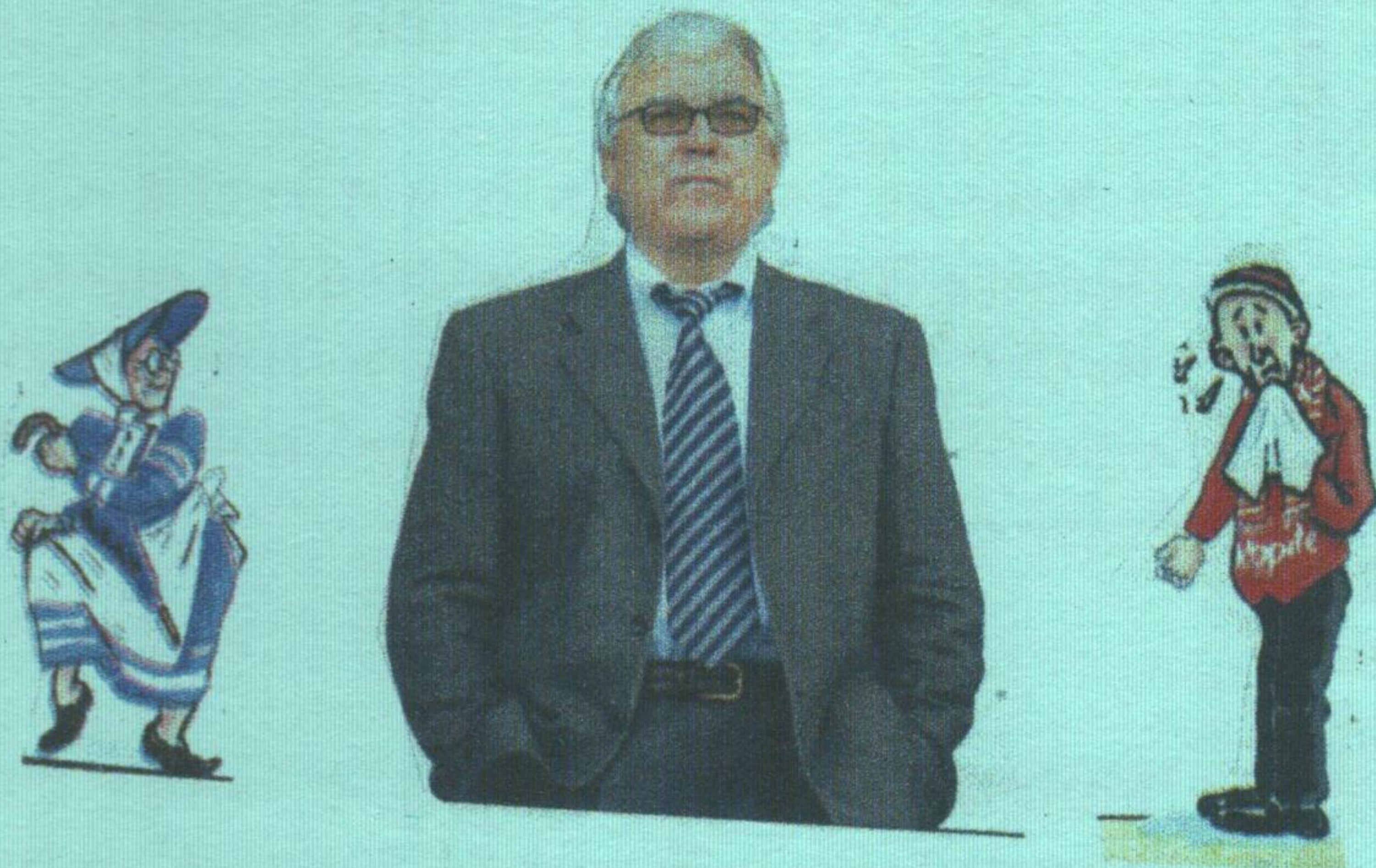


# Blue Blood

**A Historical Everton Fanzine**

**Volume 6 issue 36**



**Bill Has 'Out Of Body Experience'**

Page 6

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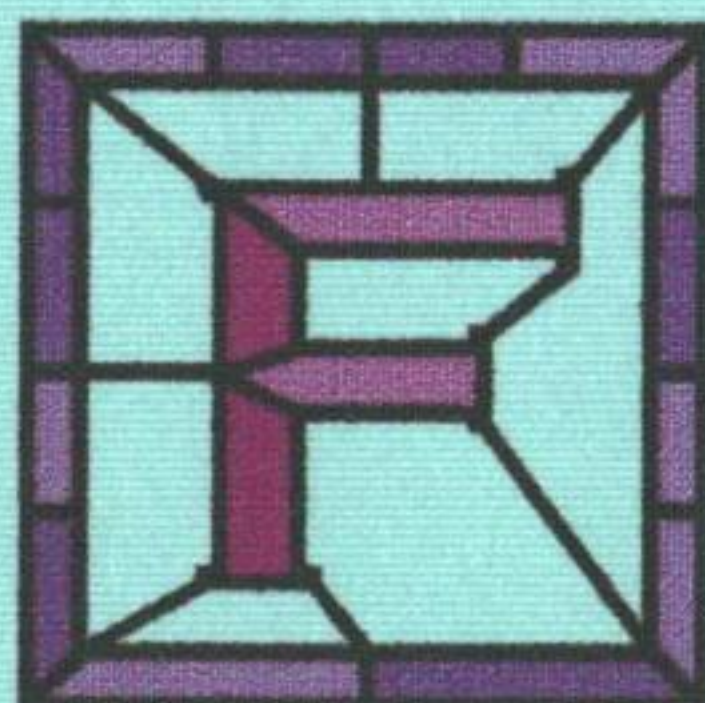
# Editorial Blue Blood

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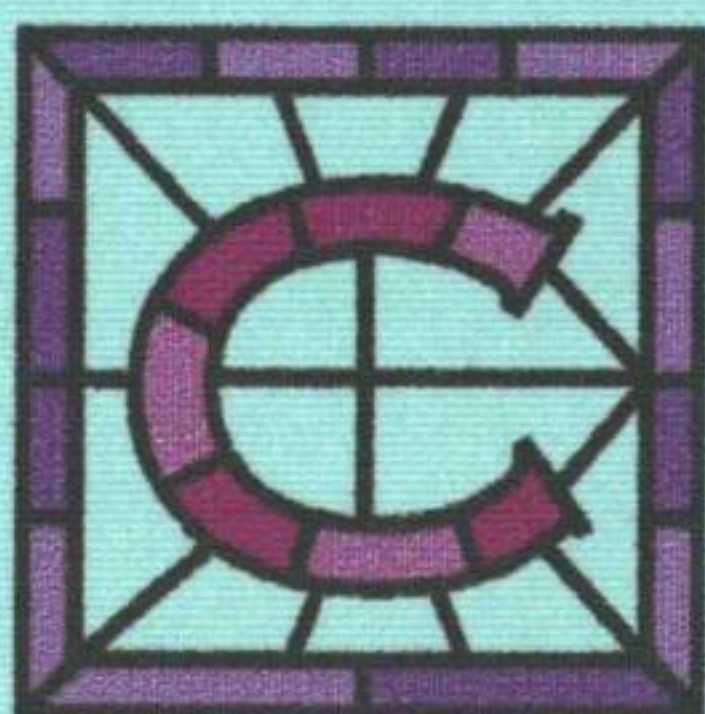


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



## 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.



**Cliff Britton**  
242 games 3 goals  
Manager Sept 1948  
February 1956  
Born in Bristol, Cliff was a great Evertonian, a gentleman and fine player.  
Debut October 1930  
Last April 1939

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

The "Derby" what a brilliant result, excellent, Johnson, everyone and the visiting fans were as quiet as I have ever heard any visiting fans, even the Wimbledon sixty made more noise.

It was good to know that young Evertonians who hadn't seen the other lot hammered had the chance to watch the humiliation of the Spanish Armada.

Wigan at home and why oh why do Everton let you down? Wigan came and bullied us off the park, we got involved with minor side issues and lost the plot.

Newcastle away and once again untrained, unfit officials rob us off two valuable points, if you can't see three men dressed in black and white striped shirts from twenty yards away maybe it's time all forwards wore fluorescent jackets to help the poor sighted assistant referee's.

That apart we played well and deserved at least a point, so it was nice to come away from Newcastle with something for a change apart from Hypothermia.

Manchester City at home and once more Mr Moyes allows his nerves to ruin a match, he had no need to play Beattie, just Davies to slot into Neville's position as he went to right back.

Everton were all over City, the game was ours, no need to bring on any subs but Moyes, trying to be the master technician that he isn't thought he would waste some time by bringing on Weir in the dying seconds. Referees see this five second delaying tactic and add on thirty seconds, every fan knows that why doesn't Moyes?

Life as an Evertonian as you all know is not easy, we have to try and compete with rich Spaniards, Multimillionaire Russians, even Villa have a Sugar Daddy, so it is important that Moyes gets it right.

I do not like the one up front tactic but Cahill and Arteta have been doing more work so it was working, wins at Spurs and a point from Newcastle have been thrown away by the stupidity of the Man City, Wigan results.

Off we go to Middlesbrough a place where it was expected Everton to win, the choice of Beattie, Davies and McFadden was baffling, only Davies made the starting line up but why did he, his form is pathetic he doesn't inspire anyone around him?

Beattie on the bench then on the pitch before Anichebe is also baffling. Beattie has had more than enough chances to prove his worth and he has wasted most of them. Young Victor on the other hand has only had a couple of chances and taken them, his reward is to be cast to the outreaches of Widnes in the reserves or getting a game against Peterborough where he played really well but not well enough to play in the next game.

Beattie seems intent on trying to do everything, his own self importance does not help the team, he needs to calm down and play as a member of a team not as a glory seeking individual. Exactly the same can be said for McFadden, he wants to take on the whole defence and doesn't get the ball over, his corner taking and free kicks are useless.

Simon Davies, what can you say? A non tackling, non shooting, non passing midfielder, unbelievable that he is in the squad never mind the team. All three aforementioned players were bought by Moyes and at a considerable price, is it possible that Moyes in trying to prove they are not as bad as Kroldrup or Van Der Meyde, is he ignoring the talent of Anichebe to try and prove himself right?

Young Vaughan is now pressing for attention, Moyes wants to send him out on loan, again why? Send Beattie or McFadden out on loan, it will not only give Victor and Vaughan a chance but the wage bill will be reduced substantially.

Some good news I was at the Shareholders Forum at Goodison on Monday 16th October and the David France collection was mentioned. I met up with David a few weeks back and he was looking much better after his recent illness. The latest update is that it looks very good on the Lottery Heritage front and if everything goes well David will at last get his money. The collection will then be handed over to the Liverpool Records office. Also on the night David Prentice from the Liverpool Echo, Mike Hughes from Radio Merseyside and Darren Griffiths from Everton Football Club all explained the workings of a match day at Goodison and away games. I think Evertonians should be very grateful that they not only have three dedicated professionals working on behalf of the fans but that they are also Evertonians.

## Goalkeeper Bloopers

Just last week I was watching the classic Everton matches on ESPN via Sky. One game featured a terrible goalkeeping blunder in the Blues favour (see 6). Then at the Derby, Pepe the clown did his party piece to present Andy Johnson with a gift. It prompted me to list a few more errors from which we have profited in my time following Everton FC. Some occurred in very critical games, others not so important, but all the gifts were equally welcome.

1 Hans Segers, Wimbledon 93/94; Perhaps the most famous (infamous?) blunder, in the must win last game of the season. With the score at 2-2 and time running out Everton were occupying the final relegation spot. Graham Stuart's block / shot from the edge of the box beat an arthritic dive from Hans to creep under his body and into the net, much to the relief of Evertonians everywhere. It has been suggested mainly by frustrated Kopites that his "gift" was not entirely unexpected. Mind you the same Reds see no reason to believe that an Italian side 3-0 up at half time in the most one sided European final of all time, should eventually get beaten on penalties!

2 Bruce Grobbelaar, Liverpool 85/86; In a typically close Derby match Bruce supposedly suffering from an arm injury allowed a skimming shot from Kevin Ratcliffe, which bounced at least twice, to escape his clutches, slip under his body and crawl across the line in front of a disbelieving Kop. Gary Lineker's goal ensured a 2-0 win.

3 John Lukic, Arsenal 86/87; In a vital game at Highbury the keepers clearance from feet went straight to the unmarked Wayne Clarke, who looked up took aim and calmly lofted the ball back over the keeper into an unguarded net. This was the only goal of the game and as the reds lost 1-2 at home to Wimbledon went a long way to ensuring the championship found its way to Goodison later that year.

4 Martin Hodge, Sheff Weds 85/86; In a tight FA Cup semi final at Villa Park ex Blues keeper Hodge made a mad dash for a ball to the edge of his box. Everton sub Alan Harper was always favourite to get there first and duly sent a precise lob over the over-committed keeper into the net for the first goal in a 2-1 win.

5 Phil Parkes, QPR 76/77; The Blues visit to Loftus Road on the opening day of the season was looked on with some trepidation as in the previous season Rangers had thrashed them 5-0. An early sending off for Dave Jones re-enforced that opinion, but 10 man Everton won an astonishing match 4-0. The first goal was a comical own goal by Parkes who caught a high ball under pressure from Mike Lyons fell to the ground and shovelled the ball into his net. A Bernard pen and 2 from Bob Latchford completed a satisfying win.

## Goalkeeping Bloopers

6 David Harvey, Leeds 74/75: Steve Seargeant only scored one goal for Everton the opening goal in a 3-2 win over then champions Leeds at Goodison Park. Picking up a loose ball on the half way line. Steve strode forward and unleashed a not too powerful shot. Harvey obviously expecting a shot of greater velocity dived full length, and could only wave a flailing arm as the ball arced gently over his prostrate body while he laid flat out near his left hand post.

7 Mark Crossley, Notts Forest 95/96 Forest were a bedraggled outfit and easily beaten 3-0. The hapless Crossley picked up a back pass on his six yard box and every Forest player duly joined him on their goal line as Andy Hinchcliffe lined up a shot. Andy's shot was of awesome power and nearly ripped the net off the posts as it tore past the defensive wall. Two Big Dunc specials sealed a comfortable victory

8. Jake Findlay, Luton 82/3 On a wintry December day Luton were ripped apart by on loan Terry Curran as Everton cantered to a 5-0 win. Strangest goal of the day was when full back John Bailey launched a shot from the wing just over the half way line. Findlay was as surprised as everyone else in the ground as the ball bounced and careered over his head and into the net.

9 Shay Given, Newcastle 98/99 It was a must win game for Walter Smith's Everton when they visited St James Park. A first minute Kevin Campbell goal was just the job and the blues went in search of another. On loan Campbell got the faintest of touches to a near post cross but Given unexplicably let the ball from his grasp and it dribbled embarrassingly slowly over the line. A further goal from Scot Gemmill and a penalty save from Thomas Myhre earned the blues 3 valuable points.

10. Bruce Grobbelaar, Liverpool 84/85 Many Reds conveniently forget the first Wembley derby victory went to Everton as Howard Kendall's 1984 Cup Winners beat the champions at a packed Wembley. Paul Bracewell made a convincing debut as Everton dominated their opponents territorially. The only goal of the game came when Graeme Sharp broke clear, he beat Grobbelaar but shot weakly allowing Hansen to clear. However in his haste to get back into goal Grobbelaar saw the ball rebound into the net off his shins much to the delight of what seemed like two thirds of Wembley.

Now do not think me unsympathetic to a certain degree with all the above named, for many years I played in goal making similar blunders myself. Fortunately mine were in front of two men and a dog not watching thousands and on video tape for all to see. I daresay Everton custodians would feature quite regularly on similar lists from opposing teams fans., I think Paul Gerard would be worthy of a top ten of his own! But that another story ... Who'd be a keeper?

Barry Hewitt

## Bills Out Of Body Experience

After the great win in the "Derby" the pubs were heaving, the songs were getting their airings and everyone who was Blue was very, very happy. Nothing was going to spoil this night and many pints later nothing did.

I went to bed in the early hours of Sunday still singing but no longer in tune and with a husky voice.

Sunday dawned but not before 11am for me, my head was pounding and my tongue felt as if someone had dried it out with a blow lamp.

I fell out of bed and crawled downstairs to be greeted by a frosty stare from my better half. "Oh it's awake" she said and carried on with the ironing. I filled a pint glass with water and drank it in one go, not a drop missed my sandpit of a mouth.

"Enjoy yourself, did you?" my wife asked, "Brilliant" I said, "Bloody Brilliant".

"Not as much as your favourite Chairman" she said.

I looked at her, mystified, "What do you mean"

"Uncle Bill was on the Radio, extolling the virtues of being a Blue, he went into full Theatrical mode. Said that he had, had an OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE".

I cringed, oh no, not Bill I thought, don't spoil it by giving one of your Luvvie Speeches but it was too late by the sound of it.

"An out of Body Experience" I said out loud to no one in particular, an out of bloody body experience, holding my head in my hands.

I got on my mobile and phoned some of the lads, they had all heard the news, some thought it was great, others like myself felt embarrassed, one said "It was an out of Wallet Experience that we needed from him, not an out of body". I gave a chuckle, yes that is true I thought, even though the moths flew out of his wallet in the summer Everton need more money made available to the manager and on a more regular basis.

How can little clubs like Reading get new investment and new grounds yet Everton are always ignored by investors?

Surely Everton are a massive investment prospect for a person or company that want to put their name on the World stage. I know that some might think I am going over the top with my assessment of Everton but for Gods sake we are a Premiership Club and sometimes a Top Ten Premiership Club. We get plenty of coverage on Sky T.V. and the BBC, we get 40,000 fans most weeks, so where the hell are the people with the money?

Is it because Uncle Bill really doesn't want to let go? Is it because we are not an attractive proposition? Is it because we are more in debt than has been said?

I do not know the answer but I do know one thing, if I had the money some of these guys have, I would be in and buy Everton before the ink dried on the cheque and not because I am an Evertonian, no, it would be because it would be a very sound investment and I reckon that I would make a few bob.

*Daniel Lake*

## Lions Led By Donkeys

On the 90th anniversary of the Somme, maybe it's pertinent that a phrase associated with the Great War now is applied to Everton Football Club. The board, the chairman and the manager are totally clueless when it comes down to it

The chairman talks big but delivers abject failure, the board support him in all this and the manager is just plain clueless. The kindest thing that can be said about him is that he has taken us as far as he can -- and that's backwards. God! we even attack in reverse gear!

Yet, for reasons which I can't fathom out there is no real call for Moyes or Kenwright's head! At times, as discontent appears to be rearing it's ugly head, we get a point at home against a nonentity team and people are appeased. It is truly amazing.

Take his TV interviews -- he'll appear after we've been slaughtered 0-3, hardly had a kick etc, and he'll claim we were unlucky -- played well, coped with the pressure and deserved a victory and he's happy with the way things are going.

His transfer dealings leave a lot to be desired I have no idea what his policy is, if such it can be called but it sure don't work, does it? Per Kroldrop - I have heard that our manager bought him 'cos he'd been told he was good! He splashes the cash and after watching him for a week or two in training, realises he's been sold a dud. Who's fault is that? Then 'er, I heard, we only got £100,000 when we sold him on.

Remember that Brazilian youngster we bought a year or two back. We left him in Spain as he didn't qualify under our rules, for a work permit?

Again, I've heard that Davie never actually saw him and when he did, he wasn't impressed. Even a lot of the players he's bought that we see most weeks, don't really cut the mustard, do they?

At last year's AGM we were told by him that during the January window we would be purchasing a 'keeper', 'cos he knew Martyn was getting on and Wright was crap and a forward -- because our lack of goalscoring was apparent to all and sundry. What happened? We sell a forward and get Stubbs back!

Talking of which, yet again, we resign both Stubbs and Weir!! It really is unbelievable. The rest of the Premiership must be quaking in their boots at the thought of coming up against these two old duffers who've got no pace, can't run and can't pass. And that's their good points!

Kenwright - with Moyes - told us that they got the best possible deal for Rooney! That was laughable when they came out with it. However, Man U won a trophy last season, how much money came our way out of that? NOTHING.

Wigan at home summed Moyes up last season. 0-1 down at home in the dying moments of the game Wigan get a corner. Everybody back. Dave even if we clear the ball the bloody thing's coming straight back! It's not rocket science! Then, lo and behold, we get a corner, Wigan leave two men up, away from home, 1-0 up in dying embers of the game

Under Moyes, we have NEVER scored goals (and I'd say half of Andy Johnson ~ goals came from the spot, er this great scoring record is a tad flawed from the off but please prove me wrong Andy!) Only four times have we scored more than three goals in a game under Davie boy. And he's been here a good while now.

He claims to give youth a chance whenever possible. I must've blinked and missed that! Like the Blessed Walter, he only plays youngsters when forced into it and no other option is possible. Don't forget, even with Martyn and Wright injured, he seemed loathe to use Turner or Ruddy and when Turner was suspended -- courtesy of Stubbs, lest we forget -- he was out there getting a red neck reject keeper and played him instead of Ruddy

If you saw the Celtic game on Five, you even had Kevin Gallagher saying how much he gives youth a chance when the likes of Victor and Paddy Boyle got a bit of a run out. The reason for that, Mr.Gallagher, is the fact that no matter what Moyes tells us, saying he's happy in the process we haven't got a squad! Every close season we end up with less players than the bare-hones squad we had previously!

## Lions Led By Donkeys

He must hold every 'Worst record' you could possibly think of, in the stewardship of our club:

- Worst season in our illustrious history
- Worst ever points total
- Least number of goals scored in a season
- Worst defeat ??????????
- Worst European defeat
- Worst-ever FA Cup defeat to a side relegated from the league at the end of the season
- Worst ??? defeat — to Arsenal's U18's
- Qualifying for 'Champions' League with a 'minus' goal-difference

Probably others, some may say:

- Worst team ever!  
and one of mine

.Worst 'Derby' performance - the last three have been embarrassing (*this article was written before the last Derby win*)

Through it all, Kenwright insists that Davey's the man for the job (God help us!.) and Wyness just puts up prices, loses money on everything he sells and tells us to be 'happy' cos the future is rosy

Now you have Wayne telling us what we really knew anyway. Moyes forced him out with his attitude towards him and treatment of him. (No doubt would testify re. their own experiences~ Remember Kenwright telling us that our future is Rooney and he has only two words to say to red-necks 'Wayne Rooney'. Well, assuming Wayne made his feelings known to Bill or Bill picking up on this himself then why wasn't his reaction: Wayne goes or Davey goes

Goodbye Dave!! Moyes won't win you cups or have you on the edge of your seat. Rooney could!

A few thoughts before I take my leave:

Thanks to Duncan (and Nigel) for all the sterling service we've had over the years.

Good luck to you.

I must've missed the non-stop BBC tribute night to Brian Labone to match the George Best stuff we had to put up with over New Year. Sorry 'bout that.

Well done to the Blue Babes (Everton Ladies) on securing runners-up spot last season: let's hope the improvement carries on and let's have a trophy, girls!

Finally (I think.). Just imagine Everton having the money to buy Theo Walcott last January and he'd played a few games for us and done well (sort of like Victor, who HAS played first-team football AND scored a goal. . .) do you think he'd have been taken to Germany? I think we all '(k)no(w)' the answer to that one . . . (Wenger didn't even have him in the Country for the Champions League Final!!)

**GOOD LUCK TO THE BLUE BOYS (and GIRLS!) FOR 2006-07!**

**IAN KIDD**

### Editor Note

*If you think that Blue Blood only has negative articles about Moyes, then write in and say what you think about our manager.*

# Real Zaragoza

## Continued from last issue

**Mundo**

*"The tie is still in the balance"*

*The English would not comment*

Don't go thinking that the two-nil scoreline that Real Zaragoza achieved yesterday deserved all the rave reviews. All those we spoke to thought it was a narrow victory. For example Balmanya, the manager of the national team:-

*"Zaragoza will have to fight hard in Liverpool to hold onto this lead. It will be far from easy to get through."*

Balmanya, who was not at the World Cup was not surprised at the way the English played.

*"They're stronger than the Irish, but they have some luxury players. I think Everton are a better side than suggested by their performance tonight."*

*"Were you impressed by Zaragoza?"*

*"They were all right. You already know my views on this team. They are one of the best in Spain, and they showed that tonight. I really enjoyed the performances of the three who played for Spain against Ireland."*

And now the surprising bit:

*"I have seen something new in Real Zaragoza that have pleasantly surprised me. You'll have to forgive me, I just can't put my finger on what it is."*

Someone who agrees with the Spanish manager is Mundo, the coach of Valencia.

*"Zaragoza deserved more goals because they went out to score three or four, but it's easier said than done to dish out a hiding to a team of Everton's class."*

*"How do you see the tie now?"*

*"It's still in the balance. Zaragoza have got a result to take to the second leg, but they still have work to do at 2-0. You must give Everton respect. Don't forget that."*

Mundo was pleased with Lapetra and Reija. As for Zaragoza he agreed with Balmanya:-

*"They're an excellent side and they are playing well."*

In the dressing-room it was officially confirmed that the Zaragoza vs Valencia match will be brought forward to Saturday, 19th November, to allow Zaragoza an extra day to prepare for the second leg. The match will be refereed by Gardeazibal. Waldo Marco said he was happy with the result ... sort of.

*"Before the match I'd have been happy with 2-0, but after the match I'm not. We have left ourselves short. Everton still look as dangerous as we've been told. We'll see how things go in Liverpool."*

Daucik agrees:-

*"I'd have been happy with 2-0 also. But we should have won by three or four, but it's not so bad. Remember Everton are Cup Holders with an excellent squad, and as they tell us themselves, are in their best-ever run of form. They went 12 games unbeaten, and I'm told that they are the top team in Britain. Although it's only a narrow victory, we deserve great credit for what we achieved tonight."*

Asked what he thought about last night's match compared to the Barcelona clash, Daucik said it was much better today:-

*"And that's because we did not have the bad luck this time."*

*"Were you happy with Goicoechea?"*



## Real Zaragoza

*Very much so. I believe in him. I have faith in his qualities. If the supporters have faith in Goicoechea, he could be a great goalkeeper."*

On Friday Zaragoza travel to La Coruña for a league match on Sunday. It is unlikely that there will be any changes in team selection.

This is where the opinions finish because the referee flatly refused to discuss any issues. He went straight into his dressing room and said:-

*"Tell the men from the press that I will not be able to make any comment."*

No other explanation was offered and we were referred to a FIFA directive which forbids referees to make comments.

The English contingent were equally silent. No comments came from the directors, the manager or the players. There was no explanation. When the match finished at a quarter to ten, they were locked in the dressing room. They were still there shortly before half past ten. We called to them several times, we asked for their comments but without success. They came out in single file with deadpan expressions and their heads lowered. I called out to Catterick and tried to speak to him. He did not even look at me; he just ignored me and walked towards the bus, absorbed in self-thought and carried on, as the players had before him, with a blank look on his face staring at no particular object. They were not fond of losing.

### Match Details

**Stadium:** La Romareda.  
**Time:** Eight o'clock in the evening.  
**Match:** First Leg. Last 16 of the European Cup Winners' Cup. Zaragoza - Everton.  
**Weather:** Very cloudy. Just like the previous few days.  
**State of the Pitch:** Very soft and slippery.  
**Attendance:** A little over half-full.

**Teams:** REAL ZARAGOZA (usual strip): Goicoechea; Violeta, Santamaría, Reija, (Captain). González; Santos, País, Lapetra; Canario Marcelino, Villa. EVERTON (yellow shirts, white shorts); West; Wright, Labone (Captain), Gabriel, Wilson; Ball, Harvey, Morrissey *[sic]*; Scot *[sic]*, Young, Temple.

**Referee:** Huber with linesmen from his native Switzerland. Good match in the European style. Let the game flow Correctly sent off the English player. Did not wish to see too many incidents in the penalty areas.

**Incidents:** Played under floodlights. Muted applause for Everton and keen applause for Zaragoza. Everton kicked off. After 44 minutes Young was shown a yellow card for throwing the ball into the face of Lapetra. As Santamaría was shaping to take the free kick, Morrissey *[sic]* hit Violeta who fell to the ground. The linesman drew the referee's attention to the incident whilst all hell broke loose amongst the players. When peace was finally restored the referee sent Morrissey *[sic]* off the field. In the second minute of the second half, a great run by Reija ended with Canario missing a good chance. On 17 minutes a shot by Santos was headed off the line. On 38 minutes a shot by País was tipped behind for a corner by the goalkeeper.

**Goals:** 1-0 13 minutes. Short corner by Canario to Villa whose centre is headed in by Santos.  
2-0 63 minutes. Run through the centre by Violeta whose high cross was converted past the out-rushing goalkeeper by Marcelino

## Real Zaragoza

HERALDO DE ARAGÓN 23rd NOVEMBER, 1966  
REAL ZARAGOZA READY FOR THE BIG CLASH

No Changes in the Real Zaragoza Team, but there may be in the Everton side

Three English players picked up knocks in last Saturday's match against Manchester.

*By our special correspondent José María Doñote by telephone.*

LIVERPOOL, 22nd. The hotel window from where I am writing this report is on the fourth floor which is quite high up in this typically English city where most of the houses are built in the Italian Renaissance style of three-floor buildings with shiny slate roofs almost permanently damp as they are now, after a morning of early sunshine, it has suddenly clouded over and is now raining gently.

No need to worry. In the city of two cathedrals, the Anglican and the Metropolitan, rising majestically from the urban sprawl, it has not rained since last Thursday which is a good sign because it would have to rain heavily for the Goodison Park pitch to be in bad condition. It is four o'clock and getting dark. Right under my window is a huge bus depot which is, of course, quite full. From here I have a great view of both cathedrals, each one fabulous in its different ways. I doubt they're even half a mile apart. From what I can gather, they are both under construction. The Metropolitan Cathedral will be finished next year, and the Anglican one when it's finished. Work started in 1904. When completed it will be the biggest in the world.

As you know Liverpool is separated from Ireland by the Irish Sea. You will not be surprised to learn, then, that there are many Irish people or descendants of Irish people here, and so ninety per cent of the people are catholic. We were told this by a Spanish clergyman who is working here on Merseyside. In my haste to write and send messages yesterday I forgot to mention that there is a young, dynamic Spanish consul in Liverpool and he was waiting for us at the airport. I'm talking about Vicente Ramírez Montesinos of the diplomatic service who is also a friend of other Zaragoza diplomats such as Mariano Baselga and Fausto Navarro. Ramírez Montesinos is from Madrid, and he has been doing this job since his arrival from Baghdad last March. It goes without saying that he cannot do enough to help us. Speaking in football terms the welcome we received from the English was cold, but not from the Spanish people who live here. The fact is that the cold welcome borders on bad manners. No Everton official has yet appeared at the hotel. Only the club secretary was at the airport to greet us.

As if the lack of attention was not enough, the Zaragoza players went to Goodison Park to train this morning and they were not allowed in. The club's excuse was that they were keeping the pitch in good condition. They were taken instead to one of the many public parks with shabby changing rooms and rudimentary facilities. And it is so cold - today it is four degrees - that Andrés Magallón was required to burn alcohol-soaked pads of cotton-wool just to get some heat into the place. The training session consisted of gymnastics and running because we had no balls to practise with. Everybody took part - the eleven who will start the match who you all saw play against Valencia last Saturday, plus Rodri, Isasi, Sigi and Planas. Lapetra also put his tracksuit on despite arriving here with a migraine, which, thank goodness, abated somewhat before he went to bed last night. "The Daily Post", the local morning paper, published photographs of Zaragoza arriving and some of Dancik's statements quite correctly. In the Evening Paper, which belongs to the same company, the reports are more detailed, but made politely and correctly.

Nobody dares to make predictions. In this football-mad city nobody dares to come out with comments to the effect that Everton will get through, though most people think they will. The atmosphere on the terraces will be more impressive than anything Zaragoza have had to contend with up to now. There is no way of knowing what will happen out on the pitch. That will be up to the German referee, Herr Handweker who will be assisted by German linesmen Schreiner and Eisemann. Everton have several doubts, Zaragoza have none.

The English lads had a tough time in their 1-0 defeat against Manchester and have at least three players injured who will be doubtful right up to kick off. So we don't know the line-up and there is concern in the Everton camp that they have not scored since they played Zaragoza. That doesn't mean they won't score tonight before a full house of nearly 50,000. You can hear it from 8.30 on Spanish National Radio with Matías Prats. Radio Zaragoza cannot broadcast it owing to obstacles put there by the English club. Tonight we'll hit The Cavern. Whilst you read this tomorrow I'll scour the shops for something nicer than what we have in Spain. Morale is high, the temperature is low, the atmosphere dry - almost unbearable, but only for a few hours.

We can start celebrating now

In the European Cup Winners' Cup up to now, English teams have shown themselves to be the best. In 1963 the trophy was won by Tottenham, and in 1965 by West Ham. On a third occasion, Liverpool, Everton's eternal rival, lost in the final, and on two other occasions West Ham and Manchester United reached the semi-final. Only Wolverhampton have been knocked out early on. With three points awarded to the winners, two to the beaten finalists, and one to the beaten semi-finalists, England have amassed ten points, followed by Spain, Germany and Italy with six, and then come Scotland with four. This superiority on the part of the English teams is not represented by the two teams contesting tonight's tight match at Goodison Park. Each side has played five seasons in Europe. Everton have played in one European Cup, one Cup Winners' Cup, and three times in the Fairs Cup. Real Zaragoza have played in two Cup Winners' Cups and three Fairs Cups. Despite the similarity of their records in European competition, Zaragoza have a much better record in Europe than is true of Everton, they have greater European experience and a much stronger reputation in international football. This table represents the European record of each of tonight's teams.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	GF	GA	Pts
EVERTON.....	17	7	4	6	24	22	18
REAL ZARAGOZA.....	37	23	7	7	80	44	53

Moreover, Everton are not in form. They are not the team of a few months ago that beat Sheffield Wednesday in the Final at Wembley. Last week's home defeat at the hands of relegation-threatened Manchester City put them down to fifth place in the league table. However, Everton are a tough side with two World Cup Winners in their ranks, Wilson and the star man, Ball. And they will be particularly keen to avenge what they regard as a humiliating defeat in La Romareda - which is no excuse for the thugish behaviour and lack of civility shown by some of their players who had been courteously treated in Spain, as sporting occasions demand. A team dragged to victory by supporters who have not read or listened to a true account of what really happened in Zaragoza on the 9th. And the intimidating atmosphere and possible hostility will not bother Zaragoza - they have already prevailed over sterner tests of character. But the reaction of some of the English players gives cause for concern in terms of their never-say-die attitude at home, their toughness and their excesses, and the fact that Zaragoza could receive injuries or players booked for retaliation. Let's go back to the figures. Everton have lost two out of eight home games played in Europe, drawn one, and with the exception of a 4-1 victory over Kilmarnock, have won the rest by a single goal. Another one-goal margin would see the Aragonese team safely through to the next round, as would even a 3-1, 4-2 or 5-3 defeat. We are all aware of Zaragoza's sense of responsibility, and of their passion in European matches - they have never lost by more than one goal - we are confident that they will progress. Although we are playing against the representatives of the nation of the World Champions, I think we can start celebrating now.

Zaragoza knock out the English Cup-Holders

Despite a 1-0 defeat at Goodison Park, they get through a difficult tie  
*telephone report by our special correspondent, José María Doñate*

LIVERPOOL - 23rd.

I wish the fans of Real Zaragoza could see how their team play on English grounds where, let it be said with all due respect, they defended stoutly, and produced some spectacular attacking play of their own. I would also particularly like them to see and hear a crowd of at least 50,000 shouting on the opposition at Goodison Park, to a much greater extent than any match we have seen before at a British ground, and we have seen a few of those in our time. If the fans could see the Zaragoza that overcame all these obstacles that they have to contend with at overseas grounds, and the courage, calmness, intelligence and strength with which they overcome them, you would not believe the way the play in Spanish competition. Today Zaragoza, Spain's representatives in The Cup Winners' Cup, have struck an important blow, not only in Liverpool, nor merely in England, but in the world of football.

It's quite something to put out the English Cup Holders just a few months after Her Gracious Majesty's team were crowned World Champions, and in the same year that they achieved it. The narrow 1-0 defeat should-not detract from the aggregate victory. It came as a bitter blow to the players and avid supporters of Everton with all their proud tradition, who had confidently predicted a 3-0 scoreline to take them through. The inexplicably harsh pre-match atmosphere spilled over into the match itself. The booing that greeted Zaragoza's arrival on the pitch will have scared away the wading birds that nest in these parts, and paradoxically, it was one such creature bearing an olive branch in its beak, that constitutes the symbol of the city. Tonight's match was a success because Zaragoza's stout defending managed to keep Everton at bay until the 36th minute of the second half. It wasn't a great match in terms of brilliant football, but it was very interesting tactically.

With Lapetra sidelined, the side were a little sluggish at first, but they gradually picked up and eventually got on top. Maybe if Carlos had played, they might have moved the ball more fluidly, but frankly, tonight's match was never going to be all about flowing attacking moves, rather about keeping our eyes open and standing up to the home team's frenetic charges up field. I can't tell how much running the English did, nor how fast they ran, but all their running was matched by Danucik's men, and they never gave Everton a glimmer, although Brown did convert the one chance that came Everton's way. Every Everton player had a Zaragoza player right at his side. You'd have to ask Isasi, González and Reija, to name only three, how much ground was covered by Ball, Brown and Scott over 90 minutes. And you'd also have to ask every one of our players to show you the physical marks they picked up as a memory of this match which was tough, as you'd expect against English opposition without being really dirty, although it stretched the limits at times. The match followed the same pattern until the goal came nine minutes from time. After that Everton, spurred on by their supporters laid siege to Zaragoza's goal in search of the second. These were anxious moments, and had people consulting their watches six times every minute.

To be continued in issue 37  
 Thanks to Mike Owen & Gerry Allison

## Letters



## E-Mails

**Hello Blue Blood,**

**The DERBY was the best one I have ever seen, we battered them and I know you have probably heard this a million times but I just love the idea of Andy Johnson singing "Reina Drops Keep Falling On My Head" It is up there with your Carsley-berg skit the other year and your Varadi & Coke one from the 80's book.**

**Keep up the good work George Everton are on their way back.**

**By email**

**Matt Wilson**

**Blue Blood**

**You and some of your readers seem to have a downer on Davy Moyes, Why? He has given Everton back their pride, we are on TV, we are mentioned in the leading sports papers and he has bought some good players. I know there have been bad signings but every manager makes them. He has at times cost us games by misjudgement but he is totally honest and he is becoming an Evertonian.**

**I would just say to all you knockers ( no I don't mean Tits) give him a chance, get behind him and who knows what may happen ?**

**Dylan Reed**

**Blue Blood**

**It is just like Everton to 'welly' those Reds and then lose their way against rubbish teams but at least we didn't get beat.**

**I am writing to say that although we are doing well, £20 notes for the Luton game is a bit stiff.**

**I like to take my two lads when there are games like these but to be honest I will not be able to do so this time.**

**Everton need these kids, they are the future, late night up at Goodison watching Everton is something they will remember all their life. I know I remember night games more than most.**

**The atmosphere is special and if you are a kid you feel as if you are in Lilliput something out of Gulliver's Travels. Everything seems BIG, eating chips with your dad at a night game is a**

**Rite Of Passage. Everton have made a huge mistake with these prices and the gate will reflect that.**

**Adam Davidson**

**Editor.**

**Yes Adam I agree, £20 an adult is too much to watch the likes of Luton £20 for an adult and two kids would be about right.**

**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.

From Prince's Park, Liverpool, 8, I received this letter: 'Soak your feet in hot water for an hour. Then cut a lemon in half and rub the soles of your feet with it. I know it is severe at first, but it usually does the trick. 'Failing this, try cutting a potato in half — and doing the same with it.'

Well, bundle after bundle of letters arrived all telling me what to do with my poor blistered feet.

I couldn't possibly reply to all of them. But, from the soles of my feet, I would like to thank, here and now, all those well-meaning, thoughtful people who took the trouble to put pen to paper in the cause of football.

Finally, before uncorking the champagne of Cup football, and talking about the stars and would-be greats of world soccer, I would like to say something about goals and goal-scoring.

Now I have had my quota of goals. And I trust I will continue to do so. Yet I have had my moments of going through goalless patches. It has no doubt caused concern in some quarters. But I would like to emphasise that, especially in my past few seasons with Everton, creating and making the chances is my 'goal' in football.

Now a particular 'write-up' which might help to illustrate my point was contained in a newspaper article after Everton had slammed in six goals against Notts Forest in October, 1961.

It stated: 'The finest exhibition of centre-forward play since the days of Dixie Dean and Tommy Lawton that is how I rate the performance of Alex Young, of Everton, against Nottingham Forest. 'His trade-mark was on all six goals, and it was not his fault there were not three or four others. 'The crowd gave him a standing ovation. What they do not know and could not know' is that Young's physical frailty limits his stamina to such an extent he can only go "flat-out" for some of the time.

'Happily, it is not necessary for a player with his extraordinary gifts to play a blood-and-guts centre forward game.

'With a slight feint of the shoulders, he gets opposing players going the wrong way, then he drifts past them almost lazily.

'Like Matthews and other men of football genius, he always seems to have time to think and space in which to move. Young won't get a packet of goals, but he'll make hundreds for others. His passes, planted with precision, left scorers in this game with little to do. 'It is a long time since Everton fans had from the man in the middle such a glorious, all-the-arts demonstration.'

So we come back to my own opinion that it's as vital to create goals as it is to score them. I never have been, and probably never will be, a high scorer.

When I see my side get a goal it is satisfying enough to me to know that somewhere in that phase of play, which is known as the 'build-up', that I have played my part. If it has been a vital part, then naturally my satisfaction is greater.

Stanley Matthews and Jimmy McIlroy made their mark in football without being prolific scorers.

If sometimes in the future it is said that I did as much for Everton as these two players did for their clubs in their pomps, then I will know that my football career has been worthwhile. And this would mean far more to me than scoring a hat-trick in the Cup Final at Wembley.

It boils down to this: When I play football it is the Everton team which comes first. If they win, it doesn't matter one iota who gets the goals.

## CHAPTER TWO All the Glory

The most publicised kick of the season that I will remember longer than any other was launched OFF the field.

There's Footballing irony for you. It was the boot that the newspapers said was aimed at Harry Catterick, the Everton manager, after the team went down at Blackpool before Christmas, 1965. In fact, they said more than one boot was directed at him, by frustrated fans who were furious over the defeat, and over his team selection policies.

I don't know whether the papers were right or not. I had been dropped, with Jimmy Gabriel, at that time. I didn't see the 'incident' outside the team coach at Blackpool.

But I prefer to remember the other kicks that came after. And which mattered much more because they were delivered at the right time and in the proper place. . . on the field. I remember Derek Temple lashing with easy accuracy at a ball three feet from the ground, on an April evening in Wolverhampton.

I remember little Colin Harvey driving what was called a miss hit past goalkeeper Harry Gregg on a dismal Saturday at Burnden Park, Bolton, to wreck the might of Manchester United.

I remember Mike Trebilcock, a dark, squat country boy from Cornwall, suddenly becoming very big time with two mighty swipes.

And, more than any of those, I remember Temple again, loping away with 100,000 pairs of eyes following him, then pinching an effortless shot past Ron Springett when the easiest thing in the world would have been to miss.

All these mean more than anything that might have happened on one dreary day at the seaside. They were the kicks that won Everton the FA Cup in the season that began with the pundits groaning over 'uncertainty' and 'transition' and 'the lost touch of the Merseyside Millionaires'. The laugh is that, in my years at Goodison Park, I have never known the touch more certain or the spirit and confidence more highly pitched, once our sights were set firmly. Nobody at Everton had any doubt that we were going to Wembley to win the cup. You can't explain a feeling like that. Certainly, you can't find the answer in the face that Maurice Woodruff, the well-known future gazer, tipped us to win it. We smiled over that and forgot it.

The feeling was born simply because a team of professionals slotted together at the right time, shrugged off their inhibitions and started playing football as they believed it ought to be played. So that sounds smug and cocky AFTER the event. But it is absolutely true. We knew before the first draw was made that this was the year. The fans put their own words to an old Negro spiritual and ripped out 'On Our Way to Wembley, We shall not be moved', and neither they nor we had any doubt about it. We sang it in the coach on the way to every away fixture. I never saw morale so high in a side.

And, as surely as though I had made the draw myself, the ties came out precisely to our liking. First we got Sunderland at Goodison Park. They used to be great. But they had slumped to a very mediocre level. We beat them 3—0. They tried hard North-East teams always do that because they are driven on by supporters that are second only to Merseysiders in fanaticism. They were very easy for us. No professional likes to take on a harder struggle than is necessary. Or, at least, he likes to postpone as long as possible the day when toughness even greatness has to be met and dealt with and disposed of.

It couldn't have been better, then, when we got Coventry City in the next round. I don't mean to belittle this enterprising Midlands side. They got promotion last season, after a lot of patience, and they had an intelligent and energetic manager in Jimmy Hill, whose efforts, perhaps, have got them talked about a little more than they deserve. Fair enough. Hill's propaganda had infused his men with a wonderful sense of their own importance and ability, and it has paid off.

But nobody at Everton had the slightest doubt that they were easy prey. Big, tough and full

of heart. But easy for all that.

We were right. But this time the Goodison 'pack' at the Gwladys Street end was chanting '3—0. 3—0' because they fully expected us to whack any Cup opposition by that margin. They were right. We didn't know much about Coventry, because in the First Division you never know much about the boys who are fighting to come up.

We sized up Coventry and held them. And then we gently ushered them out of the Cup. It was by 3 goals to nil. It was a game we paced well and took our time in winning, because we were never really faced with any major threat.

Unless you count Coventry's big, hustling centre half Curtis. He was a little short on fitness, yet that is a deficiency I have found with a lot of First Division centre-halves, anyway. But he was a strong charger, and it was obvious that he was supposed to provide the element that would unsettle us, belting into the penalty area, using his weight and courage whenever there was a chance. He came up a lot for free kicks, but he didn't have the know-how to vary the formula and we rapidly devised a defence for him.

Brian Labone detailed himself off to pick up Curtis when he appeared anywhere near the goal. Just keeping an eye on him. Another man would hang close to him, standing between him and the ball so that he had to take the longest route to reach it. By the time he had come round, Labone had him sewn up. And, in the end, Coventry and Curtis gave us hardly any trouble at all.

There was only one team we were hoping to meet next time: Non-leaguers Bedford Town. And it happened. They came out of that hat bracketed with Everton, and everybody at Goodison jumped three feet in the air.

Who cared about the traps and land mines that are supposed to be an inherent danger of going to a Non League ground? It was as though somebody was climbing into the driving seat and taking us straight to Wembley.

And we were right again. The traps never snapped shut and the mines never exploded. It is a game that doesn't take much describing. Bedford were tough, and we didn't impress them. We expected that, just as we thought they might hustle us out of our stride a little at first.

They did that. But not enough to knock us over completely, though they tried to mix it. They had two or three big lads who weren't scared of anything. Their trouble was the bravery was bigger than the staying power. And when they slowed down we took over just as we pleased. It was harder than the other two, because Bedford had the frantic touch that true outsiders always have — desperation.

We drove out of Bedford without having pushed ourselves near the limit. Just as we had expected. I said that First Division teams don't know much about the real strength of the ones further down the line.

That is true. And it was never shown more clearly than in the case of Everton versus Manchester City. This was the long running drama of 1966.

It opened on March 27th, and not many people expected it to last long. By this time the critics were beginning to notice and respect Everton, and to regard them as a good bet for Wembley.

We were happy with the draw, even though Fred Pickering was out with a leg injury. By this time the Cup dream was hardening into a reality. We had weighed it up and decided that a draw would be good enough at Maine Road.

City were leading the Second Division, and we didn't expect them to be as easy as any of the other three. Sunderland, who were still groping for a way back to greatness; Coventry, then still an average Second Division lot; and Bedford, hopefuls with not much talent to support the hope.

We didn't exactly coast through against City. That would be underrating the effort they put into it, and also the importance of the game. But we didn't feel

### The Alex Young Story

in any danger; although we didn't go just for a draw, either. You don't consciously do that. In a competition as tight as the FA Cup it is too dangerous a line to take. We played it tight in defence, but we had the scoring chances, too. I missed a couple. Once I hit the post. The second time Harry Dowd got to my shot. That was okay. They didn't give us a lot of trouble, and after the no-goal draw we were sure they wouldn't give us much heartache back at Goodison. We believed we had them weighed up, and we had this sureness about the Cup that had been growing and hardening for weeks. We were wrong. City came down the East Lancashire Road to Liverpool that Tuesday night with the kind of determination above class that can't be planned for. They hit us hard and we weren't expecting it. So hard that they should have won the game. It was the first time our confidence had been jolted. We had thought the whole thing was a formality. But after 210 minutes of football we were glad to walk off with another chance left to us. It wasn't a good game. It wasn't attractive. Maybe there was too much at stake by now. Both of us had become too obsessed with stopping the other side from scoring. City put Mike Summerbee at centre-forward and Roy Cheetham in his place on the right wing. Their regular winger, Neil Young, had been taken ill with a cold on the way to Goodison. Summerbee is a player I like. He was stuck there in a position he wasn't used to. And he made us sweat. Running, harassing, always trying to get through and then suddenly appearing at the back to help out when we counter attacked. We didn't strike it that night. City did. We played below what we were capable of. They played above their real form. And, like I said, they were unlucky. We were lucky. Harry Catterick wasn't happy with us. It didn't really matter that Fred Pickering wasn't fully fit and made City centre-half George Heslop look exceptionally good. The point was that we packed more talent than they did, and we also had the extra urge of a home crowd belting out support for us. And yet we still couldn't manage to beat a fairly good but really fairly ordinary Second Division side at the second attempt. It is hard to blame a manager for feeling annoyed when that happens. Or yourself, if it comes to that. We settled it, finally, at Molineux Park, Wolverhampton, under the floodlights a week later. A stand up slam which seemed a fitting way to get the whole thing out of our hair. And out of City's. They came at us in a way that made their Second Division label look ridiculous. They carved into us, again headed by Mike Summerbee, who gave Brian Labone the hardest half-hour he had had all that season. Neil Young was back with them, and full-back Tommy Wright was made to know all about it. In those first thirty minutes we were on the run, and there wasn't much we could do about it. Only Gordon West, in goal, saved us, and even Gordon had the luck of the bounce more than once. It was nearly half an hour before Harry Dowd in the City goal had to make anything like a save. He got to a shot from Cohn Harvey the only shot of any potency to come from us so far in the proceedings. But five minutes later, what was starting to look impossible finally happened. Alex Scott glided a free kick right over the packed City defence. It seemed to be happening almost in slow motion. Derek Temple had moved in and was waiting for just something like this. He hit the ball on the volley. Dowd never had a chance with it. It seemed incredible that the City defence, which had looked so solid and sure, had been caught out by a simple cross. Yet ten minutes later they were outwitted again. Brian Harris moved up and feinted to shoot from twenty yards out. Instead, he slipped a pass through to Fred Pickering who was in an ideal spot to belt it in. That was the end of City, though they kept coming at us, harrying, running, shooting. Gordon West had to make two more great saves, from Mike Doyle and Dave Connor. But, really, everyone at Molineux knew it was over. We were through. And we

### The Alex Young Story

hadn't conceded a goal in six cup games. City had been tough, strong and willing to mix it. We were heartily glad to see the back of them. Three meetings had been quite enough. And they were supposed to be the poorer of the two Manchester clubs! We found their classier and more glamorous neighbours, United, easy in comparison. Surprisingly easy. Before the draw for the semi-finals was made, we had been hoping for Sheffield Wednesday. We reckoned they were the least talented and least experienced of the sides left in, and that a draw against them would be an automatic ticket to Wembley. But United it was. The most talked about and admired team in Britain. Deservedly so, too. You can't go into a big game against players like Denis Law, Bobby Charlton Pat Crerand and Nobby Stiles without a little uneasiness. Our anxiety was tempered, though, by the knowledge that three days earlier United had all but broken their hearts battering away at the Yugoslav team Partizan to try to win a place in the European Cup Final. They came to Burnden Park a bit jaded. I am sure of that. You can be at the absolute peak of physical fitness, but if your mental outlook isn't right, you have had it. I am convinced United were as good as beaten when they walked out. That disappointment at Old Trafford MUST have been on their minds still. But our minds were clear. We had only one thought, one ambition. We had lived with only that for weeks. Our outlook wasn't tangled or blurred by anything else. So we played United just as we had expected to. Tight in defence to start with, while they ran around getting more and more frantic. Still, they managed to show some brilliance in attack. They came at us, building their chances, but seeing them wrecked. Then we came out and hit them. And twelve minutes from the end we got what we came for. Temple went away down the left wing, crossed to Harvey and there was the ball, jammed firmly in the back support of the netting with Harry Gregg flat out and beaten. It was so simple. Afterwards Harvey said: 'I miss hit the ball. I think if I had hit it right, Harry Gregg would have stopped it.' Who knows whether Colin was kidding or whether he meant it? Who knows whether he even remembered exactly what happened? Who cares, anyway? It was enough, but there should have been more. With only five minutes left I should have made it absolutely certain. Mike Trebilcock, who revealed skills that nobody knew he possessed, shoved a clean pass through. I steadied, drew Gregg then watched my shot hit the foot of the post. United still had some fight left in them. Law and Stiles got close enough to make us realise this was still a contest. But only just. I think we could have had three or four goals in that second half with a bit more luck. If you had to pick a man out that day, it would be Brian Labone. Cool, steady, watching United create their sweeping moves, then smashing them without any trace of panic in him. Brian was magnificent. So was Sandy Brown, one of the most underrated defenders playing. And certainly unrivalled as a loyal and uncomplaining clubman. Sandy was playing against United only by courtesy of an injury to Tommy Wright. That kind of thing had happened to him before and it was going to happen again. But he just went out and played right to the limit of his ability including a clearance off the line from a Denis Law shot in the 87th minute. At that stage, it was worth a full season of bonuses! A semi-final is the worst stage of a cup run. It is the worst time to go out, and I will even include the Final in that reckoning. You have come so far, planning for it and dreaming about it. But if you lose, who the heck remembers you? Some of the United players didn't take the beating too well. I exclude Charlton, Stiles and Crerand from that. They shrugged it off, shook hands and gave us their best wishes for Wembley. Others, well, they reacted the other way. They were bitter about losing and they showed it clearly. Maybe it was because United were so used to the glory, and twice in a week they had seen it snatched away from them. Even more surprising than the ease with which we

**The Alex Young Story**



**Alex Parker, George Thompson, John Moores, Alex Young & Bobby Collins  
The Everton Scottish Contingent meet Mr Everton at Goodison Park**



**Alex Young extreme right at the 1956 Scottish Cup Final with Hearts**

**The Alex Young Story**



**Champions 1963  
1 Alex Parker, 2 Alex Young, 3 Alex Scott, 4 Jimmy Gabriel, 5 Brian Harris  
6 Gordon West, 7 Tony Kay.**



**Alex with Tony Kay**

## The Alex Young Story

had coped with United was the result that came in from Villa Park. Sheffield Wednesday had licked Chelsea. It was good news for us. The best Footballing team wins at Wembley, barring accidents, and we KNEW we were an all-round better side than Wednesday. It seemed the Cup was as good as at Goodison.

What happened on the day showed us how wrong we had been to feel as cocky as all that. Alan Brown's kids gave us the biggest scare of the season. But at that moment, in the dressing-room at Bolton, the future looked rosy and uncomplicated.

We had immense respect for Chelsea, and we were convinced that it was the state of the Villa Park pitch that had taken care of the Londoners. Not the ability of Sheffield Wednesday. There wasn't going to be any cloying mud to slow us down at Wembley.

The knowledge that you are in the Final has a curious effect. You are like a kid waiting for Christmas, but you have an adult's awareness that, in one moment, you can rub out 'Christmas' altogether.

We were still going out to win matches. All through the cup run we had been doing well in the league. We hadn't been pulling back, but a kind of wariness creeps in when you know for certain that you are going to Wembley.

After beating United, we went to Sunderland for a game that was crucial to them. They were in trouble because the prospect of relegation was very real. I talked to some of their players before the game. They were tremendously worried. We were sorry for them, but it was their bad luck. We were still there to win and we played some good stuff. In fact, we lost that one 2—0.

In the approach work we had them tied up, but the thrust needed to make the chances pay wasn't there.

Wembley was on our mind. We were tense yet relaxed at the same time, maybe too tense and too relaxed. A late season league game at Roker Park was pale against the thought of what was to come. And we paid the price with two points which should have been easy for us. I have to confess that the loss was very much overshadowed by the sense of relief that we were all through the game and completely fit. We stayed that way. The only injuries when 'The Day' arrived were those that had been inflicted on pride. Sandy Brown, the real professional, found himself left out. Young Tommy Wright was fit again. Sandy was disappointed; he had played so well in the semi-final. But he didn't beef. He accepted it. Really, he had been expecting it.

Fred Pickering showed his disappointment more. He believed he was fully fit and that he should be picked but Wembley is a tiring pitch, and there is no room for taking chances. There was the nagging feeling that he might have cracked up late in the game. So Trebilcock got his big chance.

I believe the selection was the right one. Mike had proved himself in the United game. He was fully fit and confident. Fred was still a little doubtful, and rusty on match practice. Everyone outside Yorkshire seemed to feel the same way as us about what would happen at Wembley. It didn't seem possible that the youngsters from Wednesday, even with their confidence stoked up by their father figure Alan Brown, could match us. The last thing we expected was a desperate struggle. But what happened at four minutes past three on May 14th changed all that.

We began as we always did, carefully, taking our time. We reckoned we had plenty of that. If there was going to be any burning up of precious energy, then Wednesday would do the burning.

A slim little Scot, Jim McCalliog changed all that with one jolting thump. A left foot thump at a low cross from his inside man David Ford, helped by the kind of luck that always seems accentuated at Wembley. Ray Wilson lunged to reach McCalliog's shot.

## The Alex Young Story

Instead, the ball hit his ankle and hurtled past West, who had committed himself, then found himself stranded on the wrong side of the goal by the deflection.

A simple goal, but it wrecked the defensive record we had nursed right through the hard days and nights of the Cup run. More than that, it shook us out of the composure we had begun to build up.

For a while, anyway. We had to come out and hit them. We had to increase the pace. And we did that, but the luck that had put Wednesday in front stuck right with them. It stuck in the whirl of action that came after a build-up on our left wing. I was thirty yards out from goal, right in the middle. A high cross floated over to the far post, where Jimmy Gabriel was waiting. I knew the move. We had got goals from it before. Gabriel would head it back square across the goal. I ran in, past at least three Sheffield players, and the ball was right in front of me. I got there before Springett and just slipped it past him. So easy, and I wheeled to start capering back to the middle.

Then the realisation that I had been ruled offside. I still can't figure out how, and the grins from some of the Sheffield boys showed that they could hardly believe it, either. But they weren't complaining. And it stuck a few minutes into the second half when Wednesday got the second goal that should have been the killer for any hopes we had left. John Fantham moved in with a dribble from near the half-way line. But the dribble went adrift. He pushed the ball too far ahead, and there was Brian Harris going in with enough of a lead to intercept. He never got there. He was pushed and held. That gave Fantham the time he needed to catch up. His shot came off West, and all Ford had to do was prod it in. Four strokes of 'luck' all going Wednesday's way. However, it didn't detract from the fact that they were playing well. Surprisingly well, with much more smoothness and polish than we had anticipated, though it didn't hurt them any to have those vital little touches on their side. We had opened the second half still sure we could beat them, but that second goal was a sickener. A two-goal lead at that stage of a Final is usually impregnable.

One of the accusations levelled against Everton consistently was that when things were going badly we didn't have the real heart the fighting spirit to come back. This is what the experts believed and said. If ever there was a time to ram the words back at them, this was it.

It was a time for fighting. And we fought! The first round of the fight-back lasted less than one minute. The time it took to engineer room for Trebilcock to strike instinctively just outside the box, after Harris and Temple had set up the move for him.

Trebilcock hit Temple's pass on the volley. It was the kind of shot that either goes in or goes yards wide. Mike struck it perfectly. There was no need and no time for talking. We knew this was all we needed, and you could see everyone's eyes starting to light up.

At the same time, Wednesday were beginning to slump. Their running was slower; their passing was more sloppy. They had drained themselves, and the energy we had saved was going to be the deciding factor in the run-in. This new hesitancy which was creeping in and beginning to cripple Wednesday showed starkly again inside five minutes. Alex Scott lofted over a free kick. Ellis, Wednesday's stand-in at centre-half, nodded it down but didn't clear.

Trebilcock didn't need a clearer invitation to score, with another cruncher that didn't give Springett a hope. Then Wembley, sedate and loaded with taboos and traditions, was turned into the stage for a hilarious comedy to rival anything the Keystone Cops turned out.

Two Everton fans raced on to hug Trebilcock. And the one who got away led a policeman a wild chase the whole length of the field. He shrugged off his coat to slip out of one crash-tackle. And when the policeman finally nailed him, he just lay there and laughed.

He wasn't the only one laughing. I don't know whether they let him stay on the ground. I hope they did. Because the end of the fight couldn't have been scripted better in Hollywood.

Wednesday were on the run and they were rattled. It was time to finish the job. Derek Temple did the finishing. He got some help on the way. Of all people Gerry Young, the solid anchor of Sheffield, was the man who provided it. Incredibly, he failed to trap a simple ball, and Temple was on to him and round him before he could recover. Temple is an effortless runner with the ball. He took it as near to the goal as he needed to and as Springett came out crouching and ready he hit a tremendous drive right away from him, nobody else had moved. They couldn't and didn't have to anyway.

Everything rested on Temple and he took care of it gloriously. A whole season had come down to fifteen minutes the time it took to stop being losers and prove professional point. That was the most satisfying part of it, we hadn't panicked, we had kept steady, and we had won because of that.

This is what professionalism is all about. The Sheffield Boys took a lap of honour at the end. They were the first losers to do it and they deserved it. They had given us a hell of a fight and a hell of a fright but in the end not enough of either. We had got what we came for. The Cup.

To be continued in issue 37



## Showing Who's Boss

So, it seems that 'Jack the Ripper' in his idiotic rant in the last issue of Blue Blood has finished the 2,000 year search for the fifth gospel. To anyone with any semblance of intelligence or reality, The Gospel According to St Wayne is garbage: illiterate piffle designed for legions of Manchester United supporting eleven year olds from Devon (in fact, maybe it was written by one) in which St Wayne shows himself to be an ungracious and unpleasant brat. But not to Jack The Ripper. He's grateful to St Wayne for laying bare the truth about David Moyes who – how dare he – didn't let a 16 year old rule the roost. Perhaps he should give St Wayne a call: he might need his skewed take on things when Moyes meets him in the libel court.

For those of you who missed it in the last issue, the ludicrous case that Jack the Ripper made against Moyes was that our esteemed manager is a bully. It was quite a case. He based it on the testimony not just of young Wayne, but on a series of immortal figures in this club's great history. There was Jesper Blomqvist, who Moyes went for when – how dare he! – he threw his shirt off after being substituted. There was that lovely lad, Francis Jeffers (remember him?) who said he would never play for Moyes again after a dressing room tussle. There was Tomasz Radzinski (who Jack seems to think was the successor to Tommy Lawton and who he completely erroneously claims was three times top scorer – he never was once) who, poor dear, was fed up after being dropped for not being able to hit a barn door. There was that paragon of virtue, Alan Stubbs, club captain no less, who slunk off to Sunderland in search of more money. Thank God that latter-day Last of the Corinthians Duncan Ferguson stood up to 'Moyes the Bully'. Moyes, concluded 'Jack the Ripper' is 'not only a Bully but he is a poor manager.'

Maybe I'm missing some delicious irony in his words, but I find it refreshing that a Premiership manager is prepared to stand up to the prima donna layabouts who quaff up our money and care nothing about their jobs. One of the main roles of a manager these days is to keep his squads rampant egos in check. He needs to get the best out of his team, to motivate and, yes, discipline. Moyes does all these things and I'm proud to call him Everton manager.

It's worth looking comparing the squad Moyes has now with the squad he inherited. It's true that he has his useless hangers on earning money for nothing – step forward Gary Naysmith, Andy Van Der Meyde and Alessandro Pistone – and that there's signings, such as Richard Wright and Simon Davies, who simply aren't good enough. But look at the crocks and pensioners that we had under Walter Smith: Alex Nyarko, Blomqvist, Tobias Linderoth, Scott Gemmill, Niclas Alexandersson, Joe Max Moore, David Ginola, Paul Gascoigne (!), Alec Cleland. And these were just the ones we inherited. We paid Mark Hughes £1.5 million over 18 months in which he scored just one goal. Remember Bakayoko, or Richard Gough's second season? Goodison under Smith had become a gravy train, a place where his aging mates could earn a last big contract, and a home for the clients of his agent pals. There was so much dead wood here that it's amazing that Goodison didn't rot.

## Showing Who's Boss

Moyes has sorted out that mess. He's cleared the shambles of the Smith (and Kendall) era and built a sound, tightly knit squad that is hungry for success and respects the traditions of the club and the fans. Could you imagine Marco Materazzi being respectful to the clubs supporters in the way that Mikel Arteta is? Everton are in a better state on and off the pitch than they have been for a generation. Moyes is our best manager since the first incarnation of Howard Kendall and – despite abominations like the Arsenal game – by far and away our most successful Premiership manager. The flirtations with relegation are a long thing of the past (and yes, we did once finish with our lowest points total, but the drop was never really a threat). He has brought respectability back to Goodison at a time when it has rarely stood so low.

For sure Moyes has had to be tough to get to that place, but if he's hurt the sensibilities of a few millionaire footballers I don't really care. And given that the poor little footballers that Jack the Ripper used as examples are the likes of Ratzinski, Rooney, Blomqvist and Ferguson I care even less. Everton Football Club is a better place without them and with Moyes at the helm, a better place all around than it has been for years. Long may it continue.

James Corbett



Paint This Mural On The Side Of Your House

Manchester City had hammered Everton 4-0 in the League but the week before that there was an even worse scoreline for Evertonians. The FA Cup had thrown little Swindon against Everton. Swindon had only competed in the FA Cup since 1907. The Wiltshire club had been playing in the Southern League and were considered easy prey for a club of Evertons stature.

The game was played on the 9th march 1912 and a large crowd turned out (see picture on page 31) , in 1904 they decided to change their strip colours from Green to Red which would explain why they ran rings around Everton and won the match 2-1. A shock result that had the Evertonians shaking their heads in disbelief. Makepeace got the Everton goal and even though there was no crowd figure you can be sure that Swindon's Record Gate of 24,730 was not to far off.

The next home game against Preston North End only attracts 6,000 fans Uren the Red is back. Gourlay plays at inside right. Everton make hard work of it and Tom Boy Browell seals the points with a goal in a 1-0 win, four days later Woolwich Arsenal at home, 10,000 see Everton win 1-0 thanks to Jefferis.

April 5th and away to Notts County 15, 000 see Everton beat the home team 1-0, Browell doing the honours. the next day its up to Sunderland, Everton are destroyed 4-0 a humiliating defeat and one with serious consequences. Two days later at home to Notts County the axe falls on certain players. Out of the team are Uren, Stevenson up until then ever present at right back, Stanley Smith is dropped, only 5,000 were at Sunderland to witness Evertons demise. but 16,000 turn up at Goodison. Browell scores but so do Notts County it ends 1-1 the team are booed off, a chorus of abuse is hurled in their direction.

Five days later on the 13th April 1912 Blackburn Rovers visit Goodison Park, 40,000 are there for this game. They are there because Blackburn are the League leaders and Everton are only just behind them, Robert Balmer the Everton veteran right back is amazingly re called to the team, Its his only appearance of the season and is in effect his last after 188 games for Everton, he didn't deserve to be thrown in at the deep end like this, It was an act of desperation that backfired dramatically on Everton. Blackburn exploited the ring rusty defender and won easily 3-1 Davidson getting the far from consolation goal.

Sheffield Wednesday away and a dispirited Everton team having not only lost their only game at Goodison saw the title go out the window as well.

There still was a chance, slim though it was to win the title but every game must now be won, Only 4,000 fans at Sheffield didn't help the atmosphere but a changed Everton played well, Browell 2, Jefferis 1, in a 3-1 victory, Two days later and a home game against West Brom, only 7,000 turn up, they see an exciting game with an attacking Everton team taking the bull by the horns, West Brom are brushed aside, it ends 3-0 for Everton with goals from Browell, Makepeace and Uren, his first for Everton, The season ends with a home game against relegated Bury. 8,000 Evertonians watch their team struggle to beat Bury, in the end they didn't manage to, it ends 1-1, Browell scoring the goal. Everton finish Second three points behind Blackburn, a fine season and the star was new boy Tom Browell who had scored twelve league goals in seventeen games plus seven in The F.A.Cup 19 goals in twenty four games, Bradshaw hit eight in the league and Jefferis got seven. Captain Harry Makepeace had only missed



Frank Sheldon 1911/ 12

A very rare photo of Everton reserve Frank Sheldon. He never made a first team appearance in the League or Cup. He left Everton for Clapham Orient, later to become Leyton Orient

## The History Of Everton Football Club

four games in the league and played in all the Cup games. Jefferis had played in Thirty Six league games missing only two all season, he also played in all the Cup games.

### 1912-1913 season

Allan had left the Club, the great veteran Robert Balmer also ended his career after ten years at Goodison, Burton, Meunier had also left but the biggest blow was the loss of Billy Scott the goalkeeper after 289 games he moved on to Leeds City, a great goalkeeper who gave eight years service. Weller and Robert Young had also left.

Everton had also brought in new blood. James Brennick an inside right from the reserves would be given a few games, Anthony Browell brother or Tom was bought from Hull, James Henry Caldwell a Goalkeeper bought from Reading, a Scot with a safe pair of hands, William Earnest Gault a forward brought in from Jarrow Caledonians. William Hodge a goalkeeper from Scotland brought in as cover, John Houston an Irish lad from Linfield a useful forward. Sam Simms another forward from the reserves to be given a chance.

Robert Simpson a full back from Bradford City, Thomas Stevens on outside left from Clyde, William Wareing a half back born in Southport and signed from Preston.

The 1911-12 season had seen £14,960 come in to Goodison Park, half of that went on wages. Transfers were now costing large amounts £1,000 was common.

The 1912-13 season got under way on September 2nd with an away game at Tottenham. James Caldwell made his debut in goal taking over from the excellent Bill Scott. Caldwell was a Scottish Lad from a small village called Carronshore near Falkirk, He was an experienced goalkeeper aged 26, Tottenham had been one of his former clubs along with East Stirling and Reading, He was the only new face in the Everton team. A vibrant 22,000 crowd watched as Everton played well and took both points in a 2-0 victory, Browell and Maconnachie scored, Middlesboro away was the next game, 17,360 attend, Everton are unchanged, they press forward trying to win the game but Boro are hard to breakdown. the game ends as it started 0-0, Goodison Park gets the first chance to see Caldwell in goal, he had not let a goal in yet, he was given a warm reception from the 25, 000 Evertonions who were gathered to see the Blues play Notts County, Caldwell, Stevenson, Maconnachie, Harris, Fleetwood, Makepeace, Beare, Jefferies, Browell, Bradshaw and Uren were the unchanged Everton team, Notts County were a poor team but Everton had fallen prey to poor teams in the past however this day Everton didn't slip up. Browell, with two goals Bradshaw and Harris with one apiece made it a 4-0 win.

Derby County away, a much stiffer task, Everton make one change Jefferis is out of the team and in comes debutant William Gault, only 17 years old, a fast shoot on sight forward who frightened the life out of defenders, Everton kept up their impressive start to the campaign, they outplayed Derby and won convincingly 4-1 with goals from Maconnachie 2, Beare, Uren, 15,000 Derby fans had witnessed a possible Championship team thrash their team.

The next game was a tough one Manchester United away, 40,000 fans at the



### Sam Chedgzoy

Sam was born in Ellesmere Port on 27th January 1890

A brilliant entertaining outside right who played 300 games for Everton scoring 38 goals.

He is remembered for his part in changing the laws of the game. In April 1924 Everton were down at Tottenham Hotspur when they were awarded a corner kick. Sam took the kick but didn't pass to anyone, instead he dribbled the ball into the area and scored, the referee at first was going to disallow it (nothing changes regarding an Everton goal) but on reflection remembered that there was nothing in the rules against what Sam had done. Everton went on to win the game 5-2. The Football League Governing Committee were embarrassed by the act and one year later changed the ruling to state that the player taking the kick had to pass the ball to another player before he could kick the ball again.

Sam emigrated to Canada where he died on 15th January 1967.

game provided an excellent atmosphere Gault kept his place in an unchanged Everton side but the Blues could not keep up their impressive form United won 2-0, a defeat and the first time this new look Everton team had performed poorly.

Aston Villa at home 35,000 inside Goodison to see what was always a nail biter against Villa, Jefferis comes back Gault drops out, it didn't help, Everton lose 1-0 a bad result because the next game is 'The Derby' at Anfield. October 5th 1912, to 46,000 it meant everything to both sets of fans to get a win. Everton make three changes Walter Holbem replaces Maconnachie at left back, Gault replaces Jefferis at inside right, and William Davidson replaced Uren the Red at outside left. The dropping of Uren the ex L' Pool player was tactical, it was thought that his style would be known by the opponents and Everton shocked even their own fans by this move. The biggest shock though was the way Everton took the game to L' pool and won fairly easily 2-0 with goals from Browell and Gault, his first for Everton.

Bolton at home and Makepeace makes way for Grenyer, the only change from the Derby, 20,000 Everton fans expected another easy win, Browell scored twice but Bolton got three, Everton lose!!

Sheffield United away, 18,000 watch. Jefferis comes in for Gault the only change. Browell once again scores but its nowhere near good enough, United get four, Everton lose 4-1 it is a bad defeat.

Only 10,000 turn up at Goodison for the game against Newcastle, Everton had decided to try and stop the rot. Changes were made, Robert Simpson a right back makes his debut, Gourlay comes in for Harris, William Wareing makes his debut at left half, a Southport lad signed from Preston North End, a tough tackling consistent player. Newcastle were nothing special and even this new look Everton were expected to beat them. It didn't go according to plan, something happened that had never happened before, Everton were beaten at home, that in itself is not unusual but to lose 6-0 at home was more than unusual, it had never happened before in Everton's history, the biggest home 'defeat ever, Six Nil !!!!!!

Oldham away, 10,000 Lancastrians expect their team to beat Everton, Stanley Smith brought in on the right wing Stevenson, at right back but once again Everton lose, this time only 2-0 but a loss all the same. Chelsea at home and some supporters were questioning the wisdom of the Board in allowing Bill Scott the goalkeeper for the last eight seasons to leave before the start of the season. Fingers were pointed at the replacement Caldwell who had let in fifteen goals in the last four games, the Board had the guts to stand by their under fire keeper and he took to the field against Chelsea under the watchful eyes of 20,000 Evertonians.

Bradshaw who had played in every game so far found the net for only the second time this season but it was enough to give a relieved Everton both points 1-0 was a brilliant result after what this team had gone through.

Woolwich Arsenal away, Uren replaced Beare the only change. Arsenal were a very poor team, destined to be relegated at the end of the season 10,000 fans watched a boring 0-0 game but to Everton a point and no goals conceded was a fine result.

Bradford City at home a loyal 20,000 Evertonians turn out to support the Blues. For the first time in a while Everton are unchanged another act of faith by The Board that was repaid by the players with a 2-1 victory Bradshaw and Browell score.

(To be continued in issue 37)



**Swindon V Everton F. A. Cup**

**A section of the Swindon crowd who watched their heroes beat Everton in the FA Cup on March 9th 1912**



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