

# CLASSIC MATCH



## Celtic 2 Leeds United 1

(Celtic win 3-1 on aggregate)

European Cup Semi-Final second leg

Wednesday April 15, 1970, 8pm

Hampden Park, Glasgow **Attendance** 136,505

**Goals:** Bremner (14), Hughes (47), Murdoch (53)

**Referee** Gerhard Schuleneberg (West Germany)

**Celtic** (4-4-2): Williams, Hay, Gemmell, Murdoch, McNeill, Brogan, Johnstone, Connelly, Hughes, Auld, Lennox.



In the spirit of LLL magazine, **JON HOWE** takes a retro look at some of our most memorable moments.



**Into the lion's den?** Switched from Celtic's Parkhead to Hampden Park (more than double the capacity of the Bhoys' home ground), the huge and ferociously partisan crowd that greeted Revie's men was like nothing they had experienced before in the last five eventful seasons of European football; a huge occasion in every sense.

**Revie's inner demons seemed to come to the fore again?** Yes, all his pre-match talk was of Jimmy "Jinky" Johnstone's threat, while his counterpart Jock Stein was confident and assured, even bullish in doubting Leeds' ability to cope with a home crowd – which in terms of passion, pride and commitment went completely off the scale. Both were right in their own way, but Leeds, needing to be mentally stronger, couldn't cope with the encircling wall of noise out on the park.

**Not to mention the mental and physical fatigue of a draining season?** In the past month Leeds have played three FA Cup semi-finals, the first leg of a European Cup semi, an FA Cup final and five league games. Little wonder we felt a sense of injustice at being fined £5,000 by the FA for fielding an under-strength team at Derby a couple of weeks ago amid our relentless treble-chasing monotony. Losing Paul Reaney to a broken leg and the title to Everton among that run didn't help, either.

**What a start, though?!** Energised by a

↑ Billy Bremner put Leeds ahead on the night and equalled the aggregate score.

↗ Norman Hunter

↓ Terry Cooper





white hot atmosphere, Celtic set off with menacing brawn, forcing five corners in the opening eight minutes. But Leeds held firm and gained a foothold in the game.

**Leading to Billy stunning the banks of frenzied Scotsmen...** Out of nothing, Hunter rolled the ball into Bremner's path and he teed himself up to unleash a 25-yard shot of astonishing venom and accuracy that seemed to release all the tension and frustrations of the troublesome last few weeks. The ball arrowed in off the post leaving the keeper rooted to the floor and the colossal crowd struck dumb. I swear you could hear the Leeds players yelping in joy from the pitch, as the toxic amphitheatre was instantaneously cuffed into a funereal state of shock by Billy's strike. In the biggest tie of their lives, Leeds had drawn level and suddenly it was all up for grabs.

**We had certainly rattled their cage!** Yes, but if the heaving and crackling crowd had been silenced, it didn't last long. Like a sleeping dog we'd just poked with a stick, Celtic regained their senses and it took just one lone

chant of the daunting and relentless "Celtic! Celtic!" to re-awaken the beast. Celtic came back at us with ferocious might, their midfield inter-changing and setting Jimmy Johnstone off on a series of runs that bamboozled Terry Cooper and the covering Hunter, even Bremner was forced to use brute strength in blatantly fouling him. Cooper and Madeley made desperate last-ditch tackles and blocks as Leeds lay exposed in conspicuous discomfort. Half-time came as welcome respite.

**After which it took just eight minutes to turn our world upside-down?** Like a microcosm of what being a Leeds fan is beginning to feel like, everything that could go wrong, very quickly did. Two minutes after the break we were fast asleep at a short corner and Bertie Auld crossed for John Hughes to beat the leaden-footed Charlton to a near-post header and flick it innocuously past Sprake. A minute later Hughes collided heavily with Sprake by the touchline and following the collision our keeper was taken off on a stretcher and replaced by Harvey. The Leeds-born Scotsman took the

resulting free-kick, but from the very next attack he was picking the ball out of his net when he failed to stop a low Bobby Murdoch shot from the edge of the box. Harvey was clearly not up-to-speed with the game. The ground was bouncing and even the most optimistic Leeds fan could see no way back from that.

**How were the Leeds fans?** Despite a 4,500 following they were muted and insignificant amid the deafening buzz of the intense and manic fanaticism.

**Best Leeds player?** Bremner scored a stunning goal that will likely be forgotten, but that and the example he set in chasing and harrying to the end, should not be.

**In a nutshell?** Two gone, one left.

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**11**  
**TRAGIC NUMBER**

**Games in a month  
and only an FA Cup  
Final replay to  
look forward to.**

