

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 38



A New Ground For Christmas !! Ho, Ho, Ho
See page 4

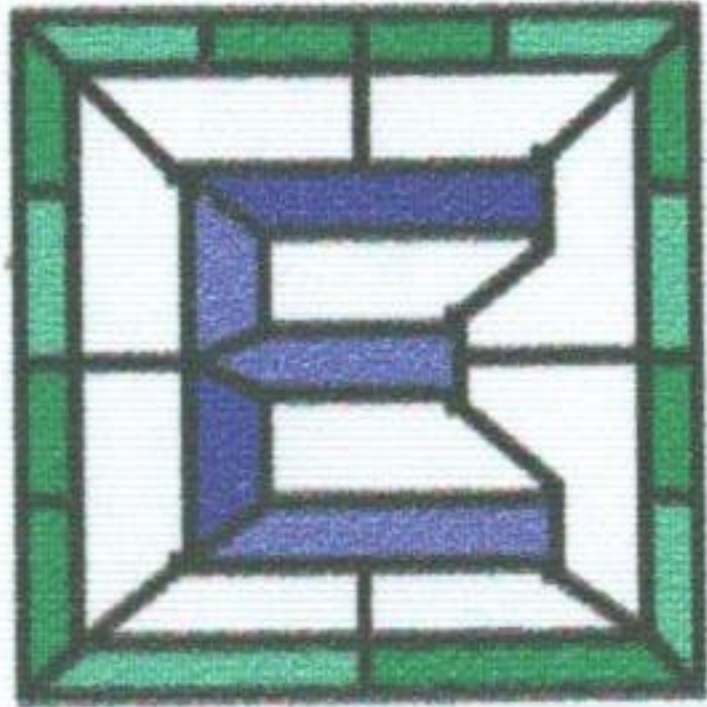
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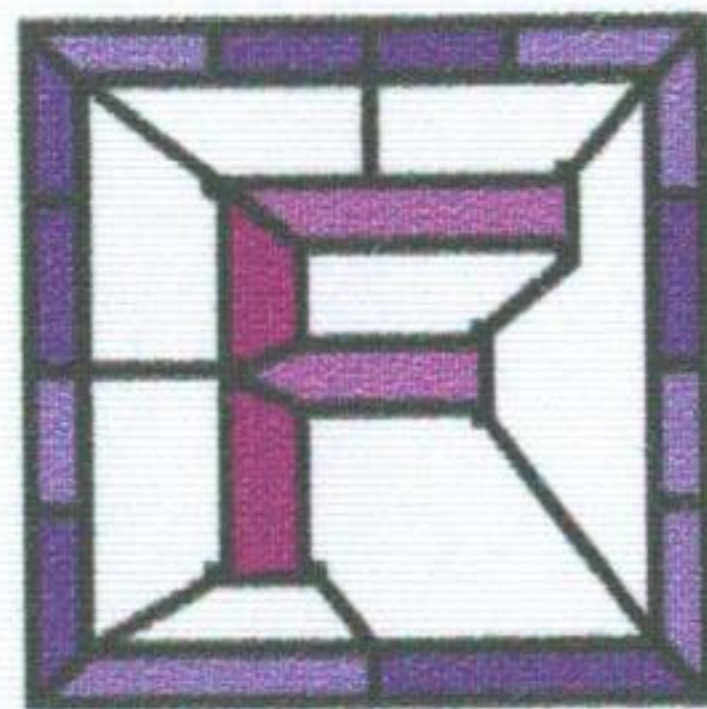
Editorial Blue Blood

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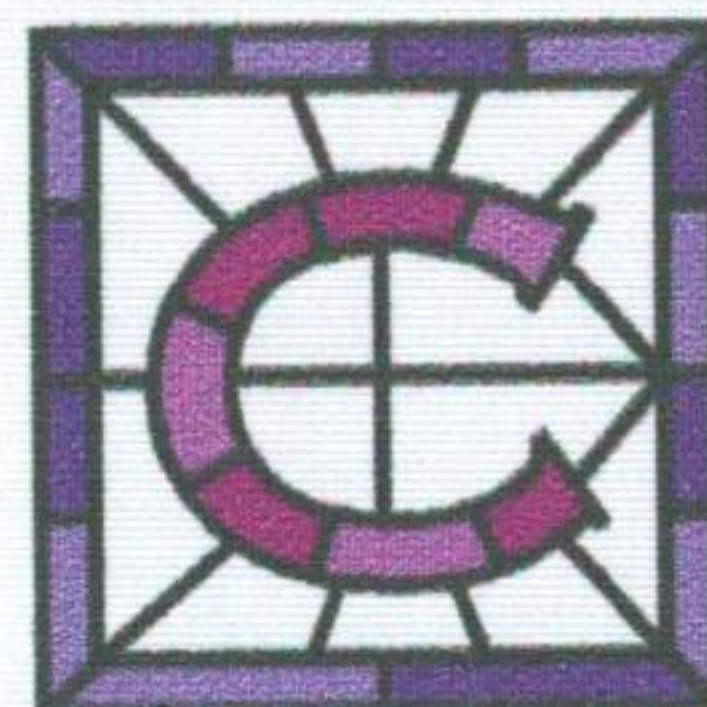


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Albert Dunlop
231 games

Joined Everton as a junior in 1947 turned professional in 1949. A tough, brave goalkeeper who made his debut in October 1956
Born 1932 died 1990

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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"

First and foremost may I wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy BLUE year, I will be taking a break from selling Blue Blood outside the Winslow on Boxing Day and probably the 30th Dec against Newcastle. The next issue of Blue Blood will hopefully be either for a home Cup game in early January or the Reading League match on 13th January 2007.

Arsenal at home in the Carling Cup, a reserve team full of youth players walked around us, we looked lead footed at times. Moyes saw McFadden sent off for being stupid but didn't take the chance to throw Victor Anichebe on to keep two forwards up and keep Arsenal from attacking at will. He waited until the board went up to say three minutes injury time to put Victor on, the poor lad didn't even get to touch the ball.

Aston Villa at home and yet again another team come and push us out of the way, we are so weak it would not be difficult to play one of the Everton ladies in midfield and notice no difference. Neville consistently passed to the opposition and others like Carsley and Davies were not far behind him in the distribution stakes.

Three 1-0 defeats in a week, this is not good enough Moyes and I feel really sorry for all the Blues who paid nearly £200 to go and watch those three matches, it is a weeks wage to some of them. Would Moyes or any of the players who get paid £20,000 a week have been happy spending that amount in a week to watch three defeats?

Bolton at home Big, Bad, Nasty Bolton, the worst football playing team in the Premiership by a mile. Everton had to meet them with strength and to be fair they did, Osman got stuck in and so did Valente, Neville still passed every ball to the opposition and I think he needs to have a colour blind test. If he can not see that Everton play in Blue then he has a serious problem.

Arteta scored a wonder goal but you would like to see more of this shoot from distance stuff. We continually run out of space and lose possession.

Charlton away, an away banker or as we Evertonians know better as a DRAW. The absence of Johnson was a major blow, once again another late injury that was not seen on the field of play, it happens too often at Goodison and keeps the conspiracy freaks in full employment. The first half showed us in a good light, we played well, McFadden did some nice touches but as usual nothing came from them. Arteta did some good things as well but you felt that we were just not doing enough hard work. All the nice touches in the world will not put the ball in the net unless it is backed up with a good work rate.

Man United away and Ruddy was on the bench, ask yourself why. I will tell you why, Moyes didn't know Howard wouldn't be allowed to play, that's why he let Turner go on loan and Palace would not release him, so we ended up with our fourth choice keeper on the bench and Palace had our third choice.

The injuries to Johnson and Cahill plus the exclusion of Tim Howard meant that we were not going to get anything at Old Trafford except a hiding. Moyes didn't however give Victor Anichebe his chance by playing him from the start. That's what we want, not a lot to ask David is it? Just have a go, attack and see what happens. Beattie has had more chances than he deserves young Victor hasn't. No Mark Hughes just Stubbs brought back from the SAGA lounge, along with Carsley it is hard to believe that these two get a game in the Premiership. Once again Moyes dithers over subs, too little too late, Vaughan gets fifteen minutes, that's fifteen more than young Victor. 3-0 useless, well done Mr. Moyes.

Everton have been in the news again for all the wrong things, a secretary at Bellefield was sacked for sending pornographic emails, she claimed that this was nothing compared to what she saw at Bellefield, mentioning that on many occasions she would go upstairs for a tea and look out of the window to see various players walking around naked!!! The fact that it took her 17 years to report this made her case somewhat weak and she lost her claim for unfair dismissal.

Paul Gregg left the club and the newspapers had a field day about his private life. If only half of what has been printed is true then he seems to be a very sad man indeed with little affection for anything accept himself, we are better off without him and his murky private life, I don't think he will be singing "Two Little Boys" on the karaoke machine at Christmas.

It's Nearly Christmas Mr. Wyness

Earlier this year Everton Commercial manager Keith Wyness made a statement that the decision about Evertons ground move or redevelopment of Goodison Park would be announced before the end of the year.

Since then we have heard nothing concrete, forgive me the pun, but how many times have Everton Football Club put out statements only to let the decision slip silently into the distance?

Too many times is the answer, the Kings Dock was still on the agenda until the others involved said otherwise only then did Everton admit that it was no longer a viable concern.

We have had stories about Celtic's stadium architect and that Everton have traveled to other stadiums to see what could be available to us. This was all done during the Kings Dock Farce so there is nothing new there. Tesco are supposed to be involved but again there is no confirmation of this, only rumors.

Evertonians seem to be blind to the inept people that run their club.

Kenwright says very little these days, why? I will tell you why, he is more involved with his other love, the theatre, America has greeted him and knowing what that means financially he is over there doing business more than he is at Goodison running the club he owns.

Everton are a two man Board run business, with hardly any money made available to the manager when it is needed most.

They give out false information like our support is marvelous when in fact the ground is hardly ever full. They know how to butter up people, tell them the things they want to hear but do not deliver.

Goodison Park is falling apart, it is in need of a massive facelift but again every time someone says this Everton turn a deaf ear to them.

The need to decide in what direction we are heading is vital but Everton dither and do nothing. Evertonians watch the local press and listen to the Radio Stations but see and hear nothing regarding a move.

The Council say they have ground options for Everton but do not say exactly where these options are. This same council stood by as the Kings Dock plan collapsed, they did nothing to help Everton stay in the City, they do nothing now when we could be moving to Kirkby.

Manchester and other Cities get on with it, do it and then stand back and admire their work, Liverpool, reject plan after plan, they do nothing to help anyone. The City is trying to get ready for the Capital Of Culture in 2008. The same council are trying to reduce parking in the City. The men on the beach are set to be given to New York, apathy and bungling decisions are rampant on Merseyside and Everton are up there with the best of them.

Keith Wyness says a lot but does little, he tells us that the new catering people are the best, well Mr. Wyness try coming down to the lower Gwladys and getting something to eat and drink before half time, watch as the YTS staff serve in slow motion, ask yourself why it costs so much for a cup of coffee and then try and get a cup from one of the catering machines when you have given up queuing .

Tell me why a small amount of youngsters can get beer sales stopped because of their behavior in the lower Gwladys. You pay the Police a large amount of money to control the crowd but the Police do their usual pass the buck and take the easy option, instead of doing their job they decide to stop beer sales to everyone, easy isn't it?

Listen to the Roger Phillips phone in on Radio Merseyside every day someone says how the Police didn't turn up for a burglary or an assault, they are kidding you as well Mr. Wyness.

Graeme Davidson

The David France Collection

The David France Collection is back in the news. Two years after David offered it at cut cost to the Club he has still not seen any money!!!! Others have tried to raise the money from various events but to be honest why on earth haven't Everton just paid David France the money he has asked for instead of messing him about and endangering the future of the whole collection. I for one would have said to Kenwright, Wyness and co you have had your chance, I have offered it at one third of it's real value and you have treated me with disrespect. I would break up the collection, sell it through Christies and sit back to count £2 million plus.

Everton have wasted millions on useless players Kroldrup!!!! Etc: but refuse to underwrite the cost of this fantastic collection. It is beyond belief that something that they are getting at a bargain price which would more than pay for itself by just doing photocopies of the rarest programmes and making copies of the Medals never mind hiring out at a price to other football clubs and museums.

The latest development is a game against Barcelona Old Boys and Everton Old Boys, a brilliant idea as one of the nicest pieces of memorabilia in the David France collection is the Medal issued to all Everton players who took part and won the Barcelona Cup in 1924. The game is scheduled for either the 20th March 2007 or the 28th depending on which report you read. Players like Michael Laudrup and Luis Enrique plus others will be worth watching. But the aim is to get some money in the pot and hopefully David France will get his rightful payment.

On Sunday March 25th 2007 part of the collection will go on display at Goodison Park , you must not miss the opportunity to see what is a truly amazing collection of Everton memorabilia. It is the D.N. A. of Everton football Club. Having seen it a few times I still cannot believe that one man could have attained such a brilliant collection. It is mind-blowing, items like some the ledgers that cost over £70,000. To have been privileged to have held the first medal awarded to Everton for the League Championship in 1890/ 91 is something I will always be grateful to David for. I sat for hours looking at programmes from 1890 onwards, home and away nearly every Everton game that has ever took place is in this collection. How on earth can Bill Kenwright say he loves this Club like no one else when he refuses to pay up and get it into Liverpool City Library so it can be documented and then be put on display so other football fans from all over the World can see another truly great piece of Everton Football Club's History

Man United, Liverpool, Arsenal , Barcelona, Real Madrid none can match this collection but at this moment in time neither can Everton because they have not bought it. George Orr

JIMMY Gabriel



Jimmy playing for Southampton tackling George Best

JIMMY Gabriel

Standing outside the Winslow before the Aston Villa game a Blue Blood reader said why don't you do something about Jimmy Gabriel. Not wanting to upset any reader here is a small look into the football life of one of the great Everton players in the 60's.

The text below came from the Everton Championship Brochure that was produced after the 1962/63 League Title Success.

Jimmy Gabriel

It was in March, 1960, that fair-haired Jimmy Gabriel, then a 19-year-old, joined Everton. Dundee picked up around £30,000 on the deal, which was a happy ending for months of effort by manager Johnny Carey.

For some time Everton had been on the Gabriel trail. Indeed, manager Carey had made the trip to Dundee just a month previously, but had failed to persuade Dundee to part with their locally-born wing-half.

But in the end, Dundee agreed to part, and so Gabriel joined the colony of Scots hitting the headlines at Goodison. Right from the start of his football career, Gabriel seemed destined for stardom. As a schoolboy he was tops and played for his country, and it was no surprise when Dundee stepped in.

Farmed out to local junior side Dundee North End, he quickly made headway, and in quick time he was back at Dens Park ready for blooding in Scottish League football. It was in August, 1958, that he made his senior team debut

—but at centre-half and not in his recognised wing-half spot. Showing the coolness and craft of a veteran, 17-year-old Gabriel was quickly spotted by the selectors, and played for a Scotland side against the British Army in October, 1958.

In season 1959-60 he switched back to his favourite wing half position, and it was there that he really hit the top. He played for Young Scotland against Wales, starred for the Scottish League against Scotland in an international trial, and then signed for Everton just a few hours before turning out for Young Scotland against England.

With Everton he has never looked back. His power play has made him one of the best wing-halves in the country, and it was just reward when he collected his full cap against Wales.

With his wife, Pat, and months-old daughter Karen, Jimmy is now happily settled on Merseyside, and looks upon last season's championship-winning achievement as his greatest moment.

One to forget? "That's easy", says Jimmy, as he recalls one of the biggest Scottish Cup shocks of all time—it was the day that Highland League club Frascrurgh beat Dundee 1-0. But, as Jimmy says, with a wry grin: "The Cup is always a tournament which provides shocks. And there have been giant-killers in England, too."

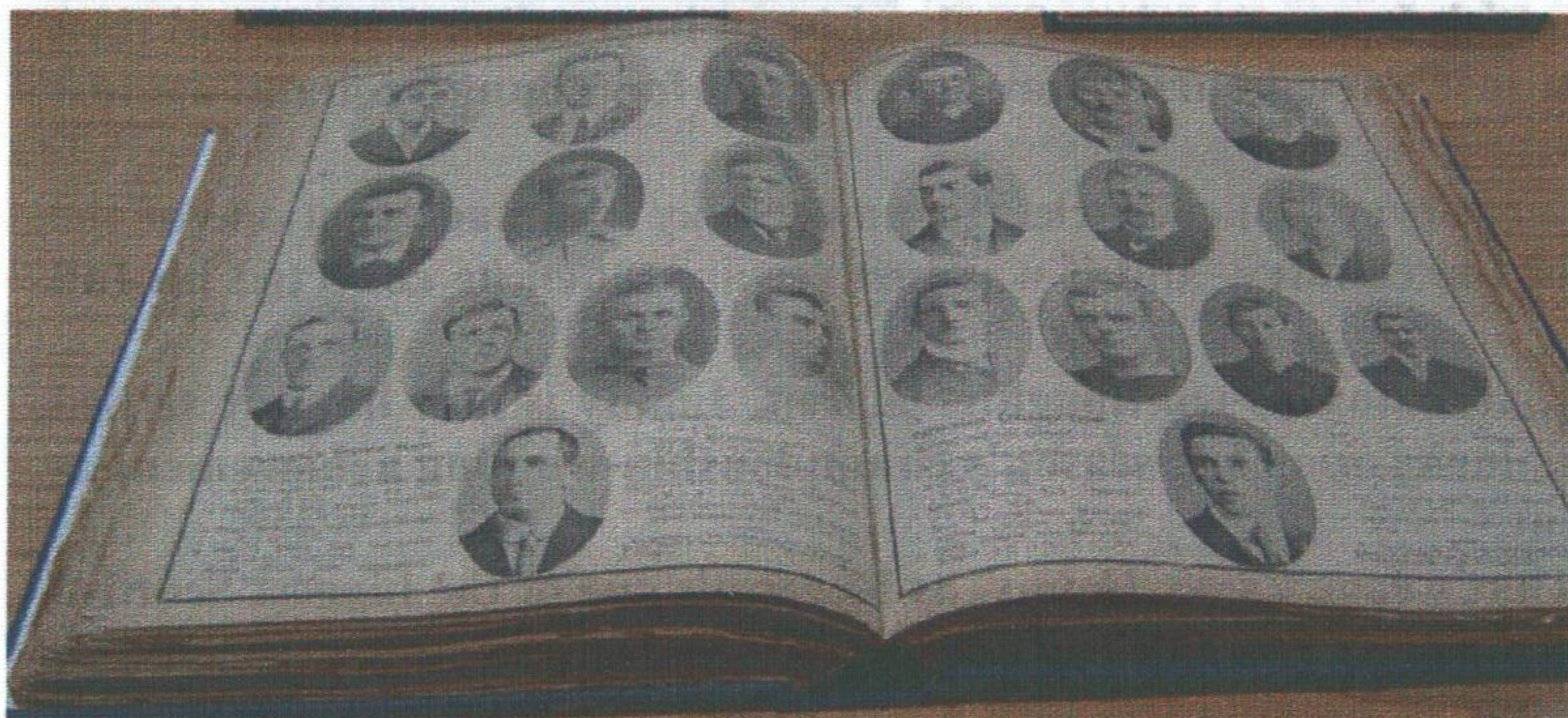
Jimmy Gabriel

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

THE PANTOMIME MATCH AT EVERTON.



This picture was sent to me by Tony Onslow it shows a line up of pantomime characters in front of the Kop, (Anfield was our home then) if you look at the character that is first on the left then you will see it is Mother Noblett, the Toffee Lady.



Everton and Liverpool players as shown in the programme for the 1904/05 season Derby match.

Everton players are on the left page this is a programme from the David France Collection, see page 5 for an update on the latest news.

THE NEARLY MEN

Like most Evertonians I would give my eye teeth to be able to state that I played or appeared at least once for the Blues. Many players of the 800 odd who can make that claim primarily got the chance when substitutes were first allowed at the start of the 1965/66 season. Darren Oldroyd 's sole appearance in the royal blue consisted of a 2 minute sub appearance. Most playing substitutes went on to make a full appearance but a few didn't actually get on the field. Chances of that elusive appearance improved when first 2 subs, then 2 plus a goalkeeper until today's 5 subs were permitted. There follows a list of the unfortunate few who got so near and yet so far.

1. Gary Powell A promising reserve striker Gary never got the chance in the first team even though 2 of his 3 sub roles were in the Simod or Full Members Cup competitions , and he was transferred to Wigan after loan spells at Grimsby and Scunthorpe.

2. Gerry Payton Eire international goalkeeper Peyton was signed from Bournemouth as cover for Big Nev. Named as substitute once when there were doubts over Nevs fitness was as near as Gerry got to playing. Unusual about his inclusion as a sub was that it was the only time before goalkeeper subs were allowed that Everton named a keeper as one of two subs. Transferred to Brentford he is now goalkeeper coach at Fulham.

3. Stephen Reeves Young goalkeeper whose 16 non playing sub appearances is the most for any player not to make an appearance. Released in 1995 he later attached to Cardiff and Chelsea but never made an appearance for either.

4. Adam Eaton Central defender was a member of the 1998 FA Youth Cup winning team. Was named as a sub in last game of 96/7 season and though warmed up most of the second half wasn't put on. Transferred to Preston .

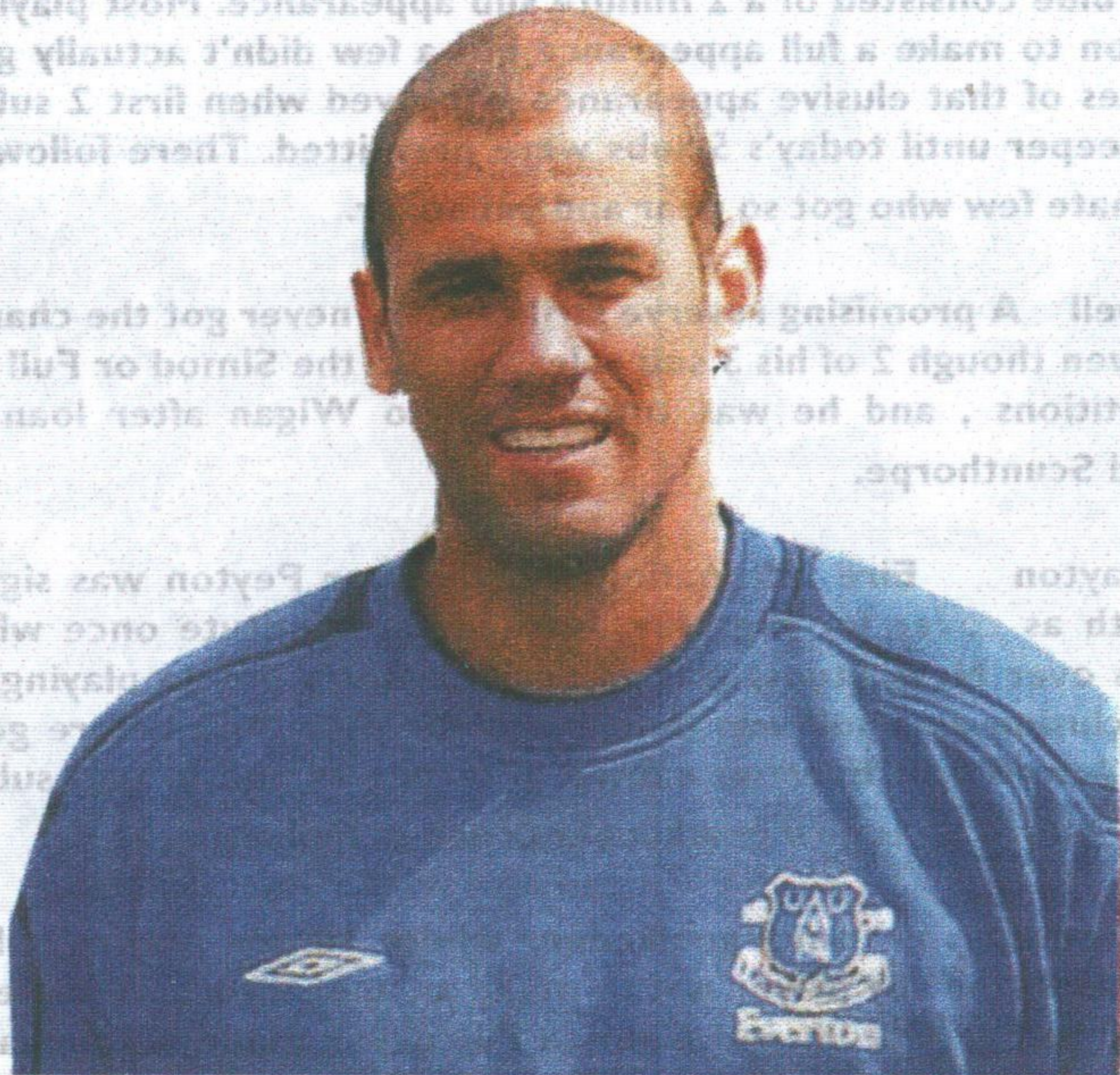
5. John O'Toole Another young keeper who was understudy to Neville Southall. Released by Everton he drifted into non league football.

6. Andrew Pettinger Signed from Scunthorpe as a highly rated young keeper Andrew made the subs bench twice before surprisingly quitting the game to join the police force. Made a brief comeback at Grimsby 18 months later.

7. Ibrahim Said 22 year old Egyptian international arrived on a six month loan from Al-Halhy in Jan 2003. He had earlier impressed in pre season trials but Everton lacked the funds to buy him. Unused sub against Spurs at White Hart Lane he returned to Egypt at the end of his loan spell.

Continued on page 24

Tribute To A True Blue



Ben Nowak was a Royal Marine, stationed in Iraq and whilst on duty he was killed in action.

Ben was by all accounts a very nice guy, he was also a very loyal and dedicated Evertonian.

In his short life, Ben was 27, he enjoyed the experience of training Everton Youth Team Players.

Ben felt privileged to be doing that but it was Everton and their youth team who were privileged to be getting the honour of a True Blue helping them out.

He loved Everton Football Club and spread the word wherever he was based.

His funeral took place in Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral and it was a very moving occasion.

Every Evertonian will want to pass on their deepest sympathy to Bens family and to let them know he will always be remembered by other True Blues.

Six Of One Half A Dozen Of The Other

I have read with great interest the passion of support or lack of it for our manager David Moyes within the pages of Blue Blood.

James Corbett and Jack The Ripper are on opposite sides of the argument. James supports Moyes and ignores most of his faults, calling Jack an Idiot and lambasting his viewpoints. Jack does have some valid points and if you are going to argue with him then you must stick to the facts Radzinski was top scorer twice for Everton, not the three times Jack said but twice more than James Corbett gave him credit for.

Jack however is wrong when he can't see the improvement in the squad that James can, Moyes has done a reasonable job but after Walter Smith most managers would be an improvement.

Cahill, Lescott, Arteta, Johnson, Howard, Martyn, Yobo were all excellent signings made by Moyes.

The other side of the coin however shows, Kroldrup, Wright, Van Der Meyde, Davies, Stubbs, Pistone and Bent.

Moyes is not the greatest of managers but neither is he the worst, who for one would want Brian Robson staring at them from the back of the Echo?

Moyes took us to our highest Premiership placing and into Europe but then again he does as Jack The Ripper gleefully says, hold seven of the worst Everton records.

James says that Moyes got rid of some donkeys and that is true but he is wrong saying that he offloaded Ferguson, I seem to remember Moyes giving him an extra years contract and the captains armband.

Dithering Dave has been the nickname that Moyes brought with him from Preston but is it fair?

He has not according to some had much money to spend, to others he has squandered the Rooney money and much more, so where do we go from here?

The Cup competitions have been extremely disappointing under Moyes but we have had some bad draws, Chelsea, Arsenal, Villarreal and others but all in all he has been poor in some of his Cup selections.

Substitutions are another criticism of Moyes, again depending on your point of view he is open to snipers. Giving Victor Anichebe three minutes injury time against Arsenal was futile but when he brought on young Vaughan to score a couple of seasons ago Moyes was the Messiah.

Unless Moyes performs The Second Coming he will not convince his sceptical opponents but should he be under all this backbiting and sniping?

Everton have over the last fourteen years of the Premiership lost their way, it can be put down to many things but to heap it all on Mr. Moyes's back is very unfair. Mike Walker, Walter Smith, Peter Johnson etc all played a major role in our decline.

The end of the story must be that no matter what Moyes does or doesn't do, he is Everton's manager and as such he needs and should receive our full support until such a time as we are in such a position that he must go and then it is up to the Board to make that decision not Jack The Ripper or others like him.

Peter Blake

Everton Shareholders Association.

A meeting was held by the Committee and here are some items from the agenda that are of interest to every Everton Supporter.

Meeting with Keith Wyness

ON Monday 6th November 2006, members of the Shareholders Association executive committee met club chief executive Keith Wyness for a one-hour meeting.

Here is a summary:

1) ROBERT EARL:

Later this month Mr Wyness will be meeting Mr Earl, who recently purchased Paul Gregg's 23 per cent stake in the club, to discuss the club and his future involvement. The purchase was made through a private company wholly owned by Mr Earl.

Assumptions that the deal means a new stadium will include a Planet Hollywood restaurant or a casino are misplaced, said Mr Wyness. For instance, Knowsley Council has not applied for one of the new casino licences.

Asked about the possibility of new investment, Mr Wyness said that the deal made that more likely due to two reasons. One: the board was now unified. Two: Mr Earl's wide range of contacts.

2) STADIUM:

Having looked at four sites - at Kirkby, Switch Island, Edge Lane and Speke - the club is now moving towards focusing on one site in detail: Kirkby. But this does not mean a final decision has been taken. The club has to see whether various proposals will materialise.

2a) Why Kirkby?

The club cannot build a stadium on its own. It needs the support of other partners. Such projects often now involve a retail development. Due to the huge new shopping centre being built in Liverpool city centre, substantial new retail developments need to be some distance away from the city centre if they are to be commercially viable. Hence eyes turn to Kirkby where the local authority has made proposals to the club regards land.

2b) Is a shared stadium not still a possibility?

"It takes two to share." There is no indication from the current owners of Liverpool Football Club that they are prepared to ground-share.

2c) What is the earliest Everton might have a new stadium?

If everything went smoothly, 2009-10. A more likely date would be a year later, 2010-11. Mr Wyness wished to stress that no final decision had been made.

3) NEW TRAINING COMPLEX:

It should be ready in time for first-team pre-season training to take place next summer at Halewood. The Youth Academy should be able to move there a few months later, in September 2007. The complex will be one of the best in Europe.

4) ONLINE ACADEMY:

The club has been filming the training of soccer skills at the existing youth academy. It is producing an online training package to be marketed globally in what is thought to be a world first.

Shareholders Association

5) EVERTONTV:

Committee members passed on praise from shareholders and supporters. Mr Wyness said target number of subscribers was 2,500, but now there were 5,400. More developments in pipeline.

6) TICKETING:

The new electronic ticketing system was praised. Mr Wyness said the firm responsible had said it was their most successful implementation. A few improvements were being made to stop concession-abuse.

Regards purchase of match tickets, Mr Wyness said further changes had been made to make it easier for supporters to buy tickets. This could now be done online. Also there has been a reduction in fees for purchases by phone. He would look into the suggestion that some web-based emails were being blocked before they reached the box office.

Concern was expressed over the 6pm cut-off for evening cup-ties. Mr Wyness stated this was done in consultation with the police.

7) EVERTON (DAVID FRANCE) COLLECTION APPEAL

An announcement regards a Heritage Week, which includes major events, being held later this season will be made soon.

8) MERCHANDISING:

The deal with JJB Sports is set to bring in £2m a year plus sales commission. Previously the club was making nothing on merchandising. The club believes the deal is raising the Everton brand around the country due to its enhanced inclusion in stores around the UK. It is hoped that the Liverpool city centre store will be giving further space and prominence to Everton.

Concern was expressed that outsourcing business elements of the club - such as merchandising, catering and match programme - could lead to a risk of the club losing autonomy and control of its identity. Mr Wyness said it had been decided that the club should for the time being concentrate on its core role as a football club. The deals in question were for a limited period, three years, at which point they could be brought in-house again.

9) SENIOR CITIZENS

Representations were made over the difficulties experienced by some elderly supporters attending games at Goodison Park. Mr Wyness said he would look into this.

10) AGM

This has been earmarked for Monday 11th December, but this date still has to be confirmed.

As you can see the Shareholders Association are working very hard on behalf of Evertonians whether they are members or not. As I am lucky enough to be a Shareholder and a Member of the Association you can contact me if you want me to ask any questions at any forthcoming meetings email the fanzine.

Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood

Hi George,

Beattie misses the Carling Cup game against Arsenal Youth and says he had a Stiff Neck. Mr. Beattie, Dixie Dean had a Metal Plate in his head yet managed to play hundreds of games and also got a couple of goals. This will be the only time that Beattie will be mentioned in the same sentence as Dixie.

David Shaw

Blue Blood

Beattie has been here two years in January, can anyone tell me what he has done? McFadden has been here just as long, again same question.

Moyes has slipped up, he didn't know about Tim Howard being Loan Tied and not being able to play against United because if he did he would not have let Turner go to Palace.

We go to Old Trafford with our fourth choice goalie on the bench while the third choice (the only one of the other two who has played a first team game this season, against Luton in the Carling Cup) is out on loan

Moyes has had millions to spend and I turn up to watch boring, dreadful football, don't write in and tell me to stay away, I am fed up with stupid people telling me that the manager with an armful of all time worst records is good. He is not, he made Fulham and Charlton look anything but crap, we are clueless, Carsley, Beattie, McFadden, and others are useless. Everton deserve better than Moyes can give, the sad thing is Kenwright will not act until it is too late.

It is up to you the fan to let it be known Moyes should go. The kids on the St End are his only supporters, ask the lads that go week in and week out what they think of him and the resounding answer is he is crap.

If you don't then get ready for a relegation battle. This season is open for any club with a decent manager to get into the top five. Reading and Bolton are up there for Christ's sake.

Tell me that Moyes has done well, and I will say where? We got laughed out of Europe, Arsenal youth have beaten us twice, Arsenal seniors put seven past us and City, WBA, Villa, Bolton and others have smacked four.

Stop dreaming if you love this club then you will have to step out and criticise Moyes, Turner should have been on the bench against United, Anichebe should be picked before Beattie and Carsley should be at Crewe.

However all is not lost, Pistone is on the mend and so is Van Der Meyde.

Mack The Knife.

Blue Swayed Views

The Alex Young Story Continued

Sir Alf Ramsey did a highly efficient, Shankly type brain-washing job on his boys. And even the ones who could never be described as brilliant there were plenty of those in the side began to believe they were invincible.

This is fine. I am all for making a man play above his natural ability if its possible, though the Shankly's and Ramsey's who can do this are rare commodities.

Yet how much better it is if that natural ability is higher in the first place, which it could have been if there had been the freedom to let it grow.

The freedom that is all too often denied to boys in England. Just take a look around the teams in the First Division, and see if you can argue with this claim:

If no Scottish player had transferred to an English club in the last ten years, then the Scots would have the most attractive league in Europe. I doubt if you can disagree.

CHAPTER FIVE A Ball of Fire

When Everton signed Alan Ball from Blackpool, for the record-breaking fee of £110,000, I was not prepared to like him. I told myself: 'Here's another whizz-kid.' I admit that, at the time, I didn't know him at all. I had hardly ever seen him play. Moreover, on his last three or four games against Everton I wasn't in the team when he was in the Seasiders' side. Yet for some reason, which has since proved cock-eyed and ridiculous, I reckoned he was very overrated.

Well, just how wrong can you be! I had seen flashes of him on the telly screen. He got a 'Fair' to 'Good' rating from me. Certainly not worth, I told myself, anything like the £110,000 Everton paid for him. It was a record sum for a transfer between English clubs, although Manchester United had lashed out £115,000 when they brought Denis Law from Turin. One hundred and ten thousand pounds four times the value of his weight in gold it worked out at twelve guineas an ounce for this twenty one year old inside forward, the youngest member of England's victorious World Cup side.

Not only did I consider him overrated, I actually told him so. Yet I soon changed my opinion. It happened on Ball's first day with his new Everton club, to be precise. We had a little three-against-three game on our training pitch. I was in Ball's miniature squad. We had hardly started when it suddenly struck me: 'This boy is great, really great.' A splendid on and off the field friendship was struck up between us right from that moment. We now roommate together at away matches. We're both fond of horse-racing, although we don't bet heavily, and we go to meetings together at Haydock Park in off-training periods. We are extremely close pals. And I must admit that, for once, the Young assessment of a player was hopelessly off-beam when I failed to spot on television the outstanding, almost unbelievable potential and talent parcelled up so neatly in this lad Ball.

I would like, here and now, to put on record an opinion and a forecast. Firstly, Ball is the oldest headed twenty-one-year-old I have seen in world football. Of all the players I have ever had alongside me in a forward-line, Ball is definitely the best. Secondly, he will prove to be a great captain of England's international soccer team someday. Many fans and some players might disagree with this. But I honestly believe it's on the cards. To me, he's an absolute cert to land that England skipper's job when he has acquired just a wee bit more maturity.

Three players have stood out a mile, during my playing career in England and Scotland, for their leadership and confidence-boosting ability, so vital when you must put fire in your bellies and the will to win in any game. They are Dave Mackay, Denis Law and this lad Ball. Now let us, for a spell, look back at the footsteps to fame taken by this class-loaded inside-forward, who was signed by Everton on August 15, 1966, just six hours before the midnight transfer deadline for the preliminary rounds of the major European competitions.

The Alex Young Story

It's no secret that Leeds, Spurs and Stoke had all shown interest in Ball, red-haired, 10-stone heavy and only 5ft, 63-in-tall, since he started to insist on his move from Blackpool.

Blackpool turned down Leeds' original offer of £100,000. Tottenham Hotspur bought Terry Venables instead. And Stoke, it's my view, were never seriously in the hunt for this valuable signature.

It was my club that tip-toed quietly on to the scene. No mincing of words; no wasting of time. Just a smooth, efficient operation conducted by Everton manager Mr Harry Catterick and his chief scout, Harry Cooke. I'm told that within two hours of their arrival at Blackpool on that sunny day in August they had satisfied both Ball and Blackpool that he was coming to our boom city on Merseyside.

Mr Ron Suart, then manager of Blackpool, was reported as saying: 'We are sorry Ball is going. I even tried to make him change his mind. But Everton have paid the price we were asking for him.'

Mr Catterick said: 'I am delighted with the way negotiations went. Leeds and Stoke were both vying with us on the telephone at the finish, and Leeds equalled our offer. But as ours had been made first, Blackpool accepted it. The important thing is that the boy wanted to play with Everton. I am certain I have signed a player who will be a great success with us.'

Ball said: 'I am thrilled at joining a great club like Everton, where I am certain I will be happy.'

Happy? You can say that again! This stick of dynamite from Farnworth, Lancashire, the boy who suddenly became a man during England's World Cup success, found new happiness at Goodison. And soon, we were all immensely pleased to have him in our midst.

Ball the battler signed for Blackpool as an apprentice professional in 1961. He was fortunate to have a father, himself a former professional soccer player and a coach, who was able to put him on the right road and teach him professionalism with a capital P. Confident young Alan told his dad: 'Let me turn pro. and I promise you I will be playing for England by the time I am twenty.' Result of that confident Ball prediction:

He was playing for England three days before his twentieth birthday. Ambition drove Ball from Blackpool. He wanted to be a better player. He also wanted to taste European football. Everton was to offer him just the ideal opportunity to satisfy his ambition and enable him to reach higher into the stars. Now Ball has always been a natural fighter, right from the time he first pulled on boxing gloves as a somewhat skinny eleven-year-old in a gym at Oswestry, Shropshire, when his father was player manager of the town's football team.

Alan has since told me: 'I went into football, not boxing. Jock Shaw, the boxing trainer at Oswestry, used to tell my Dad he was delighted with the way I had picked up boxing so quickly. He liked my timing and punching. He even thought I would make the grade as a scrapper. But, especially in the early stages of my soccer career, I seemed to be getting the sports mixed up.'

Ball was dubbed as a trouble-maker and a hot-head. Some referees were soon marking him down as quick tempered. By the time he was twenty he had been booked nine times by referees, suspended, and even sent off while playing for England in an Under-23 game against Austria. He cried afterwards not at the referee's decision, but at the realisation he had let down his team-mates, manager Alf Ramsey, and himself.

All that is in the past now and nothing more than a bitter memory for Ball, who played as a schoolboy amateur for Wolves, then Lancashire Combination League club Ashton United, as an amateur for Bolton, and finally signed pro. forms for Blackpool

Ball knows that in his stormy petrel days he owed much to the patience and sound advice of manager Ron Suart, who was relieved of his Blackpool post in February, 1966, and succeeded by Stanley Mortenson. He also praises the encouragement given to him by Mr Eric Hayward, Ron Suart's assistant, who must have done as much as anyone to get him in the England side.

The Alex Young Story

But most of all, in my opinion, it was Alan Ball, Senior, who played the biggest role in helping to shape the Alan Ball success story. Alan, as I have said earlier, was indeed lucky to have a dad who was keen almost to the point of fanaticism to see his boy make good. The first present he bought his son wasn't a train set or a box of soldiers. It was a football. Dad planned out his rigorous fitness campaign. He talked football to him at every available opportunity. He coached, cajoled, persuaded and almost bullied him in that soccer apprenticeship which has proved such a fantastic success. Why, sixteen-year-old Alan Ball was even out playing football on the eve of his GCE examinations. He was out in his football togs on the evening after being told, earlier in the day, he hadn't passed in any of the seven subjects. It was Alan Ball, Senior, who obtained his son's clearance from Bolton Wanderers, when there was a failure to agree on terms after the schoolboy footballer had asked the club to sign him as an apprentice professional.

It was Alan's father who took him to Blackpool and in his League debut he had a clash with Liverpool idol and international centre-forward Ian St John. I'm told that a fan shouted from Anfield's famous Spion Kop: 'Cut it out, whacker, or you'll get his halo round your neck!' Not quite so humorous, from Liverpool's point of view, was the final score. For Blackpool won 2-1.

An unhappy run, however, cropped up for Ball with Blackpool. He was in and out of the first team and was thoroughly in the dumps. Again, it was to his father that he turned. Moreover, he said he felt like packing up the game.

Mr Ball went to see manager Suart, who then decided to play Alan in a Lancashire Cup match against Rochdale. Mr Ball told his son: 'It's up to you now. If you want to get back in the League then you must do more chasing.' Alan has told me since that he obliged and ran almost until he dropped. Manager Suart decided after that game that Alan deserved at least reserve team football. The following season he got his League place back. And he wasn't dropped again.

Over to Everton, and a dream debut for the club's £110,000 splash. For Ball started his Goodison career with the winning goal against Fulham at Craven Cottage in the thirteenth minute of the second half. Unlucky thirteen for Fulham, whose defence failed to mark our new golden boy ten yards from goal. It was August 20, 1966, just five days after Ball's arrival at Goodison. His goal didn't come from any Scintillating, brilliant move, but from a free kick. Ball was brought down by Fulham's Nicholls just outside the 'box'. Scott took the kick and hit it low. Ball swivelled suddenly in a crowded Fulham defence when the ball rolled to his feet. Then he whipped a rising shot over goal-keeper McClelland's left shoulder. Fulham, I remember, hadn't much to offer. What mattered most was that Ball had arrived with a bang, had blended perfectly with his new team-mates, and was obviously going to prove a tremendous asset to our club.

Don't accuse me of being big-headed or talking through my hat when I say that I can 'read' Ball like a book. I can say, quite honestly, I am able to tell everything he is going to do that split-second before he attempts it. Not only with me, but when he is involved in a move with other team-mates, too. Good job the opposition can only rarely cotton-on to what this terrific player is attempting. By the time they have realised his forceful intentions it is frequently too late to put up any resistance. What are Ball's outstanding attributes? I would say they are topped by his extremely good ball control; an inextinguishable confidence in his own ability, so rare and remarkable for a 21-year-old; his amazing stamina; and his failure to admit defeat. Ball, who never knows when he is beaten, was like a breath of fresh air when he came to Goodison. He is full of life and bounce both on and off the field. He is never still for one minute even when he is relaxing. He has a most noticeable habit of constantly rubbing his hands. He is brimful of confidence and enthusiasm. My old pal and Scottish international colleague Dave Mackay used to tell us: 'We'll beat them' in the manner of a born leader. Once you've heard Dave

The Alex Young Story

say that a couple of times in a dressing-room you trot out feeling on top of the world and that defeat would be an impossibility. Well, young Ball can already inspire just the same confidence before a match. He'll shout: 'Come on, you Blues!' a few seconds before we go out on the pitch. He will, as always, be rubbing his hands together, and simply raring to go.

If things are going well he'll shout: 'Weighed in!' Which of course, is like they do on the race-course when a winning jockey comes in. Yes, he's a bit of a lad is Alan Ball...

He was that and more in his ninety minutes of glory in that memorable, history-making World Cup Final at Wembley, in which proud England beat West Germany by four goals to two. Ball the boy had become Ball the man, a player who zoomed into maturity in those nerve-tingling minutes; a player who gave of his best until he was ready to drop.

It was Ball who led the Charge of the Red Shirts. It was Ball who rallied England just when the West Germans, thanks mainly to the clever midfield work of Overath, Seeler and company, looked like taking charge. And it was Ball who gave until he had nothing else to give in this... England's finest hour in world football.

Now, over to Saturday, March 11, 1967. There are just thirty seconds to go before half-time in Everton's Fifth Round FA Cup game against those other giants of Merseyside, Liverpool.

Everton versus Liverpool. The Cup-holders versus the Champions. Who would win? Alan Ball came up with the answer with a golden, smash-and-grab goal that put us into the next round and silenced, for once, Anfield's Kop Choir who had been singing so lustily on our Goodison Park Terraces.

It was the only goal of the match. But it was the one that counted. And this is the way we knocked our closest rivals right off their Wembley trail.

There was a mistake by Reds' wing-half Gordon Mime when he attempted a back-pass to Liverpool 'keeper Tommy Lawrence. Our inside-left, Jimmy Husband, whizzed in and smacked a shot at goal, The ball struck Lawrence and bounced away. Then came in a split second of agony for Liverpool and sheer joy for Everton — a single, valuable glimpse of the typical Ball brilliance.

Little Alan tore after the ball. There was a backlash of a shot. He seemed to be going down when he flipped it back. But it was a winner. And all the more incredible and fantastic when you remember that Ball was hurtling in the opposite direction when he was in like a ferret and booting that ball afterwards with a spectacular, acrobatic leap which ripped Liverpool apart. Ball, in our dressing-room, told me afterwards: 'I said to myself, "Balley boy, this is it!"' It certainly was just that.

I have already described this K.O. of Liverpool as 'Sweet as apple cider, Sinatra at his best, "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields".' I had one of my worst games for quite a long spell. But we won on merit. No mistake about that. Conditions were far from clever. There was a blustery, near gale-force wind. The sort of conditions, in fact, that I honestly thought would suit Liverpool best. Yet we came out winners thanks to our magnificent defence, the confidence that was oozing right through a team which was coming at the right time, and, of course, that Alan Ball 'blinder'.

This was the greatest soccer occasion in the history of Merseyside. We had taken three points off Liverpool in our league clashes. On our rivals' credit side, they had beaten us in the FA Shield Competition. But it's goals that count. And Ball, who had now cracked in three against the Anfield boys in our past two games, made it a terrific night out for himself and all of us. Over sixty-four thousand fans packed Goodison. Forty thousand watched it on closed-circuit TV at Anfield on eight huge screens.

Ball? Please don't call him a kid any more. For I cannot praise too highly the tenacity, stamina and pulsating flashes of sheer, gutsy genius of this frail built MAN I was once prepared to call, 'Just another whizz-kid.' Believe me, Ball is the tops. For proof, ask Everton or Liverpool... or Sir Alf Ramsey... or just anybody who knows and loves soccer for that matter.

The Alex Young Story

CHAPTER SIX

Tribute to a Star

On the afternoon of July 21, 1964, a violent thunderstorm broke out over London. A man, caught in the middle of a lone round of golf, broke off his game and ran for shelter under a tree. When the storm had passed over, he was found huddled in a ditch. He had been struck by lightning; he was dead. The man was John White, professional footballer, aged twenty-six. He had been called one of the greatest inside-forwards in Britain, one of the finest in the world. It would be impossible to argue with either description. He had also been called 'The Ghost' and 'The Wraith', and these labels were fitting, too.

White was a pure football genius, and I believe his death was the saddest thing that has happened in the game in the last decade.

This isn't just sentiment or morbid mourning for a man I knew well. It was sad because White was the best of his kind and one of the last. A sensitive and creative craftsman. Balanced and thoughtful. Never boasting about his skills, and never throwing them aside in fits of temperament. Yet he was still able to stand out in a business where toughness even crude brutality had become more and more accepted and expected. John White stood out because his skills were instinctive, a natural part of him. They weren't manufactured. You couldn't manufacture that floating, deceptively lazy action that could lull a defence into forgetting he was even on the field. Until he had them split and beaten with one swerving run and one superb pass.

Things that he did on the field stayed in your mind long after the game was finished. Simple things that looked so easy but, in fact, required the highest skills.

I can still remember him in a Cup Final for Spurs, moving up the left wing and feinting for a cross. Then, almost in the same action, checking the ball back on to his left foot and floating over a fabulous ball to the far post for Bobby Smith to head it in. Moves like that made White a priceless part of the Tottenham set-up. They were the best post-war team in Britain. And White's partnership with Danny Blanchflower and Dave Mackay was the best part of it. Blanchflower's intelligent reading of the game, Mackay's power and White's artistry were devastating. When that combination broke up, so did the legend of the invincible Spurs. The side they have now is the best they have put together since then. But, really, it doesn't compare. In the same way, White was just as invaluable to Scotland. His link with Denis Law and Jim Baxter was the dynamo that drove the team. It earned John twenty-two caps. He was an automatic choice, and he deserved to be.

Delicacy is the word that jumps into your mind when you think of White. It summed up his whole style and it fitted the man. Physically he was frail. Even more slightly-built than I was when he played for Musselburgh and I played for Loanhead at the age of ten. He couldn't get a regular place. They believed he wasn't robust enough. But the skill was there, the ball control and the certain action that he never lost. If the body wasn't the strongest, the brain was pin sharp. His approach was the same in the palmy years with Spurs as it had been on a scrubby school field in Midlothian.

A lot of players were to be glad that they had this unobtrusive little man shuffling and swaying behind them. Notably Bobby Smith, Jimmy Greaves and Cliff Jones. Their names went on the score sheet regularly. But it was White who designed and etched out the goals. Smith was the man he helped most. A big, hustling centre-forward, all strength and push. White gave him the clockwork service that turned him into THE striker of the day. Though White was something of a striker himself. Not a hard shooter, but with a sure knowledge of just when and where to hit. He would often switch from being the architect to becoming the finisher, catching defences wildly on the hop with a crisp shot from thirty yards out when they were waiting for him to slot through a pass.

He was much like Tom Finney in this. And, like Finney, he could play anywhere in the

The Alex Young Story



Alex & Alan Ball at the races



Alex Young gives Alan Ball a Piggyback

The Alex Young Story



Roy & Norma Vernon, Alex & Nancy Young 1962



Alex Young - dazzling performer up front for Hearts.

The Alex Young Story

forward line. For that reason I would put him ahead of Stanley Matthews in my ratings of the men I would want in my team. Matthews was fantastic. But could you ever imagine him playing anywhere but on the wing? It wouldn't have worked.

White was slower to mature than I was. At eighteen I was playing with Hearts in the Scottish First Division. He was twenty-one before he moved from Alloa to Falkirk and started getting the attention he warranted.

The best thing that did happen to him — outside his move to London — was the British Army. He went into an infantry regiment. And took up cross-country running. The change was immense. To the brain that was already among the keenest in football he could now ally the physical strength to keep moving right through a game. Not running hard, but gliding smoothly. Turning up automatically where he could do most harm.

Fitness and training had become a fetish with him. Even when he was an established regular with the Scottish team he carried a tennis ball in his pocket. On a tour he would suddenly go missing, and you would find him out in the park on his own. Practising, developing his ball control to an even sharper edge.

Among top footballers, some arrogance is inevitable. Not necessarily unpleasant, but a confidence in themselves that shows through and might seem overbearing to an outsider. White was the one exception that I know to this rule. He didn't know how to be offensive. I don't mean by this that he was shy. Anybody as good as he was KNEW he was good. Before a match he was a soothing, sometimes amusing influence on a team. Jim Baxter tells the story of White's impromptu comedy performance before an England v Scotland game at Wembley, when nerves were screwed up to screaming point. In walked White with his shirt on back to front, his shoulders padded and a collapsed football round his head. The perfect caricature of an American grid-iron footballer.

'O.K. you guys,' he shouted, 'lets go get them'

That was the end of the tension. The man from Musselburgh, supremely confident in himself, had broken it. White was capable of this kind of break-out from his natural reticence when the occasion called for it.

But, mostly, he was quiet and totally without personal propaganda. The praise he handed out was invariably for someone else. His stock phrase when the fans were giving him a hard time that happened sometimes when they shouted at him, 'Stop hanging about' was: 'I don't mind that. The team is playing well.'

Barracking didn't trouble him. His style of play made him a target for the more ignorant fans. He wasn't a showman. There was never anything flashy about him. He did what was necessary to accomplish an aim, no more which is the true professional way to do any given job. But if there were spectators who spewed out their disapproval of White's methods because they didn't have the know-how to appreciate what he was doing, there was never a player who would agree with them.

Or a manager, either. Bill Nicholson, his boss at White Hart Lane, once said of White: 'John is one of the most under-estimated players in the game, a beautiful positional player and very accurate.'

Nicholson had reason to know this, and to be grateful for it. He got White for a paltry £20,000 from Falkirk. I can't think of a bargain to match that.

White had his own answer to the people who expected sensational and easy success as though by divine right. He said: 'People talk about open spaces in soccer. But they are not there to be seen. You have to create them with your own hard work and your positional play.'

White was a players' player. It is an overworked phrase, but it is the only one that can be applied accurately to him. And in football it was the players who mourned his death most.

The Alex Young Story

They felt it because this was a man that even the battle-hardened old pro's, among the most cynical and insular people I know looked up to and admired. He could be watched and learned from, even by men who had been in the game when he was feeling his way around with Alloa in the Scottish second division.

The group I was with on the day the news of his death came through had seen some action. They didn't have many illusions left about football Alex Parker, Roy Vernon and Jimmy Gabriel. We were at a party in the Everton supporters' club, when Vernon came in and said John was dead, killed by lightning. He had heard it on the radio. We telephoned a newspaper to confirm it.

Nobody was in the mood for parties after that. We knew it was true, but we couldn't grasp it. Everyone there had known him and respected him. Nobody wanted to believe it, and all you could think about was what the man had done and how you have marvelled over him.

The game has changed in the three years since John White died. It has hardened. In many cases the kind of skills he had have been sacrificed for the hard approach. Defences have tightened, become utterly ruthless and there is an almost neurotic fear of losing. Because of this it is dirtier. Men who couldn't have lived with him are commanding big prices.

The kind of men that White despised. He was never a fouling player and he hated those who went out to spoil and to rough things up. I never saw him retaliate after a foul. In today's football, though, maybe even John White would have to be a saint not to hit back. But only maybe. It simply wasn't in him to do anything but play it solely on his own Footballing ability.

Looking around now, the man who comes closest to him in method and outlook is Bobby Charlton. A sweet mover, a deadly striker with either foot and completely unflappable whatever the pressures that are on him.

That was John White. And drawing the comparison is the highest compliment that I can pay to Bobby Charlton.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Everybody's Hero

Bobby Moore is the epitome of the traditional English hero. Handsome, well-built, even-tempered but firm. Not to mention successful.

He is a good football player. And I emphasise the word 'good'. I don't take it any further than that, although plenty of people have. I don't add 'great' or 'brilliant' — which might strike you as odd when you consider the praise and the rewards that have been lavished on him.

He has received the OBE. He was voted the best player in the World Cup. I am told he has even been made a Freeman of the City of London. Then there are the more concrete benefits of his advertisements for pubs and for a brand of hair-dressing.

It's a dazzling array, fit for a Pele. Yet I maintain that, although he is way above the average, Moore has received rather more attention than his actual football skill deserves.

Why? The answer is simple. Moore is a prominent standard bearer of 'The System'. A prime exponent of the method game of numbers which has sacrificed the freedom of the individual for mass safety. Moore is such a success largely because of this system.

I hate Method. It isn't my game. Football should mean the same as entertainment. Nowadays that concept is missing. (to be continued in the next issue)

Nearly Men (continued)

8. Daniel Fox

A Young full back who was said to be highly promising. After a loan spell at Ayr Utd he was released and transferred to Walsall where he still plays.

9. Guillaume Plessis

20 year old loaned from French club Lens. Made a spectacular start in the reserves scoring a memorable goal on a wet night at Tranmere. A regular sub towards the end of the 2004/5 season was never given a chance and returned to France.

10. Anthony Gerrard

Cousin of life long Blue Stevie G. who plays for someone else. After loan to Accrington transferred to Walsall where he is now club captain.

11. James Speare

Yet another goalkeeper of his 11 inclusions as a non playing sub 4 were in the 1995/6 ecwc games , so at least he got a bit of sightseeing in. Transferred to Darlington then later joined Accrington and was instrumental in their rise to the Football League last year.

12. Bjarni Vidarsson

Named as sub for both last and this seasons games at Newcastle , though unused in either match. As he is a native of Iceland it is fair to assume he would have felt at home in the freezing away section .

13. Fred Barber Signed from Darlington when Neville Southall was ruled out in April 1986 he understudied Bobby Mimms. Goalkeepers subs were not in place so his sole appearance in this role came at Wembley in the 1986 FA Charity Shield pre-season opener. Transferred to Walsall his 12 lower league clubs involved 3 separate spells at Peterborough where he became a legend for running out wearing a grotesque face mask. Wonder how that would have been received at Goodison Park !

14. Alec Chamberlain Goalkeeper signed from Colchester to replace Fred Barber who emulated him when sitting on the bench at Wembley in 1987 again in the Charity Shield. This I believe makes him and Barber the only players to gain medals for Everton without actually making an appearance. Transferred to Luton he went on to make many appearances for Watford.

Barry Hewitt

Everton Chairman W.R. Clayton had been loathe to spend big money he said it would be better to form a third team and develop local talent

He was to be money during of the Foot last season at some £10,000 at home aga made his deb Harris right George Bear centre forwa signed from any standard up hoping to ended 1-1 wi

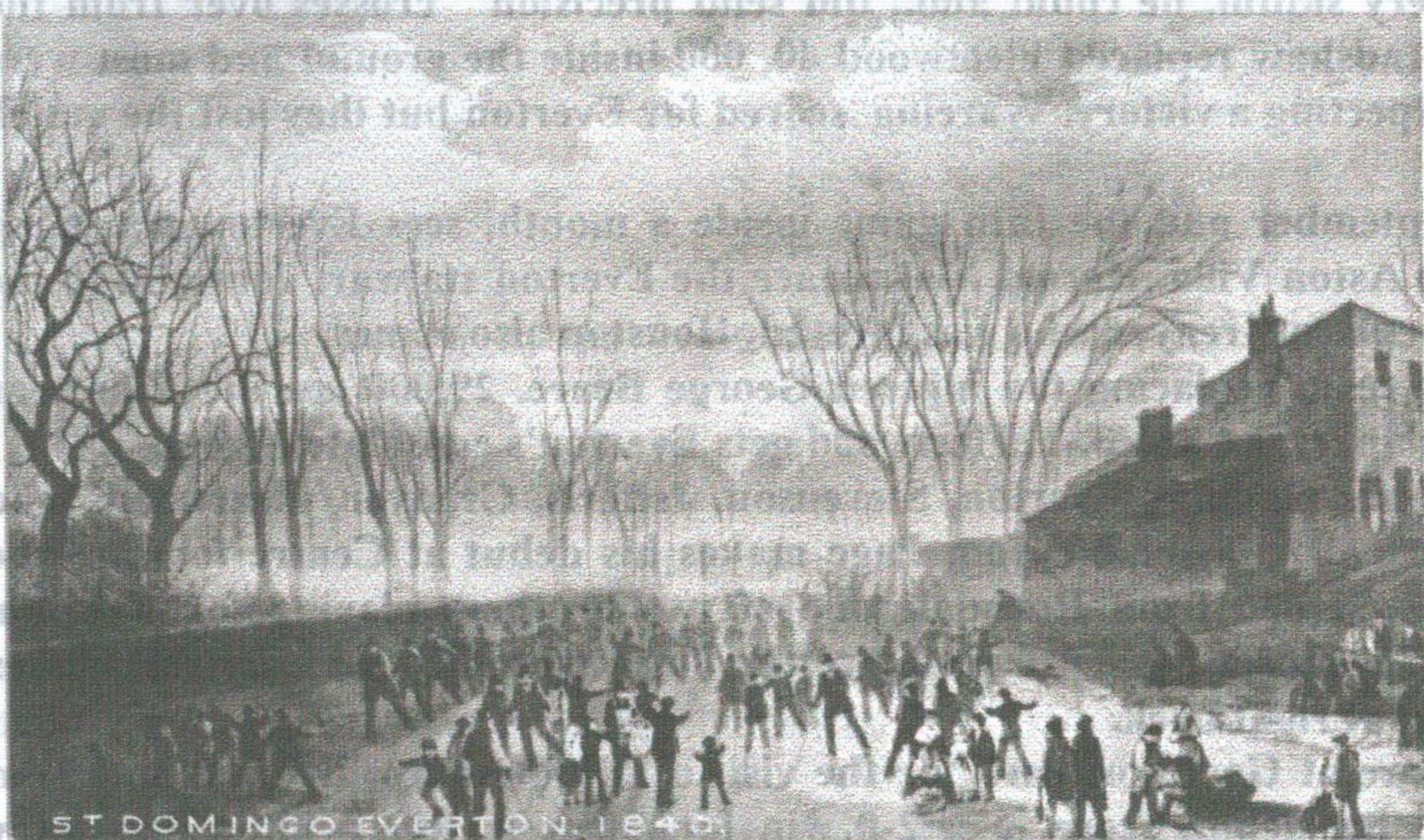


home, a stunn however is bett away, not a hap date Everton. There was one charge out and Tom Fleetwood came in. Palmer scored for Everton in a rare 1-0 vic- tory on Tyneside.

A Blue Blood reader sent in these two Everton Tea Bags. Someone will have to tell Mr. Moyes we need a Cup to put them in.

St. Domingo 1840

Palmer was injured at Newcastle and George Harrison made his debut in the next game The Derby at Good built; very skilful he could and did send precision



This is a lovely postcard showing St Domingo in 1840 thirty eight years before Everton were formed from the Church Club. It looks as if there were a few Street End Scallies around in those days as well.

Everton Chairman W.R. Clayton had been loathe to spend big money he said it would be better to form a third team and develop local talent

He was to be forced into changing his mind and had to pay out quite a lot of money during the coming season, The 1913-14 season was The Jubilee Season of The Football Association, 25 years of League Football. Gate receipts for last season amounted to £17,697, 7s 10d £7,002 went on wages leaving a handsome £10,000 profit. The first game of the season was on September 1st 1913 at home against Burnley Frank Mitchell, in goal signed from Motherwell, made his debut. William Stevenson at right back Maconnachie left back, Val Harris right half, William Wareing centre half, Alan Grenyer left half George Beare at outside right, Francis Jefferis at inside right, Tom Browell at centre forward, Frank Bradshaw inside lefty William Palmer outside right signed from Bristol Rovers, making his debut Not a brilliant Everton team by any standard but the best that was available at the time, 15,000 Blues turned up hoping to see a winning start to the season, it was not to be. The game ended 1-1 with Browell getting the goal. Five days later Preston North End at home, a stunning 40, 000 turn up-It is an unchanged Everton team the result however is better, Everton win 2-0 Bradshaw and Jefferis score. Newcastle away, not a happy hunting ground for Everton. 30,000 Geordies try to intimidate Everton, There was one charge to the Everton line up Bradshaw dropped out and Tom Fleetwood came in. Palmer scored for Everton in a rare 1-0 victory on Tyneside.

Palmer was injured at Newcastle and George Harrison made his debut in the next game The Derby at Goodison Park, Harrison was a strong lad, well built; very skilful, he could and., did send precision crosses over from the wing. Bradshaw replaced Fleetwood 40, 000 inside the ground and most were Blues expecting a victory. Wareing scored for Everton but they lost the match 2-1

27th September and the fifth game inside a month, sees Everton travelling down to Aston Villa, Harold Makepeace the Everton stalwart comes in to the side to replace Grenyer who was injured, Houston also comes

Into the team replacing the injured George Beare. 29,000 see the Villa tear Everton apart, we lose 3.-1, Fleetwood gets Everton's consolation goal.

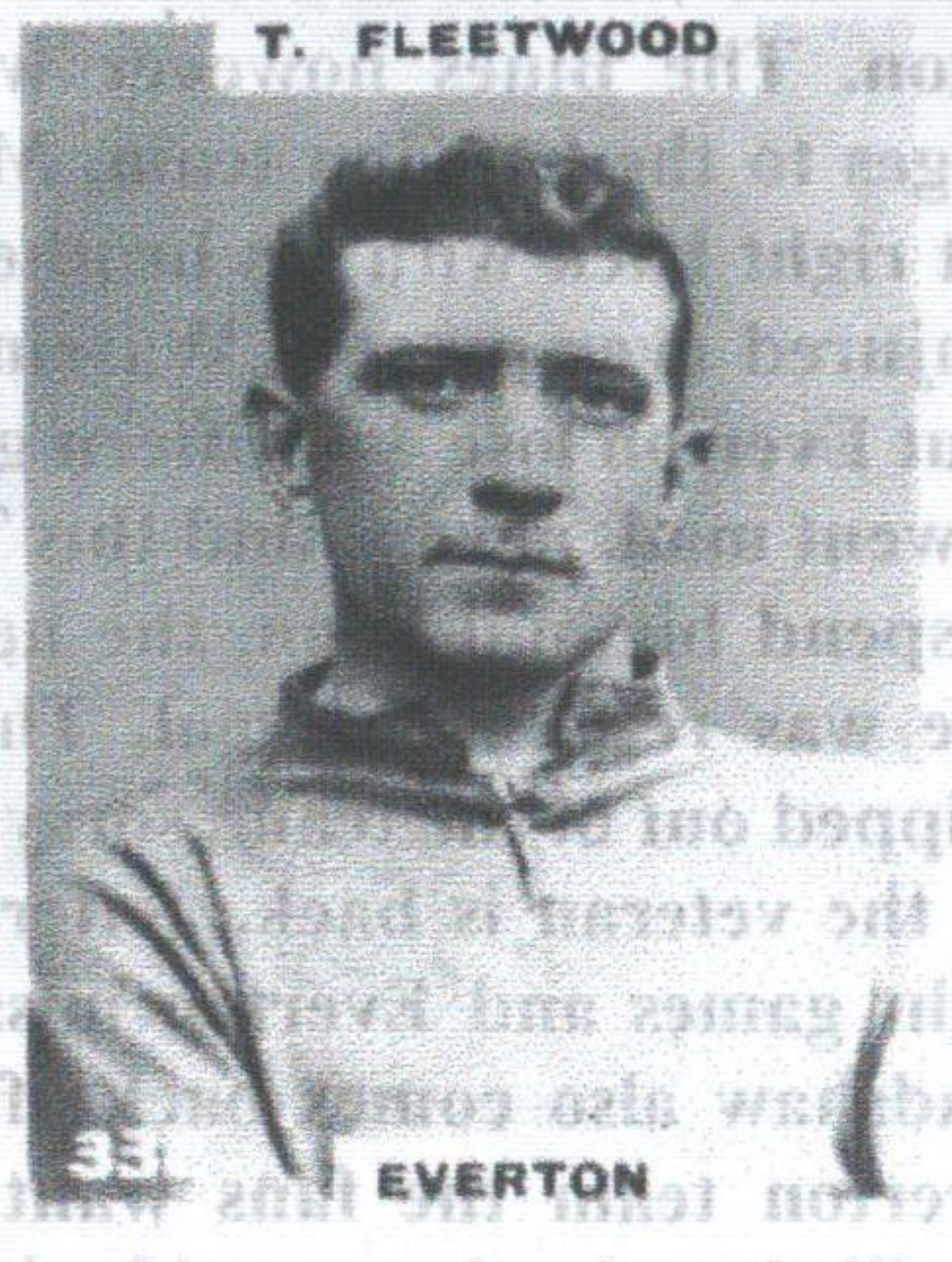
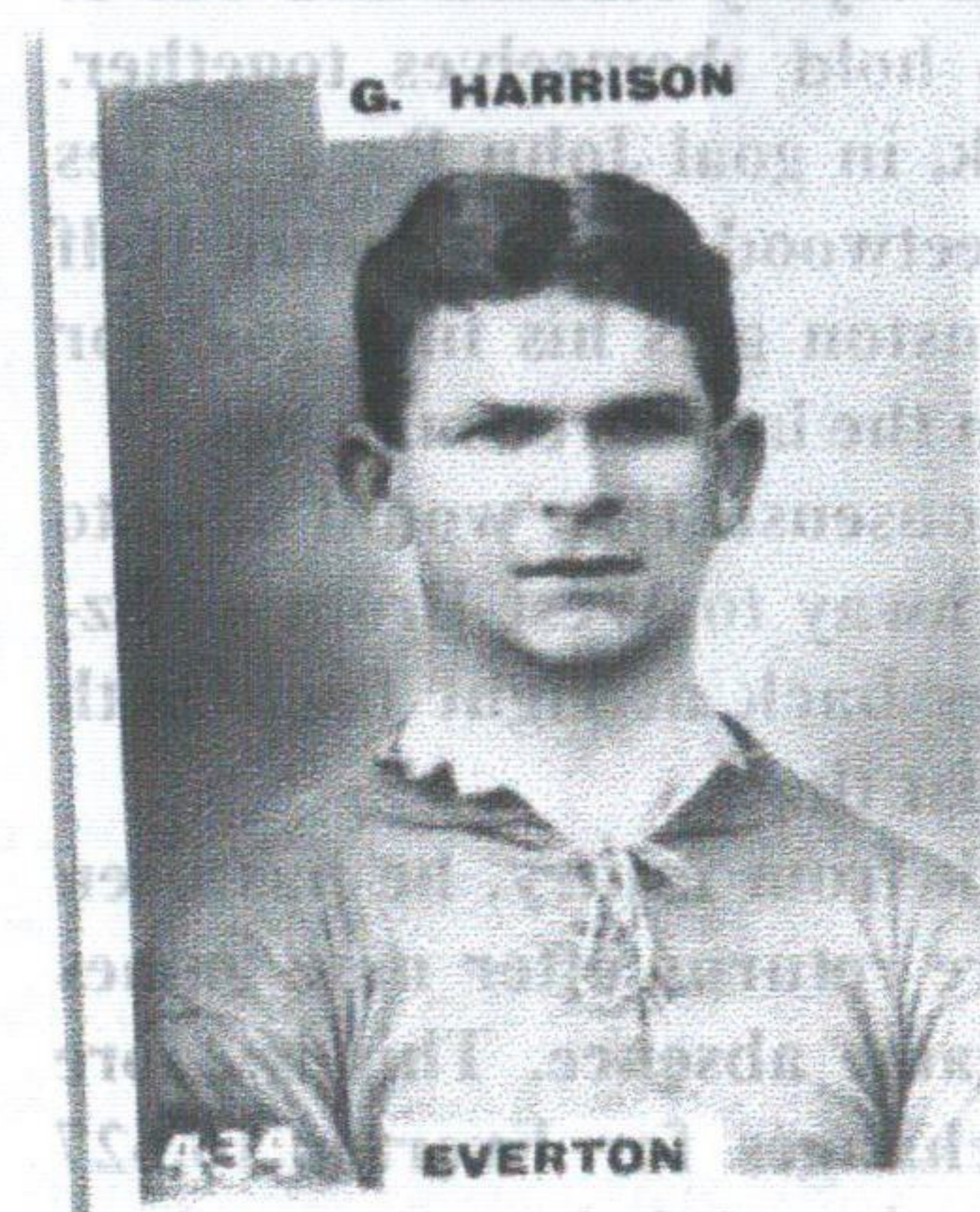
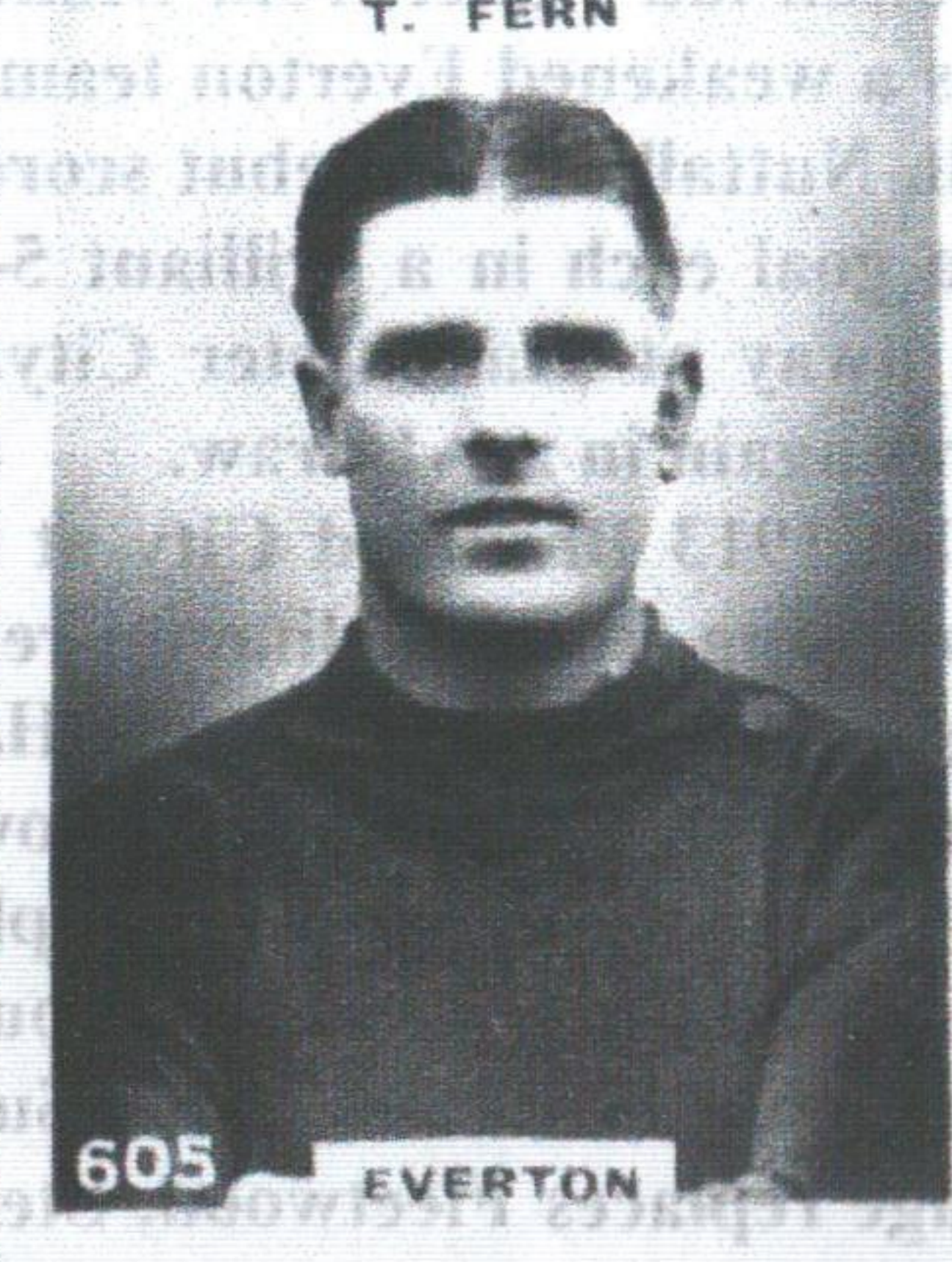
Injuries are plaguing Everton, Stevenson, Jefferis, Grenyer, Fleetwood, 'and Beare are all unavailable-Tom Page makes his debut at Centre forward. he had been signed from Rochdale one of two brothers playing for Everton. Robert Thompson signed from Leicester Fosse with George Harrison makes his debut at right back.

20,000 are at Goodison Park for the visit of Middlesboro. Browell and Tom Page on his debut, score in a 2-0 win for Everton. Sheffield United away 25,000 watch

Leslie Johnston a local lad from the reserves makes his debut at inside left, he was one of Claytons answers to the big money buys, local talent that would also probably mean cheap wages.

An injury riddled Everton lost 4-1 Houston scored the Everton goal.

The History Of Everton Football Club
 30,000 Everton fans turn out for the home game against Derby County Tom
 Nottall a Bolton lad signed from Manchester United makes his debut at inside
 right. It was a weakly Everton team that took to the field. Played ex-
 tremely well Nottall but scored twice. Houston, Tom Page and Ware-
 ing all got a goal each in a brilliant 5-0 victory. Another 30,000
 next match at home against City. Everton start with a strong team and
 Nottall scores a hat-trick. Home, 30,000
 replaced in goal. Stevenson
 Harrison gets a
 over away 1-2.
 places Makepeace
 out disaster. E-
 understand the
 but Tom Page replaces Stevenson con-
 game absence.
 This should keep the 25,000 fans happy and stave off criticism. It doesn't Ever-
 ton get maned again 2-1. Nottall got the goal. Hodge had let twelve goals in. In
 the last three games and he was dropped for the game at Tottenham Hotspur.
 25,000 Spurs fans wanted to see their team beat this injury riddled and out of
 form Everton. The Blues are trying to hold their own together.
 Three changes to the line. Nottall is back in goal. Fleetwood
 his debut at right back. Up front Fleetwood
 replacing injured Leslie Johnston
 the Blues but Fleetwood
 The Board want to see the Third Team manager
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 Brummies still thought they would win Nottall scores in a 1-1 draw. a good re-
 sult under the circumstances.
 December 6th 1913 Sheffield Wednesday at home Hodge has gone, never to play
 for Everton. The game is a poor one. Hodge has gone, never to play
 an amazing £1,200 on Tom Fern. Tom Fern
 plenty of confidence, not scared about diving at forwards feet or coming off his
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 He was put straight in the
 Bobby Parker
 He had to
 take thought the majority of Blues
 minds of the departed Tom Browell.



Four Everton players that were to try and bring the Championship to Goodison Park for the first time since 1890/91.

- Joe Clennell an inside left was signed from Blackburn Rovers,
- Tom Fern was a goalkeeper signed from Lincoln City.
- George Harrison an outside left signed from Leicester Fosse
- Tom Fleetwood was signed from Rochdale and could play either at centre forward or centre half.

The History Of Everton Football Club

30,000 Everton fans turn out for the home game against Derby County Tom Nuttall a Bolton lad signet from Manchester United makes his debut at inside right, It was a weakened Everton team that took to the field but they played extremely well. Nuttall on his debut scored twice, Houston, Tom Page, and Wareing all get a goal each in a brilliant 5-0 victory, Another 30,000 crowd for the next match away at Manchester City, Everton stick with the same team and Nuttall scores again in a 1-1 draw.

November 1st 1913 Bradford City at home, 20,000 fans are inside the ground Mitchell is missing from the line up replaced in goal by William Hodge he had played six games last season, George Harrison gets his first goal for Everton In a disappointing 1-1 draw, Blackburn Rovers away 15,000 watch Tom Fleetwood is back at centre forward, Grenyer replaces Makepeace at left half this should have strengthened the Everton team but disaster, Everton lose 6-0.

The next game at home is against Sunderland Hodge keeps his place in goal, but Tom Page replaces Fleetwood, Stevenson comes in at right back after a six game absence.

This should keep the 25,000 fans happy and stave off criticism, it doesn't Everton get mauled again 5-1, Nuttall got the goal, Hodge had let twelve goals in, in the last three games and he was dropped-for the game at Tottenham Hotspur. 25,000 Spurs fans wanted to see their team beat this injury riddled and out of form Everton. The Blues however were trying to hold themselves together. Three changes to the Everton team, Mitchell is back, in goal John Page makes his debut at right back with his brother up front Fleetwood goes to centre Half replacing injured ever present Wareing. Leslie Johnston gets his first goal for the Blues but Everton lose 4-1. fifteen goals against in the last three matches.

The Board went mad, never mind this Third Team nonsense they would have to spend and spend big and Soon, the next game was away to West Brom amazingly Hodge was recalled in goal. Thompson comes back at right back both Pages are ripped out of the team, sorry I couldn't resist that.

Makepeace the veteran is back, Jefferis comes back from injury, he has been out for eight games and Everton missed him. Beare returns after nine games injured Bradshaw also comes back after a Seven game absence. This is More like the Everton team the fans want to see. Six changes for Everton,16,627 Brummies still thought they would win Nuttall scores in a 1-1 draw, a good result under the circumstances.

December 6th 1913 Sheffield Wednesday at home Hodge has gone, never to play for Everton again, the cheque book has come out and Everton have splashed out an amazing £1,500 on Tom Fern a goalkeeper from Lincoln. A Big Lad with plenty of confidence, not scared about diving at forwards feet or coming off his line, it looked like a good signing.

He was put straight into the team, the spending hadn't stopped with Fern, Bobby Parker a signing from Glasgow Rangers was brought in to score goals, He had to replace Tom Browell who had been allowed to leave. A very big mistake thought the majority of Blues fans. Parker would help to take Evertonians minds of the departed Tom Browell.



Bobby Parker

Joined Everton from Glasgow Rangers in 1913

He played 92 games for Everton and scored a astonishing 72 goals. The First World War interrupted his career and there are some fans who said if it wasn't for that, he would have been as Big as Dixie Dean in Everton's History Books.

The History Of Everton Football Club

Parker scores on his debut the score is 1-1 and the crowd seemed happy with that no record of the number of fans is available but those who were there saw Fern and Parker make their debuts and the start of two great Everton careers.

Bolton Wanderers away Nuttall comes back after missing the last game replacing Bradshaw Beare is replaced by Chedgzoy, his first game of the season, Fern and Parker keep their place 19,297 see Everton first 0-0 of the season, Seven days later at Goodison Park 20,000 Evertonians see another 0-0 against Chelsea. The only change to the team was Beare in for Chedgzoy

The defence had now settled Tom Fern was excellent, the rot had been stopped.

It Is now up to the forwards to do their job.

It was Christmas Day 1913 and Everton travelled to Manchester United for a very tough game. 25,000 watched. Everton only made one change Johnston came-in for Nuttall. Bobby Parker scores the only goal of the game Everton win away from home, their first since Newcastle in September.

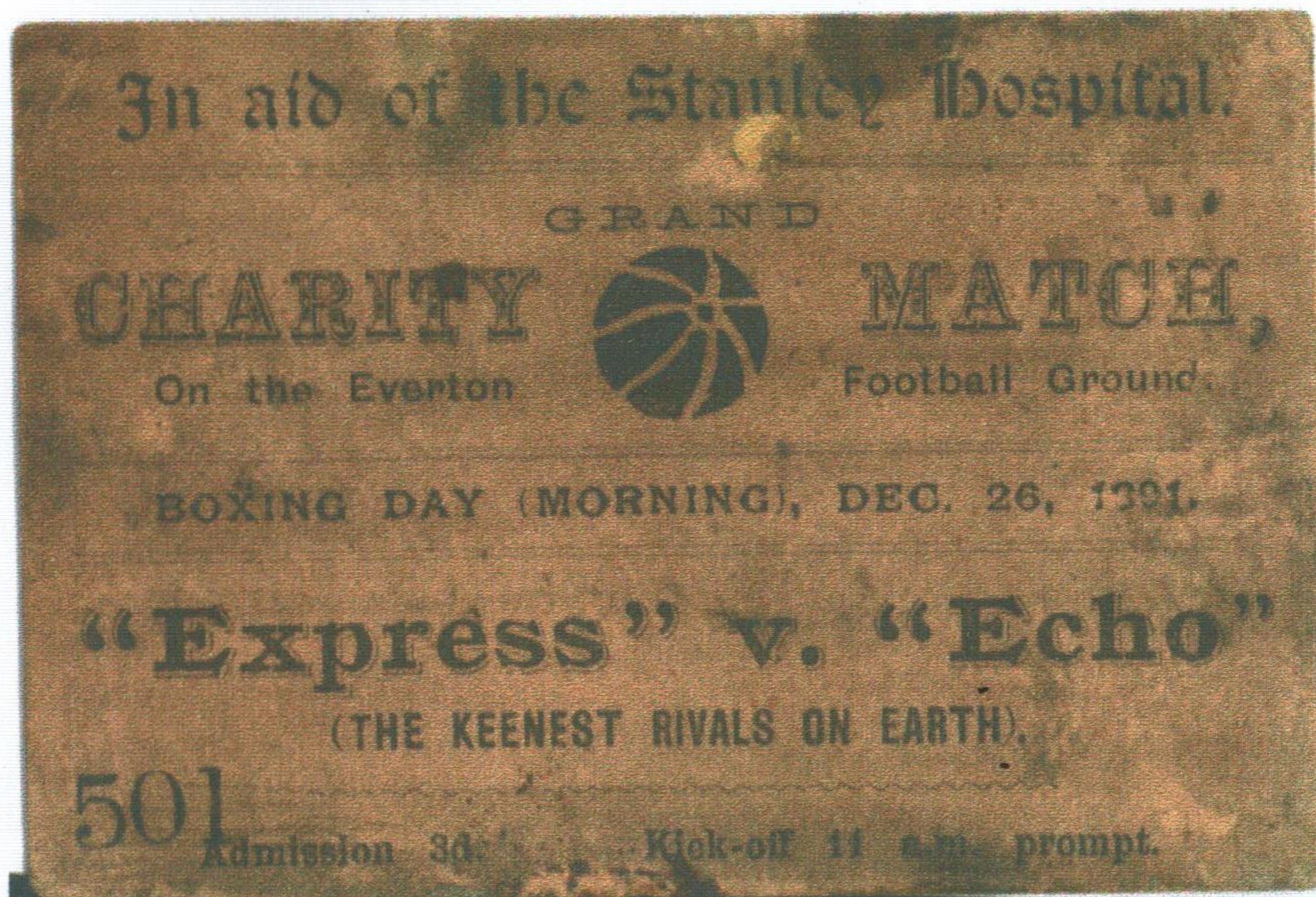
Boxing Day and home to Manchester United Nuttall replaces Johnston the only change, Everton, sparkle 40,000 Evertonians cheer on their new hero Bobby Parker he gets his first Everton hat-trick, Nuttall gets two, Everton win 5-0.

The next day, yes three games in three days, Everton travel to Preston North End Grenyer replaces Makepeace, Bradshaw surprisingly replaces the injured Val Harris. The crowd attendance is not known but any Evertonians in. the crowd would not have been happy as they lost 1-0.

January 1st 1914 Oldham away, the surprise team off the season, they were up at the top of the league and playing well, 14,500 see them beat Everton 2-0 Everton had made four changes Simpson came in for his first game of the season at left back. Makepeace comes in, Houston returned after a seven game absence, Val Harris was back Jefferis who had missed the last seven games replaced Beare.

Newcastle at home 25,000 are there Maconnachie is back, Simpson is out, Wareing returns after nine matches out, they were the only two changes, Jefferis and Parker score in a 2.0 win.

The F. A. Cup and little Glossop a Second Division outfit, who were a poor second Division outfit Glossop North End faced the mighty Everton, This was to be a Giant killing act, Everton with what was virtually their best team lost 2-1 Bradshaw scored. no gate numbers are known but it must have been heaving inside their little ground. league for comfort the last thing Everton needed was a trip to Anfield for the Derby but that was what they faced In truth the Reds were not much better than Everton at this time but they had won their Cup Match and felt confident in beating Everton and completing a rare double over the Blues, Palmer comes back into the Everton line up at outside right he had missed the last nineteen games in a was an outside bf if not outside right!! Bradshaw and Makepeace return to give some experience to the team. 35,000 see Bobby Parker score twice Everton win 2-1 Parker is the new Blue Hero. Evertonians celebrate in style, Parker looks like he can score at any time. Aston Villa at home, a team chasing the title and a team that always gives Everton a hard time, Everton had already lost at Villa 3-1 and didn't want to lose at home to them as well. 35,000 Evertonians tried their best to get their heroes to win . Moral was low, out of the Cup and too near the bottom of the League. (To be continued in issue 39)



This brilliant piece of memorabilia was handed to me outside the Winslow by a Blue Blood reader. He has kindly allowed me to scan it in for this issue.

The ticket is for a Charity Match between the Express & the Echo both Liverpool papers at the time.

The Keenest Rivals On Earth was the promotional tag given to this game.

The game was played at Anfield (our ground at the time) on Boxing Day Morning at 11am.

Admission was 3d and the proceeds were to go towards Stanley Hospital which I think was Bootle Hospital on Stanley Road but I might be wrong on that, if anyone knows different please let me know.

Everton had played at home on Christmas Day and had been beaten 4-0 by Sunderland, so it would have been a chance to go to a match and not be too bothered by the outcome.

Thanks to the reader who kindly lent me this ticket

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