

**STEVE ZOCEK**



# **KENDALL'S GLORY YEARS**



**In Their Own Words**

**STEVE ZOCEK**

# **KENDALL'S GLORY YEARS**

**In Their Own Words**



# CONTENTS

Introduction . . . . .	7
A Tribute from Athletic Bilbao. . . . .	11
Foreword by Martin Tyler . . . . .	13
Foreword by Jenny Seagrove . . . . .	15
Mike Lyons . . . . .	17
Mark Higgins. . . . .	21
Trevor Ross . . . . .	27
Billy Wright . . . . .	31
Asa Hartford . . . . .	33
Peter Eastoe. . . . .	35
John Bailey . . . . .	38
Joe McBride . . . . .	42
Eamonn O'Keefe . . . . .	46
Kevin Ratcliffe . . . . .	51
Graeme Sharp . . . . .	55
Steve McMahon . . . . .	64
Paul Lodge . . . . .	66
Alan Ainscow. . . . .	72
Mike Walsh. . . . .	76
Alan Biley . . . . .	80
Mickey Thomas . . . . .	83
Jim Arnold . . . . .	86
Mick Ferguson . . . . .	93
Gary Stevens . . . . .	95
Neville Southall MBE . . . . .	101
Alan Irvine . . . . .	108
Adrian Heath. . . . .	116
Brian Borrows . . . . .	119
Stuart Rimmer . . . . .	123
Kevin Richardson. . . . .	126
Kevin Sheedy . . . . .	134
Andy King . . . . .	136
David Johnson . . . . .	138
Glenn Keeley . . . . .	143
Terry Curran . . . . .	148

Peter Reid . . . . .	153
Derek Mountfield . . . . .	158
Alan Harper . . . . .	164
Trevor Steven . . . . .	170
Andy Gray . . . . .	179
Darren Hughes . . . . .	184
Rob Wakenshaw . . . . .	187
Ian Bishop . . . . .	191
Paul Bracewell . . . . .	193
Pat Van Den Hauwe . . . . .	198
John Morrissey . . . . .	202
Ian Atkins . . . . .	204
Neill Rimmer . . . . .	208
Jason Danskin . . . . .	213
Darren Oldroyd . . . . .	216
Paul Wilkinson . . . . .	217
Gary Lineker OBE . . . . .	222
Ian Marshall . . . . .	228
Neil Pointon . . . . .	231
Darrin Coyle . . . . .	237
Peter Billing . . . . .	241
Bobby Mimms . . . . .	244
Paul Power . . . . .	249
Neil Adams . . . . .	254
Kevin Langley . . . . .	262
Dave Watson . . . . .	267
Warren Aspinall . . . . .	273
Ian Snodin . . . . .	276
John Ebbrell . . . . .	281
Wayne Clarke . . . . .	289
Colin Harvey . . . . .	293
Mick Heaton . . . . .	297
Graham Smith . . . . .	300
Jim McGregor . . . . .	308
John Clinkard . . . . .	313

## **A TRIBUTE FROM ATHLETIC BILBAO**

THE FIRST thing that always comes to mind when we talk about Howard Kendall is how positive he was.

I remember the day he came to Bilbao. He did not understand a single word of Spanish. Of course, not in Basque either. He conveyed the image of happiness, smiling at all times, placing his thumb up when asked for a photograph.

He was a born winner. He came with the aura of having been a champion at Everton where he was idolised, but he was not intimidated when it came to giving some youngsters their debuts with the first team – Rafael Alkorta, Asier Garitano, Josu Urrutia, Andoni Lakabeg – players who gave much to Athletic and to those who transmitted their ambition.

He knew a lot about football and how to lead teams, he understood it very well. He had very clear ideas of what he wanted to do at Athletic. The players appreciated his methods, intense training and always with the ball. And with many laughs and smiles. Always positive.

He also knew how to listen. Although 4-4-2 was his clear style, he relied heavily on his 'second', Txetxu Rojo, and on more than one occasion acknowledged at a press conference the help provided by his assistant in tactical aspects. He was generous.

From the beginning he fitted in with us. His joy, his smile, his ambition, his work, helped him a lot. He made

real friends while in Biscay. He played golf, went to Txokos – a typical place of the Basque culture where friends meet to organise dinners or meals of brotherhood; in the past, only men came, but today there are also women – with his team.

The fans also loved him. At his farewell press conference, with tears in his eyes and this time his thumb upside down, he proclaimed that Athletic was the best club in the world and that his next destination would be down. He was deeply loved by the *Athleticzales* (a name for the Athletic fans). For what he said, for how he said it and for its authenticity.

**José Ángel Iribar**  
**Legendary former Athletic Bilbao**  
**goalkeeper and manager, the club's all-time**  
**highest appearance maker**

## FOREWORD BY MARTIN TYLER

IT IS a huge pleasure to write this foreword to the latest of Steve Zocek's splendid contributions to the history of the football club he adores, Everton FC.

The Howard Kendall years fully deserve the recognition contained in this book – a tribute to an intelligent and industrious football man, seen through the eyes of those who won matches and trophies for the Toffees, those who knew him best, those who now share their tales from behind the scenes. These players did not just work *under* him. They performed *for* him.

I was privileged to see this historic time at Goodison Park at close quarters. I joined Granada Television as their football commentator in the summer of 1981, as Howard, a league championship winner with Everton as a player in 1970, was returning to the club. He succeeded Gordon Lee. I succeeded Gerald Sinstadt.

Saturday, 29 August 1981 was a big day in the home dugout and on the television gantry. And on the pitch for several fresh faces in Everton blue. A 3-1 win over Birmingham City was more than just a start to a season. It was the beginning of an era. It was the first indication of the impact of Howard's way, and for a slightly apprehensive young commentator lots of high-class action to describe.

Andy Gray's arrival a couple of years later was an inspired Kendall signing, a daredevil striker who would later show that he could talk the talk as well as walk the walk. Howard gave the Scot his head, and some of his

great Everton moments were in the air while I was on the air! I gripped the Granada microphone as he frightened Bayern Munich out of the Cup Winners' Cup and out of Merseyside on that intimidating evening in April 1985.

Howard's pre-match routines, sometimes involving a glass of champagne, became a symbol of those glory years. That should not disguise the energy and the detail that went into his management. He could not only control some strong characters, a few not much younger than himself, he could coax the very best out of them.

The years from 1981 to 1987 were trophy-laden for a tremendous football club. The players as you are about to read left all their effort out on the field for a man they all admired and many adored.

Those were the halcyon days of Howard Kendall.

This is the inside story.

**Martin Tyler**  
**Spring 2025**



## FOREWORD BY JENNY SEAGROVE

I LIVED with and loved Bill Kenwright CBE for 30 years; 30 years of sharing my life with a man with a deep, loyal passion for his football club – Everton, the Toffees, the Mighty Blues! He chose the blue half of Liverpool at the age of six years old and never wavered. In fact, he used to quote a line from Stephen Sondheim’s *Passion*, a musical that he produced – ‘loving you is not a choice, it’s who I am’. It was, it truly was.

When I first met Bill, I admit I liked football, but I had grown up abroad and didn’t have any particular club loyalty. But that was about to change ... when you fall in love with someone whose every waking moment is in some way infused with his love of his club, then you either join the party or live half of the life that you might have had. Luckily for me, I joined the party and was welcomed into the Everton family. What a roller coaster it has been!

Bill should have been writing this foreword. I know that he would have delighted in doing so. His stories about watching his team play during those glory years were infectious ... how the League Cup game against Oxford United, when they were in a terrible place at the beginning of that 1983/84 season, changed everything. (Adrian Heath scored the winner.) How Bracewell and Reidy alongside Trevor Steven ruled the midfield, Big Nev in goal, Andy Gray up front. Winning trophies, the league twice, the European Cup and then getting banned from playing in

Europe and how that hurt us so much. He would have talked about the friends that he made along the way, the train journeys, the plane journeys ... people with a shared love. Everton. The team. The fans – the best in the world.

The success of those years may have slipped away for now, but his love for the club never did. It is a privilege to stand in for him to ask you to read on. Immerse yourself in Howard Kendall's glory years and the players who lit up the lives of so many Evertonians including 'my' Bill.

And dream ... that those times will come back, because I truly believe that they will!!!

COYB!!!!

## MIKE LYONS

**Debut: Saturday, 20 March 1971, Nottingham**

**Forest 3 Everton 2**

**Nottingham Forest: Barron, Hindley, Winfield, Chapman, O'Kane, Fraser, Lyons, Richardson, Martin, Cormack, Storey-Moore (Rees 54)**

**Everton: Davies, Wright, Newton, Kendall, Labone, Lyons, Kenyon, Kenny (Brown 82), Royle, Hurst, Morrissey**

MIKE LYONS was a boyhood Evertonian, and like many, he dreamed one day that he would pull on the royal blue shirt. For Mike, his dream came true. He joined the club as a young boy, serving his apprenticeship before signing professional forms in 1970. His debut came at Nottingham Forest four days before Everton were to play their second leg of the quarter-final in the European Cup at Panathinaikos. He appeared that day in the same line-up as a certain Howard Kendall.

Lyons was an appropriate name for Mike as he had the heart of a lion – a player who could play anywhere if asked, giving nothing less than 100 per cent. In later years, Mike had the honour of wearing the captain's armband, something he did with pride because Everton were his life.

A cruel twist for Mike was that in all his years serving Everton, he was unfortunate to carry the burden of never being on a winning side in a Merseyside derby. On 28 October 1978, a game remembered for an Andy King

winner, Mike suffered the agony of not being involved due to an injury.

Mike was awarded a testimonial in 1980/81 for his loyal service to the club.

In the first season of Howard's appointment, Mike continued to captain the team, appearing on 26 occasions and scoring three goals – at home against West Brom, Aston Villa and Manchester United respectively.

The last time Mike donned a blue shirt was when replacing Alan Irvine for the last ten minutes in a miserable 3-1 defeat at Sunderland in mid-April 1982.

In the summer of 1982, Mike left his spiritual home, where he'd been as a professional since 1970, signing for Jack Charlton's Sheffield Wednesday for £80,000.

He returned for the first time in two years to lead out the newly promoted Owls on the first day of December 1984, receiving rapturous applause from his beloved Evertonians. It was a game overshadowed by a despicable foul on Adrian Heath from Brian Marwood which kept Heath sidelined as the club went on a successful search for glory.

After his time at Hillsborough, Mike went into management as player-manager at Grimsby Town. He was appointed on 1 January 1986 and remained in his post until 30 June 1987. He was in good company at Blundell Park, appointing Terry Darracott, his former Everton team-mate, as his assistant. In his side was former Everton defender Neil Robinson, who sadly passed away in 2022.

Talking about Howard Kendall, Mike says, 'He was always like one of the lads. When we were playing five-a-side in training, he was probably the best player even though he was the manager. He was a person that was always very approachable. He was a top guy.

'He was always enthusiastic and got on well with everyone. It wasn't just the first-teamers; it was everybody

associated with the club. He was a character who loved the wins he produced as manager for the club who thoroughly loved being involved in the five-a-sides in training where again, he loved to win. He was enthusiastic in everything he did. You would also know when he was angry, but it would take a lot to upset him.

‘He took on the role as manager with an option to play. His knowledge and enthusiasm to act as a great role model on the pitch rubbed off on players around him, especially the youngsters that were trying to find their way. In the dressing room he was always the same. He was never a moody sort of person but was strict. Everybody knew where you stood with Howard. If he ordered you to do something and you failed to comply, he would just get rid of you. He was fair but ruthless when he had to be.

‘He really taught us all a lot about football as he was a role model to anyone learning the game.

‘Off the pitch, he encouraged everyone, players and staff, to socialise. All of the lads used to have a night out in town with Howard and they were always enjoyable nights. He was very good company. I went to Benidorm with him at the end of the season where we had a great time.

‘I enjoyed the relationship I had with him and had nothing but total respect for him as he was the boss. He knew his players inside out. Anytime he was concerned about you, identifying something that was bothering you, he would call you in his office and talk with you.

‘Howard made a fantastic appointment in promoting Colin Harvey from the reserves to assist him in the running of the first team. I think Colin was a big influence with Howard and the success they achieved. It wasn’t long when Colin came in and the tide turned and results and performances became more encouraging. Who would have thought months later, Howard would be stood below the

Wembley steps watching and applauding his captain Kevin Ratcliffe raise the FA Cup?

'He and Colin got on so well. They, as you know, played in the middle of the park together and were very good friends off it.

'I later played under another Howard, Howard Wilkinson at Sheffield Wednesday who was also a good manager. They were both similar in some respects because I think they really enjoyed what they did as managers.'

In what turned out to be Mike's last season at the club and Howard's first, he found the net three times. He opened his account in late September at a rain-soaked Goodison, against West Brom. The home side were awarded a free kick in front of the main stand with Asa Hartford sending a left-footed ball into the box where Lyons connected with precision, sending in a beautiful diving header after fending off opposing defender John Wile and leaving the keeper Tony Godden no chance. The Gwladys Street End and its supporters embraced the winner.

Also that afternoon, Andy King returned to Goodison and made his debut for the Albion.