



The Sporting News

Winter Baseball 2015 Newsletter #21

Thus the finals tidal wave washed thru.....

Finals time, and it was time for the Blue Mountains. H Grade lowered themselves to Melrose Park to take on Plumpton 1 ... or was it Plumpton 2???. Anyhoo, by the time the Plumpton team had introduced themselves to each other, the stage was set! Except for the pause when the umpire put out the begging bowl for a couple of small things like a facemask, chest plate and leg guards ... and then it was on!

Our Big Kauhuna loves leading from the front and lead he did. Taking up the first bat he leads us to a decent first dig. Julie cracks a beauty while Jobbo uses his beauty to scare the pitcher into throwing wild. Clarkey is wild and Lochy also cracks a beauty to the best fielder they have. Still, 3 runs up and confidence is high. We charge to the field to take it to the Plumpton batting lineup and ... we sucked! Holy moly did we suck. With Plumpton coming out swinging our defence was as about as fun as watching a cat cough up a hairball. Though Stevie D pitched well, the rest of us were as cohesive as a sack full of ferrets. The scorers put in a claim for RSI for righting E for 'error' and none too soon, we drooled our pathetic way back to the dugout, 7-3 down.

We were down, flat, gone ... all blaming ourselves, preparing for the doom of loss ... but soft, what light through yonder window breaks? Is it Mike?? Is it Clarkey?? Yes, our Dudeist Lama makes us forsake the past - as it is all but a dream within a dream - and Clarkey points his beard upward.

"Once more into the fray,

Into the last good fight I'll ever know.

Live and die on this day.

Live and die on this day!" he cries!

So we stride to the plate and our batting, as reported later from the crowd, was as horrific as a meat pie enema. Sulking back to the field, we regroup and hold the Plumpton strangers to a no-run innings, and then start grinding back their lead. Innings pass in a flurry of sweat and swearing, with Stevie D finding his 'Ohm' and keeping Plumpton scoreless. Yet, we are only slowly chipping back the lead and things looked grim. Stevie D shows how it is done by stealing home on a wild pitch!

The Plumpton pitcher quits the mound (so he can spend more time being smashed by Jobbo at first base), but even though the new pitcher is a chucker, Clarkey is stuck out! He spikes the bat, trashes the dug-out and is angry. Everyone is angry! Julie is angrier than a badger in a Tofu restaurant and even more importantly, the Royals are angry! We're not taking this!!! Lochy takes the mound and besides trying to kill a couple of the opposition, holds Plumpton to no runs for two innings. Jobbo and the Dude make the infield a 'no-fly zone' catching everything.

Last innings! We are still down 8-6 and a hush fell upon the crowd as he ate a sausage roll. Jeff 'the Terminator' is up and putting pressure on the 'putcher' and takes one for the team. As Jeff extracts the game ball from an orifice, it is up to our youthful and mysteriously attractive catcher. Pulling down his helmet to cruelly tame his beautiful golden locks, he straddles the plate. His magnificently sculptured arm muscles and his powerful, though curiously soft to the touch, thighs quiver in anticipation for action. In the crowd, security restrain ladies of a certain age, as he waits for the cheese and gets cheddar!! He cracks a line drive to left field that leaves the fielder curled up and asking for mummy. He is off past first like a glorious corn-fed antelope and with a slide akin to an old lady dropping her shopping down a flight of stairs, he's at second! Jeff is home and we are 8-7 down. The Dudeist Lama is next up, and on one leg, cracks it, fully sick, past third. Our catcher is off and home, game tied! The Big Kahuna makes first. Then Jobbo cracks a screamer that dribbles to the base of the pitcher's mound and makes third! Lochy and Clarkey get home and - side away.

We need to put them to bed in the milliseconds left on the game clock. 'One pitch warm up' Lochy fires two batters out before the last batter manoeuvres her walking frame to the plate. She makes the hit, Lochy fields, it is out at first. Game! Royals win! Royals win!! What a game, what a team! Man of the match goes to Jobbo. Grand final next week folks ... be there.



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Holy Moly what happened in G3 West????????????????

At the beginning of the season we had but one goal. Win one game ! We spoke about trust. We spoke about taking it one game at a time. Now we have but one game left. The Grand Final !!!!!

We met penrith at St Mary's for our shot at the GF and boy some where relaxed some edgy and some of us excited. The game was close throughout with mark pitching up a storm. We fielded well and had some steady batting. We then trailed by a couple and things got tense.... until our saviour stepped up to the plate and smashed a 3 run home run. Go Kurt !!!!! Chris came on late in the game for mark and held them out while our bats got hot.

13-7 final score and some of the loudest 3 cheers I have ever heard rung out over the ground. Boys no matter the result we have surpassed all expectations and completely deserve to be in the decider. Lets go Royals



Now let me set the mood.....

H was one the way to glory , Jobbo banged down a Red Bull, Lets go and watch F grade he says...

The next hour was the best show I have seen in years, shame Willy was on a company conference.

Missed the greatest show on dirt!



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Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....F grade.

Going into the do or die preliminary final the boys were confident of a good result playing against Hawkesbury Hawks struck first with 4 runs in the first to our zero. The hawks bats hit the ball hard, found gaps, a few errors from us and we just hit fielders or had a few got thrown out on the bases. Things just weren't going our way. 8-0 after 3 innings before Steve down gunned down a base runner at 2nd and we walk off the field with a double play

We score 3 runs to make it just a 5 run game. Bases loaded, Jacko blooms one over first base to see the right fielder come from nowhere to make a spectacular grab. Grrrr. Give us some luck!

LJ toiled, Jacko pitched well, yet couldn't get a call all game and had to put it on a tee just to get a strike Then the deciding point of the game arrives. Bases loaded, they are up by 5, in the 6th inning, 1 out. Steve down works to a 3-1 count. Ball 4, all the runners walk Halfway to their next base, oh wait a minute umpire calls a strike. Petto gets thrown out at 3rd. Everyone blowing up. I call time. Walk out of the dugout with steam coming out

Take a deep breath and Ask the umpire very calmly what's the call, he says strike. I say you never signalled and wait til our runners are half way to the bases before you call it. He stands firm. Base umpire, who is the senior umpire comes over tries to get him to change the call. She even apologises because she knows he is wrong. F&@ing disgrace. Call stands.

Then next play, ball bounces in front of the play, called strike. Umpire has no idea.

I get called out again told to calm players down. I say it would be a problem if he made the right call. Next pitch high walk Steve gets on base. Bronx cheer from all.

Then next play someone yells something out. Umpire blows up, who said it, own up or coach gets thrown.

Macca takes one for the team and says he said it. (Or maybe takes one for LJ) You're ejected.

You're a goose is what everyone now thinks. Or maybe worse

Next play ground into double play game over. Oh no wait time is up but because you started top of the inning it has to be finished

Please. Ok skip jumps on the mound and gives some batting practice 6 runs score. A few mistakes in the field.

We all have a laugh at each other. That's how season has been. Hawks still super serious. Good luck getting hammered next week!!!

Very frustrating to be called out if game by biased umpire the whole game. But that's the way the season ends

Take nothing away from hawks they pitched well, hit very well, but sour taste left in the mouth to come back again next year after woeful umpiring

Thanks boys for a great season

Not one to rant usually but that's the way it was.

Thanks to Steve and Jobbo and Jenny for coming to watch. Good luck to G and H grade teams in grand finals.

F grade boys let's get down and support them win 2 premierships.

I loved the time Macca let a ball fly over his head and the ball nicked the bat.

" Strike " calls the umpire!

Hope that your ribs are OK Dan. The pitcher should have said some form of apology.

F grade -another inspirational season!



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IT'S DOWN TO THE LAST TWO STANDING.

G3 West play St. Marys at St. Marys—good luck gentlemen.
H West grade play Mackillop at Chapman Gardens—time to Rise!!!!!!!!!!!!

Both games will be at 12.15—enjoy.

That leads us to several points.

LISMORE MASTERS!!!

We still have three positions left!

It ' s not too late—call—Register

We need you!!

BASEBALL PRESENTATION!

26/9/15—Royal Hotel!

Cost—\$47.50 per Person—let your coach know if you are coming.

Players / coaches—Will needs you ' re decisions for Awards.

Batting, home run bats, MVP and the oh so democratic Players Player.

All the usual fun of the fair!

Bottle Toss, Hollys super fun food, tear jerking testimonials from Jobbo, inspiring speech from El Presidente”
Show bags reminiscing his big plays, 29 to the Bistro, communal umpire sledging, the promise of excellent
food courtesy of new chef, and of course SALT performing live AFTER our bit is done.

The Quote is Dash “ You know what to—we have done it all season- on your toes -the ball is coming to you!”