I wish the Royal Bugsy, Kenny Smith, and Mike Dziekan would have been there. Vinnie Kev, the Baron’s sweeping pitch, and Mike Tirrell poking pitches around his eyes (slow bat, it seemed) were my knees just to let me know who was still the boss. Ah, Herb Kummer ripping those shots to right center, head down on the ball, Dave Tirrell poking them with that short, compact set of his, Kevin Rowland characteristically laying off the pitches around his eyes (slow bat, it seemed), the Baron’s sweeping pitch, Mike Dziekan, Vinnie Kev, Steve Eddie, Mike Roel, Bugsy, Kenny Smith, the Family Reunion. We wished the sun would never set, and that we could stay there forever, and play a million innings.

A bunch of us gathered at the Baron’s house in Wellesley afterward to eat some bitmore, sample his fine wines, and to relish every Beaver baseball story we could think of (including a rendition of the Benche Song). We didn’t break up until every last triumph was retold, every funny incident was replayed. The Baron will never forget the 1972 Harvard game when we had Loyal Park and his boys down 3-2 in the late innings, and lost 5-3 on our five errors and Dopfel’s tenth inning balk. There were the chicken coop dugouts at the Coast Guard and the time David Yasek’s honors impaired their left fielder on the fence. Or Chuck Holcomb’s move to first which made Pete Steinheger’s look like a right hander.

We all departed on this day, Sept. 14, much better men than we had been. All of us had retrieved something precious and wonderful from the dust of that baseball diamond on Briggs Field. When we think back on our MIT years, we do not choose to remember the endless grind of all-nighters, problem sets, and miles of drab grey marble and concrete. Our most deeply moving, humanizing, and fulfilling experiences were in the MIT baseball uniform, with Fran O’Brien leading us on to victory. To relive those experiences, for even one day, with that unique group of players and Coach O’Brien, was like being reborn. We will never forget it as long as we live.