

Hello!

In your hands (or much more likely: on your computer screen) is the 2014-2015 Army of Darkness Newsletter. We're hoping this newsletter helps current players, alumni, prospective students, and parents keep up with the 50-odd crew that hucked, bid, pillaged, and burned their way through this past year.

Before we get into a great recap of the season, we just wanted to give a special shout out to the amazing alumni and parent support we received this year. Thanks to increased alumni and parent backing, our squad was again able to attend a variety of tournaments around the country (including an absurd February trip to Indiana), and leave no man left behind in our annual trip to Georgia (er, Myrtle Beach). Trust me when I say, this season would simply not have been possible without such a great network of former soldiers and we couldn't be more grateful.

We hope this recap of our season provides a little window into the amazing times we had this past year, and gets you excited for the upcoming season. Please feel free to contact us if you would like to give us some input about the newsletter, or if you would like to talk about anything else related to ultimate, Amherst, Bill Stewart, team gear, etc.

Sincerely,  
Juleon Robinson '15  
Andrew Edelman '15  
Giacco Corsiglia '15  
Andrew Chang '16

## **The Fall**

The Army of Darkness went into the fall season ready to start building a championship-caliber team. The weekly A-side practice was always intense and high-level, and new Army players adjusted to the faster game with relative ease. For the first time in recent program memory, we decided to take onto A-side two freshmen (Nate Sacks and Fawzi Itani) who hadn't played before but had a lot of potential—in addition to two other freshmen (Jonathan Che, Zack Stern) who played for four years in high school and were game-ready from the start.

### *Dartmouth Scrimmages*

Thanks to Eric Steinbrook's friendship with Dartmouth captain Henry Frost, we were able to arrange a pair of scrimmages with Pain Train one weekend in the fall. Proud of all the work we had put in over the summer playing club and training, we were eager to test our team against a DI Nationals contender. Keeping fairly strict O- and D-lines to start building line chemistry, we battled hard the first game but eventually lost 15-11. After a quick lunch break at CVS, we scrimmaged again and came out on top 15-11! Dartmouth's O-line couldn't make our handler poaches pay, so we were able to clog their ho-stack's lanes all day and generate a lot of turns. D-line offense wasn't especially efficient at converting chances, but with stellar D it was able to get enough chances to get breaks. O-line was very chilly all day and played tough D on the occasional turn to keep us in the driver's seat. Some highlights: massive layout D against his bodily momentum from Zack, Fawzi throwing a no-look backhand for a break.

### *Purple Valley*

We were happy to be invited to Purple Valley at Williams, which gave us more looks at DI teams. Our very first game of the day was against Williams, whom we had been long eager to beat to make the case that they should go DIII. New Army players had a particularly strong showing, winning their matchups against Williams' rookies and helping us take the game something like 13-10. Williams star Jacob Blau made some big plays, however, including a massive sky over 5'5" D-line captain Owen Marschall. (Search "Jacob Blau" on Facebook and look at his profile pictures for evidence.) It was also John "Koko" Sataloff '15's first game back after a year off—a broken pinky had kept him out of previous fall tournaments—and no one was surprised when he got on the field and immediately started dump-swinging the disc aggressively.

We played Tufts next, an even tougher opponent and regular DI Nationals attendee. Tyler Chan was out, but they had Carter Thallon and a lot of their main handlers. We came out hot and fiery, anxious to prove ourselves against a tough team. We kept the game mostly on serve for the first half, thanks to some patented Eric Steinbrook deep cuts from the handler position for holds. We even got a break of our own on a big cross-field break OI backhand from Owen to Petey Suechting '15. However, things started to fall apart in the second half as O-line struggled to score

consistently. We were only going to keep up with them for so long, given their superior athleticism and disc skills, but we were proud of our effort in losing only 13-10. We finished the one-day tournament with some close losses to a Williams alumni team and the University of Vermont. A big highlight from the UVM game was Zack Stern getting a massive layout D on a huck, launching himself at a 45-degree angle to beat his opponent to the disc. (If you want to know exactly what it looked like, check out the last highlight of Dylan Freechild's Callahan video.)

### *Northeast Classic III*

Missing almost the entirety of starting O-line to an Amherst Dance thing (our main cross-train this year) on Saturday made for some unfortunate pool play losses to SUNY Albany and Hamilton, but we went into Sunday with a mostly full squad. It was cold and windy with a very consistent up-down wind aligned with the field, so each match was basically a "game to one break pair."

Our pre-quarters game against Central Connecticut State University was a fun one, as we knew a lot of those guys from playing club over the summer for Connecticut-based Night's Watch and Watchmen. They had some good players but were nowhere near as deep as Army. We beat them by a lot for such a windy game, using a classic Bill Stewart zone they couldn't get past. We held some grudges toward CCSU over the boys-clubby way they ran those club teams, so we got some nice revenge with the win. Kevin Hoogstraten '15 had the only nice upwind flick all day, bombing one almost the full field for a score.

Our quarterfinals matchup against Siena was also an opportunity for revenge, as they beat us at this tournament the previous year. Despite them getting an upwind score by insisting a disc that clearly bounced off the ground was "up," we rolled them by box-and-one-ing their only player who could throw overheads. He had an orange hat.

In the semis we had *yet another opportunity for revenge*, this time against Hamilton, who had beaten us pretty badly in pool play when we were missing O-line players Andrew Edelman, Juleon Robinson, Rainer Lempert, Pete Suechting, and others. We bolted out to a multiple-break-pair lead thanks to some excellent D-line upwind offense, and all we had to do was hold until hard cap. Allen Krieg '15 was playing out of his mind, making a couple near-horizontal toe-the-line grabs despite the fact that he never bids. But in the end, two of the Cohan frisbee suite's favorite sayings ended up coming to fruition: "you can't win 'em all," and "I'm not gonna say anything but you kinda blew it." O-line had been playing a lot of points and was successfully throwing a really aggressive zone to get the disc back on turnovers. But at a certain point, O-line ran out of gas, the cup couldn't keep running, and we allowed some soft upwind scores. Getting broken only confounded this problem, as O-line players chose to remain on the field to go for upwind holds and tired themselves out further. Hamilton very quickly overcame a two-break-pair deficit to win. Although we were

disappointed, we came away with a valuable lesson: we probably should smoke fewer bowls, and we should probably hit the gym.

## **The Spring**

### *Boyko Lifts*

Another Eric Steinbrook connection brought our team new opportunities; this time it was his relationship with the ***Varsity*** (whoa!) strength and conditioning coach Chris Boyko, whom Eric convinced to show us how to lift weights. The main things we learned from him were to wear clean shoes to the gym and to always keep your shoulder blades pinched back whenever doing basically anything. But in all seriousness, he was a huge help in designing efficient but complete workouts that could fit into our busy schedules. A lot of Army players really stuck with the workout plan all the way to regionals, even as the spring semester workload ramped up and thesis deadlines loomed.

### *DIII Midwestern Invite*

*Checks average weather in Marion, Indiana around late February. "Hey it's not so bad! I mean it'll be kind of cold but way warmer than Amherst, and what other big DIII tournaments are happening anyway? Let's submit a bid."*

Famous last words. This year's winter wasn't just bad in the northeast—it was bad everywhere. Maybe it's usually in the 30-50 range in Indiana around that time, but this year it was in the teens. Oh, and the bulk of the winter's snow still hadn't melted. But we went anyway because we were dying to play ultimate and because we have problems with priorities. Thanks to a generous donation from an alum, we had a private bus with a really awesome bus driver named Todd, causing several moms throughout the country to sleep better that weekend. The bus company's motto "Convenience, Luxury, Style" provided a more PC alternative to an old AoD cheer that explains why we play ultimate.

Army absolutely dominated in pool play with a squad of 13 guys, beating Missouri S&T 13-8, Trine 13-4, St. Olaf 13-9, and Cedarville (which qualified for nationals last year) 13-4. Our offense mostly relied on breaking the mark around, as hucks were difficult to complete with the strong wind and cold hands, while marks were flat-footed due to the snow and extreme layering, making them easily breakable. Another element of our offense that day was Allen Krieg '15 throwing dimes to Fawzi, including one huge cross-field high-release backhand all the way to the break-side. On defense, we primarily played a vintage Bill Stewart 1-3-3 that no team managed to figure out how to beat.

After some #NEstrong twitter banter with Brandeis in which we asked them on a date to the finals, we were excited for bracket play to try to make that dream a reality. But we were disappointed, as several more inches of fresh snow had already

hit the ground by the time we arrived at the fields Sunday morning. The tournament was cancelled, and Todd drove us for 18 hours or something straight back to Amherst, violating all sorts of commercial driving regulations but getting us there safe nonetheless.



### *DIII Easterns*

After enjoying the debauchery that is Thursday night of Georgia (Myrtle), and after getting some quality salmonella exposure thanks to Alex Titelbaum '16's 3 am



chicken special, Army got back to work with a Friday night showcase game under the lights to kick off DIII Easterns. AOD's opponent was Indiana Wesleyan, which was basically a one-man team of Travis Carpenter (Google him) and his band of merry misfits. They hopped out to a quick 4-1 lead, but we fought back with some smart zone play to take half 7-6. Our depth won out in the second half, and we took the game 13-8—but not before Travis ruined Ned Kleiner '16 and Kevin Hoogstraten '15's respective days with a posterizing sky. Ned would get his revenge by streaking deep in transition and catching the game-winning goal on a huck from Kevin Goldberg '17.



*It was brutal.*

Questionable scheduling left Army with five straight games on Saturday, starting with the toughest test of the day in SUNY-Fredonia. It was an efficient first half for both offenses, and our D-line failed to convert its break chances. Fredonia took half 7-6 and up a break, but we knew we could crack the game wide open if our D-line offense calmed down and trusted our system. We stacked the D-line to get a quick score out of half, and then Army started rolling for three more consecutive breaks. D-line turned up the intensity as a unit and outran some tired Fredonia cutters, punctuated by a massive Owen Marschall '15 layout D to redeem himself after a turn. O-line was automatic the rest of the way, and we capped the game off with a nice Kevin Goldberg '17 hammer to make the final score 13-9.

Up next was North Park, an eventual nationals qualifier with some speed and talent but not nearly enough depth or fitness to hang with Army (this would be a theme for the day). We figured out their zone pretty quickly in a game that really wasn't all that windy, and our zone reeled off break after break as we mixed lines. It was 7-3 at half, and we were up 10-4 before North Park finally responded and got a couple

breaks of their own. O-line shut the door after that with some smooth play and a big bid from Juleon Robinson '15 to save possession on the second-to-last point. We finished with a break to end it at 13-8 'Herst.

Our last three opponents weren't quite at the same level as the first two, and we ended up steamrolling Davidson (another eventual nationals qualifier), Wake Forest and RPI by the scores of 13-5, 13-5, and 13-3, respectively. Highlights included Eric Steinbrook '15's graceful layout grab of an Edelhammer™, Jonathan Che '18 playing garbage man to snag a deflected disc in the end zone, and RPI's all-rookie line marching it down the field to score on us (whoops). Our work done, we stretched, talked, and then adjourned to the hotel to eat 5,000 calories' worth of Chipotle and Carrabba's.

More questionable scheduling had us facing Elon in the quarters on Sunday after they took down Indiana Wesleyan in pre-quarters. This was the game of the tournament—Elon was an athletic and disciplined team. They spent the entire game in a junky zone designed to maximize throws and frustrate handlers, and the O-line responded with some incredibly chilly ultimate. Our veteran handler core of Eric Steinbrook '15, Andrew Edelman '15, and Giaco Corsiglia '15 showed patience in points that regularly went for over 30 throws, and our cutters picked their spots to get open for blades, hammers and deep shots. Petey Suechting '15 had the throw of the day: he beat his man on a break-side under so badly that he had time to launch an absolute dime of a backhand break huck to Juleon for a score.

The D-line had major issues with getting beat deep—with the notable exception of Hannes Buck '15 using his unreal closing speed to get a *massive* defensive catch-sky—but we buckled down for a first-half break to go into half up 7-6 and on serve. We opened the second half with a big break as Barrett King '17 got bookends, and we traded points until they broke back to tie it at 10s. The game got chippy fast, and they stole another break before we resumed trading. Soft cap blew at 12s, and Army came down on D for a 13-13 universe point that they took on a floaty flick that we just couldn't get to in time. In the end, we simply didn't generate enough defensive pressure to give ourselves a shot at winning.

Relegated to the fifth-place bracket, Army held its heads high in the huddle and talked about mental toughness before facing eventual nationals-semifinalist SUNY-Geneseo, who had just lost by one Middlebury. Each team held to start before Owen threw a looping break-side OI backhand (© Matt DeButts) to "DILF" Kevin for the first d-line break in what felt like forever. We held a few more times before we put a run together against a clearly demoralized Geneseo team to take half 8-4, with some nice work by young gunners JChe and Kevin Goldberg. Andrew Edelman had a humongous layout D to secure our first hold out of the break, and we didn't look back, winning 14-10. Petey played out of his mind, adding in a few nice assists to go along with his typical downfield dominance.

We finished up against Messiah, who had the nerve to wear black wooly mammoth jerseys against us. Forced to change out of our superior dinosaur jerseys, we sported our Sunday whites and proceeded to kick the shit out of them. It started 4-1 and ended up 15-8, with a lot of people doing a lot of cool stuff in between. Kevin Goldberg was hitting on his hucks, Allen was Freechild-ing his way into the end zone, and Bob Neel '14 was doing the thing where he never stops running. We mixed up the lines and everyone was clicking with the notable exception of Owen Marschall '15, who threw a really dep Callahan on game point and therefore let O-line close it out. Giaco showed off his Body by Boyko/track workout speed by cutting deep for maybe the first time ever, and Allen hit him with a big full-field backhand to end it.<sup>1</sup> #teamnosleep drove through the night to get to Amherst in time for class, while the rest of us, realizing that one day's worth of Monday classes is incredibly unimportant, took our time getting back. We totally deserved it.

### *Conferences*

Pool play of conferences went how it goes every year: beating up on teams with three guys who know how to throw a flick and enduring painful "it's coming back" jokes from our opponents, who were already resigned to their fate. We did our best to play disciplined, real ultimate, but it can be hard to maintain focus in games like these.

That said, we were able to dial up the intensity when it was needed on Sunday morning. Due to yet more questionable scheduling, this time involving a wedding, our toughest pool play game was at 9 on Sunday against Williams. It was a windy game, so when Williams had a two-break lead on us near half, things seemed pretty dicey. But O-line wouldn't quit and kept giving D-line chances to even the game. O-line's zone offense really came together. Andrew Edelman kept the defense honest by picking his spots for smart, safe overheads, while Giaco and Eric were dangerous throwing through the wall and extremely consistent swinging it. Poppers Juleon and Andrew Chang '16 were always slicing through the cup and finding holes, while Petey and Allen provided heads-up wing play, spacing themselves well for overheads and finishing off points after the first line of defense got broken. When Williams ran man defense, our offensive "fill" system worked wonders against their soft handler D. They didn't have an answer for our offense.

Thanks to O-line's great play, D-line had plenty of chances, and despite blowing some of them with a goal-line push-pass to nobody (courtesy of D-line handler Owen Marschall) and other miscues, they were able to convert enough to even the score. Juleon and Andrew crossed over to D to put the dagger in, and they practically ran D-line offense themselves in the last few points to finish Williams off 12-10.

Being first in our pool automatically put us in the championship game against Bryant, a tall, athletic team with a couple amazing throwers but not a lot of team

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<sup>1</sup> Just kidding of course it was a flick, not sure Allen even knows how to throw backhand hucks.



disc skills. In the past few years, we always struggled against them but would somehow manage to win in the end. Spoiler: this game would continue that trend. We went down 4-0 to start due to some weak O-line defense on the turn: too many people were poaching, and Bryant was able to dump and swing the disc easily. After sorting out some defensive redundancies, O-line started holding consistently by taking smart risks and consistently getting the disc back on turnovers. We still had a gap to overcome, however, and it required working through Bryant's massive 4-man cup upwind, a problem we never really solved. In the end, it was causing turnovers near their end zone and fast transitions, both of which prevented their zone from setting in the first place, that allowed us to generate the upwind breaks we needed. It was tight until the very end, when of course Mom and Dad (Andrew and Juleon) hopped onto D-line and made everything okay, throwing and catching, respectively, the goal to win.

### *Regionals*

A Friday-night viewing of "Moment of Release," an excellent documentary about New England DI Regionals in 2013, effected an emotional moment for the seniors. No matter the eventual outcome of regionals, we would get to have a blast playing competitive ultimate with our best friends, but as Tufts' game-to-go collapse made all too real, it could be the last time. Instead of talking about the importance of making nationals, we focused on the importance of making memories and having fun.

Our first pool play game was against Bryant, much to our chagrin. They say the hardest thing to do is beat a team twice, and we'd have to beat Bryant for a fifth time in two years. They came out with fire and played out of their minds, forcing short-field turnovers on our O-line with their 4-man cup, quickly building a large lead. We had well over ten drops as a team, but give Bryant credit: these weren't unforced errors. Some were on bladey prayers we threw into a strong wind, and some were whiffed clap-catches on swings: their cup moved so quickly we caught ourselves looking to the next throw before securing the catch. Allen gave us a morale boost with a full-field huck to Pete, who spiked it kinda goofily in his release of frustration. A statistically significant percentage of our scores were layout grabs by Juleon in the left corner of one particular end zone. By the end of the game, we were playing much better, but hard cap went off before we really had a chance to go on a run.

We were demoralized, but with four bids to nationals and still plenty of tournament left, we picked ourselves back up for our next game against Middlebury. The wind in this game was particularly strong and directly aligned with the field. Both offenses held for almost the entirety of the game, and all of Middlebury's holds except for one came on deep shots: their game plan was to unabashedly exploit our lack of height and make sure they didn't turn it near their upwind end zone. Notably, however, our O-line never really came close to getting broken. We mostly scored without turning it over, but when we did, a transition 4-man cup prevented them from ever even approaching an upwind score. Meanwhile, our D-line knocked on the upwind door

several times but kept failing to punch it in. We were in the driver's seat because we got pulled to at the start, so we just had to hold until the point cap. As Bill always reminds us, "this is why you always choose to receive." Up 14-13 and pulling to Middlebury with a stacked D-line, we got a turn and slowly marched it up. Owen got huge to snag a floaty upline throw just before help D got there to save possession, and Juleon toed the line on an end zone strike from Andrew to put the game away 15-13, capping off a perfect game for our offense. Middlebury was very spirited in deferring to Juleon's perspective—a lot of teams would have demanded the disc go back on a catch so close in a game so important.

We took care of business against a Bentley team depleted by graduation, which had won nationals the year before but then lost just about every significant player from that squad. The final score was 13-8. Then, embarrassingly, we only beat a terrible Merrimack team 13-9—even though their seniors had already left to go to a party—because they would literally huck it right off every pull to a tall guy, and we were a little too emotionally deflated from previous games and nervous about what was coming next to focus up and do better. Sunday morning, we beat an inexperienced Colby team 13-8 to put ourselves in a game-to-go. A notable team highlight was a D-line handler squad of Kevin Goldberg '17, Barrett King '17, and Mapate Diop '16 working it all the way up the field with beautiful handler movement for a break.

By coming in second in our pool, we still had a great shot at making nationals. We would first have a game-to-go against the other pool's second seed, Bowdoin Stoned Clown, and the loser would play the winner of a backdoor bracket for the final bid. We lost the flip and so had to pull to start. With a "we're not fucking around"-kind of attitude, we stacked a D-line to start, bringing on Andrew, Juleon, and Pete over from O-line to go for an early break. Bowdoin's O-line was athletic and aggressive, with handlers who were always ready to pull the trigger on hucks. We played inspired defense and managed to generate three turns, but we couldn't convert on any of them. Bowdoin's defense was intense, and our small-ball, dump-and-swing offense wasn't as easy as it usually is. They eventually held, 0-1. We traded holds twice more, each of ours coming on a throw from Giaco to Allen or the other way around, 2-3. We kept trading holds with excellent ultimate from both O-lines, including a dime of a flick huck from Pete to a streaking Allen, until Clown finally broke twice in a row, putting us down 4-7. Not looking ahead to the next game at all, Army refused to give up and kept loading D-lines with star offensive players. Both teams held until 10-12, despite lots of barely missed break chances from us—including a 9/10 of a massive upwind flick from Allen that barely didn't connect with Fawzi—until we finally broke to make it 11-12. With hard cap looming, we had to act fast. A marathon point and another Bowdoin break to make it 11-14 did us in. We managed to quickly hold and then break to take it to 13-14, but hard cap went off right before we scored, ending the game. Although we were disappointed to lose, we cannot emphasize how fantastic of an ultimate game this was. It was fast and furious ultimate from both teams. Even amid active, desperate marks and defenders laying out for everything, both offenses operated smoothly, sometimes playing elegant break-side ultimate, sometimes launching full-field hucks.

We were getting physically and emotionally tired, but about to face a Middlebury team who had just survived the backdoor bracket playing a tight rotation of 8 or 9 guys, we knew we couldn't possibly be more tired than them. We rallied, ready to prove that our pool play game against them was only close in score because of the strong downwind and ready to earn our nationals invitation. With the wind having died down since the Bowdoin game, we knew this would be a game of legs that we could win. Coming out on defense, we took the first point 1-0 on a catch from Bob Neel for a break. We had all the confidence in the world. After they held, they managed to break back on a long point, 1-2. Holding on a throw from Juleon, we went out for another break chance. JChe got the nastiest D anyone on this team has ever seen, elevating himself unnaturally high to reach it, but two bad things happened: he hurt his ankle coming down, and Midd got the disc back to hold anyway, 2-3. They eventually broke to make it 3-5, but we broke back before half to keep in on serve 7-7. On that score, Andrew called timeout near the end zone, and, using Juleon as a "fake iso" at the front of the stack (the Midd guys loved Juleon and so assumed it would be him), we scored when Hannes, the actual iso, faked a break-side cut before roasting his defender to the force side. But then Midd held to take half 8-7, got a quick break out of half to make it 8-10, and never looked back. Rather than opening up their rotation, they kept their same top 7 or 8 guys out there on D. But they played very casual defense, ready to capitalize offensively on an unforced error if they were given one, but mainly saving their energy for their offensive points. We hardly managed to get them to even turn it over the second half, as the wind had totally died and their cutters were consistently getting open in the lane with hard running and the constant threat of busting deep. Both offenses held until the end, 13-15, going in what used to be the upwind direction. But some memories were made along the way, in particular a beauty of a flick huck from Giaco.

The emotion of the season's end brought many soldiers to tears, but we demanded that Midd sing us "Harvard" anyway, which elicited a mix of laughter and crying from our team. Alumni had come out in droves to watch us, and we were greatly appreciative of their support during this emotional moment. Although we felt robbed of a nationals trip following a nearly perfect regular season in which we dismantled many eventual qualifiers, we had to hand it to Bryant, Bowdoin, and Middlebury: they were great teams, and they played excellent games to beat us. The consensus was that even New England's whopping four bids wasn't enough for the depth of the region, and we were eager to watch how our #NEstrong friends would do at nationals. (Bryant and Brandeis ended up playing each other in the semifinals, so we weren't disappointed.) We felt satisfied with our season. The level of play at New England regionals was practically that of nationals, and we felt #blessed to get to play such tight, intense games against such worthy and spirited opponents. Those last two games-to-go will go down as special memories for all the seniors.

As our fans and our competitors began to pack up and leave the fields, we took a slow cool-down jog and sat in a circle to share our favorite moments of the day and reflect on the season now past. At this point Fitness Captain Steinbrook had to bow

out and go prepare for his #thesis defense—it was to be delivered within the hour! The rest of the team finished soon after, and, with the echoes of "Army of Darkness" still reverberating through the Valley, we decided to make a quick stop in Merrill: to the likely chagrin of the entire Bio department, we were able to cram most of the team—still in our dirty jerseys—into Merrill 3 just in time for Eric's talk. Though I doubt any of us will remember the nuances of genetic resistance that Eric guided the audience through, our pit stop was a timely and refreshing reminder that we would always remain a team both on the field, and off.

## **Banquet Recap**

The usual banquet festivities began with a dinner of Antonio's pizza and tasty beverages of alcoholic and non-alcoholic varieties. The theme was "Douchey Nike Tees," and soldiers were showing up with homemade Nike shirts with phrases such as "Do you even pull?" and "Island." After turning off an NBA playoffs game and moving the Tyler common room couch away from the TV—much to the dismay of the 7 or so people who were watching—the endless award ceremony began. Kevin Hoogstraten '15 was robbed of many awards that were rightfully his (Best Freshman Throws, MVP, Geoff Giller Memorial Made of Glass Award, Best Bubba Handler), as always. At some point a large group of (we think) track women walked through our party in their underwear. It was very bizarre. When the ceremony was finally over, we had a shirtless dance party with Spamo in Tyler until 2 am, possibly subconsciously inspired by the track team.

## **Army Roster**

### *Coach*

Bill Stewart

### *Offensive Handlers*

Giaco Corsiglia '15

Andrew Edelman '15

Eric Steinbrook '15

### *Offensive Cutters*

Andrew Chang '16

Allen Krieg '15

Juleon Robinson '15

Pete Suechting '15

Rainer Lempert '15

### *Defensive Handlers*

Mapate Diop '16

Kevin Goldberg '17

Matt GoodSmith '15

Barrett King '17

Owen Marschall '15  
John Sataloff '15  
Zack Stern '18

*Defensive Cutters*

Hannes Buck '15  
Kevin "Dilf" Hoogstraten '15  
Fawzi Itani '18  
RJ Kermes '16  
Ned Kleiner '16  
Bob Neel '16  
Nate Sacks '18  
Alexus Strong '15  
Alex Titelbaum '16

**Bubba Roster**

*Coach*

Hannah Baranes

Brian Beaty '17  
Adrian Castillo '17  
Karthik Chetty '17  
Jason Darrell '18  
Michael Dwyer '18  
Nouraiz Falik '18  
Alex Gurvets '18  
Griffin Harris '17  
Jon Highland '18  
Caleb Ki '17  
Henry Landis '17  
Eli Mansbach '18  
Gustavo Marino '18  
Lucas Newman-Johnson '18  
Manny Osunlana '18  
Spencer Quong '18  
Jax Reiff '17  
Eli Schultz '18  
Ismael Sere '17  
Siraj Sindhu '17  
Trevor Smith '16  
Borun Sun '18  
Jake Vitale '17  
Matt Weinberg '17  
Andrew Willis '17  
Lucas Zeller '17

### **DIII NE All-Region Honors**

*Player of the Year*

Juleon Robinson '15

*First Team All-Region*

Juleon Robinson '15

Andrew Edelman '15

*First Team All-Freshman*

Zack Stern '18