

CLASSIC MATCH



Leeds United 3 PSV Eindhoven 5

UEFA Cup Second Round first leg
Tuesday October 17, 1995, 7.45pm
Elland Road **Attendance** 24,846

Goals Speed (6), Eijkelkamp (10), Vink (35), Jonk (39), Palmer (48), McAllister (72), Nilis (83), Nilis (87)

Referee Antonio Lopez Nieto (Spain)

PSV (4-3-3): Waterreus, Van Der Weerden, Faber, Valckx, Numan, Linskens, Vink (Pahlplatz), Jonk, Eijkelkamp, Nilis, Cocu.

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



Hmmm, not one of our “glorious European nights”? No, while European games have been among our proudest moments, where you can stick your chest out further than the many perennial non-achievers that claim to be our rivals, tonight was one that you would prefer to brush under the carpet and hope nobody noticed.

Were we outclassed? In the end, yes. But we competed gallantly and played our part in a fascinating game, albeit the part of a frustrated child furiously punching thin air, while the subject of his torment restrains him casually at arm's length. We could point to some questionable free-kicks that resulted in goals against, a couple of unlucky deflections, some critical misses from the likes of Yeboah and Deane, and even a stonewall penalty when Noel Whelan was bundled over. But the simple fact is we were undone by some cold, ruthless finishing and Howard Wilkinson will need to write a new chapter in his book of tricks to get us out of this in the second leg.

Did anyone see this coming? Hard to say. After winning our first three games this season, league form has since stuttered, and Saturday's 3-0 Elland Road capitulation to Arsenal was perhaps a forewarning of what would happen tonight. But we have quality in our armoury, too, and the 3-0 win in Monaco in the last round succinctly demonstrated what we are capable of when everything fits into place. Sadly, tonight we came across a team with a slick and unmerciful desire to prevent that happening. Any false hope gained from the injury-enforced absence of PSV's Brazilian star Ronaldo soon vanished amid an astonishing night of devastating attacks.

Not a bad start, though? No, when Speed's glancing header diverted McAllister's inswinging free-kick into the net in the sixth minute

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MAGIC NUMBER

Goals conceded for the first time in our 100th European tie.





everyone sensed a famous night. Inconveniently, though, four minutes later Luc Nilis embarked on the first of many teasing runs that our stretched and uncoordinated defence couldn't deal with. Nilis turned Pemberton inside-out, though it took a last-ditch Dorigo challenge and a Wetherall deflection to divert the ball into Eijkelkamp's path for an easy finish.

It was all downhill from there, presumably? The first half was. Speed went off injured on 26 minutes to be replaced by Andy Couzens, but shortly after Wim Jonk's 20-yard effort deflected off Vink leaving Lukic with no chance. Four minutes later Nilis flicked a free-kick up in the air delightfully for Jonk to volley expertly over our helpless wall, leaving Lukic in a forlorn bundle and Leeds fans fearing a hiding.

But we fought back valiantly? Shell-shocked, we brushed ourselves down and made the most of the second half, creating chances in a spirited response. Three minutes into it, Yeboah twisted and turned in the area then played the ball across the box to the unmarked Carlton Palmer. It seemed to take about 10 minutes for the ex-England man to control



the ball and shoot, but he did so deliciously as the ball flew into the net. We competed manfully after that, but it wasn't until the 72nd minute that we drew level, when Kelly's deep cross was punched clear by keeper Waterreus. It seemed relatively safe with McAllister running away from goal after the clearance, but somehow he twisted his body around and, unbalanced, guided a dipping volley over the stranded keeper from 25 yards. Leeds had drawn level at 3-3 in an epic game.

But that's where the fun ended... With Elland Road bouncing, the scene was set for the textbook rousing finale, but we didn't reckon on PSV's superior quality. Twice in the last seven minutes they executed savage blows to pop the balloon like a spiteful bully. The first an exquisite Nilis volley from a Jonk free-kick and the second a one-two between Nilis and Cocu,

with Pemberton chasing shadows, before the Belgian international drew Lukic and nonchalantly chipped the ball over him.

How were the Leeds fans? After the heady night of Champagne and glamour in Monaco, this was a sobering reality check for all.

Best Leeds player? Palmer did his best, but McAllister gave a true captain's performance to keep us in it.

In a nutshell? Biting off more than we can chew.

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🕒 Clockwise (from top left)...
John Pemberton with his head
in his hands... Gary McAllister...
Noel Whelan... PSV's Belgian
forward Luc Nilis.

