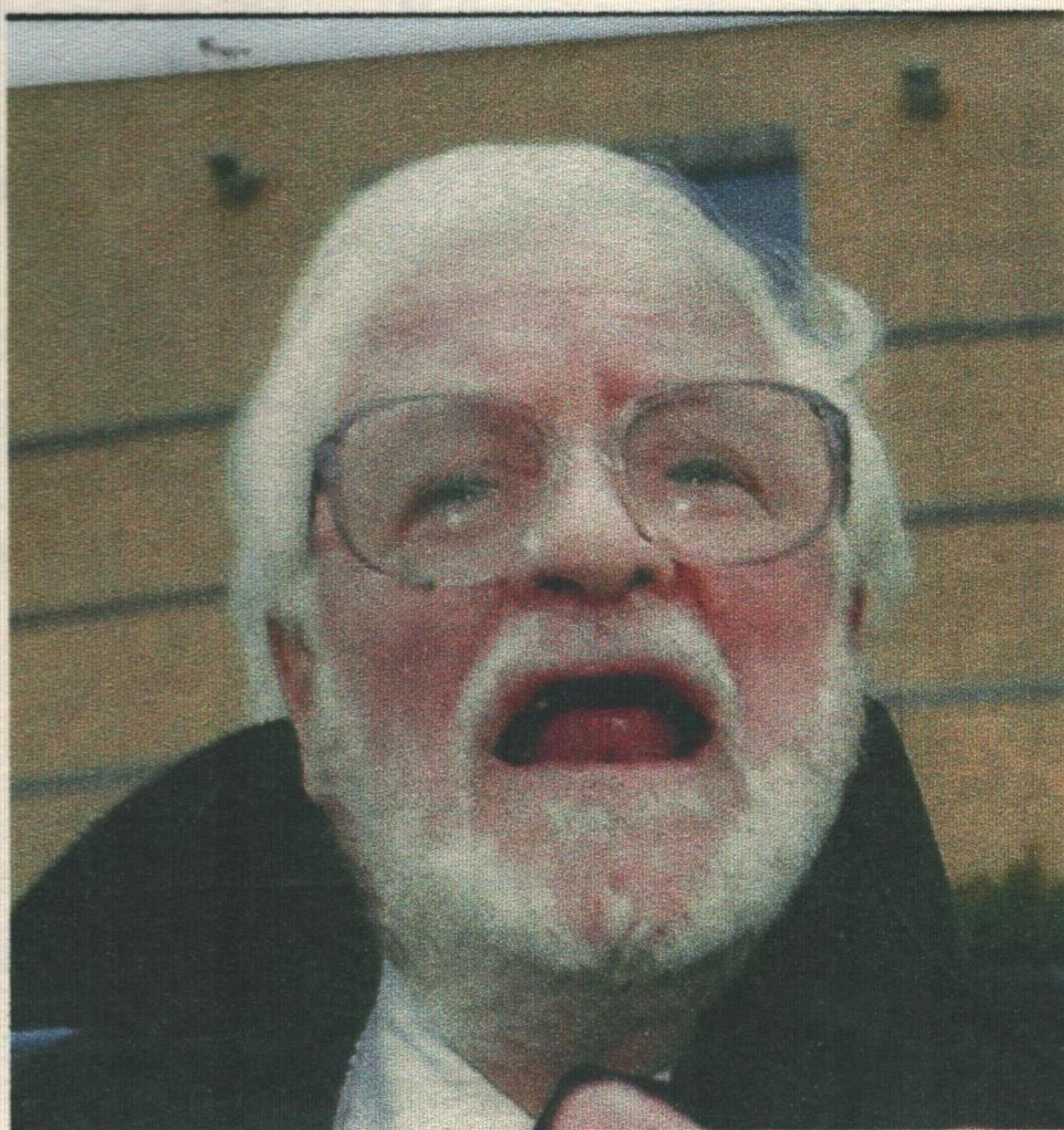


Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 5 issue 31



**Is this Everton's New Chairman?
Page 5**

Price £1.50

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

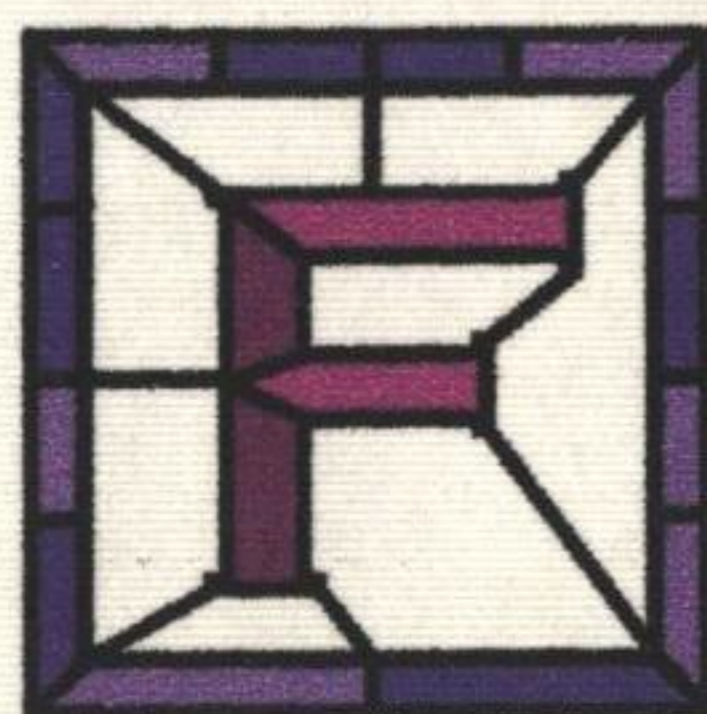
Editorial Blue Blood

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

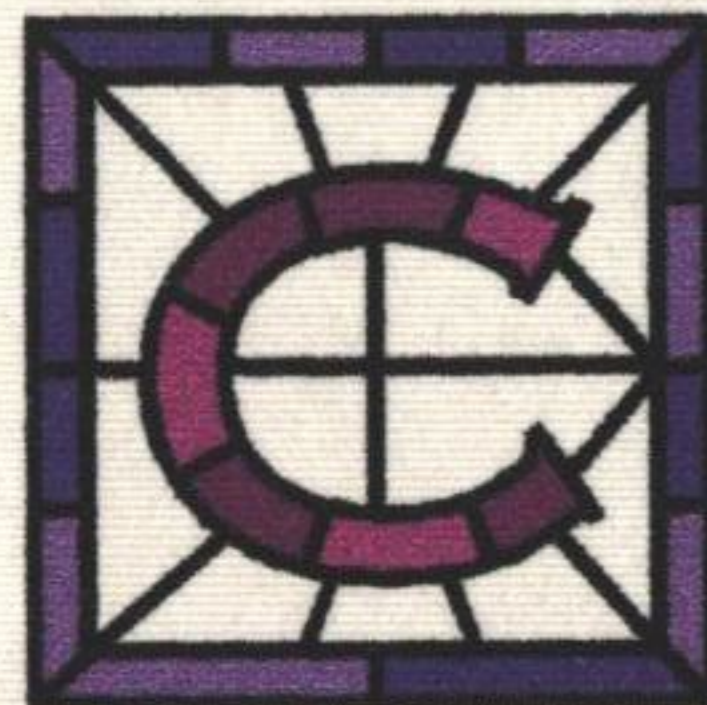


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

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



SANDY BROWN

Alex 'Sandy' Brown
A great Everton player,
he fought for every ball
and was as hard as
nails. Bought from Par-
tick Thistle.

Played 208 (43 sub)

11 goals

1963 -64

To

1970-71

Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices

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

Arsenal at home and we smacked them good style, Wenger tried to belittle our performance but take nothing away from the Boys we deserved the points. Leon Osman once again in sparkling form, let's hope Moyes will now leave the lad in the team to get on with it.

Moyes has once again listened and played two or three up front, why he can't do it every game? I do not know, that's all we ask, attack, play Everton Football and if we lose, so be it.

ALAN STUBBS, I can't for the life of me understand why, yes he is a decent player but he's 34 and slowing down, the transfer window must have had dozens of younger, fitter defenders available but Moyes, chooses the easy route of buying someone he is familiar with. He said he had bought him for cover but he is Cup Tied, so maybe it's for a hard fight, backs to the wall, while poor Beattie has to plough a lone furrow up front.

Per Kroldrup, two million quid lost, maybe Moyes's worst buy if you discount Richard Wright, certainly financially it has been a disaster for our cash strapped club.

Millwall, a bunch of scumbags, they come up here with their 1970's dinosaur hooliganism and our lads try to get them back for the awful reception we were given in London. The Police took the brunt of it and Everton's name is once again tarnished.

Chelsea in the Cup, you might know the result by the time you buy this fanzine but whatever way it went it is good to be at home in the F. A. Cup, it seems to have become a rare thing but I love the F. A. Cup at Goodison Park. The fans get behind the lads and it is what being a BLUEBOY is all about.

Some fans seem to think that to criticise Moyes is to be disloyal, did they want Walker to stay? Did they think Walter was good? It's fine saying nothing when things are bad then start spouting when they go ok.

Moyes was getting slagged off for playing players out of position, Ferrari left back, then right back instead of centre midfield where he is excellent, he was also criticised for not playing someone alongside Beattie, his dour TV interviews and anti press stance does not help our club but having said all of that most wanted him to respond by doing what the majority of fans want and when he does, more often than not we perform well.

I said that I wanted him to go and if he persists in leaving Beattie up front on his own and defending in strength I still do, even Moyes admits Beattie is a better player when someone is alongside him.

He has not bought or got on loan a forward, he has not tried to get a better goalkeeper for the aging Martyn and he still insists in treating the F.A. Cup with some contempt, I mean, he tried to rest five players at Millwall in a game that we had to win to hopefully have a chance of a trophy or get into Europe.

His priority is staying safe with more often than not boring football, yes Premiership survival is and should be his priority but if a Club the size of Everton can not prepare for the F. A. Cup then why bother selling tickets and why increase the price when we play, probably a makeshift Chelsea team?

We are not an average side who only want to survive, we are Everton Football Club with a proud tradition in the F. A. Cup, to quote some boring fans WE HAVE WON IT FIVE TIMES.

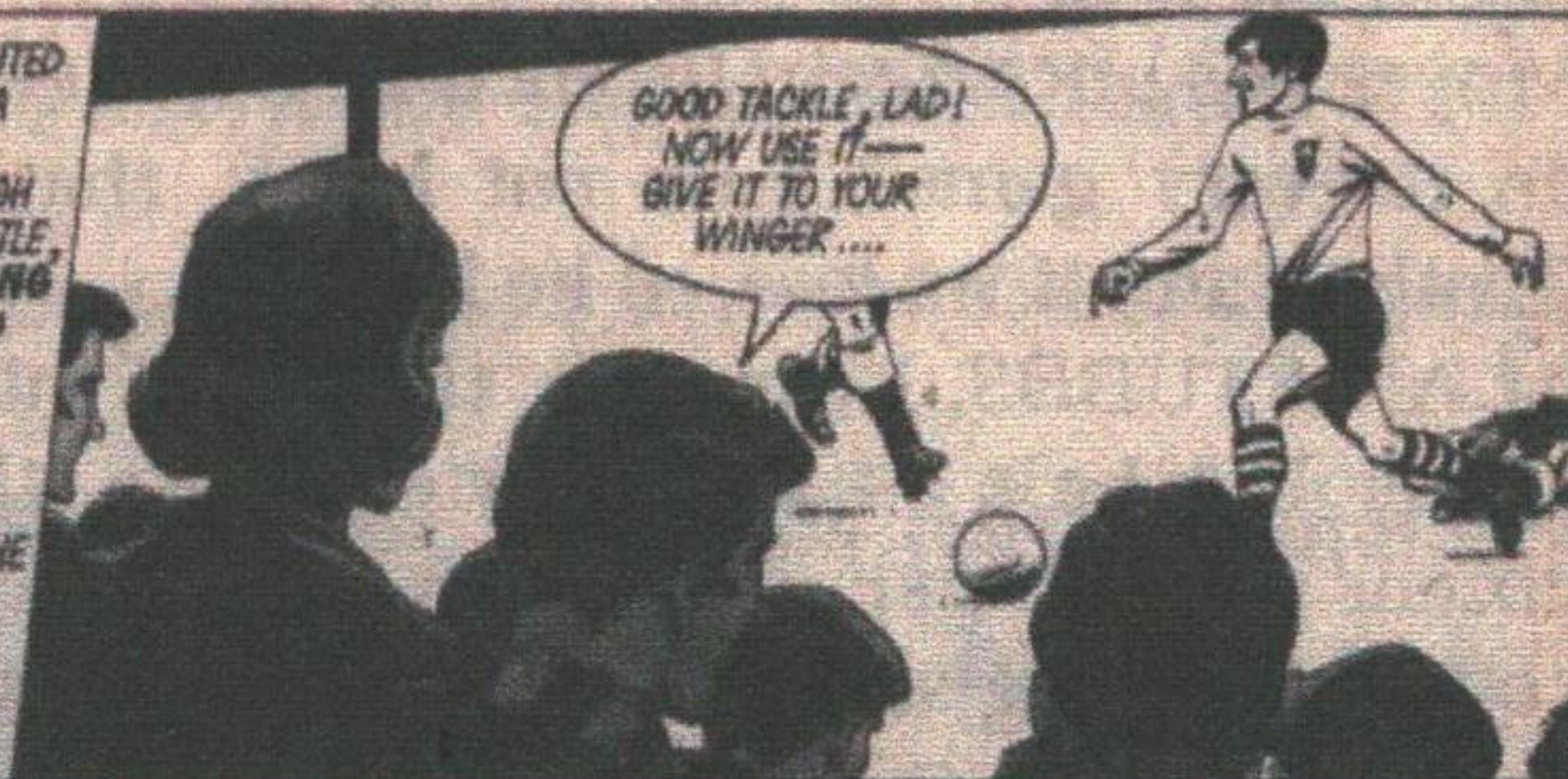
STORY OF A STAR

HOWARD KENDALL

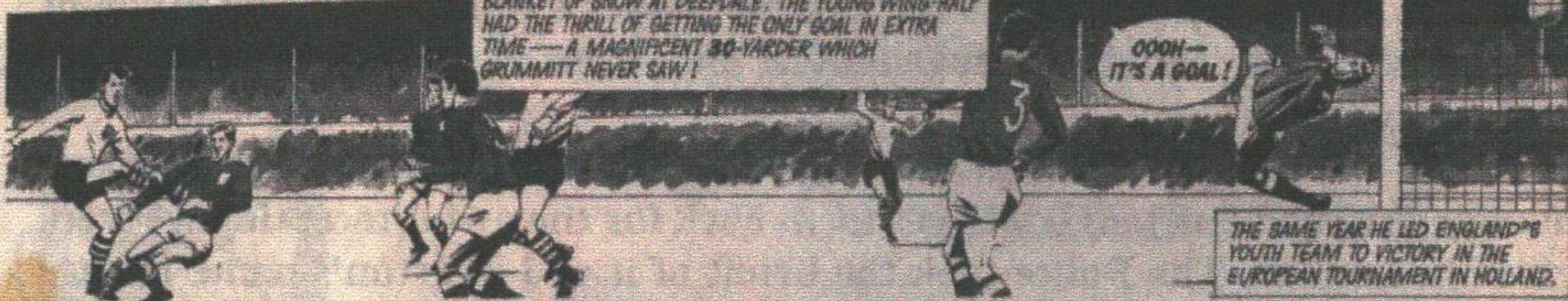
EVERTON



IN APRIL 1963, NEWCASTLE UNITED WERE AT HOME TO PRESTON IN A SECOND DIVISION GAME. SOME PEOPLE IN THE CROWD, ALTHOUGH BORN AND BRED NEAR NEWCASTLE, WERE SHOUTING FOR THE VISITING TEAM! THEY WERE MUM, DAD AND OTHER RELATIVES OF HOWARD KENDALL, WHO AT 16 WAS PLAYING HIS FIRST GAME FOR NORTH END. KENDALL WAS BROUGHT UP IN THE NEWCASTLE AREA, AND WHILE PLAYING FOR HIS SCHOOL WAS SPOTTED BY A SCOUT AND RECOMMENDED TO PRESTON.



KENDALL'S F.A. CUP DEBUT WAS AGAINST NOTTINGHAM FOREST IN JANUARY 1964, AND WAS PLAYED ON A BLANKET OF SNOW AT DEEPALE. THE YOUNG WING-HALF HAD THE THRILL OF GETTING THE ONLY GOAL IN EXTRA TIME— A MAGNIFICENT 80-YARDER WHICH GRUMMITT NEVER SAW!



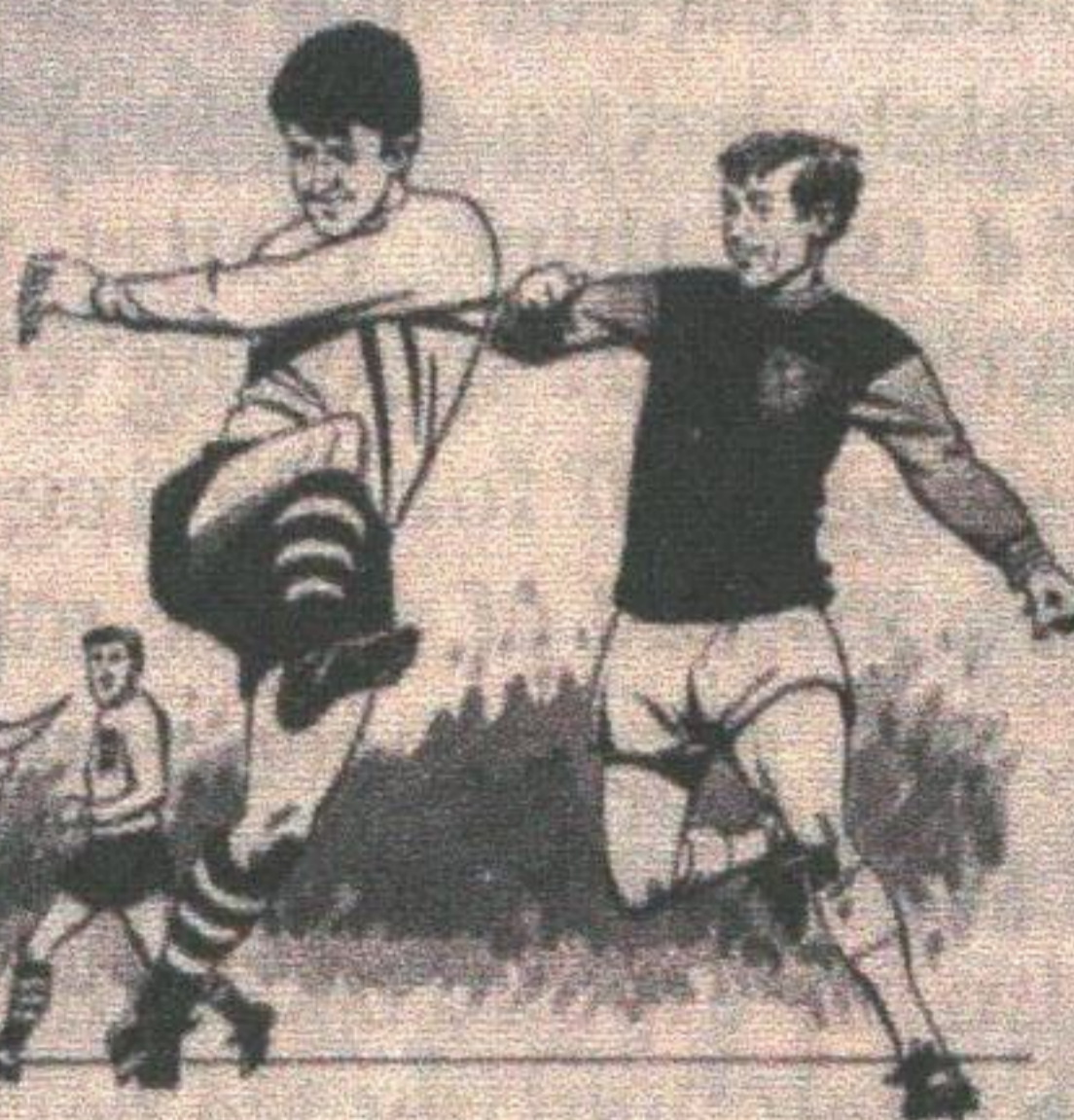
THE SAME YEAR HE LED ENGLAND'S YOUTH TEAM TO VICTORY IN THE EUROPEAN TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND.

THINGS WERE HAPPENING FAST FOR HOWARD KENDALL, AND AN EVEN BIGGER THRILL WAS TO QUICKLY FOLLOW. PRESTON, THOUGH ONLY IN THE SECOND DIVISION, REACHED THE F.A. CUP FINAL. KENDALL WAS ONLY A RESERVE, BUT A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE BIG GAME THE CLUB SUSPENDED THEIR REGULAR WING-HALF....



YOU'LL BE PLAYING AT WEMBLEY, HOWARD. JUST PLAY YOUR NORMAL GAME AND I KNOW YOU WON'T LET US DOWN....

HE DIDN'T LET HIS TEAM DOWN. ALTHOUGH, AT 17 YEARS 345 DAYS, HE BECAME THE YOUNGEST PERSON TO PLAY IN A WEMBLEY FINAL. HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST PLAYERS ON THE FIELD. PRESTON LOST, IN THE LAST MINUTE, BUT HE WON OVERNIGHT ACCLAIM....



ON MARCH 10TH 1967, EVERTON BOUGHT HOWARD FOR OVER 250,000, AND A WEEK LATER HE PLAYED HIS FIRST GAME AT GOODISON PARK AGAINST SOUTHAMPTON... BUT WAS ON THE LOSING SIDE.

THE NEW PRIDE OF PRESTON

WELL PLAYED... YOU'D THINK HE APPEARED IN CUP FINALS EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK....

IN FEBRUARY 1968, KENDALL DID WHAT EVERY EVERTON PLAYER DREAMS OF DOING— HE SHOT THE WINNING GOAL AGAINST LIVERPOOL! THE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE TWO CLUBS IN THE CITY IS WELL-KNOWN, AND WHEN HOWARD FIRST WENT TO EVERTON HE HAD A RED CAR— NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE HAD TO CHANGE IT FOR A BLUE ONE!



AT THE AGE OF 21 HE APPEARED IN AN F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY FOR THE SECOND TIME. THERE WAS STILL NO JOY FOR KENDALL— WEST BROM BEAT EVERTON, AND AGAIN HE TOOK HOME A LOSER'S MEDAL.



KENDALL, COLIN HARVEY AND ALAN BALL ARE THE MIDFIELD DYNAMOS WHO HAVE DRIVEN EVERTON FROM SUCCESS TO SUCCESS IN RECENT YEARS. PERHAPS THIS SEASON HOWARD WILL WIN SOMETHING— COULD IT BE A LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL?

From The Tiger Comic 1969
Thanks to Barry Spencer From ESCLA

Everton's New Chairman

In the Times newspaper on Saturday 14th January 2006 there was a very interesting article about ex Chelsea and present day Leeds Chairman Ken Bates.

Ken had a right old go at the new Chelsea regime saying how they had turned it from a Friendly Family Club into a money is the only object, one. Peter Kenyon Chelsea's Chief Executive took some stick and so did others. Ken had nothing but praise for the fans and players but thought that Abramovich had ruined the Club, sponsors complained that they were ignored by the Russians and felt like outcasts.

Now Mr Ken Bates is not the Worlds Most Liked Man but he did build the Bates Motel at the ground and saved Chelsea from the scrapheap, he also wanted to put electric fencing around the pitch to keep the less well behaved Chelsea fan in check(pity he didn't) .

He has come a long way since his days at Oldham and love him or hate him he does command a certain amount of respect from the Media and some within the game.

He is not afraid to voice his opinion and can be blunt at times, however he is also successful, Abramovich bought a club that cost Bates one penny, for millions of pounds.

Mr Bates is now sorting out Leeds, he said that he was amazed when he attended his first game as chairman he couldn't get into the lounge because of Hangers On. He soon moved them on and started to get Leeds back into financial shape.

He hasn't lost his sense of humour though because in Big Bold Type in the article were the words, WHEN I AM 94 I WILL TAKE OVER EVERTON AND SORT THEM OUT.

A light-hearted jibe? Or maybe there is more to it than meets the eye, why would Mr Bates want to sort Everton out? According to Mr Wyness and Mr Kenwright we have just had the most successful financial returns in our history. Mr Wyness is pursuing a new ground or a share with the Devils Children, so on the face of it, we don't need his help now but when Mr Bates is 94 that might be a different matter, but do we need to wait that long.

Everton have for many years been plagued by hangers on, complementary tickets are given out freely to so called important people, who in fact pay nothing towards our club but just take, take, take.

The ticketing fiascos are well known, the empty Megastore, the useless box office etc are all something that a man like Ken Bates would cure in record time.

Isn't it about time we had someone who did actually do something as Chairman, instead of promising you the earth and saying "Trust Me" all the time, and when you do TRUST HIM you get let down.

Wouldn't it have been good to a have had a youthful MASTER BATES in charge, but hang on, isn't that what Kenwright is?

MACK THE KNIFE



Andy Van der Meyde, when will we see you again?

Duncan's Trip To The Coast

Rumours abound about Everton stalwart Duncan Ferguson, he has been linked with Portsmouth Football Club and was invited down for a formal interview. Arriving by air ambulance on Wednesday 11th January 2006 at 2pm, Duncan was taken to Fratton Park where he was met by a smiling (scheming) Harry Redknapp.

On to the Stenna Chairlift and up to the Boardroom, Duncan settled himself down. Harry offered him a cup of tea but Duncan refused and talks began, Harry says "Duncan we can offer you £5,000 a week more than Everton pay you"

Duncan says "What's the catch?"

"No catch", says Harry, "All we ask is that you play up front and try to get a couple of goals"

"You want me to play AND score goals?"

"Well if you play and set up one or two chances that will do" says an apologetic Harry. "We will see how you shape after the first six games"

"Six Games!!!!!!" says Duncan, "I thought it was only an eighteen month contract?"

"It is but we expect you to lead our team in every game" answers a confused Redknapp.

"But Six FULL games, that's more than I have played in the last two seasons for Everton, never mind six games on the trot"

"Do you want to play football and regain your reputation as a feared striker or not"? Asks Harry.

"No, I have done all that, Everton let me come on every other week for about twenty minutes or maybe ten if I have been ill, I mean this season, since August, I have only played one full game and haven't scored yet, except for that beaut I got in Villarreal, which 'Marble Eyes' disallowed. What you are asking for is that I should work for my money, why should I?" says an angry Duncan.

Redknapp by now totally baffled tries once more to convey his thoughts to Duncan. "You see Duncan, you could be an Idol down here instead of being Idle up there" say Harry with a nervous laugh.

"I am an Idol, ask the Evertonians, they don't want me to score goals or turn up every week, they love me. I only have to say I am injured or sick and they send me get well cards"

"Listen Duncan, I thought you wanted to play football and end your career on a high, with the Pompey Chimes ringing in your ears"

"I am on a high, Everton pay me well and the fans think I am a legend, I don't need to play football, I'd rather be at home with my pigeons which I am most weeks."

Redknapp bangs the table in anger, "You are just wasting my time, you are not even listening to me."

Duncan is on his mobile calling the Air ambulance pilot, "Four thirty, no problem, see you on the car park"

This is an extract from an undercover reporter who was at Fratton Park during the interview, or is it just another nasty rumour.

In Praise Of Moyes

There has been a lot of criticism of David Moyes, especially in Blue Blood but he isn't as bad as people would have you believe.

Nigel Martyn is the best since Neville Southall and he has been a joy to watch as Everton have been under the cosh but he has held firm.

Nuno Valente has started to come into his own, he looks good and can be a regular next season. Ferrari is another who has now started to sparkle, we thought that Yobo going to Egypt would be a problem but it isn't.

Yobo himself is excellent, only young and getting better every game, he will be an Everton Legend if the idiots will just allow him to play his game and make the occasional mistake.

James Beattie, a very slow starter but watch out for him in the coming months, he will score goals for Everton and if Moyes can get the right man next to him then we can still scrape 5th or 6th place.

Tim Cahill, do I need to go on? No but I will, whilst everyone stood around and "Dithered" something Moyes is supposed to be famous for, David put his money where his mouth was and bought him, the rest as they say is history.

Phil Neville, who would have thought that he would leave Manchester United and not only that come to Everton? Not many is the answer to that question, but he did come to Everton and to be fair to him, he has played well in most games even when out of position.

Mikel Arteta another star, Moyes hasn't done bad has he? Arteta is quality, class Everton style, I still think he needs to be more aware of those around him and release the ball quicker but he is fine.

Simon Davies hasn't at this moment done an awful lot but he hasn't had the chance to relax and settle in, every game has been VITAL it seems but when he does settle down I think Moyes has found another gem.

All of the above have been signed on limited funding and sometimes within a short time scale, he has had to cut his cloth to fit so to speak but he hasn't done as badly as you, George or others say.

I know you can argue against all of the above and say that we are struggling but be honest how many of you had any ideas about Europe apart from your holidays?

There are good times ahead if you can just ease off him and show him that you will forgive him his mistakes as long as he tries and he does try.

Do you want Souness, Big Sam, Mark Hughes, McLaren, Brian Robson, Glenn Hoddle, or any of the other so called Managers?

The fact that he said "The Peoples Club" should have earned him the right to be forever a BLUE if only for the fact that nearly every Kopite foamed at the mouth in anger.

Moyes has done his best with a limited budget and a Chairman who has not told him the truth, Fortress Trust, New Ground etc but through it all he has never turned on Everton and walked away and don't think the likes of Celtic or Man United wouldn't jump at the chance to take him on board.

Sometimes we Evertonians can put a burden on a persons back that they can not carry, Moyes is lumbered with tales of Dixie Dean, Tommy Lawton, Alex Young and many others, he appreciates and respects our history but he must be allowed to be a part of it himself.

The Peoples Club quote is one thing, Europe was another, let him get on with it and you might be surprised what he gets for you next.

Gerry Hamill

The Long Lost Footy Special

F.263/R (HD)

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v
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KIRKDALE	11-58	...	8/3
ORRELL PARK	12-03	...	7/9
AINTREE SEFTON ARMS	12-06	...	7/6
ORMSKIRK	12-20	...	6/6
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TRAVEL IN RAIL COMFORT

July 1962

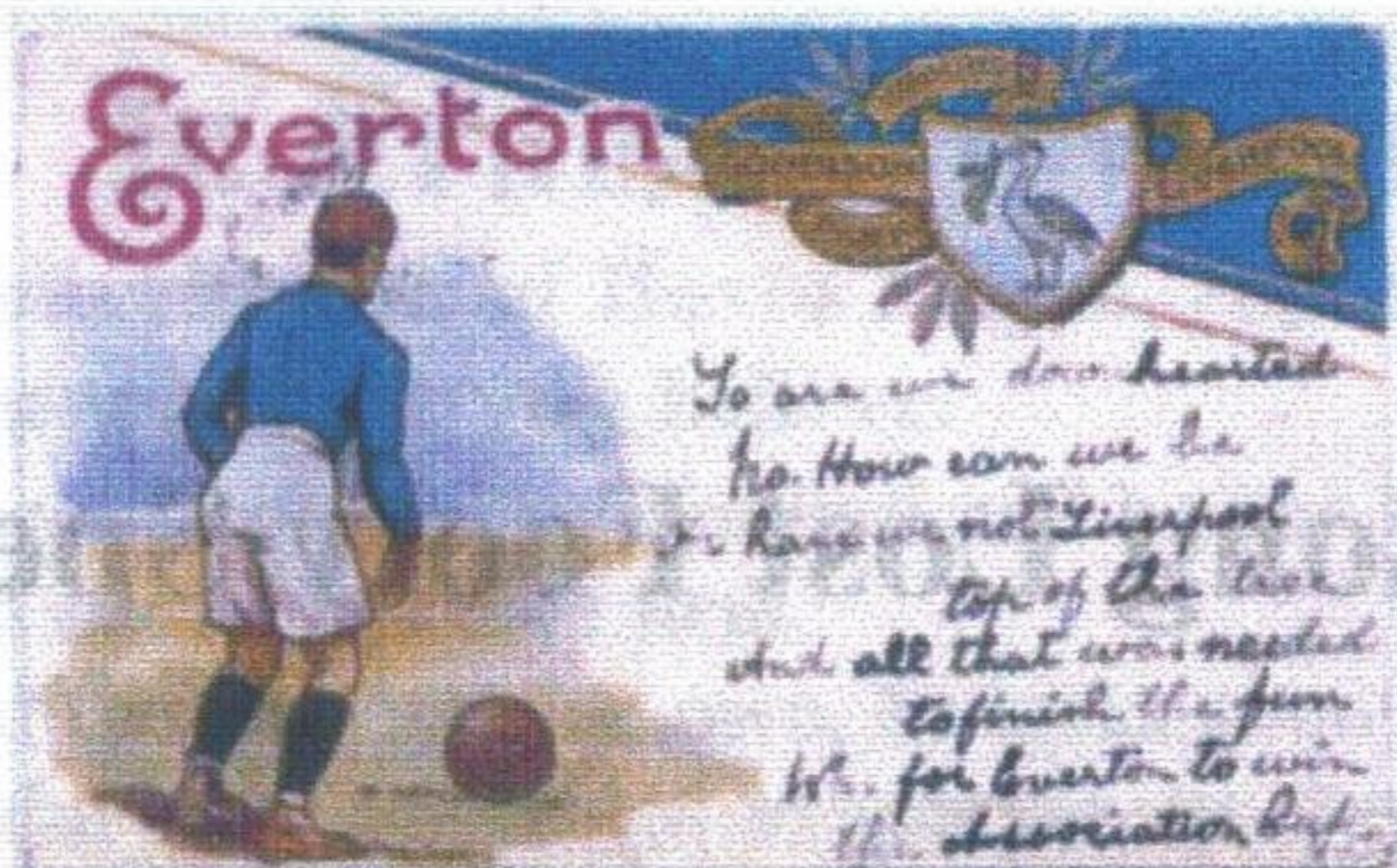
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Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood,

The "Derby Match" just after Christmas wasn't memorable for anything if you were a Blue. Nothing on the pitch gave me any inspiration, we gave them the game, weak and feeble we were.

But below the Gwladys Street Stand things were stirring, at half time I went down to get some beer, there was a larger than usual crowd down there. A lot of younger lads 16—30 year olds, I am in my 50's, but they were making a tremendous amount of noise, they were singing "And We Love Our Everton" with all the names of the players from the 80's thrown in. It was heart-warming to see and hear, they were throwing their beer in the air and everyone else was doing the same.

I have to be honest and say that I have said for many years that these younger lads wouldn't have a clue about what it was like following Everton away in the 70's.

Thousands of Blue Boys packed side by side singing their heads off, jumping up and down and creating an unbelievable atmosphere but I have to eat my words and say that those young Blues under the Gwladys Street made me feel proud. They were just like myself in the 70's, I feel as if the "Torch" has been passed on and if I died tomorrow I know that the "Meaning Of Being A Blue" is alive and flourishing in the Gwladys Street, there is only one complaint that I have, because of the way they were treating their beer, the Police and Stewards told the canteen staff to stop serving but it was a small price to pay.

Eric Carter

Blue Blood,

David Moyes, love him or hate him but whatever you do try to remember his hands are tied by a Board that do not give out cash willy nilly, in fact I think they would haggle with a mugger, so what chance has Dithering Dave got?

I do agree with some criticism, his tactics leave a lot to be desired and his substitutions are not always well timed but all in all I would rather have him than most other premiership managers.

Everton showed the Football World that Pride is still there when we took the ball away from those Showboating Arsenal Prima Donnas, it was a well deserved victory for Everton.

Let's hope that we do Chelsea and then the Board might just release some dosh for a striker.

Eric Walker

Blue Swayed Views

The Mash

I recently spent a few days in hospital undergoing a minor operation, nothing serious but painful none the less.

The operation wasn't too bad and I was wheeled back into the ward feeling very drowsy, I dropped off to sleep and had a good rest.

The next morning feeling very much better I bought a couple of newspapers and read them from cover to cover. Bored stiff, I switched on the telly with my Master Card, nothing but stupid chat shows and soaps.

I had dinner, not as bad as some would have you believe and settled down to listen to the radio. A "Fans Phone In", if I needed cheering up then these were the boys and girls to do it. Red after Red phoned in demanding that Steven Gerrard be "Knighted" (knotted I can understand but knighted) Rafa Benitez should be made something, nobody quite new what but he had to be made something.

By now my stitches were getting stretched to a dangerous level, one bed pan would not be enough to hold the amount of urine I was passing, laughing at the Loveable Ones.

'Stevie G' showed the whole of Europe how good Liverpool were, he got their name all over the World, he's got to be honoured' pleaded fan after fan.

By now I had tears streaming down my face, the headphones were dancing off my ears, Shankly, Paisley, Billy Liddell anyone connected to their Club was Knighted that evening but by far the most humorous suggestion was 'Jamie Carragher' he must be given a medal of some sort said one mystified fan, he's brilliant.

Now Jamie's dad is no stranger to hospitality from Her Majesty, so can you imagine the scene at Buckingham Palace, on awards day.

Jamie and Dad kitted out in best Armani Cream Coloured Suits (his Dad got them cheap) have a quite word with Her Majesty about security at the Palace.

The Queen then pins the Medal to Jamie's chest, and whispers, "Don't throw this one into the crowd"

It was then that the nurse woke me up and said it was time to get ready for the Doctors visit, I must have dropped off.

Everything was all clear and I was ready for visitors, my girl came in and said "you look knackered" I didn't want to tell her I had been up for hours laughing at the Reds as she doesn't understand football.

So there you have it, if you do find yourself in hospital for any kind of short or long stay get the radio on, tune in to the phone in's there is always a Red on the air, saying that Man U, Chelsea, Arsenal or whoever get more coverage than them, it's not fair, even Sven ignores 'Carra', the best defender in Europe.

Yes there are Evertonians phoning in but they are trying to sort out the problems that Moyes has, or praising the team or complaining but it's about football not some World Praise and recognition thing, they are paranoid, No One Loves Them And No One Cares!!!!!!

Billy 'Two Bed Pans' Wilson

The F. A. Cup



Jack Taylor and Sandy Young,
with the English Cup, won April, 1906.

The F. A Cup has a magic about it that every Evertonian has been touched by. Everton were in the Finals in 1893 & 1897 but it was one hundred years ago this season 1906 that the Blues won it for the first time.

In 1933 Dixie Dean brought it home and in 1966, forty years ago, Everton came from two goals down to win it.

Above is the hero of 1906 Alex 'Sandy' Young and below The Golden Vision Alex Young. 1984 and 1995 were years that also saw it come to Goodison



Everton Videos

WHILE WATCHING A RECORDING OF THE BLUES SUPER VICTORY OVER THE GOONERS IT SET ME THINKING OF HOW FORTUNATE WE ARE TODAY TO BE ABLE TO RECORD AND REWATCH THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF EVERTON FC. PRIOR TO THE HIGH TEC/VIDEO REVOLUTION OF THE LATE 70'S EARLY 80'S MEMORIES OF GOALS GAMES AND PLAYERS WERE CONSIGNED MAINLY TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO SAW A MATCH EITHER IN PERSON OR ON BBC OR ITV TELEVISION BROADCASTS, OR ON NEWSRELL AT THE CINEMA.

WHAT I WOULDNT GIVE TO SEE THE BOB LATCHFORD MATCH V CHELSEA WHICH SAW HIM REACH 30 GOALS IN 1978 OR FRED PICKERINGS DEBUT HAT TRICK V FOREST IN 1964.

I FIRST GOT A VIDEO RECORDER IN 1983 AND HAVE EVER SINCE SLAVISHLY RECORDED ANYTHING TO DO WITH EVERTON. I ONLY WISH THE FACILITY HAD BEEN AVAILABLE EARLIER ENABLING ME TO OBTAIN RECORDINGS OF THE LIKES OF DAVE HICKSON, BRIAN LABONE, ALEX YOUNG AND ROY VERNON IN THEIR PRIME.

DURING THE 60'S A FIRM CALLED SUPERCINE LTD ADVERTISED IN FOOTBALL MAGAZINES 8MM FILMS FOR SALE. THESE WERE BLACK AND WHITE AND SILENT COPIES OF CUP FINALS AND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES IN THE MAIN.

THE 1966 CUP FINAL WAS AVAILABLE 200 FT COSTING £4.20, 400 FT COSTING £7.75 AND A WHOPPING £29.50 FOR THE FULL MATCH.

PROJECTORS WERE AVAILABLE FOR £19.95 WHICH EMPHASISED THE HIGH COST OF THE FILM ITSELF.

WAS THIS THE FIRST EVERTON RECORDING COMMERCIALY AVAILABLE? I ALSO WONDER IF ANYONE OUT THERE HAS ONE TUCKED AWAY SOMEWHERE. WHEN VIDEO RECORDERS BECAME EASILY AVAILABLE TO BUY 3 DIFFERENT SYSTEMS WERE AVAILABLE BE-TAMAX, PHILIPS 200 AND TODAY'S SURVIVOR VHS. BEATAMAX AND PHILIPS QUICKLY EXPIRED WHEN VHS WAS MASS PRODUCED THEREFORE REDUCING PREVIOUSLY PROHIBITIVE PRICES.

FOR SEASON 1980/81 EVERTON SEASON TICKETS RANGED IN PRICE FROM £30 FOR GROUND STANDING TO £60 FOR BEST SEATS IN THE MAIN STAND, TOP BALCONY AND UPPER BULLENS. THE HOME DERBY MATCH WAS PLAYED AT GOODISON ON OCT 18TH AND FINISHED ALL SQUARE AT 2-2 AFTER EVERTON TOOK A RELATIVELY EARLY TWO GOAL LEAD THROUGH A HARTFORD HEADER AND A SCRAMBLED MCBRIDE GOAL. LIVERPOOL WERE THE REIGNING CHAMPIONS AND IN THEIR POMP AND WERE GENERALLY EXPECTED TO DEFEAT GORDON LEE'S WORKMANLIKE BLUES WHO LINED UP MCDONAGH, GIDMAN, BAILEY, WRIGHT, LYONS, STANLEY, MCMAHON, EASTOE, LATCHFORD, HARTFORD, AND MCBRIDE SUB OKEEFE.

ON 15/11 AN ADVERT APPEARED IN THE PROGRAMME FOR THE SUNDERLAND GAME OFFERING COPIES OF VIDEOS OF THE MATCH AGAINST LIVERPOOL FOR SALE FROM THE CLUB IN ANY OF THE THREE FORMATS AT A COST OF £40 INC VAT. I WONDER IF ANY EVERTONIANS WERE TEMPTED AT THAT PRICE, AND IF SO DO ANY STILL EXIST?

IN THE FA CUP 4TH ROUND THE BLUEES DREW LIVERPOOL AT GOODISON WINNING 2-1 WITH GOALS FROM EASTOE AND VARADI.


IMRES REWARD FOR HIS EFFORT WAS A PIE FULL IN THE FACE THROWN BY AN AS USUAL SPORTING IN DEFEAT KOPITE!

I HAVE A 30 MINUTE TELEVISION HIGHLIGHTS PROG, BUT WOULD LONG TO SEE THE WHOLE MATCH AGAIN. THE CLUB REPEATED ITS OFFER THOUGH A MUCH SMALLER ADVERT INDICATED AND EXPECTED LOW TAKE UP OF THE £40 VIDEO RECORDING.

AS FAR AS I AM AWARE NO OTHER MATCHES WERE OFFERED FOR SALE THAT SEASON AND THE FIRST TAPE AVAILABLE COMMERCIALY WAS I BELIVE THE EXCELLENT BBC PRODUCTION THE HISTORY OF EVERTON FC, WHICH CONTAINED RARE FOOTAGE FROM THE 1920'S TO 1987, EVEN SOME OF DIXIE DEAN. I AM ATTEMPTING TO COMPILE A LIST OF WHAT IS AVAILABLE AND WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF ANYONE COULD HELP ME MAKE IT AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE, SO PERHAPS A COMPREHENSIVE REFERENCE LIST COULD BE PRINTED. AT A LATER DATE.

I CAN BE CONTACTED VIA GEORGE AT BLUEBLOOD AND AM HAPPY TO HELP WITH READERS QUERIES IF I CAN.

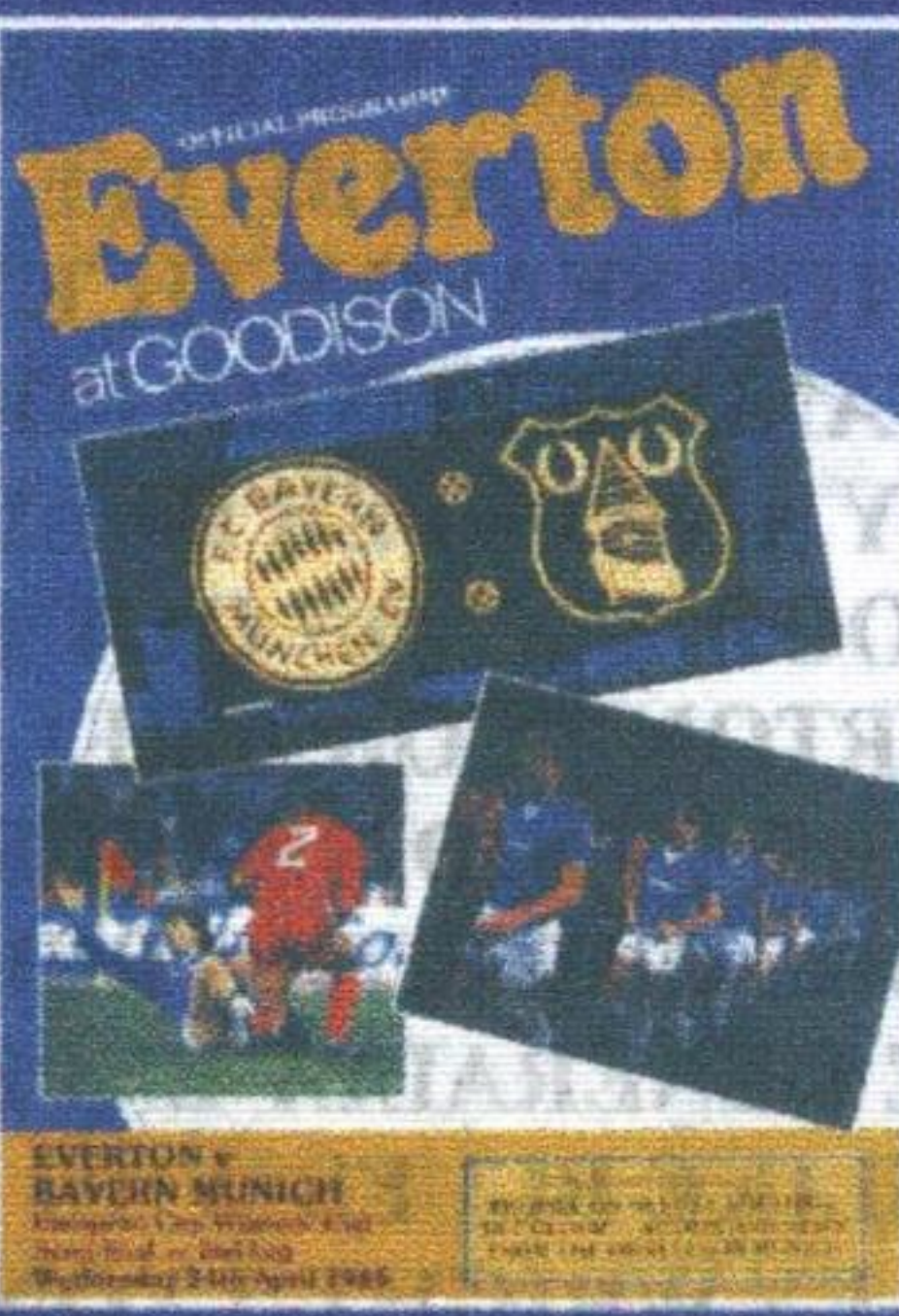
BARRY HEWITT.



1878
Everton

OFFICIAL EVERTON VIDEO

EVERTON



OFFICIAL PROGRAMME
Everton
at GOODISON

EVERTON v BAYERN MUNICH
European Cup Winners' Cup
Semi-final - 2nd Leg
Wednesday 24th April 1985

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Blue Pride www.evertonfc.com

A modern day best seller but it took years for Everton to get round to releasing it. What chance the Golden Vision ?

The Gordon West Story Continued

Soccer Characters

WHEN I WAS a raw youngster, being blooded as a goalkeeper in Blackpool's first team, there were times when my nerves got the better of me, and I was physically sick before a game. Indeed, my nerves have been made the subject of comment during several past seasons, since I have been with Everton. The comment doesn't bother me unduly, because I think back to what Stanley Matthews used to be like, before a match.

Matthews, of course, was coming to the end of his long career at the top, when I was making my way with Blackpool. But he was still affected by the pressures of the game, and the tensions which can mount inside a player, before he goes out on the field to face his opponents, and an audience of thousands of critical spectators who want and expect their money's worth.

Matthews used to walk around the Blackpool dressing room before a match. He wore just a shirt. And as he prowled around, his face would often look drawn, and he would seem to be tensed up. But more than once, as I watched him and felt edgy myself about the match before me, Stan would turn to me and say: 'If you DON'T feel nervous before a match, then you shouldn't be playing.'

I knew what he meant: no nerves meant no feeling for the game and no feeling can lead to slackness when you get out on the field. Once Matthews was on the park, all that nervous energy was concentrated on the game, and on beating his opponents.

This fellow was a rarity, of course, in that he pursued physical fitness almost ruthlessly, in his dedication to the game that brought him so much fame and so many honours. I often used to wonder how he would feel when he had to hang up his boots; I felt sure that a part of his life would be gone, when that day dawned. But his fitness and his insistence on carrying out his own routine meant that he was still taking on (and beating) First Division opponents when many players who were much younger had had to call it a day.

Another player who joined Blackpool was Alan Ball the world's worst loser of a game, as he himself confesses. 'Ballie' is another of the game's characters. Matthews was withdrawn and aloof, at times; Ball, of the flame coloured hair and temperament to match, can be the most ebullient player ... or the most downcast. It all depends upon whether Everton have won or lost. Not even whether or not they were unlucky. Because Alan Ball wants us to win every time out.

Everton signed him from Blackpool for a £100,000 fee, and they bought a human dynamo. A player who never seems to get stale, who is always ready to play in a match or watch one. He is, in truth, a football fanatic. When things have gone wrong for Everton, and we have reached the dressing-room~ as losers, I have seen 'Ballie' sit there, with his head buried in his hands, and shed tears silently. At such moments, he must feel the world's loneliest footballer. He feels defeat so deeply, and that attitude is a part of his make-up. I don't think that he will ever be able to change, if he lives to be 100. They tell me that he and his Dad great pals, and both men who live and breathe Soccer—can become deadly enemies when they are playing a game against each other. It doesn't have to be a kick-about at football; tiddleywinks are enough to set the sparks flying.

One of the games which sticks in my mind, when I think of Alan Ball, is an F.A. Cup semi-final which we lost. He just sat in the dressing-room afterwards, stuck his head between his hands, and cried. I knew it would be impossible to console him—trying to talk him out of that mood of black despair would only make things worse. So I left him alone, to get over it as well as he could. I was in the bath, out of it, dried and changed into my suit and he still hadn't budged from that spot on the bench.

But when we've won a game, 'Ballie' is over the moon with joy. He'll be singing and

shouting in the bath, forecasting just what Everton are going to do to their unfortunate rivals in the quest for honours. When we beat Leeds United 3-2 at Goodison last season, and edged our way to the top of the First Division, he couldn't restrain his enthusiasm. He kept repeating, to anyone who cared to listen (and you couldn't NOT hear it): 'WHO'S going to win the championship, eh? WHO'S going to win the championship?' At such moments, his team-mates feel themselves affected by his unbounded enthusiasm.

Sometimes we have to shut him up—and one of the regular occasions when he's shouted down is when we're travelling back from an away game by coach. Usually, we're on the coach just in time to hear the rest of the football results—and all of us had to sit quietly so that 'Ballie' could hear how Third Division Halifax, the team his Dad managed, had gone on. If the score was in their favour, our £100,000 star gave a whoop of delight, and began to extol the virtues of homely Halifax, and their manager. We put up with it for so long, and then told him to pipe down. Now, I suppose, it will be Preston

On the field, of course, Alan Ball is a great player a player who is truly in world class. And success didn't come easily, for he had first to convince his Dad that he was determined to become a star, and then he had to set about achieving his ambition. He promised his Dad:

'Let me be a professional footballer, and I'll play for England by the time I'm 20.' A bold forecast for a lad of or thereabouts, to be sure; but the fire that burned within this ambitious youngster could not be quenched, though there were moments at Blackpool when he really began to wonder if he could make his dream come true.

Alan Ball hasn't got to the top without hard work. He has been utterly dedicated to the task of becoming a world-class footballer. More than that he was itching to be RECOGNISED as such. His ambition was fierce, and his relentless pursuit of the ball sometimes got him into trouble with referees. His red thatch makes him stand out easily enough on a football field, and his explosive temperament at times has brought him rebukes. But he's got to the top by sheer application and dedication; he trained and he watched other players, studied them and their best moves; he kicked a ball around and kicked a ball around until he was the master. He also learned to read the situations in a game and this business of reading a game can be the difference between becoming a great player or just missing out.

Alan Ball will tell you frankly about his brushes with people in the game who thought he was inclined to be cocky and a young upstart. And 'Ballie' will probably admit that he did give the impression of being brash. Perhaps those people found it difficult to understand such self confidence even apparent arrogance but what they failed to appreciate was the fire which burned within the lad. He was in a hurry to get right to the top, and the knowledge that some folk thought he was wasting his time served only to spur him on.

He's still cocky today, but no one can say he hasn't made the grade. Alan Ball already has one World Cup Winners medal on his sideboard; and he could well finish playing in the next two tournaments, in West Germany' as well as Mexico. Indeed, barring injury, I'm sure he will. And he will be playing to win, too.

At Everton, he is one of that great midfield trio Harvey, Kendall and Ball. Three key men in Everton's plans for the assault on the championship, the F.A. Cup and, inevitably, upon the citadel of Europe. With Everton, Alan Ball has tasted joy and despair; he knew the thrill of going to Wembley for an F.A. Cup final, and he felt the bitterness of being a loser in that final. He also didn't relish our quick exit from the European circuit, at the hands of Real Zaragoza.

Zaragoza conquered us a few years back but I'm positive that Alan Ball hasn't forgotten the occasion. Not for anything that happened on the field, in the games home and away, but for the very fact that Zaragoza were the team which stopped Everton in their tracks. And you can take it that Alan Ball is itching to try his luck in European football again. The last time out, Everton were a good team, but they came up against one which packed more experience in the big time, and so they went out of the competition before they had the chance to settle

down. It was Everton's bad luck that they had to draw a side as mature and experienced as Real Zaragoza ... just as they drew the formidable Inter-Milan, the last time they became League Champions and went into the European Cup.

The next time, things could and should be different. For Everton have been tried and tested over the past two or three seasons. We have learned how to live with the big occasion, and with the tensions which such occasions bring.

Colin Harvey, now, he's not like Alan Ball at all. He's just as hard and aggressive on the field, goes in to win all the time; but off the field, although he has quite a ready wit, on occasion, he takes things quietly. We pull his leg unmercifully at Goodison because Colin, although he is far from being shy, cannot help blushing!

The first time he was selected for a representative game, the rest of his team-mates made a great show of going over to him, one by one, and shaking his hand. Of course, we were all glad that Colin had been honoured, and we meant what we said, when we offered our congratulations and best wishes. But I have to admit that we also wanted to pull his leg a bit, and make him blush. Which, true to form, he did!

Letters from football fans arrive at our Bellefield training headquarters every day of the week. Usually they are addressed to a particular footballer maybe, say, Joe Royle will have the biggest fan mail, if he scored a couple of goals the previous Saturday; or maybe the biggest crop of letters will go to someone else. Everybody gets fan letters, but when Colin goes to pick up his mail, we start to kid him about the girls writing to him, and asking him for his autograph or a date. Colin doesn't say a word he just stands there, trying to manage a couldn't-care-less-grin but failing to conceal that tell tale blush.

Howard Kendall, the third member of our midfield trio, won't forgive us for a joke we played on him some time ago. I don't think he ever will. Howard was the youngest player ever to appear in an F.A. Cup final. That was when he was with Preston North End, and he played in the 1964 final against West Ham at Wembley, at left-half. He was just 20 days short of his 18th birthday. Later, of course, he was transferred to Everton signed for £80,000 in a typical Harry Catterick cloak-and-dagger swoop.

About 18 months ago, Howard had a bit of a tough time with injuries indeed, for several months, our three midfield men were each out of action, at one stage or another. But he has come back to play an accomplished role in our surge towards the game's top honours. I doubt if there are three more talented players anywhere within one club than Alan Ball, Colin Harvey and Howard Kendall.

If there's one thing which brings a frown to Howard's face, though, it's the suggestion that he might be going a bit thin on top. Howard is still a young player, of course, and so we tend to emphasise that we don't think he's as young as he would have us believe. It's always good for a laugh, but the one time Howard wasn't amused was when he went to pick up his mail and found a letter addressed to him from a firm which makes hair-pieces.

Some of the lads had got together, and they sent off a letter inquiring about the hair-pieces which this firm made. The suggestion was, of course, that the inquiry really came from Howard and the letter he received was to the effect that the firm thanked him for his inquiry, and were writing to see if they could help him at all. The lads had a good laugh when they saw the look of bewilderment on Howard's face, as he read the reply to his 'inquiry'.

Like Colin Harvey, Howard Kendall has found himself gaining representative honours. Colin was plunged into European football with a vengeance, when he was named to play for Everton in their away tie against Inter-Milan, at the San Siro stadium in front of a mass of fanatical Italians. Colin was virtually an unknown then, and had been alternating between inside-forward and wing-half. Howard had his big-match 'baptism of fire' in that F.A. Cup final against West Ham.

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For my money, the 'old firm' of Ball, Harvey and Kendall could well be England's midfield magicians when the World Cup of 1974 comes around. Each of these players will still be well on the right side of 30, and each, surely, must have gained many more representative honours before the tournament is played in West Germany.

Which is my cue to mention our right-winger, Jimmy Husband, a lad who hails from Newcastle. Jimmy was Newcastle daft as a schoolboy, but he was one of the players from the North-East who 'got away'. Jimmy played at Wembley as an England schoolboy, and Newcastle, his home-town club, duly indicated their interest in him. But they lost out Jimmy decided to sign for Everton. He felt that Everton offered more scope than Newcastle.

Jimmy is quite straight about this he doesn't beat about the bush, for he believes that the North-East, a great breeding ground of football talent, has allowed too many lads to go to other clubs. Newcastle, in the days when he was beginning to dream of playing professional football, hadn't channelled the home-grown talent towards St. James's Park as they have been doing this past few seasons. When Jimmy hesitated, and didn't show much enthusiasm about their suggestion that he should sign for them, they took 'No' for an answer.

Everton, on the other hand, impressed Jimmy that they were a club with the ambition—and the means to become a real force in the land. It was this feeling which prompted Jimmy to say he would leave Newcastle for Merseyside. He still retains his North-East accent, but he has been down on Merseyside for more than seven years now, and so we regard him more or less as a Liverpoolian.

Like Howard Kendall and Colin Harvey, Jimmy Husband is on the fringe of regular international honours. When he arrived at Goodison, he regarded himself as an inside-forward, with a bit of a flair for scoring goals, from time to time. Everton played him there for a bit, then switched him to the wing to see what he could do. He promptly showed that his speed and ball control were assets they could utilise in the first team, and he has become a regular member of the side.

Jimmy has gained something of a reputation as a winger who scores goals, too, as well as makes them, and he aims for at least 20 goals in a season. That's pretty good going for any forward, although there is one occasion which Jimmy still recounts as a personal failure. The memory of our F.A. Cup final against West Brom, when we were pipped by that Jeff Astle goal in extra time, still rankles with him because he cannot forget that he had two chances to seal up the game before then.

Jimmy doesn't talk about it now, of course but I know that one of his greatest ambitions is to return to Wembley with Everton for an F.A. Cup final—and this time score the goal that wins them the Cup. But I believe Jimmy Husband is destined for even greater honours than an F.A. Cup-final appearance, or a League-championship medal; I believe he will carve himself a place in England's international line-up. I remember, once, Jimmy joking about it when we were discussing football, and the subject got around to the fine form he had been displaying for Everton. Jimmy just laughed, and said: 'There's only one thing about playing well you get picked for England.' And soon afterwards, he won an England Under-23 cap! Which could be a pointer, also, to West Germany in 1974. By then he will be in his mid-20's ... still young enough to be at his best, and vastly more experienced than he is, even now. When I look around the players at Bellefield, I often marvel that we have such a collection of talented footballers—the more so, because so many of them are players who have cost nothing in transfer fees. They have been discovered by the club, and groomed for stardom, and they have achieved this stardom to rank alongside the players who have been signed for big transfer fees.

To me, this unearthing of young Soccer talent is one of the minor miracles which manager Harry Catterick has achieved, during his spell as manager of Everton. One sad day, he was

The Gordon West Story

attacked by hooligans ... who were much less far-sighted than the Everton manager. For that day, in a game at Blackpool, Everton had plunged Joe Royle into the big-time Soccer arena. And Everton had finished up by losing the game. So the Soccer louts decided to take it out of 'the boss'.

Today, of course, Joe Royle is recognised as one of the best centre-forwards in Britain and, like so many of the other young players at Everton, he is sure to win representative honours at full international level. It is only a matter of time before he gains his first England cap, and he has already been blooded at Under-23 level.

Everton have spent some big money, in signing players like myself, Keith Newton, Sandy Brown, Howard Kendall and Alan Ball. But the first team is also made up of players like Tommy Wright, Brian Labone, Colin Harvey, Jimmy Husband, John Hurst, Johnny Morrissey and Joe Royle. Joe is a natural centre-forward but I honestly believe that our manager had more faith in him than did most people. Or even Joe himself.

Joe signed for Everton in July 1964 he took the advice of his headmaster—after having played for Liverpool and Lancashire schoolboys. And since he was spotted by 'the boss', Joe has really blossomed into a centre-forward who can crack 'em into the net with his feet or with his head. Joe is cast in a mould vastly different from that of Alex Young, who was the 'golden vision' of Goodison fans for so long.

Alex was a delightful ball artist, a player who possessed all the skills and crafts of the game in abundant measure. He could weave deftly into the open space, and suddenly you realised he had collected a pass and was slipping the ball into the net; or he could leap up and flick the ball on for Roy Vernon to race through and score. And he could beat an opponent on a sixpence.

It was when Joe Royle won his place at the expense of Alex Young that those hooligan fans got up to their tricks at Blackpool. True, Joe was just a big, raw-boned kid then he was only 16 but everyone has to be given his chance, at some time or other. And 'the boss' showed real courage in giving Joe his chance. Joe admits he didn't exactly shine in his debut, at Bloomfield Road, when Everton lost 2-0. It was there that he first came up against a player who was shortly to become an Everton team-mate Alan Ball.

Harry Catterick didn't let one poor game put him off Joe Royle, and even when some folk were shouting for Everton to go out and sign a centre-forward, he kept giving Joe the odd game, and gradually attuning him to the demands of First Division football. At the time that Everton looked like landing Cohn Stein, now with Glasgow Rangers, I think that had Joe really worried.

Around that time, Joe hadn't been pulling up any trees, and in fact he had a chat with 'the boss' about the way things were going. Joe admits that in his early days in the big-time, he was inclined to be rather casual about things, and he hadn't developed the 'killer' instinct for scoring which he possesses today. At any rate, the news that Stein might be joining Everton, and the reinforcement of that chat with 'the boss', put Joe really on his mettle. He started to bang in the goals, and he has never looked back since. Today, Joe Royle is right in the top class, as a centre-forward and not only that, he has discovered a hunger for goals which, I believe, has surprised even himself. I know that the manager and the training staff at Everton spent endless hours making him work at his game, and emphasising that he must be going for a goal at every possible opportunity. There might have been times when 'the boss' and Joe himself wondered if the message could be driven home; but now Joe Royle has come good.

Joe is no longer a big, genial youngster with a happy-go lucky approach to the game. He realises that if you want to get on—and stay at the top in this business you have to work hard to succeed. All the time. The lesson has been good for Joe, if painful; it has been good for Everton; and it will prove painful for their opponents for seasons to come.

The Gordon West Story

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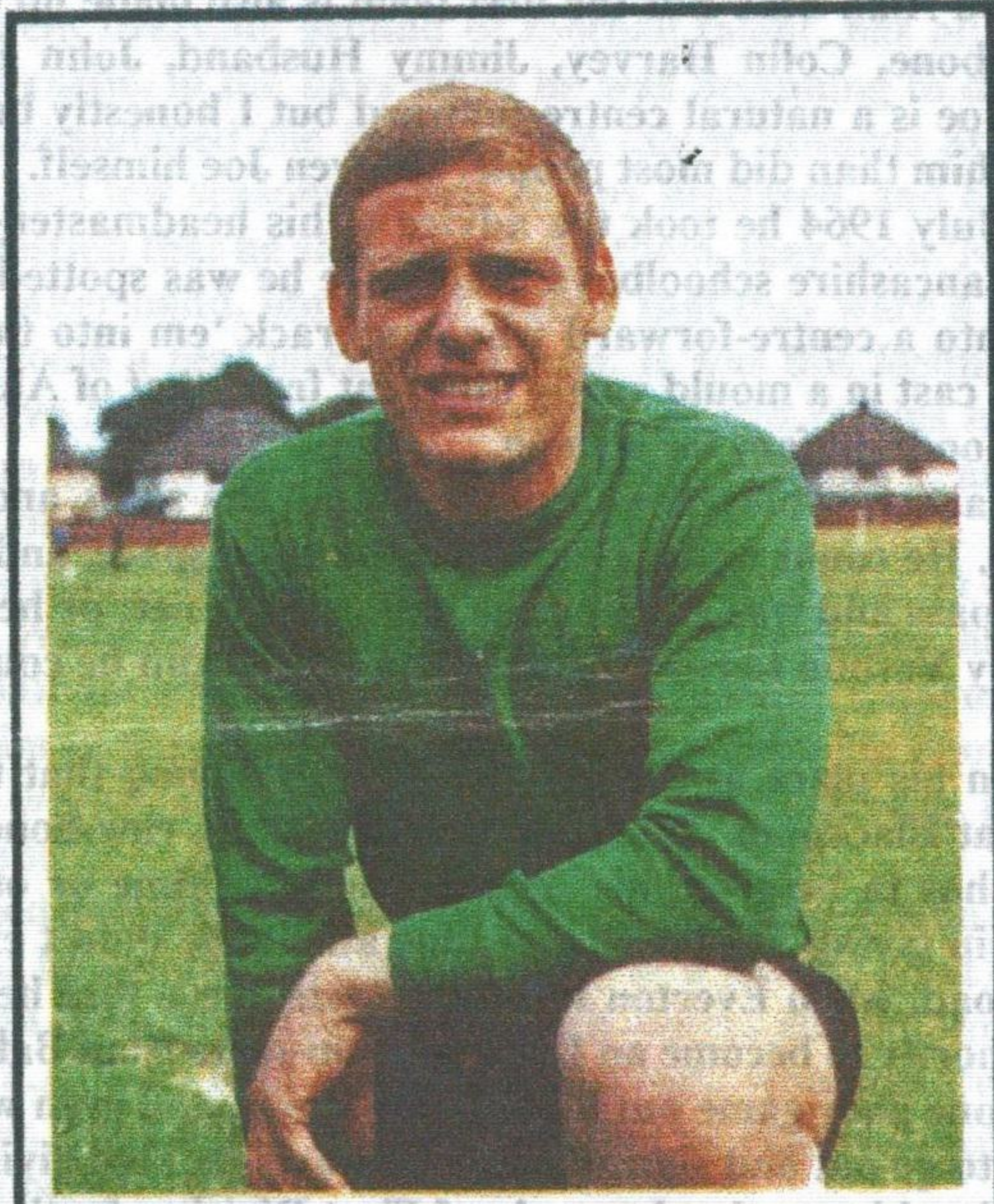
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Joe signed for Everton in July 1964. He took his first game for the club in August 1964, after having played for Liverpool and Lancashire schools. He was spotted by 'the boss' and he has really blossomed into a centre-forward. Joe is cast in a mould of Alex Young, who was the 'golden vision' of the club.

Alex was a delightful ball player in abundant measure, and he had collected a reputation for himself and back the ball on for Royle. It was when Joe Royle was only 16 but everyone who has seen him play has got up to their tricks. He showed real courage in his debut at Bloomfield for Everton against a player who was Harry Catterick didn't let us were shouting for Everton to game, and gradually attracting him to the demands of first football. At the time I think that had that Everton looked like Joe really worried.

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GORDON WEST
EVERTON

GOAL KEEPER

10 Questions For The Moyes Haters

1) If not Moyes, who? I for one can't think of a better young manager Everton could have, nor an older manager who could conceivably take the club forward. For sure, Joe Royle would probably jump at the chance to return "home", but it's not really progress, is it? As for the likes of Iain Dowie or Mike Newell, how are they better qualified than a man who's managed a Premiership club with reasonable success for the last four years?

2) In the ten managerial reigns since Harry Catterick, Everton have only had one manager last more than five years. Three of Liverpool's seven managers have beaten that record, a fourth – Roy Evans – lasted more than four years, and a fifth, Benitez, looks like he's in for the long haul. Short-termism has been one of the reasons behind Everton's decline. Is it not time to think beyond tomorrow and maybe – for once – try and build a team over years rather than months?

3) Nobody, until Moyes, has been able to make Everton compete in the hurly-burly world of Premiership football. Moreover, he has done so, until recently, without any money at his disposal. Do you not think your whingeing shows an entire lack of respect for his very real achievements?

4) And while you're at it, tune into 606 on Radio Five whenever Liverpool have failed to win. You'll find a load of muppets from Berkshire and Somerset moaning about the latest catastrophe and slagging off the same players they were singing the praises of a day earlier. When you bitch and moan and – most disgracefully of all – send unsigned letters to fanzines you actually sound just as bad as them. Remember this please: Kopites are gobshites – do you really want to sound like one?

5) Remember also that Bill Kenwright is no John Moores, nor even a Peter Johnson (at least he had ambition). The last two years have shown him to be a complete charlatan and worse. Moyes's time as manager has been against a background of this man's idiotic behaviour, his foot dragging over gaining additional investment, and his playground battles with Paul Gregg. Instead of "Moyes Out", should it not be "Kenwright Out"?

6) Every manager makes good signings and ones that don't come off. Just as Alex Ferguson signed Eric Cantona, Roy Keane and Ruud Van Nistelrooy, so he signed Diego Forlan, Massimo Taibi and Liam Miller. So what if Moyes has signed Kroldrup, Wright and Davies; he also brought us Martyn, Cahill and Arteta. You win some, you lose some, that's football, that's why it's such a great game. Don't forget it, okay?

7) And while we're at it, I know Moyes's buys haven't all been instant successes, and in the case of Kroldrup was a bizarre disaster. This has been reflected by the abysmal start to the season. But pause for a thought. I mean, if like all other top managers, he was allowed to add three or four good players a season instead of seven in one go (and still not have a big enough squad), this wouldn't have happened. Is it not just a case of years of chronic under investment catching up on the team at an inopportune time than Moyes's buys being a lamentable failure?

8) If you take more pleasure from having the opportunity to slag off your team than watching them, then why do you bother?

9) In fact, if you didn't get on with your missus you wouldn't spend the rest of your life slagging her off or (worse still) beating her up, you'd divorce her. If you hate David Moyes and his teams that much, then why don't you divorce Everton and go and watch Wigan or Bolton (as one of Blueblood's readers memorably promised to do)? Frankly, the rest of us would be better off without you, and I think Moyes would probably concur.

10 questions for the Moyes Haters

10) At the time of writing, Man City are considered to be having an excellent season, but only have 31 points. Newcastle have spent £50 million but have 26 points.

Steve Bruce has spent a NET of around £40 million in his four years at Birmingham, but his team are relegation fodder. David Moyes, who in four years, has spent a net of just £1.5 million, has just taken Everton to 29 points.

It's not great, but it certainly isn't bad. Sure, we'd all like more goals, a better standard of football, but let's just repeat that statistic: David Moyes has spent a net total of less than £2 million in four years.

Think of all the TV money and gate receipts that have passed through the club in that time and now consider again what's he's had to spend. What he's done on such a pathetic budget – which is the symptom of chronic mismanagement at boardroom level and seeps all the way through the club's shoddy administration – is amazing. End of story.

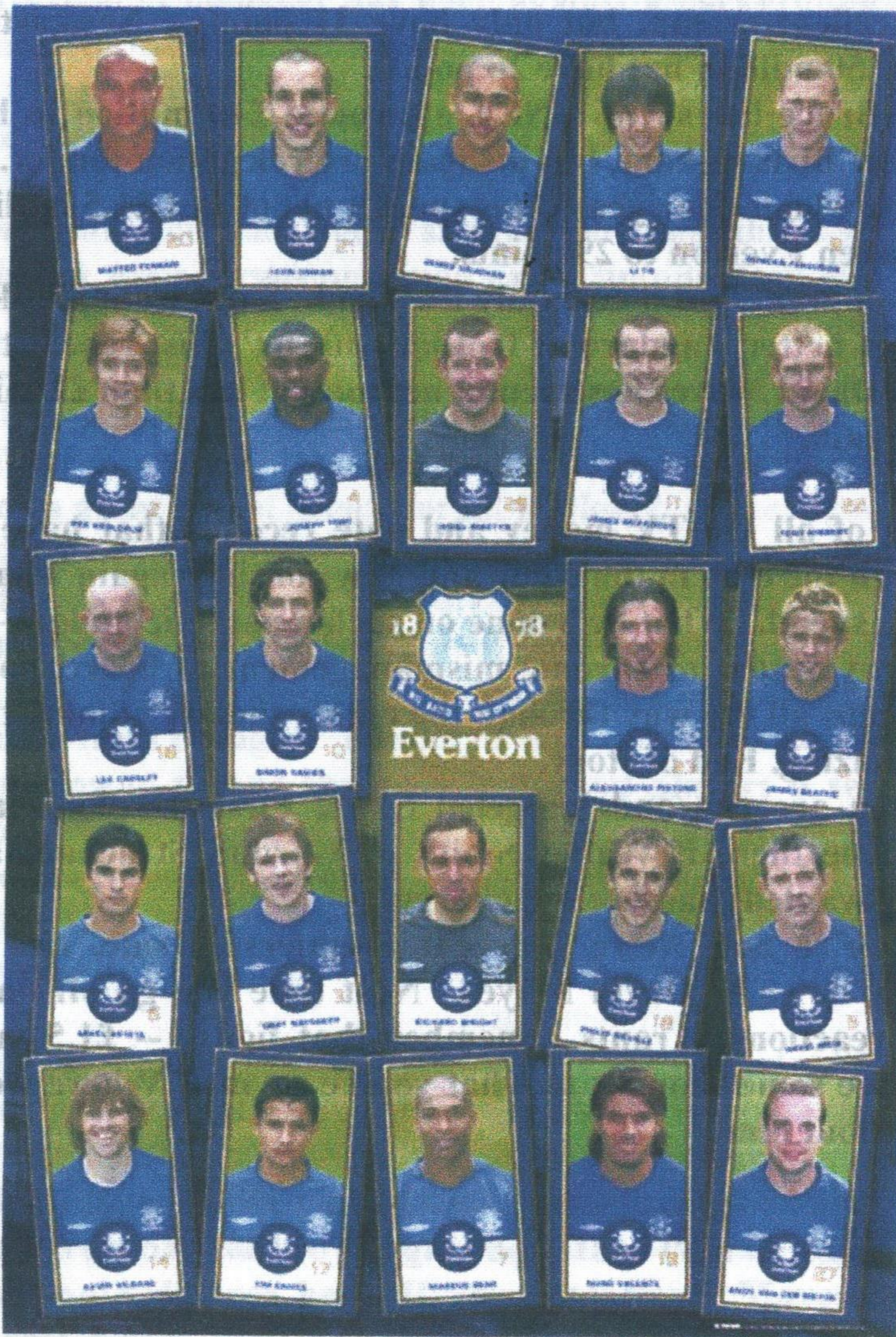
Everton are run and budgeted like a First Division club, and would be there if Walter Smith or Gordon Strachan (as Paul Gregg wanted) had been in charge.

But, we're not; we're a decent Premiership side, and that is largely down to David Moyes. Next time you go off on one of your reactionary rants remember that figure – £1.5 million – and give some thought to what you're saying. Where would we be without him?

James Corbett

10 questions for the Moyes Haters

EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB SQUAD PROFILES 05/06 POSTER



Everton Songs New Web Site

I had an email from a guy called Pete (I think) about a web site he has put together about Everton Songs. It's a great site, nearly every Everton song you have ever heard or sung yourself is here. But be warned there is some swearing so if you are happy with that then go to this great site.

Type this into the address line <http://uk.geocities.com/evertonsongs@btinternet.com>

We are the Street End The Cock of the North We all hate United And City of course We only drink Whisky And Bottles of Brown The Everton Boys are in Town

Those were the days my friend We took the Stretford End We took the Shed The North Bank Highbury We'd fight and never lose We are the Street End Blues We are the Street of Everton FC (An alternative version of this was 'Come on you Mighty Blues' just repeated all the way through)

I've never felt more like singing the Blues When Everton win and Liverpool lose Oh Everton, you've got me singing the Blues

You'll Never Beat the Blueboys You'll Never Beat the Blueboys You'll Never Beat the Blueboys...

Oh When you're Smiling When you're smiling The Whole World Smiles with you And When you're Laughing

When you're Laughing The Sun comes Shining through

But when you're crying You'll bring on the rain

So stop you're crying

Be happy again

Cos when you're smiling

When you're smiling

The whole world smiles with you...

...without yer kecks on

There are many, many more on this great site

9th January 1909 Preston North End away. 8,000 watch Everton team, Scott, R. Balmer, Macconnachie, Harris, Clifford, Makepeace, Sharp, Coleman, Freeman, White, Barlow,

The low attendance didn't affect the players, The game was a cracker, goals galore, Six in all evenly shared between the two teams. Barlow, Sharp and White got the Everton goals.

The F. A. Cup and a home tie against Barnsley, No record of the crowd is known but it would probably be in the region of 15,000, Everton fielded a full strength team and were rewarded with a fine 3-1 win Coleman, Sharp and White.

One week later and its Boro at home, 25,000 turn out for this a hard game, League game. Everton Struggle and can only get a point from a 1-1 draw, Sandy Young is the saviour.

Manchester City away a great crowd of 30,000 turn up. Coleman who missed the last game plays in place of Young, Everton have a bad day, Man City destroy them 4-0 Its heads down on the short trip home.

Manchester United in the F. A. Cup 35,217 watch Everton lose 1-0, this is a bad result for Everton, they do not usually go out of the Cup in the first round.

Bury away and Bill Scott is replaced in goal by debutant C. H. Berry little is known about MR. Berry he came from junior football and stayed for three seasons playing in only three games, Jack Taylor was recalled at Centre half after a six game absence, Sharp is back in the team, Adamson gets a rare game at right half. Everton had certainly taken the Man City defeat to heart, Five changes and only a draw 2-2 Freeman and Sharp score Sheffield United at home Bill Scott is back in goal much

to the delight of the 20,000 crowd White replaces Barlow on the left wing. Harris takes over from Adamson Jack Taylor as old as he is keeps The Centre Half spot, Everton sparkle, they turn on the style and play magnificent football. Bertie Freeman gets his third hat-trick of the season, Coleman gets the other two in a 5-1 victory.

27th February and a tough game down at Aston Villa Adamson replaces Makepeace the only change from the last win. 14,000 are at the game, Freeman scores again but Villa get three Everton are crestfallen, a bitter blow to their championship hopes after the F. A. Cup defeat at Man United they need to get a run in the League going.

Sunderland away a poor Wearside crowd of 8,000, see Everton failing to score and even better for them they see their team net twice.

20th March 1909 and Everton are at home to Chelsea, no easy game this, it was 3-3 last time the teams met in November.

Everton made changes Daniel Rafferty gets a chance his first game in nearly a year, usually a right winger but today he was in a defensive role at right half. 25,000 Evertonians know how important a victory would be, they cheer the Blues on



This is the first of three team photo's in this fanzine, it is hard to get one team photo from this era never mind three.

**Back Row : Harris, R. Balmer, Scott, Maconnachie, Taylor, Makepeace
Front Row : Sharp, Coleman, White, Freeman, Young, Turner.**

once again the wonderful Bertie Freeman is the hero, with his fourth hat-trick of the season he seals a 3-2 win, Goodison Park goes wild with delight.

20,000 turn up for the next game at Goodison Park, just four days later- Nottingham Forest are the opponents and there is a feeling that it will be a high scoring game and Bertie will do his stuff

They are right six goals but only three for Everton, Coleman gets two and Freeman one. A good game but a valuable point lost.

Three days later and away to Blackburn Rovers, Harry Mountford plays his second game on the trot at outside left, he wasn't a regular player at this moment in time but

he was to go on and play twenty five games for Everton. In a poor game Blackburn and Everton cancelled each other out, 10,000 bored people watched a 0-0 draw.

The league title was slipping from Everton's grasp, two draws on the bounce had given Newcastle some space at the top. so on April 3rd 1909 at Goodison Park only 10,000 of the faithful showed up, Henry Stanley Buck a Birkenhead player aged 26 made his debut for Everton at outside right, Everton lost 1-0 a disaster and Henry Stanley Buck never played for Everton again.

Freeman had missed the Bradford game but he didn't want to miss the next home game, the BIG ONE The Derby, 45,000 were packed in the ground, Everton had a new signing on display, making his debut at outside left was Robert Frewn Turner, Bob 'leggy' Turner as he was better known was quite a character, born in Leicester on July 15th 1885 he also played Cricket at County level. His transfer from Leicester caused uproar as he asked for a signing on fee of £100, the normal fee was £10 (which lasted until 1964).

He was reported to the F. A, by Everton and was fined £50. Even better for Everton because they never paid the standard £10 fee anyhow, not like Everton that is it?

Turner stayed at Everton for two years during his time here he got married and most of his Leicester Fosse buddies came for the Wedding, Leicester Fosse then lost 12-0 to Nottingham Forest!!

Back to the Derby Liverpool were struggling, ten points behind Everton and it looked like a comfortable win for the Blues, but even in those days a Derby' was no respecter of form so, nothing could be taken for granted. 'leggy' Turner enjoyed his debut.

Tim Coleman gave Everton the lead after only eight minutes, Bertie Freeman then scored for Everton it was 2-0 at the break.

White made it 3-0 with a 25 yarder, Turner made it 4-0 the Blues in the crowd were cheering their heads off, the Reds were heading for the exits. Scoring on his debut had made 'Leggy' relaxed he turned Liverpool inside out.

Bertie Freeman killed the Reds stone dead with the fifth goal. 5-0 . The City was stunned, it had been the biggest margin of Victory / Defeat in Derby Day History.

The result also lifted the Everton players. the title was still within reach and Everton were up for it.

EVERTON TEAM 1909



Another team photo from 1909 this is a very rare one

**Back row A. R. Wade, Balmer, Scott, Maconnachie, E. A. Bainbridge
Middle Row Lacey, Taylor, Freeman, Mountford
Front Row. Clifford, Rafferty, Harris, Adamson, White.**

Manchester United away the scene of the F. A. Cup defeat. Only 8,000 inside the ground but strangely enough they were nearly all from Manchester. 'leggy' Turner keeps his place, Jack Taylor is injured and is replaced by Clifford. the only change from the Derby win.

A hard fought game saw Coleman net twice for Everton but United also scored twice to earn a point. 12th April 1909 and the Biggest Game of the season, or so it was Billed, Newcastle away, Everton's title contestants, Jack Taylor returns to tighten the defence but is not good enough, Newcastle romp home in front 30,000 excited Geordies, Everton's hopes are in tatters.

They play Sheffield Wednesday away and lose 2-0 only 6,000 are in attendance. The final game of a hard season is at Goodison Park, on the 24th April only 5,000 bother to turn up which is a disgrace because this Everton team had given the fans some great moments during the season. John Borthwick made his debut at Centre half. A Strong defender he was bought from Hibs as cover for Booth and Taylor. He proved to be a good buy. the game was a good one for the end of season both teams attacked and played nice football Everton came out worthy winners 4-2 Coleman getting two and Freeman getting two.

Bertie Freeman had been tremendous he had scored an amazing 38 goals in 37 matches, astonishing, better than Dixie and a Football League Record.

They had finished second to Newcastle and with a little bit more luck Everton could have won the League.

Everton had led the way with a Tour of Austria and Bohemia in 1905 but what they were about to undertake they were to tour Argentina, a South American Country and it was truly mind boggling in 1909.

Tottenham who had gone on the 1905 Tour agreed to do likewise and the clubs set off for the South American Continent.

On June 5th 1909 Tottenham and Everton played each other, in Palermo, Buenos Ayres the game ended in a 2-2 draw, they met again and this time Everton won 4-0.

On June 10th Everton played Alumni, Everton won 2-0 then on June 13th the opponents were players from the Uruguayan League. Everton won 2-1, On June 20th Everton played the Argentine League and won 4-0, the Argentineans had formed two leagues and were not bad

E. A. Bainbridge and A. R. Wade two Everton directors went with the team you can see their photos on page 29. Everton and Tottenham can be proud of the fact that they were pioneers of Tours' not only in Europe but 14,000 miles away in Argentina.

Everton had played 13 games on foreign soil up to 1909 and had not lost one. on 24th June Everton players relaxed and went to see two local Sides play.

A large crowd turned out and the pitch was encroached by a few dozen spectators, The Argentinean Cavalry took swift action, they moved in with swords drawn and cleared the pitch no result is known either the score or the number of Fans injured.

As I have said it was amazing that anyone, let alone a Football Club could envisage such a trip as the one Everton undertook to South America.

When they arrived home again on British soil the plans were laid for a Title challenge in the 1909—1910 season.

Everton were looking good and they might just do the "Double" in the coming season.

(To be continued in issue 32)



Photo by R. Scott & Co.

EVERTON F.C.

Manager

Balmer
R. Young

Harris
Freeman

Scott

Macdonald
Bullock

Lacey

Taylor
A. Young

Maize
Turner

Coft (Sec.)
Goulay

Photo



A very rare Everton sticker given away with a boys magazine around 1928. It shows Everton Captain Hunter Hart