



Classic Match

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

Are we finally through, then?

Yes, barring a last-minute rule change preventing Yorkshire-based clubs with a ginger-haired captain progressing in their prestigious competition, UEFA will have to allow us into the next round.

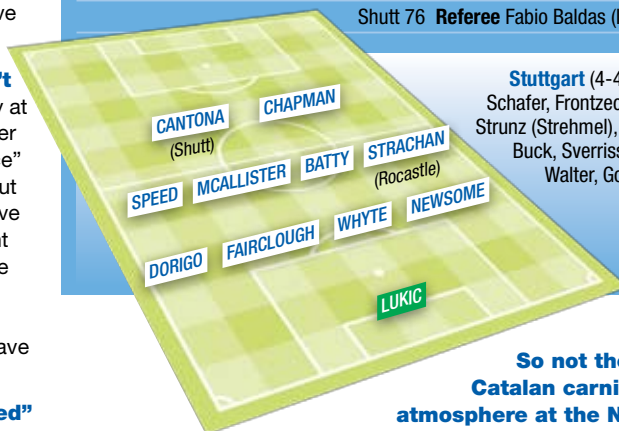
It's taken some sorting out, hasn't it? The very fact that we had to replay at all, never mind at a neutral venue rather than at Elland Road where the "offence" was committed, sticks in the throat, but what a gloriously emphatic way to leave this sorry mess behind us. If you count the pre-season Makita tournament, we have now played Stuttgart four times in two months, and frankly I hold an intimate knowledge of them which I have no desire to retain.

This game takes "hastily-arranged" to a new level... Correct, after the initial offence relating to Stuttgart fielding a fourth and ineligible foreign player last Wednesday night was spotted, it took a weekend of dithering by UEFA before they decided this Tuesday, that the game should be replayed... on this very Friday... in Barcelona!

Leeds United 2 VFB Stuttgart 1

European Cup First Round Replay Friday October 9, 1992, 7.45pm

Nou Camp, Barcelona (neutral) **Attendance** 7,400 **Goals** Strachan 34, Golke 40, Shutt 76 **Referee** Fabio Baldas (Italy)



Stuttgart (4-4-2) Immel, Schafer, Frontzeck, Dubajic, Strunz (Strehmel), Buchwald, Buck, Sverrisson (Knup), Walter, Golke, Kogel.

So not the usual Catalan carnival atmosphere at the Nou Camp?

Far from it. In another example of absurd UEFA bureaucracy they designated this game high-profile category A status which resulted in the 120,000 capacity stadium containing about the same amount of riot police as the 7,400 fans. It was other-worldly, and given that many of the crowd were

1 Magic Number

Minutes on the pitch for Shutt before his winning goal

confused local schoolchildren offered free tickets to make up the numbers, the accompaniment of gun-toting officers of the law took the overkill setting to 11 and created a surreal atmosphere.

But forget that, we won fair and square! Indeed. With the bizarre UEFA circus surrounding it, the game itself was almost a sideshow. It was a decent match, but the echoes created by the banks of empty seats made it hard for any tempo or passion to be maintained. We started where we finished at Elland Road, in the ascendancy, and we deservedly took the lead after 34 minutes.

A peach of a goal, too... A poor clearance from the Germans fell straight to Gordon Strachan who advanced cautiously and, having met no resistance, unleashed an angled drive from 25 yards that arched into the net.

The lead didn't last long, though? No, like a dog with a bone, the Germans came back and equalised six minutes later when Strehmel crossed for Golke to dispatch a stooping header which, in truth, Lukic should have saved.

Enter an unlikely hero? The second-half stalemate meant that extra-time



Facing page: **Carl Shutt striking the winning goal at the Nou Camp.**

Above: **Shutt celebrates his goal.**

Below: **All smiles at full-time for Shutt and David Batty.**

was looming. Carl Shutt entered the fray on 75 minutes to replace the ineffective Cantona, and a minute later the ranking of his previously underwhelming Leeds United career was cranked up a few notches to "Legend".

Take us through it? In typically wholehearted fashion Shutt himself charged down a Buck cross on the edge of our box, and fed the ball back to Dorigo before charging off like a hare upfield. He clearly didn't appear on the Germans' radar, as Dorigo punted the ball into space and Shutt collected it. Having beaten defender Schafer he was now charging down on goal, 40 yards out, and suddenly a hopeful counter had become a chance to win the game. Strachan, in acres of space to Shutt's right, was screaming for the pass, but Shutt saw an opportunity to make a name for himself. With the defender not committing, he drew the keeper and from just inside the box slid a low drive through the keeper's legs. The site of the ball bulging in the back of the net saw a mixture of disbelief and sheer joy, as Shutt peeled off in ecstasy to celebrate with the, erm... empty seats.

How were the Leeds fans?

Up in the second tier, there were an estimated 2,500 who had been quick enough to sort flights, tickets and a day off work. They did their best to create an atmosphere, but it was a euphoric occasion in strangely muted circumstances.

Best Leeds player? It was a great team effort, but in his moment of glory you can't take it away from Carl Shutt

In a nutshell? You might not like it UEFA, but these were your rules!

