



Vol 29 No 3

The Senior Athlete

The Senior Athlete
July 2, 2020

Something missing this spring



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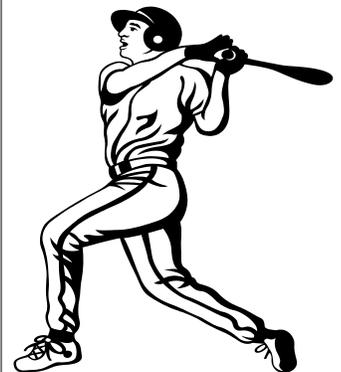
Dates to Remember depending on Montgomery County reopening policy:

- * **July 13** MCSSA All-Star games.
- * **July 14** 23rd annual Bill Tait Invitational softball tournament.
- * **Sep. 1** Fall softball begins.
- * **Sep. 12-13** Maryland Senior Olympic softball tournament at Olney Manor Park
- * **Nov. 6** MCSSA annual party at a location to be determined

As you know, the spring softball season was cancelled and the basketball season was also cut short because of the nationwide pandemic. So what does the future hold for us? We are following the Montgomery County Executive's leadership and await the announcement of whether or when the facilities will reopen. We are hoping that maybe we can run fall leagues if the hold on fields is lifted.

In these unprecedented times, MCSSA strives to protect the integrity of the game of softball and other MCSSA sports while also providing a safe environment for all involved. MCSSA will continue our mission to develop, administer and promote sports for seniors and to provide opportunities for participation and the best possible experience for those involved. It comes as no surprise that the current coronavirus (also known as "COVID-19") pandemic has changed the way softball will be played for the foreseeable future.

The big "IF" question is when the fields will reopen for play. Rest assured that the league commissioners have plans for each of the leagues. The John X. Supinski, Jr. league on Monday mornings and the Co-Rec league on Wednesday mornings have decided to wait until the fall season. The Ross Emerson league, that plays on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, is thinking about an extended Fall league. The Night leagues are at the mercy of the Recreation Department. If and when something breaks you will be notified by your team managers through the league commissioners.





From the Editor's Desk:

As of this date the Maryland Senior Olympics softball competition will be held from 12-13 September 2020 at Olney Manor Park, depending on when Montgomery County reopens.

* * * * *

We don't know if this will happen, but the Parks and Planning Commission usually posts notice that softball fields will be closed for maintenance from 16 to 31 August. As a result, the Recreation Department may be forced to compress the season for nighttime leagues once again to just five weeks (ten games) instead of the usual seven weeks (fourteen games).

* * * * *

MCSSA's annual awards banquet will be held at Clubhouse number 1 at Leisure World on Friday, November 6, 2020. Nomination forms for the Newbury Award and the "Spike" Comeback Kid Award are available on Page 5.

* * * * *

It looks like there will be no MCSSA Tait Tournament nor any All Star games this year.

* * * * *

Now that I have announced my retirement as President of MCSSA at the end of his year, the Board of Directors are now accepting nominations for that position.

FALL BALL

The fall softball season begins tentatively September 1, 2020 for the Ross Emerson 60+ (Tuesday and Thursday mornings) and the CoRec league (Wednesday mornings), with John Supinski (Monday and Friday mornings) beginning September 9.

Evening leagues will tentatively begin on September 1, 2020.

Registration forms for the draft Leagues can be found on Page 6 of this publication. Other night leagues register through the county recreation offices.

MCSSA Board of Directors

Office

Incumbents

President	Jim Ganz
Vice-President	Don Juran
Secretary	Dan Mann
Treasurer	Lance Hoboy

Other Board Members

League Commissioners

Women's Masters	Carmen Campbell
John X. Supinski, Jr.	Ed Guillette
60+ Ross Emerson League	Jacky Loube
Co-Rec Wednesday Morning	Don Juran
50+ Tuesday Night	Paul Jarosinski
60+ Wednesday Night	Stu Levy
55+ Thursday Night	Bill Madert
50+ Ron Schell Draft League	Dave Hyder
Basketball	Jacky Loube

Program Coordinators

Volleyball	Shane Wu
Senior Olympics	David Schardt
Internet Advisor	David Schardt

The entire MCSSA family would like to express our condolences to the families of our recently departed:

Sam Milwit
Dec 1939—May 2020

Glenn Doerrman
Apr 1940—May 2020

Pete Dunkel
Feb 1944—May 2020

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MCSSA
14320 Fairdale Road
Silver Spring, Maryland 20905



Personality Profiles of the recently departed

Glenn Doerrman

by Don Juran

Glenn Doerrman died on May 17 at age 80 from a combination of COVID-19, kidney ailments and cancer. He played for the CoStars in the Wednesday morning co-rec league for a number of years, mostly sharing pitching with Dick Austing.

Glenn began his final season in 2012. Back then the league had six teams, and the way it worked was that the CoStars faced the other two Division B teams in single games on Opening Day. Dick Austing couldn't be there, so Glenn pitched both games. He was in pain from an abdominal tumor and struggled with his control, but he pitched through it, and we won both games to give us a division lead we never relinquished. Glenn wasn't a high-percentage hitter, but that day he delivered three clutch hits in six trips.

Those were Glenn's final games. A few days later he had surgery to remove the tumor, which was the size of a women's softball. He was unable to return that season or thereafter.

Thus Glenn ended his career in a blaze of glory. He bravely battled multiple health challenges for the next eight years. May we all be as courageous.

Glenn was one of the nicest people I ever met, a consummate team player, always hustling, always supportive and encouraging. As much as anyone I've ever shared a ball field with, Glenn represented the spirit of recreational senior softball.

Sam Milwit

by Richard Sherman

Sam, along with his twin brother Sandy, were old-time MCSSA veterans. "Old time" meaning that they played in the early days. Sam had been living in Florida for a number of years. He was in a nursing home because he was blind. He passed away because of Covid-19.

Pete Dunkel

By Dave Chapman

Though many of you have already know the sad news, this is to inform you that Pete Dunkel died on May 6 from brain cancer. Pete's tenure as a senior softball player in this area began in 1994, when he was selected to play for David Belkin's Stars of Yesterday team in the 50+ league played on Field 2 at Wheaton Regional Park Field #2, then the only Wheaton field with lights. Although I can't recall the exact dates, Pete also played for Stan Wilson's Rapid Permits Team in the 55+ League. Pete also played on other teams at the A Division level. Pete was a very dedicated player, hardly ever missing a game, and he was a very good team player, even though he would, on occasion, call out on a medium-loud voice from the outfield "you got to make that play." Overall, Pete was very well-liked by his teammates.

Pete was primarily a left fielder, though I recall that he also played other outfield positions. Pete was a very good player, both as a hitter and a fielder. I believe that Pete usually hit in the cleanup spot in the lineup. Also, he had a great arm, and that came in handy. One particular play he made was incredible. He was playing RC field at Wheaton 2. (Often Pete alternated LF and RC with Dick Shepherd.) Anyway, Pete threw out two players at 3rd base in one play. Our opponent had runners on 1st and 3rd with no outs or one out. The batter hit a single to RC. The runner on 1st decided that he could make it to 3rd base, but Pete gunned him down. Then the batter decided to advance to 2nd base, but our 3rd baseman threw wild trying to get the out at 2nd base. The runner then decided that he could then make it to 3rd base. But Pete was backing up the throw and he fired another strike to 3rd base for his second out on that one play.



An excerpt from *An Astoria Kid Makes Good*, an autobiography by Florian Michael Sisavic.

(Printed with permission from the Author, by Don Juran)

My father abandoned me when I was five years old and I had suppressed my feelings about him until a visit to the Field of Dreams in 2005 when I was 66.

I choke up with the mention of Kevin Costner's film *Field of Dreams* and could fill a small pond with the waterworks I've shed while watching Ray Kinsella play catch with the reincarnated father he never really knew. So I jumped at the chance to visit the movie set for *Field of Dreams* when I was in the neighborhood.

My 65+ softball team played in the Senior Softball World Series in Des Moines, Iowa. Our games ended early one day, giving Coach Bill and Nancy Winter and me the time to drive the three hours to Dyersville to see the baseball field memorialized in Costner's classic 1989 film.

Just like in the film, the field was in the middle of nowhere and could be seen from miles away in the flat Midwest lowlands. We approached it on the same road that the hundreds of cars used in the scene that vindicated Costner's dream: "If you build it, they will come." We were coming, too.

We parked along the third-base side of the baseball field and I walked toward the sun-soaked field in slow motion. I wanted to take it all in and didn't want to miss the warmth of the hot summer sun or a single blade of grass. I began to sense the emotions building and let them flow. I knew the whole experience was going to be tough for me, but I wanted to *feel* it all.

When we got to the field, it was as if I had walked onto the set of the film—it was perfect. The white farmhouse, swings and all, was there along the first-base side just as it should have been. The tall cornstalks surrounded the outfield. The grass smelled so green, it was unmistakably a baseball field. The bright sun made the farmhouse whiter, the grass greener, and the deep-blue sky bluer. And the baseball diamond was exactly the same as those in thousands of places throughout America—perfectly typical.

About 20 people were on the field—mostly boys, fathers, and grandfathers with some girls and mothers. A few worn wooden bats lay on the ground near home plate and ragged baseball gloves were on the ground in the infield and outfield. Adults and children were hitting, throwing, and catching several baseballs. I watched for a while with Bill and listened to the crack of the bats and the slaps of the balls as each one hit a leather glove squarely.

But mostly, I noticed the silence. There was little talking except for the occasional "Come on, batta, batta, batta." Everyone seemed to know what he or she wanted to get from those few solemn minutes. A father pitched to his son and then the son pitched to his father. The father and son moved to the outfield and let others pitch and hit. Some players ran the bases, reliving a personal home run thrill or acting out a game-winning Jackie Robinson in-the-park homer.

Nothing was organized, and at the same time everything was totally organized. No one kept score or counted outs. We were all on the same team and we took our turns when it seemed naturally right. Bill and I looked at each other and we just *knew* it was our turn. I took the mound and lobbed a few balls in Bill's direction at home plate and he smashed every one. Then we switched positions. I grabbed a bat, knocked the clay out of my sneakers, stood in the batter's box, and waited for Whitey Ford's fastball. It was a bit of a miracle that I even saw the ball through the tears but I made good contact a couple of times.

Before we left the diamond, Bill and I played catch at the exact place where Ray Kinsella and his dad played. I know I'm not the only one who has had the emotional flood of this experience, but I shook so hard that I was barely able to throw the ball twenty feet. We stopped playing catch and I went off to be alone.

I walked into foul territory behind third base and sat down on the grass just as I remembered—or imagined—I had when I was about four years old in Central Park with my father. I waited and looked for a third

(Continued on Page 7)



Nomination Form
8th Annual
“Spike” Comeback Kid Award

I would like to nominate _____

List in detail the factors that should be considered for presentation of this award (on a separate sheet of paper).

The award committee will evaluate the nominations, for either man or woman, based on the data submitted justifying your candidate's accomplishments.

Richard Sherman will chair the committee and submissions can be made either by U.S Mail addressed to Richard Sherman, 15403 Wentbridge Court, Silver Spring, MD 20906 or by email to rgsappraising@verizon.net.

Abbreviated Nomination Form
16th Annual
William E. (Bill) Newbury Memorial Award

I would like to Nominate _____

List in detail why your nominee's contributions should be considered for this award (*The more information you can provide, the better*):

All nominations must be received by Tuesday, October 9, 2019

To submit a nomination, simply send by e-mail to one (or all) of the following committee members:

Ed Guillette —gamboa33@verizon.net
 Don Juran—drj5@cornell.edu
 Jim Ehrenfried—jimpam678@aol.com

Or, send through the U.S. Postal Service to:

John Elsbree
 10401 Grosvenor Place #504
 North Bethesda MD 20852
 ahejle@gmail.com



So Tony, have you heard this one?



At IHOP after indoor practice.

REGISTRATION FORM FOR THE FALL DRAFT LEAGUES

Please indicate which 2020 Fall League (s) you wish to play in and enclose the proper amount as indicated below. Make check payable to MCSSA. **Deadline: August 1, 2020 (If you registered for the Spring Leagues you do not need to pay for the Fall leagues)**

I want to play in the Super Senior Draft League on Monday and Wednesday Mornings (\$40.00) \$ _____

I want to play in the 60+ Ross Emerson Morning League (\$100.00) \$ _____

I want to play in the 50+ Ron Schell Draft League on Friday Nights (\$75.00) \$ _____

Include \$10.00 for Annual MCSSA membership if not already paid (\$10.00) \$ _____

Optional: Donation to MCSSA to further the goals of MCSSA \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT DUE \$ _____

I would prefer to receive my newsletter by email instead of by USPS YES NO

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____ Date of Birth: _____

E-mail address _____ Emer contact: _____ Phone: _____

The participant assumes all risks associated with participation in the above activities. MCSSA assumes no liability for injury or damages arising from participation in these activities. Due to the strenuous nature of some activities, MCSSA encourages each participant to consult his or her physician concerning fitness to participate in the program. The participant consents to emergency treatment.

Signature _____

Mail this form with a check for the TOTAL AMOUNT DUE made out to MCSSA to:
MCSSA - 14320 Fairdale Road - Silver Spring MD 20905



(Continued from Page 4)

baseman, a total stranger, to throw his glove over to little Butchie, as my father had done 60-plus years previously, but of course it didn't happen.

Bill and Nancy went into the souvenir shop, the only distraction from the dream part of the experience, and I strolled toward the cornfield past center field, smudging the tears across my face with my sleeve. Although I knew my father would not be anywhere near the field, I still tried to imagine meeting him again. *What would he think of me? What would he say? What would I say?*

Of course, no one came out of the cornfield. I walked into the tall stalks alone and looked in all directions, hoping for a sign from who knows where or of who knows what. I found myself in the middle of the stalks and couldn't hear a sound or see anything but corn. I knew it was impossible but since no one could see or hear me, I whispered, "Steve?" and then, "Father?" Not surprisingly there was no response.

But then there was a rustle as the cornstalks opened and a man in his early forties walked toward me from the field. The tears were thick and I couldn't focus. I wiped them away and squinted until the man became clear.

"Hi. You doin' okay, old-timer?" I couldn't answer. "You don't look so hot—is there something wrong?" I nodded slightly to indicate I was okay. "I noticed you stopped playing catch out there and you started to get emotional and when you walked into the cornfields and didn't come out, I got worried. You okay?"

I said, while sniveling through the words, "Thanks I'm okay just reliving some things."

"Yeh me too," he said with a snuffle.

As we walked through the cornfield and toward the baseball field, the younger man tried to console me. "I watched you out there and you're a pretty good player for your age." I knew he meant well but I lost it and walked out of the cornfield with tears dripping on my sneakers.

So in the summer of 2005 at age 66, I finally came to grips with the reality that I had indeed missed something by being raised without a father. I wasn't sure what it was that I missed—and I still might not know—but the deep sorrow I felt in that cornfield was too painful for me to continue my unconscious charade that had always said, "Nah, I didn't miss him."



Len Novick



Ed Pfister

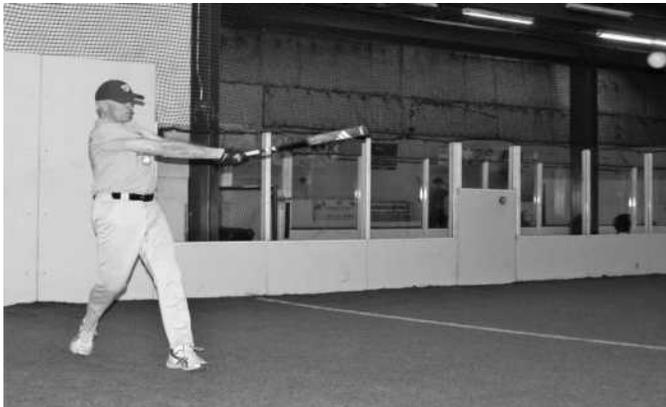


Top: John Wilmeth/Bottom Dick Shepherd



Top Mike Newton/Bottom Jack Chomko

INDOOR SOFTBALL



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