

## **FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

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

### **Mercury, Tempers and Taverneers' Wins Rise**

Simsbury, CT - 6/28/1886

Scribed by Mike "Stretch" D'Apice, first bag, Simsbury Taverneers, hailing from the wilds of Canton

Praise our schoolhouses and marms! Proof of up tick in reading proficiency has been evidenced by burgeoning throngs of cranks. Having consulted past inked tales of Taverneers' renowned marvels and regrettable mishaps, dear Simsbury souls swarmed their Highest School meadow to witness what would become of their vintage base ball hometown heroes at the hands of rival Pittsfield Elms ballists from whom Simsbury has suffered losses with nary a win.

With such influx of green cranks never before a ballist seen, this writer paused practice for tutor of many fresh faces perplexed and incredulous at hearing of "seven balls, three strikes". Continued I, "The hurler may hit the striker with his pitch and that is fine". "Quick-pitched hurls and hidden ball antics create advantage." Especially enamored of this new-found knowledge of sport were the youngest of cranks, dreaming of the day they might don Taverneers blue woolens.

Umpire Mr. Lucker called the first visiting Elms striker to the line reminding him to choose his strike zone of preference. "Low zone it is", Umpire Mr. Lucker directed your Taverneers hurler in echo to the striker's choice. How favored were we to draw noble and intrepid Mr. Lucker as overseer of this day's event. With ballist background as player, historian and co-founder of a franchise, his depth and breadth of this enterprise called base ball – his life's calling – staggers the mind.

Though a seesaw match of alternating advantage in aces, your famed Simsbury ballists called upon manly stores of ginger and spirit and shook off heat of magnitude not experienced in season thus far. Hurler Hands Patrina pitched magnificently, with fine relief from Lefty Van Dyke. Ample garden tending held Pittsfield to few long balls - of note was Irish Gallagher's sure-handed catch in only his second Taverneers appearance. Simsbury's Rainman Vasas enabled two aces to score when he struck a ball directly upon the left garden line. Stretch D'Apice defied human physiology, legs stretching such a span to reel in a throw to first bag that all in attendance felt his pain. Behind J.O. Goncalves efforted with ginger to nearly catch a high foul tick whilst diving upon strewn bats upon the ground. Second bagger Ox Rosano deftly received struck daisy cutters and tossed all to first bag retiring fleet-footed opponents. Muzz Muszynski, Hoss Haase and Judge MacKay ambled from bag to bag, scampering full-round to score stolen aces for Simsbury.

Yet swollen fingers, sweltering faints and surging foes began besting Simsbury. Fading and fatigued, your Taverneers called upon all first-year volunteers to replace veterans caught hallucinating in the hot sun. Bodily injury soon mounted. An Elms striker swung and missed, lapsing into self-aggrandizement without recall that quick-pitched hurls may catch one off-guard. Your Taverneers hurler received the ball from the Simsbury behind and immediately let loose with haste. The unprepared striker was in midst of practice swing as the low-zone strike passed home bag – he watched the ball hit his bat and bounce into his face. Simsbury's own Laddie O'Laughlin gained a nice shiner as a hurl skipped off his swung bat to kiss his cheek. Both Taverneers behinds, J.O. Goncalves and Judge MacKay derived decimated digits decreasing dexterity deep within their mitts. Heat exhaustion felled this writer, to whose aid ran young cranks bearing relieving frozen cubed water, as if to say "Thank you, Stretch, for your pre-match teachings of base ball tenets and tradition".

The following spots of ill-will have potential to drive genteel eyes from further perusal of this tale. Both uncharacteristically and thrice did demeanors match boiling temperature of the day. Injury to reputations ensued.

The first such contemptible outburst was occasioned as scorebook reflected an even tally after 5 frames. Your more-aged Simsbury club requested simple gentlemen's agreement of Pittsfield that this planned 9 frame match be lessened to 7 frames in deference to the desert heat. Though no Simsbury advantage in aces existed to harm the Elms, the younger visiting club bemoaned such suggestion vehemently with inflamed wordage, accusing your noble Taverneers of sought-after sinister advantage. Unanimous agreement to shorten this match thwarted, your older and suffering Simsbury ballists played on, notching a one ace advantage on the fence.

The second such ungentlemanly blemish birthed the longest Taverneers ball of the afternoon. A struck ball it was not. As this writer laid resting and praying for cool breeze, his unnamed substituting first bag tender erred and muffed a grab at first bag. Infuriated with disgust and self-enmity, retrieving the ball without thought of transfer to our hurler, he threw it with such anger, loft, distance and direction that it sailed over the opposing Elms' stable and into adjoining Granby, never to be found by frantically searching Taverneers. The striker having earned first bag in a foot race, grinningly sauntered toward the gift of second bag. Ball lost to the vegetation in some distant county much to the delight of the Elms and snickers from the cranks and Taverneers club mates, third bag and home bag were similarly breached by this most fortunate of ballists. Pittsfield tied at even aces.

The final discourtesy was final indeed, in form of match's last play. With a tied match in the bottom of the 10<sup>th</sup> frame and two hands down, Simsbury's Lefty Van Dyke scurried to steal home bag. Sliding into the waiting Elms ball-bearing behind, the umpire's call was "safe"! The winning ace had been scored! The Taverneers had won their second match of this fine season! Yet what was this?! Embittered and emboldened Elms ballists shouted back at the umpire in menacing tone. Silent became all. Never had your four-year Taverneers franchise witnessed similar ungamesman disrespect. Though no blood of mine run through umpire, nor of his in me, this ailing heat-stricken writer sprung to feet readying to be of brotherly service to this sole surveyor of the strike zone. Had hooligan Elms stepped nearer his self – I would step two nearer the Elms to stand for safety of Umpire Mr. Lucker – considered a fabled figure to enthused ballists. Relieved was situation when Taverneers striker at the line having better sight of play, tendered a fair and honest 'gentleman's call' which overruled the ace scored and became the third hand down of the 10<sup>th</sup> frame.

With scorebook tallies even at 8 aces, both base ball clubs, recognizing that shortened sympathies and trigger tempers had gotten the best of them, agreed to discontinue this match in a tie and swig refreshment expeditiously! Cranks returned home and clubs gathered their paraphernalia.

Postscriptically, the last remaining crank approached the umpire and evidenced his own schedule of tallies which he had notched all along this match. One more total ace for Simsbury than for the Elms. This 'gentleman's call' reversed team tallying of the day and, after an unnecessary 10<sup>th</sup> frame - match unknowingly decided within nine, gave your mighty, mighty Simsbury Taverneers the victory!

"Huzzah" to the Pittsfield Elms.

Final tally: Simsbury Taverneers 9 – Pittsfield Elms 8

Soon to ride rails to Newtown, CT to face the Sandy Hooks and then 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!

Visit [www.simsburytaverneers.com](http://www.simsburytaverneers.com) for updated information and ballist biographies as well as [www.taverneersphoto.myphotoalbum.com](http://www.taverneersphoto.myphotoalbum.com) for photo photographs.



Photo by Susan D'Apice

Hands Patrino befuddles Elms striker with superb hurl  
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Photo by Susan D'Apice

Taverneers' Hoss Haase completes force out at second bag  
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Umpire Mr. Lucker calls balls and strikes  
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice