

Muffin Matters & Diamond Doings

News and Happenings July 16, 2007

Galion Nines Best Village Clubs

By Lisa Shea –Bucyrus Telegraph Forum

GALION -- The Galion Alumni Weekend kicked off Friday with a gathering at the Varsity Grille for reminiscing and perhaps to sample the "best darn burger this side of Texas."

Leaving a little time to sleep in, the festivities resumed with back-to-back vintage baseball games held in Heise Park behind the YMCA. The Galion Lady Gems faced the Ohio Village Lady Diamonds at 11 a.m.. The players' dress and the rules were circa 1860s. Despite playing in long skirts and without gloves, the Gems served up a crushing defeat, triumphing over the Lady Diamonds with a score of 15-7.

Shani Rush, GHS class of '93, played for the Galion Ladies. She explained her reasons for attending today's event. "I came back to see all my friends and play softball with them again."

Unfortunately, some of the Galion ladies were fined 25 cents apiece for showing too much leg.

The men's game started at 1 p.m. with the Galion Orange Men facing the Ohio Village Muffins. Galion triumphed again with a score of 20-16 over the Muffins to an audience of about 70 spectators.

So impressive were their performances, both teams were invited to a rematch at the Ohio Cup vintage baseball tournament in



Columbus in September.

Patti Wittibslager was a spectator at the men's game. She explained what brought her here today. "I just like to support the town and I think it's a nice time for everybody to get together and remember old friends and new ones," said Wittibslager.

Present in the audience was professional photographer Michael Emery from San Francisco. He is traveling across the country with his children on a baseball-themed road trip. He learned of today's game on the internet and chose to pass up a Cleveland Indian's game to see Galion's vintage game. He was shooting Polaroid sepia toned prints of players which he plans to include in a book later this year on the state of baseball in the United States.

"Here I am on the fields of Galion, photographing what looks like the most fun in baseball," said Emery.

I know what you're thinking. Gee it's great that Kevin has picked up the mantle here and puts out this newsletter. But everything Kevin says here is basically true. I miss those slanderous lies that Dennis used to put in his stories. Whatever happened to him anyway?

Well, fans, I was going through my archives and found an article I had submitted for the Tin last fall that was never published. So I dusted it off and am sending it to Kevin in case he has a slow news week. Now in reading this you must take yourself back in time to last October, it was after my wedding, after the Ohio Cup, before All Hallows Eve and the Banquet. I'll do a little editing or updating in italics, but I'll basically let it stand. So here's what I was thinking last fall. I actually haven't thought much since.

The Lost Article – by D. Thompson

I would like to say that while you were playing the Ohio Cup, Barb and I were para-sailing and floating in the ocean off an island in the Bahamas. But I can't say that. Actually, it was the Friday you were setting up for the Cup we were doing that. On the day of the Cup we were sitting in airports, taking our shoes off as we went through security, dumping water so as not to carry it onboard, and looking around at our fellow travelers playing the "guess which one's a terrorist" game. We saw a priest and a nun who looked suspicious. Really.

If you read the last Tin – and who wouldn't – you may remember I was to have surgery in September for my torn rotator cuff. I was surprised to read that, as that had been the thinking for only a couple weeks. When I saw the surgeon he thought I should just continue therapy longer. So, as I had told few people, I didn't think I'd have to explain to many that I was not having surgery. I had forgotten I had sent an email to some Muffins to confirm that I would not be playing any more matches and mentioned the surgery. One who received this email was Dr. Wells, who would print his electric bill if he needed material. So, finished therapy, saw the surgeon in early October, and it looks like I am to continue home exercises (something involving the couch, Oreos and the remote) and I should be good to go for next season. So for some matches we'll only be six players short instead of seven. *(Although I haven't played much this year it's not because of physical drawbacks. I seem fine now, though will still use this as an excuse when I screw up)*

Finally closed the VBBA account. If you remember my story on that you'll know I was holding my breath through the whole transaction, particularly since I closed it with what must have been the fifth manager there since I had opened it. But that went without a hitch and that chapter is closed, except for the offers I received from both Huntington Bank and American Express offering me a business credit card...

The good people of Morristown made up for not having the billboard advertising our match up very long before the match by keeping it up well after we were gone. It was still there when I drove by on September 6th. However it was gone on my last drive by of October 2nd. I didn't stop to read the fine print, but we've been replaced by a board with big bold letters "PMS." *(July 2007 – the billboard is still PMS-ing)*

My run as Ichabod Crane at All Hallow's Eve has come to an end. I assumed my release was because I no longer look like Johnny Depp. But apparently it's because they're going to incorporate Ichabod in a horseback riding kind of way into the end of the evening story and didn't want two different Ichabods running around. It occurred to me later that they didn't ask me to be the one to ride the horse, an obvious oversight on their part. They did say, however, that they are still interested in Chip appearing as Brom Bones. Well of course, who planning a gathering wouldn't want Chip there barking at their guests?

The annual Ghost Match is also no longer a part of All Hallows Eve. We're still allowed to walk around in white face, if we want, for no apparent reason. Perhaps we can be a vintage mime troupe. This popular match and having the children bat is to be replaced by a large tent on the Meadow formerly known as Muffin, featuring "modern dancing." Nothing says Halloween like a disco ball.

(I then went on a bitter and sarcastic tirade about the Society taking over our meadow and forcing us to cancel our games because of the tent. I may have said something about future plans to turn it into a swimming hole and motocross course. Believe me it was bitter. And sarcastic. However I'll leave that out as I've calmed down now. Besides, it's hard to maintain righteous indignation about cancelling our games when we were only having about three people show up to play anyway.)

In closing, I remain amazed that so many of the Muffin family attended our wedding. That so many of you came so far to share the day with us was very special to both Barb and me. The bat arch is a particularly fond memory and so many who attended have commented to us about how neat they thought that was. In the hecticness of the day, we looked back on it thinking we didn't spend enough time with anyone, including all of you. But please know we greatly appreciate that you were there. So to all of you who shared our day, either in person or in spirit, thank you.

(Then, this addendum, submitted after the banquet):

I was truly surprised and touched to receive the Chadwick Award. I knew Barbie was getting one and when Andy began the presentation I thought he was presenting hers, and too early as the Muffinares hadn't sung yet. When I realized it was for me I was so stunned I can barely remember what Andy said. I'm told it was nice. I am thankful for having been given the opportunity to work on the conference, and am sincerely honored and grateful for your recognition.

However, it is not lost on me that the year in which I received the highest Muffin honor was the year in which I barely played. And, did you notice that all three Chadwicks given this year were in some way all tied in with seeing that all of you are fed?

Moon Over Galion

by D.Thompson

Many of you are going to the Summer Moon Festival in Wapakoneta on July 21st. I couldn't wait that long.

The July 14th game at Galion was the first I'd played for awhile. Beautiful day, good group. As I'm sure is reported here, we lost 21-16 in a game we could have won had so many of us not fumbled so many defensive chances.

Some will remember this match for so many dropped balls, others as the match Frank came to from a different time zone. I, however, had other issues.

Fourth inning, I'm playing Behind, nothing in particular going on. I go into a half crouch to receive the ball and I hear a rip. The entire rear end of my pants has torn out.

I'd had these Muffin pants for years, and the sentimentalist in me will mourn their passing as they have logged a lot of miles and matches with me. But those thoughts will wait as I have other concerns at the moment.

I'm wondering if I can get through the rest of the day with no one noticing. If I could relax, I might have enjoyed the nice breeze I was being offered. But now my concentration is on other things, which is the excuse I'm using for not later covering second on the bases loaded ball hit to short.

When I'm not playing, I'm leaning against a tree. When I go out to the field, I'm doing a wide circle around the cranks to shorten the time I have my back to them.

I have two more at bats and the largest group of cranks is behind me when I'm in the batters box. I swing at the first pitch both times.

But things don't work out.

While I'm leaning against the tree, Jim Kimmach asks me to hand out programs, which I dutifully do, being careful to approach cranks from behind. I actually get on base my final at bat and eventually score, which is normally a good thing but here I'm thinking it just has me, uhh, exposed for a longer period of time.

Dorothy Brandon is sitting beside first base and I know if she notices as I run by, a loud announcement will be made to all. Surprisingly, she tells me later, she didn't notice.

In fact, no one says anything to me so I'm wondering if no one noticed or if they were just being polite. I find out later they were just being polite.

Still, after the game many of us go to the Andersen's for a very nice gathering.

All in all, a good day.

Editorial Comment: Despite Mr. Thompson's obvious distraction, it should be noted that he made two fine one-handed snags of foul ticks, unquestionably the only fine defensive plays made the Muffin nine all day.