

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 39

Dixie Dean



**22nd January 1907—22nd January 2007
One Hundred Years**

Price £1.50

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

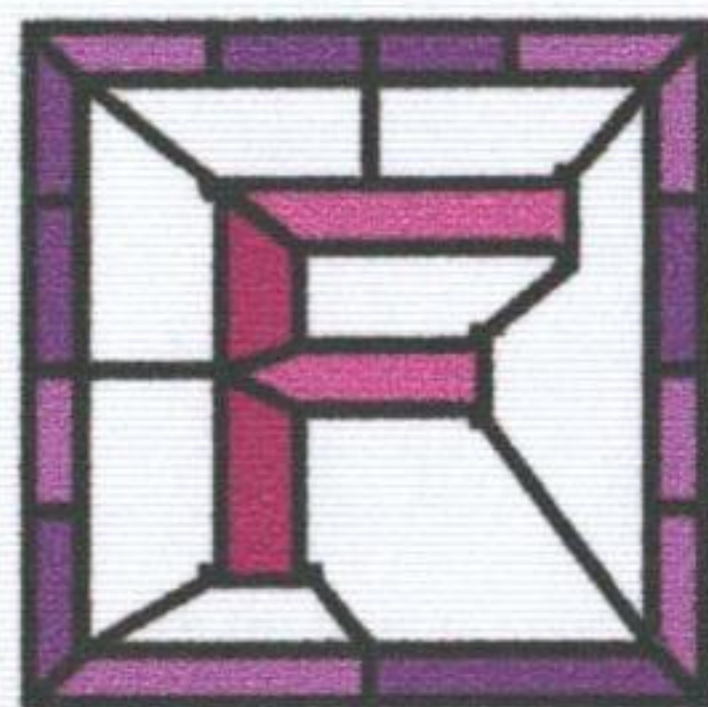
Editorial Blue Blood

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

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

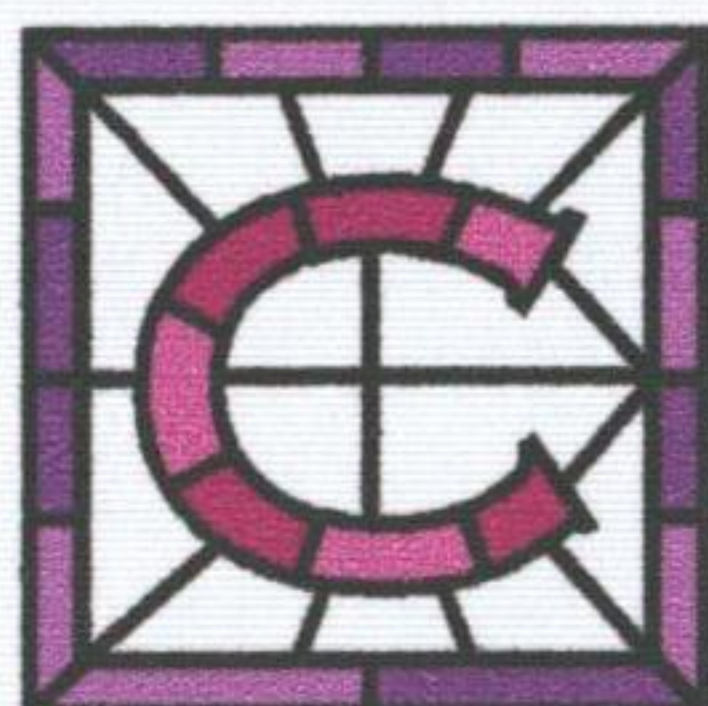


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



No Obstructed Views

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



Ted Sagar

One of the all time great Evertonians. A stalwart in goal, he played 497 games for Everton from 1928 to 1953 one can only imagine how many games he would have played in if it hadn't been for the War.

Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices

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

Subscriptions : For Six Issues

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

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

Editors Page "Orrsome View"

Dixie Dean one hundred years, I make no apology for filling this issue with rare pictures of Dixie, the greatest Everton (English) player of all time. Dixie Dean's Birthday is on 22nd January it is a celebration of One Hundred Years. During that time there has only been one Dixie Dean, no other player has come close, forget the Premiership and Alan Shearer forget European Football. Remember a Birkenhead Lad who set English and World Football alight with his flair, skill and goalscoring feats. Remember that he was an Evertonian not just an Everton player there is a vast difference and let us just say a little thank you to Dixie on his birthday because he more than any other Everton player has kept our name in the History books.

The AGM on Monday 11th December 2006 was always going to be an exciting one because those Evertonians like myself who analyse everything our beloved Board say and promise were expecting some kind of statement from Mr. Wyness who had promised that he would let us know what the situation was about a ground move before the year ended. In the last issue Wyness was taken to task by Graeme Davidson who said that the time was now for this statement. Wyness and the Liverpool Echo broke the news before the meeting took place, this led to an air of anger, confusion and from some hope. These emotions ran through the evening, those Evertonians that opposed the move were vocal in their condemnation of Kenwright and the Board in general. There was support for the move, I myself feel that if there is no alternative to redevelopment at Goodison then so be it, let's move on. If Kirkby is the best option then so be it, I have watched Everton in many different grounds from the Non League of Bedford Town to the grandeur of the San Siro but no matter where it was the ground took second place to the team on the pitch by the name of Everton, that is who I support, not a ground, not a Board of Directors, not a local pub but the TEAM called EVERTON. We have moved from Priory Road, Stanley Park, Anfield and Everton and survived all, some would say from strength to strength.

Yes we will no longer be a part of the City but be honest when have you ever felt part of this City? The Kings Dock showed once and for all that the City Council and others who stood by and watched as Everton were left on their back with nowhere to go, no one came in with a Council Loan to help us attain the Dock, English Partnerships in their Snobby way were quietly delighted that a COMMON FOOTBALL CLUB had lost out to a nine thousand seater Concert Hall, that will play to empty houses when they put on their preferred Opera and Classical Concerts. Not only that there are Evertonians who are not from the City (See Letters Page) who feel very unwelcome when they try to park near the ground after a four hour drive only to find locals leaving ladders, tables and chairs in places where the visiting fan is legally allowed to park.

Everton means more than concrete and Goodison Park for all its history, is not the four sided Double Decker Stadium that it was when I first visited it.

The Main Stand is a concrete lump, the top balcony is only for those with a head for heights. The Park End is just a sea of plastic seats with no character at all even though the views are unobstructed. The Archibald Leitch Crosses are covered by advert hoardings for taxi firms the beauty of Goodison Park is lost. If it can be rebuilt in Kirkby with the Club Tower included into the plans, something like the Mega Store design then it will be better than anything we have ever had.

Evertonians should be fighting to get a stadium that they want design wise, something that will make it look and feel different from Pride Park, The Reebok, Stadium Of Light, Riverside, JJB etc. Goodison Park was the first Four Sided Double Decker Stadium lets make the new one just as groundbreaking. The only other thing from the AGM for me was when the club went on about how good the online booking system was I stood up and said that it was useless and the local Empire Theatre had a better system because when you go online to book tickets you expect to see a seating plan that will allow you to buy the seats that you want not the ones that the club want to sell you giving you no choice. Their answer was that they are working on it, watch this space as they say.

Chelsea at home and what a great game, at last Victor was given a start and boy did he take it, he was all over the place, squaring up to anyone who thought they could push him around. We had a go, you can not ask for more and we should have at least got a draw from it but that is the way it is, Mourinho was his usual idiotic self. Trying to intimidate the Ref and the other officials and of course because he is one of the top boys and based in London with the F.A. nothing was done to him. Moyes gets sent off for pointing to his watch at Arsenal Mourinho manhandles the Fourth Official and nothing is done.

I was annoyed with Van Der Meyde missing the Chelsea game, I know his house was burgled but he is on a huge wage, has a wife and was insured, so why did he need to stay at home to watch someone fix a broken door? If that is more important than playing for Everton against the League Champions then I think it's time he moved on. Reading away and at last we finish a team off with some good football and goals, everything was then set up to beat Boro on Boxing Day but true to Everton's traditions we slumber to a boring 0-0 draw. No ideas, no shooting from long range just the usual dribble until you lose possession stuff. Will we buy in the January window? If we do they must be young and fit, no more injured crocks, Pistone, Van Der Meyde etc, etc.



Football Memorabilia

9 October 1991

Overleaf:

W. R. "DIXIE" DEAN

Four medals from his collection of fourteen medals and related memorabilia to be included in the sale of

Football Memorabilia

on

Wednesday 9 October 1991

FURTHER ENTRIES NOW INVITED

In addition to Glasgow viewing times, selected items will also be on view at Christie's South Kensington, Friday 27 September 1991, 1.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m., and Saturday 28 September 1991, 10.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m.

Contact:

David Hall or Grant MacDougall — Tel: 041-332 8134



CHRISTIE'S

Christie's Scotland Ltd., 164-166 Bath Street, Glasgow G2 4TG

Tel: 041-332 8134

Telex: 779

A rare postcard from Christies

Tesco Club Card Your New Season Ticket

Who would have thought it Double Points for buying a season ticket, yes that is the prospect if we go down the corporate road. Beattie & Davies Buy One Get One Free in the January Window, maybe it's not all bad news then.

Should we leave Goodison Park? No is the answer and we should be getting Liverpool Council to do something about it. Why can't they slice some of the road off behind the Park End and divert it through the Park then Everton can move the pitch toward the Park End and the rest of the ground can be moved and rebuilt. They can't say no, they have given our Arabian Brothers permission to build a new Mosque with the Kop facing Mecca surely Everton can get them to help them out.

The loss to Liverpool City Council in revenue if Everton moved to Knowsley would be enormous then there would be the loss they would incur when the pubs, Chippies and shops closed down, all that lost rate revenue. There is also the loss in all those parking fines they manage to impose on the unsuspecting visitors to Goodison Park.

Liverpool Council should stop messing about and tell Everton exactly what they have available, if they can not redevelop Goodison Park then where are the other sites? Don't say that it is confidential, rubbish, it would have to be announced in the press sooner or later, so get on with it. What is the deal? Can Everton buy the site or rent it? Can they develop it with Tesco or other parties? There are a million options but this useless council will cock it up, as sure as they will cock up the 2008 festivities as well as they cocked up the Fourth Grace, The Trams and every other thing they get involved with.

Everton Football Club were the first Football Club in the City, they were the First to Bring the Championship to the City, They were the First to Bring The F.A. Cup to the City. They are the FIRST Club of this City and will always be.

Don't let wishy washy Liberals ruin the good name of Everton Football Club with their indecisive politics. Demand that a Club that has given more revenue over the years than any other institution in the City should and must be kept within the City boundary. Let Everton and the Fanzines print the names of all the councillors who oppose are plans, let them answer to their voters. Charlton Football Club went into local politics to get their ground back maybe it's time some local based Evertonians stood at the next (Good) bye elections under the Blue Nose Party I think that they would get huge support from the locals.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Who would have thought it Double Points for buying a season ticket, yes that is the prospect if we go down the corporate road. Beware & Daver Buy One Get One Free in the January Window, maybe it's not all bad news then.



Don't let wish... with their ind... Club that... must be... the names... kept within... of all the councillors who oppose... let them answer to their voters. Chariton Football Club went into local politics to get their ground back maybe it's time some local based Evertonians stood at the next (Good) bye elections under the Blue Nose Party I think that they would get huge support from the locals.

Dixie Dean Record

"Dixie" Dean's Full Goal Scoring Record in English Football

Season	Club	Division	League		FA Cup		Int/Representative		Goals Total
			Games	Goals	Games	Goals	Games	Goals	
1923-24	Tranmere Rovers	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
1924-25	Tranmere Rovers	3	27	27	1	1	0	0	28
1924-25	Everton	1	7	2	0	0	0	0	2
1925-26	Everton	1	38	32	2	1	0	0	33
1926-27	Everton	1	27	21	4	3	5	12	36
1927-28	Everton	1	39	60	2	3	15	37	100
1928-29	Everton	1	29	26	1	0	7	8	34
1929-30	Everton	1	25	23	2	2	0	0	25
1930-31	Everton	2	37	39	4	9	2	3	51
1931-32	Everton	1	38	45	1	1	2	1	47
1932-33	Everton	1	39	24	6	5	2	4	33
1933-34	Everton	1	12	9	0	0	0	0	9
1934-35	Everton	1	38	26	6	1	0	0	27
1935-36	Everton	1	29	17	1	0	0	0	17
1936-37	Everton	1	36	24	4	3	1	0	27
1937-38	Everton	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
1937-38	Notts County	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
1938-39	Notts County	3	6	3	0	0	0	0	3
TOTALS			438	379	34	29	34	65	473

"Dixie" Dean's Full International appearances

Date	Opponents	Venue	Result	England Scorers
12. 2.1927	Wales	Wrexham	3-3	Dean 2, Walker
11. 5.1927	Belgium	Brussels	9-1	Dean 3, Rigby 2
2. 4.1927	Scotland	Hampden Pk Glasgow	2-1	Brown 2, Hulme, Page Dean 2
26. 5.1927	France	Paris	6-0	Dean 2, Brown 2, Rigby, Rollet o.g.
21. 5.1927	Luxembourg	Luxembourg	5-2	Dean 3, Bishop, Kelly
22.10.1927	Ireland	Belfast	0-2	
20.11.1927	Wales	Burnley	1-2	(o.g. by Wales)
31. 3.1928	Scotland	Wembley	1-5	Kelly
17. 5.1928	France	Paris	5-1	Dean 2, Stephenson 2, Jack
19. 5.1928	Belgium	Antwerp	3-1	Dean 2, V. Mathews
22.10.1928	Ireland	Goodison Pk Liverpool	2-1	Dean, Hulme
17.11.1928	Wales	Swansea	3-2	Hulme 2, Hine
13. 4.1929	Scotland	Hampden Pk Glasgow	0-1	
28. 3.1031	Scotland	Hampden Pk Glasgow	0-2	
9.12.1931	Spain	Highbur	7-1	Crooks 2, Smith 2, Johnson 2, Dean
17.10.1932	Ireland	Blackpool	1-0	Barclay

Appearances for the Football League

Date	Against	Venue	Result	Goals
21. 9 1927	Irish League	Newcastle	9-1	Dean 4
10. 8.1928	Scottish League	Ibrox Pk Glasgow	6-2	Dean 2
22. 9.1928	Irish League	Belfast	5-0	Dean 2
7.11.1928	Scottish League	Villa Pk Birmingham	2-1	Dean 1
7.11.1931	Scottish League	Celtic Pk Glasgow	3-4	
21.10.1936	Scottish League	Goodison Pk Liverpool	2-0	

Tribute To Harry Leyland 1930– 2006

Harry was a local lad who made his debut for Everton against Leicester City on 9th September 1951 in the Second Division in front of 28,114 fans, Everton won the game 2-1 he went on to make fourteen League & Cup appearances that season giving way to Jimmy O'Neil.

The following season he only made six appearances, then in 1953-54 he made fourteen, in 1954 –55 he only played in one game, against Portsmouth which he let in five goals.

He only played in five games in his final season 1955/56 ending with a game against Arsenal away losing 3-2.

He left Everton and arrived at Blackburn Rovers where he played 188 games and appeared at Wembley in the F.A. Cup Final in 1958. He then went to Tranmere Rovers and between 1961 –1967 he made 180 appearances for the Birkenhead club.

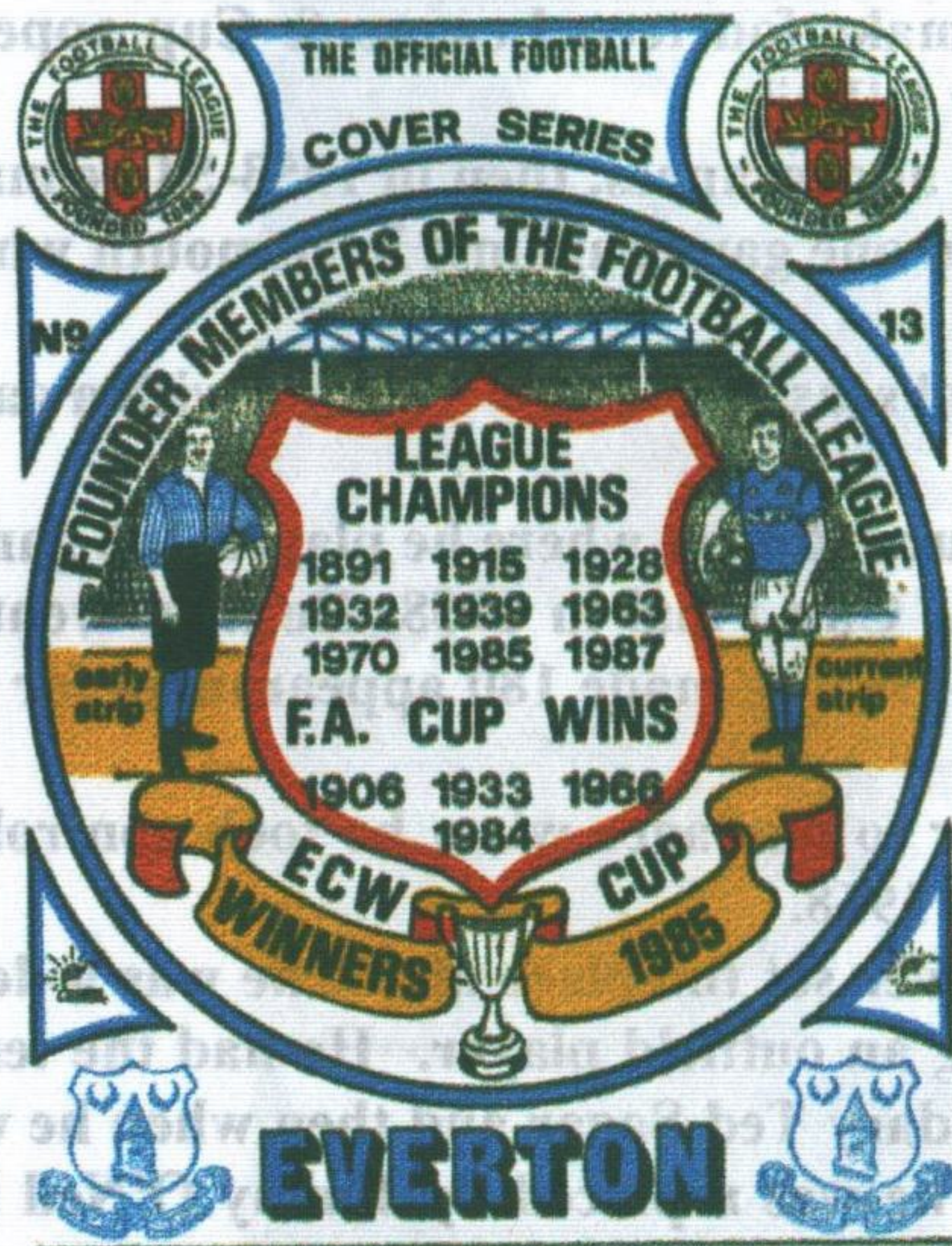
Harry took the giant step from player to manager when he took control of Wigan Athletic from July 1967 to May 1968.

Harry was a true Blue although he never set the place alight he was a dedicated goalkeeper after originally being an outfield player. He had the terrible task of trying to replace the Legendary Ted Sagar and then when he was starting to get to grips with that task he was replaced by Jimmy O'Neil but he stayed at Goodison hoping for a chance.

In recent years he could be seen at the various Everton gatherings enjoying talk of the Good Old Days with former players.

Harry will be fondly remembered by those who saw him play and all Evertonians will pass on their condolences to his friends and family.





5 MAY '88

60th Anniversary

of

DIXIE DEAN'S

record breaking 60 goals in a season

5th MAY, 1928



EVERTON F.C.
GOODISON PARK
LIVERPOOL
L4 4EL

Above is a First Day Cover celebrating the 60th Anniversary of Dixie Deans 60 goals



January 28th 1928 Arsenal in the F. A. Cup
This young Dixie fan arrives at Euston fully kitted out his hero
got two goals that day but Everton lost 4-3

Loyal To The End (of his wallet)

After the article by Bobby Robson in issue 37 Keven a Blue Blood reader handed me this very interesting article again by Bobby Robson those of you who are Duncan Ferguson fans look away now.

JEKYLL AND HYDE

CRAIG BELLAMY, who many think of as the enfant terrible of the Premier League, is a strange boy, a great player wrapped round an unusual and volatile character. He can be delightful one minute, then walk on to the pitch and begin snarling at the referee, but I consider the decision to buy him from Coventry in July of 2001 to be one of my most successful forays into the Premier League's transfer market.

As a creative and dynamic force, Bellamy had always excited me. I tried to buy him the year before we were finally successful in bringing him to St James' Park. I had been to see him play for Norwich, and I think the chairman had been told, by people to whom he listens, what a good player he was, so he was not slow to support my attempt to poach him away from Norfolk. One of the people Freddy Shepherd looked to for advice was Paul Stretford, the agent, whose judgement he always seemed to respect.

My first move for Bellamy came around the time we received an offer from Everton for Duncan Ferguson, in the summer of 2000. On that same day, Bellamy was going across to Coventry to sign. I left several messages for him that day to say, 'Don't sign for Coventry just yet. Give me twenty-four hours.' My thinking was that if Duncan Ferguson was out of the club by then, we would have the money to spend on Craig, but Craig's answer was that it needed to be sorted out that day. I begged for twenty four hours but he wouldn't give it and the deal was signed.

However, there was a twist. That morning, Duncan had come into my office in a highly agitated state, brandishing the local paper.

'What's all this? Ferguson for Everton? I don't want to leave Newcastle. I like it here. I'm buying a house. I love playing with Shearer. I don't want to go. I'm happy here. We've got a good team. How dare this journalist say I want to go to Everton?' On and on he went.

'Are you saying you don't want to go to Everton, Duncan?' I asked calmly.

'That's exactly what I'm saying.'

'Right, well, I'll ring the chairman and tell him you want to put your shirt on Newcastle and don't want to go to Everton.'

'Exactly. Exactly right,' Duncan affirmed.

I gave the chairman the full run-down on the scene in my office and said the story in the local paper hadn't come from Duncan because he knew nothing about it.

'Duncan wants me to ring up Alan Oliver from the Newcastle Chronicle and accuse him of giving false information to the public,' I concluded.

That night the day I tried to sign Craig Bellamy I was at home when the phone rang, about 10 p.m. It was the chairman.

'You won't believe this,' he said.

'What won't I believe?'

'Right at this moment, Duncan Ferguson is on his way to Everton Football Club to sign for them.' I couldn't take it in.

'Chairman,' I started, 'you heard me tell you what Duncan said to me about the Everton story being rubbish. Are you saying that in eight hours the whole scenario has changed?' Apparently, it had.

The next morning I phoned Craig Bellamy as fast as my fingers would allow but it was too late. So I lost Ferguson and I lost Bellamy, all in one day. It was typical of Duncan to change his mind so dramatically.

Meanwhile, Bellamy moved to Coventry but at the end of the season they were relegated and then couldn't afford the £6 million transfer fee or the wages he was being paid in the Premiership. Twelve months on from the day they snatched him from us, they put him up for sale.

'What do you think?' asked the chairman.

'Buy him,' I said.

'But he's had a bad year,' said Freddy.

'I know,' I said. 'It's because he's been playing outside-left. He can't play there. He needs to play through the middle, off a main striker. He's got pace. He wants the ball behind defenders. No one would catch him. He needs to improve on his finishing but I think we can achieve that. We'll have him practising on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and he'll score because he'll get in positions that not many Premiership strikers can.'

'On top of that,' I continued, 'he's got the will,' and he has. He's got this fire, this spirit. He knows where goals are scored — in behind defenders — so he was constantly trying to manoeuvre the ball into those positions. I considered him to be superior to Michael Owen. He could run, check, turn, receive the ball to his feet and beat an opponent when he was running at them one on one. He had a feint and double feint, and could slide a team-mate in. He loves to score but if he can't he'll pass. I like that about him. He's a very, very good player despite his persistent knee problems, his volatility and his foul language. A cruciate knee ligament injury and tendonitis were the biggest entries on his medical chart.

If Craig Bellamy wasn't such a gifted footballer, you would turn your back on him, because he's a nightmare of a boy. You'll have a fight with him every day in training. Graeme Souness, my successor, would back me up on that. Their relationship deteriorated so badly that Craig ended up being sent out on loan to Celtic, in January of 2005. In matches, often, it was all effing-this and effing-that from beginning to end. We talked to Craig about that a lot. We would say, 'You can't swear like this in training because if you do it here you'll carry it into matches on a Saturday afternoon, and if you do that you'll end up with a red or yellow card. You can't swear at referees. It's in the laws. You'll be sent off.'

He's a spiky little kid, very ambitious. He wants the best and he wants to win. Believe you me, there's no doubting his will to win. He's quite prepared to have a go at a team-mate at half-time. He has no fear of saying what he thinks. In fact, sometimes he says too much and comes out with opinions that are simply not correct, but it all stems from his ambitious nature. As long as he has the desire, and as long as he has that natural pace in his legs, he will always be a potent and valuable player.

With the first-team squad stable after two eleventh-place finishes, for 2001-02 I was able to start my big investment programme in youth and in pace and artistry. Signing Bellamy was a major catalyst in our rise to fourth place in the Premiership that season. He scored nine league goals for us, despite missing the last two months of the season, and provided the perfect foil for Shearer, who finished the campaign with twenty-three.

On the left-hand side of the team we'd had Stephen Glass, who possessed a good left foot but wasn't quite quick or strong enough to fill the position long-term. I looked high and low for a left-sided player who could dribble and get wide and who had pace. Like the England management, I suppose, I was scouring the leagues for an outside-left. The Premiership's best, Ryan Giggs, was un-buyable. Trevor Sinclair, who ended up at Manchester City, was not naturally a left-footed winger. Eventually, I plumped for Laurent Robert, of Paris St-Germain,

So there it is in Black & White Newcastle Stripes Big 'I Love Everton' Dunc didn't want to come back. Keep your eyes on his arm, what's the betting he has laser treatment on that EFC Tattoo?

Everton Football Club AGM

Monday 11th December 2006.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
of the Everton Football Club Company Ltd

ADMITTANCE CARD

Please admit bearer to the Annual General Meeting
of the Everton Football Club Company Ltd
on Monday 11th December 2006
at 7.00pm in the Alex Young Suite



ThePeople'sClub
evertonfc.com

The meeting was very well attended, hardly a spare seat in the house. I unfortunately was behind a huge pillar, another of Goodison Parks obstructed views. Not able to see Uncle Bill in the flesh, I had to watch him on the big screen, which seemed fitting for an aging actor. Bill was in his usual 'Emotional' state, his heart on his sleeve, his beloved Everton and his adoring audience at his beck and call.

He waxed lyrical about his love and adoration for the very concrete that was holding the aging ground together. How he felt an almost spiritual connection to Goodison Park.

The ghosts of the past, Dixie, Sagar, Lawton, and many others were with him, or so he thought.

But despite all this love and emotion he had to let his head rule his heart. Everton must leave Goodison Park, he sighed, swayed and some thought he was about to faint. Tears held back he went on to explain that the future was to be some four miles down the road at Kirkby. Nothing certain, or written in stone mind you, but a realism had hit him and as much as he regretted it, he thought that Goodison Park had had it's day.

With a heavy heart and a light wallet, he explained that cash strapped Everton had no other option but to move and that the Kirkby, Tesco offer was a good one and must be taken on board.

He would when challenged say that the fans would have the final say, he would go along with them but that they must understand that there was no other option open to them or the club, Democracy at it's tear jerking best.

Some of the shareholders told him in no uncertain terms that to leave Goodison Park and the City of Liverpool was an act of betrayal that would never be forgiven or forgotten. It left Evertonians open to the jibes from the Dubian Reds that they would no longer be a "SCOUSE" club.

Everton were the first Club in this City said one distraught fan, we have a History second to none, we must not leave the City.

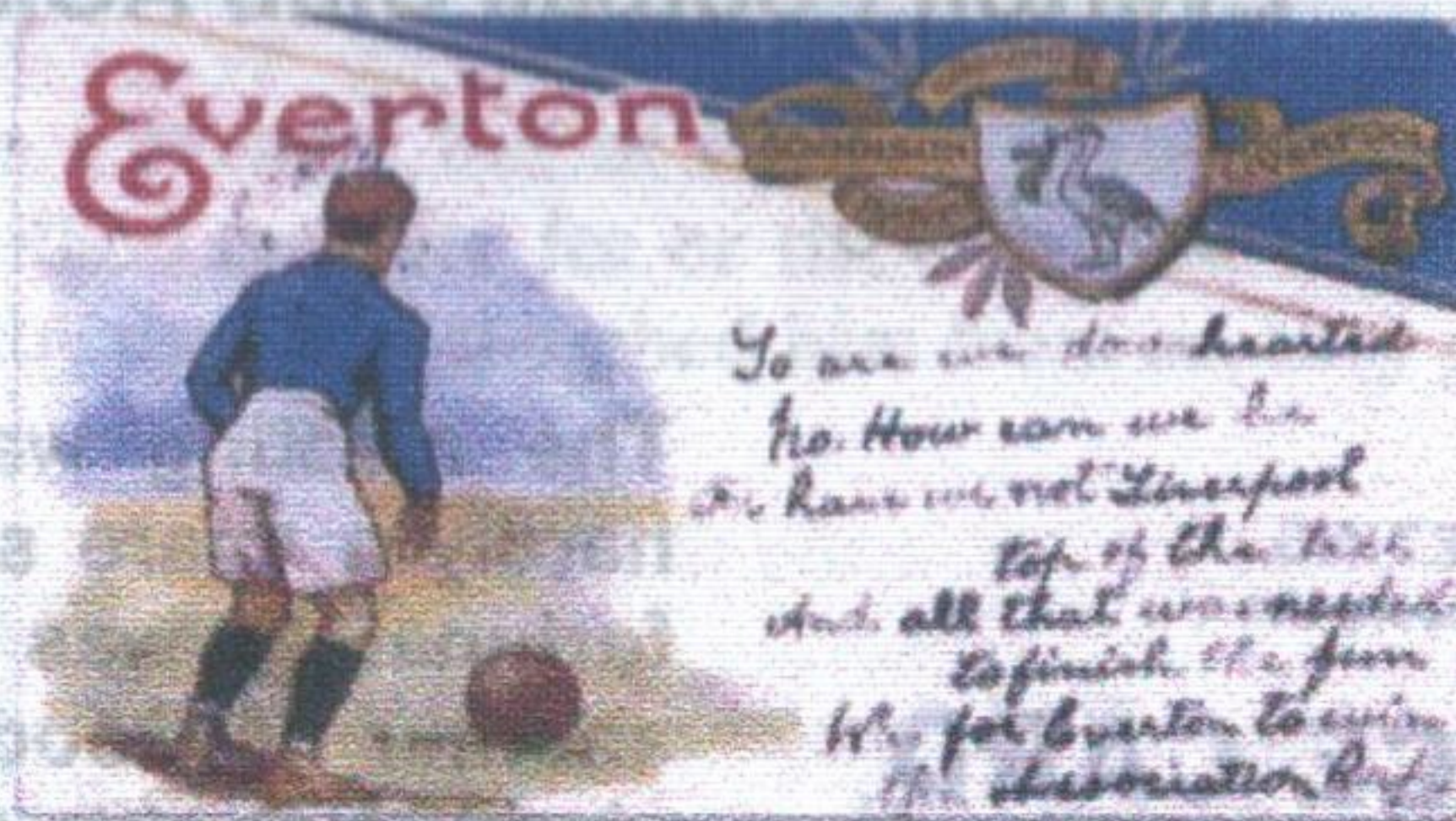
Bill by now torn apart tried to keep his mascara from running and replied that it was the only way forward, the only chance Everton had of competing with the Big Boys.

Totally drained he returned to his seat and handed the floor to Keith Wyness the progressive Everton Executive, Keith with a stone cold, some would say clinical approach backed Mr. Kenwright to the hilt, the future is at Kirkby, after all he had sold the new Academy at Speak which hasn't been built yet, sold Bellefield, sold the City Centre Store and the other stores in Cheshire, sold the Mega Store, made many dozens of staff redundant, what else could he sell except his soul and there are some who think that he has done that as well.

This date should be etched in Everton History it matches 1892 and the Historical Split for John Houlding use the name Keith Wyness.

Jack Elliott the Keeper Of The Faith.

Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood

Dear George,

A point of order on Tomasz Radzinski's goalscoring record for Everton if you please! Jack The Ripper erroneously claimed that Radzinski was top scorer for three seasons a few issues ago (which I corrected him on – he wasn't top scorer once); Peter Blake then says I'm wrong and Jack's wrong – he was top scorer twice. He wasn't! Radzinski signed in summer 2001 and played for three full seasons. His best season was 2002/3 when he scored a total of 11 goals – two less than top scorer Kevin Campbell. In 2001/2 he scored just 7 goals, one less than top scorer Big Dunc; and in 2003/4 he scored 8 times – one less than Rooney. I hope this clears things up.

Regards

James Corbett

Blue Blood

I was at the AGM and quite frankly could not believe the reaction to the announcement about the ground move. Are these so called Evertonians on the same planet as me? Yes Goodison Park is a lovely old stadium but OLD is the key word. I drive for over four hours to get to Goodison Park on a matchday. I arrive early and try to park my car, the friendly locals do everything in their power to stop me. I have seen ladders, chairs, planks of wood and everything you can imagine put out to stop me parking. I have a valid tax disc on my car but this seems to be no obstacle to the residents. I get out if I am lucky enough to get parked and walk to the ground, I arrive at noon for a 3pm Saturday kick off, there are not many fans about but the litter from the previous nights revelries is strewn all over the place, there is dog mess everywhere. Take a good look at the surroundings folks, the area is depressive, burnt out houses, boarded up windows, the pubs are run down and grotty, it is only because you have a nostalgia head on that you are oblivious to all this squalor. I want to be able to drive to a ground where I am wanted, have a clean safe place to park and have the local residents glad to see me and my money and appreciate that when I have gone home after the game the best part of £70 is in their economy.

Knowsley Council want us, they are willing to accommodate us, they are inviting us to come to their area. Liverpool Council and Walton residents are not offering the same kind of reception ask me again where I want to arrive after a four hour drive and guess the answer.

Harry Jones Cardiff Blue

Blue Blood

A Happy New Year to you George and thanks again for Blue Blood, I really enjoy reading about our glorious History and seeing all the rare pictures, it is the finest Fanzine in the country.

Regards Keith Micklesfield

Blue Swayed Views

The Alex Young Story Continued

Instead, football means the same as success, and the only way the vast majority of teams can achieve success is to have their players moulded body and soul to the prevailing system.

Call it 4—2—4 or call it 4—3—3. The principle is the same. Interlocking, hard running, all-purpose players. Teams with strictly limited opportunities for the creator. But with unbounded opportunities for the destroyer.

It is tense, and often it is vicious. But its cardinal sin is that it is predictable and dreary. So this is an old-fashioned view? We are told that all the fans want are points and trophies, and that they don't really care about the way they are won. I am sure there are many who feel that way. I am sorry for them.

The ones who do care about what they are watching tend to get overlooked. More than one football manager is on record as saying: 'We must educate the fans to accept the systems.'

That is plain cheek, when you consider that the fans pay for the managers and the players and that they ought to be given something they can remember most Saturdays.

There is another view, too common for comfort now, among many supporters. It is: 'I would sooner go and watch the kids in the park on Saturday morning. At least they try to play football.' I have heard this many times. I find it hard to disagree.

Let's get back to Bobby Moore. I single him out for particular attention because of the quite staggering fame and fortune he has achieved on the basis of his success as a system player.

I don't begrudge him his OBE. But, like my club mate Alan Ball — and like Moore himself I found it a little strange that one man should be picked out for it. Particularly when that man was just one part of the most machine-like team that England had ever fielded.

I suppose Moore got it because he was captain, but a captain's position is a little over-rated these days. His main duty seems to be leading the team out and deciding which way they are going to kick.

The way they tackle the game after that is decided beforehand, by the coaches and the managers, and their systems are so inflexible that they can rarely be changed while the game is on. Even with the most iron-willed captain.

I wouldn't have gone along with the judges who made Bobby the best player in the competition, either. I don't believe that award belonged to any of the English players.

For me, there was only one outstanding contender, the incredible Eusebio, of Portugal. A complete individual and a wonderful entertainer, winning or losing.

I don't like comparing the present with the past. You can seldom settle an argument that way, but two names do come out strongly when I think of the great wing-halves I have seen — Duncan Edwards and Danny Blanchflower.

Good as he is, I don't really believe that Moore measures up to those two. For one good reason. They were capable of the unexpected. Of playing the orthodox wing-half game with overwhelming brilliance. They didn't belong in any system. They made their own. And it was an attractive one.

I suspect that even if they were transplanted into today's game they would be just as effective and outstanding — without losing any of their individuality.

Let's examine the role of Bobby Moore as a typical middle man in the system game. He is the anchor in the back four, covering and sweeping up. It is a relatively static role. But does it require undue brilliance, the kind that commands the hero worship he has been given? I don't think so.

It wouldn't surprise me to see Bobby Moore or most other back four players, particularly in the middle two still going strong when they are forty year-old. Their main reason for being there is to wait for the opposition to come up. Then stop them.

That is all. They are expected to do very little, if anything, that is creative. Most of

them don't. Many of them can't.

Look at another example of a man who has become a household name, even something of a legend, because he fitted perfectly into the destructive method game and shone in it. The name: Nobby Stiles.

I like Nobby. He is a great little guy. I admire him for his spirit and guts and for the way he drives Manchester United. But Stiles as a memorable footballer? I don't think even Nobby would go along with that.

Discipline seems a strange word to link with his name. He often lets himself down by becoming a very angry little man. But it is the word that sums up Nobby's game. He has this specific, destructive job that is essential to the System. He has been disciplined to stick to it doggedly, no matter what happens.

I think he would have a hell of a job breaking out of it and doing something completely off the cuff. The way Nobby plays makes him valuable and efficient. But it doesn't make him an attractive player. It doesn't make him an entertainer, despite the national applause.

Moore and Stiles are only two of the new breed of top footballers. There are many more. Tommy Smith, the Liverpool hard man, is one. He is just as much part of a machine, though he does have the added value of a tremendous shot that can shatter the tightest of defences from long range.

I have been in First Division football, either Scottish or English, for twelve years, but the rigid method game is still relatively new to me. It was the product of big wages, big prizes and the frantic desire to win at almost any cost.

It was the uncompromising solution to the problem of how to cope with the rest of the world, and the Continentals in particular. The Italians developed it to a high degree or a low degree, depending how you look at it and we followed them like sheep.

I have to confess that I am one of the sheep to a certain extent. Everton, like the other top sides, have had to surrender much of the free-flowing style that was their hallmark, and adapt themselves to a tighter system, in order to compete.

The change came in our championship year and specialists like me had to change our thinking. In Scotland, set tactical plans on this scale had been unknown. You played your game. You beat your man or he beat you.

If you were an inside-forward you attacked. That was your job. It was also the way that football should be played. Like the schoolboys in the park — the natural way.

Your colleagues took care of themselves. Now, at inside-forward, I usually have to think twice about whether to go forward. I am wondering: 'Am I taking too much of a risk? What happens if the move breaks down? Where is my wing-half?'

You have his problems on your mind as well as your own, so you automatically become too cautious. Too inhibited.

The result is that you don't risk giving away as many goals. That is fine. But you don't score as many, either. You are bound to get fewer shots at goal — and shots at goal are what football should be all about.

I hope I haven't given in to the method game completely. I don't think I have. But it gets increasingly harder not to. The chances of thinking out something original and then executing it get rarer almost with every game.

There is a slight glimmer of hope that all-out attacking football might become fashionable again. It was revealed in Lisbon on the evening that Celtic slaughtered the clams of Inter Milan. I don't think I ever enjoyed watching a game more than that. It was the proof that if teams have the nerve, the talent, and the right man behind them, they can smash any system. Celtic had the nerve and the talent and they had Jock Stein as a manager. The critics were announcing, after the match, that this was the end of stranglehold football. I hope so. But I will need much more convincing. Celtic are only one team, and a Scots team at that. And I doubt if there are many Jock Steins around.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Meet a Table-Topper

A bit of a comedian. That's Dave Mackay, the flamboyant wing-half with a thundering tackle, the fearless leader who, off the field, can never shirk a dare.

It was a dare call it a challenge if you like from one of our team-mates in a Scottish FA tour of Austria, Hungary and Turkey that produced a shock result, hoots of laughter, and a certain amount of embarrassment amongst some stiff-lipped officialdom.

It happened in Turkey in 1960, after we had been beaten 4—1 in Austria, drawn 3—3 in Hungary, and lost by four goals to two to the Turks.

There was a splendid banquet in our hotel to mark that third and final game and the wind-up of our tour. The huge table was simply groaning under the weight of delicious dishes. All the top brass were there from the Scottish and Turkish international soccer squads; there were some vi~ guests from Turkish government circles; we ourselves looked pretty smart in our grey slacks and navy blue sports jackets with those SFA badges.

Now, as I have just said, 'Iron Man' Dave Mackay, one of the toughest players world soccer has ever produced, simply cannot refuse a dare. Well, everybody was in a thoroughly relaxed mood at the banquet. Most were taking their places at the table before the first of many courses was about to be served. And then somebody dared Dave: 'Bet you daren't walk across the table. Go on, mate. You've got no guts!'

That was enough for Mackay. He bent down and quickly slipped off his shoes. And then, to the absolute amazement of all of us, and particularly our Scottish selectors, Dave sprang on the table... and walked unconcernedly from one end to the other in his stockinged feet. He didn't break into a trot. He didn't knock anything over. With a grin on his face he simply strolled the full length of that table. Dave jumped down and, as though it were for him an every-day occurrence, he calmly returned to his seat and pulled his shoes back on over his socks.

A senior Turkish soccer official turned to him with an astonished look on his face and asked: 'Why did you do that?' Mackay's reply, with a perfectly deadpan expression, was a pure gem: 'Well, sir, it's an old Scottish custom. When we lose, as we have done to your fine team today, then one member of our losing side must walk along the banquet table.'

Later that night we went along to a nightclub. Quite a load of football talent even though we hadn't fared so well on our three-match continental trip included Denis Law, Ian St John, Bill Brown, of Spurs, and the late John White, whom Mackay always called Chalky.

Mackay, as usual, started the fun rolling by ordering the drinks and, when they were served, telling us: 'Down in one, boys, or you've got no guts.' Some of us managed to keep some of our later drinks hidden under the table. Not Mackay and Denis Law. They had a right old end-of-a-tour ding-dong celebration. It finished up with Mackay and Law throwing drinks over each other. It was an hilarious sight all in good fun and without a trace of hard feelings from the first to last throw.

Whether Law was the better marksman or not, I'll never know. But I do remember glancing at Mackay as we strolled out to our homeward-bound 'plane next morning. His blazer, thanks to that drenching from a cocktail mixture of hard stuff and soft drinks, was definitely at least two sizes too small for him. It was obviously uncomfortably tight across his burly shoulders. And those cuffs on his sleeves were way up towards his elbows. That blazer had shrunk drastically overnight in his hotel bedroom. No wonder, with the amount that had been tossed over it! Yet Dave, to his credit, took it in his usual, good-natured stride, and kept grinning back at us as he boarded the aircraft.

What a comedian! What a man! And, believe me, what a tremendous player is this Spurs powerhouse and proud family man.

The Alex Young Story

Tough? They don't make 'em any tougher than Mackay, whom Tottenham Hotspur manager Bill Nicholson bought for £30,000 from Heart of Midlothian in March, 1959. Mackay was then aged twenty-four and was Scotland's wing-half and captain. Edinburgh soccer circles were surprised by the news of the deal. For Mackay was having an outstanding run of success with us at Hearts. He had led us to the Scottish league championship the previous season and was, without a shadow of doubt, one of the most popular players across the border. But, quite frankly, Dave couldn't go much higher in Scottish football, where, admittedly, there are limited opportunities.

Now, at White Hart Lane, he immediately found himself better off, although at the time England still had the £ 20-a-week maximum wage. Spurs were and still are a progressive club. Mackay could learn more about the game. Moreover, he had at his fingertips more varied ways and means on capitalising on his abilities. And that is precisely why he once said, a couple of years after his move south, 'I say sincerely to any Scottish kid with football ambitions: "Come South, son!"'

Mackay, to me and scores of other top-flight players, has always been a giant amongst wing-halves and a Captain Courageous.

We had four happy years together at Hearts, whom I joined in 1955. Dave had been skipper of the first team for a year when I started at the club. Way back in those days he had that same boundless, undying confidence in his own ability, so prominent in later years with Spurs. He has the same type of flamboyancy as my Everton team-mate Alan Ball. Nothing, simply nothing, swerves them from their own confidence.

Courage? You name it, Mackay has always had it. I'll never forget when he broke his foot playing for Hearts. Mackay was only out for a few weeks. Some players would have been out much longer. Then, shortly afterwards, came my first real close-up of the amazing courage of this man Mackay.

It happened with tragic suddenness in a match at Falkirk. You could hear the crack as that same foot, so recently healed, was broken again. Yet Mackay just would not go down. It had occurred in the first half. But Mackay played right through the rest of the game with those broken bones on the top of his foot. The pain must have been unbearable. Mackay never once let it be reflected across his craggy yet handsome features.

Again, who can forget Dave's tremendous courage when he broke his leg for the first time? That happened when Manchester United knocked Spurs out of the European Cup Winners Cup competition at Old Trafford, Manchester, in December 1963.

The first half wasn't ten minutes old when Mackay collided with Noel Cantwell, then United's captain. Mackay just sank to the turf after Cantwell had appeared to block a hard shot from Dave. Mackay sat up on the stretcher as he was carried off the ground amidst a stunned silence from that big crowd. He leaned on one arm and smiled yes, smiled into the cameramen's lenses. No bitterness. Just a smile which told thousands, 'Well, it's all in the game'. Well, that same left leg was fractured again nine months after that Old Trafford heartbreak incident for both Dave and his bitterly upset opponent Noel Cantwell. This time Mackay's leg was broken in the twentieth minute of a game at White Hart Lane when Dave was playing for Spurs' reserves against Shrewsbury. Mackay was chasing for a ball in the goal-mouth. He collided with Peter Dolby, Shrewsbury's centre half, and crumpled in agony on the pitch. Mackay, I'm told, showed his typical determination as he left the hospital that night. He said to waiting newspapermen: 'Don't worry. This won't make me quit the game. I'll be back in a fortnight!'

It is history now that Dave did come back. Not after a fortnight. . . but after a grim fight back to peak fitness in which that Mackay courage and determination burst through all barriers of frustration and sadness. A modest man, too. That's Dave Mackay, who once had this to say about one of the outstanding incidents in his career: 'It was when I won my first cap for Scotland. We played Spain in Madrid.'

The Alex Young Story

Now when you're capped, you think you've really made the big time, and that you're at the top. Well, I learned my lesson that day. We were beaten 4—1. They were all over us and I was never in the game. The speed of Stefano and Kubala was fantastic. I realised that day I had a long, long way to go before I could call myself a top player. All I know is, you never stop learning.'

A legend. That's Mackay, one of the most generous men I have ever met. When he went to Tottenham Hotspur he had a beautiful new Jaguar. I saw him a few times afterwards and on at least a couple of occasions he had no car. To team-mates without transport at that time he had said: 'Borrow mine. It's just out there on the park.' Yes, Mackay is the sort of bloke who would give away his last shilling; the sort of bighearted chap to be relied on no matter what kind of jam or circumstances you might be in.

Mackay's talent and ability in the game for which he lives goes unquestioned. He is skilful, almost fiercely hard in all-out action, and a stockily-built, strong player who is dedicated to giving 200 per cent in the service of the Mackay family and Tottenham Hotspur.

I have heard it said that, to some, he looks a clumsy player. Some of his critics even go so far as to claim he is simply a hard player with little or no ball control. They are wrong, so drastically off the beam in their failure to assess the true qualities in the soccer makeup of this fine player. For Mackay definitely has exceptional ball control. Also, he is the best tackler I have ever seen. In fact, the only player to compare with Dave when it comes to sliding tackles was Everton's Alex Parker.

Mackay is the complete professional. . . a tiger in any team. . . a bit of a comedian, as I have said...an excellent family man. . . and a grand, reliable off-the-field friend.

Finally, you can take it from me that Mackay, despite those heartbreaking leg-injury setbacks, is playing as well as ever. He had a couple of extremely good games against Everton at Goodison (one-nil for Spurs) and at White Hart Lane (2—0 for Spurs) in our league clashes during the 1966—67 season.

On Spurs' ground in our Easter Monday duel Alan Ball went down to a rather vicious tackle by a Tottenham defender. Our little good 'un, Ball, was sitting on the deck, holding his gashed knee and looking angrily about him. 'Sergeant-Major' Mackay came up to see what was wrong, and also assess sympathetically the damage inflicted by one of his team-mates.

Then came a typically blunt Mackay remark. For he looked down at wee Ball and said: 'What's all the moaning about, son? You don't do that unless you hear one of your bones go crack. That's the time to worry!'

Dave Mackay should know, Alan Ball couldn't help but smile when he told me later in our dressing-room what Mackay had said to him.

'He's a real one all right, is that bloke Mackay!' added Ball. He can say that again. For durable Dave, as I have emphasised, is a MAN; a tough, fearless bloke; and a real character both on and off the field.

CHAPTER NINE

Gentleman Jim

Guess who said this: 'When you talk about who is the best player, you can't go past Denis Law. Unless you decide it's me.' And this: 'I'm only human. I can't perform miracles. But I never stop trying to.' Two statements of priceless arrogance. They could have come only from an idiot, or from a man who has the sure ability to back them up.

They were both made by Jim Baxter. And Baxter is no idiot.

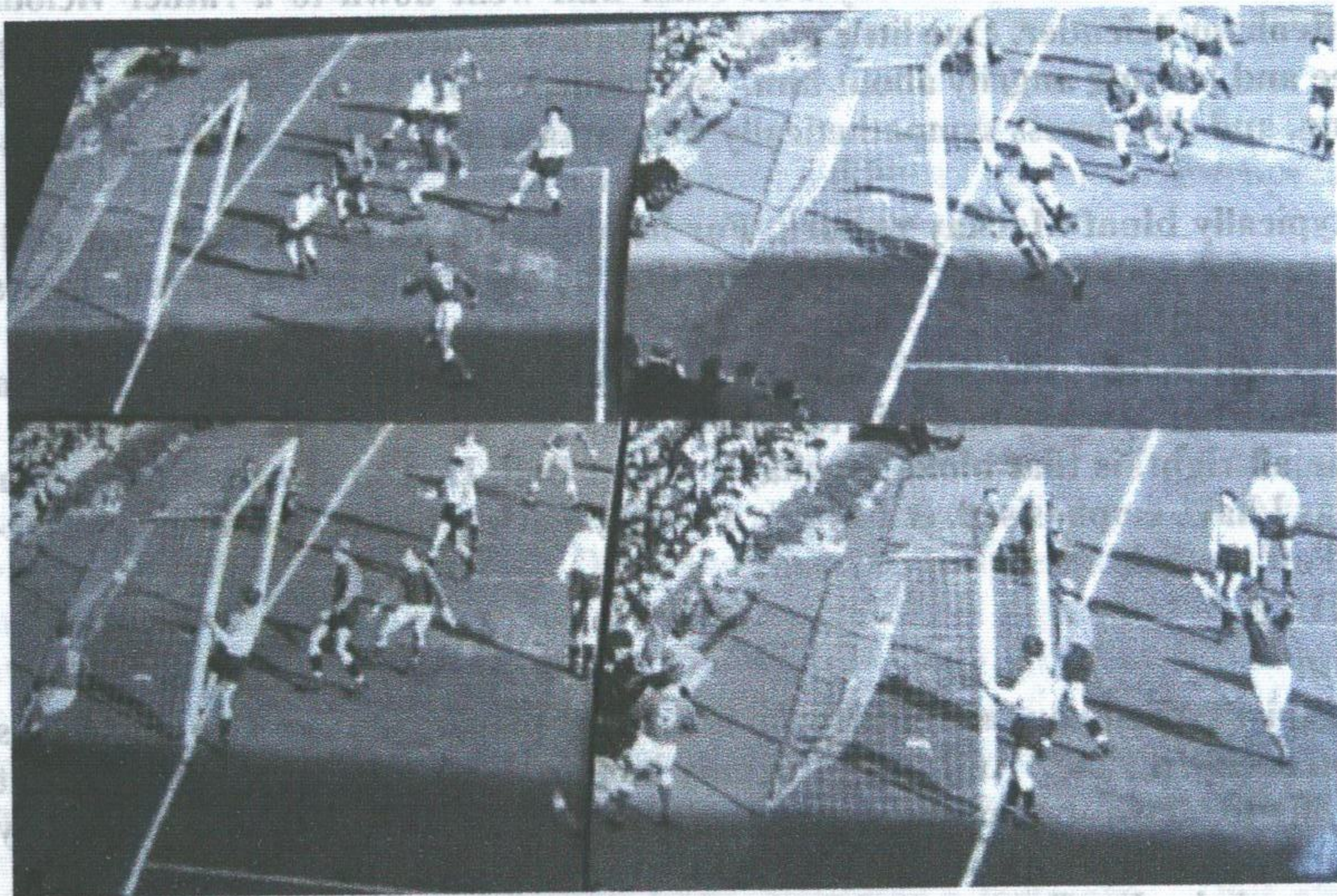
I have chosen these examples from his collected sayings because they typify the way the man thinks. And also because they are very close to the truth.

Baxter is arrogant. But he is saved from being completely unbearable because he has the inborn knack of being able to make his boasts stand up. I don't doubt that when Baxter made those two claims he seriously believed them. He wasn't just saying it for effect. But

The Alex Young Story

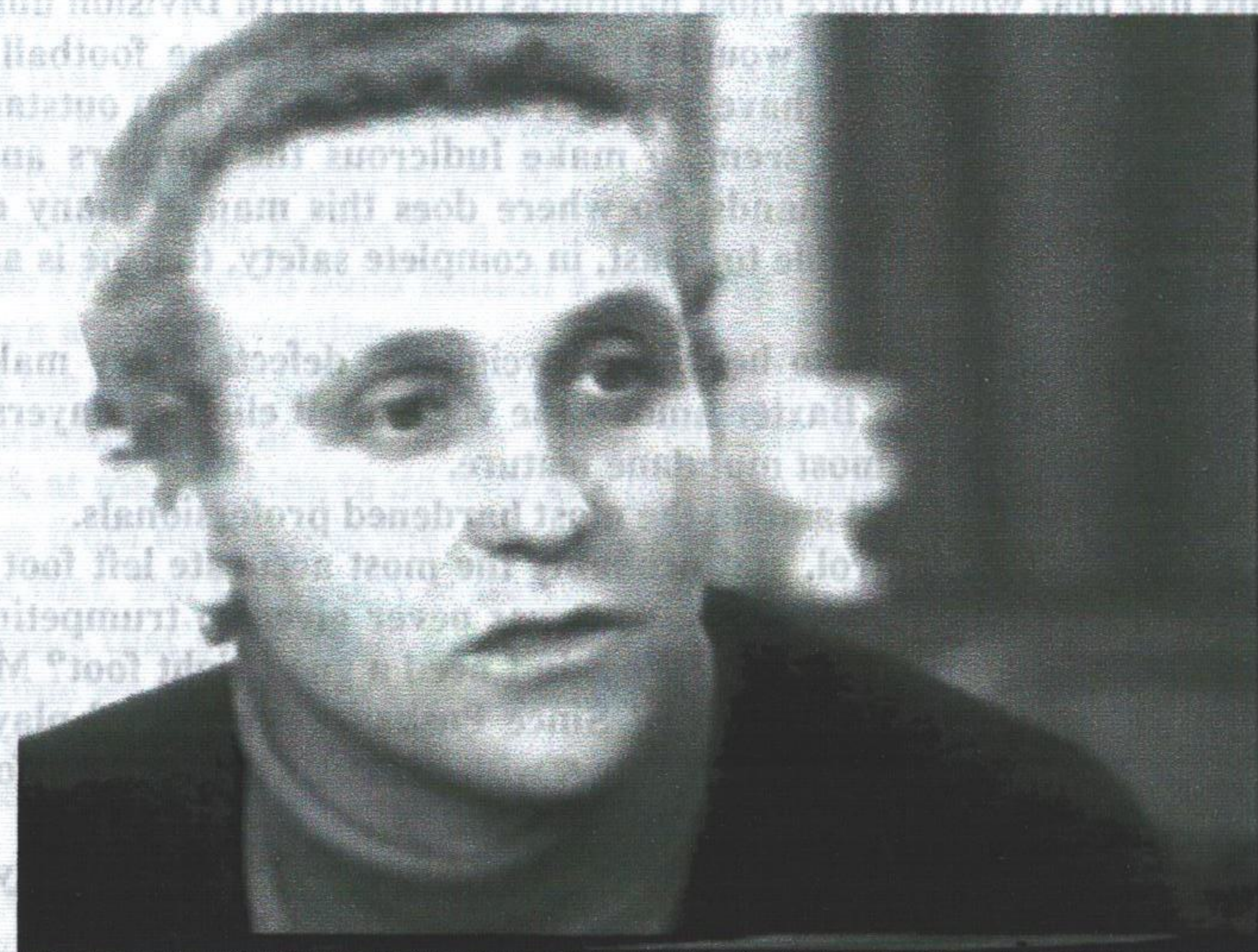


Alex Young out jumps the Spurs defence to score the only goal of the game in the 1962-63 season, Everton won the Championship and this goal and victory put the Blues back at the top of English Football.



Alex Young sneaks in to head a goal against Spurs in March 1964, Young ends up off the pitch whilst Jimmy Gabriel celebrates the goal.

The Alex Young Story



Alex Young as he appeared in The Golden Vision



Everton's Scottish centre-forward Alex Young has won many Under-23 caps and full international honours and joined the Goodison Park club from Heart of Midlothian. (P.A.I.)

Alex in the 1960/61 season

The Alex Young Story

In fact, his heading ability is virtually non-existent. On top of that, he isn't a particularly strong tackler.

A burden of faults like that would place most halfbacks in the Fourth Division until the day they retired. Either that, or they would place them out of league football altogether. Even singly, they don't seem to have any part in the make-up of an outstanding player. Lumped together they would seem to make ludicrous the honours and the wages that Baxter achieves and commands. So where does this man of many drawbacks become great? And why is he able to boast, in complete safety, that he is among the very best?

Baxter can do it because his merits so heavily outweigh the defects. They make his faults unimportant, and they place Baxter among the very small elite of players who can pull in the crowds even for the most mundane feature.

They also make him highly respected among the most hardened professionals.

The merits are wonderful ball control, and probably the most accurate left foot since Ferenc Puskas, the great Hungarian. Puskas, who was never given to trumpeting his own virtues unduly, once remarked calmly: 'Why do I need a good right foot? My left foot is better than all the others put together.' Since Puskas was the lead player in teaching England the football lesson of the century, with his brain and his left foot, at Wembley in 1954, there is no doubting his logic.

I place Jim Baxter in this class, despite his drawbacks, despite his sometimes wayward remarks and despite his apparent lack of bustling energy on the field.

He is accused of being a lazy player, with not much heart for a tough game. He is frequently condemned for putting his talents into operation only when he is feeling just right and when the going is good.

Don't believe it. For there is nothing lazy or complacent about Baxter when he is out there. True, he isn't a ball of fire in the same category as Alan Ball, Dave Mackay or Nobby Stiles. But that doesn't make him any slouch.

Baxter doesn't move rapidly. But he moves constantly, ranging over the field at a steady pace, and he never seems to flag. He has uncanny positional sense, too. In other words, Baxter doesn't have to charge around furiously like some of the others. He studies the game closely and he usually happens to be around where the important action is taking place.

Then he puts his left foot into force. A left foot which, they say in football circles, could open a can of peas quite deftly.

I have compared him with Pat Crerand, and the similarity really is strong. Crerand, too, has his faults. But, in spite of them, he is one of the current greats.

He is a good tackler yet he looks slow. But tell me of a more accurate passer player today. I'm sure Matt Busby realises all the things that Crerand doesn't possess. But he plays him as an automatic choice just the same, because he knows that the skills Pat does have are almost impossible to replace.

Where Baxter and Crerand, so alike as players, do differ is in their personality. Crerand is not a recognised extrovert. He attracts real publicity only when he blows his top.

Pat gets keyed-up in a tense game, like many other players, and then he sometimes loses control of his temper. It isn't all that unusual with a Scot. The outbursts can be violent, but in the long spells that separate them, Crerand just soldiers on as an indispensable part of the scenery at Old Trafford.

Baxter is different. He will always draw close attention, as much for what he says as for the way he plays. He doesn't pull back when he opens his mouth. It all comes out, and if you don't like it. . . well, that's just too bad.

That gets him disliked by many. He has said of himself: 'I shall always get criticism.

The Alex Young Story (to be continued in the next issue)

The whole Portuguese team was stacked up in front of him. Yet Baxter did just what he had promised. He hit the ball so perfectly that it did go right round all of them, and straight into my path. He did that naturally, as casually as though he were trying out a move in training. I was impressed. You can't help being impressed when you watch something that only a handful of players in the whole world can do properly. But that's Baxter when he goes out to work. When all the big talking is over, when he has finished clowning around the dressing-room, he delivers the goods very smoothly.

Away from the action, he can be a difficult handful. He doesn't reserve his outspokenness for the Press, just to build himself a reputation as a bad boy, a swinger who doesn't give a damn about convention.

I have felt the edge of Baxter's tongue. At a party in Edinburgh a couple of years ago we were sufficiently mad at each other to get close to the punching stage. Jim had made some crack at me. Nothing to do with any game we had played in, just something he had dredged up from our days in the Army. He had to get it off his chest. And, being Baxter, he did just that. But the beauty of Baxter is that once he has sounded off about whatever is on his mind, that's the end of it.

The next time we met, before a game, it was never mentioned. He had forgotten all about it. There are other players he has upset. But I don't know of anybody who has stayed upset. They recognise that this is Baxter's way, and that there is nothing malicious in him.

He won't change. He couldn't, just as he can't and won't change the game he plays. Baxter is another example of the Scottish player who was doing things the same way back home as he is now with Sunderland, with a price tag of more than £70,000 on him.

I don't think English fans have seen the best of Baxter yet. But he is still far and away the best thing that Sunderland have to show. Baxter is great, but there is precious little else about the North-Easterners that is great at present. As Baxter said: 'I can't perform miracles.'

The fact that he gets so close to minor football miracles in such an ordinary outfit, is proof of his Footballing mastery.

CHAPTER TEN

Safe in Their Hands

Three 'enemies' and a friend. That's the way, if you'll pardon the expression, I would head-line the four finest goalkeepers in English soccer. Their names? Well, there is Gordon Banks (Stoke City and ex Leicester), Gary Sprake (Leeds United) and Pat Jennings (Tottenham Hotspur). Those are the 'enemies'. The fourth? It's our own Gordon West at Everton. And believe me, he's not picked on sentiment. Just the opposite. For likeable, handsome West goes in there even to the exclusion of current England favourite Peter Bonetti (Chelsea) purely on merit.

Let us start at the beginning. . . from any successful manager's point of view. Now if I were a team boss — and had to start from near-scratch on building up a side — I would get off the launching-pad with a strong, commanding centre-half and a big, safe goalkeeper. For you can build a team once you've laid these foundations. Get the right men in these two vital positions in any side and so much of your battle is over. Now all four 'goalies' I have listed — and, to be truthful, they were easy choices — have always made very difficult saves look extremely easy. This is always the hall-mark of a grand 'keeper. Even the average fan on the terraces sometimes does not think they are doing exceptionally well. That's possibly because they cut down to a minimum much of the spectacular stuff so obvious in many other goalkeepers. In fact, quite a few 'keepers I know, and have played against, make easy saves look hard work. Not so with Messrs. Banks, Sprake, Jennings and West.

To be continued in the next issue

Joe Clennell another big money buy £1,500 from Blackburn makes his debut, he can score goals and is a skilful player, Val Harris is missing Fleetwood steps in but Harris is a vital cog in the defence, Clennell scores on his debut but it is all of no use Villa win 4-1 a bad defeat and the first time Fern has let more than two goals in.

February 7th 1914 Middlesboro away. 13,000 attend, Boro are also playing well and have a chance of the title, if they beat Everton, the score is 2-0 to Boro and Everton go home pointless.

Sheffield United at home a great crowd of 25,000 cheer on the Blues. Weller plays at right half his first game for nearly two years, the only change from the Boro game, Everton hit form Joe Clennell scores twice, Parker scores twice and the long missing Weller gets one, 5-0 a brilliant victory.

Derby County away, a poor team, with poor support only 10,000 watch, they are doomed to relegation and Everton should 'fill their Boots' as the old saying goes. An unchanged Everton team lose 1-0 its hard to believe, the team that destroyed Sheffield United 5-0 can't beat the bottom of the league team.

Manchester City at home, the return in City colours of Tom Browell, Evertonians are hoping he can't find the net. He doesn't but Bobby Parker does 20,000 Blues cheer themselves hoarse.

Bradford away a team on reasonable form and above Everton in the league. EFC keep the same team, the fourth game unchanged Jefferis scores the winner 20,000 Bradford fans go home sad.

Blackburn Rovers at home, the top of the League outfit, 35,000 Everton fans see their team make one change Beare replaces Houston. the game ends 0-0 a good result for Everton.

Sunderland away the team that battered Everton 5-1 at Goodison Park, its time for revenge, Stevenson replaces Maconnachie at left back, Houston returns Val Harris is back after seven games out. A pathetic 3,000 crowd on Wearside watch as Bobby Parker gets two goals for Everton but it doesn't stop them dancing up and down, they get five and win 5-2, they have put ten goals past the Blues this season.

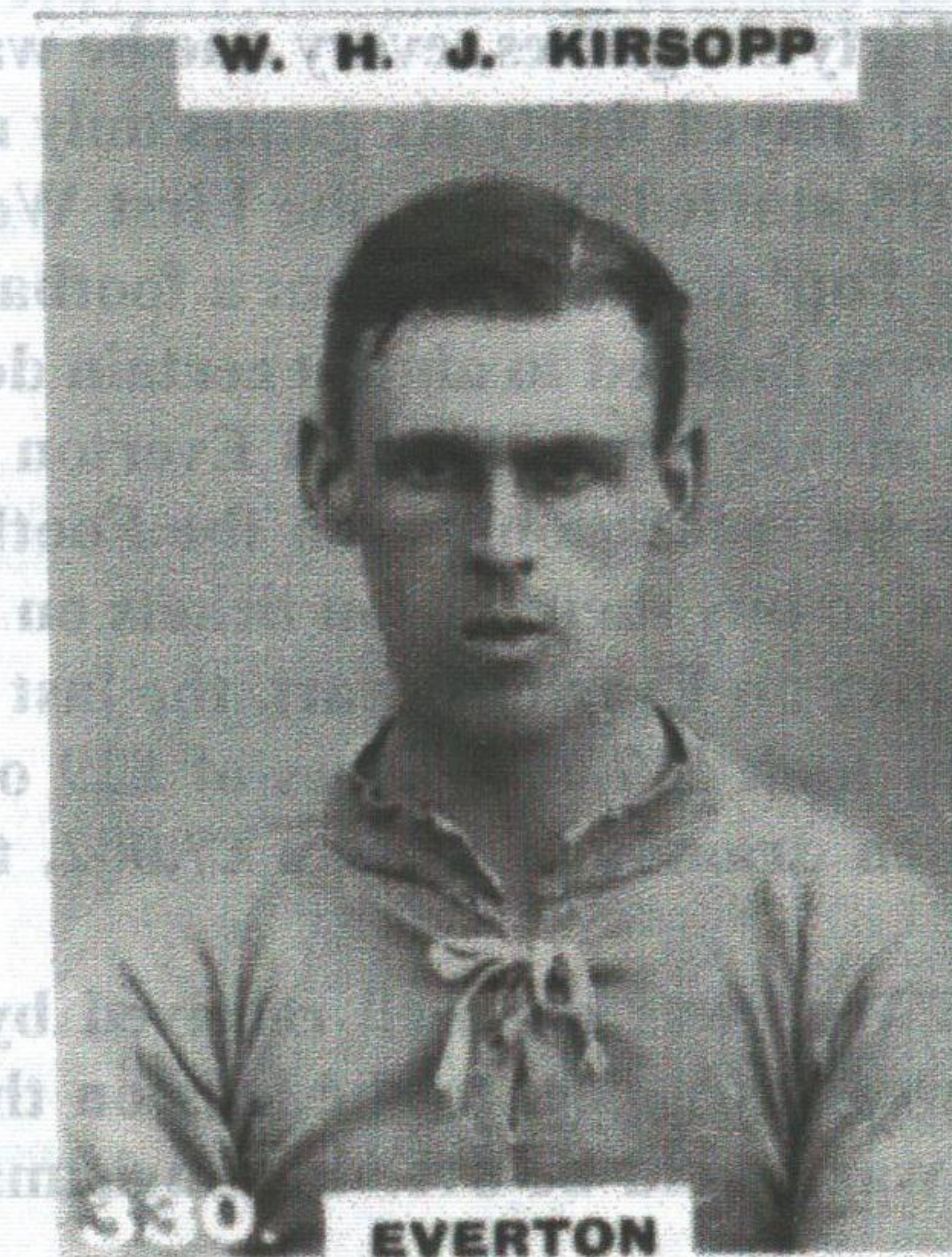
It's a major shock for Everton and the Board, they thought that spending big money would lead to better things

Tottenham Hotspur at home only 15,000 watch Simpson is tried at left back Chedgzoy comes in for Houston at outside right. Chedgzoy gets his first goal for Everton in his sixth game. Its only enough for a 1-1 draw but that will do.

West Brom at home, Clennell and Parker get a goal each and Everton win 2-0, 21,000 fans go home happy.



William Palmer joined Everton from Bristol Rovers in July 1913 making his debut against Burnley in September 1913 mainly a reserve bought to cover George Beare an outside left or right he played 23 games for Everton scoring 2 goals.



William Henry James Kirsopp was born in Liverpool and was signed from Wallasey Borough in April 1914 A skilful inside right he played in 63 games for Everton and scored 29 goals.

The History Of Everton Football Club

Burnley away a 20,000 crowd see the home town team beat Everton 2-0. The next day 11th April 1914 Everton are away again to Sheffield Wednesday, changes to the Everton team give it a strange line up Tom Fern is out, in goal Mitchell comes in, Nuttall comes in after missing the last fourteen games replacing Jefferis, Houston, is in, out goes Chedgoy, Harris returns after three games out, Fleetwood is at centre half. Five changes altogether the 20,000 crowd saw a great game Parker nets twice for Everton to earn a 2-2 draw.

Two days later Oldham at home, Mitchell still in goal, Makepeace back after eleven games. Chedgoy returns 20,000 Evertonians watch as Oldham win 2-0 they are not happy.

Bolton at home, Mitchell in goal Harrison in at left half 15,000 watch the last home League game or a poor Season, Parker scores in a 1-1 draw.

The last game of the season Chelsea away, the line up was Fern, Stevenson, Maconnachie Harris, Fleetwood, Grenyer, Chedgoy, Nuttall, Parker, Clennell, Harrison, they lose to in front of 30,000 Cockneys, Everton finish in 15th place not good enough. Only eight points above relegated Derby and Sixteen points behind Champions Blackburn, Bobby Parker had been amazing, twenty five League and Cup games and eighteen goals.

Harrison had played in thirty six games, every one he was available for, excellent. Maconnachie had played thirty six games only missing three.

The next Season 1914 /1915 started despite the First World War Starting. The saying 'Over The Top' no longer meant a football tackle but the dreadful trench warfare term that led to almost certain death.

The War was under way money was tight and Everton were aware of this they did something quite revolutionary in the Football World they offered the chance for fans to buy their season tickets on H.P.

It was a good financial move on Everton's part, the last seasons takings showed that although they took £17,668, a loss of £29 on the previous season. The wages had risen dramatically from £7,002, to £9,896 a tremendous rise of £2,894.

Playing football during a War was not well received by the press and some thought that is showed disrespect to the lads on the front. Others took the view that as the war would be over by Christmas why stop the Football.

As we know the War was not over by Christmas and as it dragged on into the first year the feeling was that football should not have taken place.

Everton did their best for the war effort doing many things to help.

Football Price List.

JERSEYS.

Plain Colours or stripes.
 Boys or Youths ... 10s 1/4
 Men's ... 1/3 1/6 2/
 ASTON VILLA STYLE, any colour
 1/10 and 2/6.

KNICKERS.

Blue or White, all sizes.
 1/-, 1/6, 2/-.

STOCKINGS.

Any Colour, Turn-down Tops.
 6/d., 8/d. and 1/-.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.
 Special Attention to Mail Orders.

Season 1914-15 **EVERTON & LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL FIXTURES.**



WALTER VAUGHAN,
 Clothier & Outfitter,
 128 Dale Street,
 :: Liverpool.

We stock everything in **MEN'S WEAR.**
BEST VALUE IN LIVERPOOL.

A very rare fixture card from the 1914 /15 Championship Winning season

EVERTON			LIVERPOOL		
1914-15.		last yr.	1914-15.		last yr.
Sep. 2	Tottenham Hotspur ... Away	1-1	Sep. 2	Bolton Wanderers ... Home	2-1
" 5	Newcastle United ... Away	1-0	" 5	Notts County ... Home	1-1
" 7	Burnley ... Away	1-2	" 12	Sunderland ... Away	2-1
" 12	Middlesbrough ... Home	2-0	" 19	Sheffield Wednesday ... Home	1-0
" 16	Sheffield United ... Away	1-1	" 21	Blackburn Rovers ... Away	2-6
" 26	Aston Villa ... Home	1-1	" 26	West Bromwich Albion ... Away	1-0
Oct. 3	LIVERPOOL ... Away	2-1	Oct. 3	EVERTON ... Home	1-2
" 10	Bradford ... Home	1-1	" 10	Chelsea ... Away	1-3
" 17	Oldham Athletic ... Away	0-2	" 17	Bradford City ... Home	0-1
" 24	Manchester United ... Home	5-0	" 24	Burnley ... Away	2-5
" 31	Bolton Wanderers ... Away	0-0	" 31	Tottenham Hotspur ... Home	2-1
Nov. 7	Blackburn Rovers ... Home	0-0	Nov. 7	Newcastle United ... Away	1-1
" 14	Notts County ... Away	1-1	" 14	Middlesbrough ... Home	2-1
" 21	Sunderland ... Home	1-5	" 21	Sheffield United ... Away	1-0
" 28	Sheffield Wednesday ... Away	2-3	" 28	Aston Villa ... Home	0-0
Dec. 5	West Bromwich Albion ... Home	2-0	Dec. 5	Manchester City ... Away	0-1
" 12	Manchester City ... Home	1-0	" 12	Bradford ... Away	1-1
" 19	Chelsea ... Away	0-2	" 19	Oldham Athletic ... Home	0-5
" 25	Bradford City ... Home	1-1	" 25	Bolton Wanderers ... Away	1-2
" 26	Bradford City ... Away	1-0	" 26	Manchester United ... Home	1-2
Jan. 2	Tottenham Hotspur ... Home	1-1	Jan. 2	Notts County ... Away	1-1
" 9	Newcastle United ... Home	2-0	" 16	Sunderland ... Home	1-3
" 16	Middlesbrough ... Away	0-2	" 23	Sheffield Wednesday ... Away	1-4
" 23	Sheffield United ... Home	5-0	" 30	West Bromwich Albion ... Home	0-0
" 30	Aston Villa ... Away	1-3	Feb. 6	EVERTON ... Away	2-1
Feb. 6	LIVERPOOL ... Home	1-2	" 13	Chelsea ... Home	3-0
" 13	Bradford ... Away	1-1	" 20	Bradford City ... Away	0-1
" 20	Oldham Athletic ... Home	0-2	" 27	Burnley ... Home	1-1
Mar. 6	Manchester United ... Home	1-0	" 27	Tottenham Hotspur ... Away	0-0
" 13	Bolton Wanderers ... Home	1-1	" 27	Newcastle United ... Home	0-0
" 20	Blackburn Rovers ... Away	0-4	" 27	Middlesbrough ... Away	0-4
" 27	Notts County ... Home	1-1	" 27	Sheffield United ... Home	1-1
Apr. 2	Sunderland ... Away	2-5	Apr. 3	Manchester United ... Away	0-3
" 9	Burnley ... Home	1-1	" 10	Aston Villa ... Away	1-1
" 16	Sheffield Wednesday ... Home	1-1	" 17	Blackburn Rovers ... Home	3-3
" 23	West Bromwich Albion ... Away	1-1	" 24	Manchester City ... Home	4-2
" 30	Manchester City ... Away	1-1	" 31	Bradford ... Home	1-1
" 30	Chelsea ... Home	0-0	" 31	Oldham Athletic ... Away	2-1

ENGLISH CUP - 1st round, Jan. 9th; 2nd round, Jan. 28th; 3rd round, Feb. 20th; 4th round, Mar. 6th; Semi-final, Mar. 27th; Final, Apr. 24th.

VAUGHAN FOR VALUE, 128 Dale Street, Liverpool.

The History Of Everton Football Club

The Board had to decide if the Carrying Out Of Fixtures was thinkable. There were many things to consider, public opinion, the view of the Football League and the Football Association. Some thought that the 'Playing of Game' was unthinkable and should not be tolerated. The overwhelming opinion however was to show a stiff upper lip and carry on regardless in true British fashion. To suspend football would add to unemployment, it would undermine the courage of the population. Add to depression and would also be commercially and economically disastrous.

The lads on the front wanted to know the Football results, it gave them something to look forward to and added to the conversation when different Regiments met, banter was exchanged between the various supporters.

The Everton Directors sent a cheque for £500 to the National War Fund and promised to make other payments when needed. The players also agreed to give between 5 & 15% of their wages to the cause.

Everton agreed to a Drill Sergeant being based at Goodison Park to carry out Military training to the players, for service at the front if and when required.

Mr E Green the Vice Chairman of Everton was one of the first to enlist and went to the front. Everton did everything that was asked of them and more this all led to the Club getting invaluable publicity. Mr. Cuff the acting secretary had a busy and anxious time.

The new season was about to start Everton Football Club focused on the season ahead and forgot the War for a short time.

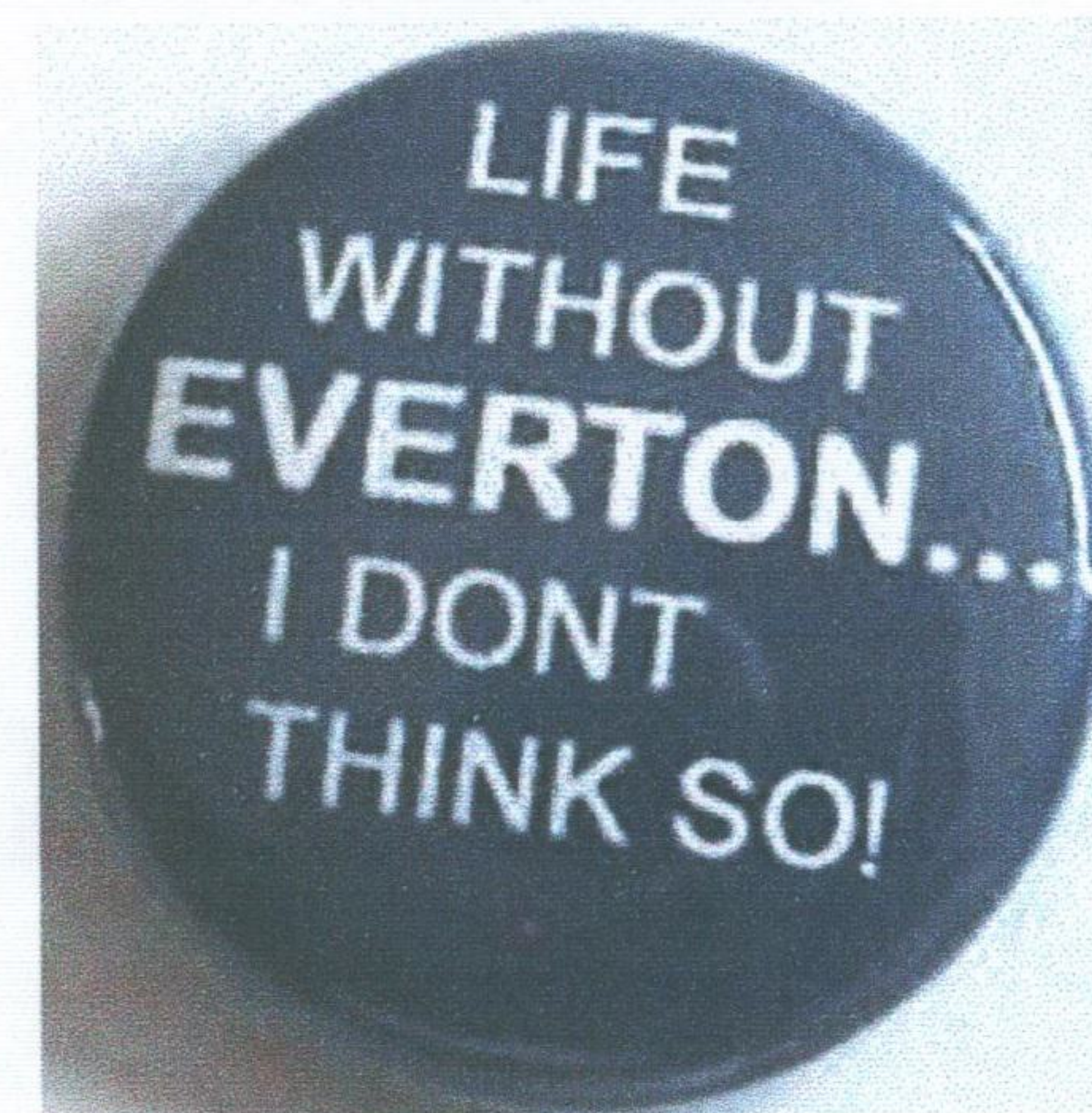
Last season saw Everton struggle and finish a very disappointing 15th, this was not good enough and action would be taken to make sure that there was a vast improvement this season.

New signing were brought into the club, William Brown a right Half from Partick Thistle joined Everton he was only 17 years old and was to become the youngest player to don the Blue jersey when he made his debut, he was a engineers fitter by trade.

James Galt another Scot was signed from Glasgow Rangers, a six foot one inch centre half a solid hard tackling player a motor engineer by trade. Horace Howarth an inside forward born locally mainly to be used as cover, William Henry James Kirsopp another local lad was an inside right a very good player, James Roberts born in Mold was an outside left he was a frustrating player who held onto the ball too long and it was this that was to become his downfall at Goodison, he never fitted in and only played in one game.

Beare and Bradshaw had left the club along with Val Harris who would be sorely missed, he had returned to Ireland to play for Dublin Shelbourne he had played 214 games for Everton in six different positions a great player.

(To be continued in issue 40)





Mr. Dixie Dean

Dear Sir,

The undersigned desire to unite in tendering to you our sincere congratulations on the attainment of your 21st Birthday.

As a member of the Everton Football Club, and a representative of England in the International Matches, your good sportsmanship and brilliant play together with your unflinching tact and initiative as a leader has endeared you to the hearts of thousands of your admirers.

We hope you will enjoy health and strength long to continue in your present career and that your future prospects may be crowned with all happiness and prosperity.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Joseph Shipley | Wm. Whittaker | Samuel Horsby |
| William Cramp | J. J. Sims | Samuel J. Sims |
| Charles Ellis | William Parr | Alfred Keller |
| W. H. Christall | Norman Shipley | Tom Brown |
| J. Hopley | Wm. Boston | W. Godding |
| F. Peltice | H. Blair | W. Skinner |
| F. J. Savinoy | W. Burton | J. G. Shipley |
| J. Whittle | Joseph Parr | Joseph Barry |
| R. Gittins | J. Hornby, Junr | J. J. Harvey |
| F. Butler | Wm. J. Cook | William Wilson |
| William Cox | A. G. Robinson | C. W. Robinson |

Joseph Shipley
Doll Bar Corner, New Ferry, January, 22nd 1928.

A 21st Birthday Scroll In Honour Of Dixie Dean