



# YEAR OF THE TIGER

It's official . . . 1985 is the Year of the Tiger.

A courageous Glenelg yesterday swamped disappointing North Adelaide by 57 points to win the SA National Football League premiership—the Tigers' first in 12 years.

By Gordon Campbell

And the sweet victory ended a tormenting run of five grand final losses for the Tigers.

Joint heroes were tiny back pocket Ross Gibbs and seven-goal forward Stephen Kernahan who won the Jack Oatey Medal for best on ground.

And Graham Cornes, one of Glenelg's favorite sons, steered the club to

ultimate victory in his first season as Glenelg coach.

The Tigers almost miraculously turned a 29-point deficit early in the second quarter into a 12-point lead by half-time in one of the most devastating goal sprees in a grand final.

Jubilant Glenelg coach GRAHAM CORNES was not convinced of premiership glory until the 20-minute mark of the last quarter.

He said after the game: "I didn't think we had it won until the 20-minute mark."

"Up to late in the second term our discipline and movement of the ball was poor but then it just seemed to click . . . commiserations to North."

Tiger captain Peter Carey said: "It was a tremendous effort by our players . . . everyone has worked so hard during the year."

## NO PRIZES YESTERDAY BUT NUNAN SEES HOPE

Disappointed North coach Mike Nunan declared after the game: "To lose a grand final you might as well finish tenth—there's no second prize."

That comment more than any, mirrored the reality and hurt of being a vanquished grand finalist, a runner-up.

Nunan offered no excuses.

"We were beaten by a much better side on the day," he said.

"We got excited about things when we were about five goals up and we started to lose our work-rate and our discipline in the second quarter."

### Experience

"We'd been working very well without converting until the 20-minute mark of that quarter . . . we gained valuable experience for the future."

Nunan emerged as the true gentleman he is after the game.

He walked towards Glenelg players offering handshakes as they completed their lap of honor.

And that gesture was after a spiteful third term when players from both sides went headhunting.

"When two teams have battled as hard and aggressively and a few agricultural movements are made, it's important that at the end of the day, the victor and the sport are recognised," he said.

Nunan told Glenelg in the dressing rooms after the game: "You proved far, far too good on the day -- congratulations."

Nunan was reluctant to identify instances of undisciplined play from North after it had won control of the game early in the second term.

He talked to his players behind closed doors for 15 minutes after the presentation of the premiership flag and the Thomas Seymour-Hill trophy.

A few home truths were no doubt said but Nunan declined to repeat what he told players.

North captain DAVID TILLER told Glenelg: "Back in April I told a mate we'd be playing Glenelg in the grand final. 'You were too good, see you next year.'"

### First step

Tiller believed Glenelg had built up a hate of losing grand finals and that had inspired them.

And of North's disastrous fade-out in the second term: he said: "We lost track of getting the ball."

"We were going well and then suddenly Glenelg came back."

"I wouldn't say they were easily the better side though the scoreboard will indicate that."

"There's a fine line between playing so well and then another team forcing a big turnaround."

A bitterly disappointed Tony Antrobus conceded after the game he had been responsible for allowing

By Gordon Campbell

Glenelg three goals.

His courage in admitting the errors is the first step towards North's grand final rehabilitation.

## Fears for Wildy's eye

NORTH Adelaide defender David Wildy may have suffered a serious eye injury during yesterday's grand final against Glenelg at Football Park.

Club doctors feared last night he may have damaged the retina in his left eye.

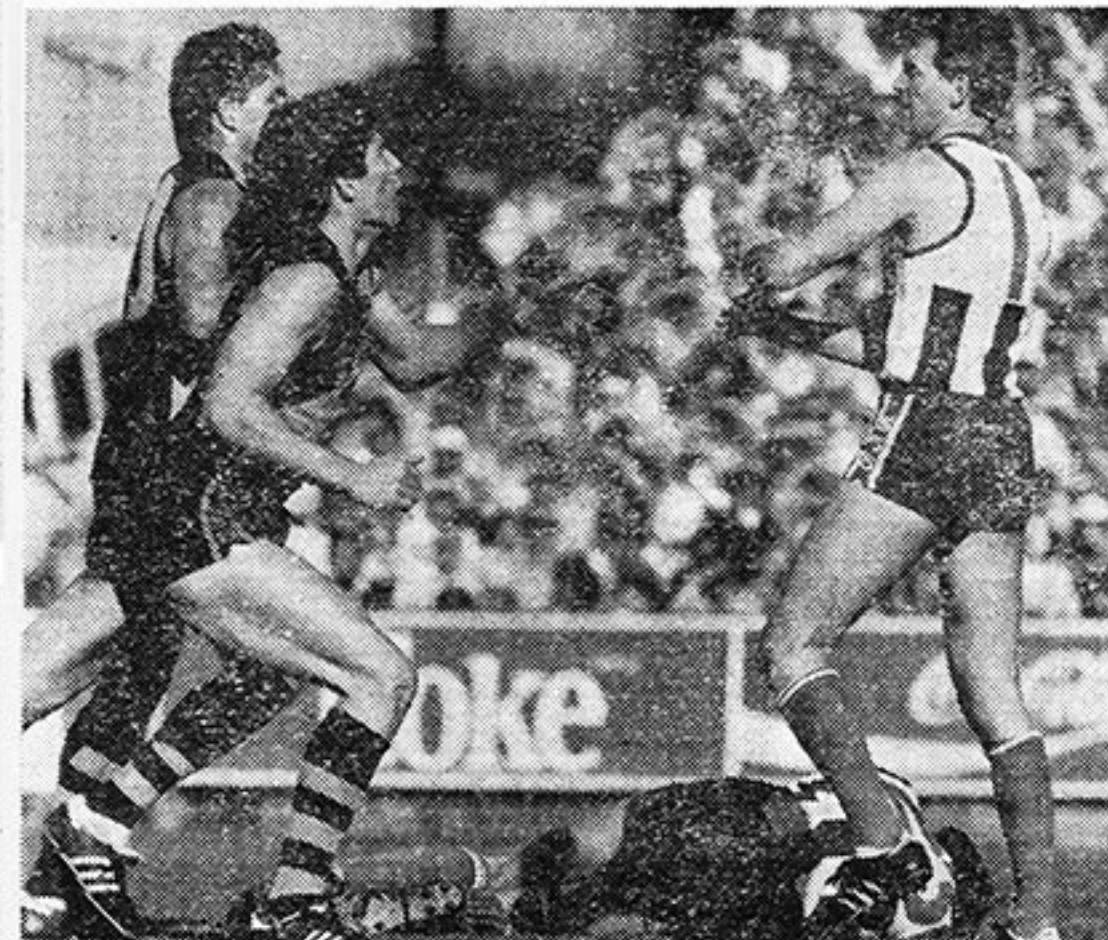
Wildy said after the game he could not see out of the eye. He will see a specialist today.

He suffered the injury after clashing with Glenelg's Stephen Kernahan at

the 16-minute mark of the third term. Wildy was carried off on a stretcher and did not return to the field.

It was one of a number of incidents during a fiery third term. However, field umpires Laurie Argent and Rick Kinnear, did not lodge any reports.

North ruckman Mike Parsons suffered a groin injury earlier in the game and was finally forced off the field at three-quarter time.



North defender David Wildy lays motionless after a clash with Glenelg's Stephen Kernahan. Peter Maynard (left), Kernahan and John Riley came to grips before Wildy was taken from the ground.



Champagne corks pop as Glenelg wingman Tony Symonds (left) and his victorious teammates begin their celebrations after the match.



Glenelg captain Peter Carey proudly lifts the premiership cup — something Bay fans have been waiting 12 years to see

## Two big differences for the Bay

There were two important differences between Glenelg and North Adelaide yesterday.

The Bays were a physically stronger side. And they had Stephen Kernahan at centre half-forward.

They completely overran a tired-looking North, and, while taking nothing away from Glenelg, it looked as though the old myth of six days not being quite enough for a side to prepare for the grand final was right.

You need luck in a grand final — and it started with North. It looked as though everything was going to fall into place for the Roos early in the game.

Full forward Michael Parsons was an enormous threat with two goals in the first 10 minutes, and ruckman Mike Redden was getting on top of Wayne Henwood in ruck.

But Bay coach Graham Cornes has never been afraid to make changes to make things happen.

He swung Peter Carey, who had been beaten by Steven Hay in the forward pocket, into the ruck and gave the powerful Henwood the role of cutting Parsons out of the game.

Carey, relishing being thrown back into the fray, played a fantastic captain's game in ruck. And



TACTICS

Rick Davies

Henwood shut Parsons out.

Still, Glenelg looked in trouble early in the second quarter, but at that stage the Tiger players did not have their eyes fixed on the ball. As soon as they realised the ball was the main object, they showed 50,000-plus people how the game was played.

Cornes made other important moves in giving Glenelg's Mr Fixit, Scott Salisbury, the task of stopping David Robertson's influence.

As he had done in cutting Brenton Phillips out of the game in the second semi-final, he was a big success.

And Robin Kidney, who was a surprise selection in the first place, was thrown on to the wing — and he did not let his coach down.

It went to show the depth and flexibility of Glenelg, and the fact Cornes was not afraid to make changes to make things happen.



# HOW THE TIGERS TURNED THE TIDE

Grand final glory! At last it has descended upon those tenacious Tigers.

After years of of heart-break and despair, Glenelg was yesterday filled with tears of joy as it wiped North Adelaide off Football Park by 57 points.

It was not the greatest grand final, not the toughest, but it was indeed sweet for the Tigers after it seemed success would slip away late in the second term.

The Tigers clawed themselves out of trouble, and once they had the scent of victory, there was nothing the tired-looking Roosters could do to stop them.

And like every grand final, there was pain and ecstasy.

No one felt greater anguish for a solitary mistake than North half-forward David Robertson when he lost control of the ball while charging towards goal.

The Roosters should have raced to a 24-point lead but, instead, Glenelg cleared with magnificence and Peter Maynard goaled.

It was then that Glenelg took its first grip on the premiership trophy.

Within another five minutes four more goals went Glenelg's way — two from Stephen Kernahan from spectacular marks and two from Stephen Copping who inspired his teammates even further.

This avalanche of goals knocked the spirit out of North it was was not allowed to recover.

After a magnificent start when it lead 7-5 to 2-6, North crumbled when the Tigers slammed on the next eight goals to lead by 18 points 16 seconds into the third term.

North crept within 10 points minutes later, but then rover Tony Antrobus made two fatal errors which cost goals and the hopes of the Roosters' fans faded.



Ashley Porter

	1st	2nd	3rd	Final	Pts.
Glenelg	2-5	9-7	14-10	21-15	141
North	4-4	7-7	9-10	12-12	84

**BEST — GLENELG:** Gibbs, S. Kernahan, Carey, Symonds, McGuinness, Maynard, Kidney. **NORTH:** Phillips, Redden, S. Riley, Campbell, Armfield, J. Riley.

**GOALKICKERS—GLENELG:** S. Kernahan 7.3, Garton 4.1, Copping 3.1, McGuinness 2.3, McDermott 1.1, Symonds 1.0, Hall 1.0, Henwood 1.0, Maynard 1.0, Kidney 0.1, W. Stringer 0.2, rushed 0.2. **NORTH:** Parsons 2.2, Hart 2.2, Robertson 2.1, Brealey 2.0, Sanders 2.0, Antrobus 1.1, Tiller 1.0, Jarman 0.4, Campbell 0.1, rushed 0.1.

**INJURIES—NORTH:** Wildy (damaged retina, left eye), Parsons (groin).

**UMPIRES—**Laurie Argent, Rick Kinnear.

**ATTENDANCE—**50,289.

North's work rate began to drop at an alarming rate in the third term which was marred by a spate of fights and incidents.

And as the game wore on, North wore out. Its legs began to take shorter strides, there were fewer long kicks, and the handballs became sloppy.

In contrast, Glenelg's adrenalin began pumping faster. It created the open spaces, made North chase guernseys, and capitalised on the misdirected passes.

Stephen Kernahan was presented with the Jack Oatey Medal as the best player on ground, and his effort was superb — seven goals, 13. kicks, seven handballs, and 11 magnificent marks.

But my most valuable player was a shorter fellow in the back pocket — Ross Gibbs.

He was one of the few Glenelg players who shone during the first half, and maintained the great performance.

Gibbs thwarted numerous attempts for goal by North and set up some effective play from the backlines.

However, he made one mistake. He said before the game if Glenelg was 10 goals up in the last quarter he would do a drop kick. Gibbs did just that, but the margin was 57 points.

There were many other heroes, and some went into the match without the same media attention.

Robin Kidney heads that special list. Without being unkind, he has rarely been recognised as a brilliant player.

He went on to the ground after quarter time and did a good job in restricting Matthew Campbell on a wing.

Then there was the "old champ" Peter Carey who finally realised his dreams of holding that premiership trophy aloft.

## Lion-hearted

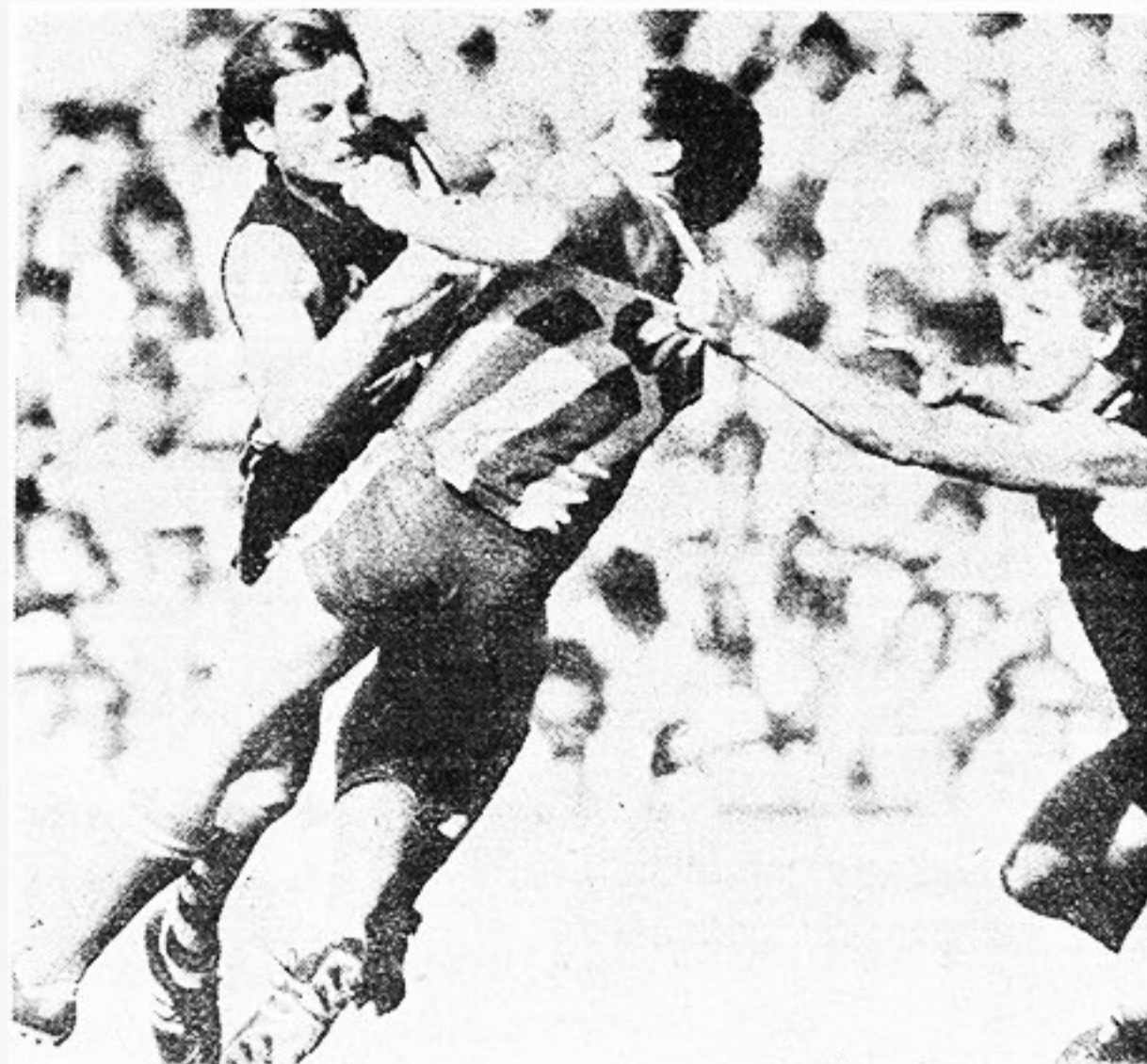
The giant went into battle against the North ruckmen with the same enthusiasm as he did in 1973 when he was best on ground after kicking six goals from centre half-forward.

"Super" was great. He gave a lion, sorry Tiger, hearted effort and was inspirational to his younger teammates.

Rover Tony McGuinness fed off him well and provided Glenelg with tremendous drive from the centre square.

The best player list could go on . . . Maynard, Tony Symonds. Overall, it was a fine team effort.

North may have lost the match, but it won everyone's respect when it stayed on the ground longer than it was asked to so every player could congratulate the opposition.



Scott Salisbury (left) and David Robertson come to grips and Alan Stringer lends a hand to try and sort out out of the many scuffles that erupted during the grand final.

After clearly looking the best side, North's game went to pieces. Undiscipline crept in, and the Roosters put themselves under pressure with silly mistakes.

But their hearts were always in the game. They will learn from the valuable experience and will never forget that losing grand final feeling.

North also had its winners. Brenton Phillips played well on his wing, Mike Redden worked tirelessly in ruck, and Stephen Riley was resilient in defence.

There were many others who showed their class but were unable to maintain the effort over four quarters.

Glenelg thoroughly deserved the victory. Both sides were gracious after the torrid 120 minutes of pressure football.

It was obviously a fantastic end to the season for the Tigers, and their grand effort yesterday also put an end to the cruel jokes about them not being able to play well in grand finals.



Jack Oatey Medallist for best on ground, Stephen Kernahan salutes the crowd.

## Stephen's magnificent 7

It was the day of the Tiger . . . and Glenelg champion Stephen Kernahan gave an awe-inspiring performance which again showed him to be Australia's hottest football property.

The high-marking centre half-forward, 22, claimed the Jack Oatey Medal for best on ground yesterday's grand final by SANFL president, Mr with a match-winning Max Basheer, and paid seven goal performance.

After being well held by North defender David Wildy in the first term, Kernahan was the spark that ignited the Tiger's premiership charge. He picked up 13 kicks, seven handballs, seven hit-outs and grabbed 11 marks in Glenelg's first premiership win since 1973.

The All-Australian forward could have been playing in his last game for Glenelg as he is being tipped to join VFL club Carlton next season.

Surrounded by teammates and well-wishers in the Glenelg rooms after the game, Kernahan said:

"It's fantastic. "It was a tremendous performance by the players — a great team effort."



The face says it all . . . North coach Mike Numan watches his team go down



# A spirited toast to our great game

While Football Park was registering on the Richter Scale yesterday I found solace in that plastic cupper of The Outer—the Magarey Medallist's Bar.

It is there on the first Saturday of every October that one finds in all its gregarious pot-bellied glory that wonderful species known as a true-blue football supporter.

Being a place of posterity for champions, and a haunt for those who revere them, the mood easily gives way to tall stories and earnest characters who tell them.

And yesterday I overheard one tale that deserves to go down in the annals of great football yarns.

## Linament

Certainly in the hazy wake of the grand final it provides a veritable beacon of merriment.

The story centres on two inseparable friends known as Dud and Rod whose great joy in life was footy. They ate, slept . . . breathed football.

For years these two mates followed the linament trail to every ground in town to watch their team play.

They were first at training between games with back-pats and words of encouragement and, at home, the video recorder was forever armed with match replays.

Sadly and suddenly Dud passed away and, naturally enough, the team wore black armbands the following Saturday.

Being a goodly soul for

By Trevor Gill

most of his life Dud was welcomed to Heaven where he found ethereal comfort recounting football stories with faces from the past. But after a few months he grew depressed and lonely.

Such was Dud's self-pity he wandered over to the Pearly Gate to see Saint Peter who, at the time, was insisting to a jovial newcomer that he had never worked at the Royal Show. Saint Peter was a good listener and benevolently agreed to let Dud go down to earth to visit his old mate Rod.

On Cloud Nine, Dud descended and found his friend alone in his living room watching a replay of the 1973 grand final.

After much how-do-you-do, Rod asked Dud what life was like "upstairs."

"Well," replied Dud, "I have some good news and some bad news."

"Give us the good news," implored Rod.

"Up there we have the greatest football side that ever pulled on boots. The Heaven Club has won the past nine premierships and hasn't lost a game all year. It's just fantastic."

"Gee," said Rod. "And, er, what's the bad news?"

"Well, mate . . . you're playing on the half forward flank this Saturday."

# SIX MINUTES THAT CHANGED THE GRAND FINAL

Where do you start? What more can you say? Probably only this.

Every now and then, even in the celestial realm of grand finals where superhuman effort is regarded as the norm, there comes a performance that has everything.

And yesterday this Glenelg team, this fanatically unified, committed, skilled and ferocious team of Tigers produced one of those.

Staggering, punch-drunk, on the ropes and awaiting the knock-out blow in the second quarter, they suddenly found the depths of belief and courage that have so distinguished their marvellous jaunt through the second half of this fabulous football season.

In six incredibly significant minutes they turned a nightmare into a five-goal avalanche that sucked the heart and confidence away from their North Adelaide tormentors.

Down three goals one second, they suddenly were two in front at the half-time siren.

And in the second half, like Atilla's legions, they came out with the swords swinging until there were no more heads to roll.

There would be only pace, flat-out, only one direction, forward.

## Fantasy

And in the end the foundation they built on courage and sweat would unfold into an exquisitely versatile performance for which the Roosters had no answer.

Yesterday will be remembered for many things for it was, unquestionably, a fantasy of an afternoon that manifested all that is spectacular in sport.

It will be recalled for its fire for the two teams hammered at each other with a fury that was only spent in the final 15 minutes.

It will be remembered for its skill, tackling, reflex movement and courage for some aerial miracles and incredible endeavor.

It will be remembered for the ugliness of the third quarter which erupted into a running 20-minute brawl, not just on the ground but the terraces to boot.

And, maybe, most of all, they will still be talking years from now of the amazingly joyful, emotional, almost orgiastic celebrations that overflowed once the siren had sounded.

All the relief, all the longing, all the anticipation that Graham Cornes has kept subdued until the right time bubbled uncontrollably in Tiger hearts and minds.

For a little while it even seemed as though SANFL president Max Basheer would be left alone on the dais with the T. S. Hill Cup as the overjoyed Glenelg players paid tribute to each other and their magnificently loyal fans.



Geoff Roach

PICTURES:  
Brian Webber  
Ray Titus  
Kevin Bull

Nothing epitomised the closeness of the Tiger family and what they are about than events at the southern end.

There, threading her way through the feverish and jubilant, Pam Cornes came on to the ground and embraced her husband and the unbridled delight of the Glenelg cheer squad.

A bit further away big Harry Kernahan, the spirit and voice of Tigerland, fought back tears as he congratulated his sons, David and Stephen, the Stringer boys and Chris McDermott.

## Athlete

Tony Symonds was dashing back and forth to admirers near the pickets, Wayne Stringer was standing, Atlas-like, in front of the members stand exulting in the moment and big Peter Carey, once more a colossus in the crisis, simply absorbed it all.

Minutes later, North Adelaide would add to the rich tapestry of the day's events with an unprecedented gesture of sportsmanship.

Under coach Michael Nunan's insistence, they remained on the ground while the Tigers pranced on their victory prow, then moved forward en masse to congratulate the victors.

It was, quite simply, a magnificent moment for football and sport.

While nothing would unhinge the importance of

the team aspect of Glenelg's victory, there were some individual heroics which should not go unnoticed.

Take, for instance, The Torch and The Hatchet.

Ross Gibbs was The Torch, leading the Bays out of the darkness of the second quarter with his impossible intuition and audacity until they lit a fire of their own.

Stephen Kernahan was The Hatchet, blunted early then devastatingly effective as the game wore on.

He is such a consummate athlete that controlling him forever simply is not on, and once his genius took full bloom he filled those around him waves of confidence.

What about The Kid, little Robin Kidney, whose tackling, blocking and endeavor coming off the bench proved so crucial, and The Moose, Wayne Henwood, who went to full back to first blunt the menace of Mike Parsons then become a devastating rebounder?

## Tough

Nobody could ever lassoo Tony Symonds or David Marshall or prevent them from dispensing their gifted deliveries to teammates further ahead.

And Tony McGuiness, Alan Stringer, Peter Maynard and McDermott just kept doing the tough things they have all year and adding flash, dash and crash at the crucial time.

For Cornes, yesterday was an epic triumph.



Wayne Stringer

Adam Garlon

His coaching skills were not on trial. They are absolutely undoubted.

But he probed and experimented, switched and kept faith until it all clicked into an irresistible force.

Shed no tears for North. They wouldn't want any.

They tried as gallantly and wholeheartedly as anyone could wish and were only a thread away from fruition until David Robertson's fatal fumble and the Bays' devastating recovery of it changed the course of events in the second quarter.

That coincided with Mick Redden's first spell off the ball and before the Roosters knew it Steve Copping and Stephen Kernahan had taken the ball game away.

Redden was magnificent again all day, Tony Antrobus was a hornet of trouble for his opposition and the entire defence struggled manfully against ever increasing odds.

They will be better for the experience and in the wash up they might reflect that it was a bad year to be merely very, very good instead of great.



Peter Maynard had an upside-down way of getting the ball as Peter Carey (left), Tony Antrobus, Michael Redden and David Robertson await the outcome of his aerobatics.



A winning smile from premiership coach Graham Cornes



# Courage conquers that finals hoodoo



by  
GEOFF  
KINGSTON

GLENELG	2.5	9.7	15.10	21.15	(141)
NORTH	4.4	7.7	9.10	12.12	(84)

**SCORERS** — Glenelg: S. Kernahan 7.3, Garton 4.1, Copping 3.1, McGuinness 2.3, McDermott 1.1, Maynard, Symonds, Hall, Henwood 1.0, W. Stringer, Kidney, Marshall 0.1, rushed 0.3. North: Parsons, Hart 2.2, Robertson 2.1, Brealey, Sanders 2.0, Antrobus 1.1, Tiller 1.0, Jarman 0.4, rushed 0.2.

**BEST** — Glenelg: S. Kernahan, McDermott, Gibbs, McGuinness, Marshall, Maynard, Symonds. North: Robertson, S. Riley, Campbell, Antrobus, Phillips, Jarman.

**Umpires:** R. Kinnear, L. Argent.

If the second-quarter blitz by Glenelg was the beginning of the end for North, the third quarter signalled the absolute capitulation.

With spiteful acts exploding like hand grenades all over the ground North players in particular lost sight of one of their targets. Too many of them either backed out of the game or tiptoed around Football Park in a way that gave the side no chance of victory against the fiercely intimidating Glenelg outfit.

North seemed as though it was going to inflict a humiliating defeat on Glenelg when it careered to an impressive 7.5 to 2.6 lead midway through the first term.

Ruckman Mike Redden led North's charge of the height brigade with a superb opening against Wayne Henwood, while near the goalsquare Mike Parsons, who must surely do his training on a pogo stick, was embarrassing Chris Duthy.

So threatening were Redden and Parsons that Cornes was forced to switch Henwood to full back to combat Parsons — a job he achieved with remarkable success; with Peter Carey then having to do almost all the ruckwork for the rest of the game.

Carey, one of the last of the dinosaurs, was a long way from his giant-killing days of the past but his worth on Football Park on Saturday was inestimable.

North rover Tony Antrobus was also irritating Glenelg — and a large chunk of the 50,289 crowd.

His skill and tactics unbalanced Glenelg repeatedly in the first half and it was a tribute to his resilience that he survived the game.

It has just about got to the stage where Antrobus might consider taking a "minder" with him wherever he plays.

North was also succeeding on the wings, where the artful Matthew Campbell and Brenton Phillips were reliable sources of supply.

But in the third term, reminded by Cornes that "this is the most important quarter of football this year," Glenelg, which until then had been a team of wandering impulses, applied itself 100 p.c. to winning.

And while the North players were doing other things Glenelg was robbing them of the game.

Chris McDermott was inspirational. He was a hero to the Glenelg crowd — a society founded on hero worship.

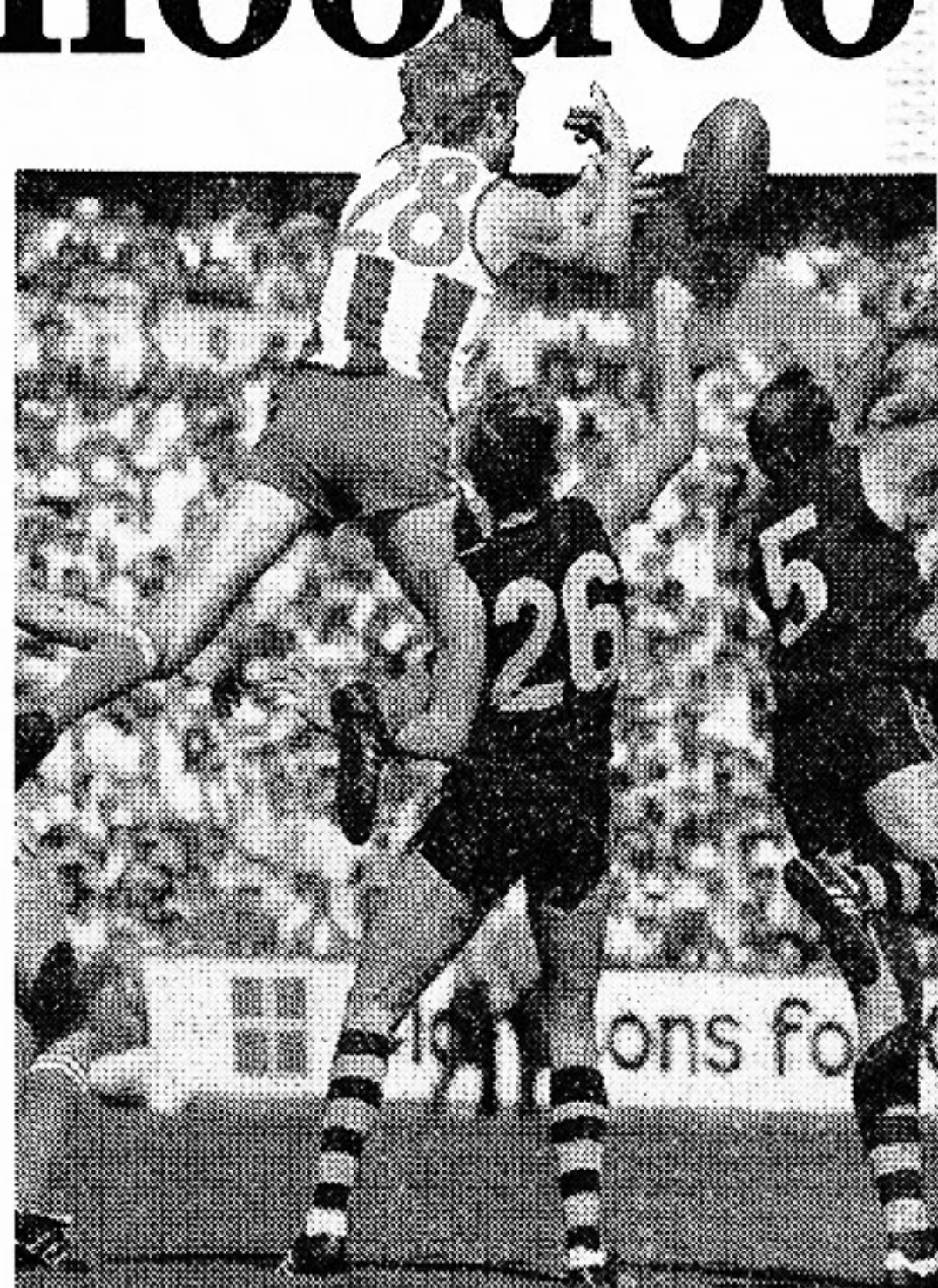
But so also were rover Tony McGuinness, half-forward Tony Symonds, follower Peter Maynard and half-forward David Marshall. Their different skills provided an avalanche of scoring opportunities that finally overwhelmed North.

Then, in defence, were Ross Gibbs and Henwood — the former Sandgropers who were doing everything but groping. A curious mix of brute power and cool arrogance, they played according to the defender's commandment — "Thou shalt not pass."

But the biggest monument in the game was Glenelg centre half-forward Stephen Kernahan, who won the Jack Oatey Medal as best afield. He was the Glenelg heart, the one player North never controlled, never subdued.

After a worrying start, he imposed his special dignity on the game and probably more than anyone else started the alarm bells ringing for North.

And as the sounds of failure echoed inside the heads of the North players, unbridled joy welled in the eyes of the Glenelg players, overflowed down their cheeks and allowed them to hug and kiss each other in celebration of a memorable victory.



High-flying Mike Parsons of North Adelaide just fails to make this spectacular grab over Glenelg's Chris Duthy.

## BEST PLAYERS

**GEOFF KINGSTON:**

S. Kernahan (G) 3  
C. McDermott (G) 2  
R. Gibbs (G) 1

**KEVIN NEALE:**

S. Kernahan (G) 3  
R. Gibbs (G) 2  
J. Riley (NA) 1

**RUSSELL EBERT:**

S. Kernahan (G) 3  
R. Gibbs (G) 2  
B. Phillips (NA) 1

**LANCE CAMPBELL:**

C. McDermott (G) 3  
R. Gibbs (G) 2  
S. Kernahan (G) 1

**ALAN SHIELL:**

S. Kernahan (G) 3  
R. Gibbs (G) 2  
P. Carey (G) 1

**PETER HAYNES:**

S. Kernahan (G) 3  
C. McDermott (G) 2  
R. Gibbs (G) 1

**Totals:** Kernahan 16, R. Gibbs 10, McDermott 7, Riley, Phillips, Carey.

## Who needs practice for those moments like these?

By ALAN SHIELL

Rod Fiegert announced that the empties amounted to no fewer than 57 18-gallon kegs of beer inside the club and 20,160 cans on the Bay Oval.

Allied with gallons of spirits and soft drinks, this is, of course, some achievement. It represents probably the biggest one-night booze-up in the history of SA sport.

And they were at it again yesterday! Didn't some of them know that

they had to front up at the SA Brewing Company this morning for the traditional unveiling of the chimney... and then on to Peter Darley's Wellington Hotel to quench an unquenchable thirst?

Yes, but THE Swim Through Glenelg really was special; perhaps not so much the celebrating of a premiership as the glorious recognition and overwhelming relief that Saturday, October 5, 1985, had become the most significant date in the Tigers' tormented history.

They are a proud club... with

reason, for they give their loyal members and supporters a good run for their money. They win more games than they lose. And they always seem to be in the finals.

But they had gone into eight grand finals since 1969, and seven times they had gone back to Brighton Road as losers.

Another loss would have been, well, catastrophic. That old line about so-and-so taking a running jump off the end of Glenelg jetty could have stopped being a joke.

Glenelg's football director, Harry Kernahan, recognised this yester-

day when he said: "This premiership was especially important for 21 men — our 20 players and coach Graham Cornes — because of all the flak that has been thrown at Glenelg players over our losing grand finals."

"It was a responsibility that rested heavily on their shoulders. Now, if anyone in SA doesn't believe the grand-final bogey has been laid to rest, he or she is a fool."

So is there any wonder that Glenelg is nursing a collective hangover today? Or that it will be some time before the cheers, beers and tears subside?

Three times in 65 years hardly qualifies Glenelg as an experienced campaigner at celebrating premierships.

But, boy, do the Tigers know how to celebrate a flag in style! And with a thirst that knows no bounds.

Fifteen thousand jubilant people (at \$2 a head for adults) waltzed through the gates of Glenelg Oval on Saturday night.

Yesterday morning, with a sense of enviable community pride, Glenelg Footballers' Club manager





Stephen Kernahan, best on the ground in the grand final, is hugged after the game by his elated father Harry, Glenelg's football director.

## Kernahan: VFL decision to be known in a week

Stephen Kernahan, Glenelg's seven-goal premiership hero, will decide within a week whether he will transfer to VFL club Carlton next year.

Glenelg virtually is resigned to losing him, at least for a few seasons.

Club president Bob Campbell said yesterday: "We have done everything we possibly can to retain Stephen."

"From what I can ascertain, the offer we made was not that far away from Carlton's offer. But knowing Stephen and knowing his family, I know that money hasn't got a lot to do with it."

"If he is to go, he goes with our

blessing. He has done everything asked of him and I am sure he still is a future Bays captain."

Kernahan's father, Harry, Glenelg's football director, said yesterday: "Stephen will announce next Sunday or Monday what he is doing next year. Before then, neither he nor I will entertain any discussion about his future with anyone outside the club."

Carlton signed Kernahan before he had played a league game. He feels committed to the club. There is no suggestion of his being interested in another Victorian league club.

## GRAND FINAL IN FIGURES

GLENELG						NORTH					
Player	Kicks	Mks	H'ball	HO	Pts.	Player	Kicks	Mks	H'ball	HO	Pts.
Corey	3	4	7	26	6	Antrobus	17	5	7	7	7
Copping	9	3	6		5	Armfield	6	1	6		5
Duffy	5	3	4		5	Arnold	2	2	6		4
Garton	6	3	3	2	5	Bennett	4	4	9		4
Gibbs	19	3	2		8	Braley	4	3	4	4	4
Hall	6	2	4		6	Campbell	19	4	7	4	7
Henwood	11	3	2	13	7	Hart	11	1	6		6
D. Kernahan	7	3	3		5	Hay	9	3	4		4
S. Kernahan	13	11	7	8	8	Hill	4	1	4		4
Kidney	7	1	5		5	Jarman	9	3	14		6
Marshall	15	7	7		7	Parsons	5	3		2	4
Maynard	20	3	5		7	Phillips	12	3	12		6
McDermott	11	4	20		8	Redden	6	6	8	18	5
McGuinness	19	6	4		8	Riley, J.	6	4	9		5
Murphy	1		2		3	Riley, S.	16	9	8		8
Salisbury	7		7		5	Robertson	16	3	10		8
Seaborn	6		6	2	6	Sanders	12	3	3		5
A. Stringer	9		15		7	Tiller	6		10		4
W. Stringer	11	3	5		6	Wildy	4	2	2		4
Symonds	15	5	7		7	Zoontjens	5	2	2		
Totals	200	64	121	51		Totals	173	62	131	24	

Merit points by Geoff Kingston

# Glenelg wins - for itself and others

Glenelg has done a lot more than win its third premiership.

Ignoring North Adelaide, which needs time to repair the vicious dents to its pride, it's a fair bet that not only Bay supporters, but also those of eight other league clubs, heaved a sigh of relief at 5 p.m. on Saturday.

At last, for a while, they can be spared the interminable recounting of Cornsey's kick in the 1973 grand final.

Fine moment in sport though it was, if ever an occasion has had the living daylight beaten out of it, the drop punt that didn't win Glenelg's second title, is it.

After all, Glenelg took that game by seven points, not one point, and it has always seemed to me a hallmark of the club and its barrackers that they should take a slightly different view of things than the rest.

Perhaps this peculiarity is the secret of its success, for there is no doubt that in the past two decades, Glenelg has changed itself — against the odds — from a second-rank outfit into a first rate club, able to sit there on top with Port Adelaide, Norwood and Sturt in the wider scheme of league football although nowhere near them in achievements.

Considering these advances, and the many, many finals appearances in the time, I had never been able to fully understand the pessimism bordering on morbid obsession that characterises most Glenelg supporters.

That is, until Saturday, when I could see that it was the pitiless search for the respectability that had eluded them for so long, the quest for the final material proof of Glenelg's standing, that sometimes made them act in strange ways.



The 1934 premiership had announced that, if nothing else, Glenelg existed.

The 1973 premiership, after 39 years, had given it heart, but there the heart stopped while Port, Norwood and Sturt beat on and West Adelaide savored the feeling.

No more is it the "so near but not so close" mentality for Glenelg.

It has become respectable in the best possible way in football — by winning a premiership and deserving to — and Cornsey's kick can take its rightful place as only a part of the story, because on Saturday enough happened to Glenelg to prove that it has made it.

The 20 players had a lot to lose, and played that way.

It was more than likely that if they had let by far the club's best chance since '73 slip through their fingers, many supporters who had stuck by the club would have given up losing, and gone where the going is easier.

North, on the other hand, performed after the first 40 minutes as though winning was merely the more acceptable of two options, and even the third quarter fight — a product of North's frustration with itself — could not obscure the fact that defeat did not hold for the club the magnitude that it did for Glenelg.

# Glenelg desperate but still cool in crisis

Glenelg's desperation and hunger for the ball were the keys to its grand final win over North Adelaide on Saturday.

These factors showed in every ball the players attacked. Glenelg had the composure to maintain its cool and put the score on the board during the periods of tough play.

It was hard, tough finals football.

Glenelg was able to handle the pressure and get on with the game, while North tended to get a bit rattled when it tried to catch Glenelg in the clinches.

North settled a lot better than the Bays did. It was very aggressive early and combined this with its natural running game, which was why it was completely on top in the first quarter and a-half.

At the 15-minute mark of the second term North had total control. It was five goals up and running the ball well against the breeze.

But North then attacked three or four times without reward, used the handball once too often — and things came unstuck.

Glenelg swept down for priceless goals during time-on and really had its game rolling. At that point there was no way anything was going to stop it.

It was probably inexperience by North that let the Bays get back into it.

When you hold a lead of four or five goals, you just bottle the game up and hold the ball until you regain your composure.

It was very significant that Glenelg went in at half-time two goals clear.

It wasn't so much the lead it held, but the way it had finished the second quarter and the fact its adrenalin was flowing.

North had the use of a five-goal breeze in the third quarter. It had to go into the last quarter at least five goals up but, of course, it went in five goals down.



RUSSELL EBERT on the grand final with Peter Haynes

Glenelg won the centre square throughout with sheer desperation.

Peter Maynard, Chris McDermott, Alan Stringer and Robin Kidney were hard and desperate. They were the players who won the game for the Bays.

I really can't emphasise enough the contribution of those four, while Peter Carey did a terrific job in ruck.

Ross Gibbs in the back pocket performed particularly well, while Stephen Kernahan's last 2½ quarters were superb.

There was a hell of a lot of pressure on Stephen with his being called the key to the game and all that, but he was able to handle the pressure and play his own superb brand of football.

He kicked seven goals, handed out a couple more and played the aggressive type of football you have to play in finals.

The result may well make up his mind about going to Victoria next year.

He's repaid Glenelg now for all it's given him over the years.

North never settled after half-time, while the last 10 minutes of the second quarter was just a complete blitz by Glenelg. The desperate Bays could smell the premiership and they weren't going to let it go.

But the loss will stand North in good stead for the next few years.

Saturday, October 5, will do North good. Coach Mike Nunan's decision to have his players confront defeat by congratulating Glenelg as a team on the ground was much more than just a laudable sporting gesture.

But the day will do much more for Glenelg.

The team stamped itself as one of the best combinations to win an SANFL flag by the way in which it caught and passed a lightning-fast side as though there was no future after five o'clock if it didn't.

It showed it had all the attributes of a team in doing so, with the likes of Chris McDermott, Ross Gibbs and Alan Stringer sticking around when the work was hard and fruitless, and it showed with Stephen Kernahan that it had one of the great stars of SA football.

There cannot have been a better mark than Kernahan any time, anywhere, and whether it is the medical millions of the Sydney Swans or the megabucks of Carlton or even the lure of home that decides his future, the best is yet to come.

As the celebrations go on, I hope someone spares a thought for Graham Campbell, Glenelg's coach in 1984 — the year of the infamous Peter Carey suspension that may have delayed last Saturday by 12 months.

It was basically Campbell's team that Graham Cornes wanted to greater heights than many believed the club would ever reach.

Unlike Campbell, Cornes had Carey in his team. And Carey's presence on the field was worth more than a thousand motivational methods.

The other 19 players owed it to him, and to their supporters. It was good to be there to see them deliver.

You have to lose a grand final before you really understand what football's all about. It makes you that more desperate for the next one and once there, you won't let go.

Glenelg has been in a lot of grand finals and lost a lot of them.

For North, Brenton Phillips tried all day on a wing, Mike Redden battled hard in ruck and Stephen Riley did a good job in defence.

Kernahan had already stamped himself on the game before David Wildy got hurt, but Wildy did a good job in containing him early. Tony Antrobus never stopped battling.

Mike Parsons started magnificently and was much too tall for Chris Duffy. North used the ball and him to advantage early but, unfortunately, he was the only avenue to goal.

Wayne Henwood finally did a good stopping job on Parsons and North's scoring resources were very limited.

In comparison, Glenelg had Kernahan on top at centre half-forward, Adam Garton kicking four goals at full forward and Stephen Copping getting three more, so Glenelg had the multiple goalscorers you need in finals.

While the game got a little out of hand in the third quarter, the umpires generally had pretty good control and paid the first free kick when it came.

## Main goalkickers

Leading goalkickers following the completion of the 1985 football season:

Blight (Wd) 126.68, Willmott (St) 112.42, Davies (St) 88.50, J. Roberts (Wt) 85.38, T. Evans (Pa) 80.37, Copping (Glen) 77.27, Dietrich (NA) 71.32, S. Kernahan (Glen) 70.46, Beecroft (Wd) 68.17, Johnston (Wt) 66.36, Platten (Cd) 65.41, McGuinness (Glen) 54.54, Antrobus (NA) 48.34, N. Roberts (Nwd) 47.16, Woodhall (WA) 42.26.