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## Memorandum

To: Trialists

Fr: Curtis Meinert

Re: Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio?

“Our nation turns its lonely eyes to you  
Woo, woo, woo  
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?  
Jolting Joe has left and gone away”

I am a Yankee fan, inherited from my father on the prairies of Minnesota.

He was a Yankee fan to the end, even after the Washington Senators migrated to Minnesota. Where you live has nothing to do with the team you pull for. I live in Baltimore with the Orioles but am solidly Yankee.

The official start of fall on the farm was when the World Series started. It started right after the regular season. No messing around with wild cards and five and seven game playoffs. It was before TV and night games. You stayed posted via radio with Mel Alan doing play by play.

I was the “runner” in my youth, updating my father, plowing, one farrow at a time, with a team of three horses and a string of gulls overhead watching for grubs.

I rarely watch games on TV and if I do, it is with the sound off. I do not need someone telling me what I can see with my own eyes. Most of my “watching” is via live graphic sites that display balls and strikes in real time.

I remember Don Larsen’s perfect game 5 (8 October 1956); 1956 World Series against the Brooklyn Dodgers and, unfortunately, Mariano Rivera’s game 7 of the 2001 World Series against the Arizona Diamondbacks giving up a walk off single to Luis Gonzalez.

A big game for me is baseball played in a stadium full of people. There is no crying in baseball (Tom Hanks in A League of Their Own) and there is no baseball without fans.

Alas, there is no joy in Mudville – mighty Casey has struck out.