

A group of men in white polo shirts are celebrating, holding up beer bottles and spraying beer. The scene is outdoors under a clear blue sky. The men are wearing sunglasses and have their mouths open in a shout. The overall atmosphere is one of joy and triumph.

The
Gypsy annual

2003-04

Volume 12

Triumph
of the
Swill





Foreword

By The Prime Minister, John W. Howard

Everybody loves a winner. While these days I might look every inch the Prime Minister, I can tell you it wasn't always that way. No, I knocked on a lot of dressing room doors before they'd let me in – and that was even after I became PM. Now everyone is sending me the team tracksuits.

When you get to the top, you'll find it's not easy to stay there. There is always someone or something looking to rain on your parade. As my great American friend George Dubya recently found out, even the most appetising pretzel can cause serious problems. Yes, complacency can be a killer. That is why you need to keep your friends close and your enemies even closer. Of course I know what Costello is up to behind my back, acting like an attention-depraved child passing notes in the Cabinet Room. But when I go home at night I am relaxed and comfortable in the satisfaction that I am the Prime Minister of Australia and I am the one who's got the full set of Hawaiian shirts from the last 8 APEC meetings.

Sport is a great leveler – I know I got flattened every time I took the field. These days I love nothing better than donning the lemon-coloured cardi, grabbing a cup of Jannette's finest hot choccy and settling down to watch two Peruvians slug it out for 5 hours on the clay at Roland Garros. I grew up in an era where Australian sport was great. We had names like Laver, Bradman, Strickland and Raper. People wonder why I'm against asylum seekers – well, have you had a look at our weightlifting team lately? Not a white anglo-saxon name among them. Why should I pay for them to take a trip home to Athens?

Of course cricket that is my true love, so it gives me great satisfaction to offer my most sincere congratulations to the Gypsies Cricket Club for winning their maiden flag. As one who knows all about great comebacks, it truly was a magnificent achievement. Now that you have become winners you face a new range of challenges – complacency, the tall poppy syndrome. Whenever you find that it's all too much, and the opinion polls are sagging, remember this: There is always someone somewhere, wearing a tea towel on their head, that you can start a war with.

God Save The Queen.

Captain's report

By Dave Colman



The season began with the words of Pricilla, Queen of Moore Park ringing in our ears:

“So, Captain Snooze and the Hobbit have a Premiership winners’ medal and I don’t? Someone’s got to do something!!!! Captain Snooze has it, and I want it! And I’m not talking about spina bifida.”

Following confirmation that this was the attitude of the entire cast and crew, we set sail for the Park and a date with Gilligan and the Skipper.

The win at all costs attitude came to the fore in the first round where as per tradition we were severely understaffed. To solve this problem we resorted to an age old Gypsy fix – beg everyone we know for players. This led to the emergence of the leading contender for rookie of the year with 4 wickets and 50 not Jimmy “I am going hard” Gref. This game also saw the emergence of the new Gypsy commitment when Lindsay was asked to stand up at No.3 and smacked 22 with ease!!

As the season developed and our “win at all costs”

attitude was retained, victory followed victory. We stumbled against Saggy’s and were well up in the gloom against Ryan’s girls. Our first round with Cavaliers was washed away and we turned at Christmas at the top of the table. We had been here before and it was with some amusement and amazement that the discussion was not how well we had done, but rather what we needed to do in January. The focus of the Gypsies certainly made the Lady wet with anticipation.

It took a while for the team to adjust to my captaining methods; bearing in mind our one objective for the year, my decisions were made with victory in mind. Anyway if you got sacked after bowling only 2 overs... it was because you were bowling crap, and Jed, when the only alternative to you being in the slips is me ...you had no hope!!

That being said, this year when asked, everyone stood up. A few instances come to mind:

Our V-C Kitty Vanstead – spent 2 games at the helm,

Captain's report

won them both, one outright, top scored in one of them and had his best season with the bat FOREVER!! Averaging well into the 20s.

Cam, Ham, Hammo, Hamilton, Bloodnut, whatever... had the privilege of leading the team once – an outright victory and his all time highest score 100 not out.

Yak – the ability to come back after being sacked after 2 crap overs and bowl like a genius, THAT Over, and his 55 batting at No. 3.

Linds – THAT Catch, Junior – That 80 and hands like glue at 2nd. B1 – solid with the bat and came up with the goods with the ball when required at the business end.

Jed – great all round, a couple of hundred with the bat, contributed with the ball and behind the stumps (although hiding him in the field was always a challenge!).

B2 – Without doubt the best in the field and on the sledge, very unlucky that his captain did not give him a fair go with the ball and as for his batting, well he scored well in the US.

Ando – always cool & casual, great in the field and how he tore Gilligan apart was hilarious.

Nate introduced Darcy at an early age, picked up 7-for, bowled line and length and was always there.

Hollywood – That Dive, and the judiciary hearing.

Benji – That Buck's Night, That Wedding and 2 umpire warnings in 5 overs against Cavs.

Jimmy Gref – The find of the year, consistent with the bat and great with the ball, a super season. Frazer – Great Hitting. Bobo – Those photographs.

Cilla – Sledging Gilligan out in the first round and playing his hundredth game.

January gave us 3 consecutive victories, the hoodoo was broken and Tap was in casualty receiving 7 of the

best from a Pakistani Glaswegian. “U Got Nuffin” were dispatched by 6 wickets, rain conveniently arrived against Cavaliers and Semi Final participation became a certainty.

With the Minor Premiership in the bag the voice from the North once again gave stirring support –

A Message from the Queen: THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONFIDENCE AND COCKINESS: “We can't lose this one now”- *John Hewson, 1993.*

“The semi-final will go down in the annals as the greatest game played under the banner.”

The Semi Final will go down in the annals as the greatest game played under the banner. From the highly familiar but unexpected collapse, to Jed's thoughtful batting and Kitty's “the rains coming” mind games with Gilligan we were faced at drinks with the scores tied and Ryan's 8 wickets down. The Gypsies

attitude at drinks “let's take it to the bastards” and Yak's over of 2 wickets for no runs will long live in my memory. That said, they are scum and we deserved to be in the Grand Final.

The Cavaliers shat themselves at the prospect of finally facing us and allowed the “Nuffins” to face the slaughter. B1 started the rot with an unplayable grubber and finished it with the wining runs. Yes sure we choked..... BUT they choked more!!!

To the partners, parents, children, families and friends who supported the team over the year and especially on Grand Final day, a BIG Thanks. What an outstanding crowd. It's been my best year personally and my first ever Grand Final victory. From National TV to Maree the Scorer they lived and loved it.

To the Flag-bearing Gypsies, my thanks for your support through the year....

HOW BOUT EM!!!

Treasurer's report

By Andrew Wawrzyniak

I don't know what you people are worried about. I am a qualified Accountant with a respectable practice in the big end of town.

I take personal offence to any suggestion whatsoever that there is any impropriety, back-handers or other financial irregularities in the Gypsies Accounts for the season 2003-2004. People have to understand that you have to spend money to make money. Corrupt Central African Republics don't grow on trees, you know, and if you think I enjoyed my trip to Monte Carlo, well I did, but that's not the point.



It may be true that a couple of cheques bounced (well, OK, all of them bounced), but that was only due to some slack coconut at the bank in the Cayman Islands who couldn't be bothered making the wire transfer before his siesta. You'd think they'd be used to dealing with Swiss Bankers by now, wouldn't you? Even I can convert Euros into Conch Shells.

Let me say, right now for the record that I am proud to have been the Treasurer in a year where we exceeded the record for Gypsy fines. This money can all be accounted for – just because I bought a sporty new car people think I've been playing silly buggers with the cash – not true! I can honestly say I have personally supervised the set-up of a web of shelf companies, Swiss bank accounts and trust funds that will ensure the flow of money can never be traced.

Where I come from, you couldn't say you'd made it until you'd moved at least a crate of Stingers or snuck across the Iraqi/Turkish border with a vial of weapons grade plutonium hidden where the sun don't shine.

Treasurer's report

BALANCE SHEET 2003-04

Gypsies Cricket Club (Otherwise trading as; Wawrzyniak Diamond Corp. (Cayman Islands & Mozambique), AW Trust (Bermuda), Royal Bank of Crackyfatt (Poland), Australasian Yak Breeders' Association (inc. in Christmas Islands).

General Ledger	Income	Expense
Season Payments (from players)	\$2,000.00	
Cricket Balls		\$380.00
Yak Breeder's License		\$12,000.00
Elec. xfer. To Caymans Acct.		\$1,000,000.00
Acct set-up Fee (Bank of Zurich)		\$1,000.00
Fines – from Matches Played	\$9,567.25	
Umpire – Game 3 (Match Payment)		\$40.00
Umpire – ex gratia payment in paper bag		\$26,000.00
Shipment of WMD (ex-Baghdad)	\$4,600,000.00	
Elec. xfer to Bank of Crackyfatt, Poland		\$26,000,000
Interest Paid on Loans to Cent African Rep.	\$0.03	
Consultancy Fees to ARW		\$180,000,000.00
Income from Nike Factory, Thailand	\$267,000.00	
Wages – Nike Factory, Thailand		\$1.97
Past Players Assoc. Comfort Women		\$86,285.00
Donation to Malaccastani Yak Preservation Scty		\$27,500.00
Total net profit:		\$0.17c

**All accounting practices herein applied have been approved by the Skase Accouting Group, Majorca, Spain. Any ex-gratia payments have been authorized in situ by an Officer of the Organisation trading as YakInvest Pty. Ltd. (incorporated in the Virgin Islands). In absentia ex libero vis a turgo exaeunt in nominae patris et spiritu santu amen.

GOLDEN DATE

Film Festival 2024

Opening Nite Programme



6:00 pm I say Potatoes! (Poland)

Documentary from acclaimed Polish Director Oldcheez Cuminsky. Gypsy fast bowler Andrew Wawrzyniak returns to the Polish village of Scratchitnyow, to visit the place where his 3rd Uncle twice removed received the Polish Medal of Honour in the Great Kitten Rebellion of 1883.

LEFT: Grooblya Wawrzyniak photographed shortly before the 1883 Kitten Rebellion.

6:08 pm: A Scent of Green Pooh (Cambodia)

Piles the spider monkey longs to be accepted into the famous Wing-poo seeing-eye monkey academy in Cam Pong. He must first overcome the treacherous 10-day initiation where he will be boiled in oil.



7:30 pm: Nkonglongdongwe (Niger)

Animated feature consisting entirely of nuts.

8:00 pm: One Glorious Summer (Australia)

Quirky new film from acclaimed Gypsy director John Biboudis. A Park cricket team decide to win the Premiership despite having no trousers. **(Winner of the Hairy Palme Award)**

9:30 pm: Al Jibrah (Kantunderstan)

Unitelligible rubbish from Central Asia. Two old families feud over ownership of the communal remote control. Stunning gaffer work by Aquil Ahmed.

12:00 am: The Love Bug

Midnite XXX special! Wildlife photographer and part-time programmer Jed Wesley-Smith takes us up close and internal with the sizzling world of insect sexuality. Puts the stick back into stick insect.

Hopes, Dreams, Bravado & Bullshit



There comes a time in every man's life when he must realise that he is doomed to mediocrity. He learns, through consistent and persistent underachievement, that he will never reach the heights to which he once aspired. Take John Howard – he thought he would be the next Menzies, but (despite a valiant attempt) he just couldn't grow the eyebrows. Or Steve Leibman, who will never be the next Ray Martin, and Dirk Wellham who is... the poor man's Dirk Wellham. And so the Gypsies entered their eleventh season full of hopes, dreams, bravado and bullshit, believing that a flag was just a bees' away if they were good enough, sledged enough and above all, were placed in a grade full of fruiterers, kids and card-carrying members of the Prosthetic Limb-Users Club.

In the week leading up to the first game, new skipper Tap Colman had worked tirelessly to assemble a side capable of a fair-dinkum tilt at victory, and it was not until late on the Friday that most of the players revealed that they'd rather be watching the footy finals instead. Undaunted, the Gypsies threw everything into their opening spell at the Juniors, who responded with a century opening stand. It was debutant Jim Gref who lulled the batsman into a false sense of security with three overs of appalling spin, before switching to

01 > The Gypsies v Souths Juniors

out-swing to claim the opening scalp. It was at this point that the Yak, decided to unleash his new ball – the one that goes Polish. He steamed in, shouted “Solidarity!” and unleashed one that caught the edge, causing the Gypsy cordon to launch into a rendition of “The Whores of Gdansk.” The umpire, bamboozled by the assault on his ears, gave the batsman out, and the Gypsies never looked back. Gref claimed their aptly-named no. 3, B.Simpson, amongst his four scalps on debut.

The only pause in the wicket-taking proceedings came when the skipper brought himself on to bowl, and showed that age and experience is no substitute for the ability to land it, let alone turn it. The Gypsies faced an awkward 11-over session prior to stumps, and nine other players were relieved when Tap didn’t ask them to face it with him. B2 was the unlucky one, being dismissed for 7 and the score at stumps was 1/32, chasing 197 for a first-up win.

At the start of Day 2, Tap gave the first of what would become regular pre-game psyche-ups to the assembled Gypsies. “Preserve your wicket at all costs” was the theme, and the team thought this particularly good advice, especially if it was the skipper that followed it. Fortunately his partner, Jim Gref, followed it as well and they combined for a 90 run partnership for the second wicket. Just when the bowling looked well beaten, Tap chased a wide one and was caught behind for a fine 72. This served to

fire up the Souths’ quick, and by the time Tap came off, most of the team had sensibly deserted the kit area, leaving Lindsay Cohen to come in up the order.

They say that you can set the tone for a season in the first game (not that I know who “they” are, where they live, or whether they could spare a cup of sugar) and Cohen, batting at number 4, began a season-long tradition that when pushed up the order, batsmen played like they belonged there. His resolute 23, in a 56 run partnership with Gref, removed any doubt of a Gypsy collapse. It was left to Jobie Lebler to put the finishing touches to the win with a hard-hitting 22no. For Gref, it was a dream debut – 54no (from 12,006 balls faced) to follow on from his 4 wickets – the sort of performance that had the Gypsy hierarchy scrambling for positions in the lower order.

Wins in September are only slightly less prized than wins in January by the Gypsies – or wins in AFL Grand Finals by Collingwood supporters who skipped the match to see their team embarrassed for the second year running. There was no escaping the fact that the Gypsies demonstrated the characteristic so singularly missing from previous campaigns – composure. But there would be harder questions asked of the 2003-2004 Gypsies before season’s end, and harder answers to find, particularly if they had to show all the working out.

Gypsies 3/201 defeated Souths Juniors 196

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Extruded plastic food shapes, Japanese-style.

DESSERT

ESTER MEDLEY

$\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_2\text{COOH}$, $\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_{14}\text{COOH}$ & $\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_{16}\text{COOH}$ with ice cream or iron filings.

DEOXYRIBONUCLEIC SURPRISE

Watson & Crick's favourite base pairs with a dermoid cyst.

LABORATORIUM RODENTI

Lab Rat Tart

I'm Alan Jones

The deleterious effects of Steve Waugh's disastrous reign as captain of the Australian cricket team have been little documented by a sycophantic, weak-kneed, puff-pastry press corps that is more concerned with the national team's childish pursuit of personal records than it is with exposing the raw truth about these two-faced cardboard heroes. Put simply, Waugh is the worst Australian captain since Bradman. A fixation with figures used to be called bulimia. That was when dinky-di Test warriors like John Dyson, Graeme Wood and Steve Smith didn't carry a mobile phone and a 50 average inflated by 78 not outs – they sank piss, punted, pulled and if some double-jointed curry-muncher had a problem with that, you sorted it out by punching his lights out, not opening a leper colony.

Which brings me to Matthew Hayden. Where does this overrated evangelical jug-head get off? With rain closing in, time running out, a Zimbabwean attack on its knees and the cricket-watching public screaming for a sporting declaration, the self-centred Queenslander proceeded to put up the shutters and protect his own ludicrously inflated Test average by accumulating what will surely go down as the most inept 380 in the history of the game. Chief bum-sniffer and political brown-nose, Steve Waugh, sacrificed the contest in favour of another centrespread in Wisden and yet more sickly suck-arse journalistic slop in the Monday papers about this history-making team. The result of this tactical debacle is that the last remaining vestige of honest, team-oriented cricket – MP & SECA Fifth Grade – has now been similarly disgraced by the Gypsies' shameless attempt to tear up the record books against Captain Cook. History will show that Nathan Cohen returned 7 for 16 (best figures by a circumcised Gypsy) in routing the opposition for a record-low 30 runs inside 90 minutes. And yes, B2 took the greatest catch ever by a Don Burke impersonator. It is also true that Dave Colman's 124 not out will go down as the highest individual Gypsy innings (over-40s category), and Futon-Smythe's 8 catches the most by any keeper with genital dandruff. Wawryzniak's 5 wickets in the second innings were the most by a farm animal, Sam Sundries recorded his first pair and the margin of victory (an innings and 148 runs) surpasses Andrew Davies' 8 ball break at the Oxford Tavern in 1993/4. And it also saddens me to report that the Cooks' 12-year-old 'Tattoo' became the youngest sledger in Park history when he questioned the veracity of a Junior stiffy (subsequent discovery of a zucchini in the kit bag bore out the youngster on this charge.)

But history is only ever his story: the beer-sodden account of a few headline-hunting macho never-has-beens in search of lost esteem. Women have been expunged from the annals of sporting history for too long. What of Sally, who dropped Jed off at the game? And Mandy, who let B1 play despite the fact he hadn't been home before 11 pm once in the last month? Junior's role in conceiving Harrison was negligible at best – but has he ever given votes to Jodie? We expect more of our heroes than the shoddy self-aggrandising crud peddled by Waugh and his sad cronies in the underachieving Australian Test team. This latest sham result on the Park has revealed just how morally bankrupt suburban leisure activities have become. Family values need to be reintroduced, and access to public conveniences improved. I'm Alan Jones.

The Gypsies 8/213 defeated Captain Cook 30 & 35

Gilligan's Song

To the tune of *Gilligan's Island*.

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful match, that started in fantastic weather, and featured my amazing catch.

Our mate wore a stupid fluoro orange hat, his Skipper did little to remove the shine. Eleven Gypsies all set to take 10 wickets that day for 229. Starring Hammo's bowling and that catch of mine.

The weather started getting rough, the upper order was tossed. If not for the appeal against the light, the Gypsies could have lost. The Gypsies could have lost.

Day 2 began in failing light, the Gypsies chasing runs at any cost. If not for the batting of Tappy and Ando, the Gypsies could have lost. The Gypsies could have lost.

The heavens opened and lightning struck with only 17 left to score, with 8 men down, Gilligan smashed around, Tappy and his half-century, the stumps were drawn, the match was called and the Gypsies went to the pub, to see the Wallabies slaughter Namibia.

Ryan's CC 229, Gypsies 8/213 – Match Drawn.

FINED

“Stupid enough to do it”



It's easy to face express bowling. It's a job usually perpetrated by the simpler folk in the team – those who have trouble with anything longer than the one-line game plan: Bowl short. Or not.

But anybody who knows the game will tell you that the real action happens behind the stumps – and I don't mean by those fairies who wear the gloves, pads and whatever else they can get between themselves & the ball. No, there is nothing tougher than fielding in the cordon. The Gypsies' cordon is unquestionably the finest in the history of Moore Park cricket, and many's the 5th Grade off-glance snaffled by an outstretched Gypsy hand. But it's not just about the catching. It's about staying focused for hours on end and having the courage to tell a batsman on 120no that his mother swims out to troop ships with a mattress tied to her back.

The Gypsies were unbeaten, but insiders were asking who would score the runs if Tap failed? There were

rumours that Tap's unGypsy-like form had drawn a fine from the Board. Adding more fuel to the fire, he dropped himself down the order. Junior and Jed opened, and both took heavy toll of the Apache bowling, primarily through the gap between and through 1st and 2nd slip. Their 78-run stand was merely the entree, however, for the new Gypsies' number three. Employing the theory that had worked so well in round 1, Tap sent in the Yak. From the moment he reached the crease, the Yak unveiled an array of shots nobody and yet seen from him (or anyone, really). He was at the crease for exactly 100 runs, and scored 55 of them. Questions were being asked whether Tap was really required at number 3. Junior's 66 was 'the finest in modern times' according to himself. Archer's innings of 36 had its critics, who said it was too commercial and nowhere near as good as his early stuff.

A total of 233 was more than enough, but to force



“You have to understand the pressure these guys are under. I mean, most of the rest of us are too shit-scared to stand there in the cordon. I’m just glad we’ve got other blokes stupid enough to do it.”

the outright catches would have to be held. The Yak made the first breakthrough, and soon the Apaches were reeling at 3/36. His new delivery was causing havoc with opposition batsmen, who failed to come to grips with his Polish ‘sausage’ ball. With the Australian fast bowling stocks at an all-time low, as evidenced by the continual selection of that poseur, Brett Lee – a man whose only interest in hitting the seam is once a year during Australian Fashion Week – how is it that the Yak continued to languish in 5th Grade? Messrs Hohns & Co. could do far worse than escape the ego-stroking confines of the Members’ Bar, travel a few blocks South to Booralee Park and have a gander at blokes prepared to grab a ball, spit on it, rub it, and deliver it with a bit of mongrel. It’s easy to get a nick when the bloke at the other end knows how to hold a bat, but on the Park half the blokes out there couldn’t get wood without a visit to Fyshwick.

With the bowling on top, it was simply a matter of how long the Apaches could survive, but they found an unexpected ally in the Gypsy cordon. Coming into

the match, they had taken 86 catches in a row, but they had a shocker here – there were 8 catches dropped in all, and 6 of them were behind the stumps. Kitty, Junior, Hollywood, Ben and B1 were all culprits, but Jed’s 3 dropped chances were outstanding. This ineptitude just goes to show what an extraordinary job these brave slippers do day-in, day-out. It’s not like Test Cricket, where you get to stand half way to the boundary and have a good itch of the crack waiting for the ball to come – this is pure animal reflex by men whose only motivation is getting to the pub early.

Eventually, enough chances were taken to bundle out the Apaches for a sorry 162, sealing the Gypsies’ 3rd win of the season. Yak (3/43), Hammo (2/41) & B1 (2/44) shared the wickets. But Colman paid tribute to his slips fieldsmen, despite their pathetic display: ‘You have to understand the pressure these guys are under. I mean, most of the rest of us are too shit-scared to stand there in the cordon. I’m just glad we’ve got other blokes stupid enough to do it.’

Gypsies 8/223 defeated Kingsford Apaches 161

To the Glesbe Gypsy Cricket Club,

make sure you play on a flat track,
on old ball and play straight:
but more importantly you have a cold
and waiting on the side line.

Good luck

Watt Kuler

Cupsie > |

Take a good long hard
look at yourselves!
Get back to me!
Cheers, Mark Miller

To The Gypsies,

A hapless joke,

Yon Pringle

To THE GYPSIES

As CUCKOOS YOU MAKE
GROSS TENNIS PLAYERS!!

All THE BEST

Nab Langle

The Gypsies Cricket Club, have given a new depth of meaning
to the word "incompetence."

"Bring on the steakers!" the crowd cries. "Please!"

Bob Ellis

26.10.02

Dedications

To the Gypsies Cricket Club
Play a straight bat and
watch your lives.

Tom Keneally

You've got nuthin!

On the streets of Baghdad they were asking the same question as the world's media: The Saggy Green Cricket Circus may have won the war, but could they win the peace?

When the tanks rolled onto the Heffron Hockey field, even the ageing neo-conservative Gypsy slips cordon couldn't contemplate the thrashing they were to receive from the terrorists in saggy green berets. The Gypsies were prepared for trench warfare but Saggy responded with street to street small arms fire, rocket-propelled cricket balls and crude sledges. Not pretty, but effective. It tied down the Gypsy heavy artillery. Not one Gypsy tank commander could register more than two kills, and the Saggy Ministry of Information left the initial skirmish claiming 143, though this was later queried by the Red Cross and official independent scoring media outlets.

Gypsy President (Acting), Kitty Bush Vanstead was later heard to proclaim "Yer with us or yer agin us" for no other reason than he liked the way it sounded echoing around the confines of his 10 gallon Gypsy cap.

Upon the resumption of hostilities, Saggys struck the early blows, wiping out the advance batallion of Davies and Gray with only the gentlest of lobbed grenades. James Wolfowitz Gray, the most 'neo' of all the conservatives, denied that he had planned it this way all along or even had anything to do with the current Gypsy high command. Davies' departure for zero meant that he would be the first to be fined for insubordination, or else front an esky court martial.

Darrel Howard Archer threw his weight behind the cause but ultimately had nothing to provide except words and arse licking. Steve Blair Barnett was all the way with Bush, and the suspicion he was embedded with the Americans was later to be confirmed.

Dave Rumsfield Colman may be known as the Secretary of Defence but he also showed a mean flair for counter attack and held the middle ground while those around him fell on their swords. The old fighter recalled the glory days of the earlier 1991 battle at Heffron when Bush's father declared an innings of hostilities over before tea on the third day and with Saggy's palaces within view. He'd sworn vengeance then and now was the time.

Cameron Cheney Hamilton proved to be a Dick in more ways than one. The pretender to the throne couldn't get it up again and left the battlefield with only 4 notches on his belt. Once again it was left to President (Acting) Bush to support Rumsfield and they put up the only decent fight. Eventually though even they succumbed to the Saggy weight of firepower – though Rumsfield claimed 38 and Bush 22. From then on there were a couple of token efforts – the rhythmic but ultimately hopeless Wesley-Smith Powell and Nathan Condoleeza Cohen.

Tony Bremer Masters tried to clean up the mess left over by Bush, Rumsfield, Wolfowitz and Cheney. He wasn't joking when he said "I'm here for the long haul" and "won't leave till the job is done". Bremer was the last man standing when Lindsay Crean Cohen put up only token opposition and placed his future in doubt.

So the Saggy Green Cricket Circus repelled the invader this time, but one battle does not make a war. As a peace of sorts descended over the Moore Park and South-East Cricket Association the Gypsy High Command were already planning Operation "You've Got Nothing".

Saggy Green Cricket Circus 8 for 143 defeated The Gypsies 115.

Date salad with Gypsy sauce

INGREDIENTS

1	Lady
22	Fuckwits
1	Ball, lightly tossed
40	bowls of Overs
6	stumps, pickled
1	Tony Masters, blanched
4	bails, parboiled
1	seasoned pitch
200ml	testosterone
1tsp	Yak sweat
500kg	bullshit
	gaffer tape
1	dummy, lightly spat
400g	dates
1	hector, slightly soiled
16 hours	rain
6	ducks (golden if available)
5	catches, dropped
1	knob sledging
	Assorted shots
	Chateau musgravy, or rubbing alcohol

METHOD

Place stump in ground and firmly affix Lady's Head. Open kit and stir vigorously, liberally pouring contents on ground. Select 2 fuckwits, apply pads, hector and bats and place at either end of the pitch until dismissed. Gradually mix in the bullshit, appealing constantly. Stir in a knob of sledging, being careful not to bring umpire to the boil. Edge nervously through slips, then pepper outfield until done. When the bowling is changed batter any fruit that may appear. If on zero, take duck and roast until golden. Walk off, throw bat, spit dummy and mope until well browned. Wait one week then remove head from dates and smother in testosterone. If bowling, place fuckwits in outfield, and leave for three hours to set. If unable to prevent scoring, apply more bullshit and mix until desired consistency is achieved. Note: When playing Gypsy cricket, this may take all afternoon.

THE SAUCE

This is best made with chateau musgravy. However, if this cannot be procured rubbing alcohol will do. In the event of rain, go to pub, take yak sweat and shake with testosterone in hector and douse liberally with self-justification and post-mortem flattery.

RESULT

Match rained out

GOLDEN DATE

112.59

David Colman

91.34	Andrew Wawrzyniak
76.09	Tim Barnett
71.09	James Gref
53.59	James Gray
53.34	Cameron Hamilton
51.09	Jed Wesley-Smith
42.42	Will Fenton-Smith
42.25	Ben Fenton-Smith
37.92	Nathan Cohen
31.92	Andrew Davies
30.34	Tony Masters
28.58	Lindsay Cohen
26.83	Steve Bradley
15.25	Gilligan
12	Miss America
11	Frazer McKenzie-Andrew
10.75	Steve Barnett
6.5	Darrell Archer
6	Tony's Dummy Spit
5.75	Esther / Tap's Family
5	Tattoo (14yr old), Penny Farthings, Rain Gods
4.5	John Masters
4	Heffron Hockey Field
3.5	Sydney Council / MP mowing service, The Grand Final Crowd
3	Darcy, The Lady
2.5	The Cordon (vs Apaches), The Ladies Day Supporters
2	Square Point Umpire vs Ryan's (Rnd 10), Anzac Parade Breasts, Zoe Fenton-Smith, Chateau Musgravy
1.5	Swedish Backpackers, 30, that's what we got, Drip, Anna Rexic / Skeletor, Heidi, Wazza Gray / Wazza's durries
1.33	Lindsay's foot
1	Grant Brown, Burgo's Catch Phrase, Wallabies, Tracey, Dot, Umpire vs Ryan's Rd 3, Weather, Dropped Catch, Belinda Carlisle, Opening Partnership vs Sth Jun, The front foot rule, Jed's Family, Lindsay's finger, Dummy Spit (vs Saggy's), The School (Rowland I), Bird Walking Dog, Warney, the Minor? (vs Doncaster), Steve Waugh, Tony's Dive, Drinks (semi), The Tie (semi), Kitty's Tears, THE GYPSIES, Whoever put us on Roland I & didn't mow grass, Yak's Dad John, The Flag, How bout 'em, Cop That, Virgin Blue, Helmut the GF Umpire,
0.5	Jobie Lebler, Metal Detector Man, Bec Lebler, Zimbabwe, Ryan's skipper, Substance, Keith the Umpire, b'Ryan, Tap's Glasses, Tom Sharp.
-1	Bill Glacken (Umpire)



A GYPSY WORLD CUP



The 2003 Rugby World Cup has been fought and won but the final will be remembered for all the wrong reasons. Johnny Wilkinson may have kicked the winning field goal in extra time, but the torrential rain damaged his private school boy mane to such an extent it's unlikely we'll ever see him run onto the field again. And George Gregan learnt the value of hair the hard way. His bald head proved no obstacle to the river of water pouring down his head and into his eyes, so much so by the end of the match he was almost visibly swimming upstream. Having a blinder has never before been seen as a negative. And it's no coincidence that Lote Tuquri and George Smith were the best for the Wallabies and Martin Johnson the best for the Poms. Luxurious growth and dominant facial

features is what a man needs in a time of crisis and these gents bristle with follicles and permanent growls.

It was with this in mind that the Gypsies took to the field against Doncaster. The boys had studied how to lose for their entire lives, and after the debacle against the Saggy Green Cricket Circus in the most recently completed match, were intent not to let this one slip. Will Fenton-Smith, President and Captain (Acting), won the toss and elected to run with the breeze.

Wawrzyniak certainly took advantage. He's all Stirling Mortlock this boy, big and boofy, just the right balance of brain and brawn and fortunately not too much of either. He tore through the flimsy Doncaster defence scattering teammates and opposition alike.



4 scalps were his reward. He was ably supported by Cameron Hamilton. Hamilton, all fluid of action and technique but a seething mass of hate on the inside, reminds us of the glory days of Australian Rugby, and it's not just the passing resemblance to Michael Lynagh. His 3-fer was just reward. But ultimately it was a team effort. The lessons of the World Cup were well learnt and Doncaster succumbed for 113.

In reply, the Gypsy upper order forgot that the 10 minutes either side of halfway are crucial. More Western Samoa than Wallabies they threw away the advantage. The nuggety Ben Fenton-Smith had a Fiji of an innings – all flair but no result worth mentioning. James Gray was no better. He may sledge better than Justin Harrison but today he was more Owen Finnigan after a night on the turps, and that's most of them. Darrel Archer was worse again, his duck recalling Campese passing to a Welshman inside his own in-goal area or the Dunning field goal – a brain explosion of the highest order.

Fortunately Tim Barnett came to the rescue. His 81 not out was a bludgeoning of an innings. Ugly brute strength. Very Patricio Noriega during his glory days with Argentina before he went soft and chucked his lot in with the Wallabies. Let this be a lesson to you Tim, remember your roots. He was ably supported by Will Fenton-Smith. Will's 64 featured two sixes, six fours

and eight drops. He's got the luck of the Irish and it's no surprise. He's as good looking as Keith Wood and just as good as him on the pull, or used to be before injuries took their inevitable toll.

Hamilton chipped in with 26, very Michael Lynagh like again, and Pommy bastard Frazer Mackenzie-Andrew, still on a high from the World Cup, scored 22 not out. Did I mention he's a bastard?

The Gypsies declared at 238. Had they learnt anything from the World Cup? Both Wales and Samoa led England near half time but lost. Razzle Dazzle 'Em as much as you like, but playing ugly and keeping it simple will always win. Fortunately, no team is uglier or simpler than the Gypsies – the match was as good as won.

Once again it was that man Wawrzyniak. If it wasn't for cutting and pasting he'd never be mentioned in any match report, yet here he was again combining the best of Tuquiri, Flatley and Larkham in a display that would leave Spiro Zavos short of words. 6 more wickets, 10 for the match. Sure Doncaster is mostly made up of schoolkids and dole bludgers, but statistics always speak louder than words and at the end of the day look at the scoreboard. The Gypsies won by an innings and lots, the Wallabies lost the World Cup. I ask you, who is the greater team?

The Gypsies 5 dec 238 defeated Doncaster 113 and 87.

Making up the numbers

Talk sport with Dr Graham Cohen, Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, UTS Sydney.

Good evening, I'm Dr Graeme Cohen, adjunct professor of mathematics at the University of Technology, Sydney. I'm currently trying to prove Fermat's Theorem on behalf of the Kensington Algebra Club. If I can't do that, then at least I'll find out if it's better to pour the tea and then put the milk in, or vice versa. On the sporting front, I've met Lewis, but not Duckworth. I also happen to be the father of Lindsay and Nathan Cohen and I'm an absolute Glebe Gypsy freak.

I thought I'd take some time out of my hectic schedule of research and playing Bridge to update you on the latest match of the Glebe Gypsies. Round 8 (ironically NOT a round number) was played on the broad sward of Booralee 4 before a spartan crowd.

Legendary captain Dave 'Tappy' Colman won the toss again, though despite current thinking he is neither a skilful tosser nor having a great run. The rules of probability state that as a coin has only two sides, the chances of winning the toss are only ever 50%.

Tappy is simply subject to a basic rule of nature and the odds will inevitably even out. Souths struggled from the moment they took strike, never putting together a meaningful partnership as wickets tumbled frequently. Interestingly, Tim Barnett bowled more overs than any other bowler (16) yet was the only bowler not to take a wicket. This implies either poor luck or poor captaincy. Not only that, but it is thought that the Arabs discovered zero and thank Allah that they did. Without it there would be no ducks, and without ducks the Gypsies would barely have a kitty. Andrew Wawrzyniak took 4 for 51 off 14 overs, or one wicket every 3.5 overs or one every 12.75 runs, only slightly better than the next best bowler Lindsay Cohen with only the one wicket but for just 13.

Personally, I think he is under bowled (and his brother underbatted) and the statistics bear me out (I should know).

Souths were dismissed for 203. In reply, the Gypsies began steadily and strongly. Tony Masters may not have much of a strike rate (runs per balls faced) or an

average (runs per times dismissed) but his technique, bio-mechanically speaking, make him the perfect opener. His 25 runs may be the square of 5 but there is nothing square about Masters, despite his being a fellow Professor, and with Jed Wesley-Smith using every blade of grass behind the slips cordon a more than useful opening partnership ensued. Wesley-Smith brought up his 50 with a trademark flick over both third men then promptly left the field with 51, not only top scorer but one of only two prime numbers on the Gypsies' scorecard.

Colman's 48 saw the Gypsies score pass Souths. Coincidentally, Composer Johann Sebastian Bach wrote 48 preludes and fugues for the keyboard and the gothic cathedral of Beauvais in France had the tallest choir of any at 48 metres until it collapsed within years of being built.

Steve Bradley's nine is only worth mentioning because, apart from Master's 25 it is the only other score that can be perfectly squared. Andrew Davies contributed 28, interesting because it is the only perfect number on the Gypsies' scorecard. A perfect number is the sum of its divisors ($1 + 2 + 4 + 7 + 14 = 28$). James Gray got 41 not out but did you know that a firkin is a unit of measurement equal to approximately 41 litres? No, I didn't think so.

Finally, there were a couple of dozens from Tim Barnett and Will Fenton-Smith though they were scored quicker than a year on Jupiter which is 12 Earth years long.

The Gypsies declared 76 runs ahead and with 26 overs remaining in the day. Funnily enough, the densest of all elements is Osmium with atomic number 76 and a basketball court is 26 metres long.

Only time defeated the Gypsies on the day with Souths on 4 for 65 but the first innings points were in the bag. Coincidentally, all standard bricks in Britain are 65 millimetres high.

Going to the Christmas break the Gypsies were a lot more than the proverbial mathematical chance of taking the flag, and I should know.

Gypsies 6 dec 279 defeated Souths Juniors 203 and 4/65