

RACQUET

THE JOURNAL OF RACQUET SPORTS

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1979

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Why do the racquet sports suffer from lack of order?
Last season RACQUET compared the state of tennis to a
large monopoly game run amok.

There are so many groups grabbing for a piece of the pie,
so many divergent interest, so little agreement among the players,
that the sport is facing serious problems.

Racquetball has already had its share of controversy—
fighting for the reins—but the phenomenal growth of the sport
in the last three years has obscured its politics.

For years, Victor Niederhoffer has pointed an accusing finger
at the U.S. Squash Association for its lack of vision,
justice and responsibility at a time when the game should
have flourished. (See Squash Trends).

Other racquet sports are plagued by similar maladies.
The Table Tennis Association was publicly reprimanded
for demanding that its players be paid for interviews
at the World Championships. And unfortunately, platform tennis cannot
seem to move its act out of the private clubs.

If all the racquet sports could put their houses in better
order, if their leaderships could bring cohesiveness
and strong direction—players, pros, sponsors and spectators
would all benefit.

The Editors

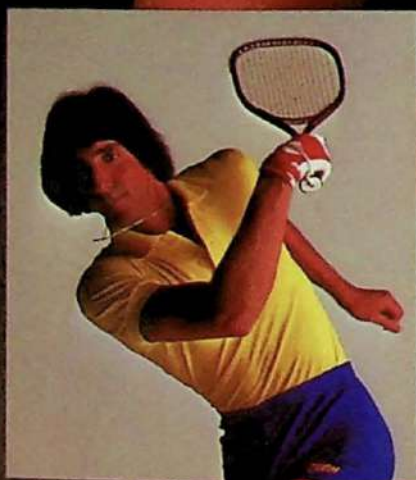
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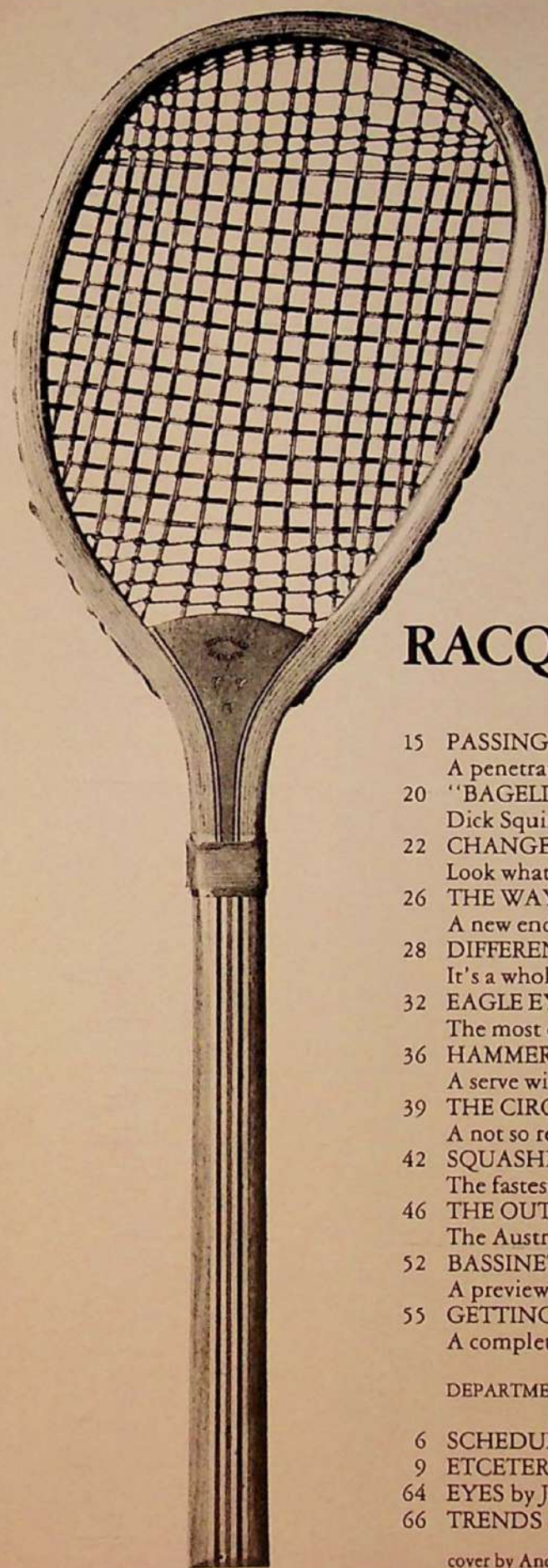


Jerry Hilecher—1976 IRA
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RACQUET

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RACQUET
342 Madison Avenue
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RACQUET

H.K. Pickens
Publisher & Editor

Andrea DaRif
Art Director & Designer

Robert P. Cramer, Jr.
Assistant Publisher

Jan Westervelt
Managing Editor

Steve Metcalfe
Karen Rockow
Associate Editors

Wendy Murphy
Editorial Assistant

John P. Ross, Jr.
Travel Editor

Charlie Brumfield
Herb FitzGibbon
Quentin Hyder, M.D.
Jackie Giroux
Doug Russell
Harry Saint
Richard Szathmary
Tom Wintrich
Contributing Editors

Mary Graham
Arthur B. Carveth
Sales Representatives

342 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017
(212) 687-2370
Sales Offices

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Judy Hichta

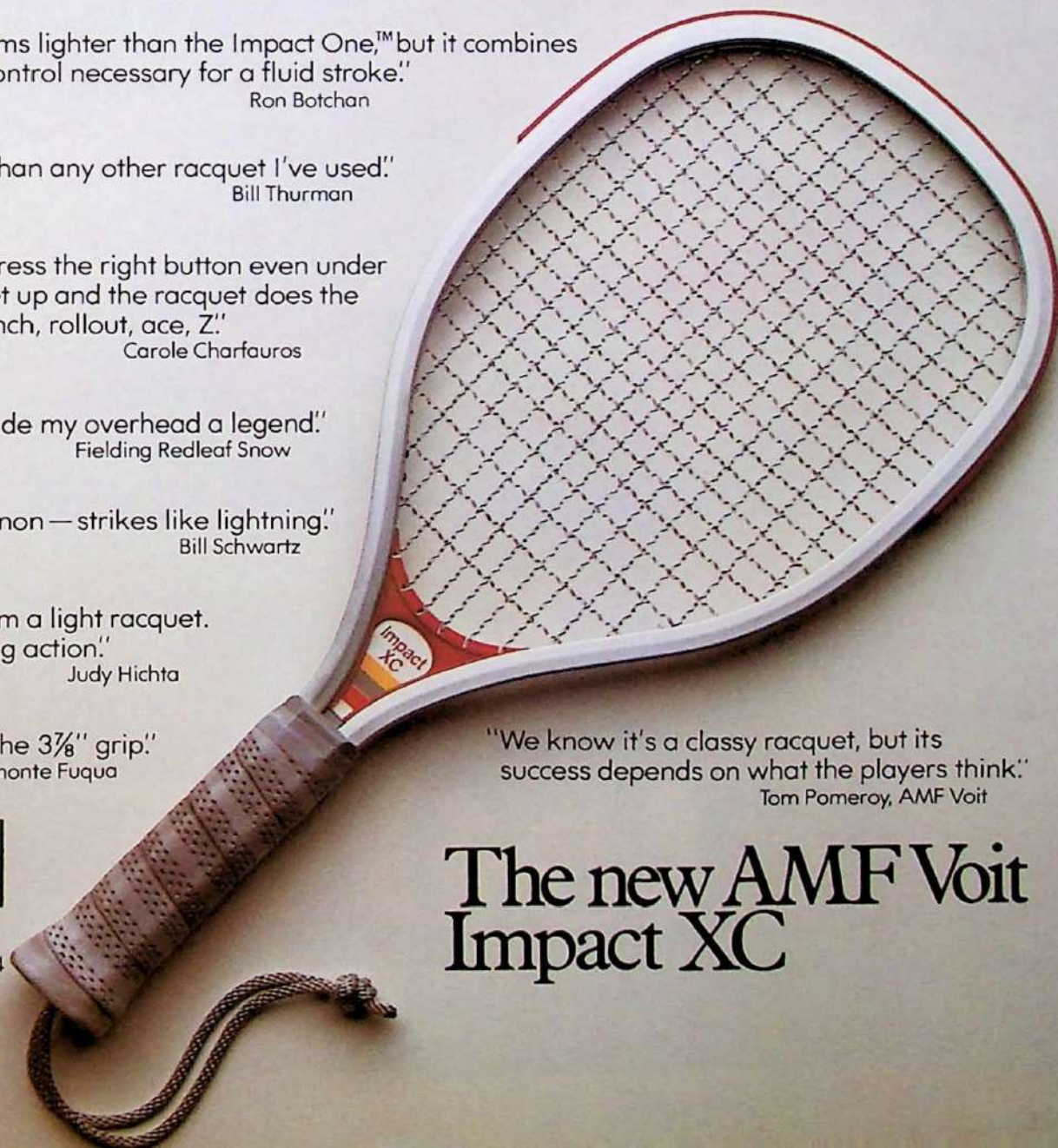
"It's great! I love the 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ " grip."
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"We know it's a classy racquet, but its success depends on what the players think."
Tom Pomeroy, AMF Voit



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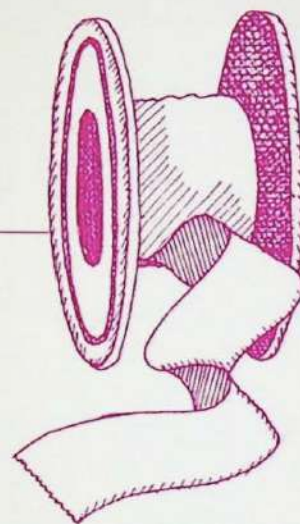
SCHEDULE

Calendar of Events



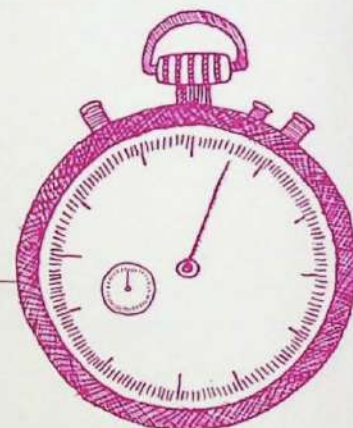
RACQUETBALL:

<i>September 7-9</i>	Racquetball Amateur Grand Prix Playoffs	<i>Boston, MA</i>
<i>September 14-16</i>	AMF Voit/Self Magazine Classic	<i>Staten Island, NY</i>
<i>September 28-30</i>	Robert Kendler Classic	<i>Lombard, IL</i>
	Yogi Berra's Lite Beer Grand Prix	<i>Fairfield, NJ</i>
	Texas State Championships	<i>San Antonio, TX</i>
	Welsh Steel/Royal Courts Open	<i>Wilkes Barre, PA</i>
<i>October 4-7</i>	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Braintree, MA</i>
	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Englewood, CO</i>
<i>October 12-14</i>	Mid Atlantic YMCA Open	<i>Harrisburg, PA</i>
	Boise Cascade Charity Pro-Am	<i>Boise, ID</i>
	Memphis State/Jack Fulton Open	<i>Memphis, TN</i>
<i>October 18-21</i>	I.R.A. National Doubles Championships	<i>Oklahoma City, OK</i>
	Women's Open Singles	<i>Honolulu, HI</i>
<i>October 19-21</i>	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Santa Monica, CA</i>
	Racquettime Open	<i>Dedham, MA</i>
<i>October 26-28</i>	Des Moines Open	<i>Des Moines, Iowa</i>
	Greenfield Open	<i>Lancaster, PA</i>
<i>October 24-28</i>	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Philadelphia, PA</i>
	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Ft. Lee, NJ</i>
	Omega Racquetball Classic	<i>Oakland, CA</i>



SQUASH:

<i>September 14-16</i>	Slazenger's Boston Summer Open	<i>Boston, MA</i>
<i>October 6-7</i>	Slazenger's Denver Open	<i>Denver, CO</i>
<i>October 12-14</i>	Cornell Invitational Open	<i>Ithaca, NY</i>
<i>October 26-28</i>	Cleveland Invitational	<i>Cleveland, OH</i>



TENNIS:

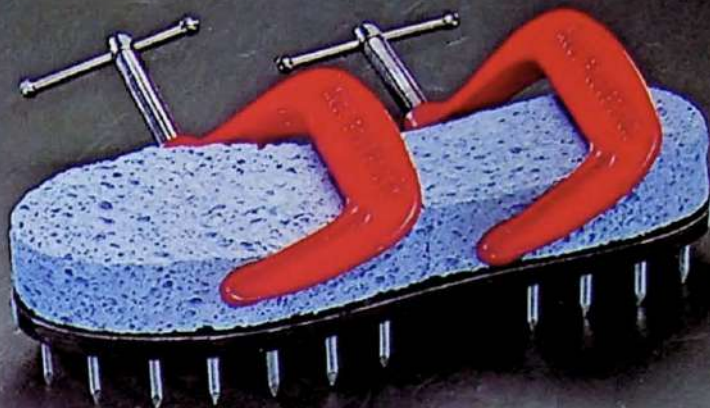
<i>September 1-9</i>	U.S. Open	<i>Flushing Meadow, NY</i>
<i>September 10-16</i>	Atlanta Journal Const. Open	<i>Atlanta, GA</i>
	Lipton's World of Doubles	<i>Woodlands</i>
<i>September 17-23</i>	Grand Prix of Palermo	<i>Palermo, Italy</i>
<i>September 24-30</i>	Transamerica Open Tennis	<i>San Francisco, CA</i>
	Monterey Open	<i>San Francisco, CA</i>
	Racquette D'or	<i>Aix-En-Provence, France</i>
	Atlanta Tennis Classic	<i>Atlanta, GA</i>
<i>October 1-7</i>	Bordeaux Grand Prix	<i>Bordeaux, France</i>
	Island Holidays Pro	<i>Hawaii</i>
	US National Indoors	<i>Minneapolis, MN</i>
<i>October 8-14</i>	Spanish Championships	<i>Barcelona, Spain</i>
	South Pacific Tennis Classic	<i>Brisbane, Australia</i>
	Phoenix Classic	<i>Phoenix, AZ</i>
<i>October 15-21</i>	Custom Credit Indoor	<i>Sydney, Australia</i>



OTHER RACQUETS

<i>September 15-16</i>	Second Annual Butterfly Open	<i>Wilson, NC</i>
<i>September 22-23</i>	South San Francisco Badminton Open	<i>So. San Francisco, CA</i>
<i>October 5-7</i>	Southern Table Tennis Open	<i>Atlanta, GA</i>
<i>October 12-14</i>	Junior Badminton Open	<i>Manhattan Beach, CA</i>
	Wisconsin Table Tennis Open	<i>Milwaukee, WI</i>
<i>October 26-28</i>	First Annual L.I.U. Masters	<i>L.I. Univ</i>
	Lake Michigan College Badminton	<i>Minton Harbor, MI</i>

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Racquet Potpourri**Kudos for McKay**

In April, RACQUET named Heather McKay (pronounced macEYE and a synonym for "squash championships ad infinitum") Athlete of the Year. It was hinted that she might be thinking of trying out a new racquet sport.

Well, McKay has a new racquet but she barely has had time to break it in before she took it to the National Racquetball Championships in Tempe, Ariz., in June.

Those who have been playing racquetball for years expected the new kid to flounder around a bit while she got used to her new equipment. After all, racquetball is a faster game than squash, the strategy and rules are different. There isn't even a piece of tin on the front wall.

Certainly, McKay couldn't have been expected to win the National Women's Amateur Racquetball Championship in her second tournament. Certainly, she shouldn't have gotten all the way to the quarter finals of the Women's Professional Championships. Certainly, someone from among the best women racquetball players in the country should have been able to take her beyond two games during 11 matches of championship competition.

But she did, and they couldn't—all except Women's Professional finalist, Janell Marriott, who knocked McKay

off in the professional quarters.

It's not the first time that the lady from Toronto has exploded onto a racquet sport scene. Twenty years ago, McKay was just another good field hockey player on the Queanbeyan, Australia, girls' team until she and some of her mates decided to take up squash to stay in shape for hockey.

Six months later, she was in the New South Wales Championships and has since lost only two matches during her 20-year reign as queen of the squash racquets.

The fortunes of the British Empire may have waned, but the sun never sets on McKay's trophy case. It contains the glittering mementos of every major squash championship in existence from her native and adopted countries and the World Open.

Now she seems bent on extending her hegemony over the Yanks' game of racquetball as well. Asked the reason for the switch to racquetball shortly after she disposed of San Diego's Lynn Adams in the Women's Amateur finals, McKay said, "I've done everything I wanted to do in squash. From here on out, I'll just be doing it all over again."

Not that she's giving up squash. She expects to repeat her World Squash Championship next year and, for that matter, exudes a quiet confidence about next year's Women's Professional Racquetball Championships.

But isn't 37 a little old to be taking up a sport in which 30-year-olds are considered over the hill?

My speed is good, I still cover the court well and I'm as fit as most girls," says McKay.

A characteristic understatement. Actually, she has the legs of a long distance runner, although they probably get more use in training than in competition.

Her drives and play making ability suggest a female Mike Yellen, and

she's not the least bit shy about whacking the ball. She even finds racquetball an easier game than squash, although she has high praise for the competitiveness of the women on the racquetball tour.

Well, doesn't she have any weaknesses?

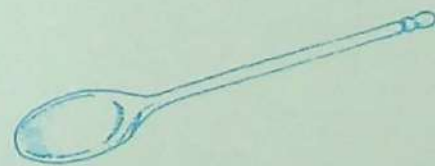
"I have to improve my pinch shots," she admits. "In the nationals, I just did what I know best: hit drives and passes with an odd pinch now and then."

McKay's forays into racquetball should win her some big money as well. In July she defeated Utah Jazz standout Gail Goodrich 21-9, 21-1 to win \$4,000 and a finals berth at the Coors All-Pro Racquetball Tournament, the richest tourney in the sport. In order to preserve her amateur eligibility, McKay had to turn down the prize money she won in Tempe.

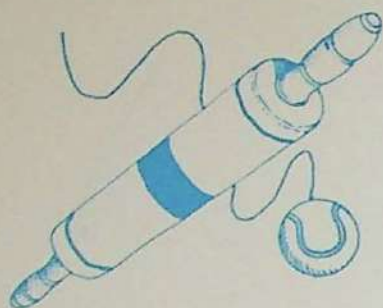
But what's the difference? She's guaranteed at least \$5,000 for showing up at the Coors finals and has a good chance of winning the \$40,000 first prize.

Not bad, for someone whose entire career earnings in squash couldn't total nearly that much.

—Mike Hogan

**Spooning**

Dave Doubrava of Charleston, South Carolina, has conjectured that, "Martina Navratilova's backhand is a direct result of the Czechoslovakian custom of beating children with wooden cooking spoons." Ms. Navratilova was not available for comment.



Rolling Pins

A rolling pin can help to improve your tennis game. That's the word from the American Optometric Association. The rolling pin is part of the equipment needed for an at-home vision therapy procedure doctors of optometry suggest to improve eye-hand coordination—an important skill on the tennis court. Tennis is a sport of triple movement, points out the Association. You, your

opponent and the ball are all in motion at the same time. The key to success is to keep your eyes on the ball and that involves much more than 20/20 vision.

Some of the vision skills needed on the tennis court are: Eye-tracking; the ability to change focus from near to far and vice-versa quickly; and good eye-hand coordination. All of these skills can be improved with vision therapy techniques done at home or in an optometrist's office.

Enter the rolling pin. Put three strips of colored tape around it—one in the center and on each end. Place an identical tape pattern on the wall. Suspend a tennis ball on a string about two feet from the wall. Then practice hitting the ball with the center tape on the pin so that the ball hits the center tape on the wall. Then right-side pin to right-side wall, left to left and so on.

Cramped Chronology

- 1953 Middleweight baby: 6 pounds 7 ounces.
- 1955-58 Watched 246 White Sox baseball games on television.
- 1959 Answered to the name "Little Looie."
- 1960 Batted .333 for Braeside Grammar School second-second-grade team.
- 1961 Slump: 2 for 53.
- 1962 Benched after All-star break. Contemplated suicide.
- 1963 Took up tennis.
- 1964 Answered to the name "Rocket." Affected an Australian accent.
- 1965-66 Prisoner of war at Camp Indian Acres. Tortures included daily shower, thrice-weekly letter writing and Saturday-night campfires.
- 1967-68 Shortest person in Highland park High School freshman class at 4 feet 10 inches. Declined invitation to be manager of basketball team.
- 1968-69 Shortest person in Highland Park School sophomore class at 4 feet 11 inches. Kept a low profile.
- 1969-70 Sprouted 7 inches. Won varsity letter in tennis.
- 1970-71 Turned down tennis scholarship to Appalachian State College.
- 1971-72 No. 2 singles on Clark University tennis team. Resolved to play at Wimbledon by 1976.
- 1972-73 Captain of Clark University tennis team.
- 1974 Sent for Wimbledon application.
- 1975 Appealed to Wimbledon Board of Review.
- 1976 Sued Wimbledon Board of Review.
- 1977 Dropped Australian accent.
- 1978 Took up jogging.
- 1979 Began training for 1980 Olympic marathon team.

—Todd Logan

Penalty Points

The squash community is now warned. The rules governing let points have been changed and will be strictly regulated. The big change is that officials can award penalty points against, or even take games away from, players who badly misbehave on court, including swearing. Given the already uneven level of officiating, this could open the door for complete chaos. For example, what should an official do when a player begins to swear? Subtract a point for each four letter word? Or do certain words merit greater penalties? And what do you do with accomplished cussers, those who raise swearing from the profane to the sacred? Wash their mouths out with soap?



Play it again, Sharif.

Last summer, *Players* featured tennis stars Ilie Nastase, John McEnroe and Guillermo Vilas, along with Ali McGraw and Dean-Paul Martin, in an action-romance movie centered around Wimbledon. But, wait. What if squash and racquetball demand equal time and the public petitions for more racquet movies? Will the great, old movies and their classic lines be remade to suit the public? And will Rhett Butler be next seen in a Fila warm-up suit? When that day comes, could these lines go down in movie history?

I could have been a contender, I could have been Marty Hogan.

Frankly Scarlet, I don't give a let.

Make him a racquet he can't refuse.

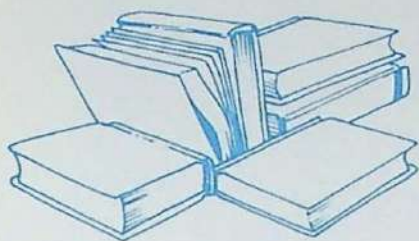
Doctor Gerulaitis, I presume.

May the 70 + be with you.

There isn't room in this racquetball court for the both of us.

Last night I shot a doubles team in my pajamas, how they got in my pajamas I'll never know.

—Phillip Holtzman



Racquet Research

It is evident to most people who enjoy physical activity that the racquet sports have had a marked effect on society over the past few years. Millions of men, women and children have thronged to the court for exercise, fitness improvement, competition, general recreation and a multitude of other reasons.

With the sudden increase in enthusiasm for the racquet sports, skilled instructors are necessary to teach correct movement patterns. This instruction can range from a very concise, mechanical approach to teaching, to a psychological approach, wherein mechanics are not even discussed. In fact, it's possible that during a discussion among ten teaching pros of a certain racquet sport, one might hear ten different instructional methods for one stroking movement. This places the novice, intermediate, and often, the skilled performer in a precarious situation attempting to determine which instructional strategy to follow.

There has never existed any consistent means by which this research could be collected, interpreted for the practitioner, and disseminated to players and coaches. For this reason, the University of Illinois College of Applied Life Studies recently hosted the first "National Symposium on the Racquet Sports".

These participants consisted of about 60% sport scientists and 40% coaches and/or players. The focus was to provide for interaction between these two previously unacquainted groups. Four racquet sports were represented: badminton, racquetball, tennis, and squash. Some of the most noted authorities were present to give instructional clinics.

For example, Dr. Barbara Gowitzke (McMaster University) examined and discussed the badminton forehand

smash techniques of highly-skilled athletes used during competition at the British Commonwealth Games.

Dr. James Kent (University of Delaware) observed, by means of high-speed cinematography, three skill levels of racquetball players attempting the forehand kill shot. He noted several advantages exhibited by skilled players during that stroke: a longer stride prior to ball contact, the angle of the racket face being slightly closed at impact, the individual's center of gravity being maintained at a lesser height from the floor, and ball contact occurring close to a position directly opposite that of the player's vertical center of gravity.

Dr. Richard Shapiro (Tufts University) investigated the differences in coaching male and female racquet teams. Although no exact procedures were offered, coaches and players were sensitized to the physiological, psychological, and socio-cultural factors involved.

Dr. James Glick (University of California-Berkeley Medical Center) presented factual data on clinical cases of tennis elbow, the causes involved, remedies, and preventative measures. He demonstrated how muscular activity during the one-handed backhand drive could cause tissue trauma on the outside portion of the elbow joint. Preventative and remedial techniques included: a larger grip size on the racquet, a constrictive band around the upper part of the forearm, and/or rest.

Similar topics covered during the symposium were: (1) a comparison of the tennis serve with overhand throwing patterns; (2) differences in a beginner's skill acquisition of the one-handed and two-handed backhand drives; (3) high-speed film studies of badminton footwork during competition; and (4) preventative and remedial measures for eye injuries in the racquet sports.

The interaction that took place during the symposium was unprecedented. It was refreshing to see two previously estranged groups coming together to attempt to sort out questions and answers that could provide each with a better understanding of their racquet sport.

—Jack Gropel

Seriously, folks . . .

If the cards and letters which have been pouring in are any indication, what the world needs now is a book on inner racquetball. In our summer issue, Gerald McCarthy reviewed a book called *Inner Racquetball: A Hypnotic Approach* by a Gunther Heniken, Ph.D. He gave it high praise and since then the phones have been ringing off their cradles with people calling in to find out where they could buy the book. We still aren't sure what sparked everyone's interest. Perhaps, it was his description of the ceiling shot, "a sexual orgasmic explosion of will." Or maybe, it was the record which came with it of Charlie Brumfield giving racquetball lessons in baby talk. Seriously, folks, we were just pulling your leg. The book does not exist except in Mr. McCarthy's fertile imagination. Our apologies.

Slazenger has a Sheriff

From the world of endorsements comes news that Sharif Khan, the number one North American squash player, has signed an endorsement contract with Slazenger, Inc., one of the world's leading producers of squash racquets and equipment. Congratulations are in order for both parties.



Ilie

There once was a player named Ilie who tended to act pretty silly. He got on the judges, provoking huge grudges, but won with aplomb, willy-nilly.

—Peter Kosik



Tennisette, Anyone?

In a steamy, recycled squash court in the basement of an elegant pre-war apartment building on Beekman Place, Huntington Hartford III, the 67 year old heir to the A&P fortune, wallops a four inch foam ball across the green expanse of a 20 foot long table, and with each measured stroke, extols the virtues of a new racquet game he invented and holds a patent on—the game is called Tennisette.

Akin to the aromatic dimensions of a cigarette to a cigar, tennisette is a smaller version of tennis. The racquet is 21 inches long, three inches shorter than a standard racquet. The rules are identical, save for two exceptions—only one serve is permitted and when doubles are played, partners alternate service after each point. Aside from the eccentric appearance of the playing surface, the strokes are a Siamese twin to big brother, tennis.

The table is something else. Instead of a vertical net, there is an 8 x 8 ft. horizontal moat of fine mesh separating two sections or tables, 10 feet wide and six feet long. The net is anchored to each table, a fraction of an inch below the playing surface, roughly 25 inches off the floor, supported by collapsible legs.

Tennisette was born on Paradise Island. Hunt bought the 650 acre Bahamian parcel from Swedish Electrolux multi-millionaire, Axel Wennergren, for a cool \$11 1/2 million; built a golf course, hotel, secured bridge and gambling licenses and best of all—dropped the ugly duckling name of Hog Island and rechristened it Paradise. Then, Hunt fooled around with some table dimensions, types of balls, kinds of nets and came up with a game "Double-Up" which grew into "Paradise Tennis"

and then finally "Tennisette."

From his days as squash champion at Harvard, to well-publicized ocean voyages on his square-rigger, Hunt has managed to zoom in and out of the lime-light. World-wide forays for beautiful girls, multiple marriages, a disastrous but arty plunge into the publishing world with Show Magazine (rumored to have lost \$100,000 an issue during its three year existence) and a spectacular flop by building a gallery of modern art in New York, sewed up his reputation, which one writer described: "Hunt spent his life losing money."

With Tennisette, Hunt has plotted a slow and studied course for success. He wants to wipe the slate clean, and for once, come up with a winner.

Coming up with a suitable ball was the most difficult. If you've ever seen a kid play "nerf" ball you get a good notion of Hunt's ball.

For one thing, it's as quiet as a church mouse. Playing outside at night in the backyard would be a snap and your neighbors won't lose any sleep over extended volleys.

Hunt wants playground appeal. He sees the game as a non-exclusive, unclubby combat zone that all ages can attack with relish and without the horrendous expense of court time or construction. The table would retail for around \$6000 and sales would be encouraged in neighborhood recreational centers, public school gymnasiums, and other facilities.

Since there is zero public recognition of the game (unless you were lucky enough to see Hunt play it on the Merv Griffin show) plans are afoot to establish a national committee for the game and enlist the support of public figures like Governor Jerry Brown who swatted it out with Hunt on more than one occasion. Wimbledon champs, Sidney Wood and Frank Shields, tennis superstars Pancho Gonzales (he was Hunt's pro at the Paradise Racquet Club) and Don Budge, ex-squash champion and current Wall Street whiz kid, Victor Neiderhoffer and going far afield, playwright, John Osborne, have all tried their hand and Slazenger's junior racquet, on Tennisette.

—Judd Tully

Looking Glass

Racquetball rules are simple, it's true, But there's something I just can't figure: Why, after a game or two, does The court get bigger and bigger?

Growth Spurt

Ektelon, San Diego manufacturer of racquetball racquets, balls and racquetball action wear, has been awarded "The President's Cup" by The American Marketing Association at this week's MARSY Awards dinner held at the Friars Club in Beverly Hills. Since 1974, Ektelon's sales have increased nearly 1200%. The Phillips Organisation, Ltd. of San Diego was also recognized for its contribution to Ektelon's winning efforts. It has been the marketing, advertising and public relations agency for Ektelon since 1974.

Question Box

J.W. Austin of Palm Springs has some questions for the tennis buffs:

Can Lloyd become Evert again?

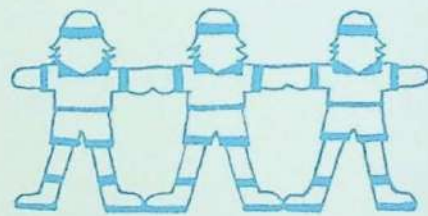
Can King still be Queen?

Can McEnroe dispel the Nasty image?

Has Martina reached the top of the Czech list?

Does Vitas still see the line?

Is Bjorn God?



Cloning

Running along with the Invitational at Forest Hills this July was the St. Regis World Junior Invitational. While the pros round-robbined each other in the main stadium, eighteen year olds from the United States, the U.S.S.R., Sweden, Australia, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Argentina, and Great Britain engaged in team competition on the outside courts. Noted one spectator after watching an especially strong Swedish team—all blonde hair, topspin forehands and two-handed backhands—sweep the team from Great Britain, "God, it looks like the Swedish Federation has a 'Borg' factory someplace outside of Stockholm."

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PASSING SHOTS

A LOOK AT TENNIS THROUGH THE EYES OF GENE SCOTT

by Elaine Dudka

Eugene Scott, 41, was ranked in the top ten in U.S. tennis for five years, was on the U.S. Davis Cup Team from 1963-5, and managed to reach the semi-finals at Forest Hills in 1967. It is in his off-court activity, however, that Gene Scott has made a real name for himself. A graduate of Yale and The University of Virginia Law School, Scott was a player representative for several years—a role he dropped in 1976, because, he says, of the inherent conflict of interest involved in lining up players for tournaments he was running. Now he's a full-time tournament promoter—that is, when he's not writing books on tennis and racquetball, writing movies for TV or working on his column in Tennis Week—itsself a Gene Scott creation. Here are some thoughts from the man who describes himself as "easier to like than Donald Dell, but that's not saying much."

ON THE TENNIS BOOM

Ten years ago, tennis was a "mom and pop" operation. There was no business philosophy behind it, no order to the game. Anyone who wanted to run tournaments, opened tennis shops, built indoor facilities and the like. What resulted was tremendous fragmentation. Without an organization to oversee the sport, we saw the rise of The WTT, WTC, and lots of other groups each creating its own little fiefdom—turf which they're not only reluctant to give up now, but are trying to expand. That's why there's so much infighting. It's something you don't see in

golf. These past ten years have been an enormous learning process, it took that long for us to see a "creeping professionalism" in the game, and there are still many problems.

ON OFFICIATING

The area of the game which has seen the least progress is the officiating. Linesmen are still recruited off front porches, selected because of peer pressure or because of their looks. I was the first to pay officials back in 1970. Now they're getting more money, but not giving a better job. They're not in battle conditions enough to know how to handle them . . . and they're victim to the same tendency we all are: a desire to be a friend of the superstars and not to offend them. There's a feeling that throwing out a player who behaves badly will destroy a tournament, something no one wants to do. Still, you can't blame bad behavior on the officials . . . it's more a product of poor upbringing.

ON CONFLICTS OF INTEREST

It's easy to get a player you represent to play in your tournament, but that's probably a sticky ethical practice, and a violation of our anti-trust laws. There are only two ways to eliminate it, though: 1) If a private citizen such as myself brought a lawsuit, and 2) have the government look into it. Well, they've been looking into it for three years now, but nothing

"Womens' tennis actually started out as a joke."

concrete has been done. A lawyer named Ray Harnke, U.S. Department of Justice, anti-trust division, based in L.A. has spoken to me a number of times, asking for information . . . but they're reluctant to prosecute. They go after the big guys like IBM and Kodak, not after sports. Sports, after all, is a popular glue in this country. It holds people together.

ON TENNIS AS A MASS SPORT

On-court behavior isn't always the best, but then attitudes in business are pretty shoddy as well. Many of the people I deal with do a lot worse than curse on the court. At least we know where Nastase stands every second of the day—and he has a lot of redeeming qualities. He's entertaining and very loyal to his friends. I'd take him any day over a guy who mopes around from the first point of the match. Nastase is having a hell of a time out there—and it's infectious.

Tennis used to be played by the upper crust for the upper crust, but slowly class lines started to break down. You see more fans out there than ever before, but the level of sophistication is lower. Four things developed this mass appeal: A new willingness for coaches on the high school and college levels to channel athletics into tennis. The growth of indoor tennis facilities. The Riggs-King match that took the game past the sports pages. And television.

ON TALENT

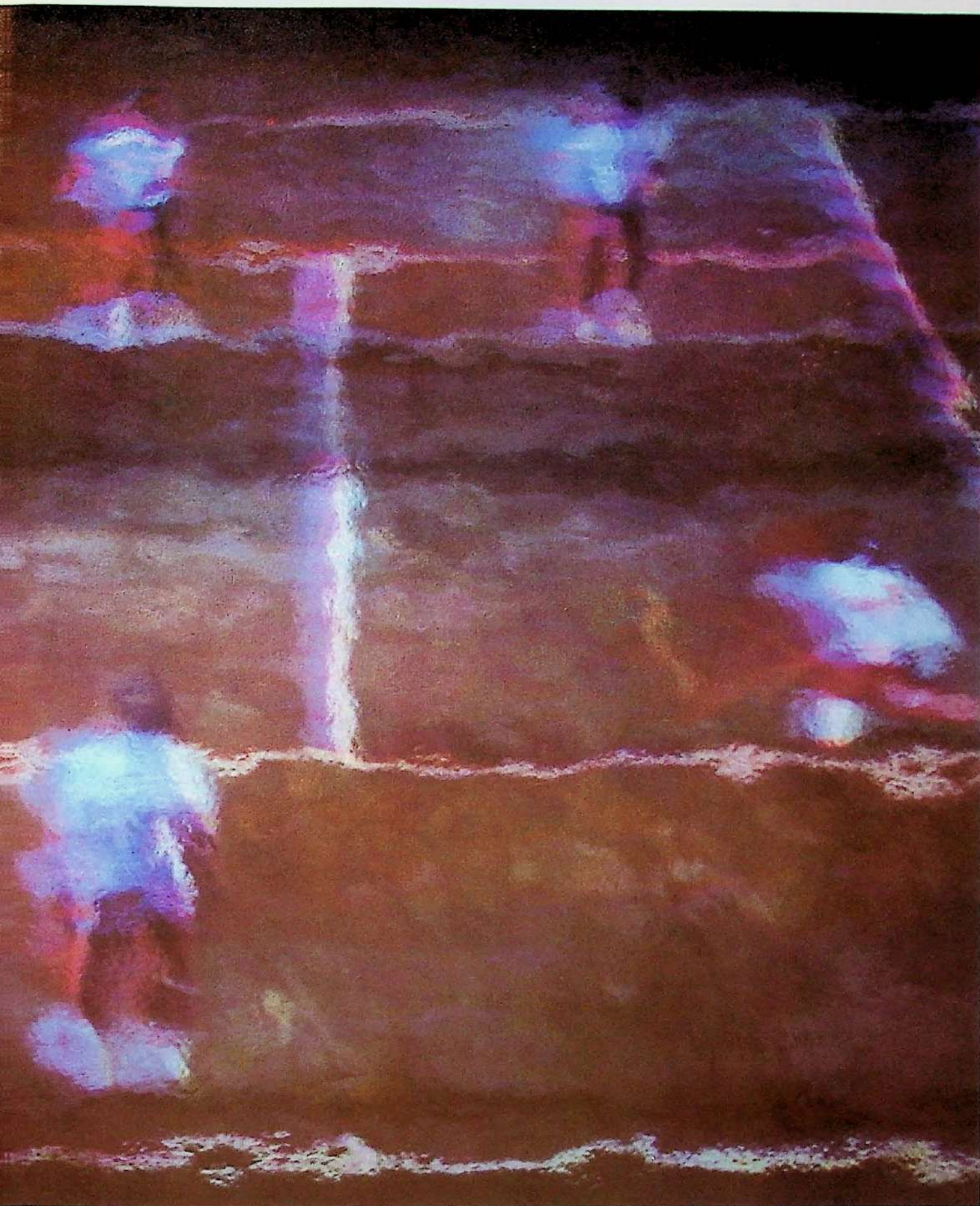
There's much greater depth now. When I was number 11 in the world in 1964, I used to know everyone I couldn't beat. Now there are over 500 players ranked by the computer, and another 300 that are really good. The proliferation of tournaments and prize money has drawn an incredible number of good athletes into the sport—and everyone wants a piece of it. There are 70 players shooting for the top ten instead of three or four.

However, women's tennis started off smaller, so it's more professionally organized than men's tennis. Four of five superstars stuck together at the beginning—Billie Jean King and others—and managed to structure things the way they wanted. You don't see 15 competing circuits like in men's tennis.

It actually started out as a joke. There were 10 women who played top tennis in 1968 or 1969—three or four superstars. Below those 10 were about 50 who played just in the summer. When the Open came in-

Geoffrey Gove © 1979





"I have no qualms about offering someone a sum to play in any tournament—not under the table but above it."

to being, they were called "professionals" and bitched and moaned that they weren't getting enough money. In fact, they were handed a wind-fall. Men were used to professional training and traveling since they had done it since 1900. Not so with women. They were incredibly spoiled. There's still much less depth in women's tennis though there's been some progress.

ON STYLE

The first revolution was Jimmy Connors—he hit the ball back hard all the time and people had to adjust to it. It's not necessarily better that way, just very different. The second change was violent topspin which kept people away from the net. Shots hit with topspin are impossible to volley, they drop at your feet so quickly. The game will be like ping-pong in five years if the trend towards topspin continues.

We also have three main surfaces now—cement, grass and clay, each of which changes the game a bit. In a few years, I predict, a player will have separate racquets for each surface, and different ones for the serve—a tightly strung heavy one that gives more power) and for groundstrokes (loosely strung for greater control). There will be more specialization of equipment.

Manufacturers will drive the International Tennis Federation crazy with all the new equipment coming out. Once they allowed the Prince racquet, it seems to me, they must allow anything.

ON THE ASSOCIATION

The way the rules were first articulated, if Jimmy Connors didn't sign an agreement to play in six tournaments of someone else's choice, he could be barred from playing in Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. I think that's illegal. It works against free enterprise—and the Men's International Professional Tennis Council knew this. When they established these new rules, they realized there were complex legal questions and got lawyers to say the rules could be defended against anti-trust suits. They weren't so sure. But why draft rules that even come close to being illegal, rules that infringe on people's rights? Connors should be able to play in the Grand Prix Masters if he's good enough, even if he only plays in one tournament a year and giving 175 Grand Prix points to players who signed up by a certain date was coercion—giving a lollipop to have the rules obeyed.

If the rules are good enough, they'll stand up by themselves.

Adjusting the number of required tournaments wasn't the answer. It's the concept the superstars objected to—to the fact that someone else has the right to tell them when and where to play. If Borg, for example, was assigned to tournaments in Manila, Tokyo and Johannesburg, he'd have a right to go up in smoke. It's a violation of his right to make a living the way he wants. The potential for injustice is tremendous.

The system is problematic even from an outsider's point of view. In golf, there are four designated tournaments a year in which all the players must play. By scattering the top five players all over the world and assigning them to minor tournaments, it still may be impossible to get a balanced field. There just aren't enough players to go around to make each tournament exciting. The game has been oversold. Ninety-nine Grand Prix tournaments a year is too many.

This season, five superstars agreed to play the 1979 Grand Prix on the condition that they be permitted to accept their six "designated" tournaments beforehand—an option that wasn't given the other two hundred players on tour. To reach a compromise, the Council, in effect, said the rules don't apply to the superstars. Furthermore, the arrangement hasn't solved the problem for 1980.

ON "MONEY MERCENARIES"

Sure, today's players are money conscious, but there were money mercenaries 15 years ago. It's just more apparent now since the stakes are so much higher. In amateur days, the star went to the final and said, "I'm not feeling well, but if you get me \$500 more in expenses, I'm sure my headache will clear up." And they got it for him.

With so many tournaments conducted simultaneously, it's not easy to line up the stars needed to draw the crowds. It's well known that players are frequently offered money just to show, regardless of the outcome. Technically, it's forbidden to give players money to compete in a Grand Prix tournament, though it's often done under the table. I don't myself, but I have no qualms about offering someone a sum to play in any other tournament—not under the table, but above it. When Ali fights, he doesn't get paid only if he wins. Likewise, the auto racing industry pays starting money to drivers. Why should it be a problem in tennis? ●

Your next racket just might be a Yonex Iso-Metric after you read this. Iso-Metrics make a great racket even greater. Up, down and all around, Iso-Metric design keeps the length of the strings nearly equal. This gives you a mammoth sweet-spot. In fact, the sweet-spot is as big as that of an oversize racket—yet the R-1 is medium sized. In addition, the rectangular head concentrates some of the sweet-spot up at the top for power contact. There is no trampoline effect with the R-1, so control is superb. The R-1's aluminum alloy O.P.S.—Oval Pressed Shaft—construction makes it light and right for all kinds of play and all kinds of players. And it minimizes shock, helping guard against tennis elbow. The Iso-Metric R-1. Every arsenal should include one.



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YONEX

"BAGELLED"

by Dick Squires

The first time I was introduced to Jerry Hilecher (pronounced Hil-lay-sheer) was at San Diego's posh Atlas Health Club in November of 1977. My initial impression of this 23-year-old was that he easily could have been my son—except, of course, for his jet-black hair.

He had the physique of a well-honed athlete—slender-waisted and inordinately broad-shouldered. He had learned his racquetball, as have so many of the top-ranked men, at the Jewish Community Center in St. Louis. In 1976, he won the I.R.A. National title and had the reputation of being able to beat anyone in the game—just as long as he was confident and "hot." He first started playing racquetball at the age of ten, so in spite of his youth he had as much experience as many of the older touring pros.

Hilecher talked and acted much older than his tender years. His articulate appraisal of himself, of his sport, and of what he wanted to give and get out of life were presented in a matter-of-fact, mature manner. Every so often, though, he would throw me off with a glib and humorous reply to a serious question. For example, when I asked how long he'd been affiliated with Ektelon, he answered with a serious look, "Ever since they started paying me!"

He spoke candidly of his racquet ability, of his strengths (a dizzying variety of serves and a scorching forehand drive) and of his weaknesses (mostly "mental"). And throughout our conversation, he displayed the quiet confidence that is invariably part and parcel of a champion's emotional arsenal.

As we entered one of the glass-walled championship courts, he asked how hard I wanted him to play. I advised him I had only been on a racquetball court twice in my life. He grinned beguilingly and said, "Not too hard, I suspect."

The first game was sort of a teaching lesson, which, I might add, he does extremely well—patiently and with marvelous enthusiasm. He loped

Dick Squires is an authority on the racquet sports and has written extensively on the subject. Excerpted by permission from *The Other Racquet Sports*, McGraw-Hill ©1979.



around the court with the ease of a young deer. Some of the balls I hit (admittedly too high) he returned effortlessly to an area on the court where I could, with difficulty retrieve them. (This was what is commonly known as a "customer's game.") In other exchanges he would mercifully hit a kill to put an end to my mounting exhaustion and misery. I felt as totally controlled as a puppet. The game score was 15-5, in favor of you-know-who.

After trying to catch my breath and wiping my dripping brow, I gasped that I now wanted him to "go all out"—that I wished to know the full fury of his game. Again, that smile. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yeh, that's part of the idea behind my book," I replied, brave soul that I am. "As a matter of fact, why don't you give me a few points just to make you work harder?"

"How about 13 and the serve?" he offered instantly. I accepted them the same way.

Well, my preconception that racquetball was a dimwit's slam-bang sport were instantly dispelled by the racquet-work of this fine athlete. Kill after kill rebounded off his racquet in an awesome display of power and consistency. Frequently I found myself a good 10 feet away from the ball by the time it had bounced twice on the floor. Seven of his varied serves were irretrievable. Only three times did I win rallies, but no points. (I wasn't serving.) In less than eight minutes, I had succumbed to the accuracy and ferocity of his artistry—or, stating it another way, he beat the hell out of me. Final score: 15—13.

Back outside the court, I reclined in one of the gallery seats and nursed my aching lungs and deflated ego. As I continued the conversation with him, I noticed a girl on the adjacent court playing a fairly fierce game against a young man. She appeared to be holding her own, and her opponent was giving her no quarter.

Moments later they took a break. Towelling off, she started to banter with my opponent. They seemed to be good friends, so I introduced myself.

Close up, she looked very youthful, cute, and a bit on the chubby side. I thought it would be fun to play against her.

"Would you be willing to play an 11-point game with me?" I inquired.

She eyed me skeptically. "Are yah sure yah haven't had enough, Suh?" she replied diplomatically, with a deferential tone and a Texas twang.

"Positive!" I warmed to the thought. This would be interesting. It would also prove, despite my age and lack of racquetball experience, that *any* guy with some racquet ability could take *any* girl. They're just not strong enough, plus they can't run.

"How many points do yah want?" she asked.

"The nerve of that plump, little kid," I thought to myself. "Okay, give me 8."

"All right," she drawled. "Play yah for a soft drink." Then she tossed the ball to me, magnanimously giving me the added advantage of the serve.

Well, I do declare, I have never seen such an unfeminine display on any court anywhere. It was downright embarrassing. She hit the ball damned near as hard as Hilecher and raced around the court like an animated pinball. She vanquished me and snuffed out the already dimmed light of my remaining pride. She also caused me to reappraise my long-time chauvinistic tendencies regarding women athletes. Game score: 11-8, for her. And believe me, it wasn't as close as the score indicates! Bagelled again!

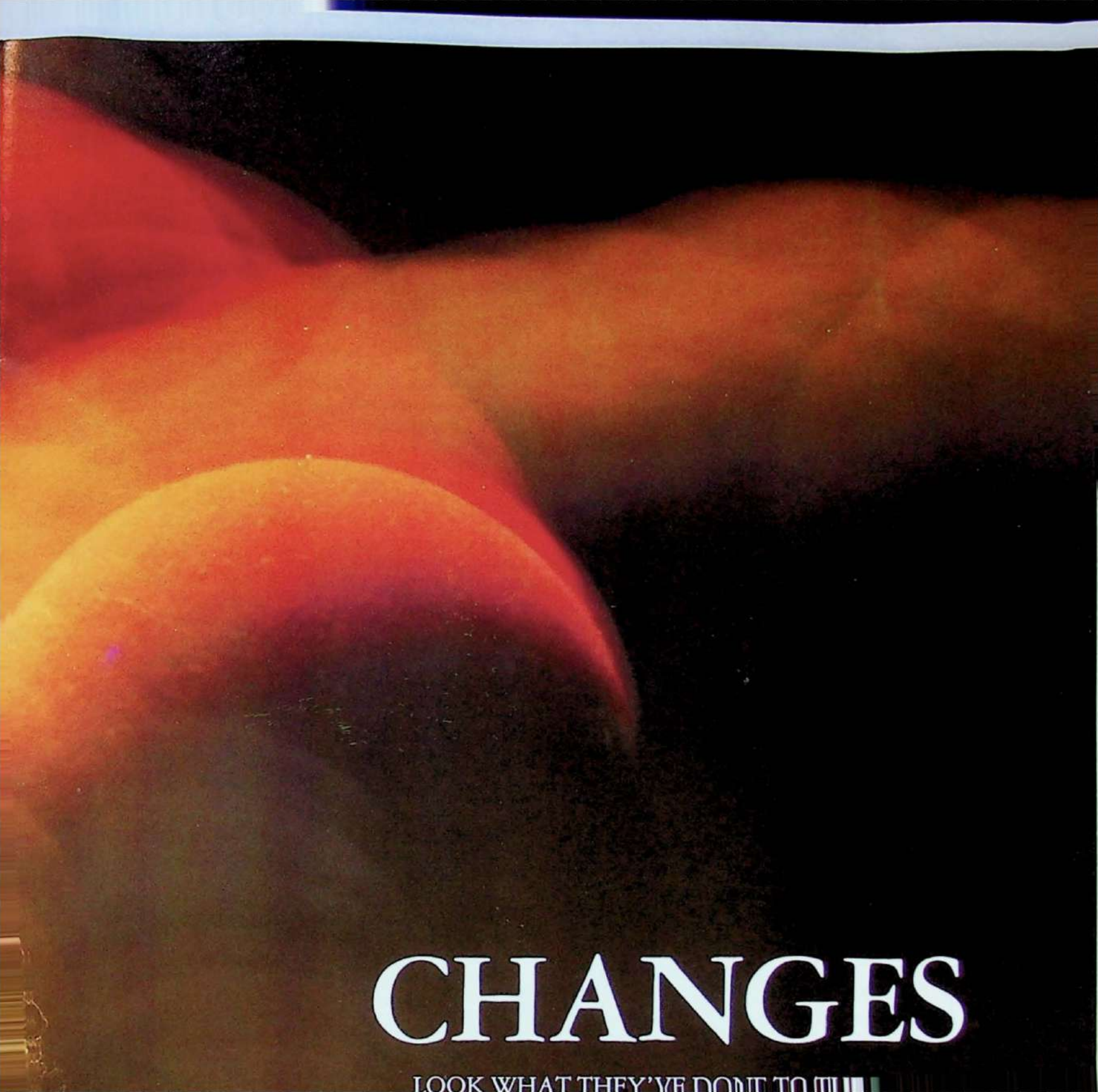
I glanced over at Hilecher, who had been watching the debacle. He wore an ear-to-ear grin. I dragged my body over and slumped down beside him. "Hey! Who the hell was that broad?" I asked. "She's damned good."

"You really didn't know?" he grinned.

"No. I didn't get her name when she mumbled it."

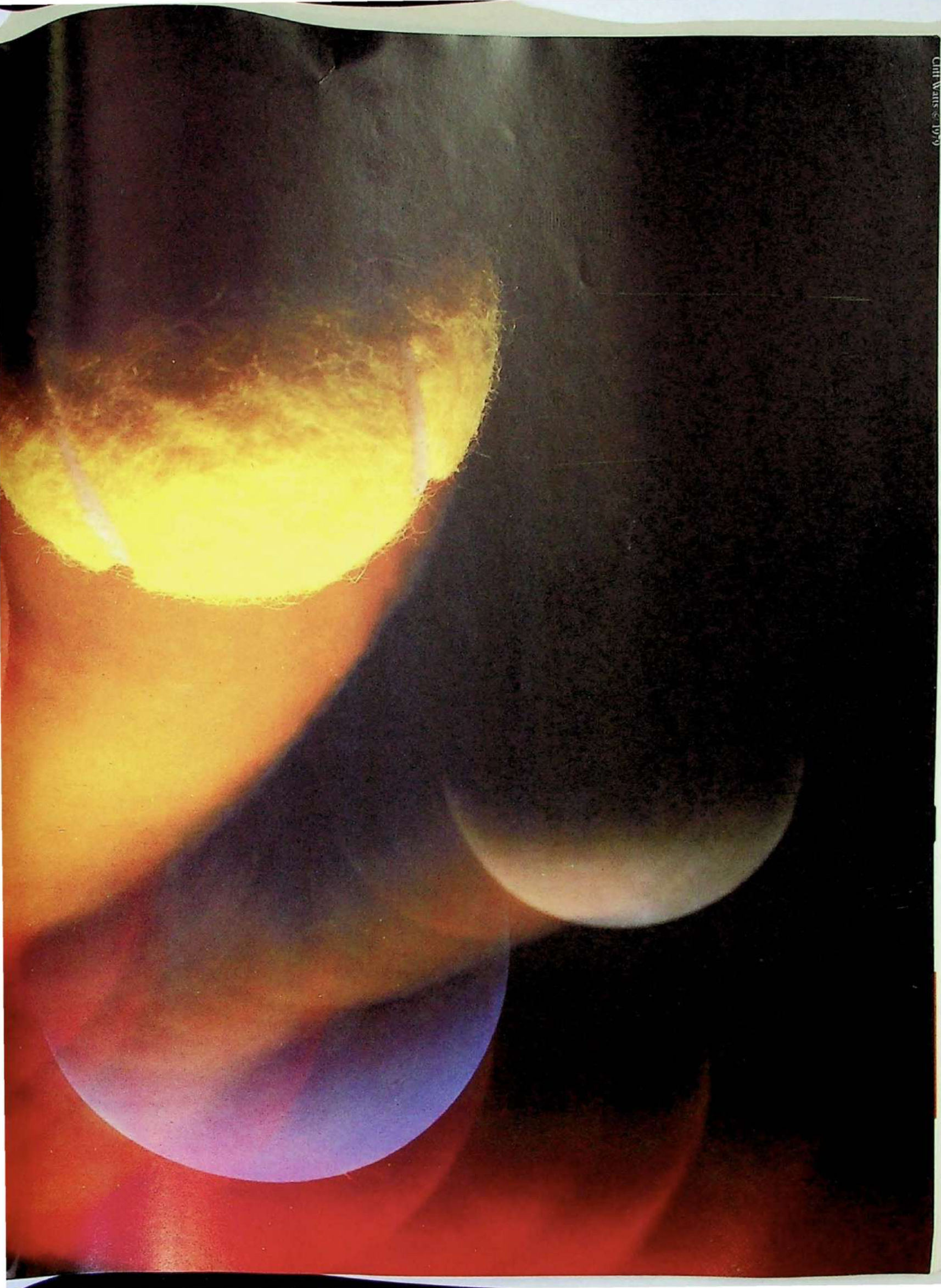
With that Hilecher doubled over with convulsive laughter. "That is Shannon Wright. She's the current national women's champ!"

Somehow I felt a little better—not much, but a little.



CHANGES

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE



"The powers that be keep throwing these little changes at us . . . and usually succeed in driving us crazy for awhile."

Your game is your game, isn't it? You know all about the net, the tin, the T, the racquet, the ball. You hit it. You score some points. Just like all your matches. But, maybe not. Games, like everything else, change. Rules fluctuate, equipment varies, new styles develop—and all of a sudden your game is not the same. Can you imagine Reggie Jackson stepping into the batter's box and being informed that from now on the pitcher will be throwing croquet balls? What do you suppose would happen if the backboard and hoop were two feet higher, if the end zone was deeper?

Well, those of you who play racquetball, tennis or squash don't have to suppose. You know. The people in power keep pitching changes to you. And the ball you played with yesterday may not be the one you will use tomorrow. In the long run, changes may make the game better, but the adjustments can be disconcerting.

"Whatever happened to Stan Smith?", was a question heard several years ago. While some conjectured about his injuries, others hypothesized about his loss of confidence. But, it was John Newcombe who finally aced it:

"They slowed down the bloody courts. That's what happened."

And Smith is not the only one to find himself out of amo, in a changed war. Players on all levels ask: Why change the court and ball? The paying public, that's why.

Spectators complained and tennis was deliberately slowed down. Now, they're bored and want the game to speed up. How to do this? Change the court surfaces, change the ball. Cement, a faster surface, has already been introduced to the U.S. Open and will, undoubtedly, be used elsewhere. Tournament directors, who can do much to control the speed of the game, are now beginning to exchange balls for newer, more lively ones with greater frequency during a match. The ball itself will continue to be adapted; an example being the new, high-altitude ball developed for the Olympics. The game, its equipment, its style, will accelerate along with the ball.

Tennis is not alone in the process of change. Any player returning to squash after an absence, may be surprised, if not shocked. During 1977, in a major attempt to attract the masses, the squash hierarchy introduced the 70+ ball. It is softer, warms up quicker than the traditional hard ball, and is said to make the game easier for a beginner. But players, who had been hammering rails, crosscourts and reverse corners with the old ball, were now faced with

an array of drop shots and softer, slower lobs. Many felt that the new ball made the game more interesting, others were puzzled.

But, it is not only the squash ball that has changed. To help make the game a viable spectator sport, glass back walls have been introduced. Players complain that the ball comes off of the glass wall slower, that sometimes it totally dies, and that there are crowd distractions and shadows. However, spectator demand is such that in Europe three-walled glass courts have been introduced—and the ball skids and drops straight down from off of the glass side walls. So, this new glass court will mean major changes in the game. And while many may not be pleased to have their beloved game irrevocably altered, the change may be inevitable for future tournament play.

Glass courts have already been the source of player complaints in racquetball tournaments, but courts are not the biggest source of controversy in that sport. The biggest complaint? The game is boring to watch. The points are too short, the games are too long. Now, with the recent use of the highly pressurized fast ball, there is too much emphasis on a power game, on serve and kill. Most players and spectators are calling for a return to the softer, slower ball of a few years ago.

Other alterations have been suggested. Players and officials speak of adding tin to the front wall as in squash, quadrant serving—serving to a specific box as in tennis and squash—the elimination of the second serve, and the introduction of seven point games. But it is generally acknowledged that it is the ball which is most due for a radical change.

Says one pro, "I'm disturbed by the fact that the ball manufacturers haven't done much to slow down the game. People want to see rallies, a more interesting and varied game, with a lot more control. And the ball must be visible for the T.V. camera if the game is to garner air play."

Despite this accusation against the manufacturers, it seems that racquetball developers never sleep. In fact, according to Al Mackie, those at Seamco were up nights, testing the latest, patented ball advancement. It could have been a NASA missile test, for all the control and secrecy surrounding the big, ball breakthrough. It seems that this one is dimpled, and not for cute effect, but for better aerodynamics. The inspiration is from golf and the accuracy is said to be incredible. The new ball should introduce greater touch, control and english into racquetball.

So, once again, before you know it you may walk onto the courts to play a different game •

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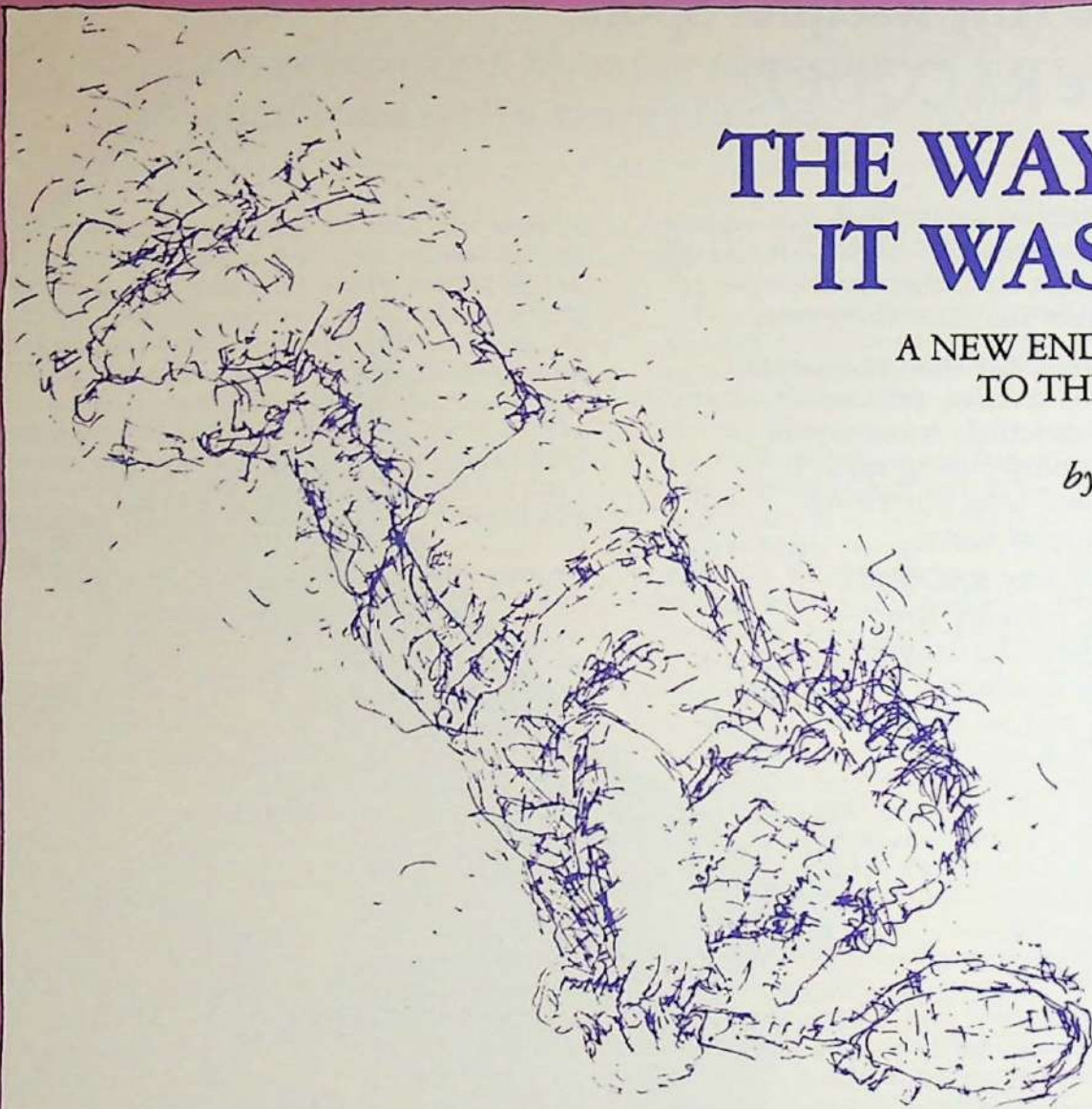
FREE T-SHIRT



THE WAY IT WASN'T

A NEW ENDING
TO THE U.S. OPEN

by David Peele



Jerry McLaughlin © 1979

First day:

Play began today in the U.S. Open tennis championships in Flushing Meadow. Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors, and other top seeded players advanced without difficulty. However, a dramatic upset occurred on an outside court; Ilie Nastase was defeated by a complete unknown, David Peele, by scores of 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, with Nastase getting but one point in the course of the three sets. After the match Peele apologized for his poor play.

Third day:

Jilly Been Queen, tennis' newest transsexual, was crushed by David Peele at Flushing Meadow today. At the post-match press interview, JBQ graciously conceded that his opponent was, "tougher than Riggs. However," he concluded, "My post operative condition made things hard for me."

Fifth day:

Stan Smith, the leaning tower of Pasadena, fell by the wayside today in the third round of the U.S. Open. Seven ball boys did the same. Smith was playing David Peele, and the latter's 187 mph serve was a trifle out of control.

Seventh day:

A broken leg with multiple contusions was the big news today at Flushing Meadow. The savage drives of David Peele put such huge holes in the hard surface court that Arthur Ashe, his opponent, fell into one of them. The court is expected to be as good as new in three weeks or so. Ashe will take a year.

Ninth day:

Guillermo Tiriatic, or, as he is sometimes called, Ion Vilas, defaulted today from the U.S. Open. Faced with the prospect of playing David Peele, TiVi said that his throat, his leg, his moustache, his Prince

racket and his poetry were all hurting, and he would be unable to compete.

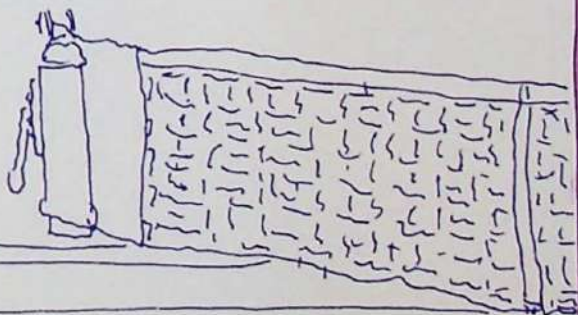
Eleventh day:

David Peele permanently altered the right hand of his opponent, Jimmy Connors, in the semi-finals of the U.S. Open today. Connor's third digit, held in its usual extended position, was struck by one of Peele's flat drives. Doctors present told the star he had the choice of either leaving the finger permanently in the point or having it removed. Connors opted for the former, saying it would save a lot of time in his future matches.

Twelfth day:

Bjorn Borg went down to total defeat in the U.S. Open singles final today at Flushing Meadow. David Peele won by scores of 6-2, 6-1, 6-1 in a dull contest; indeed, the only excitement occurred in the fifth game of the first set with Peele leading 4-0. A bevy of groupies including Ali McGraw, burst through the cordon of surrounding Pinkerton men as they ran onto the court and hurled themselves at Peele's feet. Peele, always the perfect gentleman, was happy to oblige all requests for autographs and was, therefore, occupied during the remainder of the match. Naturally the quality of his play suffered somewhat.

After his victory Peele was invited to say a few words. He did, and the few alienated everyone. He informed the audience that he intended to pawn his trophy, keep every cent of the prize money, and not do anything to further the development of tennis. "What a stupid game," he said. "Two adults running around in little shorty pants batting a ball back and forth over a net. God!" He ranked his achievement slightly below the invention of the dribble glass. And said that he saw no point in returning to Flushing Meadow next year, "... to barely work up a sweat against these hackers."



DIFFERENT STROKES

IT'S A WHOLE NEW GAME WHEN
THE INTERNATIONAL STARS SHOW UP

by Steve Metcalfe

The Mennon Cup and the Boodles World Cup were more than incredible spectacles of championship squash. They were events that held the excitement and promise of things to come. The prize money at Mennon, \$12,500 to the winner of an eight man round robin event, was the most generous that squash had yet offered, and the competitors—Sharif Khan of Canada, Geoff Hunt of Australia, Stu Goldstein of the United States, Clive Caldwell and Gordon Anderson of Canada, Hiddy Jahan of Pakistan, Bruce Brownlee of New Zealand, and Mario Sanchez of Mexico; were among the best in the world.

"In the world . . ." It cannot be emphasized enough because what squash saw in Toronto was the excitement of a truly international event, just as New York had seen two months prior.

Comparisons come to mind: the first meeting between the Russians and the Canadians in hockey, Joe Namath and the Jets against the Baltimore Colts (*continued*)



"The movements are jerkier, different from the movements in international squash, where shots are more deliberate . . ."

in the Superbowl. Taken to a fanciful level, it was like Borg, Connors and Vilas—contented, fat cats all—suddenly challenged by an equally strong contingent, who dropped down from the moon to give earth's best a run for the gold. It was the finest, finally playing the finest, undisputedly establishing equal footing. "What the Mennon Cup has done," said a knowledgeable spectator, "is drop the definition of the word 'best' into limbo."

The success of the event raises the question, "why has it taken so long?" Boodles Gin was the first corporate sponsor to lure international players to North America as a group last season, and that event set the framework for the Mennon Cup.

Actually, it's not that the transition wasn't attempted and, to some extent, pulled off once before. In 1977, Geoff Hunt, the #1 softball player in the world and six time British Open winner, came to participate in the North America Open. With relatively no experience, in a two week period, Hunt won the William White tournament at the Merion Cricket Club, had wins over Mike Desaulniers, Clive Caldwell, Phil Mohtadi, and Victor Niederhoffer, and reached the finals of the Open where he lost to Sharif Khan in an extraordinary match. His opponents were awed.

"He gets everything," said Mohtadi. "He cuts off everything at the red line. You hit it short, he runs up and gets it. You hit it down the rail, he runs back and gets that."

And, said Khan after his slim victory, "I have the greatest admiration for him. It's amazing—his flexibility. He moves brilliantly."

With such an exceptional first showing—and 2,500 dollars in his pocket—one might have expected Hunt to consider competing in North America on a regular basis. But this was not the case.

"I came over to the U.S. for a kind of vacation and thought I'd give it a go. I'm an international softball player and that's my job. I doubt whether I would come over and play on a regular basis."

One can only chuckle at the idea of the earth playing the moon in an athletic event. The arguments over which *gravity* would be more suitable, which conditions would create the "better game", would undoubtedly be unending, and fierce. And, at the time, the controversy between American and International squash was equally sticky. The courts were, and are, different. But, more important, the ball was different. One was hard, one was soft and

mushy. One demanded power, and jerky-quick shotmaking ability, the other rewarded patience, fluidity, and superhuman stamina.

Hunt himself, at the end of the Open, seemed to feel that this contrast in games was, in the long run, detrimental to his supremacy in the softball world.

"Despite the matches I've played, I will be out of shape for the international game," he said, and he left, only to return occasionally for exhibitions.

The advent of the 70+ ball has changed that. It offers a compromise. It is a ball that rewards the shot maker as well as the retriever, that demands speed and conditioning as well as power. The 70+ ball, and that matchless magnet — prize money — may well be the combination that produces real world play as exhibited in tennis, table tennis, and, to leave racquet sports, soccer.

The Mennon Cup results give an indication of how well the international players are able to make the adjustment to North American play. Hunt, while losing to Goldstein and Jahan, beat Sanchez, Anderson and, incredibly, Khan, the eventual winner. Jahan lost to Sanchez in a hard fought four, but defeated Hunt. Brownlee, the international player least experienced in 70+ play, though the tournament loser, was seen as a tremendous potential threat as soon as more play is under his belt. And in terms of the audience appeal, media power (highlights of the final day were broadcast nationally on Canada's Wide World of Sports) and charisma, the addition of the international players was an unquestionable plus.

Interestingly, the 70+ ball may prove to be the step that catapults North American stars into world class softball competition. The adjustment between games—if once difficult for the softball player, nearly impossible for the hardball player—will no longer be so drastic. Goldstein's speed and stamina combined with international experience could make him a definite threat in years to come. And Bill Andruss, the second ranked American, was ranked #32 in international play after a two year stay in England.

The important point though, is that with the Mennon Cup and Boodles, horns have been locked, rivalries established, and blood drawn. Spectators and promoters have seen the results and expressed approval of what they saw. Boodles and Mennon both have plans on the drawing board for similar events in the future. In terms of excitement and media appeal, this merger of two squash worlds can only benefit both games and could very well prove to be a major move towards open competition.

Egyptian Champion Ahmed Safwat.

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.



EAGLE EYE

THE MOST COLORFUL LINESMAN IN HISTORY

by Ted Powell

The Career of Eagleby Isaac Bradford seems ended now. Those who thought of him as "Eagle Eye" must mourn, while those who thought of him as a menace to the game, will rejoice. But, all must agree that he was, for a brief period, the most colorful and impressive line umpire in the history of tennis.

Eventually, Eagle Eye's talents carried him to the pinnacle of his profession — Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Roland Garos, and the lesser arenas of top-flight tennis. All knew the extraordinary performance that could be offered by this peerless linesman. Tennis audiences throughout the world thrilled to his stentorian calls and his vigorous, dramatic hand signals.

Was it possible that a boy with no social background, no connections, no family membership at West Side, Orange Lawn, or Longwood could succeed as a tennis umpire? Mr. Bradford knew that the struggle would not be easy, but he was determined that his boy would succeed, that Little Eagleby would one day know triumph and acclaim.

By the time Eagleby was twelve he had memorized the Official Tennis Rules, Colonel Nick Powel's "Code," Jack Stahr's "A Friend At Court," and the annual supplements of cases and decisions.

His performance was equally impressive, first at public parks, then at regional tournaments. The senior members of the Tennis Umpires Association who observed him all rated him as "superior" for promptness, accuracy, and clarity. The only slight qualification was a comment by one of the more conservative senior officials, that the delivery of his calls was perhaps a touch "flamboyant." There is a bit of irony now in quoting that comment. That touch of "flamboyance" in the very young Eagle Eye was as nothing in comparison to what he was to become with the full development of his talent.

Ted Powell, a USTA certified chair umpire, is also familiar with the view from below, having been a three time winner of the "C" doubles at Forest Hills.

Some of those familiar with the course of Eagleby's career say that it was the accolades, while others say that it was the T.V. attention, that caused the drastic change in his performance. Still others contend that it was only the natural growth of the skills of this extraordinarily gifted tennis official. Whatever the cause, the impact of Eagleby's intensified performance upon the tennis world was powerful and, of course, controversial. His calls were emitted like the explosion of a cannon, or, for a change of pace, like the crack of a rifle shot. His control of the timbre of his voice would have done credit to Barrymore. His hand signals were delivered with a vigor and exaggeration reminiscent of early silent movies. And as the energetic quality of his performance increased, so did the enthusiasm of the spectators. With this came the interest of the T.V. sports director, and, consequently, the interest of tournament promoters.

There was controversy, oh yes, there was controversy. Some purists argued that Eagle Eye was detracting from the game. After all, it was the *playing* of tennis, not the *officiating* that should receive the spectators' attention. But, others replied that this was an old-fashioned attitude. Tennis today, they said, is big business and it's show business. This argument, of course, prevailed with the tennis tournament promoters. Box office records began to tell the tale. When it was announced that Eagle Eye would be taking a line at a tournament, there was a rush for tickets.

Eagle Eye's lifestyle changed along with his celebrity. He purchased (for use when not working matches) a custom-made, fire-engine red Ferrari. He began wearing a cape lined with satin (also fire-engine red), and was often seen at the livelier watering spots with a buxom blonde or a pixieish groupie. (Oh, yes, he had developed quite a following among the female tennis fans). For awhile, the gossip columnists and some of the sports



"Some purists argued that Eagle Eye was detracting from the game—'officiating' should not receive the spectators attention."

columnists reported a romance between Eagle Eye and the Danish tennis star, Verie Willing. Then, he was seen in constant companionship with Sally Starr, the fashion model turned folk rock singer or vice versa. They appeared everywhere together — at tennis matches, cafes, discos, and even on the various TV talk shows where Eagle Eye was a great favorite.

Eagle Eye's increasingly confident attitude showed in his performance as a line umpire. He was no longer content to raise his arm as a signal and call the single word, "out." Instead, he would call "that stinks," "What a lousy shot," or "no damned good." Instead of using the standard gesture of the upraised hand with the open palm, he would signal a bad shot by pointing both thumbs down or using right thumb and forefinger to hold his nose.

Needless to say, the audiences were delighted by Eagle Eye's colorful conduct. Not so the players. There was grumbling by a number of them who thought that Eagle Eye was calling attention away from their own histrionics. In a momentous stadium match, one of the players had the temerity to question an "out" call made by Eagle Eye. He contended that his ball had nicked the line and appealed to the chair umpire to direct Eagle Eye to go out and look at the mark left by the ball. The chair umpire timidly made the request. Eagle Eye jumped from his chair, ran out to the spot, and quickly scuffed his feet all around the area. "When I call 'em out," he told the chair umpire, "they're out!" The protesting player objected that Eagle Eye's action was against the rules. Eagle Eye defied the chair umpire to find any rule that he had violated. The chair umpire tentatively suggested calling a "let" so that the point might be replayed. Eagle Eye exploded. He banged his chair on the ground repeatedly. "I'm the line umpire!" he insisted. "When I call 'em, they stay as I call 'em." The stadium was in an uproar.

That day was a watershed in Eagle Eye's career. The quality of his subsequent performances was heightened. His flamboyance was undiminished and spiced with a new kind of playfulness. He would make humorous, suggestive motions with the net stick, or he would scoop up a loose ball and let it drop out through his pants leg. Such antics were resented by some players, but they served to increase Eagle Eye's popularity with the crowds.

Yes, Eagle Eye had made it to the top in big-time tennis by virtue of extraordinary natural ability, years of training, drive, ambition, confidence, and an energy that seemed boundless. With so much

going for him, why should his brilliant career have come to so abrupt an end?

It happened in the finals of the International Invitational Classic at Monte Carlo — a very select draw tournament, of course. Only the very top world-class players and a distinguished audience were present. The promoter had of course included among the corps of officials, the internationally celebrated, colorful, Eagle Eye.

It was a brilliantly fought contest that continued for almost three hours. Eagle Eye found himself extended as never before. As the tension of the match increased, so, too, did Eagle Eye's confidence in his powers. His calls were quicker, crisper, and snapped out instantaneously, with the touch of the ball to the ground. The final set went back and forth without a service break by either player until, with the evening sun dropping down into the Mediterranean, and the shadows growing long, the time came for the championship to be decided by a single point. And how else could it end but for Eagleby Isaac Bradford to make that final call. There, before an audience that included representatives of two dozen nations: ambassadors, diplomats, the Deputy Premier of France and Her Serene Highness herself, the ball landed barely a fraction of an inch beyond the baseline. Eagle Eye leapt to his feet and with clenched fist and upraised middle finger, pointed at the sky, he shouted, in a voice heard throughout the stadium, "The f----- ball is out! Game, set, match, and championship!"

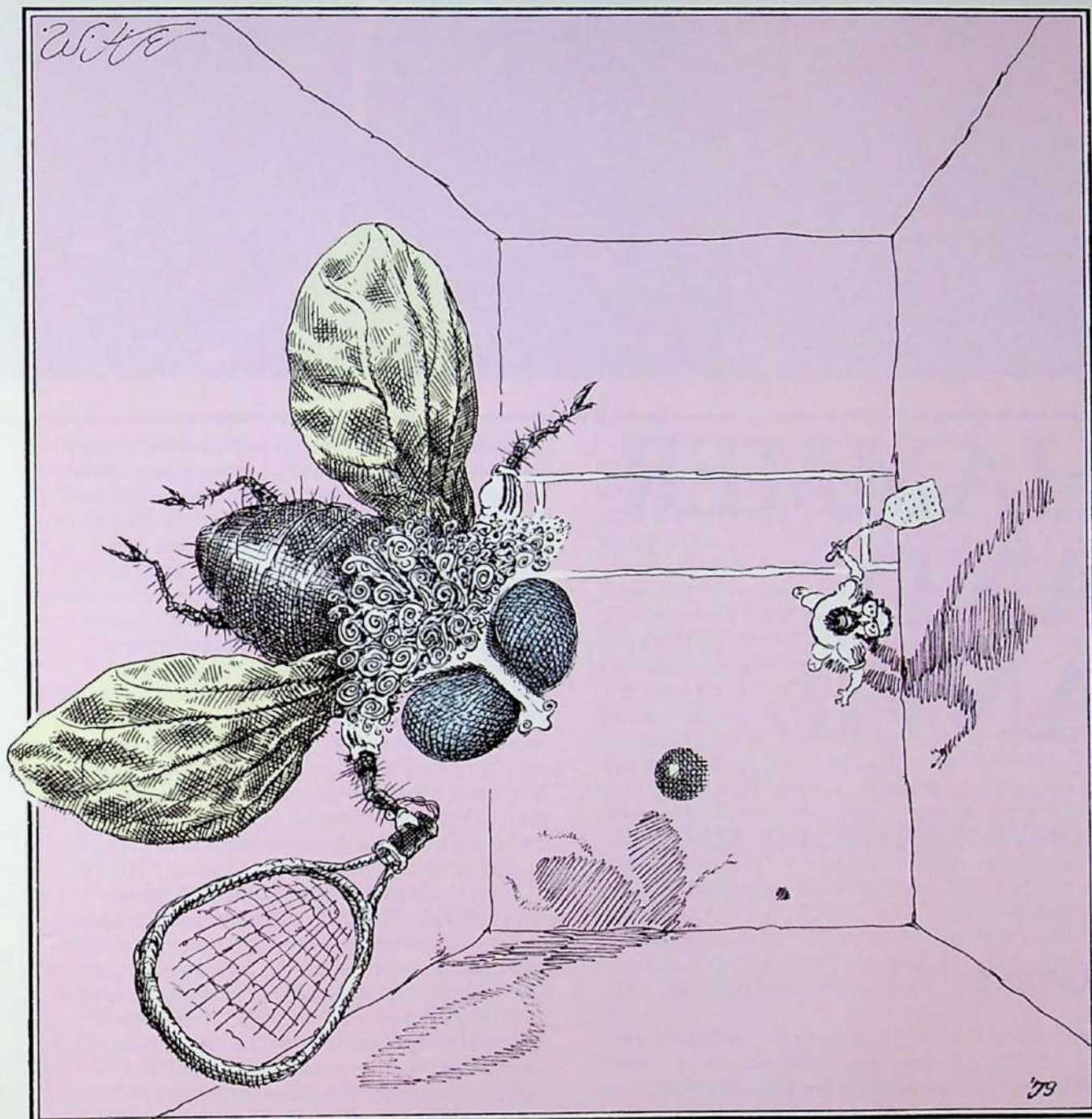
The shock felt in the stadium was echoed in cables and letters of protest received by the State Department and at the White House. Eagle Eye was dismissed from the Tennis Umpires Association and was banned from officiating at all sanctioned tournaments. Sponsors dropped contracts with him for endorsement. His girlfriend left him for a rock guitar player. And worst of all, Eagle Eye had to sell his Ferrari.

So, it seemed that a brilliant career had ended. Yet, Eagleby Isaac Bradford has not admitted total defeat. Word has it that just outside of Los Angeles, he is offering training programs in the Eagle Eye Style of Tennis Officiating. He plans to take a cadre of tennis officials on the road and is convinced that, with ten others like himself, he'll fill tennis arenas, grandstands, and stadiums across the country. But what about the players? "Oh," he replies, "at first we can pick up local players. But, soon the top pros will be banging on the door to perform with us." They *already* know that big time tennis is really show business! •

BESTIARY

by Michael Witte

THE HOGAN COURT-FLY (*Musca Martioganicus*)



*Of both temper and stature he's short
But a credit is he to his sport
And this tough little pest
Flies above all the rest
For, though half-pint, he plays like a quart.*



HAMMER AND ANVIL

A SERVE WITH NO RETURN

by Steve Metcalfe

I can serve. I cannot return serve. I can bludgeon serve, kick serve, float serve and finesse serve. I return serve with a flail and a prayer. My hammer could belong to the thundergod, Thor. My anvil has no ring. The net overwhelms me in tennis. The wall inhibits me in squash. I cannot hit the front wall in racquetball on anything less than two bounces. Despair, like concrete, nestles in my elbow.

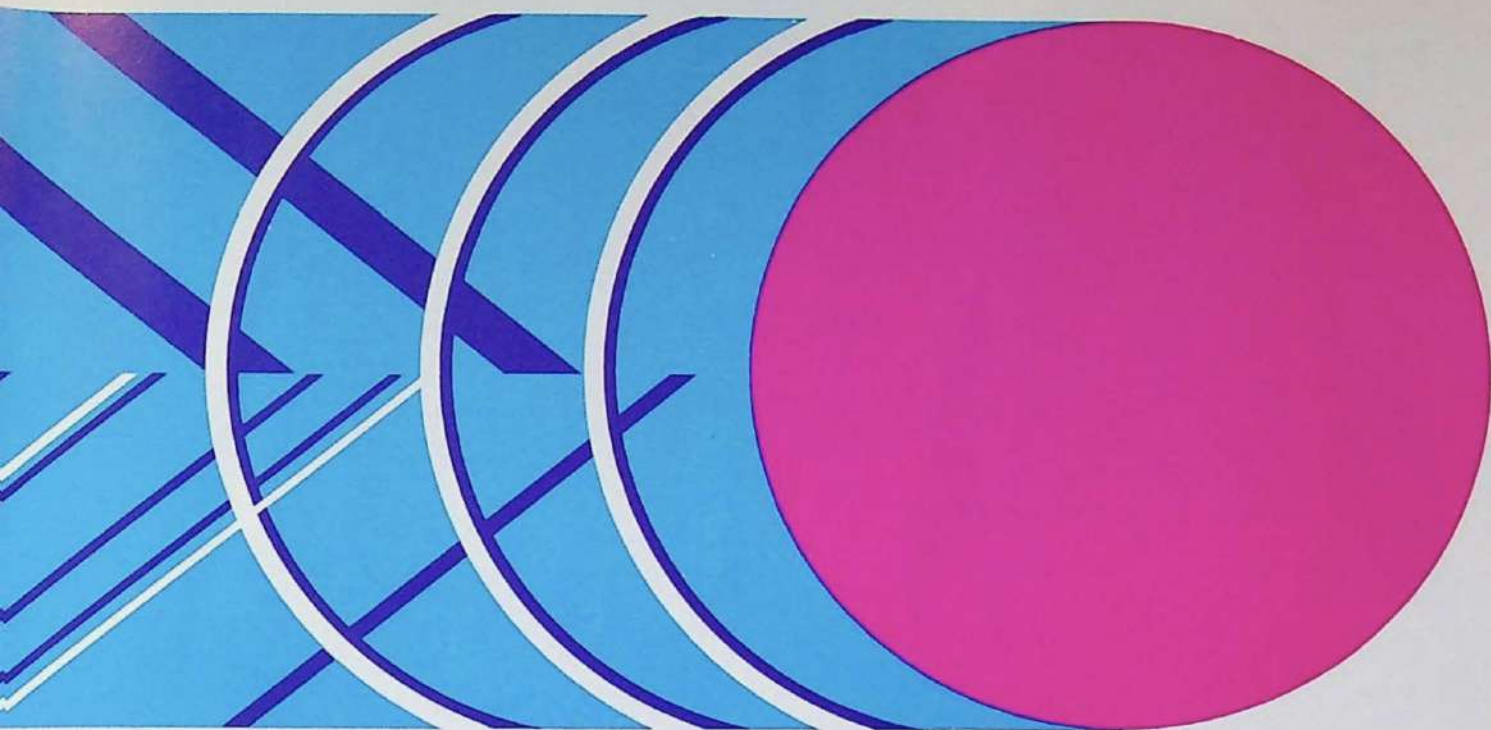
There is an innate, animal joy in serving a tennis ball. My arm lifts the ball high like a glass of champagne, the weight shifts forward, and the body coils. I try to imagine the ball as the face of a clock and each numeral—one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock—promises a different angle and variation of spin. The racquet head scratches my back then whips up and over the ball, delivering a strike, a touch-down pass, an ace. Life should be like my serve.

I try to go around rather than through an opponent. I try to draw a mistake rather than go for an outright winner. I work at getting the first serve in. I realize I am only as good as my second serve. I usually try to slice wide when serving to the deuce box, in an attempt to drive my opponent off the court. Then I hit right at him in an attempt to cut off his angles. I play the percentages and pick at his backhand all day long.

It is returning serve that defines for me both tennis and life. The ball approaches and I freeze. I begin to mumble incoherently. Let me get it back into play. Let it land anywhere, as long as it's not out. *Give my opponent a chance to make a mistake!*

"Nullify the return," I'm told. "Hit low to a net rusher. Hit high and deep to a baseliner. Make the server stretch to hit the return. Shorten the backswing, turn the shoulders and return with topspin. Chip the ball."

"Well and good," I reply, and the next time out I'll alternate between overwhelming the ball with top and caressing it with clever slice. I might as well howl at the moon. Topspin, slice—the net still gets in the way and the ball still refuses to land within the lines. I throw my racquet a lot.



"Keep the ball deep and close to the wall," said the squash pro.

"Piece of cake," I said, not really thinking about service execution but rather how easy it was going to be to crunch the return in this new game.

"You're working towards the same objective as a pitcher in slow pitch softball—making it difficult to hit a vertically falling object in a straight horizontal line. Don't hit the ball. Get under it and kiss it. Lift the ball. A good serve cannot be taken on the volley."

Years later my success in returning that little green ball is unchanged. I can't do it. I miss. I hit the wall. My feet take root and the ball, careening off the sidewall, hits me. When I finally do make contact, my return flies sluggishly to the middle to be put away by the server. Seething with frustration, I conclude that the only way I will ever get the server away from the T is by using a crossbody block.

My own service wilts on the vine from lack of use. This dejects me, for, when given a chance, I serve with variation and style, mixing up my deliveries like Whitey Ford. My lob serve floats with the best of them. I have a sidearm delivery that clings to the wall like trickling water. My overhead serve buzzes to the crack and, once or twice a match, I mesmerize my opponent with a tricky reverse corner drive. My opponents meet this barrage head on knowing that once service is back in their hands, once returning is back in mine, they are assured of a stream of points.

My sword sparkles unused. My shield shatters.

"If you hit where your opponent is, you will lose," says Hashim Khan.

I lose.

When asked to comment on the idea of introducing quadrant serving to racquetball—serving to a box as is done in tennis and squash—pro Steve Keeley, replied, "Marty Hogan can point to where he's going to hit the ball and still ace you."

Being foolish, I assumed that Keeley was talking about Marty Hogan rather than about the nature of the game itself. I was naive. To date, I have better luck swatting flies with a pencil than I do returning serve in racquetball.

It's not that I don't know my options. I understand that a server can be put on the defensive by a pass down the wall or crosscourt. I understand that he can be confused by an around-the-wall ball or a high Z. And I have been told again and again that a ceiling shot is the safest return in racquetball. It's just that I find these options useless. When faced with the dizzying array of serves which come at me, the only answer that blares through the chaos and confusion is: "kill". I seem to feel that if I swing as hard as I can, and somehow miraculously get my racquet on the ball, the point will be mine.

As Charlie Brumfield would say, "Dumb, dumb, dumb."

He would love to play me. He would drive serves to the corners, careful to keep the ball's second bounce from coming off the back wall. He would hit lobs and garbage serves that died in the back court. He would hit Z-balls that would leave little or no room for swinging. At 20-0, he would tell me what serve was coming and where it was going. Then I would wallop the ball and watch my return go directly into the floor. Game.

The anvil crumbles again.

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THE CIRCUIT

A NOT SO REVERENT SURVEY OF RACQUETBALL'S TOP TEN

by Timothy Yost

The most startling aspect of this year's NRC Top Ten is that there are eleven players squeezed into it. A tie for tenth place between Davey Bledsoe and David Fleetwood makes for this enumerative sorcery. That's where the surprises end. With an awesome display of power that brought him his second straight national championship last June in Tempe, Arizona, Marty Hogan reaffirmed his supreme position at the center of the racquetball universe; a position so solid that, despite occasional tournament eclipses, Marty may continue to shine on for light years to come. Nonetheless, Hogan's 10 satellites are not about to just orbit around and wait for the champ to nova. You can bet that in the season to come they'll be fighting tooth, nail and racquet to send Hogan into an orbit of his own and to share in the pro tour's galactic purses.

With that in mind, get ready for some star-gazing, as RACQUET focuses its sights on racquetball's top ten:

1. Marty Hogan: The word around pro racquetball circles is that national champ Marty Hogan, long the *enfant terrible* of the NRC tour, is mellowing. Don't believe it. The reason Hogan's been acting more like Bruce Banner than the Incredible Hulk lately is simply that few of his competitors on the tour have been able to supply the requisite strain to bring out Marty's beastly alter-ego. An incident in Tempe reminds us that this 21-year-old Spirit of St. Louis can become feral at any moment. While immersed in an atypically close game with Craig McCoy in the semi's, a tense Hogan exploded into a screaming rage when he noticed a fly perched on the court wall. Flailing his racquet, Marty finally killed the hapless insect with a vicious forehand pinch. When not shagging flies on the court, Hogan can be seen on his motorcycle speeding through life at a rate exceeded only by his 142 mph serve. Word has it, though, that Marty often slows down long enough to let an ever-increasing entourage of ladies—both the young, leggy variety and his beloved Jewish mama, Goldie—to catch up. He's also taking business courses at San Diego

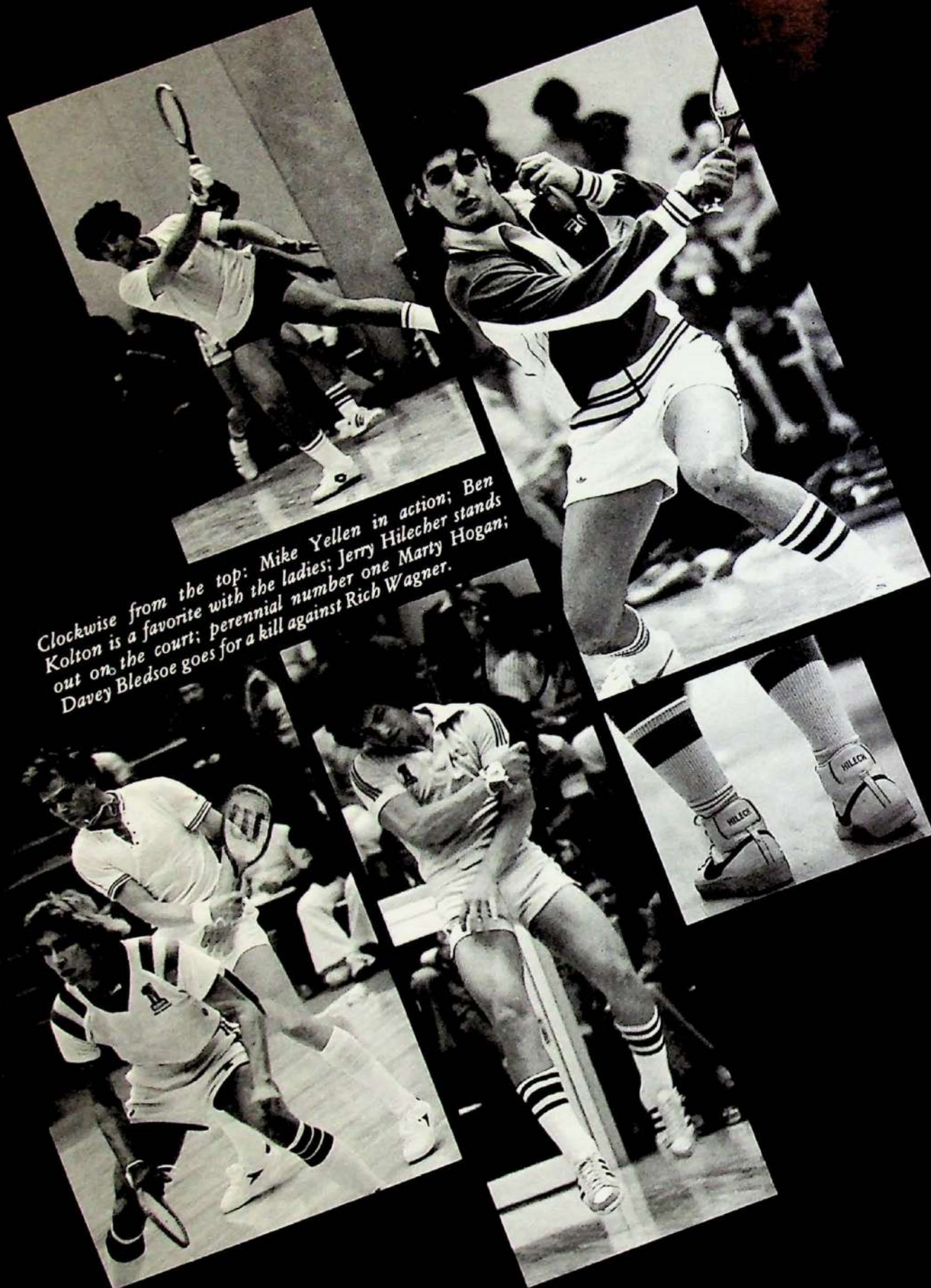
Timothy Yost, our man in Michigan, is a freelance journalist and a "nice guy." Although his favorite sport is baseball, he follows the racquetball scene.

State to learn to handle his money, as any soon-to-be millionaire should.

2. Jerry Hilecher: Second-rated Jerry Hilecher is another graduate of the St. Louis Academy of Asocial Behavior. When five balls broke on Jerry in a match in Detroit last season, the puerile 24-year-old stormed off the court and was coaxed back only by the promise that he wouldn't get a spanking from the referee. The pros say that Jerry's recent marriage has had little effect on either his vaingloriousness or his quibbling demeanor. He still insists on screeching his shoes over the floor while awaiting serves, hoping, they say, that the shrill sound will draw the fans' attention to the H-I-L-E-C-H emblazoned on the backs of his sneakers. Some of the pros suggest that it would be more appropriate if the -ER were removed from Hilecher's other nickname and B-I-C-K-E-R adorned his shoes instead.

3. Mike Yellen: The question running through the collective mind of the gallery when Yellen met Marty Hogan in the national championship finale last June was not whether this amazing 19-year-old had a chance of upending Hogan (considering Hogan's firm grip on the NRC tour, that was a moot point), but, rather, whether the match would end in time enough for the youngster to get home to Detroit before the street lights came on. As it turned out, the player whom his peers alternately call "The Whiz Kid" and "The Pillsbury Dough Boy" left in plenty of time to meet curfew, but not before leaving everyone else marveling at what he's going to be when he grows up. For now, Yellen is taking stock in the future by never fibbing about double-bounces, respectfully addressing referees as "sir" and deceptively concealing his intensity behind a tranquil, and perpetually open, mouth. Perhaps it's best that Hogan murdered that fly before he met Yellen in the finals, for it might have settled in Yellen's permanently drooping orifice.

4. Rich Wagner: Twenty-three-year-old Rich Wagner is not known for sharing Mike Yellen's youthful inclination towards honesty, though Poor Richard usually pays for his trespasses with a guilty con-



Clockwise from the top: Mike Yellen in action; Ben Kolton is a favorite with the ladies; Jerry Hilecher stands out on the court; perennial number one Marty Hogan; Davey Bledsoe goes for a kill against Rich Wagner.

"Except for Hogan, the top twelve players are so equal physically that it becomes an entirely psychological game."

science that tends to nullify any ill-gotten gains. Perhaps this retiring fourth-ranked New Jersey native should have sought absolution before heading to Tempe last June, where he was quickly retired in the round of 16 by newcomer, Dave Peck.

5. Steve Strandemo: Like Jay Gatsby, Steve Strandemo came out of a Minnesota obscurity to make a name for himself. That's where Steve's resemblance to the gregarious, romantic literary hero ends. This fifth-ranked 31-year-old is better described as a working class hero; a misanthropic overachiever who crept onto the scene in the mid-70's with wheat chape in his hair and a notepad in his hand. The other pros ridiculed the tight-lipped rube who so thoroughly analyzed their games, until he began upsetting the likes of Serot, Keeley, Brumfield and Hogan. After that, the galleries began to look like classrooms on final exam day. Nowadays, some of the pros who demur Strandemo's lurking court presence and tough, physical game have taken to calling Steve "The Rat." Nobody knows if Strandemo is taking this unflattering sobriquet to heart, but it's rumored that he's stopped saying "cheese" at photo sessions.

6. Dave Peck: Somebody should tell sixth-ranked rookie Dave Peck that after he's run himself ragged chasing down half a dozen pass shots, he's supposed to give up and concede to his opponent the kill. The people who make the glass court walls will probably be the first to do this. For when this bulky former Texas state champion wrestler gets going and collides with one of their walls there is always some question as to whether the wall or fearless Dave won the confrontation. On the other side of the glass, this smiling Paul Bunyan keeps his reckless behavior to a minimum—concentrating his energies on a steady girlfriend and on breathing life into post-tournament celebrations. Hopefully, Peck took in enough parties last summer to allow him to forget the second game *faux pas* lob serve that insured his loss to Mike Yellen in the quarter finals at Tempe.

7. Ben Kolton: Seventh-ranked Ben Kolton also has a thing about glass walls. It seems that Benjie has difficulty executing back wall shots because he always stops to admire his reflection in the glass. Whether this on-court narcissism was in part responsible for the sprained ankle that prevented Kolton from advancing past the 16's in Tempe, no one knows. What is for sure is that at one of the stops along the pro tour this season, the dark and flashy Kolton will only have to snap his fingers and a bevy

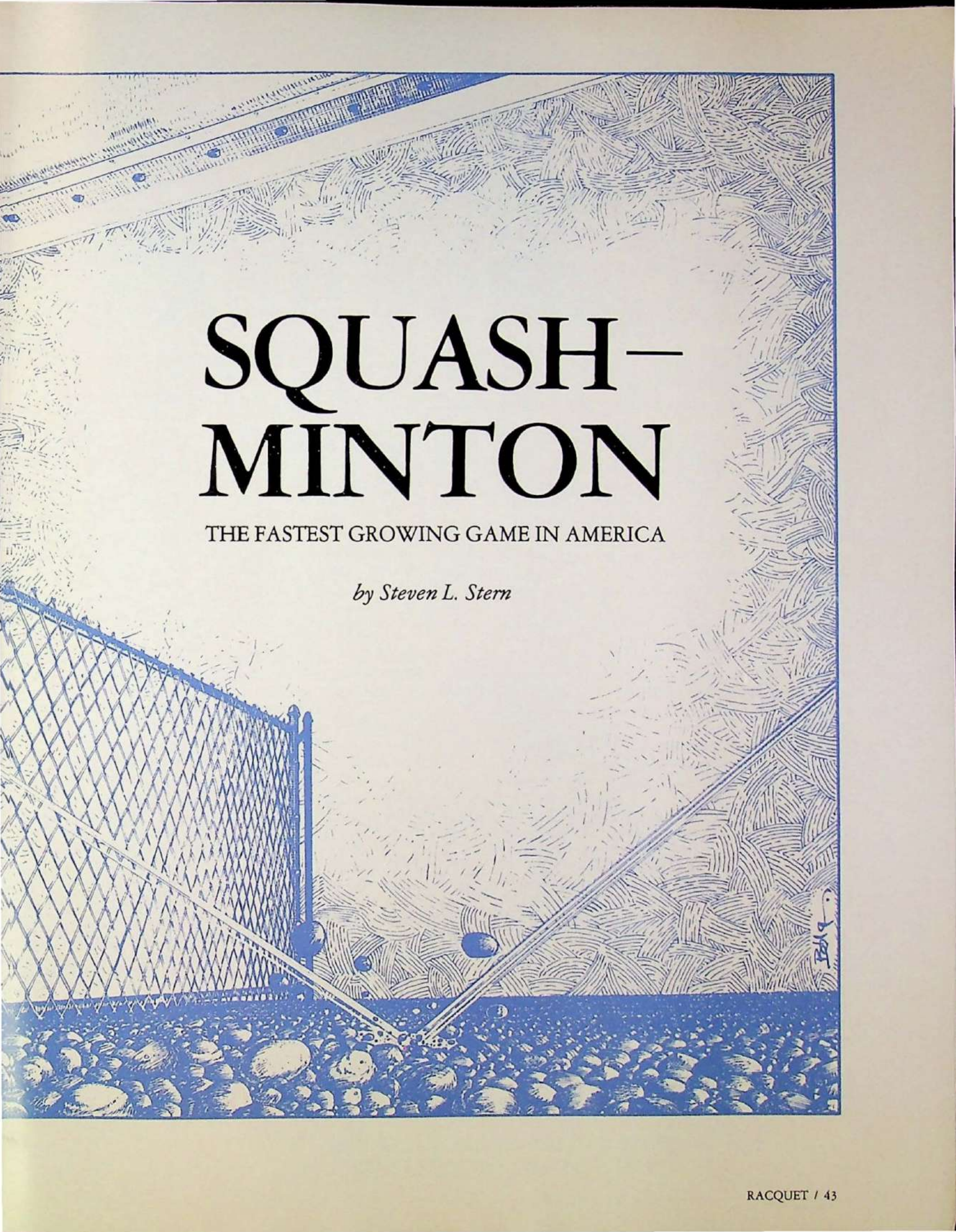
of girls will be surrounding his corner, feeding him Gatorade and salt tablets.

8. Charlie Brumfield: Hello, Central Casting? Cecil B. DeMille is making a movie about racquetball. We need somebody to play Charlie Brumfield, that god-like, and often, godawful, guru who delivered the Holy Sport to the masses nearly a decade ago. What, Rasputin is dead? Charlie Manson is still in jail? Well, who can we get then? What! You say Brum is still around? That the 31-year-old master showman who by his charisma parlayed five national titles into a small fortune is still sticking the ball? That, despite a protracted bout with hepatitis which sidelined him through much of last season, he made it to the *semi's* at Tempe and that he's now ranked *eighth*? Unbelievable!

9. Craig McCoy: Back in the days when Craig McCoy's age was about the same as his shoe size, he was touted as a potential phenom. Now that the former has finally crept past the latter, this easy-going 22-year-old Californian is talked of as an underachiever. One pro says that if the ninth-ranked McCoy worked as hard as Steve Strandemo, he'd easily be another Marty Hogan. It's no surprise that McCoy often plays well against Hogan (In the semi's at Tempe, Craig scored 33 points off Hogan in their two game match), considering that Hogan's boisterous behavior tends to ruffle McCoy's heavy-eyed hound dog countenance. Many of the other pros, however, have discovered a more effective method for handling this slumberous southpaw: they let the sleeping dog lie.

10. Davey Bledsoe & David Fleetwood: Tennessee is famous for more than country music. That grand ole state is also known as the stomping ground of the two hard-hitting Daves who currently share tenth NRC ranking. Bledsoe, an intense 28-year-old former pre-med student, who snatched the 1977 national championship from Marty Hogan, is considered the fastest human ever to have played racquetball, as well as one of the most impetuous. Both qualities lead many of his fellow pros to speculate that while studying kinesiology in college, Davey paid attention only to the fast-twitch muscles. Fleetwood, on the other hand, is inclined to conserve energy when not on the court. Some of his peers even suspect that David, at age 22, is already slipping into middle age and that he can hardly wait to retire to a backyard in Memphis, where he can grill hamburgers, play with his cocker spaniel and clean the swimming pool.



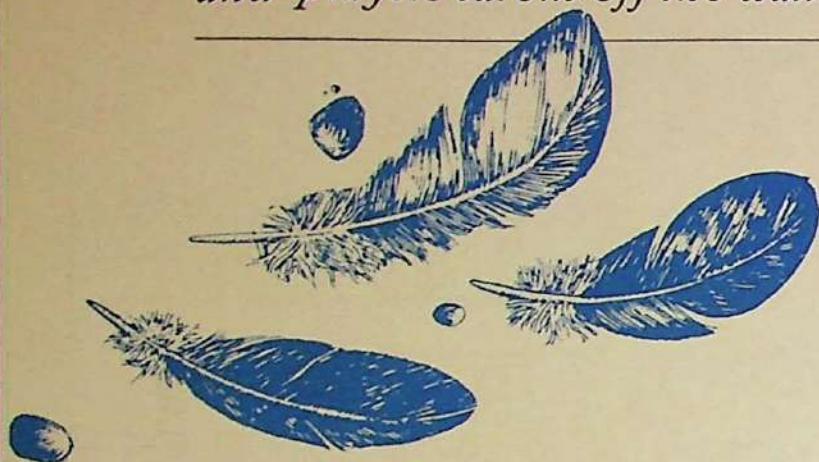


SQUASH— MINTON

THE FASTEST GROWING GAME IN AMERICA

by Steven L. Stern

"A well played Squashminton game is a blur of action. Balls and players carom off the walls at a frantic pace."



Racquetball's phenomenal spread has stopped. Tennis has lost 41% of its players within two years. And squash clubs across the country now plaintively offer a year's free membership to anyone who'll join.

Players are abandoning the major racquet sports like swimmers fleeing a shark convention. In unprecedented numbers, people are casting aside traditional pastimes in favor of the fastest growing game in sports history: squashminton.

Squashminton, introduced to the U.S. by Mongolian expatriots in 1976, has already gained a following of some 13,000,000 people. And according to International Squashminton Association estimates, by 1999 there will be more squashminton players in this country than philatelists, numismatists, and endocrinologists combined.

Reasons for the sport's popularity are many. Squashminton is not only easy to learn and fun to play, but the game's fast action offers a 2000 calorie workout in 37 minutes. Indeed, it's been estimated that one hour of squashminton provides more exercise than four years of archery.

To readily grasp the basic game, new players must first understand the complexities of a squashminton court. Not since court tennis has there been a playing area as unusual as that of squashminton.

The squashminton court is 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, and is enclosed by four 25-foot stucco walls. The ceiling, a part of the playing area as it is in racquetball, consists of a bubblelike Plexiglas dome. The court floor is gravel-covered or, in some instances, laid with linoleum tile.

Bisecting the court is the telltale, or *walnet*, a 47-inch-high sheet-metal "net." When struck, the walnet emits a sound much like that of 300 cymbal players in rehearsal.

The rules of the game are simplistic, to say the

least. The server puts the feathered sphere, called a *ball*, into play by means of a hard underhand or sidearm stroke. The ball must strike the overhead dome, rebound off the floor and at least one wall, and then travel back over the walnet toward the opponent. The receiver then has six seconds or two bounces—whichever comes first—to return the serve. One out of every three shots a player makes must strike the dome (except in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where it's one out of four), and no two consecutive strokes may be hit forehand. Only the receiver can score points, and 29 points wins the game (but you must win by three). Most matches are four out of eight games, and often end in a tie, in which case a coin is flipped to determine the winner.

A well played squashminton game is a blur of activity. Balls and players carom off the walls at a frantic pace, and overhead smashes to the dome ricochet with alarming ferocity. Play is dizzyingly continuous, and frenzied rallies lasting 20 minutes or more, are common. Indeed, tournament matches have been known to go on for days, causing players to be hospitalized for exhaustion as well as temporary deafness from repeated soundings of the metal walnet.

Beginners and experienced players alike, praise squashminton for its excitement and novelty. Tennis players in particular are delighted that the ball cannot be hit out of bounds; while racquetball enthusiasts revel in "dome shot" possibilities. Squash players too, are soon won over to the game, despite their initial reluctance to play on a court with a four-foot telltale and no red lines.

Squashminton equipment, available at sporting goods stores and supermarkets, is surprisingly inexpensive. Racquets range from \$1.59 for a disposable model, to \$4.98 for the super deluxe racquet, which comes with a handle. All racquets are made of simulated aluminum and strung with heavy-duty twine. A can containing six balls in rainbow colors retails for \$3.00, plus a 5¢ deposit on the can. Optional equipment includes a glove (39¢ at pharmacies) and a lightweight helmet (under \$100). Some players also wear a small "approval horn," which they beep to signal "good shot."

The future of squashminton seems assured. With the first televised match scheduled for ABC's *Wide World of Sports* next month, and Heather McKay and Yogi Berra soon to open their own chain of squashminton clubs, the sport is well on its way to becoming, in the words of Howard Cosell, "something truly miraculous."•

Steven L. Sterne has written humor and light satire for a variety of magazines. Working on his first book and playing the racquet sports, he lives in Milburn, New Jersey.

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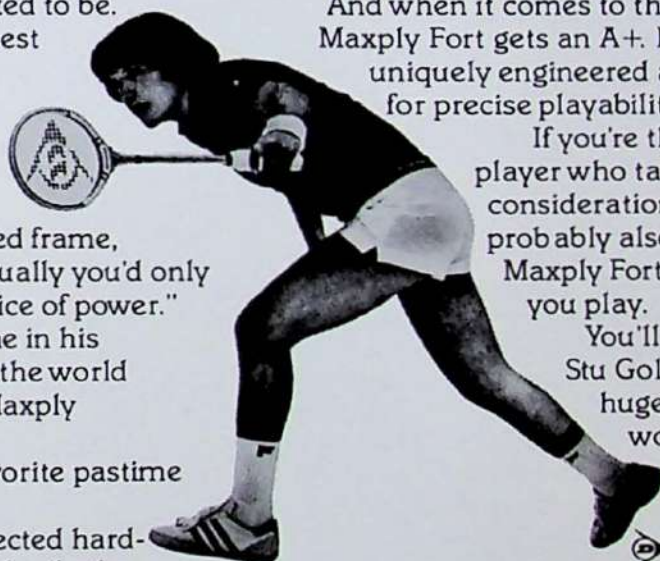
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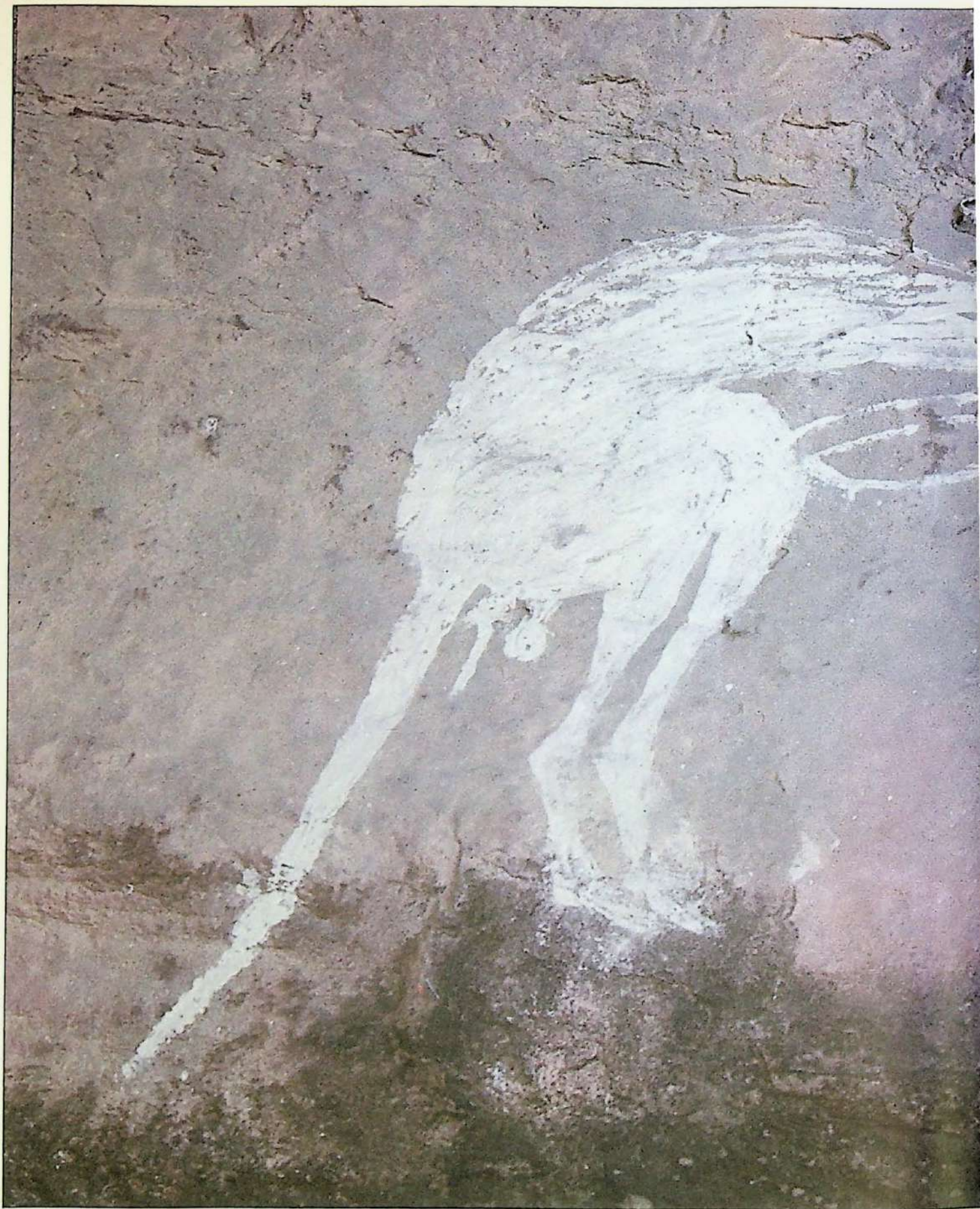
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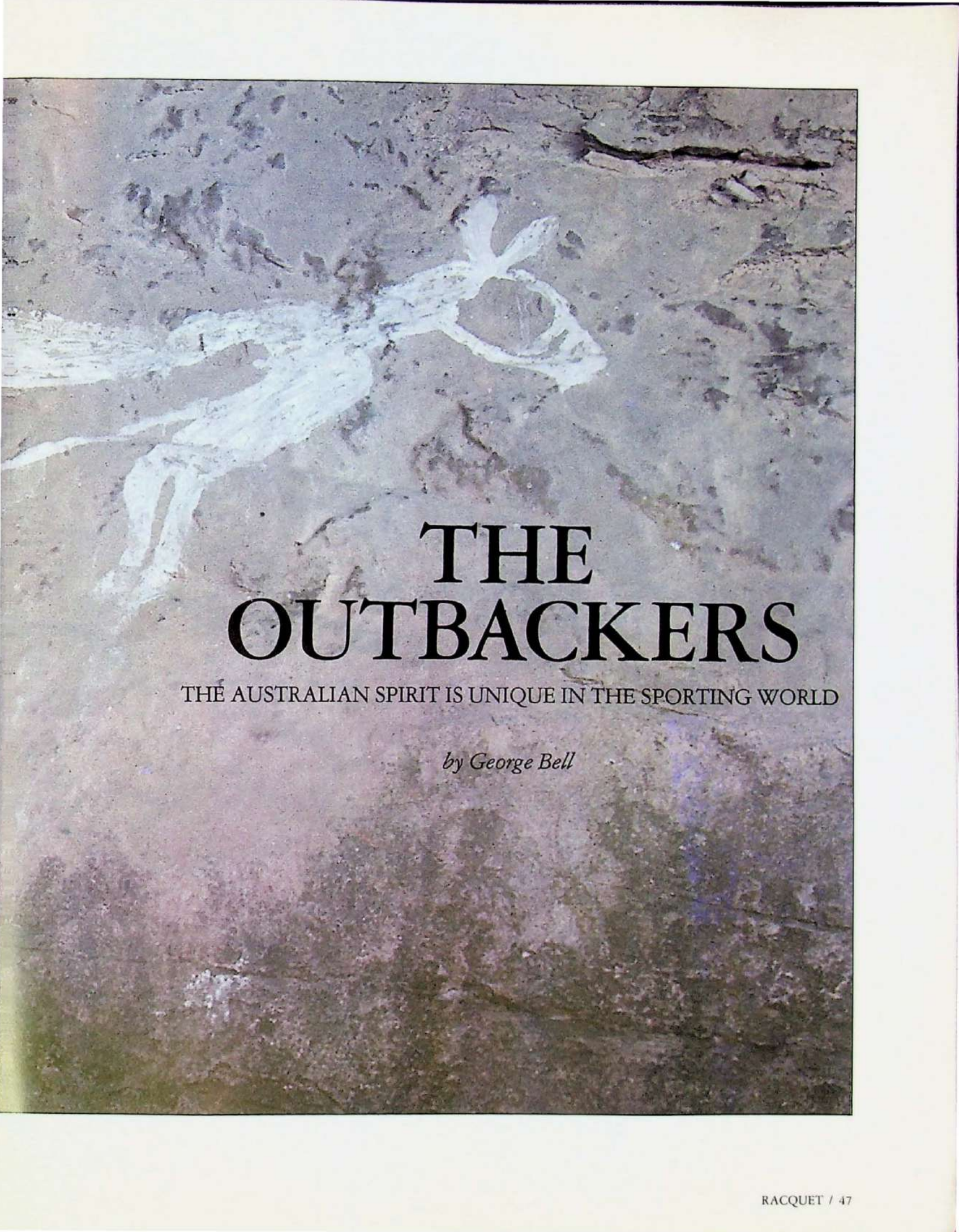
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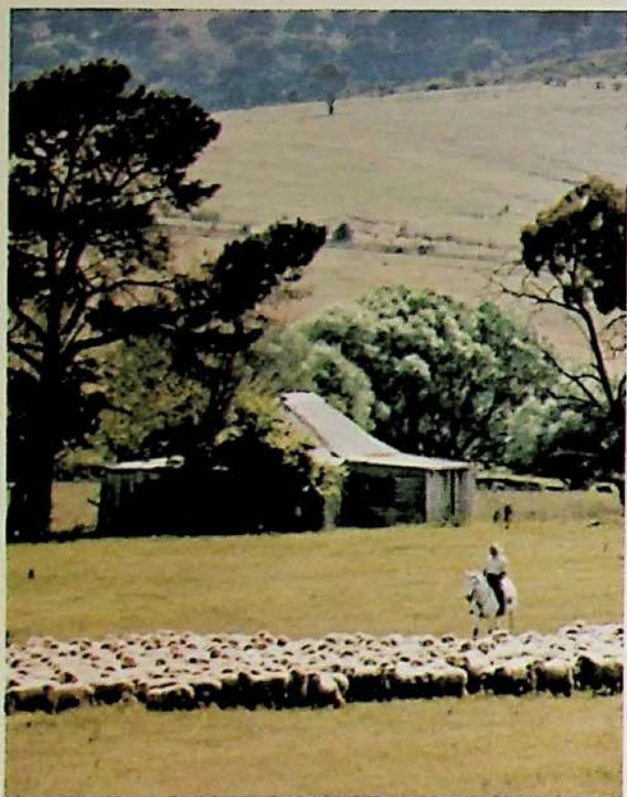




THE OUTBACKERS

THE AUSTRALIAN SPIRIT IS UNIQUE IN THE SPORTING WORLD

by George Bell



"Australians have produced more than their share of racquet champions."

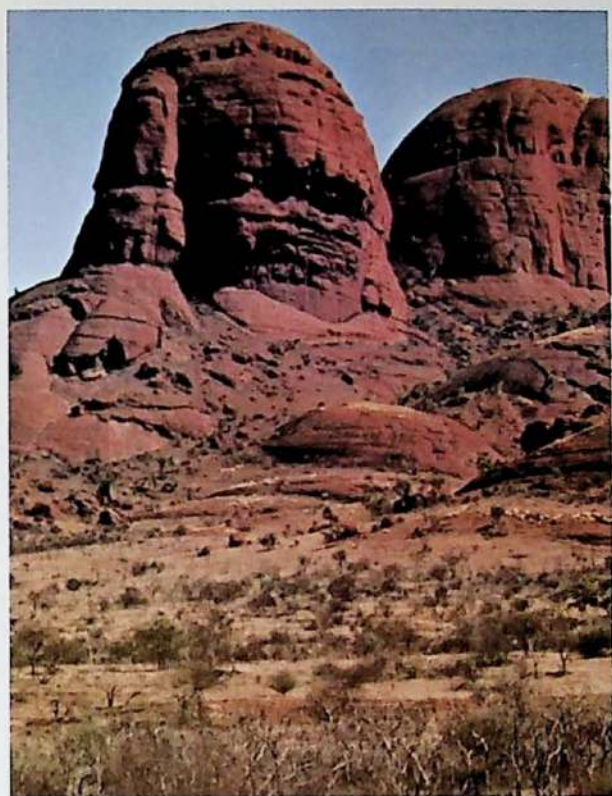
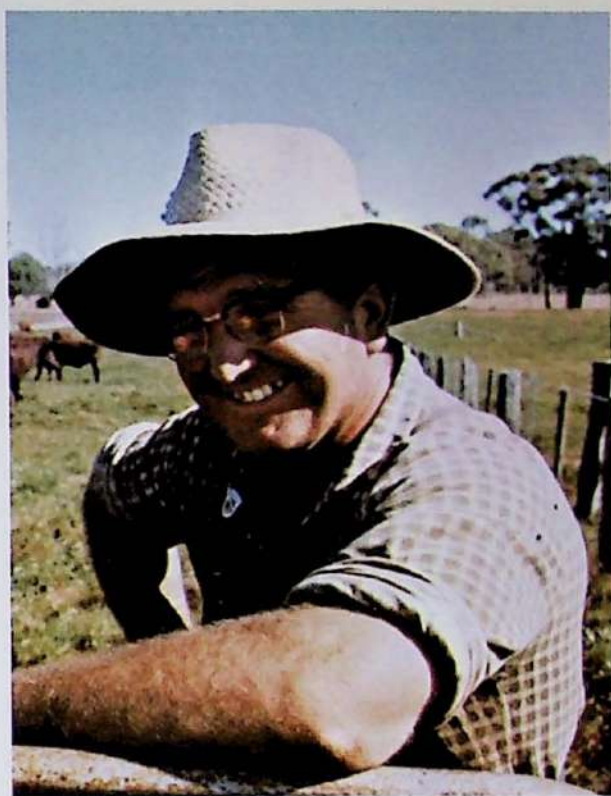
All over Australia — across the dry outback, the coastal plains, and the equatorial rainforests — cars are pasted with the bumper sticker, *Vital People Play Squash*. This is no small claim in a country that depends more than others on the energy and spirit of its population to settle some of the most uninhabitable tracts of land in the world. Desert farmers still break wild horses by jumping from Land Rovers and locking their fists above the beast's shoulders as it gallops through the waist-high scrub. In the jungles of far northern Queensland, men hunt wild boars while the women fashion the necessities of a household from nature's overflow. A country with more extreme climates and terrains could not exist, and for all the tenacity of Australians in the bush, they are essentially alone against this unconquerable land. Yet, throughout the eight states a rugged Australian nationalism runs high, and the coming together of Australians most often occurs when that nationalism is threatened.

Although Australia has a smaller population than



New York City, over 500,000 Aussies play squash regularly. It is their largest participant sport. Australians have always been sports minded, and have produced more than their share of racquet champions. Geoff Hunt and Heather McKay are currently on top of the world and neither seems over-ripe for a fall. The reputations of domestic squash stars in Australia are as well known as the famous cyclones and monsoons.

Squash centers average from six to eight courts. In the urban areas the courts are usually a part of a larger facility based on the German, English, and South African concept of a Leisure Center. These types of courts are modern and resemble the public facilities in the United States. But most of the complexes in Australia are fashioned after the original "bush" set-up. There, a reception counter sells all equipment, oversees the courts, and dispenses a green mixture not unlike Gatorade. In Australia the drink is called Cordial (pronounced Chordiel), and until the advent of the big centers,



"There were 20,000 junior squash players chasing the coveted Cheezels Trophy."

sharing a glass of Cordial with your opponent after a match was the closest the club ever came to promoting social events among its members.

But now, Urban Athletic centers are rapidly becoming a part of Australian culture. In an attempt to spread the risk of investment, owners are expanding the services of their centers; there is a sense of community among the members. In the last two years entrepreneurs have begun to organize barbecues, day trips, and travel deals for members. Some centers even offer an early-bird special squash deal which includes a continental breakfast, Australian style. The tin in every court is sold as a billboard. If you are one of those who vents anger with downcast, steel-eyed gazes, you may find yourself with an insatiable urge to eat at Leonias, corner of Bridge St. and Anzac Parade.

The owners have formed an association (ASCOA) to promote the game for the benefit of squash court owners throughout Australia. They publish a monthly newsletter detailing the latest in court con-

struction, how to economize on the parking space that each center must provide by law, and how to run a successful squash tournament in the desert. And junior achievement awards and programs have been set up across Australia. In 1977, ASCOA held its third annual "Cheezels South Pacific Junior Squash Championships" which proved to be the largest squash tournament ever. Entries poured in from Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Singapore and New Guinea. By the time the six month marathon began there were 20,000 juniors chasing the coveted Cheezels Trophy.

Climate and topography continue to affect the development of all things in this last, great frontier land. Of the 14,000,000 Australians, over 11,000,000 of them live around the edges of the continent; a small fistful scrape their lives from the dry, red surface of the interior. In any location the ex-

George Bell is a freelance writer currently at Harvard. He has traveled extensively through Australia pursuing his interest in the racquet sports.

"The Australian spirit of competition pits each man against himself."

pense of building squash centers is the same: entrepreneurs are faced with high real estate costs in the urban areas and equally high transportation costs in the desert. And then, how do you build a court in the outback that everyone can get to? But they do. Some fly, or drive, or walk, leaving behind the vast sections of land that are quite seriously referred to as "properties", gladly coming together for the competition, for the human contact, for a reaffirmation of the fact that they are not alone in the world. An Englishman, Chris Clarke, living in Western Australia, has organized a Squash Professionals Association, just to see who is out there.

Unlike American conditions, squash courts in the Australian deserts and outback get greater use, relative to the distribution of population, than the more luxurious urban courts. The outbackers thrive on athletic competition, and never pass up the opportunity to get onto the court with their mates. They thrash around in the large, English court, swearing the oaths of the Australian bush. Some of the older desert courts have no roofs, just a scaffolding to support a blue tarp which is occasionally thrown over the top of the court at night. During the day the temperature outside can swelter up to 120° — higher in the court — and players are often forced to turn away in pain from a lob serve whose arc has crossed the fiery sun. In central Australia, the farmers of the Simpson and the Great Victoria Deserts are especially keen on squash. Their stations are in the eighth year of drought, and for many it is a way to forget the suffering.

There have been frequent attempts to get squash on the television in Australia. Australians are great impulse buyers: they have the highest per capita ownership of color TVs of any country in the world. Sport and TV make a perfect union down under. Most of the major squash tournaments get television coverage. Promoters were even bold enough to air a one hour special on Royal Tennis two years ago, although it changed no one's mind about the ancient game.

What Australian TV has done for squash is to embellish it with an element of romanticism. It has altered the way desert dwellers think of the sport in the same way that Colleen McCullough affected the American perception of Australia.

Today, however, the two biggest problems facing the development of squash in Australia are a lack of funds and a scattered population. But, the game continues to grow largely because of the practical life-attitudes that competition develops. It seems

Australians need a special type of coverage to survive the vicissitudes of the gods.

Australian squashers are famous for the intensity of their Pennant competitions, Pennant roughly corresponds to the inter-clubs and inter-city leagues of the East coast of America, except that Pennant is as fierce in the Australian deserts as it is in the Australian cities. In Sydney alone there are over one hundred clubs participating in the biannual Pennant. There are thirty-two levels of competition with as many as ten five man teams at each level. Although the bush dwellers boast of no such numbers (indeed, hope never to have to), and rarely produce a national champion, their isolation has not dampened their enthusiasm. The state of Western Australia, which is twice the size of Alaska, is surrounded on three sides by water ("the Great Australian Bight, the Indian Ocean, and the Timor Sea.") Its land border is a wide desert. Totally cut off from the rest of Australia, the state is wild over squash. On a desert plain outside of the old gold mining town of Kalgoorlie, two players battled out a Pennant match in the Australian autumn of 1976. The contest was close, and well fought on both sides. But, when the victor returned the next day, he was horrified to find the court burnt to the ground. Two weeks later, when he ran into his opponent buying supplies in town he asked him about the court. "Bugged if I was gonna let you blokes get any further ahead of me," replied the loser.

However, the general Australian spirit of competition does not pit one man against another, but rather each man against himself. Australians strive to prove their worth to themselves — a personal struggle, a personal achievement. The bloke who burnt the squash court outside of Kalgoorlie, despite his jocular justification, did it to punish himself more than his mates. He later promised them that he would rebuild the court. The city of Darwin was once a burgeoning Australian port. On Christmas morning, 1974, without warning, Cyclone Tracy swept through the tropical capital. Whole blocks of shops were tossed into the air; pavements a quarter mile long went flying into the sea. In May of that year I walked along the new streets of Darwin. Banners hung on every post, "Welcome Back To Darwin". As I passed the empty storefronts, I met one of the top Darwin squash players. He told me that he was forced to drive 200 miles for his squash, which he did three times a week. He said to me, "Come back in another five years. We'll have a lot of courts up then, mate."

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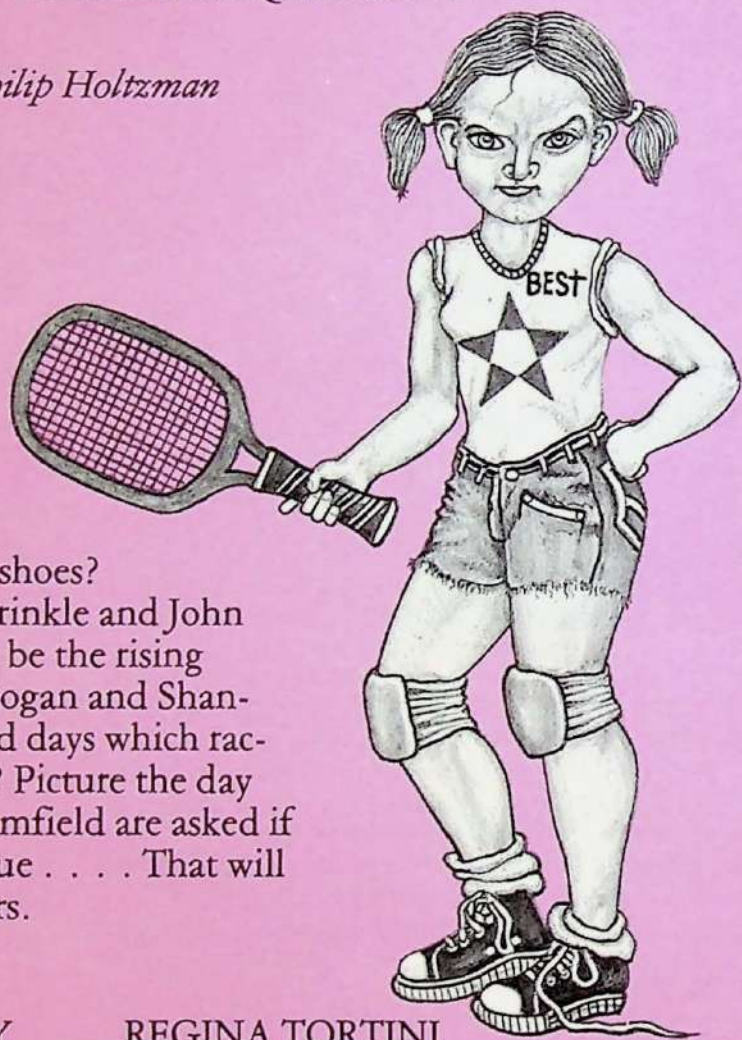
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BASSINET BASELINERS

A PREVIEW OF THE FUTURE RACQUET STARS

by Philip Holtzman



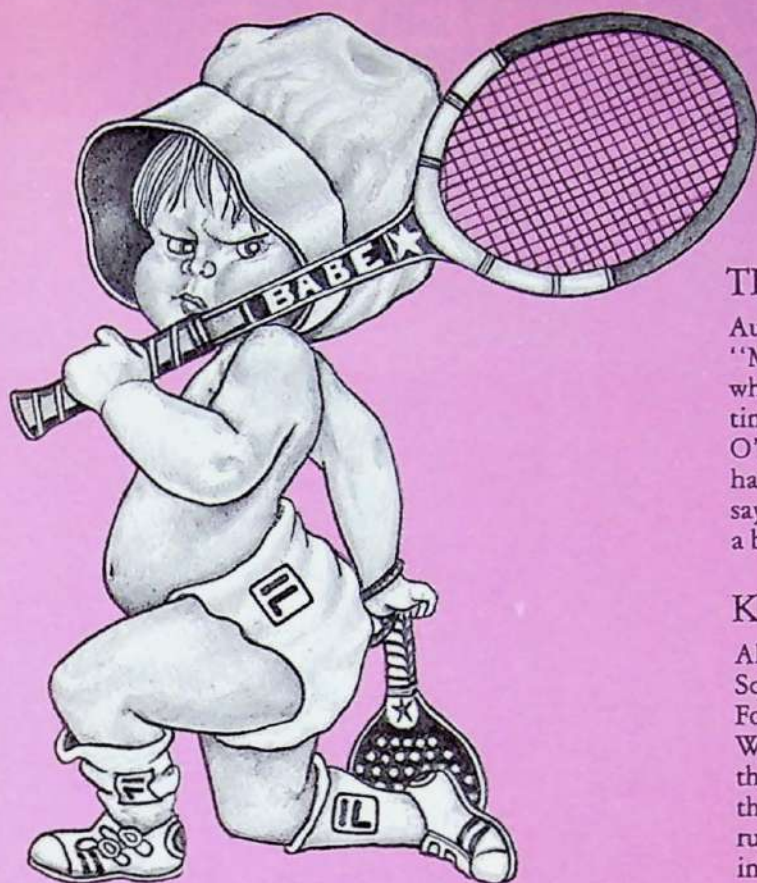
Who will fill Michael Desaulniers' shoes? When Tracy Austin gets her first wrinkle and John McEnroe's hair turns grey who will be the rising young tennis stars? When Marty Hogan and Shannon Wright talk about the good old days which racquetball proteges will be listening? Picture the day when Sharif Khan and Charlie Brumfield are asked if they need help crossing Fifth Avenue . . . That will be the day of the Bassinet Baseliners.

"LITTLE BAZOOKA" BRABURY

The daughter of "Big Bazooka" and his wife "Medium Bazooka" Brabury, Pasadena Mixed Doubles champs for 1979, is an eight year old phenomenon. Little Bazooka, although only eight, has been playing tennis for 10 years, a fact that has confused more than one medical expert. Noted for her baseline play and long rallies, this youngster recently showed her tenacity by playing a point that lasted for the month of April.

REGINA TORTINI

Known to her friends as Reggie, this four year old is already a local racquetball legend in Florida. As a three year old, she dominated the Florida racquetball circuit so thoroughly that her family was asked to move back to New Jersey. Reggie's future plans include winning the National Open before she is eight. "I want to be young enough to enjoy winning the championship," she states. Other plans include marrying Marty Hogan and starting grammar school.



TINA O' HENRY

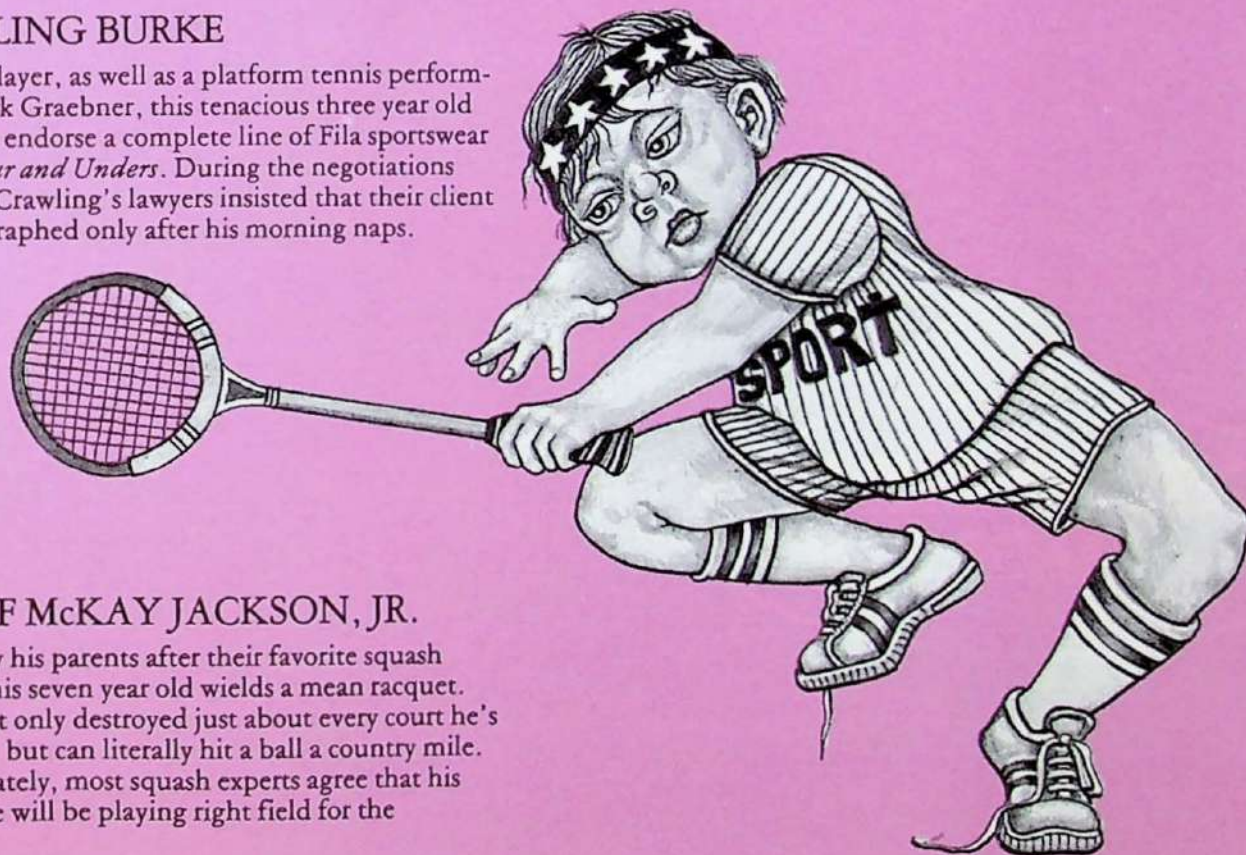
Author of the scandalous junior racquetball expose "My Life at a Three and Under Tournament," in which Ms. O'Henry tells of cradle groupies and getting high on spiked formula before a match. Ms. O'Henry, a fine player at all the racquet sports, hasn't decided on her future racquet plans except to say that if she had it to live over, she would rather be a blonde.

KEITH DALY

Already a paid in full member of the Association of Squash Professionals, this two year old out of Valley Forge, PA., recently captured the Pennsylvania Non Walkers and Formula Eaters Tennis Tournament at the Spectrum in Philly. Daly's other victories include the Valley Forge One and Under title and he was runnerup to his doubles partner, "Crawling Burke" in the prestigious Pampers Open.

CRAWLING BURKE

A tennis player, as well as a platform tennis performer a la Clark Graebner, this tenacious three year old is about to endorse a complete line of Fila sportswear for the *Four and Unders*. During the negotiations with Fila, Crawling's lawyers insisted that their client be photographed only after his morning naps.



SHARIF McKAY JACKSON, JR.

Named by his parents after their favorite squash players, this seven year old wields a mean racquet. He has not only destroyed just about every court he's played in, but can literally hit a ball a country mile. Unfortunately, most squash experts agree that his real future will be playing right field for the Yankees.

Patrick Milbourn © 1979

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GETTING STRAIGHT

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO A HEALTHIER LIFE

by John Pekkanen

BREAKING YOUR BAD HABITS

There are no magic elixirs, no pills, no doctors, no vitamins, no foods, no fad diets, nothing that will guarantee you will live a longer, healthier life. What there is is information—a wealth of it—which, if applied wisely, may increase your chance of living a longer, healthier life.

That is the bright side of preventive medicine, the simple fact that we are learning more about what causes illness. In particular, medicine is discovering that such degenerative diseases as stroke, heart disease, arthritis, late onset diabetes and gout, as well as other disorders, may in large part be minimized by you if you are willing to take the time and effort to learn to apply the lessons of healthier living.

To educate people to these facts has been a long and difficult process, largely because the field of preventive medicine has been a medical stepchild, rarely receiving the attention and money that diagnosis and treatment of disease has. Some examples:

- In 1977 this country spent a total of \$180 billion on health care and only three-tenths of one percent went for preventive medicine.
- Doctors are the most highly trained professionals in our society, yet their education barely touches on preventive medicine. For instance, only 62 percent of the nation's medical schools teach nutrition, and only 22 percent require it.

As a nation, we have paid for this oversight. During the past 20 years, despite our medical advances, the death rate has not significantly declined and life expectancy has risen only 2.9 years since 1950. It is true, as Dr. Jean Mayer, the eminent nutritionist, remarked, that all the recent advances in medical science have been largely undone by our diet and our way of life. Some other facts about ourselves are equally discouraging:

- The average American male has a 20 percent chance of suffering a heart attack before the age of 60.
- Two million Americans will suffer a stroke this year; more than 200,000 of them will die from it.
- Some 24 million Americans suffer from high blood pressure (only half of them know about it because it is symptomless). This disorder is considered one of the nation's most serious health problems.
- Some 70 million Americans are overweight. Obesity has a higher recurrence rate than cancer, largely because Americans go on fad diets that have little lasting value for weight control.
- In any one year, some one million Americans are under treatment for cancer.

These facts are not put here to alarm you, but to emphasize that all these diseases and conditions are largely preventable—by you. Preventive medicine puts much of the care in your own hands. These disorders do not usually strike from out of the blue; rather, they are usually the result of our own bad habits and they can be minimized by changing these habits.



The following are considered by a number of physicians to pose the greatest risks to good health. Most are the result of the way we live, some are the product of our genes.

- Smoking** This is the most obvious choice for the worst habit imaginable. There is not a shred of doubt that cigarette smoking puts you at a maximum risk for heart problems and lung cancer. While there is much controversy over the role of saccharin in bladder cancer, the fact that smokers have four times as much bladder cancer as non-smokers is almost forgotten. Smoking increases blood pressure and is suspected of causing a number of blood and blood vessel changes that create conditions that invite heart attacks and strokes. Also, one of every 10 people over the age of 40 who have smoked two packs of cigarettes a day for 10 years or more will develop lung cancer, one of the most fatal forms of that disease.
- High Blood Pressure** A major risk factor in stroke, coronary heart disease, kidney disease, diabetes and other disorders. In part, high blood pressure, or hypertension, is controllable by weight reduction and reduction of salt intake, and there are now studies that indicate high sugar intake may also be responsible for elevating the blood pressure. A debate remains over what constitutes high blood pressure. One school of thought places it at 140 over 90 or above, another puts it at 160 over 95 or above. It is easily diagnosed and, except in cases of malignant hypertension, often controlled by diet. It can also be controlled, in many cases, by drugs.
- Excess Alcohol** Besides the mental and emotional problems that immoderate alcohol consumption may cause, it also can cause nervous system damage, harmful metabolic changes, pancreatic disorders and heart disease. Despite any information that suggests alcohol may be beneficial for the heart, studies have shown that large amounts of alcohol can damage the heart muscle and interfere with the basic chemistry that controls the heart's rhythmic beating. What is excessive alcohol consumption? There are a number of answers to that question, but anyone who has more than two drinks a day can be considered to drink excessively. The Rutgers University Center of Alcohol Studies defines an alcoholic as "one who is unable consistently to choose whether he shall drink or not, and who if he drinks, is unable consistently to choose whether he shall stop or not."
- High Cholesterol** Cholesterol is a naturally produced fat in the blood stream, but when elevated by excess fat and cholesterol in the diet, it can, in the opinion of the vast majority of heart researchers, pose a serious risk of heart disease by contributing to the clogging of vital arteries. A 30-year, federal study of 5,000 residents in Framingham, Massachusetts shows that people with cholesterol levels of 250 milligrams or more have a three times higher chance of having a heart attack than individuals with a cholesterol level of 194 or lower. (A simple blood test can determine your level.) There is little question that cholesterol is a risk factor. A cholesterol level of under 195 is generally considered excellent. Cholesterol comes principally from our high fat, high cholesterol diet of meats, cheeses, eggs and other fatty and high cholesterol foods. The average for U.S. adult males is 245.
- High Triglycerides** These are fatty deposits in the blood stream. At one time some researchers believed elevated triglyceride levels were of more significance than elevated cholesterol because of their role in atherosclerosis. This is now in serious question. Cholesterol is generally regarded as the more important indicator. Unlike cholesterol, triglycerides are not naturally produced in the body. They are one way in which the body stores excess fats and sugars. The further your reading is below 80, the better off you are.
- Overweight** As noted, excess weight contributes to high blood pressure. There are *five miles* of blood vessels for every excess pound of fat. If you are more than 10 percent over your ideal weight, you are definitely overweight. There is also only one guaranteed way to correct the problem: eat less.
- Genetic Factors** This is the only factor over which you have no control. However, the role of genetics in health is not fully understood and is widely debated. There appears to be a genetic link in such diseases as breast cancer and some other rarer cancers, and in diabetes, but the role of genetics in heart diseases, stroke and other disorders may not be substantial. However, although breast cancer is believed to have a genetic link, there is some suspicion that breast cancer may also be related to a high fat intake. Finally, having long-lived parents is a good sign. However, data suggests that bad habits can undo the potential benefits of this, just as you can overcome some inherited short-comings by taking care of yourself.

Too Much Stress

Much has been made of the role of stress in many disorders, most notably heart attacks. While stress may play a role, most physicians regard other factors, such as elevated cholesterol, high blood pressure and smoking as far greater risks than stress. However, a stressed personality might also smoke and have high blood pressure. Thus the scope and role of each factor is difficult to understand. Stress should not be minimized due to its role in both emotional and physical disorders.

This report is aimed at sorting out all of the conflicting information on the ways in which you can lead a healthier life. It offers a basic way to approach health. There is information on what may be good or bad for you, and ways you can change and improve your way of life. Regrettably, this report can offer no new advice for smokers other than what they already know—quit. If you smoke, you should at least be encouraged by a recent study of the Gerontology Research Center, National Institute on Aging, which found that when smoking is stopped, within 18 to 24 months the subject's lung function recovers to near normal for his age.

Finally, there is one frequently overlooked element in good health and that is, for lack of a better word, happiness. Dr. Robert N. Butler, director of the National Institute on Aging, points to studies that show that a happy, compatible marriage is "very crucial" to survival. Additionally, Dr. Butler notes that it is very important that people maintain continuing involvement in various activities, such as hobbies. So if you are eager for greater fitness, you should take into account both your body and your mind. □

A HEALTHY DIET

In the absence of any obvious dietary or nutritional diseases such as scurvy or pellagra, it is often difficult for us to know how our diet—bad or good—is affecting us. We can readily feel the beneficial effects of regular exercise; our stamina increases, our sense of ourselves is enhanced, our muscle tone improves. However, the effects of our eating habits—unless we gain weight—are much more subtle and at times insidious. The food we eat may be changing our blood chemistry, reducing our resistance to infections, or having other bad effects without us realizing it, until it is sometimes too late. One difficulty is that medical science has very limited knowledge of the affect of diet on man, and therefore the affect of diet on health has been elusive. There are genetic and cultural factors, among others, which often make it difficult, if not impossible, to isolate diet as a causal factor.

Despite this difficulty, some facts are beginning to emerge and the great weight of opinion supports them. Simply put: Americans eat too much fat, sugar and salt and not enough complex carbohydrates and other high fiber foods. This can be stated as a general axiom.

The average American diet consists of 20 percent sugar and 40 to 50 percent fat. The major criticism of fat and sugar is not that we consume them, but that we consume them in such enormous quantities, coupled with our sedentary life style.

Even Congress has gotten involved in the great diet debate. The Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs has issued a report called "Dietary Goals for the United States" that echoes the sentiments of many researchers and physicians who believe that the American diet is an unhealthy one. The report calls for a reduction of fat intake from the present 45 percent down to 30 percent with two thirds of that intake in unsaturated form. Also, the report calls for a decrease in our sugar intake down to 15 percent of our total. In their place, the report urges the increased consumption of complex carbohydrates such as fresh fruits, vegetables and grains.

This is a laudible goal, but many people are understandably confused. Controversies have surrounded, and at times, engulfed, a number of diet "risk factors," and people argue, with good reason, that not even the "experts" can agree on what is bad and what is good for you. Some maintain that preservatives and chemicals in the foods pose a dire threat. Others dismiss this as unproven. For example, the controversy over saccharin continues. Heavy coffee consumption was found to be a possible risk factor for heart attacks in one study and contradicted in another. The question of vitamin supplements remains unsettled. The debate over the significance of elevated cholesterol continues, as does the debate over elevated triglycerides.

The following will be a brief analysis of the state of knowledge and opinion regarding



some of our dietary habits, and a radical diet that shows promise of eliminating many of the problems that our American diet may create.

- Animal Fat** Fat is needed by the body for many purposes. However, as noted, the amount of fat Americans eat is excessive, perhaps by as much as four times. Fatty meats such as pork, beef and lamb and also dairy products such as cheese, whole milk and cream all are heavy sources of fat and should be cut down. There is little question that high fat consumption contributes to many diseases, including heart disease.
- Cholesterol** Cholesterol consumption is also, too high. Its principal sources are eggs, organ meats such as sweetbreads and brains and shellfish. Animal cholesterol intake is translated directly into our own cholesterol level. High cholesterol contributes to the build up of plaques in the arteries which can lead to heart disease, stroke, claudication and other problems.
- Unsaturated Fat** There is a genuine and unresolved debate over the role of unsaturated and polyunsaturated fat in the diet. It has been long accepted that unsaturated fat reduces blood cholesterol levels. There are some studies that suggest that unsaturated fat intake may inhibit the elimination of fats in the blood stream. The best path to follow is to cut down on *all* fats.
- Coffee Consumption** Caffeine is known, in some cases, to increase the pulse rate and blood pressure and also to release fatty acids in the blood. Also, in some individuals it can cause irregular heart beats. Is it really bad for you? The only honest answer is that no one knows for sure, but if you minimize your intake of coffee, tea and soft drinks containing caffeine, you are taking a wiser course.
- Salt Intake** Salt retains fluids in the body and increases blood pressure in some people. One of the first things a physician tells a patient with high blood pressure is to stop adding salt to his or her food. High blood pressure is *unquestionably* a major risk factor in coronary disease and strokes.
- Sugar Consumption** High sugar consumption is a cause of tooth decay. Sugar also raises blood cholesterol levels. Less directly, sugar intake has been implicated in diabetes. In addition, virtually all sugars—white, brown, or commercial “raw” sugars—have no nutritive value other than the calories they provide. All the nutrients are stripped away in processing. Because the average American eats about 100 pounds of sugar a year, this puts an added burden on the remainder of your calorie intake to supply the necessary vitamins and minerals. Like salt, it appears in a number of products.
- Additives** There are far too many different additives in foods and beverages to make a sweeping judgment about their health consequences. Some may be harmful, some may not. Many have not undergone sufficient testing; therefore, caution should be exercised when buying products that contain them. Among them are the food colorings Blue No. 1, Blue No. 2, Citrus Red No. 2, Green No. 3, Orange B, Red No. 3, Red No. 40 and Yellow No. 5, which are found in soda pop, candy, baked goods, hot dogs, pastry, sausage, some fruit cocktails, and in the case of Citrus Red No. 2, on the skin of some Florida oranges.
- Also to avoid are sodium nitrite, saccharin, butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT) and brominated vegetable oil (BVO). Sodium nitrite and nitrate are found in bacon, luncheon meats, ham, hot dogs, corned beef, smoked fish. They are considered most hazardous in foods cooked at a high temperature which turn them into nitrosamines, known carcinogens. BVO is found in citrus-flavored soft drinks and BHT in chewing gum, cereals, potato chips, oils. Saccharin is found in diet soft drinks and many low-calorie foods.
- Vitamins** Vitamins aid in stimulating chemical reactions in the body. Controversies continue over the need to supplement a balanced diet with them, especially in high doses. Hard evidence that vitamins are beneficial supplements to an already balanced diet is lacking—but the key word is *balanced*. Many diets may *not* be balanced. On the other hand, some people take large amounts of vitamins with little thought as to what their actual needs or deficiencies may be. Clearly, much more should be known about the potential effects of megavitamins before people take them so casually.
- High Fiber** The American diet has too much processed food and too little fiber. The best way to increase dietary fiber is through grain sources, particularly wheat bran. Two ounces of wheat bran—which can be easily added to cereals, salads or home baked bread or muffins—is equal in fiber content to two pounds of carrots or 7½ pounds of apples. In



many countries which have a high fiber diet, such diseases as appendicitis, diverticulitis, varicose veins and hemorrhoids are virtually unknown. Although some claims have been made that high fiber diets can prevent colon or rectal cancers, there is no substantial evidence for this.

In sum, there are dietary habits known to increase risk factors, and others (such as a high fiber diet) that might help prevent health problems. But the original question returns: what can a good diet do for you? The answer: perhaps a great deal.

The Longevity Center is one institution that unequivocally pinpoints our diet as the culprit for our degenerative health problems. Formerly located in Santa Monica (with a branch in Bal Harbour, Florida) the Longevity Center is the brain child of Nathan Pritikin, a nutrition researcher who proposes to treat individuals with serious problems such as coronary heart disease, arthritis and adult onset diabetes through diet and exercise, with a major emphasis on diet. The diet Pritikin and the Longevity Center advise makes a radical departure from the traditional American standard. If the diet were followed in this country, Pritikin insists it would end degenerative diseases as we know them. Pritikin himself is an inspiring example, having cured himself of his own coronary insufficiency by following his diet. Although this diet can lead to weight loss, it is not a diet designed for that purpose alone. It is a diet to prevent and reduce degenerative disease.

Studies conducted by the Longevity Center, in cooperation with Loma Linda University's Survey Research Service, offer some startling evidence on the potential benefits of the diet.

The Center advocates a low fat, low cholesterol, low sodium, high fiber diet. No supplemental vitamins are recommended. Here is how it compares to the average American diet.

	American	Longevity
Fat content	40-45%	<i>less than 10%</i>
Protein	12-15%	<i>less than 15%</i>
Carbohydrates	40-45%	<i>75-80%</i>
Cholesterol	600-750 mg.	<i>less than 25 mg.</i>
Sodium	5-10 gm.	<i>less than 3 gm.</i>

Cholesterol and sodium are *daily* intakes. It should be noted that this diet is considerably lower in fat than the ones advocated by either the American Heart Association or the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition. Also, the diet makes no distinction between saturated or unsaturated vegetable fats—both are regarded as equally bad. The Longevity Center places most people on a 26-day program. It should be added that most of these people are already suffering serious circulatory problems which the program seeks to reverse. In their new diet, carbohydrates and proteins are supplied largely from fruit, vegetable and grain sources, and all carbohydrates are complex. There are no simple sugars included in the diet. Caffeine is also discouraged. The results of this diet and the exercise program (consisting mostly of walking) are remarkable. The levels of cholesterol and triglycerides dropped dramatically, the average drop being 25 to 30 percent. The lowering of these blood fats was accomplished without any drugs. Significant weight loss was also reported in most patients.

The absence of sodium in the diet also results in significant drops in blood pressure. Of the 218 individuals in a Longevity Center study who were hypertensive at the beginning of the study, 186 had normal blood pressure readings and were not using anti-hypertensive drugs at the end of it. Blood glucose levels dropped significantly, although not as dramatically, as did cholesterol and triglyceride levels. However, half of the individuals taking insulin for adult onset diabetes were able to go off of insulin and maintain stable glucose levels at the end of the program.

What do the results of the study mean? It is too early to say that the Longevity Center has hit upon a panacea for all our degenerative disorders and to offer a guarantee for a longer, healthier life. However, the evidence at the center indicates, as many doctors are now conceding, that the diet does, in fact, improve the health of many individuals.

Because the Longevity Center's program is such a radical departure from usual medical practice, it has not been taken readily to the bosom of the American medical establishment. However, Herman K. Hellerstein M.D., professor of medicine at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland, Ohio and a former member of the Center's advisory board, believes that the Center's program has considerable merit. He notes that the

THE LONGEVITY CENTER DIET

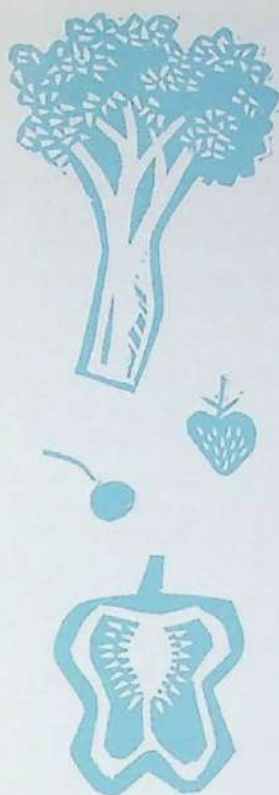
	FOODS YOU CAN EAT	FOODS TO AVOID
Dairy Products	Skim (nonfat) milk; powdered skim milk; cheese made from skim milk only, such as farmer's cheese and hoop cheese.	Eggs; whole milk; all cheeses not made entirely from skim milk; non-dairy creamers; cream; yogurt with buttermilk; sugar from preserves or other sources; canned whole milk.
Grains	Whole grains such as brown rice, cracked wheat, rolled oats; sourdough bread, pita bread and other breads without shortening; whole wheat pasta; matzos; corn tortillas.	All foods with shortening and/or sugar, such as many commercial breads, cakes, cookies, sweet rolls and mixes containing these items.
Fruits and Vegetables	All fruits, but no more than four a day; all vegetables, but raw, baked or broiled without butter, margarine or salt; an ounce a day of dried fruit, such as raisins. Two ounces for prunes and others.	Olives and avocados (too much oil).
Poultry, Fish, Meat	Chicken; turkey (skinned); veal; very lean range-fed beef; most fish fresh or packed in water.	Lamb; pork; ham; goose; duck; all fatty meats; all luncheon meats and cold-cuts; sausages; organ meats; shellfish; salmon; fish packed in oil; bacon; spareribs.
Fat, oils	None	Butter; margarine; all oils, saturated, unsaturated and polyunsaturated; lard; meat fat.
Desserts, Beverages, Spices	Fruit; canned fruit not in syrup; decaffeinated coffee; herbal teas; vinegar; an ounce of alcohol a day.	Coffee; tea; sugared drinks; all ice creams; puddings; gelatins; candy. Nuts; salted foods such as potato chips or pretzels; sauces made from cream, butter or other fatty products.



"scourge" of coronary disease is so rampant (atherosclerosis has caused more deaths and disability than cancer, diabetes and all infections and accidents combined) that Pritikin's idea cannot be ignored. It is a view shared by a growing number of physicians—although many skeptics remain—and recently representatives from the National Institutes of Health visited the center to look for possible research and control studies.

There appears to be little question that the Longevity Center diet devised by Nathan Pritikin can substantially reduce cholesterol and triglyceride levels and also reduces high blood pressure and high blood sugar levels in some people. However, as with all diets, you should consult with your own physician before embarking on it. Pritikin says that if everyone in the country followed his diet "our hospitals would be empty. We would have to put hospitals to new uses because degenerative diseases as we know them would be largely ended." Pritikin also notes that some cancers, such as those of the breast, colon and urinary tract could also be significantly reduced by following his diet. Such claims have not been proven. And, given the fact that the present American diet is so dependent on convenience and processed foods, sugar, fat and salt, it is unlikely that Pritikin's diet will ever be followed on a national scale.

Your question might be: If the Pritikin diet reverses degenerative diseases, will it



prevent those diseases if you follow the diet, or a modification of it, before you develop any symptoms? Pritikin and his supporters contend that the findings thus far indicate that the diet would greatly benefit all people. Also, in cases where people have advanced symptoms of degenerative diseases, the number and quality of the improvements on the Pritikin diet is extremely impressive. Pritikin also argues that his diet can be an alternative to coronary by-pass operations for 90 percent of the people who have been diagnosed as needing one.

Could it hurt you? That is unlikely, because the total protein requirements on the diet—although they come largely from grains—are about the same as the average American diet now, which is not considered to be protein deficient. Also, complex carbohydrates burn evenly and efficiently in the body, and it is likely that you will have more energy on the diet. Eating so little fat won't have any ill effect on you simply because 10 percent is considered enough fat intake for the body. Salt and sugar will be ingested as part of these foods and not as additives. The risk of fat, sugar and salt intake for most Americans is, clearly, having too much of it.

As a young cardiologist at the Longevity Center remarked, "I am a trained academic cardiologist. My background and education lead me to be skeptical, to question the results and methodologies. I've been at the Center for some time. I've had a good, hard look at what is happening here. I'm still not sure what it all means, what the effect of this diet really is. But whatever is going on here works, people are improving and improving significantly. I'm convinced, and I've got myself and my family on the diet."

While the evidence does not prove that the Longevity Center diet will help you to live longer and healthier, the findings thus far indicate that it may be the healthiest diet yet devised. To follow the diet strictly is extremely difficult. However, a modification of it may be less difficult. The diet is spelled out in more detail in a book Pritikin co-authored called *Live Longer Now*.

THE HIT LIST

These are 10 foods Nathan Pritikin finds especially offensive to good health.

- Eggs** Don't eat the yolks at all. Each one has 250 milligrams of cholesterol (a 10-day supply on Pritikin's diet) and the egg cholesterol goes right from the egg yolk into your bloodstream. Egg whites have no cholesterol.
- Steak** Everyone thinks of it as protein, but a filet has 88 percent of its calories in fat and only 12 percent in protein.
- Ice Cream** A former ice cream addict, Pritikin kicked the habit because of all the adulterants now added, as well as the high fat and sugar content.
- Peanut Butter** Commercial brands, unlike many "natural" or "old fashioned" peanut butters, are made with hydrogenated vegetable oil for easier spreading. This is the worst thing that can be done to increase the fat content, which is usually twice the protein content. Salt and sugar are also in heavy abundance, but there are some peanut butters made from peanuts alone.
- Hot Dogs** They may be American, but Pritikin wonders how this food can be allowed on the market, given what he calls the "carcinogenic material" in it. He is referring to sodium nitrate. Also, the fat content is about twice the protein content.
- Fast Foods** Pritikin thinks the fast-food chains may be out to destroy America—he is only partly joking—by teaching us to eat high-fat hamburgers and french fries.
- Breakfast Cereals** There is more food content in the boxes they come in. Also, since many cereals contain more than 40 percent sugar, the cardboard may indeed be better for you.
- Candy** Pritikin says that eating candy, with its mixture of fats and sugar, is one of the best ways to form plaque in your arteries which lead to heart problems.
- Cheeses** Most cheeses are loaded with fat. Cream cheese, for instance, is about 80 percent fat. Many others are 60 and 70 percent fat. He allows only total skim milk cheeses.
- Coca-Cola** Pritikin thinks Coke would be an ingenious way for the Russians to wipe out this country, if we hadn't invented it first. We wouldn't give a three-year-old child coffee, yet we give him Coke, which contains a significant amount of caffeine.

HOW TO MAKE IT WORK

The idea of "getting into shape" is inextricably tied to the idea of exercise. There is no question that exercise is beneficial to health in a number of different ways, not all of them physical. One preventive health physician remarked that in all of his years of experience he had never seen a depressed patient who was conscientious about his exercise.

Choosing the correct exercise is quite another matter. There are any number that will greatly improve your physical condition and outlook on life, but there are also some which, if approached without caution, could create far worse health problems than you might presently have. Here are a few fundamental rules that *must* be followed if exercise is to be beneficial to you.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Visit A Doctor | See your doctor before beginning any new exercise regimen. This is vitally important for all ages, but especially for anyone over the age of 35. If you are over 35, you probably should have stress electrocardiogram to test your heart under exercise conditions. Not many physicians have one in their office, so you may be referred to a specialist. |
| Start Slowly | Begin any new exercise program gradually. If you want to run, begin by taking long walks for at least two weeks before you start. This gradual start will also minimize the aches and pains. |
| Your Own Age | In other words, if you are 50, you shouldn't try to keep up with an 18-year-old at tennis. |
| Get Good Equipment | If you're going to jog, buy <i>good</i> jogging shoes at a reputable sports shop. The same goes for any other sport or exercise which you are beginning. Good equipment is vital to enjoyment, proficiency and health. This cannot be over-emphasized. |
| Overdoing It | Nausea, lightheadedness, chest pain, dizziness and loss of coordination are all signs that you should stop exercising immediately. |
| Pulse Rate | Some exercise experts feel that you should not take your pulse, that you should let your body tell you when you are overdoing it. The pulse rate, however, is a good indicator of what your body is going through. According to Kenneth Cooper, M.D., in his book, <i>The New Aerobics</i> , if your pulse rate is 120 or more, five minutes after you have stopped exercising, that is a sign you have overdone it. Ten minutes later, if it is not under 100, this reconfirms the original finding. You should then slack off a bit until you are in better condition. Take your pulse at your neck. It is strongest there and you can get a more accurate count. Take it for 15 seconds and multiply by four. |
| Hot Weather Precautions | Hot weather greatly increases the stress of exercise. You should moderate your exercise in warmer weather, and in hot, humid weather—when the temperature is above 90 and the humidity is 75 percent or more—it is wise not to exercise at all. |
| Cool Down | After exercise, you must always allow time to cool down. Walk for several minutes after doing any exercise. The blood to the heart is fed from the pumping action of the legs; if the legs are not moving the blood flow will be cut back and fainting—or worse—could occur. In any case, <i>never</i> sit down or bend over immediately after finishing. |
| Never Exercise When Ill | If you are not feeling well do not exercise. Some highly trained athletes have died from exerting themselves when they were ill. |
| A Home Gym | There can be some value to a home gym, especially if it includes an exercycle. However, many physicians warn those over 35 against upper body work with weights because of the excessive stress and strain it places on the heart. Heavy weight lifting can actually stop the flow of blood into the heart. If you must lift weights, they should be relatively light and used for toning up, rather than building muscles. |
| Push-ups And Chin-ups | The same warning here as for lifting weights. These can be <i>very</i> dangerous exercises if you are overweight, over 35, or not in good condition. |
| Loosening Up | Many exercises, such as running, have a tendency to tighten up and bind your muscles. You should investigate stretching exercises or yoga to remain limber when you begin a new exercise regimen. |
| Enjoy It | Pick an exercise you enjoy, but make certain you do it with regularity, at least twice a week and preferably three or four times. Doing it infrequently is worse than not doing it at all. |
| Paced Exercises | Paced exercises such as, brisk walking, jogging, or swimming, wherein great bursts of speed are not followed by standing still, are wiser for those 35 and older. |

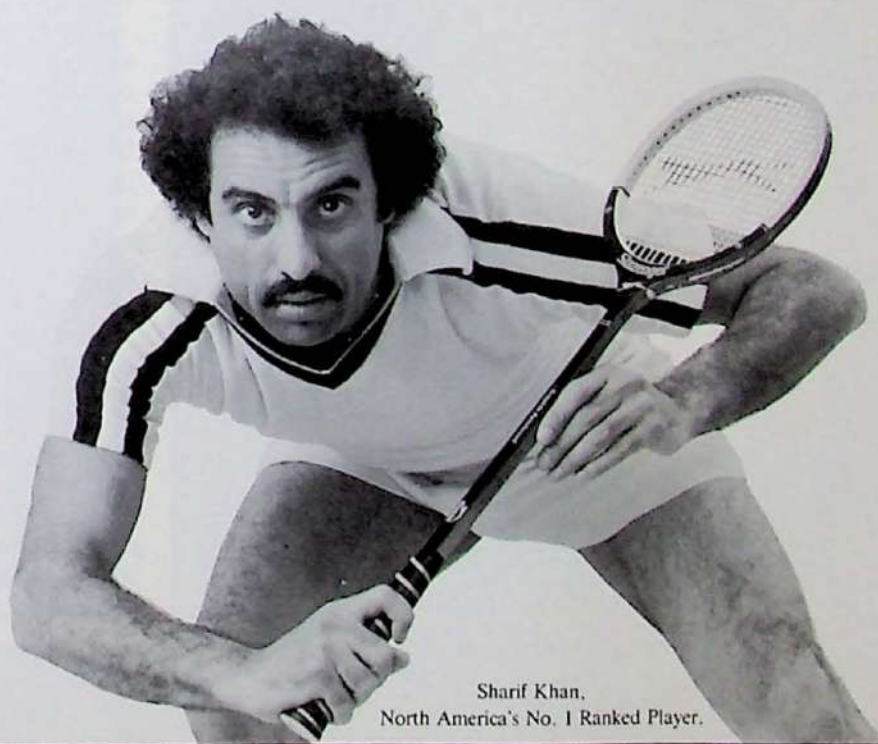
EXERCISE BENEFITS

Exercise	Calories/Value
Walking 4 mph pace	90 to 110 per mile Excellent exercise, beneficial for cardio- vascular output.
Walking 5 mph pace	110 to 120 per mile Excellent.
Jogging 5 mph pace	120 to 150 per mile Excellent.
Running 6 mph pace	130 to 160 per mile Excellent.
Tennis, singles	200 to 250 per set Not as good as run- ning or walking un- less you run continu- ously.
Tennis, doubles	150 to 175 per set Not an excellent con- ditioner because there is not a great deal of movement.
Cycling 10 mph pace	100 to 120 per mile Like walking and running, an excel- lent, paced exercise.
Cycling 12 mph pace	120 to 150 per mile Excellent.
Golf, bowling, strolling	250 to 300 per hour Not especially use- ful. They do not generally stress the body enough.
Swimming	300 plus per half- hour An excellent condi- tioner, exercising several muscles of the body as well as increasing cardiovas- cular output.
Handball, squash, racquetball	300 plus per half-hour It is <i>essential</i> that you already be in ex- cellent condition to attempt these sports.



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EYES

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON THINGS SEEN, HEARD AND RUMORED ON THE PRO TENNIS SCENE

by JAG

Well folks, the rumor is true. The European Circuit is definitely the most exhausting . . . Off the Court!

First it was poor Vitas Gerulaitis who was chased through Fiorucci's by one determined and aggressive lass. Now, Vitas usually doesn't run away from such attention but this girl kept yelling, "Bjorn, Bjorn . . ."

Well while Vitas was making his way through Italy, Mr. Borg wasn't doing too well in France either. As he attempted to check into the Sofitel Hotel, he was blinded by so many flash bulbs that he dashed into the elevator to avoid the frenzy. But when the elevator door closed, Bjorn realized he couldn't go anywhere because he hadn't checked in yet and had no key. (Bjorn moved on to find another less well known residence.)

Guillermo Vilas, as gorgeous as ever, seemed to be taking all the attention in stride. Of course he had a green-eyed beauty by his side at all times. Matching eyes may be the secret.

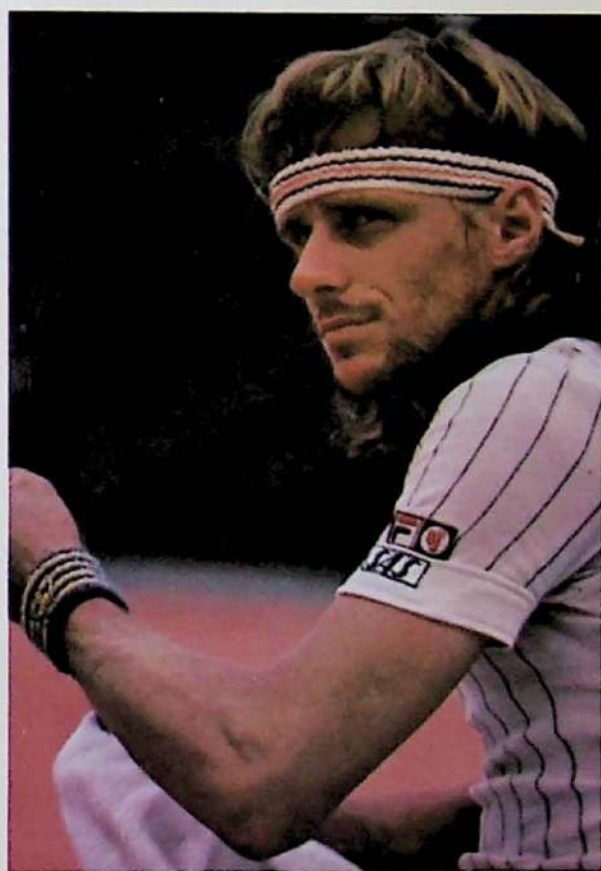
And there is no doubt why Chile's Hans Guildermeister is such a favorite in Europe. He's charming, modest, polite and, oh, what a smile! Just coming off a leg injury is the reason (he tells me) he jogs everyday. But my guess, it's to get around the courts faster than the female fans! Ahhh, too bad he's such a fast runner! Even I wouldn't mind catching up with him!

Well how about Paraguay's own Victor Pecci! Not only is he playing great tennis, and is the hit of the circuit, but he dances so sensually that women were actually lined up just to give him their phone numbers. Now that's dedication! One even went so far as to wait outside for him. No, I didn't follow them, but maybe I should have! Rumor has it (and all the fans are hoping it isn't true) he's getting married.

Handsome Raul Ramirez, rumored to have split with girlfriend Melissa, claims he hasn't won a tournament because "tennis isn't as much fun as it used to be." However, the friendly young Mexican may have found a new way to be entertained; thus scoring some more points. (On the court, I mean.) Now, he arrives at a club with one girl on his arm and meets another one in the back room. That not only takes nerve, but it takes two dance floors, too—to give both girls equal time, that is.

And dashing Francisco Gonzolez, of Puerto Rico, kept turning down offers insisting, "I hate disco's! By the time you get home, you're too exhausted to

Opposite page: clockwise from top left; Victor Pecci of Paraguay is the hottest new player on the circuit; Hans Guildermeister of Chile is fast becoming a crowd favorite; Bjorn Borg is still on top of the tennis world; Racquet's "eyes" on the circuit, Jackie Giroux.



"There is no doubt about it, Ilie Nastase still has the best legs in tennis, even at 4 a.m. in the disco . . ."

engage in other more important physical activities." No doubt he meant brushing his teeth!

Fred Stolle may teach Vitas what to do on the court, but I think Vitas has been teaching Fred a few good moves offcourt. Arriving in typical entourage style, it was Fred who did most of the dancing . . . and entertaining of the young mademoiselles.

And how about that great looking Argentinian, Tito Vasquez, (coach of Pecci and Gonzalez) who moved his players into another hotel claiming "he didn't want them around tennis players all the time." Rumor has it that the girls in the new hotel were better looking!

Hey, I was told (by more than one person), "Going out with Nick Saviano is the same as going out with Vitas Gerulaitis." Gee, they don't look at all alike to me!

Sweet Ruta Gerulaitis, sister of "you-know-who," was asked if there were any other males at home. Without thinking she quickly replied, "God no! Vitas is enough!"

Everyone was trying to decide whether or not to go to Bjorn's party when someone admitted, "Nah, he won't be any fun. Marianna's going to be there!"

Well, equal time for Ms. Simionescu. After losing the first round of the French Open she shot back with, "I use to be a good tennis player until I let Bjorn coach me." Touche!

There is no doubt, Ilie Nastase still has the best legs in tennis. After dancing up a storm in Chez Castell's all night, on the court the next day his footwork was better than ever! Perhaps that's how he gets his best moves?

And Linda Siegel, the darling who lost her top at Wimbledon, was dancing on the floor at four A.M. when she suddenly remembered she had a nine A.M. match!

Speaking of darlings, isn't Rumanian Virginia Ruzici a genuine earthy beauty! She goes out with the head of the Italian car racing team. I can see why he spins his wheels for her!

Always the perfect gentleman, John Lloyd, not only practices with Chrissy everyday, but when he hits a ball into the net, he apologizes. Now that's love!

When Tom Okker was asked where he's been he replied, "Keeping a low profile. My wife is in town."

And everybody's little darling, John McEnroe, known on the Wimbledon court as SUPER-BRAT,

became SUPER-ANGEL off court, when girlfriend Stacy Margolin joined forces with him.

Czec players Tomaz Smid and Jan Kodes had a few laughs, while drinking Zombies, at the top of the Sofitel. That is, until it came time to find the "glass" elevator.

And, how about the tennis player who fell so hard for a girl at Regine's that he wouldn't go to bed without her. She declined, so he stayed up with her all night drinking and dancing. Then he went on and won his match!

Swiss player Heinz Gunthardt had a friend with him who was so in awe of a Tye waitress that the two ended up eating Taiwan food everynight. Perhaps the only reason that Gunthardt stuck it out was because he was angry at another buddy for (financially) sharing a room with a girlfriend of Gunthardt's. The "buddy" swore to me that nothing happened—but Gunthardt was upset just the same.

Gambling it up at the Playboy Club: Peter Fleming, who claims to have won big bucks; and the Amritraz Brothers whose money Peter probably got.

Bob Hewitt of South Africa, was known as "leader of the pack". Everynight he turned the lobby of his hotel into a card game casino.

Bill Scanlon, who always answers his phone with "Aloha", sure looked good dancing with tennis player Betty Ann Stewart. Possible love-match?

Italian player Adriano Panatta turned down a big movie offer claiming that he doesn't want to be a movie star. Of course, with all the female attention he receives, he doesn't have to be. Rumor has it, he's starting his own clothing company, which may be ideal if it's women's clothing. All he has to do is set up shop in the lobby of every hotel he stays in on tour. He's sure to sell everything!

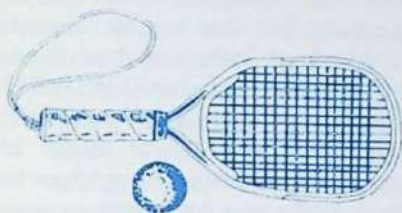
Nineteen year old cutie, Chris Lewis, displayed a bit of his New Zealand temper when he screamed at a popular photographer to shut off his motor drive. The photographer yelled back, "look, you do your job, I'm doing mine!"

And have you noticed, Czec player, Pavel Hutka, never hits a backhand? He just switches his racquet from hand to hand and constantly hits forehands. Many players have been mind-boggled by that move.

Here's another mind-boggler. What twenty-year old, male tennis player was caught with a female journalist in his room, and in a compromising position? (No, it wasn't me!)•



RACQUETBALL



Racquetball, the baby Paul Bunyan of racquet sports, has finally reached puberty and there is evidence that the gangling teen is starting to flex his muscles.

Prize money this year at the Nationals totaled \$50,000 and was augmented by a \$75,000 bonus pool. Both were put up by the Colgate-Palmolive Company which owns Leach, the nation's largest racquet manufacturer.

Nearly 900 amateur and professional entrants participated in 1,000 matches over the five-day period, and the Arizona Athletic Club had no trouble packing the 900 seats around its three-walled glass court for Marty Hogan's professional finals victory over Mike Yellen or for Karin Walton's finals upset of Janell Marriott.

Hogan took home \$12,000 for his championship win, plus an extra \$15,000 in bonus pool money.

While those figures might not sound impressive in tennis circles, they certainly eclipse the winnings in the other racquet sports. The best that a national squash champ can expect to win, for example, is a couple of thousand dollars — and with none of the endorsement money that is the iceberg beneath the tip of racquetball tournament winnings.

Tennis partisans should also take note that, while the growth of tennis has leveled off, the growth of racquet-

ball is just taking off and promises a gold-plated future. This year, another two million players were added to the racquetball rolls, bringing the total number of participants to 10 million.

Those numbers have not been lost on sponsors who want to invest their promotional money in the health and youth-oriented subculture where it may yield them high returns. In addition to Colgate-Palmolive, racquetball has begun to attract other corporate biggies such as Datsun, Perrier, Anheuser-Busch and Coors, all of which sponsor events of their own.

But, all of this growth has not been accomplished without growing pains and the strain is beginning to show. The Nationals were like clockwork, smooth and professional, however there was an underlying current of tension all week long. Many of the players, it seems, are restless.

Seamco, Leach and the NRC, Al Mackie, Charlie Drake and, particularly, "capo di tutti capis", Bob Kendler, have long provided the prime impetus for the growth of the amateur/professional tour. They have literally nursed it through its prepubescent days with money and organization. But, the price of beneficence has always been autocratic rule — however benevolent — and, now, the child is showing signs of wanting to move away from home.

Both the men and women pros have formed independent players organizations and the men are now negotiating with Playboy for a tour separate from that of the NRC.

According to their lawyer, Marty Artiano, a New York-based management team has been engaged to run the tour, and Playboy is guaranteeing a minimum \$50,000 per event, pro-

viding plenty of promotion through its magazine and other avenues. Additional sponsors are now being lined up and Artiano anticipates a formal announcement of dates and cities for the tour in September.

"The players appreciate everything that has been done for them," notes Artiano, "it's not an action against anyone. They would just like to play in as many pro stops as possible, . . . become national figures and earn more than they have been."

Whether Kendler and Company will abide what is an obvious challenge — however unintentional — to their authority is open to debate. There have been no open battles yet, only mild verbal skirmishes at the players banquet and the players association's "informational" meeting in Tempe.

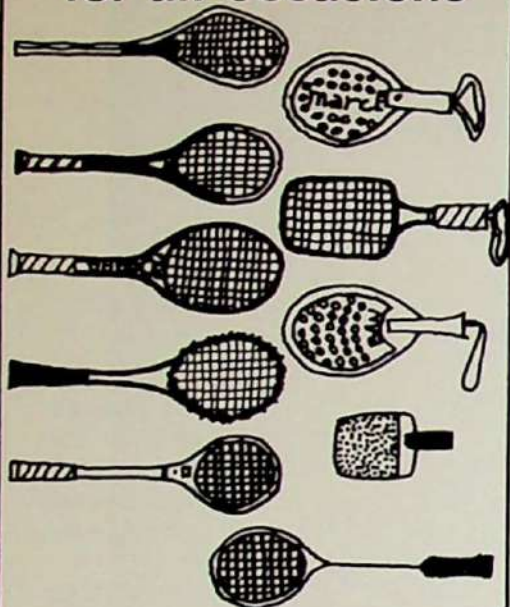
Kendler's past record of organizational infighting at the United States Handball Association (USHA) and the International Racquetball Association (IRA), indicates that, while he may be a great guy to have on your side, you would probably prefer to take on a junkyard dog in the dark than to go up against him.

Then, the 1979 Racquetball Nationals seemed to mark the end of one era and the beginning of another. It will not matter if the next few years of racquetball are peaceful or not, they will be lucrative. Interest in the sport has increased to the point that racquetball is no longer a cultural curiosity, but a full-fledged American sport, backed by good old American know-how and easily able to attract good old American greenbacks.

Whatever this kid's future may be, he's going to be well-clothed and fed.

— Mike Hogan

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SQUASH



The United States Squash Racquets Association (USSRA) which was created to provide the national leadership required for a thriving and expanding sport, has, recently, become the focus of a series of major controversies. These disputes, which go past such traditional complaints as discriminatory "draws" in the national championships, have erupted over a pair of current issues, which due to the substantial involvement of New York players, have caused the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association (MSRA) to take a strong stand against USSRA practices.

The question is: has the USSRA failed in its responsibility to serve the entire squash community, which finances it. The practice of an "elite" making decisions over drinks at the Merion Cricket Club, is no longer acceptable. The game has simply outgrown this narrow approach.

Perhaps the most significant matter involves the United States team entry in the 1979 International Squash Racquets Federation (ISRF) Championships in Australia. This is, unfortunately, not the first time player selection for this event has resulted in controversy.

In 1977, only four players—all Boston based—were permitted to participate in the "elimination try-outs". The prospective chairman, perceiving the situation to be farcical, resigned immediately.

USSRA officials had excluded Bill Andruss, the most qualified American player, on the grounds that, since he had been living in London during the prior year, he did not meet *their* residency requirements.

The performance of this team, lacking a player of Andruss' proven quality (only one had earned a top-ten U.S. ranking), can best be symbolized by one player, who after being defeated in a lop-sided match, embarrassed the team by catching the next flight back to Boston.

It is against the backdrop of this episode that the 1979 ISRF trials must be examined. Specifically, the MSRA charges that the USSRA has stretched both its rules and its guidelines to insure the presence of a quartet of talented Philadelphians on the U.S. team. It charges that the USSRA had done this by depriving qualified players from other areas of their right to vie for the available spots. One player was told that he would not be allowed to compete because he was too old to participate in an event which was designed as a learning experience for the young. Another individual was informed that, though he had resided in the U.S. for five years, his foreign citizenship disqualified him (in a sense, the converse of the reasoning that had caused Andruss to be barred two years earlier); other players were also barred for a variety of reasons. When the MSRA came to the defense of this contingent of players — many of whom are based in New York — the USSRA agreed to allow some of the aggrieved applicants to participate in the try-outs. But it stipulated that, since an evaluator-coach had been hired and instructed to select the team members based not on objective won-lost results, but rather, on "perceived potential," the actual results of the challenge-matches would not be binding. This new twist further angered the MSRA, which felt that this was a transparent ploy to insure Philadelphia domination on the team. The MSRA position seemed to have been confirmed when, at the end of the try-outs, three Philadelphia players manned the four-man squad. A fifth position was suddenly "created" and awarded to the fourth Philadelphia player, even though the latter's won-lost record during the trials was the worst of any participant.

Another significant area of contention has been the handling of the national rankings for the 1978-79 season. This year, the preliminary list of men's national rankings aroused an unprecedented furor throughout the nation. Of the thirty rankees, no fewer than a dozen appealed their positions, claiming that egregious errors in judgment had caused them to be badly misplaced. Since a large num-

ber of the appeals came from New York-based players, the MSRA again decided to involve itself. The intensity of the outcry increased when it was learned that the ranking chairman had made the rankings into his own one-man show. The MSRA administration was shocked to learn that the Chairman had neither consulted his co-Committee members — several of whom were from New York — nor been, in any way, guided by their suggestions. The MSRA President, feeling that all players had been victimized by the Chairman's disenfranchisement of the rest of the Committee, wrote a series of letters to the USSRA President demanding that the preliminary rankings be rescinded and that the entire matter be thoroughly reconsidered. Failing to receive satisfaction on this matter from an uncooperative USSRA Board, the MSRA decided that the ranking chairman had effectively disqualified himself both by his methods and by his results. The MSRA decided to take unprecedented action in refusing to recognize the USSRA's rankings due to what it viewed as a total lack of cooperation on the part of the USSRA.

Following are the national rankings set forth by the MSRA, fully endorsed by RACQUET, which will be used as a basis for invitation and seeding.

1. Ned Edwards - Penn
2. John Bottger - Philadelphia
3. Gilbert Mateer - Philadelphia
4. Robert Dinerman - New York
- Glenn Greenberg - New York
6. Leonard Bernheimer - Boston
7. Thomas Poor - Boston
8. Thomas Dashiell - San Francisco
9. Ronald Beck - Boston
10. Peter Talbert - New York
11. Mark Alger - Washington
12. Derrick Niederman - Boston
13. Richard Woolworth - New York
14. John Foster - Penn
15. Chris Burrows - Tacoma
16. Mark Talbott - Trinity
17. Scott Ryan - Philadelphia
18. George Nedwed, Jr. - New York
19. Arif Sarfraz - Los Angeles
20. Laurence Franklin - New York
21. Frank Brosens - Princeton
22. Kevan Pickens - New York
23. George H. Bostwick, Jr. - New York
24. J. Dinsmore Adams - New York
25. Bryce Harding - Seattle
26. Mark Panarese - Boston
27. Paul Gessling - San Francisco
28. Frank Giamattei - Cincinnati
29. Hollis Russell - New York
30. William Surtees - New York

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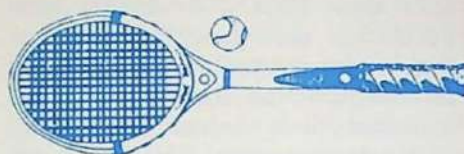
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TENNIS



A new phenomenon swept the world of tennis recently, and if you happened to tune in to the French Open, you are probably still mesmerized by him — if not still chanting his name — Pecci, Pecci, Pecci!

Yes, twenty-three year old Victor Pecci has become to tennis what Elvis Presley was to music. An overnight success. The public has recognized something different, something unique, something more tangible and entertaining than "just" being a sensational and extremely talented tennis player. Coincidentally, not only do Presley and Pecci bear a striking resemblance to each other in looks, but, also in personality, modesty, background and most especially, in sex appeal! Said one of the many adoring fans who watched Pecci make his way onto the center court in France, "Who cares if he can play tennis. Just look at that face!"

But the truth is that, Victor Pecci CAN play, and has proved it by downing the likes of Corrado Barazzutti (Italy's number one player), Harold Solomon, Guillermo Vilas, Jimmie Connors, and then had the audacity to bring Bjorn Borg to four sets in one of the most entertaining finals ever to be played on the center court of Roland Garros.

If that doesn't seem exciting enough, remember that this new Dynamo hails from Asuncion, Paraguay, where boys are raised on soccer, not tennis. But as fate would have it, Victor's dad was a doctor and wanted his son to play a social sport. They both agreed on tennis, and whammo — a star was born. But let us not forget that Victor Pecci has been the champion of Paraguay since he was twelve years old. There might be only three hundred tennis players in the whole country. It's astounding that virtually an "unknown" could walk into a major championship and not only destroy seeded and favored players, one by one, but manage to steal the hearts of adoring fans, as

well. When his quest was over, Victor Pecci's ATP ranking had moved from thirty-fifth to fifteenth in the world!

But, let's take a closer look at this 6'4", 205 lb. superstar. His finest asset may not be his overpowering serve or quickness on the court. It just may be his personality. He's a soft spoken, free spirit who looks more like a gypsy than an athlete. A diamond studded earring is mounted in his left ear lobe, and Victor placed it there because he "thinks it looks pretty". No, there aren't any connotations of sexual ambiguity, he's just the kind of person who enjoys life to it's fullest, and expresses it as visually as he can . . . because it pleases him to do so.

A long line of female fans wait for him outside of any spot that he happens to be frequenting at the moment. And if they manage to get inside, they wait in line just to hand Victor their telephone numbers. Because he's due to be married on August 17th., he graciously accepts the numbers, thanking each fan — but never calls. He bows out with the excuse that he has a match the next day.

Even when Princess Caroline attended Chez Castell's to help celebrate Pecci's (almost) victory party on the eve of the French Open, Victor posed for the expected pictures and thanked her for coming. But then, he maneuvered his way onto the dance floor to do the thing he had fasted from all week . . . dance. "I used to drink and go dancing during matches . . . and I think that hurt me alot. For this tournament I stayed in, rested, and thought about each player I had to face. For the first time, I am really pleased with my performance. And now I can reward myself by dancing all evening!"

Pecci has been on the circuit for two years already, but something has changed in his playing style, which is enabling him to threaten the seeded players. "Physical therapy," offered Argentinian coach (and one time tennis player) Tito Vasquez. "Victor's been working out to become stronger and to maintain endurance and self-esteem on the court. He no longer allows himself to get upset if there is a bad call against him because he knows

he is talented enough to make up for the call with his next shot. . . . And he no longer rushes into his moves, forcing errors upon himself. He takes his time, studies the situation and his opponent, and then makes his move. And," Tito emphasizes with a smile, "His serve has become a vital weapon."

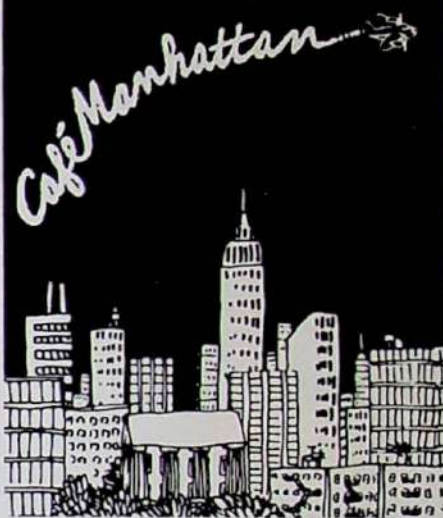
When you observe Victor Pecci on court, you will agree that his serve is devastating. He can ace out his opponents so quickly and with so much power that Guillermo Vilas had to stand five feet behind the baseline just to catch a glimpse of that serve. Jimmie Connors, too, was amazed and could not believe that Pecci could play everyday with so much endurance. Even Bjorn Borg admitted that Pecci was his best opponent all year. And John McEnroe, who had to meet Pecci in the finals at Queens Club just two weeks before Wimbledon admitted, "Victor's very dangerous right now. He has all the strokes he needs, the power to use them, plus he's beaten some of the bigger guys, so he's got a lot of confidence." McEnroe realized all this after dropping the first set to Pecci in just twenty-five minutes!

So, now that Pecci's playing is in order, one has to ask, what's next? "Victor will play several tournaments in the U.S. first, then take time off," — a long pause, Coach Tito smiles — "to get married . . . at home. . . ." One would think, from Tito's actions that he's having a hard time believing it. "Well it's just different to think that Pecci's going to be a married guy. Before you know it, he'll have kids and be called Mister Pecci instead of just Pecci. His fiancée is only eighteen. But, I guess age doesn't matter to a free spirit. I just can't believe that he will get married. No, I can't believe he will do it," says Tito with a shake of his head and a smile. Then after another short pause Tito sighs, "It's funny. I can see him winning the U.S. Open. I can see him becoming number one in tennis. But I just can't see him getting married."

If it's any consolation, Elvis Presley did it, and he became a legend in music. There's no reason in the world why Pecci couldn't do it in tennis.

—Jackie Giroux

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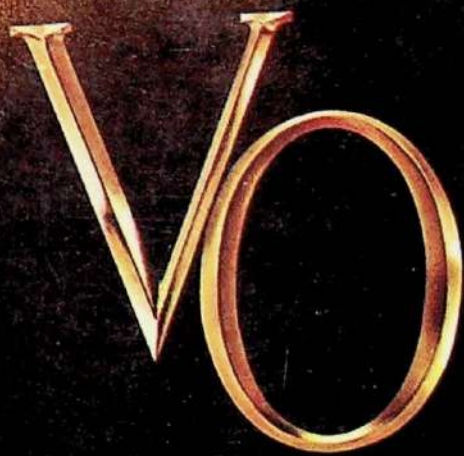
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