



1934 Round 12 Saturday 21st July Sydney Sports Ground



Eastern Suburbs 32

def.

Western Suburbs 8

Tom DOWLING
John LANE
Dave BROWN (c)
Jack BEATON
Frank BUCHANAN
Ernie NORMAN
Viv THICKNESSE
Andy NORVAL
Henry PIERCE
Max NIXON
John CLARKE
Tom McLACHLAN
Ray STEHR

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

Frank McMILLAN (c)
Ray HINES
Stan TANCREED
Alan BRADY
Alan RIDLEY
Vic HEY
Albert McGUINESS
Frank SPONBERG
Jack McCONNELL
Max GRAY
Charlie CORNWELL
Lionel FRAPPELL
Ray HANCOCK



Tries

Dave BROWN (3)
Jack BEATON (2)
Frank BUCHANAN
John LANE
Viv THICKNESSE

Alan RIDLEY
Stan TANCREED

Goals

Jack BEATON (2)
Dave BROWN (2)

Charlie CORNWELL (1)

Match Description

Eastern Suburbs: Full-back: T Dowling; three-quarters: J Lane, D Brown (capt), J Beaton, F Buchanan; halves: E Norman, V Thicknesse; forwards: A Norval, H Pierce, M Nixon, J Clarke, T McLachlan, R Stehr

Western Suburbs: Full-back: F McMillan (capt); three-quarters: A Ridley, A Brady, S Tancred, R Hines; halves: V Hey, A McGuinness; forwards: F Sponberg, J McConnell, M Gray, C Cornwell, L Frappell, R Hancock **Referee: L Deane (Rugby League News 28th July 1934)**

West, uncomfortable through the loss of their wonderful little half and unerring goal kicker, Les Mead, started out with grim determination to keep their record intact. The first half showed them ready to fight to the last ditch. They scored first through the magnificent work of Tancred and at half-time, even though the machine-like precision of Easts had them always running for cover, the scores were only 8-3 against them. But on the day the Tricolors played football that has rarely been excelled in years. They were irresistible. Beaton and Brown absolutely glittered like the finest of cut gems. Nothing could stop them. For a long time Vic Hey, that greatest of defenders, bottled Easts up. Try as they did, Thicknesse, Norman and Brown could not evade those wonderful jumping tackles of the mighty Wests' five-eighth, but as time wore on and Wests started to let Vic. do all the tackling it was more than flesh and blood could stand. It was asking too much of a willing man, and it was then that blocky little Ernie Norman started to take toll of the weariness of his rival. Brady and Sponberg had a lot of the steam taken out of them in the opening clashes, but the team deserves total credit for the gallant way they stood up to a champion bunch of opponents. In such a game of thrills it would take weeks to tell of all that took place, but there were a few aspects of the game that must be told. In the first place, the wonderful form of Beaton and Brown. Brown scored three tries, the first by using his weight and virility to carry half the opposing team over in the corner, the next after Norval had fended off player after player and sent to Stehr, to Brown for a meander under the bar. But the daddy of all Dave's scores was the last, when Wests were all-in. Using a low drop-kick for safety, Brown chased Ridley to the ball well downfield, beat him to it and toed it further down. Once again he came up with the leather, but the bounce did not favour him, so he dribbled it in the best Soccer fashion across the field until he could pick up without any trouble and run over under the bar. Things like that all combined to make the game the best of the season, and on the form shown it is certainly going to give Frank McMillan a lot of headaches thinking out some way to land the Premiership. The attendance was the second best of the season, 20,091. **(Truth 22nd July 1934)**

Vic Hey is the Don Bradman of Australian football, and his versatility is unbounded. The prodigious amount of tackling he did against Easts was reminiscent of Jack Watkins at his best. "By gee, he's one tough boy", remarked an Easts forward; "he got a terrible bump on the nose that would have settled anyone else, but he only shook his head and tore in!" Many English players formed the same opinion of Vic. **(Rugby League News 28th July 1934)**

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Notes: Wests had their stars back, although they badly felt the loss of Les Mead who had been injured playing for NSW. Alan Brady also broke his nose but played on bravely. Easts were at their brilliant best, Dave Brown living up to his legendary status. Frappell struggled in the scrums and they were missing the possession glut Lindfield usually gave them. Vic Hey's bulldog tackling was a feature of the game. Wests now only led the premiership race by two points.