Liverpool FC were coming toward the end of their horrific glorious spell in the 1980s but still had big name players like Ian Rush, John Barnes and Bruce Grobbelaar in their ranks. Now, I hate The Reds as much as any Evertonian but I'm still glad I can say I saw those players in the flesh in front of The Kop End terrace. Much like I would later appreciate seeing Bryan Robson and Mark Hughes play for Man United, Dennis Bergkamp and Ian Wright for Arsenal or Alan Shearer for Blackburn Rovers and Newcastle United. Liverpool won 1-0 on the day and, despite the result and Everton losing 1-0 at QPR that same afternoon, we had definitely enjoyed our first taste of English football.

Two days later, after spending most of our time in various pubs in the city centre, we went to Goodison Park and I would see my beloved Everton for the first time in my life. Walking towards the ground in anticipation my hearts skipped a few beats when I caught a first glimpse of the Main Stand towering over rows of terraced housing. This was Goodison Park, the famous home of Everton Football Club!

We had arranged a ground tour before the game and I was awe-struck by the history and grandeur the whole place seemed to breathe. We had our pictures taken in the trophy room, in front of the endless rows of team-pictures in the hallways and of course with that beautiful painting of the great, great Dixie Dean. We stood in the dressing and walked down the players-tunnel.

By the time we took to our seats in the Lower Bullens Road before the game Goodison Park felt like home, and it still does. A ticket was only £8 in those days and a programme just a pound, how times have changed. But The Blues were not having the best of seasons, lying 8th in the table.



At the time though no one could suspect how dreadful this new decade would be for the club. In the match-day programme the glorious 1980's were reviewed and the wish outspoken for more of the same in the '90s!

Still, some of the biggest names in our history were on parade that day in Neville Southall, Kevin Ratcliffe, Kevin Sheedy and Greame Sharp. Plus one 'not so big', Raymond Atteveld. The only Dutch player ever to play for the club came on as a second half sub much to the appreciation of at least 5 spectators in a crowd of little less than 22,000. By that time The Toffeemen were already two in front thanks to first half goals from Sharp and Norman Whiteside. It ended 2-1 making my first Everton game a successful one. I would be a lot less fortuitous in later years, seeing some horrible home defeats. More of that in the next issue.

That match against Luton Town over 15 years ago was the first of many more trips to Merseyside. For a few years I would come over once a season, usually with Christmas or Easter catching a game at Goodison and a second game at Anfield, Maine Road, Old Trafford or Prenton Park.

Nowadays I make 4 or 5 trips a year and at least one of those trips is an away game, giving me and my wife the opportunity to see more of England than just the Merseyside area. We spend 3 days in and around Southampton for the 3-3 draw at St. Mary's last season and we enjoyed a long weekend in and around Norwich for our 3-2 win there earlier this campaign.

I will be at both the Crystal Palace and Man United games this month, taking my 7-year-old nephew to his first ever football game on April 10th and travelling with my dad for the visit of Man U. That will make it 26 visits to Goodison Park and 39 Everton games in all including 5 away trips, the '95 Charity Shield at Wembley, the ECWC tie at Feyenoord and 6 friendlies in Holland and Belgium.

Hopefully next season I can add a few more European ties to my list, and a trip to the new Wembley!

Rob van Dijk





1985-1989

After 1984's unexpected F.A. Cup Triumph, the blues now embarked on what was to turn out to be probably the club's best ever season. What a time to be an Evertonian as the League Championship, European Cup Wimmers Cup + F.A. Charity Shield stood proudly in the Goodison trophy cabinet. But for the bad scheduling many feel the F.A. Cup would also have ended up there, but an understandably lack-lustre performance three days after Rotterdam, meant an inferior Man. Utd team took home the cup. Panini's Football 85 reflected the players + manager who gave every Evertonian not only pride, but a feeling of invincibility. Featured were manager Howard Kendall and players Southall, Harper, Bailey, Mountfield, Ratcliffe, Stevens, Richardson, Bracewell, Heath, Steven, Reid, Sharp + Gray. One startling omission was Kevin Sheedy, a vital part of the team. A stars of the past section includes Dixie Dean + Alan Ball. Football 86 included a team group with five trophies. Stickers 1 + 2 were Howard Kendall with the manager of the year trophy + a PFA player of the year sticker featuring Peter Reid. The players were wearing big smiles despite being pictured in the horrendous 'Gary Lineker' bib shirts which quickly became associated with being double runners-up, + the Screensport Super Cup, a poor substitute for the European Cup, from which we like all but one team were unjustly banned. A special section featured 4 stickers depicting the ECWC win. Another section featured action shots from both the 84 + 85 F.A. Cup Finals so this set had plenty of interest to Everton fans. Football 87 thankfully saw the players pictured in all blue shirts made by Umbro. Gary



Linaker featured in the set as PFA player of the year though now departed to Barcelona. Football 88 reflected the effects of the Europe ban with the most damaging blow being Colin Harvey replacing the now departed Howard Kendall. The usual format plus cartoon drawings of Southall & Reid was employed.

Other sets of note during the 1985-89<sup>period</sup> included a Panini set called Soccer Superstars, a set issued in both sticker & card format, 7 Everton players included Panin Supersport featured a 1988 team group & Snodir Steven & Stevens in England kit. The Daily Mirror issued a set of trade-card sized stickers in 1987, in two formats one with a pen-picture to the rear and one without. The Pat Van den Hauwe sticker was actually a picture of Graeme Sharp. I bet Pat wasn't amused. Next year the Mirror reverted to a traditional sized sticker set ftg Harvey & his players plus legends Ray Wilson & Alan Ball. The Sun joined the fray in 1989 featuring 14 Everton players. A curiosity was new signings Keown & Newell in Aston Villa & Leicester kits. Everton players <sup>also</sup> featured <sup>regularly</sup> in sets to commemorate the various international competitions. Stickers were now taking off as a collectable medium & interest was now high, among collectors young & old. Most of the stickers from this period are fairly easy to get hold of & remain relatively cheap in comparison to cigarette & trade cards.

**Barry Hewitt**



# The David France Collection

On the 11th & 12th August 2005 I was invited by David France to see the media reaction to the launch of The Collection At Goodison Park, I was there at 9am on Thursday and met David in the Park End car park.

I have known David for over ten years and I consider him a 'Mate' more than a friend. When he lived in England, he is now in Canada, we used to phone each other every week, the calls would last for ages and BT were made up. Everything and anything about Everton was discussed. He told me about his plans for the Hall Of Fame Dinners at the Adelphi Hotel and how he wanted to form the Blueblood Charity to look after former players not only financially but medically as well. He duly did that and what a success they were, nights to remember for ever. What he did for those former players was to restore their pride, show them that we, the Everton Fans still cared about them. Those players have the utmost respect for David France and what he did for them, the evenings at the Adelphi became the Everton Oscars.

David had talked to me about his collection but I found it hard to envisage that one man could have that amount of Memorabilia, it wasn't until I went to his house and saw it for myself that I realised that this was the D.N.A. of Everton Football Club.

His wife Liz looked upon us as two little boys in Santa's Grotto and left the pair of us to play with our toys.

The years went by and we kept in touch, David was doing books on Everton's History and I was writing in the Match Day Programme, he would always send me information

Visitors on Thursday 11th Aug



Above The Evertonian Magazine



Above Radio Merseyside



Above The Official Everton Website

and items when I asked for them. Through his help Evertonians had the chance to see items that had not been seen for over one hundred years, Season Tickets, the First publication of the Everton Team Photo from the Championship year 1890/91, the Austro Hungary Tour of 1905 and many other things.

When I stopped writing in the Programme I started Blue Blood, he again came to the rescue, any help I needed, he provided it.

David France is one of the reasons that Blue Blood exists. His love of Everton Football Club and passion for it's History is something that I can associate with, we are kindred spirits.

On the next few pages I will show you some of the items from his collection that are my personal favourites, I am limited in what I can show because David is going to publish a book about the Collection with David Prentice, therefore, you will get to see many more items inside what promises to be the Holy Grail Of Everton Books.

## The Media

The first photo on the left shows William Hughes from the Evertonian Magazine looking at the collection, the magazine is doing two articles on the collection the first in issue 132 then 133 Buy them they are excellent.

Radio Merseyside gave great coverage to the Collection and Darren Griffiths from EFC (left) was amazed by the quality and scope of the Collection.



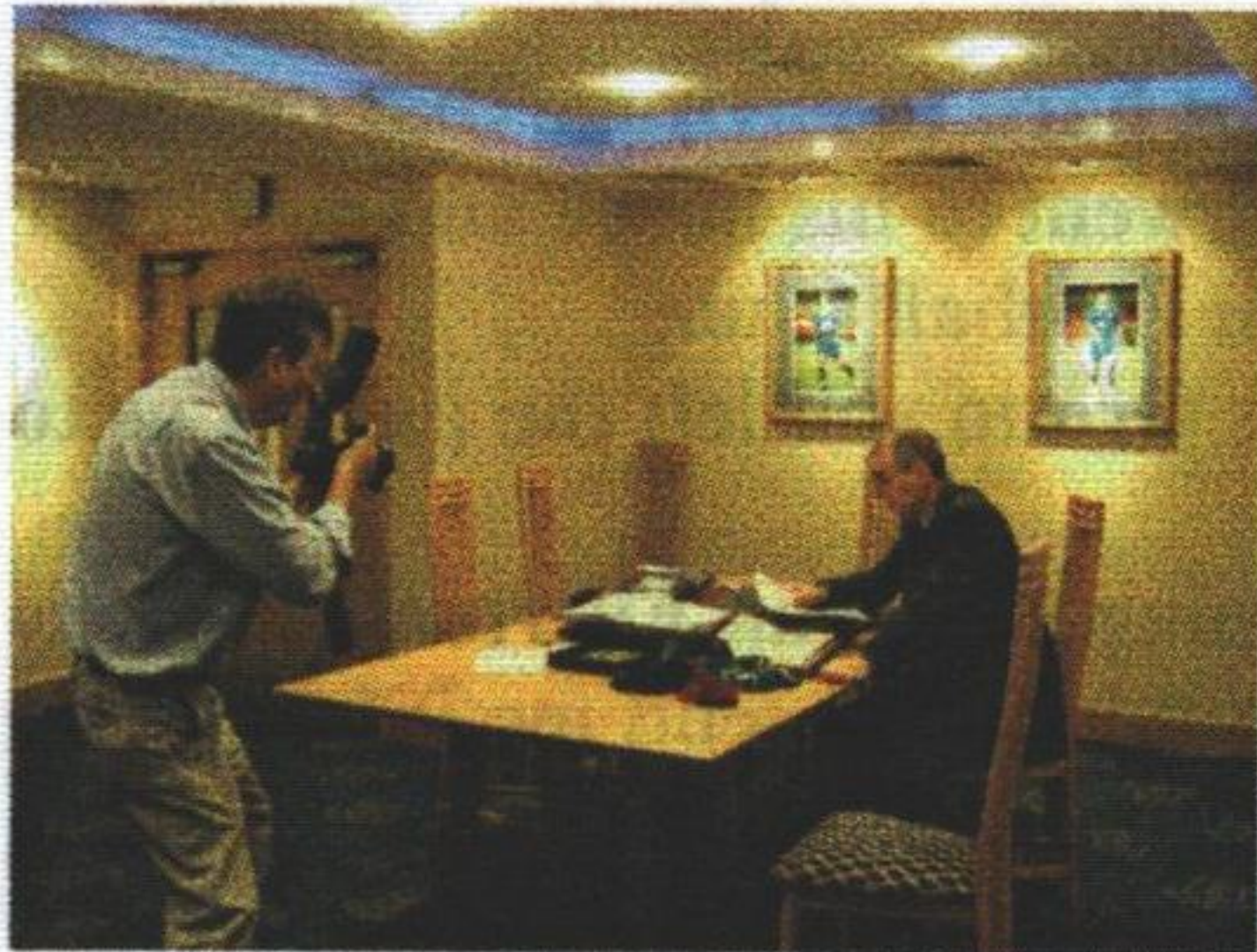
**Behind the scenes at Goodison Park The David France Collection**



Above Sky T.V. Decide how to go about filming the collection



Above A Police Helicopter interrupts the 'Shoot' it flew around for 20minutes and Filming had to be done in the Boardroom



Above The Liverpool Daily Post take photos. The article appeared in Friday 12th August Edition



Above B.B.C. North West film the collection. They aired it at 6.45pm on Thursday 11th August and at 10.45pm in a slightly different format.

**The Collection**



**Bert Freeman's England International Cap**

Bert Freeman played for Everton between 1908-1911, as a centre forward he was amazing, scoring 67 goals in only 94 appearances for the Blues. The first player to score over 30 goals in a season for Everton. The Cap is very small compared to today's head size but if you notice it has a Rose Emblem and not the Three Lions that is used today. Bert left Everton for Burnley where he managed to score the winning goal in the Cup Final

**The David France Collection**



**Everton- Newcastle- Barcelona 23rd May 1924**

Everton won the Barcelona trophy in 1924 after a series of games, Everton won the first game against Barcelona 2-1 but lost the second game by the same score. Everton then beat Newcastle 3-2.

Barcelona paid Everton £1,000 to visit them but the cost of getting there and other expenses came to £1,009. it was still considered worthwhile by the Everton Board.

Three Everton Directors went on the trip Cuff, Banks and Gibbins.

This is my favourite article from the whole of the Collection, I just love the look of the medal, the feel of it, everything that is Everton is compressed into this little medal.

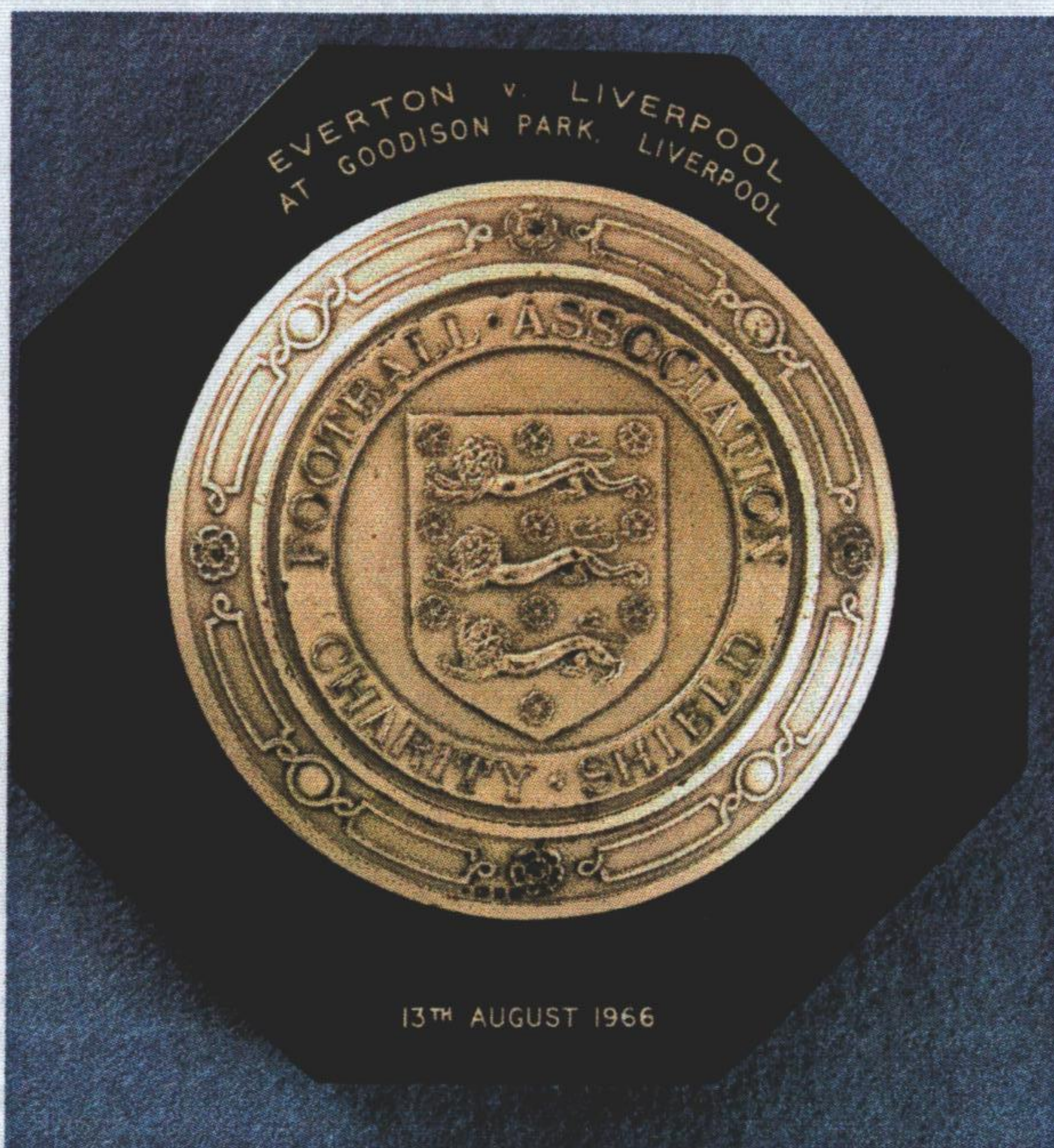
It shows that Everton were an adventurous Club, they had been pioneers of European travel back in 1905, the first English Club to tour Europe and had ventured to south America in 1909 to play in Argentina.



**The David France Collection**

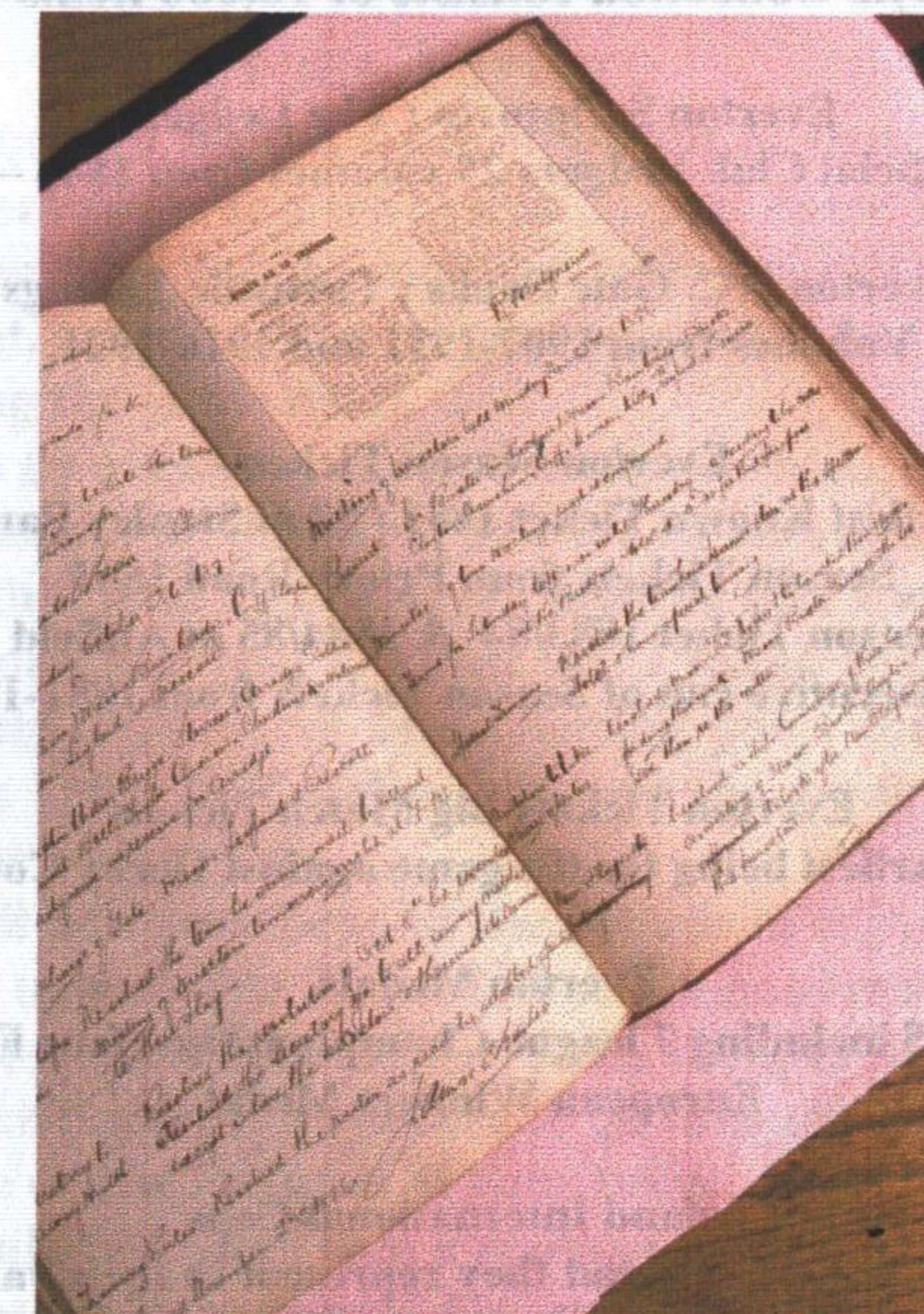


**Above**  
**Alex Young's 1966 F. A. Cup Final Winners Medal**  
**The Golden Vision gets a Golden Medal**



**Above**  
**A players Plaque from the Charity Shield game held**  
**at Goodison Park on 13th August 1966**

**The David France Collection**



**The Book above is one of the Everton Ledgers and the page is open on November 2nd 1896. It has the Rules As To Training attached by a card. It makes fascinating reading.**

- Monday : Walking Exercise or salt water baths**
- Tuesday & Wednesday : Sprinting or Walking Exercises**
- Thursday : Sprinting and Skipping Rope Exercises**
- Friday Walking Exercise**

**Rule 2 Every player must be on the ground not later than 10am and must sign his name in a book kept by the Trainer for that purpose. At this hour, such book will be removed and any player whose name is not entered will be required to give the directors a sufficient reason therefore.**

**3 Each player shall bring to the ground suitable clothing necessary for the practice of the day.**

**4 The players shall, if required by the Trainer indulge in the practice of football**

**5 The players shall undergo any other mode of training or practice as the Trainer may under any circumstances deem expedient**

**6 The players shall if and so often as the Trainer may think desirable, take such medicines which are prescribed by the Trainer.**

**The Directors in framing these rules desire the co-operation of the players in the observance thereof and trust that the players will assist them in maintaining the high reputation of the Everton Football Club by obedience to the commands of the Trainer, in whom the Directors have vested the necessary authority and to whom the look for the maintenance of the high standard of efficiency which the Players of the Everton Football Club have attained hitherto.**

**Dated the 26th October 1896**

**By Order of the Directors**

**R. Molyneux Secretary**





**The David France Collection**  
**The Collection consists of 10,000 items**

**Everton Scriptures : The Ledgers**  
**The official Club Ledgers 29 volumes from 1886 –1964**

**Everton F.C. Gate Books ; Turnstile Takings**  
**Volumes from 1907-1911 and 1916-1921.**

**Everton Season Tickets**  
**Earliest Known Ticket 1881 / 82 at Stanley Park**  
**Season Tickets from Priory Road 1883**  
**Season Ticket 1883/84 & 1884/85 at Anfield**  
**A consecutive run of Season Tickets from 1881-1892**

**Everton Tickets Big Match Tickets**  
**Hundreds of Tickets the earliest being for the game against Derby County at Anfield in 1890!!**

**Everton Medals.**  
**40 medals between 1890 –1985 including 7 league Championships, four F. A .Cup Winners, and One European Winners Medal**

**England International Caps**  
**The Caps are made from a velvet material and they represent in their various colours the opponents, Bert Freeman's cap is Red which means it was awarded for a game against Wales which was played at Nottingham on March 15th 1909. Freeman scored one of the two goals. England beat Wales 2-0**

**Everton Ephemera**  
**Ephemera? Today it means general collectables, the collection has lots of paper collectables, 20 EFC postcards between 1903-1920, over 300 cigarette cards from 1897 onwards, more than 500 trade cards issued with products such as salt, tea confectionary and bubble gum. 20 Everton Players contracts from 1890. 15 autographed menus from Club Celebrations over the last century. Approximately 200 letters mailed to the club between 1903 –1970. Ten overseas travel itineraries from 1905 onwards. 10 Everton handbooks from 1894 to the present day. 50 First Day Postal Covers, 115 books one of every Everton book ever published. Assorted autograph albums and shareholder information.**

**Everton Photographs**  
**Over 100 personal snaps of the players and teams from 1925 –1975**

**Everton Programmes**  
**An amazing collection of Everton programmes, Pre World War 1 Home 321, Away 66, Between the Wars home 805, Away 240, post World War 2 home 2,495 , Away 2183. There are also 32 pre League programmes from 1886—1890 these include the oldest known programmes involving Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, Derby County, West Brom, Wolves, Newton Heath (Man United) and Celtic. From 1904 onwards the programme was shared by Liverpool until 1935 starting as a 16 page work of art in 1904 and ending in a 32 page masterpiece in 1935, so there are also nearly 1,000 pre Second World War Liverpool programmes as well. Every home programme from 1945 –2001 These and many other items make this a MUST BUY collection, Everton have put up £250,000, Lord Grantchester £100,000 the rest will be raised through The Everton Collection Appeal, You can send your money to Freepost The Everton Collection Appeal, or phone 0871 789 6089**

**Visit [www.evertonfc.com/evertoncollection](http://www.evertonfc.com/evertoncollection)**

**It doesn't matter if you just send a fiver, but send it, every time you win a tenner on the lottery send a fiver, if you win on the horses send a fiver. We are the Peoples Club this is the Peoples Collection. Imagine going to see it in the Library in Liverpool, heaven on earth, to hold the first league Championship Medal, brilliant.**





# The Gordon West Story.

## Nervous Torture

**ONE WAY AND** another, quite a bit has been made out of that famous temperament of mine. Temperament? Nerves ?—It's quite true ... you name it, I suffered from it. But not any more. And I can pinpoint the moment when I faced up to the truth of the matter. But more about that, later. Let me tell you now what football really used to do to me, just before and during the game itself.

Believe me, every game was an ordeal, so far as I was concerned. My stomach would be tied up in knots before I went out on the park; and if I let through even one goal, I used to torture myself, whether that goal had been my fault or not. I would go home after a match worrying about the one that had got past me. I found that my sleep was being disturbed, that I was having nightmares about letting goals through. There came a time, not so long ago, when I was half inclined to quit the game I had been so determined to make my career, as a schoolboy.

For me, professional football had gone beyond the bounds of enjoyment. The pressures and the strains were almost unbearable. Brian Labone announced his intention of quitting the game, and I knew just what he meant. It's one thing to play a game of football, and enjoy it regardless of the result; it's another to go through life worrying about the effect defeat is likely to have on the fortunes of your team.

There was a time when I could be talked into a mistake literally. It was all a question of nerves and temperament but it was very real, believe me. This sort of thing happens all the time it's one of the occupational hazards facing all goalkeepers. You're waiting to go up for a corner, and a forward comes in and tells you: 'You're going to miss the ball.' Or: 'You're going to drop it.' And I used to find myself wondering if he was right.

Straight away, of course, my concentration on the job in hand had been broken. Sometimes I did miss the ball, sometimes I didn't catch it cleanly. And sometimes it would lead to a goal. Then I'd be in a flaming temper with myself. And if I had the ball, and an attacker came boring in, I'd find myself shouting the odds, calling the referee's attention to what I considered had been a flagrant violation of neutrality with myself the neutral who had been hurt. Instead of getting all het up, of course, I should have been getting the ball cleared from the danger area, and leaving the inquest until later.

Sometimes I would see a team-mate fouled. So I had to get involved, and I would end up racing round the 18yard box, querying a referee's decision and generally doing myself and my team mate no good at all. But it was worst when we lost a game especially if I felt that I had let through a goal which I might have saved.

I remember the F.A. Cup final against Sheffield Wednesday. We won, 3-2, but it could so easily have been the other way round. In the first place, I had played almost all the season in the first team. And then, around Christmas, I had to get an injury. The week before the F.A. Cup ties, I was just about fit but Geoff Barnett, who last season Joined Arsenal, was the man in possession.

Our last League game before the Cup was at Blackpool, and we lost, 2-0. Geoff had played a good game, by all accounts, but one of the goals had been a 'soft' one.

So I was back in the team for the Cup tie the following week. But for that 'soft' goal, I might never have had the chance to play in the final at Wembley.

However, we did get there, and I was still the first team choice. That final, you may recall, was one of drama and incident. In the first place, manager Harry Catterick had decided that Fred Pickering, the centre-forward he had signed from Blackburn for £80,000, would not be playing at Wembley.



'Pick' had been out through injury, but had proved himself to be fit for the game, if selected. Instead, 'the boss' named Mike Trebilcock. And I could see tears in Fred Pickering's eyes, when he realised he was going to be a spectator on the big occasion.

Wednesday came out to play some tremendous football; and they scored two goals before we had realised what day it was. The second goal was a two timer. The first time, the ball hit my body, and was deflected out only to be rammed straight back past me, and into the net. That was the moment I wanted the referee to blow his whistle, and put an end to the game.

My mind wasn't focussed on our chances of a fight back and a final victory. I was too busy considering what would happen, if we did manage to score a goal. I thought: 'DON'T let our forwards score...' You know why?—Because I felt that if Everton pulled back a goal, and we finished the losers by two goals to one, I would get the blame for the second which had gone past me! How cock-eyed can your thinking be.

Before the final, I had spent a sleepless night, dozing fitfully. And when I did doze, I dreamed of having to save a penalty at the last minute, just as Everton looked to have the game won. On the day itself, things turned out so differently, for when we were two goals down, I couldn't for the life of me see how we were going to pull back such a deficit.

When I went on the field, I had taken out my false front tooth and dropped it in my cap, which I deposited in the corner of the net. I told myself that I must not forget to put the tooth back in, when we went up to receive the Cup. When we were trailing by those two goals, I looked ruefully at the tooth in my cap, and thought wryly that it didn't really matter, after all, whether I paraded before Princess Margaret minus a tooth or not. We weren't going to spend much time up there, collecting losers' medals.

I thought, too, of the good luck charm which lay in the dressing-room. It was a ginger haired little man, and had been given to me by our left back, Ray Wilson. I'd taken 'Ginger' along every time we played in the Cup, and I had come to regard 'Ginger' as an infallible good-luck charm. But he wasn't doing much for us that afternoon, at Wembley.

My nerves felt shot to pieces, as I surveyed the scene. Wednesday were playing some fine football, and we just couldn't seem to get going. Everton supporters were chanting 'Pickering! Pickering', and I wondered what our manager was thinking, as he sat and sweated this one out. The fans might be clamouring for Fred Pickering, now that we were two goals down but I knew I would be blaming myself for letting that second goal through, and putting us in such a hopeless position.

Then we scored and scored again. The whole picture changed. And just when it seemed like extra time was on the cards, Derek Temple rapped in the winner for us. And it was all over.

Hurriedly, I picked up my cap and stuffed that tooth back into my mouth. Then we were up in the royal box, receiving the Cup and the winners' medals from Princess Margaret. And the surprising thing about it all, believe it or not, was that I suddenly found myself back in the dressing-room, clutching my medal and feeling pretty dejected. I still cannot explain that feeling.

Players were laughing all around me, the manager was clearly delighted, and the champagne was flowing. But I felt that the magic moment had been and gone far too quickly for me to have time to savour it. Was that all there was, to getting a Cup winner's medal? I wondered. A few quick steps up to the royal box, a handshake and a few words which I could not take in, then a lap of honour and back to the dressing-room. I felt no real sense of occasion. But the medal was real enough, as I sat there, looking at it.

Strangely, I felt much better when we LOST to West Brom in the final, soon afterwards. This time, there were players who were almost in tears, so great was their disappointment at losing by the only goal of the game, so late on. But, for once, my nerves had vanished. Certainly I didn't feel happy about having lost; but I did feel proud about the show we had put up. And I urged the lads who were most despondent: 'Come on, now let's lap the track and show them we can take defeat.'

Incidentally, I can tell you that we footballers have some pretty funny superstitions. Apart from the ginger-haired little man whom I had taken to Wembley as a good-luck mascot, I had another item which the lads regarded as a lucky omen. It was a kind of sock, which I had been wearing as a thigh bandage, since I pulled a muscle. And even when the injury had cleared up, I always had to wear my 'sock', to bring us luck. I carried 'Ginger' around, too, until we played Nottingham Forest away. That time, I forgot him and we lost. I'm not the only one at Everton who believes in superstition, either. You want to see Colin Harvey, just before we leave the dressing room to go on the field. Colin always sits there with his head between his hands. Sometimes I would swear he was praying... Every player has a 'chest rub', before he takes the field and Alan Ball always has to be first in the queue for this bit of treatment. I won't fasten my bootlaces until Brian Labone has fastened his and sometimes, when the seconds are ticking away, I'm saying to myself: 'Come on, Labby, get those boots fastened up...' Because I won't make a move to do mine, until he has. Brian Labone, as captain is always first out on to the pitch; I follow him and right back Tommy Wright always makes sure he's third in line. Sometimes he nips into the queue so quickly, and then starts to sprint to catch me up, that I feel sure he'll finish up ahead of me.

When I go to the toilet before a game, I always wash my hands under the same tap; and for some reason, John Hurst, once he has changed into his playing kit, always wears his wrist watch over the sleeve of his jersey, somewhere near the elbow. That's how superstitious footballers can be. I know it sounds silly and it probably is; but if you do something one week, and you win, then you get into the habit of doing the same thing, week in, week out, in the hope that it will bring you luck. I don't know what I would have done, had we lost that final against Sheffield Wednesday at Wembley. Probably shot myself, I imagine. For at that time, I used to torture myself, if we lost just a League match, never mind an F.A. Cup final. I have gone home and literally shed tears after a match, blaming myself for the goal that beat us. I really did get into a flap, on the field of play, at times. There was one occasion when we were playing Liverpool in a Derby game, and Ian St. John tangled with one of my team mates. I was in such a nervous state that I raced fully 40 yards to give Ian a talking to! And the Anfield crowd doesn't forget me, to this day, when we play Liverpool. A Liverpool supporter caused something of a sensation when he raced on the field and presented me with a red handbag, at the start of one derby game. And the crowd were hooting with joy, and yelling 'Honey West!' I've had the handbag presentation several times, since, but now I try to pay them back in their own coin, for I've realised that you mustn't take everything so seriously. When I go towards the goal at the Kop end, I get the two finger salute from thousands of fans gathered there. Once, it used to upset me; now, I register amazement, look behind me to see if someone else is the object of their attention, then turn back to the crowd and grimace: 'Who? Me?' as if I can't believe it. It's good for a laugh, and it eases any tension. Sometimes, if I'm out, I'll hear a group of people nearby talking about 'Mae West', and I know they're Liverpool fans taking the mickey out of me. I used to get het up and feel like punching one of them in the face, but now I don't worry about it. It's all part of the act, all part of the game. But sometimes you can get the sort of treatment which isn't so funny. The week before we played Sheffield Wednesday at Wembley, I was awakened about 12.30 in the morning by the ringing of the telephone. I was half asleep, as I answered, and a voice just said: 'Mr. West? This is the police.' Then the phone went dead. Next morning, when I got to the ground, I mentioned the incident, which had broken a good night's sleep and left me tossing and turning, pondering about that phone call. Had it been a hoaxer with a poor sense of humour, or had it really been the police? And if so, what had they wanted? I mentioned the matter to Derek Temple, who immediately asked: 'What time did you get that call?' When I told him, he revealed that he had received a phone call about 10 minutes later only his had not been quite so ambiguous. The caller had told Derek: 'Your mother is seriously ill you'd better get round there straight away'





Top A fine example of the total concentration, from toes to stretching fingertips and not forgetting that tongue, required from goalkeepers of championship teams.

Below Success again . . . Everton players with the F.A. Charity Shield.



## The Back Cover of Gordon's book

And Derek rushed from his home in Ormskirk to his mother's house at Huyton no joke at that time in the morning only to find that everything there was all right.

I once got a letter which warned me that I was going to be shot, when I left Goodison after a game the following afternoon. I showed it to club officials, who passed it on to the police. They said they thought it was a hoax, and later told me they had picked up someone who admitted having written it, for a joke. I don't know if that was the case, but I'll admit I did wonder what might happen, as I left Goodison after that game. I was glad when I arrived home safely.

I've told you how I could react to jibes from opponents who played on my nervous reaction. But jibes from the fans could hurt, too, at times. We went to play Sunderland, at Roker Park, and we lost, 3-1. I felt pretty badly about that, because I blamed myself for two of the goals. On the way back, we stopped for a meal at Scotch Corner, and I was standing next to Brian Labone, moaning about my display. He was telling me to stop worrying. Then up walked an Everton supporter. To this day I don't really know if he realised who was with Brian, or if he knew and didn't let on. I like to think it was the former. But he walked straight up to Brian, and said: 'You know, there's only one thing Everton are short of now and that's a good goalkeeper.' Then he stalked off, leaving me feeling worse than ever.

Looking back, I must have been an interesting case for a psychiatrist, because my nerves really used to get the better of me. To such an extent that if I played badly in a game at a particular ground, I'd walk off thinking: 'And I've got to come back and play here again next year...' It really bothered me, such a thought.

When I was clutching the ball, ready to throw it out to a team-mate, or kick it up field, and an opposing forward came running in shouting 'Come on, boy, drop that ball!' my nerves began to get the better of me. I really became frightened of dropping the ball and I just couldn't concentrate on clearing the ball properly. The same thing applied at a corner, if an opponent said to me, out of the corner of his mouth: 'This is it, it's going to be a goal!' I'd one eye on the ball, one eye on the opponent and half my mind on whether or not I WAS going to let in a soft one.

I feel sure that opposing teams played on my nervous reaction, too, because it seemed to me that everyone was trying to get into the act and niggle me, at one time. 'Get West ruffled and you'll get a penalty or a goal' that seemed to be the tactic. And then, one day, came the moment of truth. The day when it all happened. And, finally, I sat down and thought the whole thing out. We were playing at Newcastle, and there were only five minutes to go. The ball came across and I plucked it from the air just as Newcastle forward Albert Bennett came racing in to challenge me I forgot about the ball and took the man. The result: the referee gave a penalty to Newcastle and we lost, 1-0.

On the way back in the team coach, I sat alone, hugging my thoughts to myself, as I hunched up in a corner. And my thoughts were almost suicidal. It took us five or six hours to get back to Liverpool, and during the whole of that time I pondered upon the incident which had happened towards the end of the game.

For not only had I given away a needless penalty; I had ended up by getting marching orders, for the first time in my life. And, believe me, that walk to the dressing room seemed like 10 miles. It was the longest and the loneliest walk I've ever taken in the whole of my life. As I sat brooding on the coach, I had half made up my mind to quit professional football, to pack the whole thing in. Then I began to make a new resolve. If I were to keep on being subjected to such excitable, nervous reaction, I might as well call it a day—I was no use to myself or to my club. But the answer, I realised, lay in accepting that I would get some stick from forwards—every goalkeeper did. In accepting that there would be incidents which would rile me. But also in accepting that I must keep my temper and my temperament firmly under control. I resolved to try to play it cool, in the future.



The following game, there was another incident, where an opposing forward tried to rattle me. He began to say his party piece, about my dropping the ball and giving away a goal and, instead of getting all het up, I managed to smile at him. Suddenly, I could see he was puzzled, because I wasn't falling for the bait, and then I calmly cleared the ball up field. I had won the battle with my nerves, and I've enjoyed my football more and more, since that day. Now I let others do the worrying; if I give a goal away, I try to ensure that I don't repeat the mistake. But I don't keep on crying over spilt milk.

I must say that Molineux and Highbury are my two favourite grounds, away from Goodison. Somehow, I always seem to play well against the Wolves and against Arsenal. I cannot pay the Old Trafford crowd the same compliment that I would reserve for the fans at Molineux and Aston Villa—the Stretford Enders can be cruel, at times.

Everton met Manchester United in an F.A. Cup-tie at Old Trafford, and at half time, it was no score. When I came out to keep goal at the Stretford End, for the second half, there was a burst of applause which took me by surprise. I had been having a pretty good game, but I was taken aback by this spontaneous tribute. I waved and acknowledged the applause. Then we scored and, suddenly, I found myself the target for literally hundreds of missiles. I reckon that I was showered with at least 300 coins. Yes, the Stretford Enders can switch from one mood to another swiftly and it's not a very pleasant feeling to be on the receiving end.

However, I do think too much has been made of the dangers a goalkeeper faces, these days. People talk about hand grenades, darts and knives being thrown. But these objects have only been thrown once, and on separate occasions. It doesn't go on at every ground, week in, week out. I never really consider that I might be dicing with death, when I go out to keep goal on a Saturday, although I do realise that a flying coin could spell the end of my career if I happened to turn and get caught in the eye.

I accept too, that a goalkeeper more than any other player, perhaps is liable to break a limb or two, during his career. This is part of the job, one of the risks a goalie takes, if he's not going to chicken out every time there is an attack upon his goal. I've broken a bone in my hand, I've dislocated my shoulder blade and my collar bone. But I can honestly say that not one of these injuries came as the result of a deliberate attempt by an opponent to injure me. They have all been accidental.

I think the injury which got me down most came in one of Everton's most successful seasons the year we won the title. It was my second season, and I had played in every match, with only four to go to the clincher, against Fulham against Arsenal I went up for a high ball and Alan Skirton challenged me I finished up with my shoulder dislocated a pure accident, I stress and I had to sit the last four games out. Somehow I felt rotten watching from my seat in the stand as the lads gave Fulham a tanning in our final home game and sewed up the title for us. Of course, I wanted Everton to win but I wanted to be a part of such a great occasion. However, I had the consolation of collecting a League-championship medal, and I knew I had played my part in helping Everton to win the title. I don't think I would be quite so upset today, if I knew that there was nothing I could do about it, and I reckon an incident in a match last season proves the point that I have made, about having overcome my nerves and excitability. You may recall that we went to Molineux as League leaders, to tackle the Wolves, who were breathing down our necks. It was a game which ended in a real rumpus, as Wolves Irish international leader, Derek Dougan, got sent off for making some remark or other.

The Wolves players were clearly incensed by the decision, as the lanky Irishman started to walk across the park, on his way to the dressing room. I must admit that I thought he'd had his name taken, and that would be an end to the matter. But when I saw him starting the long walk, and realised he had been given marching orders, I also saw that one of his team-mates had become so upset that he was liable to do something rash.

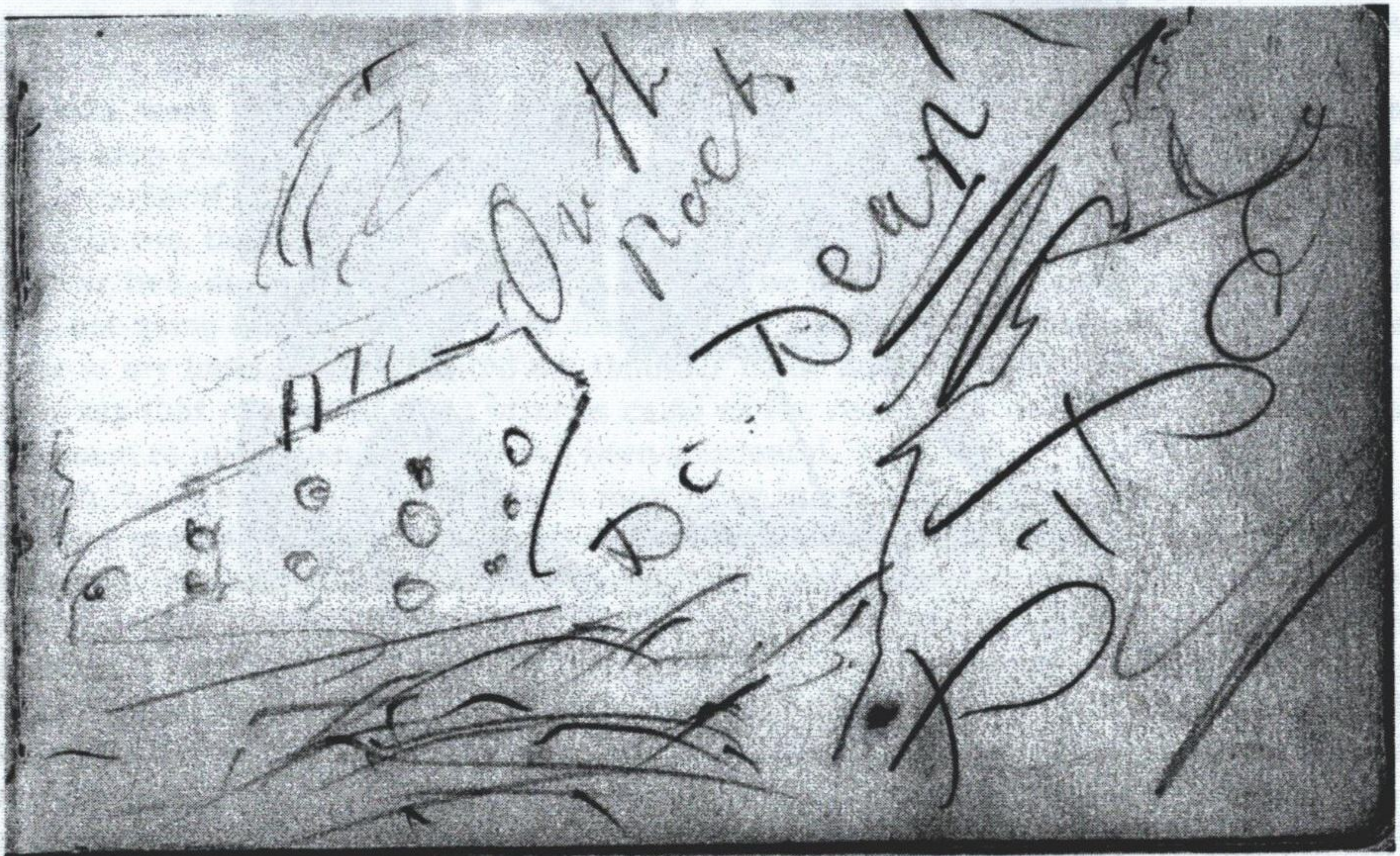
I raced out of goal and reached the player in time, grabbed him in a bear hug, and tried to calm him down, for he was almost frothing at the mouth. I grabbed him and held him, all the while talking to him and pointing out that Dougan had been sent off, and that was the end of that. I also pointed out that if he got himself into trouble, he was likely to find himself taking the long walk to the dressing-room, after his team-mate. Fortunately, my words were heeded, and things calmed down, so the game finally got going again.

But as I reflected on the incident afterwards, I realised that I really had matured. A couple of years or so ago, it could so easily have been me, rushing out and shouting the odds. With unhappy results. Yes, I'm glad to say I've got over my nerves although I still feel the tensions of the big occasion.



To be continued in issue 28





Two great items of Everton memorabilia from the 1930's. A Blue Blood reader came up to me outside the Winslow and said did I want to put these in the fanzine. As you can see the answer was yes.

The sketch by Dixie is very interesting I think it dates from May 1936 when Everton set off to tour Hitler's Germany, they left Southampton on the liner 'New York' but in dense fog at 9.15pm it collided with a six thousand ton cargo boat, which sank in just over one hour. The lifeboats from the New York were launched and all the crew were saved, some had jumped onto the New York's deck when the collision took place.

The Everton crew were badly shaken and it is said Alex Stevenson did not sleep a wink that night.



## **The End of The Silly Season**

**And so, with a hollow clunk, the transfer window shut again last night, bringing an end -- for another four months at least -- of feverish speculation, gossip and hope. This was our busiest period of transfer activity in living memory, yet the resounding feeling is one of disappointment. At the end of last season, there was a sense that here was a chance for Everton to build something great, yet when we opened (and closed) our all too brief Champions League campaign -- the quick route to big amounts of money -- we had just two additions to our starting line up, and in the second leg were forced to play an increasingly out of sorts midfielder in the alien left back position.**

**Yet looking back at our major purchases over the last few months -- Davies, Van Der Meyde, Klodrup, Neville, Ferrari, Valente and the confirmation of the Arteta deal -- one can't help but be impressed. Without exception they are improvements to the players they have come to replace, and the sort of men who will provide the foundations for Everton to remain in the top six.**

**The question has to be begged, however, why on earth was the bulk of our business done in their last week of the transfer window? Why were the deals not put in place for these men long before? I don't give much credence to this idea of "Dithering Dave" because in three years, while he's been cautious, he has almost always brought in good players, and conversely, the less he seems to spend, the better they seem to be.**

**Moyes reminds me very much of Arsène Wenger, who built his great Arsenal sides not on megabucks players like Wayne Rooney or Ruud Nistlerooy, but by buying good-quality men who had perhaps wilted a little over previous seasons, and had so seen their market value drop. It should be remembered only a couple of years ago Simon Davies was talked of as a £10 million player and potential replacement for David Beckham at United. If he lives up to the promise shown then, at £4 million he will prove a bargain. Likewise Van Der Meyde, who, if he remains injury free, will prove the bargain of the year at £1.8 million. Think of Wenger's best buys at Highbury and the names of Reyes (£15million from Sevilla), Wiltord (bought at a price of £10 million) and Jeffers (£8 million) don't spring immediately to mind. Instead the cornerstones of his great sides -- Viera, Henry, Campbell and Pires -- were purchased for a combined total of around £15 million.**

**Identifying the right men, and how they might fit in, and where they might fit in is immeasurably more important than going out and blowing the clubs cash on the first player that become available. Walter Smith was great at buying players, and we had new men all the time -- but rarely did .**



they fit in with any great success. It's a similar case over the other side of Stanley Park, and had they not fluked their way through to European Cup success last year, their spend happiness would have seen them in immense financial difficulties. As it stands Rafael Benitez seems set on blundering Liverpool's cash away anyway. The financial difficulties of Liverpool might only lie a couple of unsuccessful seasons away. Here's hoping.

The one area of concern, and where I do feel most let down, is up front. Yet we have exactly the same forward line that helped bring us so much relative success last year. We all know that Moyes tried to buy a player to partner Beattie, but frankly I'm delighted that he didn't sign Craig Bellamy, who is a horrible man, and I'll wager with anybody that he won't score more than 10 goals this season. I don't think Andy Johnson is worth £10 million pounds any more than David Nugent (cost £100,000 in January) is worth £5 million. The one player who might have made a difference to Everton is Robbie Keane, but again, Spurs were putting an unrealistic price tag on his head, anywhere between £7million and £10 million, for a player who is out of contract in a year. My hope is that Moyes gives Beattie and Bent a chance together, because I feel that partnership might work; I also hope that the additions of Van der Meyde and Davies help transform a player who has previously been disappointing in a blue shirt.

It's worth remembering that when Beattie ended at the top of the Premiership scoring charts two years ago, his strike partner was Brett Ormerod, -- who has frankly found his level in the First Division. Beattie's most important colleagues then were on the wings, Fabrice Fernandez and Marian Pahars, men who could get good balls into the danger area. If we can do that, we'll thrive.

Reading the last issue of Blueblood I was staggered by Martin Ford's article, which questioned whether 'Moyes is the Main Man'. Okay, I don't believe that everything that the guy does is perfect, but Martin Ford was having a laugh, whingeing and moaning like a red. In fact, after reading it, I was reminded of the Kopites who were burning their Stevie G shirts outside Mellwood just before their hero didn't go to Chelsea. Ford warns us that we should "get ready for the fall", but goes on to say he won't be coming along to see it, because his support for Everton no longer extends to going to the match. I don't know what sort of Evertonian this man is, but anyone who claims they would rather see Wigan, Blackburn or even Bolton -- the ugliest, dirtiest side the top flight has seen in a long time -- live ahead of Everton deserves to have questions asked of their sanity.

Moyes has made his mistakes, but which manager hasn't? If you're only going to reflect on the negative, then you could make even Wenger or Sir Alex Ferguson seem the worst managers in the world. The achievements of Moyes have been staggering. He's done what Howard Kendall was twice unable to do, Joe Royle couldn't manage even with millions of Hamperman's readies, and Walter Smith never looked remotely like achieving, and that's make Everton compete in this tough, tough world of modern football. If -- and this a big imponderable, because we don't really know what goes on behind the scenes -- he could plan out his transfer strategy a little bit better or maybe get a Frank Arnesen-type to sort out the deals, he could be a legend.

**James Corbett**



## The Real Everton Football Club

I have read many times the various complaints about Everton Football Club, whether it be the teams performance or the Box Office but there is another Everton, the Real Everton.

I am talking about Football In The Community the scheme that Everton help run along with JJB, Coca Cola and others. I decided to send my nine year old son, Jake on a three day Soccer Camp at Formby.

His Granddad agreed to take him and his friend Nathaniel every day, they arrived on Tuesday 30th August in plenty of time for registration, once the boys were allocated a coach his Granddad left, returning at 2pm to pick them up.

The boys were excited and said what they had done that day, they both 'Couldn't Wait' for the following day.

The same procedure for the next two days but at 1.30pm on the final day there was to be a Presentation.

Lee Carsley gave up his spare time to come along and present the trophies, this in itself made the kids happy but the coaches also had a little speech prepared about how the kids had been excellent and shown the right attitude.

The whole event was professionally conducted and the standard of coaching was of the highest level.

Every child received a medal and a Everton Goody Bag, then the coaches gave separate awards for Best Teams, Penalty Taking, and Best Player in age group. Luckily enough Jake was given this award, a Signed Everton Football, presented to him by Lee Carsley, his friend received a plaque as a member of the best team in his age group. I would just like to say thank you to everyone involved, there are two very happy little boys in Ormskirk.

Julia Dodds



Jake Dodds receives his Signed Ball from Lee Carsley



The City was still buzzing from the excellent Cup Final victory, both the fans and the players were looking forward to the new season.

Everton had been successful both on and off the pitch, last seasons gate receipts had been £16,372 of which £7,440 went on players wages. A profitable time for all and the Committee decided to bring in new players, during the course of the coming campaign, Evertonians saw eight new faces.

George Couper an outside right from Hearts, Richard Percy Depledge a goalkeeper from the junior team, Robert Graham a Glasgow lad who played at inside left. Frederick William Rouse a Southerner who was nicknamed 'Big Fred' he was a centre forward. Donald Sloan, another Scot, another goalkeeper, Samuel Strettle a full back who was from Warrington.

To finish off the new lads, a pair of brothers from Hearts were brought to the club, David Wilson and George Wilson, David was an inside forward and George an outside left, he was a strong character, this was to be his downfall at Goodison, the Committee do not like anyone questioning their selections.

The first game of the season was an away game at Middlesbrough, the Everton line was Scott, W. Balmer, Crelley, Makepeace, Taylor, Abbott, Sharp, Bolton, Young, Settle, Hardman, the Cup Final Team

Ayresome Park had only been open since 12th September 1903 but it wasn't an easy ground to get a result from. 20,000 made it more difficult but Everton played well, they held on for a draw, 2-2 Bolton and Young both score.

The next game at Goodison was destined to go down in Everton's History, it was against Manchester City. Everton had made two changes from the game at Boro, Booth replaced Makepeace and George Wilson, a talented right winger from Hearts replaced Hardman to make his Everton debut.

16,000 fans inside Goodison were about to be stunned, Everton tore Manchester City apart, it was 5-0 at half time.

The Goodison crowd roared their team on, sensing that a record could be achieved today. City did manage to score but Everton added another four goals 9-1 was the final scoreline, an Everton record (Thirty years later the score was to be repeated against Plymouth but that was a Second Division game)

Sandy Young scored four, Settle two, Bolton & Taylor one each, the crowd clapped until their hands were sore.

George Wilson had not managed to score but he had made a massive contribution to the game and in the age old Everton tradition he was duly dropped for the next game.

Preston at home, 30,000 turned up hoping for another feast of goals, they were to be disappointed. Hardman replaced Wilson and Percy Hill came in at right back, this was to be Percy's last game for Everton, his 16th appearance for the club, he was transferred to Manchester City.

Hardman however didn't let the crowd down on his recall, he scored the winner, only one goal but the same amount of points that the nine goals earned.

15th September Newcastle away, George Wilson is back in the team and so is his brother David. Settle and Hardman lose out and so do Everton 1-0, 38,000 Geordies celebrate, probably without their shirts on.

Notts County at home, a poor crowd of 10,000, both the Wilson's play again, Abbott and Young score but it only earns a draw.

Five days later, Aston Villa at home, a hard team to beat but one that you must beat if you have any ideas about winning the League.

40,000 Evertonians know how important the game is and they try to give their team as much support as possible but it does not help, Everton lose 2-1 (Abbott)

# Everton Football Club 1906 / 07 ????????????

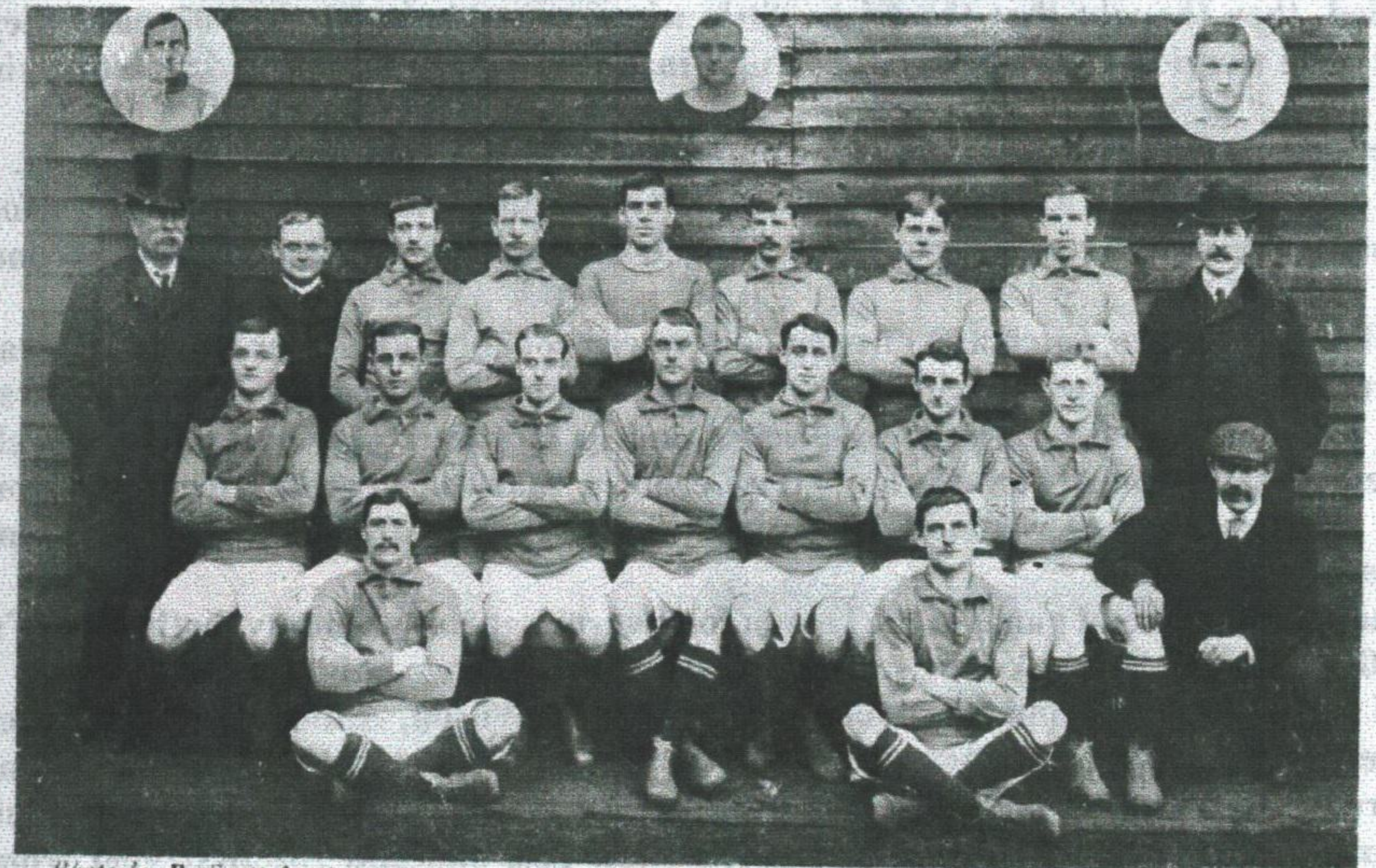


Photo by R. Scott & Co.,  
 Young. Rouse. Manchester.  
 Dr. Whitford. J. Settle. W. Balmer. T. Booth. W. Scott. F. Taylor. W. Abbott. W. Black. Mr. Cuff.  
 H. Makepeace. J. Sharp. R. Balmer. Oliver. J. Crelley. H. Hardman. H. Grundy. J. Elliott.  
 H. Bolton. A. Cooke.

This rare Everton postcard stated to be from the 1906 /07 season but it was from the 1905 /06 season with the addition of three inserts Alex 'Sandy' Young, Frederick William Rouse, and George Wilson.

Alex Young for some strange reason is an insert, WHY? He had been at Goodison a few years now. He probably missed the photo session for 1905/06 and the photo was not used, then in the new season someone had the bright idea that to save money why don't they just add the new signings and Young as inserts.

Despite all that it is a very interesting photo, William Black, a squad player gets his face shown, it's not often you will see a photo of him.

Harry Grundy, also only played two games for Everton and had left before the 1906/07 season. Frank Oliver had also left the club in August 1906, Jimmy Settle is seen in his suit? The postcard says F. Taylor but this is the Everton Legend 'Jack' John Daniel Taylor.

A. Cooke is Herbert E Cooke better known as Harry who went on to serve Everton for 25 years as a trainer and helped Dixie Dean recover from his many injuries.



29th September 1906 and Everton the Cup Holders play The League Champions, yes it's the 'Derby Game'. It's at our old home Anfield. The excitement in the City shows just how far Football has come, it is now the major pastime for industrial workers and office staff are also known to watch the game.

All week the talk was of who was going to beat who? Heated arguments and 'Beer' bets were laid.

The big day arrives and the crowds flock to Anfield, 40,000 squeeze into the ground, they shout, sing and cheer their team. The players take to the pitch, the roar can be heard miles away.

The game starts David Wilson is dropped and Hardman takes his place, the Evertonians are baffled, they thought that the tricky little winger would rip Liverpool apart, they need not have worried Sandy Young, the Cup Final hero gets two goals and Everton win 2-1.

The beer flows, the tears flow and the Evertonians celebrate in style, long into the night. October 6th and Everton welcome Bristol City to Goodison Park for the first time. So for the second game on the trot Everton play League Champions, this time it's the Second Division Title holders.

20,000 Blue Boys pay to watch, the missing ones were probably skint after all the celebrations. Everton keep faith with their 'Derby' heroes, Bristol City although new to the First Division were not overawed by the experience and in fact were playing extremely well and were destined to finish runners up in the League a marvellous achievement. Everton however were also playing well and they won the game comfortably 2-0 with goals from Bolton and Sharp.

Donnachie gets his second game of the season for Everton at Notts County, both Wilson's play. 10,000 watch as Sandy Young scores to seal victory and two points for Everton.

Sheffield United at home and Hardman replaces David Wilson, Abbott misses a game, very rare that Walter is not playing, he is Mister Reliable. Booth comes into the team, 15,000 are inside Goodison Park, they see a six goal thriller, thankfully Everton get four of the six. Sandy Young grabs another two, Bolton gets one and the first goal from George Wilson is acclaimed by the Goodison crowd.

One week later and away to Bolton, 22,000 are present to watch a Lancashire Battle, another fine game with four goals and the travelling Evertonians were the happiest fans inside Burden Park because Everton won 3-1, Hugh Bolton scored against his namesake team Bolton, Sharp and Young got the others.

November 3rd 1906, it had been over ten years since we played Manchester United who were known as Newton Heath in those days, so it was with some joy that another Lancashire Derby was being played at Goodison, 20,000 Blues watch the Brothers play but not the Wilson Brothers only George got a game, it was the Balmer Brothers who played, loyal servants to the club but it was not often that they got a game together.

Manchester United were outplayed and outthought, a silky smooth Everton team won 3-0. Jimmy Settle, George Wilson and Alex Young scored the goals. Everton were at the top of the table, sitting proud and playing great football.

Stoke away, a team struggling at the foot of the table and destined to be relegated, an easy win for Everton? You should know better, we lose 2-0, unbelievable, there was no George Wilson but that should not have mattered considering the poor opposition. The crowd of 6,000 were shocked, what happened to this great Everton team that should have arrived at the ground?

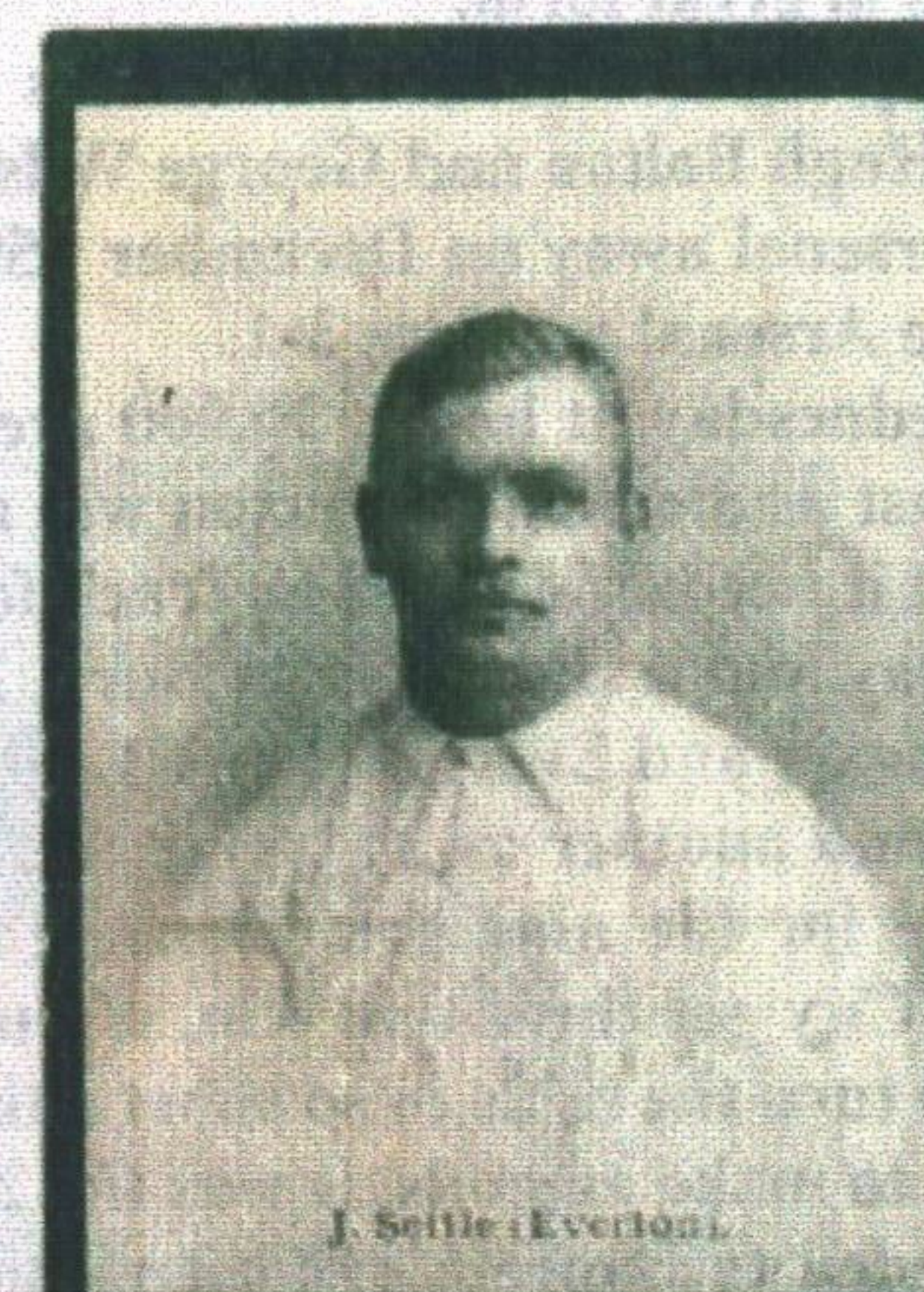
Blackburn at home and more changes Fred Rouse makes his debut, a Southern Lad born in Middlesex and bought from Stoke, he was centre forward. William Black plays a rare game for Everton at right half, only 10,000 watch but Everton win 2-0 with goals from Settle and Young.

Sunderland away and 14,000 watch another poor Everton performance, they lose 1-0,

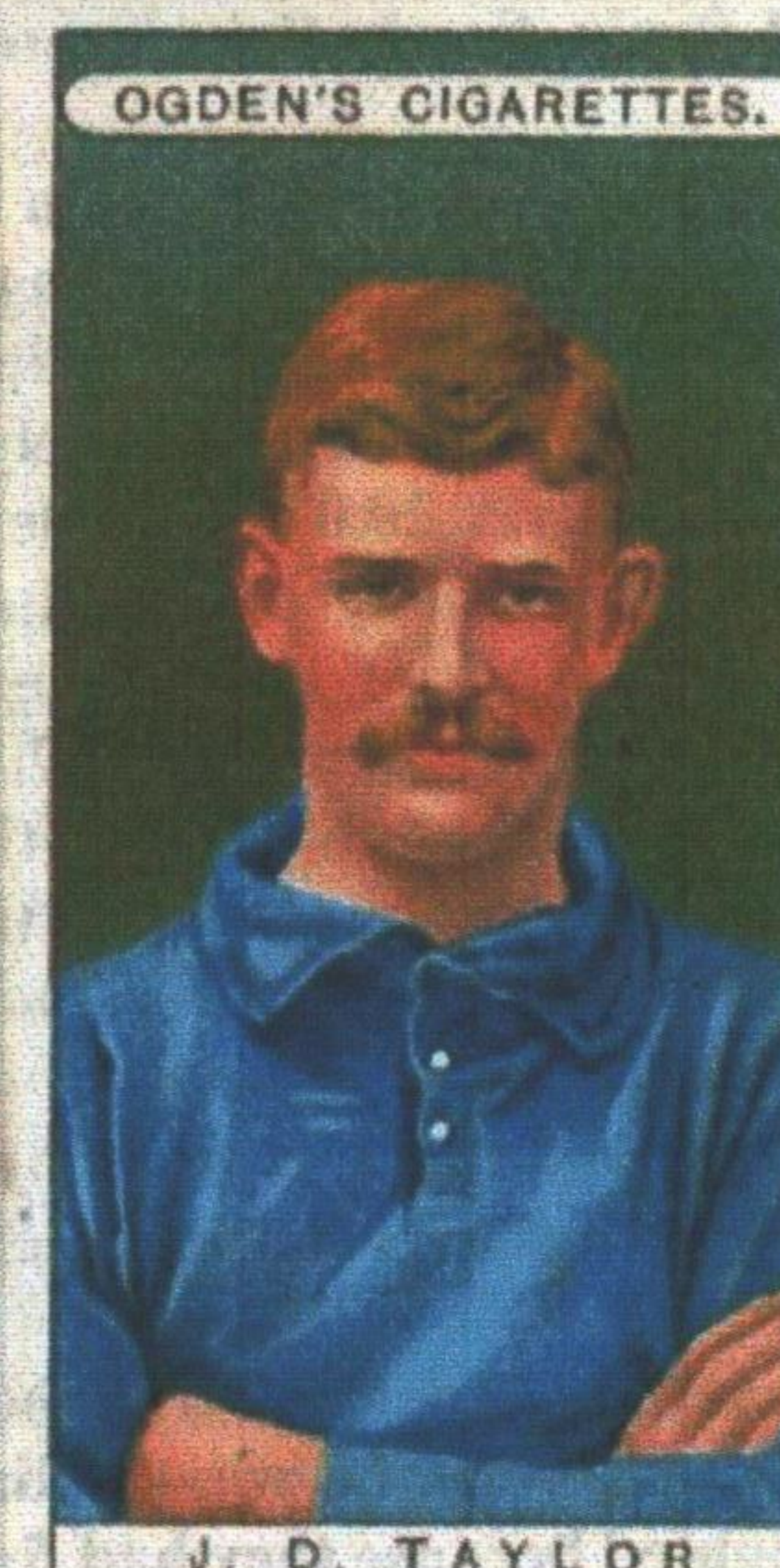
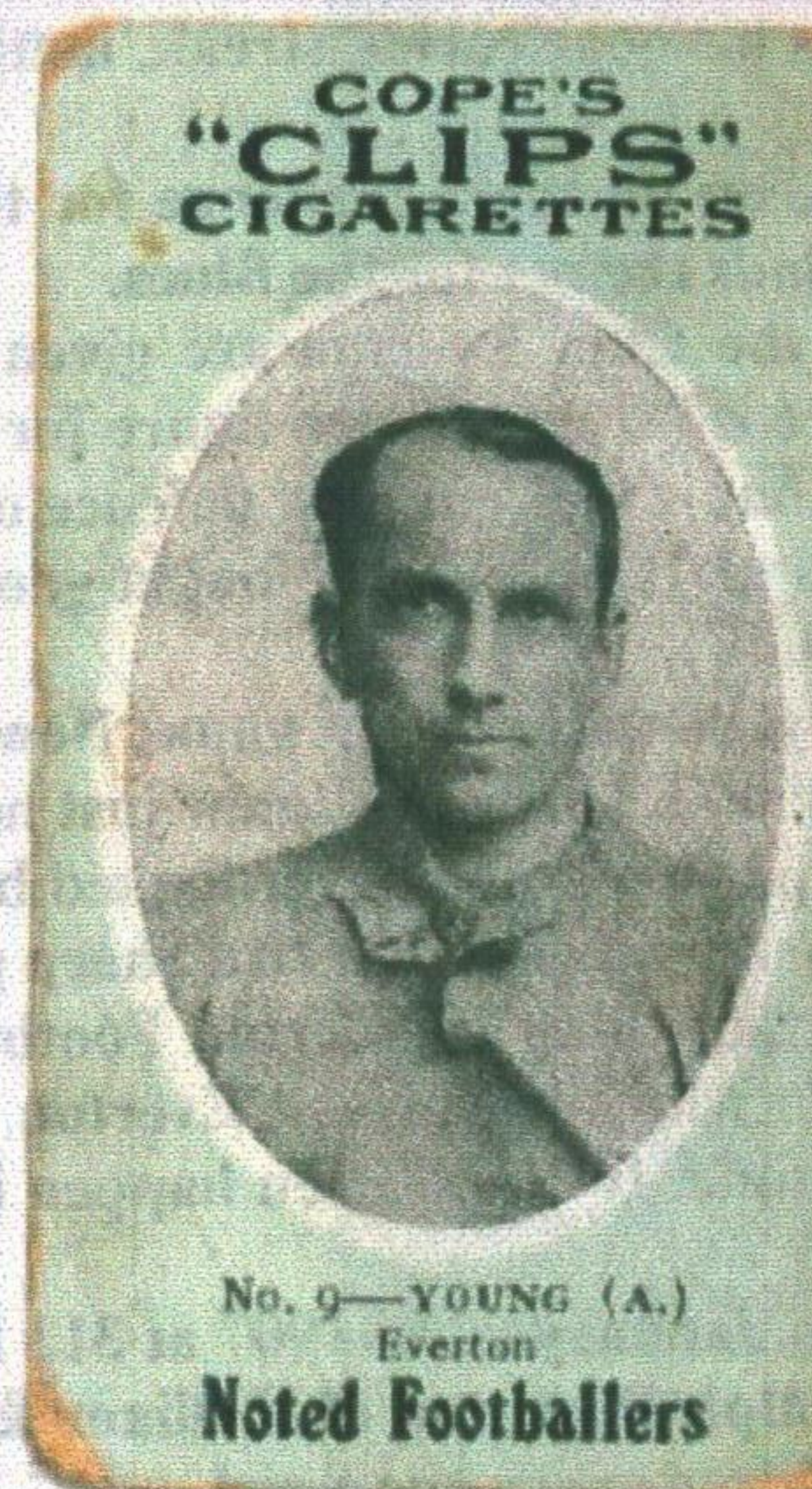
PROMINENT FOOTBALLERS.



F. W. ROUSE,  
EVERTON.



OGDEN'S  
CIGARETTES



Four great Everton players from 1906 /07  
Fred Rouse , Jimmy Settle,  
Alex 'Sandy' Young and Jack Taylor



December 1st 1906 and a home game against Birmingham, 12,000 attend Sandy Young lifts Evertonians hearts and spirits with two goals, Sharp gets one and Everton win 3-0. It is what was needed, the Blues need to get as many points as possible before the New Year. Sixteen games had been played so far and Sandy Young had managed to score 16 goals, he was in great form.

Derby County at home, 10,000 watch as Everton gain two fairly easy points thanks to goals from Hugh Bolton and George Wilson.

Woolwich Arsenal away on December 15th Sharp scores for Everton but they are out-fought by the Arsenal and lose 3-1.

Sheffield Wednesday at home, 20,000 are inside the ground full of Christmas spirit or something just as alcoholic. Everton win and give their fans a treat, it's only 2-0 Sharp & Young but it keeps the Blues on track for the title.

Christmas Day and a short trip to Bury, 22,000 an excellent turnout Sharp and Young find the net again and Everton win 2-1.

Boxing Day and another away game, this time at Manchester City, 25,000 Mancunians want revenge for the nine goal mauling they suffered at Goodison. Bolton scores for Everton but City get three and win, it's unbelievable that a team hammered at Goodison Park can turn the table in so short a time.

Everton had to make amends, it was the 29th December 1906, the last game of the year and they needed to impress against visitors Middlesbrough, only 12,000 are bothered enough to pay, they are cold but Everton soon warm them up. Thomas Chadwick plays at left half, a rare appearance for him, Donnachie also plays at outside right.

The game is an excellent one, Everton return to form, Hugh Bolton gets a hat trick, Hardman & Young score, the game ends 5-1 to Everton.

New Years Day 1907 and a home game against Bury, 20,000 Blues bring in the New Year with a 1-0 win, Sandy Young continues his goalscoring streak, netting the winner 1-0.

9,000 are at Preston to see if Everton can keep up their challenge for the title, it is a poor game and ends 1-1, Young once again finds the net for the Blues.

12th January 1907 and it's time to defend the Cup, Everton are given a hard draw, Sheffield United at home, unfortunately there is no attendance figure for this game but it would have been over 20,000 considering that it was our first defence of the Cup and all Blue Boys wanted another trip to the Capital. It was a hard fought game and only an own goal got Everton through to the next round.

Newcastle at home, 19th January 1907 a very, very important game, Newcastle are riding high, rivals with Everton for the title, 45,000 Evertonians knew just how important, the ground was packed. Everton took the upper hand and never looked back, they won the game 3-0 the prolific goalscorer Sandy Young hits another two Sharp gets the other. Three days after this match the most important thing in Everton Football Clubs History happened. It didn't have anything to do with this present Everton team, or anything to do with Football at this moment in time. It didn't even happen in the City Of Liverpool.

It happened over the water in Birkenhead on January 22nd 1907 at 313 Laird Street a little baby boy was born, he was William Ralph Dean son of William & Sarah Dean, they were delighted because they had five children every one a girl.

The birth of Dixie Dean went, apart from the Dean household, unnoticed but the World would soon realise that a Special Son was born that day. The greatest goalscoring English Footballer ever, an Everton Legend and still the holder of the most goals in a season 60 in 1927/28.

One of the main reasons that Everton's name was known all over the World was due to this little baby growing into the Greatest Footballer England has ever seen.

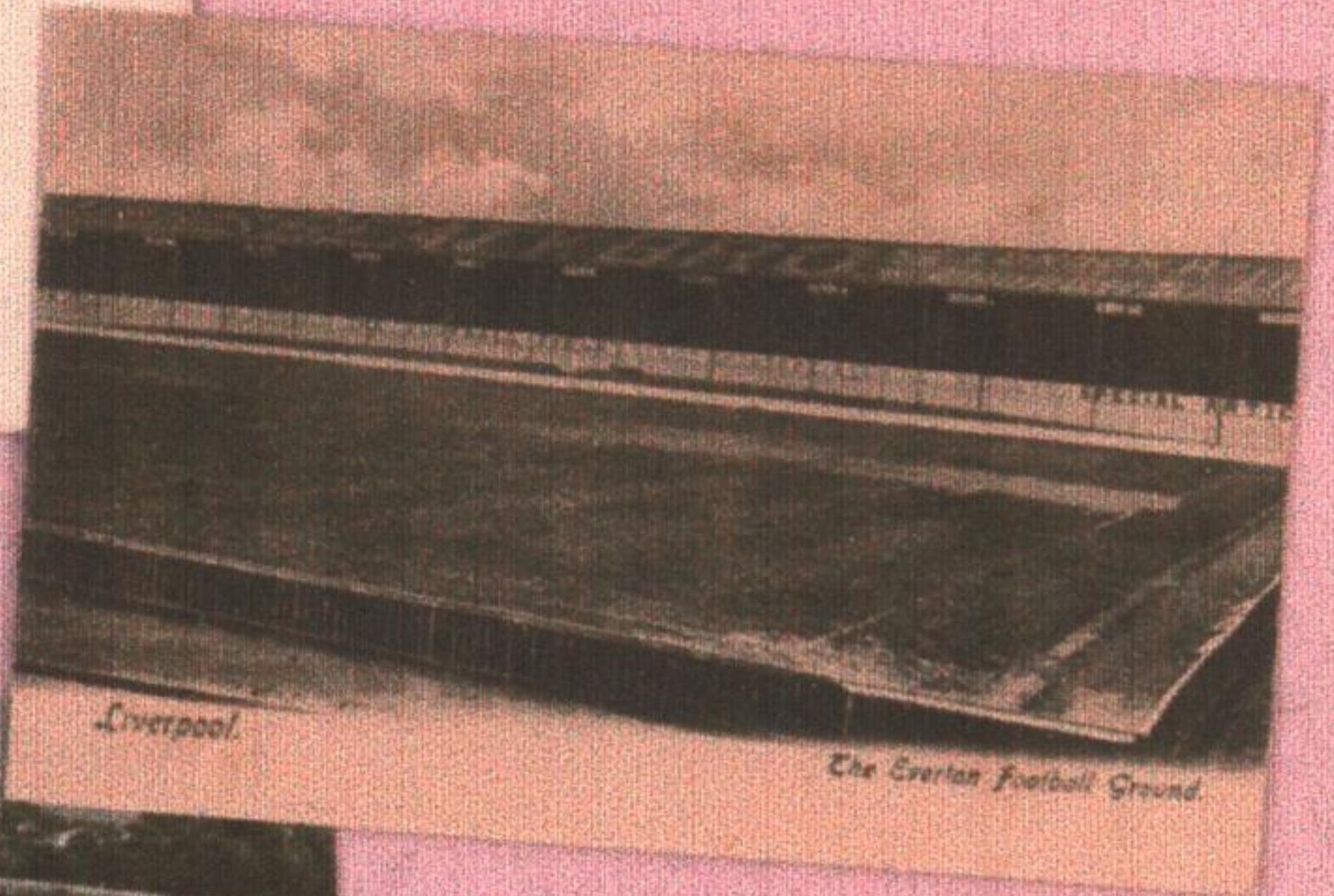


*The Birth Of Dixie Dean 22 January 1907*





# The David France Collection



**'Goodison Postcards'**