

PREMIERSHIP POEM

They headed off to Cunderdin
September Twenty, Ninety two
The foe was the old arch rival
The red and white without the blue

The errand was to win the flag
That elusive piece of cloth
The last time sixteen years ago
When the foe felt Wittorffs wrath

Players gathered in the change rooms
That place with unusual smells
Of liniment, tape and leather
Flatulence as well

Grandfinal day has the butterflies stirred
And the loo works overtime
Not quite as hard as the trainers
Don, Mince, Bluebeard and old Sunshine

With water bottles in the corner
Are workmates Tim and Bob
On the fringes there was Jundy
Eveready to help with the job

The water-girls are ready
Michelle, Robyn, Pia and Liz
Some players get preferential treatment
Now I wonder why that is?

Then we've got our runner
A genial bloke called Chum
Who daren't muck up the message
Cos Donga'll kick his bum

The Donga's assistant coach
Making all the moves
Keeps things ticking over
Retaining them in the grooves

Now as the clock ticks down
Stitch calls his boys in close
To stir them up a little bit more
But not an overdose

They're ready now for battle
And at last out on the ground
It's a case of now or never
If that pennants to be found

Those twenty men who took the field
In case you have forgot
No need to put in order
For they're such an even lot

Our ruckman wins the centre knocks
Now that is leaping LUKE
He does it again and again
Just to prove it is no fluke

And on the ball is Edwards HEAD
Just saved from the tigers bite
He sniffed a flag mid-season
And chose to stay and fight

There's HALLY too, the straight thru type
Opponents like to step round
For if he gets that tackle on
They're sure to go to ground

Now all teams have a blend of youth
And this one has it Young's
Yes Magpie, Flop and Gherkin
On the tip of all the tongues

GERKIN roves all over cleverly, skirting every pack
For all the ground he covers, needs not a bike to pedal
Peek into his bag
You'll find the Dennis Medal

MAGPIES the dasher in defence
Forever cool and calm
We're looking forward to the day
There's a fledgling on his arm

To complete this trio there's FLOPPER
A strong high flying player
Who makes a weekly contribution
By knocking holes in the ozone layer

Don't forget our Nyoongah boys
As ours are AARON and SOOT
They weave their spell of magic
And sure are fleet of foot

And any team that's worth its salt
Need a good spearhead in attack
Ours was a boy named Barry
To you its just plain SHACK

And now to feed this spearhead
You need good half forward wingers
BUCKET and MATTY did the trick
A pair of left foot ringers

In between this pair
Is the man at the helm in STITCH
Playing his very heart out
For the club he's helped to enrich

Standing down at fullback
Is custodian HANLEY MICK
He plays them close, he plays them hard
For they rarely get a kick

Near at hand is DIPPER
The ever reliable Dip
Who meets them with hip and shoulder
Or is it shoulder and hip

To mind the resting rovers
A good back pocket's a must
RAZ did it to perfection
Repelling every thrust

So to round off that backline
They do it for a hobby
A couple of others spring to mind
And they are BEEBS and DOBBY

In the centre there is STIRLING
Roaming far and wide
Forever you'll find him running
To make his, the winning side

Two good interchange are essential
If the sides worth half a cracker
On that day we had our pair
And they were JIMMY and MACCA

Now as the game progressed
And the tally began to mount
A voice came out of the dugout
"They all count boys all count"

Yep that was good old Katie
Life member badge on display
Each point was a little bit closer
On the way to making his day

Spied Patron Jack among the crowd
The chief of old Springdell
Riding the bumps and taking the marks
And occasionally giving a yell

There are many sides to football
Our famous national game
Such as glory pain and sadness
And for some a touch of fame

If you were there at five o'clock Grandfinal afternoon
You'd have seen a side of football one rarely gets to see
Stitches boys all flocked around him
To share that moment of glee

There was joy and jubilation
As supporters gathered near
President Keg set the champagne a flow
To cap a successful year

But wait 'where's HOBBSY" was the cry
So he joined them in the throng
And they hugged him in the middle
While they sang the old club song

They felt for their little team mate
This was the least they could do
They knew that he was part of it
For it was his day too

As they broke up from that huddle
Emotion running high
One observed an occasional teardrop
And more than one misty eye

A touching moment in football
That was there for all to see
I hope you were there and able to share
In that moment of victory.

BOB HALL.