

# “Oh, my, was it really that long ago?” by Gerry Quinn



At #1 in the Pop Charts - Slade, "Coz I Luv You"

Amanda Holden, Actress and Everton's Breast Cancer Awareness campaign front for 2008, was born

The first ever postal workers' strike took place – 47 days

Unemployment reached a post-World War II high of 815,000

The Penny and Threepenny bit ceased to be legal tender

United Kingdom and Ireland both switch to decimal currency



Education Secretary, Margaret Thatcher, ends free school milk for children aged over 7



TV Music show *The Old Grey Whistle Test*

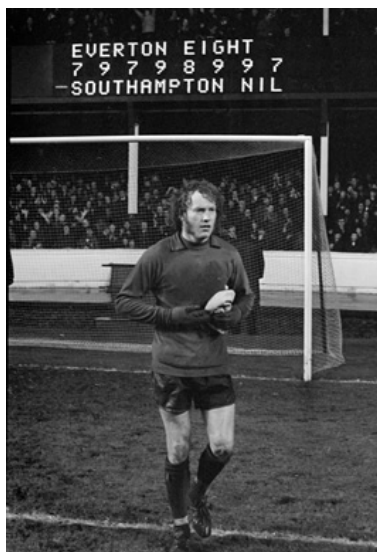
aired for the first time on BBC 2

**In 1971, the two-tier Main Stand on Goodison Road was demolished and replaced by a £1million three-tiered Main Stand, which was nearly twice the size of its predecessor, and the largest stand in Britain at the time.**



Everton were also the first club to have a scoreboard installed in England

The first match it was used was on the 20 November 1971



## Everton v Southampton

The brand new scoreboard, however, did not have enough room to display the goal scorer's names and simply displayed the goal scorers' shirt numbers instead:

**7 9 7 9 8 9 9 7**

The attendance that day was 28,718 — some 9,000 below the season average (21 games)

Note: the 1-0 home win v Liverpool the week before drew twice as many — 56,293!

### Starting line-ups:

1	Goalkeeper Gordon West		Goalkeeper Eric Martin
2	Defender Tommy Wright		Central defender David Walker
5	Central defender Roger Kenyon		Full back Joe Kirkup
10	Central defender John Hurst		Centre half John McGrath
3	Full back John McLaughlin		Midfielder Graham Lovett
6	Full back Peter Scott		Wing half Jimmy Gabriel
8	Midfielder Alan Ball		Outside Left Tom Jenkins
4	Midfielder Howard Kendall		Forward Ron Davies
9	Forward Joe Royle		Forward Mick Channon
7	Forward David Johnson		Forward Bobby Stokes
11	Forward/Midfielder Alan Whittle		Winger Terry Paine
Sub	Winger Jimmy Husband		?

It is also worth noting that Manager Harry Catterick had a 22-man Everton squad that season, all of whom were English except goalkeeper Dai Davies (Wales) and full-back Sandy Brown (Scotland) — the “out-fliers”!

In the Southampton team, there were some famous names too — including Terry Paine, Mick Channon, John McGrath, Ron Davies and a certain gap-toothed midfielder by the name of Jimmy Gabriel, a favourite of mine, who we had sold by Everton 4 years previously.

This was the match summary from the *Liverpool Echo* at the time...

The match had kicked-off in a heavy snowstorm and it was Everton who clearly relished the conditions more than the opposition. Three minutes after Johnson's opener, Royle scored the first of his awesome foursome, his well-placed shot from an Alan Whittle pass giving Martin no chance.

Just before the half-hour, Kendall and Whittle combined to set up Johnson who finished with aplomb from 12 yards. With Southampton now on the rack, Royle also made it a personal brace with goal number four on 40 minutes via a close-range flick from an uncleared Kendall cross.

Seconds before the interval came Ball's moment of brilliance. Scampering a full 60 yards up field with Whittle alongside, the midfielder slid the ball past Martin to make it a nap hand at the end of 45 wonderful minutes for the Blues.

Royle's hat-trick strike was also a beauty, the forward netting a superb 18-yard half-volley from a Johnson pass on the hour as Everton made it 6-0.

And six became seven on 72 minutes, Royle adding his fourth of the afternoon through a glancing header.

If the Saints thought their misery was at an end, they were sadly mistaken, as five minutes from time Johnson made sure he also had a hat-trick to celebrate applying a cool flicked finish to complete the rout at 8-0. It was Johnson's first and only career treble for the Blues.

Little did we all know during the wonderful bliss of the half-time match discussions, but that Alan Ball goal a few minutes before would turn out to be the final goal that he would ever score in an Everton jersey...so, so sad, but fact. RIP, Alan — once you touched Evertonian hearts nothing would be the same.

## So why the hell am I rambling on about 1971 and THAT Southampton match? Well, it's my very own bit of history...

As most of you will be aware from the ToffeeWeb Matchday Forum and other articles I have written, I have been working and living in Houston, Texas, for the last 13 years — mainly office bound in the Offshore Industry (Surveying). Before that, I spent 14 years swinging backwards and forwards from vessel to home to vessel — something I had also done before that in the Royal Navy for the previous 14 years.

Because of that, all I ever wanted to do was to make the most out of family life when such short periods at home came along. Attempting to get to any match at Goodison Park was virtually impossible to plan or undertake, would have proven expensive and, worst of all, preciously time-consuming.

It was the recent exploits of that unbelievably unlucky Malaysian Evertonian, Ric Wee, which had me shaking my head in sadness. "My God, 30 years he's waited, poor guy — all that way for nothing". Was I chuffed when I saw how great the club had been on hearing his plight — definitely the "People's Club". However, that then got me thinking to myself, "When the hell was the last time I actually went to Goodison Park?" Believe it or not, and with totally honest reflection — at the ripe old age of 62 — I still cannot for the life of me remember the last time there...

Now, dementia is often incorrectly referred to as "senility" or "senile dementia," which reflects the formerly widespread, but incorrect, belief that serious mental decline is a normal part of aging!



*Eric, hope you make it soon, you deserve it*



For those "youngsters" in this life, you have to realise that your memories, although excellent now, do actually deteriorate in time to the point where you are so positive that you swear blind you really DID do something, but then someone else reminds you — sometimes even politely — that you actually bloody DIDN'T! Get my gist?

That Southampton match, however, I DO remember being at — and of that I AM certain... so, it was my last visit to Goodison Park.

I was working at the Ordnance Survey in Maybush, Southampton, in 1971, and travelled up with five red-hot Saints fans (we played footie together for the OS in the Southampton Senior League). All through the trip north, did I get some ribbing from them, sniping one at a time, "Terry Paine this, Terry Paine that. Mick Channon hat-trick, you'll never get past McGrath, Jimmy Gabriel will come back to haunt you – blah, blah, blah, Mush!" If no-one has ever felt like this before, or ever heard that saying, I would describe it just like taking a Knife to a Gunfight kind of thing – you know the feeling – beaten before a ball is kicked!

Having to suffer that kind of earhole abuse, my heart was in overdrive by kick-off time. "Beat these buggers, please, please, if there is any God in this world, PLEEEASSSSSE beat these buggers!!!" My heart was pounding – boy, did I need a pacemaker.

The rest is history, as we say...

What a game that was for us Toffees. Eight-Nil... Hang on, let me repeat that — EIGHT bloody NIL!!! You couldn't have written a script any better for this Gerry and his Pacemaker!

Throughout the first half, continuing through half-time and beyond, was I taking the piss out of my pals. When Joe Royle got his fourth, I stopped as they looked totally shell-shocked and the shattering pain for them must have been unbearable. I'm far too soft, know that? However, if that had been a bunch of red-shite pals, I'd have turned the frickin' volume up to MAX and I'd still be going now, some 43 years on!

After the match, and outside the chippy on the way out of town, those so-called "friends" of mine were totally serious about returning down the road without me – to the extent that I had started walking as they drove off laughing! Poor bloody losers – what was their problem? Needless to say, they really were good mates and stopped on the corner some distance away to wait for me. Just for them I shut up as much as I could but proudly continued to wear my blue-and-white scarf for the remainder of those +240 miles – secretly humming "We Shall Not Be Moved" all the way! Needless to say, work in the office on Monday morning – and for the rest of the week – was joy upon joy, Mush! In fact the euphoria has only since been surpassed by a League Championship Trophy, or two... or three, an FA Cup triumph or two – and, of course, a last-gasp goal against Liverpool by Dan Gosling.

So, 43 years down the long and winding road, and here we are in the year 2014.

**I am currently suffering from an excitement that is ridiculously worse than when I was a kid on Christmas Eve back in Crosby. Why the excitement?**

Well, this month, I will be removing that awful "longevity" record by making an even longer distance pilgrimage back home to the UK to finally show that adoration of my latest heroes of Everton Football Club.

~~Saturday 10 April at 3pm~~

**Sunday 20 April at 4:10pm – Everton v Manchester United.**

Having saved up my spondoolies for 43 years ☺, I am "pushing the boat out" by celebrating the occasion of being back on Merseyside for a whole 4 nights and spending this match-day experiencing the hospitality in the Captains Table Lounge.



There are many reasons for celebrating this visit in such a grand fashion.

The thought crosses my mind that this could also be my very LAST chance to get to a match at Goodison Park. At the grand old age of 63, and living some +4,100 miles away, across that vast ocean, I think it unlikely that I would be able to come back over to my birthplace again. I don't think that I have any known relatives left living there – and considering that my Dad was one of 13 children (“Good old Irish family with no TV!” I hear you say), that is a sad, sad fact, but it may well be true!

This will also be my wife Cathie's first sighting of Goodison, and to experience that special atmosphere of a sell-out at the “Old Lady”. Being Glaswegian, she bucked the trend and had a “thing” about Partick Thistle... not because they smashed all before them. No, no, no! She liked their name, despite her boyfriend at the time dumping her because he couldn't afford to support both her and Partick Thistle! Sound familiar to any of you guys? 😊

We will be there early, maybe stop off in the Winslow for a pint of Pale Ale? Maybe we might even have a hot-dog from the stand? Hang on, no, it'd be a Chang and then a Pukka Pie now, wouldn't it? Oh well... I'm sure that the experience of the slow march up Goodison Road, soaking everything in, would feel the same after all that time.

Of course, there will be the match itself. Will it be special? Of course it will to me – also to Cathie, as it will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for her. Dare I say it and wish for a scoreline similar to that one 43 years ago?

You never know, when your team has numerous young Guns and their team turn up with only Knives...