

Dear Members,

I was unable to be there last night to partake in the Bavarian spirit. Friends were sending me photos of some of the action, none of which were of the courts, only what was happening in the stands. Looked like the most fun ever had in the bleachers, and I missed it (Sad face emoji here). I will certainly not be absent tonight, and neither should you!

After hoping, and praying, and pleading, and waiting, Terry Folen FINALLY gets what she's been dreaming of all these years. It's Pajama Night! Put on your silk, your flannel, your cotton, your wool (it's itchy, but it'll keep you warm out there by Court 1), or any other material of choice that's not TOO see through and come on over and get a big plate of comfort food - Mac & Cheese from the 3.5 Ladies - and embed yourself courtside to for tonight's twilight viewing of big semis and no less than SIX Finals!

As usual, matches start at 5:00. Look for another Late Night Raffle before the encore match and see ALL of yesterday's results [HERE](#) and tonight's blockbuster line up [HERE](#).

Tomorrow is Final Finals Day! Matches Saturday start at 9:30 am and go non-stop to conclusion through the night. Saturday night's meal is Sweet Basil Thai! So get some rest today and get ready for the grand finale weekend. It's gonna be fun!

And now, what I've been waiting for all morning, to hear what I missed, is Adam Rothert with last night's recap.

See you tonight! You snooze, you lose.
Ron

Day 11 Review

Hello,

Thursday night at the Irvington Club was German Night! There were lederhosen, jaunty caps, wieners, sausages, beef sticks, balls, nuts, and chocolate ice cream. I would have many jokes here but sexual innuendo is expressly forbidden in these recaps so I'm going to move along with no other references to the night's theme. That's a little thing called being a responsible adult that follows orders.

Oh, I almost forgot, if you don't like your results teased out, I've got just the tip for you - Hit up [Tournament Central](#) and you'll find it's like you've waved a magic wand and eliminated all the annoying parts of this recap while getting straight to the hard and fast details. This will allow you to stay on top of the results and to experience the pleasure of finding out which of your friends are winners and which failed to leave the club satisfied. If you find you're still feeling a little empty after that just come back here and I'll see if I can't fill those holes for you.

Brian Phillips once wrote that tennis “is essentially boxing for beautiful cowards.” I’ve always loved that description and our 5pm matches really helped to showcase it. The 4.0 final between Sherry Rogers and Kathleen Windish featured two women who were studying one another, faking, feinting, searching for any potential weakness in the other’s defense. When they thought they sensed an opening they unleashed with furious groundstrokes and delicate volleys. Those in the crowd that were well educated in the sport appreciated that these women’s excellent footwork was what allowed for their creativity to really shine through. Eventually Windish started finding a few more openings and squeaked out the title win 6-4, 6-3.

Down on court three Steven Wilker and Gregory Gonzalez were also doing their best to live up to that description. And in their own special way they did. I mean, sure, you need a fairly liberal interpretation of “beautiful” but I can see how you’d get there. And by “boxing” you’d have to be willing to swap out the sweet science for something that more closely resembled a tough man brawl at your local armory. Subtlety is neither of these men’s strong suit. They essentially stood toe to toe and took turns throwing haymakers at each other. In the end only one man was left standing as Wilker rolled into the final with a 4 & 4 win. Hopefully, Randy Boose remembers his mouthguard for the match this evening.

Court two maintained our boxing theme as it reminded us all what happens when you have a full grown adult compete against a literal child. Kira Capen slapped around poor Maria Quisling 6-2, 6-1 in a lopsided affair that made everyone watching feel sort of bad, especially if we kind of enjoyed it. Now that I’m typing it out I’m starting to regret using this whole boxing theme. Don’t worry, I’m certain it’ll pick back up after this.

Court four was like a boxing match where four people are in the ring at once and they’re working as teams to try and you alter the rules so that... okay, you’re right. I’m bailing on this metaphor right now. This doubles match served as the finals for the 2.5 division. Susan Crabtree and Sarah Geenen struggled a bit with Sarie Crothers and Irene Gilbertson at first before rattling off nine straight games to take the 2.5 Women’s title 7-5, 6-0. After the match Susan was quoted as saying, “We should have destroyed them.” Granted, as a journalist, I absolutely baited this quote out of Susan and I have taken it completely out of context to make it look as bad as possible. That said, I stand by its accuracy.

Our 6:30 slate featured the finals of the Mary Moreland Invitational as Mary Moreland and Amy Alpern took on the Washington Generals Cristobal Valverde and Walter Seidel. Mary came out a little slow as her serve didn’t quite have the juice it has in years past. Walter, sensing weakness in his longtime rival and desperate to eliminate that glaring “0” in his win column, blasted a return that missed Mary’s eye by only about an inch. While most players would be apologetic in such a situation, Walter and Cris instead launched into an elaborately choreographed dance celebration that included what I believe was a tribute to OJ Simpson, although I couldn’t be certain. It was easily the most disgustingly over the top celebration I’ve seen on a tennis court, especially considering that it only made the score 40-15 for Mary and Amy. To their credit, Mary and Amy are professionals who took it in stride and then calmly dispatched the bungling duo of Walter and Cris with a tasty double bagel. As he left the court Walter was muttering something that can’t be repeated in a family publication. Hopefully with a

little more practice and dedication to his craft he'll be able to come back with a stronger showing next year.

Court four at 6:30 pm saw Allan Warman and Ian Rogers competing with Brad Arntson and Brad Mathewson, aka Team Brad, aka The Bro-fessionals, aka Bro-Down Party Town. I was absolutely delighted when the first game of the match included one of the Brads celebrating a point by doing a leaping fist pump, a la [Michael Jordan after hitting that jumper over Craig Ehlo in game five in 1989](#). I don't actually know Team Brad but I assume the rest of the match featured them bro-ing it up as much as possible and then, after their 3-6, 6-3, 10-5 win, they broke out the beer bong and funneled a crapload of Natty Ice into their systems. I feel bad for whatever sorority sisters they ran into during their all-night celebration.

Court three confused me a great deal as Stacey Burkhardt and Renee Schwartz took on Marianne Dwyer and Theresa "Traci Laurent" Darling. My official schedule had this as a 9:30pm match but there they were at 6:30pm, taking an open court and getting down to business. I have no idea if it was authorized or not but we couldn't find anyone in the building that was willing to tell these ladies "no". As such, Dwyer and Darling pulled out an amazing 2-6, 7-6, 10-7 victory and still had time to grab dinner and a drink before the 8pm matches got into full swing. Congratulations on several levels.

The featured match at 6:30 pm was number one seed Kathy Rogers and Susan Hope taking on number four seed Michelle Boucher and Kelly Norling. I believe I'm contractually obligated to comment on at least one set of outfits and this is the place to do that. All four of these women were wearing black tops with white skirts. There. I did it. Are you happy now, several people who made "jokes" about this in the stands? Or can we all admit that this was an unnecessary diversion? Anyway, this was listed as a 3.0 match but there's no way that's possible. These women were STEADY. Points didn't last less than seven shots. Granted, that meant that the overall pace of the match was... let's say deliberate. But my goodness, they just all refused to miss. Eventually Rogers and Hope proved why they were deserving of their seeding, winning the match 7-5, 6-2.

Our final 6:30 pm match included fellow recapper Chris "Ashleigh's Husband" Kayser, who earlier in the day requested that my focus on him be "sexually explicit". I assumed that he was making some sort of strange joke that I didn't really understand but then he showed up in a small, tight pair of shorts that kept riding up above his beefy mid-thigh. Was that an intentional move to get me to focus on them? Or once he tossed on the headband were they simply required to complete his "1972 third-string ABA point guard" look? We may never know. What I do know is that his partner (Paul Burkhardt) and opponents (Willis Boyer and Keith Zawadzki) came to play tennis. Also, Keith's wife came to enthusiastically support her husband and Willis's ex-wife came to ... well, she was there. Facing the 3.0 division's number one seed, Keith and Willis looked like they might be swallowed up by the moment early on. Then something started clicking for Willis who started rising up and seemingly swinging down on his backhands, putting unrelenting pressure on Burkhardt and Kayser. These teams traded breaks over the last three games of the first set, sending it to a tiebreaker. After some mild confusion over how basic addition works Keith and Willis pulled out the first set. The second set saw more

of the same. Or at least I think it did. Between Michelle Zawadzki living and dying with each swing of the racquet and Chris flashing those rippling quads the details got a little hazy for me. In the end Keith and Willis pulled off the major upset and move on to face Amir Tadjedin and John Windish in the finals tonight.

Now it's time for a little segment I like to call, Irvington's Talking Drugs. What follows are anonymous quotes overheard in the stands, presented without comment. "Wait, do you get high and just stare at yourself in the mirror?" "Oh, I'm never moving up a level. I smoke too much and do too many drugs for that." "If I have to keep my kid's stash full I might as well do some, too." As 8pm rolled around it was time for hot 55+ 7.0 consolation doubles action as Harrison Latto and Bob Grenzer faced off against James Taylor and Tod "I'm not even going to wear the headband so maybe you'll actually talk about my match instead of my choice of accessories" Breslau. Well the jokes on you, Tod, because I have no idea what happened in this match and now I don't even have super lazy fashion jokes to fall back on. The official media report shows that Breslau and Taylor took this one 6-3, 6-2.

We also got some 55+ 8.0 action as a semi-final took place with Mary Ann Seeger and Linda Paulk against Donna Roisom and Mary "Sharon Loomis-Malin" Logsdon. Sharon came down with a mysterious injury called "matchup-itis" that allowed her to upgrade from herself to Logsdon. These sub rules are loose. At some point we're going to have Fabulous Freebirds style three person doubles champion crowned. Not that it really mattered in this case. This match came down to lobs and drop shots from Donna and Mary Ann. Both teams played at least one player back 80% of the time. There was no reason to approach because you were just going to end up running down a lob again anyway. This match was extremely close and I believe the third set tiebreaker took close to twenty-five minutes to play. In the end Donna and Mary moved on to the finals with a 6-7, 6-1, 10-5 victory.

People often ask me, "Adam, what's it like to be best friends with Mike Tammen?" Let me just tell you, most of the time it's pretty great. He's super supportive of everything that I do. Just a few weeks ago he came out to watch my 8.0 doubles match. Sure, he wasn't there until an hour and a half after it was over and he just headed directly to the weight room without really saying anything to me because he probably felt bad about being late but I appreciated it anyway. Just two good buddies, hanging out on a weekend, supporting one another, you know? But sometimes it's rough because I'm stuck in the stands, watching him battle it out on the tennis court and there's nothing I can do for him other than projecting positive thoughts into the universe and being there in case he needs to make reassuring eye contact with someone who will always have his back. Last night was one of those rough times.

Mike Tammen took the court alongside Alex "Not Mike's Best Friend" Emerson against the Walter Seidel and Cristobal Valverde. Cris and Walter had only had about an hour and a half to recover from their embarrassing performance against Mary Moreland. They had apparently spent that time bathing in Icey Hot and stewing because they came out loose and angry. They sent an early message by breaking Mike in the opening game of the match. Alex and Mike would battle back and earn opportunities here and there but it seemed like every time they'd build some momentum Cris and Walter would find a way to bring them crashing back down to

earth. Cris played with an intensity that I've rarely seen out of him, blasting returns and crashing the net hard. Walter was playing his typical highly physical game, covering a ton of court and whipping his racquet head through on almost every shot. In the end the relentless assault just proved to be too much for Alex and Mike as they fell 6-4, 7-5.

As Mike packed up his gear and headed off the court I went down to give him a big hug and let him know that everything was going to be okay. With the packed house emptying out he didn't see me coming so it didn't actually happen but he probably felt my energy helping to restore him. If you saw his eyes in those moments you knew that he had already moved on and was focused on tonight's singles match against Walter in the Open final. And that's really a great lesson for us fans as well. We've only got a few hours left to make sure we rest up and focus on this final push of the tournament. This evening is packed with final and semi-final action. More champions will be crowned, kegs will be killed, and a great time will be had by all. I hope to see you all there.

Adam Rothert