

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 34



Photo Copyright Derek Wylie ©

Football : More Than Just A Game

Brian Labone Tributes Inside

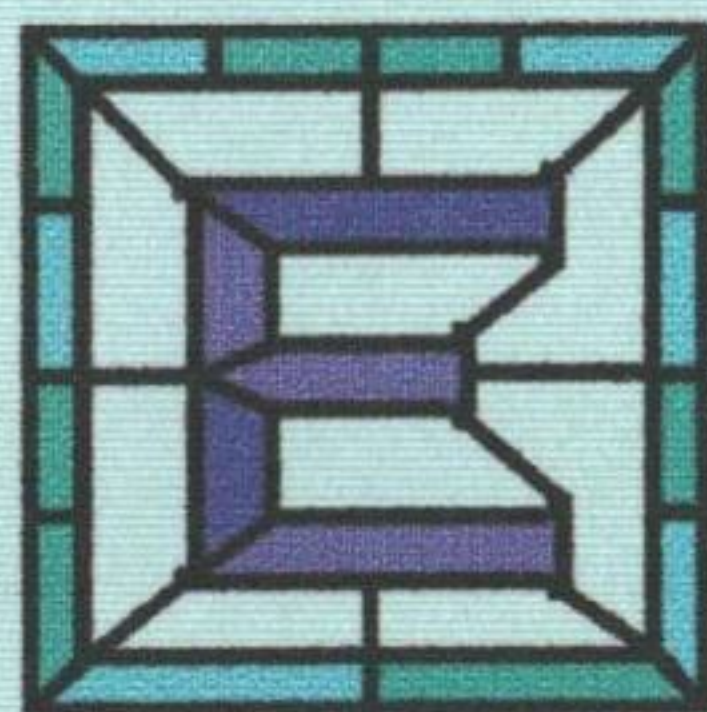
Price £1.50

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

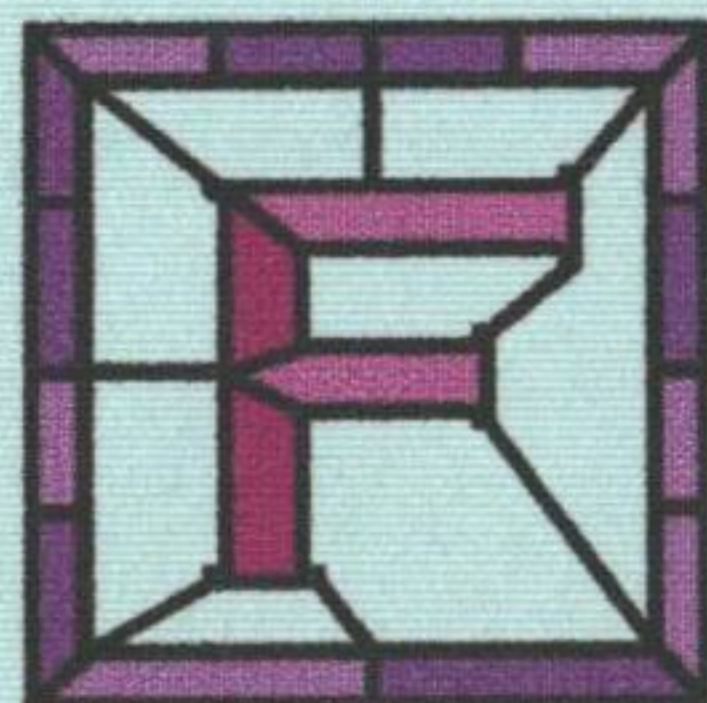
Editorial Blue Blood

Editor George Orr email george@blueblood.fsnet.co.uk
Or write to Blue Blood 7, Beechwood, Forest Hill Skelmersdale, Lanc's WN8 6UT

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

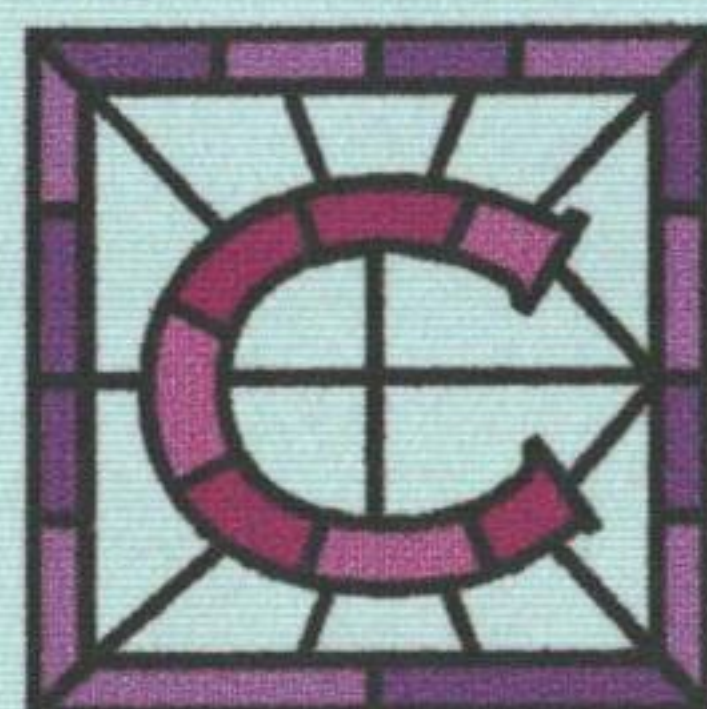


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

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



Brian Labone
1940—2006
534 games
2 Goals
Only two bookings
(probably by Clive Thomas)
An Evertonian through
and through. If there is a
such a thing as an Ideal
Evertonian then Brian
Labone fits the bill.

Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices

A Single Issue will cost £1.50p (UK only)

Subscriptions : For Six Issues

U.K.	£10.00
Europe	£18.00
USA / Africa	£20.00
Rest of the World	£23.00

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

This edition is part Tribute to Brian Labone and part Blue Blood. Brian died just before I had time to do another issue last season but I could not let his death go unnoticed by Blue Blood. Brian Labone was THE EVERTONIAN of all Evertonians, booked only twice in his career (one of those bookings can be seen in the BBC play The Golden Vision against Arsenal) the epitome of what being a Blue is all about. I met him on several occasions and liked him, I went to his funeral and felt proud that the City Of Liverpool and it's inhabitants came out in force to pay their respects. Man United can have the World Rights to their merchandise, Chelsea can have a Billionaire owner but they will never have a support base that will fill a Cathedral for a player who had not donned a kit for thirty years and they will never have grown men crying in grief at their loss. EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB means more than football to Evertonians and this special day proved to the World that Everton and Everton alone are special.

Now back to more recent things, Watford at home first game, a team led by the Youngest Manager in the Premiership (Not Moyes) that will be out to show the World what they are made of. Not an easy start but then again not the hardest, Arsenal, Chelsea etc., It should give us a glimpse as to what we can expect in the coming months and if we can get off to a good start then we have a chance against the Spaniards in the Derby on Sept 9th.

A sad farewell to Nigel Martyn, what a terrible waste, football cannot lose nice guys like Nigel. He has been an excellent professional at Goodison Park. During some dark times Nigel shone like a beacon, giving older Evertonians flashbacks to Nev and West, he did everything that was asked of him and every Blue should be grateful to him. Graham Poll, English Referee, enough said, the World saw what we have to put up with every season, clown with a whistle.

Halewood Training Complex, New Grounds at Switch Island, Council say no, Kirkby, fans say no, Goodison, Everton say no, does anyone say 'Yes' apart from the Man From Del Monte? (see page 12).

Andy Johnson, Tim Howard and Joleon Lescott good or bad buys? Make your own mind up or read what Mack The Knife has to say on page 24. Whether they are good buys or not doesn't help the lack of creativity in midfield, Davies has not done anything to support the forwards and has done less to make his mark at Goodison. Cahill, is effective inside the box but does little to help create from midfield. Leon Osman, does create from midfield but is messed about so much by Moyes that he doesn't know whether he is coming or going. If left to run the midfield then Leon can be the key to getting Johnson and Beattie performing, Arteta can be brilliant but also needs to know where he is going to be played, otherwise it will again be a long hard season.

A new ticket — card entrance scheme at Goodison Park, let's hope that it is not another catastrophe and that we can actually get inside the ground before half time, take a packed lunch just in case.

The World Cup, Tim Cahill and Australia were good value, the Italians kept their heads others didn't, England awful, Germans good, Argentineans excellent, Brazilians good but not great, French, posers but still good to watch, Portuguese should have been inside an Olympic sized swimming pool with all the diving going on. All in all I wasn't that bothered watching, is it just me or are the so called stars getting to be annoying? Some tackles were not even enough to knock a fly off your arm but players went down as if they had been shot. People are saying you have to accept cheating, it's part of the game, it's not part of my game and I will not accept it, even from an Everton player. David Moyes has stated that he will Stop Diving Inside the Box, does that mean he is going to play Richard Wright?

Italian match fixing, would you believe it, what next an Italian team being three nil up at half time in the European Cup Final then getting pulled back to 3-3 and losing on penalties, I know, it's stupid, something that will never happen? Howard Kendall's testimonial not that he doesn't deserve something but Everton still need to give Gordon West, Derek Temple, Jimmy O'Neil etc a testimonial, those great players gave over ten years consecutive service to Everton before being sold off.

I never thought I would say thank you to Wayne Rooney but I will, I said at the time it was Moyes driving him out and I am glad I have been vindicated, Jeffers and Radzinski said the same, Evertonians have chosen to vilify those players and stick with Moyes be it on your own heads. I have not got much time for Moyes, once again last season he got another WORST Everton record, our lowest scoring team in History, that gives him his sixth worst record at Goodison.

Pre Season games, Port Vale & Bury, Beattie at one Johnson the other, WHY?????? Preston boring, Celtic boring, we didn't have a clue, three days later a reserve Man U smack Celtic 3-0 says it all, no sign of any new ideas from David Moyes another hard season ahead?

U.S.A. what is the point? Irvine says last season in Bangkok wasn't the right preparation and that's why we got off to a bad start, what!!!! We were crap up to New Years Eve. Aberdeen and at last goals Young Victor again the star after coming on late, what's the betting that he not even on the bench against Watford? Beattie, Johnson, McFadden, Anichebe, who knows what Moyes will do but he better pick at least two of them. Liverpool lose a friendly in Germany 5-0 two nights later someone tries to poison Van Der Meyde in Liverpool, Kopites don't you just love them.

On Thursday 30th March 2000 David France founder of the Everton Former Players Foundation put on a tribute to Brian Labone at the Adelphi Hotel. 600 Evertonians turned up. Below is the tribute to Brian.

BRIAN LABONE - THE LAST OF THE CORINTHIANS

Brian Labone is a life-long Evertonian - devoted to the royal blue cause for 60 years. 'Labone the Footballer' combined the qualities of a strong defender with those of a cultured footballer throughout his 15 seasons in the No 5 shirt. But more than his outstanding footballing skills stood him apart from his contemporaries. Famed as 'The Last of the Corinthians', Brian was respected universally for his gentlemanly manner which served to enhance his popularity with fellow professionals and fans of all persuasions. However, Brian's sportsmanship never obscured his accomplishments - two championships, a dramatic FA Cup triumph and 26 England caps. Labby retired in 1971 after making 533 appearances for his one and only club. Without question, 'Labone the Evertonian' is one of the greatest blue-bloods of all time - many fans believe that the club should erect a statue to him to complement the others which should be built to celebrate the contributions of the likes of Dean, Young, Ball, Kendall and Southall.

	League		FA Cup		Other		Europe		Total	
	apps	goals	apps	goals	apps	goals	apps	goals	apps	goals
1957/58 - 71/72	451	2	45	0	18	0	19	0	533	2

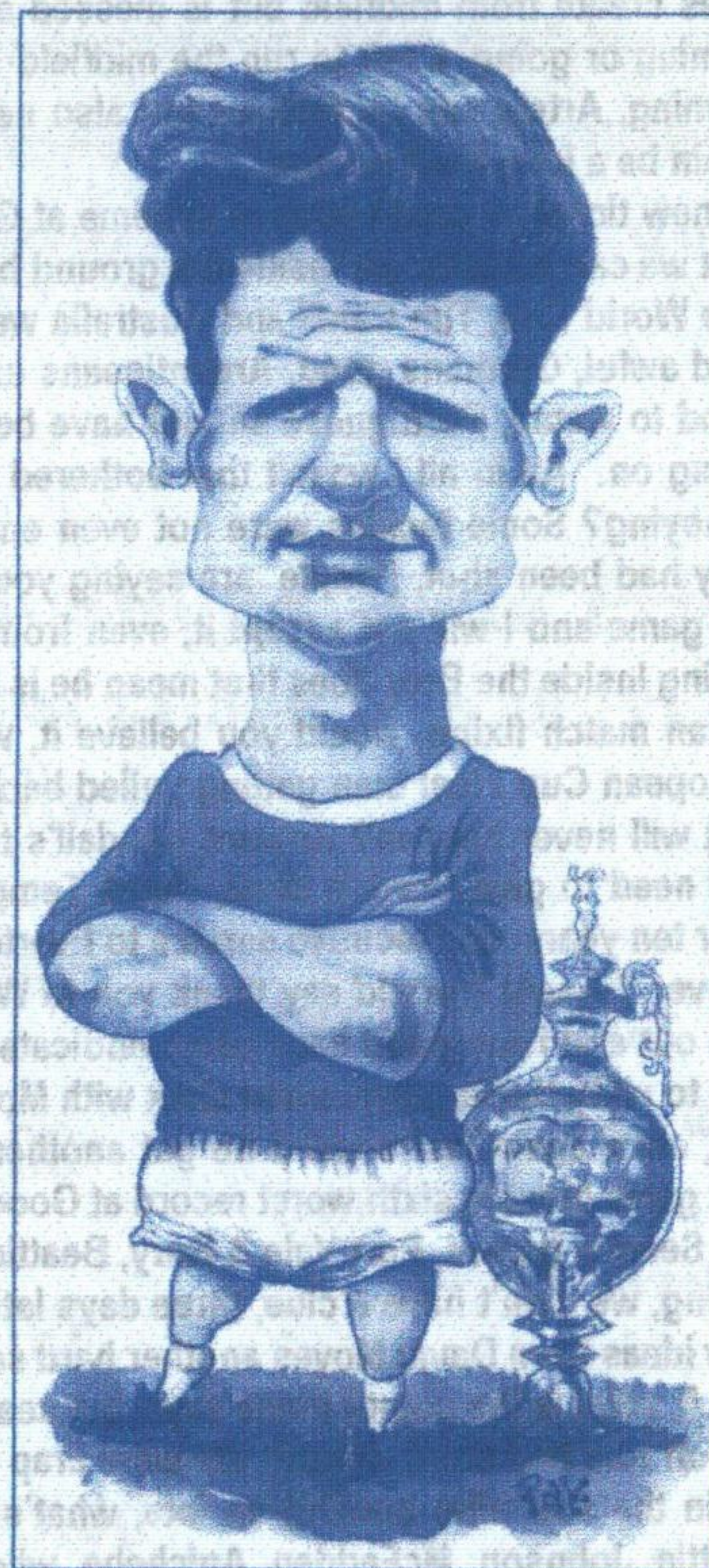
Division 1 winner: 1962/63, 1969/70; FA Cup winner: 1966; FA Cup runner-up: 1968
Caps for England: 26; Caps for England Under-23: 7; Appearances for the Football League: 5

"As a schoolboy, I watched Brian Labone from the Goodison Road terraces. He was a classy defender who never seemed to put a foot wrong. Labby lifted the FA Cup in 1966, and I remember thinking about him as I retraced his journey up Wembley's famous 39 steps some 18 years later." Kevin Ratcliffe

"He was England's most talented central-defender throughout the sixties and was a member of arguably England's greatest-ever team - the one that defended the World Cup in the Mexican sunshine." Gordon West

"Brian Labone was 'The Last of the Corinthians' - a genuine gentleman footballer. Although he tangled with some of the most robust forwards of the post-war era, Labby's behaviour was exemplary in that he was never sent off and was booked in only two of his 500 plus games." Brian Harris

"Brian Labone feels the same highs and lows as the rest of us, week in - week out. I've been told that I was 7 months old when I caught my first glimpse of him. Apparently, I was perched on my dad's shoulders somewhere along Queen's Drive when the proud royal blue skipper waved the FA Cup in my direction. Since then my old fella has never missed an opportunity to remind me that the big No 5 embodied everything that was special about Everton - skill, strength, style and dignity. In the early 1990s I had the honour to interview him for When Skies Are Grey. I feared that meeting someone you had admired all of your life could be a let down but Brian was everything that I'd wanted him to be. His love of Everton was clearly evident and, perhaps more than anything, his genuine humility shone through. Also he was very funny - in a middle-aged sort of way. Labby is one of us." Phil Redmond, When Skies Are Grey



BRIAN LABONE

When Everton's great manager of the 1960s, Harry Catterick, described Brian Labone on his retirement in 1972 as 'the last of the great Corinthians', he was lamenting not so much the loss of a player whose playing career was characterised by fair play, but the end of an English Footballing era. Labone, who was booked just twice in his lengthy career, was the Footballing antithesis of the hard men who came to characterise the 1970s and at the end of a tradition of Footballing gentleman, such as Tom Finney and Stanley Matthews.

Yet Labone could also be idiosyncratic. He asked to be excluded from England's World Cup squad in 1966 so that he could get married. In 1967, at the height of his powers and aged just 27, he announced his retirement from football because he wished to take over his father's central heating business. He later went back on his decision and captained Everton to the League title in 1970, before travelling to the Mexico World Cup. Alf Ramsey claimed that that England team was stronger than the side that had won the World Cup four years earlier, and the selection of the more accomplished Labone ahead of Jack Charlton probably accounted for some of this thinking.

Injury meant Labone played just 26 more games for Everton after Mexico and he finally went to work for his father. When the family business was sold in the 1980s he worked in insurance and latterly in corporate hospitality at his beloved Goodison.

Labone was a gregarious character and could often be found holding court in one of several Liverpool public houses, usually with a former colleague from either side of the Merseyside football divide. He was a relic of an era in which the players still mingled with the fans and always had time for supporters, even those who followed great rivals Liverpool. When ribbed by them about Everton's perennial underachievement, he would always delight in countering that no matter what Liverpool's success 'one Evertonian was worth twenty reds.' When news came through of his death that was the phrase for which the blue half of Merseyside instantly remembered him.

James Corbett

The above article was the original draft for the Guardian Obituary on Brian Labone by Author and Journalist James Corbett. The Guardian saw fit to edit out the Everton references dwelling only on his England career. James who is a regular contributor to Blue Blood has kindly allowed me to reproduce the full unedited version.

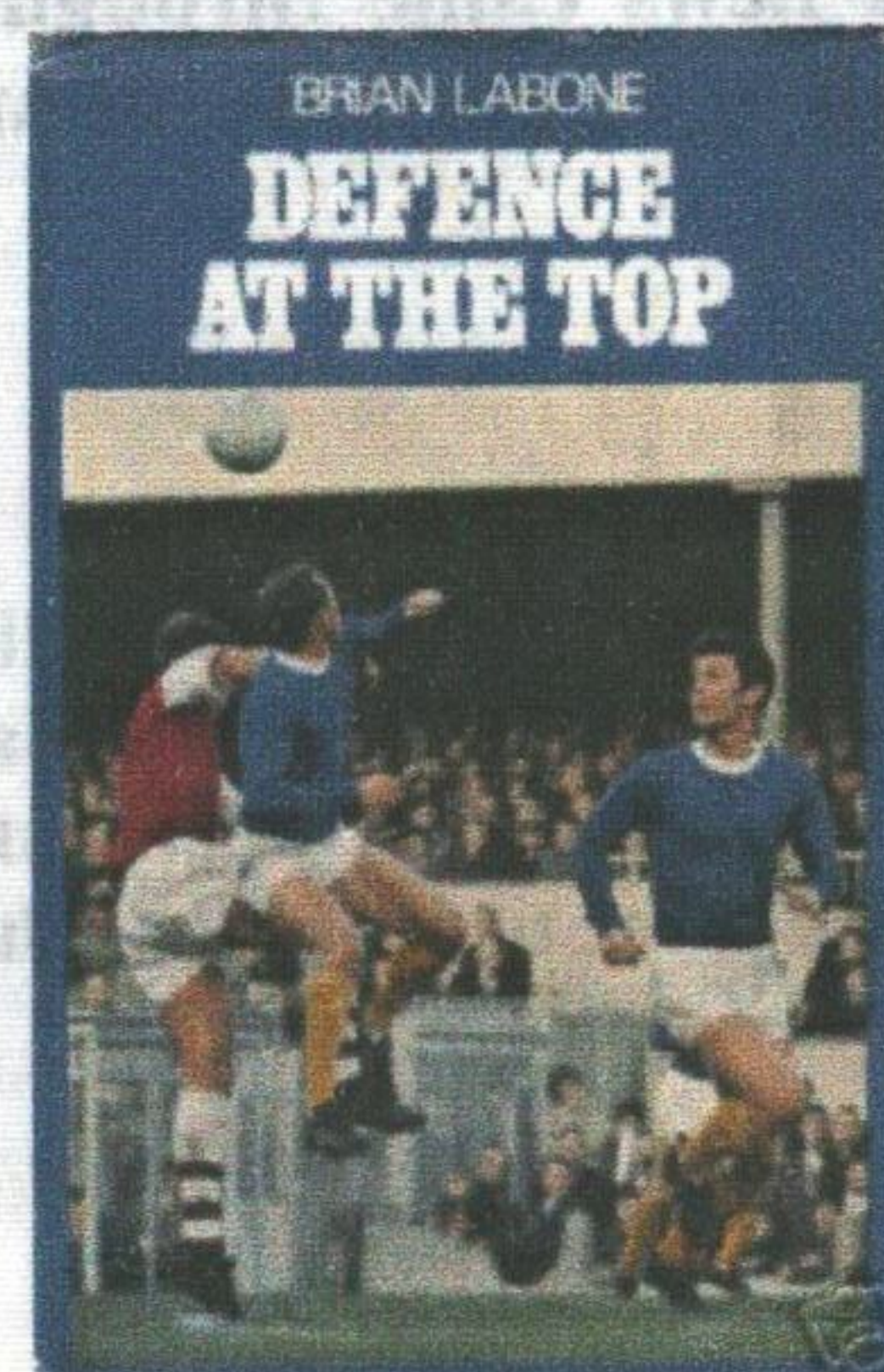
CAPTAIN BRIAN LABONE

(Dedicated To A Gentleman Footballer - The Last Of The Corinthians)

Corinthian they called him, the last of all we're told.
A Centre - half who played the game, in a manner to behold.
Proud to play for Everton, to be the Captain was his dream.
This local lad, achieved all that - and won honours with his Team.
At Wembley back in Sixty - Six. How could anyone forget?
Inspiring all his team - mates. To drain every bead of sweat.
Not much chance at 2 - nil down with half an hour to play.
But Trebilcock and Temple really made 'Our Labby's' day.
Royal Blue Ribbons on the Cup, he held with pride and joy.
It fulfilled his great ambition, he had nurtured since a boy.
A host of International Caps and League Medals he won twice.
No other Club but Everton. His commitment had no price.
Loyalty was his hallmark - he loved passionately the Blues.
Above all he gave everything - but fairly - win or lose.
Became a Legend in his City. Every Scouser knows his name.
Of course he's now a Member of their immortal 'Hall of Fame'
'Nil Satis Nisi Optimum' - his contribution stands alone.
Evertonians will forever - remember Captain Brian Labone.

JOHN McEWAN

John McEwan handed me this great tribute to Brian outside the Winslow and I am more than pleased to print it here. (George Orr)



I heard the news just as I was leaving for work this morning so during the quiet moments, I was remembering the times I spent with Labby then something would happen and I'd forget, then I'd remember all over again and it was still as shocking the 30th time as it was the first (if that makes any kind of sense).

When I started out in television we were based in the Cotton Exchange in Old Hall St. Brian worked over the road for Canada Life. We tracked him down and nervously asked if the great man could possibly grace us with an interview for our fledgling show. He said he would be delighted and he came over that very afternoon. I was so star-struck, I was almost speechless. I discovered then how charming, engaging, witty and kind he was. He came in to our studio as a pretty regular guest after that and was always the same: sunny, funny and one of the finest raconteurs I ever met.

I asked my publisher to put a picture of him on the cover of Talking Blue. I have a photo of him somewhere at the launch party, proudly looking at it. My mum *ahem* asked who he was and when he showed her, she said she thought he should have been a movie star. How chuffed he was he asked after her by name every time we met after that.

Helping out with the Former Players Foundation was when I realised how tirelessly he worked for the good of others. It was never ending, he was at dinners and functions and all kinds of (unreported) presentations every week, and he neither got nor expected anything in return.

A couple of years ago he rang me out of the blue, he told me I had to meet him at 11am in front of the Town Hall in Liverpool. He'd finally tracked down a collection of photos of himself, his wife, Pat and their racehorse, Goodison for my Wives book which was going to press in 2 days, I was weeping with relief and delight. We went for a drink near

Moorfields station to celebrate and I have to say, I didn't get much else done that day. I seem to recall John Bailey turned up at some point - I didn't stand a chance Labby and Westie were the classic double act. Anyone who ever saw them will vouch for that, they were like Hinge and Bracket. Westie was his best man in 1966 and they've been bosom pals ever since. I can't stop thinking how devastated he'll be. It was Westie's birthday yesterday too.

A radio station rang me this afternoon and asked me for a few recollections (I think I got 'dropped' for Ratters, but that's nothing to be ashamed of, I suppose). As I was speaking, I felt the most overwhelming wave of sadness which started at the tips of my toes and surfed up my body and just remembering it now, its happening again.

I don't believe I have ever heard anybody say a bad word about Labby, and that's quite right. He was one of life's true gentlemen and I feel so utterly privileged to have known him.

I'm so sorry he'll never kiss my hand again (he did this with *all* the girls) and I'll never see his lovely, kind handsome face smiling at everyone in the room, but most of all my heart is heavy with the knowledge that I'll never hear one of his fantastic Everton yarns again. As a story teller he was simply brilliant

I miss you already Big Man.

Shine on you crazy diamond xx

Becky Tallentire

A Disgrace To The Name Of English Football

Graham Poll's refereeing display in the Australia V Croatia match was as incompetent as it was predictable

For those of you who missed it, Graham Poll's refereeing display in last night's Australia V Croatia match went something like this. In the first half, he failed to give a blatant penalty after Mark Viduka was wrestled to the ground in the Croatian penalty area, but then (correctly as it turned out) gave one for a handball that only the most eagle eyed could have spotted (and nine times out of ten would have got wrong). Later on in the game he missed a second penalty shout after the same player did exactly the same thing, except more obviously. At this point Graham went a little crazy and started brandishing his cards like confetti. He booked a Croatian player for the second time, but didn't send him off. Then in the final seconds, Mark Viduka scored what should have been the winner, but in the nanosecond it took the ball to pass from Viduka's boot and into the net, Poll had somehow managed to blow for full time. At this point he became embroiled in an argument with the player he'd already booked twice (but hadn't sent off) and booked him a third time (but this time remembered to brandish a Red Card

Any Everton supporter, like myself, who has had to suffer for years at the hands of Graham Poll's incompetent refereeing could have foretold what happened last night. Since 2000 we have had to put up with displays from the Tring official that are as baffling in their logic as they are inconsistent. Every time he steps on the field he seems to have to balance his guiding mantra: jobsworth decisions that reflect modern football's path to being a non-contact sport; and his need to be the centre of the show. Of course, these principles are in conflict with each other, so the end result is a refereeing display that infuriates even further because of its manifest inconsistency. Poll first sprung onto my radar in 2000 when in the last minute of a hotly contested Merseyside derby that was heading for a draw, the Liverpool goalkeeper Sander Westerveld kicked a free kick into the backside of Everton's Don Hutchison. The ball looped up over Westerveld and into the net, but as we celebrated wildly, Poll picked up the ball and trooped off the pitch. He had blown for full time (early as it transpired) while the ball was on its way into the net. In doing so he made himself the centre of attention, which he, as would transpire over the years, seemed to love above all else

After such a pathetic display which so manifestly favoured Liverpool, Poll should never have been allowed to again referee a Merseyside derby, but he has done on several occasions since. Again in this key encounter, last December, we Evertonians saw the worst of him. He disallowed a first half Tim Cahill goal because the ball had allegedly gone out of play, despite the fact that neither he nor his linesman could have possibly seen it do so (and TV cameras proved that the ball stayed in); he then sent off Phil Neville after Momo Sissoko made a comic dive; and in the last seconds, also sent off Mikel Arteta for a second booking, a correct but cretinously over-officious decision that served no purpose but to infuriate Evertonians further. I come from a generation in which British referees – notwithstanding Clive Thomas – were still regarded as amongst the best in the world. Men like Jack Taylor, George Courtney and Keith Cooper represented everything that was good not just about referees, but Englishmen in general: fair play, order and common sense. Now in the Premiership era, referees – and Poll, along with Uriah Renee and Mike Riley represent the worst of this breed – want to steal the show. When key decisions emerge, they produce a card or waggle their fingers like C-list actors playing a pantomime cameo.

Of Poll, I have some personal experience and it only strengthened my preconceptions. Three years ago I was invited to a lunch in honour of Pierluigi Collina and was actually sat in between Poll's father and my publisher (who warned me to be on my best behaviour). As coffee was served and the speeches started, Collina said a few words about his great friend Graham Poll, whereupon the man himself emerges from the audience and grabs the microphone from the bemused Italian. Five minutes and a litany of cringeworthy jokes and anecdotes (largely about himself), told in true David Brent fashion, Collina got the microphone back from Poll and was able to continue. But the notion that Graham loved the limelight increased further.

In *Calcio*, his recently published history of Italian football, the author John Foot describes the main difference between Italian and English football as being the attitude shown towards referees. In Italy, every fan assumes the referee to be corrupt and spends the game trying to figure out how this impacts on the game. In England, by contrast, the referee is held to be basically honest. Foot is both right and wrong and I would advance this argument further. I've never once imagined an English referee to be bent, but the incompetence of men like Poll and Mike Riley has led me to expect every referee to be stupid and this to somehow impact on the outcome of a match.

For me, Graham Poll's worst crime, besides embarrassing English football, is in living up to expectations. Seeing his name listed as an official for what promised to be a tempestuous game between Croatia and Australia seemed to invite trouble. And what he did in 90 minutes was everything he's done to Everton in six or seven years. Personally, I was delighted. For the whole world has now seen what Graham's all about.

James Corbett

James is a contributor to Blue Blood and a Contributing Editor to the Observer Sports Monthly, he is also author of the excellent book *Everton: School Of Science* an essential read for any Evertonian. His latest book *England Expects A History of the England Football Team*. Published by Aurum Press ISBN 1 84513 147 9 is available now in all good book shops. The book is a brilliant 550 page romp through the years of English International Football. The treat for Evertonians lies in the fact that the author is a life long passionate Evertonian and he does not overlook our former players role in the contribution to making England a team to be proud of. Dixie Dean, Tommy Lawton, Brian Labone, Alan Ball etc all get a good mention. Evertonians are well known as not being the most fanatical supporters of the National team but that should not get in the way of reading what is a most enjoyable Football book. The hard back edition is out now priced at £20 but worth every decimal penny.

No A 'POLL' OGY

Some Poll'isms

Take one I have plenty of them

Your name is not déjà vu is it?

Listen I'd know if it was your third card. Do you think I am stupid?

Don't argue or you will get a fourth one.

Don't laugh at me, only English Football fans do that.

I thought you were an Australian Honest!!!

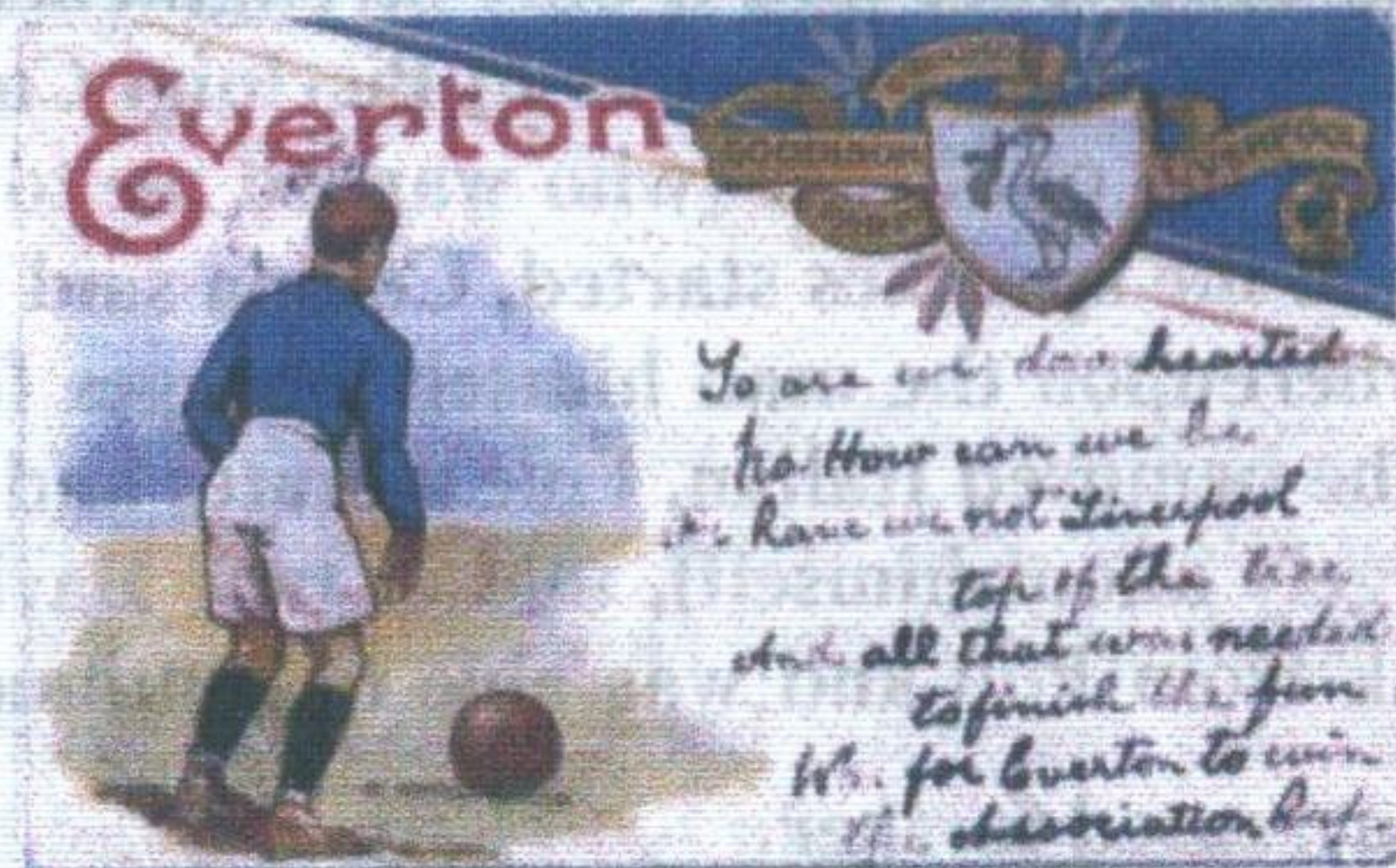
I am the new Collina, the Worlds Best Referee.

Jeff Winter will be as Jealous as Hell over my tan.

I am not biased, I do accept bookings for after dinner speeches.



Letters



E-Mails

Hiya George,

Your fanzine fills a very important gap and brings to younger people and even 'arl arse's like myself previously unknown and unseen items of Everton history.

As good a player and captain Labone was, my lasting memories of him will be from after he hung up his boots, of how approachable and willing to talk about the Blues to anyone and everyone he was and a few years ago after the last game of the season standing outside the Winslow at 11'o'clock drinking and talking with supporters.

Stuff that came out at his funeral like his concerns for Alex Young and Bobby Collins show what a man he was and that we have lost someone who was really special, who will always be remembered with great affection by Evertonians everywhere, best wishes as always.

John Nichols

Blue Blood

Nigel Martyn, what a shame we didn't get him years ago as we should have. Who knows he might have challenged Big Nev for the title of best ever Everton goalie. The time he did spend here showed everybody how much of a professional he was. Always ready to command his area, shout out instructions and dive at incoming feet no matter what the danger.

I hope that he finds something in football, he should be given a job here at Goodison because it is beyond me how Chris Woods can be employed as a goalkeeping coach. I wish him all the best and want to thank him for being a great Evertonian.

Jack Hill

George,

What are you going to moan about now that Moyes has spent some money given to him by our Bill?

You said we were skint and would not be able to compete with any other club? Wrong, Everton are on the up, we are showing the Football World we are a big club and Moyes will lead us into Europe again.

Frank Jones.

Editor.

Well Frank, Moyes only spent the money he should have been given in January and we paid over the odds for Johnson after outbidding the Mighty Wigan and Bolton. Lescott is a risk, yes he is 12 years younger than Weir but he has a terrible injury record as has Pistone, Carsley, Van Der Meyde etc Moyes seems to like buying Crocks in the hope that he can cure them.

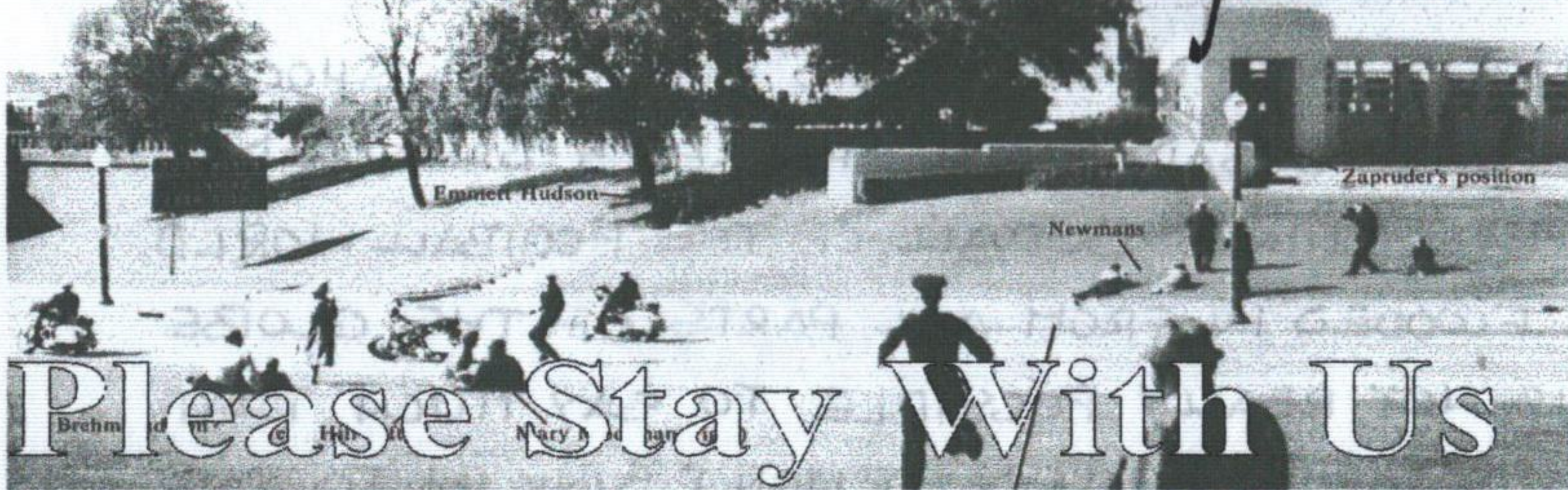
Blue Swayed Views

BRIAN LABONE

AS I WRITE IT IS NOW SIX WEEKS SINCE THE SHOCK NEWS OF LABBY'S SAD DEATH SHOCKED & SADDENED NOT ONLY EVERTONIANS BUT ALL OF THE FOOTBALL WORLD. TRIBUTES FLOODED IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE AND IT IS NOT REALLY POSSIBLE TO SAY MUCH THAT HASN'T ALREADY BEEN SAID. IT WON'T SINK IN TO MOST OF US UNTIL THE SEASON STARTS AGAIN & THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF BRIAN ISN'T THERE. TO BRIAN THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS A STRANGER, ONLY A FRIEND. "HELLO SON, HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S YOUR DOG?" THE GREETING I KNEW SO WELL. BRIAN WAS A PROMINENT FIGURE IN SETTING UP THE FORMER PLAYERS FOUNDATION & IT WAS WHILE HELPING AT QUITE A FEW OF THE EARLY EVENTS, I WAS PRIVILEGED TO GET TO KNOW LABBY & HIS BIG PAL GORDON WEST QUITE WELL. I ALWAYS FELT PROUD & PRIVILEGED TO DROP THEM AT THEIR HOMES, AS I MADE MY WAY HOME. THE FIRST TIME I HAD THAT HONOUR I RANG MY FAMILY, LIKE AN EXCITED CHILD ON ITS BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS. BRIAN AND GORDON LIKE THE TRUE GENTS THEY ARE WERE NEVER SLOW TO EXPRESS THEIR THANKS. ON RETURNING FROM AN OVERNIGHT TRIP ONE GLORIOUSLY SUNNY MAY DAY BRIAN WAS LAST TO BE DROPPED OFF. "COME ON SON, LET'S GO TO THE GROUND" SAID LABBY, ALMOST AS IF IT WOULD BE A CRIME TO BY-PASS HIS BELOVED GOODISON. WE STOPPED AND HAD A DRINK AND TRUE TO FORM BRIAN EXPRESSED HIS THANKS, SHARING A COUPLE OF PINTS AND HE THANKED ME, PROFUSELY FOR MY TIME AND COMPANY. BUT THAT WAS BRIAN & WOULDN'T SURPRISE ANYONE WHO KNEW HIM. BRIAN LABONE WAS A BIG MAN IN THE TRUE MEANING AND HALL OF FAME EVENTS & THE VARIOUS OTHER FUNCTIONS HE WAS SO HAPPY TO ATTEND WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

A hand written tribute from Barry Hewitt

View From The Grassy Knoll



**" We
Can Offer
You A
Deal You
Can't
Refuse "**

The sale of Bellefield and the acquisition of Halewood is back in the news as is a new ground at Switch Island, Kirkby or Liverpool City Centre depending on who you believe.

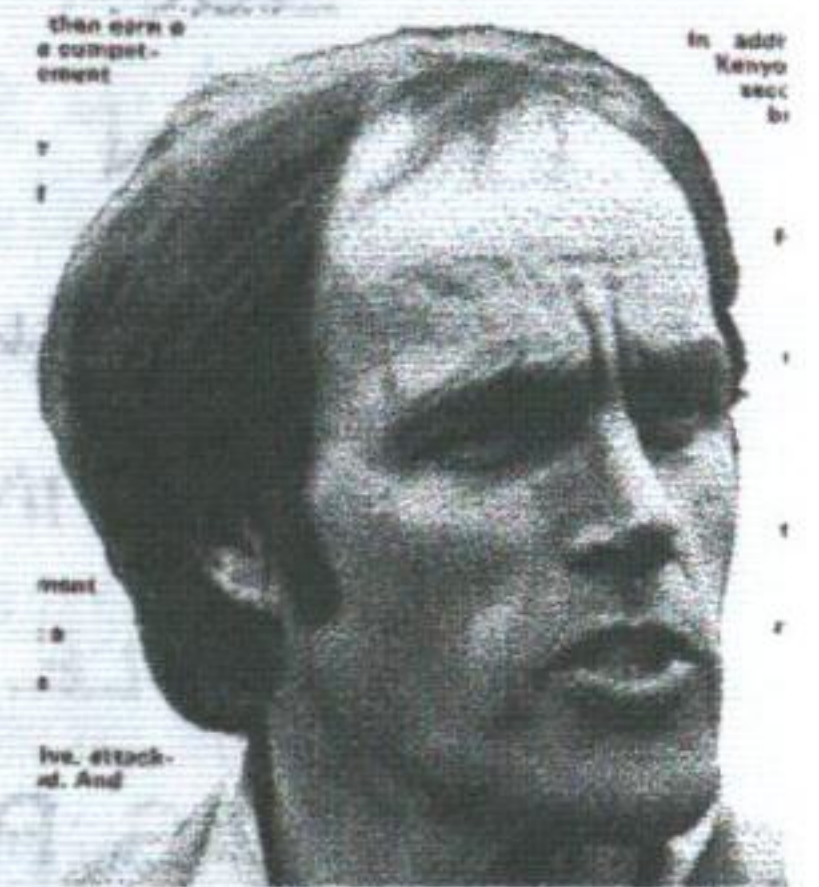
Let's start with Bellefield, the state of the art training facility that was created in the 1960's for Harry Catterick's Everton team. It was left to rot over the years with little investment, decay and neglect are the key words in this article, they cover Goodison Park, Netherton Youth Academy and Bellefield.

Apparently work has started on the new Halewood complex, it will cost £10 million and will be ready for the start of the 2007/2008 season. There will be 10 full sized pitches one will be floodlit and one synthetic plus a specialist training area for fitness work and a place for goalkeepers to throw themselves about. Hydrotherapy pools a spa and a sauna, physiotherapy rooms (one less now that Duncan has gone) a Media Centre (God help us, Everton are going to talk to the press!!!) and video lounges. It will also encompass the youth teams and juniors so all the staff are in contact with one and other. Which is good for the youngsters to rub shoulders with the first team squad and maybe learn how to act professionally.

That all seems fine and it looks like it will happen but the NEW GROUND is another thing. The council at Sefton or to be correct one councillor at Sefton says Everton are not welcome at the Switch Island site Council Leader Tony Robertson, says "It would change the whole character of rural Melling and ruin a beautiful landscape" It's next to the M58 and M57 and Switch Island, where is the beauty there? It would not have anything to do with the Thornton By Pass being planned for the same site would it?

Kirkby have offered Everton a site and all of a sudden Liverpool City Council are up in arms saying we must stay in the City. Pity they turned down our plans for Stanley Park and didn't fall over themselves to help in the Kings Dock Fiasco.

With Liverpool City Council's record of non achievement maybe Kirkby isn't a bad option. A City Council that is more than happy with a Big Top Tent getting put up every year and has been happy to see the Garden Festival site rot and decay since 1984 are maybe not the best people to guide Everton in what will be a £200 million project.



Lee



Harvey



Oswald

Everton Video's and DVD's

Here as promised in an earlier article is what I would consider to be a Fairly comprehensive list of Everton on video/DVD. While I have tried to include any title issued by or on behalf of the club, I have not included matches, even if they are known to be in existence, issued by other clubs. If I have missed any titles, with which anybody could provide any info, or if you want details of any of the listed films please contact me via Blueblood, & i'll be glad to hear from you.

COMPLETE SEASON REVIEWS (18) 1988-89 - 2005-06
 THE VERY BEST OF EVERTON 1986-89
 EVERTON V. SOUTHAMPTON 2002-03
 EVERTON V BAYER MUNICH 1985
 THE PAIN & THE GLORY
 GREAT GAMES / GREAT GOALS 1984-1993
 EVERTON V. WESTHAM 2001
 EVERTON V ARSENAL 2002
 SUPER KEV (KEVIN CAMPBELL)
 GAME OF THE DECADE LIVERPOOL 4-4 1991
 EVERTON V. TOTTENHAM (FAC SF) 1995
 LEEDS V. EVERTON 2002
 BLUE ISSUE (GROUND MOVE ISSUES)
 EVERTON : THE GOLDEN GOALS COLLECTION
 EVERTONS GREATEST F.A. CUP GOALS
 THE PRIDE & THE PASSION : CLASSIC DERBY ACTION
 BLUE MILLENIUM
 JOE ROYLE'S SIX OF THE BEST
 1986/7 CHAMPIONS HIGHLIGHTS
 LIVERPOOL V. EVERTON 1987
 EVERTON V. LIVERPOOL 1980
 EVERTON V. LIVERPOOL (FA CUP 1981)
 GREAVSIES EVERTON MATCHES OF THE 80'S
 EVERTONS STRIKING YEARS
 THIS IS EVERTON (Videomag) Vol One 1-5 Vol Two 1-3
 ALTOGETHER NOW (Videoc single)
 TURNING THE CORNER 1997/98
 HEART & SOUL 1996/97
 24 HRS WITH JOES ARMY Vol 1 & 2
 EVERTON V MAN UTD 1995
 EVERTON V. CELTIC 1995
 EVERTON V. LIVERPOOL 1997
 EVERTON V LIVERPOOL 1994
 EVERTON V. B. MUNICH (+ T.V. Highlights)

Barry Hewitt's comprehensive list continues on page 14

Everton DVDs / Videos continued

GWADYS STREET HALL OF FAME : FIFTH GALA DINNER
BLUE HEAVEN
EVERTON : GREATEST CUP VICTORIES Vol 1 & 2
HEROES + VILLAINS
OFFICIAL HISTORY OF EVERTON 1988
OFFICIAL FA CUP HISTORY OF EVERTON
ROAD TO WEMBLEY 1995
ON THE EDGE (Wimbledon 1994)
FA CUP FINALS 7 : 1966, 1969, 1984, 1985,
1986, 1989, 1995
SHOUD CUP FINAL 1989
GREATEST CUP TIE EVER Liverpool 4-4 (highlights)
THE GREAT ESCAPES (Wimbledon 1994 Coventry 1998)
THREE OF THE BEST 2005 (Liverpool / Man Utd / Newcastle)
BLUE HAT-TRICK 2003 (Arsenal / Leeds / Southampton)
EVERTON v RAPID VIENNA 1995
125 F.A. PREMIER LEAGUE GOALS
GREAT F.A. CUP GOALS
CUP WINNERS CUP (DVD Box set)
F.A. CUP (DVD Box set)
OFF TO A FLYER 2006
EVERTON 2000-01 v. Charlton

Barry Hewitt

Barry can be contacted through Blue Blood. If any reader knows of other official releases or wants to know more about Barry's articles get in touch.

If you want some other aspect of Everton's History printed in Blue Blood please email or write to the address on page 2.

If you feel you have an article that would be of interest to others please send it in.

Derby
Man Utd
Ipswich
Southampton
Arsenal
Chelsea
West Ham
Coventry
Tottenham
Liverpool

The Gordon West Story Continued

Battle For the Title

IN THE SPRING of 1969, Leeds United became the League champions of English football, with a record haul of 67 points, and only two defeats to their name. It was a fantastic performance by Don Revie's boys, who had already lifted the League Cup and the European Fairs Cup. Now they were pacesetters again, and in the European Cup.

Come August, 1969, and Everton embarked upon their quest for the title, after having finished third behind Liverpool and Leeds the previous season. In a normal season, indeed, either Liverpool or Everton could have finished as champions, with the points they had totalled; but Leeds United's haul had made the 1968-69 term anything but ordinary. So we knew from the start of the following season that we had to go some, to finish ahead of them when the honours were being handed out once more.

We started off like a bomb—and so did Liverpool. We both outstripped Leeds, at the start, and it was left to teams like the Wolves and newly-promoted Derby to keep yapping at our heels, as we finished the victors in match after match. We had started with a tough programme, too, so our haul of points was all the more impressive.

We kicked off by playing two successive matches away. While Liverpool were beating Chelsea 3-1 and then Manchester City 3-2 at Anfield, Everton were scoring the Only goal of the game at Highbury, to defeat Arsenal (and we were without Alan Ball for that game) and winning handsomely, 2-0, against Manchester United at Old Trafford.

We followed up with two matches at Goodison against promoted Crystal Palace, who were showing plenty of spirit and fight, and the return against Manchester United. We made slightly hard work of licking Crystal Palace, for we won only by a 2-1 margin, but we were at our brilliant best in giving Manchester United a second beating. They couldn't score a goal, and we got three, to give us a winning double against them.

The next match was in Manchester, against United's great rivals, City. And we fought like demons, had a little bit of luck ... and came away with a 1-1 draw. Our next match was at home, against Sheffield Wednesday, and we won this one 2-1, to give us a great deal of encouragement for the last match in August ... against the champions, Leeds United, at Goodison Park.

This game really was a cracker. Leeds had made a bit of a slow start, but they were gradually reaching their best all round form, and when they tackled us it was clear that there were going to be no charity performances. Leeds knew as well as we did that this game was between two of the keenest contenders for the title in the business; it was a real four-point affair, from the word go.

Leeds had added £165,000 Allan Clarke to their attack, and they had announced to the Soccer world at the start of the season that they intended to shelve many of their defensive strategies, and go for GOALS. They still had the same uncompromising defenders but up front, they had two top strikers now in Clarke and Mick Jones, signed from Sheffield United the previous season for £100,000. And in forwards like Scottish international Eddie Gray, hot-shot Peter Lorimer, and Republic of Ireland international Johnny Giles they had men who could make chances and take them. Lorimer possessed a cracking shot, as did Gray, while Giles used the subtle rapier style to penetrate defences.

It was a game that promised everything and unlike that ill fated F.A. Cup final against West Brom it lived up to all its pre-match ballyhoo. There were thrills, spills, near-misses, some dazzling football and counter play and five goals for the fans to cheer. And the best thing about it all, from Everton's point of view, was that three of those goals went into the Leeds United net.

This meant that by the last day of August we had played seven games including five of the toughest in the fixture list and picked up 13 points out of a possible 14. So we were in the No. 1 spot, at the top of the First Division. Admittedly, we weren't running away with things, for Liverpool had done almost as well as ourselves. They had beaten Chelsea, Manchester City (home and away), Tottenham and Crystal Palace, and drawn against Burnley at home and Crystal Palace away. So they stood only one point behind us in the table.

But such a cracking start had set the season sizzling. All sorts of opinions were being voiced. Some folk were predicting that it would take 70 points maybe more to win the First Division championship this time. Others were saying that it was already a two-horse race between the Big Two of Merseyside, because Leeds at that stage were not right alongside us. Derby and Wolves were keeping up the pressure, though, and could not be under estimated.

Yet 'the boss' counselled caution, all the time and rightly so. We all knew, for instance, that while Leeds hadn't set off at quite the same whirlwind pace as ourselves, they were not losing many games. True, they had lost to Everton but that was about all. Their failure, if it could be rated as such, was that they were drawing more games than they were winning, picking up one point when they might have been expected to collect two points. But we all felt at Goodison that Leeds would still need plenty of watching.

In the first week of September, we travelled to Derby, for yet another four-point game. And we suffered our first reverse of the season, for Derby ran out the winners in a game which produced three goals. In a sense, I didn't feel too badly about losing that match, for when you keep on going and going, winning and winning, you know that, inevitably, there must come a day when you have to lose. And the longer it goes, the greater the tensions, every time you go out to play a match.

Liverpool had pipped Coventry City, by 2-1, at Anfield, while we were going down at Derby, and that put them level on points with us. The next game saw us back at Goodison, and beating West Ham 2-0, while Liverpool had defeated Sunderland 2-0 in a mid-week match at Anfield. Then we went on our travels to Newcastle and to Ipswich, and after winning the mid-week match against the Magpies 2-1, we gave Ipswich a 3-0 hiding at Portman Road, and earned this tribute from their team manager, Bobby Robson: 'I wouldn't like us to meet Everton every week.' Liverpool, meantime, had lost by the only goal of the game at Old Trafford, against Manchester United, and returned to winning form against Stoke at Anfield, where they won 3-1. Liverpool around that time, though, were coming in for the criticism that they were not scoring enough goals and the critics said they should have had half a dozen against Sunderland, for example. But so far as I was concerned, the fewer goals Liverpool scored, the better even one goal in a game was one too many. Liverpool had a narrow escape, though, when they went to West Brom, and finished up with a 2-2 draw. They got their equaliser in the extra time the referee had allowed, and West Brom were a bit put out about this. Still, the result counted, and it was a good job that we had given Southampton a 4-2 trimming at Goodison. By then, it was the end of September, and of the five games we had played that month, we had won four.

This meant that in the first two months of the football season, we had played a dozen games, and taken 21 points out of the 24 possible. A tremendously impressive performance, by any standards even ranged alongside that which Leeds had set, the previous season. Liverpool, despite the critics, were still there they had picked up 19 points, so there still wasn't much in it.

October proved to be another very good month for Everton, because we kicked off with a terrific victory at Wolverhampton, scoring three of the five goals in the game, and then we picked up another point in a no-score, mid-week match at Crystal Palace. Which meant we were back home for two games on the trot, and in these we snuffed out Sunderland 3-1, and hammered Stoke 6-2. The last game of October saw us at Highfield Road, for the full house

duel against Coventry, who had surprised many people with the way they had edged into a spot among the top half-dozen clubs. It was a hard game, a fast game and a mighty close thing, for almost on the stroke of time, the issue was decided by the only goal of the match. Thank goodness, we scored it.

So we had picked up nine points out of 10 in October, to bring our seasonal haul so far to 30 points out of the 34 possible. Yet the race at the top was still close, for Liverpool were keeping in touch, although they were no longer breathing down our necks. They had suffered one or two setbacks—a 1-1 draw at home against Nottingham Forest, followed by a 2-2 draw at Anfield against the Spurs, a 1-0 defeat at Newcastle, a 2-2 draw at Ipswich, and, finally, a 4-1 crushing of Southampton at Anfield. As for Leeds, they were beginning to edge into the picture, for they had lost only that game at Goodison, and were starting to score the goals which win games. Now they were taking two points at a time, instead of merely one.

Liverpool didn't fare so well at the start of November, which enabled us to widen the gap between our Mersey side rivals and ourselves. The Reds were thrashed, 4-0, at Derby, on November 1, and they could only draw against the Wolves at Anfield a week later. They met West Ham at Anfield, though, the following Saturday, and cruised to a 3-1 victory. West Ham, who had played defensively against us at Goodison earlier in the season, made it much more of an open game at Anfield, as their manager, Ron Greenwood, had said they would. The tight, defensive style was foreign to the Hammers, and they deserted it after their trip to Goodison.

Liverpool had also been engaged in the European Fairs Cup, and had gained what at the time seemed a good result in Portugal, for they restricted Vitoria Setubal to only a one goal lead, and they reckoned that they could rub out that lead in the Anfield return. But before the European encounter at Anfield, there was a visit to Elland Road for Liverpool and they gained an impressive 1-1 draw there, which gave them new heart for the title chase.

In the meantime, Everton had slipped a little but not much from their high perch. We had just beaten Nottingham Forest at Goodison, by the only goal of the game then we ran into our second defeat of the season, away to West Brom, who scored two goals against us, without reply. After that, we went to Chelsea and fought splendidly for a 1-1 draw, and defeated Burnley 2-1 in the next game at Goodison.

November 29 was a vital day for Liverpool and Everton. We were in London, to play Tottenham, Liverpool entertained Arsenal. At the end of the day, we hadn't won, and Liverpool had lost, by the only goal of the game. But we were quite happy because we hadn't even played.

We travelled down to London on the Friday, and set off by coach from our hotel in good time to get to White Hart Lane for the game on the Saturday. But we ran into a sudden snow blizzard, and by the time we got to Tottenham's ground, the game had been called off. The referee and his linesmen had inspected and tested the pitch, and decided it wasn't fit for football. So we smartly about turned, and caught an early train for home. The news that Liverpool had lost to Arsenal didn't depress us, either, and it gave us a boost for the vital next match at Goodison. For it was against ... Liverpool.

Let me set the scene for you. At one time, we had been eight points clear of everyone else, at the top of the First Division. By the time we met Liverpool, and bearing in mind that we did have a game in hand on both the Reds and Leeds, we had 35 points, Leeds had 32, and Liverpool had 28. It seemed as if Liverpool's interest in the title race would be diminished, if we won the derby match at Goodison; and we could edge five points clear of Leeds, if they lost at home to Wolves.

Well, you must have read what it's like, in a Merseyside derby. And everything they say about this game is true. You are reminded about it for at least a week beforehand; by

the newspapers, by radio, by television and by the people whom you see every day of the week. It's little wonder that the tensions start to creep in, as the hours pass away to the day of the game itself. This derby was the 101st between the two clubs. We had won 41, Liverpool had won 31. And we were the big form favourites to make it 42 victories.

Colin Harvey had been ruled out of our team, by an eye infection which was proving a bit of a mystery. We had right-winger Jimmy Husband missing, as well, through a hamstring injury.

But Liverpool, too, had suffered a big blow when their powerhouse wing half, Tommy Smith, was found to have badly injured a knee during the second leg of the European Fairs Cup match against Setubal a game in which, incidentally, the Reds virtually gave away two more goals to the opposition, fought back to win that encounter 3-2, and yet found themselves out of Europe because Setubal's away goals counted double, as the scores were level on aggregate.

Now Liverpool came to Goodison cloaked in gloom which had been spread around for a week by the critics. They couldn't score goals not enough, anyway they were without Tommy Smith, they were the under dogs, and they were in for a hard time of it. The one thing in Liverpool's favour, it appeared, was their fighting spirit and, believe me, after the way they had stormed back against Setubal, no one at Everton under-estimated this asset.

Two or three nights before the derby, our manager, Harry Catterick, gave an extremely frank and detailed television interview in which he assessed every one of the first team players at Everton. It made good television, and it made sense. 'The boss' rightly talked about the talent his team possessed; but he also didn't hide the fact that there were improvements which could be made, in one or two aspects of our play. And he stressed that we were always working on these aspects.

My name cropped up, of course, and 'the boss' mentioned that I was always trying to improve my handling of crossed balls; that sometimes I could be faulted in this direction. Perfectly true, and a valid point to make. But after the derby game, I wished I hadn't had such a reminder of it!

Liverpool fought from the start. They put Ian Ross to shadow Alan Ball, as he had shadowed Jose Maria, of Vitoria Setubal. And Ross played a valiant part in Liverpool's tactics, for the Reds contained us effectively for the first half-hour, and then began to come more into the game as an attacking force themselves. They had three men up front—Ian Callaghan, Bobby Graham and Peter Thompson. Graham wore the No. six shirt, which usually belonged to Thompson; and Peter was in Bobby's usual No. 9 jersey. This switch didn't really fool us, but the fact remains that we made hard work of moving the ball forward and finding our own men with accurate passes.

Just before half-time, though, we got a chance to go ahead. It wasn't easy, but the ball was crossed from the right, and Johnny Morrissey came racing in at top speed, aiming to stab the ball past Tommy Lawrence. Johnny only just failed to connect, and so we didn't score that first, vital goal. And a couple of minutes or so after the interval, we found ourselves a goal down.

Ian Callaghan, who had put in a terrific amount of work for Liverpool, took the ball down the right, got round Sandy Brown, and crossed the ball. I started to move out of goal, was caught in two minds, and so I didn't cut out the cross, which was going for the far post. I did get up for the ball with Emlyn Hughes, but the big fella somehow managed to wriggle and twist his head so that he was able to nod the ball backwards, towards the goal and into the net it went. Five minutes later, tragedy struck Everton again. This time Hughes nodded on a pass from Graham to Thompson, and the speedy winger hared down and crossed the ball. Again, I didn't get out far enough to pluck the ball to safety, although, had it been allowed to run, it would have sailed past the goal and out of play.

But, as it happened, Sandy Brown had seen Bobby Graham come boring in, and our left-back was too concerned about the possible threat from this direction to do nothing at all about it. Sandy tried to head the ball for a corner and succeeded only in ramming it, bullet like, into his own net. Sandy himself finished up in the back of the net, on hands and knees, and his face was the picture of misery.

So Liverpool were two goals up in the game most people thought they couldn't win; and when Bobby Graham latched on to the ball in midfield, he set off on a run which could be stopped only by John Hurst. John got in a tackle, but his opponent managed to ride it, although he part stumbled. Graham recovered, as John went down, totally committed, and took the ball towards goal. Now it was Graham versus West. I came out, trying to narrow the angle and, as cool as you like, the Scot took the ball round me and slid it into the net through the small gap which I had left him.

That was it; the end. Liverpool remained in poised control of the game, and to add to our woes, Alan Ball received his third booking of the season, which meant he was automatically up before the disciplinary committee. Emlyn Hughes, too, received his third booking of the season, so he was another candidate for disciplinary action. By the evening, the League tables showed that we still had the game in hand but Leeds, 3-1 winners against the Wolves, were only one point behind us. As for Liverpool, they had come bang into the reckoning, for the gap between themselves and Everton had been reduced to five points. A tough task for them to clip it even further; but not hopeless.

You don't get any peace, when you've lost a derby game the fans of the opposing team see to that. For the whole of the following week, you are reminded that your team finished up as losers and, in this instance, Liverpool had plenty to be proud about, for they had beaten the form book, as well as Everton. They say a little confession is good for the soul, and I confess that I felt badly about that defeat, for I had failed to cut out two crosses which had produced goals; and if I'd taken them both safely who knows what might have happened?

However, crying over lost games doesn't help, as I came to realise some time ago, and the all important thing was to erase the memory of that derby defeat from my mind and concentrate on keeping West Ham out, in our next game, which was at Upton Park. I am happy to say that we succeeded, and young Alan Whittle, still playing in place of the injured Jimmy Husband, scored a great goal to give us both points. I was happy, too, when I read that I had played well and made some fine saves. I felt that I had atoned for any lapses in the derby match.

While we were winning at West Ham, Leeds had been trimming Sheffield Wednesday 2-1 at Elland Road; but poor old Liverpool had come unstuck at Anfield, against Manchester United a team which, like themselves, was fighting to achieve more consistency. United turned on a dazzling display, I'm told, and Charlton was at his brilliant best. Liverpool got a goal but United got four. So, once more, the gap had opened between ourselves and the Reds. We had 37 points, they were still on 30 and we had that Tottenham game in hand. Leeds, however, were still only one point behind us and the night we were due to play Tottenham, December 17th they tackled West Ham at Elland Road. The next morning, Leeds had taken over at the top of the First Division.

But the manner of their taking over was not quite as anyone had foreseen. There were nine different permutations of what could happen, on the Wednesday night when we met Tottenham and Leeds played West Ham. Nine possible permutations and yet there was a 10th which no one had foreseen. Because our game at Tottenham failed to come to a conclusion yet again the lights failed, after we had been playing for 30 minutes. At that time, there was no score.

The fans waited, the referee waited, in the hope that the power would be restored and that we could finish the game. More than anyone else, the Everton manager and players

waited and hoped we could resume the battle. Because this was the second time we had travelled to Tottenham; we had got almost half way through the game; and we didn't want to have to start all over again. Obviously, another postponement could create fixture problems, with the F.A. Cup looming ahead; then there was the possible suspension of Alan Ball; and the fact that we might lose five players to international calls, later in the season, which would be really tough, if we had to wait to play the Tottenham game right at the tail end.

It must have seemed a remarkable way to make a debut for Keith Newton, the England international full back who had been transferred from Blackburn Rovers to Everton only a couple of days earlier. Keith's registration had been rushed to League headquarters at Lytham St. Annes, so that he could play for Everton in this vital match after all, we were without Tommy Wright, Colin Harvey, Jimmy Husband and Johnny Morrissey and here he was, walking off the field after 30 minutes. At any rate, the game was never restarted, and so that was that. We learned that Leeds had given West Ham a 4-1 thrashing that was the Hammers' third successive defeat and gone to the top by a point.

However, we were soon back at the top of the table, with successive 1-0 victories at Goodison over Derby County and Manchester City. Derby played a tight defensive game, and only the brilliance of their 'keeper, Les Green, stopped us scoring early on. He even saved a penalty from Joe Royle the big fella's first spot kick failure of the season. But even Green couldn't stop one shot from Alan Ball, who squeezed his way between a bunch of Derby defenders to slot the ball home through a narrow opening.

Christmas Day saw Everton still three points clear of Leeds, and we had a day off on Boxing Day, while they went to Newcastle. It was a hard game for Leeds, and an unhappy one, for they were trailing 2-0 at half-time and though they managed to pull a goal back in the second half, they couldn't snatch even a point. So that meant we went to Elland Road for the game on the Saturday with our tails really up. We were still three points ahead an unexpected bonus and had a game in hand of Leeds.

Yet Don Revie made a valid point, before the Newcastle game, when he said that Leeds United's match against Everton at Elland Road wasn't THE game of the season. He meant, of course, that while it was important to both sides, it didn't necessarily tie up the championship for one team or the other, whatever the result. And he was right. His view was that the next 15 games or so were equally important that consistency over the rest of the season would settle the title fight. Well, Leeds had been consistent they had lost only two League games out of 26, scored 52 goals against 23. But so had Everton we had lost three games, out of the 25 we had played, scored 46 goals against 22.

The stage was set for a real thriller at Leeds and, after that Boxing Day defeat at Newcastle, the big question was: could Leeds shrug off this failure, and come back to winning form? United answered that question soon enough, and in style. For their £100,000 centre-forward, Mick Jones, pumped two goals past me. It was the game at Newcastle in reverse. Now it was Leeds who went in two goals ahead, at half-time, and Everton who had to do the chasing and the grafting, to try to bridge the gap and pull back at least a point.

It started out as a crunching, hard tackling match, with no favours asked or given. The issues were vital for both teams, and each player knew that there could be no holding back, when it was a 50-50 ball. Consequently, the tackles were hard, and sometimes scything. Physical contact was very much in evidence, and once or twice it seemed as if the game must erupt. The first Leeds goal came after quarter of an hour, when Billy Bremner whipped the ball across our penalty area, for Peter Lorimer to collect the pass and go inside our left-back, Keith Newton. Lorimer nodded the ball down to Jones, who didn't hesitate to shoot.

I managed to get my hands to the shot, which had come from close range, but I couldn't hold the ball, and as I challenged again, frantically trying to gain possession, the ball

spun away from me and Jones managed to back-heel it over the line. Within the half-hour, Jones had scored again this time he beat John Hurst in the air, and brilliantly headed the ball home, just inside the post. After an hour, we gained new heart, when Alan Whittle who had scored the winners at West Ham and at Goodison, against Manchester City notched his third goal in successive games. But we couldn't break down the Leeds defensive barrier again, until almost the last move of the game. Then Johnny Morrissey flighted a shot at goal, and the ball beat Sprake all the way only to strike the inside of an upright, and come out.

It was desperately hard luck, and we were terribly disappointed, for that effort, three minutes from time, would have given us a point which, we felt, we had earned. And it would have put us three points to the good, with that game still in hand. As it was, we returned home across the Pennines with the knowledge, that only one point kept us ahead of Leeds United. They had shrugged off the Newcastle defeat, and come back to keep up the pressure on Everton.

We now stood on the 41 point mark, and had 16 games to go against Ipswich, Wolves, Arsenal, Coventry, Tottenham, West Brom and Newcastle at Goodison, and against Southampton, Sunderland, Nottingham Forest, Burnley, Liverpool, Stoke City, Sheffield Wednesday and Tottenham away. Leeds had one game fewer left, and nine of their 15 remaining matches were away. They had to meet Coventry, West Brom, Crystal Palace, Manchester City, Southampton and Burnley at Elland Road, and Chelsea, Stoke City, Tottenham, Ipswich, Liverpool, Wolves, Derby County, West Ham and Manchester United away.

On paper, it looked a tougher proposition for Leeds than for Everton but both teams were also glancing over their shoulders at Chelsea, who had trimmed Manchester United at Old Trafford, and stormed through their Christmas games to take four points out of four which meant that they had edged Liverpool out of third place in the table. But Chelsea were still six points adrift of Leeds, and seven behind us, although they did have a match in hand on Leeds. However, barring unforeseen disasters, it still looked as if it would be a two-horse race for the title, from the New Year onwards. And so it proved.

Champs

ANYBODY WHO SAYS that Leeds United handed the championship of the First Division to Everton on a plate is talking rubbish. I say so; my team-mates say so; our manager, Harry Catterick, says so. And every fair-minded football fan says so, as well. For Everton proved their right to the title, in no uncertain manner.

We started the season in a blaze of glory, by taking 13 points out of the first 14. We finished up the season on an even higher note, by taking 17 points out of the last 18. Does that sound as if ANYONE gave us ANYTHING? In between these purple patches, we overcame the handicaps of losing Colin Harvey for a lengthy spell, through a mystery eye infection; being without Alan Ball, through suspension, for five weeks; having to wind up the season without skipper Brian Labone; and shrugging aside the sniping of the sceptics, who suggested, when we were going through a mediocre spell, that we would lose our nerve.

We DIDN'T lose our nerve, though; we conquered the butterflies AND polished off the opposition at a pace which left Soccer gasping. The crunch came and we didn't crumble. Even if Leeds hadn't lost two matches over the Easter period, we would still have sewn up the title, by our own efforts.

Everyone in our side, almost, has his individual memories of goals which counted; goals which assumed special significance. Joe Royle scored the lone-goal winner at Coventry, with the dying seconds of the game ticking away; Alan Ball scored a lone-goal winner against Derby County at Goodison, when it looked as if the game would

The Gordon West Story

end in stalemate; full-back Tommy Wright scored a goal which won a game; and Alan Whittle scored goals which meant several points for Everton.

Everyone pointed to our magnificent run of victories which began at Turf Moor on Saturday, March 7, as the title-clinching effort. And I agree that eight victories in succession were more than enough to see us home and dry, in a fantastic finale to the season. But my memory is of a game which left us all feeling rather despondent, all feeling that the championship might be slipping from our grasp.

It happened when we played at Nottingham Forest, and we were still trying to snap out of our indifferent spell. We drew, 1-1 and in the view of most people (ourselves included, if we're being honest) that wasn't quite enough. We had desperately needed the tonic of a victory, and the bonus of two points, to edge us nearer the title with a somewhat more positive step.

In the dressing-room after the Forest game, the lads were a bit quiet. Manager Harry Catterick, I could sense, was wishing that we had been able to nail down two points, although we weren't turning up our noses at the one point we had got. And I was feeling like everyone else that we had done all right, but not quite well enough. Then 'the boss' turned to me and said: 'Great save you made, son, in those last few minutes.'

Suddenly, I wondered what the heck we were all being so miserable about because it dawned on me then that we could so easily have been returning to Goodison empty handed. It had happened this way Forest won a corner, and the ball came over towards our goal. Their full-back, Peter Hindley, had come up, and he sent in a bullet-like header which had 'goal' written all over it, as the ball flew towards the top corner of the net. How I got there I'll never know it was purely a reflex action, but suddenly I found myself flinging my body across goal, and I got my hands to the ball and flicked it over the bar for another corner. This time, the ball was cleared and then the referee blew his whistle for time.

So if we hadn't scored a victory, we had averted a defeat just when defeat would have sent our hopes and our chances nose diving. And the very next game we went to Turf Moor and despite having to risk life and limb on a snow-capped, slippery pitch we pulled off a 2-1 win.

Right through our bad spell, we had kept in touch with Leeds United, and hung on grimly, so the fight was still liable to go anyone's way. We went to Tottenham, and at the third time of asking managed to complete a game which had been postponed once, through the weather, and halted the second time, through floodlight failure. It was third time lucky, as Alan Whittle slotted home the goal that won the points.

Tottenham came to Goodison three days later, and we managed to get the better of them again, in a five-goal thriller; and then came another major obstacle Liverpool at Anfield. Yes, the team which had licked us in December on our own midden was now challenging us to reverse the result, in front of the Kop. We went and we played like champions. We won, 2-0.

So we were over another hurdle, and edging our way towards the championship but now it was Leeds doing the chasing, and we knew we couldn't afford any mistakes, because they could still overtake us. The title was in our hands; all we had to do was to make sure that we won EVERY game, right to the end of the season. And with four successive victories behind us, and five more matches to play, that surely was a tall order. Especially as we came face to face with Chelsea, immediately after the Anfield match against Liverpool.

This, said the critics, could be the one in which we would crack. Chelsea, already secure in the knowledge that they had reached the final of the F.A. Cup at Wembley, were third in the table, behind Leeds and ourselves and their manager, Dave Sexton,

The Gordon West Story

gave warning that he thought his side could overhaul both the teams above them! We anticipated a battle royal at Goodison and what did we get?

Howard Kendall scored for us inside 30 seconds and we had our tails right up. Four more goals came before half-time all of them pumped into the Chelsea net. They scored twice after the interval, but it was too little, too late and then we learned that Leeds had lost, in a shattering defeat at Elland Road, against lowly Southampton. That really made our day although I wouldn't wish what happened to Leeds on any team, really. For they scored two own goals, and gave away a penalty, to lose 3-1.

All at once, there was a chink of light between Everton and Leeds at the top. The race had been so close, so tight all through the season that it had seemed certain it would take the final game to settle the issue and even then, it could all depend on goal average. But now we were edging clear. And when Derby beat Leeds on the Easter Monday, as we were winning at Stoke, that brought matters to a head. Suddenly, the title race had snowballed our way. We needed just two points from West Brom at Goodison the following Wednesday, in our final home game of the season, to walk off the field as the League champions of season 1969-70. And we got those points, with two goals which sank West Brom and saw us take the title for the second time in seven years.

Now we were bracing ourselves for two more efforts at Sheffield Wednesday and at Roker Park. Bracing ourselves, also, to equal Leeds United's record haul of 67 points, when they had won the title the previous season. And, in the process, trying to take our haul of victories to 30 for the season. We went to Hillsborough, and took on Sheffield Wednesday, who were staring relegation in the face. Four minutes from time, Johnny Morrissey cracked home a goal, and we had won 29 matches, collected 65 points and pushed poor Wednesday a step closer to the Second Division.

The last game, at Sunderland, was one of luck and bad luck for both teams, Sunderland played with fire and determination, Everton stayed faithful to their controlled football. Both sides had lucky escapes, and the score was 0-0, when the game ended. A vital point for Sunderland, who needed to beat Liverpool at Roker in their final match, to ensure that they didn't drop into Division a point that gave us a total of 66 one short of the Leeds record. So Everton were back in Europe which was almost where I had come in. For soon after I joined them, they won the title, and tried conclusions in the European Cup. Then, they came up against Inter-Milan, king-pins of European football at that time and Everton went out at the first time of asking. A scoreless draw at Goodison, a 1-0 defeat in the vast area called the San Siro stadium

When we had won the F.A. Cup, our European ambitions hadn't lasted long, either, as we went down to Real Zaragoza in Spain, and found the deficit too great to pull back, in the Goodison return. But I am sure of one thing: the team which won the title in season 1969-70 is going to take far more stopping than the teams which tried conclusions with the giants of Europe before. The last time we won the title, we were beating First Division opponents by four and five goals; this time, the opposition was much harder, all the way through a sure sign of how English football has come along, even since the 1966 World Cup. Now we have teams which can take on and beat most of the crack sides in Europe and I truly believe Everton will go on to collect honours on the European circuit. We have gained experience, and while we are still young, we have hardened and matured we have become used to disappointment, as Leeds had to become used to them, before they collected the League Cup, the Fairs Cup, and the League title. And I believe that we can take over the mantle of greatness from Leeds, over the next two or three seasons. Like them, we have tried and failed; like them, we have achieved final success. And, like them, we shall go only one way on and on, until we reach the pinnacle.

(This is the end of the Gordon West Story in the next issue Alex Young 'Goals At Goodison')



David Moyes has been out shopping but has he spent wisely? Tim Howard cost nothing and on the face of it is worth the risk of a one year contract with only his wages coming out of the kitty. Johnson on the other hand has cost a fortune, some would say too much but if he bangs the goals in there will be little complaint. However we thought that when we bought Beattie we were getting a good buy, it has yet to be proved so. Lescott, a fairly unknown quantity , a terrible injury record and every Evertonian will watch every tackle with baited breath. Moyes has had mixed success in the transfer market, Cahill was a Diamond, Davies is a Nugget but more of the Chicken variety than Gold.

I think Johnson will gel with Beattie and we could be in for a great shoot on sight team next season. Yobo & Lescott another fine combination.

Mack The Knife



Curly, Larry And Moe ?

After the excitement of the 'Derby' Cup win it was back to the basics of League Football and little Bury away on the 11th February 1911. Walter Scott returned in goal replacing his namesake, 6,000 watched a poor 0-0 game. Back to Goodison for the visit of Sheffield United 15,000 attend a hard fought game, William Scott is back in goal, Borthwick gets a game at centre half, Everton make hard work of it and win by one goal scored by Alex Sandy Young. The F. A. Cup and another Derby, no the other lot have not been allowed back in, it is the real Derby, Derby County away. Second Division Derby should hold no threat to the mighty Everton, 22,892 Midlanders come along hoping they will not see a landslide victory. That is exactly what happened but it was not Derby who got slaughtered it was the First Division's elite Club Everton. Derby hammered the Toffees 5-0, the football world was stunned Everton had no excuses they fielded a strong team. Billy Scott is replaced in goal for the next game, Sunderland at home. 16,000 Evertonians keep the Faith and cheer on the Blues. It is a fine game with four goals but they were shared between both teams, the two Everton goal scorers were Magner and Robert Young. The swap & change role between the two Scott's in goal continued Billy Scott is back for the game at Woolwich Arsenal. Bertie Freeman is back in the side after missing the last 17 games, it didn't help, Everton lost 1-0 in front of 10,000 Cockneys

Bradford City at home, a team playing really well and in form. 10,000 Evertonians hoped that their team would come back to form, Tom Fleetwood makes his Everton debut at inside right, a local lad from Toxteth, he was a versatile midfield player, Tom was to go on to be a loyal servant of Everton Football Club, the game was a poor one, and fizzled out remaining at 0-0.

Aston Villa away 11,000 watch, Louis Weller makes a reappearance for Everton after leaving the Club to play for Chesterfield. Villa are the Champions and another in-form team they are not going to be easily beaten, Lacey finds the net for Everton but Villa get two to gain the points.

Blackburn away the attendance is not known but few Evertonians would have wanted to be there especially the way their team had been performing. Everton field a strange line up Weller plays at Centre Half, Thomas Gracie Makes his debut at Centre forward in place of Alex Young, George Beare grabs the winner for Everton, it's a vital win, Everton need to keep the challenge for the League up, with six games to go the League could still be ours, Frank Jefferies made his debut.

Another away game this time Manchester City, they are struggling and if Everton play well there is no reason why they can not take both points. Playing well or not there is still a good crowd of 25,000 watching, Fleetwood replaces Freeman, the only change to the Everton line up, Frank Jefferies retains his place at inside left. Jefferies scores in his second game but once against its not enough, City get two goals to take both points, Nottingham Forest at home 20,000 watch, Robert Young

The good, the bad and the downright ugly of Big Dunc

Nicky Campbell
Friday May 19, 2006
The Guardian

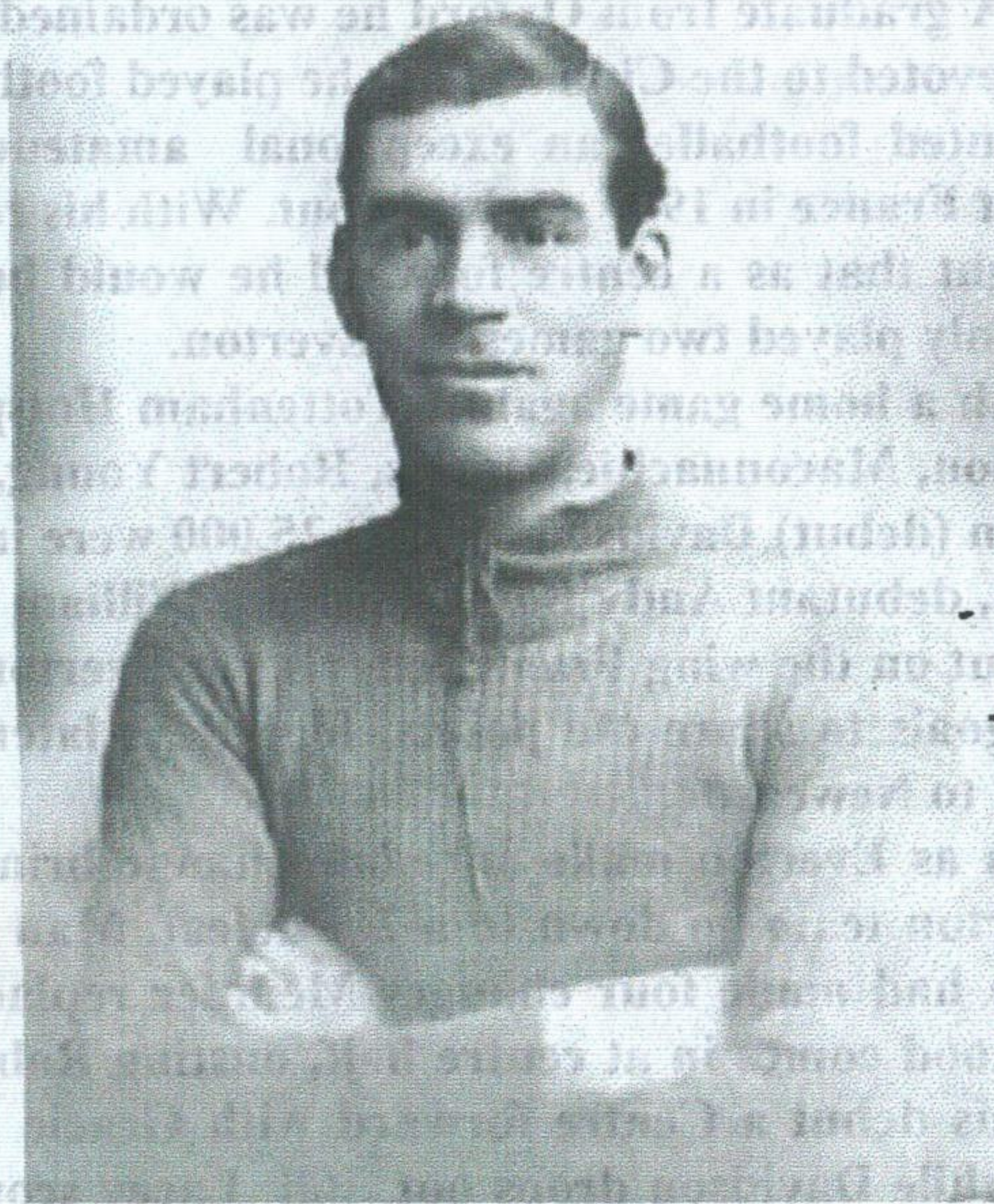
It is 20 years from now and Theo Walcott has called time on a wonderful career for club and country. A gangly big guy in his mid-50s winces with sciatica and glances at the headlines in the papers he is using to muck out his precious pigeons. "Hero Theo Waves Goodbye". Does he feel indifferent or does his heart ache for what might have been? Icon, hooligan, man of principle, shameless mercenary, tender bird lover, vicious thug, generous team-mate, waste of space - take your pick. Image wise some liken him to Lee Bowyer but without the charm, while to others he is an Everton legend. Duncan Ferguson doesn't speak to the "scum gutter press" so we are left to surmise from prejudices and infer from facts. Here are some. He has played his last game of professional football. Never again will he be out with injury and/or suspension. There will be no more fines to add to the quarter of a million pounds paid to Everton over the years and no more opportunities to reach double figures in a season. He managed that once, at Dundee United.

I was thrilled when he leapt on to the scene in the early 1990s because I thought a great striker had come our way at last. Then the flaws emerged as he manifested the hair-trigger temper that was his undoing. He seemed a man on the edge, like Joe Pesci in Goodfellas, "You think I'm a funny guy?" He has attacked policemen, postmen, fishermen and a journeyman - when he head-butted Raith Rovers' John McStay on the field. The Scottish Football Association refused to let his match ban run concurrently with the prison sentence and Ferguson turned his dodgy back on the national team. But when you pull on that jersey you are not doing it for the benefit of some pissant panjandrum who may or may not have it in for you. You are doing it for kids with dreams. Howard Kendall said: "We'll never know what he went through on that one" but a former international who played in the dark blue with Ferguson is contemptuous. "What're you writing about him for? Lining up in front of the anthem was the ultimate for me. Not for that imbecile." The estimable Craig Brown is more forgiving. "I like Duncan. He is a popular guy. A generous guy who will invite all the guys to play snooker in his house and buy all the drinks." He paused and added, "He is like Gascoigne maybe - too generous for his own good."

A former Everton team-mate, a model pro, took another view. "You wouldn't want to sit down and chat to him - put it that way. He is a lucky, lucky guy who got some big moves - a man who made an awful lot of money. He didn't like training, wouldn't prepare his body properly, didn't love football and just wasn't dedicated to it. He probably doesn't watch football." This player is scathing about the transfer to Newcastle. "[Ruud] Gullit must've done that deal in one of those Amsterdam coffee shops." Brown is interesting on Ferguson's football ability. "He had terrific touch and aerial ability and superb game awareness. A real strength was peeling off round the back and finding himself unmarked." But he acknowledges Duncan was no natural goalscorer. "With Scotland he was supposed to be the cure to all our striking problems. In all the games he did play not only did he not score, we didn't score."

His former Goodison colleague is uncompromising. "He was a static footballer. He was good in the air and people say he was tough to play against but, if defences push out, you can't score a header from 20 yards. Not my cup of tea." Kendall thought differently. "Duncan was awesome in the air. I remember a goal at Arsenal when he just rose above Adams. Awesome. Without the suspensions, without the injuries - that's how it could have been." And that is the nub of it. But why should millionaire Duncan Ferguson have any regret whatsoever in years to come as he caresses his champion pigeons? That requires a self-doubt he enviably lacks. Lucky, lucky guy.

Another fine look at our 'Great' former player, I am glad that he has gone, maybe now Everton can get back to playing Football with some thought instead of hoofing it up to a tired Non Goal-scoring Legend. George Orr



Billy Scott

William Scott was a fine goalkeeper for Everton he played in 289 games. Born in Belfast in 1883, he stayed eight years at Goodison Park, he recommended his younger brother Elisha to Liverpool and he went on to become one of their all time great players and a great friend of Dixie Dean.

Tom 'Boy' Browell, one of three brothers from Northumberland, signed from Hull a centre forward, Andy Burton from Bristol City an inside or outside right, Walter Holbem a full back signed from Sheffield Wednesday. Joe Smith a forward born in Co Durham better known as Stanley after the name of the town where he was born, there were too many other J. Smiths in football. A fast right winger or nippy inside forward. Harold Uren was brought to Goodison in a Swap deal with Liverpool, Everton gave them Bill Lacey and Tom Gracie, Uren was a winger whom Everton had great hopes for.

William Jordan a centre forward from West Brom 26 years old, not your usual run of the mill footballer. A graduate from Oxford he was ordained as a curate in 1907, most of his time was devoted to the Church and he played football when and where he could, A very talented footballer an exceptional amateur International who scored six goals against France in 1907 on his debut. With his religious background you would have thought that as a centre forward he would be used to "Crosses" but unfortunately he only played two games for Everton.

The season started with a home game against Tottenham Hotspur, the line up was William Scott, Stevenson, Maconnachie, Harris, Robert Young, Makepeace, Beare, Jefferis, Gracie, Burton (debut) Davidson (debut) 25,000 were inside Goodison hoping for a winning start, debutant Andy Burton scored, William Davidson also making his debut helped out on the wing Frank Jefferis got Everton's second but Tottenham also got two goals to share the points, four days later on September 6th 1911 Everton travelled to Newcastle.

20,000 Geordies watch as Everton make only one change bringing in Holbem for his debut but the Everton team go down to a 2-0 defeat. Man Utd away another 20,000 crowd, Everton had made four changes Meunier replaces Maconnachie at left back. Tom Fleetwood comes in at centre half, ousting Robert Young, William Jordan comes in for his debut a Centre forward with Gracie making way. Lacey goes on the left wing while Davidson drops out. Bill Lacey scores but Man United get two it's Everton's second defeat and only one point from three games.

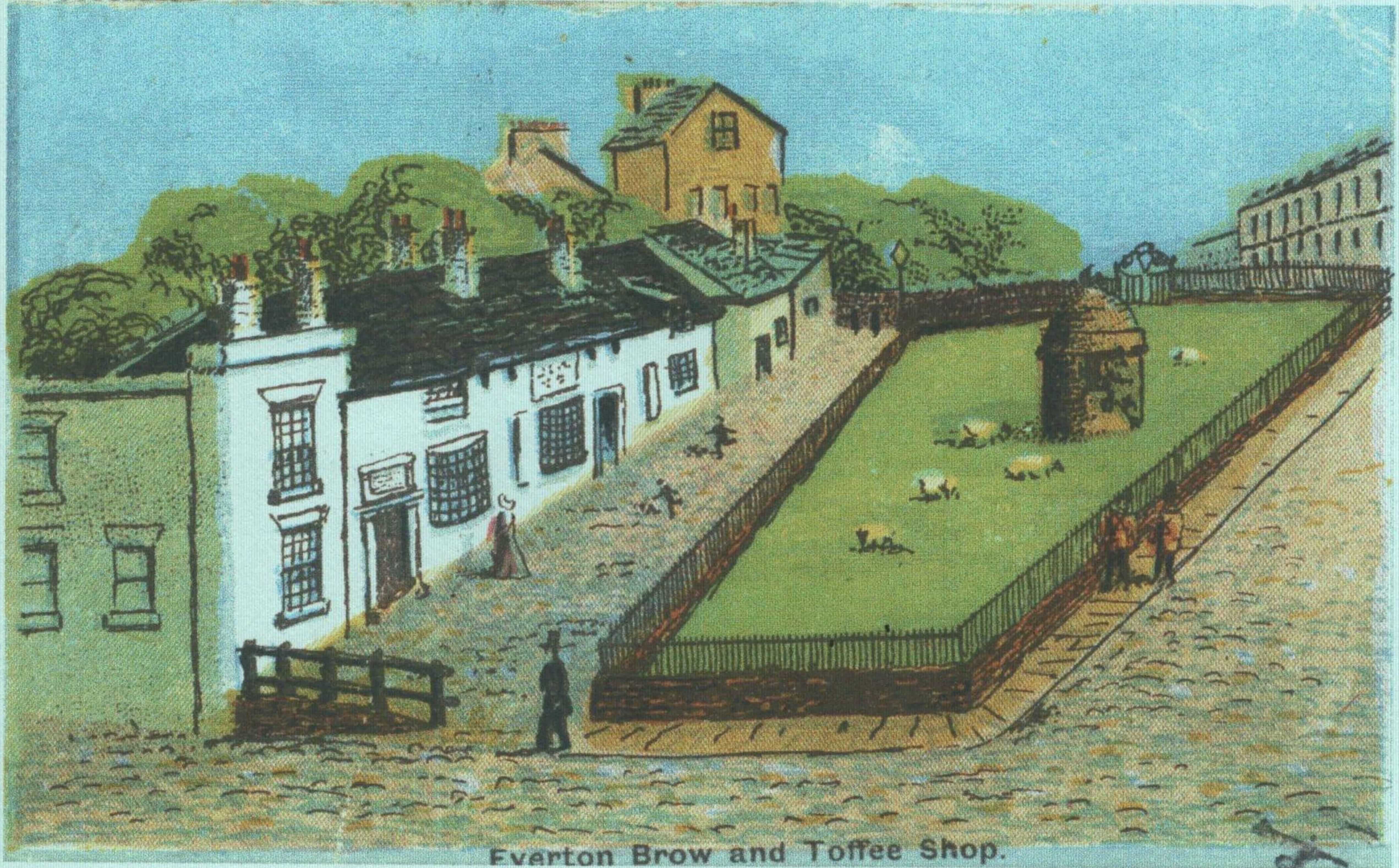
September 16th and it is a home game not just any though Evertonians are not looking forward to a Derby" because of the form Everton are in at the moment desperate-not to lose this one Young was brought back at Centre Half. Holbem is in at left back for his second game after his debut at Newcastle.

40,000 watch a thrilling Derby. Beare and Gourlay score L'pool get one but Everton hold on for a 2-1 Victory, their first win of the season. There can be no better team to beat for your first victory of the season than your City Rivals.

On a high Everton travel to Aston Villa, Young is replaced by Fleetwood, Greyer makes an appearance replacing Makepeace, Gracie is at Centre forward replacing William Jordan the Vicar who had played his second and last game for Everton in the Derby, 28,000 Villa fans expect their usual victory over the Toffees and they are not disappointed Everton look and play awful, Villa win 3-0.

Everton are at home in the next game against Newcastle their conquerors from three games ago, only 15,000 pay to watch an inconsistent Everton, four changes are made, Robert Young is once again recalled to the team. Makepeace is also back plus both wingers, Burton and Davidson. It is an adventurous line up and the selection of the two wingers proves right as they both score in a 2-0 win.

(To be continued in issue 35)



Everton Brow and Toffee Shop.

BRIAN LABONE
with his wife Pat

