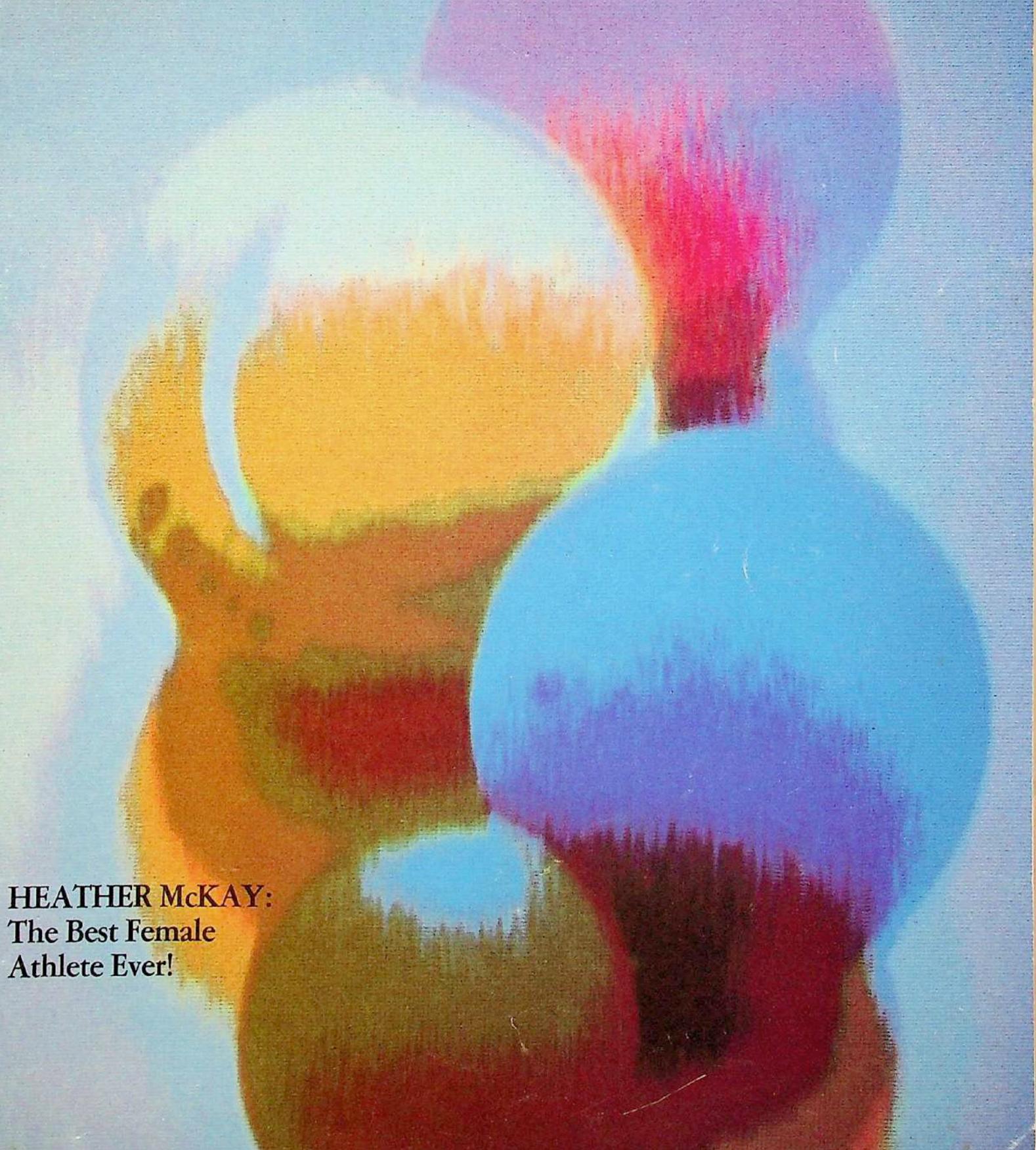


RACQUET

THE JOURNAL OF RACQUET SPORTS

MARCH/APRIL 1979

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Important matches in Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand have attracted more than 60,000 people. Often, players are government subsidized and if they are big winners are assured of a lucrative career when their playing days are over.

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The U.S. Table Tennis Association has embarked on an ambitious promotional campaign with the theme, "discover the sport you've always played," while badminton now boasts more than 75,000 competitive players in over 400 colleges.

Table tennis and badminton in the U.S. are sleeping giants.

When they awake, it should be exciting.

The Editors

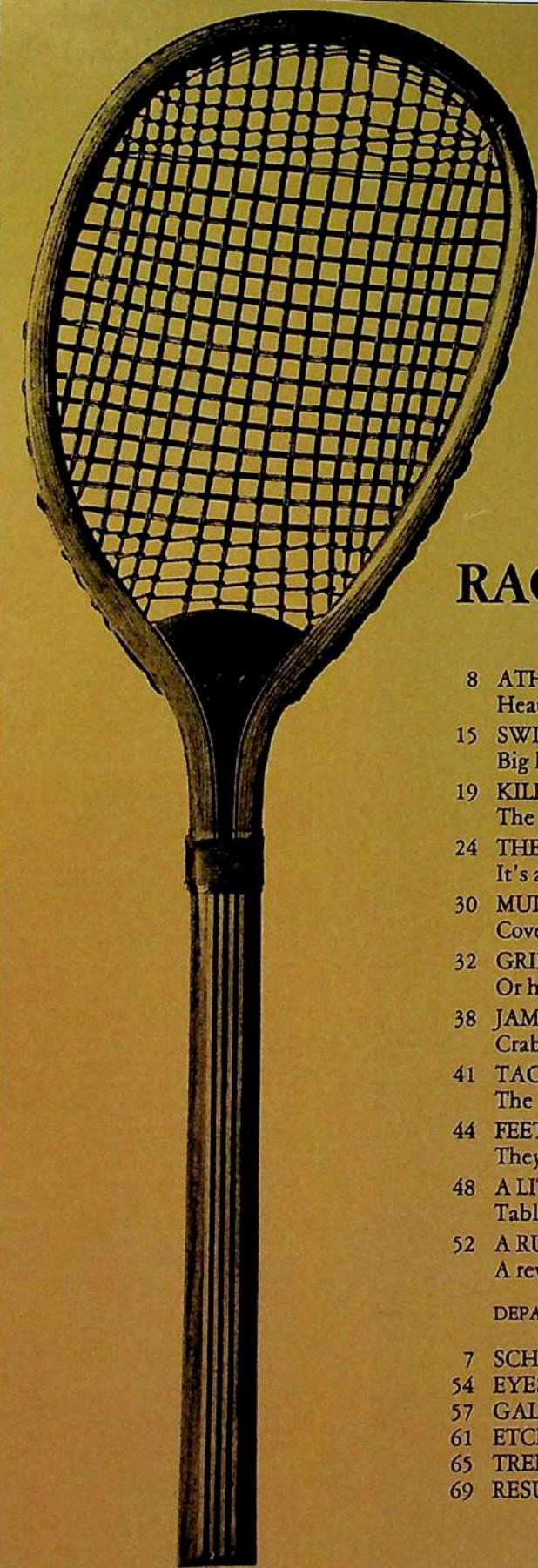
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MARCH/APRIL 1979

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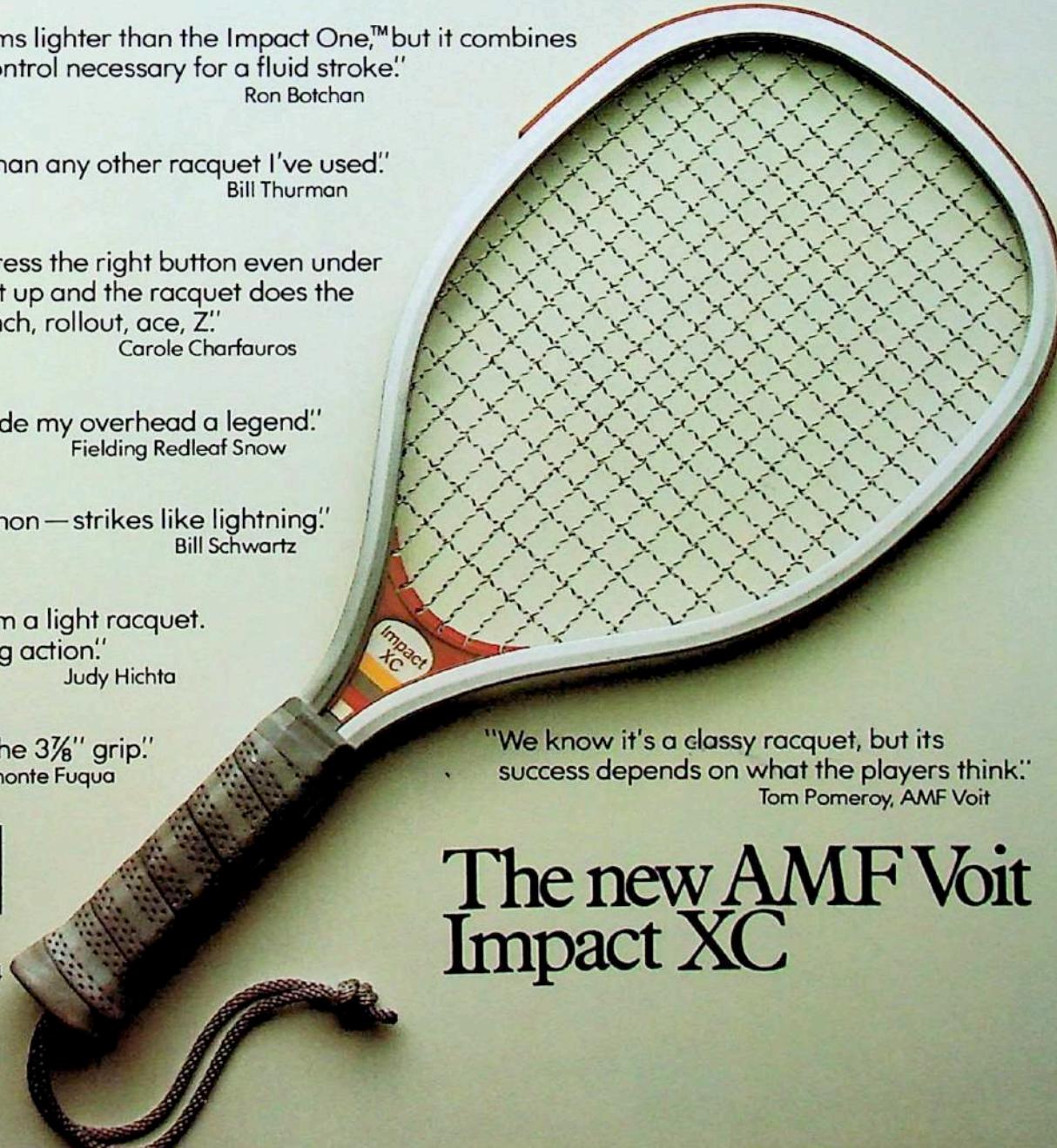
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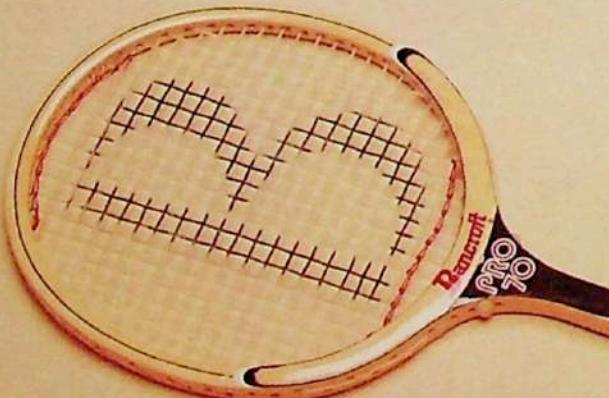
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SWITCH HITTERS

BIG LEAGUERS TRY A NEW RACQUET

by Michael Witte





Yogi Berra:

"I hear that Hogan is faster than Guidry."

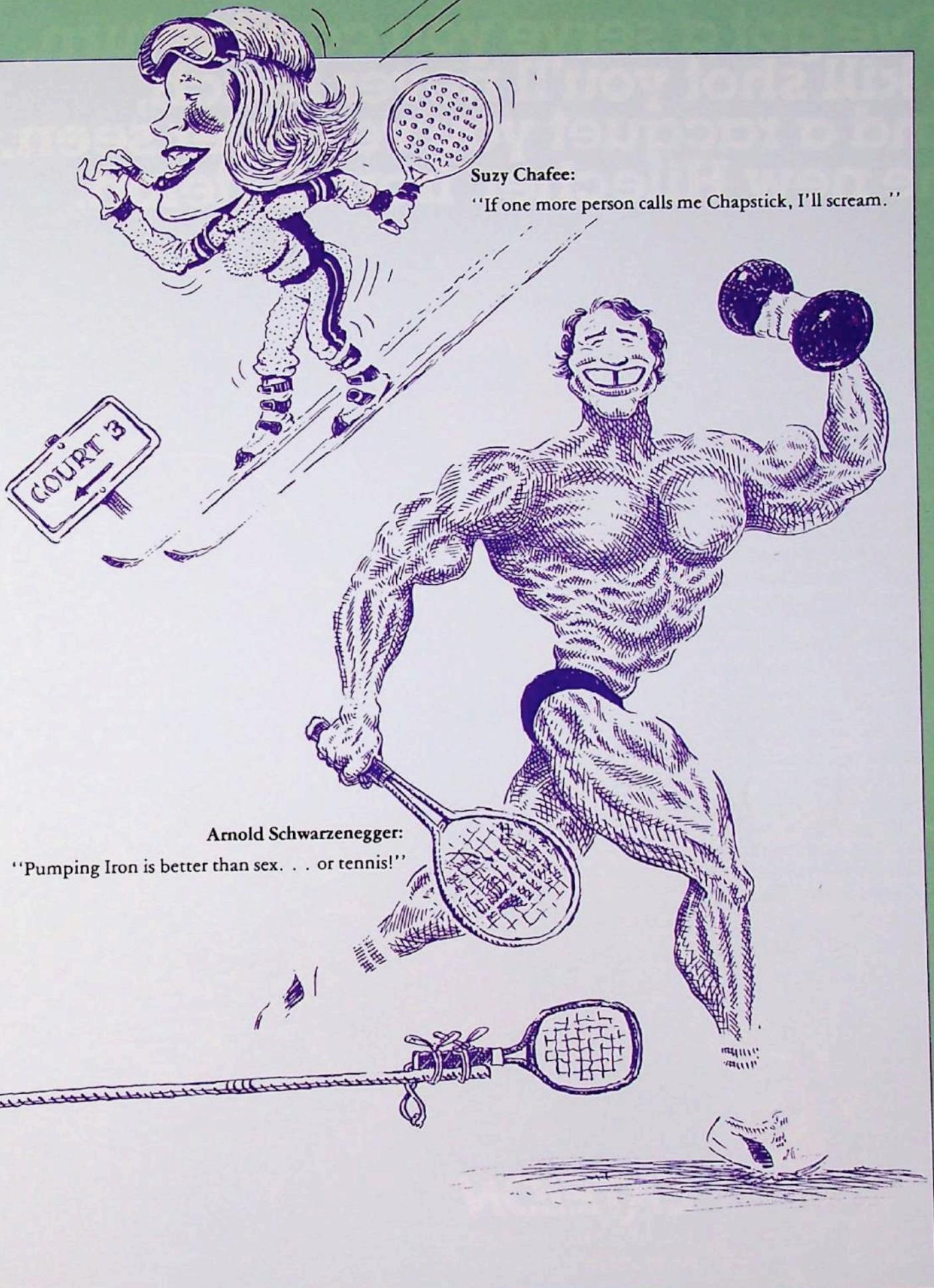
Randy Vataha:

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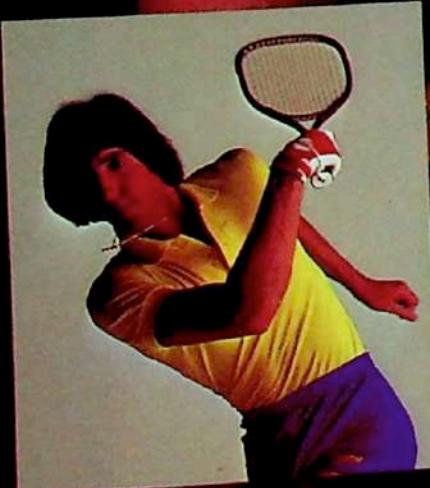
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KILL SHOTS

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLIE BRUMFIELD

by Charlie Brumfield

Charlie Brumfield, at 30, is not only a grizzled veteran of the racquetball wars but a colorful and skillful performer who is without doubt the most articulate spokesman for the young sport. Brumfield's record of five national championships still stands and though his competition is now often ten years younger, his tactical skill and court generalship usually nullify the generation gap. True he may lose more often on the court these days but his verbosity goes unchallenged. Brumfield is a repository of racquetball history and lore, he is a teller of tales and a bard who brings the past to life and the future to light. Herewith is a sampling of the wit and wisdom of racquetball's man for all seasons.

"In my younger days when I was a little bit wilder there was a time in a Houston tournament when a guy set me up with a brand new car. The night before the finals I went out with the guys and had a few. The next morning I didn't know where the car was. I couldn't go back to Houston for two years.

"In those days I was just operating on my own, reflecting on myself. Now everything has become sophisticated because the sport means more to more people. As a spokesman for racquetball the things I do reflect on racquetball as a whole. But I also feel we need color and charisma in the game.

"I was always the crowd 'unfavorite' for the first five years. One time I was playing Steve Keely in Flint, Michigan. I hit a 'miracle ball' into the corner for a winner and said, 'You don't usually see these shots in a small town.' The crowd went berserk!

"They have created a situation where it doesn't matter if you're second or ninth, if you're not first, you're last. That's why Marty Hogan gets all the publicity. This is a situation that can often arise in a new sport, but people will soon begin to realize that

there are other guys, good players, besides Marty Hogan, who can play racquetball.

"I get publicity because I have something to say and a writer wants to talk to someone who does more than grunt, who actually gives an interview. Unfortunately, no one else has anything to say. They're all kids really. It's not like tennis where there is controversy and where people, other than the top two, can speak the language.

"The game is exciting if the personalities on the court are exciting. Connors can make it exciting. Ali can make it exciting.

"Racquetball people aren't bound by tradition. When I'm tired I break my racquet and say, 'Oh my racquet just broke.' But some of it is just theatrical.

"We're trying to clean up the game but not go so far as to say, 'I would like a let, if you don't mind.' But we want to get away from sticking the racquet in the other guy's face and threatening physical harm. Getting away from cut-offs, tattoos and tobacco stains in the back corner of the court. Racquetball is somewhere in between, right where people are in this country. That's why the game is so popular . . .

"I teach safety and court etiquette first to newcomers. Nobody wants to look like a rube. After all it's just recreation for 99.9% of the people involved. Allow them to derive as many benefits as they can from the sport.

"And by the way, racquetball's popularity is going to be greater than tennis. There's got to be 50 million more people who can handle a short racquet in a closed court than can hit the ball over the net.

"I'll tell you how far the game has come. It used to be there were no hindrances so there was the forearm shiver and a cloud of dust, the bump and run, the waffle face. The ref would eventually call them but nobody knew when. There were no professional refs.

"I have an all-time cheaters list . . ."

What I would try to do was embarrass the bigger players physically. So I'd thump the guy right in the chest and say get out of my way. This guy could kill me but before he could react, I'd be serving and he'd be fuming, and drill five into the ground.

"The refs used to have a tough time in the old days too. In fact just a couple of years ago in the California State Championships, one of the players came off the court and tried to throw the ref off the balcony. The ref had to poke him in the forehead with his pencil to keep him away.

....

"I have an all-time cheaters list. Of course I receive honorable mention. But Dr. Bud Muelheisen is number one on the list. I put him number one by virtue of his public relations expertise. He's the founding father of racquetball—and with this reputation as the all-time pristine, Mr. Clean, he's always, in fact, palms-up, 'What can I do? I appeal!' He's a real good guy but has this one little personality flaw.

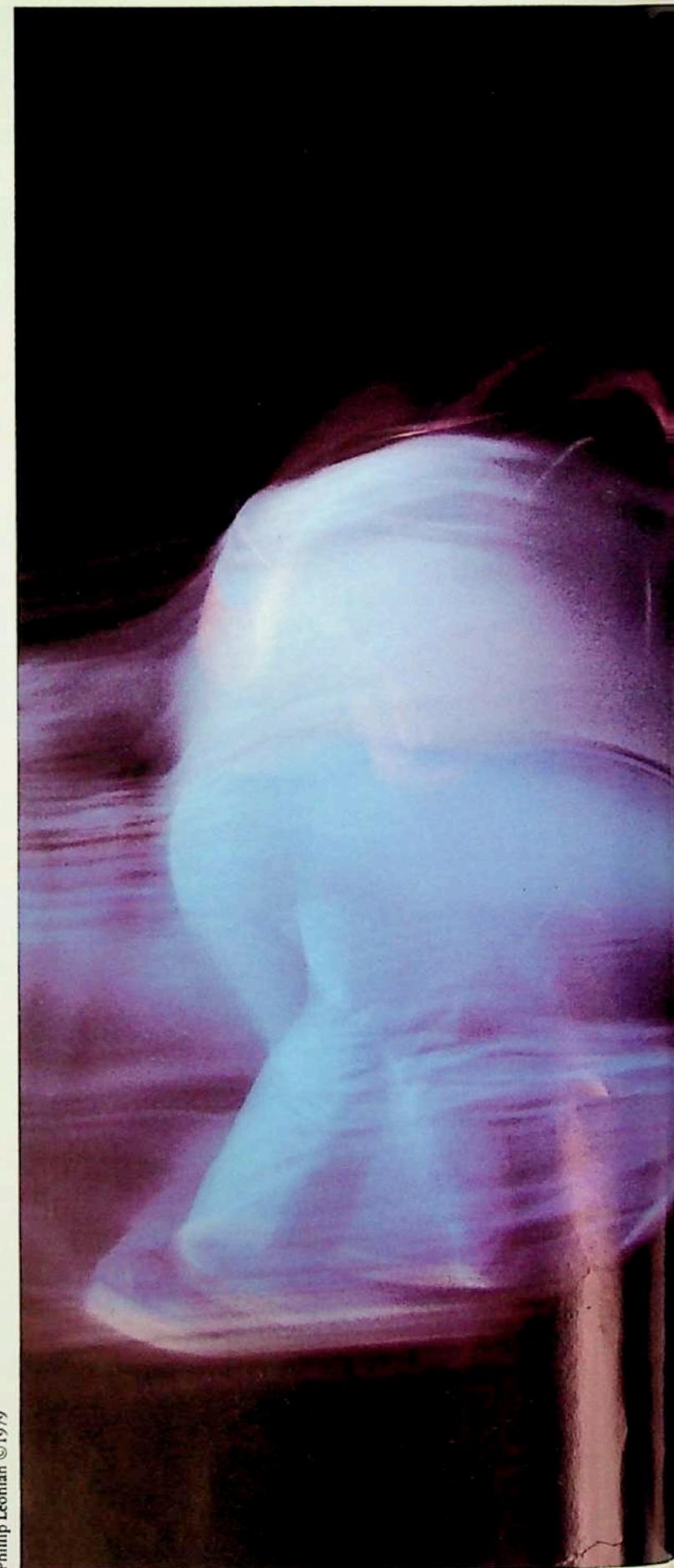
Jerry Hilecher is number two cheater and number one in the whining and bitching category. You see, the key to racquetball is the race to the service line and the indignant stand waiting for the ref to make a decision. Hilecher has this swing where he sits for the kill and whether it's good or not he goes, 'All right!' and he's walking to the service line. And his father is in the stands next to the ref yelling 'Roll out!'

"Number three is Steve Serot in his prime. He was notorious for the stare down. Every player has these gods he calls on and his is Zelda. 'This one's for Zelda,' he screams. But he was really famous for his double bounce gets. Oddly enough he received the NRC sportsmanship award last year at which time three people at the table choked on their chicken wings. By the way I once hit Steve Serot in the mouth with the ball and it stuck.

Number four is Byron Roderick, a former wrestling champion. He would just keep backing up until you hit him with the racquet. And number five is Steve Strandemo. He's known among the players as 'The Rat,' because it's like living in a tenement when you go to swing, and then feel this thing crawling around your shirt, ostensibly trying to get out of the way.

....

"The whole process of the appeal system should be eliminated. It leads to repetitive, ridiculous appeals and breaks the continuity of play. In racquetball nearly every call is appealed. In squash it's different. You can hear the ball hit the tin, but in racquetball every skip is appealed. It's hard for the referees to



Philip Leonian © 1979

Former national racquetball champion Charlie Brumfield.



"By virtue of the swing of things I have become the People's Champion, showing that redemption is possible . . ."

see. The worst thing is to break continuity and make every match boring.

The players aren't making any noise because they are completely unaware of what's going on. Racquetball has not really been professionalized yet. Just saying you're professional doesn't make it so. There is really no input from the players, the people most directly effected. The players, believe it or not, consider the slam-bang, one-two to be exciting because they can't stand back and take a look. They are too close, too young. If a strong players organization is formed, it will follow the path of golf and the PGA which has only one circuit. That's not best for the players. What is best is a million tournaments held simultaneously, and every one being worth \$40,000. That's what happened in tennis.

....

"Racquetball will not be on television for the foreseeable future. Not until a number of changes take place. First and foremost will be the organization of the court so the camera can shoot against a white background instead of glass. Second, there has to be a reorganization of the scoring system to allow the less astute spectator to concentrate for their attention span—seven point games will do. Short games where something is decided every five or ten minutes so the fans can get up and get a beer. Third, the ball has to be slowed down dramatically, slower than it's ever been. Fourth, a reordering of service rules to prevent slam-bang rallies and constant weak returns that do not elicit strategic movement. Maybe introduce a two or three inch tin.

....

"There are some strange terms in racquetball. Here's how the 'Stucco Ball' got its name. In the old days the front of the court was smooth but the ceiling in the back was stucco. I was playing in the finals of a tournament when Charlie Drake tried to go for a ceiling ball. It went straight up and hit the stucco and these stucco flakes came drifting down on his head. Everyone in the gallery goes, 'Stucco.' Drake proceeded to hit two more consecutive stuccos to firmly implant the idea in everyone's mind.

"A 'BB Backwall' is a ball that goes front wall/back wall in the air. B.B. was a dentist in Newport Beach who used it as a offensive weapon and that's how it got started. Here's the 'Navel Ball.' You are setting up for a shot and the other guy tries to get around in the back to get ready. You just lift the racquet. It hits him in the navel. And wins you the point . . .

"The hit sign used to be really big . . . and then there's the famous quote from T. Kimball Hill after

he lost in the semis and was so upset at his opponent he said, 'I don't know if you're going to make the finals!' That's been used many times since." But the worst indignity that can possibly befall someone in racquetball is to get the 'doughnut'.

....

"One of the best shooters in racquetball was Muelheisen. I was playing doubles with him one time in Louisville. At a crucial point he went back to hit his forehand, took his racquet back and hit the ball on the backswing into the gallery. He calmly wiped off his glasses. Then he pulled off another classic. I used to intentionally serve the ball long into the gallery when I was tired, so I'd get to rest. Muelheisen had never tried this before and after a short serve he asked what the time-out situation was. He didn't have any left, so he wiped his glasses and turned around and winked at me. Then he served an intentional long which resulted in a double fault. I just hung my head.

"I was playing in the semis of the national doubles in Minneapolis in 1973. It's 20-20 and I'm getting bad calls. Finally I said, 'I'm not accepting that call I want to see the tournament director.' My opponent looked over at me and said, 'What do you want to know?'

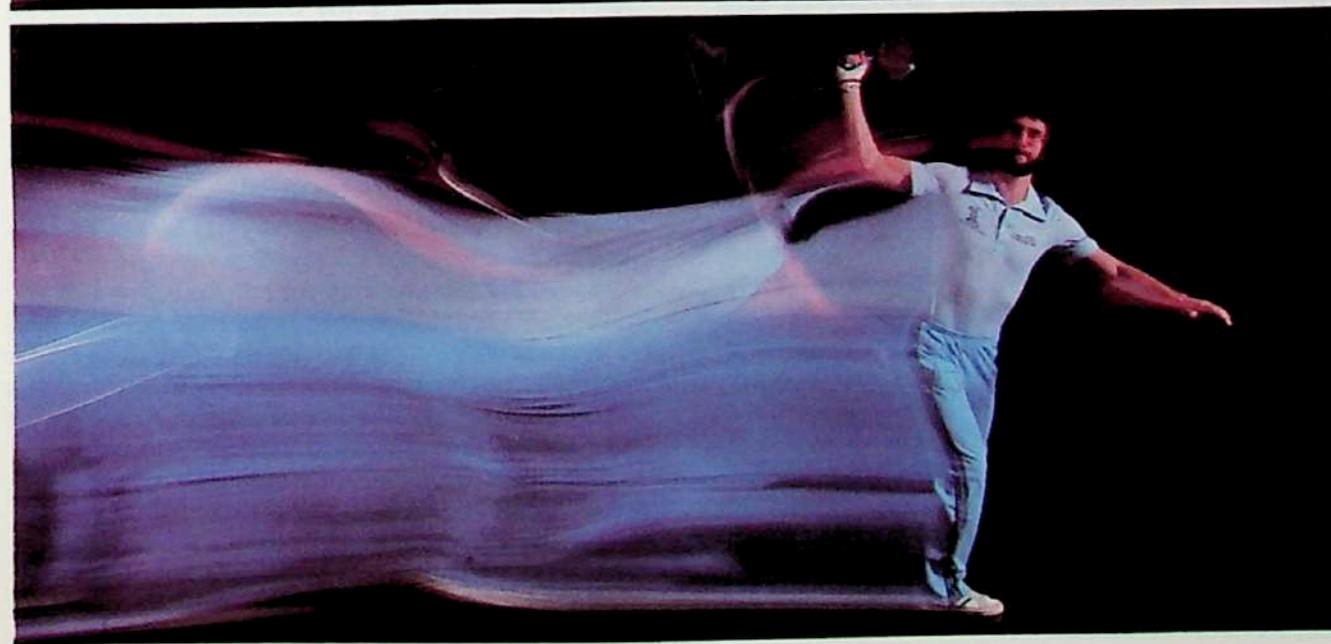
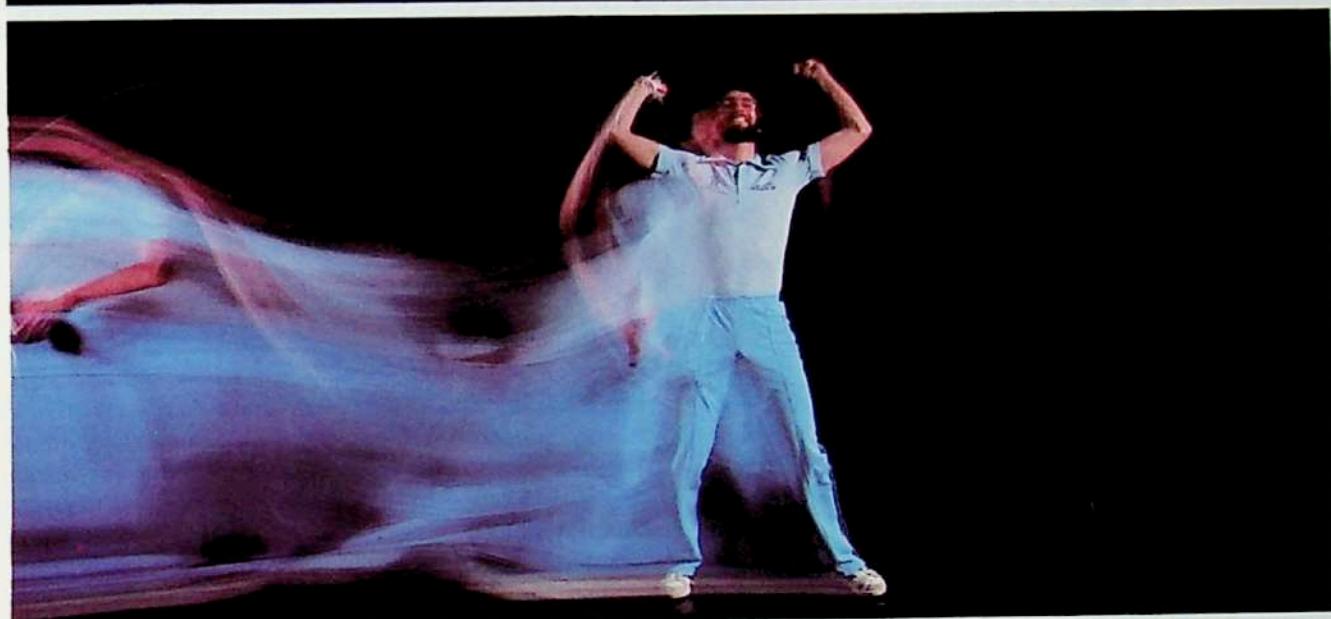
"It will be a while before there are any major rules changes. But used to be you could throw out the referee. I was playing with Charlie Drake one time and the ref called a hinder on me. I asked him if he was sure of the call and he said, 'Yes,' and I said 'That's your last call.'

....

"The best young player to come along is Lindsey Myers. He's big and strong and only 19. He's got the best lateral mobility in the pros and is one of the few players who can hit really hard with both hands. He'll be technically as good as Hogan in a year. He has everything Hogan has and he's faster. If he develops Marty's championship attitude, the killer instinct, then he'll have the opportunity to do everything that Hogan has done.

"As I mentioned for a long time I was unmercifully booed by everybody, which I actually enjoyed. That's a source of power to me. I'd rather have a positive or negative crowd reaction than none at all. That way a minor unpublicized sport can become prominent faster and a minor unpublicized figure can become a national celebrity faster. I called myself the 'People's Champion' because I was exactly the opposite, the people's unchampion. And by virtue of the swing of things I have become the White Knight, showing that redemption is possible. ■

Charlie Brumfield, pro for Sportrooms, goes through the motions.



THE DONKEY CIRCUIT

IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD

by Steve Metcalfe

It's October in Connecticut. Indian summer has set in, sending the temperature into the 80's. From the top of Mount Southington's Hill-5 you can see for miles, all the way to New Haven it seems. The t-bar fades off into houses, roads, Interstate 84 in the distance and, most of all, the reds and vivid yellows of the autumn trees.

Hill-5 is the expert's slope at Southington and without a protective blanket of snow it seems as steep as a cliff. There are rocks and gulleys, drop offs where the moguls should be. The vertical drop of the hill is small and skiers are always complaining that they're at the bottom before they know it, that they spend most of the day on the chairlift. Hiking it on a sticky, sunny afternoon though, the hill has seemed immense. The top seems to get further away instead of closer and the air has apparently gotten thinner.

Ray Murphy, obsessed as he is, is insanely, impossibly, going for it. He's not just hiking briskly, and he definitely is moving too fast to call it jogging. Arms pumping, bent at the waist, trying to keep his knees up as high as he can, Ray Murphy is sprinting up this mothering wall of a hill. This is the third time he's done it today and he'll make it this time just as he did before. He'll bear down and really turn

it on those final yards even though his chest and throat ache and his mouth is filled with the taste of copper pennies. Then finally, thankfully, he'll ease up and walk awhile. He'll take big steps to loosen up his thighs and calves and he'll swing his arms to get the kinks out of his shoulders and neck.

It's doubtful if Murphy sees the fall scenery. Some other time maybe. Having finished his mad climb, he's too busy taking deep, gasping breathes, and praying he doesn't blow his lunch over lovely Mount Southington. No, he doesn't want to lose it now. He'll save that for later because Ray Murphy after easing his tired bones down this hill is going to assail it again.

"Hills are the best," Murphy says. "They just *kill* you. Three days a week I run about six miles, three days a week I run about ten miles. And then I do the hills. I also jump rope for about 30 minutes a day. 'I've been doing this with a buddy of mine, Kirk Dice, who's getting in shape for the pro ski tour. It's easier when you do it with someone. It doesn't hurt quite so much.' Murphy shakes his head wistfully. 'It's a killer when you do it alone. It kills but you gotta do it.'

Murphy's daily routine also includes a half hour to an hour of strenuous stretching exercises that Dice taught him. They're for the legs and stomach and were developed in the ski program at the University

Steve Metcalfe, a squash and tennis professional, is an ardent enthusiast of all the racquet sports. He is a playwright, author and frequent contributor to *Racquet*.



of Vermont and picked up by members of the Olympic Ski Team and the pro tour. Twice a day he works out with ankle weights. He's had a problem with sprains since he ran cross-country in high school and in the last year the injuries have finally caught up with him. There have been times when he could hardly hobble let alone run.

Ray Murphy is not a miler, not a marathon runner, not even some kind of crazy masochist. Ray Murphy is a good, possibly a great, tennis player.

"Top 500 in the world," he'll tell you with a grin. The grin is a bit self-deprecating because Murphy always assumes that everyone follows tennis as intensely as he does and therefore knows that 500 down to 50 is nowheresville, the minor leagues. Ray Murphy, age 22, is out there on the 45 degree angle of Mount Southington, pushing himself, goading himself and fighting dry heaves because he is getting ready to strive once more for the goal he has set for himself.

"If I'm not in the top 25 by the time I'm 25 I'll reassess the situation," he says. "You've got to have goals for yourself. And listen, I think I can do it earlier than that." Murphy stretches again. He swings his right arm as if making perfect, fluid contact with an imaginary backhand. "The reason I'm working so hard right now is I'm getting ready to play the satellite circuit in Florida. It's unbelievable. Five rounds

of qualifying in that hot Florida sun. Five rounds. Just to qualify. It's so tough. You have no idea."

It could prove to be especially tough for him. In a time when most of the top professionals seemed to start playing at age four, and start winning national junior tournaments at age six, Murphy is a player who didn't take up the game until he was a junior in high school. Why should he have? He was too busy starring on baseball, basketball, cross-country and soccer teams, taking league honors in most of them. His greatest weapon to this day is his speed, his reflexes and coordination and his raw physical ability. Still, it may not be enough.

"The thing that a lot of these guys got on me, the thing that all that experience develops is mental toughness. These guys have been playing under pressure since they were in kindergarten. I tell you, if they can make it to the age of 21 without a screw loose, they're going to be able to face just about any situation out there. That's the part of the game I'm working on, how to handle my head."

Unlike the nation's top juniors with their racquets and their tournaments all across the country, Murphy played around New England as much as he could during the summer and he taught at local clubs to make expense money.

"I've had to teach," he says. "In order to play Florida, in order to play Europe, in order to play the

'Everyone who has watched him play agrees his ability is awesome . . . his forehand is an absolute cannon.'



god-awful Missouri Valley, I've had to earn my way there. And when I get there I come up against a lot of guys who have been getting free rides since they were seven. It can get to you."

With his high school experience Murphy was offered a free ride at De Paul University in Chicago. It wasn't exactly Stanford or Trinity or UCLA but it was no small potatoes either and Murphy was excited because the coach there was George Lott, the man many consider to be the greatest doubles player of all time. The experience turned out poorly.

"There was absolutely no organization," Murphy says. "We never even had team practices, maybe two in two years. All the guys were too busy with their teaching jobs at clubs in the suburbs and so they were never there. And Lott, he was a good guy, I really liked him, but he had commitments other places. He'd come to our matches and he'd end up leaving half way through. Some of the schools we played were pretty good, Notre Dame, Northwestern, but all in all, I didn't learn a thing. I was on my own the whole time."

"I called Warren Bosworth, a pro in Glastonbury, Connecticut," says Murphy. "I said I wanted to take a year off, to keep playing, to really work on my game. I wanted to go either South or West. Warren gave a call to some people he knew in Las Vegas. Herb Rapp at the Cambridge Racquet Club said his assistant pro had quit that day and to come on out."

Murphy arrived in Vegas on September 26, 1976, his twentieth birthday. He taught and worked out at the Cambridge Racquet Club till January. Lornie

Kuhl, who now travels with Jimmy Connors, then offered him the job as pro at the MGM Grand Hotel. The experience, as Murphy puts it, "was unbelievable, the opportunity of a lifetime."

At the MGM he taught and played with people like Frank Gifford, Bert Bachrach, Dinah Shore and Merv Griffin. He modeled designer tennis clothes on national television. He was flown to La Costa to play with Clint Eastwood. He was a guest at Playboy Mansion West where he played with James Caan, Jim Brown, and Hugh Hefner. While the job and luxurious living could easily have slacked his competitive desires, Murphy found his urge to make it as a tournament player stronger than ever.

In the spring of 1977, with the money he saved teaching, Murphy packed his racquets, took a deep breath, and left the MGM Grand for the summer clay court circuit in Europe.

"I played tournaments in Norway, Finland, Denmark, England, Spain, Turkey, France. Each country has its own tennis federation. Each summer they allocate a certain amount of money for the tournaments. Each one had about \$5,000 total. Winners would get about 800 bucks. If you did half decently you could just about pay for your trip. The competition over there isn't quite as good as here because a lot of their better players come over here to play for the summer. I wanted to see how I'd do on European clay and I wanted to see the world a bit."

Murphy did see the world and also learned to cope with the disorganization that European tournaments are famous for. He learned to deal with overly emo-



"They really cleaned out the Adidas factory—some guys were selling the stuff all over Europe for pocket money.

tional Nastase-types who stood on the baseline and finessed the ball all day long, avoiding the net like it was the plague. And he learned to handle dysentery, dead balls and airline strikes. He loved it. From the grass courts he played on in England to the cold, clear spring water of Scandinavia, to jogging through the streets of Paris, he loved it. He returned to Las Vegas that fall with a touch of regret. He was still caught in the trap. To keep everything going, to fuel his goal and his dream, he had to continue to teach.

Las Vegas was an up though, from bogus "winner take all" matches to tournaments where the winner is payed the \$50,000 first prize in silver dollars carted out in wheelbarrows. Vegas was fast becoming a mecca for professional tennis. In March 1978, Murphy met Tim and Tom Gullikson (top 15 and top 50 in the world respectively) and their coach, Hank Jungle. Jungle, impressed by Murphy's talent, took him under his wing. When Tim Gullikson came into town for the Alan King Tennis Classic, Murphy was his practice partner and under the astute eye of Jungle, they worked out for four hours every day.

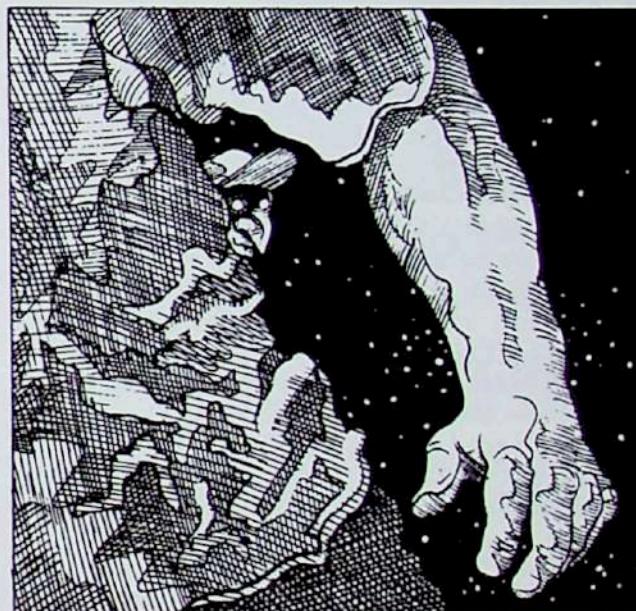
With new confidence and on top of his game, Murphy returned to Europe in early May 1978, this time to play tournaments sanctioned by the Association of Tennis Professionals and to work his way onto the ATP point ladder. Europe was as he remembered it, friendly and beautiful, and the lifestyle at this higher level of the game was much more lavish. The players were showered with equipment from eager manufacturers, they were given racquets, clothes, sets of gut, shoes and equipment bags.

"I really missed the boat at Adidas. Heinz Guidermeister from Chile, he has this brother Hans who's signed with them, he took some guys down to the Adidas factory the day before I went and they really cleaned the place out—graphite racquets, warm-ups, dozens of pairs of shoes—some guys were selling the stuff all over Europe for pocket money. It killed me. I was down to my last two Head Pros by this time and I was going through string so fast I was ready to start stringing them up with shoelaces. Thank god Donnay was at the next stop. I still have a couple of those racquets."

Murphy also found the circuit a little tougher this time, playing against the best young players from France, Spain, Belgium and Eastern Europe.

"I had the worst luck," says Murphy. "When I wasn't running into the number one seed in the first round, I was hitting the guy who went on to beat the number one seed. I had so many three setters that could have gone either way. There were guys in these tournaments I could have had for breakfast but I

never got to play them. The Czechs. The Czechs killed me. Their federation had Kodes and Holecek, their top players, competing in the secondary tournaments and then tanking to their younger players, just to get the young guys on the ATP computer. It was ridiculous. Not to take anything away from their up and coming players. I played this one guy Ivan Lendl. He won the Orange Bowl this last year in the states. He was tremendous. Hit the ball an absolute ton and ended up winning the whole thing. He's like 70 in ATP points now. But Kodes and Holecek tanking? I couldn't believe it!"



Can Ray Murphy make it to the top? There has never been the depth and intensity of competition to equal the modern mens pro tour. It offers travel, glamour, and money. The journeymen pros, those in the top 50, can expect to make well over \$100,000 a year in tournaments, endorsements and team tennis contracts. Go a step further, become a Dibbs, a Solomon, a Tanner—all solid quarter and semi-finalists—and you're talking about half a million dollars a year.

The problems that face Ray Murphy, as they face so many up and coming and established pro's, all seem to be in the head. It is an old tennis adage that every player is a star in practice. Being mentally tough, the killer instinct, sucking it up under pressure, gutting it out when you're behind, these are the things that Murphy talks about constantly. Not surprisingly, none of them have anything to do with his ability to hit a tennis ball.

Everyone who has watched him play agrees his

"It's all part of learning how to win. If I have to put the ball through someone to get a point, I'm going to do it . . ."

ability is awesome. Murphy plays what he likes to call "rush and crush" tennis. His forehand is his major weapon, an absolute cannon that he hits all out 100 percent of the time. He can do anything with his backhand chip, slice, hit flat or lead it up with topspin. Both his ground strokes are characterized by a grace and stillness of body. His power comes from the strength of his wrist and the movement of his hips and thighs into the ball. Murphy hits his serve either flat or, more often, with a sweeping righty slice that can pull his opponent wide. He used to hit a high bouncing twist but has gotten away from it because it puts too much stress on the lower back and sits up too much against a more experienced player. His volley and overhead are deft and flawless, especially in doubles. Murphy loves doubles and about his game says, "It's strong. Completely world class." Still his greatest weapons are his athletic ability and his good instincts.

Chip Gutzwa, one of Murphy's practice partners and a top Vegas teaching pro, says, "Ray has got the wheels to make it." "A lot of cats can hit the ball but can they move? Can they hit it on the run? Nobody hits it to you out there. Who are your quickest guys, Borg, Nastase, Connors, Gerulaitas, McEnroe—you're talking about the best. Well, Ray's got wheels that good. He can fly."

Murphy is working on it. "This satellite circuit is a step below the top," he says. "It's the melting pot, what the top guys call the donkey circuit, and we're the donkeys. Here's where we have the crazies, the manic depressives, the wackos; guys who are losing it from working and worrying so hard. Some of them would steal points from their grandmother if they could get away with it. A lot of times they do get away with it because we don't get refs or line judges till the finals. It's been a learning experience for me because I've always been a happy-go-lucky guy with a lot of friends. I've trusted people. I played by the rules, gave my opponents the benefit of the doubt, and I expected the same. Tennis wasn't something you got in fistfights over. Well, I'm learning.

"You think, this guy is out there to rob you. He's trying to take money from you. It makes you tougher. It makes you hungrier. You fight more. I'm not going to take grief from anyone out there on calls, stalling or bad sportsmanship. It's all part of learning how to win. If I have to put the ball through someone to get a point, I'm going to do it. All this stuff, the people, the conditions, the waiting around, it's all paying your dues. Tim Gullikson told me, 'Ray, if we could put you in the top hundred right now you'd probably stay there on ability.'

But if you can work your way there and learn to really stamp and show no mercy, you'll have the tenacity to go with the ability and you'll go up as far as you want. You gotta pay dues."

Paying dues. Paying dues is working long hours to make expense money. Paying dues is going through a set of strings in a day, a racquet in a week and not having the money to replace them and having to play with something you don't really like because some company is giving it to you for free.

Paying dues is loneliness, something Murphy never expected. "It would help so much to have a good buddy out here," he says. "I'm kind of stuck in the middle. When I get off the court I leave the court behind me. I relax. I try to take it easy. That sets me apart from the basket cases. I also find it hard to hang with the guys who hit the bars all the time to get drunk and pick up girls. I take a drink now and then just like the next guy but you're not going to find love or success in a bar. I tell you, I must have seen Star Wars about 26 times last summer just to get out of the hotel room."

Another favorite pastime on the satellite circuit is "mallin," hitting the local shopping mall as soon as you have a free moment; browsing in bookstores, girl watching, trying to get your mind off the fact you might be bounced from the draw at the last minute if a bigger name shows up. Paying dues.

"There's no pressure on me," Murphy says. "I have job offers from all over. I could teach in Chicago, Las Vegas, and make \$600, \$700 a week starting tomorrow. I gotta give it this shot though. What regrets can I have? I've met successful, important people. I've lived in places people dream of visiting. I've been to Europe twice, and will probably go to Asia and Australia this next year. Tennis is my life and already it's given me things I couldn't imagine getting anywhere else."

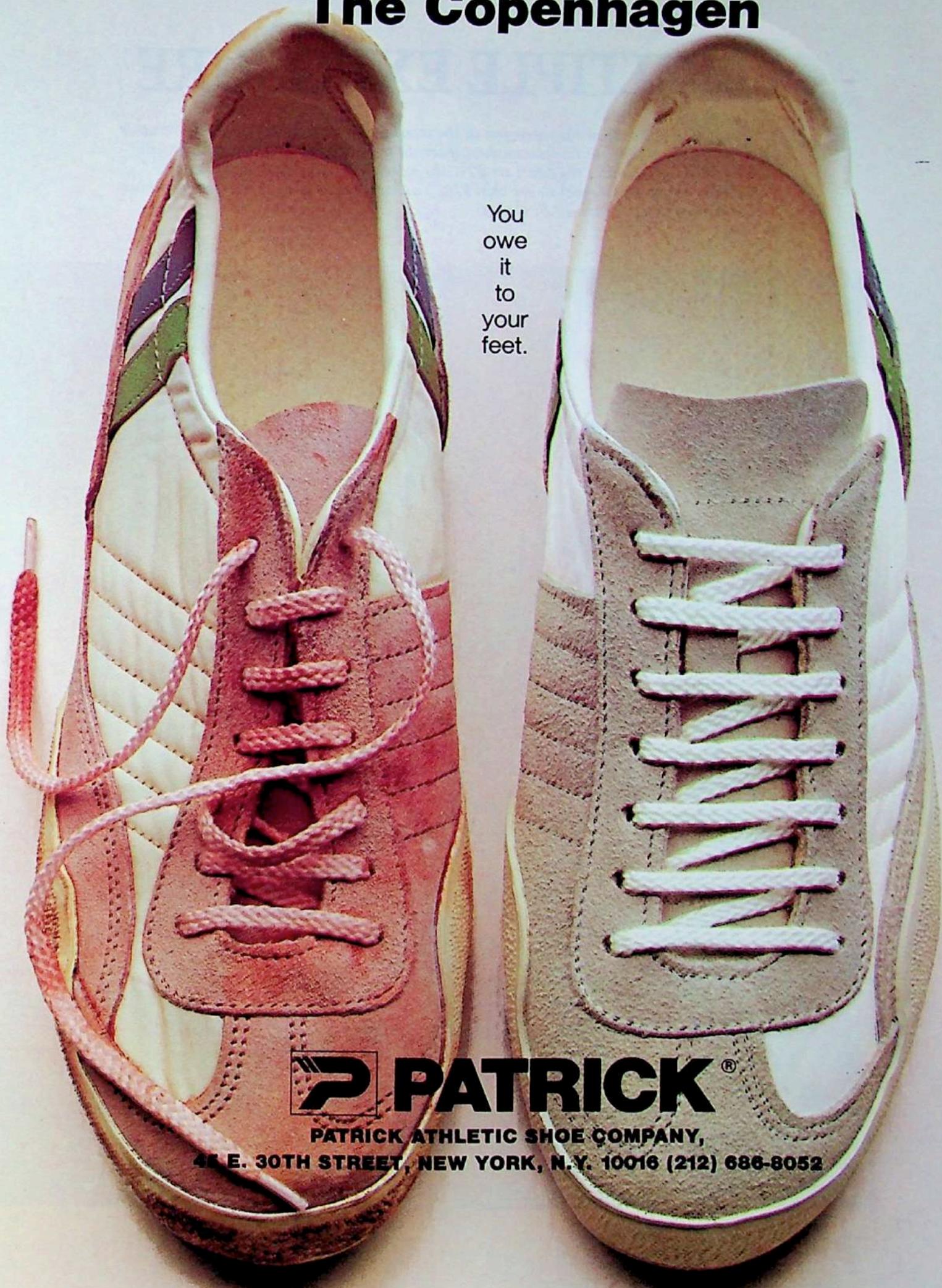
It's late afternoon in Southington. The sun is beginning to fade. Ray Murphy pulls his socks up out of his Adidas running shoes. He tucks his Las Vegas T-shirt down into his Fila tennis shorts. He adjusts his head band emblazoned with Bjorn Borg-Tuborg Gold crowns. He flicks sweat off his face.

"Playing," he says. "It's wild out there. A pressure cooker. A mad house. I like teaching but if you can support yourself playing that's got to be the greatest thing."

Ray Murphy touches his palms to the ground, shakes his legs and arms loose, and takes a deep breath. He pauses and then once again is off, pitting himself against Hill 5, running full speed, going all out, for the top. ■

The Copenhagen

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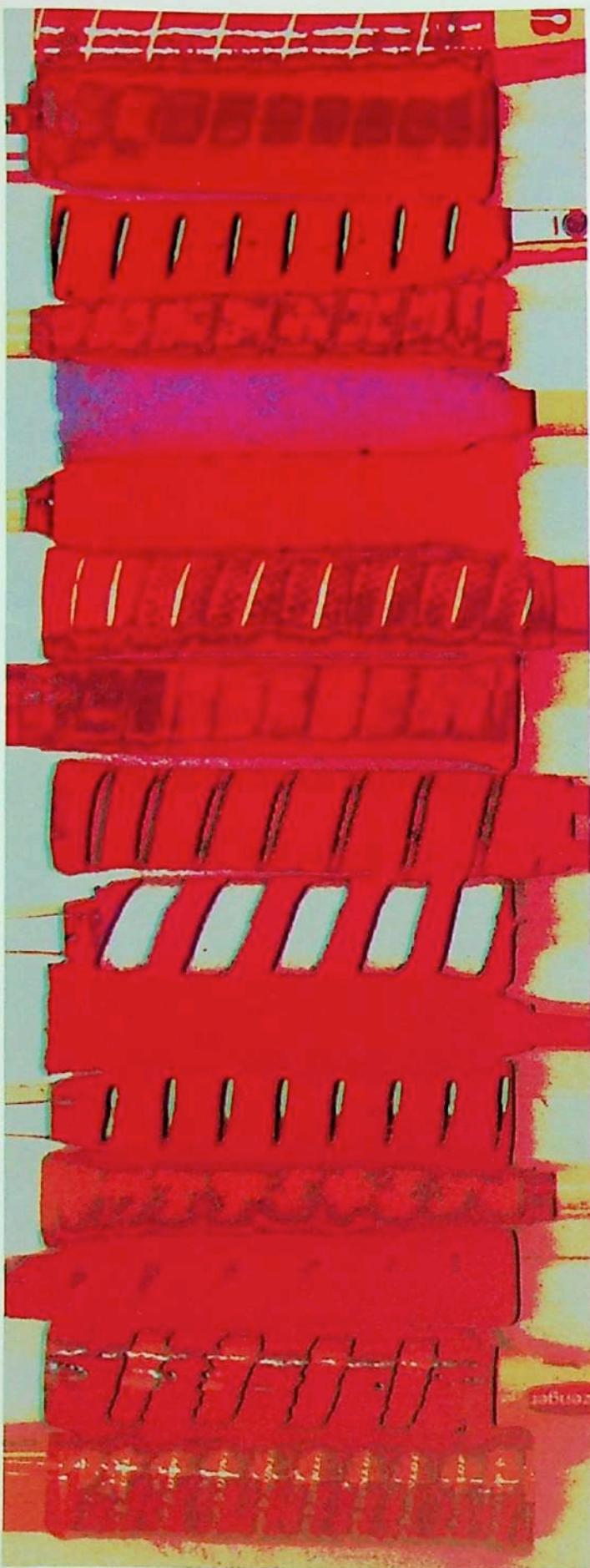


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Geoff Gove ©1979

GRIPS

DON'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE

by Karen Rockow

Two rules unite the racquet sports: Keep your eyes on the ball and your hands on the racquet. The first comes with concentration and practice. The second may require divine assistance, or liberal applications of sawdust, resin or similar substances to the racquet grip or your clammy little hand. There is nothing quite like a Slippery Grip to remind us what hackers we mortals be.

The problem does not arise in all the racquet sports, only with the longer, heavier racquets of tennis, squash and racquetball. [In platform tennis, the danger to the hand is frost bite rather than sweat. You can purchase a nifty mitten that encloses both hand and handle.] The regal sport of court tennis deigns not recognize any difficulty; its racquet grips are smooth, unadorned wood. No court tennis racquet would dare to slip in the hand. It's all a matter of good breeding. Thank you.

Racquetball manufacturers take no such chances. They attach the racquet to its owner with a loop. It is ...

"The problem with gauze tape is that it's habit forming. It will leave a leather grip permanently, then pleasantly, sticky."

quite possible that the player may lose his grip, but highly unlikely that he will lose his wrist.

Traditionally, racquet grips have been of a leather in three stock patterns: flat, raised and perforated. In the trendy world of tennis, smooth leather is popular right now and is favored by Borg, McEnroe and many of the top pros. Perforated grips tend to be slippery unless made from heavy, tacky leather. Players either love or hate the raised grip made popular by Bancroft. Some feel that the narrow stitched leather bead gives something to "grab on to" and helps in changing the grip between strokes. Others think that the raised grip is the worst thing to happen to racquet sports since blisters—and very related.

Leather grips come in blacks, browns and tans. Their price is dependent on leather quality, length, tanning process and chemical treatment (for tackiness). All leather grips become slippery when soaked with perspiration.

The majority of leather grips—about 70 percent—are domestically made by three companies. The rest of the market, most notably the Fairaway Grip by Bomforth, is imported. Interestingly enough, because of the lack of quality leather in Europe a large number of domestic grips are exported. That racquet you have that says, "Made in Belgium," probably has an American made grip on it.

There are several alternatives to leather for the moist-handed. The simplest do-it-yourself remedy is to buy a roll of self-adhering gauze tape. It's inexpensive, abrasive, tacky and can be a godsend on a hot summer day, when the hands feel as though they've been dipped in melted butter. It's also the easiest way to build a small squash grip. Sales of the tape (in flashy colors) have boomed in the last two years, due in part to its conspicuous use on the pro tour by players like Gerulaitis, Vilas and Shriver.

The problem with gauze tape is that it's habit forming. It will leave a leather grip permanently (and then pleasantly) sticky. To be sure, you can replace gauze in minutes when it becomes smooth or frayed but you *must* replace it. If you find that the gauze raises blisters or that you dislike the gummy residue that occasionally oozes forth, you can't just tear off the tape and revert to your old leather grip. You'll have to replace it.

More and more squash players are avoiding the entire issue by opting for towel grips. Grey's seems to have started the trend, but now Cleaves, Davis and most other manufacturers have hopped on the bandwagon, with color coordinated numbers. New terry cloth is very absorbent and feels soft, comfortable, positively voluptuous in the hand. Unfortunate-

ly, the honeymoon is over after a few good soakings. The soft nap flattens, except for the tufts that remain upright to stab the palm. The dry grip returns to the texture of sandpaper.

Towel grips must be replaced regularly. Steer clear of the adhesive backed ones available in pro shops. They're fine for replacing original grips, but you can't use them over leather grips without gumming up the works and it's far more satisfying to the soul to roll your own. Cut a strip from an old towel a little over an inch wide. Taper one end and tape in place at the top of your grip. Now tightly wind the towel down the remainder of the grip, overlapping to suit your taste. Since there's no adhesive involved, you can keep experimenting. Snip off the end on an angle and tape in place. Voila!

Somewhat new on the market are the "suede-like" grips (Supreme Grip, to name one). They are soft, have a fine tacky surface and seem to readily absorb moisture. There is some question still as to their durability and they are relatively expensive when compared to the traditional leathers. They are drawing raves though, from those who have trouble with blisters on the hand.

[You probably won't find these wonderful new synthetics on sale yet, although they're being used as original equipment on some top of the line squash racquets. As an alternative, you may wish to follow the example of a friend of mine, an experienced cyclist who decided to experiment with some surplus handlebar tape. He immediately ruled out plastic and cloth as non-absorbent, but tried his luck with a thick suede like tape and a cushioned leather band. Neither absorbed moisture worth a damn, but they were great on long rides.]

You may wish to shift the focus of attention from your racquet's grip to your own hands. There are sprays, ointments and powders, all kin to the baseball player's resin bag. The powders absorb sweat; the sprays and ointments make the hand sticky. You could wear those spiffy shorts with terry cloth pocket inserts for discrete palm drying. You can adopt the squash player's ritual of wiping his palm on the side wall between points. Or you can do as most racquetball players do, and don a glove—a golf glove will do, but the racquet gloves by Saranac and Sai wear better and gain protection from blisters as well as absorbency.

But before you start monkeying with your grip, sit back and ask yourself if you really *want* a better way to hold your racquet. Deny a hacker his slippery grip and you deny him the greatest excuse for ineptitude since, "Oh man. The sun got in my eyes!" ■

DUNLOP AND GOLDSTEIN: A SQUASH MATCH SINCE 1976.

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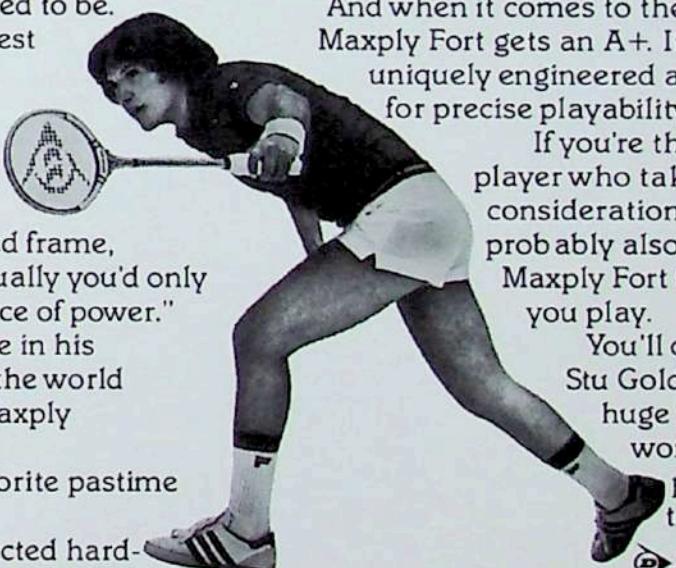
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Albert Huie courtesy of the Jamaica Tourist Bureau

JAMAICA

CRAB RACES, CALICO JACK, JERK CHICKEN . . . AND TENNIS

by Peter Kozik

"You must get rid of all that foreign stuff," said the Jamaican beside me on the plane, "all those foreign things you have heard about an island like Jamaica. You must let it all fall off you like water. You must walk cool, then you will enjoy yourself." He smiled.

I understood what my friend meant after I had landed and gone through the airport to the street in Montego Bay. The pace was slow, easy. The people were casual, some of them reserved. Others walked up to me and introduced themselves and began talking. It seemed every Jamaican I spoke to looked me directly in the eye, a good sign. They were watching, too, watching everything. And all about them, life flowered.

I had heard about the island's verdant greenery, but I had no idea it would be as lush and ripe as it was. The countryside along the Queen's Highway, the coast road from Montego Bay to Ocho Rios, gave me a good idea of this particular island's beauty. The road is graced by hills rolling languidly down to the sea. The ocean's blue seen through the trees, diminishes from a dark, rich sapphire on the reefs, to a pale, lustrous tourquoise near the beach.

Jamaica is 146 miles long and 51 miles wide at its broadest. The population is 2.9 million. Its languages are English and an African-Welsh derivative, patois. Its currency is the Jamaican dollar which equals \$1.64 U.S. Tennis is not the most popular game in Jamaica—cricket, soccer, and track and field are still preeminent—but tennis is gaining and there are currently 110 tennis courts on the island available to visitors, mostly located at the hotels.

Peter Kozik is a free lance writer who is residing in New York City. He is a recent graduate of Williams College. His secret desire is to be the next major American poet.

The Jamaica Hilton where I stayed my first night, rises out of the surrounding jungle, and is ideally situated on a north coast cove. It has five tennis courts, all with lighting for night play, and utilizes video-tape replay equipment to aid in personalized instruction. The tennis clinic at the Hilton is under the direction of Cecil Herron, a warm and wonderfully articulate pro and the guru of the game on the island. He has a staff of six assistants.

I asked Herron what advice he had for anyone who was coming from the states, wishing to play tennis. "There are some important questions that you should ask your travel agent before coming down," he said. "How many courts are there at the hotel? Are there people to play with? Is the pro good? How difficult is it to secure court time? Do they play at night?" Herron pointed out that the best pros are usually at the hotels, rather than at the clubs in Kingston. He emphasized that most of the pros in Jamaica were taught to teach the game instead of strictly playing it. "We have stressed teaching over playing with these pros since they were ball boys," he said.

Lessons at the Jamaica Hilton are the cheapest I found anywhere on the island: \$6 U.S. per half hour. All the lessons at the Hilton are private and the general emphasis is on racquet control, which Herron says is unique in professional clinics.

The next day I toured some of the hotels to get a better idea of what they offered. My first stop was the Shaw Park Beach Hotel, beautifully located on the coast between Ocho Rios and Montego Bay. It offers in addition to a 34 acre botanical garden, crab races in the evening, and free rum punch on the beach during the day—a tennis program headed by

"The people, especially the women, move slowly, almost imperceptibly to music that lingers like a breeze . . . "

Dennis Davis who is the Jamaican singles, doubles, and mixed doubles champion. He, like most pros in the island, was trained by Cecil Herron and inherited his teacher's charm. Shaw Park offers private lessons at \$10 a throw, some group lessons, and has three instructors.

I had lunch at Runaway Bay, also on the Queen's Highway. There are two courts there now, with six new courts planned for next year. For golfers, there are two courses, one a nine hole and the other an eighteen hole beauty. The resident pro at Runaway, for both golf and tennis, is Fred Perry, perhaps one of the greatest English tennis players ever. While there, I spoke to Roy Pinnock, who told me that lessons are \$10 per half hour, and all lessons are private.

That evening, I had dinner with Richard Russell who has developed into the grand impresario of tennis in Jamaica. Besides running the tennis programs at the Half Moon, Trelawny, and Negril Beach Hotels, he designs and markets tennis fashions across the island, and is currently at work trying to attract an ATP sponsored Black Nations Cup. He is also one of the few Jamaicans who has advanced into world class competition, having played at Wimbledon in 1972 and defeated Arthur Ashe in a Davis Cup tie.

The Half Moon has the most extensive tennis program for tourists in Jamaica. They have six pros, 11 courts lighted for night play, and four junior assistants Russell describes as "human ball machines" if a visitor just wants a very competent player to rally against. Russell is also developing a twenty hour "Tennis Horizons" program, for tourists who want to get acquainted with local people by playing against them. He is also planning a program designed to get non-players involved in the game.

The cost at the Half Moon: \$15 per hour. Russell stresses balance, movement, and good form. He works on creating what he calls "The Half Moon look."

The next day I traveled to Negril Beach which I found lives up to its simple motto: "Hedonism," with resounding success. There are three pros beside Russell, and seven courts. Apart from nude bathing, sailing and continuous dancing, it was here I discovered Calico Jack, a rum-based drink that will get you up and out to enjoy the hotel's uninhibited delights.

One of the real finds of this trip was the newly refurbished Montego Bay Racquet Club, where I stayed for most of my eight day visit. Opened in 1961 as a resort dedicated specially to tennis, the club closed down in 1977 but it has recently reopened and is on the rise again.

Bert Wright, its handsome, forward-thinking manager, talks about the day when the club will once again be the premier tennis resort on the island. "We are all becoming more health minded," he says, "and tennis is now an internationally popular sport. We want to capitalize on this. We are putting together some tennis packages to begin marketing this summer." One of these is a summer bonanza package that includes six nights and seven days, with the seventh night's accommodations free. Also included are a free lesson, a 10% discount on additional lessons, and unlimited tennis on seven championship Laykold courts with facilities for night play.

What recommends the Racquet Club beyond its fine tennis offerings, is its impeccable service. It was here that I discovered the warmth and hospitality of the Jamaican people. As Bert Wright observed, "Our greatest asset is our people."

Jamaicans are a gentle breed. Beneath the surface, they are passionate, and many take a fierce pride in their country. Kenneth, a cab driver from the hills around Montego Bay, and I talked about the population and the negative reports about Jamaica in the American press a few years back. "Everywhere you go there will be troublemakers," he said. "We have them here, but I think there are fewer of them here than elsewhere."

Jamaica is perhaps one of the most musical countries in the world. Almost everywhere you go, walking through hotel lobbies, down streets, or just sitting on its beaches, you hear music from live calypso and reggae bands. The people, especially the women, move slowly, almost imperceptibly to this music that lingers like a breeze in the Jamaican spirit. Everything in Jamaica is music. You hear it in the very cadence of the people's speech, in the tone and timbre of their voices.

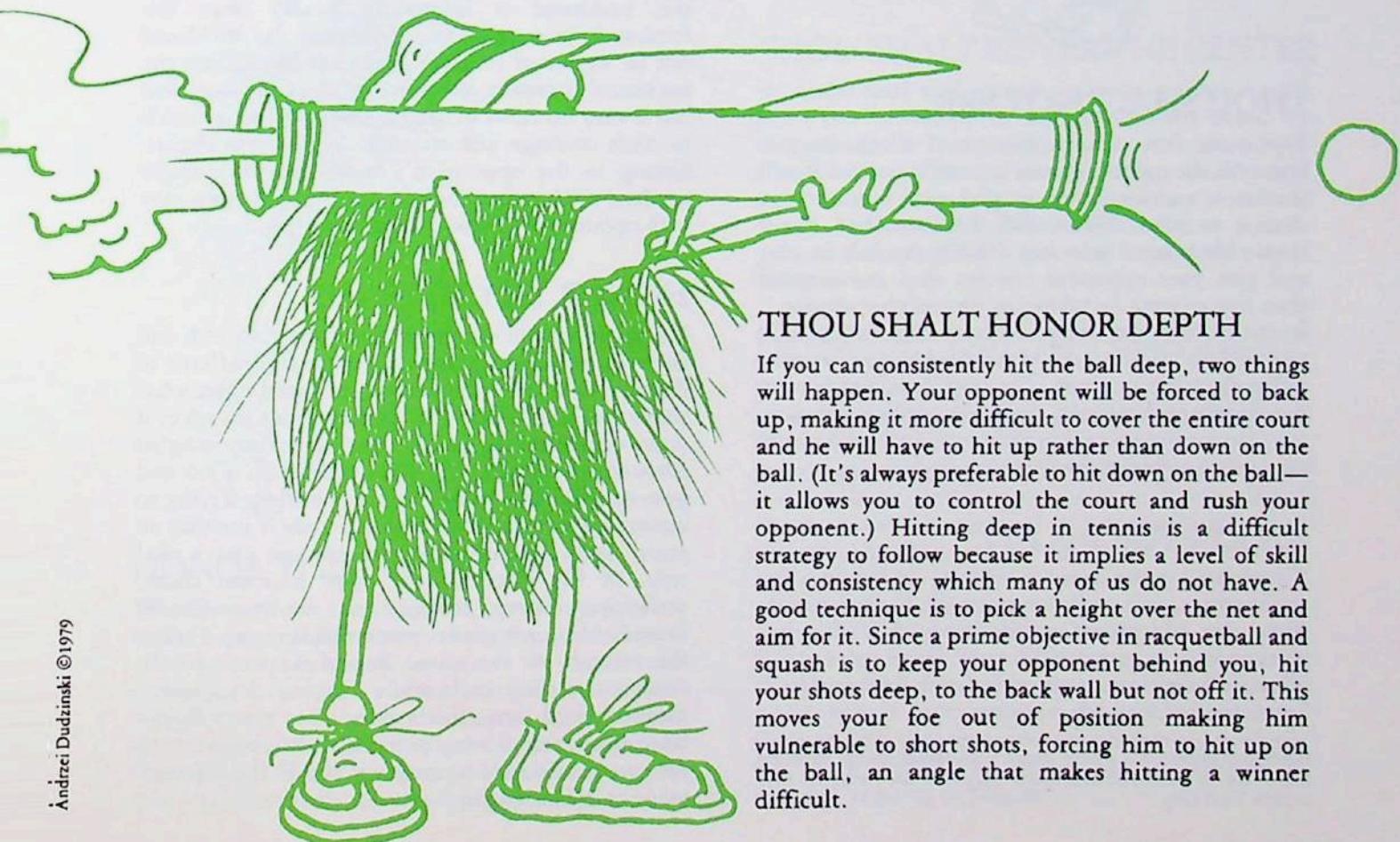
At night you hear tree frogs, the gentle swing and slap of waves on the beaches, and the sweeping breath of the trade winds. Coupled with the sounds are the smells of Jamaica: Jerk Chicken roasting over outdoor pits, bougainvillea, thick grass newly cut, and the sweet perfume of the jungle after a rain. And the sights: the eight mile stretch of white sand at Negril Beach, the pitch and plunge of the water at Duns River Falls, the harbor lights of Montego Bay at night. As Hedley, the nightwatchman at the Montego Bay Racquet Club put it, after he had taken me on a tour of the vast array of plants and wildflowers on the grounds, "It is beautiful here. There is no place like it in the world."

The more I saw, and heard, and felt, the more I believed him. ■

TACTICAL ADVANTAGE

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE RACQUET SPORTS

by Herb FitzGibbon



THOU SHALT HONOR DEPTH

If you can consistently hit the ball deep, two things will happen. Your opponent will be forced to back up, making it more difficult to cover the entire court and he will have to hit up rather than down on the ball. (It's always preferable to hit down on the ball—it allows you to control the court and rush your opponent.) Hitting deep in tennis is a difficult strategy to follow because it implies a level of skill and consistency which many of us do not have. A good technique is to pick a height over the net and aim for it. Since a prime objective in racquetball and squash is to keep your opponent behind you, hit your shots deep, to the back wall but not off it. This moves your foe out of position making him vulnerable to short shots, forcing him to hit up on the ball, an angle that makes hitting a winner difficult.

"All the racquet games are sufficiently difficult that it is usually better to give your opponent a chance to miss."

"(2)



THOU SHALT NOT ERR

This is the first and the greatest of all the racquet laws. All the racquet games are sufficiently difficult that it is usually better to give your opponent a chance to miss. When Bill Tilden talked about tennis his general rule was, "Keep the ball in play and give your opponent another shot at it, rather than risk an error by taking an unnecessary chance." In tennis there are far more errors than winners. In racquetball matches are often decided on winners rather than lost on errors. Squash falls somewhere in the middle with winners slightly exceeding errors. In any racquet sport, eliminate unforced errors and your game will improve dramatically.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

If you don't go for a winner when your foe provides an opening, you will be wasting an opportunity when the odds favor an attacking shot. It's important to exert pressure on your opponent or he'll not only have time to set up for each shot, but he'll be unafraid to hit high or short.

Herb FitzGibbon is a former Davis Cup player and is presently one of the foremost platform tennis players in the world. He lives in New York City.

THOU SHALT HIT DOWN THE LINE

This law demands that you understand the angles—how to open up your opponent's court and protect your own. Crosscourts may produce fewer errors on your part, but they also give your opponent more time, improve his angles, give you more court to cover and unless hit properly, leaves you vulnerable to counterattack. When attacking in tennis, approach shots should usually be hit down the line, ideally from your forehand to your opponent's backhand. (Avoid cross court approach shots.)

In squash and racquetball control of the court is critical. A shot down the wall allows you to maintain or achieve that position because the ball moves quickly past your opponent and does not draw him toward the center.

LOVE HIS WEAKNESS

Once you have enough ball control, you can work on your opponent's weaknesses. In the racquet sports the backhand is frequently weaker than the forehand. In tennis and racquetball the backhand can be exploited to great advantage. In squash the backhand is usually less powerful than the forehand but it may be easier to exploit other weaknesses such as court coverage and stamina. In platform tennis, hitting to the opposition's backhand will usually produce a lob rather than an error. Weaknesses vary with opponents—exploit them.

HONOR THY DEFENSE

It is important to recognize that during the ebb and flow of a point you continually move from offense to defense. Shot selection should be based upon what phase you find yourself in. In tennis, for instance, if your opponent suddenly hits a sharply angled crosscourt forehand, it's wise to throw up a lob and give yourself time to get back in position. Trying to answer a good shot with a better reply is inviting an error. Even in racquetball, defense can play a vital role. In the finals of the 1978 national championships, Marty Hogan was leading Charlie Brumfield by one game to none and was up 13-5 in the second. At this point Brumfield went to the defensive ceiling ball, while Hogan, the greatest shooter of all time, made error after error. Hogan later came back to win the game 21-20, but you can be sure he learned something about the strategic value of defensive play.

"Don't be awed by your opponent's game when you take the court, even if he appears to be clearly better than you."

THOU SHALT HIT EARLY

This law refers to the time you hit the ball, not its position relative to the body. Take the ball early—either on the rise or on the volley—and your opponent will have less time to react, less time to set up for his return. It's also easier to penetrate his defense or catch him off guard with a short shot.



HONOR YOUR GOOD SHOTS

Whenever you hit a forcing shot, move forward. This axiom holds true in tennis and platform tennis even when your opposition is at the net. In squash and racquetball, hard and accurate shots down the wall work not only because they move your opponent out of position but because they permit you to move in front of him. If you give ground after hitting a good shot you lose, much of your advantage.

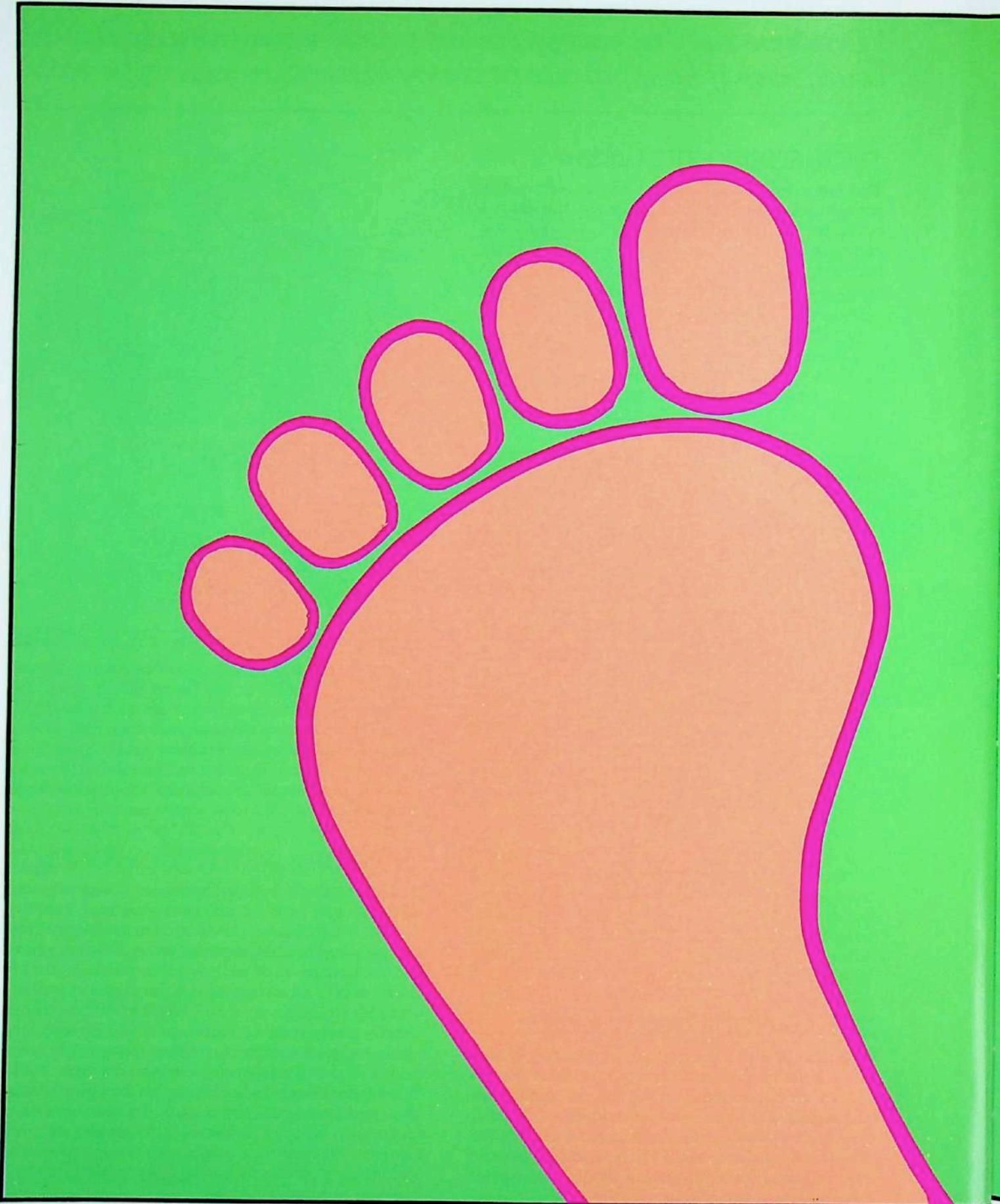


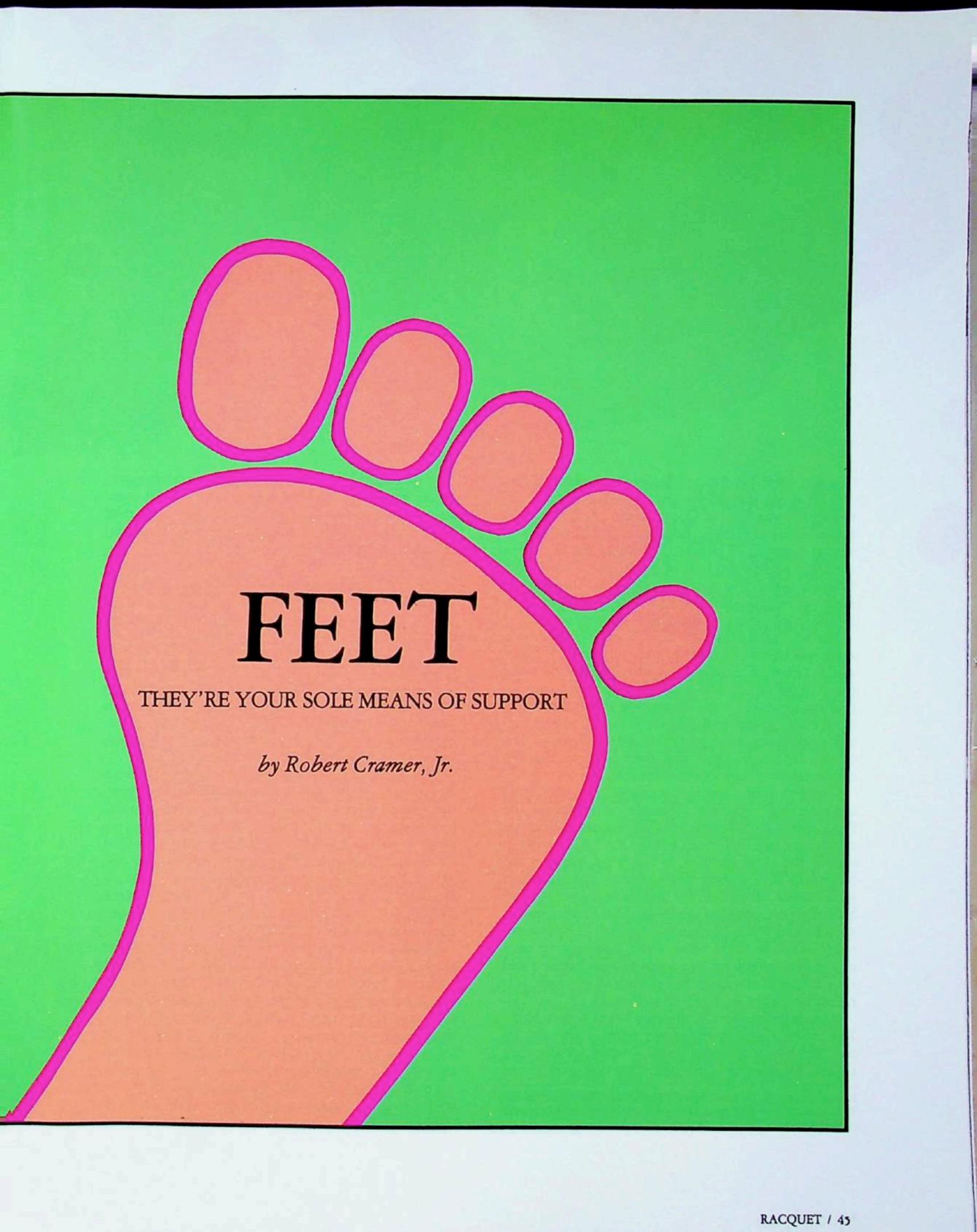
THOU SHALT COVER THE CENTER

In racquetball and squash your placements should allow you to end up in the center of the court. By controlling the center of the court you control the tempo of the game and force your opponent to run maximum distances. In tennis you don't want to stand in no-man's land (center court) but it is to your advantage to hit as many balls as possible from this position.

DO NOT COVET THY OPPONENT

Put simply, don't be awed by your opponent's game when you take to the court, even if he appears to be clearly better than you. It is better to focus on how you are going to play given the strengths of his game and the limitations of your own. Formulate a plan of action to take advantage of your strengths as well as offset his strengths. And be adaptable—if one thing isn't working, try something else. Upsets are common in all the racquet sports. Remember how Arthur Ashe beat Jimmy Connors in the 1975 Wimbledon Finals by nullifying his strengths. Ashe abandoned his usual power game for spins and off-speed shots in order to blunt the ferocious power of Connors. So next time you go on the court, don't fret about winning or losing, just concentrate on how you're going to play. ■

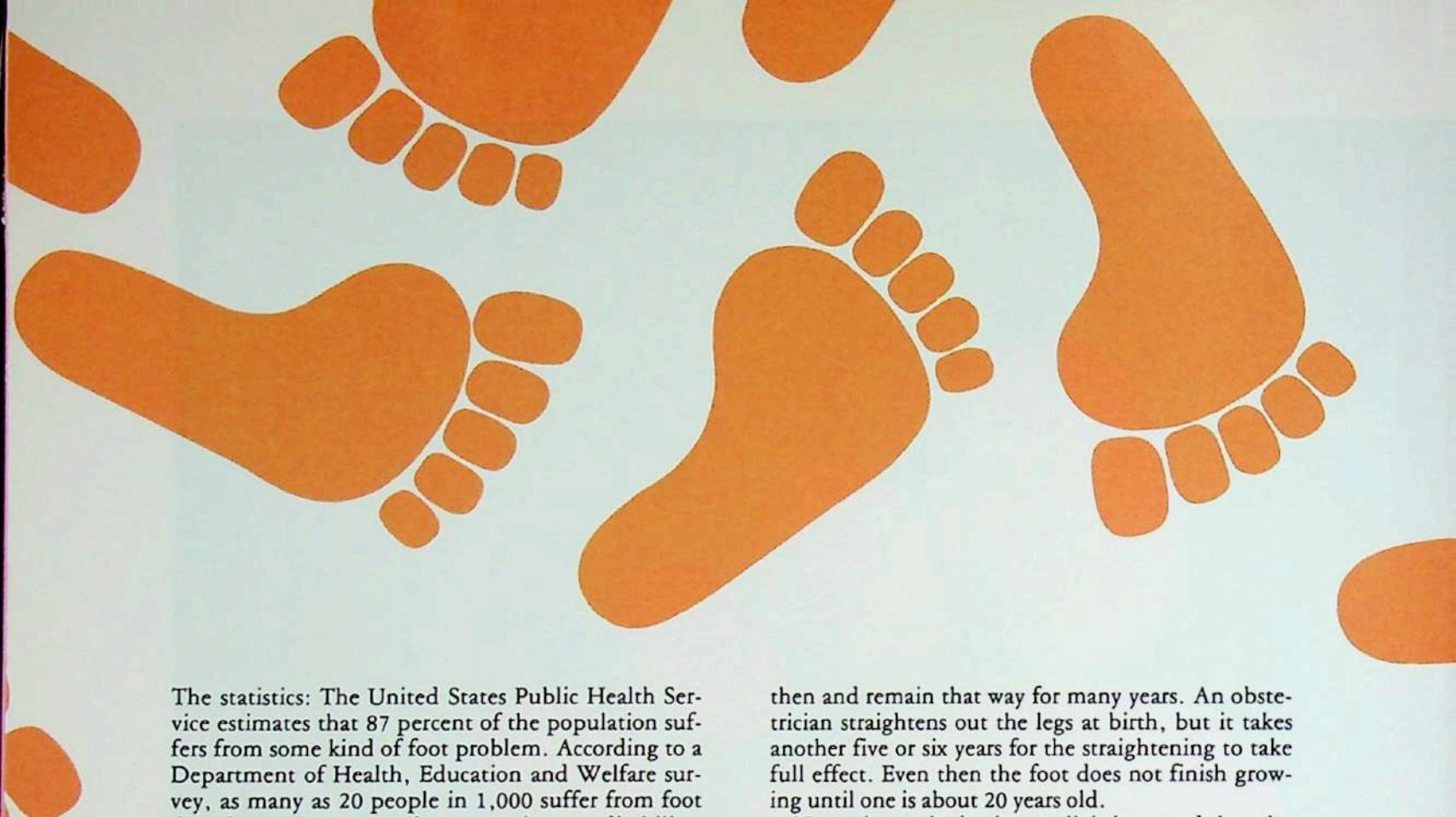




FEET

THEY'RE YOUR SOLE MEANS OF SUPPORT

by Robert Cramer, Jr.



The statistics: The United States Public Health Service estimates that 87 percent of the population suffers from some kind of foot problem. According to a Department of Health, Education and Welfare survey, as many as 20 people in 1,000 suffer from foot disorders serious enough to constitute a disability. Women suffer four times as many foot injuries as men—more often than not the price of wearing fashionable high heels and shoes with pointed toes.

No one group pushes their bodies harder or is more susceptible to injuries than athletes. Our passion for exercise, running in particular, has increased the number of leg and foot injuries, but it has also resulted in a lot of new information about their causes. Today, many podiatrists, or foot doctors, feel that back aches, knee problems, shin splints—a slew of hip, leg, knee, ankle and lower back problems—can be traced to one source—the feet.

Our feet look deceptively simple, but they are a sophisticated, efficient, durable appendage. The feet contain 26 bones each—28 if you count the sesamoids, the two tiny bones behind the big toe. This is exactly the same number as the hand which is not surprising if one remembers that at one time feet were hands. Together the hands and feet contain half of all the bones in the body. And besides bones, each foot contains 19 muscles, 112 to 117 ligaments, tough layers of fascia tissue which cushions the soles of the feet, and yards and yards of blood vessels and nerves. Given the inner complexity of our feet, it is remarkable they work as well as they do.

The causes of most leg injuries begin before birth. The round environment of the womb causes the fetus' leg bones to curve slightly when ideally they should be straight. Our bones are soft and pliant

Robert Cramer, Jr., is an associate editor of Racquet. Raised in the Virgin Islands, he recently graduated from Williams College and currently resides in New York City.

then and remain that way for many years. An obstetrician straightens out the legs at birth, but it takes another five or six years for the straightening to take full effect. Even then the foot does not finish growing until one is about 20 years old.

Not only are the leg bones slightly curved, but the body does not develop symmetrically and this leads to legs of uneven length. Usually it is the left leg that is shorter for reasons that are still not known. The cumulative effect of these two problems does not effect the majority of us, but in the athlete's case, these tiny abnormalities can and do cause problems.

Movement only exacerbates these developmental deficiencies. In our imagination the joints move freely as hinges. But in reality, there are many variables which must be accounted for, and when the joints are overloaded, that's when trouble hits.

This is where a hot, new development in the field of podiatry—orthotics—comes in. Orthotics resemble arch supports, but they are used for more complex tasks than just supporting arches. Orthotics are shoe inserts molded from leather, plastic, and in some cases steel, which are designed to correct the gait. Like glasses that correct your vision without affecting your eyes, orthotics correct your movement but not your feet. They work by filling the gaps between your foot and the ground . . .

Orthotics have gained a reputation as miracle workers. The list of successes is long. Racquet players suffering from pre-stress fractures are back on the court in three days. Runners have doubled or tripled their distances without pain after getting orthotics. But before you go out to buy a pair, you should know that they are expensive—about \$100.—and they are not needed by everyone.

Dr. Richard O. Schuster, who has practiced podiatry for over 25 years, is a professor at the New York College of Podiatry, as well as a manufacturer of



orthotics. Recently Racquet paid him a visit, bringing a potential patient, a squash player and a runner, who had been complaining of lower back and left hip pain. The pain hurt enough to have her stop running, although it had not yet affected her squash game.

Dr. Schuster's examination was simple, quick and apparently accurate. First he talked with the patient. "Athletes do not know what information is valuable," he explained. "That's why I start off by talking to them. They can usually give me a good idea of what may be wrong." In this case the patient mentioned that her back began bothering her after she had increased her running from three miles a day to six. Schuster had his first clue. "That's the magic number," he said. "People who have biomechanical problems—problems that are related to structure—share a common denominator, the time lag in exhibiting symptoms. Symptoms usually appear after a certain number of miles or after a certain amount of total miles a week."

"Running is more dangerous than playing a racquet sport," Schuster said. "People who run, move in a straight line and don't get the opportunity to use different sets of muscles or joints. In the racquet sports, however, you change direction frequently and can get a lot of joint problems. In both activities though, the heel is very vulnerable. It's a very small bone about the size of a golf ball and it takes most of the punishment."

Schuster then began to record a series of measurements which revealed some possible causes of the patient's back pain. He discovered that her left leg was one quarter of an inch shorter than her right. More specifically, that the shortness was located in her heel. "This is not unusual, for most abnormalities in the legs occur furthest from the hips," he explained. "Nor does it surprise me that it's her left hip that's

bothering her since biomechanical problems usually show up on the shorter side." He also discovered that she was susceptible to ankle sprains because she had very little flexibility in her left foot.

The solution to her shortness, he suggested, could be solved by an orthotic lift, but there was nothing she could do to increase her flexibility. That was a built in limitation of her body. However, through exercise she could strengthen her leg to ward off further injury.

Taking an impression of her foot, Dr. Schuster then made a leather insert. "Why don't you try this out and see if it helps?" he said. "If it doesn't, just throw it away. I do not think orthotics should be worn by everyone or prescribed carelessly. They should only be given if there's a reason. When I do prescribe them, I usually underprescribe."

Schuster has some tips for avoiding leg injuries:

(1) Get shoes that fit. This will take some looking around but is very important. Dr. Schuster recommends a shoe with a deep toe box and one that grips and supports the heel. Ideally, he thinks that all shoes—running or court—should have a lift under the heel to protect this area.

(2) If you are a runner, avoid running on hard surfaces. This includes most tracks which were built for races not for training.

(3) After illness or injury, *gradually* build up your strength again.

(4) Warmup before you go on the court or start running. Stretching exercises are the name of the game—before and after you play. Injuries are caused by muscles that are too tight and only stretching exercises can loosen them. Further, sustained, gentle exercises are better than jerky warm-ups.

(5) Find out the name of the nearest sports medicine doctor. ■



A LITTLE BIT OF SEOUL

TABLE TENNIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS IN KOREA

by Alice Green



My first impressions are still with me. The sounds of a brass band at the railway station. Cheering crowds. A sea of smiling faces. The thrill of an international event.

In early September, I traveled to South Korea with members of the U.S. Table Tennis team for a week-long series of "Friendship Matches" between our two countries and West Germany. I remained in South Korea after the week was over for almost two months to train for the World Table Tennis Championships in P'yongyang, North Korea.

The trip to South Korea was my first trip to Asia and my first experience training with athletes who are essentially table tennis professionals. Though table tennis is played in the United States, the sport has not caught on as it has in South Korea, where the leading players are household names. The South Koreans are keen on the sport and it shows not only in the way their table tennis athletes are revered, but by the way they train and the way they run their grassroots programs.

Players are divided into four groups: High school teams, Company teams, National Junior teams and the National team. The last three groups train six hours a day, six days a week. The top players are "amateurs" by Olympic standards, but they are definitely full-time athletes. Their room, board and other living expenses are covered by their team.

When the table tennis careers of those on a company team are finished, they are guaranteed a job of some sort with the company. Table tennis is not yet an Olympic sport. Consequently, no attempt has been made to separate professionals from amateurs. (There is some talk that the Russians will introduce it in 1980.)

High schools teach the game to most of their students. Those good enough to join a school club train rigorously. One high school I visited even trained on Sundays. And each club has a coach.

The best high school players are put on the Junior Team. In an exceptional case, a high school player or graduate with great potential will be placed on the National Team. The present number four woman on the National Team, Lee Soo Ja, is a high school senior. Curiously, South Korea puts more emphasis on developing good women than men. Their women's teams have consistently been among the top four in the world.

Drawn from the cream are the four women and four men who make up the National Team. Six weeks before a major international tournament, the National Team gathers in a training camp an hour away from Seoul. Here they will train even more intensively. With this kind of dedication it is not surprising that South Korea produces top players.

Seoul was our first stop during the Friendship

Neil Fox © 1979

"The stadium was packed with thousands of people and during the matches, school children would lean over for autographs."

Tour. Nestled in the mountains, Seoul is the capital city and has grown to seven million people since the Korean War, making it the largest city in the country. It is a city of contrasts where people in Western clothes walk side by side with people in traditional dress. I did not find the city handsome, but I was to grow fond of it, or rather its people. The warmth and friendliness of the Koreans—friends walking arm in arm, mothers with babies on their backs, fathers with young children in their arms and students unabashedly singing folksongs in the streets—made me love them.

The evening of our arrival we were scheduled to play the Korean National Team. The stadium was packed with thousands of people when we got there. Four matches were played at one time. During the matches, school children would lean over the railings for autographs, underscoring the esteem held for table tennis players in the country. And when the playing became really exciting, the stadium boomed with applause, especially when defensive players moved back 20-25 feet from the table to return 70 m.p.h. slams.

So it went for a week. The other matches played were exciting, but lacked the intensity of the first two nights because after this we were playing local teams rather than the National Team. Ironically, the two American players who had the most success during the tour were both former South Koreans, In Sook Bhushan and He-Ja Lee.

Leaving Seoul, we traveled to Pusan, a southern port and the country's second largest city. Korea is landscaped with gentle rolling hills and the beauty of the countryside makes one forget that South Korea lives under the fear of an attack by its neighbors, North Korea and China. This state of continual preparedness for war reveals itself in many ways. We were driving through Pusan when our driver suddenly stopped our bus in the middle of the street and ran away. All traffic had stopped, and people were dashing for buildings. It was a 15 minute air-raid drill, performed once a month without prior notice and announced over all radio stations.

At the end of the Friendship Matches the U.S. team returned home, but I remained to train with the National Team. This was a chance to devote myself to playing with some of the top players in the world. Only a few people spoke English so a great deal of nonverbal communication took place. We sang Korean and American songs (the Koreans seem

to especially like the Carpenters), laughed at visual jokes, used facial expressions and hand language. My stay with the National Team was my first taste of communal living. Everybody, except the coaches, would help serve the hot, spicy Korean food and clear away the dishes, although, in keeping with tradition, the younger girls on the team did most of the work. We women lived upstairs, three in a room. The men had the downstairs. As in Japan, most Koreans sleep on mats rolled out at night over a heated floor. To keep the floors clean, shoes are never worn indoors.

It is not permitted for a married person to be on the National Team, and the women's team had just lost two top players to marriage when I arrived. They fear that the demands of table tennis will create marriage problems and that marriage will decrease dedication to the sport. The players who replaced them, however, quickly became part of the National Team's family.

The training was very rigorous. We worked every day from 9 AM to 6 PM, six days a week. Before each training session both the women's and men's teams lined up before their respective coaches. The coaches bowed; the players bowed. And then practice began. Most of the time we practiced strokes, footwork and serves. Yet to keep our spirits up, the coaches staggered matches into the training session. To help each other maintain enthusiasm, each player periodically called out the word "fight" in Korean.

One player whom I studied and watched was the number one women player, Kim Soon Ok. She plays with tremendous poise and knows exactly what to do in any situation. Her words of advice were "Don't miss." Which sounds simple enough until it struck me that the best players demand the best from themselves. Her advice made me realize that I was willing to miss an occasional shot just because I was lackadaisical. Players like her focus on every shot. It was one of the valuable lessons I learned through playing there.

At the end of two weeks I moved in with a family and continued my training in Seoul with the Korean Airlines Team (a company team and the best in Korea). My schedule with KAL followed the same basic training plan as the National Team, but was less physically demanding. They too inspired me by showing me what really good players were like. I am dedicated to table tennis. But, unlike the South Koreans, my dedication is combined with another profession. Nevertheless, I am excitedly looking forward to competing in the World Table Tennis Championships. ■

Alice Green is the number three table tennis player in the United States. In April she will represent this country in the world championships in North Korea.

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A RUPTURED APPENDIX

A REVISED GLOSSARY OF RACQUET SPORT TERMS

by Steven Stern

ace: Type of bandage worn by player who has injured himself straining to return a perfect serve.

change of pace: Losing the second game of a match rapidly, after having lost the first game slowly.

coming around: Squash player's announcement to spectators that his injured opponent has regained consciousness and is almost ready to resume the game.

cross-court pass: Attempt made by one player, usually male, to become friendly with another player, usually female.

crotch ball: Shot aimed directly below the opposing player's waist, in order to weaken his game or eliminate him from play entirely. The struck player sometimes confuses this play with a kill shot.

doubles: What a player sees after allowing his head to come between the ball and his opponent's racquet.

pips-out racket: The racquet used by Gladys Knight to defeat the members of her singing group in a recent table tennis tournament.

putaway: In Iran, a Shah that cannot be retrieved.

reverse sandwich: Lunchtime food offered at table tennis tournaments, consisting of one slice of bread held between two slices of cheese.

70+ ball: Smaller, lighter squash ball, designed for senior citizens.

singles match: Blind date between two tennis players.

sweet spot: Exclusive gay racquet club in Greenwich Village.

tension: A command issued by an officer to a subordinate indicating an improperly strung racquet.

telltale: Squash was invented at Fleet Street prison, where informers, fastened to the bottom of the front wall by vengeful debtors, gave off loud sounds when struck by the ball.

tiebreaker: Mixed doubles match ending in divorce for one or both teams. Originally an Indochinese word, spelled Thaibreaker.

tournament: Italian slang term for an injured ligament.

fault: Popular location of numerous California racquet clubs, including the well-known San Andreas Club.

floater: Racquetball player who's had several high-balls before playing.

forecourt: Part of the court nearest the net, where foreplay takes place.

kill shot: In South America, a shot that is commonly used in government-sponsored games and is designed to eliminate the opponent.

love: It is better to have scored and lost than never to have scored at all.

overhead smash: Victory celebration in the apartment above.

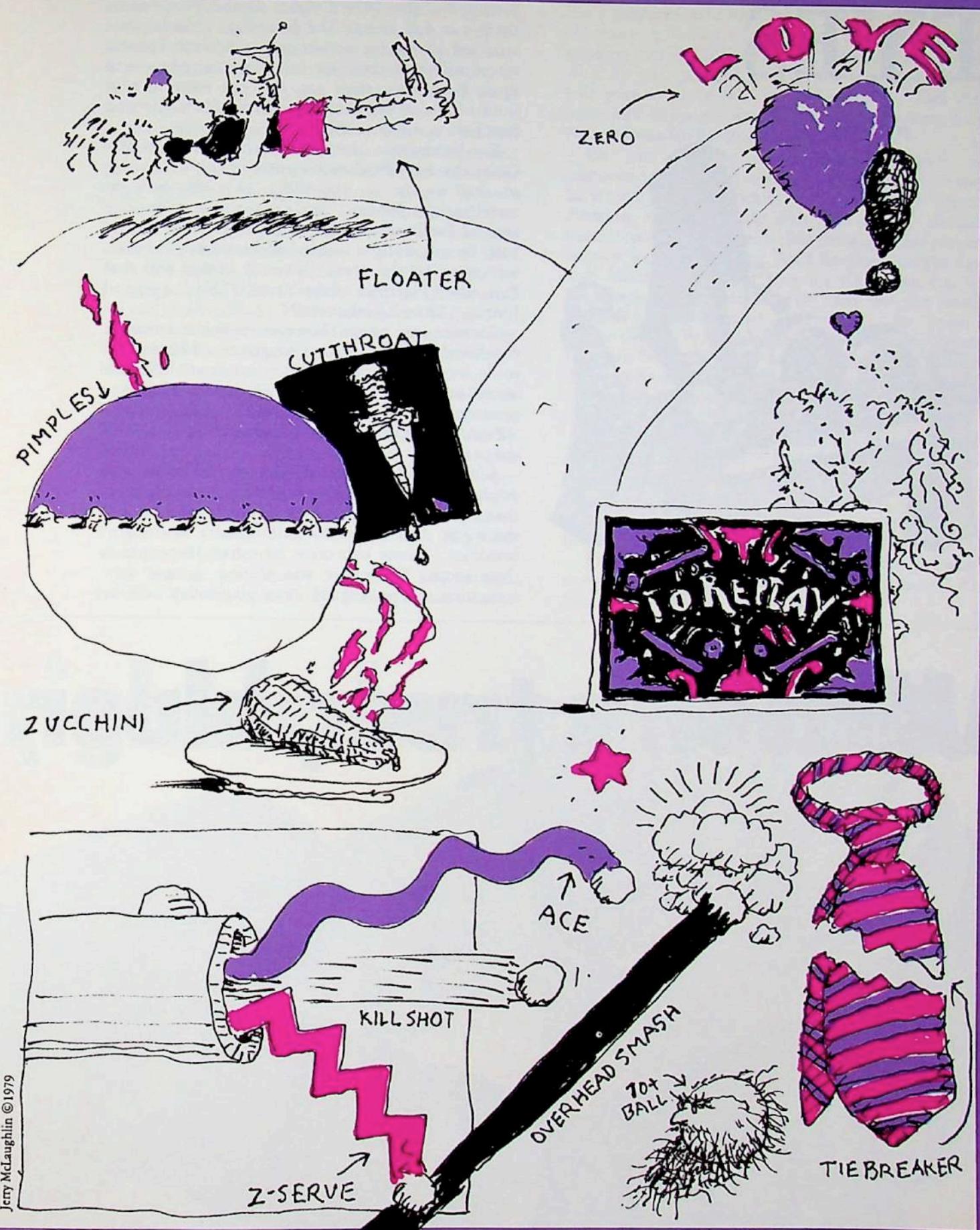
Philadelphia boast: Squash player's claim that he can beat anyone in New York.

pimples: Tiny projections on the rubber face of an adolescent table tennis racquet.

winner: Season during which tennis players take up the indoor racquet sports they don't have time for in summer.

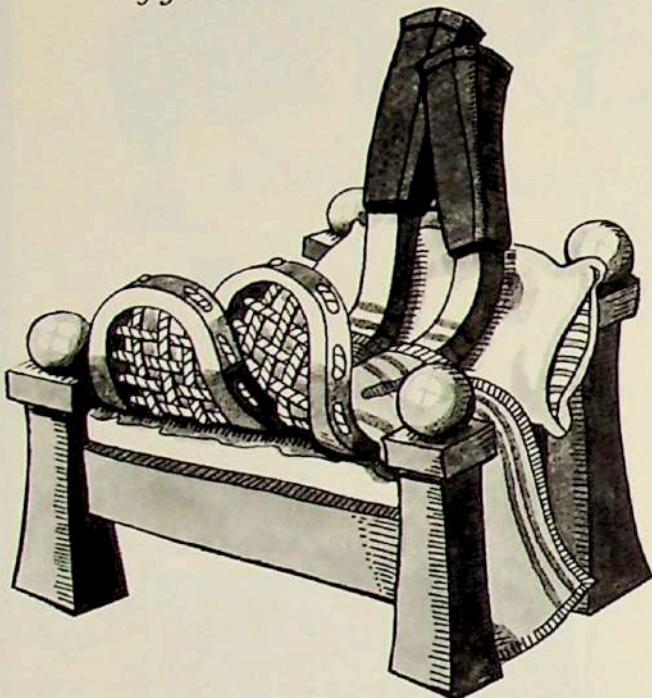
Z-serve: In France a difficult to return two-wall serve, as in, "Marcel could not return zee serve."

zucchini: Form of squash played in southern Italy.



EYES

by JAG



Well folks, the 1979 Colgate Grand Prix Tennis Tour is in full swing. The first stop, Philadelphia, attracted all the big names except Adriano Panatta whose wife had just given birth to a baby boy, and Bjorn Borg who, some say, did not want to play Jimmy Connors until the Pepsi Grand Slam where he beat him in straight sets.

But Jimmy *was* there and he brought Patti McGuire the 1977 Playboy Playmate of the Year along to, shall we say . . . play with? "Actually she's my travelling companion," said the tennis star. But one look at Patti and you know she's got a lot on the ball. Jimmy, as light hearted and humorous as ever, was asked by the press, "Does it bother you that Patti was a Playmate of the Year?" "No," quipped Jimmy, "Does it bother you?"

Connors *was* upset, however, over the article in the *National Enquirer* that suggested all he wanted to do was play tennis and jump into bed. "No one seems to realize I do have a life which I have to account for outside of tennis," said Jimmy. "Yeah," elaborated Ilie Nastase, "he eats and sleeps too."

After losing to Roscoe Tanner, McEnroe and doubles partner Peter Fleming threw a late late party that kept famed playboy Vitas Gerulaitus up most of the night. "Jeez," said Vitas the next morning at breakfast, "those kids must have had 30 people in their room. The music was blaring, people were screaming and yelling. If I can play today, it'll be

AMF Voit's truer, bluer,



amazing." And why didn't Vitas just join the party? He's heeding his manager who told him to get his act together and concentrate on tennis. By the way, it's said that Vitas was so depressed after losing to Arthur Ashe that a friend had to drive his Rolls Royce and Vitas back to New York.

The player who always attracts the most attention on the tour is, however, Guillermo Vilas, the storied poet of the Pampas. The ladies all did a double take when he walked through the hotel lobby. "I don't know how poetic Vilas is," says his manager Ion Tiriac, "but I'm beginning to believe there has to be something there. I sent some of his lyrics to Burt Bachrach and he loved them. Now CBS might be putting some of them to music. And Liv Ullman and Ali McGraw both said Vilas is so sexy in "Players."

Vilas, who is quite shy, told me he is just finishing a novel about tennis and . . . sex. "It's all fantasy," he said with a smile.

Another player who is a big hit with the ladies is John Alexander. He was seen one evening at a Philadelphia disco surrounded by women. When he finally left several women followed him out the door. Alexander told me he just bought a new house in Atlanta. "I only have three things in it," said John with his charming Australian accent, "a table, a chair and a bed." Well, when you look like John what else do you need?

Ilie Nastase, who usually loves discos and parties, looked a little down in Philly. I'm told Dominique,

Ilie's gorgeous wife hasn't been too happy with his off court behavior of late. For one thing, after winning the WCT in Jamaica, Nastase was asked what he was going to do with his winnings. "One half goes to my wife," he said quickly, "and the other half to my girl friends." Dominique wasn't in Philadelphia for the tournament.

On the romance scene: Buster Mottram is rumored to have had a romantic adventure in the back seat of a car while in Philadelphia. Peter Fleming, out for awhile with shin splints, should have time to pick up with that female tennis player he met in Johannesburg. Raul Ramirez bought his love Melissa a new fur coat for Christmas but it backfired because Melissa felt sorry for the dead animals and refused to wear the coat.

The rookies recently named Peter Pearson "Most Likely to Succeed". Said one of the players, "While ATP is printing how wonderful Pearson is, he's still trying to bail himself out from some incident on the last tour."

Speaking of last tours. That was quite a "late night swimming party" which took place at the WCT in Jamaica. With the way Bjorn Borg looked, no wonder the night felt as hot as it did. Of course the party cooled off when almost everyone ended up in one of the players rooms.

And, on the same night...Who was the girl who answered the phone claiming she was the maid? At four in the morning? Really! ■

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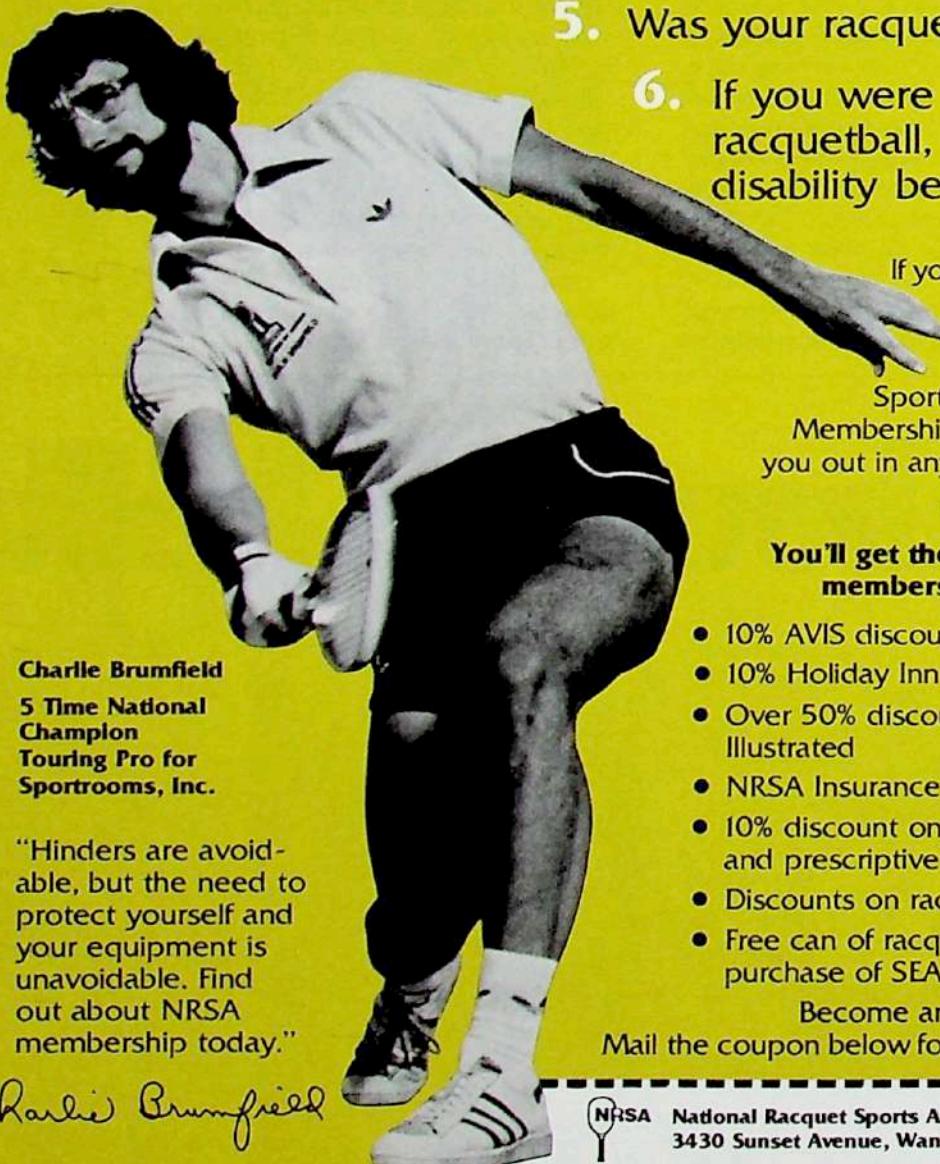
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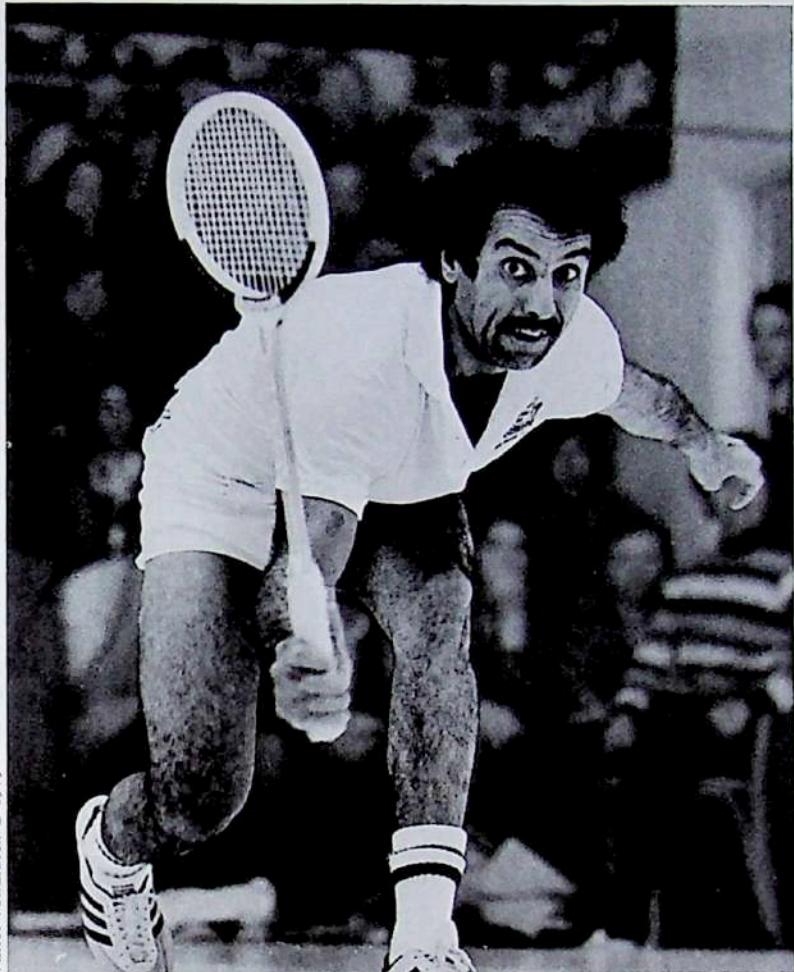
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GALLERY



Sharif Khan, sometimes known as The Sheriff, successfully defended his North American Open Squash Championship in New York. This makes it 10 out of 11, and another notch for the Khan Clan.

Viktor Vondracek © 1979

Jerry Hilecher defies the laws of gravity going for a kill against Ben Koltun.

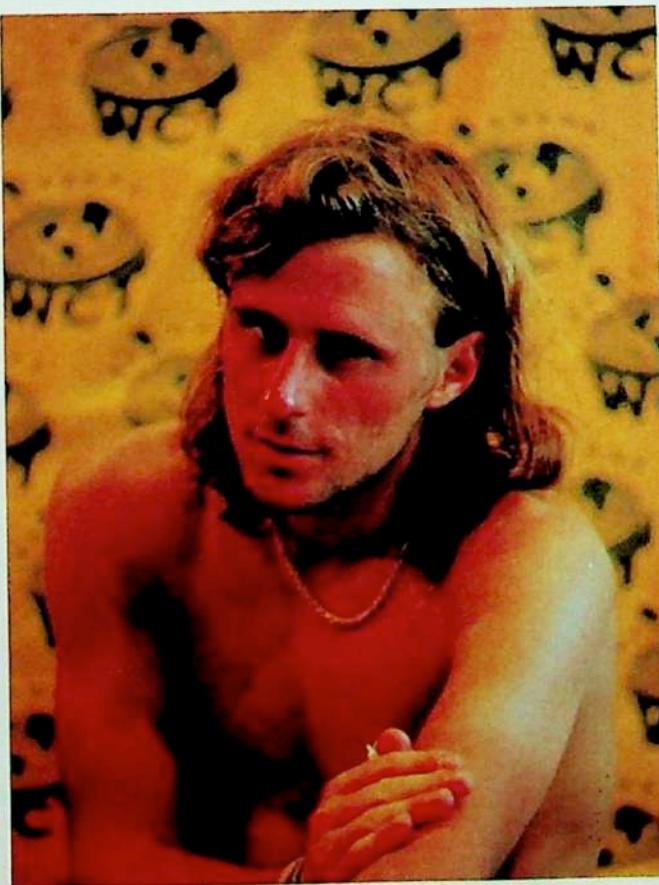


Art Shay © 1979

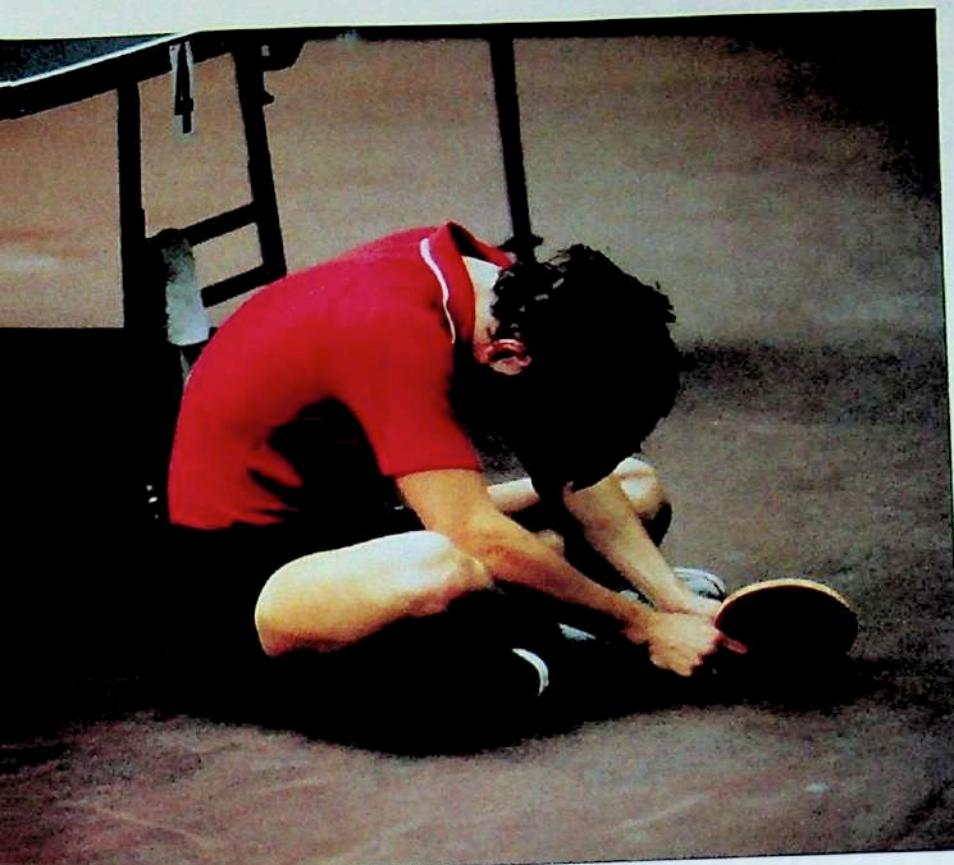


Tom Mangen © 1979

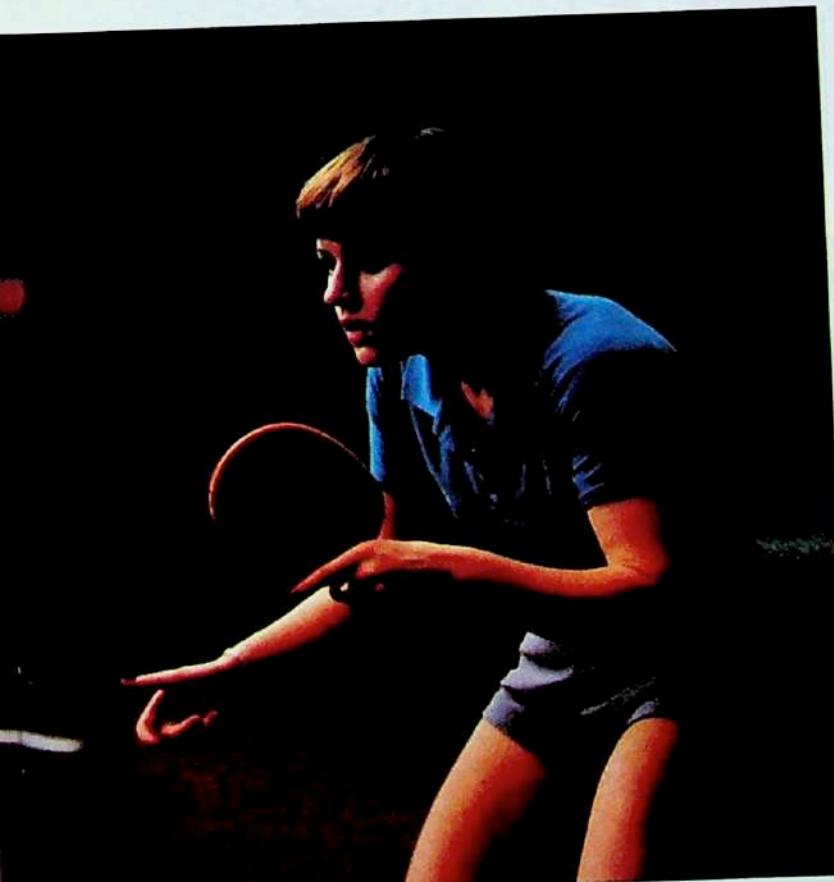
Clockwise, from the top left, Herb FitzGibbon and partner Hank Irvine try for another platform tennis championship; a young competitor learns the hard way; tennis prodigy John McEnroe has catapulted into the top five; junior champion Kasia Dawidowicz is on her way to the World Table Tennis Championships in North Korea; Bjorn Borg is back on top of the tennis world.



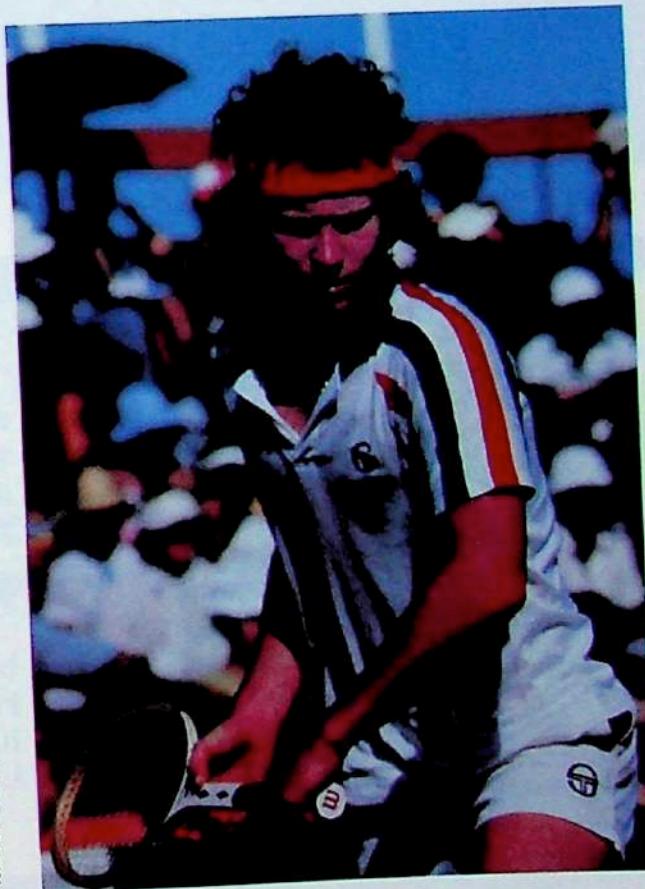
Jackie Giroux © 1979



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For further information and illustrated brochure, contact Ray Read, Pilkington Brothers (Canada) Ltd., 101 Richmond Street West, Toronto 1, Ontario. Cables: Pilkho Tor. Telephone: 416 363 7561.

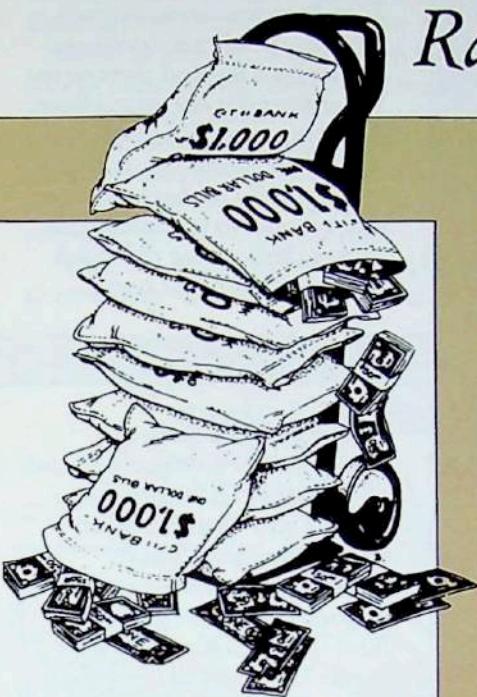


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Crossfire

A revolutionary new concept in racquet stringing has been announced by Ashaway. The "crossfire" uses a specially selected gut for the main strings and a new compatible synthetic for the cross strings. Extensive playing tests indicate that this hybrid combination gives the power and playability of gut and the durability normally associated with nylon.

Brush Stroke

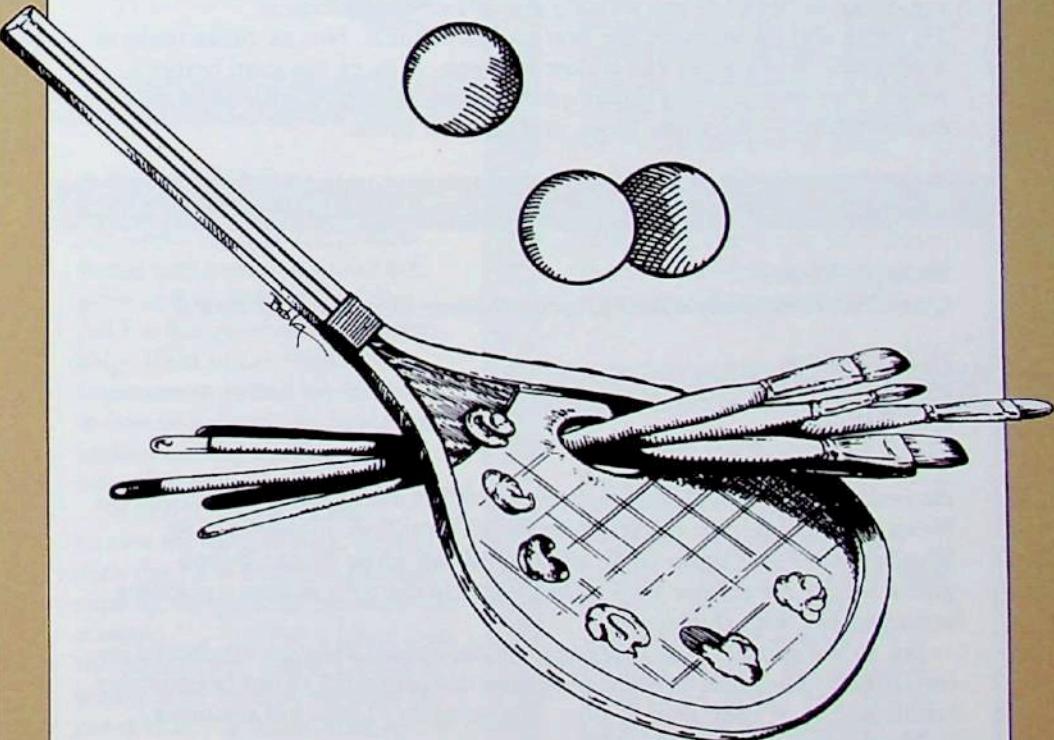
It's the season for the artistry of the esoteric racquet sports—court tennis and racquets. In the U.S. Open Court Tennis singles, a young pro from Australia named Graham Hyland sent sparks at the dark walls by defeating Ralph Howe and upsetting Philadelphia prodigy Jimmy Burke. Boston pro, Barry Toates, gained the finals by finessing the hard hitting don of court tennis, Gene Scott and went on to win the title in four sets with a brilliant display of accurate volleys and brush strokes. Don't worry—no one else knows what a brush stroke is either.

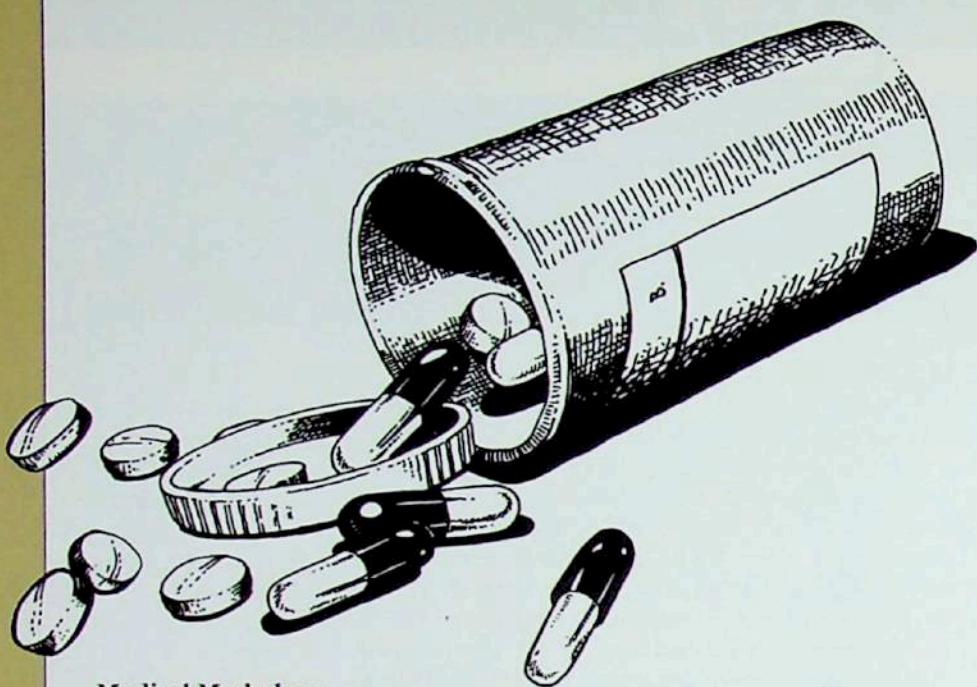
The following weekend, the New York team of Ralph Howe and Ogden Phipps breezed to the U.S. Amateur Doubles crown. Spectators gazed in awe wondering if there was any pattern at all to the ancient game as the players seemed to move in their own orbit regardless of the flight of the ball.

In the U.S. Racquets Championships, the venerable Willie Surtees successfully defended his title, embarrassing Randall Crawley in the singles and teaming with Ed Ullmann to win the doubles.

In the Canadian Single Championships, Surtees was upset by John Prenn of England and must now face a challenge for his world title offered by William Boone.

—George Bell





Medical Mythology

The new medical specialty—sportsmedicine—the science of sports and fitness, has exploded a number of preconceived myths about athletic performance. Three of the more common ones, described by *The Sportsmedicine Book* are:

- (1) The use of salt tablets. Never take salt tablets. If you are low on salt, your taste buds will tell you so. Salt tablets bypass your taste buds, nature's protection against too much salt, and may lead to high blood pressure, clots in the bloodstream, heat exhaustion and even death.
- (2) The use of amphetamines. Forget it. If anything these artificial stimulants can hinder performance. They only make you *think* that you are doing better than you actually are. It's all psychological.
- (3) Steak and potatoes are the best pre-game meal. Not so. Steak ranks as a poor source of energy and is slow to digest. If eaten too soon before a match they may actually impair performance. The best athletic foods are carbohydrates—potatoes, pasta, crackers and bread.

Left Hand Page

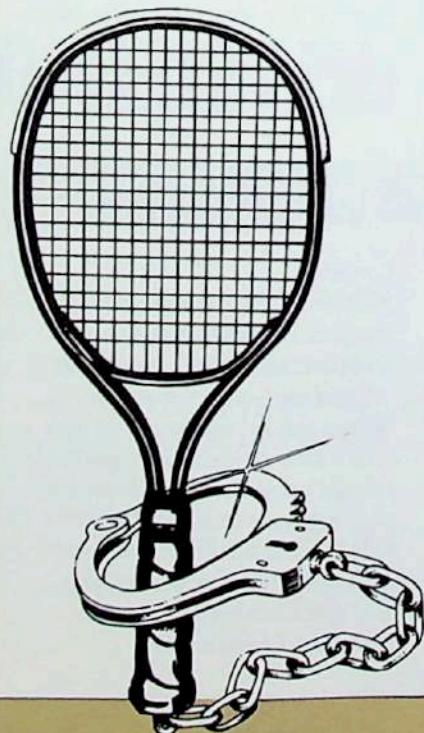
Former national champion, Tom Page has been incapacitated much of this squash season with an injured right wrist. What does the energized Page do for exercise? He plays squash, of course. . . with his left hand. By mid-season Page had become so proficient that he was challenging the top A players. It's kind of scary.

Crime and Punishment

The owner of a racquetball club in Stockton, California was playing in a tournament in nearby Pleasant Valley.

Following the first game his opponent left his racquet on the floor during the two minute break. Deciding to leave the court also, he left the ball on his opponent's racquet only to discover it was a rental racquet stolen from his club several months earlier. After a brief confrontation, the thief was blitzed by his outraged victim who won the match and retrieved the purloined racquet.

—Jerrell D. Croskrey



Multiple Choice

Question: How many tennis players are there in the United States?

- a) 6.5 million
- b) 40.9 million
- c) 9.0 million
- d) 59.4 million

According to Tennis Magazine there are 6.5 million players. But U.S. News & World Report thinks there are 40.9 million. However, The Washington Post figures there are 9.0 million while World Tennis guesses there are at least 59.4 million Americans with at least a nodding acquaintance with the baseline.

But in the spirit of true investigative journalism Racquet conducted its own survey. There are 9 tennis players in the office; 17 of our friends play tennis and 45 of their friends play. We're up to 71 and still counting. . .

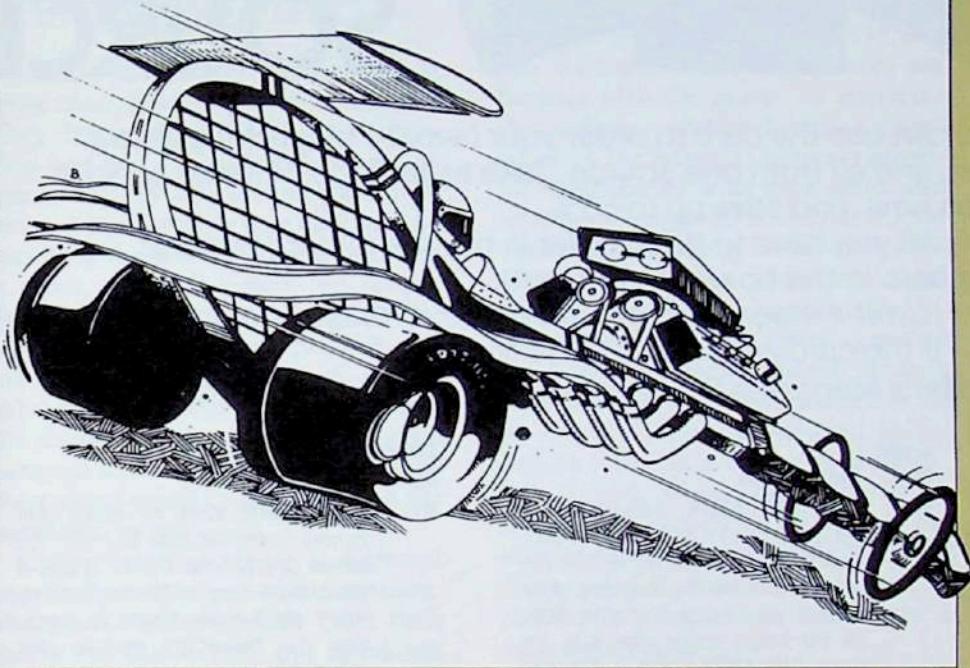
We'll let you know when we finish.

In Transit

At the recent Cowles Invitational Squash Tournament held in New York, University of Pennsylvania senior Ned Edwards had a busy weekend.

Edwards had won a very tough five game match against *Racquet* Editor Kevan Pickens which went for close to two hours. He then hopped in a waiting car and sped to New Haven where Penn was playing Yale in a varsity squash match and won easily. Still in motion the kinetic Edwards then returned to New York for his third match of the day, a quarter finals contest in the Cowles against a well rested foe. He won easily making his record a perfect 3-0 for the day.

Next day, with just two matches to play, Edwards went on to win the tournament having played five matches in 36 hours. Whew!



Rules of Order

If you've ever run a tournament you know what a bewildering and often unrewarding task it can be. But take heart budding impresarios, help is on the way. A small book, with a large title, "The Handbook for Planning and Conducting Tournaments," will surely ease the pain.

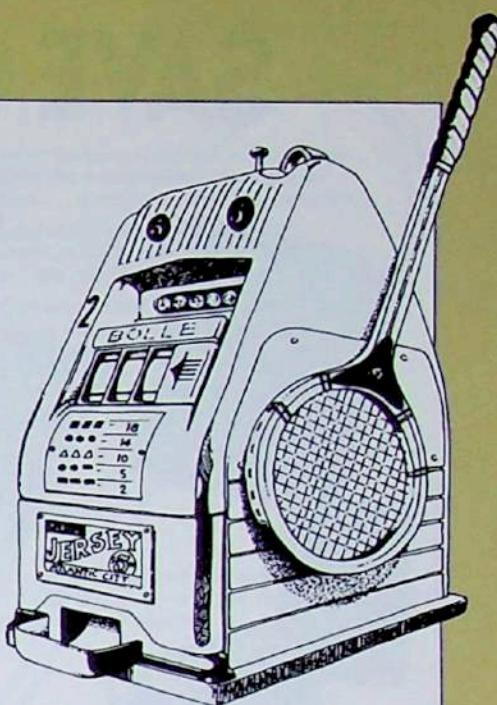
Published by the U.S. Tennis Association, (but applicable to an elimination tournament in any sport) the book contains facts, regulations and helpful tips.

Order from Publications Department, U.S.T.A., Education and Research Center, 729 Alexander Road, Princeton, NJ 08540. It's \$6.00.

A Fistfull of Dollars

Randy Vataha emerged victorious over a field of 220 professional athletes to cop the first prize of \$58,000 in the Coors All Pro Racquetball Championship. Held in Las Vegas, the tournament pitted top athletes in baseball, football, basketball and ice hockey against each other in racquetball action.

Winner Vataha, better known for his acrobatic catches with the New England Patriots than his racquetball prowess was ecstatic, "... even if I had won the Superbowl, I don't think it would have been as exciting for me as this." \$58,000 sure is exciting.



The Money Player

It was a 72 hour bacchanal. There was wine, food, gambling and squash. Yes squash. That most staid of racquet sports has gone Hollywood, or at least Las Vegas.

The event was the Atlantic Coast Open, held in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The site was the old Haddon Hall, now the Resorts International Hotel, home of the big gambling action on the East coast. Three tournaments ran simultaneously and the big draws put a strain on the two courts so matches were scheduled at all hours.

Yet most players agreed that the carnival atmosphere was a refreshing change of pace from the more traditional settings of most squash tournaments.

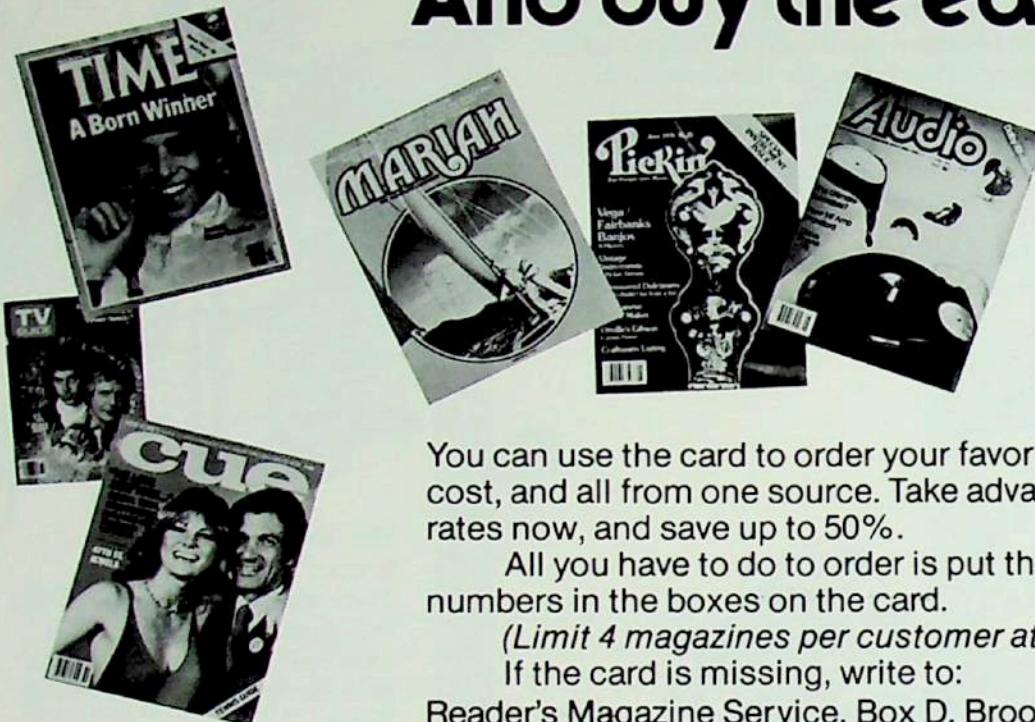
A Natural High

Racquetball's popularity continues to soar to new heights—35,000 feet to be precise. American Airlines now shows a brief racquetball segment before many of its inflight movies. The action is from the A.M.E./Voit-Perrier Championships recently contested in Las Vegas.

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73 **MARIAH.** Subscribe for only \$8.97 for 6 issues. Cost on newsstands would be \$15.00. MARIAH is the quality magazine of outdoor fun, expectations, and adventure—for outdoor enthusiasts and general readers alike! MARIAH covers skiing, backpacking, canoeing, diving, camping, climbing, and more, with outstanding writing and superb color photography. Every issue captures the beauty of nature and the excitement of wilderness adventure!

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93 **YACHT RACING / CRUISING.** You can have 10 issues delivered to your home for \$12.00, a saving of \$3.00 off the regular \$15.00 rate. This is the magazine for the serious one-design and offshore sailor. For yachtsmen who sail everything from Sunfish to 73-footers. Covers the exciting world of sailboat racing and performance cruising.

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At a Glance

BADMINTON/ THE DANISH ETHIC

Danish badminton players bring more than their racquets to the court. They bring classic shots, showmanship and sex. "Good strokes are the essence," they say, and they go on to prove it by spending year after year in search of the perfect stroke: one that is quick and well timed, yet retains the fluid quality that best masks deception. The more they practice, the more they become involved in the subtleties of stroke production and the intriguing process of developing a personal style. This may explain why there are so many happy Danes on the badminton court.

Other countries have a different approach to the game. Indonesians, Malaysians and Japanese base their games on the fitness and quickness developed by long hours of conditioning. Englishmen often try to outthink their opponents. Americans prefer a learn-as-you-go approach, that is, if they somehow push the shuttle over the net they feel ready for competition. The better ones develop pragmatic games based on keeping the bird in play and in a safe place—a style which often wins, but never dazzles.

Danes too, prefer winning, but they play as much to express themselves and enjoy life as to win. A dreary routine of nothing but conditioning and practice is their idea of hell. Even worse is abstinence, a practice Sven Pri, 1976 All-England Champion, eschewed in favor of an approach to training that many now claim to be the classic method. Before every practice, a strenuous daily session lasting several hours, he drank the equivalent of a six pack of beer.

The protein in the hops was "beneficial" he declared.

Out of five million Danes, 350,000 play badminton and many more are familiar with the game. To entertain this audience, and likely amuse themselves in the bargain, players embellish their games with trick shots and routines. One group is nicknamed the "clowns." Fleming Delfs, the 1977 World Champion, practices with them to improve his showmanship.

And while Danish men clown or strut to gain favor, Danish women have been able to take advantage of what seems an innate national ability to look fetching in stretch terry shorts. Ulla Strand, winner of dozens of international matches, pauses at the start of each rally to daintily hitch her shorts even shorter, then proceeds to clobber her opponents with shots a man would envy.

The Danish attitude emphasizes style, fun and flourish—and satisfaction from playing the game.

—Rosine Lemon

PLATFORM/ STRIVING FOR IDENTITY

Professional platform tennis is coming into the home stretch. There's been the usual snow, rain and sub-freezing temperatures, but presumably the added incentive of \$169,400 in prize money has warmed even the chilliest soul.

After six out of ten scheduled Passport Grand Prix tournaments, the men's rankings have a familiar sound to them. Former Davis Cup tennis stars, Herb FitzGibbon and Hank Irvine, ranked one last year, again head the pack with four tournament wins out of five they've entered. Close be-

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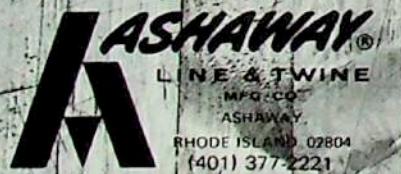
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hind are perennial contenders and former National Champs, Chip and Steve Baird and Clark Graebner and Doug Russell. Newcomers at the top are Gregg Brents and Rich Maier, one of the quickest teams on the tour, who have consistently reached the quarter or semi-finals in every tournament they've played.

FitzGibbon has had to battle a bout of colitis as well as the elements. He and Irvine passed up money tournaments like Chicago (won by Russell and Graebner) and were surprised in the quarter-finals by Adams and Mangan in Boston. But he is back and looking strong.

Anybody who saw Hilary Hilton and Louise Gengler sweep to victory against Linda Wolf and Wendy Chase last year will do a double take this season. They've all found new partners, typical of the mad scramble among the women to find a winning combination. Hilary Hilton with Annabel Rogan, reuniting a team that won the National title in 1975. Tennis star Yvonne Hackenberg with Linda Wolf, Louise Gengler and newcomer Carolyn Lane, Wendy Chase and Fay Gambee, Shirley Babbington and B.J. DeBree, pairing two National Champs and breaking up the only sister combination of Babbington and Cavanaugh. And the list goes on.

While the teams may be scrambled, the results are predictable. Versatile Hilton is on top again, winning two out of the last three women's tournaments. Still number two and chasing Hilton is Linda Wolf, who finds herself still a perennial finalist or semi-finalist. Kit Knight and Pat Lurie, finished strongly last year and hold down third place, but are finding it difficult to make headway against what appears to be even tougher competition this year.

RACQUETBALL/ HOGAN ROLLS ON

Racquetball's biggest pro tour ever, the Colgate Pro/Am, is half over and the results are what you'd expect. Hogan, Hogan and more Hogan.

Steve Strandemo is the biggest surprise thus far. He shocked the racquetball world when he upset nation-

al champion Marty Hogan in the first tournament of the year [while Wagner took out Brumfield in the quarters]. Strandemo went on to claw his way to a tiebreaking victory over Jerry Hilecher in the finals.

Meanwhile, Marty Hogan, prime exponent of power serve, power kill, power everything, maintains his number one position with three tournament wins. However, sophisticated observers are beginning to notice a narrowing of the gap between Hogan and the rest of the field, the evidence being Hogan's early upset in St. Louis and his close call against Rich Wagner in Miami. It's not Hogan's skill that is diminishing as much as it is the remarkable surge in the quality of play by the top ten professionals.

Richie Wagner has suddenly tightened his game to jump to number three over his number five finish last year. Credit his strong finals matches against Hogan in Detroit and Miami with an additional trip to the semis in Port Washington. Similarly, Hilecher has cranked up his enigmatic game to power himself to the number four position, a full two notches above his previous number six spot. In St. Louis he was knuckled out by Strandemo in a tiebreaker, narrowly failing to win the championship. He followed that with a squeaky 11-10 tie breaker loss to Bledsoe in Detroit, then rounded it out with a finals appearance against Hogan in Port Washington and a semi-finals loss to Wagner in Florida.

But where was the "People's Champion" Charlie Brumfield during all these goings on. The four time national champion was sidelined with a bout of infectious hepatitis that struck him soon after St. Louis. The illness put him out of commission until Miami where he barely lost to Wagner in a nailbiting 21-20, 20-21, 11-10 quarter finals. Observers report that all the shots are still there but Brumfield suffered the effects of his illness and his stamina was suspect. Despite missing two tournaments, Brumfield still shares the number five slot with Strandemo. Craig McCoy's incredible shooting and his ability to play Hogan have made him a regular semi-finalist and earned him the number six ranking.

The top ten are rounded out by Mike Yellen, youngest player on the tour and last year's rookie of the year; Davey Bledsoe at number eight, Ben Koltun at nine and David Fleetwood at ten.

—Jaci Sisson
—Tom Stofko

SQUASH/ ONE MORE FOR SHERIFF

They've said it for the past few years, "Sharif's too old. He can't move any more. Goldstein will get him this year." Yet each year, with characteristic aplomb, Sharif Khan has silenced his detractors by winning the North American Open and the \$10,000 first prize. This year's awaited confrontation between Khan and challenger Stu Goldstein did not materialize as Goldstein was defeated in the semi-finals and Sharif went on to prove for the tenth time in the last eleven years that he is the dominant squash player in North America.

The draw was made up of the American and Canadian regulars with the exception of Torsam Khan, a specialist in the international game, and the lone representative from Europe. Torsam had the misfortune to be in Sharif's quarter and his first match against his North American cousin ended predictably with Sharif's power and experience giving him an easy victory. In the bottom half of the draw, number two seed Goldstein was having trouble—four games with Bill Andruss and five very tough games with Frank Satterthwaite who seems to get better with age. The semi-finals were set: Sharif Khan vs. Clive Caldwell and Stu Goldstein vs. Gordon Anderson.

Each year Clive Caldwell gets a little better. This year's edition came complete with growls, menacing gestures and a new winning attitude. Unfortunately, Sharif seems to have Caldwell's number and the number this year was 3-1. The second semi paired Goldstein and Anderson in the best match of the tournament. The match was punctuated by Anderson's blazing power and unique double boast and Goldstein's marvelous retrieving and three wall nick. It came down to the wire—two games each;

13 all, set five. When the smoke cleared Anderson had won the dubious privilege of facing defending champion Sharif in the finals.

As is frequently the case, the finals were an anti-climax. Anderson, emotionally spent and simply outgunned was no match for the champion. From the outset Sharif sensed his superiority and went on to crush Anderson 15-7, 15-10; and 15-5.

Undoubtedly next year, grumblings will again be heard: "Sharif's too old . . ." Don't bet on it.

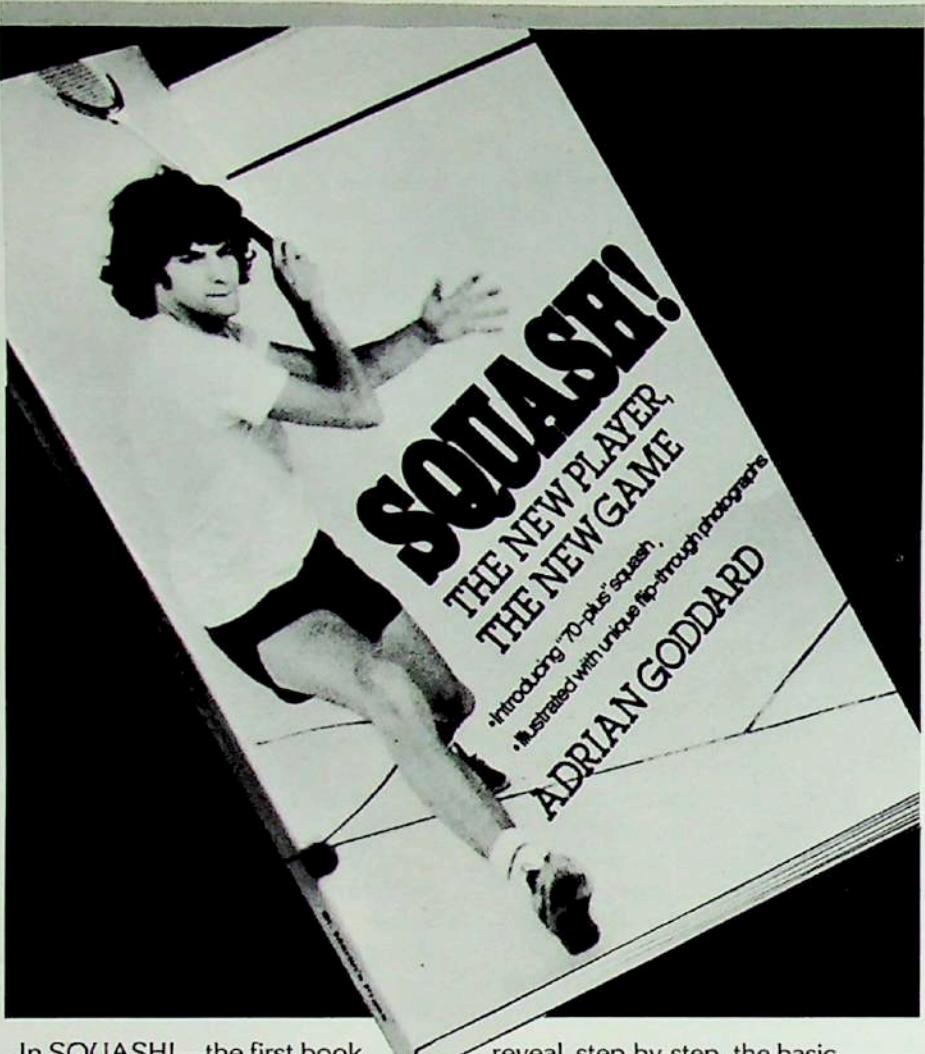
TABLE TENNIS/ ROAD TO KOREA

Table tennis has a new champion in 15 year old Eric Boggan. Boggan upset perennial champion Danny Seemiller in a hard-fought four game final match at the U. S. Nationals, staged in the splendor of Las Vegas' Caesar's Palace. Boggan is the youngest National Champion ever!

This tune-up for the World Championships in North Korea was dominated by the Boggans (Eric and Scott) and Seemillers (Danny and Ricky). The quartet, plus Roger Sverdlik, will represent the U. S. in the men's division in P'yongyang in April.

Seemiller's loss to Boggan was the major shocker in the Las Vegas event. Seemiller had not lost to an American player in more than two years and he had run through the field at Caesar's without the loss of a single game until he ran into young Boggan in the finals. (Incidentally, it was Boggan who was the last American to beat Seemiller.) Seemiller got his revenge three days later, however, when he put Boggan down in two easy games in the team trials for the world tournament.

In the women's division of the Nationals, In Sook Bhushan successfully defended her singles championship by defeating U. S. Junior Champion Kasia Dawidowicz in the semi-finals and former U.S. champ He-Ja Lee in the finals. The women's team trials produced a solid and competitive U. S. group—In Sook Bhushan, He-Ja Lee, Alice Green and Kasia Dawidowicz—for the worlds.



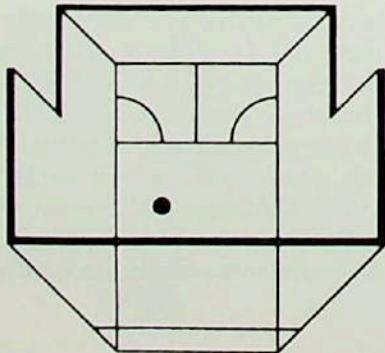
In *SQUASH!*—the first book devoted exclusively to the new "70+" game—squash pro Adrian Goddard provides a unique program of instruction for beginners as well as experienced players. In addition to 50 diagrams and 100 startling action photographs, the lucid text is supplemented with remarkable "flip-over" illustrations which slow down the action to

reveal, step-by-step, the basic techniques as well as the advanced strategies of "70+" squash. *SQUASH!* also provides a wealth of vital information on such subjects as equipment, playing facilities, squash for women, mental attitudes, tournament rules, squash for the tennis player, and practice exercises for one or more players. Cloth, \$10.00; Paper, \$4.95

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TENNIS/ THE NEW AND OLD

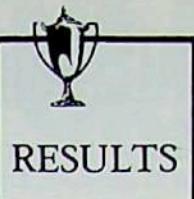
On the men's pro scene, 1979 began surprisingly with the renascence of Arthur Ashe, the maturing of John McEnroe and the continued rivalry for "Who's Number One" between Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg.

Ashe says about himself, "I may have the mind of a 35 year old but I feel like I have the body of a 25 year old." Both combined to put him in the finals of the Colgate Grand Prix Masters against John McEnroe. Nobody in tennis, probably even including Ashe himself, had expected him to get that far or come back so effectively after a near-crippling heel injury. But perseverance, a notoriously hard, flat first serve and a new, tricky off-pace game of dinks, chips and lobs, combined with the absence from the tourney of Borg and Vilas for apparent financial reasons and Jimmy Connors' early withdrawal from the event due to a blister on his foot, got Ashe into a stunning three set final with McEnroe. Granted, Ashe may not have won, but he put up a fight not seen since Wimbledon in '75.

McEnroe's first major title since his Davis Cup heroics, finally awakened the Garden crowds from what had been till then a dull Grand Prix circuit finale. The event also set off the controversy—would McEnroe, Connors, Borg and Vilas join the rank and file and accept the guidelines laid down by the association?

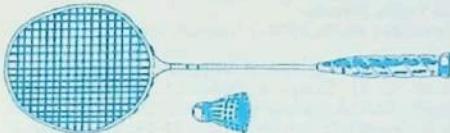
Speaking of Jimmy Connors, a strange development on that one-man cold front involved his winning both the \$175,000 Birmingham Open and the US Pro Open Indoor Championships in Philadelphia in the space of two weeks after his withdrawal from the Masters final. Connors has a curious history of withdrawal from tournaments that don't really interest him—anyway he did beat McEnroe in the Pepsi Grand Slam several weeks later before accepting a 6-2, 6-3 thrashing by Borg in the finals.

On the women's front Chris Evert was in New York with her new fiance, John Lloyd of England, the British Davis Cup player. She and the top women are playing at Madison Square Garden in the finals of the Avon. ■



Winners and Losers

BADMINTON



Thomas Cup Semi-Final Match
Ottawa, Ontario
January 13-14, 1979

First Day. Czich(Can) d. Kinard(US) 15-12, 15-3; McKee(Can) d. Higgins(US) 15-5, 15-9; Walker-Fogarty(US) d. Tryon-Johnson(Can) 15-7, 15-7; Johnson-deBelle(Can) d. Coakley-Britton(US) 3-15, 15-11, 15-7.

Second Day. Higgins(US) d. Czich(Can) 15-12, 15-10; Tryon(Can) d. Walker(US) 6-15, 15-6, 18-15; McKee(Can) d. Kinard(US) 17-14, 15-8; Coakley-Britton(US) d. Tryon-Johnson(Can) 15-12, 15-12; Walker-Fogarty(US) d. Johnson-deBelle(Can) 15-3, 15-10.

Winner—Canada 5-4.

PLATFORM TENNIS

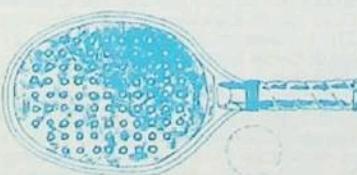
Passport Scotch Grand Prix
New Canaan, Connecticut
February 3-4, 1979

Round of sixteen. FitzGibbon/Irvine d. Barrow/Knight 6-1, 6-1; Adams/Mangan d. Burton/Felt 6-4, 6-3; Brents/Maier d. Kulig/Rowe 6-3, 6-4; Kane/Saacke d. Rogers/Ucko 6-3; 6-7, 6-1; Moore/Smith d. Mahler/Steele 6-4, 7-6; Baird/Baird d. Griffin/Swift 6-1, 7-5; Ayres/Mielke d. Kinney/Wachob 7-6, 7-6; Graebner/Russell d. Dickson/Mattimore 6-2, 6-4.

Quarter Finals. FitzGibbon/Irvine d. Adams/Mangan 4-6, 6-2, 6-3; Brents/Maier d. Kane/Saacke 7-5, 6-2; Baird/Baird d. Moore/Smith 6-1, 7-5; Ayres/Mielke d. Graebner/Russell 7-6, 7-6.

Semi Finals. FitzGibbon/Irvine d. Brents/Maier 6-4, 7-6; Baird/Baird d. Ayres/Mielke 6-2, 6-4.

Finals. FitzGibbon/Irvine d. Baird/Baird 6-4, 7-6, 6-1.



Passport Scotch Grand Prix (Women)
Boston, Massachusetts
January 31-February 1, 1979

Round of sixteen. Hackenberg/Wolfe d. Polestak/Slonaker 6-3, 6-2; McAvoy/Vosters d. Rawlings/Vanneck 6-4, 6-2; Knight/Lurie d. Winship/Yates 6-2, 6-1; Callaway/Rich d. Archard/Raney 7-5, 1-6, 6-2; Gengler/Lane d. Hills/Keyes 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; Bab-

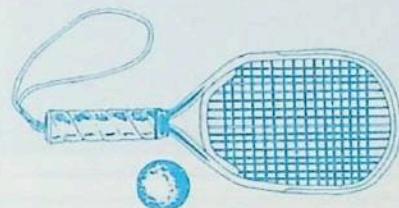
ington/DeBree d. Duff/Harris 6-2, 6-2; Chase/Gambbee d. Hill/Stern 7-5, 6-3; Hilton/Rogan d. Mitchell/Southwick 6-2, 6-3.

Quarter Finals. Hackenberg/Wolfe d. McAvoy/Vosters 6-3, 6-2; Knight/Lurie d. Callaway/Rich 6-2, 4-6; Babington/DeBree d. Gengler/Lane 7-6, 6-4; Hilton/Rogan d. Chase/Gambbee 6-2, 6-2.

Semi Finals. Hackenberg/Wolfe d. Knight/Lurie 6-2, 6-2; Hilton/Rogan d. Babington/DeBree 6-3, 1-6, 7-6.

Finals. Hilton/Rogan d. Hackenberg/Wolfe 6-1, 6-3.

RACQUETBALL



Kunnan/Kennex Tournament of Champions
Coral Gables, Florida
February 2-4, 1979

First round. Koltun d. Bledsoe 21-15, 21-9; Fleetwood d. Yellen 6-21, 21-20, 11-8; Brumfield d. Serot 21-6, 21-12; Strandemo d. Keeley 18-21, 21-10, 11-5; Bledsoe d. McCoy 21-16, 21-15; Wagner d. Yellen 20-21, 21-7, 11-7; Hilecher d. Serot 21-17, 21-10; Hogan d. Keeley 21-7, 21-16.

Quarter Finals. Strandemo d. Bledsoe 21-9, 21-15; Wagner d. Brumfield 21-20, 20-21, 11-10; Hilecher d. Fleetwood 21-11, 21-17; Hogan d. Koltun 21-12, 21-18.

Semi Finals. Wagner d. Hilecher 21-17, 21-15; Hogan d. Strandemo 21-16, 21-8.

Finals. Hogan d. Wagner 21-15, 18-21, 11-7.

SQUASH

Bancroft North American Open
New York, New York
January 12-14, 1979

Round of Sixteen. S. Khan d. G. Khan 10-15, 15-3, 15-11, 15-5; T. Khan d. Hilbert 11-15, 15-8, 15-10, 15-10; Caldwell d. Mohrtadi default; A. Khan d. Greenberg 15-9, 10-15, 15-10, 15-2; Anderson d. MacRury 15-12, 15-16, 9-15, 8-15, 15-10; Ratinac d. M. Khan 15-8, 15-10, 15-7; Satterthwaite d. Sanchez 15-10, 4-15, 4-15, 15-5, 15-4; Goldstein d. Andruss 15-8, 11-15, 18-14, 15-8.

Quarter Finals. S. Khan d. T. Khan 15-6, 15-13, 15-6; Cladwell d. A. Khan 11-15, 15-11, 15-8, 15-10; Anderson d. Ratinac 15-11, 15-11, 16-18, 5-15, 15-10; Goldstein d. Satterthwaite 10-15, 15-10, 15-14, 15-12.

Semi Finals. S. Khan d. Cladwell 15-11, 11-15, 15-8, 15-13; Anderson d. Goldstein 15-9, 15-12, 13-15, 8-15, 18-16.

Finals. S. Khan d. Anderson 15-7, 15-10, 15-6.

Bancroft Women's Open
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
January 26-28, 1979

Round of Sixteen. Maltby d. Hubinger 15-3, 15-8, 15-4; Weymuller d. Michel 4-15, 7-15, 17-14, 12-15, 15-6; Smith d. Ramsay 15-5, 15-4, 15-7; King d. Rubin 15-4, 15-9, 15-6; McKay d. Greenberg 15-3, 15-8, 15-3; Drake d. Pierce 10-15, 15-11, 15-9, 12-15, 18-16; Davenport d. Edwards 15-6, 15-17, 15-11, 15-11; Akabane d. Brickley 15-6, 15-8, 15-10.

Quarter Finals. Maltby d. Weymuller 15-7, 15-6, 15-8; Smith d. King 12-15, 15-8, 7-15, 15-5, 15-8; McKay d. Drake 15-2, 15-3, 15-8; Davenport d. Akabane 15-12, 18-16, 15-11.

Semi Finals. Maltby d. Smith 15-10, 15-9, 12-15, 14-16, 15-9; McKay d. Davenport 15-4, 15-2, 15-7.

Finals. McKay d. Maltby 15-9, 15-3, 15-3.

U.S. National Championships (Women)
New York, NY
February 8-11, 1979

Round of sixteen. McKay d. Brandriss 15-3, 15-2, 15-6; Weymuller d. Sanchez 15-11, 15-8, 10-15, 15-12; Akabane d. Drake 16-15, 15-6, 15-12; Drake d. Nyad 17-14, 2-15, 18-15, 15-4; Ramsey d. Greenberg 15-12, 15-12, 15-5; Davenport d. Billard 15-16, 17-15, 15-11, 15-7; Edwards d. Brickley 15-9, 15-4, 15-12; Maltby d. Lawrence 15-1, 15-13, 15-6.

Quarter Finals. McKay d. Weymuller 15-6, 15-3, 15-4; Akabane d. Drake 15-12, 15-7, 15-6; Ramsey d. Davenport 15-6, 15-11, 16-15; Maltby d. Edwards 15-3, 15-12, 18-15.

Semi Finals. McKay d. Akabane 15-5, 15-5, 15-9; Maltby d. Ramsey 15-7, 15-3, 15-7.

Finals. McKay d. Maltby 15-9, 9-15, 15-8, 15-7.



Cowles Invitational Tournament
New York, New York
January 27-28, 1979

Round of Sixteen. Edwards d. Pickens 7-15, 15-6, 11-15, 18-14, 15-9; Woolworth d. Beck 15-10, 18-17, 15-12; Bottger d. Talbert 15-8, 15-11, 15-12; Poor d. Ryan 15-9, 15-6, 16-18, 8-15, 15-10; Mateer d. Nedwed 15-12, 17-14, 15-8; Bernheimer d. Dinerman 15-3, 15-9, 11-15, 15-8; Greenberg d. Woolworth 15-11, 15-11, 15-10; Niederman d. Page 5-15, 15-8, 13-15, 15-14, 15-12.

Quarter Finals. Edwards d. Woolworth 15-7, 15-3, 15-10; Bottger d. Poor default; Mateer d. Bernheimer 15-6, 7-15, 12-15, 15-9, 15-7; Greenberg d. Niederman 18-13, 15-10, 17-15.

Semi Finals. Edwards d. Bottger 15-10, 15-11, 15-8; Mateer d. Greenberg 18-13, 15-10, 17-15.

Finals. Edwards d. Mateer 11-15, 15-8, 15-8, 16-15.

U.S. National Championships
Portland, Oregon
February 16-19, 1979

First Round. Sanchez d. Mitha 3-0; Brosens d. Atwood 3-0; Dashiell d. Dinerman def; Foster d. Bur-

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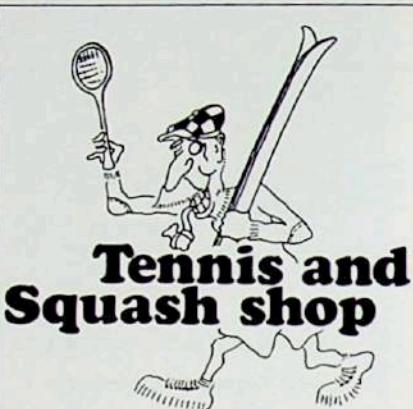
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rough 3-2; Botger d. Barclay 3-0; Alger d. Biggar 3-0; Mohtadi d. Talbott 3-0; Bernheimer d. Buckley 3-0; Gessling d. Talbert def; T Page d. Sayers 3-1; Barker d. P Page def; Mateer d. Lennard 3-2; Beck d. Cooper 3-0; Flemming d. Nedwed 3-2; Franklin d. Harding 3-1; Edwards d. Sarfraz 3-2.

Second Round. Sanchez d. Brosens 3-0; Dashiell d. Foster 3-2; Alger d. Bottger 3-2; Mohtadi d. Bernheimer 3-2; Page d. Gessling 3-0; Mateer d. Barker 3-0; Beck d. Flemming 3-0; Edwards d. Franklin 3-1.

Quarter Finals. Sanchez d. Dashiell 3-0; Mohtadi d.

Alger 3-1; Page d. Mateer 3-2 Beck d. Edwards 3-2.

Semi Finals. Sanchez d. Mohtadi 3-1; Page d. Beck 3-1.

Finals. Sanchez d. Page 3-0.

TABLE TENNIS

United States Championships
Las Vegas, Nevada
December 16-19, 1978

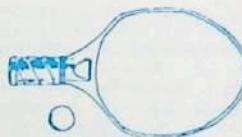
Round of thirty-two. E. Boggan d. Thrasher 21-10, 21-10, 21-13; Sharpe d. Baber 17-21, 21-14, 21-11, 21-19; Bush d. Quang Bui 21-19, 21-13, 21-18; Lee d. Lardon 20-22, 21-10, 23-21, 21-19; Brathwaite d. Butler 21-18, 20-22, 21-13, 21-19; Gillen d. Chui 21-19, 21-10, 21-16; R. Seemiller d. Stewart 21-18, 21-13, 21-10; Philip d. Sears 21-18, 17-21, 21-19, 19-21, 21-12; Sakai d. Raphel 13-21, 21-17, 21-19, 15-21, 21-14; S. Boggan d. Manoogian 21-15, 21-13, 16-21, 21-17; Doyle d. Lee 21-15, 21-19, 21-12; Sverdlik d. Lane 21-16, 21-23, 21-16, 20-22, 21-18; D. Seemiller d. Guillen 21-11, 21-14, 21-14; Sweeris d. Howard 21-18, 16-21, 19-21, 21-11, 21-9; Huerman d. Peterson 21-9, 21-13, 17-21, 21-15; Park d. Lazarus 21-18, 21-17, 21-13.

Round of sixteen. E. Boggan d. Sharpe 21-11, 26-24, 21-17; Lee d. Bush 21-14, 21-14, 19-21, 21-15; Gillen d. Brathwaite 21-17, 23-21, 21-17; R. Seemiller d. Philip 21-15, 21-15, 21-12; S. Boggan d. Sakai 21-16, 21-13, 21-15; Sverdlik d. Doyle 19-21, 21-10, 21-19, 21-16; D. Seemiller d. Sweeris 21-14, 21-14, 21-18; Park d. Huermann 21-19, 22-20, 21-11.

Quarter Finals. E. Boggan d. Lee 21-18, 19-21, 22-20, 21-15; Guillen d. R. Seemiller 21-19, 21-9, 21-19; D. Seemiller d. Park 21-10, 21-13, 21-11; S. Boggan d. Sverdlik 17-21, 18-21, 23-21, 21-11, 21-18.

Semi Finals. E. Boggan d. Guillen 21-17, 21-7, 22-24, 21-16; D. Seemiller d. S. Boggan 21-11, 21-10, 16-8 (retired).

Finals. E. Boggan d. D. Seemiller 23-21, 21-16, 21-23, 21-15.



United States Championships (Women)
Las Vegas, Nevada
December 16-19, 1978

Round of thirty-two. Bhushan d. Thompson 21-6, 21-9, 21-10; Newell d. Rosal default; O'Dougherty d. Felstein 21-13, 19-21, 22-20, 21-15; Sotesz d. Gresham 21-13, 21-17, 21-19; Dawidowicz d. Payotellis 21-11, 21-17, 21-13; Davidson d. Motz 7-21, 21-16, 21-15, 21-19; Liu d. Harris 21-9, 20-22, 21-6, 21-10; Bochenek d. Newgarden 13-21, 21-10, 21-18, 2-19; Green d. Martin default; Trenholme d. Hodges 21-12, 21-19, 21-9; Dadian d. Parkins 21-11, 21-19, 10-21, 21-16; Sistrunk d. Simon 18-21, 21-18, 21-10, 21-12; Sweeris d. Neuberger 21-4, 21-9, 21-13; Kronlage d. Hill 13-21, 19-21, 21-17, 21-19, 21-16; Nieves d. Cooper 21-15, 21-14, 22-20; Lee d. Smukstein 21-11, 21-6, 21-6.

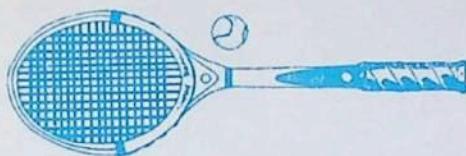
Round of sixteen. Bhushan d. Newell 21-12, 21-10, 21-14; Sotesz d. O'Dougherty 21-17, 15-21, 14-21, 21-13, 21-19; Dawidowicz d. Davidson 14-21, 18-21, 21-15, 21-14, 21-8; Bochenek d. Lui 21-8, 21-8, 24-22; Green d. Trenholme 21-10, 17-21, 21-16, 21-9; Sistrunk d. Dadian 21-16, 21-10, 21-17; Sweeris d. Kronlage 21-7, 21-4, 21-12; Lee d. Nieves 21-9, 21-7, 21-6.

Quarter Finals. Bhushan d. Soltesz 21-15, 21-13, 21-11; Dawidowicz d. Bochenki 8-21, 21-16, 12-21, 21-19, 21-6; Sistrunk d. Green 21-18, 9-21, 21-19, 23-21; Lee d. Sweetis 21-13, 21-18, 21-13.

Semi Finals. Bhushan d. Dawidowicz 18-21, 17-21, 21-14, 21-13, 21-8; Lee d. Sistrunk 21-17, 21-17, 19-21, 21-17.

Finals. Bhushan d. Lee 21-19, 20-22, 21-15, 21-10.

TENNIS



Colgate Grand Prix Masters
New York, New York
January 10-14, 1979

First Round. Dibbs d. Barazzutti 6-4, 6-4; Gottfried d. Ramirez 6-4, 6-1; Connors d. Solomon 6-1, 6-2; McEnroe d. Ashe 6-3, 6-1.

Second Round. Gottfried d. Barazzutti 7-6, 6-4; Ashe d. Solomon 7-1, 6-4; Dibbs d. Ramirez 6-0, 6-1; McEnroe d. Connors 7-5, 3-0 retired.

Third Round. Ramirez d. Barazzutti 3-6, 6-3, 6-4; McEnroe d. Solomon 6-3, 6-2; Gottfried d. Dibbs 6-3, 6-3; Ashe d. Connors default.

Semi Finals. Ashe d. Gottfried 7-5, 3-6, 6-3; McEnroe d. Dibbs 6-1, 6-4.

Finals. McEnroe d. Ashe 6-7, 7-5, 6-3, 7-5.

U.S. Pro Indoor Championships
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
January 22-28, 1979

Round of thirty-two. Connors d. Van Dellen 6-1, 6-1; Fibak d. Amaya 6-2, 6-1; Hardie d. Nastase 7-5, 4-6, 6-4; Master d. Barazzutti 5-7, 6-3, 6-3; McEnroe d. Smith 7-5, 6-1; Pfister d. Stewart 6-1, 6-0; Tanner d. Leonard 6-3, 6-2; Dibbs d. Drysdale 6-4, 7-5; Solomon d. Patterson 6-0, 6-3; Mayer d. Gullikson 6-4, 6-3; Kreik d. Zednik 6-3, 6-4; Gerulaitis d. Franulovic 6-4, 6-1; Gottfried d. Tom Gullikson 6-4, 6-4; DuPre d. Dibley 3-6, 7-6, 7-6; Ashe d. Riessen 6-1, 4-6, 6-4; Vilas d. Mortram 6-4, 6-3.

Round of sixteen. Connors d. Fibak 6-4, 7-6; Masters d. Hardie 6-4, 6-4; McEnroe d. Pfister 6-2, 7-6; Tanner d. Dibbs 6-7, 6-2, 6-2; Solomon d. Mayer 6-4, 2-6, 6-1; Gerulaitis d. Kreik 4-6, 6-2, 7-5; Gottfried d. DuPre 6-3, 6-2; Ashe d. Vilas 6-3, 7-5.

Quarter Finals. Connors d. Master 6-3, 6-3; Tanner d. McEnroe 7-6, 6-2; Gerulaitis d. Solomon 6-2, 6-3; Ashe d. Gottfried 6-3, 7-5.

Semi Finals. Connors d. Tanner 6-3, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1; Ashe d. Gerulaitis 1-6, 4-6, 7-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Finals. Connors d. Ashe 6-3, 6-4, 6-1.

Avon Championships (Women)
Oakland, California
January 8-14, 1979

Round of thirty-two. Navratalova d. Smith 6-3, 6-4; Vermaak d. Huni 6-1, 7-5; May d. Tomanova 4-6, 7-6, 6-2; Stuart d. Cuypers 6-2, 6-2; Stove d. Tyler 6-3, 6-2; Jausovec d. Duval 6-3, 6-7, 6-1; Casals d. Kloss 7-5, 6-3; Kiyomura d. Mihai 6-2, 6-2; Latham d. Foorood 6-1, 6-0; Ruzici d. Margolin 6-4, 2-6, 6-1; Stoll d. Dupont 6-2, 6-3; Fromholtz d. Newberry 4-6, 6-0, 6-1; Kruger d. Fernandez 6-4, 6-2; Redondo d. Louie 6-2, 6-3; Richards d. Durr 6-2, 6-2; Evert d. Jordan 6-3, 6-1.

Round of sixteen. Navratalova d. Vermaak 6-3, 6-0; May d. Stuart 6-1, 6-4; Jausovec d. Stove 6-4, 6-3; Kiyomura d. Casals 6-3, 6-4; Ruzici d. Latham 6-3, 6-3; Fromholtz d. Stoll 6-1, 6-2; Redondo d. Kruger 6-4, 6-2; Evert d. Richards 6-4, 6-4.

Quarter Finals. Navratalova d. May 6-3, 6-0; Kiyomura d. Jausovec 6-3, 2-6, 7-5; Fromholtz d. Ruzici 6-3, 4-6, 7-5; Evert d. Redondo 7-5, 6-3.

Semi Finals. Navratalova d. Kiyomura 6-1, 6-3; Evert d. Fromholtz 7-6, 6-0.

Finals. Navratalova d. Evert 7-5, 7-5.

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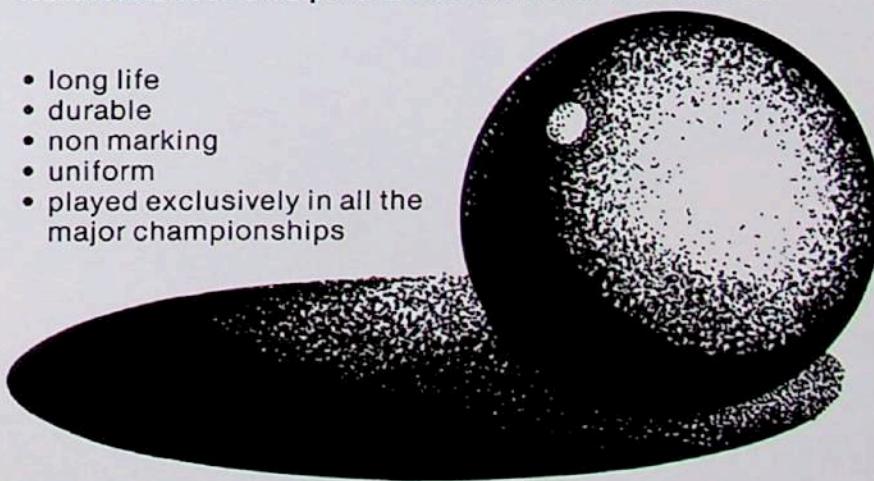
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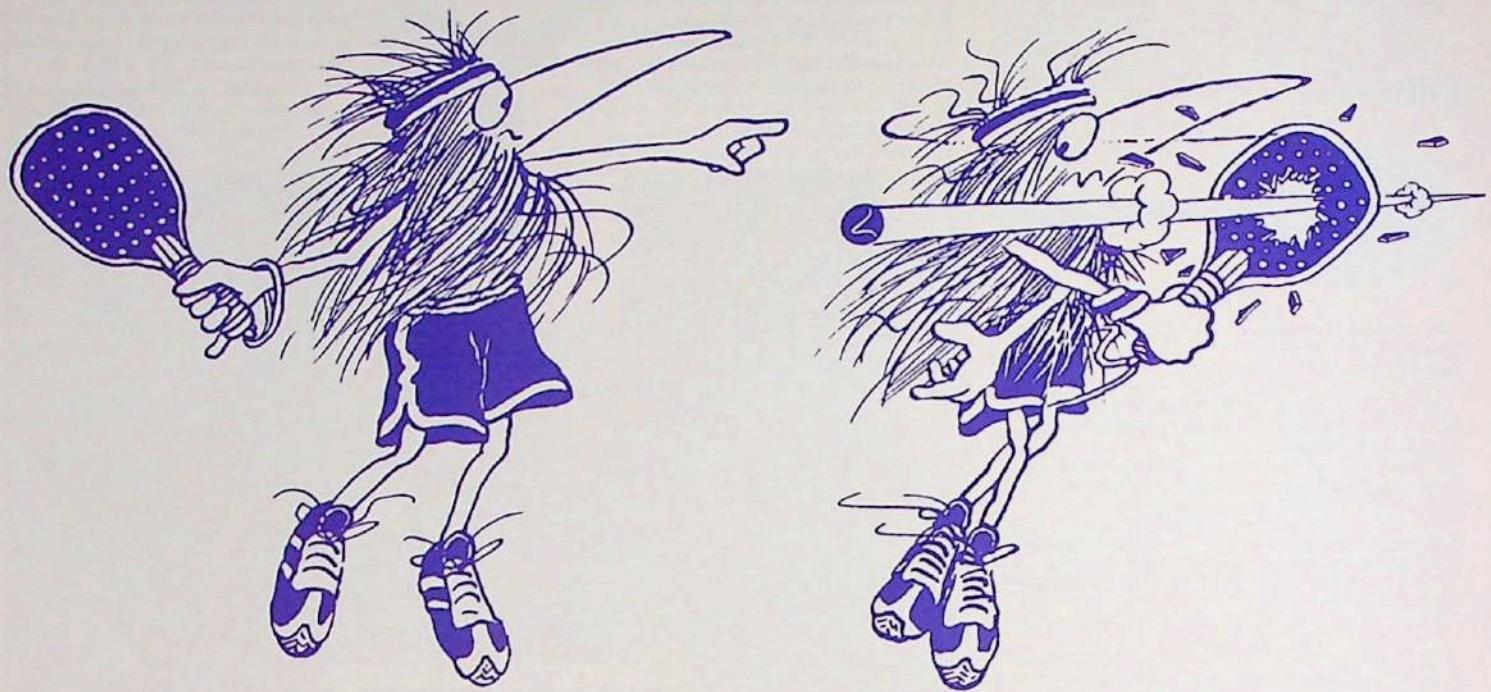
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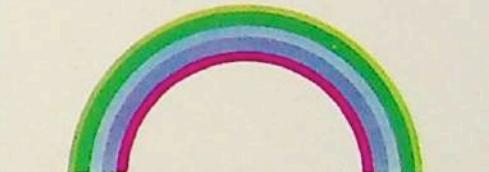
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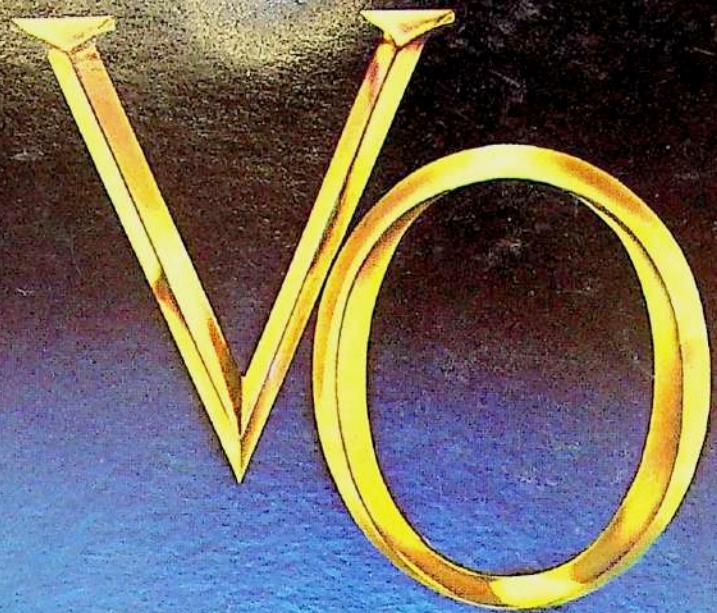
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