

# McCORMICK CUP FINAL BEACH SQUELCH BY CRU'

## GAME-AT-A-GLANCE

**Place:** Union Pitch, Fletcher's Fields  
**Time:** November 1, 1986, kick off 2:04 p.m.  
**Weather:** 10°C, drizzle turning to rain, grey, overcast  
**Grounds:** Some puddles, well grassed, heavy turf



### Balmy Beach 4 (Royal Jersies, Gold Trim)

Jim Williams  
 Dennis Johnston  
 Paul Ambrose  
 John Spanton  
 Peter Szabolcs  
 Doug Underwood  
 Chris Rhora  
 Brian Spanton  
 Tony McGann  
 Rick Chambers  
 P. Denton  
 Don Hill  
 Jim Delaney  
 Fred Forster (Captain)  
 Kevin Quinn  
 None

P. Shepherd; Tim McMenamin;  
 H. McRae; D. Jarik; Trevor  
 Thompson; Scott Porter  
 Bruce Gage  
 2 Min. F. Forster try

Referee:  
 Touch Judges:

### Crusaders 0 (Gold Jersies, Black Trim)

1 Loose Head Prop Randy McKellar  
 2 Hooker Dave Speirs (Captain)  
 3 Tight Head Prop Bruce Harding  
 4 Left Lock G. Allan  
 5 Right Lock S. Fitzgerald  
 6 Left Flanker Tony Godziek  
 7 Right Flanker S. Eastwood  
 8 Number 8 Francis Calléns  
 9 Scrum Half Mark Jutronich  
 10 Fly Half Brian Kilmartin  
 11 Left Wing M. Stefnitz  
 12 Inside Centre John Slattery  
 13 Outside Centre P. MacDonald  
 14 Right Wing F. Flaxman  
 15 Full Back K. King  
**Substitutes:** for Flaxman  
 (broken collarbone)

**Adjustments:**  
**Non-Playing Reserves:**

R. Kehoe; R. Frisen;  
 A. Jutronich; Brian Timmons

**Coach:**  
**Scores:**

D. Speirs  
 None

Brian Chatland (ORRS)  
 Mike Gallagher (ORRS); Chris Hindley (ORRS)

Following the kick off by Beach into touch-in-goal, McGann tried a long drop goal directly from Jutronich's 22m kick. Cru's next 22m kick was returned by Chambers and found touch 35m out. Brian Spanton palmed the line out to McGann, who sprinted wide and sent a huge pass half way across the field to Freddy Forster who went over in the corner for his second winning try in consecutive McCormick Cup finals.

Winning try? Neither Beach nor Cru were to add further points for the remaining 88 minutes. A combination of heavy, slippery ball, solid Beach defence and overall lack of finish by both sides would reduce this game to a battle among the infantry. The sun disappeared, the rains came, the foot soldiers were left to slug it out in the mud.

Not that it wasn't a good game. The ingredients were all there for an exciting day for the almost 1,000 spectators. Nomads, resplendent in bottle green with gold trim and a foreign looking deer for an emblem (the Gleneagles agreement did not go that far!) had earlier come from behind to defeat a gallant Brock side by a score of 7-3 for the Marshall Trophy. Beach supporters were cheering two divisional cup victories from earlier in the day. The crowd was up for another thriller. A glut of tries never matters to the crowded sidelines. When it comes to that crucial, final game, the competition is the thing and it's never over while there is still a breath of life in either the Christian or the lion. Divine intervention can occur at any time. The crowd knew whose side they were cheering for, they knew it would be close. This was the Cup final.

Forster's try set the stage. Beach set themselves as the slight favourite and Crusaders were to pursue well within reach, for the whole game. From the two minute mark onwards Cru' kicked, passed and ran at possible chinks in the east ender's armour. When a slight crack was found as progress made, Beach closed down further options and retained error free possession.

Possession was a key to Beach success. Clearly dominant in the line out through the jumping of the Brothers Spanton and Szabolcs Beach were quickly mired in the swift forming Cru' cover. The initiative in rucking and mauling that ensued was probably to the benefit of Crusaders, who appeared a little quicker to the breakdown. Certainly, the front row of McKellar, Speirs and Harding were dominant in the se-

pieces, despite the hard work of their Beach counterparts. Ambrose and Williams were solid, but Johnson was not picked for his striking ability.

Jutronich and Kilmartin were able to work the ball obtained for them mainly through tactical kicking. High kicks behind the centres, behind the Beach pack, then to the corners for the wingers kept Beach spread out in defence. Was there not, though, just enough space left in the blue wall that Crusaders running troops might change the Beach defensive pattern? Was it never judged that the Beach backs were a little too deep for the almost exclusive kicking strategy to work well? Chambers, on the other hand, left footed less often but effectively. Cru' had to be wary of the Beach running ability both close to the set pieces and on the right wing.

Certainly the tactics created chances, though the margin was too close to realize points. Skills were nullified by defence and mud. It was left to opportunity to keep hopes alive. When would Quinn drop a Kilmartin kick in front of his posts? When would a tired forward err within penalty range? These rugby facts of life never occurred in any critical field position to be a consequence. Missed penalty attempts were even.

Some individual efforts almost made it; one should have. A break down the right field in the first half saw Fred Forster clearly obstructed



*Mark Jutronich hoists one of his many fruitless kicks. (McClean)*

20m out. Forster got his pass away and a second relay to Don Hill allowed him to ground down in the corner. Referee Chatland later admitted that advantage should have been allowed and therefore the 4 points. There was even some thought that a penalty try was warranted. Nevertheless, even the penalty kick opportunity was missed.

In the second half, McGann made a break similar to the one that led to Forster's scoring effort. This time, Freddy was 10m closer and the bullet pass bounced right off his chest.



*Brian Spanton dominates line-out play as did brother John and Peter Szabolcs throughout McCormick Cup final. (McClean)*

Few spectators left feeling that anyone else but Beach deserved the win. As Jimmy Williams pointed out after several beer baths in the bar, "we played 4 of the 6 Super Six teams and beat them all to get here." The Cru' supporters were left with alibis. "We should have had it when..." could not take away the fact that the golden jerseys played well but were beaten by a finer team. There were no glaring errors, at least not by the players.

Coaches Gage and Speirs can ponder the results over the snowy season and start the build up for another climax for 1987. This season is over.