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(Vintage base ball match review and photos)

Please credit Susan L. D'Apice for photos

Simsbury Vintage Ballists Ask, "What Have You Done For Me Whately?"

Westfield, MA. - July 19 in the year of Our Lord 1886 - Scribed by Mike "Stretch" D'Apice, Simsbury Taverneers Base Ball Club, first bag tender, hailing from the wilds of Canton

Your Simsbury Taverneers vintage ballist club barnstormed northward by invitation to grace sprawling Bullens Field of Westfield, Massachusetts in the second annual Vintage Base Ball (yes, two words in the 1880's) Federation World Series at which famed ballist Jim Bouton presided over the glorious affair. Traveling satchels full not of Yankee notions but of leather, wood and might, Simsbury would again face the Whately Pioneers to test their mettle in this rematch.

Distracting atmosphere carnival, your backwoods ballist delighted in witnessing big city sights. Constables of the law assured no man improperly sat beside woman. Vendors of vittles attempted shouts grander than the din of the ardent spirits of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and women's suffrage protestants. Newsboys and criers excitedly announced loudly the name of each striker to the line.

Scheduled as a seven frame contest, brevity to convenience sizeable match roster including New England clubs, Latin All Stars and Canada's Finest, your Taverneers heroes' striking order was first to swing, yet without a tally. Whatley passed two aces for an early first frame advantage.

After Taverneers' Hoss Hasse struck a hurl to gain first bag, Muzz Muszynski considerably touched a hurled ball beyond right garden's fencing such that cranks skedaddled to retrieve a piece of history. Simsbury's response evened all at 2 aces.

Perhaps most darkly foretelling event of match's conclusion occurred just following your Simsbury gentlemen retaking the field. A Whately Pioneers striker ticked Hands Patrina's masterful hurl high above all in attendance just to the foul of first bag's line. All-fired to receive this skyscraper, both Hands and first bag tender Stretch D'Apice barreled savage as a meat axe. Both ballists' calls for the ball were heard as far as Pennsylvucky yet neither heard the other, thusly treacherously twisted collision ensued. Whilst Hands, Stretch and the ball were strewn all about God's green earth - the ball was returned to play - Stretch, well he's just stretchy, and ambled to resume first bag - Hands, well Hands got to his feet, he directly hastened, hastlessly, walking sort of slantdicular, to your Taverneers' corner to collapse for rest and relief. Unprepared to assume this second frames' hurling duties for Simsbury, Kapi Kapiloff completed by holding Whately to one ace. Kindred and dear Taverneers cranks who rode with their club to spectate whispered within this writer's hearing of their growing fear that without Hands, a later avalanche of opposing aces could not be avoided.

Stout were both clubs' defenses in the third frame with aces naught.

Later, Simsbury's Ish Rivera gained first bag and then second when Whatley's hurler attempted lame a gopher hurling well below striking area and into the dust. Stretch D'Apice drove a ball so powerful as to cause the Whatley left garden tender directly in its line to cover his face protecting-like with his mitten, muffing it and allowing Ish to pass, putting one ace upon the fence, evening total club aces each to three. The Pioneers soon echoed with one ace to lead going into the fifth frame.

Scrappy and seasoned, your Taverneers' defensive behind JO Goncalves shown brightly on offense. Having taken first bag when Whatley's second bag tender muffed a daisy cutter, his grit and ginger was displayed to all as he stole second bag and pilfered third bag in consecutive plays. Hoss Haase placed well a fair hit and JO Goncalves passed for an ace. Leaving Hoss Haase atop third bag at this fifth frame's half, your Taverneers again evened this contest at 4 aces.

At once, a fine day of base ball rightly became more an exhibition of Pioneers' striking mastery when as if knocked into a cocked hat, second and third line Taverneers hurlers Kapi Kapiloff and Lefty Van Dyke were pummeled into the middle of next week. Whatley's fifth frame contained four single-bag strikes and three ballists passing for three aces.

Following Simsbury's show of only four strikers at the line, hitting rights were relinquished back to the Pioneers. Whatley strikers proved to be huckleberries above Simsbury persimmons, all and every of them eager to tip caps to the cranks a final time. Each of the nine stood at the striker's line in the sixth frame, producing five one-baggers and one two-bag trot full-chisel at your Taverneers for a commanding advantage in aces.

While Whatley Pioneers strikers shut pan prior vocal Taverneers cranks, your gentlemanly Simsbury ballists marched onward nary a pucker sour, yet rugged Simsbury's two aces in its seventh frame striking was not ample enough tally to force Whatley to remove fielding mittens and grasp wood during the seventh frame.

"Huzzah" to the Whatley Pioneers.

Final tally: Whatley Pioneers 13 - Simsbury Taverneers 6

Cranks are urged to spectate at your mighty, mighty Simsbury Taverneers' final two home matches. August 24th at noon Simsbury hosts the Bridgeport Orators upon Simsbury's Memorial Field cow pasture/Babe Ruth (who?) complex. Again, the Taverneers will defend your honor at 10:30 AM on Simsbury's Town Forest grassland in opposition of the Hartford Senators. Come and partake such that you reflect back in history to say, "I was there when the famed Taverneers became a Simsbury legend!".

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



Simsbury Taverneers' procession onto Bullens Field for the World Series
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Women's suffrage protestants competing for attention
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Taverneers Ish Rivera commands second bag
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Hoss Haase swings mighty wood
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice



Lefty Van Dyke at striker's line with Stretch D'Apice aboard third bag
Photo by Susan L. D'Apice