

Mighty Magpies' day

Swansong of the man they call Super

By LEO SCHLINK

Startling from the outset and stunning through its 18-year passage, Peter Carey's magnificent career ended unremarkably at 4.55 p.m. at Football Park yesterday.

When the siren mercifully sounded, 31.27 minutes into the last quarter of the grand final, Glenelg captain Carey looked suitably dejected and bewildered.

The Australian record-holder's 468th appearance in his 10th grand final was, as the great man later observed, not destined for a fairytale climax.

It was, in fact, Carey's seventh losing grand final since his fabulous contribution to SA football began in 1971.

Glenelg's heart and soul, and its leader for the past six seasons, Carey trudged wearily past ecstatic Magpies after the siren to grieve and sympathise with some inconsolable, tearful Tiger players.

Minutes earlier, Carey's last attempt to conjure a departing miracle was snatched away by another John Cahill gamble — defender Greg Boyd.

It seemed an unjust and hardly fitting gesture from the gods who preside over these matters, but as Carey admitted "everyone else seems to be getting younger and I seem to be getting older".

Understandably upset, Carey, 34, revealed to Tiger colleagues his decision immediately after the match in the dejected privacy of the players' room.

"I guess there were a few there who were a bit emotional," Carey said.

"I guess I made the decision unofficially about three weeks ago, but I've retired. I won't reconsider and I hope other people won't try and get me to reconsider."

Reluctant to remove that No. 5

With coach Graham Cornes, Carey limped, soft drink can and cigarette in hand, through Football Park's cool, concrete tunnels to congratulate a wildly celebrating Port.

Later, standing alone in the solemnity of Glenelg's change-rooms, Carey seemed reluctant to hoist his famous No. 5 guernsey over his huge shoulders.

Eventually he did, seeking sanctity and reflection in a bath.

When he emerged, Carey, as he had done amid Port's jubilation, spoke with poise: "It would have been great to have gone out with a win here. But I'm still immensely proud of the boys."

"I sat down about three weeks ago and really assessed what I could contribute to the side — and I thought it was time to give it away."

"I probably could play another season but I don't want to get out there and really have to struggle."

"I guess I'm just starting to go downhill and I want to stop before I start going downhill too fast."

With that the man they call "Super" cleared out his locker for the last time.

Cahill: My greatest win

JUBILANT Port Adelaide coach John Cahill described the premiership as the most satisfying final he had been associated with.

"I feel as if I've been under great pressure to perform as a coach over the past 12 months, knowing each week I had to succeed," he said.

"I couldn't speak more highly of the players. Not just those who played in the league side today, but within the club because of the manner in which they committed themselves to training and in every game."

"The same goes for the administrators of the club, trainers, room staff and everyone else associated with the team."

"The way the club has committed itself to the team was typical of the Port's proud tradition."

"I feel so pleased for everyone within the Port Adelaide Football Club, especially the players. It's also fantastic for the members and supporters who have remained loyal."

"Glenelg supporters should feel proud for the way their side never stopped trying and running."

Cahill said teamwork was the most significant factor of Port's game yesterday.

"The players were totally committed as a team," he said.

"They backed up well and worked hard." During his after-match presentation speech when accepting the premiership trophy, Cahill thanked everyone for going to the game and told his wife, Liz, he loved her.

Judging from the reaction by the Port supporters, they also love him.

— Ashley Porter



Locked in battle

Port's David Brown and courageous Glenelg defender Scott Salisbury come to grips during the heat of yesterday's grand battle at Football Park. The Magpies powered away from a gallant Glenelg combination to win by 21 points.

Photos: ALEX MASSEY, BARRY O'BRIEN and NEON MARTIN.



Port's David Hynes and Glenelg's Peter Carey contest a centre bounce while Stephen Williams and Andrew Obst await the outcome

Cornes: dejected, yet proud

GLENELG coach Graham Cornes was far from being a shattered man after yesterday's grand final loss.

Disappointed yes, but also proud of the way his players fought desperately until the final siren.

"It was a real hard, tough game and we battled well all day," he said.

"Sure, we all like to win, but you can't ask any more of the guys than trying their best."

Cornes said he believed his side had a "real chance" of winning half-way through the last quarter, but it needed breaks which didn't come.

"We didn't make the most of our opportunities when we had them. We missed some shots for goal which weren't difficult."

When asked to comment about the predictions of the grand final being a torrid contest, Cornes said: "People who go out and push and shove before the first bounce display an inferiority complex."

"Our guys were disciplined throughout the game and so was Port Adelaide. It was a good, hard contest for the ball."

— Ashley Porter



of triumph

'We won it for Johnno'

Scoreboard

Port	0.2	4.6	7.10	12.12	(84)
Glenelg	3.3	3.5	4.7	8.7	(55)

BEST — PORT: Hynes, Phillips, Leslie, Abernethy, Williams, Fiacchi, Delaney. **GLENELG:** Seebohm, Hewett, Russell, A. Stringer, McDermott. **Glenelg:** Seebohm, Hewett, Russell, A. Stringer, McDermott.

GOALS — PORT: Hodges 4.0, Brown 2.2, Ginever 2.0, Foster 1.2, Harrison 1.1, Williams 1.1, R. Smith 1.0, Hutton 0.2, Kerr 0.1, Mahney 0.1, rushed 0.2. **GLENELG:** Budarick 3.0, Mansell 2.0, Hewett 1.1, Hodgeman 1.1, A. Stringer 1.0, Maynard 0.1, West 0.1, Marshall 0.1, Carey 0.1, rushed 0.1.

INJURIES — Glenelg: A. Stringer (cut above eye), Russell (cheekbone).

UMPIRES — Michael Abbott, John Hylton.

CROWD — 50,313.

FOOTYPUNT — (21-30) \$4.10.

By ASHLEY PORTER

Port Adelaide captain Russell Johnston couldn't hold back the tears as he joined his gallant men on the premiership dais after capturing SA football's most precious trophy.

The emotional moment said it all after the magnificent Magpies topped a stubborn, admirable Glenelg by 29 points in a surprisingly tame, but hard-fought contest before 50,313 fans at Football Park.

Johnston watched from the bench, serving the last of his five-match suspension, and immediately after the final siren his teammates made him the focal point of the euphoria.

"We did it for Johnno and the club," a few ecstatic players shouted in the rooms above the bellows, cheers, club song and the popping of corks.

The heartfelt respect for their captain, and their club, epitomised the way in which the Thomas Seymour Hill premiership trophy was won — with unity.

While there were many heroes, it was ultimately the superb team performance which Glenelg found so difficult to counter.

It was a tremendous climax to a great year for SA football, and while Glenelg fans should naturally feel disappointed with the loss, they should have been proud of the way their side contested to the final siren.

Port, from midway in the second term, always looked as if it had the grand final in its grasp, but it was not until the last 10 minutes of the match that it seemed to have victory assured.

Glenelg made a mockery of the common belief grand final sides, which emerge from the elimination final, fail to chase and contest over the last quarter of the season.

Sure, the Tigers were tired, but so was Port because, for most of the game, neither side was allowed to gain possessions without the pressure of tackles and smotherers.

Despite this constant intensity, both Port and Glenelg were able to produce some of the finest features of this great game.

And rarely did spite take over from skills. There were moments when tempers flared and some punches were thrown, but overall, Port and Glenelg concentrated purely on playing the game.

It wasn't the most sensational grand final, nor was it the best display of class.

But it was still a gripping contest where teamwork outshone individuality.

There were freakish goals, the first by Port's David Brown from the southern right flank when the ball bounced at a right angle in the goalsquare.

And there were the hard luck stories; when Glenelg missed four easy set shots between its third and fourth goals, and when Port hit the post four times, three times within as many minutes early in the second term.

If there was a turning point in the match it was when Glenelg champion Peter Carey, in his last appearance, missed a set shot on the first quarter siren.

Teammate Mark Hewett also missed an easy shot, the first score of the second term.

If both of these shots had been goals, the Hindmarsh Adelaide scorebook would have read Glenelg 5.2, Port 0.2, and the Tiger fans would have banked on a win.

But it was not to be. Brown's amazing goal, at the seventh-minute mark, was Port's first, and after

hitting the post three times, the next goal came from rover Tim Ginever, from a free, and Port trailed by five points.

It was then the Magpie machine began to really roll.

Glenelg's dominance in the centre square faded with huge efforts from Port's David Hynes, the man who took over the ruck duties from Johnston.

Hynes leaped over Carey at the centre bounces like a flying frog, and consistently found his smaller mates in Stephen Williams, Tim Ginever, Andrew Obst and Wayne Mahney.

The space between Glenelg's third and fourth goals was 62 minutes of play, during which Port kicked 7.8 to six behinds, four of them from set shots.

Despite this agonising drought, Glenelg was only 21 points down at three quarter time, and with a chance.

If there was a doubt about this Port side, it concerned its lack of finals experience.

The pre-match hype about Glenelg's experience versus Port's freshness looked set to come to the fore.

Cool under pressure

But it didn't, because Port displayed maturity, resilience and remained cool under the pressure, while Glenelg continued to run and chase.

As expected, Port's defence was rock solid, especially across half-back with the hardy campaigners, Martin Leslie, Greg Phillips and Bruce Abernethy.

They provided magnificent rebound, often deep into attack, and were ably backed-up by full back Roger Delaney, who did not concede a score to his early opponent, Max Kruse, and George Fiacchi and Greg Boyd in the back pockets.

Abernethy won the Jack Oatey Medal after being selected by a panel as the best player on ground, but in my opinion, Hynes was best because he enabled Port to win the centre square.

Glenelg fired the first salvo when exchanging team sheets.

It announced 22 players to the Press on Thursday night, and crossed out the names Kruse and Nick Chigwidden on the list the team managers exchanged.

It must have thought Port team manager, Jim Nitschke, was born yesterday because he quickly noticed Kruse and Chigwidden had their names typed twice and crossed out only once.

Players down on form

The Tiger pair which missed out was Chris Melican and Tony Mac-Tavish.

Glenelg had many players well down on form.

By half-time, forwards Craig Budarick and Kruse had collected one kick and a handball between them, and it was only Budarick's three goals in the second half which enabled him to save face.

Rover Chris McDermott worked and tried hard, and although being a contributor, his form was not up to the high standard which he set himself.

Centre half-back John Seebohm did a fine job, and wingman David Marshall created the limited forward thrust.

The Tigers were often hustled off the ball, and forced to kick hurriedly, allowing Port to collect the stray kicks and rebound with authority.

Port thoroughly deserved to collect the premiership trophy because of its persistence, discipline and, above all, team game.

Glenelg, if nothing else, received respect for providing a great contest. It had nothing to be ashamed of.

Goal by goal . . . how the game was won

First quarter

6.26 — Darren Mansell capitalises on Port defender's error and goals.

17.11 — Mansell again. This time the forward flanker skirts a goal-mouth scramble to soccer through his second.

20.54 — Handballs from Chris McDermott and Peter Carey find Kym Hodgeman who snaps from 25 metres.

Second quarter

7.44 — Rover David Brown left foot snap from 40 metres bounces at right angles for the most astonishing goal of the match.

16.46 — An Tiger defender pays the

penalty for tackling rover Tim Ginever without the ball. Ginever goals from 30 metres.

20.00 — Rohan Smith, a left-foot kick from 40 metres.

22.28 — Centreman Stephen Williams finds full forward Scott Hodges with a pass Glenelg defenders are powerless to stop. Although hurt, Hodges spears it through from 25 metres.

Third quarter

1.19 — Hodges freed 30 metres from goal.

10.58 — Hodges again. Rohan Smith reads the pack brilliantly

and centres the ball to Hodges, who marks near the goal square.

14.50 — Half forward Richard Foster scores a wonderful left foot goal on the run.

26.44 — John Seebohm passes to Peter Maynard, who relays the ball to Craig Budarick. He plays on from 35 metres.

Fourth quarter

0.58 — Brown gathers 20 metres out, turns and goals.

4.58 — Budarick nudges Roger Delaney under the ball and marks. He goals from 10 metres.

8.54 — Wingman Phil Harrison dashes through a pack kicks from 40 metres.

10.36 — Hodges wins a free kick and goals after another electrifying spurt from Harrison.

15.34 — Centreman Alan Stringer anticipates a Greg Phillips spill and snaps from 20 metres.

17.18 — Budarick again high over a goalmouth pack to grab an inspirational mark. He goals.

23.04 — Interchange Roger Kerr marks strongly and receives 15 metre penalty. He passes to Ginever, who goals from 30 metres.

29.00 — Williams weaves through defenders and spears through a left foot goal.

29.49 — A McDermott handball finds Hewett on his on. The wingman goals from 45 metres.

'It's time to call it quits'

Peter Carey slumped into the warm comfort of a post-match bath at Football Park on Saturday and coldly announced: "I'm finished."

So ended one of the most distinguished careers in Aussie Rules.

"Super" was still reeling from the disappointment of defeat in a game he knew for six days was going to be his last.

When we spoke the loss was only one hour old. Why did he retire?

"It's time," he said. "I'll take a rest from football."

But his form seemed reasonable this year: why not go on?

"My form wasn't what I wanted it to be. The mind is always willing to go on."

He bowed out on a disappointing note: the club he captained had lost its second successive grand final and his form was below his best.

Super had some fine hit-outs but his ground play included only nine possessions and one mark.

And he made two bad errors in the final quarter that allowed Port's David Brown to goal and the Magpies to win a critical free kick.

Carey found defeat hard to accept.

"Yeah, they were better on the day," he said.

His "on the day" suggested strongly he still believed Glenelg was

By Gordon Campbell

a superior side.

Carey told me on Thursday he would either play on, become actively involved in the club, coach, or rest.

He knew then he would retire. But he desperately wanted to avoid publicity and speculation about him which would cloud the importance of the grand final.

He also knew I sensed he had decided to retire but we agreed out of courtesy and respect to play-down the strong likelihood.

"I've had a fantastic innings," he said. "But you can't go on forever."

Sadly, Super is right.

All that really remains for him is coaching - an ambition he says will probably remain unrealised.

"In the current circumstances I don't think I could coach because I have a good job and commitments to the family," he said.

"I'd love to do it but it could be time to start repaying the wife and kids for 17 years of unbelievable support."



It's all over at Footy Park and 'Super' Carey looks back on a great career

You're great, Cahill tells his Magpies

PORT Adelaide was a champion team, coach John Cahill said today.

"It's not as individually talented as the last Port premiership side I coached in 1981," Cahill said. "But yes, this side I have now is a champion team. We have some very good players. And we have those in the reserves last year who are playing at full potential."

He said of the premiership triumph: "We settled down after the first quarter when Glenelg showed more experience. We played better than them after that."

A touching finale to the triumph was Cahill's public thanks to wife Liz. He told an appreciative crowd after the presentation: "I want to thank Liz for her support - I love you."

End of long road for big, bold 'Supe'

Sometimes a nickname says it all. "Super", the tag bestowed on Peter Carey, certainly does.

The champion announced his retirement after Saturday's grand final with a record 467 league games - 448 for Glenelg and 19 for SA - on the board.

It took 18 years of pain, pleasure, drive, determination and great talent.

It took personal sacrifice, character and a love of the game.

So back to the beginning. Seacombe High School, April 1971.

Carey, at centre half forward, is too big for anyone and anything - opponents, the competition itself.

Formality

"He was a cut above the rest," said then Seacombe High coach, David Keyes.

"He had the VFL on his back even then - and he hadn't even played a league game in SA.

"But he declined the offer and went on to captain the State High School team.

"League football was a mere formality for Peter - it was just a question of when."

Keyes, now team manager for the Port Adelaide reserves, knew a footballer when he saw one.

Just two months later, Carey was lining up for Glenelg's reserves with, unbeknown to him, two important talent scouts in the grandstand.

Senior coach Neil Kerley and captain Peter Marker didn't have to look very hard. Carey's feats that day hit them between the eyes.

"Kerley's view was you had to be careful about bringing young players up too early," Marker recalled.

By Stephen Acott

"Carey, 6ft 5in, and barely 17, dominated the game - he stood like the Colossus of Rhodes.

"It was obvious he had to play league football - and right away."

Play league football he did.

On and on through 17 seasons, 43 finals, three premierships and one or two records.

It takes a lot to create a legend, but there is a lot to Peter Carey.

He began his league career in June, 1971, against Central District at Elizabeth Oval.

In those days players wore lace-up jumpers and either black or white shorts.

The drop kick was on the way out and handball, as we know it today, was about to be born.

Vital

Carey began his career at centre half forward - widely regarded as the most difficult, yet vital, position on a football field.

"He was the best centre half forward I saw before Stephen Kernahan came along a decade later," Marker said.

"In those days Peter was a long kicking, goal kicking centre half forward - and he was unbeatable in the air.

"One game at Prospect in 1974 he kicked 11 goals from that position."

Tributes flow for 448-game Tiger champion

Neil Kerley, Glenelg's coach from 1967 to 1976, also remembers fondly - and gratefully - Carey's feats.

Kerley, normally conservative in praise, was quick to sing a song of Carey admiration - particularly of his 1973 grand final performance.

"He was superb that day," King Kerley said.

"Six goals from centre half forward in a grand final speaks for itself.

"And he was only playing in his second season.

"He was standing Neil Sachse, who then was one of the best centre half backs in the State, and he took him apart."

Three seasons and that premiership-winning match later, Carey focused his attention on ruck, a position he played with unparalleled distinction.

Chris McDermott, Carey's first rover this year, says he has never seen Carey beaten.

"His ruckwork is second to none," he said.

"His direction with his hands is phenomenal. Since I have been roving



Neil Kerley



Peter Marker

to him he has been nullified at times but never beaten."

They say no man is bigger than a team, let alone a club. But one could be excused for thinking Peter Carey is Glenelg Football Club.

You need the Richter Scale to measure his impact at Brighton Rd.

"He has single-handedly built Glenelg's tradition," lauded long-time friend and teammate, Kym Hodgeman.

"He has been part of Glenelg's greatest era.

"When Glenelg lost grand finals in 1974, '75 and '77 we didn't have the hatred of the opposition we have now. Peter Carey has had a lot to do with that - he hates losing. His ability to motivate men without saying a word is unbelievable."

Former coach Graham Campbell believes Carey helped end the "old" Glenelg - the pushovers.

"I remember one game in particular at the Bay in 1983 against Port Adelaide," he said. "We were up nine goals to one at half time and one of those

goals was a Carey torpedo punt - it went forever.

"He kicked it right in front of the grandstand - it had gone 80 metres post high.

"It was one of those team inspiring things only Peter could do."

Peter Carey has done just about everything - except play in the VFL.

St Kilda had been dangling carrots in front of Carey for many years but it wasn't until 1979 that he looked like crossing the border.

"We got as far as looking for a house in St Kilda but then I changed my mind," Carey said.

"I was pretty close to going but never actually did. I don't regret not going and I say that honestly.

"When I was young VFL footy wasn't such a big deal. It didn't have the exposure it does now and financially I wasn't going to be much better off. So I never saw the need to go.

"However, if I was 19 or 20 now I think it would be entirely different."