

CLASSIC MATCH



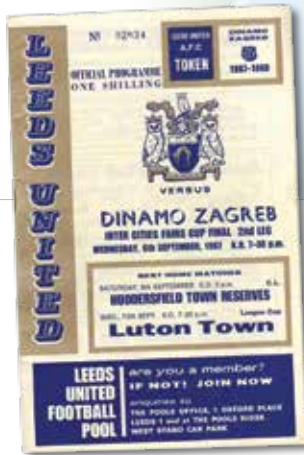
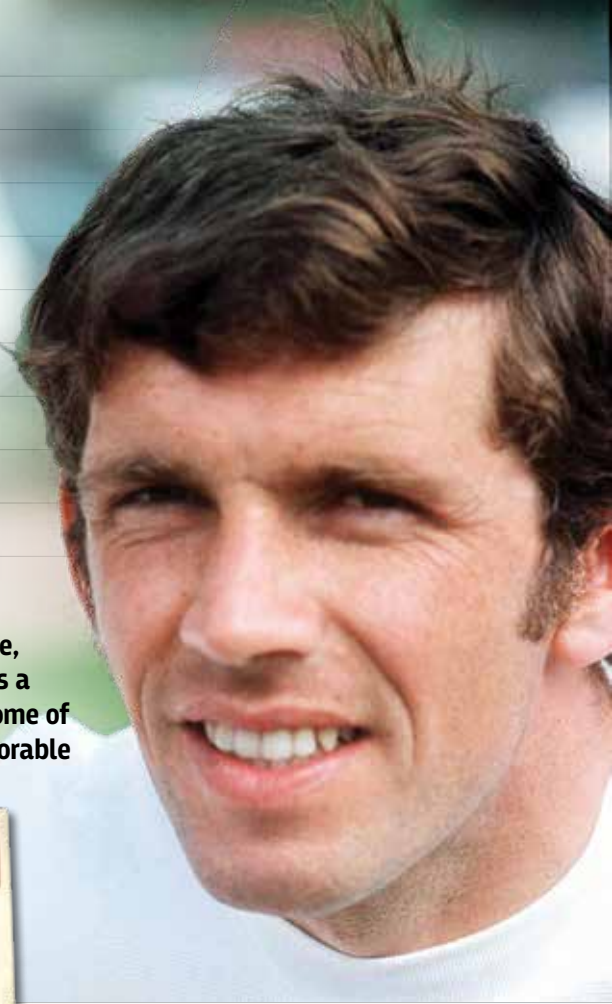
Leeds United 0 Dinamo Zagreb 0

Dinamo won 2-0 on aggregate

Inter-Cities Fairs Cup Final second leg
Wednesday September 6, 1967, 7.45pm
Elland Road **Attendance** 35,604
Referee Antonio Sbardella (Italy)

Dinamo Zagreb (4-4-2): Skorin, Grancanin, Brnic, Belin, Ramljak, Blaskovic, Cercek, Piric, Zambata, Gurmirtl, Rora.

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



Something of an anti-climax? As cup finals go this was a strange affair. The atmosphere was subdued – as if the Leeds fans had come purely out of curiosity and didn't believe we could win; sort of 'We're here to enjoy it, not to win it'. Perhaps they were still miffed at the club for putting the ticket prices up? The truth was, however, that their heroes in white put everything into this game, and with a bit of good fortune could have rattled the cage of their wily Yugoslavian counterparts.

We were beaten after the first leg, though?

More or less, I suppose. Zagreb were free-flowing and cavalier in the first leg, building a 2-0 lead with ease. Tonight they did a job on us and nullified our attacking threat with a hyper-organised display of defensive sophistication, they were too canny and too knowing.

While we were too cautious? Arguably, yes. Most people were surprised to see Revie's line-up, because it looked like we were 2-0

up and defending a lead – not them. Reaney was moved to outside-right in place of Peter Lorimer and Willie Bell brought in at right-back. It was somewhat

illogical, as if we feared the away goal more than we wanted to chisel away at the two-goal deficit. Plus, everyone expected Alan Peacock to spearhead the attacking threat with his height despite some fitness concerns, but Revie opted instead for the two 21-year-olds, Greenhoff and Belfitt.

To be fair, haven't Leeds struggled for goals from anywhere so far this season?

True, and rumours persist of an imminent big-money move for Sheffield United's Mick Jones, but back in the here and now, as much as we were persistent and loaded their penalty area with pressure, you somehow felt it wasn't our night in front of goal.

- ↑ Johnny Giles.
- ↗ Jimmy Greenhoff.
- Jack Charlton.
- ↓ Rod Belfitt.





How did the game pan out? With Giles back in the team for only his second appearance of the season, we immediately carried more threat than in the first leg, when Zagreb fended us off nonchalantly. Leeds had all the early pressure and kept the keeper busy, but most of the action was in the second half.

When we had an extra attacker? With the Yugoslavs' tactics clear, "Big Jack" de-camped to the opposition's penalty box, and threw his considerable presence about to notable effect. He had a goal disallowed following a goalmouth scramble, and was guilty of fouling a defender when Rod Belfitt also had a close-range header chalked off. The frustration was building when Greenhoff, too, went close, and then Bremner and Charlton, again, had shots cleared off the line.

Lady luck deserted us? We could have battered the Zagreb goal until Christmas and we would still have returned home with just the proverbial lump of coal. Even their defender Brnic skewed a cross off his left shin and grazed the top of his own bar. Zagreb weren't exactly lucky,

but someone was looking down on them, and they didn't have a Leeds scarf on.

Didn't Zagreb come closest to scoring? Amazingly, yes. Zambata was outstanding for them in midfield and he released Piric on a rare counter-attack. Sprake had to put his Beano annual down for a moment, but could only watch as a rasping shot from 30 yards struck his crossbar. The crowd went silent and you could hear the ball thud the woodwork, followed by an audible gasp as it bounced away to safety. Our torment was soon over, though, and before long FIFA president Stanley Rous was on the pitch handing over the trophy. However, competing ably in a final in only our second season of European football is no disgrace.

How were the Leeds fans? They applauded Zagreb warmly at the end, and there was no doubt they were

deserving winners. But there was a sort of meek acceptance that success is just something that happens to other people, and Leeds had no right to expect to win a trophy; a typically stoical Yorkshire lack of ambition. Revie needs to change that inferior outlook.

Best Leeds player? Charlton did everything but score, and I mean everything.

In a nutshell? A reputation steadily growing.

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TRAGIC NUMBER
Finals played, finals lost.

