

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Subject: Simsbury Taverneers vintage base ball match results
Photos: please credit Susan L. D'Apice

Simsbury Vintage Ballists 'Hook' Newtown

Newtown, CT – July 12 in the year of Our Lord 1867

Scribed by Mike “Stretch” D’Apice, first bag, Simsbury Taverneers, hailing from the wilds of Canton

With your full Taverneers striking order thumping safe hits at various and crucial moments one can only utter with relief, “FINALLY!”.

In this 1867 era base ball contest fielding duties are performed with the flesh of one’s hands, hurlers’ velocity regulated by degree of damage receiving backstops can withstand, the might of one’s wood demanding respect at the striker’s line and always – always – is our umpire’s judgment answered with “Thank you, Sir!”.

Upon McLaughlin’s Vineyard were bags thrown down as cranks thronged the grounds for your Simsbury Taverneers’ challenge of the gentlemanly and able Newtown Sandy Hooks. Your Taverneers ballists arrived in Newtown in weary state having departed our dear Farmington Valley home in the dark of four o’clock, most by horseback, the wealthier ballists by carriage.

Lovely beyond description were the Vineyard surrounds, yet far lovelier was winning the bat toss as your heroes elected to be first at the striker’s line while the ball was solid and would travel distantly when struck. Newtown tended the Vineyard field.

Though Taverneers’ designs were to open this event with numerous aces tallied, a mere four strikers opposed the Newtown nine, leaving one ballist upon second bag at the third hand down. Assuming striking duties, Newtown roused cranks by tallying two aces with its batsmanship.

Wishing that you, esteemed reader, may witness the standing tally at six frames’ end, this writer attempts convey by pen its teeter-totter nature.

<u>Frames</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>
Simsbury	0	3	0	1	0	0			
Newtown	2	2	0	0	1	4			

Perhaps reader, you feel initial dismay likewise felt by your Simsbury boys. Notice that Taverneers’ second frame dominant striking to lead in aces was answered and lead lost to Newtown.

Whilst bag tenders of both clubs were exceptionally skilled at receiving and transferring struck hurls for put-outs, garden tenders even more supremely discharged their duties despite obstacles of grand proportions. A first ever experience for Simsbury was the need to navigate around a brick oven in left garden, an expansive flower garden in center garden and mammoth trees in right garden. Vineyard grounds though picturesque held dastardly dangers and hazards as does a rose have thorns.

After six frames, Newtown's count of aces exceeding Simsbury's by more than double, your Taverneers mustered vigor of magnitude which struck hurls rolling beyond the oven, landing within the garden and bouncing among limbs of the trees. Topping Simsbury's eight ace seventh frame harvest was Lefty Van Dyke's monumental four-bag blast well beyond the center garden garden to clear all bags of Taverneers ballists. The match stood at 12 aces to 9 in Simsbury's advantage with Newtown approaching the striker's line for its seventh frame go. Newtown's ace in this seventh frame maintained a close difference of tallies.

In the eighth frame, both clubs notched a sole ace for their honor.

Grand performances surely were those of Simsbury's Ox Rosano scoring three total aces for your Taverneers and first year volunteer Kid MacKay playing 'chicken' with the left garden brick oven to make grabs, face-first dives at the bags and a robust game of monkey-in-the-middle in a rundown between second and third bags allowing an ace to score. Kid's youthful ginger announced to all that vintage base ball is not just an old gentleman's game.

Without a ninth frame Simsbury score, your Taverneers took to tending the field with a two ace lead for Newtown's final batting. A hush fell over the hometown cranks as a Sandy Hooks ballist assumed first bag. All in attendance knew the next striker a would-be tying ace if he were to cross four bags.

Curious and marvelous was this match's finale. Does reader recall mention of center garden garden? Prior of this striker's mastery had caused Lefty Van Dyke to frolic among flowers, shrubs and weeds of the center garden garden, location and extraction of struck ball hindered by this greenery. Recalling such, Lefty presently vowed prevent future repetition of past exploits. Whilst considered ill-conceived positioning by many, Lefty stood poised not before the center garden garden but beyond such plot of previous peril. Eclipsed by Vineyard vegetation, invisible to fellow ballists and cranks, he called "Ready!" from the hinterland.

The first hurl was both finely struck and the day's showcase of strength for either formidable club. Striker 'round first bag toward second and ball aloft remained until nestled within Lefty's trusty grasp, pilfering a sure Newtown four-bag trot and opportunity to force additional frames of tie-breaking play.

"Huzzah" to the Newtown Sandy Hooks.

Final tally: Simsbury Taverneers 13 – Newtown Sandy Hooks 11

On to the Vintage Base Ball World Series in Westfield, MA sponsored by legendary ballist Jim Bouton! Your Simsbury Taverneers ballists will not forget the kind support of all of their cranks as we effort against the Whately Pioneers to regain respect and honor after an earlier Taverneers loss.

The Simsbury Taverneers will return to dear Simsbury at The Memorial Park pasture on August 24 to face the Bridgeport Orators for a noon contest of spirit and ginger! Cranks are welcome to spectate and carry their Taverneers to another victory for our beloved Farmington Valley.

Visit www.simsburytaverneers.com for updated information, directions to matches and ballist biographies as well as www.taverneersphoto.myphotoalbum.com for photographs.



Aptly nicknamed “Stretch”, Simsbury’s D’Apice reels in an errant throw to first bag
Photo: Susan L. D’Apice



Barehanded behind “Grey” Shea receives hurled pitch for Simsbury
Photo: Susan L. D’Apice



“Kid” MacKay dives to safety with courage and ginger
Photo: Susan L. D’Apice