

# Blue Blood

**A Historical Everton Fanzine**

**Volume 7 issue 43**



**Print Anything About Me And I Will Sue!!!**

**See page 13**

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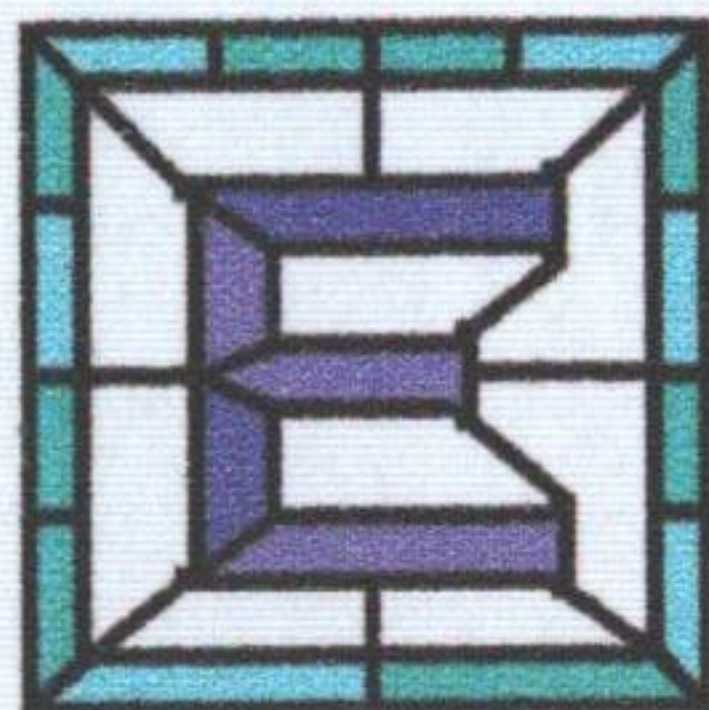
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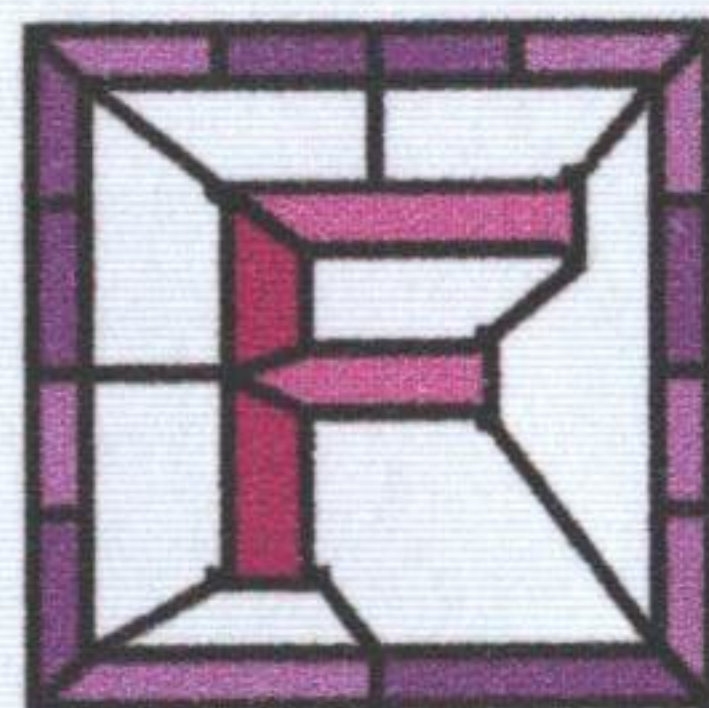
# Editorial Blue Blood

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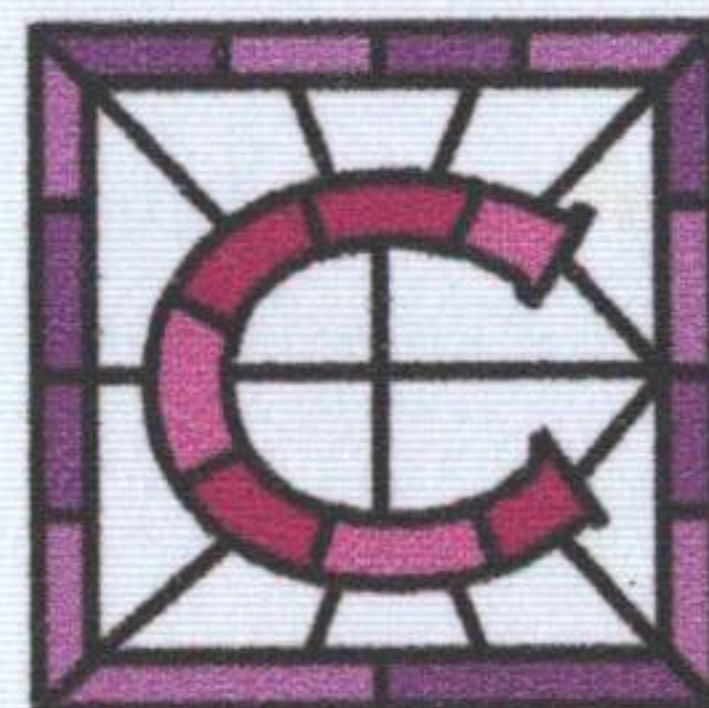


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



## No Obstructed Views

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



Alex Scott

'Chico' as we christened him in 1966, was a brilliant player, a winger with flair and style. Part of the reason we won both the Cup & League in the 60's.

180 games 27 Goals

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



Two home games, two fanzines, amazing I hear you say, and so it is. I just thought that with so much happening and the ground move vote on the horizon I would get the main business out of the way before I become flooded with accusations of Vote Fixing or Anti Everton F. C. Fans getting organised, according to the Board or any other info on the amount of money we have been spending and where it came from.

Leighton Baines a very good signing, he didn't make the line up against his old club Wigan but then we didn't need to rush him into the team. Wigan a poor dour team who are over physical. Everton did enough to win 2-1 but it should have been so much more easier. Spurs away and Moyes sticks with the team that did Wigan. Good, he has too often dropped or RESTED players when there was no need and if you win, your reward should be to keep your place. Anyway we destroy Tottenham, cool, class football. Ossie was excellent as was Arteta and the rest of the lads. We played as well as we ever have under Moyes and let's hope that Moyes now has the confidence to take more chances and attack whenever possible. Reading away welcome back to reality, we huff and puff but couldn't hit the net, the post and bar yes but not the net. Valente was back but why not Baines? If he is still injured then why is he on the bench? Johnson seems to hit the ball too lightly, his foot flicks at it instead he should just give it a smack. Still we have had a good start and if we keep the attacking attitude up we will do well,

Andy Van Der Meyde what can you say apart from Idiot? He has been given more chances than he deserves and he still doesn't take them. Most Evertonians will give up on him as a lost cause. It is sad that some footballers like some other stars seem to think that no matter how they treat their fans they will always support them. It is a fallacy, fans do have a limit to their support and I think Andy has gone past that limit. Time will only tell, when he gets older and thinks back to just what he could have achieved, he will be a much wiser but poorer man.

Everton have been splashing the cash, but where is it all coming from? A good article on page 13 has one point of view whilst others say if there is this much cash about why not redevelop Goodison Park?

Maybe the result of the vote will be known by the time you read this page, either way whether it was to go or to stay Everton and their fans must go with it. There is no point in objecting and protesting it will only slow down the process of Everton's development as a team on a mission. Europe and the draw on the 31st of August is the only thing on Blues minds. Who and where? That is the question all Evertonians are asking, let us hope that it a reasonable draw and that the place we have to visit isn't a dump.

Yakubu another name not yet signed but maybe he will be by the time this fanzine hits the streets. Is he a good signing? Maybe but do we really need someone who will be off to Africa for two months in February? What happens when Vaughan and Anichebe are fully fit? Will they be put back on the bench, or worse dropped?

Stefan Wessels yet another goalie, 28 year old Stefan from Cologne, is surely just back up? We now have four goalies but who knows what Moyes thinks, I mean he hung on to Richard Wright for so long that in the end we lost any chance of getting some of the £4 million quid we wasted on him. Fernandes another mystery, why can't Everton just sign a player and have him in the team the next day? Not even Leighton Baines managed to do that.

Blackburn at home, 5.15 kick off, just watch as the fans sitting by you are up and down most of the match going to empty their bladders, because they have been on the sozzle all day.

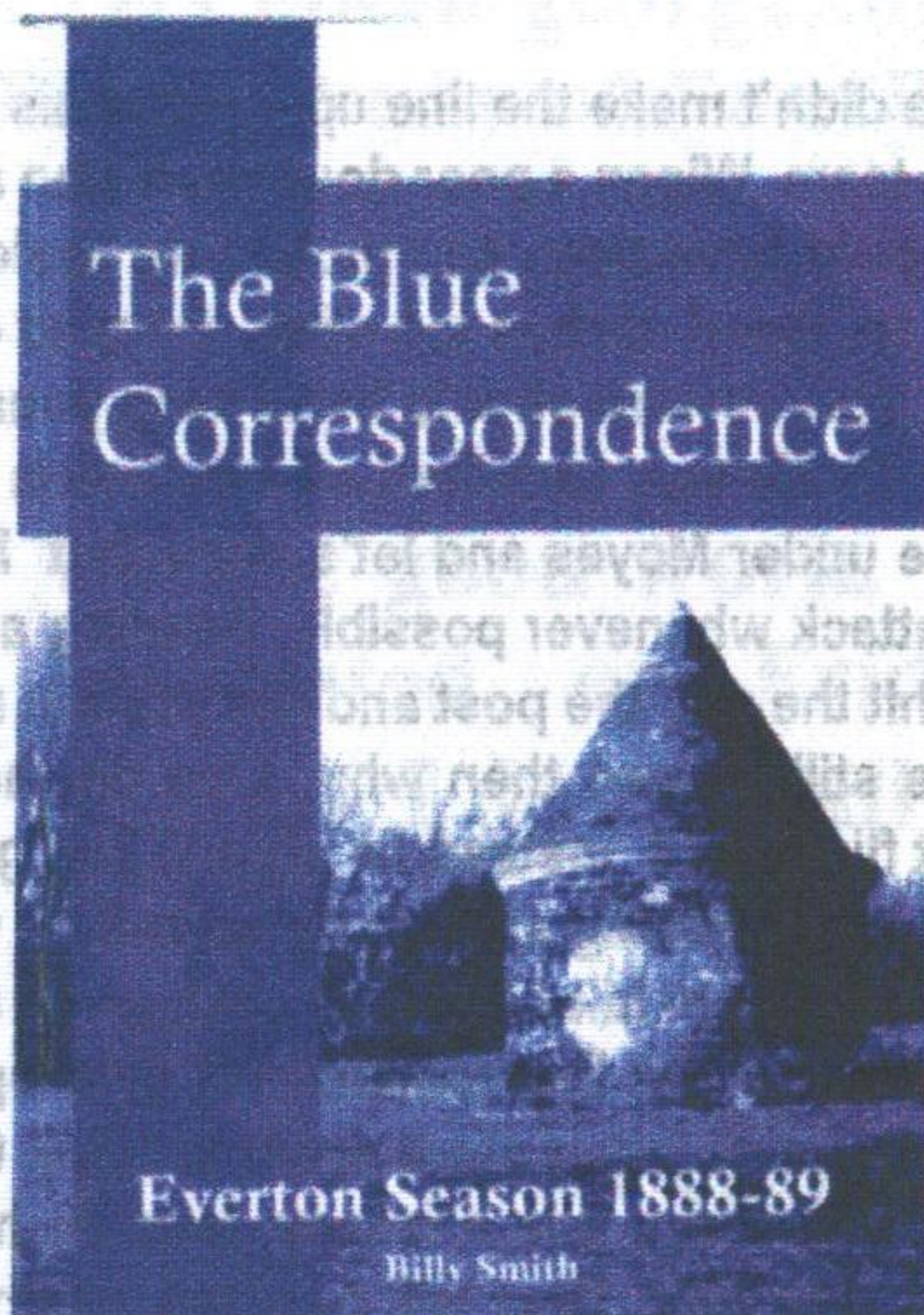
A truly stupid time for a football match unless of course you are one of those who only watch via the box. There are some Kopites who think that Crouch is only 6 inches high (Unless they have a 42 inch wide screen TV where he is ten inches tall) Football has been stolen from the fans and given to the lounge lizards who will pick up a paper half way through if there isn't any EXCITEMENT.

Rob Styles, poor referee and he is a poor referee, I know it was against the Bank Accountants from across the Park but I for one am made up he was dropped the following week. I have always said that fair enough, they do make mistakes but they should have to pay for them, you should learn from your mistakes but referees don't because it never hurt before, it does now.



## New Everton Book Review

### The Blue Correspondence by Billy Smith



This book traces the History of Everton Football Club from the start of their participation in the Football League. It covers every game played in the inaugural season 1888-89. Billy Smith the author must have spent most of the last two years of his life in the Liverpool Reference Library because there is little left out. Friendlies, Reserve Team games, Charity Matches even a Pantomime Match is covered. If David France has the DNA of Everton then Billy Smith has taken us back to the Birth and Christening of the Club. Billy aims to cover the Victorian period in Everton's history, a season by season account of who and where Everton were playing. This is the first book in the series, a brilliant 240 page effort with many hidden jewels inside. On page five of this issue I have put a taster from the book, something that couldn't happen today, well maybe it could but I can't see Davy Moyes being too happy if it did. You will have to read it to see what I am talking about. Many Evertonians shout 'If You Know Your History' well I can tell you there are many things in this book that you would not know and I was delighted to read some of them. If a book entertains and informs you then you can not ask for much more and Billy's book does both. If you want to know when Everton Reserves played in Red & White Stripes then buy this book. I had to giggle when I read that Everton were referred to as Liverpoolians, Anfieldites and other names. Maybe Kirkbyites isn't that bad after all.

The book can be bought from Countyvise Limited, 14, Appin Road, Birkenhead, Wirral, CH41 9HH. It costs £9.99 but you will have to find out how much the postage is from Countyvise. It is also on ebay type in the name of the book and search

Try the Blue Kipper website or Toffeeweb for any info they may have on it.

Billy will be outside the Winslow opposite me by the hairdressers on matchdays when he can make it. Ask me when you buy the fanzine and I will point him out.



## **EVERTON REVIEW**

*November 19, 1888. The Liverpool Mercury.*

In the face of defection and absentee through indisposition, and the consequential "reconstruction" it was an open secret that Everton engaged in their first League match with Burnley, with pardonable misgivings. Moreover, unpromising as the teams seemed as chosen, it was doubtful right up to the appointed time of starting, whether it would not be still further weakened. Only six of the team reached Burnley by the train selected by Mr Barclay two others wandering too far from the platform at Preston whilst waiting for the saloon to be tacked on to the proper train, but these and others turned up with the excursionists, and a move was then made to the well-arranged enclosure at Turf Moor. Dobson was still missing, but just when he had been given up as lost, and Dick was preparing for the emergency, the ex-captain removed anxiety by putting in a welcome appearance,



## EVERTON FORMER PLAYERS TRIP DOWN BELLEFIELD MEMORY LANE

Extract From The Blue Correspondence see page 4

Three days after the final home game of last season against Portsmouth a party of ex players , Foundation officials, and a few lucky guests set out from Goodison for what was to prove a sentimental visit to Bellefield, the clubs training ground for so many years. For the players it was a last chance to see the fields on which they honed their skills and fitness for forthcoming battles in the royal blue shirts. The trip was organised by Reverend Harry Ross on behalf of the Former Players Foundation, and honoured a promise made by David Moyes at the Hall of Fame dinner in March. The following players were in attendance Fred Pickering, Tony Kay , Gordon West , Alan Whittle ,Ronnie Goodlass , Tommy Jones , Kenny Rea ,Tony McNamara ,Tommy Wright , Frank Darcy , Derek Temple ,John Bailey , Howard Kendall , Duncan McKenzie ,Kevin Ratcliffe , Jimmy Tansley ,Alec Farrall , Gerry Humphreys and Dave Watson. Many memories and anecdotes were exchanged as we watched David Moyes and Alan Irvine preparing the squad for the final match of the season at Chelsea. I was utterly amazed at the speed at which the ball zipped about on the lush turf and the impressive skill of the players. The camaraderie was evident and obviously team spirit is strong within the squad. The weather was dry and fine but a blustery wind was bringing in the rain clouds. Fortunately the training session was completed with a few brave souls from our group joining in the five and six a side games. Alan whittle had the honour of breaking in AJ's new blue and white boots. A quick look around the facilities within the main building preceded a sumptuous buffet lunch and drinks in the building which houses the indoor pitch and other undercover training facilities. This place had a special aura when you think the likes of Alex Young, Alan Ball ,Roy Vernon spent so many hours here. The threatened rain arrived with a vengeance and hammered on the roof as David Moyes and most of the first team squad joined us for lunch. The players patiently chatted ,signed autographs and posed for treasured pictures and were a credit to the club. All too soon it was time to board the coach for the short trip back to Goodison , and it was an emotional moment for the players particularly to bid farewell. However the promise of a trip to the ultra modern complex at Finch Farm, when it is completed was received well.

Thanks are due to Mr Ross and the Foundation for arranging the visit, David Moyes and his secretary Sue for making it possible, and finally all the Bellefield staff and the players who made it a special day for us all.

Barry Hewitt



Ex Players At Bellefield. Tony McNamara, Howard Kendall, Derek Temple, Frank Darcy, Gerry Humphreys , John Bailey & Ronnie Goodlass.

Photo Copyright of Barry Hewitt





## Everton Brow.

Everton Brow is very high,  
And the village is higher still,  
Where Noblett kept the toffee shop  
On the side of that cobbly hill.  
If everyone lived on toffee then,  
And I thought we could do it now,  
I should like to live on Everton Hill,  
And be a little highbrow.

This poem is taken from a little book of Mersey Rhymes by C.F. Elias published in 1931

### Birth Of A Blue

And it came to pass that in a field just outside of Liverpool sat three supporters, All at once there appeared before them a vision clad in Blue and White carrying the F. A. Cup— he said 'Fear not for I am Jimmy Gabriel and I bring tidings of great joy from the King of Kings , Alex Young.

This day born to you a saviour and you shall call him Whittle, and he shall be King of the Blues. Go into the village of Walton and there is Goodison Park and ye shall find him. And the vision disappeared and went to Southampton.

The supporters rejoiced and raised their arms to the heavens chanting E-v-e-r-t-o-n and as they went their way into the City of Liverpool they were accosted by four scavengers in Red clothing who took them to their leader Lord travesty Of justice, who spoke to them in Scottish tones "Who be ye scurvy knaves?" Sire we are three poor supporters on our way to see the King of Football, Lord Travesty frowned "Er but I am he" "Begging your pardon Sire but we speak of a young boy who's name is Whittle, Son of Alex, King of the Blues,

Lord Travesty thought he would be clever (like when he bought Tony Hateley) "Go Ye" he said "Seek your King and bring him to me and I will make a great centre forward of him. The supporters went down on their knees crying "Please Sire spare him, do not ruin his career" Meanwhile one of Lord Travesty's Kopites staggered drunkenly into the castle, "Sire, Sire" he cried they are saying at this arena that there is a new King of Football and Lord Harry of Bellefield has all the necessary papers and he is to play for Everton". Lord Travesty was furious and began to pull the skin off his head Then two men wearing white coats carried him away as he screamed "I will not admit he is greater than me, I will not admit it"

*This old story was sent in on some fading aging paper, it dates from the 1969/70 season when Everton were winning the League thanks to the late introduction of Alan Whittle.*

While on a family visit this June to sleepy Suffolk , I was fortunate enough to be invited to see what I believe may be a very scarce piece of Everton memorabilia. A friend of my brother in law had in his possession what he believed to be an FA Cup winners medal from the 1906 Everton v Newcastle Final played at the Crystal Palace. However on inspection the medal was not what he thought. On one side it featured a rampant lion and the wording " Football Association Cup 1905/06 " and on the reverse " Presented by Everton F.C Co Ltd April 21<sup>st</sup> 1906 ". In the centre was "to A. R. Wade Esq. in commemoration of winning the English cup " The name A. R. Wade had been engraved at a later date indicating this is not the only medal of its kind. When I asked the owner what he knew about it he said it had been handed down the family by a relative who lived in Liverpool at one time and he had been told that Wade had scored the winning goal in the final. Obviously I was able to tell him that in fact Alex Young had scored and I could only guess that Mr Wade was an official involved with the club at the time. This was confirmed by referring to the excellent History of The Everton Football Club 1878/1928 written by Thomas Keates. A. R. Wade had indeed played in Everton F.C's first ever match v St Peters on December 23 rd , 1880 , as one of five forwards. Keates confirmed that Wade had gone on to become an Everton director and was in such a position when the Toffees lifted the FA Cup for the first time in 1906. It is logical to assume that all the directors/officials of the time received one of these medals. The book included a portrait picture of Mr Wade and two groups one showing the directors and players with the trophy and another of the 1906 board of directors. With the owners kind permission I was able to take the photographs of the medal that appear with this article. I have been able to supply him with the above details and I understand it is possible that the medal may be sold at a future date. It would be nice to think that Everton F.C. would be interested if that is the case., however a letter to the clubs historian remains unanswered at the time of writing. If anyone knows of any other similar medals or have any additional information George or myself would be grateful if you would contact us via the fanzine,

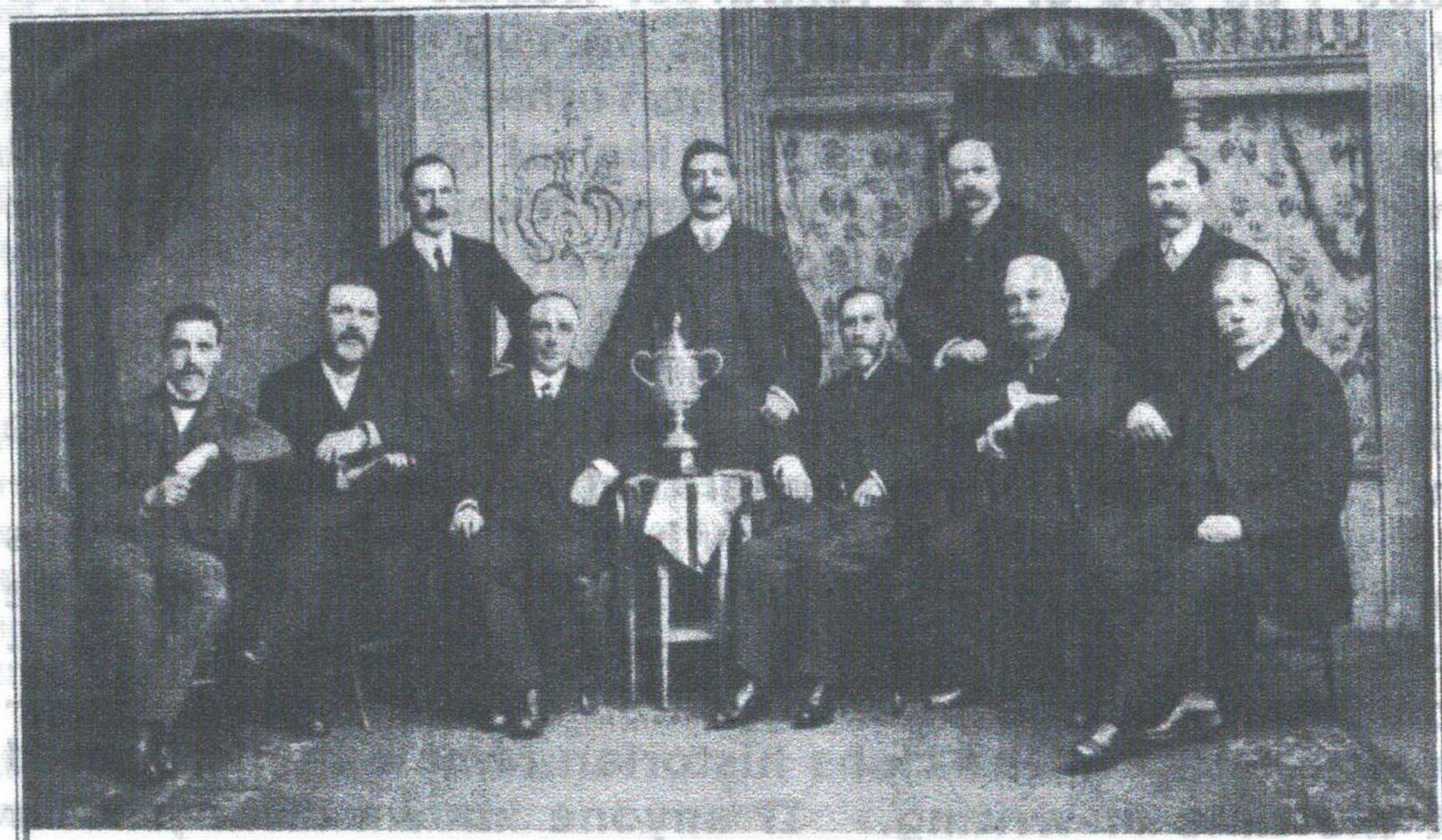
BARRY HEWITT



# A. R. Wade and his place in Everton's History



A. R. Wade in 1928



**Directors 1906**  
**A.R. Wade W. C. Cuff Dr. J. C. Baxter. D. Kirkwood**  
**W. R. Clayton. B. Kelly. E.A Bainbridge. George Mahon. Dr W. Whitford. R. Wilson**



# ONE CRISP, SMOKY SEPTEMBER EVENING I SAW A POEM OF FOOTBALL...

**T**HEY say that distance lends enchantment. Or perhaps you could put it down to pure nostalgia . . . nostalgia for a crisp, smoky September evening back in 1938 when I saw an Everton team give the finest all-round club performance in my memory.

That Everton side of 1938-39 won the League championship in a brilliant campaign—it was the last full season of League football before World War II.

But there was no thought of Hitler or his Nazi legions in the thoughts of myself and 40,000 spectators, packed tightly on the terracing of Villa Park, Birmingham, that evening . . . the evening we watched that wonderful Everton side coast to a 3-0 win over the Villa with a brand of Soccer that even now, after 22 years, has not lost any of its sweetness.

Since the war I have admired in turn the slick 'push-and-run' of Spurs, the colourful inspired football of Manchester United and the ruthless power play of the Wolves.

But none of it has recaptured for me the sheer magic of that pre-war Everton team as I remember it.

Everton had the stars to match the poetry of their football in that last autumn of peace . . . the autumn that wore on into Cup failure at the hands of Major Frank Buckley's Wolves . . . and blossomed into triumph as the spring days of April brought the promised League title back to Goodison again after seven years.

Continued on page 12

*From competent Ted Sagar in goal to the ever bubbling Wally Boyes on the left-wing, that Everton side was a de luxe line-up.*

Ted Sagar, bland and accomplished, never flurried and as safe as any goal-keeper can hope to be . . . the last line of defence in a rock-solid rearguard which had mobility in the extreme when most needed . . . and utmost confidence from the men in front.

Willie Cook at right-back. An experienced Irish international of mature years with a Scottish and English Cup-winning medal to his credit.

At left-back, Norman Greenhalgh. Steady and reliable, perhaps lacking Cook's surprising ball-playing skill, but not his determination into the tackle.

At right-half was the one and only Joe Mercer. Bow-legged and ever busy in defence and attack, he could play England-class football on either right or left flank.

At centre-half Everton had the long-legged, crinkly-haired Welshman Tommy Jones—otherwise known as 'T.G.'—who was master of everything in the air and could clip the short passes that his wing-halves liked to pick up on the half-way line.

Jock Thomson was the left-half for much of that season, although Gordon Watson came in for several games to serve the club well—as indeed he still does as assistant trainer-coach.

Thompson, Sagar and Willie Cook were the Everton veterans. All three had appeared in the Cup-winning team of 1933 . . . and this was Everton's Wembley song that year:



# Dream Team Of 1938

*"After the match is over, after we've scored the goals;  
After we've had the handshakes,  
after we've had the toasts;  
Many a face will be smiling, many  
an invite to tea;  
For we are the English Cup winners  
of 1937!"*

But on to 1938 and a forward line that scintillated for week after week with this combination: Gillick, Bentham, Lawton, Stevenson, Boyes.

What an attack! And what polished performers to power it through to the hardest gained prize in English Soccer!

On the right Torry Gillick, one-time Glasgow Ranger who returned to Ibrox after the war—speedy, powerful and a real goal-getter into the bargain. His partner? Perhaps the least publicised member of the side, but possibly the most valuable—Stan Bentham.

Stan was the 'donkey man', the only uncapped forward on view. But he did all the graft, popped up occasionally with vital goals, and without him that sparkling forward line might have fallen apart.

Leading the attack was 'young' Tommy Lawton. I say 'young' because in those days Tommy of the sleek black hair and film star good looks was on the up and up.

The talented young Bolton boy had succeeded Dixie Dean as Everton's centre-forward and was booked for great international achievements during and immediately after the war.

Inside-left, an Irishman. A tiny quicksilvered Irishman with twinkling feet named Alex Stevenson, who was as cute as they come, could diddle a man on the proverbial sixpence and would roll across the made-to-measure passes which young Lawton thundered home.

On the left flank, another experienced performer in ex-West Bromwich Albion star Wally Boyes, who could run like a hare, centre like a dream and would snap up any chance that came his way.

This, then, was the Everton team of 1938-39 . . . the team which won its first six League games on the trot and finished as League champions with 59 points—four more than the runners-up, Wolves.

Those Wolves! They caused the biggest 'turn-up' in that memorable Everton season—a mid-week League encounter which literally shook the football world.

On a waterlogged pitch at Molineux the fiery young Wolves ran riot to the tune of seven goals against this fine Everton team, which could do nothing to stop them—their only blemish in what was otherwise a truly magnificent season . . . that so far away season of 1938.

**PETER MORRIS**

## EVERTON STARS 1938



**BENTHAM**



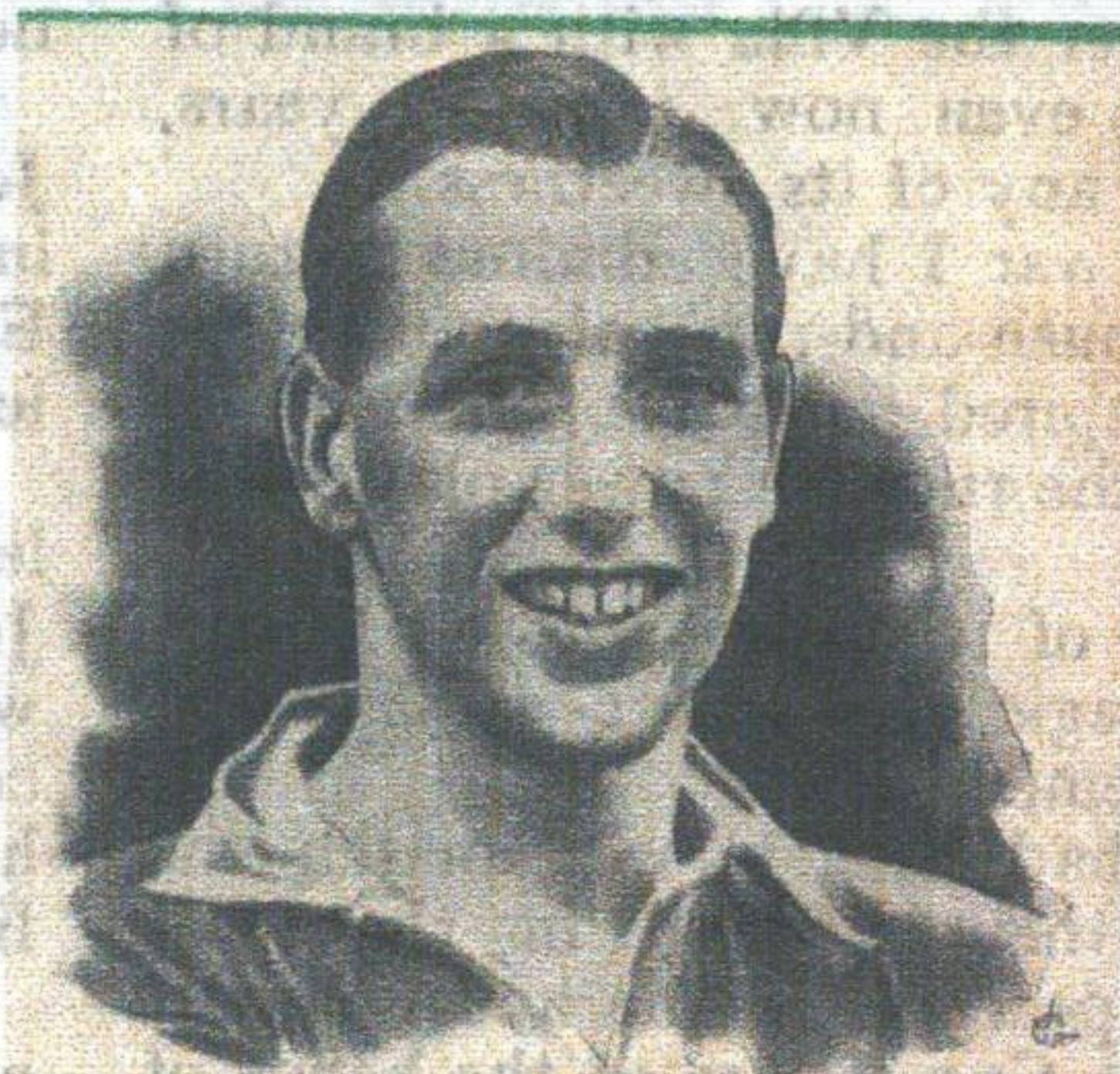
**STEVENSON**



**JONES**



**MERCER**



**Tommy Lawton**

This article was taken from June 1960

Charles Buchan's Football Monthly



# My Name Is Not Earl!!

For all of you who do not know who the man on the cover is, he is Sir Phillip Green, head of Top Shop and one of Britain's richest men. Tom Watson sent this article below

What has Sir Phillip Green got to do with Everton you may ask?

According to some well informed Evertonians he is the man behind the Money that Kenwright has been giving to Moyes. Robert Earl is a 'Front Man' allowing Sir Phillip to help Kenwright out.

No harm in that, if it is true say most Evertonians but think again, if he is the man who is giving Kenwright the money, under what terms and conditions?

Doesn't Kenwright have a responsibility to the Shareholders of Everton Football Club? If he is borrowing money without the approval of the Board or the Shareholders then surely he is in breach of his Chairmanship?

The ordinary fan who can maybe only afford a season ticket is also entitled to know what is happening at his Club.

If Everton are taking out Private loans unbeknown to the Shareholders then something needs to be said but who can say anything? The Board is a close knit committee run by Kenwright with John Woods, Robert Earl (Who) and Keith Wyness (Who actually has no shares and should not be on the Board). The shareholders association have limited powers and can not be held responsible for the goings on at Board Level, only at the AGM do they have a voice and then it is left to what is commonly known as the Hotheads to have a go. Kenwright looks down on them, treats them with disdain and enters into banter with them so as to let everyone know that they are there to be talked down to and are very much the minority.

Kenwright has stood up at AGM's and said Trust Me and unfortunately they did. The Kings Dock collapsed because of one reason, Bill Kenwright, nothing else. He made a statement to Liverpool City Council and other investors that he had the money and if they gave him a two week extension (This after two years of talks) he would seal the deal. He then went away and it was up to the Liverpool Echo to announce that the Kings Dock Project had collapsed.

If that was not enough he then introduced a guy at the AGM whom he said was going to buy into the Club on the behalf of the Fortress Trust Fund.

He allowed this Clown to tell the shareholders that the deal was done and it was under Due Diligence and within a fortnight it would be sorted. Two years later the Worlds Slowest Bank has still not passed the money over to Everton.

So two Investments down one to go. This time he has his mate from Tesco's to tell you that we have got to move to Kirkby (it will help him build a Supermarket) there is no other choice????

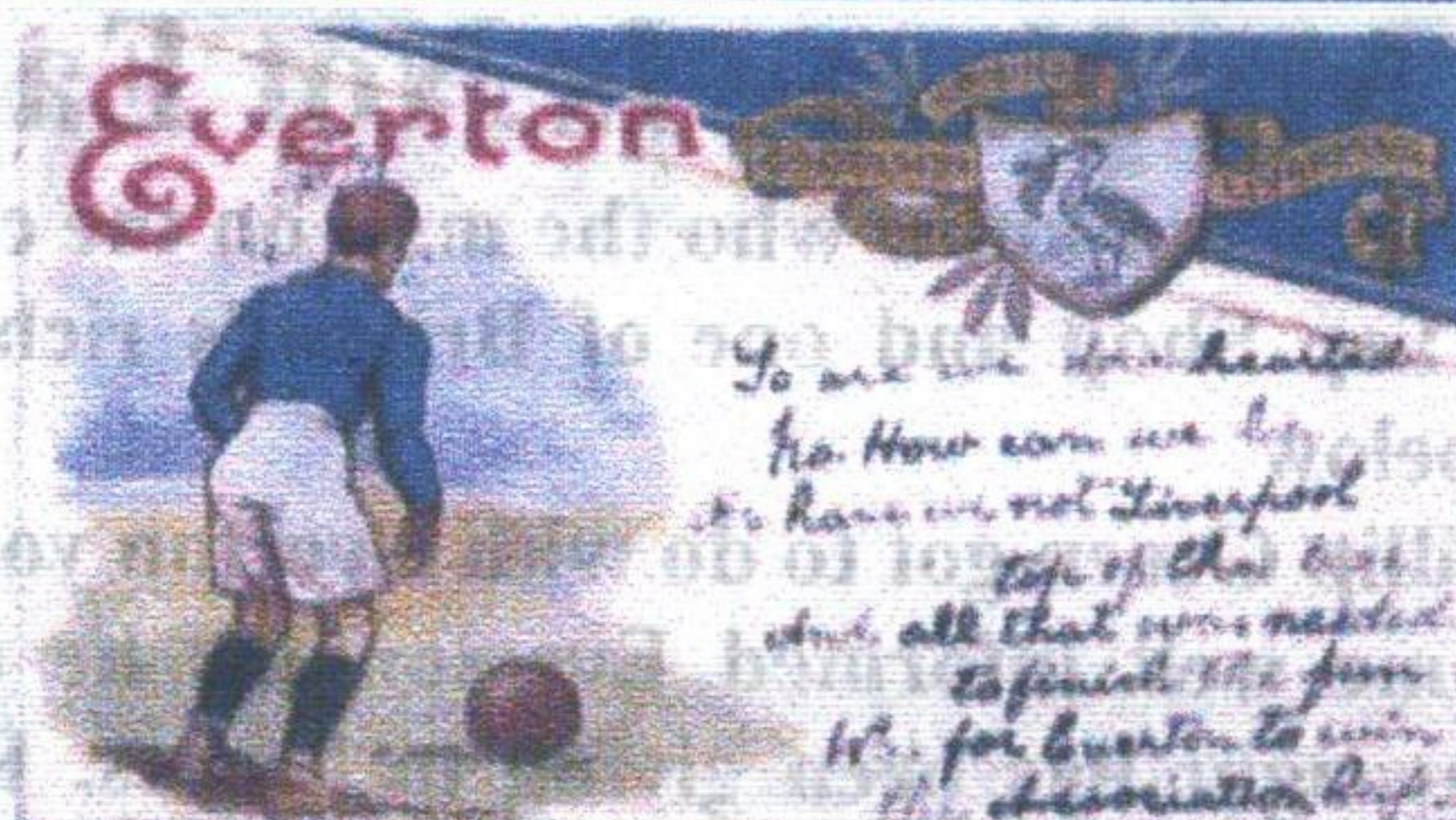
How many times does Kenwright have to tell you a story before you realise you have heard it before and it always has a sad ending?

Keep One Eye Open and Both Ears Shut when you meet Uncle Bill.

Tom Watson



## Letters



## E-Mails

### Blue Blood

The win against Wigan wasn't the best performance but it was good to see Everton stand their ground and not get brushed aside as they did so often last season. Also we cut out the stupid fouls that constantly give possession away, Cahill is usually the culprit but as he is injured Neville and Carsley can also do some.

But one thing for me was brilliant, after attending Goodison park for over thirty years this was the first match that I came home from not smelling like an ash tray. The smoking ban is excellent and I got to say that I didn't think that the addicted ones would stop so easily but thank God and them that they did.

It made watching the game so much more pleasurable, without having to put my hand over my nose to keep out the smell from the Chain Smoking Chimney that sits next to me. It was good to see a Match without a Ciggy and it was even better to see a Ciggy without a match!

Talking about smoking that is exactly what the team were doing at White Hart Lane, what a performance, it was good to watch an Everton team that were not afraid of the opposition, a team that took the game to the home team and ran rings around them.

It must have been brilliant being a Blue down there. Pride is back at Everton and this team plus some of the injured returning can set the League alight.

It is too early yet to brag but we do look good.

Alex James.

### Blue Blood

The team are playing as well as they ever have under Moyes. It seems as if they believe in themselves at last. Quality football and lethal finishing, that is what we are doing and that is what will give us a chance of winning something and fairly soon.

A new stadium and a new outlook, the future is bright the future is BLUE.

Charlie Fraser

### Blue Blood

The game against Spurs was the best away performance under Moyes, even better than the Villa 3-1 considering we didn't have Cahill & Vaughan.

We must keep this kind of form up, apart from the top three there is no one Everton should fear home or away.

I don't know the result of the vote but does it matter, we watch Everton not a concrete building. Players have come and gone so have grounds, we used to be at Anfield when they played football there. So come on, stop arguing, go with the result of the vote and get back to putting your passion behind the team.

Gary Stuart

## Blue Swayed Views



## The Ray Wilson Story

This aspect of the tie was quickly whipped up and played on. Their lads said they were certain they would prove that Everton were wrong to let them go. They would show us. They had a secret plan all worked out. These were the jibes that were being thrown about, often when we bumped into any of their players during the week. Match-day brought further worries for us; and greater confidence for them.

It was blowing a gale and the Haig-avenue pitch was as hard as a layer of marble. These were just the conditions to cause an upset. They had obviously done nothing at all to try to make the pitch right for good football and were doubtless hoping to unsettle us.

Their tactics, too, were quickly made plain. They were trying to get us to lose our control. Perhaps they thought that by frustrating us they could expose the odd chink and get away with a goal.

Let me tell you what went on behind the locked doors of our training ground during the week. Hour upon hour we rehearsed the business of clearing corners. We figured that this was one area where Southport's big three forwards Redrobe, Terry Harkin and George Andrews could possibly upset us.

Their centre-half Fred Molyneux, another giant, would also come up for the corners and under such heavyweight pressure there was always the slight chance that we would make a mistake and send ourselves crashing into disaster. Yet they never won a corner during the entire match. They seemed so intent on unsettling some of our lads that the business of getting on with the football and winning the game seemed of secondary importance.

There was no doubt that here was their only opportunity of victory for they would not stand a chance in the replay at Goodison. I left the field at half-time with a knee injury and Sandy Brown took over, but I was back on the bench to see Everton coasting comfortably towards this replay.

We had virtually settled for a second bite, which would have meant a healthy pay day for Southport when Joe Royle ended all the doubts—and the inevitable business of fans scrambling for tickets—when he won the match for us close to the end. Alan Ball made it, taking the ball through to the by-line before chipping back for Joe to get up high and head a great goal.

That shot down all the arguments and the jibes and took us forward to a fourth round tie at Carlisle. This match threw many people into something of a quandary when they set about trying to predict the outcome.

While they were a struggling Second Division side they had several players of high ability, men who had given them a successful season the year before. In addition they had the home advantage. And this was the competition where men rise to play above themselves and results that go right against form are a regular feature.

We played on a pig of a day. The rain lashed down and the mud grew thicker, yet the surface never quite lost the fast, skiddy quality that suited us. It meant we could knock the ball about at a good pace.

And we had just the men to do it. With fast slung passes we soon had them tired and taped. They gave us an early fright by catching us with a goalmouth scramble but they had no one to finish it off and we survived.

Our class soon made the necessary assertion for Jimmy Husband to score. Joe Royle added another and we were through 2—0.

We had to wait to find out who would be our fifth round opponents. For while we were winning at Carlisle, Tranmere Rovers were springing one of the shocks of the day by holding First Division Coventry to a 1-1 draw at Coventry.



### The Ray Wilson Story

We were drawn at home against the winners and although the replay would be played on Tranmere's Birkenhead ground I assumed that the class of the First Division side would tell even at Prenton Park and that Coventry would be our eventual opposition.

How wrong can you be? On a wild, wet and windy night the little men won 3—0 and Coventry's manager Noel Cantwell was moved to observe that they deserved it. By this time the old Wembley feeling was welling up around Goodison Park and there could not really be any fears about our rivals from across the River Mersey even if they had already despatched one First Division side.

Naturally, like Southport, they were making a song and dance about this first historical meeting between the clubs.

Looking around at the other teams left in the competition it was gratifying to see that both Manchester's had been knocked out, although Liverpool and Leeds were still in there lurking dangerously. Tranmere had their share of men who were stars in their own Third Division. We knew we would have to watch closely their goalscoring centre-forward George Yardley and that goalkeeper Jimmy Cumbes could well be capable of handling most of the shots and centres we would send his way.

Tragedy hit Yardley a few days before the tie. He was injured by a kick in the kidneys at Shrewsbury, in a League match and for several days he was in a serious condition in hospital. He never played again that season and, in fact, was eventually forced to give up the game after a few comeback matches.

It was sad that he would not play against us that night. Yet even had he been there I doubt if he would have changed the result, which was again 2—0 in our favour. Tranmere had the misfortune to lose Yardley's deputy, George Hudson, very early on but Cumbes kept them in with a chance throughout.

This goalkeeper, who plays county cricket for Surrey had long been tipped as a future First Division star and he certainly looked the part against us. He excelled in almost every department of the game, stopping point-blank shots and taking crosses at all heights. In fact it was a lucky break that enabled us to take the lead. Joe Royle got up to a header and although he turned it towards goal there seemed little danger for Cumbes had it covered. Just in front of him it pitched and broke away at a crazy angle to spin into the net. After that we were away like a side that would not be caught and only the brilliance of Cumbes restricted us to one more goal, which was scored by Johnny Morrissey.

Into the sixth round we knew we were really in with the heavy brigade. And there are few opponents who can strike such fear into a side as Leicester City (away). They are one of the great Cup fighting teams of the country. They always seem to be in there around the latter stages of the competition.

The thought of going to Filbert Street filled me with dread. They had already disposed of Barrow, Manchester City and Rotherham and could be guaranteed to fight with skill and courage every inch of the way when we met them in the Midlands.

Yet this was the day which should be remembered by all Everton fans. It was, for me, the moment when Catterick's young players established themselves as men. The moment when their real destiny was created. Suddenly all the flowing magic that has since become the Evertonian trademark was casting a wonderful spell over the entire ground.

The midfield axis of Howard Kendall, Colin Harvey and Alan Ball were weaving patterns to delight the purists' eyes. The running, passing and shooting was flawless and Leicester must have been reeling with disbelief. Yet, as often happens in such confrontations, they produced a man who was almost equal to the occasion.

Peter Shilton, the brilliant youngster who had taken over in goal from England's Gordon Banks, threw himself at everything we unleashed. He turned on a one man display of heroics in the mud. If ever there was the picture of a man inspired it was there for all to see on this grey Saturday.

### The Ray Wilson Story

The pressure was entirely one way. We were on the rampage. We had near misses and we were baulked by save upon save. Then we got the all important first goal through Jimmy Husband and I remember thinking to myself that half-a-dozen would not be out of the question with the Everton whizz kids in this mood. If this was wishful thinking it rebounded harshly. For on the stroke of half-time Leicester gained a corner. It was only half-cleared and flew straight to David Nish who volleyed it straight back home into the back of our net with total commitment and not a moment's hesitation. Within seconds we were on our way to the dressing-room. I felt really sick about that goal. It could not have come at a worse time psychologically. From being on the floor they would be feeling ten feet tall. Suddenly doubts were welling up in our minds. Would this goal harness our earlier flair? Would they resume to play as lords and masters?

While all these fears plagued me I could not help reflecting how one goal had brought about such a change in the state of my mind. We had pasted them during that first half and yet here we were only level. We should have had the game sewn up ... and but for the masterful young Shilton we would have done. Sure enough, they put the pressure right on us at the start of the second half and I began to think that all my worries would be confirmed. But then we scored a truly superlative goal right in keeping with the grand manner of our first half play.

Howard Kendall will cherish the memory of it for the rest of his life. He played a one-two out on the right, backed up and then carried on through the middle to meet the return and volley a drive that almost broke the netting. The ball must have been almost shoulder height when he hit it. The goal gave us the encouragement we needed and we settled down into our former ways with Jimmy Husband rattling home a brilliant third goal.

Jimmy badly damaged an ankle scoring the goal and was out of football for a week or two after that. But in spite of his limping agony, he forced many a smile on the long trip home to Merseyside from the Midlands. We were through to the semi-final again and the only feeling that can surpass such exhilaration is when you know you have reached Wembley.

The other semi-finalists were Leeds, West Brom and Birmingham. We discussed their relative merits that weekend and the unanimous verdict in the Everton dressing-room was that we did not want to meet Leeds. They were the strong, all-purpose methodical team and we would have been delighted to have missed them.

We might have guessed we drew them in the semi-final to be played at Old Trafford. As the semi-final drew near certain things, many of them almost hidden, began to weigh in our favour. Most important was the fact that Leeds' quest for so many honours could be taking a toll on them at the wrong time.

They had won the League Cup, they were in the semi final of the Fairs Cup and they were fiercely pursuing the First Division championship. Just before our semi-final days some noticeable slip in form seemed to affect them.

Was the pressure becoming too great? On the other hand, as we ran out to face them, there were worries for us. Alan Ball, a man on whom we relied so heavily, was under suspension and John Hurst, another key player, had gone down with hepatitis overnight. Although Leeds had been working so hard in so many directions they were made favourites to get to Wembley and I believe this reacted in our favour.

I know that I felt quite carefree about playing in the semi-final. I felt that I knew I had been to Wembley for one Cup final (1966) and that I was aware of what went on at this Ascot of football. If we managed it again all well and good. But I wasn't getting worked up about it.

Obviously the match would not be a classic. It was a defensive, tactics—ridden match and plainly one mistake would decide it.



### The Ray Wilson Story

Who would err? The tragedy befell Gary Sprake, Leeds' brilliant Welsh international goalkeeper. We had it worked out in training that as soon as he fielded the ball Joe Royle would face him and block him clearing with his natural right foot. He was known to be weak with his left and was a shaky distributor of the ball when he had to throw out under pressure.

Royle's trick, based on secrets gleaned during the club's spying mission on Leeds, worked perfectly. Sprake was panicked into a left footed clearance. He nervously took his eye off the ball and sent a low grubber straight to our outside-right Jimmy Husband. The goalkeeper was yards from goal. Jimmy looked up and casually chipped for the empty net. The ball was sailing goalwards when Jack Chariton lifted a hand and palmed it away. There was nothing else he could have done. Penalty. John Morrissey, cool and assured as always, stepped in as deputy penalty taker in Alan Ball's absence. I would have hated the job. To have missed such a vital penalty would have been unbearable. But John took the perfect spot kick. He side-footed his shot to Sprake's left and although the goalkeeper went the right way he couldn't reach it. Another six inches towards the centre of the goal and the ball might have been within his clutch, but Johnny's was a precision penalty just inside the post.

We had to hang on for the whistle. Yet so successfully did Kendall, Harvey and Tommy Jackson dominate the Leeds midfield pair of Billy Bremner and Johnny Giles that the result was never in any real doubt after our goal. On the same day West Brom were beating their neighbours Birmingham City 2-0, and had won through to Wembley after playing four more games than us. They were involved in replays with Colchester, Southampton and Liverpool (twice). But the West Brom we were to meet at Wembley was a vastly different side from that which we had hammered 6-2 at the Hawthorns just two months earlier.

I am not talking about personnel as much as style. They must have realised long before Wembley that they would have no hope of beating us by pure football and so they said 'to hell with the pageant' and set about holding us.

They probably nursed sad and bitter memories of that hammering in the League. On that day they had tried to match us with football. We had broken from defence brilliantly and had picked off the goals at will.

They were having none of that at Wembley and really surprised me with their attitude. They just sat back on defence and left two men up front to do the chasing. Can you wonder the match was never hailed as a spectacular, as had been the case two years earlier when we had faced, and beaten, Sheffield Wednesday.

No matter how hard we tried to find the right rhythm we were unable to surmount the frustration West Brom were causing us and then, right at the death, their centre forward Jeff Astle sank us with the winner. Luck was with him all the way.

He had tried a shot out of pure speculation and, honestly, it might have gone for a throw in. Instead, it struck one of his colleagues, bounced against Colin Harvey and dropped once more into Astle's path as he remained in full flight. He whacked it home and from this blow we never recovered.

We had looked the part for so much of the game, but there was no doubt that West Brom had sorted out the right plan and that it had worked. Once it was all over I experienced a feeling of utter despondency. Despite the glamour of the occasion and the movie cameras, the crowds, the reporters, television, there is a very special atmosphere about being a Wembley loser. Suddenly you feel that nobody wants to know you.

Your opponents are dancing around the track pursued by the cameras and cheered by the fans. You are alone. You clasp your medal in your fist, look at the grass and walk slowly from the pitch into the shadows of the tunnel and out of sight and sound of the celebration.

There is a nagging feeling that you might have let so many people down.

### The Ray Wilson Story

I thought about all those loyal Evertonians as I made my way back to the dressing-room. These were the fans who had put a lump in my throat when they had greeted us outside Old Trafford before the semi-final. I could scarcely credit that our football team could mean so much to so many people. Now they were like us, the Wembley losers.

They could be taunted by the Albion fans and it was all our fault for not winning the Cup for them. They had saved their pocket money, travelled overnight, possibly paid inflated prices for their tickets and, in some cases, even sacrificed their annual holidays in order to cheer us on.

The dressing-room was silent at first. Two years earlier we had all been singing the Everton Cup tune 'We Shall Not Be Moved'. Now there was just a lot of head-shaking as players pondered on what-might-have-been. It hadn't been a good final and yet once we were over the first depressing minutes we began to perk up.

In fact everyone was agreed later in the night that we enjoyed our banquet far more than we had two years earlier when we had won the FA Cup. Somehow anything after the triumph of collecting the Cup had seemed an anti-climax.

Now, once we had lifted ourselves above the initial disappointment of losing, we were able to let our hair down and get on with the business of enjoying ourselves. We did just that. We dined, and wined and danced... right into the small hours of the morning.

Yet no matter how freely the wine flowed my mind kept returning to the dressing-room after the match. I stood amidst the good luck telegrams, the horse-shoes and rabbits' feet and surveyed my team mates. Maybe I looked a little sad for someone chimed across: 'Never mind Ray lad, there's always next time. We will be back again.' I smiled. I glanced at the young, boyish faces alongside me. I tried to look ahead to the 'next time'. And I replied as philosophically as I could when I said: 'No lad, these players will certainly be back again but I don't think this old fellow will see another Wembley.'

## 12 The New Everton

If ever there was a promise in a football team it can be seen, striking and flamboyant, in the royal blue of the Everton football club. Throughout my career I have seen many great teams come and go. I saw the youngsters of Matt Busby's Manchester United emerge only to be devastated by the Munich air crash. I watched Don Revie take over a shell of a club called Leeds United and make them one of the most famous in the whole of Europe. I have watched that inveterate fan, Bill Shankly, guide Liverpool to peaks of success that the Anfield supporters, brought up on so much Second Division football, had never dreamed was attainable.

All the time I have been playing with Huddersfield, with Everton and with England... and right now I predict that Everton are on the threshold of real greatness. You could divide the credit for their potential. Millionaire John Moores helped them to get off the ground with some massive loans during the days when Johnny Carey was manager. After Carey, came Catterick and the planning gathered momentum.

Slowly but surely Everton began to scoop the pool where schoolboy and junior stars were concerned. They poured more money into big signings, sold some of their own players, and went on through a programme of massive ground improvements.

Probably the most significant change was the full-time removal of training and playing staffs from Goodison Park to



## The Ray Wilson Story

Bellefield, the training centre in a secluded part of the Liverpool suburb of West Derby. Here was a place that had been developed to perfection. A place that attracted football dignitaries from all over the world. They noted the idea and flew home determined to copy the Everton principle.

Bellefield has long been Everton property. Until Catterick began his sweeping changes it was used mainly for third and fourth team matches. Dressing-rooms and general accommodation were so inadequate that the senior players, who did their training during the week, used to change at Goodison and travel to Bellefield by coach. After training they would return caked in mud, have lunch at Goodison, and then be left to their own devices.

How things have changed. Now Bellefield is a superb, all-purpose, players' centre. We report there direct in a morning, our meals are cooked on the premises every day and there is a full recreational room. Outdoors there are two full pitches, shooting boards and an indoor area that can take a full scale match. What more could a professional footballer want?

It is here, at Bellefield, that tomorrow's stars are being groomed. From their ranks in very recent seasons have stepped such talented performers as Tommy Wright, Colin Harvey, John Hurst, Jimmy Husband, Joe Royle, Roger Kenyon and many other lads now nudging forward for a shot at first team soccer.

This enviable conveyor belt of class stretches right through from the first team to the schoolboys who are so often invited to spend some of their holidays training with us. I often wondered how much money the five regular first teamers I have mentioned—Wright, Harvey, Hurst, Husband and Royle—would fetch on the transfer market.

Oddly enough, when I arrived at Everton in 1964 Tommy Wright could have been forgiven for thinking that he was destined to be just another youngster who never quite made the Goodison grade. He was having odd third team games, occasionally a Central League outing, at inside-forward or

## Tranmere Rovers Football Club Ltd.

GROUND: PRENTON PARK, BIRKENHEAD

Secretary: E. BLACKBURN

Registered Office:

Telephone:

4042/4043

Tranmere Rovers, Birkenhead

14 PRENTON ROAD WEST,

BIRKENHEAD

Nov. 28th, 1957.

Mr. W. Dickinson,

Secretary,

Everton Football Club.

Dear Mr. Dickinson,

Herewith please find cheque value £200: 0: 0; being second payment by instalment in connection with the transfer of player "Peter D. Farrell" to above Club.

I shall be glad to have acknowledgment in due course.

Many thanks for your kind co-operation at all times.

Yours faithfully,

*E. Blackburn*  
Secretary.

### PETER FARRELL (Everton & Eire/Tranmere R.) 1. 2a

Signed by Everton from Shamrock Rovers as a wing half for the future, although it was as an inside right when playing for the Republic at Goodison Park that he scored a goal which beat England. Was a tireless worker, cajoling the team wherever needed, fully justifying the captaincy. Played for his country 28 times before following Tommy Eglington once again, this time to Tranmere Rovers, to spend the evensong of career. Spent three seasons and played well over 100 games as captain, nearly as energetically as ever, before retiring.





wing-half and the club seemed unable to decide on which was his best position.

As often happens an injury crisis saw Tommy pushed into action as a reserve team full-back and at that moment an international player was born. He responded to the challenge in a manner that suggested he had secretly been playing the position all his life and once he was given the first team opportunity there was no chance of anyone ousting him.

I reckon I know a good full-back when I see one and when Tommy was chosen for England by Sir Alf Ramsey I was not the least bit surprised. In fact I would put money on him being England's right-back in the 1970 World Cup in Mexico.

Tommy is one of the game's quiet men, although he can be quite perky once you get to know him. He is one of those players who prefers to let his ability speak for itself rather than go around shouting the odds. He is not a tall man and yet he is superb in the air, especially when cutting back to cover the middle.

He is brilliant at reading the game and I believe that one of the reasons why he does not get his fair share of praise is because he is a player who does not always take the eye. He is not flashy, not an extrovert. He just seems to me to do nothing wrong. Everything works out right for him and so nobody notices the unfussy way he goes about his job.

A youngster around the same age—twenty-three—who made the first team just before Tommy, is Colin Harvey, another quiet, intense young man who has never looked anything but an unflappable star.

Take his debut in the Everton colours. He was a teenager, raw and unknown who was having a junior's ride with the first team to Milan for the club's first ever European Cup tie abroad. It was against Internazionale; it was the second leg. The first meeting had presented a night of frustration and disappointment at Goodison Park with a 0-0 draw.

Jimmy Gabriel, the regular Everton right-half had been

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Jimmy Gabriel, the regular Everton right-half had been injured and there was plenty of speculation about his deputy.

To be continued in next issue.



## Who made their Everton Debut in the ...40's, 50's, 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's & 2000's ?

by: Smart Arridge.

Article 1 – 10<sup>th</sup> August 2007

This piece is an introduction to what I will provide for Blue Blood throughout this season.

I have been looking at Everton's Post-War Debutants, and intend to provide you with a decade-by-decade run down of the players who have pulled on the Royal Blue Jersey.

At the end of the season, you will be armed with some very interesting facts about the men who have made Everton Great, and also a unique reference guide that accurately details when EVERY player made his Everton LEAGUE Debut\*.

I don't believe this is available in such a concise format anywhere else.....

It sounds a bit anorakish I know, but I think it will be an interesting way of recalling the players that you have seen, heard mention of, or had forgotten. And as it covers the League Debuts for the Post-War period, everything you read refers to Post-War League only, it should appeal to the young as well as older readers.

What is fascinating are the seemingly universal laws:

- The average number of debutants per season, during each manager's reign, works out as six.  
Of course there is the exception that proves the rule. Walter Smith who, when he was in charge, increased by 50% the average number of debutants per season.
- A fifth of debutants, during each manager's reign, come through the club ranks.  
This is until the mid-nineties, when it became slightly more common to buy or loan rather than nurture players.

Interestingly, 12 players have been top scorer during their debut season with Everton. And the numbers per decade have been increasing, from the one player per decade in the 50's, 60's & 70's, to the two in the 80's, and the three in the 90's. We are currently on 3 for this decade – so we need one more to maintain the sequence.

Within that 12 players were the four 'Goal-Legends' who also actually scored in their debut League game, before going on to become Everton's Top League scorer the same season.

*Oddly, this only seems to happen in the even numbered decades – if the trend continues expect the next 'Goal-Legend' to be in the 2008/09 season.*

Two main questions can be raised now:

Continued on page 25

How does the number of debutants for this decade compare to previous decades ?

Well, despite this season only having signed two players - *Moyesy got a Ferrari a couple of seasons ago, he now has a Jag in Jagielka* © - with another player on loan, we are still on course to meet the usual quota of debutants per decade – around 60.

I am sure there will be more debutants over the course of the season, and I look forward to welcoming our 385<sup>th</sup> League Debutant, whoever he may be.

Which decades saw the most, and the least debutants ?

For the most, nothing comes close to matching the excesses of the Nineties.

Whilst the decade that saw the least number of debutants was Everton's most successful, in terms of average League placing.

I will also reveal lots more Everton History, including:

- The seasons that saw NO Everton League debutants at all.
- The name of the father and son who made their League debuts in Everton Championship winning teams.
- The decade that saw 8 'managers' take charge of the first team.
- Everton's average League position per decade.
- The strange fact that involves both Keith and Henry Newton.
- The game in which two debutants scored for the Blues.
- The decade that had the most goalkeepers, and the two goalies who made their league debut in the same game.
- The foreign country that has provided the most players to EFC.
- List the most foreigners to have played in the same match for Everton.

....and you will learn that Andy is not the first, but the SECOND AJ to have played for the Blues.

**You know you Want to Know your History...so keep reading!**

**SMART**

\*If you believe there are any errors or omissions please contact George who will pass on your comments to me for investigation. Thanks



The fact that Everton had finished only 16th last season made the Board take action, the squad had been the largest that Everton had ever had, 35 players had earned their keep at Goodison last season but there was to be a major shake up. 18 players were released by the Club, Berwick, Donnachie, Evans, Gault, Howarth, Jefferis, Kearslake, Lievesley, Maconnachie, Mayson, Miller, Mitchell, Page, Rigsby, A. Robinson, W. Robinson, Wareing & Williams all got the chop. That only left 17 players so another 7 were recruited.

New signings included the eccentric Benjamin Howard Baker, a goalkeeper, he came from Aigburth, he also played cricket for Liverpool, played water polo, and tennis. He was also an excellent athlete and competed in the Stockholm Olympics in 1912 and again at Antwerp in 1920 in the high jump finishing sixth. He also beat the ace American long jump champion Landon with a jump of six feet three and a half inches. He also held the British record of six feet five inches. On top of all that he was an amateur, which suited Everton because they didn't have to pay him. Money had been a big issue the season before when there was nearly a strike by players after the League reduced their wages from £10 per week to £9. Little did they know that at the end of the coming season the League were to reduce it further from £9 to £8 and that was only for league matches in the close season for 15 weeks it was reduced to £6. Everton had made a huge profit last season when they took an amazing £40,170 and only paid out £15,510 in wages.

Andrew Moffatt was another new signing a Scottish lad from East Fife, a centre forward but he was only given one game before he moved on back to east Fife. John McDonald was to be there longer, signed from Airdrieonians, a strong tackling full back, Charles Crossley an inside forward from Sunderland joined Everton he was to be the top scorer in the coming season.

Stanley Davies joined Everton from Preston North End a quality forward, Stan Fazackerley signed from Sheffield United for £4,000 another goal scoring forward. David Reid a versatile player from Ireland proved to be a good signing and went on to play in 101 games for Everton.

The season was to start on August 28th 1920 at Bradford Park Avenue, 15,000 came along to watch, they got their money's worth because the ball hit the back of the net six times. Everton getting three of them from Parker two, Kirsopp. A good start then and one that Everton must keep up.

The team that took to the field that day were as follows: Fern, Downs, McDonald, Weller, Brewster, Grenyer, Chedgzoy, Kirsopp, Parker, Crossley, Reid.

Fleetwood and Harrison replaced Reid and Weller in the next game at Goodison against Newcastle 45,000 fans crammed inside the ground to see the new players. Everton again hit three goals and this time it is enough to get them both points, they win 3-1 Kirsopp gets two and Crossley opens his Everton account with the other one.

Bradford Park Avenue at home three days later an unchanged Everton team and an unchanged crowd by the look of it, another 45,000. The game was not an exceptionally great one and Everton found it hard to break down the Bradford defence. It was hard fought and honours even at the end, 1-1 with Harrison scoring the Everton goal.

The 8th of September and an away game at Newcastle 35,000 Geordies want revenge for the drubbing that they took a fortnight ago at Goodison Park. Everton keep an unchanged team and still unbeaten. It was not to be another win or even a draw Newcastle do get revenge with a 2-0 win.

Three days later and Everton are away again this time at Derby County a crowd of 17,000 attend Everton make one change Bobby Parker is dropped and his replacement is Peacock and boy did he take it, a hat trick Tom Fleetwood got one as well and Everton win 4-2.



STANLEY DAVIES

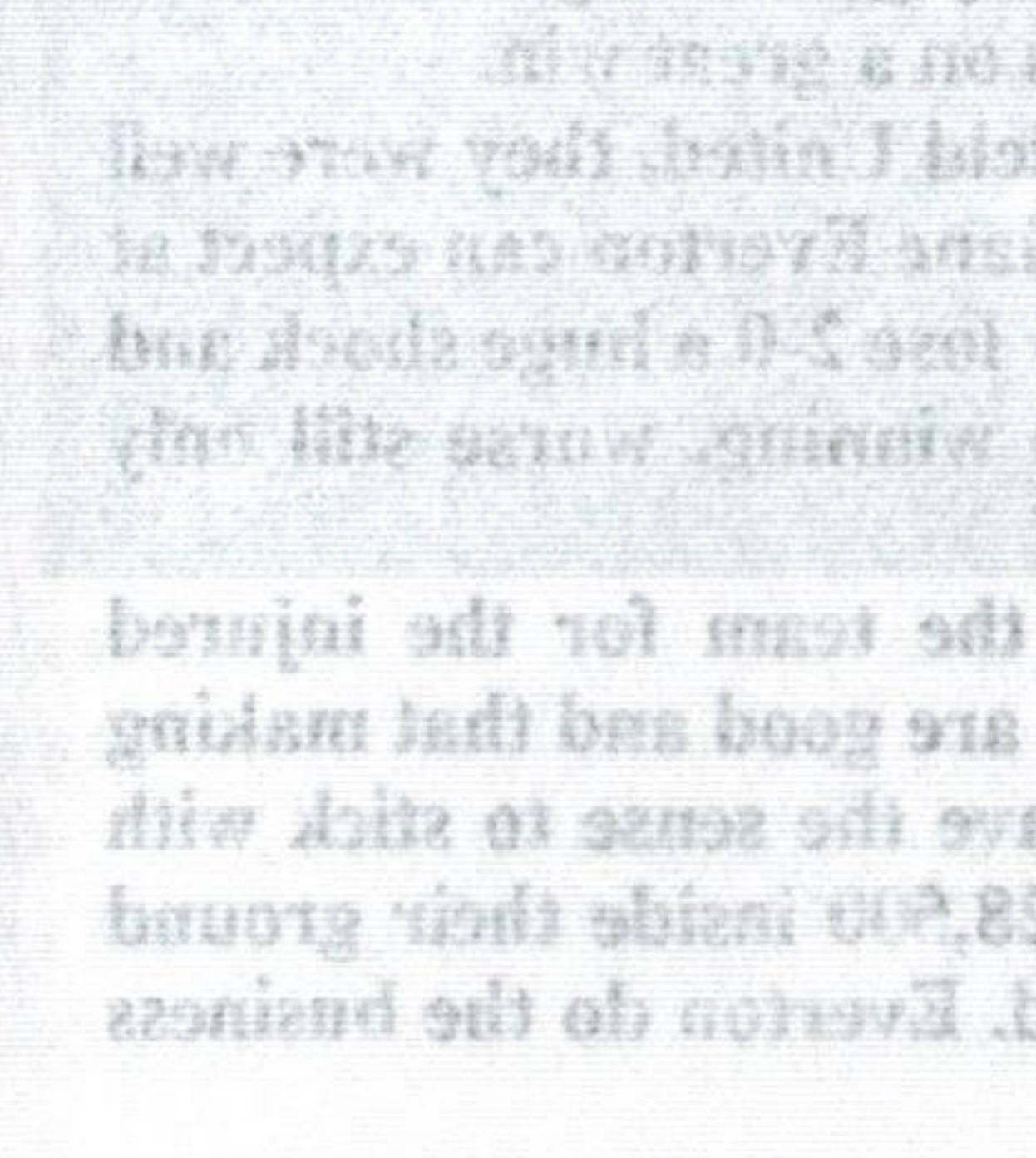
**Stanley Charles Davies**

Stan was the son of Joe Davies who played for Everton in their first season 1888/89. He was born in Chirk in 1898 and joined Everton from Preston for £4,000.

He was a big strong forward who could play in a variety of positions, even once playing in goal for Wales.

Injured during the First World War he recovered he was awarded the Military Cross and The Belgium Croix de Guerre.

He made 22 appearances for Everton scoring 10 goals.

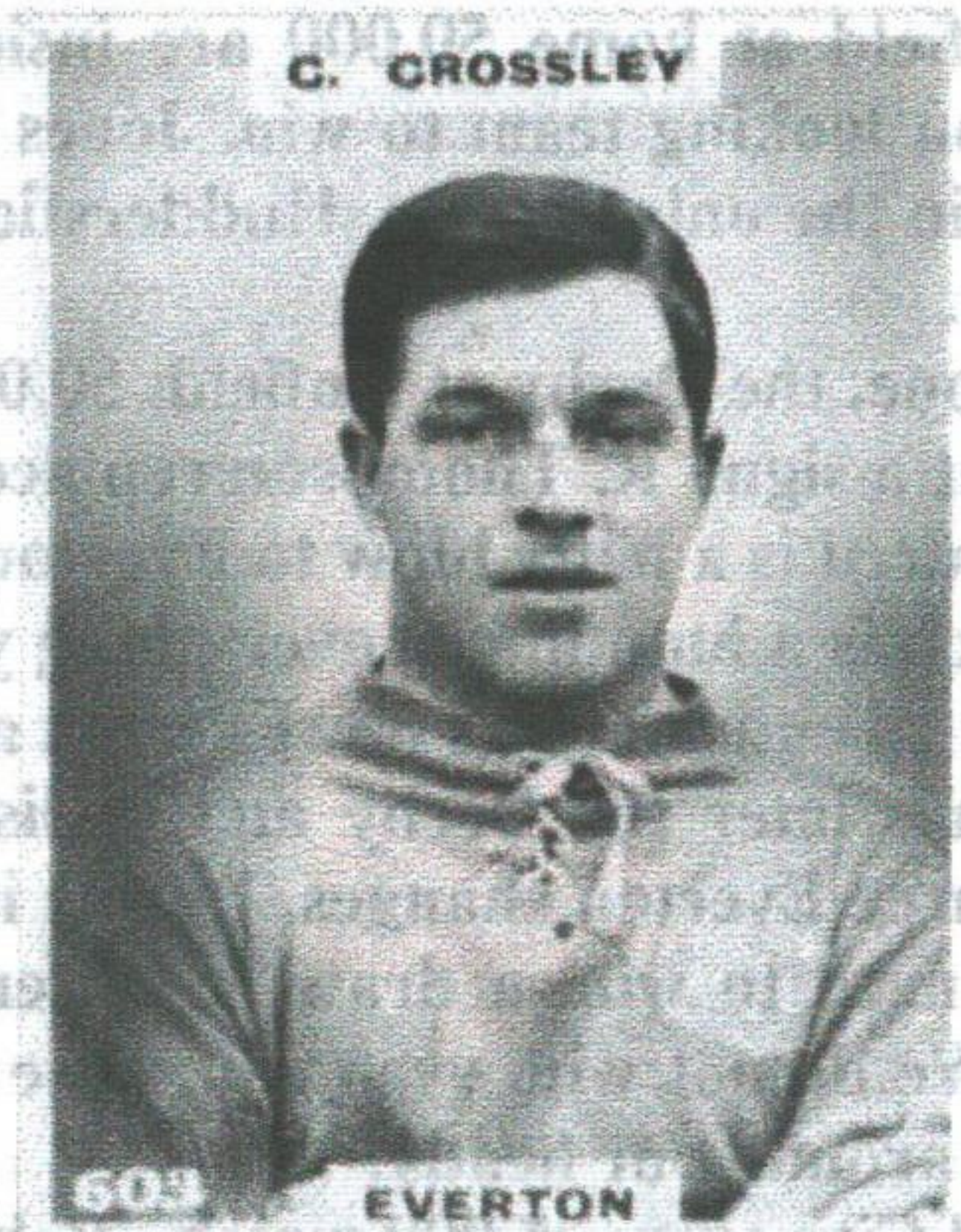


**Charles Arthur Crossley**

Born in Hednesford in 1892 Charles was an inside forward who was bought from Sunderland known as Chas or Charlie he played 55 games for Everton scoring 21 goals.

He was a small but stocky forward with a heavy bodyweight that made players know when he tackled them. During the War he served on a minesweeper.

He left Everton to join West Ham in June 1922 just missing out for selection in the first Wembley Cup Final for the Hammers.



C. CROSSLEY

EVERTON



## The History Of Everton Football Club

One week later the return fixture at Goodison, Peacock keeps his place in an unchanged team, 35,000 Evertonians want to see more goals, they are not disappointed, three more goals hit the net for Everton Chedgzoy, Harrison and Kirsopp all score one each, derby manage to get a consolation goal, it ends 3-1.

Four days later and Everton have another home game this time against Sheffield United 25,000 have enough money to get in. Everton win again, they score another three goals thanks to Crossley, Grenyer and Harrison.

Seven games gone and only one defeat, that is good going for a team that had a poor season last year, Blackburn Rovers away and a good attendance 30,000. Kirsopp is injured and replaced by Reid the only change to the Everton line up. The game ends 0-0 and Everton are fairly satisfied with that.

The 2nd October 1920 and Everton are playing well and riding high in the League, 40,000 Blues arrive at Goodison Park waiting to see goals and to get entertained along the way.

Kirsopp is back in place of Reid again the only change, Chedgzoy gets two goals as Everton win 2-1. The fans are dancing on the terraces as they cheer on a great win.

Two days later and up to Yorkshire for a match against Sheffield United, they were well beaten at Goodison a few weeks ago and if everything goes to plan Everton can expect at least a draw. When does anything go to plan for Everton? They lose 2-0 a huge shock and a vast disappointment for their title hopes, you need to keep winning, worse still only 5,000 watched.

Five days rest and a trip to Huddersfield Reid comes into the team for the injured Crossley, again the only change, the Board know that the team are good and that making changes will not do any good unless it is for injuries. They have the sense to stick with this exciting Everton team. Huddersfield managed to have 28,500 inside their ground giving a bit more of an atmosphere than there was at Sheffield. Everton do the business and win 1-0 thanks to Kirsopp.

Huddersfield at home 50,000 are inside Goodison Park, they are hoping to see their Champion looking team to win. Jones comes in a right wing for the injured Chedgzoy, once again the only change. Huddersfield hold the fort and go home with a point from a 0-0 draw.

The big one, the Derby at Anfield, 50,000 squeeze in to our old home, it is game number 13, is that a sign? R. Thompson replaces the injured Dickie Downs at right back, Downs being injured is a hefty blow to Everton, he was a great full back, not many get past him.

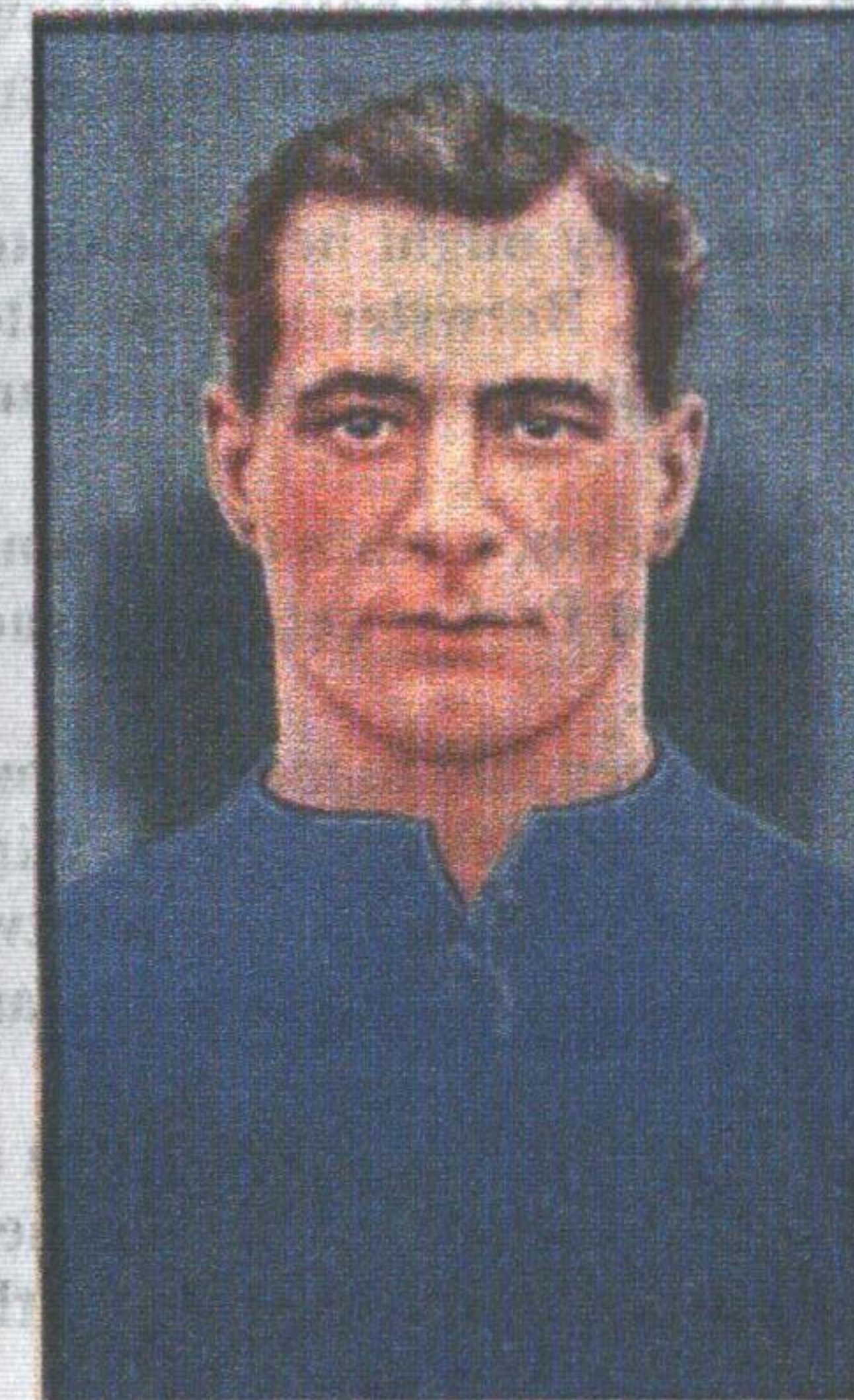
The match is a humdinger everything you expect from A Derby it is as lively as you can get but it all ends in tears for Everton as Liverpool grab the winner 1-0.

Seven days later the Derby at Goodison, passions are high, the crowd is an amazing 55,000 three Everton changes, Downs is back, Chedgzoy and Crossley are also recalled. Everton need to win, a draw is not enough after last weeks defeat, pride must be restored. We do not win, even worse we get slammed 3-0, humbled at home is the season crashing around our heads?

Bradford City away 25,000 watch, Bobby Parker is recalled to the team after a ten game absence, Peacock the centre forward in those last ten games is moved to right half????? The game ends 2-2 with Crossley getting both of Everton's goals.

Three days later and it's a quick turnaround, Bradford City at home, Parker isn't playing and is surprisingly replaced by debutant Stan Fazackerley, again the only change. It is also a repeat score line 2-2 Crossley and Reid 35,000 Blue Boys are glad to see a draw, after the trauma of the Derby anything is better than being beaten again.

Sunderland at home 35,000, Bobby Parker is back at centre forward Fazackerley makes way. Everton labour to a 1-1 draw Parker gets the goal.



### Richard John W. Downs

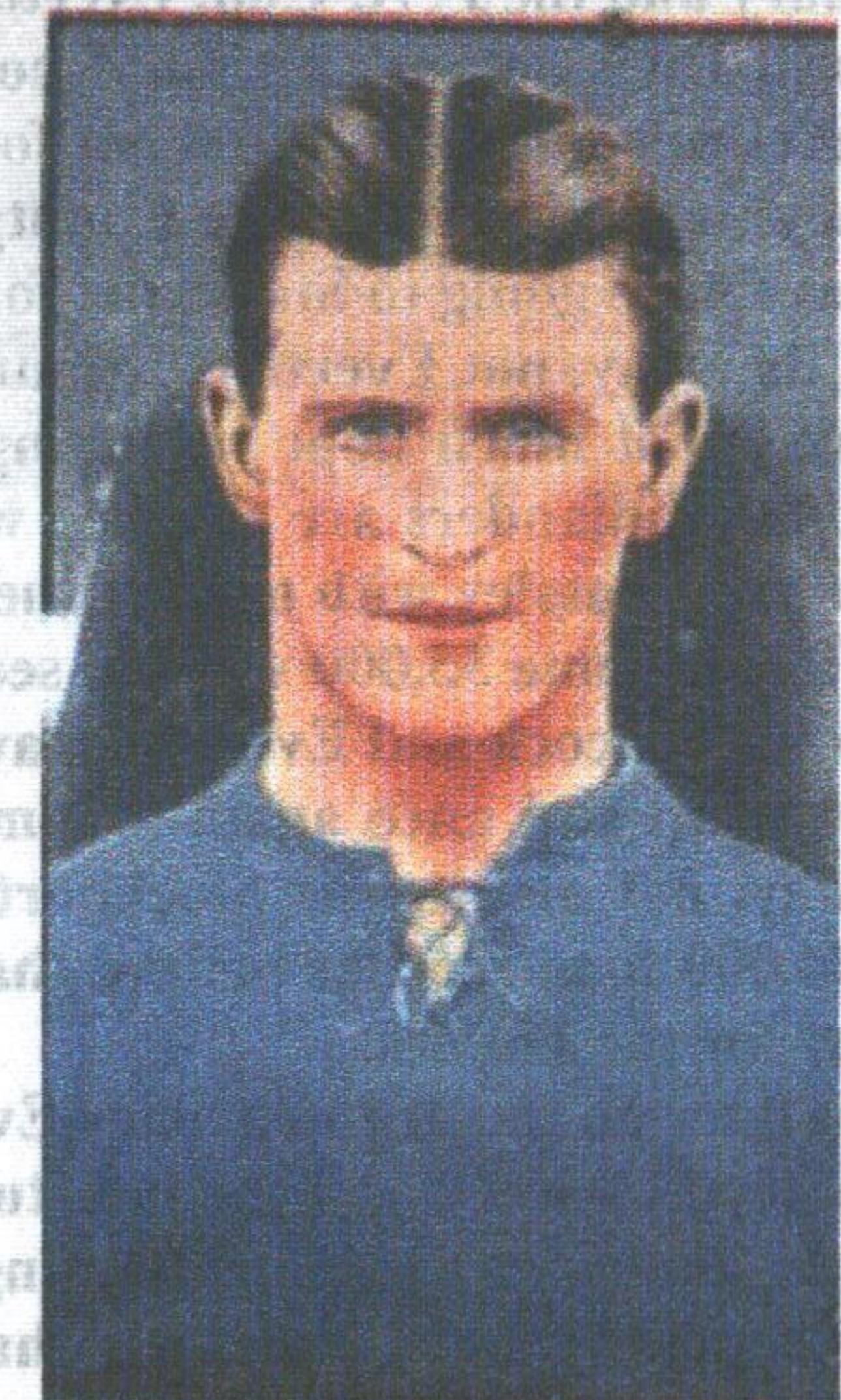
As was seen in the last issue John Downs was certainly the pin up boy, featuring in many cigarette cards and other promotional items his face was well known to all football fans in the 1920's. Born in Middridge on 13th June 1886 'Dickie' Downs was renowned for his sliding tackle. A hard tackling full back who took no prisoners.

He played 97 games for Everton before moving on to Brighton and Hove Albion

### Stanley Fazackerley

Born in Preston on 3rd October 1891 Stan was an inside forward or Centre forward.

Unusually he had played for Charlestown FC Boston in the USA before signing for Accrington Stanley in November 1911 moving on to Hull and Sheffield United from where Everton bought him for a record £4,000. he played 57 games for Everton scoring 21 goals. A stylish footballer in the Everton mode.





### The History Of Everton Football Club

27th November and Sunderland away, 25,000 fans watch, McDonald misses his first game of the season and is replaced by R. Thompson, at left back. Fazackerley comes back but it is Reid who steps down not Parker. Fazackerley gets a goal and so does Harrison and Everton win 2-0 to take both points.

Middlesboro away and a very poor crowd of just 4,000 watch, Everton only have one change to their team McDonald is back at left back. Crossley scores but Boro get three a poor result for Everton.

30,000 are at Goodison seven days later when Boro come to visit, they might be intimidated by a crowd this large and the Evertonians make their presence felt. Brewster returns after missing five matches Peacock is out injured. Bobby Parker recaptures his old form and scores twice Boro get one and Everton win.

The 18th December 1920 and an away game for Everton at West Brom, a team that are not playing too well, so much is expected from Everton Fazackerley and Parker get a goal each and Everton win 2-1, two much needed points, the crowd was 19,932.

Christmas day at Goodison Park and the Arsenal are the visitors, they had to make the long journey up from London and were not going to go home empty handed if they had anything to do with it. Everton keep the same team for the third game running. Bobby Parker gets two goals but it is not enough Arsenal get four and go home very happy unlike the Everton fans who had just had their Christmas ruined.

27th December and it is Evertons turn to travel to London to play Arsenal, 40,000 watch as Everton battle for a point in a 1-1 draw. Grenyer is replaced by Peacock which was their only change Fazackerley scored the Everton goal. A point wasn't bad from Arsenal and the Everton party boarded the train back to Merseyside fairly happy with their days work.

New Years Day 1921 and Everton are at home and the ground is heaving, 59,964 are inside the ground a brilliant attendance. Reid takes over from the injured Harrison but once again it is the only change, you have to take your hats off to the Board, they have kept faith with the team and that has been repaid by the players because they have been having a great season. Fazackerley and Parker score but West Brom get two themselves, the game ends tied at 1-1.

8th January and the F. A. Cup, Everton are at home to lowly Stockport, they are propping up the Second Division and it should not be too hard for Everton to go through to the next round. Weller comes into the team for the injured Fleetwood, 25,000 think that it is worth the money to see Everton give County a hiding. If it wasn't for an own goal then Everton would have been going to Stockport for a replay.

Aston Villa away, not Evertons favourite ground, Villa have a great record against Everton and there is not much hope in getting anything here. Fleetwood is back and Everton play well, 35,000 Midlanders are shocked when Everton score three goals to Villas one. Harrison with two and Crossley with one are the Everton heroes.

Aston Villa at home 35,000 want to see Everton do a very rare double over the Villa, Weller comes in for Peacock and Everton draw 1-1 Harrison is again the marksman for Everton.

The F. A. Cup and once again a home draw and another Second Division Club, Sheffield Wednesday, not as easy as Stockport but it should still be an easy passage into the next round. 44,000 fans can not believe that Everton only manage a draw 1-1 Parker being the face saver for the Toffees.

Five days later on the 3rd February Everton travel to Sheffield for the replay, Yorkshire had been a hotbed all week and the fans turned out in force for this match. A massive 62,407 attend, truly amazing. Parker is missing and a surprise is sprung on the travelling Everton fans, the replacement is Blair, who hasn't played a game for nearly a year!!! Wednesday play well and make Everton work hard but in the end class told and Crossley gave Everton the win.

(to be continued in issue 44)







**An excellent postcard showing a winter scene at The Toffee Shop & Prince Rupert's Tower.**



**Due to an oversight I have printed the same page twice page 22 & 23. I hope that it does not spoil your enjoyment of the fanzine.**

**If you feel you need a refund please contact me. I am sorry for any disappointment.**