

MATCH REPORT



Bald Eagles vrs Baulkham Hills Redbacks.

DATE 8.5.2026

Charles McGlaughlin Park

The Bald Eagles' season opener was a familiar one — away to the Redbacks, just like last year. It was a cold night, but the players warmed up quickly, and with a couple of borrowed Redbacks we ran an 18-v-18 contest.

It was the tall Redback, Sticks, who kicked the first goal of the match. Fortunately for us, he was wearing a green Hornets top, so the six points went on our side of the ledger. Evan snapped our second goal and Brent drilled our third from around the 50m arc. The Redbacks were no pushovers. They had good numbers and moved the ball well, forcing our defence to stay switched on. Andy, Don, Brendan and Neil formed an effective last line, cutting off attacks and keeping things organised under pressure. Raiff had a nice pick up and step away from a defender. It was about 19-3 at quarter time, the Redbacks coming close with a kick for goal that bounced the wrong way.

Our midfield was working hard too with Ben throwing himself into tackles and setting the tone physically. Rob tackled hard but copped a shoulder to the nose that sent him to the changerooms to nurse it. There was a bit of claret about, which had him reminiscing about a similar incident years ago — that one courtesy of a cricket ball rearing up from a yorker length. It was getting hard to tell the Redbacks who were on our side, one looked like he'd stolen our socks. Robby kicked a goal as we tried to work it out.

Raiff and Toby were all over it bringing far too much energy for the Redbacks to handle. Neal, on debut, was getting plenty of the ball and set up a goal for Glenn. Glenn might agree it was a slightly messy finish — the Sherrin rolling off his shin from about a foot out — but a goal's a goal, and his second was an absolute cracker. The ball was skidding along the turf and, quick as a flash, Glenn soccered it through with his left boot. It was Messi-like, and you'd doubt the great Argentinian could've pulled it off with an oval ball.

Ben chimed in with a goal, as he always does and it was just reward for an excellent all round performance. Neal then kicked one himself, well-earned reward for a fine first-up appearance. Marc dominated the ruck, with Dan, Raiff, Ben and Toby feeding off his work. Rob was soon back on, while the other Rob, Andrew and Lawson were also cracking in and driving the ball forward.

The goals kept flowing as the Eagles stretched the lead. Brent added two more from distance, and then his fourth after setup play from Evan, Glenn and Neal. Glenn slotted another from an awesome set shot, and Evan chimed in with a further three of his own. One was courtesy of great build up play from Andy, Dan, Glenn, Neal and Toby. Evan's marking was a feature throughout the contest — at one point he rose like a salmon over the pack, grasped it cleanly, and went back to kick truly for six.

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Brendan foraged forward and snapped a delightful goal, bananaring it with his left. He modestly claimed it was plan B, but we're not buying that for a second — it was a brilliant bit of improvisation.

Old Potato Head didn't see much of the ball; he was too busy talking to himself, although he insisted he was dictating notes for the match report. He did manage one touch in the fourth: he gathered a bouncing ball with two Redbacks in hot pursuit, and as they closed in he flicked a reverse handpass that found Glenn at full tilt. He turned just in time to see Glenn slot his fourth with a kick on the run.

That was just about it, aside from a bit of a row near the end. No one really knew what sparked it, and it was forgotten the moment the final hooter sounded. The teams shook hands, posed for a photo, and then settled in for beers — and we use the term beers loosely, given we were chugging Great Northerns and XXXX, lagers not usually associated with club integrity. We'll stick with our Ekims, thanks!

Nobody knows the exact score, but the Eagles won by more than fifty points. It felt a bit closer in the third quarter when the Redbacks made a decent push, but by the end of the evening it was footy that was the real winner.

