

Blue Blood

A Historical Everton Fanzine

Volume 9 issue 76



**Dixie Dean 30 Years Gone
Page 10**

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your history?
Everton

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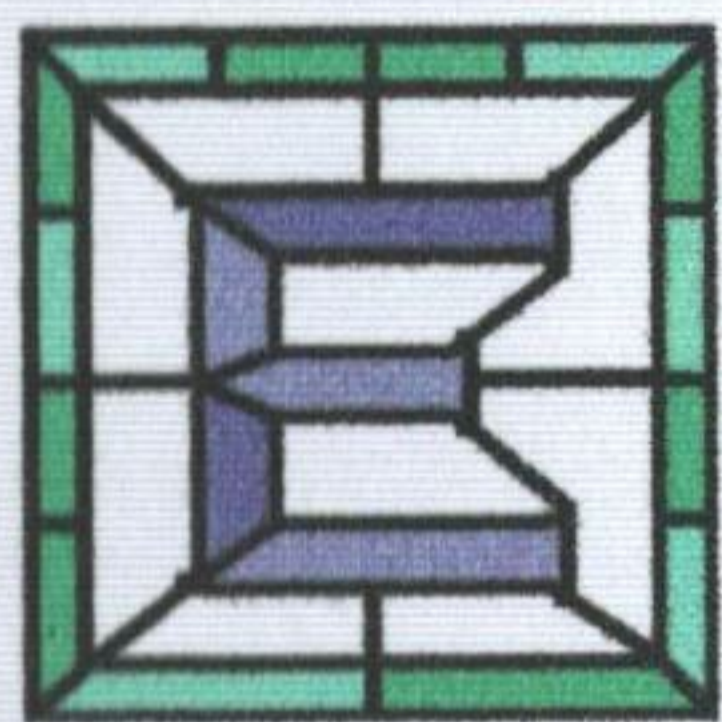
Read all the match reports from 1878, we will eventually get to date. This website contains the following:

Newspaper Articles and General Information from 1878 as shown in newspapers

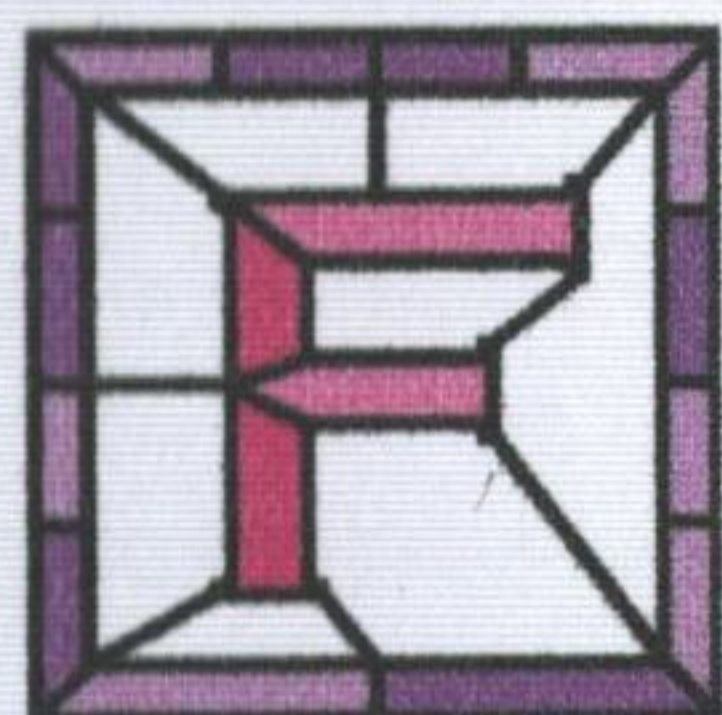
Editorial Blue Blood

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



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



No Obstructed Views

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



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

Howard Baker

Goalkeeper Baker was a true sportsman, he was an amateur who only played 13 games for Efc but he also played cricket & water polo he represented Britain in the 1912 and 1920 Olympics in the High Jump, he was also a good tennis player. Made his debut in 1921 against Chelsea. Died 1987 aged 95.

This might be the last issue of the season, thank you to all who have bought Blue Blood at the game or have subscribed. Next season the price will be £2 an issue but subscribers will only pay £16 a rise of £2 for the season and as there was 13 issues this season that has to be a bigger bargain than Tim Cahill's signing.

Things have picked up, some say it's the return of Jags and Arteta others that we have really nothing to play for so we have just relaxed and had a go. Either way we took on a physical Bolton team and outfought them outplayed them and got all three points despite another terrible performance from ref Wiley.

Man City away and a brilliant night on all fronts, on the pitch we gave them a masterclass in football and skill, we played the ball around, passed sweetly and scored two great goals. City only had the Toad Licker Tevez and he was marked well all night, followed all over the park and left frustrated. The funniest thing in years was the touchline tussle between Moyes and Mancini, the long haired, scarf wrapped, Italian charged at Davy and pushed him with his best Italian Girly impression. Moyes stunned by this act of comedy stood in front of the failed Mafia Man and laughed. Once again all four officials saw the opposite to reality and sent both managers off. It's the easy way, don't try to find out what happened, just blame them both. It sums up referees and the system. Unbelievably the F.A. took no further action against Moyes. That's got to be a first, an innocent man let off by the F.A. But they are in turmoil themselves with people resigning and walking out, so maybe it was easier to let this case drop while they tried to sort out their own problems.

Man City beaten twice, Man United and Chelsea beaten, Arsenal away a draw and that's what I have been going on about for ages. Everton are a good team, a very good team, with the right tactics and approach there is no reason why we can not be in the top four. Many Moyes fans tell me 'George you are living in the past Everton will never win the Premiership' I look at them and think, well no not with that negative thinking and a negative manager we wont. But if Moyes gets the tactics right, which I for one doubt that he ever will, then this team can challenge for the Title and any Cup Competition.

We go to Wolves, Moyes talks them up, they are on a run, they will be hard to beat etc, we go there play them off the park but cant score. One up front Saha is not getting any help, so Moyes, as he always does takes one man off up front and replaces him with another, the Yak, up front. He fails to put the two together, have a go, change the style of play and its been 8 years of this now.

Aston Villa fans are demanding that its time O'Neill won something, they want a Cup but we at Goodison just praise a man that is better than Walter Smith and Mike Walker. We put no pressure on him and when games go wrong it's the players, the injuries, everything and anything bar Moyes's fault. All I ask is that you look at the games we play brilliant in then watch how the next game we look totally different and then wonder why. Sporting Lisbon and Wolves were there for the taking, Moyes sat back and hoped we would snatch a goal instead of attacking and having a go until the end. He is the only man that can tell the players to get their fingers out, the only man that can make subs, but too often he fails to do it.

I know that when I see Everton flowing with flair and skill then I believe that we can beat anyone but too often the subs are too late, they are for the wrong players and Moyes has too many men playing out of position. All I ever hear is that next season with no injuries watch us go. Then I see players like Rodwell playing great and getting dropped because Jags is fit again. I see Coleman go to Blackpool and supply goal after goal for them and then think, why isn't he here doing that, we have nothing to lose by playing him? But Phil Neville will never be dropped the one connection with all this is, if Moyes didn't buy you then there is nothing down for you. And then Moyes brings back Hibbert while Coleman's loan is extended.

Villa away 2-1 up that was my bet, I was counting my money until Moyes brings on Yobo to tighten the defence bang, 2-2. Blackburn away and Moyes seems to have learned his lesson, we had three forwards on at one time, I had 3-2 at 25/1 so I was happy. See you all next season.

A series about the History Of The F. A. Cup, we might as well read about it because we wont win it this season continued from last issue

appropriate than that its first winner should be Bradford City? – an odd coincidence somehow, when we consider that never before or since has this Yorkshire town been concerned with the Cup Final.

In between those Newcastle Finals had come a Battle of the Roses in 1907 when Sheffield Wednesday, with a goal by Simpson their outside-left, snatched a victory over Everton by 2-1 four minutes from the end. Then in 1909 there came to the Palace two sides who had never before reached The Final – Manchester United, who now had the famous Billy Meredith on their right wing, and Bristol City, with the irrepressible little 'Fatty' Wedlock at centre-half. The United won and so Meredith gained a second Cup Winner's medal.

These two clubs brought once more to the Final the North v. South motif, but gone for ever was the simple, homely atmosphere of the old Oval days – the ropes around the touchlines and the movable seats, known as 'flower-pot stands', for which a charge of 2s. 6d. was levied, the money being collected by members of the Ground Committee who stuffed the coins into their pockets and later emptied out their treasure onto a table in the pavilion! There had been that earlier occasion, too, when Lord Kinnaid, always a great favourite, had had his carriage surrounded by spectators while on his way to an Oval match with members of his family. The cheering crowd took the horses out of the shafts and drew the carriage the last few hundred yards to the Pavilion entrance. But if some of those homely touches had now gone, the Cup-Final in these years of Edwardian England still preserved something of the old atmosphere. To the ever-increasing multitudes the occasion remained a holiday, and a beanfeast. This is what a correspondent on a London newspaper had to say about it on the morning of the Manchester United and Bristol City match:

'The pleasant open surroundings of the Crystal Palace make for humour and gaiety. The masses of people on the slopes present an illusion of shrubberies with here and there a rhododendron blossom – really a gigantic, heavily coloured hat worn by some London working girl. If there is a North v. South motif it is possible to follow the play merely

by listening to the cheers and counter-cheers, for the voice of the North is deeper, more resonant than that of the South which is pitched higher and has a distinctly nasal intonation.

'The Northern contingent, too, pay great attention to the matter of commissariat. They bring stone jars of strong ale and sandwiches an inch thick packed in the little wicker baskets which are also used for conveying carrier pigeons. As a rule the Northerners and Southerners, though they never fraternize, suffer each other gladly. Now and again there is an altercation when the expression of a London clerk, described as a "gormless gooby" by some Lancashire factory hand, is worth studying. Assuredly every student of humanity will find much to interest him in the crowd of a Cup-Final.'

The process of levelling was further exemplified by the victory of another Second Division Club, Barnsley, who beat West Bromwich Albion in 1912. Having failed to Newcastle in their first Final, they amazed the country by reaching the last stage for a second time in three seasons, which is something no other Second Division side has ever equalled. The winning goal came in the last two minutes of extra time in a replayed Final at Bramall Lane, Harry Tufnell, their inside-right, scoring after a long dribble. That they lived up to their reputation as 'Battlers' can be seen from their record in the earlier rounds:

First Round, v. Birmingham 0-0 and 3-0; Second Round, v. Leicester Fosse 1-0; Third Round, v. Bolton Wanderers 2-1; Fourth Round, v. Bradford City (the holders) 0-0, 0-0, 0-0, and 3-2; Semi-Final, v. Swindon Town 0-0 and 1-0; Final, v. West Bromwich Albion 0-0 and 1-0 after extra time. They had conceded only one goal in twelve Cup battles!

It was after this victory by Barnsley in 1912 at Bramall Lane – the third Final in successive years to be replayed – that the F.A. brought in a rule enforcing extra time at the first meeting if necessary. Since that date no Final has had to be replayed.

The Final of 1913 between Aston Villa and Sunderland caught the public imagination perhaps more than any previous match and the crowd of 120,028 set up a new record. Consider the ingredients for that Final: both sides running neck and



'Saturday-after-noon' was the popular song of 1910

neck for the League Championship (the only time, so far, incidentally, when the top two clubs in the League have contested the Final); Villa the most popular side in the country; Sunderland, heirs to the 'team of all the talents', reaching the Cup-Final for the first time; great international players like Sam Hardy, the goalkeeper, Wallace, Harry Hampton, at centre-forward, and Bache for Villa, and Cuggy, Thomson, Holley and the 'terrible' right wing of Mordue and Charlie Buchan for Sunderland. Charlie Buchan tells a story of how Clem Stephenson, the Villa inside-left, said to him early on in the match: 'I dreamed last night we would win 1-0 with a goal headed by Barber'. The dream

came true, for after Wallace had missed a penalty for the Villa, the same player placed a corner-kick so well that Barber, his right-half, headed the only goal and this won Villa the Cup for the fifth time, thereby equalling the record of the Wanderers and Blackburn Rovers.

By 1914 the entries had grown to 476 and from that record number Burnley and Liverpool fought their way through to provide the second all-Lancashire Final, won by Burnley with a single goal by Freeman, their centre-forward, ten minutes after half-time. It was this April that the Cup-Final was honoured for the first time by the presence of a reigning monarch, and what scenes of enthusiasm

THE KING WITNESSES THE ENGLISH CUP FINAL.



BOYLE (Bury) and FERGUSON (Liverpool), the final winners, and the KENNETH CAMPBELL (Liverpool) about to receive a shirt bearing in their honour of being presented to His Majesty.

Headline news in 1914 was the King's first Cup-Final when Burnley beat Liverpool 1-0

there were when King George V arrived at the Crystal Palace. When His Majesty presented The Cup and medals at the end, the crowds were quick to appreciate the special compliment paid by the King to the County Palatine for in the button hole of his overcoat was a red favour.

Professional football knew many enemies during those years among certain sections of the community, and it is interesting to read the following passage in a national newspaper of 1914: 'The King's presence at the Cup-Final, let us hope, will put an end to the old snobbish notion that true-blue sportsmen ought to ignore games played by those who cannot afford to play without being paid for their services'. The social aspect of the game was changing; football had begun to grow out of the 'cloth cap and muffler era'.

Then, suddenly, August 1914 exploded on an unprepared world and though the Cup competi-

tion was continued for one more season things were not quite the same, although there was a particularly unique second replay between Bradford City and Norwich City. It was ordered to be held at Lincoln behind closed gates so as to prevent disruption of war production in the district, but this arrangement turned out something of a fiasco for many people broke into the ground. The Final that year was between Sheffield United and Chelsea and it was played, not at the Crystal Palace, but at Old Trafford, Manchester, where Sheffield won by 3-0 on a murky, wet afternoon before a drab and silent crowd. The old atmosphere had vanished and no wonder! When Lord Derby presented The Cup at the end, he summed up the feelings of everyone when he said:

'You have played with one another and against one another for The Cup; play with one another for England now.'

1920-1930: Stamford Bridge and Wembley

- 1920 Aston Villa 1, Huddersfield Town 0 (after extra time, at Stamford Bridge)
- 1921 Tottenham H. 1, Wolverhampton W. 0 (at Stamford Bridge)
- 1922 Huddersfield Town 1, Preston N.E. 0 (at Stamford Bridge)
- 1923 Bolton Wanderers 2, West Ham United 0 (at Wembley)
- 1924 Newcastle United 2, Aston Villa 0
- 1925 Sheffield United 1, Cardiff City 0
- 1926 Bolton Wanderers 1, Manchester City 0
- 1927 Cardiff City 1, Arsenal 0
- 1928 Blackburn Rovers 3, Huddersfield Town 1
- 1929 Bolton Wanderers 2, Portsmouth 0
- 1930 Arsenal 2, Huddersfield Town 0

up; the change in the off-side law in 1925 gave birth to the defensive centre-half and new tactics; The Cup entries had by 1929-30 grown to 525; before 1914 the record transfer fee was in the region of £2,000, yet by 1928 it had soared to £10,000.

The season 1919-20 found the F.A. Cup in the same position as a demobilised soldier back from the wars with nowhere to live, the Crystal Palace, which had become a War Service Depot, not yet being available. Eventually The Football Association chose Stamford Bridge, and it was there that the Finals of 1920, 1921, and 1922 were held. Each of those years added something of interest to the history of the Competition, and it was strange how The Cup seemed to revolve around Aston Villa,

WITH THE RENEWAL of The Cup Competition in the season 1919-20, after its suspension during the war years, a new chapter was opened, and football took on a different look. It caught the tempo of the post-war mechanised age and the pace was speeded



At the first Final after World War I Aston Villa won for the sixth time, at Stamford Bridge, 1920. Prince Henry presented the Cup and medals

Huddersfield Town, the Spurs and Preston North End. Examine the pattern:

1919-20. Aston Villa beat Spurs 1-0 in the Fourth Round (Tommy Clay slicing the ball into his own net!), and advanced to the Final where they defeated Huddersfield Town 1-0, after extra time.

1920-21. Spurs beat Aston Villa 1-0 in the Fourth Round, Preston 2-1 in the Semi-Final, and won The Cup against Wolverhampton Wanderers 1-0.

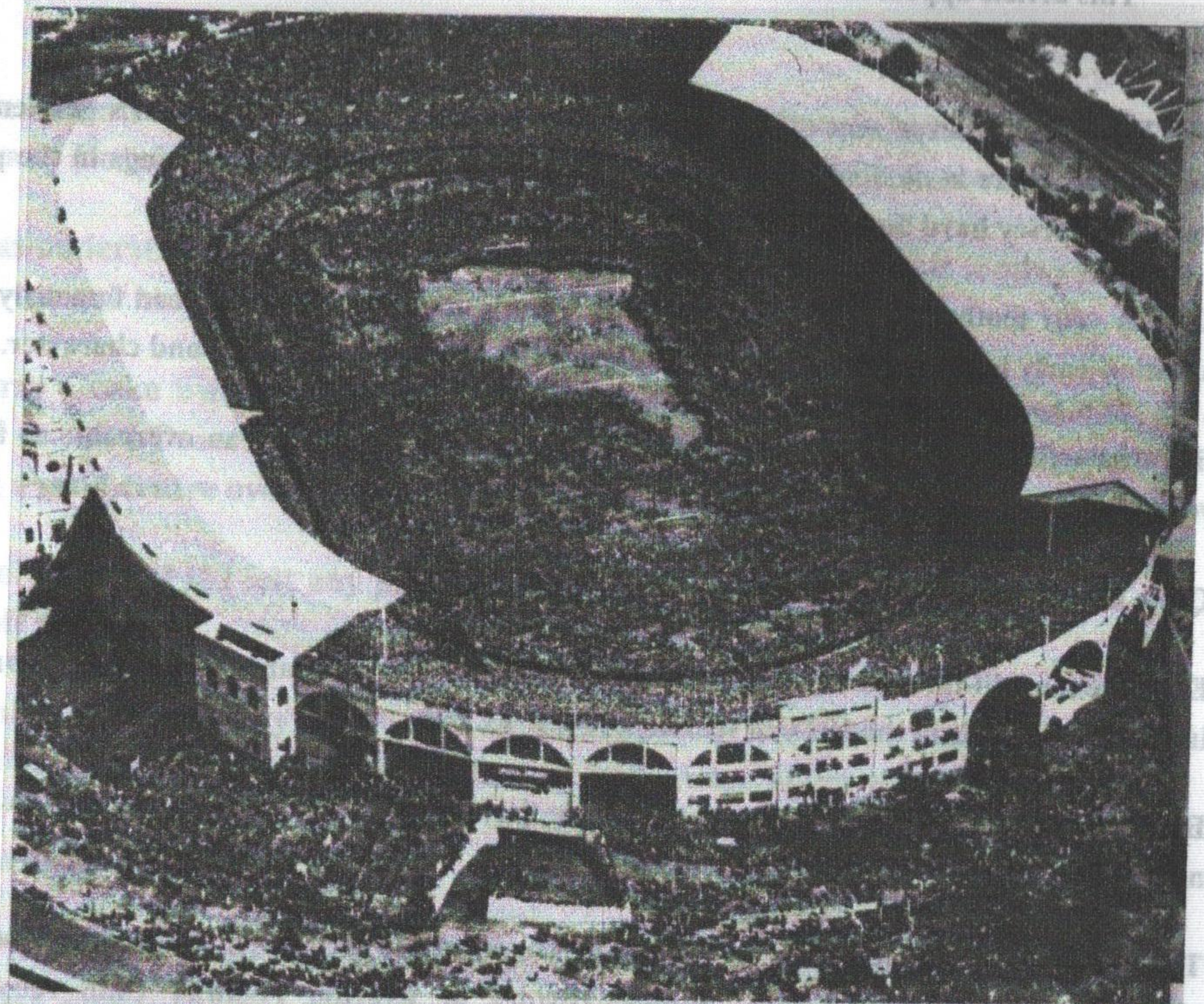
1921-22. Preston beat Spurs 2-1 in the Semi-Final, and lost the Final to Huddersfield 1-0.

There is a curious symmetry about it all.

When Andy Ducat, one of the select band who have played both cricket and football for England, received The Cup from Prince Henry in 1920, Aston Villa had won the trophy for the sixth time, a record that surpassed the Wanderers and Blackburn Rovers. They had some great players: Ducat himself, Sam Hardy, Moss, Wallace, Billy Walker (who won twenty-three caps for England) and Clem Stephenson. Yet Huddersfield, who in addition that year gained promotion from the Second Division, took them to extra time, and the goal that won the game for the Villa entered the net off the back of Kirton's neck from a corner-kick. In fact, for some moments Aston Villa's inside-right did not realize he had scored.

The Final of 1921 was memorable chiefly for the cloudburst during the afternoon that reduced the pitch to a quagmire. It was no day for football, but the Spurs who had such outstanding artists as Tommy Clay, that magnificent wing-half and captain Arthur Grimsdell, Jimmy Seed (now manager of Charlton) and Dimmock in their side, won deservedly by a goal scored by Dimmock after half-time. So, after an interval of twenty years, they had brought The Cup back to London.

The year 1922 saw Preston take their place in the Final for the first time since 1889. Far too long had they been absent from the scene, yet their Battle of the Roses with Yorkshire's Huddersfield is best forgotten. It was a rough, undistinguished game



April 28th 1923 was the date of the first Wembley Final. Some 200,000 people forced a way into the new stadium.

notable only for the fact that for the first time a Cup-Final was won by a penalty-kick. It was scored by Billy Smith, the Huddersfield outside-left, after he had been brought down on the edge of the penalty-area, though for weeks afterwards the arguments raged as to whether he had been fouled inside or outside the penalty zone.

It was while The Football Association were considering the outlay of a large sum of money to adapt the Crystal Palace to modern needs that an Imperial Exhibition was projected on a site at Wembley. At once the F.A. became interested in a proposal to build a great stadium as part of the scheme. Wembley Park itself was a golf course, and it was there

To be continued in next issue

This article appeared in the Liverpool Echo in a series about Everton Hard Men

NEVER booked, never sent-off, Dixie Dean was regarded as one of football's gentlemen. But equally there is no doubt that Everton's legendary centre-forward belongs in the pantheon of Mersey hard men.

To play your football in an era when strikers were routinely assaulted – Dean famously lost a testicle early in his career – and not retaliate takes enormous discipline and character.

But that setback was a trifle compared to the enormous obstacle Dean overcame as a 19-year-old.

Quite simply, Dean battled back from death's door.

Even the most ill-informed football fan knows that Bill 'Dixie' Dean scored a record breaking 60 league goals in the 1927/28 season.

But fewer are aware that just 12 months before the start of that remarkable campaign Dean nearly died.

The youngster suffered appalling injuries in a motorcycle accident in North Wales with a girlfriend and Thomas Keates' Jubilee History of Everton Football Club recorded: "Doctors were afraid he could not live for many hours.

"His survival astonished them. When recovery was assured the medical pronouncement was 'This man will never be able to play football again.'

"Play again he did, to such startling affect that romantic tales began to surround his spell in hospital."

If Dean's return to a football field was heroic, so too, were Dean's actions in the crash itself.

"A chap driving a car cut in and then dropped back and then suddenly cut in again coming towards me," recalled Dean in Trinity Sports Media's "Dixie Uncut" publication. "I had the choice of either going into the car or going down the mountain so I went right through the windscreen of the car. But before the crash I was able to turn round and push the girl off the bike. She only damaged her ankle, fortunately, but I fractured my skull, broke a cheekbone and fractured my jaw in two places."

Dixie Dean

Brain scans were confined to the realms of science fiction novels in the 1920s, so the only way Dean's recovery could be gauged was in the heat of action.

There was understandable apprehension in the air when Dean ran out to play for Everton reserves barely six months later.

"Old Harry Cooke was worried about what would happen when I first headed the ball," recalled Dean. "He told Teddy Critchley, our outside right that day, to try to get a good centre over to me early in the game so that I could head it.

"Harry told me that if I felt any pain from my head after heading the ball I was to come off right away.

"I remember it was a very heavy day so naturally we were all worried about what was going to happen when I headed the ball. After about a quarter of an hour over came the ball from Teddy Critchley. I thought to myself 'Here goes!' and I went up to head it.

"The ball flew into the net. I shook my head and I could see Harry Cooke on the line thinking something was wrong as I did so. They started to call me off but I shouted that there was nothing wrong.

"In those days you got a £1 bonus for winning a reserve game and I was a goal up towards £1 so I stayed on. We won 2-0 and I've never felt anything wrong as a result of that accident ever since.

"As a matter of fact I think the skull fracture knitted twice as hard, so they tell me, and it considerably helped me with the old heading trick."

Opposing defenders suspected more than mere Mother Nature at work. Such was Dean's prowess with his head that fanciful tales emerged that the youngster had had a metal plate inserted during surgery.

The stories were nonsense, but underlined the aura around the man.

Despite his impeccable disciplinary record, Dean was clearly no shrinking violet.

After a game at Spurs, he was the last player to walk off the pitch when a fan shouted: "We'll get you yet, you black b*****d!"

A policeman overheard and was set to take action, but was pushed aside by Dean who re-marked.

"It's alright officer, I'll handle this."

Dean jumped over to the fan, punched him and sent him flying.

The policeman who saw the incident winked at Dixie and said: "That was a beauty but I never saw it officially."

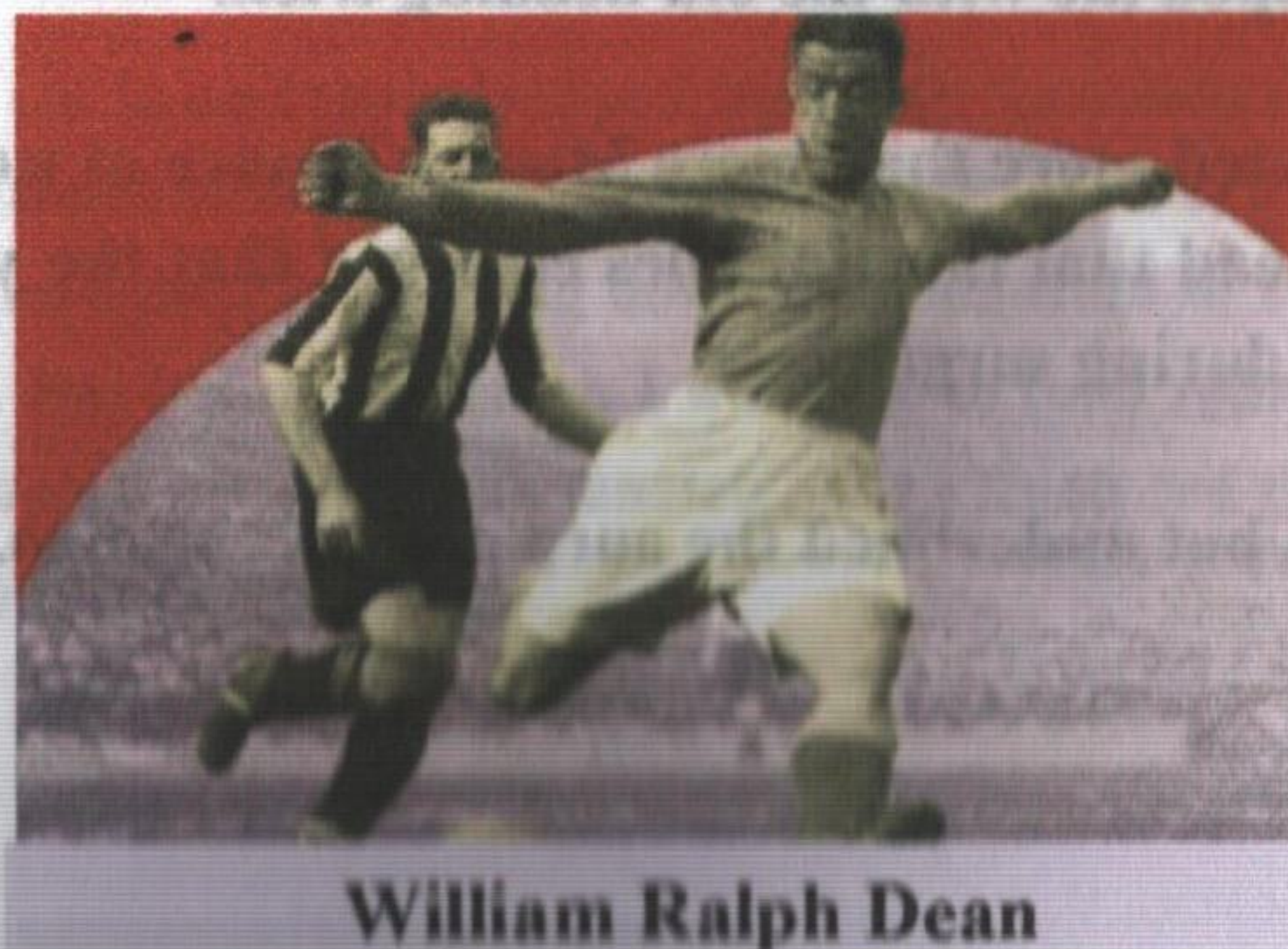
Dean was never intimidated – at home or abroad.

On tour in Germany, against a Dresden team featuring 10 of the German national side, the home side insisted that the game be played with a size four football.

Dean refused and when the German captain carried the smaller ball out onto the pitch and placed it on the centre-circle, Dean picked it up, carried to the touchline followed by the skipper and the referee – and booted the offending article out of the ground.

"Now we'll play with this one – the size five," he declared – and they did.

Dean's ability as a goal scorer is, quite rightly, celebrated – but his prowess as a marksman should never cloud the fact that he was also one of Merseyside football's hardest men.



William Ralph Dean

March 2010 saw the 30th Anniversary of Dixie Dean's death. His name lives on even through the Sky Hype and Premiership Business League.

GOLDEN GREATS



DIXIE DEAN—in a duel with Bill McCluggage of Ireland—scored 23 goals in his first 22 games for Tranmere at 17

No.30

GOLDEN GREATS



Displaying typical power in the air against Arsenal

● Ask anyone who was the greatest goalscorer of all time and the chances are, they will say Dixie Dean.

The former England star of the 1920s and 30s became one of soccer's immortals by grabbing 60 goals for Everton in the 1927-28 season to set a remarkable League record.

Dean is not in the first three when it comes to the highest aggregate scorers in Football League and Scottish League games, coming fourth with 379 goals.

But whereas his career with Tranmere Rovers, Everton and Notts County spans only 14 years, from 1923 to 1937, it took record-holder Arthur Rowley 19 years to get his 434 goals.

James McGrory, who was second with 410 in Scottish football, needed 16 years and Hughie Gallacher, third with 387, took 18 years.

RATIO

So on that basis, Dean's fine ratio makes him tops. It was an amazing record of consistency, because his 379 goals came in 437 League matches and 310 of them were in the First Division — a total passed only by Jimmy Greaves.

No fewer than 349 of Dean's haul were scored for Everton, the most any player has totalled for one club.

Born William Ralph Dean in Birkenhead, in 1907, he was to blossom into a typical English centre-forward.

He was a bustling, aggressive leader who took all the knocks going, but still popped up to find the net with either his head or his feet. He was reckoned to be one of the finest headers of the ball ever in the game.

Dean started his career with Tranmere Rovers and during the two years he was there, from 1923 to 1925, he scored 27 goals in only 29 appearances.

RECOVERY

Soon after joining Everton in March, 1925, for £3,000, Dean suffered skull fractures in a motorcycle accident. Yet he made such a good recovery that he went on to head more goals than any other player in First Division football.

His 349 goals for Everton came in 399 games, from 1925 to 1936, and he completed his career with a brief spell at Notts County in the 1936-39 season, making just nine appearances but scoring three goals.

Top honours came his way at Everton, with League Championship winners' medals in 1927-28 and 1931-32, plus an F.A. Cup winners' medal in 1933.

DIXIE DEAN — KING OF THE GOALSCORERS...

By TONY FLOOD

The 1928 title success was, of course, due to Dean's 60 League goals. The previous season, George Camsell of Middlesbrough had scored 59 in the Second Division to set a League best.

VITAL

Dean needed nine goals from his last three matches to beat it and he got them, scoring two, four and then a dramatic hat-trick in the last match, with the vital third goal coming from a header three minutes from the end. He got those 60 goals in only 29 games, as he failed to score in ten of them and missed another through injury.

He actually got 82 goals in all that season, adding three more in the F.A. Cup, six in inter-League games, eight in international trial games and five in internationals.

Although Everton were relegated in 1930, Dean led them to a brilliant treble: Second Division Championship in

1931, First Division title in 1932 and F.A. Cup in 1933.

He scored the second goal at Wembley by putting both the ball and the Manchester City 'keeper into the net.

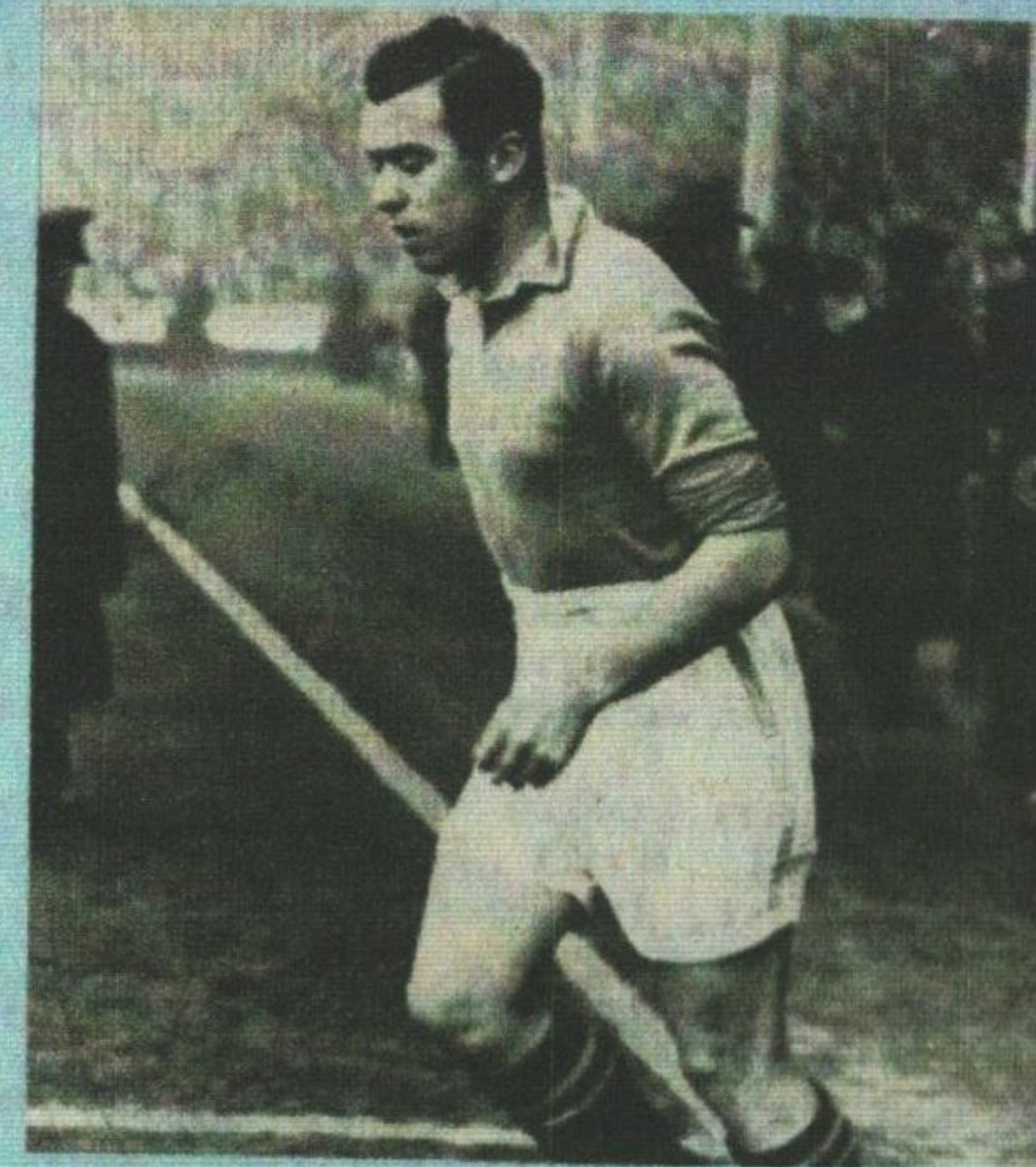
After his short period at Notts County, Dean played briefly in Ireland before retiring on the outbreak of war.

Dean played 16 times for England in full internationals and knocked in 18 goals for them, 12 coming in his first five games!

His amazing career, which could so easily have been cut short as a teenager — when he was kicked by an opponent while playing for Tranmere and sustained severe abdominal damage — won him a multitude of fans.

TRIBUTE

This was underlined when, in 1964, Everton director John Moores arranged a testimonial game for him. Over 37,000 people turned up to pay tribute to the man who had retired over 25 years earlier!



Everton and England's star centre-forward of the 1920s and 30s



Heading Everton's second goal against Manchester City in the 1933 F.A. Cup Final

This tribute to Dixie was published in issue 4 of Charles Buchan's Football Monthly December 1951. It was written by Charles Buchan and it is a rare article.

MEMORY LANE

When Dixie Dean set up his goal record

ON May 5, 1928, Bill (Dixie) Dean, Everton and England centre-forward, stepped on to the field at Goodison Park needing to score three goals in the League game with Arsenal to set up a new goal-scoring record.

He had already scored 57 goals for Everton in League games. George Camsell, Middlesbrough centre-forward, held the record with 59.

It was a tremendous task that faced Dean. I was captain of Arsenal and as it was my last game before retiring, I wanted to end on a winning note. My colleagues, too, were keen to see that I went out with colours flying.

Of course, our danger man was Dean. So I gave instructions to our centre-half, Jack Butler, that he should watch the Everton forward as closely as a cat watches a mouse.

But Dean was inspired that day. Though Arsenal played well, and Butler trailed him like a bloodhound on the scent, he could not be held in check.

Another Picture Goal

Twice Arsenal went ahead with well-taken goals. Each time Dean replied for Everton, the second time with a glorious header that I have seldom seen equalled.

Then came Dean's glorious moment in the second half. He got another picture goal that made his total 60 and set up a record that stands to this day.

The 60,000 or so crowd rose to him and gave him an ovation, the like of which has seldom been heard. The big, long-striding Dean earned it.

Arsenal were not done with, however, and managed to make the score 3-3 before the end. So I was partially appeased. I went out of the game with the pleasant feeling of having witnessed one of the outstanding feats of the century.

Dean was, without doubt, one of the best centre forwards of the last 30 years. He had not only a splendid physique, but speed, a powerful shot with either foot, and an uncanny knack of placing the ball perfectly with his head.

Everton based their team plan on the ability of their centre forward. He rarely failed them.

His Greatest Triumph

My memories of Dean are wrapped up in this amazing game and his goal-scoring performance. Yet I do not suppose for a minute that Dean considers this his greatest triumph.

He probably thinks that came about six months later when he scored the winning goal for England against Ireland on his own Goodison Park.

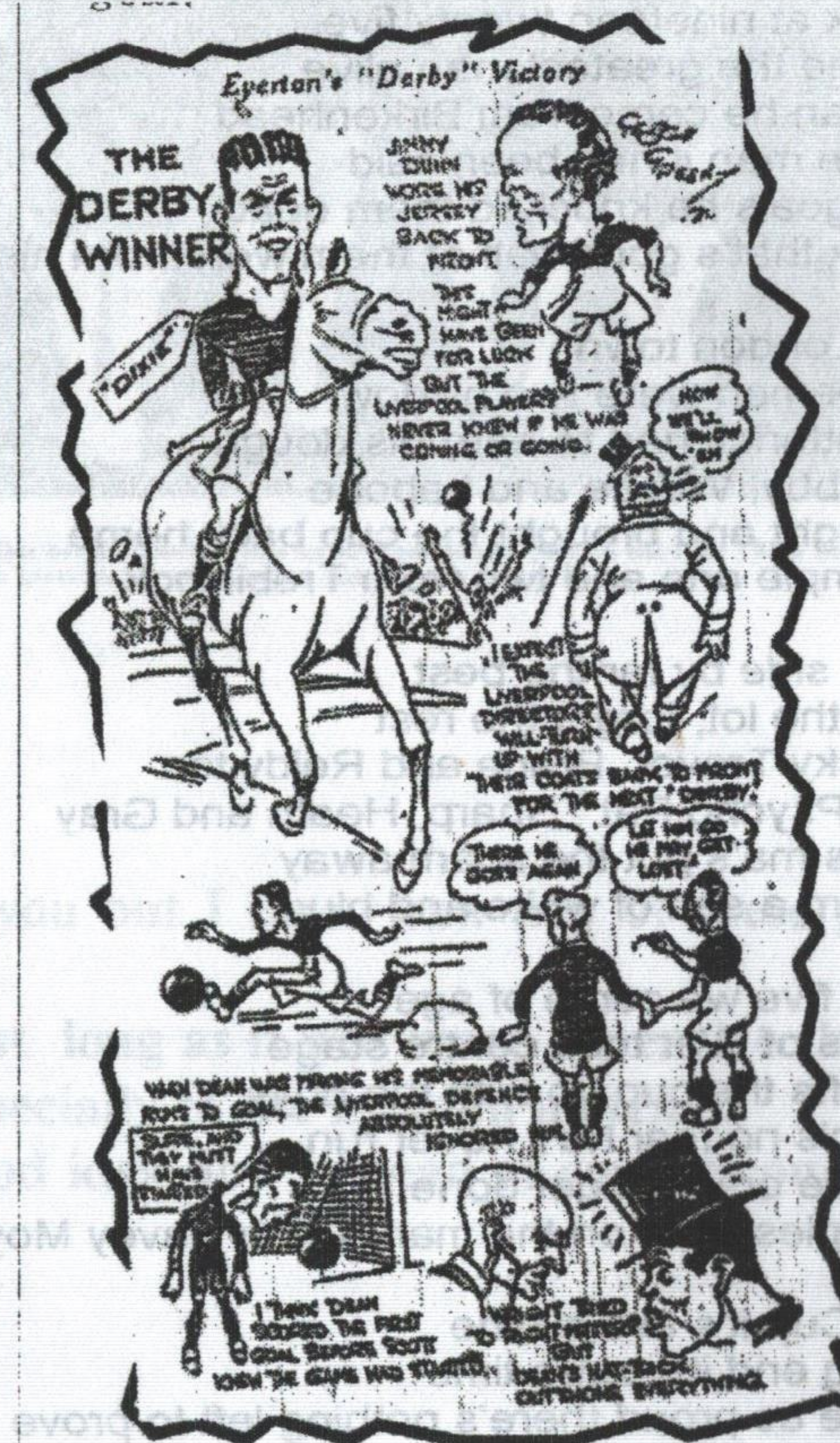
England had battled bravely practically throughout the game with ten men—Jim Barrett, centre-half, had been carried off after eight minutes.

With only a minute to go, and the score 1-1, Dean scored a memorable goal that few others could have obtained. A proud moment in a grand, triumphant career.

C.B.



SO EASY: Dean looks on as Jimmy Dunn scores the third goal against Manchester City in the 1933 FA Cup final



FUNNY SIDE: A cartoon tells the story of Dixie's 1931 Anfield derby hat-trick

The St Domingo Song

There is a C.D. available contact Blue Blood for further details

THE SAINT DOMINGO SONG

Now St. Domingo was our name
The founders of the greatest game
When we had our pitch at Stanley Park
In season eighteen ninety one
The toffees history had begun
We beat them all and the football league was won

And they gave us Dixie, Lawton Alex Young and Kay
They gave us Harvey, Howie Kendal, Aland Ball Sharpy and Gray
And most of the football greats
Have passed through Goodisons gates
To play football the School of Science way

Let's look at nineteen twenty five
We signed the greatest man alive
Dixie Dean he came from Birkenhead
A god like man it has been said
With 60 goals he knocked them dead
You think that's good half of them were from his head.

In 66 in London town
The toffeemen were two nil down
Harry Catterick had to earn his dough
Then Gabby, Westie and Labone
They fought and brought the cup back home
With Temple one and two from Trebilcock

The 80's side by far the best
We won the lot, forget the rest
With Tricky Trevor, Brace and Reidy too
We had Psycho Pat, Sharp, Heath and Gray
Big Nev's ma's put the spam away
Rotterdam a sea of white and blue

In ninety five we come of age
The Dogs of War took centre stage
Waggy lifts the cup up with the boys
Big Dunc's no fear he'll never run
Step aside or you'll get done
The Peoples Club on the march with Davey Moyes

The FA Cup it's two-o-nine
nail biting end it's extra time
You done us proud there's nothing left to prove
It's penalties and Tim saves two
Ups steps Jag's now that'll do
The blue boys singing We Shall Not be Moved



All aboard the "Blue Streak" Special! Our pretty Couriers line up to greet passengers on the first "Blue Streak" which ran to Ipswich for the opening game of the Season.

I don't know about you but I never saw any of these girls on the Blue Streak.

The service didn't last long as it was more expensive than the normal service trains especially to the London matches.

But it would be a good idea now instead of coaches on the blocked motorways .

In the days before Sky T.V. Match Of The Day, football was brought to you by the humble Radio Commentator. One of the finest was Kenneth Wolstenholme. This article from 1951 shows how far we have come in sixty years.

They Bring Sport to Your Fireside, No. 2—By KEN WOLSTENHOLME

Snow, rain or hail, 'Sport Special' must be on time



RADIO has the tremendous advantage of allowing its listeners to sit back, relax and have the day's events brought right to the armchair beside the fire.

That is why there is such a personal satisfaction in being associated with a Saturday evening sports news programme. It is exhilarating to feel that one has given as good a word-picture of the day's sporting scene as the always dominant clock will allow.

Not that any of us is 100 per cent satisfied. Heaven forbid we should ever be that! We know there is always room for improvement and we like to hear constructive criticisms and suggestions from listeners.

We in the North have more sport to cover than any other regional concern — check up for yourselves the number of First and Second Division clubs in our area—and on top of that, we have Rugby Union and the Northern sport of Rugby League.

So we try to give as vivid a picture as we can by summarising everything and by allowing our reporters to break in with their comments on the big events.

I say comments deliberately, because I believe that a radio commentator, going on the air after the game, should be a commentator in the real sense of the word. No one, surely, wants to hear merely a report of what happened.

In other words, the commentator should look back on the game, pick out the highlights and hand out the bouquets—or the brickbats.

That is what I try to do, at the same time, weaving around the story of the game I have seen summaries of the other games which have been telephoned through to the sports room in Manchester by our many correspondents.

In that way, we survey the whole scene and give the listeners frank, forthright comments on the major games. And those straight-from-the-shoulder comments are necessary if the short reports are to convey anything to the man at home.

I am convinced there is no value in praise if it doesn't come from a man who can, and will, criticise.

One thing a sports news programme does not lack is excitement and fun. Many people have the idea that we have plenty of time to prepare "Sports Special," but consider these points.

We go on the air at 6.25 and everyone concerned with the programme, except telephonists, spends the

afternoon at a game. As most of the Saturday games do not finish until 4.40, it allows one and three-quarter hours to get the programme on the air.

Often you have more than an hour's journey—with the Northern weather against you—before you reach the studio.

I remember once motoring back over the Pennines from Doncaster. Everything would have been all right if the clouds had not decided to sit firmly on top of the hills, reducing visibility to a few yards—not pleasant on a winding road, flanked by drops that were too steep and too long to be healthy.

On another occasion, I thought our reporter (who was speaking from an Outside Broadcast point in a small Lincolnshire village) sounded a bit fed up with life.

Later I discovered he was standing in a dark churchyard with a blizzard raging round him because the vicar had refused to allow him to talk football from inside the church.

Snow is perhaps our greatest trouble in the North. I recall going by train to Sheffield at 9 a.m. from Manchester. The drifts were so bad that it was 4 p.m. before we reached Sheffield station—to find the game cancelled.

By this time, the Sheffield to Manchester direct route was closed. The only route home was through Leeds.

Nightmare Journey

WE got to Leeds all right but the journey onwards was a nightmare. It was a cold, tired, hungry and thirsty radio reporter who well nigh fell off the train at Manchester—at four o'clock on Sunday morning.

There is, of course, the pleasanter, though none the less exciting, side. For example, when Wilf Mannion settled his dispute with Middlesbrough and was chosen to play on the Saturday, we grabbed five minutes extra time and after frantic telephone calls, arranged to have Mannion, and his captain George Hardwick, rushed by car to the Newcastle studio after the game.

So the England international inside forward was able to tell exactly what it felt like to play First Division football after about an eight months lay-off—and he told his story to listeners less than 2 hours after walking off the pitch.

There is also the funny side of reporting football in the North. Rightly or wrongly, we feel that Southern crowds are more cosmopolitan than ours in the North and that the South hasn't the same deep-rooted partisanship.

That is not to say the crowds in the North are less sporting than their Southern friends. They are not, but they let rip more often and with more voice.

Their humour is wonderful. I remember watching one not-so-good-winger trying to "do a Matthews" to bamboozle a full-back who had had him taped all afternoon. Suddenly from the crowd came a loud voice:

"Ah, for heaven's sake stop stutterin' wi' thee feet!"



"We mustn't interrupt the broadcast."

The Annual Everton Shareholders Association Dinner took place on Saturday 20th March 2010 at Goodison Park in the Alex Young Suite.

Anne Asquith and Paul Wharton had once again performed miracles to get all the tickets sold and even David Moyes came along.

The meal was very good, the service excellent and the night was a great success. Mr Moyes was on the table next to me and that maybe explained why I was the only one with plastic cutlery. I did a small piece for the programme (see page 22) George Orr



Established 1878

Everton F.C. Shareholders Association Annual Dinner

Annual Dinner

*Celebrating the club's famous
1970's and 1985 trophy winning sides*

Saturday 20th March 2010

to be held in the

The Alex Young Suite, Goodison Park

(Reception 7.30 pm for 8.00pm)



Once an Evertonian - Always an Evertonian

The Annual Everton Shareholders Association Dinner Celebrated the 40th Anniversary of the League Title Win in 1969 -70 and the 25th Anniversary of the Double Winning Season 19 84 /85.

I was asked to produce an article that summed up the fans feelings at the time, I have reproduced that article below.

Evertonians were jumping up and down in 1970, they had just watched their team walk away with the League Championship. Harvey, Kendall, Ball the decade was going to be ours. Suddenly and really without explanation it all fell apart. From the heights of ecstasy to the depths of despair within a couple of seasons.

The 80s came around and there was nothing really to lift the awful feeling of being Blue, poor teams, poor crowds, poor managers everything that could happen to Everton happened.

Only the most loyal fans stayed and Manager Howard Kendall struggled to hold onto his job. The arrival of Peter Reid gave some of the players a kick up the rear and a bit of passion returned to the team but nothing really looked like happening until Andy Gray joined Everton. It was not just his ability as a player that affected results it was his passion, his character and his confidence.

Suddenly Everton were playing good football they were attacking with flair passion and aggression.

Wembley 1984 twice!!!! Something most Blue Boys never thought would happen, did happen and a resurgent Everton won the F.A. Cup. Fourteen years of famine ended. The following season experienced Evertonians were reluctant to shout the odds or brag. They knew from the not too distant past that nothing is certain especially if you are an Evertonian.

Thankfully the players, unaware of our recent depression played wonderful, flowing, beautiful, football.

The silky smooth runs and shots from Sheedy the pitch ploughing head of Andy Gray, the bone crunching tackles of Peter Reid, the wall that was Neville Southall, all gave Evertonians a feeling of immortality. Nothing was going to stop this team, nothing.

The League Championship was bagged, a trip to Rotterdam gave us our first European Trophy and then on to Wembley to complete the Treble.

Everything was going well, the curse of Efc had been lifted, and then reality hit us. A tired and worn out Everton were taken to extra time, the legs gave in the hearts burst and the luck ran out.

Still the Double was brilliant, some think that they had witnessed the best team in Everton's long and illustrious History.

We all know what happened next, its not a quiz question, the curse of Efc returned, players left. Managers went their way and Europe was out of bounds because a Government decided not to allow Everton and Norwich to compete. That's the hard truth of the matter, only the Government stopped us and no matter how good or powerful the Everton Board were they could not defeat a Government that looked down on Football and its followers.

So lets look back tonight to the greatest period in Everton's History and reflect on what might have been but remember exactly what was. We were the Kings Of Europe, Voted World Best Team and we were English Champions.

George Orr Editor of Blue Blood Fanzine

Check what's in the next issue on Twitter Blueblooddefc .

Blast From The Past

WALKER WALKS AS ROYLE ASSENTS

BY GRAHAM LISTER

Beleaguered managers everywhere now know that the straw that breaks the camel's back - or at least the chairman's patience - is victory over West Ham. Ossie Ardiles took the long walk after Spurs gained a bit of breathing space with a rare 3-1 home win against the Hammers. Days later, Everton finally remembered what victory tastes like when they too beat West Ham. Since this first win of the season for the blue Scousers came between two creditable draws, Mike Walker could at last point to an unbeaten sequence of more than one result. He appeared - briefly - to have survived his darkest hour.

In fact he was at his most vulnerable. On Tuesday 8th November he found himself out of work, just a quarter of the way through a three-and-a-half year contract worth a reported £650,000. Of course, it was only the timing, not the fact of Walker's sacking which caused surprise. His ten month reign at Goodison had yielded just six wins in 35 matches. Everton avoided relegation last May in improbable circumstances - with a third goal eight minutes from time against Wimbledon, who had earlier led 2-0. But Walker had been under growing pressure from virtually the first minute of the new campaign with a team which, despite expensive tinkering, remained stubbornly at the inept end of the mediocrity scale.

That Walker failed to revive Everton's fortunes is obvious. Given the scale of the decline he was expected to arrest, it is questionable whether he had enough time. But everyone knows that football club chairmen regard time as a luxury, not a necessity. And Everton's chairman, Peter Johnson, was never going to be hampered by sentiment, having been uninvolved in Walker's appointment.

That was made on 7th January this year, microseconds after Walker controversially resigned his post at Norwich. The determination of the previous Everton Board to capture Walker cost them £125,000 - a £75,000 fine and £50,000 in compensation to Norwich when the FA ruled they were guilty of an illegal approach. They clearly believed the ex-goalkeeper with the silver hair would provide the golden touch at Goodison. It was some hope.

Although Mike's first game in charge produced a freakish 6-2 win against struggling Swindon, the symptoms of malaise were deep-rooted. The club

had spectacularly lost its way after enjoying its most sustained period of success as recently as the mid-1980s.

The optimists could point to that purple patch as a precedent, when a silk purse had been dramatically fashioned from an apparent sow's ear. But the raw material had been more promising then. Howard Kendall, an Everton Championship winner on the pitch in 1970, survived a fairly desperate start as manager to bring the good times to Goodison with two League Championships, the FA Cup and the European Cup Winners' Cup between 1984 and 1987, during which time the club also finished runners-up in the League, FA Cup twice, and League Cup. But when Kendall left to seek new challenges in Spain in 1987, the rot began to set in.

His unassuming number two, Colin Harvey, got the manager's job but was found badly wanting as a number one. Founder members of the elite Big Five, Everton had always been regarded as a wealthy club renowned for big spending. But under Harvey, the Toffees' transfer dealings came increasingly unstuck.

DANIEL AMOKACHI



Photo: Courtesy of Everton FC

Replacing players from Kendall's team of the calibre of Gray and Lineker, Sharp and Sheedy, Steven and Stevens, or Ratcliffe and Reid, was never going to be easy, even for Kendall. Under Harvey, the few players with good reputations who did arrive for big money - like Cottee, Nevin and McCall - never quite fitted in. Inconsistency was soon followed by discontent, and Harvey seemed more relieved than humbled when he reverted to assistant on Kendall's return in November 1990.

Continued on page 24

If the club thought Howard's way would bring about a swift revival, they were to be mightily disappointed. Kendall's second spell as manager coincided with further decline on the pitch - accelerated by expensive flops like Maurice Johnston - and with growing problems off it, culminating in the Board's refusal to sanction Kendall's bid for Dion Dublin of Manchester United. On that point of principle, Kendall resigned on 4th December 1993 after watching his side gain its first Premiership win at Goodison for ten weeks (1-0 against Southampton). Jimmy Gabriel took over as caretaker manager but was unable to celebrate even a goal in his first six games in charge. Then Mike Walker arrived. Defeat by Bolton in the FA Cup within a fortnight of his arrival was an embarrassing set-back; but then the priority, after all, was survival in the Premiership.

The influx of Angell, Limpar, Rowett and Parkinson hardly seemed likely to guarantee this; but results on the final day of the season contrived to keep Everton up. Walker now had the Summer to get things right for 1994-95. **It wasn't enough.**

The blow of rejection by Sweden's Martin Dahlin was surpassed by the fiasco of Muller's non-transfer to Goodison - a deal which foundered on the rock of the Brazilian's greed. Everton rightly stood firm against his demands, despite their desperation to land a world-class star; but the incident further damaged morale. At least Nigeria's highly-rated Daniel Amokachi did sign, though he soon became infected by the virus of anxiety. His normally accomplished form grew ragged as confidence drained away and too many scoring opportunities went begging.

For what proved to be his last throw of the dice, Walker then recruited two misfit Rangers - Duncan Ferguson and Ian Durrant - on loan. Everton still crashed out of the Coca Cola Cup at Portsmouth, but performances were at least improving and the fans, who'd remained staunchly loyal to the players and the manager, began to sense the tide starting to turn.

Indeed, Walker appeared to have emerged from the tunnel with five points out of nine. But a series of votes of confidence from the Board proved ominously prophetic, and now he's just another unemployment statistic - though probably not for long.

Meanwhile, Joe Royle has been enthroned. Considered by many the obvious choice on three previous occasions when the Everton manager's job was up-for-grabs, Royle is now cast in the role

of saviour. He brings with him two important qualities, in addition to an impressive record during twelve years as Oldham's boss. They are a sense of humour, which will be essential; and a sense of Everton's history, which will certainly keep him focused.

Royle was, by common consent, Everton's best post-war centre-forward. Between his debut in January 1966, when he became the club's youngest League player, and his transfer to Manchester City in December 1974, Royle scored 102 goals in 232 League games for the Toffees. He has said that Everton have never left his heart. "As far as I'm concerned, there is no bigger job in football than this one. This is the one club I would have left Oldham Athletic for. It had to be something special to tempt me away from Boundary Park."

As tasks go, turning Everton around would certainly qualify as special. But Royle is realistic: "I am fully aware that you do not get jobs of this stature when things are going smoothly." He knows it will take more than popularity and optimism to steer Everton clear of relegation this season.

He also understands how big a blow relegation would be. No club has played more often in the top flight than Everton, who have spent only four seasons out of it since being a founder member of the League in 1888. Their current tenure in the top division goes back to 1954; only Arsenal (1919) can boast longer continuous membership. But it's not just history that Everton dare not fall foul of. These days, the real fear is financial: the implications of falling off the Premiership gravy train are sobering.

Royle has defined his first task as getting more out of the current squad. His second will almost certainly be to replace some of them with better players.

There have been several "new dawns" in Everton's recent history: Royle is, after all, the club's fourth manager in seven years. But the signs of improvement in Mike Walker's last few weeks, plus Royle's own experience and abilities, suggest that Joe might well haul the club off its knees before May. If he achieves that, he'll be able to get on with the really big job: putting some silver back on the shelves at Goodison.

The History Of Everton season 1935-36

Billy Smith the author of the Blue Correspondence Book has spent years researching Everton's History from Newspaper archives Although there are a few spelling mistakes due to limited time I am sure you will enjoy the information. Billy can be contacted by email bluecorrespondent@bluebottle.com

beginning. When the tender brought us alongside the magnificent sea home in southampton water we started what turned out to be quite an adventurous trip. The boys were impressed with the splendid arrangements made by the german football association for their comfort aboard, and during yesterday they had made full use of the gymnasium, swimming baths, sport deck etc., in their earnestness to do well against the international elevens opposet to them. After dinner most of the party were in the saloon enjoying the music of the ship's orchestra, when there came a severe check in the smooth way of the boat. The jar seemed a slight one in its effect on us sitting there, but naturally, knowing that something serious must have occurred, we wasted no time in making for the promenade deck, from whence it was possible to see that we were wedged into the midships of a much smaller boat, our ship had been proceeding at half speed for some hours owing to the banks of fog that we were running into, and from what we learnt afterwards our opponents were also only running at a reduced speed. After a time the ships unlocked from one another, and gradually the alphard listed over, and finally began to settle down. As we drifted further away from her two motor boats and one lifeboat were quickly manned and sent away to her assistance. From our decks little could be seen excepting the lights of the doomed boat. Within half an hour three explosions heralded the end of her, and the last thing that we could deduce was that the water had reached the dynamos (which on the boat were on the upper deck), for there was a sudden black-out of the navigating lights. It transpired later that eight of the twenty-seven crew climbed aboard the new york by a rope-ladder. Whilst the boats were still in contact. The remainder were all able to get safely away before the alphard sank by means of the lifeboats. The pussengers here made a collection for the men who had been unable to save their belongings and the amount realised was in the region of £60. Well, "bees." I know that this has little to do with "soccer" but the experience was a new one for most and not as unpleasant as it might easily have turned out to be for the alphard was outward bound for a load of pig-iron, and you can well see that she been laden there might have been rather more damage done to our ship. As it was, there were two huge pieces out of our bows, either of them big enough to have driven a motor through. This damage naturally meant that throughout the night speed was considerably reduced, and instead of our landing at cuxhaven to-day where dr otto nerz was to officially receive us, we simply slowed down in the river while the customs men came aboard and carried out the examination of baggage from 9pm, onwards, as the ship carried on to hamburg. The extra eighteen hours on board was quite to the liking of the players and officials, and really preferable to the suggested rail journey from cuxhaven to hamburg. This means that we shall not-land until 9am to-morrow, but as the match does not start until 5-30pm, there is plenty of time for the boys to settle down. Just as I wrote the last sentence I was called to the radiophone and had the new experience of a wireless conversation with our now "old friend otto. He was anxious to know that everything was o.k. and was delighted to know that we were none the worse after the accident. Cunliffe and sugar are joining us at duisberg on Monday evening, after the brussels match. By the way, this was the first occasion that the new york had carried a football team, and captain wagner had a group photograph taken with the full party yesterday afternoon. I hope to keep you posted with any items of interest that crop up during the tour, so leave plenty of space!

WARNEY CRESSWELL TAKES PORT VALE MANAGER ROLE

MAY 13 1936. DAILY POST

Warney cresswell the everton back has been appointed manager-coach of port vale football club and I understand his first signing will be T kavangh, the half-back who was with everton last season, being secured along with hentham from wigan athletic. Cresswell one of the greatest backs in the game played for south shields, sunderland and everton, and took part in 564 league matches. He gained international and internation league honours, and FA cup and league championships. Medals.

GERMAN NATIONAL XI 4 EVERTON 1

MAY 14 1936. LIVERPOOL ECHO

Everton were the only losers among the five english touring teams who played matches on the continent last night. Everton after leading 1-0 at half-time, went down to a german national side by 4-1 at duisburg. Liverpool gained a notable success at prague, defeating a strong combined side from the sparta and slavia clubs. Who supply the majority of the international players by 4-2. Chelsea opened their tour of sweden with a smashing 6-0 win over the u.i.k. club. Brentford beat henfica f.c., champions of portugal by 5-0, at lisbon and west ham united defeated the swiss international yeam by 1-0 at zurich. Everton played a vigorous game. Bell outstanding in their attack and showed a complete understanding with his two wingmen, leysfield and gillick. The home side was composed of players from western germany, and were a much stronger team than that beaten by everton at hamburg. Everton would have been beaten by a much larger margin but for a great display by sugar. Lenz and hohmann, the german inside forwards, were the driving force behind the german attack and



A. WHITESIDE



B. REID



T. H. LEWIS



J. HALLOWS



E. E. HAYWARD



E. E. THOMPSON

Various Players From 1936

enhanced their prospects of representing germany at the olympic games, as the players for these latter contexts will be selected on the form shown by them in the matches against everton. About 23,000 spectators watched the game, which was fairly even during the first half. Britton scored first for everton from a penalty 27 minutes. There was a dispute over germans equalising goal scored after a quarter of an hour in the second half, lenz drove the ball hard towards goal, and it struck underneath the bar and then bounced down on to the goal-line. The referee awarded a goal despite protests by the everton players. The home side's second goal was the result of a brilliant individual effort by hohmann, who worked his way through cleverly. Sagar came out in an effort to prevent a score and threw himself down at hohmann's feet. The german, however, pulled the ball to one side and lifted it to lenz who headed into the net. Towards the end everton were kept on the defensive and only some brilliant goalkeeping by sagar kept the score down. In the last six minutes however the germans netted twice, simtareiter scoring the third and gauchel the fourth. Ganchels goal was obtained in the last minute with a drive from about 40 yards.

Everton- sagar, jackson, mercer, britton, white, thomson,, leyfield, cunliffe, bell, stevenson, gillick

Germany, buclob, mittenberg, klans, mehl, soht, zielinaki, paul, hohmann, gauchel, lenz, simtareiter

MR THEO KELLY FROM GERMANY

MAY 17 1936, LIVERPOOL ECHO

From wiesbaden comes the following letter from the everton secretary mr theo kelly:- rather a nasty blow to have a match in which you play so well, yet find yourself beaten by 4 goals to 1. It was a remarkable turn-round due largely to a gross mistake by the referee, when the score was 1-0 in our favour. This was in the match on Wednesday at duisborg, and as we were on the journey here all through yesterday this is the first chance I have had of giving you some details. We began the game before about 20,000 people on a beautiful wembley like turf, and our boys settled down right away to give one of the finest exhibitions of football ever seen here. They simply dazzled the players and spectators with their skill, and clumsily passed and re-passed until at times the crowd roared their appreciation of the wonderful team work. for all this buckloh was only beaten during the first half by a penalty taken by britton. He made many fine saves, as did sagar when called upon. In fact the best goalkeeping of the match was by sagar in the first half. As the second half progressed there seemed little danger of defeat with the score still 1-0 for us. Yet our forwards could not quite find their shooting form, and then came the incident which turned the match. With the referee at least thirty yards from goal, lenz shot hard to sagar's right the ball hit one post, rebounded on to the other, and came into play where it was cleared. Immediately a goal was given! three minutes later we were behind. And it was again doubtful, but when the the third, had goal in succession was given there was no thought of time to even equalise, and right on the end, gauchel scored the best goal of the match with a first-timer after a clearance had been made. The press writers continues mr. Kelly have been unanimous in their opinions- all favourable to us, and the largest sporting paper stated that we played even better than at hamburg. As an example of the sort of eulogy that we are getting a cartoonist represented two everton players on the field (and no one else), heading the ball one to another with the following suggested conversation: " what so you say jack, if we have a look to see what the germans are doing!" this was after the hamburg game, and after the duisborg match one of the headlines was "eleven artists. Our teams were:-

At hamburg, king, jackson, jones britton, gee mercer, leyfield white, bell, stevenson gillick (bell headed the three goals)

At duisborg, sagar, jackson, mercer, britton white, thomson, leyfield, cunliffe, bell, stevenson, gillick.

Otto nerz has been the life and soul of the officials group, and when we were consoling each other after the second game, that the goals against did not exceed the aggregate of goals for he chipped in to say that he "would make arrangements to keep down the rate of exchange!" one of his wise-isms is repeatedly borne out in fact viz: "with the best we are satisfied" his jujitsu tricks have been freely applied much to the discomfiture of those nearest to him, and he has certainly become entitled to the name of "peter pan." The players have had a very good time, and they are all perfectly fit. As usual fun is topside during the spare time and gillick has been re-named as the foreign secretary. This arose because he happened to be seen carrying a large parcel in book form under his arm, and this was declared to be the locarno pact! Charlie gee has been presented with a model lifeboat for future possible usefulness, geldard and leyfield with suitable gifts- and the whole of the work attached to the presentation was done by a syndicate of which charlie and jack archer were joint chairmen, can you

imagine archer smoking a pipe? Contrary to expectations, stevenson has behaved fairly well. Although he is liable to 'break out.'

MR KELLY FROM HEIDEBERG

MAY 22 1936, LIVERPOOL ECHO

Mr theo kelly of everton FC, writes from heidelberg:- dear bees, before telling you about the game at frankfurt let me just say that to-day (the 18th) is gillick birthday., and to celebrate the event we had quite a ceremony at lunch. The syndicated '' was in full force. Mr john w archer introduced his joint chairman. Mr charles W gee to the full company of officials of the german association and ourselves and mr gee made quite an apt toast to the 20-year winger.

In the address mr gee referred to the honoured guest, and stated that he understood that the directors of the everton football club, had been quite satisfied in their own minds with the affirmed age, having made inquiry at somerset house, now found that he was nearly 30 tan 20 (loud and surprised exclamations). He, however, was very pleased to think that mr. Gillick was a member of the syndicate, and, as such he had found him a ready and willing helper in the cause of 'laughter for loiterers.' Mr archer seconded the toast, and mr. Gillick, on rising to responed (only the assistance of mr. White, better known as 'porky,' created the rising), made the sweetest of short speeches in reply, he seemed to be overcome by the spontaneous greeting he received. Going back to the third game at frankfort one must say that the players gave another marvellous exhibition, and although germany finished with nine men, they were beaten long before the finish. The score might quite easily have run to double figures, but as it turned out it was as well that it stopped where it did, for the 10,000 spectators were not satisfied when they found that substitutes were not allowed. Only after an announcement was made that the teams had mutually agreed to 'on substitutes' were they appeased. Gillick got two of the goals and cunliffe sandwiched one in between. Germany scored from a penalty in the last two minutes after sagar had saved the first kick. The referee mr best of hochst, was reputed to be the 'best' in german football. The weather is too gloriously hot, but our boys are training and playing with the utmost vigour. What a press they are getting. Things have altered for the better since we were here last. Just all for the present. Everybody is very fit and well except that geldard pulled a muscle during the first few minutes of the last game, when he appeared to be for a field day.

By the way, our team was :- sagar, jackson, jones, britton, white, mercer., Geldard, cunliffe, bell, stevenson, and gillick. Jones had his boots re-studded on the touchline in the second half (quite unique) and the outstanding successes were gillick, stevenson, white-merc, and jackson, sagar had nothing to do. Cheerio.

MR KELLY FROM NURNBURG

MAY 26 1936, LIVERPOOL ECHO

Mr theo kelly with the evرتون team in germany writes from nurnberg:- here we are after four years absence, iT only seems like yesterday since we were in the hotel. The weather has broken down at last and while writing it is raining heavily. Yesterday's gate at stuggart looked like being ruined, for we had very heavy rain with overcast skies in the morning. Possibly this eventually improved the attendance for ascension day being a public hoilday, there must have been many who might have gone further afield than the stadium, if the weather had been good. How often you find this so at home on a bank hoilday. There must have been 30,000 spectators at the start, and they were treated to another great exhibition by the teams, in the case germany just about meriting a win. They passed and repassed rapidly and with precision, and it was no wonder that they had a lead of 3 goals at the interval. With the strong wind in our favour we had much of the second half and cunliffe soon got a beauty from a long pass forward by jackson. This was neutralised when white in passing back to sagar, played the ball short and found the german outside left an easy opening. Back to the fight again, and a bombardment of the german goal was greeted with great shouts from the very sporting stuttart crowd. It was really wonderful that their goal should escape. Rebounds : woodwork; by the international jacob (who played at tottenham againts england) all conspired to deny us a reasonable chance of a draw. Near the finish cunliffe got a second goal from close in, and the whistle blew leaving germany winners by 4 goals to 2. The position now is that we have each won two, with goals for and against 9. Bell and cunliffe have scored three, Gillick 2, and britton one. Otto nerz is very well satisfied with the results, and as his team gets stronger each match- he brings in his most likely olympians players-you can well see that the last game on Sunday at nurnberg will be a real snorter.

Jock thomson had the novel, experience of speaking from radio stuggart yesterday. After making the record which was broadcast at 7-40p.m, when a repeat of the running commentary on the match was given, he heard it over before leaving the studio. His remark on hearing his own voice from the record when it was tested was, 'I started like ramsey macdonald and finished like harry lauder.' In the

evening, dinner was not quite over when 7-40 arrived, but the remainder of the meal was forgotten in the interest to hear the radio in the hotel manager's room. It was quite a sight to see the boys (dead quite for the first time on the tour) crowded around the set chairs tables and floor of the little room were fully occupied and after the final message to our friends in England was heard, it was agreed that the offer of radio Stuttgart management to give us this facility, was a great idea, and typical of the many kindnesses that have been showered on the English tourists.

MR KELLY FROM GERMANY

MAY 28 1936. LIVERPOOL ECHO

The playing side of the Everton tour has now ended, and really, I think the boys are to be complimented for the eulogies that they have earned and received, writes Mr. Theo Kelly from Germany on Monday. To finish "all squad" against the Germany's best is a feat of no mean value. Consider that the Germans were playing for their place in the national team at Olympia and you will see that the matches were test matches of the sternest kind. As we know the game, their methods are unorthodox, and rather machine like. Seldom do you see the cleverness of any individual. They play as a team, which is a good fault in many ways, but yet takes the spoils of "stardom" out of their teams. With the ball in possession of any one of their men, the others immediately run into the open space to receive the expected pass. As soon as a defender goes out to meet any man with the ball on goes the ball to the next man, and so this goes on until an error of judgement brings the passing bout to an end. Throughout Germany all of the coaches appear to be teaching the self game methods, and the result is a uniformity of style that makes for machine like precision that rather tends to monotony, however we proved our worth. I think, and there is not the slightest doubt that the German players have appreciated the skill of our side in our general ability. Well you will know by now that we drew the last game, and finished: - won 2, lost 2, drew 1; goals for 10, against 10. Goal scorers: Bell and Cunliffe 3, Gillick 2, Leyfield and Britton 1. Every player who will be chosen to represent Germany in the Olympic games at Berlin, in August has played against our team on this tour. Sagar has come in for some chipping, as the whole of the 10 goals were scored against us, while he was in charge of the fort. He is named in the press here as the wonder goalkeeper, and certainly his display in the first half of our second match at Duisburg, was enough for anyone to earn such a title. Our many journeys in autobuses here have been enlivened by the music of the glee party. Many parodies have emanated from the ready wit of those who, as you know best, are capable of such atrocities. One reason through the goal scored by Leyfield, which meant a draw, after Germany had netted from a very unfair penalty. Officially we would say that Leyfield scored direct from his corner, but after the leader of the syndicate had made out a good case in the dressing room, a vote was taken, and it was agreed that it was quite possible that Gee had more to do with the scoring of the goal than the spectators thought. Such is the good humour in which the games have been played, and such humour is extremely helpful when touring in a strange country. No matter what the results have been, the players have returned to their various hotels singing many of the popular tunes of their own countries. Even "Steve" has been called on for "a little dash of Dublin." And no one has shirked the call of duty on the musical side. There can be nothing but praise for the players who have represented the club during a series of matches against the selected men of Germany. We are having the final dinner of the German Football Association to-morrow evening and I will send you another line following the ceremony. I am enclosing one or two photos which may be able to use: - cheerio (the picture was the hole above the waterline of the new York which took Everton F.C. to Germany) in the Liverpool Echo.

FINAL LETTER FROM MR. KELLY

JUNE 1 1937, LIVERPOOL ECHO

Mr. Theo Kelly sends his final letter on Everton's tour: - The home journey passed off with little of note excepting that Gillick Jones and Leyfield did not appear to "enjoy" too well, the short but tempestuous passage of the Amsterdam from Hook to Harwich. Steve likened Torrie to a greyhound in his manner of expressing "dissatisfaction." The final days at Berlin were of great interest to all. A visit to the new sport ground being specially erected on the site of Germany's Ascot racecourse was an eye-opener. An open air theatre to seat 25,000 has been created in a naturally dell and this was indeed the prettiest of garden slights. Their football stadium is larger than our Wembley. It has seating accommodation for 90,000, and a further 70,000 can stand to look down on a picture piece of turf, swimming baths and tennis courts are other main points in the construction. Every Olympic sport is marvellously well provided for, and in addition the whole place will after the Germans, become the national headquarters of all German sports associations. The number of offices is legion, and already the football association have moved in. "From here, we moved on to the special village built by the army about five miles away, for the housing of all the athletic who are

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taking in the games. Every country's representatives will have its own house, cooks etc. and their athletes will be able to do their training under conditions similar to those existing in their own lands. The thoroughness of the arrangements is so complete that 75 men from all over Germany, speaking the 57 required languages will be in attendance during August. Telephone exchange special post office - indeed. Everything is provided. In the evening we had the farewell banquet from the Deutscher Fußballbund. Every member sat down to a table on which the British and German flags were coupled: - a pair for each person association badges and very fine boxcall wallets were distributed and Mr. Green was presented with a silver tray for use in our club's offices. Mr. F. Linnemann, the president of the German association, in opening the proceedings welcomed us all, and told how our presence with them that evening had its story. The story was one that is known to all your readers by now: - that of the test team idea. He said that choosing Everton as the teachers they had made no mistake. The directors and players had proved themselves good comrades and good friends of their German associates. As was the custom in British sports our players had fought for 90 minutes as good sportsmen. They were glad to have finished even with us, and the results showed that the teams had been "sparring" throughout. No one could feel trusted in Germany, and for this reason, he had pleasure in saying "auf Wiedersehen." He hoped Everton would soon return, and besides the playing of matches he was able to see more of the fatherland. Earl von Schulenberg, representing the leader of all sports, in supporting Mr. Linnemann referred to the matter in which sport and particularly football can bridge between countries where politics so often fail. Mr. Green in replying thanked the German people for their very warm welcome. It was gratifying to the tourist to know that their efforts were appreciated. They knew before leaving England what their commitments were as a team, and the directors were satisfied that the players had given of their best. The spectators showed that they had enjoyed the games and the party had also enjoyed them, and had in addition experienced the best things in the greatest comfort. He saw what wonderful work for the young people of the country, the erection of these fully equipped stadiums was, and speaking of stadiums reminded him of the Reich Sportfields (Olympic Games Stadium). Overawed was the word to describe one's feelings at the sight of this magnificent structure. He thanked the Germans who had made the tour such success, and said that the party were returning much wiser than they came. He quoted Kipling's famous words "what does he know of England, who only England knows?" to those who were first on tour, it would help to keep England in a truer perspective. We could see in the German's a strong, while clean race - a well ordered and organised community. We could visualise a great country. Especially he wished to refer to Dr. Otto Nerz. He was an old friend, strong and fearless with a sense of humour that was similar to our own. Every one of the English party liked him very much, and wished to publicly thank him for a great time.

In conclusion he thanked the president of the German Football Association for the present of the souvenir plate, and the members of the association for helping to make the tour such a success. They could be assured that we would take back with us the sentiments that they hoped we would take, namely that our ties of friendship had been strengthened. Jock Thomson spoke on behalf of the players, and then there was a general desire to leave Charlie Gee on his feet. Charlie was quite willing, and his speech was one of the best ever. He wound up on a note referring to the association of the motherland and fatherland, and was given a great rally when he sat down. When we arrived in London, Thomson Gillick, Britton, Geldard, Archer Cunliffe, and Leyfield went their severe ways, after fond adieus and the final stage of the journey home (passing through the Edge Hill Tunnel) was marked by the singing of Mr. Jack Sharp's signature tune outside the door of his compartment, and so ended the Germany tour of 1936, happy days.

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You can have the ball we will take the points