

National Racquetball®

Vol. 10 No. 9
Sept./Oct. 1981
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National Racquetball®

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Contents

On the Cover . . .

On a hot day in August Walter Payton runs off the Chicago Bears practice field, rips off his jersey and grabs a racquet for National Racquetball's cover photo. To find out why one of the NFL's biggest money earners likes to play racquetball and why people call him "sweetness," turn to Linda Packer's story on page 12. You'll also learn about racquetball players from other NFL teams, which might include your favorites.

—Arthur Shay photo

20



Opinions

From Bob Kendler	7
From the National Commissioner	9
From Our Readers	10

Features

Football Players in Court	
The Light Game for Sweetness by Linda Packer	12
Skalbania Flips by Kerry Banks	16
Bouncing off a linesman by Kris Gilmore	17
Find Your NFL Favorite	18
Let's Dance by Marilyn R. Abbey	20
Washing Racquetball Gloves by Dan Metz	52
Racquetball or Nuclear War by Steve Galliford	48
Eating Without Guilt by Howard Bragman	60
Who's Playing Racquetball?	25

Instruction

Ask the Pro by Mike Yellen	27
Ready for the Kill by Terry Fancher	28
Grip Tips — Starting with the Forehand by Shannon Wright and Steve Keeley	30
Momentum by Mike Yellen	38
Avoiding Spectator's Chin by Mel Baker	39
APRO Teaches . . . New Way to Rate Players by Chuck Sheftel	40
What's the Call? by Dan Bertolucci	41
EXTRA!	42

USRA Amateur

Jim Winterton, Upstate New York Chairman	44
National Racquetball's 1981 Most Improved Players	49

Beyond the Open

Health	64
--------	----

Coming Next	66
-------------	----

Eight Junior Winners	66
----------------------	----

52



60



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THE TOUGHEST SHOES ON THE COURT.

From Bob Kendler



My Favorite Tournament

These are USRA/NRC President Bob Kendler's remarks made at the 1981 Leach/Seamco National Juniors Aug. 14 at the Charlie Club in Palatine, IL.

If any of you young racquetball stars are unhappy because you have to listen to the preaching of an old handball sage, don't blame Joe Ardito. In the course of planning next year's schedule he asked me this question: *"Of all the tournaments we run, which one is nearest to your heart?"*

Without even thinking I replied *"The Juniors, of course!"* Now, because Joe is very close to me, I thought maybe it was about time I told him, as I am going to tell you, what makes this tournament so important to me. And to racquetball.

The best way for me to start is by telling you that I never, ever, had the men, women, or pros in mind, and that my only inspiration for developing the game of racquetball was you — the young people, who will inherit a sport that I believe is a tremendous influence for good.

The calls we receive from parents, the praise we get from regional committees and the thank you notes we get from many of the players are reward enough for any effort we make on your behalf. This could be reason enough for the Juniors to be close to my heart. But it isn't. I feel you have added an ingredient that is hard to come by in sports today. INTEGRITY! This valuable ingredient, along with your attitude, your sportsmanship, and your togetherness has been the source of immense pride and satisfaction to me. I know what you have seen here, and have done here, have changed the course of many of your young lives. Your honorable conduct has made you a living testimonial to good sportsmanship, and you can be very proud of the image you project. You have even elevated the meaning of good sportsmanship, and that's the most wonderful reward I could ever hope for!

The sports world deserves to hear of your fine record; and when you tell your child someday about the sportsmanship displayed at this tournament, you can freely say, *"Son (or daughter), when we were all kids like you, there was an old handball sage who did a lot of preaching to us. His favorite subject was Principle, and his favorite pastime was giving Junior pep talks. He was always intrigued with the youngsters. Watching them perform was great fun for him. Perhaps he thought he was living his life all over again, through us, and wishing he could be one of us."*

It's all true! I sincerely hope you kids enjoy every minute of being Juniors' because you will become Seniors all too fast. Even if you become tops in the racquetball world, you will take along happy memories of your Junior days — the friends you made here, the integrity demonstrated, the good sportsmanship displayed — and it will become a part of your success, make you great citizens and a credit to our association.

You can tell your children, one day, that you were one of the kids who helped Bob Kendler develop racquetball, and that the integrity he preached is one of his Forever Principles . . . and that you have now included integrity as a natural part of your business career.

You might be surprised to know that I feel you players are almost a part of my family. I feel the same affection for you as I feel for any of my seven children and my 12 grandchildren, one of whom is the National Handball Champion in his age group as his grandfather was in 1943. I think this gives you a special for-instance of why I always have a special place in my heart for the Juniors and for this tournament.

I would like to leave you with a beautiful thought that you can take home and keep close to you through all the days of your life. The late Dr. Thomas Dooley, who gained world acclaim for sacrifices to relieve the physical suffering in the underprivileged countries of the world, wrote the following lines to a young doctor, challenging him to spend his life in service: *"Dedicate some of your life to others. Your dedication will not be a sacrifice. It will be an exhilarating experience because it is intense effort applied toward a meaningful purpose."*



Vern Roberts photo

Dina Pritchett, who won second in the Girls 15 and Under, surprised USRA/NRC President Bob Kendler with a song at the Juniors National banquet.

For one to be so dedicated one must understand that there is no true freedom to do the things we want to do. Life offers a choice between self-discipline and imposed discipline. In racquetball we have the opportunity to

demonstrate this discipline of mind, of body and spirit. You can achieve in life everything you accomplish in racquetball. You can achieve in racquetball everything you accomplish in life. Hold noble and inspiring thoughts, and always remember that Daniel Webster, when asked what was the greatest thought ever to enter his mind, replied *"My accountability to Almighty God."* What grander ambition is there than to maintain in yourselves the qualities that Jesus loved, and to know that your example, much more than your words, makes the best morals for mankind.

As the memories of this week fade into history, I hope everyone of you will remember that we all owe a debt to our Juniors' benefactors. The realistic minded parents will know that someone, somewhere, gave \$50,000 to make this YOUR WEEK. I am not sure they want recognition, but they certainly deserve it. And they deserve your continued loyalty. I am speaking of Leach Industries and Charles Drake, the director. I am speaking of Cal James, president of Leach's parent company — Diversified Products. I am speaking of Seamco, Inc., and Walter Eichelberger, its director. Without any fanfare, and with no urging, they have made available the funds that made this Juniors Tournament possible. And would you believe it, the man who loves the juniors the most has attended every National Juniors and has given something of himself and substance to every one of them. I am proud to honor Marty Hogan — four time National NRC Champion.



Marty Hogan and Bob Kendler

In closing let me ask you, as a little personal favor, to give a big hand to Dan Bertolucci, Joe Ardito, Terry Fancher, Renee Coplan and the super staff here at the Charlie Club. It took a lot of giving by a lot of our sponsors to make this tournament possible and I hope you will remember them all in your prayers. Thus you will demonstrate that, besides integrity, besides good sportsmanship, and besides principle, you have genuine gratitude for all the sponsors who love kids as we do and demonstrate this year after year in this and other Junior events.

I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him."

Ecclesiastes 3:14

Eric & Bob Kendler

Eric and Bob Kendler

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From the National Commissioner



Tribute to a Friend

"Father Time caught up with D.B. Frampton at 2:10 p.m. Tuesday, June 23, in Naples, FL. He caught him napping after lunch, something the boss never had time for until recently. There's a moral there for those who believe that staying busy is the best way to live. D.B. Frampton turned 91 on June 2 of this year."

So wrote D.B. Frampton, Jr. in a letter to a friend about the death of his father, D.B. Frampton, Sr., one of the finest gentlemen and greatest friends of the court sports industry. And although D.B.'s contributions to our industry had a near revolutionary impact, they were only a tiny fraction of the life accomplishments of this giant.

I first met "ol' D.B." in 1973, when he called on me to find out what I thought about his new idea—racquetball/handball courts built out of prefabricated compressed boards, now known as "panel" courts. Yes "ol' D.B.," then still aggressively active at age 83, had come up with another new idea that would eventually enrich the lives of millions.



D.B. Frampton

It was the Frampton panel system that began the court building boom of the mid 1970s making it not only more economically feasible to buy and build courts, but also eliminating the "drive you crazy" problems of pock marked, paint chipped and ball stained front and side walls.

Today D.B. Frampton's legacy is apparent in the products of over a dozen companies all manufacturing and marketing panel court systems in some way patterned after or as result of D.B.'s efforts. "Ol' D.B." was the first.

It would be easy to end this article right now—and the racquetball world would be adequately informed of D.B. Frampton's contributions to our sport. But to do so would be an injustice to this man and his memory. For D.B. Frampton was far more than just the inventor and designer of the first panel court system, he was the epitome of the success one can achieve by combining sound business practices, impeccable morals and downright generosity.

Barely 18 months after D.B. began the racquetball/handball court system portion of his business (which was in no way profitable at this point) I was involved in organizing the first USRA National Juniors Championships, held in Orlando, FL. This tournament was special for me because it was our first effort at a juniors promotion and as you all know by now, the kids' events mean more to me than all the pro tournaments combined.

Well, as it sometimes happens, we fell about \$10,000 short of budget on the tournament, and it came down to limiting the draw for the event (which included a trip to Disney World among other attractions) or finding the cash someplace. Rather than limit the entries I called D.B. and Champion's Ken Konkol, both of whom immediately sent \$5,000 checks to cover the deficit. Not a kid was turned away, thanks to D.B. and Ken.

You never needed a written contract with D.B. Frampton. His handshake was not as good as gold—it was better. Never have I met a more honorable, hard working and distinguished man.

So the next time you're trading kills and passes with your friends, take note of your court. If it's a panel system, just take a second or two to think of "ol' D.B." All he wanted was to make it as easy as possible for all of us to enjoy our racquetball playing to the highest degree. And if he could see us now, it would make him happy to know that he did just that. ●

Joe Ardito

Joe Ardito

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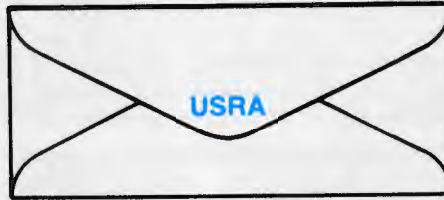
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Official proof of purchase requirement: Mail this coupon plus Impact L warranty card and a cash register receipt to AMF Voit, Box BLA, 3801 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, CA 92704. Offer expires December 31, 1981. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

From Our Readers



Keeping America Healthy

Dear Ms. Brusslan:

The members and staff of the President's Council On Physical Fitness And Sports have asked me to express their appreciation to you and National Racquetball Magazine for your support of the Presidential Sports Award program. Your cooperation is an important contribution to our efforts to extend the reach and the impact of the national physical fitness program.

We look forward to your continuing participation in the Presidential Sports Award program, and we thank you again for your help in creating a healthier and more active America.

Michael H. Goldberg
Washington, DC

Supporting a Worthy Cause

Dear Bob:

As co-chairman of the Bob Belden Memorial Racquetball Marathon for the American Cancer Society in Bloomingdale March 28, I want to personally thank you for the support your magazine provided us.

After meeting dozens of men and women who took part in the marathon to raise \$46,000 for cancer research in memory of fellow racquetball player Bob Belden, I am firmly convinced that some of the most genuine people in the world are racquetball players.

It made me very proud to be a part of such a worthwhile effort and it pleases me to be a part of a sport which dedicated itself to accomplishing so much.

Larry Moore
WLS-TV News
Chicago, IL

Splint for the Elbow

Dear Ms. Brusslan:

Recently I had the opportunity and pleasure to read your most interesting and informative magazine.

In the June, 1981 issue, under "Health," your article captioned "Two Ways to Cure Racquetball Elbow" was of particular interest. So much so that I've taken the

You may be interested to know that I am a certified Orthotist (#421) and have been designing and manufacturing orthopedic products for over 40 years. After years of research and development I designed my tennis elbow splint in response to increasing demands from doctors and sports enthusiasts.

Thank you for your interest. If you would like additional information or a sample of my Spiro Tennis Elbow Splint, let me know.

Irving Spiro
President,
Spiro Orthopedic
Miami, FL

Who Makes Marty's Eyeguards?

Dear NRC:

I recently switched from glasses to contact lenses. My glasses always provided me good protection, but now I must purchase eyeguards and I haven't found any that I like in terms of comfort or peripheral vision.

Frequently on the last page of your magazine you show Marty Hogan wearing a set of eyeguards that I would like to try. Can you tell me the brand name and/or the company that makes them?

Mike Patterson
Wright-Patterson AFB, OH

First of all your regular glasses protected you only if they were made of an unbreakable material. Now on to your question — Marty Hogan's eyeguards are a Leach product which should be available in your club pro shop. ED

Bret's in Demand

Dear Joe:

Just want you to know how fantastically the Bret Hamett ad in your July issue of *National Racquetball* has drawn inquiries.

Since your magazine appeared with the only announcement we made that Bret is available for exhibitions and clinics, we've set Bret up for a complete schedule of appearances from coast to coast.

We think this is quite a tribute to the drawing power of *National Racquetball*.

Gary Naseef
Las Vegas, NV



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Feature

The Light Game for Sweetness

by Linda Packer



When You Play Racquetball with Walter Payton, Play for Fun



Arthur Shay photos

Chicago Bear Walter Payton, one of the NFL's highest paid players, heads for the showers between pre-season practice sessions at the team's Lake Forest training camp.



The fat man with the cowboy hat was embarrassed, but he approached the table anyway. "I'm awfully sorry," he said hesitantly, aware that he was interrupting a conversation, "but I think you're just—well, just great. I was wondering if I could have your autograph for my three boys."

The football player smiled and took the three outstretched business cards. You own a paint store," he noticed, as he signed his nickname, "Sweetness", followed by "Walter Payton, #34, Chicago Bears".

"Yes right here in town," the man said. "We'd be honored if you'd come in. Really you'll get real nice treatment."

"Thank you," Payton said, smiling. As the man started to walk away, Payton noticed his shirt collar was tucked half-heartedly into his jacket. "Don't forget your collar," he called after him, and the man fixed it and left.

Does that happen often? Payton was asked.

"Nah," he said offhandedly.

How often is not often.?

He smiled again, a little embarrassed. "Only when I'm recognized."

The humility is genuine; Walter Payton, one of the last of Chicago's real, live heroes, doesn't think he deserves any great shakes. "Why should I be famous? I can't heal the world," he was once quoted as saying. "All I do is carry a football." If you want to get technical about it, that may be true—but who wants to be technical about someone who has put life into the Chicago Bears and excitement into wintery Sunday afternoons, and who has almost single-handedly turned the city's Soldier Field into Payton Place? At the age of 27, just into his seventh season, Payton has gained 8,386 yards and is the fifth leading rusher in pro football history. He has led the National Football Conference in rushing every year for the past five seasons. He was the NFL's Most Valuable Player in 1977, the youngest ever. He has been named at least once, to everybody's All-Everything everything.

To the world at large it's impressive; to a city like Chicago, starved for a sport to call a sport, it's a miracle. But to Walter Payton, who considers it all with as much concern as a lion considers a chipmunk, it's no big deal. What is important is perspective. And his perspective tells him the most meaningful things in life are (1) family and (2) fun.

Under point number two is where we find racquetball.

Proper Wrist

"Football isn't a sport, it's my business," he says. "Racquetball is a sport, and I play it because it's fun. I'm not a serious player; I like the quickness, I like the movement, I like the fact that even if I'm having a really bad game, I can manage to hit the front wall just by using my wrist properly. I do want to play with people who like to improve their game, but I want to get enjoyment out of it. If people are nothing but serious about it, I don't want to have anything to do with them."

Payton started playing almost four years ago, when the enthusiasm of some of his racquetball playing teammates began to rub off. "I used to sit in the locker room and listen to guys like Jim Osborn and Gary Campbell," he says. "They'd be talking about some racquetball game, and I'd hear them say things like 'Boy, I really killed that shot!!' What happened was, they got me mentally prepared. They got me so mentally prepared, in fact, that



before I even played I was looking at shoes and racquets."

Although a friend who plays with Payton at the Charlie Club in suburban Chicago contends he's better at volleying than serving—to which Sweetness sheepishly agrees—it would be hard for someone of Payton's athletic ability not to be good at the game. He has been known, for instance, to leap backward in midstream when an opponent loops instead of kills a shot, make a killshot of his own, and win the point. It's that split second quickness that he loves so much, and values not only for its enjoyment factor, but also for the part it plays in his football game. He thinks racquetball helps a football player's quickness and coordination, one reason, perhaps, that so many players are taking it up. *"I play on a glass court," he says, "and that tends to help visual coordination. You're trying to keep eye contact with the ball when it's going fast, and there are an awful lot of distractions. In football when you're a receiver or a running back, you have to concentrate on the ball coming in and be aware of all the distractions at the same time. In that respect there's a definite tie between the two. But other than that," he repeats, "it's just fun. I play it for fun."*

Pickle Factory Game

Sweetness likes fun. He likes it a lot. As far back as he can remember there was fun—jumping onto the cars of slow moving trains when he was a kid, playing hide and seek in a pickle factory near his home. He grew up in Columbia, MS, the youngest of three children. His parents, who worked at a parachute manufacturing plant, instilled in him the values he cherishes today—faith, hard work and the importance of family.

It was, in fact, a combination of the last two values that he credits with helping him develop the muscles that would later make him a star athlete. One summer when the rest of their friends were out playing, he and his brother, Eddie, spread 10 truckloads of dirt around their yard because their mother wanted to win a Yard of the Month award. The results? Mom won—and both Walter and Eddie wound up with professional football careers (Eddie plays with the Minnesota Vikings).

But Walter's was a pro career that almost wasn't. Intimidated by players he felt were *"so much better"* than he was, he didn't go out for the high school team until his sophomore year, and only then because a persistent coach used his powers of persuasion on him. Payton eventually made all-conference and then all-state honors, and went on to set nine records at Jackson State University, including most career touchdowns (66), most touchdowns in a season (24) and most career points (464).

Ready to Quit

At that point, propelled by other interests and tired of the frequent travel, long seasons and exhausting practices—very little of which was fun—Payton intended to quit football. *"I never wanted to go into sports," he says. "I majored in special education, and I wanted to open my own business for mentally retarded kids. But football got in the way. People kept telling me, 'A football career is short. You can get out of it when you're 30, be financially set, and then do what you want to do.'"* The Chicago Bears snatched Payton in the first round of the 1975 draft, and gave him a platform from which he would break record after record.

A few days before he signs his Bear contract Walter Payton dodges questions newspaper and TV reporters ask him about the salary figure, estimated at more than \$600,000, or a total of two million over three years.

Carl Hugare photo reprinted with permission of The Chicago Tribune



As a mere rookie he had 679 yards. In 1976, the year *Sports Illustrated* called the Year of the Running Back because of the number of players breaking the once-meaningful 1,000-yard mark, Payton finished second only to O.J. Simpson. The following year he flew 275 yards against Minnesota to break the NFL single game rushing record. And in a game against the Green Bay Packers that few Chicagoans will forget, he became the first Bear since Gale Sayers (1969) to gain 1,000 yards in a season. "When Payton came to the Bears in 1975, he stuck out his chin and said 'I'm going to make Chicago forget about Gale Sayers,'" said a Chicago football fan who was at Soldier Field that day, and who watched both the crowd and the players go wild. "It really made people in this city angry. But the thing is—he has."

Mental Shield

That tough, almost uppity, dot on Payton's personality is what he finds necessary for survival. "In football you have to develop a certain amount of cockiness," he says. "You have to know you're only human and will make errors, but when guys throw spears you have to put them in their place, even if only mentally. You need a shield that you can put up so you don't absorb all the punishment and abuse from the fans." Payton's shield is that self-developed cockiness, which seems to be nonexistent except when he specifically calls on it; and his home, which includes his wife Connie and their nine-month-old son. The Paytons are in the process of

building a house in a nearby Chicago suburb that "has lots of trees and a lot of peace and quiet," he says. "I need that. I enjoy people, but when I'm out on the field, I don't belong to myself. I belong to the public, especially to the kids. And that's okay—but you have to draw the line somewhere."

Where Payton draws the line is, at the moment, relatively unclear. He is a mass of contradictions: soft-spoken, articulate and polite off the field, but a virtual bulldozer on the field; intelligent man who graduated from college in three years and wanted to teach mentally retarded children, but went into sports instead; a man who becomes annoyed at people who play racquetball "just to win" but plays basketball almost as aggressively as he plays football; a man who loves what he's doing but who gets headaches and acne every year around contract negotiation time; a man who wants life to be fun but is faced with fickle fans, contract disputes, nosey media, exhausting travel schedules, losing seasons and intense pressure nearly every day. Is it worth it?

"Yes," he says. "But you have to put it in perspective. You have to realize what's important in life. I have dreams of quitting football in a few years and going off with my family, doing lots of hunting and fishing. I like to hunt and fish." He looks off into the distance, then smiles. "I have another dream. I want to get into a car, a really great car, and close the door and turn on the engine and do a quarter mile in five seconds."

A five second quarter mile. Anything else?

"Yeah," he says. "I still want to work with retarded kids. And I want to enjoy life. That's the most penetrating thing I can think of."

You seem to have a pretty solid sense of perspective. Where does it come from?

He looks up, eyes wide and innocent. "From stealing hubcaps," he deadpans.

Nelson Skalbania Flips for Racquetball

by Kerry Banks

There's a year round reserve on racquetball court number six at Vancouver's downtown YMCA. Stamped in blue on each and every one of the 5 to 6 time slots on the club's weekly court schedules the word "SKALBANIA."

The name will be familiar to anyone who follows the sports pages. It belongs to Nelson M. Skalbania, the flamboyant Canadian millionaire who collects sports franchises like other men buy ties. At last count Skalbania owned five teams spread over four different sports.

Considering his formidable interests in the glamour world of professional athletics it's a bit of an anomaly to discover that Skalbania reserves his greatest sporting enthusiasm for a game that attracts neither big game receipts nor headline coverage.

The man's a genuine racquetball fanatic.

Frustrated last year that there was never a court available when he wanted to indulge his private passion, Skalbania donated \$200,000 to the Vancouver Y to build two more racquetball courts. His only demand in return was that there be a racquetball and squash court available for his private use for one hour every day.

He tries to play every day. If out of town on business he'll line up a court somewhere in the city he's staying.

Skalbania says he plays racquetball for fun, not for exercise. *"I do other things to stay in shape."*

Other things include 60-70 miles of running a week. At 42 Skalbania weighs the same 162 pounds he weighed when he was 17.

"If you're not healthy, you can't do anything," he says. *"No matter how tired I am, after running I feel refreshed. It's much better than taking a drink which leaves you tired for the rest of the day."*

B Minus

Skalbania was introduced to racquetball three years ago. The head on competition and speed of the game immediately appealed to him. A frequent participant in local tournaments he ranks himself as *"about a B minus player."* Consistent with his independent nature he picked up the game's finer points on his own.

"Lesson? No I'm a bad person for lessons."

Skalbania says he finds squash and racquetball to be complimentary games and likes to alternate between the two, although he admits he gets a special kick out of racquetball doubles.

"It's very fast, very exciting. A very vociferous and social sort of game. You don't get that in squash."

A natural flair for game playing has served Skalbania just as well off the courts as on. From humble beginnings as the son of an immigrant Polish carpenter from Vancouver's gritty East End Skalbania has amassed a personal fortune through a series of rapid fire real estate transactions, often as chancey as the turn of a card.

His specialty is *"flipping"*—negotiating the resale of a property right in the midst of buying it, or in a further refinement of the technique, being paid handsomely to back out of a deal to let somebody else do it.

Operating out of the cramped Vancouver office that he inexplicably shares with the Peruvian consulate, Skalbania flipped his way to \$600 million worth of business in 1979.

The Chicago Sun-Times is among U.S. news media reporting on Canada's colorful Nelson Skalbania. Here are some excerpts from recent *Sun-Times* sports pages:

"The 42-year-old Skalbania is a self-made millionaire . . . who made his money in shopping malls . . . And he hasn't made his fortune by being orthodox."

"Walter Payton's attorney, Bud Holmes . . . put a sudden end last month to Montreal owner Nelson Skalbania's claim that Montreal had offered Payton a contract for \$1 million a year."



In the past few years, however, it is his expanding sports empire to which he devotes much of his time.

Skalbania has stated that his goal is to own a team in each of the five major sports (football, baseball, basketball, hockey, soccer) played in North America.

He currently owns the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League (the club to whom he recently lured NFL stars Vince Ferragamo, James Scott and Billy "White Shoes" Johnson), the Calgary Flames of the National Hockey League and the Calgary Boomers of the North American Soccer League, plus a triple A baseball club based in Vancouver and a junior hockey team.

\$16 Million Bid

Last year Skalbania unsuccessfully tried to buy baseball's Seattle Mariners for \$12 million. He also made a \$16 million bid for an NBA basketball franchise that ran aground.

Undaunted Skalbania is now scouring the U.S. in his private jet for an NBA team to bring to Vancouver.

In attempting to analyze his success Skalbania has said, *"Any idiot can write a cheque for \$1 million if he's got \$1 million in the bank. The challenge is to write a million dollar cheque when you don't have a million in the bank, and that's me."*

Feature

Rex Owen of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas says of Skalbania "He will gamble on almost anything and he plays all sports for high stakes."

That observation certainly holds true for Skalbania's approach to racquetball. To kick off the opening of the two new Vancouver YMCA courts last summer Skalbania hooked up with Herb Capozzi, the millionaire owner of the Vancouver Whitecaps soccer team, in a \$20,000 winner-take-all contest.

The game took place on a Tuesday afternoon. Tickets sold at \$25 a shot. A four piece Dixieland band and a squad of cheerleaders provided entertainment.

By game time the normally empty bleachers behind the glassed walls of court number six were filled with an assortment of celebrities and moneyed eccentrics, including one Capozzi rooster clad in a Superman costume with a dog in tow, wearing baggy underwear and a T-shirt that read "Skalbania is a poor country in the Balkans."

The local media was out in full force. *Playboy* sent a reporter. Skalbania even hired his own camera crew and commentator to document the event.

Roman Helmet and Stretcher

The two combatants arrived separately in black, chauffeur driven Packards. Capozzi, the 2-1 favorite, entered first, wearing a Roman helmet and breastplate and leading a procession of togaed men.

Underdog Skalbania came in next on a stretcher brandishing his hands high above his head.

With the band pumping hot jazz and the cheerleaders passing out grapes and kisses to the crowd, the game began.

Skalbania took the opener of the best of three 21-18. Capozzi rebounded to grab the next 21-10.

Cheered on by spectators waving thousand dollar bills the two see-sawed through the sweaty tie-breaker until Skalbania finally pulled clear to win 21-18 and claim the \$20,000 prize money.

Skalbania's since promised Capozzi a rematch. It could signal the start of a new trend—millionaire sportsmen jetting around the continent to settle accounts with business rivals on the racquetball court.

An obvious question comes to mind. Has Skalbania ever considered staging a similar racquetball challenge match with hockey rival Peter Pocklington, owner of the NHL Edmonton Oilers?

"No," says Skalbania. "Our game is backgammon."

Bouncing Balls off a Linesman



Ed White, left, and Don Fouts

by Kris Gilmore

The Chargers are planning to go all the way this year.

San Diego advanced to the second round of the playoffs in 1979, losing to Houston, and last year the Chargers went one game further in the playoff series, losing to arch-rival Oakland.

"The natural progression of things indicates we'll go to the Super Bowl this year," Charger quarterback Dan Fouts says. "And we're aiming to win when we get there."

Part of the Charger strategy to win the national contest is top conditioning and team members began their training programs long before Charger camp opened.

Fouts and teammates Louis Kelcher and Ed White often were found at their neighborhood racquetball court, Another Racquet in Encinitas, for regular pre-season racquetball matches.

Each Charger cites different reasons for turning to racquetball as his personal choice of off-season sports activity.

"It's helped me a lot in my position which calls for quick starts and moving side to side," says Kelcher, the largest Charger, a 6'2" 232 pound defensive tackle.

Kelcher suffered a knee injury in July, 1979 and used racquetball to recuperate from the injury a few months later.

"It was a good way to test my knee," he says. "I had to work on strengthening my knees and legs and racquetball met that need."

Fouts began training in March and started playing racquetball regularly at that time.

"I took up racquetball 13 years ago," he says "and I've always enjoyed the game. Plus it gives me a chance to practice my footwork and positioning."

"Our coach, Don Coryell, plays racquetball and encourages us to play. There's a club near San Diego—Jack Murphy Stadium (The Stadium Club) where half our team can be found in the off-season."

"The closer it gets to camp, the more we play," reports White, a 200 pound linesman. "And once the season starts we can't play at all."

"We're too sore," Kelcher explains.

Fouts finds time for cross country skiing and golf in addition to racquetball and Kelcher enjoys golf and a little bowling.

But White cites racquetball as his one and only off-season sport.

"Actually racquetball has been the only conditioner throughout my career," White says. "For big linesmen it's the best thing they can take up."

"Now is that a testimonial or is that a testimonial!" asks Fouts, surveying the bulky linesman.

"Now wait a minute," White begins.

"You know sometimes we bring Ed along and use him as the wall," Fouts continues. "We just bounce killshots off him."

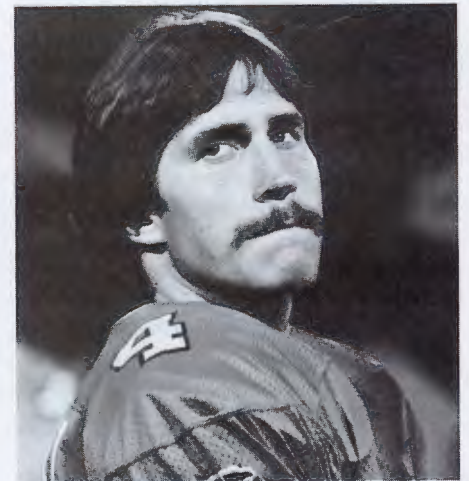
"All right! All right!" White pleads

"Did you know that Ed's hair was straight until he started playing racquetball?" Fouts asks. "Just goes to show you, it's a powerful game!"

Professional Football's

An NFL Sample of the Men Who Play Racquetball for Pleasure

Can you find your favorite? Turn to page 55 for identifications. ●



Racquetball Players



Let's Dance

For Better Racquetball

by Marilyn R. Abbey

We won't say it's more fun than racquetball, but it sure beats "standing there doing your toe touches," as Karen Fournelius, co-program director at Courttime in Lyndhurst, NJ, puts it. Aerobic dance exercise is big in racquetball clubs around the country and is most often taught right on the courts during non-prime hours.

Some clubs have special studios with mirrored walls, mats and ballet barres for aerobics and other exercise classes, but such luxuries aren't at all necessary. "You don't need the extra room," says Katie Beck, fitness instructor at the Denver Sporting House, which has a studio. "You just take the tape recorder on the court and go."

What you do when you get there is a vigorous, continuous sequence of exercises or dance steps choreographed to music, which gets the blood pumping fast and pulls a lot of oxygen into the lungs. "Aerobic" simply means "with oxygen." A good workout for the heart and lungs stimulates the circulation, builds endurance and actually increases energy. As Kenneth Cooper, M.D. Air Force physician and pioneer in the field of exercise research, explains it: "In its simplest terms any activity requires energy. The body produces energy by burning foodstuffs. The burning agent is oxygen. . . . The problem is to get enough oxygen to all the areas—all the small, hidden, infinite areas in this wonderful mechanism we call the human body—where the food is stored, so that the two can combine to produce enough energy."

Cooper set those theories down in 1968 in *Aerobics*, the book that is still shaping Americans' ideas on exercise.

Other aerobic activities include sustained walking, jogging, bicycling, swimming, squash, tennis and, yes, racquetball—any activity which raises the pulse rate and holds it at its optimum working level, long enough to produce what Cooper calls the "training effect."

Jacki Sorensen, front, originated Aerobic Dancing in 1969. Sorensen was the first to merge dancing and jogging into a program aimed at cardiovascular and muscular fitness, as well as flexibility.

Janet Sloane's students at The Courtrooms in Ft. Lauderdale try a simple routine from a Broadway show.



— Ric Ricciardi photo



Jacki Sorensen, a dancer, used Cooper's concepts as a basis for the dance routines she developed in 1969 when asked to host a television exercise program for wives at the Air Force base in Puerto Rico where her husband was stationed. She had been impressed by her score on the 12 minute running test devised by Cooper to rate cardiovascular fitness; she scored "excellent" even though she was not a runner.

After launching her dance fitness program Sorensen decided to measure its benefits by testing Air Force wives before and after they had participated in her 12 week aerobic dance classes. She found that after 12 weeks of "laughing, yelling, jumping, kicking, jogging, stretching, sliding and swinging" — as Sorensen describes her fancy free routines in her book *Aerobic Dancing*— the dancers did as well as or better than Cooper's joggers.

Later — after the Air Force transferred her husband to New Jersey — Sorensen offered her aerobic dance classes at a local Y.M.C.A. She gradually expanded her operation, forming Aerobic Dancing, Inc. in 1972, until now there are Sorensen courses in most of the states. She still choreographs all the dances for the program which change every 12 weeks. Fifty clinicians travel through the United States, training 2,000 instructors in the new steps. These go on to conduct classes for some 100,000 students, according to Chris Buckley, assistant marketing director.

Whatever the Name

Whether Jacki Sorensen Aerobic Dancing classes are conducted at racquetball clubs is problematic. "Say we are included in some racquetball clubs, because I'm sure we are," suggests Buckley, while explaining that the company's files are not set up to yield that information. Some racquetball club managers think it unlikely, however, citing the Aerobic Dancing organization's stipulations as to size of room, number of participants, fees, etc., which limit its adaptability to the facilities and programming of many clubs. Many clubs term their aerobics classes dance exercise, aerobic exercise, aerobicize, dancercise, jazzercise, not only to describe the course but to avoid confusion with Sorensen's program of aerobic dancing.

The point is, like any good idea, Sorensen's has spread, until now fitness conscious folk around the country are gulping oxygen to the tune of "Do You Think I'm Sexy?" or "I Love the Nightlife," under the guidance of instructors who have developed their own routines. Aerobic dance has grown with the popularity of disco, the frenetic beat of which lends itself to vigorous motion, but nobody seems to think its fate is tied to a musical fad. The increasing social unacceptability of smoking has helped; people have found they can huff and puff for health instead. The popularity of jogging has helped, as aerobic dance has similar benefits and has, in fact, gained from the new notion that "jogging is boring."

Despite the warmups and cooldowns, aerobics exercises aren't easy. "I never met one person who could walk in and complete the class," says instructor Dave Gilbert of the Seattle Athletic Club. Most clubs try to screen potential students for fitness. The Seattle club has a health questionnaire and tried, unsuccessfully, to schedule beginning and advanced classes. "What happens is that the advanced class gets extremely packed," says Gilbert, "and the beginning class will have four or five people. Everybody wants to start at the top."

Whether the classes draw men, women or both varies with the club. *National Racquetball* drew a sampling of opinions from around the country:

- "If you want men, you can't call it aerobic dancing," says Katie Beck, who teaches aerobic exercise classes primarily for men. ("I only spend about seven minutes on the hips and thighs.") After 10 minutes of stretching and abdominal work, she goes into 15 minutes of aerobics set to music. Steps include the cross country ("like skiing, only faster"), jumping jacks, the mountain climber (done on all fours, with the knees lifted alternately), the cancan and scissors. After two years teaching racquetball at the Denver Sporting House Beck began to include more aerobic and yoga routines in her racquetball classes.

- "Our aerobics classes are strictly the province of women," says Micheal Bazzo, manager of the Tinley Park Racquetball Club in a south suburb of Chicago. He theorizes that there may be a cultural bias on the part of his members, many of whom trace their roots back to Europe. "The moment a South Side male hears music, he wants to take charge," says Bazzo, adding that "we channel our men into other activities." Wallyball, for instance, is a co-educational game similar to volleyball, played on the racquetball courts. While the club's attempt at mixed aerobics bombed, Bazzo notes that "we have tons of programs; it's not a surprise for our racquetball players to come in and find we have something new."



Carol Hensel has put out the first exercise album to crack the national pop charts. "Dancersize", a Vintage Records LP that comes with an explanatory booklet, can be the basis of a court club aerobic exercise class.

Linda Francis' classes at Moon Racquetball Club in Pennsylvania are so popular she's expanded to a twice a day schedule with the help of two assistants.



Francis' students use paddles and streamers as they work on high stretch kicks.



— Claudia Ruffing photos

- "Men? They just enjoy watching. None are gutsy enough to try it," jokes Karen Fournellus in New Jersey. While some of the racquetball players take the aerobics class, Fournellus notes that mostly it's "women who have young children and are trying to get back to doing something with their bod." (In the clubs which teach the classes right on the courts, most participants are women, since men usually are not available during the non-prime daytime hours.)
- Steve Ogden, athletic director at the Cherry Creek Sporting Club in Glendale, CO, thinks that setting the routines to music makes the activity more fun — for women. "Men are used to exercise," he says. "Women need a little diversion."
- "Men like aerobic dance," counters Tonie Southard, women's director at Old Pueblo Courthouse in Tucson, AZ. "They really work up a sweat, and just feel really good. The more people there are, the more fun it is; it's real loose. On Saturday we have an 'animal hour.' That's highly aerobic. We just put the music on. They absolutely love it."

Loosening Up for a Game

"Almost all our racquetball players come to class," she adds. "They may only stay 10 minutes if they have a heavy game, but they get loose, stretched out before going on the court."

That gets down to the basic concern: After all the toning and groaning what can aerobic classes do for your racquetball game?

Some instructors, notably Linda Francis at the Moon Athletic Association Racquetball Club in Coraopolis, PA, pattern their steps directly on movements used in sports — stepping forward and down, twisting, swinging the arm out and to the other side of the body, for instance, as though returning a low sizzler. Her students even go through a routine while holding wooden paddles to which long, colored chiffon streamers are tied.

"They're just pretty," says Francis. "It breaks up the monotony."

She includes a lot of stretching before going into the aerobic portion of the class, noting that many people don't stretch out as they should before playing racquetball. The aerobics include arm swings, lunges, rope-jumping and running, although, she notes, with about 20 women on a racquetball court per class, "we have to do a lot of things in place."

Francis, who started teaching slimnastics nine years ago and has studied with Bonnie Prudden, began the aerobics about 1978. The classes became so popular they drew groupies, too — people who watch, but haven't worked up to joining.

"I think it's the up-and-coming thing," she says, noting that her first class had only six or seven people, "and it really gets you ready for racquetball."

Aerobic Entrepreneur

"Racquetball players would benefit greatly by taking other forms of exercise," confirms Jenny Ferguson, part owner of the Highland Park Athletic Club in Dallas and a fitness instructor for six years. She cites the stretching, speed and coordination, as well as the general "strengthening and toning so they can get down low enough and make the reach." Ferguson stresses that she believes in a balanced program, not "just aerobics, or just calisthenics." She uses current music, from jazz to country and western to rock, and has choreographed routines to more than 250 records, including everything from ballet stretches to jazz steps.

"To me you don't really become a good racquetball player without taking some form of exercise," echoes Sue Bradley, in her mid thirties, who started exercising and playing racquetball about three years ago at Old Pueblo Courthouse. Aerobics, she says, are "super for stamina."

"Your body — let's face it, two years ago my body was beginning to age visibly. Now, I'm amazed at how good I look, and I've never felt so good in my life. You could talk to anyone in this club, and they'd tell you the aerobics are great."

Deb Fuentes, at Michigan Racquet Club in Lansing, is another enthusiastic student. "The first three weeks it was really hard to learn," she says of the dance routines, "but once we learned them, it was fun. At the beginning I couldn't get through all the exercise. After a while I could exercise, and then play racquetball. I could tell through my body that I really felt good." Fuentes is a natural athlete who also plays volleyball and fast-pitch softball. After a year and a half of racquetball she was an A player.

Regardless of the physical benefits of aerobics "the bottom line is, it's fun," notes Ed Griffin, manager of the club where Fuentes plays. In that case it's not likely that anyone has more fun than Katie Beck's 6 a.m. crew in Denver. "When they get bored with me, they have guest instructors," she says. "And one time, we went around the room and each person did an exercise. Another day I walked down there at 6 in the morning — and there had been a time change, so the clock said 5 — and there they were, all in a big pile, pretending to be sleeping."

One day they said 'Let's all go to breakfast (instead of having class),' so we did. No one touched any of the sweet rolls, though."

Mike Bazzo pretty well sums up the benefits of aerobic dance:

"It combines physical activity with a lot of fun."

"It's not only intriguing, but it works; there's nothing more monotonous than exercising by going 1-2-3, 1-2-3."

"People get a chance to come together with people having the same interests and values. You get out of your house, and into surroundings conducive to good health. And you have a chance to use the other equipment, too, so you can have a complete workout."

"It's not only the aerobics themselves," he concludes, "but what goes with them."

Racquetball, anyone? ●

Racquetball club managers, prospective aerobics teachers and students—

For more information on starting aerobics classes at your club contact:

Jacki Sorensen Aerobic Dancing, Inc.
18907 Nordhoff St.
Northridge, CA 91234
213-885-0032

Janet Sloane European Aerobics
6614 Racquet Club Dr.
Lauderhill, FL 33319
304-474-4500
1-800-638-6747

Janet Sloane wears a signature scarf across her forehead when she teaches, and people say she resembles Cher—at least until she speaks, and you hear the crisply lilting British accent which derives from her South African upbringing.

"She has a certain star quality," says Terry Fancher, who was program director and assistant manager at The Courtrooms in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, when the club snagged Sloane as an aerobics dance instructor before she "went national."

Now—with 500 students and several teachers in half a dozen locations in the Fort Lauderdale area and with public relations handled by an Eastern firm — Sloane's operation includes daily exercise classes on MSN cable TV in 10 states, tapes, a book and videocassettes so clubs or individuals can use her program on their own, and line of high fashion sports clothing. Ultimately there will be a chain of Janet Sloane health spas.

Janet Sloane Shapiro and her husband, Ashley Shapiro, emigrated to Florida from racially troubled South Africa three years ago. "It was a really heavy decision for us to make," she says, "but we decided to make the move while we were young."

Since she started ballet at the age of four, Sloane, while still young, has a hefty 23 years of dance experience under her belt. She completed all the Royal Academy of Dance examinations, and performed in productions in South Africa ranging from classical ballet to modern and Spanish dance. She also taught dance in Johannesburg.

"When I came to the United States, I started teaching exercise to music, and decided I'd like to make a business of it," says Sloane, who gave her first classes in a church hall for six students. "I wasn't calling it aerobic dancing at all, just exercise to music."

Now she terms her exercises "aerobic dancercise"; the company of which she is president is Gymtique Aerobics, Inc. Drawing on her years of ballet training and her



contacts in the music business in Europe she bills her approach as "European aerobics."

She downplays the "jogging and jumping up and down" which form a significant part of many aerobic dance routines, citing the jolting of the pelvic area which some doctors now feel is harmful to women. Instead Sloan's steps—which she changes every eight weeks—may incorporate modern jazz, ballet, Greek or Indian or Spanish dance or yoga movements.

Most of her tapes and records come from Europe and can't be obtained here. She uses some classical, some African, some disco music—"but not that very, very heavy beat you get sick of after four or five times. Finding the music for my routines is one of the most difficult things I do," she says.

The European influence also comes through in her line of Janet Sloane Fitness Fashions by her husband who was a designer in South Africa. The clothes, of natural fabrics, include leotards, running suits, skirts—everything for before, during and after exercise.

Musing on her success Sloane can't quite keep the amazement out of her voice. "In South Africa you can reach a ceiling. There's no ceiling in the United States," she marvels. "We've just had the most unbelievable reception." ●

—Marilyn R. Abbey

Dance Directory

A sample of the many clubs around the country with aerobic programs

Arizona

Arizona Athletic Club
1425 W. 14th St.
Tempe 85281
Old Pueblo Courthouse
6444 E. Broadway
Tucson 85710
Tucson Athletic Club
4220 E. Bellevue
Tucson 85712

California

Newport Beach Sporting House
3601 Jamboree Rd.
Newport Beach 92660
San Francisco Bay Club
150 Greenwich
San Francisco 94111
Supreme Court
7030 Havenhurst Ave.
Van Nuys 91406
Telegraph Hill Racquetball Club
1850 Kearny St.
San Francisco 94111

Connecticut

Fighting Creek Club
Rt. 7
Redding 06875
Fighting Creek Club II
911 Hope St., Largo Park
Stamford 06907

Colorado

Aspen Health Center
25 Meadows Rd.
Aspen 81611
Cherry Creek Sporting Club
500 S. Cherry St.
Glendale 80222
Colorado Athletic Club
4890 Carr St.
Arvado 80002
Denver Sporting House
5151 DTC Pkwy.
Englewood 80111
Stapleton Plaza Health Club
3333 Quebec
Denver 80203
Vail Athletic Club
352 E. Meadows Dr.
Vail 81657

Florida

The Courtrooms
750 W. Sunrise Blvd.
Fort Lauderdale 33311
Inverrary Racquet Club
Inverrary
Lauderhill 33319

Georgia

Atlanta Sporting Club
1515 Sheridan Rd.
Atlanta 30324
Court South Acres Mill
2969 Cobb Pkwy.
Atlanta 30339
Court South Buckhead
3400 Woodvale Dr. N.E.
Atlanta 30326

Court South Columbus
1500 45th St.
Columbus

Court South Marietta
1990 Delk Industrial Blvd.
Marietta 30067

Court South Sandy Springs
5956 Roswell Rd.
Sandy Springs 30328

Illinois

Tinley Park Racquetball Club
17500 Duvan Dr.
Tinley Park 60477

Michigan

The Courthouse
2625 Courthouse Circle
Jackson 39208

Flint Racquetball & Fitness Club
G3727 Beecher Rd.
Flint 48504

Hamilton Place
30333 Southfield Rd.
Southfield 48076

Michigan Racquetball & Fitness Club
5609 W. Saginaw Hwy.
Lansing 48917

Nevada

Supreme Court
920 Natley Ln.
Reno 89520

New Jersey

Courttime
205 Chubb Av.
Lyndhurst 07071

King's Courts
525 Riverside Ave.
Lyndhurst 07071

Ohio

Englewood Circuit Club
25 Holiday Dr.
Englewood 45322

Pennsylvania

Moon Athletic Assn. Racquetball Club
Grant Dr.
Coraopolis 15108

South Carolina

Greenville Racquetball Club
712 Congaree Rd.
Greenville 29607

Oregon

Eastern Oregon Sports
366 S.E. 5th St.
Ontario 97914

Tennessee

Court South Knoxville
207 Walker Springs Rd.
Knoxville 37919
Court South Murfreesboro
707 W. Main St.
Murfreesboro 37130

Texas

Highland Park Athletic Club
4616 Travis
Dallas 75205

Washington

Seattle Athletic Club
333 N.E. 97th St.
Seattle 98115

Who's Playing Racquetball?

Nancy Fuchs:

Psyching More than Her Opponent

Finding lost animals like King Neptune is Psychic Nancy Fuch's specialty.



Nancy Fuchs of Budd Lake, NJ is a registered nurse and she was once an ordained minister in the non-denominational Church of Ageless Wisdom, but today she's concentrating on more unusual skills. She's a practicing psychic.

Fuchs' ability to see beyond the time and space that surround her has led to some challenging assignments from Susan Lakin, vice president of the Morris County (New Jersey) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and director of Alibi Acres Animal Rescue, Inc. in Mendham, NJ.

"Nancy Fuchs is an incredible lady," Lakin says. "She's helped in finding some 30 animals."

Her recovery of "King Neptune," a wild pony, was typical of Fuch's remarkable way with wayward animals. Bought by John Montefusco, a Morris Township attorney, the five month old brown and white pinto was shipped from Chincoteague, VA and disappeared when the van was unloaded in New Jersey.

"King Neptune was missing for about two months when I called Nancy," Lakin recalls. "After looking at a photo of the pony Nancy was actually able to see where King Neptune was. We went there, saw the pony and approached him, but he ran away."

The next time Fuchs located the pony she predicted that King Neptune's legs would be covered with bramble cuts and that his coat would be a different color. She told Lakin to contact Tom Brown, Jr., a tracker trained by the Apache Indians, to capture the wild pony.

Karen Van Rossum, left, is Fuchs' frequent racquetball opponent.



Baseball fan, Jesse Fuchs, six, asks his mother what she sees in the cards.



Brown caught the pony, right on Fuchs' target. The pony's legs, covered with bramble cuts, had changed color from brown to white.

On a less dramatic level Fuchs uses techniques such as past life regression and telepathy when psychiatrists and other doctors call her in on consultation.

"I try to help people control and develop their own psychic abilities—to tune into the source of insight, comfort and inspiration that exists below the surface of everyone's mind," says Fuchs, whose talents are the subject of *Psychic*, now being filmed by a New York City moviemaker, Roy Frumkes Productions.

She also conducted workshops for the New York Dental Society and Princeton University's Association for Humanistic Psychology and led an adult education course, "The Psychic Expression," in which participants learned to balance physical, emotional, mental and spiritual weaknesses and strengths.

For her own balance Fuchs turns to racquetball. The tall, slender brunette, who's 36, plays with friends at the Racquetball Club of Flanders or with her husband, Paul, an international chemical trader.

"Paul is so into racquetball that he belongs to two clubs, one in Piscataway, where he works, and this one in Flanders, where we have a family membership so Becky, 11, and Jesse, six, can play."

"Racquetball is relaxing, of course, and good exercise. But I like the game most because it's fun. If that means I'm not a serious player, I don't mind."

"There are times that even I can't tell where the ball is going to come from next." ●

—Stella Hart

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Ask the Pro

by Mike Yellen

Starting with these answers from Mike Yellen *National Racquetball* is asking the top touring racquetball pros — both men and women — to answer questions about your game. Address your questions to Ask the Pro, c/o Managing Editor, *National Racquetball*, 4101 Dempster, Skokie, IL 60076.

Pre-Tournament Rest Can Be Good for the Mind

Question: I have been playing racquetball for about five years and in the past two years I have gotten involved in playing tournaments. I love the competition, but I don't seem to do well in tournaments.

I know a major part of playing good racquetball is physical conditioning, but mental stability has a great deal to do with your game.

How do you get mentally prepared for tournaments?

Conni Hobbs • Montgomery, AL

Mike Yellen: Basically it's important to realize that what you do with your workout is what you're going to do in the tournament. Don't fool around in your workout or you'll lose concentration when you're playing where it counts.

During your workout play the best competition you can for your level, so you're working harder than you think you can. When you work out with people who are lower than you in ability, you're not trying hard, and when you get into the tournament with someone of your ability, you slack off— especially in the first round.

Playing better opponents forces you to play as hard as you can the whole workout.

No matter who your opponent is— even someone lower— realize that you can't slack off. Maintain full attention through the entire workout. When I'm back here in Michigan, I'm working out with the best in Michigan, but they're far from pros. I must remind myself to work hard even if I beat my opponents 21-2 or 21-1.

I don't set a particular point difference for beating these people, I just use these workouts to strengthen the mental aspects of my game. I am at 100 percent concentration. I don't allow myself any slacky periods.

If I'm not into a workout 100 percent, both physically and mentally, that day is a waste. Unless I have a major pro tournament coming up, I'll skip a day when I'm sore, tired or feeling lazy.

There was a guy at the Terry Fancher racquetball camp this summer who had a problem coming from work to play a match. He had work on his mind and so his first game always was weak. I told him if he's serious about racquetball, he'll regard the game the same way he does his job. He'll learn to block out problems from other places the minute he gets into the court. One hundred percent of his mind must be on racquetball.

There's something else that can help players other than pros. That's staying away from the game two days before a tournament. Nothing can be improved on the day before the tournament and staying away can make a player more anxious and excited to play when the tournament starts.

Question: How do I learn to wait to let the ball drop to its lowest height in order to most effectively hit it low on the front or side wall?

I find that I can get to the ball quickly enough in the course of play, but I find myself rushing and hitting the ball too high. As a result, of course, my opponent finds another opportunity to "put the ball away."

What drilling techniques can you suggest to help?

Bill Miles • West Des Moines, IA

Mike Yellen: A lot of people think to hit a killshot you must hit it low. Actually pros often hit waist high. When you're playing someone close, you're keeping each other on the run and you're both out of position.

You can't set up and you can't let the ball drop.

At your level of play, Bill, you're problem probably is that you're changing your swing to hit low balls. You're probably reaching out, instead of bending down with your knees, so your stroke is less efficient. You must learn to hit the ball as low as you can only if your swing is the same each time— and you're balanced each time.

Two words are more important than height of ball. Those are SPACE and TIME. You have to have room to hit the offensive shot— you can't be boxed in by the wall. And you have to have time to get back behind the ball, step into the ball and take your entire swing without being rushed.

"Low" is different for different people. It can fall anywhere between the ankle and waist, though "low" to most pros is between knee height and ankle height.

(1) Find that point of contact that is comfortable for you by dropping the ball and hitting— watching, of course, to see if the ball lands low on the front wall. Keep dropping and hitting until you find the right height for you off the floor, then check to see what angle your racquet is at and how far you're bending. When you get into the right groove dropping the ball, you can

(2) Hit off the front wall while moving your feet, remembering your body and racquet position in step (1). Let your feet take you back and forward, contacting the ball at the same height every time.

Take your time. Don't rush the drills. Points (1) and (2) may take weeks. By the time you try hitting off the side and back walls, you'll feel so comfortable with the right swing, you won't change it. ●

Ready for the Kill

by Terry Fancher

This is an excerpt from *Racquetball 1, 2, 3*, published by the Athletic Institute, Palm Beach, FL.

The killshot is definitely the most offensive shot in the game of racquetball. A well executed killshot ends a rally by being hit so low on the front wall that it is impossible for the opposing player to return the ball before it bounces twice on the floor.

As in every racquetball shot the best way to consistently hit a killshot is to learn to prepare in advance. The only slight difference between the killshot and other ground strokes in racquetball is that the kill demands that the ball be allowed to drop lower to the floor, at knee height or below. Think of the ball being suspended at the end of a string and do not rush to hit it but simply take a longer stride into the shot.

This means that you will have to get farther behind the ball before attempting the killshot, because of that elongated stride into the stroke. What occurs is that your hips get lower as your stride lengthens and, therefore, you can make a low sidearm stroke parallel to the floor. Since the ball is carrying to the front wall after you hit it at a low flat angle, the chances of it striking the front wall and staying low on the rebound are greatly increased.

To attempt an effective killshot if the ball carries into deep court about two-thirds of the distance to the back wall, your opponent should not be moving toward center court, but laying back in deep court with you. All importantly the player attempting the kill must drop back behind the ball as quickly as possible with the racquet up and cocked.

If the ball is only returned in short court, at the short service line or closer to the front wall, the offensive player must quickly move up, staying behind the ball far enough to allow that all-important stride into the shot. Then he executes a firm fluid sidearm swing, being careful not to get too close to the ball. It is always easier to reach for the ball slightly than to crowd it too closely, handcuffing the swing.



When attempting a killshot drop back behind the ball, lengthen your stride and make a low sidearm stroke parallel to the floor.



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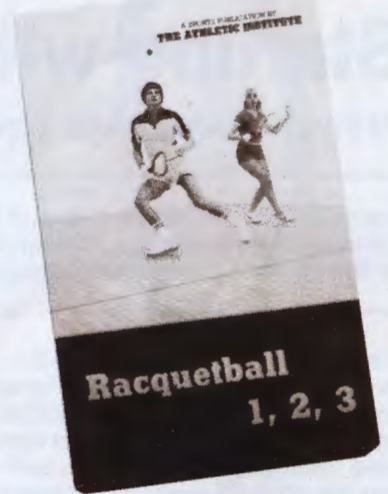


To kill the ball when it has been returned in short court the player should move up quickly, stay behind the ball and execute a firm fluid sidearm swing.



The ball may be killed straight into the front wall first, or it may be aimed slightly into either side wall first, causing the ball to lose momentum in the process and also causing your opponent to delay slightly before continuing his movement toward the ball. This gives the offensive player a distinct advantage and throws his opponent's timing off.

Care should be taken that the kill is not attempted too often or the opposing player will begin to anticipate this and begin to retrieve your favorite kill. This can cause a rapid loss of confidence in your best shot. So, mix up kills with pass shots, cross court and ceiling shots and you will notice more effective rallying and more points scored with you in control of the game. ●



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Model Grips—

Starting with the Forehand

by Shannon Wright with Steve Keeley

Reprinted from *The Women's Book of Racquetball* by Shannon Wright with Steve Keeley with permission from Contemporary Books, Inc., Chicago, IL Copyright © 1980 by Service Press Inc. and Wright Racquetball Inc.

The strokes in racquetball include the forehand and the backhand. Hit forehands on the right side of your body, backhands on the left side of your body. That doesn't leave much room for originality or innovation, though you'd swear some players refuse to acknowledge this when they scrunch their carcasses against the left side wall when running around their feeble backhands to use a stronger forehand stroke. I suppose these players could be said to have two forehands, in the same way that some folks have two left feet.

The originality in stroke work comes not with the separation of the forehand and backhand but with the way different individuals swat the ball. For example Two Time National Champ Peggy Steding strokes the ball in a radically different way from me, Two Time National Champ Shannon Wright. Peggy uses a short and wristy swing, where mine is more of a loop with a bullwhip crack at ball contact. Yet, judging by our court credentials, we each seem to be hitting the ball properly for our individual physiologies and game styles.

Similarly the correct stroke for you is probably not exactly the right one for the next player. There is no way that a 5'10", 135 pound player will—or should—swing a racquet like a 5', 95 pound player.

That there is one proper stroke, or model stroke, for all players is a fallacy perpetuated by lackadaisical instructors and by instructional texts. From a teaching instructor's viewpoint it is decidedly easier to walk into the court and sagely announce "Here is how I hit the ball . . . got it? That is the proper stroke. Now you do exactly the same, and I'll see you next week for the backhand lesson." This obviously is not the ideal teaching method, especially in a one-on-one instructor-student situation. On the other hand I'll grant that in a clinic format where one pro lectures and demonstrates to a group of players the monkey-see-monkey-do learning technique is the only practical approach. I use it because if I went one-

on-one when teaching the forehand and backhand strokes to each of 30 students in a clinic, we wouldn't get past the backswing.

The other area where a singular proper, or model, stroke for all players is used is in an instructional book—such as this one. This is out of necessity, as when teaching to a clinic group. However let me explain how I would teach you or anyone else the strokes in a private individual lesson. Unless my student has absolutely never stroked a racquetball before, I initially tell her to hit a few balls with her normal forehand (or backhand). She does, and my experienced eye usually picks out a couple of gross errors in the stroke. I point out one of these errors, tell her how to correct it and why, then have her hit a few more balls with the improved swing. Then I point out the other stroke error, tell her how to correct it and why, and have her hit away with this, the right stroke for her.

Let's illustrate this learning process with a specific example. Consider the apocryphal anecdote of Magnolia Morepower. Maggie had a sweet stroke before she came to me for tips, with two points of exception—she usually forgot to take both a backswing and a follow through. I noticed this when she took a few practice swings for me, and I gently urged her to make one correction at a time. First I said "Magnolia, I think you'd generate more power if you took a backswing before hitting the ball. Watch me hit one . . . just like that." So she took a backswing before hitting the ball and was pleased to find she could whack it about 20 percent harder than before. Then I announced the second correction: "Magnolia now that you've got the backswing down, I think you'd generate more power if you followed through after striking the ball. Watch my follow through on this stroke . . . just like that. Now you try it." You can guess that when Magnolia added a follow through to the backswing on her stroke, she hit the ball like Marty Hogan in a tutu. Her booming shots moved the front wall back with each swing.

When you use the closed face Neanderthal grip in a rushed or stressed situation, the body isn't able to compensate for the bad grab.

You should have learned from this anecdote that the ideal teaching method is just the opposite of the traditional method utilized in clinics and instructional books. With Magnolia I had her take her normal stroke and then adapted that swing to the model stroke. In this book, however, I am forced to present the model strokes and have you adapt to them and butcher them as you may.

The model stroke, by my definition, is that swing (forehand or backhand) which is the easiest and fastest to learn by the most players with the best results. The model strokes are the universal swings that, if everyone were an average player, would serve as excellent patterns for all to emulate.

With that disclaimer out of the way let's talk briefly about feedback. You should seek outside input about your strokes. This feedback can be something as sophisticated as a videotape analysis, or something more practical like a buddy screaming in your ear "Take a backswing, Magnolia, you clod!"

Then, after you receive intelligent and constructive criticism about your strokes, be openminded enough not to just pooh-pooh it in rejection. This happens all the time—especially among court peers—and the player receiving the criticism doesn't benefit, while the person giving the advice certainly won't feel inclined to offer it again. I once instructed a player in California who had a strange request at our initial lesson. (This anecdote, unlike that of Magnolia Morepower, really happened.) This gal walked onto the court and the first thing she said was "Hi. I'm happy with my strokes. I've been doing sports all my life and I'm coordinated enough to clobber the ball pretty hard. My problem is that every ball goes into the front wall three feet high. Every stupid one! I'll be satisfied with this series of lessons if only you can show me how to kill the ball low on the front wall." So I told her to drop and hit a couple of shots using

The improper fist grip is perhaps the most common of all forehand grip errors. The racquet is not a club. If you hold it as such, your forehand shots will likely skip into the floor.

her normal stroke. She obliged, and she was right. She did clobber the ball with a picturesque stroke—but it sent almost every shot into the front wall three feet high. The too high problem was easy to diagnose because I had seen it many times before. I told her she was contacting the ball waist high, which is fine for tennis or baseball hitting but results in a “squash” (too-high) kill in racquetball. “You have to lower your point of ball contact to knee high or lower,” I said.

“I am hitting it knee high,” she snapped, and then demonstrated by dropping and hitting the ball. Again her contact was at waist height.

“That was waist high,” I pointed out.

“Now watch more closely,” she said, and she dropped and hit the ball at her waist again. “You see?” she said. “I contact the ball at my knees and it still goes into the front wall three feet high. What’s the problem?” The problem was that her self-image and actual swing were about two feet in disagreement. This gal just lacked a little body awareness, a frequent occurrence among beginning racquetballers. The solution to the problem?

“Please try this for me,” I said. “Contact a few shots ankle high.” The gal looked at me doubtfully, then dropped and hit the ball into the front wall. The height of her ball contact on the stroke—though supposedly ankle high—was exactly at knee height. Predictably the ball zoomed off her strings and into the front wall only inches up from the floor. Terrific! I instructed her to hit a few more at ankle height. She did and the shots went in for nearly perfect roll-offs. Then my student, though obviously pleased with the dramatic lowering of her shots, nevertheless could not resist chiding my ostensible teaching ineptness. “Why didn’t you tell me I had to contact the ball ankle high in the first place?!”

The moral of the story is “If only we could see our strokes as other people see them.” Well, we can’t—but we can solicit

criticism and try out constructive suggestions. Discard the ideas that don’t help you and incorporate into your strokes the ones that do.

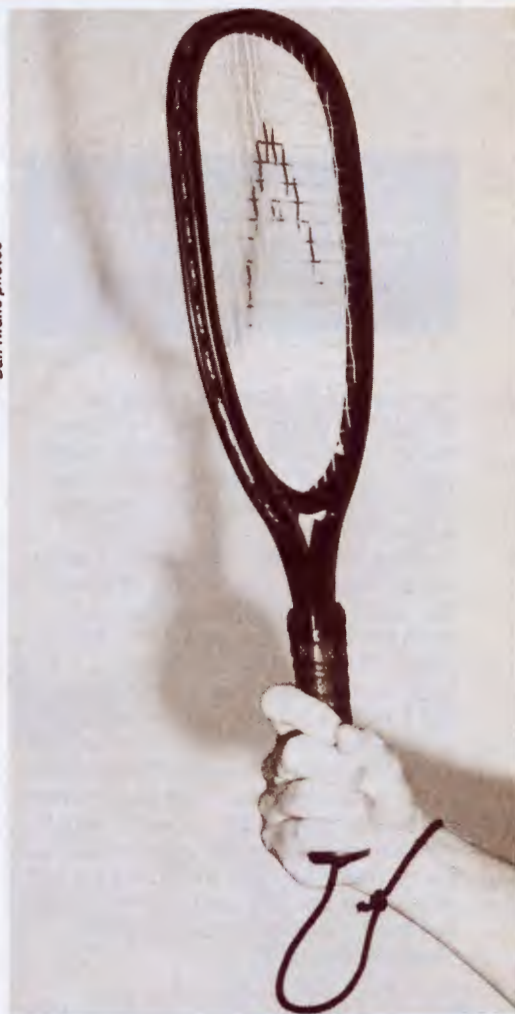
In this and the next three chapters trust my model grips and strokes as good guidelines to proper technique. Next get feedback. Then practice, practice, practice—that’s what the drills in chapter 10 are for. But, like the player whose feet are quicker than the rest of her body, we’re getting ahead of ourselves without even starting. Let’s begin with the forehand—first the grip, then the stroke.

Forehand Grip Preview

I’ve had many students who have admirable swings, but who use an aborted grip to grasp the racquet. An improper grip usually negates the most perfect stroke, rendering it ineffective.

Let me describe a situation I’ve come across dozens of times in my teaching that demonstrates the importance of using a proper grip. In this common error the gal grabs the racquet handle as though it were a Neanderthal club. Her hand wraps around the grip in a tight fist with the palm behind (this will be explained) the handle. You’d think this lady was going dinosaur hunting instead of pursuing a little ball. In fact this mis-grip seems natural to so many court greenhorns that it may have been passed down genetically from our dinosaur clubbing ancestors. If you give a beginning player a racquet and tell her to shake hands with it in typical grip fashion, I’ll bet she shakes hands with this improper palm-behind-the-handle fist grip before the racquet has a chance to shake back and say, “pleased to meet you.” The problem with this mis-grip is that it causes the racquet to angle toward the floor (closed face) when ball contact is made. This, in turn, directs the ball toward the floor for a skipped shot—again and again.

I’m not saying that you cannot hit the ball decently with a slightly improper grip or



—Den Iwans photos

stroke. You can, because if you practice even a wrong technique long enough it becomes efficient. For example my forehand stroke used to be far from picture-book perfect. I used to push rather than pop my forehand at ball contact. Yet I was successful with my spastic swing because I had hit thousands of practice shots with it over a period of a year. During that practice my body adapted to the incorrect push swing by compensating in other areas.

Indeed *your* body is an excellent adjuster when it comes to smoothing out grip and stroke mistakes—if these are only minor errors. And the nice thing about the body as a compensatory mechanism is that it adapts without your realization of it. Reconsider the case of the Neanderthal club grip. The body naturally adapts to this improper downward inclination of the racquet face (closed face) by having the right hitting shoulder dip and by causing the ball to be contacted farther forward than normal. The result is level shots rather than skip balls.

A callous on the heel of the hand announces "I belong to the hand of a racquetball fanatic."

The proper forehand grip begins when you grasp the throat of the racquet with your left hand.

Your immediate question should be "What's the use of worrying about the proper grip and stroke if the body neatly transforms it all into an effective stroke?" The problem with adapting to improper techniques surfaces in two instances: (1) when your swing is rushed on a setup that offers little setup time, or (2) when you stroke in a stressful situation, as when you're nervous at 20-20 in a big match. Either of these conditions amplifies the weak links in your stroke. The body doesn't have either the time or the presence of mind to adapt when the swing is rushed or stressed. Relating this to the closed-face Neanderthal grip when rushed or stressed, the body isn't able to compensate for the bad grab (by dipping the right shoulder and contacting the ball farther forward). The sad result is that the ball skips into the floor on rushed or stressed swings.

This is only one example of why you should start with good solid techniques rather than force your body to accommodate faulty ones that will fall apart under pressure. Let's start now with the most basic of all racquetball techniques—the forehand grip. Get a racquet out of your gym bag—right this minute. Use it as you progress through the following steps. Otherwise I guarantee you'll end up with an improperly rotated mind.

Forehand Grip Technique

Before we begin, I'm pleased to announce to all court newcomers that the racquetball racquet has a throat, head, face and butt—just like the rest of us. The racquet's anatomy is somewhat misplaced, however. The head is everything above the handle, and the face is the strung hitting surface on the head. The throat, of course, is just below the face. The throat slims down into the handle, and this continues down—to the butt or terminal bump of the racquet's handle. (See illustration.)

1. Grasp the throat of your racquet with your nonracquet (left) hand. Hold the

racquet in front of and out from your waist, so that the strung face is perpendicular to the floor.

2. Grasp the racquet handle with your hitting (right) hand as though you were shaking hands with the racquet.

3. Check to see that the palm of your hand lies in about the same perpendicular-to-the-floor plane as the face. Or your palm should lie along and be in the same plane as the flat surface on the right side of the handle.

4. This step relates to the previous one and ensures that the racquet is properly rotated within your hand . . . or:

First you must become familiar with the thumb-finger V of your hitting hand. Hold your right hand out in front of you with the fingers spread and the back of the hand facing you—as though admiring your fingernails. Scrutinize the area where your thumb protrudes strangely out to the left of your index finger. Take special note of that web of skin connecting the bases of your thumb and index finger. This should look like webbing between the toes of your pet frog. Now for the fun part. Start bringing your thumb and index finger closer together without bending them.

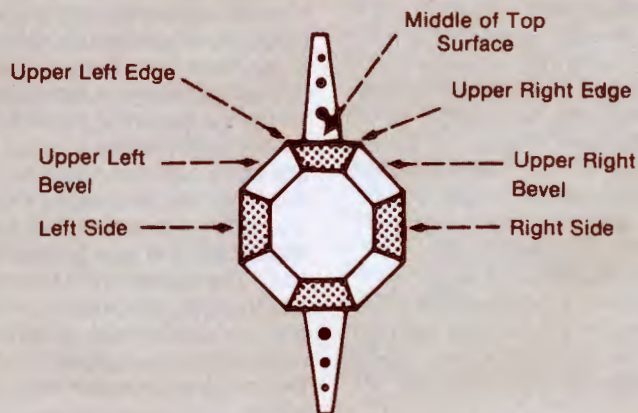


Shake hands with the racquet handle. Your palm should lie along the right flat side of the handle.



Observe your frog's toe-web crack a vertical smile when thumb and index finger are at about a 30-degree angle. Well, smile back, because you have formed the V—the point of reference for the forehand (and, in another chapter, the backhand) grip.

The V at the juncture of the thumb and index finger goes right on the middle of the uppermost flat surface of the handle when you grasp the racquet properly for the forehand. Reread that last sentence because it is the basis for this step and for the whole forehand grip. Grip the racquet in this manner now.



A butt view from the end of the racquet handle. For your forehand grip the V formed by your thumb and index finger should fall approximately over the arrow labeled "middle of top surface."



If the handle is properly rotated within your hand, the V formed by the juncture of your thumb and forefinger will fall directly over the middle of the topmost flat surface of the racquet handle. Squaring the racquet face to the front wall in this manner ensures solid straight-in shots.

Avoid an improper fist grip by moving your index finger up on the handle slightly so that there is a small space between your index and middle fingers.



If the V does not fall on the center of the upper handle surface, you are holding on with an incorrectly rotated grip. That is if the V falls too far to the right of the middle of the upper surface, you are behind the racquet handle—as in the previously described Neanderthal club grip. Go ahead, and for a minute hold the racquet improperly with this behind-the-handle grasp. Hold that grip and—without the ball—take a practice forehand swing. Stop the swing in midstroke, where you normally contact the ball. Note that the racquet face slants down toward the floor—the face is closed.

On the other hand the V at the base of your thumb and index finger may fall too far the opposite way. It may be improperly positioned to the left of the middle of the upper surface of the handle. That spells just as bad trouble when you start swinging. Take a practice swing as before—without the ball—and stop in midstroke where you normally contact the ball. Note that at this freeze position the racquet slants up toward the ceiling—the face is open. It isn't hard to predict that shots with this incorrect grip will angle upward.

I dwell on the V point of reference because it is perhaps the most important yet least understood aspect of the grip. If your shots consistently angle either too low or too high off the racquet strings, first suspect an overly closed or open face, respectively. This can usually be traced back to a misplaced frog's toe smile on the grip.

5. I have repeatedly refuted the fist grip but have not yet provided the correct alternative. The proper technique is termed the *trigger finger grip*.

Grasp the racquet as outlined by all the steps above. Now move your index finger up slightly on the handle so that a small space appears between your index and middle fingers. The knuckles of these two fingers should be about a half inch apart. This is called the trigger finger or pistol grip because it resembles pulling the trigger of a pistol when you play cops and robbers.

Big deal, you say, just what does it accomplish? This minute adjustment allows the hand to cover at least 10 percent more surface area of the handle. The extra surface area covered includes the upper portion of the handle, which is where racquet control originates. Therefore the trigger finger increases swing control.

6. Now check to see that you are *gripping the racquet at the proper height on the handle. Look at the butt. It should rest in the heel of your hand.*

To locate the heel of your hand look at your palm. The heel is that fleshy pad on the left lower quadrant of your right palm. You're going to find, as I have, that if you run around the courts long enough with the butt on your heel, a callous forms on that fleshy hump. Yep you'll witness a little mound of hard flesh pop up on that area of your palm and proudly announce "I belong to the hand of a racquetball fanatic!"

Rest the index finger back on the handle. This is the correct trigger finger grip, in which the knuckles of your index and middle fingers are about half an inch apart. The trigger finger grip gives greater racquet control since it allows more of your hand to cover more of the handle surface.



Check to make sure that the butt of the racquet lies approximately against the heel of your hand.

This series of photos shows the effect of racquet handle rotation on the angle of the racquet face for forehand shots. The grip in this photo (*above left*) has the thumb-index finger V too far to the right (too near the right bevel of the top handle surface). The result? ...

The V point of reference is perhaps the most important yet least understood aspect of the grip.

Placing the butt of the racquet in the heel of your hand is intended only as a general guide to grip height. This guide has evolved from the ups and downs of both ends of the racquet handle. I remember that during the old days of dead balls and tinker toy racquets the grip gospel, according to the experts, demanded that you hold the racquet as low on the handle as possible. Your little finger, it was said, should run off the end of the handle—as though you were daintily holding a teacup according to proper etiquette. I suppose there was a reason for this low grip at the time. Back then if you choked up much higher on the handle, you lost the leverage necessary to propel the slower balls with the less potent racquets. This, then, was the era of the eagleclaw grip. But the grip moved up toward the other end of the handle with the advent of the superfast ball. Now the instructing demigods preached a new gospel: you must choke up on the handle a half inch to an inch, or suffer the consequence of lessened control. This, then, was the era of the Ping Pong grip.

I believe these were as much errors as eras. Let's call today—and what I am teaching here—the era of the butt-in-heel grip. It is a compromise between the two previous grip eras. Note, again, that this compromise grip is a guide rather than a stringent mandate. It has about a half inch of tolerance, which allows you to grip up or down the handle a half inch from the exact butt-in-heel position. Your final grip within this half inch of tolerance should reflect your personal comfort and stroke results.

Important note: Be advised not to deviate too far up or down the handle on your grip, unless you've been around the game a long time. Remember the recommended half inch of tolerance either way. The higher up you grip the handle—in the direction of the Ping Pong grip—the more control, but the less power, you have. If you choose to experiment upward on the handle, fine. Go up an eighth of an inch at



Here the thumb-index finger V lies too far to the left on the handle (too near the left bevel of the handle's top surface).

... the racquet face is too closed, or it angles down at the floor at the point of ball contact. Shots hit using this improper grip go into the floor with excess top spin.



first and see what happens when you hit a few balls. Then, if you must, continue up by one-eighth-inch increments—up to half an inch above the normal heel-in-butt grip.



The same rule holds when you experiment with your grip in the reverse direction—down the handle. Go toward the eagle claw grip only an eighth of an inch at a time, pausing at each increment to hit enough shots to get a feel for that particular grip height. You should find that the lower you grip the racquet, the more power but the less control you have.

I can sense that you're skeptical that such a minor adjustment in grip height could cause such an appreciable difference in the control-power mix on your swings. A practical analogy here should convince you. Recall the last time you used a hammer to pound a nail. You started out by grasping the handle fairly high toward the head, and used short controlled hits to get the nail started without banging your thumb. Once the nail was started, you shifted your grip on the hammer a little

This, the correct racquet rotation, places the thumb-index finger V right over the middle of the topmost flat surface of the handle. The result? . . .



. . . the racquet face is properly perpendicular to the floor.



You can often identify veteran racquetballers by the callous on the fleshy hump of the heel of the hand. The butt of the racquet goes approximately against the heel of the hand when gripping the handle for both forehand and backhand shots.



toward the end of the handle and pounded the nail a few more times until it stuck stably about halfway into the wood. Then, if the nail was long, you adjusted your grip to hold the hammer at the very end of the handle, and you issued the final few powerful blows. You may have missed the nail entirely with a couple of these final swings, but when you hit it, it really moved.

The same effect takes place with the racquet and ball. But don't just read it here, nod your head in agreement, and say "What a brilliant analogy!" Try it out right now — with the racquet and ball. Go up and down the handle in eighth-inch increments and take mental note of the effect on power and control.

7. The final step for the forehand grip concerns how tightly to grip the racquet. There is really no empirical measure, as could be applied with the previous steps. *Grip tightness is relative according to your squeeze strength.* But, if you must have a more precise monitor of grip tightness, try using about 80 percent of your maximum squeeze when you are gripping to swing at the ball. That is grasp the racquet with about the same degree of tightness as when you shake hands with an opponent before a match — firmly and with confidence.

Perhaps more significant than how much is when to squeeze down on the handle. You should grasp the racquet firmly when hitting the ball, then loosen your clasp slightly until it is your turn to swing again. This process should be natural and unconscious — squeeze, relax, squeeze, relax, as the rally continues. If you ever come across a player who constantly grasps her racquet in a white knuckle grip — even when her opponent is hitting the ball — you can logically conclude that you are witnessing an intense individual in an intense game. Her forearm will cramp into the texture of a frozen potato if the game continues much longer at that level of stress.



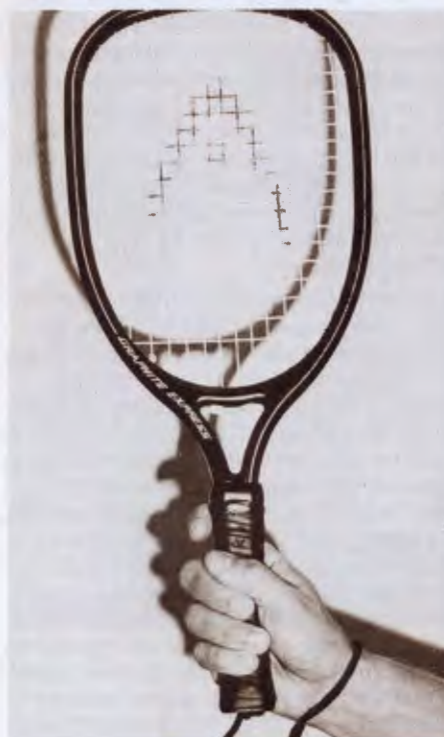
The thumb-forefinger V juncture is the prime locator for racquetball grips. Grab a racquet and note the web of skin connecting the bases of your thumb and index finger. This web forms a V as you grasp the racquet.

The V for the forehand grip goes directly over the middle of the topmost surface of the handle. The pen in this photo points at the middle of the topmost surface.



A side view of the trigger finger grip reveals the small space between the index and middle fingers.

... a view from underneath the handle. This emphasizes the importance of the trigger finger when you grip the racquet.



Let's review the seven steps to the proper forehand grasp.

1. Hold the racquet by the throat in front of you with your nongun hand.
2. Shake hands with the racquet handle with your hitting hand.
3. Check that your palm and the right flat surface of the handle lie in the same plane — perpendicular to the floor.
4. Place the thumb-index finger V on the center of the uppermost handle surface to ensure proper rotation.
5. Use a trigger finger grip with a small space between the knuckles of your index and middle fingers.
6. Place the butt of the racquet into the heel of your hand.
7. Grasp the racquet firmly and with authority when you hit the ball.

Common Errors

After you feel you have the forehand grip down pat, I suggest you evaluate it with the checklist below. Then have a knowledgeable person make a final inspection. This may all seem redundant until you consider the other possibility. Suppose you practice hundreds of forehand strokes a day for the next month, only to discover at the end of that time that your grip has been wrong. How sad, especially since it is more difficult to correct an improper grip than it is to learn the proper grip the first time. And worse altering the grip almost always involves a concurrent change in the stroke. So let's carefully examine the typical grip errors.

1. Common error number one is *grasping the racquet behind the handle*. In other words the thumb-index finger V falls too far to the right on the uppermost flat surface of the handle. In extreme improper cases the V may fall on the right flat surface (the one parallel with the racquet face) rather than on the uppermost one. Grab your racquet now in this incorrect manner just to see how it feels and how much it closes the racquet face. Suspect this common error if your stroke feels comfortable but your shots consistently skip into the floor. This error often goes hand in hand with the improper fist grip, which is explained below.

2. Much less common an error is *grasping the racquet too far to the left* — in the opposite direction of the previous error. When the V falls too far to the left on the handle's uppermost surface, the racquet face opens too much and your forehands don't feel solid upon ball contact. Your shots will likely come off the strings with power dampening slice, or backspin. Another symptom of this error is having shots consistently go too high into the front wall.

Among improper grippers I'd estimate that only one player grips with the V too far left (open face) for every five players who grip with the V too far right (closed face).

Common error number one for the forehand grip is grasping behind the handle, or with the V too far to the right on the handle surface.



3. This error is the fist grip described earlier as the *Neanderthal grasp*. It often occurs in conjunction with the behind-the-handle mis-grip described in error number one. Be aware that your racquet is neither a tenpin nor a cave woman's club. If you hold it as such, you'll likely skip a majority of your kill attempts into the floor. In addition you'll have less racquet control with the fist grip. This is because, as I pointed out before, your palm covers less handle surface. Players who use a fist grip might as well have a missing index finger on the hand that grasps the racquet handle. Spread it out a tad with a trigger finger grip.

4. *Grasping the racquet too high* is an error that, for some mysterious reason, is especially prevalent among female players. The major symptom of this problem is a lack of power. Recall that the higher on the handle you hold the racquet, the less leverage you have. Do you swing a real mean stroke but your shots nonetheless lack pizzazz? You may be too choked up.

5. Less common among female players than choking up is *holding the handle too low on the racquet*. The main symptom here is random rubber bullets — your shots have warp velocity but no accuracy. The cure? Try choking up on the handle in eighth-inch increments until you feel in control of your racquet.



Common error number three is the fist grip. Avoid this by checking that: (1) your thumb-index finger V falls over the middle of the topmost surface, and (2) your hand is spread over the handle with a trigger finger grip.



Common error number four is grasping the racquet too high on the handle. Choking too far up in this manner leads to a loss of stroke power. It is allowable to choke up a little on the handle, but don't let the heel of your hand stray too far above the butt of the racquet. ●

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Momentum: The Game Within

by Mike Yellen

In this exclusive *National Racquetball* series Mike Yellen, who finished second in the NRC 1980-81 season, discusses topics that come up in clinics he runs for his sponsor, Ektelon.

Within every racquetball game there is another battle going on, sort of a game within a game. It's the struggle for the game's momentum.

If you've ever watched an NFL football game or NBA basketball game on the tube, you've heard the announcer go on about how important this element is to the final outcome.

The team with the momentum has a better chance of scoring or stopping the opposition. It's the same in racquetball.

With the momentum on your side more of your killshots stay down. Your pinches and passes are more effective, too, while the opposite is true for your opponent.

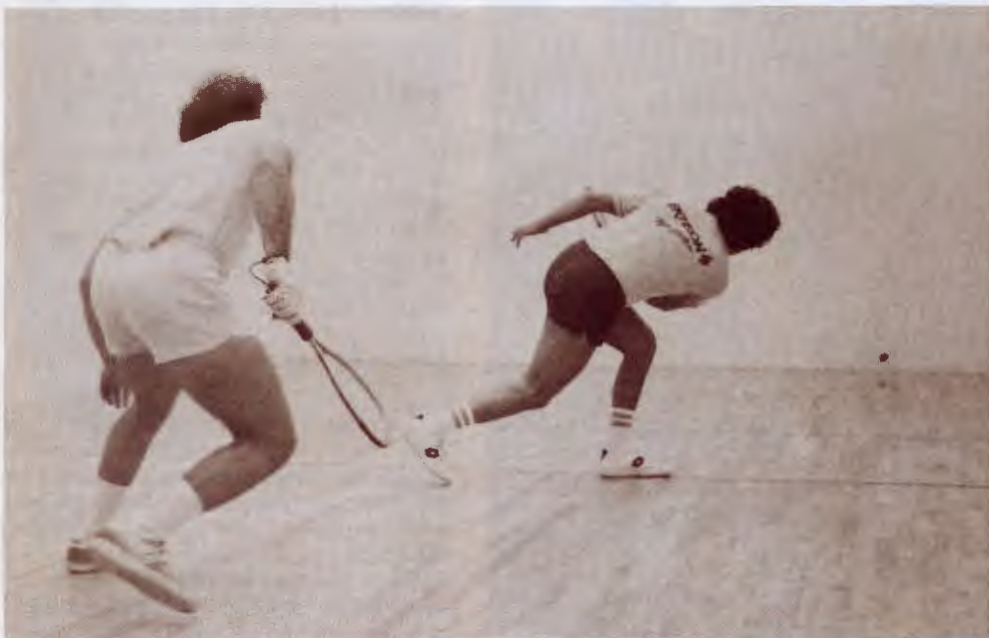
This is a real, not an imagined, difference. If you can seize the momentum, you can control the flow of the game. You can put your opponent on the defensive, force him to shoot off balance or on the run. You can put him in the position of having to take chances.

You, on the other hand, will have more time to set up. You will generally be shooting from a more advantageous position and can afford to take more high percentage shots rather than having to push your luck.

In most matches the momentum is constantly changing hands, going back and forth between the players. In fact every time there is an exchange of shots, there is an opportunity for the momentum to change hands.

I like to think of it as the king-of-the-hill game we have all played as kids. There is only one player who can hold the hilltop at any one time and he has a certain amount of leverage over the other players who are scrambling up to knock him off. However it's a difficult spot to control for very long.

In racquetball the longer you can hold the high ground in a game, the better your chances of winning it. Each rally starts, of course, with the momentum in the hands of the server. He clearly has the advantage over the receiver and the result is often an ace.



With the game's momentum on your side, you are usually in a better position to execute offensive shots such as this kill. At the same time you may sometimes find it necessary to go for a kill or pinch from less advantageous positions on the court in order to regain the momentum from your opponent.

However let's say the receiver immediately kills the serve or hits a down-the-line drive that the server can't retrieve. The momentum has obviously changed hands.

Or suppose that the receiver only gets a weak shot to the front wall. There has been no change and the server is still in a better position for a scoring shot.

The other possibility is that the receiver will get off a ceiling ball or a retrievable cross court pass, both of which would probably call for a ceiling shot by the server. Here no one has a clear advantage until, inevitably, someone makes a mistake or is successful with a low percentage kill or pinch from the back court.

The question becomes: how to gain the game's momentum—that is, the best court position and time to shoot—and hold on to it?

The best way is through perfect execution of all your shots. As ludicrous as that sounds, there are some players who come very close. Marty Hogan is tough not only because he hits the ball hard, but also because he is incredibly accurate.

All of us get on hot streaks from time to time and it's important to recognize when you're "on" and exploit it. That means going for every offensive opportunity when you have good court position and the time to use it. It also can mean going for the tougher shots when you're out of position and your opponent is controlling the flow of the game. It's one way to regain the momentum. There are a couple of others.

The most conservative way is with the ceiling return I mentioned before where you first just try to get on an equal footing. That works the best in most situations. The only other point to make about that is that you need a good ceiling ball.

Avoid Spectator Chin

by Mel Baker

Reprinted from the May 17 Issue of *The Ledger-Gazette* and *AV Press*, Lancaster CA, with permission of the publisher.



Before going out on a limb to regain the momentum try a ceiling ball like I do here against San Diego's Dan Factor. The ceiling ball does not immediately regain the momentum, but it does put you on an even footing with your opponent. From there you can maneuver into the more advantageous position.

Unfortunately a lot of players today overlook this part of the game in their haste to develop a good offense. Then, too, you may be playing someone who simply has a better ceiling game and can hit ceiling balls with you all day long. Still another possibility is that you'll be playing a former tennis player or someone like Lindsay Myers who can slam dunk an overhead shot in a front corner from deep in the back court.

Fortunately no one is good at everything. If the ceiling balls aren't working, try alternating cross court passes first to the right and then the left rear corners. When they're hit high off the front wall, these shots can be defensive in nature, just preserving the status quo in much the same way as a ceiling ball. Hit low they may be point winners in and of themselves. These shots also can be alternated with pinches and roll corner shots to give your opponent Charlie Brumfield's famous "tour of the court."

If none of these methods work, if your opponent is cutting off your shots and putting them away, you have no choice but to start taking those low percentage offensive shots I mentioned earlier. The traditional control game doesn't work with guys like Hogan or Dave Peck. You have to go for it and hope that your hand is hotter than theirs that day. ●

Dapper Dan stepped out of the court, put down his racquet and sat down along side of Old Handball Harry. Dan appeared to be a wee bit discouraged about the results of his practice session

"Something bothering you, Dan?" asked Harry. Dan nodded his head to indicate a yes. Harry didn't rush the issue. He figured that Dan would talk when he was ready. Dan waved to a friend and said a few words to a couple of well wishers who stopped to talk to him.

When things had quieted down, Dan turned to Harry and said, "I'm having trouble off the back wall. I've been blowing a lot of backwall shots in tournaments. In fact it has cost me some games and matches. I seem to make the backwall shots okay in practice, but in a match I either hit the floor or bring the ball up so that my opponent gets a big, fat, juicy rollout-killshot."

Harry nodded his head to show that he was listening but still kept quiet.

"Would you watch me hit a few and see if you can spot my trouble? You've seen me play quite often and know my style of play," stated Dan.

"Okay," replied Harry. "Get in and hit a few and I'll keep an eye on you." After a few moments more of rest Dan returned to the court to resume his practice session. Harry moved a little closer to the rear glass wall.

Dan began the almost endless routine of practice shots employed by all good players to sharpen their skills. He did 20 serves from one point and then did 20 serves from another point. He bounced the ball off the side walls and hit it to the front wall 20 times. Then on to another part of the court. Finally Dan started to hit the ball off the rear wall.

He hit 20 forehand shots and then he hit 20 backhand shots. Harry watched him very carefully and finally nodded his head. He got up and walked around, waiting for Dan to get off the court. Finally Dan came out and sat down.

"Notice anything?" asked Dapper Dan.

"Yep," replied Harry. "You got chin trouble."

"You're shifting your chin towards the front wall. It's moving just about one inch—but that's one inch is too much!" said Harry.

"Do you mean that I'm peeking just a little bit at the front wall?" asked Dan.

"There's no such thing as a little peek," snapped Harry. "Any movement of your head during a backwall return is guaranteed to throw the shot off. Normally you always keep your chin in right and your head down during your practice shots you have started to fall into the bad habit of wanting to see where your shot goes."

"So, I turn my head just a little bit," answered Dan.

"That's it," said Harry. "What you are doing is reinforcing a poor procedure and making it into a bad habit . . ."

"And," picked up Dan, "I carry that bad habit over into my games." Harry nodded yes.

"Most athletes, in fact most people, do not recognize the fact that the HEAD'S POSITION is the KEY to body action. The body follows the head," said Harry, firmly. "Just watch a good high diver do a simple forward sommersault dive. The head controls the entry into the start of the dive. It controls the spin and then controls the breakout before entry into the water. The head leads and the body follows. Even the smallest shift in head position or head-timing will blow the dive!!"

"Now," continued Harry as he lifted two fingers into the air, "There are two classes of people on a court. Players and spectators. Spectators usually pay to watch the shots. When you move your chin and peek—you become a spectator. You pay by blowing the shot. That's expensive!"

"I get the point Harry," answered Dan.

"Keep my head down on all backwall shots. Down in practice . . . Down during the match."

"Yep," replied Harry.

"When you hit the ball Off the back wall, Lock the chin in, You'll start to WIN."

Dan laughed. "That's lousy poetry—but good advice. Thanks, Harry." ●

APRO Teaches . . . PES Pins Down Ability Levels

by Chuck Sheftel

The American Professional Racquetball Organization, which certifies and services racquetball teachers around the country, provides material for this exclusive *National Racquetball* feature. APRO President Chuck Sheftel is general manager and sports director at Forest Grove Swim and Racquet Club in Palatine, IL.

A year or so ago I devoted our APRO column in *National Racquetball* to a rating system I was using at my club.

Now APRO has come out with a perfected version of that system, revised and approved by our board of directors. That system is free to APRO members and is available for purchase by nonmembers.

APRO's Player Evaluation System (PES) makes it possible for club members to find even competition in leagues and ladders—and with some adjustment—in tournaments outside of the club. The 10 levels range from A+ (Open) for players who travel to tournaments to find new players and better competition through D for novices who have only played a few times. Levels below A— carry game analysis advice to help the teacher and player arrive at the proper letter label.

PES works like this:

- The certified racquetball teacher goes onto the court with the player, allowing him or her to execute certain shots and simulate game play.
- Teacher and player read the information on the pull out handle of the cardboard rating racquet to decide which level fits the player.
- The teacher makes the final rating and fills out the PES card, which the player can carry in a wallet.

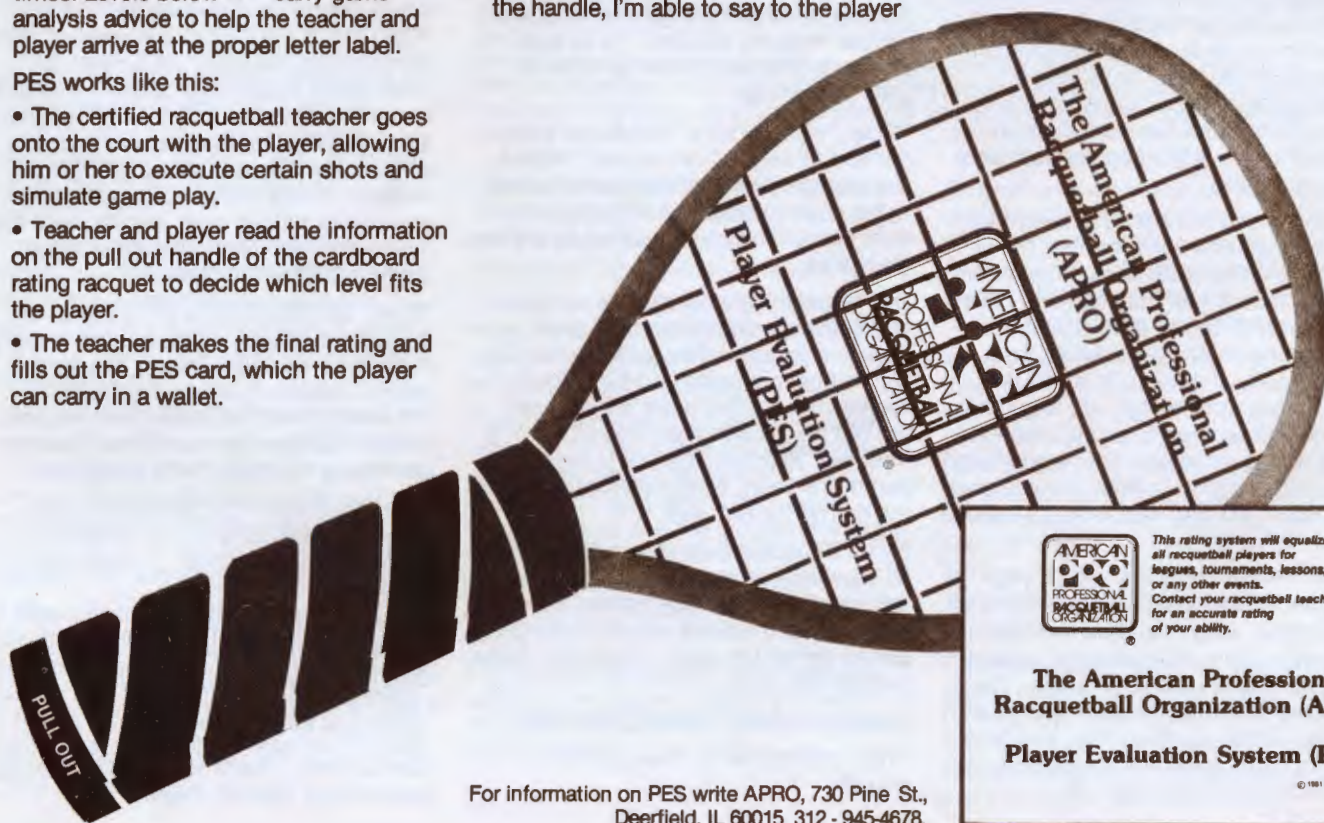
APRO's PES package consists of two posters which players can read on the club bulletin board before they take the test, the cardboard rating racquet and 100 wallet size cards. The package costs \$75 to nonmembers (as against having a pro join APRO for \$35, plus \$15 to take the certification test).

The aspect of PES that I think is especially helpful is the rating racquet, pictured here. I'm a great believer in tools to keep a student's interest alive, and I think the rating racquet is fun to use. But even more important is the fact that the rating racquet makes it possible for the player and teaching pro to review the levels together. As I pull up the top of the racquet, revealing the ratings printed in the handle, I'm able to say to the player

"Let's see where you are—are your backhands and off-the-walls competent and efficient? No?—then let's see if you qualify for a B rating."

When the player helps with the evaluation, he or she is satisfied with it. And when players think they've improved, they can ask to be re-evaluated.

We've designed PES for club use, but we have nearly 400 APRO members now and they'll all be using the system in their clubs. As more people join APRO and more clubs use PES, we'll be working into a national system. Then players can walk into clubs anywhere, flash their PES cards and find competition even enough to make an enjoyable match. ●



This rating system will equalize all racquetball players for leagues, tournaments, lessons, or any other events. Contact your racquetball teacher for an accurate rating of your ability.

The American Professional Racquetball Organization (APRO)

Player Evaluation System (PES)

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For information on PES write APRO, 730 Pine St.,
Deerfield, IL 60015, 312-945-4678.

What's the Call?

by Dan Bertolucci

How Seeding Determines the True Champion

Leland F. Morgan of Little Rock, AR has been playing racquetball for several years. When he first started playing, he took advantage of his ambidexterity by switching hands with his racquet so that he would always be hitting forehands. Even though he used a long safety strap to make it easy for the switch, he's going to have to stop that two handed habit. It is as illegal to switch hands as it would be to use two racquets. The best thing you can do, Leland, is work on your backhand.

Players and tournament directors often write or call asking how and why players are seeded in particular ways and just what the rules are to determine these placements. Although this subject isn't strictly in the area of rules interpretation, I'm going to take some space this month and in succeeding months to discuss seeding theories and the USRA's seeding method at our tournaments.

The purpose of seeding is to insure that as the tournament progresses players of advanced ability will meet each other in the later rounds. Seeding, therefore, assures the tournament of having, if not the best two, then two of the best players meeting in the finals, determining the true champion.

When figuring all "seeds" there is a magic number used. When figuring based on four seeds all matchups of seeded players add to up to five. That is 1 plays 4, 2 plays 3, etc. When figuring for eight seeds all matchups of seeded players add up to nine. That is 1 plays 8, 2 plays 7, etc. For 16 players all matchups add up to 17— 1 plays 16, 2 plays 15, etc. In other words the magic number is the number of seeded players in the division, plus one.

The number of matches in a tournament is equal to the number of players, minus one. (If third place matches are used, then the number of matches equals the number of players.)

The first step, then, is to determine how many players you will seed. You'll probably average two to four seeded players in an eight player tournament, four to eight in a 16 player tournament and eight to 16 in a 32 player tournament. These are averages. Actually the more players you can seed, the better.

Your next step is to determine who your seeded players are and what seeds they will occupy.

Base your seedings on concrete tournament credentials or a systematic ranking method, not on subjective standards. Avoid judgments based on "he beat a good player in practice" or "she's been playing well lately." Seeds should be earned through tournament competition. As you make the draw, concentrate not on "who plays whom" but on putting players in their correct seeded positions. The "who plays whom" comes later, when you place your unseeded players.

Coming next in What's the Call?: Where to place seeded players on your draw sheet and criteria used for special events, players who haven't competed previously, etc. ●

Dan Bertolucci is director of the NRC, governing body for professional racquetball, and is a longtime racquetball referee. Send him your questions about rules c/o National Racquetball, 4101 Dempster, Skokie 60076.



Get one free copy of the USRA rule book by writing to Dan Bertolucci, 4101 Dempster, Skokie, IL 60076.

1st Round	Quarter-Final	Semi-Final	Finals
1 SEED #1	(#1)		
2		(#1)	
3	(#8)		
4 SEED #8			
5 SEED #5	(#5)		
6		(#4)	
7	(#4)		
8 SEED #4			
9 SEED #3	(#3)		
10		(#3)	
11	(#6)		
12 SEED #6			
13 SEED #17	(#7)		
14		(#2)	
15	(#2)		
16 SEED #2			

A 16 PLAYER TOURNAMENT WITH 8 PLAYERS SEEDED

EXTRA!

Marathon with a Special Purpose

Beth Laubstein, who works at the West Rock Clubhouse in Woodridge, CT, had a personal interest in the

marathon she arranged starting at 8 a.m. Sept. 19 at her club.

Marathon proceeds went

to the American Cancer Society to help fight the illness Laubstein has been fighting for a year—Hodgkin's Disease.

Doctors found that Laubstein had Hodgkin's Disease when the 18-year-old was beginning her freshman year at Ithaca College, majoring in recreation. She has been treated with surgery, chemotherapy and radiation and says the doctors have reported her cancer is now in remission.

Bill Montgomery, Jim Montgomery and Jeff Falco are the marathon participants, who aimed for a minimum playing time of 64 hours. Most of the money toward a \$50,000 goal is coming from donations that Laubstein and her father, Melvin, a doctor and racquetball player have sold for the "West Rock Racquet-thon" ad book.

Clubhouse events marathon weekend were open to the public and included a tennis/racquetball cookout Sept. 19 at 6 p.m., a racquetball exhibition, bake sale and a raffle.

Among celebrities who sent letters of support to Laubstein on her project are Richard Nixon; Gerald Ford; Israeli Prime Minister Menachen Begin; Egyptian President Anwar Sadat; Henry Kissinger; George Bush; Senators Edward Kennedy, Lowell Weicker, Christopher Dodd and John Glenn; Connecticut Governor William O'Neill; Yale Football Coach Carmine Cozza, and Actors Bill Cosby, Alan Alda and Carroll O'Connor.





What's Waiting in Your Club

Getting involved in your club's activities is a great way to meet people, get in shape, improve your game and enjoy yourself. As a former club manager and instructor may I suggest the following:

1. **Lessons:** Before you play for too long take some lessons from a qualified instructor. The least expensive instruction is in a group, which also gives you the advantage of a chance to meet people of your skill level. Then you can go on to other lessons in which you share an instructor and court time with those players. Check to see if your club offers beginners' lessons as part of the membership fee for new members.

2. **Leagues:** Probably the best way for any club member—male or female—to have regularly scheduled competition is through leagues. You can play at the same time and the same place every week and the camaraderie is great. It is especially fun if you've been involved in the game for a while, because you'll come across new players with a good variety to play against. Most leagues offer prizes as added incentives.

3. **Ladders:** Unfortunately ladder play is dependent on the club itself. Many clubs have ladders, but they often are inactive. If you belong to a good club, ask the management to arrange ladder play, perhaps with trophies as prizes, and new ladders beginning often.

4. **Club Tournaments:** As you became a little more serious about the game and get in decent physical condition club tournaments are worth considering. They're held at least once a year in most facilities. The desire to be known as the best at your club should inspire you. Club tournaments may sometimes give you trophies, but they always reward you with better skills and more knowledge about the sport. Remember, too, that competing at your club is good preparation for bigger events, such as the state, regional and national USRA events.

5. **Other Club Activities:** For variety try activities like aerobic dance, which is described in detail in this issue of *National Racquetball* on page 38.

—Terry Fancher,
USRA Director

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Meet Your State Chairman

Upstate New York's Jim Winterton



Jim Winterton changed the course of his life in the summer of 1980. He left a job with a steady income and a predictable future and he acted on a decision he'd been considering for five years.

The 34-year-old seventh grade teacher with a masters degree in secondary English made racquetball his full time occupation. Make that full time and a half.

"I thought working at a club might give me my fill of racquetball," says Winterton, who is racquetball director at All Sport in Poughkeepsie, NY. *"But now I love racquetball more than ever. I work 12 hours a day here. Then I spend another two hours of my own time coaching and in my spare time—I play racquetball."*

Though his main "customer" at All Sport is the average player, Winterton faces the full range of abilities. *"I work with a person who's never picked up a racquet one day—and then I'm coaching people like Francine Davis—number five on the women's tour."*

Anyone who knows racquetball knows that Jim Winterton is one of the country's best junior instructors. In fact he stepped down from the USRA Upstate New York chairmanship in 1978 (he returned to the post early in 1981) so he could devote more time to the juniors.

Mike Levine, who went on to become a top touring pro, was one of Winterton's prize racquetball pupils and one of a group of young players the coach brought to the USRA 1977 Junior Nationals.

As for his current record—at a recent junior regional competition six out of eight division champions were Winterton products, as were 14 out of 16 finalists.

Winterton is *"more involved with kids than ever, especially since we run the Dave Peck junior camps here at the club."*

"We have kids here from all over—Alaska and Texas as well as New York state. Some even come to live with me for a few weeks during the summer."

One former camper is staying longer. Ray Ransom, a 17-year-old from Hyde Park, NY, moved in, enrolled in a local high school and is continuing daily coaching sessions with Winterton.

Sue Winterton is a recreational player and the understanding wife who welcomes all this extracurricular racquetball action.

"She's stood by me during this year of adjustment and risk taking," says Winterton.

Their son, Collin, six, *"Isn't that interested so far, and he may never play. I'll leave that up to him. I never want him to think he has to play so I'll like him. Some kids think they have to win for love."*

But then there are the young players who love the sport for itself, the way Winterton has loved it since he picked up a Joe Sobek paddle in 1968 at the Rhein-Mein, Germany, Air Force USO.

Looking back on his year and a half as a racquetball professional Winterton is pleased with his career decision. *"I like looking at racquetball through the real world,"* he says. *"There are a lot of customers out there and I'm here to please them."*

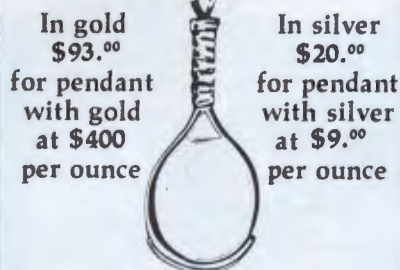
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Tournament Results

Please send tournament results and clear black and white action photos to Renee Coplan, USRA, 4101 Dempster, Skokie, IL 60076. Type your results double spaced, including name of tournament, dates and place with scores listed in style you see on these pages. Use first and last names the first time you mention a player (in doubles matches, too) and last names only after that.

Allow two months or more for your tournament writeup to appear here.

Spain

Championships were held April 10-12 and May 22-25 at the Naval Base, Rota, Spain.

Results

Men's Open: 1st-Jack Kules, 2nd-Gary Humphrey, 3rd-Steve Purchonen

Men's B: 1st-Rick Vallejo, 2nd-Vasco Vasconcellos, 3rd-Dick Elison

Men's C: 1st-Rich Catt, 2nd-Fred Beigner, 3rd-Jim Hensley

Men's Novice: 1st-Don Vaughn, 2nd-Chuck Miles,

Men's Beginner: 1st-Joe Ramirez, 2nd-Ross Garcia

Men's Senior (Over 30): 1st-Jack Kules, 2nd-Mark Wakeman, 3rd-Steve Purchonen

Women's Open: 1st-Colleen McKenzie, 2nd-Paula Zeien, 3rd-Flora Garcia

Women's Novice: 1st-Marie Martin, 2nd-Joan Jaeger, 3rd-Barbara Kules

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Open Doubles: 1st-Jack Kules/Gary Humphrey, 2nd-Roger Sellers/Vasco Vasconcellos, 3rd-Bill Winowitch/Rick Vallejo

Wisconsin

Door County Racquet Club and Budweiser hosted a tournament April 24-26 at the club in Sturgeon Bay.

Results

Men's Seniors: 1st-John Van Sistine, 2nd-Dick Metzler, 3rd-Lee Anderson, forfeit, Cons-Gerry Berg

Men's Novice: 1st-Todd Ullman, 2nd-Jay Viste, 3rd-Randy Graf, Cons-Bev Mickelson

Men's C: 1st-Dave Verhage, 2nd-Max Brown, 3rd-Bob Gamle, Cons-Paul DeJardine

Women's Novice: 1st-Lynn Krause, 2nd-Bonnie DuBois, 3rd-Debbie White Hanson, Cons-Jeanie Bryer

Women's C: 1st-Rachael Kuel, 2nd-Kathy Laudonia, 3rd-Ann Brauer

Men's B: 1st-Troy Glawa, 2nd-Cary Kendlora, 3rd-Jesse Harness, Cons-Pete Wickman

Men's Open: 1st-John Bartman, 2nd-Randy Bauknecht, 3rd-Ed Koch, Cons-Bill Marshburn

II-5, Brian Valin d. Petroff 21-4, 21-9, Valin d. Vandermoelen 21-6, 19-21, 21-8

Division 2: Ralph Hackbarth d. Tom McGrattan 21-15, 21-11, Allan Lee d. McGrattan 21-15, 19-21, 11-1, Hackbarth d. Lee 21-19, 13-21, II-6

Division 3: Bill Birch d. Greg Keogh 21-14, 21-10, Keogh d. Bruce Miatello 29-19 injury def., Birch d. Miatello inj. def.

Division 4: Paul Teillet d. Newton Glassman 19-21, 21-13, 20-21, 11-7, Teillet d. Koumeralis 21-14, 17-21, 11-7

Semis: Valin d. Teillet 21-15, 21-11, Hackbarth d. Birch 21-14, 11-21, 11-7

Finals: Valin (\$250) d. Hackbarth (\$150) 19-21, 21-10, 11-7; Third: Birch (\$100) d. Teillet (\$50) 20-21, 21-20, 11-5

Maryland

Rick Lankford's first annual American Cancer Society Open Tournament took place May 15-17 at the Annapolis Court Club.

Results

Men's A: Jim Daly d. Tom Cutler

Men's B: Val Rogolino d. Mike Linkous, 3rd-Tom Benewicz d. Marshall Steele, Cons-Mike Busch d. Ted Berry

Men's C: Scott Dattan d. Louis Earle, 3rd-Charles Gardella d. Gene Klimczak, Cons-Parris Woodbury d. Martin Kranitz

Men's Masters: Al Baynard d. Bud Cole, 3rd-Armand Michaud d. John Bareilles default, Cons-Ron Jones d. Ken Turner, default

Men's Seniors: Al Baynard d. L. Booker

Men's Novice: Frank Marzucco d. Al Sheridan, 3rd-Ted Jones d. Danny MacQuillan, default, Cons-Tom Gruver d. David Lusby

B/C Doubles: Brazil/Berry d. Sands/Baron, 3rd-Rogolino/Backston d. Booker/Mellott

Senior Boys 14-17: J. R. Ware d. Ross Levitt, 3rd-Jonathan Berusch d. Paul Mellin, forfeit, Cons-Jeff Groton d. Lynn Fortik

Canada

Circle Racquetball Club in Hamilton, Ontario hosted the first annual Molson's Invitational Racquetball Classic May 1-3, using a round robin format.

Results — Preliminaries

Division 1: Mark Vandermoelen d. Neil Petroff 6-21, 21-11,

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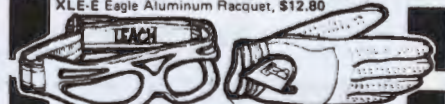
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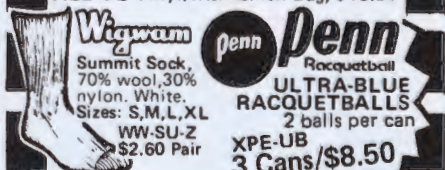
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Women's B: Janet Follin d. Rebecca Rose, 3rd-Sharon Grinnell d. Carole Sanner, Cons-Lydia Greiser d. Juanita Murdock

Women's C: Gail Murphy d. Paula Keenan, 3rd-Lynn Mitchell d. Judy Weintraub, default, Cons-Linda Hartman d. Cynthia Harmon

Women's Novice: Robin Schwartz d. Holly Gray, 3rd-Cynthia Harmon d. Jane West-Stern, Cons-Laura Teschendorf d. Mary Bell

Women's Doubles: Loube/Zachry d. Pickett/Rose

Oregon



Bill Smith, right, Medford, OR customer service agent, took first place in the Men's Over 40 division by beating George Garcia, Denver ramp serviceman, at the United Airlines Racquetball Association tournament May 2 and 3 at Medford Superior Courts. More than 300 United employees compete among each other in racquetball matches around the country, often holding city warmups such as a Chicago event in July that attracted 55 men and women.

California

The fifth annual Women's Racquetball Classic took place May 1-3 at the Sacramento Handball-Racquetball Club.

Results

Open Singles (Round Robin): 1st-Karen Dunigan, 2nd-Esther Thompson, 3rd-Margaret McEntee, 4th-Vicki Craig, 5th-Mary Ellen Camilli

B Singles Championship

Quarters: Terry Harwood d. JoAnn Maxwell, Sandy Palmer d. Kathy Rishel, Jill Powell d. Jackie Shaffer, Nancy McDonald d. Barbara Pierce

Semis: Palmer d. Harwood, McDonald d. Powell

Finals: Palmer d. McDonald

B Singles Consolation

Semis: Mary Sazio d. Pam Cross, Jackie Shaffer d. JoAnn Potter

Finals: Shaffer d. Sazio

C Singles Championship

Quarters: Debby Ghilarducci d. Anna O'Connell, Donna Stewart d. Ona Flores, Lynne Ayers d. Marlene Gonzales, Lori Morton d. Laurie Peterson

Semis: Ghilarducci d. Stewart, Morton d. Ayers

Finals: Ghilarducci d. Morton

C Singles Consolation

Quarters: Bobbi Konecne d. Janet Downey, Tyra Escott d. Lee Gonsalves, Regina White d. Geneen Domino, JoAnn Case d. Robin Prizmich

Semis: Escott d. Konecne forfeit, White d. Case

Finals: White d. Escott

D Singles Championship

Quarters: Sue Milhollin d. Bridget Schmidt, Marilyn Kitts d. Kris Jones, Regina Ferguson d. Carla Lofe, Cherisse Sansone d. Cindy Jannson

Semis: Milhollin d. Kitts, Sansone d. Ferguson

Finals: Milhollin d. Sansone

D Singles Consolation

Quarters: Carol Newland d. Rodie Martin, Maxine Romero d. Pat Robinson, Lynn Wallace d. Carol Pocquette forfeit, Stacy Sattler d. Pat Wilson

Semis: Romero d. Newland, Wallace d. Sattler

Finals: Wallace d. Romero

Open Doubles (Round Robin): 1st-Margaret McEntee/Esther Thompson, 2nd-Karen Dunigan/Terry Harwood, 3rd-Renee Thomas/Stephanie Isaac

B Doubles (Round Robin): 1st-Irene Miyasato/Syd Fornaciari, 2nd-Vicki Craig/Linda Haines, 3rd-Mary Ellen Camilli/JoAnn Potter, 4th-Jill Powell/Polly Olson

C Doubles Championship

Quarters: Thompson/Sazio d. Milhollin/O'Connell, Pierce/Coyne d. Prizmich/Escott, Jannson/Koch d. Martin/Sattler, Hernandez/Bell d. Greunke/McGranahan

Semis: Thompson/Sazio d. Pierce/Coyne, Hernandez/Bell d. Jannson/Koch

Finals: Hernandez/Bell d. Thompson/Sazio

C Doubles Consolation

Quarters: Whisenhunt/Schmidt bye, Kitts/Kulesza d. O'Brien/Moen, Wilson/Gonsalves d. Konecne/Robinson forfeit, Sample/Maxwell d. Towers/Upchurch

Semis: Whisenhunt/Schmidt d. Kitts/Kulesza, Sample/Maxwell d. Wilson/Gonsalves

Finals: Sample/Maxwell d. Whisenhunt/Schmidt

Arizona

The annual Phoenix Open took place May 14-17 in the Phoenix Metro Athletic Club.

Results

Men's Seniors II

Semis: John Hensler d. Scott Griffin 21-9, 21-8, Doug Robinson d. Willis Arnold 21-14, 21-6

Finals: Robinson d. Hensler 2-21, 21-10, 11-3

Men's Veterans

Semis: Perry Ellison d. Ray Blerner 21-11, 12-21, 11-5, Jim Barrett d. Paul Banales 14-21, 21-12, 11-5

Finals: Barrett d. Ellison 21-13, 21-13

Men's Beginning Novice

Semis: John Blischak d. Steve Gronck 21-11, 21-3, Jim Stanley d. Jerry McCollow 21-12, 12-21, 11-7

Finals: Blischak d. Stanley 19-21, 21-20, 11-10

Men's Novice

Semis: Tom Martin d. Wayne Sprouae 21-17, 21-10, Mick James d. Jack Jacobson 16-21, 21-15, 11-4

Finals: Martin d. James 21-14, 21-15

Men's C

Semis: Tom Linn d. Dave Hejna 21-11, 21-4, Mark Swenser d. Erneat Tarrago 21-18, 19-21, 11-10

Finals: Linn d. Swensen 21-9, 21-3

Men's B

Semis: Bruce McClain d. Frank Lara 21-11, 5-21, 11-9, Marc Gelb d. William Bebow 21-3, 21-3

Finals: Gelb d. McClain 21-7, 21-18

Men's A: Winner by Round Robin-Dave Gordon

Men's Open

Semis: Tim Swensen d. Chris Lewis 21-12, 21-7, Bob Corcoran d. Dave Gordon 21-14, 8-21, 11-7

Finals: Corcoran d. Swensen 15-21, 21-14, 11-5

Women's Novice

Semis: Michelle Bonfile d. Sandi Henja 21-8, 21-7, Debbie Hollister d. Lisa Farrar 21-12, 21-16

Finals: Bonfile d. Hollister 21-10, 21-3

Women's C: Winner by Round Robin-Ellen Johnson

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Women's B

Semif: Valerie Arnold d. Cheryl Fuentes 21-8, 21-8, Kim Burke d. Leigh Saffell 21-19, 21-16

Finals: Burke d. Arnold 21-8, 21-18

Women's Open: Winner by Round Robin-Debbie Swensen

Florida

Imperial Courts in Melbourne hosted the first annual Schlitz Classic May 8-10, sponsored by the Fisher Beverage Company.

Results

Men's Open: 1st-Fred Calabrese, 2nd-Sergio Gonzalez, 3rd-Danny Lefor, Cons-Barry Korran

Men's B: 1st-Lee Handley, 2nd-Sid Laturia, 3rd-Larry Merryman/forfeit, Cons-John Ross

Men's C: 1st-Leo Plwniczka, 2nd-Brian Veilleux, 3rd-Bruce Johnson, Cons-Joe Stuka

Men's 30+: 1st-Percy Philman, 2nd-John Standford, Cons-Richard Peters

Men's 40+: 1st-Mike Mojer, 2nd-James Smith, 3rd-Herb Nathan, Cons-Norm Rathbun

Women's Open: 1st-Melanie Britton, 2nd-Audrey Simton, 3rd-Becky Rush, Cons-Theresa Berry

Women's B: 1st-Pam Garcia, 2nd-Pat Cunningham, 3rd-Leslie McCranie, Cons-Gail Fitzgerald

Women's C: 1st-Marianne Freeman, 2nd-Debbie Ribar, 3rd-Dianna Stolpmann, Cons-Barbara McDonald

Men's Open Doubles: 1st-Gautier/Gonzalez, 2nd-Jones/Kimball, 3rd-Hansen/Barrett

Men's B Doubles: 1st-Campbell/Diaz, 2nd-Handley/Laturia, 3rd-Campbell/Merryman

Women's Open Doubles: 1st-Garcia/Simton, 2nd-Jaret/Rush, 3rd-Kevin/Berry/forfeit

Wisconsin

The Racquet Ball Club in Waukesha held its 1981 Doubles Tournament May 15 and 16.

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Results

Men's 5.0: 1st-Dick Ricco/John Neville, 2nd-Pat Starker/Al Sterner, 3rd-Bill Blitty/Art Guenther, Cons-Joe Bechard/Gary Gerschke

Men's 4.0: 1st-Sam Vitchar/Terry McCusker, 2nd-Stan Flak/Ron Platteter, 3rd-Elmer Artesian/Nome Artesian, Cons-Carl Zeitler/Dan Schneider

Men's 3.0: 1st-Craig Miller/Warren Schermer, 2nd-Al Pohl/Mike Doyle, 3rd-Mike Lipinski/ Jim Kaupla, Cons-David Jungen/David Weber

Women's 5.0: 1st-Lynn Janke/Ginny Walsh, 2nd-Sandi Coffman/Margie Fish, 3rd-Ro Grzesek/Rose Brandenburg, Cons-Kris Woodin/Judy Rudy

Women's 4.0: 1st-Mary Sue Braun/Becky Schatzka, 2nd-Sandy Blitty/Nancy Freyer, 3rd-Mary Veloskey/Carol Dobra, Cons-Mollie Ruffing/Florence Wittig

Mixed Doubles 5.0: 1st-Margie Fish/Gary Gerschke, 2nd-Karen Anderson/Art Guenther, 3rd-Pat Starker/Deb Bloede, Cons-Judy Pohl/Mike Roegner

Wisconsin

Rich Handley beat Jim Wirkus to win the Highlander/Bartlein and Company Open May 1 and 2 at the Highlander Racquet Club in Brookfield. Bob Kohl came in third.

Minnesota

The New Burnsville Racquet & Swim Club was the site of the Minnesota State Singles Championships May 1-3, which drew participants from ages seven to 70.

Results

Men's Open: 1st-Pat Page, 2nd-Dick Bishop, 3rd-Craig Wagner, Cons-Art Lordbach

Men's A: 1st-Jon McLain, 2nd-Lee Hickerson, 3rd-Greg Heyenga, Cons-Jim Host

Men's B: 1st-Nick Paulson, 2nd-Reggie Carson, 3rd-Tom Kelly, Cons-Dee Lichty

Men's C: 1st-Don Hoechst, 2nd-Jeff Wiltse, 3rd-Dick Braegelmann, Cons-Terry Wright

Men's Novice: 1st-Rick Hobbs, 2nd-Keith Paskey, 3rd-Clay Wagner, Cons-Joe Zubert

Men's Veterans 30+: 1st-Larry Nielson, 2nd-Gary Peterson, 3rd-Dave Warner, Cons-John Hinz

Men's Senior 35+: 1st-Ron Strom, 2nd-Mike Gorman, 3rd-Craig Corah, Cons-Larry Kinney

Men's Veterans Senior 40+: 1st-Bill Hall, 2nd-Dave Herstad, 3rd-Lee Dittich, Cons-Deets Mittlestadt

Men's Masters 45+: 1st-Bob McNamara, 2nd-Wendell Ottum, 3rd-Jerry Cavanaugh, Cons-Ralph Stillman

Men's Veterans Masters 50+: 1st-Max Faliek, 2nd-Pat Murphy, 3rd-Warren Claridge, Cons-Duane LeBrun

Women's Open: 1st-Carol Osterberg, 2nd-Mary Hannes, 3rd-Margaret Hill, Cons-Elaine Weiss

Women's A: 1st-Jean Krusemark, 2nd-Marta Groess, 3rd-Gina Odean, Cons-Jane McLain

Women's B: 1st-Pam Rowe, 2nd-Kathy Mueller, 3rd-Kelly Kirk, Cons-Trudy Merrill

Women's C: 1st-Terri Bailey, 2nd-Becky Remme, 3rd-Sue Kleffer, Cons-Carla Wacker

Women's Novice: 1st-Vicki Rosvold, 2nd-Sue Lomax, 3rd-Gretchen Grimaluskus, Cons-Mary Underwood

Boy's 17 and Under: 1st-Hart Johnson, 2nd-Mark Larsen, 3rd-Steve Goedker, Cons-Tom Sandberg

Boy's 15 and Under: 1st-Paul Rosland, 2nd-Stu Shepman, 3rd-Simon Ruiz, Cons-Mike Perron

Boy's 13 and Under: 1st-Todd Stead, 2nd-Peter McCarthy, 3rd-Phil Ruiz, Cons-Russ Flaten

Boy's 10 and Under: 1st-Mike Locker, 2nd-Derek Locker, 3rd-Jonas Beugan, Cons-Dave Litvack

Upcoming Events

Oct. 2-4

Third Annual Autumn Leaves Racquetball Open, The Aspen Club, 1450 Crystal Lake Rd., Aspen, CO 81611, 303-925-8900, Tournament Director Rich Wagar

Oct. 16-18

USRA Texas State Championship; Racquetball & Handball Clubs of San Antonio and Houston—Northwest Club, 7700 Torino Dr., San Antonio, 78229, 512-344-8596 and San Pedro Club, 121 N.W. Loop 410, San Antonio 78216, 512-349-2781; Tournament Directors Cliff Dilley and Maureen Simmons

Oct. 23-25

Oklahoma Grand Prix Olympic Open, Olympic Racquetball Club, Miami, OK, 918-542-6641

Oct. 24

Playathon benefit for the Greater New Jersey Chapter of the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation;

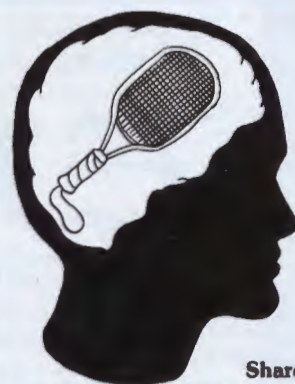


Randolph, NJ Mayor Al Enoch with Playathon Poster Child Amanda Grueter

Olympia Racquetball and Health Club, 18 E. Elizabeth Dr., Randolph, NJ 07869; 201-361-8118

Nov. 6-8

The Bo Bergstrom Memorial Racquetball Tournament, Killshot LTD Courts, Bloomingdale, IL, to raise funds for scholarships in memory of the 15-year-old racquetball player. Contact Carol Cooling, 312-922-5598.



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certificate of achievement and a lifetime subscription to *National Racquetball*, with its built in lifetime membership in the United States Racquetball Association.

Alabama

Jeff Wells, 22, Auburn
Plays at Auburn University Courts

Alaska

Wes J. Weir, 28, Anchorage
Plays at Alaska Athletic Club

Arizona

Jan Link, 23, Flagstaff
Plays at Flagstaff Athletic Club

Arkansas

John Harlan, 18, Fayetteville
Plays at Summerhill Racquet Club

California

Donna Meyer, 23, San Rafael
Plays at Marin Racquetball/Athletic Club

Colorado

Doug Zirkle, 19, Boulder
Plays at Rallysport

Connecticut

Heather Adler, 10, Waterbury
Plays at Lakewood Racquetball Club

Florida

Shawn Brown, 16, Naples
Plays at The Racquet Club

Georgia

Beth Crawley, 21, Atlanta
Plays at Atlanta Sporting Club

Illinois

Kelly Swanson, 24, East Moline
Plays at Courtside Racquetball Club

Indiana

Jack Roudebush, 29, Westfield
Plays at The Court Club

Iowa

Brian Sheldon, 19, Waterloo
Plays at Decathlon Club

Louisiana

Beth Jamison, 13, Lafayette
Plays at Red Lerille's Health & Racquet Club

Maine

Lesli Olson, 15, Bethel
Plays at Hillside Racquetball & Health Club

Massachusetts

Dennis Aceto, 26, Hyannis
Plays at Hyannis Racquetball Club

Michigan

David Austin, 23, Farmington Hills
Plays at Central Michigan University

Missouri

Chang Suh, 18, Blue Springs
Plays at Center Court

Nebraska

Rick Bezousek, 16, Omaha
Plays at Racquetball of Omaha

New Hampshire

Dennis Ordway, 27, Manchester
Plays at The Racquet Club of Concord

New Jersey

Len Nelson, 32, Atlantic City
Plays at Tilton Racquetball Club

New Mexico

Ronald Lucero, 17, Roswell
Plays at Roswell YMCA

New York

Garr Thompson, 15, Geneva
Plays at Geneva YMCA

North Carolina

Vickey Thornton, 34, Arden
Plays at Asheville Racquet Club

Ohio

Ronald Krug, 15, Brook Park
Plays at Center Courts Racquetball Club

Oregon

Greg Hardy, 25, Portland
Plays at Lloyd's Center Courts

Pennsylvania

Vinnie Morino, 38, Elkins Park
Plays at Fort Washington Racquetball Club

South Dakota

David Gross, 31, Yankton
Plays at the Courthouse

Texas

Jay Lundgren, 31, Plainview
Plays at the Court Place Racquetball Club

Virginia

John Bareilles, 57, Oakton
Plays at Capitol Courts

Washington

Roz Hamilton, 30, Yakima
Plays at Yakima YMCA

West Virginia

Mary Ann Fiedler, 22, Morgantown
Plays at West Virginia University

Wisconsin

Louis Meyers, 49, Monona
Plays at Century Harbor Racquetball Club



Len Nelson, New Jersey



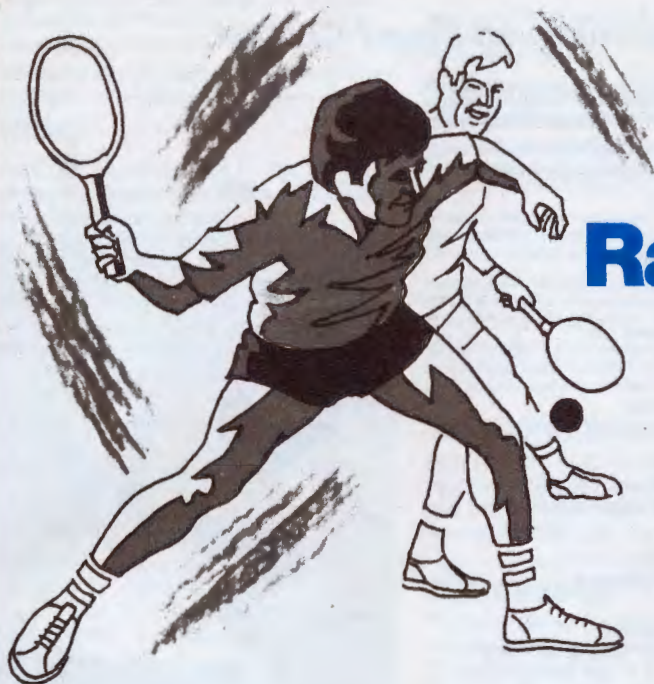
Tracey Blernat, Colorado

Honorable Mention

Kevin Watson, 17, No. Hollywood, CA, plays at Coldwater/Chandler Racquetball Club • **John Mack**, Claremont, CA, plays at Montclair Racquetball & Fitness • **Tracy Blernat**, 15, Arvada, CO, plays at Colorado Court Sports • **Debbie Pond**, 22, Denver, CO, plays at Cherry Creek Sporting Club • **Bryan Hogan**, 9, Bristol, CT, plays at Bristol Clubhouse • **Keith Gladstein**, 32, Hamden, CT, plays at Downtown Racquet Club • **Brian Bagon**, 15, Humboldt, IA, plays at Humboldt Racquetball & Health Club • **Michael Ferreira**, 19, Muscatine, IA, plays at Riverbend Court Rooms • **Brad Mizgate**, 22, Lansing, IL, plays at Olympic Racquetball Club • **Mike Jalette**, 18, Waterville, ME, plays at Waterville YMCA • **Greg Cuman**, 24, Washington, MO, plays at Washington Athletic Club • **Mike Greenberg**, 17, Creve Coeur, MO, plays at JCCA • **Eric Runge**, 24, Omaha, NE, plays at Sports Courts of Bellevue • **Marco Sitren**, 19, Edison NJ, plays at Edison Racquetball Club • **Mindy Hartstein**, 17, Commack, NY, plays at Off-The-Wall Racquetball • **Valerie Paese**, Pelham Manor, NY, plays at The Pelham Racquetball & Health Club • **Randy Friedman**, 15, Scarsdale, NY, plays at Jefferson Valley Racquet Club • **James Justice**, 21, Dalzell, SC, plays at Shaw Air Force Base • **Jim Synhorst**, 16, Rapid City, SD, plays at Supreme Courts • **Mark Frank**, 20, Vancouver, WA, plays at Green Meadows Athletic Club



Stories and more photos featuring the 1981 Most Improved Players will be appearing in future USRA Amateur sections.



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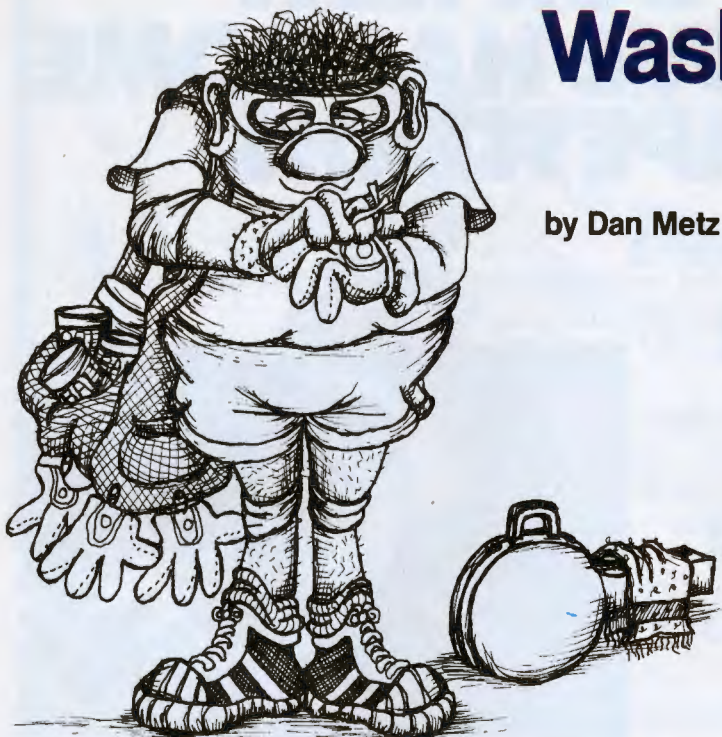


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Washing Racquetball Gloves

by Dan Metz



Have you noticed the price of racquetball gloves lately? Inflation and other factors have done their bit to make racquetball, once a very cheap sport in which to participate, into a game with significant costs for the serious player. Buy two pairs of shoes for \$20 each, 10 gloves for \$7.95 each and a ball or two a week at \$1.50/ball, and you can easily spend upwards of \$200/year to play racquetball. Court costs, of course, can swell this significantly.

Racquetballs break or go flat, court costs are inevitable and shoes wear out. But you can do something about extending the life of your gloves. If you perspire normally, your gloves probably are replaced not when they actually have holes at the wear points, but rather when they become too stiff, shrunken and brittle to get on and off. When they reach this stage of sweat saturation, they become susceptible to cracking and splitting, and thus the life is further shortened dramatically. You can prevent all of these things from happening and extend the life of your gloves by a factor of three to five if you are willing to wash them properly.

If you are the typical player, you probably have tried washing your gloves with varying degrees of success. Manufacturers often recommend washing, but often their instructions are either vague or downright misleading. And you can ruin gloves totally by improperly washing. On the other hand a glove which perhaps was ready for the scrap heap can be "restored" to practically new condition with a good washing job.

Take Your Time

Begin by allowing yourself enough time to do the job right, and assemble the materials. To do it properly you'll need some mild dishwashing detergent (I use Ivory Liquid, but others will work as well) and a small, portable hand-held hairdryer of at least 1,000 watt power. More wattage is desirable, as it shortens the time needed to do the job. With a 1,000 watt dryer it will take about 15 minutes to completely wash and restore one glove.

Start by filling the kitchen sink with water and soap solution at a temperature as hot as your hand, inside the glove, can stand. Put on a glove and wash your hands in the solution as if you were trying to clean them up after working on your car. Be thorough! Don't expect to see a lot of dirt or discoloration coming out of the glove. You are mostly removing salt and perspiration, not grime. You may find the wrist area on the inside (palm) part of the glove particularly difficult to return to normal leather color, but just do the best you can. Continue to dip your gloved hand into the soapy water and wash the glove as completely and thoroughly as possible. Don't be worried about the shape of the glove at this point. The fingers are likely to elongate somewhat, and you may find the glove has stretched out about one size overall. All of this will be taken care of during the drying operation.

When you're satisfied that all accumulated salt and perspiration have been soaped out, it's time to rinse. Turn on the tap and again get the water as hot as you can stand it. Rinse the gloves while they are still on your hands. Squeeze and re-squeeze your hands together to remove as much soap as possible. Try to leave the minimum soap in the leather. When you're satisfied with your rinsing, remove the glove and run clear water through it from the tap. You may find it difficult to remove a glove when it's wet, but just keep tugging and pulling, again ignoring the misshapen appearance. Continue flushing with hot water until all remaining traces of soap are gone and wringing out the glove produces nothing but clear water. When you have finally removed all soap, give the glove a final wringing and lay it out in whatever shape it is in on a clean towel.

Use the Hair Dryer

To dry a glove put it onto your hand and turn on the hair dryer. With your other hand feather the dryer over the entire surface of the glove. Things go faster if you keep the dryer at a single location until the local temperature gets too hot to stand, then move to somewhere else. When you can see the characteristic color of the leather begin to appear, remove the glove from your hand (again, this may take some tugging). Put the nozzle of the dryer into the wrist opening and try to dry as much of the inside as possible. Do one finger at a time, and don't be alarmed if you see steam coming from a vent hole!



Now replace the glove on your hand. As you put it on, the areas which are still damp will have a decidedly cool feel to the skin because of the heat transfer from your body to the wet area. These are areas which need further drying, and this coolness tells you where to point the dryer. Continue to alternate inside and exterior drying, putting the glove on and taking it off until the glove is completely dry. "Completely", like beauty, is in the eye of the player, but if you err, be sure to get the glove too dry. Actually you really can't get a glove too dry, because completely is perfect.

A few final notes. For safety remember that when you are drying a glove, you are working in a moist environment around an electrical appliance. The potential for serious electrical shock is high. I towel off the hand which will hold the dryer completely after each put on/take off cycle. I want to die of a heart attack at age 88, in the finals of a super golden masters tournament, not in my own kitchen! Like most players I try to hang my gloves outside my equipment bag when finished playing to allow them to dry. Other than this I take no other precautions to preserve my gloves. I have used stretchers, glove dryers, rolled-up paper towels, etc., placed inside the glove after playing, all with no noticeable effect.

Another tip is to number your gloves with a large felt-tip marker. I try to play three times a week, so I have gloves numbered 1, 2 and 3. In this way, I can be sure to play with -1 on Monday, -2 on Wednesday and -3 on Friday, thus equalizing wear and tear, and ensuring that each glove has a full week to dry naturally.

Washing gloves is also a very therapeutic activity. You can replay that last point over in your mind, plan strategy for the next match or tournament coming up and just enjoy yourself by taking care of something in the best way possible, something I find extremely relaxing. Sure you'll still have to buy a few new gloves now and then. Before you get too carried away, though, try washout of those "awful-awful" jobs you just pitched into the garbage. You may be pleasantly surprised. ●

Washing Warnings

There are some pitfalls to avoid while you work on your gloves:

- **Washing too many at one time**
Don't let the washing operation get ahead of the drying. You can't allow gloves to dry naturally, because they shrivel up and even additional washings and soakings won't save the gloves.
- **Letting your gloves soak in the soap solution**
As you finish one and you are ready for the next, that's the time to put it into the water. Resist the temptation to allow five or six gloves to soak in the soapy solution — you'll end up with prunes.
- **Adding oils or preservatives**
The stuff that keeps baseball gloves soft slicks up a racquet handle wherever it's touched. The leather in racquetball gloves is beautifully lubricated at the factory and, suprisingly, washing gloves seems to remove little, if any, of that oil even after as many as 10 washings. ●

—Dan Metz

Beyond the Open

Playing for His Heart

by Louis Kaplan



Ben Marcus is a husky, vibrant man who loves to play racquetball. He also loves life, and he says he plays to live. Ben Marcus is a man with heart.

In the last two years he has won four Florida doubles tournaments—Class C in Ft. Lauderdale, the North Miami Beach Masters Club and Class C and B in the City of North Miami Beach. He won the B title in March as he and his young partner, 21-year-old Alex Mesa, wiped out the opposition. Pretty good for a guy who has had two heart attacks and is 57 years old!

His first attack occurred in 1971. After that siege he says *"I got religion, stopped smoking, went on a weight loss program and began playing racquetball."*

His second heart attack occurred in 1978—it was not as bad as the first one. He thought perhaps he had overdone his racquetball playing, but his doctor told him that his playing has helped him and may have saved his life at the time of the second heart attack.

Under his doctor's care he slowly began to exercise again—walking and swimming daily. As his strength returned, he went back to his first love—racquetball. He started with five minutes daily of hitting the ball against the walls and gradually progressed to the point of playing up to two hours of doubles every day.

Ronald Kaufman, M.D., Marcus' cardiologist, has been an active racquetball player for 10 years. He and his fellow dentists and doctors built a racquetball court on the roof of their building where they play regularly. About Marcus he says *"His collateral circulation, aided by his training and conditioning through racquetball playing, increased his physical capabilities. It was an important factor in enabling him to overcome his heart attack*



successfully." He adds that before a racquetball player returns to the game after a coronary, he should be stress tested and have a complete cardiac evaluation.

"Racquetball is the greatest game in the world. It's the only game an older man can keep up with a younger player. Out of a group of some 60 regular players at the North Miami Beach three wall racquetball courts, about 25 are over 50, and there are a number of them who have had previous coronaries."

Ben Marcus wants to get the word across to those who are afraid to play because of previous attacks. He says *"If you love the game, don't give it up. Talk to your doctor. Ask him if it's okay to play moderately. If he says yes, then the rest is up to you. There's no such thing as 'I can't.' I was motivated because I wanted to live. My only regret is that I didn't start to play racquetball years ago. I play to live and I live to play."*

He says he can't wait for the next tournament where he will vie for the A title.

Ben Marcus can be seen daily on the courts with a big smile on his face as he yells at his partner *"C'mon, get the lead out. We can beat them!"*

Ben Marcus is a man with heart. ●



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Racquetball or Nuclear War



A Grim Fairy Tale
by Steve Galliford

Thud! The president of the United States lay painfully on the floor, racquet in hand and gasping desperately for breath. Perspiration covered his forehead and trickled into his eyes. As he cringed at the burning pain, he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was the president's personal physician, Robert Shubert.

"Is that you, Robert?" asked the president, not able to open his eyes.

"Yes Mr. President," said the doctor. *"It's me."*

The president opened an eye and looked at Dr. Shubert. *"What's the score?"* he asked.

"The game is over, sir," said the doctor. *"The prime minister of Canada won."*

President Albert Stanton lifted himself up onto his elbow. He took a deep breath. *"Damn it,"* he said. *"He wasn't even good."*

Political racquetball had been played for the past 15 years, ever since the world's close call with nuclear war in 1986. During the 1980s the booming popularity of racquetball spurred a decision by the United Nations to place the sport into the political arena. The judgement was not popular with some, though all of the world's nations finally agreed to disarm themselves and sign the treaty. The threat of nuclear war was just too great. The International Racquetball Treaty stated that when the United Nations was unable to settle problems between two countries, the leaders of those countries would play one long racquetball game. The first country to score 100 points would win political argument.

Albert Stanton had been president of the United States for two years and had participated in 15 racquetball games of a political nature. His record was good, winning 13 and losing two. Before he became president, people had referred to Stanton as the *"California Crusader."* When he was not on tour he had lived a luxurious life in his San Diego mansion on the beach. Six feet tall and 195 pounds Stanton was well built for a racquetball player and played his superstar role very well.

He had wavy blond hair and light blue eyes which seemed to give him a little boy appearance even though he was 28 years old. Since he was a child, Stanton had always loved the game of racquetball, and after many years of hard practice, considered himself to be the best at the sport. His views were not held by most observers, however, as the Russian president was also very good. Matters were made even more complicated with Stanton's recent loss to the prime minister of Canada. World supremacy was indeed very much undecided.

The day after his loss President Stanton stretched out in a chair in the Oval Room of the White House. He was watching the game film from the previous day and sipping a martini when Vice President Harold Morse entered the room. Up until the signing of the treaty in 1986 Morse had been the president of the United States. He had not been in favor of the treaty, nor did he like being known as "vice president." He despised Stanton, partly because he carried the title of president, and partly because of Stanton's nonchalant attitude towards politics.

"You really blew it, Albert," said the vice president. "The long fight over the east coast fishing rights has finally been won by Canada." He raised his hands in the air. "What the hell happened? You were supposed to kill the guy!"

Stanton sighed and smiled. "Relax," he said. "So I had a bad game. I'm not gonna cry over a few fish."

Morse was furious. He turned off the film and glared at Stanton. "We lost more than a few fish," he said. "We lost respect. The Russians now want to play us for the right to control space."

Stanton sat up in his chair. His smile disappeared. "I have to play President Kuzkin?" he asked.

Morse nodded his head. "Your presidential advisors thought that this might be coming, and now that it's here there is no way to avoid the game." He turned and looked out the window. "Supremacy in space," he said quietly, "is a stepping stone to world control."

Stanton immediately began training for the game, and within a couple of weeks was in excellent shape. His usual cockiness faded and he became quite serious. He had heard many things about Kuzkin, including that he would sometimes use his racquet like a gladiator would use a battle axe. He would always make it look like an accident and most international judges were so worried about the political repercussions of penalizing the Russian, that they would pretend not to notice Kuzkin's rough play. This worried Stanton, though he tried to put it out of his head while he trained.

The day of the game finally arrived, and as the American president sat in his dressing room, he was aware of the noisy crowd on the other side of the door. Although the game was held in Switzerland, politicians and dignitaries were invited from all over the globe for the important day. It was believed to be the largest gathering of diplomats in history.

Since the renovation of Switzerland's International Racquetball Court in 1995 the number of spectators able to witness the game had increased to 25,000. The court remained the same size, though all of the walls and ceiling were made of a special glass. The court was placed in the

middle of a large arena. It took some getting used to but most players did not object to the court. What they did object to was the assembly of international judges who constantly had their faces pressed up against the glass.

Vice President Morse accompanied Stanton to the weigh-in room where they would see the notorious Russian president. "There's no reason to be nervous, Albert," said the vice president. "Just play a good solid game and I'm sure you'll have no problems. We've talked to the judges and they'll keep their eyes open for any hatchet work by Kuzkin. But if he starts playing rough, I'm sure you'll show the world what the U.S. of A. is made of. When the going gets tough, the tough get going, eh Albert?"

President Stanton pushed open the door. "Whatever you say, Harry," he agreed sarcastically.

"Damn it, Albert," said Morse with a harsh whisper. "When there's press around, my name is Mr. Morse!"

Stanton just grunted and walked over to the scales. On the other side of the room he saw the Russian president being massaged by two large bald men. Even Kuzkin had no hair on his head. Stanton wondered if he had scalped himself to intimidate his opponents, or if he just played better bald. If intimidation was the reason, it certainly worked.

The big Russian had muscles bulging out of every part of his body, and looked much more like a professional wrestler than a racquetball player. Beside the Soviet president stood Vice President Davidov. The 70-year-old ex-president looked out of place in his grey suit and black tie, and he smiled nervously at Stanton and Morse before leaving the room. According to tradition the two opposing vice presidents sat next to each other during the game, though Morse was not keen about sitting beside his most hated enemy.

When Stanton had finished weighing in, he sat down in the corner of the room. Morse stayed beside him and put his hand on the president's shoulder, as he smiled for photographers. "Yep," said the vice president, filling his chest with air. "Our boys at NASA will be watching this game pretty closely."

"Go away, Harry," said Stanton. "I need to be alone for a minute."

Morse pulled his hand off Stanton's shoulder. "I sometimes wonder," he said angrily, "why we chose you to represent our great country!"

"You had no choice," said Stanton smiling. "I'm the best."

The journalists and photographers left the room as the loudspeakers began blaring out information to the audience. "... And



in accordance with the International Racquetball Treaty of 1986," the voice rang out, "the leaders of these two countries have agreed to play one game to 100 points. The winning country will have the right to peacefully control all space outside of earth's atmosphere."

"Peacefully," Morse repeated to himself. "Who will watch what the Russians are doing up there if they win the game?"

"And now ladies and gentlemen," continued the voice, "tonight's players. With a record of 12 wins and no losses in his political career, the president of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Mr. Igor Kuzkin!"

Stanton watched the big Russian president stand up and walk slowly out into the arena, where he was met by thunderous applause from Communist supporters.

"And," the loudspeaker carried on, "with 13 wins and two losses, the president of the United States of America, Mr. Albert Stanton!"

Stanton stood, looked over at Morse, and followed Kuzkin through the door. He felt abnormally nervous for this important game, though his usual pre-game confidence was still with him. His plan was to outmaneuver his hefty counterpart by using the corners as much as possible.

The two men warmed up cautiously and when the large crowd had settled down, Stanton had won the rally for first serve. He spun the ball off the wall and Kuzkin lunged forward and smashed it back again, so hard that Stanton did not even see the ball whiz past his head. He had never seen a ball move so fast. The big Russian walked up to the serving line and laughed. He looked at Stanton and, in a deep voice, said something in Russian.

Stanton readied himself for the serve. "Whatever you say, Tarzan," he said.

The Russian president frowned and Stanton wondered if he understood English. He did not have time to ask, as the ball came flying off the wall at his head. He jumped out of the way and sent it back into the corner, just off the floor.



Kuzkin reached out but missed and Stanton won back the serve. The U.S. supporters cheered frantically, and Stanton knew that it would be a tough game.

The contest ground on and the competition was ferocious. Points were rare, as most of the game involved exchanging serves. The immense crowd was not treated to an extremely beautiful game, but its political importance impelled them to applaud wildly after every point. An hour into the game Stanton began to feel the heat of the struggle, and found himself stumbling on occasion. The score was 35-32 for Kuzkin, and Stanton noticed that his big opponent was also quite exhausted.

The Russian took the ball for his serve and fired it off the wall. It was not one of his better serves, and Stanton returned it with ease. Then Kuzkin reached out and just before contacting the ball, he cracked Stanton's knee with his racquet. The U.S. president collapsed to the floor and lost the point. The American supporters were in an uproar, but the judges merely looked at one another before signalling for play to resume.

Stanton picked himself up from the floor and limped around the court. His knee hurt, but he felt the adrenaline pumping through his veins. He stared furiously at Kuzkin, who bounced the ball off the floor and smiled. Stanton took a deep breath and readied himself for the serve. The ball came swiftly at his feet and he bent down to scoop it up. He noticed that Kuzkin was directly behind him and after having hit the ball, Stanton exaggerated his follow through, and swung his racquet hard into the Russian's groin. A high pitched scream filled the court and the Soviet president sank to his knees. His face contorted with pain and the Russian partisans jumped to their feet, screaming at the judges. But once again the judges ignored the incident, and Stanton won back the serve. Kuzkin slowly returned to his feet and looked over at Stanton, who replied with a polite smile.

The game lingered on with both players becoming increasingly more intent on

damaging the other than on scoring points. Each of the six international judges was frightened to be the first to interfere in such an important game. As a result they sat calmly in their chairs, glancing nervously at each other after every violent incident. The occasional protest became a constant barrage of screams from the massive crowd led by those of the vice presidents, Morse and Davidov. The two politicians stood side by side, yelling at the top of their lungs while waving angry fists in the air.

Morse lost his temper when he saw that Stanton had been cut in the mouth. "C'mon Albert!" he screamed. "Swing at his head!"

The Soviet vice president bellowed something in Russian, but both men's words were drowned in the deafening roar of the crowd.

Down on the court the game was entering its third hour, and the two warriors were totally exhausted. The American president took the ball and stumbled up to the serving line. The score was 95-92 for Stanton, though he had only recently taken the lead. His Russian opponent was barely able to stand and staggered sluggishly to return the serve. The ball bounced slowly off the wall, and Stanton somehow managed to send it back into the corner. He saw that the Soviet president was not even there to return the shot, and he smiled wearily to himself at the thought of winning another point. His joy was short lived, however, as he felt the solid crack of the Russian's racquet across the back of his neck. His body went limp, and as he dropped to the floor he was overcome with nausea. The U.S. president lay lifeless on the floor and kept his eyes open just long enough to notice something happening in the crowd. Then Stanton's eyes slowly closed and he lost consciousness.

The president woke up a day later in a hospital back in the U.S. The first face he saw was just a blur, but he thought he recognized it. "Is that you Robert?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the doctor. "It's me."

"Who won the game?" Stanton asked.

"Nobody won," said the doctor.

Stanton rubbed his eyes. "What do you mean?"

"It's hard to believe," sighed the doctor, as he placed an ice bag on Stanton's head. "After Kuzkin put you on the floor, Morse took a swing at the Soviet vice president and the entire arena erupted into a brawl. A few of us managed to get you out of there. There was total chaos and Morse somehow made his way back here to Washington."

The door opened and Morse entered, followed by two generals in uniform. "How are you feeling, Albert?" asked Morse.

"Confused," answered Stanton, looking curiously at the generals. "I haven't seen a military uniform for at least 15 years. I thought the treaty banned the wearing of them."

Morse smiled. "What treaty?" he said. "The Russians dropped a nuclear bomb on L.A. this morning. That's what they think of the damn treaty."

Stanton was shocked. "A nuclear what?" he screamed. "Nobody's supposed to have any more bombs."

"Tell that to them," said Morse.

Stanton sat up in his bed. "My god," he muttered. "A nuclear bomb on L.A. What'll be their next target?"

Morse's smile turned into a laugh. "Don't you worry about that," he said. "Good ol' Uncle Sam wasn't that stupid back in 1986. We hung onto a few neutron bombs. Always good to have an ace up your sleeve."

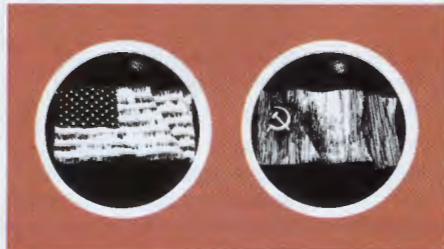
Stanton lay back down and covered his face with his hands. "This must be a bad dream," he said to himself.

"There's nothing to be nervous about Albert," said Morse. "Who cares if you got beaten up by a Russian racquetball player. We've just sent over enough hardware to plow them under for many years to come. We hit every military installation they've got. They'll never send over another bomb, let alone a racquetball!" He roared with laughter.

Morse's laugh ended abruptly as the entire hospital began to tremble. There was a blinding flash and Stanton saw that the paint on the walls was cracking. The two generals lay huddled together on the floor and the doctor ran out of the room screaming. Morse was terrified and looked down at Stanton. His eyes were opened wide and his face was panic stricken.

"A nuclear bomb," he said quietly. "But how could they have—." His sentence was cut as the hospital began to collapse. Morse was thrown violently against the wall.

Stanton pulled the blanket over his face and thought briefly that Kuzkin had probably suffered the same fate in Russia. "Tie game," he thought to himself, as he closed his eyes for the last time. A wave of intense heat struck, and a few minutes later the hospital was no more. ●



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Eating Without Guilt

Jock's Menu Tells How to Balance Food and Exercise

by Howard Bragman



If, indeed, "Life is a trade-off," then Lakeshore Centre, Chicago's super fitness club, has come up with the ultimate trade-off restaurant. It's called, "Jock's Nouvelle Bar and Grill," and if the initial success is any indication, it could be the start of a trend.

The restaurant is based on a unique and healthful concept. "We found that people like to balance the food they eat against the amount of exercise they take," explains restaurant manager Kathy Grenier. "So we have provided a chart of calories equated to sports for most menu items. Now as you enjoy the food, you'll know exactly how long you have to play racquetball, swim, run or play tennis to burn off the calories you're taking in."

As an example Jock's Italian Frittata (an omelet made with Italian sausage, zucchini, scallions and Marinara sauce) will take 18 minutes of racquetball for an average weight woman and 15 minutes of racquetball for an average weight man to bum off.

All of the calories to exercise were carefully determined by Chicago Nutritionist Jacqueline Marcus. Marcus used standard calorie texts and exercise physiology textbooks to work out the equations.

Her times are based on an "average" racquetball game that was determined by exercise physiologists through a series of tests on a spectrum of athletes.

The healthful theme reflected in Jock's menu selections is also seen in the sleek high-tech interior of the restaurant. Like the club itself the restaurant was designed by noted Chicago Interior Designer Richard Himmel in a clean, colorful high-tech decor. Himmel says "The club is stripped down to basics just as the runners, swimmers and racquetball players are stripped down to basics."

Fresh Vegetable Platter—322 calories; Men's racquetball—22 minutes, women's—27 minutes.

THE JOCK'S CONCEPT

Jock's has created a menu of foods for healthy, active people. Food for Jocks.

Because we know you like to balance the food you eat against the amount of exercise you take, we have provided a chart of calories-eaten-to-sports for most menu items. As you enjoy each delicious morsel, you'll know precisely how long you will have to run, swim, play tennis or racquetball to burn off the calories you're taking in.

Our charts are based on average weights for women (126 lbs.) and men (154 lbs.). If you weigh more than average, you will burn up calories faster. If you weigh less than average, you will need to exercise longer. Swimming is based on a fast crawl; jogging is based on an 8 minute mile.

As you probably know, you are burning up some calories just by sitting and reading this. But exercise does more than burn off calories. It also keeps you fit and beautiful.

Portion size and calorie content were carefully determined by Nutritionist Jacqueline Marcus, M.S., R.D.

♥ Heart symbol shown by each approved menu item



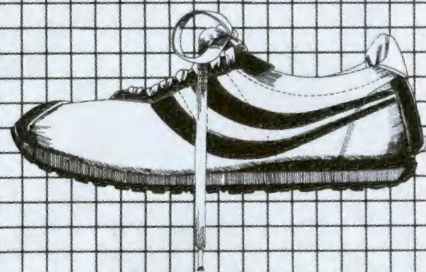
EAT WELL is a part of WHOLEHEARTED, a health promotion program of the Chicago Heart Association. This restaurant is proud to offer items which meet standards of the Heart Association for persons who desire low fat and low cholesterol foods.

Chicago Heart Association
Serving Cook, Lake and DuPage Counties

Meanings of symbols used on calorie charts are shown below. Figures given with them (see inside menu) indicate minutes of exercise. First figure given is for first menu choice; figure after slash is for alternate choice.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| ⑧ Racquetball | ⑤ Swimming |
| ① Jogging | ⑦ Tennis |

JOCK'S
NOUVELLE BAR & GRILL



1320 W. Fullerton Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60614

Lakeshore Centre Nutritionist Jackie Marcus advises racquetball players to
• Eat a light meal two or three hours before playing • Avoid fats • Rehydrate after the game.



Shocking Red

Touche of safety yellow, vibrant green and shocking red play artfully with the exposed ducts, beams and pipes, and the high-tech theme extends to stark white dishes and wine in laboratory beakers.

Jock's is part of a total renovation of the Lakeshore Centre facility. The club opened in 1971 with 10 tennis courts in a renovated warehouse and a few years later the owners added nine racquetball courts. For nearly 10 years the club served Chicago well as a popular recreational center providing racquetball and tennis facilities for the Lincoln Park and near north areas.

But on January 13, 1979 the roof of the original warehouse building collapsed

under the weight of the accumulated snow during one of the most severe blizzards in Chicago history. The only part of the club that remained intact was the racquetball courts.

One year and eight million dollars later a four story shrine to sports and entertainment rose out of the rubble. It was the dawn of a new era in recreation, and the 150,000 square foot Lakeshore Centre offered a list of amenities that dazzled the most jaded urban sportsman.

The racquetball and tennis courts are still there (dozens of them), but that's just the start. Add a roof top disco, an indoor/outdoor swimming pool, a Nautilus fitness center, a quarter-mile air conditioned indoor running track with electronic pacing lights, a mechanical ski slope, whirlpools, steam rooms, saunas, sun rooms, a nursery, juice bars, snack bars, all open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. *Sports Illustrated* called Lakeshore Centre "One of the first and certainly the most diversified of the super clubs sprouting across America."

In spite of the remarkable array of facilities racquetball remains the most popular attraction at the club. The restaurant, many racquetball players feel, adds to their enjoyment of the facilities. Steve Agosto, a Lakeshore Centre member and a regular racquetball player, enjoys the restaurant after nearly every racquetball game. "It's stupid," Agosto says, "to exercise and then go eat garbage. Exercise and diet are both part of good fitness. Jock's makes them both easy and fun."

Italian Frittata—
213 calories; Men's racquetball—
15 minutes, women's—18 minutes.



NATIONAL RACQUETBALL

Prime Rib Salad—251 calories; Burned up in 21 minutes of racquetball for women, 27 minutes for men, plus 14 (men) and 17 (women) minutes for the 200 calories in the raspberry juice.



What You Don't Eat

Nutritionist Marcus agrees that exercise and diet do work together to provide the basics of good fitness. On this theme Marcus has provided some tips for racquetball players. "It's more important what you don't eat than what you do eat. Racquetball is an aggressive game and if you eat a big meal right before you play you're asking your body to do two things at once—digest the meal and play racquetball." Marcus suggests a light meal two to three hours before a game, and insists that the worst thing to consume is fats, "Because they prevent oxygen from going to the bloodstream."

Following a racquetball game Marcus suggests that the first thing to do is to rehydrate yourself, that is, to replace the fluids that were lost during the game. Interestingly enough Marcus suggests that a natural beer (one without chemical additives) is one of the best fluids available. "It is an excellent source of calories, simple sugars, vitamins and minerals."

After the rehydration process Marcus encourages the racquetball players to step into Jock's Nouvelle Bar and Grill and enjoy the delicious foods.

The Jock's menu is diverse, offering everything from the standard hamburger to a fresh steamed vegetable platter. In between are salads of pineapple and chicken or cold pasta.

One of the more interesting aspects of the menu is in the pasta dishes. Marcus explains that carbohydrates are very good for you, "and surprisingly low in calories. What adds the calories is what's put on the pasta." The menu choices verify Marcus' observations. Pasta with tomato

Natural beer is the post game beverage recommended at Jock's bar.



and mushroom sauce takes only 21 minutes for an average racquetball player to work off, yet the same pasta with a sauce of Parmesan cheese and light cream contains more than 1,000 calories and takes four times as long to burn off.

Other choice menu items are a yogurt and fruit salad and a prime steak salad that both take less than half of an hour to burn off.

Diners at Jock's have been seen with stopwatches, calculators and long rows of numbers. All this to figure out their menu plans. It seems that the exercising public is ready to admit that life does contain trade-offs and they have found that Jock's is one of the most delicious places to balance great eating with good fitness. ●

Food that Wins

Sports Nutrition Book by Frances Goulart Casts Light on Carbohydrate Loading and Other Mysteries of the Athlete's Diet

Frances Sheridan Goulart, who writes regularly for the "Health" section of *National Racquetball*, is the author of this concise—and complete—guide to feeding the athlete.

Her approach is objective. Goulart is a thorough researcher and she presents the opinions of authorities on all sides of frequently controversial food issues. The result is that the reader can come to conclusions based on Goulart's evidence.

The *Eating to Win* chapter on vitamins and minerals—what Goulart calls "Super Pills"—is a case in point. Goulart describes the B complex, especially B₁, B₃, B₆, and B₁₂, as the "energy alphabet for any athlete", runs through the benefits of nutrients from iron to aspartic acid, and presents B₆ and calcium as tranquilizers. But then she writes "exercise may be all you need to unwind . . . volleyball is a better downer than valium, especially for aging athletes . . ."

"Cardiologist Dr. Paul White . . . says 'leg muscles are an important and unappreciated accessory pumping mechanism to assist our hearts physically. Healthy fatigue of the great muscle is the best antidote known to man for nervous stress . . .'" Later in her "Super Pills" chapter the food writer admits "many physiologists and nutritionists feel that if you had to choose, you'd be better off with a delinquent diet and a superior exercise program."

But the reader looking for specific ways that food can lead to better racquetball can also find answers in Goulart's book.

Chapter six, "Special Diets for Sports," deals with "loading," which Goulart explains is "megadosing with one particular type or class of food for the purpose of raising your performance potential."

Goulart warns against protein loading. She's glad that the fad has seen its day. As for carbohydrate loading—a technique still popular among tournament racquetball players—Goulart defines the system in terms of a runner: "The runner takes his run of say one and a half hours. Over the following three days he limits his diet to protein foods such as fish, cheese, eggs and meat and avoids carbohydrates. The next three days a normal diet is followed but with the addition of as much

Tournament players who know their nutrition reach for fresh fruit in the club hospitality room.



carbohydrate as the athlete can stand. On the day of the race the runner has a light meal. The purpose of all this is to deplete the leg muscles of glycogen supplies during the first two stages, allowing the athlete to then 'load', binding an enormous amount of carbohydrate to the muscle and promoting markedly increased endurance . . ."

Some players may want to skip right to the loading phase, sticking with it for three days before a tournament. "The guidelines," Goulart writes, "are (1) Make sure your last four to six meals are carbohydrate heavy, (2) begin the diet after a lengthy training session and (3) do very little training during the dietary period."

Other readers may improve their games by following one simple suggestion in the chapter's section on fasting: "You can train your body to shift gears if you train when you are hungry or work out at least 14 hours after eating. Then the body learns to use fats and carbohydrates for energy."

Almost every page of *Eating to Win* contains some useful fact. Did you know that peanuts are a rich source of magnesium, a mineral necessary for efficient muscles? Or that as good as a fresh orange is—pulp and all—following a tough match, the juice of the orange is even better? ("The goodnesses of the raw enzyme-rich food can be instantly taken up by the bloodstream.")

Vegetables for athletes: Soybeans are an antifatigue food richer in potassium than anything but nutritional yeast, while spinach supplies at least 30 minerals. Top nutritional honors go to garlic, onions and radishes.



The reader who is pleased that Goulart is generous with her facts may wish the author would hold back on phrases like "on the lam from lamb," "to put milk out to pasture," an opinion [about garlic] with roots in the past," or "nor is the lemon any lemon."

In a book so packed with practical information on what to eat all those puns are a little hard to swallow. ●

—C.B.

Eating to win, published by Stein and Day, sells for \$8.95 at bookstores.

Super Bowl

from *Eating to Win*

Soups to soup you up? Dr. Ralph Bircher has spent a lifetime comforting people, athletes among them, with apples, potatoes and other high-quality proteins. "Potatoes," he says, "contain barely two percent protein but of the highest quality equal to that of eggs. In combination with small amounts of egg protein potatoe protein is of the very highest value . . . Test subjects eating potato as their sole source of protein remained healthy and strong for five and a half months . . ."

Doubtless you would remain even healthier with some garlic added, so here they are together to work their special effects:

Garlic Potato Broth

1½ qt. potato peel broth
peels from 6 unsprayed potatoes
herbs
egg shells
1½ tbsp. olive oil
½ bay leaf
1 head garlic, broken into cloves and peeled (about 16 cloves)
¼ tsp. thyme
pinch of sage

Put potato peels in a pot with water to cover twice and any herbs you favor, plus eggshells or bones to add calcium. Add a bit of lemon juice, bring to a boil, and simmer, covered, 30 min. Strain. Combine broth with other ingredients and simmer slowly for 30 to 45 min. Discard the garlic cloves and the bay leaf. Serve with sprinkling of finely minced hard-boiled egg on top, or beat in one raw egg as for egg drop soup.

Breakfast for Champions

(Wrong Way) from *Eating to Win*

One cup of instant breakfast drink (imitation-orange flavored)

Ingredient	Delivers
Sugar	Adds calories; offers temporary burst of energy
Citric acid	From chemicalized fermentation process; adds a high acid flavor; may damage teeth and bone enamel.
Flavor	Chemically prepared flavor from real or artificial sources to duplicate the natural flavor of the orange
Gum arabic (vegetable gum)	A plant gum that acts like a mucilage; may prompt intestinal irregularities or allergic response
Monosodium phosphate (also known as sodium biphosphate)	An emulsifier and sequestant that binds and inactivates minerals in the body; high sodium content
Potassium citrate (also known as sodium citrate)	Buffer or acidifier, a sodium salt of citric acid; acts as the sequestant above; high sodium content
Calcium phosphate	Refined and purified chemical to prevent caking; caustic; may cause allergic intestinal distress
Vitamin C	Usually synthetic (may be a coaltar derivative)
Cellulose gum	A natural plant gum, usually from a vegetable source; may cause allergic or intestinal reaction
Hydrogenated coconut oil	A saturated fat that may predispose to cholesterol atherosclerosis buildup in arteries; adds "body" to the beverage
Ferrous sulfate	Iron oxide reduced to a powder by the chemical addition of hydrogen; if strong enough may be poisonous to children; may also cause liver damage.
Artificial color	Adds the "look" of orange juice
Vitamin A	Usually synthetic (may be a coaltar derivative)
BHA preservative (butylated hydroxyanisole)	A coaltar product, used as an antioxidant; may have cancer causing properties

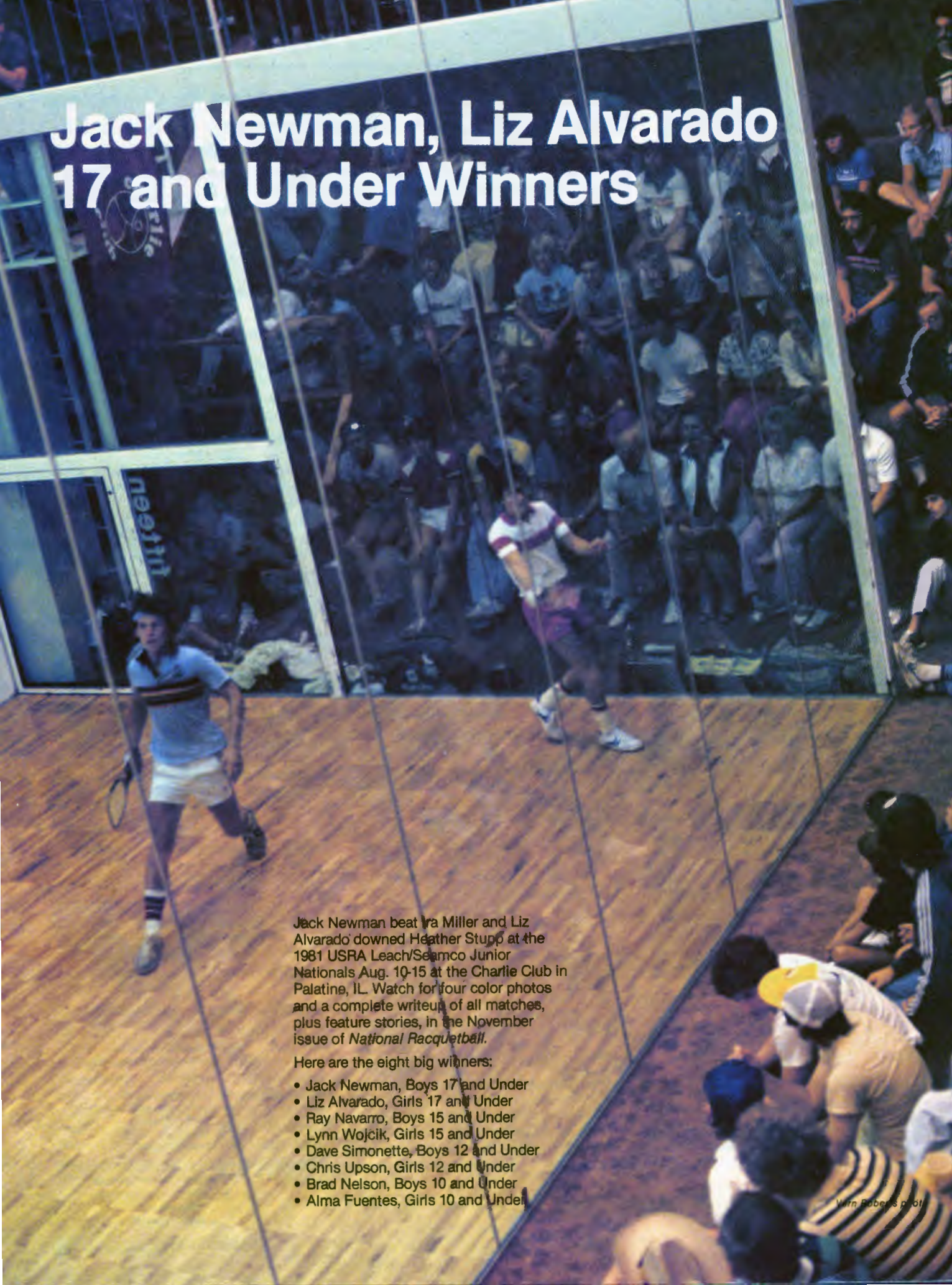
Breakfast for Champions

(Right Way) from *Eating to Win*

One cup pure orange juice

Nutrient	Amount	Delivers
Water	88%	Maintains proper body temperatures used by all hormones and body systems
Calories	110	Provides true energy for vigor and strength
Protein	2 grams	Builds, maintains, and repairs all body tissues; supplies energy; helps form antibodies to fight infection; contributes to the body's fluid structure
Carbohydrates	26 grams	For real energy; helps the body use fats efficiently for body warmth; aids digestion by adding bulk
Calcium	27 mg.	Helps functioning of muscles, nerves, and heart; builds bones and teeth
Iron	.5 units	Pairs with protein to make the hemoglobin that carries oxygen to all body cells; aids cells in using oxygen and creating energy
Vitamin A	500 units	For healthy skin and eyesight; prevents night blindness; helps keep mucous membranes of mouth, nose, throat and digestive tract healthy
Vitamin B ₁ (Thiamine)	.22 mg.	Needed for proper function of heart and nervous system and energy production
Vitamin B ₂ (Riboflavin)	.07 mg.	For healthy skin; prevents sensitivity of eyes to light; needed to build and maintain healthy body tissues
Niacin	1 mg.	Works with enzymes to convert food to energy; aids nervous system; prevents appetite loss
Vitamin C	124 mg.	Keeps bone, teeth, blood vessels healthy; helps tooth formation; builds resistance to respiratory ailments; prevents fatigue
Potassium	460 mg.	For cell fluid balance, normal nerve-impulse conduction, and muscle contraction; regulates acid-alkaline balance
Magnesium	22 mg.	Relaxes nerves, promotes cell growth and activates enzymes; helps form new proteins
Phosphorus	43 mg.	For healthy bones and teeth; needed by every cell and for the metabolism of carbohydrates

Jack Newman, Liz Alvarado 17 and Under Winners



Jack Newman beat Ira Miller and Liz Alvarado downed Heather Stupp at the 1981 USRA Leach/Seamco Junior Nationals Aug. 10-15 at the Charlie Club in Palatine, IL. Watch for four color photos and a complete writeup of all matches, plus feature stories, in the November issue of *National Racquetball*.

Here are the eight big winners:

- Jack Newman, Boys 17 and Under
- Liz Alvarado, Girls 17 and Under
- Ray Navarro, Boys 15 and Under
- Lynn Wojcik, Girls 15 and Under
- Dave Simonette, Boys 12 and Under
- Chris Upson, Girls 12 and Under
- Brad Nelson, Boys 10 and Under
- Alma Fuentes, Girls 10 and Under

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