

CLASSIC MATCH



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

Leeds United 1 Chelsea 2 (after extra-time)

FA Cup Final Replay

Wednesday April 29, 1970, 7.45pm – Old Trafford – **Attendance** 62,078

Goals: Jones (35), Osgood (78), Webb (104) **Referee** ET Jennings (Stourbridge)

Chelsea (4-4-2): Bonetti, Harris, McCreadie, Hollins, Dempsey, Webb, Baldwin, Cooke, Osgood (Hinton), Hutchinson, Houseman.

Robbed and assaulted? As an enthralling spectacle, this game lived up to the first encounter at Wembley 18 days ago. However, while that 2-2 draw thrilled the watching nation with attractive football befitting of the showpiece occasion, tonight was brutal combat between two teams bristling with an undercurrent of hatred. Furthermore, Leeds dominated both games and finally, in a major final, showed the adventurous, attractive intent that Revie had promised more of at the start of the season.

But ultimately, we lost... Yes, and in the 64th game of a trophy-less season the final whistle came like a shot to the heart. An exhausting campaign that promised so much has ended in nothing, and Revie will have to work miracles to raise his battle-worn troops from this. Currently, we reside in a dark place with no windows and seemingly no way out. Revie has to somehow find a chink of light before next season.

So how did we lose it? There's only so many times you can tell a "hard luck" story, and this is beginning to wear thin, but that's effectively

what it was; another object lesson in not turning superiority into goals. We hit the woodwork countless times at Wembley and tonight we were thwarted by a combination of deflections, Peter Bonetti and the cynical deployment of Chelsea hatchet-man Ron "Chopper" Harris.

So a more physical encounter? It was like *The Magnificent Seven*, everywhere you turned there was a duel taking place with another isolated scuffle, and the ref simply couldn't keep control of it. The tone





was set in the opening minutes when Harris, switched with Dave Webb who had endured a torrid time quelling the vibrant Eddie Gray at Wembley, scythed down the fizzing Scotsman. After that there was an incident every five minutes; Hunter and McCreadie traded punches, Osgood clattered into Charlton from behind and Big Jack leapt in to retaliate. Jones followed-through into Bonetti causing a melee and Clarke and Cooke squared up to each other. You suspect Messrs Brynner, McQueen, Bronson and Coburn etc would have looked on approvingly.

But Leeds remained on top? Chelsea boss Dave Sexton had clearly identified their only hope of success as being to nullify the attacking threat of Eddie Gray, which they did in almost barbaric fashion. Nevertheless, this opened up space for the likes of Lorimer and Giles, and Leeds were still the classier side. Jones shaved the post early on and we took the lead on 35 minutes with a frankly brilliant goal.

Simple and direct? Like a napalm bomb in Vietnam, Clarke cut through the Chelsea side with chilling ease. He collected the ball in his own half and beat off three opponents before playing Mick Jones in on goal 40 yards out. Still with plenty to do, Jonah held off two more challenges before thundering a right-foot strike past his nemesis Peter Bonetti. A deserved lead but, frustratingly, we spent the rest of the game failing to add to it. A Giles shot was deflected agonisingly wide of an open-goal and Bonetti pulled off some excellent saves. But Chelsea soaked up the pressure and slowly cleared their heads.

We switched off, didn't we? Chelsea had carried no threat whatsoever and David Harvey (replacing Gary Sprake who was injured two weeks ago in the European Cup semi-final defeat at Celtic) had very little to do. However, in the 78th minute an incisive chip from Charlie Cooke caught Jack Charlton out of position and Osgood arrived on the blind side to emphatically and crushingly head Chelsea level.

And so to extra-time... With worse to come? Leeds continued to press, but buoyed by the unlikely equaliser Chelsea saw a chance to strike. A minute before the break in extra-time a huge, looping throw from Hutchinson was flicked on at the near post and Dave Webb, so comprehensively embarrassed by Eddie Gray in the first game, claimed a gut-wrenching redemption by nodding in at the back post. A knock-out blow way below the belt.

How were the Leeds fans? Like the players; exhausted, disbelieving, sunken and destroyed.

Best Leeds player? Mick Jones for his goal, and 120 minutes of endeavor.

In a nutshell? I feel a bit of a tantrum coming on.

FOLLOW JON HOWE ON TWITTER @JONHOWE1971

↑ David Webb scoring Chelsea's winning goal.

← Peter Lorimer and Eddie McCreadie.

