

# STANDINGS

TEAM RANKING		W L T	PTS.
1	DIAMOND DOGS	8-0	16
2	CRUSHERS	8-0	16
3	HORSESHOE	6-2-1	13
4	THE MENACE	5-4	10
5	REBELS	5-4	10
6	SQUIRLY'S	4-4	8
7	STRIKERS	4-5	8
8	DONERIGHT	3-2-1	7
9	BRASS TAPS (ASS TAPPERS)	3-6	6
10	STIFFS	2-7	4
11	SHANGHAI COWGIRL	1-7	2
12	FOGGY DEW	0-8	0

Team captains please report game scores to Chris Adamson at [ca@area.ca](mailto:ca@area.ca) so that standings can be updated accordingly. Thanks Chris!



## LEWD OR PRUDE? FIND OUT IN THIS ISSUE'S WORD FIND

Accountable: Jake Wozniak | STIFFS

a t b a t s a h a s h s  
 b o o t e y I c a l l t  
 s e x t r a I n n I n g  
 a g u I r p x e g s o l  
 w a m e o o z b t l r o  
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 d c y d t h m o I t t t  
 t g r f h I o c p I s r  
 h f I e l d k m o p s e  
 t j q w r y l s e s I n

bench	at bats	away	outs
cleats	bases	catcher	season
commissioners	box	strike	umpire
error	era	field	runner
fly	extra inning	glove	triple
force	game	home	uniform
hits	home run	pitcher	tie
single	team		

## CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Thanks to everyone who contributed to the QSBL News Issue #2. Everyone did a great job! Keep the stories, the pics, and fun stuff coming! Deadline for Issue #3 is Sunday, September 11.

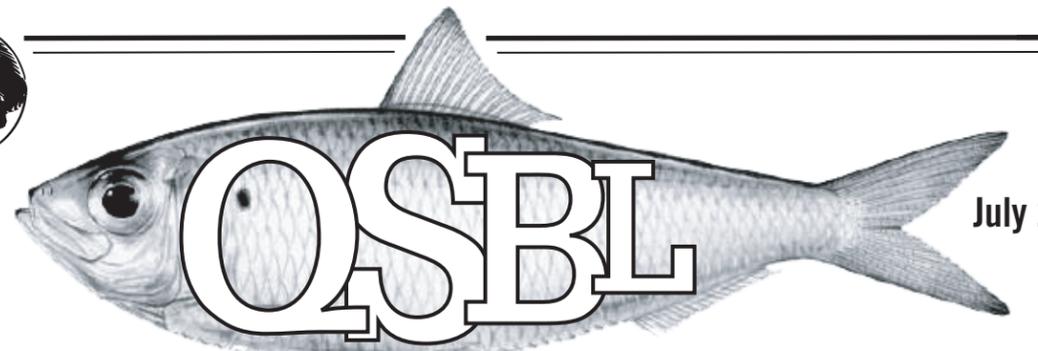
Email Jodie at [jfish@sympatico.ca](mailto:jfish@sympatico.ca)



DAN FAUCHER | STIFFS



[www.ca08.com/QSBL/](http://www.ca08.com/QSBL/)



July 2005

20 YEARS

QUEEN STREET BASEBALL LEAGUE

# THE STIFFS PRACTICE

By Anonymous

Or, 4 Stiffs Practice  
with Other League Players



Was Mike a Sti



MARCELLE FAUCHER | STIFFS

THE STIFFS GET SERIOUS  
Gord calls Calls practisePractice  
By Anonymous

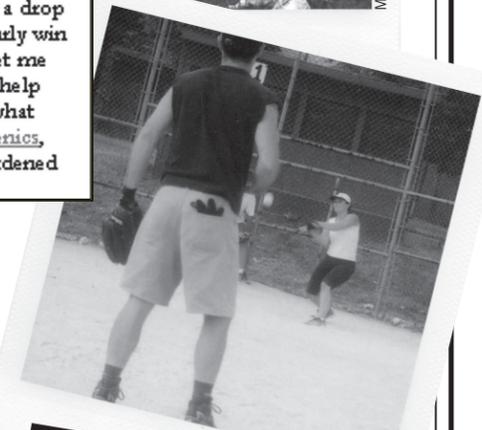
~~the-The~~ likes of this have not been heard. ~~the-The~~ ~~stiffs-Stiffs~~ in a dreadful rut, decide to call a mandatory ~~practise-practice~~ on the July Canada Day 1<sup>st</sup> long weekend, with ~~good-Gord~~ ~~the~~ ~~stening~~ long times on the pine for ~~no-no~~-shows. Well it was a full house with fearful, and I heard some tearful eyes, in a hard run workout with nary a drop of alcohol present. ~~ah-Ah~~ but was it enough to double their ye arly win total or just an ~~exercise-exercise~~ in ~~fruitility-futility?~~ well-Well let me say, it ~~seemede~~ to ~~have~~ ~~worked~~, ~~albietalbeit~~ with a little side help from the return of ~~marcelle's-Marcelle's~~ magical touch. ~~but-But~~ what next-? Batting cages, low-cal diets, pre-game ~~calasteticscallisthenics~~, etc. were rumoured to be heard on the lips of the new look hardened ~~stiffs-Stiffs~~.



Jodie is a Menace



Ben - Chris - Bea  
none Stiffs



Jake's a Stiff



Photos this page unless otherwise credited: DAN FAUCHER | STIFFS

# EXISTENTIAL HORROR AT 88 KM/H

By Tony Elliott | DIAMOND DOG #03

Now I'm not one to be especially concerned much about the fate of the universe (I've got cable), nor of my increasing dependence on Microsoft's shitty thesaurus tool, but a couple of Sundays ago, an event of micro-epic proportions caused me to ponder the imminence of the universe folding in on itself, the dire straights of humanity's incessant plundering of resources, and most disturbingly, the inevitable dangers of playing infield.

In a blink of a wink, a shin on Team Diamond Dogs was



TONY ELLIOTT | DIAMOND DOGS

*Un-touched photograph of bruise caused by telepathic contempt at the quantum level.*

forever temporarily bruised by a scorcher of a grounder to our 2nd basegirl (not to be confused with batgirl at the upcoming fetish game). But it was I, humble 3rd baseperson and moderate believer in parallel universes, who was existentially scarred by this regulated violence of bat-on-ball-on-shin.

Scientists in Israel proved that the behaviour of atoms can be affected simply by viewing them. Basically, if you watch an atom, its movement will be affected (not to be confused with: if you build it they will come)<sup>1</sup>. In light of this quantum conundrum, blood rushed to my brain, throbbing it like a ball hitting a shin, and my gray matter was smackdowned by a stark new awareness: could I—like a peeping Israeli scientist—be partly responsible for 2nd basegirl's injury, as I simply watched it happen? And more importantly, since she's my girlfriend, did I intentionally cause the ball to strike her shin because she never does the laundry?

My world suddenly collapsed around me and I shivered under the immensity of this infield insanity. I thought I was completely alone in this new reality, but then I remembered that this is what it must have felt like at one time for the godfather of evolution, Charles Darwin. When Darwin first realized the theory of evolution he was documented as shouting out: "Oh my God!"<sup>2</sup> This was my oh-my-god moment of the causality of

infield ball and atomic-kinetic prowess. But I soon realized that Darwin's evolution revolution wasn't enough to comfort me. I needed to reflect upon the doings of an even greater scientific thinker in hopes that he could soothe the sappy sponge between my ears.

Albert Einstein's claim to fame is his conceit of Special Relativity, and later, General Relativity. Now, I concur that his profound understanding of universal mechanics was groundbreaking (and gravity-bending), but the little-known truth



TONY ELLIOTT | DIAMOND DOGS

*Un-touched photograph illustrating the dangers of drinking and self-waxing.*

behind his famous equation ( $E=mc^2$ ) is that Einstein's second wife was also his first cousin, Elsa Lowenthal. So Einstein's mind-expanding theorem of Relativity was but a veiled excuse for us to marry our relatives, and in Einstein's case, his cousin.<sup>3</sup>

Clearly, Einstein had nothing to offer me in my moment of crisis.

So what does this convoluted, histrionic account of two of the world's greatest thinkers and the throbbing bruise on 2nd basegirl's shin mean to me, you, QSBL and humanity? Is it a cautionary tale about the dangers of playing infield, or a parable of quantum mechanics v. laundry responsibilities? Fucked if I know. Ben told me if I didn't write an article for this mag then I'm off the team. All I do know is that the next time a ball is hit out to Ben in RF, I'll be watching that ball closely.

<sup>1</sup> Vonnegut, Kurt. *The Greatest Corn/Ball Movie Ever Made: Field of Dreams or Pasture of Lies?*. London: Oxford, 1991.

<sup>2</sup> Slopek, Larry. Charles Darwin: *Iconoclast of the Damned*. Weyburn: Bench Press, 2003.

<sup>3</sup>  $E=mc^2$ , roughly translated from ye olde drunken Gallic slang: "*Einstein=marry cousins.*"



## WHY BAN BATS?

By Brian Colpa | Squirly's

There has been some confusion over the past few weeks as to, why (oh why) all of a sudden the QSBL has decided to ban some bats. Remember when we were kids, and that old wooden bat with the electric-taped handle was all that we had to play ball with? Things have come a long way since then; bats are now made

of aluminium, aero-space grade metals, composite fibres, even high tensile strength glass: evolution of the game.

The balls that we use aren't quite the same either; high-grade, waterproof covers and tightly wound inner-cores. It all leads to one thing: the ball moving very fast off the bat and that sometimes creates a dangerous situation. Believe it or not, in some cases that ball is moving at about 80mph through the infield. Ask anyone who's taken a hot liner in the palm of the hand, or a sharp grounder off the shin how it feels, and you will begin to

understand why the league has adopted some safety measures.

Though some teams have gone out and purchased some great bats, unfortunately they are a bit "too hot" to be used in a recreational league like ours. Let's remember, we all have to go to work the next day, and there is no need for any of

### The league has adopted some safety measures

us to test out the company (or personal) dental plan.

For a listing of the current Non-approved (or

banned) bats, please visit: [www.asasoftball.com/about/pdf/05\\_Non\\_ASA\\_Approved\\_Bats\\_w\\_pics.pdf](http://www.asasoftball.com/about/pdf/05_Non_ASA_Approved_Bats_w_pics.pdf). There is a printable format in colour, with all the bats we cannot use. There may be some confusion between similar bats (The Synergy, Synergy, Synergy+, etc.), so take a good look at the list, or ask a reputable bat dealer before purchasing one new.

Get set, swing hard, and have fun!

## WE REMEMBER

### The Best CLEAN-UP GUY AROUND

By Marcelle Faucher | STIFFS

One of my all-time favourite league players never picked up a bat yet he was the best clean-up guy around. Eddy unofficially joined our team sometime around the year 2000. He didn't have a map or a schedule but he managed to find his way to almost every game—a better track record than some of my old team-mates, I might add!

If you're unfamiliar with the name, Eddy was the elderly guy who motored around the park and collected empties for deposit...and it didn't take long for him to figure out we were a virtual tin mine. Unlike some of the vultures out there who coveted our empties, Eddy was a gentleman. He wouldn't dream of sneaking into a dugout and pouring out fielders' beer for a couple of dimes. He was personable, loved to share a beer and cheer us on, and when the game was done, win or lose, he even cleaned up after us by riding off into the sunset motorized cart piled high.

For the first time last year Eddy missed opening ceremonies, and though we kept our eyes peeled for him, there wasn't a sighting all season. I would like to think he retired and headed south... somewhere perhaps where you can watch thirsty baseball players all year long. Cheers Eddy.



CORD MACLEOD | STIFFS

Mark of The Menace rips one up the middle against the Doneright crew. After much delay at McGregor Park, the teams had organized a make-shift diamond on the football field while a Cricket match was being played just beyond right field. See, these other guys were on the baseball field first. Just another Sunday in the QSBL.



LARRY WHITE | MENACE

...Played Without a Helmet continued.

some pretty unusual plays; often we didn't know which game we were catching the ball for as the fielders and second basemen were ducking from balls being hit from everywhere. This was not the major threat to injury; the major danger was in chasing after a fly ball and tripping over somebody passed out, or over the bitters bottles, all scattered across the field.

The first year did have its problems. Some teams didn't have enough players (sound familiar?). However there were never any defaults as some teams, such as Idee and Emilio's, had extra players. We would just transfer players from one team to the other to get the game in. Quite often the team who was short players would beat the team who had loaned players. Nobody seemed to care about the final score; just to play the game and drink beers afterwards. Actually the first year I only played 2 regular games for my team, Idee; the majority of the games I played against them. I often played for Emilio's, and I'm sure it had nothing to do with the big cooler of beer and

the great sandwiches Paul would bring. One team, the Illustrators; nobody seems to remember who was on that team because they often showed up with just three or four players and drafted players from the excess. They amazingly finished 3rd that year.

The first banquet was at Coaster's, a little seafood place down by the St. Lawrence Market. We bought tickets which would include a buffet. But when we got there, the bartender and his staff had let their regulars partake in the food. As a result there was not much food left for the players. In a unifying force we ordered food off the menu that was supposed to be on the buffet, and then refused to pay for it, paying only for our beer. This resulted in us deciding in the future we would run our own banquets.

I guess this is enough for now, hell this is more tiring then running to first base. Never did get around to the Valium games, or the great sardine fights, or some of the interesting banquets.

## COMMISSIONER'S CORNER

*The Way We Were*

By Paul LePage | THE MENACE

It was a hot summer day,

*BUMBLBEE HOT.*

The flies were dropping off us, drowned by our sweat.

It was right then and there standing between two greenly frog bases within the time zones of both other games being played, spectated by the raunchy, comical, faithful (usually drunk) denizens of Moss Park that my lifelong dreams of winning the QSBL WALLY CUP snapped just like my childhood rockinghorse when I got **TOO** big and rocked **TOO** hard, **neither of us recovered.**

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING

We were 0-10,

down 21-3,

**2ND INNING**

BUT I WAS LIKE A STRAY ANIMAL CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS.

The women who graced our field were *Goddesses.*

There was **Jane**, so *tall*. So *slender*, such *beautiful* long hair down to her **derriere (ass)**. She had 5 children, **I wanted to give her 1 more**

There was **Stephanie**, **THE REAL DEAL**, *all-woman-saucy*, with **an aura of sex** hovering around her so present you could **smell it**

Above all there was **Carmen**. *Sweet, Sweet Carmen*, an *angel of heavenly* beauty, descended to earth to **torment us**. Deep black hair, golden brown skin with a smile that made you **forget things**. Important things such as the fact that we didn't have a hope in hell of **winning a game** let alone anything else *but who cared I was in love 3x over.*

We played, **WE LOST, WE PARTIED**

always looking forward to the next game.

Then something happened *it all started with...* TO BE CONTINUED

# A QSBL FISH TALE

By Michael Rhoades | CRUSHERS

There have been so many crazy Sundays over the last 20 years (19 in my case as I missed the very first year 'cuz I was still living in New York, training to be the "bad actor" I've become), that it is difficult to come up with only one story. I've witnessed

incident does spring to mind however. Back in the late 80's and early 90's I played for the Idee Art Gallery Battling Armadillos and we used to drink at the Niagara Café (site of the current Noce Restaurant at the corner of Queen and Walnut). Back then it was a skanky little

Portuguese, made the fatal mistake of Q'ing sardines. If he had of done burgers or dogs, I'm sure we would have gratefully just consumed them and got on with the business of drinking. But no... Now I'm not too clear on who threw the first one, but before you knew it, there were fish flying in every direction.

We were all pretty fair darts players and sardines make a very aerodynamic projectile. Seriously—there was a pile of fish heads, bones, skins and tails three inches deep on the patio. And we were all covered in fish goo, scales, fins and eyes.

James A., one of the players from the Black Bull team (now the Stiffs) managed to nail our pitcher Jimmy C. right in the kisser with a very large and particularly juicy sardine. By this point Ari (totally freaked) had cut off our supply of sardines, so

Jimmy had no way to retaliate. But Jimmy was a patient man and revenge, they say, is a dish best served cold. He waited until the maelstrom was over and the carcasses had been swept. He went into the restaurant, ordered a house salad (with Thousand Island dressing), walked



I DUNNO WHERE I FOUND THIS

arguments, brawls, laughter, love, tears, blood, magic, music, broken bones and hearts, lost teeth, the birth of a second generation, sadly the deaths of some original members, sex, drugs, rock & roll, and loads of really great baseball.

Even after all these years, I start looking forward to Sunday at six, around Wednesday at noon. QSB is my recreation, socialization and therapy. It completes my week. If I've hit the ball as hard as I can, fielded as well as I can, and drank more than I should, I feel totally purged and ready to face the upcoming week with hardly any temptation to hit anything else with a bat.

One amazing après baseball

Portuguese bar with a huge wrap-around patio. Ari, the owner, used to make his entire week's nut on our Sunday patronage. We had a permit for a two o'clock pick-up game at Trinity central, so we'd all meet (usually hung-over) at the Niagara around one, have an eye-opener or two, play ball from two 'til four, go back to the patio from four 'til six

**Ari (totally freaked) had cut off our supply of sardines**

for something to eat (and drink), head back over for the six o'clock game, then return to celebrate or commiserate and pour

beer down our necks until closing.

Well one week Ari decided to reward our loyalty to his bar with a bit of a free barbeque. Now Ari, being



Stop man with sardine.

calmly up to James, scooped the lettuce and tomato out of the bowl with his fist, and gave James a very effective facial.

I love this league.



OR THIS

# WHAT ARE YOU WEARING...?

By Marcelle Faucher | STIFFS

Back in 1998 the Stiffs were having a record season--very similar to this year in fact. Much discussion ensued over post game suds at Squirly's as to what we, as a team, could do to improve our winning odds next week. Bring in a few ringers? Handicap the other teams? Seduce their women? There must have been a lot of suds that night because the final vote decided we would distract the other team..... by dressing in fetish wear.....

We were playing at Riverside that day, so we all met at Todd's place for a pre-game BBQ and dress up party. The boys went "topless" (and Gord wore his Tina Turner wig) which I suppose did cause some diversion. In truth though it was the gals who really had it going on



Menaces Paul and Iain at the bar after the fetish game vs. the Stiffs in 2003 I think.

that year, even if the dress was relatively safe by today's standard. Alison wore those thigh-high tights which make her legs look impossibly long, Lezley was all cleavage and feather boas,

Gillian had on some sexy little leather thing, and I was doing my best Uma Thurman Pulp Fiction number. And it worked!!! Since Ali was pitching, the Squirly's were having a hard time bat-

ting and their fielding was equally distracted. Not only were the Stiffs able to double their winning record that year, it was also one of the most fun and memorable games in baseball memory.

That was the beginning of the annual tradition of the fetish game, though it was the first and last time we were able to use the element of surprise to our advantage. Gradually over the years the fetish game has grown to involve almost all of the teams and the costumes have gotten more ambitious--at least for those who weren't morally offended by fishnets

on the base path. This year I hope to see even more teams involved--I might not be playing this season but I certainly plan to come out and see the sexiest league in town...

# PLAYED WITHOUT A HELMET FOR TOO MANY YEARS

By Wally Bridges | STIFFS

Shit, who ever thought the QSBL would still exist after 20 years? Certainly the founding fathers didn't: The Love Brothers (Luke and James Allen), Paul (Emilio's), Charlie (This A'int the Rosedale Library) and oh yeah I almost forgot the self-claimed Creator of the QSBL, Paul Murray. The league was formed for those who did not have normal jobs, the only day off they had being Sunday. Remember, this was

before Sunday shopping, and when the bars that had bands weren't open on Sundays.

The league consisted of musicians, artists and bar staff from in and around Queen and Spadina. The first years there were quite a few musicians playing: Johnny Lovesin, Tony Kenny of The Razorbacks, Frankie Venom of Teenage Head, Pete Dixon and KC of Dick

Duck & the Dorks, Toby Swan from Battered Wives and Keith Whittaker of The Demics. In following years there had been John Borra of The John Borra Band, and Derek Brady of Dodge Fi-

**Originally there were 6 teams**

asco, Hawksley Workman. The tradition continues with Fred of The Chickens from the Horse-shoe, Paul E. of Paul Emery & the Dickens from the Menace, and Laura

Hubert (who did a great job performing O Canada at this year's opening ceremonies). Now back to the league.

Originally there were 6 teams and all games were played at Moss Park. The only problem with this was that there was only one baseball diamond and a large field. It often happened that the centre fielder of the 1st game would be standing beside the right fielder of 2nd game and the left fielder of the 3rd game. This made for

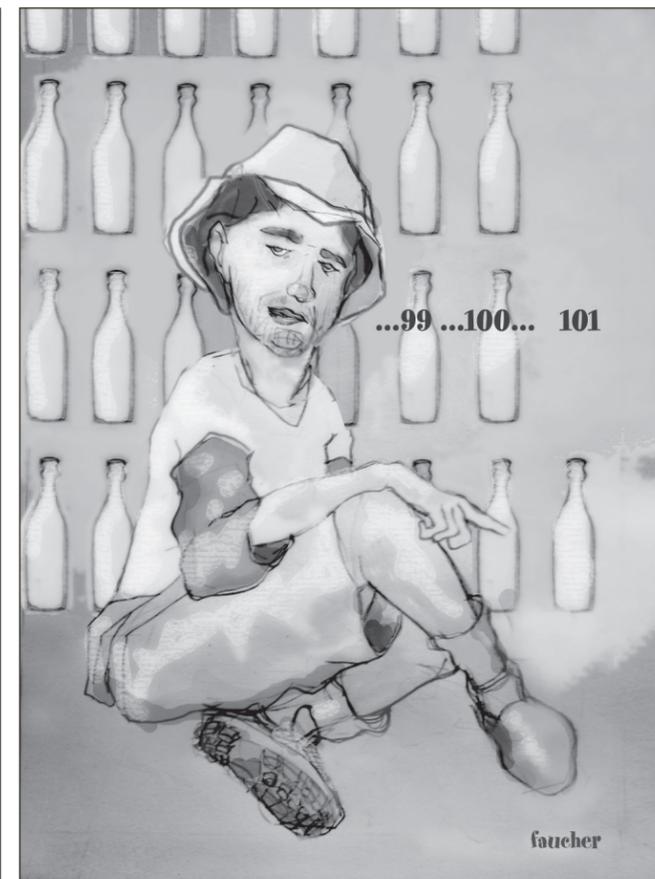
Continued next page...

# HOT CONSPIRACY CORNER

By Mike Holloway | STIFFS

Baseball is a complex weave of dozens of stories interacting simultaneously, and I for one can't handle it, so to fill the moments, here are some probable scenarios. It's been twenty years since this league's inception, time for some nice juicy conspiracy theories!

I can imagine the first meeting of the QSBL, in some dank, cheap-beer joint in the east end—in attendance: a few friends, maybe a sibling or two. This Nepotism that surrounded those nefarious beginnings, have continued to the present. Back patio deals (again, at dank, cheap-beer joints), by so-called Brain Trust members of the league (a clever deception), has led to a mad centralization of power designed to monopolize all the work. This small connected few (I believe they use a high-tech/high-speed contraption called: "e-mail") must be



99 Bottles of Beer theory de-bunked.

overthrown. I have discerned their "address" and if the secretive editorial board of this publication doesn't censor it, I'll include it at the end of this column.

In other conspiracies this week, third base persons have noticed that, whenever a call can go against them, it will. Think about it, when a ball is smoked right at the third base person, and it bounces towards the infield, it's called an infield hit; if it dribbles out to left field after hitting the sorry player, it's called an error. It's just not fair.

The play-off umpires anti-conspiracy, conspiracy strategy meeting has been cancelled. Apparently they couldn't agree on a meeting site.

Well that's all. Watch this space for more plays.

- 30 -

*What's Your*  
**FETISH GAME 2005**  
**SUNDAY, AUGUST 7TH**  
**DRESS UP**   
**COME OUT**  
**DRINK BEER**  
**HAVE FUN**  
**SEE WHAT ALL THE TALK'S ABOUT**

## GIRL-ON-GIRL ACTION or LET THE GIRLS PLAY!

To all women in the QSBL, a reminder: the annual GoGal [Girl-on-Girl Action League] game will take place on the day of the Championship game at 1 p.m. at Trinity North. Last year's event was a good time had by all! The Jaguars pounced early, bringing the Pumas to their knees in a virtual bloodbath! So bring your cleats, pack a few brews to clean your palette, and come out and strut your stuff!  
 ...Where the girls get to play anywhere they want, except at catcher!

DAN FAUCHER | STIFFS