

DAVID JACKSON



NEWCASTLE UNITED  
**MINUTE**  
BY MINUTE

Covering More Than 500 Goals,  
Penalties, Red Cards and  
Other Intriguing Facts



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# Introduction

In a unique first, *Newcastle United: Minute by Minute* takes you through the Magpies' matchday history and records the historic goals, incidents and memorable moments and the minute they happened in.

From United's glorious early years and domestic domination through to the present day, this is a comprehensive listing of every memorable moment during matches and the minute it occurred in. From Frank Watt's early trophy-hunters to Stan Seymour's FA Cup legends, from Kevin Keegan's swashbuckling Entertainers through to Sir Bobby Robson's excellent Magpies side and, of course, the Alan Shearer years.

You will also discover a crucial goal has so often been scored at the same minute so often over the years – and how some minutes (such as eight) feature far less for some reason. From goals scored in the opening few seconds to the last-gasp extra-time winners that have thrilled generations of fans at St James' Park, or United fans (for they are legion) around the world.

*Newcastle United: Minute by Minute* has it all, with countless goals from the legendary Alan Shearer, Jackie Milburn, Malcolm Macdonald, David Ginola, Andy Carroll, Ayoze Perez, Papiss Cisse – even David Batty – and hundreds of others.

Howay the lads!

# Foreword

***By Malcolm Macdonald (1971–76)***

***Appearances: 257 Goals: 138***

## **26, 44 and 67**

For a book on minutes when Newcastle United goals were scored, those three particular goal times will be forever etched in my memory as they are, as some of you might have already guessed, the times of my three goals against Liverpool on my home debut.

It was almost 50 years ago now, but I still remember that game as though it was yesterday.

The day in question began when Bobby Moncur, the captain of the team, asked me, David Craig and Frank Clark along to sit with him at a signing session of a book he'd just released – *United We Stand* – at Waterstones and maybe sign a few copies for fans as well. It was late Saturday morning and, when we'd finished, we went to a nearby restaurant to have eggs on toast and suchlike as our pre-match meal before making our way up to the ground for our game against Liverpool.

This was my first experience of playing in front of a massive crowd because my previous two clubs – Fulham and Luton Town – were used to playing in front of less than 10,000 in the lower divisions and, dear me, when I got to St James' Park it was absolutely heaving. I parked my car near the stadium and, within a minute or two, there were maybe 200 local kids



crowding around asking for an autograph. I looked at my watch and knew that if I started signing I'd be there until after kick-off, so I promised I would do it, but after the game and, though they were disappointed, they knew I meant it and so I made my way to the stadium entrance, up the steps and inside.

Liverpool were one of the top teams at the time, along with Leeds United and Arsenal, and as we were near the foot of the table, this was a huge game for us and, in truth, one we were expected to lose. At St James' Park, you have to go down some steps to get to the level of the pitch and then it's about a ten-yard walk to the end of the tunnel, and as I took each step the noise grew louder until reaching a crescendo as we stepped out on to the pitch. I'd never experienced anything like it.

I'd already played for Newcastle twice by that point, but both games had been away – a 2-0 defeat at Crystal Palace where we played like a bunch of strangers, and then against Spurs where there was a noticeable improvement. There was Terry Hibbitt, Paddy Howard and me who had all arrived at the club and we hadn't gelled at Selhurst Park, but there was definite reason for encouragement at White Hart Lane. That was the second game of the season and yet, in between the Crystal Palace and Tottenham games, the referees had been told to clamp down on certain infringements and fouls, and the Spurs game was something of a wake-up call for everyone because the ref booked Mike England for a tackle on me from behind and he said, 'Ref, if you're going to book me for that, I'm going to be out of a job!'

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Then Joe Kinnear went to pick up the ball for a throw-in but, as he did, the linesman's flag went up and the referee blew and said the ball hadn't gone out and took his name as well! It seemed all the understanding between players and officials we'd had before had gone out of the window. Still, we got a 0-0 draw and we were happy enough.

Bear in mind I had just signed from Luton and both games had been down in London, so walking into St James' Park was a different world and it was the Newcastle supporters' first real look at me. It was literally deafening, the place was heaving and I suppose it could have frightened the life out of me, but we are all different and some players get nervous and some thrive on that kind of atmosphere – I absolutely loved it and it got my adrenaline pumping and I couldn't have been happier. I quickly discovered I loved setting the crowd off and really getting them pumped up.

So on my home debut, we went a goal down to Liverpool through Emlyn Hughes, who was playing in midfield at the time, and he ran back to the halfway line doing that crazy dance celebration of his as he always did. Then, we hit back. There was a lad in the side that day called David Young and he may not have lasted very long at the club, but he helped me get my first goal. He made a clever run into the Liverpool box and, as he went past Kevin Keegan, he tripped him – thanks Kevin – and that gave me the chance to score my first goal from the penalty spot. I felt confident, ran up and thumped it high into the top-left corner – which was just as well because Ray Clemence guessed

the right way and would have saved it had it been any lower.

I was by now beginning to learn what a super little player Terry Hibbitt was. He had a wonderful left peg and was a very clever footballer. I'd had a few games at Fulham as a lad with the pass master that was Johnny Haynes and I would put Hibbitt in the same bracket with the only caveat being Haynes was naturally two-footed whereas Terry used his right for standing on only!

Hibby has the ball on the inside-left position and I've made a run to the left of the box, and what he used to do was play a pass so the defender would have to commit himself and all it needed was for the recipient to have a couple of yards' sprint to be able to nick it past and you were away. On this occasion, the defender was Larry Lloyd and, just as he was about to come in and clear it, I nicked it off his toe on the left side of the box and went around him and then cracked it as hard as I could into the far top-right corner of the net to make it 2-1.

One of the most remarkable things that I've ever experienced took place in the seconds that followed that goal. I'd gone running to the corner flag on the left to celebrate with the fans and my team-mates and, as we ran back to the halfway line to kick off again, the whole of St James' Park (bar the Liverpool contingent) started singing to the tune of the hit musical theme from *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which was huge at the time. They sang, 'Supernatural, superstar, how many goals have you scored so far?' They all sang together in unison and it was a bit special, but I was wondering if there

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had been song sheets handed out in preparation! I just thought, 'This is wonderful, a fantastic place full of very special people.' Something magical took place at that moment between me and the fans and it's why I've lived all my life since in the north-east. The people up here are just different class.

And my day just kept getting better. After half-time, Hibbitt, by now running the show, picked up the ball on the left inside our own half and then just ran at the Liverpool defence – and ran, and ran – while Liverpool's defence were trying to get back. John Tudor and I had started to forge a real understanding and, as he ran one way, I ran the other and Hibby plays a pass into Tudor and instead of controlling it, he just flicked it on for me running in just behind and I buried a low shot past Clemence to complete a hat-trick, on my home debut against one of the best sides in the country.

It was an incredible start to life at St James' Park, but sadly, my afternoon ended not long after.

Clemence was such a sweet striker of a football and could ping it wherever he wanted, but on this occasion he duffed it along the ground and I can only think he did it purposely. It went past Lloyd and came to me but it bobbed a bit as I went to control it and it struck my ankle and went up in the air. I sprinted after it, past Larry Lloyd towards the Liverpool box, and I see Clemence rushing out, looking at me in the eye. I looked for the ball which was coming down and instantly knew I didn't have time for it to land so leapt up off my feet and lobbed it over Clemence towards goal and, as I landed, I looked over the shoulder over the advancing Clemence

and see it drops on top of the roof of the net ... just as I get clattered in the side of the face with the studs of Clemence's size nine left boot. Dear me, it did some damage! It split all of my upper lip on the left-hand side and it was a huge gash. I was struggling to maintain consciousness and the game was stopped while the physio and trainer came on. They wanted to stretch me off, but I said no to the stretcher and instead they both helped me off, but I could barely walk as my legs had gone and I'd been completely wiped out.

When I did get in the changing rooms, I lay on one of the physio beds and actually did fall unconscious. The next thing I knew, Frank Clark was stood at the end of the physio bed – now let me quickly put something in context because Malcolm Macdonald being asleep on one of those beds was not uncommon! I was so relaxed before a match that I would sometimes have a ten-minute power nap on there, so when I came around, I was groggy and confused and just thought I must have had a quick nap before the game. I said to him, 'Is it time to go out for the game, Frank?'

He just smiled and said: 'Bonny lad, what are you talking about? The game's over, we've won 3-2 and you've scored a hat-trick!' I couldn't believe it and, at that moment, had no recollection of what had happened that afternoon, but fortunately, Tyne Tees TV had been there and I was able to watch the game the following day and enjoy it all over again.

I went on to be the top scorer in all five of my seasons on Tyneside and averaged around 27.5 goals per season, which I think is still a record for Newcastle United on a goals per game basis. It was the happiest

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time of my career and the fact the supporters are still as fantastic with me today as they were back then is the reason I'll never stray too far from this city.

So, those were three of my special minutes in black and white, though the truth is they were all special. Now, enjoy hundreds more memorable moments that have happened in Newcastle United's long and proud history ... and yes, there are a couple more of my more memorable efforts for the club in there somewhere.

Malcolm Macdonald, Newcastle, 2020

# Newcastle United: Minute by Minute

*The clock is ticking ...  
Howay the lads!*

## *First half*

# 5 seconds

**29 July 1972**

Malcolm Macdonald scores what is believed to be Newcastle United's fastest-ever goal in a pre-season friendly at Muirton Park against St Johnstone. Supremac spots the keeper off his line just prior to kick-off and, as the referee blows his whistle, the ball is nudged to him by John Tudor to get the game underway and Supremac immediately thumps a powerful 50-yard-plus shot over the keeper's head and into the net without touching the ground. With just five seconds played, it was an incredible goal and, not only that, one of the fastest strikes of all time.



# 11 seconds

## 18 January 2003

Alan Shearer equals the Premier League record for the fastest goal scored as he gets the Magpies off to a flying start against Kevin Keegan's Manchester City. In what is Keegan's first top-flight return to St James' Park after leaving the club six years earlier, the warm reception he received was soon replaced by the majority of the 52,152 crowd celebrating as City keeper Carlo Nash's early touch and attempted clearance is charged down by Shearer who then rolls the ball into the empty net to put the hosts 1-0 up in double-quick time.

# 45 seconds

## 7 May 1955

United get off to an unbelievable start with one of the quickest FA Cup Final goals of all time. In front of a 100,000 Wembley crowd, Jackie Milburn wins a corner as his attempted cross is knocked out of play by Manchester City left-back Roy Little. Len White's corner finds Milburn on the corner of the six-yard box and his header hits the underside of the top left-hand crossbar giving the defender on the line and goalkeeper Bert Trautmann no chance. An incredible start to the game by 'Wor Jackie'.