

First Semi-Final, 1987  
 The Advertiser  
**SPORT**

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# Bays in by a whisker

By  
**GEOFF KINGSTON**

A very brave Glenelg, its courage nourished by the fear of failure, beat Port Adelaide by two points in a thrilling finish to the league football knockout first semi-final at Football Park yesterday.

It was a heart-stopping performance; a stirring end to a wonderful game that suddenly signalled the exit of Port for this season.

Apart from a short period early in the first quarter Port led Glenelg all day. To lose as it did was a rough kind of justice.

Glenelg will now play Norwood in the preliminary final on Sunday.

Glenelg coach Graham Cornes conceded "we might have been lucky to win; just as Hawthorn was in the VFL preliminary final."

But he added: "You don't win and not deserve to."

Port coach Russell Ebert was shattered. "We controlled the ball for 90 of the 120 minutes and lost. It's hard to accept that we have lost two finals again... it's the end of the season; another one gone. It's hard to believe."

Port was betrayed by luck. It hit the post five infuriatingly frustrating times and the clincher, the reminder that Port was not meant to win, occurred at the 25-minute mark of the last quarter.

Trailing by three points Bruce Abernethy gathered a handball and launched himself at the Glenelg defence. From about 45 metres out, almost dead in front, on the run and clear of the last, desperate Glenelg defender, Abernethy, one of the most accurate kicks in the game, incredibly, unbelievably, kicked one more point — Port's 19th. A goal would have put Port back in front. In the next frantic five minutes not one more score was registered.

But to insist Glenelg stole the game would be to deny it the applause it so richly deserved.

Port never really owned the semi-final; certainly not enough to genuinely accuse Glenelg of stealing it. It came close occasionally but the Port players could not quite claim it was ever theirs for certain.

GLENELG	1.2	5.7	9.7	12.9	(81)
PORT ADELAIDE	2.8	5.13	8.17	10.19	(79)

**SCORERS** — Glenelg: Hall 3.0, Woodlands 2.2, Seebohm 2.1, Marshall 2.0, A. Stringer, Winton 1.1, Carey 1.0, Maynard 0.2, Kidney 0.1, rushed 0.1. Port: Borlase 3.2, Ginever 2.3, D. Smith 2.0, Abernethy 1.3, Tylor 1.2, Fiacchi 1.0, R. Smith 0.2, Boyd, Dalkin, Curtis, Obst, Phillips, Harrison 0.1, rushed 0.1.

**BEST** — Glenelg: Kernahan, Marshall, McDermott, Grenvold, Carey, A. Stringer, Winton. Port: Abernethy, Leslie, Anderson, Ginever, Johnston, Obst.

Glenelg lived precariously all day, balanced between good luck and bad luck and in the end it had to be a little careless with its life — to preserve it.

It was no good being brave from a distance and it could justify the argument that its luck in winning was not simply a matter of good fortune; rather the result of its own hard work.

The ruck battles were indecisive. Maybe, just maybe, Glenelg's Peter Carey had the edge on Russell Johnston. And there was little between the followers and rovers.

Port's Steve Curtis set up an early tag on Chris McDermott and did a good job until half-time and it was probably Abernethy with the explosive speed and prodigious kicking that swung the balance Port's way as both sides struggled to find a way through the labyrinth of blocks and dead ends.

Tim Ginever, "anchored" to the forward pocket for much of the game, was a serious threat to Glenelg and an embarrassment to Scott Salisbury until Cornes excused him from further suffering and made room for him on the interchange bench late in the second term.

Apart from Ginever Port was never consistently convincing in attack. Darryl Borlase had the Glenelg defence in a little panic at times in the second half and while Darren Smith did some nice things early, he was eventually removed from the game. Greg Phillips at centre half-forward was shut down

by Michael Murphy, who was given some inspired help by David Grenvold and Max Kruse (when switched from half-forward).

Glenelg did have an edge across the centreline. David Marshall shared the admiration of the 30,194 crowd with Greg Anderson but David Kernahan alongside him on a wing was a constant source of opportunities. His long kicking to the goalsquare rendered much of the Port defence redundant.

A short distance ahead of him was the Glenelg forward lines. Like the Port attack it was kept off balance for most of the day by a squad of dedicated defenders.

Alan Stringer was the best. In the second half and especially in the torrid last quarter, he was at his best — explosive, intimidating and remarkably skilled.

In the end the result was an uncomfortable mix of relief and despair and one more warning this premiership battle is not yet over.

### Our three best

D. KERNAHAN (Glenelg)	.....	3
B. ABERNETHY (Port)	.....	2
D. MARSHALL (Glenelg)	.....	1

### Second Semi Final

North	11-7	73
Norwood	8-5	53

### Next Week

Preliminary Final  
 Norwood v Glenelg

Wow, how did they get out of that?

Graham Cornes could not get his Tigers off Football Park quickly enough yesterday.

By Geoff Roach

As soon as the siren sounded he was out among them, hurrying them off the ground, shepherding them into the inner sanctum of their change room.

Consummate centre David Marshall, whose performance had been instrumental in victory, got not a pat on the back but a hurry-up, as did tardy full back Jim West. And it seemed from the stand Cornes was ready to read them the riot act.

Not so, he explained later. "There were just some important things I wanted to tell them while they were fresh in my mind," he explained later.

What those were remain with the players but there was no doubting the air of relief in the Tigers' lair.

They knew they had got out of jail to live and fight one more time for the SA premiership they consider theirs by right now.

And the knowledge they could still win a football match that seemed almost all day to be just beyond them will be a powerful reinforcement in the two more games separating them from third time glory.

They won in the end through the all-day prompting of Marshall and David Kernahan, much of whose wing work is so effective it is also unobtrusive, and the extraordinary resilience of The Colossus Peter Carey and Chris McDermott.

Carey and Russell Johnston staged one of those wonderful old-fashioned ruck duels which Johnston led on points at three-quarter time despite Carey's utterly crucial mark and goal when "resting" at full-forward for a few minutes in the third quarter.

But in the final term, once the Bays kicked clear, placid Peter rucked and roved as well.

If he couldn't palm the ball clear, he lowered his tonnage over it to eat up the clock and frustrate Port's efforts to get it clear.

And right beside him was the extraordinarily durable McDermott, who had been checked out of the game until Steve Curtis's willing but ageing legs started to stiffen in the third term.



● David Marshall: Hurried up

In the quarter that counts McDermott seemed to be everywhere in the sort of performance that ought, tonight, to win him an utterly deserved Magarey Medal.

There were other Bay heroes as well, none more so than half-back flanker David Grenvold, with whom Cornes has had a constant battle to realise his talent.

A country boy whose socks down thickness gives him the appearance of a bag of spuds, he is direct, durable and dangerous, while Mike Murphy was coolly sound again and Max Kruse became a crucial rebounder when moved to cover Wayne Stringer's injury.

Then there was Geoff Winton, who was given a half-forward chance off the bench and involved himself enthusiastically and with sufficient skill to take several crucial marks and kick a vital goal.

Vital goal? Wasn't every one of them on a weekend when they were scarce as short-sleeved shirts at Footy Park.

Poor Port couldn't get one under any circumstances, being separated from continued premiership life by the width of Footy Park's goalposts which they hit with heart-breaking frequency.

They redeemed themselves in every way but on the scoreboard yesterday with a sustained attack on the football, disciplined tactical application and the guts to come back again when the game seemed gone a third into the final stanza.

When Bruce Abernethy burst in his glorious way towards goal at the 25 minute mark it seemed all of that would be rewarded in a fitting way.

But even Abba couldn't get it straight enough.

There was another crucial chance later. Chris Dalkin, who can kick as well as anyone in SA football, marked 35 m out but sought Abernethy with a clumsy handball rather than take a set shot or kick at least the point that would have made the difference just one.

Port could look at other heartbreaking moments, like Roger Delaney's inexplicable attempt to handball off the ground when hurt in the dying stages of the third quarter.

Leslie, Abernethy, Johnston, little Ginever who improves it seems with every game, and Greg Boyd, who blanketed Allan Stringer for long periods, were tireless Port heroes.

So was Greg Anderson but his pace seems these days a worry. In bulking-up, he seems to have slowed down. Hopefully the summer will fix that.