

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 5 issue 33



Ferguson, Stubbs, Weir, Carsley, Martyn
All want to be the first to model the new sponsors
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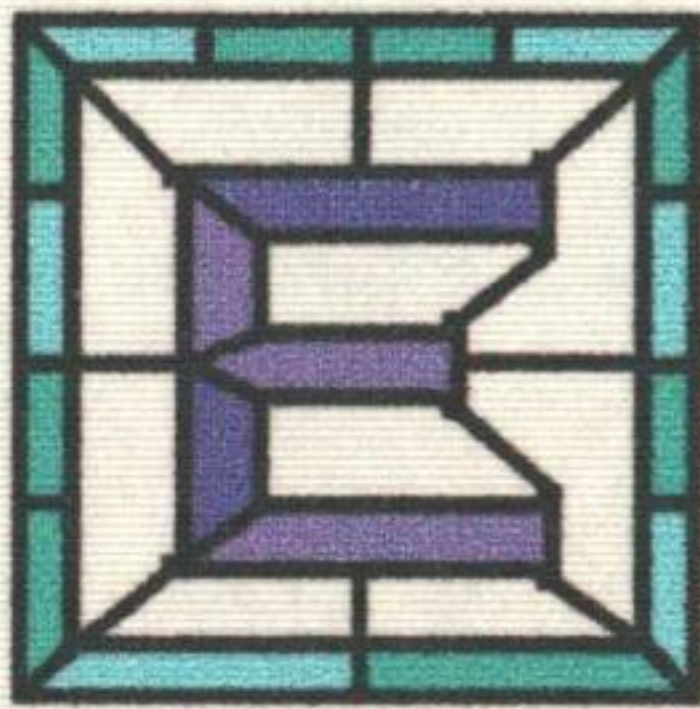
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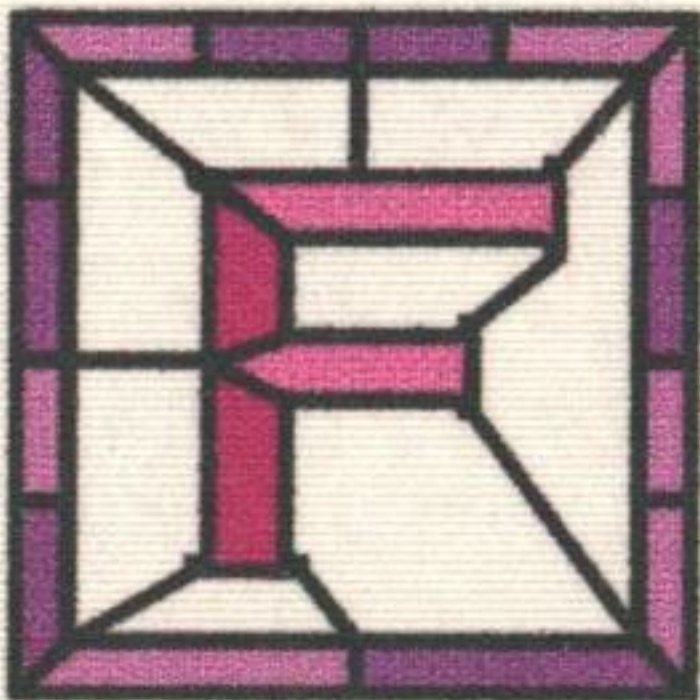
Editorial Blue Blood

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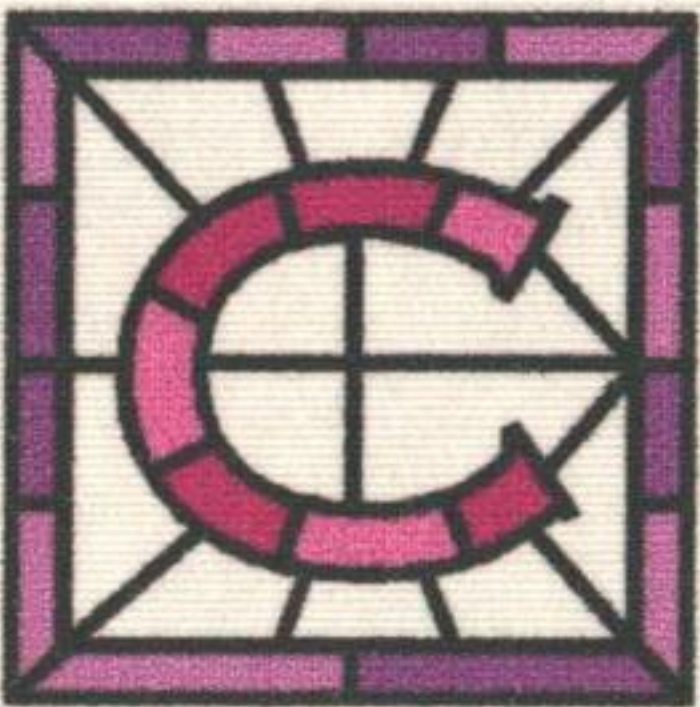


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Mick Lyons
Captain Courageous a
Blue Boy through and
through.
434 & 26 subs
39 Goals

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

Charlton away, an opportunity to Blood the youngsters and have a go at a team that was going to REST a few players because of a big Cup Tie coming up. Did Moyes take the chance to play Iain Turner in Goal? Did he play young prospect Anichebe, who was so overjoyed at getting a two year contract he scored two goals in a midweek reserve game? No Moyes played Richard FRIGHT and took Duncan on a trip to London, Victor Anichebe wasn't even taken along for the ride. Lee Carsley gets a game and Stubbs is still there, even though he is playing well do we really need a 36 year old defender next season?

At least Yobbo got a game, which is important because if I were him I would not want to sit on the bench watching an ageing Stubbs or Weir take my place.

Once again we are humiliated in a 'Derby' a gutless performance from players who had been spouting off all the week before in the papers about how they would not sit down and let Liverpool overrun them as they had done at Goodison. Of course Moyes has escaped any blame, the fact that he played Kilbane on the left and moved McFadden to the right, then moved Osman inside when all he had to do was replace the injured Arteta with Van Der Meyde, leave Osman and McFadden alone and hey presto we would have beat them.

You might not think I am right in saying humiliated, well let me tell you this when Moyes had three subs ready to come on, even the fourth official was aware of who was coming on and who was coming off, Everton scored and Moyes amazingly told them all to get back into their tracks suits. Dithering Dave at his best, I mean to say, we had just got a goal, Liverpool would have been down, and then they would have seen three subs coming on, they would have felt under threat and we could have taken the game by the scruff of the neck but Moyes let it all slip away.

The fact that he had Ferguson on the bench told me Moyes had lost the plot. This guy has not scored all season, gets booked more times than an act at the Empire and is physically knackered at the best of times never mind missing the last seven games. Moyes not only has him on the bench he brings him on, in a game where the Referee booked everything that moved even the ball boy for hand ball.

He praises Stubbs saying how brilliant he is, welcomes the return of Pistone and all but ignores Ferrari and Yobo. Ferguson, Weir, Stubbs, Carsley, Pistone, Wright, Kilbane, McFadden, Davies, Beattie all inconsistent and that's being kind, read those names again and think to yourself are these Premiership players or Coca Cola League? When you get your answer remember this most, if not all will be at Goodison Park next season.

Sunderland at home, another farce as the old and unfit are trotted out, Stubbs is the old and so is Ferguson, the unfit was Arteta brought on for Simon Davies, WHY?

We are going into the close season with five games to go, Moyes has got to see what Turner and Ruddy have got to offer, he must play Anichebe, he has got to stop being happy with a point from crap teams like Sunderland and Charlton.

Evertonians must look at what is going on off the pitch, there is NO money at Goodison, Moyes will have to make do with what he has got or sell the likes of Yobo, Hibbert and maybe even Neville to get some money in. No matter what he does do you want him to be in charge next season? If the answer is Yes then fine but remember when the Old Brigade let you down don't moan, young lads in the reserves are getting released, Christian Seargeant and others are being let go, there is no one coming through, Moyes ignores them the same as Walter Smith did.

I fear that unless Moyes tries to be more positive in the last five games of this season then we will start next season not knowing the line up, a goalkeeper who can't hold a ball and a centre forward who went a full season without scoring (Duncan) relegation is something that I think will be on all our minds.

We bought a Ferrari this season maybe it's time to go to Middlesboro and look for a McLaren.

To-day's Stars Are Just As Good As We Were

Dixie Dean

With the golden boys of Everton F.C. basking in the glory of their newly won League championship nobody is more sincere in his congratulations than William Ralph (Dixie) Dean, member of the 1927/28 Everton side that won the League championship and captain of the 1931/32 championship side and the 1933 Cup-winning team.

In his trim flat in Seymour Street, off Church Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead, his home town, Bill Dean—he never did like the sobriquet Dixie — now 56 and employed by a pools firm at Birkenhead, looks at life objectively and philosophically.

Dean, a legend in Merseyside football, holder of the League scoring record of 60 goals in 39 games and hailed as the prince of centre forwards in a vintage period of English football is no dreamer. Although he finds little time these days to attend matches and his viewing is mainly confined to games on the television, Dean ungrudgingly and without patronage concedes, unlike many old timers, that the standard of play to-day is as good as it was in his day.

"The game has not altered and the stars of to-day are just as good as they were yesterday. In my time Everton insisted on buying the best and that is their policy today," said Dean.

Nor is there any rancour or bitterness about the £180 wage packets of which the present Everton players are reputed to be in receipt, when I suggested he had been born at the wrong time.

"Not at all. I would not have had it any different. I enjoyed every minute of my playing career. Let the boys to-day get what they can out of the game," said Dean ungrudgingly.

NO ENVY

There is no envy in the heart of a great centre forward — many say the greatest — who gained every honour the game had to offer and never received more than £8 a week in top grade football until he moved late on in his career to Sligo Rovers in the Irish League for the then princely sum of £15.

Unlike some of his contemporaries, the iron has not entered the soul of Bill Dean.

Dean, whose black curly topknot struck fear in the hearts of opposing defences in his heyday, has gravitated from a peak poundage of 12st. 5lb. to a comfortable aldermanic 16½st. but retains much of the cavalier spirit that marked his playing days.

"Relatively I suppose £8 was good money in those days. But even then there was not much of it to come at the weekend after continual 'subs' dur-

ing the week," said Dean, who recalled that the fee in his day for appearing in an international match was £6—"£2 less than for playing for your club."

His 60 goals trophy is the only reminder in the flat of a wonderful honour - studded career which brought 16 full caps, two league championship medals, a cup winner's medal, a Second Division championship medal and seven inter-league medals.

"I never see them these days; they are continually on loan for exhibition purposes at schools, etc," he says, but Bill Dean assured of the permanent place he holds in the affections of Merseyside's football public can pore over myriad memories; of great names and great games; of Everton's promotion from the Second Division, the Division One championship and the Cup-winning triumph in three successive years.

DEDICATED

Dean was the master craftsman, dedicated to his career and he had 15 operations for broken bones and cartilage removal to prove it.

Dean's 60 goals in 39 league games in season 1927/28 is a record which still stands.

"It could easily have been 10 more," said the legend of Goodison Park. It was a plain statement of fact by a man who is unduly modest about his scoring feat and who has always been the first to recognise his debt to his colleagues.

"I missed three of the easiest games of the season and in one of them my deputy, Tommy White, got five goals," said Dean who recalls vividly the three goals (v. Arsenal) that gave him the record in the last match of the season.

"The first came from a 30 yard shot following a through pass; the second from a penalty after I had been tripped by the Arsenal full back Parker; and the third four minutes from the end, when Arsenal were leading 3-2, came from an Alex Troup corner on the left to which I got up just a bit higher than one or two defenders and headed into the net."

MOBBED

Dean recalls that jubilant spectators invaded the pitch, mobbed him and kissed him.

"When the pitch was cleared the referee took me on one side and advised me in my own interests and for my own comfort to leave the field before the final whistle. I took his advice and sought the security of the dressing room just before the end of the game," said Dean.

But Dean doesn't regard this personal triumph as the highlight of his brilliant career.

"My greatest moment was the first time I played for England against Scotland at Hampden Park in the 1926/27 season," he says. "That was a terrific experience. I got the two goals in England's 2-1 win — the first time we had beaten Scotland at Hampden for 23 years and it certainly quietened the Hampden Roar."

Football mad young William Ralph Dean could have had no idea of the great career ahead of him when he led Birkenhead Schoolboys in 1919-20-21 and later played for Wirral Railways — to whom he was apprenticed as a fitter—and Pensby in the Wirral Combination.

The name of "Dump" Lee will not be found among the list of fashionable scouts but it was the same Mr. Lee who saw the boy Dean playing for Pensby and persuaded him to sign for Tranmere Rovers at the age of 16 in 1923. Twenty seven goals in one and a half seasons with the Prenton Park club brought him to Everton's notice and Dean went to Goodison Park in 1925 at a fee of £3,500—surely their greatest bargain over. The rest is history—glorious history.

RABID FAN

Gaining all the honours the game could offer Dean moved on to Notts County and Sligo Rovers. A great football career came to an end at the age of 32 at the outbreak of the war. On demobilisation from the Royal Tank Regiment, Bill became the licensee of the Dublin Packet Hotel in Chester for over 17 years.

Dean's pretty 18-years-old blonde daughter, Barbara, is a rabid Everton fan and the proud daughter of an illustrious father. None of Dean's three sons went in for football and Barbara's only regret is that she was not born a boy so that she could be a footballer and try to beat her father's goal-scoring aggregate.

For the record, Dean's last appearance on a football field was in 1947 for ex-Liverpool XI in a charity match in aid of South Liverpool.

Asked to name his ideal team from the players who had represented Everton from his time until the present day Dean made the following selection:— Ted Sagar; Ben Williams; Warney Cresswell; Joe Mercer; T. G. Jones; Tony Kay; Sam Chedgzoy; Alex Young; — — — Roy Vernon; Alex Troup.

He modestly leaves the centre forward position blank. I will make the choice for him — W. R. Dean — non-pariel and centre forward supreme.

Allan Robinson

Continued on page 5

Dixie Dean



**Dixie praises the 1962—63 Everton
Championship Team
Pages 4 & 5**

Allan Robinson

Unexplained Sightings On Merseyside Solved

A few months ago when Newcastle United Football Club were playing on Merseyside there was a spate of phone calls to the LIVERPOOL Echo, Local Police and Air Traffic Control At John Lennon Airport. Hundreds of visiting Geordies had reported seeing Large Silver things, the like of which they had never seen before.

Merseyside Police were baffled, the Geordies were in a state of shock, the fact that they had consumed large amounts of alcohol and were wearing no shirts in January made the local Constabulary cast doubts on these sightings.

However when questioned nearly all gave the same description of what they saw.

'Large Silver objects', that could hold maybe ten or twenty pints of the finest Newcastle Brown.

Police were confused, these fans were so passionate about what they had seen that there had to be something in what they were saying.

The most senior officer on Merseyside was called onto the case, he interviewed twenty of the fans and decided that it would be necessary to take them back to where they first spotted the objects.

A coach was hired and the fans got on board, they gave directions to the driver and he drove along Everton Valley onto Scotland Road and into the City Centre. He followed their directions until he came to the spot where the fans said they saw the Silver Things.

It was outside the City Of Liverpool Life Museum, the Chief Inspector left the coach and entered the building, he had a word with the curator and was taken inside.

Five minutes later he reappeared with a huge grin on his face, he boarded the coach and said to the baffled Geordies that the case had been solved.

He said that the Silver Objects that the Geordies had seen were FOOTBALL TROPHIES they were being taken from Goodison Park and Anfield for a display.

The Geordies looked puzzled, "FOOTBALL TOPHIES" said a little voice from the back seat "What Are They".

A Blue Boy

Four Wasted Years

The press has been full of David Moyes and his four great years at Everton, Manager of the Year twice, taking Everton into Europe and buying players like Cahill, Arteta and Yobo. Everything is you would imagine Hunky Dory at Goodison Park.

It is not and here are a few reasons why this man Moyes is not the Gifted manager that I constantly get told he is.

In four short years he has achieved
our worst Cup defeat by a League team, Shrewsbury were 92nd in the League and eventually got relegated when they beat us.

Our worst League defeat 7-0 at Arsenal.

Worst defeat in Europe 5-1

Lowest Points Total in Everton's History

Shares our worst non goalscoring sequence in the League

And if we don't score a few more goals this season he will have been manager of the lowest goal scoring Everton team in history.

Everybody says look how well we have done since January yes we have done well but why were we so bad before that and who's fault was it?

The players he has bought are good like Cahill, Arteta, & Yobo but what price Kroldrup, Richard Wright, Li Tie, Rodrigo, Bent, McFadden, some might add Kilbane to this list.

But don't just take my word for it, let's look at the following History that I have quoted,

Billy Bingham was Everton Manger in his four seasons he did the following.

Finished 7th. 4th. 11th. 9th. Reached an F. A. Cup Semi Final and a League Cup Semi Final but in the eyes of Evertonians he failed and was sacked.

Joe Royle brought us the Dogs Of War the opposite to The School Of Science but his record reads 15th 6th 15th and of course he won the F.A. Cup but he to left Everton in the eyes of Evertonians as a failure.

Gordon Lee 3rd. 4th. 19th. 15th. A League Cup Final and a F.A. Cup semi final he too was seen as a failure.

Those managers above also got Everton into Europe they faced teams like A.C. Milan & Feyenoord but only lost 1-0 on each occasion .

Moyes can only compare to Walter Smith and Mike Walker, yes he is that bad, even those two didn't get the amount of Worst All Time Records that Moyes has achieved.

We have been led to believe that this Workmanlike one up front ageing Everton team is good, hidings by West Brom, Aston Villa, Bolton, Man City and Arsenal prove otherwise.

Outclassed in Derby Matches, beaten in every Cup competition we enter, God Help Us In The Inter-Toto. Everton will win nothing with Moyes as manager, he stays loyal to unfit, non goal scoring players like Ferguson, Moyes signed him on again this season, Pistone, an injury plagued player is resigned for a two year contract.

He sells young hopefuls and does not give any support to other young players, Ruddy and Turner must have been made up to see Westervelt join the team.

Moyes has lost more Everton games than he has won, he can't make a substitution to save his life. He thinks Richard Wright is a goalkeeper, he drops Valente if he makes the slightest mistake yet watched Pistone week in and week out and never dropped him.

Stubbs nearly 36 years old is his latest Blue Eyed boy, Yobo, no chance he's too young.

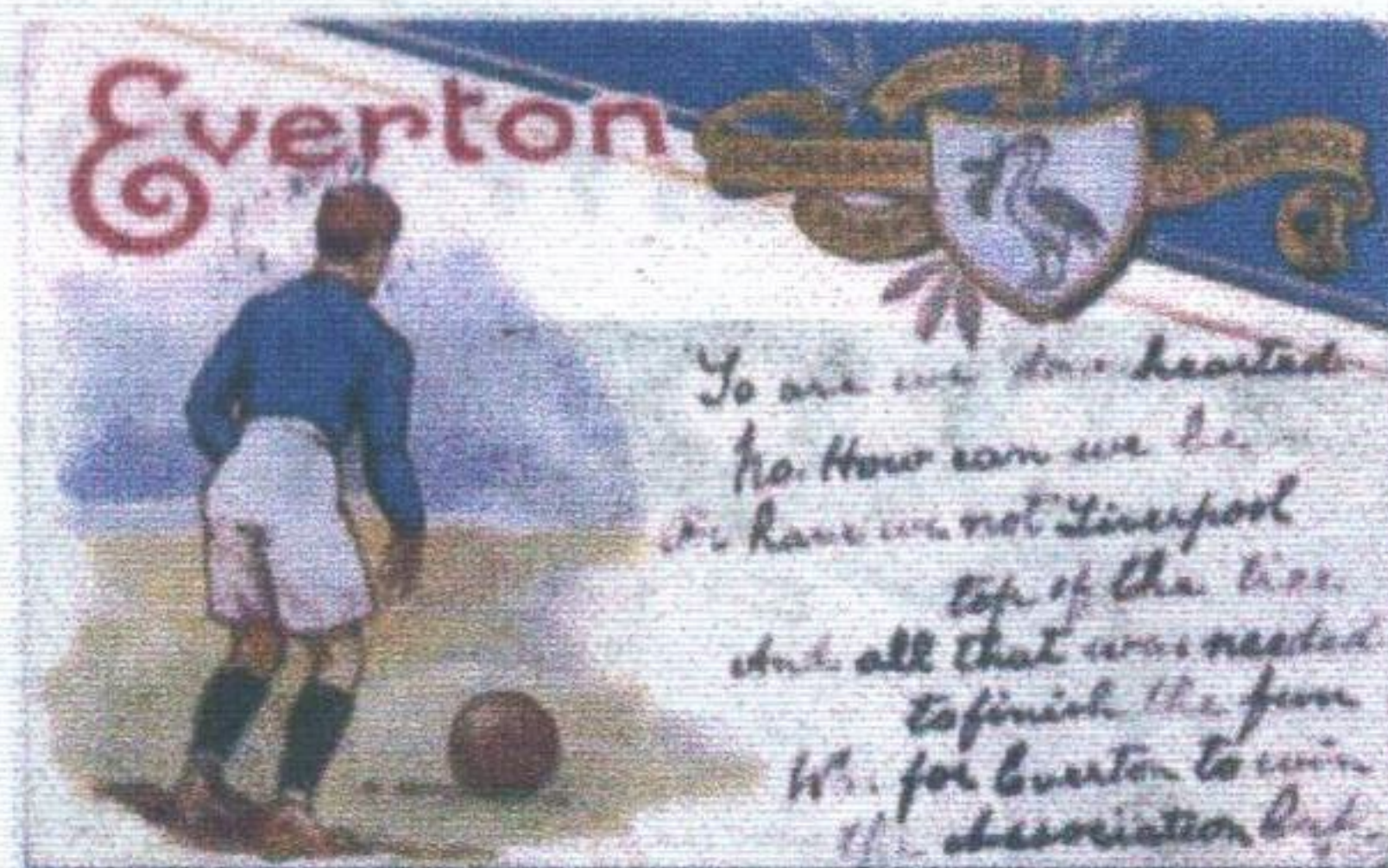
So roll up next season and watch the pensioners huff and puff their way to the Coca Cola Championship, me I will wait until Moyes jumps ship, either to Celtic, Rangers or Man United. And don't say he must be good if they want him, Man U took Walter Smith!!!!!!

Martin Ford



This great photo was sent in by Peter Crane who said it was taken at Old Trafford this season during the George Best Minutes Silence / Handclap

Letters



E-Mails

Hi George, no doubt you will get the usual 'Leave Moyes Alone' letters but unless they mean leave him alone on a desert island I certainly wont.

Another Derby Day fiasco, 10 Red Donkeys left us for dead. We were slow, lacked any creativity and passion.

It's alright for you locals up there on Merseyside but us exiles who have to watch in a local pub in front of Arsenal, Chelsea and Tottenham fans who laughed at Stubbs and Weir trying to keep up with play.

The squeals of 'What's He Doing' when Moyes changed his mind and put the three subs back on the bench were near to laughter.

I felt embarrassed when Ferguson came on, other drinkers in the pub said that they would start a guess 'the booking time' after he came on, one laughed and said the last time Duncan scored it was in Black and White and he didn't mean at Newcastle he meant no colour televisions .

Why are your players so slow and old? A Chelsea mate asked me, another said they are faster on a slippery pitch.

I went for a burst and sneaked out the side door, ashamed, that's what Moyes has brought me to.

West Brom, Bolton, Aston Villa two Derbies how much more does Kenwright need to see before he gets rid of Moyes?

Exiled and sad Blue John Dawson.

Dear Blue Blood,

The season can't end quick enough for me, Moyes needs to spend and spend big, no more old has-beens, we need new young blood who will be fit every week and run their legs off for the Blues.

Richard Wright, £4 million pounds worth of nervous crap, he will leave this club close season and that money will be lost to us, even if he stayed who would pay to take him on?

Ferguson a non goalscoring violent thug, get rid, he should not have been resigned last season. Kilbane, Stubbs, Weir, Pistone, Carsley, all should go, I know Stubbs has done really well but for God's sake he's 36 and slowing down.

We should have bought another goalie, and a left back, centre half and a goalscoring forward.

Beattie says he has not given up on Sven, sorry mate but he has given up on you, in the Derby Beattie did his invisible man act.

Bill Parsons

Blue Blood

Davy Moyes, Davy Moyes, he's got Red Hair and I do care, he should have shaved it off. Angry Sam from Bootle

Everton Video's

The nineties spawned a proliferation of videos, in the wake of the Premier League. For Evertonians the problem was repetition of content. For example most compilations whether they be history or FA Cup history contained footage of the F. A Cup tie which finished 4-4 against Liverpool in 1992. Indeed this match warranted exclusive videos containing both edited highlights and full match editions. Also common to many issues was footage accompanied by a soundtrack of contemporary music (?), a trend unfortunately started and continued to this day by Sky TV. I've never really seen the attraction in this but perhaps it reflects my age!

Videos to buy were relatively expensive, but I guess the marketing men thought what the heck if people are prepared to spend £30 upwards on a replica shirt they won't quibble.

Some really good videos of Everton emerged from the mediocrity, two worthy of mention being Everton The Striking Years and Joe Royle's Six of the Best which featured classic footage (B+W) of Everton's memorable 3-2 win over Leeds at Goodison in 1969. Striking Years featured 6 of the blues best modern day strikers. Featured were host Andy Gray along with Sharp, Beardsley, Royle, Lineker and Big Bob Latchford. Yes you've guessed it the Joe Royle video contained footage of the Liverpool Cup Tie!

Also worth a look was a video Greavsies Six Best Matches of the Eighties featuring the blues at their dominant best, The footage included thumping 4-0 wins over Man City and West Ham. Seasons 1995/96 and 1996/97 saw the club issue a series of magazine style videos containing match action, exclusive interviews etc. 8 issues were produced but due to lack of sales discontinued after the eighth volume.

In 2000/01 the club shop started to sell complete match videos for every home game. When stood together the spines formed a team group picture, but without notice at the end of February the series was discontinued, leaving disenchanted buyers with an incomplete set and half a team group to look at. I was told they stopped because they were not selling and the club had to order a minimum 200 videos of every match. Some of the games were dire and this probably contributed to the lack of interest.

The late nineties saw the emergence of both CD and DVD. The little shiny discs now mean VHS videos occupy a very small corner of shops such as HMV and Virgin and now look like going the same way as Beta and Philips 2000 tapes. I wonder what will take over from DVD! Already a smaller disc holding more data is on the market.

I am hoping in a future issue of Blue Blood to list as comprehensive as possible list of Everton DVD's and Videos and would be grateful for any input to this end. I can be contacted via George's excellent magazine.

Well here's hoping for a good end to the season and hopefully hectic activity in the transfer market, post World Cup. We really do need to invest in some new players, as we may not get away with it again next season.

Barry Hewitt

View From The Grassy Knoll



"Give us your cash and we will give you trash"

The sale of anything connected to Everton Football Club continues, **BUY YOUR SEASON TICKET EARLY AND ENJOY A PRICE FREEZE!!!** That's the message I received through the post.

Why do Everton Football Club need to have my money a month earlier than usual? Are they being super efficient or do they need the cash up front? They must be super efficient because, after all, we are the 18th richest Club in the World.

It's no good trying to figure out what is happening and then getting a bet on because Everton have informed me that Everton Bet Com the web site for betting on Everton games is no longer active. I can't help but feel that it won't be missed, who in his right mind would bet on Everton at this moment in time?

Everton are also going to host THE OSCARS, I wonder where they got that from? I went to the very first David France Hall Of Fame night many years ago and said on Radio and in Blue Blood that it was like THE OSCARS and it was, not only because of the amount of ex Everton Stars that were there but the setting, in the main banqueting suite of the Adelphi Hotel, with chandeliers and six hundred Evertonians present made it a Special Occasion.

If Everton are trying to recreate that atmosphere in a tent with today's overpaid stars I think they will find that not many will want to spend £100 for a meal (especially if it is as crap as what we get now on match days) and the chance to talk to Alan Stubbs and co.

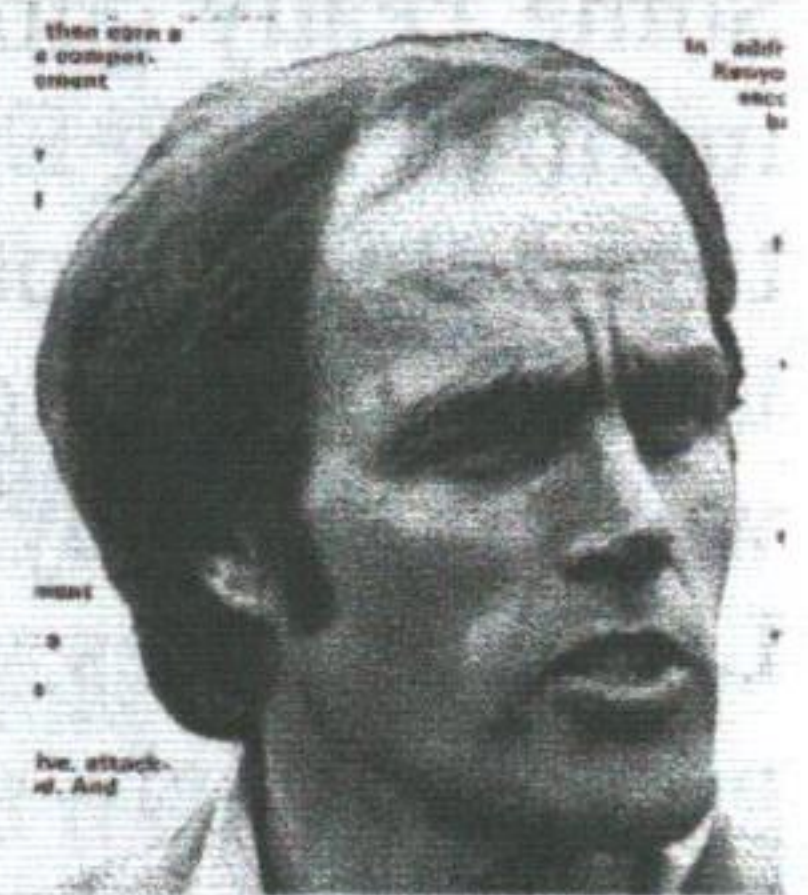
It does however make you think why do Everton need to put on this kind of thing, it can only be another attempt to make money?

You might say what's wrong with that. Every club needs to make money, fair enough but do Man United, Chelsea or Arsenal do anything like this?

Everton Football Club are in serious debt, that is the only conclusion that can be drawn from all the evidence.

Where is the Kroldrup money? Where is Bill Kenwright? Where is the plan for the new Goodison? Where is the new investment?

Wyness says that there will be an announcement about Goodison at the end of the year, if there is (and it's a bloody BIG IF) it is too late. We need to be organising things now, not in January 2007. He also says we are still actively looking for investment but nothing happens.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

Everton's effluent tendency

I love Everton, and I love Evertonians. More even than being English or from Liverpool, or a Catholic, it's how I define myself when people want to know what I'm about. For me being a blue is a fact of life, like being the oldest child or prematurely balding or a terrible tennis player; you're born with it and stuck with it. We're a special breed and, like the way the Jewish people see themselves as chosen, you're born an Evertonian and accept that you belong to something unique.

It gives me great pride to say I'm an Evertonian, but also commonground with people from all walks of life, some of whom I would never ordinarily have anything to do with. It is like my extended family, Evertonians are my brothers once we cross the threshold of the turnstiles and enter the cauldron of Goodison Park.

Like all families, however, and it pains me to say it, there are times when this extended family has been the cause of embarrassment. Much has been made of errant sections of Everton's away support, a minority who bring the good name of our club and our extended family into disrepute.

For some fans away games hold a special sort of magic, but for me they are generally miserable affairs characterised by the fact that after moving from Liverpool to London in 1998, I've seen Everton win just once (within days of my arrival), and had to wait seven years before they next got even a point, against West Ham, last month.

More fundamental to my bad experiences, however, are some of the dregs of society who are seemingly at away matches week in, week out and the way in which they taint the good name of this club. Maybe I'm lucky, but in the last 15 years of going to Goodison – the 1980s obviously being a different environment – I've never come across violence in my immediate vicinity, and have only heard racist abuse once against Carlton Palmer in about 1993.

Yet at away games, it seems to be like a step back in time. I've been eyed up for a beating at Fulham (until the scallies heard my exaggerated Scouse accent and let me off); I've heard our own players racially abused at Charlton; at White Hart Lane I've told morons to shut the f*ck up when they've made hissing noises to their Spurs counterparts. I've stood next to some Neanderthal who tried (unsuccessfully) to start an 'Everton Are White' chant coming out of Loftus Road, and so it goes on.

Coming away from Upton Park the other week, however, I declare myself pleased at Everton's work that afternoon. They looked a genuinely good side, and deserved more than a solitary point. Had their

battling qualities and skill been properly rewarded they would have won. I was also happy that not once had I heard a racist remark, or the sort of chant that would have made me blush. There were no idiots bringing the name of Everton football club into disrepute and it was a good day, despite a charged atmosphere and sitting just yards away from a section of loud and abusive West Ham supporters. There were even Asian police officers in the ground. But none of this, thankfully, was picked up on and the game passed without incident.

However, my declaration that I was happy with what I'd seen soon proved premature. Walking away down Green Street, through one of the poorest neighbourhoods in London which is largely made up of immigrants from the Indian subcontinent, my brother and I came across some scum-of-the-earth scallies, bedecked in their lacoste trackies and looking as if they were straight out of some sort of stereotyped Scouse-bashing comic strip. They were hassling a poor Muslim woman, who had a baby wrapped up in her dresses, and were tugging away at her burqa and at the baby demanding "we just want a look" and laughing at her obvious distress. The woman had obviously had nothing to do with the match and was just an innocent bystander. She was also clearly terrified that these two scals were threatening both her and her child – as any mother would be. I was even more appalled that they were clearly Evertonians. No one else seemed to be able or willing to intervene, so I did, and eventually had to be dragged at Green Street by my brother lest a fight break out. By this time the woman had made her escape, but the incident left me furious and dampened an otherwise good afternoon.

Every club has it effluent tendency, so I shouldn't be surprised that Everton do as well. I suppose one of the things that sets Evertonians apart, is the fact that we can recognise our shortcomings and acknowledge that we do have fans who ruin the good name of the club. You would never get a Liverpool supporter sounding off about his fellow fans, no matter how badly they had behaved (remember that Heysel was the work of Chelsea supporters...). In fact, one only has to look back at the recent encounter of Manchester United when a score of Kopites gave the horribly injured Alan Smith's ambulance a 'guard of honour', and ended up nearly tipping the thing over; and those inside the ground lobbed their own faeces at visiting fans. Even when a Liverpool official apologised, there were still some Kopites in denial. So Everton are by no means unique or the worst in having some scummy supporters, and we at least recognise we have a problem. But what is to be done? It's fine saying that the racists and the thugs are society's problem, but every misdemeanour undertaken at an Everton away match reflects badly upon the 99% of decent people who just want to see the game. I've been pondering this issue for some weeks now, trying to come up with some radical solution, but I'm genuinely stuck for ideas. The only positive thought I have come upon is for someone associated with the club who evokes genuine respect and admiration amongst all fans, and I think it would have to be either a local lad like Hibbert or Osman or David Moyes himself, to pick out an incident as I've just done and say, 'Look, this is embarrassing, it's bringing the name of the club down, stop it.' Maybe then, the morons will take notice. Or maybe I'm just dreaming...

James Corbett

The Gordon West Story Continued

Home and Away

THERE ARE GAMES which stand out, in the memory of every footballer. Good games and bad games. Games you won, and games you lost. For instance, there was the F.A. Cup final against Sheffield Wednesday surely one of the most dramatic matches that Wembley has staged? It was the Cup final which, to quite a fair extent, followed the pattern of the 1953 'Matthews final'. Then, Blackpool had seemed all but beaten, as Bolton Wanderers forged a lead which looked as if it would win them the F.A. Cup. When Everton played Sheffield Wednesday, the Yorkshire team scythed through our defences and, with some scintillating football, they went two goals ahead. Everton or so it appeared, from the moment that Wednesday put the ball into our net the second time were there merely to make up the numbers. We were down, and almost out. And the Everton fans in the crowd were chanting the name of Fred Pickering, the £80,000 centre-forward whose name on the team sheet had been replaced by that of Mike Trebilcock. But the moans and groans and the criticisms of those Everton supporters—were changed to cheers, when Trebilcock became the two-goal hero of the hour, and Derek Temple, now with Preston, brought Wembley to its feet, with a late, winner which saw us collect the Cup, after all. That was in 1966, the year which saw England carry off the World Cup. And, of course, our victory at Wembley took us into Europe. We started season 1966-67 as contestants in the European Cup-winners Cup, and we had high hopes of accomplishing something in this competition. Everton had been in the European Cup, a few seasons earlier, after their League-championship success, but we had had the misfortune to come up against Inter Milan in the first round. And Inter, around that period, were one of the king pins of the tournament. They held Everton to a scoreless draw at Goodison, and in the return game, they scored the only goal of the match, which saw them go through to the next round and Everton retire sadly, and a little wiser, from European competition. In the preliminary round of the European Cup-winners Cup, Everton found that they had been drawn against Aalborg, a Danish team of part-timers. At least this was a lot better than opposition like Inter-Milan. After all, we could have been plunged straight into tussles against Borussia Dortmund, the holders and, incidentally, conquerors of Liverpool in the previous final or Real Zaragoza, a team which had a forward line known as The Magnificent Five. Aalborg, we reckoned, should not prove too difficult to overcome, and although they played a defensive type of game in the first leg and on their own ground, too we finished up with the score level, 0-0, and we won the Goodison return match 2-1. The goals came from Johnny Morrissey and Alan Ball, and even if the critics had expected us to pump something like 10 past Aalborg, we were satisfied with the end-product. Admittedly, when the score was 1-1, we began to feel a bit anxious, for had it been that way at the finish, then Aalborg would have gone into the next round, on the

strength of their lone goal away counting double. It has happened to other teams to go out in this unfortunate way Liverpool against Setubal, in the European Fairs Cup last season, for example.

But finally we made the scoreline look respectable, although we would have liked to hammer home a few more goals. But the final result was what mattered, and we were through, to run slap bang up against Real Zaragoza. It seemed, after all, as if fate wasn't going to be kind to Everton for long, in European contests. Now, we knew, we would see for ourselves what The Magnificent five—Canario, Santos, Marcelino, Villa and Lapetra could do. We flew by charter plane to Zaragoza, and when we touched down, it was at the military airport near the town. The alternative would have been a civil airport I think Madrid was the nearest and a long, wearying coach ride to our destination. That runway seemed endless, when we finally came to earth, and I shall never forget the plane rolling slowly down, being guided by a jeep, which finally about-turned and took us back almost to the spot where we had first touched down. I don't know what was going on, but I began to get the feeling that we were never going to get out of that plane and get the game played at all. We had not been in Zaragoza more than two or three hours when all the lights went out. There was a storm, and the power was cut off, for a spell. In our hotel, people were walking around and finding their way with the aid of lighted candles. But eventually, order was restored from the chaos, and all the lights came on, and so we settled down for a good night's sleep, with our minds on the morrow, and the game. Leeds United and Zaragoza had a bit of a set-to in one of their European Fairs Cup-ties, if memory serves me rightly. And we had a few shocks ourselves, in that first leg of the European Cup-winners Cup. For the referee, a Continental, was swift to blow his whistle every time we even went through the motions of tackling, British style. We did our best to keep going, and try to play positive football, but there were too many hold-ups from the man with the whistle.

The biggest blow we suffered—and I can tell you it was a real shock, for we didn't agree with the verdict at all was when Johnny Morrissey got marching orders from the referee. Johnny and Lapetra were involved in a spot of jostling, as they both raced back when a free-kick was being taken. It happens every day of the week, as players strive to get into position but this time, and for no apparent reason, the Zaragoza man fell to earth as though struck by lightning. Not one of our players believed that Johnny Morrissey was responsible, in any way, for the seeming affliction which had struck Lapetra, but the referee shattered us all by waving his arm in the direction of the dressing-room. And Johnny had to make the long, lonely walk. So that left us in real trouble—one goal down, and one man short. And while we fought valiantly to keep the scoreline that way, we conceded another goal, scored almost at the end—I nearly said the bitter end—by Marcelino. The after-match scene in our hotel that night was not exactly hilarious. Most of the players went out for a drink or two, but around midnight we were back, and sitting in the lounge, staring at each other and trying to assess what would happen in the return leg at Goodison. Two goals of a start is a lot to give any team—ask Liverpool, who did that on their own Anfield ground, against Setubal—and we knew that we had to get three without reply, to squeeze into the next round. Manchester United had done the trick once before, against another Spanish team, Bilbao. But we realised our task was tremendous, and we all agreed that the Spaniards were sure to play 10 men in defence, and leave one lone

striker up field if we were lucky. Somehow, we were going to have to find a way of breaking through if we were to survive.

Well, our fears were confirmed, when Zaragoza came to Goodison The Magnificent Five were certainly missing up front, most of the time they were busy back in their own penalty area, making sure that we didn't get through to score. We outplayed them all right they just let us come it them for the most part and it wasn't until close to the end of the game that we managed to penetrate that massed defensive barrier. Then Sandy Brown cracked it with a goal. But it was too little too late.

Sandy was playing in our forward line, that night and a handful he turned out to be, for the Spaniards. It was just reward for all his grafting and his bustling, when he scored that goal and Sandy really took some stick, at times, from those defenders. But one goal wasn't enough. Again, Everton were out of Europe. Indeed, it wasn't a good season for Merseyside, because Ajax later dumped Liverpool most unceremoniously out of the European Cup. And I'm sure that thrashing must still rankle, across at Anfield.

The League, it seemed, was beyond our powers. We were still in the transitional stage we had good young players who were clearly going to get better. But we had not yet acquired the maturity for a sustained run, and the pressures of important matches took their toll, every so often. So while we remained in touch with the leaders, we never quite broke through to make a real bid for the title. However, the F.A. Cup was a different matter. To win that trophy, you have to be on song for half a dozen matches and we all felt confident that we could maintain our composure sufficiently to make a lot of progress in this competition. After all, hadn't we been to Wembley the previous season, and left there with the Cup? Yes, as soon as the Cup ties came around, we started to have visions of those famous Wembley towers again. And as the competition progressed, we began to feel that this would be our year again.

Usually, when a team has gone back to Wembley for a second bite at the cherry, it has lost the first encounter there, and returned to achieve victory. Take Manchester City, for example. They went to Wembley and lost; vowed they would be there again next season; and they were. The second time, they went home with the F.A. Cup. But, we argued, why shouldn't WE go back and win the trophy AGAIN? There was no rule that said you couldn't. Our first tie was against Burnley, and we disposed of our Lancashire rivals from Turf Moor. Then we had to tackle the Wolves, and again we made no mistake. Then came the game everyone said should have been staged at Wembley itself ... Everton versus Liverpool. At Goodison. Suddenly, everyone on Merseyside found a reason for needing a ticket to see this match. Suddenly, you were hailed by long-lost friends you had never even met before. Tickets were like pieces of gold and prized just as highly. Obviously, Goodison could nowhere near accommodate all the Evertonians who wanted to see this Cup-tie never mind the Liverpool supporters. And so it was decided that the game should go out live, on closed-circuit television. Which meant that double the gate could see the game. And, indeed, Anfield was a full house, just like Goodison. Only the fans at Anfield would be seeing the game via the giant-sized screen. Still, it was almost as good as being across the way better, probably, if you were a true Liverpoolian and you didn't want to go into the enemy camp. After all, you were in the heart of your favourite team's ground, and you were not missing one single second of the action. There had to be a loser, of course, just as there had to be a winner. And it turned out that Liverpool made

their exit from the Cup. To the immense relief of the Everton supporters, needless to say. Because this game had really set the rivalry sizzling.

There was no quarter asked or given, and every player gave everything he had. It was all heart and endeavour and, of course, in a way it was a pity that one team had to lose. But in the second half, Alan Ball made mighty sure that it wasn't us! He nipped in to score the all-important goal the one that turned out to be the winner. So Liverpool went out, and Everton were through to round six again; just two more matches to win, and we would be at Wembley once more.

I think we all really felt that we could do it, too which made our exit from the F.A. Cup all the more of a letdown. Nottingham Forest were our sixth-round opponents, and when we went into the lead, we thought we really had it made. As if to add to Forest's misfortunes, their centre forward, Joe Baker, was injured and left the field pretty early in the game. But it turned out that Forest still had a match-winner, in any case Ian Storey-Moore.

The Forest left-winger, who last season came under the eagle eye of Sir Alf Ramsey, really shattered our hopes, for he ran us dizzy, in the end, with a hat-trick which left us feeling very, very sorry for ourselves. That vision of Wembley had been demolished, even as we were looking to the semi-final hurdle and beyond that. Forest, on the other hand, were growing in stature, for they were also fighting it out with Manchester United for the League leadership, around that time, As for Everton, this was one season when we were not really in touch, so far as the championship was concerned. So that Cup knock-out came as a tremendous blow to our hopes ... and also our pride. However, Everton were really only just starting to make an impact on the big-time football scene, as became obvious in the following seasons. If we thought we had a good side then, we were soon to realise that manager Harry Catterick was determined to make it even better.

Howard Kendall arrived, as a big-money signing from Preston, and we were seeing some of the younger, home reared players coming in and holding their own. So we were bedding down into a young, but highly talented team. Although, of course, we still hadn't answered the question of whether or not we were mature enough to keep going and collect some honours. The following season we finished fifth in the table, and while it wasn't high enough to enable us to go into Europe, it did show that we had been pretty consistent right through the long, 42match slog of an English football season. But it was a bitter disappointment, when we realised that our hopes of going into the European Fairs Cup had been wrecked. For the 'one-city-one-team' rule let in Newcastle, who finished 10th, instead of us. Liverpool went in, too, because they had just edged into third spot. The F.A. Cup came around again, though, and once more we were hotly fancied to hit the Wembley trail. After all, we had been there once, and won the Cup; and we had gone a long way towards repeating that feat, the previous term. So we must be in with a good chance of reaching the semi finals, at least. That's what we thought, and that's what the critics thought. Many of them plumped for us in their 'last four', as soon as the Cup draw was made for the third round. Yet I didn't greet the news of our opponents in the third round with any great degree of enthusiasm. And I think there was a general feeling inside the club that we had better watch this one carefully—accidents DO happen, and all that sort of thing. You see, we were drawn away against Southport. On paper, we must be hot favourites. But there were one or two unusual features about this tie. It was nothing out of the ordinary that we should have to play away, against a Third Division team, of course.

And it was recognised, straight away, that the little club had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, in attempting to slay the giant. The reverse applied to us, needless to say we were on a hiding to nothing. Then there could be a problem about the homely Haig-avenue ground; it wasn't like Goodison, and we might find the closed-in atmosphere a bit of a disadvantage.

What WAS unusual was that Southport's manager, Billy Bingham, had been an Everton star the last time the Blues had won the League championship. And he had made quite a reputation for himself as a manager, for he had drilled Southport into a defensive pattern of play which saw them concede very few goals, even if they didn't go on scoring sprees themselves. We knew that Billy would be dying to see his team knock out Everton and we knew, too, that some of his players had a special incentive to do well. Because they, too, had been on the books at Goodison. They had tremendous experience in full-back Alex Parker, for instance another member of that championship winning team. And in players like Alex Russell, Stuart Shaw and Arthur Peat, there were lads who would be determined to prove that Everton had made a mistake in letting them leave Goodison. It seemed that we were in for a tough tie, all round, and I admit I didn't look forward to it very much.

Southport had two or three big fellows in their attack, and I could see some awkward moments ahead for me, if they came boring in through the air for crossed balls or corners. We made almost a fetish of rehearsing such situations during our pre-Cup training, and I was constantly being called on to come out and clear the ball as it swung across the face of the goal with my own team-mates playing the role of attackers, intent on sticking the ball past me into the net.

In the event, the unexpected happened Southport never created any menace from the situations such as we had envisaged. But they did try hard enough to unsettle us and prevent us playing the smooth style of football which showed us at our best. The rock-hard pitch didn't help us, either; neither did the gale-force wind. Under such conditions, anything can happen, for both teams are reduced to much the same level; and we knew that one mistake could be costly.

We suffered a blow when full-back Ray Wilson received a knee injury, and he was missing for the second half. However, Sandy Brown, 'old faithful' himself, came on for Ray, and proceeded to play the usual, no-nonsense game which has so often marked him down as Everton's 'Mr. Dependable'. Even so, I was willing the minutes to fly by, and hoping fervently that we would be able to take Southport to Goodison for a replay. I was confident enough that we would see them off there ... but at Haig Avenue, every minute posed a threat to us. It was big Joe Royle who made me jump for joy, pretty near the end, when he soared up to nod a pass from Alan Ball into the Southport net. In a way, I felt Joe had left it a bit late, coming to the rescue; but then I reckoned the later the better it left that much less time for Southport to come back at us. And that goal proved to be the killer. We were through to round four. Which saw us travelling the short distance back home considerably happier than when we had set out.

But Cup luck seemed to have deserted us, when we found that we were drawn away again at Carlisle, this time. It was another tough nut to crack, another case of being on a hiding to nothing. We were supposed to be the superior team, and we had to prove it to the world; but you never knew what conditions would be like ... and Carlisle, although struggling a bit in the Second Division, were sure to rise to the occasion, and play above themselves. The ground at Brunton Park wasn't rock-hard, as it had

been at Southport; it was just the reverse. A mud-heap. It poured down, and the mud became thicker and thicker, especially in the centre patch and in the goal-mouth areas. But we found that we were turning on some good football, in spite of the problems of making sure that passes didn't stick in the mud. Our outfield men hit that ball, when they made the pass, and almost invariably the ball reached the player for whom it was intended.

Although Carlisle fought hard, they couldn't match us for skill, and two goals from Jimmy Husband and Joe Royle saw us safely through to round five. And we weren't a bit worried, when we discovered the name of our next opponents. But we had to wait a few days for that, because Tranmere Rovers, the club across the river from Goodison, had really hit the headlines by drawing 1-1 at Coventry and the big question was whether or not David Russell's team could polish off Coventry at Prenton Park.

I felt that the odds were still in favour of Coventry but Tranmere proved me wrong. And I was very glad they did, for now they would be visiting Goodison, and not Noel Cantwell's First Division side. The Sky Blues really fell, at Prenton, for they went down by three goals to nil; and Rovers were delighted that they would be featuring in virtually a full-house tie at Goodison.

Tranmere had two players who could give us trouble centre-forward George Yardley, who has a knack of being in the right spot at the right time, to stick the ball into the net; and goalkeeper Jimmy Cumbes, who can defy an entire attack on his own, when it's his day. Jimmy, tall and lean, hails from Salford, and is a county cricketer with Surrey in the summer months. And at Goodison, he played what must have been one of his best-ever games. He received an ovation when he walked off at the end. Not surprisingly, for he had defied us and pulled off some magnificent saves. Yet even Jimmy couldn't stop Joe Royle and Johnny Morrissey putting two goals past him.

Jimmy has since become a First Division goalkeeper, with West Bromwich Albion, and Tranmere were something like £35,000 the richer, when they transferred him. But George Yardley is still at Tranmere although it looked as if he might never kick a ball again, at one time. For, as things turned out, he didn't even play in that Cup tie against us.

Not long before the tie, George was seriously injured, in a game at Shrewsbury, and he spent a spell in hospital. At the time, and for quite a while afterwards, it seemed doubtful if he would ever be able to play serious football again. Then he was able to make a comeback, but finally, it appeared, his English League days were over, and he returned to Australia. Yet fate decreed that once more he should come back to England, and rejoin Tranmere Rovers, the club which had given him his chance when he first tried his luck in the English League.

Against Everton in the Cup, Tranmere surely missed George Yardley; and their luck was really out, when they lost his deputy, George Hudson, early in the game. But they did their best, and Jimmy Cumbes was their star man that night.

The sixth round saw us up against a top-rated team, when it comes to Cup fighting ... Leicester City. And we were drawn away. Leicester had sold goalkeeper Gordon Banks to Stoke, but they had a brilliant replacement in young Peter

Shilton, and he performed heroics against our attack. Yet even he could not stop Jimmy Husband putting us ahead, and it looked as though that goal would take us through to the semi-finals.

However, almost on the stroke of half-time, David Nish, one of Leicester's up-and-coming stars, hammered home an equaliser, and it was with heavy hearts that we trooped off the field. A goal for or against you right on the interval, or just after half-time, can make such a difference to your mood. And Leicester must have had their tails up, after that counter-blow.

Sure enough, they tried to crack us completely, in a whirlwind start to the second half, but we weathered the storm and along came Howard Kendall to slam home a shot which Shilton could hardly have seen. The ball must have been a blur, as it went past him and into the net. So we relaxed, and resumed our fine football, confident once more that we were going to win. And when Jimmy Husband came along to score his second goal of the game, we knew we had clinched our place in the semi-finals.

Two of the three other semi-finalists were from the Midlands Birmingham and West Brom. The third team was Leeds. I hoped we would draw Birmingham, first, West Brom second and that Leeds would miss us completely, for I felt that they, above all, were the big stumbling-block to our second appearance at Wembley in three seasons. The luck of the draw didn't favour us at least, that's what I thought at the time. For the Midlands clubs were paired together, and that meant we had to tackle Don Revie's side. They were going great guns, too they had the League Cup on their side-board, were in the European Fairs Cup semi-finals for the third time, and were naturally going again after that elusive First Division title. We couldn't have a greater test IT WAS A full house, almost, when Everton met Leeds United at Old Trafford in the semi-final of the F.A. Cup. And the betting favoured Leeds. Because we had Alan Ball on the sidelines ... suspended. And to add to our troubles, John Hurst was taken ill on the eve of the game, so that meant two of our key men were missing. Not a good omen for us, as we went out to tackle one of the strongest all-round teams in Britain.

I felt distinctly edgy before the game, but when we ran out on the field, I couldn't help feeling heartened by the terrific roar that went up from the thousands of Everton supporters. I knew then that if we did go down, we would go down trying our damndest, for we wouldn't let those wonderful supporters feel cheated.

The pattern of the game was, as expected, defensive. We were wary of Leeds, and they didn't seem to be going out of their way to turn on a glittering display of attacking football. Both teams were alert, and keenly aware that they couldn't afford to give each other even the ghost of a chance. Scoring efforts were few and far between, and at one stage, I could hear the Everton supporters chanting from the terraces and the stands: 'Let's see some FOOTBALL!'

I won't say that we were deliberately stalling, in the hope that we would be able to take Leeds to a replay, and so ensure that we could face them with a somewhat stronger line-up. But we were very conscious that young Roger Kenyon was being asked to come into the team at a critical time, and that Tommy Jackson, too, would be under extra pressure. For these were the players standing in for Ball and Hurst.

As the game wore on, however, it became evident that Leeds were showing just as much respect for us as we were for them. And we started to play the smooth-flowing football which can bring the right results although many of our moves broke down against the rugged Leeds defence, before we could really spell danger to their goal.

Yet we kept on plugging away heartened, too, by the knowledge that Roger Kenyon and Tommy Jackson were more than holding their own, against opponents of the highest calibre. And I began to get the feeling that we might just cause an upset for the form book. Naturally, we had sent a spying mission to check Leeds out before the

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semi-final, although 'the boss' must have felt pretty sure that there wasn't much to be learned. We had seen them often enough, and played them often enough, to know their strong points. And they hadn't many real weaknesses. But one factor which had been stressed to us was that their goalkeeper, Gary Sprake, wasn't a strong kicker of the ball with his left foot. And if he were hustled a bit, he might be rushed into making a mistake when he threw the ball out to a team-mate. So we had already had big Joe Royle practising tactics for this sort of situation, when we trained at Bellefield for the game. And the idea was that as soon as the Welsh international 'keeper got the ball, Joe would be there, face to face with him—and blocking the way for an easy clearance. And that was how we came to score what proved to be the winning goal. The only goal of the game, indeed. Gary Sprake collected the ball, big Joe was there, on the spot—and Gary hurriedly sent the ball up field where our own right-winger, Jimmy Husband, was waiting. With Gary out of goal, Jimmy picked his spot and lobbed the ball towards the net. It must have been a certain scoring shot until Jack Chariton flung up an arm and palmed the ball to safety. But there was no doubt about one thing it was a penalty. The big question was whether or not we would fluff this golden opportunity of reaching Wembley. Alan Ball was our regular spot-kick taker, at that time, but he was a mere spectator. Joe Royle admitted afterwards that he didn't want the job, at such a fateful moment. And it was left to the experienced Johnny Morrissey to see what he could do. I could hardly bear to watch, as Johnny placed the ball, walked back, ran forward a few paces—and side footed the ball towards goal. Gary Sprake read the situation right, and dived correctly ... but he couldn't even get his finger-tips to the ball. And into the net it went. Billy Bremner, big Jack Chariton, Johnny Giles and the rest of the Leeds players did their level best to retrieve the situation, but once in front, we never allowed them to get a grip on things, and if there were a few moments which gave us high blood pressure, we managed to contain Leeds until the final whistle. So we were at Wembley again, and bound for a clash with West Bromwich Albion, who had disposed of Birmingham neatly enough by a 2-0 margin. West Brom, in fact, had got to Wembley the hard way because their trail had involved them in replays against Colchester, Southampton and Liverpool. They played the Reds three times, indeed—the second replay was at Maine-road, and there they finally put the issue beyond doubt. There was to be no Everton-Liverpool Cup final at Wembley. We were not unduly concerned about tackling West Brom, for a couple of months earlier, in the League, we had gone to The Hawthorns and given them a real pasting. They were a good Footballing team, on their day, but they could also reveal alarming gaps in defence. And in our League match against them, we had exposed these defensive flaws like nobody's business. We scored six goals, to their two and Alan Ball hit four of our goals. What was more, he would be back for the final. And so would John Hurst. West Brom's task in getting to Wembley helped to give us confidence, too. We believed that the final could well be a classic game between two good Footballing outfits and we must surely have the edge, because our defence was much tighter than the Albion's. They had obviously been doing some rethinking about their vulnerability at the back, even before they got to Wembley, and they were certainly determined that they weren't going to take another six-goal hammering there. But even so, we believed that if we couldn't get six, we might well get two, or even three, against them. Just so long as it was a football match.

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It turned out to be an afternoon of frustration, for us. The glitter faded, as we sought to get through the West Brom ranks, and found ourselves up against a massed defence. The Albion players seemed intent on not losing. Their approach was less positive than ours, by a long way. Yet we still had two or three chances to sew up the game. I know that, even now, Jimmy Husband hasn't forgotten two chances which fell to him. One was a header, and he still blames himself for having missed. Indeed, he still tells us that his ambition is to go back to Wembley and score a goal or two and help us to win the trophy. And one day, no doubt, Jimmy will collect his winner's medal. However, that afternoon we couldn't score the goals that our pressure should have earned us. At half-time, we felt that we could win the final, if only we could turn our creative football into goals. But West Brom were set on not conceding an inch, and the longer the game went, the more hopeless our task seemed to become. I don't think, even now, that it was a case of losing our will to win—if ever a team tried, it was Everton that day. But we did begin to feel as if all our efforts were going to count for nothing. It looked a case of stalemate, and I could see a replay looming. I remember thinking 'If there's a replay, I only hope West Brom decide to go looking for a goal or two themselves otherwise no one will ever win this final.' But I was a bit premature, in looking so far ahead, even though time was rapidly running out. Because West Brom broke the deadlock, at last with a goal in extra time from Jeff Astle. He collected a deflection, and slammed the ball past me into the net. He took his chance and that was about all there was to it. West Brom, of course, were jubilant. But, looking back, I have my doubts that they could call this a game well won. It never was a great match; and the late goal was not a classic, by any stretch of the imagination. Yet it counted, as all goals do; and it meant that West Brom were able to go up and collect the Cup, while we followed them to pick up our losers' medals. Most of our players were feeling choked with disappointment about the way we had lost the Cup. But 'the boss' took it well, and urged us to express our congratulations to the winners. I didn't feel as miserable as I might have expected maybe, as I have said earlier, when you do finally collect the Cup, as we had done once before, everything else seems to be anti-climax. The after-match banquet could have turned out to be a gloomy affair, but long before the end, we had all perked up, and I could see that everyone was starting to look forward, again, instead of backward. What had been that afternoon was an episode which was now finished. There remained merely the formality of returning home minus the Cup—and letting the Everton supporters know that we had appreciated their cheers at Wembley. But, much more important, letting them realise, too, that whatever their disappointment over the final, there were great days ahead. Everton's team at Wembley was still young, still a little less than mature. But that could mean only one thing with every game that went by, they would improve. And if we could reach the final while we were still below our peak, what could we achieve when we had gained that added experience, and saw a few breaks going for us?





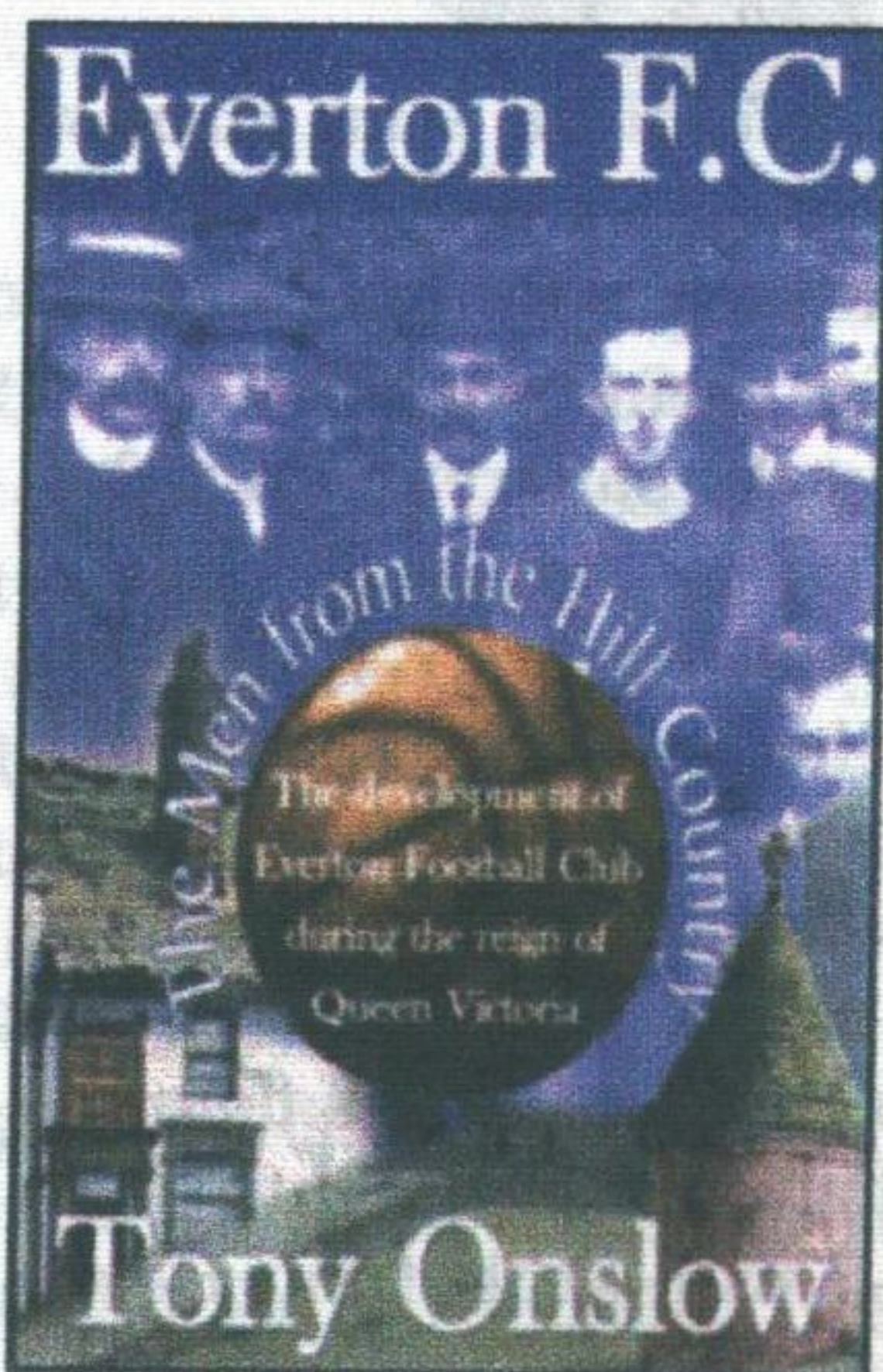
The End Of The Toffee Shop

The photograph above was emailed to me by well known Everton author Tony Onslow. It shows the demolition of the original Everton Toffee Shop.

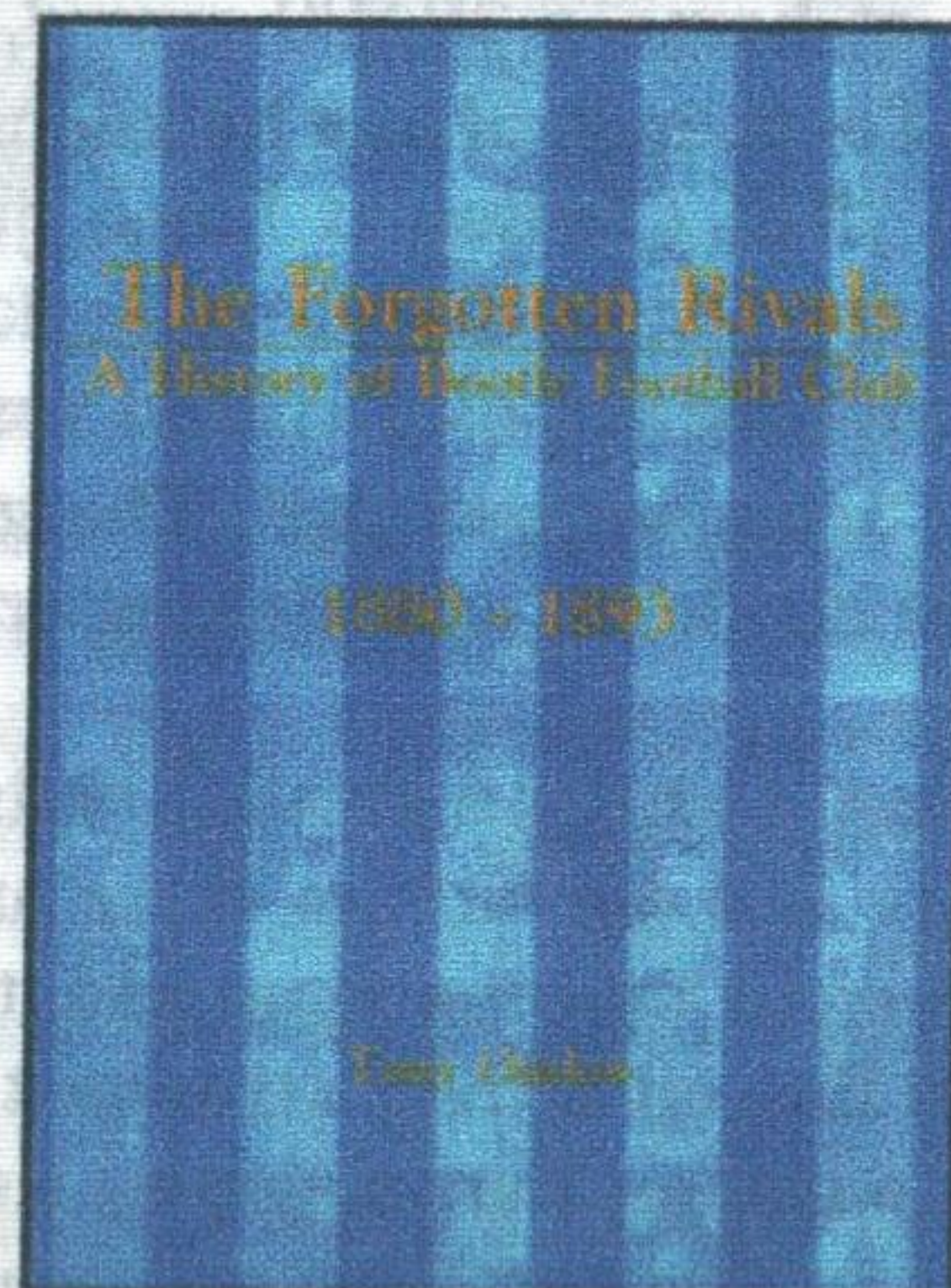
It is a fascinating picture that Tony has uncovered through many hours of research into local and Everton history.

His love of Everton and football in general has benefited many people.

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Everton fans are on a high from the 5-0 defeat of Arsenal in the Cup were not allowed the time to get their feet back on planet earth as the next match was The Derby at Anfield. 40,000 are inside the ground and Everton spring a surprise Walter Scott makes his debut in goal replacing the great Billy Scott, there was another shock as Everton gave a debut to John Allan a right half from Carlisle, so two debutants in the heat of a 'Derby' had Everton made a mistake in their selection? Ninety minutes later the answer was no, Bertie Freeman gets the only goal of the game for Everton. This was a great win, Liverpool were riding high and Everton had been inconsistent.

Sunderland at home in the F. A. Cup, it was a hard draw, the Wearsiders were a good team. No details of the attendance are known but a healthy crowd of over 20,000 would have been there, Everton bring back Bill Scott in goal and Val Harris replaces Allan. Makepeace and Alex Young score for Everton and they go through to the next round fairly comfortably.

Sheffield United away in the League, not as easy as it looked, United had been having a good season and were not mugs. Rafferty gets a rare game at left half in place of the injured Makepeace. Only 8,000 fans watch the game but the majority enjoy it as Sheffield United win easily 3-0. 5th March 1910 and Coventry away in the F. A. Cup. 19,095 watch, Everton play their first choice team Billy Scott, Clifford, Maconnachie, Harris, Taylor, Makepeace, Sharp, White, Young, Freeman, Barlow, the game goes Everton's way, as expected against Non League Club Coventry. Everton are in the Semi Final hopes were high of another Cup Final appearance.

Arsenal at home in the League a lowly 6,000 watch, most are saving for the Semi Final, Everton win 1-0 with a goal from White.

Bolton away in the League an 8,000 crowd but Everton should not have many worries, Bolton are having a hard time of it, and are at the bottom at the League, Everton field a strange team, there is no place for Taylor, White, Young, but Lacey and Mountford along with Allan play, the game is harder than Everton thought but Bertie Freeman gets the only goal for Everton.

Aston Villa at home a 20,000 crowd, White and Young return, Walter Scott replaces Billy Scott, in goal and he keeps a clean sheet in a goalless draw.

19th March 1910 Chelsea at home, just one week to go before the Semi Final so only 10,000 are inside Goodison Park, James Gourlay makes his debut for Everton at Centre forward as Everton rest the great Bertie Freeman for the Semi Final, 'Walter Scott stays in goal. The game is a fine one with plenty of action Gourlay scores on his debut and Makepeace gets one as well but the game ends in a 2-2 draw.

The Semi Final at Elland Road, Leeds against Yorkshire side Barnsley, 35,000 are in attendance and the bulk of those are from Barnsley. The Yorkshire side were a mid-table Second Division team and it looked a comfortable win for Everton.

The Everton line up is their strongest and the same team that has played in all five previous Cup games. Barnsley play well and hold out for a replay with a 0-0 draw.

Two days later Everton have a League game at home to Bury, no crowd figure is available for the fixture but Ernest Pinkney made his debut at outside right. White and Young are rested, the game goes Everton's way 3-0 with goals from Bertie Freeman two and Gourlay.

The replayed F. A. Cup Semi Final at Old Trafford, 55,000 are packed inside the ground, this time the majority are Evertonians, Everton lose 3-0, its unbelievable, a total shock but the defeat was not the worst thing to happen.

EVERTON RESERVES.



This excellent photo was published in the brilliant book **Images of Sport Everton Football Club 1878-1946** by John K. Rowlands the isbn number if you need to order it is **0-7524-2259-6** priced at **£10.99** which is a bargain.

From left to right Arthur Berry 29 games 7 goals outside right: Robert Balmer 188 games full back : James Brown Meunier 5 games full back: John Allan 19 games Right Half Middle Row John Borthwick 25 games Centre Half: Alan Grenyer 148 games 9 goals Left half: Samuel Chedgzoy 300 games 38 goals: Ernest Pinkney 8 games 1 goal Outside Right : Bottom Row : Bertie Freeman 94 games 67 goals Centre Forward: James Gourlay 58 games 9 goals inside forward : Harry Mountford 25 games 5 goals Forward.

Although these men were said to be reserves it was because most of them had only just joined the club in 1909—1910. The young Chedgzoy was an amateur and went on to a fabulous career with Everton. Robert Balmer on the other hand was coming to the end of a great career.

Jack Taylor the great Everton player was hit in the throat with the ball and he was so badly injured that he never played football again. A terrible blow to Everton, one of their finest players out.

2nd April 1910 Everton at home to Nottingham Forest, for the first time in thirteen years there was no Jack Taylor in the Everton team 456 games and 80 goals he would be sorely missed. there was also no White, Young, Billy Scott or Freeman Borthwick takes Taylor's place b u t Everton are dismal, they are still in shock from the Semi Final and Forest destroy them 4-0 the 8,000 Evertonians slowly leave the ground stunned.

Manchester United away only 5,500 watch. Charles Pratt is given his debut at centre half Sharp and White score for Everton but its not enough they lose 3-2. Sunderland away 9th April, a pathetic crowd of 2,000 are inside Roker Park, Everton take both points in a 1-0 win thanks to Mountford.

Two days later away to Blackburn, a debut for Louis Weller at left half, Walter Scott was still in goal in place of Billy Scott and he plays well and was to keep the shirt for the rest of the season, Weller scores for Everton but Blackburn win 2-1 their 3,000 fans were happy.

Another away game at Notts County, another poor 3,000 crowd but Everton excel. Coleman, Lacey and Makepeace all score in a 3-2 win, After four away games on the trot Everton return to Goodison Park for a game against Middlesbrough. 15,000 are inside the ground and it was good to see such a sizeable crowd after the poor attendances in the last few games, the game was hard fought and ended 1-1 Bertie Freeman scoring Everton's goal.

Manchester United at home 10,000 watch, the game is an excellent one, six goals are shared by the teams. Arthur Berry an amateur winger with Everton scored two of the goals and White got the other one, the season ended with an away game at Bradford, 13,000 watch a poor Everton performance and Bradford win 2-0,

1910-1911 season.

The loss of Jack Taylor was a huge blow to Everton and the need to find a reliable replacement was top priority. The players that had left the Club included Adamson, Coleman, Jones, Michaels, Pratt, Rafferty, These were replaced by George Beare a Winger from Blackpool, Sam Chedgzoy an outside right from Ellesmere Port who was to become an Everton Legend for years to come. Tom Fleetwood a forward from Rochdale. Thomas Gracie another forward from Greenock Morton, Alan Grenyer a left half from North Shields, Frank Jefferis an inside forward from Southampton, James Meunier a full back from Stockport, Robert Young a Centre Half from Middlesbrough.

It was Robert Young who was to try and replace Jack Taylor, The new season started on the 1st September 1910 at home to Tottenham the line up was Billy Scott, Robert Balmer, Maconnachie, Harris, Robert Young, Makepeace, Pinkney, Lacey, Freeman, Alex Young Turner. 22,000 are there to see Robert Young's, debut, it was to be a winning start with Bertie Freeman getting both goals in a 2-0 victory.

Two days later and up to Middleboro, Everton unchanged play fairly well in front of a 17,000 crowd but Boro steal the points with a 1-0 win. Preston North End at home, a 25,000 crowd see their heroes win 2-0 with goals from White and Alex Young, White had replaced Lacey the only change. Notts County away Arthur Berry makes his debut at outside right in place of Pinkney 15,000 watch a poor 0-0 game.

Manchester United at home, a 25,000 crowd, Gourlay plays at inside left replacing Freeman the game is disappointing and Everton lose 1-0.

The team are in and out of form and the next game is The Derby at Anfield, 40,000 watch and the usual atmosphere of excitement is lifted twice as Makepeace and Alex Young score, Everton win 2-0 the Blue half of the City celebrate.



Jack Taylor

The first Everton great in many Evertonians eyes, Taylor played in 456 games scored 80 goals, appeared in 3 Cup Finals, 6 Semi finals.

From his debut he played in 100 consecutive games (5th Sept 1896—24th March 1899) a Club Record that still stands.

During the Cup Semi Final in 1910 he was hit in the throat with the ball. It caused so much damage to his larynx he never played football again. He could play in either wing position or as a half back.

He died aged 77 in West Kirby in 1949

8th October 1910 and a home game against Bury, 18,000 watch as Stevenson plays his first game since March replacing Robert Balmer. Everton win 2-1 with goals from Gourlay and Robert Young, his first for the Club. Sheffield United away, a tough game, 20,000 Yorkshire men cheer on their team Barlow scores for Everton in a 1-0 win.

Aston Villa at home, never easy and this game is no different 25,000 Evertonians watch as Everton lose 1-0. Sunderland away a fair crowd of 16,000 see Everton ripped apart, 4-0 Clifford and Mountford had been recalled, into the Everton team but to little effect. Woolwich Arsenal at home 15,000 Blues keep the faith and they see Everton win 2-0 with goals from Berry and Lacey. Bradford away and a debut for George Beare at outside left, Alex Young comes back in to the team after a two game absence, he scores but it is only a consolation as Everton crash to a 3-1 defeat. Blackburn at home, James Meunier makes his debut at left back. Everton need to get back to winning ways because only 12,000 have paid to watch this game, their loyalty is rewarded by the Everton team. they come back to form with a vengeance Alex Young gets a hat trick, George Beare gets two, and Lacey rounds it off with a goal in a 6-1 win. Notts Forest away Borthwick comes in at centre half to replace the injured Robert Young, Stevenson is in at right back, only 3,000 watch but the lack of atmosphere doesn't stop Everton playing well Gourlay scores in a 1-1 draw. Manchester City at home, a very poor 8,000 crowd at Goodison, a poor game but once again Gourlay scores and this time he earns both points in a 1-0 win. Oldham at home, Robert Young is back at centre half, 10,000 watch Everton win 1-0 with a goal from Arthur Berry. Sheffield Wednesday away and Everton seek a hat trick of wins, Allan gets his first game of the season at left half, Balmer is back at right back, 6,000 Wednesdayites see their team well beaten by a very good Everton performance, Gourlay and Lacey score a goal each in a 2-0 win. Bristol City at home and an unchanged Everton team are looking confident but only 8,000 fans are there, maybe they are expecting Everton to do their usual and collapse. The 8,000 crowd saw a great game, Bristol taking the initiative and putting Everton under pressure but Everton hit back in a brilliant game the outcome was a 4-3 win for Everton Berry 2, Lacey and Alex Young, Boxing Day and a trip to Newcastle, Everton lose 1-0 but there was something special about this game the debut of Sam Chedgzoy, it was 26th December 1910 and Sam would still be at Goodison Park in 1926 helping the young Dixie Dean find his way in League football, An amazing player, December 27th another big game, there had been 40,000 at Newcastle and today one day later there are 51,000 at Goodison Park for The Derby, Chedgzoy is dropped as Berry returns to the team. The noise inside the ground is at bursting point, the game ebbs and flows but little is happening goal wise until the Red Ones break the deadlock and take the points with a 1-0 win. January 2nd 1911 Newcastle at home an unchanged Everton team are ripped apart by the Geordies, 40,000 Blues are open mouthed with disbelief, Newcastle win 5-1 Beare gets Everton's goal. Preston North End away a team we usually get both points from, Magner on his debut and Pinkney make it two nil to Everton, in front of 10,000 fans. Next up is a trip to Crystal Palace for the F. A. Cup. Four years before, Everton struggled at Palace in the Cup and only went through after a replay 35,000 Cockneys were trying to make it very hard for Everton but the Blues were not going to rely on a replay this time, they win 4-0 thanks to goals from Gourlay, Magner, Alex Young and Robert Young. Notts County at home in the League, 14,000 watch as Everton go on another goal spree, 5-0 Lacey gets a hat trick, Beare and Robert Young get the other two. Manchester United away, Billy Scott is rested because the next game is the Cup. Walter Scott takes his place at Old Trafford, 45000 watch a great game, it ends 2-2 Beare and Berry score. The next game was the Big Cup Tie and they don't come bigger than a Derby Match Cup Tie 4th February 1911 (see ticket page 31) 50,000 are inside Goodison Park, Liverpool had beaten Everton there back in December and they were confident of doing it again. Everton though had scored thirteen goals in their last four games and they too were confident. Billy Scott is back in goal, it was a hard fought game in which Parkinson scored for Liverpool but Alex Sandy Young got two and Everton went through to the next round of the F. A. Cup. (to be continued in issue 34)



**This is one of the rarest tickets you will ever see,
Everton v Liverpool n the F. A. Cup on 4th February 1911.
It has survived because it was a Press Messenger's Ticket.
It has a nice facsimile signature of Will Cuff, kick off was 3pm**

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