

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION AND NEWS COVERAGE

Table Tennis *Review*

Vol. 8

No. 3

SPRING ISSUE 1954

1/-

Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

★

**WORLD
CHAMPS.
Prospects**

★

Who'll be there
Where they'll be
ETC., ETC.

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Other items include

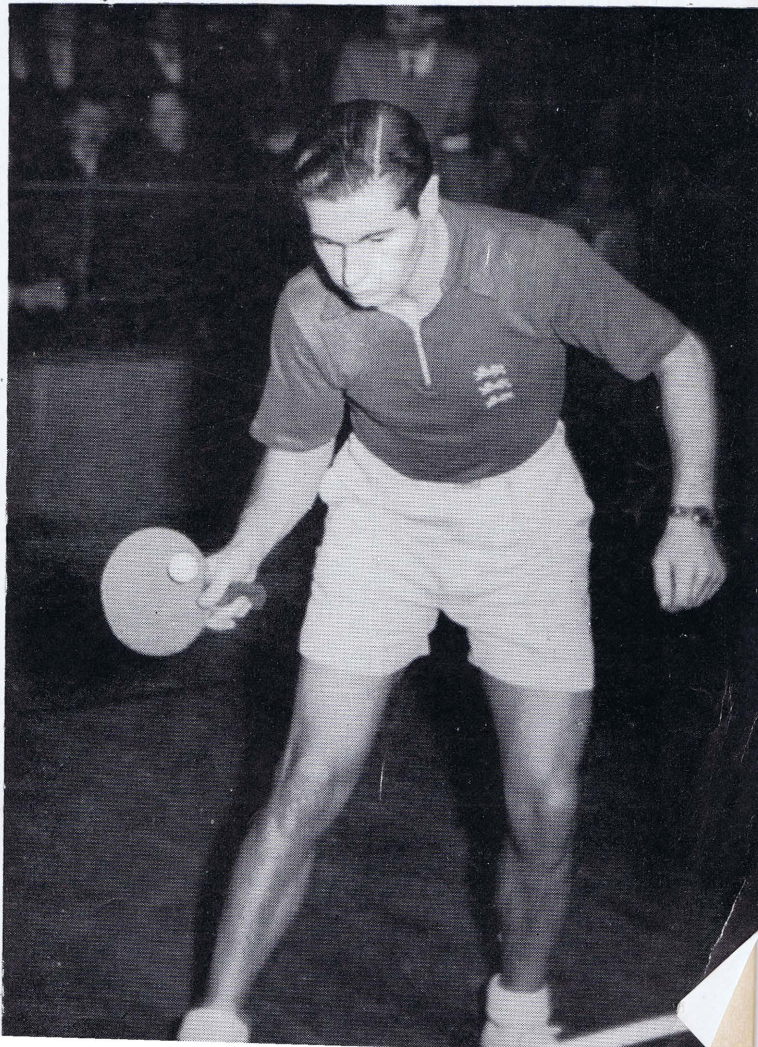
**NEWS
CARTOONS
Reports and Results**

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**ARTHUR WAITE
(ex-International)
continues his
INSTRUCTION**

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Cover Portrait:
RICHARD IN ACTION





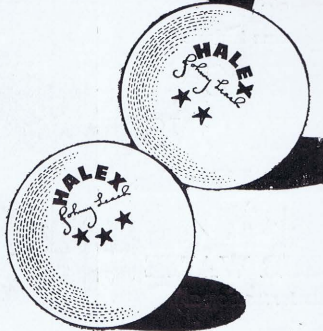
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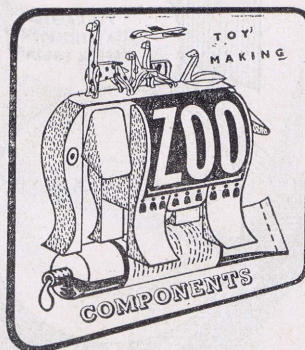
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TABLE TENNIS

Review

VOLUME 8

No. 3

SPRING ISSUE

1954

Founded by our Associate Editor : ARTHUR WAITE (1931 International)

Publishers : B.F.R. Publications Limited, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3. Phone: Central 0260

WITH English football humbled before the might of Hungary, English cricket "ground" into the West Indian dust of the first Test Match, Table Tennis takes the international stage once again, with the Mother Country acting hostess to the rest of the world.

Whether we shall come out of the battles carrying the victory banner is something which can only be decided in the vast Wembley arena, but even if we fail to annexe even a single title the 1954 World Championships will go down in Table Tennis history.

Something like 500 representatives from 38 countries will be in London to make the coming of age of the World Series something to be remembered, and the E.T.T.A. are prepared to sacrifice £4,000 to make it just that!

Four thousand pounds is a lot of money, but the Association are to be applauded for their enterprise in ensuring that the world's greatest players will be in action between April 6th and 14th. The Association know full well that even if the "House Full" notices go up at every session there will still be a deficit, but at least they can take justifiable pride in knowing that the funds they are prepared to put at stake have come from their own coffers, and that they are beholden to none outside the game. Other countries have received government grants for such events, in Britain our legislators have not suffered the degradation of going cap in hand to the powers that be and running the risk of refusal.

Gentlemen of the E.T.T.A., "Table Tennis Review" salutes you for your bold approach. May you reap the reward of putting the game, and British sportsmanship and hospitality on the highest pedestal.

The Editor.

War on Playing Nerves

by ARTHUR WAITE



AND now we come to the practical side of relieving nervous tension before, during and after a match. You may not think you have any nervous tension once an event is over, but it is there in the form of unreleased tension and you can be sure it is not there with friendly motives.

THE previous two instalments in this series were vitally necessary in order to prove how tension builds up and how it brings about muscle stiffness, jitters and dozens of other varying conditions, all of which make you about half the player you really are.

I advise you to go back now and read those two instalments. If you are a new reader then send to the publishers for the two back issues, or else ask your newsagent to get them.

Before we make a definite start may I express my thanks to all those readers who have written to me, or spoken to me personally, saying how they appreciate these articles. One reader told me how he had attacks of fibrositis every time he played in a match, but never when at ordinary practice! Another had the common or garden "butterflies in the stomach," while yet another found that he was able to play for unusually long spells during ordinary practice and show not the slightest sign of fatigue, yet towards the end of the very first game of a match, he always found his breath coming in short gasps. So now let's go. Follow me and you will discover the road to improved standards of play and a great deal more enjoyment from tournaments and competitive events.

Try this, now!

The next time you are waiting to play in a match or a championship, check up on your breathing. If tension is building up you will more than likely find that your breathing has become shallow. Tension does that to you. It tightens up the chest muscles and restricts your breathing. Your remedy is a few spells of deep, regular breathing. Take it slowly, breathe in . . . hold it for about three or four seconds . . . then really let go, endeavouring to relax every muscle of the body as your breath rushes out. Before the next breath, stay in the slumped position for about five seconds. Do about ten or twelve of these deep breaths, forget about it for ten minutes or so, then go through the series again. The more you repeat these sequences and the more tension you unload . . . and there is

one thing certain, while you are doing it you cannot possibly accumulate more tension. And you can do it anywhere, standing, sitting or laying down.

Do you want to experience the pleasant sensation of throwing off a little tension—and you probably have some tension now at this very moment? Well take one of those deep breaths. Hold it for two or three seconds, then breathe out. Doesn't it feel good?

You Must Keep Fit.

One of the main factors in the acquisition of a big game temperament, whether in Table Tennis or any other game, is to be as near perfectly fit as possible. You are probably thinking, "Well everyone knows that." But does everyone fully appreciate that mental fitness depends on high physical tone? And in our war on playing nerves we are very much concerned with mental fitness.

Immediately you *think* of yourself playing in a game, the brain begins sending messages to the various parts of the body telling them to tune up and to be prepared for the imminent contest. If you are not as much in the "pink" as you should be, then immediately you think about your match the messages that reach your brain are panicky. If the body is not fit, then the brain is likely to be in poor shape also.

As soon as these panicky messages reach the brain everything goes hay-wire in the control room (after all your brain is the control room) and the brain begins to send out equally chaotic and wrong messages to the various parts of the body. Your whole machine is thrown out of gear.

In the case of our fibrositis friend, the brain sends its fear-stricken message to the shoulder telling it to stiffen up, and the shoulder obeys to such an extent as to cause pain. In some folk their stomach receive wrong messages resulting in sudden attacks of nervous dyspepsia, while others respond to the abnormal fear messages by tightening up the chest muscles into bands of steel, bringing about early fatigue and abnormal panting for breath.

So you see it is vitally important to be

fit. If you are a victim of playing nerves, then map out a light programme of training for yourself. Regular habits, light exercises, plenty of fresh air, freedom from worry, and early to bed.

But being perfectly fit will not rid you completely of nervous tension. The muscles will stiffen by habit. Yes, I said by habit. By now you are probably so accustomed to playing matches under nervous strain, that such feelings come on you quite naturally and without effort. How can you break this bad habit (and it is nothing more than that)? And how too can you stop the brain from getting panicky?

The Whole Secret.

The secret to the above and all the problems raised in these articles is DEEP, DYNAMIC RELAXATION. And don't tell me you can relax as good as anyone. You don't know the first thing about relaxation unless you have practised it twice a day for three months. Yes, it will take you at least three months to learn how to relax and break your present habits of tensing up before and during a match. but it's going to be worth it, every moment of it. You will eventually find yourself playing better, hitting out at twenty-all, eager to face the toughest opponent, and above all you will feel fighting fit!

Your two daily spells should be of an absolute minimum of fifteen minutes each. You will probably do one in the evening so try to make that a good half hour. (The ideal time to devote to relaxation is one hour daily, but this is not easy for lots of people).

Lay flat on the floor. Don't lay on a bed or settee. (Floors are such handy things. You don't have to go looking for them!) Place a cushion under your head; your arms should be straight at your sides and touching the floor; the legs should be straight and slightly apart. No part of your body should be in contact with a chair or articles of furniture.

Now close your eyes and start to send thought messages to every single part of the body. Tell your arms that they are going limp and relaxed and concentrate your attentions there for a minute or two. Then switch over to the ankles, leg muscles thighs, stomach, back muscles, shoulders neck, even your tongue and your eyes. If you like, start from your toes and work up, but keep going back to various parts of the body telling them to slump and to let go. Just give every ounce of your weight to the floor. Keep repeating to yourself; "RELAX! LET GO! RELAX."

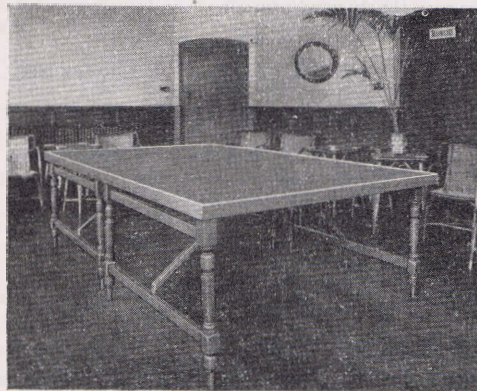
After about three weeks of regular practice you will eventually experience fleeting moments of the joy of deep relaxation, and as the weeks go by, you will gradually learn what true relaxation means. You will feel parts of the body tingling with glorious vitality as the blood begins to flow more freely through the veins. No fear of much illness once you can relax properly.

You have enough to be going on with for the time being. The next time we meet I want to tell you how to work off accumulated tensions, and how to breathe in a systematic manner in order to achieve even greater relaxation . . . dynamic relaxation.

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RHODES takes the 'MET'

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE finals of this popular London tournament were well attended and, in spite of the absence of a number of England leading players on representative duty abroad, spectators were treated to an exhibition of exciting Table Tennis which would be hard to equal.

MEN'S SINGLES

Alan Rhodes (Middlesex) made a welcome return to form. He beat Ron Crayden (Surrey) in his semi-final—18, 14, 14; all three games consisted of terrific hitting by Alan, and wonderful retrieving and accurate counter-hitting by Ron. I vote this as the best game of the evening.

Rhodes continued in triumph by beating Harry Venner (Surrey) in the final, two games to one.

Venner beat Peter Shead (Sussex) in his semi-final; but not without a hard struggle. Peter has a very good defence, plus an occasional backhand or forehand hit when the position demands, and needs to be reckoned with by the best, as in this instance, when he lost 19, 19.

In the preliminaries, Rhodes beat Tony Miller and Jackie Head (both of Surrey), Venner beat Bernard Crouch (Middlesex) and Brian Brumwell (Essex), Crayden beat Bob Griffin (Glos.), and Shead beat Len Adams and Micky Thornhill (both Middlesex).

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Yvonne Baker (Essex) was on top form, beating Margaret Cherry (Middlesex) in the final, after accounting for Peggy Franks, Joyce Roberts and Barbara Milbank in her earlier rounds.

Margaret Cherry caused one of the upsets of the tournament by beating the No. 2 seed, Joy Seaman (Middlesex), and Pam Mortimer (Warwicks.) on her way to the final.

As in most tournaments these days, some of the best games were seen during the preliminaries of this event. The following were very good, and only won by narrow margins: Peggy Franks beat Mrs. Vera Rowe (Wales) 18, —27, 19; Pam Gall (Surrey) beat Margaret Fry (Glos.) 22, —20, 16, and Barbara Milbank (Essex) beat Jean Winn (Surrey) —18, 15, 19.

MEN'S DOUBLES

This exceptionally good final between Ron Crayden and Len Adams, and Bernard Crouch and Peter Cruwys (Glos.) could only be described as very close! The

audience loved it, and I imagine that the scores of —21, 20, 20 in favour of the latter pair will indicate what I mean.

Both pairs had also had hard fights in their respective semi-finals, Crouch/Cruwys beating Thornhill/Barna —21, 19, 18, and Crayden/Adams beating Venner/Lowe 19, 19, as well as accounting for Griffin/Burridge and Head/Hurlock in previous rounds.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES

Yvonne Baker and Peggy Piper (Surrey) did not do themselves justice in the final, losing rather easily to Jean Winn / Joy Seaman, 15, 10.

The winners' strongest challenge came from Elsie Carrington/Barbara Milbank in the semi, —19, 16, 17. Yvonne and Peggy had a good win in their semi over Peggy Franks/Joyce Roberts, 12, 12.

MIXED DOUBLES

Joy Seaman, partnered by Jackie Head (Surrey), won her second title of this tournament by beating Yvonne Baker and Bob Griffin.

Many of the preliminary rounds in this event were only decided at "deuce" or 19. For example, the winners beat Jack Carrington/Barbara Milbank —16, 10, 19; the runners-up beat Ivor Jones / Pam Mortimer —15, 20, 19, Derek Burridge/Peggy Piper 17, 20, and Ron Crayden/Jean Winn 15, —13, 19.

JUNIOR EVENTS

Terry Densham (Surrey) retained his Boys' Singles title by beating Junior International Brian Barr in the final. Both boys seemed rather nervous, but Terry gained confidence at the end of the first game and was dynamic in the second and third games.

Joy Fielder (Kent) beat Wendy Blades in the Girls' Singles final, two straight. Although Joy won the first game convincingly at 12, Wendy had a lead in the second which she retained until Joy levelled at 19 all and won the next two points for the game.

FINALS

MEN'S SINGLES : A. Rhodes beat H. Venner 14, —17, 16.

WOMEN'S SINGLES : Y. Baker beat M. Cherry 8, 13.

MEN'S DOUBLES : B. Crouch/P. Cruwys beat R. Crayden / L. Adams —21, 20, 20.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES : Y. J. Seaman/J. Winn beat Y. Baker/M. Piper 15, 10.

MIXED DOUBLES : J. Head/Y. J. Seaman beat R. Griffin/Y. Baker 14, —17, 18.

BOYS' SINGLES : T. Densham beat B. Barr —17, 10, 8.

GIRLS' SINGLES : J. Fielder beat W. Blades 12, 19.

Tournament Diary

Jan. 30—31 ...	Kent Open (Folkestone).
Jan. 31—Feb. 6	Midland Open (Birmingham).
Feb. 3—4, 8—13	Middlesex (Herga) Open (Harrow).
Feb. 18—20 ...	Cheshire Open (Birkenhead).
Feb. 26—28 ...	Surrey Open (Epsom).
Feb. 27 ...	WILMOTT CUP and J.M. ROSEBOWL SEMI-FINALS AND FINALS.
Mar. 13 ...	Grimsby Open (Cleethorpes).
Mar. 1—5 8—13	West Middlesex Open (West Ealing).
Mar. 20 ...	West of England Open (Exeter).
Mar. 20 ...	AREA FINAL DAILY MIRROR NATIONAL TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
Mar. 25—27 ...	North of England Open (Manchester).
April 6—14 ...	WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS (Wembley).
April 17 and 19	North East Open (Scarborough).
April 26—May 1	Thames-side Open (Plaistow).
May 13 ...	FINAL DAILY MIRROR NATIONAL TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT (London).

HOME v. Wales. Possibly March 5th (Bradford).

AWAY v. Wales (Mixed Juniors) 23rd February.

v. France (Mixed Juniors) 9th January.

v. Wales (Women) 10th December.

SPONGE DANGER

WHAT price another verbal battle on the subject of sponge rubber bats before the World series opens at Wembley on April 6?

The damage inflicted by the Japanese using the "silent weapon" in the Bombay event in 1952 is still fresh in the memory, but although our stars got some of our stripes back once they had broken through the "no sound barrier," the majority are still against this type of covering.

Two months ago, Johnnie Leach and Richard Bergmann on tour in Scandinavia had to bow the knee to Flisberg, the veteran Swedish player who favours the sponge, and now Alec Brook has gone on record in one Sunday newspaper by saying that although some of our veterans have turned to the sponge with great success he fears that if it comes in to general use here the game will die out from the point of spectacle.

Some Suggestions

* Books as prizes instead of the less appreciated medals and plaques. We have thousands of new books suitable for sports prizes or libraries. These books are mostly less than half the published price.

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DO YOU LACK DRIVE?

asks *KENNETH RAWNSLEY, A.N.G.A.*

★ ★ ★

DO you aspire to perfection in your play? Of course you do, otherwise you would not be bothering to buy this magazine! Seriously though, there comes a time in the training of all players who, no matter how much hard work they put into their practice, no matter what degree of efficiency they attain, the fact remains that they reach "saturation point" or the inability to make the grade. Why does such a state of affairs exist? The answer is **BECAUSE YOU LACK DRIVE!**

IT is this lack of drive which makes players feel below par; that detracts from a degree of skill attainable by champions. It is drive that is the key to success in every line of endeavour. Without physical momentum no player can ever hope to become a top-notch. Therefore, make it your business to understand the importance of drive.

There are many degrees of this condition. It may be that you have sufficient energy to permit you to work, but not to play strenuous games; or you may have enough to play average games, but not to take part in tournaments; lastly, you may think you have enough energy to vie with the champions, but when placed on your mettle you lack form.

So much depends on whether you are physically on a par with the game in hand. If you are below it, then you cannot expect to put up a good show, therefore, to a great extent, the results of a game depend on the physical condition of the players, no matter how experienced they are, no matter how skilled they may be.

Much is written about the importance of proper mental outlook in relation to sport, but this attitude of mind is governed by the degree of bodily fitness you possess. Unless you have an abundance of energy you lack the basic element of success. Your mind may be centred on putting up a good show, but somehow or other you are just not ready for the fray!

HAVE you ever had the experience of "seeing spots before the eyes" when on the point of making a good shot; or a feeling of intense weariness when being suddenly asked to participate in a game, or do you often get a drowsy feeling half-way through? You do, well then in all probability you lack drive. Bad show! You are suffering from a simple condition which doctors term "sluggish liver," or to put it in more simple language you fail to secrete bile. So, in order that this state of affairs shall no longer exist let's "stir up" your liver!

If you are still reading this (I'm hoping you are, otherwise a perfectly good typewriter ribbon has been frittered away) you

will soon adopt the practice of caring for your liver, just as you care for your hair, teeth and skin. By looking after your liver you will soon attain a new zest and become renowned for your radiance and sparkling vitality. It's up to you. The liver is the largest and most overworked organ of the body. It is often abused, and commences sooner or later to get its own back. It is the deciding factor as to whether you are going to be a success in life or remain forever a "wreck of humanity."

If, on gloomy occasions, you ask yourself "Why was I ever born?" it is probably because you have mistreated your liver. You may have taken hundreds of so-called "pep" tablets in the erroneous belief that you needed vitamins or, if you are a sufferer from this insidious complaint, taken tablets and pills to "cure" constipation. In essence you have merely failed to appreciate the importance of a healthy liver, so naturally, Mr. Liver rebels! He knows that if your stomach is not getting its full quota of bile your digestive process is going to become like a quagmire. It is then but a short step to developing chronic constipation. Now do you appreciate the reason for that constant tired feeling, those "spots" before the eyes and the drowsy, weary and "liverish" condition? Being sensible folk, of course you do.

NOW, there are two ways of overcoming this condition. Either you go to the nearest chemist and purchase some synthetic "pep" and automatically suffer from what I like to call "The Vitamin Blues" or, like sensible people, revert to nature. There is no magic formula which will take you to the top of the tree overnight. Only sheer, dogged persistence will attain this end, though if you follow my advice I will guarantee that in a week's time you will find a real benefit and then the rest is easy.

On rising each morning drink a glass of hot water. This acts as an internal bath, invigorating the liver and goading it into action. Second, you should take moderate exercise. Walking is one of the finest forms,

Continued on page 30

These T.V. FLOPS are DANGEROUS

SOME of us are seriously perturbed that the majority of televised matches have been first-class flops. No sooner does the TV camera show the red light than it is fated to capture, and radiate to millions of onlookers, a game guaranteed to afflict its vast public with creeping paralysis of the mind and blast the reputation of Table Tennis from here to eternity.

There's small doubt that the sport is suffering untold damage through a medium which could do it an immense amount of good. To which follows the question: Should Table Tennis be televised? I say Yes—but only if it is possible to telecast very carefully selected games.

We know we can be pretty sure of a "watch-the-clock," stonewalling battle of patience when Bergmann, Roothoof, Ehrlich, Leach, Amouretti, and others, come face to face. We also know if these players are opposed to exponents who are not afraid to attack when the occasion demands it, there's more than a possibility of worthwhile rallies.

Thus, the authorities should O.K. the TV-ing of an attacker vs. defender game, and scrub out all thought of a defender vs. defender contest.

Players must also be impressed by the fact that it is vitally important for a "good show" to go over the air. If they are only interested in winning by any means (and this does not imply a criticism!), they should be left severely alone.

If it is impossible to arrange the screening of potentially worthwhile contests, then TV must be barred until such time as the game has improved beyond the chiselling complex which at present afflicts it. I'm rather afraid the leading players of the present will have to fade out before we can hope to again see that spectacular pre-war stuff which knocked audiences for a loop.

But even if it means waiting, let's wait. One or two more games of the types "shot" at certain English Opens and the England vs. France international, and the British public will throw (with excellent reason) its last farewell raspberry at Table Tennis and those who play it.

S.K.

WEMBLEY TOPICS

★

THINGS are hotting up for the World Championships, and unless there are some last-minute hitches, it looks as though the entry will be record breaking.

Men's teams from 38 countries and Women's from 27 are to compete, and among them Argentina, Australia, Lebanon, Nepal and Saarland are making their World series bow. Teams from Hong Kong, Japan, Pakistan, Singapore and China will be playing in England for the first time.

❖ ❖

Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Japan, Rumania and U.S.A. have already held national tournament trials to select their strongest sides.

❖ ❖

Women's World Champion Angelica Rozeanu, of Rumania, holder of the title for the past four years, made the French Open Championship a nice little warming-up event, and also on view will be the new American discovery Bernard Bukret, who won the Canadian National Championship.

❖ ❖

England selectors are not without their problems in choosing their teams, and they go into a huddle on February 13th to choose our representatives.

❖ ❖

The immigration authorities have eased the task of players and officials by waiving visa fees for all participants, and the visitors will be accommodated at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Special coaches will take them to the Wembley arena each day.

❖ ❖

Final team matches take place on April 9th and 10th, with the Individual finals on the 14th.

ONLY TEN LEFT

SOMETHING YOU'LL TREASURE

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SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

Great Garland-Simons Battle

THIS match drew a much larger crowd than the previous one, played in Greenock at the end of last season, because Glasgow is a much more central venue for the main Scots following. A last-minute attraction was the promised appearance of Anne Shelton to present last season's Championship shields, etc.

A PUNCTUAL start was made with fire-eater Bertie Kerr facing England's more experienced Hincliff. Kerr was slow to settle and hit wildly in the first set. Hincliff, on the other hand, played a much more controlled game and was an easy winner in this set.

In the second, Kerr warmed up somewhat and achieved a few startling strokes, but he was never really in the hunt and England drew first blood with a straight sets win.

In general, the ties provided poor entertainment. Mrs. Cababi was no match for Surrey's seventeen-year-old J. Rook; McMillan, though in better form than of late, was too inconsistent to trouble the polished Middlesex player Adams, and Mrs. Cababi and Helen Elliot lost to Best and Rook in listless fashion.

STILL ATTACKS!

EDDIE Still had not been long at the table before it was noticeable that he has been polishing up his attack. It is an encouraging sign that at least one Scots player is looking to his weaknesses. Unlike his fellows, Still seemed to concentrate from the first point with the result that he played a much more controlled game than had yet been put up on Scotland's behalf. Merrett did not come up to the standard which he is reported to have displayed at home, and several loose shots made for a very close game in which the determined Still was unlucky to lose. Several times Merrett, who had probably been told that he need not fear any offensive from Still, was taken by surprise by attacking shots of increasing confidence and accuracy.

An upset was almost caused in the Men's Doubles, in which Still and Garland faced Simons and Merrett. The Scots started in fine style and had won the first set before "the maestro" and Brian had found their feet. Thereafter, however, Simons at least settled down in earnest,

though his less consistent partner threw away a few points with careless hitting. The Englishmen scored a convincing victory, winning the next two sets to 10 and 11.

In the other Men's Doubles, McMillan and Kerr were unfortunate to lose the first set at 19-21. This was a nervy game and upset the Scots' confidence. Had this first set gone the other way—as it might easily have done—the result could have been totally different. The young Scots showed flashes of the class of which they are capable, but they will require to maintain this standard consistently if they are to fulfil my high hopes of them in the international field. This defeat in the first International of the season is unfortunate, but we will hope for an improvement against Wales and Ireland.

~~~~~  
by G. R. WALKER, Jr.  
~~~~~

Many of us had looked forward for some time to the clash between Helen Elliot and Kathleen Best. Though this match stood out as one of the best of the evening's play, this was not difficult, and our great expectations were not fulfilled, mainly due to the off-form play of Miss Elliot. In the first set Helen seemed determined to defend at all costs with the result that Miss Best dictated the play and slashed her way to a handsome first set victory. In the second, Helen adopted the obvious tactics and started to mix her game. This undoubtedly was much better policy which paid dividends in confusing Miss Best and forcing her into a number of off-balance shots. The result was a much closer set in which Helen finally collapsed disappointingly from 14-11 to 14-18. The loss of seven points in a row is an almost unprecedented display by the Scots champion and may be a pointer to growing suspicions that she is not the player she was, though still Scotland's best.

GARLANDS FOR VICTOR

THE highlight of the evening was the appearance of Audrey Simons and the fearless way in which Aberdeen's Victor Garland faced up to him. Simons, however, appeared determined to compensate for his rather shaky display in the Doubles and cut loose in no uncertain manner, taking Garland's fierce attack almost on the half-volley on some occasions and turning defence into offence with

Continued on page 30

Players in the News . . .



Left:—Aubrey Simons, "Player of the Year," whose magnificent efforts helped England to last year's Swaythling Cup success, and who gained national acclaim as winner of the Victor Barna Trophy. England will be looking to him to add to his country's lustre at Wembley in April.

TABLE TENNIS REVIEW

sends

WARM GREETINGS

to all British players
partaking in this year's

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Good Luck to you all!

Below:—Kathleen Best, the star who was prevented by indisposition from assisting England against Ireland in the International match on January 21st, and who we hope will soon be back at the tables.



DOWN THE WHITE LINE

by "Gossima"

AN almost fantastic run of bad luck seems to have put paid to Ernie Buble's excellent scheme to raise money to help pay for the World Series, via a London West End concert. Since I announced the proposed function, Ernie's father and eldest brother, Harold, have contracted serious illnesses. His wife "Jackie" and baby Jane have also been ill, and Ernie himself has a complaint necessitating an operation. Small wonder he has had rather less than no time for a concert. Here's wishing England's former No. 1 star a turn of the tide in the health affairs of his family, and that his operation will be a complete and unqualified success.

ALEC Brook has a sideline activity in addition to his exhibition play which, so he says, is great fun. It is travelling around to clubs with various panels of sporting personalities and being at the receiving end of questions thrown at him by sport-minded youngsters. At his home town, Horsham, Sussex, recently, Alec's panel was an illustrious one, comprising Alec and Eric Bedser, the Surrey cricketing twins; Tommy Farr, the ex-heavyweight boxing champion; and Walley Barnes, the Wales and Arsenal footballer. A.B., incidentally, remains mystified by the fact that though he is internationally credited as a world-class coach, in this country he is officially rated as second-grade. Brian Kennedy, currently in India fulfilling a very lucrative Government-sponsored coaching assignment, took over the job first offered Alec.

OF the ten men listed in the official World ranking list, seven — Sido, Bergmann, Simons, Andreadis, Leach, Tokar, Vana—are round or over 30, and in some cases well past that age. This is a cheerless commentary on the fact that in a game where once 25 was considered, and openly stated to be the peak age for world-class play, veterans and near-veterans rule the roost in no uncertain fashion. And what a smack in the eye for those who optimistically, if a little blindly, insist that the present generation of players tops that

of the pre-war era! Where are the young players to loosen the grip of the old 'uns? I'm afraid I personally can't see them. With so many of the old-timers wielding the cane, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the sport is becoming increasingly unspectacular, or that the clock plays so important a part in what are alleged to be first-class matches. The lack of up-and-coming youngsters is without question causing tournaments to lose their box-office appeal. I offer this fact for administrators to chew on. And I wish the poor blighters luck...lots of it.

A PLAYER, turning philosopher for no reason at all, gave out with the following profundity: "There's one opponent no player breathing can beat — Anno Domini." I refer the intellectual to the paragraph above.

THERE are complaints from responsible quarters that some of the surprising results in recent tournaments were due to an extent to sagging nets, which, as we all know, favour crude bashers and are responsible for an abundance of "wrong-way" net-cords. The word is firmly but respectfully passed on to organisers to ensure that conditions conform strictly to regulations. Let's have no floppy nets which are to the liking of floppy players, please. This is particularly important in view of the coming World series. We want no foreign guests to have cause to complain that English nets are not taut or of the proper height.

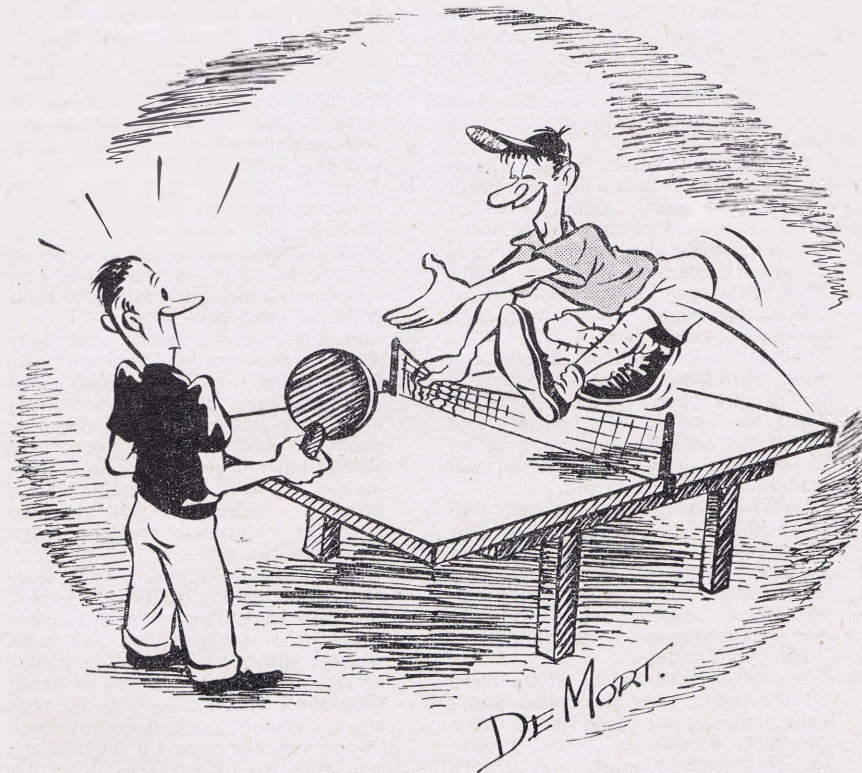
ANGELICA Rozeanu, Rumanian World Champion, and Ivan Andreadis, the Czechoslovakian with the lovely style who has twice been a losing World Singles finalist, are remaining in Hungary until April. Purpose of their stay in Budapest is to concentrate on doubles with Ferenc Sido, whom they're partnering at Wembley. "Angel" and Ferenc are reigning Mixed Doubles champions, but Ivan takes the place of Josef Koczian in pairing with the burly Hungarian.

BY and large, and though they had their wins, Bergmann and Leach received quite a rough handling during their December tour of Sweden, the "culprit," so far as they're concerned, being 36-year-old Tage Flisberg, who, so a Swedish friend assures me, is playing as well as he ever has done. Tall, fair-haired Flisberg, an attacking left-hander, has apparently been working hard at a come-back (not so long back he was a World-ranked player), and, though no youngster, is given a fighting chance to open a few eyes at Wembley. That's as may be—but anyone who can douse Richard and Johnnie must be reckoned hot stuff for anyone's pocket-money, no matter what his age.

THE swank clientele of the lush Savoy Hotel in London's West End was offered an unusual cabaret act over the Christmas and New Year period—a Table Tennis exhibition. Victor Barna and

Steve Boros were the lads who did their stuff at the green table, and the evening-dressed patrons thoroughly enjoyed their antics. Vic and Steve were even voted as being as entertaining as Noel Coward, the Western Brothers and the Beverley Sisters. Which is just as well, for had the boys served up ping-pong they might have been called frightful cads and other beyond-the-pale names. Can you imagine Victor stopping a lorgnette thrown at him by an outraged dowager, or a glass of champagne being showered over Steve's curly locks by a simmering debutante?

ACCUSE me of being reckless if you must, but I go on record as saying that if Dickie Bergmann, who has already won the English Open Singles, takes the World Title and doesn't drop a game in the Swaythling Cup series, he stands quite a chance of being awarded the Victor Barna Trophy.



"CONGRATULATIONS!"

KEEP IT SIMPLE PLEASE!

Urges M. S. HACKNEY

I REGISTER a strong complaint against most books and articles of instruction on the grounds that they are written in such an involved, technical and complicated a manner as to be hopelessly over the heads of those poor learners whom they allegedly set out to help.

Certainly beginners can do with helpful advice. But why must instructors use long-winded terms? In the interests of usefulness, why not simple words and simple phrases which the novice (invariably young) can grasp and digest without mental strain?

And why is it so many would-be spreaders of knowledge confine themselves to know-how on stroke-play and technicalities, as though these were the be-all and end-all of the sport? First, surely, comes a lesson on walk-before-you-run, with down-to-earth advice on essential generalities. Plus, so experience prompts me to suggest, emphasis on the fact that Table Tennis is first and foremost a game to be enjoyed, not a grim ordeal to be endured.

I'm no expert by a mile, but if I had to tackle the task of instruction on paper (no easy job, I readily grant!) I'd start with straightforward matter on these lines:

1. Before anything else, learn the rules of the game inside out. The Table Tennis Handbook gives a complete list of official regulations. Study them until you know them by heart.
2. Table etiquette is both good sense and good manners. Don't serve until you're sure your opponent is ready. Treat the umpire with courtesy and accept his decisions without question or a frown. Treat your foe as you would like him to treat you.
3. Don't be content with anything that looks like a bat. Buy one that feels "just right" in your grip and has a balance perfectly to your liking. In a game where touch is so vitally important, a "happy" racket will help you no end; one not to your liking can "kill" your strokes.
4. For good balance and to ensure speed off the mark, wear shoes that aren't tight or loose, but of perfect fit. And use thick, woollen socks—they protect the feet from soreness and absorb perspiration. As the game starts from the feet upward, it's worth while paying a little attention to the 'trotters.'
5. Try at all times to play your strokes correctly. It isn't enough merely to return the ball over the net by any

haphazard means. Keep on practising the proper shots and, in time, they'll come. Don't be tempted by failure to resort to "scrabbling" (a cross between fumbling and scrambling). If you do, you'll never improve.

6. Always try with everything you've got. Be wholehearted. It's surprising what can be reached if you make the attempt. Table Tennis is not for, nor can it do the slightest good to, the lazy or couldn't-care-lessers. A player can have every shot in the textbook, plus a few outside it, but if he won't move he may as well not go to the table.
7. Attend open tournaments and study the play of the stars. Pay special attention to the way they execute (not murder) their strokes, their footwork, anticipation, tactics and positional play. It is best to concentrate on one player, watching him all the time and forgetting the match itself. You can learn a lot watching the champs in action—but you can only pick up useful wrinkles by watching with purpose.
8. Don't try difficult shots until you've mastered the simple ones. First get the lowdown on service and the plain forehand and backhand, and forget the complicated stuff of champions until you've some idea and mastery of must-be-learnt basic principles.
9. Use your brain as well as your body. Think what you're doing and why you're doing it. Try to think ahead. A sharp mind can sometimes bring about the downfall of an opponent equipped with superior speed and strokes but not given to using his grey matter. Every shot should have a purpose. Bashing the ball anywhere wastes an awful lot of energy and gets the basher nowhere.
10. Don't be downhearted if you don't seem to be making headway. Progress is usually something you're unaware of—but it's happening all the time, whether you know it or not. It's good to remember this when you're feeling cheesed-off with yourself and the game at your apparent lack of improvement. It's on lines like these I'd set to work, remembering that if my reader didn't know what I was talking about I would be failing in my purpose. Is it too much to hope that instruction writings of the future will possess that quality without which they are doomed to be so much waste paper: to wit, Simplicity?

THE TEAM MENTIONED FIRST
IS DRAWN TO PLAY AT HOME

TO BE PLAYED ON OR BEFORE
14th FEBRUARY, 1954

J.M. Rose Bowl Competition

QUARTER-FINALS

1. Manchester v. Northumberland
2. Plymouth v. Maidstone
3. Birmingham v. South London
4. Ilford v. Wandsworth

RESULTS OF ZONE FINALS

Zone 1 (A) and 1 (B)	Northumberland v. Grimsby
Zone 2	Manchester v. Blackpool
Zone 3 (A) and 3 (B)	Bedford v. Birmingham
Zone 4 (A) and 4 (B)	Kings Lynn v. Ilford
Zone 5	London Bus. Houses v. South London
Zone 6 (A) and 6 (B)	Wandsworth v. Staines
Zone 7 (A) and 7 (B)	Maidstone v. Brighton
Zone 8 (A) and 8 (B)	Plymouth v. Oxford

Winner

Northumberland 7/2
Manchester 6/3
Birmingham 8/1
Ilford 5/4
South London 7/2
Wandsworth 6/3
Maidstone 5/0
Plymouth 9/0

Wilmott Cup

QUARTER-FINALS

1. Huddersfield v. Manchester
2. Birmingham v. Reading
3. Croydon v. Staines
4. Wandsworth or South London v. Ilford

RESULTS OF ZONE FINALS

Zone 1 (A) and 1 (B)	Huddersfield v. Lincoln
Zone 2 (A) and 2 (B)	Potteries v. Manchester
Zone 3 (A) and 3 (B)	Birmingham v. Cambridge
Zone 4 (A) and 4 (B)	Ilford v. Bedford
Zone 5 (A) and 5 (B)	Wandsworth v. South London
Zone 6 (A) and 6 (B)	Folkestone v. Staines
Zone 7 (A) and 7 (B)	Croydon v. Bournemouth
Zone 8 (A) and 8 (B)	Reading v. Gloucester

Winner

Huddersfield 7/2
Manchester 8/1
Birmingham 9/0
Ilford 8/1
Ex. 26th
Staines 9/0
Croydon 8/1
Reading 5/2

The Semi-Finals and Finals of the Wilmott Cup will take place at the Romford Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Club, Romford, on Saturday, 27th February, 1954.

SAM ★ ★ ★ KIRKWOOD'S ★ ★ ★ COLUMN

SHEIK Nawab Ali Akba, the all-round Indian sportsman, who several years ago captained Cambridge University's Table Tennis side and who gained half-blues for the sport at that noble centre of learning, has sent a letter from Hyderabad telling me he has during two months of big-game hunting shot two tigers, two mountain bears, six leopards, four spotted deer, fifty black buck, ten wild boars, sixteen samburs, twenty-two blue bulls, nine hyenas, four wild dogs, forty gazelles, and sundry peacocks, flying squirrels and other denizens of the jungle. One of his tigers is claimed as being the biggest ever shot in India, measuring 11 ft. 6 in. from nose to tail. Ali tells me he hopes to return to Britain within the next few months and resume Table Tennis activities with his London clubs. Before he left for India two years ago, he presented six shields to various clubs for Table Tennis competition.

MORE and more I'm coming up against 'em—to wit, players who wear hairnets. I'm assured the fragile articles are used to keep the hair out of their eyes when performing. But have they ever heard of haircuts, these red-blooded athletes of the overlong hirsute growths? Maybe I'll be accused of being jealous, being myself down to the canvas, but I do think men should leave women's fripperies and whatnots to women. Next thing we know some of our "Tarzans" will be sporting lace-edged panties, perfuming themselves behind the ears, and favouring home perms.

WHY isn't Brian Kennedy fulfilling his promise? He does O.K. in competitions against English opposition, but in the really big events with an international flavour, he comes croppers. Briefly, because he has no backhand to speak of. His forehand is a cracker, but it obviously cannot be effective when he fails to reach round with it on his backhand in good time. Brian is a heavyweight and moves like one. That's where he and his forehand attack fall down against class opposition. "Bo" Vana was a similar run-round-it exponent, and he was a very great champion. The difference between the Czech and tousle-haired Brian is that the former was a very slightly built lightweight and correspondingly feathery on his feet. Yet even "Bo" went over the hill when

he turned 30, losing his speed and being no longer able to whip across to his backhand wing in time to execute his attacking stroke. There's a lesson or two there for "the pride of Yorkshire." At 22 he's still young enough to cultivate an attacking backhand. If he becomes half as effective to the right of the table as he is on the left, he'll jump right up into world class. As it is, he's too vulnerable on that right wing.

NO-ONE will begrudge the international badge that went the way of Len Adams for his appearance in the England team against Scotland in Glasgow on December 2nd. For years the West Ealing player was on the fringe of honours, and time after time he was overlooked in favour of some many thought to be his inferior in ability and performance. He played creditably for champion county Middlesex, won the *Daily Mirror* Men's Singles some four years back, and beat the majority of leading internationals at one time or another in open tournaments and inter-county clashes. His was indeed a long wait in gaining the supreme satisfaction of his country's badge. Now he no doubt hopes for further honours against top internationals, preferably abroad. He has long anticipated a little of the cream, goodness knows. Let's hope it doesn't turn sour on him.

PETITE, bright-eyed and fair-haired Jill Rook, 17-year-old Surrey lass, has also been given international, as well as senior county, recognition. After her performances in the English Open she could hardly be overlooked. The youngster took the Junior Singles and Girls' Doubles titles, and progressed to the semi-finals of the senior singles and Mixed Doubles events. In the final of the Girls' Singles she trounced Ann Haydon in two straight—and that in itself was a feat worthy of reward by the Trafalgar Square moguls. It's a curious coincidence, by the way, that both Jill and Ann, without doubt our leading up-and-comers, are lovers of lawn tennis, at which they show much potential. The girls have at odd times been quoted as saying they may forsake the table for the lawn game, but it's my bet they'll do no such thing. Better certain success at Table Tennis than an uncertain future elsewhere.

And can anyone imagine Ann's "poppa," Adrian, standing for his daughter hanging up her bat?

SO Dick Bergmann, with six English Singles wins to his credit, is the record-holder, beating Vic Barna's tally by one. It is a matter for conjecture how many more titles Richard would have taken unto himself but for the Table Tennis-less years. My guess is round about four. But just as the Hitler-krieg robbed the stocky ex-Austrian of titles, so did Barna's car accident in France deprive the ex-Hungarian star of further championships. Between them, however, the pair have done more than enough in all spheres to stand unchallenged as the two greatest players in the sport's history.

FILM stars are notoriously touchy about their ages, and rarely seem officially to top the thirty-year mark. They start having "backward" birthdays, and after a time are younger, at least on paper, than they were ten years before. It seems Table Tennis aces are catching on to the pastime. In recent weeks the national Press has docked four years off the age of one player, and three off two others. The strange part is that in all cases the people concerned were males. It is my surmise that the men themselves gave their alleged ages, and not that the newspapers were misinformed by correspondents. To back up this guess I recount my experience of a few weeks back. I asked a pre-war international how old he was. He looked at me and said with devastating coyness, "I'm in the thirties now." If he hadn't assured me of this I might have thought he had still to clamber out of his teens. Why be touchy over one's years! As I've said before, a player is only as old or as young as he performs at the table.

DO players need to have their days as well as nights free for practice in order to achieve peak form? The question is posed following the regret expressed by Linde Wertl that she cannot devote all her time to the table. The Austrian human dynamo, who again is English champ, says her daily work robs her of extra effectiveness at the sport. Often, too, she asserts, she has night work which further infringes on her practice. Comparisons with English stars able to devote all their time to Table Tennis, fill her with unabashed envy. It could be that with limited time for the game, she enters a battle all the fresher and keener for play. I myself would shudder at the prospect of bashing the ball day and night, seven days a week, summer and winter, year in and year out. But then, I'm not Linde Wertl.

BARBARA MILBANK'S LONDON NOTES

IT is with great pleasure that I congratulate three more players on receiving International honours—this time Len Adams (Middlesex), Ray Hincliffe (Yorkshire) and Jill Rook (Surrey), all of whom helped towards England's 9-0 win over Scotland in December.

This must just about cover all players who have deserved recognition to date—with one exception. I have in mind Elsie Carrington, who has consistently turned in good results against our Internationals, especially over the past two seasons.

Three Londoners would like to thank the unknown Birmingham gentleman who performed a timely "Good Samaritan" act at the Birmingham "Open" last December.

On arriving at the Finals (not in an official capacity, but purely as a spectator), he happened to hear of the plight of three starving finalists who, owing to their hectic programme, were unable to obtain food or drink.

The "Saint," as we christened him, went straight back home and returned with a generous parcel of cakes and sweets. Despite our protests, he would neither accept payment, nor give his name. . . . Many thanks, "Saint."

There is good news re the World Championships (being held at Wembley, April, 1954). I quote from the official circular for E.T.T.A. members:—

"It has got around in some quarters that the congestion of entries at the World Championships will be so great that only the very top English players can hope to enter—THIS IS NOT SO.

"... It is particularly recommended that aspiring players should make every effort to enter... The full benefit to the standard of the game in England can only be realised if the best players, and especially the best young players, not only watch as much as possible, but take part."

OUR NEXT ISSUE

is the
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
SPECIAL ISSUE

This specially published issue (1/-) will be on sale ten days after the event, and will contain photographs and complete results. **ORDER EARLY**

It's those manners again . . .

In a recent issue, a contributor hinted that the manners of spectators seem to be deteriorating. Maybe he's right, although I confess I haven't, myself, noticed it. But this I do say — the manners of some players leave something to be desired — and I give this as a fact and not an opinion.

For a start (and here I tread old ground), to appear in public in tatty ensembles which denote an almost sublime lack of sartorial or any other taste, as do sundry alleged athletes, is ill-mannered in the extreme, showing as it does no respect whatsoever to followers who pay for the privilege of watching them and are entitled to see neat turn-outs, to organisers, or to those other competitors who do take a little trouble with their dress. It seems there is no limit to the bounds of this raggie-taggle complex, which has reached the stage when even beach shorts, among other monstrosities, are flaunted.

I've said all this time and time again—and I'll keep on saying it until the offenders in question turn over a new leaf.

THERE are also the stars who hog tables for practice, apparently thinking they have the right to tell lesser lights to shove off. These impudent men and girls with reputations use their names to frighten off youngsters and "unknowns," naturally a little in awe of them, while their cool cheek works against players of equal stature, yet too well-bred to argue or make a scene.

Not so long back two stars did themselves a large slice of no good by hustling their opponents off the table prior to a doubles match, and, the hustling-off achieved to the bewilderment of the hustled-off, indulged in a singles knockabout. The stars had played matches earlier on and were in no need of a warm-up, so there was no excuse for them to behave in what appeared to be a hammy and high-handed fashion.

In brief, we have big-name bullies in our midst who need a little of their own treat-

ment to teach them courtesy as well as to recognise the rights of others. Stand up to 'em, you little 'uns, and tell 'em to peddle their wares elsewhere when they try to "come the acid." Remember, you pay your entrance fees as well as they do, nor do you get anywhere near as many games or prizes.

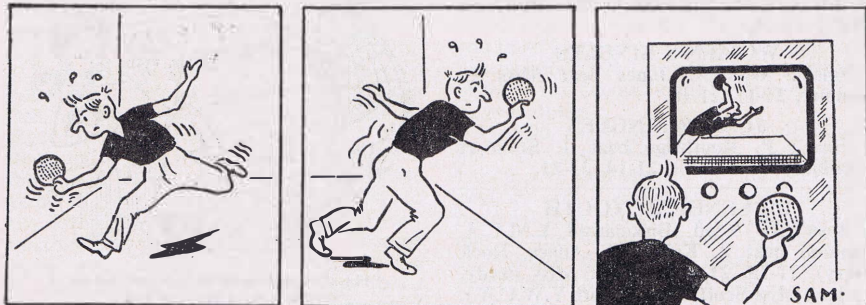
THERE are others who make a show of shaking hands with and thanking the umpire after winning a match, yet who walk off without so much as a look at him after receiving a beating. Some, win or lose, ignore the official. He's only the bloke who volunteers to work for them for nothing and as such apparently isn't worthy of an acknowledgement of gratitude.

And there are those who seem to make a full-time career of being late for a match, never appearing until their names have been called two or three times and a search has been carried out for them.

Again, what of the "strutter"—the party who barges by spectators without an "allow me," interfering with their view of a game and generally making a nuisance of himself with prancings backward and forward for no apparent reason except to show himself off? This human mountain goat seems to find it impossible to wait for the end of a rally, let alone a game, before going about his mysterious missions. And you can bet your life that when he is at the table he demands absolute silence and no movement from those around.

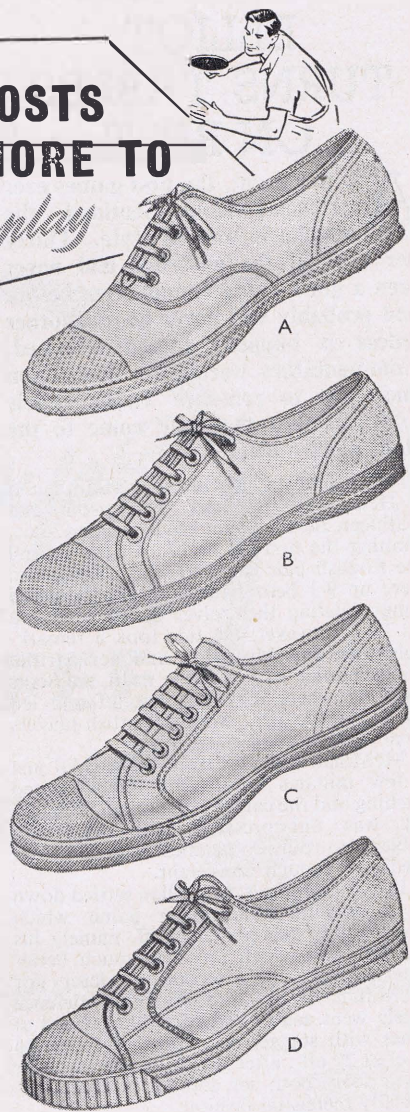
Let's face up to it: Table Tennis is in bad shape enough without players helping to grease the skids still more with their far-from-impeccable manners.

S.K.



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C BLUE FLASH Laced-to-toe.	21/4½	18/11
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T.T. on T.V. ELLIOT TURNS TABLES ON BEST

AT this event, the first games ever televised from Scotland, the emphasis was on style. Thirty per cent of the audience had never seen a good Table Tennis event before and probably will never be at another unless it happens to be televised. Commentators were Max Robertson and—just to reassure Table Tennis followers that they had come to the right place—Ken Stanley.

IN the first tie, Bertie Kerr (Edin.) and Helen Elliot faced Thompson and Kathleen Best and got off to a good start, winning the first set to 17. In the second the English pair came to with a bang and were up 9-1 before the Scots had stopped congratulating themselves on the first set. At 14-4, however, the tide took a remarkable turn and Miss Best and her partner just got home to 19. In the third, the Scots took up where they had left off and led by 10-7 at the turn. So the Scottish players were off to a good start.

McMillan came on to play Hinchliff just a few minutes before the lights started flashing and the cameras whirring. The first set was unimpressive, with McMillan subject to purple patches and Hinchliff mediocre though consistent.

In the second set, McMillan settled down to a profitable attacking game which revealed the best in Hinchliff, namely his defence, and which provided much better entertainment and a second set victory for McMillan. In the third, Hinchliff's defence rarely went astray and McMillan, faced at times with staggering returns, did well to level at 20 all; after which performance he flung away both set and tie in characteristically mercurial fashion.

CRACKING FORM

SO far the Scottish players had one win on the board although a very near second. Now Helen Elliot came on to face Kathleen Best, her conqueror in the International. Miss Best was in cracking form from the start and was up 19-16 before Helen had really settled down; here Helen made a valiant effort which was just defeated by an unlucky net-cord at 19-20. In the second set, Helen attacked more frequently though with mixed results at first but soon began to pull away strongly

to score a convincing second set victory. Miss Best refused to lie down to this, however, and the result was a scintillating grand-stand finish which must have delighted the B.B.C. and which provided the most spectacular of the evening's play.

The impetuosity of Kerr and McMillan lost them the first set in their tie against the more poised Hinchliff and Thompson. In the second set, the Scottish pair turned

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**ALTHOUGH THE PLAYERS TAKING PART IN THESE EVENTS WERE FROM SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, THE EVENING'S PLAY WAS NOT OFFICIAL FROM AN INTERNATIONAL VIEWPOINT — IT WAS A FRIENDLY MEETING**  
~~~~~

round and outclassed the Englishmen, who were given a flattering ten points. Hereabouts Kerr's forehand was functioning with the power and accuracy of a gun. Even the Englishmen's serves were returned in staccato style. As the third set progressed, however, this deadly weapon began to misfire and though at the turn the scores were 10 all, the Scots could only score one point thereafter.

KERR THE HERO

KERR'S chance to redeem himself came in the final event of the evening in which he faced Thompson with the team scores at two each. Thompson is no great stylist, but put in some tricky half-volley defensive work which disconcerted Kerr in the first set. Kerr's forehand, which remains his entire game, came on in time to win him the second set to 15. The third provided the same story, with Thompson playing steadily and Kerr, like a cat on hot bricks, trying to bring his forehand to bear. Down 10-15, Kerr made a gallant recovery to 15 all and eventually secured victory for his side at 25-23. This was a sound win for the Edinburgh boy; if he will learn to stand in the middle of the table and use his backhand—for he has one though it is rarely on display—he will gain even better results.

The final result was an encouraging one for the players over the border, for despite the fact that their English opponents could hardly be regarded as representative of an English International team, they had some strong players and their victory was commendable.

RESULTS

Kerr/Elliot beat Thompson/Best, 17, —19, 17.

McMillan lost to Hinchliff, —15, 15, —22.

Elliot beat Best, —19, 17, 18.

McMillan/Kerr lost to Hinchliff/Thompson, 14, 10, —11.

Kerr beat Thompson, —17, 15, 23.

G.R.W.

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THE JUBILEE CUP (presented by the Dowager Lady Swaythling, O.B.E.). Open to players who took part in the World Championships 21 years ago or more. Holder—G. V. Barna.

The Schedule of Play is planned as follows (subject to alteration):—

Monday, 5th April, 1954. Qualifying Competition, Swaythling Cup, three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening.

Tuesday, 6th April, 1954. Swaythling Cup and Marcel Corbillon Cup Competitions, three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening.

Wednesday, 7th April, 1954. Same programme as for Tuesday, 6th April.

Thursday, 8th April, 1954. Swaythling Cup and Marcel Corbillon Cup Competitions, only two sessions, morning and afternoon.

Friday, 9th April, 1954. Swaythling Cup and Marcel Corbillon Cup Competitions, three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening, including in the evening the first of the inter-group finals matches.

Saturday, 10th April, 1954. Morning, second of the inter-group matches in the Swaythling Cup and Marcel Corbillon Cup Competitions; evening, third and final of inter-group matches in Swaythling and Marcel Corbillon Cup Competitions. Morning and afternoon, qualifying rounds of Events 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

DO YOU LACK DRIVE?

Cont. from page 8

since the action stirs up the liver and keeps down constipation. Try touching your toes six times each morning and you will be surprised what a difference it makes to your digestive process. Lastly, take ½-oz. of Dandelion Herb, infuse in 1 pint of boiling water, add a little Liquorice or Honey and when cold take a wineglassful fifteen minutes after a meal, four times a day. If you are suffering from chronic constipation drink a glass of this medicine warm.

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SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

Cont. from page 10

almost eye-defying speed. Garland's pluck and skilful play deserved more than the eight points which were all that he could gather in the face of this first set onslaught. The second set was a much more cagey affair in which Garland again showed no awe of his man and veritably saved Scotland's face.

The 9-0 victory for England may be deemed sufficient comment on the vast difference in class between the two teams. In general, however, the Scots' main difficulty stemmed from a rather carefree attitude towards the first set and then a sudden panic half-way through the second. Exonerated on this count must be Still, Elliot and especially Garland, who showed a sense of purpose which was not appreciated by some of the spectators, but which, if copied by his colleagues, would have radically affected the extent of the slaughter. The others must learn to settle quickly and TRY from the first ball.

RESULTS

Best beat Elliot, 12, 16.

Rook beat Cababi, 12, 13.

Hinchliff beat Kerr, 11, 14.

Adams beat McMillan, 10, 10.

Simons beat Garland, 8, 10.

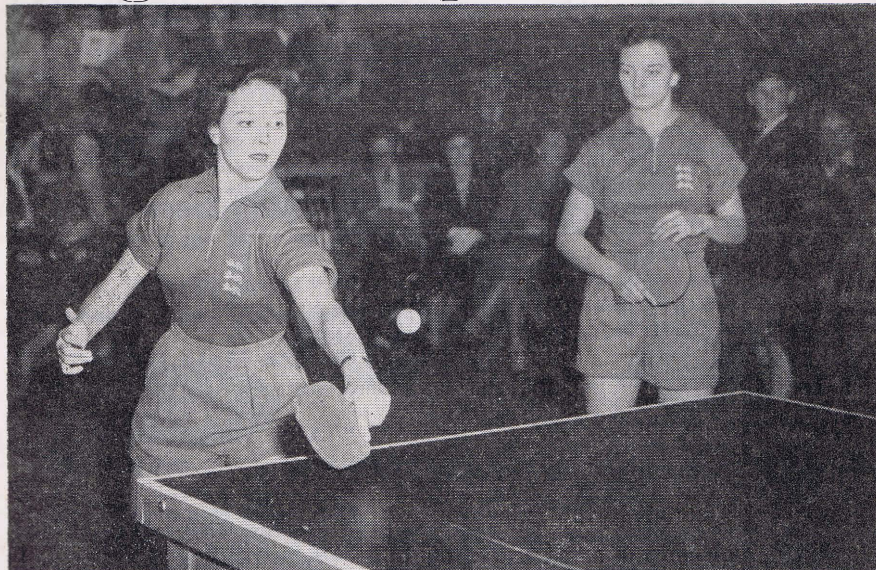
Merrett beat Still, 17, 16.

Best/Rook beat Elliot/Cababi, 15, 13.

Simons/Merrett beat Garland/Still, —19, 10, 11.

Adams/Hinchliff beat McMillan/Kerr, 19, 15.

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NEWS from AUSTRALIA

OUR Brisbane correspondent, Cecil Shaw, tells us that the American stars Martin Reisman and Douglas Cartland, who are touring Australia with Harlem Globetrotters Basketball team, and playing exhibition sessions, indulged in a few practice games with Australian top-liners recently.

Phil Anderson, the Australian champion, was the only one to overcome Reisman, who reversed the result the same evening, and the American went on to defeat Shaw, Bond and Robinson; Anderson also fell victim to Cartland.

THE official Australian team for the World Championships are due in England at the end of February, and their players Lou Laza, Geoff Jennings, and Bill Hodge, all of New South Wales, will also play the East of England, North of England and Surrey Championships.

TABLE Tennis has not the same grip in Australia as in Britain and the Continental countries, but there is always a welcome there for overseas stars and right now we understand that the Aussies are hoping that the interest Johnnie Leach and Richard Bergmann have in making the long voyage will become a reality in the near future.

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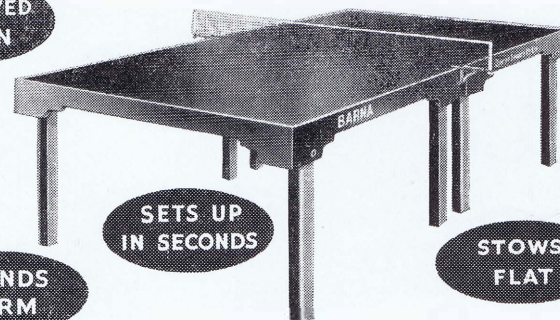
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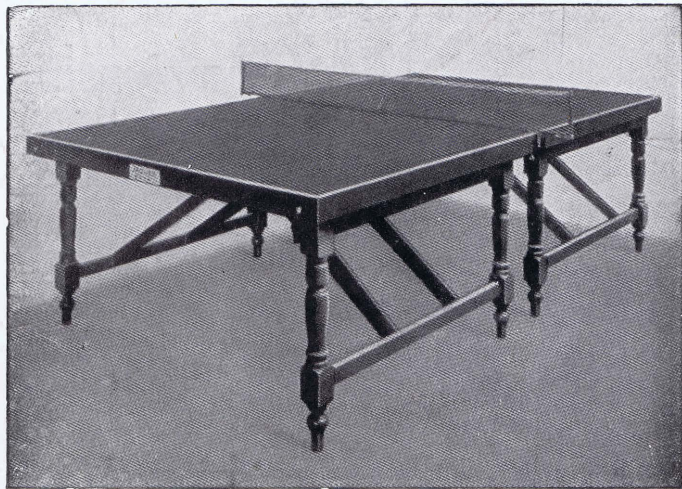
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