

CLASSIC MATCH



PEACOCK LORIMER

COOPER COLLINS BREMNER GILES

MADELEY HUNTER CHARLTON REANEY

SPRAKE

Torino 0 Leeds United 0

(Leeds win 2-1 on aggregate)

Inter Cities Fairs Cup

First Round second leg

Wednesday October 6, 1965,

7.45pm Stadio Comunale,

Turin **Attendance** 26,000

Referee Piet Roomer (Holland)

Torino (4-4-2): Vieri, Poletti, Fossati, Puja, Teneggi, Ferretti, Meroni, Ferrini, Orlando, Pestrin, Simoni.



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

We laughed at Harry Reynolds, but maybe he was right? Three years ago our chairman was making declarations that wavered between naively ambitious and absurdly fantasist. He said Leeds United wanted to be not only the best team in England but Europe, too. We thought this was blinkered enthusiasm at its best, and we concentrated our efforts on the reality of life; fighting for survival in the Second Division. Tonight, however, in our first ever continental tie, we have just knocked out last season's European Cup-Winners' Cup semi-finalists and the third-placed team in Serie A.

It was a performance of sheer iron will, wasn't it? It seems our unglamorous tactics are perfectly suited to the European game. We were holding our

own against the expected onslaught in the first half, but playing with 10 men for 40 minutes after half-time just seemed to form a stronger bond of unity and defiance.

Ten men? Yes. (*No subs in those days – Ed.*) While it wasn't necessarily a brutal or dirty contest, one tackle on Leeds midfielder lynchpin Bobby Collins in the 50th minute was savage in the extreme. The sight of him being carried off on a stretcher seemed to galvanise Leeds' fighting spirit, but it did take the garnish off an otherwise stirring and historic occasion.

Backs to the wall? That's how it panned out, yes, and the almost maniacal Italians were certainly fired up. But it was Lorimer who had a decent shot saved within the first 30 seconds, as our blossoming





disregard for reputation brazenly took the game by the scruff of the neck. Collins shaved the post just before the break, too, but in between Torino showed their class; outmanoeuvring Leeds and forcing them on to the back foot ominously.

We played in the right shirt numbers tonight, too?!

Yes, Revie didn't repeat the cunning tactic from the first leg of confusing the well-drilled Italians by changing all his players' shirt numbers. The scheming ruse worked at Elland Road, as Leeds strolled to a 2-0 lead through Bremner and Peacock goals, before the Italians frustratingly pulled a goal back late on. Indeed, Revie chose to retain the same starting line-up as a week ago, with seven of his starting 11 under the age of 22.

It seemed an impossible task on 50 minutes, though, didn't it? Yes, the ball was loose in midfield, and the sprightly Collins nicked it over the on-rushing defender Fabrizio Poletti. Collins darted after it with typical desire, but Poletti didn't let up, and crashed into his thigh at full pelt with his knee. Everyone recoiled with a collective wince, as we all know that Collins would don his boxing gloves to fight off an oncoming Sherman tank; and if he went down it was serious.

So this was serious? The thigh bone is both the longest and strongest bone in the human skeleton, but we're not talking about a mere human here, we're talking about Bobby Collins. Hunter approached Collins and saw his leg waving in a sickeningly macabre fashion. The Italians, anxious to get on with the game were gesticulating to get him off the pitch, but Jack Charlton stood over his stricken team-



mate fighting off the Torino players and insisting that Collins needed immediate attention.

Yet we prospered from it? The horrific injury to Collins unwittingly forced Leeds to bare their claws and dig in with a manful resolve. For 10 minutes or so the game threatened to get out of hand. Bremner confessed afterwards that he had lost his head, and approached Poletti claiming: "I'll kill you for this." But the dust gradually settled and Leeds formed an impenetrable barrier that couldn't be breached. Sprake made a couple of saves, but Torino's play became increasingly desperate and ragged, and it looked like we had the European nous, not them.

How were the Leeds fans? An estimated 200 in the crowd couldn't be heard above the whistles of contempt from the home fans, who lit bonfires on the terraces in protest at their out-battled team.

Best Leeds player? Everyone played their part, but Bremner did the work of two men.

In a nutshell? Whisper it, but I think Leeds United have arrived.

- ↑ Jack Charlton
- ↖ Gary Sprake
- ← Bobby Collins
- ↙ Billy Bremner

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MAGIC
NUMBER

Years for our first European win.

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