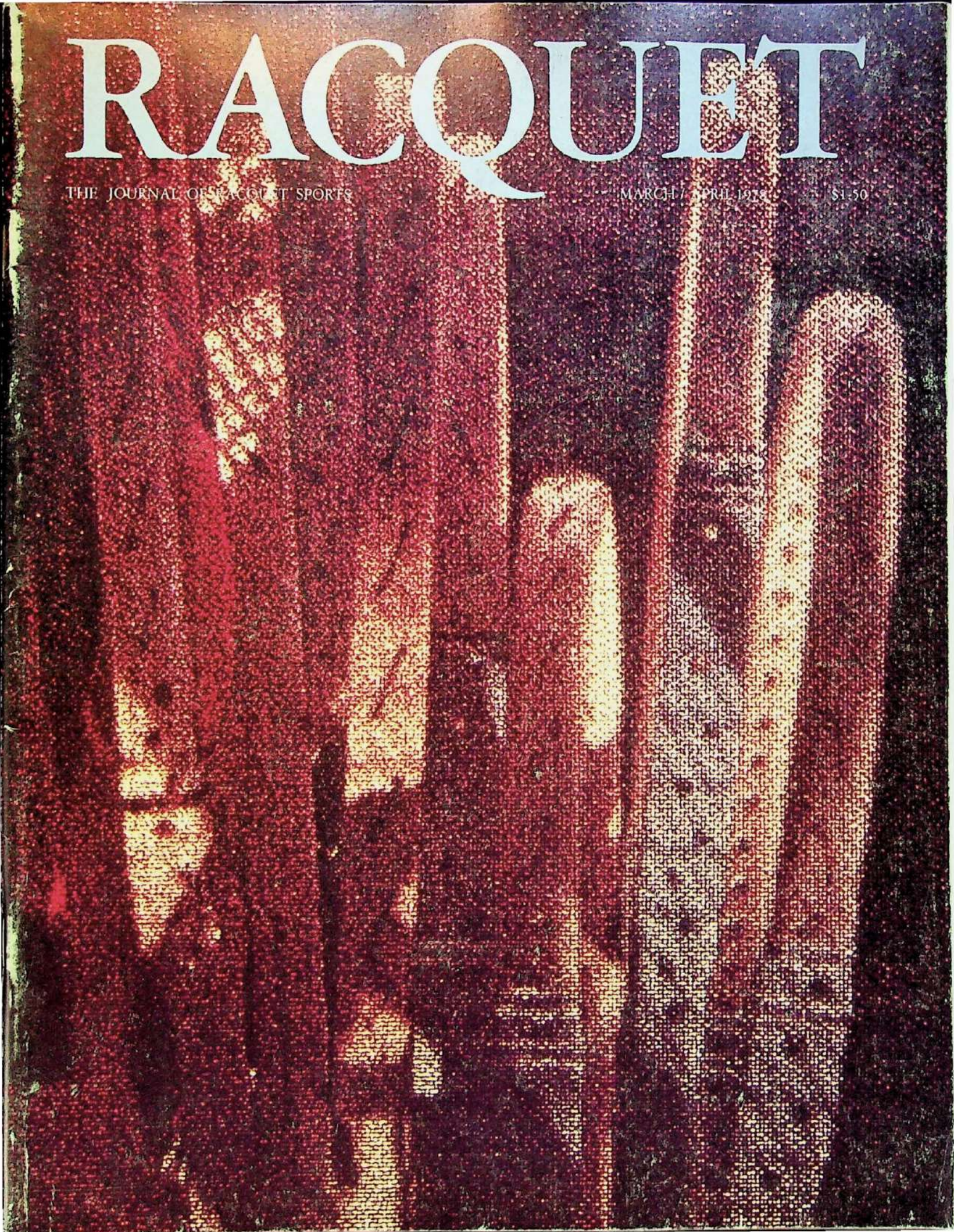


RACQUET

THE JOURNAL OF RACQUET SPORTS

MARCH / APRIL 1978

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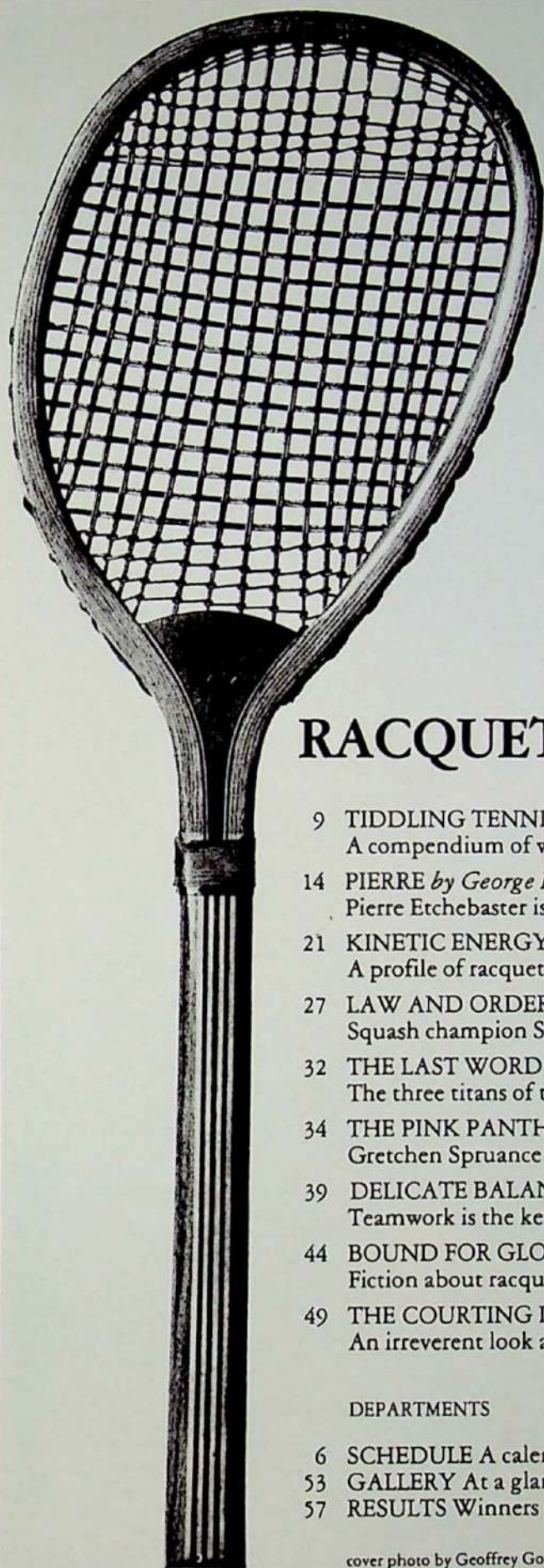
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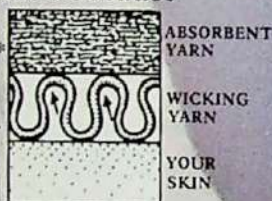
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RACQUET is proud to announce the establishment of the "Racquet Athlete of the Year Award." This award will be presented annually to the racquet sports athlete who clearly dominated his or her competition during the year.

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In the true spirit of RACQUET, champions from all the racquet sports are eligible for the prize. The leading contenders represent the entire spectrum of the racquet world. They include:

Wimbledon Champion Bjorn Borg, Forest Hills winners Guillermo Vilas and Chris Evert, racquetball phenomenon Marty Hogan, North American Squash titlists Sharif Khan and Heather McKay, paddle star Hilary Hilton, badminton ace Fleming Delfs, and international squash champion Geoff Hunt.

By their excellence on the court last year, all of these fine athletes qualify for the Racquet Athlete of the Year Award.

Only one will be selected by the committee.

Find out who wins the Racquet Athlete of the Year Award in the next issue of RACQUET, the journal of racquet sports.



Calendar of Events

BADMINTON

<i>March 10-11</i>	Middle Atlantic Championships	<i>Philadelphia, PA.</i>
<i>March 10-12</i>	California State Championships	<i>Manhattan Beach, CA.</i>
<i>March 22-25</i>	U.S. Badminton Championships	<i>Austin, TX.</i>

PLATFORM

<i>March 17-19</i>	Passport Platform Tennis Classic	<i>Orange, N.J.</i>
<i>March 18-19</i>	A.P.T.A. President's Cup	<i>Paoli, PA.</i>
<i>April 1-2</i>	A.P.T.A. President's Cup	<i>Montclair, N.J.</i>

RACQUETBALL

<i>March 15-19</i>	U.S.R.A. South Central Championships	<i>San Antonio, TX.</i>
<i>March 15-19</i>	Colgate Men's Pro Tour	<i>San Antonio, TX.</i>
<i>March 30</i>	Colgate Women's Pro Tour	<i>King of Prussia, PA.</i>
<i>March 30</i>	U.S.R.A. Northeast Championships	<i>King of Prussia, PA.</i>
<i>March 30</i>	I.P.R.O. Pro Tour	<i>Detroit, MI.</i>
<i>April 5-9</i>	Colgate Men's Pro Tour	<i>Aurora, ILL.</i>
<i>April 14-16</i>	Ektelon/Pony National Juniors	<i>Regional Sites.</i>

SQUASH

<i>March 17-19</i>	Southern California Singles	<i>Los Angeles, CA.</i>
<i>March 17-19</i>	U.S. Doubles Championships	<i>Pittsburgh, PA.</i>
<i>March 17-19</i>	Viva International Women's Singles	<i>New York, N.Y.</i>
<i>April 1-2</i>	U.S. Mixed Doubles Championships	<i>New York, N.Y.</i>
<i>April 28-30</i>	Hyder Trophy	<i>New York, N.Y.</i>

TABLE TENNIS

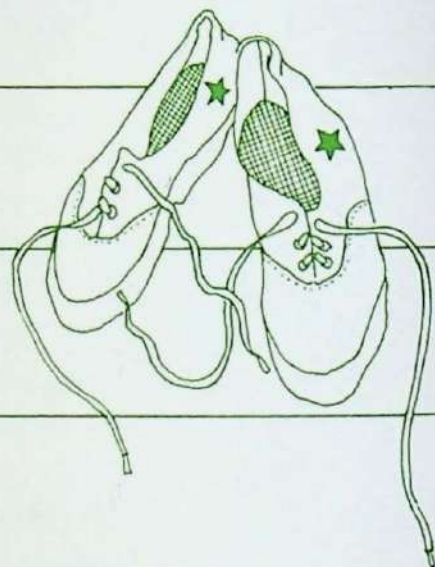
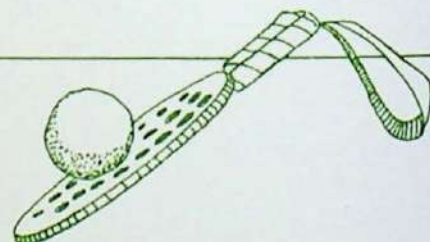
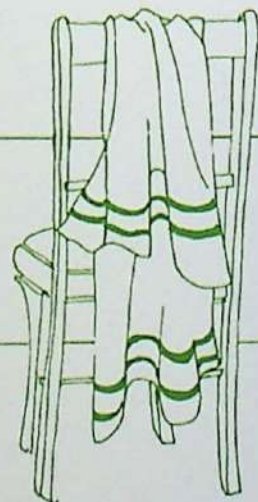
<i>March 18-19</i>	Sun Coast Winter Open	<i>Largo, FLA.</i>
<i>March 25</i>	Detroit Open	<i>Detroit, MI.</i>
<i>March 31</i>	Wisner Open	<i>Wisner, NB.</i>
<i>April 7-9</i>	Eastern Open	<i>Columbia, MD.</i>

TENNIS

<i>March 27</i>	Virginia Slims Champ.	<i>Oakland, CA</i>
<i>April 10-16</i>	Colgate Grand Prix	<i>Monte Carlo</i>
<i>April 17-23</i>	Colgate Grand Prix	<i>Houston, TX</i>
<i>April 24-30</i>	Colgate Grand Prix	<i>Las Vegas, NV</i>

OTHER RACQUETS

<i>March 11</i>	Tuxedo Racquets Championships	<i>Tuxedo, N.Y.</i>
<i>March 11</i>	Tuxedo Court Tennis Championships	<i>Tuxedo, N.Y.</i>
<i>March 25</i>	Western Racquets Championships	<i>Detroit, MI.</i>
<i>April 8</i>	Aiken Court Tennis Doubles	<i>Aiken, S.C.</i>
<i>April 15</i>	Intercollegiate Court Tennis	<i>Philadelphia, PA.</i>





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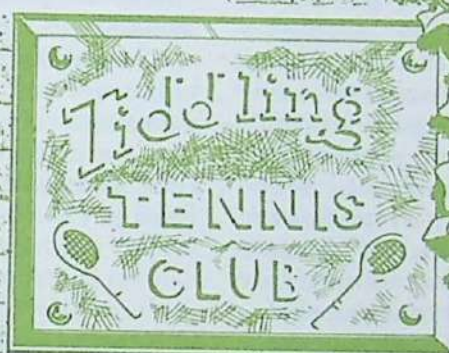


MARCH/APRIL 1978

RACQUET

TIDDLING TENNIS

by Arthur Hoppe



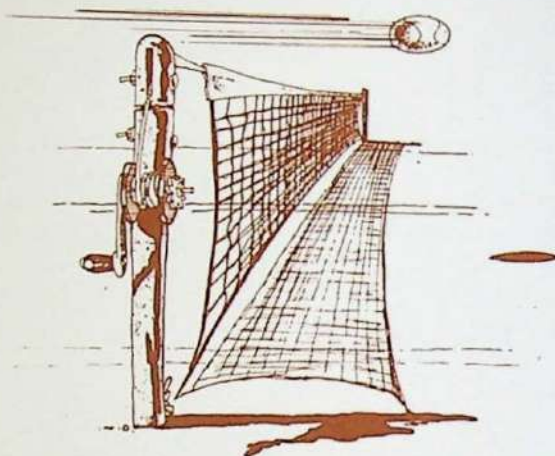
What follows is a compendium of axioms which, taken together, add up to that major philosophical breakthrough, The Tiddling Tennis Theorem. My interest in the subject was whetted when, like millions of Americans, I took up tennis in my middle years. For the past decade I have played an average of five times a week at the venerable Tiddling Tennis Club. While I have long been a great admirer of the Theorem's author, Professor Roberts, I would perhaps not have bothered to record his teachings for posterity had it not been for a brief exchange I had one day with my perennial doubles partner, K.E. Wilson, following still another defeat. "K.E.," I recall saying, "why on earth do we, two grown men, devote an hour and a half a day attempting to hit a fuzz-covered rubber ball over a piece of netting so that it lands within the confines of certain rectangles of painted lines?" With a flash of wisdom that can only be described as God-given, K.E. shrugged and replied, "What else would we be doing?" In those few words lies not only the key to The Tiddling Tennis Theorem, but also a hint as to its vast significance for us all.

The Tiddling Tennis Theorem, which in the end was to alter so drastically the lives of its advocates, was the product of the peculiar mind of John Doe Roberts. Roberts, who was never addressed by any other name than "Professor," had been the teaching professional at the Tiddling Tennis Club for as long as all but the oldest members could recall. The oldest, Doc Pritchgart, claimed the Professor, then a callow youth, had simply appeared one day following World War II, when the Club's membership had dwindled to 124, and had begun offering free tennis lessons. While the Professor's origins remained a mystery, Doc Pritchgart swore the man was the illegitimate son of a war profiteer and an unemployed cancan dancer. But as Doc Pritchgart invariably owed more than \$100 on his bar bill, invariably cheated at dominoes, and invariably denigrated the Professor, whom he loathed, few trusted either his judgment, his recollection, or his veracity.

In any event, the Professor, now in his forties, could be found daily, barring rain, standing by the net of the teaching court, lecturing some aspirant to tennis immortality. He always wore the same yellowing flannel trousers, the same faded windbreaker, the same drooping Panama hat that shaded his thin, weathered features and surprisingly bright, deep-set brown eyes, and held the same (Doc Pritchgart contended) unlit cigar between his large, clenched teeth. Two factors distinguished the Professor from every other tennis instructor in the country. One was his unorthodox teaching methods, which he claimed were based on the Tiddling Tennis Theorem. He would begin each half-hour lesson, for which he now charged ten dollars, by removing from his pocket a stack of yellow cards. On each was printed a different maxim. These were known collectively as "Roberts's Rules of Order." With great care, he would unwind the rubber band that embraced them and hand the top card to his student. "Kindly commit this to memory," he would say. When the student nodded to signify this task had been accomplished, the Professor would then deliver a fifteen-minute lecture on the meaning and ramifications of that day's maxim. For the remainder of the half-hour, the Professor would stand at the net tossing balls from a shopping cart at his side at his eagerly swinging pupil. Sometimes the Professor would gaze at the sky, sometimes at the ground, and sometimes his eyes would slowly close. Should the pupil be so brash as to inquire how he should hit the ball, the Professor would sigh, pull another yellow card from his pocket, and silently hand it over. This card read: "*It isn't how you hit the ball; it's where.*"

But what established the Professor's uniqueness as a tennis instructor beyond doubt was that he had

never been seen to hit a tennis ball or, for that matter, to hold a tennis racket in his hand. A few disgruntled members, led by Doc Pritchgart, argued that the Professor didn't know *how* to hit a tennis ball and therefore should be fired as a disgrace to his profession. The other disgruntled members (all members of the Tiddling Tennis Club were disgruntled) felt, however, that the proof was in the



pudding, and the success of the Professor's brain child—the Tiddling Tennis Theorem—could not be gainsaid.

"So you have decided to take up tennis. A marvelous decision. You couldn't have chosen a sport with more to offer: concentrated exercise, intellectual challenge, inexpensive equipment, and a new circle of friends who will provide lifelong companionship. Of course, as in all sports, there are difficulties to surmount. The first difficulty you will encounter is that no one wants to play with you.

"Let us now analyze the game of tennis. It consists of hitting a ball back and forth over a net within a rectangle of white lines. While an experienced opponent will be able to hit the ball *forth* with some consistency, you, as a beginner, will be unable to hit the ball *back*. With all *forths* and no *backs*, most of the time will be devoted to picking up balls. Unfortunately, most experienced players find this a desultory way to spend an afternoon. You will find that lifelong friends who play tennis will, on hearing you have taken up the game, avoid you like the plague.

"The answer would seem to be to discover another beginner with whom to play. Nonsense. The other beginner will have such difficulty hitting the ball *forth* that you will be unable to hit *back*. With neither *forths* nor *backs*, twice as much time will be spent picking up balls. You will never improve your game in this fashion. Moreover, as all beginners quickly grasp this phenomenon, they will not wish to play with you anyway. Thus, even at the very beginning, you learn that the way to improve your game is to play with someone better than you. Now

Arthur Hoppe is an avid tennis player, novelist and syndicated columnist. He is the author of *The Tiddling Tennis Theorem*. Copyright 1977. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press.

please keep in mind that the all-consuming goal of every tennis player is to improve his or her game, no matter how good or bad it may be. This brings us, then, to the cardinal rule of tennis, which you are now prepared to master."

At this point, the Professor places his cigar in his mouth and peels off one of his little yellow cards. It reads: *"No tennis player, no matter what his caliber, wants to play tennis with any other tennis player who is not better than he."*

"Kindly commit this to memory," says the Professor, pausing to allow the pupil to do so. "Excellent. Now you see that the primary art of tennis is not in playing the game, but in arranging a game. At this very moment, millions of tennis players are hitting the ball back and forth over nets between white lines. And precisely half of them wish they were playing with someone else.

"First of all, they are not improving their games. More important, they are handicapping themselves in the critical art of arranging future games. For if they are seen playing with inferior players, superior players with whom they wish to play will identify them with the inferior players with whom they are playing and will never invite them to play. Worse yet, players slightly inferior to the inferior players with whom they are playing will make the same identification and will besiege them with invitations to play. Such a path can only lead inexorably downward to the depths of degradation.

"How, then, do you, a rank beginner, surmount this initial challenge of finding someone with whom to play? Your first step, obviously, is to disguise the



fact that you are a rank beginner. This requires the proper equipment, which Miss Agnes will supply to you after our lesson today.

"Meanwhile, we will turn to mastering the essential skills of tennis. Other instructors usually begin with the forehand and the backhand. This is a waste of time. There is no point in learning the forehand or the backhand if you cannot find someone to hit a forehand or the backhand to. We shall therefore be-

gin with picking up the ball. There is no move in tennis that so well classifies the proficiency of a player than the manner in which he picks up the ball. Once you have acquired the proper technique, it will prove invaluable at cocktail parties.

If you say you bend over and pick it up the ball with your hand, the average player will switch the conversation to the stock market and go look for an ashtray. If you say you lift it up between your racket and the side of your foot, he might conceivably invite you to play mixed doubles. But—ah!—if you coolly announce that you merely tap the ball rapidly with the strings of your racket—*dadada-rup!*—causing it to leap up into your waiting hand, he will immediately mark you down as a top-flight player and cleverly inveigle you into a match he will loathe. By attending enough cocktail parties, you will rapidly improve your game.

"You should also, of course, play as much as possible on the public courts. As you saunter up to the bench where the players are waiting, it is a simple technique to drop a ball accidentally, lean over, tap it casually with your racket—*dadada-rup!*—and inquire guilelessly, 'Anyone need a fourth?' Understandably, none of the other three will ever play with you again, but by visiting all the public courts within a fifty-mile radius at staggered hours, you should eventually score your first triumph on the ladder of success: you will be asked to play tennis by a player with whom you would not be caught dead playing. That concludes our first lesson."

Should the pupil be so bold as to ask for a demonstration on the proper method of picking up a ball, the Professor will light his cigar, stare off into space and say, as always, "One learns by doing, not watching. Go practice, practice, practice."

It is precisely this sort of contretemps that is the subject of the Professor's second tennis lesson. The Professor invariably insists that a beginning pupil, after learning—*dadada-rup!*—to pick up the ball, wait a minimum of sixty days before returning for the second lesson.

"One hopes," the professor commences, after removing the cigar from his mouth, "that you have now learned the rudiments of how to arrange a game. If you have applied yourself, you should now be able to hit the ball not only forth but, on many occasions, back. You are already superior, then, to many other players. Thus, you must now master the second fundamental of tennis, a fundamental that will stand you in good stead all of your tennis-playing life, to wit: how to avoid a game."

Here, the Professor replaces his cigar and peels off another yellow card. It reads: *"All tennis players are invariably off their game."*

"Kindly commit this to memory," he says, pausing to wait for the pupil's nodded signal of compliance. "There is one member of this Club who is

eighty-three years old and who has been off his game for three quarters of a century. Please note that whenever a tennis player misses a shot, he will respond in one or more of the following seven manners: one, he will frown, indicating surprise that a player of his caliber could have failed to convert such an easy opportunity into a blistering winner; two, he will curse, indicating his conviction that the gods are arrayed against him for mysterious reasons of their own; three, he will hold the racket up in front of his face in order to examine it, presumably to make sure he remembered to have it strung before carrying it onto the court; four, after hitting a ground stroke into the net or fence, he will freeze into immobility at the end of his followthrough in order to demonstrate his classic form and show that the blame, therefore, lies with the elements, fate, or anyone in the vicinity but himself; five, he will clutch his elbow, shoulder, wrist, knee, or whatever part of his anatomy it is that is currently causing him suffering, to show that if he had not been in agonizing pain, he would have executed a perfect shot (conversely, a player who does execute a perfect shot *never* suffers pain, no matter how disabled he may be); six, he will drop his racket with a clatter to show his disgust with the way he is playing, his partner, his opponents, the game of tennis in general, or life itself; or seven, he will simply hurl his racket at the net, fence, or sky. This suggests he is angry.

"In any one of these cases, it matters not a whit that the player has missed precisely the same shot on several thousand previous occasions. If he were on his game, he would have made it. As every player invariably misses dozens of shots in every match, every player is, *ipso facto*, invariably off his game.

Now the Professor peels off a second card: "*Every tennis player honestly and sincerely believes that he is a far better tennis player than he actually is.*"

"I assume," continues the Professor when the pupil has memorized this maxim, "that you have observed the framed admonishment over the bar which states, 'Members will please refrain from challenging superior players.' I will concede that no member would dare commit such a breach of etiquette. The problem arises with the lesser player who believes he is better than he is and thus also believes he is as good as you—you who naturally believe you are better than you are. The danger of accepting the challenge of this lesser player lies not only in the damage it will do to your social standing to be seen playing with him, but in the threat that he may defeat you if you are off your game. And, as you are always off your game, this is a distinct possibility.

"On the surface, the solution to avoiding a game would appear simple. You merely offer some polite excuse, such as: 'Thank you, I'd love to play if I hadn't just broken my left leg in three places above the knee.' This would indicate you didn't wish to

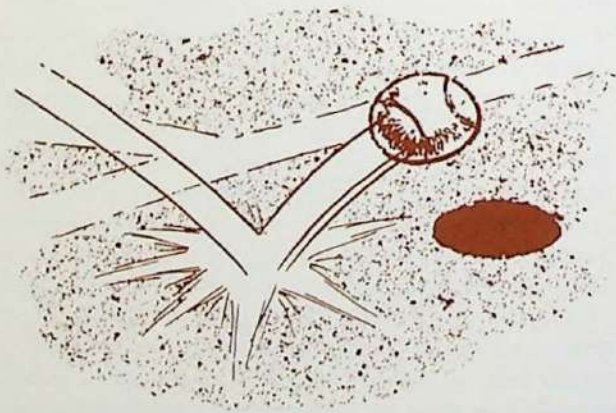
play. But you do wish to play. You wish to play with someone else. And should you subsequently inveigle a superior player into a match, the inferior player you avoided would be fully justified in shouting from the sidelines as you reach up to smash away an easy lob, 'Leg feeling better?' This may cause you to miss the shot and put you further off your game, which you are already off.

"Therefore, it is best to hedge. An excellent place to practice hedging is the Club lounge on Saturday and Sunday mornings. You will discover that it is always crowded with members eyeing each other uneasily, whispering in corners, or if they are the passive type, staring stoically out the window, hoping against hope that three better players will desperately need a fourth. Every invitation is, of course, a gamble. Should you invite this slightly inferior player to make a fourth? Or should you delay, hoping that a slightly superior player may wander in? But if one doesn't, you may meanwhile lose the slightly inferior player and be forced to settle for a decidedly inferior player, much to everyone's disgrace. Conversely, should you accept an invitation from a slightly inferior player or delay in hopes a slightly superior player will wander in and . . . But you can readily see the exciting challenges the art of avoiding a game offers.

Always give your opponents an outrageously good call early in the match to establish a reputation for fair play; consider this as casting your bread upon the water.

—*Roberts's Rules of Order*

"Tennis," the Professor tells his pupil on one of his more interesting advanced lessons, "is a game that traditionally demands the highest level of sportsmanship from all players. Take every advantage of this you can.



"Now then, let us turn our attention to the critical problem of calling your opponent's shots in or out. The card I have given you is lucidly clear about the necessity of making an outrageous call in your opponent's favor during, if possible, the first game. Try to pick a shot to call good that is at least four inches out. If he is such a good sport that he disputes your call, you know you have him. Simply say you

clearly saw it good, and there's no room for argument. This not only enhances your aura of good sportsmanship but raises questions about your eyesight, which you can turn to your advantage in the later, crucial stages of the match. But what about the intermediate stages? Whenever possible, attempt to get your opponent to call his own shots. For example you are running for a ball that lands precisely on the line, and you miss it. 'Sorry,' you say, 'I couldn't see that at all. Was it in or out?' Your opponent, of course, saw it good, which it was. But should he say, 'It was good,' he is in the position of calling shots in his favor on your side of the net—a major violation of tennis ethics. As you have already established your good sportsmanship, he will be most reluctant to be outdone in such deportment. Therefore, the most he will generally say is, 'Well, I thought it was good, but let's play the point over.' The first time you have him in this position, you should reply, 'Oh, no, if you thought it was good, call it good,' and proceed quickly to the next point. He will now feel guilty and will henceforth hesitate to call his good shots good, insisting the point be replayed. The second, third, and fourth times this occurs, agree after considerable protest to replay the point. Following the fourth time the ball lands on or near the line, having firmly established your reputation for good sportsmanship and bad eyesight, simply call it out.

"So much for calling. Now, the other occasion on which points are replayed is when a player, in the act of making a shot, is distracted by some happening not under control. A clear-cut case would be that of a player attacked by a large, wild animal while attempting to execute a top spin backhand. He would be entitled, and should be granted, the right to play a let. More common, perhaps, is a ball that rolls or bounces from another court onto yours during a point in progress. Technically, you are required to stop play if you wish later to claim a let, but tennis etiquette, if you play your cards right, will hopefully supersede mere technicalities. Thus, whenever you miss a shot, the very first thing you must do before throwing your racket is to look about for a ball from another court. Should you spy one, eye it balefully and shake your head. Your opponent, if you have him properly competing with you for the good-sportsmanship award, will inquire if the ball bothered you. Again, early in the match, you should reply, 'Absolutely not.' The second or third time, your response is, 'Well, I probably would have missed that shot anyway.' After that, of course, agree to replay the point even though the only stray ball you can find is up against the fence behind you.

"Good sportsmanship also requires that you compliment your fellow players whenever possible. I have already mentioned crying out 'Great shot!' to your partner just as your opponent is attempting to return a deep lob. But one should compliment one's

opponents as well. The time to cry 'Great shot!' to your opponent is when he has mis-hit the ball off the side of his racket for a dribbling winner. A better compliment, however, is invariably, 'Great get!' This is best said when your opponent has scrambled desperately across the court at the risk of a coronary occlusion to reach a superb shot of yours, which he



manages to return feebly to you for an easy put away. By crying 'Great get!' with all the admiration you can muster, you imply that it took a superhuman effort for a man in his condition even to get a racket on your superb shot and yet, despite his superhuman effort, he lost the point to you. This should instill in him a certain sense of futility. If he makes a superhuman effort and fails to reach the ball at all, the suitable compliment is a commiserating 'Nice try, old man.' If you are sure he is not going to reach the ball, turn away from the net and call out, 'Nice try, old man,' over your shoulder before he has completed his superhuman effort. This should take the starch out of him. We see, then, that 'nice try' is the most effective of all compliments. A word of caution, however. One should not employ it when an opponent double-faults for a fourth time in a row—not unless you are considerably bigger than he is.

The axioms set forth above are but a few which comprise The Tiddling Tennis Theorem. Yet they should suffice. By now astute readers will have realized that like all great ontologies the Theorem applies not only to tennis but goes directly to the very heart of the meaning of life itself. Some will be appalled by what they may consider to be such a cynical view of man's place on the courts and in the universe. They should not be. The real challenge is to accept the Theorem for the revealed truth that it holds and to go on from there. In both the microcosm of tennis and the macrocosm of life, one must go on playing the game, a gay, devil-may-care smile on one's lips. For The Tiddling Tennis Theorem, of course, can be summed up in three words: Tennis Is Absurd. ■



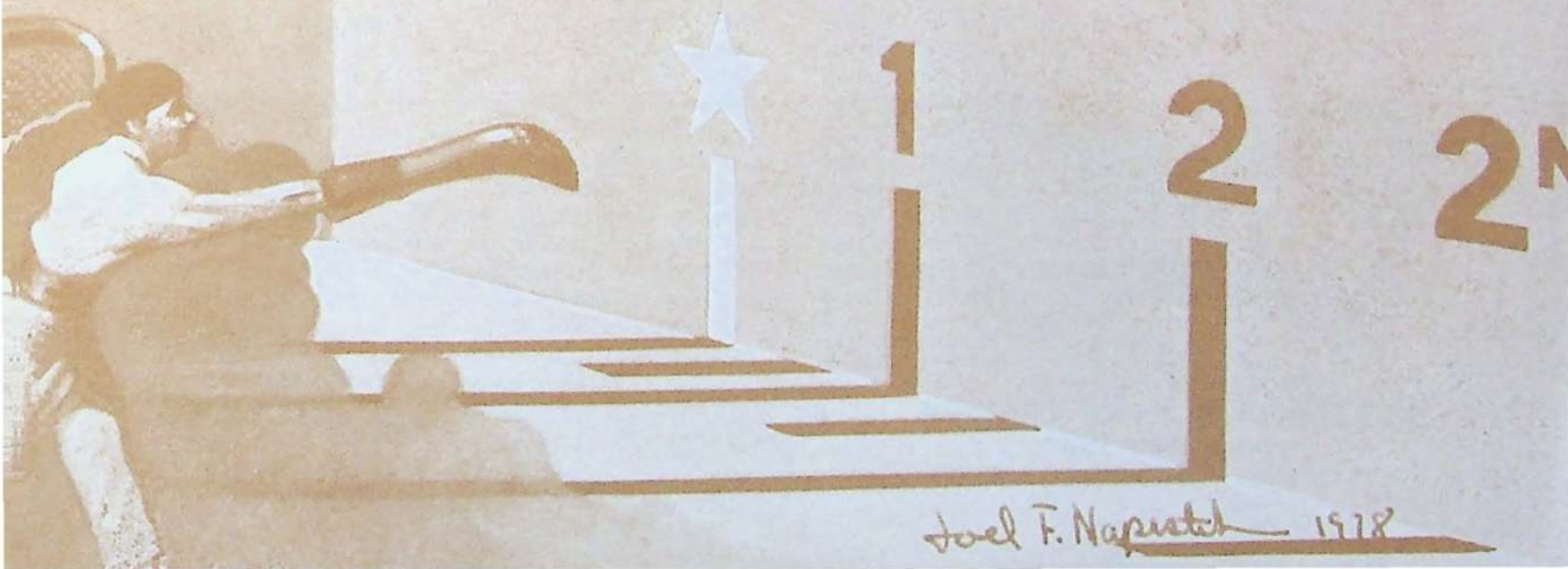
PIERRE

by George Plimpton

Nobody can have met Pierre Etchebaster without being left with a strong impression of the man: small, with a peppery walk, toes out, a portrait always of energy and enthusiasm, invariably outfitted in the voluminous long flannels of the Racquet Club professional, with an oversized red cardigan that seems to envelop his entire body as he crouches to make the "classic" shot; those who stick to the game will remember him as an instructor utilizing a variety of English that can strain the eyeballs; and in competition his opponents will recall that familiar strong jaw jutting in Gallic ferocity in direct proportion to the tension on the court.

Whatever one's impression, one has been, if briefly, in the presence of a champion. It is unlikely that any sport has *had* such a champion.

The newsprint on him, which fills dozens of scrapbooks, details a career which is without parallel in sports—an uninterrupted reign as champion of the world for twenty-six years . . . until a date in 1954 when, with not a competitor in sight capable of extending him, he retired at the age of sixty.



"On the final day, Pierre faced the awesome task of having to win five sets in a row to take the championship . . ."

Pierre had been demobilized in 1919 after receiving two citations of the Croix de Guerre. His introduction to court tennis came in 1922 through Jacques Worth who was the President of the court tennis club at 74 ter rue Lauriston in Paris (the club is still there, of course). Worth was the tennis champion of France, a surprising sidelight to his profession as one of the large coutouriers of the time On his return to the Cote Basque, he had picked up the *chistera* for the first time since his youth and he was now the champion of all the basque sports—*mains nues* (a variety of handball) and *pala* (which features wooden paddles) and *chistera* (in which large baskets are worn, as in *jai alai*). After two years of play at the rue Lauriston, Pierre could beat everyone around, Jacques Worth included, and in 1924 the club sent him to the professional handicap tournament in Manchester, England, to see how he would fare against some of the best Englishmen—G. F. Covey, who was the world champion, Ted Johnson, O. Wilson, and others.

Pierre could not speak a word of English, not even, as he remembered it, understand the calls of the marker. During the tournament he kept his own score. With the help of a handicap (he had a full fifteen against Covey and beat him handily in three straight sets) he won the tournament, beating Wilson in the finals, playing even.

Considering the ease with which Pierre had won, Jacques Worth and Reginald Watson, the latter an American who was to mastermind Pierre's career, felt that an official challenge the following year, particularly with time for Pierre to improve, was in order. Covey accepted the challenge and the match for the world's title was played at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, in 1927.

The enthusiasm raised by the match was considerable. In 1927 there were twenty courts in active use in England (eighteen exist at this writing) and practitioners and followers of the game filled to standing room the large spectator area behind the *dedans*. Covey was forty-six at the time, a heavy-set strong player who relied on a sidewall and a railroad service and severely cut ground strokes. He seemed faster about the court than he actually was (Pierre recalls) because he combined the pace of his slow and heavy strokes with excellent anticipation. Covey was a "private" professional in the employ of Lady Wentworth, one of the few women who has played court tennis, and whom Pierre remembers as a "very

strong lady—rough-looking." She had divorced Allen Lyttleton, one of the notable court tennis names of the era, and there is a Gallic twinkle in Pierre's eyes as he reminisces about those days that suggests that Covey's activities in the good lady's household were not necessarily confined to the tennis court.

At Knightsbridge, however, Covey kept his mind on retaining his world title. He beat Pierre seven sets to four. But it was a match that Pierre remembers as "very curious" and he shakes his head ruefully thinking back those forty-odd years. He had beaten Covey six games to love in the first set. He was leading four games to love in the second set when he was obviously upset by the referee's call: Covey had hit a shot from the hazard side, a desperation retrieve, that Pierre felt sure had gone out of the court. He did not bother playing the ball which cannoned around the court and landed chase two. The chase was called to Pierre's astonishment. He says the call did not upset him, that his lack of experience was responsible for his eventual loss. But certainly that particular point was pivotal: Pierre lost that set 6-5, the subsequent two by the same score, and was in grave difficulty following the second day's play when he lost three sets to one.

On the final day's play, a Saturday, Pierre faced the awesome task of having to win five sets in a row to take the championship. He seemed well on the way to doing it. He won the first two sets in such sparkling fashion that Peter Latham, himself a former world champion, talking to spectators in the *dedans*, said that the title was on its way to France. But Covey rose to the occasion and won the third set, and with it retained his world title.

Neither Pierre nor his backers were disheartened. It was apparent that only two strong contenders were in the running for the title—Pierre himself, and Jock Soutar, the American professional from the Philadelphia Racquet & Tennis Club. It was determined that the winner between these two would get a match against the champion, Covey. With an additional year of practice on the courts at rue Lauriston behind him, Pierre set sail for America in early 1928, fashionably sporting the blue beret.

Pierre's first impression of the United States was that it was "grandiose," and a very "practical" country—by which he meant that he found the people very much at ease, inhibited by neither custom nor tradition. He was pleasantly surprised that barber shops stayed open late, until nine o'clock, and that people were lively and about the town long into the evening. Quite a change from European provincial villages which close up after the evening meal.

George Plimpton is a renowned sportsman and court tennis aficionado. His latest book, *Shadow Box*, published by G.P. Putnam and Sons, has received wide critical acclaim.

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"What amazed people so much was that Etchebaster seemed better at fifty-six than when he was younger . . ."

In New York, Pierre stayed in the Murray Hill Hotel and commuted every day by Pullman to Philadelphia to acquaint himself with the Racquet court, Jock Soutar's home territory. The wagering was 2-1 for the Philadelphia professional. "Soutar is going to kill the poor boy," was a sentiment often heard, though there were some who had their doubts. Walter Kinsella, one of America's great professionals, played enough with Pierre in practice session to speak of his game in awe: "Say fellow, wait 'til you see this little Frenchie . . ." he'd say to acquaintances, with a big wink and a dig of the elbow.

Kinsella turned out to be right. In a match which began on February 22 (Allison Danzig's lead paragraph in the *New York Times* reminded his readers that George Washington had warned of foreign entanglements Pierre, his blue beret firmly in place, swept his opponent aside seven sets to one. Soutar, being an excellent racquets player, was a fine retriever, and many of the points produced shouts of amazement from spectators sitting in the dedans, but there was never a moment when Pierre did not obviously have matters in hand. The press described him as "phlegmatic, inscrutable." Only once did he smile a faint half-smile, and only about three times did he let his feelings express themselves with a scarcely audible "bah!"

The victory over Soutar established Pierre as the primary contender for the world championship, and once again, on the Knightsbridge court where he had gone through his humiliation the year before, Pierre faced the champion, Covey, and beat him seven sets to three, two of the sets won at love. The *London Observer* describes the last stroke of the match: "Covey had to attack a short chase (worse than two), and four times in succession he made beautiful strokes on the floor which would have won the chase, and four times Etchebaster returned them. The fifth time Covey made a stroke which lost the chase (it fell chase three), and Etchebaster was the champion of tennis."

In 1930 Pierre left the rue Lauriston through arrangements made by C. C. Pell, Sr. and joined the New York Racquet and Tennis Club's professional staff (the others on it at the time were Frank Blow, Tony Bertolotti, Freddie Robinson, Eddie Rogers and Bill White). The club was very strict in those days—"severe" is the word Pierre uses—and the professionals came and left through the alley behind the clubhouse.

Tennis was extremely popular then, the courts often in use at eight o'clock, both morning and evening. Two of the more regular practitioners at the

early hour, Pierre recalls, were Jarvis Cromwell and Oliver Iselin. As for the brand of tennis played, Pierre believes that it suffers in comparison with what he sees in the court today.

As for himself, from 1928 until his retirement in 1954 Pierre never lost a match on even terms. He defended his championship seven times. Usually he trained four weeks for his defenses. The first week was devoted to "contact with the ball"—two hours alone in the court practicing his repertoire of shots. For the remaining three weeks he would play four sets a day—usually with Ted Johnson (Jack Johnson's father). Tuesday and Thursday of each training week were rest days. He was always early to bed (between 9 and 10), and he would be up at 7—a habit he has kept to over the years. Pierre has never smoked; occasionally he has a very sweet daiquiri when (as he puts it) he is offered one, which is not very often. His feeling about training is that the athlete should constantly play the game he is training for. If the player is running to get his legs in shape for court tennis, he should run in the court, not around the reservoir.

In the first of his defenses (in 1930) Pierre defeated Walter Kinsella at London's Prince's Club, seven sets to one; in 1937 he defeated Ogden Phipps three sets to one (the challenger twisted an ankle badly and the match was not completed); a rematch with Phipps in April, 1948, following the war, was won by Pierre, seven sets to two, with such extraordinary skill that the foot-stomping in the dedans went on for minutes as the spectators acknowledged his brilliance.

In that same year (1948), in December, Pierre beat James Dear, of England, seven sets to four. Pierre remembers Dear—they were using the lighter ball by then—as very fast on his feet and a great retriever, though not possessed of as "nice-looking" a stroke as Covey's. In 1949 he met Phipps again, during the week of his fifty-sixth birthday, and beat him seven sets to one.

"What amazed people so much (Laney wrote) was that Etchebaster seemed better at fifty-six than when he was younger. They had come expecting or hoping that he would be beaten, for they thought they had detected evidence that the years were catching up with him in his match with James Dear. Now they are wondering whoever is going to beat him."

In 1950 and 1952, Alastair Martin, 21 years Pierre's junior, took a crack at it, and failed decisively both times, seven sets to love, and seven sets to two.

On February 24, 1955, Pierre officially announced his retirement at a dinner in his honor at the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York. Since that time Pi-

"'Voilà!' he cries, his body tense with excitement, as if in some way he has produced a key for his pupil . . ."

erre has watched others compete for his championship. His observation about today's top-flight play is that for the past fifteen years the game has been performed at its best—the players far more proficient than they ever have been—and this partly because the game is far more athletic, and partly because of the emphasis on the volley. Pierre reckons that the volley is played eighty percent more than it was—initiated by Ogden Phipps, and accountable for the success of the Martins, the Knoxs, and the Bostwick brothers.

Pierre admits that it is difficult to make comparisons between the tennis players of today with the champions of the past because the present-day ball is so much livelier. Now the game is what Pierre calls "physical"—by which he means that physical prowess has become so much more important . . . especially speed afoot.

And where does Pierre himself fit in the gallery of champions? Certainly, he has an illustrious set of forebears. Tom Pettitt would be the first to come to mind. He arrived in the United States from England a penniless youngster. He developed his tennis game here, and in 1885 he won the first modern world championship against George Lambert in England's Hampton Court. Lambert had held his title for fifteen years. A slugger, Tom Pettitt scandalized the ultra-stylists of the day such as J. M. Heathcote and the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton whose strokes were artistic and contained. One of his outraged critics wrote in the *Saturday Review* of that year, "His style on his first appearance was strange, wild, barbaric, untutored."

Pettitt's feats were legendary. It was said that he would play Payne Whitney in the Manhasset court for a bird and a bottle of wine, using a champagne bottle, or the arm of a chair for a racquet.*

And yet no court tennis historian would rank Pettitt equal with the champion of the next decades, Jay Gould—the wealthy young scion who at the age of twelve was placed under the tutelage of Jack Forrester, the Tuxedo professional, and was acknowledged at the prime of his career to be better, even handicapped at a half-thirty, than any other amateur in

the world. He was the world champion from 1914-1916 (he retired from the title), and he was the U.S. Open champion from 1906-1926.

Gould is the only past master of the game with an ability which would have tested Pierre in one of those "dream matches" that sport historians are so fond of developing in their minds. It is an idle pastime. How would Henri II, the best of the royal amateurs to the best evidence, or Francois I, or England's Henry VIII have fared against the moderns? Both Napoleon and Wellington played the game. How would they have done against each other? Perhaps it is best to savor one's own personal reminiscences and evaluations, and let such comparisons hang in abeyance, like a chase hit early in a game.

And so what does one finally keep in the mind's eye in consideration of Pierre Etchebaster? Some will remember him as a teacher—following in the great tradition of such as Tom White, the professional at Hampto Court, who once said to George V, who was slow and irritated with himself: "Ah, Sir, there is no royal road to tennis."

Others will remember Pierre's style of play. Norty Knox once told me that playing against Pierre was like being destroyed by a consummate chess master. He went on to say that he felt that Pierre's incredible skills were served by his "big eyes"—which could define spins and angles. His play was always smooth and "silky." He never went for a ball that he couldn't get to, and he never made a move on the court that could be criticized as clumsy, such as bolting into the wall in a frenzied attempt at a retrieve.

As for myself, I keep remembering what Bob Gerry once told me—perhaps because I've seen it myself so often: the scene of Pierre in the court introducing an elderly beginner to the rudiments of the game, working with the same intensity and enthusiasm he might muster training a player for the World Championship . . . demonstrating the classic stroke, then patiently hitting balls to his student, never wincing, or bemoaning a steady succession of shots that he sees hit off the wood, or the thumb, or missed completely.

Then, finally, after frustrating minutes of this, his pupil hits the ball in the center of his racquet with form approximating what Pierre has wished of him, and the ball flies properly over the net. To study Pierre at this instant is to catch something of his enthusiasm, his optimism, his devotion to excellence. "Voilà!" he cries, his body tense with excitement, as if in some way he has produced a key for his pupil, and from that point on, the intricacies of the game, its infinite pleasures are all within reach. ■

* Apparently, it was common practice for top-notch pros to handicap themselves in such a fashion. In France, there was one who jumped in and out of a barrel between shots. Perhaps the strangest was one of the great nineteenth century players, a professional called Louis, who distinguished himself in a match in Paris by playing his opponent, Mr. Hughes Ball, with a boot jack instead of a racquet. He played another match carrying a man on his back, and yet another with a *donkey* on his back, and he won them both. The records refer to him as a "stout, thick-set man of great strength and activity," as one might imagine.

KINETIC ENERGY

by Ardy Friedberg

Marty Hogan, at 19, is the best racquetball player in the world. He is to racquetball what Punk Rock is to music—loud, energetic, irascible, cocky, sometimes irreverent—but talented and entertaining.

Hogan is really two people, almost two distinct personalities. Off the court he's a little kid, wide-eyed, ingenuous, the boy next door with a quick smile and an easy going manner that absorbs New York City pollution as easily as Southern California sunshine. Put a Rocky Road ice cream cone in his hand and he could model for Baskin-Robbins.

But on the court Hogan's grin is replaced by a sneer that makes your own lips curl in self-defense. His eyes become narrow slits of concentration. His easy manner disappears in a blur of incredible speed and agility as he fiercely attacks, attacks, attacks until his opponent slumps in the corner like a downed fighter.

In the finals of a recent tournament, the Westminster, California stop on the National Racquetball Club's pro tour, Marty Hogan met his perennial rival Davey Bledsoe. Hogan was having trouble with Bledsoe in the first game and actually trailed 10 - 4, a rare position for Hogan. Then something unseen happened. A switch seemed to click somewhere in Hogan's head and his face turned into a savage

mask. His mouth worked furiously as he hissed out a stream of invectives partially aimed at Bledsoe but mostly directed at himself. From that point on the match was over. Hogan's serves and returns were devastating. He pounded Bledsoe into the floor, winning the match and the tournament 21 - 18, 21 - 12. It wasn't even that close. In a post-match interview Hogan said simply, "I hate to lose," and walked away.

At first glance Marty Hogan doesn't look like a great athlete. He's not a physical giant at 5'10" and 165 pounds but when he takes off his coat you understand. Though he claims never to have lifted weights his torso, shoulders and arms are highly developed. He has the thighs of a football running back and the calves of a sprinter. "It all came from racquetball," he says. But Hogan, an all-around athlete at LaDue High School in suburban St. Louis also played halfback, third base, starred in basketball and was a top gymnast. "I might have made it in any of those sports," he says, "but my mother got me interested in racquetball when I was about eight years old and all through high school I still liked it best."

Hogan's mother Goldie has had a controlling influence on his racquetball career. "My mother was my mentor," he says, "and did all the pushing. My father helped me a lot too, mainly with the mental side of sports, but my mom was the one." Now, ten

Ardy Friedberg is the managing editor of *Racquet*. He is an author and writer of countless magazine articles as well as an avowed paddleball fanatic.

"I knew right then I was going to be the best . . ."

years later, his mother still attends many of Hogan's tournaments and she's not the quietest member of the gallery.

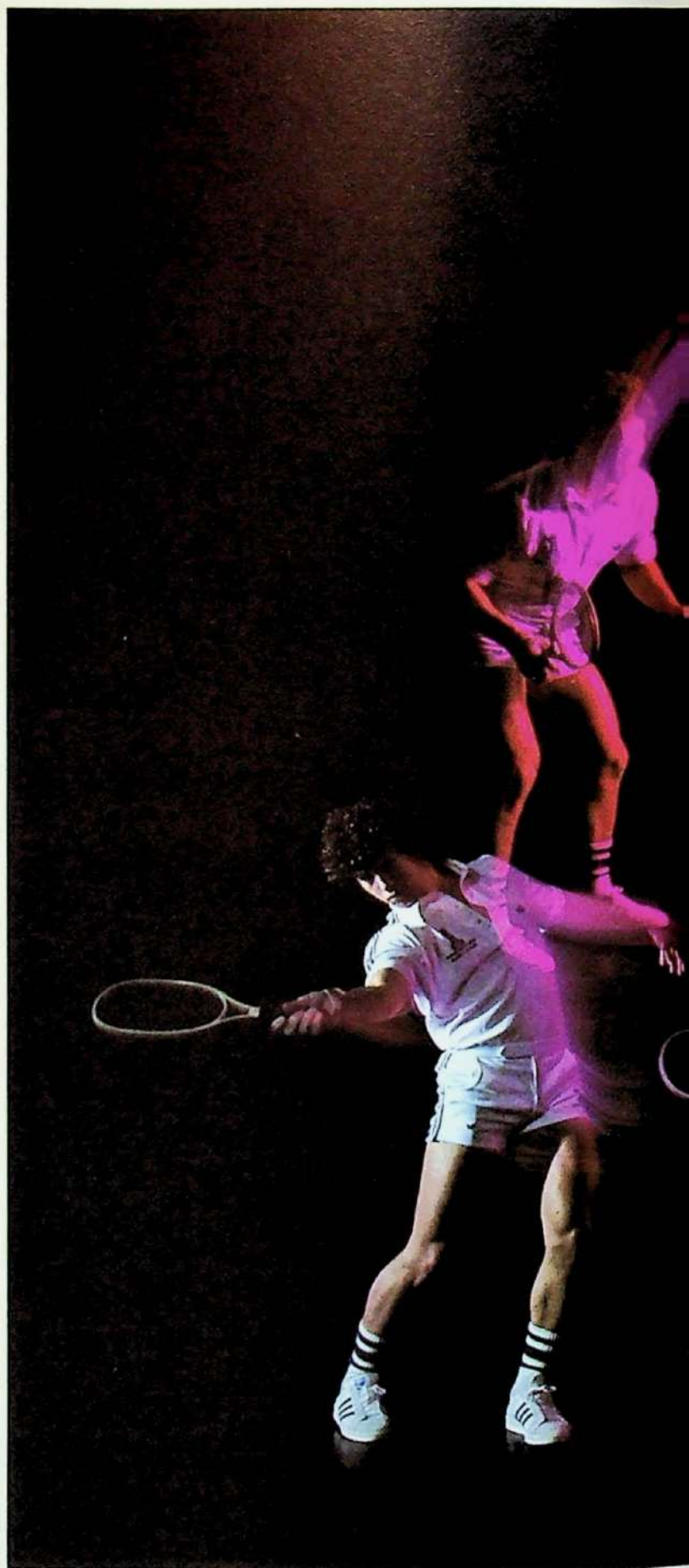
Marty Hogan began playing racquetball at the St. Louis Jewish Community Center in 1968, a few years before the sport really took off. He didn't have a teacher or a coach and still doesn't. "I just started hitting the ball and playing guys around the JCCA," he says. At 15 he won \$50 in a local tournament and he began to see the possibilities. "I was a dishwasher in a Chinese restaurant at the time," Hogan says, "and that sure seemed like a lot of money. It's funny how winning a few dollars can make you hungry for more. But honestly I didn't take up the sport to make money, I don't think anyone can do that. But sure, I thought about it."

Hogan is not quiet, not unassuming. "I was 13 the first time I saw all the top pros play," he says. "There were a lot of people watching one match and so I watched for a while too. I was amazed. I looked down and said, 'Who is that?' Someone said, 'That's Charlie Brumfield, the best player in the world.' I watched some more and said to myself, 'That guy is nothing.' Of course I was nothing at the time either, just a little punk. But I knew then that I could eat his lunch. I knew right then that I was going to be the best."

Charlie Brumfield, the acknowledged thinker of the game, former national racquetball champion, and before that, national four-wall paddleball champ, mixes admiration with disdain when he talks about Hogan. "Marty has the perfect racquetball swing," Brumfield says, "a kind of looping flail that snaps the ball at the bottom of a very short stroke. He generates terrific power." Brumfield says he would be top man again if the ball was only slowed down a bit so that his strategic game would be more valuable. But Hogan, nothing if not self-confident, says, "Brumfield can't improve that much anymore. If he can get a win it will be a big deal. Even with a slower ball he wouldn't have a chance against me. I just rip the ball at him and he folds."

Hogan does rip it. His serves have been timed by a radar gun at 142 miles an hour, faster than any of the big serves in tennis, and his backhand is as strong as his forehand. His shots overpower opponents like a Tom Seaver fast ball but he has the control of Earl Monroe pushing up a jumper.

Indeed, Hogan's attacking game has changed racquetball. His is a power game. His serve and shoot style, a driving serve followed by a quick kill, has been adopted by all the young players and Brumfield, older at 29, is having trouble adjusting. Hogan



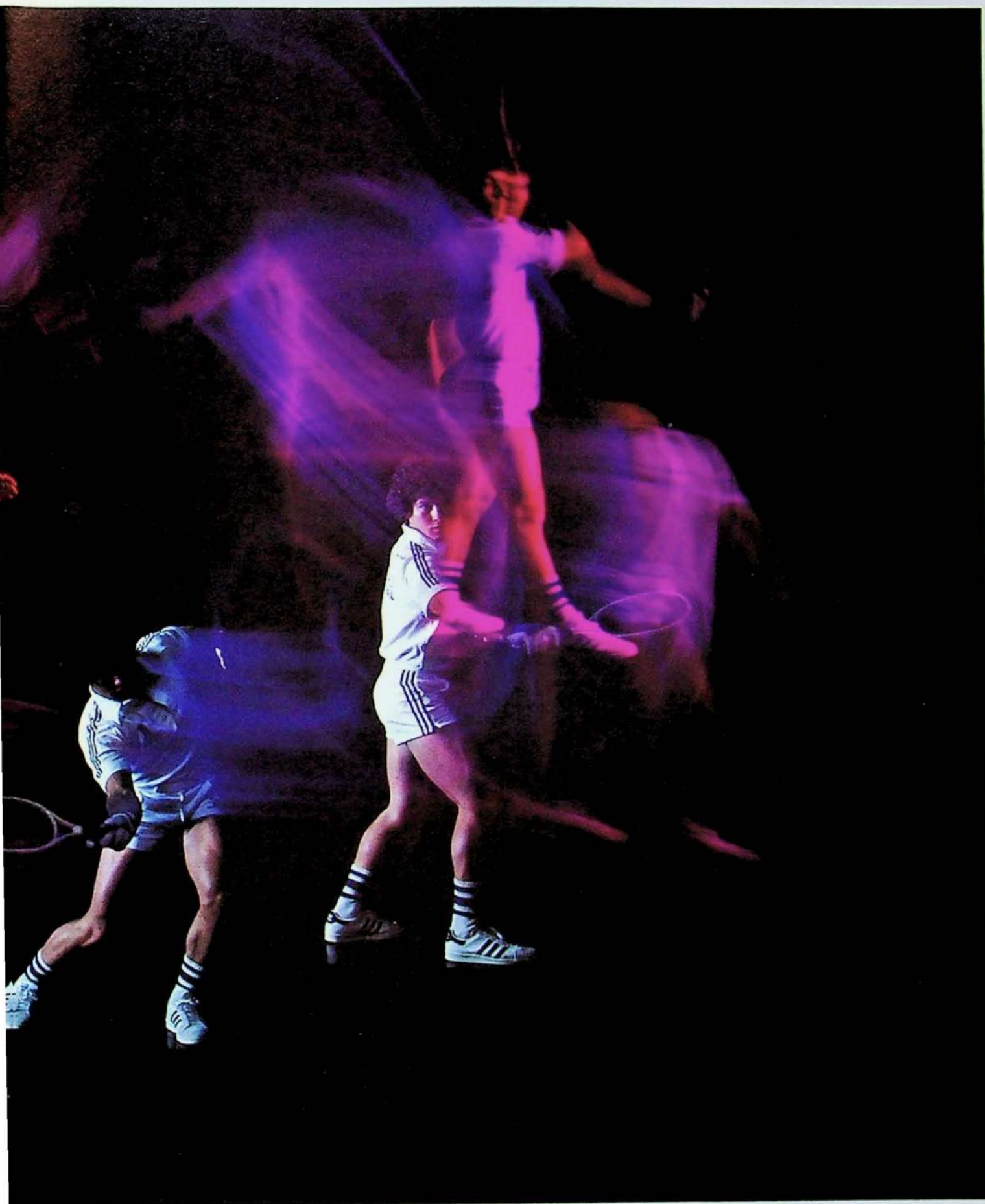


photo by Phillip Leonian

"I don't worry about psyching my opponents because they know—I can tell they know they can't beat me."

says, "My main weapon is the serve. It puts me in complete control." Hogan's style works primarily because the racquetball establishment, in an attempt to make the game more attractive to the masses, introduced a faster ball a few years ago.

Whether it's the ball, or the size of the racquet, or the fact that the game is easier to learn than other racquet sports, racquetball has enjoyed a growth rate that is unparalleled in modern sports history. Nine years ago no one, except Marty Hogan and a few friends, knew the name of the game. In 1970 there were only 50,000 players in the whole country. Today there are more than 6 million players and racquetball clubs are being launched like champagne corks on New Year's Eve. The NRC claims this figure could double in the next two or three years.

Hogan's attitude on the court has also changed the game. Some of his rivals compare him to Jimmy Connors in a surly mood, an approach that could be interpreted as psyching. But Hogan says, "I don't worry about psyching my opponents because every single player I meet knows they're not going to win. They're already psyched. I can tell they know they can't beat me." His friends call Hogan determined. His enemies use words like demonic and possessed.

Either way it seems to pay off. Hogan has only been on the pro racquetball tour for three years, but last year he won nine of 11 sanctioned events and he has won 14 of 16 tournaments in the last two years. In 1976 he earned nearly \$50,000 in prize money and endorsement income. That figure doubled to more than \$100,000 in 1977, including \$40,000 in tournament winnings. Hogan is sponsored on the tour by Leach, Inc. who picks up all his expenses, provides him with equipment, and supplies him with his own personal agent. Leach clearly thinks they have a winner in Marty Hogan.

Yet despite his own protestations, Hogan is not invincible. Three years ago he lost in the first round of the first national racquetball tournament in Las Vegas. Hogan lost esteem among his peers because he was beaten by Victor Niederhoffer, a champion squash player who almost literally picked up a spare racquet and whipped Hogan. Hogan still frets about that loss and talks about it along with his loss to Brumfield in the 1976 national finals and to Bledsoe in 1977. Hogan dismisses his loss to Niederhoffer: "I wasn't anything then, not even ranked. I was only 16." But he has a harder time rationalizing his other big losses. "I just get real mad at myself for not being more aggressive in those matches," he says looking away.

As with superstars in most sports—the Khans, the

O. J. Simpsons, the Guy Lafleurs—it's hard to determine just what qualities and intangibles combine to make them so much better than the next person, even the next great person. Marty Hogan is a superstar in his sport.

"Everybody has a chance to be as good as me," Hogan says, "but not everybody wants to put in the time." Hogan trains and is proud of it. "Racquetball is my job," he says, "and I really work at it. I run three miles a day, and I don't just jog. I play at least one hour a day, usually more. But my most important time is practicing by myself. I don't learn anything by playing other people. If other people are better than you then you can learn something. But nobody's better than me so it doesn't help. I'll practice one shot for an hour, getting my feet just right, getting my weight into the ball. Nobody hits 100% of their shots but I can hit in the high 70s, and those are winners from anyplace on the court." Hogan is also fit. "I don't really follow any special diet but I don't drink or smoke because to me that doesn't equal a champion. You have to keep yourself in shape. You have to be a true athlete in your sport to be the best."

Though Hogan may resemble Jimmy Connors in his attitude toward his sport, his personal hero is Ilie Nastase, the volatile and skillful Rumanian. "I don't really fashion myself after Nastase," Hogan says, "but I think he's the greatest shotmaker in the game and that's what I want to be." The off-court Hogan personality shines when he talks about his hero. Relaxed, he launches into a long story about a great shot he once saw Nastase make against Guillermo Vilas, a shot so good even Vilas applauded. Hogan uses his hands to diagram the story and it's then you realize again that Marty Hogan is just an enthusiastic kid who makes 100 grand a year having fun at what he does better than anyone. When he finishes his story he slumps back in his chair and whoops at the beauty of it all, enjoying life and himself.

This enthusiasm is built into everything Hogan does. *Racquet* brought Hogan to New York to be interviewed and photographed. The editors met him at LaGuardia Airport at 8:00 a.m. on a Monday morning. Hogan had flown the "red eye" all night from San Diego where he now lives and goes to school and he barely had time to rub the sleep out of his eyes before he was being guided through the LaGuardia maze and then out into the cold, rainy New York morning. He had on a light windbreaker over a dark blue T-shirt, blue brushed cord pants, and Wallabees. His light blue eyes sparkled in a roundish face and an infectious smile constantly set off deep

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"It was hard work and hot under the photographer's lights but Hogan, still on top, hammed it up between shots."

dimples at the corners of his mouth. He was Archie Andrews with brown curly hair. "And I was surfing yesterday," he said with disbelief.

The route into the city included a trip through East Harlem, his first exposure to that part of the city. "They ought to bring in the bulldozers and scrape this whole land," he said with typical California nonchalance.

He said "No thanks" to breakfast but downed a quart of orange juice and two danish just to be friendly. The conversation roamed from tennis and squash, to California, to racquetball, to New York, to college at San Diego State where Hogan is a sophomore in business administration. He talked about his pet Doberman, about surfing and running on the beach, about motorcycle riding, about groupies and girl friends, about Fleetwood Mac and The Stones, about Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood.

The first of two photo sessions was scheduled at Roger Prigent's studio, an elegant brownstone on the Upper East Side. Prigent, a top fashion photographer, picked up Hogan's racquet and pounded it on his palm. "So, what kind of game is this?" he said. Hogan just laughed as he changed into his playing clothes. On the front of his placket style shirt it says "Marty Hogan," on the back, "Leach-Racquetball" and on the left sleeve, "Leach Number One by Design." He wore Adidas sneakers, one of the products he endorses. Hogan clearly enjoyed himself as Prigent maneuvered to get the best shots. The second series called for him to be sprayed with water simulating sweat and to make grimacing, agonized, severe faces while Prigent popped away. Hogan complied, playfully asking, "Is this where they bring all the kids for the porno flicks? It's perfect." Afterwards, still saying he wasn't hungry, Hogan had two hot chocolates and a jelly filled doughnut. The talk focused on stardom. Someone asked how it felt growing up in an era of superstars and then becoming one. "It doesn't feel any different," Hogan said, "my head's not too big yet. I think racquetball's definitely still growing and that makes for more money. But I don't really think about the money all that much. I know it's going to be there and all I have to do is win. Don't get me wrong, I'm in it for the money too. But mostly I like the glory of it all. Ask me that question again in three years."

"Well it gets you from here to there," Hogan commented after his first subway ride in the midday crush on his way to Phillip Leonian's studio. The shots taken by Leonian are special. He uses a strobe set up that catches individual images, recording different positions in a single shot. Hogan again

dressed in his Leach outfit and for nearly two hours patiently posed, moved through a backhand, a forehand, an overhead. It was hard work and hot under the lights but Hogan still on top, even hammed it up between shots.

There was still time before the racquetball champion had to catch his plane back to California. A pizza was ordered when he admitted his weakness for fast foods. "New York pizza is great, but do you have any Taco Belles around here?"

Hogan began to talk about the women players on the pro circuit. "The women's game is coming along," he says, "Everybody is beating everybody else right now and it's pretty exciting. But it's physically a weaker game. It's not fast. They aren't able to hit very hard. There is some talk of a separate women's tour and I think that would be good."

He talked about his competition. The elite of racquetball are generally ranked Hogan, Bledsoe, Brumfield, Jerry Hilecher, and Craig McCoy. According to Hogan they stack up like this:

Brumfield: "Definitely the thinker of the game. He tries to analyze his opponent's weaknesses and tries to put them in the worst possible position on the court without really holding back his game. He's definitely in the top five."

Bledsoe: "He's not a very smart player. He can be beaten by anyone at anytime, by anybody in the top 16. He has bad game plans and he thinks he can shoot everything but he can't."

Hilecher: "A pretty good player but he has a very weak backhand. He's strictly a serve and shoot style of player. He can be beaten by a good forehand and backhand player."

McCoy: "Very good player and has the potential to be in the top two or three. But he lacks desire which is really bad. It's the worst thing. Desire and drive and will to win are the most important things in any sport."

"Right now I'm on top and I know it," Hogan says, "and I'd like to stay there until I'm 30 or 32." But even Hogan admits it's not going to be easy. "There are four or five players coming along in St. Louis right now. As soon as they get some tournament experience under their belts they're going to make it rough on me. But I'll tell you, I love to play the game. I like the crowds even when they come to see me lose, which doesn't happen very often. Nobody can beat me now and I can tell you it will be a while before anyone does."

He smiled with an air of certainty and there was a feeling of kinetic energy—the force that has made Marty Hogan supreme in the world of racquetball. ■

LAW AND ORDER

by Frank Satterthwaite

Sharif. That's a good name for him. Pronounced, "Sha-reef," it sounds like a Pakistani version of sheriff. And that's what he is. A sheriff. His territory is the North American squash world. Sharif has a passion for law and order. Fortunately most of the players on the circuit are peaceable souls who wouldn't think of stepping out of line. That's the way the Sheriff likes it. But every now and then someone comes along who thinks he's got a faster racquet. And so the old Sheriff has to put the kid down. If one challenger gets through, then they would all start taking shots at him.

A year ago, in the semis of the '77 North American Open, young, unseeded Tom Page, a Princeton sophomore, caught fire and took Sharif Khan to 10-10 in the fifth game before the defending champ was able to put him away. Now *that's* a dangerous kid. Suddenly there was all this talk of how Page looked like he might be able to do it. Well, Sharif went looking for him. Finally, two months later, he found him in Mexico City. What was a pro like Sharif doing all the way down there in a tournament that didn't offer any prize money? He'd found out that Page entered the Mexican Open and he made no bones about the fact that he was down there to have another little game with him. He chased him all the way down to Mexico to whip him three zip.

In terms of squash skills and athletic ability Sharif is clearly the best hard ball squash player in the world. But he's got something else going for him as well. He understands the psychology of dominance.

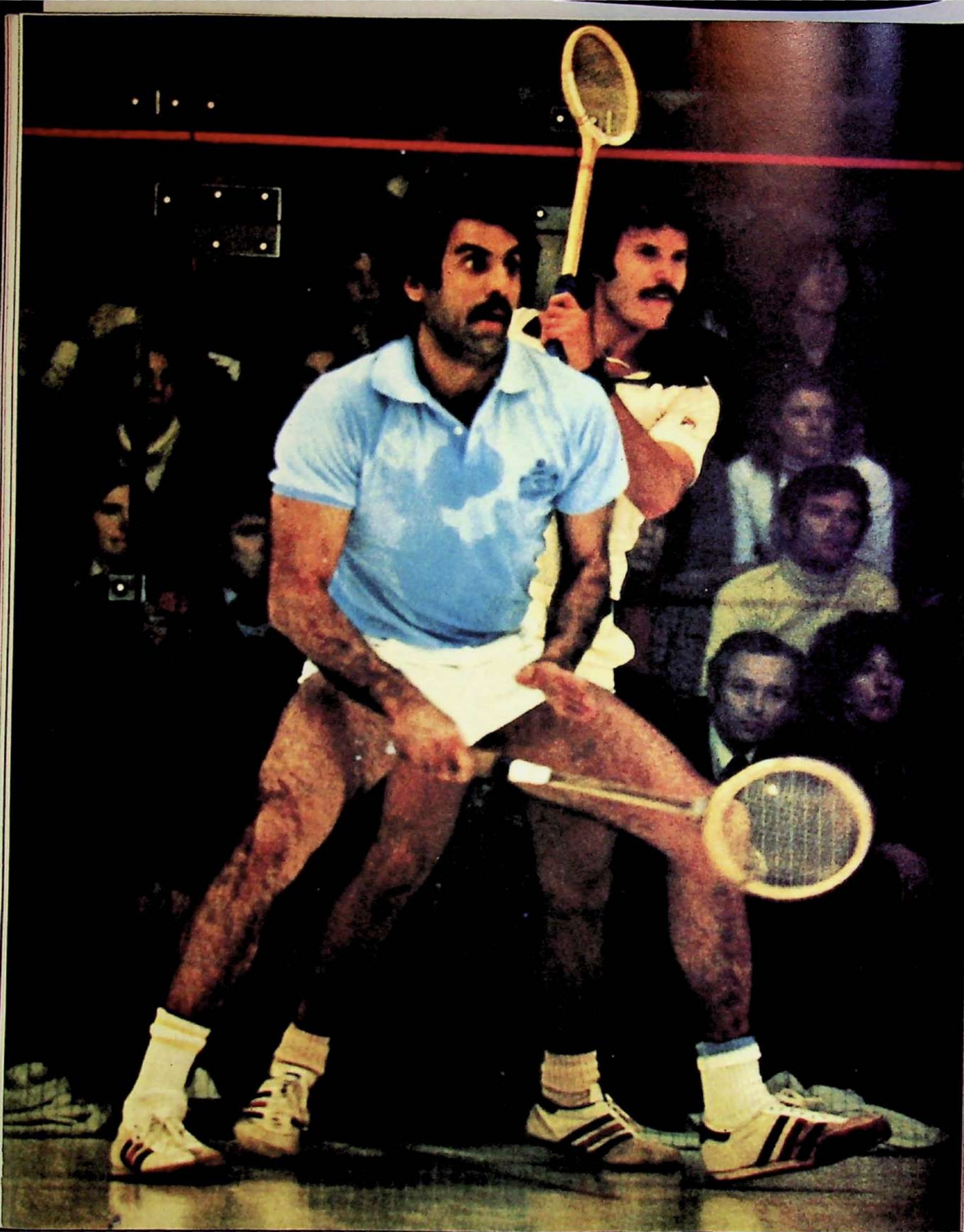
Frank Satterthwaite, one of the leading competitors on the professional squash tour, is a writer and commentator on the racquet sports. He resides in New York City.

Not only is he better than the other players, he also knows how to make them believe it and this improves his advantage. Most of the time, the other competitors aren't competition at all when they play him. He wins a showdown match, or even a critical point and they back off.

Sharif's theory of "dominance" works for him in two ways. First, he makes sure to go after anyone who seems to be thinking that the champion might just be vulnerable. If he senses someone is tracking him, he immediately becomes the hunter. The other intangible is Sharif's aura of invincibility, something he has cultivated, not just by winning—though he has to win to appear invincible. People imagine there's something special about the champion that makes him unbeatable. It gives them an excuse for losing to him. When Hashim Khan first came on the scene, people asked how anyone could beat an athlete who's spent all his life in the mountains and therefore has superhuman lung capacity. Hashim didn't trouble to tell them that, in fact, there were plenty of mountains around, but he lived at the foot of one.

And being a Khan no doubt works in Sharif's favor. The Khans are a squash legend. As the eldest son of founding father Hashim Khan, Sharif seems the legitimate heir to this tradition. Which is not to say that he doesn't have to prove himself every time he steps on the court, but at least his opponents are prepared to lose to a Khan.

Sharif's court presence also contributes to this aura of invincibility. He likes to affect an air of having a grand old time out there. He makes it seem like a playful romp. He hams it up. He explodes in mock anger, popping his eyes like a Pakistani Harpo Marx.



"And so if ever there was an Open that looked like it belonged to the eight time champion, Sharif, it was this one."

He rallies himself with cries of "Come on Pakistani!"

He's a clean player and shows respect for his opponent, but he wants you to think he's winning in a breeze. And it's a pretty convincing act.

As the '78 Open approached, ironically, the one who worried Sharif the most was a player who wasn't even entered—last year's runner up, Geoff Hunt—the reigning British Open champ, an Australian who is king of the English version of squash that is played throughout most of the world. The principle difference between the English and the North American game is the ball—their ball is squishier and puts greater emphasis on retrieving and fitness while ours rewards a player who is able to hit hard and make shots. Sharif has never beaten Hunt in the soft ball game and Hunt, whose business as a full time touring pro is winning squash matches, was unlikely to lie down for Sharif just because the American ball is a little zippier.

Last year, after a couple of weeks of practice with the American ball, Hunt, in his first try, made it to the finals of the Open. Sharif was defending not just his title, but his entire record. If he lost people would inevitably say the only reason he won all his previous titles was because Hunt wasn't entered. And Hunt had nothing to lose. This after all wasn't his game. Brilliant as Sharif's victory was in this pressure match, it wasn't totally convincing. He led Hunt 2-1 in games and 13-5 in points when Hunt started coming on. Hunt closed to 13-14 and many felt that if Sharif's three wall hadn't caught the nick on the next point, Hunt's superior fitness might have swung the match in his favor.

Hunt was expected back—particularly since the top prize for the '78 Open was doubled to ten thousand dollars, making it far and away the richest prize in all of squash. And not only that, North America adopted a new ball for this season, the "seventy plus," which would no doubt be easier for the soft ball players. But early in the fall the word spread that Hunt was not coming.

And so if ever there was an Open that looked like it belonged to the eight time and defending North American champion Sharif Khan, it was this one. Not only was it held in his hometown, Toronto, but also at his home club, the Sheppard Club. Since the first commercial courts opened in 1973, Toronto has become a real "squash boom-town." Something like 50 new facilities have opened in the past five years, and the Sheppard Club, located in a shopping mall about 45 minutes from downtown is typical of the new, commercial squash club. It has seven courts with a bar/lounge, a swimming pool, saunas, whirl-

pools, and an exercise area. One of the American courts has a glass back wall and a gallery that can accommodate about 150 spectators.

Sharif, who supports himself not as a teaching pro but as a playing pro (that is, through prize money, exhibitions, and endorsements) owns a piece of this club. It became obvious from the way he played in the finals that the specific piece of real estate he owned was the crease where the side wall meets the floor on both sides of the front court. Time and again that's where his three wall nicks ended up.

But first he had to get to the finals. Sharif did drop a game in the first round to 19 year old Mario Sanchez of Mexico City, a lanky youth with a winning smile, who was last year's U.S. junior champion and who made it into the draw when U.S. men's champion Tom Page had to pull out because of exams at Princeton. But Sharif likes to keep loose and give the paying customers a thrill by really hamming it up in the opener and Sanchez, who plays Mexican macho squash and thinks a drop shot is a drive that nicks off the back wall, was a perfect foil for Sharif's antics.

The Sheriff doesn't just dominate his matches. Sometimes his presence is felt in matches he's not even playing. For example, New York pro Stu Goldstein who was heading up to the Open was already worrying about Sharif and was none too pleased to discover he was in his half of the draw. Distracted from the business at hand, he lost in the first round to a qualifier, someone who had to play preliminary matches to get into the main draw. That qualifier, Gordie Anderson, is a very fine player, but he was recovering from a knee operation and should not have beaten Goldstein at the time. Don't feel sorry for Goldstein. That loss probably helped him. It seemed to break the tension, but not his spirit and several weeks later he won his first title, the Pro Championships.

Sharif didn't have to play any serious squash until the semis. His opponent in the quarters, Montrealese Colin Adair, the only Canadian to win the U.S. Amateur title two times, has a sound, error-free game. But there's nothing in it to bother Sharif, who, anticipating a tough match in the afternoon, disposed of Adair in three routine games.

His opponent in the semis, Rainer Ratinac, was loaded for bear. The rangy Australian, who is now a teaching pro at the University Club in Chicago, packed his wife and two tots off to Australia last October for a five month family visit. A fitness freak to begin with, Ratinac spent his time doing extra training.

"The challenger wasn't playing badly but was presented with the very real problem of how to win a point."

What quickened the Sheriff's pulse in the semis was the fact that Ratinac was the only player to beat him this fall. It happened in the quarters of the Boston Open in November. Sharif had the "blahs" at the time. He was in the middle of a soft ball exhibition series with six-time British Open champ Jonah Barrington. They had played something like 14 matches in a period of three weeks all across Canada and Barrington plus the soft ball adds up to two hour matches. Sharif was overextended, perhaps, but to support himself as a full-time playing pro he has to make his hay while the sun is shining, or, in his case, when the snow is falling. As a result he seemed to be squashed out at the time of the Boston Open. Of course, the Sheriff avenged that loss the next time they met, but Ratinac always worries him, perhaps more than any other player.

The second point in the semis of the Open lasted seventy plus strokes. It had the look of very conservative English squash, with cautious strokes up and down the wall. Finally, Sharif got nervous and forcing a shot that wasn't there, ticked the tin. Sharif doesn't like long points any better than anyone else and it looked like Ratinac was on to something. He is not quite as quick as Sharif, but he's fitter. Sharif keeps in shape simply by playing, but the Australian doesn't have any players who can push him in Chicago and puts himself through a brutal program of wind sprints. As a result he can recover very fast from tough points. It looked like Sharif was in trouble—he had one of those "What's going on here?" looks on his face. But instead of panicking, he quickly shifted gears and started mixing it up—now fast, now slow, volleys into the nick and corner. Sharif won it 15-8. And the next game, 18-17.

If Ratinac had really believed he could beat Sharif in an important match he would have realized he had him on the ropes. Indeed, Sharif admitted afterwards that he had to draw on his pride and desire to get himself going in the fourth. He was dog tired, but with a show of force at the start of that game he was able to intimidate his opponent.

From the way he played in the finals the next morning it's hard to believe that Sharif needed several saunas and a rub down to loosen up from the stiffness brought on by that semi-final match. The Sheriff hurts too. Anyway, Sharif was never more in control of a match than he was against Clive Caldwell in the finals. Down 2-1 in the first game, he ripped off 12 straight points for a 13-2 lead.

Caldwell wasn't playing that badly, but Sharif was demonstrating total control and the challenger was presented with the very real problem of how to win a

point. In the second game Sharif took the score from 0-2 to 11-4.

Nobody else, mind you, had been able to make a move on Caldwell in this tournament. Phil Mohtadi, Aziz Khan, and Vic Niederhoffer had all lost to him in straight games. In fact, none of them even got to double figures. Niederhoffer might have given him a battle, but after a tough, 18-17 squeaker in the fifth against intercollegiate champion Mike Desaulniers, Niederhoffer's legs didn't answer the bell for the semis. So there was Caldwell, fresh as a daisy, in his first North American Open finals.

Caldwell, 26, has been tracking the Sheriff for about five years now. He's a pro in Toronto and a student of his every move. Sharif used to play a much more physical game and the theory of how to beat him was to stay with him until he got careless. When Sharif won his first Open 10 years ago it was a totally physical thing. Bang, bang, bang. Get, get, get. Sloppy play, but nobody could take the heat. Then about five years ago at age 28 he started pacing himself. He'd bide his time and use the "full court press" only when he needed a point or felt like it was time to break the spirit of his opponent. When Sharif would go into overdrive, Caldwell would try to ride out the storm, not lose too many points and be ready to come after him when the gale passed. He was getting pretty good at hanging in there and even beat Sharif once.

But, alas, two years ago, the Sheriff changed his game again. Now he hits more shots—volleys into the corners and the like. Very little slugging and a lot of position play. He's much more accurate than he used to be and he toys with the pace, sometimes picking it up with a quick volley other times lobbing. Before it was just speed and strength, now it's skill with the racquet.

And he has Caldwell trying to play just like him. Instead of coming at him with something different, Caldwell is copying him. It's the ultimate in the Psychology of Dominance. Sharif plays like Sharif much better than anyone else possibly could.

Before the third and what proved to be final game, the Sheriff changed shirts, which was a bit puzzling since he wasn't sweating that much. The one he put on was the shirt used in the Boston Open. Why?

"I felt like I had the match under control, so I put that shirt on to consolidate my victory," Sharif said. "After Rainer beat me in Boston, Clive won that tournament. It was the only one I didn't win all season. So I was reminding him, See this shirt, you won that one. But here we are again, and I'm winning." ■

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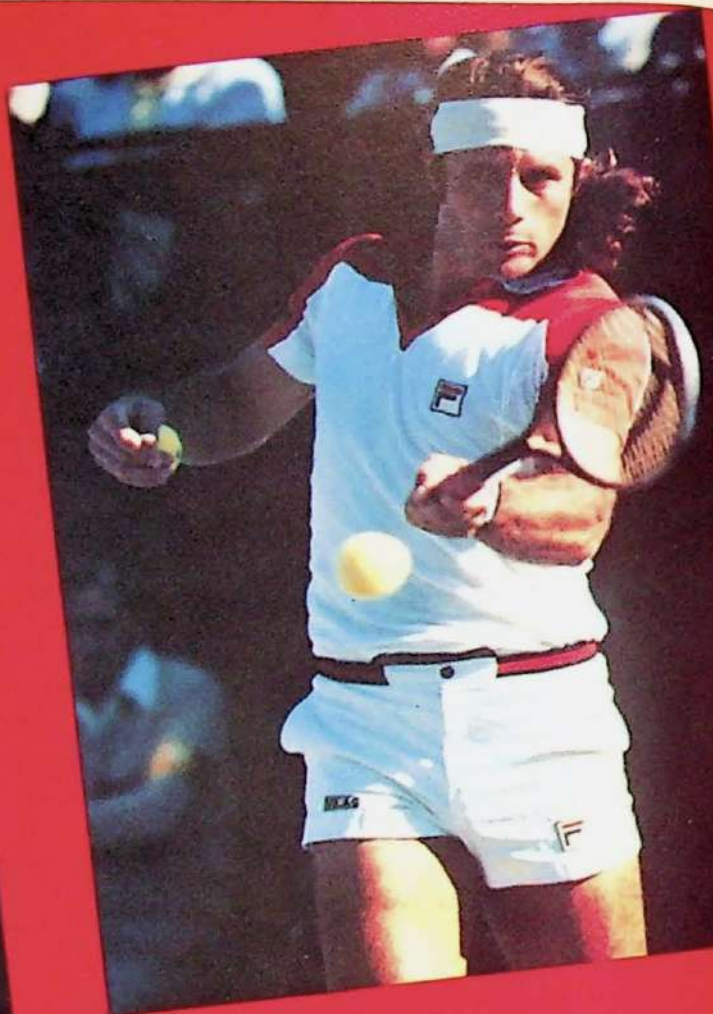
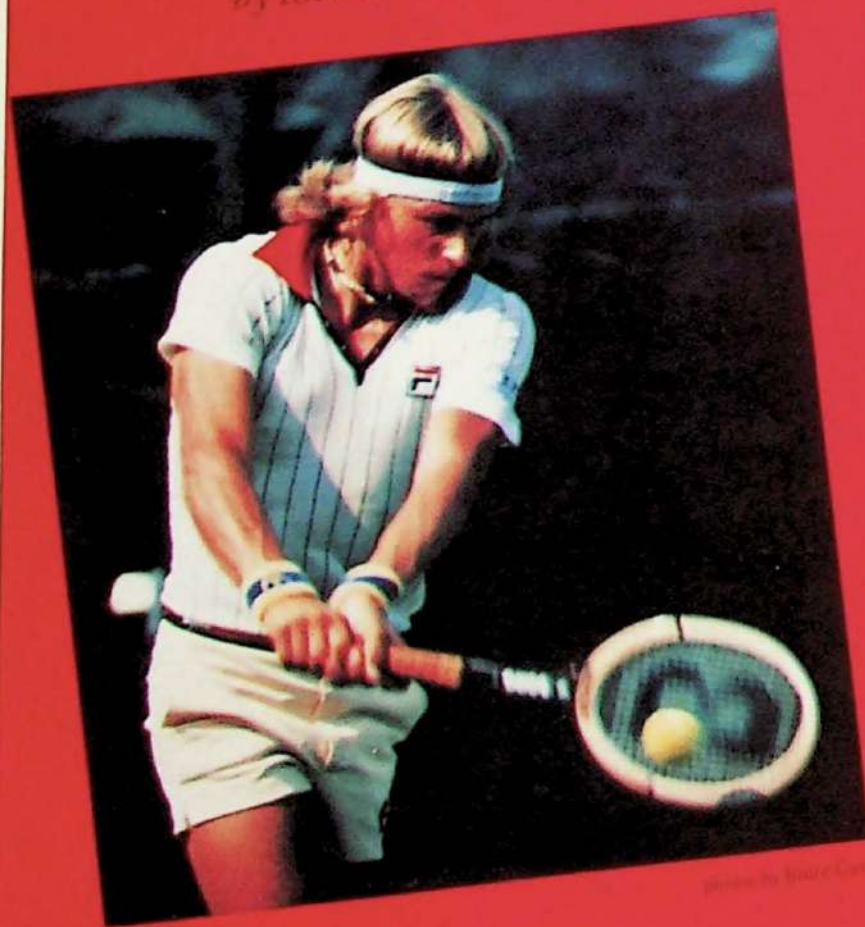
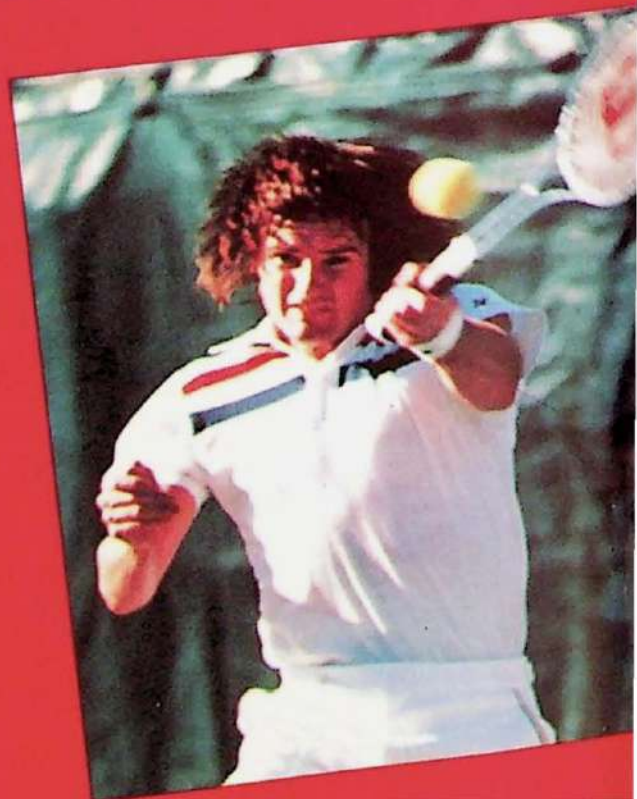
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THE LAST WORD

by Richard Szathmary



At a recent tennis tournament the Three Titans and their entourages suddenly found themselves face to face. "Everyone get the hell out of here," yelled Jimmy Connors. "We're going to decide once and for all who's number one." As Ivo Lendl, Lennart Bergelin, Mariana Simionescu, Gloria Connors and Pancho Segura nervously backed away and an historic summit meeting among Connors, Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas began:

Connors: Okay, enough already with the computers. This is for all the marbles, the top slot, *numero uno*. Now I took the Masters and the WCT finals and a pile of bread. So I figure I'm king of the hill again, solid for the record books and pleasing my mom and Chrissie no end.

Borg: Unh, unh, unh, Jimmy. There was Wimbledon, the U.S. National Indoors of '77, two Pepsi Grand Slams.

Vilas: And, lest we forget our memories become clouded over even the clay of Stade Roland Garros lies buried beneath the snows and howl noises of yesteryear, the U.S. and French Opens.

Connors: Are you clowns for real in those Fila shirts? One of you played WTT for Cleveland, for Cleveland for God's good sakes and the other... a mere clay court specialist! No way, fellas. Get serious and get back to Har-Tru where you belong.

Borg: Jimmy, many times you run up, I win many more times. I go and do where you just talk to Howard Cosell or Tony Trabert.

Connors: Stay cool, kiddo, don't blow your 35 pulse rate.

Vilas: Anyway, Jimmy, and you too, my dear athletic compatriot from the frigid north who forever seeks fruitlessly for Ultima Thule in his immortal soul, I led the point standings for that toothpaste company and played more matches. Like Robert Browning wrote, "Excelsior!" Higher yet I can and will go.

Connors: Speaking of higher, clayboy, you sure some morning glory seeds didn't blow on court when you were playing? Otherwise, lay off all the arty stuff. And you, Borgy. Christ, you're nothing more than a walking billboard. Beer, airlines, comic books. Jesus, comics! What you need and soon is a big shot of Harold Robbins to loosen you up.

Borg: Regrettably, Jimmy, as you insist to get personal, I must raise issue of your "medical" defaults lately. Sorry, but...

Connors: Sorry my ass! At least I never pull stunts like you two did in the Masters. They should have asked for notes from your parents before letting you creep back in.

Vilas: Jimmy, you're being very unfair. When I triumphed at Forest Hills I sensed you were troubled, bitter in defeat. So I brought along for you this collection of inspirational verses.

Connors: Save it for Hallmark cards, ace, or else sit on it. Either way, in Queens the crowds were against me, I couldn't even hear Segura's advice.

Borg: I no need and never hear crowds, Jimmy, yet still I beat you in England, which I recall is homeland of none of us.

Connors: It must have been the humidity futzing up your gut. For starters, nobody *human* plays with that much stringing tension.

Borg: How about the Pepsi. That's two in a row.

Connors: An instant event, created for TV. Come on, Bojo, the day we take that one seriously is when we all hang up our jocks. I mean, Pat Summerall? Be real.

Vilas: Jimmy, I can't understand you. After me, the nice Swedish lad earns second place, but you, you need guidance and I worry so...

Connors: Who the hell are you, the Dale Carnegie of the Pampas?

Vilas: Just tell me, are you happy?

Connors: Happiness has aitch to do with being number one in the rankings.

Vilas: Oh, but I feel fine now that I have attained that blissful state.

Borg: But you *didn't* teach it, since I never gave it up.

Connors: I know from nothing about happy, but you characters definitely are *happy*. Dig this, gang. I won the Masters, me, James Scott Connors, and I did it just to dump you two off your high horses. I wound up the pro tour year on top and loving it every minute.

Vilas: You never beat my heart, Jimmy, never. Ah, but I saw yours disappear at Forest Hills.

Borg: And I beat you before the Queen at Wimbledon.

Connors: That's not the *real* queen, she plays Virginia Slims. Anyway, you knuckleheads feel like totalling up prize money?

Vilas: Is money so important? Is that all being number one would mean to you? What about a champion's responsibilities?

Borg: And I only know from Kroner, I cannot count in American.

Connors: Oh God, save me from these fruitcakes! Whatever happened to the competitive spirit? To sanity? Mom, somebody, help, please! I'm number one, nobody else! Help! ■



photo by Roger Prigent

THE PINK PANTHER

by Frank Satterthwaite

If they were playing catch, no doubt Heather McKay would burn it in there like a fast ball pitcher. And Gretchen Spruance? Well, she'd probably throw like a girl.

Anyway, that's what it looked like as they warmed up for their match in the 1978 Bancroft Women's Open. McKay, who uses a classic soft ball stroke with a high, golf-like wind up has a rifle arm. But Spruance, alas, has long, limp-wristed girlish strokes. Some people call them "tennis," but that's not fair to tennis.

It looked like a classic first round mismatch. But this was the finals—the finals of what was in effect the world championship of women's hard ball squash. The top women players from Australia, Britain, the U.S. and Canada, pros and amateurs, hard ball players and soft ballers, had come together at the Uptown Racquet Club in New York City. And what it had come down to was McKay and Spruance in the finals.

Perhaps the referee was a little punchy from all the squash. More likely it was the absurdity of the match up. All matches against McKay are preposterous. Whatever the reason, she was unable to give a serious introduction of the two players.

Heather McKay, she decides, needs no introduction so she just says, "Heather McKay is . . . well, she's the world champion essentially." That's putting it mildly. The 36 year old Australian has won sixteen straight British titles. She's gone undefeated for seventeen years, and during that period has lost only half a dozen games. Her hard ball experience is limited to last year's Bancroft tournament which she won without losing a game. And in only one game did her opponent get to double figures. She may be

the world's greatest athlete! At any rate *Sports Illustrated* modestly noted last year that "her record is unmatched by any record in any sport."

And what does the referee come up with for Spruance? "And dressed in pink is Gretchen Spruance." "Hey, I'm the Pink Panther," Spruance shoots back above the giggles in the gallery. She is making a joke, but there's an edge to it.

Taking the cue to show a little respect, the referee notes that Spruance is the current U.S. Women's Champion and has won the title four times in the last five years.

Still, the impression is more pink than panther. Spruance has on a pink, gingham pinafore, the kind of get up that America fell in love with on Tracy Austin. But on leggy, thirty-year old Spruance it looks more like something out of *Ladies Home Journal*. And really, wife and mother seems to be a better description of Spruance than sports figure.

At 5'11" she stands out a bit, but her profile is that of a typical young suburban housewife on her way to the country club. She likes to sew (she makes her own squash dresses) and she likes to cook (chocolate chip cookies are her specialty). She has a part-time job selling plants, and a full-time job looking after her two and a half year old son, Jake. One night a week during the winter, she and the other wives watch their husbands play club league squash matches and afterwards they all go out to dinner. Her banker husband, Halsey, plays number one on the B team.

In the summer she plays tennis every day and in the winter, squash. All part of the suburban routine in Wilmington, Delaware where women have been playing squash for years. Of the squash she says, "It gives me a lift. After a good game I feel ready to tackle anything."

Ready to tackle the nationals, certainly. Spruance

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"She's a regular motor mouth on the court—continually talking to herself, the gallery, her racquet, the ball . . ."

may play a couple of tournaments to warm up for that event, but she doesn't play the circuit. From September through March the other top women are weekend warriors in tournaments played throughout the northeast. There are many events, but Spruance, who likes her weekends with her family, doesn't warm to that routine. "The circuit isn't a magnet for me," she says.

Even though she's the national champion, the Women's Squash Association refuses to rank her number one. It can't rank her number two, so she is listed under "Insufficient Data." They say it's because she doesn't play enough tournaments outside her region, but maybe there's a touch of envy involved, as well.

It's easy to get the impression that somehow Spruance doesn't deserve to win. Take her strokes. They're anything but classic. After she won her first national title she thought it might be nice to learn something about the game, so Spruance, who had never had a lesson before, consulted one of the top teaching pros in the country. He hit with her for a few minutes, shook his head, and said, "Every time you hit the ball you do it differently. I don't know where to begin. I guess you better just stick with what you've got, it seems to be working for you." That was her last lesson.

She uses an unorthodox grip—it looks like she just picked up the racquet one day and that was it. She doesn't cock her wrist, which is the way to generate power in squash. Instead, she drops the head of the racquet and sort of slaps at the ball. It looks different, but it's a very safe stroke with a long, straight hitting zone that provides plenty of margin for error.

Another thing that peeves the women is her court presence. She shows up for matches looking very stylish with her frosted hair and chalky pink lipstick. A real cupcake, huh? Don't be fooled. This lady is a tough competitor.

Giggly and garrulous off the court, she's a regular motor mouth on the court—continually talking to herself, talking to the gallery, talking to the walls, talking to her racquet, talking to the ball, talking to everything and everybody, except her opponent. When she's not talking, she lets you know how things are going with an array of facial expressions. The other players think it's a psych, but Spruance insists she's in her own little world out there and half the time she doesn't even know she's talking. Still, it has the effect of a psych.

Well, too bad for her opponents. It's exciting to watch her play. And there's a lot more to her game than meets the ear—she plays position beautifully.

She parks herself in the center of the court and uses her long reach to cut everything off. She has superb balance and remarkable agility for a woman her height. And she volleys from instinct—sometimes it happens so fast she appears more surprised than her opponent. Although she's not a power player—it's just not in her nature—she's very accurate along the rails, has a real tweaker of a lob and can be very patient when necessary.

And she likes to win. A good example of her competitive spirit was the belly flop she made against Aussie Sue Newman in the semis of the Bancroft Open. Leading, but just barely, in the fifth, after a long exchange, she dove for a short ball in the court. It looked out of reach, but somehow she got her racquet on it and not only that, she flicked it across the court for a perfect putaway. This totally unnerved her opponent and Spruance went on to win.

If Gretchen peeves some of the women on the court, they would be even more upset to know that she never practices by herself. She plays men once a day and that's it for squash. She's just an outstanding athlete. She was high scorer in both field hockey and basketball in school and has a background in competitive tennis. After she left the University of Delaware she played the national tennis circuit for a year and had wins over several second echelon players, including Patti Hogan and Valarie Ziegenfuss.

Tennis she worked on, but squash was just something she fooled around with as a child. Her mother, Bunny Vosters, was a many-time national doubles squash champion, but she didn't push the game, with the result that Gretchen came to it on her own terms. She only started playing seriously when her husband-to-be, Halsey, who was courting her in a squash court, suggested that she try a few tournaments.

She entered a local invitational tournament, made it to the semis, so decided to give the nationals a go. She found herself in the finals. She also found herself facing her older sister, Nina, who had won the championship two years before in 1970 and was far more experienced. The big sister won, but she also retired to family and platform tennis and the next year Gretchen took over. She won it again in '74, took time out to have a child in '75, regained her title in '76 and successfully defended in '77.

It all seems so easy for Spruance. She certainly puts in less time than her competitors who, in addition to playing practice games, train, take lessons, practice alone in the court and play the circuit. Barbara Maltby, who was runner-up to Spruance in the '76, '77 and '78 nationals, spends three or four



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"The lady in pink is getting shelled and she looks more like she's tending goal than playing squash."

hours a day on her squash and has two coaches—one for squash, the other for conditioning.

Spruance may not play that much, but when she does, she goes flat out. "I'm brutal on myself," is the way she describes her competitive attitude. And she admits that as the nationals approach she thinks about it a lot—"I get pretty hyper, particularly if I don't think I'm playing well enough."

Somehow, she always does play well enough. She may get picked off early in the season, but Barbara Maltby, who has beaten her in invitational tournaments though never in the nationals, laments, "Gretchen plays her best when it counts the most."

Up to last year, the nationals counted most, but then the Bancroft tournament came along. This was the first money event for women's squash in North America. With Bancroft Sporting Goods Company providing the travel money, the top women players from all over the squash world were able to compete. Perhaps lured by the \$2,000 top prize, the legendary Heather McKay, a teaching pro at the Toronto Squash Club, who had yet to compete with the hard ball, decided to finally give the "Yank game" a go.

McKay was devastating. She thumped everyone, including Spruance in the semis. McKay admitted afterwards that Spruance had given her the toughest match, but husband Halsey observed that he hadn't thought it possible for a woman to do what McKay did to Gretchen. She beat her 15-5, 15-10 and 15-3.

What is it about McKay that makes her so good? She plays like a man, period. She looks feminine—is a trim 5'6" and has a cute pixie hair cut that nicely caps what has been described as her elfin features—but somehow she's different. She's got that rifle arm and she covers court just like a very fast man. Not only can she get to the tough ones, she can also recover. She can recover from a split or a sprint up front better than any other woman. Her right leg knocked the needle off the chart when they tested it at Lenox Hill Hospital's Institute for Sports Medicine. It is the strongest female leg on record. She could probably make the top 20 in the men's amateur rankings. She's that good.

McKay doesn't give courtesy points. Her competitive credo is simple: "I try to win as quickly and easily as possible. If I started to give away points, I believe my opponents would lose respect for me. Now they know where they stand. They know damn well that they'll earn every point they win."

At least that's the way the first game against Spruance looks. McKay has her pinned deep in the court, and everything Spruance hits comes back—except the balls into the tin. It is like a strong man beating

up a defenseless woman. The lady in pink is getting shelled, and she looks more like she's tending goal than playing squash. All she can manage in the first game is four points—one less than the year before.

After a game like that, a lot of players would simply accept their fate. But Spruance hasn't travelled to New York to get humbled by McKay a second time.

Spruance's long back swing is vulnerable to power. A fast ball doesn't give her time to set up properly. The first game she was stunned by McKay's pace. But in the second game Spruance is blinking less. If she hasn't fully adapted to McKay's brilliance, at least she is getting used to it. She shortens her backswing a little, which enables her to meet the fast balls out front and she moves up in the court a bit so she can get into some of the rallies. The second game is 15-11. Now that isn't a bad game. But still, it is obvious that when McKay decides to turn it on, it is no contest. A champion usually doesn't go flat out for an entire match, but instead holds a little in reserve for when it's needed. But for Spruance the pain of last year's match, had been the 15-3 third game.

The third game this time is different. McKay leads, but she doesn't run away with it. There's no way Spruance can out hit, out run, or out steady McKay. All she can hope to do is out shoot her. Taking her chances, going for winners Spruance holds on. Suddenly it's 13-13 and the referee looks at Spruance. The game will now go into overtime, and since Spruance got to 13 first, she has the right to choose two out of three, three out of five, or five out of nine points. It's obvious she'll choose two out of three. Against a superior player the rule of thumb is always choose the shortest set and cross your fingers.

Spruance pauses for a moment and chooses five out of nine. Five out of nine? The nerve to set five against McKay! But it proves a wise call because McKay wins the first two points. On the third point, Spruance spikes a forehand volley into the nick and on the next point slices a backhand drop shot for another point. It's 2-2. Then 3-2 for Spruance. McKay counters with a forehand roll corner for a winner to tie it up. They each feel the pressure and trade errors. Now it's 4-4 and whoever wins the next point wins the game.

A short exchange, a ball out in the middle, a forehand blasted into the tin, and the gallery is on its feet wildly applauding.

McKay has won the match, but it seems they're applauding Spruance. They came to see McKay play, but they will not soon forget The Pink Panther. ■

DELICATE BALANCE

by Gima Rice

The ball floats to FitzGibbon's forehand. It's the fourth lob in a row. His paddle goes back and strokes straight through the yellow sponge rubber ball. Too hard. The ball fires across the net, whistles past Graebner and continues out of bounds . . .

Frustration and anxiety run high in paddle. When rallies go on and on for 30 shots or more and when four players are crowded into a small space batting away at each other, tension builds. Sooner or later someone is bound to blow an easy shot. As a result players often have the urge to take a bite out of their paddles or send their partners flying over the net after the ball. But FitzGibbon, Graebner, DeBree, Hilton, and the rest of the top pros on the platform tennis circuit are all practicing psychologists... with offices located in a 30 x 60 foot mesh enclosed area that is the scene of their paddle wars. They have learned to cope with the unique pressures of the game.

Paddle is currently a doubles game, distinctive among singles oriented racquet sports. Players find partners or they don't play at all. And if they want to play well, partners must develop a special kind of teamwork, and foster a sensitive line of communication. Teammates have to stand together in a game that erodes players psychologically more than physically and sometimes requires more patience and concentration than skill. The top players now competing in the \$142,000 Passport Scotch Platform Tennis Playoffs all agree that the degree of psychological support between partners makes the difference between a win or loss. To be sure, a respectable level of athletic ability is required for the sport, but it does

nothing for a team if partners are not in concert.

This psychological alliance makes especially good sense in a game where partners often *lose* rather than win a point. In paddle, mistakes determine the outcome, moreso than in other racquet sports, since the court is too small for one team to drive the ball past its opponents unless they are woefully out of position. And when the ball does pass a player, he is generally able to scramble and take it off the wires. Since most shots can be returned, what really provokes errors is the rush to hit into the rare opening left by an opponent. If a player is anxious or off-balance, he is likely to drive the ball into the net or out-of-bounds.

Herb FitzGibbon, ranked number one with Hank Irvine, concurs: "As good as you are in this game, you're going to miss easy balls. You have to accept that in yourself and your partner and not let it get you down." That, of course, is easier said than done. Understanding grows during many hours of play with a partner under a variety of competitive conditions. Eventually, if players learn to play as a team, they seem to reach a similar agreement: They won't get upset by each other's mistakes (or their own for that matter) and they'll support each other down the line. Nancy Dickson, ranked third with B.J. DeBree elaborates: "In order to play paddle, there have to be two people on the court. They both try to do their best and take responsibility for *their* game. But it's never one person who wins or loses the match. It's the team. Realistically, I can't get that obsessed with my errors or my partner's errors. The match does not rely on one of us alone."

Players also have to carefully coordinate their moves on the limited amount of court space. "It's almost like a street fight out there, a street fight

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"... the end was in sight when his partner noted that he had lost nine out of the last ten points."

fought in a cage if you consider the high wire surrounding the platform," observes FitzGibbon. The opposing players are close enough to read every false start and see every sign of frustration, every small frown. They can easily capitalize on this information, driving incessantly to the weaker opponent. The distance between opponents, averaging about 30 feet, with one team at net and the other at baseline is much less, perhaps five to eight feet, when teams battle at net with rapid fire volleys. On one side of the net teammates are generally only five to ten feet apart, scrambling, turning, sprinting to defend their space from the intruding yellow ball.

And even though most pros have mutually agreed to stay cool about their own and each other's mistakes, tension builds unavoidably during play. Wendy Chase, ranked number two with Linda Wolf, says, "You can feel your partner sigh out there. You can hear her mumble something under her breath or see her make a face. That affects your attitude."

No one personality type is best suited for paddle teamwork. All types compete together on the pro circuit whether they are sports professionals, housewives or businessmen, aggressive or passive personalities. Nor is there a single blend that guarantees efficient teamwork. It seems the only characteristic that teammates must share is flexibility, an ability and willingness to adjust to one another. Herb FitzGibbon and Hank Irvine, for instance, are a meld of the volatile and reserved—an aggressive American and an understated Rhodesian. FitzGibbon says of their relationship: "The main characteristic is acceptance. Hank is basically a nice guy on the court. If I don't like something, I get bugged and show it. That's something Hank would never do. Accepting the differences between us was part of our adjustment together. I'm sure we would like the other to be more like ourselves but a person's personality can't be changed. We just had to get used to each other's style."

What happens when two strong egos are at stake? That was an interesting topic for many of the pros as they watched the development of the Doug Russell and Clark Graebner team this season. At the beginning Graebner voluntarily took a back seat to Russell, so there was no problem. "I'm used to tennis where there's one captain on the team," explains Graebner. "When I started playing with Doug, he obviously knew more about paddle than I did, so I made it clear that he should direct me. We've done very well so far and we'll simply play more smoothly as we become more equal."

Although the pros can't resist speculating about

the competition, judgments about the success or failure of a team should be reserved until the pair has completely gelled. Teamwork might take one season or more to develop. Wendy Chase and Linda Wolf provide one example of the shakedown process. According to Chase, "The first year we were not seeded. We were relaxed and went right to the finals. The second year, when we were number one and had something to lose, the pressure began. That's when we found we had to talk together about what we needed from each other on and off the court. I asked for bolstering when I was down and Linda asked to be left alone to try to regain her concentration. We really worked at understanding the needs that hadn't cropped up that first year."

Not all teams have to work to adjust psychologically, but they are usually players who have spent many pre-paddle years together, like the Baird brothers. "Steve and I have done everything together since we were kids," says Chip Baird. "We have an intimate knowledge of how each other thinks and works. For us, communication is a given. We don't need a lot of discussion about it."

Fifth-ranked Shirley Babington and Marti Kimberly are sisters who also seem to share a mutual understanding. "We've never had to make an adjustment because we never misinterpret each other or get mad at each other," says Babington. "We're close friends and we know we're going to have a good time when we play paddle together. It pays off. We've beaten teams that were technically superior just because our opponents were busy getting angry with each other."

Few paddle pros have an equally talented brother or sister who want to team up and compete. Most players have to experiment with different teammates and a pro's career is likely to be shared with two or even three different teammates. In some cases, partners attempt to make the necessary compromises and mold a winning team, only to find a compromise can't be worked out. Two particular players may end up grinding each other down psychologically rather than building each other up. One pro recently "divorced" his partner saying he knew the end was in sight when his partner noted, before the beginning of the third set in match competition, that he had lost the last nine out of ten points. Paddle teammates who find they aren't suited for one another move on to look for a more compatible partner. The pros who are most successful together are those with a feel for the game's major challenge, to work sensitively as a team. After all, they are practicing psychologists. ■

In 1952 at the world championships in Bombay, Hiroji Satoh revolutionized the sport of table tennis when he introduced the foam rubber paddle. Twenty-six years of technology has advanced that innovation and the modern player now has an endless choice of rubber surfaces to glue on his favorite racquet. Included in the vast assortment are rubber surfaces unaffected by a spinning ball, neutralizing tricky serves or "loaded" volleys. Many players now use a dead surface on one side and attacking rubber on the other, like this Harvard Competition model, and will deliberately flip sides between shots in order to confuse their opponents.

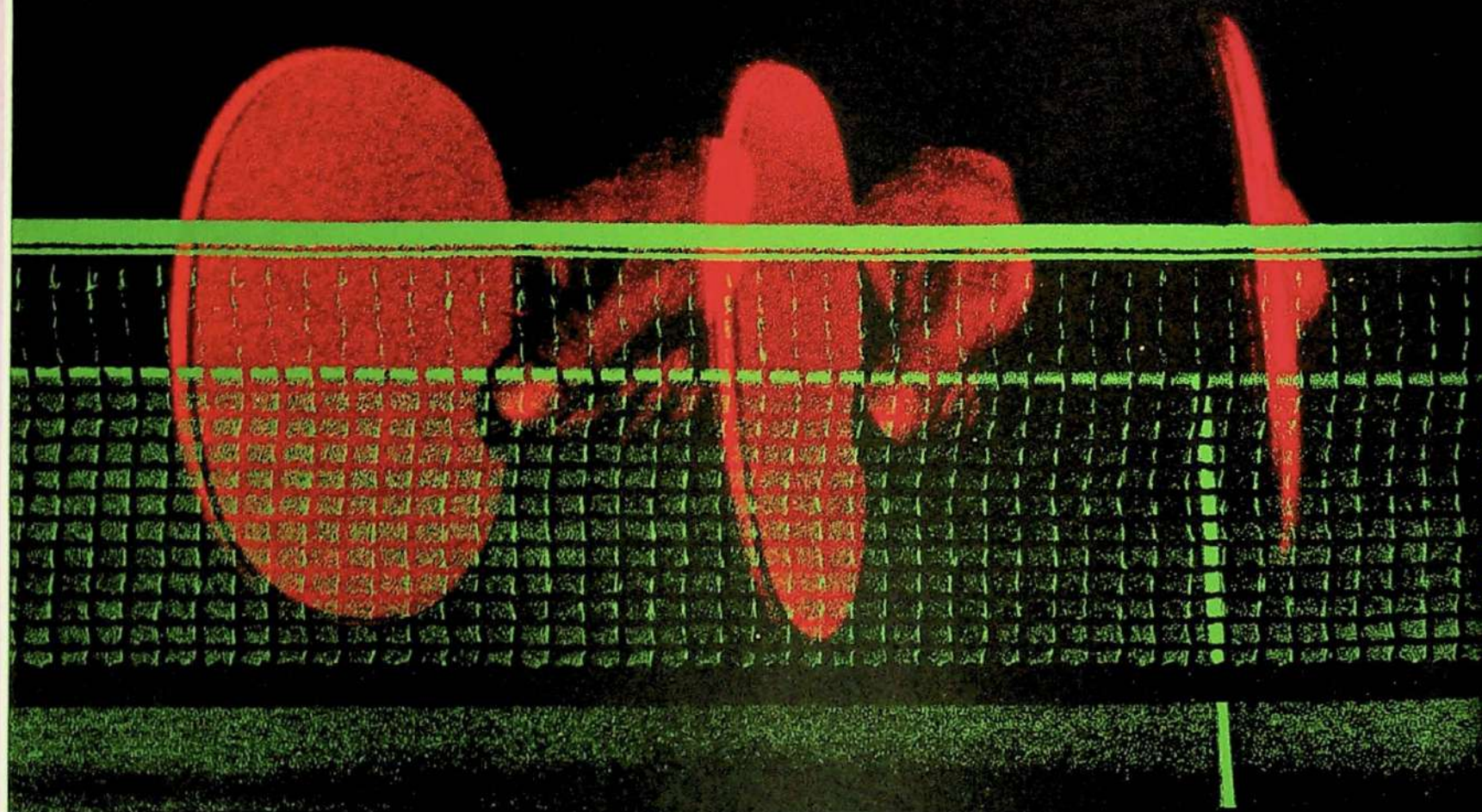
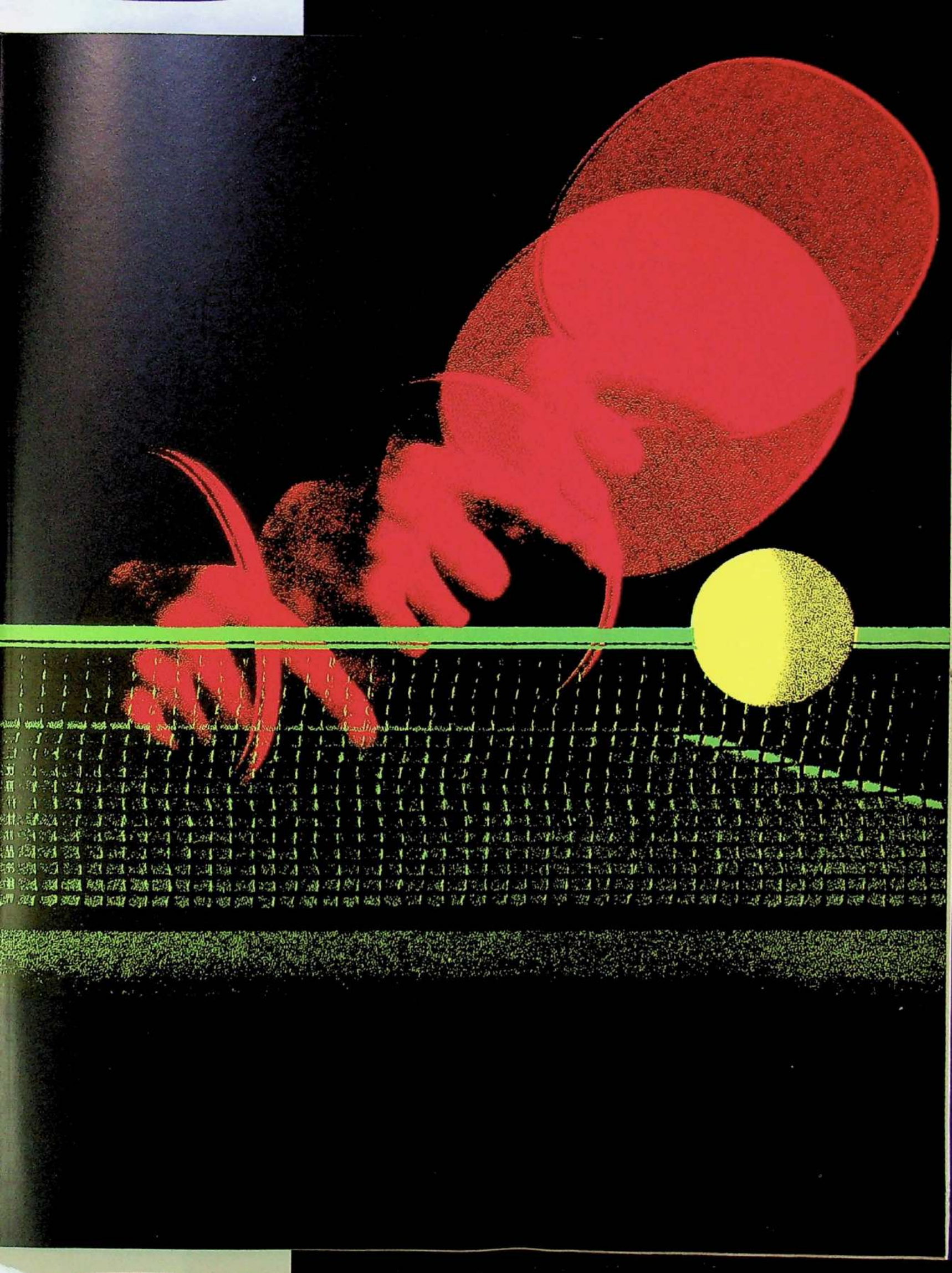
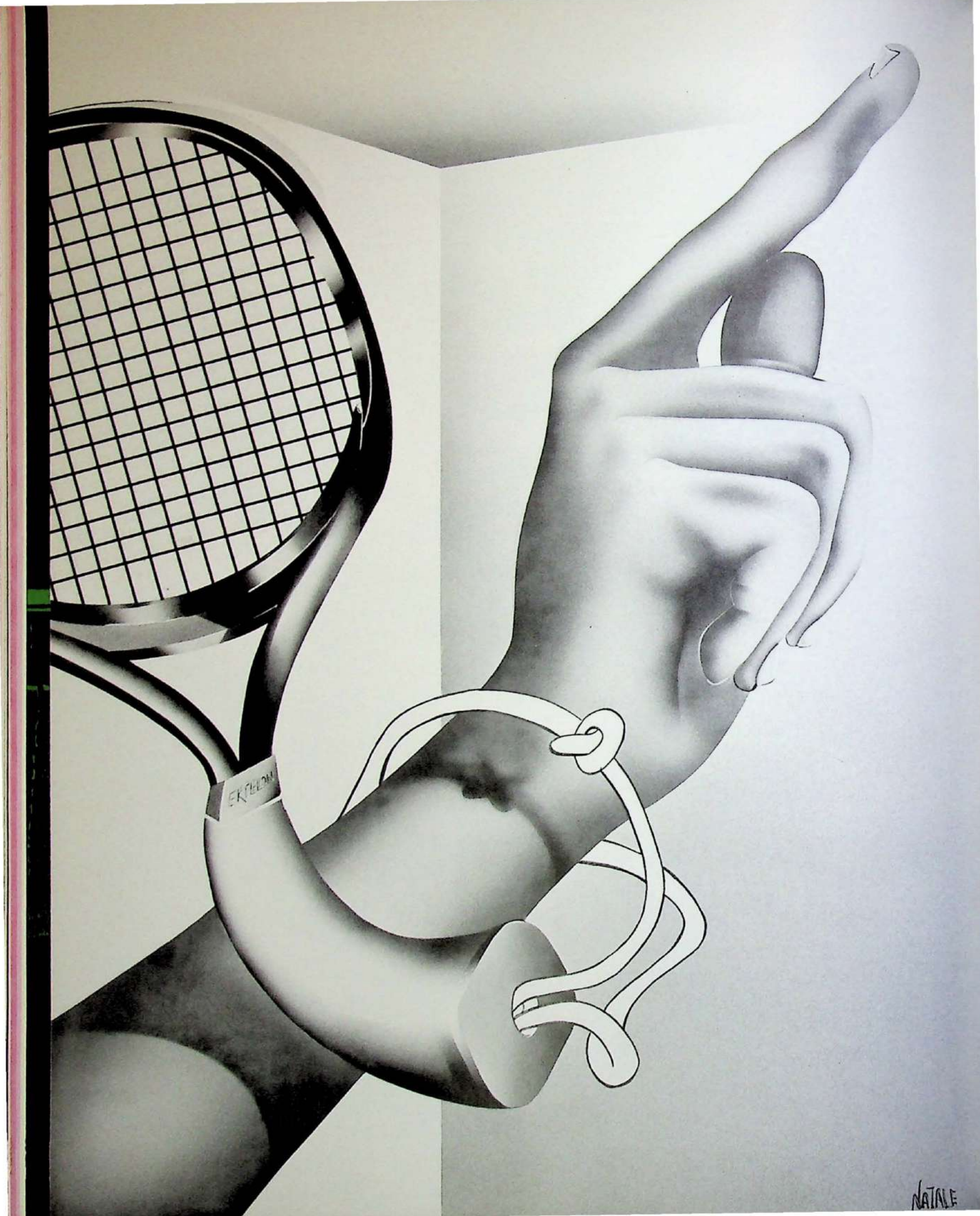


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BOUND FOR GLORY

by Adrian Stockton

"Game and match to John Michaels, 21-5, 21-2."

Magically, Monte Lazzaro, the corpulent proprietor of the Embassy Court Club, declared me the racquetball champion of his establishment. There was scattered applause from the two dozen or so spectators and then the crowd, satisfied with the blood letting, retired to the lounge adjacent to the glass walled exhibition court. My opponent in the finals had been Ted Mueller, a throwback to the early days of racquetball. He had tried to control the match with finesse—soft shots down the wall and delicately placed ceiling balls. But I quickly overpowered him with an array of power serves and drives that soon fatigued his 33 year old frame. I had him early and he knew it. I toyed with him—punishing him with long rallies in the last game. I wanted to prolong the taste of victory. The final point, a perfect drop shot, kissed the front wall centimeters above the floor. I raised my hand to signify my triumph. Mueller, still shell shocked, forced a smile as I shook his hand. I gave him my best Nastase sneer and awaited the exultation of my fans. It was my finest hour.

A bit later, after showering and changing, I approached the beaten Mueller.

"Mueller, you know something? This is just the start. I'm going to go all the way this year."

Adrian Stockton is a novelist and free lance writer now living in Newport Beach, California. When not writing he divides his time between playing racquetball and scuba diving.

Mueller, in an annoyingly slow and measured tone responded, "You're a good player, a damn good player. But I've been playing this game a long time. I've seen the good ones and the great ones and I don't think you have it."

Now indignant, I screamed, "21-5, 21-2, next time I'll doughnut you."

No response. Only a wry, sardonic grin, knowing and threatening. Incensed, I pushed him aside, slamming the lockers. I grabbed my gear, mindful of my trophy, and returned to the lounge. I was hooked. I had picked up the gauntlet and like Quixote would tilt with my own personal windmill. I vowed to the group with great ceremony to direct all my energies to winning the regionals. There was great applause and after a few more beers Marcie Harris and I slipped into the night.

Each morning I ran. With each step on the rolling ground I grew stronger. The yards turned into miles. I gasped as I struggled up a staggering incline. My heart pounded with each stride. On into hot mornings I ran until I felt the involuntary spasms of runners high. A drive beyond the body and into the realm of the senses. Idyllic jaunts into fantasy . . . A deep, resonant voice announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to John Michaels, the world's racquetball champion." There was thunderous applause as I stepped out on the

"His expression went blank. Blood poured from over his right eye onto the sterile wood floor. I was scared."

stage, now the object of millions of people.

"Thank's Johnny" . . . Women at every tour stop, groupies of all ages, prize money, endorsements, fame and notoriety . . .

On the track I ran quarter miles and thrived on the agony of interval training, running 70 second quarters, pausing for a minute, repeating, this time beginning to feel heaviness in my legs. My lungs cried out for air. Run and recover. The effects of lactic acid in my legs robbing me of my strength. I ran until I could go no farther . . . 220's, 100's. Run and recover until I collapsed on the track, incapable of movement. The perspiration poured from my body, but slowly I began to feel stronger, harder. The organism was responding.

In the afternoon I went to the Embassy and practiced. Isolating myself in a rear court I orchestrated a symphony of forehands and backhands. Drives and lobs and serves. A skip ball would evoke a four letter expletive. I changed my swing, altered my step, did everything possible to achieve economy of movement, and perfection! I played the game endlessly. With the pro, even with Marcie Harris. I played them all. All except Mueller.

I was surveying the draw sheet that listed over 100 players from the six state area. Acryl, as expected, was seeded number one. The rest of the draw was composed of players like myself, local hot shots and hardened veterans. My first round wasn't scheduled until 8:00 p.m. I had time to kill. I ambled aimlessly through the club, chatting with the few players I knew, noticing how different this club was from the Embassy—designer logos and multi-colored warm-ups. The pro shop was stocked with every conceivable piece of equipment for the racquetball player. Smith, Grimes and Trotter, the top names in the sport, were pictured in action on a giant mural that hung above the fireplace. The 22 courts were jammed with players. It was what I had trained for—the big time.

Carl Stoddard, a 15 year old prodigy from the home club, was my first round foe. He was no match for me as I whipped him 21-8, 21-7. With each succeeding match I grew more confident. I advanced to the semi-finals with ease. The crowds continued to grow and more than 300 people watched me eliminate Bibby in the semi-finals. I was now the tournament sensation. Only Acryl barred my path to the championship . . . In the warmup I danced gingerly, whacking the ball with more enthusiasm than necessary. I had to establish my space. I nervously awaited Acryl's first serve. The crowd was anxious to

see if a young upstart could knock off the first seed. It was a classic confrontation.

We split the first two games. I was playing well, mixing my hard drives with feather-like drops. But for the first time I was playing someone who could do the things I could, a player of comparable skill. His power and court coverage were exceptional. Shots that would be sure winners at the Embassy came flying back at astounding speed. We went into the tie breaker. Acryl won the first point on a brilliant pass. The crowd was tense and so was I. On the next point I dove for the ball and Acryl, seeing me move intercepted my flight. I was stunned, crumbling to the floor in pain.

"Get up," he screamed. "I'm gonna kick your ass."

He won the next three points and play grew rougher as we both jockeyed for the critical center position. His eyes fixed on me. I was down badly now, 7-0 in the all important tie breaker. Then the collision! Blood poured from over his right eye onto the sterile wood floor. I was scared. Had I killed him? His expression went blank. Fear had replaced his anger. He was helped off the court and 20 minutes later the referee declared me the winner. It was a tainted victory, but still a win. A big trophy and lots of interviews. A kiss from the queen of the tournament. But most importantly, an invitation to the nationals.

Back home I was now a minor celebrity. Free court time and all the beer I could drink. I was intoxicated with my own self importance. I changed. I spoke rarely, choosing to play the Hemingway anti-hero and as the nationals approached I grew sullen. My commitment to victory bordered on the neurotic. I now had my own practice court, compliments of Monte Lazzaro, who had made me the Embassy touring pro and I practiced late into the night, perfecting my strokes, searching for the slightest possible edge. I was a king in my own fiefdom. Just me and the game. After practice, I studied magazine accounts of important matches, looking for tendencies and weaknesses, anything for an advantage.

The nationals were like the regionals, only larger. They were all there. Smith, the national champion, the winner of nine straight tournaments, was the number one seed and the odds-on favorite. Grimes, Trotter and Stevens, perpetual challengers to Smith were also very much in evidence. And the young California hot shots brought their own brand of excitement. The tournament organizers gave me six

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"Smith's face became flushed and the veins on his powerful right arm shot out. His eyes flashed like coals."

shirts emblazoned with the sponsors' names. I wore them at every occasion, glowing with inner pride as I reflected on how far I had come. Racquetball had become more than a game to me now—it was my own personal crucible.

My first match was on a side court against Tim Elton, another regional champion. Elton was a good player, stroking the ball with power and precision. Like me, he was nervous on his first visit to the world series of racquetball. We both played tentatively, making numerous unforced errors. I had runs of nine points in the first game and 11 in the second to eek out a 21-17, 21-16 win. I wasn't pleased with my game and I showed it, slamming my racquet against the wall with a vengeance. I had to play better tomorrow, or it would be a quick exit for me against Smith. There was little sleep that night. I tossed in anticipation of my meeting with Smith. My strategy was clear. I must keep the ball close to the wall or I would be in deep trouble. In the semi-comatose world between sleep and wakefulness I played the match over and over. Each time I emerged the winner, beating the champion at his own game: hard serves and power. Was it an omen? I awoke with the dawn, imbued with a new found confidence. I knew I was going all the way.

It was now time and I dressed carefully in my freshly pressed whites. Like the matador at his moment of truth, I prepared myself. Walking to the court spectators and players alike wished me well. "Good luck, kid," was the common refrain. Hollow words, I thought to myself. I'll make my own luck.

Entering the court I was transfixed by the opalescence of the four glass walls that surrounded me. I was mesmerised by the opiate fear of the unknown. The loud speaker crackled, "Welcome to the U.S. National Racquetball Championships. This is a second round match between Clay Smith of St. Paul, the defending champion, and . . ."

The words trailed off as more than 500 spectators eagerly awaited my dissection by the champion. All of a sudden I wanted to get out of this fishbowl into the reassuring confines of the Embassy. Was I psyched out? Amplifiers buzzed one last time as technicians checked the sound system. The lights were blazing hot and I began to perspire. My racquet felt like a millstone. During my warmup I kept losing the ball in the sea of spectators behind the four glass walls. And there was Smith, chatting with a group of friends outside the court. Smith's serve had been timed at over 140 miles per hour. His power game was the prototype of modern day racquetball. And he was only 20 years old.

Play began with Smith bouncing the ball and rifling a bullet to my backhand. I parried with a ceiling to his backhand and to my surprise Smith skipped the ball. My serve. I hit a Z to his backhand that brought a weak response. I lashed fiercely at the ball and drove it perfectly to the front wall for a kill. One zip. My next serve was a carbon copy of the first and yielded the same result. I was pumped up now, adrenalin rushing through my body. I won the next three points on a series of somewhat lucky winners. It was now five to nothing and the crowd began to buzz. "Watch out for the doughnut, Smitty," cajoled a heckler from high in the stands.

Right then I could see the metamorphosis. Smith's face became flushed and the veins on his powerful right arm shot out. His eyes flashed like coals. This new challenge had triggered some unseen force within him. Now a different player, he hurled himself around the court. Kills came from every conceivable angle. Ferocious serves and drives were coupled with extraordinary retrievers. My best shots were returned at twice the speed. He was now in overdrive and his eyes, the seeming source of his power, blazed. He won the first game going away with a drive that left me flatfooted and star struck. Game to Smith 21-5. I was in very deep trouble.

At the break he sauntered up to me and in an off handed way said, "You're pretty good."

I dug deep within myself, searching for something, anything that would turn the tide of the match. I had come too far to lose like this. But there was nothing left when I called.

In just over 11 minutes it was all over. All my work and practice disappeared into a pool of dank sweat. Merely wanting to get to the top wasn't enough. Time and effort wasn't enough. I knew it now. Excellence is allotted to very few. Smith had it and I didn't. On that court with Smith I lost all feeling for the game.

I returned to the Embassy vowing never to play another match of racquetball. For two weeks I refused to get on the court. Friendly challenges did not move me. Then one day, on a rear court, I saw my old rival Mueller practicing his ceiling shots. He was playing on *my* court. He had invaded my personal domain. Incensed I called down to him, "Get off my court Mueller." He looked at me with a blank expression.

"I'll play you for the court," I said.

With an omniscient smile he said, "Sure."

I ran down the steps to the court as I thought to myself. "I'll doughnut this guy." ■

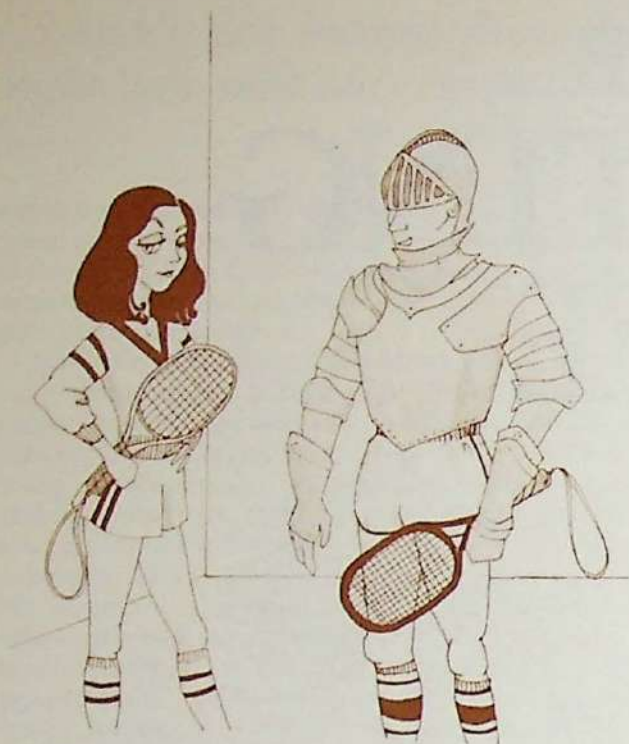
THE COURTING LIFE



by Perry Howze

Why did God invent women when He could have made just one sex? Life would be so much simpler. Everybody's expenses would be cut in half. There would be no wet nylons hanging in the shower, no more indecision about what to wear. If we were all male, we could get on with the business of being men without interruption, *harrumph!*

Why then, you ask, did God fashion females? Some say that men had to exercise their dominion. Men needed a challenge. They had fought among themselves in battle and on the playing fields of Eton, but now they wanted to add a new dimension to their play. And so, one day, *pouf*, down from the heavens they came, the fair sex.



"I've heard about your form."

Women were lovely to behold, they performed beautifully all the tasks men chose not to perform and they posed no threat in business or in sport. How deliriously comfortable, thought the men. But after a millennium of pushing the vacuum cleaner and languishing at the hairdresser, women, like the men before them, grew bored. If keeping house and looking dishy was so much fun, why weren't the men doing it? Because they were having more fun playing squash and counting their money, that's why.

So women set out to follow the example of the men. Success in business came slowly at first. But gradually, because they had agile minds and pocket calculators and because their husbands died first, women accrued a grand share of the world's wealth.

In sports, however, women had a harder time. Husbands and lovers, reluctantly, would instruct their mates in their favorite sports and then humiliate them in competition. This did little to encourage the women. They soon grew tired of losing to the men and started to play among themselves. Thus began the female league.

It wasn't easy for the women. Men scoffed at their efforts, which were, in the beginning, a bit awkward. Take the locker room scenario. Although all the women knew how to shower and dress, very few

knew locker room protocol. At first the women would skitter about, nervously clutching their clothes and averting their eyes. They were nervous in the buff. Instead of walking to and fro, they would skitter about on tiptoe, never glancing below anyone's collarbone. Or rather, never being caught glancing below the collarbone. If, for example, someone was seen without a stitch, she might never recover. Because then everyone would know she had a birthmark on her right thigh, an appendectomy scar and, shudder, that her left breast was smaller than her right, if anything could be *that* small.

One could avoid the humiliation by never baring any flesh between the neck and knees. This entailed a delicate dressing procedure where the woman changing her clothes would, with one hand, try to keep a towel around her, while struggling with the other hand and her teeth and her elbows to pull on her clothes—all the while making sure not to let one square inch of her body show.

Some called this kind of behavior modesty, others called it ridiculous. Gradually, as the women spent more time together in the locker room, their embarrassment began to vanish. They began to relax in each other's company. As the towels fell away, they grew as comfortable in the locker room as they had in the powder room and soon, they too were making business deals in the sauna and whapping each other with towels.



Perry Howze is a free lance cartoonist and writer who lives in New York City. She is a frequent contributor to this and other magazines.



"Of course you know I let you win."

The performance of the women on the court was, at first, as rickety as it had been in the locker room. It took time to learn the various sports. There were lots of bruises and black eyes. But as they practiced, their playing improved and soon their actions could be recognized as legitimate sport or, at least, a reasonable facsimile.

Learning to compete, however, was another matter. Timidity was a problem. Although no one actually wanted to lose, few keenly wanted to win. This led to a lot of mamby pambying on the court. "Go ahead and serve," one woman would say to her opponent. "Oh, no, you," would be the reply. "No, you." And the women were mealy mouthed when asking for lets. They were too unsure to demand their space on the court. A player would have to be in her opponent's lap or pinned to the wall for anyone to call a "let." And even then, more often than not, there would be silence except for a curse or two

Concentration was the hardest trick to master, especially when one had to pick up the dry cleaning and get divorced all before six. It was also hard to pay attention to the game when an opponent was chattering incessantly, asking pertinent questions like, "What shampoo do you use?" and "Do you know so and so?" And so on and so on. Constant apologies were also distracting. Some women would say "I'm sorry" for making good shots, bad shots, greasy little wood shots. The worst, of course, were

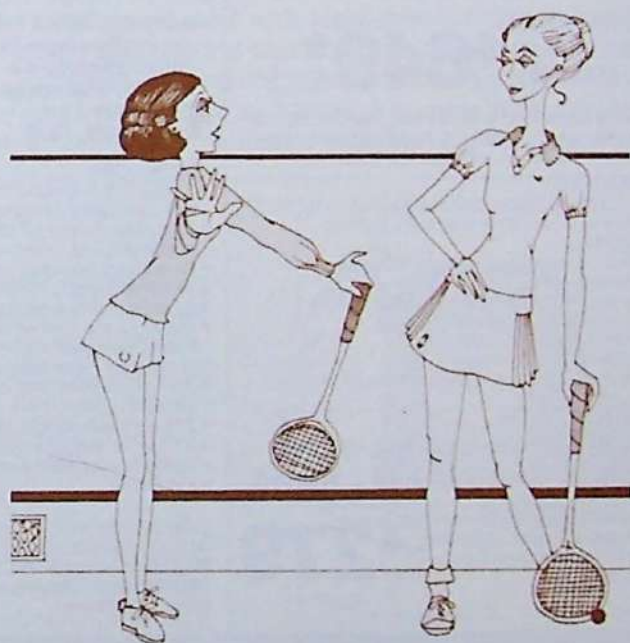
the endless excuses. "I twisted my wrist!" "I've been up since six." "I'm off my game."

In their effort to become better players, some of the women became very aggressive. They overcompensated for their initial shyness by becoming *fiends* on the court. They never spoke except to grunt and holler "let." They never chatted casually or made jokes. They only glared. They were feeling the killer instinct. This new aggression improved their play but was much less pleasant an experience. Eventually competition and good humor came together on the court and the women were on their way.

With practice and experience, the women grew more ambitious. Sports had broadened their lives. They enjoyed the physical challenge. They also enjoyed each other. So much so, in fact, that they began to spend more and more time playing and socializing and less and less time at home. The men were disturbed. Women weren't supposed to stay at the club for hours. Who would get supper?

Sports helped women grow up. Besides learning the various games, they had become good sports. They had learned grace in defeat and humility in victory. They had, in short, become athletes. And, in time, when women began to excel, and excellence became *de rigueur*, they had to look elsewhere for a challenge.

Which is why God invented men.



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At a Glance



Former Olympic ski star Suzy Chafee trades in her poles for a paddle as she demonstrates perfect form while playing with platform stars on the Passport Scotch Platform Tennis Tour.

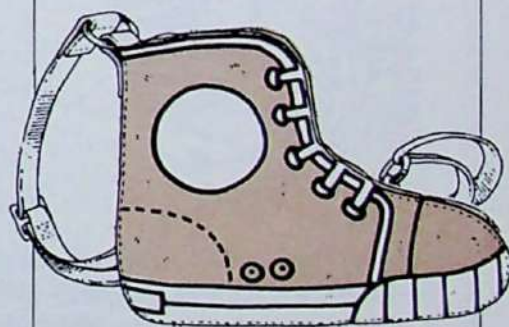


Are you a badminton player frustrated by the high cost of shuttlecocks? Shotball may be the solution. This new game, developed for badminton courts, features small perforated balls that approximate the flight of the feathered shuttles. Special racquets, rather loosely strung, come with the game, but the balls can be used with regular badminton racquets too. The balls last longer and cost less than shuttlecocks and can be used for solo practice—off a wall for instance. The balls cost \$1.60 for three and the game sets range from \$7.00 to \$20.00. For more information write Norca Industries, 235 Montee de Liesse, Ville St. Laurent, Montreal.

Racquetball is on a youth kick. A new tournament concept, the Junior Nationals is co-sponsored by Pony Sneakers and Ektelon, the prestigious manufacturer of racquetball equipment. Players in three age divisions will compete for scholarships, equipment and trophies.

Ron Grimes, Ektelon's Director of Marketing, is enthusiastic. "The tournament will be a landmark, thousands of young people will have a chance."

Winners of local playoffs will advance to regional competitions April 14-16, with the finals slated for Detroit.



The sneaker bag, guaranteed to fit anyone, is the ideal tote for gym gear. It comes in canvas with a handy shoulder strap and will hold shorts, sneakers, etc. At The Athlete's Foot



If you're a tennis player with everything, you might be interested in this handy accessory. It's a sterling silver tennis ball container etched in 18 karat gold with the name "Bulgar," the New York emporium from which it may be purchased. It's all yours for a modest \$790.00 plus tax. Sorry, balls are not included.



In the Winter Issue of *Racquet*, it was erroneously reported that Dunlop paid \$2,500 to Bruce Brownlee for entering the British Amateur Squash Championships. It is not the policy of Dunlop to provide any financial remuneration to amateur squash players.



Heather McKay might be the world's greatest athlete. She is World Squash Champion and recent winner of the Bancroft Women's Open. Undefeated in 17 years, she is up for "Racquet Athlete of the Year."

If you're serious about the sport you play, Nautilus training techniques may add points to your game. Used by many professional teams to condition and rehabilitate their players, Nautilus is a time proven method to increased strength, muscle flexibility and endurance. Unlike barbells, isokinetics and universal machines (all common strength building methods) Nautilus machines are full range exercises providing resistance throughout the entire movement of the involved body parts. Cardiovascular ability is often improved since you move through the program quickly, often in less than half an hour.

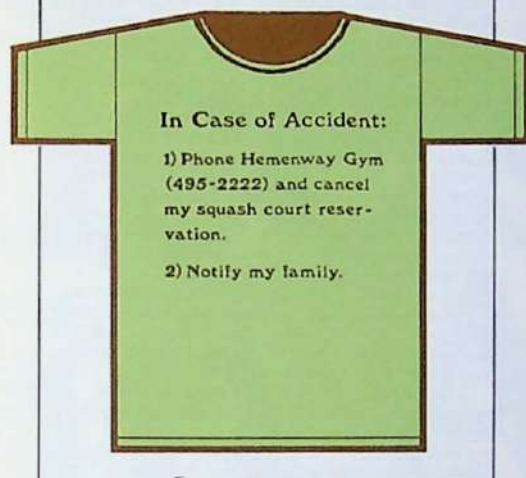
In New York, The 21st Century Spa, 220 East 57th Street, will custom tailor a program for you, to help you get the most out of your game and your body. Call them at 212-838-3116 for a complimentary guided session with a thorough explanation of Nautilus equipment and training.

Enjoying Racquet Sports is a tidy tome compiled with the cooperation and personal involvement of sports authorities from around the world by Paddington Press. It offers a comprehensive introduction to all of the popular racquet sports. The text is presented in a forthright fashion and is supplemented by extensive drawings and diagrams for easy understanding. A brief history of each game is followed by individual sections on the rules, skills, equipment, areas of play and scoring. This 160 page soft cover book serves equally well as an introduction or reference source for information about all the racquet games.



Unicorn Creations offers the ultimate solution for Harvard's squash courts.

This hand-screened shirt, available in gold with blue printing, is quickly becoming the new status shirt among fashion conscious squash players. It's available for \$4.00 plus 50 cents postage and handling. Order from Kevin McCall, Department of Athletics, 60 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Ma. 02138. Available in small, medium, large and extra large.



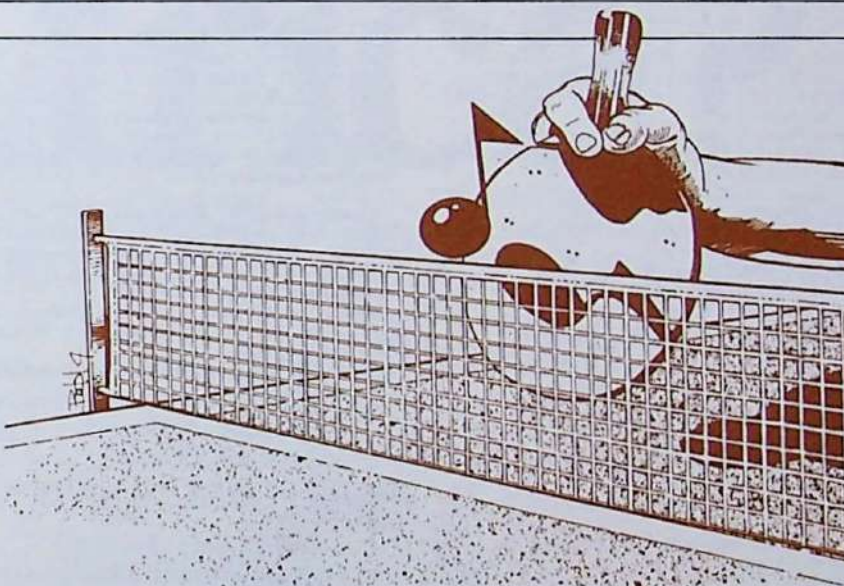
As racquetball booms into the 1980's, investors and court club owners must possess a multiplicity of skills. Proper financing, site selection, construction techniques, marketing and customer service are all vital to a club's success.

Through his series of one day seminars, Mort Leve, President of Court Club Enterprises, has been counseling prospective entrepreneurs for over four years. Now Leve and his associates also offer a thorough study of the operating court club. They'll take a good hard look at the entire operation, then submit a written report spelling out the findings. For more information about any of Leve's services write him at Court Club Enterprises, 360 Park Drive, Northbrook, Ill. 60062.



If you think you have troubles consider the plight of Murray Geller, the Official Rules Interpreter of the U.S. Paddle Tennis Association. For years Geller has been trying to clear up the monumental obfuscation concerning his game, paddle tennis, and that other game, platform tennis. Says Geller, "The paddle used in both games is the same, stroke production and scoring for both games are the same as tennis but that's where the similarities end."

Geller continues, "Platform tennis uses a sponge rubber ball, paddle tennis a punctured tennis ball. Platform tennis allows one overhead serve, paddle tennis one underhand serve. In platform the hitter loses the point if he smashes the ball over the top of the fencing and out of the court, in paddle the hitter wins the point. In platform tennis a ball which first lands within the court can be returned off the tightly strung screening before it lands a second time on deck, in paddle tennis there is no screen play. Finally, the platform tennis court is 44' x 20' on a 60' x 30' deck, surrounded by 12 foot screens, the paddle tennis court is 50' x 20'. So there . . ."



In his latest work, "Tournament Overture for Flute, Cello, Synthesizer, and Two Ping-Pong Players," Rumanian born composer George Costinesco has succeeded in marrying sport and music.

The Overture was the brainchild of Matthew Paris, a musician and table tennis fanatic. Paris had discovered that a visionary range of sounds can be produced in the spirited struggle to pound the tiny plastic sphere.

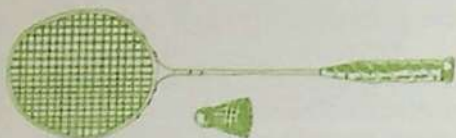
In the Overture, Paris "plays" one paddle while the nation's premier table tennis hustler, Marty Reisman, "plays" the other. Says Reisman, "If we missed our cue Costinesco just glared at us. I don't feel half as bad when I miss a ball in tournament play."



RESULTS

Winners and Losers

BADMINTON



Westchester-Fairfield Open Greenwich, Connecticut January 14-15, 1978

First Round. G. Rittmann d. Kane 15-2, 15-6; Elmore d. Fernhall 15-3, 10-15, 15-8; English d. Boorman 15-5, 17-15; Khan d. Roberts 15-5, 15-3; Goodman d. Brand 15-10, 15-3; Moeljadi d. C. Brand 3-15, 15-12 retired; Heden-Bye; Chandra-Bye; C. Vann d. Bhagat 15-7, 15-7; Deloca d. McConaghy 15-8, 15-5; D. Rittmann-Bye; J. Vann d. Houseman 15-2, 15-0; Topp d. Monteiro 15-7, 15-4; Davidson d. Booth 15-12, 15-14; Cornell-Bye.

Second Round. G. Rittmann d. Kane 15-5, 15-6; Elmore d. English 10-15, 15-4, 15-13; Khan d. Goodman 15-0, 14-18, 15-8; Heden d. Moeljadi 15-3, 15-3; Chandra d. C. Vann 15-6, 15-0; D. Rittmann d. Deloca 15-5, 15-9; J. Vann d. Topp 15-1, 15-5; Cornell d. Davidson 15-6, 15-7.

Quarter Finals. G. Rittmann d. Elmore 15-0, 15-1; Heden d. Khan 18-14, 15-6; Chandra d. D. Rittmann 15-6, 16-3; Cornell d. J. Vann 15-4, 15-2.

Semi Finals. G. Rittmann d. Heden 15-2, 15-0; Cornell d. Chandra 15-9, 8-3 retired.

Finals. G. Rittmann d. Cornell 14-17, 15-8, 15-10.

Westchester-Fairfield Open (Women's) Greenwich, Connecticut January 14-15, 1978

First Round. McCarrick-Bye; Sneath d. S. Zoef 11-8, 11-0; Kee d. Molloy 11-1, 11-0; Curtiss-Bye; Bidermann-Bye; Pertus d. Tracy 11-4, 8-11, 11-8; Laurie d. D. Zoef 12-10, 11-3; Ackerman-Bye.

Quarter Finals. McCarrick d. Sneath 11-1, 11-2; Kee d. Curtiss 12-10, 11-7; Bidermann d. Spertus 11-1; Ackerman d. Laurie 11-3, 11-1.

Semi Finals. McCarrick d. Kee 11-0, 11-3; Bidermann d. Ackerman 12-10, 3-11, 11-8.

Finals. Bidermann d. McCarrick 12-9, 11-2.

Westchester-Fairfield Open (Men's Doubles) Greenwich, Connecticut January 14-15, 1978

Second Round. P. Cornell/G. Rittmann d. Massey/Booth 15-2, 15-5; Keil/Brand d. J. Cornell/Vaniver 18-15, 15-8; Khan/Goodman d. English/McConaghy 15-3, 15-7; Goodman/Fehm d. Roberts/Kane 15-9, 15-5; Heden/Chandra d. Topp/Elmore 15-11, 15-6; Wong/Chan d. Phillips/Garman 15-5, 15-5; C. Vann/J. Vann d. Quinn/Mellen 9-15, 15-12, 15-9; D. Rittmann/L. Rittmann d. Davidson/Hynes 15-7, 15-4.

Quarter Finals. P. Cornell/G. Rittmann d. Keil/Brand 15-5, 15-2; Goodman/Fehm d. Khan/Goodman 15-4, 15-7; Heden/Chandra d. Wong-Ken/Chan 17-15, 15-6; D. Rittmann/L. Rittmann d. C. Vann/J. Vann 14-18, 15-5, 15-4.

Semi Finals. P. Cornell/G. Rittmann d. Goodman/Fehm 15-1, 15-6; D. Rittmann/L. Rittmann d. Heden/Chandra 15-11, 15-11.

Finals. P. Cornell/G. Rittmann d. D. Rittmann/L. Rittmann 15-12, 17-14.

Westchester-Fairfield Open (Women's Doubles) Greenwich, Connecticut January 14-15, 1978

First Round. Kelly/P. McCarrick-Bye; McClay/Young d. L. Phillips/B. Phillips 15-6, 15-8; Weber/Damle d. Spertus/Moudy 15-1, 15-1; Swift/D. Cornell d. D. Zoef/S. Zoef 15-4, 15-4; Bidermann/Curtiss d. Laurie/Carroll 15-6, 15-3; Tracy/Keil d. Kee/Bredemeier 15-10, 4-15, 15-10; F. Goodman/B. Goodman d. Gibbons/Sheath 18-15, 15-9; O'Neill/Ackerman-Bye.

Quarter Finals. Kelly/P. McCarrick d. McClay/Young 15-1, 15-1; Swift/D. Cornell d. Weber/Damle 15-6, 15-3; Bidermann/Curtiss d. Tracy/Keil 15-6, 15-9; O'Neill/Ackerman d. F. Goodman/B. Goodman 15-3, 15-8.

Semi Finals. Kelly/P. McCarrick d. Swift/D. Cornell 15-3, 15-2; O'Neill/Ackerman d. Bidermann/Curtiss 15-8, 15-6.

Finals. O'Neill/Ackerman d. Kelly/P. McCarrick 18-15, 17-16.

Westchester-Fairfield Open (Mixed Doubles) Greenwich, Connecticut January 14-15, 1978

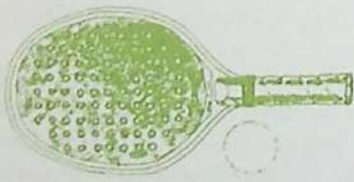
Second Round. G. Rittmann/Kelly d. Hynes/Gibbons 15-3, 15-9; Chandra/Weber d. J. Vann/Tracy 15-7, 15-2; D. Rittmann/Kee d. C. Vann/N. Keil 15-5, 15-6; Phillips/Ackerman d. Quinn/McClay 15-7, 15-11; L. Rittmann/O'Neill d. P. Wong-Ken/J. Wong-Ken 15-7, 15-2; Heden/D. Cornell d. Goodman/Goodman 15-6, 15-17, 15-11; Khan/Damle d. Goodman/Goodman 18-16, 15-1; P. Cornell/Swift 15-3, 15-0.

Quarter Finals. G. Rittmann/Kelly d. Chandra/Weber 15-8, 15-1; Phillips/Ackerman d. D. Rittmann/Kee 12-15, 17-15, 15-3; L. Rittmann/O'Neill d. Heden/D. Cornell 8-15, 15-10, 15-9; D. Cornell/Swift d. Khan/Damle 15-10, 15-3.

Semi Finals. G. Rittmann/Kelly d. Phillips/Ackerman 17-16, 15-5; P. Cornell/Swift d. L. Rittmann/O'Neill 15-8, 15-10.

Finals. G. Rittmann/Kelly d. P. Cornell/Swift 11-15, 17-14, 15-5.

PLATFORM TENNIS



Passport Scotch Platform Tennis Boston, Mass. December 3-4, 1977

Second Round. FitzGibbon/Irvine defeated Brown/Cochrane (6-3, 6-3); Moore/Smith defeated Ball/Benedict (6-3, 6-4); Burton/Felt defeated Wachob/Kinney (6-0, 6-3); Brownlow/Rogers defeated McEvoy/Tully (6-3, 7-5); Jennings/Steele defeated DeSaussure/Kimberly (6-0, 6-3); Nycom/Parton de-

feated Edmans/Forsythe (6-3, 6-1); Kulig/Rowe defeated Chase/Miller (6-2, 6-4); Mangan/Gray defeated Wood/Owen (3-6, 6-3, 6-3); Baird/Baird defeated Beck/Smith (6-0, 6-3); Hornidge/Mahler defeated Edwards/Myers (6-4, 3-6, 6-2); Boethel/Goodrich defeated McComas/Smith (7-6, 6-2); Kane/Saacke defeated Wall/McNealus (6-2, 6-2); Ducey/Symington defeated Carriert/McCance (6-0, 6-3); Ayres/Mielke defeated Brents/Coffin (6-3, 6-4); Adams/Swift defeated Beach/Davison (6-2, 5-7, 7-6); Graebner/Russell defeated Figlor/Griffin (6-4, 6-4).

Third Round. FitzGibbon/Irvine defeated Moore/Smith (6-2, 6-2); Brownlow/Rogers defeated Burton/Felt (6-1, 6-3); Jennings/Steele defeated Nycom/Parton (6-4, 4-6, 7-6); Kulig/Rowe defeated Mangan/Gray (6-3, 6-4); Baird/Baird defeated Hornidge/Mahler (6-2, 6-1); Kane/Saacke defeated Boethel/Goodrich (6-2, 7-5); Ayres/Mielke defeated Ducey/Symington (6-3, 1-6, 6-4); Graebner/Russell defeated Adams/Swift (6-4, 6-7, 6-3).

Quarter Finals. FitzGibbon/Irvine defeated Brownlow/Rogers (6-3, 6-3); Jennings/Steele defeated Kulig/Rowe (6-1, 6-4); Baird/Baird defeated Kane/Saacke (6-3, 6-4); Graebner/Russell defeated Ayres/Mielke (6-2, 6-4).

Semi Finals. FitzGibbon/Irvine defeated Jennings/Steele (1-6, 6-3, 7-5); Graebner/Russell defeated Baird/Baird (6-4, 6-1).

Finals. Herb FitzGibbon/Hank Irvine defeated Clark Graebner/Doug Russell (6-2, 6-2, 6-2).

Passport Scotch Platform Tennis (Women) Boston, Mass. December 3-4, 1977

Second Round. Chase/Wolfe defeated Keller/Anderson (6-0, 6-1); Ford/Fallon defeated Reed/Wachenfeld (6-3, 6-4); Daunic/Macey defeated Southworth/Mitchell (6-7, 6-4, 6-1); McCance/North defeated Mangan/Mangan (6-2, 6-3); DeBree/Dickson defeated Flynn/Meyer (7-5, 6-4); McAlpin/Stern (won by default); Buecking/Netter defeated McNealus/Herbert (6-1, 6-3); Hill/Perrine defeated Rawlings/Vanneck (6-0, 7-5); Archard/Gambee defeated Heyd/Monabianco (7-5, 6-7, 7-6); Polestak/Slonaker defeated Grousbeck/Foley (6-4, 6-0); Fleming/Young defeated Newman/Fortunato (6-4, 7-6); Knight/Lurie defeated Richter/Wachenheim (6-0, 6-3); Hodes/Whitman defeated Zecher/Kerby (6-3, 6-3); Babington/Kimberly defeated Selvig/Bolduc (6-3, 6-2); Duff/Harris defeated Hills/Gogolak (6-4, 7-5); Gengler/Hilton defeated Gage/Nottman (6-1, 6-0).

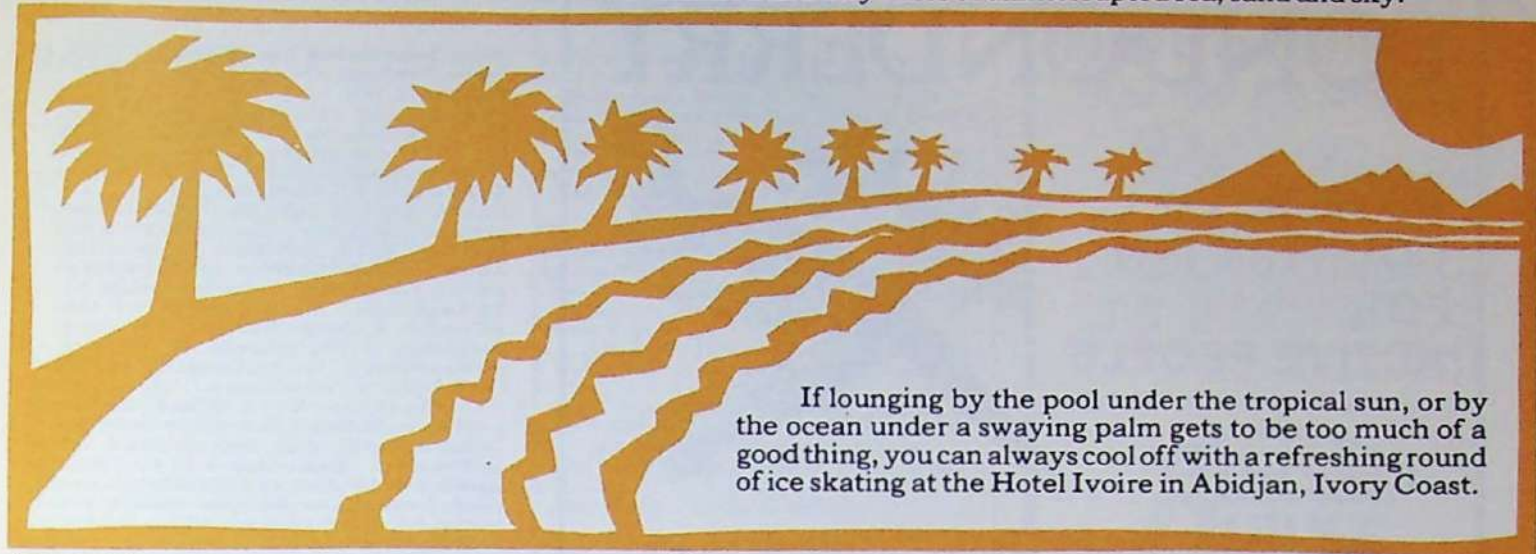
Third Round. Chase/Wolfe defeated Ford/Fallon (7-6, 6-3); McCance/North defeated Daunic/Macey (6-3, 6-0); DeBree/Dickson defeated McAlpin/Stern (6-4, 6-2); Buecking/Netter defeated Hill/Perrine (6-4, 6-1); Polestak/Slonaker defeated Archard/Gambee (6-4, 6-7, 6-1); Knight/Lurie defeated Fleming/Young (6-3, 7-5); Babington/Kimberly defeated Hodes/Whitman (6-4, 6-3); Gengler/Hilton defeated Duff/Harris (7-5, 7-5).

Quarter Finals. Chase/Wolfe defeated McCance/North (6-0, 4-6, 6-1); DeBree/Dickson defeated Buecking/Netter (6-4, 4-6, 6-0); Knight/Lurie defeated Polestak/Slonaker (6-1, 6-2); Babington/Kimberly defeated Gengler/Hilton (7-6, 5-7, 6-4).

Semi Finals. DeBree/Dickson defeated Chase/Wolfe (6-4, 4-6, 7-3); Knight/Lurie defeated Babington/Kimberly (4-6, 6-4, 6-2).

Finals. B.J. DeBree/Nancy Dickson defeated Knight/Pat Lurie (3-6, 6-3, 6-4).

If you're into beaches, the longest, purest beach on the face of the globe isn't Fire Island, Malibu or some Caribbean island. It's the Atlantic coast of Mauritania. Four hundred and fifty miles of uninterrupted sea, sand and sky.



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If game fishing is your game, head for the Island of Goree just off the coast from Dakar. Although twenty species of fish recognized by the International Game Fishing Association can be found here, the record belongs to a swordfish caught in 1963. It weighed in at 1,100 pounds!

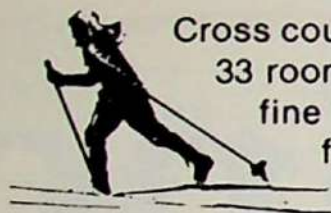


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Passport Scotch Platform Tennis (Women)

Summit, New Jersey

January 11-12, 1978

Second Round. Chase/Wolf d. Apocilla/Baratz 6-0, 6-2; McCance/North d. Reinmund/Silbersker 6-1, 6-2; Polestak/Slonaker d. Kerby/Wright 6-4, 6-1; Hodes/Whitman d. Heyd/Zecker 6-1, 6-3; DeBree/Dickson d. Brossard/Conrad 6-1, 6-3; Hack/McCutcheon d. Malon/Medd 6-2, 6-3; Daunic/Macy d. Greer/Turko 6-1, 6-4; Hill/Perrine d. Boslond/King 7-5, 7-5; Duffy/Harris d. Gogolak/Hills 4-6, 6-4, 6-4; Buecking/Netter d. Graham/Probert 6-3, 6-1; Adams/Everett d. Deones/Ohmuller 6-1, 7-5; Knight/Lurie d. Kreiger/Kreiger 6-2, 6-1; Archard/Gambee d. Granger/Miller 6-1, 6-3; Babington/Kimberly d. Flint/Reifsnnyder 6-0, 6-2; Richter/Wachenheim d. Fleming/Young 2-6, 7-5, 6-3; Gengler/Hilton d. Parton/Strong 6-2, 7-5.

Third Round. Chase/Wolf d. McCance/North 6-3, 6-4; Polestak/Slonaker d. Hodes/Whitman 6-0, 7-6; DeBree/Dickson d. Hack/McCutcheon 6-4, 6-2; Hill/Perrine d. Daunic/Macy 6-2, 6-2; Buecking/Netter d. Duffy/Harris 7-6, 6-4; Knight/Lurie d. Adams/Everett 6-1, 6-1; Babington/Kimberly Archard/Gambee 6-2, 6-1; Gengler/Hilton d. Richter/Wachenheim 6-0, 6-0.

Quarter Finals. Chase/Wolf d. Polestak/Slonaker 6-2, 6-1; DeBree/Dickson d. Hill/Perrine 6-1, 6-1; Knight/Lurie d. Buecking/Netter 6-3, 3-6, 7-5; Gengler/Hilton d. Babington/Kimberly 6-4, 6-2.

Semi Finals. Chase/Wolf d. DeBree/Dickson 6-1, 6-2; Gengler/Hilton d. Knight/Lurie 6-0, 6-4, 6-2.

Finals. Gengler/Hilton d. Chase/Wolf 6-4, 7-6.

Passport Scotch Platform Tennis

Rye, New York

January 14-15, 1978

First Round. Russell/Graebner d. Calloway/Openshaw 6-2, 6-4; McCowas/Smith d. Jennings/White 6-4, 6-4; Parton/Steele d. Crane/McWilliams 6-4, 6-3; Moore/Smith d. Steiner/Pickett 6-0, 6-2; Baird/Baird d. Forsyth/Edmonds 6-2, 6-3; Figlor/Griffin d. Ducey/Symington 6-4, 3-6, 7-5; Ayres/Mielke d. Chase/Miller 6-1, 6-4; Tully/McEvoy d. Swift/Adams 7-6, 6-2; Kulig/Rowe d. Coffin/Brents 6-2, 6-4; Edwards/Maier d. Potter/Anderson 6-3, 6-2; Burton/Felt d. Lankenau/Baird 6-1, 6-4; Gray/Mangan d. Woods/Owen 6-4, 6-2; Hornridge/Mahler d. Wachob/Kinney 6-3, 6-2; Brownlow/Rogers d. Smith/Beck 6-1, 6-3; Brown/Cochrane d. Ball/Benedict 1-6, 6-0, 7-6; Fitzgibbon/Irvine d. Ohms/Chappell 6-2, 6-1.

Second Round. Graebner/Russell d. McCowas/Smith 6-2, 6-2; Moore/Smith d. Parton/Steele 6-0, 6-2; Baird/Baird d. Figlor/Griffin 6-4, 6-2; Ayres/Mielke d. Tully/McEvoy 6-0, 6-2; Kulig/Rowe d. Edwards/Maier 6-4, 6-2; Burton/Felt d. Gray/Mangan 6-4, 6-4; Brownlow/Rogers d. Hornridge/Mahler 6-4, 6-3; Fitzgibbon/Irvine d. Brown/Cochrane 6-1, 7-6.

Quarter Finals. Graebner/Russell d. Moore/Smith 4-6, 7-5, 6-3; Baird/Baird d. Ayres/Mielke 7-5, 6-4; Burton/Felt d. Kulig/Rowe 4-6, 6-3, 6-4; Fitzgibbon/Irvine d. Brownlow/Rogers 7-6, 4-6, 6-1.

Semi Finals. Graebner/Russell d. Baird/Baird 6-4, 6-2; Fitzgibbon/Irvine d. Burton/Felt 7-6, 6-2.

Finals. Graebner/Russell d. Fitzgibbon/Irvine 6-3, 7-5, 4-6, 4-6, 7-6.

Passport Scotch Platform Tennis

Columbia, Maryland

February 11-12, 1978

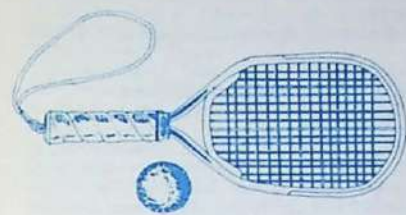
First Round. Baird/Baird defeated Baird/Lankenau (6-1, 6-4); Nycum/Parton defeated Kulig/Rowe (6-7, 6-4, 7-6); Kane/Saacke defeated McComas/Smith (3-6, 6-3, 6-2); Adams/Swift defeated Burton/Felt (6-7, 6-4, 7-6); Edwards/Maier defeated Brents/Steele (6-4, 6-3); Brownlow/Rogers defeated Gray/Mangan (6-2, 6-4); Ayers/Mielke defeated Moore/Smith (6-4, 6-5); Graebner/Russell defeated Ducey/Symington (6-3, 7-6).

Quarter Finals. Baird/Baird defeated Nycum/Parton (6-1, 6-3); Adams/Swift defeated Kane/Saacke (6-2, 6-7, 7-6); Brownlow/Rogers defeated Edwards/Maier (6-2, 6-1); Ayers/Mielke defeated Graebner/Russell (6-3, 7-6).

Semi Finals. Baird/Baird defeated Adams/Swift (6-1, 6-3); Ayers/Mielke defeated Brownlow/Rogers (6-1, 0-6, 6-4).

Finals. Baird/Baird defeated Ayers/Mielke (6-3, 6-1, 6-1).

RACQUETBALL



Colgate/Seamco/Leach Pro
Atlanta, Georgia
December 15-18, 1977

First Round. Hogan d. Campbell 21-10, 21-12; Mondry d. Stafford 21-17, 21-16; Wagner d. Stephens 21-9, 21-18; Keeley d. Mackie 21-15, 21-8; McCoy d. Chamberlain 21-17, 21-13; Morrow d. Zeitman 21-16, 16-21, 11-8; Chase d. Saperstein 21-16, 21-12; Hilecher d. Dern (default); Brumfield d. Johnson 21-3, 21-7; Fleetwood d. Hendricks 21-9, 18-21, 11-6; Yellen d. Rish 21-13, 21-14; Serot d. Hernon 19-21, 21-19, 11-4; Jones d. Fatotitis 21-6, 21-11; Koltun d. Bertolucci 21-12, 21-12; Zuckerman d. Hemphill 21-5, 20-21, 11-10; Bledsoe d. Lujan 21-7, 21-18.

Second Round. Hogan d. Mondry 21-8, 21-15; Wagner d. Keeley 21-19, 21-14; McCoy d. Morrow 21-10, 21-9; Hilecher d. Chase 21-14, 21-8; Brumfield d. Fleetwood 21-16, 21-17; Serot d. Yellen 21-18, 21-19; Jones d. Koltun 16-21, 21-16, 11-10; Bledsoe d. Zuckerman 21-20, 21-10.

Quarter Finals. Hogan d. Wagner 21-17, 21-16; McCoy d. Hilecher 21-20, 21-19; Brumfield d. Serot 21-11, 21-16; Bledsoe d. Jones 21-13, 21-15.

Semi Finals. Hogan d. McCoy 21-5, 21-5; Bledsoe d. Brumfield 21-5, 21-18.

Finals. Hogan d. Bledsoe 21-14, 21-3.

Colgate/Seamco/Leach Pro (Women's)
December 15-18, 1977
Atlanta, Georgia

First Round. Steding d. Sauser 21-20, 21-14; MacDonald d. Walton 21-10, 21-7; Wright d. Pasternak 21-3, 21-5; Marriott d. Rassenti 21-12, 21-16; Green d. Carow (default); Williams d. Hornack 21-9, 21-5; Hoff d. Matthews 21-8, 21-11; Harding d. Schmidt 21-19, 19-21, 11-3.

Quarter Finals. Steding d. Walton 21-17, 21-20; Marriott d. Wright 21-12, 21-16; Green d. Williams 16-21, 21-20, 11-7; Harding d. Hoff 21-20, 21-14.

Semi Finals. Steding d. Marriott 21-10, 13-21, 11-5; Harding d. Green 21-4, 21-20.

Finals. Steding d. Harding 21-13, 21-16.

Colgate/Seamco/Leach Pro
January 11-15, 1978
Portland, Oregon

First Round. Hogan d. Deuster 21-11, 21-11; Strandemo d. Bertolucci 21-4, 21-3; Morrow d. Peterson 21-12, 21-8; Jones d. Watson 21-5, 21-12; Koltun d. Mondry 21-18, 21-5; Fleetwood d. Trent (default); Zuckerman d. Strom (default); Hilecher d. Stephens 21-11, 21-12; Brumfield d. Dern 21-5, 21-17; Yellen d. Zeitman (default); Keeley d. Krause 21-5, 21-17; McCoy d. Larson 18-21, 21-7, 11-1; Serot d. Sayes 21-13, 21-2; Owen d. Chase 21-20, 10-21, 11-4; Wagner d. Sayes 21-13, 21-13; Bledsoe d. Retter 21-12, 21-16.

Second Round. Hogan d. Strandemo 21-11, 21-15; Jones d. Morrow 21-9, 15-21, 11-5; Koltun d. Fleetwood 21-11, 21-15; Hilecher d. Zuckerman 21-11, 21-13; Brumfield d. Yellen 11-21, 21-14, 11-6; Keeley d. McCly 21-18, 21-18; Serot d. Owen 21-7, 21-11; Bledsoe d. Wagner 11-21, 21-20, 11-7.

Quarter Finals. Hogan d. Jones 15-21, 21-5, 11-7; Hilecher d. Koltun 21-18, 10-21, 11-6; Brumfield d. Keeley 21-1, 17-21, 11-3; Serot d. Bledsoe 21-10, 21-13.

Semi Finals. Hogan d. Hilecher 21-19, 21-14; Brumfield d. Serot 21-10, 21-17.

Finals. Brumfield d. Hogan 16-21, 21-12, 11-8.

Colgate/Seamco/Leach Pro (Women's)
January 19-22, 1978
Omaha, Nebraska

First Round. Steding d. Schmidt 9-21, 21-7, 11-2; Walton d. McCarthy 21-9, 21-9; McDonald d. Hoff 21-17, 21-9; Green d. Thompson 21-4, 21-9; Marriott d. Pasternak 21-3, 21-7; Wright d. Sauser 21-12, 21-

8; Williams d. Murphy 21-17, 21-16; Harding d. Carow 21-7, 21-5.

Quarter Finals. Steding d. Walton 21-14, 21-17; Green d. McDonald 21-6, 21-9; Wright d. Marriott 21-0, 21-0; Williams d. Harding 21-19, 21-14.

Semi Finals. Steding d. Green 15-21, 21-17, 11-9; Wright d. Williams 21-10, 21-15.

Finals. Wright d. Steding 15-21, 21-18, 11-9.

I.P.R.O. Pro (Women's)
February 2-5, 1978
Memphis, Tennessee

First Round. Steding d. Meager 21-5, 21-2; Pasternak d. Sauser (default); Hoff d. Faulkenberg 21-11, 21-9; Green d. Hogan 21-12, 21-13; Harding d. Rassenti 21-1, 21-9; Wright d. Smith 21-10, 21-9; McDonald d. Walton 16-21, 21-19, 15-2; Marriott d. Pommerick 21-11, 21-12.

Quarter Finals. Steding d. Pasternak 21-15, 21-3; Green d. Hoff 21-15, 21-4; Wright d. Harding 21-16, 16-21, 15-8; Marriott d. McDonald 21-11, 21-16.

Semi Finals. Steding d. Green 21-9, 21-8; Wright d. Marriott 4-21, 21-13, 15-5.

Finals. Wright d. Steding 21-20, 21-13.

I.P.R.O. Men's Pro
February 2-5, 1978
Memphis, Tennessee

Second Round. Hogan d. Chase 21-10, 21-16; Jones d. Morrow 21-18, 21-11; McCoy d. Yellen 21-12, 21-7; Koltun d. Hilecher 21-20, 21-12; Brumfield d. Fleetwood 20-21, 21-5, 15-12; Zeitman d. Serot 15-21, 21-16, 15-3; Keeley d. Wagner 21-19, 13-21, 15-11; Bledsoe d. Zuckerman 21-8, 21-8.

Quarter Finals. Hogan d. Jones 21-14, 21-15; McCoy d. Koltun 21-18, 12-21, 15-6; Brumfield d. Zeitman 21-11, 21-15; Keeley d. Bledsoe 7-21, 21-16, 15-7.

Semi Finals. Hogan d. McCoy 21-12, 16-21, 15-4; Brumfield d. Keeley 21-18, 21-12.

Finals. Hogan d. Brumfield 19-21, 21-15, 15-3.

SQUASH



Gold Racquets Singles Championship
Cedarhurst, New York
December 3-4, 1977

First Round. T. Page d. Sterne 15-9, 15-9, 15-6; Surtees d. Dinnerman 15-7, 17-14, 15-12; Greenberg d. Adams 15-12, 15-4, 15-14; G. Mateer d. Hobbs 16-17, 15-5, 17-14, 15-12; P. Page d. Pickens 15-10, 10-15, 15-11, 12-15, 17-16; Nelson d. Bourke 15-10, 13-15, 17-16, 17-15; Beck d. G. Bostwick 15-5, 17-15, 15-4; Harding d. Woolworth 15-6, 15-6, 15-7.

Quarter Finals. T. Page d. Surtees 15-7, 15-11, 15-8; G. Greenberg d. G. Mateer 16-17, 15-8, 15-12, 15-8; J. Nelson d. P. Page 15-10, 13-15, 17-16, 17-15; Harding d. Beck 15-11, 15-13, 15-4.

Semi Finals. T. Page d. Greenberg 15-10, 15-14, 15-18, 15-5; Harding d. Nelson 15-13, 12-15, 16-14, 17-15.

Finals. T. Page d. Harding 8-15, 15-12, 15-12, 15-4.

Ray Chauncy Doubles Championship
Cedarhurst, New York
December 2-4, 1977

First Round. Pierce/Gillespie d. Coleman/Hense 15-11, 17-14, 8-15, 15-5; B. McGuire/J. Murphy d. Swann/Jones 15-10, 18-17, 9-15, 15-6; J. Reese/M. Sokolow d. R. Godfrey/J. Leathers 15-11, 15-7, 15-9; D. Mateer/T. McIlvaine d. P. McGuire/K. MacGuire 15-11, 15-8, 15-9; Bacallao/Umans d. Gentile/McSorley 15-9, 15-11, 15-7; Heath/Day d. Bentley/Bewley 15-9, 15-6, 17-15; Ryan/Roe d. Hetherington/McAvity 15-10, 8-15, 15-13, 15-14; Poor/Martin d. Morris/Vehslage 15-7, 15-11, 15-10.

Quarter Finals. Pierce/Gillespie d. McGuire/Murphy 16-15, 15-14, 8-15, 12-15, 15-11; Reese/Sokolow d. Mateer/McIlvaine 15-11, 15-8, 15-9; Bacallao/Umans d. Heath/Day 8-15, 13-15, 15-12, 15-10, 17-15; Poor/Martin d. Ryan/Roe 13-15, 18-16, 15-5, 15-8.

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Semi Finals. Pierce/Gillespie d. Reese/Sokolow 15-9, 17-15, 14-15, 17-15; Poor/Martin d. Bacallao/Umans 13-18, 18-16, 15-5, 15-9.

Finals. Pierce/Gillespie d. Poor/Martin 15-11, 15-3, 15-11.

University Club of Los Angeles Invitational
Los Angeles, California
December 9-11, 1977

First Round. Sarfraz - Bye; Fox d. Gordon 15-11, 6-15, 15-13, 15-13; Mersola - Bye; Helfeld d. Dudas 15-11, 11-15, 8-15, 15-3, 15-10; Scatoloni - Bye; Ghorpade d. Body 15-14, 15-8, 15-7; Besterman d. Curtis 18-16, 11-15, 15-7, 15-13; Gessling - Bye.

Quarter Finals. Sarfraz d. Fox 15-2, 15-2, 15-9; Mersola d. Helfeld 15-12, 15-9, 15-6; Ghorpade d. Scatoloni 5-15, 15-7, 2-15, 14-10 (Retired); Gessling d. Besterman 15-11, 17-15, 15-12.

Semi Finals. Sarfraz d. Mersola 15-7, 15-10, 15-12; Gessling d. Ghorpade 15-7, 15-8, 11-15, 15-6.

Finals. Sarfraz d. Gessling 15-11, 15-6, 15-6.

National Juniors (Boys under 14)

Princeton, New Jersey

December 16-18

First Round. R. Ball-Bye; A. Spettigue d. J. Schwarz 15-8, 15-11, 15-7; K. Jerrigan d. W. Craig 15-6, 15-3, 15-2; D. Coons d. R. McKay 18-17, 15-18, 18-15, 15-7; M. Clothier d. R. Geary 15-2, 15-4, 15-1; A. Doucas d. W. Holmes 18-13, 15-9, 15-10; R. Ankerson d. J. Rohner 15-6, 15-7, 15-4; W. Meek d. T. J. Prisk 15-8, 15-8, 15-9; I. Loveless d. C. Billman 15-2, 15-10, 15-10; P. Geary d. W. Monaghan 15-9, 17-15, 15-10; C. Gale d. T. Clayton 15-11, 15-6, 15-7; O. Fisher d. J. Crawford 15-8, 17-15, 15-12; T. Denniston d. J. Stanley 15-11, 15-7, 15-9; S. Corkran d. L. Tobier 15-3, 15-4, 15-3; S. Krogfus - Bye; D. Boyum d. F. Madden 15-2, 15-1, 15-2.

Second Round. R. Ball d. A. Spettigue 15-8, 8-15, 17-15, 15-12; K. Jerrigan d. D. Coons 15-1, 15-6, 15-8; A. Doucas d. M. Clothier 18-15, 15-10, 18-15; R. Ankerson d. W. Meek 15-12, 11-15, 15-10, 15-11; I. Loveless d. P. Geary 15-4, 15-9, 15-8; O. Fisher d. C. Gale 15-6, 15-11, 18-13; T. Denniston d. S. Corkran 15-6, 12-15, 15-7, 15-6; D. Boyum d. S. Krogfus 15-1, 15-5, 15-6.

Quarter Finals. K. Jerrigan d. R. Ball 15-11, 16-13, 15-10; A. Doucas d. R. Ankerson 15-16, 15-9, 18-14, 15-12; I. Loveless d. O. Fisher 12-15, 15-12, 18-17, 18-15; D. Boyum d. T. Denniston 15-11, 15-7, 15-7.

Semi Finals. A. Doucas d. K. Jerrigan 15-9, 15-10, 15-10; I. Loveless d. D. Boyum 18-15, 16-14, 15-10.

Finals. A. Doucas d. I. Loveless 18-14, 18-15, 15-7.

National Juniors (Boys under 19)

Princeton, New Jersey

December 16-18, 1977

Third Round. Austin d. Cannon 14-17, 15-12, 15-8, 15-14; Sinclair d. Roberts 15-12, 15-5, 15-11; Hobart d. Ramsay 9-15, 8-15, 18-17, 15-13, 15-10; Whittaker d. Boissier 15-12, 15-10, 15-10; Harding d. Schloss 15-8, 15-8, 15-13; Miller d. Benson 15-8, 15-8, 15-13; Sarasola d. McDonald 15-10, 16-18, 15-12, 15-5; Grant d. Somers 15-11, 15-5, 15-9; Shaw d. Panarese 15-4, 15-4, 15-7; P. Monaghan d. Kalman 15-6, 15-5, 15-12; Nimick d. Sablosky 15-13, 15-11, 18-17; Alger d. Pitfield 15-10, 15-8, 15-7; Hill d. Reid 5-15, 15-10, 15-13, 15-7; Dykes d. Gabrieli 15-5, 15-8, 15-10; MacFarland d. Kruger 15-10, 15-10, 10-15, 17-14; Talbott d. Robinson 10-15, 15-14, 15-7, 15-11.

Fourth Round. Sinclair d. Austin 11-15, 15-10, 12-15, 15-12, 15-10; Whittaker d. Hobart 15-6, 15-8, 15-7; Harding d. Miller 15-12, 15-2, 13-15, 15-7; Sarasola d. Grant 9-15, 10-15, 15-7, 15-8, 15-13; Shaw d. P. Monaghan 15-6, 15-5, 15-12; Alger d. Nimick 15-12, 15-6, 12-15, 15-11; Dykes d. Hill 15-10, 16-14, 9-15, 15-10; Talbott d. MacFarland 15-11, 15-12, 15-12.

Quarter Finals. Whittaker d. Sinclair 15-6, 15-8, 15-7; Harding d. Sarasola 12-15, 15-5, 17-14, 15-13; Shaw d. Alger 16-17, 15-7, 15-7, 12-15, 18-18; Talbott d. Dykes 8-15, 16-14, 15-7, 15-11.

Semi Finals. Harding d. Whittaker 15-12, 15-10, 17-15; Talbott d. Shaw 15-10, 15-6, 15-11.

Finals. Talbott d. Harding 9-15, 15-18, 15-9, 15-3, 15-13.

National Juniors (Girls under 19)

Princeton, New Jersey

December 16-18, 1977

First Round. Pierce d. Kuniholm; McCabe d. Emery; Maguire d. Strain; Harrison d. Adair; Rose d.

Greenwald; Wittich d. Gould; Toolind d. Cist; Tilney d. Cunningham; Muyskens d. Remsen; Laird d. Pickar; Giammettei d. Henry; Porter d. Cunningham; Ober d. Pitocchelli; Brainard d. Rohner; Ludwick d. Dean; Kinney d. Pearce.

Second Round. Pierce d. McCabe; Maguire d. Harrison; Rose d. Wittich; Toolin d. Tilney; Laird d. Muyskens; Giammettei d. Porter; Ober d. Brainard; Kinney d. Ludwick.

Quarter Finals. Pierce d. Maguire; Rose d. Toolin; Giammettei d. Laird; Kinney d. Ober.

Semi Finals. Pierce d. Rose; Kinney d. Giammettei.

Finals. Pierce d. Kinney 15-11, 12-15, 15-9, 16-13.

National Juniors (Girls under 16)

Princeton, New Jersey

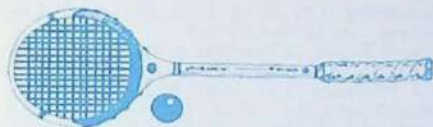
December 16-18, 1977

First Round. A. McConnell d. Webster; Simpson d. Pitocchelli; Burbank d. Hazen; Fisher d. Quinn; Spruance d. Tilney; Castle d. Keenan; Samis d. P. McConnell; Hulbert d. Pew.

Second Round. A. McConnell d. Simpson; Fisher d. Burbank; Castle d. Spruance; Hulbert d. Samis.

Semi Finals. A. McConnell d. Fisher; Castle d. Hulbert.

Finals. A. McConnell d. Castle 15-13, 15-10, 11-15, 15-14.



National Juniors (Boys under 16)

Princeton, New Jersey

December 16-18, 1977

Second Round. Shepard d. Sambrook 15-7, 15-7, 15-8; Bentley d. Legorreta 15-9, 18-17, 15-13; E. Wheeler d. Ohler 15-12, 7-15, 16-15, 15-12; Davis d. Belman 18-14, 15-9, 15-8; Besso d. Bender 15-3, 15-13, 15-12; Martinez d. Harrity; Alvarez d. Gardner 15-0, 15-2, 15-8; Deratnay d. Larson 15-4, 15-4, 15-6; Legorreta d. Hopkins 15-11, 15-5, 15-7; Douglas d. DeDamm 15-8, 15-8, 15-7; Salles d. Panarese 15-4, 15-1, 15-2; Kruener d. Stafford 11-15, 15-12, 17-15, 11-15, 15-12; Fawcett d. Black 15-7, 14-16, 15-12, 15-11; Barclay d. McAskie 15-4, 15-5, 15-10; White d. Faes 16-15, 10-15, 15-11, 12-15, 15-9; Desaulniers d. Willys 15-1, 15-6, 15-4.

Third Round. Shepherd d. Bentley 15-11, 15-11, 15-9; Davis d. Wheeler 15-6, 15-6, 15-5; Martinez d. Besso 15-8, 15-13, 15-5; Alvarez d. Deratnay 17-14, 15-12, 15-9; Legorreta d. Douglas 15-7, 15-1, 15-6; Salles d. Kruener 15-4, 15-6, 15-8; Barclay d. Fawcett 15-6, 15-8, 15-8; Desaulniers d. White 15-6, 15-7, 15-6.

Quarter Finals. Shepherd d. Davis 15-1, 15-5, 15-4; Alvarez d. Martinez 15-8, 15-13, 15-5; Salles d. Legorreta 8-15, 15-4, 15-6, 15-13; Desaulniers d. Barclay 16-13, 15-8, 17-15.

Semi Finals. Alvarez d. Shepherd 17-14, 15-7, 15-6; Desaulniers d. Salles 18-14, 8-15, 15-16, 15-8, 18-17.

Finals. Alvarez d. Desaulniers 17-18, 17-18, 15-8, 15-9, 15-7.

Exeter Open Squash Tournament

Exeter, N.H.

December 17-18, 1977

First Round. M. Khan d. Ahmed 3-0; Burke d. Panarese 3-0; Beck d. Long 3-1; Bernheimer d. Kaufman 3-0; Poor d. Wynn 3-0; Brozens d. Fish; Johnson - Bye; G. Khan d. Russell 3-1.

Quarter Finals. M. Khan d. Burke 3-0; Bernheimer d. Beck 3-0; Poor d. Brozens 3-2; G. Khan d. Johnson 3-0.

Semi Finals. M. Khan d. Bernheimer 3-0; Poor d. G. Khan 3-0.

Finals. M. Khan d. Poor 3-0.

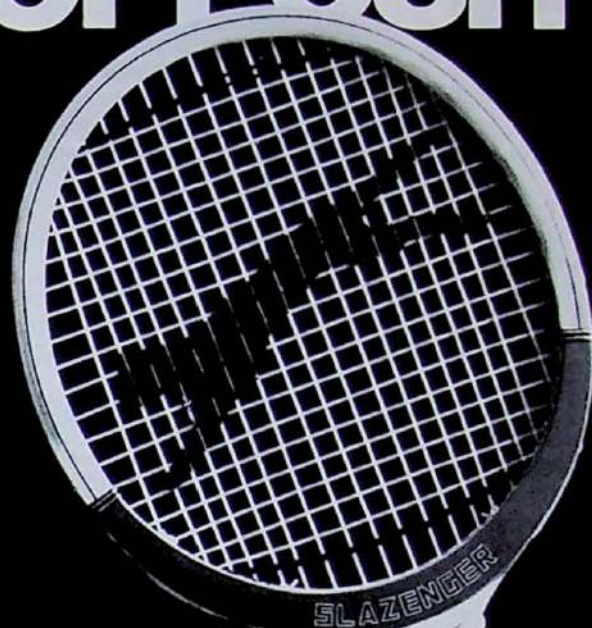
William White Singles

Haverford, Pennsylvania

January 7-8, 1978

First Round. Anderson d. Woolworth 15-7, 15-8, 15-9; Hetherington d. Edward 15-11, 15-10, 10-15, retired; Matcer d. MacDonnell 15-12, 15-8, 15-4; Whitman d. Fish 15-13, 12-15, 15-8, 16-13; Jacobs d. Ryan 15-6, 15-11, 15-11; P. Page d. Bourke 15-6, 15-12, 11-15, 15-6; Bottger d. Hilbert 15-8, 15-11,

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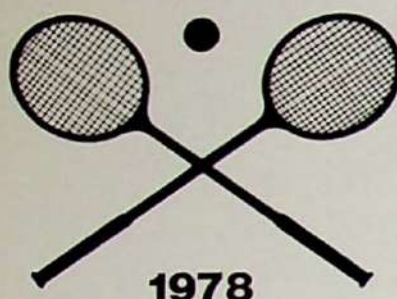
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15-10; D. Page d. Nedwed 15-11, 17-15, 15-16, 13-15, 15-10.

Quarter Finals. Anderson d. Hetherington 18-16, 18-17, 6-15, 15-14; Mateer d. Whitman 15-11, 15-9, 15-12; P. Page d. Jacobs 15-5, 15-14, 15-8; Bottger d. D. Page 15-11, 17-15, 9-15, 15-7.

Semi Finals. Anderson d. Mateer 15-11, 15-13, 15-8; P. Page d. Bottger 15-10, 12-15, 15-6, 15-10.

Finals. Anderson d. P. Page 15-13, 13-15, 15-9, 10-15, 15-13.



North American Open Singles Toronto, Canada

January 9-15, 1978

First Round. S. Khan d. Sanchez 15-8, 15-6, 13-15, 15-10; Adair d. Bernheimer 16-14, 15-8, 15-3; Anderson d. Goldstein 10-15, 15-11, 11-15, 15-10, 15-10; Ratnac d. Briggs 15-3, 15-4, 15-10; Caldwell d. Mohrati 15-8, 15-9, 15-7; A. Khan d. M. Khan 18-14, 15-8, 15-12; Desaulniers d. Satterthwaite 15-3, 15-7, 15-8; Niederhoffer d. Harding 15-11, 14-15, 15-13, 18-17.

Quarter Finals. S. Khan d. Adair 15-8, 15-10, 15-12; Ratnac d. Anderson 15-8, 11-15, 15-5, 15-12; Caldwell d. A. Khan 15-8, 15-8, 15-7; Niederhoffer d. Desaulniers 15-3, 15-7, 15-8.

Semi Finals. S. Khan d. Ratnac 15-8, 11-15, 15-5, 15-12; Caldwell d. Niederhoffer 15-8, 15-5, 15-6.

Finals. S. Khan d. Caldwell 15-4, 15-10, 15-9.

Bancroft Womens Open New York, New York

January 20-22, 1978

First Round. McKay d. Pierce 15-4, 15-4, 15-3; Smith d. Edwards 15-8, 15-7, 15-5; Zachariah d. Griffin 15-7, 15-8, 15-4; Maltby d. Shapland 15-8, 15-12, 15-3; Spruance d. Machin 15-8, 15-3, 15-4; Akabane d. Ramsay 16-14, 11-15, 15-12, 15-8; Hoffman d. Weymuller 15-4, 15-6, 15-13; Newman d. Brickley 15-4, 15-8, 15-7.

Quarter Finals. McKay d. Smith 15-10, 15-7, 15-9; Maltby d. Zachariah 15-5, 4-15, 16-15, 15-7; Spruance d. Akabane 15-12, 15-4, 15-9; Newman d. Hoffman 15-8, 3-15, 15-11, 15-11.

Semi Finals. McKay d. Maltby 15-7, 15-5, 15-5; Spruance d. Newman 10-15, 15-6, 15-11, 13-15, 15-10.

Finals. McKay d. Spruance 15-4, 15-11, 18-17.

Third Place. Newman d. Maltby 10-15, 15-6, 15-11, 13-15, 15-10.

World Professional Squash Championships February 2-5, 1978

Minneapolis, Minnesota

First Round. S. Khan d. Franklin 15-5, 15-6, 15-12; C. Khan d. Gonzalez 12-15, 15-12, 15-10, 15-9; Davis d. Macdonald 15-10, 15-10, 15-6; Anderson d. Rumpler 15-12, 7-15, 15-6, 15-6; Taylor d. Hisey 16-15, 10-15, 15-6, 15-14; Oehrlein d. Durling default; Y. Khan d. McGuire 15-5, 15-8, 15-10; Goldstein d. Cushman 15-4, 15-7, 15-3; Ratnac d. Rooney 15-2, 15-4, 15-9; M. Khan d. Coyle 15-3, 15-9, 15-7; G. Khan d. MacDonnell 4-15, 15-13, 15-11, 15-9; Satterthwaite d. D. Page default; Niederhoffer d. Husain 5-15, 15-9, 4-15, 15-7, 15-6; Leavy d. Sier 5-15, 15-10, 8-15, 15-12, 15-9; A. Khan d. Hilbert 15-5, 15-10, 15-12; Caldwell d. Mir 9-15, 15-11, 9-15, 15-4, 15-12.

Second Round. S. Khan d. C. Khan 15-11, 15-7, 15-8; Anderson d. Davis 15-8, 15-4, 15-6; Taylor d. Oehrlein 5-15, 15-17, 15-12, 15-8, 15-5; Goldstein d. Y. Khan 15-13, 15-8, 15-5; Ratnac d. M. Khan 12-15, 15-5, 15-13, 8-15, 15-10; G. Khan d. Satterthwaite 15-11, 15-5, 9-15, 18-17; Niederhoffer d. Leavy default; Caldwell d. A. Khan 15-10, 15-11, 8-15, 11-15, 15-9.

Quarter Finals. Anderson d. S. Khan 15-13, 6-15, 15-11, 15-12; Goldstein d. Taylor 15-11, 15-8, 15-10; Ratnac d. G. Khan 15-12, 15-12, 15-5; Caldwell d. Niederhoffer 15-13, 15-13, 15-1.

Semi Finals. Goldstein d. Anderson 10-15, 15-9, 15-8, 15-9; Ratnac d. Caldwell 12-15, 15-11, 15-7, 15-5.

Finals. Goldstein d. Ratnac 15-10, 15-13, 15-8.

TABLE TENNIS

U.S. National Championships Las Vegas, Nevada

December 16-18, 1977

Third Round. D. Seemiller d. McLarty 21-11, 21-16, 21-9; Sears d. Barish 21-16, 19-21, 21-13, 16-21, 21-17; S. Boggan d. Sodderberg 21-16, 21-15, 17-21, 21-19; Chan d. Blommer 21-6, 21-8, 21-10; Guillen d. Sharpe 21-12, 21-8, 21-16; Brathwaite d. R. Seemiller 16-21, 21-11, 21-16, 21-8; Lazarus d. Stewart 21-14, 21-18, 21-11; Bush d. Huerman 21-10, 16-21, 15-21, 21-14, 21-17; Wuvanich d. Lane 21-19, 21-15, 21-19; Barry d. Thrasher 21-10, 22-24, 21-11, 21-18; Galardi d. Carver 16-21, 16-21, 21-10, 21-15; R. Seemiller d. Dawidowicz 21-16, 16-21, 15-21, 23-21, 21-5; Manoogian d. E. Boggan 21-18, 11-21, 14-21, 21-19, 22-20; Butler d. Bozorgzadeh 10-21, 15-21, 22-20, 21-15, 21-15; Sverdluk d. Schwartzberg 21-13, 21-18, 21-23, 21-11; Lee d. Ukapatayasukul 21-13, 21-17, 21-18.

Fourth Round. D. Seemiller d. Sears 21-7, 21-17, 21-18; Chan d. S. Boggan 21-6, 21-15, 21-13; Guillen d. Brathwaite 21-14, 11-21, 13-21, 21-19, 21-18; Bush d. Lazarus 23-21, 21-16, 13-21, 21-11; Barry d. Wuvanich 26-24, 21-11, 21-12; Galardi d. R. Seemiller 21-16, 21-18, 21-17; Manoogian d. Butler 21-19, 21-15, 21-18; Lee d. Sverdluk 19-21, 26-24, 21-19, 22-20.

Quarter Finals. D. Seemiller d. Chan 21-12, 22-20, 21-12; Bush d. Guillen 21-17, 21-10, 16-21, 23-21; Barry d. Galardi 21-15, 21-17, 21-14; Lee d. Manoogian 21-19, 14-21, 11-21, 21-13, 21-19.

Semi Finals. D. Seemiller d. Bush 21-14, 21-12, 21-11; Lee d. Barry 21-15, 21-12, 21-9.

Finals. D. Seemiller d. Lee 21-12, 21-10, 21-13.

U.S. National Championships (Women's)

Las Vegas, Nevada

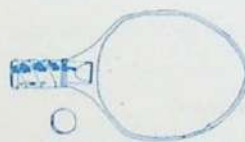
December 16-18, 1977

Fourth Round. Bhushan d. Gresham 21-3, 21-3, 21-12; O'Dougherty d. Rosal 21-14, 21-9, 21-18; Sistrunk d. Felstein 21-17, 21-18, 21-15; Bochenki d. Feilen 21-16, retired; Green d. Newell 21-13, 21-13, 21-9; Dawidowicz d. Payotolis 23-21, 21-17, 21-17; Parkins d. Liu default; Lee d. Nieves default.

Quarter Finals. Bhushan d. O'Dougherty 21-13, 21-8, 21-10; Bochenki d. Sistrunk 21-12, 21-17, 24-22; Green d. Dawidowicz 21-9, 18-21, 18-21, 21-6, 21-19; Lee d. Parkins 21-5, 21-5, 21-12.

Semi Finals. Bhushan d. Bochenki 21-13, 21-10, 21-13; Lee d. Green 21-14, 21-18, 23-21.

Finals. Bhushan d. Lee 21-15, 23-21, 23-21.



U.S. National Championships (Men's Doubles)

Las Vegas, Nevada

December 16-18, 1977

Fourth Round. Seemiller/Seemiller d. Adelman/Bloomer 21-15, 21-13; Brathwaite/Sakai d. Kennedy/Peterson 24-22, 25-23; Lee/Oveissi d. Rokop/R. Seemiller 21-10, 21-9; Cawidowicz/Wolf d. Bush/Sverdluk 21-13, 21-7; Guillen/E. Boggan d. Bui/Doyle 21-4, 21-17; Lazarus/T. Boggan d. Phillip/Thrasher 21-12, 16-21, 21-16; Bukiet/Lane d. Barry/S. Bogan 21-19, 21-19; Wuvanich/Chan d. Groenig/Nedrow 21-13, 21-11.

Quarter Finals. Seemiller/Seemiller d. Brathwaite/Sakai 21-6, 21-18; Lee/Oveissi d. Cawidowicz/Wolf 13-21, 22-20, 21-14; Guillen/E. Boggan d. Lazarus/T. Boggan 21-15, 21-17; Wuvanich/Chan d. Bukiet/Lane 22-20, 21-14.

Semi Finals. Seemiller/Seemiller d. Lee/Oveissi 21-

15, 21-15, 21-18; Wuvanich/Chan d. Guillen/E. Boggan 21-16, 21-18, 12-21, 23-21.
Finals Seemiller/Seemiller d. Wuvanich/Chan 18-21, 21-17, 21-19, 16-21, 21-13.

U.S. National Championships (Boy's under 17) Las Vegas, Nevada December 16-18, 1977

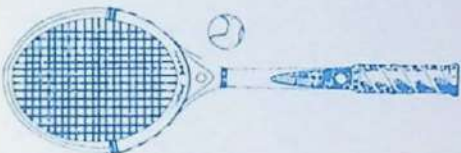
Fourth Round. E. Boggan d. Romanosky 21-10, 21-10, 21-7; Peterson d. Wong 21-17, 21-17, 16-21, 21-16; Doyle d. Claflin 21-19, 21-19, 21-18; Barry d. Masters 21-12, 21-13, 21-19; Lane d. Shaw 21-17, 21-10, 21-18; Hanks d. Terrel default; Bui d. Koyama 21-10, 18-21, 21-10, 21-15; S. Boggan d. Stillions 21-13, 21-17, 21-17.

Quarter Finals. E. Boggan d. Peterson 21-13, 21-11, 22-20; Barry d. Doyle 21-15, 21-15, 21-7; Lane d. Hanks 21-8, 21-6, 21-4; Bui d. S. Boggan 23-21, 21-16, 19-21, 17-21, 21-8.

Semi Finals. E. Boggan d. Barry 21-7, 21-8, 21-13; Lane d. Bui 21-15, 19-21, 21-12, 21-10.

Finals. E. Boggan d. Lane 21-19, 16-21, 21-10, 21-14.

TENNIS



U.S. Pro Indoor Championships January 23-29, 1978 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Second Round. Connors d. Panatta 6-3, 6-2; Mottram d. Gullikson 1-6, 6-3, 6-2; Rosewall d. Taroczy 7-5, 6-3; Ramirez d. Moore 6-4, 7-6; Gottfried d. Riessen 6-3, 6-4; Fibak d. Winitzky 6-4, 6-0; McEnroe d. Gullikson 6-4, 3-6, 7-6; Orantes d. McMillan 6-4, 7-5; Dibbs d. Moor 7-6, 6-3; Solomon d. Zugarelli 6-2, 6-4; Mayer d. Case 6-1, 6-1; Gerulaitis d. Borowiak 6-1, 6-1; Nastase d. Cox 7-5, 6-2; Tanner d. Franulovic 7-6, 6-4; Fleming d. Cahill 6-3, 7-6; Borg d. Okker 6-2, 6-1. *Third Round.* Connors d. Mottram 6-1, 6-4; Ramirez d. Rosewall 6-4, 6-2; Gottfried d. Fibak 6-3, 7-6; McEnroe d. Orantes 7-6, 6-2; Dibbs d. Solomon 6-3, 6-2; Mayer d. Gerulaitis 6-2, 7-5; Tanner d. Nastase 6-1, 6-7, 6-0; Borg d. Fleming 3-6, 7-6, 6-3.

Quarter Finals. Connors d. Ramirez 6-7, 6-2, 6-1; Gottfried d. McEnroe 6-1, 6-3; Dibbs d. Mayer 7-6, 3-6, 6-4; Tanner d. Borg 3-6, 7-6, 6-3.

Semi Finals. Connors d. Gottfried 3-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0; Tanner d. Dibbs 7-6, 5-7, 6-4, 6-1.

Finals. Connors d. Tanner 6-2, 6-4, 6-3.

OTHER RACQUETS

U.S. Professional Court Tennis January 14-15, 1978 Philadelphia, Pa.

First Round. Burke d. Crane 6-4, 6-1, 6-1; Greevy-by; Toates-by; Ronaldson-by.

Semi Finals. Burke d. Greevy 6-3, 6-0, 6-3; Ronaldson d. Toates 6-1, 6-4, 6-1.

Finals. Ronaldson d. Burke 2-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.

U.S. Open Court Tennis Championships January 12-15, 1978 Boston, MA

First Round. Scott-Bye; Vogt d. Craig 8-2, 8-2; Clement d. Stockton 8-7, 8-3; Toates d. Crane 8-2, 8-3; Burke d. Libby 8-2, 8-2; R. Howe d. Brickley 8-2, 8-2; Greevy d. Wheelwright 8-3, 8-2; Ronaldson-by.

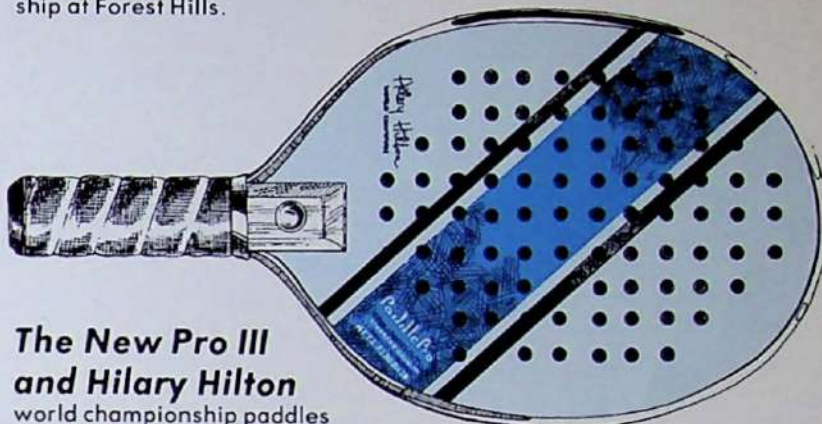
Quarter Finals. Scott d. Vogt 6-3, 6-5, 6-2; Clement d. Toates (injury); Burke d. Howe 2-6, 6-3, 6-5, 6-2; Ronaldson d. Greevy 6-2, 6-2, 6-0.

Semi Finals. Clement d. Scott 6-2, 6-4, 1-6, 6-3; Burke d. Ronaldson 2-6, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2, 6-0.

Finals. Burke d. Clement 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.

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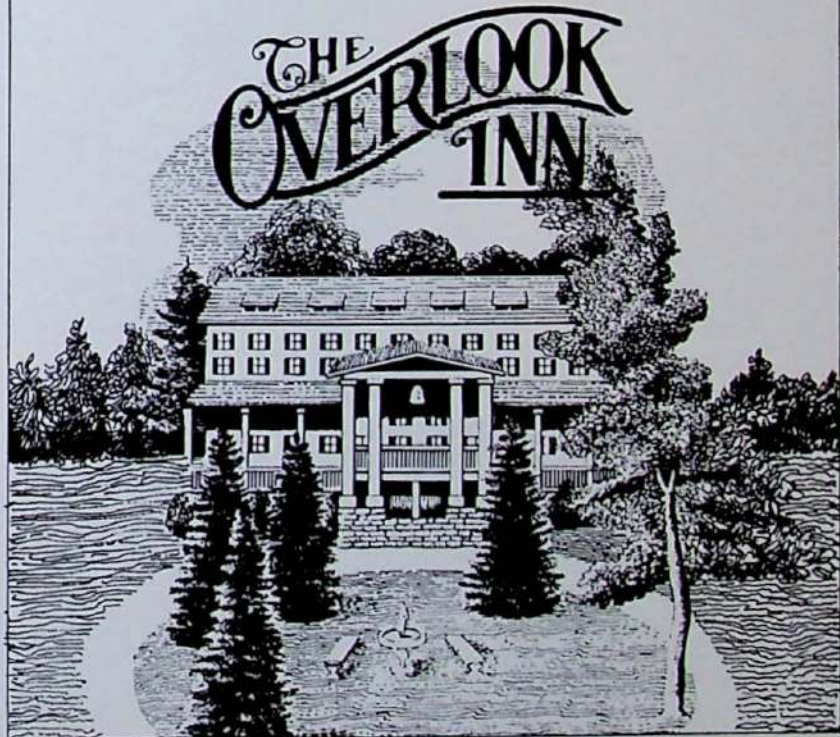
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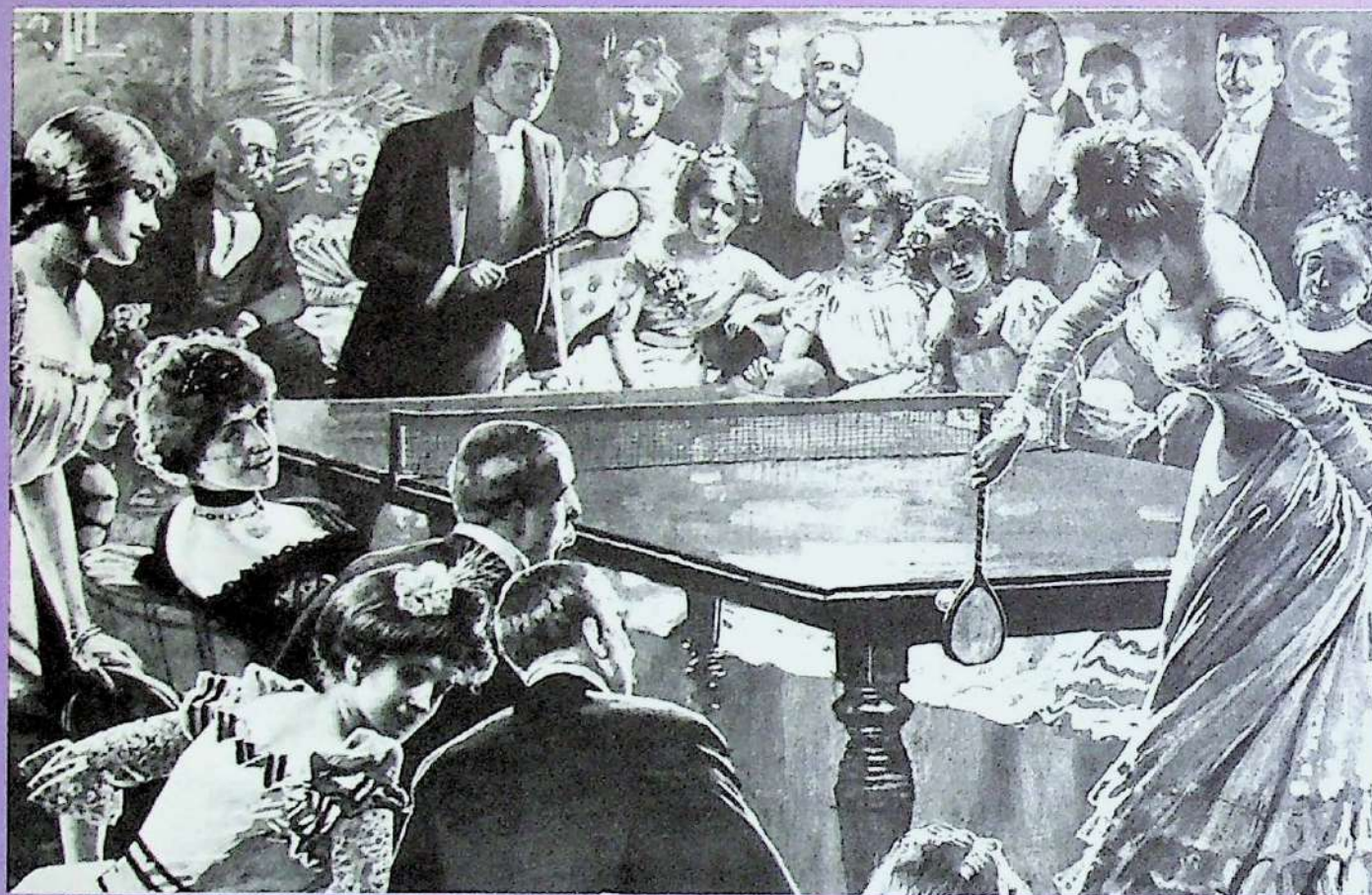


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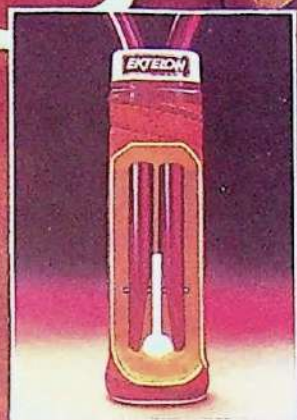




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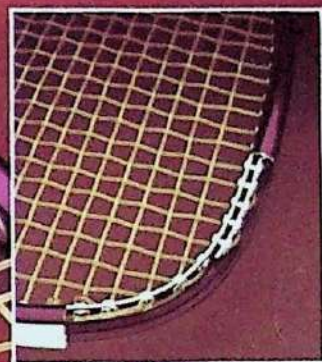
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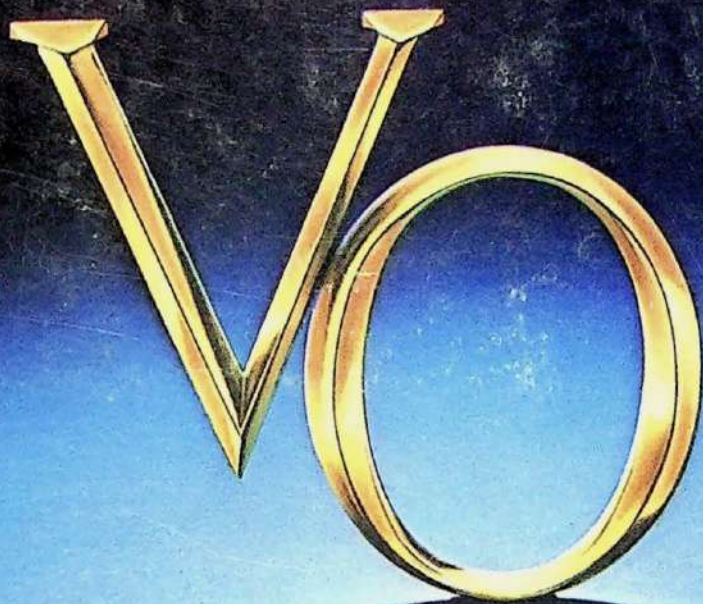


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