

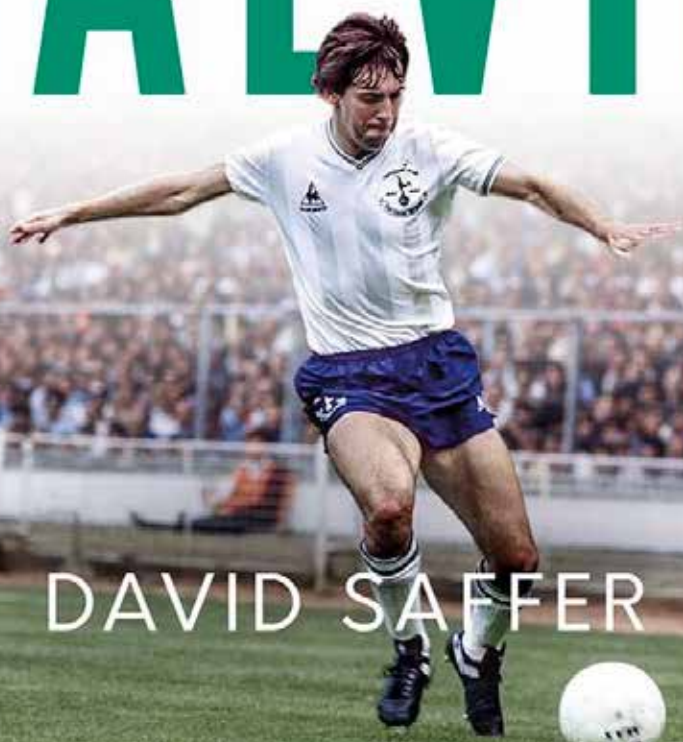


GALVINISED!

The Footballing Tale of Brothers

CHRIS & TONY

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DAVID SAFFER



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Chapter 1

Football-Crazy Kids

CHRIS GALVIN was born on 24 November 1951, in Huddersfield. He was the elder son of Muriel and Thomas Galvin and sport featured in his life from an early age. Growing up, his younger brother Tony would join in at every opportunity with his dad or friends.

Chris said: 'From as far back as I remember, I wanted to be a footballer. My parents were really supportive. Dad was a good amateur footballer and I enjoyed watching him play, but my main memories were having a kickabout with him and Tony in the local park. I recall having a Wembley plastic football, which was popular with kids from my era. Dad would buy me one every other week because it quickly burst with the amount we played! I'd thwack it against a wall for hours and take the ball with me everywhere in an old string bag hoping to find some mates for a game. Often it would be as many as 20-a-side until dark.

'At school we played in the playground every free moment and I was a regular for St Joseph's Primary School under-11 junior football team for a couple of years after breaking into the side at nine years of age. We played on a Saturday morning and to me there was nothing more exciting. It was brilliant catching a bus, carrying my boots and kit into town, and arriving at the

ground to play a match. It didn't matter who we were playing, it was the highlight of my weekend. The team were not very successful and I was not happy with a losing streak, but one season everything came together as we won the Huddersfield School Junior Cup.

'I've no idea why I chose Wolverhampton Wanderers when it came to following a football team. Maybe it was the long club name that captured my imagination, but whatever the reason I followed their fortunes and Wolves were a great side in the 1950s. England skipper Billy Wright was captain, but Jimmy Murray, Peter Broadbent and Norman Deeley grabbed the headlines most weeks as the main goalscorers. Broadbent, though, was my hero and for football writers of the day the driving force of the team in midfield.'

Whatever the background to Chris's adoption of Wolves as his team, his allegiance emerged when they were trailblazers in Europe in addition to being a major power at home. He recalled: 'Wolves won the First Division title three times in the 50s, including back-to-back seasons, which at the time seemed the norm for a young, football-mad kid. They also won the FA Cup, defeating Blackburn Rovers at Wembley in 1960, which was a really big deal. Cup Final day was the biggest game of the season for every club because it was the only match on live television. Kids nowadays will find that astonishing, with wall-to-wall coverage, but it was a very different world.

'During this period Wolves also played prestigious friendlies against top European teams before the first European Cup competition began. Maybe glamour matches against the likes of Honvéd sparked my support for the club, but they were a top team to follow apart from the likes of Manchester United's Busby Babes. I was too young to comprehend the enormity of the Munich air

disaster in 1958, but Matt Busby's legacy lives on today, which is absolutely right because that team was packed with talent. I played against Bobby Charlton and Bill Foulkes, who both survived the crash. Big Jack, Bobby's brother, was at Leeds throughout my time at the club, but rarely mentioned the tragedy.'

But then Chris came up against a barrier that stood in the way of his enjoyment of football and his potential progress in it: 'Playing football was my life, but after my 11-plus I started at St Gregory's Roman Catholic Grammar School, who played only rugby union. I was really unhappy. Not playing football regularly was unthinkable, but that was the situation, so I very reluctantly had to accept it. I made the rugby team as a scrum-half and also represented Yorkshire under-15s. I was something of an all-rounder when it came to sport because I was also a useful cricketer, but it was really tough not being able to play football. The biggest problem was that there were no local football clubs for my age group. In fact, the youngest were under-16, but I was determined to play any football, so my parents let me join Central Lads' Youth Club. My chances of getting into the side, though, were slim, but I thought I'd give it a go.

'I don't recall whether it was a surprise to make the team within six months, but playing at this level at such a young age helped me to become a decent footballer. I grew up quickly and realised that a hard tackle didn't do you any real harm, you just have to get on with it. Looking back, this benefitted me. I'm convinced it's a reason why many kids nowadays don't come through. They give up far too quickly. Kids play under-11s, under-12s, under-15s and so on, but don't have the challenge of facing bigger, stronger, older, faster, more skilful players. We produce mediocre players and this is part of the reason. It does no harm playing tougher opponents because the best will adapt.

‘I played for Central Lads until I was 15, but can’t remember how a chance came to play for Huddersfield Schools. I also made the schoolboy cricket team and went on tour with the Yorkshire Federation team, but football was my first-choice sport. Someone must have spotted my potential at football and told selectors that I could play a bit because my schoolteacher rang to see if I’d attend a county trial. Of course, I wanted to and did enough to get selected for the under-16 team. I’d played left-wing mainly at school, but developed my right foot by kicking a ball for hours against a wall at home.

‘Playing at this level meant that scouts were at games and we had a good side so you just hoped to get spotted. Invites from clubs soon arrived to train and play an odd game, so I obviously had something. Huddersfield Town invited me to train with them twice a week at Beck Lane. This gave me the chance to develop as a player. Among the lads in our group was Frank Worthington, who stood out even at 15 and went on to become a legend at Town and Leicester City. Frank had a long career in the game and liked to entertain the crowd like Rodney Marsh, Stan Bowles, Tony Currie and Duncan McKenzie also did in this era. A transfer to Liverpool famously fell through but Frank did make the full England side when Ron Greenwood was manager. The training sessions at Town carried on through the 1966 World Cup tournament so I missed the midweek games on television but like everyone followed England’s progress. And when the final came around I was glued to the television at home with the family as Bobby Moore led England to glory.

‘When Leeds United offered me a trial, it was a no-brainer. Leeds were the biggest club in the area and among the best in the Football League. The club put me up at a little hotel behind the City Hall and we played a number of games during a few days. It

was exciting, yet really nerve-racking. This was the first time I'd played against lads of my age. They seemed five yards quicker, which was a shock to my system, but I must have done okay because Leeds invited me back for further trials. Again, everything seemed to go fine, even though there was still a pace issue in my mind. Among the lads were some really fast kids from all over the country, including some who had played England, Wales and Scotland schools' internationals. I knew they'd be quick, but it surprised me that, no matter how much I tried, they were that bit faster. Lots of lads took part and, if they didn't come up to scratch, others were ready to try out. Leeds seemed keen, but I got a "Dear Chris" letter telling me they would not be taking things further. It was a huge blow at the time, but I didn't have a chance to feel down because out of the blue I received an invite from Bolton Wanderers.'

Tony Galvin was born in Huddersfield on 12 July 1956. Less than five years younger than his brother Chris, football formed a memorable part of their early childhood.

Tony recalled: 'Dad would take us out for a kickabout or to play cricket on playing fields not far from our home most Sundays and also on summer evenings. He was really encouraging, insisting we play at every opportunity. Dad loved his sport. On a family day trip, we always found time for football or cricket. Mum was happy to sit in the car catching up on some reading while we got on with it. They are really happy memories. The early 60s were a time of innocence, you could play on the streets without any real concern. We'd put our jumpers or coats down for goalposts and kick off. It was about 20-a-side and we'd play for hours. There were no referees, VAR, iPads, computers or satellite television – just football. It was special, the norm, nothing distracted us from having fun. Chris was the keener of the two of us, especially when

I was quite young. I loved playing but football was not the most important thing in my life. Some days I was happy to stay in with Mum, just playing, reading comics or watching television. There would usually be a Bob Hope or Elvis Presley film worth watching. I especially loved Laurel and Hardy. Also, there was not much sport on television in those days!’

Tony celebrated his tenth birthday a day after England began their quest to win the World Cup in 1966 with a 0-0 draw against Uruguay at Wembley. The Boys of 66 and tournament left an indelible impression because he insisted: ‘The excitement following England was incredible. After getting through the group stage, then a fiery quarter-final encounter with Argentina and a semi-final win against Portugal, my only thought for the final was England defeating West Germany to win the World Cup. On the day our street was deserted as everyone packed around a television. The game was really exciting. There was the tension of England holding on at 2-1 before the last-minute Germany equaliser and then extra time when Geoff Hurst grabbed his hat-trick. I was never a good loser and got very upset when Germany equalised. Was Hurst’s second a goal? Did the whole of the ball cross the line? I didn’t care. England captain Bobby Moore lifted the World Cup after the final whistle. That’s all that mattered. We ran outside to celebrate and had a huge kickabout until dark. England’s win in 66 was an unforgettable experience.

‘One of the disappointing things about that World Cup, though, was the treatment dished out to Pelé. Dad had told us about this amazing Brazilian footballer who had two excellent feet, was very quick, a wonderful header of the ball and scored goals of breathtaking brilliance. But Pelé in every game had little protection from the referees and was kicked out of the competition, which was a great shame. However, Pelé and Brazil got their revenge in 1970.

What a magnificent side they were! I loved that team. The other person who took the eye in 66 was Portugal's Eusébio, a powerful and stylish player who scored goals for fun. His performances were outstanding, especially the quarter-final against North Korea. Portugal were 3-0 down against the underdogs when Eusébio dragged his country back in front with four of the five goals. It was an unbelievable display, reminiscent of how Ronaldo often leads his country in key games all these years later. His impact on and off the pitch when Portugal won the Euro 2016 championships in France was incredible. As for his goalscoring record for various clubs and Portugal, it's astonishing. I doubt it will ever be matched.

'Dad's favourite English players were Jimmy Greaves and Bobby Charlton. Unfortunately, Jimmy, for me England's greatest-ever striker, got injured in the last group game against France and was unable to reclaim his place in the final, which was a tragedy for him. However, Bobby had a fantastic World Cup, scoring brilliant goals against Mexico and Portugal. Dad loved Charlton, not only because he scored sensational goals, but he could shoot with both right and left feet. That enabled him to throw a dummy and go past defenders to either side. Bobby was a joy to watch running at opponents from deep positions.

I loved watching England winning the World Cup on home soil in 1966. Could this achievement be equalled or bettered? When the 1970 Mexico World Cup came around, I had a better understanding of football. England had a great manager in Sir Alf Ramsey and an excellent squad. Hopes were high. The Brazil clash in the group stage was a classic. Gordon Banks' save from Pelé was legendary and Moore showed why he was a world-class defender. Pelé and Moore embracing at full time is a timeless image of a classic encounter. But the quarter-final versus West Germany would go down as one of the most disappointing days

for an England supporter. England should have won, having been 2-0 up. Alan Mullery and Martin Peters scored that day. Fast forward many years and the Germany clash came up whilst I was working with both as a hospitality host at the old White Hart Lane. I asked them what it was like to play in that game and was fascinated to listen to these two England legends discussing the merits of Alf's decision to replace Charlton with Colin Bell, having just conceded a goal. Both had massive respect for Bobby and Sir Alf but had differing opinions as to whether it was the right decision with the score at 2-1. I listened intently to what they had to say and kept quiet! Brazil lifted the trophy for a third time in a sensational performance against Italy, capped off by Carlos Alberto's goal in a 4-1 win.'

Tony's formative years of education were at St Joseph's Primary School and, as with Chris, he was a star in the football team. During his last year the school team defeated Bradley Voluntary in the Huddersfield School Junior Cup Final. St Joseph's also won the under-11 section A title. The double team were dubbed 'The Invincibles' in local papers.

But the times they were a-changing for the Galvin family because, Tony added: 'Mum and Dad decided to buy their first house when I moved to St Gregory's in 1967. This was a big deal and major commitment for my parents. They paid about £2,500 for the house – a pittance these days, but a fortune back then, and they lived there for the rest of their days. I'm sure they were very proud that they managed to leave their council house and buy a property. Mum and Dad worked hard to better themselves and provide Chris and me with a wonderful upbringing in a really nice neighbourhood. They were great parents who wanted the best for their kids. When we moved from Dalton to Waterloo, I tried to keep in touch with friends, but inevitably you move on

to a new chapter. I had to catch two buses then take a short walk to school. I loved my bit of freedom. But actually, there was no option because Dad was at the local bus depot and Mum worked on school dinners, so both left early. Breakfast was left on the table. I locked up and began my journey to school. When I think back, how many 11-year-olds would do that nowadays?

‘I’ve always enjoyed my own company. I’ve a few close friends but only a handful from my football days. Chris was far more sociable, always going out and having a good time in his fancy Ford Capri. Chris, though, was and still is a generous person. He loved his Capris and gave Dad enough money to buy one of his own. Chris was doing well at Leeds and wanted his parents to benefit from his success. I also benefitted because a window sill in his bedroom was covered in loose change, which Chris seemed to discard. Mum told me to leave it and generally I did. However, on occasion Chris would ask me to buy Mum and Dad some chocolate or other goodies and I could keep whatever was left over. For an 11-year-old, loose change was a small fortune. Well, I thought so!’

Tony followed Chris to St Gregory’s after passing his 11-plus. An all-rounder at sport, there was no school football team, but Tony played stand-off for the rugby union team for three seasons.

‘St Gregory’s held their own against strong grammar schools. Invariably, I kicked the ball too much, but rugby did toughen me up. There was great camaraderie travelling around West Yorkshire. We were not allowed to talk back to a referee. But when it came to football, I had a problem with referees and always argued. It is amazing, looking back, that I never got sent off more often. I had a big mouth and had a habit of talking back. It’s ironic that later in life I trained to be a referee. It turned out to be a disastrous

move. I'm still close friends with Stephen Miskell and Stephen Kenny from my junior school. From St Gregory's, I still keep in touch with Gerard Quinn, Chris Helliwell, Gerard Wood and Tony Ward.

'Football was more popular than rugby away from school. With mates there were five-a-sides at our local YMCA gym and we eventually joined St Columcille in a Halifax junior league. A couple of games still stand out. Playing in defence against Greetland we were getting hammered, when I tried to control the ball under no pressure in my penalty box but it squirted off my foot into the goal. I am pretty sure this is my only own goal! Then in a match against Wareham Green I received a huge whack on my shins when I went into a tackle. I had no shin pads on and it really hurt. Fortunately, Gerard Quinn's dad, Joe, was in attendance with his copy of the *News of the World*. Joe dragged me to the side, rightly told me off for not wearing shin pads and proceeded to gather his newspaper up into two separate rolls. Joe told me in no uncertain terms to put them down my socks, stop crying and get back on the field. I'm pretty sure we won that game. I owe Joe one after that! Chris still thinks teams I played for always won, which is nonsense. Apart from St Columcille, who invariably lost, my worst schoolboy footballing experience was playing for Moldgreen Youth Club under-16s when we were thumped 14-0 by Upperthong Youth Club one Saturday afternoon. We were distraught, but picked ourselves up to fight, and probably lose, another day!'

St Gregory's was renowned for its educational and sporting standards. History teacher Tony Tomlinson taught Tony days after starting in September 1967 and was later seconded by head of PE Peter Loraine to help with the transition from rugby union to football as the boys' main sport. The under-15s won the local schools' cup in their inaugural 1970/71 football campaign. Tony

recalled: ‘Tony was a great football coach, and Pete instilled in all of us a sense of self-discipline and fair play. He also ensured we engaged in all sports.’

The *Yorkshire Post* covered the football exploits of St Gregory’s during the season, including when they played in the Crowther Cup Final against Rawthorpe at Huddersfield Town’s Leeds Road on 22 April 1971. Tony captained the team, scoring twice in a 3-0 win. The match followed Town losing to Wolves in a First Division fixture.

Tony remembered: ‘For a kid beginning his football journey, to watch your local team play and then take part in a cup final on the same ground was amazing. Running out was brilliant. A few supporters and Town players stayed behind to watch, which was great, but the pitch was a mudheap. It was impossible to play flowing football. I played left side of midfield and struggled to get the ball to our strikers. I doubt anyone was impressed by the standard of football, but we won so it was a memorable occasion. My overriding memory was: “I’m playing at Leeds Road and getting a cup winners’ medal. This is all right. I’ll have some of that!” It was also memorable because Mum and Dad were there for the game.’

Cricket came to the fore during the summer and Tony was a regular at school, represented Yorkshire Schools and also joined Hall Bower Cricket Club in the Huddersfield League.

He recalled: ‘Dad had captained Hall Bower for years, winning the championship, and made sure we were both well-schooled in cricket. Our sessions were competitive. In fact, I used to get upset if I got bowled out by Dad or Chris and would occasionally throw a tantrum, feeling they were ganging up on me but I made the first team at 14 and played against some formidable cricketers. It meant a lot following in their footsteps.’

The highlight for Tony was playing in a Roses battle at Old Trafford on 14 July 1972. The teams were:

Lancashire Schools XI: Mooney, Allen, Bolton,
Bradshaw, Brambles, Foster, Ginty, Lewis, Peters,
Ritchie, Sherlock.

Yorkshire Schools XI: Mather, Ramage, Barrett,
Baxter, Stevenson, Nicholson, Galvin, Parkinson,
Welch, Kirk, Brannigan.

He recalled: 'This was the only time I played on a Test cricket ground and it was an amazing experience. I took an impressive over-the-shoulder catch to dismiss a batsman and, of course, Yorkshire won! Born and bred in Yorkshire meant the summer was about cricket. I enjoyed playing but my technique needed to move to a higher level. Graham Stevenson and Alan Ramage played for Yorkshire. Graham also represented England. Alan also played professional football for Middlesbrough and Derby County. Chris Balderstone was another stalwart for Yorkshire and Leicestershire who played for England. And he played for Huddersfield Town and Carlisle United. Successful footballers and cricketers often demonstrate similar qualities – a belief in your own ability, lack of fear and a desire to work hard.'

During the summer of '72, Hall Bower reached the final of the Huddersfield League's Sykes Cup but Tony missed the big match due to a school trip to the Soviet Union. Hall Bower won, which was memorable for the village club. Tony recalled: 'Mr Chirgwin was an excellent Russian teacher. The school trip for O-level and A-level pupils was to Moscow and Leningrad – now St Petersburg. The Soviet Union were always in the media so participating could broaden our outlook. Not all of our class could go as it cost our parents a small fortune. Schoolmates joked that we were communists, but they were just jealous. I was so fortunate

Mum and Dad forked out to pay for the trip. It was the first time I had been abroad. Mind you, it was '72 so I wasn't alone there. I loved the passion older Russians had for their country. They had been through hell in World War Two and wanted to communicate to us that they hated the Germans but liked the British. The old buildings were rich in history and splendidly decorated. We visited the tourist sites. My abiding memory was enormous queues at Lenin's tomb, St Basil's Cathedral, the Winter Palace and so on. However, we bypassed them as we were foreign tourists! The locals accepted their wait was longer than ours. They were really proud we wanted to see Lenin in his tomb. We are indebted to the Soviet Union for their efforts during the war. Churchill said as much. Anyway, the trip inspired me to continue my Russian studies.'

Not every school ran A-level options in this era. Tony's choices included an unusual subject because, he explained: 'A number of pupils began careers in various industries, but I was not ready for work. Studying English, French and Russian seemed a more natural path. Very few grammar schools had a Russian option. The Soviet Union was viewed by the British government as an arch-enemy of the Cold War so there was a move in education to gain a better understanding of Soviet culture and history. We were told that the civil service was recruiting Russian graduates so there was a possible career path. But that was not my main motivation, Russian to me just seemed a logical choice.'

St Gregory's reached the Yorkshire Cup section quarter-finals of the English School Cup in 1972/73. Tony also made the Yorkshire Schools team and played in a soccer tournament in Skegness in April 1973. England School scouts attended; however, he failed to make the national team. Tony, though, was getting noticed and trained with the apprentices at Huddersfield Town during the school holidays. But it mystified him: 'Town's youth

trainer took the sessions. It seemed like a good idea at the time but was an awful experience, primarily because none of the apprentices talked to me. I was treated, or so I thought, as an outsider or a possible threat. After two days I went home and told Mum I wouldn't be going back. She said fine. I am not sure that Dad was too pleased but I preferred my school environment. Ian Greaves was Town's manager at the time, and I'd later get to know him, as a good friend of mine, Gerard Quinn, married his daughter, Christine. It's a small world!

'I later played for Leeds United's youth team against Huddersfield at Beck Lane. Chris was at Elland Road so maybe they thought they'd take a look at me. A club official told Dad I'd played well, but was too old to be an apprentice. I then turned down a trial at Sheffield United. Chris being at Leeds did not spark me into aspiring to be a footballer. Although football was a huge part of my life, captaining Yorkshire Schools for the 1973/74 season was enough for me at the time.'

St Gregory's merged with St Augustine's Roman Catholic Secondary Modern School to form All Saints Comprehensive School for Tony's final academic year. Sport again featured heavily. All Saints reached the Yorkshire final of the English School Cup but, alas, Holgate Grammar School won 7-6 on penalties after a 2-2 draw at Dodworth Miners' Welfare. Tony starred for Yorkshire Schools and impressed in England trial matches, receiving a call-up for the Football Association's International Centenary Shield. England played Scotland at Manchester United's Old Trafford ground. He then faced Wales at Ninian Park, Cardiff.

He recounted: 'I loved the experience but it's ironic that I went on to play for the Republic of Ireland. You could represent a country at school level then switch at senior but that was for the future. As I approached A-levels, my mindset was not to be

a footballer. Football League clubs did not want grammar school players. All the best lads were signed by 15 years of age. However, after I broke into the professional game, I never understood why A-level pupils were not viewed as good enough. You are limiting your chances of discovering talented players. I came through the non-league route and was not the only one. You only have to look at the likes of Steve Heighway, Ian Wright, Jamie Vardy and others to see that. Scouts nowadays attend games at all ages. My exams went well but I had no idea what to do in terms of a future job so took the most obvious option to study Russian. The University of Hull had a solid reputation and Chris was playing for Hull City, so it seemed a sound idea. There was a new adventure ahead and it wasn't far from home.'