

Dear Members,

We made it! It's Finals Day! Nice job pacing yourselves everyone. We're ready for primetime. We will expect no less than a sellout this nighttime. There are 15 Consolation Finals nestled around 13 Main Draw Finals quietly commencing this morning and building up to sheer bedlam tonight!

Check out the line up [HERE](#) and all of yesterday's results [HERE](#). Matches are going on right now!

Here's a big warm snuggly thank you to the wonderful waddle (that's what you call a group of penguins) of flannel clad 4.0 Ladies (not 3.5, my bad) for the delicious and comforting Mac & Cheese Pajama Night meal. That's the spirit, y'all!

Tonight's meal is Sweet Basil Thai! What a way to top off two weeks of effortless eating right here at the Irvington Diner. Get it while it's hot (or medium or mild.) It will go fast!

Also, tonight's final raffle features The Folen's Beach House! Get one more ticket in the jar to boost your odds. Need not be present to win, but you should be anyway!

And now, for your lazy rainy Saturday reading pleasure, here is Friday night's recap from Keith Johnson.

See you tonight!

- Ron

Friday Recap:

Showing up at the club last night I wasn't sure if it was Friday night or some kind of Lewis Carol outtake. Everyone was walking around in Penguin PJs eating mac and cheese. Cheering was emanating from the courts. Alex was serving up beers with that smug Cheshire Cat smile on his face that says, "I'm younger than you, nicer than you, and doggone it, I can also kick your ass on the tennis court".

I had an excuse to spend another night in the stands consuming cold beverages and watching - not playing - tennis. Two actually. One is that I was your intrepid reporter last night, and my small but dedicated fan base expects witty and thorough reporting (by the way, if I miss making the right description or catching the right amount of detail of your match, please tweet your comments to #someonehastodosomethingaboutthatjohnson, or alternately #iwanttobeawriternextyear). My second reason is that my not-so-trusty hamstring gave out early this week while chasing down Randy "my headband is for real" Boose's 57th lob of the second set. Have I told you I love chasing down lobs?

So I was amused to sit down next to Lainie Wilker to watch the tail end of her husband Steve's 4.0 singles match against Randy. Andre Agassi once said: "Only boxers can understand the

loneliness of tennis.” Steve may not know it (actually he probably does), but he had Lainie in his corner, mumbling advice to no one, not wanting to jinx Steve, who was pounding his way to a 6-4, 6-3 victory over Randy for the title. This was a victory of force over subtlety. Both opponents played well.

Also at 5 was the doubles match of Lux/“Jammy Jamie” Fenner vs. Bob Ornstein/Fink. This was a match you’d expect - beautiful shots, big strokes, and blazing serves. After a close first set, Tom and Jammy stepped on the gas, winning 7-6, 6-2 on a final Fenner foolproof poach. Also at 5 was Kristin Butler, a fellow lefty, playing Kathy Rogers in the 3.0 final. These ladies played a wonderful match with some big shots, Kathy coming into close points down, Kristin steady. Kristin eventually came out on top as the bracket champ, 6-4, 6-4.

The 6:30 matches were initiated by a tribute to Linda Paulk’s PJs. A conga line of penguin PJ-wearing ladies poured out of the lobby onto court one. It was at this time that I realized I was not wearing PJ’s, and that I wished I were. And that I was clearly not at the MAC club. Perhaps this is the spot in the write up where I talk about clothes? But at 6:30, absolutely no one matched anyone else. Not a one. Again, clearly not at the MAC. Of course I will describe court 1, where Walter and Mike used a total of 4 balls to warm up. Seriously, the choreography of two amazing players warming up is at times more amazing than the match. This match was amazing, until it wasn’t. It was Mike’s precise, deep shots and drop shots vs. Walter’s angles, and passing shots. Apparently Walter broke a rule on beating Mike, according to Adam Rothert: don’t approach on a cross court. Adam would know because he’s real close to Mike, but would never want to beat him because he doesn’t want to make Mike feel insecure, or threatened. Despite this, Walter took a very close first set. I actually saw Mike double fault. The first set was shaping up well until Mike retired with a slightly put-out hamstring. Come on, Mike, you should go down in a fleshy, loud heap on the ground like me! You’d think he was playing Davis Cup next week or something. Jeez.

Court 2 was the mother and daughter reunion. The Jacobs vs. Fox/Krauel. This match featured doubles advice that I was not aware of - “never be closing”. Despite the relentless baselining, Rebecca was a machine, and never misses. She and daughter Isabella tool control early, winning 6-2, 6-3. Court 3 featured long-time tennis comrades Jim “the Langer” Lang and Dave “DEEP!” Brown vs. Steve “the” Darling and Jonathan “PJ” Harms. These guys had a real battle, with fantastic points. Although Steve and PJ won 6-2, 6-3, this was a real battle, almost 2 hours. Nice match guys! Lastly on Court 4, Lori Vranizan and Barb Ferre took on Erin Rothrock and Dianne Miller. This was another battle, which I’ll be honest, I didn’t see much of. But it looked awesome. Maybe we’ll install a Court 4 spyglass that we can see court 4 with. Full disclosure: about this time, the Pilsner keg blew and was replaced with Fort George Vortex IPA. So my recollection got fuzzy. I remember going upstairs where innuendo began in the crowd but we aren’t talking about that. Here’s what I recall - on Court 1: Lisa Lynch and Donna Roissom took on Allison and Lainie. This was a chess match of long and beautiful points, interrupted occasionally by Lainie’s “Mjolnir-esque” overhead smashes. We were on the edge of our seats all the way through the third set TB, where Donna and Lisa pulled it out 10-8. Court two featured the men’s “so-called 3.0” finals. This was the best men’s 3.0 tennis I’ve seen. And the tallest. Apparently you had to be over 6’1” to qualify. Boyer/Zawadzki defeated

Windish/Tadjedin in another 10-8 third setter. HUGE shots. Well done. Court 4 featured again Steve Wilker and John "Keith" Popplewell (he subbed for me) vs. Gonzo Gonzales and Peter Brown. Lots of big baseline shots by players also following the "never be closing" advice I recently learned about. Some of them went in, with devastating effects. But Steve and Obi Wan John, winning a close first set, rolled in the second to advance to the 4.0 final today.

The last match, which started on 3 but moved to 1, was Maddog Karpinski and Trish Vawter vs. Tara Hendrickson and Jan Rothert. This was the match of the night. Maddie and Trish won the early set, perhaps reliving their Nationals fame (congrats on that, ladies), but then here came Jan and Tara. Jan, who normally spends half the tournament on the courts, was determined to go the distance. The points became mini-games in themselves. Amazing tennis to watch, and we were all glued, as Tara and Jan finally pulled it out in the 3rd set, 10-6. WOW! And that's all the news that's fit to print! Come on down today for the blockbuster finales!

Keith