

The Sporting Life

On the Great Lawn in New York City's Central Park, on a lovely, slightly overcast summer Sunday, the U of C alumni softball team gathered to face off against the University of North Carolina and Vassar in a thrilling game of high-stakes softball. Reggie Ambatchew, AB'88, organized the game.



Well, a lot of people are on vacation at this point, and then there was the blackout, so I'm not sure who got the e-mail. We're not really sure who's going to show up.

So maybe it wasn't so high-stakes. In the end, neither side had enough players to comfortably field a team, so they joined up and invited another shorthanded group to play against them.

OK, we don't have enough folks, so we're just going to have a pickup game. I said to them, "Hey, we're really terrible," and they said, "No, we're really terrible," and so, you know, it should work.



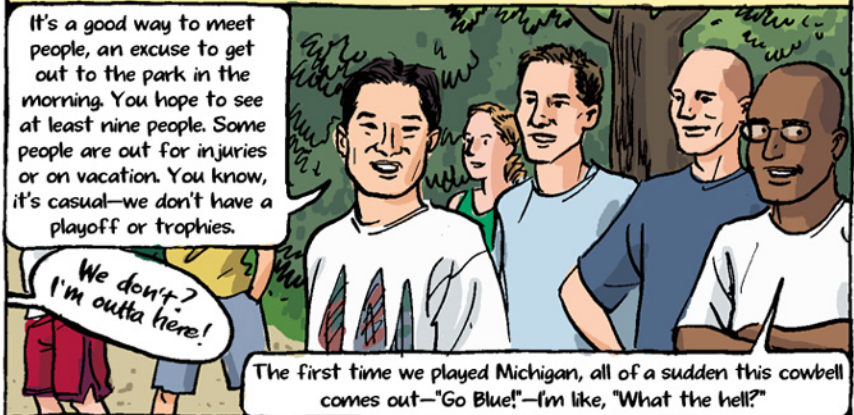
Hi, I'm Norbert. And you are? Hi, I'm Norbert.

Clark Spurrier, MBA'91, brought his son Ian.



This is my first year on the U of C team. I coach my sons' baseball and soccer. I used to play baseball in college, but from my MBA on I've been working just really long hours. This is a way to balance my life a little. My father played semipro fast pitch, and I remember going to the games—I really enjoyed it. So I bring my sons, and they come and climb trees, climb the backstop, and it's a lot of fun for them.

Regulars Joseph Yun, AB'88, Doug Osterman (who went to Wash U but has been adopted as a team member), and Dan Dobbins, AB'84, await their turns at bat with Reggie.

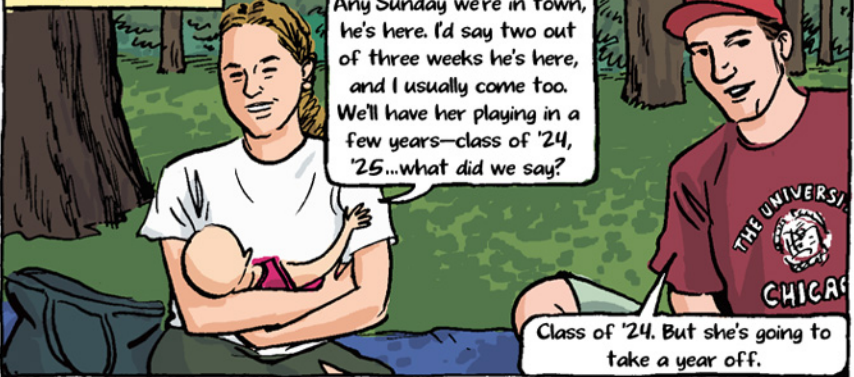


It's a good way to meet people, an excuse to get out to the park in the morning. You hope to see at least nine people. Some people are out for injuries or on vacation. You know, it's casual—we don't have a playoff or trophies.

We don't? I'm outta here!

The first time we played Michigan, all of a sudden this cowbell comes out—"Go Blue!"—I'm like, "What the hell?"

Paul (JD'97) and Kim (JD'96) Niehaus come almost every week with their new daughter, Sawyer.



Any Sunday we're in town, he's here. I'd say two out of three weeks he's here, and I usually come too. We'll have her playing in a few years—class of '24, '25...what did we say?

Class of '24. But she's going to take a year off.