

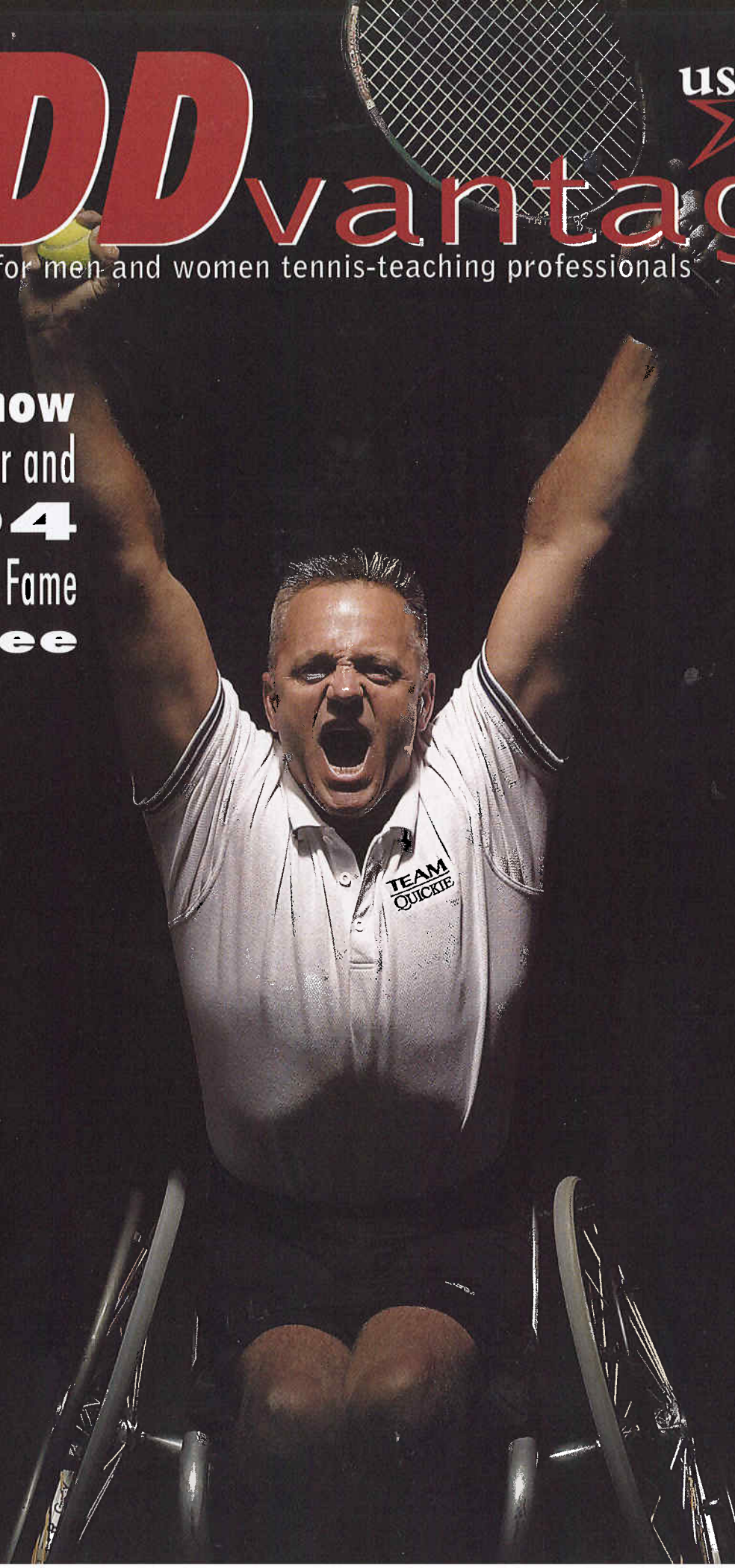
ADDvantage[®]

the magazine for men and women tennis-teaching professionals



August 2004

Randy Snow
USPTA member and
2004
Olympic Hall of Fame
Inductee



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the total professional – enhancing your career

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On the cover ... Randy Snow. Photo courtesy of Sunrise Medical, Quickie.

www.ADDvantageUSPTA.com

volume 28 • issue 8

ADDvantage magazine editorial offices
 USPTA World Headquarters
 3535 Briarpark Drive, Suite One
 Houston, TX 77042
 Phone – (713) 978-7782
 (800) USPTA-4U
 Fax – (713) 978-7780
 e-mail – magazine@uspta.org

Editor Shawna Riley
 Managing editor Kimberly Forrester
 Circulation Kathy Buchanan
 Advertising John Dettor

Office hours: 8:30 a.m. – 5 p.m. Central time

ADDvantage is published monthly by the United States Professional Tennis Association.

The opinions expressed in ADDvantage are those of the authors and not necessarily those of ADDvantage or the USPTA.

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USPTA mailbox



Dear USPTA Professionals,

The USPTA has launched numerous programs to bolster the number of participants who play tennis. The Tennis Across America™ program has for 15 years arduously introduced multicultural masses to this competitive, lifelong sport. It has succeeded with Tennis Welcome Centers and combined with USTA to help promote this game of joy and love.

It is not enough!

To think out of the box, we must have a box to begin with. That box is the millions of dads, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and kids who already play the game and can control a ball across the net. We must involve them.

Each one teach one! That is a program I have tried to institute by word of mouth and by experiencing the thrill of gift giving. The gift of giving tennis as a lifelong sport is priceless.

It takes but one person to take his neighbor, son, daughter, wife, etc., out on a tennis court and show them how to hit the ball. A tennis court is not needed. A few balls and a substantial wall to hit against may be enough! A tennis court is ideal. The introducer must only be able to have patience, know how to set a grip, and be able to feed. The rest will take care of itself. Some kind of a reward should be given for two or three consecutive shots hit into the court, or against a wall at a certain height. Reward the success of your pupil. He will reward himself by trying to do better at another time.

“Each one teach one” has its just rewards! The gift can last a lifetime! It can multiply like mustard seed.

Tennis courts can be found at most schools, and blank walls can be sought in every neighborhood. Garage side walls will do the trick.

Cut down a racquet for a child, or buy a very inexpensive child’s racquet if needed. Donate your last year’s racquet for adults, and save your tennis balls for the one you teach. Be the source of nourishment and supply if need be.

Ask yourself what caught your interest in tennis.

How can you transfer your love and joy from the game to others?

Ask yourself what caught your interest in tennis. How can you transfer your love for and joy from the game to others? Go further if you wish, and form a tennis gang. Set up matches as Jean Hoxie did. Manage a weekly gathering. Be a mentor.

Each one teach one!

Albert Rogers, USPTA
Brookline, Mass.

Dear USPTA Professionals,

I love a good chicken wing! Battered, fried and tossed in hot sauce! And, of course, a meal of this caliber would not be complete without some tasty fries and a couple of frosty mugs of Pils to wash it all down. This was my victory meal of choice when my doubles partner of 25 years, Frank Swope, and I were able to squeak out a close three-setter. Wait a minute, I can remember the same meal with Len Simard after our Thursday night games.

OK, who am I kidding? It was my meal of choice whenever I found myself in a fine drinking establishment.

Even without the wings, the next morning was always predictably the same. So ... those minor stomach pains and headaches were a consequence of overindulgence. But why did the stomach cramps, albeit minor, become present every day? Then blood started to occasionally appear when I went to the restroom.

I can honestly say I hadn’t been sick in 15 years. I don’t

hate doctors, I just never had a need to see one. But it was the off season, so I made a trip to my family doctor, who promptly sent me to a gastroenterologist. After consultation, the recommendation was a colonoscopy.

I sat with my wife, Tara, as the doctor told us I had a cancerous growth the size of an orange in my colon and an operation was required immediately.

Dr. Higgins took one-third of my colon out and thought he had gotten it all. Wrong. The diagnosis had changed from Stage I to Stage III – the cancer had spread through the colon to the blood stream and was looking for a new home.

Once a week, for 25 weeks at five hours a visit, I sat in a full-injection room taking chemotherapy. The drugs caused the usual symptoms of total

fatigue, vomiting, diarrhea and “spent” veins.

Ten months later, I took a P.E.T. scan that detects cancer cell activity on internal organs and another colonoscopy. Today I am 100 percent cancer free!

That’s the story, now the advice for you.

Many of you are aware of skin cancer caused by the sun so you schedule a dermatologist appointment once a year. And the ladies are acutely aware of the signs and tests for breast cancer, so they schedule precautionary checkups. But, how many of you schedule a colonoscopy?

The point is colon cancer affects both men and women and is the No. 2 cause of cancer deaths. Why? Because symptoms are vague. The American Cancer Society recommends colon screening starting at age 50. Baloney. Forty is more like it.

So, enjoy your wings every now and then, but be in touch with yourself.

The second part of my message is that support from friends and family is critical to recovery. I was overwhelmed from the support I received. Much of this was from my USPTA mates. The letters, phone calls and visits made me fight (a necessary ingredient). Thank you so very much for all the support I received from my buds!

Mike Puc, USPTA
Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

CEO's message

My summer vacation

A tale of two very different trips to historic Wimbledon

Growing up as a young boy, my life's ambition was to play at Wimbledon. I not only wanted to "play," but also to win the tournament. Sadly, my hopes are beginning to fade that I will achieve the latter goal, but I was fortunate to achieve the former. In fact, I competed at Wimbledon, the U.S. Open (then known as the U.S. National Championship at Forest Hills) and many other tournaments in special parts of the world.

I still have vivid memories of the courts, the crowds, the opponents and the scores of my most successful matches. I've looked forward to sharing these memories with my children and, if not to coach them at these storied competitions, to have them with me at the very courts on which I played, recounting many stories that I'm sure have gained substance with each passing year.

So, this summer, my wife, my young children and I set forth on one of my dream trips – returning to the grass courts of Wimbledon. The first mistake we made was to ignore some of my late mother's best advice when we packed far too many pieces of luggage and set off for London with my 13-year-old son and my 12- and 4-year-old daughters.

Forty-five years earlier, my mother allowed me to pack only two pairs of shorts, four shirts, a coat, a sweater, one pair of long pants, a toothbrush, a comb and perhaps a few other personal items. She also told me to discard the shorts and shirts in favor of the same number of "drip-dry" items that would surely be given to me by the Fred Perry Company as soon as its officials realized I had some talent. I'm sure that I and every other player – including legends like Rod Laver, Alex Olmedo and Ken Rosewall – had similar instructions from their moms on how to wash shorts, shirts and socks following a hard day's play and hang them in the bathtub to dry.

There would be no lack of clothing or any hand washing on my 2004 trip to Wimbledon. My family

ventured out with three full-length HEAD rolling bags, one clothing carrying bag, a six-pack HEAD racquet bag (stuffed with racquets and Pro Penn balls), a back pack for each child, a video camera carrying case, a still camera bag, three large rolling tote bags and my computer bag laden with a computer and bulging at the seams with electronic adaptors for every imaginable electronic device that otherwise wouldn't run on England's 220-volt current.

So, the first important lesson learned: Never travel to Wimbledon with more than two pairs of shorts, four shirts, a coat, a sweater, one pair of long pants, a toothbrush, comb and perhaps a few other personal items.

The extra baggage continued to make a difference in my most recent Wimbledon experience. While the train or "tube" system in London is one of the world's most efficient above and underground systems, it was much easier to navigate as a young man with only one piece of luggage and three racquets. Although much of the underground system survived the

German blitzkrieg during World War II, I wondered if it would survive my family's journey through its trains and thoroughways on the way to our hotel.

After plodding like pack animals for an hour or two, we reached our hotel. On the Internet, the place had been touted as four-star accommodations. I thought surely it would be only a minor step down from the five-star resorts that usually host USPTA's World Conferences back in the States. After all, the room rates were about \$250 per night, and though I knew we wouldn't have a beach view, it wasn't beyond my imagination that we would be able to see the Thames River from our rooms. Wrong!

After dragging 14 bags up and the down stairs, through seven fire doors and passageways that were only as wide as the HEAD roller bags we carried, we arrived at our basement rooms, each with three



Tim Heckler

*"... time and life
itself have a way of
changing you and
your viewpoint more
than anything else
around you."*

continued next page

from previous page

3-foot-wide roller beds with less than 2 feet of living space between them. There was a small shower in each room that was more suited to children than adults.

Needless to say, the hotel didn't meet my expectations. During my first trip to England, I didn't have any expectations. As a teenager from a small town in South Africa, I was happy to be able to travel anywhere, much less compete at the world's greatest tennis venue.

The second important lesson learned: Never book hotel accommodations before thoroughly researching your options. The Internet is great for giving us instant access to everything imaginable, but it's not unlike all the flashy advertising that lures us into buying something we really don't want or need. Armed with what the Internet provides, call the hotel directly, or ask a travel agent for advice on picking overseas accommodations.

We hadn't been in our hotel room more than a few minutes when we realized it wasn't air-conditioned. In fact, we figured out pretty quickly that there was little or no air conditioning in much of London. Even worse, we heard Londoners bragging about the heat wave they were having.

Dripping with sweat and suffering from jet lag, we opened the windows, settled in and tried to make the best of it. Our next surprise came at 5 a.m. the next morning when a woman walked down the outside steps in front of our open basement window and began to part the curtains to look inside. My yelling startled her and she responded with disgruntled mumbling, "Gawd, blimey, I

was jus lookin fer me bouyfriend." She continued grumbling as she made her way up the steps, acting as if I – and not her – had been in the wrong place.

I can honestly say the weather and hotel accommodations in London this summer were much the same as they were 45 years earlier. When I traveled to London in my teens, I hadn't even experienced the luxury of air conditioning in South Africa. And, I'm sure I would have enjoyed a good laugh at the expense of the poor woman looking for her "bouyfriend" at 5 a.m. And, jet lag certainly wasn't in my vocabulary at 17.

After a short stay in the city, we visited my wife's family in the English countryside. It was relaxing and a little cooler. When we returned to London, we made arrangements to stay at a different hotel *with air conditioning*, and the remainder of the trip was less eventful than our stressful arrival.

While I thoroughly enjoyed sharing my Wimbledon memories with my family, the trip was not the thrilling experience it was in my youth. Of course, time and life itself have a way of changing you and your viewpoint more than anything else around you.

So, the third important lesson learned: "You can't go home again," at least according to Thomas Wolfe. In my case, you can't return to London and Wimbledon after 45 years and expect everything to be as magical as it was the first time, especially with three kids, a wife, 14 bags, no air conditioning and a lot more years behind you! ☺



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