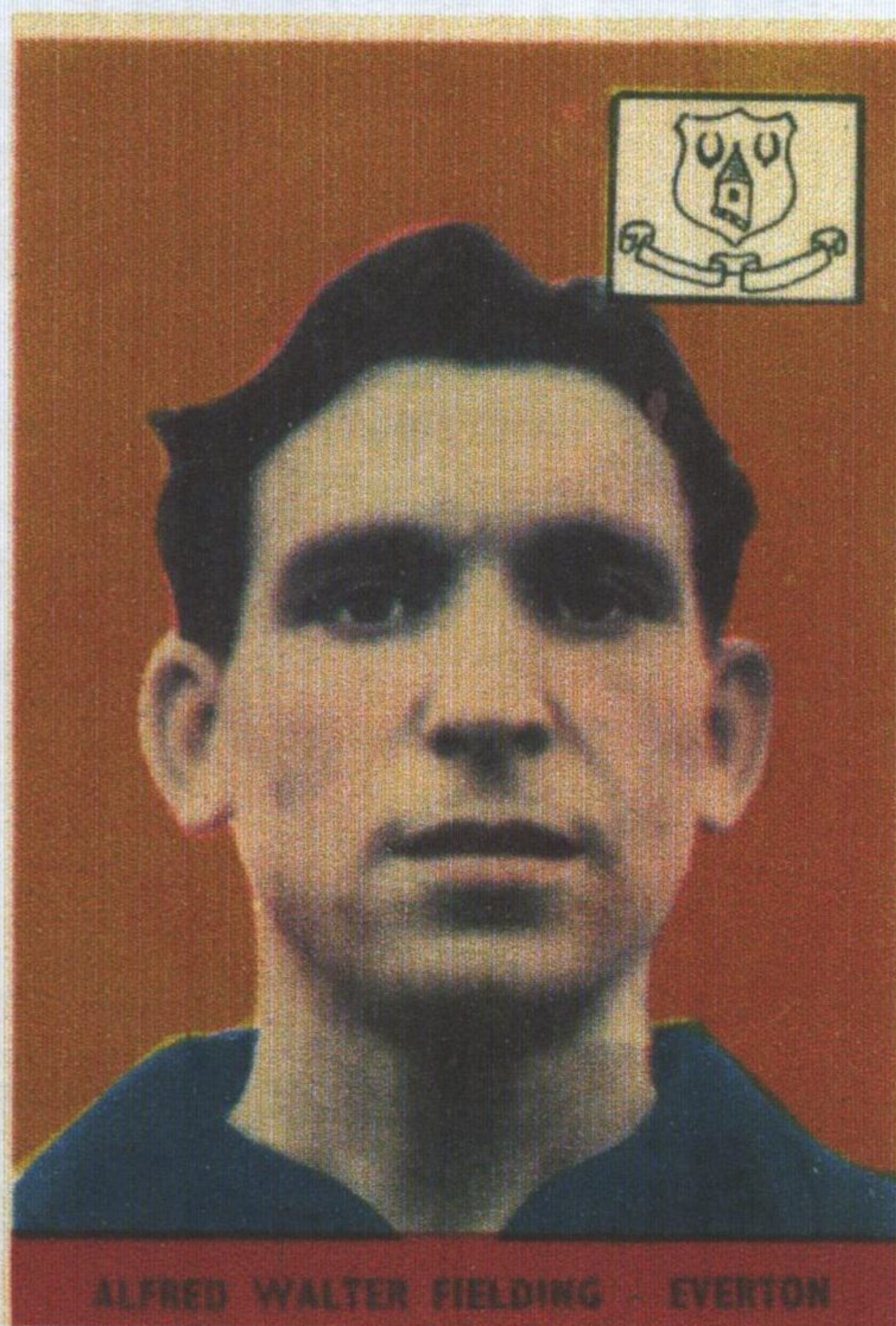


Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 7 issue 48



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See pages 12 & 13 for Tributes**

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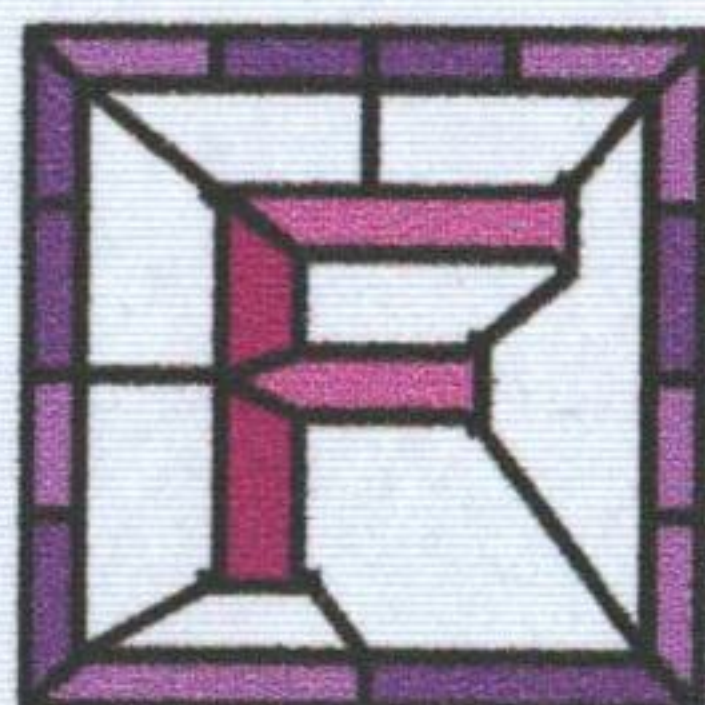
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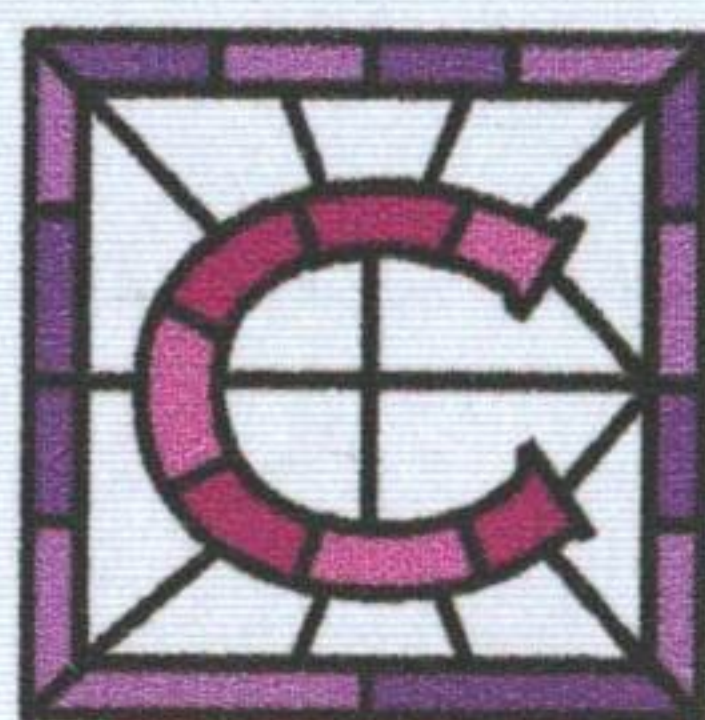


Thank you for all the articles and emails, keep up the good work. For those of you who are interested, on Friday nights between 8 & 8.30pm I do a small spot on Radio Merseyside 95.8fm, it's called Blue Watch and is all about E.F.C.



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.



James Tansey .

Born in Liverpool , James was a good full back who made 142 appearances for the Blues after eight years in the reserves and junior teams he made his full debut on 5th march 1953 at Notts County only 7,529 watched. He played 3 games that season and then didn't play again until two years later in April 1955.

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Back Issues available from me outside the Winslow (not many left)

Editors Page "Orrsome View"

Once again we have lost a former player, Walter 'Nobby' Fielding. I have written a tribute on page 12 and I am truly upset about his death, he was such a nice man.

Last year ended in disaster, Arsenal thumped us and it lashed down all day and I had to abandon selling Blue Blood. The New Year started with another disaster Oldham at Home in the Cup, they put us out and a chip shop fire saw me moved away from the Winslow by the Police. So water and fire stopped the last two matchday sales.

Lets talk about Arsenal, everything looked good until the second half, then we fell apart, I felt that there was no need to have Neville in midfield or Lescott at Left back because Neville has been good at right back and Valente was fit and on the bench so why play Lescott out of position?

All that though means nothing compared to what happened against Oldham, Moyes decides to make wholesale changes, WHY? He only needed to rest Cahill & The Yak for the Chelsea game but he decides to chop the lot. Wessels in goal or as someone shouted out 'Richard Wright with a wig', whoever he was he was useless, he made the whole of the Everton defence nervous and was given an embarrassing 2 out of 10 in the Sunday Times ratings one for each half?. Baines and Stubbs brought back from injury while Valente is dropped and Lescott put on the bench!!!! Pienaar started the game on the left wing, one of our best midfield players is put out wide again WHY?McFadden started on the right went on the left then tried the midfield and eventually ended up as a forward but did nothing in any of those positions. Gravesen was worse than a Sunday League Player and it is beyond me why a man who could not get a game for Celtic against the likes of Falkirk can get into the Everton line up. He earned 3 out of 10, Carsley was poor and again showed his age, for me it's time to look elsewhere for a midfield player who can shoot, tackle and pass a ball, Carsley can do none of those things.

Moyes has tried to tell us over the last few seasons that Simon Davies was good, that McFadden is Good and that Gravesen can play football, none of them were any good but Moyes persisted with Beattie until the end McFadden has now gone, £6 million !!!! But Gravesen is still with us.

I listened to the Radio Phone in after the Oldham game and there were fans who said that you can not blame Moyes because we only have a small squad and there is not enough quality. Excuse me, but Moyes has been here six years, so he must know by now that the squad is small and isn't of the best quality. Others say he hasn't had any money, give me strength, he has bought Everton's two record signings The Yak and Johnson, he spent £6million on Beattie, he paid £1.5 million for Andy Van Der Meyde and doesn't even play him. He has spent many millions of pounds and apart from the Top Four has had plenty of money at his disposal.

He has continually ignored the F. A. Cup and the Carling Cup this season has only been respected because we had a bye in the early rounds otherwise he would have played a weakened team in that as well. Moyes has gathered together some fine players in Cahill, Pienaar, Yak, Johnson, Vaughan, Anichebe, Howard but just because you buy a Ferrari it doesn't mean you can drive it.

Moyes falls short every time it is important, he always changes the team against the Top Four no matter how well we have been playing. This Everton team could win things but I feel not with Moyes. I know I am in the minority but for what it's worth I will say here and now we will never win anything with Moyes.

As for man management ask Valente how he feels when Moyes tells him he won't be playing against the Top Four Clubs because he would rather play Lescott out of position, ask him how he feels to be dropped against Oldham so as Moyes can get Baines fit for the Chelsea game which means Valente will be dropped. Chelsea and a great effort 2-1 down isn't that bad, Man City at home a hard game, they were not a good team but we had to run our legs off to beat them.

Wigan away a game that we must win if we are to keep our top 6 place and we did win. Terrible conditions but a positive attitude, composure on the ball and Vaughan on in the second half to keep up the pressure.

What a difference on the following Wednesday Chelsea with no Drogba, Lampard or Terry should have been taken to the cleaners. We saw what all out attack could do the night before when Spurs destroyed Arsenal 5-1. But Moyes does not take the initiative, we play one up front, Andy Johnson and bring in Fernandes for his first game of the season?? It didn't work and we all knew that by half time, so why didn't Moyes change it around at the interval? The answer is that he doesn't know how to, he waited until Chelsea scored, then panicked by throwing on Anichebe. It wasn't until twelve minutes from time that Vaughan was brought on. Even then we still only needed to get two goals to go to extra time but we messed about, passing and going backwards.

I have been accused of going over the Top in my criticism of Moyes but answer me this, Have we not improved this season? Yes, is the answer, Haven't we done well in the Cup (Oldham excepted)? Yes again so why are we scared of beating a depleted Chelsea? Did our American Cousins from over the Park fear Chelsea when they were the Fourth placed Club in England and met them in Semi Finals? No, so why should we be scared when we are the Fourth placed Club in England?

A Wasted Opportunity

Nearly twenty years after the VHS production of Everton's Official History was released, a brand spanking new DVD has been brought out in time for Christmas.

First the good bits: John Motson narrating; a wealth of footage, both vintage and contemporary, and a few gems I haven't seen before: the 1966 FA Cup Final in Technicolor, for example; and archive interviews with Harry Catterick. Historian, John Keith, and local journalist, Dave Prentice, give insightful and interesting perspectives.

Indeed, it's a wonder why these two were not asked to produce the film, for they clearly have the knowledge, talent and – above all- passion for the subject to make this a far better film. For I am sad to report that this DVD is a lacklustre effort; worth watching once, but not really meriting a second viewing, or the ludicrously inflated cover price.

This really is a wasted effort. Besides the interviews with Keith and Prentice and one or two others, there is a definite sense that this is the original VHS offering (from 1988) with an extra half hour taped onto the end. The makers have not been out and about with their cameras updating old interviews and making new ones. For instance, the interview with a very youthful Dave Hickson from the VHS is included as if it were new materiel. Could not the makers have gone down to Goodison one morning (where Hickson still works) and taken twenty minutes to get some new footage and thoughts? Colin Harvey is interviewed at Bellefield in improbably skimpy shorts, presumably when he was still manager in the late 1980s. Lazy, lazy, lazy.

Even the 'new' interviews are slipshod and second rate. Many seem to have been taken at a Gwladys Street Hall of Fame Dinner hosted five or six years ago. Who by isn't quite clear. Presumably not originally for the purposes of this work. Graham Stuart is asked about his famous efforts against Wimbledon, in between servings at pre-match hospitality at Goodison, with a racket going on behind him. It all gives an impression of cheapness and laziness from the DVD's makers.

Continued on page 5

The History Of Everton DVD Review

Those that have previously purchased Everton's end of season reviews, which are produced by the same company, will probably be well aware of some of ILC Media's shoddy production values (a few years ago, one such DVD even managed to omit an ENTIRE month). Indeed this DVD has the feel of something that was put together by a sixth form media studies student using Window's Movie Maker. There's an amateurish feel to the editing throughout. For example, towards the end of the film it mentions the sad, early death of Alan Ball; then it cuts to interview footage of Ball in his living room, as if he has come back from the dead. There are errors too, minor admittedly, but telling of the general lack of thought that has gone into this piece. For example, Mikel Arteta, did not join Everton on loan from Glasgow Rangers – that was Duncan Ferguson, more than a decade previous. Shabby graphics, of the sort you might see on a souped up home movie also predominate. And by the time you hear the fifteenth playing of Billy Maher's 'It's a Grand Old Team to Play For...' strike up, you really do feel like kicking the TV in.

All in all, this film is a profound disappointment. In its way, it's the best there is available on DVD about Everton, in terms of its depth in content; but that isn't to say it's anything special and is more an indictment of the paucity of quality available elsewhere. Judged by its own standards it is a lazy work, sloppily produced, and irritatingly passionless. Certainly it does not live up to the mantra set by the club's famous motto: Nil Satis Nisi Optimum; Nothing But the Best Is Good Enough.

James Corbett

This review was sent by email to me and it is something I wanted to comment on. Everton launched this DVD in November 2007 at the Odeon Cinema in Liverpool, as far as I am aware no member of the Everton Shareholders association was invited, there was no ticket allocation to Season Ticket Holders, I as a Fanzine Editor never got an invite. It baffles me that Everton wish to sell this product to Evertonians but the only promotion they did was to give the Liverpool Echo 25 pairs of Tickets to win. In theory 50 Kopites could have won them or others who had no interest in Everton but just liked entering competitions. Everton have the arrogance to think that we as fans will just roll up and buy anything that has their name on it. Another example of use the fans don't treat the fans. I haven't bought it and I will not buy it because, as James says in his review it has just been thrown together in the hope that you will spend good money on something you basically have anyway. This is a club that needs to sell more merchandise, ignoring your fan base is the wrong way to go about it and £20 is a rip off.

George Orr Editor Blue Blood

ONE CAP WONDERS ; part 2

Part 1 looked at players capped only once while on Everton fc staff ,this article looks at similar instances involving the other home countries and Eire.

SCOTLAND

George Brewster ; Centre-half who won his only cap v England in 1921 after his career was badly curtailed by World War 1.

John Connolly ; A typical cloak and dagger style Harry Catterick signing in 1972 John was an exciting goal scoring winger whose career at Everton was as good as ended by breaking his leg twice in quick succession. subsequently being transferred to Birmingham after never regaining his confidence. He surely would have won more than 1 cap v Switzerland but for this unfortunate sequence of events.

Jimmy Dunn ; A member of the fabled 1928 Wembley Wizards won 1 of 6 caps after joining Everton in time to win Championship and FA Cup winners medals late in his career. The skilled inside right joined the blues from Manchester City.

Andy Gray ; 80's icon turned Sky pundit Andy's charismatic character and never say die style made him a number 9 legend during a short spell at Goodison. A vital member of what many consider to be the greatest ever Everton team from 1983 to 1985. Signed off in style with a goal in the ECWC Final before being replaced by Gary Lineker and sold supposedly against his will to Aston Villa. One cap from a total of 20 , v Iceland in 1985 while at Goodison.

Alex Parker ; Stylish full back who became first Everton player to play in a World cup Finals in 1958 shortly after signing from Falkirk .Won 14 other caps in addition to his game v Paraguay in Sweden 1958 surprisingly was then ignored by the Scottish selectors.

Jock Thomson ; despite 296 appearances for the blues won only cap v Wales in 1932, Won championship and FA Cup winners medals while at Goodison featuring mainly at left half.

A.Troup ; Wee Troupie as he was affectionately known was a tricky winger whose crosses set up many of Dixie Deans goals. Was prone to shoulder dislocations which probably accounted for winning only 5 caps,1 while at Everton.

One Cap Wonders

George Wilson ; signed for the toffees with brother David won 6 caps for his country. Only one however was while at Goodison v England in 1907.

WALES

Jack Humphreys ; A centre half unlucky to be a contemporary of TG Jones won 13 caps .only one while at Everton. His nephew Gerry represented the club and Wales at u21 level during the sixties.

Bob Jones ; Centre half in Everton's first ever League fixture v Accrington in Sept 1888 played once for Wales v Ireland in 1894.

M. Thomas ; One of new manger Howard Kendall's" magnificent seven" lasted only 2 months before a refusal to play in a reserve match saw him swiftly transferred. Still at Everton long enough to gain 1 of 51 caps v Czechoslovakia.

Eire ;

E. O'Keefe signed for a then record fee for a non league player made his international debut due to family qualifications. Only to then be refused permission to play as had represented England at non league level. Moved from Everton and after prolonged appeals won 4 further caps'

Mickey Walsh ; A short cameo substitute appearance in 1978 v N Ireland made him Everton's shortest ever international appearance. A brief but unlucky spell at Goodison saw him gain no further honours while at the club but ultimately won 21 caps.

J. Kendrick ; Despite never playing a first team game while at Goodison won 1 of 4 caps v Italy in 1927.

Northern Ireland;; No Everton player has won only 1 Northern Irish cap

An amendment spotted by Ian Kidd Tommy White won only one England Cap not seven as stated in the last issue.

Barry Hewitt

Billy Smith the author of the excellent *Blue Correspondence* (which details all the games in Everton's first League Season and is on sale outside the Winslow on Matchdays for £9.99) has kindly allowed me to reproduce this article he discovered in the papers of 1909 that detailed Everton's Tour Of Argentina, it is a fascinating account of an incredible journey. This is Part Two Of The Tour part one was in the last issue

Our first view of land after leaving St. Vincent was a passing Fernando islands sixteen hours run from the Brazilian Coast. This island, I understand is a signed station and convict settlement. We duly arrived at Pernambuco our first call in South America, and after taking on boards a quantity of fresh fruits etc, some of our boys indulged in shark fishing, but only with indifferent results. After breakfast we had to listen to one or two very fishy stories to the accompaniment of questions la Harry Tate. "Any luck." On Friday, 28th we duly arrived at Balia about 10 a.m., and left again at nightfall, after the usual exchanges of passengers and adding to our focks of fresh water. We were advised not to land, owing to the prevalence of fever. Numerous opportunities were afforded of studying and passing judgement on the numerous and various types of Brazilians. On Sunday June 30; we arrived at Rio de Janeiro at 7 p.m.

ASHORE AT RIO.

After dinner a small party by the kindness of the captain, visited the shore by a steam launch. We were afterwards informed there had been a fracas near the quay, two persons being dangerous wounded. All were up very early, the following morning, and Everton and Spurs players with their officials, chartered an electric car, and proceeded to Topica the antiquated, residence of the Imperator Dom Pedro the second. It is now name the Grand White Hotel. The scenery up the mountains was simply magnificent in its natural beauty, abounding with a profusion of all varieties of tropical vegetation. We were again subjected to the camera, and arrived at our ship at 4.p.m. Before sailing we had an opportunity of viewing this most magnificent natural harbour with its vast number of islands. At 6 p.m. we proceeded down the Southern seas and made for Santos, where we arrived at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 1st. It was a most beautiful morning. The river approach to this town is very much of a serpentine character, and is not without beauty and attraction. There was, however, a peculiar dampness in the air, and I suppose it was mainly owing to this and other causes that Santos in the past earned an unenviable name of "the white man's grave." We strolled round the town while general cargo was being discharged and coffee -Santos and San Paul being in the heart of the coffee producing country -was taken in.

TRAINING COMMENCED.

In the evening we made tracks further South and on the morrow commenced putting in good work in the way of training, which was continued each morning in anticipation of our football obligations in the Argentine. About eight o'clock on a most lovely night we arrived at Monte Video, and realised a rapid change in the temperature, which had been taking place for the last two days. We found the weather cold at Monto Video, very much like an English winter. The camera friend was again at work in a magnified form. The harbour here was very full of shipping, and moving up the river on the day of our arrival, we had perforce to plough out course through 3ft of mud, our ship responding nobly to the calls made upon her by the engineers. At last we neared the end of our journey, which had occupied a matter of twenty-three days, and had been instrumental in our making many friends on board ship. To us footballers a most pleasant feature was the fact of our landing as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and ready and willing to show the Argentine people how first-class football should be played. Buenos Ayros was reached at 8 .m., and after entering the dock awaited the Government formalies with fortitude.

OUTWARD JOURNEY ENDS.

On landing we were made acquainted with numerous sporting representatives. Press and public were most cordial, and the Council of the Argentine Football Association, headed by Messrs Hugo Wilson, president, and F. Williams, secretary escorted us to the Hotel Metropolis. We only remained five days, no one in the hotel being versed in English. Our stock of French and Spanish had run out. A representation to the A.F.A., however, resulted in our being transferred to the Grand Hotel Castilla, immediately oppose, were we remained during our stay in Buenos Ayres. On the very day of our arrival we played Tottenham Hotspur at Palermo Park, the ground of the Sociedad Sportiva Argentina, and both teams drove down to the ground in a special reserved car. After a grand display of football, considering the teams had not regained their shore legs, the game resulted in a draw of 2-2. Balmer with a long drives scoring the first in the first half, and England's centre B.C. Freeman, scoring in the second moiety. The sincerity of both teams was a special feature, all were trier. The match was graced by the presence of the president of the Argentine Republic and his family, and various members of the Government, including the Minister of War and Agriculture, and their families, who all evinced the closest interest and enthusiasm.

TEAMS PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT.

At half-time the officials and players of both clubs were presented to the President and his colleague and a hearty British cheer was raised for the president and his party. The playing area was somewhat uneven and hard, owing to recent drought, but played reasonably will. A visit to the Casino Music Hall followed dinner, the entertainment was of the usual Continental quality for want of it, the turns being of great variety, and assorted nationality. A Greece-Roman, wrestling competition proved the place de resistance, among the competitors being our Old French friend Paul Pons, who a decade ago wrestled

out Tom Canton at Goodison Park. Possibly some of my readers will remember the Frenchman being well beaten on that occasion. He was going strong when we left and had not raised defeat. Our twenty days journey in South America was one continuous round of pleasure, including our football matches. The A.F.A. were unremitting their attentions for our entertainment. We also met a few of our Liverpool friends now resident in Buenos Ayres and we were made honourable members of various clubs and associations. Mr. Pilling of Walton; Liverpool, introduced us to one, the English Literary Society in Calle Cangillo, and Mr. G.H. Clarke, now manager of the Gourock Rope Company in Calle Venezuela, intriduged us to the Club de Pesidentes Estranjeois. We were the guests of Mr. Clarke, and also spent a quiet evening in the Brunswick, the recognised English restaurant in Buenos Ayres.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

It was most pleased to acknowledge the warning influence of "Hands across the sea" in every direction. The directors of Everton and Tottenham accomplished by the council of the A.F.A. were invited to meet Mr. Hugo Wilson president of the Buences Ayres Jockey Club and we spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon in the commodious and palatial building with its magnificent appointments and internal completeness. The speeches on the occasion were brief and to point being further evidence of the kindly disposition of the Football Council towards ourselves, and those we represented. Mr. WH Jordan present of the Alumni F.C. honoured us with an invitation to his country seat at Temperley, some fifteen miles from Buences Ayros. The entire Everton team and officials met, Mr. Jordan and family and were very generously received. During the afternoon we witnessed some daring feats of horsemanship (unrehearsed). The evolution of several of our famous players in the Mexican cowboy saddles was excruciating funny and grotesque. My Wallasey chum Mr. Wade, demonstrated how battles are won and lost on the tennis courts. Towards evening we were joined by the members of the Alumni Club and took mate in a Paraguayan teapot, arrangement through the spout. This is a cemony similar to the smoking of a pipe of piece. My colleague and self were called upon to visit Mr. Clarke's house in the vicinity and having ties there we had a very pleasant time, the member for Wallasey pulverising his opponents at billiards. We arrived at our headquarters and slept the sleep of the just. Among remaining invitations we all accepted was one from Mr. Fred Brown proprietor of the San Martin Circus and Theatre and enjoyed a capital show. One of the features of theatrical life here is the late start, nine of o'clock. In the present case the entertainment continued until midnight.

EVERTON AND TOTTENHAM,, RIVALRLY

On June 15th we played the Uruguayan League at Monte Video and beat them by 2 goals to 1. JD Taylor ("Our Jack") refereed, but I do not recommend his being placed on the League list at present unless he can get a move on. Our team did full justice to a substantial lunch prior to the match being started. It told its tale. The "Gate" was splendid. Something like £800 being taken. The result of our matches was four won and one drawn. The fixture on June 19th - Everton v Tottenham - was the tit bit of the tour, and both sets of players were in real earnest and bent on victory. There was keen rivalry between the teams for gold medals of the Maltese cross pattern, and, after a most exciting contest, Everton ran out easy winners by 4 goals to nil. Freeman did the hat trick, scoring the first three goals, the third from a penalty. W. Lacey got the last point by a surprise shot. It is strange coincidence that Everton and Tottenham Hotspur should be the pioneers in Continental football and in South America. These clubs are the first to play against each other in two hemispheres. Result up to date against Tottenham as follows: -

1905 at Vienna, Everton won2-0

1905 at Prague, Everton won1-0

1909 at Buenos Ayres a draw2-2

1909 at Buenos Ayres Everton won4-0

Thus Everton have won three, and have a goal average of 9-2. From an Everton point of view the foregoing results make a pleasant reading proving the club's consistency. They have yet to know defeat on foreign soil after playing thirteen matches. Below are other results of the Argentine tour: -

June 10 v Alumni at Buenos Ayres Everton won4-0

June 15 v Uruguayan League at Monte Video Everton won2-1

June 20 v Argentine League at Buenos Aryes Everton won4-1

During a lull of football we were invited to a day's racing at Palermo. This and other kindred sports gave great pleasure to both teams. Previous to leaving South America we were informed that our visit had been entirely successful. The profit was £300. It is to us a most pleasant reflection that we have contributed something to sport in South America and we venture to hope and trust that our visit will not have been in vain, and that a spirit of emulation will not only be maintained but persevered with. No doubt it will be with such an intelligent class of players, who only require development.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

On the eve of our departure from Buenos Ayres we duly recongnised by letter to the A.F.A. our thanks for their kindness. One ventures to predict a progressive time for football at this, the centenary of the Argentine Republic's independence. One is deeply impressed by the wealth and enterprise everywhere manifest. From the present rate of advancement, a twenty days observation of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentine reveals a great future for the Republic. On Friday, June 25 we took up our berths aboard the Royal mail steamer Asturals, commander W. J. Dagnall, having said, good-bye to a large number of friends, including Mr. Hugo Wilson and his Council. Contrary to expectation, we did not sail that day owing to the tide. Indeed it was not until Sunday that we moved down the River Plate homeward bound, in a dense fog, which we slowly left behind, arriving at Monte Video, a distance of 109 miles from Buenos Ayres, the next morning. In the harbour at Monte Video was H.M. battleship Amethyst. To us Britishers the preponderance in this and other ports of the British flag was most gratifying. After a stay of about eight hours we stood out for Santos. Here we passed an excursion party up the mountains to San Paul but, owing to the cloudy weather and other climatic difficulties, got only as far as Alto de Siessia. We returned in quite a downpour of rain. By the way, we were hauled up the mountains by steel cables. On our return the Asturias dropped down the river in charge of a pilot.

MODERN RIO.

We deemed it wise to have another look at the town of Rio, so, R. Balmer, Clifford, Freeman and myself chartered a launch, after much bargaining they expect a lot of money here, and made for the principal streets. The day being exceptionally fine, we thoroughly enjoyed the outing. When we came aboard ship again we were in readiness for dinner in our cosy corner of the saloon. In the evening we departed from this modern city, and arrived at Bahia, 749 miles from Rio de Janeiro. As on the outward journey fever was prevalent and the passengers were advised to remain on board. Still a grand display of fireworks from a most beautiful white building on shore lasted till 11 p.m. At four o'clock the following morning, I believe we again did the anchor trick, and departed for Pernamirico 387 miles from Bahia, and our last all on the Brazilian coast, where we presented ourselves early in the morning, going on deck at nine o'clock and being regaled with the usual shark and whale stories. The English centre forward was most profuse in his description of his share of the "catch." The methods of landing the passengers are here, a most novel one. Owing to the heavy surf they were put in large square baskets, and swing into mid air and then lowered into primitive barges and hauled to the town beyond.

VAL HARRIS'S PARROT.

We received some splendid samples of Brazilian fruit, and left with a complement of passengers of quite twenty different nationalities, including Val Harris's parrot. We had 2,734 miles to cover before we reached our next port of call, Madeira, a journey of eight days. We settled down for a good time as on the outward journey. July 9th being the anniversary of the Constitution of the Argentine Republic, our commander proposed, in a speech, Long Life and Prosperity. Dr. Drago replied, I am told. His language was too rapid and complex for our newly acquired tastes. The rest of the evening was spent, as usual in, music and songs. We had the customary carnival, which was voted a great success, although not so well attended as on the outward trip. It had one most gratifying result, J.S. MaConnachie winning second prize, as a Highlander, in a costume made entirely by himself. He looked really what he is every inch a Scotsman. The character was distinctly unique and original. Messrs Wilkes and Tull, of the Spurs, the latter a gentleman of colour won third prize as Cruson and his man Friday. They really deserved their ward. In the sports department Mr. Wade was again among the prizes. He won three on his own, and Messrs. Freeman, Balmer, Mountford, Berry, and MaConnachie also won a few prizes. Last but not least mention must be made John Elliott, our evergreen who was in grand form at the shuffleboard and contended against Mr. Mie the trainer of Tottenham in the final. John rose to the occasion and won hands down. There was a collection of £130 for the purpose of sport, and we were fully in it regarding prizes. We arrived at Madaira and enjoyed a brief stay, and a bullock sleight ride, and then got under way for Lisbon.

MISSED THE TRAIN.

We arrived there just too late for the ten o'clock Paris express train. We landed and a few of our people visited the Bull arena. Going on to Vigo we stayed a few hours for the customary giving and taking of passengers. We experienced some fog crossing the Bay of Biscay, which made us late at Cherbourg. From this port we made good progress to Southampton, and thence reached London (Waterloo). We caught the midnight train for good old Liverpool, where we arrived about six o'clock a.m. In a summary of our ten weeks' tour we are pleased to say Everton Football Club has contributed something to the sport of nations, and in a measure, has broken down many of the old standing prejudice peculiar to foreigners. We were visitors in 1905 to Budapest, Vienna, and Prague, and last year to Haarlam in Holland. Undoubtedly our latest visit - to South America - has been the brightest in our wandering. Where we may find ourselves in future years we cannot tell, but a visit to Jerusalem would not be too much to contemplate. When a team has travelled 14,000 miles in ten weeks to introduce and develop first class football, and returns with a clean bill of health, and a clean slate, and at no cost (Our guarantee being ample), it has something to be proud of.

Thanks Again To Billy Smith

Wally Fielding

In the last issue I had to do a tribute to Jimmy O'Neil who died before Christmas and sadly I have to do another one, this time to Wally Fielding.

I met Wally at the Hall Of Fame Dinner a few years ago and I have to say that he was a very nice man, so nice that I remember virtually ever word he said to me and we talked for nearly half an hour.

His pride about being an Evertonian shone out, he was living in Cornwall and he told me that he wore something Blue every day but the people down there didn't really understand why.

"Ask me anything about the games I played for Everton", he said, "I can remember every minute". I did ask him and he reeled of tale after tale some very funny, some sad but all told with a passion.

Walter Alfred Fielding better known as Nobby or Wally and sometimes as The Little Londoner, signed for Everton in September 1945. It was a signing that would throw Everton Football Club into dispute with Charlton Athletic. Charlton had signed Wally as an amateur in the 1937/38 season but the War soon put all young men into the services and Wally joined up in the Army.

He played in 410 games for Everton scoring 54 goals, a dynamic little midfielder and inside forward, he could turn on the pace to outstrip the defender and put in a telling pass. The Goodison faithful loved him. He would grip both sleeves on his jersey and waltz down the field with the ball, youngsters who watched him soon copied his style on the school fields. His debut was against Brentford on August 31st 1946 at Goodison in



front of 55,338. He didn't make a winning debut because Everton lost 2-0 but he did enough to keep his place for the next game.

His first goal for Everton came on Boxing Day 1946 at Derby but again it was not a game to remember as Everton lost 5-1. Just before he left Everton he scored against WBA away on September 27th 1958 in a 3-2 win. It was to be a special goal for two reasons, sadly it was his last goal for the Blues but it was also a goal by the oldest ever Everton player he was 38 years and 305 days old.

A fortnight later at Tottenham Everton lost 10-4 and this was the last game Wally played for Everton.

He moved on to Southport where he played in twenty games. He retired in 1959 and was living in Cornwall at the time of his death.

Wally was a great player a lovely man and an Evertonian. I shall always remember the few occasions I met him. It is men like Wally Fielding that makes Everton such a special Club.

I would just like to say to his family and friends that I and many other Evertonians are glad to have known him.

George Orr

WALLY FIELDING

Older Evertonians will be saddened to learn of the recent death of one of Everton's oldest surviving players Wally Fielding at the age of 88.

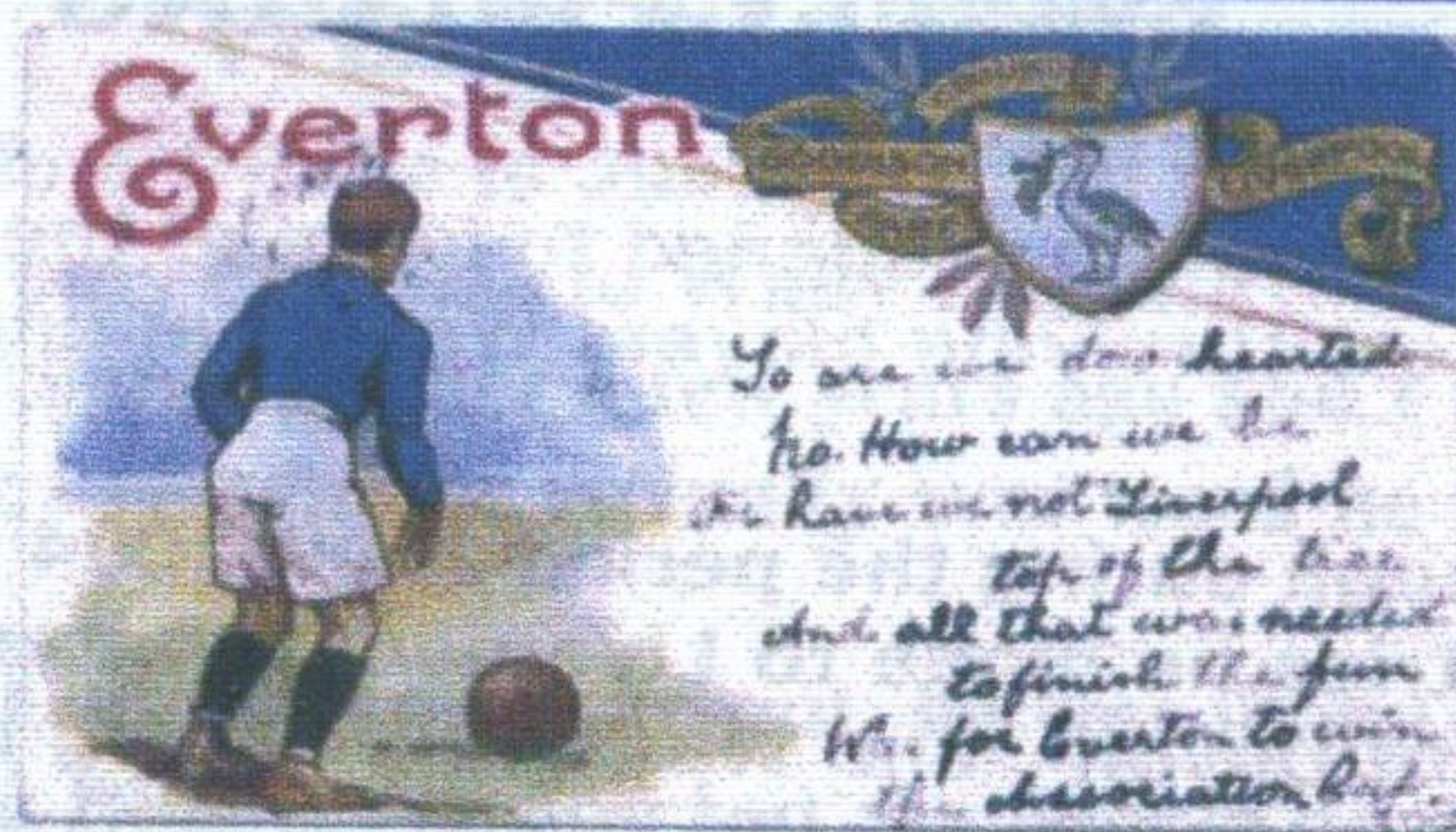
I was lucky enough during the period 2000-2004 to get to know Wally during several trips he made to Liverpool to attend various functions. He had retired to Devon, and was experiencing difficulties coming to terms with the death of his wife. Most of his immediate family were living in America so Wally was really suffering. Blueblood now known as The Former Players Foundation contacted him and arranged for him to make the long trip to Liverpool. Like many ex players he modestly assumed no one would remember him and I recall he was stunned at the warmth of his reception when first announced at The Hall of Fame dinner then when parading on the sacred Goodison turf at a home fixture. I well remember Wally attending the 125 years celebration match v Spurs. Faced with a night at the Adelphi on his own Wally accepted an invitation to join myself, a late friend Brian Milne and Everton legend Fred Pickering at a local sports club for a few drinks. Wally was in his element as he spent at least two hours delighting the regulars with tales of his time at Everton. He was a typical cockney and told a good tale his eyes sparkling as the memories flooded back. When Fred and I dropped him off at the Adelphi he was tired but gratefully thanked us for looking after him.

Alfred Walter Fielding was born in Edmonton on 26/11/1919. His first club was the famous amateur team Walthamstow Avenue. Prior to the outbreak of the Second World War he had signed amateur forms for Charlton Athletic. After gaining Army representative honours while serving mostly in the Middle East, Wally returned home after demob to sign for Everton much to Charlton's dismay, as they had assumed they had first options. Wally told me "I had nothing official tying me to Charlton so did not feel bad when I signed for Everton in September 1945. After all Everton were the Champions at the outbreak of war and which young man wouldn't want to play for them. After hearing of my intention to sign for Everton, Tottenham came calling but I had given Everton my word and stood by it." Wally played for Everton until leaving to become player manager at Southport in Jan 1959. After retiring as player, he left after an unsuccessful spell at Haig Avenue in May 1960. The fifties were an unsuccessful time for Everton but Wally along with Peter Farrell and Tommy Eglington were the mainstays of the side throughout the decade. Wally played 410 games scoring 54 goals mainly from either of the inside forward berths and was generally considered to be the "engine room" of the side. He was selected for a match between England and Scotland in 1946 to raise funds following the Bolton disaster, but unfortunately the game was recognised as unofficial so no cap was awarded.

Everton and football have lost a true gentleman and our condolences go out to his family and friends.

Barry Hewitt

Letters



E-Mails

Sometimes I get letters that criticise certain players or the manager, sometimes they praise or complain about the fanzine but the following letter is to me Special. It is because of a few reasons, firstly it is a nice letter in itself, secondly it should remind us all as Evertonians just how much our Club can mean to people who have not even seen them play 'Live' but have took to them for one reason or another.

Dear Mr Orr,

I am writing this letter to you in the chance it may be of interest to you. First of all let me give you some details about me.

As you can see from where I live (Bristol) as a boy I lived about two miles from here and I have always been a very keen follower of football and my favourite team was and still is Everton.

The local barber was also an Everton fan and when I was 12 years old and the F.A. Cup early rounds had begun (1932/33) he asked me who did I think would win the Cup this year and of course I said Everton. Right he said, if Everton win the Cup, "I will give you a free haircut every month for twelve months."

Well as you know they did win the Cup and sticking to his word he gave me 7 haircuts and said I won't be able to give you the other 5 haircuts because I am moving to another shop two miles away but don't worry because I have arranged for the new owner (another barber) to give you the other haircuts, which he did.

I very often say to people when we talk about football that Everton won me 12 haircuts. I still follow Everton on the TV and the newspapers and I am hoping they do well this season and the following years to come.

I was given some information regarding the team sheets for that Final and I can remember most of them, especially my favourite player who was of course Dixie Dean.

I hope this little bit of information might interest you and should you perhaps mention it in your newsletter I would be more than grateful to read it and pleased to pay whatever it costs.

Please don't think this is a begging letter of any description but I hope it may be a little bit of History to you and for the fans of the "Toffeemen"

Yours Sincerely

Frank Brayshaw.

Doing Blue Blood is hard work, it is a labour of love but when I get a letter like this it makes it all worthwhile.

Frank is one of many people who was influenced by the Great Everton teams of the 1930's the power of Dixie Dean and Everton reached little lads in Bristol and many other Cities and Frank has stayed loyal to Everton for over 70 years.

I have sent some stuff to him about Dixie Dean and a copy of this Fanzine.

George Orr Editor Blue Blood

Blue Swayed Views

The Brian Labone Story

Continued from last issue

There is a fascination about the derbys that even the most important cup-ties don't quite have. The prestige at stake is enormous. In Liverpool you are either top or bottom.

There is no easy, half-way point and to the fans, no matter what is happening in the great wide world of football outside, it is relatively unimportant. For me, there was always something missing when Liverpool were in the Second Division. We put out the first teams in competitions like the Lancashire Senior Cup, but it was hardly the same. Though you would have had a hard time telling the supporters that. The enemies were having a go at each other again, and the size of the trophy at stake was a minor side issue.

So the fans make the derbys. They create the atmosphere. They suffer or they gloat. They insult you or they lionise you. They endure miseries if they can't get hold of a ticket that will give them the distinction of being crushed on the Kop or at the Gwladys Street end, and the right to bombard you with insults that would make a soldier colour up. Some of the names I have been called by the Kop at Anfield would cause an uproar at a stag night show.

This is fine. Without this strong feeling, it would be just another game and, whatever the critics say, something would be sadly missing from football. I am talking about the vast majority of the fans, completely wrapped up in their team's success or troubles but managing, underneath it all, to stay reasonable.

There are the others, the lunatic fringe, who approach derby day in a frame of mind that would do a race-rioter proud. I have seen them literally frothing at the mouth outside the ground. Not kids but grown men in their thirties. If any sight in football sickens me, this is it. The level to which a few spectators will stoop over a game never fails to shake me. They will stand around after-

wards just to shout obscenities at players who have upset them by being on the wrong side.

They are always around, a really pathetic bunch of individuals; they seem to reserve their strongest venom for derby days. Luckily, there are not too many of them. I rate the Merseyside fans as the best informed in the business. Certainly they are the sharpest and the wittiest. But their name tends to get blackened by a few idiots.

The fans are an indispensable part of the derby scene. But, naturally, the most important part for us is the opposition. Weighing up Liverpool, seeking out their weaknesses and strengths and planning to counter them, is given the highest priority of the season. How do they stack up these days as a force to be respected, even feared?

The vital point about Liverpool is that they are a TEAM. Their game is essentially a completely integrated effort.

But they suffer one glaring weakness. They are too predictable. A little too set in their ways; a little too rigid in their approach. Their sheer strength and fitness built them into a powerful unit. It pushed them to their absolute peak two years ago. Now, inevitably, they are a little on the downward slide, and have been since they were beaten by Inter-Milan in the European Cup.

A harsh verdict on a team that is still among the most formidable in the First Division? I don't think so. Their game has become too well known, and therefore more teams have learned how to counter it. An analysis of their players, man for man, throws up only one complete individual. The name - Peter Thompson. It is only when Thompson has the ball that you can expect the *unexpected* from Liverpool. I suspect that sometimes even he doesn't know what he is going to do with it.

The flaw in Liverpool's game is that, as they apply their

big pressure, you can get their back four men often strung out along the half-way line. They are short of pace there, and it is possible to break against them quickly before they have time to turn effectively.

I have mentioned Howard Kendall's goal in the last derby game. It was the classic example of how Liverpool's big weakness can be exploited.

This, in my mind, is what puts the Reds a little over the top now. Their prime need is for a ball-player, a schemer in the mould of Bobby Collins to disguise the route of their attack. At the moment, they seem to depend on one basic attacking ploy. They move the ball out to the wings, then rely on a big high cross to the far post for Tony Hateley.

The opposing defence can see what is going to happen, and they have extra time to cover the danger. I believe that this is the reason Hateley has not achieved the success that was expected of him at Anfield. He often tends to be buried before he can get in effectively.

Even so, knowing the weakness of Liverpool and being able to exploit it to beat them are two different things. They are uncomfortable opposition for anybody, driven on by one of the best managers around, Bill Shankly. They are too fit, hard and seasoned to be treated lightly by anyone.

And, of course, they are never harder than when they meet Everton. Which is what derby games are all about. And which is what makes winning them the most satisfying single experience of the season.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Game that Died of Success

There is no soccer occasion more revered or more calculated to bring on a wave of nostalgia than the so-called Matthews Final of the 'fifties. The day when the doodling and dallying skills of Stanley Matthews hypnotised Bolton Wanderers and won the Cup for Blackpool.

It was a memorable match for the soccer purists. All the more memorable because they will never see anything quite like it again. A Matthews Final wouldn't and couldn't take place now.

I don't intend to detract from the genius of Matthews. I am as much in love with his legend as the next man, but watching re-runs of the film of that Cup Final leaves me with much the same feeling as looking at a Chaplin film. It was great at the time. But it just wouldn't do these days.

That fact puts into strict and honest focus what has overtaken soccer in a comparatively short time; what it has become today.

Matthews had time, plenty of it, to execute his manoeuvres and work his openings. Today he would not get that time. He was allowed to meander through a slow build-up because Soccer was still a *game*, aimed chiefly at entertainment.

Anyone who still calls it a game in 1968 is kidding himself to the point of blindness. It is very big business, as ruthless and demanding as any other, and success is really all that concerns the people involved in it.

Just about the only element left to pure chance is the tossing of a coin before the kick-off.

Let me state my own position bluntly. I miss a lot of the fun there used to be in soccer. It was pleasant to be able to ease up a little and not to have to regard every game, league or cup, as an all-out war.

But I don't altogether go along with the yearning for the 'good old days' of the artistic ball players and the great, off-the-cuff characters.

They had a long era. It was pleasant to play with them, and they must have been a delight to observe and appreciate from the sidelines. But when you raise the financial stakes, inevitably you increase the tensions and the competition, and you create a new demand for all-round efficiency, fitness and strength.

This is precisely what has happened to soccer. It isn't as pretty, but the level of professional dedication has never been higher.

From a spectator's viewpoint, the transformation has been a bad thing. Yet the fans aren't entirely blameless.

The Everton and Liverpool crowds are as guilty of condoning the new soccer as any in the country; if 'guilty' is the right word. They had the reputation of being the most discerning fans in football, and I agree that they have a keen knowledge of what it is all about.

But they also have an enormous appetite for success. They demand it avidly, and if success can only be achieved through the prevailing all-running, all-purpose systems, then they will roar as loudly as any others in favour of those systems.

On Merseyside, there are still players who can provide the individual delights and who can't be completely harnessed to planned football. Alex Young is one, probably among the last of his particular type. Peter

Thompson is another, a brilliant solo player who can provide the unexpected twist.

Scattered lightly through the First Division there are others. But the operative word is 'lightly'. The obvious stand-out example is George Best, of Manchester United. A dribbler in the mould of Stanley Matthews, but with other assets that Matthews didn't own. Best gets more involved in the game, coming inside and mixing it with the big men of the defence, whereas Matthews usually confined himself to patrolling the touchline.

For the most part, though, the present brand of football requires little in the way of quick thought or spontaneity. When I came in, ten years ago, the trainer would hand you a ball and just tell you to go and play around with it.

Not any more. Now a training session is devoted to working out moves with draught-board precision, with players operating together in units of two and three. They go out with pre-conceived ideas of what they are going to do as soon as the ball reaches them.

EXAMPLE: When a winger gets the ball he knows - or should know according to the pre-match plan - exactly where his centre-forward is going to be. So he plonks the ball straight there. His mind is so conditioned that he does this automatically.

It looks great when it comes off and the centre-forward is in the right place. But damned bad when it doesn't.

The physical demands are extreme and exhausting. You can chase a man around for the full ninety minutes, and at the end of it feel shattered. But all he has been is a decoy runner, pulling you out of the game to make room for someone else. The straight centre-half versus centre-forward contest is out.

Chelsea are a side which specialises in this kind of tactic. They have no set centre-forward. But I will

guarantee I will wind up dead tired after a game with them.

The degree of mental concentration has also been raised immeasurably. The theorists in the crowd talk about a man running off the ball. Today, systemised soccer is so advanced that you will get three men running off the ball. The mind is clicking over three moves ahead.

It makes a tremendous impression, and looks very sweet and clever *when* it succeeds, but one faulty pass or one weak link can put three men out of the game.

Looking back over ten years, I can't recall a time when there was so much blackboard preparation for games. Even the most ordinary and apparently safe matches are scrutinised in detail, with every opposing player broken down into strengths and weaknesses.

These are just some aspects of the new and highly professional approach. The attitude in the old days was 'Let the other lot worry about us.' Now a manager will go pale at the mere suggestion of anything as slap-dash as that.

With his neck as likely to go on the block as any player's, you can hardly blame him. Like I said, success is everything. Failure is unforgivable. It is a sad but inescapable fact of football life.

As the ball-playing entertainers dwindle away and become virtually an extinct breed, who are the new heroes of the soccer revolution?

They are the perpetual motion all-rounders, like Colin Harvey, of Everton, or Billy Bremner, of Leeds. Energetic and polished players. Excellent to have alongside you.

Or they are the big, high-priced strikers. Often short on skill, but valuable for their size and strength. There are plenty of these around, yet they have the outstanding ability to get up in the air and head the ball.



Above It's May 11, 1963, and it's Everton's Championship title clinched with a 4-1 win over Fulham. Shaking hands on it are Everton Manager, Harry Catterick and Everton F.C. director John Moores.
Below Princess Margaret is introduced to the Everton team by skipper Brian Labone before their 1966 Wembley Cup Final win over Sheffield Wednesday



Two current crowd pleasers who drop into that category are Tony Hateley of Liverpool, and Wyn Davies of Newcastle United. On the ground, both of them are average performers.

I know that their main strength is in the air, so I endeavour to channel all my efforts into controlling them in that one direction.

On the few occasions I have come against Hateley, he hasn't given me too much trouble. The same goes for Davies. Both of them are in the big transfer bracket, and both are idols to their home crowds.

I get much more trouble from Andy Lochhead, the Burnley man. Lochhead is a big, and enthusiastic player. He comes in like a tank, with everything going. A hard man to play against, and one whom I respect accordingly.

I try to stay calm, which is difficult enough at any time in the high tension soccer we play. Against Andy Lochhead, I find it nearly impossible. He is the only player I know who can make me lose my composure. He knows it. I know it.

A pretty regular result of any encounter with Andy is a game I don't soon forget. He is a good player. He tries one hundred per cent, and if the trying gets a little keen at times, that is perhaps only another indication of the pressure on today's players.

There are the other strikers – the ones who are big without being crude. Forceful without having to lean too heavily on sheer strength. Big thinkers.

Number one on my list of men I least like to face is Derek Dougan. A veteran who knows every cute trick there is, and uses most of them in the course of a game. Dougan has been around, and up and down the divisions, for so long that he tends to get taken for granted. There are some people who still regard him as a bit of a clown;

To be continued in next issue

If Not Moyes—Who?

There are those amongst us who would want to replace David Moyes as our manager, it is not for me to say they are wrong but if they are right WHO would replace him?

Big Sam The Unemployed one. A gum chewing Buffoon, who makes his teams play tiresome, long ball football. A man so arrogant that he thinks that not talking to the BBC will give him some creditability. Now that he is signing on, what odds that he will soon talk to the BBC so as to keep himself in the limelight.

Avram Grant. A face chiselled out of stone, a humourless character who looks more like a hitman than a football manger, would you really want him??

Alex Ferguson, The Pensioner another with a facial expression only matched in Third World Dentist's waiting rooms. He is so miserable that Scrooge seems like a comedian next to this guy. Yes he is the BEST but do you want him?

Arsene Wenger, Nelson saw more incidents than this one eyed chap. Turns a Blind Eye to his teams violence off the ball but whinges like a baby if you dare tackle one of his Boys.

Benny Hill Tez from Anfield a smooth talking Spanish Con Man, it is pointless wanting him, he wouldn't come to a SMALL Club like Everton?

Steve Coppell, A face full of wrinkles that has never seen a smile, doesn't come across as if he believes he can win anything, happy with second place.

Harry 'Del Boy' Redknapp, Shocked by fans BANTER over recent allegations, if he is shocked by abuse maybe it is better he stays on the South Coast and doesn't come up to The Capital Of Culture because he might get upset at Derby Games when our less well bred brothers from across the Park might just hurl some jibes at him.

Alan Pardrew. A man that would not be able to open a box from Ikea without the instructions. Boring to the depths of boredom. I can not see one Evertonian wanting this guy.

Roy Keane. Another who watches his team as if he is in pain, does not show emotion because he is a professional, sorry no, he doesn't show emotion because he has none.

Mark Hughes, well he is not that bad, fairly decent manager and he does have an attacking team. Maybe one option if Moyes did go.

Hodgson Fulham, I can't type much more without laughing, for Gods sake he is so self obsessed that if the camera isn't on him on the touchline he will move into view. Dresses like a retired monk in a long black coat trying to look sinister. It's the teams football that is sinister, he will never get the chance to come to Goodison.

Gary Megson an underachiever who is glad to be one of the pack and not the leader, hopefully another who although an ex Blue (So is Brett Angell) will never be offered the job.

If Not Moyes—Who?

Sven Goran Eriksson

Manchester City's New Godlike Manager, not a bad choice if we had to make one, forget his England Term he is a very good club manager but we must make sure that he has no contact with Everton Ladies Football Team or there could be problems.

Steve Bruce,

Again it is wet your pants laughing time, he is a man that thinks a nose that is flatter than a pancake is attractive and gives him character. Would not be out of place at The Alamo defending to the last man.

Martin Neil Aston Villa,

Another who might be acceptable to Everton fans, seems to have lost a bit of passion for the game but as his wife has been very ill that is understandable, family is first before football.

Southgate Middlesboro

Do I really have to type a reason why we don't want him? Well ok then, he is useless, he can't organise his attack or his defence does not inspire devotion from his fans or players.

Paul Jewell, Derby County

Another man who thinks doing well with poor clubs means he is a Top Manager, he isn't and never will be and apart from being a Kopite he has no chance on any other level of managing Everton.

McLeish Birmingham,

He has bought McFadden that about sums him up.

Ramos at Spurs has only needed six months to get to a Final so maybe he is the one we need if we need anyone at all.

Other managers who have moved on from the Premiership Mouriniho and McClaren could be possibilities but would they want to come to Everton?

At the end of the day Moyes has his faults but he has progressed over the six years he has been here, we are playing good football, we have had a couple of good Cup runs (Don't mention Oldham) and we have got our Pride back. Most teams in the Premiership respect us and a lot fear us

Moyes will do for me and I suspect he will do for the majority of Evertonians as well. If you don't agree wait six months and Keegan will be available.

Dave Nolan

The game against Stoke was deemed as a Banker after the 4-0 drubbing Everton had given them the week before but those who know and love Everton will guess the next line, Everton lose 4-1 Peacock getting the lonely goal for the Blues.

This inconstancy is what was driving all Evertonians mad, one day they were brilliant and the next they played like a 'Gang Of Nellies'.

30,000 are at the next home game against Chelsea, why did they bother? Well there wasn't an awful lot to do in these days, no telly and even the films were silent.

For the third game running Everton reveal a new player Neil McBain a tough centre half from Scotland who cost £5,000 from Manchester United. Hart was injured and McBain slotted into his position with no problem whatsoever.

Everton played well and won the game 3-1 with goals from Chedgzoy, Cock and Williams.

Four days later and the Everton squad are in the Capital City to play Chelsea. If the topsy turvy Everton played to form they should get beat and by three goals!!! The unpredictable, predictable, Everton lose 3-1 exactly the same score they beat Chelsea by. 20,000 Londoners who had probably bet on the correct score went out on the ale after the game.

Another short three days and Everton are in action again, up to Teesside this time to take on Boro. They were not doing to well and only 12,000 watched the match, Williams is out injured for nearly the rest of the season which is a blow, but Tom Fern is back in goal after seventeen games out, Harland his replacement had done a good job but Fern was first choice. Another piece of good news was the return of Wilf Chadwick who had missed the last six games.

Chadwick celebrated his return to the team with a hat trick and Irvine chipped in with another goal to give Everton a 4-2 win.

Everton had a rest for eleven days because they had no Cup game. Their next game was against Boro at home, the reverse fixture, oh no, I can hear you scream, the result must be a win for Boro, and they do indeed get three goals but Everton, believe it or not get five. Cock is the man to get a hat trick this time Chadwick and Chedgzoy get one each. 20,000 Blues can't believe their eyes, a Double over a team in the last two fixtures, unheard of.

Oldham away 14,123 gather on the moors to watch, they were at the foot of the table and playing badly, McBain misses the game Fleetwood deputises. The game ends 1-0 to Oldham.

McBain is back for the return a week later the only change, 18,000 brave Blues pay to watch a mind numbingly boring 0-0. Boos and jeers ring out around the ground.

Sheffield United at home and a brilliant crowd of 35,000 attend,



Back Row Brown, Mr. H. Banks, Fern, Elliot, Livingstone, Forbes, McDonald, Mr.A.Coffey, Chadwick.
Front Row Chedgzoy, Irvine, Cock, Hart, McBain, Troup.

The History Of Everton Football Club

They must wonder what Everton team will turn up to play. They were lucky because it was the good version that took to the field that day. Everton stroll to victory with an impressive 5-1 win Irvine with two, Chadwick, Chedgzoy and Cock get the others.

Bolton away 37,000 are at Burden Park for this clash, Bolton are similar to Everton in the fact that one week they are good and the next awful. This then should be an exciting game. Chadwick and Wee Troupie make it so for all the Evertonians in the crowd, 2-0 is the final score for Everton, a great win. Alec Troup was usually the provider of the crosses that helped the forwards score but today he hit the net himself.

Burnley at home and Forbes comes back after being out for an amazing twenty six games injured, he was stretchered off in the disastrous Derby game that Everton lost 5-1. Tom Fleetwood covers for Downs and that is the only two changes to the Everton team. 25,000 Blues see Forbes find the net, no rust on this guys boots, it is enough to give Everton both points.

Four games undefeated, the inconsistent Everton are no more!!! Hopefully anyway.

Bolton at home, 40,000 come along to the revival and see an unchanged Everton team held to a 1-1 draw by their opponents, Forbes is once again the goalscorer. This game marked the end of Tom Fleetwood's Everton career. He was exceptional, he could play as a full back, centre half or even at centre forward and he never let you down. He made 285 appearances for Everton and scored ten goals .and if you count the games he played for Everton during the First World War (121) then the figure is over 400 games.

He had been at Goodison since 1911 and was a stalwart of the Club and he received a benefit game against Sheffield Wednesday. He continued playing football for Oldham and Chester until 1925. A True Blue and up there with the Everton Greats.

Burnley away 10,000 and the first time in eleven years without Tom Fleetwood in the Everton squad, his place went to Raitt. That was the only change to the Everton line up. Bobby Irvine gets the only goal of the game and Everton take two precious points back home with them .

Aston Villa at home and Everton are trying to go seven games without defeat 40,000 come along full of hope. Everton play Parry and Miller for the first time in ages, it is to be Millers last game for Everton. Cock returns after three games out.

There was only a point between Everton and Villa in the League and Everton wanted to finish as high as possible after last seasons disaster. Cock and Troup score in a 2-1 win.

Sheffield United away and a very poor, bordering on a pitiful crowd of only 7,000 watch. They were playing well and there should have been no reason for this poor turnout.

Irvine scores and Everton win 1-0 it is now eight games unbeaten.



Neil McBain in action for Everton

Three games to go and Everton have pulled themselves together putting in a great unbeaten run and scoring goals.

Aston Villa away and 18,000 watch, Everton, Villa and Newcastle are all playing for fourth place, there is no prize for it but it will give the Blues a lift if they can manage it.

Everton lose for the first time in a while, 3-0 the first time they haven't scored in seven games. Villa is always a hard place to win at so Everton are not too despondent.

The last home game of the season and the visitors are Preston North End. 30,000 are at the game to pay their respects to the team that has come from 20th to 5th.

Jack Cock gets the winning goal and Everton take the victory 1-0.

Preston away only 10,000 pay but it doesn't matter to the traveling Blues in the crowd. They see Billy Williams come back after thirteen games out with injury, he makes up for lost time and scores a goal, Cock gets another but the game ends 2-2.

Everton are fifth in the League. Far better than last season.

1923/24 Season

Everton start the season with a squad of 21 players, the only new face was cover goalkeeper a signing from Lincoln City named Jack Kendall. Last season Everton had twenty seven players in the squad but injuries wrecked their season. The game was getting harder and the pace faster, footballers had to be fitter than in the old days.

August 25th 1923 and Everton kick off the season at home to Nottingham Forest. They line up as follows, Fern, Raitt, McDonald, Peacock, McBain, Hart, Chedgroy, Irvine, Forbes, Chadwick, Troup. A very good attacking team with flair and hardness combined, hopes were high that this season would see Everton back on top. The fact that the Reds from across the Park had won the League twice on the bounce didn't go down well with the Goodison Park faithful. Pressure was on the Board to spend and get a winning team together.

Only 25,000 came to the first match, Forest weren't a big attraction and most Evertonians were disillusioned with their team. Hart and Irvine scored to lift their spirits and despite Forest getting a goal back Everton took both points to get off to a winning start.

Burnley away 16,000 this time at Turf Moor not great but reasonable. Peacock is replaced by Brown and Parry replaces Chedgroy, Chadwick gets two goals and Everton draw 2-2.

Nottingham Forest away 18,000 attend, Chedgroy is back in the side but Everton are not playing well, they lose 1-0. Not good enough in the eyes of the Board and a telling off awaits the team at Goodison.

(to be continued in the next issue)

EVERTON RESERVES 1923-24

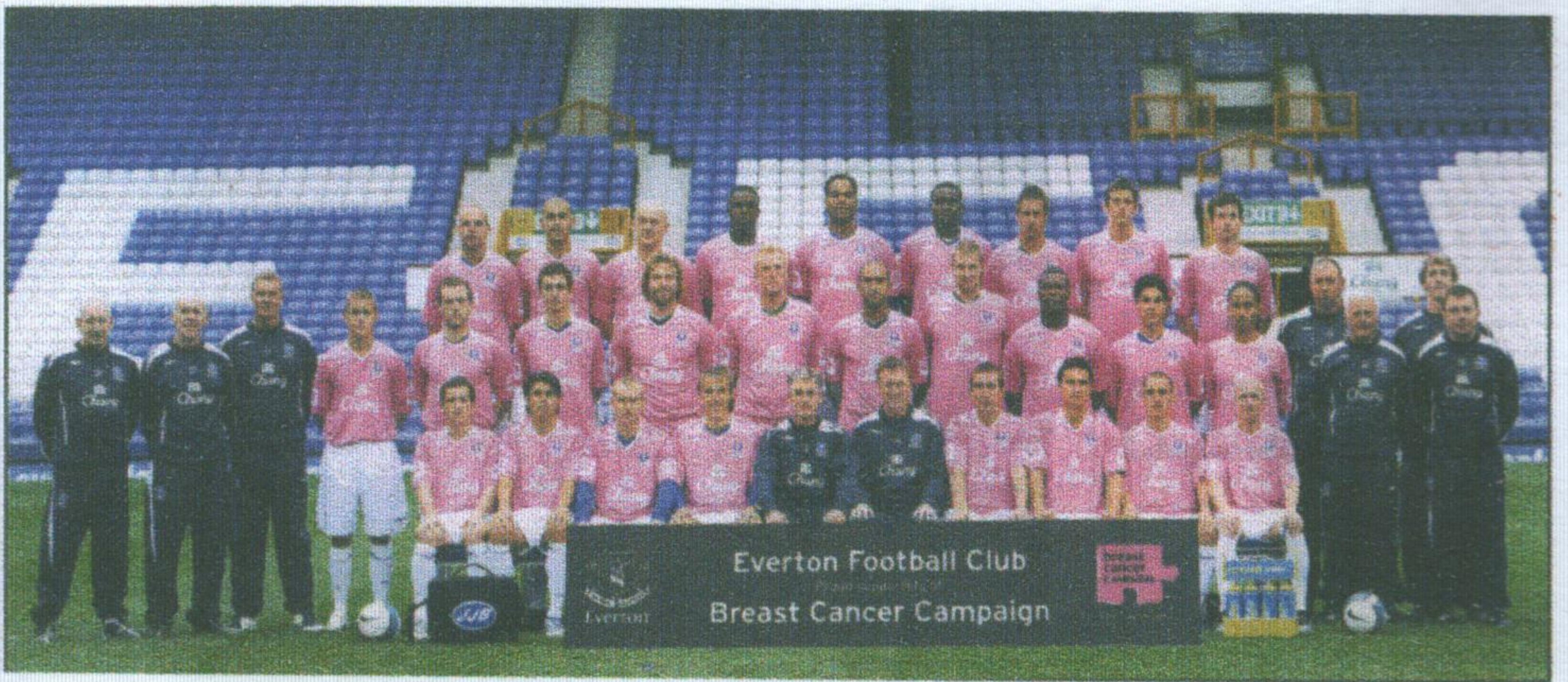
1	AUG 25	PRESTON NORTH END	A	0-3	
2	27	BRADFORD CITY	H	1-1	HARRISON
3	SEP 1	PRESTON NORTH END	H	3-0	MILLER' VIRR' HARRISON (PEN) (foul on forbes)
4	5	BRADFORD CITY	A	1-2	McGRAE
5	13	STOKE CITY	A	1-3	HARRISON
6	15	BIRMINGHAM CITY	H	3-0	GREEN' MILLER' HARRISON (PEN) (dixon pen over bar-grenyer hands)
7	29	MANCHESTER CITY	A	2-4	McGRAE' PEACOCK
8	OCT 3	MANCHESTER CITY	H	2-1	REID' FORBES
9	6	BOLTON WANDERERS	A	3-2	WALL' GRENYER' WELLER
10	13	BOLTON WANDERERS	H	2-3	MILLER' HARRISON (PEN)
11	17	DERBY COUNTY	H	3-3	HARRISON (PEN)' MILLER (2) (HARRISON MISSED PEN)
12	20	BLACKPOOL	H	4-0	FORBES (4)
13	22	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	A	2-6	WILLIAMS' FORBES
14	27	BLACKPOOL	A	0-0	
15	NOV 3	DERBY COUNTY	A	0-3	
16	17	BLACKBURN ROVERS	A	1-6	
17	24	BLACKBURN ROVERS	H	4-0	SWINDLES' WALL' GRENYER' PARRY (FORBES MISSED PEN)
18	DEC 1	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	H	1-3	SWINDLES
19	8	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	A	1-3	FORBES
20	15	LIVERPOOL	H	0-2	
21	22	LIVERPOOL	A	1-1	PARRY
22	26	ASTON VILLA	A	2-2	
23	30	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	H	1-2	WILLIAMS
24	JAN 1	STOKE CITY	H	1-1	WILLIAMS
25	12	BIRMINGHAM CITY	A	2-1	WILLIAMS' FORBES
26	19	OLDHAM ATHLETIC	A	3-2	WALL (2)' MILLER
27	26	OLDHAM ATHLETIC	H	1-0	WILLIAMS
28	FEB 2	MANCHESTER UNITED	H	1-1	WALL (WILLIAMS MISSED PEN wall grassed)
29	4	BURNLEY	A	0-1	
30	9	BURNLEY	H	2-0	WALL (2)
31	18	LEEDS UNITED	A	0-1	
32	23	LEEDS UNITED	H	3-1	WILLIAMS' WALL' HOUGHTON
33	MAR 1	WOLVERHAMPTON W	A	2-3	WALL (2)
34	8	WOLVERHAMPTON W	H	4-0	PARRY' BARTON (3)
35	15	ASTON VILLA	H	1-1	WALL
36	29	SHEFFIELD UNITED	H	4-2	FORBES (3)' WALL
37	APR 5	SHEFFIELD UNITED	A	1-2	PARRY
38	19	MANCHESTER UNITED	A	1-1	PARRY
39	21	WEST BROMWICH ALBION	H	0-0	
40	23	WEST BROMWICH ALBION	A	0-3	
41	27	BURY	H	4-1	FORBES' WALL' WILLIAMS' PEACOCK (PEN) (wall grassed)
42	MAY 3	BURY	A	0-1	

LIVERPOOL SENIOR CUP

SF	APRIL 14	LIVERPOOL	A	4-3	WALL (3)' GRENYER (PEN)	ATT 7,000
F	MAY 1	TRANMERE ROVERS	H	2-1	PEACOCK FORBES	
Friendly match						
1	Mar 24	Northern nomads	h	2-2	Wall (2)	

Team news

1	Harland (a), downs (r), livingstone (d), brown (w), reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), virr (a), wall (a), harrison (g)
2	Harland (a), downs (r), livingstone (d), mcerea reid (d), grenyer (a) not-known, duphie virr (a), wall (a), harrison (g)
3	Harland (a), raitt (d), medonald (j), mcerea, reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), virr (a), forbes (f), harrison (g)
4	Harland (a), raitt (d), medonald (j), mcerea, reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), virr (a), wall (a), harrison (g)
5	Harland (a), raitt (d), medonald (j), mcerea, reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), green, wall (a), harrison (g)
6	Harland (a), raitt (d), medonald (j), mcerea, reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), green, forbes (f), harrison (g)
8	
9	
10	
11	Harland (a), raitt (d), downs (r), weller (h), reid (d), grenyer (a), parry (f), miller (hj), forbes (f), williams (wd), harrison (g)
12	



Everton In The Pink