

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 37



Is This Everton's New Goalie? See page 4

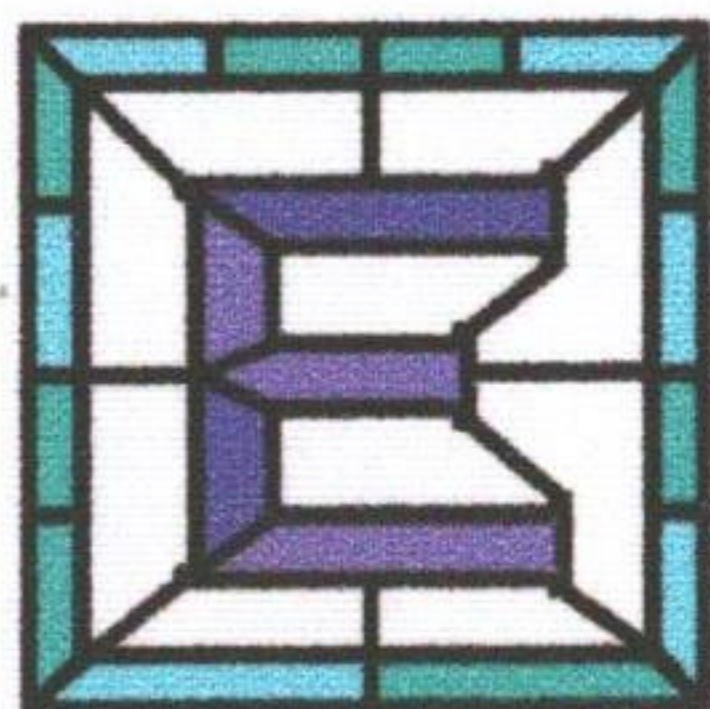
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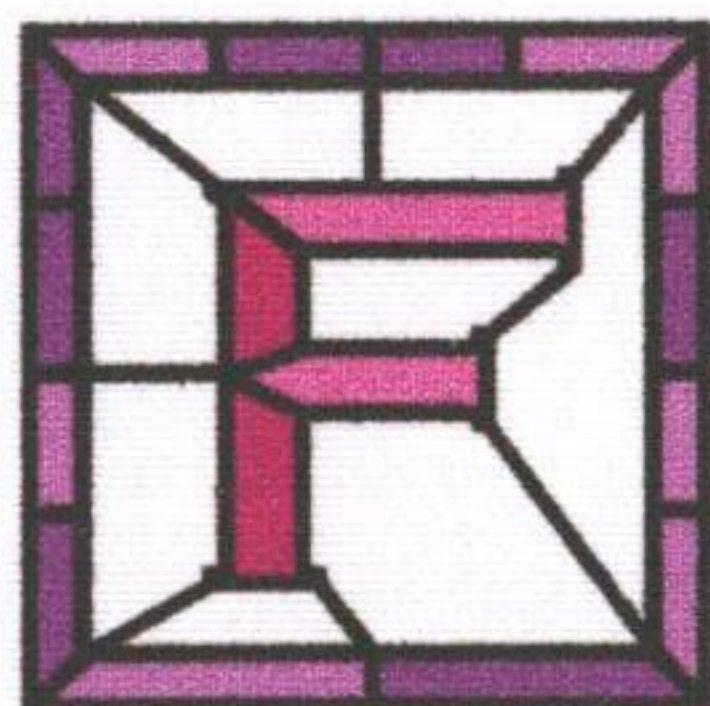
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Radio Merseyside can be heard on www.bbc.co.uk/liverpool

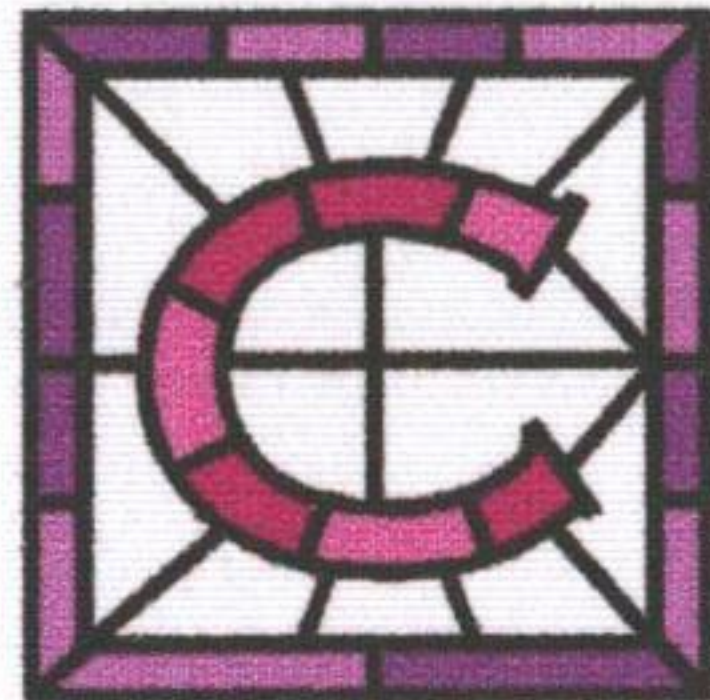


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

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



Jimmy Harris
207 games 72 goals
Jimmy was a school-boy who signed amateur forms for Everton in 1949 two years later he was a professional. Made his debut in 1955. A hardworking skilful forward who gave his all for the Blues.

Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices

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

Subscriptions : For Six Issues

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

Editors Page "Orrsome View"

Sheffield United, a hard game a good win, not a classic but then it takes two to tango so they say. Luton and a brilliant performance from both teams, Luton, out of their depth didn't resort to kicking us off the park, they played hard but fair and Everton played brilliantly. The young kids in the crowd must have been excited because this game held your attention from the kick off to the final whistle.

Arsenal away and once again Everton shock the critics, we were supposed to lie down and die, give Arsenal the points and crawl away home, a bit like we have done over the past three seasons but this was a different Everton. Cahill in sparkling form, Lescott at left back doing great things, Stubbs battling, Howard in goal magnificent. Wenger moans about a negative Everton, we didn't play the sporting way, well Mr Wenger watering the pitch for a solid two hours before kick off isn't that sporting either. It is something you hope to gain an advantage from, not technically cheating but hardly sporting.

Fulham away and the old Everton return, great in the first half but not taking their chances, the second half we come out relaxed and arrogant thinking we can score at any time. Fulham score we panic and fall apart. Moyes brings on Beattie before Anichebe, poor young Victor gets six minutes to rescue us. Davies is taken off once again, he might have been playing slightly better lately but he is not good enough, it's time for Moyes to get rid in January. Carsley and Beattie can go as well, we need players who are young and fit not Primma Donnas like Beattie. Carsley is too slow, Stubbs might be playing fairly well but he too must be forgotten.

I went to get a ticket for my Grandson for the Arsenal game in the Carling Cup, as a Season Ticket holder I went on line and ordered my regular seat, after six attempts I finally got it but I wanted to get one for my Grandson. You can only get a ticket for the block, not a specific seat or even row????? So a ten year old might have to sit twenty rows away from you!!!! Why is this? If I can log on to a Bill Kenwright theatre in London and get seats for the row and number I want, why on Earth can I not do the same at Goodison Park?

Anyhow back to the queue at Goodison, I arrived at ten minutes to ten and the Box office opened ten minutes later. The queue looked like it would take me about an hour to get to the window. Fair enough, I waited, then at about ten twenty I noticed the queue was not moving, nobody at the windows were getting served, after about fifteen minutes of inaction someone shouted to the stewards "What's going on?" The reply was "The system has gone down" why they had not come along the queue and explained this is a mystery. It was decided to give everyone an envelope and pen, to write your address and ticket information on. Then we were told they would be posted out. I filled in the envelope (not the steward) and when I got to the window the System was back and running. I got the ticket I wanted but it took an hour and a half. Then just before I went the stewards came round collecting all the pens, typical Everton.

I will ask Mr Wyness why we can not book the actual seat we want on the internet and have to take pot luck with the section we are in. There should be a seating plan with the seats that are available on screen, not hard to do.

Let's move on to better things or worse things depending on your point of view. Ground Move, Everton have been in talks with the builders of Celtic's Stadium and even at this early stage it looks as if Goodison Park has had it's day. Many will want to oppose the move but be honest, if we haven't got the cash to refurbish Goodison and we haven't, ask yourself this. If our motto is Only The Best Is Good Enough does that apply to Goodison Park as well? If it does then clearly Goodison Park is not Good Enough.

Times move on, things change, we have to adapt and move with them. Far better to be involved as fans from the start and have some kind of input into the new stadiums design than to fight a losing battle. We must make our voices heard about any plans for a new ground. Parking, Cafeteria, Seating, Bars, Restaurants, Toilets for the Ladies, the Lower Gwladys has in one corner two cubicles for half the Street End!!! All these things need to be discussed. We don't want to fall into the Soulless Stadium Trap that Boro and others have fell into.

My Name Is Earl

Robert Earl is the new Everton Director, the man who bought out Gregg. He has connections with Planet Hollywood and has been involved with BCR the consortium that are now shareholders in Everton Football Club.

Mr Earl is not an American and not an Evertonian, apparently he supports Spurs but this should not be held against him.

He has promised to bring some of the Biggest movie Stars in The World to Goodison and the first name to be mentioned was Sylvester Stallone, who loves English Soccer.

Richard Wright is not too happy because he remembers Stallone as a goalkeeper in the film Escape To Victory and Wright feels he might now slip into fourth choice.

When Gregg joined the Board he was a friend of Bill Kenwright, he had no interest in football whatsoever but thought that the opening of a new stadium at the Kings Dock was an opportunity to make a few bob. Nothing wrong with that, as the idea of an investor is to make money and if he makes money the project he has invested in will be making money.

Unfortunately the Kings Dock didn't materialise and Gregg fell out with Bill and wanted his money back feeling he had been misled.

Will Mr Earl want his money back if the new ground at Kirkby fails to materialise?

Surely he is only involved because a new stadium means a new Casino and Restaurant and the potential to make money!

Evertonians must be prepared to support a ground move because if we don't we are going to lose investors and go backwards.

Goodison Park is a Historic Home but so was Highbury to Arsenal if they can move on so can we. The only chance Everton have keeping up with the big boys is to get investment. Moyes is doing his part on the pitch, the boys are doing theirs as well, Tottenham, Newcastle and Arsenal away are reasons why Everton should fear no one.

If Evertons name is bandied about Hollywood then so be it, we need to get World recognition, there are plenty of Millionaires out there desperate to go on an Ego Trip and why shouldn't it be Everton that takes them?

Alfred Hitchcock.



Scooby Blue?

What Happened Next?

Mike Owen an Evertonian who has helped me at Blue Blood on many occasions with articles has once again come up with a very interesting piece. In 1999 Bobby Robson wrote his autobiography, a paperback book published by Pan Books ISBN 0 330 36985-7. It contains fascinating insights into Robson's dealings with Everton Football Club. Mike has kindly allowed me to put these snippets into the article below. The book is excellent and if you can track one down it is worth buying.

1, Ipswich's achievements naturally caught the attentions of clubs looking to replace a departing manager or simply looking for a change of fortune. Illness had forced Harry Catterick to retire at Everton and they came looking in my direction in 1973, the first of several attempts over the years. They knew I wasn't under contract at the time and it was all very tempting, but the Cobbold brothers stepped in with a staggering offer amounting to a ten-year contract which offered me the sort of security my family and I craved since the fiascos at Vancouver and Fulham.

2, The great irony of the whole situation was that only a week earlier Arsenal's vice-chairman David Dein, a friend of some years' standing, had telephoned me to pass on a message that Everton wanted a new manager and would I be interested. He gave me the chairman's name and telephone number, and when I called Dr David Marsh I told him, 'I have a fine young team here, I am enjoying my life in Portugal, I am top of the League and think I can win it. I am flattered you called me, but please forget me.' He thanked me for being straight and letting him know. It is amazing to think that three times in my career a club as big as Everton had come knocking on my door and I had turned them down each time. By the time I was booted Out of Sporting, Everton were a long way down the road in their negotiations with Mike Walker and an appointment was imminent. Had they come in for me then I probably would have joined them. Timing is everything.

3, Another option to offer itself to me during those chaotic months in Barcelona was Everton, also a massive club by any standards, who were underachieving and desperate to put things right. Once more it was déjà vu for this was not the first time I had been offered the job at Goodison Park. Indeed, I had previously shaken hands and had agreed to leave Ipswich. In January 1977 I had gone up to Merseyside to meet the Sir John Moores and chairman Philip Carter who ran the club and called all the shots. We agreed what was then a monumental ten-year deal which would have made me the best paid manager in Britain. It was the original 'offer I couldn't refuse' and I didn't! All I asked for was twenty-four hours' grace before the deal became public to allow me to tell chairman John Cobbold. He had been so good that I simply did not want him to learn it second-hand. Sir John had given me a rather large cheque as a gesture of goodwill and intent. Some gesture! It was worth more than my house and was several times my current Ipswich salary. When I returned home and showed the cheque to my wife Elsie, she said, 'That's the best day's business you have ever done in your life.' But within a day I had torn it up and thrown away a fortune because when I opened the Daily Express next morning I saw a shocking headline screaming back at me: 'Robson Goes To Everton'. How could I accept a job with a club where they let me down on the Very first day? If they could do that, what would happen in the future? I wasn't hanging around to find out.

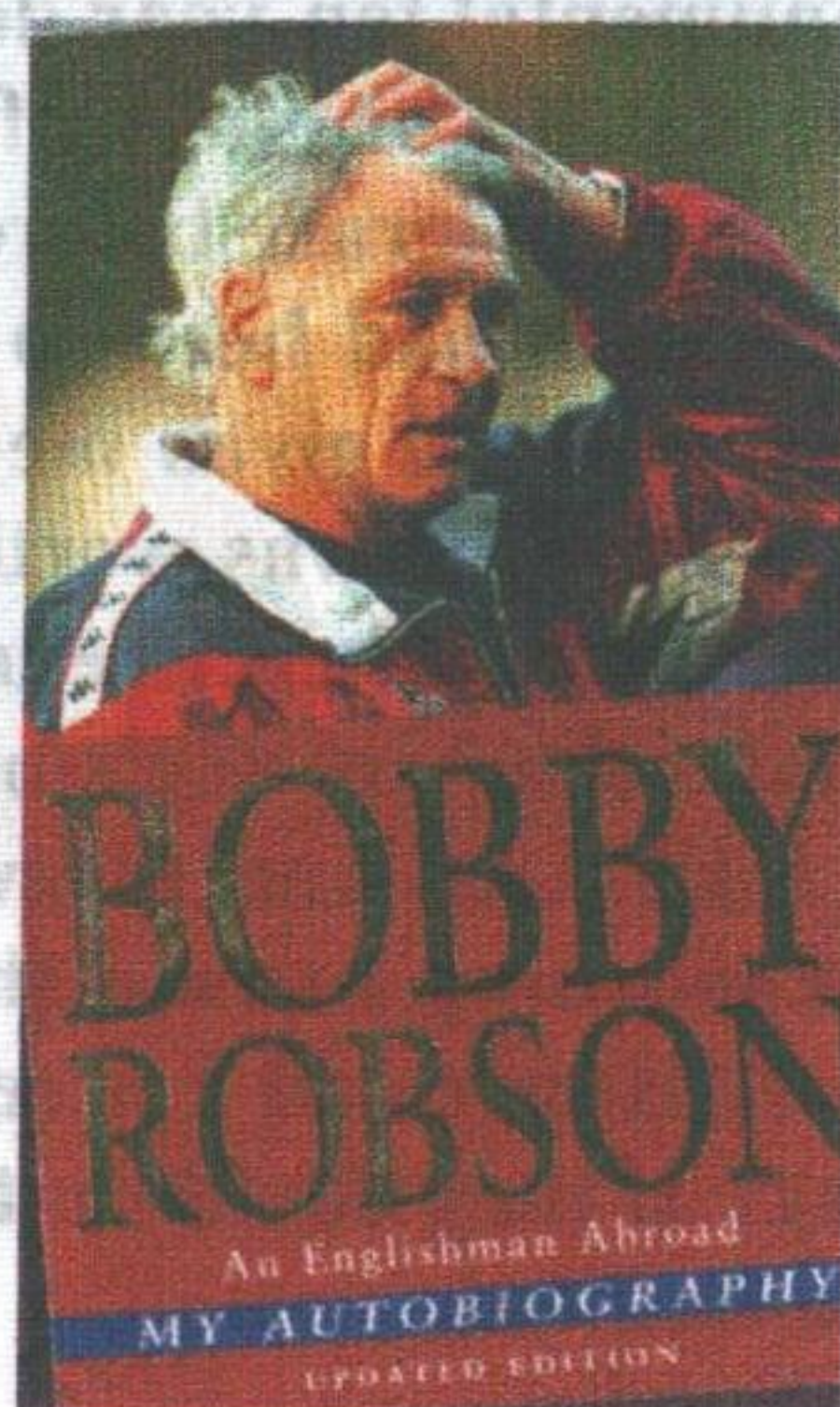
What Happened Next?

Poor John Cobbold The man who had given me such tremendous support and backing over the years first read about the whole episode in the newspapers after all. He deserved better than that and I went straight round to his house to tell him the hill facts and to apologize. I was in a very humble mood When I arrived at John's home and I said, 'John, yes I have been approached by Everton, listened to their offer and agreed to go. I felt it was something I should take I was going to tell you today and I am angry at the way it leaked out It has cost Everton a new manager because in view of that I am not going. If you will still have me I would like to stay with Ipswich John was pleased that I was going to remain at Portman Road and he laughed when I showed him the cheque, tore it up in front of him and threw it into the fire. Elsie thought I was barmy.

4, Now twenty years later, Everton had come back for me. Chairman Peter Johnson called me to say that he kept hearing reports that things were not so good for me at Barcelona. I had met Johnson earlier in the season along with the then manager Joe Royle when they were travelling around Europe looking at stadiums with a view to building a new home for Everton. They had already been to Amsterdam and Milan and were now in Barcelona to view the best. But now that Joe had gone Everton were looking for a replacement, with Dave Watson in charge as caretaker in the meantime. A delegation came over to see me at the end of April and told me they thought I was the one for the job and discussed the money that would be available for me to spend on players. It never went as far down the road as Newcastle, for no offer was made financially, but they left asking me to think it over.

Everton's approach was very correct, but what put me off in the end was that it was not a touch on the tiller job. Even from a distance I could see there was an awful lot to do at the club. I was not afraid of the assignment but I felt that I was the wrong age to take on a task like that. The club needed continuity and stability over a long period, and had I been younger I might have been more tempted. Let's face it, Everton are a magnificent club, every bit as big as neighbours Liverpool, and success would elevate it to the stars. You only have to look at their average gates when they are doing badly to see what it would be like if they were challenging for the top awards in the game again. The club is one of the gems in the English crown and Howard Kendall knew that better than anyone when he went back.

Thanks to Mike Owen



You'll Never Walk Alone?

That is what the strange ones from across the park always sing but is it true? In December 1976 the Mighty Reds had been given a walloping in a Midweek Match at Villa Park, I think it was 5-0 but I might have been 5-1 anyhow the loyal never miss a game (on the telly) Reds decided that the next game at West Ham on the Saturday was one to miss. Only 14 fans booked the Footy Special, the lowest amount of fans ever, British Rail not wanting to lose this massive amount of income decided to cancel the Footy Special and put these diehard fans on the normal service train at 10.15.

Now this might shock some Evertonians and they might think it isn't true but one of Blue Bloods readers has given me a photocopy of the Liverpool Echo and it's there in Black & White. However this is not the worst turnout for those travel weary fans oh no, around the same time they were drawn against San Sebastian in Spain and only one fan, who had business over there at the same time inquired about a match ticket. So when you hear those Kopites bragging about their short History and their Army of fans (mostly Deserters) cut out the photocopy below and hand it to them, try not to laugh when you do it, they are sensitive souls.

George Orr with thanks to the Blue Blood reader whose name I do not know but I will ask him at the next home game and let you know in the next issue.

Liverpool's 14 fans!

LIVERPOOL soccer fans have gone down with that notorious disease—Christmas shopping.

Football widows have stood firm and only 14 fans have booked train seats for today's match at West Ham—the lowest number ever, according to British Rail.

Normally the special 10.15 a.m. service transports hundreds of supporters to away games, but this has now been cancelled and the 14 fans will be travelling on the normal 10.04 a.m. train from Liverpool's Lime Street.

Mr Tommy Hodgson, assistant secretary of the Liverpool Supporters' Club, said that he thought the midweek defeat at Villa Park had not been the main factor behind the bookings.

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Saturday, December 18, 1976
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Basil's a name you'll forget
Yet Mr. Garrison's voice
Loud, clear, hearty

DAILY POST NEXT WEEK
Tales for Christmas
From Alan Blackman
Willy Russell

DAILY POST NEXT WEEK
Challenge to the Church
What's the biggest spark?

DAILY POST NEXT WEEK
How to survive the celebrations
Our guide to keep you merry—and happy!

DAILY POST NEXT WEEK
Get it top X for parties
Festive fashion guide

NEWS BRIEFS

Liverpool's 14 fans!
LIVERPOOL soccer fans have gone down with that notorious disease—Christmas shopping. Football widows have stood firm and only 14 fans have booked train seats for today's match at West Ham—the lowest number ever, according to British Rail. Normally the special 10.15 a.m. service transports hundreds of supporters to away games, but this has now been cancelled and the 14 fans will be travelling on the normal 10.04 a.m. train from Liverpool's Lime Street. Mr Tommy Hodgson, assistant secretary of the Liverpool Supporters' Club, said that he thought the midweek defeat at Villa Park had not been the main factor behind the bookings.

Charles visits with Davina
The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Queen Mother at her home in Windsor on Friday. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who are in the country for the first time since their wedding in 1961, were seen with the Queen Mother and Prince Philip at the home of the Queen Mother in Windsor. The Duke and Duchess were seen with the Queen Mother and Prince Philip at the home of the Queen Mother in Windsor.

Safe landing
A small plane landed safely at Liverpool on Friday after a short flight. The plane, which was carrying several passengers, was seen to land smoothly at the airport. The pilot, who was not named, was seen to land smoothly at the airport.

Woman robbed
A woman was robbed of her handbag and money in a Liverpool street on Friday. The woman, who was not named, was seen to be robbed in a Liverpool street on Friday. The woman, who was not named, was seen to be robbed in a Liverpool street on Friday.

Crash award
A crash award was given to a Liverpool player on Friday. The award, which was given to a Liverpool player on Friday, was given to a Liverpool player on Friday.

Border fight
A border fight broke out in Liverpool on Friday. The fight, which broke out in Liverpool on Friday, broke out in Liverpool on Friday.

\$1,000 fine
A man was fined \$1,000 for a Liverpool offence on Friday. The man, who was not named, was fined \$1,000 for a Liverpool offence on Friday.

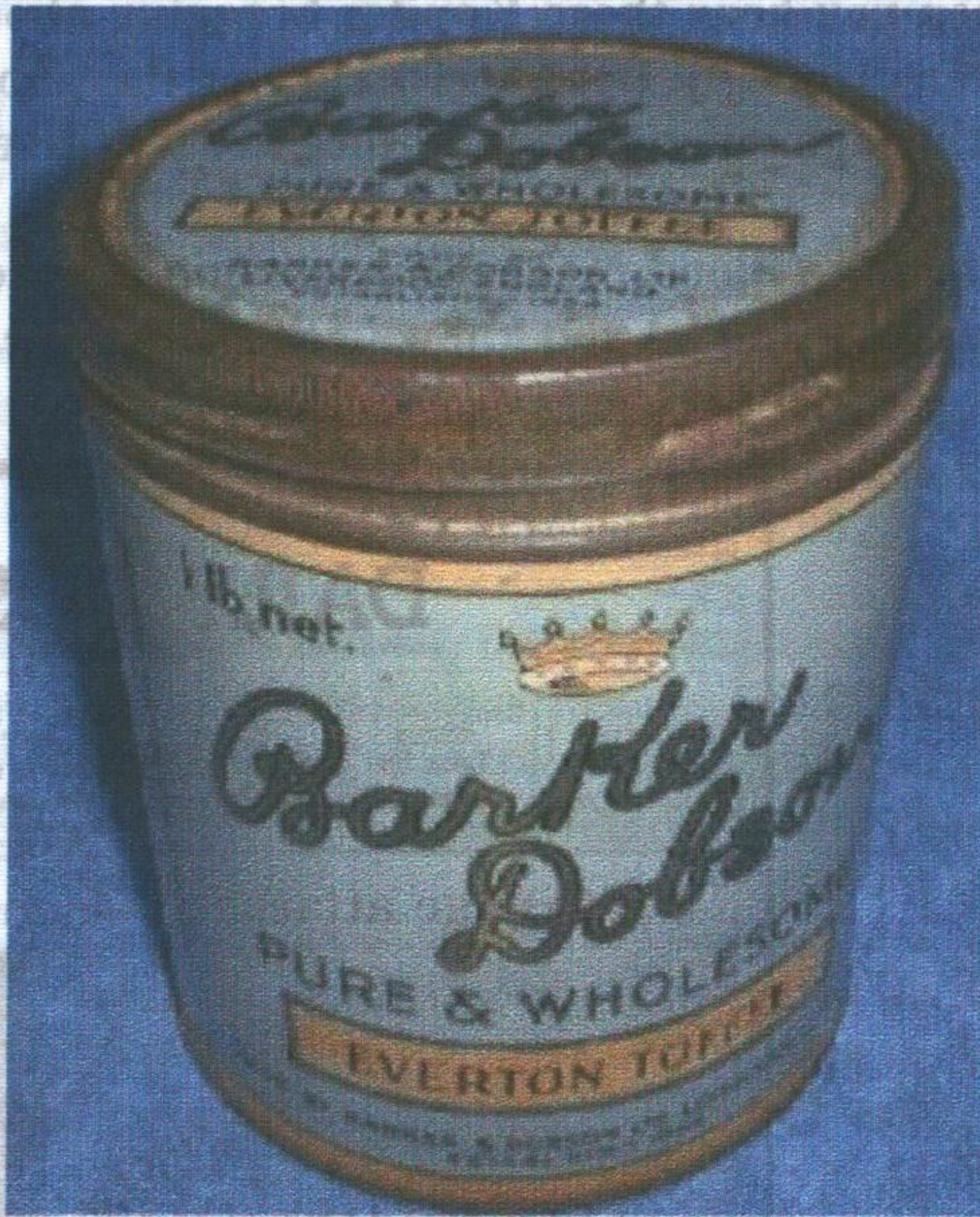
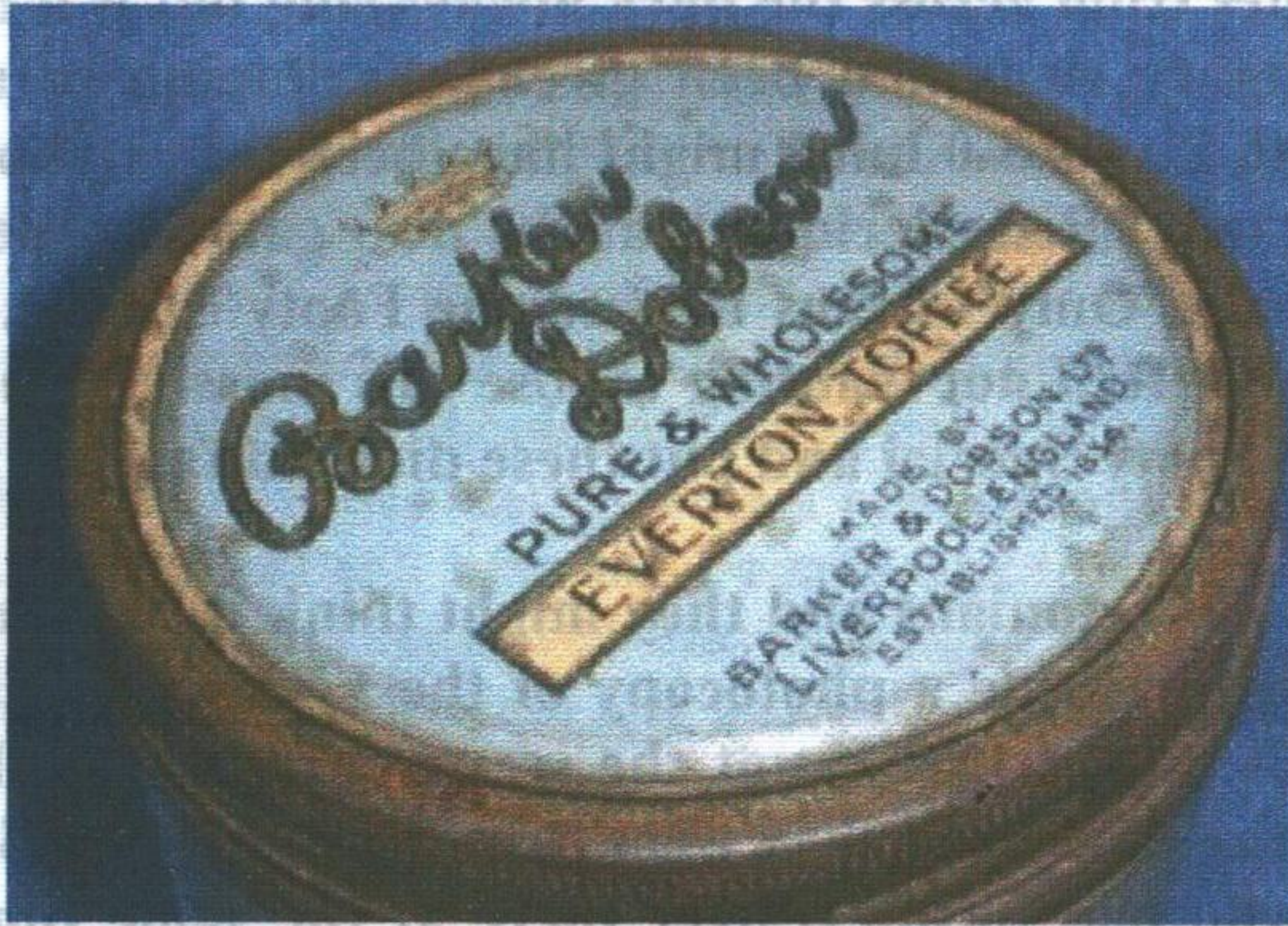
Grudge attacker poisons zoo animal
A grudge attacker has poisoned a zoo animal in Liverpool. The attacker, who was not named, has poisoned a zoo animal in Liverpool.

SAUDIS PUT BRAKE ON OIL RISES
The Saudis have put a brake on oil price rises. The Saudis, who have put a brake on oil price rises, have put a brake on oil price rises.

Radio-active cat mystery
A radio-active cat mystery has been solved in Liverpool. The mystery, which has been solved in Liverpool, has been solved in Liverpool.

Kidnapped Spanish minister feared dead
A kidnapped Spanish minister is feared dead. The minister, who was kidnapped, is feared dead.

The History Of The Everton Toffee Shop Update



Two nice items related to the Toffee Shop above is a 1920's Everton Toffee Tin.

Below is an Invoice from Barker & Dobson dated May 28th 1952

The address is given as Whitefield Road Everton, Liverpool 6

BOUGHT OF *Barker & Dobson* LTD. B 29177

ACCOUNT NUMBER / DATE 0 5 52

EVERTON, LIVERPOOL, 6

Telegrams: "BARDOBS, LIVERPOOL."
Telephone: ANFIELD 447 (5 lines).

No. OF UNITS	Lbs. EACH	PACKED IN	RETAIL PRICE	WHOLESALE PRICE Per Unit or Lb.	GOODS	CONTAINERS

Real Zaragoza

PART THREE

The main thing was that they played with composure and discipline, and always looked in control. It wasn't as if Everton dominated the match, rather that Zaragoza ceded the initiative so that they could concentrate on catching Everton on the break, and they did threaten the Everton goal several times, without really putting in a decent final pass. This served as a warning to Catterick's men and they stopped throwing men forward in droves, and kept three or four back to check the threat of Marcelino and Canario, with Villa playing deep so as to send balls forward from midfield. It was a shame to see Canario hobbling about mid-way through the second half, particularly when we were able to see the state of his ankle after the match. But that didn't mean Zaragoza had given up trying to score themselves, and Everton were wary of the dangers of Zaragoza scoring. There was little quality in the match but you must accept that that Zaragoza performed manfully and with great desire to gain another victory in The British Isles. I think those who listened to Matias Prats' radio commentary will appreciate Zaragoza's great defensive display in which nobody buckled under the pressure, and at the final whistle the joy shared by all the players hugging each other and jumping up and down in the centre of the pitch after enduring all the slings and arrows of 90 minutes' football.

Through the window - Good manners

With the same type and headline print as we give you this report today, the newspaper "Arriba" yesterday published this report, which was signed by the editor, José María Lorente. With a two goal lead from La Romareda the Zaragoza players have travelled to Liverpool where they were not exactly treated with a welcome of Versailles-like proportions. The English were not best pleased with the 2-0 scoreline in Zaragoza, and their displeasure was shown in two ways, first on the pitch and then later in the hotel.

Their bad manners on the field cost them the services of Morrissey *[sic]* their outside left three minutes before the break. There was no punishment for their bad manners in the hotel, but quite possibly, if Everton ever return to Zaragoza they may be lucky to find anywhere to stay at all. Of course it's all water under the bridge now, but it's worth bearing in mind that with the heavy atmosphere surrounding this match, that more than one of Morrissey's *[sic]* team mates may take matters into their own hands (or feet on this occasion), to dish out some retribution to Santamaría as more than one of them vowed to do before they left the pitch in La Romareda. However, this is not my main concern regarding tonight's match, because one thing you can rely on with Zaragoza is that they will be up for this match. I can't see them getting involved in retaliation over petty squabbles on the pitch, and I trust that the referee stamps his authority on the match, although it is not easy to calm the atmospheres on international occasions in these islands. In any case, if matters get a little steamed up, Zaragoza do have a two-goal cushion. On the other hand, if Everton play football and take the game to Zaragoza - a factor which was scarcely evident in the first leg - Zaragoza may go out, since their defence is not the

Real Zaragoza

strongest. You only have to look back at recent games in domestic football to see that there is little cause for optimism. In ten games Zaragoza have let in twenty goals, three more than Hercules and Granada who have the worst defensive records in the league. That's an average of two goals per match. That's a very high figure, particularly when you consider that the heaviest defeats occurred on grounds where they should have done better, namely Los Carmenes and Risor against Granada and La Coruña. Granada, in 14th place scored six against them, and bottom-of-the-table La Coruña scored four. The back four are the weak point of the team despite the two goals in the bank. The reverse of the coin shows a team that can score goals, although they have conceded more goals in the league than they have scored. They have scored nineteen goals this season, the same as Barcelona, two more than Español, and four more than Real Madrid. Only Valencia, with 21, have scored more, the same Valencia that they beat 3-1 last Saturday, but we won't go into that. One final point regarding tonight's match in Liverpool, perhaps it's a major point to make, but we need to get through by showing good manners out on the pitch, and even better manners afterwards in the hotel.

How they fared - Zaragoza

YARZA Very Good
VIOLETA Fair
SANTAMARÍA Very Good
GONZÁLEZ Very Good
REIJA Good

SANTOS Good
PAÍS Good
ISASI Good

CANARIO Good
MARCELINO Good
VILLA Fair

TOPICS OF THE DAY

A Memorable Victory

Despite a one-goal defeat, Zaragoza put up a memorable performance in Liverpool last night to knock Everton out of The European Cup Winners' Cup. On their impressive list of European victims, Zaragoza have beaten teams of the calibre of Juventus and Leeds, but none has been so impressive as their 2-1 aggregate victory over the representatives of the World Football Champions. The radio commentary broke off occasionally, despite the masterful performance of commentator Pablo Ortiz with his warm, emotional Zaragoza voice. And if these two breaks in transmission, one of which could not be helped, were two too many, they served to calm down the sense of anxiety which had the Zaragoza supporters listening at home biting their fingernails.

Things went wrong for Zaragoza from the outset, not so much because of the absence of Carlos Lapetra, for even football teams don't have irreplaceable members, but owing to the inclusion of Isasi who had not played since May. Fortunately Isasi is experienced and responded to the call

Everton

GOALKEEPER: Hardly troubled. Rarely seen.

DEFENCE: Excellent. The pick of them was Labone.

MIDFIELD: Harvey and Gabriel were magnificent. Ball, marked by Isasi, hardly did anything.

FORWARDS: Brown and Scott were by far the best. Well marked by Reija and González. Good job!

Real Zaragoza

with enthusiasm just like the rest of his team mates who represent their country in continental football. Obviously the emphasis was on defence. Yarza was terrific, and Zaragoza's defence showed, in the words of the commentator "great tactical awareness". If we add to this the fact that we were not facing Granada and La Coruña, but World Cup Winner Ball and his mates, the score on 81 minutes was still 0-0, we could be more than happy, it would have been even better if the German referee, who favoured the British a lot more than would have been the case with an Italian, Swiss, Portuguese or French official, had given a penalty for Labone's handball in the area.

After this match, two things are clear. Firstly, Zaragoza are a good side although they don't always show it in domestic football. We are sure that this victory will reverberate around Europe. Secondly, dozens of thousands of larynxes belonging to the Goodison Park faithful must have been wrecked, just like the aspirations of their team. There still remains one doubt, however. Will this continental match have created links of affection, friendship and understanding that are provided by others? Going by the litany of diversions, intolerant attitudes and inadequate treatment that were provided by the gentlemen from Everton, and from what other reporters have told us, we fear that the answer is probably in the negative. I would not even give a penny for the state of the carpets at home of these English footballers - that is, of course, if they actually have any!

JAVAL

MATCH DETAILS

Ground: Goodison Park.
Time: 19.30 English time. 20.30 Spanish time.
Match: Everton vs Real Zaragoza. Second Leg of the Last 16 in the Cup Winners' Cup.
Attendance: Almost full. Approximately 50,000 spectators.
Weather: Cold and damp. A fair amount of fog.
The Pitch: In perfect condition but rather soft. Goalmouths a little higher than usual.

Teams: EVERTON (Blue shirts, white shorts): West: Wright, Gabriel, Labone, Wilson; Ball, Harvey, Brown; Scott, Young, Temple. Captain Labone.
REAL ZARAGOZA (Red shirts, blue shorts): Yarza: Violeta, Santamaría, González, Reija; Santos, País, Isasi; Canario, Marcelino, Villa. Captain Reija.

Referee: The German Leiland was in charge. He had a good first half but became scandalously biased in Everton's favour in the second. A homer who performed badly. Failed to award a clear penalty when an English defender deliberately handled in the area.

Incidents: The UEFA official from Wales, Mr. Powell, was at the match at the request of Real Zaragoza. Great euphoria from the fans with chanting, singing, shouting and flags.

Goals:

Second half. On 36 minutes a high ball from Gabriel was converted by Brown who crashed the ball through a crowd of defenders.

DAUCIK: "THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST RESULTS SINCE I CAME TO ZARAGOZA"**Everybody agrees that yesterday's victory was very important**

You can imagine it was all smiles and happy faces in the Real Zaragoza dressing room. Putting out the English Cup Holders was appropriately celebrated with joy and decorum in good measure.

Ducek did not expect such a hard game from the English.

Real Zaragoza's coach didn't lose his cool as he took in the effects of the knocks sustained by his players he spoke to our reporter:

"I didn't really expect the English players to be so tough. I was expecting them to pick up a few knocks, but it looks as if Villa and González will miss the game against Córdoba."

"Was it a good result?"

"It's one of the best since I've been at Zaragoza. It might be more spectacular winning the Spanish Cup, but today was more difficult and just wait and see people talking about it all across Europe. I think it's a red letter day for Zaragoza."

"Could you have got a draw?"

"We could even have won. My players were disciplined and played very bravely."

WALDO MARCO: "I'D LIKE TO CONGRATULATE THE PLAYERS PERSONALLY."

The chairman has a kind word and a handshake for each one of his players. One gives him a hug. Santamaría said to him:-

"You see, there was nothing to fear I told him I knew we were going to put them out."

Waldo Marco had a private word with us:-

"I didn't think they could play as disciplined as that. I was very pleased, especially since Carlos Lapetra couldn't play we had to plan our attacks more carefully. We couldn't be flash. I'm very happy and I hope all Zaragoza fans feel the same way."

Hospital Report. Canario, Villa and González are all doubtful for Córdoba

The most serious injuries concern Canario, Villa and González who have taken heavy knocks and are doubtful for Sunday. Santamaría also suffered a blow to his left eye but he hopes to be fit for the next league match. Carlos Lapetra is also likely to be fit for the march at El Arcángel. He was missing today owing to a migraine attack that brought on a high temperature when he awoke this morning.

The FIFA Official has no cause for complaint

Real Zaragoza requested that a FIFA official attend the match. At the end the Irish official, Mr. Powell, told us:-

"I am quite satisfied with everything because I have no grounds for official complaint." Everything was in order and two great teams played their part in a good match, and it was difficult to tell whether it was class or enthusiasm which triumphed. Everybody battled hard and played well."

Catterick - we lost our nerve

Everton manager Harry Catterick is a tall serious man. When he was in Zaragoza he refused to make speeches but on this occasion he did not mince his words. "Zaragoza tonight showed the same qualities that they displayed in Zaragoza." "What were they?"

"Total strength and a serious approach They didn't play around. They kept it simple and direct."

"Do you think Zaragoza deserved to go through?"

"Let's say that Everton deserved to win by a bigger margin, but we can't really complain about tonight's result because when you are forced to play against the clock as we had to it isn't good. It was a tall order to pull back a two-goal deficit from La Romareda."

"Who were the best players for Zaragoza?"

"Santamaría and González because they barred our way to goal more than the others."

Leiland did not see the penalty

The German referee said he did not see the penalty.

"From where I was, I had the same view as the linesman, so I could not award it."

"Did you think that one-nil was a fair result?"

"Absolutely since Everton had so much of the game, but without producing too much danger because of Zaragoza's ordered and composed defensive display."

What the Zaragoza players thought

REIJA: "Well satisfied. I was impressed with the English team's tough approach. Much better than in La Romareda. I think we've pulled off a great win in the annals of international football."

RODRI: "Yarza had a tremendous match because, apart from making some great saves, he brought calmness to the defence. We were all brilliant."

LAPETRA: "You suffer more when you are watching the match from the stands than when you're out there playing. I spent the last few minutes biting my nails with anxiety. We all played well. Bad points? Perhaps we launched too many hasty long balls out of defence instead of playing it through the midfield. I could not have played any better than Isasi did out there. He really marked Ball out of the game. I'm really pleased with this victory."

There you have it, a unique insight into an away game in Europe from the 1960's. As this game did not get much coverage in England (the away leg) I thought it was great to read what the Spanish thought about Everton and to get Harry Catterick's view on the game is also something of a rarity.

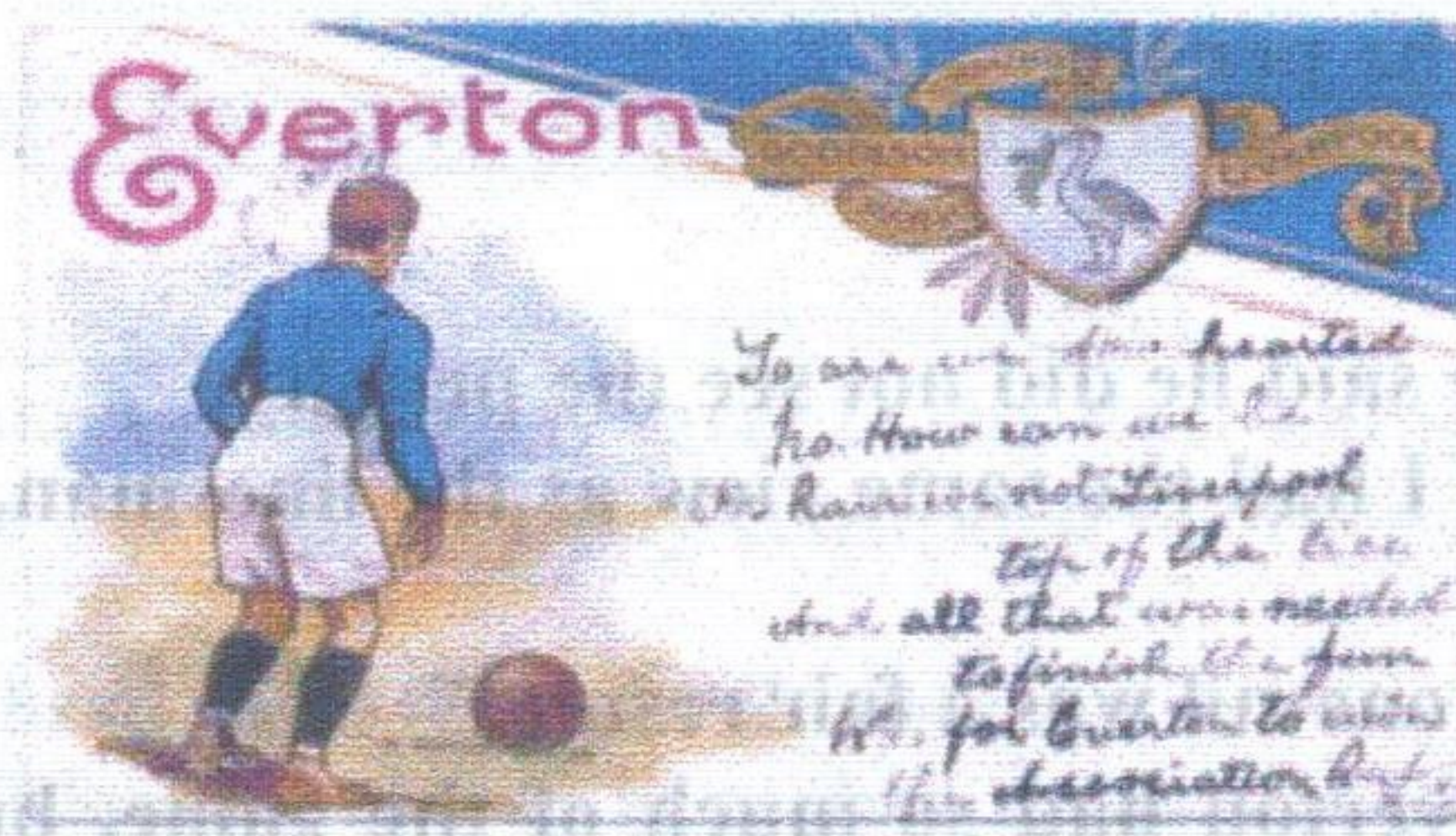
If any reader has similar articles please email them in and I will try to put them in a forthcoming issue.

Thanks to Mike Owen & Gerry Allison

Mike Owen's Book Der Ball ist Rund is available for £7.99 isbn 1 901231-62-3

An excellent read and a brilliant Christmas present

Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood

Hi George,

I heard you on the radio on the Friday before the Arsenal away game, you were going on about how confident you were that we would get a draw and that Cahill or Arteta would score the first goal and it would be 2-2 .

I thought that you had been on the ale and felt that you would have to crawl into the studio the following week to apologise but you were spot on. I didn't think we had a chance but you and Everton proved me wrong. The show on Friday is excellent , you tell it as it is, with no worries about upsetting the Club or the players, we have a true voice of the Fans and I thank you for that.

Jimmy Roberts.

Thanks for that Jimmy my head has just swollen to twice it's size

Blue Blood

The match against Luton was a great match. It was what Cup football is all about. We played great and Moyes picked a strong team for a change, at last we look like we might get a good cup run. Arsenal at home might sound hard but they do play their youngsters and if Moyes does the right thing we will beat them.

The game against Arsenal in the League shows we have nothing to fear from them. Everton took them on and did everything we could of asked from them.

Lescott looks the buy of the season, what a class act, strong and fair, he doesn't give stupid fouls away like Carsley and his distribution is excellent.

Yobo makes mistakes but they are only 5% of his game the other 95% he is excellent, fast and hard.

Moyes must replace Stubbs, Weir, and Carsley, they are all over the hill and if we can get youngsters with a bit of pace and hardness about them then there is no reason why we can not get into the top six.

Alan Davidson

Blue Blood,

Tell those dozy sods down in London to get their fingers out, we are coming down to Wembley and maybe after our trip to Cardiff in the Carling Cup Final everyone will know that EFC are back.

Kenny Evans

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.

CHAPTER THREE Joy and Heartbreak

Could Everton repeat, in 1967, their glorious Cup run of the previous season, winding-up with that wonderful Wembley win? Well, the eyes and ears of the soccer world were seeking the answer to that one. And, believe me, none were keeping fingers crossed more firmly, or praying so fervently, than our own Goodison fans. Like us, they so desperately wanted to keep that FA Cup on Merseyside and with Brian Labone, Alan Ball, Gordon West and Company.

It's history now that we kicked off in the Cup with one of the hardest possible draws: Burnley at Turf Moor. They can't come much tougher than that. So manager Harry Catterick's plan was simple: 'We'll play it defensively and bank on a draw.' That is just how it turned out a nil nil draw with me sitting it out on the sidelines.

I was disappointed, quite naturally and understandably, at missing Burnley. No point in disguising my feelings about the matter. Yet I was brought back in for the replay, and it turned out to be one of my really golden nights. For I scored the two goals that meant Burnley's exit from the Cup.

Now all season we had been practising short corner kicks from either side. I always go for them in order to lay them sideways for someone else to have a pot-shot or a header. I chalked up my first goal because I decided, in a fraction of a second, to have a go myself for a change.

It happened when Johnny Morrissey sent over an ideal corner kick. It was a peach. Instead of flicking it across the face of the goal I suddenly made up my mind to go it alone. As I headed it, the Burnley 'keeper, Harry Thompson, banged into me. I didn't see that ball again until it was in the back of the net and the Everton crowd were cheering their heads off. Now Harry, incidentally, is my cousin. But on this occasion, when I put us one up, I'm sure he tried to decapitate me!

Our second goal? It was started with the sort of dream move in the second-half that you're always proud to have been associated with. It began at the half-way line. There was inter-passing between Alan Ball and myself. It ended with me running ahead of 'Bailey' and collecting an excellent through pass from him. My left-footed shot into the far corner of the net from fifteen yards did the trick. When I had scored I felt sorry for cousin Harry. But not for long. For ours is a purely professional game and there's little time or room for sentiment. Even between cousins!

The luck of the draw had deserted us again in the next round. This time it was Wolves away. At that time Wolves were doing very well, leading the Second Division, and any footballer will tell you that it's always a hard 'un at Wolverhampton.

Wolves definitely lived up to their name for the first twenty or twenty-five minutes in this Cup-tie. They started at an absolutely tremendous pace. They thought they were running us off our feet. Yet, to our credit, we managed to keep with them. We had the extra, vital experience. And we were banking on it to carry us through, even after Wolves had opened the scoring. We just kept plugging away. Wolves began to tire. We were glad of it. And then came that controversial penalty decision. Wolves centre-half David Woodfield was moving in to check Alan Ball and, a split-second later, the wee fellow was fouled. Arguments still range about this, but, in my opinion, Ball was ten yards from goal, and, I repeat, he was fouled. He admittedly threw himself that bit higher in the air to try and make certain of a penalty. No one can blame 'Bailey' for that. The majority of Wolves supporters and even sections of the Press thought he had simply flung himself down for a penalty. Well, the referee was on the spot and awarded the penalty. 'Bailey' made a grand job of scoring.

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One sports writer said that we survived at Molyneux in that 1—1 draw because of 'the penalty which was won and converted by Ball twelve minutes from the end'. Wolves tried to hit back again. I'll never forget one save — one of the finest I have ever seen — Gordon West made from Wolves' inside-forward Hunt. It absolutely screamed in. West not only saved it; he held it with both hands. Yes, we owed a lot to West at the end, yet we had lived to fight another day. The replay was Everton's fourth cup match of the season's competition. It took us only twice as many ties to reach Wembley and win the trophy the previous May. Well, there was no fooling in that replay with Wolves on February 21st before a 62,600 crowd (receipts £ 20,600) at Goodison. We won by three goals to one. Our scorers were nineteen-year-old Jimmy Husband (2) and Derek Temple. After three earlier misses Temple lowered his sights and hit the target in the thirty-sixth minute for our second goal. Wolves replied through Terry Wharton. But after our third goal in the fiftieth the game was virtually over, and the score stayed at 3—1. In fact, I consider us unlucky not to grab a few more. For another shot from Temple was parried on to the bar and then saved. One from me was blocked on the line by a Wolves defender. Yet another from Sandy Brown, who substituted for Temple midway through the second-half, shook the post.

So the stage was now set for Merseyside's own private Cup Final. The match against Liverpool in the fifth round was now 'on'. Saturday, March 11th, was a night to remember. It was a night to cherish for our own fans in that Goodison Park 'gate' of 64,851 (receipts £21,800). It was the night when Everton, the Cup-holders, became the soccer kings of Merseyside.

We won by one goal to nil, and it was scored seconds before half-time by Alan Ball. The bluster night air in that Goodison cauldron, with programmes being whipped skywards, was ripped as if by an explosion. Anfield fans were stunned. Our own supporters were chanting at their most deafening the famous cry which has spurred us on so frequently:

'Ev-er-ton! Ev-er-ton! What's our name?' They certainly had plenty to crow about. The soccer-crazy city belonged to them — and, of course, Harry Catterick's men — after our victory over our closest rivals in Merseyside's very own Cup Final.

As sweet as apple cider, Sinatra at his best, 'Penny Lane' and 'Strawberry Fields'. That's the Alex Young description of our win over those other Mersey soccer giants in a Cup-tie I will never forget. And one reason is this: While most of our Everton boys played exceptionally well, I had one of my worst games for some time. Throughout most of the ninety minutes' play I was conscious of having a bad time. It shouldn't have happened that way. For this was just about the greatest soccer occasion in Liverpool's history. Yet, unfortunately, that's the way the cookie was crumbling. The rest of the boys kept peppering me up in my bad patches. And everybody, sometime, can have an off spell. Glory for Everton. Grief for Liverpool. During it all, the atmosphere was so electric it practically burnt holes through the stomachs of the twenty-two players. I know, for certain, it did that to me. Now that's an extremely uncommon occurrence for a world-travelled footballer who very rarely gets shaken out of big match temperament and stride. But this was THE match of the competition. The heartbreak came for proud, gallant Liverpool when their armour was pierced once—but that was all we needed — by that fabulous Alan Ball goal.

Liverpool right-half Gordon Milne, recalled for this game by the league champions' boss, Bill Shankly, tried a back-pass to goalkeeper Tommy Lawrence. It proved fatal. For our inside-left, Jimmy Husband, scooted in and tried a quick shot. The ball struck Lawrence, then bounced away. Ball, with a superb smash-and-grab act, fastened on to the rebound and then glided between big Ron Yeats and Tommy Smith. The next moment, with a backlash of a shot, he bullet sped that ball into the net while still tearing in the opposite direction. Only a handful of star players — and I put Manchester United's Denis Law among them would have attempted such a shot or had the acceleration and agility of body and brain to make it spell success. But, of course, that's what puts Ball in the £110,000-plus class. For him to get in any semblance of a shot would have been a fine effort. For

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him to succeed in such a lightning, breathtaking manner was almost a miracle. One soccer expert put it like this: 'What a blunder' what a goal. . . Goodison exploded. It wouldn't have been surprising if a tidal wave had swept up from the Mersey and engulfed us all.

'It was one of those nights. A night of choking excitement. A night of history. You had to keep a firm grip to prevent yourself keeling over with the drama and intensity of it all.

'For what these Merseyside giants produced with the whole world, it seemed, watching, or waiting with bated breath, was nothing less than 100 per cent effort. It had to be all-out effort. Nothing else would do. It was a match that steamed and boiled.'

Now besides almost 65,000 packed inside Goodison, there were also more than 40,000 watching this cup tie, charged with emotion and high drama, on closed circuit TV at Anfield, just half a mile away.

But even the most keen Anfield fan must agree that we won on merit. There had been only one tragic mistake, and we cashed in on it. There were conditions that were far from perfect, for if ever a pitch and that near gale-force wind suited any team, then they suited Liverpool. If you get conditions like those in a tough cup-tie, then they suit a 'spoiling' team most. Moreover, this was the type of match that meant hit-and hope football, and I thought that as a team we worked better together, fought harder for the ball, and seemed to have that edge in confidence on Liverpool. I will go further. I believe that, in perfect conditions, we would have beaten Liverpool more easily — by at least another couple of goals.

Tributes? I thought our full-back, Tommy Wright, and goalkeeper Gordon West were outstanding. We proved ourselves, on that night and in those conditions at least, to be a superior football outfit to Liverpool. Also, when Liverpool piled on the pressure in those almost frantic final ten minutes, I cannot praise too highly our own defensive efforts.

For our 'keeper, West, it was a double celebration. Gordon's wife, Ann, had given birth to a baby boy just seven hours before our fifth-round Cup clash. He told me after the final whistle: 'It's been the greatest day in the world for me. The baby was due any day, but I never dreamed he would arrive so soon before this cup-tie.'

On this night of triumph for Everton, lit up so brilliantly by Ball's golden goal, our manager, Mr Catterick, said: 'I am delighted, of course. My only regret is that the conditions a hard ground and that near gale-force wind — made things difficult. I feel we did sufficient to win.' Mr E. Holland Hughes, the Everton chairman said: 'This was a really hard game. But I feel we had the greater skills and deserved to win.'

Alan Ball said: 'I always thought one goal would do it. When I saw the ball go into the net I said to myself, "Bailey boy, this is it!"

Mr Bill Shankly, Liverpool manager, said: 'My boys played very well. It was one of the best games I've seen for a long time. But the result is a travesty of justice. We make one mistake and we pay for it.'

Ian St John, Liverpool's centre-forward, summed up like this: 'This has been a night of complete heartbreak. Not only for me, but for all of us at Anfield. I'm convinced we were the best team, and that the best team lost to a fluky goal, the result of one bad pass. I feel sorry for Gordon Mime, who made that misplaced pass. We did all the pressing and I am sure we mastered the problems posed by the puzzling wind and light ball better than did Everton. There's no sour grapes as far as I'm concerned. It's just the way I saw the game. And, let's face it, it simply wasn't our night.'

For Liverpool the party was over. Their hopes of a 'double' had flown out through the window. So they pinned all their efforts and hopes on retaining that championship crown. and came unstuck in that, too. In our jubilant Everton camp we were throwing everything into a return trip to Wembley. But, like our Anfield neighbours, we were to be subjected to an unpleasant shock as well. It was to happen at Nottingham Forest. It was to leave us, like Liverpool, without any 'pots' on the sideboard, after carrying off a

The Alex Young Story

main prize a-piece in that glorious previous season.

We had been super-charged against Liverpool. Against Forest, to some, it must have seemed that our batteries were beginning to run flat. But that's not strictly true. Picture the two scenes, analyse the two situations, and then form your own conclusions...

Against Liverpool we had simply pole axed and brought them down with a killer punch — thanks to 'executioner' Alan Ball. There had been all the tension and atmosphere. There had been end-of-the-match scenes which had to be seen to be believed. There was that tumult of shouting for us the 'Blues' when it was all over, and a dense horde of Everton fans forming a samba-line at our end of the goal and cheering up to the heavens.

Not quite the same at Forest. Our supporters were there in force, of course, but that Mersey Beat call it what you will wasn't quite the same, I thought. However, I want it to go on record that, in going down against Notts Forest so narrowly and so undeservedly, we played as well, and at times even a shade better, as at any other stage in the '67 FA Cup competition.

In fact, in some quarters it has been said that this was Everton's finest hour in any of our previous thirteen ties in the 1966 and '67 competitions. I read, on that week-end after we had got the Cup KO from Forest, 'For fifteen months Everton have chased the FA Cup, catching it once. But on Saturday the Cup caught up with Everton. Instead of the glamour and the glory it has so often reflected for them, it revealed the misfortune, irony and heartbreak it contains. The misfortune is that Everton played as well, if not better, than in any of their previous thirteen ties yet lost for the first time.

'Their finest hour preceded their worst half-hour. The irony is that this disappointment follows the pattern that led to their greatest triumph — at Wembley. Then, their worst hour preceded their finest half-hour. Then they came from behind to score three late goals and win. Just like Forest did.' We had Forest practically on their knees at the interval. We had opened the scoring with a Jimmy Husband goal, so cleverly engineered by Alan Ball. We had Andy Rankin deputising in our goal for our injured ace 'keeper, Gordon West, who was watching us from a seat in the main stand. We were the slightly faster, more skilful and more methodical side by halftime. We had more players on peak form than Forest. Yet we lost. It was terribly difficult to acknowledge it long after the final whistle.

Forest, admittedly, were deprived of the effectiveness and goal-grabbing ability of their star centre forward, Joe Baker, after only a minute's play. And after about half-an-hour they replaced him with Alan Hinton. They were still that vital yard slower on the ball. They were still playing without any real conviction. And some of their tackling looked cumbersome and desperate at times.

The second-half was twenty-two minutes old when Forest's marked change of tactics paid off with a handsome dividend. Now, after the 'break', Forest decided to keep banging that ball to big, tall Frank Wignall, so that the inside-man could then direct it to another waiting, hopeful forward. After sixty-seven minutes it came. goalkeeper Rankin went down to a Wignall shot and, with the ill-luck that was to strike us from now on, just failed to hold the ball. Ian Moore pounced and Forest had equalised. There was bedlam among the Forest fans at this sudden change in fortunes. They hadn't had much to cheer about until then! Forest's first goal sparked off their tremendous revival. On the other hand, it had shaken us a little, and we appeared to lose a wee bit of our composure.

Two minutes after Moore's first goal he had whizzed the ball in for another, and again Wignall had a helping hand in it. This was an amazing switch of fortunes; our apple-cart, after bowling along so smoothly, was now really upset. We fought like tigers for the equaliser. Ten minutes from 'time' Husband got it and hauled us back into the game. Well, we thought we had it all sewn-up at 2—2. For the draw was going to suit us fine. We were able to breathe again; our supporters were once more hollering 'Ev-er-ton! Ev-er-ton!'

Then, with less than two minutes to go came disaster. Wignall was yet again in the picture — this time with a header inside to help Ian Moore to score his hat trick. How lucky can you be!

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Moore had the splendid fortune to have the ball coming back to him on three occasions before he finally headed it home. Andy Rankin managed to push it out twice and, on one instance, Moore headed a rebound against the bar. We fought hard in those dying moments for another equaliser, but Forest, playing tons better than in their mediocre, patchwork first-half display, weren't giving anything away after pulling off the perfect robbery. Ironical, on reflection, that when I heard on the radio we had drawn Notts Forest in the Sixth Round I turned to a friend and said: 'Now this is the draw we didn't want Forest at Nottingham.'

You see, Forest has invariably been a bogey ground to me. I never seem to strike true, top form on their ground. Moreover, it's odds-on Everton play below their best form there. It's something of a mystery just why it seems to occur... but it's nevertheless a fact. Also, for some unfathomable reason or other, their pitch appears to be on the narrow side, and I, for one, always experience difficulty in finding space in which to work. I remember a game at Forest about three seasons ago. We were running them all over the park and were leading Forest two-nil into the bargain. Then Alex Parker, who is now at Southport, was injured and had to be helped off. Brian Labone followed him not long afterwards. In the last dozen minutes, when we were reduced to nine men, Forest scored a couple of goals to make it a draw. Yes, even in football there are horses for courses. And, believe me, Forest has been an unlucky ground from Everton's point of view in recent years.

Back home on the Sunday lunch-time after our Cup defeat by Forest, I went out to my 'local' for a quiet, consolation beer with team-mate Gordon West. Now Gordon, as I have mentioned earlier, had missed playing at Nottingham through injury. In fact, his broken hand was doing nicely, but it was still in plaster.

West, who had sat through the ninety pulsating minutes, praised his deputy goalkeeper, Andy Rankin, like this: 'Andy did all that was expected of him. I naturally wish I had been in his place. But I doubt if I — or any other goalie in the business for that matter could have handled the situation any better.'

Gordon added: 'When Jimmy Husband scored our first goal I thought, "This is it... we've done it again". Then Forest started to have all the luck that was going. I thought they had twelve players in their team. That extra one? Lady Luck!'

All the Everton players had agreed afterwards that, once you've had a taste of Wembley, defeat is hard and bitter. None of us could remember Everton having a gilt-edged chance in any game for a long time like Forest had in those crucial, dying seconds. We realised, on our journey home to Merseyside, how Sheffield Wednesday must have felt in May, 1966, when they had two goals in the bag against us at Wembley and still lost.

So Forest were still in. We were well and truly out. Yet I still didn't fancy them against Spurs in their next step towards the Final. I had a little bet and laid odds of eleven-to-four that Notts Forest would go down against Dave Mackay and his Tottenham terriers. I was right, too. I put a few quid in my pocket. But it was a poor substitute for another chance to sip champagne out of that lovely FA Cup!

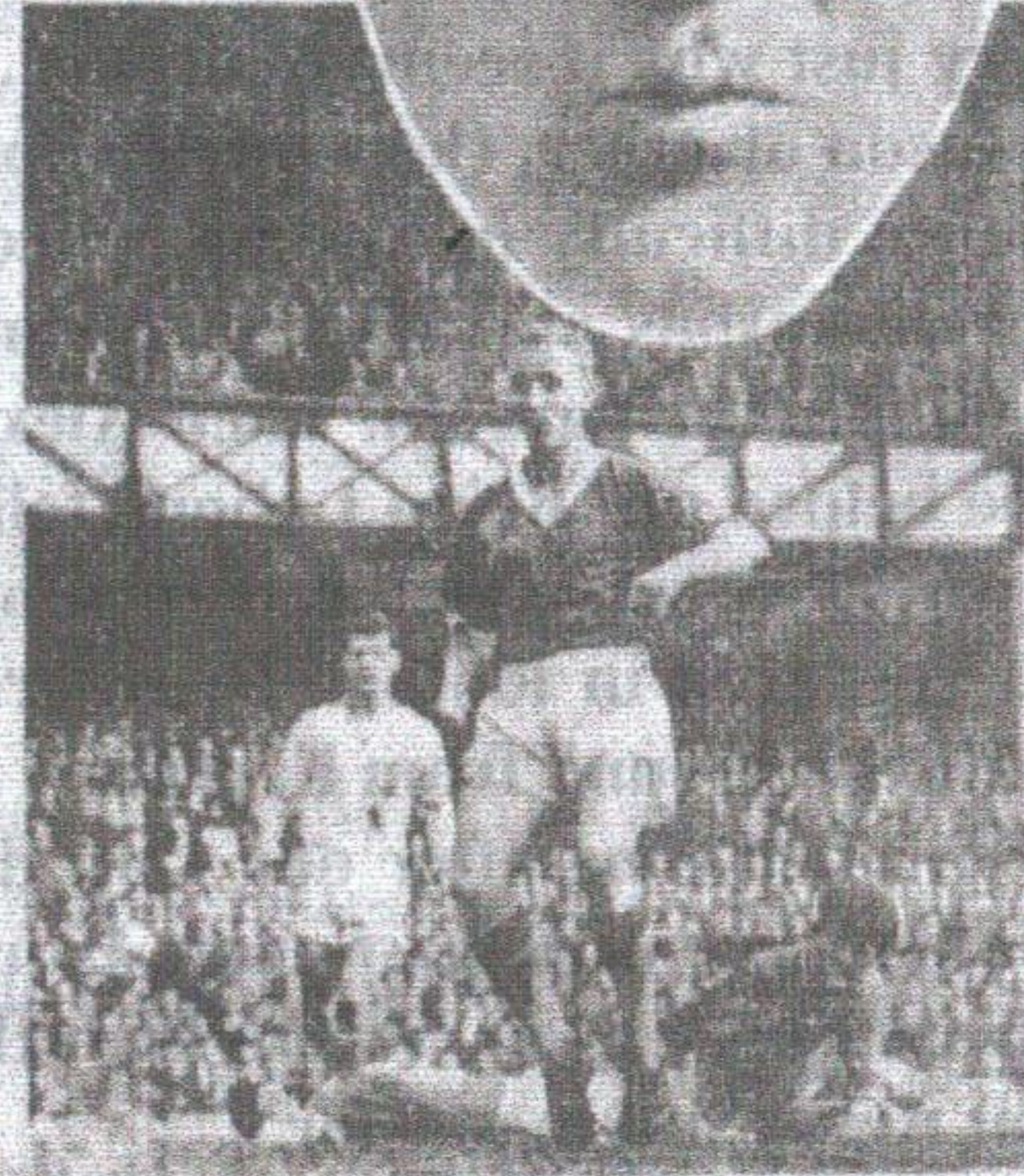
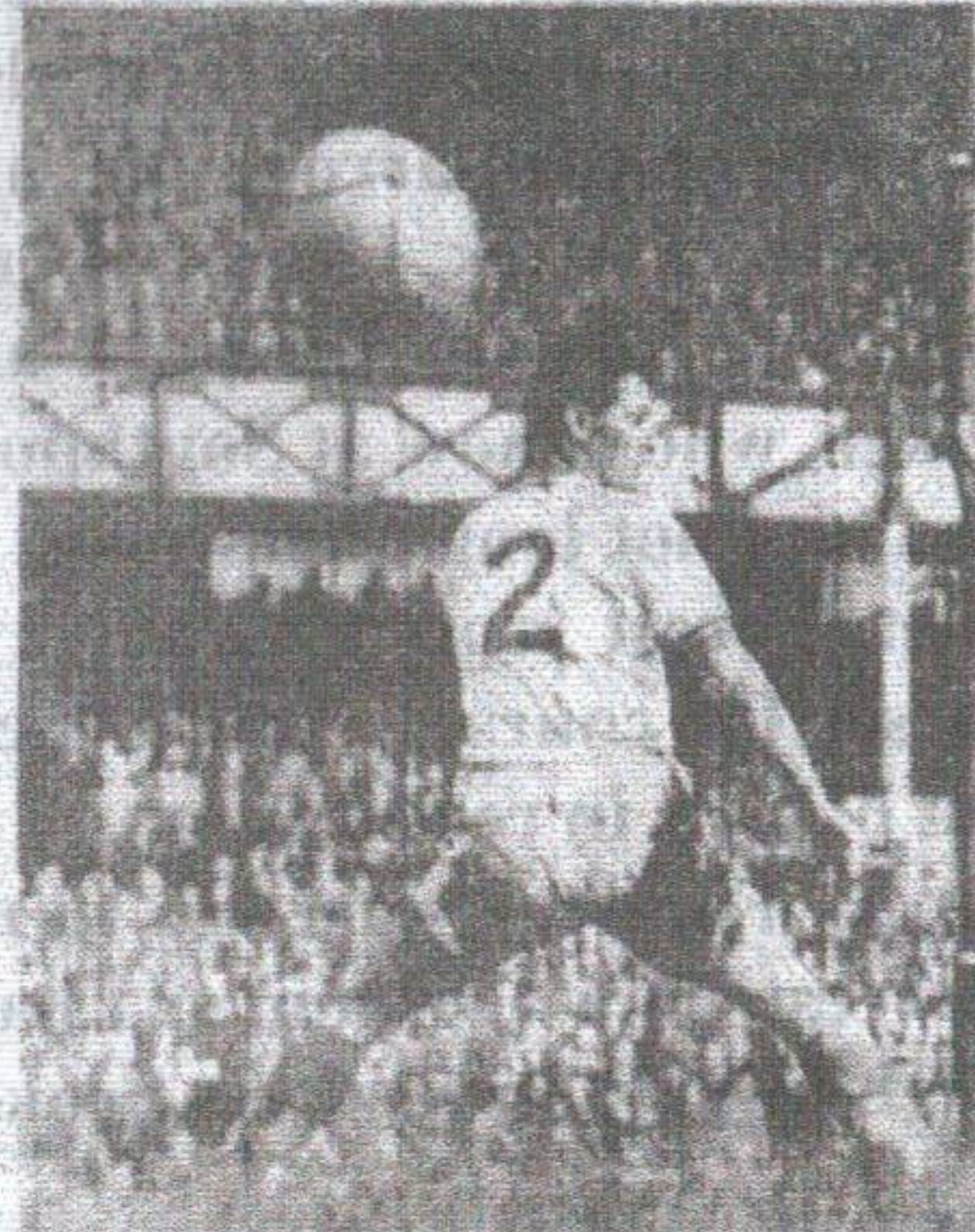
CHAPTER FOUR Robots of Text-book Soccer

Here are five names you can drop in any football company, anywhere: Denis Law, Jim Baxter, George Best, Charlie Cooke and David Gibson. There are three threads that tie them together.

All of them are non-English players who have made themselves vital to the success of top English First Division sides.

All of them are names that the spectator mentally puts a ring round on his programme. For the simple reason that they are capable of making a game — even the most ordinary game on the dreariest January afternoon — remembered long after the result has stopped being important. All of them had a free range, as boys, to develop that flair and let it become an inseparable part of them.

Alex Young



THE YOUNG STYLE

The early days at Goodison Young scores his second goal in the rout of Cardiff City in April 1961

April 1961 and Alex scores a second goal against Cardiff in a 3-1 win



Alex Young scores a graceful header against Blackpool in 1964

Where it all began



Alex Young signs on for Everton in 1960, watched by John Moores and Manager Johnny Carey. George Thompson was also signed at the same time



Alex with wife Nancy and their children Jane & Alex in 1962

The Alex Young Story

Those three threads cannot be separated. And that is a sad fact of life for many of the English youngsters who not only want to make a living from football, but also want to leave some golden mark on the game, because the chances are they won't be allowed that freedom to develop their own individual stamp. At an early age they will be strapped on to the English soccer conveyor belt that turns out efficient parts of a machine. . . but, all too often, snuffs out the spark of genius in a boy.

In short, they will be absorbed into the coaching system that is all powerful in English football today. They will be moulded, quoted to from text books, taught that the game can be played one way and one way only.

Many of them will be successes in that system. Competent enough players who don't do much that is disastrous. But who also don't do much that will leave a fan glowing: 'I'm glad I came, if it was only to see that.'

So far as I am concerned, this is one of the worst and most dangerous developments in the game in England: the obsession with text book coaching. This can only mean an obsession with completely rigid football thinking.

The big majority of the lads coming in are more like robots. They are taught, so early, at twelve or thirteen, to do things in a certain way. They are taught that if a certain situation develops, then there is only one way to deal with it or exploit it.

Now, I am no Scottish nationalist. I earn my football bread and butter in England and I am not complaining about that. The stakes are big. So is the pay. And so is the glory.

However, I will never stop being relieved that, at least, I had those formative years as a schoolboy in Edinburgh and a teenager with Hearts, where I never saw a coach in the English meaning of the word. I was left to develop what skill there was in me. I was given advice, like any youngster, but there was no one around insisting that I play always by the book and never by ear.

And I will bet the five men I have mentioned are just as glad they had a similar background. Where is there a virtuoso like Denis Law, able to turn on the completely unpredictable when it matters most, ripping defences to pieces by a pure instinct which no coach could ever inject?

Or where is there another winger like George Best? There are lots of times when, according to the book, he should release the ball. But, instead, he will hold it and, before you can recover, he is in a scoring position. Or he has made a goal.

Ask Chelsea about the difference Charlie Cooke can make to their soccer machine by bringing the element of the sudden and unexpected into the attack. And you can ask Leicester, once known mainly for the dourness of their play, the same thing about Davey Gibson. Look at the way Jim Baxter, with one little shuffle or flick that no defence can prepare for, inspires Sunderland.

These are men who have had the same kind of soccer upbringing that I had. And they are so much better for it. If you examine any successful First Division Club, you will find a sprinkling of Irish or Scots. Usually they are the men who provide the inspiration, the little extra something that is totally different. Men who wouldn't know HOW to play like robots.

Walter Winterbottom is still a hero to the coaches in England (and were there ever so many of them as there are now?). They live by the book he wrote, or they follow the teachings of the FA'S director of coaching Alan Wade. He seems to be their new Messiah. I have nothing against them. I've never met either of them. Obviously they have an honest wish to encourage boys to play football. Moreover, they have firm views on how those boys should play. Notions that are far too firm and fixed, in my opinion. The coaches who abound, both in the schools and in the clubs, seem to want football played like a chess tournament, with everything straightforward. According to the system. Strictly by the book.

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I'll give you an example of how a coached player operates. When the ball is pushed up from a defensive position to a forward, the theory is that if the forward is facing his own goal, he must push the ball back for one of his own men to push it forward again. This is O.K. once in a while, but it becomes so stereotyped when it is repeated time after time, right through a game. The other lot are bound to catch on. They are waiting for it to happen, and any effectiveness the move has is eventually rubbed out.

Instead of doing the orthodox thing, the Scottish lads — the good ones — might dummy instead of pushing the ball back, and let it run through their legs to catch the defence on the hop. Or they will swerve and go away with it. And a whole, more fluid and unexpected move is on the way. It is this kind of thing that makes a great player, as opposed to a good, competent one who had this kind of individuality knocked out of him at an early age by too much coaching.

Of course, there are English lads who can do the same kind of thing. Their talent is so great that they have escaped being completely enmeshed in the coaching trap — but the percentage from those free ranges outside the borders is far higher.

I know of young players in First Division teams who are doing fine, and even have minor international honours, but are scared stiff to exploit to the full the talent that is in them.

They have become inhibited players. They are frightened of doing something original in case it doesn't come off and they will have trouble with their managers afterwards. Coaching is the dominant thing with so many managers.

They seem to think: 'Well, even if it doesn't go right, it's what the book says should be done. So it must be correct.' Yet even that isn't as bad as some of the influences that are pressed on a boy while he is still in the soccer cocoon, at school.

I have never taken a count, but it seems to me that many of the people who pass the FA'S coaching exam don't have the remotest connection with football of any class. The nearest they have been to good players has been the terrace or the grandstand.

They are schoolteachers and clerks. Interested in the game, but far from involved in it. They pass because they can reel off all the theories, re-produce all the diagrams in the book. But how can a schoolteacher or a clerk, working on rigid principles like that, nurture the real skills that lie naturally in many boys?

To an extent, of course, you have to have some kind of 'coaching', but it all depends what you mean by the word. You have to have a rough defensive plan before a game. You have to have men who can give the kind of advice that will knock little bad habits out of a player. Stop him from being lazy or from doing something that is absolutely ridiculous. Yet how can you possibly 'coach' a man, as coaching is understood under the modern system, to become a genius?

All the greatest forwards in the history of the game have been men who were not stifled by any text book system. Finney, Matthews, Shackleton, Mannion, Carter.

The only intensive coaching that I can place any value on — and I am not sure that this is really coaching in the accepted sense — is coaching of the mind. The ego, if you like.

This is the kind of coaching that Bill Shankly practises. Natural coaching that doesn't require any swotting up from books and blackboards. Shankly must be the best 'natural coach' in the game. Ray Wilson, who played for him at Huddersfield, once told me: 'Shankly could make a donkey play football.' He has three good natural players in his team at Liverpool. Ian St John, Willie Stevenson, and Peter Thompson, who is one of the few English forwards I know who is capable of breaking out of the shackles and doing something that is completely his own, to turn a match. Virtually, Shankly made the rest of his team good by telling them they were good. In the end, they believed it as fiercely as he did, and they played that way. I imagine that England's success in the World Cup was due as much to this kind of 'natural coaching' as it was due to any system or the advantage of a home draw at Wembley for every game. (Continued in next issue)

Inside The Golden Vision

I was browsing in New From Nowhere in Bold Street Liverpool when I spotted a new book, it was all about Ken Loach the Film Director. I remembered him as being the Director for The Golden Vision and wondered if the book gave it a mention. It did far more than that, I have reproduced the parts of interest to Evertonians but it is an excellent book which has many other interesting items. You must buy this book as it not only documents a part of Everton's history it gives a fascinating insight into Ken Loach's life.

A more obvious choice of subject for a mass audience was featured in his next 'Wednesday Play'. In younger years, the director had followed Nuneaton Borough Football Club's semi professional side, until a love of theatre took over his life. But, since settling in London and buying a house in Barnes, he had found a renewed enthusiasm for the game and followed the fortunes of Fulham's Football League team. When Tony Garnett, a lifelong Aston Villa supporter, was approached with an idea for a play centred not just on a soccer club, but a real-life star, he had no hesitation in assigning it to Loach, Neville Smith, a Liverpool actor who had appeared in three of Loach's productions, Wear a Very Big Hat, The End of Arthur's Marriage and In Two Minds, was keen to write about the team he supported, Everton, who vied with Liverpool for success in a city split between two teams and two religious denominations, Catholic and Protestant. 'It was really about my family following Everton and a particular player called Alex Young,' explained Smith. 'He was beautiful and blond, and the play's title, The Golden Vision, described him.'

The title also referred to the fans' expectations as they looked forward to the weekly game on a Saturday. The play, which reflected the passion held for football by millions of Britons, included a birth, a marriage and a death: the birth interfered with one of the fans getting to a match; the best man and groom at a wedding rushed off to a game after the wedding ceremony; and a lifelong Everton supporter's dying wish was that his ashes be scattered over the team's ground, Goodison Park.

Concerned that Smith had just one radio play behind him and had never previously scripted for television, Garnett suggested that he should team up with another writer. Loach recalled reading an article in Private Eye about Gordon Honeycombe, a newscaster with Independent Television News who had submitted a play to the BBC called United! and was perturbed that, after its rejection, the BBC launched a football serial under the same title. Honeycombe, who had acted alongside Loach once at Oxford University, was not a fan of football but recognised its potential on screen. 'I had never actually seen a game,' he admitted, 'but it was such a popular sport on television and I thought it would make an interesting series. I did my research via Chelsea and their manager, Tommy Docherty. After seeing the piece in Private Eye implying that the BBC had stolen the idea, Ken contacted me at ITN and brought me and Neville together. The two of us then had discussions with Tony Garnett, who fed us some ideas, and we went away and wrote the script. Because it was based on Neville's own family and experiences, he provided the bricks and I did the construction. I shaped it because I knew what worked in terms of a drama, but there was not much I could do with the dialogue because he was a Liverpoolian and he had all the jokes.'

However, there was some friction between the two writers, leading to a falling out, with the result that Honeycombe's input was minimal. Fortunately, Smith's story was strong and those who acted in The Golden Vision contributed greatly to it. Liverpool born Ken Jones, who had already appeared in two of Loach's 'Wednesday Plays', was cast alongside Smith, but the production was notable for being the one in which Loach began his practice of casting club comedians in acting roles. Having just made his first feature film, Poor Cow (see next chapter), and unhappy at the experience, he was keen to develop new ways of finding performers who would appear authentic on screen.

'What was significant about The Golden Vision for me was that we discovered a lot of Liverpool entertainers,' he explained. 'I found that most actors who came from Liverpool were

Inside The Golden Vision

straight actors who didn't have the humour and sharpness and spontaneity that I was looking for. So I went to a club run by Ernie Mack, who was an agent in Liverpool, and he introduced me to all the acts; they were terrific, with a raw energy and brightness. When they came to act in the play, they were absolutely true.' One of the most significant pieces of casting was stand-up comic Bill Dean, who had a dry sense of humour and a pained expression, and went on to work with Loach five more times. Another first for the director was taking one further step towards mixing fact and fiction by featuring, alongside the actors and comedians as fictional fans, the real-life Everton team and shooting interviews with manager Harry Catterick and some of the players (with their names appearing as captions on screen). 'Ken, Tony and I felt that, if we made a football film that was fictional, it would all fall apart once you get on the field,' recalled Smith. So, in those days long before the Premiership became British soccer's top flight of teams, three of Everton's First Division games were filmed by the crew, which included cameraman Tony Imi, who had by then left the BBC but was hired by Garnett as a freelance. His biggest nightmare occurred at Highbury Stadium, where Everton took on Arsenal and Alex Young scored. 'I had a zoom lens and knew there wasn't enough light to shoot something, so I didn't shoot it,' he recalled. 'The goal was scored and, because I missed it, we had to take it off a telecine recording.' Another nightmare at Highbury came when Neville Smith and the other 'fans' were intimidated by the threats of someone in the crowd. 'Ken told us to shout for Everton,' recalled Smith, 'but we couldn't because a drunken Scotsman produced a knife and said:

"Shout for Rangers." Of course, we shouted for Rangers! Ken came up at half-time and said: "What are you doing?" I'm sure he believed we were having him on; by that time, the guy had wandered off.'

Making The Golden Vision was a happy experience for all involved and Loach was pleased that it produced such a sense of camaraderie during filming. Alongside the birth, marriage and death in the story, he celebrated a landmark event in his own family during the shoot: the birth of daughter Hannah, in November 1967,

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

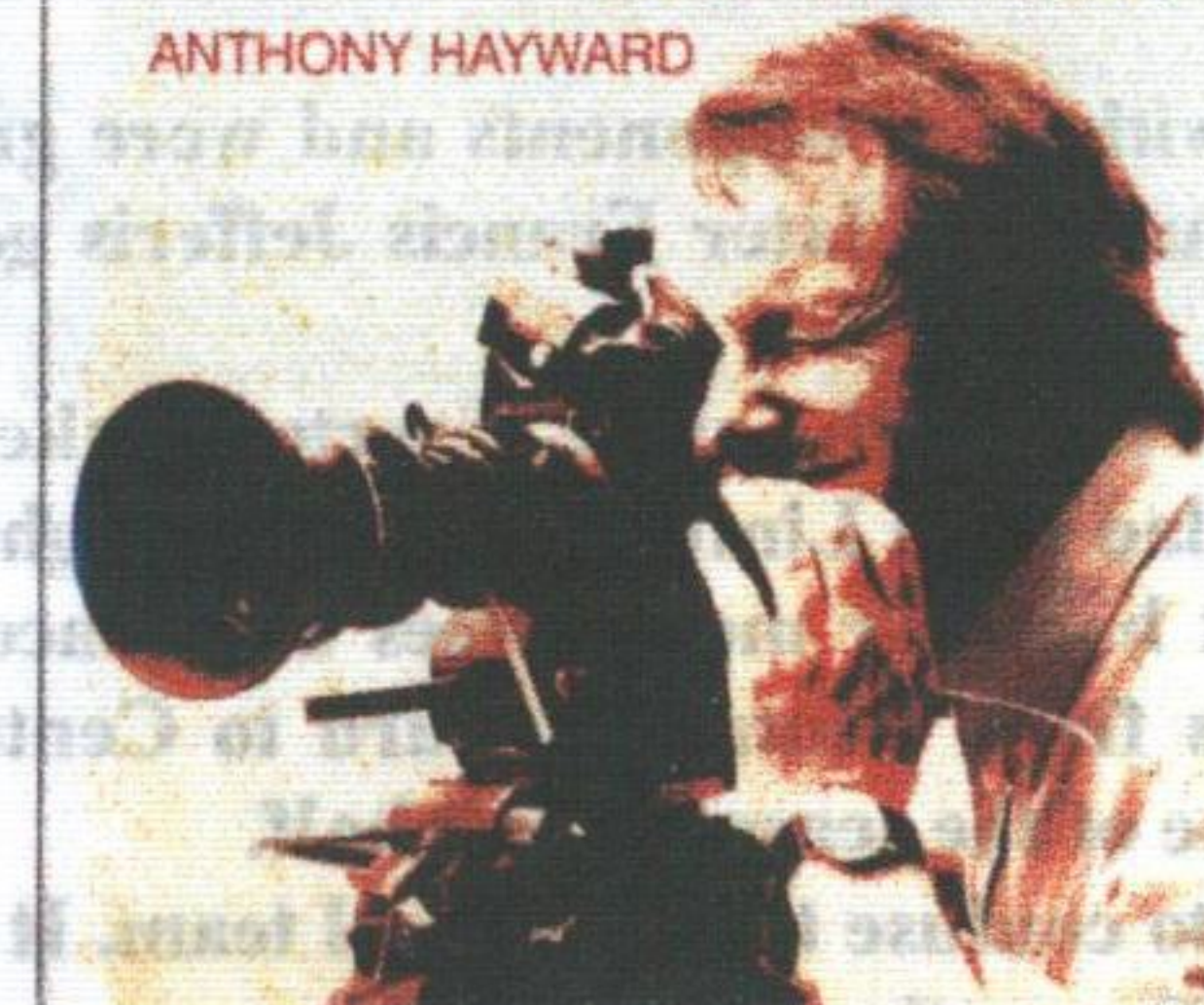
'AN ELOQUENT INSIGHT INTO THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S
FINEST AND MOST COURAGEOUS FILM DIRECTOR'

JOHN PILGER, NEW STATESMAN

KEN LOACH

and his films

ANTHONY HAYWARD



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November 30th Manchester City away. 20,000 Mancunians want to see a win Anthony Browell makes his debut at Centre Half, Tom his brother is at Centre Forward hopefully these brothers can be as successful as the Balmer Brothers who graced the Everton shirt for over ten years. Gault replaced Bradshaw, The game was hard fought and some thought Everton were unlucky to lose 1-0 but unlucky or not no points returned back to Goodison Park, West Brom away December 7th

There was no Anthony Browell he had played his one and only game for Everton, he left to play for West Stanley. After his playing days he became a coalminer and then worked for a bus company, he died in his home town of Hull on 7th March 1964. Tommy Browell his brother scored against West Brom but Everton lost 3-1. A promising start to the season was falling apart, Everton had to get back to winning ways and soon.

December 14th 1912 Sunderland at home, potential champions Sunderland were to be a stiff task. Potential Champions or not only 6,000 turned up a poor crowd, Everton lose 4-0 another awful home defeat December 21st 1912 Sheffield Wednesday away. 12,000 fans are inside the Owlerton stadium Wednesday are a good team and they pose a threat to Everton Fleetwood and Wareing score for Everton in a fine 2-1 win,

Christmas Day Blackburn Rovers at home, a 30,000 crowd inside Goodison, Beare and Uren Score in another 2-1 victory, Beare is a very useful right winger but he does not score enough goals.

Boxing Day just 24 hours later the same teams but this time at Blackburn, Everton give debuts to James Brannick at inside right, a 24 year old reserve team player, Samuel Simms also makes his debut at centre forward also 24 years old Sam was also a reserve player. What may be something of a record they both scored on their debut to give Everton their third consecutive 2-1 win 20,000 watched the game, Two days later at Goodison Park and 25,000 Evertonians see the Blues play Middlesbrough. in time honoured Everton tradition the two goalscoring debutants are dropped Jefferis and Fleetwood return to the fold, Maconnachie scores and Everton win 1-0. Four great wins on the bounce. New Years Day 1913 Tottenham at home, 30,000 fans welcome in the New Year, Davidson replaces Stevenson at outside left Everton's only change. Bradshaw scores for the Blues but its not enough, Spurs get two, The first defeat for a while and a poor start to the New Year. Notts County away, Brannick is given his second game at inside right. only 5,000 watch this game but Evertonians don't care they win 1-0 and its young Brannick who gets his second goal in his second game, in the Notts County game Sam Chedgzoy made a rare appearance, his last game was on 17th April 1911 nearly two years ago.

Stockport at home in the F. A. Cup 10,000 watch Tom Browell get another hat trick in the F. A. Cup Bradshaw and Wareing get a goal each in a 5-1 win.

Man United at home no Chedgzoy he has made his one and only appearance of the season, George Beare comes back at outside right. United had beaten Everton earlier in the season. Everton need to win this one. Browell got his name back on the score sheet twice against United, Jefferis and Wareing get one each to win 4-1, 20,000 Evertonians are happy with that.

Aston Villa away an unchanged Everton team. 25,000 Villa fans expect a win but George Beare gets a goal to earn a draw 1-1.

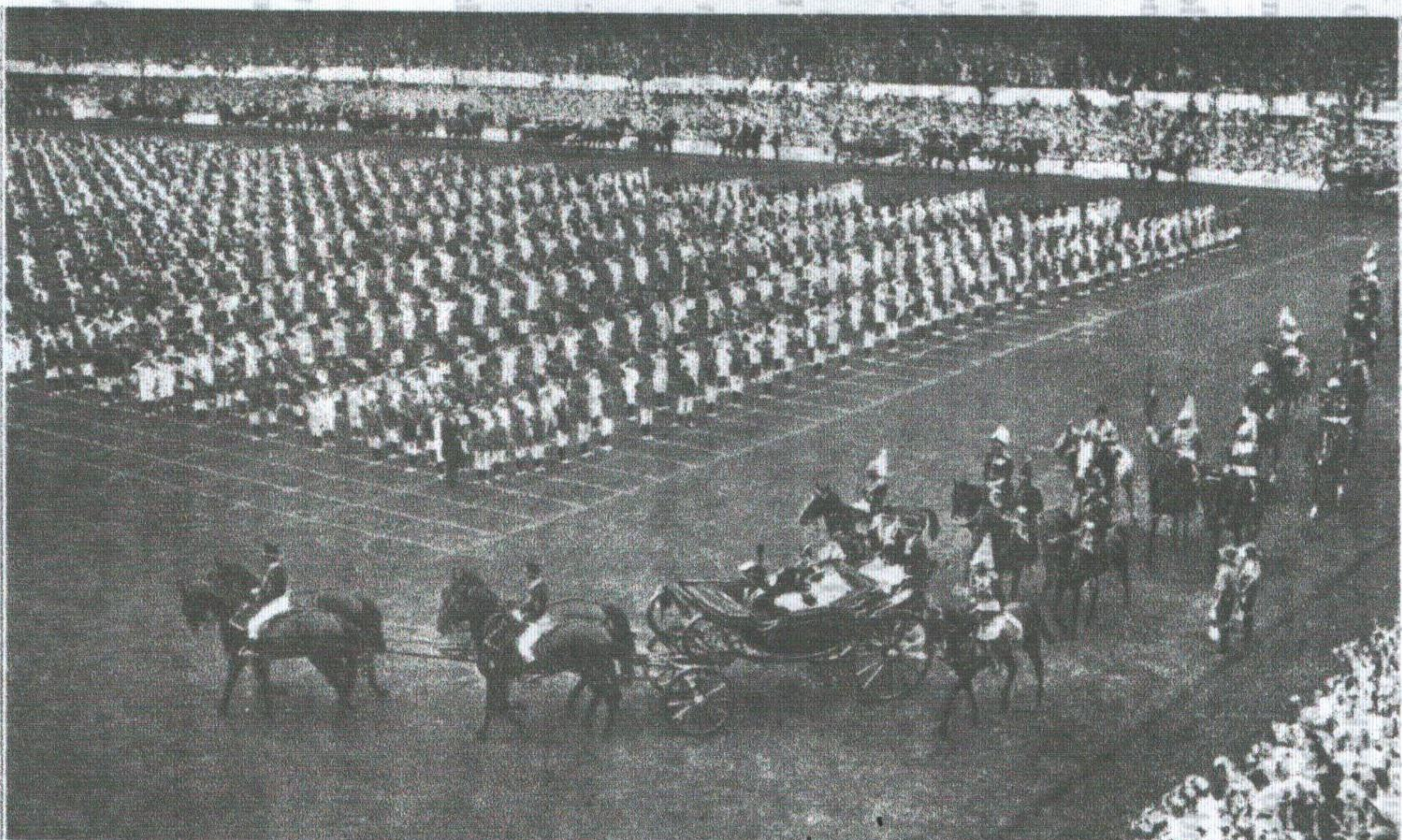
Brighton and Hove Albion away in the FA, Cup, 11,00 fans inside the ground, A Southern League Club but no "Donkey Outfit".

Everton struggled to get to grips with their opponents and were grateful for a 0-0 draw, 30,000 were at Goodison for the replay four day's later Francis Jefferis gets the only goal of the game and Everton go into the next round.

The Derby at Goodison Park, 40,000 attend the game, Everton make some strange team selections a debut for John Houston a Belfast lad from Linfield an outside right but he was played at Centre forward today. Stevenson the right back for most games is replaced by Holbem who is usually played at left back. Fleetwood goes from Centre Forward to Centre Half, in place of Wareing Makepeace plays only his third game of the season at left half.

So a different Everton line up tries to confuse the Liverpool team. It only confuses themselves, the neighbours take more than a cup of Sugar they win 2-0.

Bolton Wanderers away 19,986 are at the game, Wareing is back at Centre half. Uren the Red who never gets played against his old club in The Derby also returns, Stevenson is recalled. The game ends 0-0.



Royal Visit To Goodison Park July 11th 1913

Another Southern League football match was played at Goodison Park on July 11th 1913. The match was between Everton and Southampton. The result was a 1-0 victory for Everton. The match was attended by a large number of spectators, including the King and Queen. The King and Queen were seated in a special box in the stands. The match was a very exciting one, and the King and Queen were very much interested in it. The King and Queen were very much interested in the match, and they were very much interested in the match. The King and Queen were very much interested in the match, and they were very much interested in the match.

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The History Of Everton Football Club

Bristol Rovers away in the F.A. Cup 15,719 watch. Rovers who were originally known as the Black Arabs for wearing Black shirts with a yellow sash, they changed their name to the Eastville Rovers until 1897-98 when they became known as Bristol Eastville Rovers-but only for one season before they finally became Bristol Rovers. Their colours were at first Badmington Hoops of light blue and white.

Another Southern League club but Everton were not kidded by that, they played a full team and showed Bristol respect. The gulf in class is clear as Everton win easily 4-0 Tom Browell, Fleetwood, Harris and Jefferis score.

Newcastle United away 25,000 Geordies are wanting another easy win they hammered Everton at Goodison 6-0 the worst Everton home defeat ever.

John Houston gets his second game at outside right, Newcastle complete the double 2-0, The F. A. Cup and Oldham at home 43 000, the Semi Final is within reach and the nerves are jangling, Oldham beat Everton 1-0 Evertonians are devastated, The Cup Final seemed reachable.

Sheffield United at home only 6,000 pay to watch, there is an air of depression around the ground. The board have made changes and the most startling one was the dropping of goalkeeper Caldwell, William Hodge takes his place for his debut, Gourlay gets back after a sixteen game absence, Houston plays his third game for Everton, Brannick plays his third as well. but it is to be his last one for Everton.

Caldwell had let thirty eight goals in, in the League that was six more than William Scott let in, in the whole of last season. The new look team still lost to Sheffield United but it was only 1-0.

Chelsea away 45,000, Simpson only gets his second game for Everton Hodge stays in goal, This is a better Everton performance and they get a well deserved 3-1 win Beare, Tom Browell and Jefferis score

Derby County home 25,000 fans are shocked by the selection of Caldwell in goal, he wasn't expected to be back because Hodge had done well, Everton draw 2-2 with both goals coming from Bradshaw.

Woolwich Arsenal at home 19,000 watch a great Everton win 3-0 Beare gets 2 goals and Bradshaw the other.

Bradford away 14,000 see Everton lose 4-1 Jefferis scores the only goal.

Oldham at home and Caldwell is dropped for William Bromilow a local lad it was to be his only game for Everton, only 4,000 can be bothered to come Bromilow lets in three goals in a 3-2 defeat Bradshaw gets both Everton goals but Oldham beat Everton for the third time in a season,

Manchester City at home, William Hodge is brought back in goal, he keeps a clean sheet in a 0-0 draw 12,000 watched.

Sunderland away and even though the Wearsiders are going for the Championship only 15,000 are inside the ground, Hodge keeps his place but Everton lose 3-1 Bradshaw gets the only goal for Everton.

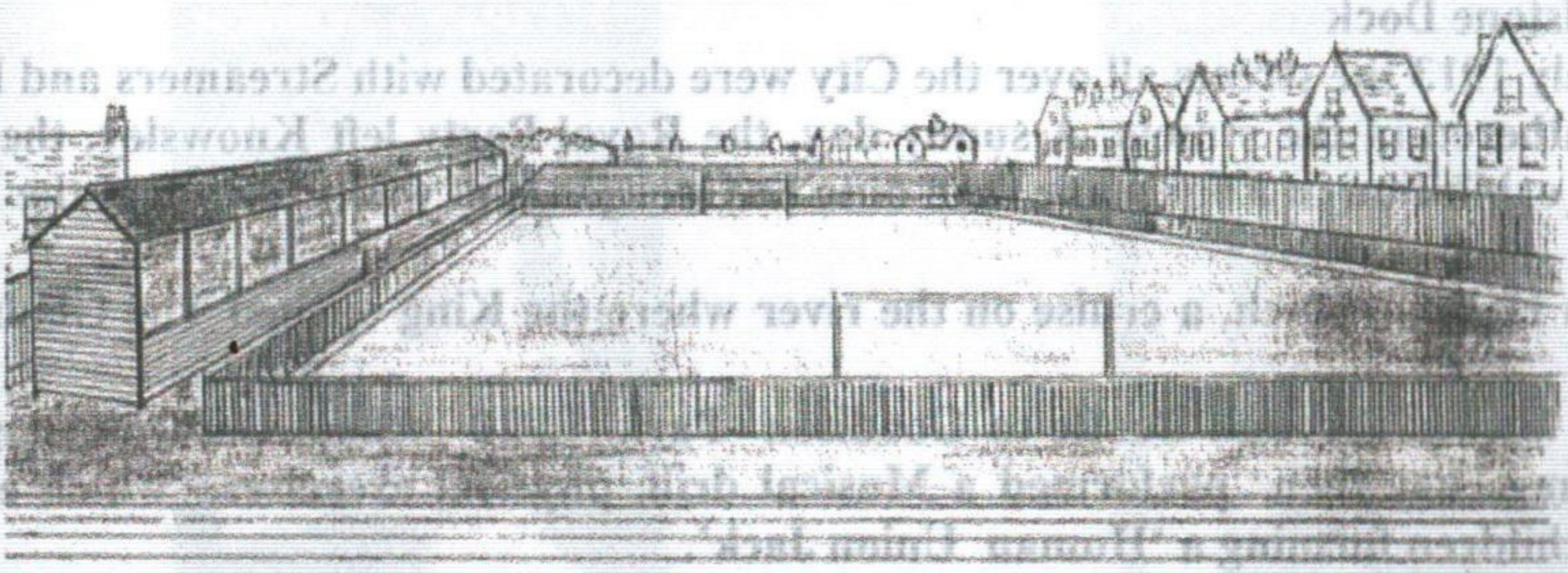
West Brom away 10,795 watch a 0-0 draw. Samuel Simms played his last game for Everton only his second appearance he went to Swindon

The season ended with a home game against Sheffield Wednesday 5,000 turn out but see a fine 3-1 win Jefferis 2, Beare .

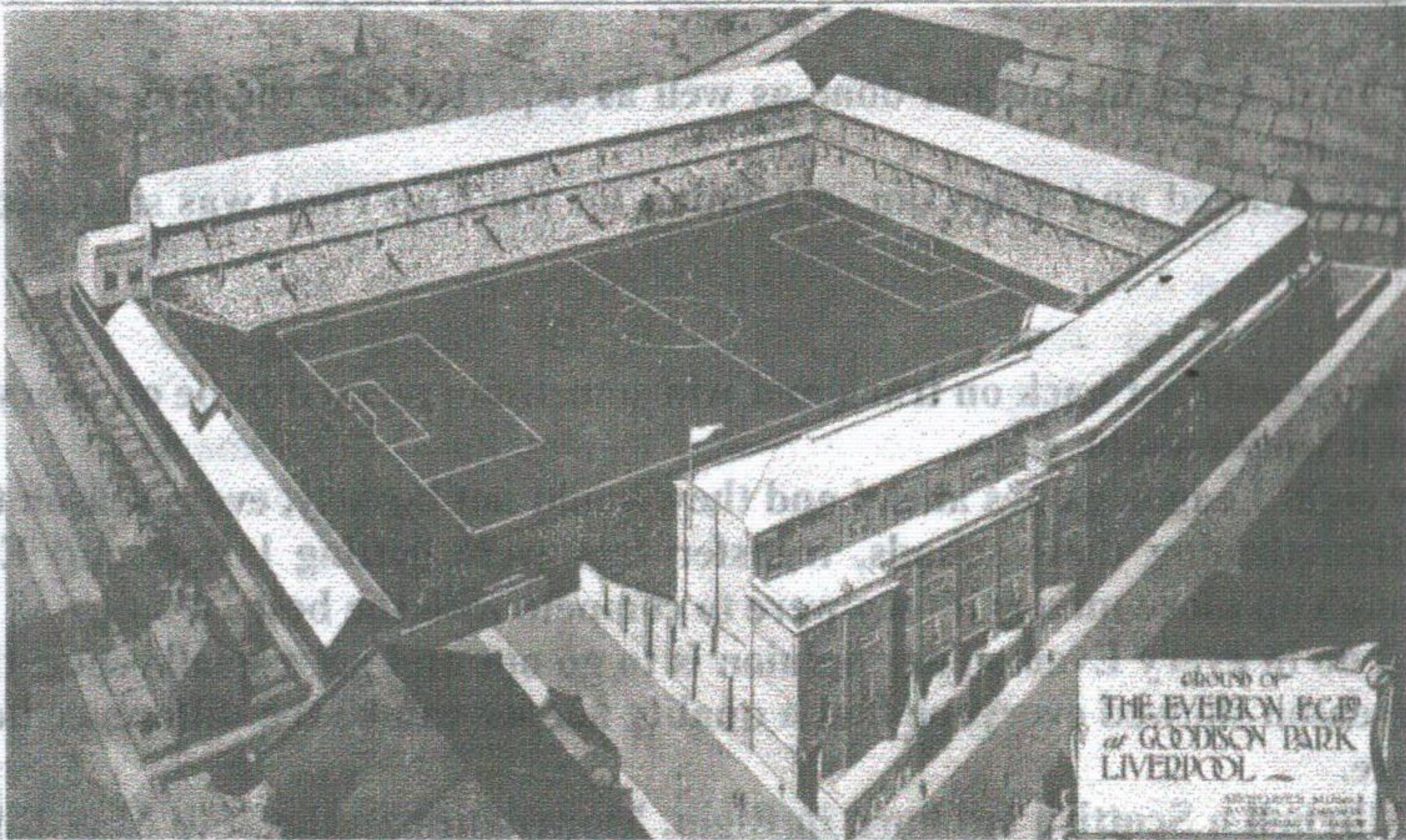
Everton had finished 11th a very poor season and most blamed the goalkeepers for letting 54 goals in.

Browell 12, Bradshaw 9, Beare 7 and Jefferis 5 could also have done better.

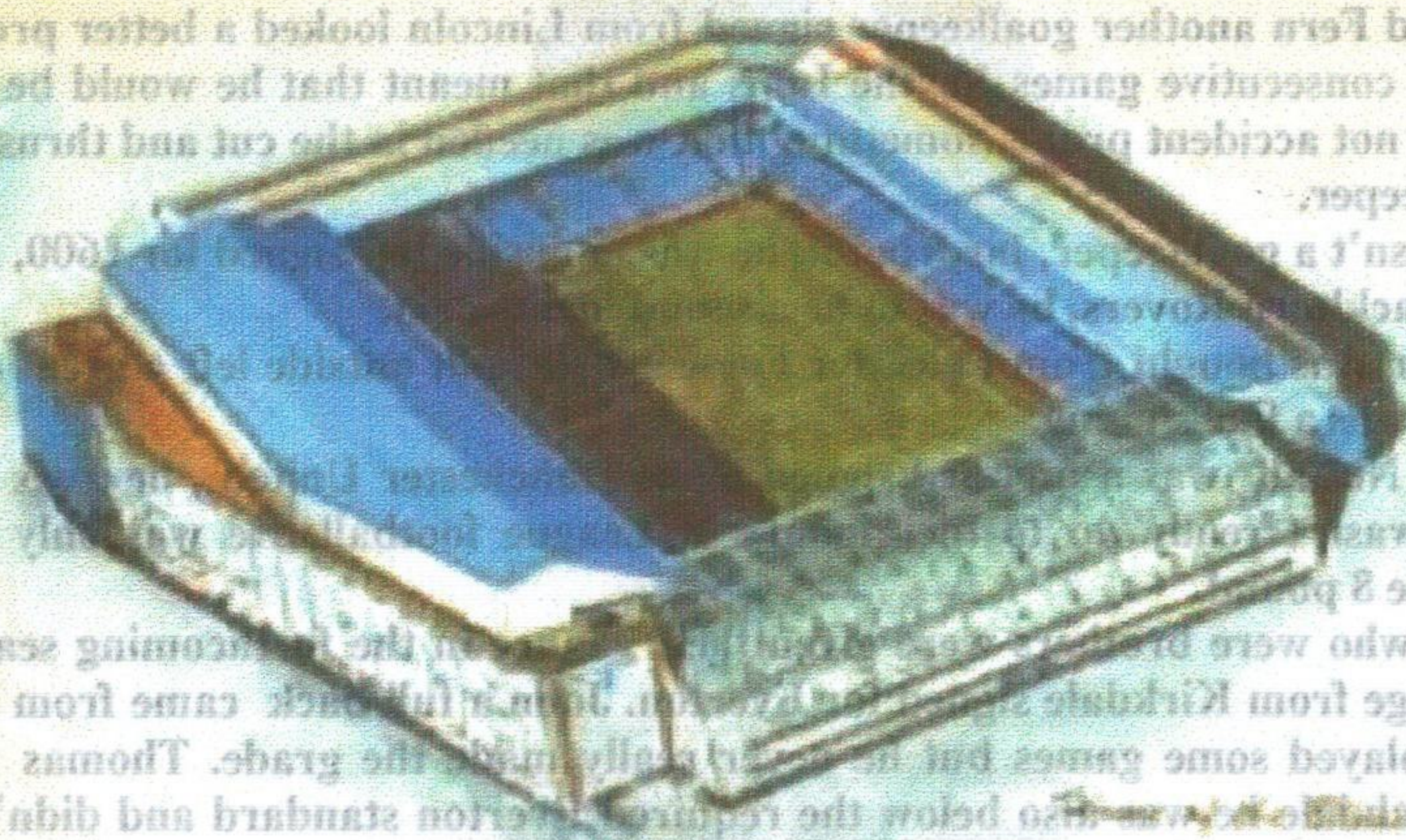
Three Steps To Heaven



19th Century



20th Century



21st Century

The History Of Everton Football Club

In July 1913 The King and Queen came to Goodison Park, They had been in the City for the opening of Gladstone Dock

It was the 11 July 1913 the streets all over the City were decorated with Streamers and Flags huge crowds gathered in the streets. A sunny day, the Royal Party left Knowsley, the first stop was for an exhibition in Edge Lane then onto St Georges Hall where they met the Lord Mayor.

On to the Town Hall for lunch, a cruise on the river where the King opened The Gladstone Dock.

The procession headed through Bootle to Goodison Park. 1,920 school children sang the National Anthem. They then performed a Musical drill, physical exercises, which ended with the schoolchildren forming a 'Human Union Jack'.

Mr Will Cuff Secretary at Everton was in attendance and he must have felt proud that Everton Football Club played host to the Monarch. The Party left the ground to the tune of Land of Hope and Glory,

Patriotism was spreading all over the country and the visit of the Royal family had lifted the whole community.

Times had been hard, Everton had not done as well as expected and the fans were disillusioned with their team.

A good Cup run had ended and a day out in London for the Cup Final was snatched away from them.

1913 -14

Hopes that Everton would get back on track and win something seemed to be on every Evertonians mind but it would not be easy.

There was thirty eight League games ahead and they would not be easy, every season the opposition were strengthening their squads, transfer fees were getting larger and Everton would have to cough up more money if they were to compete with the best.

The first thing to do in every Evertonians opinion is to go out and get a goalkeeper, the loss of Bill Scott last season showed everyone that a quality keeper can be the difference between success and failure.

Frank William Mitchell a Scottish lad born in Elgin, Morayshire on the 25th May 1890 was bought from Motherwell, he was a capable goalkeeper but not the big signing Evertonians expected.

Thomas Edward Fern another goalkeeper signed from Lincoln looked a better prospect, he had played 142 consecutive games for the Imps and that meant that he would be available for every game, not accident prone, something that was needed in the cut and thrust of Football for a goalkeeper.

Joe Clennell wasn't a goalkeeper, far from it, he was an inside left signed for £600, a sizeable figure, from Blackburn Rovers, he was to be a sound investment.

George Harrison was bought from Leicester Fosse a well built outside left a great crosser of the ball, he too was a fine signing.

Thomas Albert Nuttall was a forward signed from Manchester United, he was a slightly built lad who wasn't really up to the rigours of League football. He was only 5' 8 and weighed 10 stone 8 pound.

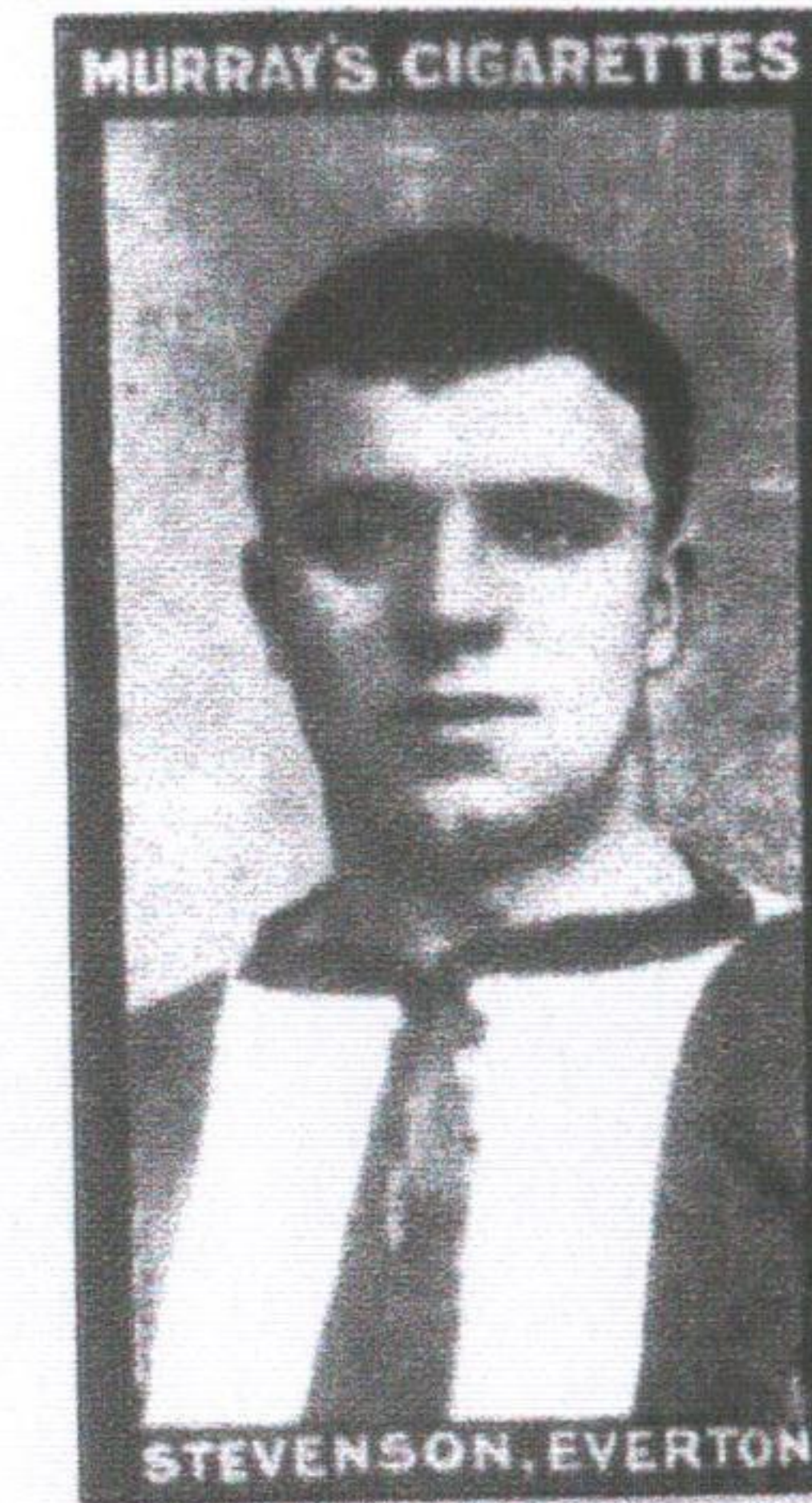
Two local lads who were brothers were given their chance in the forthcoming season John and Thomas Page from Kirkdale signed for Everton. John a full back came from Rochdale where he had played some games but he never really made the grade. Thomas was also signed from Rochdale he was also below the required Everton standard and didn't last too long.

The season ahead was to be a lot harder than most thought, Everton had not really spent the cash they should have and it would show in the final weeks of the season.

(To be continued in issue 38)



John better know as Jack was an Irish lad who played at Outside Right or Centre Forward. He made 28 appearances scored 2 goals



William signed from Accrington Stanley in 1907-a full back who played in 125 games for Everton. A strong tackling defender.



Born in Southport William was a half back signed from Preston in October 1912 he played 69 games and scored 6 goals.

