

THE ULTIMATE SEASON
(A tribute to the V.S.C.C 4th XI – Premiers 06/07)

Milney felt saddened and really quite maddened, after losing two semis in a row. This worrying trend left him at his wits end, these defeats were a bitter body blow. He was bemused and downright confused, that his team could play like they were on sedatives.

But as hard as he tried the facts could not be denied, that witches hats would've been far more competitive.

Like a pro talent scout with his feelers well out, Milney managed some recruiting off-season coups.

These new guys forged their names after playing heaps of games, mainly in the ones and the twos.

Degenerating joints and various sore points, were some ailments of which some were afflicted.

Various other things like less hair and more chins, over time the years had inflicted. This team Milney had assembled of whom geriatrics some resembled, was also quite alarmingly slow.

But like an 8 year old boy with a new novelty toy, he was excited and raring to go.

Milney and Faz opened with flair and pazaz, they were a dynamic duo.

With ridiculous ease they brought teams to their knees, theirs was an unmissable show.

Milney's eye was amazing opening with guns always blazing, onto bad bowling he instantly latched.

Wide balls became fours and crisp hits went for six, to cow-corner short bowling was despatched.

A spectator's dream watching this run machine, Mark Farrell played so ex-quisitely. Of Bradman-like ilk his cover drives carved from silk, A car?....Then a Rolls Royce was he.

When keeping wickets all day Faz would always display, glovework that was exhilarating.

Batsmen's innings would cease if they strayed from the crease, his leg-side stumpings were simply breathtaking.

Tubsy batted at three most eloquently, on himself he placed high demands.

And when the reigns were transferred he was preferred, as second in the chain of command.

In the field his pet hates made him sometimes irate, an umpire at square-leg copped a serve.

Fieldsmen not diving or perhaps even trying, Sam's shoelaces even hit a raw nerve.

But let me impress that this was not stress, for our trusty lieutenant in Steve,

Played his cricket with passion in a spirited fashion, wearing his heart upon his sleeve.

Johnny Baxter came back from the brink of despair, a full reconstruction to repair a large tear.

For his advice he was renowned at a game's most critical stage, this year he never offered much, instead he preferred reading "The Age."

The president's face glowed as the centuries flowed, J.B joined in this run-scoring spree.

But just short of a ton by one lousy run, he fell short so agonising-ly.

Titty was shattered his career was in tatters, after suffering a major health scare.

But now medicated he felt simply elated, to be back playing cricket sure beats hospital care.

When he opened runs slowed boundaries never flowed, no-one questioned his capable defence.

But the scorers they were snoring while watching this slow scoring, at tea...he'd built a 22 run picket fence.

Tit came out of his shell it was so easy to tell, when forced to play more aggressively.

He landed a few blows during several cameos, in the middle order a pillar of strength was he.

In previous games that he played Youngey was a keeper by trade, and when batting he showed great determination.

In the field he was daring throwing himself 'round without caring, his fielding was a real revelation.

He took match-turning catches in the two biggest matches, in the finals he was truly inspired.

Standing up to be counted when the pressure had mounted, to win his first flag he knew was required.

With that flag he had yearned comprehensively earned, Dave Young certainly had no regrets.

With a new baby expected he must have suspected, that this was as good as it gets.

Every morning on game day Wobs drove up from the bay, as he'd recently moved to the coast.

About this he confessed he wasn't distressed, a small sacrifice for the game he loved most.

There were fielding debates on Wobbo's physical traits, compared with a praying mantis was he.

Smart remarks flew around when he was out on the ground, his height also targeted humorously.

On a windy day Wobs was likened to a bird, in the breeze clinging grimly to its perch.

Because on days like these when the wind blew forwards, backwards he often would lurch.

Wobs tied batsmen in knots by restricting their shots, he executed this skill so well.

The height with which he was blessed aided with what he did best, the casting of a marathon off-spinning spell.

At the start of the season Scotty Russell had no reason, to play a game from which he'd retired.

Bowling hard, shiny leather in stinking hot weather, a pastime his heart no longer desired.

But when Milney persisted he strongly insisted, "That I'll only play with my son Sammy."

"And you must agree that you'll promise me, to overlook my crook groin and tight hammy."

With Scott ready at the top of his mark, slips way down in the car park, batsmen nervously took up their stance.

Sadly, we knew when they had had enough when lots of brown, smelly, runny stuff, began dribbling down the legs of their pants.

With their psyche now battered and confidence shattered, in-coming batsmen now mentally unsound.

Scotty's plan was quite daring, frightening teams without caring, so that they made all their "runs" off the ground.

Scotty's son Sam burst onto the scene, he blended in well with the rest of the cream. What a thrill for this fine, upstanding young lad, to play cricket all season alongside his dad.

Week after week his teammates would say, "Boy oh boy I think this kid can play!" And they were so thankful to have him around, because he managed to drag the team's average age down.

By the end of the season great skills he possessed, there's no doubting at all Sam really was blessed.

From who better to learn some of cricket's fine arts, than a team full of grey-haired, crusty old farts.

With a tap on the shoulder Berger became our strike bowler, a role he filled most admirably.

His form...a rich vein he was able to sustain, economic figures produced frequently.

An impeccable length was his real strength, dot balls were sent down endlessly.

Then batsmen would wilt from the pressure he'd built, succumbing to him eventually.

An influential playmaker who became equal chief wicket taker, Malcolm Berg he would have no regrets.

For he was switched on and ensured his swansong, will be a season he never forgets.

Our oldest team member is a club institution, from "Psycho" he got his nickname.

With his dogged resilience and flashes of brilliance, Norm snared a hat-trick in the penultimate game.

But he won't be remembered this stubborn old bloke, for his bowling this year even through smoke.

You see, he had a real problem not at all very typical, unlike his teammates ailments it wasn't even physical.

It was his supervisory skills which left a lot to be desired, a minder while playing cricket...to watch his kids...he should have hired.

So that when his wife rang to check the kids were safe and sound, he wouldn't have to say to her, "They're making their own way home from the ground."

Of the many tons scored one could not be ignored, James Fary's double must rate a mention.

The bowling he plundered to bring up two hundred, it was an innings that grabbed your attention.

Now from his last ball the club record did fall, thanks James you've brought us great joy.

All that's left is a task, what is it you ask? A phone call..."Hello, is that Troy?"

East Burwood's finals removal received Milney's seal of approval, an old monkey was now off his back.

After subdued celebrating he began instigating, one final last plan of attack.

Now all that's left is to say that on grand final day, there was a fairytale end to this story.

And Vermont South's 4th eleven spent the whole night in heaven, basking in premiership glory.

History will show if you didn't know, that the team remained undefeated.

Constant resilience, a feat of sheer brilliance, one which may not be repeated.

Now was this a team full of yesterday's cream, a collection of super heroes?

No, just some new and old friends having fun on weekends, a group of your average everyday Joes.

Late on grand final night when Milney turned out the light, with his demons now exorcised.

With a flag in the bag there's no way he was sad, though he still had some tears in his eyes.

He soon fell asleep no need to count sheep, sweet dreams he had for a reason.

For let it be said that the captain had led, his team to the ultimate season.

By Grant Weatherill

THE TEAM

Darren Milne
Mark Farrell
Steve Tailby
John Baxter
Grant Weatherill
Dave Young
Mark Weibgen
Scott Russell
Malcolm Berg
Sam Russell
Andrew Bennett