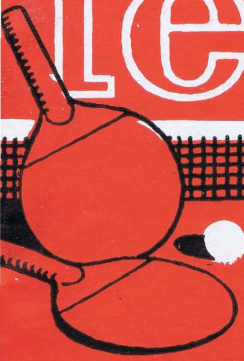


Table Tennis REVIEW

Vol. 6

No. 5

SUMMER - 1952



NEWS

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VIEWS

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HINTS

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(Birmingham)



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TABLE TENNIS

REVIEW

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Melbourne, Australia.

Vol. 6 No. 5

SUMMER, 1952

One Shilling

Facing a Divided Country

WE have no doubts at all about the outcome of Ken Stanley's official New Zealand coaching tour. Ken is one of the most charming and likeable personalities in the game and his abilities as a coach are as good as the best. Had Ken lived in London and had the greater opportunities that the Metropolis offers (plus the favours of the English Association), then it is quite on the cards that he would by now have been acclaimed as England's best coach. Another obstacle in Ken's table tennis career was the war. In 1939 he was in world class, then off he went overseas where his opportunities were limited to capturing the All-India title.

Now touring New Zealand he faces a country half of which was against engaging the services of a coach. The preference was to spend the rather large amount on the sending of a team to Bombay for the world series. People outside New Zealand would perhaps not have much difficulty in deciding which of the two was likely to improve the playing standards of the country the most, but unless we know and understand all the facts we are not in a position to judge such domestic matters.

By a slight majority a decision was reached and now Ken is on the job, and knowing Ken as we do, we know he will do that job conscientiously and enthusiastically. What we all hope is that Ken's personality and ability will unite New Zealand opinion and that they will all wholeheartedly avail themselves of the valuable service he has to offer.

It is satisfying to see that already some of the opponents to the coaching scheme are beginning to sing his praises. That is satisfying not because it proves Ken's calibre but, more important still, because it proves the grand sportsmanship of New Zealanders. [In true democratic manner they have accepted the decision of the slight majority and have extended the hand of friendship to the visitor from overseas. No doubt they are now waiting to see whether the decision for a coach was the better of the two. Their ultimate opinions may bring Ken Stanley home loaded with laurels and if that happens then a number of nations will get a surprise when New Zealand officially competes in its first World Championships.

ARTHUR WAITE.

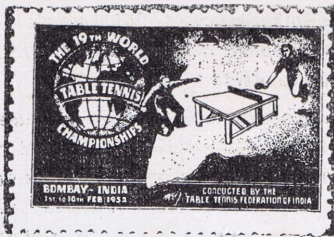
The Editor invites readers to submit articles for consideration. Payment at usual rates. Every assistance will be given to would-be contributors and MSS. need not be typed.

DOWN THE WHITE LINE

by "Gossima"

Why is it always necessary (or seemingly necessary) for exhibition players to indulge in five minutes of 'knocking up' before starting their programme? 'Twould be fantastic if a ballet group went through a series of limbering exercises before the audience, or a boxer insisted on a little shadow boxing before starting the show. Mr. F. J. Winnen of Cheltenham was obviously thinking along these lines when he sent us the following: "I am one of the many who are weary of endless knocking up at table tennis matches and exhibitions. May I suggest that the warming up process take place before the advertised time of start of the match, and thereafter the players 'come out fighting.'"

League Champion at 14 years . . . is that a record? Against an entry of 89, which included four Yorkshire County players, 14-year-old Ron Jackson played brilliantly to win the Hull & East Riding Singles Championship. Ron also reached the final of the Doubles event. The Hull League is justifiably proud of this quiet and intelligent youngster. They ask us to remember the name for future reference.



Stamp issued by the Table Tennis Federation of India to celebrate the World Series in Bombay. Colour of the stamp is brown

If the table tennis clubs throughout England will support a guarantee fund of £4,000 then the World Championships for 1954 would probably be held in England. Each club is being asked to guarantee £1. But Scarborough has not waited for

decisions to be made and in conjunction with the North-East England Championships held at Easter, a Whist Drive and Social Evening was organised. Approximately £5 was made to give the fund a start.

The Buble Brothers are still interested in their project of a Professional table tennis organisation. They maintain that professional table tennis has a great future and contend that showmanship and spectacle can place the game on a footing favourable to players and public alike. Eddie Buble said some time ago, "Stars from all over the world are expressing enthusiasm for professionalism and I am frequently receiving inquiries from Continental, American and British aces." It will be remembered that the Bubleys first announced their intention to stage professional table tennis some four years ago. It may be that their plans are now nearing completion for there has been some talk of a first World Professional Table Tennis Championship, the winner to receive £20.

The age of 30 may seem a bit late to start learning table tennis with a view to collecting a few titles, but it wasn't so in the case of Pat Fry, of the Guildford League. Now, at the age of 42, Pat has decided to retire from competitive play. Seven times she captured the Women's Singles title of Guildford and regularly took part in men's inter-town matches. At the recent annual dinner of the League she was presented with a special gift. Secretary Percy Lawes said: "Pat could always win as graciously as she could lose, and lose as graciously as she could win. I hope our youngsters have learnt much from her."

During the Guildford Championship finals exhibition games were given by Victor Barna, Alec Brook and Chilean Champion, Vicente Gutierrez. The Chilean Swaythling Cup player, who is now spending a few months in England on his way back home after the World Series, proved himself a worthy successor to Laslo Bellak when it comes to T.T. clowning.

Rarely can there have been so much laughter at a table tennis match as there was when the incomparable Barna "played" the Chilean, Vicente Gutierrez. Words cannot do justice to the truly amazing feats of the South American, who lay on the ground, or on the table, or ran around it to bring off his shots. He hit the ball into the ceiling so that it landed over the net; he played with the bat between his teeth; hit, kicked, or blew the ball; and had the crowd rolling in their seats. Barna could, of course, have thrashed him off the table, but he too can turn on the comedy and the pair thoroughly enjoyed their own performance.

Pictured on this page, 16-year-old Philomena Heppel, of Hexham-on-Tyne, Northumberland, holder of the Hartlepool Open Senior title. Philomena entered the English Open but went out to Diane Rowe in the Seniors and to Jill Rook in the Juniors. She recently left the Convent of the Sacred Heart Grammar School, Newcastle, and has to travel 20 miles to play table tennis at her club. She played cricket for her school and plays hockey for her county. This summer she hopes to take part in county cricket.

A pen-friend is wanted by Kompalli Narasimha Roa. Address: Laksmi Nilayam, Brodiepet, Guntur, Madras, India. Narasimha writes in fairly good English.

Ken Craigie is not normally a pot hunter, but he does admit there is one trophy he would dearly love to win. It is the cup awarded the winner of the London Table Tennis League's knock-out men's singles championships. The trophy is truly a magnificent affair—a tall, slender and dignified creation in solid silver fit to grace the sideboard of any home. Bob Blower, secretary of the London League, claims it is the most valuable table tennis award in the world, being insured for £200. But Ken has to wait at least another year before he can stake a claim for the bauble. At this year's L.L. championships he progressed to the final and was eyeing the cup in possessive anticipation. Then along came Jimmy Lowe, his opposing finalist, and beat him 3-2. Never mind, Ken. Content yourself for the time being with the new son your missus has presented you.



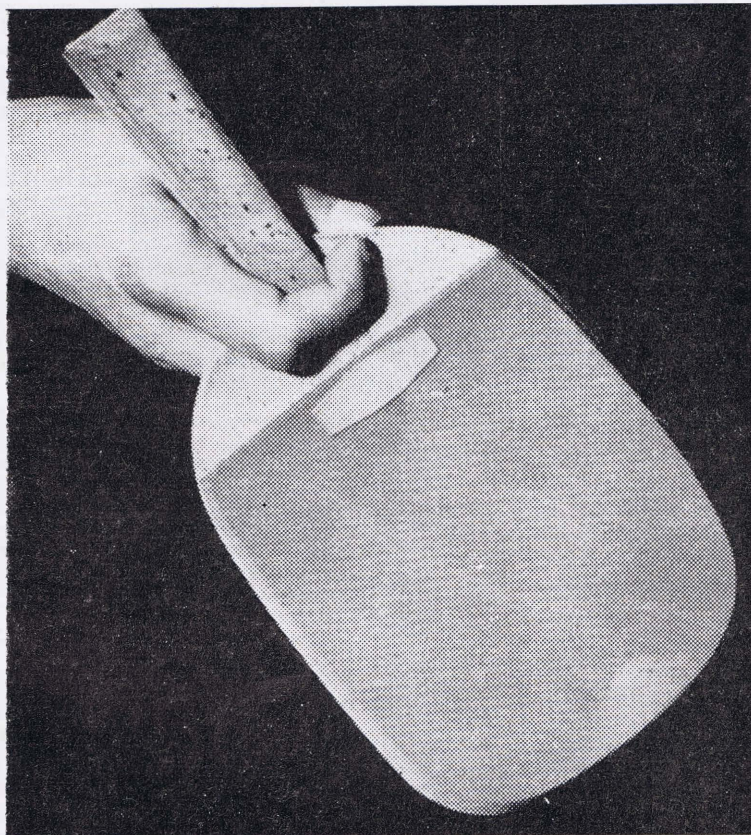
PHILOMENA HEPPELL



The victorious Japanese team. Left to Right : Narikazu Fujii, Daisuke Daimon (Non-Playing Captain), Thadaaki Hayashi, Shizuka Narahara, H. Kido (Manager), (Empfangschef), Tonie Nishimura, Hiroji Satoh

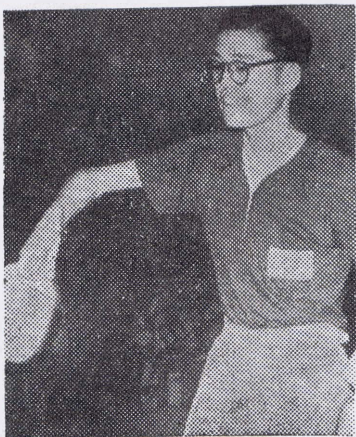


The Hon. Ivor Montagu presents the trophy to the Japanese Corbillon Cup team, Marahara and Nishimura



The bat that won the world title for Satoh. Crepe rubber on one side and sponge rubber on the other side. Square shaped and the style of 25 years ago

World Champion



HIROJI SATOH (Japan), World Champion

ENGLISH TEAM FOR JAPAN

An English team consisting of Richard Bergmann and Johnny Leach left England on June 14, 1952, for a tour of Japan by arrangement with the Japan Table Tennis Association. In the course of the tour two International matches against Japan will be played—the first one at Kyoto on July 4, and the second at Tokyo on July 19.

It is understood that subsequent to the Japanese tour Leach and Bergmann will be proceeding to a number of other countries before they return to England.

Cover Portrait

PAM MORTIMER
(Birmingham)

Pam introduces both glamour and undoubted skill into major tournament events.

★ ★ American Viewpoint ★ ★

Extract from a *Chicago Tribune* report,

by **DAVID CONDON**

SHARON KOEHNKE, a 17 year old high school senior who lives in a Glen Ellyn ranch type home built around a ping-pong table, has returned from England after taking the headline and picture space in British newspapers away from good Queen Bess.

There are those, of course, who say Sharon never would have accomplished this had not her legs been more shapely than Bessie's—or more shapely than what you can see of Bessie's legs. On the other hand, Bess is a queen and in England a queen can darn well write her own ticket.

Sharon was in England less than a week before she became sensational copy and editors neglected all sorts of folksy items—except the horse race results—to feature stories and vital statistics concerning Miss Koehnke (pronounced Conkey).

The rush started when London press agents began searching for ideas to promote sale of 12,000 tickets for a table tennis tournament. They were desperate, since if there is anything more difficult than the

Chicago Black Hawks to sell the sporting public, it would be 12,000 table tennis tickets.

Pretty Sharon has Brown Hair but Press Agents See Red

Then the press agents thought of Sharon. Within hours, newspapers reported that British table tennis officials were shocked by red-haired Sharon's "daring" costumes. This was true—except that Sharon has light brown hair and no one was complaining about her costumes, which, though cute, still cover as much as a baseball writer's unaudited expense account.

This publicity drew capacity crowds to the British Open tournament. Sharon showed up, trim and pretty, in regulation green shorts and jersey, to finish second in junior women's singles and doubles. Sharon reserved the frilly ensembles for non-tournament matches and the only suggestion she was "daring" came when she was asked not to wear lipstick while playing an exhibition at a sedate girls' school.

There were whistles, naturally, from appreciative young men in the audience, but whistling at a pretty young lady is not strictly a British pastime. It also is done in Glen Ellyn, Ill.

FOOTNOTE.—In typical newspaper fashion the *Chicago Tribune*, second largest paper in U.S. and usually anti-British, twists the true facts to make them more palatable for its own readers. The above article will make amusing reading for English readers and people who know England. It is a recognised fact that Finals night at Wembley is usually a full house, but on this occasion, taking the Friday and Saturday nights into consideration there was a slight fall in the gate.

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Limited number of back issues received. October, November, December, 1951, and January, February, March, April, May, 1952. Price, Sixpence each, postage free.

From :
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Sharon Koehnke

with
Paul Whiteman
(King of Jazz)
in the
Paul Whiteman
television show

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Approximately mid-March

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ALAN RHODES, ENGLAND'S "VANA" IS MODEST AND AMBITIOUS

IT is typical of Alan Rhodes that, when asked (somewhat fatuously) by admirers as to "what happened" when he lost to Gloucester's Bob Griffen in the English Open, he replied without hesitation: "He was the better player."

The Wembley boy did not deem it worth his while to qualify his statement by saying that he had only half-an-hour previously finished an epic and victorious five-set struggle with Rene Roothoof, the French star who was the tournament's number one "seed." Many and many a battler, and not necessarily loud-mouths or excuse makers at that, would have been quick to say they were tired—and it would have been no phoney alibi.

Alan had, in fact, worn himself out beating the world-ranking Frenchman, whose defeat was perhaps the biggest shock of the tournament. When the Londoner faced Griffen he was a tired young man, with the elasticity, pep and power drained from him. With all due respect to Bob, the result, in this scribe's opinion, might have been very different had Rhodes been fresh.

This, however, is a little beside the point. The "better man" remark is typical of Alan in that he is modest and, away from the table, self-effacing to an astonishing degree. Not a vestige of side, swank, self-opinion or blah has any place in his make-up. Picture a slender youth of medium height, with a shock of curly hair, rosy complexion, a grin that almost literally splits his face in two and a disposition which makes all who meet him incline very strongly in his favour, and you have a rough picture of Alan Rhodes.

What else is there about this left-handed player who rocked the table tennis world by striking Roothoof's colours in the "English" and who this season has been forcing his way into the limelight in dashing style?

Alan is 19 years old. He learned to play, when shin-high to a midget, on a dining-room table, graduating to something resembling a pukka table at the Willesden Technical School and the Wembley Institute. In his tyro days he showed no marked talent for the game. On the contrary he was, as he himself succinctly puts it, "very poor." The sport having entered his blood he stuck to it and gradually found himself the possessor of a healthy forehand wallop and with an instinct for quick movement.

Two years ago he had his first real success, winning the Wembley Closed, and since then has left his mark on many a sorrowing senior player. Alan's tigerish aggression and dazzling smashes have been known to reduce many a man who fancied himself, to impotence.

Alan is already known in some quarters as "the English Vana"—and, indeed, his remarkable speed of foot, the manner in which he dictates the pace of a game and his tremendously powerful forehand smashes from all sides of the table are more than slightly reminiscent of the great Czechoslovakian ace. It is not without interest or significance that of all players in the world, the London youth most admires Bohumil V.

Alan is apprenticed to a signwriter and has a leaning towards art; but art, so he is quick to point out, must take a back seat until his table tennis ambitions are fulfilled. Those ambitions are: (1) to be a member of the first team to bring the Swaythling Cup to England; (2) to win the World and English titles; (3) to travel the world playing T.T., and (4) to make the game his full-time profession.

Has he the qualities to make even half those dreams come true? I refuse to rhapsodise over him, knowing as I do how time and again an outstandingly promising youngster does nothing more than promise big things until he disappears from the scene altogether; but I will go on record as saying that Alan has the equipment, temperament and level-headedness to go a long way. If he maintains his present level of progress and learns by experience, he's destined for top stardom. Personally, I shall be very disappointed if he doesn't hit the high spots—and within the next three years at that.

His views on various aspects of the game are interesting, affecting as they do all players. He would like State aid for the game, thus making possible free coaching on an extensive scale, adequate playing facilities in all cities and rural centres, and free entry in open tournaments for all competitors under 21. He deplores the lack of hygienic changing rooms and bath facilities at the majority of clubs and halls. He believes that no player should smoke, drink or keep late hours, maintaining that too little regard is paid by too many players to the vital need for peak physical fitness.

His views on clothes? "Let a player wear what he likes, so long as his clothing

North-East England Open

Scarborough—Easter.

TRIPLE TITLE FOR LEACH

The most successful tournament ever held at Scarborough, over 200 competitors and over 500 entries, gave pleasure to hundreds of Scarborough holiday makers. The beautiful weather was enjoyed by everyone, with the possible exception of the hard working officials. Almost every event went according to form, but a number of near-shocks kept players and spectators on tip-toe. Possibly the best match of the whole tournament was Brian Kennedy's magnificent win over Ken Craigie in the men's singles semi-final. Down 18-20 in the third game, Kennedy brought off an amazing retrieve from a net-ball which had almost reached the ground, won the next point with a glorious edge-slam, and went on to win the game 23-21.

Johnnie Leach is still the master. Playing well within himself, he appeared to have sufficient reserves to beat Kennedy comfortably in the final. Maybe he needed to convince himself of his superiority over Kennedy after the hectic exhibition match on Easter Sunday night at the Olympia Ballroom when Kennedy beat him in the most exciting event of the evening.

The Rowe twins are still supreme, winning the ladies doubles with ease, and a very tired Rosalind had a fortunate win over unlucky Diane in the final of the W.S.

Other highlights of the tournament—Benny Casofsky's improved form, W. E. Gallagher's excellent display in the final of the youths' singles, R. Newton's (Cheshire) grand recovery to beat M. N. Sugarhood in the J.B. final, Philomena Heppell's easy win in the J. Girls, and the Scarborough chairman's (Mr. Austin Harrison) convincing victory over George

(Continued from previous page)
is clean and he looks neat. Shorts? I prefer trousers, because my legs are thin. Pins like mine are best covered. But shorts are the best for play, there's no doubt about that."

And it's good to hear this possible giant of the future discourse thus: "England has no need to worry about her future. There are plenty of young players who'll be ready to take over when Leach, Bergmann and Simons have had it. If I'm one of the fortunate players chosen to succeed that great trio, I hope I shall prove myself worthy of the wonderful honour."

T.S.

Hurlock in the over 60 "challenge." The Mayor of Scarborough presented the trophies, including silver medals to the winner and challenger in the "over 60s."

Altogether a memorable 50th anniversary of the Scarborough and District Table Tennis Association.

RESULTS

Men's Singles Semi-Final.—J. Leach beat B. Casofsky, 21-16, 17-21, 21-11; B. Kennedy beat K. Craigie, 17-21, 21-15, 23-21. *Final.*—J. Leach beat B. Kennedy, 21-13, 11-21, 21-9, 21-14.

Mixed Doubles.—Leach and Craigie beat Allcock and Casofsky, 21-17, 21-12.

Women's Singles.—R. Rowe beat D. Rowe, 23-21, 22-20.

Women's Doubles.—D. and R. Rowe beat C. K. Best and P. Heppel, 21-15, 21-13.

Mixed Doubles.—J. Leach and D. Rowe beat B. Kennedy and R. Rowe, 21-14, 21-17.

Youths' Singles.—W. E. Gallagher beat R. Moseley, 21-18, 21-17.

Junior Boys' Singles.—R. Newton beat M. N. Sugarhood, 20-22, 21-11, 21-14.

Junior Girls' Singles.—P. Heppel beat E. Burnett, 21-10, 21-13.

Veterans' Singles.—T. N. F. Smith beat C. Waugh, 21-11, 22-20.

Over 60 Challenge.—Mr. A. Harrison beat Mr. G. Hurlock, 21-18, 21-15.

SCOTTISH OPEN FINALS EASTER, 1952—EDINBURGH

RESULTS

Men's Singles.—V. Mercer (Ireland) beat I. E. Martin (Ireland) (holder), 21-13, 21-10, 19-21, 21-17.

Men's Doubles.—V. Mercer and I. E. Martin (Ireland) (holders) beat Alex Metcalfe (Scotland) and R. E. Griffen (Glos.), 21-16, 21-17, 21-13.

Women's Singles.—Miss Helen Elliot (Scotland) (holder) beat Miss J. Mackat (Birmingham), 21-12, 21-13.

Women's Doubles.—Miss Helen Elliot and Miss E. L. Pithie (Scotland) (holders) beat Miss E. Grimstone and Mrs. D. Wilkinson (Cheshire), 21-6, 21-13.

Mixed Doubles.—R. Kerr and Miss Helen Elliot (Scotland) (holders) beat V. Mercer and Mrs. Mercer (Ireland), 21-18, 21-19.

Junior Singles.—C. Pursell (Greenock) beat R. Park (Aberdeen), 21-15, 21-17.

★ Get Fit for Next Season

★ By Donald F. Featherstone, M.C.S.P.

HOW many players recognise the importance of physical fitness to their game? Ex-world's champion Johnny Leach obviously does because he spends several mornings training each week with the players of professional soccer club, Crystal Palace. It is obvious that international class table tennis is a top-line sport, requiring a high standard of physical and mental preparation. But so is county and club table tennis—and the higher the standard of physical fitness, the better the play.

In any sport there can be found six main headings under which training is laid out—Balance, Flexibility, Agility, Strength, Power and Stamina or Endurance. Any athlete who possesses these qualities will be light, agile and able to perform movement: in all directions with very little effort, he will also have absolute complete control over his body. All these qualities are required in table tennis and every player who takes the trouble to acquire them will improve beyond all recognition. And not only will there be a physical improvement but also a mental gain, because well-trained people feel good, they look fit with their light step, high head, alert eyes and clear brain. Don't you think that you would play better and enjoy your game more if you felt that way?

It is a well-known fact that some athletes are "born" to it, every sport has them and they reach the top whilst the average player never gets there in spite of hard and conscientious practice. Their gift lies in that they possess a very high degree of nervous control over their movements, a gift not held by more than one athlete in a million. But it is possible to compensate for the lack of that control by progressive physical training. For example, in America recently tests were held at which trained and untrained athletes had to press a bell push as soon as a light flashed in front of them. In every single case the trained man's time was quicker than that of the untrained, proving that one's reactions to a sudden signal can be improved by training. That can be applied 100 per cent. to table tennis, where the winner is the player who reacts quickest to the stroke played by his opponent.

Mystery 20 per cent.

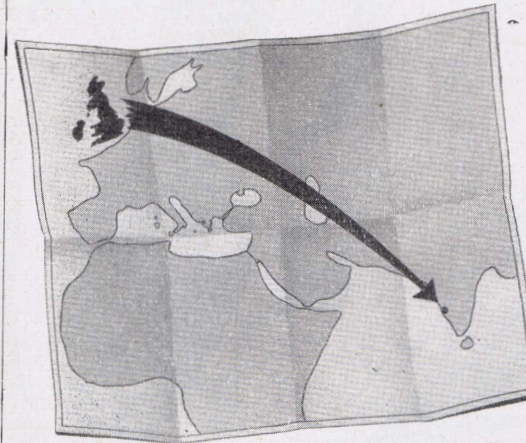
A doctor, Dr. Franklin Henry, recently carried out a number of experiments on sportsmen, and found out that success in most types of sport is about 20 per cent. self-confidence. Another 20 per cent. depends upon skill and technique—great athletes very rarely have any outstanding physical development, the differences between them and normal men are due to training, their technique and judgment contributing as much as physique to their success. Forty per cent., according to Dr. Henry, is how the body works, and includes such factors as the way in which the body uses up energy, the efficiency of the heart and lungs, how the muscles operate and why a muscle becomes tired, etc. The final 20 per cent. ? Dr. Henry is forced to admit that so far he does not know what the final 20 per cent. of sports success depends upon, but that elusive percentage is being tracked down so that we can find out just what makes an athlete tick !

A Training Plan

Having proved that physical fitness is necessary to the table tennis player who wishes to become a top-liner, it now remains to outline what form of training is required. Of course it will not be the same as that performed by a boxer or a soccer player, but it will take some effort and will cause the expenditure of some sweat ! Exercising is sometimes boring, but is very necessary, 10 minutes spent each night and morning, in the garden or by an open window will work wonders. General exercise of a loosening-up type are required, with arms swinging, trunk rolling and shoulder lifting as a basis. Do not forget the legs as they can make or mar your agility—skipping is always good, improving agility and breathing, light rhythmic jogging on the spot or bouncing-type exercises also will help. Get up a little earlier and walk some of the way to the office or factory, in fact make a point of having a steady, brisk walk each day. Another way of obtaining fitness is by means of games, such pastimes as squash racquets might fit the bill, but would possibly affect your stroke play or timing for table tennis.

If physical training promises so much in raising the standard of our game and in preventing us from tiring, why is it so

Bukta TO BOMBAY



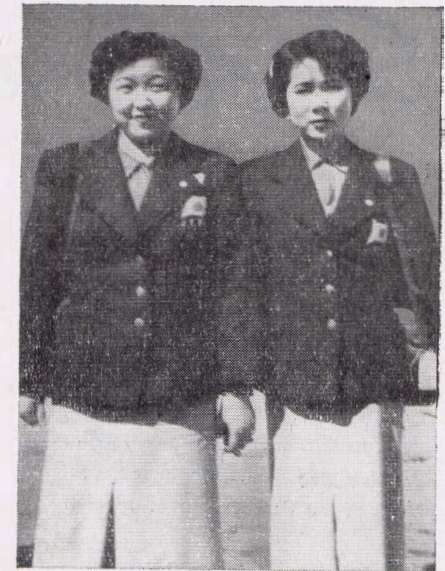
An S.O.S. was recently received from India for Table Tennis Kit, with the stipulation that it must be BUKTA. The outfits were sent by Air and arrived in good time for the WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS. You can have these self same Outfits in the regulation design from your local Outfitter, and they are not only good but sensibly priced at 13/9 for the Shirts and 30/- for the Shorts.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD OUTFITTERS

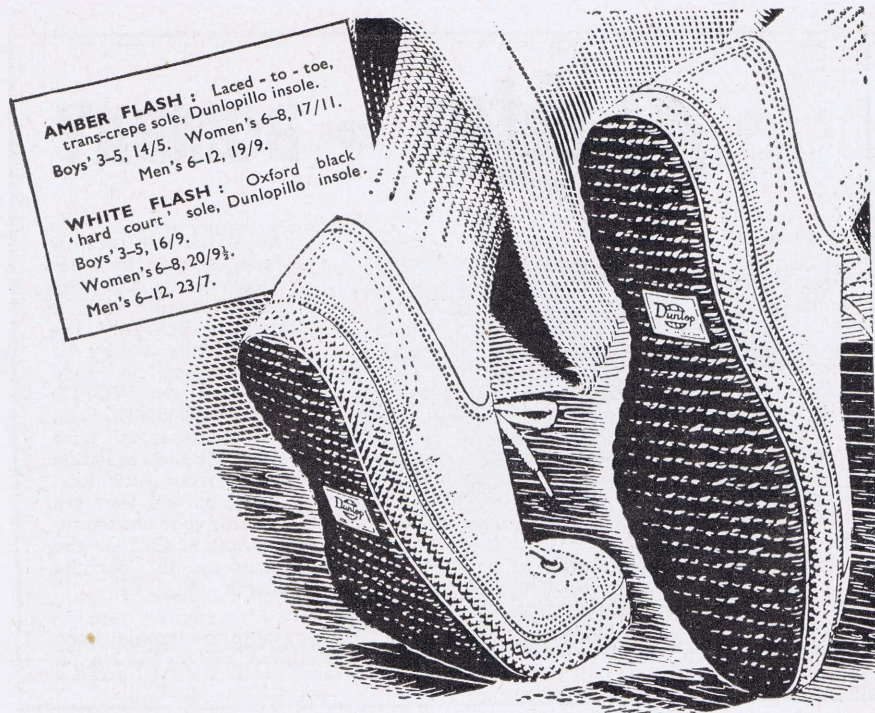
ignored? Is it because we need a literal "kick in the pants." Can it be through lack of realisation, or is it because like education, the benefits are mostly in the future? The first day of a training programme will leave the muscles sore, because the muscular system doesn't like the extra burden. But after the tenth day, if you can stick it that long, little or no stiffness is felt, because your body has become more efficient. After a month or six weeks many adjustments have been made, your nerves, circulation and breathing have improved, your muscles have become larger and firmer, fat has gone and your digestion has improved. You feel younger because your body has improved. Exercise improves the circulation of the blood and the better the cells forming your body are washed by the blood, the younger they stay. Remember, you don't grow old—you just stop growing !

So get out that skipping rope, put on those walking shoes and get cracking this summer on some healthy exercise. A gentle and progressive exercise programme will not only do wonders to your game for next season, but will also make you feel far more like facing the world.

In our Autumn issue there will be a further article in this series, entitled, "How To Improve Your Game."



World Doubles Champions and winners of the 1952 Corbillon Cup event. Japanese girls Tonic Nishimura and Shizuka Narahara



Swift and Sure!

Here are the shoes to match swiftness of hand and eye with swiftness of foot ... the celebrated Dunlop Sports Shoes worn by no less than ninety per cent of the world's competitors in The Championships at Wimbledon this year. The secret is *faultless* fit, *superb* cushioning, *resolute* grip. And the unique coolness of the Ventilex canvas uppers!



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U.S.A. NEWS SHEET

PAGLIARO WINS U.S. TITLE Three titles to Leah Thall-Neuberger

In a dramatic five games final match against six-time Champion, Richard Miles, Lou Pagliaro pulled it out of the fire to win his fourth U.S. Men's Singles Title. "Paggy" was Champion in 1940, '41 and '42, then became inactive but came roaring back this year playing greater than ever to annex the title. (A press report says that Dick Miles took his defeat gracefully and like a true champion.)

In the Women's Singles Leah Neuberger beat Lona Flam, both of New York, in three straight games. The Women's Doubles was also taken in three straight games by Neuberger and Mildren Shaian, defeating Flam and Pauline Robinson. Partnered by Sol Schiff, Mrs. Neuberger took a third title in the Mixed Doubles, beating Peggy Ichkoff and Allen Levy 3-0.

Men's Doubles—Miles and Schiff beat Pagliaro and Johnny Somael 3-2.

Senior Title—Bill Price beat Tibor Hazi 3-1.

* * *

A Michigan Player Says . . .

While we in Michigan agree that Sharon Koehnke is quite a glamorous miss, we wonder if anyone has noticed our own Darlene Grabowski. If not it would be swell for them to do so. Darlene is now playing in big tournaments and she always looks like she has just stepped off the cover of a magazine with her short shorts, matching neck scarves and neat white blouses. Some critics say that glamour is all right in its place . . . well we think that table tennis is the place for Darlene's glamour.

* * *

Some Prizes

It is reported that the U.S. Nationals had the largest array of prizes as well as trophies for all winners, runner-ups, semi-finalists and in some events down to the quarters. There was a T.V. set, watches, jewellery, luggage and a selection of other items too numerous to mention.

* * *

A Bob Green Extract

Writing in U.S. Topics on the world championships, Bob Green writes:—"Bergmann was completely annihilated by one of the Japanese stars and while Bergmann was taking his beating, Johnny Leach was on the side-lines laughing. Immediately after that the same Japanese murdered Leach three straight."

EASTERN T.T. CHAMPIONSHIPS (Philadelphia)

IMPRESSIONS BY GEORGE SEMPELES

Played in February last Sol Schiff defeated Harry Hirschowitz by three straight games in the final of the Eastern T.T. Championships, Bobby Gusikoff won the Junior Singles. You will remember that in my last letter to you I predicted a future for the coming youngsters, Hirschowitz and Gusikoff.

Other results were Schiff and Hazi beat Miles and Borges in the Men's Doubles; while Leah Neuberger beat Lona Flam in the final of the Women's Singles.

Although no official complaints were made players expressed privately their disapproval of the tournament being played in a hall with a *marble floor*. Not only was the footing slippery (wet towels and rosin had to be used) but the marble floor gave a quick bounce to all balls, resulting in 'chop' not taking on the table surface. In other words the ball would hit the table top and bounce right off, not biting in and not allowing the heavy chop to take effect. Consequently the defensive players (including Dick Miles) did not have a fair chance.

In his semi-final match against Schiff, Miles slid all over the floor. Throughout the whole tournament the 'slam-bang' players smashed their way through better players simply because they were more adept at keeping up the offensive. Schiff's policy was to hit at all costs.

* * *

Pauline Robinson writes . . .

I have had your TABLE TENNIS REVIEW for the past three years and would be quite lost without it. By the way, Ken Stanley paid a flying visit to the Broadway Courts the day before the U.S. Nationals. He was on his way to New Zealand to take up his coaching appointment. A very charming guy!

* * *

Lt. J. E. Carr Wants to Know . . .

Why hasn't the U.S. produced a world champion?

Why is there such a difference in U.S. and European style of play?

Why isn't the drop shot used more frequently?

Why is Leah Neuberger so much better than all the other U.S. women and yet beaten by Europeans?

What is the margin of safety in table tennis; do you aim to just get the ball over the net or hit a certain spot on the other side?

(Any comments from readers, either American or otherwise?—Editor).

The Walter Steinitz Column

Walter is 40 years of age and on special occasions acts as interpreter to the English Association. He plays in the Central London League.

Some wives regard our table tennis dealings
With mixed feelings.
They'd rather go to flicks and see two
features
Silly creatures.

* * *

After that frivolous opening let me tell you about a little Wembley incident. I was on duty in my usual capacity of interpreter and I found myself beside Linde Werthl. Trust me to have the nerve to ask a young lady her age. But I'm glad I did. Her unexpected answer was, "I'm 18 to-day." I was amazed! After wishing her many happy returns and presenting her with a bag of sweets I happened to have in my pocket, I retired gracefully to the Referee's table. Upon imparting my news to the "boys and girls" it was unanimously decided that we do something about it.

Mrs. Luki Thun, who mothers the visiting ladies and acts as interpreter when I am not around was put in charge of "Operation Happy Birthday." Luki did a good job because by dinner time she was able to produce a luscious birthday cake on behalf of the E.T.T.A. Little Linde was delighted.

The newspapers were quick to seize the opportunity to report the happy occasion and gave us a nice write-up—which is all good publicity for the game. I was as pleased as Punch about it all, for it all started with me asking rather discreetly, "What's your age, little girl?" I simply couldn't believe she wasn't a junior any longer. Well, well. Time marches on!

* * *

Honorable Editor,

I beg to submit my unworthy misinterpretation regarding the recent successes of the sons and daughters of the land of the rising sun during the World Championships.

These Japanese players must have learnt the game on a correspondence course. You could deduct this from their penholder grip, from the way they blotted out all opposition and erased most names from the top of the world ranking list with the crepe rubber of their bats.

NEW ZEALAND

World Championships v. English Coach

NEW ZEALAND CHANGE OF PLANS

A MOST successful nation-wide lottery was held in New Zealand last year, the original purpose being to send a New Zealand team to the World Championships in Bombay. So successful was the venture that an extra 10,000 tickets had to be printed. Total sales were £2,267, with £357 being awarded for prizes. First prize of £150 was won by a Mr. Catchpole of Dunedin, other prizes being a Refrigerator, Electric Washing Machine, Portable Radio and a Wrist Watch.

Eventually the purpose of the lottery was changed to that of bringing a table tennis coach from England. A Special General Meeting was held in August last at which delegates from twenty Associations were present and the decision to obtain the services of Jack Carrington, or some other top ranking coach, was unanimously reached.

However, in the following November, another Special Meeting was called, attended by 18 delegates and an unsuccessful effort was made to rescind the decision made at the August meeting, the defeated motion being that a New Zealand team be sent to India with the proviso that the players selected give a written guarantee that their services would be available to the game for a period of not less than two years on their return.

In view of the fact that the Indian Federation and also the International Federation had been advised of New Zealand's intention to take part in the world series, many were of the opinion that prestige had been lost and unwanted publicity received by this change of purpose.

A Coach is Chosen

Six applications were received for the position of official coach to the New Zealand Association for the 1952 season, and after giving each application full consideration the offer of Ken Stanley of Lancashire, England, was accepted. Jack Carrington had stated that he was not available and he himself suggested Bergmann, Erhlich (France) and Stanley for consideration.

Terms of the engagement was for a period of six months from April 1st to mid-September, on a basis of 30 hours weekly, mainly afternoons and evenings. All travelling and hospitality to be paid with a fee of £650 clear of expenses. Estimated total cost to be around £1,800.

NEW ZEALAND

About Ken Stanley

by JACK TURNER

TABLE TENNIS in New Zealand started with a bang this year with the arrival of pleasant Ken Stanley from Lancashire as professional coach to the New Zealand Table Tennis Association for the next six months.

Ken came after a storm of controversy had raged in the off season and almost split New Zealand Table Tennis exactly in two. The annual meeting of the New Zealand Association in 1951 had narrowly voted in favour of sending the first fully representative team to the world championships in Bombay.

A special general meeting was called for the last day of the National Championships. The semi-finalists were Russ Algie (who will be remembered for his play in the world event when it was last held in Wembley) and three other Aucklanders. With the prospect of the trip to India Russ had come out of retirement and the three other semi-finalists naturally found their mouths watering as they felt the prospect of their participation in the world event was now indeed bright. It was not to be.

At the time I wrote, "At about 4 p.m. on that Friday afternoon, with a bang that could have been heard in Bombay, the bottom dropped out of New Zealand Table Tennis, when the most representative gathering of New Zealand table tennis officials ever, decided to rescind the decision to send a New Zealand team to India."

Well, all sorts of things were alleged to have happened after this. The semi-finalists in the men's singles were said to have gone on strike when the decision was made known to them, but this was never substantiated to official satisfaction despite charge and countercharges by the players and officials running the tournament.

Some of the most uninteresting finals were played that night that have ever been seen in the National Championships and at this year's annual meeting, the chairman of the New Zealand executive, Verne Mitchell, (well known to English tourists Richard Bergmann, Viktor Barna and Johnny Leach) was outspoken in his criticism of these nationally ranked players who he inferred had "pulled" the final matches because of their disappointment over the India decision earlier in the day.

Later, and getting into the New Zealand Summer, after much lobbying another special general meeting was called—delegates travelling thousand of miles—for an attempt to rescind the decision of the last general meeting and send the team after all. Things were getting really out of hand.

By an even more slender majority the idea of a team was defeated and the coach confirmed. There were whispers in dark places of voting irregularities, and even more irregular, scrutineers were questioned.

After this last reversal the pro-tourists with some bad grace accepted their defeat and the pro-coachites jubilantly, and not without the odd touch of unnecessary gloating, set about perfecting arrangements for "Coach Era 1952."

It was on this kind of scene that Ken Stanley (poor unsuspecting Ken!) stepped when he alighted at the airways terminus in Auckland.

The 1952 annual meeting held a week before Ken arrived showed only too plainly that the wounds of the 1951 crises had left their scars—on some more vivid than others.

If finance can be arranged (and there is no reason why it shouldn't) an All Black team will play in the world championships in 1953 which the latest information in New Zealand indicates will be held in England. This idea was endorsed by all—the 1951 pro-coachites with a Nero-like benignity, and the pro-tourists clinging to it falsely pretending it was a solace for their wounded pride.

Ken has already completed over a week of coaching in the capital, Wellington, and has now disappeared into the hinterland, though I'm sure the New Zealand Association will make inquiries if he does not come out again in a month or two!

He has a terrific job in front of him as all realise, but on his appearances so far there could hardly be a better man for the task. He may or may not get all the co-operation he deserves from associations—there have already been hintings that those opposed to the coach idea will not be over-anxious to help.

If this is anyways true it is a poor commentary on the standard of New Zealand sportsmanship and I blush at the very thought.

Strolling Down Table Tennis Avenue

with Sam Kirkwood

A QUESTION which frequently crops up in the course of general conversation between players is: Why is it that of the many outstanding promising youngsters so very few make the grade? True it is that of the abundance of boys and girls who look potential world beaters at 13, 14 and 15, hardly a one develops into even a player of average English international class. My theory is that this is because (a) many of them don't play sufficiently in the right company, and eventually peter out miserably through sheer lack of keen competition and the vital experience that goes with it; (b) lack of proper encouragement and incentive; (c) no coaching at all, or coaching which shapes them into mediocrities; and (d) as they get older the kids lose their fire and liveness and stiffen up physically and mentally.

* * *

"1,001 ALIBIS FOR LOSERS." That is the title for a book which could coin a fortune for an enterprising and imaginative writer. So many players deem an alibi necessary after a thrashing, and so hackneyed are the alleged reasons put forward by the thrashed, that such a tome seems to me to have a wide and ready-made market. Look at the crop of alibis which have been battered to death for years. "I was right off form." "The light was bad." "The table was too fast/slow/soft/hard." "The umpire was against me." "The other bloke had all the luck." "There was no runback." You know 'em all. They've got mildew on them. This suggested book would contain something more dignified in the why-I-lost line. Examples: "The rarefied atmosphere reacted unfavourably on the sphere. Being more sensitive to the subtle change, I was naturally more susceptible." Or: "He was so frightfully keen on winning, poor little fellow, that I simply hadn't the heart to take all those absurdly easy points begging to be picked up." Got the idea? Of course, when you come to think of it we could all be devastatingly original merely by saying: "I got the whopping I deserved from a better player. Good luck to him." However, that's too much to hope for. Is there a budding author in the house?

* * *

Ivor Jones and Bobby Stevens are a young Essex doubles pair with fine victories to their credit. They are dashing and enterprising boys who comprise a formidable combination which looks like going places.

But how I do wish Ivor, a slender bespectacled youth with a flowing mane of golden hair, would cease to indulge in his playing to the gallery. He is rather amusing, in a brash sort of way, when one sees him for the first time, but after that he begins to assume the dreary aspect of a bore. He'll be a lot better player, and get better results, when he cuts out the clowning and tomfoolery. He could do a lot worse than emulate his much less ebullient partner, the sober Bobby, who for my money is the main strength of the twosome.

* * *

At a recent inter-league match in London a doubles game was in progress. The umpire, a somewhat elderly official wearing spectacles, was seated. During the first set of the game, a vital one in the closely contested match, four services were sent down on the wrong side of the middle line—yet, nary a word was said from the chair. When the fifth foul service was sent over a bystander pointed it out to the umpire who, thereafter, did what he should have done in the first place, namely, stand up. I'm not

"For Service"

THE

"KEN STANLEY"

(AUTOGRAPH BAT)

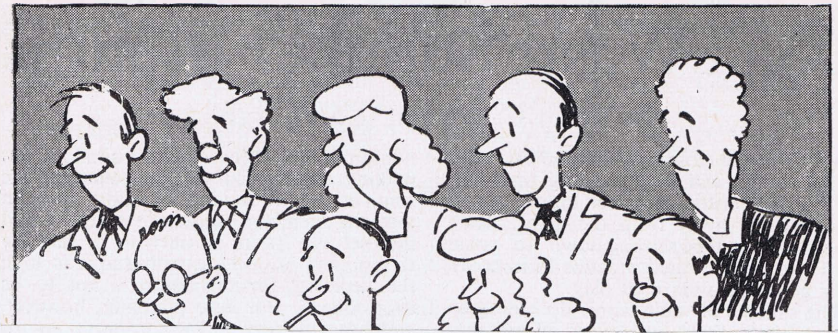
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going into a long rigmarole taking a poke at umpires, who are a sitting target for all and sundry, anyway; but I will say this: Many good officials are not young men (and certainly not all are blessed with the best of eyesight), and standing during the course of a match is a strain. The answer is simple. Why not raised chairs such as are used by lawn tennis umpires? The chairs need only be a foot or two higher than the normal sit-you-down articles, and would be comfortable perches from which officials could view from on high every phase of a game, doubles and singles, and at the same time enjoy comfort.

* * *

A lot of talk has been going on in the English official magazine, talk occasioned by a correspondent who very bravely said, in broad effect, that ping-pong (his name) is only a minor sport which has no place for dress glamour. Much as I am compelled to admire his heroism in daring to express his views, I cannot commend his outlook, not by a very long chalk. I was pleased to note the rush of letters from table tennis enthusiasts from all over the world which bitterly condemned and soundly berated the gentleman for his startling comments. The letters partly convinced me that table tennis is not comparatively in the dumps due to a general outlook in keeping with events in 1900. Yet, at the same time, I am somewhat sceptical that the E.T.T.A. altogether disagree with the correspondent, for what has been done in recent years to brighten up the game as befits a major sport! As for glamorising players—'nuff said, kiddies! You know my views on this particular matter.

* * *

I suppose we have all, at some time or other been amused by the comments of players who boob shots. Many confine their reaction to mild swear words, but there are quite a few original souls who show more colourful imagination when displaying self-disgust. Here are a few exclamations I've noted which, I think, worthy of passing on:

"Silly girl!" (this from a man). "Ach! Mein Gott!" "Wow-wow!" "Double damn and treble blast!" "Ripe cheese!" "Sausages!" "Shoot me, somebody!" "Batty bat!" Gestures, too, during trying moments speak a language of their own. Some throw a flat palm across their foreheads. Some clutch their hair (if they have any). Others raise an agonised arm to heaven. Others slap their bats viciously across their thigh or leg. Some bow their heads. Some close their eyes and shake their heads slowly from side to side. Then, there are leaps in the air; the complete turning around of the body; the gripping of clothing; the clenching of jaws; the convulsed faces; the looks of wry amusement; and so on, etcetera, and all the rest of it. It's all a game, ain't it?

* * *

Peggy Allen, that petite player-cum-scribe, recently accused me of being a cinic. That's perfectly O.K. by yours truly, Pegs. So long as you don't describe me as a yes-man I shan't hit you. I'd much sooner be called a cynic than a disher-out of indigestible pap which fools no one, interests nobody, and serves no purpose whatsoever.

* * *

Bergmann's play in the meeting seems to denote a new phase in the champion's career. He was aggressive and not at all hesitant in using his attack. Gone was the defender content to stand back and let the other man make the running—and the mistakes. I think that the older he becomes, the more Bergmann will resort to hitting. Off-the-table play requires great stamina and speed. At 34, Richard realises that he is not a youth with endless reserves of strength. Thus his new policy of hit, counter-hit and half-volley.

* * *

Victor Barna's record of 18 English Open wins still stands out by itself. Bergmann's total bag stands at five singles wins and three men's doubles victories.

Strolling Down Table Tennis Avenue

with Sam Kirkwood

A QUESTION which frequently crops up in the course of general conversation between players is: Why is it that of the many outstandingly promising youngsters so very few make the grade? True it is that of the abundance of boys and girls who look potential world beaters at 13, 14 and 15, hardly a one develops into even a player blow. Jill, by the way, is a very nice tennis player and our table tennis authorities are wondering whether she may switch her attentions to the court game. At the moment, however, the girl is satisfied to play both games. Her national title may decide to make her continue her quest for senior world honours. It would be a severe blow to table tennis if she didn't.

The Wembley Empire Pool is a magnificent arena, but, by Jiminy, what chilly draughts blow on long-suffering patrons in the cheaper seats! Can nothing be done

But how I do wish Ivor, a slender bespectacled youth with a flowing mane of golden hair, would cease to indulge in his playing to the gallery. He is rather amusing, in a brash sort of way, when one sees him for the first time, but after that he begins to assume the dreary aspect of a bore. He'll be a lot better player and get better. ~~He'll be a lot better player and get better~~ ~~like Joyce Roberts~~ in the women's doubles final. The Surrey girl has not hit the headlines this season, but it was surely a big compensation to her to appear at the Pool on the big night itself. Too bad she didn't make a complete job of it by earning a winner's plaque.

A word to George White, the tournament referee. Thanks for your extreme courtesy, George. You were a wonderful help to me and, despite your obvious busyness, showed due consideration to a bloke with his own little job of work to do.

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A section of the crowd during one of Miss Sharon Koehnke's matches

Don't Waste Summer Months

By John C. Jordan (Edinburgh)

WITH the close season upon us, many of us will be "hanging up" our bats until September to take a well deserved rest away from the game, while others again will be settling down to some hard and concentrated practice to improve their general standard of play.

The savants of table tennis do not agree entirely with these two types of players. The one usually gives up the game at the very last minute, thus leaving little time to regain his lost form, the other practices diligently and methodically throughout the summer with little or no rest from the game, and so becomes stale when the new season begins.

To combat this "hangover" from the summer, which many clubs experience at the beginning of a new season, quite a number of them have prepared a training programme to be run throughout the closed season. Players will derive the maximum amount of benefit from practice, but at the same time get sufficient rest to build up their energies and to sharpen their concentration in readiness for the battles to come.

The great difficulty, however, confronting most of the clubs which I visited recently is that of keeping alive the competitive spirit which, because of the lack of competitive play during the summer, is often of a very low standard during the first matches.

To overcome this handicap, one club has arranged a series of matches to be played every fortnight until the end of August. Another club has successfully arranged for well-known International players to give two exhibitions, at the same time giving advice and helpful criticism on the member's own particular style of game. And again, another club is staging one or two tournaments with little novelty prizes for the winners. And all this with the object of keeping alive that will-to-win spirit.

Physical fitness is absolutely essential to good table tennis to-day, and one very ambitious club which owes much of its success to the fitness of its players as it does to their ability, is holding physical training classes twice a week for three months prior to September, with T.T. practices as part of the curriculum. Experience has taught this club that physical training is found to be not only recreational but also relaxing, and is looked forward to eagerly by all the players.

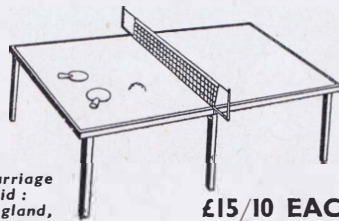
Many of the clubs which I visited are not making any special arrangements for the summer but are leaving the doors open, so that the members can make plans to suit themselves. There is much to be said for this policy, but where enthusiasm is high the necessity for relaxation is apt to be overlooked. But wise planning, however, will bring rich rewards.

All these clubs have one thing in common, they have the interest of the players at heart, and are anxious that they shall be fit and in tip top form when they take the table in September.

In one way or another they are all planning with the future in mind, fully confident that the new season will herald new ambitions, and hopeful that the players themselves will realise old ones.

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How to Keep Cool

In our Spring issue Australian reader, Cecil Shaw, Vice-President of the Queensland T.T.F. humorously asked if anybody could suggest ways and means of keeping cool in oppressive heat of an Australian summer when the score stood at twenty-all in the fifth.

A number of amusing suggestions were received but we have awarded the prize of a table tennis bat to 16 year old Vincent Hampson, of Oldham, Lancashire, for the cartoon shown here.

Willaim A. Shand, of Belvedere, Kent, wrote : " Freeze the player in a block of ice."

But M. Dyer, of Aylesbury, had quite an original suggestion : " I suggest our friend should ask Miss Sharon Koehnke to design a costume for him."

That's a fairly neat idea, but how about you, Cecil ? Do you possess the " body beautiful ?"

A London reader (anonymous) gave the following : " Our Aussie friend could kid himself he is a combination of Garth and Superman and thus the finale of the T.T. match will present itself as something ludicrously childish and not worth getting into a lather over."

20 all
in the fifth



BEAUTY HINTS FOR MEN

TO BE OR NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

NOTE.—*The writer is struck by the increasing number of lady columnists offering hints to girl players on how to look their most glamorous when at the table. He feels that that underprivileged being, the male, is entitled to some little regard in the beauty direction and therefore proffers the following advice in the heartfelt hope that it will kindle a spark of self-respect in the breasts of the hitherto uncared-for sex.*

BOYS, do you want to make a big impression at tournaments? Do you want to look your ravishing best? Of course you do! Then listen carefully to what your Uncle Theophilus has to tell you.

For a start, let us be honest and admit that not many of us have physiques which stamp us as candidates for the World's Best Developed Man title. Some of us have legs which consist of bone covered by skin, in turn surmounted by bushy growths. Some of us have arms which, when exposed, dogs gaze at with a hungry gleam in their eyes. In many cases we have chests which measure rather less than our waists. All in all, it must be confessed that the majority of us look like refugees from a nudist colony.

It's up to us to improve on Nature—and it's remarkable what a little care and camouflage can achieve.

For those of us with jutting knees and stilt-like shanks, the vital need is for long trousers, which not only conceal our defects but make the ladies curious as to exactly how symmetrical and muscular are our nether limbs. Keep them guessing, rather than reveal the truth in all its obscene ugliness.

For those of us who insist on wearing shorts, let me suggest that underpants, sans scallops or frills, peeping from the bottom of aforesaid briefs, look inelegant, undainty and just plain schoolboyishly corny. If underpants must, for some reason or other, be displayed willy-nilly, let's see that they're freshly laundered and of sober design.

As for our somewhat tatty, threadbare and unthrilling torsos, what simpler than shirts bounteously padded at the shoulders à la barrowboy spiv, and with layers of thick cloth stitched inside at the front, to give the impression that the wearer is bulky where it pays, aesthetically speaking,

to be bulky. Scraggy arms? Wear shirts with long sleeves—and keep the cuffs buttoned tightly for dear life.

Incidentally, I do not advise that a heavy topcoat, no matter how flattering to the figure and no matter how expensive the cloth and bright the pattern, be worn, as (a) this would be a decided handicap to the player, and (b) it would look silly.

Foundation garments? Let's not be brutally girlish and go too closely into such a personal matter. Enough here to say that clean vest and pants should amply suffice to keep our collection of bones and stringy apologies for muscles under control.

Shoes are an important item on the agenda. Plimsolls with gaping holes at the toes revealing torn socks, or with soles flapping half off, or blatantly advertising that they haven't been cleaned since the day they were bought, are not for us, thank you. We prefer slippers in one piece and not looking like something the pup's been chewing these past three months, don't we? Then why don't we do something about it, huh?

So much for the sartorial angle.

Our face. Let's be generous and assume that we all use soap and water. But do we all shave before going into battle, or do we feel, as did boxer "Manassa Mauler" Jack Dempsey, that a three-day growth of stubble scares an opponent? If we pine to look attractive, we simply must get cracking with that razor. We'll feel lighter and cleaner if we do, and that's worth a point or two to anyone's game—and an appreciative smile from onlookers.

If we have a moustache, let's brush it up and plaster it down to ensure that it stays under control during peppy rallies. There is nothing more unpretty than a scraggy tash which looks like a spider having a night out on the binge.

Those fortunate enough to have teeth should clean them prior to a match, so that the owner isn't afraid to smile beneath the arc lights. If we haven't our own teeth, we can polish up our National Health molars and make sure that they stay in place when we're in action. If we have neither real sausage crushers nor N.H. issue, a spot of Roberts' natural tint paste will give us a delightful looking set of gums.

A haircut is an asset. We'll feel lighter than he who prefers to look like a couple of out-of-work violinists and who is handicapped by the surplus weight of hirsute growth over and around his neck.

Box Office Receipts Down?

Stanley Proffitt Ill-Informed

says Ivor Eyles

(Gloucestershire Hon. Sec.)

I READ with very great interest the article by Stanley Proffitt on the decline of our table tennis game, and feel that it is only the fact that he has lived so long in Manchester that gives him this particular slant on the game in general. I would advise Stanley to come West for a few years, and then read again his article, and I will bet that he will not be able to imagine that he wrote such an article.

Taking his article paragraph by paragraph, how does the game in my County measure up to what appears to be going on in the North? This season, in National County Championships matches, I have never witnessed such spectacular matches, with their long rallies and breath-taking interest, as for example our matches with Yorkshire, draw 5 all; Essex lost 6-4; Glamorgan and Lancashire won both 6-4; or even in the 2nd Division our matches with Devon and Cambridgeshire in which we lost 6-4 and won 6-4. In all these games I have been just glued to my chair, and unable to move until the final point was played, and to any one who knows me, the match has to be good to do this to me. I maintain that before the war I never saw any games to equal these.

Now let us pass on to his statement that even attendances at the Wembley finals are not the easy sell-out as once. Well, quite naturally when one looks around and sees unfold the table tennis calendar, it must, as the programme grows, mean much harder work filling Wembley. The stars now, by the means of TV, County matches, Open tournaments and International matches are brought much nearer home. Did Wembley have to face up to this fierce competition pre-war? I remember that in Bristol, the

(Continued from previous page)

If we have no hair, we've no need to worry beyond the fact that a spot of talcum powder on the nude pate will negative that shine which invariably gives birth to embarrassing remarks from the unintelligent. And if we are lucky enough to possess a head of hair provided by a sympathetic Government, we must be very careful to adjust it so that it won't turn back to front, or slip down over our eyes or neck, or even fall off altogether in the heat of a spirited rally.

Will you follow my hints, boys? If you do, I promise that you stand a good chance of becoming the Pet and Pride—nay, the Shining Glory—of open tournaments. With which your helpful Unc. Theo must leave you.

only big time stuff seen from 1919 to 1939 was a Barna tour in 1935 followed by the Hungary v. England International of 1936, in which our Stanley played, plus a Willmott Cup final which I staged for the ETTA. Now bear in mind what Bristol public has seen since the war, and you will then see my point.

Let us proceed to analyse "falling attendances." Ever since Gloucestershire entered the County Championships we have been able to attract larger and larger crowds to our matches, and as an example we have had crowds of 1,200 every season at Cheltenham, and a record figure of 2,071 at the recent French match.

No, Stanley! When we in the West can with our sparse population do this, what is wrong in Lancashire, or should I say Manchester? The point, coming straight from the shoulder, is organisation. Matches will not sell themselves. It requires tickets, advertising and a good hall with comfortable seats.

I well remember visiting Manchester last season, and after waiting some considerable time outside a locked hall we (the Gloucestershire team) eventually found dear old Benny Casofsky putting up the lights, erecting the table and selling tickets. As the helpers rolled in a few minutes before play commenced Benny greeted them with his typical: "Where the h— have you been?" When the match started not even a programme was available. No wonder crowds melt away if this is the usual treatment to such an important County fixture.

I, therefore, feel that Stanley Proffitt is completely wrong in attributing the falling receipts to the poor old net. I say most emphatically that organisation has not grown along with the game, and that until such time as players face up to this, and are prepared to find the necessary cash to enable administration to work well and sound, you must be prepared for the crowds to stay away.

We want circus organisation to put our game over. The introducing in a proper manner of the players, the comfort of the spectators and good conditions. But once again I will repeat that if Stanley had lived in Gloucestershire his article would never have been written.

World Personality Parade

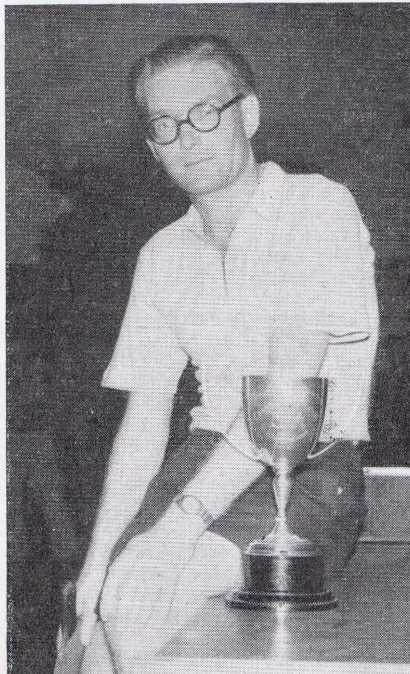
REX EDWARDS

REX EDWARDS emigrated to South Africa in 1948 and within a short time had established himself as the Union's leading player. That year he lost the S.A. singles final to Hymie Sofer, but since then he has won the premier title each year. Many other singles titles have come his way including the Champions of Champions in 1950 and 1951, also several doubles titles, his usual Men's Doubles partner being Ron Litten who also plays for Northerns. During the 1950 Bergmann tour he played the World Champion on many occasions beating him once and taking several odd sets in three (all with 5 points start however).

Rex took up T.T. before the war, playing for Woodfield in the Wolverhampton League and helped them to win the League Championship in 1940, 1946 and 1947. He won several League singles and doubles (with his brother) titles between 1939 and 1947 and was runner-up in the 1946 Midland Closed. In 1947 he was invited to play in the English trials and defeated such players as Shepherd (Bolton), Crouch, Marsh, and Coller. Later, playing for Central England against U.S.A. at Wolverhampton, he lost 1-2 to Pagliaro.

Plays a steady orthodox game, mixing attack with defence as the occasion demands, but relies on a very sound defence to get out of the tight corners. One of his best performances to date was against Theo Paitaki in the deciding Inter-provincial game of 1950. The score was 1-1 and he was losing 11-19 in the third, Bergmann was watching this match and at this stage he turned to a companion and said "Only Bergmann could win from here"; however Rex 'dug in' and eventually won 21-19. In spite of many 'near things' at the table Rex considers that his luckiest escape in his T.T. career was while travelling by road from Capetown to Johannesburg—Bergmann driving, but the tales of Richard's scrapes in that respect are legion!

In private life Rex is engaged in the furniture removal business, travelling to both Southern and Northern Rhodesia as well as all over the Union, in spite of this he is usually around at tournament time or when required to play for Northern Transvaal.



REX EDWARDS (Northern Transvaal)
South African Champion 1949, '50, and '51

If the S.A.T.T.U. eventually obtains international recognition you may be sure that Rex Edwards will be the spearhead of its challenge for the Swaythling Cup.

B. DENIS GEORGE.

* * *

Excuses

The light was bad—The table dead
The floor was holed—It was darned cold
Too close to wall—No run at all
From fore to aft—A shocking draught
Umpire rotten—Rules forgotten
Edge and net balls—At twenty-alls
I feeling bitter—Opponent fitter
Hitting to kill—My supporters nil
A pinching shoe—My bat not true
That's how, you see—Poor little me
Just lost my game—A blooming shame ! !

Hello! From Canada—Club Play System

ON April 18th and 19th, the Western Canada Open Table Tennis Championships were held in Vancouver. Men's Singles was won by Arthur Ngai and the Women's Singles by Nancy Craig. It was the largest entry in all the twenty years history of this competition. Some of the places represented were Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria, Edmonton and the U.S. cities of Seattle, Washington, Oregon.

Mr. G. L. Greenwood, President of the Victoria T.T.A., reports that eight tables are being operated by the Association on five days of each week from September 1st to April 30th, each year.

To Develop Tournament Players

Mr. Greenwood also tells of a new type of "Individual League," which has been inaugurated by his Association. He writes :—

"We divide the eight tables into four units

of two tables each. The tables are numbered from one to eight. Seven players are assigned to each unit and the evening's match consists of a contestant playing two games against each of the six other players in his unit. The player winning the most games in his unit scores seven points, the second scores six points, and etc. The two leading players on tables one and two advance to the 3-4 unit for the next week. In a similar manner the two lowest scorers on tables 7 and 8 descend to tables 5 and 6 for the following week. Players on tables 3 and 4 or on tables 5 and 6 have two players advance and two players descend, after each league tournament. Total points at the end of the season declare the winner.

In this league we have no problem of absenteeism, as a player automatically scores the lowest points in his section, if absent, and descends to the next lower unit."

Table Tennis Review

BACK NUMBERS

The back issues of *Table Tennis Review* which are available are listed as follows. They all contain the usual number of articles, photographs and cartoons, but we give below the two outstanding articles and photographs in each one. Only a few of some of the issues are in stock and may soon run out.

Vol. 3, No. 1.

Articles by Victor Barna, M. Szabados, A. K. Vint, Richard Bergmann, Ken Stanley, Stanley Proffitt, Alec Brook. Photographs Barna and Miles, and others.

Vol. 3, No. 2.

Professional Table Tennis. Bohumil Vana. Photos : B. Vana, Bublely Brothers, and others.

Vol. 3, No. 5.

About Registered Players. Barna and Brook On The Stage. Photos : Adele Wood, Mildred Shahian, and others.

Vol. 4, No. 2.

Instruction by Sol Schiff. How to Conduct a Tournament. Photos : Hungarian Team, Casofsky, and others.

Vol. 4, No. 3.

How to Acquire Match Temperament. Instruction by Sol Schiff. Photos : Reisman, Hayden, and others.

Vol. 4, No. 4.

1950 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR ISSUE. An extra special number, including art paper photographic supplement. Eighteen photographs.

Vol. 5, No. 1.

Empire Scheme. About the Bergmann Suspension. Photos : Dora Beregi, J. Leach, and others.

Vol. 5, No. 2.

Michael Szabados' Experiences. Vice in Service. Photos : Mr. & Mrs. Barna, Jean Titterington, and others.

Vol. 5, No. 3.

Doubles Troubles. 1952 ENGLISH OPEN. Photos : Trun Van Liu, Brian Kennedy, and others.

Vol. 5, No. 4.

1951 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR ISSUE. Is Summer Practice Advisable ? Photos : Simons, Linde Wertl, Trudi Pritzi, Andreadis, and others.

Vol. 6, No. 2.

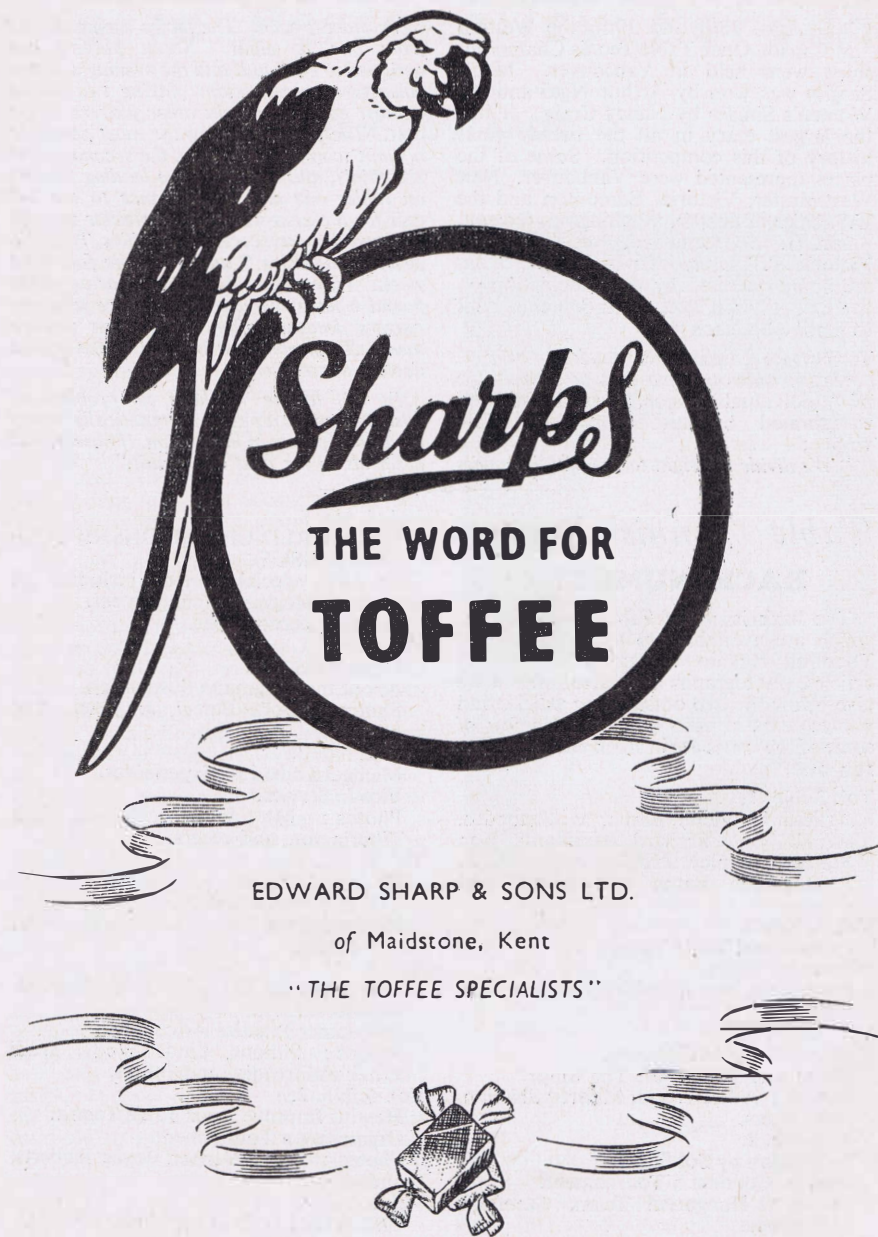
How to Improve Your Table Tennis. Organising a Tournament. Photos : Harry Venner, Joyce Roberts, and others.

Vol. 6, No. 4.

1952 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR ISSUE. Photos : Erlich, Kathleen Best, Amouretti, and others.

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"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"

English Open—1952

Reported by
Sam Kirkwood

ALTHOUGH the 1951/52 English Open Championships at Wembley on March 25th to 29th lacked the presence of the Japanese, Hungarians, Czechs and Rumanians, as well as America's leading aces, and on that account made nonsense of the description, "a miniature world series," it was nevertheless a colourful event if not an all-round classic one, and was highlighted here and there by games which will live long in the memory of those who saw them.

These matches compensated for some of the poor stuff which disappointed and which, in view of the entry, was perhaps inevitable. Yes, the meeting had its moments.

Bergmann Confounds Critics

To me the outstanding feature of the tournament was the manner in which Richard Bergmann stuffed down the teeth of his critics their mumbled contentions that (a) he is on the way out, and (b) that he is capable only of playing negative defensive stuff and is the dullest player in the world to watch unless he is faced by an attacker. Bergmann took on all opposition with a cavalier spirit and proved himself to be still very much a world force. He also staggered everyone by taking the play to his foe, playing attacking strokes and showing a quite ruthless spirit of aggression. This man Bergmann always seems to have a surprise up his sleeve, to the marked discomfort not only of the unfortunates facing him, but to those disgruntled souls who seem to dislike his face, his accent and his foreign ancestry!

When Johnny Leach reached the final of the men's singles, hopes ran high that he would be the first native-born Englishman to win the crown for the first time since 1923, when Kent player Percy Bromfield achieved victory. It was not to be. Instead, Bergmann notched a personal record of his own, marking up his fifth win in the event, to equal Victor Barna's tally.

A record came England's way via those irrepressible twins, Rosalind and Diane Rowe who, by winning the women's doubles for the third year in succession, have done something never before achieved in the history of the championships. No doubt this admirable feat did much to console the girls for the loss of their world crown—and being still only 18 years old, they have a wonderful chance to better

their English record as well as recapture the world trophy.

First Day Surprise

The tournament opened with a surprise on the first day, in the junior boys' singles event, when Ivor Jones, the Middlesex junior international, knocked out Bo Malmquist, Swedish holder of the event and the first foreigner ever to take the title out of the country, 7-21, 22-20, 21-19. Ivor, a temperamental youngster if ever I saw one, scraped through against the reigning champion by the skin of his nose, and his win seemed to leave a wide open path for Bryan Merrett, about whom more anon.

The first major shock came in the third round of the men's singles, when Allan Rhodes, 19-year-old Wembley player who has this season been earning quite a name for himself, beat Rene Roothoof, the French star seeded number one and fancied in many quarters to make a strong challenge for the title. In a truly tense tussle with no quarter asked or given, hard-hitting Allan contrived to punch his way through the immaculate Frenchman's renowned defence, to the tune of 20-22, 23-21, 17-21, 22-20, 21-16. It was as close as the score suggests and Rhodes almost literally knocked himself out in the tremendous struggle. So much so, in fact, that when, a little later, he met Bob Griffen, of Gloucester, he succumbed 21-16, 21-19, 10-21, 21-13, the fire having gone from him. Had the Wembley boy been fresh, I feel, the score might have been very different.

Rhodes' pace, quickness and fierce hitting are reminiscent of Bo Vana, with whom Allan is being compared, and if he continues to make improvement I think the Swaythling Cup team will be claiming him in a year or two.

Griffen, incidentally, pleasantly surprised everyone—except himself, for he is a very confident individual—by progressing to the semi-finals and we had visions of another comparative unknown following in the footsteps of Brian Kennedy, whose feats in the last English are still fresh in the memory. But Bob came against Leach—curtains!

Apart from the Roothoof defeat, there were no startling upsets in the men's event, which went according to book with a smoothness which did our "seeders" credit. The quarter finals were not notably exciting. In not one single instance was

any of the four matches other than a "cakewalk." I'll be honest and say that the matches, so far as spectacle and excitement were concerned, were one-sidedly corny. All ended in three-straight wins, with the results obvious from the beginning.

Quarter-finals

V. Harangozo (Yugoslavia) v. G. Amouretti (France). Amouretti, usually the polished stylist, was made to appear third-rate by the big Yugoslav with the powerful forehand hit. The Frenchman played as though he couldn't care less, being at times shockingly slipshod. It was a relief when the match—if such it can be called—ended in Harangozo's favour, 21-11, 21-10, 21-15.

R. Bergmann (England) v. A. Ehrlich (France). If Ehrlich, the defending champion, expected Bergmann to play defensively and risk being "clocked," he was horribly disappointed. Bergmann went into the attack immediately and hustled the unhappy "Al" all over the place. So rattled was Ehrlich that he even tried hitting on his own account (followers know what this means!) but Bergmann's defence, when tested, was much too good. Richard coasted through 21-17, 21-8, 21-17.

J. Leach (England) v. Z. Dolinar (Yugoslavia). Beefy Dolinar, with an outside bat to match and wearing a blue eye-shade that made him look like a six-day bike rider, tried smashing everything. Having sampled the deadly, deep-angled drives of the pen-holder, and not liking it one little bit, Johnny very wisely stuck close to the table, half-volleyed and threw in an occasional ball with plenty of drag spin. That was the Yugoslav's undoing. His hits invariably landed off the table or in the bottom of the net, and that was that. Leach emerged with the comfortable score of 21-10, 21-16, 21-8.

R. Griffen (Gloucester) and C. Osterholm (Sweden). A scraggy game of no more than county standard. Osterholm, a comparatively mediocre performer and Griffen, a good hitter but revealing a lack of class due to inexperience, did not exactly rouse the crowd to a fever-pitch of excitement. Largely a hit-or-miss affair, Bob came out top, thanks to his fiercer hitting. The Swede was unlucky to have a service adjudged against him at a vital stage of the third set—unlucky in that, so far as I could see, that particular strike looked to be no more "foul" than his previous services. Score in Griffen's favour: 24-22, 21-17, 21-19.

The semi-finals offered a marked contrast. Leach was two classes above Griffen's head and gave him not the semblance of a chance of even making a game

of it. All credit to Bob for getting thus far, but the standard was too high for him. Leach won as he liked in a canter 21-10, 21-16, 21-8.

The Bergmann v. Harangozo affair was a very different kettle of fish, with Bergmann having to give everything to keep his fiery opponent in subjugation. In an hour-long battle, during which neither man could relax a moment without threat of being dangerously harried, Bergmann prevailed against the man who is listed amongst the world's best ten players. Score: 11-21, 21-16, 21-12, 21-16.

Women's Singles

In the women's singles, I was hoping that Adele Wood, who hit the headlines and made the Corbillon Cup team in 1948, when she was only 16, would prove our selectors misguided in paying her no attention. Adele beat H. Beolet, the French one, in the second round, but flopped badly against Betty Gray, the Welsh international, in the quarter-finals, going under in three straight sets, 17-21, 16-21, 19-21. Betty herself was ousted in the next round by Ros Rowe in three straight sets.

Peggy Franks had her shining moment of glory when she beat the defending champion, Austria's Trudi Pritzi. The only trouble with the game is that it wasn't so much a game as a test to see who had the most patience. So much so, in fact, that Peggy was awarded the third game with the score 9-8 in her favour after the 20 minutes time limit. The fifth and deciding game was also given to Peggy, after 10 minutes, when 5-2 in the lead. I don't think anyone was filled with regret when the umpire intervened to put an end to proceedings. The one blessing is that the "match" wasn't televised. Had it been, it would have set the game back in public opinion by 50 years.

Peggy, fatigued after her ordeal by ping-pong, lost 17-21, 23-35, 17-21, to Ros in the semi-finals, but at least she had the satisfaction of getting beaten in a match that resembled table tennis as we know it.

When Linde Wertl, 18-year-old Austrian girl, was last here in 1950, she was a gay basher who staked everything on attack and gave little thought to the finer points of defence and strategy. She showed in this outing that she matured to an astonishing extent and is a player of the very top class. In her passage forward she beat Joy Seamen, of Middlesex; Margaret Fry, of Gloucester; Diane Rowe very easily; and in the semi-final overcame Audrey Bates, the Welsh girl, who gave a sterling account of herself before bowing herself out at the end of five sets.

Linde, an attractive, curvacious, copper-haired young lady, was quite irresistible against Ros Rowe in the final. Ros played gallantly and with fine spirit, but she had no answer to the Linde's ferocious forehand hitting from all sides of the table. There was no question of the Austrian's superior hitting and table craft, and Ros did well not to be swamped. A three-straight set win, 21-17, 21-9, 21-18, saw Linde assume the champion's mantle torn from the shoulders of her compatriot, Pritzi. She is a worthy champion and one who, if she maintains her progress, should soon be knocking on the door for world honours.

Bergmann v. Leach

The Bergmann v. Leach final must rate as the best seen in England since the resumption of activities after the late war. It was a classic, a honey, a wow, with both men playing brilliantly throughout. As against Ehrlich, Bergmann hustled Leach in the first set and submerged him 21-6. Richard's hitting can be very devastating! Johnny settled down after that and there was no question of a one-sided final. Scintillating displays of half-volleying, close to the table play, hard hitting to either wing and superb retrieving held the 10,000 crowd captive and had it roaring first for one man and then the other. It was a grand tussle.

Leach won the second 21-18, but still Bergmann did not fall back on defensive tactics. He stayed up there matching hit for hit with Leach, and one had the feeling that he was always, despite the closeness of exchanges, the master. And so it turned out to be. Bergmann took the third game 21-12, and the fourth 21-18, to become yet again the English holder. Leach deserved the very big hand the packed Wembley house gave him. He had given his foe a gallant fight and struggled to the bitter last point. He had succumbed to the better man, but it was a glorious defeat. This match was televised and I'll wager that the millions of lookers-in thrilled to the game a few misguided clots, in their supreme ignorance, persist in calling "ping-pong."

Doubles Events

Two of the three doubles titles stayed in England, thanks to the Rowe girls and Leach. Ros and Diane weren't unduly pressed in retaining their women's doubles title, cutting through their opposition like cheese. In the final, Peggy Franks and Joyce Roberts looked like making a fight for it after taking the first set, but after that the floss-footed Greenford twins turned on the heat and scooped the three sets needed.

Leach and Diane bottled up the mixed event very nicely against Harangozo and Wertl, who, however, persisted in having a bash, often with success. It was a case of

superior strategy against superior hitting power, and the strategists, our English pair, came through in four sets.

As expected, Harangozo and Dolinar picked up the men's doubles crown they won when last over here, in 1950. They were just too hard-hitting for anyone against them. Their final against Lanskoj and Roothoof was strictly a one-way traffic match. The Frenchmen were battered from pillar to post and ended up after three losing sets looking a decidedly tatty pair (in the playing sense) when the Yugoslavs had finished with them.

Leach and Carrington, the holders, succumbed to Lanskoj and Roothoof in the semi-finals, 17-21, 21-12, 14-21, 21-19, 21-11, fading rather badly after a promising start.

* * *

Mention must be made of P. Brook and R. Turner, the Surrey pair, who reached the semi-final after beating Amouretti and Ehrlich, Kriss and Merrett and Craigie and Venner, who had eliminated Barna and Bergmann in the first round. The Surrey players lost in three straight to the Yugoslav conquerors.

It was Bryan Merrett and K. Freundorfer, of Germany, in the boys' singles final. We all anticipated a fine match between Bryan, who has been going great guns this season, and the German lad who had not lost to a junior in over two years. Alas, it turned out to be an easy two-straight win for the overseas invader, who outclassed Bryan with his superior hitting and steadier play.

But if Merrett disappointed, 15-year-old Wimbledon schoolgirl Jill Rook didn't. Jill had to face American glamour girl, Sharon Koehnke in the girls' final, and very few of us expected the younger and less experienced girl to put up more than a token resistance against the 17-year-old American and Canadian junior champion. Judge of our pleasure when young Jill not only whacked "Shapely" Sharon, but did so convincingly in two straight sets. Our fears that the title would leave England for the first time went with the breeze and Jill received a hearty round of applause. And never did a youngster more deserve it.

General points on the meeting? Officials looking spick and span in uniform dark-blue blazers. Matches starting to time. Slick organisation. Umpiring, with one or two exceptions, on a high level. The outstanding smartness of the Rowe twins, and the ravishing grey ensemble favoured by Roothoof for the men's doubles finals. And the tremendous enthusiasm of every youngster, coupled with their good sportsmanship.

English Championships Results Wembley, 1952

MEN'S SINGLES (from the 4th Round)

A. Rhodes	Griffin	} Griffin 22, 17, 19	} Leach 10, 16, 8
R. E. Griffin	16, 19, —10, 13		
K. Spychalski	Osterholm	} Osterholm 15, —19, 16, 17	
C. Osterholm (S)			
M. Lansky (F)	Dolinar	} Dolinar 18, 22, 17	
Z. Dolinar (Y)			
J. A. Leach	Leach	} Leach 16, 10, 9	
B. Kennedy	22, 17, 14		
G. Amouretti (F)	Amouretti	} Amouretti 18, 13, 20	
J. Carrington			
A. Miller	Harangozo	} Harangozo 11, 10, 15	
V. Harangozo (Y)	7, 7, 12		
R. Allcock	Ehrlich	} Ehrlich —16, 13, 18, 8	
A. Ehrlich (F)			
K. Collar	Bergmann	} Bergmann 17, 8, 17	
R. Bergmann	5, 11, 19		

R. BERGMANN
(England)
6, —18, 12, 18

WOMEN'S SINGLES (from the 4th Round)

G. Pritzi (A)	Franks 15, —9,	} R. Rowe 17, 23, 17	} L. WERTL (Austria) 17, 9, 18
M. Franks	—8, 9/8, 5/2 (time limit)		
B. Gray (W)	R. Rowe	} R. Rowe 12, 15, 22	
R. Rowe			
C. Watel (F)	Bates	} Bates 9, 6, 15	
A. G. Bates (W)			
D. Rowe	Wertl	} Wertl —15, 19, 18, —8, 16	
L. Wertl	12, 11, 17		

OTHER RESULTS

Men's Doubles Quarter-Finals.—Z. Dolinar/V. Harangozo beat B. Crouch/I. W. Jones, 14, 16, 14; P. Brook/R. Turner beat K. Craigie/H. Venner, 16, 15, 20; M. Lansky/R. Roothoft beat R. Mackay/M. Mohtadi, 16, 18, 18; J. Leach/J. Carrington beat J. Head/K. Hurlock, 16, 10, 11.

Semi-Finals.—Dolinar/Harangozo beat Brook/Turner, 11, 11, 16; Lansky/Roothoft beat Leach/Carrington, —17, 12, —14, 19, 11.

Final.—Dolinar/Harangozo beat Lansky/Roothoft, 14, 12, 19.

Women's Doubles Semi-Finals.—M. Franks/J. Roberts beat D. Atherton/M. Piper, 16, 17, 13; D. Rowe/R. Rowe beat G. Pritzi/C. Watel, 12, 18, 16.

Final.—Rowe/Rowe beat Franks/Roberts, —16, 5, 16, 11.

Mixed Doubles Semi-Finals.—V. Harangozo/L. Wertl beat G. V. Barna/R. Rowe, 19, 19, —20, —10, —14; J. Leach/D. Rowe beat R. Roothoft/G. Pritzi, 15, 16, —11, 17.

Final.—Leach/D. Rowe beat Harangozo/Wertl, 25, 11, 16.

Men's Veterans' Singles Final.—A. D. Brook beat G. W. Marshall, 17, —13, 19.

Women's Veterans' Singles Final.—Mrs. S. Betling beat Mrs. D. Ball, 14, 16.

Men's Consolation Singles Semi-Finals.—L. G. Adams beat R. Sharman, 18, 14; E. J. Filby beat P. Cruwys, 13, —15, 17.

Final.—Adams beat Filby, 11, 7.

Women's Consolation Singles Semi-Finals.—M. Cumberbatch beat J. Lauper, 19, 17; J. Roberts beat J. Beer, 14, 14.

Final.—J. Roberts beat M. Cumberbatch, —14, 21, 20.

Boys' Singles Quarter-Finals.—W. England beat I. D. Jones, 19, 19; K. Freundorfer (G.) beat D. A. House, 15, 5; J. Ingber beat R. F. Raybould, —15, 12, 19; B. R. Merrett beat G. Rönmark (S.), 14, 20.

Semi-Finals.—Freundorfer beat England, 8, 17; Merrett beat Ingber, 17, 18.

Final.—Freundorfer beat Merrett, 12, 14.

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THE LANCASHIRE OPEN

APRIL 18th to 19th, 1952, SQUIRE'S GATE HOLIDAY CAMP, BLACKPOOL

The spacious dining hall easily accommodated the 14 tables and over 200 players. Good playing conditions, catering and provision for the comfort of competitors and spectators, made the first tournament staged here a very successful experiment.

The genial Mr. Jenkinson (the "Squire" and Managing Director) presented the awards, and it appears appropriate to mention that, with his co-operation and interest, the Lancashire Executive, in conjunction with the Blackpool League, are

planning to make the Camp their tournament venue for the Lancashire Open, utilising the extensive facilities available, to ensure conditions of the highest quality.

All events ran smoothly to schedule, and except in the Women's Singles, with few surprises.

RESULTS

Men's Singles Semi-Final.—B. Kennedy beat R. Allcock, 21-14, 21-15, 21-17; R. Baker beat B. Casofky, 21-18, 21-20, 21-19. *Final.*—B. Kennedy beat R. Baker, 21-17, 21-16, 21-19.

Women's Singles.—G. K. Best beat D. Rowe, 22-21, 21-14.

Boys' Singles.—J. Ingber beat G. Pullar, 21-18, 21-17, 21-15.

Veteran's Singles.—J. K. Holmes (Burnley) beat L. W. Jones (Manchester), 21-18, 21-15.

Girls' Singles.—E. Brocklehurst (Macclesfield) beat A. Pickles (Darwen), 21-17, 21-14, 21-19.

Men's Doubles.—R. Allcock and R. Baker beat B. Kennedy and A. Thompson, 24-21, 21-17.

Women's Doubles.—D. Rowe and C. K. Best beat A. Jones (Liverpool) and D. Wilkinson (Manchester), 21-12, 21-16.

Mixed Doubles.—B. Casofsky and A. Wood beat D. G. Ellison and A. Jones, 17-21, 21-4, 21-20.

(Continued from previous page)

Girls' Singles Semi-Finals.—J. Rook beat P. Heppell, 21, 13; S. Koehnke (U.S.) beat D. Spooner, 18, 15.

Final.—J. Rook beat S. Koehnke, 16, 20.

Boys' Doubles Semi-Finals.—J. Ingber/R. Newton beat D. House/B. Merrett, 19, 15; A. Danton/D. Eagles beat C. Darts/R. Dorking, —20, 18, 19.

Final.—Danton/Eagles beat Ingber/Newton, 19, 14.

Girls' Doubles Final.—U. Paulsen/H. Walz beat S. Koehnke/J. Rook, 15, 17.

Junior Mixed Doubles Semi-Finals.—K. Freundorfer/U. Paulsen beat C. Campbell/J. Page, 16, 13; B. Merrett/D. Spooner beat B. Malmquist/S. Koehnke, 15, 11.

Final.—Freundorfer/Paulsen beat Merrett/Spooner, 23, —12, 18.

THE EDGE BALL

WHY MUST WE TOLERATE THAT FLUKE OF FLUKES ?

By Sam Kirkwood

NOT long back I took a poke at the asinine habit—some call it “etiquette”—of expressing regret when one flukes a point by edging the ball. That smack at what I think is the height of hypocrisy has brought me more arguments than a runaway bigamist receives when his two washerwomen wives catch up with him. I remain completely unperturbed. My opinion stands rock-firm, undimmed, almost lustrous in the faith that shines sun-like behind.

But before I get too cornily poetic, let me give voice to the edge point itself—albeit the real cause of the trouble. Now and again a solitary hero murmurs, a trifle apologetically, that he agrees with one of my views. But I am reasonably certain that many table tennis players will side with me when I say that the “nick” ball is an atrocity which the game would do well to blow to Hades and beyond.

Yes, I know all about that “element of luck” argument. Nobody complains at the whims of Goddess Fortune—nor will we quibble with the theory that luck has a way of levelling itself so that both sides get their fair share of it. But table tennis, remember, is a game on its own. It is the only sport where edge points are or can be scored—and these in addition to net balls, which can of themselves be a sanguinary nuisance.

It is true that in the majority of games luck frequently does even itself out. But

it is my experience that when the ball runs for a man in table tennis, it keeps on running for him. The luckless one may have his share of flukes on another occasion, but it is *this* time that matters to him. Why should a player suffer on any given occasion? What matters is superior skill, when one is bludgeoned to defeat by a succession of unreturnable nicks? Why should table tennis be spoilt by edgers which can only be described as Acts of God and have nothing at all to do with skill? Merely mouthing “sorry” doesn’t alter the fact that you’ve been given a point in return for a fluke, nor does it alter the fact that regulations permit games to be reduced to a burlesque.

I would not insult him by saying that a lucky player is thankful to get points via “shaders.” If any player is happy to win by these means, then he’s no sport, merely a moron to whom winning means the world. The average bloke and lass prefers to win by superior skill, or not at all. And we all like to feel that we’ve been beaten by a better player, not by a fluking shyster.

What do I suggest? That no points be given for edgers. When the ball tips the table, the point should be played again. It’s a simple solution. I can only wonder that no one has suggested it before—or that the International Federation hasn’t taken any steps to eliminate this loathsome plague-spot of the game.

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 November 17 Swansea Open—Swansea
 November 24 Bath Open Tournament
 December 4 England v France—Bristol
 December 5 France v Surrey—Croydon
 December 10/15 Central London Open—Kentish Town
 December 17 Scotland v England—Glasgow
 Dec. 28/Jan. 5 Metropolitan Open—London

January 11/12 Connacht Open—Salthill, Galway
 January 11/12 South Yorkshire Open—Sheffield
 January 19 Midland Closed—Worcester
 January 25/26 West of Scotland—Glasgow
 January 27/28 Kent Open—Folkestone
 January Greek Table Tennis Championships
 January Swedish Table Tennis Championship
 February 1/2 Ulster Open Championship—Belfast
 February 15/16 Co. Down Open—Bangor
 February 22 Ireland v Scotland—Dublin
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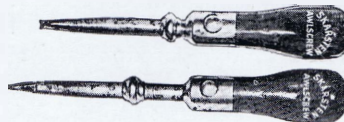


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