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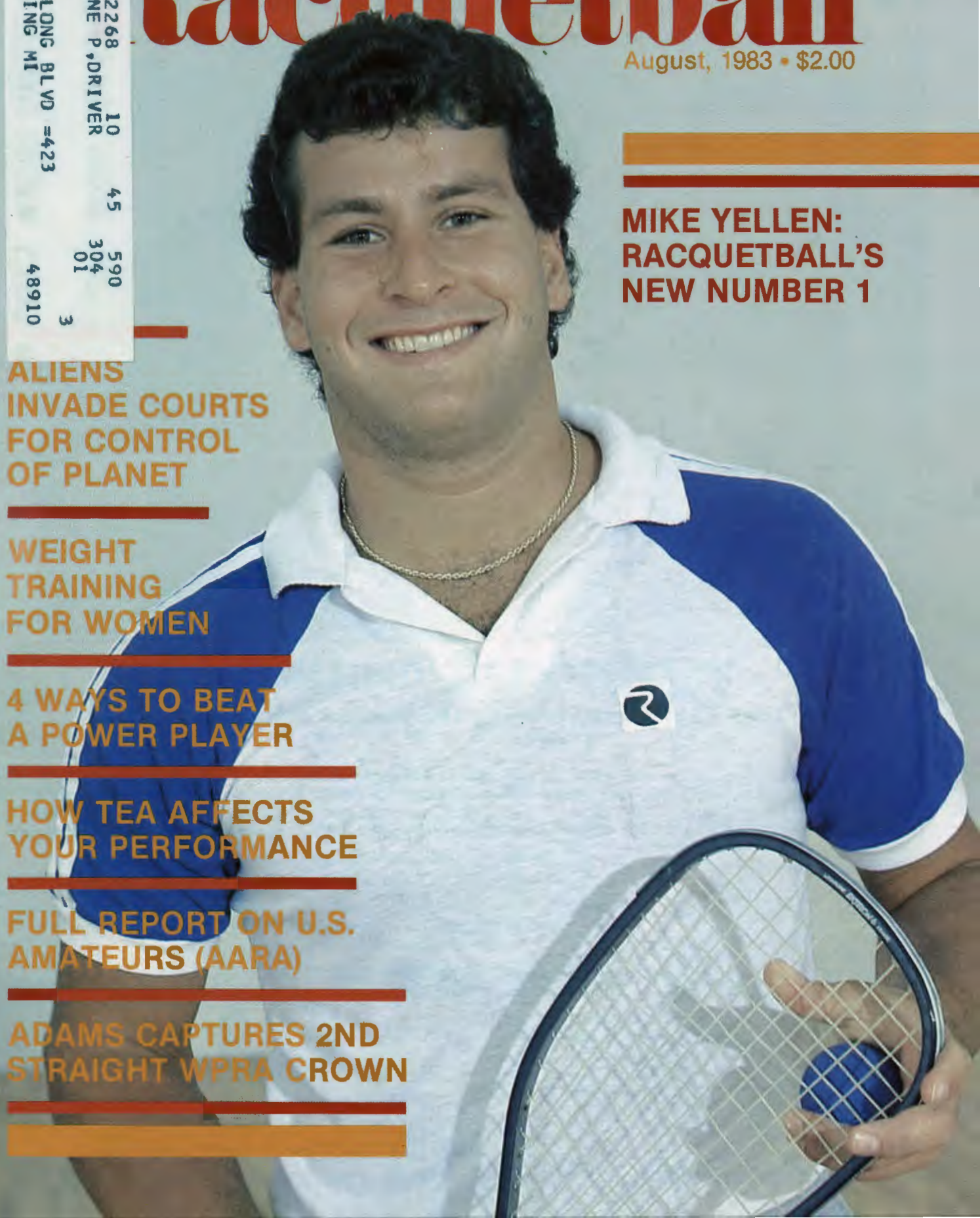
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On the cover ...

Mike Yellen graces our front cover and deservedly so after capturing four straight tournaments including the three major championships en route to undisputed number one ranking. For the full Yellen story see page 4.

— photo by Arthur Shay

Next issue ...

September will bring our second annual Racquet Guide, results of the racquet survey, information on the upcoming season and a special feature on "cover boy" Don Thomas. Plus all the usual goodies like instruction, travel, and tournament results.

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From The Editor . . .

The Baton Passes

This year there is no doubt. This year there is no controversy. Mike Yellen is the number one ranked racquetball player in the world. And deservedly so.

Not since the Marty Hogan hey-days of the late 1970's has one player accomplished what Yellen did this past season, winning six tour stops including the last four in a row, capturing every "National" Championship the sport has to offer.

And it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Mike Yellen, 23, from the National Juniors graduating class of '77 (where he lost in the quarters) to champion of the world. And if you ask him he'll tell you it's a long hard climb to the top.

Amazingly, Mike Yellen fits more comfortably in the control player mold rather than the power player mold that spits out Hogans and Pecks and Harnetts and almost every new face on the scene. Yellen is more from the Steve Strandemo school of racquetball.

And that's one fine school, my friends.

Fundamentally sound racquetball is the first lesson at that school—you can always add the power later. Strategically sound racquetball is the second lesson—you can always blast your way out of trouble at a later date. Dedication is the third lesson—it can't be taught, it must be there to begin with.

What a grand feeling it must be for Mike Yellen, to win all three major championships in one season; to be number one! En route to his titles, Yellen beat them all: Peck, Hogan, Harnett, Gonzalez, Hilecher, and the rest.

In the baton passing to Yellen, can we anticipate a swing of the pendulum back to control after seven solid years of the power game? Although it would be nice, it isn't likely to happen. It's too easy to become pretty good by blasting the ball.

What happened to Hogan? The former champ finally found that hunger and desire are often intertwined, and while he might still be the most recognizable name in the game, he certainly is not the game's best player. Not any more.



Hogan was a true champion and sportsman when his time came. He was gracious in defeat, knowing full well that Yellen's accomplishments in the Spring of 1983 were deserving of the recognition as number one. And after all, Marty Hogan has forever etched, no, chiseled his name into not only the history, but lore of racquetball. There will never be another like him.

What happened to Dave Peck? The breaks didn't go Dave's way this year and the frustration of not playing up to his personal expectations took their toll. The season-ending, serious leg injury that hobbled him in his match against Yellen at the DP Leach Nationals, more than typified his season.

What happened to Bret Harnett? The heir apparent just wasn't ready in 1983. Showing flashes of brilliance here and there isn't enough to win championships, especially on a consistent basis. The methodically stable and unerring style of Yellen was the name of the game in 1983.

Will Mike Yellen be sitting at the top of the hill at this time next year? Or will it be Hogan making his comeback, or Peck getting back to basics, or Harnett learning how to win? Or a new name breaking in?

Probably the question to ask is, will there be a tour for these guys to play next year? I mean, it's tough to pass the baton if there's no track meet. ●

Chuck Line

Letters

Racquetball & TV

Dear Editor:

I read with interest the article on racquetball and television (*June, 1983 issue*). Like so many other racquetball players, I yearn for more action on the tube.

Has anyone ever thought about running one tournament and videotaping every match from the round of 32 or round of 16 right on through the finals? I'd recommend airing one match a week (*Friday Night At The Courts?*) with a gradual build-up toward the finals. Prize money would be paid to the loser of each match, with the winner going on to the next round and a bigger prize.

I know other sports have successfully used this formula to attract viewers and I think that if one of the sports cables picked up on the idea, we'd have racquetball fans by the thousands, maybe millions tuned to their home television sets, club big screen sets and local taverns to watch this week's big match.

I'm sure some brewery, distillery or other firm interested in racquetball's demographics would see this as a viable marketing tool, put up the prize money and away we'd go.

So, I repeat my question, has anybody ever tried it?

Howard Anderman
Gadsden, AL

Give me a call Howard and let's talk it over — Editor

P.R.O.

Dear Editor:

Three cheers for Jerry Hilecher and those courageous colleagues of his who are finally working together to establish a true pro players association (*June, 1983 issue*). Even though I don't think they will achieve the lofty goals they've set for themselves, I give the players credit for trying.

One of these years the men will realize that the role of player's associations is to control, oversee, manage and otherwise govern the players — while promoting, sponsor-getting and investing should be left to professionals.

The women pros saw this years ago and after leaving an unfair situation at the old USRA/NRC to fight for their own cause, they eventually turned the marketing and promoting over to professionals (International Management Group) while they, the women, concentrated on polishing their image and tournament details.

The result has been a smooth running, highly efficient women's tour and while the ladies aren't playing for millions, at least they know where their next tournament is.

I suggest that the men can learn a great lesson from the women: try to do the whole thing by yourselves and you haven't got a prayer.

Marcia Leigh
Des Moines, IA

Upcoming Events

5th Annual White Rose Classic

September 16-17-18
Sawmill Racquetball Club
2880 Carol Rd.
York, PA 17402
(717) 755-0991

Tournament Directors: Bill Richards,
Lenny Wong

4th Annual Lite Beer

Columbus Day Weekend Shootout
October 7-8-9

21st Point Club
McKown Road Off Western Ave.
Albany, NY 12203
(518) 489-3276

Tournament Directors: Vincent M.
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1983 AARA National Doubles Championships

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For information: Luke St. Onge
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Mike Yellen: Racquetball's New #1

by Charlie Garfinkel

Yellen's picture book swing includes the wrist cock...



—Photos by Arthur Shay

Enter the Yellen reign!

Mike Yellen has dethroned Marty Hogan to become the undisputed number one racquetball player in the world! Yellen left no doubt in anybody's mind when he stopped Hogan in a five game thriller in the finals of the DP Leach National Championships June 19 in Atlanta.

The victory gave Yellen a sweep of every major championship of the year (Ektelon, DP Leach/Catalina, DP Leach) as well as five victories for the season and four out of five wins in head-to-head combat with seven time national champ Hogan. In addition, the DP Leach victory was Yellen's fourth straight tournament win (Toronto, Anaheim, Chicago, Atlanta), a feat not accomplished in pro racquetball since Hogan's late 70's hey-day.

As you might expect, it wasn't easy.

Through pro racquetball's complicated point system, Yellen needed a win in Atlanta to assure his number one rank. Essentially, the finals became a match for the whole ball of wax - the first place money, the tournament victory and number one.

And, when Hogan won the first game 11-1, with an array of drive serves, side wall splats, and a display of power that boggled Yellen's and the full gallery's minds, it appeared that Mike had no chance of dethroning Marty.

"In the first game Hogan was pistol hot," said Yellen. "He was hitting the ball with so much pace that I never had any offensive opportunities. However, I felt that he couldn't possibly continue playing at that level through the whole match."

It appeared as if Yellen had made a mistake in judgment, as Hogan quickly

jumped to a 4-1 lead in game two with a continuing display of awesome power racquetball. At this juncture, Yellen called a time out, to think about what had happened in the first game and what was beginning to happen in game two. To this point in the match he had been lob serving and trying to slow Hogan down—obviously to no avail.

Yellen then employed a daring strategy switch, especially against a player of Hogan's stature. He started hitting drive serves to give Hogan a bit of his own medicine. And it worked!

"My drive serves were working extremely well," said Mike. "I scored a few aces and Marty started missing some shots. When I finally took the lead in game two I felt that I was going to win the match. When Marty starts falling behind he's not the same player. He starts pressing and missing."

... movement into the ball ...

... and follow through against Ruben Gonzalez in the DP Leach/Catalina Championships.



The Yellen backhand finds perfect balance, eye contact, point of contact ...



Yellen took game two 11-7. Game three was a real nailbiter. It was a seesaw struggle throughout. Yellen had opportunities at the end of the game to win, but he couldn't put the ball away. He was bitterly disappointed in losing the game 11-9, putting Marty 11 points from pay dirt.

But game four was all Yellen. His drive serves, deadly splat shots, and excellent control, combined with Hogan's futile attempts to blast almost every ball, resulted in a resounding 11-2 victory for Yellen.

It had now come down to one game to 11 and the tension was unbelievable. Everyone, especially Yellen and Hogan, knew that the number one ranking was going to be decided by this one game. "Hogan is a great competitor," said Mike. "I knew that he'd go all out. I also knew that I'd have to win it. He wasn't going to give it to me."

When Yellen quickly jumped out to a 3-0 lead in game five, he exuded confidence. All of the pressure was on Hogan. Mike continued to play with the expertise and boldness that has earmarked his whole season, outplaying and defeating Hogan to win 11-6.

Hogan accepted the defeat with the class and style that has made him a great champion. He complimented Yellen on his win and his outstanding season. He closed his post-match speech with the statement, "I'll be back next year." You can count on it.

"After winning Toronto and Anaheim, I thought that I could win the next two tournaments," said Yellen. "When I defeated Hogan in Chicago I felt that I had outplayed him. I knew that he'd be a tiger in Atlanta because he wanted to re-establish the fact that he was the premier player in the game."

Yellen's past season was even more remarkable, when one considers that he dropped to number five in the rankings last year, the first time that he'd been out of the top four in over six years. How did he turn this season around?

The 23-year-old, 5'9, 175 lb. Yellen, said, "My ranking last year was very deceiving. Not much separated the numbers three, four, and five players. I was also trying to change my game somewhat. Power players such as Bret Harnett and Greg Peck improved by leaps and bounds by hitting great splat shots. Although I worked hard on perfecting these shots, I just didn't have the confidence to use them in the tournaments. And, when I did, I wasn't putting them away."

However, this year was another story. Playing more aggressively than ever,

Yellen's splat shots and periodic bursts of power lifted his game to the upper echelons of professional racquetball.

Well known as the game's premier control player, one of Mike's attributes is that he never appears to get tired.

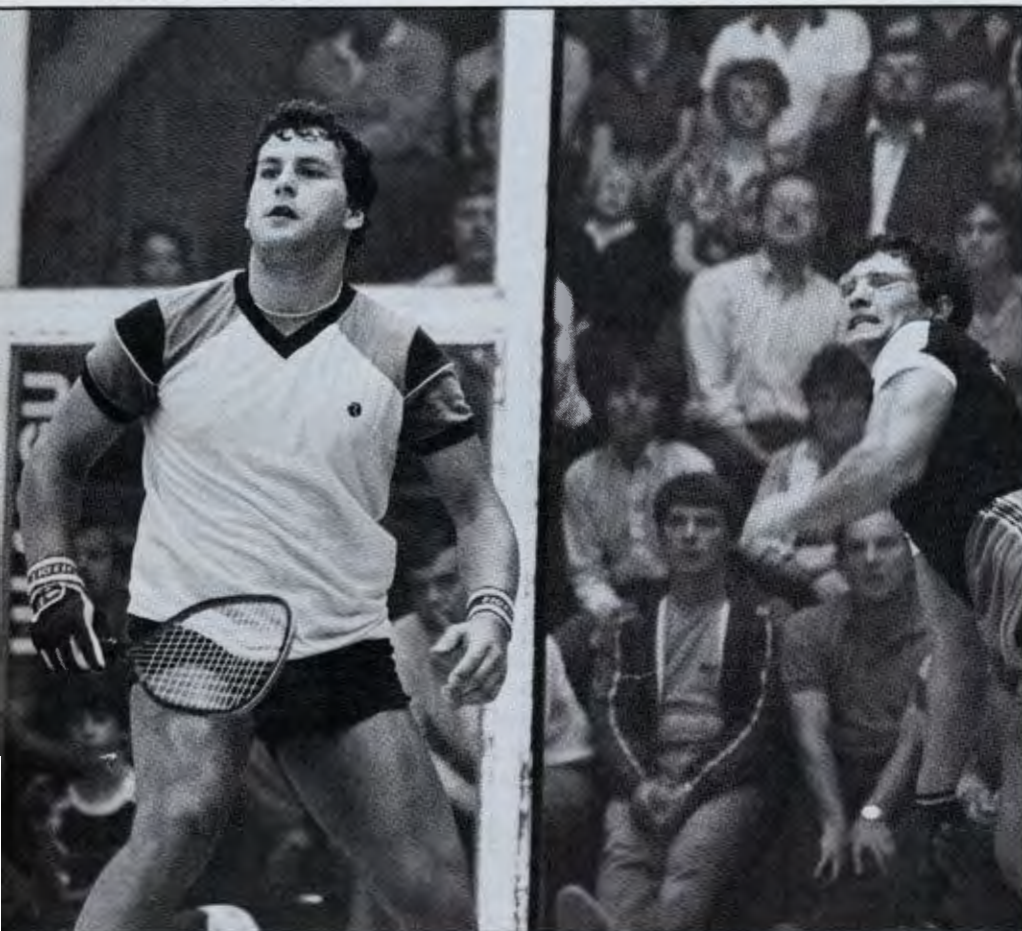
"It's amazing how many people think that I'm too heavy or out of shape," he laughed. "The truth is that I never get fatigued. Even in long matches I feel very strong."

Perhaps the three hours of physical exercise he does every day could be the answer. Surprisingly, it isn't all spent on racquetball. Yellen's competitors and fans will be astonished to learn that his conditioning program consists of playing as much squash as racquetball, even during the professional season. In addition, he works out on Nautilus, jumps rope, and jogs two-three miles a day—five miles a day if he's particularly inspired.

"Playing squash and doing other activities in addition to racquetball keeps me mentally sharp," he says. "Squash is great because of the strategy and angles that are used. It's also a quicker game than racquetball and is a tremendous conditioner. Squash doesn't affect my racquetball game in any way."

It is evident from watching Yellen play racquetball that many of the theories of squash are an integral part of his racquetball game. He attributes most of his success to his coach Leonard Karpeles, a former squash player.

More often than not
... it's been Hogan at the disadvantage as Yellen sweeps to the number one rank.



"Mr. Karpeles started working with me when I was 15. He greatly helped me with my mental game," said Mike. "He showed me at this early age that I had to be self-sufficient. He couldn't travel to tournaments with me, so he taught me how to forget the fans, and only concentrate on my game."

In addition, Karpeles showed young Yellen how to read an opponent's game and how to adjust if he was losing. They would constantly talk about what to do in certain situations. He stressed to Yellen that he should never take foolish shots, only the percentage shots.

"I tried to emulate everything Mr. Karpeles told me," said Yellen. "Even though I was barely 16 I was very analytical about my game. I was able to absorb most of the information that he gave me."

In Yellen's first pro tournament at the age of 16, he defeated two time National Champion Bill Schmidtke, in the first round, winning 11-10 in a tie-breaker. Schmidtke, while upset that he had lost, nevertheless was greatly impressed with the youngster's knowledge of the game and his shot selection. And, Yellen exhibited the maturity of a player much older and experienced. This maturity has greatly helped him in playing an extremely cerebral game. It has also helped him win an extraordinary number of close matches.

He says, "In a five game match the mental aspect is just as important as the physical part. I stick to my game plan. I won't deviate from what I usually do."

"At 9-9 in the fifth game many players will try to hit the perfect shot. That's foolish. I just play my game. I try not to stray from my game plan. I have so much confidence in my game that I feel I'm the odds on favorite if the match does happen to go five games."

Yellen's temperament is also instrumental in his outstanding success. "Too many players let the refing upset them," he says. "The way the game is played, the speed of the ball, and the player's oncourt movements, all make it tough on the referee."

"The referee is trying to do his best. Calls can't all go your way. The most important thing is to concentrate on your shots. I just forget about it and go on to the next point. However, on occasion, if I feel that I've gotten a questionable call, I might let the referee know how I feel. Hopefully, this will alert him to calling it properly the next time."

"I hope the younger players will be as fortunate as I have been," he says. "My folks and brothers have always been great. They've always been extremely happy for me. Their closeness has made it easier for me. Perhaps more important is the fact that they're just as great when I lose. They've always kept me going."

Despite his obvious intelligence Yellen has never had any second thoughts about not going to college.

"Racquetball has been extremely good to me," he said. "Even though I wasn't able to go to college because of my racquetball career, I'm extremely satisfied. My friends in my hometown, Southfield, MI, have been tremendous, as has been the local press and media. Ektelon, my sponsor, has been superb with their financial and moral support."

As for the future, Yellen knows that everyone will be out to get him next season.

"I'll be coming into next season feeling confident," he said. "However, I'm not coming in and saying 'I'm the greatest!' I just want to be remembered as having been one of the best players to have ever played racquetball."

Don't worry Mike. You already are! ●

In Search of Comet Keeley

by Rick Frey

Of all the personalities racquetball has spawned since its official birth in 1971, no one has captured the collective psyche of racquetballers and other free spirits more than Steve Keeley. When his name is brought up in court clubs or university sports centers, the comments and questions reflect his personality:

"Didn't he once boil a dog in his kitchen for a veterinary project?"

"I've heard that he used to have a miniature apartment house for tarantulas."

"Keeley? Yeah, five time national paddleball champion and twice national racquetball runner-up. Lives in a garage."

"His books are great, but you can tell from his style that he's a little weird."

"Saw him play one time. He wore different colored shoes and he had his shirt on inside out."

"Isn't he the guy who bicycled across the country, playing in the IRA national finals on the way?"

"Saw him in a game once wearing a snorkel, mask, and flippers and using a frying pan for a racquet."

They go on and on. But apart from the comments one hears about Keeley, one question invariably pops up these days: *"Whatever happened to him?"* Since late in 1980, he seems to have dropped out of the public eye, not only from tournament play and from his regular journalistic contributions to racquetball literature, but from his popular one- to five-day clinics that have spanned the nation.

So what happened to him? To put it succinctly: nothing out of character. What's happened has been to racquetball. The sport is suffering from Steve Keeley withdrawal pains. Keeley is still Keeley, only recently he has not been able to find the time to pursue his usual preoccupation with racquetball. He's been studying.

I first met Steve in August, 1980, in Salt Lake City. He was there to conduct three one-week clinics at the Canyon Racquet Club where I was the club pro. His reputation for unconventionality had preceded him, yet I was not totally prepared for those first few days.

Among other things, he requested that we return the rented car provided him in exchange for a borrowed 10-speed bike, and he talked me into persuading the Club president to allow him to set up his sleeping quarters in the Keeley Kave, a second floor closet in one of the Club's nearby condominiums under construction. (He was upset with the irritating habits of the maid in the hotel in which we'd booked him. Apparently she persisted in *cleaning* his room and even had the nerve to remove the sunlight-preventing garbage bags he'd taped over the windows.)

Within the first week I'd noted a number of his better-known idiosyncrasies: shirt inside out as often as not, different colored, high-top tennis shoes, rubber bands on his wrists, a notepad in his pocket, pens tucked into his socks, and the "need" every afternoon to jump rope and ride one of our exercise bikes for at least an hour while listening to his head-set tape player.

He seemed to take notes on everything and, if paper was not available, he was not bashful about writing on his hands. It was not unusual to see ink stains on the back and palm of his left hand just about any time of day or night. In addition, one of Steve's passions was to *"see the sights"* and we spent many afternoons visiting the local attractions of Salt Lake City and the surrounding area.

One day, while visiting with a mutual friend at the nearby Salt Lake Athletic Club, we met a remarkable young man named James. This newly-hired martial arts instructor could do more than kick, jump and punch. He had the fascinating ability to move objects without touching them! After observing James cause pencils to twirl on a desk, sway the fronds of a fern from 10 feet, and cause a pool cue to tilt and fall from a

table, Keeley wanted to find out how it was done.

After flying back to his home in Michigan, Steve returned to Salt Lake City in his gimmick-laden '74 Chevy van, complete with an array of books on telekinesis, ESP, and paranormal research. Also included were boxes of his published books, most of his personal belongings, and his seven-foot, shotgun-riding, stuffed rabbit, Filmore J. Hare. He set up living quarters in my basement, turning it into a residence and business office from which he mailed out his racquetball books to fill orders forwarded from his Michigan headquarters. Most of his time, however, was spent with James.

Between mid-September and the end of October, he accumulated hours of tapes and hundreds of pages of notes on the 21-year-old's early childhood years and his extraordinary powers. A fantastic tale of parental desertion, child abuse, foster homes, orphanages, separations from brother and sister, years in a home for the mentally retarded, and sporadic trouble with the law began to take shape.

Throughout all of this childhood trauma, James had sought therapy through the study of martial arts. After years of meditation and rigorous physical training, he suddenly started moving things. As Steve slowly began to unravel the story, his racquetball appointments were shifted to the back burner. He was into something cosmic, non-normal, and truly weird. He was in his element.

Throughout all of his questioning and observations, Keeley concluded that there seemed to be evidence that pointed to the source of James' telekinetic powers: The Los Angeles County Jail. James, you see, had been in that institution for nearly three years. (According to James, he had been wrongfully convicted, having been picked up while hitch-hiking by robbery

suspects who were apprehended by the Los Angeles police while he was in their car.)

In any event, testimony by James's brother and sister (the later flown by Keeley from Alaska to Salt Lake City), revealed one unbelievable story after another and indicated that James did not have the sensational ability to make pencils spin, raise pool cues, nor move plants before he was imprisoned.

That was enough for Keeley. Leaving James behind and traveling with two friends to Los Angeles, he started his inquiries regarding James' behavior in the jail. When the friends returned to Salt Lake City without Keeley, it was evident that he was on the track of something extremely interesting.

He was gone for nearly three weeks. During that time he gained access to the jail, talked with guards, officials, and the jail psychologist, hung around on skid row, and visited a couple of hospitals and psychiatric institutions. When I picked him up at the airport in Salt Lake City there was a different sort of sparkle in his eyes. He seemed different, but in a way I can't as yet explain.

For the next month he spent most of his time reading about Eastern mysticism, brain functions, psychic and extra-sensory phenomena, and even mental disorders. He took a vacation from donuts, cookies, and other junk food and got into yogurt and vegetables. He stopped his usual marathon work-outs, getting his exercise from walking to James's new martial arts studio, and interviewing all those with whom James had lived and worked.

Then, in January, 1981, he was gone again. He returned to his Michigan garage-home for nearly two months and did more reading, interviewing of researchers, professors, and even revivalist ministers. When he returned to Salt Lake City in March he brought a dozen books, a volume of notes, and numerous cassette tapes.

Although deeply committed to understanding the mystery of James' "powers", he seemed equally involved

in researching the childhood traumas that had befallen James and his brother and sister. Despite working 14 to 16 hour days, he began to appear more relaxed and even began playing racquetball and running again. It was as if he had obtained some bit of insight into the whole James story. He continued to read and, by the end of April, he was devouring texts of physics, particularly those dealing with electricity and magnetism. On occasion he would hypothesize about the things he had been studying.

He also took time to live out a lifelong fantasy. One Sunday in April, he and I hopped a Rio Grand freight train in the morning, rode it up to Ogden, and caught a Western Pacific train back to Salt Lake City by evening. Within two weeks he had learned a lot more about freights, yard bulls, and shanties. He rode the rails again, this time back to L.A. via Sacramento, to spend some time living amongst the winos he'd befriended on skid row the November before. As might be expected, when he returned it was with a book full of notes.

In June, 1981, Steve Keeley traveled with me as far as Seattle, WA, where I boarded a ferry for Alaska and where he headed East on Highway 90 to attend a 60's throwback hippie gathering known as the Rainbow Festival. The last I saw of him, he was getting into an old pick-up, his pack in the back of the truck and a bag of grape nuts in his hand. As I watched him drive away I couldn't help but wonder what new adventures awaited him.

I've talked with him over the phone a few times since then and we've exchanged a letter or two. I understand that he is again writing racquetball articles, working on ways to eliminate racquet vibration and grip slippage, and entering a tournament here and there. Last Spring he held a series of clinics in Boise, Pullman, Tacoma, Seattle, Lake Tahoe, San Francisco, Santa Cruz, and Los Angeles; still using his orange 312 gram Bandido racquets that Leach stopped making in 1972. He told me it was good to be back on the clinic tour but that the call of the freight trains was ever in his ear. His last let-

ter in November, 1982, mentioned something about spending some time in Mexico.

Eleventh in all-time racquetball winnings, Keeley once pedaled his bike 300 miles in 24 continuous hours to win an ice cream cone bet. As racquetball champ Marty Hogan once said, "*With Keeley, you just gotta expect anything.*" Hogan seems to have a point.

A mutual friend has recently told me that he sold his Haslett, MI house and purchased a motorcycle. He went on a motorcycle racquetball clinic tour, of course, with stops in Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California.

Keeley sold the motorcycle in San Diego and, at last report, his bicycle was broken and his van was on blocks. He could have fixed them but opted, beginning May 24, to hop freight trains. He's on a clinic tour of the East Coast by freight, headed wherever racquetball clubs demand the game's most eccentric instructor.

He unexpectedly popped in on me June 1 while I was attending a physical education convention in Washington DC. We spent three days attending my conference (I loaned him a sport coat and slacks; he provided his own tournament t-shirt and hiking boots) and did the tourist trip around town. He was in good shape from walking the railroad lines, although his hobo spirits were sagging.

"I've done a lot of waiting, a lot of riding," said Keeley. *"The characters I meet are interesting, but I need more stimulus."*

He said he would have ditched the freights for more conventional transportation if it wasn't for two magazine assignments and a tentative book contract. I headed back to Alaska after the DC conference, and Keeley tramped up to New York City to meet with the book publisher. He told me to look for his latest hobo adventures on the newstand.

If you've been one of the many who have wondered what happened to Steve Keeley, you now have some insight

Steve Keeley



with which to draw your own conclusions. When asked what all his research into the paranormal has taught him, he just smiles and doesn't answer.

He remains sort of a mystery, much the same as a returning comet: sharing brilliance in its brief passages, but revealing little of its inner core.

Steve Keeley Fact Sheet

Age 33 years.

Earned his Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree from Michigan State University in 1971.

Five-time National Paddleball Champion in 1971, '73, '74, '76, '77.

Two-time National Racquetball Runner-up in 1973, '74.

Author of seven published books, including the 100,000-copy, best-selling *Complete Book of Racquetball* (DBI Books, Chicago, 1976), plus over 100 magazine articles.

Publisher-owner and president of Service Press Inc., Haslett, MI.

Walked 100 miles in Baja Mexico desert with a 40-pound pack in 1976.

Caught tarantulas in the Rockies to sell in 1976.

Shaved his head and drove a 6,000-mile clinic and tournament tour in his customized Chevy van, with Barfo his Doberman dog and a six-foot stuffed rabbit named Filmore J. Hare riding shotgun.

Had published two books in one day—*It's a Racquet* and *The Kill and Rekill Gang* (Service Press Inc., Haslett, MI, 1978).

Bicycled 2,400 miles from San Diego to Detroit in 24 days (1975), bicycled 1,800 miles from Canada to Mexico in 18 days (1976), and bicycled 250 miles in 24 straight hours of riding (1980).

Featured in *Sports Illustrated* magazine in 1979 ("He Found His Racquet," *S.I.*, Nov. 19, 1979).

Lived the summer of 1980 in Salt Lake City with a telekinetic who was featured in *The Star* magazine and on the "That's Incredible" television show, touring and giving demonstrations of moving objects with the mind.

Toured and worked in mental institutions for two months in 1981.

Befriended and traveled periodically during 1980-83 with a Los Angeles monk of the Franciscan Order.

Lived on skid rows and hopped freight trains in the summer of 1981.

Owned and managed six rental houses in Haslett, MI, while living in an unheated garage with five dogs, from 1973-82.

Is spending the 1983 summer hopping freight trains in a racquetball clinic tour, en route writing magazine articles on the lives of hobos, tramps and bums. ●

Racquetball Players Are Like Wine: They Age Well

by Carole George

As the game of racquetball matures, so does its players. It seems that practically every year at the Nationals, there's more and more players in the older age divisions, and every few years a new division is added to accommodate them.

This year the AARA ran two new older age divisions: the Men's 65+ and the Women's 50+. But for two players in particular, even that isn't going far enough. Those two particular players are the oldest to enter this year—Mary Low Acuff, 63, and John Pearce, 72. Even with the added divisions, Acuff is still 10 years older than most of the other women in the division, and Pearce is five to seven years older than his opponents. But they aren't about to let age get in the way.

Mary Low Acuff started playing racquetball two years ago after travelling to tournaments for several years with her husband, Earl, 63. Recently she's begun to enter tournaments herself whenever she can find a division even remotely close to her age, "because I wanted to have some fun, too."

The Acuffs met at the University of Idaho where Mary Low was majoring in physical education, and they were married shortly after graduation in 1941. Earl went right into the army the day after he got his diploma, so they waited six years to have their first child. But once they got started, they almost didn't stop. The Acuffs have eight children, all athletes, and six grandchildren.

When Earl was still in the service, Mary Low moved to Alaska with him. Together they built their house in Anchorage in 1947, which withstood the famous earthquake. Housebuilding is still something the Acuffs enjoy doing. They built their present home in Blacksburg, VA on 40 acres. Now that their kids are all grown and on their own, the Acuffs recently converted two bedrooms into one huge master bedroom.

Mary Low's secret of staying young and healthy is to keep busy. (She confesses to having M&M attacks, so her diet may not be the secret.) She feels that too many people don't have enough to do. But between the bricklaying, house painting, sewing, running and racquetball, not to mention travelling to tournaments and to visit the kids, Mary Low has as much as she can handle. She would probably play more racquetball if she had more competition, but she feels uneasy asking the younger women at the club to play. On the other hand, besides the two times she's been on the court with Earl, she's never played anyone older than herself.

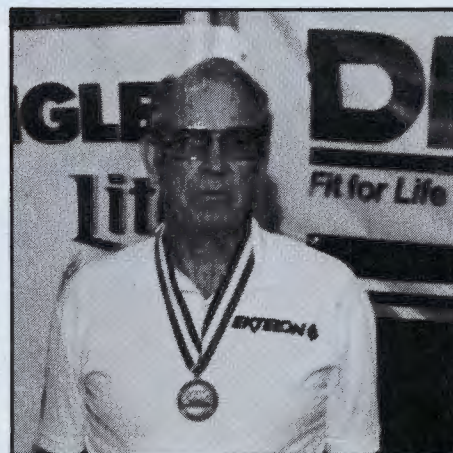
Mary Low signed up for the 60+ division at the U.S. Championships but got dropped down two age groups because of the lack of entries. Still she's optimistic that as the current players grow older, and as more older people take up the sport, the numbers will increase.

"I entered to test this program," explained Acuff. "I want to see if it's going to work or not." As an example for other wives of Golden Master's players and an inspiration to other women her age, Mary Low Acuff is doing her part to make it work.

While Mary Low is a relative newcomer to racquetball, John Pearce has been playing for 13 years. But that still means he didn't start until the age of 60. Before that he was playing three-wall paddleball while in the navy. They'd soak tennis balls in lye to remove the fuzz, back during the second World War.

"I think the Navy lost most of their tennis balls to paddleball players who wanted the carcasses," laughed Pearce. Before that he played handball in college at Baylor University.

At Baylor, John met Mary Kathryn, and they married in December 1935, the same year they both graduated. They have four children and five grandchildren. John retired in 1976 from his job as athletics coach at Baylor and P.E. director for the Waco (TX) public schools, but Mary Kathryn is still working as a remedial reading teacher for grades 2-5.



John Pearce

"She's had to work in order to support me in the way that I'm accustomed," said John.

So while Mary Kathryn works, John plays. Between racquetball and track and field, Pearce puts in three to five hours a day, five days a week. Mostly he plays the university "kids" at Baylor, but also their Baptist church has two courts, which the Pearces have free access to.

Mary Kathryn can't get away during the school year for racquetball tournaments, but she always accompanies John to the Senior Olympics each summer. Together they took second place the only year they entered the family relay, each running 100 meters. John usually wins the 70+ racquetball division and teams up with a partner to take the 70+ doubles, too. He runs all the sprints and the "neunathalon" too (a decathlon is 10 field events, but they don't have the pole vault in his age group).

"I'll never retire from sports," predicts Pearce, who says there are participants in their 90's in the Senior Olympics. "I'll keep coming to the Nationals and hopefully they'll be able to keep upping the age brackets. I just love the people I've met at the racquetball tournaments. I've made some really good friends."



John Pearce has certainly come a long way from the Texas boy who was 18 before he crossed the Oklahoma border just 40 miles away. Next summer when his wife finally gets to retire, they're going to make her dream come true by taking a train trip across lower Canada.

Even though Mary Low Acuff and John Pearce were the oldest woman and man in this year's AARA Nationals, neither one of them seems old at all. They go to the doctor once a year—whether they need to or not—just for a check-up.

And like Acuff's doctor says, *"It's such a joy when you come to my office. Everyone else comes in when they're sick, but you're always in great health."* ●

Mary Low Acuff

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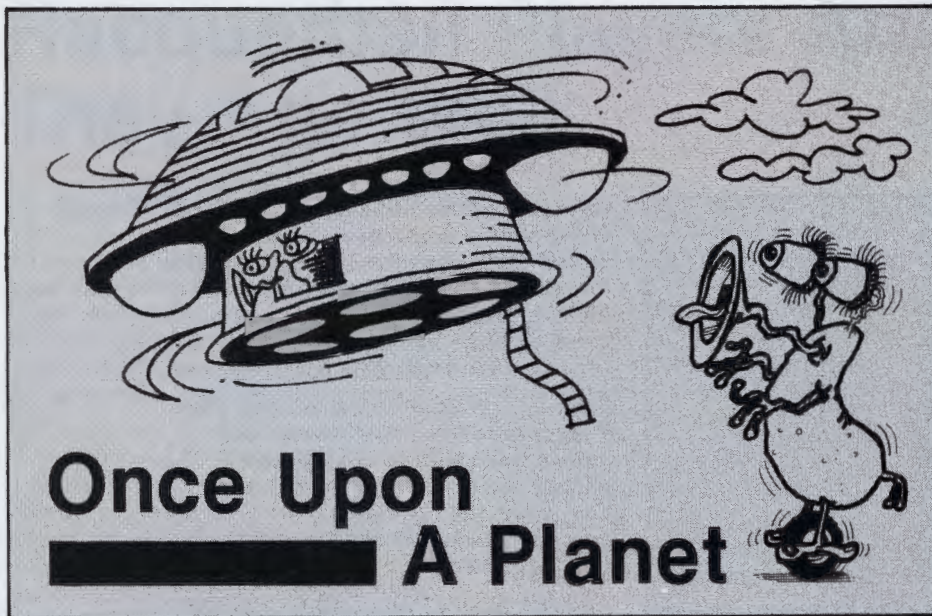
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(Part I)

by Steve Galliford

If there was one thing the aliens enjoyed it was racquetball. They loved it with a passion and played with a fierce determination rarely seen by the people of planet earth. And they did not like to lose.

Starks was unaware of their poor sportsmanship when he received the call from the Secretary General of the United Nations. Actually, he knew nothing about the aliens except for what he had seen on television. They had landed in the middle of New York City, causing the worst traffic jam in that city's history, and creating general panic and hysteria the whole world round. Billions had watched as a metallic door slid open on the alien ship and a small humanoid creature appeared, bowed to a platform full of cameramen, then bounded slowly into the United Nations building.

Starks had watched the strange happenings on his television, not knowing what to expect next, and certainly not anticipating an invitation to meet immediately with the Secretary General of the United Nations. After all, he was a professional racquetball player, not a diplomat. But the telephone call had sounded urgent and, although Starks was sure he had been mistaken for someone else, he figured he should do as instructed. So he boarded a special army jet and was winged away to New York.

Seated impatiently in the Secretary General's outer office Starks found himself—for the first time in many

years—quite confused. He was a lean young man with steel-blue eyes and wavy chestnut hair that he rarely kept neat. (Neatness he believed to be an absurd waste of time—along with almost every other aspect of life except, of course, for racquetball. Racquetball was his life. He was rated number one in international competition.)

The two CIA men who had accompanied him from L.A. were talking quietly with another man, probably their superior, and glancing occasionally at Starks. He tried hard to conceal his nerves but the constant tapping of his cowboy boots on the carpet gave him away.

One of the men turned toward him. "Mr. Starks," he began with a sigh, "You were born and brought up in L.A.?"

Starks cleared his throat. "That's right." "Ever been to Russia?"

"For the thousandth time—no."

"You sure?"

"I said no!" Starks felt intimidated and confused and angry. "Hey, what the hell is happening here? You guys bring me here to New York, ask me the same questions over and over, and refuse to tell me what's going on. I'm as patient and patriotic as the next guy but—"

An intercom buzzed and a deep, hoarse voice emanated from the loudspeaker. "Please ask Mr. Starks to come in."

The door was opened and Starks, after taking a deep breath of air, entered the adjoining room. The Secretary General was a thin, white-haired man with hollow eyes and bony cheeks. He sat behind a heavy oak desk, eyed Starks, then stood and extended a bony hand. "So happy you could come," he said with a slight French accent.

Starks shook the old man's hand. "Actually, I'm not altogether certain you've got the right man." He sat and looked around the office. "Where is the—"

"Our visitor has returned to his vessel. And yes, Mr. Starks, we have the right man."

"Well, maybe you can explain things to me."

The Secretary General sat back and lowered his bushy white eyebrows. "All we know is that the vessel has come from another world."

There was an unearthly silence before Starks spoke again. "What do they want?"

"There are apparently two aliens in the vessel, one of whom we have already met. What they want, Mr. Starks, is a game of racquetball; their champion against ours."

Starks sat up. "What?!"

The Secretary General ran some fingers through his thin hair. "It's difficult to comprehend, but that is what they want."

Starks sank back into his chair, looked at the floor in disbelief, then glanced at the old man. "Are they friendly?"

"The alien I met with showed no signs of hostility, though we never know. He, or it, was just a messenger."

"It spoke English?"

"Very well. Apparently it can speak any language it chooses."

Starks stood and walked to the window. The spacecraft was still there, surrounded now by a horde of tanks and cameras. A million questions shot through his head; the first and foremost was, "What has racquetball got to do with anything?"

"I'm an athlete," said Starks, surprised to hear his voice shaking. *"I'm no damn diplomat!"* The word *diplomat* came from his mouth loud and clear, laced with conviction.

"You must try," said the Secretary General. *"The world is depending on you."*

Starks looked away from the old man and faced a mass of journalists who were struggling with security men at the door. *"Hey, Starks!"* yelled one of them, *"how do you feel?"*

Starks managed a weak smile, though the butterflies still raised hell in his stomach. *"I'm feeling all right,"* he lied. *"It's just another game."* He was an image of cool, calm collectedness.

The journalists shook their heads in quiet admiration, scribbling madly at their notepads. Starks had always enjoyed a good relationship with the

The Secretary General lowered his head and spoke like a man who questions his own sanity. *"They claim to have invented the game."*

Starks spun around and stared at the old man. *"They invented the game of racquetball?"*

"The messenger said that his race used some sort of telepathy to start us playing the game here on earth." He paused and drew a very deep breath. *"From what I can gather they use racquetball as we use cocktail parties. They impregnated earth with the game, waited until our planet produced a skilled representative, and have now arrived for a friendly match. Racquetball is their icebreaker for diplomatic relations, that's my guess."*

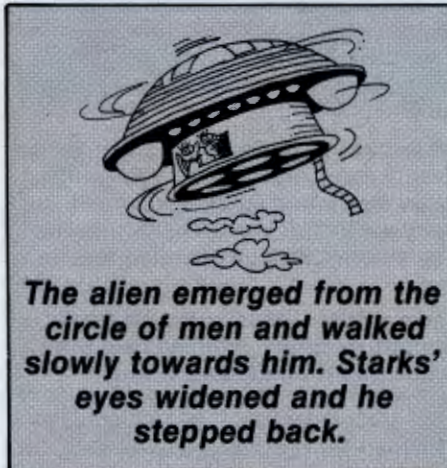
Starks returned to his seat. *"I just cannot believe it."*

"We have no choice." The Secretary General leaned across his desk. *"They are obviously much further advanced than us and are therefore capable of doing whatever they wish—no matter how ridiculous it may seem to us."* He sighed. *"For the time being we must accept their offer and demonstrate our peaceful intentions."*

"When's the game?"

That same afternoon Starks found himself at one of New York's finest racquetball clubs; he was readying himself for the strangest (and probably most important) match of his career. Confused expectation washed his mind as he taped his wrists and ankles and tried to listen to what the Secretary General was saying.

"Don't forget, Mr. Starks," the old diplomat said, *"this is a very important day. The entire world will be watching you play—a very nervous world. I've consulted with the leaders of every country on the globe and the consensus is unanimous. We expect you to play a very friendly style. Not aggressive, not even competitive, just friendly. Smile a lot, do you understand? You are Earth's diplomat."*



media. He always received good press—understandably so; he was goodnatured, good-looking, and very good at winning. (Sportswriters invariably like winners.) As a matter of fact, Starks, throughout his entire professional career, had yet to be bumped from first place. He was the Albert Einstein of racquetball. He simply never lost. Never.

The Secretary General led Starks into a small, well-furnished room just off the court where he was to play. A small group of distinguished-looking men stood in a circle in the corner, talking among themselves. As Starks and the Secretary General entered, heads turned and Starks recognized some of the men to be leaders of various countries. He nodded and smiled politely, then caught his first glimpse of his opponent.

The alien emerged from the circle of men and walked slowly towards him. Starks' eyes widened and he stepped back. The creature was roughly four feet tall and had a face like a purple pancake. The only features on its flat face were two pea shaped eyes and a narrow crack that Starks presumed to be a mouth. The skin covering the rest of the body was blue-gray in color, leather-like and smooth. It had two little arms with tiny hands, one of which carried a racquet, and its legs were short and stubby but looked unusually muscular compared to the rest of the small body. Its feet were wrapped in a mud-brown material resembling ballet slippers. It also had a tail-like limb protruding from its lower back.

Starks forced a smile and tried to smother his surprise. *"How do you do?"* he said.

The creature said nothing, just marched deliberately around the room on its toes; it reminded Starks of an astronaut on the moon. This *thing* was obviously no match for him in a game of racquetball.

Another creature, almost identical to the other, appeared and walked—almost floated—towards Starks. It was carrying a small black box of tiny buttons and multi-colored blinking lights. (*"A translating device?"* thought Starks.) The alien picked at the buttons with delicate fingers, then the crack on its face widened and a soft clear voice came out. *"Your opponent does not understand your language. I will do any translating you may need. Are you ready to play?"*

Starks glanced at the Secretary General, then took a deep breath and looked again at the translator. *"I'm ready,"* he said.

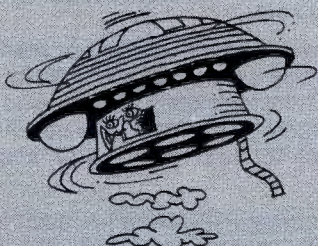
"Very well," said the translator. He turned and faced the other alien who made a high-pitched wheezing sound, like a sinister laugh. The translator turned to Starks. *"Your opponent wishes you luck. He says you will need it."*

Starks said nothing but could feel adrenaline moving quickly through his veins. What did his alien opponent mean by that? He looked at the politicians and saw that they too were startled by what the creature had said. His grip tightened around the handle of his racquet.

The translator clapped his little hands and motioned for the two players to follow him into the court. The two aliens entered and Starks followed. The politicians headed for the spectators' gallery, chatting nervously among themselves. Starks saw that the gallery on the opposite side of the court was brimming with television cameras and commentators. The match, he supposed, would be transmitted live all around the globe. His knees trembled slightly; he had never in his entire career been so nervous before a game.

"You will play the best of three games," said the translator. *"The first player to win two games is the champion."*

"Three games?" said Starks with a



The match, he supposed, would be transmitted live all around the globe. His knees trembled slightly; he had never in his entire career been so nervous before a game.

courteous smile. *"That's rather short, don't you think?"*

"The games will be long enough," said the translator. He seemed to be laughing as he spoke, his soft voice bouncing around the court. *"You might have noticed that your opponent is at a great disadvantage. He would not be able to keep up with you in a game. Earth's gravity, you see, is considerably weaker than that of our home planet."*

The creature approached Starks and handed him a small white pill. *"This is an anti-gravity pill. It will even the odds. Please consume it and begin play."*

Starks eyed the pill warily, then glanced up at the Secretary General. The old man was smiling politely and nodding his head. Starks popped the little pill

into his mouth and immediately felt like a feather. The sensation was not altogether unpleasant, though it was peculiar and extremely awkward and he wondered how he could possibly play a decent game.

His alien counterpart wheezed again and seemed to be laughing at Starks who was now bounding crazily around the court trying to become accustomed to weightlessness.

"Mr. Starks," said the translator, *"your opponent wishes you luck once again. He seems to think that you will need a great deal of it."*

Starks' slow, clownish jog ended; he saw that the alien athlete was obviously quite amused at his clumsiness. He began to develop a strong dislike for the little thing and wanted, more than anything else, to break its flat face and go home. However, a diplomatic smile somehow crept onto his visage; he was ready to play.

The translator handed Starks a brilliant silver racquetball and said, *"This anti-gravity ball will move at the same speed as both of you."* He then fiddled with his tiny black box and left the court.

Starks was surprised at the creature's strength. Its little right hand held the racquet firmly and it swung with authority in all directions. The alien's movements were slow, of course, as were his own, but nonetheless he appeared to be right at home with a racquet.

Starks lobbed the ball off the wall to begin the warm-ups. The alien bounced it back into a corner; Starks dove for it, sailed slowly through the air, missed, and crashed into the wall. The court was quickly filled with shrieks of alien delight—short bursts of nauseating wheezing.

Starks picked himself up and saw that the world's leaders were smiling away in the gallery. He was no longer nervous or frightened, rather angry. He suddenly felt like a guinea pig, like an over-abused toy. He rubbed the back of his neck and looked at the alien. The little being wheezed again. From behind the glass wall came the voice of the translator: *"He wants to know if you are ready to begin."*

Starks nodded.

They rallied for serve and once again Starks ended up on the floor, the alien screams filling the court. Starks, the diplomat, attempted an unsuccessful smile. Starks, the athlete, cursed under his breath and readied himself for the serve.

It came slowly off the wall above his head; he leapt and sent it floating back into the corner, but he himself continued upward to the ceiling. The ball drifted slowly beneath his feet. He pushed himself down from the ceiling, descending lightly to the floor. Weightlessness was a definite handicap and he began to doubt if he would ever score a point. After all, the alien had probably played under these conditions a thousand times before; Starks had not. He felt as awkward and frustrated as a fish out of water.

The first game was easily won by the alien, though by the start of the second Starks was beginning to adapt to his feather-like body. It was like playing in slow-motion; every move had to be timed and planned to perfection. He gradually began winning the occasional point as the alien's wheezing cackles became fewer and fewer. He used his reach as much as possible as that was clearly one advantage he had over his miniature adversary.

The second game was long and much more tense than the first. At its completion Starks was the victor by a very narrow margin. The alien was unmistakably upset at its loss and strutted from the court in a huff.

The translator entered and addressed Starks: *"You are allowed to rest briefly before the third and final game."* He then turned and left. ●

Will Starks be able to ignore his instincts to win, or will he smash the vile little alien? Will the world then be overrun by vengeful, racquet-swinging space-midgets? Read the conclusion to the story in next month's National Racquetball.

Weight Training For Women's Racquetball

by Bobby and Debby Hensley

"How can I hit the ball harder?"

This is a very common question asked by racquetball players, especially women. My wife Debby asked me this question two years ago. I told her, *"Weight training."*

Has it worked? Morris Towns, the 6'4", 260 pound, offensive tackle for the Houston Oilers, says *"Yes! Debby can hit the ball as hard as any man I have played."*

Debby is 5'2", 112 pounds, beautiful (I'm prejudiced) and one of the top open women racquetball players in Texas. She is a teaching pro at the Olympia Fitness and Racquetball Club, the Chancellors Racquet Club, and the Houston Center Club. She credits a big part of her success in racquetball to weight training.

Strength wise, most women have weak upper bodies, since their athletic background is usually in dance, cheerleading, track, and basketball. These sports develop legs but do little for the arms, shoulders or wrists. We developed a program for Debby that was designed to strengthen her upper body.

This work out is done two to three times a week - *after* playing racquetball. The work out should take about 15 - 30 minutes. For the first month, go through the circuit one time. Do one set of 12 - 15 repetitions. This means do each exercise one time using 12 - 15 reps. Rest no more than 30 seconds between each exercise. Work towards only 15 seconds between exercises. This will build strength and endurance (both important factors in hitting the ball hard) and control.

Pull Overs

This is a machine designed to exercise the chest, arms, shoulders and abdominal muscles; enhances your breathing capacity by firming and toning the rib-cage section muscles. Sit down on seat with back firmly pressed against the padded back-board; place elbows on the padded arm-rests after



having pressed both pedals with your feet; hold on to the small slanted sections of the bar above your head; bring this bar across the stomach as your exhale and inhale as you return the bar to the starting position.

Pull Downs

This exercise will improve your body posture using the upper part of your back, mainly the latissimus dorsi. Sit on stool facing machine; hold bar with both hands from the ends; keep back



straight and feet apart. Pull bar behind your neck to the upper part of your shoulders exhaling as you do so and inhaling as you let it go back up to starting position.

Bench Press

To build up the chest pectoralis muscles, lie on back on flat bench; hold bar with both hands with a fairly wide grip; keep feet on the floor. Let



bar come down across your chest as you inhale and exhale as you push bar back up to starting position.

Incline Bench Press

This will develop the large chest and back muscles. Sit on an incline bench at a 45 degree angle, grab bar with a wide grip. Keep your feet on the floor.



Let the bar come down across the chest as you inhale and exhale as you push bar back up to starting position.

Butterflies

Strengthens and develops chest muscles. Sit on stool with back firmly pressed against the padded back-board; place elbows on side pads with



hands clasped behind neck or with forearms along the pads; close arms as if hugging somebody as you exhale; exhale as you return to starting position.

Lateral Raises

Exercises shoulder, and hard to get under-arm areas. Seat on machine should be adjusted so that the axes of the cams are parallel to the shoulders. Place hands on handles and lift up with



the back of the hands against the pads. Lift up to full extension, pause and then lower to starting position and repeat.

Tricep Extensions

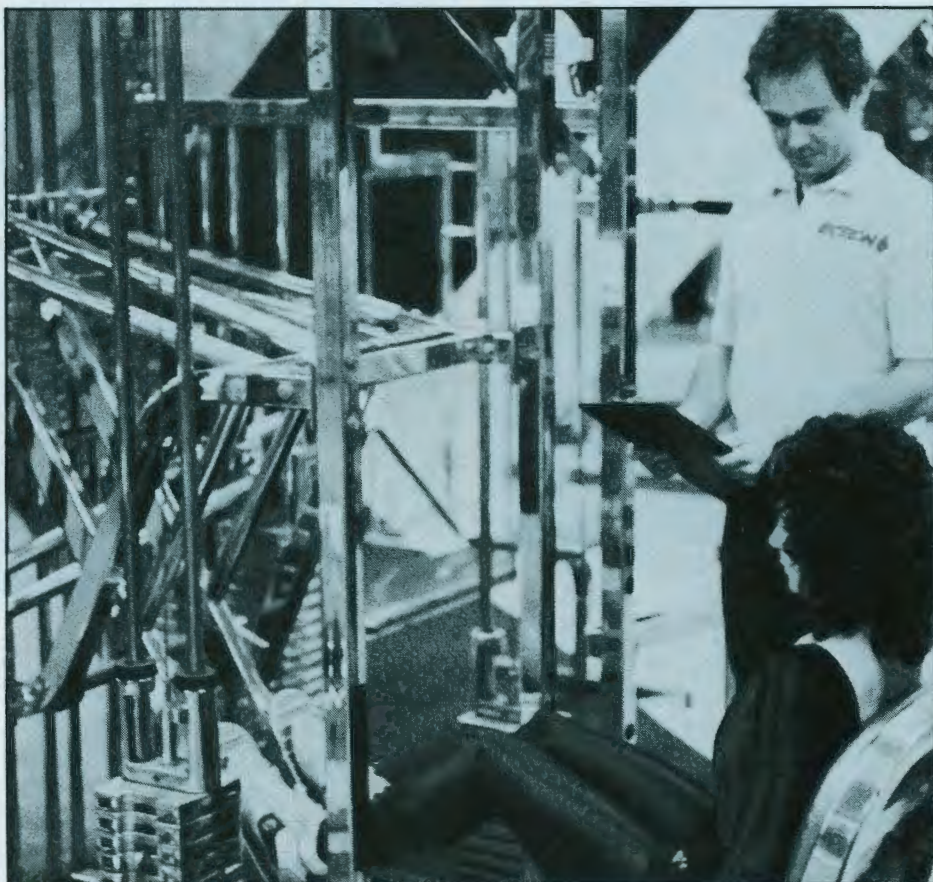
Exercises the upper section of your arms. Stand up, facing machine, feet shoulders-width apart, hold bar with both hands keeping these about eight inches apart and keep your elbows on your side slightly above your waistline; bar should be at chest height when motion starts. With body rigid, except for



the forearms, press the bar down until arms are fully extended; exhale as you do so, inhale as you let the bar go back to starting position.

Bicep Curls

This develops the bicep muscles. Sit on bench, straddling it; with a wide grip, or with hands together grip, hold bar with both hands; place your elbows on the



Leg Press

This helps to build-up and condition legs. Sit on chair in front of machine; place your feet on pedals; hold side-handles on chair with both hands; keep your back straight. Press pedals down with your legs until they are almost straight; exhale as you do so; inhale as you return to starting position.

This program is designed to improve strength, muscle tone, cardiovascular condition and flexibility, and it is very important to remember to warm-up before this work-out by doing some stretches, and to warm-down after the work-out by again, doing some stretches.

After being able to reach 15 reps. on an exercise in good form, increase the weight by one weight. After one month

on this program, you should be able to work towards two full circuits.

Be sure to get proper instruction from your weight room director! Proper form, concentration and breath control are the keys to improvement on this program. It's not how much weight you are using but the form and number of repetitions that you can do. ●

Bobby Hensley, an open racquetball player, sponsored by Ektelon, is the manager of the Olympia Fitness and Racquetball Club of Houston. Debby is sponsored by Head Racquetball, and is currently one of the top ranked players in Texas.

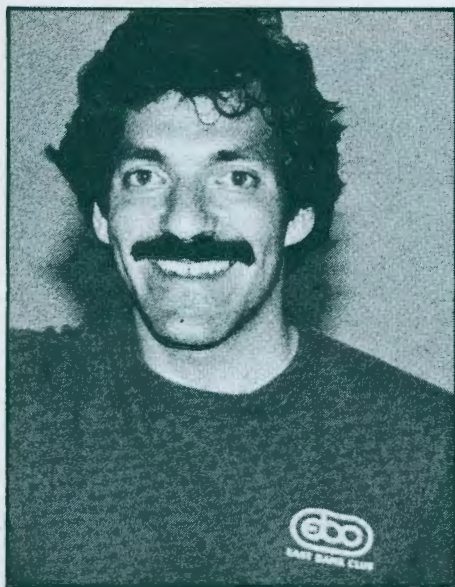


inclined, padded board, arms extended and palms up; curl arms as you exhale and inhale as you return to starting position.

Steve Mondry's Racquetball Clinic:

4 Ways To Beat A Power Player

by Steve Mondry



No two power players play exactly alike, but every power player's game has certain universal aspects that you can learn to anticipate. Once you're able to recognize the tendencies of a power player, then you can go about the business of defeating him.

Here are four ways to improve your performance against a power player.

1) Defense The Drive Serve

"If only he hadn't had the drive serve. I know I could beat him once we were in to the rallies!"

I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard this lament. It comes from the lips of thousands of good, solid racquetballers every day of the week. They're disappointed players, disappointed because they've just been beaten by a player whose game, they believe, is inferior to their own.

"If only he hadn't had that drive serve!"

My advice to players who have difficulty handling the booming drive serve (and few players—if any—don't have trouble here) is always the same. *Take away their drive serve by throwing off their timing.* Take command of the service pace and you will take command of the game.

For example, I recommend that you take your time getting into the normal return of serve position. Although racquetball rules state that play shall be "continuous," and major tournaments have a so-called "10 second rule," I've found that I can take as much as 30 seconds between rallies without even getting the referee on my case.

You've seen it in every club, in every tournament, in every state. Wipe your hands, your glasses, your racquet handle, the floor; pull up your socks, your wrist bands, your jock; ask the score, who's serving, what's the weather?! In other words, don't let the server dictate to you when he is going to serve—you decide when you want him to serve.

If you've ever watched Jimmy Connors play tennis, you have undoubtedly seen him fumble with the strings on his racquet. He is not really checking for broken strings, he's just keeping his opponent waiting an extra second or two between serves. This small delay is sometimes enough to prevent the server from keeping a steady rhythm and becoming hot with his serve. Unfortunately for Connors, it wasn't enough in the 1983 Wimbledon Championships when he was aced to death.

Once the power player's service momentum is disrupted, he'll start missing his first serves and have to take a little something off his second serves. More often than not you will be able to take away his power advantage when he has to go to a weaker second serve. Now, if you're really the better player during the rally, you've got the chance to prove it.

2) Take The Fear Out

Intimidation is the power player's unseen ally. Many players let the big ripper's shots mesmerize them just due to the speed of the ball. They stop playing their fundamentally sound game of anticipation and court coverage, and seem to forget that many (if not most) of those hard hit shots will eventually come off the back wall no faster than a shot they're used to.

Therefore, flow into the area that you expect the shot to reach and make a return, any return, no matter how weak. This is important because power players are generally in love with their own power. They live to hit the ball hard, harder and hardest.

As you begin getting to their blasts, they'll follow it with another blast and another and another. This leads to premature arm fatigue similar to a boxer punching himself out in the early rounds and you'll find that toward the middle of the match, the ball isn't coming at you quite so rapidly.

In addition, you'll be gaining a psychological edge by proving to the power player that he's going to have to beat you with shots, not raw power. The added pressure on him will force him to be too fine, and the result will be skips or set ups for you.

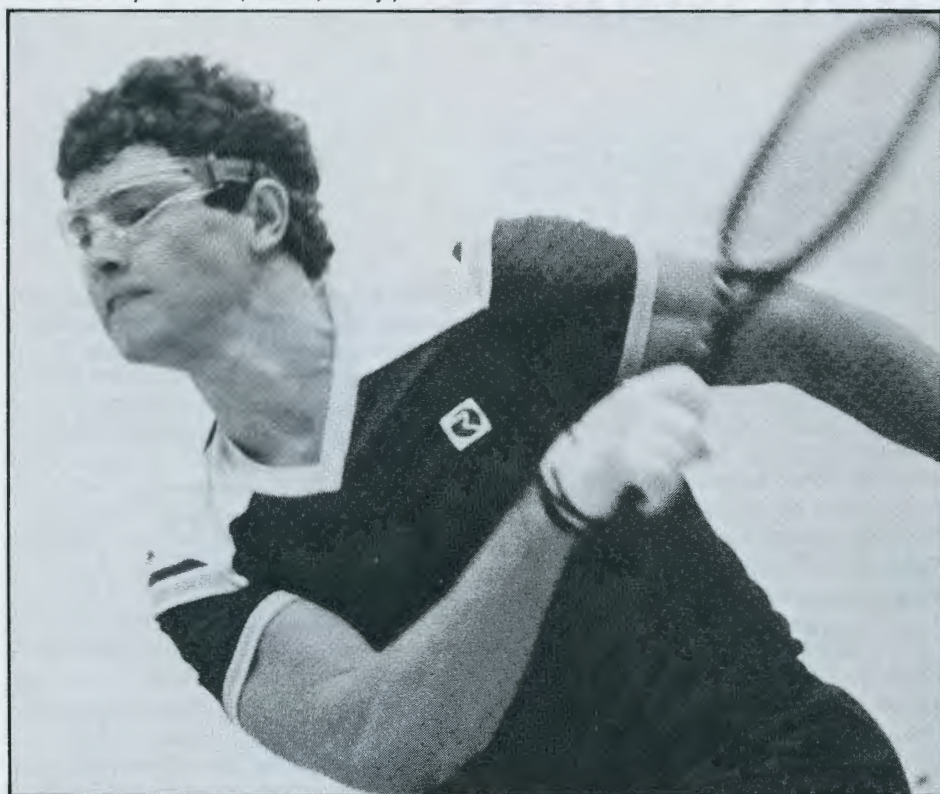
3) Don't Fight Fire With Fire

Speed loves speed. A home run hitter in baseball will always hit a fastball farther than an off-speed pitch and virtually all baseball sluggers are notorious fastball hitters. Thus, you see the Reggie Jackson's and Dale Murphy's of this world getting fed a steady diet of junk pitches with an occasional fastball to keep them honest.

In racquetball, if you give a power player a low, hard shot to hit, you can be certain his eyes will light up, the veins in his neck will begin to twitch, and he'll wallop a photon right past your ear. Since the ball already has power behind it, the power player is mentally figuring out the physics ratios to come up with a new record of mph on his next hit. In a sense, the pig has found the garbage.

On the other hand, if you hit a shot away from the power player, and force him to hit on the run, to move quickly to get his racquet on the ball, to lunge, reach or otherwise *not* set up, then it will be difficult for him to muster the big hits that he loves.

A typical power player. Note the fire in the eyes and twitching veins in the neck. He lives to rip the ball. (Thanks, Marty!)



I've always found that changing speeds, altering shot selection, using the whole court, and varying my serves will keep the power player off balance, negating a great deal of his booming game.

4) Break The Hot Streak

Generally speaking, power players score points in clusters. It seems that you'll be in the game, it'll be tight, things seem to be going your way and then BOOM, you're down four points in two seconds. How does the power player do it and how can you avoid his point clusters?

Actually, most of the blame falls on your shoulders. It takes a great deal of mental toughness and concentration to break a power player's streak before it becomes one. Once you've got some court experience it's not that difficult to sense when you're on the ropes. What you want to do is stop the situation about three points before getting on the ropes.

It's amazing how quickly a 10-8 lead can become a 15-10 deficit, especially against a power player. In tournaments, a time out, called quickly and before the roll begins, can often be enough to break the streak. But remember to use the time out. Just calling one will simply be a delay in the game. You must formulate your strategy for the next few rallies, have specific shots in mind and go execute.

And this is really when you go back to the beginning. You'll have to deal with the drive serve, get rid of the fear, and be sure not to fight fire with fire in the hopes of scoring a quick one yourself. Remember, by staying one step ahead of the power player you will find it easier to play against him.

If all this fails, start lifting weights. ●

Steve Mondry is head racquetball pro at the East Bank Club, Chicago, a top touring pro for six years and author of numerous instructional articles on racquetball, conditioning and weight training.

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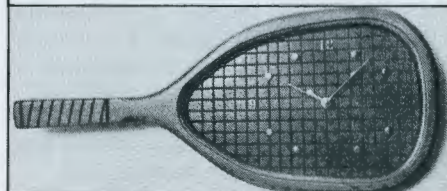
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Playing the Front Corners

by Allen Ascher

The discussion of the rear corners in the May issue of *National Racquetball* developed, among other ideas, these two points: first, that the shape of the court—specifically, the four walls and their corners—gives racquetball its unique qualities and differentiates it from similar, one-wall games, and, second, that no one can play racquetball in any real sense of the word without learning how to play the rear corners effectively, both offensively and defensively.

It was appropriate to consider the rear corners first and leave the front corners for a later article (this one), because learning to play the rear corners is more of an immediate necessity for the intermediate.

Unlike the front corners, whose existence it is possible, although not wise, to ignore throughout an entire game, the rear corners are unavoidable, and every player has had to deal with them from virtually his first time on the court.

And, too, using the rear corners offensively provides its own enjoyable moments. Just the chance of spinning an opponent 360 degrees around or pinning him helplessly against a wall is enough to make anyone aim for that elusive line where the walls meet and the ball takes non-Euclidian bounces. Undoubtedly, then, the rear corners get as much play, though, perhaps, not nearly as much thought, as they need.

But most intermediates approach the front corner shots (there is a wide variety of them) much more reluctantly. There's something confusing, even intimidating, about them. Like ceiling shots, they have to be thought out and practiced, it takes a good deal of ball control to use them properly, and they carry inherent dangers: low misses are automatically outs, high misses are often set-ups. Overall the disadvantages seem to outweigh the advantages, and by a wide margin.

The result is that the average intermediate puts his offensive faith into passing shots, power, and the unforced errors of his opponents. He ignores what might prove to be the most powerful offensive weapon he has,

after the serve, while at the same time he may find himself defensively helpless against anyone who has even marginally effective front corner shots.

That makes a bleak outlook for success, but there's an obverse to every coin: if *you* are the one who has effective front corner shots *and* a good sense of how to defend against them, then you're that much closer to being graduated from the B tournaments and into the A leagues, where the process of losing, learning, and winning can start all over again, but on a much higher level.

Where to begin? In this case it's best to start with the offensive shots, and the philosophy, if you will, of using the front corners aggressively. This will not only give you the means with which to beat someone, it will also, by giving you an awareness of what to look for, enable you to defend against a similar strategy when it's used by an opponent.

First, remind yourself of what happens when the ball hits the walls of a corner; practice a few times if the memory isn't clear.

Whenever a ball hits a wall, it bounces off at exactly the angle at which it struck. This is a law racquetball and billiards borrow from the science of optics: when a beam of light strikes a mirror at some given angle of incidence, it's reflected from the mirror at an angle of reflection of precisely the same value. In playing a side wall to front wall shot for impact at a specific point on the front wall, then, the ball's point of impact on the side wall and the angle at which it was hit are all important (See *Diagram 1*.)

Unlike a light beam, however, a racquetball loses a large part of its velocity when it hits a side wall because it imparts some of its energy to the wall. (That's why a power passing shot or a ceiling shot loses its speed and often becomes a set-up when it strikes a side wall too soon.) And, because it's subject to the pull of gravity, the ball on a side wall-front wall corner shot falls to the floor "faster" than it does on a straight front wall shot; both its path and its momentum are different, and the point at which it hits the side wall must be adjusted accordingly.

The angle of the shot comes into play here, too, just as the distance of the point of impact on the side wall from the front wall does. As that point nears the intersection of the walls, the distance the ball has to travel from the side wall to the front wall lessens, and so does the amount of fall in the ball's

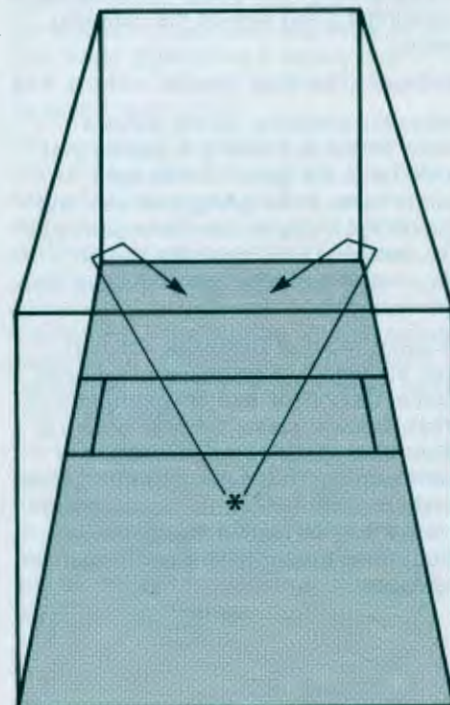


Diagram 1. Side Wall-Front Wall Corner Kills

path. That lowers the height of the proper point of impact, and, to add one more factor, so may the power with which the ball is hit.

Now it seems, with all of these variables, that we've gone from the simple arithmetic of racquetball to some kind of calculus of the game, and with predictable results: accustomed to thinking in terms of the front wall alone, many intermediates hit their corner kills—the most important of all of the corner shots—too low, and the consequent point-costing errors make them give up on the front corners in disgust.

In any case, juggling these five factors—loss of velocity, drop in height, shot angle, distance of impact from the intersection of the walls, and power—in the middle of a fast rally seems to be a virtually impossible task, and why bother? Why go for a corner kill at all? The front wall kill, where your only concern is the height of the shot on the wall, seems far easier, safer, and just as effective.

But think of what you're trying to accomplish with any kill, straight off the front wall or in the corner. Reduced to its simplest terms, the idea behind it is to make the ball bounce twice before your opponent can reach it. Now that can be accomplished in different ways. If the ball hits the front wall low enough, it will bounce two, three, four, or even more times before it reaches even the service line, and, on occasion, we've all hit a perfect roll-out.

Very few shots in racquetball are as satisfying as the front wall kill; it has an aesthetic finality about it that's complete. And the roll-out itself is the very image of the game. But it's an extremely tough shot to master because there are so many aspects of the game that work against it.

First, there's little margin for error. The standard racquetball is very lively and getting it to bounce twice before it reaches the service line takes a highly accurate shot.

Second, the direct angle of the shot—often the kill is straight at the wall and straight out again—automatically means that the direction of the ball will be out into midcourt. High or low it will be heading for your opponent, and if it isn't a good kill he'll have an excellent chance to reach it. (A little power may help. The ball can be hit fairly hard to give your opponent as little time as possible to reach it before its second bounce. But power is a two-edged sword; it often means the sacrifice of control.)

Third, the vertical angle at which the ball is struck has to be very small. An overhand or three-quarter kill is usually inaccurate, and even if the ball does hit low, its downward angle will bounce it up again off the floor, resulting in another set-up. And getting low enough for a good kill isn't always possible.

The front wall kill, then, while it can be a devastating weapon on the racquet of someone who's spent the hours necessary to perfect it, is, for most intermediates, a low percentage shot. I never mind playing against an intermediate who likes to go for front wall kills. He'll make a few, of course, and win some impressive points, but overall the advantage will be mine.

Still, no one's game is complete without a kill shot, and, low percentage or not, it's impossible to abandon it altogether. The solution to the problem lies in making the kill a higher percentage shot, something that can be done in a variety of ways. You can be born with a natural talent, you can practice for an hour or two every day, or you can learn how to hit corner kills. Let's focus on the last possibility, specifically, the reasons why hitting the ball into the corner makes it a higher percentage kill shot.

First, it's self-evident that any kill is more likely to die before your opponent can reach it if its speed is low, and hitting a side wall first will, as we've seen, cut the speed of even a power shot and draw the ball up short.

(You can argue that you can simply hit a front wall kill softly to begin with. Some players do. They take something off the ball and baby it against the front wall. But that kind of change of

pace can ruin your timing and even affect the fluidity of your swing. More important, it's difficult not to telegraph the shot and that gives your opponent too much time to prepare for and react to it, unless, again, your accuracy is perfect. If you swing normally, on the other hand, and hit a shot with some power, his immediate reaction is to hold his midcourt position or even retreat a step or two to wait for the ball to come to him, and when the ball dies off the side and front walls, it should catch him by surprise.)

Second, the corner kill gives the ball a better angle for you, as it comes off the front wall. Straight off the front wall, the ball has only 15 feet to bounce twice before it reaches the service line. On any angle less than 45 degrees, however, the ball will never reach the service line, at least, not before it reaches the opposite side wall. In order to retrieve it at all, then, your opponent would have to rush the forecourt and leave the backcourt open.

What makes the corner kill effective, then, is precisely what makes it difficult to hit to begin with—shot angle,

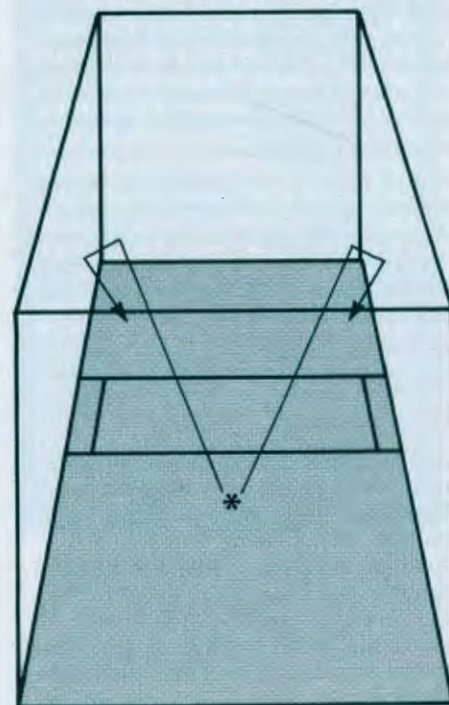


Diagram 2. Front Wall-Side Wall Corner Kills

power, height off the wall, and so forth. But, although it's as difficult a shot to perfect as, perhaps, the front wall kill, unlike the front wall kill, it doesn't have to be hit perfectly to be effective, and that, on balance, makes it far less risky and far more efficient.

In the final analysis, then, the corner kill is nothing less than an *essential* part of your game. You simply won't give your offensive arsenal the diversity it needs to set up an opponent nor the final blow to put him away without it, and there's no reason to try. After a few tentative games of missed shots and frustration, the corner kill will multiply your effectiveness and magnify the force of all of your other shots. You'll become, in the words of Rocky Balboa's manager, "a very dangerous person." Indeed.

A corollary of the side wall-front wall kill is the front wall-side wall kill (See *Diagram 2*), a shot that's at least as effective, primarily because it establishes an expectation in your opponent that's actually reversed: the ball is expected to rocket off the wall and out into center court, but it hits the side wall, changes direction, or dies instead.

And, again, if there's a single greatest risk in going for a side wall-front wall kill, it's that the ball will drop too far and skip before it reaches the front wall. Hitting the front wall first eliminates the danger.

In fact, it can be an advantage to skip the ball off the front wall and over to the side wall, provided the ball is moving fast enough and low enough. Experiment with both corner shots. The one better suited to you will quickly become evident.

* * *

Proper Position

Like all shots in racquetball, a corner kill's effectiveness will be enhanced if it's used at the proper moment. To illustrate, let's assume that you're a right-handed player serving to another right-handed player. You serve to the rear forehand corner (not all great serves are to the backhand), effectively pulling him out of the best, midcourt position.

Assume further that, because of the excellence of your serve, his return isn't

particularly strong; it gives you a chance to hit your shot without moving from your position in the service area. Naturally you go for a corner kill in the front left corner (See *Diagram 3*), the point furthest from your opponent.

You don't want to hit a passing shot or a ceiling shot to the backcourt, where his position and the time the ball would take getting there would give him an opportunity to recover his balance and get back in to the point. Nor would you go for the front right corner. Backed up as he is, he's still on that side of the court, and in any case the shot you've chosen is easier for you because your swing and follow through are more natural in that direction. Above all, late in the game, when your opponent becomes more fatigued, the shot will be even more effective.

Eventually of course, your opponent

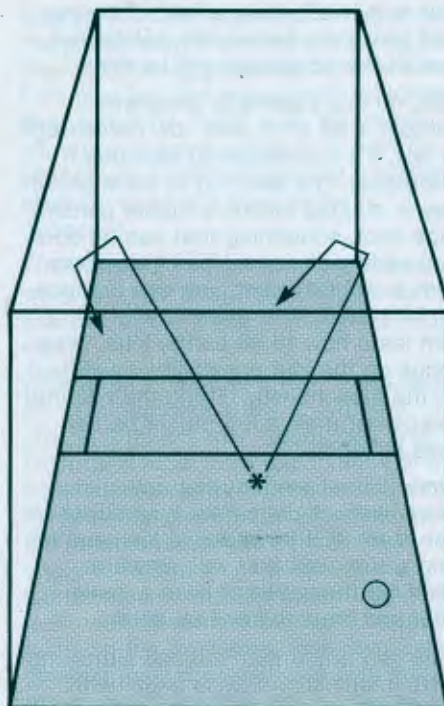


Diagram 3. Using The Corner Kills

will see that pattern you've established (maybe not, but how much can you hope for?), alter his return, or cover the corner. But in that case you can simply drop back for his return and go for the right side corner kill. This is a much more difficult shot for you because your body isn't "facing" that way. You have to hitch your arm a little or reposition your feet slightly. But few shots allow you to use as much of the court's width, and nothing will wrong-foot your opponent as completely.

Used in combination with your other shots, your corner kills should keep him off balance and guessing. You should be able to beat him outright or, at least, pull him in with the corner kill, back him up with a ceiling shot, and move him from side to side with passes. In all cases your shot selection should be determined by his court position, and keep in mind that fatigue (his, not yours) can be your greatest weapon at the end of a grueling match.

And, finally, you must learn how to hit both corners accurately off the backhand. The backhand is, for most intermediates, the most vulnerable part of their game. A weak backhand leaves half the court open and forces a positional compensation that creates other weaknesses on the forehand side. It invites attack and, worse, limits your shot selection: if you can't execute the shot that's called for, you'll be forced to use another, less effective shot and give your opponent an unearned second chance.

You can be sure that a good backhand corner kill will win many points you'd otherwise have lost; it will certainly keep you in some tough rallies that would soon have been over otherwise.

Forehand or backhand, the best position for these shots can be summed up in two words: stay low. Wait for the ball to come down to you, bend your knees, and snap your wrist at about ankle level. Keeping the ball in a plane horizontal to the floor will minimize

many of the difficulties of the shot, and will alone give you greater control and accuracy.

But beware. The corner kill is not a panacea for all of your weaknesses; like fire, it is a good servant and a bad master. If you try for corner kills from impossible positions—off balance, pinned against the back wall, reaching for a shot along the wall—the results will be disastrous. Wait, instead, for your best opportunity, a ball no higher than waist high, perhaps coming off the back wall. Then use the shot with deadly effect.

Defense

But if the corner kill is, in fact, this potent, how can it be defended against? If your opponent has developed it to a deadly accuracy, what recourse do you have?

The answer is brutally simple: a well-executed corner kill can't be defended against. But before you give up, remember that how well a corner kill is executed depends on a large number of circumstances: your opponent's abilities, your court position, his court position, and, most important, the shot you hit that he's trying to return for a kill. If you can work against these factors, you can reduce his accuracy markedly and even neutralize it.

It isn't all that uncommon to run across an intermediate who has a pretty good corner kill, sometimes a far better kill than the rest of his game would indicate. On closer inspection, though, you'll probably find that this kill is limited, that, perhaps, it's only good from the forehand side, or that it's ineffective from the last 10 feet of the court, or that he hits it only to the left corner, and only in the front wall-side

wall order, so that it always bounces out in the same direction, or that he can hit it only off a slow shot, one, perhaps, that hits a side wall and sets up for him, and never off the back wall.

This is the kind of player who beats weak opposition but isn't really a strong player himself. The problem lies in reading him quickly, preferably within the first few points of play, and play away from his strengths. If he hits his kills only off his forehand, keep the ball to the backhand side. Keep the ball deep if he's inaccurate from the rear court. In fact, whatever the circumstances are of his first few kills, note them carefully and stay away from them until, by the process of elimination, you find shots that he can't kill.

In other words, your first line of defense against a corner kill is preventing the shot to begin with.

Second, consider his kill with respect to the rest of his game. How much does he depend on it? If he doesn't have great power or an accurate passing shot, this may be his only offensive weapon. In that case you can modify your usual court position to defend against it with a feeling of some security. If he puts his kills in only one corner, move your position to cover the shots that aren't well-executed.

Know where he's most likely to hit the ball and cover those areas carefully. Remember, the racquetball is lively; it's almost impossible to keep it down all the time. Anticipate his moves, creep in, and pick up the ball. Nothing will be more psychologically devastating to him than your turning his best shots in to your own points.

Of course, the level of *your* game will determine the level of player you can beat. You will, of course, come across many players who have too deep an arsenal of shots for you to defeat—at least, for the present. But add a solid corner kill to your game, and learn how to defend against it even to a slight degree, and you can count on reaching higher rungs in the club ladder faster than you ever thought possible. ●

Allen Ascher is a freelance writer and avid racquetball player from Matawan, N.J.

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Keeping Your Composure Through Role-Playing And Visualization

by Lynn Adams

This article is another in a continuing series authored by Lynn Adams, current Women's Professional Racquetball National Champion. Adams is also one of the nation's foremost instructors, dealing with players of every level.



I frequently hear racquetball fans comment on the ability of the pros to consistently play well under pressure. How do they stay calm when most people would be nervous?

Well, there is no miracle answer, but there are ways to work to achieve that goal for yourself. One great difference between your type of practice and that of a pro's is that the pro's practice is geared specifically toward tournaments. Let's put physical skills aside and look more at the mental approach to the game.

Whatever your skill level, it would be reassuring to know that you could maintain that skill level consistently.

But perfection, when you want it, is not guaranteed from any sort of drill or practice, although role-playing and visualization can help you calm down and play to your maximum skill level.

Basically, players visualize their game and skill level in either a positive or negative manner. Many players are extremely hard on themselves. You see examples of this negative visualization when players yell at themselves or hit their racquets against the walls. These negative actions hurt a game more than help.

You need to work at developing a positive view of your game from the first day, an approach I've used to win the Nationals. I have learned how to play whole matches in my mind before the game and I see myself hitting without hesitation, being quick, keeping calm and winning. But, believe me, learning this visualization skill has taken concentrated effort.

It all started when my coach, Jim Carson, asked me if I could see myself hitting a forehand. I tried it, and realized I couldn't. For a long time, I tried to imagine myself outside the court, looking in at myself. I tried to see myself the way others would see me, but I couldn't do it. I still can't. You never see yourself playing unless it's on video. That's why we're all so shocked to see ourselves on TV, because we never look the way we think we do.

Anyway, I gave up on that and tried visualizing myself on the court, feeling smooth, and seeing everything with the perception that I see when I'm actually playing. I could do that and found it really exciting. At that point, I started seeing myself hitting solid shots in the middle of my racquet. No matter what position I was in, I would hit my sweet spot.

You might want to start out by visualizing a drop and hit shot. Drop the ball and hit it straight, solid and low. Don't visualize a skip ball; be positive and hit a good kill or pass shot. If you have a problem seeing yourself doing this it may be because you haven't seen enough good players. You have to have some idea of what the shot should look like or feel like, so go and watch players with good, solid strokes. Looking at your stroke in a mirror also helps you form a picture in your mind of what you look like. Whatever your style, make your mental image positive.

After you can visualize a drop and hit, see yourself in a rally. See yourself up on your toes, ready to move quickly in any direction and in control of the situation. See yourself moving to the ball, setting up properly and taking a solid hit. You don't have to score right away. See yourself in long rallies, moving your opponent around, as well as in short quick rallies.

A common problem among most players is nervousness or the lack of control over it. We get very emotional when competing and that creates all sorts of problems. If you want to see yourself in control of your own emotions, it must be done before you ever walk onto a court. You can't do it effectively in a pressurized situation.

So, in your mind, put yourself at the start of a match and calm down, so that you're breathing normally, feeling good and your strokes are smooth. Put yourself in many situations and come out calm in all of them. Do this over and over until you can see and feel it clearly. Progress until you can play a whole match in your mind.

This gives you an idea of how to visualize. It takes time and practice, but it pays off. Like any other drill you do, if you cheat or rush through this exercise, it will do you no good at all.

Role-playing goes hand-in-hand with visualization and you add the dimension of writing to it. We (Jim and I) do a lot of role-playing and it helps me a lot.

Role-playing is planning ahead for what might happen. I put myself into different situations and think of as many different possibilities to that situation as I can. Then I figure out how I would want to react to each possibility.

For instance, I'm in a close tie-breaker, and my opponent goes for a shot and gets it on two bounces. She doesn't call it and neither does the ref. I lose the rally and appeal. Since line judges are split in what they saw, she gets the point. In my mind, I know she cheated. That's my situation. Now I go through the possible reactions.

First, I get very angry and confront her. She just smiles and turns away, which heightens my anger. Knowing how I react, if I get too upset, I will dump the next shot and lose another point. That's definitely not a good solution.

Next, I could ignore it, figuring it's part of the game and out of my control and go on to play the next point. I could *calmly* express to my opponent that it's too bad her confidence in winning is so low that cheating is necessary to score points. That's usually a good way to make my opponent feel guilty. If the crowd saw her cheat, I could get them in on making her feel badly. I could yell at the ref for making a lousy call, etc.

There are always options available. By thinking of them in advance, I choose how I react. That doesn't mean I'm always in control of every situation, because I'm definitely human, but I am in control most of the time.

In case you're wondering which option I would have chosen in the given example, if I were in total control of myself, I would say the line about not having confidence. But that's effective only if I can say it without hostility and if I truly feel sorry that my opponent had to stoop to that level. Otherwise, I'd ignore it and concentrate on the next rally. I want to do what's necessary for me to score that next point.

Another form of role-playing is to place yourself in specific shot situations. It's 10-10 in the tie-breaker and I have a ceiling ball that comes up short and I have the opportunity to shoot the ball. What shot do I hit? Be sure to thoroughly define the situation. Where is my opponent? How fast is she? Who has the momentum? Whose serve is it? How have I been hitting the last four or five shots?

By playing these pressure points in advance, over and over in different ways, they are a little less scary when they actually happen. If you wait until it's actually 10-10 before you ever think about what shot you should hit, you'll tense up and miss whatever you try. Think about it in advance.

I role-play all sorts of things, on and off the court. Something I think is important is being a gracious loser as well as winner. You can throw your tantrums when you're alone, but not in front of a crowd. So, I role-play losing a match I wanted to win very much and practice controlling my temper. I'll role-play a victory speech so I don't forget to thank someone who is important, and I role-play a game in front of a crowd that wants me to lose. There are so many situations that come up in competition, and the more prepared you are, the better you'll handle yourself.

Where does the writing come in? I write a lot of this down on cards and take them to my matches. I'll write down my game plans (played out in advance), write down my opponent's strengths and weaknesses, write down my playing goals, i.e., always be aggressive, hit through the ball, tentativeness will make you lose a point, etc., etc.

I also write down tendencies of mine when I let the pressure get to me. That way I can go to my cards and let them remind me of things, because when I start losing it in a match, I forget lots

of things, and having thoughts written down in advance helps me focus and calm down. It helps me concentrate on positive things instead of getting upset about losing a game, a point or my cool.

Also, writing helps me pull all my thoughts together. It makes me concentrate on racquetball and what I'm trying to accomplish and tune out everything else. That in itself is a fantastic role-play for a match. When you're playing a match, you want to be able to tune out all distractions and focus on playing the ball. I think one of my strong points is being able to concentrate totally for long periods of time. I can tune out a whole crowd; comments an opponent may make, etc., to the point where I actually don't hear them. I'll hear a general murmur-type noise, but it's quiet, and I can't hear specific words.

I know I'm able to do that, because visualization and role-playing take a lot of concentration. When you get to the point where you can concentrate long enough to visually see yourself play a whole game, you're well on your way to being able to do that in an actual tournament.

To me, the real joy of playing racquetball comes when you get past the physical aspect of the game. When I'm able to take my physical game and make it better by using my head, that excites and inspires me to get even better. I realize that it's hard to concentrate on anything else when your main concern is just getting the ball to the front wall, but these techniques are to be used before you walk onto the court.

If you feel you're not ready to do these types of things yet, that's fine. Whenever you try it, do it with energy and do it for a while. Don't try it once, get frustrated and quit. The mind side of the game takes practice just like your forehand or serve. It's no different, and patience will reward you. ●

EXTRA!

10,000-Mile Bike Trip

Tammy Hajjar has won four national championships and one international title. Since 1981, she's won 15 amateur events in New York, New Jersey and her home state of Pennsylvania. Most recently, she successfully defended her New York State Women's Open title, making her the best woman amateur in that state. But she's put all this aside, at least for now.

On April 10 the 19 year-old Marist College sophomore and seven others embarked on a 10,000-mile bicycle trip cross-country and back again for the benefit of Cystic Fibrosis. The trip will take seven months and cover 26 states.

"Right now the important thing is the bike tour," said Tammy before their departure. The challenge of doing it is part of what attracted her, but she's also committed to the tour's mission to educate Americans about CF and to raise funds for research and patient therapy.

"CF is the number one cause of genetic death in

this country," she pointed out. *"Right now there's no cure and there's no test to determine who's carrying the gene. Victims usually don't live past 21. We believe the 1983 USA Team Tour can help change things."*

Marist College Assistant Athletic Director Dick Quinn is helping the team gather resources and sponsors for the monumental venture. He has a very personal reason for supporting the riders. His three year-old daughter has Cystic Fibrosis.

"Jenna, in fact, is our inspiration," says 51 year-old Joyce "Skip" Rochette of Staatsburgh, NY, the oldest member of the team and its chief organizer.

For the past year, Tammy lived with the Rochette family to make training and planning more convenient. Starting in January she followed a daily regimen centering on a RacerMate stand that holds her own bike. For two consecutive hours she kept up a grueling pace, pedaling 90-100 RPM's (revolutions per

Tammy Hajjar (r.) and Joyce Rochette pause briefly during training for their 10,000-mile cross-country bike trek to benefit Cystic Fibrosis.



minute), alternating a steady-state workload and sprint interval training to increase leg muscle endurance and cardiovascular fitness.

She also trained three times a week on Nautilus equipment and used a computerized LifeCycle bike at All Sport Fitness and Racquetball Club, which is right

across from Marist College where Tammy's been studying for two years.

Known in racquetball circles as a power player who trains hard physically and is mentally tough, Tammy has an aggressive court style and an exceptionally positive attitude.

She started playing racquetball five years ago with her uncle, who, according to Tammy, *"kept on killing me."* She played other women, but improvement made her turn to competition with some of the more experienced male players in her home club in Harrisburg, PA.

"Some babied me," she recalls, *"But when I started beating them, they played hard."*

After a seven-month hiatus, where will Tammy Hajjar and competitive racquetball be? *"Obviously I'll be in fantastic shape,"* she quips, but she's honest and says, *"I'll have a lot of time to think about it."* In any event, her favorite racquet is also seeing America on the back of her custom-made bike.

Wheelchair Rb

Handicapped racquetball players have been given formal AARA recognition with the formation on May 29 of the National Wheelchair Racquetball Association (NWRA) at a meeting in

Houston, TX, during the AARA National Singles.

The NWRA will conduct and promote wheelchair racquetball in the US as a sanctioned division of AARA tournaments. Standardized rules

will be adopted and incorporated into the official AARA rules.

Jim Leatherman will serve as the NWRA Commissioner. Leatherman is the number-one ranked wheelchair

player and winner of the Men's wheelchair division in the Nationals at Houston. (For results of this and other divisions, see Tournament Results, this issue.)

Pays Off Fitness

Are you a non-smoker? Do you work out for at least 20 minutes three times a week?

If so, USLIFE is prepared to reward you with hefty discounts—up to 16.8%—through a new whole life insurance policy aptly named “*The Exerciser*.” The company believes fitness buffs will live longer, so shouldn’t have to pay as much as sedentary types.

In addition to meeting the exercise requirements, to be eligible for the policy ap-

plicants have to undergo a battery of medical exams to check heart function, blood pressure, pulse, cholesterol levels, triglycerides and other physiological conditions. USLIFE pays for the exam—and once you’ve passed it, you don’t have to take it again for the duration of the policy.

The program was launched in California, but will shortly be available nationwide. Now you can play racquetball for your heart, your health, and your pocket-book!

WPRA Wrap up

The 1982-83 Women’s Professional Racquetball Association Awards were announced at the Nationals banquet in May. **AMF Most Improved Player** (a new honor this year) went to **Vicki Panzeri**, who climbed from the tenth spot in the 1981-82 rankings to fifth at the close of the 1982-83 season... The **Steding Cup**, designed to honor the player who has contributed the most to racquetball both on and off the court, went to **Jennifer Harding** for outstanding service to WPRA as vice president for the past two years... **Peggy Gardner** was voted good sport of the year by her peers, and given the **WPRA Sportsmanship**

Award which goes each year to a player distinguished for her on-court sense of fair play... The new WPRA Board of Directors has been elected: Jennifer Harding will serve as President, **Lynn Adams** as vice president, with **Lynn Farmer**, **Terri Gilreath** and **Caryn McKinney** completing the five-member panel... Planning for the 1983-84 season is underway and **International Management Group**, which handles WPRA business, is inviting clubs to participate either as host sites or in other activities related to the tour. (For information call Sandy Genelius, 216/522-1200.)

Promoted

Kenneth C. Konkol, vice president of Champion Glove Company since 1963, was elected President of the firm on May 9. Mr. Konkol has been with Champion for 30 years.

AARA Awards, Appointments

Cindy Baxter of Lewistown, PA, was selected as AARA Female Athlete of the Year for the second consecutive year. Cindy was Open runner-up in 1982, and has represented the US in the American Regional Games... Male Athlete of the Year is **Larry Fox** of Cincinnati, OH. Larry took the 1982 Asian Open in Tokyo besides being US Open runner-up and a US Team qualifier... The **John Halverson Award**, given each year in recognition of outstanding individual contribution to racquetball, went to **Al**

Seitelman of East Northport, NY, for his innumerable services including acting as Region II Director and Junior Director, State Director for New York, and VP on the AARA Board of Directors... The Board has recently announced three appointments for the coming three-year term: incumbent President **Paul Henrikson** was elected for a second term; **Jim Austin**, National Rules Commissioner, also elected for a second term; and **Clint Koble**, a new addition, as Board Member.

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Bagging It: Tea Drinking And Athletic Performance

by Frances Sheridan Goulart

"Sufficient quantities of water should be consumed while participating in a sport to prevent dehydration . . . [But] no sweetened soft drinks of any kind, including products like Gatorade should be consumed two hours before exercise. Sugar causes an insulin response and cramping in the gastrointestinal tract," writes reporter Marian Burros in her *Checklist for Athletic Performance and Nutrition* (The New York Times, Mar. 23, 1983).

So what's an athletic body to do? Coffee lowers blood sugar, damages the pancreas and depletes B vitamins. What about tea, if *that's* your favorite training cup of cheer? A cup of tea has roughly 35 to 40 mg. (green tea averages 25 mg.) of caffeine depending on the strength of the brew, about as much as a coke, half as much as instant coffee, and only a third as much as brewed coffee. It's a pick-me-up, but maybe it should be.

Regular tea contains not *one* but three of the central nervous stimulants known as the methylxanthines: caffeine (less caffeine than coffee, but more than cocoa), theophylline and theobromine, plus two more health disruptive chemicals—oxalic acid and tannin.

Excessive consumption of regular (non-herbal) tea can give you anything from migraine headaches to constipation. More than three cups a day can cause deficiency of the water-soluble vitamin complexes B and C, even iron-deficiency anemia.

Heavy tea drinking can also short you on protein and sleep, and it may be a factor in some forms of cancer.

Tea (50% of it brewed in bags)* is 25% of our national coffee intake. But things are picking up.

One reason? More fitness means more tea. According to the *Fitness in America* study sponsored by The Per-

rier Co., sports-minded adults and very active adults report a 10% to 14% increase in their tea drinking patterns "because of athletic participation," giving beer drinking which has seen a rise of 11% to 15% in recent years, a run for the money.

Eighty percent of the tea we guzzle between our rounds, laps, meets and sets is iced. Sales of iced tea are rising by two to three million pounds a year. A healthy fact except for the fact that most of that is not caffeine-free (herbal).

What is tea? The regular caffeine-containing tea that most of us drink comes from the dried leaf of an ever-green plant, a member of the *camellia* family. There are over 3,000 varieties of tea plants, but only three types—black, green, or oolong. The grading classification and processing of tea is a complex business to put it mildly. But from a nutritional standpoint, green tea is the healthiest, black is the unhealthiest, and oolong falls somewhere in between. As a bonus, teas *lowest* in caffeine are also lowest in tannin, the suspected carcinogen that occurs at various levels in most tea leaves.

Leaves for all three tea types are dried by exposure to the sun or by commercial heating processes. Oolong teas, for example, are partially fermented before being dried making them more astringent than black teas, but *less* astringent than green teas. Teas are graded according to the age of the leaf. Orange pekoe is made from the newest, youngest leaves and is considered the best grade.

Tea leaves give you more for your money than coffee beans. A pound of tea produces as much as 300 cups, a pound of coffee only 30 to 40. But extra yield isn't all you get. Next to water, tea is the most popular drink in the world. But it doesn't give water a run for its money nutritionally.

Caffeine

Water supplies minerals and trace minerals such as calcium zinc and copper, and even when it's polluted it's still caffeine-free.

A single cup of one popular brand of tea brewed for five minutes, on the other hand, may contain up to 90 milligrams of caffeine—more than you get from two cokes and enough of a drug dose to destroy 25% of your body's supply of energizing thiamine (B-1).

It's also enough caffeine to cause or worsen pain. Studies indicate that cutting your tea intake down or out may be the way to a more painproof body. According to Mary Jane Hungerford, Ph.D., a private practitioner of holistic psychotherapy in Santa Barbara, CA, B vitamins are quickly destroyed both by the diuretic action of the caffeine in tea and by the tannins it contains. A heavy caffeine habit "*definitely increases anxiety which can, in turn, make any pain worse,*" she says. Cutting down on caffeine and increasing your B vitamin intake may help to switch off pain.

Look at your tea intake if you aren't sleeping. According to Dr. Quentin Regestein, Director of the Sleep Clinic at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, if you are sensitive to caffeine, tea may have a "wake-up" effect on your body that persists as long as 20 hours. Two cups of tea have the effect of one cup of brewed coffee or one and a half cups of instant coffee.

The caffeine content of tea before brewing is actually *higher* than the caffeine in unbrewed coffee. After brewing it is less. The older the tea leaf, the higher content of caffeine and other stimulants (theophylline and theobromine). Caffeine content varies depending on variety. Black teas such as India Black and African Black are generally highest, Chinese and Japanese green teas are lowest. But a blend may be a caffeinated blockbuster. Two examples: English Breakfast Tea or Irish Breakfast Tea. These may actually have more caffeine than regular instant coffee.

How about the teas most of us buy off our supermarket shelves? According to a study by Daniel S. Groisser from Mountainside Hospital, Montclair, NJ, of popular brand teas, "*In every domestic type of brew—weak, medium*

*Teabags date back to 1904. Legend has it a tea merchant, Thomas Sullivan, sent samples of his various tea blends out to customers in little hand-sewn bags. Customers found they could brew the free tea just by putting the bag in a cup and pouring in boiling water. Orders for tea in bags poured in, and the rest is history. Iced tea began the same year.

and strong—Red Rose had the most caffeine, then Salada, then Lipton, then Tetley. Weak Red Rose tea had 45 milligrams of caffeine, while a strong brew had 90. Weak Salada tea had 25 milligrams of caffeine, while a strong brew had 78. Weak Lipton had 25 milligrams while a strong brew had 70. Weak Tetley had 18 milligrams while a strong brew had 70."

Among popular imported teas, English Breakfast in a weak teabag brew had 26 milligrams of caffeine while the strong brew reached 107 mg. Twinings Darjeeling in a teabag had 30 milligrams in a weak brew and 91 in a strong brew.

The teas we buy the most of, the so-called broken grade blends, represent 80% of the total crop, and make dark, strong tea. So, pinpointing how much actual caffeine content you get is impossible. Commercial teabag blends use up to twenty or more varieties in an attempt to maintain a constant quality.

Other Stimulants

Tea contains two other stimulants. Theobromine, which may occur in substantial amounts in chocolate products, but only in trace levels in tea; and theophylline. There is actually less than 0.3 mg. of theophylline in a cup of black leaf tea, and only undetectable amounts in other teas and cocoa, but that may be enough to cause trouble.

Theophylline derivatives are used to treat serious asthma conditions. In large doses, like caffeine, its chemical cousin, it can cause serious side-effect illnesses including irritation of the stomach and abdominal cramping. Headaches and vomiting are associated with excessive doses, and theophylline, like caffeine, can affect muscle contractions. According to a Danish research study conducted in 1981 (reported in *British Medical Journal*: 282-864, March 1981), when volunteers, aged 23 to 30 years, were permitted to follow their usual diet supplemented by copious quantities of tea, they all developed constipation and dehydration. The researchers attributed the effect to theophylline, which they said causes extracellular dehydration through the kidneys and a secondary increase in intestinal fluid absorption. It



also slows down intestinal functions.

Tannic Acid

Tea contains tannic acid, too.

Tannin, used to tan leather, found in the bark of oak trees, red wine, the skins of apples, plums and grapes, and even a few in herb teas, is what give tea its characteristic "tea-like" flavor.

An official statement by the National Academy of Sciences, in their manual, *Toxicant Occurring Naturally in Foods*, has this to say about tannin: "The 'no-effect' level for food-grade tannic acid in rats has been established at 800 milligrams per kilogram of body weight per day and the total acceptable daily intake for a man is 560 milligrams. This, however, is below the total intake of tannin by some persons, which may be of the order of 1,000 milligrams a day in coffee, tea, cocoa, etc." And 1,000 mg. (1 gram) may be a total worth worrying about. It could be a factor in cancer.

Recent studies by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services indicate a close relationship between cancer of the esophagus and exposure to tannins in Chinese tea drunk without milk or cream. (Note: Teas from Ceylon or India contain more tannin than Chinese black or Japanese green teas. Adding milk to tea binds the tannin and makes it less harmful. Lemon has no such effect.)

"In Japan, there are some fairly well-defined areas of the country with an exceptionally high rate of cancer of the esophagus," says cancer specialist Dr. Donald R. Germann, "and a high in-

cidence of the disease in some parts of India where tea is drunk at extremely high temperatures." (Tannins are more reactive at high temperatures. Contact with extreme heat may damage the lining of the esophagus, making it more vulnerable to possibly carcinogenic influences such as the tannin in the tea.)

According to another study conducted in 1979 in India, tannin may harm the heart and circulatory system. When rats were fed a diet rich in tannic acid, they experienced damage to their heart muscle and an increase in the cholesterol level of their blood. The rats received the human equivalent of six cups or more of black tea or black instant coffee a day. Boiled, loose-leaf tea and instant coffee were both found to be richer in tannic acid than regular, perked coffee or tea made from teabags.

Tannins are known to combine with the proteins in the foods you eat making them less available to the body. They also affect the absorption of calcium and the B vitamins. And a high tannin intake at mealtimes can inhibit absorption of iron from vegetable sources. (Iron in meat isn't affected.)

And the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology reports that four to six cups of tea daily, even when used to wash down a well balanced diet, can induce deficiency of vitamin B, cause fatigue, nervousness and loss of appetite. Heavy consumption of tea (one quart a day) can reduce your vitamin B-1 level by as much as 60%.

Recommendations

1. Switch to H₂O. The best liquid to drink, before, during or after exercise, is water.
2. Switch to a decaffeinated tea such Bromley's Decaffeinated—carried by health food stores and some super-markets.
3. Switch to herb teas now available everywhere. Two good brands—Celestial Seasonings and the Lipton line of herbals. ●

'Capitalize' On Racquetball When Visiting D.C.

by Victor Block

The restaurant and lounge at the Bethesda racquetball courts at Courts Royal Arlington Racquet & Health Club overlook the glass-walled championship court. Six of the 10 have glass walls, providing people in the lounge area a good view of the action.



When you pack your suitcase for a vacation or business trip, do you usually take along your racquet and other racquetball equipment? If you leave it home because you think you won't be able to find a place to play, think again.

In most large cities, a growing number of resorts and an ever-increasing list of hotels, visitors are able to play racquetball. Granted, it's not always easy to find a club that's open to non-members, or to pick up a game. But for those willing to make a try, the results can be worth the effort.

In future issues, this column will include—among a variety of articles—features on individual destinations. If you'd like to play racquetball *wherever* you go, follow these suggestions:

- Glance at the yellow pages telephone directory. In some cities, such as New York, the listings under "Racquetball Courts" are divided into "Public" and "Private" facilities. If so, you'll be able to find a place to play with little trouble—and most desk clerks at "open" clubs will gladly help

you find someone to play.

- Where no public facilities are listed, don't give up. Some private clubs allow people interested in taking out a membership to use their facilities on a trial basis.

- Even commercial clubs whose policy is to allow guests only when accompanied by a member sometimes bend their rule. Asked about this possibility, several club managers admitted to *National Racquetball* that—rather than let a court stand empty—they often allow out-of-town visitors to rent time.

- If you are a member of an IRSA (International Racquet Sports Association) affiliated club, you probably have reciprocal play privileges in over 650 clubs in North America. Check with your club to determine IRSA membership and to obtain a list of places to play.

Keep these approaches in mind as you travel throughout the country on business or pleasure. You probably will find it worthwhile to tuck your racquet, eyeguard and racquetball clothing into

a corner of your suitcase when packing for future trips.

If you're heading for the Nation's Capital, you'll find a city with an active and growing racquetball community—and expanding number of facilities. Below is a brief checklist of recommended places to play in the Washington, DC metropolitan area.

Athletic Express, 700 Russell Ave., Gaithersburg, MD 20877; telephone (301) 258-0661. The 16 racquetball courts, three with glass viewing walls and viewing amphitheater, are the main attraction here. The club also has a swimming pool; exercise room; whirlpool, steam and sauna rooms; and restaurant with bar and lounge. Members may use all facilities of the Chevy Chase Athletic Club.

Bethesda Racquet & Health Club, 4400 Montgomery Ave., Bethesda, MD 20814; telephone (301) 656-9570. Convenient to the National Institutes of Health and National Naval Medical Center. In addition to 10 racquetball courts (three with

Readers are encouraged to send your racquetball travel questions to Victor Block, c/o National Racquetball, 1800 Pickwick Ave., Glenview, IL 60025.

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glass walls), facilities include a fully equipped health club, indoor track, lap pool and full-court gymnasium. The *Off the Wall* restaurant and lounge overlooks the glass-walled championship court.

Chevy Chase Athletic Club, 5454 Wisconsin Ave., Chevy Chase, MD 20815; telephone (301) 656-8834. Conveniently located just outside the District of Columbia line, on the penthouse floor of the Barlow Building. Being in effect an in-town club, facilities are limited to five racquetball courts, a squash court and exercise equipment. Members have reciprocity with Athletic Express.

Courts Royal, a complex of six racquetball clubs in the Washington, DC area:

Arlington, 1122 Kirkwood Rd., Arlington, VA 22201; telephone (703) 522-1702. Ten racquetball courts (six with glass walls), saunas.

Devil's Reach, 1401 Devil's Reach Rd., Woodbridge, VA 22192; telephone (703) 690-1629. More a tennis club, but also has two racquetball courts.

Merrifield, 2733 Merrilee Dr., Fairfax, VA 22031; telephone (703) 560-1215. Two of the four racquetball courts have glass viewing walls; also two squash courts. Coed sauna, exercise area with fitness equipment.

Springfield, 5505 Cherokee Ave., Alexandria, VA 22312; telephone (703) 941-4848. Eight racquetball/handball courts (three with glass walls), saunas, coed whirlpool, exercise equipment, snack bar and lounge.

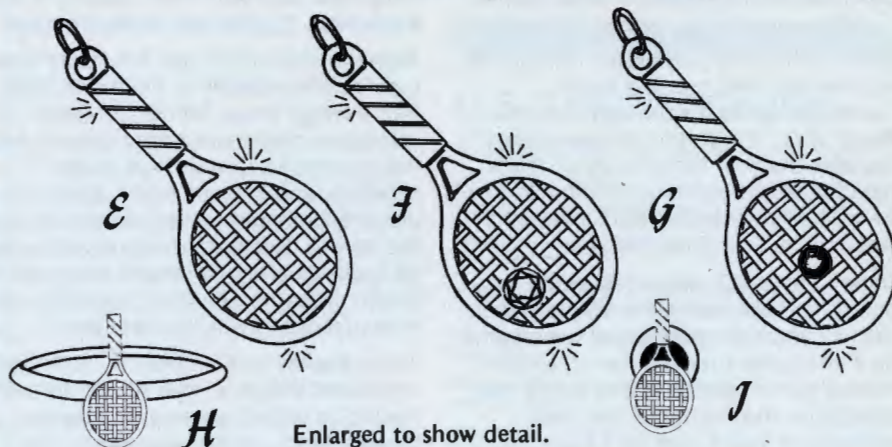
White Oak, 11313 Lockwood Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20904; telephone (301) 593-7626. Half of the 12 racquetball courts have glass viewing walls. Nautilus center, men's and women's saunas, steam rooms.

Crystal City Racquet & Health Club, 1333 Crystal Gateway Arcade, Arlington, VA 22202; telephone (703) 979-9660. Located near the Crystal Underground turn-of-the-century village, this plush facility has 12 racquetball courts, two indoor tennis courts, Nautilus and weight room, saunas, steam rooms. Members have use of all Skyline Racquet & Health Club facilities.

Rockville, 11650 Nebel St., Rockville, MD 20852; telephone (301) 770-0707. An outstanding facility with 15 racquetball courts (three with glass walls), complete health club and fitness center, men's and women's saunas, large coed whirlpool, snack bar and large lounge.

Skyline Racquet & Health Club, 5115 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church, VA 22041; telephone (703) 820-4100. This sister to the Crystal Racquet Club—members have use of both—has four racquetball courts, five indoor tennis courts, Olympic-size heated pool, extensive exercise facilities, saunas, steamrooms, restaurant and lounge. ●

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I	Men's Tie Tack with 14 KT Gold Racquetball Racquet. \$46.50

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U.S. Amateur Championships A Professional Success

by Carole George

Over 750 amateur players travelled from all over the U.S., Canada and even West Germany, to compete in the U.S. Amateur Singles Championships, sponsored by the AARA and Lite Beer. The tournament was held May 26-30 at the impressive Houston Downtown YMCA.

Most of the players, aged 14 to 72, were vying for medals and the recognition of a national title, but in the open divisions the top three men and women will have a chance to compete in the Pan-American Games this October in Costa Rica. Twelve Latin American countries are expected to send teams.

In the Women's Open Division, Cindy Baxter, 28, of Pennsylvania, returned to reclaim her title, topping North Carolina's Malia Kamahoahoa in the finals 17-21, 21-10, 11-1. Baxter also became the first national 25+ champion by defeating Molly O'Brien 21-17, 21-4. The Pre-Veterans (25+) division was for the first time this year.

Danny Ferris, 23, has a few years before he becomes a Pre-Vet, however, with 12 years of racquetball experience he's not quite a rookie. Ferris, a Minnesota native, attended the AARA Nationals for the first time this year because in years past he's been too busy with school and too broke to travel just for a title.

While studying business in college, Ferris did travel for the AARA Inter-collegiate Nationals three times, finishing third twice. Now working as a financial planner and noting that this year's winner was guaranteed a trip to Costa Rica, Ferris figured, "Why not enter?"

In the finals, Ferris had a crowd-pleasing match against New Jersey's Jimmy Cascio. While Ferris has been busy winning many small money tournaments in the mid-West, Cascio has been fighting hard in the Northeast against arch-rival Ruben Gonzalez. Rarely a tournament goes by in New York that doesn't find Cascio and Gonzalez in the finals.

So when Cascio came up to bat against whiz kid Ferris in the finals, the crowd prepared itself for some thrilling racquetball—and that's exactly what it got. The scores kept seesawing back and forth as one player got hot and then the other. At times it seemed that Ferris could aim for the bottom board from anywhere on the court and never miss. In the tie-breaker Ferris shot ahead to a 9-1, but Cascio was able to come back to seven before losing his grip again as Ferris prevailed 11-7.

'Usually I make the other guy earn all his points, but that time I didn't,' Ferris explained. *"I gave him some freebies."*

Kamahoahoa didn't get too many freebies against Baxter in the finals. She had a tough draw, taking out inter-collegiate champion Kathy Gluvna (who will also go to Costa Rica) in the quarters, and current AARA National Juniors Champion, Marcie Drexler, in the semi's. But Kamahoahoa still seemed fresh as she challenged and beat Baxter in game one 21-17. Cindy quickly recovered to win the next two.

Since Baxter was entered in both the Open and the 25+, she found herself having to defeat some of the same players twice. In the quarters of the Open she took out Molly O'Brien who was the runner-up in the 25+. In the semi's of the Open, Baxter crushed Marcy Lynch even worse than she did in the 25+, winning 21-2, 21-5.

For some reason, the men's game seems to be a much younger one. Many of the players in the age divisions also entered the open, but of the top four finishers in the 25+, not one made it into the quarters of the open. Mark Morrison of Florida defeated Dennis Aceto of Massachusetts for the first 25+ title, while Lou Souther travelled from West Germany to finish third. Souther is stationed at an Air Force base in Wiesbaden and is currently the top player in Europe.

Another new division this year was women's wheelchair. Since last year, the number of entries grew from three to 22 in the wheelchair division, enabling the AARA to divide it into separate men's and women's brackets. Since all four of the women had only been playing a few months in preparation of the Nationals, they were allowed three bounces.

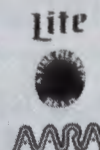
However, Kathy Donoho, runner-up and newly appointed southwest representative of the Wheelchair Racquetball Association, says that next year the women's divisions will be much more competitive and will abide by the regular two-bounce rule. Donoho also hopes to add junior's, beginning, intermediate, and advanced divisions to keep the competition from being so one-sided.

The unevenness of the competition was more apparent in the men's wheelchair



The Wheelchair divisions attracted 22 players including returning champ Jim Leatherman (l.) who topped Tony Dean (r.) in the finals.

Malia Kamahoahoa appears to be readying to strike a can of Miller's Lite as she slams a backhand into the back wall in the finals of the Women's Open against eventual winner Cindy Baxter.



—Photos by Carole George

division, where on the one hand there were returning finalists, Tony Dean and Jim Leatherman, who have played racquetball for several years, and absolute rookies on the other hand.

Dean's quarter-final scores were 21-1, 21-3, and semi's were 21-1, 21-2, while Leatherman had a little more mercy... that is until he hit the finals against arch-rival Dean, who like Leatherman, lives in Baltimore, MD.

Leatherman went all out to win 21-9, 21-11 in the finals. All of the entrants in the wheelchair division are athletes in running, swimming, or basketball. Most of them are planning to continue playing racquetball.

"I think racquetball has the potential," claimed two-time champion Leatherman, *"of being the closest sport for disabled and able-bodied."*

Most of Leatherman's practice games are with "stand-ups," because not enough wheelchair athletes have been introduced to racquetball yet. But he always welcomed the able-bodied to try it in a chair. Leatherman compares wheelchair sports to things like bicycling where the athlete uses a machine to compete.

For the first time, the AARA Nationals ran a 65+ division for the men and a 50+ division for the women. Both went round-robin this year, but it's definitely a start in the right direction. Luzell Wilde, winner in the 65+, travels all over the U.S. with his wife, Georgia, in their motor home, in order to compete in his age bracket. Locally, he usually gets dropped down to the seniors division where he has to play "kids" in their 30's and 40's.

The youngest player in the tournament was 14-year-old Stacie Norman of Houston, TX. Norman lost the use of her legs in a car accident three years ago, but it hasn't stopped her from competing in sports.

She qualified for the National Wheelchair Athletic Association games in Hawaii, by beating out adults in several categories of track and field. Norman also plays for the Rolling Cougars basketball team, where everyone else is male and older.

"I think she makes them feel like kids again when she's playing on the team," commented Norman's father. *"We're real proud of Stacie."*

Luke St. Onge, AARA Executive director, was proud of the overall turn-out of the Nationals, however, next year all players will have to participate in the Regionals in order to qualify. Not only will that prevent the number of entrants from increasing beyond capacity, it will also encourage players to compete regionally. The Regional results will then be used to seed the Nationals.

An exhibition match between two football players drew a lot of laughs from the spectators as local hero, Earl Cambell (Houston Oilers) destroyed Ben Davidson (former Oakland Raiders). The TV cameras came in for that event, which was over at 15-2, but they were also there nightly to keep Houston posted on the latest results.

Jim Austin, long-time Houston standout and AARA Rules Chairman, predicted before thousands of television viewers, that despite a recent injury, he would win the 40+ division and he did. Larry Fox, the top seed in the open, was also interviewed by the local news broadcast, but unfortunately his expectations were thwarted by Ferris in the quarters.

Another highlight of the tournament for many was their free admission to a baseball game in the Astrodome between the Astros and the St. Louis Cardinals. The game immediately followed the player's banquet, also held at the Astrodome. ●

U.S. Amateur Singles Championships

Sponsors: AARA, Lite Beer from Miller
Houston, TX, May 26-30

Men's Open: Danny Ferris d. Jim Cascio 21-4, 12-21, 11-7;
3rd: Evan Terry

Women's Open: Cindy Baxter d. Malia Kamahoahoa 17-21,
21-10, 11-1; 3rd: Marcie Drexler

Men's 25+: Mark Morrison d. Dennis Aceto 21-12, 21-5; 3rd:
Lou Souther

Women's 25+: Cindy Baxter d. Molly O'Brien 21-17, 21-4;
3rd: Terri Gatarz

Men's 30+: Joe Wirkus d. Greg Maloley 16-21, 21-17, 11-8;
3rd: Gary Mazroff

Women's 30+: Brenda Loube d. Helene Burden 2-21, 21-13,
11-9; 3rd: Terri Dickerson

Men's 35+: John Hennon d. Ed Remen 21-18, 21-11; 3rd: Tim
Lavo

Women's 35+: Barb Tennesen d. Mildred Gwinn 21-3, 21-7;
3rd: Judi Schmidt

Men's 40+: Jim Austin d. Charlie Garfinkel 21-11, 21-10; 3rd:
Junior Powell

Women's 40+: Renee Hebert d. Barb Smith 21-18, 21-8; 3rd:
Mildred Gwinn

Men's 45+: Al Ferrari d. Steve Silverman 21-12, 21-17; 3rd:
Gene Landrum

Women's 45+: 1st: Kathy Mueller; 2nd: Colleen Sloan; 3rd:
Cleata Ching

Men's 50+: Bud Muehleisen d. Jay Krevsky 21-17, 21-9; 3rd:
Dave Bowersock

Women's 50+: 1st: Noel Dingman; 2nd: Bette Covington;
3rd: Janet Kettman

Men's 55+: Floyd Swenson d. Bud Held 21-14, 21-15; 3rd:
Fintan Kilbride

Men's 60+: Floyd Swenson d. Earl Acuff 20-21, 21-17, 11-4;
3rd: Luzell Wilde

Men's 65+: Luzell Wilde d. Ike Gumer 21-8, 21-8; 3rd: John
Pearce

Men's Wheelchair: Jim Leatherman d. Tony Dean 21-9, 21-11;
3rd: Bill Duff

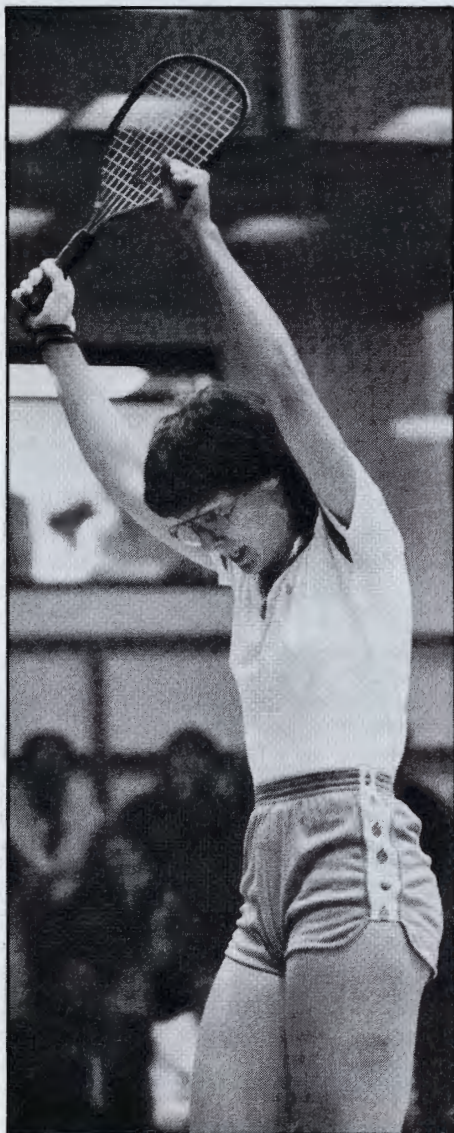
Women's Wheelchair: 1st: Stacie Norman; 2nd: Kathy
Donoho; 3rd: Gretchen Hogan

It's Adams! For WPRA National Title!

Do you believe in *deja vu*?

A year ago Lynn Adams had a dream that she won the 1982 WPRA Nationals in a 15-14 tie-breaker victory. After a frustrating loss at the Ektelon Championships, a few weeks later in Denver she beat Shannon Wright in the finals, 15-14 in the tie-breaker to take that WPRA title.

This year Adams suffered a similar fate at the Ektelons, but after working hard to overcome her poor play there, she came to the 1983 WPRA Nationals in Lombard, IL with plenty of confidence.



Victory! The moment we all dream of comes true for Lynn Adams—again!

She had dreamed that she would play Heather McKay in the finals and beat her three games to one.

And she did.

"Heather knew about my dream last year," said Adams. "So when I told her in Lombard that I dreamt we'd play in the finals, I think she believed me. I didn't tell her what the outcome would be, though. Why spoil her fun?!"

Playing in front of a good crowd (more on that later) Adams and McKay put on their usual display of skillful, aggressive, offensive racquetball that has developed their rivalry into one of the most exciting in the sport. They seem to bring out the best in each other and The Glass Court Swim & Fitness Club was treated to the very best in pro racquetball.

Adams had not lost a game en route to the finals and it was clear from the start of the match that she intended to keep that streak alive. Using an abundance of overhead drives instead of ceiling balls whenever she could, and shooting at every early opportunity, she took control of most of the first game, racing to a 19-12 lead.

McKay was able to come back to 17-19, but Adams' point to regain service made it 20-17 and then a tough Z serve to Heather's backhand gave Lynn the set up she wanted, which she put away with a backhand pinch for the game 21-17.

Game two was identical to game one, except the player's roles were reversed. The two played nearly even to the mid-point and then Heather found her groove forcing Adams errors and connecting on her vast arsenal of passing shots, building a 20-13 advantage.

Adams managed to get back to 16-20 before McKay won the game by getting Lynn on the run and forcing a skip ball for the 21st point.

Game three was the crucial game and both players knew it. It was also the most exciting game of the match, with both players able to put together strings of points, only to have the other come right back. Adams 5-0 lead became 5-5; her 9-5 lead became a 10-9 McKay lead; and they battled to 18-all when Adams called a time out.

Lynn came back with a drive serve to the backhand side and pinched a forehand kill for the point when Heather's return didn't pass her on the right, 19-18 Adams lead. The next rally found McKay impeding Adam's backhand stroke and in the referee's judgement creating an avoidable hinder for a 20-18 Adams advantage.

To say that the usually calm McKay let the avoidable call upset her might not be fair, however, she was uncharacteristically vocal in her displeasure at the call. Moments later, Heather's routine ceiling ball came up short and Adams hit a pinch kill left wall-front wall for the 21-18 win third game win.

Early into game four it was obvious that the unfortunate turn of events for McKay that occurred at the end of game three were still most definitely on her mind. Coupled with that was Adams sense for the kill and she could smell that victory.

While Lynn moved crisply and confidently, McKay seemed sluggish and tentative in comparison. Everything Adams hit seemed to go in, and everything Heather hit seemed to stay up. The result was a rather one-sided, anti-climactic 21-11 final game victory and second consecutive WPRA National title for Lynn Adams.

"It means a lot to me," said Adams, "and it means even more beating Heather because she's my toughest competition and a great athlete."

The semi-finals were extremely emotional matches on both sides of the draw. In the lower bracket McKay played Shannon Wright, who defeated Heather a year ago in the Nationals, stopping Heather's attempt at a third straight title, and surely giving her something to prove this time around. Plus, Wright had won the most previous meeting between the two.

Here in 1983, though, it was a different story. Playing with a vengeance, McKay showed a great deal of emotion and visible desire to win, basically the same attitude held by Wright. But Heather's game was in top form and when that's the case it's usually lights out for her opponent. After taking the first two games easily, only a late run by Wright caused any concern before McKay closed out the match 3-0.



McKay follows through with a backhand as Adams races to cover the cross court pass.

Adams stopped the spirited Marci Greer, another tour veteran, in their quarter-final battle, in the usual exciting style that these two shooters normally display. Adams prevailed 3-0.

And in a match that has occurred countless times over the years, Wright eliminated Jennifer Harding who had stopped number six seed Terri Gilreath in the 16's. Harding's game is a direct reflection of the time she puts into it and she had been working hard prior to the Nationals. Her 3-0 victory here was more than proof.

The last quarter-final match found Panzeri stopping Laura Martino in a strange and controversial battle that saw the players change courts three times and referees almost as many. When things calmed down it was Vicki with the victory, but Martino, who ended the season with a number four rank proved she's going to be at or near the top for a long time to come.

For the first time in its history the WPRA ran a doubles championship—a highly entertaining and much-enjoyed division of play for players and spectators alike. And here it was a case of

the rich getting richer as Adams, teaming with Gilreath captured the Championship with a 15-11, 15-7, 15-5 victory over the hard-hitting duo of Panzeri and Bonnie Stoll.

The Glass Court, one of the nation's most experienced and organized host clubs, did an outstanding job putting on a first class tournament. Not only has the club been revamped (full court gym, fitness center and indoor swimming pool), but owner Jim Bronner waived all spectator fees all week, preferring to allow any who wanted to watch the best there is in women's racquetball, rather than trying to make a few extra bucks.

As a result of the free admission, there were good crowds all week and the players played their hearts out for them. Further thanks must go to sponsors AMF-Voit, Nike, and Budweiser Light for their generous support not only for the Nationals, but all season long.

On the other side of the draw Adams faced recent nemesis Vicki Panzeri,

who had twice beaten Lynn this season, once in the 16's and once in the quarters. Surely Panzeri was looking to do the same and make it to her first WPRA National finals.

But there would be no upset this day. Adams mood was not conducive to anything but scoring points and she did just that easily winning game one. Vicki came back to press Lynn in the second game, but game three went to Adams and a 3-0 victory.

The quarter-finals found McKay ousting a revitalized Janell Marriott, playing some of the best ball of her long career. Marriott, who reached the semi-finals of the Ektelon event, was unable to take a game off McKay, though, succumbing 3-0. ●

Budweiser Light WPRA Nationals

The Glass Court, Lombard (Chicago), IL
May 23-26, 1983

Round of 16: McKay d. Bullard 21-10, 21-12, 21-12; Marriott d. Gardner 14-21, 21-15, 21-13, 12-13; Wright d. Kuhfeld 21-10, 21-10, 21-14; Harding d. Gilreath 15-21, 21-16, 20-22, 21-18, 15-9; Panzeri d. Jackson 12-21, 20-22, 21-18, 21-9, 15-8; Martino d. Barrett 21-14, 24-26, 21-10, 11-21, 15-11; Greer d. Pritchett 21-15, 21-9, 21-16; Adams d. Fletcher 21-12, 21-10, 21-15

Quarter-finals: McKay d. Marriott 21-12, 21-16, 21-16; Wright d. Harding 21-16, 22-20, 21-19; Panzeri d. Martino 21-7, 21-15, 21-17; Adams d. Greer 21-10, 21-14, 21-10

Semi-finals: McKay d. Wright 21-7, 21-13, 21-18; Adams d. Panzeri 21-10, 21-14, 21-10

Finals: Adams d. McKay 21-17, 16-21, 21-18, 21-11

Final 1982-83 WPRA Rankings as of May 27, 1983

Ranking	Player	Total Points
1.	HEATHER MCKAY	585.38
2.	LYNN ADAMS	511.42
3.	SHANNON WRIGHT	384.38
4.	LAURA MARTINO	273.38
5.	VICKI PANZERI	271.13
6.	JANELL MARRIOTT	169.29
7.	MARCI GREER	164.63
8.	TERRI GILREATH	163.75
9.	PEGGY GARDNER	122.50
10.	HEATHER STUPP	116.00
11.	CARYN MCKINNEY	111.90
12.	JENNIFER HARDING	98.25
13.	JOYCE JACKSON	97.50
14.	BRENDA POE BARRETT	93.33
15.	STACEY FLETCHER	85.38
16.	BONNIE STOLL	69.00
17.	DIANE BULLARD	67.43
18.	FRANCINE DAVIS	52.63
19.	GAIL WOODS	42.67
20.	CAROL PRANKA	41.00

Tournament Results

Ektelon Racquetball Championships

National Amateur Divisions
Sports Gallery, Anaheim, CA
May 12-15

Men's Open Singles

Quarter-finals: R. Gonzalez d. Blackford 15-7, 15-1; Newman d. Wright (injury forfeit); S. Gonzales d. Cascio 15-11, 15-11; Martino d. Gilliam 15-9, 15-5

Semi-finals: R. Gonzalez d. Newman 15-11, 15-5; Martino d. S. Gonzales

Finals: R. Gonzalez d. Martino 15-11, 9-15, 15-12

Women's Open Singles

Quarter-finals: Poe-Barrett d. Wojcik 15-3, 4-15, 15-4; Baxter d. Kuhfield 15-4, 15-10; Bishop d. Hardek 15-8, 15-11; Drexler d. Fanning 15-10, 15-7

Semi-finals: Baxter d. Poe-Barrett 15-13, 15-8; Bishop d. Drexler 13-15, 15-6, 15-12

Finals: Baxter d. Bishop 15-8, 14-15, 15-3

Men's Veteran Singles

Quarter-finals: Gonzalez (bye); Chase d. Radford 10-15, 15-9, 15-9; Wirkus d. Guinter 15-6, 15-14; Schwartz d. Blackford 15-10, 15-11

Semi-finals: Gonzalez d. Chase 10-15, 15-9, 15-9; Schwartz d. Wirkus 15-13, 11-15, 15-9

Finals: Gonzalez d. Schwartz 15-10, 15-7

New Hampshire

Off the Wall/Cancer Society Open
Off the Wall Racquetball Club
Nashua, NH, March 11-13, 1983

Men's A: Nathansen d. Thibault

Men's Open: Christensen d. O'Neil

Men's Seniors: Luclew d. Crim

Men's Novice: Milewski d. Huard

Women's Open: Dee d. Callahan

Women's A: Turner d. Bloom

Women's B: Turner d. Van Oss

Women's C: Shugrue d. Ruggieri

Women's Novice: Bradnice d. Berube

Men's B: Corniglia d. Maggio

Men's C: Rubino d. Porcello

Men's Open Doubles: Belanger/Lolsel d. Brown/Pattison

California

Schoeber's Open
Schoeber's Racquetball & Health Spa
Pleasanton, CA, March 23-27
Sponsored by: Penn, Nike
Tournament Director: Bill Dunn

Men's Open: Wright d. Kunkel 15-7, 15-5

Women's Open: Myer d. Anderson 11-15, 15-6, 11-2

Men's A: Silberman d. Borromeo 15-7, 15-12

Women's A: Nagel d. George 15-6, 15-13

Men's B: Azuma d. Seto 9-15, 15-13, 11-6

Women's B: White d. Filgate 15-13, 15-12

Men's C: Burk d. Barstad 15-4, 15-13

Women's C: Lewis d. Pearl 15-5, 15-4

Men's D: Grisham d. Nelson 15-11, 15-4

Women's D: Juntz d. Kapci 15-13, 18-18

Men's 30+: Dunn d. Weiss 15-12, 15-10

Men's 35+: B. Dunn d. C. Kunkel 15-5, 15-11

Men's 45+: C. Walker d. F. Svensson 15-3, 15-10

Men's Open Doubles: Wolcott/Sullivan d. Skinner/Almeda 7-15, 15-12, 11-9

Men's B Doubles: Cornell/Eilers d. Rose/Moore 15-13, 15-9

Women's B Doubles: Filgate/Buscacci d. Brada/Moore 15-12, 15-7

Mixed Pro Doubles: Stoll/Price d. Adams/Carson 21-14, 13-21, 21-12, 8-21, 15-12

Illinois

1st Annual Miller Lite/Penn Open
World Of Health

Taylorville, IL, March 25-27, 1983

Sponsors: Sassatelli Distributing, Penn

Director: Mike Traynor

Men's Open (Double Elimination): Rockhold d. McDowell 14-21, 21-13, 11-2

Men's A (Double Elimination)

Semi-finals: Morrissey d. B. Westrick 21-8, 21-20; Jones d. Varady 21-19, 12-21, 11-9

Finals: Morrissey d. Varady 21-10, 14-21, 11-7

Men's B (Double Elimination)

Semi-finals: Williams d. Bruso, injury forfeit; Ward d. Stieren 21-11, 21-10

Finals: Williams d. Ward 21-11, 19-21, 11-7

Men's C (Single Elimination)

Semi-finals: Hickman d. Handegan 21-15, 21-14; Sams d. Knight 21-0, 21-20

Finals: Sams d. Hickman 18-21, 21-13, 11-8

Women's Open (Double Elimination)

Semi-finals: Vorreyer d. Davis 21-11, 16-21, 11-1; Davis d. Crowe 21-3, 21-2

Finals: Vorreyer d. Davis, forfeit

Women's A (Double Elimination)

Semi-finals: Davison d. McAfee 21-20, 21-15; Sheldon d. Kennedy 21-15, 7-21, 11-7

Finals: Davison d. Sheldon 21-19, 21-15

Women's C (Double Elimination)

Semi-finals: Slepicka d. Watchman 21-17, 14-21, 11-9; France d. Watchman 21-10, 21-8

Finals: Slepicka d. France 21-8, 8-21, 11-9

North Carolina

Nancy Baker Moore Memorial Tournament
Regency Courts
Wilson, NC, March 25-27, 1983

Men's Open: Ray d. Clark

Men's A: Little d. Saylor

Men's B: Burke d. Bachara

Men's C: Finklea d. Sullivan

Men's Novice: Soderholm d. Johnson

Men's Seniors: Allen d. Lehnecke

Open Doubles: Ray/Hawkins d. Monfre/Williams

Men's B Doubles: Wyatt/Swisher d. Howard d. Sharpe

Women's Open: McVeigh d. Chapman

Women's B: Hardin d. Wofford

Women's C: Walter d. Noland

Women's Novice: Gregory d. Ruffin

Open Doubles: Chapman/Wofford d. McVeigh/Walston

Children: Thompson d. Fulford

Illinois

1983 Tinley Park Open

Tinley Park Racquetball Club

Tinley Park, IL, March 26, 27, 1983

Sponsors: Tinley Park Racquetball Club,

Racquetball Today, Wilson
Director: Andra Torrence

Men's Open/A

Quarter-finals: Jalovec d. Mizgate 21-18, 21-13; Bonow d. Hillman 18-21, 21-13, 11-2; Duitsman d. Gonzalez 21-10, 21-17; Howk d. Restaino 20-21, 21-11, 11-8

Semi-finals: Jalovec d. Bonow 21-14, 11-21, 11-6; Howk d. Duitsman 18-21, 21-18, 11-8

Finals: Howk d. Jalovec 21-11, 21-20

Men's Seniors

Semi-finals: Simborg d. Edgar 21-9, 21-6; Pressendo d. Silius 21-8, 21-20

Finals: Simborg d. Pressendo 21-10, 21-10

Men's B

Semi-finals: Nativio d. Jones 19-21, 21-7, 11-6; Urasky d. King 21-12, 21-11

Finals: Nativio d. Urasky 21-14, 21-7

Men's C

Semi-finals: Perez d. Holmes, forfeit; Ransom d. Markiewicz 19-21, 21-4, 11-9

Finals: Ransom d. Perez 21-20, 17-21, 11-0

Men's D

Semi-finals: Pecho d. Paxson 21-14, 21-1; Roma d. Kleber 21-12, 21-17

Finals: Pecho d. Roma 21-15, 15-21, 11-6

Men's Novice

Semi-finals: Lindish d. Pasquarella 21-7, 21-7; Bagagli d. Zagorski 21-13, 21-20

Finals: Bagagli d. Lindish 21-14, 16-21, 11-2

Women's C

Semi-finals: Cannon d. Bannon 21-19, 20-21, 11-3; Hibbs d. Karalaw 11-21, 21-10, 11-9

Finals: Cannon d. Hibbs 21-18, 15-21, 11-9

Maine

The Spring Fling

The Court Yard

Scao, ME, March 26-27, 1983

Sponsors: Penn, Burger King, Bud Light

Director: John Bouchard

Men's Open

Quarter-finals: Olson d. Cox 15-5, 15-6; Tarling d. Fournier 15-10, 14-15, 15-12; Trenholm d. St. Pierre 15-10, 15-8; Bouchard d. Daye 15-1, 15-5

Semi-finals: Olson d. Tarling 15-11, 15-5; Bouchard d. Trenholm 15-10, 15-10

Finals: Olson d. Bouchard 15-13, 6-15, 15-8

Men's A

Semi-finals: Wright d. J. Spugnardi 15-9, 15-13; M. Spugnardi d. Tito 15-2, 8-15, 15-3

Finals: Wright d. M. Spugnardi 9-15, 15-3, 15-14

Men's Seniors

Semi-finals: Gagne d. Lessard 7-15, 15-8, 15-4; Richards d. McCrillis 15-6, 15-8

Finals: Gagne d. Richards 7-15, 15-10, 15-1

Men's Open Doubles

Semi-finals: Olson/Trenholm d. Tito/Wright 15-11, 15-11; Fournier/Stevens d. Gibson/Leake 5-15, 15-13, 15-1

Finals: Olson/Trenholm d. Fournier/Stevens 15-9, 15-6

Men's B

Semi-finals: Frost d. MacVane 15-6, 15-9; Cressy d. Hood 8-15, 15-14, 15-10

Finals: Frost d. Cressy 15-2, 15-10

Men's B Doubles

Semi-finals: Fennel/Lamontagne d. Perkins/Pugatch 9-15, 15-14, 15-8; Cressy/Olson d. Eon/Graham 7-15, 15-10, 15-14

Finals: Fennel/Lamontagne d. Cressy/Olson 4-15, 15-12, 15-8

Men's C

Semi-finals: Johnson d. Waterhouse 12-15, 15-1, 15-13; Fennel d. Richards 15-12, 15-4

Finals: Fennel d. Johnson 15-11, 15-4

Women's C

Semi-finals: Tremblay d. Larochelle; McEwen d. McGregor

Finals: Tremblay d. McEwen

Women's Novice

Semi-finals: Good d. Hoot 15-9, 15-6; Dyer d. Lamontagne 15-8, 15-6

Finals: Good d. Dyer 15-5, 15-8

Alabama

Dr. Pepper & The Miller Lite Classic
The Racquet Place
Birmingham, AL, April 7-10, 1983
Sponsors: Dr. Pepper, Miller Lite

Men's A: Ray d. Roberts

Men's B: Alderman d. Hall

Men's C: Young d. Blanchard

Men's Novice: Milton d. Shumaker

Men's 30+: Vincent d. Robinson

Men's 35+: Schwartz d. Vincent

Men's A Doubles: Ray/Gilliland d. Thomas/Anderson

Men's C Doubles: Niles/Wade d. McKinney/Young

Women's A: Crawley d. McWain

Women's B: Hannon d. Kyle

Women's C: Vaneysbergen d. Martin

Women's Novice: Woods d. Wylie

Women's A Doubles: Crawley/McClintock d. Hannon/McWain

Women's C Doubles: Reed/Yearout d. Beauveur/Angelini

Deanna Zatlakowicz, Sue Plunkett.

Men's Open: Moskwa d. Johnson

Men's A: Renstaino d. Weitzel

Men's B: Wolf d. Simpson

Men's C: Barnett d. Coppinger

Men's D: Peden d. Dell

Men's Seniors: Simborg d. Cratty

Men's Masters: Camptee d. Bushfield

Women's Open: Prisching d. Evon

Women's A: Pearce d. Trapp

Women's B: Stewart d. Withrow

Women's C: Jennings d. Widman

Women's D: Downs d. Piechtorn

Men's Open Doubles: Simpton/Negrete d. Bence/Zipes

Men's B Doubles: Christenson/Frank d. Ault/Sublette

Wisconsin

6th Annual Saranac Pro-Am Racquetball
Tournament
Western Racquet Club
Green Bay, WI, April 8-10, 1983
Sponsored: Saranac Glove Co.
Director: Dave Neubauer

Men's Pro

Semi-finals: Cohen d. Wirkus; Ferris d. Koltun

Finals: Cohen d. Ferris

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Wagner d. French; Kelly d. Zeller

Finals: Kelly d. Wagner

Women's Open

Semi-finals: Waldron-Kauss d. Rogers; Waldron d. Roskopf

Finals: Waldron-Kauss d. Waldron

16 & Under

Semi-finals: Weise d. Ward; Gnewuch d. Suprise

Finals: Gnewuch d. Weise

Junior 12 & Under: Gnewuch d. Chynoweth

Men's B

Semi-finals: Churchill d. Olsert; Herman d. Hobbs

Finals: Herman d. Churchill

Men's C

Semi-finals: Miller d. Young; Everson d. Ainsworth

Finals: Everson d. Miller

Men's D

Semi-finals: Hensen d. Frellich; Hansen d. McClanahan

Finals: Hensen d. Hansen

Men's Seniors 35

Semi-finals: Johnson d. Conger; Handlen d. Senters

Finals: Johnson d. Handlen

Men's Seniors 40

Semi-finals: Compton d. Haupt; Lindemann d. Papemaster

Finals: Compton d. Lindemann

Men's Master 45

Semi-finals: Mohr d. Staudt; Jacobi d. Koch

Finals: Mohr d. Jacobi

Women's B

Semi-finals: Campbell d. Taylor; Moeller d. Schmitz

Finals: Moeller d. Campbell

Women's C

Semi-finals: Taege d. Beauchamp; Denton d. Daul

Finals: Denton d. Taege

California

Bud Light Fourth Annual Sacramento
Spring Open
Center Court Court
Sacramento, CA, April 8-10, 1983
Sponsor: Markstein Distributing

Men's Open: Meyer d. Silberman

Men's B: Bernard d. Tonneson

Men's C: Colson d. Schneider

Men's D: Rynda d. Balderelli

Beginners: Zimmerman d. Marino

Open Seniors (Round Robin): 1st—Yoder; 2nd—Morrison

Men's B Seniors: Ross d. Smith

Women's Open (Round Robin): 1st—Ghilarducci;
2nd—O'Connell

Women's B: Robinson d. Barker

Women's C: Lautenback d. Pacheco

Women's D: Chastain d. Calagna

Men's Open Doubles: McDonald/Sorenson d. Smith/Guinn

Men's B Doubles: Schuford/Hernandez d. Lazzorone/Mueller

Indiana

3rd Annual April Fool Open
Sports Illustrated Court Club
Highland, IN, April 8-10, 1983
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Ploh, Fred Bojrab, Tom Schuyler, Tom
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Kathy Busanic, Steve Slat, Beth Gerken,
Wayne Slayton, Rich Lopez, Dave Vlassic,
Sophie Nikolopoulos, Ray Villarreal, Sue
Milicki, George Walton, Chuck Womack,
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Illinois

Quincy YMCA Annual Mark Penick
Tournament
Quincy YMCA
Quincy, IL, April 8-9, 15-16, 1983
Director: Dick Chapin, Physical Director

Men's A: Humphrey d. Ascherman, 11-4, 11-2, 11-1

Men's C: Fey d. Wade, 21-6, 21-3

Women's C: Jones d. Gould, 21-13, 21-12

Men's Novice: Mast d. Kerkhoff, 21-11, 21-10

Women's Novice: Holland d. Perry, 21-6, 21-15

Women's B: Bland d. Talken, 21-20, 21-17

Men's B: Lemon d. Morgan, 21-16, 21-2

Illinois

Olympian Open
Olympian Court Club
Olympia Fields, IL, April 9-10, 1983
Sponsors: Wilson, Miller Beer, Unbeatable
Eatables - Pot O' Gold Liquors
Director: Lynne Feltz

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Goulueke d. Mehdi 21-10, 21-3; DelGiudice d. Olivieri 21-12, 21-11

Finals: Goulueke d. DelGiudice 21-6, 21-8

Men's B

Semi-finals: DelGiudice d. Robledo 21-3, 21-11; Zolno d. Piccolo 21-13, 21-9

Finals: DelGiudice d. Zolno 21-20, 21-20

Men's C

Semi-finals: Soderborg d. Siska 21-14, 21-8; Holmes d. Sowa 21-12, 21-7

Finals: Soderborg d. Holmes 21-20, 21-19

Men's Novice

Semi-finals: Dillard d. Zulanas, 21-9, 21-15; Markiewicz d. Pearlman, 21-2, 21-18

Finals: Markiewicz d. Dillard, 17-21, 21-15, 11-1

Men's B Doubles

Semi-finals: V. DelGiudice/J. DelGiudice d. Coghill/Klein, 21-19, 16-21, 11-1; Denz/P. Markiewicz d. Mendez/Rogers, 21-13, 21-14

Finals: V. DelGiudice/J. DelGiudice d. Denz/P. Markiewicz, 21-9, 21-16

New Hampshire

Jenkins 1983 Spring Open
Executive Court Club
Manchester, NH, April 9-11, 1983
Director: Lance Bloom

Men's Open: Christensen d. Panerella

Men's A: Lyman d. Proulx

Women's A: Bloom d. Turner

Men's B: Boucher d. Brown

Men's C: Turner d. Aldous

Men's Novice: Whitcler d. Huard

Men's Seniors: Pavlidis d. Hays

Men's Doubles: Reuchal/Brown d. Proulx/Pattison

Women's B: Singkorant d. Magnus

Women's C: Brown d. Baddeley

Women's Novice: Reider d. Krentzin

Women's Doubles: Mullen/Francis d. Turner/Rosenfeld

Oregon

Mid-Willamette Valley Open
Albany Superior Courts

Albany, OR, April 15-17, 1983

Sponsors: Pepsi, Voit

Director: Susie Carlos

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Cho d. Fischer 15-4, 15-3; Zeller d. Slayer 15-11, 15-11

Finals: Cho d. Zeller 15-7, 15-10

Men's A

Semi-finals: Robinson d. Kusnerki 15-12, 15-12; Lood d. Fitzwater 15-13, 15-6

Finals: Robinson d. Lood 15-14, 15-12

Men's Doubles Open A

Semi-finals: Sho/Keen d. McGlone/Robinson 15-6, 15-5; Carbis/Zeller d. Crandall/Johnson 15-4, 15-2

Finals: Cho/Keen d. Carbis/Zeller 15-8, 15-11

Women's Open: (Round Robin): 1st—Kupish; 2nd—Poehlman; 3rd—Stoltenberg

Men's B

Semi-finals: Ball d. Dills 15-6, 15-12; Schoning d. Hyde 15-13, 15-11

Finals: Schoning d. Ball 15-4, 15-12

Men's C

Semi-finals: Johnson d. Norton 15-11, 15-1; Goffrier d. Hammock 15-12, 15-9

Finals: Goffrier d. Johnson 15-5, 15-6

Semi-finals: Dunsworth d. Montano 15-7; 15-3; Ferguson d. Turner 15-0, 15-1

Finals: Ferguson d. Dunsworth 15-10, 15-10

Women's B

Semi-finals: Anderson d. Shick 15-9, 15-7; Lindsay d. Headrick 15-8, 15-7

Finals: Lindsay d. Anderson 15-14, 15-13

Kansas

1983 Boeing Spring Open
Supermen Court East Club
Wichita, KS, April 15-17, 1983
Sponsors: Wilson, AMF, Foot-Joy, 7-Up
Directors: John Howell, Johnny Comilang

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Comilang d. Moore; Holland d. Tibbits

Finals: Comilang d. Holland

Men's B

Semi-finals: Ownes d. Drenna; Thompson d. Hermes

Finals: Thompson d. Owens

Men's C

Semi-finals: Tiaht d. Thompson; Hood d. Gregory

Finals: Tiaht d. Hood

Men's D

Semi-finals: Duke d. Thorn; Flynn d. Hodgins

Finals: Flynn d. Duke

Men's Novice

Semi-finals: McLinden d. Ulrich; Ramirez d. Sluiter

Finals: McLinden d. Ramirez

Women's Open: Thomas d. Hownard

Women's B: Winget d. Mann

North Dakota

1983 Budweiser Light Pro-Am Racquetball
Tournament
TAC Racquetball Courts
Grand Forks, ND, April 15-17, 1983
Sponsor: Budweiser
Director: Darryl Tostenson

Men's A

Semi-finals: Skadeland d. Hylden; Kirkwood d. Ibach

Finals: Skadeland d. Kirkwood

Women's Open

Semi-finals: Kauss d. Ellerington; Skadeland d. Rudesill

Finals: Kauss d. Skadeland

Men's B

Semi-finals: Weisser d. Drohomerski; Armstrong d. Rubin

Finals: Armstrong d. Weisser

Men's C/Y

Semi-finals: Berg d. Palay; Glazebrook d. Watson

Finals: Berg d. Glazebrook

Men's C/X

Semi-finals: Penner d. Davis; Kleffer d. Hanson

Finals: Penner d. Hanson

Super C Playoff Championship: Berg d. Penner

Women's B

Semi-finals: Cruise d. Tyler; Gray d. Spivack

Men's Open Doubles

Semi-finals: Upkes/Moreland d. Cahill/Monson; Wilson/Ibach d. Brown/Skadeland

Finals: Wilson/Ibach d. Upkes/Moreland

Men's B Doubles

Semi-finals: Koch/Lizakowski d. Bohn/O'Donovan; Philpott/Spurr d. Jones/Drohomerski

Finals: Koch/Lizakowski d. Philpott/Spurr

New Hampshire

March of Dimes Open
Off the Wall Racquet & Fitness Club
Portsmouth, NH, April 15-17, 1983

Men's Seniors: Heguy d. Roberts

Women's A: Gaeder d. Harris

Men's A: Varrill d. Scannell

Women's B: Rosenthal d. Middleton

Men's B: Toy d. Sedar

Women's C: Rosenthal d. Crowley

Men's C: O'Neil d. Porcello

Women's Novice: Potlow d. Ouellette

Men's Novice: Gartland d. Fortuna

Women's B/C Doubles: Crowley/DiLorenzo d. Gomez/Potlow

Men's B Doubles: Powell/Verge d. Aldous/Glowa

Men's Open Doubles: Knipe/Proctor d. Marcotte/Navelski

Indiana

1983 AARA Region 10 Championships
Indiana Athletic Club
Noblesville, IN, April 15-17, 1983
Sponsors: Miller Lite, Penn, DP Leach,
Foot-Joy
Director: Michael Arnolt

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Gabriel d. Jalovec 21-3, 21-20; Sanford d. Hamilton 21-17, 21-16

Finals: Gabriel d. Sanford 21-6, 21-15

Men's 25+

Semi-finals: Gabriel d. Goodreau 21-6, 20-21, 11-2; Hardison d. Strutz 21-10, 10-21, 11-8

Finals: Hardison d. Gabriel 21-12, 20-21, 11-1

Men's 30+

Semi-finals: Coyle d. McCabe 21-17, 21-17; Babbitt d. Hamilton 21-2, 21-6

Finals: Babbitt d. Coyle 21-20, 21-10

Men's 35+

Semi-finals: Johnson d. Brown 21-6, 21-11; Dabney d. Stapleton 21-7, 21-5

Finals: Johnson d. Dabney 21-8, 21-18

Men's 40+

Semi-finals: Dolby d. Hutcherson 21-10, 21-12; Davis d. Bushfield 21-9, 21-4

Finals: Davis d. Dolby 21-19, 9-12, 11-10

Men's 45 +

Semi-finals: Gunn d. Dorman 21-8, 21-3; Bushfield d. Jones 21-10, 11-21, 11-2

Finals: Gunn d. Bushfield 21-7, 21-16

Women's Open

Semi-finals: Pritchett d. Parker 21-15, 21-17; Evon d. Clark 15-21, 21-6, 11-1

Finals: Evon d. Pritchett 18-21, 21-2, 11-9

Women's 25 +

Semi-finals: Mackell d. Dillon 21-14, 21-8

Finals: McDonald d. Mackell 20-21, 21-8, 11-8

Men's B

Semi-finals: Soloman d. Massie 15-13, 5-15, 11-1; Beaver d. Luchini 15-14, 15-11

Finals: Beaver d. Soloman 15-14, 15-11

Men's C

Semi-finals: Luchini d. LeClere 11-15, 15-13, 11-7; Mendelsohn d. Hanger 15-13, 12-15, 11-7

Finals: Luchini d. Mendelsohn, forfeit

Women's C

Semi-finals: Yager d. Merritt 15-11, 15-12; Miller d. Wertz 9-15, 15-7, 11-10

Finals: Miller d. Yager 15-5, 15-9

Ladies C

Semi-finals: Langland d. Faucett 15-0, 15-5; Lindquist d. Bilbrey 15-3, 15-5

Finals: Lindquist d. Langland 15-7, 15-12

Wisconsin

Terrace Sports Open
Sun Prairie Racquetball Club
Sun Prairie, WI, April 15-17, 1983
Sponsor: Terrace Sports
Director: Bruce Thompson

Men's Open: Thompson d. Grigg

Men's A: Ryan d. Evers

Men's B: Endres d. Maasch

Junior Open: Kabaker d. Gnewuch

Junior B: Harkins d. Thompson

Women's B: Specht d. Bovee

Seniors Open: Mantz d. Baumgard

Men's C: Adamski d. Prulson

Men's D: Berger d. Ward

Men's D Consolation: Breese d. Schwoerer

Women's C: Appledorn d. Pratzel

Women's D: Plumb d. Soukup

Women's D Consolation: Giever d. Foulke

Mixed Doubles C Consolation: Jeskorske/Thiele d. Schwoerer/Plonsky

Mixed Doubles Open: Thompson/Gnewuch d. D. Hulst/ P. Hulst

Mixed Doubles B: Appledorn, Tracy/Duane d. Blanchette/Hubacher

Mixed Doubles C: Nett/Semenas d. Komarek/Foulke

Seniors B: Kowal d. Burie

Men's (30 +) B: Schworck d. Makaris

Maine

Women's Downeast Classic
Club North
North Windham, ME, April 22-24, 1983
Sponsors: G.M. Pallock Jewelers, Penn
Director: Leesa Smith

Women's Open: Dhrilich d. Graham

Women's A: Fransosa d. Caor

Women's Beginner: Good d. Webb

Women's Novice: Bash d. Bernier

Women's B: Whited d. Morrell

Women's C: Merrill d. Kent

Women's Seniors (Round Robin): 1st—Giglio; 2nd—Gerrior; 3rd—Tanguay; 4th—Leadbetter

Women's B Doubles: Tibbetts/Tibbetts d. Clark/Mountain

Women's Open Doubles: Ehrlich/Karkos d. Graham/Eon

Indiana

1983 AARA Jr. Regionals
Anderson Full Court Club
Anderson, IN, April 22-24, 1983
Sponsors: DP Leach, Penn
Directors: Cheryl Sanford/Bob and Donna Stapleton

Boys 18

Semi-finals: Negrete d. Pufahl 15-6, 15-11; Zipes d. Harneson 15-9, 15-9

Finals: Negrete d. Zipes 15-11, 15-9

Boys 16

Semi-finals: Mikulla d. Vogt 15-7, 15-14; Talty d. Oppen 15-0, 6-15, 15-10

Finals: Mikulla d. Talty 15-6, 15-2

Boys 14

Semi-finals: Stopinski d. Boxx 15-12, 15-12; LeSeure d. DelGiudice 15-11, 15-12

Finals: Stopinski d. LeSeure 15-7, 15-0

Boys 12

Semi-finals: Sanford d. Schad 15-4, 15-11; York d. Cerny 15-5, 15-2

Finals: Sanford d. York 9-15, 15-2, 15-6

Boys 10

Semi-finals: Harneson d. Quigg 15-2, 15-1; Rumbaugh d. Davis 15-3, 15-5

Finals: Harneson d. Rumbaugh 15-11, 15-9

Boys 8 & Under

Semi-finals: Sheward d. Wertz 11-9, 11-7; Sandof d. McCabe 11-0, 11-5

Finals: Sheward d. Sandof 11-10, 11-10

Girls 18

Semi-finals: Russell d. Harneson 15-4, 15-5; Cooling d. Nolan 14-15, 15-2, 15-8

Finals: Russel d. Cooling 15-12, 15-4

Girls 12

Semi-finals: Withrow d. Stapleton, LeSeure d. Sheward

Finals: Withrow d. LeSeure

Finals: Withrow d. LeSeure

Girls 10

Semi-finals: Stapleton d. Woods 15-0, 15-2; Pancost d. Smith 9-15, 15-12, 15-7

Finals: Stapleton d. Pancost 15-3, 15-6

Wisconsin

Wisconsin State Singles
Falls Racquetball Club
Menomonee Falls, WI, April 22-24, 1983
Sponsors: Bud Lite, Penn
Directors: Lary O'Connor, Carol Pellowski

Men's Open

Semi-finals: Jim Wirkus d. Frenkel 11-4, 11-2, 11-7; Joe Wirkus d. Kinney 11-7, 11-9, 11-8

Finals: Jim Wirkus d. Joe Wirkus 11-7, 9-11, 8-11, 11-5, 11-6

Men's A

Semi-finals: Henke d. Kommer 11-2, 11-8, 11-8; Mike Olmstead d. Edgar 11-8, 11-1, 11-3

Finals: Henke d. Olmstead 11-2, 11-8, 11-5



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Women's Open: Kraus d. Jacobsen 11-9, 11-5, 11-7
Women's A: Harper d. Schatzke 11-8, 11-8, 11-7
Men's B: Satula d. Zuba 11-5, 11-4, 11-8
Men's C: Munroe d. Ryan 11-7, 11-8, 11-1
Men's Veteran A: Gerschke d. Schaeve 11-7, 11-1, 11-4
Men's Veteran B: Witt d. Boxer 11-4, 11-10, 11-5
Men's Senior A: Johnson d. Harper 11-8, 11-4, 11-5
Men's Senior B: Arkush d. Zietler 11-4, 11-4, 11-8
Men's Veteran Senior: Edgerton d. Spector 11-9, 11-7, 11-8
Men's Masters: Mackedon d. Bechard 11-8, 11-8, 11-7
Men's Veteran Masters: Kalal d. Horner 11-7, 11-5, 11-5
Women's B: Wirt d. Fredrickson 11-3, 11-7, 11-5
Women's C: McFadden d. Fisher 10-11, 11-8, 11-4, 11-4

Hawaii

1983 Hawaii State Championships
 Oahu Athletic Club
 Oahu, HI, April 27-May 1
 Sponsors: Mid Pacific Air-Tropical Rent a Car, Miller Lite, Coca-Cola, Voit Rollout Bleu, Head Sporting Goods, McCully Sporting Goods, John Dominis Restaurant
 Director: Harry O. Fishel Jr.

Men's Open
Semi-finals: Lau d. Waialae 11-7, 11-4, 4-11, 11-4; Akau d. Decker, 7-11, 9-11, 11-9, 11-7, 11-2
Finals: Akau d. Lau 2-11, 11-5, 5-11, 11-9, 11-6

Men's A
Semi-finals: Stokes d. Zimmerman 11-4, 9-11, 11-4, 4-11, 11-4; Popovich d. Young 9-11, 11-8, 11-4, 4-11, 11-4
Finals: Popovich d. Stokes 11-1, 11-5, 11-1

Men's B
Semi-finals: Afalava d. Zacharias 7-11, 11-6, 11-8, 7-11, 11-6; Warren d. Zaim 11-4, 11-7, 11-7
Finals: Warren d. Afalava 11-8, 11-2, 6-11, 11-9

Men's C
Semi-finals: Zacharias d. Fu 11-3, 3-11, 11-4, 11-5; Kokubun d. Burke 11-7, 11-3, 11-4
Finals: Kokubun d. Zacharias 11-3, 11-8, 9-11, 11-4

Men's Novice
Semi-finals: Britton d. Kaakimaka 11-1, 11-6, 11-9; Moku d. Tuohy 11-9, 11-10, 0-11, 7-11, 11-3
Finals: Moku d. Britton 11-5, 11-6, 11-9

Seniors
Semi-finals: Kaakimaka d. Waialae 5-11, 11-5, 11-7, 11-6; Akeo d. Rezentes 8-11, 11-8, 11-5, 11-9
Finals: Kealoha d. Swoish 11-5, 11-8, 11-9

Masters
Semi-finals: Kealoha d. Britos 11-3, 11-3, 9-11, 11-3; Swoish d. George 11-9, 11-5, 11-8
Finals: Kealoha d. Swoish 11-5, 11-6, 11-9

Women's Open
Semi-finals: Phillips d. Suenaga 11-5, 4-11, 11-0, 11-2; Wetzell d. Ballard 11-8, 11-8, 11-10
Finals: Phillips d. Wetzell 11-5, 11-5, 11-2

Women's B
Semi-finals: Ballard d. Graham 11-0, 11-5, 11-8; Judy d. Cook 11-4, 11-7, 11-6
Finals: Ballard d. Judy 2-11, 11-4, 11-4, 11-8

Women's C
Semi-finals: Nakamuro d. Emerick 11-8, 11-0, 11-5; Kamalii d. York 11-2, 11-7, 11-6
Finals: Nakamuro d. Kamalii 11-5, 11-9, 11-2

Women's Novice
Semi-finals: Kamalii d. Masaki 11-1, 11-5, 11-0; Graham d. Loo 11-8, 11-6, 11-8
Finals: Graham d. Kamalii, default

Indiana

Fort Wayne Indiana 1983 City Racquetball Tournament
 Fort Wayne, IN, April 28 - May 1, 1983
 Sponsors: Jimmies Pizza, Court Rooms of America, Inc.

Men's Open: Tillapaugh d. Baker
Men's A: Rella d. LeSeure
Men's B: Singh d. Adams
Men's C: Rayl d. Dimond
Men's Novice: Youquelet d. Gannon
Women's B: Vernon d. Povalac
Women's C: LeSeure d. Elser
Women's Novice: Nolan-Graves d. Abner
Women's Seniors 35+: Mildworm d. McClure
Men's Masters 45+: Slen d. Spengler

Colorado

Spring Classic
 Evergreen Athletic Club
 Spring Classic
 Evergreen CO, April 28-May 1

Men's Open
Quarter-finals: Frank d. Silversen 15-21, 21-13, 11-1; Blain d. Dippel 21-17, 21-15; Stone d. Lynch 16-21, 21-7, 11-5; Hansen d. Devine 21-18, 21-8
Semi-finals: Frank d. Blain 21-16, 13-21, 11-6; Hansen d. Stone 21-10, 13-21 11-6
Finals: Hansen d. Frank 21-13, 21-20

Men's A
Quarter-finals: Wichers d. Creel 21-10, 21-17; Smario d. Pena 21-12, 21-16, 11-10; Pitcher d. Helm 21-0, 21-19; Benedetti d. McDermott 21-18, 21-7
Semi-finals: Wichers d. Smario 21-8, 18-21, 11-4; Benedetti d. Pitcher 21-13, 21-11
Finals: Benedetti d. Wichers 8-21, 21-10, 11-5

Men's B
Semi-finals: Rodriguez d. Merezko 21-5, 21-17; Low d. Bechwith 21-11, 21-7
Finals: Rodriguez d. Low 1-21, 21-14, 11-10

Women's Open
Semi-finals: Fornaciari d. Morrow 21-14, 13-21, 11-4; Schroer d. Eichhorn 21-10, 12-21, 11-1
Finals: Fornaciari d. Schroer 21-8, 21-7

New York

Gramercy Tennis and Racquetball Club B Division
 Gramercy Tennis and Racquetball Club
 New York, NY, April 29, 1983
 Sponsor: Penn
 Director: Gary Cymrot

Men's B
Quarter-finals: Lomanaco d. Meadow 15-14, 15-8; Vitale d. Valentine 15-12, 15-9; Pierce d. Valentine 15-14, 8-15, 11-8; Hamburger d. Olsen 15-10, 15-9
Semi-finals: Lomanaco d. Vitale 15-6, 15-5; Pierce d. Hamburger 15-10, 15-10
Finals: Pierce d. Lomanaco 15-10, 7-15, 11-4

Oregon

MSC Pear Blossom Open
 Medford Superior Courts
 Medford, OR, April 29 - May 1, 1983
 Sponsors: Medford Superior Courts, AMF Volt
 Director: Fred Sapp

Men's Open
Semi-finals: Barry d. Martin 12-15, 15-12, 15-14; Ballantyne d. Boyce 15-11, 15-14
Finals: Barry d. Ballantyne 15-8, 12-15, 15-14

Men's A
Semi-finals: Rasmussen d. Balda 15-2, 15-8; Cail d. Cheney 15-8, 15-1
Finals: Rasmussen d. Cail 15-13, 15-13

Men's Seniors A/B 35+
Semi-finals: Wood d. Michelson 15-10, 15-8; Balda d. Barry 15-7, 7-15, 15-8
Finals: Wood d. Balda 15-8, 15-3

Men's Seniors C/D 35+
Semi-finals: Bigelow d. Lemons 15-3, 15-4; Hogevoil d. Hayes 15-8, 9-15, 15-8
Finals: Bigelow d. Hogevoil 15-10, 13-15, 15-13

Men's Masters
Semi-finals: Bushong d. Gill 9-15, 15-6, 15-14; Huggins d. Rowland 15-5, 15-8
Finals: Bushong d. Huggins 14-15, 15-5, 15-4

Women's A
Semi-finals: Michelson d. Rasmussen 15-9, 15-6; Hergenrader 15-1, 15-7
Finals: Hergenrader d. Michelson 7-15, 15-5, 15-5

Men's Open/A Doubles
Semi-finals: Ballantyne/Hadley d. Martin/Echelrager 15-12, 12-15, 15-12; Richardson/Amaranthus d. Figas/Londo 15-14, 15-10
Finals: Ballantyne/Hadley d. Richardson/Amaranthus 15-6, 6-15, 15-12

Men's B/C Doubles
Semi-finals: Grahn/Bergen d. Cochran/Fox 15-12, 8-15, 15-14; Cheney/Frantz d. Nicholson/Ditch 15-9, 15-13
Finals: Grahn/Fjarli d. Sapp/Rowland 15-2, 15-10

Mixed Doubles
Semi-finals: Barry/Fjarli d. Humphrey/Nyugen 15-13, 14-15, 15-13; Sapp/Rowland d. Davis/Knight 15-6, 15-6
Finals: Barry/Fjarli d. Sapp/Rowland 15-2, 15-3

Women's Doubles: Rasmussen/Smith d. Miller/Rowland 15-5, 15-4

Men's B
Semi-finals: McCarley d. Hamilton 15-11, 15-12; Nicholson d. Barry 5-15, 15-12, 15-5
Finals: McCarley d. Nicholson 15-10, 15-11

Men's C
Semi-finals: Sapp d. Mann 15-5, 15-4; Sheffield d. Hunt 6-15, 15-4
Finals: Sapp d. Sheffield 15-8, 10-15, 15-4

Men's D
Semi-finals: Nieto d. Hogenson 13-15, 15-8, 15-4; Slack d. Hamilton 15-12, 12-15, 15-3
Finals: Nieto d. Slack 15-8, 15-13

Women's B
Semi-finals: Knight d. Rasmussen 15-10, 15-1; Nyugen d. Ross 13-15, 15-14, 15-11
Finals: Nyugen d. Knight 15-3, 8-15, 15-14

Women's C
Semi-finals: Funkowski d. Willett 15-13, 15-4; Dean d. Powell 15-2, 15-13
Finals: Funkowski d. Dean 10-15, 15-8, 15-5

Women's D
Semi-finals: Rutledge d. Sapp 13-15, 15-4, 15-6; Janke d. Wilkes 15-12, 15-11
Finals: Rutledge d. Janke 15-4, 15-4

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