

CLASSIC MATCH



Leeds United 1 Liverpool 2

(after extra-time)

FA Cup Final

Saturday May 1, 1965, 3pm

Wembley Stadium

Attendance 100,000

Goals Hunt (93), Bremner (101), St John (111)

Referee W Clements
(West Bromwich)

Liverpool (4-4-2):

Lawrence, Lawler, Byrne,
Strong, Yeats, Stevenson,
Callaghan, Hunt, St John,
Smith, Thompson.



JON HOWE
takes a retro
look at some
of our most
memorable
moments.

Not been a great week, has it? No. A bit like losing your job *and* being burgled in the space of five days, and quite honestly, I'm wondering what can go wrong next. Last Monday night we lost the title on goal difference to Manchester United, then we fail to show up here at Wembley on our single, biggest ever occasion. We don't know if we will ever reach these heights again, and despite the teams' naivety at this level, failing on both fronts is shattering.

For a showpiece occasion it wasn't a great spectacle... It was dire, to be frank. The persistent rain blanketed the event in a depressing grey mist and the game failed to rise above the mediocre as a result. The sodden turf seemed to suck any vitality out of the teams, and in the end it was

Liverpool's maturity that just about shaded it.

How come we failed to sparkle then?

Fatigue... Carrying too many injuries... A lack of big game experience... You could point to all of them, but certainly Revie chose to field a full-strength team so he can have no complaints. That said, Liverpool had a first choice XI out, too, and maybe the difference was that, ultimately, we are just that little bit short. Second place in both the league and the cup does seem to suggest that.

Bobby Collins was certainly a little bit short?! In two senses, yes. Collins lining up with his opposite captain Ron Yeats for the toss-up was comical. The dominant Yeats towered over the pocket-sized Scotsman like a forewarning of what was

↑ Albert Johanneson

↗ Gary Sprake

→ Jack Charlton

2 TRAGIC NUMBER

Trophies missed in five days.



to follow. Usually Collins makes up for the disparity in height with his strength and energy, but today he and Bremner, for all their labour, were ineffective and just couldn't control the midfield like normal. And our danger-man Albert Johanneson just never got involved.

How did the 90 minutes pan out?

It was fairly even in truth, but the main pressure was on the Leeds goal, where Sprake made countless brave saves to keep Leeds in the game. Collins was lucky to stay on the pitch when he used all his physical brawn to body check Liverpool left-back Gerry Byrne in a 50-50 challenge. You could feel the reverberations in the stand, and though Collins went in with a leg raised, he didn't actually connect with it, so the challenge looked a bit worse than it was. Having said that, apparently Byrne broke his collar-bone but played on regardless, emphasising his bravery, but also the sheer muscle that Collins somehow manages to fit into that diminutive frame.

The goals? Extra-time looked inevitable as the game wore on with a scarcity of clear-cut chances, but in the added period the game opened up. After just three minutes Hunt finally evaded the commanding clutches of Jack Charlton and headed home a Byrne cross from close range.



Eight minutes later, however, we were level. Charlton had joined the attack and headed down a deep cross to the unmarked Bremner, who caught the ball brilliantly on the half-volley and left Lawrence rooted to the spot as it flashed into the top corner. After 46 years of an unremarkable existence, Leeds United had registered a goal in a major cup final. It was quite a moment, but with the game there to be won, we failed to capitalise.

Another free header won it? Yes, Callaghan put in a great cross for Ian St John. The ball was almost behind him but in mid-air he was able to direct it goalwards, passed Sprake and Reaney stood on the line. Game over.

How were the Leeds fans? Colourful and vocal, but ultimately let down. You can't escape the fact this was a momentous day, however, we expected more from our promising young team.

Best Leeds player? The wide men Giles and Johanneson didn't get in the game, Storrie looked like he was carrying an injury and Peacock was left to fight a forlorn battle up front. Defences were on top and Charlton had a great game, but Sprake was faultless for much of the match and ensured we made a contest of it.

In a nutshell? A double dose of heartache.

