



Classic Match

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

Got your breath back yet? Not really. This was far and away the best game I have ever seen. It had everything, and summed up what it is to be Leeds.

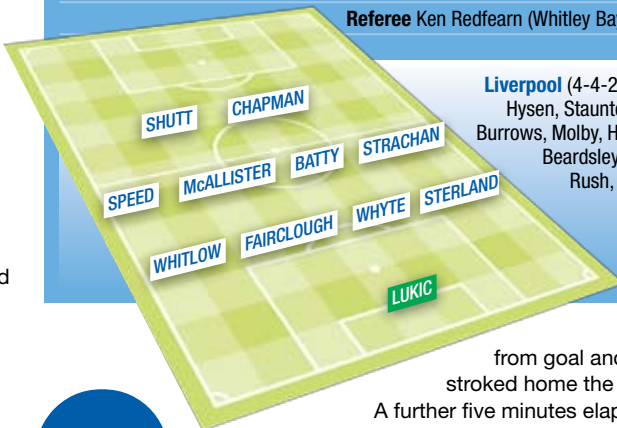
What, shipping five goals at home and losing? No! I mean the spirit we showed in coming back from the dead. Although I guess you are right – it is typical of Leeds to not quite pull it off.

The first half was an exhibition, wasn't it? To say the least. We have impressed greatly in our first season back in the top flight, but we were cut to ribbons here. Liverpool were breathtaking for the first 30 minutes, and there was nothing we could do about it. I genuinely feared that they would just score goals at will.

Go on then, talk us through it... After a timid opening, on 11 minutes some intricate passing on the edge of the box lead to Barnes chipping a lovely ball to the back post for Houghton to tap in. Five minutes later Lukic needlessly brought down Rush as he raced away

Leeds United 4 Liverpool 5

Barclays Football League Division One Saturday April 13, 1991, 3pm Elland Road **Attendance** 31,460 **Goal** Houghton (11), Molby pen (16), Speedie (25), Barnes (28), Chapman (68), Chapman (81), Shutt (77), Barnes (79), Chapman (88) **Referee** Ken Redfearn (Whitley Bay)



Liverpool (4-4-2) Hooper, Hysen, Staunton, Nicol, Burrows, Molby, Houghton, Beardsley, Barnes, Rush, Speedie

Tragic Number

Points, despite four goals.

from goal and Molby stroked home the penalty.

A further five minutes elapsed and Barnes again found Speedie impeccably to tap in at the far post, and then...

Slow down! Is that three? Yes, but there's more. On 28 minutes Barnes played a one-two on the halfway line with

Rush and then, showing pace I didn't know he possessed, left Whyte and Fairclough in his wake as he bore down on Lukic and nonchalantly drilled the ball passed him. At this point pockets of Leeds fans around the ground burst into spontaneous applause, it was pointless denying it, this was football of a class we hadn't seen for many years. We were on the ropes and ripe for a severe beating.

But the second half was a different story? Not at first. We re-grouped, but it took 23 minutes for us to clear our heads and register a goal, through a McAllister shot that Hooper parried skyward for Chapman to poke in off the bar. It took an age to go in, and the whole ground breathed a sigh of relief.

Didn't we have a goal disallowed? Yeah, Chapman volleyed in from a yard after contesting a high cross with Hooper, but the ref adjudged his innocuous challenge to be a foul. A minute later it really was 2-4 as Shutt converted a Speed throw-in with a neat turn and shot in the box.

Right, come on Leeds we're nearly level! Er, not so fast. We were two goals adrift for only two minutes in this mad, mad game. Rush gathered a high ball and back-heeled it into the path of Barnes who outpaced our defence again and before you could say, "Next goal wins!" it was 2-5! All hope extinguished.

We provided a grandstand finish, though? Yes, and this was the best bit. Again, only two minutes later a driving run from Batty ended in a beautifully flighted cross met by an airborne Chapman's head. Everyone was checking the Kop's electronic scoreboard and shaking their heads incredulously, 3-5. Leeds piled on the pressure which



Facing page: **Gary McAllister challenging David Speedie.**

Above: **A rub of the hair for goalscorer Lee Chapman.**

Below: **Chris Whyte putting Steve Nicol and Jan Molby under pressure in the Liverpool box.**

finally told when Strachan went on a weaving run and chipped a floating ball to the back post, Chapman appeared amid three Liverpool defenders to notch his hat-trick, 4-5! It seemed so easy, and it was truly bizarre that we were now doing to Liverpool what they had so ruthlessly done to us, but with Elland Road rocking with renewed belief we simply ran out of time.

How were the Leeds fans? Appalled, frustrated, proud and no doubt punch-drunk from the feast of incidents. Where do you start in analysing this game? What is certain is that the crowd aided the second-half comeback. They increased in fervour with every absurd twist, and had an equaliser come I'm quite sure the collective explosion of joy would have re-directed all incoming flights to Leeds-Bradford airport.

Best Leeds player? Batty was the heartbeat of the resurgence but how can you take it away from Lee Chapman?

In a nutshell? Mad, glorious failure.

