



# Hamilton's way

And as I stood there cloaked in my recently purchased whites in the clover patch at fine leg, fascinating at the bees' industriousness before they leapt into the tenebrous afternoon skies, I thought on their obliviousness to the import of their labours and of my morning stool, the size and colour of which I had reported to Maman earlier in a brief missive slipped under her door, and the inevitable disappointment on her reading, filled me with a sudden sadness slowing my movements and causing my nose to run and the restarting of a pancreatic ache, which could only be relieved by thoughts of today's match against Captain Cook, and soon I felt an exciting turgidity in my trousers as I brushed against myself deep beneath my four layers of undergarments knowing that soon I would be safely covered in my bed, head beneath my pillow, smelling the sweat-warmed blankets and the comforting scent of cold urine in my chamber pot, my only fear being the new, Lindsay Cohen-shaped lamp shade which gave such an unfamiliarity to my intimately observed surrounds that I would only manage to calm myself by deeply inserting my index finger and thinking of cover drives, until my panic passed and I was then able to face the long sleepless night. These thoughts occupied me temporally whilst nearby, away from the grotesquely twisted shadows thrown by the scored trunks of the acacias bristling against the harsh light of the summer sun, the Gypsies toiled on Rowland Park to dismiss the opposition, an act so in contradiction to any sense I had of myself in this world or the next, or even of the sensation of the harsh leather surrounding the ball as it flew around and toward me, its arc tracing a parabola bisected only by the motion of a delicate breeze that never threatened to lower the oppressive temperature enveloping my corporeal form, isolating it from interaction with surrounding events that I would come to know only as mosaics across a scorebook. And soon enough, there arose a cry from the other players; the opposition had been dismissed for 163, with Wesley-Smith, chief architect of their demise, taking 4/34 and presiding with a certain hirsute fecundity that defied any physical context. I traced my finger in the damp earth as I sat on the sideline, waiting while Futon-Smythe and B2 quacked causing, at 4/33, a mild panic to subsume the team, and which in myself was only repulsed by my more urgent concern in making my way to the middle without allowing the apparition of Alain Jones naked, wearing only a pubic wig on his head, to overwhelm me as it had just two nights prior as I lay in bed, suffering the unspeakable night-horrors that had befallen me since the loss to Saggy Green. Nevertheless, I made swift progress as if in a dream, hitting boundaries that would later loom large in the shower recesses of my mind, yet when Gref (24) and Gray (26) were dismissed I felt strangely light, as a bloated dead toad would, observing as if through a veil the actions of my partner Ando who in making 45, swatted sixes and carried me toward that long-cherished century, and when I reached it I felt strangely subdued, dissociated from myself, knowing that everything and yet nothing had changed, betrayed by the feeling in my pants. All that was left was to again wander in that clover, spectating on the endless insectival existences that passed beneath my feet as I fielded, the last rites of the Cookians presided over all too quickly, as they collapsed up the anus of their own ineptitude.

**The Gypsies 265 defeated Captain Cook 165 & 33**

# What is happiness?

**W**hat is happiness? For some, happiness can be found through devotion to a personal faith, while others prefer the company of friends like Mimi MacPherson, Paris Hilton, or both.

Sampling a fine wine, hitting a six to bring up your 50, lending an ear to Wagner's Ring or coming up with the perfect sledge. For the Gypsies, it's hard to go past the perfect January; top of the table, and giving a lippy bunch of jumped-up, self-disturbing 6th-graders the thrashing they richly deserve.

From the moment the selectors required a meeting to choose the team and Mike Bailey's predicted rain failed to materialise, the Gypsies knew that Ryan's were cactus. Gilligan, due to either a boating accident or a complete lack of guts, failed to front, leaving only 9 Bryans to face the music. Batting first saved them from chasing 400+, but not from a fired-up attack. Keith the Umpire was first to go – giving himself out after realising he couldn't see the other end of the pitch or hear their opener cut one in half from Yak. Fortunately, John Chalmers was making one of his frequent toilet stops nearby and agreed to take over officiating duties, and once the caught behind was re-introduced as a dismissal method, the Ryans' collapse was on.

Now, the species homo pommius has never been known for its fielding, but the Gypsies' own pommy bastard surprised everyone, including the batsman at the runner's end when he threw down the stumps to run out the Ryan's top-scorer. English selectors could do worse than to add the name Malcolm-Frazer Mackenzie-Tuffnell-Bumfluff-Andrew-Dribblebotham III to their Ashes shortlist. The Ryan's had come into the match understaffed, under-brained and under the impression they were a genuine show, but after being 2/112, the Gypsy bowlers put paid to that by routing them for 137.

The Gypsy batting decided to skip the entrees and mains and go straight for the Cheese platter, and here they were not disappointed. The Hyphen & Smith opening combination sampled a selection of short, sharp but inviting fromages, many of which were dispatched to the

boundary. But after one such fermented delicacy, Futon-Smythe complained to the bowler that there was some hair in his cheese and an argument ensued, whereupon the batsman suggested that the bowler's hair extensions exceeded the ICB maximum of 10% fuzziness. Subsequent measurement proved this to be correct, but the end result was Jed heading back to the pavilion for 18, most of it from shots over third slip.

This brought in Hamilton, fresh from his maiden ton and he played beautifully for one of the finest ducks seen for many years on the Park. Tap then attempted to headbutt one through square leg and was forced to retire hurt. Unfortunately, his brain had become dislodged by the blow and he spent the next seven hours in Casualty. When asked for his details on arrival, he replied "I'm a teapot. Pass me the parrot and kiss me you fool!"

At this point in previous seasons, the Gypsy batting may have folded under the sustained attack from the fermented milkman, but this side boasts more depth than Dirk Wellham's book *My Life – A Leibnitzian Journey*, which caused a schism in the great Tasmanian Shield side of 1984-85. (David Boon apparently described it as "fucked" and tried to set fire to Wellham in the nets.) But Futon and Junior set about making the Ryan's pay for daring to turn up with only 9 players, and when Futon smashed 10 from an over to raise his bat for the 50, the Ryan's were done for. It was left to Mackenzie-Pitt-the-Elder-Ethelred (29no from 3 balls) to put the finishing bitch-slap to a resounding victory.

Down the pub later, the Skipper rang in to congratulate the lads: "In respect of petal my umbrella tip fanderol lotus squiggle the third, humbug!" he spluttered, before resuming construction of his footy card mansion. He was later diagnosed with Von Bismarck's Disease, prescribed a handful of gravel by an escaped schizophrenic and told to lash himself to the north pylon of the Sydney Harbour bridge four times a day for a week.

**Glebe Gypsies 4/138 defeated Ryan's CC 136**

# “Tell your story walking, Sunshine!”

Having completed an unbeaten January and dispatched the pretenders from Ryan's, the Gypsies would now have to confront the team they feared most – themselves. Top of the table status guarantees access to all the good things in life and everyone wants a piece of you, so it was no surprise that the Gypsies team that fronted the Apaches had the same look as a Labour Party MP doing the late sitting after a session at the Macquarie Street Members' Bar – groping wildly with no real game plan.

Things started well enough, with Cohen getting some early breakthroughs, and a bizarre runout from a direct hit by Vanstead that resulted from a dropped catch by Jed at first slip via Cilla at second. At 4/98, the Apaches had recovered sufficiently for some Gypsies to question the merits of spending Friday night with the Hilton sisters in Richard Cheeque's hot tub. But Hammo and Jed each took wickets to keep the pressure on the Batsmen. Jed's new single, a collaboration with Don Burke entitled *I've got a Beard* debuted at number 8 with a bullet on the IT Charts midweek.

Hollywood had received some bad publicity when he was involved in an altercation at the Bourbon & Beefsteak with visiting Professor Stephen Hawking. After having “a skinful” of lemon squash, Masters apparently questioned the validity of String Theory.

Hawking in turn called Masters' arm ball a “donkey drop” and they had to be separated when the tipsy off-spinner threatened to “send the little runt back to Cambridge with a beaker up his arse.” Still, this only served to fire him up and he took two wickets, including a stumping from 5 overs of Big Bang theory.

A total of 151 should have caused the Gypsies little bother, but Futon-Smythe the younger was pre-occupied with his impending marriage, and the photos in *Who Weekly* taken during his Bucks' Night. He scored a golden globe, but not of the cinematic variety. He was quickly followed by Wesley-Smith and Hamilton before the Skipper and B2 steadied the ship. Tap's innings

of 57 was played under extreme duress – he was clearly still suffering the effects of last week's blow to the head and repeatedly called for a phillips-head between overs to re-affix his new metal plate.

With the Gypsies cruising at 3/110, B1 predicted that he wouldn't have to bat, but that quickly became 6/114 and he came in facing a hefty fine. Vanstead's soft dismissal for 8 also provoked a fine, but that was mainly due to his insistence on reading aloud long passages from his forthcoming autobiography *The Cat with the Bat*. And when Hollywood was given out LBW, the fines were at record proportions.

A tense partnership ensued, with B1 attempting to knock off the required runs, while Nathan, playing for the red ink, was refusing to give him the strike. Eventually, off the last ball of the second last over, B1 resorted to the most dependable shot in the 5th Grade armoury and won the game with a six over cow corner.

Recriminations began almost immediately after the game. Colman berated his team for having too many off-field interests. The team then decided that it was time to focus on what was really important, and headed off to the pub. This was undoubtedly a lucky escape, but as we say in the Gypsies – “Tell your story walking, Sunshine!”

**Gypsies 8/152 defeated Kingsford Apaches 151.**

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# The crocodile hunter in Moore Park



**C**rikey! I've seen some thick scrub in my travels but the foliage here at Moore Park really takes the cake. I'm sure there's plenty of nasties lurking out there! I'll have to be careful where I tread for fear of upsetting one of the locals!

Follow me...

The hunted game in these parts is called a Saggy Green. If you listen carefully you might be able to hear one of them. Their call sign is distinctive because it's so bloody inane and repetitive!! Shhhh! I think there's one nearby.... "C'mon Saggies, show the Gypos some R-E-S-P-E-C-T" Did you hear that? Crikey! A real live Saggy!!! I think I hear another one – "Show the opposition some R-E-S-P-E-C-T". Crikey! This place is crawling with them!!

A Saggy Green is a pretty feeble beast and it doesn't take much to knock one over! The kings of these parts are known as the Gypsies and love nothing more than making easy prey of the Saggies in a game called cricket. The matches are supposed to last two days but I have a feeling this one will be over early. Those Gypsies over there, Wawrzyniak (3/27) and Cohen (3/14), have already taken three Saggy scalps each!! C'mon guys, leave a Saggy for me!

Now if we crawl through this grass and crouch down over there near the human-sized stick insect, we might just get one for ourselves...

Ok, now be very quiet. Remember, the Saggy is known for his short temper and slow wit. He can really lose it if rubbed the wrong way. Crikey! Look at that Saggy, he's a beauty! Fat, slow and far more stupid than the others!! This will be fun!! Watch this! "Lucky top edge that!" Crikey! Did you see him?? Boy he looks mad, but he's got no idea where it came from! Let's try

it again "You got nothing!" Ha! He's really mad now. Look at him waving his arms about. You can almost see the steam coming out of his ears! I'd love to stay here all day but there's so much more to show you here in the Park, so we'll leave it to gun-slinging Gypsy Jimmy Gref (3/9) to clean up the rest of the Saggies and move on.

Now here we are at the Northern end of the Park where the scrub is at its thickest. Crikey I hope that stick insect doesn't creep up on us! I'm only armed with a quarter pounder and somehow I don't think she'll be interested in that! I'll have to be on guard.

The Gypsies are batting now and they only need 121 to win! Do you remember that fat and stupid Saggy we saw before? I'm told that if you compare his IQ with his batting average his average always comes out on top! Fuck that's stupid! It might explain why he's trying to knock some Gypsy heads off!! If you look through there, you can see him. He really is steaming, obviously still fired up over our sledging before! Crikey! It looks like he's just hit the head of Gypsy captain, Tap Colman! Geez, you don't see that very often! But I'm willing to put a lazy \$20 on the fact this Saggy is too unfit to keep this rage up and will collapse like a hope-less joke before the day's out...

Now the Gypsies love nothing more than playing with the stupidity of the Saggies! Here's an example of it now. The ball has been hit over here in the tall weeds near me, and the Saggy can't even find it! He's even calling for reinforcements! I know Saggies aren't the smartest creatures but this is ridiculous! Hamilton and Gray just ran five! Crikey!! I've seen it all now!

Crikey! What a day! There's never a dull moment here in the Park. All seems to be in order however as the Gypsies take out a 6 wicket win.

**Gypsies 4/121 defeated Saggy Green CC 120**

## 13 > The Gypsies v 3rd Cavaliers

# MP&SECA v Tony Masters

*Trial, Day 46: T.Masters vs The MP&SECA.*

*For the Defence, Tap Colman, QC Dipstick & Bar. For the Prosecution, John Chalmers, retired idiot. Judge Judy presiding.*

Colman: You see before you a man who is totally insane.  
Chalmers: Objection!  
Judge: Mister Chalmers, remove that watermelon, or I'll have you removed from the court.  
Colman: What is on trial here if not justice? We have here a citizen of the great nation of humanity – a man who shares that inalienable right to speak his mind, wherever it may be, and however small or deranged.  
Chalmers: I object your honour!  
Judge: What's that on your trousers?  
Colman: It's a stain on my character.  
Judge: Overruled.  
Colman: If my client referred to the witness as a "frothing fuckwit in need of a knuckle sandwich", it was under extreme duress. A batsman from the other side was interfering with him.  
Chalmers: I was not aware that was a crime in this Association.  
Colman: Objection! I would like to cite Bradley vs Randwick, 2002.  
Chalmers: That is not relevant here – there is no hamster, no chainsaw, no chocolate body paint and certainly no dwarf.  
Colman: If it pleases the court, I would like to introduce Exhibit M – Gypsies 12th Man, Ben Futon-Smythe – certainly a dwarf, by any standard.  
Futon-Smythe: I was only on the field for a short time, your Honour, but...  
Chalmers: Point of Order – has this dwarf been sworn?  
Colman: Constantly, your Honour. Warned by the Umpire in fact.  
Judge: Good. The witness will stand when giving his evidence!  
Futon-Smythe: I am standing Your Honour.  
Judge: Then remove this witness! Bring me back a bigger one.  
Colman: The Defence calls the defendant, Tony Masters.  
Masters: I said to the Umpire, "He can't do that, Bill!"  
Chalmers: Objection! My colostomy bag's full.  
Masters: I always wondered what was in that airline bag.  
Colman: The Defence requests permission to throw up, Your Honour.  
Judge: Request granted, I think I'll join you. Bailiff! A bucket please.  
Chalmers: Mr Masters, is it true that you called the Umpire a fat bloated toad?  
Masters: I'll have you know that while I may be an old man, I'm still a Doctor of Alchemy. I can turn beer into urine.  
Colman: The Defence rests, Your Honour.  
Chalmers: The Prosecution calls six spades.  
Colman: Objection! This witness was not on the list!  
Chalmers: May I approach the bench?  
Judge: Shut up! I've heard enough. The jury will retire while I consider my verdict.  
Colman: This is trial is a farce! There is no justice here.  
Judge: I find the defendant, Tony Masters, guilty. I hereby sentence you to death. You will be taken from this place to Justin Langer's house and forced to listen to him tell you about his batting until you are dead.  
Colman: This is outrageous! We wish to appeal.  
Judge: On what grounds?  
Colman: Booralee 3 and Rowland Park No 2, near the toilets.  
Judge: Oh, all right. You are hereby suspended for 1 match.

**3rd Cavaliers 269, The Gypsies 0/16    Match drawn due to rain.**

# The dumped captain's revenge

**W**here do former Gypsy captains go when they become surplus to the club's needs? Do they go quietly and with grace, retreating to the Ex-Captain's Saloon, to reflect on what might have been over a tonic water with Nasser Hussain?

Or do they take a more public role at first slip, to exact revenge on those whose confidence they lost?

It can't be easy dealing with the rejection of one's team-mates. To think the same men you once led into battle and fought with side by side in the trenches can also be the ones to bring about your demise.

Can the mind and spirit ever be restored after one's grave is so publicly and unceremoniously danced upon?

This burden must be even heavier when your successor proves to have the sort of tactical nous which deserted you like sex at a year 12 formal, and is now leading the club in its march towards an improbable premiership.

Irrelevance can be a tough pill to swallow when the textbook is rewritten to delete your signature tactic 1.1 "spread the field after the first over" and "wherever he just hit it, put a man there".

And so I come to James "Junior" Gray, former Gypsy captain.

The annals of Gypsy history have not been kind to The Cutlet, dismissing him as an unimaginative captain of the 01/02 and 02/03 campaigns, who like others before him, boasts a zero per cent success rate in January.

However Gray's efforts on the lush patch of Rowland Park in round 14 showed it is far too early for him to be consigned to the Gypsy scrap heap.

It was the day of the ex-captain's revenge.

Gray's majestic 81\* should be praised not only for its stroke making brilliance (witnesses can attest to

the fact that, yes, Gray does possess a pull shot and straight drive), but also its role in rescuing the Gypsies from an all too familiar embarrassment.

Perhaps these feats can be traced back to earlier in the day when Tap Colman was found to be fallible. After winning the toss and batting, a reshuffle in the order backfired with 5 Gypsies back in the pavilion before 50 had been put on the board. It was with the able support from Colman (31) that Gray led the Gypsies to an imposing 7 for 173 from its 40 overs.

The Gypsies bowlers then clinically destroyed the Doncaster batting line up, bowling the hapless opposition out for 67.

Close reading of the card will see the entry "Gray 1-0-17-0", and in years to come students of the game will ask how close Junior came to snaring his first ever Gypsy wicket?

Hamilton was the villain, dropping a chance at deep cow. The next five balls then disappeared to all parts of the Park as the Doncaster took a liking to Gray's donkey drops.

The merits of whether Gray's woeful bowling actually deserved a wicket will no doubt be debated at the Ex Captain's Saloon for seasons to come.

**Gypsies 7 for 173 defeated Doncaster 67**

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# Gilligan's Choke



**“You just lost the Premiership, loser!”**

It's 3:42am, and I'm sitting on the pitch at Rowland 2, nude (except for my Gypsies cap), smoking a Cuban cigar and drinking Chateau Musgravy. Did I just dream about the greatest win in Gypsy history? Did the Ryans' good ship *Jerkoff* just sink without trace? Is Gilligan really as big a dickhead as he seems? Will D'Arcy Cohen, Harrison Gray or Thomas Colman, in years to come, on cold winter nights by the fire, ask their fathers to tell them once again the story of the day the Gypsies threw the car keys of despair into the bowl of possibilities and took a walk into the twilight zone.

Requiring only two days of rain to put the minor premiership-winning Gypsies into only their second ever Grand Final, their Haitian rain-dancer was the only no-show before the start of play. Tap got the ball rolling by losing the toss and the Gypsies were asked to bat. The Ryans' muppet-headed quick produced his usual variations on the short ball, prompting the Hyphen to produce his usual response – the 5th Grade off-glance

over third slip. Jim Gref was bowled early, but Jed was looking good against the Muppet. There was slow progress until Tap was run out attempting a 3rd run with a direct hit from the Muppet. Trouble brewing..2/12.

Hammo (7) looked in good touch until bowled by an inswinger from their cocky skipper, Harry Gorillas, to make it 3/15. The warning bells were starting to sound, and when Junior was caught for 2 in the most arsey fashion attempting to clear short leg, the collapse was on. All it needed now was some crap umpiring decision to confirm that the Lady had once again deserted us, and it came after a solid partnership from B2 & Jed. As is usual in 5th Grade when the ball hits the pads, player-umpires do not give LBWs (except under sustained sledging), and official umpires get their fingers up faster than a ferret wrangler on heat. While B2 accepted his decision with a polite “you’re fucking kidding!” his skipper had somewhat more to say from the sideline. After a prolonged spell of short crap, the Muppet retired to the

# 15 > *The Gypsies v Ryan's CC, Semi-final*

outfield and the green grocers came on to deliver some fruit. Ando tried to keep him in the game by hitting a catch straight to him. "I didn't mean to hit it there" was the understatement of the day. 6/55 and the collapse was on.

Once again the Umpire came to the Ryans' aid. With his Colonel Sanders-like bushy white eyebrows growing over his eyes, he must have developed a third eye up his derriere, as this was the only piece of his anatomy in a position to see whether the Hyphen had made his ground. Still, his ferret-impaler went skyward, Jed went pavillionward, and once again Tap went spare on the sideline. It was left to Kitty (23) and B1 (12) to put some respectability into the scoreline as they briefly enjoyed the fruiterers' produce before the Muppet & his mate cleaned up the tail – all out for a miserable 103. With the Grand Final dream seemingly in tatters, the gloves were off and in the 45mins before stumps the Gypsies resorted to their only weapon – sledging. At the close the score was 2/30. Just to rub it in, news came through from the other Semi that Cavaliers had collapsed for 71 and the Saggy Circus were 8/64 in reply.

Before play, Vanstead gave the team rev-up, but forgot that play hadn't started and so reduced some of his own players to tears with his sledging. Fortunately Tap is thinking straight and urges that despite the low total, if we can get some early wickets and keep the sledging up, we may just be able to rattle them – Gilligan looks very brittle under the sustained verbal assault. Who knows? There is an early breakthrough, when their opener, "The Machine" realises he is due for a grease and oil change and edges one to Junior at slip off B1, proving there's no place for cyborgs in Park cricket. Next comes Andre Agassi, wearing a stupid headband, and gets given LBW to B1 – Colonel Sanders upholding Hyphen's appeal from square leg – 4/45 and here come those Gypsies!!

Tap now orders a furious frontal verbal assault on Gilligan, who is stupidly chatting back. B2 is particularly offensive, and it is unclear whether he thinks it's Gilligan batting or the Immigration Official who cancelled Miss America's visa. The next wicket comes when Jed poaches a beauty diving in front of slip – it just sticks – 5/55. Junior takes his third ripper at 2nd slip off B1 and they are 6/70 – definitely game on now as the Lady's Day crowd gets behind their team – Waz Gray can be clearly heard firing up the boys. Tension is unbelievable as the rain that has threatened all day begins to sprinkle... Gilligan is the key for the Ryan's and the sledging is

relentless from the cordon – he is beginning to crack and slurs; "even the rain won't save you c##ts!" Famous last words as next ball B1 bowls a vicious inswinger and takes his leg stump!

The send-off is pure Gypsy as we celebrate the key wicket – 7/75 and the unthinkable suddenly becomes possible....but their No 8 & No 9 are steady and begin to reduce the deficit. They get 1 run an over as Tap rings the changes – B1 gives way to Hammo after a superb all-day spell for 5 wickets. At the other end Yak goes off for Jim Gref, then JC. Just when the Gypsies look out of it once again, they spoon a catch to Ando at cover – 8/93. There's only 10 to get now, and the breakthrough won't come and they score 10 runs. At drinks, scores are level. They only need a single run with 2 wickets in hand – surely the Gypsies are done for now.

There is a text message from the other Semi – Saggy Circus have got the First Innings points and Cavaliers are batting again. There is lamentation over a possible lost opportunity to take advantage of this upset if the Circus can hold on. First over after drinks and Yak has the ball. First ball they very nearly get the one to cover. Next ball is the dream inswinger and takes leg stump. Hold the front page – here come the Gypsies!!

.... Now we enter the twilight zone....the room of mirrors...incredible pressure as the No 11 survives 3 good balls from Yak. Their skipper up the other end looks capable of getting the 1 run required next over. The last ball of the over is just short of a length and....the batsman pops up a simple catch back to Yak...time stops...he takes it and...HOW ABOUT THOSE GYPSIES!! ...Tap tells B2 to take the stumps out before the stunned Ryan's can think about a second innings.

Hands are shaken and Gilligan is spewing – he tells B2 he will "see him later". B2 agrees that it's a date. After such a result, questions will be asked – who is Ryan? Where was he when his team melted like a Golden Gaytime in the inferno of Gypsy sledging? Where were Ginger, Maryann and the Professor as the SS *Minnow* disappeared below the murky waters of Rowland Park? After the game there is beer, talk of destiny, more beer, and the thought that the Gypsies' search for the Grail may nearly be over. How about those Gypsies?

**Glebe Gypsies 103 tied with Ryan's CC 103.**  
(Gypsies advance to GF as the higher placed team.)

# GRAND FINAL



## *An extract from the Book of Idiotus, Chapters X-XVIII*

**A**nd so it came to pass in the Season of Our Lord 2003/2004 a tatterdamalion crew of vagabond Cricketers known as the Gypsies made great noise as they drew anchor and set sail from Moore Park on the Crusade to capture in the name of Christendom the 5th Grade Premiership. Having passed the land of the B’Ryan, a brutal race of men whose heads grew out of their buttocks and who they vanquished utterly after a fierce battle and much murmuration, thence they journeyed to the verdant domain of Rowland Park on the 28th and 29th days of March – the feast days of St Testicle – where upon the green sward they assembled their arms and armour, which was terrible to behold.

As was customary, that great knight, Sir Colman of Malabar offered up a prayer to the Almighty, and gathered he together all the unwashed protectors in a pile underneath the Lady to ask for a sign. It is said that immediately before battle was joined there appeared from a nearby public toilet an elderly wraith with a QANTAS bag and comb-over who made prophesy that these were the Last Days into which they had entered, and during which the last things would be decided. And the

Gypsies were sore in heart and date, yet each did renew his covenant with the Lady that they would not rest until the grail was theirs.

By the grace of God and having nothing better to do, the sun shone on the blasted jousting fields. There strode out Sir Colman of Malabar to lay the challenge to his heathen rival, the great Confucius of the Host of Saggy

# 16 > *The Gypsies v Saggy Green CC, Grand Final*

Green. St Warne, the patron saint of tossers answered his prayers and the monarch's head showed uppermost and the Gypsies declared they would fire the first missiles. Sir Barnett The Elder of Drummoyne and Sir Yak of Gdansk fired the first salvos to stunning effect, and the Host of Saggy Green were as baby franks riven through with toothpicks, such was their suffering. Entering the fray, that grizzled apothecary, Sir Masters of Hollywood held forth his hands to accept a return salvo and then Sir Barnett employed a fatal half-tracker that smote their champion Sir Venables on the grieve, causing him to be banished from the field.

Thus emboldened, Sir Barnett praised God to the highest and was blessed thereon with the slaying of two more of the heathen horde. At battle's end he knelt and gave thanks to St Triganometricus, who in 1204 had journeyed from France in order to place the Holy Follicle of Weasel into the pubic wig of the Abbot at Antioch. Seeing such bravery, Sir

Hamilton of Randwick then sallied forth and joined the fray, whereupon he lanced two boils on the backside of the Saggy Host. Sadly reduced to a tattered rump of 6/33, the Saggy Horde were then made to endure the torture, most exquisite, of the malodorous Sir Gref, whose refusal to bathe empowered him with a stench so formidable as to force three of the enemy to submit for the paltry tithe of 16 runs. The Saggy forces were in full retreat, and if not for a desperate 28-run rearguard action and the plan, more cunning than a stoat, of peppering Sir Hamilton with catches, their total would have amounted to far less than the 78 they posted.

But the Lord giveth as he a taketh away, although he rarely giveth takeaways (and certainly not on the Feast Day of St Blowchunks), and had the Gypsies not tarried long in foreign fields, had not they had their faiths and support garments severely tested, had they not already fought afar in strange lands and had the grail denied them by the vicious tribe of hairy-backed Malaccans in 96/97, they may well have succumbed to the sin of despair when late that day in an unfortunate evening skirmish, Sir Wesley-Smith, Sir Masters and Sir Cutlet

were carried off by the enemy. It was later discovered that they had been boiled in oil and eaten with a mild curry sauce by the Saggy Host.

On the second morning of the battle, Sir Colman rallied his knights as they prepared to sally forth for the deciding battle. He cited the legend of King Halibut, who at the Battle of Hypotenuse had defeated the Turks armed only with a cheese grater and a warm avocado salad. It was soon evident, however, the SGCC was intent on besieging the crusaders, as after the early

loss of Sir Hamilton, the scoring became as difficult as affixing a periwig to an ocelot. Sir Ando of Novocastria (13) was resolute in his strokeplay, and with Sir Colman (21) they repelled the besieging army for 15 overs, surviving only on armpit sweat and small helpings of each other's nostril hair. Sir Bradley, who had journeyed thither from the land of Feril to witness the encounter, became maddened with hunger



**Sir Colman is granted a vision.**

and in a delirium he suggested they prepare a stew made from Lindsay Cohen.

In desperation, it occurred to the SGCC to build a giant wooden grapefruit and offer it up to the Gypsy camp. Sir Colman parried forward, and to his amazement, was banished, fruit before wicket. Once again the Gypsies stared at defeat, but Sir Gref (8no) and Sir Vanstead (10), lashed themselves to each other with dental floss for a 15-run partnership that saw the Gypsies to the very gates of the infidel stronghold. Sir Barnett then ventured forth and tore into the tiring Circus to hit the winning runs.

And so it came to pass that the Gypsy Crusaders captured the 5th Grade Premiership from the infidels after 12 long seasons of tireless campaigning. And at the consecration ceremony, the Gypsies placed the grail upon the altar, but so excessive was their devotion that Sir Nostril of Gawntobuggery broke the damned thing and in the ensuing melee the Gypsies, to a man, took their pants down and beseeched the lord have mercy on their livers...

**Gypsies 7/79 defeated Saggy Green CC 78**

# Season batting statistics

Player	Mat	Inn	NO	Runs	HS	Avg	Ct	Drp	Stmp
<i>Colman, Dave</i>	13	12	2	510	124	51.00	6	4	0
<i>Gray, James</i>	13	12	2	316	81	31.60	8	6	0
<i>Wesley-Smith, Jed</i>	12	12	1	201	51	18.27	10	9	0
<i>Hamilton, Cameron</i>	13	12	1	169	102	15.36	10	5	0
<i>Barnett, Tim</i>	11	6	2	162	81	40.50	2	5	0
<i>Fenton-Smith, Will</i>	13	8	2	154	64	25.67	11	5	0
<i>Davies, Andrew</i>	8	8	1	145	45	20.71	4	0	0
<i>Gref, James</i>	8	6	3	116	54	38.67	1	1	0
<i>Fenton-Smith, Ben</i>	7	6	-	85	56	14.17	16	2	1
<i>Wawrzyniak, Andrew</i>	12	4	1	60	55	20.00	2	5	0
<i>Archer, Darrell</i>	4	4	-	58	36	14.50	3	0	0
<i>Mackenzie-Andrew, Frazer</i>	3	3	2	52	29	52.00	4	3	0
<i>Masters, Tony</i>	10	9	4	47	25	9.40	3	5	0
<i>Barnett, Steve</i>	9	7	-	42	21	6.00	4	4	0
<i>Bradley, Steve</i>	6	5	-	40	21	8.00	3	1	0
<i>Cohen, Lindsay</i>	10	4	-	39	23	9.75	6	6	0
<i>Lebler, Jobie</i>	2	2	1	24	22	24.00	-	-	-
<i>Cohen, Nathan</i>	9	5	4	18	7	18.00	2	1	0
<i>Ahmed, Aquil</i>	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Brown, Grant</i>	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Masters, John</i>	1	-	-	-	-	-	1	0	0
<i>Ostinga, James</i>	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

# Season bowling statistics

Player	Overs	Wkts	Maid	Runs	Avg	Eco	BB
<i>Wawrzyniak, Andrew</i>	134.0	38	19	457	12.03	3.41	6 for 47
<i>Cohen, Nathan</i>	85.0	21	18	217	10.33	2.55	7 for 16
<i>Gref, James</i>	71.0	21	13	198	9.43	2.79	4 for 48
<i>Hamilton, Cameron</i>	104.0	21	19	358	17.05	3.44	3 for 30
<i>Barnett, Tim</i>	127.0	18	22	361	20.06	2.84	5 for 22
<i>Wesley-Smith, Jed</i>	57.0	15	10	188	12.53	3.30	4 for 34
<i>Masters, Tony</i>	51.0	12	4	199	16.58	3.90	4 for 38
<i>Cohen, Lindsay</i>	39.0	7	4	172	24.57	4.41	2 for 24
<i>Bradley, Steve</i>	31.0	6	7	94	15.67	3.03	3 for 11
<i>Barnett, Steve</i>	5.0	-	0	17	-	3.40	0 for 17
<i>Colman, Dave</i>	2.0	-	0	16	-	8.00	0 for 16
<i>Fenton-Smith, Will</i>	2.0	-	0	5	-	2.50	0 for 5
<i>Gray, James</i>	1.0	-	0	17	-	17.00	0 for 17
<i>Ahmed, Aquil</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Archer, Darrell</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Brown, Grant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Davies, Andrew</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Fenton-Smith, Ben</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Lebler, Jobie</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Mackenzie-Andrew, Frazer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Masters, John</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Ostinga, James</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

# 2003-04 Table

#	Club	Batting Average			Bowling Average		
		Wkt	Runs	Avg	Wkt	Runs	Avg
1	Glebe Gypsies	82	2358	28.76	160	2278	14.24
2	3RD Cavaliers	106	3201	30.20	149	2001	13.43
3	Saggy Green	111	1997	17.99	116	2021	17.42
4	Ryan's C.C.	130	2445	18.81	129	2171	16.83
5	Kingsford Apaches 2	132	2329	17.64	126	2536	20.13
6	South Sydney Juniors 2	120	2511	20.93	104	2280	21.92
7	Captain Cook 4	176	1651	9.38	117	2871	24.54
8	Doncaster 2	170	2302	13.54	126	2636	20.92

#	Club	P	Pts	Q	W0	W1	D	L1	L0	T1	T2	B
1	Glebe Gypsies	14	116	2.0197	3	7	3	1	0	0	0	0
2	3RD Cavaliers	14	107	2.2487	2	9	2	1	0	0	0	0
3	Saggy Green	14	98	1.0327	2	5	2	4	0	1	0	0
4	Ryan's C.C.	14	86	1.1176	2	4	2	4	1	1	0	0
5	Kingsford Apaches 2	14	71	0.8763	1	3	1	8	1	0	0	0
6	South Sydney Juniors 2	14	70	0.9548	0	4	2	8	0	0	0	0
7	Captain Cook 4	14	55	0.3822	0	2	2	5	5	0	0	0
8	Doncaster 2	14	49	0.6472	1	2	2	5	4	0	0	0

*Following the Gypsy's grand final win, lame Australian "poet" Rupert McCall was commissioned to write some prose for the Gypsy Annual. McCall is famous for being rolled out by Channel 7 during Davis Cup ties and Olympic Games to recite "Green and Gold Malaria".*

## ODE TO THE GYPSY CORDON

Have you heard about the Gypsy cordon? They say its the best there's ever been  
 Sledging bats and snaffling nicks from Moore Park to Boralee  
 Kitty stands at first and will talk until he's blue  
 Junior doesn't use two hands when only one will do

The cordon never shies away from engaging in friendly banter  
 Especially if you're at the crease resembling a B grade dancer  
 The Machine has felt the cordon's wrath and so has Captain Snooze  
 When Gilligan strolled out to bat he was shaking in his shoes

Down and out in the semi final and the Gypsies needed some fight  
 The cordon turned it up a notch and offered Gilligan the light  
 Gilligan said the rain wouldn't come, "The game's as good as won!"  
 But an easy two soon turned to one as Eyebrows signalled short run

Gilligan couldn't stand the heat and was soon sent on his way  
 As B1 and the cordon combined to have the final say  
 Gilligan learnt the hard way what most teams know as law  
 The Gypsies never lose the sledge, Premiers 03-04

# Credits

*The Triumph of the Swill is a Lady's Day Production.*

*Compiled and Edited by Will Fenton-Smith.*

*Layout & Design by James Ostinga.*

*Match Reports written by:*

No. 1	<i>Hopes, Dreams, Bravado &amp; Bullshit</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 2	<i>I'm Alan Jones</i>	<i>Ben Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 3	<i>Gilligan's Song</i>	<i>Lindsay Cohen</i>
No. 4	<i>Stupid Enough to do It</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 5	<i>You've Got Nuthin'</i>	<i>Lindsay Cohen</i>
No. 6	<i>Gypsy Salad with Date Sauce</i>	<i>Dave Musgrave &amp; Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 7	<i>A Gypsy World Cup</i>	<i>Lindsay Cohen</i>
No. 8	<i>Making Up The Numbers</i>	<i>Lindsay Cohen</i>
No. 9	<i>Hamilton's Way</i>	<i>Steve Bradley &amp; Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 10	<i>What Is Happiness?</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 11	<i>"Tell Your Story Walking, Sunshine!"</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 12	<i>The Crocodile Hunter in Moore Park</i>	<i>Cameron Hamilton</i>
No. 13	<i>The MP&amp;SECA v Tony Masters</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith &amp; Dave Musgrave</i>
No. 14	<i>The Dumped Captain's Revenge</i>	<i>Cameron Hamilton</i>
No. 15	<i>Gilligan's Choke</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith</i>
No. 16	<i>Idiotus Books X-XVIII</i>	<i>Will Fenton-Smith &amp; Dave Musgrave</i>

*Additional Material by*

*Will Fenton-Smith, Dave Musgrave, Cameron Hamilton*

*Photography by  
John Biboudis*

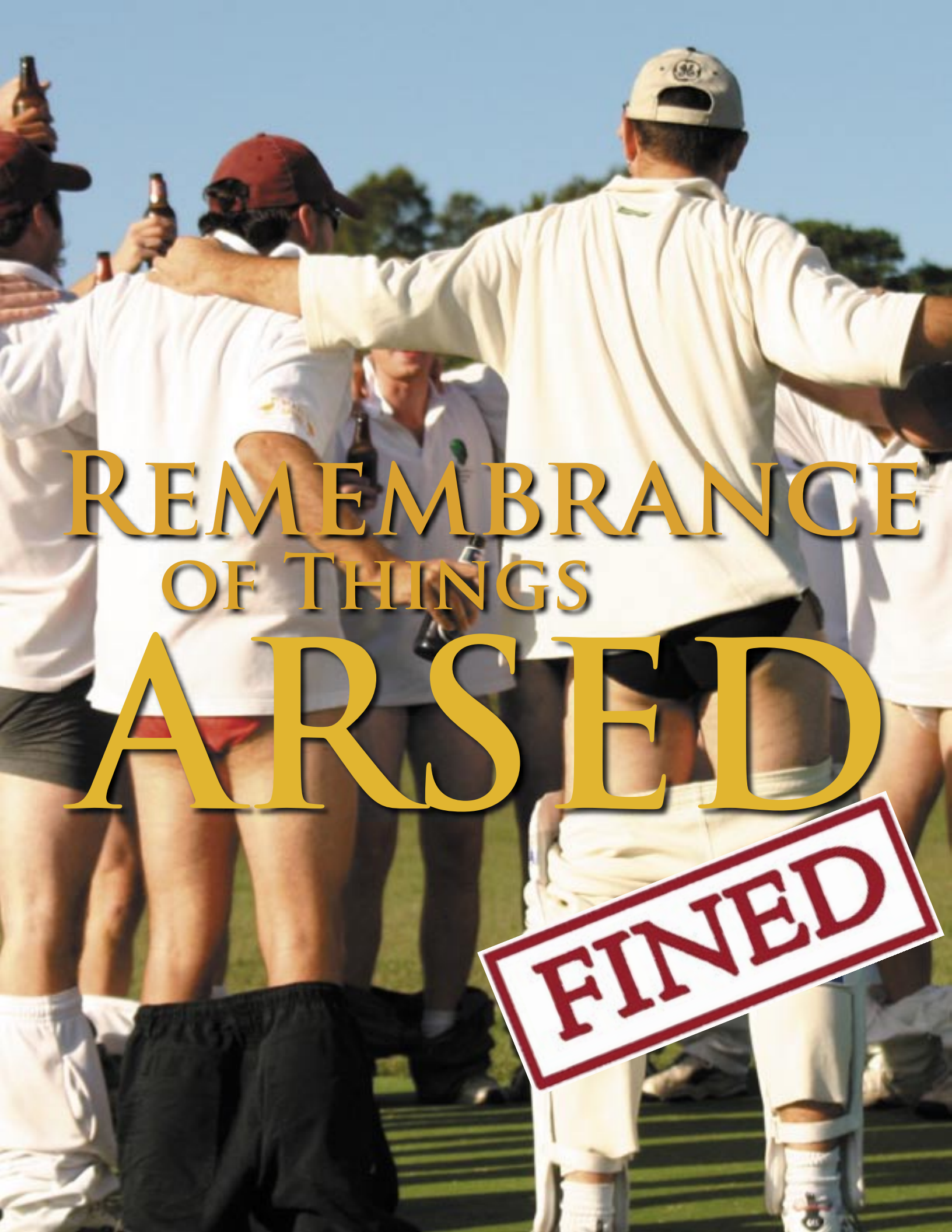
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# REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS ARSED

**FINED**