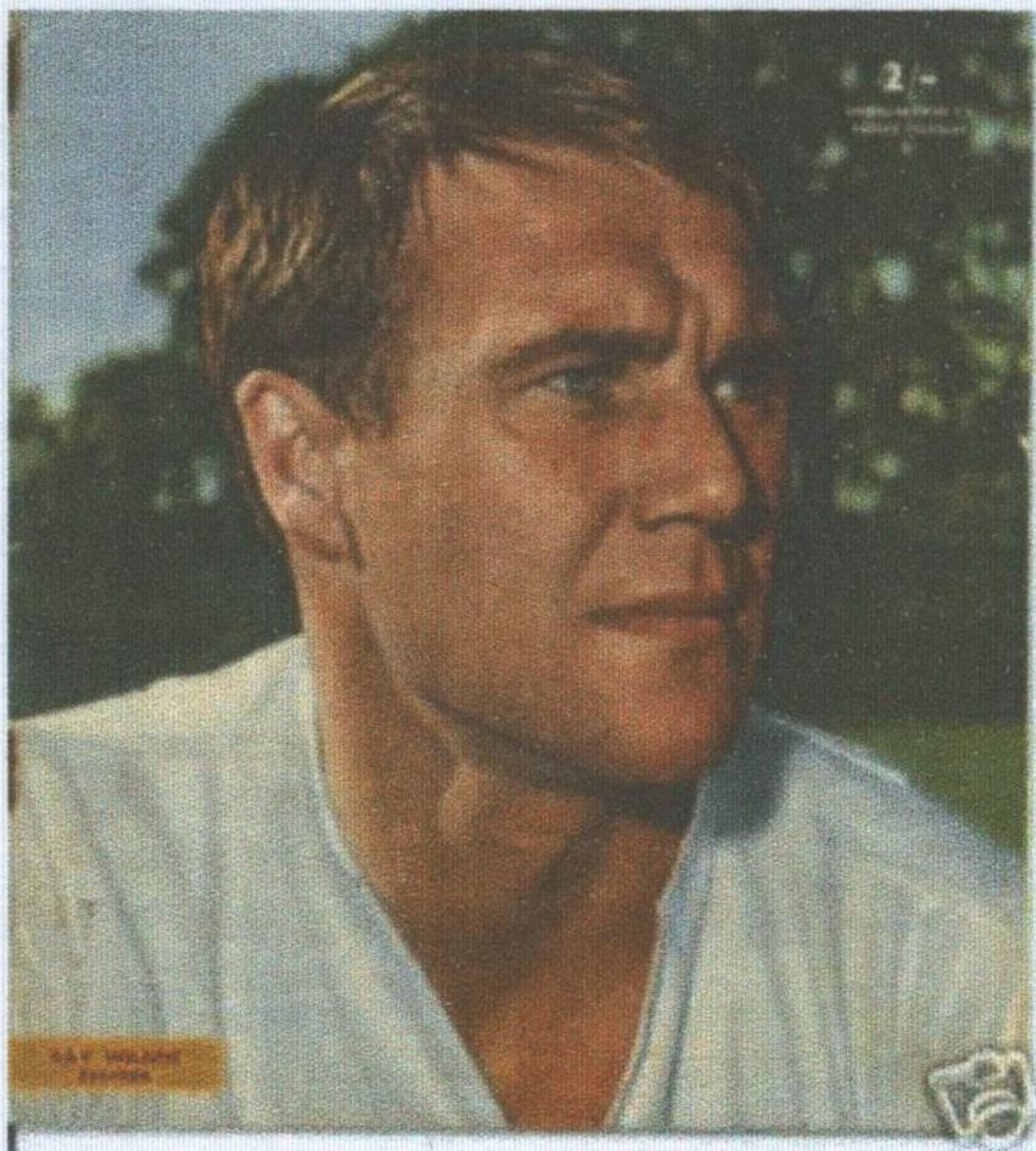


Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 6 issue 41



The Ray Wilson Story
Page 15

Price £1.50

On sale outside the Winslow before home games

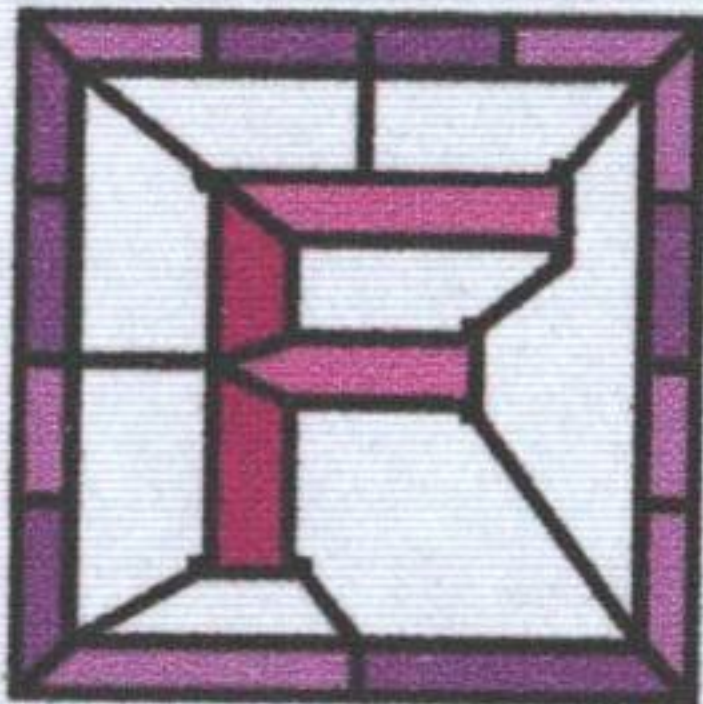
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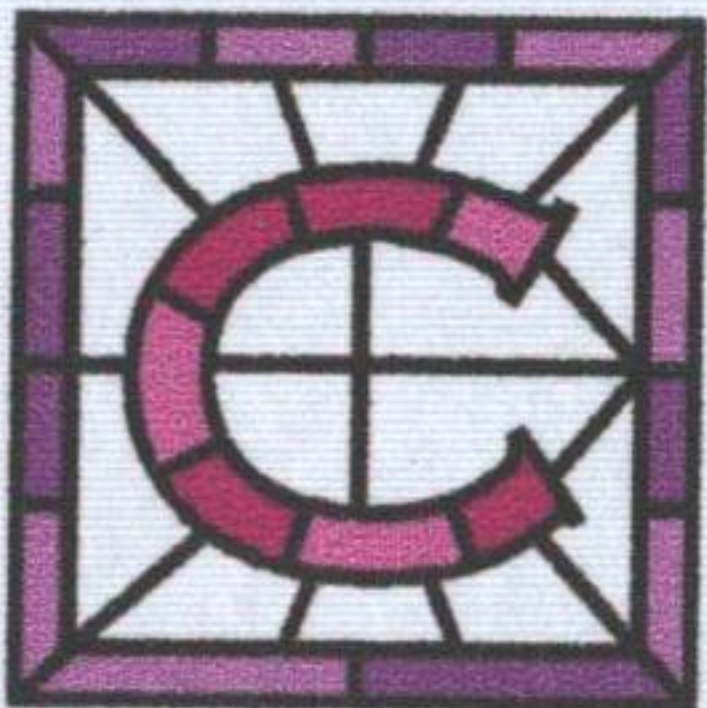


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Cyril was a left half or inside forward whichever role he played in he did it with style and grace. He was signed from Shrewsbury in 1948 making his debut against Wolves.

P 254 Goals 9

Subscriptions & Single Issue Prices

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

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U.K.	£12.00
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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 things first the subscription rates for next season will be £12 for UK subscribers there will be at least eight issues so that means free postage if you subscribe.

Many things seemed to have happened since the last Blue Blood, a great win against Arsenal. Watford and Sheff United away gave us four points.

Tottenham at home and the fans turned on Moyes for his negativity, bringing on full backs when we wanted forwards.

So mixed results, as usual with Everton nothing goes to plan but as we are in sixth place most fans will be happy. It could have been much better if Moyes had been more attack minded against some of the "Lesser" clubs but Fernandes looks excellent and if he gives Vaughan and Anichebe the chances he has given Beattie then we should be heading for Europe.

Aston Villa away, Monday night and Sky TV not a good omen for Evertonians but Moyes sticks with two up front and we look good. The first half was all Everton with Lescott and Arteta outstanding. We should have been three up. Vaughan showed just what we wanted from Beattie, power, shooting on sight and passing to other forwards, the lad looked good. The second half and Villa start like a house on fire, we hold the fort only for Howard to come sliding out feet first to lose the ball. Why does a goalie use his feet when he is the only player who can use his hands? For me it is two points lost, we had the chances to have buried Villa but didn't take them. Another poor referee but then again they are all poor. All Webb could do was show yellow cards an indication that he has not got control of the game.

The Ground Move, Kirkby? Speke? Docks? Bootie? Walton Hall Park? Who knows? Kirkby seems to be the favourite but so was the Kings Dock. Kenwright can not be taken seriously when he makes a statement, the Kings Dock and The Fortress Trust Fiascos prove that. He not only mislead Everton fans, Shareholders and City Councillors but he has failed to admit his part in it all and has not apologised to anyone for his false statements. "Trust me, the money is there" (Kings Dock) "The Money should be in our account within a fortnight" (Fortress Trust Fund)

The talks with Knowsley Council and Tesco should soon be coming to an end, will we, the fans be told what went on? If the shareholders don't get to know then there is little hope for the fans.

Evertonians are in three camps, those who oppose Kirkby at any cost, those who want to redevelop Goodison Park and those who want to move to Speke. The ones who oppose Kirkby would be glad to join either of the other camps if Kirkby falls through.

Until there is an official statement from the Board then there isn't much use in speculating on what is going on.

The David France Collection, I had the privilege to see this collection at first hand on a few occasions, it knocked me out. Tremendous, Brilliant, Excellent all those words can't describe how good it is. So when David told me he was putting a few items on display at Goodison, I was apprehensive because I didn't think Everton could put it on display in the way it should be shown.

On Sunday 25th March all my fears proved to be unfounded, the Collection, (only a small part) went on display at the Park End. The stewards were there in their Everton Blazers and the whole event was done professionally. Display Cabinets fitting of the best Museum held some of the treasured items. The Lady Mayor and Lord Grantchester were shown around by David, there were many items from Everton's own collection to boost the event.

Souvenirs were on sale and a short film about the collection was shown throughout the day, narrated by Alan Ball and Radio Merseyside's Mike Hughes. Exceptional is a word that can be used to describe the day. Barcelona and Everton, only 6,000 turned out, a very poor turnout from a fan base that continually sings "If You Know Your History" (see letters page). I despair sometimes when we try to say we are above those people from across the Park because they have NO HISTORY but when it comes to putting our money where our mouth is a lot of Evertonians disappear. This collection should have been bought ages ago by Everton, they should then have donated it to the Foundation and awaited payment for it over the next few years but that didn't happen, so when Evertonians were asked to dip in their pockets, they didn't.

If the Lottery Bid fails then there is only one thing David France can do, after waiting five years to get any money from Everton and despite offering it a fraction of the cost, he will have to reluctantly, sell it off separately and then we all know who will move in for the programmes, because from 1904 to 1935 every Everton programme was shared by our American neighbours from across the Park. They will not organise a foundation or ask the fans to buy it, no they will say "How Much" and then sign a cheque. So you will be able to see it on Derby Days when you visit the "New Disneyworld" in Stanley Park

I hope everyone has enjoyed Blue Blood this season, it has, I think, had some rare and interesting items but then I am biased. It still hasn't made me a millionaire but maybe next season it will?

If you have any ideas for new articles or have something of interest that you can email me as an attachment or post me as a photocopy I will be more than pleased to print them. Let's hope that we do make Europe and this time we do something every Evertonian will be proud of.

An Appreciation of Andrei Kanchelskis

Early last month it was with a tinge of sadness I read of the retirement of Andrei Kanchelskis a player who could have become an Everton legend if he had only stayed for a longer period. Signed from unwilling sellers Man Utd in the summer of 1995 a protracted deal was in doubt to the very last. Eventually Andrei joined the cup holders giving rise to great optimism amongst Evertonians., after all we had suffered at the hands of the fleet footed winger on more than one occasion. An injury suffered in a cruel challenge from Lee Martin against his former employers also contributed to a stop start beginning. However with a perfect sense of timing ,on a wet November afternoon at Anfield Andrei announced his arrival with two goals to win the derby match. The kop goal net billowed twice in front of an unbelieving kop crowd , one a fine header and the second a blistering shot. Until the end of the season Andrei was virtually unstoppable and with increased confidence the blues only just missed out on a UEFA cup place finishing 6th. Another 14 goals including a scintillating hat trick v Sheff Weds at Hillsborough was Andrei's contribution. The next season things turned sour as the moody Russian amidst tales of injury and off the field problems cast a forlorn figure making no real impact on many of the games. Eventually the F.A. Cup tie v Bradford City signalled the end of an unfulfilled Everton career .After gifting the Bantams a goal Andrei was soon transferred to Italian Serie A side Fiorentina for £8m. Arguments prevailed as the near bankrupt Italians struggled to pay the instalments, only a UEFA intervention sorting out a sorry affair. So a short career but what memories he provided for those lucky enough to witness his games in the 1995/96 season. Thanks Andrei I don't expect to see your like again.

Barry Hewitt



IMPORTANT CHECK MY NEW EMAIL ADDRESS ON PAGE 2

PRESS RELEASE

EVERTON SUPPORTERS LAUNCH "KEEP EVERTON IN OUR CITY" CAMPAIGN

Our City, Our Club, Our Future.

A significant number of Evertonians met at the weekend to discuss their concerns at the proposed move of Everton FC to Kirkby, which lies outside the boundaries of Liverpool. The Club claim that they currently have an exclusivity agreement with Knowsley Council and Tesco plc, which prevents them from exploring alternative locations for a new stadium. A number of fans are growingly increasingly frustrated by what they consider is a "done deal" with Tesco and Knowsley. They feel that they are being bullied into believing that the only way that the Club can progress is to sell its heritage to a supermarket in return for a stadium outside the City boundaries. Supporters have therefore launched the "Keep Everton In Our City" campaign and have vowed to pool ideas and put forward alternatives which would show the Chairman of Everton FC that there is indeed another way.

The meeting was attended by Council Leader and season ticket holder Warren Bradley. He spoke passionately about his desire to keep the club in the city. He stated that from a professional point of view, allowing a business the size of Everton to leave the City would be tantamount to financial suicide. Indeed, he has already identified two sites within the city which the Club could use for redevelopment, as well as finding at least one commercial partner to help fund a development in the North end of the City. He is also exploring the possibility of extending the footprint at Goodison to enable the Club to redevelop on its current site. The Club are aware of these possible options but prefer to see out the "exclusivity" period with Tesco and Knowsley.

Warren Bradley has also agreed to enquire into the possibility of re-building the stadium in Walton Hall Park which lies just yards from Goodison Park. Supporters at the meeting pledged to continue to identify as many alternatives within the City boundaries as possible. We owe it to both past and future generations to do everything in our power to ensure that the City's first Club stays within the City.

12 March 2007

Contacts:

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Ephraim 'Jock' Dodds 7th September 1915-23rd February 2007

Jock Dodds a former Everton player died earlier this year, he was 91 years old. He made his debut in November 1946 against Grimsby Town. Played 58 games for Everton and scored 37 goals, a great performance. Born in Grangemouth Stirlingshire Scotland. By the time he arrived at Goodison Park many thought that he was past his best but Jock was to prove those doubters wrong. He was a legend at Blackpool where he was idolised to his dying day by the loyal Blackpool fans. It is where he lived and died.

He was a powerfully built man, weighing in at 14st 2lb and he used every ounce of his power on the field of play. He was another player whose career was damaged by the War. He was a prolific goalscorer with Sheffield United and Blackpool scoring eight goals in one game against Stockport for Blackpool and seven against Tranmere in War Time Football .

He scored on his Everton debut in a 3-3 game against Grimsby Town, and had the task of replacing Tommy Lawton in the Everton line up, Jock gave his all for Everton, never shirking a tackle.

He was a strong character in more ways than one, he was expelled by the Football League for recruiting players for the illegal Colombian National League, who were not affiliated to FIFA.

He retired from football in September 1950 , he went into business in Blackpool. He loved the town and the people, he was their Dixie Dean .



This brilliant article was in the Picture Post November 17th 1945

WHEN EVERTON PLAYS AWAY

A behind-the-scenes glimpse of a team in mufti en route for its hour- and-a-half's public appearance.

BEFORE the war, fulfilling "away" fixtures was comparatively easy. Transport was simple and team selection was merely a matter of whom to leave out. To-day it is an entirely different proposition. Team managers not only have to find eleven men able to make the journey, but have also to overcome all the difficulties of present-day travelling and accommodation. Frequently a team is not completed until a few minutes before the kick-off, and only then after frantic appeals to other clubs for "guests." For their away fixture at Sunderland Everton had to make their longest journey this season the last of regional football and it meant that we had to travel on the Friday before the match.

Round about four o'clock we left Goodison Park for Lime Street Station, where we were to meet those of the players who were going to travel with us all the way. One by one they began to arrive and reported to the "chief" as they call Theo Kelly. First to arrive was, strangely enough, George Jackson, the right back. I say "strangely enough" because George nearly always contrives to be last, because of some private superstition which he nurses.

In due course we settled down in our carriage to while away the first hours of our journey to Newcastle, where we were staying overnight. As soon as he had shepherded his flock safely into the train, the energetic secretary, Theo Kelly organised a Solo school which was still calling "Abundance" when we were drawing into Newcastle seven-and-a-half hours later.

At Manchester we were joined by two more members of the team, Rawlings and Boyes, the wingers. Rawlings had only that week been transferred from Millwall to Everton. Both are brilliant wingmen, and as a pair are probably the best in the country. Rawlings farms his own land near Warrington; Boyes is still in the Army.

From time to time there came from the far corner of the compartment a blood-curdling roar which in warmer climes might be mistaken for that of a head hunter on the war path. In fact, it was Norman Greenhalgh, the left back and captain of the team, being mirthful. His team mates call him, among other things, "Rollicker" because of his nautical gait. Later in the journey he burst into song. The songs they sing on these journeys are the brighter and breezier current refrains. But an occasional tune, such as the haunting "Lili Marlene", recalls the grimmer life which many of the players have experienced in recent years. A contrast to the Solo school was a perfect study in relaxation provided by the six-foot-two centre half, Tommy Jones, still in Air Force Blue, who read the whole evening and was apparently oblivious of his noisier neighbours. Among both players and travelling directors I heard not a word of the forthcoming match. It was twenty to one in the morning when we reached Newcastle. Before they went off to bed, the players were told by Mr. Kelly to sleep on in the morning as breakfast would not be until ten o'clock. It was a popular arrangement, carried nem. con. After a "go where you please" tour, of Newcastle in the morning we went by coach to Sunderland, our party completed by Gordon Watson's wife and young baby. Gordon, nicknamed "Jock," is a Geordie and to him this was virtually a home game. As we went we sang, confident of the success to come. Hadn't we defeated Sunderland at Everton the week before by four goals to nil?

At Roker Park we were stormed by young autograph hunters, who besieged the coach before it had even pulled up at the players' entrance. Only a few were lucky enough to get a signature or two, for policemen kept open a path between the coach and the entrance to the ground.

When Everton Play Away



They Meet a Young Everton Fan
Out walking in Newcastle, Stan Bentham
and Burnett the goalkeeper, meet Jock
Watson, acting nursemaid to his baby.



The Toss Goes to Everton
Norman Greenhalgh, the Everton skipper, looks
unduly anxious, as Lockie spins the coin.



The Last Lap of the Journey to Sunderland is by Bus
The team has travelled overnight to Newcastle and there been joined by "Jock" Watson. Mrs.
Watson comes too and enjoys a joke with George Jackson, right back, and Stan Bentham, right half.

When Everton Play Away

As the players prepared for the game, yards of bandage were used to keep the wads of cotton-wool in place right down the leg and even round the foot, for when the pace is fast and furious, shin-guards are not sufficient to prevent painful jars. Jock Thompson offers one or two final words of advice and then the referee gives the signal for the players to be ready. As they trooped out, I noticed that, as usual, George Jackson was careful to bring up the rear. I needn't say much about the match. Everton won again, though Sunderland battled pluckily all through. But a forward line, the average age of which was not more than eighteen years, never had much hope of outwitting the experienced Everton defenders.

The light was failing as the players returned to their dressing-rooms for a bath and shower, and the return journey to Newcastle was made in the dark. As soon as we got back to Newcastle, there was a rush for the evening papers to see what had happened in the other League matches and impromptu inquests were held on the fate of some of their rivals.

In the lounge, before bedtime, there was much discussion on the problem of players' wages a problem which needs quick solution if trouble is to be avoided. Before the war the wage for professional football players was a maximum of £8 per week, with a £2 bonus for a win and a £1 bonus for a draw. When the national league fixtures were cancelled during the war, all contracts between clubs and players ended.

As a temporary measure, the players were paid 30s (£1.50p) a match, with no bonuses. This was later raised to £2 a match, and this season it was again raised to £4 a match. At present the professional footballers are demanding a £12 maximum. The clubs oppose this and urge that such wages could be paid only if they accepted the £100,000 offer from the football pools.

This they will not do. It's the only big topic when the players get together, on train, in hotel, and in the dressing room.



"Your Turn Next": A Little Leg-pulling Among the Players in a Newcastle Street
After meeting Baby Watson, the boys develop an interest in cuts. Burnett tries to discover the "father-urge" of Greenhalgh, the team's captain. When they're not joking, they're talking players' wages.

When Everton Play Away



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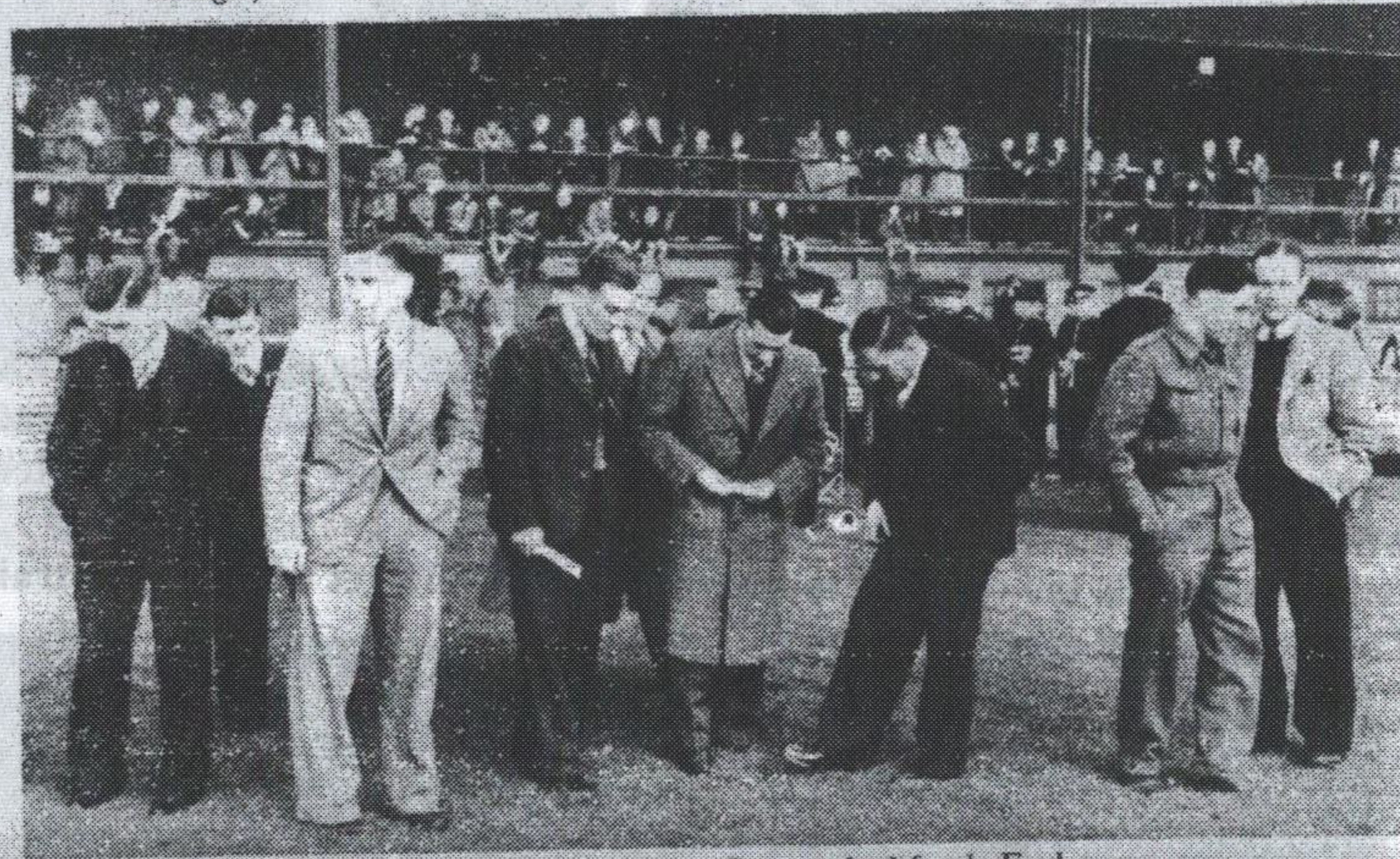


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After meeting Baby Watson, the boys develop an interest in cuts. Burnett tries to discover the "father-urge" of Greenhalgh, the team's captain. When they're not joking, they're talking players' wages.



Team and Officials Hold a Conference on Strategy

The players gathered in the hotel lounge hear a few ideas from Theo Kelly (right), the secretary-manager, known as "The Chief." Standing in the centre is "Jock" Thompson, the coach.



What You See if You Get to the Match Early



A Covey of Autograph Hunters Makes a Capture

They're there long before the match, and they wait long after. Any player is fair game. They meet plenty of rebuffs, but Burnett is willing to oblige.

When Everton Play Away



Last-minute Precautions Against Injury

26. As the players dress for the match, "Jock" Thompson is careful to see that old injuries are properly protected. Cotton-wool and bandages supplement shin guards as "armour."



A Young Everton Centre Forward Makes A Spectacular Debut

Catterick, a reserve called on to deputise for the famous Lawton, scored twice. This is his first goal, netted while the Sunderland goalkeeper has been drawn off by a winger. The game at Sunderland was played on October 27th 1945. Everton won 4-0 with Catterick getting two goals, Fielding one and Wainwright one. The report is wrong in saying it was Catterick's debut it wasn't. Catterick in fact made his League Debut on August 25th 1945 at Goodison Park against Bolton. He scored on his debut in a three two win but the Historic fact about that game is that Harry Catterick was the first Everton player to wear the FAMOUS NUMBER NINE in a LEAGUE GAME, even though Dixie wore it once in the Cup Final he never wore it in a League Match.

Amended by John Lennon's ghost

A fellow from the Theatre, straight out of drama school

Has told us that we have to move outside of Liverpool

They're sending us to Kirkby, don't want to go to Speke

I want to stay where we've always played, in front of Gwladys Street

Don't want to go to Kirkby, don't want to go to Speke

Don't want to go from all I know in front of Gwladys Street

The board will tell you one thing, don't listen what gets said

Some of the stuff is about enough to think that they were red

No more the ghosts of Dixie nor Harvey Kendall Ball

If they get their way on Big Keith's say we'll be left with bugger all

Don't want to go to Kirkby, don't want to go to Speke

Don't want to go from all I know in front of Gwladys Street

Maybe it's all about the money though, but I thought being blue would do

We've walked about these streets and roads since eighteen ninety two

There'll be no bigger decision that's why we sing this song

To move us out from what we know is forty shades of wrong

Don't want to go to Kirkby, don't want to go to Speke

Don't want to go from all I know in front of Gwladys Street

Player Of The Season



Joleon Lescott is undoubtedly the player of the season for many reasons. Firstly to step up from the Championship from a team like Wolverhampton Wanderers is a fantastic achievement but to play as if he had been at Premiership level all his career is another thing.

He has been a giant in defence and has brought class to the Everton rear-guard.

We haven't seen the best of him by a long way because he has had to play out of position in nearly all his games. Filling in at left back for the absent Mr Pistone, the two games and injured Valente and the now you see him now you don't Naysmith.

During his time at Goodison most of the games have had an Alamo feel to them, David Moyes has, more often than not gone with only one up front and that means the defenders get an extra workload.

Joleon has risen to every challenge and has been outstanding, we must hope that he can stay away from the Left Back Curse that seems to be on any Everton player, if you play there you get injured seems to be the rule. Happily Lescott has stayed injury free and has not shirked a tackle.

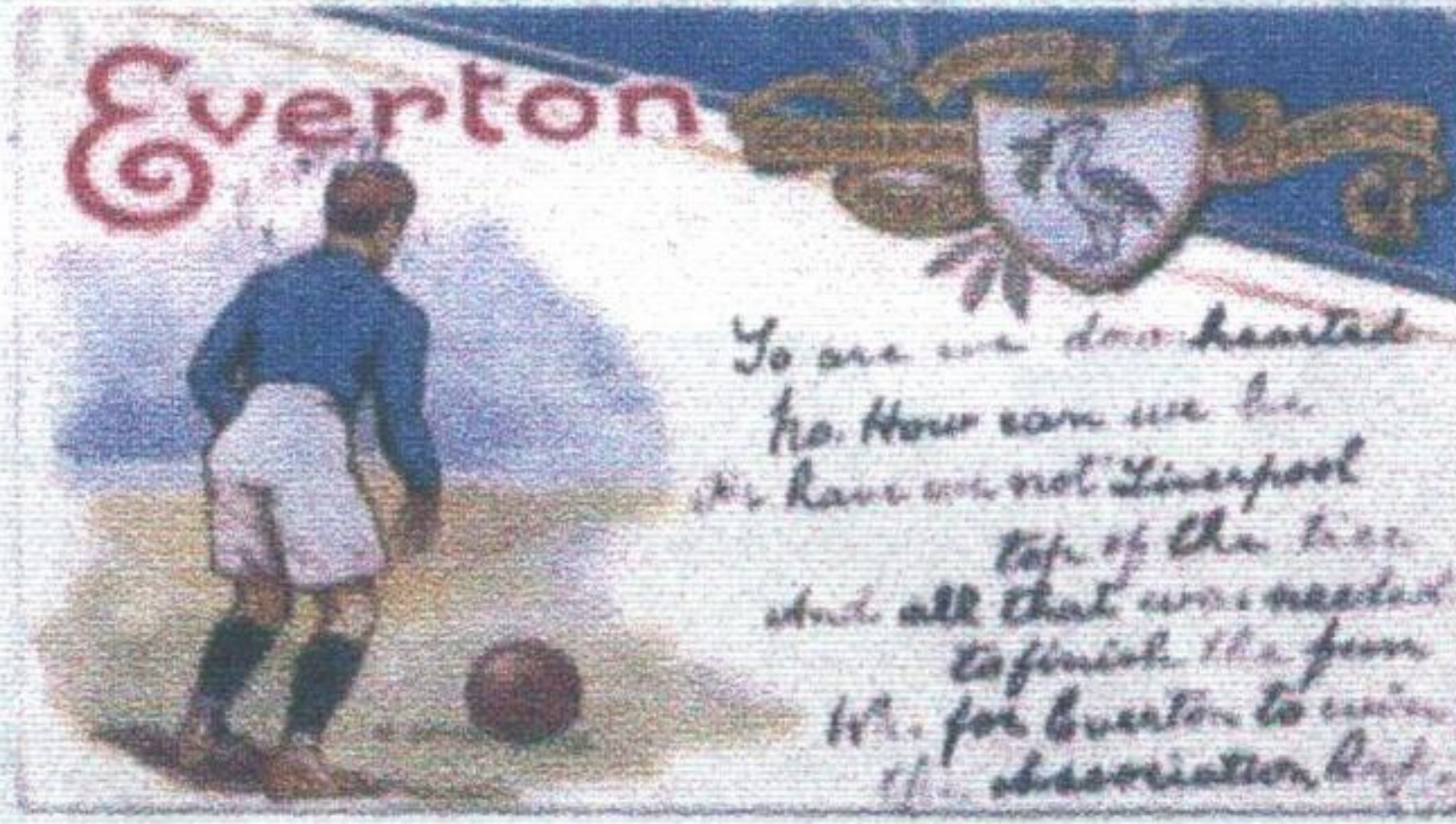
Most Evertonians thought that Lescott might have to be in the reserves to get match fit and learn the ropes of the Premiership but he has surprised everyone and probably himself by how well he has played.

Cahill did the same a couple of seasons ago, stepping up from Millwall and playing out of his skin in his first season at the top.

The future looks bright at Goodison Park hopefully we will pay these lads the money they deserve instead of being the usual tight fisted outfit that Everton are.

Stewart Harris.

Letters



E-Mails

IMPORTANT CHECK MY NEW EMAIL ADDRESS ON PAGE 2

Blue Blood

I have to say George you were right, I went to see the Everton Collection at Goodison Park on Sunday 25th March, Brilliant and only a tiny amount was on display, God knows what the rest will be like, it will take a large room to put it all out.

It was so professionally done, laid out excellently and the fans turned out in force.

Let's hope that it will be ours one day.

Keep up the good work, I enjoy reading Blue Blood.

John Goddard.

Blue Blood

Hi George,

At last Moyes plays Vaughan from the start and we thump Arsenal, how long will it be (Five Years?) before he realises we just want to see attacking play?

Beattie has had his chance, he hasn't taken it, Vaughan and Anichebe have. I am also bewildered by his loyalty to Carsley and Stubbs. They have had a decent season but Carsley last scored in the Derby nearly two years ago and Stubbs has missed many games through injury. It is time to move on, new and younger players are needed but I feel Moyes likes to have his "Mates" around him and he doesn't like change too much.

Poor Andy Van Der Meyde has put his foot in it, sorry pal don't cross Moyes because like Rooney, Jeffers and Radzinski you will be put on most Evertonians hate list. The fact that you are probably telling the truth doesn't matter to them. Moyes is their hero and he can do no wrong.

How many times do Evertonians need to hear things or see things in the press about Moyes before they realise there is something about this man that doesn't add up to a professional manager? I know these words will fall on deaf ears but it has to be said. Walter Smith and Archie Knox drove out youngsters from this club, we stood and did nothing, don't make the same mistake twice.

Joan Simpson

Blue Blood

Poor turnout for the Barca game, what do Evertonians want? We sing "If you know your History" then sit at home watching Liverpool players playing for England???

Dave McCaffery.

Blue Swayed Views

The Ray Wilson Story

Everton and England defender ray Wilson graced every game he played in, an excellent left back, probably Everton's finest. This issue will cover the Everton part of his carer in his own words. Taken from his long deleted book *My Life In Soccer*.

Over to Everton

The 'Little World Cup' tournament in Brazil during May and June in 1964 had deep worries for me quite apart from the fact that England never won a match and finished last in the four-nation tournament. We lost 5-1 to Brazil, 1-0 to Argentina and drew with Portugal 1-1 results that depressed the most fervent of England followers and brought no joy at all to the members of the England squad. Yet on the eve of that tour I had played for England in a match that was to have a significant bearing on the rest of my career.

It was against Eire in Dublin and, as expected, we won 3—1. Up in the stands was a man already famed for the manner in which he could manipulate Soccer's transfer market without ever showing his intentions ... Harry Catterick, the manager of Everton.

Despite the secrecy that always surrounded his movements out of Goodison Park the whisper got around that he had flown over from Merseyside especially to check on my form. I never met him that night, but I had plenty of questions to fire at Fred Pickering, the Everton centre-forward who was in the England party. I liked the sound of the Everton set up, and yet there seemed little that I could do about it.

First of all Mr. Catterick had to want me. And then Huddersfield had to agree to sell. One thing was certain: if I was to get a transfer it was now or never since I was approaching my thirtieth birthday. By the time I arrived back in England I had tossed the future about so much in my mind that such self torture was getting me down and I was even prepared to re-sign for Huddersfield and so put an end to all the speculation and anxiety.

This notion was halted as soon as I bought my first newspaper. It was full of conjecture about Everton and me. I had barely dropped my case and taken my coat off at home when Eddie Boot was rapping on the door. He asked me how I felt about moving to Everton. Now I knew three-quarters of the conundrum ... Huddersfield were ready to sell me, Everton wanted me. Could they complete the issue by agreeing on a price?

By the time I set off the following day with Mr. Boot and Huddersfield secretary Tony Galvin I assumed it would be a straightforward run to Goodison Park to sign. But in the grand manner that has become characteristic of Everton's dealings in the transfer market we headed for a secret rendezvous at a quiet country hotel just outside Bury, Lancashire.

We got lost a couple of times before eventually meeting up with the Everton officials who were accompanied by Mick Meagan, the Irish international who was to join Town as part of the deal. It turned out to be a meeting fraught with anxiety.

Snags I had never envisaged began to creep into the deal. Not for a single minute did I ever dream that Mick would be the block to an immediate move. But as Harry Catterick's frown became more and more pronounced it seemed to me that Mick wasn't keen to sign. The terms Huddersfield were offering did not suit him.

It began to look as though the deal would be abandoned. Mr. Catterick asked Huddersfield to name a price for me so that he could consider a straight transfer. He confided that the fee they placed on me was 'outrageous for a player of twenty-nine'.

There was to be no business done that day. We parted and I headed back across the Pennines still a Huddersfield player. There was still a glimmer of hope that the deal was still alive and we postponed the start of the family holiday in Majorca in the hope

that it would come off.

I was beginning to feel quite desperate by this stage. I knew that it represented the best possible chance for me at my age. Matters became even more involved as the deal took on the appearance of a cliff-hanging saga which the newspapers lapped up. Mick Meagan, who quite rightly refused to be pushed into the move, flew home to Ireland a couple of times for a good think about his position before eventually agreeing to go through with the business.

So I was an Everton player, and after so long in the game with Huddersfield I was soon to learn of things going on in football that I never knew existed before. Little did I know what lay in store for me as I lazed out ten days in Majorca before reporting back for pre-season training with my new club.

I had heard whispers about the iron discipline of the Everton club. I wondered what I was letting myself in for, especially about the suggestions that some of the discipline might be petty. Then I thought about the Army. There are more complaints about petty discipline in the Forces than anywhere else ... and yet the Army gets results. I came to the conclusion that what was good enough for Everton and Harry Catterick was certainly good enough for Ray Wilson.

I find it hard to summon up the words that can best describe the shock I felt in my first few training sessions at Everton's Bellefield training centre. It took no time at all for me to realise just why Everton are such a rapidly progressing club. Suddenly I found myself among highly professional athletes, many of them much younger than me. They were men who watched and weighed every morsel of food; sportsmen who realised they were in a big business and that there were some golden pay days to go with success.

Everton really slated me. I began to feel as though I had never trained before. I remember Tommy Egglestone, the chief coach at the time, promising me that I would have it easy at first.

Easy? I did nothing but train and sleep at first. For fourteen days I had no energy for anything once he had finished with me. The club put me in lodgings until I could sort out a house for my family and the good folks who were my landlord and landlady must have wondered to themselves what sort of creature had arrived. Every day I would crawl home for my evening meal and then fall asleep in the chair. They would give me a shake at ten o'clock and after a cup of tea I would haul myself off to bed and sleep solidly until it was time to get up for more training.

I thought I would never recover, and even began to wonder if there was something wrong with me. In the end I accepted it, for it did not take me long to sense that there was something decidedly special about Everton. The players strolled and strutted with the confident air of men who knew they were great and important performers. The training was varied, intense and highly imaginative. The whole aura of Everton was that of a certain bigness. This really was the top flight.

Dieting suddenly became an important part of my life. I was conscious of star players such as Alex Young, Brian Labone, Roy Vernon, Gordon West and so talking intently, and intelligently, about calories and vitamins.

I had never considered such things before. Two helpings of fish and chips suited me anytime; but not once I arrived at Everton. With regular weighing checks, diet sheets and a real interest in the food I was taking in I began to enjoy the adoption of a real athlete's way of life. My playing weight dropped from a steady 11st 3lb with Huddersfield to a new, slender-line 10st 6lb with Everton and I was all the better for it.

All the stodge potatoes, pastry and bread—disappeared from my plate completely and now I am very fussy about my food. Such new efforts of devotion could not prevent my having a bad start as an Everton first teamer. My first home match on August 25, 1964, could not have been more disastrous. We were at home to Forest in the second match of the season and I was the new boy being paraded before the fans who, despite their fine reputation up and

down the country, also have a name within the Everton dressing-room for being particularly demanding.

They have a tradition of fine, pure football at Goodison Park and all I wanted to do was to be able to fit into such surroundings. But back to that nightmare, first appearance... Early in the game Derek Temple, the Everton outside-left went down with an injury. He must have been lying there in agony for a full five minutes while play went on. Eventually the ball came across to me. Derek was still prostrate and the logical thing to do, as the referee seemed to have no intention of stopping play, was to knock the ball into touch. I took it round Chris Crowe, the Forest winger who was challenging me and went to turn the ball out of play so that we could get the trainer on to attend to Derek.

But in turning away quickly I twisted myself. I felt a searing, tearing sensation in my hip and the pain was diabolical. I knew I had done a bad injury and while Derek quickly recovered I was rushed off to hospital. The pain eased as I kept my movements to a minimum and there was little the medical authorities could do with me. Rest seemed to be the answer yet I made such a rapid improvement over the ensuing days that I was allowed back into training. The injury had seemed more of a scare than anything.

I could not wait to get back to Bellefield. I really started to push myself in the quest for full fitness again. Maybe I trained too hard for the more I worked the worse the injury became again. In the end, the old original remedy re-emerged. Rest, and plenty of it.

For a full fifteen weeks I was out of action. Fifteen miserable, unhappy weeks during which I tried to read manager Catterick's thoughts. I imagined he must have been regretting ever signing me. After all, I was nearing thirty. And here I was crippled after less than two matches. I started to have phobias; thinking that he would be talking about me; wondering what on earth he was going to do with me. He could have justifiably belted: 'Come on Wilson, shape yourself.'

There was none of that. The so-called hard man took me to one side when my morale had plunged to its lowest depth and said: 'Don't worry about this spot of bad luck. I know that once you are able to start playing you will show us all what you are really made of.' This was a great boost to me, psychologically, and made me even more determined to get out again in front of Everton's fantastic fans. This was an understanding, fatherly side of the Everton manager the public rarely hears about.

Sometimes I think he enjoys playing the role of the mystery man. He does not court publicity; nor does he have any favourite people within the club. He has his own methods of going about the job, just as other managers have theirs, and no one can deny that he has made a great success of his career so far.

He is often accused of being rather single-minded. Surely that is not a bad quality for a man who is being well paid as he directs himself at one aim ... to make Everton a great club. I do not blame him for showing disinterest in a lot of the wasteful trappings that often go with such a pursuit.

I think he prefers to see his rewards on the field of play and no one can dispute his success as a producer of young, local grown talent. The Bellefield training camp has produced an endless stream of players and many of them Tommy Wright, Colin Harvey, John Hurst, Joe Royle, Alan Whittle and Jimmy Husband—seem players who can make a regular mark at international level. In addition some of the players Mr. Catterick has bought—Sandy Brown, Alan Ball, Howard Kendall and Co.—have turned out to be shrewd deals who have more than proved their value in the games that have followed.

We have all found the Everton manager a straight guy to deal with. If he says 'Yes' or 'No' to a request you know that he means it and there will be no going back on his word. I have seen him blow his top in the dressing-room after a defeat but it is very rarely for not trying. As he proved in his days at Sheffield Wednesday, and throughout his

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Everton career, Harry Catterick simply does not produce non-triers. And if one creeps in, he is soon moving elsewhere. He gets more upset when players commit foolish boops the sort of mistakes he is entitled not to expect from professional men who are supposed to be among the top footballers in the land.

He can also be sympathetic. He likes us to have a committee so that we can air our grievances in a body which means that no single player is carrying the burden of being dressing-room spokesman and so running the risk of being tagged a permanent dissenter. And when Mr. Catterick says he will take up our case with the Board of Directors we feel confident, from past experiences, that he really is in there pitching for us.

I have heard too many players at other clubs moaning that they could never get an honest word from their boss. That he was in league with the directors and what the dressing-room needed was a players' man as boss.

Training and playing under Mr. Catterick and the Everton flag has brought me some rich moments on and off the field and not the least come from the club's great following of fans.

I had my first taste of this when I was still a Huddersfield Town player. During my Army Service I had formed a friendship with a die-hard Evertonian called Tommy Cosgrove. He used to have us in stitches with his Scouse humour out there in the desert.

When I returned home to Huddersfield and the civilian life of a footballer my mind often used to wander back to Tommy and I used to wonder what had happened to him. On trips to play Liverpool in the Second Division—Everton were in the First—I used to look out for him, quite ready to fix him up with a complimentary ticket which I would hang on to until the last minute in case he appeared.

But he never did. Then one day, after we had been playing at Preston and he was the furthest thought from my mind, someone said that a fellow was waiting to see me. I shouted him to come in and who should pop round the dressing-room door but my old friend, Tommy Cosgrove. I was staggered.

'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'And why have I not seen you at Liverpool?'

His reply, which I might have guessed, rocked me. He said:

'Well, you see Ray I am an Evertonian and Everton never play Huddersfield because they are different divisions. I could not go to Anfield to see you because, honestly, I could not afford to be seen dead on the Liverpool ground. No self respecting Evertonian would ever go there, unless it was for the Merseyside "derby" and then he would have to remain blind-folded until the Everton team emerged from the tunnel.'

We had a good laugh over that. He much preferred to travel all the way to Preston to see me. Such tales are being retold every day on Merseyside, where a footballer cannot step across his threshold without a wisecrack.

The marvellous thing about such an atmosphere is that always the rivalry is good humoured, and often touching.

One day I popped into the local pet shop for some food for the youngsters' guinea pigs. A middle-aged couple stood behind me and I could just catch snatches of their whispered conversation. 'It isn't' ... 'It is' ... 'It can't be' ... 'It must be.' You know the kind of chat I mean.

Eventually the man plucked up courage and asked if I was Ray Wilson. He seemed so delighted to shake my hand that it made my day. Somehow it was never like that in Huddersfield. My great pal, Bobby Chariton, came over to Huddersfield to see me one weekend and we popped into my local, the Nag's Head, for a quiet drink.

Naturally, everyone knows Bobby. He is surely the most celebrated footballer in the world today. We had scarcely got sat down when a fellow came bounding across the room and announced that he had followed Huddersfield man and boy, never missed a match and could he have Bobby's autograph.

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As an afterthought he turned to me and said: 'I don't know you, but if you are a footballer would you mind signing as well.'

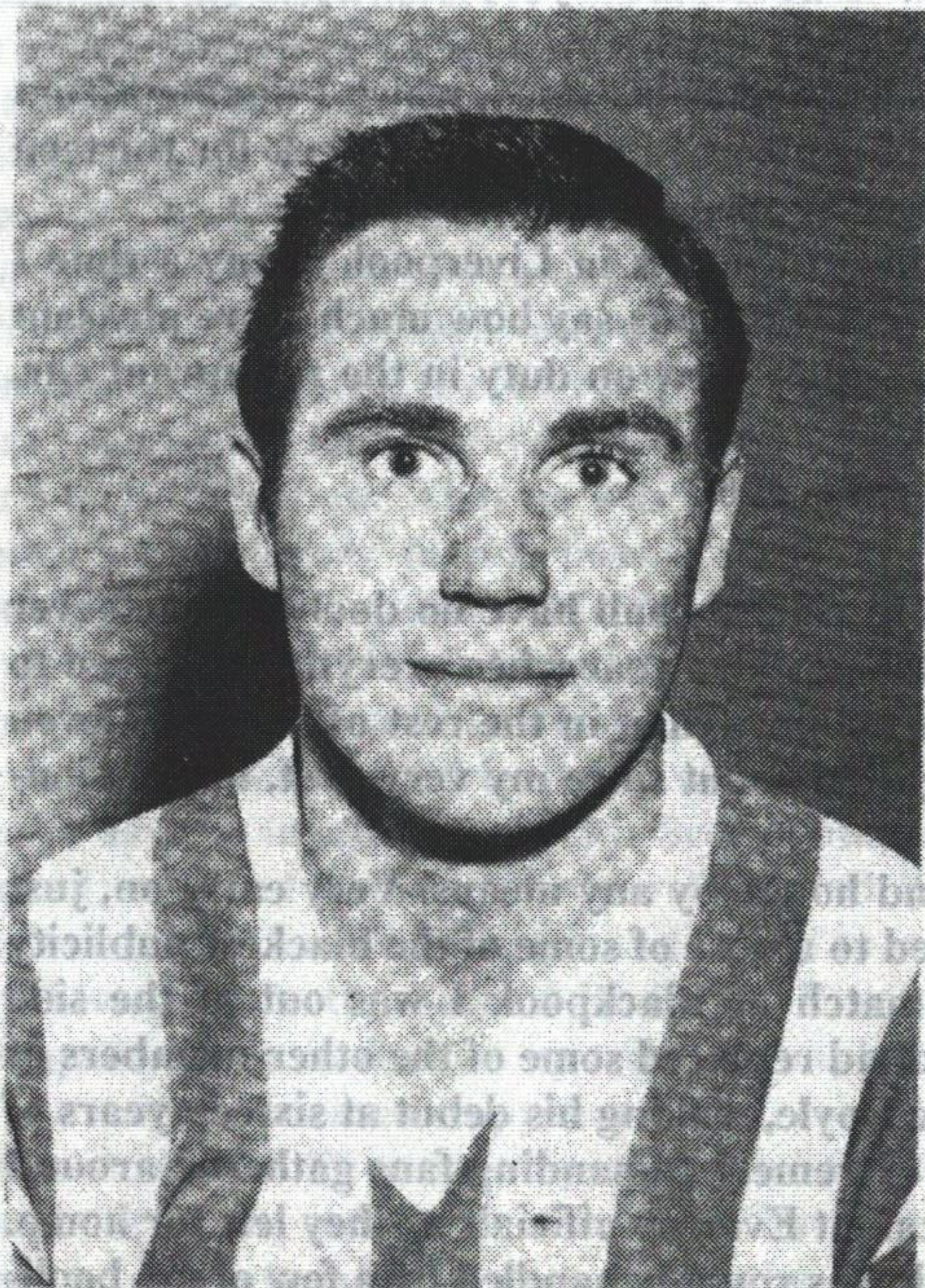
If that rather loud, boorish Yorkshireman was as good as his word, which I doubted from the moment he first opened his mouth, he had been watching me every week for thirteen years and still didn't recognise me. It could never happen on Merseyside.

The Scouse humour even affects London teams visiting us in Liverpool. Many a time I have heard the Spurs, Arsenal, Chelsea and West Ham lads say how much more pleasant the rail journey is with a chatty, jovial Liverpoolian crew on duty in the restaurant car, rather than a London squad. That's Liverpool.

A Year of Grace-1966

As I cast reflections upon my career in years to come I shall have no doubts whatsoever when people talk of my vintage year. That will be 1966, a year when everything seemed to go right. It was a year when I collected more honours than in the rest of my life. I even bought a cuttings book, something I had forgotten about since my very first, impressionable days.

The beginning of 1966 was not full of milk and honey by any means. Very early on, just before the Cup matches, the club was subjected to a dose of some of the blackest publicity it had ever lived through. It came after a match at Blackpool. I was out of the side through injury and manager Harry Catterick had replaced some of the other members of the side with youngsters. One of them was Joe Royle, making his debut at sixteen years of age. After the match a minority of Everton's extremely demanding fans gathered around the official exit at Blackpool's ground to cat-call at Everton officials as they left for home. Things got out of hand and manager Catterick was roughly handled by a few of the hooligan element. It was true that, for a variety of reasons, we were not doing too well in the League. Things looked grim as the Cup was drawn. Our poor results were getting us down and the fans were after the manager's blood, especially as he had taken the courageous decision to drop the man so many of the fans idolised and called the Golden Ghost, Alex Young. We were blessed with a third round home tie against Sunderland, but if we had drawn the bottom team in Division Four we would still have looked upon it as a nightmare. For with things going wrong every match was becoming an ordeal. Little did I realise that within the space of the next few months I was to receive an FA Cup winners' medal and a World Cup winners' medal and attend, as they say, 'more banquets than some folk have hot dinners'. But back to the FA Cup. We had a full rehearsal in the League against Sunderland the week before our Cup-tie and we won with ease. It seemed a good omen, but the Cup is so different. There is only one bite. Nobody plays for draws, at least nobody with any sense. In this game I began to realise that we were starting to pick up and play well together. Mr. Catterick had restored the old brigade and I was back among them. Derek Temple, that fluent and lucid footballer who is one of the game's great stylists, gave us an early goal. Somehow defeat never entered my head after that and it seemed a mere formality as we reached the next round with goals by Alex Young and Fred Pickering making it a 3—0 victory. As we huddled round our transistors and car radios on the Monday morning after we got the shock of our lives ... the fourth round draw had paired us with Bedford away! If there was one tie guaranteed to fill any First Division footballer with dread this was it. They had the reputation of being giant-killers. They had everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking us on. We were still struggling to find the form we knew would put our League results right. We were genuinely concerned about our trip to face the little non-Leaguers despite the fact that, on paper at least, they appeared a pushover. Many thoughts plagued my mind as we made the trip south on the Friday before the match. It was as well that our great rivals, Liverpool, had been knocked out by Chelsea in the third round. For up on Merseyside, where every other

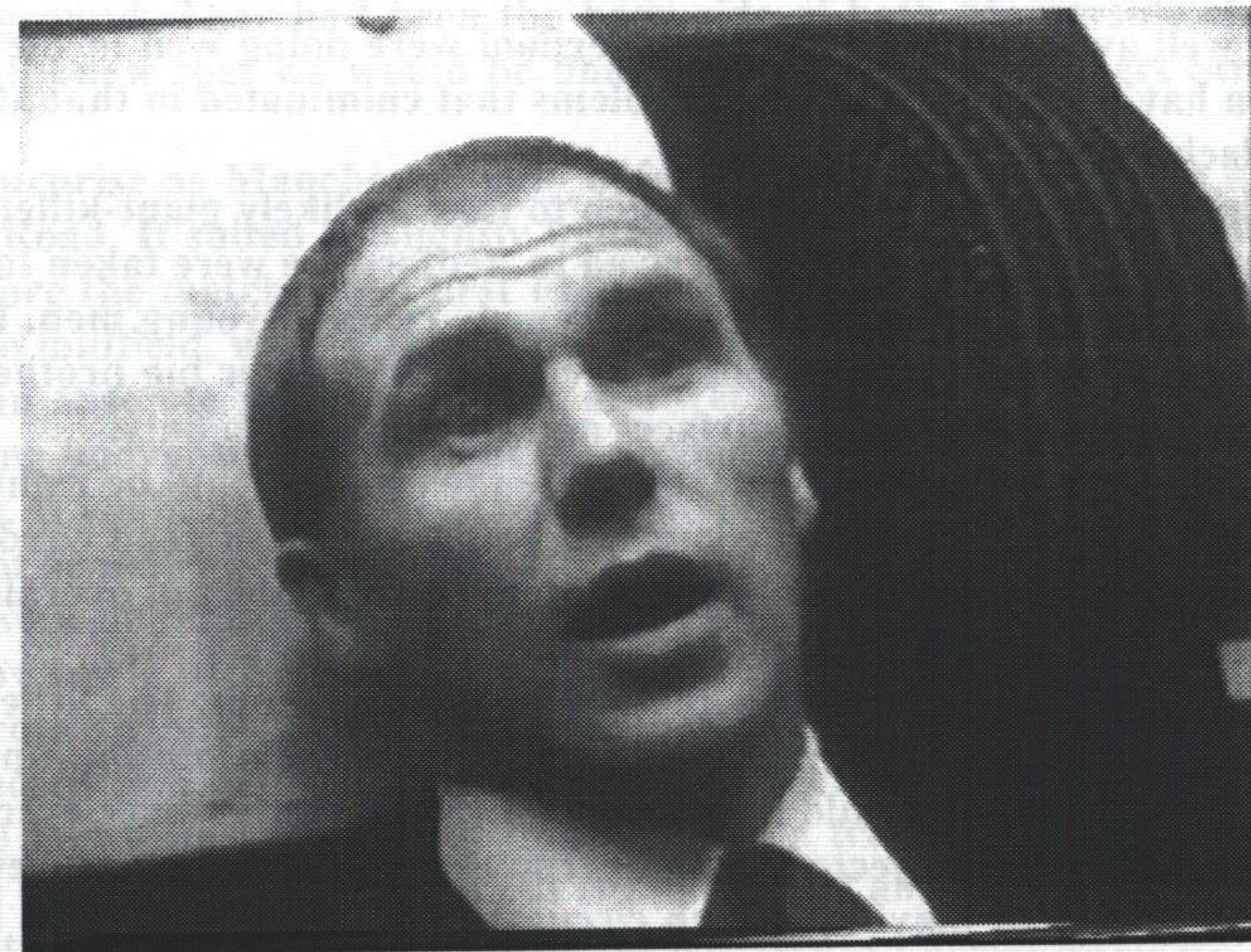


A young Ray Wilson in his Huddersfield kit

R. WILSON



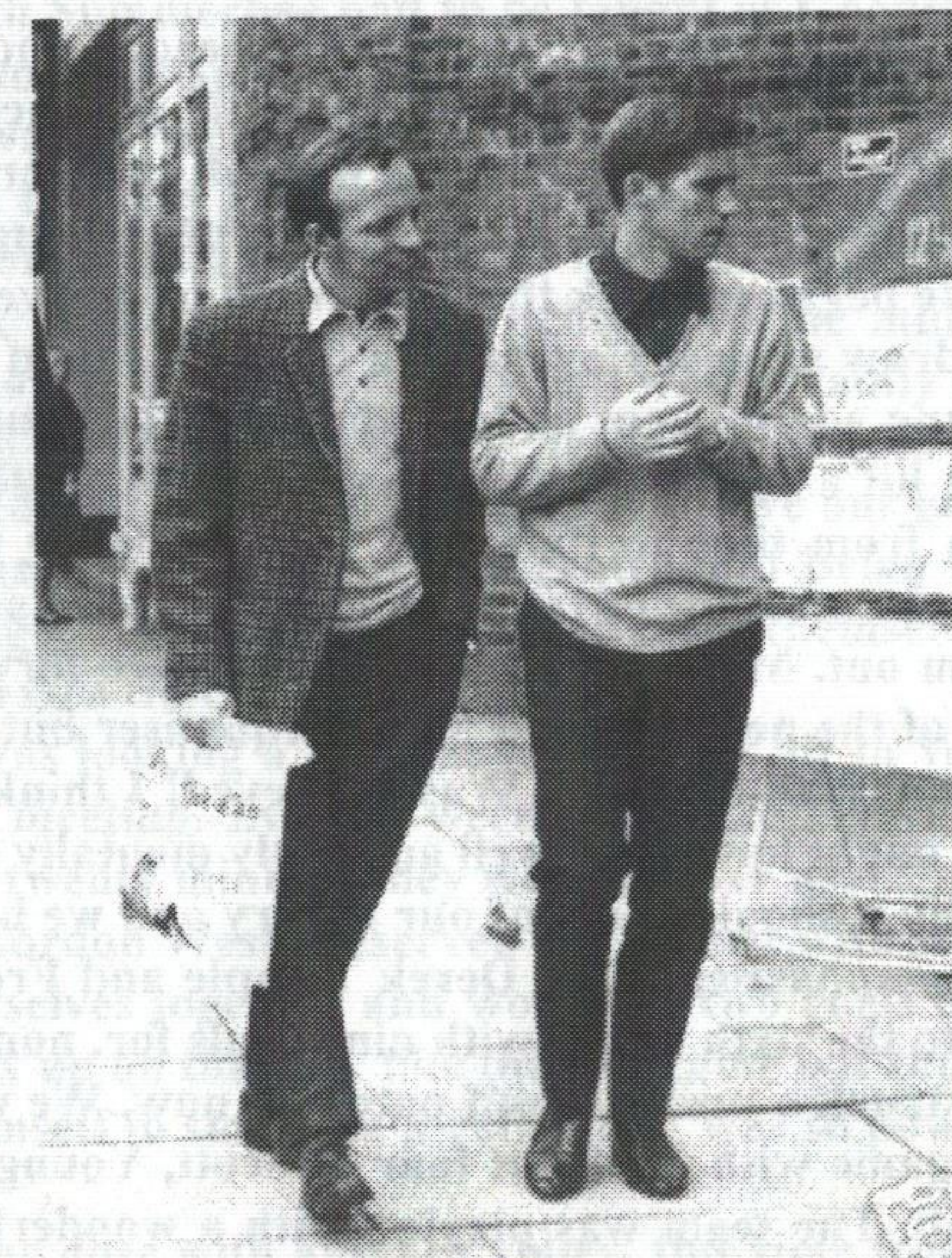
Ray Wilson as most Evertonians recognise him in the Everton strip



Ray relaxing on his way to an away game by rail (clip from The Golden Vision)



Mick Megan who went to Huddersfield in part exchange for Wilson



Alan Ball & Nobby Styles England Team Mates

IMPORTANT CHECK MY NEW EMAIL ADDRESS ON PAGE 2

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person appears to be a Soccer fanatic, you are measured solely against the success of the other club.

We were only too well aware of the fact that Liverpool were doing well in the League where we had been having our problems ... problems that culminated in that attack on our manager at Blackpool.

This was hardly the proper state of mind in which to take on likely giant-killers in the fourth round of the FA Cup. As soon as we arrived in Bedford we were taken to see the ground. What we saw of the pitch made us all extremely relieved young men. Perhaps we had read too many romantic yarns about little clubs slating their big brothers; and doing so on sloping grounds with bumpy surfaces and standing room only.

Certainly the Bedford set-up impressed us. Obviously the crowd would be right on top of us, but the playing surface seemed big enough. It was true and in good condition so there could be no complaints from us at all. It was on the heavy side, but overall was as good as some First Division grounds.

This only eased our worries slightly. All the pressure was on Everton. The little men of Bedford had nothing to lose, but they had everything to gain from putting up a good performance. We knew the locals would be playing above themselves since everyone in the place seemed to have been subjected to an overpowering dose of Cup fever. I had never known the experience of playing in such circumstances so I, as much as anyone, felt the tension that almost crackled visibly in the tiny dressing-room.

In the end it was Alex Scott, the winger who could be a word beater on his day, who ended our fears. Alex was having one of his best-ever spells around this time and twice early on in the match he set off on those great loping runs of his down the right wing before centring. Each time Derek Temple had swept speedily in from the opposite wing with uncanny perception to meet the ball perfectly and hammer home two truly golden goals.

This great boost was just the tonic we needed and we remained sufficiently composed to withstand all of Bedford's enthusiastic advances. Fred Pickering finished them off with our third and we came home with all our worries dispersed. In fact as we began to perform rather better in the League a new thought established itself in many of our minds. We began to think that this could be our year for the Cup.

A home draw against Coventry in the fifth round added to our hopes, especially when Alex Young again swept us into an early lead. But then we got the biggest scare of all. Coventry hit a purple patch of unbelievable football. In one of those moods that hits any team from time to time they kept sweeping through our defences. Gordon West had to make a couple of truly outstanding saves and there seemed little we could do to keep them out. My heart sank as their centre-forward Bobby Gould hit one cross into the back of the net. It looked like an equaliser but the referee had spotted him controlling the ball with his hand. Was I relieved! I think that if the goal had been allowed to stand we might have been well and truly mentally shattered.

Thankfully it shook us out of our misery and we began to take control again. Our mastery was emphasised when Derek Temple and Fred Pickering scored two more which put us into the sixth round with nine goals for, none against.

We had struck a pretty sound patch by now. We were playing a fairly straightforward 4—2—4 game with the front four of Scott, Young, Pickering and Temple hitting it off really well. The team was playing with a wonderful sense of understanding. We were seeing a lot of the football that was making Goodison Park such an attractive place for lovers of Soccer purity. We were also hard and uncompromising in defence and the side contained plenty of experience. We seemed to possess the right blend for Wembley although there were doubts about any further progress when we heard the sixth round draw: v Leicester or Manchester City (away).

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The teams were due to replay having drawn at Maine Road while we were beating Coventry, and it seemed that Leicester must now go through with the advantage of playing on their own ground. They had been the bogey side of both Merseyside clubs for some time and we all knew that we would be unable to face them at Filbert Street with any confidence.

Imagine our surprise as Manchester City defeated them and brought us a sixth round trip to Maine Road. It suited us slightly better but any confidence we nursed was damaged right before the match when first Fred Pickering and then Jimmy Gabriel, a real driving force in midfield, were compelled to drop out.

The day was an absolute pig. It was dark and wet and cold. The pitch was like treacle. With City riding buoyantly at the top of the Second Division it was obvious that one goal could decide it. It could be a simple error or one blinding flash of brilliance. Either way there would not be many goals.

In fact there were none. But for me there was a meeting, a duel, with a winger. I shall never forget my tussle with Mike Summerbee, out on Manchester City's right flank and a recent buy from Swindon Town. Although we had both played in the Second Division I had never opposed him before. Either he or I had been injured. I had never even seen him play but I had heard a lot about him. We had a tremendous time. He was strong and hard for a winger. He could hand out the hard stuff and, as I learned very early on, he could take it without a squeal.

It was hammer-and-tongs, tooth-and-nail, ebb-and-flow all the way. Our private battle got tougher and tougher and while neither of us said a word players on both sides were doing plenty of yapping about it. Leading the protests was Johnny Crossan, the Manchester captain, who could see only one side of the argument—Summerbee's.

He would not stop cribbing at me and at the referee—but Mike and J carried on with our silent feud. I don't know who enjoyed the skirmish most, Mike or me.

Anyway, a replay and a second meeting with Summerbee had to be fought at Goodison. Before it we began to think, for the first time that season, that victory was a formality and that rash belief was very nearly our downfall. We were too cocky early on.

My duel with Mike had to be postponed at the very last minute because shortly before the kick-off, in the Manchester dressing-room in fact, City's inside-left Neil Young was found to be suffering from influenza. Mike Summerbee was switched into the middle with Roy Cheetham, a reserve wing-half who was in the City party and was certainly not expecting to get a game, being called upon to perform as an emergency outside-right.

We should have strolled through this one and into the semi-final. The only save our goalkeeper, Gordon West, was called upon to make was from his own centre-half Brian Ladbroke who miss-hit a back pass. City, seemingly devoid of any ability to score themselves, held on to another goalless draw even after extra time.

We were still in the Cup but our position was looking a bit shaky. We went off to Wolverhampton Wanderers ground for a third meeting. Everton were back at full strength while City were still without Young, but for twenty minutes they were all over us.

Somehow we just couldn't get started and Gordon West preserved our record with some memorable saves. In the end we pulled ourselves together and won with two goals that were classics in execution. In a defensive mix up on the City line the ball came out shoulder high to Derek Temple who launched himself to smash in a volley that was so powerful the net almost broke.

Soon afterwards Fred Pickering repeated the dose with another volley, this time from a waist-high position but with just as much power. We missed other chances, but the memory of those opening twenty minutes when City threw everything at us continued to haunt me for some time.

(to be continued in the next issue)

GROUND MOVE

With the transfer window shut, and Everton playing only twice in March, it's no surprise that the ground move has been a hot topic with Evertonians everywhere in recent weeks.

Views range from the "we must grasp this fantastic opportunity at all costs" camp to the "Goodison Park is the only place to be" group.

We've seen prominent figures from the past, like Howard Kendall and Neville Southall, give their support to the principle of a ground move. Added to their voices, we've had Terry Leahy and Professor Tom Cannon weighing in on the side of moving to Kirkby, while David Moyes has also backed the idea. On the other hand, Liverpool Council Leader Warren Bradley, a season ticket holder, has stated that the council desperately want to keep the city's first club in the city boundaries, and would have no objection to redeveloping Goodison. In the Club's last AGM, a show of hands among those shareholders present showed a large majority opposed moving to Kirkby. Polls on various internet forums have consistently shown majorities against the move, and a website has been set up with the aim of keeping Everton in the city. <http://www.keioc.net>

There's no end of rumours, claims, counter-claims and lies from all and sundry on the issue. "The matter has been decided, it's a done deal, Everton are moving." "It's all a con to get the Council to play ball, the Board have no intention of moving." There's the usual guy who knows Kenwright's dentist, or Mrs Moyes' hairdresser, or who was at school with Terry Leahy, and has the inside story. I think many fans are yet to make up their minds; obviously, most of us would like to see Goodison being developed to be, once again, the best ground in Britain, but the most fervent "Goodison for Everton" member would admit that there's no immediate prospect of that happening. What I would like to see is a greater degree of openness from the Board. There's the usual defence of "commercial sensitivity" or the "exclusivity agreement" with Tesco & Knowsley, but surely it is not unreasonable to ask the Board to give the following information: (see page 25)

- 1) What is the projected cost of the entire stadium?
 - 2) What proportion will EFC have to pay?
 - 3) What will be the capacity at the proposed new ground?
 - 4) How much extra revenue do they expect, both from improved "corporate" facilities and increased attendances?
 - 5) What grounds there are for expecting increased attendances, given that we seldom sell out Goodison right now?
 - 6) Has there been a comparison with similar projects? (I realise this is difficult, given that no club of Everton's stature has moved grounds in recent times)
 - 7) How many fans do they expect to lose, if any, given the opposition to a move from some quarters?
 - 8) Will non-match revenue increase, and if so, by how much?
 - 9) Will we own the ground outright, or will it be leased or rented?
 - 10) Will the stadium name be sold? If so, is there a list of possible buyers, and what kind of sum are we expecting?
 - 11) How much will the club have to pay annually on stadium maintenance? Is this likely to be more or less than we spend now on GP?
 - 12) (Most importantly) Does the Board have a "plan B" if Kirkby falls through? If not, why not?
- In a nutshell, what we need is for the Board to spell out how much money we could make staying at Goodison, and what the proposed new stadium will offer, in money making potential and in facilities. There are many more questions, obviously, but I believe the above could be asked without infringing greatly on commercial sensitivity issues. Some people want to stay at Goodison Park no matter what, for romantic, cultural or whatever reasons and they are entitled to their views. However, we all need to have basic information of this kind available if, as the Chairman has said, fans will be able to vote on the question. We need hard facts, not scare stories planted in the media

Rolant Ellis

Everton were League Champions for only the second time in their history but the War was about to stop all football League Matches. Liverpool on the other hand had more than the War to worry about. During the Season some strange results were recorded and on Good Friday 1915 their game against Manchester united came under scrutiny. Liverpool lost 2-0 'Although their play in midfield was good, their shooting was wretched' according to the Liverpool Post. The United goalkeeper didn't have a shot to save for over an hour. A more one sided affair would be hard to witness was the general opinion. United had peppered the Liverpool goal but had only scored once. United went 2-0 up after 75 minutes. United had been awarded a penalty but O'Connell shot ridiculously wide, ineptitude? Some did not think so. On Saturday April 24th the following notice was inserted in the papers by a firm of book-makers under the heading '£50 Reward. We have solid grounds for believing that a certain First league match played in Manchester during Easter weekend was "Squared" the home club permitted to win by a certain score. Further, we have information that several of the players of both teams invested substantial sums o having the correct score of this match with our firm and others. Such being the case we wish to inform all our clients and the football public generally that we are withholding payment on these correct score transactions, also that we are causing security investigations to be made with the object of pursuing the instigators of this reprehensible conspiracy. With this object in view we are anxious to receive reliable information bearing on the subject and we will willingly pay the substantial reward named above to anyone giving information which will lead to punishment of the offenders.

In spite of the War the matter was investigated fully by both clubs and the League.

Eight players were permanently suspended.

So Football ended it first era on a low note, lowered by our friends from across the Park.

Football however didn't fully stop Regional leagues were formed and Everton took part I have put on the next few pages the small amount of information that is available on these games.

The details of these games are scarce and getting match reports virtually impossible but they are listed in many books and on the following pages I have covered the basics.

The goals scored and games played, in the next issue I will go back to the game by game, attendance etc that I have been doing in Blue Blood since issue one.

The League resumed in 1919—1920 but it had an enormous effect on players lives. Some never played again, some had gone past their sell by date and some only had one season left in them. Others were the unluckiest of them all, they lost their lives.

Everton Football Club had been the last Champions of English Football in 1914-1915 but it would count for nothing. Evertonians had watched the Regional leagues and saw that Everton were still a great team but the quality of the opposition was deceptive.

1915-16

1	Sep	4	(h) Bury	W 5-0	Clennell 2, Kirsopp 2, Grenyer
2		11	(a) Manchester U	W 4-2	Nuttall 2, Clennell, Kirsopp
3		18	(h) Blackpool	W 4-2	Chedgzoy 2, Clennell, Kirsopp
4		25	(a) Southport	L 1-2	Clennell
5	Oct	2	(h) Oldham A	L 2-3	Clennell, Jefferis
6		9	(a) Rochdale	W 2-1	Jefferis, Kirsopp
7		16	(a) Bolton W	W 4-3	Clennell 2, Grenyer, Kirsopp
8		23	(h) Manchester C	W 4-2	Parker 3, Chedgzoy
9		30	(a) Stoke C	L 2-3	Clennell 2
10	Nov	6	(h) Burnley	L 1-2	Parker
11		13	(a) Preston NE	W 2-0	Clennell 2
12		20	(h) Stockport C	L 2-5	Clennell, Kirsopp
13		27	(a) Liverpool	L 1-4	Clennell
14	Dec	4	(a) Bury	W 3-0	Parker 2, Kirsopp
15		11	(h) Manchester U	W 2-0	Clennell, Harrison
16		18	(a) Blackpool	W 4-1	Clennell 2, Harrison, Wright
17		25	(h) Southport	W 2-0	Clennell, Galt
18	Jan	8	(h) Rochdale	W 3-2	Chedgzoy, Harrison, Parker
19		15	(h) Bolton W	W 2-1	Chedgzoy, Clennell
20		22	(a) Manchester C	L 1-2	Clennell
21		29	(h) Stoke C	W 4-1	Kirsopp 2, Chedgzoy, Clennell
22	Feb	5	(a) Burnley	L 1-2	Clennell
23		12	(h) Preston NE	W 2-0	Clennell, Kirsopp
24		19	(a) Stockport C	L 1-3	Clennell
25		26	(h) Liverpool	L 0-1	

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 4th in Lancashire Section Principal Tournament
In that competition, the postponed Oldham Athletic v Everton match was not subsequently played.

26	Mar	4	(a) Manchester U	W 2-0	Kirsopp, Wareing
27		11	(h) Stockport C	W 2-0	Williamson 2
28		18	(h) Manchester C	D 1-1	Williamson
29		25	(a) Oldham A	W 2-1	Clennell, Harrison
30	Apr	1	(h) Liverpool	W 1-0	Clennell
31		8	(h) Manchester U	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Rigsby
32		15	(a) Stockport C	W 2-1	Clennell, Rigsby
33		21	(a) Liverpool	L 2-5	Kirsopp 2
34		22	(a) Manchester C	L 4-5	Clennell 2, Williamson, Opp own-goal
35		29	(h) Oldham A	L 0-2	

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 2nd in Lancashire Section Subsidiary Tournament, Southern Division

With no League Football due to the War, Everton played in the Lancashire Section Principal Tournament and Subsidiary Southern Division. Joe Clennell was having a great time but he must have been disappointed that League Football wasn't getting played 24 goals in 24 games in one section and 7 goals in 8 games in the Subsidiary.

Kirsopp was also doing well with 14 goals in 28 games in both Leagues.

1916-17

1	Sep	2	(a) Bury	W 3-0	Clennell 3
2		9	(h) Stoke C	D 1-1	Clennell
3		16	(a) Southport	L 0-1	
4		23	(h) Blackburn R	L 2-5	Harrison, Sheldon
5		30	(a) Manchester C	L 1-4	Clennell
6	Oct	7	(h) Blackpool	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Kirsopp
7		14	(h) Rochdale	W 3-0	Clennell, Harrison, Wareing
8		21	(a) Bolton W	W 3-1	Harrison, Kirsopp, Morris
9		28	(h) Port Vale	W 3-1	Harrison, Kirsopp, Morris
10	Nov	4	(a) Oldham A	W 3-2	Kirsopp 2, Lloyd
11		11	(h) Preston NE	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Harrison
12		18	(a) Burnley	D 2-2	Clennell 2
13		25	(h) Manchester U	W 3-2	Clennell 2, Kirsopp
14	Dec	2	(a) Liverpool	L 1-2	Kirsopp
15		9	(h) Stockport C	L 0-1	
16		16	(h) Bury	W 5-0	Blair 2, Clennell 2, Jefferis
17		23	(a) Stoke C	W 2-0	Clennell 2
18		30	(h) Southport	D 1-1	Clennell
19	Jan	6	(a) Blackburn R	W 5-1	Clennell 3, Morris 2
20		13	(h) Manchester C	L 0-2	
21		20	(a) Blackpool	D 1-1	Thompson
22		27	(a) Rochdale	L 1-2	Thompson
23	Feb	3	(h) Bolton W	W 1-0	Lovelady
24		10	(a) Port Vale	D 1-1	Jefferis
25		17	(h) Oldham A	W 2-0	Gouldson, Jefferis
26		24	(a) Preston NE	D 2-2	Clennell, Cooper
27	Mar	3	(h) Burnley	W 5-0	Clennell 2, Gault 2, Jefferis
28		10	(a) Manchester U	W 2-0	Gault, Jefferis
29		17	(h) Liverpool	D 2-2	Gault 2
30		24	(a) Stockport C	L 1-5	Gault

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 5th in the Lancashire Section Principal Tournament

31	Mar	31	(h) Southport	W 4-2	Gault 3, Jefferis
32	Apr	7	(a) Liverpool	W 4-0	Gault 2, Clennell, Donnachie
33		9	(h) Stockport C	D 1-1	Clennell
34		14	(a) Southport	W 1-0	Grenyer
35		21	(h) Liverpool	W 5-0	Gault 3, Clennell 2
36		28	(a) Stockport C	L 1-2	Gault

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 2nd in the Lancashire Section Subsidiary Tournament

As you can see from the chart above Joe Clennell had an excellent season scoring 25 goals in 24 League games. He got another 4 goals in 4 games in Cup matches. Playing Liverpool four times and only losing once was also nice, as was the 5-0 and 4-0 wins in the Subsidiary Tournament.

1917-18

1	Sep	1	(h) Southport	W 6-1	Clennell 3, Donnachie, Gault, Jefferis
2		8	(a) Southport	W 2-0	Clennell 2
3		15	(h) Burnley	W 9-0	Gault 4, Clennell 2, Fleetwood 2, Jefferis
4		22	(a) Burnley	W 5-0	Clennell 3, Fleetwood, Jefferis
5		29	(h) Liverpool	D 2-2	Clennell, Gault
6	Oct	6	(a) Liverpool	L 0-6	
7		13	(h) Manchester U	W 3-0	Gault 2, Clennell
8		20	(a) Manchester U	D 0-0	
9		27	(a) Stockport C	D 0-0	
10	Nov	3	(h) Stockport C	L 2-3	Clennell 2
11		10	(a) Oldham A	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Jefferis
12		17	(h) Oldham A	W 4-2	Clennell 3, Gault
13		24	(a) Bury	W 5-2	Gault 4, Jefferis
14	Dec	1	(h) Bury	W 7-1	Clennell 4, Wareing 2, Murray
15		8	(a) Stoke C	L 0-3	
16		15	(h) Stoke C	W 3-2	Clennell 2, Opp own-goal
17		22	(a) Preston NE	W 1-0	Gault
18		29	(h) Preston NE	W 6-0	Clennell 4, Wareing, Wright
19	Jan	5	(a) Blackpool	L 0-1	
20		12	(h) Blackpool	W 7-2	Gault 4, Wright 2, Bain
21		19	(a) Manchester C	W 2-0	Gault, Wright
22		26	(h) Manchester C	D 0-0	
23	Feb	2	(a) Rochdale	D 2-2	Bain, Wright
24		9	(h) Rochdale	D 2-2	Clennell, Wright
25		16	(a) Blackburn R	W 6-0	Gault 3, Wareing 2, Clennell
26		23	(h) Blackburn R	W 2-1	Gault, Wright
27	Mar	2	(a) Port Vale	W 1-0	Gault
28		9	(h) Port Vale	W 7-0	Clennell 4, Gault 2, Jefferis
29		16	(a) Bolton W	W 3-2	Gault 2, Wareing
30		23	(h) Bolton W	L 2-3	Gault 2

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 3rd in the Lancashire Section Principal Tournament

31	Jan	1	(a) Liverpool	L 1-4	Gault
32	Mar	29	(h) Liverpool	W 3-2	Jefferis 2, Gault
33		30	(h) Stockport C	W 4-0	Gault 2, Howarth, Wadsworth
34	Apr	6	(a) Stockport C	W 1-0	Twiss
35		13	(h) Southport	W 6-1	Gault 3, Clennell 2, Jefferis
36		20	(a) Southport	W 4-0	Clennell, Gault, Jefferis, Wareing

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 2nd in Lancashire Section Subsidiary Tournament

The fantastic Joe Clennell was bursting the net on a weekly basis scoring an incredible 35 goals in 26 games in one section and 3 from 4 games in the other section. Earnest Gault was another who had scored 30 goals in 28 games and 8 goals in 6 games in the other section. Even though the opposition wasn't of the highest quality it was still formidable and this Everton team must have been a joy to watch.

IMPORTANT CHECK MY NEW EMAIL ADDRESS ON PAGE 2

1918-19

1	Sep	7	(a) Burnley	W 6-0	Clennell 4, Donnachie, Gault
2		14	(h) Burnley	W 6-1	Gault 2, Jefferis 2, Fleetwood, Miller
3		21	(a) Southport	W 3-0	Gault 2, Donnachie
4		28	(h) Southport	W 4-0	Clennell 3, Harrison
5	Oct	5	(a) Liverpool	W 4-2	Grenyer 2, Gault, Miller
6		12	(h) Liverpool	W 4-2	Clennell, Donnachie, Miller, Opp own-goal
7		19	(a) Manchester U	D 1-1	Gault
8		26	(h) Manchester U	W 6-2	Gault 3, Clennell, Jefferis, Miller
9	Nov	2	(h) Stoke C	W 5-1	Gault 3, Donnachie, Miller
10		9	(a) Stoke C	W 2-0	Gault, Wareing
11		16	(h) Bury	W 5-1	Gault 3, Clennell, Miller
12		23	(a) Bury	W 3-0	Clennell, Gault, Jefferis
13		30	(h) Blackpool	W 6-0	Clennell 4, Fleetwood, Grenyer
14	Dec	7	(a) Blackpool	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Gault
15		14	(h) Stockport C	W 2-1	Clennell, Jefferis
16		21	(a) Stockport C	D 0-0	
17		28	(a) Blackburn R	W 4-1	Blair 2, Clennell, Grenyer
18	Jan	4	(h) Blackburn R	W 9-0	Gault 5, Clennell 2, Miller, Wareing
19		11	(a) Oldham A	W 3-0	Gault 2, Donnachie
20		18	(h) Oldham A	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Gault
21		25	(a) Manchester C	L 0-1	
22	Feb	1	(h) Manchester C	W 3-0	Clennell, Gault, Grenyer
23		8	(a) Port Vale	W 1-0	Gault
24		15	(h) Port Vale	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Gault
25		22	(h) Bolton W	W 4-1	Gault 3, Donnachie
26	Mar	1	(a) Bolton W	W 6-3	Gault 3, Donnachie, Grenyer, Jefferis
27		8	(h) Preston NE	W 3-2	Clennell, Gault, Jefferis
28		15	(a) Preston NE	W 3-2	Clennell, Gault, Kirsopp
29		22	(h) Rochdale	W 3-1	Rigsby 3
30		29	(a) Rochdale	W 3-1	Clennell 2, Kirsopp
31	May	10	(a) Nottingham F	D 0-0	
32		17	(h) Nottingham F	L 0-1	

FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 1st in the Lancashire Section Principal Tournament
 Matches 31 and 32 were the Championship Decider against the winners of the Midland Section Principal Tournament.

33	Jan	1	(h) Liverpool	L 1-2	Jefferis
34	Apr	5	(a) Stockport C	W 1-0	Gault
35		12	(h) Stockport C	L 0-1	
36		18	(a) Liverpool	D 1-1	Gault
37		19	(a) Southport	L 1-4	Rigsby
38		23	(h) Southport	L 1-2	Rigsby

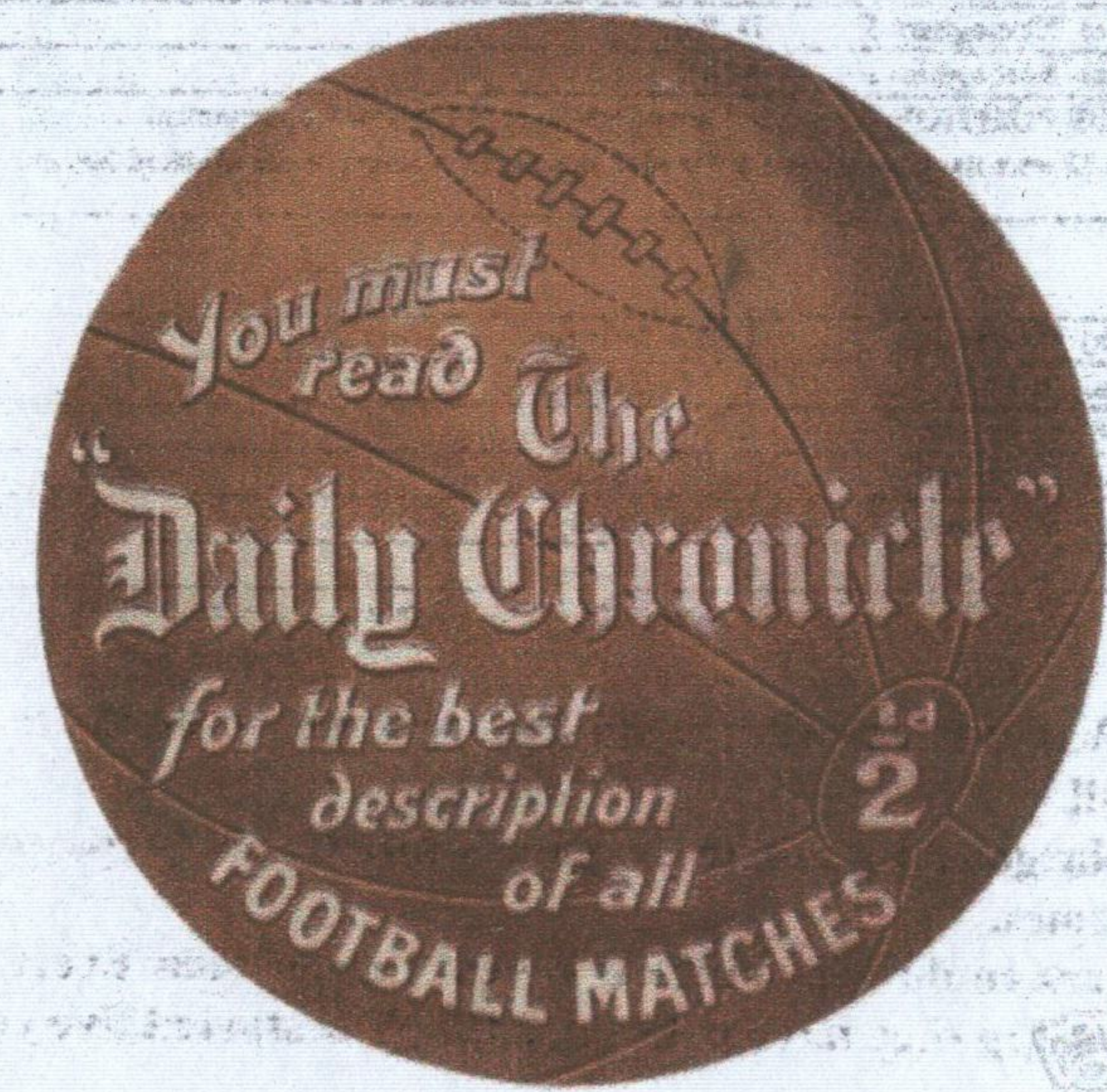
FINAL LEAGUE POSITION: 4th in the Lancashire Section Subsidiary Tournament

Finally the War was drawing to an end, this was to be the last season of regional football. Clennell again got 30 goals in 30 games but Gault surpassed that with 38 goals in 29 games. If these players could reproduce this next season then Everton could retain the Championship they have held since the War started five years ago.

(to be continued in issue 42)



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