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Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

★

DAILY MIRROR FINALS

REPORT
and
RESULTS

★

Contributors include

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Sam Kirkwood
D. F. Featherstone,
M.C.S.P.
Alec Brook and
Tony Miller

★

Cover Portrait:
BARNA and BROOK
pictured together after a
strenuous game



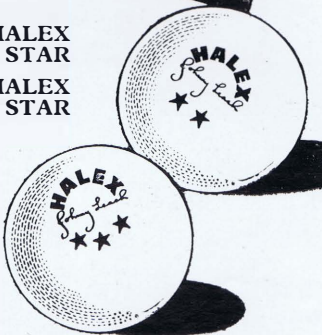


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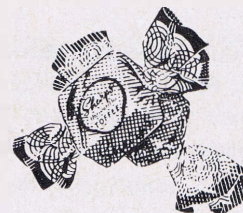
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TABLE TENNIS

Review

VOLUME 7
No. 5

SUMMER ISSUE
1953

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OVERSHADOWING all else at this time, when history is in the making, is the Coronation of our beloved Queen.

To us the Queen and her Consort, Prince Philip, symbolise the courage, determination and indomitable spirit of youth. Both hold their love of sport very dear, and although they both will be faced with heavy responsibility through the years to come, their interest will not be dimmed by the burdens which will be thrust upon them.

Both have played games in the true British spirit—both know how to win graciously and lose sportingly. With their people they look upon the sporting scene and take from it the same thrills and pleasures as you and I.

The nation and Commonwealth admire them for it, for sport is a common link which binds our peoples together more firmly than ever before, and on behalf of players in whatever part of the world they may be "Table Tennis Review" is proud to offer loyal greetings, and express the hope that the Coronation will herald a new era of peace and prosperity, with Table Tennis followers everywhere cementing new bonds of friendship in the lands they will visit in the years ahead.

The Editor.

DON'T WASTE THE SUMMER RECESS

Remember what young Shoaib of India wrote a few months ago — and he won his first Tournament in England

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★—Sam Kirkwood's—★

REFLECTIONS in the 'MIRROR'

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**F**INALS night of the "Daily Mirror" Tournament at the Albert Hall, London, on April 30th, was intended to show some 6,000 spectators the skill and international potentialities of youngsters who had fought their way through a field of over 12,000 competitors to appear in the ultimate rounds.

Honesty compels me to say the boys and girls were overshadowed by the Barna—Bergmann semi-final of the International Invitation Trophy, specially organised for the evening. Not that the kids didn't come up to expectations. They most certainly put on a fine show—but they hadn't a chance in the face of the performances from Victor and Richard.

It was a stupendous battle, in which Victor almost flicked his wrist off with superbly-placed backhands, and in which Richard must have sprinted a couple of miles, and almost strained his heart in his retrieving efforts. It was magnificent cut-and-thrust stuff—all too rarely seen nowadays.

**Here was Table Tennis as it can and should be played. Here was grace, cunning, art, control, fighting spirit and attacking skill, pitted against defensive genius.**

If I rhapsodise, forgive me: it's been so long since I saw a game which so stirred the blood. What chance did the youngsters have against such a demonstration by the giants?

Of their four finals, far and away the best was the boys' event, in which Roy Morley, of Gloucester, opposed Gordon Lumsden, the Sunderland hope. Roy, a junior international with a big reputation, was fancied to take the match, and started off with perky confidence. He soon had the jauntiness knocked out of him, for the more dour and workmanlike Lumsden was no stranger to the fact that the favourite's best attacking stroke was his forehand, and he gave him little chance to exploit it. His own backhand was a cracker, and both boys hit and counter-hit in delightful style. It was neck-and-neck plugging throughout.

In the fifth, Morley, now grim and concentrating fully on the table, where,

before he had been aware of spectators, grabbed a couple of points lead, and hung on like grim death. Lumsden, 15—17 down, switched tactics and swung forehand drives from his backhand wing down Morley's backhand. The tactics paid off. Shot upon shot whizzed by Roy, who at 19-all, himself tried a blinder which failed. And that was it. Lumsden made no mistake in seeing off his opponent, to emerge a very worthy winner.

The match was preceded by the girls' game, in which 17-year-old Dorothy Jackson, of Dalton-in-Furness, opposed 15-year-old Joyce Fielder, of New Eltham. Dorothy, stubbier and shorter than her tall, willowy rival, was very nervous and cracked badly at important stages. There were few highlights, and Joyce always looked like winning.

Most impressive performer of the eight competitors was also the youngest—Ann Haydon, 14-year-old daughter of England ace Adrian. Pugnacious in outlook, spirit and stroke, Ann belted 24-year-old London Pamela Gall off the table. From the outset the Birmingham youngster made her own pace, her dreadnought tactics forcing the petite Pam, also a left-hander, off the table.

**Ann is, at the moment, a little impetuous, but in a couple of years she'll be thrashing anything that's around in Britain—and other countries, too. She is acclaimed as being our brightest prospect since Jean Nicoll. I unhesitatingly concur with that view.**

The men's final was a somewhat flat affair. 18-year-old William England, of Nottingham, faced 19-year-old Eddie Still, of Glasgow, and there was little to create enthusiasm. Still is a steady player with no kill, and England, it seemed to me, played to the gallery, giving out with elaborate, rather than effective shots.

In the International Tournament final, Leach, who had scraped home in his semi-final match against Aubrey Simons, took a handsome thrashing from Bergmann.

*Results at foot of next column*

## "DON'T LAY OFF IN THE SUMMER"

says ALEC BROOK

**H**OW many players, after the last league match and tournament has been played, decide it is time for them to relax and forget about Table Tennis until the end of August? Far too many, and in my opinion, it is one of the reasons we have so few world-beaters in our midst.

More and more of our sports are lengthening their seasons. No longer do the best players put away their equipment at the end of the so-called season. They realise that champions are all-the-year-round players. Most of the stars now go on tours abroad. Little wonder, therefore, they are bang in form when their new season starts here, and they clean up in the first few matches and championships.

Already I can hear the arguments against playing Table Tennis in the summer. Too hot; frightened of going stale; other games not helping Table Tennis. It's all bunkum, and I will try to answer a few of these objections.

I do not think other games interfere with our sport, and actually believe tennis

### RESULTS

Semi-finals. *M.S.*—EDDIE STILL (Glasgow) beat Michael Maclaren (London): 21—15, 21—19, 22—20. *BILLY ENGLAND* (Nottingham) beat Fred Kershaw (Wolverhampton): 21—15, 21—19, 21—9.

*W.S.*—ANN HAYDON (Birmingham) beat Elizabeth Pipe (Sunderland): 21—13, 21—13, 21—14. *PAMELA GALL* (London) beat Lily Rimmer (Wallasey, Cheshire)—21—16, 21—18, 21—11.

*B.S.*—GORDON LUMSDEN (Sunderland) beat Ronald Carpenter (London): 21—13, 17—21, 21—18, 21—19. *ROY MORLEY* (Glos.) beat Pat. Cullen (Newark): 21—14, 21—13, 21—11.

*G.S.*—DOROTHY JACKSON (Dalton-in-Furness) beat Shirley Davis (Glos.): 21—18, 14—21, 13—21, 22—20, 21—19. *JOYCE FIELDER* (New Eltham) beat Barbara Slater (Derby): 21—15, 17—21, 21—12, 15—21, 21—14.

Finals. *M.S.*—ENGLAND beat Still: 19—21, 21—18, 21—19, 21—14.

*W.S.*—HAYDON beat Gall: 21—18, 21—15, 17—21, 21—18.

*B.S.*—LUMSDEN beat Morley: 21—19, 19—21, 14—21, 21—11, 21—19.

*G.S.*—FIELDER beat Jackson: 21—12, 21—9, 19—21, 21—15.

### INTERNATIONAL INVITATION TROPHY

Semi-finals. *BERGMANN* beat Barna: 21—14, 21—19. *LEACH* beat Simons: 14—21, 21—16, 21—19.

Final. *BERGMANN* beat Leach: 21—9, 21—13.



is an asset. Fred Perry, Eric Filby, Jean Nicol, Howard Walton, and Vera Dace are all internationals at both games. Leslie Todd, late of Kent, and H. F. Buse, of Somerset, are cricketers who excel at both sports, and Leonard Crawley was a champion at golf and tennis.

Staleness is not a very common complaint, and can come and go almost without one knowing it. Finally the weather. Yes, it certainly is hot inside on occasions during the summer, but what about playing outside? No better practice could be found.

A slightly heavier ball can be used for outdoor play and to cope with the wind and air currents one must attain a higher degree of accuracy.

Briefly—don't give up during the summer. There are more tables free for play and it is a wonderful opportunity to practise harder. Keep pegging away at the weaknesses and above all keep as fit as possible. In top class Table Tennis these days, fitness is as important as the game.

In the South we have two Table Tennis clubs: Putney, run by the Athertons, and Chadwell Heath, a new club by Pickford, both of which will be open all the summer and will be having regular tournaments. These are the places where many of Londoners will be carrying on.

The last word is to leagues and organisers. The summer is the time when they too should get their house in order, and not wait until August before planning their next campaign or programme. Publicity should be given early to their future proposals so that all newcomers will know well in advance. I find many leagues announce their plans only about two or three weeks before the new season begins.



# CONCERNING THE WEAKER SEX—?

BY DONALD F. FEATHERSTONE, M.C.S.P.

PROBABLY arising from the days when fainting was a fashionable feminine pastime and Father was monarch of all he surveyed, an impression is still gaining ground that women will be hurt or come to some unspecified harm if they undertake heavy work or exercise. It is a strange thing, but most men and a great number of women actually hold most strongly to that belief. In reality, not the slightest harm will come to the woman who does do this hard work or sport, if she takes the trouble to prepare for it in the same way as does a man.

When attractive Valerie Ball runs a testing half mile, she comes to no harm, because she has trained for it in the same way as do the male athletes, who turn in much faster times. Maureen Dyson (nee Gardner) leaves her son by the track-side and competes in a strenuous hurdles race, coming almost up to the standard of the fabulous Fanny Blankers-Koen, without it upsetting her in the slightest, because husband Geoffrey Dyson, England's leading athletics coach, takes good care that Maureen has done sufficient training of a sensible nature to cope with the extra effort.

Of course, we don't all want to be athletic types, but there is a parallel in our more strenuous housework and, in some cases, in our careers. To undertake heavy work necessitates preparation, but it is quite within the reach of the average housewife and mother. There is not a great deal of difference in the physical construction of men and women, but if woman is weaker then it is partly because of the softer life that she has led.

## WOMEN LABOURERS

Not so many years ago the world was a somewhat different place, in which women did all the hard work, all the menial tasks. Because in those olden times, man was the hunter and warrior, woman was the labourer, a state of affairs which still exists in many countries of the East, just as in Biblical days. The difference in strength which now divides the sexes hardly existed in those days, and is now the result of our surroundings and habits, rather than in any physical revolution.

Then, woman, apart from her normal biological disabilities, was almost the equal of man in stature, courage, endurance and resourcefulness, she was a robust animal able to perform arduous work for long hours, and, if necessary, to fight to

the death for the sake of her children. We can, therefore, with mixed feelings, acknowledge the fact that women were once much stronger than they are now. The smallest amount of research into history proves that women need not be the weaker sex, that they are not organically weak and that they will not hurt themselves at the slightest exertion.

In the world of sport and athletics there are certain members of the weaker sex whose names and achievements draw ungrudging admiration from their male counterparts, such top-line athletes as Fanny Blankers-Koen, Maureen Dyson, Sylvia Cheeseman, June Foulds, Valerie Ball, Margaret Wellington, Babe Zaharias, Patty Berg, Doris Hart, Louise Brough and Barbara Ann Scott.

Individually and collectively these women prove that they can participate in strenuous exercise and still retain the symmetry of feminine beauty, and also bear healthy children.

## FROM THE RANKS

Most of the stars mentioned above are recruited from the ranks of housewives, typists and clerks, students, dancers and shop assistants. They are the girls that you pass in the street every day, sit opposite in the train and chat with in the shops, all of which goes to make the point that they are only superior to the average women because they add to what innate ability they possess by training as thoroughly and in the same way as do their male counterparts.

However good these girls might be at their sport, they do not approach the performances and records set by men. Their efforts fall short mainly because of their smaller total bulk of muscle and less strength of bony framework. The characteristic difference, apart from size, between the bones of man and woman is in the ridges which mark the attachments of the muscles. These cause marked projections in the male bone, whilst in the female they are poorly marked or absent. If the same strength of muscular contraction occurred in women as does in men, the muscles would be in danger of pulling away from their attachments. The lesser pull in women is apparently due to the smaller bulk of their muscles, for no differences can be found in the chemical processes accompanying muscular contraction in the sexes. The consistency

of the muscles does not differ in the two. Moreover, the movements of a woman are not slower than those of a man, another indication that there is no essential differences between them. Experiments have shown that the nervous system enters more into the scheme of things with women, for the nervous control of movements and muscles is a more variable factor in women than in men.

Naturally, muscles become stronger because of consistently heavy work, the basis of all physical prowess and rehabilitation, but in women the maximum contraction that they can give is more dependent upon the mental alertness of the subject than in her muscular development—this is a result absolutely contrary to that found in the male. It also explains how the smaller, wiry and "alive" little woman is able to astound her bigger and seemingly stronger sisters by her fantastic energy and results during such arduous periods as spring cleaning!

## STRONG WOMEN

There have been some extraordinarily strong women, one such person was Kate Sandwina, a music-hall performer, who specialised in such feats as lifting barbells, weighing 300 lbs. Kate proved that strong women are strong inside and out, strong in the organs and in all organic action, by giving birth to a son and going through her act on the same afternoon!

This might sound almost unbelievable were it not for the common stories one hears of native and peasant women giving birth to children during field work and returning to work within a few hours. These stories show one thing, if nothing else, they show that women need have no fear of hurting themselves through hard work or training, if they will start moderately and continue progressively.

Women may be known as the "Weaker Sex," but it is certainly man who wears himself out faster. Women's biochemical make-up has made her more resistant to disease and defect than the male of the species. She has more sex hormones, more calcium and nitrogen, more of some vitamins and more white corpuscles. Thus women live longer on the average than men, who possibly die earlier partly because they face up to most of the strain of earning a living, high-pressure business and competition.

Records show that women live longer than men and vital statistics are of more value and are far more reliable than all the ancient male lore about the "Weaker Sex." The fact is, that in nearly every physical and mental function, except muscularity and creative imagination, women are the equals of men, and in some cases—they are superior!

# Up-and-Coming A NEW STAR SHINES

★

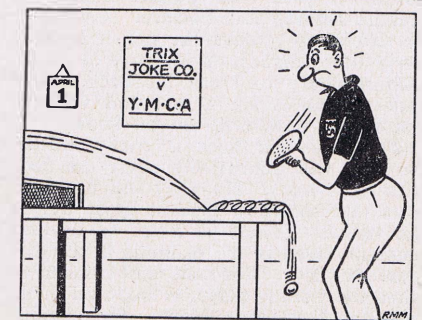
A youngster making a big name for himself in the Irish Table Tennis world is 16-year-old Graham Holden, a big, well-built lad for his age. I have little hesitation in saying that Graham, who hails from Reading, Berkshire, but is now living in Ireland, is the greatest prospect ever seen in the Green Isle.

His rise has been as sudden, and dramatic, as it has been successful. He has only been playing serious competitive Table Tennis for one and a half seasons now, but has already collected the massive total of 28 cups—the pride of the family sideboard. At such an early age Graham has won his senior Interprovincial spurs for Leinster, in which the cream of the four provinces in Ireland—Leinster, Ulster, Munster and Connaught—take part in the annual provincial championship.

Winning Interprovincial honours is the stepping stone to a player's ambition of gaining his first full International "cap," and I feel assured that Graham will win that against any of the other three home countries next season. He seems, to my mind, a certainty for this honour, which, if it becomes a reality, would mean he would become the youngest-ever player to appear on an Irish International side.

A major feature of this youngster's success story must be credited to his coach Alec McKay, non-playing captain of the Irish team. Mr. McKay took Graham "under his wing" from the very start and the coach has done a really fine job in helping to put Holden in the forefront of the Irish Table Tennis scene.

In club affairs Holden assists the Blackrock (Co. Dublin) team in the Leinster Senior League and Cup. D. F. JONES.





## BEWARE! or you'll be FLOORED!

warns STANLEY PRESTON

THE beginner in League matches is indeed fortunate in reading this article. For, without the specialized knowledge that follows, his first season may be twice as gruelling as it need be.

Usually, a beginner in League play assumes that all playing conditions will be as perfect as (or at least no worse than) those prevailing at his own club. But this is wishful thinking. In order to make the beginner's passage easier, I will now disclose to him what things are really like.

In the first place, all the well-informed instruction books will tell the reader that the ideal flooring for Table Tennis is a dark-stained, unpolished wood-block floor. Just try and find one.

It is true that such floors *do* exist, and that some of them are even used for Table Tennis. But when it comes to the match, *another* room has been prepared for you.

Though you may suspect that your opponents have a room with a dark-stained, unpolished wood-block floor, you cannot openly accuse them of holding back. The only way to find out is to join that club—and a condition of membership will be that you never divulge their ghastly secret. So, you arrive with your team, and find yourself playing on lino, or a slippery dance-floor, or even one that is covered with loose mats.

THIS is only one way to overcome this disadvantage, and that is to become adept, *before the start of the season*, at playing on the worst surfaces imaginable. Start with lino: this, you will find, gives good footholds, but reduces the bounce of a three-star ball to that of a minus-one-star. Get used to the deadness, and you'll be ready to face the lino-floor.

The dance-floor is more difficult. The only thing to do is to spread some floor polish on your own perfect floor, and practise keeping your balance. (CAUTION: Be careful to remove the polish immediately after practice, or you may cause the club secretary to break his neck. And club secretaries are a rare and valuable commodity nowadays, as you know).

The loose-mat floor is tricky indeed. No club will deliberately cover the floor with loose mats. No, they will use fixed mats that somehow become loose during the match. There is a lot of devilish ingenuity used in the planning of a fixed-loose-mat floor. The mats *must* come loose when the visiting player is stood on them, and not the home player, for obvious

reasons. Yet, when the players change ends, so (in theory) do the mats. The visiting player is hampered still by a slithering mat, while the home player's feet grip solidly on the mat *that two minutes before* was doing a frantic Samba.

How is it done? I'm afraid I don't know. We've tried it at our club, night after night, and it's never worked properly. I can only offer precautionary measures. One of the best of these is to install at each end of your table a Cakewalk, such as are seen in the Fairgrounds. Remove the handrails, set the machines in motion, and step aboard to play your practice games. Once you master the strokes under these conditions, loose-mat floors will hold no terrors.

Another floor you may encounter is the composition floor. This should be called the decomposition floor, because it will usually be scarred with cracks just wide enough to trap the average visiting player's foot. To prepare for these floors, you should take your table out on to a patch of spare ground that is rocky, full of holes and has tin-cans strewn about. You will eventually become fairly good at playing Table Tennis like a centipede with sore feet. This will help you if you ever come across a composition floor.

So remember, footwork is not everything; you must also practise *floorwork* as an aid to success.

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## PSYCHOLOGY on the GREEN TABLE

"A very promising player," said the coach about a young girl whose Table Tennis brought her among the ranks of potential junior championship holders. But the girl's final performance did not justify his hopes.

"Nerves," said the coach. "Always loses her head during an important match."

There are quite a number of very good players who always fail at an important match because they can't control their nerves. The majority however can hold a grip on themselves through most of the matches. Yet there are danger points on which our psychological reactions can interfere with our play. Every serious player should bear in mind and look out for those points.

The first point is right at the start. There are a few minutes of knock-about warming-up play allowed to let a player get into his stride. But in competition play these moments are used mainly for two purposes:

- (1) To find out the opponent's strength and style of play.
- (2) To find his weaknesses and perhaps confound him by playing differently to the way you intend to attack during the games.

The last point is vital enough to warn the competitor to look out for a change of approach. Don't expect the same type of play as during the knock-up. If you do, you may be bewildered by a change in tactics and suffer from a psychological reaction which will weaken your play.

Secondly, the opponent may be known to you as having some strong techniques. You must of course be ready for his type of play, but do not expect too strongly that he will play just that way, or you will find it difficult to adjust yourself to a change of tactics.

Letting an opponent get a lead of quite a few points is never synonymous to knowing that you will lose the game—at least not before anyone has scored say twelve points. You may make a comeback, your opponent may tire easily, or it just may be that it took you a long time to find his measure and discover his weaknesses. But there are many players who have lost all chances when the opponent has a lead, because they lose heart.

If you have a large lead the danger lies in becoming over-confident and slightly careless. I have seen players leading 15 to 7, who have begun losing from that point

on, because they then hoped "to finish the opponent off quickly."

Even with very experienced championship players of the highest class, there are danger points. The strongest is the moment of relaxation after regaining position. I have seen Leach lose a lead, regain the four points and then, again in position to win, spoil his chances by losing three points very quickly while a reaction set in. I have seen players being in the unpleasant position of serving at 16-19, regaining the three points by a strenuous effort and concentration, then giving a sigh of relief and losing the next, and match point, during that brief psychological reaction.

Demoralisation by a late change in tactics is another danger point. I have seen a careful defensive player, play slowly till the score was 15-17 in his opponent's favour, and then reverse sharply to a quick and strong attack. The opponent lost merely because he allowed himself to be surprised—his defence play was good enough to take the attack but for the psychological reaction.

What does it all amount to? Be prepared for any tactics, and do not allow your feelings to govern your play. We all know that of course, there is nothing new in it. But one point could help us greatly: know your weaknesses, not the weakness in play only, but also the weakness in your reactions. It may be that you are inclined to be too much affected by a temporary loss of lead; it may be that you are inclined to fall into a set play and are unable to change your defence if your opponent suddenly alters his game; it may be that you tend to be overawed by the fame of a strong player who becomes your opponent; or it may be that in your case a long effort of hard concentration is always followed by a few moments of relaxation; or that you are inclined to relax after your regained position. Know thyself. Study not only the faults and weaknesses in your technique of playing, but also those of your mind. It may mean the difference between your being a "promising player" and one whose promises have been fulfilled.



LESLIE WOOLLARD says

appearances impress, SO . . .

## 'DON'T BE SO DARNED SERIOUS'

*Leslie Woollard is the Editor of the official magazine of the E.T.T.A. and a Member of the National Executive, but the views he expresses here are personal and should be in no way regarded as an official Association opinion.*

**D**ON'T let us take all the fun out of Table Tennis. Sport generally is becoming a pretty serious business involved with cash and prestige and lives "in a world of post-mortems where there is always a corpse on the table" for dissection. I can't help wondering if the over-enthusiasm of some players isn't taking us along the same unhappy path.

Let us keep the fun, the freshness and the freedom of the amateur sport in Table Tennis, for when I speak of amateurism, I do so in the same definition as Robertson Glasgow as "the root sense of loving something for its own sake. The truest amateurism I ever found . . . was among some of those who are termed professionals."

Table Tennis is a happy and healthy sport, and as one of the grandest of social mixers it can make many fine friendships "home and away." That's the way it should be, but we should never forget that it is a game whether we are playing for fun or for "blood," and we should always keep the level of sportsmanship high.

There is a tendency by a few, both players and officials, to sterilise the warm-blooded zest and fun out of the game with slide rule and calculus. Players are expected to get results, not enjoy themselves. If this tendency is allowed to go too far there is a danger of reducing public matches to unspectacular and boring marathons which will kill the public support which keeps them going. Even worse, it could ultimately affect the nature and support of major events.

Last week one regional newspaper carried a headline across two columns in large letters: "'Give nothing away' team beats County." A report reads that so-and-so, the No. 1 and a graded player, was "unspectacular and rather boring to watch . . . the better Table Tennis player lost." And again, "a painful game followed," and another: "Not the match to send spectators away with a thrill."

Corti Woodcock, former Chairman of the E.T.T.A., has, I think, always had the right idea that the maximum of matches before the public should have spectacle and excitement IF you want to retain the support of audiences.

**B**UT my thoughts go beyond this. When a player—or an official—reaches representative status it must not be forgotten that he is the ambassador not only of those he represents but of Table Tennis as a whole. This was impressed on me once after a prominent industrialist and wealthy sports patron had met a Table Tennis official (who did not know who he was). "If that man," the industrialist told me, "is a typical representative of Table Tennis, then I want nothing to do with the game." You never can tell.

I have a frank letter which is interesting because it gives at least four audience-reactions on a prominent player's performance:—

"However, I think 'X' should really learn to be a bit more charming than he is on the table. At no stage . . . did he smile . . . or change the look of disgust when he missed a ball or a pet shot. . . Mum and Dad were sitting on the other side of the hall and told me later that during the game, some people behind them were saying 'Doesn't that chap look sour,' and when the players walked off after the match they said, 'Just look at him—flatfooted old sourpuss!' which shows rather glaringly what an outsider can think of a player without knowing him, just by his manner on the table."

To those who know him, X is a fine sportsman, but either unbalanced nerves

or a taking of things too seriously, gave the public a different view. And don't forget that the views of a paying public are very important.

I have seen a player so mad at losing a match that he crushed the ball in his hand and strode off without shaking hands! When anyone gets worked into a frenzy of bad temper and worse manners, or scowls, mutters, fault-finds and alibis a loss—all over a little white ball—then it's time they quit, because they are souring a great game.

Such antics are about as entertaining as an hysterical child's tantrums. Officials who want to stand on their "dignity" or who are sensitive to easily imagined slights are not so different either. They should think of the greatest good for the greatest number. Where's the sweet happiness and fun in a game that goes like that? Even if it is only with a tiny minority.

**S**URE the game can be an important one. Sure you're all edged up and nervous. Sure you are wanting to win, and that bad decision, that fluke edge and a roll of netcords conspire to make things as maddening to you, but losing your temper won't help. It will upset your judgment and your play. It will upset your team too, and encourage your opponents. Look happy, confident and serene when the odds are against you—or at least keep a poker face. It can unsettle players when they see an opponent is not worrying when he should be, and by a gentle undermining of their confidence, starts the luck rolling your way.

Fred Perry used this tactic with amazing success. Look at the "impossible" matches it has won for Bergmann. Luck and the crowd will root for the one who looks a gallant sportsman, and even that can sometimes be worth enough for the last two points!

One of the most valuable requisites of any sports popular top-notch is the difficult art of losing winningly and of winning gracefully. It is an important item for a great sportsman.



"That's the last time you'll play in a collar and tie"

## HAT-TRICK for LEACH in IRISH OPEN

**T**HE Irish Open Table Tennis Championships held in Dublin on April 14th, 15th and 16th last, attracted entries from Austria, France and England. Taking part were the Austrian stars Max Marinko and 19-years-old Miss Linde Wertl.

On the first night, Marinko, using a pen-holder grip and an outside in bats, reached the 3rd round of the Men's Singles without difficulty, beating O. Traynor and the former Irish international H. C. Wine, the latter getting only nine points. Miss Wertl partnered her countryman in the Mixed Doubles and got to the 4th round by defeating the international pairing of G. Holden and Miss J. Owens, 21-7, 21-11.

Biggest surprise of the second night's play was the brilliant performance of Miss M. Lyons, a comparative unknown from Rostrevor, Co. Down, who was

REPORTED BY

**STAN LAWRENCE**

playing in her first senior championship. Vanquishing two internationals, she defeated Miss F. Dawkins of Cork in the second round and followed this by beating Miss D. Fearon, Dublin, in the semi-final of the Ladies' Singles.

Miss Lyons secured her first major success recently when she entered for the County Louth Open and won the Ladies' Singles by defeating Miss V. Kerr in the final. She is certain to figure prominently in future competitions.

Pairings for the semi-finals of the Men's Singles were Leach v. Clerkin and Ehrlich v. Marinko. The general forecast was that Ehrlich would oppose Leach in the final, but the Polish player went under in a hectic five-game match against the Austrian. Leach qualified to meet Marinko in the final, defeating the Irish international Clerkin who gave a good performance, but not enough to seriously extend his opponent.

**T**HE venue for the final night was the Mansion House, Dublin, where a capacity crowd saw Johnnie Leach win his third Irish Open title. Leach won the first two

*Continued on page 28*



# The LANARKSHIRE 'OPEN'

## O'PREY RETAINS SINGLES TITLE

by G. R. WALKER

THIS tournament took place in the Town Hall, Hamilton, on March 14th, when extra interest was added by the presence of the Liverpool team as competitors, and before-the-tournament speculation rated Ron Rumjahn as a man to watch. Irish international Harry O'Prey (holder) was on hand to defend his title.

### MEN'S SINGLES.

It did not take Rumjahn long to show that he meant business in the Men's Singles, for in his first tie he thrashed Aberdeen's Vic Garland in straight sets. Meanwhile, in the other half of the draw, his colleague, B. Hand, narrowly defeated Edinburgh's Bertie Kerr.

With internationals falling right, left and centre, anything might happen—and did. In the quarter-finals, Braithwaite (Hamilton) fell to John Campbell (Glasgow) for the first time this season.

Rumjahn and Hand survived to the quarter-final stage, but Hand fell to Eddie Still. Rumjahn, however, carried the Liverpool banner on his own broad shoulders, for he convincingly defeated another Aberdeen man, Ron Forman, to enter the semi-finals. Here he joined Campbell, Still and O'Prey, who had got this far with an effortless ease which showed he would not easily be deprived of his title. Still was utterly helpless against him and Rumjahn defeated Campbell with little difficulty.

Thus two "foreigners" were left to contest the final, and a rather poor one it proved to be. Despite the rock-like steadiness Rumjahn had revealed throughout the tournament, O'Prey proved even steadier, and won in straight sets.

### WOMEN'S SINGLES.

Scottish selectors, no doubt worried by the defeat of Braithwaite by Campbell, must have breathed more freely when their dropping of Mrs. Josephson was justified by her failure to qualify for the semi-finals of the Ladies' Singles, while newly capped Mrs. Cababi (Edinburgh)

reached this stage safely. The respite was, however, short-lived, for in the semi-final Mrs. Cababi fell to international team reserve Mrs. Mattinson (Glasgow).

In the other semi-final, Mrs. Hawkins (Glasgow) defeated Miss Cruickshank, Mrs. Josephson's conqueror.

The final was a patchy business, but Mrs. Hawkins gained the ascendancy in the third set to win her first title.

### MEN'S DOUBLES.

Both Liverpool couples survived to the quarter-finals and Bamford and Hand were unlucky to lose 22-20 in the third set to Garland and Forman (Aberdeen). Rumjahn and Taylor, however, were too good for Glasgow "veterans" Hillan and Baxter.

In the other two ties in this round, O'Prey and McBride beat Campbell and Still, and Metcalfe and McCandlish scored a notable victory over McMillan and Braithwaite.

In the semi-finals, Rumjahn and Taylor beat O'Prey and McBride, and Metcalfe and McCandlish blasted their way through Garland and Forman.

The final was a lively match, but Rumjahn and Taylor proved too good for the less polished Metcalfe and McCandlish.

### BOYS' SINGLES.

Liverpool junior Rigby was defeated in the semi-final by Dundee boy A. Stewart. In the final, which proved one of the best matches of the evening, Stewart fell to the devastating hitting of Jim Fulton, of Glasgow's Western Y.M.C.A. Fulton had had an inspired day, and could not have been a more popular winner.

### RESULTS

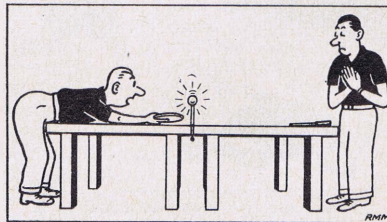
*M.S.* Semi-finals.—O'PREY beat McMillan, 7, 19. RUMJAHN beat Campbell, 16, 9.

Final.—O'PREY (holder) beat Rumjahn, 16, 10.

*L.S.*—Mrs. HAWKINS beat Mrs. Mattinson, 16, —15, 11.

*M.D.*—RUMJAHN/TAYLOR beat Metcalfe/McCandlish, 9, 18.

*B.S.*—J. FULTON beat A. Stewart, 18, 18.



Dorothy Wilding, London.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II — Royal Patron of Table Tennis



## LONDON DIARY

**T**HOSE twin phenomena, Diane and Rosalind Rowe are still improving at a heartening rate. In these assured, fashionably dressed young ladies it is not always easy to see the two youngsters we first saw in the West Middlesex Junior Girls' final five years ago when, all smiles and effervescence, they first appeared on the Table Tennis horizon.

At fifteen they were (apart from one being left-handed) so difficult to separate that I, for one, gave it up. Now, the addition of years and the impact of success and hard competition has rapidly developed their temperaments and personalities until they are recognisably separate individuals, both on and off the table.

Rosalind has emerged as the No. 1 English girl and a likely future World Singles champion with a game which, while being all-round, is perhaps strongest in defence. When at her best she is more "point conscious" than any British girl I have seen. Coupled with her splendid defence she has a very fine deceptive forehand drive, which she controls and switches extraordinarily well. She possesses great determination and is, all in all, a tough proposition.

Diane has remained the more supple, graceful and spontaneous in stroke production. Her strokes are made beautifully, and she combines a typical left-handers' forehand with a backhand flick which would not disgrace a male player.

Her principal drawbacks appear to be insufficient concentration and not enough earnestness—not necessarily long-term failings! This year she has given striking evidence of her ability and world class stature in beating Pritzi in the final of the French Open, and her sister in the Netherlands Open. I have a notion that she could be better than her sister.

Both girls have, between them, beaten all the world's leading ladies except Angelica Rozeanu and the Japanese girls Noshimura and Narahara.

May they go on doing so, and may one of them shortly bring back the World's Singles to England—the Wembley World's would certainly be THE time and place!

**A** NUMBER of people have asked for further news of the formidable Tibetan exponent, Mr. Knockham Farre. Whether or no they want to hear if he has yet died from boredom through lack of

players capable of extending him, I do not know. It is, however, evidence that the world is more interested in Farre than he in the world.

Knockham Farre's amazing skill is still, apparently, being matured by methodical practice of 8 hours each day, but such is the power of his hitting that thirty balls are cracked during each session, which often causes a temporary shortage preventing him from having his full training period.

My Tibetan correspondent writes, as follows, of the recent Drepung Open Tournament in which, for the first time in his meteoric career, Farre conceded a game!

"After a flourish on the 10 ft. long temple trumpets and after each player had blown his own trumpet (both of which had been made from the bones of criminals) in order to summon spirits and demons, the final commenced.

"Farre beat his brave opponent, A Spong, 21-1, 21-1, 28-30, 21-1. There was heavy wagering in rice and yaks' hides on the result and many foolish supporters from the outermost regions of Tibet had backed Spong. After the first two games, which were rather one-sided, there was a stoppage while new balls were sent for, Farre having cracked two dozen in his ferocious attempt to win his 100th Tibetan title in three seasons.

"During this stoppage, Spong's supporters offered a drugged cup of coffee to Farre who drank it and fell into a semistupor during which he had to chisel, thus losing the third game. After losing it, the stupor lessened and to general acclamation Farre ran out the winner. When told about the coffee, Farre said: 'I suspected that I was being slipped a "Mickey Tibetan," but I wanted to prove to myself that will-power as well as skill can win games.'"

TONY MILLER.

## WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!

**A new society has been formed in Japan, it is called "The Shake Hand Society." Its object is to sponsor the orthodox grip of Table Tennis.**

**All Japanese players wear long trousers, which are most uncomfortable in such a hot and sticky climate.**

**A Manilla newspaper had a new expression for Table Tennis matches. An article had the heading 'TABLE TENNIS LOOP RESUMES TONIGHT.'**

## THEY WANT TO SEE the STARS

*RHODESIA calls on the E.T.T.A.*

**A**NYONE sportingly minded likes to see the top-liners in the particular sport that captures their fancy once in a while. That's all to the good, for seeing a champion in action acts as a spur to those on the lower rungs of the success ladder—and perhaps equally as important—keeps public interest and support alive.

Table Tennis is no exception. Its appeal is universal, its scope limitless. For obvious reasons—one of the most obvious being that concerned with the box-office, tours and personal appearances cannot be undertaken without a watchful eye on the financial angle, but an earnest appeal for a sight of the "Big Boys"—and Girls, of course, cannot go unheeded.

All the way from the town of Salisbury, Rhodesia, comes this appeal by Mr. Colin Forth, chairman of the Mashonoland Table Tennis Association.

Obviously it is a matter for the powers that be, so comment here would be extraneous. *Table Tennis Review* leaves it to be chewed over in the right quarter.

"It has been noted, with considerable interest, that in the article by Ken Stanley, in the Spring issue, he considers the British Commonwealth to have been sadly neglected in the matter of English Table Tennis touring teams.

"I would like to say that that opinion is more than fully subscribed to here. Sport, in this self-governing Colony, plays a terrific part in the daily round. Most sports, due to the ideal weather conditions, can be played the year round and there are far more competitions for golf, tennis, cricket and football than I ever came across in England. Touring teams in all these sports come along regularly from home. Last year we had English Amateur Golf (Men and Women), two separate tours, and Newcastle United. This year we are looking forward to seeing Dundee United and Bishop Auckland (amateur football). The cricket and tennis fixtures are regular features for touring teams and all these fixtures are looked upon as 'Test Matches.' The Danish badminton team has just been and played a series of exciting 'Test Matches.' That the Colony gets slaughtered in most of these events does not matter one iota, for in these fixtures 'the

game's the thing' in reality, and the crowds roll up to see how it should be done.

"Needless to say Table Tennis is again the 'Cinderella' sport. Apart from a visit by Bergmann, two or three years ago, the Colony has seen no top-flight stars. And even when Richard came it was pretty useless—there was no one to bring out his best game.

"It would seem Ken Stanley has made a very sound suggestion in his article, a suggestion which, if carried through would be welcomed with enthusiasm here.

"Come on the E.T.T.A. Don't keep all the stars at home. Remember the game is played in the Dominions and the Commonwealth with equal enthusiasm (if not skill). How about arranging a tour a year in which South Africa and the Rhodesias would await eagerly for their turn.

"Until a few of the stars emigrate or we can witness and play against better players it will be difficult to raise the standard of play.

"Let us have 'Test Match Table Tennis' over here and as soon as possible!"

## CIVIL SERVICE CHAMPIONSHIPS

**T**HIS year saw a triple triumph by Len Adams, who now claims all the titles previously held by Ken Craigie (the Singles for the last three years). His strong defence against Ken's all-out attacks and severe counter-hitting left no doubt that his surprise achievement was well-deserved. In the absence of Betty Steventon, the rising Middlesex player Margaret Cherry took her chance of two titles and only missed a third by a hair's breadth.

### RESULTS

*M.S. Semi-finals.*—K. R. CRAIGIE beat W. J. Sawyer, 21-15, 21-5; L. G. ADAMS beat K. Spychalski, 21-9, 21-14.

*Final.*—L. G. ADAMS beat K. R. Craigie, 21-8, 26-24, 21-18.

*W.S.*—Miss M. H. CHERRY beat Mrs. J. Lauper, 18-21, 21-17, 21-16.

*M.D.*—ADAMS/SPYCHALSKI beat Craigie/M. Close, 21-18, 21-18, 21-18.

*W.D.*—Miss CHERRY/Mrs. LAUPER beat Miss W. J. Dakin/Miss S. M. Wright-Swatman, 21-11, 21-18.

*X.D.*—ADAMS/Mrs. LAUPER beat Spychalski/Miss Cherry, 15-21, 21-18, 26-24.

*B.S.*—A. E. J. HILL beat E. R. Mundy, 21-11, 21-12.

*G.S.*—Miss B. LANDIMORE beat Miss J. Cox, 23-21, 21-17.

*V.S.*—L. PRIOR beat R. R. Russell, 21-11, 21-15.





London News Agency Photo.

*A charming study of Our Gracious Queen.*



Portrait by Baron.

*H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh.  
Pictured here as Admiral of the Fleet.*



# IS THERE A T.T. SNOBBERY?

**A KENT READER  
SAYS "YES" . . .**

*and other things*

**O**CCASIONALLY, letters arrive at the Editor's table "piping-hot" with the comments and views of enthusiasts who sincerely believe they have a "genuine beef."

Since magazines are not printed on asbestos paper, and also because there is a law of libel in the land most of them cannot be used, but one containing a number of verbal body blows recently came in from Mr. J. M. Blackman of Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.

*Table Tennis Review* makes no comment on his observations which uphold recent opinions that the game is not what it was.

Mr. Blackman's opinion is that up to 1939 the game was more exciting, partly due to the influx of "exiles" who, by sheer necessity, had to "be good," and then goes on to say:—

"More important as a factor, post-war austerity has cast its gloom over all that is 'different' and, by pure logic, unnecessary. Prices are high and life has become so 'real and earnest' that most lads and lasses are censured by parents and others 'for not bringing something home' in return for time spent at Table Tennis.

"Others more comfortably placed have not the incentive and self-discipline to reach the heights.

"Many will say that present-day food is to blame. I suggest that feeding habits rather than lack of food are at fault. Too many people have a cup of tea and a cigarette and call it a meal.

## ARRESTING DEVELOPMENT

"Junior competitions are fine for players who do not aspire to great heights, but I do think they arrest the development of potential champions. The standard would improve rapidly if juniors on high levels of achievement were debarred from further junior competitions.

"In the game itself much could be done to raise the standard. I suggest that districts should set up practice bureaux which would exchange details between players free on certain nights. There should be more open clubs and more open nights.

## SNOBBERY

"Most detrimental of all to the game is the pernicious snobbery of those who think themselves too good to meet and

play unknowns. These do not affect the top levels directly because they never get to the top, but do discourage greatly those who have 'not yet arrived.' The measures suggested above would by-pass this miserable clique.

"One final word on practice. Are we now too mentally lazy to repeat the same shot 500 or 1,000 times to get it right? And another 500 times to make sure? No-one will approach the pre-war players if he or she is not."

Well, Mr. Blackman has had his say, and pulled no punches in saying it. Again "*Table Tennis Review*" emphasises its strict neutrality in this matter, but we should like to know what you think about it. We feel that our correspondent's comments are going to bring back some snappy answers, so if you'll send 'em we'll print 'em—or as many as we have room for.

## LONDON NOTES

Congratulations to Miss Yvonne Baker on winning the Essex Closed Singles title for the third successive year. Other results were as follows:—

**Men's Singles**—L. Sawyer.  
**Men's Doubles**—B. Brumwell/K. Collar.  
**Women's Doubles**—Y. Baker/B. Milbank.  
**Mixed Doubles**—B. Brumwell/Y. Baker.  
**Junior Boys' Singles**—R. Dorking.

At the Finals of the Special Commissioners' (of Inland Revenue) Championships, a collection was made in aid of the World Championships 1954 Fund, resulting in £5 8s. towards this good cause. Good going! We presume they put their best Tax Collectors on the job. . . .

A man with natty notions is Mr. Alan Murphy, of the Thameside Industries League (and Vice-Chairman of the Essex County T.T.A.). He has arranged for a "Cafe Ping Pong" evening to be held at the end of the season, when the winners of the respective Divisions will be presented with their trophies. This will be on the lines of the Television programme, "Cafe Continental," with dancing, cabaret artistes, etc.

Apart from his administrative work, Alan Murphy has figured in every Finals of the Thameside Industries League since 1933. You can't keep a good man down!

B. MILLBANK.

# GLASGOW TRIUMPH OVER LIVERPOOL

G. R. WALKER REPORTS

**T**HE first annual inter-city match between Liverpool and Glasgow was played in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, March 13th, and resulted in a 6-4 victory for the home side.

The teams were—  
**Glasgow**: J. BRAITHWAITE, E. STILL, M. McMILLAN, W. McCANDLISH. **Liverpool**: R. RUMJAHN, F. BAMFORD, B. HAND, A. C. TAYLOR, and most impressive of the visitors was Ron Rumjahn, who, having been in trouble against international Eddie Still, came away strongly to win to 10 in the third set. Though beaten by John Braithwaite, Rumjahn made himself popular with the spectators and left the impression that he would do better next day, when it had been arranged that the visitors would take part in the Lanarkshire Open Championships.

Star performance in this match was that of new Scottish cap, Braithwaite, who won both his singles matches with ease and scored a third victory in the Doubles, partnered by Monty McMillan.

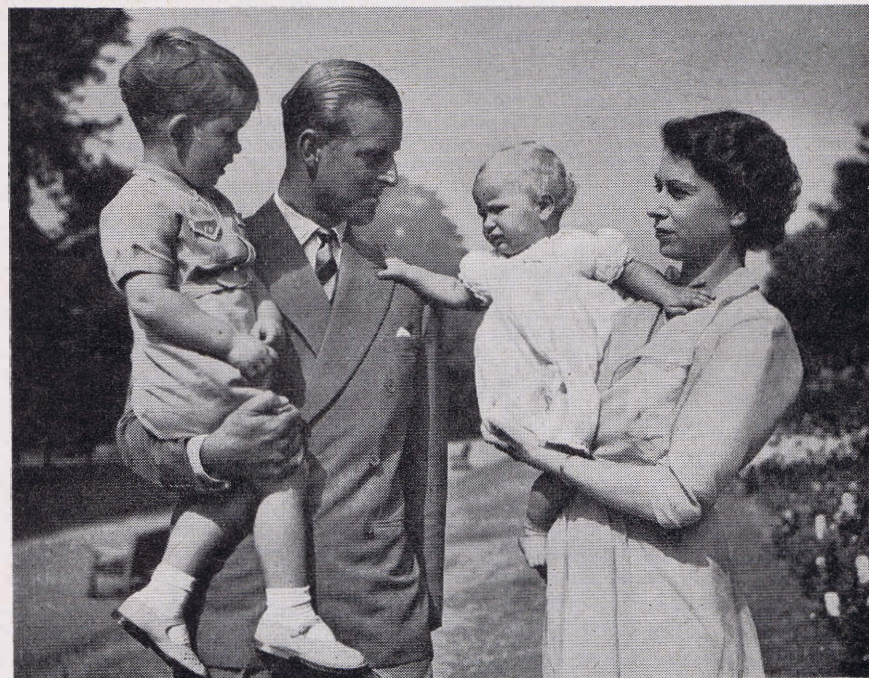
Of the rest of the visiting team, B. Hand played a crisp all-round game; A. C. Taylor seemed impulsive; but veteran F. Bamford had a poor night.

It had to be borne in mind however that all the visitors had made a wearing journey by car, and that Bamford had come through an exacting 216 miles of driving. It was expected that, after a night's rest, the team would show in a better light in the Lanarkshire tournament, and we were by no means disappointed.

## RESULTS

GLASGOW v. LIVERPOOL.  
(*Glasgow names first.*)

E. Still lost to R. RUMJAHN, 21, —19, —12; beat F. Bamford, 12, 13.  
J. BRAITHWAITE beat R. Rumjahn, 8, 20; beat F. Bamford, 19, 12.  
M. McMillan lost to B. HAND, —18, 20, —14; beat A. C. Taylor, 16, 12.  
W. McCandlish lost to B. HAND, —10, 20, —10; beat A. C. Taylor, 21, 17.  
BRAITHWAITE/McMILLAN beat Bamford/Hand, 13, 18.  
Still/McCandlish lost to RUMJAHN/TAYLOR, 15, —18, —18.



*The Royal Family at Home.*

London News Agency Photo.



# TWO WINNING LETTERS

. . . all about **COACHING**

35, Humphrey Crescent,  
Urmston, Manchester.

The Editor,  
The Table Tennis Review.

Dear Sir,

## COACHING.

I believe that no young player is capable of being a good coach because he has been concentrating primarily on becoming a good player. What may be good for him may be bad for another, and if he teaches his own way his protégé becomes another "copyist" and therefore in my view will not reach the top class. Take a look at the world's ranking list and you will find a complete list of different styles and methods of play.

The necessary qualifications of a good coach are to be as wise as Solomon himself, to be a psychiatrist, to possess the patience of Job, and to have a wide knowledge of the game—not necessarily as a player, for often the spectators see more than the player. The coach should have plenty of spare time, confidence in his pupil and his own abilities, but should not be above taking advice on a problem that momentarily stumps him.

A good pupil must have a combination of the following: sportsmanship, youth, physical fitness, natural ability for the game, determination, patience, plenty of spare time to practise, the will to go back fighting after set-backs, complete confidence in the coach—and finally, cash, for our sport is an expensive game for the one who wants to reach top class.

With this association of the right coach and the right player we may in the future have yet another Carrington and Leach combination.

Yours faithfully,

F. ANDREWS.



132, Belvedere Road,  
Ipswich, Suffolk.

Dear Editor,

In your Autumn, 1952 issue, you ask for views on the giving of coaching to young players. A glance at the list of the members of the Registered Players Committee will confirm, that that body is eminently qualified to pass judgment on the minimum age for a professional coach. However, amateurs are a vastly different kettle of fish.

As I understand it, Jack Carrington, as Chief Coach, instructs County representa-

tives in how and what to teach, and they in turn pass on this knowledge to Leagues affiliated to the County body.

As a coach to my League, I have found that the quality I need most is patience, and a close second is tact. In this case I use this much misunderstood word to describe the ability to know when to encourage, when to bully, when to cajole, etc., and without it I should soon be in deep water. I am now aged 31 and it has taken me many years to accumulate the knowledge which gives me this know-how! I cannot see how anyone under the age of 25 can know how to bring out the best in a player, whilst maintaining dignity and that respect which must flow between student and teacher.

All this is on the psychological plane—technically, these days, a young man of 21 has had the key of the T.T. door for a long time and is a veteran player. So with an all amateur coaching scheme we must compromise and make use of all the talent available so as not to overlook the keen but clueless type who, nevertheless, is a good stroke player.

My plan is to use the existing framework, but to divide coaches into two classes, called "Coach" and "County Coach." The latter should be at least 25 years of age and should have passed a qualifying test. The Chief County Coach should appoint them, to a maximum of about 5 in each town, to teach all players within the jurisdiction of their League. This would work similarly to the County Umpire Scheme, and we should then have a Director of Coaching controlling a Chief County Coach who has a staff of County Coaches in each town.

The best teaching unit is undoubtedly a pair and this is where we make use of the ordinary "Coach," for whom there need be no age barrier. He is the man who shows how it should be done whilst his more experienced partner does the talking, and generally acts as the County Coach's assistant. All the time he is gaining knowledge for the day when he too can become a witty, sagacious County Coach!

In any case I would beseech all players not to take too much notice of the saying "those who can, do; those who can't, teach"—quite a lot of excellent players manage to do both. And the Coaching scheme depends on the backing YOU give it.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. BUXTON.

## FINALS NIGHT

A year ago, this very night,  
Amidst a great applause  
At the table green I stood serene  
'Twas Finals Night of course.

No "first night" fears did I perceive,  
With confidence I played  
At two games all, I do recall,  
Something inside me frayed.

I chopped and chiselled in the fifth,  
But 'twas to no avail,  
With bulldog grit I counter-hit,  
But my style he did assail.

His footwork was, I thought, the cause  
Of why I was a flop.  
For his counter-drive was a kind of jive  
And his defence was the lindy hop.

His backhand flicks were full of tricks,  
His forehand wiles I'll covet,  
And his repertoire is full of strokes  
The savants haven't named yet.

In defence his range is large,  
But in attack it's larger,  
For he blazed away in an abandoned way  
Like a knight on a coal-black charger.

I stuck on grimly to the end,  
But this was my demise.  
No Carlsen or a Dancy could  
Have saved my enterprise.

So silently I said a prayer.  
The whole wide world seemed wrong.  
For even my Guardian Angel  
Couldn't play "ping pong."

I played a drop-shot, clean and true,  
The stroke that brought me fame,  
But for all I dared, I just stood and stared,  
As he flicked it past me for the game.

I left that night, my hopes forlorn,  
My prestige sorely branded.  
Was I surprised when I realised  
That the chiseller was just left-handed!

JOHN C. JORDAN



# 'You must CONCENTRATE'

says WALTER STEINITZ

Official Interpreter to the E.T.T.A.

**W**HEN was it, that you last said "I never saw that one" after your opponent had smashed a winner past you, which you honestly "never saw"? I say that you could have seen at least 50% of those fast balls, and touched them too, had you concentrated hard enough on your game.

**Y**OU don't believe me? How is it, then, that top-class Table Tennis players are able not only to see similar balls, but actually return them or, better still, hit them right back to the opponent's side of the table from where it might even be returned with another smashing stroke?

## SUPERMEN ?

Are those chaps blessed with superhuman power to play balls that you can't even perceive? Not a bit of it. They're just concentrating very hard and their reflexes, as a result of regular practice, training and physical fitness, are almost instantaneous.

I put it, that, apart from personal skill there is only a split second between the different classes of players and it is that fraction of a second, which you can only catch through concentration, that makes you superior to your opponent—or vice versa.

In my capacity of official interpreter, I have watched almost every top-class player of international ranking at close quarters during competitions and I can tell you that their powers of concentration are terrific. It is sometimes a severe strain on the nerves to keep this up in spite of noises and movements going on around them. A champion may also lose a match because he might be worried by other events which may have nothing to do with the game.

I saw Richard Bergmann knocked out of an English Open because in my opinion, his concentration was broken by certain events. His conqueror was Michel Lansky a young French player of top class, who is very hard of hearing.

This otherwise unfortunate affliction tremendously increases his powers of concentration and is of great help to him in Table Tennis, although he has to come and ask me for the score several times during a match.

## IS IT NERVES ?

It often happens that good players go completely "to pieces" just because they have lost their power of concentration, a fact which prevents them from capturing

that vital split-second which makes all the difference between a hit and a miss. You may call it nerves, but next time you go and watch a game of Table Tennis you will see how right I am. Perhaps you can improve your own game by complete disregard for anything except that little white ball. If, however, you are only a supporter, please don't rush in during a rally and slam the door, and that conversation with your friend can wait until the end of the game. Don't move around, but just sit down quietly and you will see a better game.

## UMPIRING STRAIN

The job of an umpire, especially in doubles, requires possibly more concentration than the game itself. If a player makes a mistake through lack of concentration, and loses a point or two, he can always try to catch up on it, but an umpire—never. He must always be correct and if he loses his grip on the run of the game, everything goes wrong.

I shall never forget an incident during one of the finals nights of an English Open Tournament when one of our most experienced senior umpires had to be replaced after the first game of a Men's Doubles semi-final.

This umpire had been very upset by the showing off of a young American player, who, before the game started, began to test all the available balls and declared them unfit to play with, although, unknown to him, his own partner had selected them the same afternoon and put them in a sealed box. The resulting dispute and loss of time on top of the already severe strain of this public performance, had the disastrous result of the umpire being unable to concentrate and getting the scores right, because he was too upset from the start.

The fact that both he and the management of the tournament realised the gravity of the situation and arranged an unobtrusive relief by a fresh man after the first game, was a credit to British sportsmanship.

# SCOTTISH JOTTINGS

Though beaten 9-0 by England, the youngest team in the history of Scottish Table Tennis was left unchanged to face Ireland, and lost 6-3.

In view of these two defeats, the selectors made two changes in the team to play Wales. Johnny Braithwaite (Hamilton) and Mrs. Cababi (Edinburgh) taking over from John Campbell and Mrs. Josephson (Glasgow).

Mrs. Josephson seems to have suffered a loss of form, and Braithwaite's selection was long overdue so he got his chance. He will be a difficult man to displace.

Jim Fulton, winner of the Boys' Singles in the Lanarkshire Championship, put up an amazing performance. In the Men's Singles he defeated J. D. Walker (Hamilton) and Dickie, the well-known Glasgow player, before making his exit to Mellis. On the way to his Junior title, Fulton convincingly defeated Campbell Purcell, Scottish Junior Champion. At 16, this youngster is brimful of confidence and will surely prove an asset to his club, Glasgow's Western Y.M.C.A., in years to come.

Liverpool officials have plenty of faith in their players. Having seen Ron Rumjahn knock Scottish International Vic Garland off the table in straight sets, I rushed up to one of the Liverpool officials with the glad tidings. His phlegmatic comment, delivered in the cocksure Lancashire tongue was: "An' I should think so, too!" Hmm!

A word of thanks is due to the Liverpool folk who came to the Lanarkshire Open as the guests of the West of Scotland Association, and efficiently ran one half of the draw.

Liverpool players said they enjoyed their sojourn in Scotland, but that "back home" the running of tournaments was "a bit slicker." This with a wave of the hand at an eloquently empty table.

"Back home," when two halls are used, only one mike control is used, so that the ties are evenly spread out over all the tables, and there is no overcrowding of ties in the one hall while tables lie empty in the other.

Scottish officials, take note!

# THE FELINE CHAMPION!

Peter gate-crashed into his first party. He was a city stray, showing the scars of battle on his somewhat shapeless feline body. But he had long white ballet dancer's legs, which carried him with lightning precision to any desired goal.

We were playing Table Tennis when Peter's insatiable curiosity about all the sights and smells of his new home, got the better of his politeness. He pushed himself into the forefront of the party. The rapid tap-tap of the ball on the table required immediate investigation, so he jumped up to see what was going on.

It more than exceeded his expectations. His eyes grew as round as the ball that was flashing so swiftly from one end of the table to the other. His head moved rapidly from side to side following its flight.

Something had to be done about this and creeping quickly forward he lay down on his back at the "net," waving his paws in the air and trying to intercept the ball as it passed. But this was no good. The ball evaded his ferocious clutches. So up he sat, hitting out at it with one long white paw, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He actually hit the ball several times back across the net.

This was great fun. Even the magic word "fish" couldn't lure him away. The company were helpless with laughter at his contortions and, I'm quite sure that, in spite of his sphinx-like face, Peter was laughing inside too.

S.M.F.

## STILL WINNING

The fabulous Koehnke family of Glen Ellyn, carried its Table Tennis domination a stage further at the Net and Paddle Club, Chicago, in April, when 11-years-old Jackie won the Girls' Division title (12 to 14 years) in three straight sets.

Jackie, who is bidding fair to match the exploits of her famous sister, Sharon, convincingly defeated Yvonne Pointer of St. Louis, by 21-16, 21-10, in the first two, and was only extended in the final set, which she took at 22-20.



# ROOTHOFT takes the NETHERLANDS SINGLES

## ROWE TWINS win the DOUBLES

Reported by A. M. (Tony) MILLER

THERE were many excellent matches in these championships, but three impressed me as being outstanding.

The first of these was a quarter-final match between two old rivals, whose patience is well matched: Bergmann and Aloizio Ehrlich. It was an extremely tense contest and was played in an atmosphere of mounting excitement. Ehrlich rejuvenated by sponge into a reasonably fluent attacking player with a masked drop-shot at the ready, bewildered Bergmann with variations of speed in hitting in the first game (though it must be stated at once that the conditions of daylight lighting behind and above the tables coupled with a concrete floor were not ideal for defence or, for that matter, attack.

The second game was played at a slower tempo but Ehrlich's clever occasional hits and great steadiness in defence proved too good in a game which finally went to the time limit. Then the drama began!

The expedite rule was enforced and after some stern play, Bergmann won 10-7. The fourth game, also limited to ten minutes, saw Ehrlich lead 10-7 with about 3 minutes to go, and apparently the winner. Bergmann feverishly tried a hit, 10-8. A long rally, a nervous mistake by Ehrlich—10-9, another nervous push by Ehrlich—off! 10-10. The crowd gasps. The umpire announces: "The next point decides." A good point then, to Bergmann—11-10!

Bergmann takes another pull at his Cola bottle. We all thought that he was home, but after some excellent exchanges, Ehrlich's greater certainty in attack gained him the lead. He grimly held on and at 10-8, Bergmann tried his flashing forehand three times resulting in an 11-9 win to Ehrlich. At no time was there any out-and-out chiselling in this match, nor was it ever anything but absorbing.

The second fine match was by far the most spectacular contest in the tournament and was perhaps the finest I have seen for a very long time, of all-round skill sustained at great speed. This was an exhausting victory for Harangozo over Haguenauer: 18 in the fifth. Every shot in the book, with counter-hitting, and great certainty in attack and defence were the features of a

terrific struggle which lasted over an hour. A masterly exhibition of Table Tennis.

The third match was the final: Roothoft-Ehrlich in which the stamina of both players and especially of Ehrlich (now admitting to 39 years) was quite extraordinary. After his other struggles the older man did not show quite his earlier patience against the lithe Roothoft and lost narrowly by making one mistake in attack too many in two games, losing 1-3.

Other interesting matches were a touch and go struggle between Bergmann and Stephane Cafiero of France—another fluent sponge hitter. An all-hitting narrow win by Dolinar over Lanskoj 3-1 which must have lasted at least five minutes! A clash of noiseless weapons when Dolinar lost easily to Ehrlich in the semi-final and the equally comfortable win of Roothoft over Harangozo, —15, 12, 8, 9. Possibly the Yugoslav was tired after his clash with Haguenauer.

The Rowe twins kept the British flag flying high with an all-Rowe final resulting in a 3-1 win for Diane over Rosalind. Both girls reached the final without difficulty and Diane, despite a banded knee and elbow, played with increased confidence and spirit.

They won the Women's Doubles with ease and Rosalind, together with Brian Kennedy, took the Mixed. The Men's Doubles saw Harangozo and Dolinar too severe in attack for Brian and Bergmann—an unlikely pair.

*Footnote:* Bergmann's game does not appear to like sponge. A good sponge hitter seems to be able to increase his speed more suddenly and less noticeably (because silently) than a pimpled rubber hitter.

Sponge may have a future lasting perhaps two years—until players have fully accustomed themselves to its idiosyncrasies—among them an extreme delicacy for drop shots and very bad mistakes off "sitters" and similar balls. Sponge is most useful to the player who is lacking confidence, and perhaps going down-hill with his normal rubber, or to the player who has an unorthodox style of play. It is hardly likely to assist the player who is already a very good orthodox exponent.

# EDINBURGH NEWS from AMERICA

## T.T. SALOON makes a BIG HIT

THE Mancini Table Tennis Saloon at 111, Ferry Road, Leith (Edinburgh), can claim to be the only exclusively Table Tennis Saloon in the district of Edinburgh. This one-time billiard saloon, under the energetic vigilance of Mr. Olindo Mancini, has quickly established itself as a venue for good Table Tennis, and is often frequented by the élite of Edinburgh players.

The Mancini saloon is not entirely a commercial venture—far from it. At the beginning of the 1952-53 season, Mr. Mancini put a team into the Edinburgh and District League and so great was the response to his appeal for players that he was able to enter two teams, and so the Olympian Table Tennis Club made its debut in competitive Table Tennis.

A junior club, the Olympian Juniors, was formed, and one young player, 12 years old Ian Barclay, not yet 5 feet in height, has risen from obscurity to win the O.(J).T.T.C. Championship, and make a name for himself in the Edinburgh and District League by winning 13 out of 18 games in this, his first season.

THE Club meets two nights weekly, when four tables are at their disposal, and also on a Sunday morning. Membership fees cover all balls used in practice and in matches; league registration fees, and teas at all home matches, and on Sunday mornings.

Because of Mr. Mancini's great love for the game, he has donated a trophy to the Edinburgh and District League.

This then is our achievement in the first season of our competitive Table Tennis career, and with the enthusiasm of the Club rising, it can look forward optimistically to some of the glory next season.

In conclusion, Mr. Mancini extends an invitation to all players from other leagues, who are holidaying in Edinburgh, to come and visit the Club and to spend an evening playing.

JOHN JORDAN.

The Eastern United States Table Tennis Championships, held in New York City on February 14th and 15th, and second in importance only to the national tournament, was won by Dick Miles, who swept through his matches without dropping a single game.

Miles won the men's title by defeating Lou Pagliaro, present U.S. champion, in the finals, 23-21, 21-19, and 21-16. In the semi-finals Miles defeated Sol Schiff, 21-17, 21-17, 23-21; and Pagliaro won a thriller from John Somael, 21-17, 18-21, 14-21, 21-15, 21-19.

Leah Neuberger, national champion, won the Women's crown over Lona Flam, 9-21, 21-13, 21-19, 21-18.

The Men's Doubles was captured by Sol Schiff and Tibor Hazi. They conquered Bob Wilkenfeld and Harry Ornstein by scores of 21-15, 17-21, 15-21, 21-17 and 21-11.

Bob Gusikoff defeated young Lowell Latshaw to gain the Junior crown, 19-21, 21-15, 21-12, 22-20. Latshaw had earlier won the Boys' title (under 16).

Dick Miles and Leah Neuberger teamed to win the Mixed Doubles championship over John Somael and Pauline Robinson, 14-21, 21-9, 21-16, 20-22, 21-11.

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# The 'EASTER' at SCARBOROUGH

## THE TWINS DO IT AGAIN

and P. Baird. Adele Wood and Mrs. D. Wilkinson put up a fine performance to run Ros and Diane to three games in the final.

In the Veterans' Singles, a local success was gained, E. Moorhouse of Scarborough beating E. Turton (Pontefract) in a "tactics" final.

### AFTERTHOUGHTS

Enormous present day costs such as tax, printing, hire of halls, make it essential to start thinking out means of economy. To keep the Voucher Prizes at the limit with the present entry may mean an increase in entry charges.

The excellent Alec Brook Tables (10 new ones) were thoroughly appreciated by all competitors.

The special match at the Olympia Ballroom will have to get new names (preferably a foreign team) to keep its popularity.

E. MOORHOUSE.

### RESULTS.

M.S., Semi-finals.—J. LEACH beat M. H. Thornhill, 21-18, 21-14. B. KENNEDY beat K. Craigie, 21-10, 21-17.

Final—LEACH beat Kennedy, 15-21, 21-18, 23-21, 15-21, 21-12.

M.D.—LEACH/CRAIGIE beat Kennedy/Thornhill, 21-15, 21-16.

W.S.—D. ROWE beat P. Franks, 13-21, 21-16, 21-12.

W.D.—D./R. ROWE beat A. Wood/D. Wilkinson, 21-13, 20-22, 21-12.

X.D.—KENNEDY/R. ROWE beat Leach/D. Rowe, 21-9, 21-17.

J.S.—G. PULLAR beat D. House, 20-22, 21-17, 21-18.

Y.S.—R. DORKING beat C. Skaj, 13-21, 21-18, 23-21.

V.S.—E. MOORHOUSE beat E. Turton, 21-15, 21-15.

Over 60 Challenge.—A HARRISON beat G. Hurlock, 21-13, 21-11.

### UNBEATEN

In the Camberwell Youth Table Tennis League, 17-years-old Roy Murrell had not been defeated in a single game this season until 5th March. On that day he played 16-years-old Ron Higgs in the semi-final of the League's Senior Boys' singles and lost the second game 14-21.

However, he went on to take his place in the final, defeating Higgs by three games to one. He had won the first game 21-13, took the third 21-9 and the fourth 21-13.

# Irish Notes . . .

Compiled by  
**STAN LAWRENCE**

On Friday, April 24th, a tournament was held in Abbeyleix Town Hall, and the entry of 78 included the best players from Carlow, Kilkenny, Offaly, Wexford, Tipperary and Laois.

Competition was so keen that, although play commenced on Friday night the tournament did not end until about 6 a.m. on Saturday. Nevertheless there was a big crowd present to applaud the winners when they received their trophies from Mr. J. H. Harley, Hon. Secretary, Abbeyleix Tostal Committee.

Results were :—

**MEN'S SINGLES : (Abbeyleix Tostal Committee Cup)—W. Griffith (Carlow) beat J. Coffey (Roscrea).**

**LADIES' SINGLES : (J. H. Harley Cup)—Mrs. G. Galbraith (Abbeyleix) beat Miss J. Hayden (Carlow).**

**MIXED DOUBLES : A. Hoare and Miss J. Hyland (Carlow) beat T. Groves and Mrs. Curry (Kilkenny).**

At the Barrack Club Rooms, Bunclody, Co. Wexford, the Killigney team beat Ferns 6-3 in the Parochial Cup, First Division.

The Winners of the Connacht Table Tennis Championships at Castlebar were :—

**MEN'S SINGLES : Max Marinko (Austria).**

**MEN'S DOUBLES :—Max Marinko and J. Valsinky (Austria).**

**LADIES' DOUBLES :—Misses C. and M. Griffin (Galway).**

**MIXED DOUBLES :—Max Marinko and Miss M. Griffin.**

Tinahely, Co. Wicklow, enthusiasts were treated to an excellent exhibition when the Shillelagh and Carlow teams met there recently. The result was a draw. After the match, Mr. Greene (Shillelagh) and Mr. Doran (Carlow) engaged in an exhibition game which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large attendance of spectators.

When twins Rosalind and Diane Rowe took the floor for their match in the International Table Tennis Exhibition in the King's Hall, Belfast, on April 14th, 5,000 fans greeted them with a rousing rendering of "Happy Birthday to You" in honour of their 20th birthday. The girls returned the compliment by treating their admirers to an excellent three-games display in which right-handed Rosalind, the English Woman Champion, defeated left-handed Diane 21-13, 18-21, 21-19.

At the same venue nine internationals were seen in action. Johnnie Leach receiving a particularly loud cheer when he vanquished Hague-nauer, winner of the English "Open," 19-21, 21-14, 21-3.

In the Kildare and District Table Tennis Shield Competition the winners, Carlow Legion of Mary Club who defeated Newbridge 15—nil in the final, played 78 games and lost only 13.

Joe Conroy (Leinster Champion) defeated Tom Droogan (Tullamore champion) in the final of Salts' Table Tennis Club tournament at St. Mary's Hall, Tullamore, recently.

Over 100 players took part in the tournament held under the auspices of the Leinster Counties Table Tennis League at the Ritz Ballroom, Carlow, recently. Special Perpetual Cups for Men's and Women's Singles were presented by Mr. R. E. Whelan, Enniscorthy, Chairman of the League Committee.

Rosario Table Tennis Club added the Down & Connor Senior Cup to their Belfast & District Championship, when they defeated C.B.P.P.U., 4—2.

Rosario Ladies' team won their section of the Down & Connor League.

Portlaoise side retained the trophy when they vanquished Deighton (Carlow) by five matches to one, in the final of the Parishes Cup at Athy, Co. Kildare. Messrs. E. N. Seymour and W. A. Garnett of the Leinster Branch Council helped with the umpiring.

The Laois-Offaly Close Championships in the County Ballroom, Tullamore, drew such a large entry that play did not end until about 4 a.m. the following day.



MORE

# 'PROGRESS and the VETERAN'

by TONY MILLER

IN an article under the above title published in the Autumn, 1952, issue, I recorded and commented on the views of the ex-international Johnny Joyce in regard to the changed and improved face of Table Tennis today compared with earlier days and particularly the Perry-Bull era.

In the Spring, 1953, issue, three articles appeared taking a very opposite view. They painted a sorrowful picture of present-day Table Tennis. It appears from what the writers said that the game is a very senile old gentleman hardly robust enough to tackle a game of croquet.

In the main the writers appear to have read my article with scant attention and written theirs in a mood of anger and nostalgia. Despite the tremendous increase in the number of players, the generally recognised improvements in playing techniques and the much better general playing conditions, the most pungent comment in one of the articles was that "The standard of Table Tennis today is not comparable with that we saw twenty years ago and bunkum to those who think it is."

My only comment on that is that recently Mr. Churchill asked an abusive Member for a definition of the word "Rubbish." I have never regarded wind as a coherent argument.

I do not propose to deal with the many parts of their articles which are open to strong criticism, but would merely refer them and interested readers to the original article which I must emphasise is not a collection of my views. I have only been watching the game since the early 1940's.

Johnny Joyce, having read the articles, still maintains that "the present-day players in England have little to learn from the so-called giants of the past." He continues, "I haven't forgotten the thrilling finals that apparently are not to be seen these days, but I will remember a certain final between the writer of one of those articles and another, when everyone went home leaving some officials and myself to cheer.

"The leading players of this period," says Johnny, "are without a doubt superior in all-round play. The fault with these ageing veterans is that, like stage artists, they don't like to step down and give present star players a chance to capture the public's imagination.

"Some people forget that in pre-war tournaments the E.T.T.A. invited foreign

competitors to enter in order to encourage the game; nowadays we rely on our own stars to attract the public, which settles the issue of the standard of play and personality which is said to be so lacking today.

"Concerning audiences and the proportion of non-playing onlookers, my experience in the old days is the same as at present, namely, you still rely 80% on players and friends for support."

Johnny concluded his remarks as follows, "There are more thrills in present-day tournaments when the last sixteen are fighting through than in most of the pre-war finals, because the standard of current Table Tennis is much higher in every phase of the game. If the public had the opportunity of seeing some of our current stars in exhibitions a little more often instead of the 'old brigade,' I'm certain it would encourage that non-playing public Frank White mentioned in his article."

To sum-up, Johnny has never maintained that the top five players in this country (or perhaps in the world) are better than in earlier times. Giants are always giants. Today the giants do not stand out in relief as they did before, because thick around them are hundreds of very big men who in earlier times would probably have been recognised as giants since there were fewer players of a very high calibre.

The beauty of this debate is that neither side can be proved right or wrong, therefore one would have thought that the discussion could be fairly calm and balanced; instead the protagonists of the past are seething (with the exception of Ken Stanley) under their collars. They are outraged. Can it be that the truth hurts?

## IRISH OPEN

*Continued from page 11*

games, but in the 3rd, Marinko rallied and began hitting deep to Leach's forehand. The Austrian, drawing at 5-5, took the next six points in a row. The fourth game saw him leading again until the English player levelled at 13 points. From then onwards Leach showed his superiority, but Marinko contributed to his own defeat by some loosely played shots.

It was an excellent display by both men. The scoring was: 21-17, 21-13, 13-21, 21-16. Leach won the title in 1943 and 1944.

The Ladies' Singles title was won in straight sets by the hard-hitting and nimble Miss Wertl against Miss M. Lyons. The Austrian girl also figured on the winning side when she partnered Miss France of London to defeat the Irish pair Misses D. Fearon and J. Owens rather easily in the Ladies' Doubles.

In the Boys' Singles, G. Holden (Dublin) retained his title when he defeated M. Behan (Dublin) 21-12, 21-12.

The Mixed Doubles title went to Marinko and Miss Wertl when they beat Leach and Miss France 21-19, 21-18.

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## THE 'English' Bore

WHAT a bore the English Open is becoming. Lack of foreign world-class competition is reducing, what was once the world's No. 2 tournament, to just another run-of-the-mill Table Tennis affair, of the sort to be seen every week during the season.

We must face the gloomy fact that home-grown products aren't good enough to satisfy thousands, who annually trek from all over Britain to Wembley, in the hope of seeing the finest the game has to offer. Most of what they've seen in recent years hasn't warranted a twopenny bus fare or a sixpence admission fee.

The Leach—Haguenaer final has been criticised right, left and centre as a ponderously dull ping-pong affair, not worth a light. It was certainly no classic, to say the very least of it. But in fairness to the players we must remember two things. Leach, even at his brightest, is no attacker. His is the game which to look good must be opposed by biting, fast-paced stuff. And Haguenaer, at 38 or more, knows he hasn't the physical reserves to play all-out over five sets. Thus we had Leach, an off-colour defensive topspinner, opposed to a veteran, determined at all costs to save his strength, and win the title which had eluded him for something like 20 years. Result a deadlock. Too bad such a shoddy parlour game had to be televised.

Followers, exultant at England's first Swaythling Cup win, and keyed-up to see a native-born Englishman scoop the title for the first time in 30 years, had an "after the Lord Mayor's Show comes the dustcart" feeling. Not so much because our stars failed, as because of the way they bit the dust. And with the best world players absent at that.

Without question, the girls showed the men how the game can be played. There were no inhibitions, pokings, proddings or tentative strokings about the Ros Rowe—Linde Wertl final. This was a battle jam-packed with action, crammed with excitement, loaded with spectacle. Such humdingers are, alas and alas and alas, as rare as an American word of praise for a Communist. Male players looking on must have shuddered at such recklessness and concentrated tigerishness.

Why the Jupiter don't our alleged he-men get off their flat feet and show us they have red blood in their veins? Gawd 'elp us, but it seems that these days it's left to gals to put pep into a show.

S.K.

## 1952-53 was the LADIES' YEAR

says Sam Kirkwood

TO me, the most astonishing highlight of the now defunct 1952/53 season was our winning of the Swaythling Cup by what is surely the oldest side we've ever fielded in the event. Bergmann is 35 and the other lads, Leach and Simons, 30 or more. On top of that, Richard and Johnnie were both nowhere near their best. Real hero of the piece was Aubrey, whose two games in the final got us out of the rut.

Apart from the Cup win, our men have little about which to enthuse, but the women's picture is brighter, thanks to Ann Haydon. Here's a kid who's going to make world grade—no shadow of doubt about it. With the Rowe girls still only 20, and with 14-year-old Ann climbing like a Comet to success, that Corbillon Cup, and individual world honours, are coming home to roost in little old England.

As opposed to this, we saw slip into the background such old redoubtables as Joyce Roberts, Peggy Franks, Margaret Fry, and several other girls, who for several seasons have been enjoying the sweets of stardom.

1952/53 also saw crepe-faced bats lose their sudden popularity. Players discovered to their disappointment that it wasn't only the "queer" bat which earned Satoh his world win at Bombay last year. The little Jap also had the ability to go with it! Exit the noiseless bat, and welcome back the pimpled rubber article.

Best individual win of the year was that notched by Ros Rowe, in winning the English Open Women's Singles, against Linde Wertl. Ros not only played fine, aggressive stuff, but showed she has tightened her defence.

Yours truly came under bombardment from Ivor Montagu, who devoted two whole pages in the official magazine to offering a belated and, to my mind, illogical "explanation" of Bergmann's initial dropping from last year's Cup side. The Hon. Ivor also flatly denied the existence of yes-men, hinting that one S.K. was responsible for cooking up a "myth" about something which never was, Heaven forbid! That was the season's biggest laugh.

1952/53 is dead. Let's bury it and forget it. The coming season is what matters, and with the World Series being staged in our midst we have summat to look forward to. Until September, then, chin up and keep smiling.

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## PAID IN FULL

IN the Spring issue of *Table Tennis Review*, we told of the financial struggles of a small Lancashire League, and how the burden of affiliation fees had all but crippled it.

In its first year of existence the secretary affiliated his League with the National and County bodies, but the season went by without any of the members or clubs taking part in outside events. So, as the secretary eventually admitted, the fees of approximately ten pounds had been a loss.

The next year the secretary retired and the League practically fell through. However, a young and inexperienced fellow rallied a dozen clubs together and kept the League going. He knew nothing about National and County organisations and when they both sent repeated demand notes in for affiliation fees he was at a complete loss. There was no money in the kitty and a number of his players had also affiliated with clubs in a nearby larger League. Eventually dances and other efforts brought forth another ten pounds which was then handed over to the two Associations.

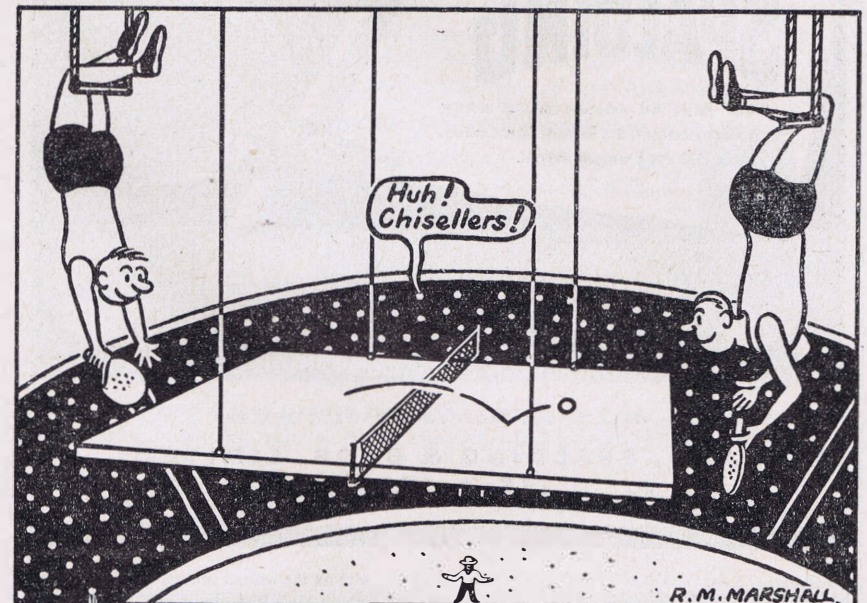
The annoying part, as far as the League was concerned, was that they again received nothing in return for fees paid. The Associations then forgot about them and

there was no offer of assistance in the shape of an opportunity to stage a big match in order to acquire publicity in the district and also a little cash.

The outcome of the article in the Spring issue of *Table Tennis Review* was a letter from a benevolently-minded gentleman who hinted at some sort of assistance from a philanthropist friend. The League and Secretary's address were revealed, but nothing further was heard.

With no money in the kitty, the small League then organised its first one-day Individual Tournament which was a great success in every way, especially financially—and so the end of the season saw all creditors paid in full. A rough season came to an end.

Preparations are now being made for the coming season and the mistakes of the past will serve as experience for the future. Very soon the League is hoping to play a full part in the activities of English Table Tennis. It promises eventually to give every possible support, both morally and financially to both National and County bodies, and it will be proud to be regarded as a unit of the great English Table Tennis Association. In the meantime.....any demand notes will strike a distinct note of disharmony!



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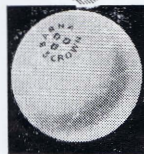
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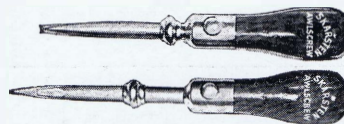


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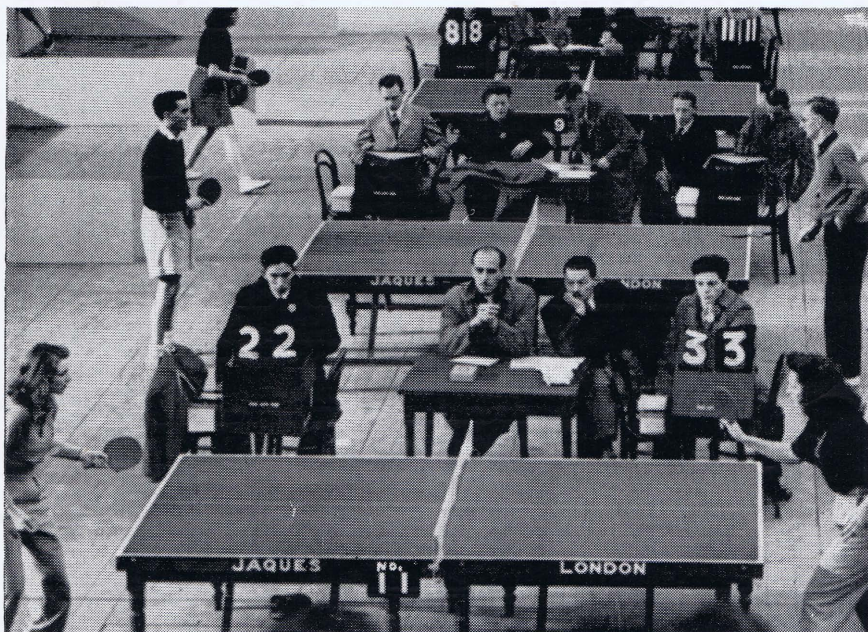
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