

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 5 issue 32



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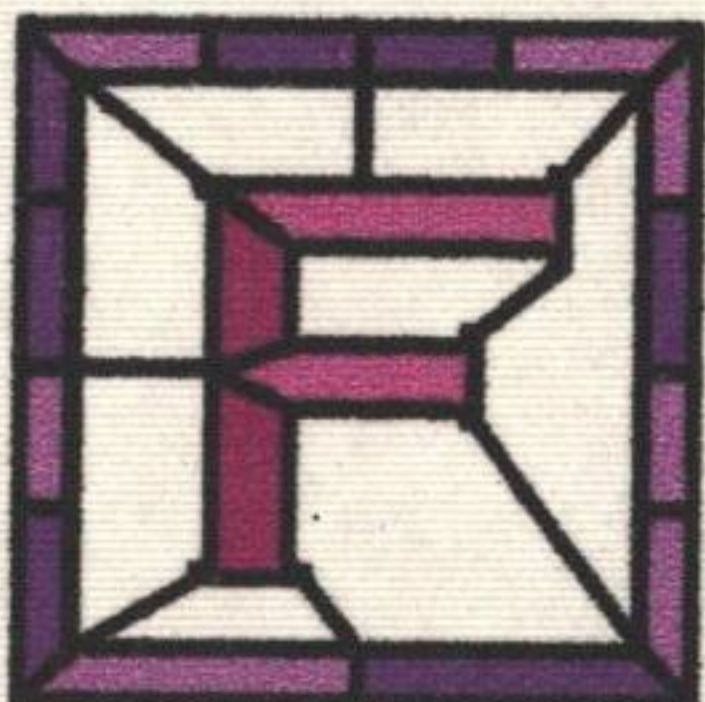
Editorial Blue Blood

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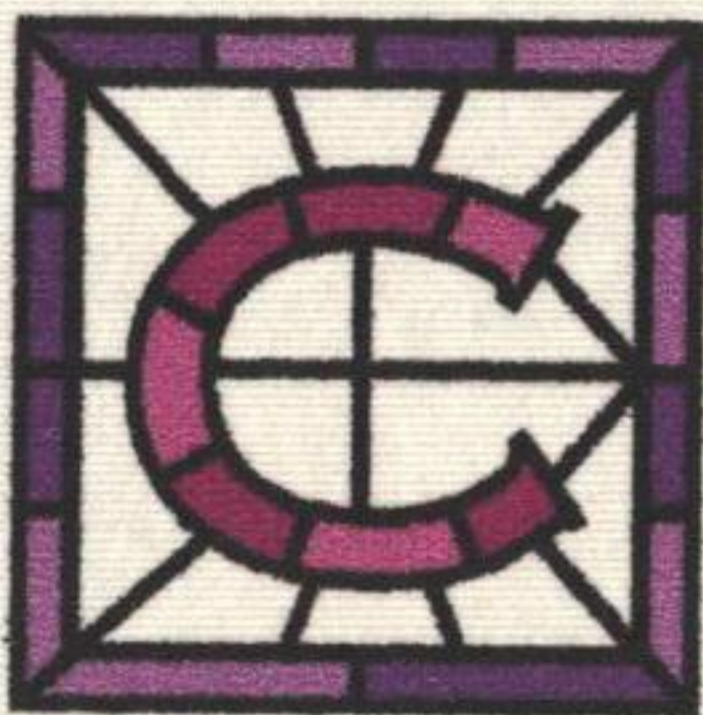


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

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



Royston Thomas Vernon
A Brilliant Everton player. Deadly from the penalty spot and anywhere near the goal Roy would give it a smack.

203 games
111 goals

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

At last Moyes has a go, West Ham away, Everton play like they should, they take the game to the Hammers and nearly win.

Beattie is a different player with a man alongside him, even McFadden gives him more freedom and scope, why can't Moyes be more positive like this more often?

When Everton play with a bit of freedom and attack it is what most Evertonians want, just have a go and give it a try to win all three points, if they lose doing that then so be it.

Newcastle away, we were in command, the first half was all Everton, even with only Beattie up front, so why didn't Moyes bring on McFadden to win the game at the start of the second half? He waited until we went a goal down before he acted "Dithering Dave" once again, it cost us the points.

The farce with Richard Wright at Chelsea was compounded by Iain Turner at Goodison against Blackburn, why did he try to pick it up? Of course the referee had no option but to send him off I mean he is an Everton player and the rules must be strictly applied to any Everton player, whilst others can do what they like and referees turn a blind eye.

Still despite the sending off Ruddy did well and so did the team, you would never have known we only had ten men. They outplayed and outfought Blackburn and fully deserved the win, the goal was a corker.

Going back to the Chelsea replay, it was disappointing to see that Moyes didn't take an adventurous outlook, I would rather have seen young Anichebe come on than an unfit Lee Carsley. We were poor and once again, live on TV, what the rest of the nation makes of us is open to debate but the majority will say Everton are boring and who could blame them?

Wigan away, another makeshift team, Big Dunc does his usual and leaves us in the mire, it's more important to him to look after himself than Everton, McFadden played with a broken nose and eight stitches in his leg, do you think Duncan would do that?

But no matter what Dunc did he didn't deserve a SEVEN game ban, who has ever heard of someone getting two RED CARDS in the same game?

It has been a strange season, at times it feels like ages since we have played at Goodison and at other times it seemed as if there was a game here every week.

The Liverpool Echo had the back page headlines that Pistone is nearly fit, are things that bad that we want this guy back in the team?

I can get excited by the news that young Vaughan is nearly fit and that Van Der Meyde will be back soon but Pistone, do me a favour and it doesn't help to hear Moyes say that Alessandro will get a game soon, why is that? Is Valente any worse than Pistone? What does Nuno think when he hears Moyes say things like that?

Contract talk has also been aired, Moyes says there will be no new contracts for Weir or Stubbs until the end of the season, that is the time to talk says Moyes.

It's only my personal opinion but they will both be getting on, Weir will be 36 and Stubbs 35, do Everton really need to employ people of this age when there is a World of young players out there?

Will Carsley get a new contract? Will we have decent cover for Nigel Martyn? Will David Moyes buy anyone during the summer?

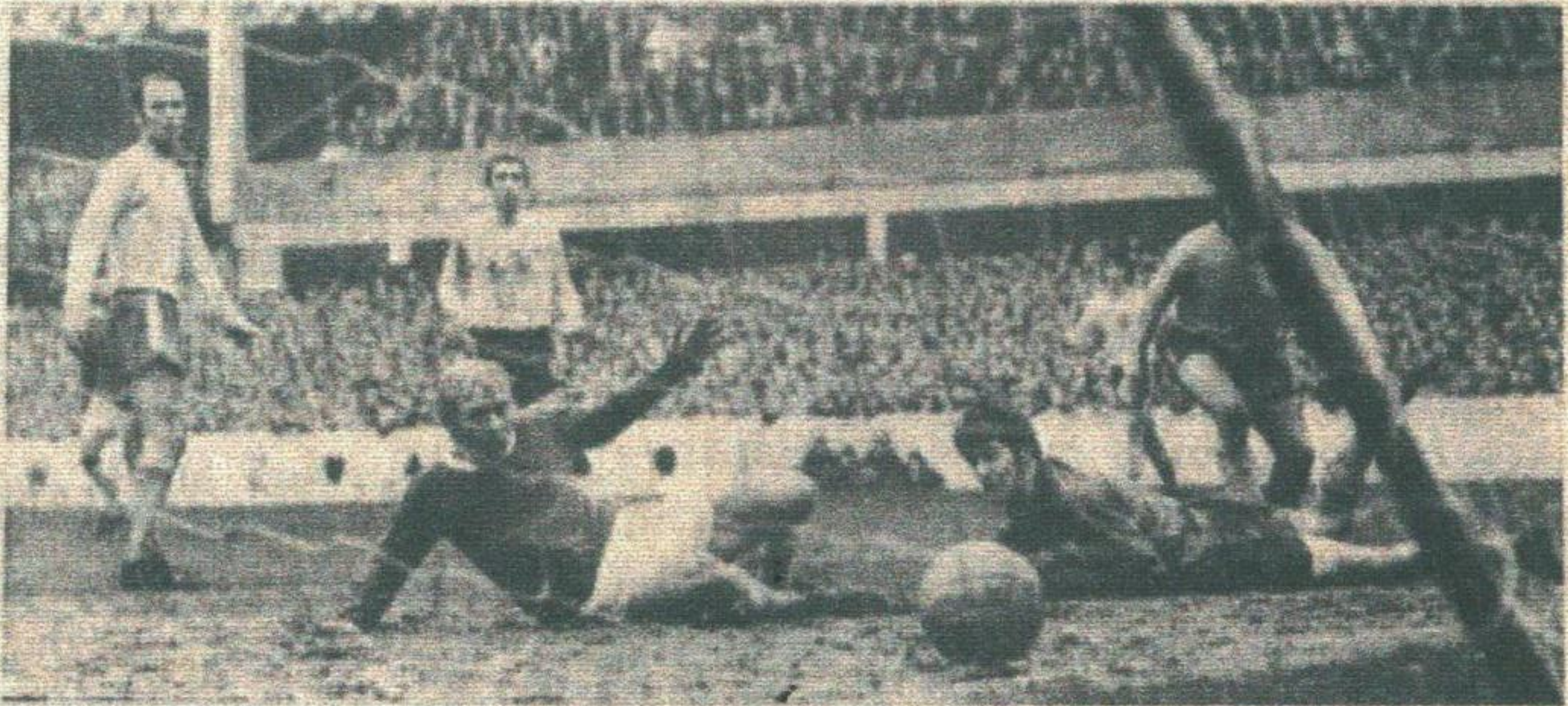
There are a million questions out there that Evertonians want to know the answers to, are we moving to a new ground? According to Wyness we will get an answer before the year ends, well Keith I for one will hold you to that. Will Goodison be redeveloped? Will Kenwright get his voice back before the season ends?

This is the seventh edition this season and there could yet still be another one as it is only March, it has been hard work trying to get the issues out but I think they have improved, there is more colour photo's and the articles have been varied and good but then again I am biased. The sales are steady and that makes it all worthwhile and the feedback has been good.

STORY OF THE CHAMPIONS

FIRST DIVISION CHAMPIONS EVERTON

(Picture right) Alan Whittle falls flat in the mud, but his shot beats Chelsea 'keeper Hughes (right), for Everton's fifth goal in their great 5-2 win over the Londoners at Goodison Park, in March this year.



BIG JOE ROYLE, EVERTON'S CENTRE-FORWARD, CLIMBS ABOVE LIVERPOOL'S YEATS AND GLEMENCE TO HEAD THE FIRST GOAL OF THE ALL-IMPORTANT MERSEYSIDE 'DERBY' AT ANFIELD LAST MARCH. BY WINNING 2-0, EVERTON TOOK FULL REVENGE FOR A 0-3 REVERSE AT THE HANDS OF THEIR OLD ENEMY EARLIER IN THE SEASON... AND TOOK ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS THE FIRST DIVISION TITLE....



A WEEK LATER CAME THE DECIDER... A 57,000 CROWD PACKED GOODISON PARK TO SEE THE 'BLUES' PLAY CHELSEA — AND HAD TO WAIT JUST 14 SECONDS FOR THE ACTION TO BEGIN!

WHEN ALAN BALL HEADED NUMBER TWO IN THE FOURTH MINUTE, THE FANS BEGAN THEIR CHANT "EVERTON, CHAMPIONS!" IT WAS FITTING THAT KENDALL AND BALL SHOULD GRAB THESE VITAL GOALS — FOR THEY, ALONG WITH COLIN HARVEY, WERE THE MIDFIELD MARVELS OF THE TEAM.

BEHIND THEM, BRIAN LABONE WAS PLAYING AS WELL AS EVER. HOW DIFFICULT HE WAS TO GET PAST! IN THE AIR OR ON THE GROUND, FEW CENTRE-FORWARDS GOT ANY CHANGE OUT OF LABONE LAST SEASON. LITTLE WONDER THAT HE WAS ENGLAND'S FIRST CHOICE CENTRE-HALF FOR THE WORLD CUP GAMES....



GORDON WEST, TOO, WAS MAGNIFICENT IN GOAL. HERE, HELPED BY LABONE AND TOMMY WRIGHT, WEST CLEARS A CHELSEA ATTACK LED BY PETER CHOOD.

BY HALF-TIME EVERTON LED CHELSEA 3-0... MEANWHILE, LEEDS UNITED, THREE POINTS BEHIND AND THEIR ONLY CHALLENGERS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WERE PLAYING LOWLY SOUTHAMPTON — AND STRUGGLING!



ROYLE'S TWO GOALS GAVE HIM 22 IN THE LEAGUE, AND YOUNG STAR, ALAN WHITTLE, MADE THE SCORE 5-0! HERE (LEFT), HIS COLLEAGUES ACCLAIM THE GOAL. CHELSEA SCORED THREE BEFORE THE END, BUT EVERTON WERE HOME AND DRY....

THE RESULT OF THE GAME AT ELLAND ROAD COMPLETED A JOYOUS DAY FOR THE FANS...

LEEDS UNITED 1 SOUTHAMPTON 2



IT DID — AND LEEDS GAVE UP THE CHASE. EVERTON WENT ON TO REACH 66 POINTS. CHAMPIONS INDEED!

Thanks to Barry Spencer From ESCLA

Reviews: The autobiographies of Joe Royle and Colin Harvey, and the trouble with collaborators.

By Paul Owens

Date: 08/02/2006

Being one of only a handful of players to have netted over a century of goals for the Blues, and having guided his 'Dogs of War' to FA Cup success in 1995, Joe Royle is a genuine Everton legend with a plethora of entertaining stories to share about the club and its many characters.

However, though I found JR's autobiography hugely enjoyable — particularly the sections on Big Nev and Royle's run-ins with the Liverpool Echo towards the end of his stint as Everton manager. I was disappointed to come across a number of errors in the text. Here are just a few of them:

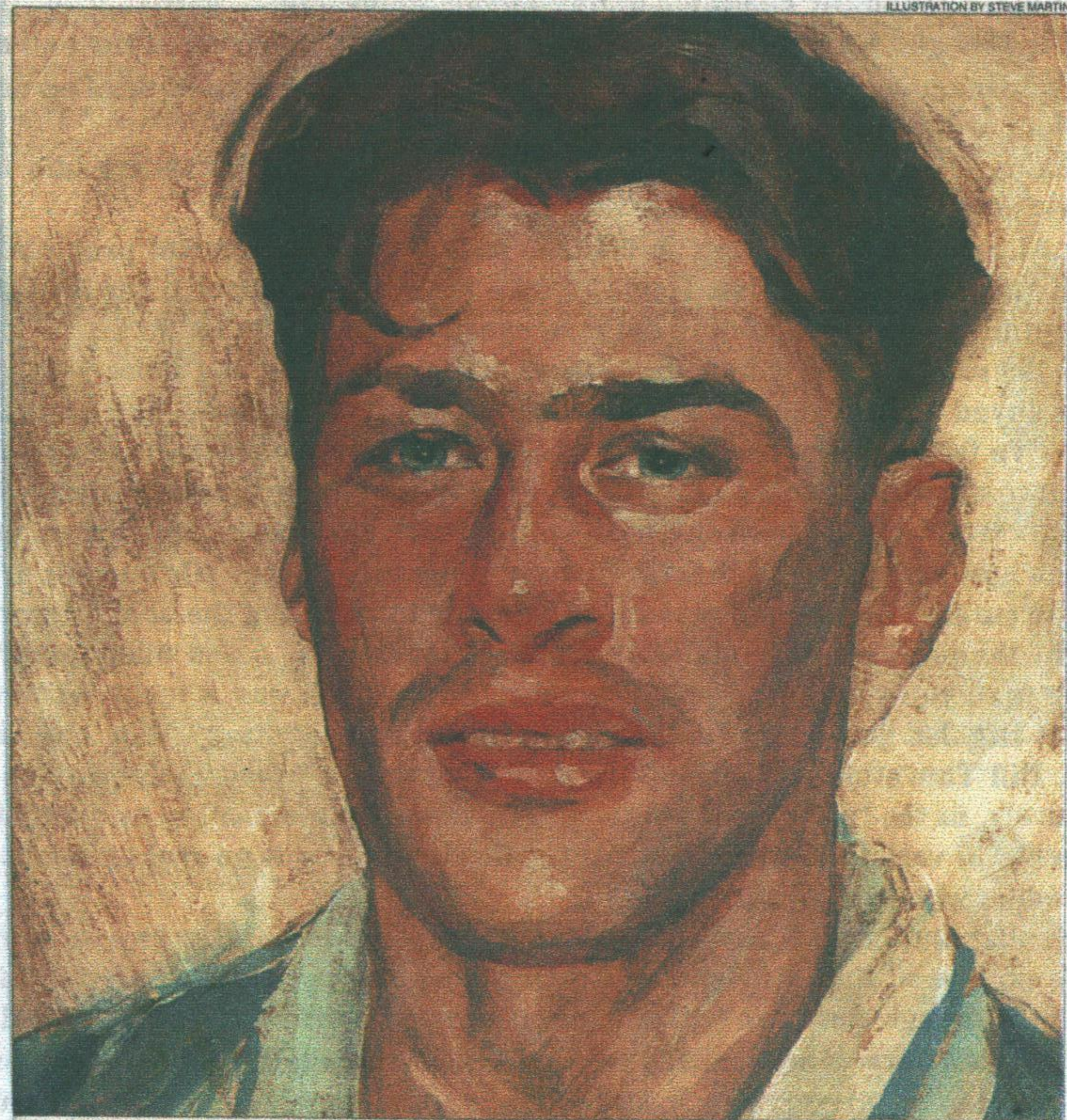
Whilst managing Oldham, Royle didn't cash in on Earl Barrett by selling him to Everton Royle actually brought the player to Goodison from Villa.

Neither was Marcus Bent sold to us in 2003 to ease Ipswich's financial problems. And how did Graham Taylor allow Royle to take charge of England U21s in 1989 when Taylor himself wasn't appointed national coach until after Italia '90?

Highlighting the above errors may look as though I'm nitpicking at a book which I thoroughly enjoyed and finished two days after starting it. However, there are two reasons why I've felt the need to do so. Firstly, I buy books about Goodison greats to find out more about our club's illustrious past and the characters of yesteryear. If I know that certain events from the past twenty years have been reported on incorrectly, then how sure can I be that the entertaining stories of the 60s and 70s are in fact true / accurate? My second reason for bringing to attention the above errors is to highlight the problem of ghost writers and collaborators. As so many errors appear in the text, you start to wonder how much of the book was actually written by Royle. Has Big Joe got a foggy memory and been extremely lazy? Why has his collaborator, Bill Thornton, not verified the dates and details presumably provided by Royle? Surely, in the twenty first century, with so much information on football readily available in various electronic and print formats, there is no real excuse for providing readers with inaccurate details?

Last year, in collaboration with respected writer, John Keith, Colin Harvey, an even bigger Goodison legend than Royle, also released an autobiography of sorts on his beloved Blues. Although the book's title, Colin Harvey's Everton Secrets, is slightly misleading (very few secrets are actually revealed!), Harvey's tales and anecdotes of his time at Everton as player, coach and manager are hugely entertaining. The chapters on 'The White Pele's' return to Goodison as Youth Team Coach, his difficult spell as manager, and disgraced half-back Tony Kay are particularly interesting. However, in my opinion, the book is severely let down by collaborator Keith's inclusion of dull information regarding matches and events that took place well after Harvey had retired. Indeed, the final chapter deals with last season's Champions League qualification and this season's Villarreal debacle. What have these events got to do with Colin Harvey? What's more, the description of such events is so dull and bland that I found myself skimming them and looking for the next Harvey anecdote.

If John Keith wanted to write a season-by-season review of this grand old club of ours, then he should have published it separately, and left Harvey to recount his stories of the Blues.



Duncan Doughnut Should Call It A Day

EVERTON fans are entitled to ask this morning 'What is the point of Duncan Ferguson?'

He doesn't play. Doesn't score. Doesn't do anything. What Ferguson does do is punch, push and disgrace the game.

He's suspended again for seven matches and will not be available until almost April.

The former Scotland centre-forward has to be the biggest waste of money in the history of the Premiership.

No doubt Big Dunc will read this and snort and snarl. What he needs to do is take a long, hard look in the mirror and ask himself if he deserves to pick up his £40,000 a week at Goodison Park.

It's basically stealing because Ferguson is the best example I can find of bringing the game into disrepute. Again and again.

His latest suspension following a stormy seven-minute substitute cameo at Wigan is for hitting Paul Scharner and then pushing out at Pascal Chimbonda.

He has eight red cards to his name now and personal fines are close to £250,000. He must be so proud.

Former Arsenal captain Patrick Vieira, now at Juventus, also suffered eight reds but there the similarity ends. Vieira could play, Ferguson is a battering ram, who at 34 is well past his sell-by date.

Maybe that's why the bans are coming thick and fast. He realises his career is coming to an end. No longer can he scare defenders, which was always his greatest asset.

He still gets a roar when he comes on, which is not very often these days, but it's all our yesterdays for Big Dunc.

Everton manager David Moyes must have reached the end of the road with him and has offered no excuse or sympathy for Ferguson's latest outrage.

Moyes must be tempted to say thanks for nothing Duncan, go and get your coat. And no-one in football would blame him.

Moyes has got something going again at Goodison as the spirit of his 10 men showed against Blackburn.

Chaos

Once upon a time Ferguson was not bad, great in the air, efficient at holding the ball up and bringing others into play. He never had much pace but would always create chaos in and around the six-yard box. Now he is just causing chaos. For the game and his club.

There is so much in English football that is exciting and impressive and the good guys are fighting against all the diving, feigning injury and dissent that goes on. Ferguson does none of these things, he just goes round getting himself sent off and has become an acute embarrassment.

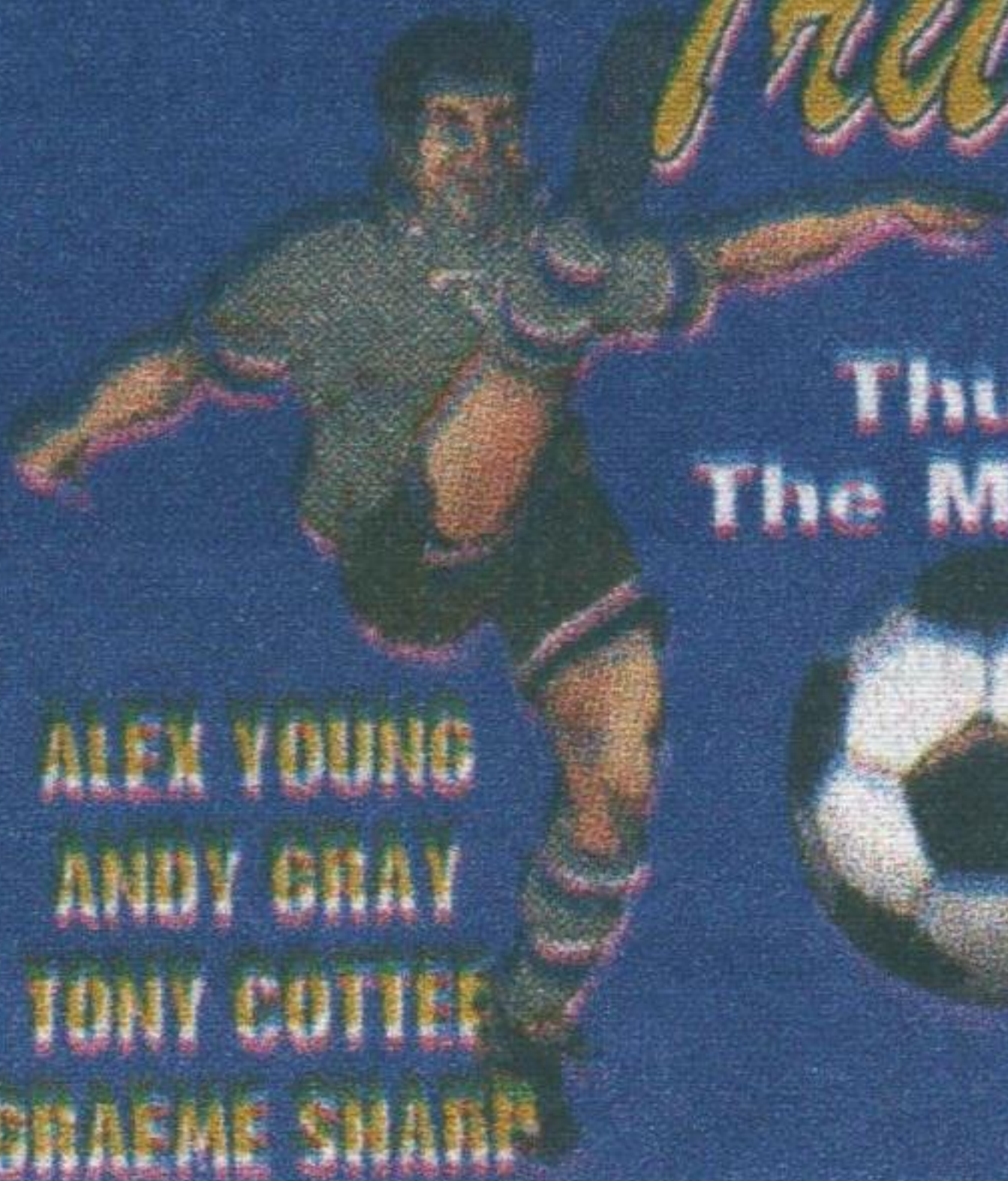
Do yourself a favour call it a day now.

Now before you all attack me outside the Winslow, this article was published in the Daily Star on Monday 13th February 2006 (but it does make me happy to think that there is someone else on this planet that agrees with me about Duncan) George Orr

Everton Fans Events

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Alex Young, Andy Gray, Tony Cottee, Graeme Sharp
This looks like it might be worthwhile, it's at Goodison and at least Everton will make some money from it.

WE'LL BUILD BLUES' NEW STADIUM

EXCLUSIVE

By NEIL HODGSON

EVERTON is in talks with £2bn property giant Peel Holdings to build a new stadium at Switch Island.

The company, one of the biggest developers in the UK, is offering the land it owns at Natherton, Peel, led by multi-millionaire Peel.

● Turn to Page 2

Property giants in Switch Island talks

AIRPORT FIRM BIDS TO BUILD NEW GOODISON



● From Page One

John Whittaker, will provide a feasibility study into building the ground.

The news is a massive step for the club. Peel Holdings has a record of pulling off major developments around the country.

It owns Liverpool John Lennon airport, Mersey Docks and Harbour Company, the Manchester Ship Canal and the Trafford Centre.

A senior Everton source said the study is entirely at Peel's expense and would not cost the club a penny.

A City source close to the talks told the ECHO today: "The plan is for Peel to build a new stadium for Everton to gradually acquire it on a lease scheme.

"Over the medium term the plan would be a win-win for both parties."

Everton director Paul Gregg confirmed that talks with Peel have taken place and fully supports the proposals.

"Any opportunity that Everton has for new means to provide a new

stadium would be fantastic."

He welcomed Peel's interest: "It is obvious the present board does not have the financial resources to support the club's ambitions and maybe they should be looking at new opportunities and new investors."

Everton secretary Keith Wyness revealed two months ago that the club was in talks over a new stadium and that one option was to build it within a three-mile radius of Goodison Park.

That would include Switch Island, near Maghull.

Peel issued a statement to the ECHO today, saying: "Following the acquisition of Mersey Docks and Harbour Company, Peel now own a number of sites that have the potential for development in Liverpool and we are exploring future uses of this land with a number of different organisations."

An Everton spokesman added: "We have a number of options still open to us. Since the demise of Kings Dock we have continued to look at a range of options and that will continue."

neilhodgson@liverpool.echo.co.uk

Long search for home victory

EVERTON'S search for a new ground began in 1997 when then chairman Peter Johnson polled supporters on a proposed move.

Land at Gillmoss, Kirkby and even Cronton was considered, but the move never transpired.

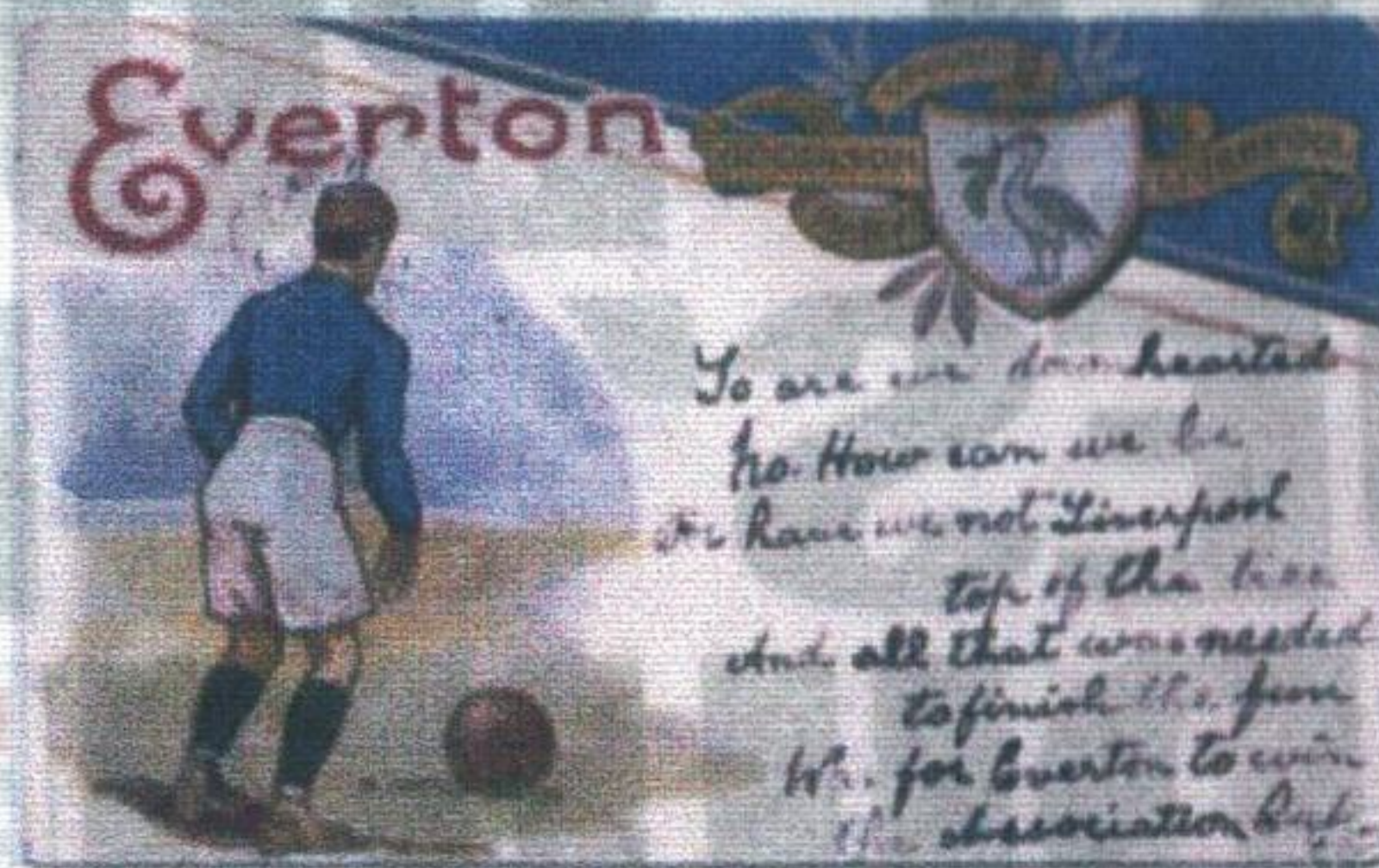
New chairman Bill Kenwright and shareholder Paul Gregg then proposed a futuristic waterside stadium and conference facility on Kings Dock.

But Everton's inability to raise £30m towards the development meant the dream died in 2003.

A proposal to build a ground on Central Dock was mooted later that year by urban regeneration expert David Taylor, but again it never materialised.

However, Peel's track record in property development represents the club's best opportunity so far.

Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood,

I am writing to say "Are Everton A shade unlucky?" I mean to say, where do we get these referees from?

The clown at the Blackburn game, Walton didn't have a clue. He had to go by the book, not just for the young lads sending off but every tackle was a yellow card no chance of a word of warning, no just a yellow card.

He could have ruined a great game but the Boys got together and wouldn't let it go.

They knew we had been dealt a hard hand by this fool of a ref but the lads played well.

Beattie ran his socks off and played great, Kilbane did a great job and Tony Hibbert along with Neville looked cool.

We never looked as if we only had ten men, it was Blackburn that were the poor team.

Moyes has done well and he is getting too much stick from fans who are looking for a different type of Everton, maybe some don't like the 1-0 wins and think we should be more adventurous but we are limited by what we have.

The Board have not come out and said we have got X amount of cash for Mr Moyes so maybe David is being diplomatic and saying he has the players he wants for now. Why cause an upset if the money is not there it is not there full stop.

Anyway we are heading in the right direction again and maybe we will slip into Europe, who knows but for now just get behind the lads and thank God we are not like Boro and Bolton doing well in Europe in front of empty stadiums.

The Blue Man

Dear Blue Blood,

I have to agree with your stance on David Moyes, he bores me stiff, negative tactics and old injured players preferred to young lads.

If I was John Ruddy or Iain Turner I would not be stopping long at Goodison because until they reach the age of 34 they won't get a game.

The Premiership, outside the top four is open and any adventurous team will take fifth place, unfortunately Everton are not adventurous, we will have to settle for tenth place and no Cups, that's the future under Moyes.

Alan Davis

Blue Swayed Views

Everton—England—World Cup

The World Cup is upon us once again and the cry from the fans is why isn't Phil Neville in the squad? What about Tony Hibbert? And, not exactly a cry from the fans more a cry from one man, "I can still make the Squad" James Beattie.

All of the above might please some Everton fans but it makes me cringe.

I will tell you why, Phil Neville has not been the brilliant player that some would have you believe, his passing is not of the top standard required for the Premiership never mind the World Cup and what manager would want a player who flies in with stupid tackles that get him either booked or sent off and then misses vital games? No manager except Moyes. Phil Neville has been a decent player for Everton but he is getting judged on the standard of Pistone, Valente, Naysmith etc it does not take much to look good at Everton.

Tony Hibbert, his passing is also erratic, his throw ins are to the opposition, don't believe me watch any video that he is playing in and then get back to me. He is constantly turned inside out by any fleet footed winger, he has improved over the last few games but that's because before he was awful, so any slight improvement is seen as a rebirth.

James Beattie, he is the only person who believes he can still go to Germany, watch him play, see his misses, notice how slow he is to react to any situation around him. He can't control a ball that comes to him at pace, he drifts to the wing and puts centres over for Osman and Cahill, he should be in the middle.

He is caught offside more than any other player I know, he is unaware of what is around him but again he is judged alongside the likes of Markus Bent, McFadden, it's little wonder he thinks he is great and we as Evertonians think he will get there soon. He won't, he is unfit after a year at Goodison he still has a gut, he chases lost causes and gets knackered.

Apart from all the above criticisms, why does any Evertonian want a Blue Boy to be out in Germany getting his head turned by 'how green the grass is on the other side' by overpaid prima donnas.

Do you want them to leave? Do you want them injured? Or do you want them burnt out and unfit for the season ahead?

I suspect your answer would be no to all three questions and if it isn't then tell me what I as an Evertonian will gain by seeing Hibbert sitting on a bench or being made to look a fool? What will Beattie scoring against Paraguay do for me or him for that matter? If Phil Neville is injured and out for months, would it have been worth it? Even if every one of them went over to the World Cup and played great, played in every game and then returned home what would I as an Evertonian have gained?

Nothing is the answer, we had Rooney who was the star of the European Championships, Lineker star of the World Cup did they stay at Goodison?

I have never been an England fan, I am an Evertonian and that is all I ever want to be, there is no joy for me in watching Everton players playing with other teams players. I am just glad that Kilbane, McFadden, Davies and other International players will not be going, I fear for Cahill, he has looked jaded this season and I think he will be worse next season.

Only Ever A Blue Jack Carr

View From The Grassy Knoll



"I've sold the Retail Business to JJB but I am still Everton's Commercial Manager"
Keith Wyness

What is going on at Goodison Park? For the past three seasons Everton have said firmly that they are not interested in the Intertoto Cup but now, all of a sudden we are applying to get in. Moyes has said that the players don't need the extra games and it makes it a long season.

This makes me think that all is not well at Goodison Park, why has Keith Wyness the so called Commercial Manager of our club done nothing except what anybody could have done i.e.. Sell the Megastore, Sell the Eileen Craven Car Park, hand over our commercial business to JJB and put season ticket and lounge prices up, oh yes and still say he is in charge at Goodison!! How come if as he says Retail is a hard business these days, why are we paying him when all he does is pass the problem on to others, JJB now have that responsibility so why pay Wyness?

Why the need for all the sales, we don't need the money, according to Mr Wyness last season was the most financially successful one in Everton's History?

My theory and it is one conspiracy fiends will love, is that Everton are in a financial mess, far more than has been announced. For instance where did the Kroldrup and Bent money go?

Why didn't Moyes buy new players in January? Do you believe that he didn't fancy anyone or that they were too dear?

Why is it every time something happens at Goodison the old smoke-screen of 'We Might Have A New Ground' rears it's ugly head?(see page 9)

It is to distract you, the Evertonian from what is going on, have you heard from Mr Kenwright lately? No neither have I.

But back to the Intertoto for me there can be only one reason we have applied to join, it's financial, we are skint and we need the European money to bail us out. It will mean at least three extra home games and being stupid Everton fans we will roll up in our thousands to see us play the Cream of Bosnia or some other little known team. We have a small injury plagued squad and not much chance of buying anyone else so **WHY ARE WE TRYING TO GET IN?** The games will kick off on July 15th so we will need to be in for training at least three weeks before, God help The World Cup Players.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

The Boys From 84



The Boys From 1970



This great poster from 1969 / 70 shows the squad and four circled great players from the past

Ted Sagar (circled) Roger Kenyon, Tommy Wright, Gordon West, Howard Kendall, Colin Harvey, Tommy Lawton (circled)

Centre Sandy Brown, Harry Catterick, Keith Newton, Brian Labone, Jimmy Husband, Alan Ball, Joe Royle, Alan Whittle, John Hurst, Johnny Morrissey, Front Dixie Dean (circled) T.G. Jones (circled)

The Gordon West Story Continued

Court Martial at Everton

EVERY CLUB POSSESSES something intangible called team spirit. It's the asset that you cannot see; and if team spirit is poor, then the odds are that this will show on the field of play, and be reflected in results. Team spirit is that precious commodity sought after by managers. It is not enough to have good players and even the right blend; you must have the team working together.

Everton's team spirit is excellent; and believe it or not it is helped by holding court martials! Let me explain. The court martials are held every so often; the players are the judges and one unfortunate player, who has been selected as the victim, goes into the box as the defendant. A court martial may be held once a week, for a spell, and then a few weeks may go by before we consider it is necessary to hold another. Almost invariably and rightly or wrongly, I should add the player 'in the box' is found guilty. But the arguments for and against him are often interesting, and mostly amusing.

I must admit that I'm one of the leading instigators of a court martial any time I can think up a reason for putting a team mate through the hoop. He may have been quoted in the newspapers and, by standing on my head, as it were, I try to prove that he has been shouting his mouth off. As happened to Joe Royle one day. Poor old Joe had been interviewed about his success in scoring goals for Everton, and naturally the interviewer had channelled one or two questions around to the World Cup and England honours. Joe was quoted as saying he thought he might have a chance, or words to that effect. Of course, he was really saying that it would be great to be considered for honours, and wonderful if he did get the chance to go to Mexico with England.

But we made the most of it and court-martialled him. Everton players versus Joe Royle and until we laid the accusation at his door, Joe didn't even know what it was all about. For he hadn't read the article. But we made it sound much worse than it really was. Alan Ball read the 'evidence' and, of course, he permitted himself some journalistic licence, by intoning, without batting an eyelid: 'I certainly will be picked for England.'

We made it sound really bad, and poor Joe became more and more convinced that the words Alan was reading contained sufficient significance to make it seem as if selection for England were a certainty. We really had Joe going, and he was soon telling us how he was going to phone the newspaper about what had allegedly been said. We found him guilty in no time and then, of course, we smoothed his ruffled feathers by revealing what the article HAD said. It was nowhere near as bad as we had made out. Joe took the ribbing in good part, just as the rest of us have to stand some leg-pulling whenever there has been a court martial. We pick up a team-mate on the slightest pretext, real or imaginary, and at the end, everyone joins in the joke, including the 'accused'. The court martial, in fact, has become a sort of ritual at Goodison, and I am convinced that it has contributed towards our great team spirit. If there is a side-effect, it is that no player is allowed to get too big for his boots, no matter how well he may have

played, or how many honours come his way. A player who has starred in a game for us may easily find himself up before the court martial the following week—accused of hogging the ball to himself the previous Saturday, to the detriment of club and team mates. Tommy Wright, our right-back, copped it when he scored his first League goal of the season for us—it was only his second since he came into the first team. Tommy scored his first goal through a miss kick. He went for a cross, and made contact with the ball, but didn't connect as he had intended. However, the ball went into the net. When we played Nottingham Forest last season, he scored the goal which proved to be a winner—and again it was a miscue. Joe Royle and Jimmy Husband went up together for the ball, as it curled into the goalmouth; the ball was deflected and Tommy managed to put it into the net, via a post.

We didn't court martial him on a charge of being greedy to score goals, but we certainly didn't let him forget that he had to rely upon luck to find the net.

Johnny Morrissey, our left-winger, has a profitable business career, as well as a livelihood from professional football. He owns several shops which sell groceries, sweets, tobacco and newspapers and magazines, and he has his head screwed on. He is also a bit of a linguist, for he spends his holidays each summer mainly in Majorca, and he has become pretty proficient at speaking Spanish, aided by lessons he has taken at night school. Last season Johnny was selected to play for the Football League an honour he thoroughly deserved. For he had been playing some of the best football of his career.

Of course, the newspapers began to write about Johnny's chances of winning a full international cap. And then there was a story to the effect that he would be an excellent choice for Sir Alf Ramsey to take to Mexico, because, as well as being a good left winger, he was also able to speak Spanish fluently. So we court-martialled him about this and kidded him by asking: 'Why don't you get into the team on Footballing ability, and never mind the Spanish?' Johnny reckoned it was really 'the boss' who should have been court-martialled for that one, because it was the manager who had been quoted in the Press.

The kidding that goes on is tremendous. John Hurst, for instance, seldom speaks when he's in the dressing-room before training or a match and when he does open his mouth, the sound is barely audible, so that it seems as if he is mumbling. When he says something, everyone mumbles back at him. John was named as skipper of the England Under-23 occasion, and there he sat, quiet as ever, disturbing no one and reading his newspaper, when our captain, Brian Labone, decided to stir things up a bit. 'Labby' shouted across to John: 'Speech! Speech!' And when John looked up in surprise, to inquire what our skipper was talking about, Brian calmly informed him that now that he was captain of the England Under-23 team, he had better start preparing his speeches. 'After all,' said the big fellow, 'you're the captain and you have to speak up at the team meetings.' Seeing John's horrified expression, he added hastily: 'But don't worry, son, you've only got to talk to the players for about x- minutes.'

Brian Labone is a fairly quiet chap, on and off the field, but he has a great sense of humour—and just in case you think that I'm the only one who never gets a wiggling from the lads, let me tell you a story that Brian Labone tells it's against me.

It was the first time I had been chosen to play for England the game was against

Scotland, at Hampden and I felt terrified. My nerves were giving me 'gyp', and the closer we got to the game, the more nervous I became. In the end, I decided that I must 'pay a visit'.

We had been warned by Sir Alf Ramsey not to be late for the team coach but when I came out of the toilet and went to the front door of the hotel, I discovered that the coach had gone, dead on the dot of 1.30. There was I, standing alone with my grip and my raincoat and sweating with fright. Then, as I peered out anxiously, I caught sight of the coach, just up the road. I picked up my gear and raced after it like a lunatic. And the players on the back seat were killing themselves laughing, as they watched me try to beat even time for the 200 yards. In the end, I caught up the coach, which was going slowly, and climbed aboard, sighing with relief, even though the lads were having a laugh at my expense.

I had just about stopped perspiring when we arrived at Hampden, and we went into the dressing room to get changed for the game. Then I was struck by an even greater horror I'd forgotten my boots, in the panic of dashing out of the hotel after the coach. We'd got the skips out of the vehicle, and everyone seemed to have his full complement of kit, except me. I was shaking like a leaf, wondering how on earth I could tell Alf Ramsey what had happened. There were only 15 minutes to go to kick-off time, when I took my courage in my hands and revealed the misfortune which had befallen me.

Sir Alf didn't bat an eyelid, but he promptly despatched someone to get back to the hotel, and with five minutes to go, I got my boots. 'Labby' always adds a little tailpiece, when he has told this story, for he looks at his audience, taps the side of his head, and says: 'What d'you think Alf said to me?' And then he supplies the answer: 'He asked me 'Is Westy a bit slow up here?'

Well, I managed to make my debut for England wearing my own boots, and I played twice more before I opted out of the chance to travel with the international squad to Mexico. Maybe some folk thought I was 'a bit slow' when I made that decision. But since I wrote to Sir Alf informing him of the way I felt, I have never had a moment's regret. And that is the truth.

One player who did have regrets while he was at Everton was wing half Brian Harris, who later was transferred to Cardiff City. Brian, a local lad, had been with the Goodison club for several years, and he gave them good service right up to the moment he left Everton. But when Everton were venturing into the transfer market, Brian really thought his first-team chances had come to an end. His one great ambition was to go to Wembley for an F.A. Cup final with Everton as a member of the first team. It looked like he wasn't going to make it, at one stage, and he was feeling really down in the dumps about missing out on the chance to win a Cup medal. In fact, although he got into the team for a Cup-tie at Barnsley, a few weeks before we did reach Wembley, he admitted to me afterwards that he didn't really feel like playing at Oakwell, because he considered that it was just a case of being in for one game, and then dropping out again. But, being Brian, he played and he stayed in the team.

We duly went to Bolton, to play Manchester United in the F.A. Cup semi-final at Burnden Park, and when it was all over, and we had won by the only goal of

the game, Brian was thrilled to bits. More than that, as he realised that barring accidents he had just staked a place for himself in the final, he shed tears of joy in the team coach on the way back to Liverpool.

I remember Brian Harris well because of another trip we made this time to Australia. And this time, he had the rest of the lads in tears of laughter. We went to watch a television show, and some of the lads were invited onstage to chat with the compere, who was the star of the show, as well. Brian rolled on dressed up to the nines, with a top hat on his head and a battered cigarette between his lips.

There was a comedian who used to do this 'drunken toff' act in this country, and Brian had the act off to perfection. The audience roared, and Brian got more laughs than the star of the show. And the more laughs Brian got, the more he played for laughs.

And talking of laughs, we have had some good ones with left-back Sandy Brown. This fellow is one of the fittest men I have ever come across in the game and he annoys me a bit, really, because he can eat literally anything, and he still doesn't put on an ounce of weight. He's one of the best blokes and one of the greatest characters we have at Goodison. Although there was one occasion when he took the hump and didn't speak to me for almost a week!

It was my own fault, at that. But Sandy had the last laugh, anyway.

It started off when Sandy mentioned that his wife was going home to Scotland for a week-end, and that he would be on his own. I went around the rest of the lads, telling them that we should pretend Sandy was having a party at his house that week-end, and that we were all going to be there. I mentioned it to 'the boss', and he joined in the act, as he walked in the dressing-room when Sandy was there and asked, in mock seriousness: 'What's this I hear about you having a big party this week-end, Sandy? It's not good for you, you know.' In vain did Sandy protest that there was no truth in the story, that the lads were NOT coming round for a massive binge.

The more we insisted that we were all going round to Sandy's, the more alarmed he became. And I imagine he spent most of the week-end wondering and worrying whether or not a gang of footballers was going to descend on his house at some unearthly hour, to disturb his peace not to mention his peace of mind.

Sandy discovered that I had started the 'party' ball rolling, and he got his own back on me, when I wanted a lift to the ground one morning, not so long afterwards. I phoned him at around 9.30, and there was no reply. So I tried again, and again. I was convinced he was in the house. Finally, I contacted the operator, who checked for me, and I learned that, by then, the phone was off the hook. So I had to organise myself pretty sharply, to get to Bellefield on time. 'When I tackled him, of course, Sandy denied that he had been in the house when I rang. But I caught him out about that one a bit later, when he admitted that the phone was off the hook. He'd taken it off, when he heard me ringing! So honours were even, and we were friends again.

Invariably, if there is any kidding going on, you can bet your life that Sandy will be involved, somehow. Friday mornings we train, as a rule, and sprinting is part of the schedule, with first-team coach Wilf Dixon giving the orders. 'What happens is

this: Wilf picks out a player, and gives him a list of numbers, depending upon how many players are involved in the exercise. Then the player Wilf has picked out goes round each of his team-mates, and whispers a particular number in his ear.

The idea is that no player knows any number but his own. When the first man off the mark has completed his sprint, another number is called, and the man who has been given that number takes off. Of course, the plan is to sharpen reflexes and keep players on the alert for the sudden dash, for in a game, no one ever knows quite where the ball is going to break, and speed off the mark is absolutely essential.

Usually, because I'm the goalkeeper, I get the job of going round to detail each team-mate with a number. And I've cheated, at times, by giving two players the same number. For instance, Brian Labone will be told he's No. 6 and so will Sandy Brown. You want to see Sandy's face when he suddenly starts to race forward and finds himself in competition with 'Labby', or some other team mate. Sandy complains that we're always picking on him but he takes all the ribbing in good part, and he's one of the greatest guys I've met in football.

Incidentally, he really won a bet the hard way, when we were on tour in Tel Aviv. Some of us went out for a quiet drink, one night, and we got into conversation with a stranger. It was a lovely evening, the air was balmy and someone suggested it would be a good idea to have a swim in the pool outside.

Needless to say, of course, we inferred very strongly that Sandy was an expert swimmer almost a cross-Channel type, in fact and before many minutes had passed, our new acquaintance was ready to bet that Sandy couldn't swim the length of the pool with a candle in one hand. Lighted, of course.

Well, we were eager enough to join in the fun, and almost before he knew what was happening, Sandy found himself getting ready to take the plunge with a tenner at stake. But he did us proud because as we cheered him on, Sandy steadily swam the length of that pool and emerged, dripping, at the other end with the candle still burning brightly. And, of course, he claimed the tenner. Which was fair enough.

And before I leave Sandy, let me emphasise again that while we kid him a tremendous lot, there is no fitter player on the books at Goodison Park. Indeed, we kid him about his weight every Friday morning, almost, when we have to strip and check ourselves out on the scales. Invariably, they show that Sandy Brown weighs 11 stone 11 lb. Not a fraction more, not a fraction less. But we do our best to raise his blood pressure, though!

If Sandy has already passed the weight test, and got dressed, someone will pretend to a new arrival that Sandy has put on weight, at last. In vain, Sandy will protest that he still tips the scales at 11lb 11 The new arrival makes out that he doesn't believe him and so, solemnly, Sandy will strip again, and go on the scales to prove his point. I really envy him, every Friday because I know what I have to suffer during the week, to ensure that those scales don't show a surplus, when I get on them. Sandy can eat anything, and he doesn't seem to put on even half an ounce. I tell him he doesn't know how lucky he is.

So now you know what the lads at Goodison Park are like—off the field, as well as on it. Football is a team game, and we're a team whenever and wherever we meet. Even when we're not playing football.

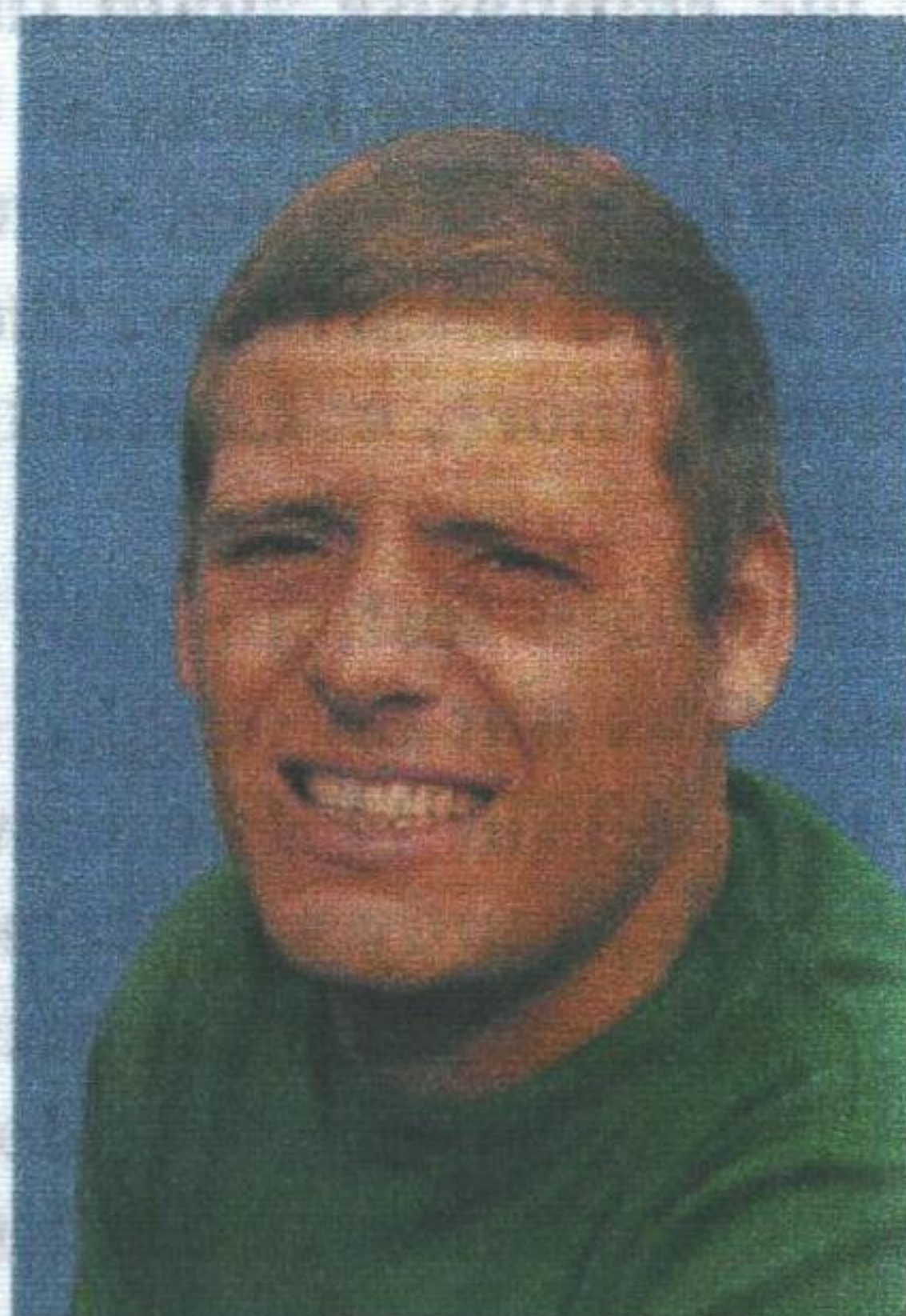
And talking of teams, let me finish this chapter by introducing you to the other half of the West 'team' my wife, Ann. You may be surprised to know that she is a concert pianist although don't ask her if I appreciate good music, because I admit, here and now, that I'm practically tone-deaf.

Ann has been playing the piano since she was a nipper of six or seven, and at one time she seriously thought of making a career in classical music. Until along came a big hulking footballer who persuaded her to marry him, and concentrate on being a housewife. Well, almost, any way. For Ann still appears at concerts in places as far apart as Merseyside and Yorkshire. Last year, within the space of a few weeks, she was a soloist with the Liverpool 'Phil', played at a festival in Southport, another at Fleetwood, and yet a third at Halifax.

Concert pianists, of course, are supposed to practise about six hours a day at least. With a home to run, and two young children to take care of, Ann is lucky if she manages to practise at the piano three hours a week. But though I'm almost tone-deaf, and though I kid her about it, I must say that I admire her. For one thing, she's no nerves, when she walks on to a concert platform and prepares to play a piano concerto, while maybe thousands of pairs of eyes focus upon her. I wouldn't have the nerve to do that I reckon I'd be trembling from head to toe. It's one thing to be involved in the on-field action in a football match, even if there are 60,000 fans watching; it's another to know you're the one individual in the spotlight, the moment you walk on stage.

But though she prefers classical music, and considers herself to be first and foremost a concert pianist, Ann is no highbrow she can play anything from Beethoven to soul music.

I often joke that when the day comes for me to hang up my boots, I won't need to worry about becoming a manager, or buying a business, or even finding a job. I say I'll just stay home, and Ann can concentrate full-time on making a fortune for both of us, from concerts.



Everton Video's.

BY THE LATE EIGHTIES THE BBC HAD RELEASED VIDEOS OF CUP FINALS FROM THE MID SIXTIES TO THE MID EIGHTIES AS VIDEO SALES REALLY TOOK OFF. THE 1966,1984,1985 AND 1986 FINALS INVOLVING EVERTON WERE INCLUDED GIVING MANY EVERTONIANS THEIR FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO SEE OUR TRIUMPH OVER SHEFFIELD WEDS AT THE NOW DEMOLISHED WEMBLEY.THESE WERE REASONABLY PRICED AND STILL SELL WELL TODAY ON EITHER VHS OR THE NOW POPULAR DVD FORMATS.BETA AND PHILIPS 2000 WERE NOW EXTINCT AS FAR AS THE GENERAL PUBLIC WERE CONCERNED. SEVERAL CLUBS USED TO OFFER A SERVICE TO BUY INDIVIDUAL MATCHES BUT THEY WERE GENERALLY EXPENSIVE AND INVOLVED SENDING AWAY TO INDIVIDUAL CLUBS. QUALITY VARIED SOMEWHAT ,RANGING FROM QUITE PROFESSIONAL TO KEEN BUT AMATEUR. A FRIEND MAL RECENTLY UNEARTHED ONE SUCH GEM OF A MATCH IN 1984 BETWEEN THE BLUES AND WATFORD,THE TOFFEES COMING OUT ON TOP IN A 9 GOAL THRILLER. BY 1988 ITV HAD SECURED TV RIGHTS FOR LIVE FOOTBALL AND SUNDAY AFTERNOONS SAW THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BIG MATCH.AS WELL AS THE GAME AT HALF OR FULL TIME GOALS FROM ALL THE OTHER FIRST DIVISION GAMES WERE SHOWN SO FOR THE FIRST TIME SUPPORTERS COULD SEE ALL THEIR TEAMS EFFORTS GOOD OR BAD. AT THE END OF THE 88/89 SEASON THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE TEAMED UP WITH CBS FOX TO ISSUE VIDEOS REVIEWING THE SEASON OFF ALL 20 TOP DIVISION TEAMS. SO AS FAR AS THE BLUES WERE CONCERNED A VIDEO CONTAINING 50 BLUES AND 45 OPPONENTS LEAGUE GOALS WAS AVAILABLE. IT ALSO CONTAINED HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SIMOD CUP FINAL WHICH THE BLUES LOST 4-3 TO NOTTM FOREST AT WEMBLEY . THIS WAS A GOOD QUALITY PRODUCT WHICH MADE A GOOD SOUVENIR OF WHAT WAS A LARGELY UNINSPIRING SEASON FOR EVERTON .COLIN HARVEY HAD SPENT A LOT OF MONEY IN THE SUMMER ON COTTEE,NEVIN.,MCDONALD AND MCCALL AND HOPES WERE HIGH,BUT THE SIDE NEVER REALLY ATTAINED THE NECESSARY CONSISTENCY AND FINISHED 8TH. TWO CUP FINALS WAS A BONUS BUT ALTHOUGH BOTH WERE EXCITING GAMES ,DEFEATS LEFT A FEELING OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.FOR THE FOURTH SEASON EVERTON WERE DENIED EUROPEAN FOOTBALL DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES NOT OF THEIR OWN MAKING A BLOW FROM WHICH MANY FEEL THE CLUB HAS NEVER RECOVERED.APRIL 1989 ALSO SAW THE HILLSBOROUGH DISASTER AND LITTLE DID ANYONE APPRECIATE THE RAMIFICATIONS WITH FENCING COMING DOWN AND ALL SEATER STADIUMS BECOMING COMPULSORY. SKY AND OF COURSE THE PREMIERSHIP WERE ON THE HORIZON WAITING TO "CHANGE THE FACE OF FOOTBALL" WHETEHER THEY HAVE MADE IT BETTER OR WORSE IS OPEN TO DEBATE ,BUT CERTAINLY GREED NOW RULES AND MANY SUPPORTERS ARE NOW BEING PRICED OUT AS EXHORBITANT ADMISSION AND RIDICULOUS PLAYER WAGES BITE DEEP INTO THEIR POCKETS. ONE VIDEO BROUGHT OUT BY THE CLUB AND WORTHY OF MENTION IS A REVIEW OF THE 86/87 CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON FEATURING ALL GAMES AT GOODISON AND MANY GOALS FROM AWAY MATCHES, A GOOD EFFORT WHICH IS NOW VERY HARD TO FIND .THE ODD ONE TURNS UP ON EBAY ,BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY I

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Barry Hewitt

Bob Latchford Interview

His £350,000 move to Everton from Birmingham in 1974 set a British transfer record. And the striker proved as elusive for our interviewer as he did for defenders.

When I finally catch up with Bob Latchford in February, he is oblivious to my four-month-long hunt for half an hour of his company. My contact at the Everton Former Players Foundation (EFPPF) said that the former England striker, once the most coveted footballer in Britain, was now living in Germany with his girlfriend, Andrea, and no longer had anything to do with football in what he described, cryptically, as his 'other life'. 'Bob is a very private person, but if he's in England he'll do anything you want. You'll see.' Indeed I did, and it was to be a long wait.

Our first meeting was scheduled for before Christmas, in Liverpool. Bob was expected to be back in Liverpool to watch Everton play Bolton. We arranged to meet but, in the event, he did not show up. 'The weather's good today,' my contact told me. 'Bob has decided to stay in his mobile home in Devon.' A second visit to England in January was cancelled at the last minute.

All this gave me the impression of a reclusive man, one who had retreated even further from public life following the death of his wife and teenage sweetheart, Pat, in 2000. But when I finally speak to Latchford he turns out to be the very opposite: now aged 55, he is engaging and friendly. Yet at the same time he seemed reluctant to talk about exactly how he lives and what he does in Germany.

'He's very bashful, even shy,' explains Martin O'Boyle, the journalist who is helping write Latchford's autobiography. 'Even when writing the book there were a few things that he was reticent about, but which you or I would have no problem talking about even as strangers. I think it's a generational thing; he played football at a time when that's all that was expected of footballers. But there's no other side to him. He is one of the nicest, most modest men you could meet.'

Latchford was born in Birmingham in 1951 into a Footballing family. His elder brother David was a goalkeeper at Birmingham City, while a younger brother, Peter, another goalkeeper, played for West Brom and Celtic. Their destinies as goal-stoppers and goal scorers, according to Bob, were forged in the back garden. Bob joined David at Birmingham, making his debut at the age of 18 in 1969. He would later play in attack alongside another

Bob Latchford

teenage prodigy, Trevor Francis. Latchford averaged nearly a goal every other game in more than 190 appearances for Birmingham, leading them into the First Division in 1972. But Birmingham were not a wealthy club and when, in February 1974, Everton came in with a bid for Latchford manager Freddie Goodwin held out for a players-plus-cash offer, eventually accepting Howard Kendall, Archie Styles and £80,000 in a deal worth £350,000 a British record fee that stood for more than three years.

Latchford failed to score in his first two games, which made him even more anxious about the move, but in his third he did and 'everything lifted off my shoulders. That weight that was there, that expectation, fell away.'

In his first full season he scored 17 league goals as Everton finished fourth, just three points behind champions Derby, and having led the First Division into April. 'We should have won the title,' he says now. 'We had two really bad results against Carlisle, who finished bottom. We were 2-0 up at Goodison and lost 3-2 and they turned us over 3-0 away. If we'd beaten them twice we'd have won the League by a point. That's how close we came. Those two games could have turned my career and kick-started an era of Everton winning things.' Even so, he still managed a 30-goal season in 1978, hence the title of his book, for which he received a £10,000 prize.

'We qualified for Europe, we got to FA Cup semi-finals, we were competing for championships,' he says. 'But it was dark days because we ended up coming short. And Liverpool were so dominant. If you took that team and put it in the era we have now, the fans would be jumping for joy.' He was capped 12 times by England under the late Ron Greenwood, the first coming in a win over Italy in November 1977. Yet Latchford feels he suffered as a result of the inconsistencies of the national side in the Seventies (England failed to reach a major tournament until he was 30 and out of form) and that he should have been given a chance earlier.

Latchford left Goodison to join John Toshack's Swansea in 1981 and scored a nine-minute hat-trick on his debut against Leeds as the Welsh club rose, improbably, to the top of the First Division table. He later played in Holland for NAC Breda, and then for Coventry, Lincoln and Newport County. Finally he joined non-league Merthyr Tydfil, in 1986, winning the Welsh FA Cup - his first trophy - in 1987.

He 'never fancied' a career in management, but had always earned well (his best year was 1978, when he earned £51,000).

Bob Latchford

and maintained business interests. He ran a children's clothes company and then a sports agency, before taking on a marketing role at Ladbrokes in the two years leading up to Euro 96.

This led Latchford back into football. His old friend Trevor Francis was Birmingham manager and asked him to help set up the youth academy at the club. He says that initially City had 'nothing' but he helped oversee the development of players such as Darren Carter, now at West Brom, and Andy Johnson, the Crystal Palace striker. 'I really enjoyed it,' he says. 'I sat down thinking one day that maybe I should have gone into this earlier.'

He left Birmingham in 2001 to start a 'new life' in Austria with his German girlfriend, whom he met 17 months after the death of his wife. They moved to Germany a year ago and have a two-year-old son. He follows English football through the pages of old newspapers, text messages from friends and intermittent trips home. He does not have a job - 'I'm retired but a full time Dad again' is how he puts it. He is completing his autobiography, *30*, which will be released in April to raise funds for the EFPF. Set up in 1998, the charity is a fan-run benevolent fund for former Everton players who have fallen on hard times. His involvement with the foundation seems to have deepened his love of Everton. 'Evertonians are so enthusiastic about their players,' he says. 'It staggers me every time I come over.' I ask him, with his Midlands roots and home in Germany, where his heart lies. 'I might have started at Birmingham,' he says, 'but my soul is at Goodison.'

All proceeds from "30" will be going towards the Everton Former Players' Foundation. Anyone who orders before March 11 will have their name entered into the back of the book. For more information email subscribe@boblatchford.com or call 0151 520 2362.

James Corbett (This article was first published in the Observer on Sunday 5th March, James has kindly allowed me to reproduce it in full)





This very rare photograph shows that during the summer of 1909 extensive alterations were made to the ground. The Street End Church remained untouched in the corner of the ground. £12,000 was spent on a new Main Stand on Goodison Road and the bank beneath it. Dressing rooms and a directors box were added.

The Football Association and the Players Union were in dispute. There was a real threat that the season would not start.

Manchester United players had been at the forefront of the wrangle and Newcastle Sunderland, Middlesbrough, L'pool and Everton joined them. The F. A. were forced to go to the negotiating table. The F. A. gave in and the players now had the right to join the Union; but only if the Players Union agreed to drop plans to affiliate with the General Federation of Trade Unions.

Last season saw £15,912 come into the Goodison Park coffers £5,074 was paid in wages so £10,000 was there to be reused and Everton spent £12,000, on a new Main Stand (see picture page 26) this made Goodison Park the place to come to.

The new season looked as if at last Everton could win the League. It had been 19 years since Everton had been Champions.

New faces to the Everton Cause were, John Allan a right half from Carlisle, John Charles Bardsley a left back, born in Southport he was only brought in as a reserve. Arthur Berry a local lad who played at outside right, an amateur player who won two Olympic Medals for football representing Great Britain.

James Walter Gourlay a forward from Glasgow, William Michaels an outside right. Earnest Pinkney another outside right from Glasgow but bought from West Hartlepool. Charles Pratt a centre half born in Birmingham but signed from Barrow, Walter Scott signed from Grimsby was to cause confusion amongst Evertonians because he was a Goalkeeper, we already a Goalkeeper called Scott. William Stevenson a full back from Accrington Stanley. Louis Charles Weller another full back from Chesterfield.

The season started on September 1st 1909 at home to Sheffield Wednesday.

The Everton line up was William Scott, Balmer, Macconnachie, Adamson, Taylor, Makepeace, Sharp, White, Turner, Freeman, Young,

15,000 watch this new look the Everton team struggle, the game ends in a 1-1 draw Walter White scores the goal. Three days later and home again to Tottenham Hotspur 20,000 turn out, Harris replaces Adamson,

Mountford comes in for Turner only two changes. The first League game against Tottenham but the two teams had met a few times in friendlies. The game was exciting and the score reflected it 4-2 to Everton, Freeman 2, White and Young.

6th September and home to Newcastle, last seasons Champions, 30,000 are inside Goodison Park, Coleman takes over from Alex Young, the only change to the Everton team.

The North East lovable hammer Everton 4-1. Freeman getting the Everton goal.

Five days later Everton make the short trip to Preston. Alex Young is back in the team, so is Turner.



Everton 1909 / 1910

**Back Row W.C. Cuff (secretary) V.Harris, R.Balmer, W.Scott, J.A.Maconahie, J. Taylor,
H. Makepeace, J.Elliott (trainer)**

Front Row J. Sharp (Captain) J.G. Coleman, W.White, B.C. Freeman, A. Young, R.F.Turner

White and Mountford make way. Only 13,000 watch but Everton take the points thanks to that man Bertie Freeman scoring the only goal of the game. Notts County at home, Everton are unchanged 25,000 fans cheer them on and the team respond with a fine win 2-0 (Freeman and Sharp).

Five goals for Bertie in five games this guy is unbelievable, last seasons record breaking leading goal scorer was starting to be the new Everton Legend, not since the days of Jack Southworth, Sixteen years ago had the Evertonians had someone who was a goal machine

Sheffield Wednesday away, only one change to the line up Walter White replaces the injured Alex Young. A poor Crowd of only 6,000 watch the Wednesday, Freeman explodes and gets a hat trick, the travelling Evertonians are jubilant. Everton win 3-1. It is the sixth game on the trot that Freeman finds the net, the next game is the 'Derby' at Goodison.

Young and Turner play but a bad blow was losing Jack Taylor, their veteran Centre half. Clifford came in for his first game of the season as cover.

45,000 are packed inside Goodison for one of the most eagerly awaited eagerly Derby games ever. Both teams were on form and this game looked like a cracker, and it was. Coleman and Freeman score for Everton but the Red Ones get three, Evertonians were devastated, they thought that they were going to win, a cloud of depression formed over Goodison Park,

Aston Villa away, still no Taylor in defence, he was sorely missed. 35,000 Midlanders see their team outclass a poor Everton, Freeman is out injured and the Blues fail to sparkle White does score but Villa get three.

Sheffield United at home, Freeman is back, Rafferty plays William Michaels makes his debut at outside right he replaces Jack Sharp, 30,000 watch but the Blues can't get it together. Sheffield United take both points in a 2-1 win Alex Young scores.

Woolwich Arsenal away, three defeats on the bounce, the rot must stop. Taylor is still injured and John Borthwick is given only his second game for Everton at centre half. Only 10,000 Coekneys watch their team, they are the first team to stop Everton scoring this season. Arsenal win 1-0. Four defeats and the Board Of Directors are not happy, Alex Young is dropped for the next game Bolton at home, William Lacey who had played one game for the Blues was recalled to the team, an Irish Lad he was well liked and his prominent chin was a delight to the Cartoonists of the day. 20,000 are inside Goodison Park hoping to see the Blues return to form. Bertie Freeman gave them a treat another hat trick for the prolific scorer. Everton win 3-1.

November 6th and Chelsea away, Everton keep the same team ant upset 35,000 Londoners when Jack Sharp nets for the Blues to take both points in a 1-0 win. Blackburn Rovers at home one week later, 30,000 Evertonians expect a goal feast they are to be sorely disappointed. Blackburn win 2-0.

Nottingham Forest away, Alex Young replaces Walter White, Mountford replaces Turner, Michaels replaces Sharp, these three changes did not help Everton they slump to a 1-0 defeat, in front of 10,000 Forest fans. After Starting the season so well the they now were very inconsistent.

GALLAHER'S CIGARETTES.



JOHN SHARP,
EVERTON, 1909-10.

Sunderland at home and the welcome return of Jack Taylor after an absence of eight games. Taylor was an Everton Icon, a major player and influence on the team.

Val Harris is back, Coleman also returns, Balmer who has missed four games also comes back into the team, Adamson plays only his second game of the season at left half, These five changes did the trick, 15,000 Evertonians see their team back on form Coleman scores twice in a 2-1 win.

December 4th 1909 and away to Middlesbrough Taylor is out injured again Borthwick steps in. Makepeace takes back his number six shirt from Adamson. 10,000 shiver and watch a 1-1 draw, Coleman again on target for Everton. Bradford at home, George Barlow plays at outside left, his first start in twenty two games, White replaces Young the only two changes, 10,000 see another 1-1 draw Bertie Freeman the scorer.

Christmas Day and what could be better than an away trip to Bristol City?

Macconnachie replaces Balmer at left back but that was the only change.

Everton lose 3-1, Freeman scores. Three days later and a chance for revenge Bristol City at home. 15,000 were at Bristol but Everton double that and 30,000 see an Everton team that had made three changes win 1-0. Taylor, Young and Stevenson were the recalled players Jack Sharp scores the only goal.

New Years Day 1910 and a short trip to Bury, Macconnachie replaces Stevenson a crowd of 11,000 see a 2-2 draw Bertie Freeman gets Everton's two goals,

Tottenham away, they were finding the First Division tough, 24,000 fans inside the ground didn't fancy their chances against an inferior Everton team.

Young gives way to Turner, Stevenson comes in at left back, the only two changes but Everton play as if they have never met each other before today, Tottenham win easily 3-0.

Middlesboro away in the F. A. Cup 25,000 fans watch an exciting Cup Tie. Everton hold on for a draw with a goal from Walter White, the game ends 1-1.

Four days later on the 19th January 1910 the replay at Goodison Park, 20,000

Evertonians are hoping, that the Blues will take them on a good Cup run.

An unchanged Everton team took to the field and the game started, what a game goals and skill galore, end to end Cup excitement a tremendous match it ended 5-3 for Everton. Freeman, Makepeace, Taylor, White and Young get the goals.

No time to rest, three days later back to the League Preston North End at home. 15,000 watch another fine game and Everton manage to take both points in a 2-1 win, Makepeace gets both goals.

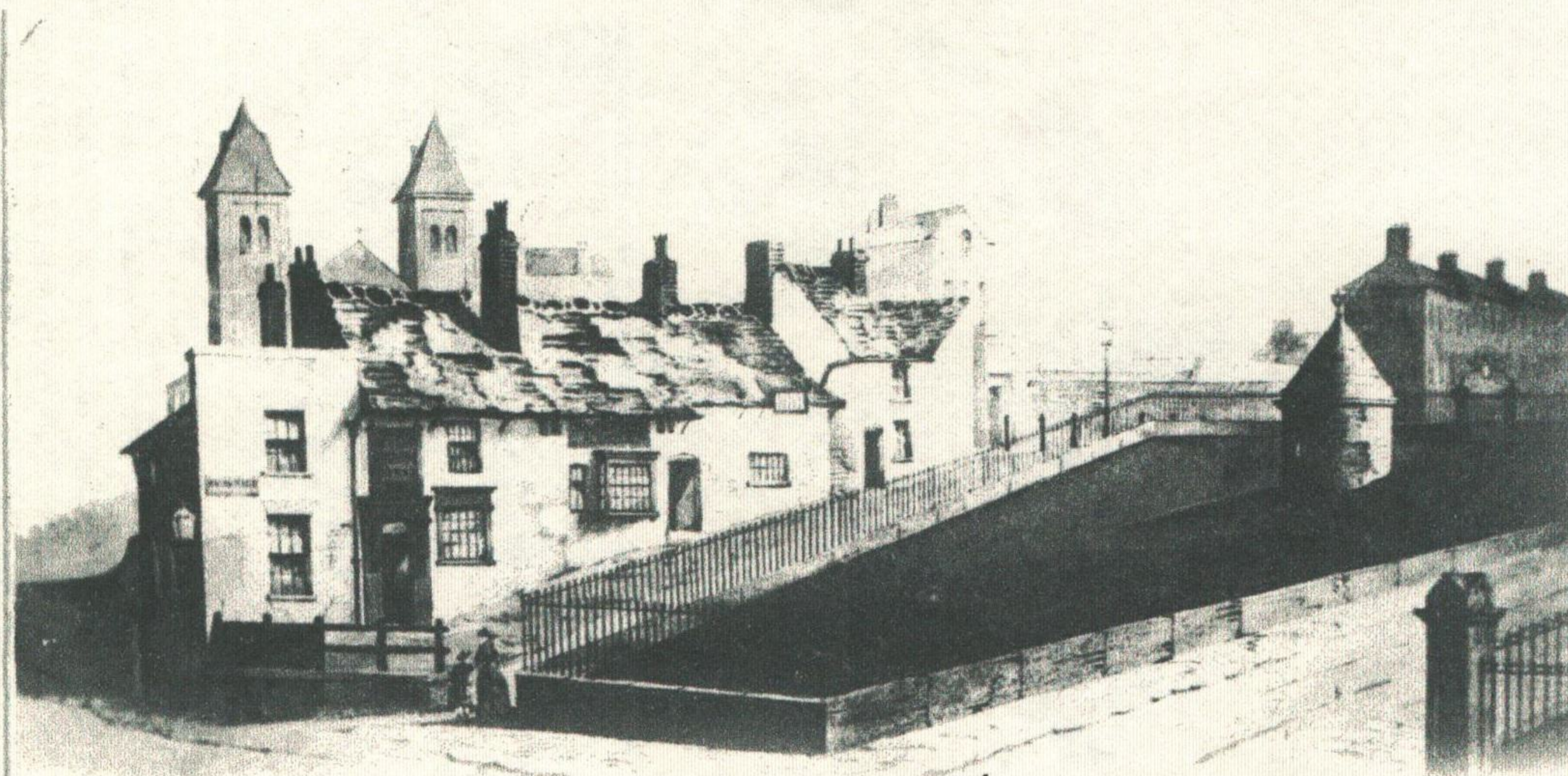
The F.A. Cup and its Woolwich Arsenal at home, Everton field the same team that got five against Boro in the Cup.

30,000 Blues see their heroes get another five goals. Everton demolish Arsenal 5-0 Sharp 2, Barlow, Freeman and Young.

Evertonians were thinking about another trip to the Capital, not for an ordinary Cup Tie but the Final, they had been there twice in the last four years and fancied another trip with this exciting team.

Everything looked good and if Everton kept away from injuries and had a bit of luck, who knows what can happen?

(To be continued in issue 33)



Old Everton Toffee Shop.

Liverpool

This is a postcard from 1904 which has the Toffee Shop and the Everton Crest 'Keep'
The picture shows large towering buildings in the background which are not found on most photographs of the Toffee Shop



This very rare beer mat is an amazing 10 inches in diameter, it is from the 1966 World Cup. The mat shows the eight local pubs around Goodison Park. The eight pubs are 1 Spellow Hotel, 2 Winslow Hotel, 3 County Hotel, 4 Chepstow Castle, 5 Harlech Castle, 6 Carisbrooke Hotel, 7 Royal Oak, 8 Springfield Hotel.