



1932 Grand Final Saturday 24th September Sports Ground



South Sydney 19

def.

Western Suburbs 12

Albert SPILLANE
 Benny WEARING
 Alby BLACK
 Pat MAHER
 Jack WHY
 Percy WILLIAMS
 Jim DEELEY
 Eric LEWIS
 Frank O'CONNOR
 George TREWEEKE (c)
 Eddie ROOT
 Jack PETERSON
 Frank CURRAN

Fullback
Wing
Centre
Centre
Wing
Five-eighth
Half
Lock
Second Row
Second Row
Front Row
Hooker
Front Row

Frank McMILLAN
 Harold RANKINE
 Ray MORRIS
 Cliff PEARCE
 Alan RIDLEY
 Jack McGLINN
 Les MEAD
 Frank SPONBERG
 Bill RYAN
 Charlie CORNWELL
 Bill BROGAN (c)
 Bill CARPENTER
 Cecil RHODES



Tries
 Alby BLACK
 Eric LEWIS
 Jack WHY

Alan RIDLEY
 Harold RANKINE

Goals
 Benny WEARING (4)
 Percy WILLIAMS (1)

Les MEAD (3)

Match Description

South Sydney: Full-back, A Spillane; three-quarters, B Wearing, P Maher, A Black, J Why; halves, P Williams, J Deeley, , E Lewis; forwards, G Treweek (capt), F O'Connor, F Curran, J Peterson, E Root

Western Suburbs: Full-back, F McMillan; three-quarters, H Rankine, C Pearce, R Morris, A Ridley; halves, L Mead, J McGlinn; forwards, F Sponberg, W Ryan, C Cornwell, C Rhodes, W Brogan (capt), R Linfield **Referee: L Deane (The Rugby League News October 1st 1932)**

..... Who of the 16,926 who defied the wind and the swirling rain that blew in on the gale from the south-east will ever forget those last 20 minutes? We have seen fierce finishes before, but few like this. With a quarter of an hour to go the scores stood at 12 all. On the one side a club fighting for an honour that has only once come its way —on the other, a team fiercely intent on creating yet another record. Into the wind and rain South Sydney came, magnificent forwards battering at the Western Suburbs citadel, laying siege to that area of danger known as the 25, charging in massed formation like an army of old. Now it's Treweek only yards from the line, with shoulders heaving, trying to smash his way across past the phalanx of brawn that was Bill Brogan, Sponberg, Rhodes, Cornwell, and Lindfield. Or Root, Curran, and maybe little Percy Williams. Men in black and white scurry here, there, and everywhere, striving to fill the gaps. The ball flies out to the hands of O'Connor. All he has to do is fall over. But the pass was forward. Here, there, everywhere bobbed the head of the mighty George Treweek, then the flying fair-headed figure of little Ben Wearing. A pass to the winger, who has come like a swooping swallow from his wing right into the heat of fray, to snap a pass and fly headlong over. It might have been a try, but the pass was forward. There's a loll. Some off-side play, and a free comes to South Sydney. Down on the 25, Wearing places the bail. The gale howls into his eyes, but it does not matter. Coolly he steps back, just lurches forward, right into the eye of the wind it flies, straight for the post, veers on a friendly puff of wind, and goes straight over. It was a critical moment, when the scores were 12-all. South Sydney 14-12— and the game almost won. More than flesh and blood could stand? It was. Never could Wests get out of that fateful corner, rally though they did. The cup of woe was slowly filling to the brim. And, by strange coincidence, history was about to repeat itself. And then came the coup d'état. The ball rolled from amid a scurry of heaving legs. Lewis saw it. In a flash he was down upon it — and straight over. A try, a goal by Wearing to make his 101 points as the bell rang— and South Sydney had won. Was Western Suburbs done? No, sirs! Here comes little Mead tricking his way through to make the movement-perfect of the game. The defence flew to him, and then at Cliff Pearce who sailed on, changing his pace and drawing the attack. On Pearce's right hand ran Ridley waiting. Why went for Pearce, but Ridley had it, shook himself free of Spillane's clutching hands and galloped over. With the goal by Mead, Wests were only two points behind, then five, when Why went over. But it wasn't finished. Dribbling the ball beautifully, Sponberg carried it to the open. Pearce took up the chase with Rankine and nobody near. On the 25 it bounced just a little. Rankine had it, and over he went. The goal was easy for Mead — and they were 12-all. It was a fight then, a fight to the death, but with Western Suburbs, now worn and weary, battling in a tragic Verdun. It's South Sydney's eleventh Premiership—yet it might have been Western Suburbs', so equal were the victors and the vanquished. **(The Truth 25th September 1932)**

Notes: This was an epic Grand Final where every man played himself to exhaustion. The scores were tied at 12-all with 12 minutes to go and Souths only won with a try on the bell. An injury, a deep cut over the left eye, to Morris was a crucial factor in the game as he was taken out of most of the backline movements, forcing Bill Ryan to play as an extra back. Evers was out with an injured leg but Eddie Root was back. Strong defence was a feature of this game with bone-rattling tackles the order of the day. Mead and Pearce capped great years with outstanding games but the Kangaroo full-back, McMillan, was their best player. It was a great season for Wests, although obviously disappointing they couldn't repeat the Final win. Third Grade also lost their Grand Final to Easts, 11-0