



WHAT ME, CAVEMAN?

By Wally Bridges | STIFFS

Once upon a time many years ago, there was a six team baseball league. As things stood at the end of the year one team stood above all others, there were three teams that were exactly equal, and two teams that everybody liked to play. Unfortunately we could not determine a scientific structure that would decide a true rating of the three equal teams. The team captains were called into a meeting at headquarters (Idee) to decide the matter somehow. To do this, a case of beer was needed, and a hat to draw names from, and everything was happily and mutually settled.

Jump ahead to 2005, and this was not a good enough way of settling our three-way tie. An e-mail was sent saying we needed to evolve, so it was researched all the way to the Ontario Softball Association League Rules to determine the ratings now called seedings. So, this is evolving.

The following is a list of rule changes that have been

brought forth to me for consideration for next year:

1. Safety bags at all bases. Reason: So that there will be no contact at all between players. Just a thought: How do you tag a person easily from one bag to another? Solution: No sliding.

2. Batting helmets. Reason: People are scared to run the bases, especially to first base in fear of getting hit by the ball. I wonder how many times that happened this year? Solution: Hit doubles.

3. Men have to wear shirts. Reason: The females are intimidated by men with bigger breasts. Solution: Pump up.

4. Banning the expression, "Pull the trigger." Reason: It is just so fucking irritating. Whatever happened to the expression, "Ducks on the pond?"

Now that is out of the way, maybe we can reminisce about some of the banquets of QSBL past.

One banquet, the league got a brewery in trouble. We had made a deal with Amstel to bring in draught to the local bar, which was the Niagara

Café (now Noce). The deal was, for each keg of draught we drank over the season we would get a free case of beer for the banquet. Needless to say, we were able to accumulate a credit for 50 cases of beer. A national newspaper wrote an article on the success of our league calling us, "A Real Beer League." Unfortunately, it is illegal in this mighty province of ours to encourage drinking. The other breweries picked up on this and the agent of Amstel was called on the carpet. Under cover of darkness, we had to drive to the agent's house in Scarborough to get the beer. We ran out of beer in about 3 hours and then had to purchase 20 cases more from the Squeeze Club. That was the year the Much Music team won it all.

Another year, one of our banquets was held at the Niagara Café. That was the year that all the trophies were made to look like the Oscar with a bat. We had the unknown comic as the MC and Rebecca dressed as Van-na White to give out the trophies. While this was going

on downstairs, some of us were having beers upstairs. One of our guys decided he didn't want to wait anymore for service, so he went behind the bar and poured himself a draught. Little did he or anybody know, the owner lived upstairs and was watching on close circuit TV! Before M could finish his first swallow, down was Walter to give him shit and to get his money! Of course a little while later, M thought it was only a fluke that he was caught and decided to give it one more try. Again Walter was watching, and again he flew down the stairs to demand his money! You know, it still bothers me that a man who owned a drain cleaning company owned the bar where we had the banquet. Do I remember who won that year? Nope. I think too much beer and moonshine has clouded my memory.

Anyway it has been an interesting twenty years, see you all next year.

MYSTERY RESPONSE TO JULY'S COMMISSIONER'S CORNER

Presumably by C*****'s (English) significant other/husband R*****

I'll tell you when it started. It was when that wanker put 'is hand on me "Goddess," then called me a toad and put me in a batting 'elmet he did. That bloody swine. So I didn't take direction nor understand the game neither—what of it? Who would, after that? And there was that saucy tart T**** too—she seemed "Goddess"-enough for a "golden-armed" short stop—she even looked like she needed saving, with that

abusive boyfriend of hers. No, no, it was clear from the get-go that only me own dear better 'alf was good enough, and I weren't gonna 'ave none o' it I tell ya—but 'e found a bloody way 'e did right under me nose!

Bloody baseball "Goddesses" my 'airy arse. You ought to be married to one and find out what it's like. She was never the same after that year—never the same. Ruined 'er 'e did. But I showed 'im that game that

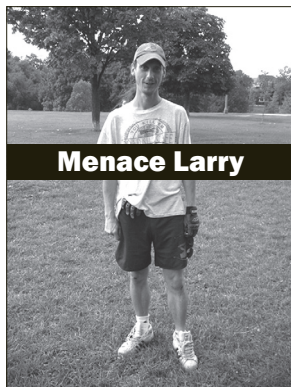
any fool could play baseball and win. 'It a 'omerun I did—they couldn't get me at first nor second nor third neither—they tried but I was too slippery for 'em. They said I was lucky—I was lucky 'til I joined Menace that year. She was such a good ol' girl 'til that summer.

Never the same... never the same. Every summer since 1989 she just keeps smiling to 'erself and I know she's remembering that summer when she was a friggin'

"Goddess." Bloody damned wog wanker called me a toad—that bloody frog! 'Im and his whorin' pagan baseball "Goddesses!" Stuff the lot of 'em, I say. Not a real sport if you play it with women is it? I could tell you what kind of a sport it is you play with women but I am a gentleman—not like that bloody sodomite that ruined my sweet, sweet C*****. Bugger the bastard!

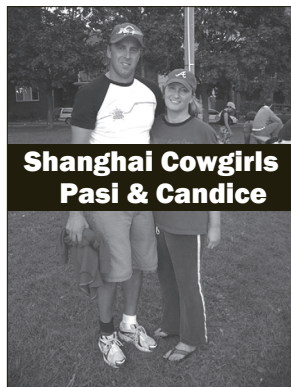
WHAT DOES GETTING TO THIRD BASE MEAN TO YOU?

I asked a few of our peers the tough question, but sadly, nobody offered to demonstrate



Menace Larry

"Someone probably made an error."



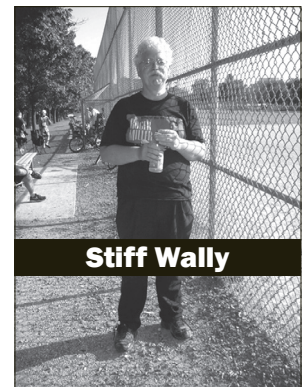
Shanghai Cowgirls Pasi & Candice

**"It's better at home."
"That's good honey."**



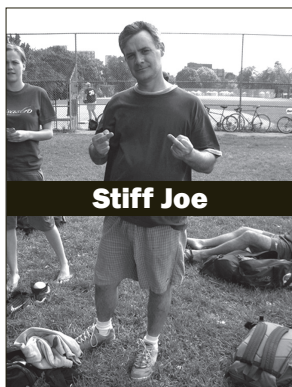
Rebel Chris

"Hitting a triple."



Stiff Wally

"It's some place I haven't been in years."



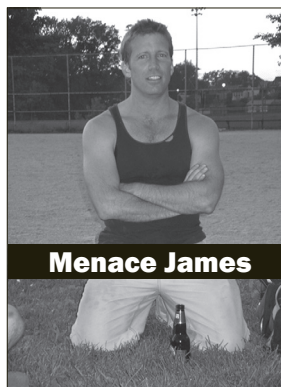
Stiff Joe

"Complete nakedness."



Menace Kellyann

"In-the-pants action."



Menace James

"It's an annual event I cherish."



Stiff Jaime

"Oral sex. He-he-he..."

COMMISSIONER'S CORNER

By Paul LePage | THE MENACE

I was standing in awe, staring at the full moon as it hovered in the mist created by one of the wonders of the world, the majestic Niagara Falls. It was a warm almost sultry night; it seemed that the cascading water was laughing at man's attempt to illuminate nature's own beauty. My girl turned to me with that look in her eyes and quietly asked what was on my mind. Without thinking I drew her closer and replied, "Sweetie does that moon look like a softball to you, too?"

I may have changed a few names but the story is partly true. I love the idea of meeting up with my friends on a Sunday night to play a few innings of slow-pitch so I can enjoy their company and others. This is what the league is about and will always remain.

The best times were when all the teams met at the Niagara Cafe after the

games and sat together on the patio drinking lots of beer and shooting the shit. I remember one night after a few jugs (okay quite a few), I had to leave rather early (okay it was about 1 a.m.), but it was last call and I had to make my local on Bloor Street (The Tap). I jumped in my '69 Super Beetle with my friend Gord Cumming and decided to thrill the remaining league patrons by squealing the tires. If you ever owned a Beetle this is quite the feat accomplished by putting the pedal to the metal and making a very quick u-turn. I did manage to sound a little like a mating squirrely (the animal version) and was feeling rather proud of myself until I noticed in the rear view mirror the flashing lights of Metro's finest. As they approached the car, I told Gord, whatever you do, don't tell them we were drinking. The rather large officer (at that time they all

were) slowly neared with a smirk on his face and said, "We were sitting across from the cafe and watched you jump the fence and speed away in your car." Before I could think of a plausible answer, Gord piped in, "Oh, we were just having a few beers with our baseball buddies and we're in a hurry to get to last call." Well, he never listened to me on the field so what did I expect? The officer looked at me and said, "How much did you have?" I innocently and correctly replied, "Not as much as him, I have to drive." Well, believe it or not, he turned to me and said, "Well I think you both had enough, so skip last call and drive straight home." I thought I'd died and gone to a beer garden, which was my next stop, being The Tap, of course.

I love baseball, I love this league and damnit, I love being in the championship. But best of all I love the



The Menace's Paul LePage in drag at Fetish Game 2005 following a beating by the Stiffs.

banquet because I have all the beer tickets so you better try to be nice to me!

See you all, and thanks for another great season of the QSBL! It's the best!

10 THINGS TO WATCH FOR OR *Try For* AT THE BANQUET:

By Paul LePage | THE MENACE

- 1. If other teams try to recruit your women!**
 - 2. If you and one other person are the only ones left at the end of the night and you feel lucky, it'll be one strike out nobody else will see, so why not take a swing at it?**
 - 3. If you're the only one left, go home, there's always next year!**
 - 4. See which team will show up and wonder where all the food is at 11 p.m.!**
 - 5. I stopped saying "fuck" and "you guys" so don't bet on it!**
 - 6. If you believe no.5 you're drunk already!**
 - 7. Buy your captain a beer; they deserve it for putting up with you all season!**
 - 8. Captains drink the beer and tell you you're actually their best player!**
 - 9. If you're not having fun, drink faster!**
 - 10. Don't ask me to give any speeches until I'm drunk or else I will bring Iain up with me!**
- SUPER TIMES! ALL!**

FINAL STANDINGS

TEAM RANKING		W	L	T	PTS.
1	CRUSHERS	13	0		26
2	THE MENACE	9	5		19*
3	DIAMOND DOGS	9	5		19*
4	SQUIRLY'S	9	5		19*
5	HORSESHOE	8	5	1	17
6	DONERIGHT	7	5	1	15
7	REBELS	7	7		14
8	STIFFS	6	8		13*
9	STRIKERS	5	9		10
10	ASS TAPPERS	4	9		9*
11	SHANGHAI COWGIRL	3	11		6
12	FOGGY DEW	2	12		2

*** + 1 point for participating in the Fetish Games. Thanks Chris for updating the weekly standings! Go to www.ca08.com/QSBL/ to view scores.**



Jodie Fischer | THE MENACE



Nice Guy | FOGGY DEW



Guess who!

Clockwise from top left: Menace, Jacqui, enjoys post-semi-final festivities after victory against the Shanghai Cowgirls; Stiff, Dan, still can't believe his team lost to the Crushers, but came to cheer on the Menace crew; good sports the lot, the Rebels sit defeated post-quarter-final after a fun match-up against the Menace; the Foggy Dew had a successful post-game season!

FEMALE FETISH FANTASIES

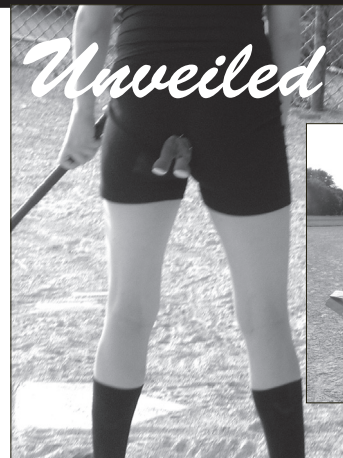
By Jacqui Land | THE MENACE

All photos: Jacqui Land | THE MENACE

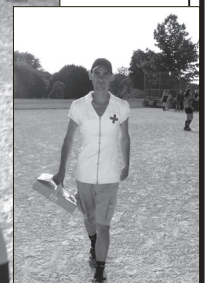
Ladies, let's be truthful. I know there are days when you think about saying goodbye to men and switching teams, even if for just one day. The women at this year's Fetish Game showed off some of their finest assets and made me dare to dream the possibilities.

From the silky, pearl-laden Zelda, to the sexy, perky stewardess, I had reason to believe this could be my destiny. The buxomly bold dominatrix teased and tantalized the crowd. The young lass and her playful pet gerbil were just sublime.

However, when all was said and done, it was one image that snapped me back into reality—Paul LePage in drag! I was sure grateful I wasn't waking up next to her in the morning! Thanks Paul, I owe you a drink.



Jaime and her pet gerbil!



Nurse Tim!



Jodie, Paul and Tim!



Kellyann and Iain!



Iain, again!



Debra, Iain, Paul and Jodie!



Rob, Tobias and Dale!



Kellyann and Joe!