

RACQUET

THE JOURNAL OF RACQUET SPORTS

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1978

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THE RISE & FALL OF TENNIS

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RACQUETBALL:
No Looking Back

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Question our panel of experts on any aspect of your sport (on page 48).

Improve your game by keeping a record
of your triumphs and defeats in your own personal diary (see page 72).

But get out and play . . . and let us know how you're doing.

The Editors.

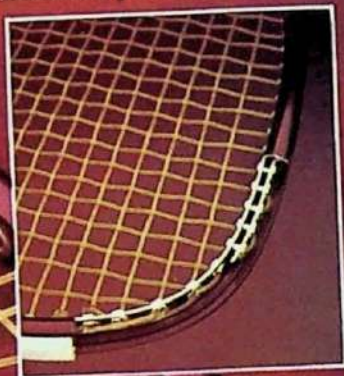
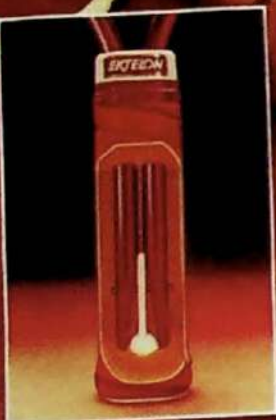
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RACQUET

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1978

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cover by Brian Froud

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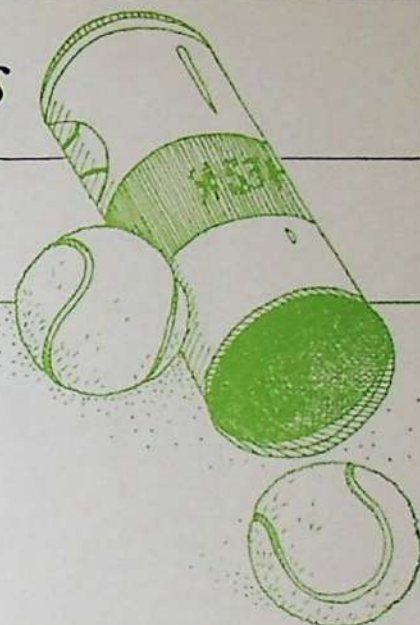
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Calendar of Events

RACQUETBALL

<i>September 8-10</i>	A.M.F.-Voit/Datsun Classic	<i>Chicago, ILL.</i>
<i>September 15-17</i>	I.R.A. Mid Atlantic Championships	<i>Harrisburg, PA.</i>
<i>September 27-30</i>	Colgate Men's Pro Tour	<i>St. Louis, MO.</i>
<i>September 29-30</i>	A.M.F.-Voit/Datsun Classic	<i>San Francisco, CA.</i>
<i>October 13-15</i>	A.M.F.-Voit/Datsun Classic	<i>Washington, D.C.</i>
<i>October 19-22</i>	I.R.A. National Doubles Championships	<i>Washington, D.C.</i>
<i>October 27-29</i>	A.M.F.-Voit/Datsun Classic	<i>Detroit, MI.</i>



SQUASH

<i>September 16-17</i>	Slazenger's Mid West Open	<i>Detroit, MI</i>
<i>September 16-17</i>	Slazenger's Boston Open	<i>Boston, MA.</i>
<i>September 23-24</i>	Slazenger's National Summer Open	<i>Philadelphia, PA.</i>
<i>September 30</i>	T & R International Singles	<i>Boston, MA.</i>
<i>October 28-29</i>	Holt-Bullington Invitational	<i>Richmond, VA.</i>
<i>November 4-5</i>	Trenton Invitational Singles	<i>Trenton, N.J.</i>
<i>November 11-12</i>	Boston Open	<i>Boston, MA.</i>
<i>November 18-19</i>	Boodles British Gin Open	<i>New York, N. Y.</i>

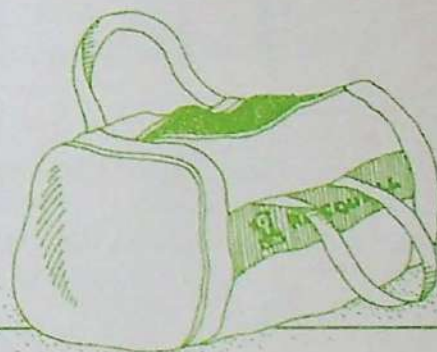


TABLE TENNIS

<i>September 1-4</i>	Canadian National Exposition	<i>Toronto, Canada</i>
<i>November 24-27</i>	U.S. National Team Championships	<i>Detroit, MI.</i>
<i>December 16-19</i>	U.S. Closed Championships	<i>Las Vegas, NV.</i>

TENNIS

<i>Aug. 28-Sept. 10</i>	U.S. Open	<i>New York, N. Y.</i>
<i>September 11-17</i>	Grow Pro Doubles Champs.	<i>Dallas, TX.</i>
<i>September 18</i>	Arco S.W. Open	<i>Los Angeles, CA.</i>
<i>September 25</i>	Pacific Coast Open	<i>San Francisco CA.</i>
<i>October 9</i>	Spanish Championships	<i>Barcelona, Spain</i>
<i>October 16</i>	Australian Indoor Champs.	<i>Sydney, Australia</i>



OTHER RACQUETS

<i>September 2-4</i>	National Beach Paddle Tennis Champs.	<i>St. Augustine, FLA.</i>
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THE RISE & FALL OF TENNIS

by Richard Szathmary

It was open season, when florid faces in madras jackets and Lacoste shirts downed Vodka Collins under striped tents on the tennis grounds. There was backslapping and heartily businesslike if mandatory laughter. And old friends nodded to each other across their corporate boxes, counting each pro they could hail by name. This is the upper echelon of tennis we are talking about, the real heavies.

The powers of professional tennis are doing very well indeed this season. It's only ten years since the introduction of "open" tennis, since the opening of tournaments to professed professionals and supposed amateurs actually put the game well on its way to the Big Time. But how big is it? Much is in disarray in the house of tennis. Interlocking directorships and overlapping ownerships are making a mockery of anti-trust legislation, World Team Tennis is deeper in the red than New York City, there is confusion over various organizational abbreviations (ITF, USTA, WTT, WTA, ATP) and players are running uncontrolled. The general situation resembles nothing less than a Monopoly game run amok.

Imagine major league baseball allowing one person to own four teams or players to plan their own vacations in mid-season, a situation that exists in WTT. Ridiculous? Perhaps tennis has grown faster

than its credibility. The sport is like a child who has grown into a seven foot monster.

World Championship Tennis is a good place to begin looking at what appears to outsiders (everyone who isn't somehow sharing in the bundle being made by some of those florid faces) to be the chaotic, imperious, confusing environment of pro tennis. WCT's format of regular tournaments with cumulative points on a weekly basis, leading to showdowns among the top singles and doubles point finishers, dates back to 1971. Yet this is the first year that WCT tour stops, including a prestige event like the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia, also counted for Grand Prix points.

Until the 77-78 pro season, the Grand Prix series was sponsored by Commercial Union, a European insurance firm. Then, however, Colgate, which sometimes seems to ache temerarily to take over tennis, assumed sponsorship of the circuit. For the next few years, the Grand Prix will culminate with a championship tournament in New York.

The fact is that WCT events, even including such "special events" as the Aetna Cup series between U.S. and Australian pros, usually had a great deal more prestige and respect among pros than comparable Grand Prix events, save for a few prominent exceptions like Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. What were the Stockholm Open and the Romika Cup, for example, even with their Grand Prix

Richard Szathmary is a contributing editor to *Racquet*. He is currently completing a book on the men's professional tennis tour for William S. Morrow.

"Another problem with WTT — they believe there's a savior out there who will redeem all those empty seats . . ."

points, if you compared their player draws to WCT tour stops like those in Birmingham, Alabama and Richmond, Virginia? Most of the big names, Ashe, Gottfried, Stockton and Solomon played WCT.

Colgate had no intention of running a meaningless Grand Prix circuit, however. So besides pumping money into Grand Prix events, Colgate made ostensible peace with WCT, whose stops now count for Grand Prix points. This admittedly legal agreement between two ostensibly rival circuits smacks badly of the cynicism that pervades pro tennis today. WCT can now attract someone like Guillermo Vilas, who normally confines himself to running wild through minor Grand Prix events for quick pesos, while Colgate adds an entire circuit of impressive tour stops to a Grand Prix circuit it is openly pledged to make the richest of all such pro sports ventures.

And yet maybe there isn't much honor among freebooters after all. A week after the Men's Pro Council banned Ilie Nastase from Grand Prix for misbehavior, WCT made a mockery of its peace with the Colgate Grand Prix circuit by allowing Nastase to remain in its new Forest Hills Invitational. Granted, this attempt to save the West Side Tennis Club from both leaving the pro tennis scene and being forced to raise membership fees involved no Grand Prix points in the first place. But wasn't there a moral issue, where WCT could have set the pace for disciplining Nastase? "We needed Nastase in this tournament because this is our first year here and we have to go this year. We know what we're doing." That's Lamar Hunt of WCT talking. Anyway, Nastase, who seems to have lost much of his aggressiveness on the court, may never again win another big tour event, but WCT needed an attraction for its Invitational.

Then there's good old World Team Tennis. This is the sort of operation where a former league prexy, Larry King, is now part owner of a league franchise, besides having served as president of yet another league franchise. King once explained this situation and his role as director of World Team Tennis properties as "equality of interest." Other times it's referred to as "economy of interest." "Why shouldn't a few key people run things in a big operation like WTT," King says, "if they're the most qualified, no matter how much their interests overlap?"

Another problem with WTT is that it suffers from a bad "seek the Messiah" complex—they believe there's a savior out there who will redeem all those empty seats for paid admissions. They've prayed for league redemption from Bjorn Borg who lasted but one season in Cleveland, complaining it all "interfered with my tennis," Chris Evert and Ilie Nastase,

among others, and they've admitted that Jimmy Connors would be given a blank check should he deign to play WTT again. That blank check translates into a reported figure of 600 big ones, the cost to be split among league franchises something like a communion host. Yet even the New York Apples, providing they sold out Madison Square Garden for all Connors' visits couldn't make back their share of his salary. And this sort of fiscal insanity is among friends, yet.

"We're doing great, everything looks great and the future is even better," league head Earl Buchholz once crowed. He was asked how that could be when stars like Nastase (who has indicated he won't be back) and Vitas Gerulaitis regularly skipped league play for pro tournaments without permission. Buchholz just said, "Professional athletes require special handling, you know."

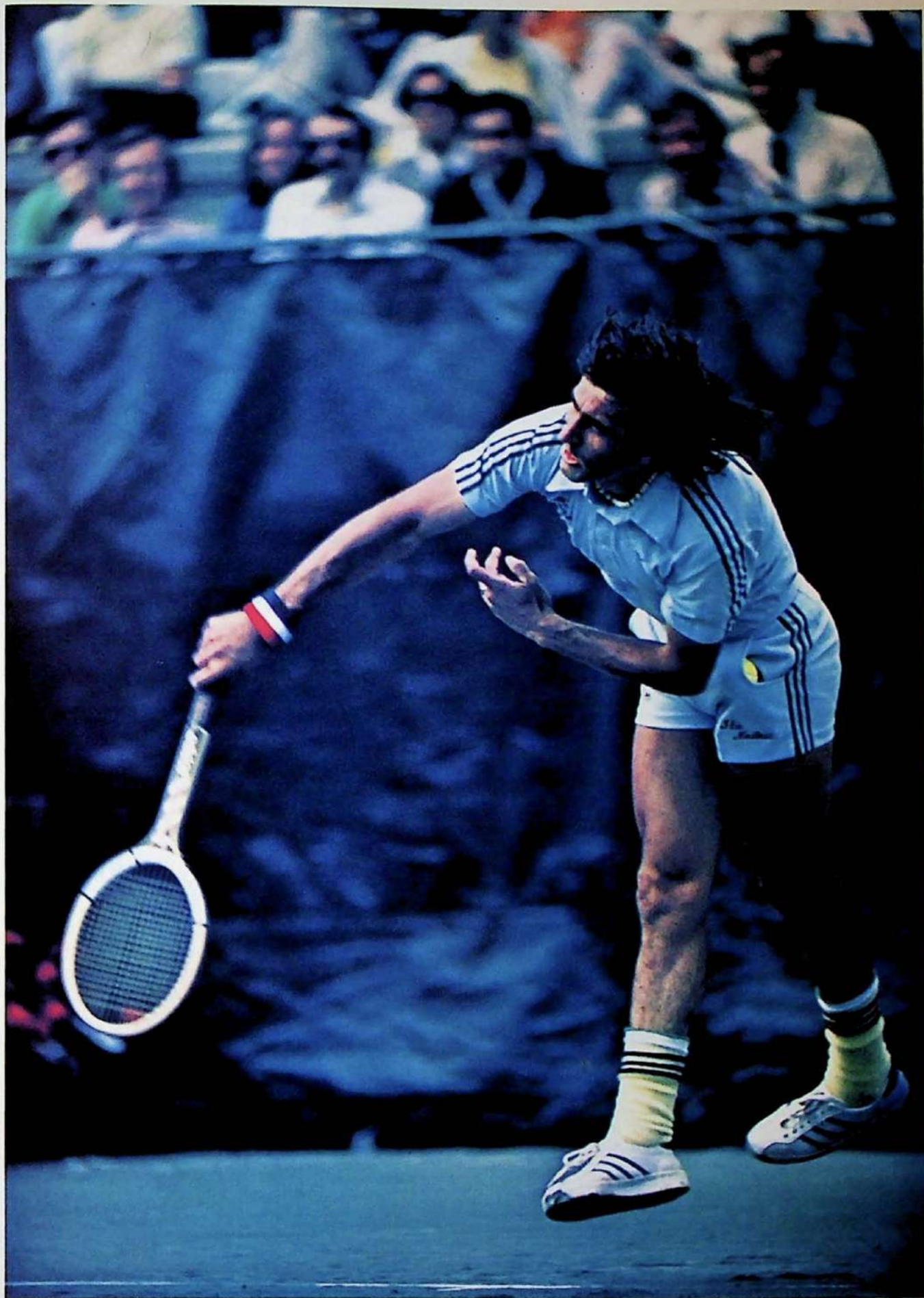
One honest claim to legitimacy WTT could always make is that it has all the top female pros, probably 20 out of the first 25, including King, Evert, Wade, Stove, Casals, Barker, Navratilova and Fromholtz. The principal reason for this feminine state of affairs (WTT by no means can boast a comparable roster of male names much beyond Gerulaitis, Nastase and Mayer) is that, once the lucrative U.S. indoor women's circuit ends, the summer clay tournaments offer little in the way of worthy recompense. For a Vitas Gerulaitis to win the Italian Open or Bjorn Borg the French is a genuine accomplishment against the competition there, but the women's draws at these tournaments are basically a joke—Virginia Ruzici vs. Mima Hausovec in the finals of this year's French Open when you can see Evert-Wade and Barker-Navratilova battles in WTT.

But Colgate has suggested they might prop up the summer women's clay circuit both here and in Europe along the lines of what they've done for the men's Grand Prix. If so, it's quite possibly goodbye to WTT's female stars.

Once upon a time in women's tennis, there was the Virginia Slims circuit, with Philip Morris, Inc. bankrolling women's tennis when no one else would. "You've come a long way, baby," was the title of a book on women's tennis as well as the tour and cigarette brand slogan.

But Avon, which until recently restricted itself to backing the Avon Futures circuit for lower-ranking pros, offered more money than Philip Morris for the 78-79 indoor season. The Women's Tennis Association, which sometimes is nothing more than a cheering section for "old mother Freedom," Billie Jean King, opted for bucks over loyalty. An interesting

Controversial Ilie Nastase underscores the problems of tennis today.



Bruce Curtis © 1978

"The reason tennis seems to have received little snooping is linked to the very nature of the sport . . ."

sidelight is that for the past few years one of Billie Jean and Larry King's many companies has been the promoter of a tour stop for women in San Francisco. What now? Maybe you've gone too far, baby.

To most tennis fans, of course, men's tennis will always be where the real action is. That applies equally well to matters off the courts as well as on. Where else would you find a figure as powerful as Donald Dell, or "Donald Deal" as his more outspoken foes call him? His Washington, D.C. law firm reps almost every big name pro—Ashe, Smith, Lutz, Stockton, Gottfried, Tanner, Dibbs, Solomon, Orantes and Ramirez.

But Dell is also involved in the promotion and management of several tennis tournaments including two in the Washington area. He runs the Grand Prix Masters for Colgate. And there's his rather controversial role in the Association of Tennis Professionals. He was the ATP's first general counsel, instrumental in securing some control for the pros over their own destinies, such as having a say in scheduling and prize money for tournaments.

Bob Briner, executive director of the ATP, says, "Donald is really very misunderstood. He means and does well even if people outside the ATP can't quite seem to grasp that." Yet despite what Briner says about his long years of unpublicized service to tennis, it's also true that Dell is a dangerously extended man. Player representation and tournament promotion alone seem to indicate possible conflicts of interest and anti-trust violations, but Dell compounds the situation by working with Bud Collins as a TV commentator on tennis broadcasts. First you wonder what he is doing up there in the broadcast booth. Then you want to strangle him for his bland commentary. And lastly you wonder why he never seems to say a bad word against any pro who happens to be a client . . .

There are rival tournament promoters who complain privately that past differences with Dell inevitably come back to haunt them when they try to get ATP players for their own tour events. And while there's almost nothing more boring than running on at length about tennis politics, let it be said that other agents who tell some of their players which tournament to enter while promoting and packaging these events and while also accepting consulting fees from other promoters over and above their management slices are a big problem.

CBS, for example, was forced to ruefully admit that its supposed "Winner Take All" events were no such things. What similar admissions, perhaps even more damaging to tennis' image, would there be if

the managers, lawyers and agents of the players involved in that series were also put on the rack?

Perhaps pro tennis can successfully ignore press comment and the growing interest in the House and Senate about possible anti-trust violations. The reason tennis seems to have received little investigative snooping is linked to the very nature of the sport. It looks clean and still bears that country club aura and is played amid clear surroundings by people wearing clean, stylish clothes. During the years when such tennis entrepreneurs as Larry King, Donald Dell and Mark McCormack were setting up their operations, tennis was still played in all-white clothing, and pretty much by whites—still a set-up for the good-guy image of tennis. Yet a Don King, the boxing promoter, because of his color and his background, gets constant scrutiny from the press and authorities.

They let things go in tennis—there's a certain moral laxity. Vilas showed up at the Colgate Grand Prix Masters in January mainly to pick up his bonus check. And Borg probably did too. The two had the nerve to plead illness during the tournament to get out of playing a match that was meaningless in terms of their position in the round robin. Of course it was the fans who suffered.

Slew Hester is the Mississippi-born, available-to-all head of the United States Tennis Association and the main factor behind the USTA's moving the Open out of Forest Hills and into Flushing Meadow. As he notes, "They told us it would take us three years and we did it in less than ten months. We can't afford to let things pass us by anymore if tennis is going to shape up." Does that mean these current messy situations and others like them?

There remains one final issue. Tennis needs one overriding authority who'd wield power while unifying and ruling the array of initials that is tennis today. The idea is to have a czar for tennis as baseball once chose Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Names have even been proposed, including Bill Talbert, who has put the onus on the players to shape up. "Order has to come from the players, but until they want it, you'll have this disorder."

Unfortunately such a man or woman would practically have to be God or at least Genghis Khan. But there is no religion in tennis except money. Remember that the next time you see some of those florid, successful faces at the Open. That, and the old cartoon that shows Boss Tweed looking like a vulture as he dined on the carrion of New York City while asking of its citizenry, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Tennis still has no reply. ■

THE ULTIMATE RACQUET

by Karen Rockow

Class will out. Or at least we hope it will. In case you have certain misgivings about your game, however, American industry has stepped in to help you out. In tennis alone, for a mere \$200, four separate companies will sell you a graphite frame (Bancroft charges \$230) to cow your opponents, awe spectators and shift the focus of attention from your faltering backhand to their marvelous racquets. Who would ever credit big business with such a public-spirited attitude?

The search for class can take many forms. Americans, being masters of psychological warfare, have devised some new wrinkles.

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

If you own a graphite *anything* (pencils excluded), you could qualify. You may be only an average player, but you've fallen hook, line and sinker for the adage "If you've got it, flaunt it." Expensive equipment and clothing may not improve the way you hit the ball, but they give you a psychological lift, which can have a tangible effect on your game. Likewise on your more timid opponent, who begins to quake in his sneakers when you calmly unsheath your dazzling weapon. He thought people kept those things in safe deposit boxes. He takes one look at his battered wooden frame and retires to the nearest bar. Next time, though, watch out. After a few glasses of

Perrier, if your opponent has any brains and spunk, he will grin wickedly, don an old white T-shirt and pair of tattered sneakers and proceed to exploit your guilt feelings. People are starving in China. Remember?

THE EQUIPMENT FREAK

There are many people who love equipment. I once knew a man who spent two weeks in Vermont taking apart and putting together his rods and reels. He never fished; he just fiddled with his gear. This is an extreme form of the addiction. Many EFs are dedicated and skilled players. They appreciate fine materials and workmanship and will forego lunch for a year to own them. They *need* the latest racquets for their tennis, custom-made frames and titanium cranksets for their bicycles. Harmless, frequently lovable, only marginally insane, the EF often suffers from moodiness which can be easily treated with a small graphite fix.

RADICAL CHIC

The essence of radical chic is a somewhat deliberate insouciance. In clothing, this means either opting for the Salvation Army Look or wearing the right things in the wrong places: Nike Waffle Trainers to the supermarket, moustache shirts to sail, a LaCoste golf windbreaker for jogging. Needless to say, this is an art form with limitations. One cannot play squash in Sperry Topsiders or golf in a sailing slicker. The idea is to show that one is an all-around athlete and

Karen Rockow is associate editor of Racquet. At present she is a Ph.D. candidate at Harvard University where she finds time to write on a wide variety of sporting subjects.

Quality and technical innovation are the hallmarks of the new breed of super racquets. This octet of crowd pleasers will make you king of the court. Clockwise from the top: The Butterfly Anatomic table tennis bat (\$90); Ektelon's Magnum racquetball racquet (\$50); The Davis Imperial squash racquet (\$30); Leach's Graphite racquetball racquet is the first 100% graphite model (\$125); The Carlton badminton racquet (\$45); Bancroft's Black Knight (\$48); Aldila's Gemini for women (\$200); The Bancroft Scorpion is also a 100% graphite (\$230).





*"In the beginning there
was wood . . ."*

scorns conventions. An unexpected benefit is the built-in excuse for mediocrity. You may not play golf very well in your Head tennis shorts with the multi-colored pockets, but you somehow leave the impression that you play one hell of a game of tennis. For the Salvation Army set, there is also the extraordinary sense of virtue that comes from playing tennis with your grandmother's racquet. And strangely enough, in spite of the latest scientific breakthroughs, some of the old pre-plastic equipment is fine stuff.

STUDIED INDIFFERENCE

In all probability, one must be born and bred to this station. You needn't be wealthy to sustain it, but it can be expensive. One example will suffice.

If you hang your sweaty T-shirt on a rusty locker hook (all the best old clubs have rusty locker hooks), you create a rust-stained T-shirt. No one will give it a second thought. If you hang your sweaty \$20 alligator shirt on a rusty hook, you get a rusty alligator shirt. This is guaranteed to impress everyone. Precisely how varies considerably.

NET ADVANTAGE

The racquet sports are booming and everyone is looking for the racquet that will give him a competitive advantage (or hit the ball without human assistance). If you're trying to spend a lot of money, tennis is the obvious place to start.

In the beginning, there was wood. Wilson introduced its steel T-2000 in 1967 and life just hasn't been the same since.

Although they are still improving wood, steel, aluminum, fiberglass and composite frames, the manufacturers are now moving into space-age materials such as graphite and boron (extremely expensive and useful because of their high strength to weight ratio) to produce ultra-expensive racquets. In general, these are handsome, stiff frames, open-throated and predominantly black, which will hit the ball with great power—if *you* have great power to hit the ball. The most expensive of the lot are the Bancroft Scorpion (\$230), the Aldila Gemini and Cannon (\$200 each), the Tony Trabert C-6 (\$200), the Slazenger Phantom (\$200) and the Wilson Ultra (\$200). Several come with full-length covers.

The industry has also been experimenting with head size and shape. Since the introduction of the Prince racquet with its oversize hitting surface, one company after another has stepped on the bandwagon. The theory is that a larger head will increase the size of the "sweet spot," giving the player fewer off-

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"The serious player must have at least two racquets — something's gotta give when frames collide with other objects."

center hits and making the game easier. To this observer at least, the larger head and unorthodox string patterns such as the illegal "spaghetti racquet" raise more ethical questions than the Bakke decision.

On the whole, however, only an expert player will be able to benefit from a new super-racquet, and he doesn't need an oversize head. Although the new racquets can give the average player a psychological booster shot (metal racquets, for example, *seem* lighter because they look lighter), only the pro can fully appreciate them.

DOUBLE BOAST

If you wish to bring tears to my eyes, simply mention my second squash racquet, a \$15 (strung) Champion from Maine's C.A. Thompson Co. I swear the sweet spot extended two inches beyond the frame. Alas, my Champion fell victim to Harvard's excessive ecological zeal when, in a notoriously unhappy experiment, the university left its buildings unheated over Christmas vacation. I returned to find the racquet warped like a spoon.

The serious player must have at least two racquets since when frame collides with object other than ball, something's gotta give. When frame meets wall (very common), it's the racquet. When frame meets opponent's head (frequently mistaken for ball), it's the head. So it's wise to carry a spare racquet or two and be constantly in the process of transferring your affections from one racquet to another, in preparation for your impending bereavement. It may sound callous, but it's saved many a match. If you need help in matching racquets, try a branch of Feron's, the racquet emporium; they'll record your racquet's vital statistics and register it.

Strange to tell, in this most snobbish of games, there are no status symbols. Perhaps the very act of playing squash means that you needn't prove anything to anyone. To be sure, there are fads in clothing—Boast and Paul Sullivan shirts were in last season—but many a club member prides himself on his moth-eaten T-shirt, and the ultimate female psych-out is a mini-marathon shirt, a clear statement that, by God, you take your training seriously. In general, tournament shirts should be reserved for other sports, where they might impress someone.

The sudden switch last season to the new 70 plus ball left the squash racquet industry in a bit of a tizzy. The lighter ball requires a lighter racquet and many manufacturers were caught flat-footed, with a warehouse full of nine ounce squash racquets. Grays of England stepped into the void with the Light Blue model (frame approximately \$27) and later tried to

corner the women's market with the extra-light Lady Gray. The latter is suitable for children, players with shoulder injuries, and performing seals. Grays saturated the market early in the season and popularized towel grips. But American players are accustomed to a choice of grip shapes (oval, rectangular and square), the racquets broke easily, and the towel grips became sandpaper after a few good sweatings. It is possible to say that the status squash racquet right now is almost any non-Grays racquet. There is little logic to the fact that some of the most popular racquets belong to the Cleaves line, manufactured by Grays.

Otherwise, the squash market has been exceptionally fickle. Dunlop and Slazenger still have their loyal followings. The new Davis Classic (frame about \$29) has found an audience. Bancroft has introduced a new line culminating in the Seventy Plus (\$38) and the fiber-reinforced Black Knight (\$48). On the East Coast, the Australian Oliver racquet, with its unique hexagonal grip, is an object of wonder.

SHOOT OUT

The youngest of the racquet sports has come a long way since its sawed-off tennis racquet days. Although there are regulations governing head size, you can choose from four basic shapes: teardrop, oval, rectangular and quadriform. The latter two are preferred since they allow the player to scoop the ball out of tight spots.

Racquetball is the populist racquet sport. It is perhaps the easiest and least expensive to enter and one of the most physically demanding. You can get started in this game with a \$10 racquet, or with none at all; many clubs rent them for a nominal sum. Once you've gotten the knack of the game you can assemble your own arsenal. Most racquets come pre-strung with nylon at a tension of 22-30 pounds. Most better frames are guaranteed for a year or more. Grips are smaller than for tennis and come in a number of sizes. You can choose between rubber and leather, but in any case, you'll probably want a thin glove to absorb perspiration.

Leach will be standing the industry on its head this fall with the introduction of its 100 percent graphite model, the Graphite 100, more than twice as expensive as anything currently on the market. Black with red accent striping and black carbon strings (with red braid, the \$125 racquet will come packed in a wood case with felt lining). Because of the intricacy of the production process—twenty steps are involved—only 2,000 racquets will be manufactured the first year. The frame has an extremely stiff

*"Unlike squash, racquetball makes no pretense —
all is fair in love and racquetball . . ."*

shaft to eliminate vibration and allow the average player to hit the ball harder and with more accuracy. Expert players, who have perfected their timing, will probably stick with a more flexible shaft for maximum power.

Many top of the line racquets are easier on the pocketbook. Although most companies have graphite models on the drawing board metal still rules the roost. Ektelon's Magnum (\$50) is constructed of super-strong Alcoa 7005 aluminum, with a milled-out head for better balance and flexibility. The Omega Century (about \$50 in pro shops and sporting goods stores only) comes with a five year frame and one year string guarantee. The new Leach Competitor, wood with graphite overlay, will go for \$50. Wilson has a number of models, culminating in the Advantage (\$48). And AMF Head has recently invaded the racquetball market with its aluminum-fiberglass sandwich Competition.

Fashion will not impress anyone on the racquetball court so you'll have to try another approach. The most effective is to get into the spirit of the game. Unlike squash, racquetball makes no pretenses—all's fair in love and racquetball. The psyche-out is as legitimate a skill as fancy racquetwork. So cultivate a scowl and sprinkle some blood, preferably someone else's, on your shirt. Remember the old saw: Nice guys finish last.

GREENING

As in no other sport, the table tennis player can tailor the paddle to his style of play, adjusting the thickness of the foam sandwiches, reversing the pebbled surface. The biggest name in competitive table tennis is the Butterfly line of paddles from Martin Kilpatrick. For \$100, you can have a carbon fiber number. But for \$90, you can have a limited edition museum piece. The Anatomic has a sculptured and perforated spiral grip (right-handed only) and is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

SHUTTLECOCK FEVER

Competitive badminton has the spiciest racquets of any sport. Because of the lightness of the shuttle, the racquet can be strung at a fraction of the tension of a tennis or squash racquet. For the same reason, the shock of impact is minimal and racquet makers needn't worry about damping, vibration, torque and all those other phenomena that make such wonderful advertising copy. Because of the low string tension, the frame can be superlight and thin. What makes the racquet so startling is the absence of an exotic throat—open or closed—where head joins

shaft. The badminton racquet has a simple T-fitting.

Competitive badminton is only beginning to blossom in this country. As with table tennis and volleyball, the Orient has left us far behind. It's only fair that the racquet market should be split between East and West.

If you live on the East Coast, Carlton is the name to conjure with. Manufactured in England, imported by General Sportcraft, Carlton racquets have dominated the badminton business since the dawn of time. The Carlton line boasts eight different frames at the professional level. On the West Coast, look for a Yonex racquet, imported from Japan.

Metal frames rarely break, except during temper tantrums, but strings have a tendency to pop and tournament players sometimes carry five or six racquets. Strangely enough, the major expense of the sport is the shuttlecock. Those used for all tournament play have white goose feathers and cost a king's ransom. A player can easily go through a tube of 12 (\$16.95) in a single afternoon. Geese of all nations, not to mention players, are lobbying for the adoption of a nylon shuttle now used at the collegiate level and costing about half the price.

CHILL FACTOR

The true status symbol in this sport is to own your own court. They're small, so you can fit one in between the swimming pool and four-car garage in Scarsdale. You'll probably want another at your ski chalet in Waitsfield. Platform fanatics play in all types of weather, so before you plow the driveway following a heavy snowfall, you'll first have to clear the court. The heating system can handle the flurries.

The platform paddle isn't much to look at. Most are wood, peppered with holes to cut weight and wind resistance. Since there are no strings as in a racquet, no foam covering or light ball as in table tennis, the better paddle will be one which minimizes the shock of impact. Vittert will be introducing a new fiberglass paddle in September, the \$75 Pro, designed to do just that. Until then, you'll just have to make do with their \$45 maple Odyssey.

This is a sport with few dress conventions. Although the new warm-ups have recently won wide acceptance, there isn't a warm-up suit in existence that will do any good when it's 5° outside with a wind chill factor of -30°. This, of course, is exactly the type of weather when you *must* play to maintain your standing in this fraternity of closet ice floe swimmers. Throw fashion to the winds, don your woolies and stocking cap and keep moving. ■



THE TAIWAN CONNECTION

It's a delectable image for hard-swinging venture capitalists—a modern factory with 2,500 workers, up to the minute technology, a duty-free raw materials warehouse and best of all, dirt cheap wages. These ingredients add up to the largest racquet factory in the world and Western sports equipment manufacturers have stampeded to, of all places, Feng Yuan, Taiwan, to see the man who created it all.

Kunnan Lo started out making badminton racquets. Turning his back on his family's prosperous shoe business in Taiwan, the 24-year-old army veteran struck out on his own and decided to capitalize on Asia's booming interest in shuttlecock. Plowing profits back into his company and selling his toy badminton sets to companies like Sears, Lo began to experiment with materials other than wood. He developed a tennis line and radically improved his production capacity. In 1976 Lo began to export racquet ball racquets to Leach Industries in San Diego.

According to Charlie Drake, chief executive officer of Leach (which recently went to the corporate altar with the Colgate-Palmolive conglomerate), 40 percent of Leach's racquets are imported from Kunnan Lo. Stateside last year, Leach manufactured over 600,000 racquets.

This Horatio Alger of southern Taiwan is fighting a dastardly stereotype that plagued another manufacturing mecca in the 1950's and early 60's—"Made in Japan." That was a label to laugh at, a cheap imitation, a product that flooded Western markets and made "buying American" virtually a patriotic duty. Lo is in the same boat today as his Japanese counterparts were 20 years ago—before the Sony, Panasonic, Datsun and Toyota logos steamrolled their detractors with enormous trade deficits.

Charlie Drake described Lo's engineering and design talents best: "They would come over and make a trip through Europe or the U.S. They would see a game and not know anything about it. They would

buy a few racquets, go back to Taiwan and study the structure, try and reproduce that racquet and then make variations on it. Some of them would be unusable and some would be unbelievably good. They would develop expertise in that sport. What intrigued us was his ability to make different variations. And now the guy can make designs for racquets that are just beautiful. He has done that in every sport."

In a recent development, Lo scored a coup for his tennis image with an exclusive arrangement to produce all Adidas (they call themselves "the all-sports people") tennis racquets—from wood to fiberglass. Up until now companies like Wilson, Donnay, Slazenger, Dunlop and Tretorn would come to Lo for a specific technology they could not economically produce at home. Donnay would order a mixed metals line, perhaps a graphite and aluminum combination. Many companies whose reputations were built on hand-crafted wood racquets would jet-lag to Taiwan to satisfy the sweet-spot libidos of their state-side markets. The little old lady from Pasadena could smash her ground-strokes with the bargain basement technology provided by Lo and not have to shell out \$100 for the thrill.

It is too early to tell if consumers would rebel if they discovered their favorite racquet was not made in England or Rhode Island but in Feng Yuan, Taiwan. Lo does have his own Kennex tennis and squash lines but they have not been introduced outside of Europe yet. Pushing towards sales of \$10 million in 1978, Lo is not leaving his profits to the winds of racquet sports. If you're lucky, you might spot him in the early morning light, flexing a fiberglass fishing rod in the ice cold streams of the Catskills or rocketing down a boulevard in San Francisco aboard a streamlined skateboard. As Charlie Drake said of his business associate Lo—"he understands the spirit of capitalism."

— Judd Tully



Joel Naprstek © 1978

MORE THAN A CHAMPION

by Pamela Pietri Lawrence

The first thing to understand about Victor Niederhoffer is that he is totally unlike any other athlete or human being you will ever meet.

He is possessed of the idea of excellence. He is wholly inner-directed. He is a loner, an intellectual, a champion. His desire for money and personal achievement has led him to become a Ph.D., an accomplished pianist, and the president of a multi-million dollar financial firm. His personal motto is "Create Value." For a long time he wore two different colored sneakers on the court, sometimes with black tie, to remind himself that no two people are alike.

When he entered Harvard University in 1960 he was not a squash player. One year later he won the national junior squash title and by the time he graduated from those hallowed halls, which among

Pamela Pietri Lawrence is a free lance writer and frequent contributor to *Racquet*. She's a resident of New York City and an avid squash player.

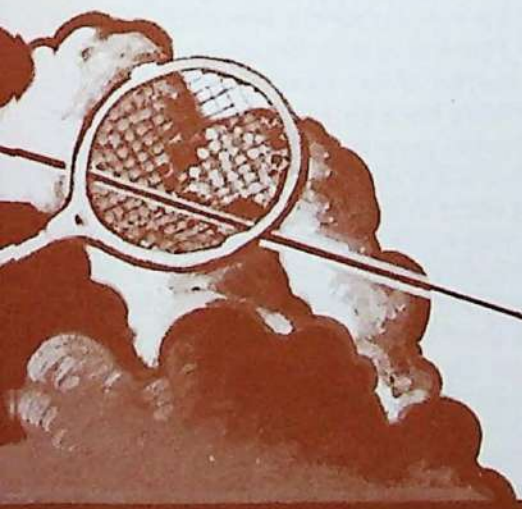
other things house 42 squash courts, Niederhoffer was the National Intercollegiate squash champion.

Niederhoffer's Harvard coach, the legendary Jack Barnaby, recalls a self-confident, arrogant pupil. "Early in his freshman year," Barnaby says, "before I ever met Vic, I learned that he was going around school saying that he intended to be the national squash champion. At that point Vic had never set foot on a squash court."

Of course Niederhoffer was right. He won the U.S. Nationals five times (a record exceeded only by Stanley Pearson who won his sixth in 1923), three national doubles titles and one U. S. Open. He won the Open in 1975 by defeating Sharif Khan. "Vic was not the greatest natural talent I've come across," says Barnaby, "but he had tremendous drive and competitive spirit. He worked harder at it than any one I ever instructed."

Niederhoffer doesn't look like a squash player. His six foot two inch frame is strong, bulky and curiously inflexible. John Jacobs, the Harvard Club's pro for 50 years, once remarked that, "Niederhoffer uses the racquet like a hammer." But body structure and inexperience were apparently unimportant.

Niederhoffer developed his game by practicing each shot individually until he mastered it and knew how to hit it from anywhere on the court. He trained alone, playing entire games with himself, hitting shots and making the appropriate returns. This drill was mixed with a grueling exercise regimen designed to fight his metabolic tendency to flab. Niederhoffer's game became technically unimpeachable. He based it on the theory that the low risk shots, not the showy, flamboyant ones are the winners and he pioneered an aggressive overhand serve, playing it too for the percentages. Critics considered his game



"Niederhoffer refused to compete in a sport where he couldn't be treated as an equal and left the game . . ."

plodding and colorless in its efficiency, more like watching a computer than an athlete, but Niederhoffer believed in out-foxing his opponents, not out-flashing them. This he learned growing up in Brooklyn.

Niederhoffer grew up in Brighton Beach, a section of Brooklyn inhabited by blue collar workers and a disproportionate number of handball and paddleball players. "Brighton Beach is a mecca for court sports," Niederhoffer explains, "and both of my parents are top players. I was five years old when they entered me in my first tournament. I won the handball singles, the handball doubles and the ping pong. I guess you could say my competitive urges were nurtured from a very early age."

As a youngster, Niederhoffer played handball or paddleball or tennis daily. He became something of a local celebrity and would often use his court skills to hustle nickels and dimes from unsuspecting adults. When he was thirteen the Brighton Beach group backed a challenge match between Niederhoffer and a national paddleball champion named George Baskin who was 35. Niederhoffer dispatched Baskin and collected a pair of sneakers. Thirteen is a dangerous age to taste the sweetness of heroism, and it caused Niederhoffer to accept nothing less of himself.

Jim Wynne was his college roommate for all of their years at Harvard. They first met playing in junior tennis tournaments on suburban Long Island. Wynne recently recounted his first run-in with an impassioned, young Niederhoffer. Now, here comes Victor in his bedraggled tennis clothes and his basketball sneakers with the tongue flaps hanging out. "Vic was always aware," explains Wynne, "that he grew up in a poor section of Brooklyn, the other side of the tracks, and that he was Jewish. He always had something to prove. He would chew glass to win."

Niederhoffer entered the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business in the fall of 1964. He took with him a degree from Harvard, a summa thesis on the stock market, and a notorious squash reputation. The latter distinction he earned by his frequent "discussions" with those in the unenviable position of refereeing his games and by his undeciding habit of playing through an opponent to reach a shot.

Earlier that year Niederhoffer lost to national

champion Henri Salaun in the semi-final match of the U.S. Nationals. The verbal battles between Niederhoffer, Salaun, and the referee led to Niederhoffer's censure by the U.S.S.R.A. and a bloody nose at the hands of Salaun. But Niederhoffer attributes the incident to "deplorable refereeing." Says Tredy Ketchum, then president of the United States Squash Racquets Association, and a frequent referee of high level matches, "Victor would yell 'appeal' usually before his opponent had crossed the 'T' in his let call. I used to tell him to at least count to ten before he opened his mouth, it would make a better impression. Sure, Vic was overbearing and not very popular for it, but the reason for it was that he knew the rules better than anyone, including many of the referees." He won every major amateur tournament except the nationals in 1965, then captured his first national title in 1966. The next one was not to come for five years.

Niederhoffer is an ardent exponent of the libertarian philosophy: let me be myself until I step on your toes. One thing everyone agrees about Niederhoffer is that he is eminently predictable in these things—his Jewish toes have bruised those of several gentile elitists, and vice versa.

While in Chicago, Niederhoffer applied for membership to the city's five private clubs that had squash facilities. He was turned down by all five. His version is he was denied membership by anti-semites. One of the clubs, Lake Shore, was the location for the 1967 National Tournament, and Victor opted not to defend his championship. Tredy Ketchum investigated the situation at the time and recalls, "Vic had his reputation for abrasiveness that didn't sit well. I'm not saying he wasn't discriminated against, maybe if he wasn't Jewish his behavior wouldn't have been an issue. The Lake Shore Club did have Jewish members, and I spoke to one of them about Vic's rejection. The fellow said Niederhoffer wasn't turned down because he was a Jew, but because he was a Jew with a deportment problem." So Niederhoffer refused to compete in a sport where "I couldn't be treated as an equal," and with the exception of the 1968 National Doubles tournament, he left the game for the next five years. "I recognize a private club's right to refuse me membership," Niederhoffer said, "but the fact that the national tournament was being held in this kind of

"I felt I was playing like a dispassionate observer, like I was in the grandstand . . ."

closed environment is typical of the short-sighted, elitist attitudes of the ruling body. This kind of thinking deterred me from playing the game at a time in my life when I could have given competitors and spectators a lot of pleasure."

....

It is a steamy summer weekend. Niederhoffer and I are discussing his favorite subject, capitalism, in the Great Hall of the New York Harvard Club, an endless towering room that looks like the main concourse of Grand Central Station if you filled it with red and black leather couches and big game trophies. The place is empty except for the two of us. Niederhoffer has his sneakered feet propped up on a mahogany table and is casually slumped back against black cowhide. "I love to make money," he says. "If the squash powers would move to get people making money, you'd see a better game all around."

I was about to suggest that I would prefer to know about his financial conquests when I became aware of a small, conservatively well-dressed man standing over us. He was glaring at Niederhoffer's pale blue T-shirt with U. S. Open, Philadelphia, 1977, across the front. The small man cleared his throat.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Niederhoffer," he said tentatively.

Mr. Niederhoffer said nothing.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Niederhoffer, that this time everything is wrong."

Niederhoffer broke into the first truly amused grin I had witnessed in all our meetings.

"The rules of the club, as you well know, are that gentlemen must wear ties and jackets, conduct themselves in an orderly fashion, and there should be no conspicuous display of papers. I'm afraid, Mr. Niederhoffer, that I must ask you to leave," the man concluded fearfully.

We gathered our paraphernalia and rode the elevator to the sixth floor squash area. Niederhoffer was visibly embarrassed. We went outside through a fire door and sat on the tarred roof. Niederhoffer laughed at the incident and griped about the irony of not being allowed to conduct business in a club of businessmen.

"There is a natural tendency among the aristocratic ruling powers of squash," Niederhoffer continued, "to keep it a closed fraternity where women

and children aren't welcome, where Jews and unwealthy men are not welcome. What I've always stood for is the opposite of this, the opening up of the game, to have things on a business basis where the masses could enjoy it and where people could derive a profit. The private group, the people who have been running the U.S.S.R.A. for the last 40 years, are the ones with the money who should be encouraging people to go make a buck. Why did racquetball grow to one hundred times the size of squash in two or three years? It's not because it's a better sport, it's that the people involved have an interest in making a profit."

....

Victor Niederhoffer is sitting behind a huge, cluttered desk discussing his reasons for quitting squash. It is our second meeting. His back is to a 30 foot long window that brings Park Avenue into the spacious office. A narrow ledge follows the bottom of the window and it shelves a surprising collection of Americana. They are all toy banks and each of them does something when coins are deposited—fire engines clang, monkeys tip their hats, bears clap cymbals. Like Niederhoffer they are both practical and unique.

Niederhoffer has given up competitive squash. At 34, it's getting harder for him to keep in shape, the demands on his time are greater with business booming and his family growing. He sprained his ankle very badly in the 1976 Metropolitan Open. It was a signal to him, but because he had turned pro the year before and committed himself to playing and organizing he finished the 1977-78 season.

He did not do very well. "I felt I was playing like a dispassionate observer," Niederhoffer says, "like I was someone in the grandstand. I also got to thinking when I was beating the amateurs, like Tom Page and Michael Desaulniers, who I knocked off last year, that it was too bad for me to be beating these guys."

He ruminates a bit about not having the chance to beat Sharif Khan one more time. "I was the only one at the top who didn't play squash full time. If I had I would have been clearly better than anyone else in the game." Niederhoffer had been searching for words to explain his retirement and now he found them. "What it is," he said, "is that I've lost the killer instinct." ■

NIEDERHOFFER ON NIEDERHOFFER

MENTOR

The great mentor of my squash career has been Jack Barnaby, the racquet coach at Harvard for 40 years. He combined discipline with creativity, knowledge of the great forces of life with detailed factual knowledge of all techniques of the game. He served as a great example but never pushed his knowledge of squash or life on his student.

RETIREMENT

Why did I stop playing squash at the age of 34? I love my family and my business. To continue would have taken continually greater effort each year I played to stay near the top. When balancing family and wealth against glory for one more year, the choice became clear.

EMINENCE

The great Francis Galton noted that all eminent people combined four characteristics: persistence, organization, health, and ability. As for ability, there are literally thousands of players who are stronger, faster, more flexible, better stroked than I. But none have combined this with as much persistence and organization as I have.

TRAGEDY

"I wish I knew when I was younger what I do now." The tragedy is that when you know what to do, you are too old to do anything about it. Every season, there is a new shot, a new grip, and a new spin to use. But the legs and oxygen fail at a faster rate than you learn.

RATTLESNAKES

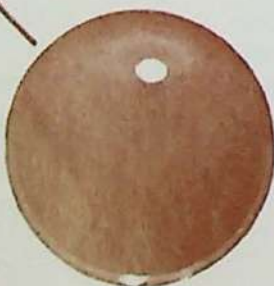
The proverbial "gentlemen" from Philadelphia who would bury their squash racquets in you if you give them half a chance have always seemed unworthy to me. True, after maiming you they cover you with "I'm sorry's" in the English fashion. But I prefer the American rattlesnake to the English fox. At least, if you give the rattlesnake half a chance he will let you go without biting you. The top racquetball players remind me of the rattlesnake. Too many of the former amateur squash champions were foxes.

EXTRA EFFORT

The difference between winning and losing generally hang on a small thread. Most of my best wins were determined by that little "extra effort" that I put in during the game or shortly before. Many times the "little extra" involved diving to retrieve a shot. Other times it came weeks before as I sprinted two miles up Madison Avenue at midnight to get in shape. If you are ready to give it all it takes and then a little more, you have the potential for greatness.

RACQUETBALL

I felt liberated and invigorated when entering a racquetball tournament for the first time. Here were competitors who did not cover up their desire to win. Here were attractive women playing alongside the men. Here were spectators willing to root loudly for their heroes. And most important of all, here were sponsors who wanted to make a buck from the game by bringing it to the masses.







WINNERS

The winners on the court this fall turn on the heat—and see RED. From the left, a Fila skirt (\$32), top, (\$35) and terry jacket (\$56) with the logo Borg made famous. From Italy, Elisse shorts (\$60) and striped top (\$50). Classic pleated shorts (\$45) and polo shirt (\$30) by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Ultra-sport's lightweight nylon warm-ups with hooded top (\$78). Calvin Klein's new menswear includes this semi-constructed tweed jacket (\$150). Below, Fila's racy jogger jacket (\$58) and nylon shorts (\$25).



credits: women's fashion courtesy of Tennis Lady, N.Y.C. and other locations; accessories, Uptown Racquet Shop, N.Y.C.; champagne compliments of A. Charbaut et Fils; footwear, Patrick Athletic Shoes and Tretorn; photographed at the Uptown Racquet Club, N.Y.C.



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SPHAIRISTIKE ANYONE?

by Margaret Zellers

Mary Ewing Outerbridge gets full credit for swinging the first tennis racquet in the United States, and that involved a lot more than you think. First, she had to talk her way (and her racquet) through customs. The baffled officials, who poked and pawed at the curious bundles she brought back from a visit to Bermuda, couldn't decide on an assessment for something they'd never seen before. That was February 1874 and Mary Outerbridge had returned to New York on the S.S. Canima. Those are about the only facts on which legends and library notes converge.

In Bermuda Mary Outerbridge had discovered a new game and, dancing with some direction around a friend's lawn, swung a threaded racquet at a ball that was probably made of India rubber or some other substance answering the purpose. She apparently connected often enough to become enthusiastic about the new sport. *Sphairistike* was already popular with the British Regiment who had been sent to Bermuda.

Thomas Middleton, a Bermudian, had seen the game of *Sphairistike* played while he was turing Europe, probably at Leamington Spa near Birming-

ham. As a surprise for his wife, he bought a set of the net (which in those days was four feet high, supported by five evenly spaced poles), racquets and balls. When he watched his wife, dressed in her long skirt—white, of course—leaping and cavorting around the lawn he gave up the whole idea. The set was then offered to a colleague, Sir Brownlow Gray, the soon to become Chief Justice of Bermuda who was too busy to take up the game. So Gray's daughters quickly adopted the game as their own. A court was set up at the back of Clermont, his elegant home in Paget Parish and the local ladies and gents were invited to play. Mary Outerbridge was apparently one of them.

They played a rousing game of *Sphairistike*, the Greek-given name for the new racquet sport that Major Walter Clopton Wingfield had introduced at his now-famous garden party at Natnclwyd, Wales in December 1873. The game became tremendously popular in prominent European social circles.

The name "lawn tennis" surfaced in Bermuda some time after 1878, perhaps because *Sphairistike* was unpronounceable and perhaps because the game really did originate in the ancient Egyptian city on the Nile, known as Tanis by the Greeks and Tinnis by the Arabs. Menke's Encyclopedia of Sports relates

Margaret Zellers, author of *"Fielding's Sightseeing Guide to Europe,"* is also author of *"The Inn Way — Switzerland,"* and is area editor for *Fodor's Switzerland*.



G. DaRif © 1978

"Between matches, Bermuda's 21 square miles of year round action are irresistible for the inveterate sportsman."

the game to that area and describes it as "a pastime connected with Egyptian-Arabian fertility rites," but there's a long series of legends about how the name "tennis" finally got connected with the sport. (In Bermuda, some claim that the name came with the British Regiment, who called their game Lawn Tennis.)

An 1878 article in *Harper's Weekly* described the game as an "elegant and pleasing pastime" (think about that, Ilie Nastase) that could be played on "any smooth piece of turf." At that time, the net, tacked to posts, was five feet from the ground at post point and hung to about four feet at the center. "The best game," according to *Harper's*, "is formed by two, four or eight persons with bats that are 27 to 30 inches long and Indian rubber hollow balls that should in fine weather be covered with white cloth." If that eightsome sounds more like a volleyball game than tennis, remember that everyone was dressed to the hilt and dashing from here to there to get the alley shot was a physical impossibility, even if propriety had allowed.

Although Bermuda exported tennis to the United States, it took American enthusiasm generated over a period of almost one hundred years before the Island's terrain was plastered with tennis courts that were used mostly by tourists. There are now about 100 courts that include a baffling list of glazed macadamized, tarmacadam, cork turf, synaturf, en tout cas, glazed cynatex, etc. And more are sure to be built if the necessary space can be claimed before someone purloins it for a squash or platform tennis court.

Bermuda's first platform tennis courts are at the White Heron, off Middle Road in Warwick Parish, where the fishhook shape of the Island bends. Two of the courts are lighted for night play and spectators are always welcome. The Parish is rimmed with south shore beaches and freckled with some of the Island's top hotels.

There are four squash courts at the Bermuda Squash and Racquets Club, also on Middle Road (the thread that sews the chain of small islands together) in Devonshire Parish next to the Nationals Sports Club. The Pan American Cup is played at the BSRC in October and attracts many good and/or social players from the United States and Canada. The tournament is comprised of sixty Canadian and American men, women and veterans who compete with Bermudians on International size courts with English rules and regulations.

There are also two squash courts at the Coral Beach Club, where a member's introduction is nec-

essary to play. (If you can get introduced, there's no charge for court time.) Lessons are available and there are squash and tennis racquets for rent, depending on your preference.

But tennis is still king in Bermuda. There are approximately 20 tournaments held throughout the year for all ages and abilities. The top of the tennis social roster is still the annual Coral Beach Invitational, held in November. Before tennis went big time, Coral Beach attracted many of the sport's top players and some still participate in the tournament. Both professionals and amateurs are invited. If there is any question about Bermuda's enthusiasm for tennis, it might be worth noting that D. Colin Selley, director of the Bermuda Department of Tourism, was one of the Island's top seven players 20 years ago and still keeps his hand on a racquet when it's not at the helm of tourism programs.

Between matches, Bermuda's 21 square miles of year round action are irresistible for the inveterate sportsman. Cricket is the summer spectator sport, culminating in a two-day Cup Match Festival held in early August at the Somerset Cricket Club. If cricket's not your cup of tea, the soccer season begins in September and runs through May with matches held every week-end. Sailors have always known Bermuda to be a paradise—there's international yacht racing every year in March, fitted dinghy and powerboat racing all summer and the famed Newport-to-Bermuda races every other year.

Occasional and serious fishermen compete for prestige and prizes in an annual game fishing tournament sponsored by the Bermuda Department of Tourism. Prizes are awarded for top catches of seventeen varieties of game fish found in local waters and no license or entry fees are required. In December, the Goodwill Professional Golf Championship holds sway and attracts some 100 American, Canadian and British pro-amateur foursomes. Add the Island's six other annual golf tournaments to motorcycle scrambling, horseback riding, bicycle races, horse and dog shows, plus theatre, music and traditional Bermudian holidays and you can easily think of dozens of good reasons to extend your two week vacation to a year long stay.

Whatever your interest and tastes, the Bermuda Department of Tourism is the source for rooms, rates and tournament details. Contact them at 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Ask specifically for the booklets "This Week in Bermuda" and "Preview of Bermuda Today," so you can find the stores to buy the tennis togs you forgot to pack and the best places to cool off or warm up. ■

BEST OF BERMUDA

The Coral Beach and Tennis Club

This gorgeous garden estate is the only place to play tennis for those who know the game. With seven en tout cas and one dynaturf court plus the best pro in Bermuda, Derek Singleton, it's a dream come true. Introduction by member or former guest required. On South Road in Paget Parish.

Shopping

Trimingham's for shetlands, Scottish cashmeres and Liberty of London scarves. A.S. Cooper for Wedgewood and Waterford crystal, Smith's for Royal Doulton and Baccarat crystal, Bluck's for Royal Copenhagen, Spode, and Herend china.

Belfield-in-Somerset

Drop in at tea time for a taste of British fare and atmosphere. This elegant eatery is an old house complete with a quiet garden, weathered teak tables and original tray ceilings. Try their pawpaw casserole or syllabub, a favorite dessert, but get there early—Belfield closes at 5:30 p.m.

Dennis' Hide-Away

Conch stew, fresh rockfish or speckled hind (be sure to ask for the works) in a *very* unpretentious setting. If you're on the south shore, phone ahead and bring your wine to this friendly, one-table-for-all establishment. Definitely the Bermuda thing to do.

Mid Ocean Club

An introduction by a member is required for this exclusive club and course. If you can get in, do. Mid Ocean's world-renowned championship golf course is guaranteed to whet the appetite of any duffer. In Tuckers Town in Hamilton Parish. You won't be disappointed by the public courses like Port Royal or Castle Harbour either.

Clay House Inn

When in Bermuda do as the Bermudians do and go grotty. Good entertainment from the best steel band around, the Coca Cola Steel Band. Limboing and glass dancing well into the night.

Alfred Birdsey

An Island fixture, this charming, eccentric painter will make you an offer you can't refuse. He works and sells his water colors from his studio behind his house on Strawberry Hill. He doesn't sell to dealers, but you can buy a memory of Bermuda for a fixed price of \$10 a painting. Protege Tony Hooper undersells his mentor by \$2 a work.

Tom Moore's Tavern

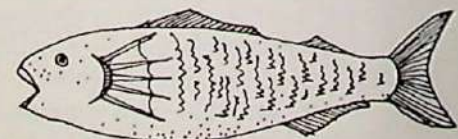
Named after the romantic Irish poet, this charming 17th century home is surrounded by wildwoods. Take in the great English tavern atmosphere or dine on Bermuda lobster in the candlelit dining room. Make sure to have a cocktail on the waterside patio first. In Walsingham on Bailey's Bay.

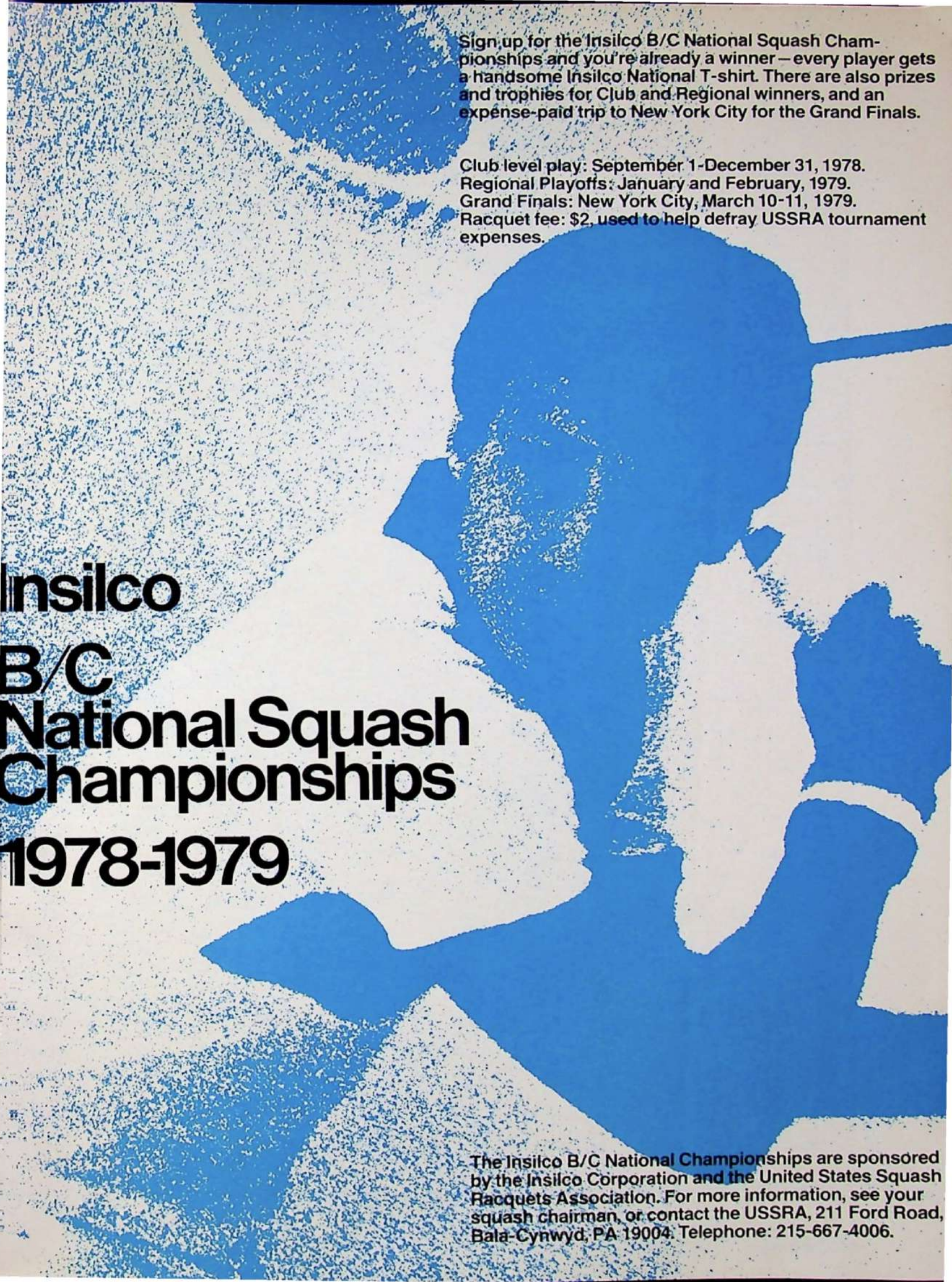
Newport Room

For the finest in gourmet dining try this restaurant in the Southampton Princess, the best of the Island's large luxury hotels. Impeccable service and understated elegance are well worth the expense.

Water Sports

No trip to Bermuda is complete without exploring the sea and sands. Rent a sun fish at Robinson's Charter Boat Marina and discover some of the 34 islands in Hamilton Harbor. Or explore the undersea world and fascinating wrecks by scuba diving with David McLeod, the best underwater guide on the Island. Both at Somerset Bridge.





Sign up for the Insilco B/C National Squash Championships and you're already a winner — every player gets a handsome Insilco National T-shirt. There are also prizes and trophies for Club and Regional winners, and an expense-paid trip to New York City for the Grand Finals.

Club level play: September 1-December 31, 1978.

Regional Playoffs: January and February, 1979.

Grand Finals: New York City, March 10-11, 1979.

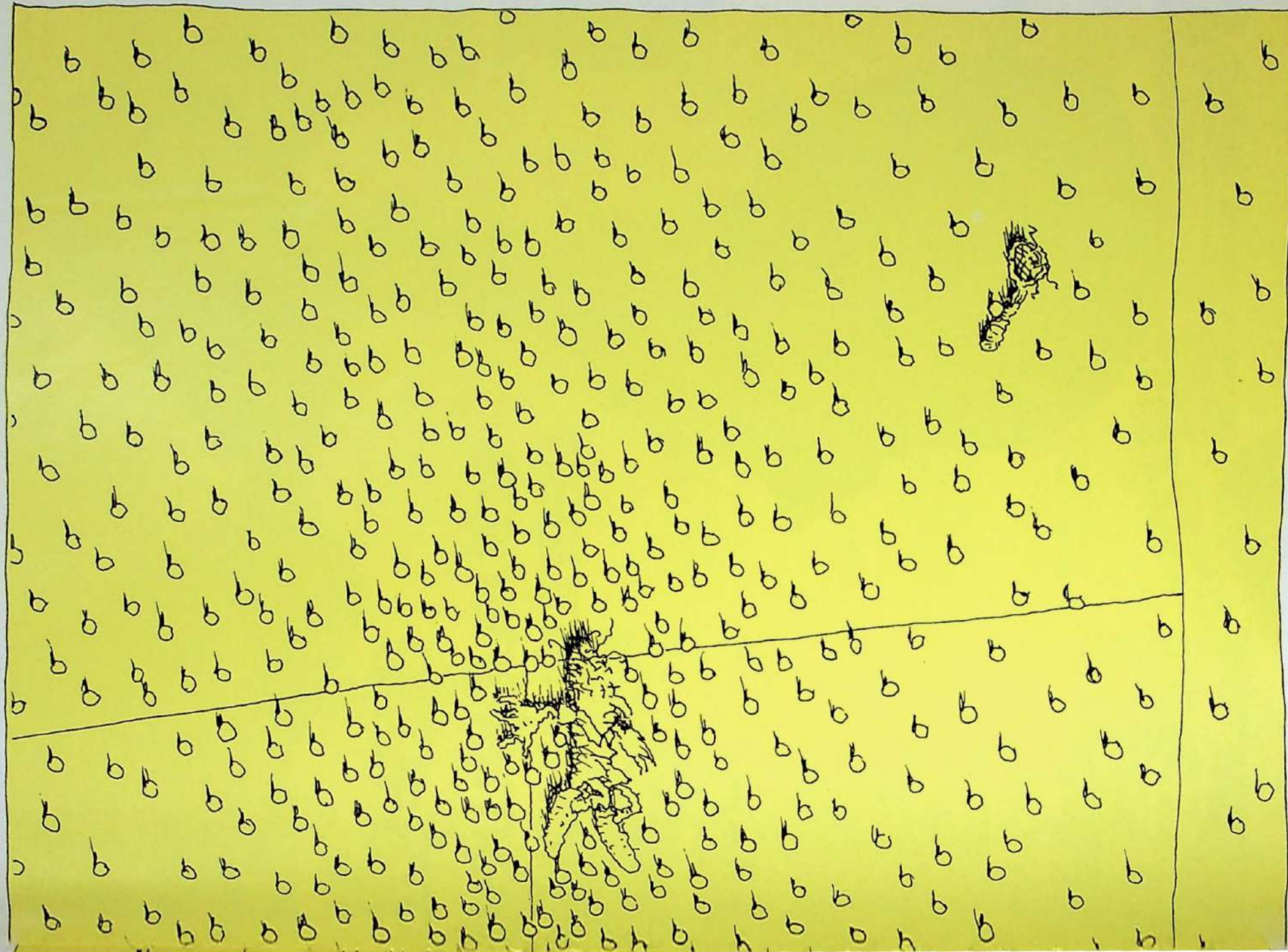
Racquet fee: \$2, used to help defray USSRA tournament expenses.

Insilco B/C National Squash Championships 1978-1979

The Insilco B/C National Championships are sponsored by the Insilco Corporation and the United States Squash Racquets Association. For more information, see your squash chairman, or contact the USSRA, 211 Ford Road, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004. Telephone: 215-667-4006.

Jerry McLaughlin © 1978

RACQUET / 34





MEL AUGHLIN

YOU'VE BEEN ON THE COURT TOO LONG...

if you pay more for court time than you do for rent.
if Nastase is your favorite comedian.
if you get your gut from your own cat.
if Oleg Cassini designs your elbow brace.
if you spent your honeymoon watching Passport Platform Tennis.
if you check your biorhythms before scheduling a match.
if you have a bumper sticker promoting your favorite racquet sport.
if you drink vodka and gatorade.
if Charlie Brumfield is your attorney.
if you keep your Butterfly collection with your gym gear.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ON THE COURT LONG ENOUGH...

if you think Guillermo Vilas is a Mexican bandit.
if you think that a shuttlecock is an erotic bird.
if you enjoy mixed doubles.
if you think that Forest Hills is a cemetery.
if you think the telltale is a story by Edgar Allen Poe.
if you have to bend over to pick up the ball.
if you think Hashim Khan is an ethnic comedian.
if you think the Australian formation is a sexual position.
if you think flykill is an insecticide.
if you think love is having to say you're sorry.



Brian Froud © 1978

LEACH INTRODUCES THE RACQUETBALL THAT HAS NUMBER ONE WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

Who should know more about racquetballs than the company that's bounced more balls off more walls than anyone else for years?

Leach™ has never taken the sport of racquetball lightly. So you can imagine the design time and manufacturing patience we've put into these balls, so you'd get better games out of them.

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Guaranteed performance.**

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If any Leach racquetball fails before the trademark wears off, Leach

will replace it free. Your original place of purchase is authorized by Leach to give you another.

No other manufacturer we know of is confident enough to make the same statement.

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The Leach racquetball. It's a superb new competitor from one of the oldest names in the sport.

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NO LOOKING BACK

by A. Friedberg

The sound of the racquetball reverberates throughout the land. Although this sound hasn't yet replaced the "thwack" of its competition in the world of racquets, it soon will if the predictions of the game's ardent, often fanatical, supporters are anywhere near the mark.

There is no denying that racquetball came of age in 1978. Marty Hogan, the newly crowned national champion and co-winner of *Racquet's Athlete of the Year Award*, became a national sports personality. The pro tour made more stops in more cities than ever before during the nine month season, often attracting sizable crowds, always stirring local interest. Prize money reached an average of \$20,000 for each sanctioned event. A television special hosted by actor James Franciscus received national play on public TV. Sales of equipment and accessories continued to skyrocket. And construction of new court facilities surpassed even Burger King.

In the amateur ranks this year, local tournaments by the score provided a competitive outlet for tens of thousands of avid participants. Young players modeled their games on the styles of Hogan and Davey

Bledsoe in the same way young tennis players emulate Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors.

And throughout the year authoritative voices could be heard calling racquetball "the game of the 80s" and "the fastest growing sport in America."

But underneath all the good press, the predictions of unlimited growth, and the same kind of ballyhoo that accompanied the rise of professional tennis and golf as big money sports, there is ferment in the land of professional racquetball. Changes are brewing and it is the touring professionals, those with the greatest stake in the game, that are stirring the pot.

The players though, are not really involved in the corporate machinations that have an inexorable life of their own. Since there is no racquetball player's association, the players are at the mercy of the sport's money interests. Jerry Hilecher, ranked number seven nationally, deplores this situation. "The players need a voice in the tournaments," he says. "We should be more involved in the seeding and the money breakdown. It's top heavy. The round of eight get \$500 and the winner gets \$10,000. I think that's ridiculous. The players need unity. Racquetball isn't going to be a top sport unless it's fair and the players can be involved. Every other sport is really run by the players. Look at tennis, golf, baseball

A. Friedberg is the managing editor of *Racquet*. He is an author, writer of numerous magazine articles, and an avowed paddleball fanatic. He resides in New York City.

"Officiating should not be controlled by the sponsors — they can't control the outbursts and emotions of the players."

and football. Right now the racquetball players are under a big thumb."

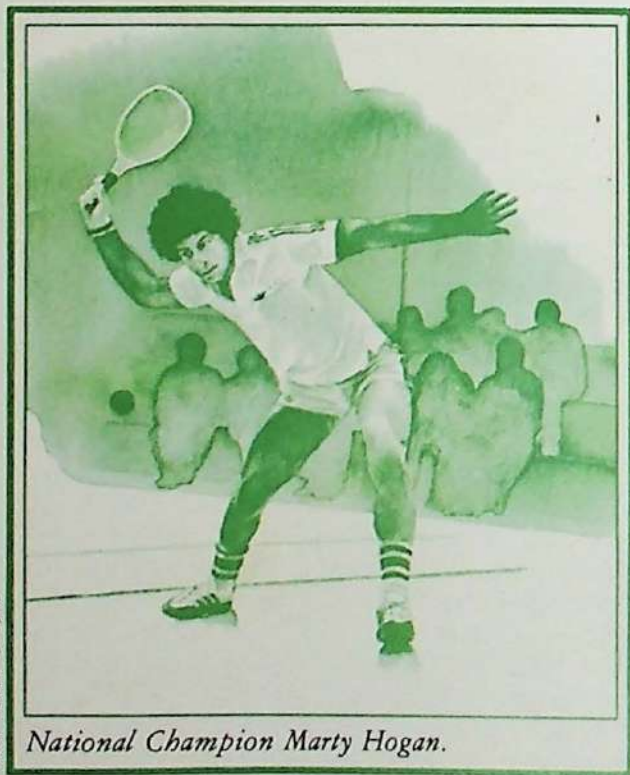
Hilecher, a power player whose serves are often hard to see and sometimes impossible to call, also points to the need for trained officials. "I blame the associations and the sponsors," he says, "for not having the foresight to appropriate the money to train officials like all the other professional sports have done."

Davey Bledsoe, 1977 National Champion and ranked six this year, agrees. "Officiating should not be controlled by the sponsors. The officials can't control the outbursts and emotions of the players. We need people with authority. Nobody has taken it upon themselves to define the rules. There are too many judgment calls, too many screen serves, avoidable hinders, too much crowding. Lack of professionalism is hurting the game."

Surprisingly, Marty Hogan is another bone of contention among the pros, although most of the discontent with Hogan can be traced to his nearly complete domination of the field. Last year he won all but two tournaments on his way to the national championship. His abrasive court behavior, his awesome power, and now, his national reputation are other reasons his fellow pros are sniping. It is Hogan that Bledsoe is talking about when he says the offi-



Sharpshooter Ben Koltun.



National Champion Marty Hogan.

cials can't control the outbursts of the players. Steve Keeley, ranked tenth, says, "Hogan is a crazy man on the court. He'll do anything to win. But it's Hogan's development of the 'serve and shoot' style of play, and not his court behavior, that has pointed up another concern—the *speed* of the ball."

The two schools of thought on ball speed are clearly divided between the forces of power and the advocates of control. It is the power players—Hogan, Hilecher and Bledsoe versus the control players—Brumfield, Keeley and Steve Serot. Their comments on the future of racquetball reveal this split:

Hilecher: "I think it would take the excitement away from the game if they slowed the ball down. The speed is a little slower right now than it has been and I think it's about right. I feel the aces in the offensive serve are as much a part of the game as anything. I don't want to see the ceiling ball come back."

Brumfield: "They have been slowing the ball down this year. There has to be a more consistent volleying nature to the game. There has to be a complete array of shots not just the overwhelming power—the drop shot should come back into play, the lob, the ceiling ball, the around the wall ball, the soft kill, the angle pass."

Serot: "What's wrong with the game? The ball is way too fast. The hard servers, the whalers like Ho-

Vicki Vebell © 1978

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

gan will continue to dominate the game if something isn't done. If you watch Hogan play one time you won't want to watch him again because it's the same thing over and over."

Another, and possibly more important reason for slowing the ball down is potential television coverage of major racquetball events. On a three-side glass wall, the ball in current use is too fast for the players themselves to see, let alone the TV cameras and home viewers. Whether or not television coverage is a realistic possibility for racquetball, it is another point in favor of the control crowd.

Rich Wagner, fifth ranked last year, says, "I resent the fact that the ball manufacturers haven't done anything about changing the ball. People want to see rallies. The ball has to slow down for TV. You have to be able to see it." Steve Keeley agrees that, "TV is going to be a big shot in the arm if it comes, but it will only come if the ball is slowed down."

The players also recognize another problem that must be solved before the television people are going to jump on the racquetball bandwagon—exciting and maintaining spectator interest.

Bledsoe defines another problem: "Twenty-one points is too long a game for two reasons—the attention span of the spectators and the needs of television. What we have to do, and it's up to the promoters and the associations, is play seven point games and build a series of climaxes to an ultimate climax."

Brumfield also sees the need for more active spectator interest. "The solution," he says, "is a combination of a slower ball and a rules change in the serve, perhaps going to the squash serve over a particular line or a quadrant serve so that the server knows which side the ball is going to. Can you imagine playing tennis and not knowing on which side of the court the ball was going to land? Maybe the simplest way is to go to one serve."

Steve Keeley agrees with Brumfield. "The slower ball will bring better rallies, and better rallies mean more spectator interest. If you only allow one serve, obviously the first serve will be crucial."

And there is yet another problem. Racquetball is still an infant sport. As Keeley says, "Playing the same guys over and over gets old." And from a fan's standpoint this can be a deadly problem. The racquetball people make the argument that there are always the same top finishers in golf and tennis, but the fact is that prize money is much more widely distributed and there are a great many more players at the top in other sports. The lack of competition is at least part of the reason why racquetball, with mil-

lions of players, doesn't seem to fill 400 seats at important tour events.

The other reason might just be Hogan. Keeley says, "Except for Hogan, the top twelve players are so equal physically that it becomes an entirely psychological game. Whoever is mentally up is going to win. Everybody has been beaten by a number of players this year. All the top seeds are beating each other except for Hogan who has just dominated." So in the end it is Hogan out in front and a jumbled pack behind.



Charlie Brumfield a close second.

In spite of the fact that the top six players predictably win the lion's share of the money, most players are not really unhappy with their potential earnings in prize money and endorsements. Though not yet near the astronomical range of tennis and golf, the rewards are certainly sufficient to sustain the standard of living of the average 20-year-old. Marty Hogan made more than \$66,000 last year in sports earnings and outside income. By comparison, Jimmy Connors grossed more than \$900,000 and golf's Tom Watson made more than \$350,000 in prize money alone. Yet even in racquetball's toddling years, the least of the professionals earns around \$15,000 a year in prize money and endorsements.

No, racquetball's problems seem to stem from a variety of factors—the game's exceptionally fast growth (from 50,000 players to an estimated

"There is clearly some thought being given to changes that will enhance the face of professional racquetball..."

6,000,000 in just five years), the needs and desires of the sponsoring corporations, the conflicts of the national racquetball associations, the definition and application of the rules (the officiating or lack of it) and the speed of the ball.



Disgruntled defector Davey Bledsoe.

Bledsoe, an irascible player on the court, is more outspoken on the subject of corporate interests than some of his peers. "The big problem," he says, "is the strength of Leach. Tournaments just don't come about unless Charlie Drake (president of Leach) sends his boys (Hogan, Charlie Brumfield et al) to the tournament. If somebody else wants to sponsor a tournament they have to meet the demands of Leach. I have a lot of respect for Drake as a business person and what he's accomplished in his efforts but he is really holding us back. Other corporations would pick us up in a minute."

Although Leach is the sport's primary sponsor, it does not have a monopoly on racquetball as Wilson, Coors Beer and Anheuser-Busch enter the arena. But Bledsoe, admittedly a disgruntled defector from the Leach ranks, has a legitimate point. It wasn't until Virginia Slims and Colgate-Palmolive got involved in women's tennis that the sport really took off.

Drake himself disclaims Leach control of the sport. "From 1973 to 1978," he says, "two or three

sponsors could do nine or ten events a year and put up \$5,000 to \$10,000 and that was not a lot of money. But for the sport to come of age the consumer base had to be broadened to a point where other outside sponsors could benefit from sponsoring an event. Leach and Seamco do have big money in the game; but this Fall other corporations will be involved." Drake says the prize money, \$300,000 last year, will be substantially higher on the 1978-79 tour. He also sees and welcomes the development of new events wholly owned by the sponsor and sanctioned by the National Racquetball Association.

The new All Pro Racquetball Tour sponsored by Coors Beer is a good example. The All Pro event, which features professional athletes from baseball, football, basketball and hockey, is envisioned as an annual affair. This year's winner, to be determined by an inter-sport playoff, will earn \$58,000—a very big payday for a non-racquetball professional and bigger than anything planned for professional racquetball. Jim Love, the event's promoter, anticipates an eventual purse of \$250,000 and Coors has committed itself to at least three years of sponsorship.

And of course the corporations have other interests, particularly Leach and Seamco who are the largest manufacturers of racquets, balls and accessories. Drake says, "The racquetball player wants racquetball equipment, not 'me-too' tennis equipment." A look at Leach's catalogs confirms the point.

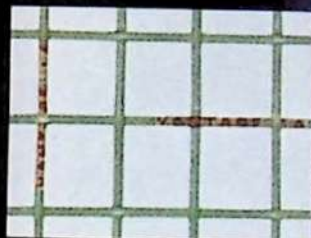
There is clearly some thought being given to changes that will enhance the face of professional racquetball. But realistically, what can be expected next year? Well, the ball will be slowed down, experimented with until an acceptable level of speed is reached. It will probably not be stabilized until the 1979-80 season. There will be more prize money, more tournaments in more markets and more sponsors. There may be some rule changes but anything major will probably take another year to get through the racquetball bureaucracy. There may be some limited television exposure if the technical obstacles of the glass wall courts and camera angles can be solved.

But maybe the biggest change of all will be the infusion of some new faces on the pro tour. Just look at the results of the national championships this season where relative newcomers Mike Yellen and Ben Kol-tun both reached the semi-finals before losing to Brumfield and Hogan. Brumfield says, "There is going to be a big turnover among the older players. The top five players today are 22 or younger but the 16-year-olds are going to be moving in. The youth movement is on its way." ■

PLAY THE GAME OF THE CENTURY



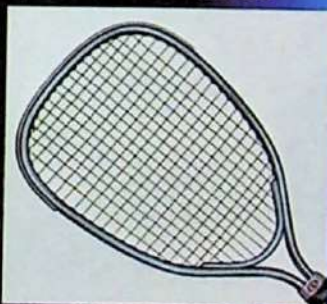
Omega's new Century racquet is light years ahead in features. It's dynamite!



The Strings of the Century!—The Century is the finest racquet on the market with a full one year string guarantee. Only Omega can offer this warranty

because the Century is the only racquet with Ashaway Vantage® strings. It's the finest string available.

The Shape of the Century!—The new flared quadrangular head-shape gives the Century the largest effective hitting area for greater power and control. The Century has been performance proven in tests from coast to coast.



The Warranty of the Century!—Like Omega's

Pro-II, this racquet has the kind of construction that warrants a 5-year warranty on the frame and handle. Omega backs the quality of the Century!



The Construction of the Century!—Remember,



Omega extends the frame all the way to the butt of the handle to minimize vibration and maximize control. That's the inside story of the Century!

The Look of the Century!—

From the handsome sterling-grey color of the frame to the rich black and maroon striped grip, you know you've got the look of the Century!



The Century by
OMEGA
It's Dynamite



LOLITA

by Vladimir Nabokov

But all that was nothing, absolutely nothing, to the indescribable itch of rapture that her tennis game produced in me—the teasing delirious feeling of teetering on the very brink of unearthly order and splendor.

Despite her advanced age, she was more of a nymphet than ever, with her apricot-colored limbs, in her sub-teen tennis togs! Winged gentlemen! No hereafter is acceptable if it does not produce her as she was then, in that Colorado resort between Snow and Elphinstone, with everything right: the white wide little-boy shorts, the slender waist, the apricot midriff, the white breast-kerchief whose ribbons went up and encircled her neck to end behind in a dangling knot leaving bare her gaspingly young and adorable apricot shoulder blades with that pubescence and those lovely gentle bones, and the smooth, downward-tapering back. Her cap had a white peak. Her racket had cost me a small fortune. Idiot, triple idiot! I could have filmed her! I would have had her now with me, before my eyes, in the projection room of my pain and despair.

"The exquisite clarity of all her movements had its auditory counterpart in the pure ringing sound of her every stroke . . ."

She would wait and relax for a bar or two of white-lined time before going into the act of serving, and often bounced the ball once or twice, or pawed the ground a little, always at ease, always rather vague about the score, always cheerful as she so seldom was in the dark life she led at home. Her tennis was the highest point to which I can imagine a young creature bringing the art of make-believe, although I daresay, for her it was the very geometry of basic reality.

The exquisite clarity of all her movements had its auditory counterpart in the pure ringing sound of her every stroke. The ball when it entered her aura of control became somehow whiter, its resilience somehow richer, and the instrument of precision she used upon it seemed inordinately prehensile and deliberate at the moment of clinging contact. Her form was, indeed, an absolutely perfect imitation of absolutely topnotch tennis—without any utilitarian results. As Edusa's sister, Electra Gold, a marvelous young coach, said to me once while I sat on a pulsating hard bench watching Dolores Haze toying with Linda Hall (and being beaten by her): "Dolly has a magnet in the center of her racket guts, but why the heck is she so polite?" Ah, Electra, what did it matter, with such grace! I remember at the very first game I watched being drenched with an almost painful convulsion of beauty assimilation. My Lolita had a way of raising her bent left knee at the ample and springy start of the service cycle when there would develop and hang in the sun for a second a vital web of balance between toed foot, pristine armpit, burnished arm and far back-flung racket, as she smiled up with gleaming teeth at the small globe suspended so high in the zenith of the powerful and graceful cosmos she had created for the express purpose of falling upon it with a clean resounding crack of her golden whip.

It had, that serve of hers, beauty, directness, youth, a classical purity of trajectory, and was, despite its spanking pace, fairly easy to return, having as it did no twist or sting to its long elegant hop.

That I could have had all her strokes, all her enchantments, immortalized in segments of celluloid, makes me moan today with frustration. They would have been so much more than the snapshots I burned! Her overhead volley was related to her service as the envoy is to the ballade; for she had been trained, my pet, to patter up at once to the net

on her nimble, vivid, white-shod feet. There was nothing to choose between her forehand and backhand drives: they were mirror images of one another—my very loins still tingle with those pistol reports repeated by crisp echoes and Electra's cries. One of the pearls of Dolly's game was a short half-volley that Ned Litam had taught her in California.

She preferred acting to swimming, and swimming to tennis; yet I insist that had not something within her been broken by me—not that I realized it then!—she would have had on the top of her perfect form the will to win, and would have become a real girl champion. Dolores, with two rackets under her arm, in Wimbledon. Dolores endorsing a Dromedary. Dolores turning professional. Dolores acting a girl champion in a movie. Dolores and her gray, humble, hushed husband-coach, old Humbert.

There was nothing wrong or deceitful in the spirit of her game—unless one considered her cheerful indifference toward its outcome as the feint of a nymphet. She who was so cruel and crafty in everyday life, revealed an innocence, a frankness, a kindness of ball-placing, that permitted a second-rate but determined player, no matter how uncouth and incompetent, to poke and cut his way to victory. Despite her small stature, she covered the one thousand and fifty three square feet of her half of the court with wonderful ease, once she had entered into the rhythm of a rally and as long as she could direct that rhythm; but any abrupt attack, or sudden change of tactics on her adversary's part, left her helpless. At match point, her second serve, which—rather typically—was even stronger and more stylish than her first (for she had none of the inhibitions that cautious winners have), would strike vibrantly the harp-cord of the net—and ricochet out of court. The polished gem of her dropshot was snapped up and put away by an opponent who seemed four-legged and wielded a crooked paddle. Her dramatic drives and lovely volleys would fall at his feet.

She was hitting hard and flat, with her usual effortless sweep, feeding me deep skimming balls—all so rhythmically coordinated and overt as to reduce my footwork to, practically, a swinging stroll—crack players will understand what I mean. My rather heavily cut serve that I had been taught by my father who had learned it from Decugis or Borman, old friends of his and great champions, would have seriously troubled my Lo, had I really tried to trouble her. But who would upset such a lucid dear? Did I ever mention that her bare arm bore the 8 of vaccination? That I loved her hopelessly? That she was only fourteen? ■

Lolita stands as a work of art and a modern classic. Copyright © 1955 by Vladimir Nabokov. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



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ISSUES

Questions & Answers

Let It Be

Though I realize "let" calls are sometimes necessary it seems to me that some people tend to overdo it. Here's an example. In a recent match I worked my way to a perfect position at the "T" and had my opponent pinned in the rear of the squash court at my mercy. A split second after I hit a shot that was sure to be a winner the other guy yelled "let." My shot wasn't so perfect after all and it caught the tin. My friend immediately claimed she was entitled to the point despite her "let" call because I made the error. I told her the "let" had to stand and that would have been true even if my shot had been good. Who's right?

— Paula Duffy
Trenton

You're right. As soon as a let is called all play stops no matter what happens afterward. In fact, if the let is disallowed, you win the point.

Pumping Iron

While watching the pros play racquetball in the Detroit Nationals a couple of months ago I decided what I needed to improve my own game was a lot more power. A lot of my friends have recommended using Nautilus machines to build strength but none of them are racquetball players. My question is, can these machines really build strength and help my game or are they just going to slow me down?

— Charles Levine
New York

Ellington Darden, Ph.D., Director of Research for Nautilus, comments: "One hour a week of proper strength training will double the strength of almost anyone in less than six

months. And doing so will make you a better racquetball player...not to mention provide you better protection against injury. Contrary to popular belief, developing larger and stronger muscles will not make you slower, less flexible or 'muscle-bound.' Research has definitely shown that a stronger muscle is faster, more flexible, more efficient and less prone to injury."

Double Bounce

I know this doesn't happen very often in tennis but this incident nearly caused my partner and me to come to blows. Here's how it happened. I was serving and my first serve landed long, hit the fence and rolled back into the receiving box on my opponent's side of the net. As luck would have it my second serve hit the first ball which then bounced in the air to my opponent. He hit the ball (that is the first ball that had been out of play) and easily passed me for a winner. To say that a heated argument ensued is putting it mildly. I claimed the point obviously had to be played over but he said he had the right to hit either ball. Nobody at the courts seemed to know. What gives?

— Jack MacAleer
Chicago

Sorry, but you lose the point. According to the U.S.T.A., the receiver has the option to hit either ball or call a let.

Lucky 13

I'm not a table tennis fan but recently I attended a local tournament with a friend and found that I was really enjoying the game when something

happened that I've never seen in a sports match before. Right in the middle of a game the umpire stood up and loudly started to count the number of strokes being hit by the players. When he reached 13 he stopped play and gave the point to the receiving player. My friend tried to explain but his answer didn't convince me. Can you tell me what was going on?

— Peter Baron
Los Angeles

In certain situations where there are time limitations or schedule problems the tournament chairman can utilize the "expedite system." This is brought into play if the game is not finished within 15 minutes after its start. At that time the umpire interrupts play, and the system is used for the rest of the match. On each rally, the return strokes of the receiving side are counted out loud. After 13 good returns in any rally, the receiving side wins the point.

Courting

I know many of the racquet games are derived from court tennis, but I have found little on the history of badminton. Can you help?

— Pat Sands
Cleveland

The same British Army who was responsible for spreading the popularity of tennis, squash and racquets was also instrumental in promulgating badminton. The British refined the ancient Indian game of "Poona" and exported it back to England. There on a rainy day in 1873 at the Duke of Beaufort's estate, Badminton was born.

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ASSIGNMENT

Break out your Nikons and enter RACQUET's first sports photo contest. Each month we'll ask readers to submit either a color or black and white shot illustrating one particular aspect of racquet games. Winners will have their photos published in RACQUET and will also be eligible for grand prizes—cash, cameras, camera equipment and vacation trips.

Your first assignment is "Beginners"—every player starts somewhere so don't be afraid to use your imagination. Entries must be received no later than October 1st. If you want to focus on is "Losers" and next theme we want you to focus on is "Beginners".

Send your entries to Photo Contest, RACQUET Magazine, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. Please enclose negatives for any color photographs submitted. And make sure to keep a copy for yourself because we won't be able to return pictures submitted.



Passing Shots

Close Shave

Bjorn Borg has pocketed a lot of kroner in his short career. But with inflation and high taxes even the world's number one needs some extra cash.

So following his latest Wimbledon triumph, the hirsute Swede shaved his 14 day growth and emerged smiling and clean shaven. And a lot richer too. Borg, no stranger to the world of high finance, earned a truckful of sterling from a razor company for doing the same thing most of us do everyday.

But, that's just the start. Consider the possibilities. In conjunction with any major championship, the wily Swede can grow some facial hair. Perhaps a goatee for the French, a Fu Man Chu for the Chinese, Mutton Chops for the Australian, and a Van Dyke for the Dutch. At each tournament he can make a deal with an enterprising razor company, win the championship, shave off the peach fuzz and send the proceeds back to Monte Carlo. Yes, Bjorn. The first cut is indeed the sweetest.



Sterling Squash

Continuing the growing trend toward "grass roots" involvement in the racquet sports, Insilco Corporation of Meriden, Connecticut has renewed its sponsorship of the Insilco B/C Squash Nationals.

Warren Smith, President of the U.S.S.R.A. is enthusiastic. "We're very pleased that Insilco has decided to renew its support for squash at the grass roots level, where it's needed most," he says.

Craig Bossi of Insilco agrees, "Insilco's primary purpose was to recognize outstanding performance by the game's typical or average players." The inaugural event attracted more than 2,000 players and the winners were Peter Monaghan of Philadelphia in the "B" and Ed Bresnitz from New York in the "C."



Hard Heads

The U.S. Open Tennis Championships was not the first tournament conducted at the new National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow. A few weeks ago, the U.S.T.A. hosted the first (and last?) Invitational Hard Hat Tournament for the men and women who built the stadium.

Standard rules of tennis applied with a few notable exceptions—no racquet throwing with intent to maim, no swearing in any language other than Italian, no beer drinking while play was in progress, no undershirts other than regulation white, and finally no work shoes without smooth soles were permitted.

First prize was an all expense paid afternoon for two on Staten Island.



Road Show

After many years of extraordinary success in squash racquets, the legendary Khan game is going public.

The Khan Game on Display is the name chosen for exhibitions and clinics featuring members of this illustrious family. Herb Walker, whose company is promoting the exhibitions says he hopes to provide a growing market with widespread exposure to the finest players in the game.

The Khan Game on Display will offer a number of options to participating clubs, from a simple exhibition to a weekend's entertainment featuring many members of the family, including the patriarch, Hashim Khan. All inquiries should be directed to Herb Walker, Khan-Walker Racquets, 601 Shelburne Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 3G8, Canada.

Less is More

Platform tennis has long been a "casual" sport where anybody can wear anything and informality is part of the game's charm. But the game is quietly moving into the mainstream of 20th century sports. The American Platform Tennis Association, long a bastion of conservatism, has been reorganized. Ideas, heretofore unheard of, like singles and warm weather tournaments, are being actively debated. And slowly but inexorably big money is creeping into this most reactionary of the racquet sports.

With a revitalized format and \$163,000 in prize money, Passport Scotch, a division of Calvert Distillers, has renewed its sponsorship of the professional platform tennis tour. An enlightened troika — Passport's dynamic Jeff Gollin, International Management Group's Mark McCormick and newly appointed Commissioner of Tournaments Jack Packard — has promised great excitement for the upcoming campaign. It is their plan to make the game more lucrative for the players and more exciting.

Gollin is enthusiastic: "Passport believes the game is very marketable and intends to associate with the most glamorous and highly visible part of platform tennis — the men's and women's professional circuit. But we're also very aware of the occasional player, the person who gets out on weekends. At each Grand Prix stop, will be held a preliminary tournament with the top two finishers eligible for the major championship."

This year there will be major changes. Passport is reducing the number of tournaments it is sponsoring but increasing prize money by 50%.

In the men's division Passport will sponsor four regular season tournaments with prize money of \$12,600 for each and the national championships with a prize pool of \$25,000. In the women's division they will sponsor one regular season tournament (\$12,600) and the national championships (\$25,000). The increase in prize money will allow the top teams to earn a living from the sport while at the same time encouraging other world class racquet athletes to take up the game. Herb FitzGibbon, presently ranked number one with partner Hank Irvine is all for it. "You have to have sufficient dollars to encourage the best players to come out and play," he says. "You need the foundation of a star system and money. Like it or not, this is the best way to achieve it." Another innovation is the introduction of a bonus pool of \$25,000 for both men and women which will be awarded to those teams with the highest number of points on the Passport Platform Tennis Grand Prix Tour. The presence of the pool figures is to encourage participation in all Grand Prix events.

Platform tennis has a long way to go to achieve the status of big time tennis but certainly Fessenden Blanchard with his red shirt and precariously balanced court in Scarsdale in 1928, never dreamed that scotch and platform tennis could go this far.

— Doug Russell & Ernie Chu

Big League

Coors, the legendary brew from the foothills of Golden, Colorado has attracted a legion of aficionados who swear by its light airy taste. Quietly, Coors emerged as one of the great success stories of modern American business. So when they got involved with racquetball it was big news.

The Coors All Pro Racquetball Tour is big league all the way. In fact all the participants are big leaguers—professionals from baseball, football, basketball, tennis and golf—entered in a unique racquetball competition.

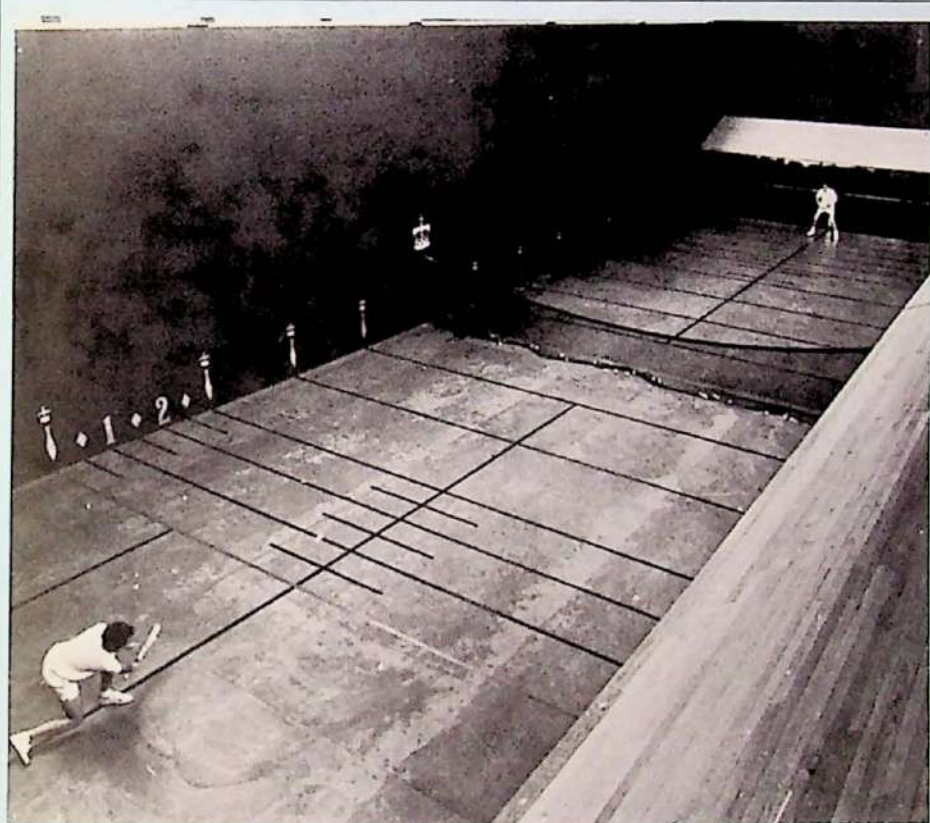
The top two finishers in each preliminary tournament will go on to the finals and a chance for the first prize of more than \$50,000. To date, baseball players Don Kessinger and Al Oliver, basketball stars Derrek Dickey and Gail Goodrich, footballers Randy Vataha and Jim Bakken have qualified for the finals.



Heavy Hitters

What has four arms, two noses and weighs more than 400 pounds? It's not a creature in a macabre horror story, it's a doubles team entered in a most unusual tennis tournament. To compete in this "heavy hitters" tournament, held at Chicago's Mid-Town Tennis Club, each team had to weigh in at a minimum of 400 pounds.

With all that meat on the hoof, there were seismic tremors reported as far north as Detroit when the hefty combatants charged the net.



A Royal Return

Court tennis, the obscure and aging forebearer of lawn tennis, is played on seven courts in the United States. Gaining access to clubs that have courts is akin to getting into prison without having committed a crime as they are among the most exclusive in the world.

To describe the court and the scoring system would take reams. The playing area is huge and dark and the rules more complicated than chess. But take heart. All is not lost.

The Royal Melbourne Tennis Club (RMTCL) has built not one but *two* new courts, the first to be built anywhere in more than 50 years. The surprising result of this mini-renaissance is that court tennis is flourishing in Melbourne and the courts are now in use 11 hours a day.

— George Bell



Exotic Interlude

If business or pleasure takes you to the "golden triangle," then Malaysia may be an exciting stop on any itinerary. Etched between Sumatra and the South China Sea, Malaysia is an exotic blend of new and old. Over a century ago, its capital city of Kuala Lumpur was a tin mine. Today, it still retains its colorful past. It's an eclectic potpourri of Moorish, Malay, Chinese and Indian cultures.

Surprisingly, it's also a mecca for the racquet starved traveller. Malaysian badminton is world class. Their top player, Gunalan, is ranked among the world's best. The Malaysian Badminton Association will gladly arrange games for visiting enthusiasts. Other racquet action can be found at the spanking new Hilton Racquet Club. Their new facility boasts two tennis courts, floodlit for night play, four squash courts and a fully equipped pro shop. All racquet activity is under the supervision of Peter Burwash International, the world's first group of travelling coaches whose function is to staff resorts, condominiums, and tennis camps. This dynamic method of instruction challenges any level of ability and is sure to improve anyone's game.

For more information, contact Hilton International.

AT THE TOP



PLATFORM TENNIS

1. FitzGibbon-Irvine U.S.A.
2. Graebner-Russell U.S.A.
3. Baird-Baird U.S.A.
4. Jennings-Steele U.S.A.
5. Gray-Mangan U.S.A.
6. Kane-Saacke U.S.A.
7. Brownlow-Rogers U.S.A.
8. Ayres-Mielke U.S.A.
9. Burton-Felt U.S.A.
10. Nycum-Parton U.S.A.
11. Kulig-Rowe U.S.A.
12. Ducey-Symington U.S.A.
13. Moore-Smith, T. U.S.A.
14. Adams-Swift U.S.A.
15. Hornidge-Mahler U.S.A.
16. Edwards-Maier U.S.A.

PLATFORM (Women)

1. Gengler-Hilton U.S.A.
2. Chase-Wolf U.S.A.
3. DeBree-Dickson U.S.A.
4. Knight-Lurie U.S.A.
5. Babington-Kimberly U.S.A.
6. Buecking-Netter U.S.A.
7. Polestak-Slonaker U.S.A.
8. McCance-North U.S.A.
9. Daunic-Macy U.S.A.
10. Ford-Fallon U.S.A.
11. Fleming-Young U.S.A.
12. Hodes-Whitman U.S.A.
13. Archard-Gambie U.S.A.
14. Hackenberg-McCutcheon U.S.A.
15. Rawlings-Vanneck U.S.A.
16. Hill-Perrine U.S.A.

rankings from American Platform Tennis Association, National Racquetball Association, World Squash Association, United States Table Tennis Association, Association of Tennis Professionals, Racquet.

RACQUETBALL

1. Marty Hogan U.S.A.
2. Charlie Brumfield U.S.A.
3. Steve Serot U.S.A.
4. Ben Koltun U.S.A.
5. Richard Wagner U.S.A.
6. Jerry Hilecher U.S.A.
7. Craig McCoy U.S.A.
8. Davey Bledsoe U.S.A.
9. Jay Jones U.S.A.
10. Mike Yellen U.S.A.
11. Steve Keeley U.S.A.
12. Mark Morrow U.S.A.
13. Jerry Zuckerman U.S.A.
14. David Fleetwood U.S.A.
15. Don Thomas U.S.A.
16. Steve Strandemo U.S.A.
17. Charlie Rish U.S.A.
18. Steve Chase U.S.A.
19. Mike Zeitman U.S.A.
20. Steve Mondry U.S.A.

RACQUETBALL (Women)

1. Shannon Wright U.S.A.
2. Janell Marriott U.S.A.
3. Peggy Steding U.S.A.
4. Jennifer Harding U.S.A.
5. Kathy Williams U.S.A.
6. Karin Walton U.S.A.
7. Martha McDonald U.S.A.
8. Sarah Green U.S.A.
9. Rita Hoff U.S.A.
10. Sue Carow U.S.A.
11. Jean Sauser U.S.A.
12. Jan Pasternak U.S.A.
13. Marci Greer U.S.A.
14. Laura Martino U.S.A.
15. Pat Schmidt U.S.A.

SQUASH

1. Sharif Khan *Pakistan*
2. Clive Caldwell *Canada*
3. Stuart Goldstein U.S.A.
4. Rainer Ratinac *Australia*
5. Victor Niederhoffer U.S.A.
6. Michael DeSaulniers *Canada*
7. Thomas Page U.S.A.
8. Gordon Anderson *Canada*
9. Aziz Khan *Pakistan*
10. Frank Satterthwaite U.S.A.
11. Colin Adair *Canada*
12. Mario Sanchez *Mexico*
13. John G. Nelson U.S.A.
14. V. Harding *Canada*
15. Gil Mateer U.S.A.

SQUASH (Women)

1. Heather McKay *Canada*
2. Gretchen Spruance U.S.A.
3. Sue Newman *Australia*
4. Barbara Maltby U.S.A.
5. Lisa Griffin U.S.A.
6. Marigold Edwards U.S.A.
7. Ginney Akabane U.S.A.
8. Gail Ramsay U.S.A.
9. Carol Weymuller U.S.A.
10. Joyce Davenport U.S.A.

TABLE TENNIS

1. Dan Seemiller U.S.A.
2. Dal-Joon Lee *South Korea*
3. Rick Seemiller U.S.A.
4. Mike Bush U.S.A.
5. Eric Boggan U.S.A.
6. Ray Guillen U.S.A.
7. Chachai Chan *Thailand*
8. George Brathwaite *British Guiana*
9. Franz Huermann *Germany*

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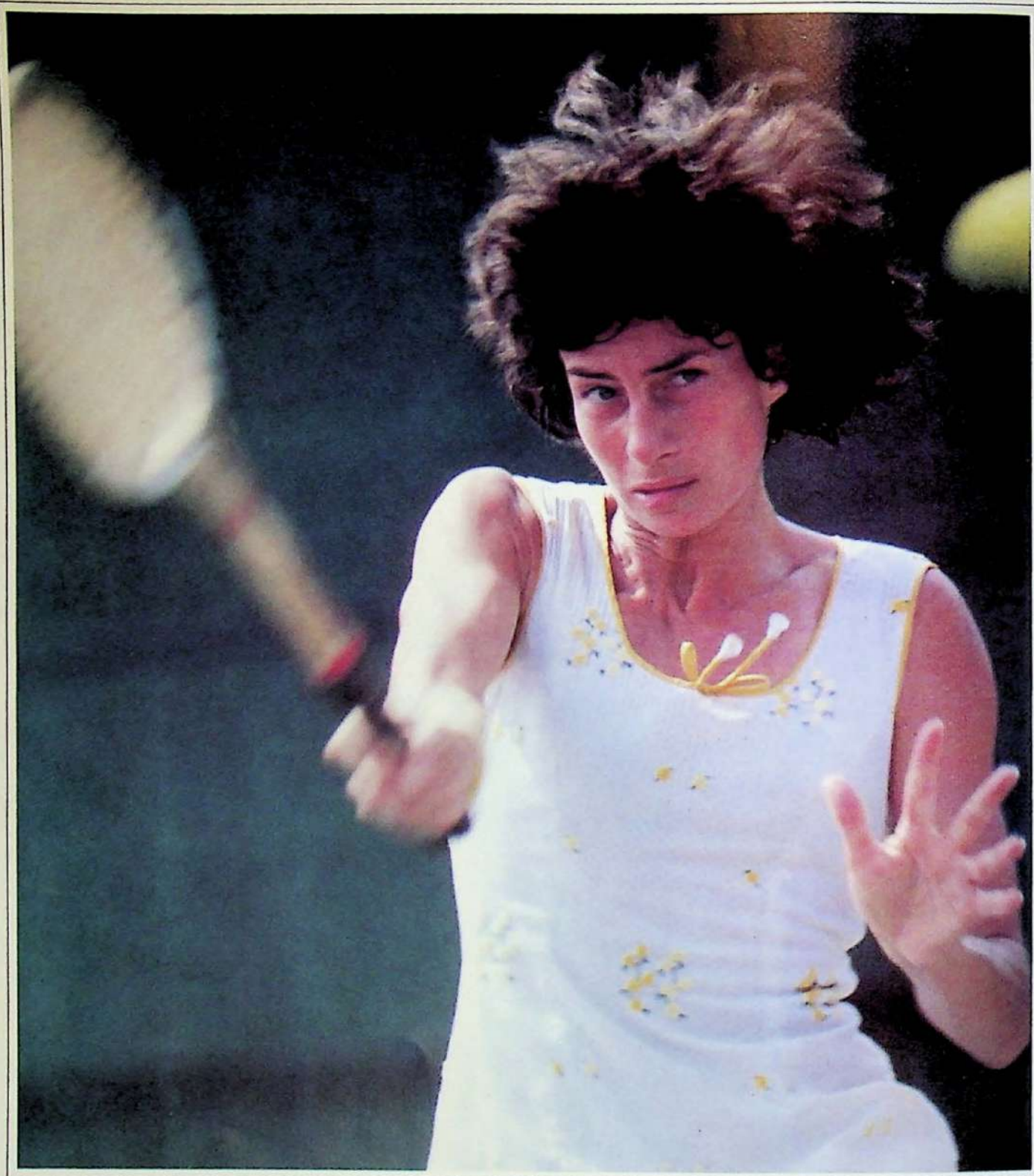


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13. Rutledge Barry *U.S.A.*
14. Dave Phillip *Trinidad*
15. Lim-Ming Chui *Hong Kong*

TABLE TENNIS (Women)

1. In-Sook Na Bhusan *South Korea*
2. He-Ja Lee *South Korea*
3. Judy Bochenski *U.S.A.*
4. Kasia Dawidowicz *Poland*
5. Angelita Sistrunk *U.S.A.*
6. Olga Soltesz *U.S.A.*
7. Nancy Hill *U.S.A.*
8. Carol Davidson *Trinidad*
9. Hodiah Davidson *Trinidad*
10. Faan Yeen Liu *U.S.A.*
11. Sheila O' Dougherty *U.S.A.*
12. Monica Rosal *U.S.A.*
13. Takako Trenholme *Japan*
14. Shazzi Felstein *U.S.A.*
15. Louise Nieves *U.S.A.*

TENNIS

1. Jimmy Connors *U.S.A.*
2. Guillermo Vilas *Argentina*
3. Bjorn Borg *Sweden*
4. Vitas Gerulaitis *U.S.A.*
5. Brian Gottfried *U.S.A.*
6. Eddie Dibbs *U.S.A.*
7. Raul Ramirez *Mexico*
8. Manuel Orantes *Spain*
9. Sandy Mayer *U.S.A.*
10. Corrado Barazzutti *Italy*
11. Roscoe Tanner *U.S.A.*
12. Harold Solomon *U.S.A.*
13. Ilie Nastase *Rumania*
14. Dick Stockton *U.S.A.*
15. Buster Mottram *England*

TENNIS (Women)

1. Martina Navratilova *Czechoslovakia*
2. Chris Evert *U.S.A.*
3. Billie Jean King *U.S.A.*
4. Evonne Goolagong *Australia*
5. Virginia Wade *England*
6. Wendy Turnbull *Australia*
7. Tracy Austin *U.S.A.*
8. Dianne Fromholtz *Australia*
9. Betty Stove *Netherlands*
10. Rosemary Casals *U.S.A.*
11. Kerry Reid *U.S.A.*
12. Mima Jausovec *Yugoslavia*
13. Virginia Ruzici *Rumania*
14. Marise Kruger *South Africa*
15. Greer Stevens *Australia*

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DRIBBLING AND DRIVING...

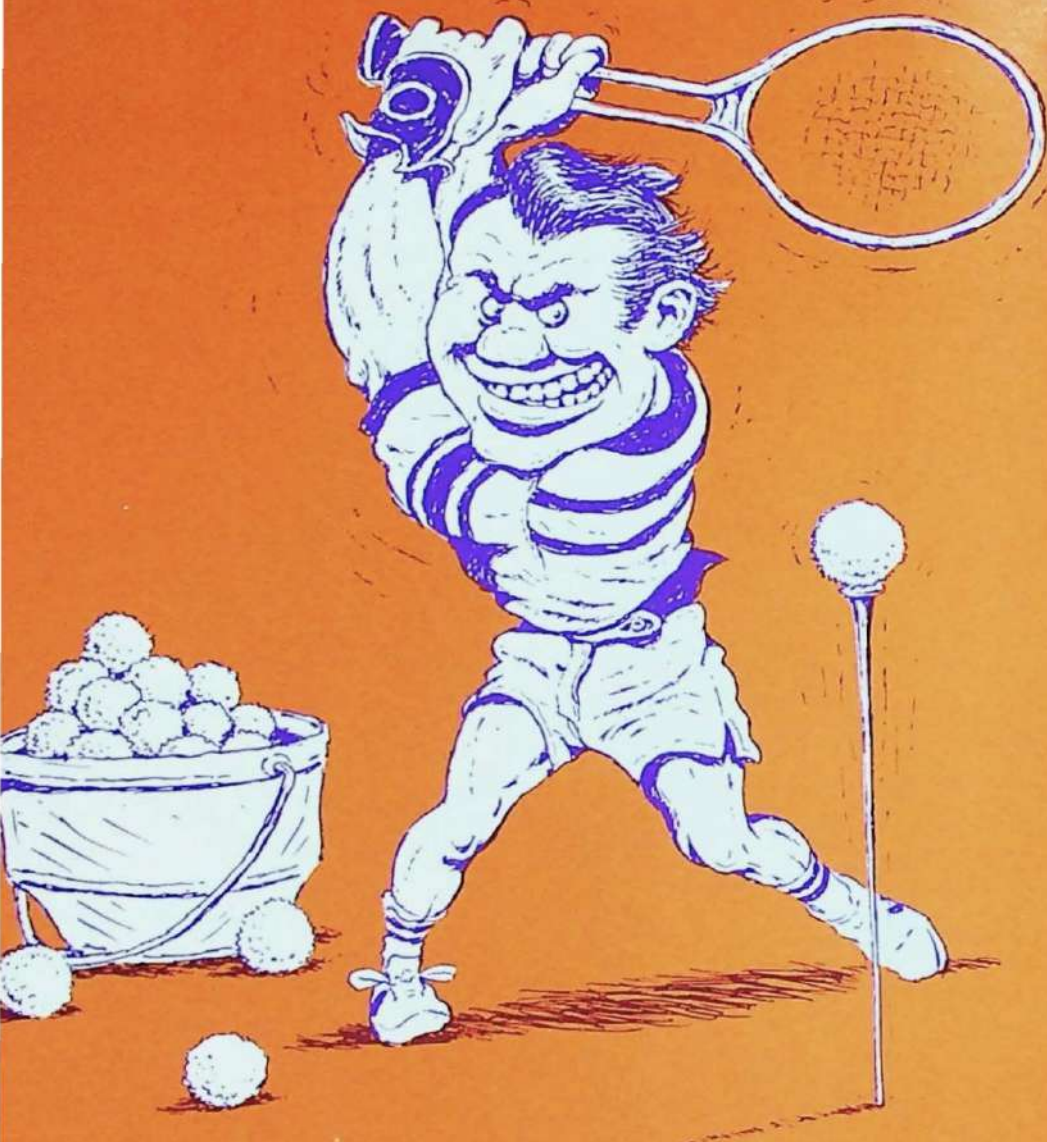
by Bill Walden

I take my racquet sports seriously. You might say I'm an incurable fanatic. Who else would be the first player to sign up for the first racquetball camp? Who else would own seven illustrated books on how to hit a top-spin backhand? Who else would commute from New York to Montreal to take lessons from squash champion Mahmoud Kerim?

I have struggled with my inner game and my outer game. I've been hypnotized, signed up for nautilus classes, tested my biorhythms and been Rolfed. Why? A very good question. I guess it's because I take my racquet sports seriously . . .

Recently, while jogging through a 100 mile week, I launched a cerebral attack on the problem of how to improve my game. Around my third shin splint I came up with a simple but ingenious answer. I was so excited I sprinted the last ten miles.

Unselfishly I'm going to share my discovery with the world, confident that the odds are against me ever meeting anyone on the court who can master my techniques. What I did was borrow. Let me explain . . .



baseball I borrowed the technique of swinging
 bats before stepping into the box. So before
 each I swing two and sometimes three rac-
 quets in one hand. This little show of strength is
 but it pays dividends—not only does *one*
 feel like a Bic pen but it scares hell out of my
 opponent. Of course it has its drawbacks. I now own
 racquets for each sport instead of one, a consid-
 erable expense, and the light feel of my racquet
 makes me overswing so badly that people
 to the left spend most of their time re-
 covering from my shots. (I also deny that my sore shoulder
 is a result of this experiment. Everyone knows it hap-
 pened to me when I bet I could hold a full
 racquet at arm's length for five minutes.)
 In basketball I borrowed dribbling, since I nev-
 er made a jump shot. Instead of bouncing the
 ball a few times before I serve I've developed a
 racketball racket that would make Meadowlark Lemon
 envious. I use the racquet instead of my

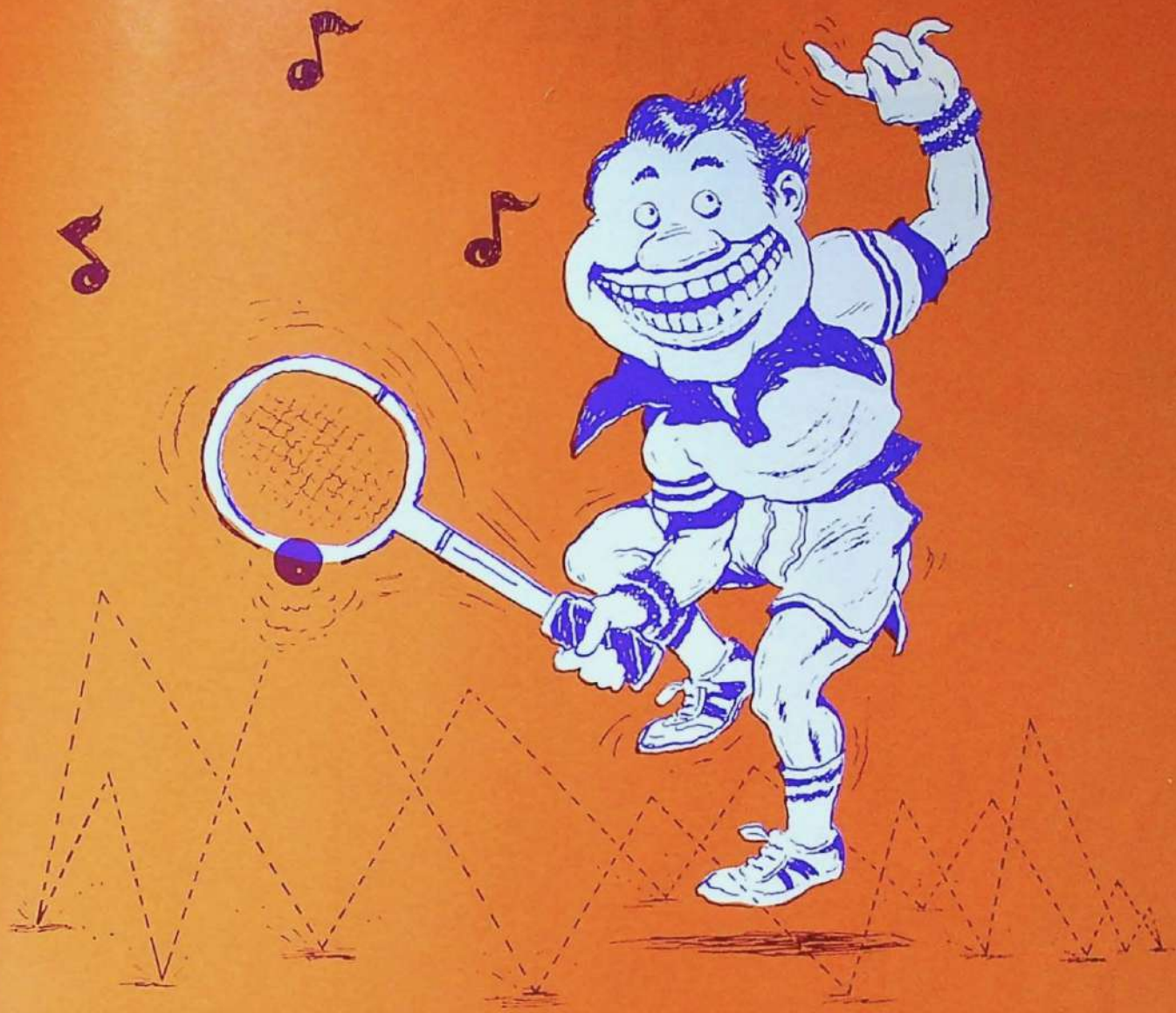
hand to bounce the ball. This commands immediate
 attention from my opponent. I may start with a slow
 pat-pat-pat, build up to a staccato, and then sud-
 denly serve. Or I may alternate fast and slow drib-
 bles, or dribble in syncopated rhythm, or dribble to
 a tango, waltz or march for tempo.

I may pass the racquet back and forth from hand
 to hand without missing a beat, or I may hit the ball
 with opposite faces of the racquet. I have a repertory
 of 31 routines in all. And they please the spectators
 so much that if my opponent suggests the routines
 disconcert him, he gets roundly booed.

If the match gets to a critical point I always use my
 virtuoso number, dribbling in front, behind and
 through my legs to the tune of "Bill Bailey, Won't
 You Please Come Home?" If my opponent can re-
 turn my serve after that performance he surely has no
 taste in music.

Golf suggests another exercise. Though hitting for
 distance is not especially desirable in racquet sports,
 driving does increase my power. I take a pail of ten-
 nis, squash or racquetball balls and a couple of rac-
 quets to the park and, one by one, hit them as hard

is on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. He has
 two plays, writes light verse and is constantly improv-
 ing his game.



as I can. I swing for the fence. My record is 312 yards, helped by a following wind and a playful dog.

The effort takes a tremendous toll on body and equipment (racquet re-stringing has become one of my biggest expenses) but the sacrifice is worthwhile. After a few distance-hitting sessions I've developed so much power that my first serve often rips the net or pops through the chain link fence that surrounds the court. (I also *splat* an average of 3.4 squash balls on the front wall.) This eventually destroys the courts, but it also instills a healthy fear in my opponents and is worth a point or two per game.

And there's another technique I adapted from track and field—the high hurdles. Not so I could leap gracefully over the net after the match is over, it can't help then. I do it during the match. Every time I change sides of the court I hurdle the net in an attempt to look like Renaldo Nehimah. It takes a lot out of me but it takes a lot more out of my opponent. As he trudges toward the sidelines to walk around the net after a hard fought game I run straight at it and leap. That leap should take the wind out of his sails—he now believes that I am still

fresh and he faces a long, hard battle. Many opponents unconsciously concede the match right then.

So I often rent a court for an hour without an opponent. Anyone in good physical condition can jump over a net, the trick is to make it look effortless, even when you're tired.

I borrowed the last item from football. It's called the bump-and-run, a marginally legal move by the defensive back on the wide receiver before he gets too far from the line of scrimmage. It works very well on the racquetball court (and is quite efficient on the squash court as well), especially in doubles.

I generally have to make solid contact only once to establish my territorial imperative. After the first bump and ensuing run my opponents usually clear the way, fearful of being blind-sided and ending up with surgical knees.

Of course, all these ploys aren't guaranteed to work. My opponent might have discovered a new religion or he might have his own personal coach. Maybe my computer was right when I programmed it for the ultimate winning strategy and its readout said, simply, "Outplay Him!" ■

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Pilkington, world leaders in glass technology, have opened up the game of racquetball to a wider and more appreciative audience. Most recently at the Racquetime Center, Southfield, Michigan.

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



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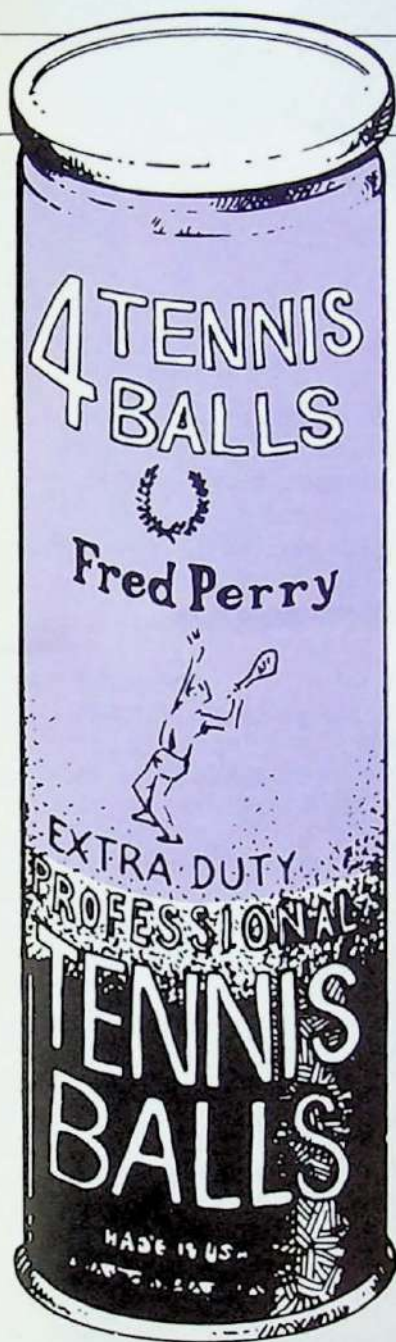
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At a Glance

Frank Bolle © 1978



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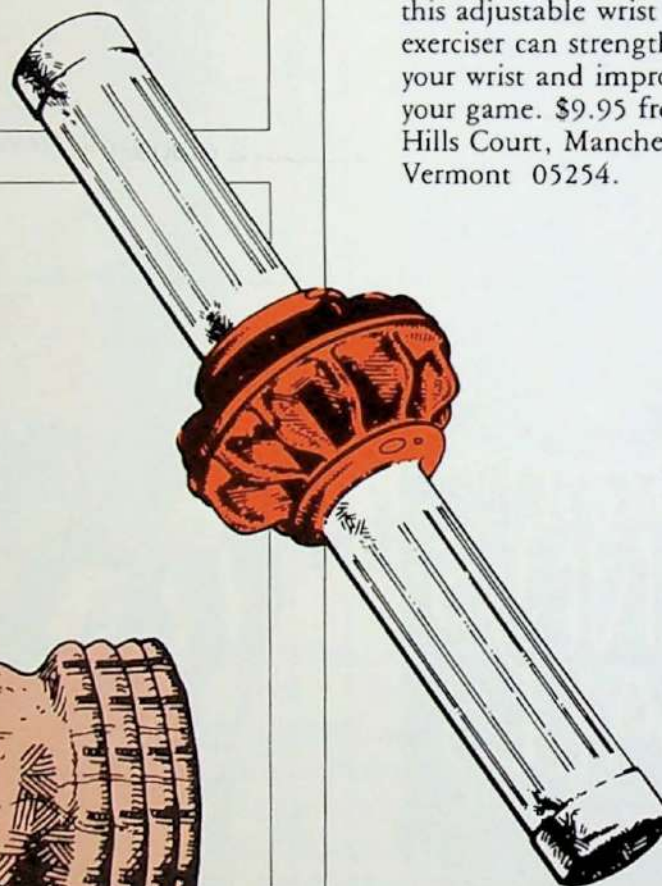
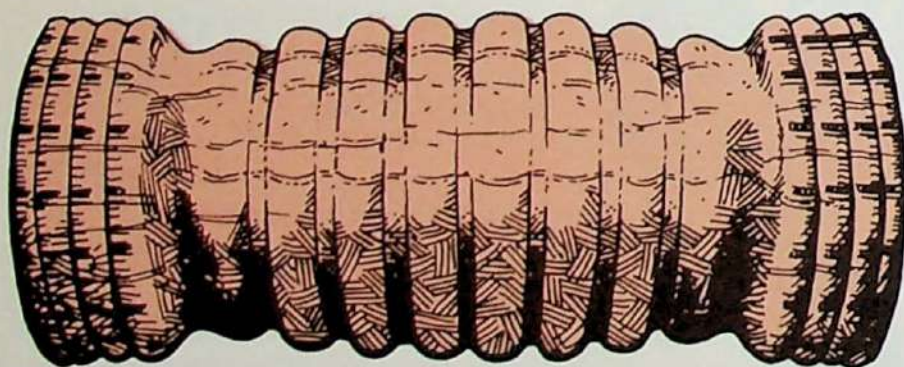


From the company that brought you instant pictures comes instant movies. Polaroid's Polavision lets you record your matches and lessons and watch them minutes later. Camera and projector \$489.00.

To find out what Andy Warhol, Barry Manilow and Bob Cousy think about their sneaks read *Sneakers*, a 192 page compendium of absolutely everything you ever wanted to know about athletic footwear—\$3.95 at most bookstores.



Just a minute a day with this adjustable wrist exerciser can strengthen your wrist and improve your game. \$9.95 from Hills Court, Manchester, Vermont 05254.



Fashioned after the candy bar of the same name, The Tootsie Roller is an ingenious cylinder designed to soothe and relax your feet. Available for \$8.95 from Natural Form Products, 290 Larkin St., Box 1099, Buffalo, N.Y. 14210.

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- 95 **PICKIN'.** Subscribe and get 10 issues for \$7.00. This would cost \$12.50 on newsstands. PICKIN' reviews records, lists festivals, covers bluegrass, folk, jazz, and classical music. If you play or listen to string music, you'll want to read PICKIN'.
- 73 **MARIAH.** Subscribe for only \$8.97 for 6 issues. Cost on newsstands would be \$15.00. MARIAH is the quality magazine of outdoor fun, expectations, and adventure—for outdoor enthusiasts and general readers alike! MARIAH covers skiing, backpacking, canoeing, diving, camping, climbing, and more, with outstanding writing and superb color photography. Every issue captures the beauty of nature and the excitement of wilderness adventure!

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- 90 **CUE NEW YORK.** Subscribe and get 20 issues for \$10.00. On newsstands the cost would be \$20.00, so you can have this magazine delivered to your home and save 50% off the single copy price, too. Today's CUE NEW YORK is the only magazine that tells you all that goes on in America's entertainment and cultural capital.
- 93 **YACHT RACING / CRUISING.** You can have 10 issues delivered to your home for \$12.00, a saving of \$3.00 off the regular \$15.00 rate. This is the magazine for the serious one-design and offshore sailor. For yachtsmen who sail everything from Sunfish to 73-footers. Covers the exciting world of sailboat racing and performance cruising.

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Nos. Magazines

- 91 **NEW DAWN.** Have 12 issues sent to your home for only \$12.00. You would pay \$15 for the 12 issues if you bought them on the newsstand. You'll get the new woman's magazine that beautifully mirrors your interest in love and other relationships, career and finance, fashion and beauty, travel and health. It's bold. Bright. Full of life.
- 40 **TIME.** 25 issues for \$14.97. On newsstands, you would pay \$25.00.
- 38 **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.** You pay only \$12.77 for 26 issues.
- 97 **MONEY.** You pay \$12.50 for 10 issues.
- 92 **AUDIO.** You pay only \$9.50 for 12 issues. On newsstands this would cost \$15.25. This is the magazine for the hi-fi buff.

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Winners and Losers

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1978 Uber Cup

Auckland, New Zealand
May 13-20, 1978

U.S.A. d. New Zealand (7-0)

Baker (U.S.A.) d. Livingston (N.Z.) 12-10, 11-3; Kelly (U.S.A.) d. Denton (N.Z.) 2-11, 11-9, 11-9; Carton (U.S.A.) d. Branfield (N.Z.) 11-6, 11-2; Bristol-Kelly (U.S.A.) d. Livingston-Sinton (N.Z.) 15-3, 15-6; Osterhues-Wilts (U.S.A.) d. Branfield-Denton (N.Z.) 15-9, 18-15; Bristol-Kelly (U.S.A.) d. Branfield-Denton (N.Z.) 15-11, 17-14; Osterhues-Wilts (U.S.A.) d. Livingston-Sinton 15-6, 15-3.

Japan d. Australia (7-0)

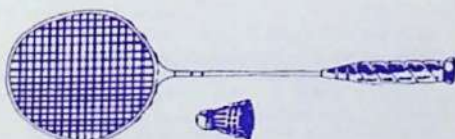
Tokuda (Japan) d. Swaby (Australia) 11-1, 11-0; Yuki (Japan) d. Daly (Australia) 11-3, 11-0; Kondo (Japan) d. Jones (Australia) 11-2, 11-0; Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Hite-Swaby (Australia) 15-4, 15-9; Ueno-Yonekura (Japan) d. Daly-Jones (Australia) 15-4, 15-1; Ueno Yonekura (Japan) d. Hite-Swaby (Australia) 15-4, 15-3; Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Daly-Jones (Australia) 15-1, 15-3.

Indonesia d. U.S.A. (7-0)

Wiharjo (Indonesia) d. Carton (U.S.A.) 11-3, 11-8; Gran (Indonesia) d. Kelly (U.S.A.) 11-2, 12-9; Hoa (Indonesia) d. Baker (U.S.A.) 8-11, 11-7, 11-2; Wiguno-Wiharjo (Indonesia) d. Wilts-Osterhues (U.S.A.) 15-9, 15-12; Masli-Hoa (Indonesia) d. Kelly-Bristol (U.S.A.) 15-12, 12-15, 15-5; Masli-Hoa (Indonesia) d. Wilts-Osterhues (U.S.A.) 17-18, 15-6, 15-12; Wiguno-Wiharjo (Indonesia) d. Kelly-Bristol (U.S.A.) 15-11, 15-8.

Japan d. Denmark (6-1)

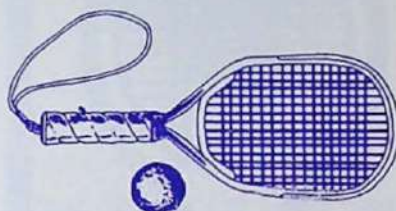
Koppen (Denmark) d. Yuki (Japan) 11-5, 12-10; Tokuda (Japan) d. Nielsen (Denmark) 11-1, 12-10; Kondo (Japan) d. Borgstrom (Denmark) 11-6, 11-3; Ueno-Yonekura (Japan) d. Koppen-Nielsen (Denmark) 15-5, 15-12; Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Nielsen-Borgstrom (Denmark) 15-11, 15-4; Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Koppen-Nielsen (Denmark) 15-4, 15-10; Ueno-Yonekura (Japan) d. Nielsen-Borgstrom (Denmark) 15-11, 15-10.



Japan d. Indonesia (6-1)

Kondo (Japan) d. Hoa (Indonesia) 11-3, 11-3; Wiharjo (Indonesia) d. Yuki (Japan) 11-3, 11-6; Tokuda (Japan) d. Gwan (Indonesia) 11-5, 11-4; Ueno-Yonekura (Japan) d. Wiguno-Wiharjo (Indonesia); Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Masli-Wadiastuty (Indonesia) 15-10, 15-8; Tokuda-Takada (Japan) d. Wiguno-Wiharjo (Indonesia) 15-5, 15-7; Ueno-Yonekura (Japan) d. Masli-Wadiastuty (Indonesia) 15-11, 15-2.

RACQUETBALL



I.P.R.O. National Singles Championships

Denver, Colorado

May 26-29, 1978

Round of Thirty-two. Hogan-Bye; Bolan d. Hitchikson 21-15, 21-14; Morrow d. Mondry 21-8, 21-4; Koltun d. Scyes 21-11, 21-11; Wagner d. Stepp 21-5, 21-9; Keeley d. Glander 21-13, 21-10; Yellen d. Egerman 21-16, 21-14; McCoy d. Stafford 21-9, 21-12; Serot d. O'Connor 21-15, 21-9; Zeitman d. Chalfant 21-14, 21-20; Strandemo d. Campbell 21-2, 21-11; Hilecher d. Champagne 21-8, 21-13; Thomas d. Bledsoe 21-13, 21-7; Fleetwood d. Mazaroff 10-21, 21-11, 15-9; Zuckerman d. Thurman 21-20, 21-18; Blumfield d. Duarte 21-2, 21-2.

Round of Sixteen. Hogan d. Bolan 19-21, 21-15, 15-7; Morrow d. Koltun 21-16, 21-17; Keeley d. Wagner 21-17, 16-21, 11-5; Yellen d. McCoy 21-12, 21-4; Serot d. Zeitman 21-10, 21-16; Strandemo d. Hilecher 21-17, 13-21, 15-13; Fleetwood d. Thomas 21-18, 21-16; Brumfield d. Zuckerman 21-4, 21-11.

Quarter Finals. Hogan d. Morrow 21-17, 21-15; Yellen d. Keeley 21-13, 18-21, 15-12; Strandemo d. Serot 21-10, 21-13; Brumfield d. Fleetwood 19-21, 21-9, 15-13.

Semi Finals. Hogan d. Yellen 19-21, 21-17, 15-7; Brumfield d. Strandemo 15-21, 21-11, 15-8.

Finals. Hogan d. Brumfield 21-17, 21-7.

I.P.R.O. National Singles Championships (Women)

Denver, Colorado

May 26-29, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Wright d. Oeschger 21-6, 21-1; Walton d. Hoff 21-3, 15-21, 15-13; Greer d. Williams 21-10, 19-21, 15-4; Harding d. Murphy 21-15, 21-9; Steding d. Moore 21-3, 21-1; Sauser d. McDonald 21-7, 16-21, 15-10; Schmidt d. Green 21-9, 21-4; Marriott d. Passenti default.

Quarter Finals. Wright d. Walton 21-5, 21-4; Harding d. Greer 21-13, 21-13; Steding d. Sauser 21-20, 21-14; Marriott d. Schmidt 21-13, 21-11.

Semi Finals. Wright d. Harding 21-5, 21-12; Marriott d. Steding 21-13, 21-11.

Finals. Wright d. Marriott 21-13, 19-21, 15-10.

U.S.R.A. National Championships

Detroit, Michigan

June 17-24, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Hogan d. Zuckerman 21-10, 21-15; Wagner d. Morrow 21-10, 21-17; Koltun d. Rish 21-12, 16-21, 11-4; Serot d. Campbell 21-15, 21-14; Yellen d. McCoy 21-9, 21-14; Hilecher d. Keeley 21-1, 21-17; Jones d. Myers 21-4, 21-19; Brumfield d. Thomas 21-8, 17-21, 11-6.

Quarter Finals. Hogan d. Wagner 21-18, 21-13; Koltun d. Serot 21-7, 21-17; Yellen d. Hilecher 14-21, 21-17, 11-5; Brumfield d. Jones 21-19, 21-13.

Semi Finals. Hogan d. Koltun 21-9, 21-6; Brumfield d. Yellen 21-16.

Finals. Hogan d. Brumfield 21-12, 21-20.

U.S.R.A. National Championships (Women)

Detroit, MI.

June 17-24, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Wright d. Duggan 21-7, 21-10; Hoff d. Green 21-4, 21-7; Macdonald d. Carow 11-21, 21-17, 11-10; Marriott d. Martino 21-9, 21-10; Harding d. Greer 12-18, 12-19; Williams d. Pasternak 21-4, 21-11; Walton d. Sauser 18-21, 21-16, 11-6; Steding d. Oeschger 21-7, 21-5.

Quarter Finals. Wright d. Hoff 21-10, 21-4; Marriott d. Macdonald 21-17, 15-21, 11-3; Harding d. Williams 21-2, 21-17; Walton d. Steding 21-8, 17-21, 11-4.

Semi Finals. Wright d. Marriott 21-18, 21-2; Harding d. Walton 21-18, 21-18.

Finals. Wright d. Harding 21-3, 21-8.

SQUASH



International Ball Championships

Providence, Rhode Island

May 5-7, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Poor d. Barrett 3-0; McKnight d. O'Brien 3-1; Johnson d. Russell 3-0; Steere d. Frazee 3-2; Bigelow d. Brock 3-0; Singh d. Grimes 3-1; Wunderlich d. Canner 3-0; Beck d. Barrett 3-0.

Quarter Finals. Poor d. McKnight 3-0; Johnson d. Steere 3-0; Singh d. Bigelow 3-2; Beck d. Wunderlich 3-2.

Semi Finals. Poor d. Johnson 3-0; Beck d. Singh (default).

Finals. Poor d. Beck 3-2.

Boston International Ball Championships

Boston, Massachusetts

May 12-14, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Poor d. Davis 3-0; Bigelow d. McLaggan 3-0; Grimes d. Janney 3-2; McKnight d. Poonan 3-0; Johnson d. Shapiro 3-2; Hogan d. Dewees 3-1; Eather d. Brock 3-0; Bernheimer d. Wadsworth 3-0.

Quarter Finals. Poor d. Bigelow 3-0; McKnight d. Grimes 3-1; Johnson d. Hogan 3-0; Bernheimer d. Father 3-1.

Semi Finals. Poor d. McKnight 3-0; Bernheimer d. Johnson 3-0.

Finals. Poor d. Bernheimer 3-1.

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Hyder Trophy
New York, N.Y.
May 19-21, 1978

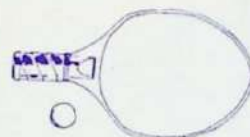
Round of Sixteen. Bernheimer d. Pickens 7-9, 9-3, 9-1, 9-1; Singh d. Bourke 9-5, 9-6, 9-5; Mateer d. Sarasola 9-6, 9-7, 9-0; Beck d. Armstrong 9-5, 9-4, 9-0; Nelson d. Edwards 9-6, 9-0, 9-3; Husain d. A. Bourke 9-7, 9-2, 2-9, 9-4; Foster d. Bostwick 9-3, 10-8, 7-9, 9-4; Poor d. Paris 9-7, 9-1, 9-2.

Quarter Finals. Singh d. Bernheimer 10-8, 9-7, 3-9, 9-2; Mateer d. Beck 3-9, 3-9, 9-7, 9-5, 9-6; Husain d. Nelson 9-7, 5-9, 10-9, 9-0; Poor d. Foster 9-3, 9-6, 9-7.

Semi Finals. Singh d. Mateer 6-9, 9-8, 9-1, 9-6; Husain d. Poor 9-4, 9-7, 9-2.

Finals. Husain d. Singh 9-0, 6-9, 9-7, 9-1.

TABLE TENNIS



United States Singles Championships
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
June 29-July 2, 1978

Round of Thirty-two. Takashima d. Barry 21-8, 21-13, 21-7; Brathwaite d. Normandin 18-21, 21-14, 21-14, 21-11; E. Boggan d. Lazarus 21-14, 16-21, 21-16, 21-15; Lee d. Huermann 21-9, 21-13, 21-11; Caetano d. Nissen 18-21, 21-19, 21-10, 21-19; Fukue d. Sverdluk 21-11, 9-21, 16-21, 21-15, 21-16; Murakami d. Philip 19-21, 21-17, 21-18, 21-8; Stolvak d. Feilke 13-21, 21-11, 21-15, 21-7; D. Seemiller d. Joe 21-11, 21-5, 21-11; Goto d. Frank 21-18, 21-10, 21-14; S. Boggan d. Bushuku 20-22, 22-20, 21-15, 21-14; Ono d. Sharp 12-21, 21-12, 21-16, 21-14; Oshima d. Chui 18-21, 21-15, 21-19, 21-17; Bush d. Germaine 21-11, 21-11, 21-18; R. Seemiller d. Wall 21-17, 21-19, 21-14; Leiss d. Sakai 21-15, 21-14, 21-9.

Round of Sixteen. Takashima d. Brathwaite 21-10, 21-6, 21-10; E. Boggan d. Lee 21-16, 21-13, 21-23, 18-21, 21-19; Fukue d. Caetano 21-14, 10-21, 21-16, 21-17; Stolvak d. Murakami 10-21, 21-18, 21-15, 21-15; D. Seemiller d. Goto 21-18, 21-17, 21-18; Ono d. S. Boggan 21-15, 21-11, 21-12; Bush d. Oshima 21-18, 21-19, 21-11; R. Seemiller d. Leiss 21-15, 21-14, 21-9.

Quarter Finals. Takashima d. E. Boggan 21-12, 21-11, 21-13; Stolvak d. Fukue 21-16, 21-9, 21-11; D. Seemiller d. Ono 21-18, 21-12, 21-23, 21-16; R. Seemiller d. Bush 21-16, 17-21, 21-19, 23-21.

Semi Finals. Takashima d. Stolvak 17-21, 21-19, 23-21.

Finals. Takashima d. D. Seemiller 21-13, 13-21, 21-8, 21-19.

United States Singles Championships (Women)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
June 29-July 2, 1978

Round of Sixteen. Bhushan d. Nesukaitis 21-8, 21-11, 21-4; Neidert d. Kyung 21-8, 21-15, 21-18; H.K. Kim d. Davidson 21-12, 21-19, 21-14; S.H. Kim d. Bomonkos 21-19, 20-22, 21-19, 14-21, 21-13; Park d. Hill 21-7, 21-18, 21-12; S.J. Lee d. Sistrunk 21-15, 21-14, 21-16; H.K. Kim d. Soltész 19-21, 22-20, 13-21, 22-20, 25-23; H.J. Lee d. Plucas 18-21, 21-11, 21-7, 21-15.

Quarter Finals. Bhushan d. Neidert 21-11, 21-4, 21-6; S.H. Kim d. H.K. Kim 21-11, 21-13, 21-13; Park d. S.J. Lee 21-16, 21-13, 14-21, 21-17; H.K. Kim d. H.J. Lee 21-10, 17-21, 21-14, 21-11.

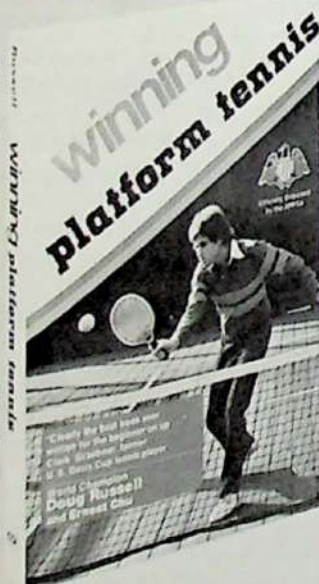
Semi Finals. S.H. Kim d. Bhushan 21-13, 21-14, 21-14; Park d. H.K. Kim.

Finals. H.J. Park d. S.H. Kim 15-21, 24-22, 22-20, 14-21, 21-16.

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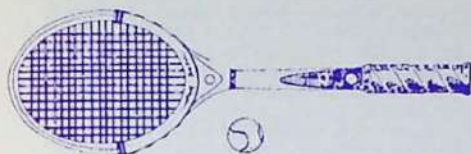
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TENNIS



Italian Championships

Rome, Italy

May 22-28, 1978

Round of Sixty-four. Borg d. Ycaza 4-6, 6-0, 6-2; Deblicker d. Lombardi 6-2, 6-7, 6-2; Granat d. Vincent 7-6, 6-4; Tanner d. Scanlon 6-2, 6-2; Ashe d. Franchitti 3-6, 6-1, 6-3; Roger-Vasselin d. Didomenico 6-1, 7-5; Pecci d. Fagel 7-5, 6-4; Soloman d. Kodes 6-3, 6-1; Dibbs d. Borowiak 6-4, 6-4; Cleric d. Gunthardt 7-6, 6-0; Dowdeswell d. Proisy 4-6, 6-3, 6-2; Warwick d. Dent 6-3, 7-5; Lloyd d. McNair 6-3, 6-4; Zugarelli d. Johansson 6-4, 6-2; Bertolucci d. Drysdale 6-2, 6-4; Crealy d. Ramirez 0-6, 6-2, 6-3; Freyss d. Winitzky 3-6, 7-5, 7-5; Occhipio d. Moore 6-4, 6-1; Smid d. Mitton 6-2, 6-2; Alexander d. Lewis 2-6, 6-0, 6-0; Higuera d. Martin 6-1, 6-4; Dominguez d. Portes 7-6, 6-1; Dibley d. Moreton 6-3, 6-7, 7-6; Gottfried d. Prajoux 6-2, 5-7, 6-2; Amaya d. Barazzutti 6-3, 7-6; Molina d. Saviano 6-2, 2-6, ret.; Giltinen d. Noah 7-6, 5-7, 6-4; Newcombe d. Gillikson 7-6, 6-1; Pfister d. Meyers 6-2, 6-3; McNamee d. Teacher 6-4, 4-6, 6-3; Moor d. Fishbach 3-6, 6-1, 6-4; Panatta d. Gerulaitis 7-6, 7-5.

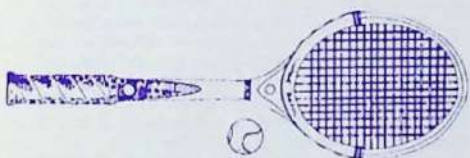
Round of Thirty-two. Borg d. Deblicker 5-7, 6-2, 6-8; Tanner d. Granat 6-2, 7-6; Ashe d. Roger-Vasselin 7-6, 6-2; Solomon d. Pecci 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; Dibbs d. Cleric 6-1, 6-3; Warwick d. Dowdeswell 6-3, 6-3; Lloyd d. Zugarelli 7-6, 3-6, 6-4; Crealy d. Bertolucci 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; Freyss d. Occhipio 6-4, 6-3; Alexander d. Smid 6-2, 6-4; Higuera d. Dominguez 6-3, 6-1; Gottfried d. Dominguez 6-1, 6-3; Amaya d. Molina 4-6, 6-1, 6-4; Newcombe d. Giltinen 5-7, 6-4, 6-1; Pfister d. McNamee 6-3, 6-3; Panatta d. Moor 7-6, 6-4.

Round of Sixteen. Borg d. Tanner 6-2, 6-4; Solomon d. Ashe 6-4, 3-6, 6-0; Dibbs d. Warwick 7-5, 6-3; Lloyd d. Crealy 6-4, 4-6, 7-6; Alexander d. Freyss 6-7, 6-4, 6-4; Higuera d. Gottfried 6-3, 6-2; Amaya d. Newcombe 6-4, 6-1; Panatta d. Pfister 5-7, 6-3, 7-6.

Quarter Finals. Borg d. Solomon 6-2, 6-1; Dibbs d. Lloyd 6-2, 6-1; Higuera d. Alexander 6-2, 6-4; Panatta d. Amaya 7-6, 6-4.

Semi Finals. Borg d. Dibbs 6-4, 6-3, 6-0; Panatta d. Higuera 0-6, 7-5.

Finals. Borg d. Panatta 1-6, 6-3, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3.



French Open Championships

Paris, France

May 29-June 11, 1978

Round of Sixty-Four. Borg d. Fagel 6-0, 6-1, 6-0; Bertolucci d. Hardie 6-2, 6-3, 7-5; Dibley d. Gunthardt 6-3, 6-3, 7-5; Tanner d. Portes 6-3, 6-0, 6-1; Mottram d. Roger Vasselin 2-6, 7-5, 6-2, 6-1; Pecci d. Molina 6-2, 6-3, 6-4; Teacher d. Higuera 6-2, 6-4, 6-3; Ramirez d. Zugarelli 6-1, 6-3, 6-2; Dibbs d. Giltinen 7-6, 6-1, 6-3; McNamee Rocavert 6-2, 6-4, 6-3; Lloyd d. Pinner 2-6, 0-6, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3; Fibak d. Winitzky 6-1, 6-2, 6-3; Smith d. Dowdeswell 7-6, 3-6, 5-7, 7-6, 6-4; Birner d. Franulovic 7-6, 7-5, 6-2; Dominguez d. Pfister 7-6, 5-7, 7-5, 6-2; Barazzutti d. Occhipio 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; Orantes d. Pierola 7-5, 6-1, 7-6; Smid d. Ycaza 6-2, 5-7, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1; Borowiak d. Panatta 5-7, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4; Gullikson d. Goven 2-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3; Stockton d. Marks 6-1, 6-0, 7-5; Taroczy d. Lewis 6-1, 6-1, 6-1; Gehring d. Moor 3-6, 4-6, 7-6, 7-6, 6-3; Gottfried d. Carter 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4; Solomon d. Prajoux 7-6, 6-3, 6-7, 6-3; Gildemeister d. Alvarez 4-6, 7-6, 6-4, 6-3; Cano d. Proisy 6-1, 5-7, 6-2, 4-6, 6-0; Alexander d. Eberhard

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7-6, 6-4, 6-7, 6-2; Ashe d. Clerc 6-2, 6-4, 6-4; Kodes d. Pilic 3-6, 6-3, 7-5, 7-6; Noah d. Moreton 6-0, 6-3, 6-2; Vilas d. Martin 6-2, 2-6, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4.

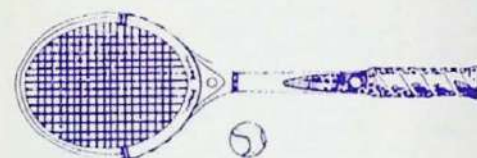
Round of Thirty-two. Borg d. Bertolucci 6-0, 6-2, 6-2; Tanner d. Dibley 7-5, 7-6, 6-4; Pecci d. Mottram 6-3, 6-0, 6-0; Ramirez d. Teacher 6-2, 6-4, 6-4; Dibbs d. McNamee 7-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-1; Fibak d. J. Lloyd 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1; Birner d. Smith 7-6, 6-2, 6-4; Barazzutti d. Dominguez 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; Orantes d. Smid 7-5, 7-5, 6-2; Gullikson d. Borowiak 6-2, 7-6, 7-6; Stockton d. Taroczy 4-6, 6-4, 3-6, 7-6, 6-4; Gehring d. Gottfried 6-3, 6-7, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2; Gildemeister d. Soloman 3-6, 7-5, 6-0, 6-4; Alexander d. Cano 7-6, 6-2, 6-3; Ashe d. Kodes 4-6, 6-3, 7-6, 6-4; Vilas d. Noah 6-2, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1.

Round of Sixteen. Borg d. Tanner 6-2, 6-4, 7-6; Ramirez d. Pecci 6-2, 6-2, 7-6; Dibbs d. Fibak 6-3, 7-5, 6-1; Barazzutti d. Birner 6-1, 6-4, 6-1; Orantes d. Gullikson 6-3, 7-6, 7-6; Stockton d. Gehring 7-5, 6-1, 6-3; Gildemeister d. Alexander 7-5, 6-3, 4-6, 4-6, 6-3; Vilas d. Ashe 6-2, 6-2, 6-2.

Quarter Finals. Borg d. Ramirez 6-3, 6-3, 6-0; Barazzutti d. Dibbs 6-2, 7-6, 6-1; Stockton d. Orantes 7-5, 6-1, 6-3; Vilas d. Gildemeister 6-4, 2-6, 6-1.

Semi Finals. Borg d. Barazzutti 6-3, 6-3, 6-0; Vilas d. Stockton 6-3, 6-3, 6-2.

Finals. Borg d. Vilas 6-1, 6-1, 6-3.



All England Tennis Championships Wimbledon, England June 26-July 7, 1978

Round of Sixty-four. Borg d. McNamara 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; Fillol d. Drysdale 6-3, 6-3, 6-2; Fibak d. Kriek 8-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4; Moor d. Ruffels 7-5, 7-5, 9-8; Riessen d. Vinitzky 7-5, 7-5, 9-8; Mayer d. Edmondson 6-4, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2; Vilas d. Feaver 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3; Okker d. Noah 6-3, 6-3, 6-2; Leonard d. Zugarelli 6-2, 6-4, 9-8; Fairlie d. Docherty 6-3, 6-4, 6-3; Nastase d. Occhipinti 6-3, 6-4, 9-7; Gullikson d. Machette 6-4, 6-4, 6-2; McNair d. Fleming 9-8, 6-8, 4-6, 8-6, 6-3; Tanner d. Giltinan 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; Gottfried d. Teacher 6-2, 7-5, 6-3; Stone d. Mitton 6-1, 2-6, 6-8, 6-1, 10-8; Gullikson d. Simbera 6-2, 6-3, 6-4; Martin d. van Dillen 5-7, 7-5, 6-8, 6-4, 7-5; Saviano d. Marks 6-3, 6-2, 6-3; Pfister d. Carter 6-3, 6-4, 9-8; Gerulaitis d. Stewart 9-8, 6-0, 6-2; Ramirez d. Schneider 6-1, 6-0, 6-2; Frawley d. Deblacker 7-9, 6-0, 6-0 6-3; Dent d. Amritraj 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5; Newcombe d. Case 6-4, 6-2, 9-8; Alexander d. Amritraj 5-7, 6-3, 7-5, 6-2; Hewitt d. Doodeswell 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4; Gorman d. Cox 4-6, 8-6, 8-6, 7-5; Connors d. Warwick 6-3, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4.

Round of Thirty-two. Borg d. Fillol 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 6-4; Masters d. McMillan 6-3, 7-5, 6-1; Fibak d. Moor 6-1, 4-6, 7-5, 9-7; Mayer d. Riessen 8-6, 7-5, 6-3; Okker d. Vilas 6-3, 6-4, 6-2; Leonard d. Fairlie 6-2, 4-6, 8-6, 6-3; Nastase d. Gullikson 6-4, 6-3, 1-6, 6-3; Tanner d. McNair 6-4, 6-2, 6-2; Gottfried d. Stone 6-8, 9-7, 6-2, 6-1; T. Gullikson d. Martin 6-3, 9-7, 7-5; Pfister d. Saviano 9-7, 8-9, 6-2, 6-2; Gerulaitis d. Stewart 9-8, 6-0, 6-2; Ramirez d. Frawley 6-4, 7-5, 6-3; Newcombe d. Dent 6-1, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4; Alexander d. Hewitt 8-6, ret.; Connors d. Gorman 6-4, 8-6, 8-9, 6-3.

Round of Sixteen. Borg d. Masters 6-2, 6-4, 8-6; Mayer d. Fibak 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 1-6, 7-5; Okker d. Leonard 6-1, 9-8, 6-1; Nastase d. Tanner 2-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3; Gottfried d. Gullikson 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; Gerulaitis d. Pfister 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3; Ramirez d. Newcombe 6-2, 9-8, 6-3; Connors d. Alexander 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.

Quarter Finals. Borg d. Mayer 7-5, 6-4, 6-3; Okker d. Nastase 7-5, 6-1, 2-6, 6-3; Gerulaitis d. Gottfried 7-5, 4-6, 9-7, 6-2; Connors d. Ramirez 6-4, 6-4, 6-2.

Semi Finals. Borg d. Okker 6-4, 6-4, 6-4; Connors d. Gerulaitis 9-7, 6-2, 6-1.

Finals. Borg d. Connors 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

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All England Tennis Championships (Women)
Wimbledon, England
June 26-July 8, 1978

Round of Sixty-four. Evert d. Anliot 6-1, 6-0; Du Pont d. Chaloner 6-2, 6-0; Sparre-Viragh 4-6, 6-2, 6-1; Reid d. Simionescu 4-6, 6-2, 6-1; Barker d. Harford 6-1, 6-3; Shriver d. Harris 6-0, 6-0; Tomanova d. Evers 5-7, 6-3, 6-2; King d. Pinterova 6-3, 6-2; Wade d. Bowrey 6-1, 6-4; Vermaak d. Potter 6-0, 4-6, 6-2; Gerulaitis d. Ludloff 6-0, 6-0; Redondo d. Walsh 6-2, 6-2; Jausovec d. Russell 9-8, 7-9, 6-4; Tyler d. Crawley 6-3, 6-4; Meyer d. Strachanova 9-8, 6-1; Turnbull d. Mappin 8-9, 6-3, 6-4; Stove d. Margolin 6-1, 6-3; Durr d. Charles 6-2, 6-2; Cuypers d. Blackwood 7-5, 6-2; Ruzici d. Giscafre 6-3, 7-5; Marsikova d. Hunt 9-8, 4-6, 6-3; May d. Stoll 6-2, 6-3; Newberry d. Hanika 6-3, 9-8; Cawley d. Forood 6-0, 6-2; Holladay d. Bruning 3-6, 7-5, 6-4; Kloss d. Doerner 6-3, 6-1; Kruger d. Smith 6-4, 6-4; Austin d. Nagelsen 6-2, 6-1; Hallquist d. DuVall 2-6, 7-5, 6-3; Jordan d. Gonzalez 6-2, 6-0; Navratilova d. Whytcross 7-5, 6-1

Round of Thirty-two. Evert d. DuPont 6-1, 4-6, 6-0; Peid d. Viragh 6-0, 6-4; Barker d. Shriver 2-6, 8-6, 7-5; King d. Tomanova 4-6, 6-3, 6-3; Wade d. Vermaak 6-4, 4-6, 7-5; Gerulaitis d. Redondo 6-0, 6-2; Jausovec d. Tyler 2-6, 6-2, 6-3; Turnbull d. Meyer 6-2, 8-6; Stove d. Durr 6-3, 6-2; Ruzicki d. Cuypers 8-6, 6-4; Marsikova d. May 4-6, 6-2, 13-11; Cawley d. Newberry 6-2, 6-1; Fromholtz d. Holladay 3-6, 6-2, 7-5; Kruger d. Kloss 6-4, 6-4; Austin d. Hallquist 6-3, 6-3; Navratilova d. Jordan 3-6, 6-1, 6-4

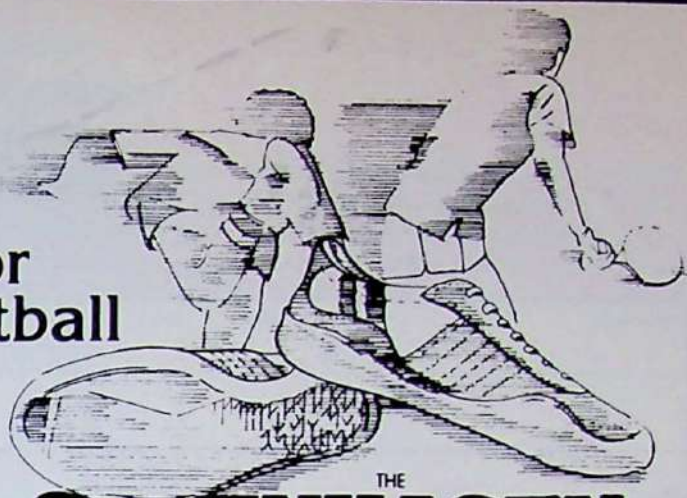
Round of Sixteen. Evert d. Reid 6-3, 6-4; King d. Barker 6-2, 6-2; Wade d. Gerulaitis 7-5, 6-4; Jausovec d. Turnbull 8-6, 4-6, 6-3; Ruzici d. Stove 5-7, 6-4, 6-3; Cawley d. Marsikova 6-2, 6-1; Kruger d. Fromholtz 4-6, 6-4, 6-3; Navratilova d. Austin 6-2, 6-3

Quarter Finals. Evert d. King 6-3, 3-6, 6-2; Wade d. Jausovec 6-0, 6-4; Cawley d. Ruzici 7-5, 6-3; Navratilova d. Kruger 6-2, 6-4

Semi Finals. Evert d. Wade 8-6, 6-2; Navratilova d. Cawley 2-6, 6-4, 6-4

Finals. Navratilova d. Evert 2-6, 6-4, 7-5

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United States Clay Court Championships
Indianapolis, Indiana
August 7-13, 1978

Round of Sixty-four. Connors d. Frawley 6-3, 6-2; Gunthardt d. Pfister 2-6, 7-5, 6-4; Denton d. Cleppo 6-4, 6-4; Fillol d. Tolleson 6-3, 6-3; Taroczy d. Portes 5-7, 6-3, 7-5; Mayer d. Kary 3-6, 7-6; Amaya d. Krulvitz 6-3, 6-4; McEnroe d. Vasselin 3-6, 6-2, 6-1; Orantes d. Martin 7-5, 6-3; Fagel d. Moreton 6-4, 6-2; DuPre d. Jauffret 6-4, 7-6; Clerc d. Mitten 5-7, 6-3, 6-4; Gildermeister d. Docherty 3-6, 6-2, 6-3; Borowiak d. Nichols 4-6, 7-6, 7-6; Guerry d. Davis 6-0, 6-2; Svensson d. Rosewall 3-6, 6-2, 8-6; Hardie d. Brewett 6-2, 7-6; Feigl d. Palm 6-1, 4-6, 6-2; Johansson d. Mayotte 6-2, 6-1; Fishbach d. Lloyd 2-6, 6-3, 6-2; Panatta d. Carter 6-2, 6-4; Schoenfield d. Beblacker 4-6, 6-2, 6-2; Kriek d. A. Fillol 6-2, 6-4; Barazzutti d. Cornejo 6-1, 6-3; Higuera d. El Shafei 6-4, 6-2; Franulovic d. Tiriack 5-7, 6-2, 6-3; Dowdeswell d. Prajoux 3-6, 7-6, 8-6; Lewis d. Richardson 6-1, 6-1; Dent d. Scanlon 6-2, 6-1; Betancourt d. Bertolucci 4-6, 7-5, 7-5; Noah d. Banthoff 6-7, 6-3, 6-4; Vilas d. Creali 6-0, 6-2

Round of Thirty-two. Connors d. Gunthardt 6-4, 6-4; Fillol d. Denton 6-1, 6-2; Taroczy d. Mayer 2-6, 6-4, 6-4; McEnroe d. Amaya 5-7, 6-2, 6-3; Orantes d. Fagel 6-2, 7-5; Clerc d. DuPre 6-2, 4-6, 8-6; Borowiak d. Gildermeister 4-6, 7-6, 7-6; Guerry d. Svensson 2-6, 6-4, 6-0; Feigl d. Hardie 5-7, 6-4, 6-2; Johansson d. Fishbach; Panatta d. Schoenfield 3-6, 6-4, 6-3; Barazzutti d. Kriek 6-2, 7-6; Higuera d. Franulovic 7-6, 6-1; Lewis d. Dowdeswell 6-3, 4-6, 6-2; Dent d. Betancourt 6-4, 6-4; Vilas d. Noah 6-1, 6-0

Round of Sixteen. Connors d. Fillol 7-5, 6-4; McEnroe d. Taroczy 7-5, 6-2; Orantes d. Clerc 6-3, 6-1; Borowiak d. Guerry 5-7, 6-3, 6-4; Johansson d. Feigl 4-6, 6-4, 6-3; Barazzutti d. Panatta 5-7, 6-4, 6-0; Higuera d. Lewis 6-3, 6-0; Vilas d. Dent 6-1, 6-0

Quarter Finals. Connors d. McEnroe 3-6, 6-1, 6-1; Orantes d. Borowiak 6-2, 6-1; Barazzutti d. Johansson 6-2, 6-4; Higuera d. Vilas 4-6, 6-4, 6-3

Semi Finals. Connors d. Orantes 7-5, 6-1; Higuera d. Barazzutti 7-6, 4-6, 6-2

Finals. Connors d. Higuera 7-5, 6-1



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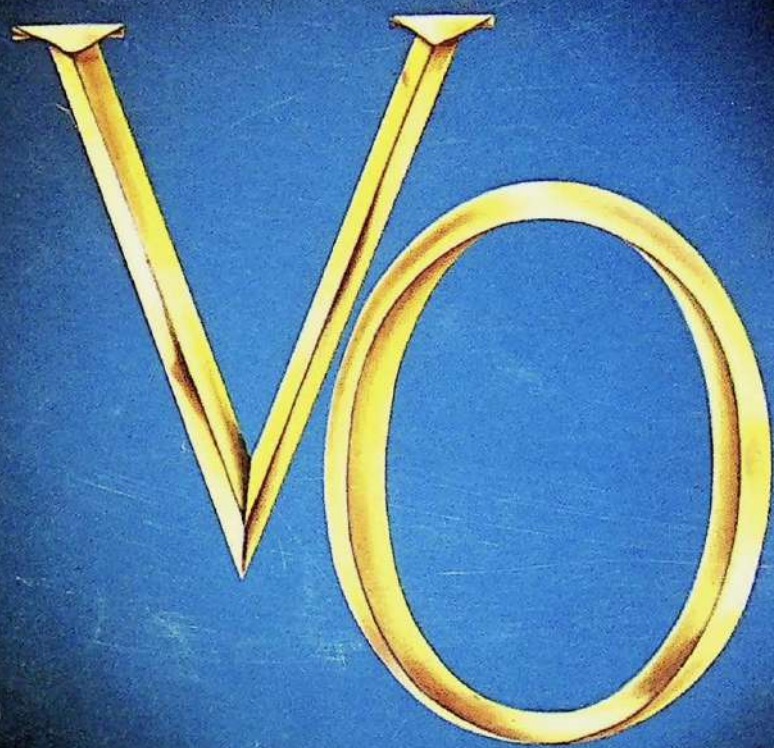
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