

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 7 issue 42



“Please Can We Have Our Ball Back”

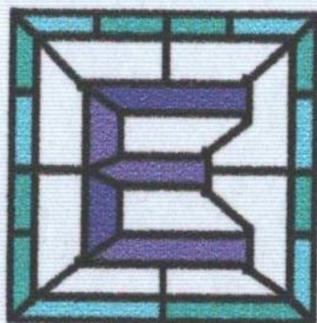
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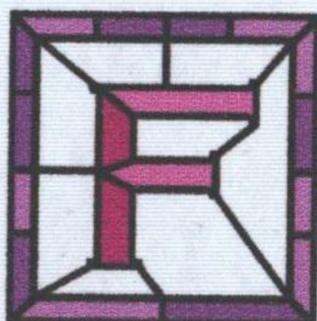
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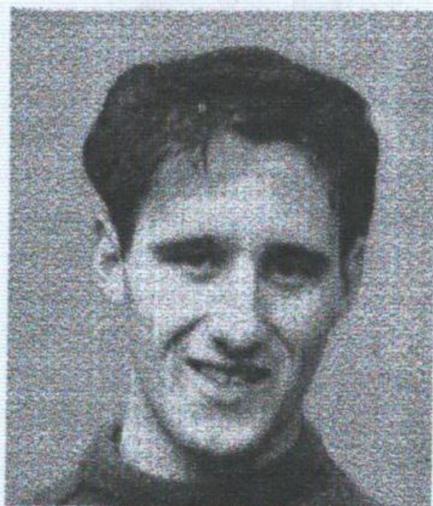
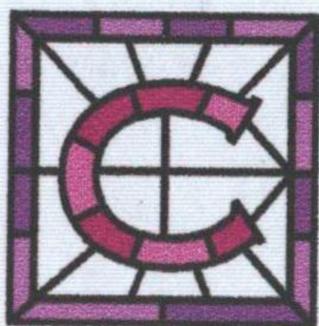


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



Derek Temple
Always remembered for that glorious goal at Wembley in the 1966 Cup Final. A great skilful player

276 + 1 sub 84 goals
Debut March 1957

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

This issue starts with the Remembrance of Alan Ball who died earlier this year but after the last issue of Blue Blood was printed. A great player who was idolised by many, he was part of the tremendous midfield of the late 60's early 70's at Goodison. I had to print most of the tributes that you sent in although it might seem out of date.

We have bought a Jag two years after selling a Ferrari, will he be any good? Who knows but he is young and looks like he wants to make a name for himself and he wanted to come to Goodison. Two wins on the same day!!! What's the World coming to? Everton won in Northern Ireland (Coleraine) and Northern England (Bury) and never let a goal in in either match.

A draw at Preston but oh no not another injury for young Vaughan!!!

The USA tour we lose 2-0 to the Mormons better than losing to the Morons from across the Park but still a poor result.

A new ground for, well make up a figure say it out aloud double it, add anything else and , you get my drift. Why the hell can't Everton make a statement that is actually the truth and relates to the facts?

Bill Kenwright is conspicuous by his absence it seems there is more than one silent 'K' in Kirkby. One thing that hasn't been silent is the emails and letters that have dropped through my letterbox and computer inbox. As you would imagine many different points of view and some so extreme that I have not been able to print them. Hanging in Britain was abolished in the 1960's.

No matter what side you are on, in my opinion it does not matter because the Club have, as with the Kings Dock put out a pretty little picture of a lovely looking stadium, virtually free to you and at no extra charge to the ratepayers of Kirkby. Anyway I am willing to bet any Blue that the vote will be 85% plus in favour of a move, don't believe me? Then why did the overwhelming majority vote to go to the Kings Dock, into a Stadium that we would not have owned, only 51% was to be Everton's? They voted because the Board told them to, there was no alternative? No Plan 'B'. That is what was said then and as we know now, five years later there was an alternative. It was to wait at Goodison Park until another offer came along. Who mentioned moving outside the City when the first Kirkby vote was taken? No one!!!

The Kings Dock did not exist, the tram service that was to supply it does not exist, the new road structure to help traffic flow at the Kings Dock still does not exist. Do you still trust Everton to deliver the Kirkby deal? Do you trust Liverpool Council to deliver something?

Since April this year, I along with Paul Wharton and Keith Wilson from the Shareholders Association and Steffie Underhill an Everton season ticket holder , have been having meetings with Everton Football Club with a view to Celebrate The 80th Anniversary Of Dixie Dean's 60 goals which will be on 5th May 2008. Everton it must be said have been tremendous, they have taken most of our ideas on board and have been very supportive. As we get more things planned over the coming months I will keep you informed as to what and where these events are held. We have also now been joined by Dixie Dean Biographer and Radio Talk In Presenter John Keith also Gill Beattie (No Relation) an Arts & Drama Manger.

It is important that you the Evertonian support us, next year is very important in Everton's History, apart from the Dixie Anniversary, Everton Football Club will be 130 years old. It is also the 120th Anniversary of the founding of the Football League which as you know Everton were one of the original Twelve. Rest assured that our History in the Year Of Capital Of Culture will be at the forefront of events planned, we will make sure the media are aware of just what Everton Football Club have achieved over the last 130 years.

The City of Liverpool is known for Comedians, Football and Musicians that is the CULTURE of the City, though there are those who wish to deny it. Everton Football Club will be promoted by myself and others who believe that we are the true Peoples Club and have been for 130 years.

The transfers have not exactly flown into Goodison and as I am writing this before the Bremen game it might change, Beattie could be gone (was he here last season?) and so to McFadden but whatever happens we will just have to wait for the Wigan game and hope that Everton can do the business on the pitch. Robert Earl a new board member, strange timing eh????

Very, very sad news to wake up to yesterday morning about Alan. I'm obviously too young to have seen him play, and I got to know him only very slightly over the last couple of years. Mostly it was to say that he was unable to be interviewed by me because of commitments to rival newspapers – but he always very courteous, always very polite, always had time to chat about the day's football news with the stranger disturbing him at home at his South Coast home. I particularly remember seeing him about five years ago at one of the Everton Hall of Fame Dinners, moments after effectively being told to eff off by one of his former Everton colleagues (who was drunk for a change). With a little trepidation I, and my little brother Andrew, approached and asked him for a photograph; to say he couldn't have been happier to be asked is an understatement – he was delightful, a true gentleman. We also shared the same publisher, and everyone at Macmillan spoke very highly of him – both Evertonians and those who had no interest in Football.

Since my own book about Everton was published a few years ago, I've become something like the Guardian's answer to the Grim Reaper – only appearing when someone who once wore a blue shirt has died. Yesterday, however, whether through editorial judgment or budgetary restraints, they were only interested in the rather cursory piece 'on file' by my nemesis Brian Glanville – there was no interest in a treatise from an Evertonian. One rather suspects that if he played for Man Utd or – better still as far as the Guardian are concerned – was an experimental theatre director or something wacky they would have given him the double paged spread his life merited.

Anyhow, that aside, I was surprised and delighted when my colleagues in the South China Morning Post took up my suggestion for a piece about Ball. For those of you who don't know, Ball played for Hong Kong's Eastern Athletic with his friend and fellow World Cup Winner, Bobby Moore, at the end of his career. They're going to run it this weekend; (29th April 2007) unfortunately there's no web access to their sports pages – so I've pasted the short piece below for those who are interested...

James Corbett

James Corbett kindly sent this article to Blue Blood and it is reproduced in full on the next two pages.

It is nice to know that there is a professional reporter out there who is also a dedicated Evertonian and that when needs be, James makes sure the name of any great Evertonian is remembered with the respect they deserve .

George Orr

Alan Ball Obituary

This article was first published by the South China Morning Post please see page 4 for more details.

It was one of the periodic attempts to stimulate football in Hong Kong that brought Alan Ball to the former colony in 1982. His friend and fellow World Cup winner, Bobby Moore, had recently been appointed coach of Eastern Athletic by the club's wealthy owners, and he sought out Ball for some of the passion and guile that had been trademarks over a twenty-year-long career.

For the 37-year-old, who was coming to the end of his playing days, the sojourn was highly attractive. 'It was a great move,' Ball told me two years ago, 'I would be linking up with Bobby again and there was plenty of money.' So much, in fact, that he was able to turn his back on the English First Division, where he had been playing for Southampton.

While the pair enjoyed Hong Kong's financial rewards, 'the standard of football was not great,' Ball remembered. Facilities were basic and the Chinese players were treated by the club's owners as minions. 'They were probably getting the equivalent of a bowl of rice and we were pocketing big bucks,' he said. 'The only way they could make money was by betting on games.' As such, the whiff of corruption was never far away.

Ball, who was always a forthright individual, found he was unable to criticise the Chinese players without making himself deeply unpopular. His attitude softened when he became aware of some of the privations that governed their lives. One morning a Chinese player came in complaining he was too tired to train. To Ball this was unthinkable and he lost his temper, telling him to get changed. Only when Bobby Moore -- always a more calm and measured figure -- intervened did they learn the reason for his fatigue: to supplement his meagre football earnings he worked night shifts as a dustman, shifting tons of the colony's refuse.

Some of the other Europeans struggled with the cultural differences in Hong Kong -- Moore's wife, Tina, complained of fans 'sitting around eating chicken feet and casting the bones on the floor' -- but Ball enjoyed the comfortable expatriate experience. Nevertheless, at the end of the season Ball was keen to return to England and embark on a managerial career. He left in early 1983 with happy memories of his short but lucrative spell.

The son of a professional footballer, Alan Ball had already been rejected by several clubs as too small when, aged 17, he made his first start in 1962 for Blackpool. Little ever phased the supremely self-confident footballer: on his debut he replaced the famous veteran, Stanley Matthews, at Liverpool's formidable Anfield stadium and helped his team to a rare away win.

His progress was quick. In May 1965 he fulfilled a boyhood promise -- that he would play for England before he was twenty -- by making his international debut against Yugoslavia. In all he earned 72 caps over the next decade.

Alan Ball Obituary

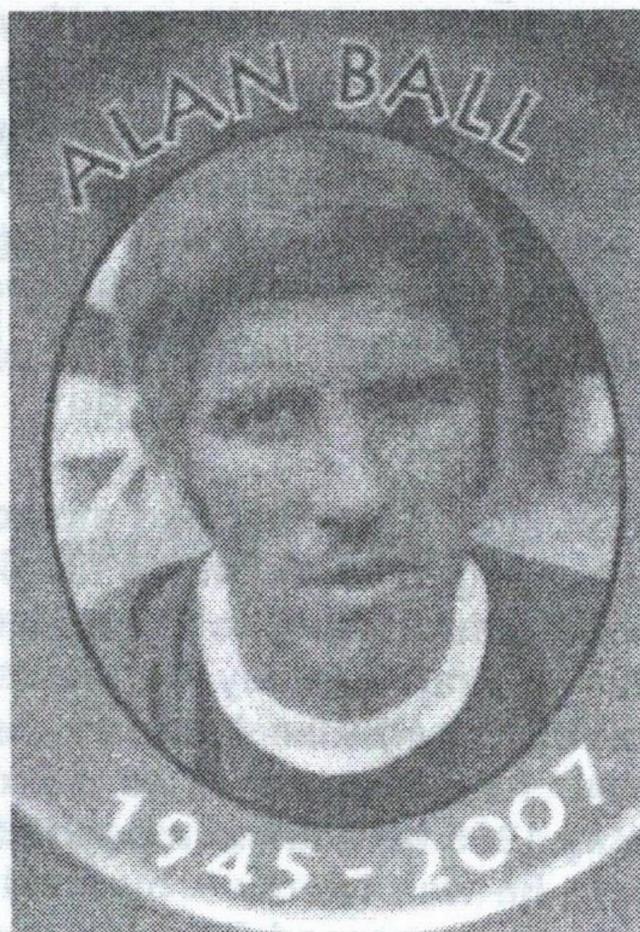
A year after his England debut he was subject of a British transfer record when he joined Everton for £110,000; a landmark that was again broken when he moved to Arsenal five years later. As well as his time in Hong Kong, he spent two years in the US and played for Southampton and Bristol Rovers. He later managed six different clubs with mixed success.

It was for his time with England and Everton that he is best remembered. The enduring image of Ball is in the 1966 World Cup Final, socks around his ankles, urging on his colleagues. In extra time he was the game's best player, setting up England's controversial third and decisive goal.

At Everton he formed an exquisite midfield trio with Colin Harvey and Howard Kendall – Goodison's Holy Trinity – and with his trademark white boots and flame red hair was the team's heartbeat. When the club captain Brian Labone was laid low with injury in the 1969/70 season it was Ball who took the armband and led the club to its seventh league title.

Speaking after Ball's sudden death last Wednesday, Phil Neville his modern successor as Everton captain said: 'I will always recall he was nothing other than an absolute gentleman. He is a legend through being part of the '66 team, and an Everton legend through his faultless performances on the pitch. He was, and still is, an inspiration for all current Everton players.'

James Corbett.



Alan Ball

How can such a small man become a giant? The answer is dedication, passion, commitment and an undying love for football and Everton in particular.

Alan Ball was a hero before he came to Goodison Park. He had set England and the World alight in the Summer of 1966.

A 21 year old Blackpool player who by rights shouldn't have been rubbing shoulders with the likes of Bobby Charlton, a Legend from the mighty Manchester United, Gordon Banks or Ramon Wilson . But none of those giants of English football phased Alan Ball. He was there alongside them by right and on the day of the World Cup Final he was Head and Shoulders above them all.

His running off the ball, his control, his endless stamina all helped to win England the highest prize there is in World Football. When the players returned to their teams to start off another season Alan Ball went back to Blackpool, like the Loyal lad that he was.

No airs and graces for this lad, just hard work and training hoping to do well in the forthcoming season.

Fate however was to intervene, Alan was informed that Everton Football Club wanted him. He phoned his Dad and said "Leeds and Everton want me" his Dad said forget Leeds get yourself down to Goodison Park.

Ball signed and his first game was an away match at Fulham on August 20th 1966. Although he had won a World Cup medal he was proud but not boastful of the fact. Indeed his new team mates had all won a medal as well the previous season. In a glorious fight back at Wembley Stadium Everton had won the F.A. Cup.

Ball lined up with the following players on his debut, Gordon West England International, Tommy Wright a Future England International, Ray Wilson a fellow World Cup Winner, Jimmy Gabriel, Scottish International, Brian Labone , England International, Colin Harvey, Alex Scott, Scottish International, Fred Pickering England International, Alex Young Scottish International, Derek Temple England International. So even though he was a World Cup Winner, this was a huge step up for Ball as regard League Football.

I was working on a night shift and left work at 6am on the Saturday Morning, straight into Lime Street Station and down to London for the match.

The Evertonians were there in force, as they always were, packed in behind the goal. The game was a good contest, fairly even until Alan Ball scored, the Evertonians erupted like a dormant 500 year old volcano. Ball had started with a bang. He was loved instantly by the Blues.

60,657 were inside Goodison Park for his home debut against Manchester United. Expectations were high, Ball was going to destroy them, Alex Young and Alan Ball, unbeatable!!! That was the general consensus of opinion, but reality was different, Manchester United won 2-1 Temple scored, not Ball. Evertonians felt that maybe they had been a little bit premature in their worship of their new idol.

Four days later and Liverpool were the visitors to Goodison Park, they had won the League last season and had come to Goodison only a few weeks before

And won the Charity Shield against Everton. 64,318 crammed inside the ground. The Reds were confident, they were the Champions and they would slaughter the Cup Winners. They had done it a few weeks ago and they would do it again, they were shouting their heads off. But little Alan Ball had something to say, his was the name that was heard above all others, he scored twice, the much underrated Sandy Brown scored another and Everton won 3-1. Scenes of wild delight in the Gwladys Street, howls of derision from the Reds. If Alan Ball left Everton Football Club that night and never played again he would still have been a Legend.

As we know he didn't leave Everton that night, he went of to form part of the greatest midfield Everton fans have ever seen, Harvey, Kendall, Ball, rolls of the tongue.

"Bally" was always arguing with linesmen, referees or opposition players, some say he moaned all the time and got his team mates down, if he did it wasn't his intention, he was trying in his own way to improve them.

No one was more committed to football than Alan, he lived and sadly died totally immersed in the game.

This Club has been very lucky that over the years we have had players like Dean, Mercer, Young, Hickson, Labone etc. not only giants of Football but gentlemen.

Go to Goodison on a Tour and see if you can meet a nicer man than Dave Hickson.

If you are at an Everton dinner and talk to Alex Young then you will be privileged to have met not only one of the Greatest Players to have worn the Royal Blue but you would have met a very nice man.

Evertonians rightly demand more than just a Player. They have to be Evertonians as well.

The Giants of Goodison Park loom over any new player, they are aware as soon as they sign that this is a Club steeped in History. Some like Alan Ball knew all about this, he respected the past and built for the future.

Ball represented an era in Football that has long gone, the desire to win and get others around you to win. To want the fans to worship you and chant your name.

Today most players look no further than the emails from their agents to see if it is time to move on to another paymaster.

They have no affinity with the fans and live in isolated mansions far away from the supporters.

Alan Ball was a fans player, a bloke you might see at the racecourse, not in the VIP lounge but out in the paddock with the other punters.

The Peoples Club has lost a Man Of The People but it will live on, as will Alan Ball's name.

George Orr

Alan Ball

July 30th 1966 is a date firmly imprinted in the mind of every English football fan. For once no broken promises as on a sultry afternoon England beat West Germany at "old Wembley". Despite scoring what is a unique hat-trick Geoff Hurst was not many observers man of the match. Most agreed the accolade belonged to the youngest player on the pitch Alan James Ball a young forward from the modest Blackpool FC. Born in Farnworth near Bolton Ball had been rejected by both Bolton and Wolves as too small. He may have been small in stature but a burning desire to follow his father into the pro game saw him given a chance at Blackpool. He made a winning start for the Tangerines at Anfield and throughout his top flight career much to his obvious relish continued to be a thorn in Liverpool's side. A promise to his father that he would play for his country before he was 20 was honoured with days in hand in 1965. Alan became an integral part of Ramsey's wingless wonders in the lead up to the 66 World Cup, but as the action began Ball wasn't sure of his place, however once given the opportunity he made it impossible for Sir Alf to drop him. The rest as they say is history. Two weeks after the final Alan Ball became an Everton player. Incredibly only Everton and Leeds were the only sides prepared to meet Blackpool's British transfer record valuation of £110,000. Evertonians had a new hero a man they felt would die for the cause and never give up the fight. A goalscoring debut at Fulham was followed a week later with a Goodison derby. Two goals in a 3-1 win were a superb star as his love affair with the Goodison faithful was cemented. Ball took on cult hero status his skill, industry and goalscoring ability proving irresistible. By the end of his first season the purchase of Howard Kendall was the last piece of the Holy Trinity in place. Ball, Kendall, and Colin Harvey became a feared midfield trio as Everton played some wonderful football without a trophy to show. I remember Bally in tears at Wembley after an unexpected loss to WBA in 1968. The 69/70 season saw everything fall into place as Everton tore away to convincing title win. (continued on page 10)

Alan Ball

Ball was the hub of the team in his pristine trademark white boots and received the trophy as stand in skipper for the injured Brian Labone. Ball was duly instated as captain for the title defence, but a gruelling Mexico World Cup campaign seemed to take its toll on the 4 Everton representatives and the season became one of struggle culminating in exits from the FA Cup and European Cup summed up a sorry season. Ball found it hard to accept and he proved a hard taskmaster as captain, which didn't go down too well with some of the senior players. The next season was a period of change with Harry Catterick pitching in youngsters as the title winning team was inexplicably broken up. Ball as ever gave 100% but the dynamism of previous seasons appeared to be on the wane, and Bally's influence diminished. Then around Christmas a bombshell, Ball had been transferred to Arsenal with rumours of off the field problems rife. and against his wishes. I remember feeling sick to my stomach reading that my first real football idol would be playing for someone other than his beloved Everton. I was 18 then and at 53 still feel it was my worst day as an Evertonian. At Highbury in early January a clearly disconsolate Ball was man marked out of the game by a dogged but totally limited Terry Darracott. Graft was obviously now the order of the day. Everton never really replaced Ball, but I suppose that was a virtually impossible task. Through working at the Hall of Fame Dinners I was fortunate and honoured enough to meet Alan on several occasions. One thing always evident was his continued love of Everton and the fans. Never has a made up terrace chant been truer "Alan Ball is an Evertonian" He will be sadly missed and his loss so tragically soon after that of Brian Labone is a sad blow for Evertonians everywhere.

BARRY HEWITT

Kirkby Or Bust

Everton are going to be given a 'Free Stadium' it will be built for £85 or £160 Million all in. Sounds like something from Airfix. Come on, who the Hell can build a Stadium for that price?

If it does get built it will be a pre fabricated screwed together, kit like building. Is that what you want?

It is the deal of the century according to our Chief Executive Mr Wyness considering there is still 93 years left in this century that is some statement.

There is no plan B, again says Mr Wyness but why not? If I had a manager who was on £100K plus a year and he didn't have a Plan B then I would be worried.

What if Tesco pull out? What if the Kirkby residents say NO? There is a Plan B but Wyness does not want to tell you.

It is to redevelop Goodison Park, it is the only other option, we can not afford Millions to build a new stadium but we can redevelop Goodison over four years.

The extra Sky money and the money earned from the first stage of the new Bullens Road with all the extra Executive Boxes and Sponsors Lounges will then help with the redevelopment of the Gwladys Street. Then the Main Stand etc.

If Goodison Park has no longer than ten years life, as has been said then it is imperative that work starts soon. We are told that Kirkby will have 15,000 extra seats and that will pay for the transfers over the coming years.

Excuse me but those are 15,000 empty seats because Everton can not fill Goodison Park. Even for the Derby, tickets go on general sale and Kopites are all over the ground. Only the Man United game is a sell out for Evertonians. No Mancs except in their own section, everywhere else Blues, not like the Derby.

So Mr. Wyness where are the missing 15,000 fans coming from? They are not to be found at Goodison and even when we reduce our prices there is still no waiting list for season tickets. Every Christmas we have half price season tickets on sale, the purchasers are offered free 'Derby' tickets as a lure.

We are not Man U, or Spurs or the Spanish Americans from across the Park, all of who have an endless waiting list for season tickets, we have to freeze prices and use gimmicks to sell 20,000 so once again I ask where the Hell are the 55,000 fans coming from to fill Kirkby?

Where is the direct trains from Ormskirk, Aughton and Maghull? All will have to go to Kirkdale then wait for the Kirkby train, when now they just get off at Kirkdale and walk to Goodison.

People from Southport, Formby, Bootle etc will have to do the same. Those who live in Skem will not be able to get the train to Kirkby unless there is a bus service that will take them to the station at Upholland and as the railway has never done this in the last twenty years for either Liverpool or Everton fans to get to Kirkdale there is not much chance of that. Go to Kirkby Mr Wyness it won't bother you, after all you left Aberdeen to enrich yourself, you have no loyalty except to yourself and your wallet.

We are as Evertonians stuck with our team, we stick by them. We do not follow another team. Tell me again Mr Wyness, why should I go to Kirkby when I can watch Sky TV. another one of your sponsors. Every Saturday night I can watch 55 minutes of Highlights You take their money but expect us not to watch the game if it is on Live but to turn up sometimes in torrential rain to watch what has been mostly a poor standard of football. We do this now because we sit with our mates, we drink in the same pubs and we go to the same chippy. Can you promise me a seat by my mates in the new stadium Mr Wyness? Will I still be able to park free by the ground or will it be only inside your Pay and Display Car Park?

Tommy The Deserter

Dear Editor

Last season, I wrote a brief article in *Blue Blood* outlining a few questions which I felt should be answered by the club before we the fans voted on a move to Kirkby. Following Keith Wyness' remarks as stated in the Echo, I've come to the conclusion that I'll be voting against the move. I feel it's up to the Club hierarchy to persuade us to move, and they've failed to do so, in my case at least. These are the statements that cause me to worry:

"Increased revenue from the new stadium will mean manager David Moyes will have up to £10m a year extra to spend on players."

Notice the words "up to", which means that the £10M figure is the highest estimate. Where is the breakdown on this? On what basis is this figure calculated?

"If the move does not go ahead, there is no Plan B"

It's Wyness' job as Chief Executive to see to it that there is a "Plan B".

"Mr Wyness said he could not put an accurate figure on the overall costs of the project."

Surely this should be taken as the death knell of any talk of a move, and is a staggering admission. How can anyone vote for a move if the Chief Executive himself doesn't know how much it will cost? It beggars belief that, after all this time, Wyness doesn't know the costings.

"If we have to carry on at Goodison, there will be serious issues. Attendance numbers will go down and then revenue will go down and when that happens, you can't compete. There is no Plan B. There is no other option."

Why will numbers go down? On what basis does Wyness make this statement? Again, his job is to provide a plan B. The statements Wyness make are full of vague generalities: "up to £75M", "it is hoped that Tesco will be able to cash in its loyalty points" "the club will probably be left with only the cost of the internal fit-out, which could be as low as £10M". On top of this, the figures seem to be changing at an almost daily rate. Will the total cost of the stadium be £50M, £75M or £150M? What exactly will EFC's contribution be?

Every time Keith Wyness speaks, the goalposts seem to move.

I can't vote to leave our home of the last 115 years on the basis of hopes, probably and could be, so, with a heavy heart, I'll be voting "no".

Rolant Ellis See page 21 for Rolant's Question to Wyness.

Lord I Have Seen The Light

So here we are again another Season full of hope and European football on Top to boot. What more can an Evertonian ask for? Well being an Evertonian, can we have some more signings please?

Is there any chance of the Kirkby deal being done and let us know what is happening?

Ok so those are the moans out of the way now the praise, there is no reason at all why Everton can not compete with the clubs who are chasing fourth place. If you think after Man U, Chelsea and maybe Arsenal the rest are no better than us and that includes our American Cousins from across the Theme Park.

Aston Villa will be challenging for fourth spot, O'Neil has now had a full season to get his team sorted out and he is a manger that I admire.

Spurs are another team that have to be going for that fourth place as well, they are a Big Club, make no bones about it they will be a tough team to play against. Moyes gave them the game at Goodison but by the same rules he took the points at White Hart Lane in style and with only ten men.

The Spanish Americans from The New Zoo, well I know I am biased but they have had their day. The European Cup Final showed that they are well below their best and they finished 21 points behind Man Ure.

Kuyt is no better than Beattie, slow mentally and physically. Is Kewell better than McFadden? Crouch and Bellamy for Vaughan and Anichebe in a swop, no thanks.

Bolton with Little Sam instead of Big Sam are not the force they were and they can be written off. Blackburn, they are a team that can do us damage, well organised, hard and talented, plus Hughes is a good manager who will get the best from his team.

Newcastle, oh poor little Newcastle, will this be the Season they win the title, which they last won 80 years ago!!! Big Sam will get rid of all the stylish players and the grafters will take over, a good Cup team but nothing else, besides they have their own little League with Boro and Sunderland to keep them happy but they might not even end up Champions of that League.

Reading, one season wonders, I think so, Copull had the chance to go for Europe but boringly talked his team out of it.

Middlesboro, oh no not Boro, the first three letters of their name are the same first three letters from the word Boring and that's what they are, mind numbingly bad, Sunderland, (see Boro) it will only be interesting to see how Super Gob, Keane reacts to the abuse he will get from the terraces.

Manchester City, ah those loveable, loyal, Bitter and Twisted Manchester Blues, I am sorry but get your Sat Navs primed for Stockport, Bury, Crewe etc, you are going down, you are putting your faith in Sven, a new owner who might be in jail soon, and soon no fans, well ok a few fans. Birmingham, great that they are back, no not just for the three points, but for the three "Points" I will order in their cosy little old fashioned pubs.

West Ham, nothing more than also - rans, might do some damage to Arsenal, Chelsea & Spurs in their quest to rule London but they will not make the top ten, no matter how well they sing Blowing Bubbles and with Richard Wright and Bellamy they will not be setting the World alight. Derby County, imagine it, we can win FOUR Derby matches next season, another team with a return ticket to the Championship.

Fulham, with Sanchez in charge will be the New Bolton, hoof it up and run at the defence ahead of you, American Football without the helmets.

Portsmouth, Hi Ho Pompus, Pompus Hi Ho. A club living far above itself, the end is nigh and this will be our last visit to the open air bomb site that is their hovel of a ground.

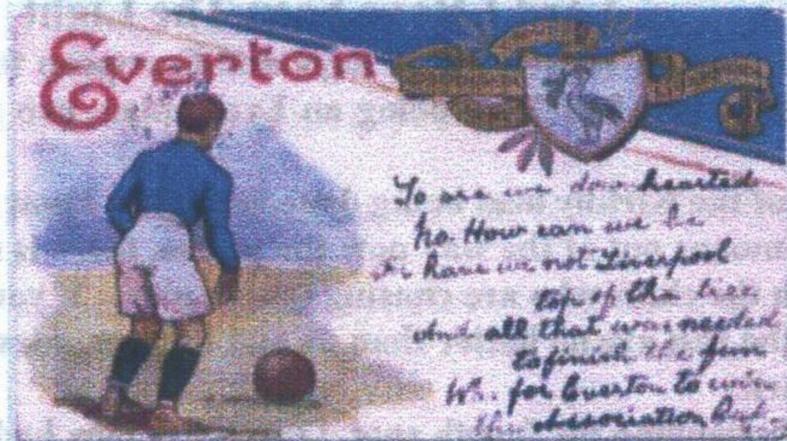
The others, well are there any others? If Everton cannot get into the top five then there is something wrong, whether that is the Manager, the Board or the ambitions of the fans remains to be seen. Let's just get one thing clear, we are as good as most and better than many, so we must stop talking about not having enough money or injuries we must just get out there on the Park and do the business. Moyes has got to stop being nervous and dithering, he can be positive but he doesn't do it often enough.

Let us get back to the time when you mentioned Everton to someone they had an admiring look on their face, you had pride in your club and walked tall.

I am not an old fart romancing, tell me is there anyone better than Arteta? Johnson, Vaughan (for his age) Howard, Lescott, Yobo, the answer is not many if any.

Gordon "The Special One" Lee

Letters



E-Mails

Blue Blood

I think this will be a great season. Moyes has now settled in , I know it took him a long time but for all you doubters (George) just you watch us go. We now have a young team with skilful midfield players and a forward line that can match most in the Premiership.

Europe is a bonus and if we do well it will put Everton's name back up there where we belong.

Gary Porter.

Blue Blood

No doubt the fanzine is full of Kirkby Go, Goodison Stay, articles and maybe that is right but I would just like to say that Everton in Europe is what it is all about. If we make an impression and do well, then the feedback might be the key in getting more investment into the Club. Moyes must learn that when we are away in Europe a 2-1 defeat isn't too bad, don't try to make it 2-2 by chasing the game.

He fell apart in Bucharest, totally lost the plot, we can not be embarrassed like that again. Over in the States he hasn't given me much hope.

To lose to a bottom of the League American team, even in pre season is bad.

Moyes complained that HIS team didn't give him the effort he wanted. Yes after six long years he has admitted that style and flair are far from his mind. Run your goolies off up and down hills and train like there is no tomorrow. The fact that half the squad can't control a ball and the other half can't pass it is irrelevant. Beattie was probably the only person in the USA who couldn't shoot from six yards and hit the target.

Moyes has got a team of athletes not footballers, their aim is to run down the opposition, close down the game and wear themselves out. When that doesn't work ,as in Salt Lake, then God Help us.

Let's hope we get the easiest team in Europe and then hope that their star players are injured or suspended oh and that Moyes has Flu and can't take charge for that game.

Tony The Blind Labrador.

Blue Blood

Happy New Season and best wishes to all Evertonian's .

The Summer (Ha Ha Ha) is over and Football is back I can't wait. What lies ahead is unknown, that is the beauty of the Beautiful Game. Transfer Talk! Stadium Moves! Cup Runs! Relegation! Everything to keep you on the edge of your seat whether it be at the ground or at home with the remote and a can.

Get ready for Kick Off nothing can touch it.

Harry Sloan

Blue Blood.

So Mr. Potato Head says there is no Plan 'B', well Spud, there is no Plan 'A' either.

Walton John

Blue Swayed Views

The Ray Wilson Story

Still, we were through to the semi-final. We were one game from Wembley. It was a relieved and joyful Everton party that took the road home from Wolverhampton that night.

When the semi-final pairings were announced we were to play Manchester United at Bolton and Chelsea were engaged with Sheffield Wednesday. The critics and the fans seemed to leave us in little doubt that the Wembley most people wanted to see was United against Chelsea. That, they said, would be a Footballing final.

Only the Evertonians were shouting for us, and most of those must have nursed secret fears as we set off for our semi final date with United. I was confident that we could do well and two factors backed me as I joined my pals for the trip to the overnight stop at Burnley convinced that this, at last, really was to be our year.

United had returned less than forty-eight hours before from Partizan Belgrade where they had lost 2-0 in a European Cup semi-final (first leg). They had suffered defensively in that match and their trip home had been a tiring marathon, with a ten-hour delay in Vienna on the way home. They had not arrived in Manchester until the early hours of Friday morning and with them was a limping George Best. This man, possibly their greatest single asset at this time, was in need of a cartilage operation and would be unable to play again for the rest of the season.

I imagined ourselves in a similar position and decided quite firmly that United would not have the appetite for an FA Cup semi-final that they ought to.

So United, who were only ten miles down the road from their home at Old Trafford, would probably have preferred not to play an FA Cup semi-final at Burnden Park, Bolton on that particular Saturday.

It turned out to be a dour clash, as semi-finals so often are, with everyone's thoughts on getting to Wembley. Safety first and bad nerves were the traditional order of the day. Defences ruled Burnden and I sensed that they might be the more vulnerable. If anyone was going to crack I fancied it would be United. There was a lot of edginess about their play. Much of the action was contained in a midfield vacuum with only the occasional break lifting the roar of the crowd to an excited pitch. In these breaks Mike Trebilcock, a young Cornishman who had been brought in to replace Fred Pickering, was raiding well for us. Quite clearly, it was obvious that the first goal would be the winner and, happily, it came from the boot of an Evertonian.

Colin Harvey, the tough little midfield player who was just beginning to rise to the stature that has since made him one of the game's outstanding wing-halves, hit a shot from just outside the area. Whether United goalkeeper Harry Gregg was unsighted or not I wouldn't like to say. In any case I sincerely doubt if he had any chance at all of saving the shot. We had other chances. We hit the post, but the last five minutes were really stricken with anxiety as we scrambled them away time and again. The final whistle brought immense relief all round and we were through to Wembley. Even more creditable was the fact that we were there without conceding a goal 12 for, none against.

Sheffield Wednesday were the other finalists and we all began to wonder, somewhat cockily I fear, if we could create something of a record by winning the Cup without conceding a goal. It was a thought our supporters were delighted to be able to mull over.

The Ray Wilson Story

Personally, I was overjoyed. Although I had a wardrobe full of England caps and had played at Wembley (many times) and all over the globe, the thrill of getting to an FA Cup final was something special. It was the highest honour I had ever attained at club level for we had never even managed to win the West Riding Cup during my days at Huddersfield. I knew quite a few of the Wednesday players— Ron Springett, Johnny Fantham, Gerry Young and so on— and realised that it was going to be a hard one to win.

But not until the week before the match did we really start to let it occupy much of our time although, of course there were the constant reminders and intrusions ... pictures, interviews and the incessant clamour for tickets. Sometimes these demands were a bind, yet they were all part of the Cup Final scene and I felt I had to be seen enjoying them.

We trained four times on a nearby works ground; a pitch kept specially for local Merseyside finals and nursed throughout the year by a ground staff who treated it with loving care. It was the nearest turf we could find to Wembley conditions and it suited the task perfectly.

On the Thursday before the final was due to be played we moved south. This was the moment when the tension began to show and the great day seemed to be galloping headlong towards us. We made our headquarters at Seisdon Park, a hotel with magnificent grounds and every comfort including golf course, swimming pool and every indoor sport you can think of. Golf was forbidden in case it should interfere with our carefully tabulated preparation, but we were allowed a dip in the pool. The weather was perfect, and we had a wonderful time. Out there, facing the open countryside, we were free from all interference. We were alone with our thoughts to walk and rest upon the rolling acres. We did have a putting competition but it was a bit of a farce since no one could compete with our star golfer, Brian Harris.

I shared a room with Derek Temple and it suited both of us. We liked to lie in before a match, where some of the lads preferred to be up for an early walk and an equally early breakfast.

On the Friday, with Wembley closing in on us, we had a light run on the golf course, settled down for an afternoon of more interviews and elected for a trip to a cinema in Croydon in the evening. Derek and I never got there. The local taxi firm running a shuttle service to the cinema forgot to come back for us so we were left with physiotherapist Norman Borrowdale for a quiet evening in front of the television set.

This Friday, so full of excitement and expectancy, was a black day for one of our members— Fred Pickering. Manager Harry Catterick had the unenviable task of breaking the unhappy news to Fred that he was not being selected for the final. It was a heart-breaking decision and not one to be taken lightly by either manager or player who, after all, had scored four of the twelve goals that had rocketed us to Wembley.

Although Fred was ostensibly fit again after his knee injury I feel that the manager felt there was still a hint of suspicion about it. He could not afford to have his centre forward break down at any stage of an FA Cup final and there was always the risk that this might happen for in the trial match Fred had played before the final quite a few people had sensed that he might have been holding back.

Had substitutes been eligible he would probably have been chosen. But as this was not so he had to be left on the bench. He was bitterly upset. His wife, who was staying at another hotel with the rest of the girls, was broken-hearted. I was terribly sorry for them both.

But what does one do in a case like that? I know just how I would have felt if the same fate had befallen me.

We all felt sorry for Fred, yet we did not want to upset him further by continually offering sympathy.

I had a sleeping pill to get me off that night and next morning the old butterflies started their fandango in the pit of my stomach at a ridiculously early hour. It was impossible to sit still and the hands of the clock seemed to have gone on strike. All I had to eat before the hour-and-a-half drive to Wembley was my habitual toast and honey. I remember little about the

The Ray Wilson Story

drive. Some of the lads tried to take their minds off the final by playing cards. I just sat quietly with goalkeeper Gordon West, a notoriously nervous player.

Once our police escort had us within the vicinity of the stadium there was no escaping the atmosphere. The heartwarming Everton fans seemed to be everywhere. They were in their usual noisy, good-humoured mood, many of them singing the Everton Cup song 'We shall Not be Moved'. Somehow the Sheffield Wednesdayites, possibly unused to such success, remained typically dour and very-Yorkshire, and could scarcely be noticed.

We won the toss for the dressing-room we wanted—the North dressing-room, used by England as the home team. It was a place I knew well, but the atmosphere was different than I had ever known. It was super-charged with a fervour that belies description. While I have always got excited and worked up about playing for England, this seemed a far greater occasion to have to cope with than a friendly with the international team against some foreign foe.

Many of our lads had never been to Wembley before. I was staggered to see the stress etched in the face of that great practical joker of the team, Brian Harris. Yet the time simply flew by.

In the dressing-rooms one can hear but the tiniest murmur of the din going on outside, so you can imagine the battering our ears received as we lined up in the tunnel alongside the Wednesday lads for the long walk to be presented to Princess Margaret.

The wait in the tunnel, hanging about for the official signal to march out—for every movement is timed to the second—is the most traumatic of all. There is nothing to say except a few murmured 'All the best' to friend and foe alike. There is little to think about. But there is plenty of last hope. Will I play well? Will we win? Will we all avoid injury? Will it be

a great final? All you can do is hope.

I loved the preliminaries. Despite a natural desire to get on with the match all the pomp and ceremony helped to create the atmosphere that only a Cup final can evoke. The presentations were soon over, we drifted to our separate ends for kicking in and in no time at all we were waiting for referee Jack Taylor to get us under way. The crowd roared its deafening accompaniment. This was it. The big one. The Cup final we had been waiting for all season. Was this to be our year...?

In those early, dream-like minutes when I was trying to find my feet I began to doubt it. Wednesday came at us with everything and before I knew what was really happening we were a goal down and I had a foot in it. Jimmy McCalliog, their talented Scotsman, cut inside and tried a shot. Gordon West had the ball covered but it caught the outside of my boot almost as soon as it left McCalliog's boot and was diverted out of Gordon's reach. I am sure he would have saved it otherwise. A goal down so early in the Cup final is something of a disaster. Wednesday were throwing in everything. When we did break Alex Young appeared to have scored a perfectly good goal but the referee thought not and disallowed it and when goalkeeper Ron Springett pulled him down in a second attack Mr. Taylor refused to award us a penalty. There can be no telling just how hard we fought to get level but they seemed to have massive reserves of strength and confidence and we were making little impression. At the interval we were still a goal down and the Everton dressing room was silent and grave with dejection. Even I, the most experienced player in the team, was finding it hard to put my finger on our problems any more than I could come up with a remedy. We were playing well but Wednesday were so incredibly full of running. Mr. Catterick must have felt the same way for there was no verbal rocket from him during the break. He merely went around the lads quietly offering pieces of advice and urging us to continue playing football.

The Ray Wilson Story

Yet no sooner had the second half started than the Yorkshire side spurted further ahead. Johnny Fantham, in an inspired run, went sweeping past three of us. His powerful shot thudded back out of Gordon West's grasp and there was David Ford, a lightning opportunist, thumping the gift home.

I scratched at my head. 'Surely they must tire; surely they cannot keep up such relentless pressure. I kept muttering these things to myself. But deep down I felt sick. The Cup was as good as lost. Even Everton, for all their skill and technique, would not find it impossible to score the three goals that were needed for victory.

Such worries harassed me for no more than two minutes. For within that time we had pulled a goal back. Derek Temple, who was rounding off a most brilliant season, made a firm centre and Mike Trebilcock, in a blur of action, brought his left foot down on the ball with phenomenal power and shot for a goal that no goalkeeper in the world would have saved.

Although we were still losing that goal gave us the heart we needed, and was just sufficiently discouraging to douse some of Wednesday's fire.

Now we were back in the game. Alex Scott sent us surging deep into Wednesday's defences and his cross through the rapidly panicking rearguard found the lethal Trebilcock who smashed in the equaliser. We turned somersaults. We were back level at 2—2 and there was time yet for us to be first up those steps to the Royal Box to receive the FA Cup on behalf of Everton.

I knew we could do it. Everton's fans were delirious with delight and one of them created near sacrilege by eluding police and invading Wembley's turf to add his congratulations. Pursued by police, and watched by millions of tele viewers and in front of Princess Margaret he was eventually hauled down by a smart Rugby tackle by one of the Metropolitan bobbies. The fan lost his jacket and the policeman marched him away minus his helmet.

There was only one thing to do at such a moment of ecstasy. Brian Labone stuck the helmet on his head and I wore the fan's jacket. That shows just how relieved and elated we were when Mike's equaliser flashed home.

Now we were chasing the winner and after seventy-three minutes we got it to crown the most classic of Cup-ties with an Everton victory. The goal twanged every emotion. A long ball out of defence dropped straight to Wednesday's Gerry Young, who was covering their inexperienced centre-half Sam Ellis. Young had plenty of time perhaps too much for he momentarily took his eye off the ball. It skidded away to be collected in full stride by Temple. On he raced for fully 35 yards with the entire stadium roaring. Springett dashed from goal in a gallant bid to cut out the danger. Temple had a split second in which to make up his mind. Should he chip over, shoot or attempt to dribble home? He shot, low and true, and the FA Cup was ours.

Twice in the following season Temple raced through the Wednesday defence to score such goals and on the second occasion Fantham, who was standing close to me, put his hands to his head and moaned: 'Oh no! Not that blinking Temple again.' I knew how he must have felt.

The hero of the piece was, of course, Mike Trebilcock. He had been drafted into the side not many games earlier and had had the sort of final young boys and grown men will dream about as long as football is played. In some respects his finishing could be as lethal as that of Jimmy Greaves although he seemed to go out of top class football just as dramatically and quickly as he had arrived. He is now back in the Second Division with Portsmouth. Two other men occupied my thoughts in the immediate celebration. Derek Temple, who had done so much during our Cup run, and Gerry Young. Temple is a quiet guy, a great team man who did not seek one jot of praise or publicity for his efforts. His reward crowned a career of loyalty to Everton. He had his ups and downs and when manager Catterick had arrived at Goodison it was touch and go whether Derek would be given a free transfer. He was in and

The Ray Wilson Story

out of the reserves and seemed unable to make any real impact. Catterick gave him a run and he went on to be picked up by Alf Ramsey as an England trialist.

Gerry Young will long be known as the man whose slip cost Sheffield Wednesday their chance. He is a grand lad and a very good player and he has my deepest sympathy. The same mistake could have happened to anyone—certainly I could have committed such an error—but to Gerry goes the eternal discredit. It had been a great final, one of the very best and even the gregarious Everton fans rose to Wednesday as the gallant losers made an unusual, but well-earned, lap of honour. Mr. Catterick was quickly across the Wembley passage with the Cup and the first man to get his condolences and have a swig of champagne was Gerry Young.

Somehow the celebrations at Grosvenor House were an anti-climax. Perhaps we were all physically and mentally exhausted after the match. I could remember little of the actual play, it was as though I had been playing in a trance.

But we were all glad to hear everyone say that it had been something of a spectacular. I think that Brian Labone summed up the dressing-room feeling best of all when he said:

'A lot of people argued that we were lucky to get to Wembley. They wondered how we would react if ever we got a goal down. That is why I was so delighted that we gave them the perfect answer in the manner of our come-back after being two goals down.'

The most fantastic thing of all occurred on our homecoming. We left the train at Allerton, on the outskirts of the city. For the last few miles we got into an open-roofed coach and all along the route was a bawling, teeming avenue of rabid, blue-and-white Everton support. Not just the men folk, but mothers, daughters and babies. Houses and whole streets were bedecked in our colours.

One little cameo of this joyful ride in the open bus sticks in my memory. After we had passed Broadgreen hospital, where patients on sticks and in dressing-gowns had been let out to watch, we came to a corner jammed with fans. We waved and right in the middle was a lone Liverpoolian in his red-and-white colours and long face.

Gordon West spotted him and pointed him out. Suddenly the fan recalled that Liverpool had won the Cup twelve months earlier. For with stunning timing, just as our eyes met, he called out churlishly: 'Copy cats.' The remark slayed us, and is typical of the way most fanatical sets of supporters tolerate each other with good humoured banter.

BACK TO WEMBLEY

The summer of 1966 will long be remembered as possibly the greatest in the history of British sport. For my family it brought scrap-books jammed with the full record of a double event—Everton's FA Cup win and England's World Cup triumph. I had shared in them both, so my appetite for football at the beginning of the following season was as fierce as it possibly could be.

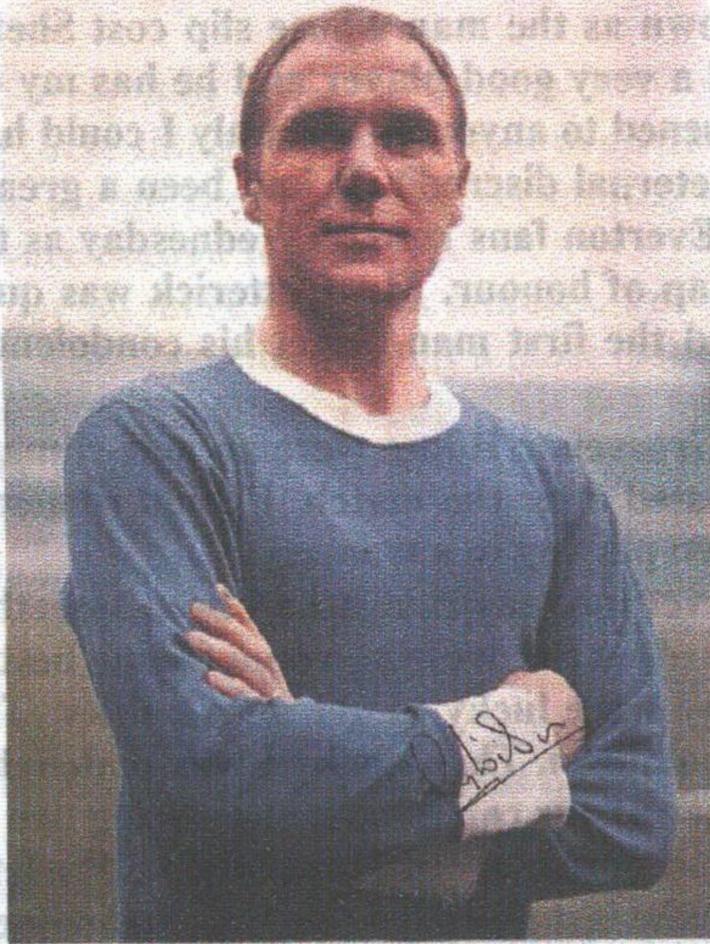
Everton were in the European Cup winners' Cup, a competition second only to the European Cup and one that every player wants to take part in. Looking down our lists of potential rivals I could see many illustrious clubs whom we might well have been drawn against; sides such as Slavia Sofia, Real Saragossa, Bayern Munich, Borussia Dortmund, who had beaten Liverpool in the previous year's final, and Glasgow Rangers.

When we drew the part-time Danes of Aalborg in the preliminary round we were delighted. It was almost as though we had been paired off with one of those Irish teams who always seem destined to say farewell to the competition in the very first stages. Most of the Scandinavian sides, and I include Denmark, are of a similar pedigree. Their outstanding players are whipped away to overseas countries and their own standards are not very high.

Their sturdiness at home in the first leg against us was somewhat surprising, even if it was a negative, defensive (Continued on Page 22)

The Ray Wilson Story

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF **TyPhoo** TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM 5



RAY WILSON
(Everton and England)

After almost 12 years with Huddersfield, Ray Wilson transferred to Everton in July 1964. First capped in 1960 against Yugoslavia, he now has a total of 54 caps plus an F.A. Cup medal (1966) and he played in all 6 matches in England's triumph in the World Cup in the same year.

Two great cards from the 60's. Can you imagine today's stars advertising Tea?

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF **TyPhoo** TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM 5



BRIAN LABONE
(Everton and England)

Brian Labone signed for Everton in August 1957. After a league debut against Birmingham City in March 1959 he has gone on to win seven Under 23 caps, 14 full International Caps and four Football League medals. He won a First Division League Championship medal in 1962-63 and captained his team in winning the F.A. Cup in 1965-66, and when they were runners-up in 1967-68.

Kirkby Answers Please

- 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

The Ray Wilson Story

game, ending without a goal being scored. The return at Goodison turned out to be the cakewalk we all expected although even on this night we were haunted by an alarming inability to round off the most telling moves with a goal.

In the end we won 2-1 with goals by John Morrissey and Alan Ball. They did give us a scare however, for they had us at 1-1 for a long time, and we knew only too well that in the event of a draw they would go through under the rule which says that away goals count double.

Perhaps we should have made more convincing work of the task that had befallen us in the preliminary round, but we were through. We were ready for them to bring on the big boys. No matter how basic, how professional a footballer's outlook may be he always has an eye open for the glamour occasion. And there is no doubt that we Evertonians were eager to lap up a season of European success.

It was ironical that, in such a mood, we should run headlong into disaster in the next round. We were drawn against Real Saragossa, a team we feared; a splendid Spanish side who possessed great strengths and skills and boasted a forward line that was renowned throughout Europe as 'The Magnificent Five'. The members of this powerful quintet of attackers were Canario, Santos, Marcelino, Villa and Lapetra.

Yet we had more than the magnificent five stacked against us when we ran out into the Saragossa Stadium for the first leg on November 9. There was also the most incomprehensible referee I have ever had the misfortune to play under. He was Swiss, but the lads made him double Dutch.

Footballers have a habit of searching out excuses when things go wrong. We may have bleated this time but believe me, as I look back knowing full well that nothing can be done about it now, I am still bleating. We could not move without being penalised and after we had gone a goal down Johnny Morrissey was sent off.

Morrissey and Violeta were running back for a free kick to be taken and were jostling each other in the usual, accepted, nudging way that footballers do when suddenly the Spaniard lurched back and crashed to the ground as though he had been hit by a sledgehammer.

I was horrified at such play-acting, but the referee fell for the theatricals and sent poor Johnny to the dressing-room. We were down to ten men but still we fought on. Derek Temple was twice through brilliantly but could not get the ball home. The referee stuck to his one-sided whistling. He gave us nothing and then, close to the end, Marcelino streaked through and added another goal.

As we flew home from the Iberian Peninsula every member of the Everton party knew the measure of the task we faced. It was a mountainous challenge. After the first meeting in Saragossa a few of us had gone out for a drink and for much of the time we had stared into our glasses and saw reflected the massed defences the Spaniards were sure to mount when they came to defend their lead on our own ground in Liverpool.

We were right. No matter how brilliant our midfield play, no matter how stern our attacking in the return we found it simply impossible to break them down. For almost the entire game we outplayed them and yet they clung to their lead like drowning men on a life raft. Only in the dying minutes, with a goal by Sandy Brown, did we get into the scoring business. Sandy had been drafted into the forwards that night, in the hope that his rumbustious style might upset the Spaniards' composure and so create space for the rest of our attack. The idea was sound, but their men were too wise and experienced to fall for the antics of a trouble-shooting full-back. Being knocked out was depressing. We had tasted so much glamour, especially Alan Ball and I who had been with England's World Cup squad. All of us at Everton had wanted to succeed in the Continental competition. 'While we were being accepted throughout Britain as an entertaining, intelligent team we wanted some real silver to stick on the

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Goodison sideboard. We left the Cup winners' Cup sadder, but wiser. Our mood was not cheered any, by the fact that Liverpool, great local rivals, were still in the European Cup. Mind you, their heavy defeat by Ajax a month later must have made them even sicker than ourselves.

Anyway, we sought to pick up the threads. We were always slightly lacking in the League race, though never very far, and an FA Cup run that took us past Burnley, Wolves and Liverpool, yes Liverpool had us dreaming of Wembley once more.

Could you blame us after the 1-0 defeat of the Anfield team. This was the match everyone wanted to see. The clubs were so pestered for tickets that it was obvious they could have filled the biggest ground in the world several times over. Soon after the draw for this fifth round tie the phones were ringing, new friends were being discovered around every corner and then suddenly someone came up with a magnificent idea.

Why not make it a night match and relay proceedings by closed-circuit television to nearby Anfield? The Football Association liked the brainwave, the clubs agreed and both grounds reported 'All tickets sold'. The match had to be close with such rivalry involved. It was. It was fierce, tense, and boiling over with the feuds we all know and have even come to enjoy. Alan Ball emerged as the hero of one half of Merseyside and the villain of the other when he bounded through and rapped home the second half winner.

We were in the sixth round. Buoyant ... jubilant ... our appetites whetted for another Cup final. But we were only riding for a fall and against Nottingham Forest, a team enjoying one of its best ever seasons, we tumbled. We lost 3-2 despite having taken the lead and despite the fact that they lost their England centre-forward, Joe Baker, early on. The man who shattered us was their wandering outside-left, Ian Storey Moore. His was a hat-trick with a vengeance. So we were out of the Cup and with no hope of catching Manchester United and Forest in the League. The season tailed away to its inevitable end, but up the stairs at our Bellefield training centre Mr. Catterick was working on the formula he wanted for the next season. A season which demanded some Evertonian success. Towards the end of the term, after our knock out by Forest, he had bought Howard Kendall from Preston North End. He had promoted young John Hurst to a regular position. Joe Royle had been given a handful of games and already established were such home grown starlets as Tommy Wright and Colin Harvey. Jimmy Husband, too, was on the fringe of being classed a regular.

Catterick led us into the new season with the new brigade and a new note of caution. 'This may be a transitional period for us,' he told the sporting Press. In the First Division there were times when that might have appeared to be the case. Sometimes the overall inexperience of the team showed through yet we still managed to climb to fifth place, just six points behind the champions Manchester City and kept out of Europe by the silly rule which then existed, 'one city, one team'. Liverpool, who were third and three points above us, took the place as Merseyside's representatives in the competition. But there was still the FA Cup and we were now accepted everywhere, despite the youthfulness of the side, as a Cup fighting team. Most of the experts had us in their 'last four' when the third round got under way in January. We did not let them down and enjoyed a wonderful run to the final. The third round draw, the stage where First and Second Division clubs enter the competition, gave us an away tie at Southport. They were in the Third Division and should have had no chance whatsoever of even giving us a tough match. Yet the special magic that makes every FA Cup-tie so compelling, made sure it had a hand in this one.

Many of their players were youngsters who had been with Everton and had been rejected, not having made the grade as regular First Division players. Among them were Ambrose Clarke, Eric Curwen, Dave Pearson, Arthur Peat, Alex Russell and Stuart Shaw. In addition they were managed by one of Everton's former stars and internationals, Billy Bingham. Also on the Southport strength was another ex-Goodison star, Alex Parker. (continued in next issue)

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There might also be a delay in toilet facilities so we would ask all of you to wear some 'Pampas' or other similar disposable nappy.

The refreshment bars serving food and drink will also unfortunately be unavailable for some time. However Sponsor's Boxes and Executive Suites are not affected and will be fully manned for every game.

To help get the ground fitted in time we can offer all our season ticket holders a rebate on their season ticket if they are Tradesmen. Are you a Plumber, Electrician, or Joiner? If so you can help build the new stadium and get money off your Ticket.

If we work together we will have the best DIY Stadium in the World.

The Car Park at only £10 per car will be fully operational from the first game and Everton Buses from the Station at only £2 per person will operate from 1pm on Saturday Matchdays.

Of course all of the above is a joke, or is it? Do you trust 'Flog It' Wyness to get it right?

The first announcement that the Stadium will only cost £75 Million, paid for by Tesco's and Everton will fit it out for less than £10 million. A total of £85 Million!!!!!!! Excuse me but why is every other new stadium being built costing £200 Million plus?

Do Everton really believe that it will be built for that amount? Are these quotes so low now that when the real figure comes out, Everton can walk away saying that the Costs have risen so much that they have no other option?

Don't forget that they walked away from the Kings Dock and that was only £30 Million.

Maybe it will be the time for Kenwright to say "Listen we can not afford it but Tesco can" there and then Everton are sold to Tesco because without Tesco there would be no Everton, Goodison Park is going to be obsolete.

Anything can happen, we are technically up for sale, we are open to investors so if someone like Man City's new owner came in what would you do?

There are those who would say take the cash and move to wherever but there are those that say NO because they do not want to move away from Goodison Park no matter what the enticement. It is their home, they live locally and they treat it as a Members Only Club. If you are not in their click then you are not really an Evertonian. These are the people that are holding our club back.

They insist on having meetings with Wyness, Kenwright or whoever they can try and intimidate into agreeing with them. They think they speak for all Blues.

They form Committees and if you are not one of their members then you are, like Everton Football Club, their enemy. They will slag you off if you have the temerity to challenge their point of view. These people will be happy to stay inside a dilapidated Goodison Park with only 5,000 gates even if we plunged to the lower reaches of the League. They will proudly boast that they are Loyal True Blues and everyone else are traitors to the cause. Who will you follow, the Loyal Blues or The Board Of Everton Football Club? As an Evertonian I will support Everton Football Club. I watch Everton Football Club, I follow Everton Football Club, I don't join Committees and I don't live by Goodison. Eric Keating, Lancaster.

The War is over, a Long, Hard, Murderous War which had taken the Nations Youth and nearly lost them all. Football had to get back to it's pre War best. Everton were Champions the last time a ball was kicked in earnest, what had those lost years done to the Squad?

There was now 35 players in the Everton Squad, a record number but would they all be of the standard required? Some players were well known to the fans, Chedgzoy, Clennell, Donnachie, Fern, Fleetwood, Grenyer, Harrison, Jefferis, Maconnachie, Mitchell, Wareing etc but there were new players to the League.

William Gault had set the War Seasons games alight, he was banging in the goals at a remarkable rate but the question was could he keep it up? He had scored 93 goals in 77 regional games. He had made his debut before the War in 1912 but had left to join Stockport after only one season, he returned in 1917. He was thirty years old now and the War had taken it's toll, he was to struggle to regain his form and fitness but he was not going to disappoint his faithful fans in the coming season.

Arsenal had 'Conned' their way into the League in the opinion of some and Spurs in particular. Arsenal had finished 6th in the Second Division but were promoted anyhow to make up the numbers in the new 22 League First Division. The first game ironically was against the last team Everton played in League Football, Chelsea. The 2-2 draw at Goodison Park in 1915 won The Blues the League Title.

35,000 fans turned up for the game, full of hope that their heroes could retain the Championship. The Everton team was, Mitchell, Thompson, Robinson, Fleetwood, Wareing, Grenyer, Miller, Jefferis, Mayson, Donnachie.

Mitchell was in goal for the unfit Fern, Bill Robinson was making his debut at left back, born in Birkenhead he had played in the last two Seasons of regional football, Jimmy Miller was making his debut at right wing, a nippy forward with some pace, only 5'6 tall. Thomas Mayson is another one of those Everton players making his debut, he was born in Whitehaven and joined Everton from Grimsby.

The game was an exciting one with Mayson scoring on his debut Grenyer got another one but it was all in vain as Chelsea stole the points with a 3-2 win. Poor Mayson had done what had been asked of him but he never played again for Everton he was sold to Pontypridd for £350.

Bradford Park Avenue away Herbert Rigsby made his debut replacing the unfortunate Mayson, it was the only change to the team. 10,000 watched the match in which Everton got back to some kind of decent form. Gault and Rigsby scored in a 2-0 win.

Chelsea away and an amazing 60,000 turn out to see the game. London and the Home Counties had lost many men in the war and it was time to relax again and try to get back to normality, Football offered the masses that option. Sam Chedgzoy comes back into the team at outside right in place of Miller, Harrison is in at outside left replacing Donnachie. Kirsopp comes in at inside right, Maconnachie is in at left back, Weller is in at centre half replacing Wareing. Five changes to the Everton team who were determined not to let Chelsea do the double over them. Gault did the business and Everton took both points with a 1-0 victory.

Bradford Park Avenue at home, 20,000 attend, this time it is Everton's turn to do a 'Double' four changes to the Everton line up, out go Chedgzoy, Harrison, Kirsopp, Weller, replaced by Miller, Jefferis, Donnachie, Wareing. Everton do the 'Double' over Bradford P.A. by winning 2-0 with goals from Gault and Miller.

West Brom away 31,245 a good crowd for them, Gault, Jefferis and Maconnachie score for Everton but surprisingly it is not enough, West Brom get four goals.

Seven days later on 13th September 1919 Everton entertain West Brom, time for revenge, 25,000 Evertonians try to get their team the points with tremendous support but

they are soon stunned into silence as West Brom slam in five goals. The game ends 5-2 for the Midlanders and Everton are shocked. For the record Gault and Kirsopp scored Everton's goals.

Tom Fern is back in goal, Joe Clennell keeps his place after coming back in the last game. Sunderland away and 18,000 watch, Everton get back to winning ways, three goals one each from Clennell, Grenyer and Kirsopp give Everton the points in a 3-2 win

Sunderland at home one week later, the fixtures were reversed every other week, probably because it was easier to arrange that way. 44,000 come along to Goodison to watch what they hoped would be another win but again Everton let them down. Sunderland win 3-1 Maconnachie scored the only Everton goal, but the fans all wondered why Mitchell was recalled in goal instead of Fern.

The next game saw 35,000 inside Goodison for the visit of Arsenal, Fern is back in goal to the relief of most fans, Owen Williams a reserve player replaces the injured Grenyer, Local lad John Page comes in for his first game since 1913 Chedgzoy & Gault score but once again it is not enough as new boys Arsenal get three.

It is clear that Fern is still not fully fit but he keeps his place for the return game at Arsenal, Everton do better this time with a draw thanks to a goal from Gault, who has been doing the business for the Blues despite some fans thinking that he was past his best. 30,000 were at the game.

25th October and a home game against Blackburn Rovers 25,000 keep the faith and pay to watch. Everton do well and win 3-0 with goals from Clennell, Gault & Kirsopp.

The Topsy Turvey world of the fixtures sees Everton going to Blackburn one week later. 30,000 see Blackburn win 3-2 Clennell gets both the goals for Everton.

Bradford City at home 22,000 hope for a win, George Jones a fast outside right comes into the team making his debut, Willie Brown the seventeen year old sensation who made his debut at that age in 1914 for Everton comes back into the team, a great right half who was going to give Everton some fine service in the coming years. Clennell gets a hat trick, he was coming back to his pre-war form. Kirsopp added another goal and Everton won 4-1.

Bradford City away only 12,000 watch, it is a six goal cracker, Clennell gets another two goals and Jones gets one to help Everton share the spoils in a 3-3 draw.

Bolton Wanderers at home 25,000 see another six goal scorcher and it ends 3-3 once again. Kirsopp gets two and Clennell one. William Berwick made his one and only appearance for Everton in this game at right back.

29th November 1919 and yes it is Bolton away, just one week later as usual, Gault is back after missing the last three games, he joins up with Clennell and they get a goal apiece in a 2-0 Everton win.

Notts County at home 16,000 come along on a cold December day to watch Gault score but Everton lose 2-1 this is a shock, Everton must win the return fixture to get some points on the board, they are not playing like Champions.

Chedgzoy has missed the last five games and Everton do miss his creativity but he is back for the visit to Notts County another low crowd, 16,000 watch a hard fought draw 1-1 Chedgzoy getting the Blues goal. Harrison also returned after a five game absence, injuries are hindering Everton's progress but they do have a huge squad so there is no excuse.

It's the 20th December 1919 and what better way to celebrate Christmas than play a 'Derby' match at Goodison Park 40,000 spend their precious money on tickets for the game and they come away relieved as it ends 0-0, honours even.

It had been a long time since the people of Britain could relax and enjoy the Christmas festivities. Families were together again and those lucky enough still to have fathers appreciated them more than ever before.

The History Of Everton Football Club

Christmas Day 1919, the first Christmas at home for many men who had been at War. Everton were away at Manchester City 25,000 saw a 1-1 draw Clennell the marksman for the Blues.

Boxing day and Manchester City come to Goodison in the reverse fixture, Everton send their fans home happy with a 2-0 victory thanks to Fleetwood and Gault.

The next day, yes the third game on the bounce and what a game The Derby at Anfield, 48,000 watch Everton hail the return of the magical Bobby Parker, his first game this season, Evertonians are hoping that he can get back to his scoring ways and start today. He did get on the score sheet but Everton lose 3-1 a bitter pill to swallow just before the New Year.

The 3rd January 1920 and Everton have a home game against Sheffield Wednesday, George Brewster a centre half from Scotland made his debut for Everton in this game. He was 6' tall and strong he was to be a good signing for Everton. 30,000 Evertonians welcomed in the New Year by watching a 1-1 draw Chedgzoy scored the goal.

The F. A. Cup and an away draw at Birmingham City, not too hard, as they are a Second Division outfit. 40,000 Brummies tried their best to put Everton off their game and their best was good enough because Everton lost 2-0. Out of the Cup and struggling in the League not what Evertonians had hoped for.

John 'Joe' Peacock makes his debut, a Wigan lad he was to be a fine investment, Birkenhead born Alfred Robinson also makes his debut but it was to be his one and only game for the Blues. The game in question? Sheffield Wednesday away 30,000 Yorkshire fans see their team beat Everton 1-0.

Newcastle at home and 20,000 still turn up despite the bad results of late, William Evans a left back signed from Welsh junior football made his debut, The crowd that did turn up were rewarded with a fine display of football by Everton, Parker got two goals Grenyer one and Rigsby one in a 4-0 win.

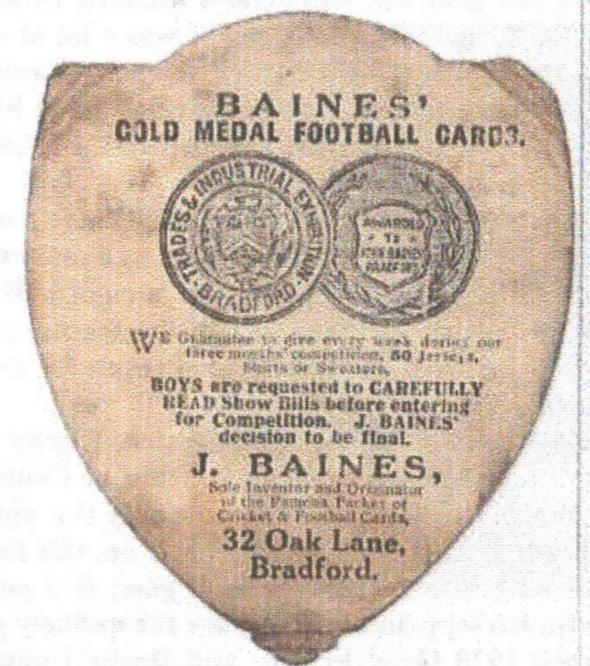
7th February 1920 and Everton were at home to Aston Villa, Evans loses his place to Weller but otherwise it's the same team that did so well against Newcastle. Villa however were a much harder prospect, they always did well against Everton and the 45,000 crowd wanted Everton to end their Bogey Teams Run.

Parker got on the score sheet but Villa equalised and the game ended 1-1, reasonable considering the recent results Everton have been getting.

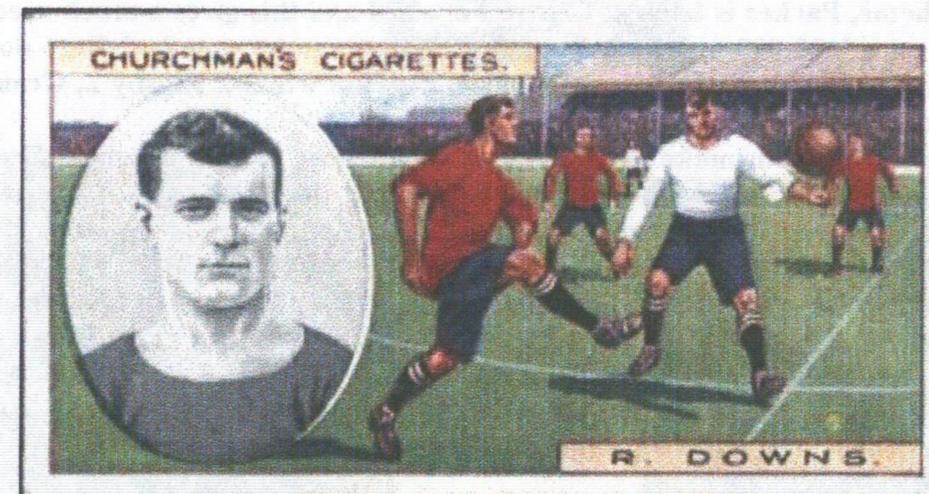
Newcastle away and the team that lost 4-0 at Goodison want to set the record straight, Everton were confident that they could beat the Geordies again. Everton as we know do not do the sensible, predicted thing, no they do the opposite, and this game ends 3-0 for Newcastle, a near full reversal of the result less than a month ago.

Inconsistent, is the byword for Everton and the frustrated Board and Fans were not going to tolerate much more of this. Parker and Kirsopp are dropped, Gault and Clennell return to the team. The game is a tough one, Aston Villa away, 40,000 in the ground will not make it any easier for the Blues. Gault and Rigsby score but the game once again slips away from Everton, Villa get two goals and it ends in a draw.

Oldham at home, 20 year old local lad Alexander wall was given his debut at inside right, he was in for the out of form Joe Clennell, who would not play again this season. 15,000 Everton fans did not want to see their team beaten by little old, Oldham but that is exactly what happened. Two nil was the score and the crowd hurled abuse at the players as they made their way off the pitch. One week later and it's Oldham away, Joe Kearslake made his debut for Everton in place of Gault, 15,104 watch in the cold outpost of Oldham. They are soon to be warmed up as they tear Everton apart Kearslake manages to score on his debut but it is all in vain, Oldham get four goals and it ends 4-1 to the home team. Kearslake never played for Everton again.



Richard Downs nicknamed 'Dickie' joined Everton in March 1920 from Barnsley for £3,000 his speciality was the slide tackle a fully committed player who played in 97 games for Everton and as you can see a favourite with the card makers of the day.



The History Of Everton Football Club

Everton had gone out and signed Richard Downs, 'Dickie' as he was better known as was signed for £3,000 from Barnsley, it was a lot of money but he was a very good full back and he was there to shore up a poor defence, Maconnachie also came back into the team after being out since December 6th. 'Dickie' made his debut against Manchester United on 6th March 1920 at Manchester. Everton lost 1-0 but it was a far better display than they had been putting in, in recent matches.

Manchester United at home and 35,000 come along to see if Everton have turned the corner, Peacock and Williams get rare games as a makeshift Everton team hang on for a 0-0 draw. Sheffield United away and Peacock a right half is tried at Centre Forward, because Parker is injured and will miss the rest of the season. 30,000 are at the Sheffield stadium and they see a hard fought 1-1 draw. A good result for Everton as it has stopped the rot and steadied the ship a little, Kirsopp scored.

Sheffield United at home, 20,000 watch, Rigsby is still at Centre Forward and he is playing well, Walter Lievesley makes his debut at Centre Half, yet again another local lad, he was only a short term solution and made only five appearances in all for Everton. The Blues take the game to United and go three goals up, this time they do not throw it away and the crowd are relieved when the final whistle goes, two points more to ease any threat of relegation, Howarth, Kirsopp and Peacock are the unlikely goalscorers.

2nd April 1920 Good Friday, and Derby County are the visitors to Goodison Park, once again a healthy 30,000 watch, another local lad is given a debut, John Blair a Dashing Sort as he was described by the journalists of the day, he was injured frequently and mainly because he lacked full time match fitness. He was fit enough this day however because he hit the target twice and Howarth and Kirsopp also scored one apiece in a great 4-0 win.

The following day Everton are up at Middlesboro, only 14,000 come to watch but Everton do not worry about the missing TeeSiders they get a draw in a game that ends 1-1 Kirsopp the target man for Everton.

Five games without defeat, that is better thought every Blue Boy. Easter Monday and away to Derby County the team that got mauled at Goodison 4-0. 18,000 leave their Easter Eggs at home and feast on a victory over Everton instead, Grenyer did manage to score but Derby got two.

Middlesboro at home, Parker is back at Centre Forward and this gives a much needed boost to the team and crowd. 20,000 watch an Everton side they can be proud of, Boro don't know what has hit them, the goals fly in from all angles. Everton win 5-2 Rigsby 2, Grenyer, Kirsopp, Peacock are the goal scorers.

An unchanged Everton team make the short trip to Burnley, 25,000 watch as Everton this time concede five goals, they lose 5-0 a terrible defeat that sees the end of Lievesley's Everton career. More sad was the fact that it also spelt the end of John Maconnachie's career at Everton. After 270 games he left the club for Swindon, he was a class act, a ball playing left back, no big hoof up field from him, no, he played elegant skilful football and was respected by every Evertonian.

Thompson took over Maconnachie left back slot in the next game which was Burnley at home 35,000 Blues give their heroes a warm welcome, hoping that Burnley don't get another five goals. Kirsopp scores twice to ease the nerves but Burnley also get two goals, the game ends all square 2-2.

Preston North End away 19,000 Blair is back at Centre Forward, the game ends 1-1 Kirsopp again the Everton goalscorer. Just one more game to go and Everton finish 16th, a poor season from the Champions.

The game is against Preston at Goodison, a brilliant crowd of 45,000 come to say a thank you to the Everton players, Everton in true Everton style lose 1-0. Next season will have to be better or the crowds won't be so forgiving.

(to be continued in issue 43)

