

National Racquetball®

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July, 1984
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EKTELON NATIONALS:

- HARNETT'S BIG WIN
- MC KAY STOPS ADAMS

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- HOW CLOSE ARE WE?
- RUSSIAN PULLOUT RB INSPIRED!

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Calories/Hour Display: enables user to gauge equivalent work load.

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Pedal RPM: constant display of current operating speed.

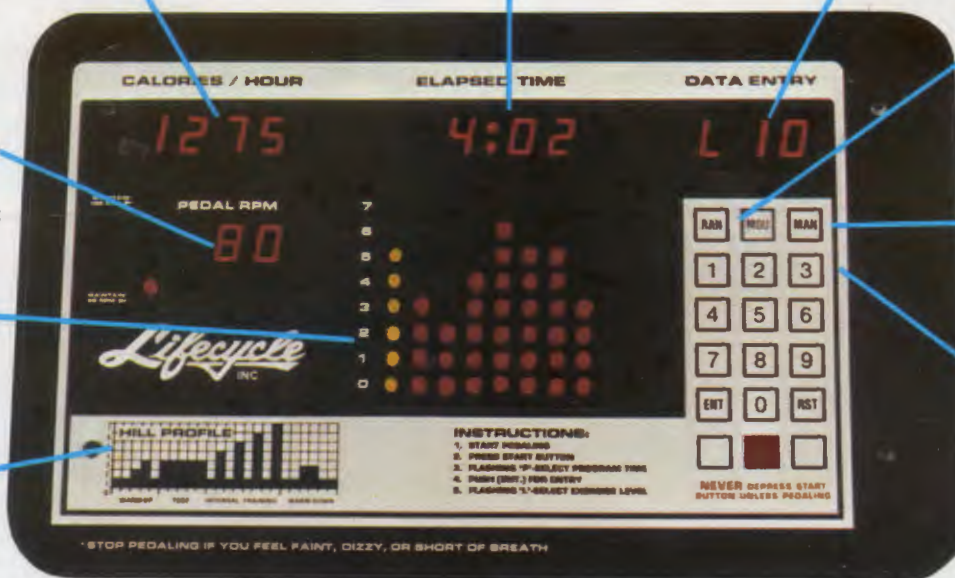
LED Matrix Display: provides graphic display of present and upcoming effort levels.

Hill Profile: visually represents terrain encountered in standard programs.

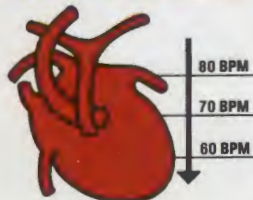
RAN: provides an immeasurable number of pre-programmed, random-accessed combinations to test the advanced user.

Manual: circumvents hill profile with a pre-selected fixed load for the purpose of testing at a constant level.

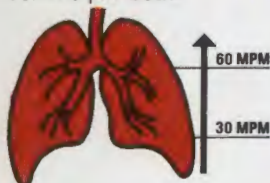
Maximum Oxygen Uptake: approximate measure of milliliters of oxygen consumed per minute, a documentable gauge of improvement.



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Heart Rate: as physical conditioning improves, resting heart rate decreases. The heart pumps oxygenated blood to the body in greater volume per beat.



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- Interval Training period—sequentially increases, challenging the body to do more while adhering to the laws of physiology.
- Warm-down period—allows the body to begin dissipating lactic acid built up during interval training.

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Modular Maintenance

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On the cover . . .

Bret Harnett took his biggest stride ever toward becoming 1984's player of the year by capturing the Ektelon National Championships in a hard-fought, five game finale against Jerry Hilecher. A full report on the Ektelon Nationals begins on page 32.

—photo by Milo Muslin

Next issue . . .

The major tournament results continue to roll in and we'll have complete coverage of the AARA Nationals and DP Nationals along with a feature on Cheryl Hansen, one of broadcast journalism's rising stars. Plus all our regular instructional, and interesting features.

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Letters

Deaf Tournament

Dear Editor:

I am the director and instructor of the Kansas City Racquetball Club for the Deaf, which I helped start three years ago. It has grown each year and is popular among the deaf athletes. I am also on the Board of Directors of the National Racquetball Association of the Deaf (NRAD), which was featured in the *June Issue*.

I enjoy helping the NRAD by sharing my many experiences in local deaf tournaments and by researching other tournaments to develop better events for the future.

I normally play left-handed and have been a serious, lefty player for six years. Late last year, unfortunately, I tore the rotator cuff in my left shoulder and my orthopedic surgeon told me it would take six to eight months to heal. That meant that I wouldn't be able to play in the NRAD Nationals (page 41 this past April).

Well, that wouldn't do, so I switched to right-handed, practicing five hours a day developing fundamentals. It really helped and at the Nationals I was pleased to reach fifth place out of 32 men in the Class C. (A year earlier I had finished second in the B Class at the Midwest Classic—left-handed.)



Ironically, I found three or four other men B players who played right-handed for the first time at the NRAD Nationals.

I enjoy your magazine and thank you for the NRAD coverage.

J.J. Jones
Shawnee Mission, KS

The Good Mr. Yellen

Dear Editor:

With racquetball, we constantly hear stories of the good, the bad, and the ugly. Well, here's one for the good!

In April, we traveled to a tournament in Des Moines, IA, where our son Chad played in the junior division. Due to some confusion in the scheduling of courts, after waiting at the club all day Saturday to play, Chad missed his designated starting time by a few minutes. Thus, a forfeit! You can imagine the anguish our son was feeling?!

Mike Yellen, also involved in the tournament presenting a clinic and an exhibition match, was aware of Chad's misfortune. During the Saturday evening clinic, Mike invited Chad to play a preliminary exhibition game with him before a crowd of over 200 enthusiastic spectators:

What a thrill! A dream come true for a 13-year-old racquetballer who idolizes Mike Yellen.

Thank you, Mike, for creating a memory that Chad will never forget and for once again proving to juniors that you really do care.

Mike Yellen, you are not only number one in racquetball, but more important, you are a number one person!

John H. Anderson
St. Joseph, MO

The Poetry of Tom Grobmisi

I Love To Rub It In

I love to rub it in
When I win!
And every time I kill the ball
I grin.
Good sportsmanship
Is boring;
I like to revel
When I'm scoring.
Who says that
Being cocky is a sin?
And when I lose,
I cry;
Make excuses,
Even lie.
I throw tantrums
And get nasty as can be.
And my friends don't seem
to mind:
They're friendly,
And they're kind;
Except none of them
Will ever play with me.

Upcoming Events

APRO Convention

The American Professional Racquetball Organization (APRO) has finalized plans for the annual APRO National Convention — Jamboree 1984—to be held at Steamboat Springs, CO, Labor Day weekend, **August 31-September 3.**

A certified teachers' tournament will be held along with clinics/testing/seminars, and open membership meeting.

For further information contact APRO, 8303 E. Thomas Rd., Scottsdale, AZ 85251 or call (602) 991-0253.

National Senior Pro Championships

21st Point Club, Albany, NY
August 3-5, 1984
(518) 489-3276

Eligibility for players 35 years old or older; cash prizes in singles and doubles; draw limited to first 64 to sign up; players must be 35 years old on or before August 2, 1984; call for information or write:

Senior Professional Racquetball Organization (SPRO), Ten McKown Rd., Albany, NY 12203.

Toyota-Lite Beer East Coast Classic

Security Court Club, Towson, MD
July 22-22, 1984
(301) 532-2250

Pro/am event with 1984 Toyota Truck as first prize; \$2,500 cash for second place; \$1,000 for third place; \$500 for fourth; \$400 to quarter-finalists.

For further information contact Dave Pivec at the above phone number or write him at DJMC Advertising, Inc., 2 Hamill Rd., Suite 141, Baltimore, MD 21210.

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From The Editor . . .

Eleven Can't Be Beaten!



A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away . . . racquetball games were played to 21, and it took two of them to win the match. It was that way because it had always been that way in handball, and it was the handball folks who initially promoted racquetball in this long-gone galaxy.

But racquetball matches of the best of three to 21 variety tended to become long, boring and dull, mainly because you'd have to sit through three rounds of 21-2, 21-3 blowouts before you could get to the good stuff like 21-19, 20-21, 21-20 three and a-half hour marathons, where the winner was the player who didn't cramp first.

Then it was decided to play the third game to 11, basically to shorten the match which would have three effects: 1) the referee wouldn't die of fatigue; 2) tournaments would run more on time meaning that the 9 p.m. match would now start at 11:30 instead of 1 a.m.; and 3) the underdog now had more of a chance since he could now win the match by winning only a game and a-half instead of two games.

Since I have to take most of the credit/blame for 11 pointers, I can only say, selfishly, that I did it entirely for reason number 1) above since I was refereeing most of the quarter, semi, and final round matches in most major events.

But then I retired from the hot seat, charred beyond recognition by avoidable hinder burn-out. And those who came later (I'm not certain whose final decision it was) decided to go one, or actually four, better on the 11 point concept—every game was now played to 11, at least for the pros, at least for the men pros.

At the recent Ektelon Nationals I paid especially close attention to three out of five to 11 to finally decide for myself exactly how the game differed from the old scoring methods (remember, some people play to 15, some 21 win by two, others just play till their time runs out).

My jury is in . . . 11 point games, especially three out of five games to 11 for the match is the only way for racquetball to go.

I saw blowouts 11-1, 11-1, 11-3. I saw marathons 11-10, 10-11, 11-9, 8-11, 11-10. And I saw everything in between. And I liked them all.

I liked the blowouts because they didn't waste your time. Paul Haber, the old handball champ, would have loved 11 pointers. He's the guy who said, "When I step onto the court, my only goal is to get off the court as soon as possible—with a win." Haber didn't fool around.

I liked the marathons even more because they became games within games. There were ebbs and flows (?) and more ebbs. Players got hot, cooled off, got hot again, got hotter and went ice cold. All lost concentration at some point, some never regained it.

But unlike the old days when being down 16-4 meant that's all, folks, 11 pointers give players the chance to regroup, alter strategy, suck it up, get into it, go for it, etc., etc.

Two matches in particular, Bret Harnett's thrilling five game semi-final victory over Marty Hogan, and Harnett's equally thrilling five game championship win over Jerry Hilecher, were perfect examples of the wonderful concept of three out of five to 11.

In both cases, neither match would have been anywhere near as exciting had it been played to 21-21-21, or for that matter 21-21-11.

Over the years I've been one of the first to jump all over people who want to tamper with the traditional elements of racquetball. But 11 point games, specifically men's professional, three out of five to 11 matches, are absolutely the best the sport has to offer.

I especially liked twice the opportunity to get a beer between games. ●

Chuck Lane

Reader Survey

Tell Us About Your Club

Everybody who joins a commercial racquet sports facility does so for specific reasons. In today's club market, with such a wide variety of facilities to choose from, in many locales players have the luxury of being able to pick and choose according to their personal preferences.

And choose you do, everything from exotic shangri-la's to your basic courts, lockers and hot running water. Well, we're interested in your club preferences and hope you'll take the few moments to respond to our survey below.

The results will be published in our September issue. Please send the completed survey form to *National Racquetball Reader Survey*, 1800 Pickwick Ave., Glenview, IL 60025.

1. How often do you play racquetball?

- ☐ 3 or more times per week
- ☐ 2 times per week
- ☐ 1 time per week
- ☐ 1 time per month or less

2. What is your playing level?

- ☐ Beginner
- ☐ Intermediate
- ☐ Advanced
- ☐ Open
- ☐ Professional

3. How many years have you been playing?

- ☐ More than five
- ☐ 3 or less
- ☐ 5 or less
- ☐ 2 or less
- ☐ 4 or less
- ☐ 1 or less

4. Are you female or male?

- ☐ Female
- ☐ Male

5. What is your age?

- ☐ Under 18
- ☐ 35-44
- ☐ 18-24
- ☐ 45-54
- ☐ 25-34
- ☐ 55 or over

6. How many clubs do you belong to?

7. How many different clubs have you ever been a member of?

- ☐ 1
- ☐ 2
- ☐ 3
- ☐ 4
- ☐ 5 or more

8. How long have you been a member of your present club?

- ☐ 6 years or longer
- ☐ 4-5 years
- ☐ 1-3 years
- ☐ less than a year

9. What fee structure does your club have?

- ☐ Membership fee & court time
- ☐ Monthly dues
- ☐ Monthly dues & court time
- ☐ Other (Please describe) _____

10. Does your club charge initiation fees over and above the fees described in question 9?

- ☐ Yes How much? _____
- ☐ No

11. Where is your club located?

- ☐ Urban
- ☐ Rural
- ☐ Suburban
- ☐ Other (Please describe) _____

12. When do you usually visit your club?

- ☐ Before 8 a.m.
- ☐ 8 a.m. - noon
- ☐ Lunch hour
- ☐ 2 p.m. - 5 p.m.
- ☐ 5 p.m. - 10 p.m.
- ☐ After 10 p.m.

13. Is your club a good place to meet new people?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No

14. How many racquetball courts does your club have?

15. Which facilities, in addition to racquetball courts, are offered at your club? Do you use these facilities? (Check all appropriate)

Has It	Use It	
☐	☐	Swimming pool
☐	☐	Sauna
☐	☐	Steam room
☐	☐	Cold Plunge
☐	☐	Whirlpool
☐	☐	Exercise machines
☐	☐	Free weights
☐	☐	Suntan machines
☐	☐	Jogging track
☐	☐	Basketball court
☐	☐	Massage
☐	☐	Snack Bar
☐	☐	Restaurant
☐	☐	Cocktail lounge
☐	☐	Squash courts
☐	☐	(How many?) _____
☐	☐	Tennis courts
☐	☐	(How many?) _____
☐	☐	Inhallation room
☐	☐	Nursery
☐	☐	Dance/Aerobic Studio
☐	☐	Quiet room

16. Please rate your club on the following services:

	Poor	Fair	Good	Excellent
a. The Club, overall	☐	☐	☐	☐
b. Cleanliness	☐	☐	☐	☐
c. Variety of Programming	☐	☐	☐	☐
d. Variety of Social Programs	☐	☐	☐	☐
e. Quality of Instruction	☐	☐	☐	☐
f. Child care availability	☐	☐	☐	☐
g. Staff courtesy	☐	☐	☐	☐
h. Staff efficiency	☐	☐	☐	☐
i. Club attitude toward kids	☐	☐	☐	☐
j. Locker room conditions	☐	☐	☐	☐
k. Club atmosphere	☐	☐	☐	☐
l. Arranging games/matches	☐	☐	☐	☐

17. What do you especially like about your club?

18. What improvements, if any, could be made in your club's facilities?

19. What improvement, if any, could be made in your club program offerings?

20. Does your club offer reciprocal play with other clubs?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No

21. If you answered "yes" to question 20, approximately how many times per year do you use the reciprocal play benefit?

- ☐ 10 or more
- ☐ 7-9
- ☐ 4-6
- ☐ 1-3

22. (Optional)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Club Name _____

Club City/State _____

In Search Of Olympic Gold

by Linda Catanzaro Boberg

The idea of racquetball becoming an Olympic sport is especially worthy of discussion in this, an Olympic, year. Young players watching coverage of the games in Los Angeles might very well dream of being the first to represent their sport in competition before hundreds of millions of international viewers.

Club owners agree that Olympic reality will encourage more people to play, and the powers-that-be in racquetball look to the Olympics as a means of furthering the sport they work for day after day.

Just how close is racquetball to making its Olympic debut and what needs to be done to get there?

The man who ought to know is Luke St. Onge, one of those powers-that-be. The energetic executive director of the American Amateur Racquetball Association (AARA), has for the last six years pushed and pulled to get racquetball acknowledged as more than just a fun sport played with racquet and blue ball against four walls.

Although he estimates only six percent of his time is devoted to the Olympic quest, it is a hard-spent six percent. If you ask anybody in racquetball about Olympics, they refer you to St. Onge. His name and the topic have become synonymous.

To understand where we are in the search for gold requires an overview of just what has happened these past six years.

In 1978, St. Onge as executive director of the International Racquetball Association (IRA), began looking for international credibility for the young sport.

He knew that Olympic acknowledgment would lend that credence as well as aid his cause in the IRA's ongoing power struggle with the U.S. Racquetball Association (USRA).

At the suggestion of Bill McNamara, then director of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, St. Onge, on behalf of the IRA, applied for membership to the U.S. Olympic Committee (USOC), the governing body of amateur sports in the U.S.

This was the beginning of what was to be a long, rocky, and detour-filled road that is still being traveled. Done in haste and without any idea of what was really needed to join the USOC, IRA's application was flatly rejected.

"We thought that it would be an easy process," St. Onge said. "Quickly we found out that we were naive; that we had a long, long way to go."

One of the things St. Onge didn't realize was that every sport that is granted admission to the USOC requires a national governing body which belongs to an international federation which belongs to a multi-international federation. Whew!

The first step needed was USOC recognition of a national governing body of racquetball. At the time two groups claimed this position—the IRA and the USRA, the faction of the IRA that had broken away in 1973. There was no international federation, despite the "international" in the IRA title.

In October, 1979, the IRA voted to change its name to AARA and established the International Amateur Racquetball Federation (IARF) as the independent international governing body, again with St. Onge as executive

director. The first thing IARF did was apply for membership in the International Olympic Committee (IOC). Since the USRA had gone on record as not being interested in pursuing Olympic participation, St. Onge had a clear path.

In the September, 1973 issue of *National Racquetball*, USRA founder and president, the late Bob Kendler said, "Olympics now seem farther away than ever for the court sports. It's just too difficult to get 40 countries involved."

Later in 1979, St. Onge re-applied to the USOC for membership. This time the rejection notice came back asking for clearer information concerning international development of racquetball.

In how many countries was it actually played? Which countries? What proof was there? And there was still the need to belong to an international multi-sports federation that was recognized by the USOC.

On behalf of the IARF, St. Onge applied to the General Association of International Sports Federations (GAISF) for membership. In October of 1980, the IARF was granted "observer" status within GAISF. This allowed racquetball to compete in World Games I, the first of its kind, in the summer of 1981.

Prior to the World Games, St. Onge, on behalf of AARA, applied for USOC membership for a third time—after massive lobbying (as much as the AARA's limited budget would allow).

"I was really afraid I was becoming something of a pest to these people," said St. Onge. "But I was not going to give up after all the work that we'd done."

—Photos by Robert F. George



Olympic House, headquarters for the U.S. Olympic Committee, Colorado Springs, CO. That's Pikes Peak on the horizon.



The application was again rejected, this time because the sport lacked IOC recognition. St. Onge was in the process of applying for this when he received word that IARF's membership application to the IOC (over two years old) was pending. The IOC wanted more validation of international development of racquetball.

When World Games I took place (Sacramento, CA), racquetball moved from observer to "provisional" status within the GAISF—one step closer. Every change in status with the GAISF helped the USOC look more favorably on racquetball.

In December of 1981, after the excitement of the World Games settled, St. Onge applied to the USOC—the fourth attempt. He and George Dwyer, an AARA board member, presented their case before the USOC membership committee—the first in-person presentation on behalf of racquetball.

St. Onge and Dwyer must have been convincing because the committee passed a resolution recommending that the application be accepted by the Executive Board of the House of Delegates of the USOC at their April, 1982 meeting. The only condition was that the AARA had to amend its constitution and by-laws to comply with the technical language of USOC rules.

"Finally!" said St. Onge. "After years of frustration and rejection we now had

something to celebrate. Our foot was in the door. Unfortunately, our celebration was short-lived."

What St. Onge did not know was that a movement within the USOC was building to change the rules to include IOC membership as a prerequisite to USOC membership. And IARF's application to IOC, you'll remember, was still pending.

Armed with all necessary documentation of compliance with all existing USOC rules, St. Onge and AARA president Keith Calkins, full of optimism, went to Indianapolis for the April, 1982 USOC meeting.

Much to their dismay, however, when new member applications came up, discussion broke out concerning the rule changes. The USOC decided to table all applications for new memberships until the rule change issue was resolved—a process that began immediately, and held potentially fatal consequences for the AARA effort.

Calkins, and especially St. Onge, were understandably distraught. Everything that they had worked so long, so diligently and so hard for suddenly looked to be meaningless, especially if the IOC membership prerequisites were passed.

"I think we would have gone under; that would have been it," St. Onge says. "It was a test vote within the membership committee as to whether or not they wanted us in."

"Fortunately," Calkins says, "there were enough members (of the USOC Membership Committee) on our side who took up our cause."

Among them were Steve Lieberman, chairman of the committee and archery representative, Don Porter of the American Softball Association, volleyball's Wilber Peck, and Fred Danner, table tennis representative. The group began lobbying efforts to defeat the new rule change. St. Onge and Calkins joined in.

The time to vote arrived and the changes were soundly defeated. The committee ruled that an international federation cannot determine USOC membership.

The next item on the agenda—acceptance for Group C status—came up—barely. Despite an attempt to adjourn the meeting before the vote, racquetball was presented for membership and accepted by an overwhelming majority. St. Onge and Calkins went home exhausted, but happy men.

"Keith hadn't realized just what was involved," St. Onge says. "By the time we were done, we were both drained and he was convinced that this was a positive undertaking."

"We felt that this was one of the most important things to ever happen to amateur racquetball," Calkins says. "It was extremely exciting to have 400-500

people, members of the USOC House of Delegates, recognize that racquetball was more than a flash—here today, gone tomorrow—sport.”

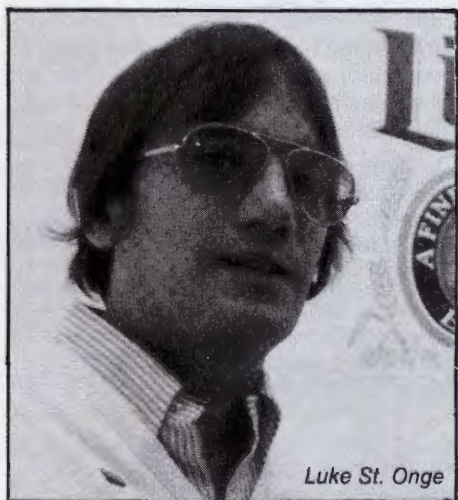
In January, 1983, the AARA moved its offices to Colorado Springs, CO, site of USOC headquarters. “By virtue of us being here, we save money,” says St. Onge, “because any of the services we receive from the USOC are at no cost to us.”

In October, 1983, the U.S. Amateur National Team traveled to Costa Rica for the Costa Rican/Pan American Championships. This marked the first time a U.S. team had traveled to another country for international play, the beginning of what St. Onge feels will become common occurrences.

★ ★ ★

So where are we now? Perhaps a crystal ball gazer could give a clue as to when the Olympics will embrace racquetball. With IARF recognition still pending by the IOC—and without any definite time frame to forecast that acceptance—racquetball must wait.

And after this acceptance, racquetball must still expand the number of countries in which it is played. Currently, the requirement is for a sport to be played in 72 countries to be eligible for the 1988 Olympics; 90 countries for the 1992 Olympics; and perhaps even more beyond that.



Luke St. Onge

“The costs to develop a new sport to that degree are totally exorbitant,” said St. Onge. “They make it very tough for a new sport to get in.”

In January of this year, St. Onge traveled to Quito, Ecuador, the site of the 1987 Pan Am Games. He brought with him a letter from Col. F. Don Miller, chairman of the USOC, recommending that racquetball be admitted to the games.

Once racquetball is on the program of the Pan Am Games, its GAISF status will become “full” and its USOC status will move up to Group A, making AARA eligible for USOC developmental funds. These funds, minimally estimated to be in six figures, will, of course, be of enormous value to racquetball.

“I don’t really have any idea how much money it will mean,” said St. Onge. “But no matter what the amount, it will go into programs to further the sport.”

But attainment of Group A status and being on the program of the Pan Am Games isn’t Olympic fulfillment. What of that? Bob Paul, special assistant to Col. Miller, plays devil’s advocate.

“I hate to sound negative,” he says, “But these are the facts: The IARF still needs IOC recognition. And there are other sports ahead of racquetball looking for Olympic recognition—badminton, softball and baseball—to name a few.”

And what of the people that are most affected by the quest for Olympic status—the young, the players, the club owners?

“Anything that can move racquetball into the limelight will be a tremendous plus,” says Ted Torcivia, owner of The Racquetball & Fitness Center, West Allis, WI and president of the International Racquet Sports Association (IRSA).

Fellow owner, Bob Peterson of the Court House in Boise, ID, himself a top veteran player, agrees. “Tennis had universal appeal. Once television picked up on it, tennis went through a boom period.”

But right now, racquetball lacks that TV coverage. According to Peterson, the sport needs something and he feels Olympics is the something. “Any time the sport gets exposure like this, it has to help with growth and development.

“The kids, though,” he continues, “the kids who are 17, 18, 19—they are the ones who need to determine whether it’s important or not.”

“The high school and junior level players are the ones for whom this effort bodes well,” Torcivia agrees.

And not just U.S. kids. St. Onge points out, “You talk to kids from the Dominican Republic and they want to play the game and be beaten 21-0, 21-0 if they have to, just to get the experience.”

As a member of the U.S. National team that went to the Costa Rican games this past October, Stan Wright,

Cast of Characters

To understand the history of racquetball’s quest for Olympic status, one has to know the “cast of characters.” Listed below are the associations, committees, and terms that will help clarify the accompanying article.

- **IOC** (International Olympic Committee) is the supreme governing body of the Olympic games.

- **USOC** (United States Olympic Committee) is the supreme governing body of amateur sports in the United States. This Committee was a direct result of the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, which ended the long-standing battle between NCAA and AAU for jurisdiction over amateur athletic competition in international events.

National Doubles Champ with Steve Trent, feels that international exposure is enticing to young players.

“It’s something for the kids to look forward to—that they can probably get into the Olympics and play internationally. It’s great exposure for the sport and as it gets this exposure, it’ll grow.”

St. Onge, too, thinks that the people who watch TV and dream of their own Olympic days as racquetball players are the ones who benefit most from the quest.

“Perhaps one of the most positive things that can happen in a kid’s life is the Olympics,” he says.

Regardless of whether the sport is represented at the summer games of 1992, 2004, 2036, or ever, the exercise to become an Olympic sport is proving vital to all who watch from the sidelines.

“Whether or not it **becomes** an Olympic sport is really secondary to the over-all credibility for the sport,” says St. Onge. “These international sports governing bodies are recognizing that it can be an Olympic sport. There are really serious hurdles to overcome, though. We must learn to be patient.”

Calkins, presently secretary/general of the IARF concurs. “We’re not there yet, but we’re getting there.” ●

- **Group A status**, granted by the USOC, is for sports that are on the program of the Pan American or Olympic games.

- **Group B status** is awarded to multi-sports federations.

- **Group C status** (the current status of racquetball) refers to members of the USOC that are developing sports and are not on the program of either the Pan Am or Olympic games.

- **GAISF** (General Association of International Sports Federations) is made up of more than 60 international sports federations with both Olympic and non-Olympic sports. There are three statuses a sport can attain: *Observer*, *Provisional*, and *Full*. Racquetball is *Provisional* at this time.

- **IARF** (International Amateur Racquetball Federation) is the supreme governing body of amateur racquet-

ball internationally and a member of the GAISF. Presently, the IARF has 41 nations as members on five continents.

- **AARA** (American Amateur Racquetball Association) is the national governing body of amateur racquetball in the United States. It is a member of the USOC and a charter member of the IARF.

- **IRA** (International Racquetball Association) is the former name of the AARA.

- **USRA** (United States Racquetball Association), once a competitive organization to IRA and AARA, no longer exists.

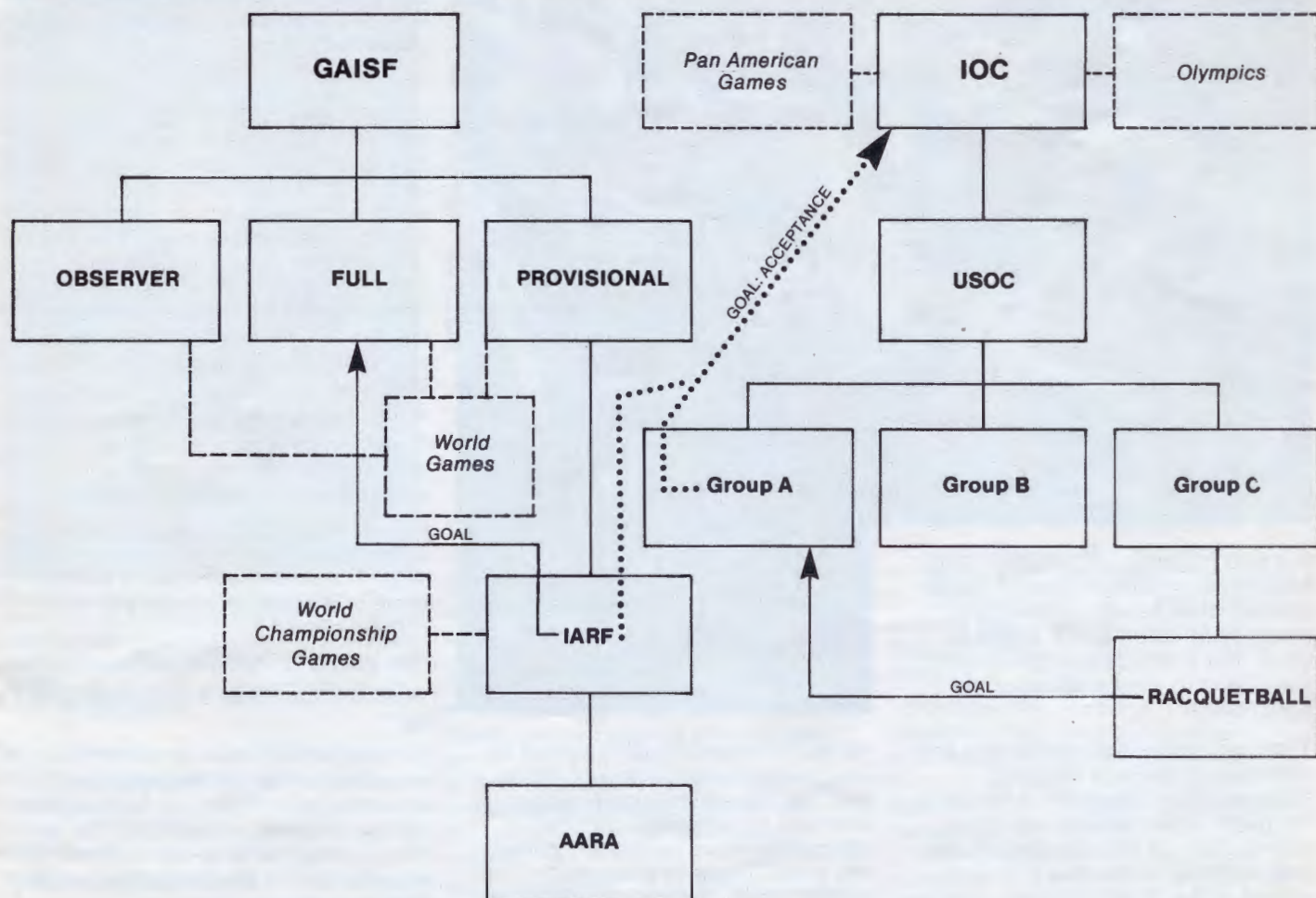
- **Pan American Games** is the name of the multi-international sports competition contest every four years in a non-Olympic year, restricted to North, South, and Central American countries.

- **Demonstration Sport** is included, but not officially contested, in both the Pan Am and Olympic games and can become a full participating sport in future Olympic and Pan Am games.

- **World Games** are multi-international sports competition for non-Olympic federations. The IARF participated in World Games I in 1981 in Sacramento, CA and will participate in World Games II in 1985 in London, England along with 23 other sports. Sports such as racquetball, karate, women's water polo, roller skating, baseball, and softball are contested at these Games, sanctioned by the GAISF.

- **IARF World Championship Games** are held every two years by the IARF with the 1984 World Championships slated for July 16-21 at Gleneagles Racquetball Club in Sacramento. Twenty-one countries are expected to compete.

The Olympic Chart



Racquetball: The Real Reason The Russians Pulled Out Of The Olympics

text and photos by Arthur Shay



It is said in Russia that Premier Nikita Khrushchev became interested in racquetball when he was accidentally struck by an errant ball at a rally in Omsk. But others believe the Brokhin story, recently smuggled out of the Soviet Union . . .

There are racquetball players who are detectives in the New York and Chicago Police Departments to whom the name of Yuri Brokhin will ring a vaguely familiar bell. Devotees of the best seller list in the *New York Times* will recall that Brokhin's book, *Hustler On Gorky Street*, made it to the middle of the list, then, like the life of its mysterious author, faded.

His death two years ago is carried as an unsolved murder. Although his accent and his faith in such American institutions as racquetball and getting rich quickly would have easily gotten him a real-life role in *Moscow On The Hudson*, death, that Oscar director of all human scripts, chose the *New York Times* for notice of Yuri's final role: corpse.

Soviet racquetball impacted on Premier Khrushchev in 1960, the story goes, well ahead of its rise to popularity in the U.S.

In Chicago months before his violent end he had frantically called casual acquaintances, among them me, to find a lawyer. Why would a Russian expatriate, a New Yorker, and class B racquetball player, a man capable of swimming in the Moscow shark tank, need a lawyer in Chicago?

★ ★ ★

He banged his Ektelon 250G against the bench we sat on in the rear of the Downtown Court Club in Chicago, a club much frequented by the Governor. We had met through a mutual photography and racquetball friend. The game intrigued Yuri and he had spoken of bringing it back to Russia and cashing in on it somehow. But that had been months ago. He had borrowed picture magazines, books, money. Now, he was in trouble.

"I came to Chicago with a colleague," he said softly (I won't attempt to duplicate his accent), "a man who was selling some questionable gold."

He paused and bit his lip, this handsome hulk of a Russian in his early 40's. "The police say I tried to switch some of the gold on a hotel bed into my own pocket."

"Did you?"

"Possibly, but it was a misunderstanding."

Another acquaintance got Brokhin a lawyer out of the yellow pages, and somehow, for a \$2,000 fee, he beat the rap and returned to New York. The next thing I knew, the *New York papers* reported that he died under mysterious circumstances in a hotel.

I had first listened to Brokhin's book on a series of cassette tapes put out by Books On Tape, a California outfit that,



The man who called himself Yuri Brokhin may not be the real Brokhin. For that matter, the real Brokhin may have been a cover identity for Boris Nabokov.



Russian racquetball is popular in prisons, where one wall reigns, and if the ball goes over the wall, forget it. Even solitary confinement prisoners are permitted to have RB posters and racquets, to prevent their being stolen by the guards.

he claimed, "Screwed me. They gave me \$300 for the reading rights. Their big authors—Harold Robbins, for example, get 10 times that much and they make for them parties."

He had answered my fan letter and my question about TV rights to his lively book about the black market underworld of Moscow where the currency was capitalist goods and pretty girls.

Yevgeny Gromyko and Arkady Chernenko, said to be related to members of the Politburo, were preparing to go to Los Angeles for a secret tourney with the American pros when the Russians pulled out of the Olympics. Chernenko's friends laugh at how easy it is for him to get high. His racquet is a modified Hammer and Sickle Brand, loosely chained. Gromyko's banana handle racquet is strung with pipe cleaners. It is almost impossible to get good guts in the USSR.



"The rights are available," he said. "Tell your television producer friend. So am I."

Like all hustlers everywhere he was forever on the make. It was a matter of time, I judged, before he would become a successful American.

In mystery books, movies or TV I, your average businessman-racquetball player who took a minor celebrity to his club for an hour of racquetball and some downtown lunch, would walk to a window, frown, notice Something Out There, and be swept up into a series of events that would lead to the solution of the murder. But I happen to be anchored to real life with a career, wife, kids. Sturdy middle class cloak, no dagger.

Thus I was shocked by the *New York Times* item, but middle age brings with it a kind of foam cushioning that absorbs bumps that are cataclysmic earlier in life. The plastic underlining of

our pervasive TV culture helps too: murder happens five or six times a day on TV out there on screens in plain view.

Even the TV and radio announcements of real murder are parenthesized in music that punctuates each segment. Anchorpersons, even racquetball-cover boy Bill Kurtis, look as if they have to work to keep a natural, friendly grin from debasing an international horror story.

I didn't give the murder of Yuri Brokhin another thought until the strange Wednesday morning when the Russians pulled out of the Olympics. I digested all of the logical and illogical reasons for the big NYET: revenge, fear of wholesale defections, the stricter steroid tests, and so on. I felt sorry for ABC, for the young athletes on both sides of the Iron Curtain who fell victim to the exact virus the original Olympics was designed to expunge.

When government pressure began to crimp racquetball expansion, brave underground committees like this one in Minsk met to organize player groups across the country. Bulgaria, Poland, Rumania and Hungary are represented here.



Beyond that, I beat my dentist three games to two at a pre-lunch match, went back with him after lunch to his Water Tower Place office for a check-up, and while sitting in the chair picked up the phone in response to my beeper.

"This is Yuri Brokhin," said the accented voice.

"Yuri!" I said. "You're dead!"

There was a pause. "I can explain," he said. "I'm in town and I must see you. How about this afternoon at your club? I have my racquet and gym things. This time I win."

"Four o'clock," I said, figuring that was enough time to recover from my morning match. I mean, what else can you say to a dead racquetball player resurrected after two years?

"You look—strange," said Dr. Rottman. "Your face is whiter than your teeth." He sighed. "You should floss more."

All of the Russian emigres I ever knew—perhaps four including Brokhin—had about them an air of almost

comic furtiveness. This came, Boris Mandrovsky once explained, from a lifetime of emulating the owl who wisely twists his head in all directions to make sure that he is in a position of privacy and safety, two commodities at a minimum in a closed society.

So there was Brokhin, nervously regarding his fake oyster watch, comparing it to the one in the Wrigley Building Tower, a notoriously inaccurate decoration. Yuri's yellow and red Wilson gym bag lay at his feet, between his blue Nikes, further pincered between his bluer Sergio Valentines, which, he assured me, should really be named Eli Kaplans but who would buy them?

He had gained about 10 pounds but a flimsy green nylon jacket hid most of it. He wore a nonsensical Chicago Cubs cap, his long wisps of sandy hair, like darkening exported Dakota wheat straggling. His beefy hand was out.

"Hallo," he said, in the German manner, a throwback to a concentration camp childhood. "Greetings from the other world. In confidence, of course."

His head did an owl swivel and he led me into the adjoining garage off Illinois Street. "I never died," he assured me.

"Who did?" I asked.

"Somebody The Company got—a corpse. They wanted the KGB to think their old friend Yuri Brokhin, the original small hustler on Gorky Street, was dead." He smiled. "I became—an observer."

"I know The Company is the CIA," I said. "I watch TV. But what—I mean how? . . ."

Yuri Brokhin broke in, ignoring the question of his resurrection. "Racquetball!" he said. "The whole Olympic mess has to do with racquetball but nobody admits it, neither side. No word from St. Onge. No word from the Kremlin."

A black 300 TD Mercedes suddenly died close to us en route down the ramp and a flash went off in our faces. A Polaroid! We leaped for safety as the car careened down Illinois. We raced out and watched the vehicle make a screaming turn south. There was a man and a woman in the car.

"The woman," Yuri said, "is Katerina Petrov. She discovered the racquetball plan and told the KGB . . ."

Rare copy of KGB picture showing man purporting to be Charlie Brumfield, instructing students in Moscow suburb, before government crackdown closed club.



I dragged Yuri down Illinois back towards Ricardo's on Rush Street. "What time is our court?" he wanted to know. First things first.

At the bar, both our heads did the Russian owl turn, taking in the Aaron Bohrod, the filling restaurant floor, then the gray macadam of Rush Street outside in the glaucous light.

"It began in Montreal in 1976," Yuri explained, "when the East got wind that you Americans were going to try and sneak racquetball into the Olympics. Several members of our track team—one an old friend from Gorky Street—were designated to try racquetball. I had secret sessions at a local club where I swore the owner—also a Russian—to secrecy.

"Between track events, on training days and especially in the evening, five members of the Soviet team, two of whom were ladies, took to racquetball as if they had been born to it. They had the speed, the stamina, and the competitiveness. What they needed was practice. And it became an obsession...

"Secretly, all over the Soviet Union, the sport began to catch on. Of course, the quality of Russian racquets and balls was, still is, terrible. What a market, I thought..."

"Myself, I was wheeling and dealing with these kids, trying to set up a way of smuggling things like Levis, Nikons and Miller Lite into Moscow—and I in turn fed them racquetball books by Hogan, and even your National Racquetball magazine that I see your name in all the time.

"They loved the editorials by Mr. Kendler and Mr. Leve. They said they reminded them of party propaganda back home. They loved the Strandemo and Sauser instructional drills. Anyway..."



The Russians are trying to overcome such quality control problems as racquets and balls that break after a couple of shots. (Picture smuggled from Consumer Guide Magazine, Leningrad.)

"Get to the murder," I said.

"What murder?" said Yuri. "Just because you have a body doesn't mean you have a murder. Anyway... the team took back a bunch of Ektelon, Head and Wilson racquets, lots of the blue balls, they didn't like the green ones because they broke, and began playing one wall racquetball in four or five cities.

"Suddenly upper class people began chopping the bottom off their tennis racquets and almost anything with a handle—even a hammer or sickle—and took up the sport. There are so many walls in Russia and so few courts—or at that time there were so few. A squash court here and one there, an abandoned shed, old factories, and so on.

"You wouldn't believe what happened then! You know the Soviet elite have a hidden dacha settlement or two around Moscow and in other choice locations. There the privileges are many—clothing, housing, medical care, sports. I'm talking the upper crust. Officials, artists, athletes. The 'vlasti' we call them—'the powers that be.' I'm talking fast lane, boychik."

"Well," Yuri continued with a sigh and a deep breath. "As soon as the officials started playing, courts began to spring up at these dacha areas. Suddenly, racquetball became a craze..."

"In Russia?!"

"Of course! Jeans, jazz, forbidden books and movies—why not racquetball? There came tournaments, Russian made equipment, especially racquets—awful things. The joke was they each had a 'bitter' spot. But one thing was different—can you guess?"

"Secrecy?" I offered. "They didn't want anyone to know!"

"Exactly. Not until they were ready to spring their expertise on the world—perhaps in..." His voice hushed... "in the Olympics."

He held up his hand. "Not officially, of course. They plan to let St. Onge do all the work and then spring the Iron Curtain countries on the international scene."

"In a few years despite all obstacles," his narrative continued, "they had developed 10 players who could easily play the current American pros—and the idea was for the entire Russian team to challenge, beat, and thus embarrass the paid American professionals—Hogan, Yellen, all of them..."

He paused conspiratorially. "Unfortunately, seven of these top kids, including two women," he purred, "were



When Soviets banned spread of racquetball, one of casualties was half-finished courts in Kharkov. It was fortuitous because the engineers and architects had made the mistake of allowing for 12 foot ceilings. Engineers shown are helping convert building to chess center.

Organizer of illicit Soviet tournament, arrested for selling racquetball equipment smuggled in via China, is led away by not so secret police in Harbin. Was this Yuri Brokhin's ultimate fate?

children or grandchildren of members of the Politburo. Even a Chernenko!"

I gasped. "But who taught them? Books alone aren't enough—even with National Racquetball's precise instruction."

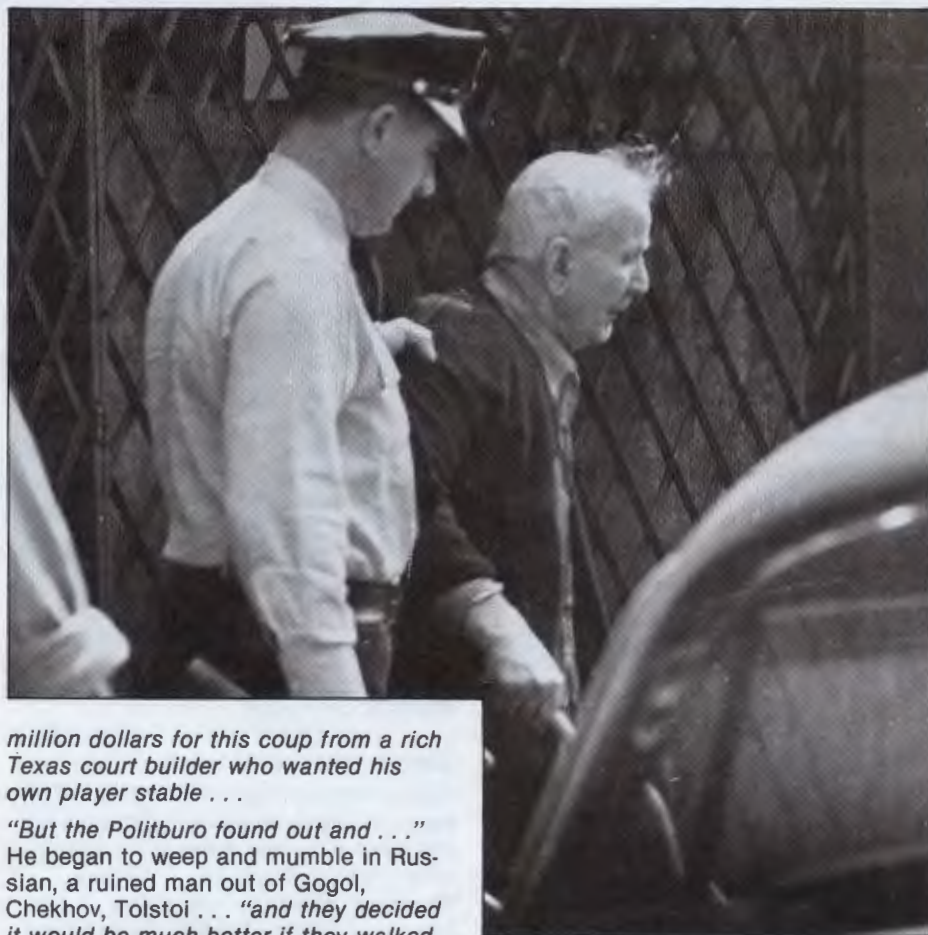
"I cannot—will not—say for sure," said the man I took to be Yuri Brokhin. "But has anyone seen or heard from Charlie Brumfield, America's greatest racquetball analyst of all-time? They say you never know what's inside the master's mind. Or, for that matter, has anybody seen Charlie Drake, or Steve Keeley, who is always traveling anyway with his non-matching shoes?"

"I'm not saying that Drake was or wasn't over there trying to sign up the next Marty Hogan, or that Brumfield and Keeley were or weren't brain-washed into building a racquetball apparatus designed to knock the U.S. from its racquetball perch—but Boone Arledge and a few ABC people were seen around Moscow months ago carrying gym bags with short racquet handles sticking out. And Arledge wore two unmatched gym socks!"

Delivered with a classic Russian shrug of the entire body, "You don't have to believe me," said the gesture. "But you'd be stupid not to."

"Who's trying to kill you?" I asked, feeling like a TV straight man. Over the bar noises, the chattering of newspaper and advertising men and women arranging their evenings, came the diesel stutter from the Mercedes I was sure was now parked outside on Rush Street admiring the Polaroid snap of him and me, waiting to unmake my day.

Brokhin's face suddenly collapsed. "Look," he said. "We had five racquetball players, including Pavel Chernenko himself, lined up to defect in Los Angeles. I had been promised one



million dollars for this coup from a rich Texas court builder who wanted his own player stable . . .

"But the Politburo found out and . . ." He began to weep and mumble in Russian, a ruined man out of Gogol, Chekhov, Tolstoi . . . "and they decided it would be much better if they walked out of the entire Olympics instead of losing five family members to a sport just beginning to be visible in Russia. They couldn't risk ridicule in the world press and the who-knows-what consequences politically at home."

Three huge human gorillas ignored Antonio's offer of seating, grabbed the man I think was Yuri Brokhin. "Friday," he said over his shoulder as they escorted him away. "Make a court reservation for Friday—5 p.m."

He was somehow still clutching his gym bag and while I made the reservation and waited until 6:45 on Friday, I never saw him again.

Whether he was or wasn't Yuri Brokhin, whether his body had been planted by the CIA, KGB—or by ABC, the only thing I knew for sure was that racquetball had once again played an important role in human destiny and the Olympics would never again be the same. ●

Racquetball South Of The Border:

Diary Of A Clinic Series

I prepared for our racquetball teaching tour of Central and South America as for any other, except this time I crammed all my racquetball gear into an old Boy Scout backpack, along with passport, immunization card, international driving permit, visas, Iomatil, water purification tabs, two types of malaria pills, suntan oil, and a Spanish-American dictionary.

It was February 23, 1984, and probably snowing in much of the U.S.A. In some parts of North America, in fact, racquetball courts may be the only warm spots in town, but for us it's hot and crowded aboard this southbound train in the heart of Mexico's mainland.

The air in our car is filled with an overwhelming pungency which I earlier traced to the toilet, as well as with the incomprehensible chatter of Mexican

by Steve Keeley



Our fearless racquetballers, Keeley, George, Benson as they enter Guatemala.

by Carole George

Editor's Note: Steve Keeley and Carole George began a racquetball clinic tour of Central and South America in late February, 1984. This is the first of a series of articles by them describing their preparations and racquetball adventures south of the border.

Even though I've been fairly successful in the field of racquetball as an amateur player, club pro, college coach, and writer/photographer, I knew that to be taken seriously by the Latin American racquetball associations and U.S. magazines I needed a big name pro. And the only big name pro adventurous, adaptive, and perhaps nutty enough to join the type of teaching tour I had in mind was Steve Keeley.

I first got the idea for a south-of-the-border teaching tour when I attended the *Torneo de la Raza* in Costa Rica last October as a journalist (*January, 1984 issue*). Besides the U.S. team, which won handily as expected, there were eight Latin American countries represented. The Latinos impressed me with their enthusiasm, determination, and style, despite limited experience.

Over and over again, I heard from players and team captains, that what they needed most was coaching from the *Norteamericanos*. With only a few exceptions, no one from Latin America had ever seen the caliber of players such as Dan Ferris and Cindy Baxter, the U.S. Amateur Champions, who finished first in the *torneo*.

However, their major obstacle was a common one: money. Just the round trip flight to South America from the U.S. can cost \$1,000, and since racquetball had barely begun to gain popularity in Latin America, it seemed unlikely that they could afford to import coaches for clinics.

That's where Keeley and I came in. I had learned how to cut expenses considerably and increase adventures at

passengers. Beside me is a seat stacked high with books, notes and maps. We've been on the Mexican rails for 20-odd hours now, having covered about 1800 kilometers, or 1000 miles. That's around 40 mph, I tell myself, and I'm reminded that I made better time a week ago hopping freights from Texas to California.

For me, anyway, that's how this intriguing racquetball/travel venture began—jumping freight trains to California to meet up with Carole and Lonnie Benson.

I had been spending Christmas holidays with my folks in Dallas following a three-month hitchhiking trip in Europe, when I received a letter from Carole which said that our teaching tour south of the border had a green light for late February.

Traveling by choo-choo brings a smile to Keeley and Lonnie (toward the back of the right row) as the trip began.



the same time by riding the train through Mexico on my way to the Costa Rican tournament. I slept in hotels for \$2 or \$3 a night and bought my meals from street vendors peddling *tamales*, *tacos*, *frutas*, Coca-Cola, *cafe* and other, non-descript items. When I suggested the idea of an overland teaching tour to the association "presidentes," I was pleased to receive such favorable responses. Now all I needed was Keeley's commitment.

But Keeley was already off globe-trotting somewhere. No one had seen him in months, and rumors about the whereabouts of racquetball's token eccentric ran the gamut from hitchhiking in Europe to hopping freights on the way to Alaska, to riding a bicycle to Africa.

So on February 5 in Dallas I climbed aboard an "empty," or open boxcar, in a mile-long freight train being pulled by Southern Pacific engines. The 1800 mile trip to L.A. took about two days and was a kick. I met a lot of other "bo's," saw some beautiful scenery, and escaped arrest and frostbite.

Once in California, I got out of our boxcar in Colton, which is just a short run out of L.A. The reason I got off in Colton is one of the three bo's I was riding with said that the Colton freight yard was "hot" or crawling with railroad "bulls" and "cinderdicks." I didn't want to chance getting arrested before our clinic departure, so I shouldered my backpack and made for the nearest north-south freeway to hitchhike to San Diego.

About a mile from the tracks I happened across a large, rectangular building marked "racquetball." It looked vaguely familiar at a glance, then the memories of a mid-1970 clinic at the place flooded my head. I walked in, introduced myself and asked for Vance Lerner, the owner. Vance had bought another club a few miles south on the freeway, I was informed, so I called there.

I couldn't believe it when Rich Wagner, top eight nationally ranked pro and one of my former court sparring partners answered the phone. He was working at the club and, moreover, tonight he was playing Craig McCoy, another top eight pro with whom I had bummed in the early days of racquetball when I had lived in San Diego. I spent two nights with Wagner and McCoy, and then hitched on South.

The next three days I visited more old racquetball cronies, some of them one



A thousand miles later fatigue set in.

I sent off about a dozen unanswered letters to the only address I could depend on, his parents' in Texas. I eventually figured that Keeley might be misplaced for good, so I resigned myself to a normal life after college—i.e., get a job, even though I would have preferred to put it off a little longer. Then, in late December I got a surprise call from Keeley wanting to know when we were leaving for Latin America.

By that time the World Racquetball Championships were only six and a-half months away, and with all the contacts I'd made during the Costa Rican tournament I estimated we would need three or four months to do a fairly complete teaching tour.

So I wrote up a tentative proposal which included a brief background on Keeley and myself, the clinic format,

our general itinerary, and the cost of the clinic. I exchanged my typing services for spanish translations with a foreign language major I know from college. The proposal went out in English and Spanish, along with promo materials on Keeley and copies of my magazine articles on the earlier Costa Rican *torneo*. Then it was a matter of waiting for the responses.

So here I am, relaxing on a slow-moving train in central Mexico, heading for our first clinic stop in Honduras on March 5-10. We've been on the train 28 straight hours, and after the first day of riding through desert, today's semi-tropical terrain is refreshing. The other passengers, all Mexican, have accepted us as part of the southbound caravan.

My friend Lonnie Benson, the third in our teaching trio, and I have spent

time stars, others not so renowned—Burgner, Jackson, Steinbacker, Brumfield, Drake, Atwater, Bayer. On February 21, I finally rendezvoused with my teaching partners, Carole and Lonnie, at Carole's folks in San Diego.

We mapped our route, planned the clinic format, exchanged travelers checks numbers and, on February 23, left. A 10-minute car ride by Carole's dad took us to Tijuana, and a three hour eastward bus ride that cost 450 pesos, or \$3.00, put us in Mexicali at the train station.

Now, here I sit by my stack of books and maps on this rumbling train about 1000 miles south of Mexicali, with my nose and ears filled with Mexican influence. I've finished reading my travel books and I've studied my maps of Mexico and I've watched hundreds of miles of desert roll by.



A Mexico City version of 7/11.

hours bantering with adults and entertaining the kids on board. We also have taken advantage of a variety of inexpensive, home cooked food which the townsfolk vend in the aisles at every train stop. Although we're immersed in the Mexican culture, I still have trouble believing that we're actually here and pulling this clinic tour off.

After the Honduras clinic, the next stop is in Panama at two U.S. Army bases. Then a three-day clinic with the Panamanians. The first week in April is reserved for San José, Costa Rica, then we'll travel to Colombia where clubs in Bogota and perhaps two other cities want clinics. We also sent out proposals to Ecuador, Bolivia, Venezuela, Dominican Republic, and Puerto Rico, and we still await their responses.

A while back the train paused in a dusty pueblo named, of all things, Benjamin Hill. A dozen vendors swarmed aboard our car and marched the aisle shouting acclaim for their wares. *Burritos, tacos, par* (bread), *cerveza* (beer), and Coca-Cola.

I wolfed down seven little *tacos* and stepped off the train to walk its length and count cars. There are an even dozen, including the single engine. There was also a half-mile-long freight train on the track next to ours, and while I walked that line too I spotted two dirty heads poking over the side of an open gondola freight car.

They were two Mexican hobos and they told me that it was *bueno* to hop the freights in Mexico, that the railroad *policia* didn't mind. I was tempted, but my train started to pull out. I caught it on the jog and regained my passenger seat.

Exchanging dollars for quetzales at the Mexican/Guatemalan border.



All in all, I'm content that the two months of preparation are done and that we're on our way to adventure.

Perhaps the hardest part of getting ready was reassuring Lonnie that he didn't need to worry about anti-American attitudes, political coups, *banditos*, macho bus drivers on narrow, mountain roads, biting snakes and stinging scorpions, yellow fever, and all those other horror stories expounded by everyone who's never been here, but likes to tell those who are going. I assured Lonnie that Keeley doesn't think about such things, and Lonnie countered that Keeley is crazy.

Sometimes I think we all are. All those shots, and malaria pills once a week,

I console my reflections in the train window that it's only 600 more miles to Mexico City, albeit uphill at probably less than 40 mph. Then just three days by bus to our first teaching stop in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Carole has told me there are two concrete courts where we'll do the six-day clinic. She has given me a page of racquetball terms in Spanish and insisted that I memorize them before our arrival. It's been 18 years since my high school Spanish classes.

Punto is point, and *juego* is game. A *juego* is played to *veinte y uno puntos*. *Obstruccion* is hinder and *evitable* is an avoidable hinder. Only the *arbitro juez* or ref is allowed to call *obstrucciones* and *evitables*. As is the word for ace, *rodando* with a big "rrr" trill is rollout (kill-shot), and *vamos* is let's go.

I think the Central and South American clinics will be fun; well, at least challenging. If we ever get there.

Steve Keeley ●

and Mexican train schedules, and challenging escapades such as walking an extra kilometer in Mexicali to find a \$7 hotel at 1:00 a.m., while weighted down by backpacks stuffed with racquets, balls, give-away rule books, back issues of *National Racquetball*, Keeley's *Complete Book of Racquetball*, videos, AMF Voit freebie bags and shirts to award as prizes, reading books in English, grammar books in Spanish, cameras, lens, and flash.

The train labors up a serpentine mountain track. God only knows where Keeley is. Lonnie says he probably got left behind at one of the train's frequent stops. He might have gotten waylaid by one of the Mexican trampas whom he approached to compare notes on hopping freights. I would go looking for him, but I have to finish this article, and, besides, I remember the advice of a friend who knows Keeley and cares about me: If Keeley gets lost, don't go in after him.

The problem is, we need him for the clinics.

Carole George ●

Ask The Champ

by Mike Yellen

Current National Champion Mike Yellen answers questions about improving your game in this ongoing, exclusive series in *National Racquetball*. Readers are encouraged to submit questions to Mike Yellen, c/o *National Racquetball*, 1800 Pickwick Ave., Glenview, IL 60025.



Question: I'm hearing that the lob serves are making a comeback. Is this true, and if so, why is it happening? I thought lobs went the way of slow balls.

Yellen: Lob serves have definitely made a comeback and in my opinion they will continue to come back strong. Over the last couple of years lobs have increasingly become a solid part of every contending professional's game; the shot has certainly re-established itself.

There are a few reasons for the lob serve's resurrection. First, the balls have slowed enough over the last few years to make it more difficult to rip a drive serve past most top pro receivers. As a result, once the drive serve passes the short line, some of the quicker players are able to step up and rip the return down the line, splat it, or drive it past you cross court.

A few years ago, everybody's drive serve was too fast for that to happen. Now that many drives are hanging up a little, we've seen a great deal more in offensive serve returns. Thus, many players are using the lob to offset this.

If you happen to get into a match with an especially lively ball, then it's a different story, although even here, the lob has its place. If your opponent's hitting his drives tough with a live ball, you've got trouble, there's no doubt of that.

But if the ball is so lively that it constantly comes off the back wall, then the lob is a viable alternative because the back wall is "all she wrote" time.

I've been using a variety of lobs. Principally, the high lob and half-lob (garbage) although I prefer the high lob because it tends to drop at a steeper angle, making for a more difficult return. Remember, the higher you hit the ball on the front wall, the sharper the drop in deep court and less likely the ball will come off the back wall (unless you overhit it).

I've even used the lob Z and backhand lob Z to the left, back corner. Since the pros play that you must let the ball bounce past the short line before entering the five foot zone, there isn't much point to rushing the serve—the only offensive method of attacking the lob Z.

Because of all of this, I think we'll be seeing more lobs before we see less.

Question: There used to be an unwritten rule that said "shoot the ball if you're in front of your opponent and hit defensively if you're behind him." Does this adage still hold true?

Yellen: It's hardly true at all anymore.

The game has changed into so much more of an offensive game, and the players are so much more capable of hitting their shots better, lower and more consistently, that most top players don't care where you are. If they feel they can hit the kill, they'll shoot it, whether you're 38 feet from the front wall or three feet from the front wall.

I think that I play as close to that old theory as anybody, and I don't feel I play very close to it anymore. It also depends on who you're playing and what round of the tournament it is. Some players tend to go for broke more as the tournament reaches the later rounds.

In addition, confidence has a lot to do with it. Any player who reaches the semi-finals or finals has to feel that this is "his tournament." And a player who's in a groove and believes it, is a

difficult player to handle. He feels that he can shoot from anywhere and the shot'll go in.

Ideally of course, that's what you want to happen. You always want to be playing your best racquetball when you reach the semi's and finals.

For the everyday player, however, I'd still try to adhere to the old adage as much as possible. The lower the skill level of the player, the more he or she should follow the strategy of shooting when your opponent is behind you and hitting defensively when your opponent is in front of you.

Question: I'm told that my anticipation can stand improvement. Can you give me any help on this one?

Yellen: I don't like the word "anticipation." It makes it sound too much like guesswork. I believe that most good players don't guess, rather they know where the ball is going. They do it by reading their opponent and reading is a skill, an art, not guesswork.

When my opponent gets set to hit his shot, I can tell, depending on where contact is being made, where his body is, and the position of his body, where the shot is going. He sets up, makes contact, and I move to where I already know the shot will be.

How do I know where the shot will be? Here's some tips:

Tip One: Make sure that once you've made contact with your shot that you get back to center court, pronto! A lot of times you like to hit and watch. Generally, all you watch is another point go right by.

Tip Two: Watch your opponent's shot. You can't tell where it's going without seeing it. Once contact is made (by your opponent) you react accordingly.

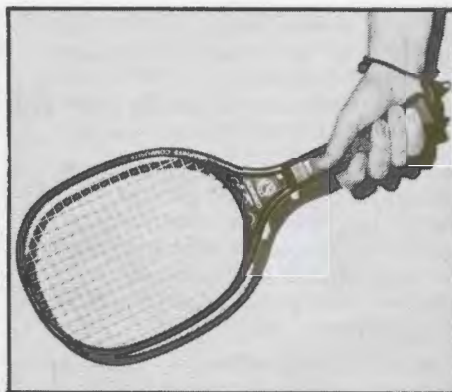
Tip Three: Be on the balls of your feet, ready to move. It's no use getting to center court, watch and then not be ready to move to the ball.

Tip Four: Have a sense where the percentages are. Don't try to cover the impossible shot, or the perfect shot. If the ball is hugging the right wall, chances are that the next shot will be in the left side of the court, either a cross court or side wall-front wall shot. Be there.

So you see, anticipation means reading and understanding. No guesswork involved. ●

How Handball Can Help Your Racquetball Game

by Jeffrey H. Mills



Recently a friend of mine, an avid handball player, challenged his hands against my racquet in a mixed-mode match—handball versus racquetball. I had seen Harlan play handball a few times, and he was quite a good player, capable of manipulating his opponents around the court with finesse.

Yet still—it was going to be my racquet against his hands. Any advanced racquetball player with a strong battle weapon should be able to defeat any pair of hands, no matter how skilled.

Or so I thought.

Harlan took the match in straight games and beat me twice more until I had had enough to show that I wasn't going to do any winning that day. Despite the fact that I was hitting harder shots than he, I didn't have many opportunities to put the ball away. Harlan kept me in a defensive posture the entire match: his placement was excellent, his kill shots menacing.

Intrigued, I began to play handball—and my racquetball game has improved considerably because of it.

It is often the case that two different but closely related sports will complement each other and give the player of one insights into the workings of the other. Such is the case with handball and racquetball.

Handball is quite similar to racquetball, played on the same court with the same rules, differing only in the size of the ball and the means of propulsion. Granted, these are not minor differences; they are, in fact, the source of delight and instruction.

A much older sport than racquetball, handball has been called the granddaddy of court games. Its origins trace back to the baths of Rome and beyond. The modern four-walled game was brought over to the United States from Ireland during the late 19th century.

Handball, which played an instrumental role in the development of racquetball, has seen its racquetball off-spring develop into a far more populated sport (by about 10 to one). Ask any handballer why this is so and he will tell you that racquetball is a much softer game, that it attracts more women and men who are deterred by the rigorous challenge of handball. In a nutshell—it's easier.

While what we may be experiencing here is a case of the aging father jealous of his popular offspring—the handballer's claim to a rigorous challenge is certainly valid.

Handball demands a whole body commitment—and this is part of the sport's attraction. The individual must learn to play the ball on both sides of the body, with both arms. (There is no *backhand* in handball—there is the *other* or *off* hand.)

Thus, with the person who is lopsidedly right-handed or left-handed, for whom even throwing a ball with the opposite hand is a humbling act, handball awakens the other half of the body and teaches it coordination; for the ambidextrous person, it is the perfect sport.

There is something strangely compelling about handball in that the individual is abandoned in play to his own appendages. There is no quality equipment that one can purchase to gain a competitive advantage over an opponent who may be less suitably equipped (at least not until the day of marketable bionics).

The glove is the only thing that separates the individual from the ball, and one must come to the court equipped with a glove on each hand. While many handball gloves have padded palms, one can just as easily play with common racquetball gloves stuffed with a piece of sponge or wad of cloth. Most of the better players (who have learned to hit the ball without injuring their hands) use unpadded gloves. Padded gloves are a rare sight at handball tournaments.

The handball itself is smaller, yet denser, than a racquetball. At first grasp many court players are amazed by its solidity. Coupled with the knowledge that the hands are the tools of the sport, the handball feels doubly heavy at first grasp.

What, then, can we racquetballers learn from a game that involves whacking around a little ball with our hands?

There is, in fact, much to be learned. . . .

Footwork and Positioning

Because the hands are the tools of the sport, the handball player's footwork and positioning are very important. One cannot make up with the racquet the distance lost by lazy positioning. This is especially true on the weak side where every inch of body alignment counts. Proper positioning allows the handball player to put his whole body into the shot, rather than just the arm. This is very important for power, especially on the weak side.

After playing handball just a few times I found that my footwork and positioning in my racquetball game were much improved, especially when playing deep-court shots.

All too often racquetball players do not get their feet and body into play as much as they could. Yet footwork and body positioning are very important for hitting the ball where you want it to go.

Photo 1. The lazy, too-tall racquetball shot. It's nearly impossible to hit the ball down the right side from this stance without pushing, rather than hitting the ball.



This is especially true the deeper one gets into the back court.

If you study the movements of the arms in relation to the position of the feet and body, you will find that ball placement is readily influenced by footwork and positioning. For instance, the ball is likely to be shot cross-court if met by an open stance, feet facing forward (*Photo 1*). (The arm naturally goes across the body in this stance, thus pushing the ball cross-court.) If you try to go down the line with this stance, chances are the ball will be pushed toward the center and set up nicely for your opponent.

Because of the close relationship between body and ball in handball, the player gains a deep appreciation for the relationship between body control and ball control. The handballer does not have the face of a racquet to direct his shots, but must depend upon the feet and body to give the arms the strength and agility needed to do the hands' will.

Translated back onto the racquetball court, handball teaches the racquetball player that good footwork and body positioning are integral to better ball control.

Kill Shots

The footwork and positioning that result in better ball control also lead to better kill shots (or more of them). The

greatest asset of being "on top of the ball" (rather than lunging at it at the last second or swinging from an awkward stance) is that it usually gives you a variety of choices for the next shot.

If you are right with the ball you can set up for an overhand and take the ball to the ceiling, or (depending on the type of shot you are returning and the strategy of your game) you can allow the ball to drop to your knees and drive it home for the kill.

The key word for effective kill shots is *patience*. It is very difficult to kill the ball at shoulder height because of the angle involved. The best kill shots are hit from below the waist, even below the knees, the lower the better.

The better handball players have as part of their repertoire an awesome kill shot. This is due, primarily, to the sidearm stroke used to hit most kill shots. Handballers seem amazingly pliable when they hit the low sidearm: the body is bent forward in a crouch position with the legs spread comfortably apart, knees bent, and the upper body almost parallel to the floor (*Photo 2*). The ball is quite often hit around the shins.

Often, average racquetball players try to kill the ball from around the knees, or lower, but their body is not into the shot. *Standing too tall* is a common error: if the upper body is too tall, the arm is pulled up and across the chest

Photo 2. The handball kill shot finds the point of contact below the knees with upper body nearly parallel to the floor. The necessity of body positioning is a lesson that many racquetballers can learn from handball.



in the follow through, thus forcing the ball up. One of the most frustrating shots in racquetball is an attempted kill that hits the front wall three or four feet high and becomes easily returnable.

Handball brings the body into the kill shot. Without a foot of racquet to work with, the handball player is forced to bend his body closer to the floor for effective kills. In this crouch position, the arm is not forced up, but comes across the body and down.

Translated back into racquetball, a few games of handball will teach the patience necessary to hit the ball low to

Suggestions For The Beginning Handball Player

- 1) Douse hands under warm water for a few minutes before play. (Cold hands bruise easily!)
- 2) Warm the body via stretching and aerobics.
- 3) Begin by *throwing* the ball, gently—overhand, sidearm, and underhand—with both arms, to get a feel for the strokes and the capacity of your weak arm. Toss the ball to the ceiling a few times; throw a few low into the corners.
- 4) Next, play the ball off the back wall several times—on both sides

of the body—using the various strokes. Again, take some to the ceiling, play others low, etc. Since the ball is already moving toward the front wall, this shot imposes the least amount of stress on the hand and is thus a good introduction to the ball.

5) Now throw the ball off the front wall and hit the different strokes from mid-court. (Don't slap at the ball! Hit properly, the handball is rolled off the hand, somewhat like the action of the cesta in jai alai. The ball should

the floor and will provide the body with lessons which enable the kill shot to be hit more effectively with the racquet.

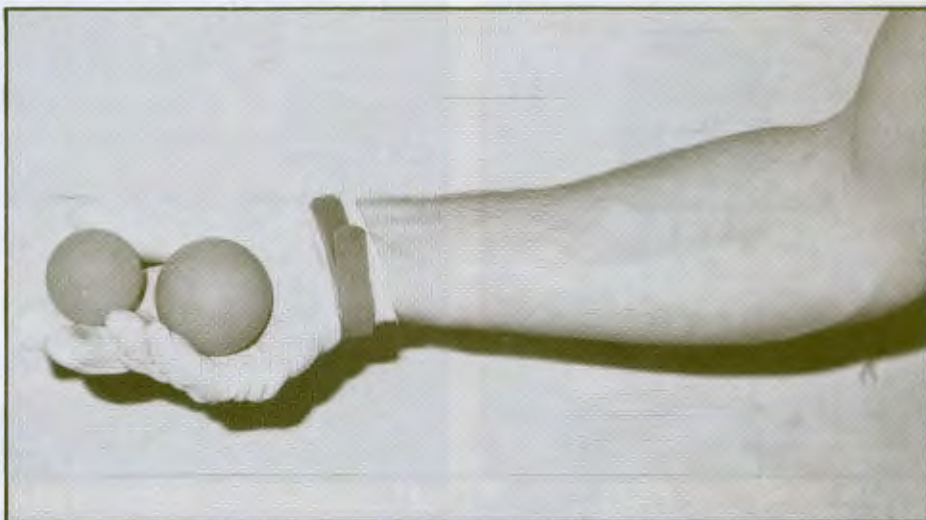
Power

When I began to play handball I discovered that I had been relying primarily on power in my racquetball game and was not paying enough attention to ball placement (control) and strategy. Too often I would simply wind up and hit the ball hard without thinking much about *where* I was going to hit it. This had the effect of bouncing the ball around the court a lot, yet it did not do much in the way of getting points. (Sound familiar?)

The handball player, especially the beginner, cannot rely upon power as much as the racquetball player. This is not to say that handballers cannot hit the ball hard—indeed they can, and do. Yet the added advantage of the racquet means that raw power and ball speeds are likely to be greater on the racquetball court.

An interesting comparison comes to view: while the beginning racquetball player often learns power first (for many beginners play consists of hitting the ball as hard as possible for an hour) and later refines his game with an appreciation of strategy, the beginning handball player first learns the importance of ball placement, and gains power later as the hands become more adept at playing the ball. (It takes at

Photo 3. The smaller, denser, heavier, harder handball (left) and our ol' buddy racquetball.



—Photos by Karen Clegg

least a few days of practice before the beginning handball player learns to hit the ball with gusto, especially on the weak side.)

The beginning handball player's struggle with power is not a handicap but an asset. When I began playing handball I found that I couldn't win many points by trying to over-power the ball. Thus, it was sink or swim—and in the act of swimming I began to refine dimensions of court play that I had neglected as a racquetball player.

Handball breeds an appreciation of strategy. Like a good chess player, an experienced court player can manipulate the opponent by planning shots in advance. For example, by driving the ball down opposite walls on successive shots one can keep the opponent on the defensive which makes hitting winners all the easier.

By keeping the opponent in the back court with ceiling shots or three-wall shots, it becomes easier to attain mid-court positioning and kill the ball.

Without the crutch of power, the beginning handball player develops an appreciation of placement and strategy, and the sport becomes more than just a physical game—it becomes a thinking game.

I have not given up power in my racquetball game—far from it—but have learned from handball that power must be put in its place and used in cooperation with the other resources of the game, like placement and strategy. There are even some tremendous lob shots that can be quite effective in racquetball (especially the lob serve to the opponent's backhand) that I had never thought about until I played handball.

One does not have to play handball to become a better racquetball player. Good footwork and court strategy can be learned without ever picking up the smaller, heavier ball.

Yet like many closely related sports, racquetball and handball complement one another. Play of one constitutes an education in the other. (Yes, it works both ways!)

Not only am I a better racquetball player than I used to be, but I feel I've become a better athlete, in general, for having learned handball. My left arm is now more coordinated than it's ever been and I've had muscles on my left side awakened that I didn't even know existed.

Who knows?! I might even make a formidable left-handed racquetball player. . . . ●

be met with the hand slightly cupped, rather than flat.)

6) Find another handball player! Especially one who will show patience while you learn. Before you get into any bad habits it is probably wise to play with someone who knows the game well and who can keep your technique in good form. (I've found that handball players are more than willing to help a newcomer.)

7) If your hands begin to bruise—quit for a while! Play some racquetball and see what you've learned! ●

Workouts For Women: Stomach Exercises

by Jean Sauser with Jodi and Jennifer



Your stomach is the balance point of your body. It should be strong because that strength will contribute to the strength of all your movements on the court. A strong stomach will prevent back strain that can be caused by any number of factors.

In racquetball, back injuries can occur on those shots where you have to quickly bend to retrieve the ball low off the back wall. But a weak stomach will lead to back injury whether or not you're on the court.

One of the nice things about stomach muscles is that they recover in a shorter period of time than almost any other muscle group in your body. Therefore, you can do stomach muscles every day, while most other exercises should be on an alternate day basis.

The following exercises will develop your stomach muscles for more strength, back protection and overall better look.

Crunches

For basic strengthening of the upper stomach area, *crunches* are the exercise for you. They help develop the upper external oblique and upper rectus abdominus areas.

Equipment necessary: Flat bench and carpeted floor.

Starting Position: While lying flat on the ground, bend your knees and position your lower legs so that they rest on the flat bench (the bench helps prevent back strain). Keep your arms in at your side (*Photo 1*).

Phase 1: Curl up as far as you can and hold that position for two counts. Make sure you exhale as you do so (*Photo 2*).

Phase 2: Slowly lower your upper body back to the floor, inhaling as you do so.

Number of Repetitions: 10-20.

Number of Sets: 1-3.

Additional Tips: Keep increasing the number of repetitions in a set as your stomach grows stronger.

Tucks

What *crunches* are to the upper stomach area, so are *tucks* to the lower. These exercises will help develop the lower rectus abdominus and lower external oblique.

Equipment necessary: Flat bench.

Starting Position: While sitting on the edge of the flat bench, hold the side of



Photo 1



Photo 2

Photo 3



Photo 4



the bench with your hands. Your legs should be extended, but your knees should not be locked. Pick your feet up off the ground slightly (*Photo 3*).

Phase 1: Lift your legs up to your chest bending your knees so that they almost touch your chest as your legs come up. Hold this position at your chest for four counts (*Photo 4*).

Phase 2: Slowly lower your legs back down to the count of four. Do not let your feet touch the ground.

Number of repetitions: 10-20.

Number of sets: 1-3.

Additional Tips: Breathe naturally throughout the entire exercise. Keep your knees slightly bent at all times. Keep increasing the number of repetitions in a set as your stomach grows stronger.

Leg Raises

Another good exercise for the lower stomach area is *leg raises*. These will help develop the lower rectus abdominus and lower external oblique and are a good complement to the *tucks*.

Equipment necessary: Sit-up board that is flat on the ground, exercise mat, or carpeted floor.

Starting Position: While lying on the mat, prop your upper body up on your elbows. Your legs should be straight and your toes pointed (*Photo 5*).

Phase 1: Lift your legs up as high as possible, inhaling as you do so. Be

Photo 5



Photo 6



sure to keep your legs straight. Hold for four counts (*Photo 6*).

Phase 2: Slowly lower your legs to the count of four, back to your starting position, exhaling as you do so.

Number of repetitions: 10-20.

Number of sets: 1-3.

Additional tips: Breathe naturally. Keep increasing the number of reps in a set as your lower stomach grows stronger. ●

Next month: back exercises.

Jean Sauser, former touring pro, club manager and teaching pro, is currently activities director for Charlie Clubs, Inc., with four clubs in metropolitan Chicago and another in Houston, Texas.

Charlie Garfinkel's 'Spot' Racquetball

Doubles Play: Follow the Spot

by Charlie Garfinkel

This article continues a monthly series by former top pro Charlie Garfinkel using the "spot" theory of racquetball, which helps improve your game by hitting a specific spot on the wall, which will give the desired effect for the shot. The spot theory also takes into consideration the "spots" on the court occupied by both you and your opponent.



A few years ago Marty Hogan and Craig McCoy, a righty-lefty combination, teamed up to play in the National Doubles Championships. On paper, this team looked unbeatable. However, they lost to two amateurs in an early round. The so-called amateurs worked as a team. More important, they knew what "spot" to hit when the occasion presented itself.

Watching top notch doubles teams you'll notice that they rarely hit a foolish shot. When their opponents are in front court they'll hit a shot that will force their opponents to the back court. Conversely, when their opponents are in deep court they know how to take advantage of the situation and score points.

When an opposing team has both players stationed in front court, trying to roll a ball out can be very foolish, to say the least. If the ball comes up at all, either one of the players has an easy shot to put away. Even a good pinch shot may not prove effective, as

it has a tendency to come out in center court. Again, this gives the team up front a distinct advantage, as they can readily put the ball away.

A far more effective shot to use, when both opponents are in front court, is the backhand V-pass. Because both opposing players are in front court, a front wall-side wall passing shot, if hit correctly, will score a point every time. As you can see in *Diagram 1*, Player B on the left side of the court has hit a perfect backhand passing shot. (If he is a lefthander, that's even better.)

The ball, after hitting the front wall, should hit parallel to or just behind the player on the right side of the team A. Due to the path of the ball, it will be almost impossible for either player on Team A to return it.

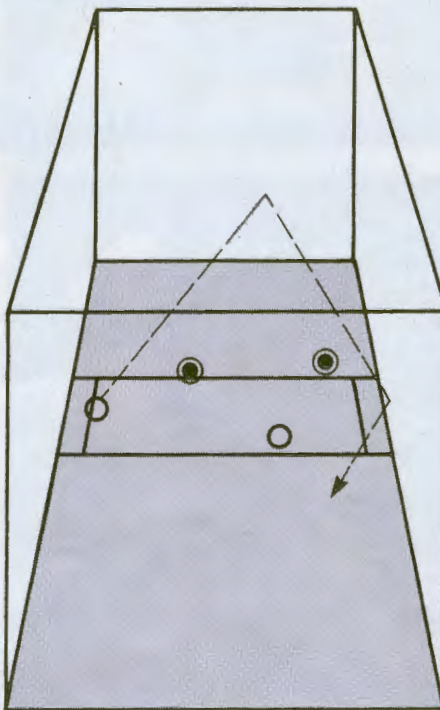


Diagram 1. Backhand V-Pass hits the front wall, then right side wall and caroms past both players on Team A into back court.

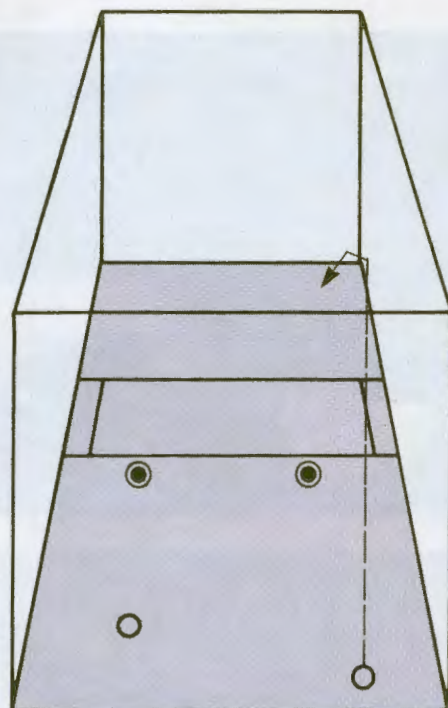


Diagram 2. Forehand Corner Kill hits the right side wall near the front wall corner. Use it when the opposing team is near the short line.

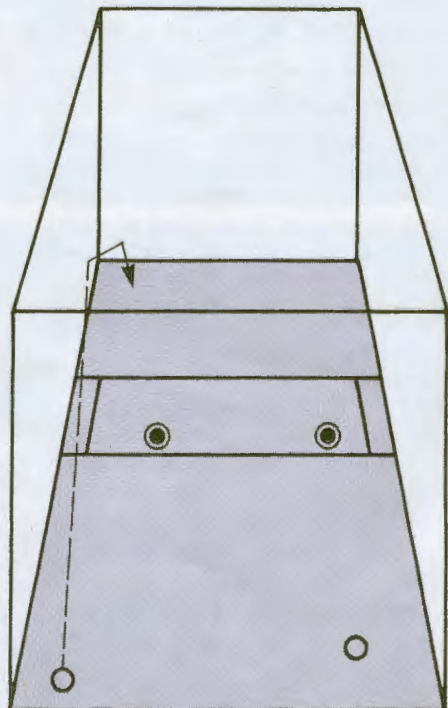


Diagram 3. Backhand Pinch Kill should be used when the opposing team is near the short line — but be careful.

A word of caution. Be sure that your partner isn't standing against the side wall when you hit this shot. It continuously amazes me how many points are lost by one team's partner hitting his own partner with the ball. A good doubles team will never have either player standing against the wall. (Exception: naturally, you must stand in the service box when your partner is serving.)

To cover the passing shots Team A needs to move back two-three feet. They feel that they'll be able to cover from this position any shot that are hit past them. In addition, they feel they're up front enough to be able to return any attempted kill or pinch shots. At first glance, their theory looks correct.

However, a well-placed pinch shot from either side of the court will prove to be very effective against them, as long as the shot is not a wide-angle pinch. It should be hit as close to the side wall-front wall corner as possible, greatly reducing the angle of the shot after it hits the front wall. Because Team A is so far back they will have no chance to return the shot if it is hit correctly. *Diagrams 2 and 3* show the correct spots to hit in order to properly execute this shot.

In a situation where you're behind your opponents and pinned in deep back court, trying to shoot, pinch, or pass your opponent can prove to be foolish. Although a backhand ceiling ball is an excellent shot (*Diagram 4*) I have seen more and more doubles teams cut off the ceiling ball by hitting an overhead rollout into the front corners. Repeated shots by your opponents using this strategy can wreak havoc with your game and confidence. However, do not despair! The Great Gar has a solution for you!

Because most ceiling balls are directed to the left side of the court, most left side players (unless they're left-handed) are forced to hit a backhanded ceiling ball. But, a shot that is as effective or better than a ceiling ball in this type of situation, is shown in *Diagram 5*.

The ball is hit high into the left side wall near the short line. The ball comes off the front wall and bounces past the short line on the left side of the court, finally hitting the left wall deep in back court. If hit correctly the shot will confuse your opponents, as the direction of the ball will force them to readjust

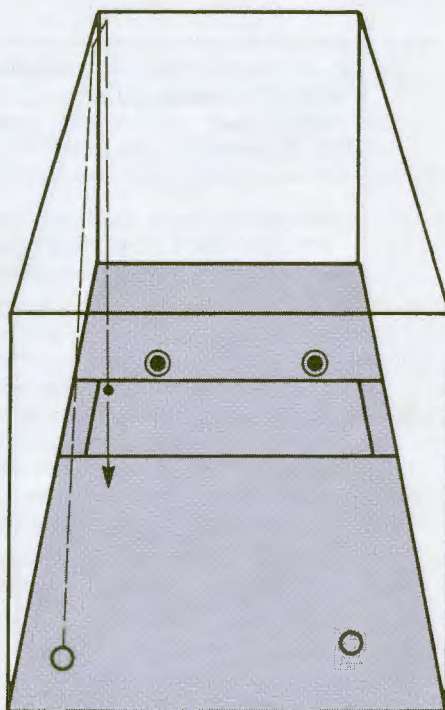


Diagram 4. Backhand Ceiling Ball moves your opponents out of center court, but watch out for it being cut off and killed into the corner.

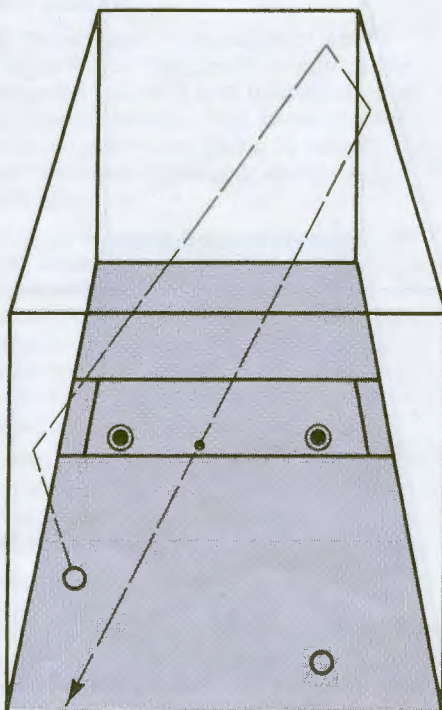


Diagram 5. The ball is hit about 10 feet up on the left side wall near the short line, with its path causing panic among your opponents.

their court position drastically. And, because of the trajectory and angle of the shot, it is almost impossible to cut off like a ceiling ball.

In occasional situations one of your opponents will be stationed at the short line on the left side of the court. His partner is positioned two-three feet behind the short line on the right side with you and your partner behind them. The ball comes to the right side of the court where you're stationed.

An excellent shot to hit is a forehand, reverse pinch (*Diagram 6*). If hit correctly the ball will hit the left side wall first, then the front wall. Because the ball is breaking away from the left wall, your opponent on the left side has no chance to get it. And, your opponent on the right side is stationed too far back in the court to react in time. This shot is an excellent change of pace from the straight-in kill and pinch shots.

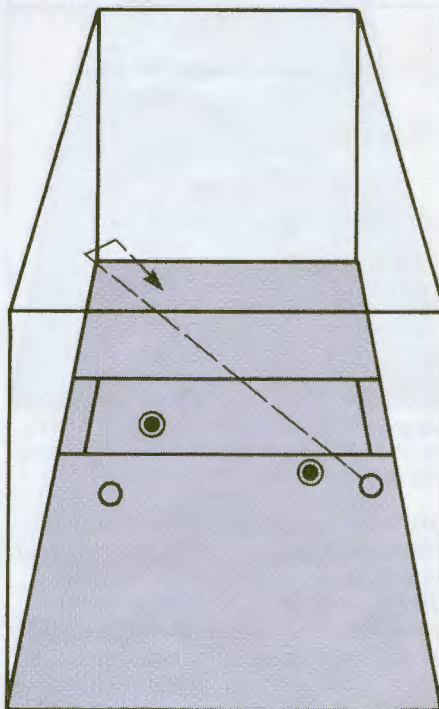


Diagram 6. Forehand Reverse Pinch Kill is an effective shot, especially when your opponents are out of position as shown.

Dr. Bud Muehleisen, who is generally regarded as one of the greatest and smartest doubles players to have ever played, was the master in the following situation. When a player from Team A would attempt a kill shot, the left-handed Dr. Bud, with his amazing anticipation (notice I didn't say speed)

would seemingly return every shot that didn't roll out. And, he always re-killed the ball.

Did he hit a hard drive or attempt a cross-court kill like most players do in the same situation? No! Dr. Bud would hit a beautifully placed straight in drop shot (*Diagram 7*). By taking the pace off the ball he'd constantly leave his startled opponents standing five to 10 feet behind him, expecting the ball to be hit right back to them.

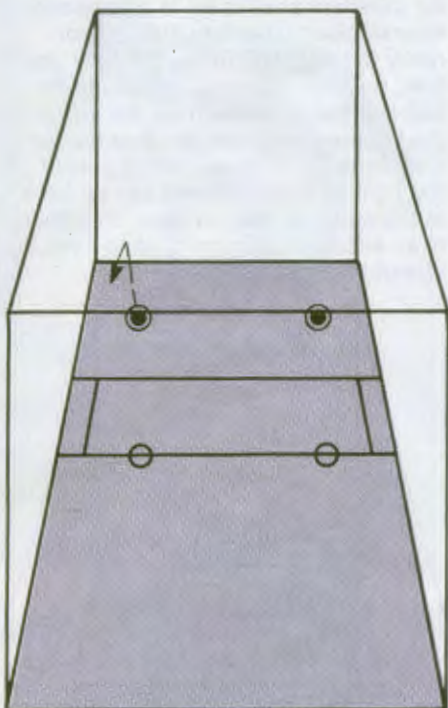


Diagram 7. Drop Shot straight in can often catch your opponent's off guard, especially in a re-killing situation.

Until now we've been discussing strategy to be used by teams that play side by side, regardless of whether they're a righty-righty, or a lefty-righty combination. However, there are times when this type of formation doesn't work. Unfortunately, you may have been on the losing end when it happened.

We're talking about isolating one of the doubles partners on the opposing team. That is, every serve, every return of serve, and every shot is directed toward one player, usually the weaker player. The amount of pressure that is put on the isolated player is tremendous — no wonder that he often panics. And, his frustrated partner doesn't know what to do.

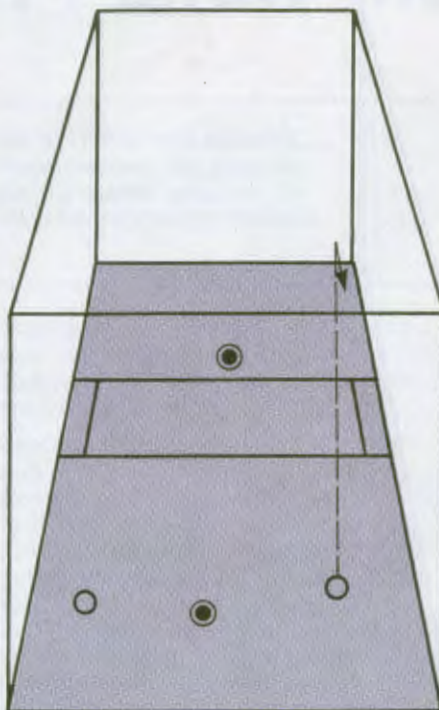


Diagram 8. Forehand Kill straight in should be taken when your opponents are playing I-formation.

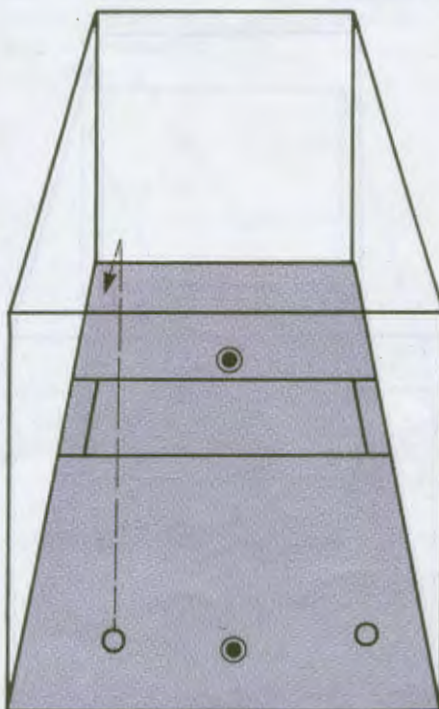


Diagram 9. Backhand Kill straight in, as with the forehand, is effective against I-formation teams.

Usually, a sure defeat occurs for this team. But, a loss could have been averted. At the worst, the match could have been competitive throughout. How? Switch to a front and back (I) formation.

The player that has been isolated should cover the front court. By doing this he will only be responsible for all shots from the short line forward. The back court player will take all shots from the short line to the back wall. Trying to hit every shot to the player in the front court is foolish. Because he is already in the front court, all he has to do is shoot the ball low and hard into the front wall or corners.

What then, are some good strategies to use against this type of formation?

When the opposing team has one player in front court and his partner is in back court, that is the perfect opportunity to shoot the ball straight in (*Diagram 8*). Because your opponent is stationed in the back court with you, it will be impossible for him to return a low shot hit on the front wall. His partner, even though he is in front court, is still too far away from the shot to make a good recovery.

Although a pinch shot may occasionally be used in this situation, it is risky, at best. If it isn't executed perfectly, the shot will rebound to center court, giving Player B's partner an easy chance to put the ball away. Passing shots wouldn't be as effective either. If you hit the passing shot straight down the wall or cross-court, your opponent who is in the back court, will have ample time to return it.

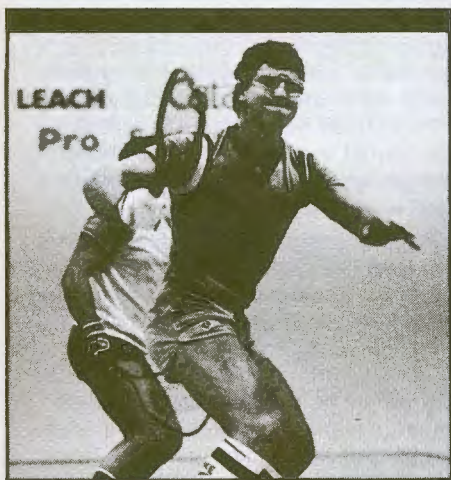
If the back court player tries to stay to the ceiling as often is done, an overhead passing shot straight down the line (*Diagram 9*) will often force the back court player to the opposite side of the court. This will result in a weak return that can easily be put away. His partner can't help — he's stationed in the middle of the service box.

Remember: The key to defeating a team that plays I-formation, is to hit a "spot" on the court that will put them in a difficult "spot" time after time. ●

The Hogan Way

by Marty Hogan

Five time National Champion Marty Hogan answers questions about his game and how to improve your game in this ongoing, exclusive series in *National Racquetball*. Readers are encouraged to submit questions to: Marty Hogan, c/o The Hogan Way, *National Racquetball*, 1800 Pickwick Ave., Glenview, IL 60025.



Question: Although I practice a lot, especially setting up and using proper footwork, I've never been able to master hitting on the run. Do you have any suggestions to improve this aspect of my game?

Hogan: Players who can hit on the run have a great advantage over their opponents because hitting on the run means being able to effectively return your opponent's best shots (otherwise, why would you be on the run?).

Hitting on the run has become increasingly important as the pace of racquetball—first with faster balls, now with improved players—has increased. Players have been forced to become more creative and aggressive to keep pace with the evolution of the game.

In the early developmental years of racquetball, footwork was greatly stressed. Since balls were slower, players had more time to set up and direct their shots. Today's game, however, forces you to be able to hit from anywhere on the court and from any body position in order to have success.

And you'd be surprised how many top players cannot hit on the run. I think that only Bret Harnett (other than myself) does it consistently well; and that's why he continues to improve. The key is to have an arsenal of shots that you develop primarily for hitting on

the run. Then when you get into a tough situation, you'll have the weapons to get yourself out.

There's no getting around the fact that hitting on the run is one of the most difficult aspects of racquetball, what you might call ultra-advanced. Yet everyone has to learn to hit on the run if only because they're constantly on the run. I wish I had the chance to set up on every shot! It takes practice, but it's worth it.

Here are some things to keep in mind when working on hitting on the run:

1) *Keep at it.* Remember that hitting effectively on the run will put you head and shoulders above players that right now you have trouble beating. The end result is certainly worth the effort. Once you've even become moderately proficient at it, your game will improve immensely, probably at least an entire skill category.

2) *Understand it.* Be aware of what's happening on the court; recognize the situation you're in and take advantage of your knowledge. You know that in order to win you're going to have to run and run hard. Have your shots ready for this situation.

3) *Do it.* Have no fear on the court! Hitting effectively on the run is largely confidence. To do it well means attempting to do it. After you shock your opponent with seemingly impossible gets and winners off of his supposed rally-ending shot, you'll put a tremendous amount of pressure on him.

Question: I've heard so much about the splat shot that much seems contradictory. Once and for all, please describe what a splat is and how to hit it!

Hogan: The splat evolved out of the plain, regular, boring pinch shot—actually, the pinch kill. Nowadays everybody who hits a pinch winner thinks they've just hit an amazing splat!

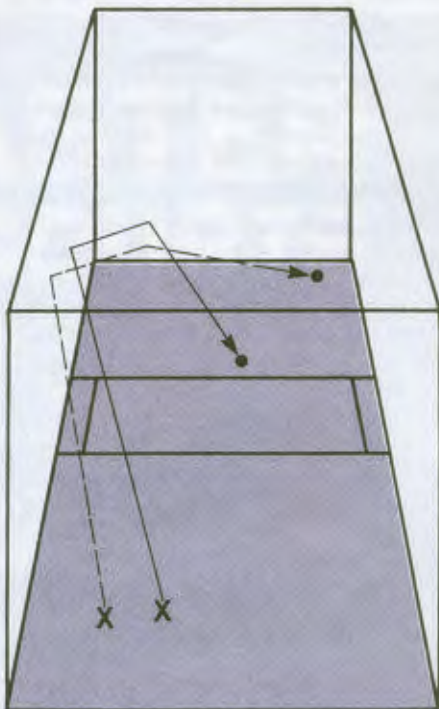
Here's the *real* splat: From about 30-35 feet from the front wall you hit a ball into the side wall (forehand or backhand) about five feet from the front

wall. The ball caroms into the front wall about three feet from the side wall.

At first glance, and if the above was all the information you had, you'd say I just described a pinch. You're right. Three things make the above shot turn into a splat: pace, spin, and angle.

Pace, the force (power) of your shot, merely means hit it hard. And then harder. The spin is trickier, but you can do it. Concentrate on sliding across the ball as you hit it into the side wall. The angle should be slightly downward.

The spin, angle and power of the shot will cause the ball to not totally "pancake" (flatten) against the side wall, (the pinch will pancake) and glance off that side wall rather than rebound off of it. That same spin will cause the ball to impact the front wall and slide more parallel to the front wall, rather than rebounding out toward center court (see diagram).



The pinch kill (direct lines) and the splat (broken lines).

You should hit the splat when you have a good opportunity to hit a variety of shots. It's not a desperation shot, rather it should become a part of your kill shot repertoire. ●

Racquetball Injuries: A Guide to Available Medical Care

by Pat Trifunov

Badly sprained knee? Perhaps a visit to the orthopedist is in order. Numbness in your racquet arm, possibly induced by a previous back injury? A neurologist might be the best doctor to consult. And then there's that friend of yours who insists on playing racquetball without eyewear, and you end up kapowing him one in the eye. Feeling somewhat culpable, you rush him off to see the closest ophthalmologist.

Confused? Not surprising when you consider that over a dozen medical specialists all have their say in the treatment and care of today's athlete. Yes, good conditioning, pre-game stretching, proper playing techniques, and plain old common sense will keep most racquetball players from unnecessary injuries.

Nothing is a better testament to that than the amazingly low incidence of injury on the pro circuit. Still, athletic injury in racquetball, like any other sport, is not always avoidable.

Certainly, everybody doesn't need a sports specialist every time they get a racquetball injury. Many common athletic problems can be aptly handled by a family physician. However, there are situations when a sports medicine specialist might be a better choice, situations such as:

1. You receive an injury that is pretty serious, or one that has a serious repercussion on your athletic performance.
2. You are plagued with a constant, recurring problem (like a continually sprained knee).
3. There seems to be some difficulty in diagnosing exactly what your problem is.
4. You are extremely involved in athletics (professional or otherwise), and simply feel that a sports specialist would be more sympathetic to your needs.

Ironically, at present, sports medicine per se is not recognized as a legitimate medical specialty in the United States, although its stock continues to rise rapidly. A doctor specializing in sports medicine is someone who has joined the American Association of Sports Medicine, and devotes his interest and practice to that field. Of course most are real aficionados to sports medicine (often being athletes themselves), and regularly attend conferences and seminars to keep educated on its latest trends.

Even though additional education for a sports medicine M.D. is not mandatory, there can be a difference in medical approach. Unlike many non-specialized M.D.'s, the sports medicine M.D. empathizes with your desire to get back onto the courts again, and will not frustrate your efforts with unnecessary caution.

On the other hand, he fully realizes the importance of physical prowess to the player's life, and treats all trauma with the highest concern. In short, a sports medicine doctor understands and appreciates sports participation as an important priority to his patient's life.

Several specialties in medicine of concern to the racquetball player do require additional training and education (two to seven years). Most important are othopedists specializing in corrective surgery to the muscles, bones and associated anatomy (tendons, ligaments, and cartilage). A racquetball floor, like any other man-made surface, tends to be unyielding and static in nature, and contributes to a lot of injuries for beginners who haven't mastered pivoting. If the foot "catches" on the floor, but the body continues moving, rotating muscles can be strained, ligaments torn, or cartilage injured.

And don't forget trauma from falls, crash landings and collisions. These are all the concern of the orthopedist, and because so much of sports injury is related to muscle and bone trauma, the orthopedist is often considered the mainstay specialist of sports medicine.

Concentrating on the foot only is the Doctor of Podiatry (D.P.M.). His four-year medical training qualifies him for care and corrective surgery to the foot, and for fitting foot orthoses (support devices) to correct mechanical impediments. If you are having difficulty with an ankle or knee that sprains continually, a podiatrist may be able to correct the problem with a simple support adjustment to your shoe.

Medical doctors with several years specialized education in cardiology, neurology and ophthalmology also make a contribution to sports medicine. Cardiologists function in the treatment, diagnosis and rehabilitation of people with problems of the heart and blood vessel network. The strenuousness of racquetball may evoke problems from players with weak hearts, palpitations, or murmurs.

In these situations, a player might require monitoring and clearance from a cardiologist before continuing participation. Difficulty with dizziness is also frequently related to the heart and blood vessel system, or it may be a neurological problem, requiring another specialist.

The neurologist deals with diagnosis, treatment and surgery to the nervous system. Injury to the muscle and bone can also affect the innervating nerves. This, in turn, could show up as symptoms of numbness, loss of sensation, or even paralysis to any part of the body. Continuation of any of these symptoms deserves immediate attention.

Ophthalmologists, as mentioned before, may be needed for examination of the eye. Protective eyewear is obligatory preventative medicine. In addition, experienced racquetball players significantly reduce the likelihood of eye injury because they hit lower, play with their racquets to their face, and constantly watch the ball.

Athletic trainers (A.T.C.) and physical therapists (L.P.T.) attend four to five years of medically-oriented training to learn treatment and rehabilitation methods for nerve, muscle, or bone-related disturbances. They work under

the advice and consultation of an M.D. or medical specialist who has previously examined and diagnosed an athletic problem.

Athletic trainers specialize in athletic injury, and do not cover the latitude of rehabilitative work that physical therapists do (like stroke or car accident victims). They are often employed by high school, college or professional teams, and cooperate with coaches to develop training, stretching and conditioning programs to prevent injuries. A large number of them are now cropping up in sports medicine clinics, and may be well suited to develop useful training and conditioning programs for private individuals.

Two alternatives to traditional medicine are also at your disposal — chiropractic and osteopathy. The chiropractor (D.C.), whose four-year education centers on spinal mechanics, approaches treatment from a more empirical standpoint, primarily using physical forms of therapy like manipulation and massage.

The osteopath (O.D.), a five year medical graduate, performs surgery and prescribes drugs like an M.D., but tends to approach problems from a holistic sense, looking at the entire functioning of bones, nerves and muscles, and not just at an injured area. Both osteopaths and chiropractors are becoming increasingly involved in sports medicine, and are making significant contributions to its practice.

Now, if good health has been with you, and you've avoided the necessity of all these specialists, you still haven't reached home base. The sports psychologist remains, to cater to the psychological hang ups that may besmear your game performance. Lack of concentration, motivation or endurance spell disaster for the racquetball player's game. These can all spring from emotional or mental sources.

The sports psychologist uses techniques like biofeedback control, hypnosis, meditation, and autogenic training to help athletes get their mental and physical faculties cooperating together for better athletic performance.

To date, most sports psychology courses lead to degree programs in physical education, however only licensed psychologists are legally authorized to call themselves sports psychologists.

Still confused? Here are some final points to keep you on the right track:

1. If your family doctor is not able to deal with your athletic concerns, ask him to direct you to a specialist who can. Ask friends, athletes and coaches to make recommendations too.
2. Don't consult a specialist if you don't really need one. Specialists can have up to 12 years of training and education, which makes for costly fees.
3. Play right, play smart, and chances are you won't be looking for any specialist other than a better racquetball competitor! ●

Patricia Trifunov, with her B.S. in Pharmacology, is a free-lance writer from Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

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EXTRA!

DP Announces Major Improvements; Expansion to Include Fitness Center

Diversified Products Corporation has announced a major improvement/expansion program for its Main Plant and General Office facilities in Opelika, AL.

"There are three segments of the Improvement/Expansion Program," said Bill York, VP - Manufacturing. "The first encompasses major improvements to the ex-

isting facilities including the installation of centralized heating and air conditioning systems in areas where sizable numbers of employees are concentrated, the construction of an employee physical fitness and racquetball facility, and the addition of several new paved parking lots.

"The second segment is a building expansion of 525,000 square feet which will increase DP's Main Plant facilities to over one million square feet.

"The third segment involves the installation of a considerable amount of additional equipment which allows the company to maintain its

practice of being a totally vertical manufacturer of its products."

York credited the dependability and teamwork of DP's Opelika employees as a major force encouraging the expansion at the Main Plant site. Site preparation work has already begun and the project is expected to be completed in April 1985.

Radioactive Racquetballs?



Are racquetballs radioactive?

Thanks to reader David Harper, of Carrollton, TX who sent us a clipping from the Dallas Morning News, we learned that well, they can be. But it's nothing to worry about.

The discovery of radioactive racquetballs occurred in Los Alamos, NM when an employee of the Los Alamos National Scientific Laboratory, a top-secret Depart-

ment of Energy facility that designs most U.S. nuclear weapons, decided to leave the building and run an errand. This employee, a staffer in the plutonium processing unit of the lab, touched off radioactive detectors on his way out.

Questioning the employee revealed that he had played racquetball that morning with two other employees at the Los Alamos YMCA. The two other players were monitored for radioactivity; one showed none, but the other had it on one hand.

What had been detected was alpha radiation, an emitter picked up from Radon gas which is a byproduct of the decay of uranium atoms.

An investigative team was sent to monitor the YMCA,

the employees' houses and their vehicles. They found nothing. But scientists were still suspicious of the Y. That's because Radon gas, found everywhere, normally exists in higher concentrations in building materials like concrete, especially where concrete is in a tightly confined space.

Like a racquetball court.

The contaminated employees had to re-enact their racquetball game for the investigative team which concluded that the ball picked up the gas while in constant motion on the court and was transferred to the employees' hands and clothing during play. All of the alpha radiation had washed off the one player who had taken a shower after the game.

James Breen, Laboratory spokesman, emphasized that there is really no danger in all this radiation.

"This alpha emitter is short-lived and washes off easily," he said. "Any racquetball court in the country which has concrete walls or floors can cause radiation. But there is no danger."

The danger, we surmise, would be in not taking a shower after you play.



Who Are The April Fools?

On Saturday, March 31st, racquetball and April Fool's Day fit together like a hand in a racquetball glove at the Mt. Prospect (IL) Charlie Club. Activities Director Kathy Shultz organized the event which was one of the more unique mini-tournaments ever held in the Chicagoland area.

"What I did was assign handicaps to the players," Kathy explains, "only the handicaps were things like playing with a bleach bottle in place of your racquet, or with a ping pong paddle in each hand, etc."



The most difficult and fun handicap went to pro Jean Sausser—she had to play on roller skates!

"We played on our three walled glass court so the spectators could see that even veteran racquetball pros have a sense of humor," said Shultz.

The tournament awards were also in keeping with the event—empty beer bottles on top of marble with plates that read, "1st, 2nd, or 3rd Place Fool!"

An overwhelming success, the event is already on the tournament schedule for 1985.

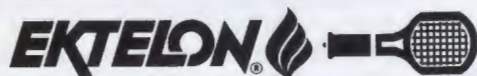
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Tournament Results

Harnett, The Hard Way, Captures Ektelon Nationals

by Chuck Leve



Harnett at the moment of victory.

Bret Harnett, the Las Vegas kid with the left-handed kill shot, shot his way to a stunning victory at the Ektelon Nationals May 3-6, and now threatens to become racquetball's fourth national champion in as many years.

Using a devastating mixture of serves and an under-pressure cool that belies his youth, the 19-year-old Harnett finally proved that he can win the big one, and in so doing took home the \$10,000 first place prize.

All that stands in his way en route to the 1984 National Championship is the DP Nationals June 13-17 in Atlanta. A win there and Harnett's name will be forever etched alongside that of Marty Hogan, Dave Peck, and Mike Yellen, national champions of the current era.

But claiming his Ektelon Prize was not easy, as Harnett was quick to point out. In fact, his championship match win over Jerry Hilecher and his semi-final triumph over Hogan, both went the maximum, five games.

"I was confident and I played well," said Harnett. "But I didn't believe I was going to win until I actually scored the last point."

And getting to the last point wasn't easy. Down 6-8 in the fifth game, Harnett

roared back to score the final five points of the match against the wily, veteran 31-year-old Hilecher, a surprise finalist emerging from the lower bracket which was filled with the likes of Yellen, Peck and Rueben Gonzalez.

Two hours and fifty-two minutes after they started, Harnett stepped into the service zone with the serve he never relinquished. A daring drive serve to Hilecher's vaunted forehand forced a skip for point 7; a forehand pass cross court to the right tied the score at 8; and a forehand Hilecher back wall skip made it 9-8 and forced Jerry to go to a time out.

Throughout the tournament Hilecher had been able to use the pace of the match to his advantage, especially in his semi-final win over Peck. But here, with the dusk of the match upon him, the final time out was to no avail.

When play resumed Harnett blasted a drive serve ace, cross court to Jerry's forehand. Hilecher barely moved to retrieve the perfect hit. It was now 10-8. This final point was well-earned. Hilecher's two diving gets kept him valiantly in the rally, before Harnett drove a forehand pass past the horizontally diving body of Hilecher, who at that instant became the runner-up.

The draw sheets will record the match going to Harnett 11-4, 10-11, 11-6, 3-11, 11-8 in almost three hours of blood, sweat, but no tears. Especially for Hilecher who manages to resurrect his racquetball career often enough to maintain a top eight ranking. But this one was close, oh so close, for the St. Louis native, who's been in the top eight for 12 consecutive years—some sort of record to be sure.

"I really thought I was going to win," he said. "Right up until the very last point, and even after the point, I couldn't believe I'd lost. But he (Harnett) played very well. He deserved it."

The match began with no indication it would be anything thrilling. The first game was matter-of-factly put away by Harnett 11-4 as Bret controlled the play, keeping Jerry from his shots.

The second game was remarkably opposite, going the limit, 11-10 to Hilecher, who had to rally from a 6-9 deficit and hold on while Harnett blew an absolute plum from center court while serving at 10-all. Taking no chances, Jerry came in and got the point on a forehand kill to the right corner.

Harnett went to the hard Z serves in game three and burst to a 4-0 lead which he upped to 8-3. Hilecher never threatened, reaching 6-9 only to have Bret put him away with a forehand pinch kill set up by that tough Z drive to the left, and a forehand back wall kill left to right, 11-6.

Harnett appeared tired in game four and Hilecher took advantage, using hard drive serves to lead the way to an 11-3 win. But as reported, it was Harnett, in a great fifth game, for the victory.

Hogan chases down another Harnett pass down the left line in their tough, five game semi-final battle.

Hilecher came through the bottom bracket, generally reserved for the tournament's second seed, which was Mike Yellen. But Mike wasn't around for the finals, nor the semi-finals, nor the quarter-finals, nor the round of 16. In fact, Mike bit the dust in the tournament's opening round to 16-year-old David Gross, and was out of town before most players even warmed up.

The scores of that one were 11-8, 5-11, 11-5, 11-6, a rather convincing victory at that. *"I never got going. I didn't play real sharp,"* said Yellen, in what may be the understatement of the year.

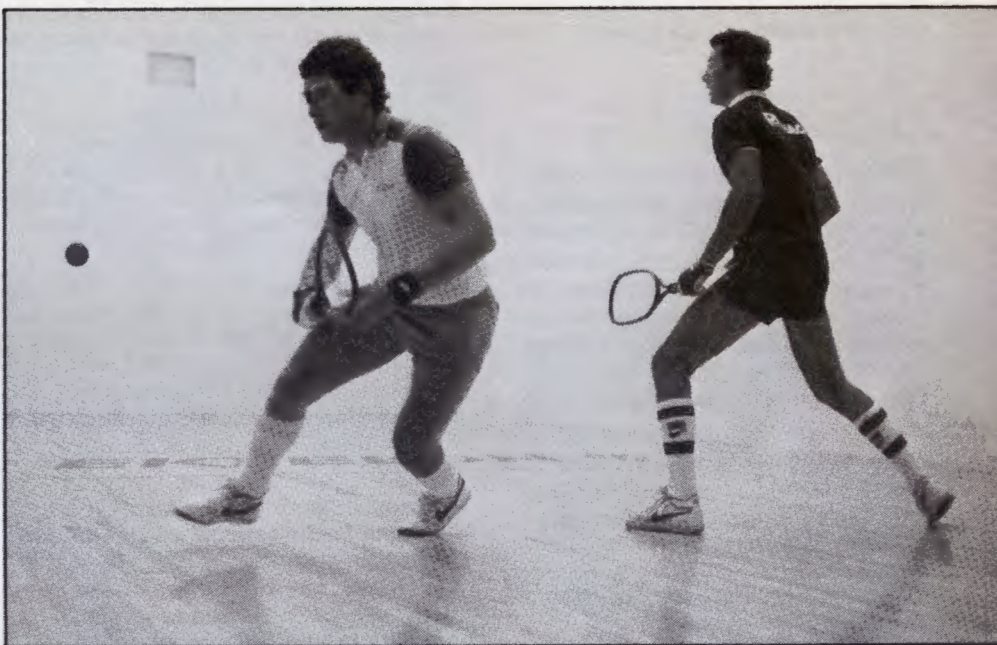
Gross, however, was unable to capitalize on his good fortune, going no further, being unceremoniously dumped by Brian Hawkes a local Southern California favorite who showed no mercy 11-5, 11-1, 11-4.

The tournament, hosted marvelously well by the Sports Gallery, Anaheim, was one of those rarities where the semi-finals and finals were all good, actually great, matches. In the top bracket Harnett ousted Hogan 7-11, 11-4, 8-11, 11-6, 11-5 while Hilecher stopped Peck 11-10, 11-6, 5-11, 5-11, 11-3.

So much was going on in both of those matches, it's hard to know where to begin. None of the four semi-finalists had been severely tested to this point in the tournament and perhaps, with confidence flowing freely, we spectators should have anticipated global warfare-type matches. In any event, we got 'em.

Harnett, who had the toughest quarter-final battle (an 11-9, 11-4, 11-10 win over Greg Peck), did not begin this semi-final match looking like the winner-to-be. In fact, Hogan wasn't much better as both players appeared tight, leaving a multitude of shots up, skipping plenty of others, and generally playing a full notch lower than their capabilities.

Game one was highlighted by two avoidable hinders (one on each player), Hogan's first time hitting the deck in the tournament (there'd be many more in the next two hours), both players serving the other's forehand, and a fuming Harnett leaving the court at the conclusion of the 11-7 first game Hogan win.



Harnett was irate at himself for letting opportunity pass him by, and his resolve to not let it happen again was evident in game two which he went out and took from Hogan. In fact, Bret never let Marty in it, blasting his way to an amazing 8-0 lead, largely due to high, lob Z serves to Hogan's backhand and crisp, forehand kills. The game went to Harnett 11-4, Hogan's first game loss of the tournament.

This time it was Hogan who came out smokin' cranking up his famous drive serves and punishing the blue balls en route to a 7-1 lead in the pivotal third game. Hogan won the game, 11-8, but the key factor was that Bret was able to overcome that initial 7-1 Hogan advantage, tying the score at 7 and even taking a brief lead at 8-7.

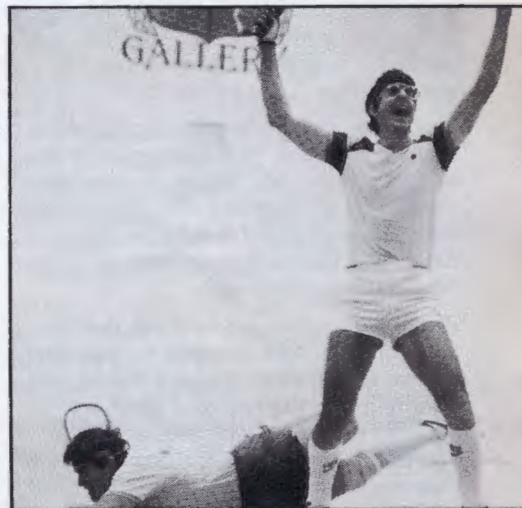
Hogan raced back for the win, but Harnett had proven to all at courtside, and especially to himself, that Hogan was good, but not awesome.

Changing tactics, Harnett came out of the fourth game chute with drive serves to the left and quickly built a 5-0 lead. Hogan came back to 4-5, but was unable to get closer, although Marty had his shot at 6-9, holding Harnett three times at 9, but unable to dent the scoreboard himself as Bret evened the match two games apiece, 11-6.

The deciding game found the score tied at 4, 35 minutes into it. Finally, Harnett reeled off three quick points: an ace on a drive cross court right to Hogan's forehand; a backhand Hogan skip of a drive serve down the left line; and a backhand kill down the right line, set up by a lob serve.

Unable to score, Hogan skipped a forehand for Harnett's 8-4 lead, whereupon Marty called his only time out of the tournament. But an inning later Harnett

Hilecher, lovin' every second of his semi-final win over Peck.



broke Hogan's back with back-to-back aces: the first on a hard Z to the right, the second on a high Z lob to the left which left Marty clanking his racquet against glass in the deep left corner. Now it was 10-4 and Harnett was staring the finals in the face.

Champions die hard and Hogan is a champion. Four times Harnett came in to serve for the match and four times Hogan put him out. But Marty's game had two fatal flaws: first he couldn't consistently kill the ball and second, he insisted on driving the ball cross court, leaving the lines vulnerable to Harnett's lengthy, striding, hitting-on-the-run re-kills.

As a result, Hogan scored only once himself and folks, you don't let any top pro, especially Bret Harnett, have five cracks at match point. On his fifth try, Harnett smoked an ace on a drive to the left.

Price contemplating the price of towels after being run over by Hogan in the quarters.

Hello, finals!

"I never got control of the tempo of the match," said Hogan. "I didn't win a single big point. I got beat by the better player."

"I moved well and hit well," said Harnett. "The lob has worked for me against him because he won't rush it. There's no sense hitting a 120 mph drive against him if it comes back at 142."

Hilecher meanwhile, couldn't have been happier with his situation. With Yellen gone from the bracket, Jerry quickly disposed of Hawkes 3, 6, and 2, and drew a bead on Dave Peck, a formidable, but questionable obstacle between Jerry and the finals.

Peck was questionable due to his much-publicized leg injury. Although proclaiming himself 100 percent before and during the tournament, Peck still had to prove himself and Hilecher learned a long time ago that you don't win matches in the locker room.

Sure Peck looked devastating in taking Rueben Gonzalez to the cleaners in the quarters 11-1, 11-1, 11-5, but sometimes things just go your way. His leg certainly wasn't tested and this was the third day of the tournament coming up. Would the leg hold up?

Peck held up. His leg held up. But he still got beat. And this was no nice guy match, either. With tempers flaring and love long lost the two tour veterans squared off more than once at center court. It wasn't pretty, but they chose it this way.

Hilecher stole the first game, not literally, but it was odd. Peck, down 8-4, rallied for six straight points, the sixth on an ace drive to the right to take a 10-8 lead. But Hilecher came back with an ace of his own to make it 9-10 and when Peck skipped the next serve with his forehand it was 10-10. Dave then tried again, just to make sure, and skipped the next serve with his backhand, to make it even, I guess, and Hilecher left the court with an 11-10 victory in game one.

The game wasn't particularly well played, but that would have been tolerable had it not been for the abundance of moaning and groaning and crying by both players. It was not a game to put in a time tank.

Neither was game two. The highlights were lots of aces on both sides, lots of appeals on both sides, lots of glaring on both sides, lots of floor wiping on both sides and oh yes, Hilecher took the game 11-6.

Jerry started well in the third game, taking quick 4-0 and 5-1 leads, covering the lanes well and taking advantage of Peck's first serves landing consistently short. Then Dave loosened up.

A combination of kills, passes and Hilecher skips rapidly tied the score at 5 and Peck never looked back. Scoring nearly at will he ran it out 11-5, with three aces in his last six points, including the game winner, cracking one out on the right.

Game four reverted to the style and substance of games one and two, but this time Peck came out on top. This game was singular due to a shoving match at center court (*"this proves Hilecher's crazy,"* said a spectator referring to Peck's linebacker past), a blatant backswing hinder that wasn't called, a technical foul of Hilecher for blasting the ball into the back wall, and nicely put, another crack ace, this time to the left, by Peck for game point, 11-5.

The fifth game found the score 1-1 after each player had served five times. At this rate it was even money on the match being concluded by Labor Day. Then Hilecher's serves started to click as suddenly it was 4-1 and 9-2 and the passes were working and the serves were good, and when the overhead from 38 feet rolled out Hilecher knew the match was his, which it was 11-3.

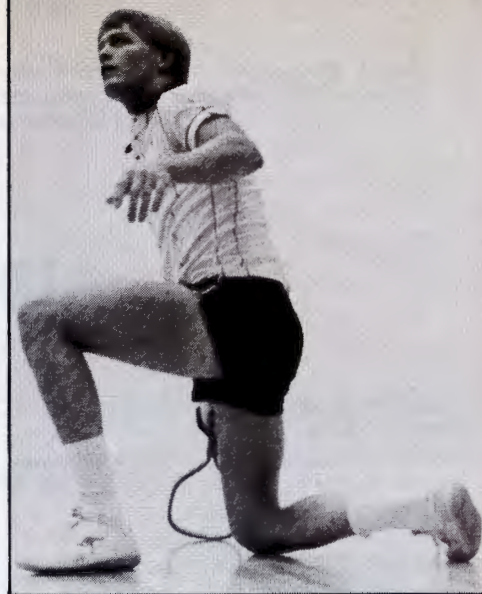
"Were we that bad out there?" asked Hilecher innocently afterwards, proving that he's either blind, or blacked out when playing.

The quarter-finals were interesting due primarily to the definitive statement made by each winner—I am better than you. Only one of the four matches (Harnett/Gregg Peck) was competitive.

Generally speaking, when the seeded players reach the quarter final round, it makes the bottom match of the upper bracket the most exciting because that's where the number four seed meets number five. In this case it was Harnett, seeded fourth against Gregg Peck, fifth.

The match opened with Peck taking an early game one advantage, although not due as much with his own superior play as Harnett's inconsistency. The lanky southpaw was breathtaking in his diving coverage of the cross court passing lanes, but hit only about 50/50 on his early kill attempts.

As a result, Harnett was forced to call a time out when Peck put some daylight between them at 7-5.



"I had to do something to get my feet moving," said Harnett. *"I was retrieving well, but not setting up offensively."*

Harnett came back to tie the game at 8-8 and it was Peck's turn to mis-hit, which he did, first with an overhead and then a backhand serve return, both buried into the floor leaving Harnett on the verge of game one, 10-8.

But Brett didn't seem to want it either, and both players traded skips and kills, skips when they served and kills when the other served. Finally, it took a mildly controversial call to seal the game for Harnett.

With Peck serving at 9-10, Gregg apparently won the rally when Brett skipped in a forehand. But Harnett appealed Gregg's previous "get" and the line judges ruled the get a double bounce pick up . . . and the rally went to Harnett on the side out.

A moment later Harnett connected on a backhand pinch kill right wall-front wall to nail the win 11-9. It was a still-fuming Peck who left the court.

Relaxing a great deal with one victory under his belt, Harnett threw off the inconsistency that had plagued his first game and dominated game two, 11-4. Game three, a nailbiter, went to Harnett, 11-10.

"He was hitting his shots well," said Peck after the match, *"I couldn't stop his momentum."*

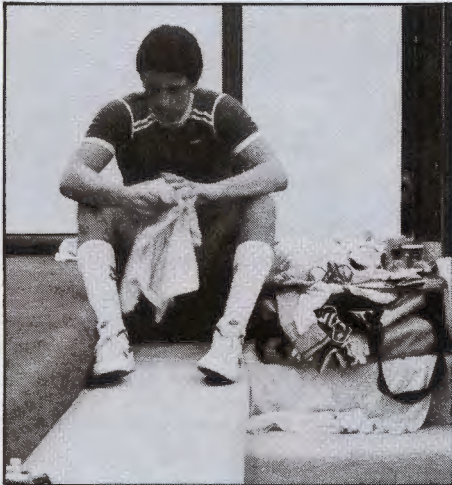
If Gregg was unable to stop the momentum, he could have learned how to never lose it from watching older brother Dave blow away Gonzalez in their quarter-final battle.

Playing with a fierce determination reminiscent of the Peck of 1982 (when he captured the national title) Dave scored the most impressive victory of the round (although Hogan's win over Gerry Price was no slouch).

Most eyebrow-raising about Peck's 11-1, 11-1, 11-5 drubbing of Gonzalez



Hawkes, looking for help, against Hilecher in the quarter-finals.



was not the outcome, nor even the scores—it was Peck's speed, quickness and over-all agility on the court.

Sporting a knee pad that half-covered his 10-inch thigh-length scar (*National Racquetball, June*) Peck had a mission in this match—to let the racquetball world know that he was 100 percent.

Bouncing, diving, leaping and even scurrying around the court, Peck not only got everything Gonzalez could give him, he killed everything in sight. To make matters worse, Rueben was leaving his shots up and in any racquetball match, especially the quarter-finals of the Ektelon Nationals, that's a fatal combination.

The only time Rueben had even the slightest amount of daylight was early in the third game, where it seemed that Peck was relishing his first two wins, momentarily forgetting that it takes three games to win the match. Seizing the opportunity, Gonzalez tallied the first four points of the game.

It didn't take long for the shadow of intensity to reappear on Peck's face as he went back to work, outscoring Gonzalez 11-1 to capture the match 11-5. And while Rueben gave it his all, this match belonged to Peck.

"I felt good and played well," said Peck. "Except where I lost it in the third game, I was able to keep him out of the match."

No kidding.

While Peck was proving his point in the upper portion of the lower bracket, Hilecher, never one to pass a golden opportunity, moved quickly and decisively to fill the void left by Yellen's demise in the bottom of the bracket.

His opponent was young Hawkes, a hard-hitter, who improves each time out. Unfortunately, Hawkes left his game in the 16's.

Hilecher mounted an immediate attack and playing with the confidence of someone who believes that the gods may be smiling upon him, proceeded to do to Hawkes precisely what Peck did to Gonzalez, although not quite so drastically.

Nevertheless, Hilecher was clearly the better player, taking game one 11-3, following it with an 11-6 win in game two, and closing out the match 11-2. Hawkes, who struggled to find his rhythm throughout the match, never did.

The final match of the evening pitted top seed Hogan against nemesis Gerry Price, acknowledged as one of the "new wave" players who matches well against Hogan.

"I'll win in three," said Hogan, undaunted. Forty-nine minutes later, Hogan had won in three.

Like the other quarter-final winners, Hogan played with the intensity of a man with something to prove. And as he usually does, Marty let his racquet do the talking, scoring three aces in his first four serves.

When Hogan cranked out two more aces sandwiched between two side outs, the score was 5-0 (three drives left, two right—all aces) and Price called time out.

Peck sets up to drive home another winner against Gonzalez in their quarter-final match.

Hogan wasn't slowed and drove the score to 7-0 (one more ace) before Price got on the board. Gerry managed to get to 4-8, and held Hogan at 10-4 three times before Marty sealed game one with a backhand kill down the right line, 11-4.

Even when Gerry got shots, which he did in the late stages of the game, he mis-hit terribly. The Hogan barrage was just too tough.

Hogan cranked up again in the second game following a backhand pinch kill with two aces, then running to a 6-0 lead before Price finally got his game in gear.

Taking advantage of what may be the only flaw in Hogan's game, leaving too many shots up, Price made his only significant move of the match, coming back to tie at 6-all, largely on his rekill-ing ability.

But Marty re-grouped and quickly regained his dominance scoring on a Price backhand error, a near-ace forehand skip, and backhand kill cross court to make it 10-7. The game-ender came on a perfect forehand V-pass right after the best rally of the match.

Marty did much the same in the third game, taking a 7-2 advantage and coasting in 11-6.

"That's the worst Gerry's ever played against me," said Hogan. *"He's a much better player than he showed tonight."*

Price agreed, although he was quick to compliment the victor.

"I've never seen Marty so serious" he said. *"He never cracked a smile. I usually play well against him, but I never got going. I didn't go down the line like I should have and I didn't play with confidence."*

That's what happens.

Ektelon Nationals The Sports Gallery Anaheim, CA May 3-6, 1984 Men's Professional Singles

Round of 16: Hogan d. Cohen 11-8, 11-9, 11-4; Price d. Brysman 11-6, 11-7, 11-7; G. Peck d. Lerner 11-6, 8-11, 9-11, 11-0, 11-6; Harnett d. A. Gross 11-9, 9-11, 11-9, 11-4; D. Peck d. Myers 11-3, 10-11, 11-4, 11-3; Gonzalez d. Johnson 11-5, 11-4, 11-2; Hilecher d. Sell 11-8, 4-11, 8-11, 11-2, 11-2; Hawkes d. D. Gross 11-5, 11-1, 11-4.

Quarter-finals: Hogan d. Price 11-4, 11-7, 11-6; Harnett d. G. Peck 11-9, 11-4, 11-10; D. Peck d. Gonzalez 11-1, 11-1, 11-5; Hilecher d. Hawkes 11-3, 11-6, 11-2.

Semi-finals: Harnett d. Hogan 7-11, 11-4, 8-11, 11-6, 11-5; Hilecher d. D. Peck 11-10, 11-6, 5-11, 5-11, 11-3.

Finals: Harnett d. Hilecher 11-4, 10-11, 11-6, 3-11, 11-8.

ESPN Coverage Makes Ektelon Nationals Something Special

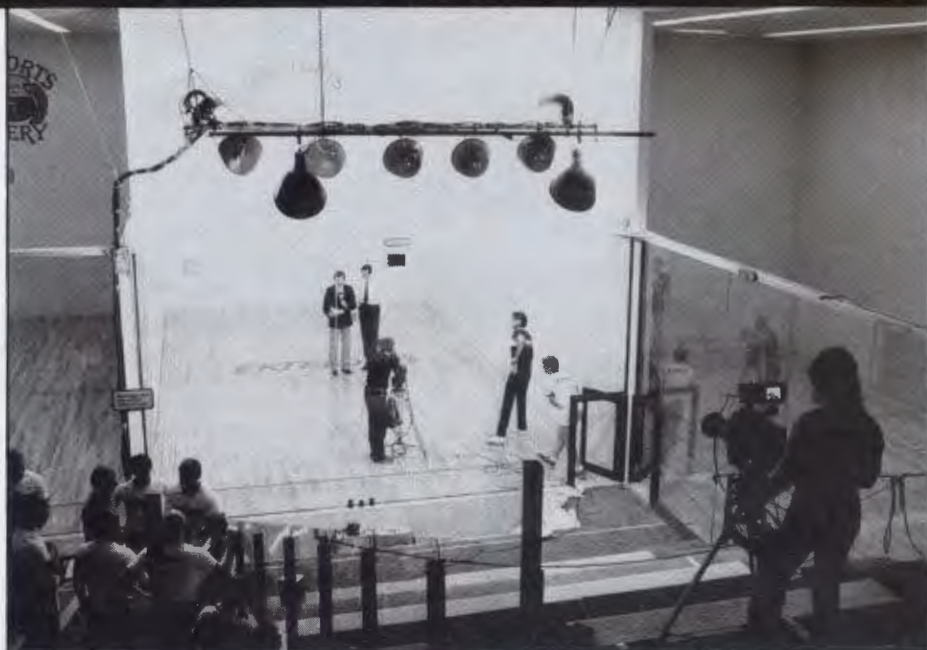
It's been said for decades that a picture's worth a thousand words. If that's the case, what are thousands of pictures worth over the world's largest sports network, ESPN?

Plenty, according to Ektelon which annually foots the bill for the production of the Ektelon Nationals men's and women's championship matches that go on ESPN.

Putting the TV show together begins long before the shooting of the action—and much more of the work takes place after the actual play. Imagine having the responsibility of editing six and a-half hours of play into a one hour show!

With two mammoth TV trucks parked outside the club, the technicians, directors, producers, camerapersons and on-camera personalities all do their part to put racquetball on tape as expertly as possible.

The production was directed by Rich Jansen and produced by Frank Pace.



Play-by-play man Phil Stone and color commentator Charlie Garfinkel do their pre-match intro.



Checking the microphones prior to being on-air.

The control board focusing in on back court.



One of the TV trucks outside the Sports Gallery.



The players-eye view of the court. Only professional concentration makes the spots disappear.

—Photos by Milo Muslin

Adams Falls In Finals

McKay Captures Third Straight Ektelon Title

by Chuck Leve

Heather McKay and Lynn Adams are no strangers to championship matches of major tournaments. And both know that when they get there, they're likely to meet each other. In fact, the two have never met outside the finals—a total of 19 times—make that 20 now.

So it was in the Ektelon Nationals where Adams was seeking her first-ever Ektelon title, an irony of sorts since Ektelon is her sponsor and the tournament is played in Anaheim, a stone's throw from her hometown of Costa Mesa.

But home court, fans and sponsor were not enough for Adams, who saw the \$7,000 first place prize go into McKay's bank account on the strength of 19-21, 22-20, 21-13, 21-16 scores in this Women's Professional Racquetball Association (WPRA) sanctioned (three out of five, win by two, third game to 15, win by one) event.

And where the men's division saw top seeds like Mike Yellen not making it out of the first round, not so with the ladies, who were true to form to the semi's with each of the top four seeds reaching that far.

The finals, though, was where the action was. In front of the brilliant lights of ESPN TV cameras, McKay and Adams put on a thrilling display of the best the ladies have to offer. Both played with the intensity befitting the occasion, and left spectators gasping at their play.

Adams, who held an 11-8 match advantage over McKay in their 19 previous meetings, took game one 21-19, much to the delight of the partisan, but sophisticated, full gallery at the Sports Gallery. As usual, the burning Adams desire was one of the deciding factors.

"I knew I had to win the first game, to get into the right groove," said Adams. *"I didn't want to have to come from behind. Heather is so tough I wanted to start fast."*

McKay, who showed a bit more of her dander than usual, saw a decent first game lead vanish into defeat. It was an obviously perturbed McKay who left the court at the conclusion of game one.

Adams drives the ball down the left line in full view of ESPN cameras against McKay in the finals.



"I saw a game get away from me and I wasn't very happy about it," she said. *"I was determined to come back strong."*

Actually, game two was nearly a carbon copy of game one. Never more than three points separated the two, with ties 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, sending the game into the only deuce of the match. Most observers were at a loss to recall any game anywhere with so many ties, especially at the final six points of the game.

Leading 19-18 and with the serve McKay shocked herself and all on-lookers when she left up an off-the-back wall kill rebounding to center court. Adams covered the kill with a forehand pinch kill right to tie the score at 19 and regain the serve.

A backhand kill into the left corner, complete with a raised fist and near-sprint back to the service zone, put Adams in position, 20-19, to take game two in what would have been a nearly insurmountable 2-0 advantage in games. Trouble was, she blew the shot.

Yep, Lynn skipped a backhand into the left corner, giving McKay the serve at 20-20. Heather quickly countered with a forehand pass down the line right (thank you, squash!) for a 21-20 lead;

and grabbed the game with a drive serve left that Adams skipped going for the kill.

"I got a break when she missed a couple of shots," said McKay. *"But I worked hard to get there. She could have been up 2-0, but then so could I. I think a split in the first two games was justice."*

Justice seemed to inject new life into McKay's 42-year-old bones. Or else justice sapped some strength from Adams frenetic pace. Whatever justice did, it did it to McKay's advantage, for Heather ripped through game three, taking an initial lead, and running to a 21-13 win.

Game four, of course, was Adams last chance to get back into the match and it was obvious she was doing just that, coming back from a 1-5 deficit to tie at 7 and take a 10-7 lead. Lynn couldn't hold it, though, as Heather re-grouped and ran six straight points to go up 14-10.

Using hard, drive serves that kept Adams in deep court and defensive (or resulted in a multitude of skips when Lynn went aggressive), McKay regained control of the match. A forehand Adams skip, a backhand skip of a serve return, backhand kill into the left corner, backhand kill cross court, an

Ektelon vice president and general manager Bob McTear presents McKay with her winnings, a neat seven grand.



—Photos by Milo Muslin

ace on a drive left and a forehand pass left is how the scoring went.

Adams got back to 13-14 on a backhand McKay skip, and two kills of her own, then managed to reach 16-17 by trading points. Unfortunately for Lynn, she never tallied another.

McKay hit a perfect forehand kill off the back wall into the right corner to regain the serve on her 18th point and then Adams, in an uncharacteristic loss of judgment went for a 39 footer with her backhand, skipping it in 19-16. McKay then drove the point home (pun intended) as she hit another clean ace on a drive to the left, 20-16.

Justice was done a moment later, when McKay won the match on a backhand pass cross court, only to have the ball break on the rally! Heather then surprised Lynn with a garbage (half-lob) serve left that Lynn skipped into the left corner 21-16 for the match.

"I'm so pleased to win this tournament," said McKay. *"I always play well here, although I don't think Lynn played as well as she's capable today. I think she had a lot of pressure on her."*

That there was and it showed somewhat in the semi-finals as Lynn struggled to top fourth seed Vicki Panzeri, striving to make her first Ektelon Nationals final. And Vicki almost did it, taking Lynn to five games before bowing.

Panzeri was no stranger to close matches during the tournament, needing five games to oust sixth seed Janell Marriott in the quarters and four games to stop Molly O'Brien in the 16's (including two 25-23 wins). And players who play just well enough to win, somehow seem to win more often than not.

Adams, under the watchful eye of husband/coach/manager (and tournament director) Jim Carson, entered the match so keyed up that it took her a full game to settle down. Panzeri was obviously the better player en route to a 21-12 win. And despite a 21-15 second game win, Adams was not Adams in the third.

Panzeri, showing the quickness, effective backhand and forehand corner kills that have made her a solid semi-finalist

along the WPRA tour, took advantage of Adams' mistakes and rolled to a 15-5 third game lead. A time out by Adams did no good and Panzeri coasted in 21-10, to take a 2-1 lead in games.

"At that point I quit feeling sorry for myself," said Adams. *"Jim gave me a piece of his mind between games."*

Whatever Jim said, Lynn did, and it worked. The two players were opposite images of themselves and Adams, who had controlled Terri Gilreath in the quarters, all of a sudden began to control Panzeri. This time it was Adams with the 15-5 lead which she continued to build to a 21-7 win, forcing a tie-breaker.

And Adams let it be known early that this was to be her tie-breaker. The frenzied look in her eye much of the match was now replaced with fierce determination, so much so that she committed an avoidable hinder on the game's very first rally!

Despite that momentary setback, and responding to the urging of the highly vocal, pro-Adams crowd, Lynn grabbed a 4-2, 6-2 and 10-3 lead and never looked back. Ahead 13-6 and with the serve, Adams had a chance to put it away but skipped a forehand. A long, vigorous, well-played rally ensued with Panzeri finally taking it on a forehand pass left, 8-13.

Adams called a time out, not so much for fatigue as to remind herself that she was but two rallies away from the finals. It turned out that the time out probably helped her as the next rally, twice as long as the previous one, ended with Adams connecting on a diving forehand re-kill into the right corner, 14-8.

With the gallery still on its feet from that exchange, Adams, incredibly, committed a flagrant avoidable hinder at center court to give Panzeri her ninth

point and the serve! But Vicki could not take advantage of her good fortune and Adams captured the match as her forehand pass/kill to the left cracked out down the line and it was over 15-9.

Nobody could ever remember a tie-breaker where one player's first and last points were by avoidable hinder and that player still didn't win!

In the top bracket, Shannon Wright-Hamilton, who keeps talking retirement but keeps reaching the semi's anyhow, gave McKay all she could handle in their semi-final. Showing the quick wit and short fuse that has marked her career, Wright-Hamilton captured game one 21-16, only to have McKay turn the tables on her by the identical score in game two, reducing the match to best out of three games.

Frankly, it was anybody's match at this point and Wright-Hamilton didn't show any signs of playing dead as game three stood tied at 9, next 10. Shannon then cranked up her drive serve and tallied two aces sandwiched around a McKay skip to grab a 13-10 advantage, which she built to 16-12, forcing a flustered McKay to call time out.

Heather re-grouped as well as this reporter has ever seen anyone re-group during a time out, hitting four straight winners of her own: a forehand kill of the serve into the right corner, a backhand kill left corner, a pass right and backhand back wall straight-in kill left to tie at 16.

Now it was Wright-Hamilton showing her own "flustration," but no time out here. Instead Shannon looked for a miracle, attempting a backhand kill from downtown off of tough ceiling ball. The shot skipped, as did her next two forehands and now it was 19-16 McKay.

Heather next hit a forehand kill cross court, lost the serve and a point on

Cascio, Schwartz, Drexler Take Ektelon Amateur Crowns

Shannon's backhand pinch kill, but won the game a moment later when she killed Wright-Hamilton's drive serve with her backhand, 21-17.

So on to game four the semi-finals went and amazingly, the two found themselves in the identical situation, tied at 12, 15, 16 and then 17. Of course, this is the time for champions to make their move, and McKay, as she has done so often ever since she left the conquered squash world for the fertile fields of unconquered racquetball, conquered again.

A backhand V-pass to the right broke the tie and a backhand Wright-Hamilton error made it 19-17. Shannon then repeated her critical mistake of the third game, trying to win it all with that one magical shot, an overhead kill attempt from Long Beach that skipped in, 20-7.

McKay calmly ended the exciting, if not textbook style, match with a forehand pinch kill right to left, 21-17 for a date with Adams in the finals.

What happened, you may ask, to some of your favorites on the women's tour?

Ektelon Nationals runner-up of 1983, Laura Martino, bit the dust early, though not easily, losing to ageless Jennifer Harding in a five game, 15-13 tie-breaker in the first round.

Peggy Gardner and Caryn McKinney, quarter-finalists both, succumbed to Wright-Hamilton and McKay respectively, in straight games. In fact, only three matches the entire tournament went to tie-breakers.

Ektelon Nationals The Sports Gallery May 18-21, 1984

Women's Professional Singles

Round of 16: McKay d. Alvarado 21-12, 21-12, 21-10; McKinney d. Davis 21-10, 20-22, 21-10, 21-8; Gardner d. Harding 21-18, 21-18, 21-14; Wright-Hamilton d. Drexler 13-21, 21-14, 22-20, 21-15; Panzeri d. O'Brien 17-21, 25-23, 25-23, 21-15; Marriott d. Barrett 21-13, 22-20, 5-21, 21-9; Adams d. Stoll 21-15, 21-14, 21-10; Gilreath d. Jackson 21-13, 21-15, 21-13.

Quarter-finals: McKay d. McKinney 21-7, 21-17, 21-15; Wright-Hamilton d. Gardner 21-13, 21-11, 21-7; Panzeri d. Marriott 21-18, 16-21, 20-22, 21-15, 15-8; Adams d. Gilreath 21-15, 21-16, 21-11.

Semi-finals: McKay d. Wright-Hamilton 16-21, 21-16, 21-17, 21-17; Adams d. Panzeri 12-21, 21-15, 10-21, 21-7, 15-9.

Finals: McKay d. Adams 19-21, 22-20, 21-13, 21-16.

Three players, in their combined 13th attempt at the Ektelon Nationals, finally found the winners circle in 1984.

In the Men's Open Division, Jim Cascio, Lancaster, PA, was victorious over Cliff Swain, Braintree, MA. Cascio, 20, had competed in the Ektelon Championships the past four years. His play was flawless, going through the entire tournament without losing a game. In the finals, he defeated Swain 15-7, 15-7 to take the Men's Open Championships and the \$1,000 first-place prize.

Marci Drexler, 18, North Hollywood, CA, also won her first Ektelon Championships title this year, after three attempts at the crown in previous years. She took home the winners trophy (and \$1,000) by defeating Cindy Baxter, 29, Lewistown, PA, 14-15, 15-7, 15-11.

Top-seeded Jay Schwartz, 38, from Pensacola, FL, had qualified in four previous Ektelon Championships (three finals) and gained his first win in 1984. Schwartz had to go three tough games with five-time national doubles champion Stan Wright before emerging victorious 11-15, 15-4, 15-14 to take the Men's Veteran's Championship and the \$1,000 cash prize.

NOTES OF THE TOURNAMENT . . . Ektelon couldn't have been a more gracious host sponsor, seeing to the needs of the players and press with first class attention. Rick Schloss, Frank Pace, Norm Peck and Jenny Dowling did outstanding work . . . Vice president and G.M. Bob McTear handled the awards ceremonies like the pro he is . . . none of the Ektelon brass missed a match from the quarters on—impressive! Host club, The Sports Gallery, is Everyman's dream: 17 courts, two with full glass back walls and permanent seating, glass back wall panels in most others, closed circuit TV, huge men's and women's fitness centers, aerobics, jazz, yoga, ballet, basketball, volleyball, saunas, whirlpools, cold plunges, steam rooms, private TV lounges, quiet rooms, sun rooms, massage, jogging track, swimming pool, bar, lounge, snack bar, child care, conference room, etc., etc. . . . owner Lewis Schmid and manager Dave Dennis oversee this prelude to heaven with efficiency and quick thinking, as witnessed by their rapid reaction to a broken glass panel caused by a flying player, who needed

Men's Open

Quarter-finals: Swain d. Gautier 15-9, 15-4; O'Brenski d. Britos 15-14, 8-15, 15-7; Cascio d. Wright 15-2, 15-9; Gilliam d. Ray 15-11, 11-15, 15-11.

Semi-finals: Swain d. O'Brenski 15-11, 15-11; Cascio d. Gilliam 15-9, 15-10.

Finals: Cascio d. Swain 15-7, 15-7.

Women's Open

Quarter-finals: Baxter d. Pranka 15-11, 15-10; Dee d. Fischl 11-15, 15-4, 15-11; Drexler d. Kuhfeld 12-15, 15-11, 15-10; O'Brien d. Bell 15-12, 15-13.

Semi-finals: Baxter d. Dee 15-10, 9-15, 15-12; Drexler d. O'Brien 14-15, 15-8, 15-12.

Finals: Drexler d. Baxter 14-15, 15-7, 15-11.

Men's Veteran Singles

Quarter-finals: Schwartz d. DeFilippi 15-1, 15-3; Wilhelm d. Sullivan 15-8, 15-12; Guinter d. Rothstein 14-15, 15-14, 15-2; Wright d. Clark 15-11, 4-15, 15-10.

Semi-finals: Schwartz d. Wilhelm 15-6, 15-4; Wright d. Guinter 15-8, 15-13.

Finals: Schwartz d. Wright 11-15, 15-4, 15-14.

immediate on-site attention and even more immediate hospitalization . . . if I'm ever done in, I hope these guys are around . . . Richard Wagner, 1983 finalist was forced out due to injury just 24 hours prior to the tournament, giving a lesson. Who gives a lesson the night before a major tournament??? The tournament is an ideal vacation for racquetball fans, with the club literally in the shadow of Anaheim Stadium, less than a mile from Disneyland, and weather perfect (the tan people were native Southern Californians, the pink, red and blistered ones were players from out of town) . . . Jim Carson did long hours and great work at the floor manager's desk while Larry Lee and Kelly Painter handled the tough pro matches from the quarter-finals on from the referee's unenviable, in-the-middle-of-the-crowd location . . . Expectations are that Ektelon and Sports Gallery will team up again in 1985 . . . improvement would be re-lighting of championship courts to eliminate annoying and sometimes controversial lights hinders. ●

Tournament Results

Adams Over McKay In Battle of Seattle



On a rainy Sunday afternoon at the Pacific West Sport and Racquet Club in Kent, WA, second-ranked and seeded Lynn Adams displayed her considerable skills to capture the \$10,000 Pac West Pro-Am WPRAs title over top-ranked Heather McKay by a 22-20, 22-20, 21-17 score. It was a "battle of Seattle" McKay would just as soon forget.

McKay entered the tournament with impressive 1983-84 credentials. In three events played, she had a 2-1 record against Adams, all of those matches having occurred in WPRAs finals. She was riding an 11 match winning streak in which she had dropped a total of only four games.

So much for statistics. Exactly one hour after the championship match had begun, the Californian from Coasta Mesa had simply outplayed her opponent in virtually every category to take the title.

In game one, Adams constructed a quick 4-1 lead on three McKay skips and her own forehand kill. The game continued on an even course with neither player establishing a dominance or string of scoring bursts until, at 11-9 in Adams' favor, McKay skipped a forehand and backhand and her opponent cashed in on a forehand wide angle pinch and a cross court kill off the backhand side.

McKay then missed an easy lob in the right back corner and promptly called a time-out. When play resumed, Adams hit a nice forehand pass, but McKay got back in the game and scored the next six points to tie the contest at 15-all. Despite the brief surge of scoring, four of those six points were a result of Adams skips, although McKay did pull off a beautiful and risky forehand fly kill.

After a backhand kill by Adams pushed the score to 16-15 in her favor, two consecutive brilliant rallies ending in McKay winners plus a backhand cross court pass enabled her to edge to an 18-16 lead. Adams then used very effective Z-serves to close out the game, 22-20, with game point coming on a backhand skip by McKay. Interestingly, neither player places too much importance on winning the first game of a match.

"Winning the first game might put more pressure on your opponent under normal conditions," said Adams, "But because Heather and I know each other's games so well and have played so many times, we simply cannot fake each other out. We assume the person who loses the first game will come back twice as tough in the second."

That second game saw McKay hitting too many uncharacteristically high shots. The kills and pinches which she usually cracks with pinpoint accuracy were simply not a part of the artillery on this day and, although the game was tied at 20, Adams was able to run down virtually all of McKay's attempts at winners.

Pacific West WPRAs Pro-Am Kent, WA, April 5-8, 1984 Pacific West Sport & Racquet Club

Round of 16: McKay d. Lynch 21-13, 21-13, 21-3; Davis d. Greer (def.); Marriott d. Harding 21-16, 21-12, 21-8; Stoll d. Panzeri 21-23, 22-20, 14-21, 21-14, 15-7; Wright-Hamilton d. Carlos 24-22, 21-10, 21-9; Gilreath d. Jackson 23-21, 21-5, 21-23, 21-8; McKinney d. Barrett 21-16, 21-12, 15-21, 21-10; Adams d. Alvarado 21-15, 21-13, 21-9.

Quarter-finals: McKay d. Davis 21-16, 21-17, 21-13; Marriott d. Stoll 21-19, 21-12, 21-14; Wright-Hamilton d. Gilreath 15-21, 21-14, 16-21, 21-18, 15-9; Adams d. McKinney 21-19, 21-10, 21-17.

Semi-finals: McKay d. Marriott 21-8, 21-12, 26-24; Adams d. Wright-Hamilton 21-16, 11-21, 21-16, 21-11.

Finals: Adams d. McKay 22-20, 22-20, 21-17.

A late flurry allowed Adams to take an 18-13 lead in the game. McKay kept it interesting by scoring four straight points at 16-20 with a forehand splat, a backhand pass down the line (a shot which had not been as effective in the match as it usually is) and a forehand kill off the back wall.

Unfortunately for McKay, Adams hit a backhand pinch and a forehand kill to claim the game, 22-20, and end the Toronto resident's hopes for evening the match score at one game apiece.

The third game followed the same general pattern as the first two with neither player able to establish any real momentum. The score was tied at 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the early going, and the biggest lead by either player occurred at 8-5 and 9-6, both advantages going to Adams.

At 17-15 in Adams' favor, McKay skipped a backhand and, visibly frustrated, called a time-out. When the players returned to the court, McKay nailed a backhand cross court pass, but Adams countered with two forehand pinches to push to a precarious 20-16 lead, just one point from victory. McKay dished up a perfect forehand splat to make the score 20-17, but Adams crushed a forehand pinch in the right corner to capture the match.

McKay admitted after the match that she did not play well.

"I couldn't seem to keep the ball down," she said. "I felt good out there but Lynn played her game well. I was leaving a lot of balls up, and no one can afford to do that against her."

The two semi-final encounters were exciting, albeit predictable. McKay dominated doubles partner Janell Marriott to claim a convincing 21-8, 21-12, 26-24 victory. Marriott, of Warwick, RI, had a good tournament overall as she defeated Jennifer Harding in the second round and a red hot Bonnie Stoll, Stamford, CT, in the quarters.

McKay's accuracy and variety of shots, coupled with her effective serving, were simply too much for the sixth seeded Marriott, although the second half of the third game left a standing room crowd begging for more. McKay sealed the victory with a spectacular overhead pinch to the left corner.

Adam's showdown with perennial semi-finalist Shannon Wright-Hamilton offered a wondrous display of fine-tuned racquetball skills. Although Adams emerged a 21-16, 11-21, 21-16, 21-11 winner, the match included a sample of everything: dramatic swings of momentum, flawlessly accurate shotmaking and intense emotional displays.

Hamilton, in surprisingly good shape for not having played a WPRA event for several months, chalked up her eighth semi-final credit in the last 21 tournaments she has played. During that period, the Las Vegas resident has also earned one victory and two runner-up finishes.

The highlight match of the quarter-final round was the showdown between Terri Gilreath, the tournament's fifth seed, and Hamilton. Gilreath, El Toro, CA, entered the tourney coming off of her best performance of the season a month earlier in Bangor, ME, where she reached the semi-finals and lost a close match to eventual winner McKay.

The two dynamos performed as if they had invented the game, displaying phenomenal quickness and retrieving abilities. It was the kind of game which

WPRA Rankings (As of April 12, 1984)

Ranking	Player	Total Ranking Pts.
1.	Heather McKay	298.00
2.	Lynn Adams	289.00
3.	S. Wright-Hamilton	165.00
4.	Vicki Panzeri	108.75
5.	Laura Martino	101.50
6.	Janell Marriott	100.07
7.	Terri Gilreath	99.88
8.	Marci Greer	76.39
9.	Caryn McKinney	68.43
10.	Brenda Barrett	62.86
11.	Francine Davis	54.75
12.	Peggy Gardner	53.33
13.	Joyce Jackson	52.63
14.	Jennifer Harding	49.25
15.	Stacey Fletcher	40.83
16.	Heather Stupp	39.67
17.	Bonnie Stoll	34.63
18.	Diane Bullard	30.50
19.	Martha McDonald	25.63
20.	Marcy Lynch	22.67
21.	Molly O'Brien	21.71
22.	Carol Pranka	20.83
23.	Jean Sauser	16.00
24.	Liz Alvarado	14.67

one hates to see either player lose, but Gilreath ended up on the short end of a 15-21, 21-14, 16-21, 21-18, 15-9 decision.

In other quarter-final matches, McKay rolled past Francine Davis, Verona, NJ, 21-16, 21-17, 21-13; Marriott subdued Stoll 21-19, 21-12, 21-14; and Adams handled Atlantan Caryn McKinney, 21-19, 21-10, 21-17.

The second round in Seattle produced one exceptional match, although it might more appropriately be termed a war. Vicki Panzeri, who did not play badly, fell victim to the Stoll steamroller and dropped a 21-23, 22-20, 14-21, 21-14, 15-7 heartbreaker in front of a hometown crowd. The fact that the two women are friends and doubles partners and were roomies for the week did not make the loss any easier for Panzeri.

In the pro doubles final, the top-seeded team of Adams and Gilreath overwhelmed the duo of Marriott and McKay, who were playing as a team for the first time, 15-7, 15-9, 7-15, 15-9. ●

Tournament Results

First Annual Deaf Tournament

The First National Deaf Racquetball Tournament, held April 27-29 at the Charlie Club in Palatine, IL was a huge success with plans already underway for next year.

Eighty-five players from 15 states stretching from California to New Jersey competed in seven divisions for medals, money and camaraderie.

Ken Murschiage, Los Angeles defeated Jeff Dichter, Seabrook, MD for the Men's Open title 15-4, 8-15, 11-2. In the Women's A division, Olivia Schnoor, Baltimore, MD bested Mindy Hooper, Normal, IL, 15-10, 15-2.

National Racquetball Association for the Deaf (NRAD) chairmen Peter Pudela, Jim Fleming and Steve Horwich organized the event. Chief Referee Les Cooling led an all-volunteer staff of refs who were required to attend classes to be able to communicate with the players.

Marty Hogan attended the pre-tournament Welcome Party on Friday night and cut the ribbon to officially begin the tournament. The NRAD's second annual national tournament is scheduled for April, 1985 at the International Fitness Center, Kansas City, MO. ●

Marty Hogan cuts the ribbon at the opening ceremony for the First National Racquetball Tournament for the Deaf.



The Charlie Club Best Western Hotel Palatine, IL, April 27-29, 1984

Tournament Directors—Jean Sauser, Nancy Kronenfeld

Tournament Chairmen—Jim Fleming, Peter Pudela, Steve Horwich

Tournament Referees—Les Cooling, Tim Cooling, Jim Cartwright, Clyde Senters, Derek Buckley, John Stackowitz, Bill Reinhard, Bob Bales, Lyle Allison, Pete Stopinski, Scott Stopinski, Jack Moskwa, John Jeffers, Barry Ashburn, Bill Feigen, Bill Precht, Sandy Hanson, Elvira Cridland, Sue Carow, Pat Simonic, Jonelle Kohoutek, Carl Cooling, Tim Murashige

Tournament Control: Bev Franks, Bill Feigen, Spencer Karlin, Scott Thurber, Jim Dyerr
Tournament Sponsor: Stroh's Beer

Men's Open: 1st—Murschiage, Los Angeles; 2nd—Dichter, Seabrook, MD; 3rd—Hypes, San Francisco

Men's A: 1st—Carlson, Kansas City, KS; 2nd—Cronberg, Chicago; 3rd—Fleming, Villa Park, IL

Men's B: 1st—Brown, Los Angeles, CA; 2nd—Harlan, Washington, DC; 3rd—Nells, Madison, WI

Men's C: 1st—Dahle, IA; 2nd—Frankel, Washington, DC; 3rd—Kartheliser, Chicago

Women's A: 1st—Schnoor, Baltimore, MD; 2nd—Hooper, Normal, IL; 3rd—Owczarzak, Chicago

Women's B: 1st—Barron, IA; 2nd—Bachman, Hollis, NY; 3rd—Lange, NY

Women's C: 1st—Nell, Madison, WI; 2nd—McLennon, NY; 3rd—Modry, Chicago

Tournament Results

Rhode Island

Celebrity Open

Celebrity Courts

Warwick, RI — Dec. 2-4

Tournament Director — Janell Marriott

Women's Pro/Men's AM - Mixed Doubles

Quarter-finalists — Gilreath/Chabot d. Holroyd/Steere, 15-8, 10-15, 15-12; McKinney/Smith d. Stoll/Packhem, 15-14, 15-8; Greer/Henry d. Kuruczer/Smith, 15-8, 14-15, 15-6; Hardek/Drew d. Marriott/Ramos, 9-15, 15-9, 15-7

Semi-finalists — Gilreath/Chabot d. McKinney/Smith, 12-15, 15-9, 15-14; Hardek/Drew d. Greer/Henry, 10-15, 15-12, 15-8

Finalists — Gilreath/Chabot d. Hardek/Drew, 15-13, 4-15, 15-8

Women's A

Quarter-finalists — Holroyd d. Duhgay, 15-8, 15-2; Couture d. Ellis, 15-5, 15-7; Hardek d. Alba, 15-4, 15-4; Kuruczer d. Allen, 15-8, 15-0

Semi-finalists — Holroyd d. Couture, 15-3, 15-4; Hardek d. Kuruczer, 9-15, 15-14

Finalists — Hardek d. Holroyd, 15-13, 15-6

Women's AA

Semi-finalists — Grandall d. LaFontaine, 10-15, injury forfeit; Benenato d. Mycroft, 13-15, 15-9, 15-8

Finalists — Grandall d. Benenato, 15-13, 15-9

Indiana

INSRA Classic Tour

Summit City Spaulding

Fort Wayne, IN — Dec. 2-4

Tournament Directors — Hedy Frankenherd,

Gail Havens, Janet Coffee

Men's Open Singles

Quarter-finalists — Bartlett d. Butler, 14-15, 15-5, 11-7; Walls d. May, 8-15, 15-11, 11-4; Gabriel d. Colon, 15-13, 15-8; Claggett d. Mackel

Semi-finalists — Gabriel d. Claggett, 15-13, 15-9; Bartlett d. Walls, 15-7, 15-12

Finalists — Gabriel d. Bartlett, 15-13, 15-7

Men's A Singles

Quarter-finalists — Christianson d. Hornaday, 15-1, 15-6; Kewley d. Grady; Camicella d. Grinsfelder, 15-1, 5-15, 11-4; Miller d. Neyhard, 8-15, 15-8, 11-6

Semi-finalists — Kewley d. Christianson, 4-15, 15-14, 11-9; Miller d. Camicella, 15-11, 15-12

Finalists — Kewley d. Miller, 15-5, 15-12

Men's B Singles

Quarter-finalists — Butterbaugh d. Kallamini, 15-3, 15-6; Underwood d. Fix, 9-15, 15-3, 11-10; Sanford d. LeSuere, 15-9, 15-10; Murray d. Hyenhus, 14-15, 15-10, 11-10

Semi-finalists — Butterbaugh d. Underwood, 11-15, 15-8, 11-4; Sanford d. Murray, 15-13, 15-8

Finalists — Butterbaugh d. Sanford, 15-10, 15-14

Men's C Singles

Quarter-finalists — Ostheimer d. Korovesis, 14-15, 15-12, 11-4; Looper d. Hawkins, 15-8, 15-6; Williams d. Campbell, 15-13, 15-12; Frechin d. Nid; Nidlinger, 15-13, 15-8

Semi-finalists — Looper d. Ostheimer, 15-5, 15-12; Williams d. Frechin, 15-9, 14-15, 11-5

Finalists — Williams d. Looper, 13-15, 15-11, 11-9

Men's D Singles

Quarter-finalists — Grimmer d. Kerry, 15-0, 15-7; Gaseor d. Brownbridge, 7-15, 15-10, 11-9; Rollins d. Hardshoe, 15-8, 15-13; Lucas d. Clark, 15-2, 15-3

Semi-finalists — Lucas d. Rollins, 11-15, 15-5, 11-9; Gaseor d. Grimmer, 15-5, 15-4

Finalists — Gaseor d. Lucas, 15-13, 15-14

Juniors 17 and Under

Quarter-finalists — Gianelle d. Grinsfelder, 15-13, 10-15, 11-9; Grinsfelder d. Sipe, 15-8, 10-15, 11-9; Simpson d. Corson, 15-1, 15-13

Semi-finalists — Simpson d. Grinsfelder, 15-8, 10-15, 11-9; Merritt d. Gianelle, 15-13, 10-15, 11-9

Finalists — Simpson d. Merritt, 15-3, 15-11

Boys 13 & Under

Finalists — Hess d. Davis, 6-15, 15-12, 11-6

Men's Masters

Quarter-finalists — McCulver d. Lawler, 15-8, 3-15, 11-4; Steege d. Williams, 15-3, 15-8; Trapman d. Buzari, 15-13, 15-1; Miller d. Singh, 15-8, 15-5

Semi-finalists — McCulver d. Steege, 6-15, 15-8, 11-9; Miller d. Trapman, 15-4, 15-3

Finalists — McCulver d. Miller, 15-11, 15-10

Men's Seniors

Quarter-finalists — Stapleton d. Arnolt, 15-9, 15-5; Lawler d. Bye; Selva d. Grady, 15-2, 15-8; Mildorn d. Brown, 13-15, 15-2, 11-3

Semi-finalists — Lawler d. Stapleton, 15-11, 15-9; Mildorn d. Selva

Finalists — Lawler d. Mildorn, 15-8, 15-14

Women's Open

Finalists — Baker d. Haglund, 15-4, 15-1

Women's Singles A

Quarter-finalists — Reedy d., Hale, 15-11, 8-15, 11-1; Selva d. Miller, 15-11, 15-9; Ellis d. Stephenson, 15-2, 15-7; Staton d. Ryan, 15-14, 15-4

Semi-finalists — Reedy d. Selva, 15-7, 15-10; Ellis d. Stanton, 15-3, 15-5

Finalists — Ellis d. Reedy, 15-12, 15-6

Women's Singles B

Quarter-finalists — Berich d. Everett, 15-11, 15-9; Miller d. Query, 15-10, 15-9; Alread d. Stimac, 15-9, 15-7; Duff d. Murray, 15-4, 15-9

Semi-finalists — Miller d. Alread, 15-1, 15-4; Berich d. Duff, 15-0, 15-5

Finalists — Miller d. Berich, 15-12, 15-6

Women's Singles C

Quarter-finalists — Looper d. Roberts, 15-3, 15-2; Screeton d. Cummin, 15-11, 15-5; Hawkins d. Zalikowicz, 10-15, 15-12, 11-4; Sheward d. Stapleton, 15-14, 15-12

Semi-finalists — Screeton d. Looper, 15-3, 15-2; Hawkins d. Sheward, 15-14, 15-12

Finalists — Screeton d. Hawkins, 15-8, 15-8

Women's Singles D

Quarter-finalists — Moore d. Oney, 15-0, 15-2; Steekle d. Abner, 14-15, 15-14, 11-6; Spidel d. Higgins, 15-7, 15-11; Underwood d. Burton

Semi-finalists — Moore d. Steekle, 15-0, 15-2; Spidel d. Underwood, 15-2, 15-2

Finalists — Spidel d. Moore, 14-15, 15-12, 11-1

Men's Doubles A

Quarter-finalists — Beauchamp/Grinsfelder d. Miller/Nezhard; Butler/Mackel d. Douglas/Hollandbeet, 13-15, 15-7, 11-10; Foster/Szkutiek d. Steege/Craig, Jr., 15-9, 13-15, 11-8; Arnolt/Hutcheson d. Marlow/Herron, 15-8, 15-10

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Colorado Springs, CO 80903

Semi-finalists — Beauchamp/Grinsfelder d. Butles/Mackel, 8-15, 15-13, 11-9; Arnolt/Hutchenson d. Foster/Szkutak, 15-12, 7-15, 11-3

Finalists — Beauchamp/Grinsfelder d. Arnolt/Hutchenson, 15-11, 15-11

Men's Doubles B

Quarter-finalists — Fallon/Muchialak d. Sanders/Reilly, 14-15, 15-4, 11-0; Berry/Morris d. Butterbaugh/Metzger; Baker/Hansen d. Ligaki/Kallamini, 9-15, 15-4, 11-9; Frank/Morris d. Bachman/Scott, 15-3, 14-15, 11-4

Semi-finalists — Fallon/Muchialak d. Berry/Morris, 15-4, 15-10; Morris/Frank d. Baker/Hansen, 15-4, 15-3

Finalists — Fallon/Muchialak d. Morris/Frank, 13-15, 15-9, 11-10

Men's Doubles C

Quarter-finalists — Dardak/Sweighthart d. Lytell/Koresis, 15-415-6; Diamond/Perrin d. Hockman/Strait, 15-8, 15-11; Bachmann/Ostheimeir d. Martindale/Jeppson, 7-15, 15-6, 11-8; Campobelli/Seiler d. Rayl/Gonsales, 15-3, 15-7

Semi-finalists — Dardak/Sweighthart d. Diamond/Perrin, 15-13, 15-10; Campobelli/Seiler d. Bachman/Ostheimeir, 15-5, 15-9

Finalists — Campobelli/Seiler d. Dardak/Sweighthart, 9-15, 15-11, 11-4

Mixed Doubles

Quarter-finalists — Haglund/Mildworm d. LeSuere/LeSuere, 15-7, 15-6; Miller/Miller d. Frankfud/Honer, 15-1, 15-13; Coffee/Keelan d. LeSuere/LeSuere, 15-03, 9-15, 11-6; Selva/Selva d. Frankenfeld/Honer, 15-8, 15-3

Semi-finalists — Haglund/Mildworm d. Coffee/Keelan, 15-12, 13-15, 11-7; Miller/Miller d. Selva/Selva, 15-7, 15-11

Finalists — Haglund/Mildworm d. Miller/Miller, 9-15, 15-5, 11-3

Mixed B/C Doubles

Quarter-finalists — Douglas/Minor d. Withrow/Lopez, 15-4, 11-15, 11-5; Sanford/Scheward d. Stephenson/Yoguelet, 7-15, 15-14, 11-10; Murray/Murray d. Burton/Haseuster; Metzger/Butterbaugh d. Diamond/Abner, 15-14, 15-7

Semi-finalists — Douglas/Minor d. Sanford/Scheward, 15-6, 15-7; Metzger/Butterbaugh d. Murray/Murray, 15-14, 15-7

Finalists — Metzger/Butterbaugh d. Douglas/Minor, 15-5, 15-7

Women's Doubles

Finalists — Frankenfeld/Coffee d. Sanford/Stapleton, 15-8, 15-9

Michigan

Michigan Racquetball Association #3

Court Players Club

Lansing, MI—Dec. 2-4

Men's Open

Semi-finalists — Hastings d. Green, 21-15, 21-12; Jeziorski d. Big Z, 14-21, 21-7, 11-8

Finalists — Hastings d. Jeziorski, 9-21, 21-8, 11-8

Men's A

Semi-finalists — Kaber d. Blakeslee, 5-21, 21-20, 11-10; Bishop d. Martinez, 16-21, 21-18, 11-4

Finalists — Kaber d. Bishop, 15-21, 21-20, 11-4

Men's B

Semi-finalists — Luczak d. Licari, 21-19, 21-19; White d. Luethjohann, 7-21, 21-17, 11-8

Finalists — Luczak d. White, 18-21, 21-17, 11-6

Men's C

Semi-finalists — Burgdorf d. Kan, 21-6, 17-21, 11-6; Martinez d. Parkhurst, 21-15, 12-21, 11-2

Finalists — Martinez d. Burgdorf, 13-21, 21-20, 11-5

Men's D

Semi-finalists — Verbeck d. Pfeifer, 21-9, 21-14; Wise d. Burdick, 11-21, 21-6, 11-9

Finalists — Wise d. Verbeck, 21-9, 20-21, 11-2

Men's Seniors A

Semi-finalists — Lipin d. Gravelyn, 18-21, 21-13, 11-4; Jackson d. Bonnett, 21-14, 19-21, 11-8

Finalists — Lipin d. Jackson, 21-11, 21-11

Men's Seniors B

Semi-finalists — Patrick d. Weber, 21-17, 21-7; Goodman d. Wood, 21-7, 14-21, 11-9

Finalists — Goodman d. Patrick, 21-3, 21-18

Men's Seniors C

Semi-finalists — Chrenka d. Hoffman; Justice d. Knauff

Finalists — Chrenka d. Justice, 21-15, 18-21, 11-9

Men's Masters A

Semi-finalists — Hahn d. Stragier, 21-14, 21-9; Strautnieks d. Maddem, 21-18, 17-21, 11-9

Finalists — Hahn d. Strautnieks, 21-11, 21-5

Men's Masters B

Finalists — Kaufmann d. Emerson

Golden Masters

Finalists — Rapoport f. Russell, 21-20, 21-4

Boys 13 & Under

Finalists — Covell d. Heckman, 21-14, 21-14

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Women's Open

Semi-finalists — Frederickson d. Anderson, 21-12, 11-21, 11-3;
Hastings d. Gonyea, 21-8, 21-13

Finalists — Frederickson s. Hastings, 21-14, 21-18

Women's A

Semi-finalists — Murray d. Albosta, 16-21, 21-16, 11-7;
Heckman d. Mys, 21-11, 21-4

Finalists — Heckman d. Murray, 21-13, 21-12

Women's B

Semi-finalists — Driver d. Fox, 21-6, 20-21, 11-8; Collins d.
Regina Spielberger, 9-21, 21-13, 11-5

Finalists — Collins d. Driver, 13-21, 21-15, 11-8

Women's C

Semi-finalists — Burt d. Johnson, 21-19, 12-21, 11-7; Kneller d.
Farrell, 15-21, 21-6, 11-7

Finalists — Kneller d. Burt, 21-17, 21-5

Women's D

Semi-finalists — Soink d. Schiff; Burgdorf d. Ridky

Finalists — Burgdorf d. Sonk

New Hampshire

Think Snow Open

Mountain Valley Court Club

North Conway, NH — Dec. 2-5

Men's Open

1st — Ruggieri; 2nd — Carr; 3rd — O'Halloran; 4th — Evans

Men's A

1st — Eaton; 2nd — Fransoso; 3rd — Marcotte; 4th — Evans

Men's B

1st — Warburton; 2nd — Longmaid; 3rd — Porcello; 4th —
Fitzgerald

Men's C

1st — LaPanne; 2nd — Lowell; 3rd — LaPointe; 4th — Hurley

Men's Novice

1st — Foster; 2nd — Godin; 3rd — Rand; 4th — Brockell

Women's A

1st — McGregor; 2nd — Tessier; 3rd — Spillane

Women's B

1st — Sullivan; 2nd — Spillane; 3rd — Gainty; 4th — Burton

Women's C

1st — Toney; 2nd — Porcello; 3rd — Batesole; 4th — Roux

Women's Novice

1st — Ryan; 2nd — McCawley; 3rd — Mason; 4th — Chester

Illinois

YMCA Doubles Tournament

Elgin YMCA

Elgin, IL — Jan 27-29

Tournament Director — Pat Morency

Men's A Doubles

1st — Shales/Klingberg; 2nd — Decicco/Frick; 3rd —
Lloyd/Fisher; 4th — Brennon/Williams

Men's B/C Doubles

1st — Dvorak/McDonough; 2nd — Pae/Esparza; 3rd —
Petrasso/Nielson; 4th — Saletta/Lamz

Women's A

1st — Strom/Sanders; 2nd — Meyer/Bucaro; 3rd —
Bender/Reichwein; 4th — Morency/Trinka

Mixed Doubles

1st — Reichwein/Bender; 2nd — Jensen/Morency; 3rd —
Ware/McMullin; 4th — Stephens/Klingberg



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