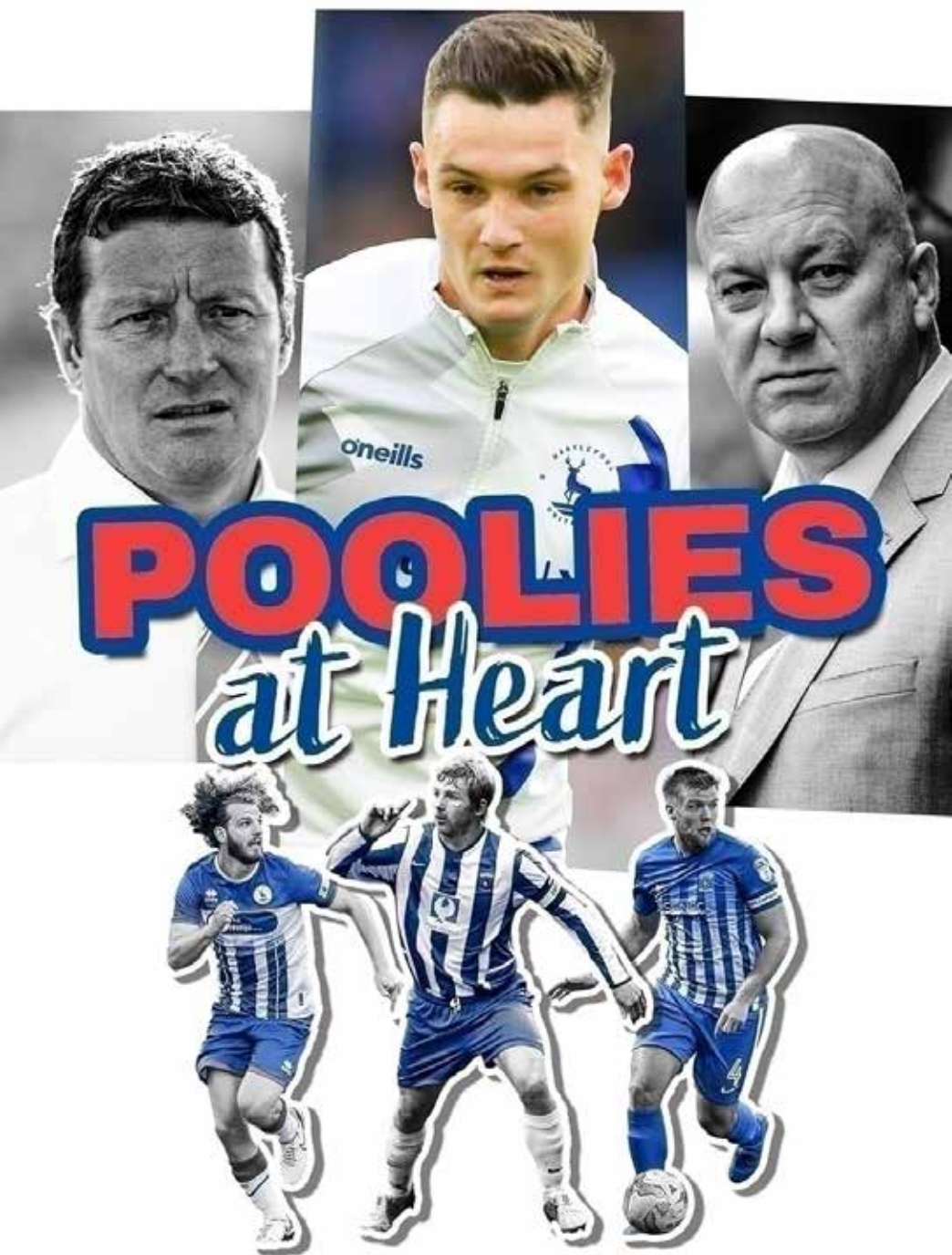


Stephen Poxon



Celebrating Hartlepool United's Finest

POOLIES *at Heart*

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Michael Maidens remembered (1)

Graham Low

Michael Maidens wasn't just a talented footballer – he was someone who left a lasting impression on everyone who knew him. We met when I joined Hartlepool United's Centre of Excellence at the age of 13. Michael had been there a couple of years already, and from the very first training session, it was clear he had something special. His attitude and dedication stood out. For example, he would always voluntarily stay late after training, trying to perfect his crosses, long-range passes, and free kicks, just like his idol, David Beckham.

When we were both aged 15, we travelled to Canada for an international tournament. Michael played a key role in us winning the tournament and bringing home the trophy. He was one of the first in our group to move up to the youth team, even playing with lads a couple of years older. Everyone looked up to him and he set the standard for the rest of us. That season, seven or eight of us earned scholarships and moved into the youth team, which later went on to win the Dallas Cup. I was lucky enough to room with Michael during our homestay in the US, and we had an incredible time. We were treated like kings – big meals, pool parties, BBQs – the works! Everyone wanted to meet 'the English footballers'. Michael handled it all with ease, typically making friends wherever we went.

I'll never forget the day Michael scored a particularly special goal against Huddersfield Town. After celebrating with his team-mates, he turned and gave us youth team lads a wave, making sure we all felt part of the moment. That was typical Michael – always thoughtful and making everyone feel included, even though, on that occasion, he deserved all the attention.

Even years later, Michael remains a part of our lives. At our 20-year Dallas Cup reunion, we raised a round of shots in his memory. His dedication, professionalism, and warmth made him admired by all. Though he left us too soon, Michael will always be remembered for the talent and kindness he brought to everything he did. His legacy lives on in our memories and the friendships he helped build.

Graham Low was on the books of Hartlepool United until 2007, highly regarded as a promising defender with an attacking flair. Unfortunately, his career was cut short by injury, and he is nowadays engaged with East Coast Fitness, based in Seaham. An August 2006 entry on the website The Box of Kippers described Graham as follows, 'Graham has impressed greatly during his time with the club and was offered a professional contract ahead of the new season. This offer was made even though he missed out on most of the last term with a shattered kneecap – showing the faith Pools have in his ability. Graham was included in the first team in the 2004/05 season and was unfortunate to miss out on his opportunity last term.'

* * *

Michael Maidens remembered (2)

James McCormick

I really want to say a few bits about Michael. These memories of him might be a bit all over the place but I wanted to share them by way of tribute.

From when we were both young boys, Michael and I grew up together, living in Saltburn in those days and going through primary and secondary school together. Ever since I can remember, even way back then, Michael's love for football was everything to him. As a youngster, anyone with eyes could see he had ridiculous talent, and he was soon playing for teams like New Marske, Teesside Athletic, the Saltburn county team and then of course Hartlepool United, where he really made his name.

Football was his passion, his gift, if you like, but what definitely came with Mike was 'the look'! He idolised and loved David Beckham, and modelled himself on his hero, from the clothes to the Adidas Predator boots, all the way to the way he styled his hair! Tubs of Brylcreem and that famous 'curtains' haircut!

I'm not just saying this because he was my mate for all those years, but Mike was genuinely the nicest lad I've ever met, and I can honestly say that to this day I have never met anyone like him, and I know I never will. That's what hurts most about him not being here any longer. For such a big character, he was essentially quiet in himself. Everyone could see he was a standout guy, in life as well as football, but at the same time so down to earth and so loving.

I remember laughing every time I was in his presence, and how he somehow got me into the music I listen to today, from 2Pac (Tupac) to his love of slow jams like Trey Songz, and then his love for a bit of heavy metal and Slipknot. I honestly wanted to be just like him, Just as he idolised Beckham, I idolised Mike. In many ways, there can be no better tribute to my friend.

I always wonder what he might be doing these days, were he still with us. He had such an abundance of talent,

and I can only wish my kids could have met him because I know for sure they would have loved him too.

Hartlepool United really was a huge part of Mike's life. He put everything into wanting to play for the team, and would sacrifice nights out and a lot more besides if it meant doing his best for the club. The obvious standout moment for me, and I think a majority of Poolies, was Mike's cracking goal against Huddersfield Town in 2006: the angle, the way he hit the ball, striking it so sweetly. He couldn't possibly have showcased his talent any better than he did on that occasion, picking the perfect spot to hit the back of the net on behalf of the team he loved. Even now, catching it online somewhere, it's plain to see just how much playing for Pools meant to him, and how much he gave to every game. There's footage of Mike celebrating, and it's amazing to watch!

I miss the lad so much; his smile, his laugh, and that brilliant personality. There will never be another Michael Maidens.

* * *

Editor's note: I think I speak on behalf of Poolies everywhere in thanking Graham Low and James McCormick for these poignant recollections, as they no doubt reflect the thoughts of so many fans. I should also say that Heather Maidens, Michael's mum, was more than kind in offering me the mobile number of her husband, Doug, Michael's dad, and inviting me to contact him personally for an interview. (Heather was, perfectly understandably, unable to meet my request.) In the light of their grief, though, and because Graham and James have already written eloquently, I decided against interviewing Doug, as I felt it was more important to respect his and Heather's privacy than gain the interview.

Michael Maidens remembered (3)

Carl Jones

I joined the Hartlepool United Centre of Excellence when I was 10 or 11. The emphasis at Owton Manor was on nutrition, healthy living, and health-related topics encouraging young footballers to be aware of their lifestyle. Michael Maidens was in that squad of youngsters, and we would train in the evenings, then move into classroom-based teaching. I first met Michael there, and with us being boys, his mam and dad too, Heather and Doug. We moved through that Centre of Excellence together, up to the academy, under the coaching of the likes of Darren Trotter and Keith Nobbs – a great experience in terms of our development.

When we were 16, decisions were made, from a football standpoint, as we either signed scholarships or moved on elsewhere. I unfortunately was released, but Michael was retained, looking to join the under-18 and 19 teams. Every year from that point, he was on a YTS enrolment, including time spent at college as well as at the club. I made my way to Chester-le-Street Town (where we beat Hartlepool in the FA Youth Cup at Victoria Park!), then made my way back to Pools and signed a professional form. Me and James Brown signed at the same time, thanks to Paul Stevenson, Martin Scott, Steve Agnew and Neale Cooper, and their excellent recruitment network including youth development. After the disappointment of being released, it was great ‘coming home’ after a season away.

I broke into the first-team squad, and made my debut on 3 September 2005, my 19th birthday, against Yeovil Town. Then I played in a cup game against Scunthorpe United, but was on the bench something like 20 times. I

was captain for the reserves, playing alongside the likes of John Brackstone and Darren Craddock, and for a five- or six-month period travelled everywhere with the first-team-squad, with Michael Maidens, but never played. Michael, meanwhile, was becoming successful.

I stayed at Hartlepool until 2007, and had a year and a bit with Danny Wilson in charge, when me and Michael were competing to get in the team. One of Danny Wilson's policies was to use as few players as possible, so we were identified to go to Hamilton Academical on loan. We trained up there a few times, but the plug got pulled on the loan because of FA regulations restricting playing outside one's country of registration. Nevertheless, I have lots of happy memories of driving up to Hamilton with Michael, and he always stood out in terms of personality. We always got on, and our parents got on well together too, including the time our families travelled to Canada for a tournament and some sightseeing.

Michael was disciplined as a footballer, and technically sound. He exuded a confidence beyond his years. That's what stood out – he was happy, fun, disciplined, passionate, and he had his routines before games. His focus was second to none, trying to emulate David Beckham. I think he would have had the opportunity to progress up the leagues, and Hartlepool were happy to invest in him from a contract point of view. Ritchie Humphreys and Michael Nelson had a lot of time for Michael, as did Antony Sweeney. He just loved football; thinking about it, talking about it.

I was at York City's ground when the news of Michael's death came through, and I was really upset; confused, wondering why, and trying to figure out what had happened. It was a time of deep sadness and quietness,

and I felt a huge void at Michael's funeral service. I want this reflection to be 100 per cent about Michael.

Carl Jones enjoyed a very respectable playing career with several clubs in the north-east, serving each with distinction as a reliable defender.

* * *

Memories of my own ***Stephen Poxon***

Were I to pick out special memories, I would settle for these:

The Football League Trophy (Papa Johns) semi-final, 9 March 2022: Hartlepool United 2 Rotherham United 2. Rotherham won 5-4 on penalties, and went on to lift the trophy at Wembley, so there was no shame in defeat. My abiding memory of that game, apart from the gift of a plastic flag to every fan (I kept mine for ages), was the number of times Luke Molyneux crossed the ball into the penalty area, only for chance after chance to go begging. Undoubtedly, the strikers could have done better that night. Maybe it was the nail-biting prospect of a very first club appearance at Wembley that was affecting their confidence, but the tension was unbearable. I felt sorry for 'Molly', especially as he had scored in open play. He put in a first-rate shift without much reward.

In a packed stadium, with 7,542 present, Hartlepool nearly made it to the final. That evening is one I shall never forget, even if I did have to face a drive home of 238.3 miles after the final whistle. I never felt the manager at the time, Graeme Lee, was given sufficient credit for a notable achievement in almost leading Hartlepool United into the history books. The *Hartlepool Mail* recorded the events of

that dramatic evening as follows, and as I read this account, published on 10 March 2022, I can still feel something of the excitement of that game, when emotions ran high: ‘Graeme Lee has questioned some of the decisions which went against his Hartlepool United side in their Papa Johns Trophy semi-final defeat to Rotherham United.

‘Pools missed out on a trip to Wembley in the cruellest of ways as they were beaten on penalties by the League One leaders after neither side could be separated following a pulsating 90 minutes at the Suit Direct Stadium.

‘Lee’s side went in front, much to the delight of the sell-out crowd, through Joe Grey’s excellent cushioned volley from David Ferguson’s free kick before Millers leading marksman Michael Smith levelled the scores early in the second half. But Pools came once again as the man of the moment, Luke Molyneux, capped a swift counterattack to have supporters dreaming of a Wembley appearance.

‘Rotherham weren’t to give up without a fight though and levelled again through another fine header from Smith as the tie went to penalties. And, unfortunately for Pools, Molyneux and midfielder Tom Crawford would be the unlucky ones as Lee’s side fell at the very last hurdle in their quest for a Wembley appearance.

‘But Pools boss Lee felt aggrieved in the first half when referee Bobby Madley opted to hand Millers captain Richard Wood a yellow card instead of a red for a coming together with Crawford off the ball. Wood appeared to block Crawford off with the use of his elbow but escaped with a caution. And yet moments later Wood was involved again when hauling Molyneux to the ground with Madley issuing the defender a warning rather than a second yellow card. But Lee had further cause for question when striker

Omar Bogle appeared to break free of a high Rotherham defensive line from Grey's pass only for Rarmani Edmonds-Green to send him tumbling with a yellow card again the adjudged punishment.

“They're lucky to still have players on the pitch and the referee is still adamant even after seeing it that he's made the right choice,” explained Lee. “He made the wrong choice and that's the bottom line. Omar is clean through and he pulls him down, no one was catching Omar so them decisions go against you. I don't usually go back to decisions but when you reflect on the game there's been moments in the game that really could have affected this game in a positive way for us but it wasn't to be.” Lee added, “I know Richard Wood from when he was a young lad. He's not malicious. He didn't do it intentionally but his arm comes up and he catches him. Then he [Madley] books Neill Byrne for a foul which is no different to Wood again on Molyneux. The strangest rule in the world is we've got the TV camera on the bench and the fourth official is sat right there, and I know we have VAR and all that, but all he had to do was look at that screen, but he's not allowed to which is bizarre. He's got the opportunity to be able to do that and affect the game but that's the rule they've come up with so we have to accept it but there's moments in the first half where a couple of their players get away with one.”⁵

Losing Luke and Lee

The sadness I felt as I made my way back down the A1 mingled with a sense of despondency and resignation when I heard that Luke Molyneux had been sold to Doncaster

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Rovers shortly afterwards. I sensed a decent squad was breaking up, and that the departure of Molyneux was a harbinger of less successful, less exciting, times to come. I thought Lee's teams had potential, and that the club allowed that group of players to be dismantled too carelessly, and too quickly. I couldn't avoid the feeling that Graeme Lee's squad might have matured into a unit that could have won promotion.

As it happens, I was on a train a while afterwards, making my way home from Sutton United v Pools, and found myself in the company of some Doncaster fans heading back up to South Yorkshire having watched Rovers play at Wimbledon, and none of them could believe the good fortune their team had had in securing a player of Molyneux's quality. There was little I could do but agree and lament his departure. I regretted, too, the subsequent sacking of Graeme Lee, not only because Graeme was facing horrendous personal problems at the time (his wife, Gemma, is living with a brain tumour), but because I thought he was a promising young manager who might inspire Pools towards progress. His subsequent managerial tenure at Spennymoor United has gone some way to confirming those feelings, and I can safely speak on behalf of Poolies everywhere when I say we wish him and Gemma all the best. Likewise, Luke Molyneux.

Entente cordiale and stardust in Southend

Memory number two would be the scintillating sight of Anthony Mancini jinking his way through the midfield jungle that Southend United created in a game at Roots Hall on 19 August 2023. The Mancini magic on display that afternoon was a joy to behold. Injury-prone he might

be, and it does sometimes appear his legs are made of glass, but he sprinkled Southend with stardust that day.

That game, though, nearly didn't go ahead, as Southend had failed to pay their water rates, leading to the possibility that their water supply would be cut off and the match postponed. Thankfully, someone coughed up just in time, otherwise I might have been deprived of that vision of Mancini in top form, all for the sake of Southend not keeping up with their bills! The title of Alan Hudson's autobiography, *The Working Man's Ballet*, sums up how I feel about Mancini's style. He carries a delightful finesse and poise, albeit that leaves him open to suggestions of fragility. Sometime after that Southend fixture, having seen Mancini make a courageous return from a career-threatening injury as a substitute against Oldham Athletic on Boxing Day 2023, I penned these words for one of the HUFC websites:

'Like a bright reminder of hope and beauty against the dark and ugly background this season has become, the return of Anthony Mancini last Saturday was my footballing highlight of recent months. Just to be there to see him warming up on the touchline was enough; a confirmation of the importance of never saying die. There is something lovely about the lad. He has a grounded, self-deprecating, almost shy, way about him, and his balletic skill on the field, his positional awareness, is refreshing; like water to a thirsty fan. We would have forgiven him for treading gingerly and skirting his way around some heavy tackles, making his way back, especially against such a clogging physical team as Oldham Athletic, but to his credit he did nothing of the sort. The few touches he had in what was essentially a cameo appearance were laced

through with quality, and we can count ourselves fortunate that he ever came to Pools. Likely, he will be sold at some point, if there are any decent scouts around doing their job, that is, but even more reason, therefore, for us to savour a brave midfield prince while he is among us. We don't often see his like in blue and white stripes.'

Agony and ecstasy at Ashton Gate

The final recollection is of the 2021 National League play-off final at Ashton Gate, when Pools met Torquay United. Hartlepool were 1-0 ahead, thanks to Luke Armstrong, until the 95th minute when Torquay United's goalkeeper Lucas Covelan, up for a corner, headed an equaliser. The match remained 1-1 after extra time, meaning the dreaded penalties. How my heart didn't give way, I'll never know. The man sitting/standing/sitting/standing next to me couldn't watch as penalties were taken, keeping his head in his hands and relying on cheers from the crowd to keep him abreast of the score. Time stood still, and that fan's anxiety summed up the game, the season, and the occasion. Poolie nerves were shredded.

In a nail-biting finale, Hartlepool won 5-4, earning a return to league football, and hundreds of Poolies ran on to the pitch in celebration, with more than a little relief that the club had escaped the non-league game. The stewards decided, wisely, not to make any serious attempt at preventing fans spilling on to the turf. Truth be told, quite a few of them were smiling at the sight of so many Poolies revelling in their moment of joy, and it's even possible those stewards realised something of what that win meant to Hartlepool fans. I was one of those slightly delirious pitch invaders, and the icing on the cake

was that I received a bear hug from the manager of the day, Dave Challinor, as the pitch became a sea of blue and white.

Curry, catching up, and Kelly

I had agreed to meet my brother for a curry after the match, as he lives in Bristol, and had arranged to ring him at the final whistle so that he could set out for the curry house. He didn't want to know the score and had sworn me to secrecy until we met. My attempts to keep the secret, though, failed miserably. I didn't tell my brother the score, but he said, as soon as I saw him, 'Hartlepool have won, haven't they? I could tell by your voice on the phone!' Special times for a special club, and I am privileged to have witnessed them.

And, last but by no means least, my grateful thanks to my friend Kelly Robson for queuing for hours to secure me a ticket for the final when I was unable to get to Hartlepool to buy my own. I owe you, Kelly! You gave me one of my best footballing memories.

The player now departing for Doncaster

The transfer of Luke Molyneux was covered by the *Hartlepool Mail* as follows: 'Luke Molyneux has issued an emotional farewell to Hartlepool United after it was confirmed he will be leaving the club at the end of his contract to join Doncaster Rovers.

'Molyneux's current deal is set to expire at the end of the month and following months of prolonged negotiations, the club has confirmed the 24-year-old will leave the Suit Direct Stadium with League Two rivals Doncaster announcing he will head to the Eco-Power Stadium.

‘Molyneux enjoyed a hugely successful season, signified by scooping a hat-trick of awards at the club’s end of season ceremony, including the player of the year and fans’ player of the year awards. Molyneux led Pools’ goalscoring charts with 12 for the season, his best to date, as he helped ensure their EFL status for another year.

‘Molyneux joined Pools after being released from his boyhood club, Sunderland, in 2019 having spent the second half of the 2018/19 campaign on loan at the Suit Direct Stadium and made 111 appearances for Pools in total, scoring 18 times.

“So this is the tough part,” Molyneux wrote. “After three and a half years at this fantastic football club, I have come to the tough decision that I will be leaving the club that has given me so many good memories. A club that made the best day of my life possible in that play-off final, a club that took me in when I was released from Sunderland with nowhere else to go, a club that made me enjoy my football again and got me back to playing at my best. I will be for ever grateful for what this club and you, the fans, have done for me with how close I became with all of you. You could feel a real bond between the players and the fans which a lot of clubs do not have. I hope you can understand my decision to leave as for me, it was not an easy one. I’m honoured to be able to get the club back into the league where it belongs but I’m sure this club can now push on again as the sky’s the limit. I want to wish the staff, players, fans and everyone involved in the club the best for the future. I made some lifelong friends at this club and memories I’ll never forget.”⁶

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* * *

One of the good guys ***Graeme Lee***

Hartlepool United favourite Graeme Lee very kindly agreed to an interview while sitting in a car park waiting to collect his daughter from one of her after-school activities. Thanks, Graeme, for your time on what was obviously a busy day for you.

Graeme, tell us where it all began for you, before you linked up with Hartlepool United.

‘Well, to begin with, I was at York City, playing for their under-16 and 17s teams, but York hadn’t been proactive in offering me a contract. However, while I just happened to be playing in a Hartlepool v York youth fixture at Greyfields one day, I was spotted by Billy Horner and Brian Honour, both of whom were watching and thought I showed potential. I was a centre-forward then. Billy Horner spoke to my dad afterwards, about taking me to Hartlepool, and my thinking was, if York were still undecided on me, I would go to a club that clearly wanted me. It proved to be a brilliant move and the perfect place for me, not least because Billy and Brian were so demanding. Even though I was only a teenager, their high professional standards brought out the best in me, and I needed that. Their management of me, as a youngster, was just right.’

So, what happened next? Did you progress through the ranks with Hartlepool?

‘Well, what happened next left me open-mouthed with shock! The memory still does, when I think about it. The

regular Pools centre-half picked up an injury, and Billy Horner drafted me in as an emergency replacement, as a sub – away to Arsenal in front of a crowd of 27,000 in a cup game! I was only 17 and inexperienced, and I'd suddenly gone from playing at Blackhall in front of a handful of people one minute, to being called up for a match at Highbury. I was nowhere near ready, physically or mentally, to be perfectly honest, but Billy was working with a very small squad and it was a case of needs must. That was the reality.'

That's quite a leap, by anyone's standards, especially at that age. How did you cope?

'Exactly, it really was, although I must give great credit to the experienced senior pros who knew I'd been thrown in at the deep end, and instinctively rallied around me and protected me – the likes of Mick Tait (who, when he was manager, decided to give me a run of ten straight games in the first team 'no matter what!' in order for me to gain valuable experience), Peter Billing, whose protective advice was invaluable, and Ian McGuckin, likewise. Not household names, maybe, but their guidance was incredibly helpful in terms of me finding my feet and not looking out of place. I remain hugely indebted, too, to Danny Ingram and Chris Westwood, among others, for looking after me, both on and off the pitch, in those early days. They were great mentors for me and made all the difference.'

Making your way in the professional game, was there anything you realised you needed to do if you were to succeed? More than ability, I mean.

'Quite a funny thing, really. It makes me laugh now,

thinking about it. Billy Horner instilled in me the need to never show pain on the pitch, in case an opponent spotted a weakness that could then be exploited. That was a great part of his philosophy. I carried on, despite some serious whacks to my shins and ankles, and so on, and didn't dare fall to the ground or even wince, thanks to his advice. Not only that, but some colleagues thought I was too nice and not tough enough, so I adopted the habit of, literally, punching myself in the face before games, to toughen myself up! I am quite a quiet person at heart, but I also made a show of shouting and screaming in the tunnel, psyching myself up. Funny, looking back.'

Then, having become an established first-teamer and playing more than 200 games for Hartlepool, you moved to Sheffield Wednesday. Tell us about that switch.

'Honestly, I agonised over that transfer, but I wanted to better myself, to test myself by going to a big club like Wednesday and trying a new experience. We had a great setup at Hartlepool, with a close-knit spirit in the dressing room, but Chris Turner, who was managing Sheffield Wednesday at the time, persuaded me to move. It was a big decision, but I had been at Pools ten years and needed a fresh start, professionally. The rest is history.'

Tell us something about then gradually moving towards management, as your playing days began to wind down. How did that transition come about?

'I got to be 28 or 29, moving into my 30s, and realised my body really couldn't sustain constant knocks and injuries much longer, especially as a defender. My knees weren't getting any younger! I was always interested in tactics and

management anyway, so decided to apply for my coaching badges as a way of staying in the game. The likes of Sean O'Driscoll, Steve Cotterill and Sven-Göran Eriksson when I was at Notts County really encouraged me towards coaching and management, and Martin Allen at Notts asked me to help him by noting down the set plays of our opponents and analysing corner tactics, that kind of thing. I enjoyed that side of the game. In fact, Martin wanted me alongside him as youth team coach at County, but I opted for work at Darlington and Middlesbrough instead, closer to home, coaching the under-21s and under-23s.'

Coaching is one thing, but football management has to be the most uncertain and precarious of all professions!

'Yes, as I now know only too well, through personal experience! However, at Middlesbrough, for example, cutting my teeth in these aspects, I worked alongside Tony Mowbray, Tony Pulis, and Neil Warnock. You can't buy experience like that. Those excellent mentors stood me in very good stead, which I appreciate. They gave me a brilliant apprenticeship.'

And then Hartlepool United. Back to Pools as the boss!

'Yes, I took the plunge! I applied for the vacancy and absolutely loved it back at Pools, especially the semi-final against Rotherham when we so nearly got to Wembley. It was lovely to be back and I really felt we were building something, so the sack, when it came, was a dreadful shock, especially as the squad was ravaged by injuries and I thought that would be taken into consideration. We'd done well in the cups, beaten Blackpool, held our own away to Palace, then I was sacked with one game of the season

left! I was gutted, to be honest. It hurt. I felt that team could have done well, and it's a lasting regret with me that I never really worked with a full squad at my disposal. Those injuries were so frustrating and really hit our league form. Unfinished business for me, in some ways. However, that's life, and I made my way to Marske United, and now I'm loving it at Spennymoor, and that's the way this crazy profession goes. It's good for me, here, and it works for the family.'

'That's very good to hear, and we wish you well at Spennymoor Town. On a personal note, how is your wife these days? How is Gemma's health?'

'Gemma is doing well, thanks. In fact, there was a game that took place when Hartlepool played Crystal Palace in the FA Cup at Selhurst Park. Thanks to some absolutely wonderful fundraising initiatives on the part of both sets of fans, and Crystal Palace FC, an astonishing £60,000 was raised towards the cost of Gemma's cancer treatment. Her drug trial costs £5,000 a month, so that gesture was just incredible – a literal lifesaver. That amount was phenomenal. Everyone was so generous. Please pass on my thanks to all concerned. We are still bowled over by those efforts. The honest truth is, if I had been in the game for just that one single afternoon, all that kindness would have been enough. That really is how much it meant to us.'

Well, Graeme, you are held in high regard by so many Poolies, and we wish you and Gemma every happiness and success. A number of fans were sorry to see you leave Hartlepool, but we are pleased to see it working out for you at Spennymoor.