

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 35



The Alex Young Story
Page 15

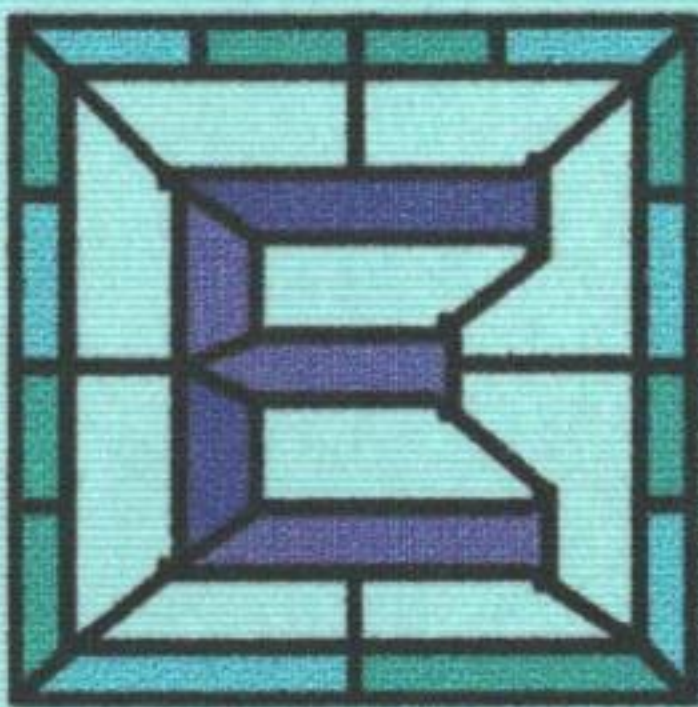
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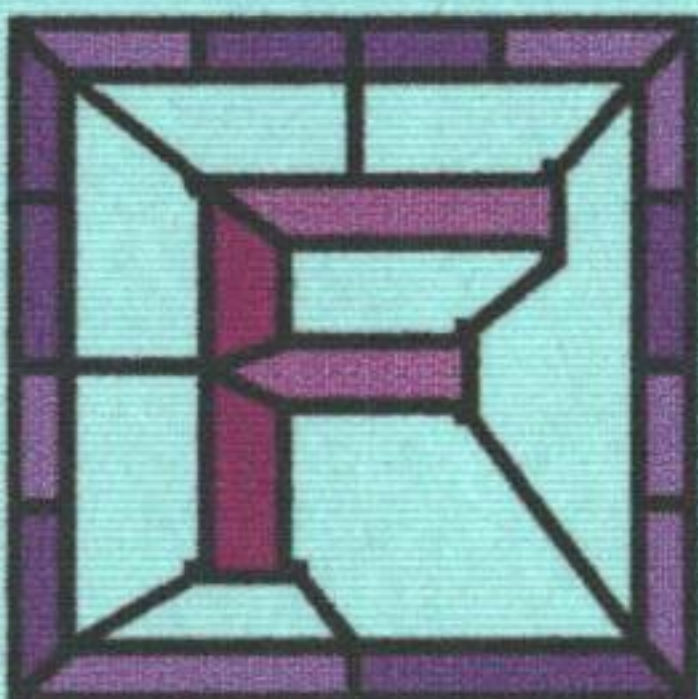
Editorial Blue Blood

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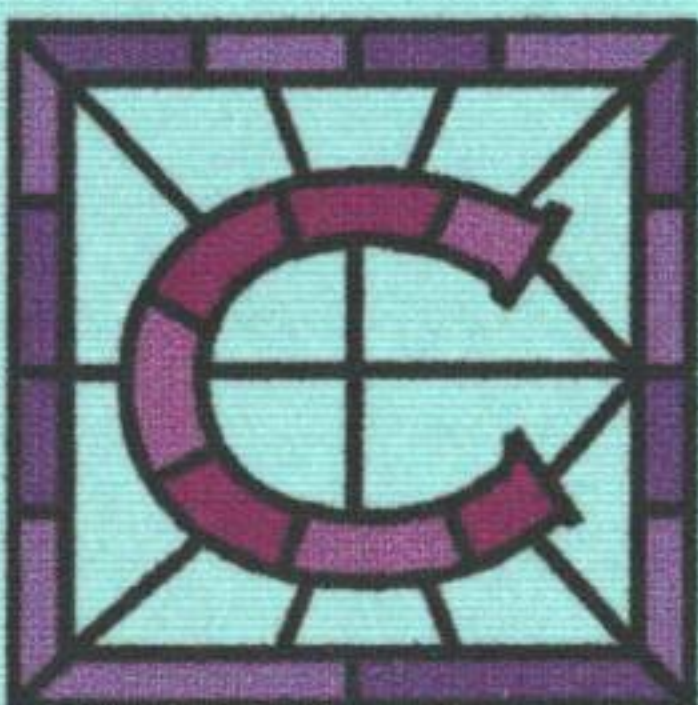


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Alex Young
The Golden Vision
272 + 3subs 89 goals
The greatest Everton player since the War
The Headmaster of The School Of Science, Floated through the opposition defence, hovered in the air, quality player.

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

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Editors Page "Orrsome View"

The last issue of Blue Blood had a tribute to Brian Labone, on the back cover there was a nice picture of Brian and his wife Pat, I have had that picture since the Sixties and always liked it. A Blue Blood reader Jimmy Smith, managed to see Pat at Goodison and gave her a copy of Blue Blood, she said that the picture on the cover of her and Brian was Brian's favourite photograph of them, she also said that she thought it was nice of Blue Blood to have produced a tribute.

On the subject of covers, the last issue of When Skies Are Grey had a classic old Everton programme cover, it was brilliant and just another reason why that fanzine is head and shoulders above their opposition.

Watford at home, we all got in on time, amazing and a big round of applause is due to Everton Football Club and their stewards for making the new system work so smoothly. The game itself was the old story of a good first half followed by a dire second half but the first half did show just what can be achieved by this Everton team when they attack quickly and directly. Cahill and Davies didn't do enough to warrant any kind of praise but Beattie must seriously be thinking when will it all go right. His assist with the Johnson goal was what we expect from him on a regular basis. Stubbs was his usual steady self but can we not find a younger man to do his job? (Lescott) Neville, at right back had a very good game and maybe it is his best position. Watford will learn that now they are in the Premiership the only thing top class are the players Referees are poor and they haven't had Riley or Poll yet.

Blackburn away and Moyes drops Cahill and Davies, brave, not like Moyes to take positive action but give him his due those two players had not been doing their job. The only criticism is where the hell was young Victor Anichebe? Let's hope he is not another young lad who will get frustrated on the bench or reserves. Any way we deserved a draw even if it was just for the last twenty minutes. If Moyes can keep playing two up front and attacking then that is all I have ever asked of him. I was getting fed up watching a non attacking shot shy Everton team.

Spurs away if you listened to me the night before the game on Radio Merseyside, I said that I was fully confident that Everton would beat Spurs, the reason being that for some strange reason Moyes had all of a sudden become positive and had been playing attacking football. He then goes and plays one up front and I thought that was it but credit to the lads they played well once Kilbane was sent off. Moyes stayed positive and attacked, we deserved the win. Cahill did some hard work, something he doesn't do enough of, so did Arteta who like wise is not the hardest of workers. Leon Osman again showed why he should get more respect from Evertonians, he is the main reason that the midfield links to the forward line. His passing is excellent and his tackling is hard and mostly risk free unlike Cahill who gives stupid free kicks away and disrupts the flow of the game.

Everton have Lescott and Yobo, they are young and talented, they can only improve if they are played together, Moyes must not bring back Stubbs and Weir unless it's for injury or suspension. I do not trust Moyes to hold his bottle and go with the flow, he always goes back to boring defensive try not to lose tactics especially when we play the top teams.

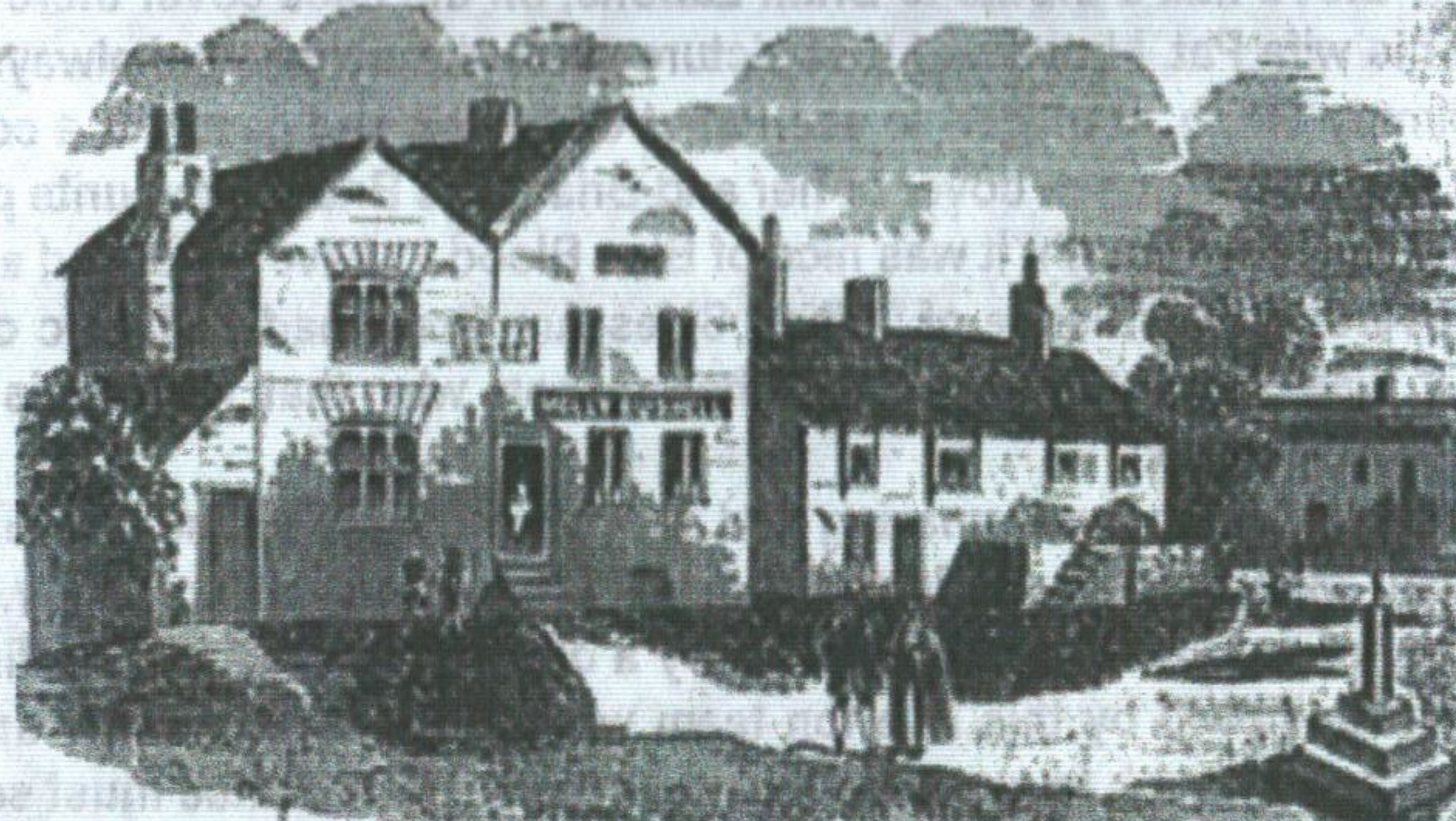
The last few Derbies have been embarrassing for Evertonians, to play one up front at home against THEM is unforgivable and to let THEM beat us with ten men isn't far behind that. We need the shoot from distance mentality (Carsley Style) just look at THEM they hit it from anywhere and more often than not they fly in, watch Match Of The Day and wonder why Everton never get a showing on a twenty five yarder but nearly every other club do.

Kevin Kilbane, love him or hate him he was a player who never gave anything but his all. He wasn't the most gifted player but his work rate carried him through most games. If you look at the times he played nearly all of his games on the left wing you have to remember that he didn't have two or three forwards inside the box to cross too, maybe it would be Duncan one week, McFadden the next or Beattie but be honest would you like to try and pick out a lone striker inside the penalty area surrounded by three defenders?

The new players on deadline day did not appear, maybe that is not a bad thing, if we need to buy in January then so be it but let's hope it is to strengthen a team fighting for a European place and not one fighting relegation.

Johnson and Neville playing for England, let's just hope they do not get injured.

The History Of The Everton Toffee Shop



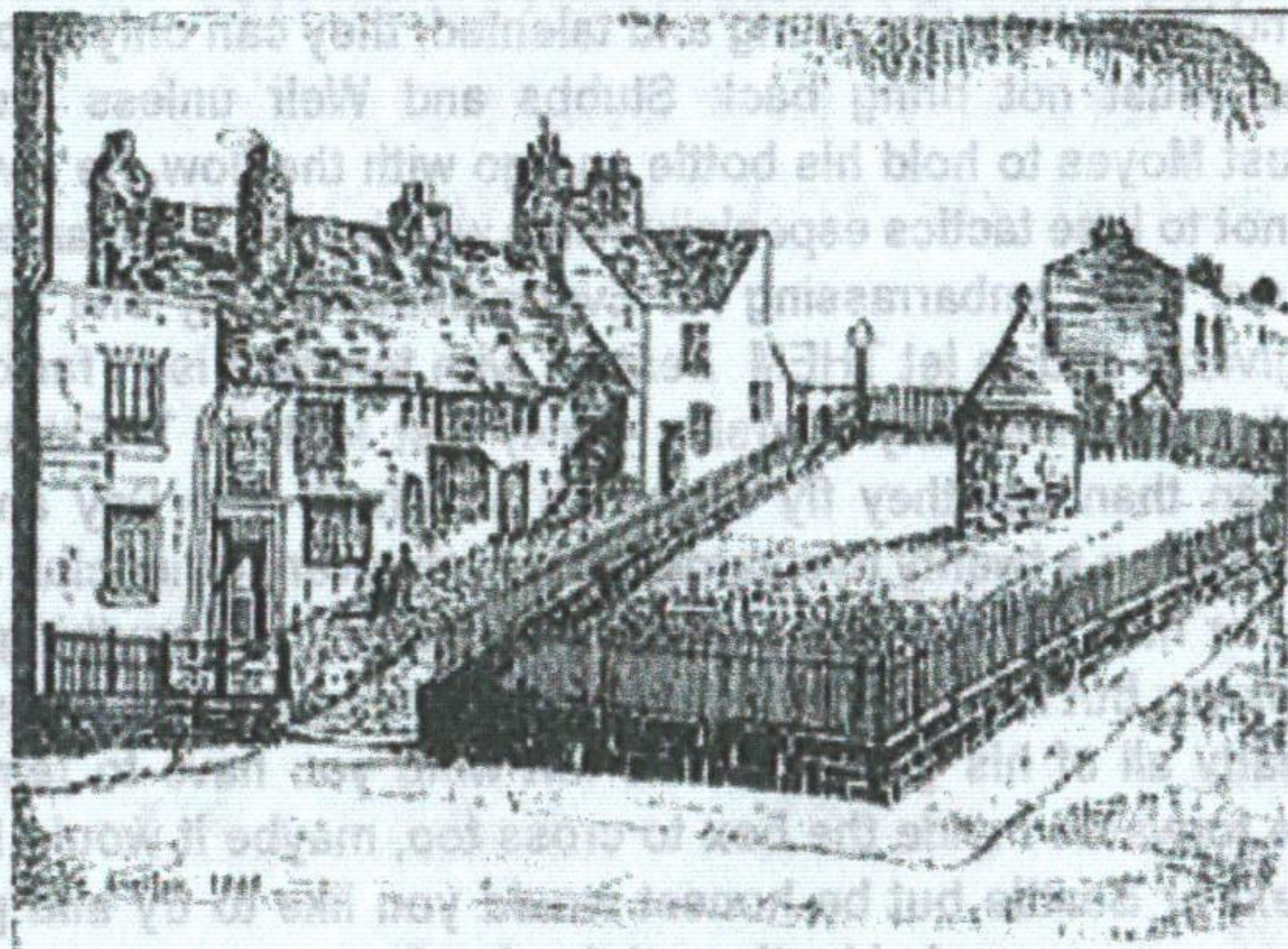
Molly Bushell's Original Toffee Shop 1758

Molly Bushell was born in 1746 in Everton, her parents John Johnson and Anne Cooper had her baptised in Walton Parish Church in April the same year. Molly married James Bushell in 1761 at the tender age of 15. They made their home in Molly's house, a small cottage where she was born.

Molly like most girls in that era was already a diligent person, helping other members of her family and neighbours. A local Doctor noted her caring nature and had a healthy admiration for her industry and knack for making meagre means go a long way. He gave her a recipe for a soothing Toffee for the children and he suggested that she might want to make more and sell it to the local people.

The Doctor then told his patients about the Toffee that could help with sore throats and how healthy and nice it was. Word of mouth soon spread the news all over the district and Molly had an open air oven built behind the cottage. She soon discovered the art of Toffee Making and people from surrounding districts came to take packets of Everton Toffee home with them.

Business flourished and she moved across the road to larger premises, folk came from further away in carriages. Everton was a lovely place in the late 1700's built on a slope with a beautiful view of the river and the Welsh Hills in the background. The name Everton and Toffee spread around the whole of Lancashire.



Molly's Cousins Shop Mrs Cooper & Mrs Mary Cooper

The History Of The Everton Toffee Shop

Twenty years of hard work later, Molly who had by this time had a daughter Esther who helped her mother in the shop, had to enlist the help of a cousin, Mrs Sarah Cooper in the 1780's. The new partnership went on for thirty years during that time Esther had married but returned to helping in the business.

Esther legally took over the business but even though she was a married woman she could not put the business in her name she had to use her husbands name Robert Sandiford.

In her old age Molly Bushell and her cousin Sarah Cooper parted company and Sarah along with her daughter in law Mary Cooper set up a similar Toffee business at No1 Browside a lovely little shop which had the admiration of local artists. Mary Cooper ran the shop until her death in 1867. Seven years later it was demolished by the so called Improvement Committee.

In between that time in the 1830's Sarah's granddaughter Charlotte Cooper had married a Robert Sampson and she opened a third Toffee shop in Everton on Netherfield Road.

Back to Esther Bushell / Sandiford who had taken charge of the original Toffee Shop from Molly. Esther had taken on her niece Agnes Bushell (Molly's Granddaughter) and set about teaching her the trade.

Esther died, then her husband Robert Sandiford also passed away in 1853 which meant that Agnes inherited the business and she decided to pass it on to her son Robert Wignall, the Great Grandson of Molly Bushell.

Robert was an enterprising young man and decide to extend the business by opening up in the City centre. He opened two shops, one in London Road and the other one in Renshaw Street. Robert was a young man in his prime when he suddenly died at the age of 34 in 1867.

The Toffee Shop was now 150 years old and under threat to go out of the family for the very first time. A solution was found when a distant cousin Charlotte Cooper who ran the shop in Netherfield Road had married and had a son called Robert Sampson who took over the shop from his mother, it was then passed on to his daughter Mrs Norris, she carried on for some time before selling it on to the large company Nobletts in 1894.

The shop in Village Street was still standing in 1930 and wasn't much changed from the time Molly Bushell had left it in 1818.

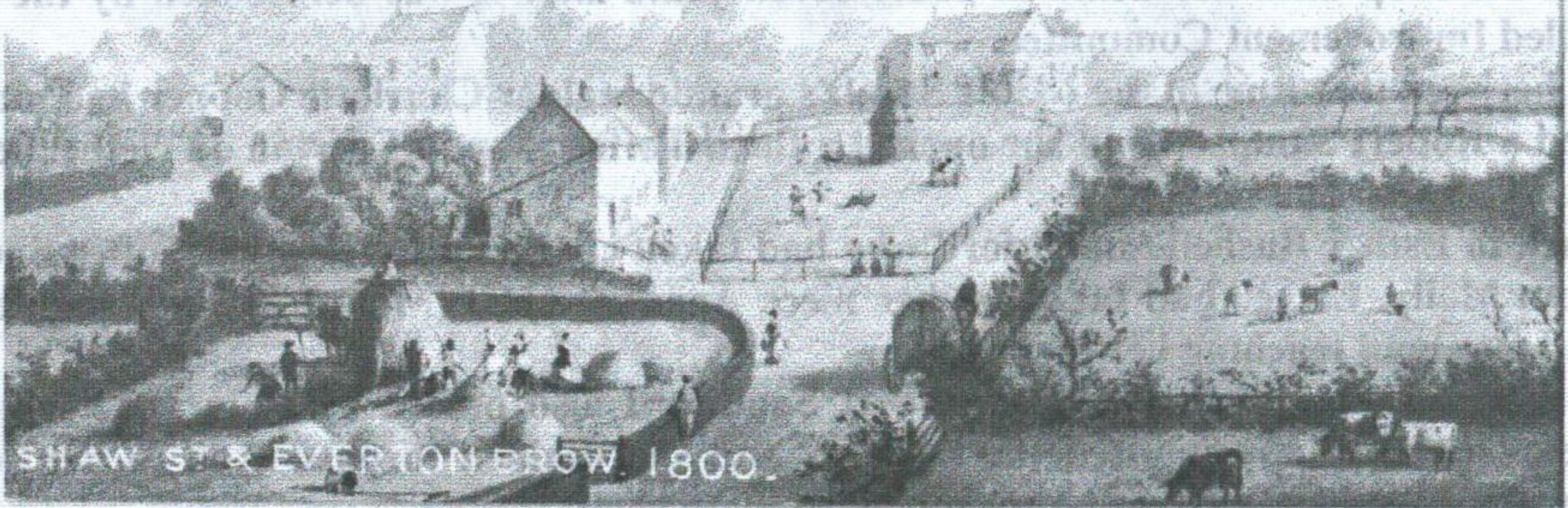
Commercial artists at Nobletts designed the Trademark depicting Molly Bushell based on descriptions from older people of Everton who remembered her. The sketch was at first known as 'Molly Bushell' but after a time it was referred to as 'Mother Noblett as being more in line with the name of the Noblett firm.

The Toffee nowadays is enclosed in mint "Everton Mints" are manufactured by Barker & Dobson.

Now two hundred years later the name lives on through Everton Football Club who as we know are nicknamed the Toffees. *George Orr with thanks to Tony Onslow*

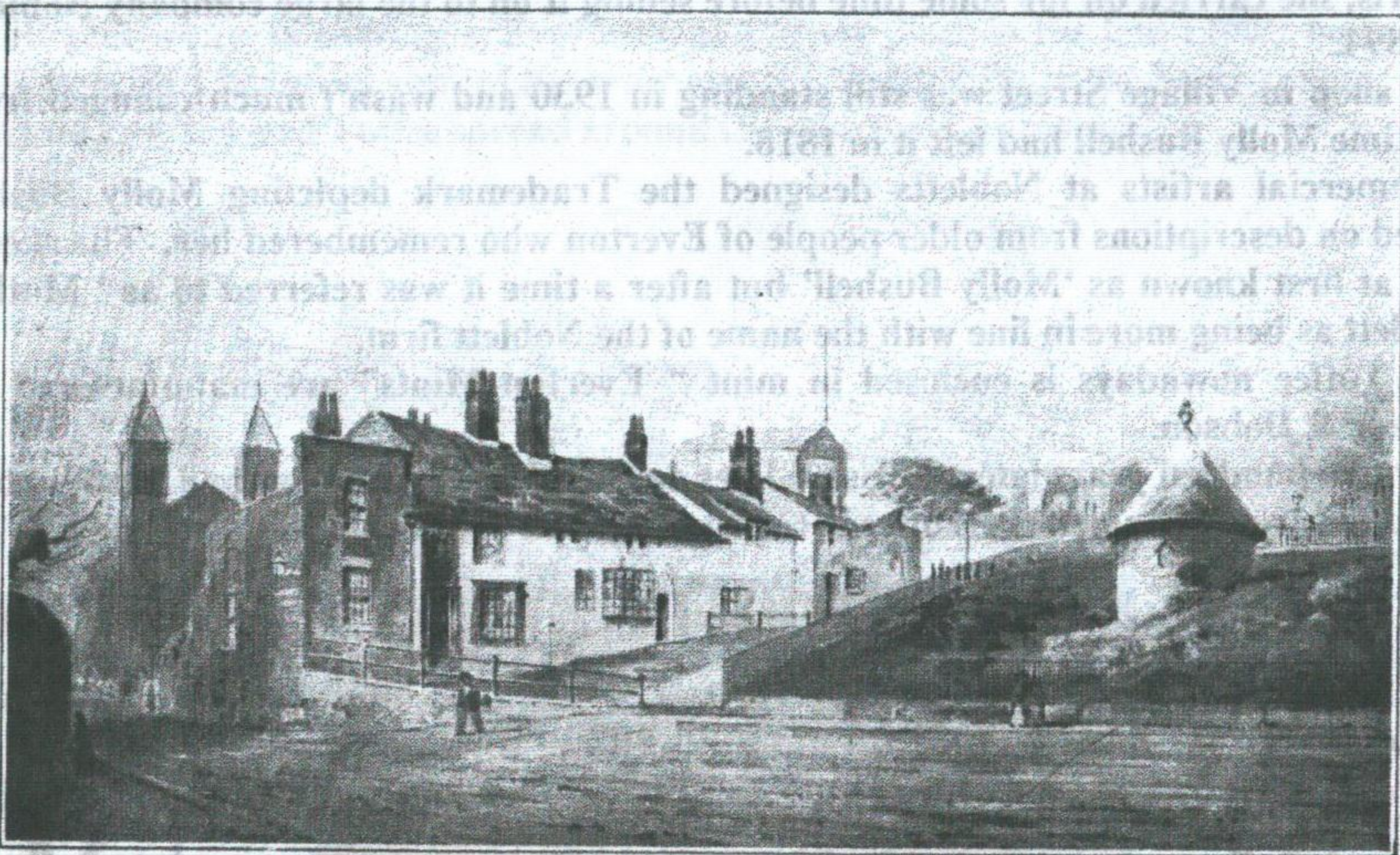


The History Of The Everton Toffee Shop



These two great postcards show Everton in the early days the one above from 1800 has the shop on the left of the Tower as you look at the postcard.

The one below is very nice because it has the Tower in the foreground and the shop can be seen on the left but on the other side of this card is a very special message. It was posted to an address in Charlton Kent in 1906 but the message says *"Do you know the place this picture represents did I hear anyone say What Place?"* Can the sender be telling the Southerners that Everton had just won the Cup and had put it on the map?



"ANCIENT LIVERPOOL."

EVERTON TOFFEE SHOP, 1850.

From a picture by William Herdman (son of W. G. Herdman), taken in 1850. At this date and many years later the shop was occupied by a family named Cooper. This toffee business outlived many rivals and is still, in 1907, in existence.

"W SERIES."

Moyes Is A Bully

So Wayne Rooney has told the truth about Moyes. It is unusual that a player still in the game spills the beans on another professional that is still in the game. They wait until they have retired, are short of a few bob and hey presto a twenty year old mystery is solved.

But times have changed, today's stars are not likely to be skint in twenty years time, they are not interested in being diplomatic just because maybe they will cross that person's path again in a couple of years, they are confident that they are so skilful, powerful and can look after their own future that nothing phases them anymore.

Most Evertonians in the know and I include George and Blue Blood amongst them, had known at the time how Moyes had taken over the role of Archie Knox's Baseball Bat. You only have to see how he dealt with Blomqvist when he threw his shirt away after being substituted, Moyes flung himself headlong amongst the subs bench to grapple with the player. This, to shocked Evertonians was not the professional way to deal with a management issue, in the full glare of the cameras he lost control.

Rooney when he was first introduced to Evertonians was in the words of Moyes In Need Of Protection, not only from the harsh life of the Premiership but the sharks of the Media. At first this seemed a sensible thing to do but after a short while Moyes's protection became overbearing for a young powerful 16 year old, who wanted to play every game he possibly could. Being on the subs bench for seventy minutes then told to get on and save the day when Everton were 1-0 down didn't help. Determined to make the most of every minute Wayne lunged in with sometimes reckless abandon, leading to a host of bookings. When Wayne did find the net he ran towards Moyes with his fists clenched and mouthed something like 'Play me from the start you tit'.

Wayne also accuses Moyes of being jealous of his stardom and felt outshone by this new star. Think about it for a while, does this make sense, haven't Evertonians suffered this kind of thing in the past? Think Gordon Lee, think Duncan McKenzie, yes the Screaming Skull Gordon did not like star players, he sold Super Mac while he was in charge of Newcastle and is still hated to this day. He tried everything to destroy McKenzie but Evertonians loved Magic Mac and didn't take kindly to the way he was treated, Gordon Lee carried on into oblivion.

Back to Moyes The Bully, it is not just Wayne who has put his thoughts on The Messiah on paper Francis Jeffers openly said that he "Would Never Play For Him Again" after another dressing room tussle. Radzinski, three times leading goalscorer(another star for Moyes to shoot down?) asked for a three year contract and got it, only to say that he would not stay with THAT Man in charge (Moyes). Radzinski was fed up being dropped the week after he scored a vital goal on a constant basis, Moyes was saying that it was him who decided who played and who didn't, which is true but if your leading goalscorer finds the net, he does expect to play in the next game. There have been others who have left who have stated that they were not given a fair chance under Moyes but many players feel like that, it does not make him a Bully.

Moyes's treatment of Rooney was terrible and if you cast your mind back to Wayne's last game against Bolton at home, we were under the cosh and Moyes had Rooney as a makeshift centre half. A few weeks later that makeshift centre half was ripping the back out of Europe's best in the European Championships.

The Bully in Moyes has taken many predictable roads, he picks on the young and vulnerable, he threatens to withdraw favours, ie team selection he has only made one mistake as a Bully and that was when he stood up to Duncan Ferguson, Dunc stood his ground not afraid to call Moyes's Bluff. Dunc went home and it was Moyes who had to wait until he came back. Moyes then in the timeless act of Bullies tried to make friends with the man who had stood up to him, he made him Captain, he gave him another years contract even though the guy could hardly run never mind play football. Those around the Bully also acted in stereotyped fashion, old players knowing which side their bread was buttered did anything for

Moyes Is A Bully

a new contract. An ageing defence and midfield had happy times together on Moyes's BONDING trips, (How many Bonding sessions does Moyes need?)

Remember qualifying for Europe, Moyes took all the boys out on a bender on the Sunday Night and three days later Everton got smacked 7-0 by Arsenal.

But as in life even the yes men and hangers on feel that they can twist the Bully's arm by trying it on, Stubbs wanted a two year contract the Bully said no, shocked Stubbs takes himself off to the wastelands of Wearside where even though bottom of the Premiership, his enormous skills are not required, Stubbs comes back head down, the Bully wins again.

The Bully only thrives because those with the real power to stop it turn their heads the other way and pretend that there is nothing wrong, enter Bill Kenwright. Don't tell me Rooney didn't go and see Uncle Bill about David Moyes!!

Uncle Bill had to decide what to do, not his strongpoint, keep the Boy Wonder or stick with the Messiah a hard decision until finance raised it's head. How could Kenwright sack Moyes and keep Wayne? He had no money to sack him and even worse he had no money to replace him. Wayne was out on a limb and when talk of £30 million was mentioned Bill had a dizzy spell, even though he had said £50 million wasn't enough. Man United threw down the chequebook and desperate for cash Kenwright accepted a down payment of £10 million. But being Everton Football Club and skilled in the art of putting the blame on the departing player Moyes and Kenwright were absolved of any blame and it was Wayne who was the Greedy Bastard and not the Club.

The Rooney inheritance has been squandered by Mr Moyes, hopeless last season he was in charge of the lowest scoring team in Everton history, another sad record for Mr Moyes who has done more harm to our image in four years than any manger in 128 years of our existence. A team full of immobile injured players, I am left reading the Liverpool Echo while Carsley extols his virtues and how he will pay Everton back for their faith after his six games last season, Pistone has been nearly ready to play since March this year but suffers more setbacks than the English cricket team, Stubbs, Weir, Naysmith (am I really writing about Everton here and not Coventry?) Richard Wright is still at the Club so is Kilbane where the hell are we heading? Van Der Meyde bought injured remains injured, Johnston plays one big game against Celtic, guess what, he gets injured, not only that, he like all of Moyes's forwards gets drawn out to the right wing and has to become a winger to get involved in the game. Cahill can be a replacement forward because Moyes saw him used as a striker in the World Cup, that will make Vaughan and Anichebe happy!!

The new season is about to start, we have David Moyes in charge not only is he a Bully but he is a poor manager, I know there are many who do not agree, I accept I am in the minority but I have watched enough of Moyes and his drab negative old aged injured team I will not be going to any more away games even though I will be at Goodison Park.

Finally before I go here is a question for you, the majority, "Do you think Aston Villa Supporters would put up with Moyes and Kenwright?"

Don't tell me we are a bigger club then them, go to Villa Park then go to Goodison Park. Look at Moyes then look at O'Leary compare Ellis and Kenwright the difference is that Villa fans don't live in the past, they don't follow Blindly because a manager told them it was THE PEOPLES CLUB. They do not turn up if their club turns out crap football, we do and not only that we ignore it, we look for excuses, greedy players like Rooney or Jeffers, we are light years behind The Spanish Plonkers, Chelsea, Arsenal, Man U, Newcastle, we are also-rans.

Reading are in the Premiership a little club, go to their new ground and get ready to feel embarrassed when their fans come to ours. It's the 21st Century and it's time some Evertonians started to understand we are a laughing stock in football thanks to Moyes and Kenwright.

Jack The Ripper

On 9th November 1966 Everton were in Spain to play Real Zaragoza in the European Cup Winners Cup. No match programme was produced for this game and very few Evertonians made the trip but now nearly 40 years later you can read exactly what happened over there all thanks to Gerry Allison who has translated match and news items from the Spanish Newspapers at the time. Mike Owen the author of the excellent book *Der Ball Ist Rund Everton In Europe* contacted Gerry and then sent all the items to Blue Blood so here it is for the very first time before Evertonians eyes.

HERALDO DE ARAGÓN - 9th NOVEMBER, 1966

Evening of Football. Ricardo Gil

Everton are having one of the best spells in their entire history

Twelve matches unbeaten. The British party have arrived

At ten past five, after a stopover in Bordeaux, the charter flight from Liverpool touched down, carrying on board the party from Everton Football Club Limited. That is the name of our opponents this evening. There is a reason for their name - in England most clubs are limited companies, and they are generally family affairs handed down from father to son in an hereditary manner. Anyway, they got in at ten past five, breezed through customs formalities and were soon heading off towards the city of Zaragoza.

At the airport we spoke to Harry Catterick, the manager of the club. Not a great deal though, since he was not in a talkative mood. The fact is that in England they don't have much time for reporters. Managers have little to say, and anyway they tend to clam up when faced by reporters. Catterick said little but he did comment somewhat tongue-in-cheek:-

"They didn't tell me that Spain was like this. The rain"

"You can imagine - the pitch will be a quagmire"

"Have faith. The weather will change."

"Do you know much about Real Zaragoza?"

"Not a great deal, but that doesn't matter. I hope it will be a nice sporting occasion."

He keeps giving Zaragoza the respect they deserve but does not stray too far from the typically British line of replying. *"very very good match"* was his comment about the game, and *"very very good team"* was the only comment he made regarding the opposition.

"Have you decided on your line-up yet?"

"No, sir. I've brought fourteen players, but I'll only be picking eleven. Don't worry!"

And that was all he said. Imagining that our readers would not be happy with the few words he gave us to report to you up to now, let us say that despite being genuine compatriots of The Beatles, they were all wearing the frighteningly classical grey. We decided to obtain some information from elsewhere. We got it from the special correspondent of "The Liverpool News Paper" [sic], Mr. Michael Charters. He assured us that the Everton team would be the same one that won at Sheffield on Saturday, it would be the regular line-up.

"I think it will be the same team against Zaragoza. I can't see why they should change it."

"Are Everton playing well at the moment?"

"They're having one of their best spells ever. They haven't lost for twelve weeks, and that run has taken them from mid-table up to third place, level on points with the second-placed team, and just one point off top spot."

The statement puts your hair on end, even more so when you consider that they have a game in hand.

"What do you know about Real Zaragoza?" *"Not much. I know that they're a good side but I've never seen them live, only on television, the play off against Leeds. They played superbly - very strong and some great moves."*

Real Zaragoza

According to reports we have received regarding Everton, the three players we will need to keep a close eye on are the goalkeeper, Gordon West, left-back Ramón Wilson, and inside-forward Alan Ball. These are Everton's Three Musketeers.

THE MOST AGILE GOALKEEPER IN ENGLAND

They say that West might not be the best goalkeeper in The British Isles, but he clearly deserves the accolade of the most agile despite his height. He is the tallest goalkeeper in Everton's history. When he signed from Blackpool he was in the England under-23 side.

A WORLD CHAMPION

His name is Ramón, just as if he was born in Guadalajara. Wilson was the left-back in the England team that won the "World Cup" last July. He is, without doubt, one of the new breed of defenders in the 'Gallego' mould: nothing flashy about him but very accomplished.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE FOOTBALLER IN ENGLAND

His surname is Ball, and he really does live up to his name, since, soon after reaching his twenty-first birthday, he achieved the status of being the most expensive player in English football. Everton paid seventeen million pesetas to Blackpool to secure his signature, the highest transfer fee ever paid in England. They call him the 'enfant terrible'. Along with Wilson, he too is a World Cup Winner. Although he usually plays at inside-forward, he has recently been used as a centre-forward in the England team. Be careful with this 'ball' his sporting career started in the boxing ring, and he still possesses many of those fighting qualities.

HERALDO DE ARAGÓN -10th NOVEMBER, 1966

HOW THE PLAYERS FARED

ZARAGOZA

GOICOECHEA	Good
VIOLETA	Good
SANTAMARÍA	Good
GONZÁLEZ	Very Good
REIJA	Very Good
PAÍS	Very Good
CANARIO	Average
SANTOS	Good
MARCELINO	Average
VILLA	Average
LAPETRA	Very Good

EVERTON

WEST	Poor
WRIGHT	Average
LABONE	Very Good
WILSON	Good
GABRIEL	Very Good
HARVEY	Good
BALL	Very Good
SCOT [sic]	Very Good
YOUNG	Poor
TEMPLE	Average
MORRISEY [sic]	Average

Real Zaragoza

After forty-five minutes of the first half the referee sent off Morrissey [sic] for striking Violeta

It looks a narrow lead for Zaragoza to take to Liverpool with any sense of confidence. This gives you some idea of how it feels after seeing just a glimpse of what the English Cup Holders are capable of after last night's match where the Spaniards played sensibly and with great aplomb. The local crowd were more than happy with the victory, but it was generally accepted that one more goal would have helped, a factor which epitomises Everton's sense of fear when they stepped out onto La Romareda.

It must be said from the outset that Zaragoza last night were quite different from the team that played last Sunday. At least they easily beat their British opponents, and showed more accuracy and courage in front of goal. We must be grateful for that, for Barcelona's tough defence was a bed of roses compared to Everton's. The match was characterised by strength, speed and no quarter asked or given as in the tradition of all cup ties. You can read anything into that, since this match had everything - even hitting and punches thrown. The first blows struck were discreetly done, but it culminated in an unseemly free-for-all just before half-time with the English left-winger, Morrissey [sic], the instigator and protagonist of the scuffle, heading for the dressing room.

This may explain the difference in the way the teams shaped up in the second half. Zaragoza started off attacking and weaving patterns against an Everton defence who played a cautious game closing ranks whilst demonstrating great technical ability on the ball. It was a fine contest that had the crowd on its feet, usually with Zaragoza's movement, but occasionally with the English counter-attacks which threatened danger. It was just as well that they mostly foundered on the rocks of Zaragoza's defence, González and Reija, ably supported by Violeta and Santamaría who repelled all the English efforts at goal to the extent that Goicoechea in the Zaragoza goal did not have a serious save to make.

Defensive organisation

The second half was a transformation. Everton, with a man fewer, resolutely, almost mechanically, decided to shut up shop and defend their goal. They would have been happy to go home only one goal down, and they were taking no chances against a team fighting for every ball who had played so hard and so accurately in the first half. The men in yellow spent the second half playing a rigid defensive system designed to stem the flow of attacks from Zaragoza who, faced by a packed defence in front of West's goal, found it more and more difficult, and had to be more precise and elaborate in their play.

Complex?

Maybe Zaragoza, playing so well as a team and marshalled so effectively especially by País and Lapetra were concerned at playing the English Cup Holders. I don't want to say that they felt inferior, but I feel that it influenced their play as it has against other British teams, they played with a little fear at times. It is just as well, because they stuck to the task and proved difficult to break down whilst having sufficient firing power in their boots to score again when it was beginning to appear unlikely. Both goals came from headers by Santos and Marcelino, and they could have scored one more without the scoreline flattering them. It would have been deserved because the English abandoned any notions of attack throughout the second half, it would have served them right had they conceded another. Their main virtue was that they succeeded in avoiding a goalfest with their elaborate defensive display. That was the limit of their ambition, whilst Zaragoza huffed and puffed to break through to no avail despite some great through passes from Reija who supported the front men so well. Last-ditch clearances by the defence and the goalkeeper denied Santos and País when the crowd were already acclaiming the goal. Whilst both teams had eleven men, they played a classic 4-3-3 system. Circumstances dictated that the British would defend for most of the second half and Zaragoza do most of the attacking. Hopefully we will see if the Everton attack is as dangerous at home as the glimpses we saw of them here in their counter-attacks. We must suppose that they'll be awesome at home and the players play better than they did today. Zaragoza will have a struggle on their hands.

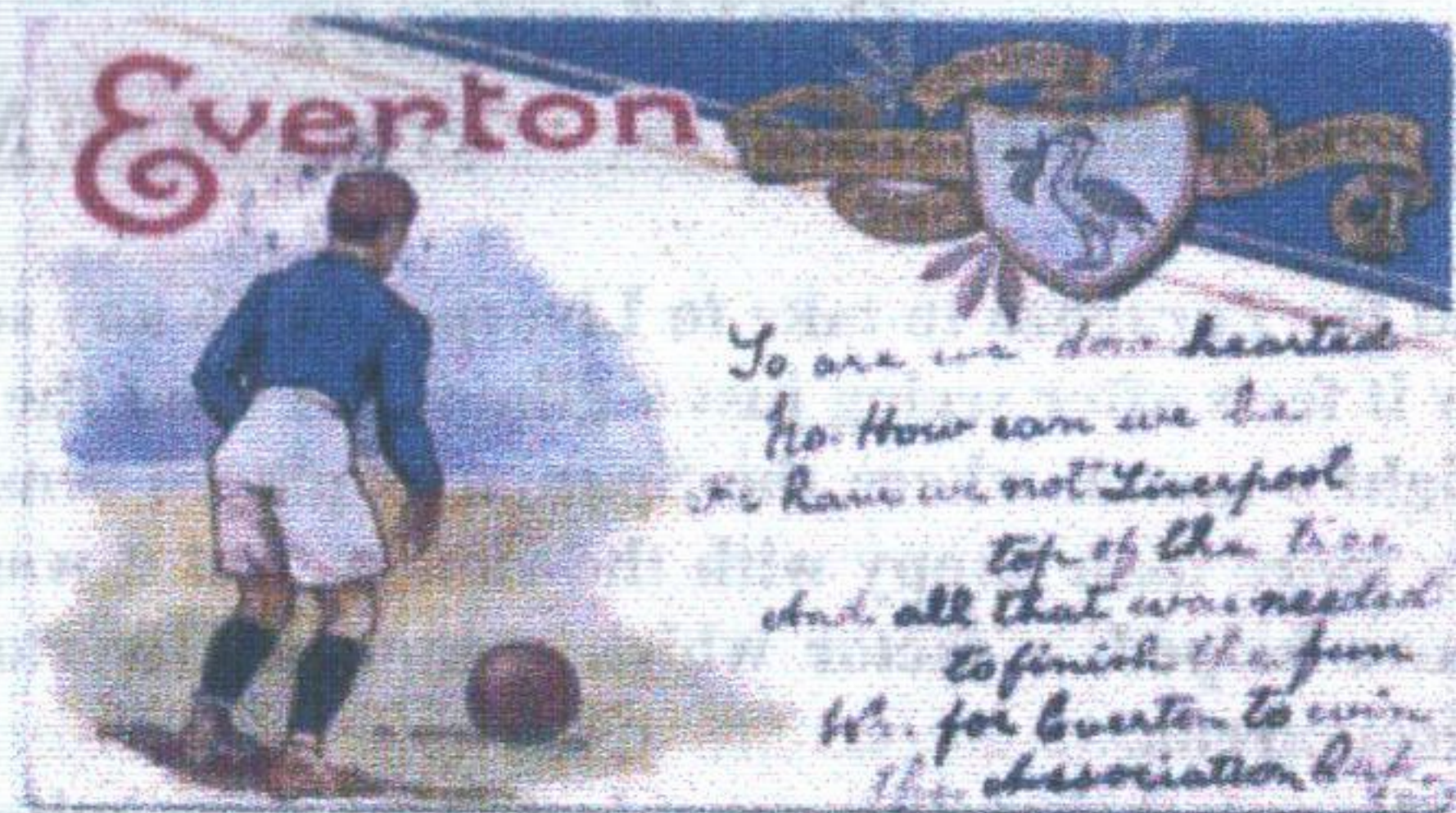
Daucik: "Although it's a narrow margin of victory, it's a great result"

Balmanya

"I've seen new things in Zaragoza that have surprised me"

To be continued in next issue

Letters



E-Mails

Hello Blue Blood,

What a great start to the season a fantastic win at Spurs with ten men. Johnson is looking good, Neville is good at right back and Lescott with Yobo looks promising.

The Watford game was the turning point, when have you ever seen Everton get a penalty that wasn't? When have you seen a ten man Everton play as well as they did at Spurs? (Blackburn at home last season) Maybe the curse that has haunted us for years has been lifted.

Blackburn was a tough game and Everton came through with flying colours. If Moyes can keep his head and stay positive then we might just surprise a few clubs this season.

By email

Kevin Jones

Blue Blood

Kevin Kilbane has gone and there will not be too many Blues who will be upset. They should however look back and think that he didn't do too bad, he gave 100% in every game and even when it was all going wrong he plugged on, never trying to hide away and let someone else do the work.

If asked to play at full back he didn't get a moody on he did it, not like some so called stars at Goodison.

Kilbane cost £750,000 did a good job and we got £2 million for him, Evertonians should give him a warm welcome back when he comes here with Wigan.

Fred Parker

George,

Mr Moyes wants to sue Rooney and the papers, Why? He has shown in his managerial style that he is confrontational, didn't Big Dunc walk out after a head to head with him leaving Everton without it's centre forward during a relegation fight? Jeffers & Radzinski also exposed him. Moyes should concentrate on getting Everton into Europe and not getting what he sees as revenge against a young kid who would not take his overbearing style. Moyes seems to want the world to love him and he takes the knock whenever anyone takes a different stance to him. Look at his face when a reporter asks something he doesn't like.

The whole argument from him is that he feels that the papers made him look the guilty party.

The thing is Wayne Rooney has stated in print that he left Everton because of David Moyes no one other than Rooney can say that, if that is what the lad feels then that is what Moyes and everyone else must accept.

David Hastings

Blue Swayed Views

The Alex Young Story

The following story of one of Everton's all time greats is taken from Alex Young's book *Goals At Goodison* published in 1968.

Foreword

By HARRY CATTERICK Manager of Everton Football Club

It is a privilege to introduce the first literary effort of one whom I regard as one of the most cultured players in the game, and to give assurance that from these pages you will derive almost as much entertainment value as the author provides on the field of play.

Few can be better equipped to write on the game Alex has graced so charmingly.

In my opinion, Young's skills are unsurpassed in modern football, and it is a standing tribute to his dedication to his style and method that he can make such an impact in an age of concentrated defence with its tight marking.

Not physically equipped for the hurly-burly of tough football, Alex Young still excels in delicate, subtle machinations which are at once sheer embarrassment to opponents, but a source of delight for the onlookers.

To football, Young has brought the message that the foil can still prove more effective than the broadsword.

Alex Young accomplishes it by a keen positional sense and adroitness of ball control. That applies as much to Young's work in the air as it does on the ground.

A masterly header of the ball, Young can outwit much bigger opponents by perfect timing in rising to a ball and his uncanny knack of locating the vacant spots.

I dread the day when the game loses the entertainers of the Alex Young mould.

The vast experience of Young in top-class English, Scottish and international circles entitled him to this excellent contribution to our Soccer Library.

Notes On Dust Jacket

Alex Young is the ace from Hearts who journeyed to Everton to find even more fame and fortune in Merseyside's cauldron of soccer. In Alex Young, Everton fans claim they have 'THE BEST ... the golden boy of Scottish and English football they immediately took right to their hearts. Young's arrival on the Merseyside soccer beat had the effect of an atomic explosion. The slim—built, Scottish international footballer with sheer artistry and soccer magic in his feet was soon being referred to as 'The Golden Ghost'. He has thrilled the Goodison crowd as much as any other star player in the club's proud, brilliant history. And more than most.

Liverpool's own Ron Yeats, his pal in their National Service days in the Army, describes Young's impact on Everton his chief rival club, as 'tremendous, fantastic and sensational'.

One Goodison Park supporter once described Young as, 'The best thing that's happened since sliced bread. He is a footballer in a million.'

Here, in *Goals at Goodison*, Alex Young tells vividly of his fight to reach the very peak in Scottish and English football. He describes the heartache his Goodison fans felt, too, when he was in and out of favour at Everton following the arrival of, £85,000 centre—forward Fred Pickering. Young, always classy on the ball and owner of a pile—driving shot with either foot, tells his own story of a great club, his hundred—and—one experiences in world football ... and his own secrets for soccer success.

A 'must' for every football enthusiast who fully appreciates sheer soccer artistry and football at its best.

I feel like the kid who brings home his school report. He has done well. Mum is pleased. Dad is pleased. But he knows he could have done better.

An admission of this nature, coming from a player who is having it good at the top, isn't exactly an everyday occurrence. But it's true. I'm giving it to you straight. And now is the time, the right time, to kick-off immediately with a searching self-analysis of Alex Young, who has been called 'The Golden Ghost', 'The Ace from Hearts', 'The Icicle Star of Soccer', and scores of other things, mostly in a complimentary vein, during football service at Heart of Midlothian and Everton.

Now, if memory serves me right, there are only three players in top-class English football who have won every honour in English and Scottish soccer. They are Dave Mackay (Spurs), Alex Scott (Everton) and myself. We have each collected English FA Cup winners' and League Championship medals. We have all played for Scotland. We have helped to win — in Scotland, of course, — the Scottish FA Cup, the Scottish League Cup, and the Scottish League Championship.

Alex Scott moved from Glasgow Rangers to Everton. Mackay and I both played for Hearts. Sufficient honours to make us feel justifiably proud of our achievement both sides of the border.

Yet I know that I should and could have done that wee bit more for my country. I feel that, on certain occasions, I was dangerously near the borderline of letting Scotland down. I blame only myself. I realise now, at thirty years of age and with further stardom still not quite out of reach, that those eight international caps I collected should have been doubled at least. And I will reveal, a little later on, why there should have been a score or so Scottish caps on show in the Young household.

Then there's Everton, where my career hasn't always been a bed of roses . . . where I was taken right to the hearts of those knowledgeable, football fanatics of Merseyside. . . where I have warmed thousands with top-drawer performances and also exasperated them with inexplicable, mediocre games.

Everton, the greatest club in football, where I have tasted and relished so much blood-racing glory; and where, for reasons which are unfathomable to some but not to me, I have had short spells out of the first team.

Let me start, however, at the very beginning and my introduction to the game that has been my life...

Few players can have plunged into senior football at the deep end in a more exciting fashion than I did. There I was, eighteen years old and playing with Newtongrange Star Juniors one week and, three weeks later, leading the Hearts' attack against Partick Thistle in the Scottish First Division.

A dream debut? It certainly was, for I scored the winning goal in the second half. And I'll never forget that moment. The ball came over from the right. I swivelled and crashed it into the back of the net. My heart pounded with joy as I saw the ball beat Thistle goal-keeper Ledgerwood and lodge in the netting. It was my first senior goal, and it turned out a winner. I was born at Loanhead, a mining village just outside Edinburgh. Although I was always keen on football I never thought I'd be good enough to play in a maroon jersey for Hearts.

My first club was Broughton Star in the under-17 Edinburgh Juvenile League. When I was fifteen a Hearts scout, Duncan McClure, came up and said, 'How would you like to play at Tynecastle when you're old enough?'

That shook me. I thought I had a lot to learn before I could ever dream of joining a club like Heart of Midlothian at Tynecastle. But it was arranged that I should go along with my father and meet Hearts' boss, Mr Tommy Walker. It was the first time I had walked into the official entrance at Tynecastle. And it was agreed that Hearts was going to be the club for me when I became seventeen.

I returned to Broughton Star and graduated to Musselburgh Union, who play in the under-21 section of the league. When I was 17, when I was studying to be a mechanical engineer at a colliery near my home, I kept my promise to Hearts and signed for them. Meanwhile, to gain more experience, I joined Newtongrange Star.

I like to think I was an eager pupil. At least, I had plenty to learn, and there was plenty of time. Yet I had been at Newtongrange only a year when I was told to join the Hearts staff. It was like starting school again. There were so many strange faces and so many big football names. I was welcomed into the fold and had three games in the reserves at inside-right.

My big break came when Willie Bauld was injured and I was informed I would be leading Hearts' attack in that match against Partick Thistle. I was nervous at the start. But I had two fine, experienced players, Alf Conn and Jimmy Wardhaugh, on either side of me. So I soon settled down. .got that match-winning goal. . . and the critics were kind to me on my debut.

In my first four games for Hearts I scored seven goals, including a hat-trick. I felt I was earning my peg in that Tynecastle dressing-room. I also felt it was a privilege to be training alongside international players like Bauld, Conn, Wardhaugh and John Cummings.

When I joined the club, I wondered just how long I would have to serve my apprenticeship in the reserves before I was considered ready for the 'big' team. With three internationals in the attack, I thought I would be lucky if I got one first-team game in my first season. Well, I received that encouraging start and, naturally, had to step down when Willie Bauld was fit again to take over the centre-forward spot. But it didn't mark the end of my first-team run, for manager Tommy Walker continued to give me a chance in both inside-forward positions. From time to time I was rested and, on looking back, I must say I'm grateful to the way Mr Walker broke me in gradually and afforded me a thorough chance to do my best in such an exciting, eye-opening first season.

Although I led the Hearts attack in a Scottish Cup tie, when they beat Forfar in the fifth round, I was settled down as their 18-year-old right-winger for the remainder of the Cup campaign, except for one appearance as inside-right in a semi-final replay against Raith Rovers. And outside-right was my position when Hearts took the Cup to Tynecastle for the first time in fifty years by defeating Celtic in the Final.

Two years after my start with Hearts Willie Woodburn went on record as saying: 'Too many boys are being rushed into the game before they are physically ready to stand up to it. That's why I regard the emergence of Alex Young, of Hearts, as a fully-fledged First Division player, as a tribute to wise management at Tynecastle.'

'Young can shine consistently alongside older, physically tougher men because he has been given every chance to develop in his own time.'

'Many clubs would have been tempted to leave him in the deep end after his bright start two years ago. But not Hearts.'

'Every so often Young's name disappeared from the team sheet, and more often than not the explanation was the same: "No, he isn't injured. He isn't dropped. We felt that he should have a rest."

'All too often that over-worked word is a polite way of pretending a famous player has been passed over. In Young's case it really meant that a still-growing teenager was being given a break in his own interest. The policy has paid off handsomely. Since he took his chance as leader of Hearts' attack this season, Young has shown that he is the most improved player in Scotland.'

On my twenty-first birthday I celebrated by leading the Scottish League side attack. I was flanked by my then inside partners at Hearts, Jim Murray and Jimmy Wardhaugh.

The Alex Young Story

I was also helping to lead Hearts to their first championship in sixty years. Everything in the garden was rosy. I was enjoying leading the Tyneside club's attack, although I must say it was fairly easy to slot into that Hearts team. All were playing the same type of game. And when you enjoy your football you usually play well.

Playing well? I was going like a bomb at Hearts. In my five happy seasons there I collected honours at juvenile, Under-23, Inter-League and full international level. I also won a Scottish Cup medal, two Scottish Cup League medals, and two Scottish League-title medals.

That wasn't bad going for a local laddie who had been treated to his first pair of football boots at the age of seven. . . who had played for his school's under12 football team at the age of ten. . . and who never thought he was good enough for professional football.

I was the youngest of four children two sisters and a brother. I was always of the opinion in my young finding-my-feet days that all pro. footballers were 'toffs', and way above me, or any standard I was ever likely to reach.

My signing-on fee for Hearts was £20. My wages at the start were £ 12-a-week, which compared very favourably in those days in 1955 to the £3 10s. I would have been earning weekly as an apprentice mining engineer.

In 1960 came the usual spate of transfer gossip. My name was linked with Preston North End, a club that has always been famous for its Scottish stars. But when it finally came to the pinch, I moved to Goodison Park in a package deal transfer which cost Everton around £55,000. For with me went my Hearts team-mate George Thompson. I understand that the man who signed me former Everton manager Johnny Carey put my value at £42,000. I was following in the trek across the Border to be taken by so man Scots. Bert Slater and the late John White, who had both played with me in the Midlothian Under-15 side; my old school-boy chum Ian King, who went to Leicester and is now on

Charlton's books; big Ron Yeats, Liverpool's skipper and centre-half; and, of course, my Scottish international team-mate and pal, Jim Baxter.

Funny thing about Baxter. I often thought, in those days, he was an overrated player. Now that we've been in England for some time I realise how wrong I was. For it's my view that Baxter, whose left foot is as good as many another player's two feet, would be a sensation in the Liverpool line-up, where he wouldn't have to think about defence as much as he has to do at Sunderland.

But on to Merseyside, the fervour of the fans, the glory and all the splendour of Soccer at its most scintillating, explosive best. I have never regretted for a single second my move to Everton, where football, quite rightly, is big business with a capital B. I had enjoyed my years with Hearts. No doubt about that. Yet once I moved south I realised how 'small' they were and I'm not saying that in a derogatory sense. In tactics they are way behind Everton. They do not move with the same jet pace of the Goodison Park outfit. Moreover, even the successful Hearts club to which I said goodbye will never, it's my firm view, have the same big-time atmosphere as Everton.

I am sure, on reflection, that it was in my value for-money days at Hearts from an entertainment and success standpoint that I chalked up my own personal boob. I have mentioned earlier that I have had only eight international caps. I have stressed that I know I should have had more than double that collection in the cabinet of our sitting-room in our home just outside Ormskirk, Lancashire.

My match approach in international matches was all wrong. I always put my club before country. My only thought was for Hearts. 'Let's get this over with and get back to Hearts,' seemed to be my attitude. I realise now, only too well, that I wasn't grabbing at chances with one hand, let alone both. Some of my performances for Scotland were, in a way, only luke-warm. I tried hard, but I never really seemed to be in the proper, vital frame of mind; I was trying to make it 'Go, go, go with Hearts' all the time. I never cashed-in to the full on the potential thousands reckoned I had right at my fingertips.

The Alex Young Story

Most definitely, I played far better games, on occasions, for my Heart of Midlothian club than I did for Scotland.

When I analyse my own game now, after the start of the 1967—68 season, I find I have let myself down on scores of occasions. I have only myself to blame. It has been one of my biggest failings. Self-analysis, in the past close season, has been one of my major occupations during the welcome 'lay-off'.

When I came to Everton the 'Whackers', just as the Scots had done up at Hearts, made me their idol and called me 'The Golden Ghost'. They said I brought magic into many humdrum lives. Why, I have in my wallet a photograph of an ordinary brick wall in the Liverpool area. On it, in huge white-wash lettering are four words: 'Alex Young The Great.' On the reverse side is this message bearing a full address and four signatures — from an Everton fan: 'Myself, my father, my brother-in-law and my cousin are very keen Evertonians. My brother-in-law painted the message on the wall, and we were all there to see him do it. He got the job because he works as a painter.'

I have tried so desperately hard never to let down supporters as fervent as these. I have racked my brains how to uplift my own game pleasing and attractive to most, but not always completely satisfactory to Alex Young for the sake of my team-mates and manager Harry Catterick.

There have been times when I have had out-of-this world games. matches in which everything I have attempted has turned to gold. . . duels in which, with a minimum amount of effort, I have run rings round floundering oppositions and 'laid-on' goals for my colleagues in our talented Everton attack. Yet, ironically, there have been times when I have exasperated myself and must have stretched the patience of manager Catterick.

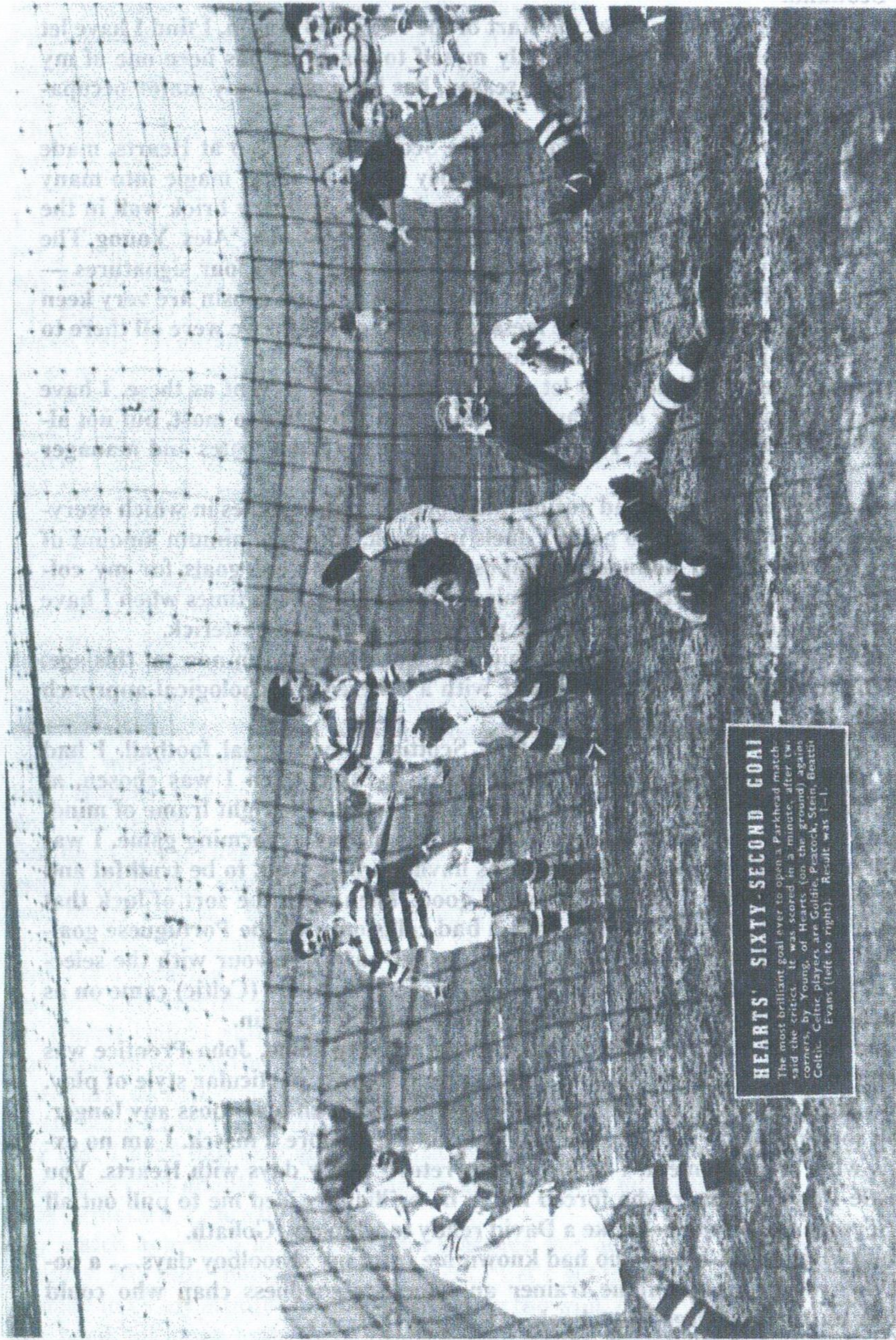
I know, now, at thirty, it's still not too late to turn the clock back. Even now, at this age, I'm endeavouring to re-shape my football image with a different psychological approach to my own game.

In 1966 I was positive I could redeem myself in Scottish international football. I had waited almost four years to be given another chance. It came when I was chosen, at twenty-nine, to play against Portugal at Hampden Park. I was in the right frame of mind. I only played for about twenty minutes, but I knew I was having a storming game. I was turning on a bit of the old Alex Young stuff. I was having a ball. And, to be truthful and without any bragging, I knew I must have looked good. Then, with the sort of luck that has dogged me from time to time, I had to have a bad collision with the Portuguese goalkeeper. Fate had stepped in and ruined my chance to get back in favour with the selectors. Result was a hair-line fracture of the right leg. Steven Chalmers (Celtic) came on as substitute. Instead of joy at 'finding myself again, I had nothing but pain.

In that year, and for that match in which I so badly wanted to shine, John Prentice was the Scottish team manager. he always appeared to appreciate my particular style of play. But, here again, fate has moved in. For Prentice is not the Scottish team boss any longer. Quite a few top soccer players need a psychological build-up before a match. I am no exception. That is why, for a moment, I would like to return to my days with Hearts. You see, at Tynecastle I had a trainer who forced me to be brilliant, willed me to pull out all the stops, and sent me out on the field like a David ready to whip any Goliath.

His name? Johnny Harvey. A bloke who had known me from my schoolboy days. . . a nonsense and no frills-in-his-technique trainer an honest-to-goodness chap who could 'read' any player under his charge like a book.

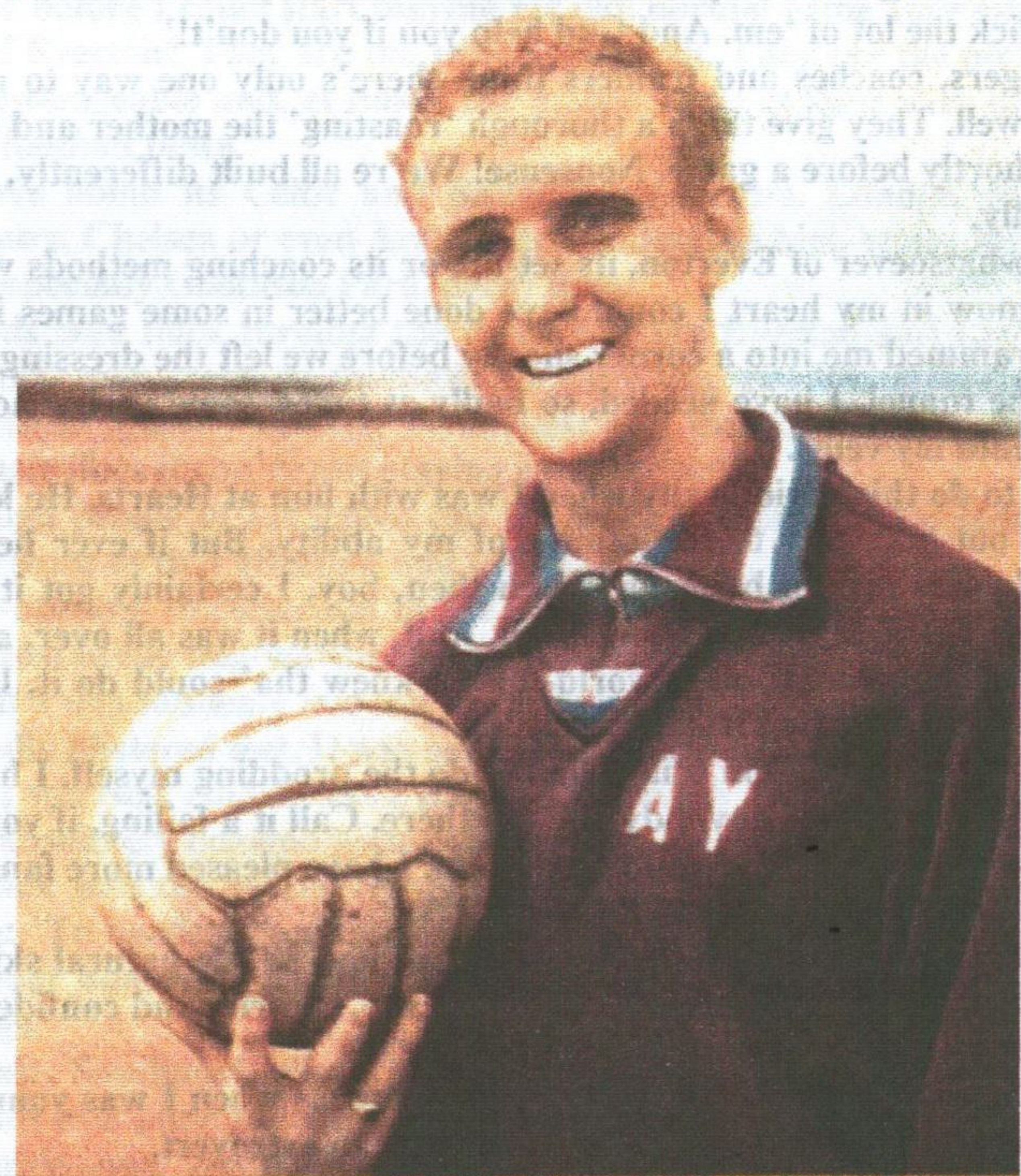
Harvey certainly knew me from A to Z. He knew there was only one way to make me go out there and have one hell of a game. He used to push me into a corner a minute or so before we trotted out and faced the cheers. He used to hammer down my throat words which weren't always kind, but words which made me feel like a giant-killer. For Johnny used to say:



HEARTS' SIXTY-SECOND GOAL

The most brilliant goal ever to open a Parkhead match - said the critics - it was scored in a minute, after two minutes, by Alex Young, of Hearts (top the ground) against Celtic. Celtic players, are Golbie, Pratoch, Stein, Beathin Evans (left to right). Result was 1-1.

This great photo shows Alex on the floor after scoring what was described as The most brilliant goal ever to open a Parkhead match. Alex had put Hearts into the lead after just one minute against Celtic in the Cup photo is from 1956 April's edition of Charles Buchan's Football Magazine



Alex Young scores against Celtic in August 1959.

The Alex Young Story

'Go on out there, Young. I know you can do it. You know you can do it. Now get on with it. You can lick the lot of 'em. And God help you if you don't!'

Now some managers, coaches and trainers think there's only one way to make their team play really well. They give them a thorough 'roasting' the mother and father of a good telling-off shortly before a game. Nonsense! We're all built differently, both mentally and physically.

It's no criticism whatsoever of Everton, its set-up, or its coaching methods when I say, with honesty, I know in my heart I could have done better in some games if a person like Harvey had rammed me into a corner shortly before we left the dressing-room and went out down the tunnel. I have needed, so badly at times, some verbal adrenalin to inject added fire into my veins.

Harvey had only to do this periodically when I was with him at Hearts. He knew I had the ability to go out and play to the utmost of my ability. But if ever he spotted I needed a psychological pep-up before a match then, boy, I certainly got it! Result: I always went out on the field feeling ten feet tall. And, when it was all over, a wink and a nod from Johnny used to tell me a world-full: 'I knew tha' could do it, laddie. But you still needed to be drilled into it.'

In most of my games with Everton I have had to do the prodding myself. I have had to tell myself I can play as well as anybody else out there. Call it a failing, if you like. But I can't help my mental make-up. And I like to think I have pleased more fans than any I might have disappointed in my football career.

Another point: players such as Denis Law, who have had all the natural skills since a junior, always have a tremendous feeling of competence, security and confidence. Some of that, I should imagine, comes from their family ties.

Now I have been inhibited all my life. Not so much now as when I was younger. And, no matter how hard I have tried, I could never become an extrovert.

It is my contention that if you have all the natural abilities, plus supreme cockiness and confidence, then you should be able to put them at all times in the shop window and be merciless on the field. Now I cannot do this. Confidence, at times, drains out of me because I am not a natural extrovert. To be like this you must ooze confidence all the time.

Players like Law, Baxter, Mackay, Ball and Greaves, to a lesser degree, don't have to be told how good they are. For they are so full of themselves they know it all the time.

But I am convinced that the simple psychological effect of being told when you really need it that you are good could make all the difference to some players' games. It could to mine.

Don't think I'm putting up a smoke-screen to cover any temporary lapses in performance I might have had at Goodison Park, where I am having my happiest days in Football. Not a bit of it. I am simply trying to tell, in the simplest way, what effect personality can have on play.

Then there was the famous 'Soccer Bribes Case' and I prefer to call it infamous which had a noticeable effect on my game and also my personal life.

A smear it was completely unjustified and perfectly untrue stuck with me for a long time.

Fortunately, those loyal fans of Everton stood by their innocent heroes of the football world in their hours of torment. I was in that number. Yet, quite understandably, the ugliness of the whole situation made it a sheer impossibility to give 100 per cent concentration to my game.

For I was hurt. My pride was hurt. And I knew that the whole sordid business had hurt members of my family and some of our closest friends.

The Alex Young Story

I estimate it took me a full season before I had succeeded in wiping that smear out of my mind and before I could start playing my old, normal game once more.

Loyal fans of Everton? They are the salt of the earth. They are the pick of the bunch, the most knowledgeable and, at times, the most critical of their very own pin-up boys in the whole football fiesta.

Scotland raves about its Celtic and Rangers supporters. London goes into a tizzy whenever Spurs, Chelsea or even Arsenal are hitting the high-spots. But give me Merseyside and especially Goodison Park every time.

The thousands who flock through the turnstiles into Everton and Liverpool grounds have made their own mark on football. They are the 'goods'; they sing your praises; they chorus their idolatry of their favourites; and they could make a pub tap-room blush with their jibes if you're not playing up to scratch.

Yet these tough people of Liverpool can boast the tenderness of a child. I know. For I've sampled some of that affection and tenderness.

My first eye-opening introduction to the Merseyside mothering instinct came in August, 1961. Most of the flag-waving about my arrival at Goodison from Hearts was dying down. But I was suddenly laid low and out for the count as far as football was concerned by badly blistered feet. It was something of a mystery complaint. I was worried. The club was worried. And so were the fans. So much so, that my home and the club offices were absolutely deluged with letters giving me advice on just what to do in order to get back into the soccer scene. From Childwall, Liverpool, one Everton supporter wrote: 'To harden your feet, bathe in sea-water. You can easily get to Crosby shore from your home and paddle three times a day. Before a match soap the soles of your stockings.'

From Ainsdale, Southport, another fan wrote: 'An elderly acquaintance told me to wrap each foot in a piece of newspaper before putting it into my sock. You see, I had the same trouble once. 'But it is rather messy, so do have another sheet of newspaper to catch the bits when you take the sock off.' From New Ferry, Cheshire, I was advised: 'Spread caster oil on your feet. If this does not do the trick, consult your doctor.' From Coronation Court, Liverpool, 9, I was told: 'Have two flexible, stainless-steel in-soles made to fit your boots. You can, if you wish, cover these steel in-soles with a rubber sock for further comfort.

Play about in sand in your bare feet.' From West Derby, Liverpool, 11, yet another worried Everton fan wrote: 'My father knew a man who cured blisters on his feet by soaking them in a bowl of paraffin for ten minutes at least twice a week.' And from 'An Old Soldier' in Queen's Drive, Liverpool, 13, came this advice: 'Wash the feet in warm, soapy water, partially dry, then rub them well with ordinary dubbin. Soldiers for the use of. And don't forget to sleep in old socks. Wool for preference.

'If this advice is of use to you, I will be very glad and hope it helps you to beat Dixie Dean's scoring record for the good old Blues.'

Then there came from Penton Street, Liverpool, 6, an unexpected piece of generous advice. It was from a fan of Ron Yeats, Ian St John, Roger Hunt and company at nearby Anfield. Concern indeed when you get it from the 'other camp'!

This kind-hearted chap wrote: 'Before you go to bed mix a liberal amount of common starch in cold water and soak your feet for fifteen minutes.

'Then, soak a big piece of cloth in the starch water and put more starch in until you have a paste. Wrap it round your feet and leave the cloth on all night. 'To save the bed-clothes getting wet, wrap a dry cloth round the other one. Repeat all this treatment for two or three nights.

(continued in the next issue Alex Young 'Goals At Goodison')

Fred Pickering joined Everton in March 1964 , a move which caused outrage in his home town Blackburn , I caught up with him at the Bilbao game.

By Barry Hewitt.

BH: Why are you at Goodison today ?

FP: I try and support events for old friends and team mates as much as possible. It's always good to see some familiar faces ,though of course it seems a bit funny today without Labby , a sad loss to Everton

BH : How did you get into football?

FP: I got signed as a kid by Blackburn graduating through the junior sides as a full back .In 1959 I won an FA Youth Cup winners medal in that position . I had a few games in the first team at left back but was tried as a forward first in the reserves then the first team.I did well enough to earn England u-23 caps and even scored a hat-trick at Goodison against the Blues.

BH: What bought about the transfer ?

FP: I had done well since moving upfront Rovers were challenging for the title and I thought I deserved recognition via a pay rise . Rovers manager Jack Marshall disagreed , which caused a bit of bad feeling. Then out of the blue I was told I was going to Everton . and the next day took the train to Liverpool . NO flash cars in those days ! I got lost trying to find the ground and a friendly Scouser sent me miles out of my way , he must have been a red . However I eventually arrived to sign on the dotted line. It was very different from what I was used to as Everton are a far bigger club than Blackburn, I scored a hat-trick on my debut v Forest , but I felt the fans were initially a bit wary of me as many thought I'd been signed to replace their idol Alex Young. I scored 9 goals in 9 games but the bid to retain the title subsided. Blackburn too dropped out of the race after I left and Liverpool won the race.

BH; You won full England caps while at Everton ?

FP ; I went on an end of season tour with Alf Ramsey's England in 1964 , missing Everton's tour of Australia , which did not please Harry Catterick. I made my debut against USA in New York in front of 5,000 people scoring a hat-trick , I believe I am the last player to achieve this feat for England. The next season I played twice more against N Ireland and Belgium scoring in both games. I was named in the initial 40 strong squad for the 66 World Cup., but my knee injury prevented

Fred Pickering

me going any further. I don't think Ramsey was particularly pleased when I told him I wanted to be played how I played for Everton which probably cost me more caps.

BH: You played a prominent role in getting the Blues to Wembley in 1966 , how disappointing was it to miss the final ?

FP: I was gutted but not surprised when The Catt told me I wasn't playing. I picked up a knee injury in a Derby match and I had missed the semi-final at Bolton and worked hard to get fit. Though substitutes were allowed in League games that season they did not appear in FA Cup matches until the following year. The manager told me he could not risk me for 90 minutes at Wembley but if he had been allowed a substitute he would probably have played me.

BH: How did you come to leave Everton ?

FP: My injury kept me out of virtually all of the 66/67 season but I did make a few appearances , however a young lad called Joe Royle was beginning to come through the ranks and at the start of 67/68 I was summonsed to be told I was going to Birmingham. I had two good years there and helped bring on a certain Bob Latchford for them. I then transferred top Blackpool and helped them back into the First Division. We clinched promotion at arch rivals Preston , a result which also relegated them. In this match I scored a hat-trick, deemed Blackpool's second most famous, after The Mortensen hat-trick at Wembley in the Matthews Cup Final of 1953. From there I re joined Blackburn but it didn't work out so I hung up my boots. I worked at Brighton coaching for a short time but eventually returned home to Blackburn, where I still live today in retirement. I try to get to Goodison as much as possible two or three times a year , and attend functions such as the Hall of fame dinners at the Adelphi. I had great times at Everton and they will always hold a special place in my affections. It never ceases to amaze me the reception those of us lucky enough to play for our special club receive from the amazing supporters when we return , I am hoping for a good season and perhaps a challenge for Europe will be on the cards.

Thanks to Fred Pickering for allowing Barry Hewitt to interview him and letting Blue Blood publish it and special thank to Barry for getting this article for Blue Blood.

Sheffield United away 11,000 watch an unchanged Everton perform poorly Young does score but Sheffield United get two. Inconsistency is not what Everton are all about, the Board are not happy.

The new signings are not doing what they are paid to do and other old timers are in need of a shake up. The crowd to are not happy and only 10,000 come to the next game, Oldham at home, The team are, surprisingly unchanged and are expected to get back to winning ways, Centre Half Robert Young again scores but it ends 1-1 the crowd are restless, this is not good enough.

Bolton away, Lacey comes in at centre forward replacing the disappointing Tom Fleetwood who in truth is a much better Centre Half than Centre forward, 10,000 inside Bolton's ground and most of them are put into despair as Burton and Lacey score for Everton the game ends 2-1 for the Blues.

The trick now is to win the next game, something Everton have not done this season. 15,000 are inside Goodison waiting to see if their heroes do the business or once again fall down a hole. The visitors Bradford City are no mugs, Cup Winners and a fairly good team, Gourlay is tried at Centre forward as Lacey is dropped. Robert Young is not in the team after 41 games for Everton he leaves the Club at the end of the Season for Wolves.

Tom Fleetwood takes over at centre half where he settles down and continues there until the end of the season, The game kicks off, it is a hard fought match Davidson breaks the deadlock and Goodison's fans let out a screech of delight.

Arsenal away not easy 15,000 home fans won't help to make it any easier. John Allan makes his first appearance of the season for Everton at right half, replacing the injured Val Harris, that is the only change, Everton come under pressure but hold out and Frank Jefferis is the Everton hero when he scores the only goal of the game.

Home to Manchester City 15,000 want to see the third win on the trot. Fred Bradshaw makes his home debut at Centre forward Val Harris is still missing and Allan keeps his placé Everton take both points thanks to a goal from Andy Burton.

Next up is Preston North End away only 9,000 fans at this once great club. They have hit hard times and are heading for relegation. The Alarm Bells should be wringing, any Evertonian with the slightest knowledge of our clubs history will know nothing is ever, easy for Everton. To make matters worse this is the thirteenth game of the season!!! Val Harris is back at right half Bradshaw scores for Everton but Preston score twice (that's a shock) Everton lose what should have been an Away Banker.

Away to West Brom 12,240 fans inside the ground an unchanged Everton team and should I say it, this is another game we should win comfortably, West Brom win 1-0 enough said.

Home to Sunderland Gourlay is in at centre forward, Burton drops out. 12,000, a poor crowd by Goodison standards watch Everton struggle to a 1-0 win the goal scored by Gourlay.

Blackburn are next up, a short trip to a team on top form and looking like potential champions. 13,724 fans see an exciting game.



EVERTON FOOTBALL CLUB, 1911-12.

This very rare squad photo from the 1911-12 season has some spelling mistakes and has the intriguing inclusion of Taylor (see below)
Back row Harry Cook (trainer) Dr Whitford (Director) Makepeace, Harris, Magner, Jack Taylor, Meunier, Scott, Pinkney, Holbem, Davidson, Rev Jordan, Jack Elliot (trainer)

Middle row Beare, Jefferis, Chedgzoj, Murray, Stevenson, Robert Balmer, Robert Young, Gourlay, Doran, Lacey,
Front row Allen, Weller, Grenyer, Davies, Gracey, Gault, Burton.

There are a couple of things about this photo that are strange, first of all Jack Taylor had played his last game for Everton on the 31st March 1910 so why is he still in the picture in full kit? Allen should be spelt Allan, Gracey should be Gracie.

The History Of Everton Football Club

Everton re unchanged. Fred Bradshaw playing at inside right scores for Everton but once again they are outfought by their opponents and lose 2-1.

Home to Sheffield Wednesday on December 16th It is nearly Christmas and the Evertonians have decided their money is better spent on family than watching Everton only 5,000 turn out to watch this game, Everton are unchanged for the third game on the trot Frank Jefferis scores the only goal for Everton.

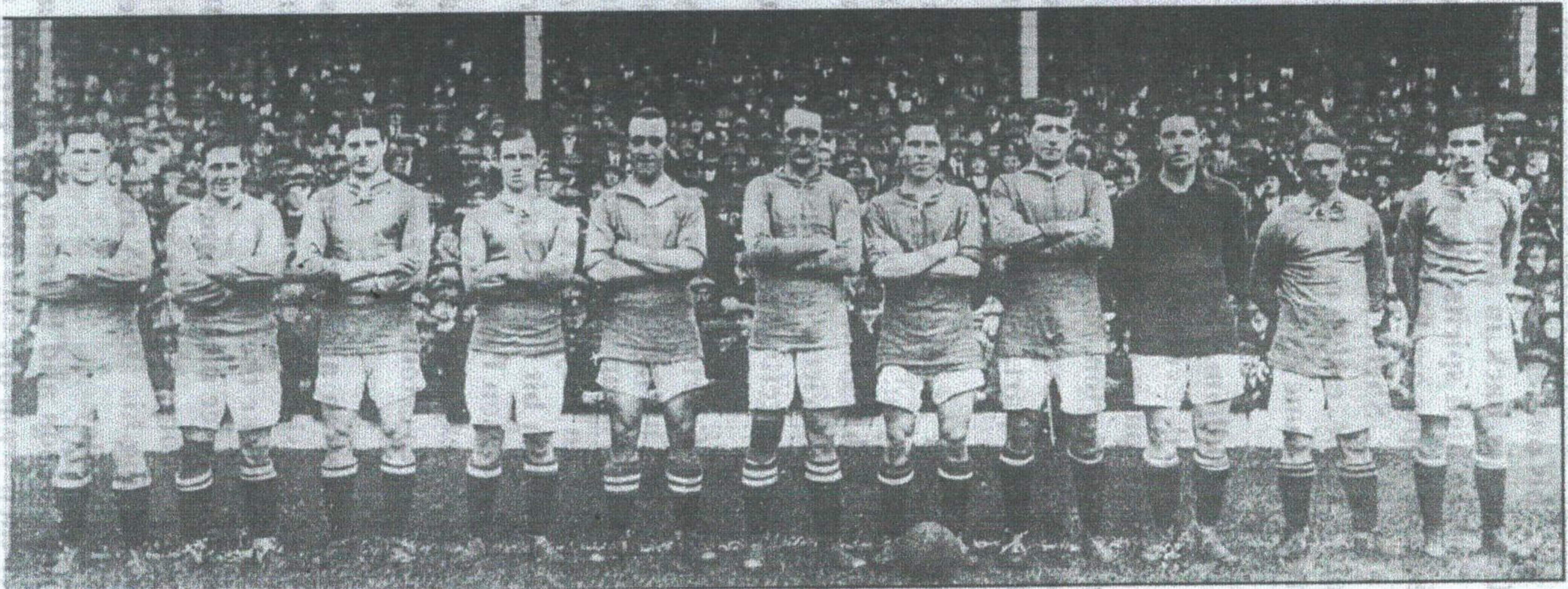
23rd December 1911 Bury away only 4,000 attend, Everton score twice Bradshaw and Jefferis get a goal each in a 2-1 win,

Christmas Day 1911 and a trip to the fridge freezer City better known as Middlesbrough, 22,436 watch. Two Everton changes Lacey comes in at outside left and Gracie comes in at centre forward. The game ends in a 0-0 draw, Boxing Day 24 hours later the two teams meet again at Goodison 25,000 are there to see Everton play an unchanged team, Bradshaw scores Evertons winning goal in a 1-0 victory, everyone goes home happy. December 30th 1911 the last game of the year and a long trip down to Tottenham in London 24,500 watch. Lacey gives way to Davidson at outside left. George Beare the ever present number seven gets the winning goal for Everton. A fine way to finish of the year, four wins and a draw from the last 5 games. January 6th, 1911 and Everton are at home to Man United, Tom' Boy' Browell makes his debut at centre forward. Only 12,000 watch. it is a great game, plenty of passion and Tom Boy 'gets two goals along with Bradshaw who also gets two in a 4-0 win. Man United's left winger George Wall was getting abuse from the Everton crowd, he lost his cool Cantona style and went towards the spectator who was abusing him, two policemen prevented him from getting in to the crowd.

The next game was a Cup tie against little Clapton Orient, later to become Leyton Orient. Not as easy as you might think, Clapton were riding high in Division 2 and playing well, The crowd figure for this game in London is not known Browell kept his place in the side and found the net once again. George Beare also scored and Everton won 2-1 to progress to the next round.

Everton had only lost one game out of the last eighth, not surprisingly they kept the same team for the next game The Derby at Anfield Our City rivals were having a hard time of it and the feeling in both camps was that there was no better time for Everton to complete a League Double over their neighbours. 35,000 were inside the ground, the Everton contingent out in force, Beare, Browell, Jefferis all found the net for Everton, the home team only scored once, Everton won 3-1 and the delighted Evertonians went straight to the pub.

Aston Villa at home, a hard team to beat but 37,000, Evertonians tried to lift the Blues but Villa were resolute and held out for a 1-1 draw, Bradshaw getting the Everton goal. The F.A. Cup and a home draw against Bury, The visitors were playing awful, bottom of the League and destined to be relegated at the end of the season. But as we all know the F. A. Cup is an equaliser The attendance is not known but it would no doubt have been in the high 20,000s Maconnachie scores for the Blues but Bury grab a replay with an equaliser. The game, is to be played five days later but Bury sensing a 'Pay out-decide to allow the game to be switched to Goodison Park, Bradshaw misses the game and is replaced by Gourlay, financially Bury did well, football wise it was a disaster for them. Tom Boy' Browell got four goals Davidson and Jefferis got one each



A rare photo of what is probably an Everton reserve team line up, from around 1911—1912 fifth from the left is Frank Sheldon who never played a first team game. Sixth from left is Francis Jefferies, eighth left is Tom Fleetwood and ninth is goalie Tom Fern . Other players are harder to name but a full squad photo from 1911-12 can be seen on page 27 see if you can name more players by comparing the two photos.



Tom 'Boy' Browell made his debut on January 6th 1912 against Manchester United at Goodison, He was an instant hit with the crowd after scoring twice on his debut. Signed from Hull City, one of three brothers all of whom played for Hull. He was a prolific scorer and eventually got 223 goals in over 400 appearances in his career. Left Everton in October 1913 to sign for Manchester City then Blackpool, Lytham, and finally Morecombe, he retired from football and became a tram driver, he died on the 8th October 1955.



Doesn't it look beautiful? But don't forget, the neighbours from HELL are building an extension and they are moving closer. Maybe now is the right time to move!