

ROYALS 2017

Blue Mtns
Baseball

NEWSLETTER #11

Che' magnifique!

That's French for bloody Bewdy!

That's it - first half done and dusted -whatever that means!

Let's do G Westies grade first –

Much was learnt! With Knowledge comes power!

The G boys travelled to Bensons Lane to take on competition leaders Hawkesbury at 12:30 Sat. The cows were mooing, the fresh smell of fertilizer was present but it was game day and we were keen. We knew it was going to be a tough fight but one that had to be made if we want to be successful in our campaign.

Up at the plate first was Bongo taking it to the Hawkes with a good crack of the bat and finding first. Big Ezi followed, then G Murph much like Bongo making their mark on the Hawkes diamond letting them know we were here to play. The Ginge also made good contact allowing us to get three home and change of sides was due. Bistro lead the procession from the plate, the Man Ginge on the mound were he has really found a home this season, G Murph at 1, El Capitan at 2, Big Ezi at 3 and Big D at short. Bongo was left, The Daz, Center and Homie was at right sending a solid message of strength to the Hawkes. B Murph would be making a late appearance on the Bench. The Ginge fired well taking scalps early with very few finding the ball. Only one found the plate with them all out for 1.

The Royal G's were back in and more contact was made with a great hit from Daz into the outfield. The G boys were solid but not in top gear by any means with Homie nursing a torn heartlidge from the week before not able to run and a few not finding form at the plate. The absence of our ever vocal Beard,

Rhino and Ben, saw us empty on the bench with no backup at our disposal. Big Ezi crossed again to get us up to 4 and the Hawkes were back in. They were starting to work out the Ginge with a few more making contact this time despite some good fielding from Big O and great hands from G Murph at I they got 2 more across to have us in by a nose at the end of the second 4-3.

The third saw the Hawkes find a bit more momentum and the G boys were starting to plateau. A special "bunt" type moment or the awakening of the bear was going to be needed soon to get the Eye of the Tiger back in the boys. End of the third and we had crossed for one more but they had another 2 to have us levelled out at 5-5. The first hour plus of good moments was now wiped away as it was level and time to start again. The Hawkes brought in their no.1 pitcher and most of the G's struggled to make good contact in succession in order to get runs on the board. The Hawkes were lifting and with each mistake from the Gs the confidence was dropping. B Murph came to the mound in the 5th and the G's were hoping the change would be as good as a holiday but to no avail. Despite a solid effort from him on the mound he didn't have the full support on the field with little errors again being made. The hunger had gone and the fourth and fifth saw the Hawkes put on another 4. Despite an improved batting performance in the Sixth time was against us. We went down 9-5.

It is merely but a speed hump in our campaign but a loss just the same is like mango beer to B Murphs lips. Just not nice. Although we have the pleasure and wisdom of Player/Coach Brodie after game speech about Monkeys Riding Donkeys all over the back end of the competition, we need to learn to turn on the Royal Mongrel, put the errors made quickly behind us and raise our bats in unison for battle when needed. This is what I feel will find us successful in our Campaign.

P.S. They can never take our freedom.

R. Ookie

(Happy J Moon?)

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We have a virgin in our midst -Reporter that is! Welcome LJ -pitching legend!

[Here is the match report from F grade;](#)

With Brad missing this game due to work commitments, it was up to me to write our names on the line up sheet 5 min before game time. It wasn't until 20 min before the game we had enough players to even take the field. Big thanks to the Murphy boys for rushing to our game after theirs.

The game went into the 8th inning.

We completed 2 double plays thanks to Angus,

Nicks glove was a magnet at third taking 3 or 4 line drives, he got tired of catching them, so he dropped one just to throw to first!

Solid catches and communication by Ed and Brad in the outfield.

G Murph didn't get a chance to field a ball.

B Murph was solid at second, getting a few put outs and even an error!

Steve had a great game behind the plate pinning 2 runners with perfect throws at second.

Matt played first, made some good pickups from ordinary throws, can't catch em' all when there in the dirt.

I completed a 6 ball inning, should of been 4 except for myself throwing a piss weak underarm throw to first. My bad.

We even had a pick off.....that the umpire incorrectly called safe. Everyone knows he was out - even you AT!

The bats weren't firing often, but we did manage to string enough hits and get 5 runs through our 7 innings. Fairfield tapped out mid way through the 8th, trailing 5 nil, to hand us our first win of the season. Pants up, no nudie run for us this year.

Thanks to AT for umpiring at short notice.

Thanks mate

LJ!

Valiant effort LJ and thanks AT.

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Huzzah – the Master of the Blue horizon speaks!

Ahh Saturday, a day folks, when we wake, we leap up to laugh at life ..! we rip our shirts, or blouses, off and shout at the morning sun as we are magnificent, powerful and ready to take on the world .!! . HUZZAH and with firm eyes and steady loins, leap into the fray to take on BASEBALL...!! The Blue Mountains Royals, H Grade are ready! Except, it appears that this week the Royals awoke face down on

the carpet and spent most of the morning trying to put their pants on the right way around.

Yes folks, it was one of those days where spirit was there but the performance was like a Frenchman eating a Spam Sandwich. We were away to Schofields at Peel reserve ... far far away... really far away, I mean like , middle of No-Where ..like where the hell was this place ?! (Editor: you turned up late because you are an idiot .. learn to read a map!) First innings and The Eye Of Sauron, points his withered claw at Big Jim and his 'Head Pet' and bellows "Vengeance!" .. and Big Jim and his hair leads us out as our super dependable Stevie H, The Base-stealer, is toooo busy driving hipsters and bogans to a light show, or something .. what-ever, to play baseball (editor: it was 'Vivid' Mr Bitchy pants!) and Big Jim cracks it on ! We are off, Moonboot does his thing and only gets hit once this game while She Who Knows No Fear swings at everything before making a cracking base hit. 2 runs in, we are confident and we are ready!

Clarkey was back from his amazing trip to Darwin (editor: Canberra, why can't you spell Canberra?) or thereabouts so he could be back behind the plate for the Royals! Yet his ferocious play cannot help us dreary lot as we settle in for our, strangely occasional, load of bollocks first innings rubbish. Yes sports fans, besides the sound of Gin on ice, the ladies lounge is silent and the crowd puts a ferret down his pants so he can improve his day after watching the Royals first innings shemozzle. 7 away ..again! sheesh ..anyhoo, we give the scorers a 5 minute breather before our beloved Coach and despotic overlord, Steve, gives us the game plan ... "Hit the ball !" ..as we stagger back to contemplate such a mind boggling idea, Stevie is off like a well-greased Ocelot (editor: a what?) but is unlucky not to get to first but does get some well needed RBIs.

Batman makes a welcome return to make The Master of the Blue Horizons run 14km between bases by hitting never ending foul balls while The Lochness Monster keeps them honest as he, and the Dude, are the only players to make it to first base every innings. Lochie is firing them in sweet from shortstop yet to no avail as our infield spend their time talking to their imaginary friends rather than catching the ball.

Yet, we start to make inroads as the well-fed Schofields are kept quiet and only make another 3 runs in the game! But our batting sucks. The MOTBHorizons leads from the front as after watching too many "Thor 'movies and rather than hit the ball. tries to beat the batting box to death. The Red Helmet of Glory is missing as Joel is off like, making money working, or something like, y'know wow soooo important and not playing, yeah?! (editor: settle down Princess Bitch-face ...) while Clarkey

continues to show us how it is done by running around the bases at random times and directions, until ..

Lozza looks around and realising she is surrounded by semi-coordinated knuckle dragging meat-heads, and Cate, she grabs a bat, fights her way past Lochy's and Big Jims' hair, kicks the Dude right in his Karma and charges out to the plate! With two on base she eyes off the pitcher, lifts and points her bat to the bleachers and it is on. Pitcher fires in the cream, but Lozza is the Jam! She cracks a slider down the line to first base and is off "fair ball", first baseman panics and is nutmegged ! Two guys in Royals uniforms are off (another beer bartender) and home! A 2 run RBI and safe on base ! Meatheads in dugout lumber and make failed high fives (while Cate watches) and passing statisticians hold hands and lower their heads in respect as that, folks, is 5 RBIs for Lozza in TWO games... ha! Were you at F grade? huh ?! get-some ...

Realising we are a chance, our Stupendous Leader takes his head out of the noose and changes the plan! The Lochness Monster takes the mound and with The Master of the Blue Horizons is behind the plate, local engineers sigh in relief as the perimeter fence withstands the combined pressure from the bosoms of ladies of a certain age. The Dude remains masterful at first and the outfield falls asleep as Lochy keeps Schofields scoreless. We skip and frolic back to the dugout, only to mutter and curse our way back to the diamond as we were kept scoreless as well. We dig in, they dig in .. Big Jim eats his lollies and refuses to share while the Dude realises he should have cracked the beers out at 12noon not 3pm. The Master of the Blue Horizons is only momentarily bedazzled by his glorious and wind-swept golden locks to take a tasty pop-up against the bosoms, sorry, fence but to no avail. Schofields keep the lead and we are down 10-7 ... The only way is up folks so enjoy the week off and Go the Royals!



The holiday weekend off beckons but upon return.....

F2 are at Fairfield Devilling at 12.30!

G Westins host Kemps Creek grunts at 2.45!

H Westicuffs host Plumpton at 12.30!

PARTY!

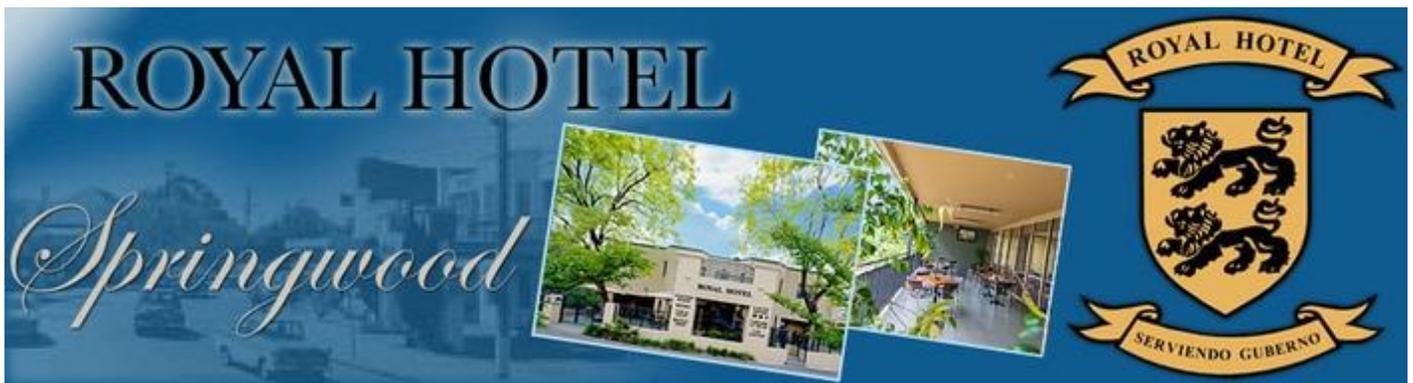
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Think you are playing badly? – these guys get paid big bucks!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=229_UAfZ3CE

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And now a word from our sponsors!



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PRESENTATION NIGHT!

Blue Mountains Baseball and Softball Club invites you, the reader, to their annual Baseball Presentation Evening and Gala on the 26th of August 2017.

All players, partners and friends of the BMB&SC are welcome. Except Pete and Janet who will sleep through it again and probably give us some lame excuse about being in Europe.

Please put it in your diary NOW!

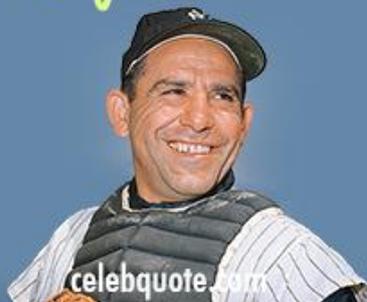
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Softball is coming!

Registrations are in the first three Sundays in July!

YOU CAN
OBSERVE A LOT
BY JUST WATCHING

Yogi Berra



And thus the sun set on the beautiful coral reefs of Santa Eustatious and my mind drifted to a place far, far away. Waves lapped upon the shore, ukuleles strummed in harmony and the waitress asked me to sign my Amex!

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM – put a log on the fire - jeez it's cold in Blackheath!