

ROYALS 2017

The logo for Blue Mtns Baseball, featuring the words "Blue Mtns" in a large, stylized, cursive font in yellow and orange, with "Baseball" in a smaller, sans-serif font below it, all on a black background.

NEWSLETTER #12

And now for something completely different!

This week has been a roller coaster of events for the club.

We started off on Friday with an email from the SMBL, which was a general mail out to all clubs and members not pointed at the BMB&SC in particular. Read it for yourself and take what you will out of it.

“There have been a number of regrettable incidents in a few (more than two) games recently with suspensions ranging from one to four weeks. We don’t need to point out that there are more serious issues in the world than the result of a baseball game. Play hard by all means but be cool when a play or a judgement doesn’t work out for you. Do not let situations accelerate. If you have a hothead in your team appoint someone to ‘mind’ them. (Teams should be aware that a suspended player cannot count washouts and byes in a suspension – it is actual games played and would incur additional penalties if breached.

There have been concerns expressed about the state of the batting box for the second team. We realise that the person reading this may not be at the home ground all the time. May sure the equipment is there and the first team know to rake before the second game. It is all about liability. You may find umpires refusing to start if the ground is not raked. There are legal precedents where this has been an issue

We notice that occasionally a player is brought up to fill-in for a higher grade. That is OK but they are still a substitute player for that team and should bat last and play in the outfield.

If teams repeatedly ‘forget’ to pay umpires, we may have to consider a penalty for that too. Please make sure the teams know when an official umpire is appointed.

Weather looks fine – lots of games are covered with umpires – have a good weekend”

SMBL

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Sorry to be so serious to start off with but now for the good stuff.

AND I repeat this was before the weekend’s games and co-incidental.

Come on Rookie – put down that gun and be eloquent in your ravings!

G3

Finding a second home at Champman Gardens!

The "G" boys headed downtown to Champman Gardens to face a well primed Mackillop side 12:30 Sat our time. The taste of victory still pungent in their mouths from previous weeks but the G boys really embracing "The campaign" and taking each game 1 win at a time knowing they have to be ready on the day.

The G boys were into the box first, Big Ezi leading them out somewhat confused by the front of the batter's box positioned a half meter behind the plate. There was also the self-confessed rustiness of the fill in ump calling from the mound an ankle ball to take the first scalp. It was looking like a tough day ahead as anything remotely close to the zone was going to have to be played at. The Beard was up next followed by the Ginge and B Murph all making their way into the game and after a few more from the guys in green we were out for 2.

Change ends and the Man Ginge took to the mound with Capa behind the plate staring down the sun for what looked to be long afternoon for him. G Murph at 1. The Beard, B Murph and Big Ezi filled the inside. Homie, Bongo and Rhino completed the outside with the bench looking very bear with the absence of Bistro, Big O, The Daz and Ben. The Ginge looking very comfortable on the mound this season started solid throwing an array of pitchers letting the guys in green know we were here to play. They connected with a few but after some solid fielding from Rhino and Bongo in the outfield they were out with only 1. The second dig much like the first we got 2 they got 1, to lead us into the third 4-2.

The G boys growing quietly confident took a big hit in third with some simple mistakes on the diamond. Not stealing, over running bases and tough calls from the ump saw us out with no addition on the board. The green guys from Mackillop fought hard and with the assistance of some more basic errors on the field from us got around for three taking the lead 5-4. The mood was dropping in the Royal G camp and things were not going to good. Homie had pulled a groin and was moving like a ninety-year-old on her way to the ladies room with a bladder complaint. Rhino was feeling a bit under the weather like a Jeff Moon after a big night at poker. Something had to change if "The Campaign" was to continue. We needed "The Bunt" but there was nobody here to pull it off. Big Ezi pulled out a miniature Softball motivational speech and Capa with the fire in his eyes, (or were they blood shot from staring at the sun all afternoon?), warned the green guys "don't wake the bear".

The Royal G boys came alive. 6 bases were stolen by Big Ezi after making a hit to get on one and then running for Homie, after he came off from a great hit allowing him to shuffle to one also. Bongo was solid at bat as always making good contact. G and B Murph also getting hits along with Capa and Rhino. We then continued the momentum on the field with a great pick up by B Murph at short and a catch from Bongo in the outfield. Homie moved to right field to nurse his injury meaning the outfield had to work even harder. At the end of the forth we were up 9-5 getting them out for 0 and the bear was awoken.

A solid effort from the Ginge had him retire from the mound with B Murph taking his place. Bongo came into short where he continued his solid fielding. G Murph moved to centre where he too took a great catch and the Ginge found himself a home at first, also nursing a bullet wound from his last stint at bat. The Beard kept the momentum up in the fifth with some more good batting and a great catch from Big Ezi at third they were all out. Time and game 10-5. Great effort boys, let's keep that hunger for Bensons Lane this week. We are going to need it.

The Rookie

Editor's note:- how long can he keep being the Rookie? So that explains Jeff.

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Make a cuppa, on with the slippers and lean back – I should know better!

Ladies, Gentlemen, boys, girls, kids, blokes and others, what a feast of sport we have been able to shovel into our collective gobs this week! ? Netball, Lacrosse and the penultimate, last night's state of origin sees your humble correspondent staggering out this morning into the cruel, bright sunlight to re-hydrate with kebabs and deep fried Panadol. While buttering his second slice of Pizza the phone rings and all he hears is breathing and the sound of a sword being spun on its point.. a voice.. "Dowst thou not ken what is missing lad .. ? Aye, there are but nowt in the inbox?!" Gazoots! It is our Master of the Seven Kingdoms, Steve, sitting on his iron throne! "Aye, thuts rrrrrright lad, you a nae dooing thoust job man .. ! " .. The report! Baseball! Without a moment to spare your humble correspondent dashes off to mash at and drool over his keyboard...!



Baseball! Yes sports fans, The Glorious Royals are once more in the lowlands to take on Colyton Eclairs! Taking the fact that there is not a pastry in sight in our stride (Editor: what the hell you on about ?! oh.. Colyton ST CLAIR you muppet!! ST CLAIR ..) we are first up to the plate. First innings sees the Base stealer barging his way through the crowd to take the lead. Once again the Base Stealer is all over the infield and is having more fun than a Tasmanian with three testicles but the Colyton pitcher is on his game and we are away without having to awaken the scorer.

With a mighty roar, The Eye of Sauron release the Royals to crush and humiliate all before us! Moonboot takes the mound and with Clarkey wrestling crocodiles in Darwin, The Master of the Blue Horizons and his outstanding loins are behind the plate! And what a great innings it was , for them... sheesh. Boy did that suck. After hiding, the sun appeared from behind the clouds and Stevie H, in left, spent the rest of the day filling in registration forms for the Royal Blind Society after having his retinas burnt out trying to pick fly-balls out of the sun that was directly behind the plate! The Master OTBH was slightly confused by The Blue asking one of the Colymetron 'H grade' batters, "how was first grade ?" ... but , meh! ...while the crowd continued to lick his poodle as secondary entertainment , The Blue , Mr-Have-a-chat, calls 'side away' , 7 runs in ...

But, we are The Royals! So while we popped new eyeballs into Stevie H's head , we all grasped our rock-hard buttocks and girded every damn loin we had to fight back... and ooooh yeah we did ! The Dude gets our first run while the Master OTBH resurrects last season's sliding technique known as 'Octopus falling out of a tree' by giving the Octopus a few drinks! The Collietonne pitchers gets fazed, Master OFTBH makes home on sacrificial fly and we get 4 runs in by people who did stuff (please see first part of report..). Moonboot and The Master OTBH are like Siamese twins , except for the awkward bit about who goes to the toilet first, and we get the hideous opposing 'side away!' without the scorer needing to add a run!

Big Jim is all over centre field taking catches that appear to defy the space-time continuum, while the Lochness-monster is unlucky after firing frozen rope into home to take on the opposing teams heinous, but rather fetching 3rd base girl (editor: oi!) base lady (editor: ageist!) base thing who managed to slide under the tag. Ladies of a certain age are roped together and held firmly by stout men as the Master OTBH is at the plate and cracks a ripper to left while Batman resurrects his 'fake bunt' to freak out the pitcher and gets walked. The runs are creeping up and Colostrum are not getting away with the game.

Joel is unlucky to be called out for interference when the catcher places his face in front of his knees as he takes off on a 'third strike dropped ball' play and the game is at 8-11 to ... not us! Moonie keeps on-top of the batters while the sun spends long enough behind the clouds to allow Stevie H to take a catch without looking like the Germans in the 'face melting' scene from Raiders of the Lost Ark.

We play and play well! Lochenss takes over the mound while Lozza goes out swinging and made some good plays while having to deal with the shite dished up to her from Master OTBH , while Batman and the Lochness monster were the stuff infield. Collieflon puts up a new, and rather splendid looking pitcher (Editor: dirty old perv ...) who fires in some good stuff and while we fought hard, it all comes to a close after the Base stealer is struck out Lozza is the ice-maiden freezing out the pitcher and getting walked but we can't do much else and game is called ... Scorer looks up '11-9' to the ColostomyBags! Sooooo close..... but we make our mark and we know we will be up against these guys in the finals. Good game all and we are now second on the table! Woooo hooo and Go The Royals!

This weekend we are somewhere against something and the Dude is bringing the beer esky! So be there and beer (editor: errr under 18s ?) beverage it up after the game !



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Meanwhile back at the Ashley Brown ranch - the game was just starting...

Well this was an interesting round to say the least. Unfortunately, the umpire made it all about him instead of about the game.

The game started as per normal. We had our eight so were playing one short. That is normal. I started as catcher and all was going well. We took an early 2 to 0 lead. Angus was throwing the best he has thrown all year.

Due to an injury I moved to short and Steven Down moved to catcher. This was about 30 minutes into the game. It was clear the ball and strikes calling was getting worse as time went on.

Steven Down as any decent catcher would do questioned some of the calls the umpire made in relation to the strike zone. That's when it got interesting.

The umpire insisted the strike zone revolved around where the ball was caught. Steven insisted the strike zone revolved around where the ball was crossing the plate. If your reading this report, I'll assume you know who was correct.

Well with Angus throwing some nice curves and his signature knuckle, the calls started going against us. Their batters knew they didn't have to swing unless it was fat and all of a sudden they were 5 to 2 up. Mind you this was still only about 45 to 50 minutes into the game.

Steven and the umpire had a few more words. All of a sudden the umpire raises his hands and called me over. A warning is given re the arguing of where the strike zone was. Me being me I took the warning on board.

One close pitch later that again goes against us, the umpire raises his hands again and calls me over. This time he insists that Steve is no longer able to catch and I need to play him somewhere else. Well that did it for me. I asked what right did he have to dictate where I could place my fielders. Obviously he had no answer. He again demanded that Steve play somewhere else. I replied if he could show me anywhere in baseball rules or league rules that allowed umpires to place players where they wanted I would move Steven. Obviously no reply. I refused to move Steve as he basically had no right to tell a team where to play their players. On hearing that he raised his hands for a third and final time and called game.

This was about 55 minutes into the game.

Well it didn't stop there. The other team were straight over and apologised about the umpire. He was not theirs but they had him a lot and he caused issues most weeks they insisted.

Then after showing remorse they insisted that the game had gone for an hour and they had won. They wanted me to sign the result sheet. Well obviously it was not a game. It had not gone an hour and I told them so. I also refused to sign the result sheet on the basis that the game was not an official game.

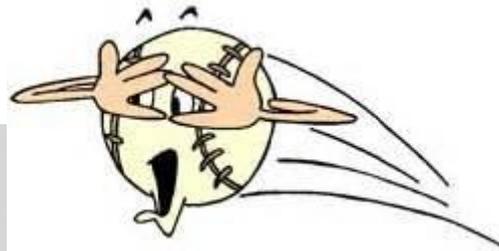
Well funnily enough reading the website they still claimed the win as it is listed we lost 5 to 2. I am not sure about league rules but I assume they would need two signatures to make it a game. But what do I know.

But it did not stop there. Apparently the other team ran after the umpire as he rushed to his car and attempted to pay him, obviously wanting the win even though it was not a full game. As they attempted to pay him he refused payment. His reasoning. All the players were racist. Not once was any comment made about race by either team.

I've been in this game close to 40 years. This by far was the most ridiculous game I have ever been involved in.

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Serious Editor's note: - As you can imagine this did not end there. There have been communiques regarding this with the SMBL and all involved. As the matter is dealt with, the Executive will keep you posted.

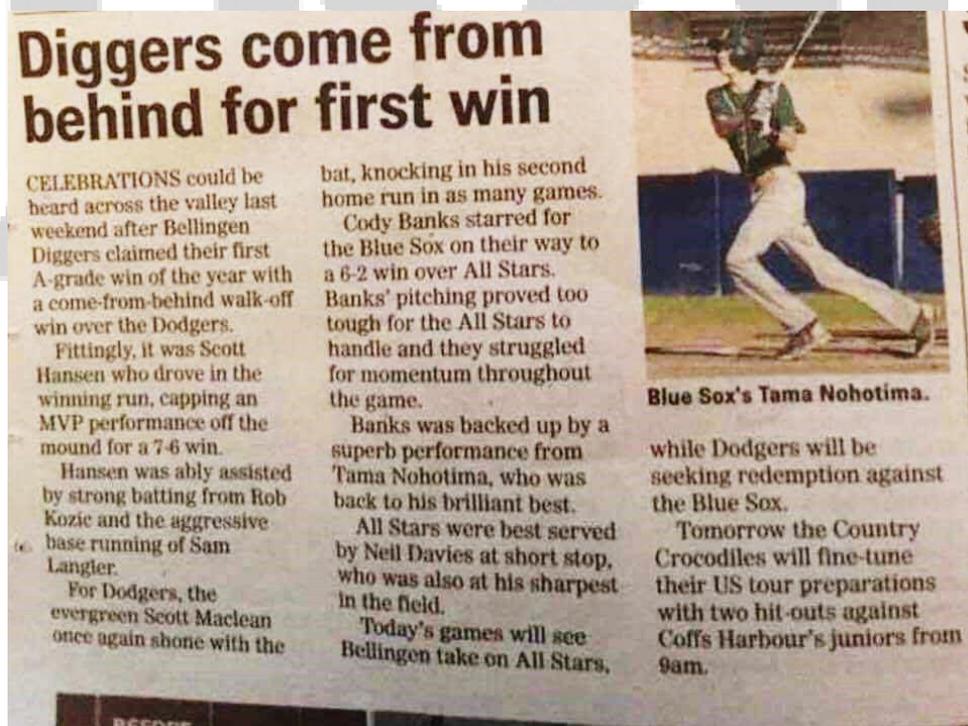


SO MRS. LINCOLN -HOW WAS THE PLAY?

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Our beloved Scott Hanson who moved to Coffs Harbour 2 years ago and still keeps telling us how great it is going up there with The Bellingen Diggers BC.

Well here's the proof that he is a local celebrity and all!



Ahh Scotty -will you sign my book

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So where to this week shoppers?

Now James and Joel listen coz I won't be repeating myself!

H grade travel to Peel Reserve to play Schoey's at 12.30!

G grade at Bensons Lane early to face The Hawks!

F2 grade will be at Royal Lomatia at 2.45 to play Fairfield!

Fair winds and good fortune to all!

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For you George.....

ALWAYS GO TO
OTHER PEOPLE'S FUNERALS
OTHERWISE THEY WON'T
COME TO YOURS

Yogi Berra



celebquote.com

Speak well of me when talk about me.....