

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION AND NEWS COVERAGE

Table Tennis *Review*

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1/-

Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

★

**Victor
Barna's**
*second brilliant
article
appears on
pages 16 and 17*

★

NEWS

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TOURNAMENT

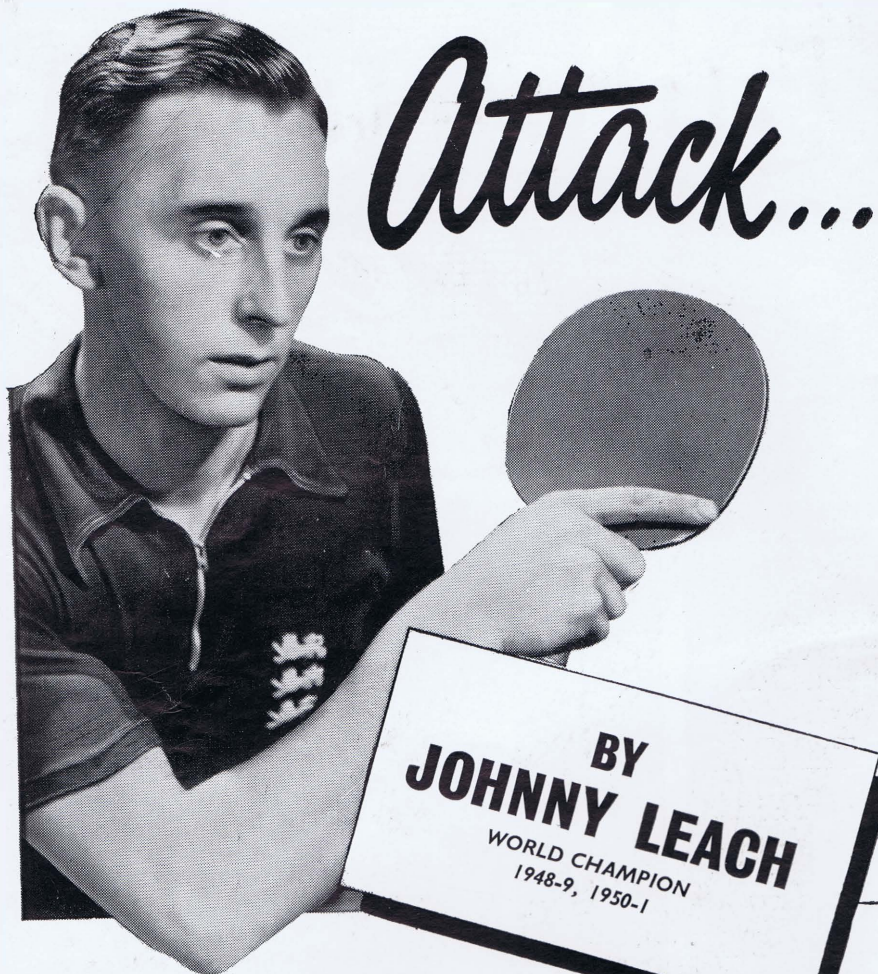
REPORTS

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Cover Girl:

HELEN ELLIOT
Scotland's 'First Lady'
of Table Tennis
(see page 8)

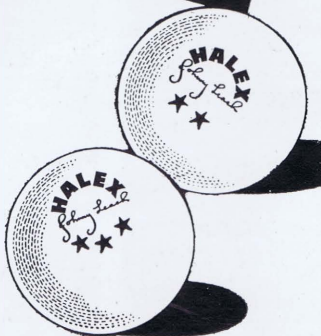




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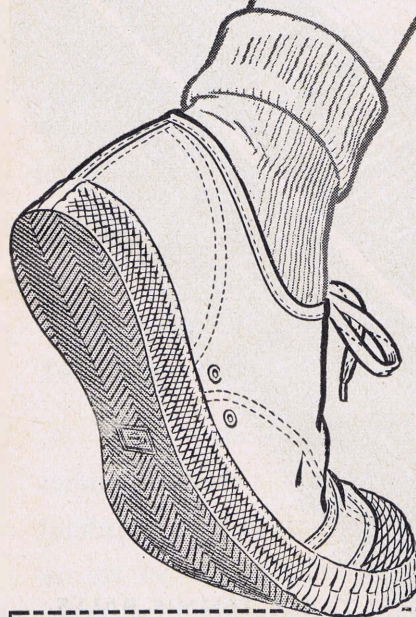
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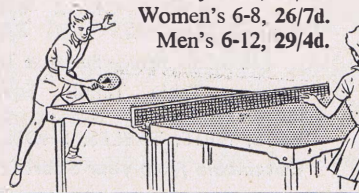


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TABLE TENNIS

Review

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No. 3

SPRING ISSUE
1955

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

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THE mammoth sports headquarters which the London County Council propose building at the Crystal Palace, London, is certainly enough to make the sportsman and sports-woman breathless with anticipation. Covering forty acres and to cost nearly two million pounds, the centre will offer first-class facilities for almost everything—swimming, tennis, athletics, squash, etc., etc.

But, so far, there has been not the merest whisper of Table Tennis and its place in the scheme of good things to come.

Now is the time for the Association to pass along a firm reminder that a Table Tennis hall, complete with coaching facilities and equipped for major tournaments, would by no means be out of place at the Crystal Palace. Table Tennis followers believe that our game is THE game, but it's just as well at this stage to acknowledge the hard fact that the majority of "outsiders" are inclined to think of us as ping-pong dabblers.

The truth is that the sport is still generally regarded as a cross between croquet and a hobby for insipid schoolmarms with a mid-Victorian outlook. That's why it's up to the authorities to drop heavy hints in the right quarter. That quarter could be the Central Council of Physical Recreation, who will most likely run the centre.

The Editor.

FIVE WORLD CHAMPS 'DOWN'

FIVE reigning World title-holders bit the dust in the Scandinavian Open, held at Stockholm, in December. Those who tumbled were Japan's Ichiro Ogimura, the Singles champion, Yugoslavia's Vilim Harangozo and Zarko Dolinar (Men's Doubles), and our own Rosalind and Diane Rowe, Women's Doubles holders.

Ogimura was made to bid a sad farewell to the Singles in the quarter-finals by Josef Vogrinc, the Yugoslav third string, whose forte is heavy chop on both sides—just the sort to unsettle a man who likes to hit.

In the same round Johnnie Leach was eliminated by Dolinar, who went to take the final against Tage Flisberg (Sweden), 21-18, 21-17, 21-12.

The Rowes were beaten in the Doubles final by World champion Angelica Rozeanu and Ella Zeller, the Rumanian pair, 21-18, 23-21, 18-21, 17-21, 21-12. This was the first time the Middlesex pair had been beaten for almost a year. Their last set-back was experienced in England, at the hands of Jean Winn and Joy Seaman.

The Czech combination of Andreadis-Stipek beat Dolinar-Harangozo in the Men's Doubles final, 17-21, 21-18, 21-10, 21-19.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Ros Rowe took another beating in the Singles final, again losing to Rozeanu in three straight sets—21-13, 21-18, 21-18. This was, near enough, a repeat performance of the Yugoslav Open final and emphasised the Rumanian's superiority

over the No. 1 English girl.

There was compensation for Rosalind, however, in the Mixed, which she won with Andreadis, beating Leach and Diane in the final by 21-19, 21-19, 21-14.

Leach, with Flisberg, lost in the semi-finals of the Men's Doubles to Dolinar-Harangozo, and thus completed three national opens—Austrian, Yugoslav, Scandinavian—without a title of any sort coming his way.

England provided the winner of the Junior Singles, Londoner Eddie Hodson, beating Sweden's B. Nordblom 21-17, 21-12, in the final.

LEICESTER Y.M.C.A. OPEN

MEN'S SINGLES

Semi-finals: N. Timmins beat N. Baxter, 21-17, 21-15. C. Jacques beat J. Burraston, 22-20, 21-16. **Final:** C. Jacques beat N. Timmins, 21-19, 21-16, 16-21, 18-21, 21-17.

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Final: Mrs. Rogers beat M. Whit, 19-21, 22-20, 21-15.

MEN'S DOUBLES

Final: J. Burraston and J. Rogers beat N. Baxter and G. Richards, 21-11, 21-13.

MIXED DOUBLES

Final: J. Burraston and M. Whit beat J. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, 21-14, 22-20.

JUNIOR SINGLES

Final: E. McLeish beat B. Nixon, 21-16, 21-10.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

JOHN G. TOMS

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NOTTS.**

Bill Stamp hits out

on the

'Registered Players' Motion

I WAS rather surprised to read the article in your last issue regarding Registered Players and the N.E.C., as the matter was still at the discussion stage, but as your correspondent poses certain questions I will try to answer them.

The suggestion put forward, which is backed by the Liverpool League, is that whilst our sport in its wisdom grants players the privilege of earning money by their skill, giving their name to products, writing books or acting as press correspondents, it does not debar them from playing with true-blue amateurs, as for example in Tennis. But we take the view that the control of the game should be in the hands of individuals who have no financial interest.

There are over 170,000 players in this country, of which 82 are Registered Players, and their interests are taken care of by their own R.P.'s Committee. It is all poppycock to suggest that we wish to erect the pro-amateur barrier and all it means, and I am in entire agreement with the Chairman (Ivor Montagu) who has often declared that he was proud to claim that our sport was distinct from most others in making no concessions to the often hypocritical distinction between amateur and professional. But I feel that the administration should be in the hands of people who have a knowledge of the game and its requirements but who have no financial interests, as I mentioned at the outset.

NAIVE

Your correspondent is very naïve when he talks about people who earn "a pound here and there." Table Tennis is big business for some people (and good luck to them), but they should not be legislators as well, or we will quickly lose the hard-won concessions that we have recently gained.

You quote Victor Barna, Chairman of the Registered Players as saying it is an insult to imply that R.P.s may be so concerned with earning all the money they can as to be tempted to find ways and means of getting more via the N.E.C.

I have never stated or implied this at all, but it is interesting to learn that people are thinking along these lines.

I should point out to Sam Kirkwood, who refers to it in his column, that it is the A.G.M. that the Chairman and Secretary of the R.P.'s Committee may attend, and not the N.E.C. "without power to vote," and the answer is that they are not entitled to a **privileged extra** right of vote. Every registered player already has his chance of a vote at the A.G.M. by being elected at present as a League representative, etc.

CASH OR ADMINISTRATION

If a registered player wishes to stand for the N.E.C. we say it is up to him to decide whether he wants to make money out of the game, or be an administrator. He has the privilege of choice, but we maintain he should not have both.

I can give your correspondent figures to show that at the last election it was possible for 10 registered players to have been elected to the N.E.C. This body of 82 already has its own committee whose representations receive every consideration from the N.E.C. We think the other 170,000 should have an Executive drawn from those stalwarts up and down the country who give their time and energy to the furtherance of the game as they have done over the years.

A very difficult situation could occur if we had members on the Committee associated with manufacturers, or who give their names to various products. It could happen, and in the foreseeable future—and that is what we are trying to guard against.

Full reports of the **World
Championship Events at Utrecht**
will appear in the
SPECIAL ISSUE
of *Table Tennis Review* on
MAY 7th

THE SUMMER ISSUE
will be on sale on
JUNE 7th

Gilmour Triumphs at Murrayfield

THE most interesting feature of the Men's Singles here was to see how fared the new Scottish Champion, Johnny Miller. It was learned, however, that Miller had left his bed to play, having been ill for two weeks; certainly he looked decidedly unwell. Early on he met Robert Park, the fiery young hitter from Aberdeen, and was hit right off the table.

I hope the big men in the Scottish game were all watching closely: the undaunted approach of this youngster was a treat. Unfortunately, Park lost in the next round to Scotland's newest "Cap," Tommy Gilmour, of Dundee, whose all-round defensive ability was too solid for Park.

Only other notable performance was the —18, 16, 13 defeat of Teasdale by A. McLeod from Edinburgh.

In the semis, an unrecognisable Victor Garland lost to Gilmour in straight sets, and Eddie Still was too good for McLeod.

We were left with two purely defensive players in the final. Gilmour attacked and lost the first, but refused to attack in the second. Still finally took a few wild slashes, and the contestants were level at one game each.

GOLDEN POINT

Backhand push followed backhand push, and after ten minutes Gilmour made a mistake and Still was one golden point up. Soon he led by four-one, but Gilmour recovered and when Umpire Dykes called "time," was in the lead by ten points to five, and had won the title before a crowd which, at one period, tried to start the slow handclap.

The Men's Doubles title went to the new combine of McMichael and Gilmour. Altogether, Gilmour had a good day and has done much to confirm his status as an Internationalist.

In the Women's Singles, Helen Elliot had a much more convincing win over Miss Houlston than she had the last time these two met. This was achieved by comfortable defensive tactics, which could have absorbed young Helen's attack for the rest of the night without much effort. Miss Houlston will have to learn to apply much more variation in length, pace and direction if she is to pierce this armour. Miss Elliot, playing with Miss Houlston in the Doubles, and with Miller in the Mixed Doubles, completed yet another hat-trick. Young Barclay beat A. Nicholls of Edinburgh, another promising youngster,

Have YOU made any?

NOT too late, is it, for New Year resolutions? How about bearing these "let's be good boys and girls" thoughts in mind —and acting on them? Here we go, then, with some "I promise" resolutions.

PLAYERS

To turn up promptly for matches.

To dress neatly and unostentatiously.

To act modestly in victory and gracefully in defeat.

To treat the game as a pastime to be enjoyed, not as a life-or-death struggle to be endured.

To be thankful to those who organise and make our games possible.

To thank umpires after matches.

To behave and speak sportingly both on and off the table.

STARS

To devote some time to helping beginners and the mediocre to improve.

To remember that the game is bigger than any player.

To demand no more than is the right of just another player.

To set a standard in behaviour to youngsters.

To bear in mind that a big-headed champion is just as objectionable as a big-headed rabbit.

SELECTORS

To experiment courageously in efforts to build for the future.

To disregard reputations earned in the dim and distant past.

to add a second title to his new Scottish crown.

RESULTS

MEN'S SINGLES: T. Gilmour (Dundee) beat E. Still (Glasgow) —17, 13, 10-5 (time).

WOMEN'S SINGLES: H. Elliot (Edinburgh) beat H. M. Houlston (Edinburgh) 10, 10.

MEN'S DOUBLES: Gilmour (Dundee) and McMichael (Edinburgh) beat Topley and Stewart (Dundee) 12, 14.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES: Elliot and Houlston beat Cababe (Edinburgh) and Steventon (England) 11, 14.

MIXED DOUBLES: Miller and Elliot (Edinburgh) beat McMichael and Houlston (Edinburgh) 17, —19, 16.

BOYS' SINGLES: Barclay (Edinburgh) beat Nicholls (Edinburgh) 18, 19.

THE SCOTTISH 'OPEN'

ALL other events in this year's tournament were dwarfed by the sensational Men's Singles, which was won by Edinburgh's Johnny Miller, playing with a sponge rubber bat. Detailed comments on the dramatic advent of sponge as a serious proposition in Scottish Table Tennis are made separately.

Miller got under way in the very first round, in which he beat Scotland's No. 2, Eddie Still, by 15, 10. The Irish team were participating this year, but only one of their men, Harry O'Prey, survived to the semi-finals. Cochrane of Wester Rossland put up a great performance and was unlucky not to win at least a game against the Irishman, losing at 19 in both.

Remarkable early results were the defeat of Johnny Campbell by Edinburgh man Calloway, Pappin of Ireland by Charlie Mattinson of Glasgow Central Y.M.C.A., Teasdale by young Stewart of Dundee, and Victor Garland by the mercurial Stan Kissen of Glasgow University, who lost to Mattinson in the next round.

In the semi-finals, Alex. Laidlaw of Edinburgh scored a confident, if unspectacular, win over Mattinson, and O'Prey came to terms with "sponge" Miller. O'Prey has no attack on the backhand, and his forehand had taken the day off, so that the tie developed into a grim "chiselling" match in which the Irishman was obviously fighting a losing battle from the start.

In the final, Miller nonchalantly swished his way past an Alex. Laidlaw who played throughout with an amazing resignation, and a new Scottish Champion had arrived.

Drama Again

IN the Ladies' Singles semis, drama came again when sixteen-year-old Helen Houlston slashed her way to a devastating 21-14 win in the first game against her senior counterpart Helen Elliot. This was the first game Miss Elliot had lost in the Scottish since 1949, and she really had to go to town to pull through in the next two at 15 and 17, against a peak-form Miss Houlston.

This was a magnificent performance by the youngster, and delighted no one more than Miss Elliot herself, who has for some years now been handicapped by lack of

opposition.

In the other semi-final, Ireland's No. 1 woman, Miss Owens, was beaten by England's Betty Steventon. For a player who once moved in high circles, Miss Steventon has a very awkward style, but it is none the less effective, as Miss Owens discovered.

Miss Elliot had no trouble at all in taking the title for the 11th consecutive time. Miss Steventon is wanting in defence, and the fact that Helen defended for most of the match revealed the extent to which she was "cruising."

Glasgow's "old firm," Hillan and Baxter, scored an excellent semi-final victory in the Men's Doubles, over Laidlaw and Teasdale, but were beaten in the final by Fraser and Bell of Edinburgh.

In the Ladies' Doubles semis, the two Helens of Edinburgh were too much for Mrs. Josephson and Miss Segal of Glasgow, while in the other half, the other upholder of the western flag, Mrs. Olive Hawkins, playing with "colleen" Owens, lost to Mrs. Cababe and Miss Steventon, so once again the West had no representative in the final.

In the first game of the final, the Cababe attack was running smoothly, and she and her new partner succeeded in scraping home at 24-22. The attack stopped clicking in the second, however, and prospects of an upset were soon remote, the two Helens pulling off a comfortable 9, 10 recovery.

Easy Passage

IN the Mixed Doubles, Betty Steventon joined Teasdale in a strong partnership, which just failed against Martin and Owens of Ireland in the semi-final. Youngsters McMichael and Houlston disappointed in the other semi against Miller and Miss Elliot, who had an easy passage.

Continued on page 30

by G. R. WALKER

SCOTTISH PEN-PORTRAITS — No. 1

GORDON R. WALKER *interviews* . . .

HELEN ELLIOT

FACTS first:— Miss Elliot has twice been a World's Doubles Title holder, once with Gizi Farkas and once with Dora Beregi. She has appeared in one other World's final and one semi-final unsuccessfully. She has twice been in the final of the English Open Women's Singles and won the Mixed once (with Victor Barna). She has won the Irish Open, the Welsh Open, the Merseyside (four times), the Lancashire, the North of England (twice), the South of England, the Birmingham and the "Empire News" Tournament.

Helen has played for her country on over seventy occasions, has held the Scottish Open Championship for the last eleven years, and is at present holder of all three titles open to her in the Scottish, Scottish Confined, West of Scotland, and Yorkshire Championships. She holds the Lanarkshire, Merseyside, South of England, Birmingham, and Gwent Singles titles, and of the 28 Scottish titles open to her since the war has won twenty-four.

The record is impressive but the woman is modest. Now twenty-eight, she has amassed the above history since 1943, when she played Table Tennis for the first time. She was introduced to the game by Bob Haymon, Bunny Chernak and Bob Dykes, present Secretary of the Scottish T.T.A., whom she married six years ago.

UN**T**IL recently, Helen worked as a hospital receptionist. For ten years she sacrificed her summer holidays for Table Tennis so that she could travel to tournaments throughout the country. Now that her time is divided between housewifery and Table Tennis, she has this year had her best season for years.

Take a look at 1954-5 itinerary:— Skegness, Yorkshire, Manchester, Birmingham (twice), Elgin, London (3 times), Liverpool, Edinburgh (4 times), Cardiff, Dundee, Glasgow (T.V.), Wales, Aberdeen, and now on to the World Championships at Utrecht if the official finances permit.

It's all very well if you say it quickly, but when you consider what it amounts to in the way of missed meals, days nourished

by cups of tea and biscuits, nights of half-sleep in trains and buses, it is a revealing insight into the stress of staying at the top. No wonder Helen says: "This game teaches you to take it; you must have a sense of humour."

THE sense of humour must have been helpful this winter when Helen and Helen Houlston travelled home from the South of England Open at Croydon in a train which was so cold that they ended up with their feet in the hot-water basin.

The consequences were not so funny. Young Helen got home with 'flu, and Helen Elliot had a recurrence of malaria, which she contracted during her first World Championship appearance at Calcutta.

On the way to Calcutta, Helen, a newcomer to World class, was worried at her impending first-round encounter with a Jap girl, knowing as she did the effort the Scottish T.T.A. had made to send her there. However, she won and has never looked back.

In addition to all this, Helen has found time to play regularly for her home club, Gambit (Edinburgh), and to help them to win the Scottish Team Cup six times. And another thing, anybody in Scottish Table Tennis will tell you that she just can't say "NO" when she is asked to do a spot of coaching. No wonder she laughed when I asked what her hobbies were! The answer was simple: "Table Tennis."

HELEN, when I persisted, admitted that lack of good practice against women has been a bit of a handicap, but says that "anybody can get there, if they are keen enough." So you say, Helen, but I have a feeling that many a lassie with your ability and faced with the same handicaps would not have "got there."

I have a strong suspicion that it's your straight-thinking, the honest-to-goodness heart that makes you proud of your record with your home club, and the playing of every league match and first round at nothing less than your own highly set standards that has got you there.

The simple fact is that Helen has devoted her life to Table Tennis; hers is the burning enthusiasm of the artist, whose only standard is perfection; it is expressed by her characteristic let-me-get-at-it attitude at the table, and the familiar lines of the set jaw; the entire picture to be summed up in one word—determination.

from the BALLROOM
to the TABLES

SIX HOURS' PRACTICE NIGHTLY

made

JEAN BRADDOCK

a Star

★

IT is rather refreshing these days to find a good-class player who has not been coached by anyone. Way back in the late twenties and early thirties there were few if any professional coaches, yet each season there was quite a harvest of up-and-coming players. So when I talked to Mrs. Jean Braddock, with a view to acquiring a little information to go with the attractive photograph featured in this issue, one of my first questions was, "Have you received coaching from anyone?" I was delighted to see her shake her pretty head.

I followed up with, "Do you think coaching can make a bad player into a good player?"

"Too many coaches try to teach you to play their style of play," came her reply. "When you have been playing Table Tennis for some time you don't want a coach to come along and start telling you how to alter your stroke play. What you need is someone to understand your own style of play and to play with you in such a manner that you are able to develop and improve what strokes you have."

I nodded my head in complete agreement with Jean, but then you must respect the views of someone with a playing record like Jean Braddock's. She is now ranked as No. 2 Manchester player, second to Adele Wood, and she has many open tournament titles to her name, the latest one being the Flintshire Open Ladies' Doubles, played in January.

JEAN first started playing Table Tennis when she was sixteen and she is now twenty-five, but those early Table Tennis years were far from being serious, for at the age of seventeen Jean was a professional ballroom dancer with a ballroom of her own to manage.

Eventually Table Tennis began to take up more and more of her enthusiasm and so the ballroom was replaced with the work of shorthand typing. She started at the Greengate & Irwell Rubber Company of

Salford, where she still works. I know that Jean appreciates how fortunate she has been in choosing a firm who are so considerate to her Table Tennis and give her every possible support and assistance.

She started to play seriously four years ago and then practised for six nights each week with no less than two hours per night. Nowadays she plays four nights regularly each week.

She believes that all you need is one really top-class stroke. "After all," she



JEAN BRADDOCK

went on to explain, "World championship titles have been won by players with just one good stroke."

"But two things you must have," she

Continued on page 29

FROM SCOTLAND... GORDON WALKER reporting on

A QUIET (?) WEEKEND

SCOTLAND'S first-ever home win over Ireland—Helen Elliot's closest call in six years—Scottish Open won by Sponge! Yes, the three days between these events formed a momentous weekend in the history of Scottish Table Tennis. Scotland's two new caps, Tommy Gilmour (Dundee) and Helen Houliston (Edinburgh), were chief architects of the 6-3 victory over Ireland; and Edinburgh's Johnny Miller, playing with a sponge rubber bat, became the new Scottish Open Champion.

Approximately one hundred and fifty spectators at Govan Town Hall saw Dundee's Tommy Gilmour take first blood for Scotland in almost leisurely fashion. The defensive Gilmour, playing his first match for Scotland, settled quickly and soon had the aggressive Pappin in difficulties with some clever drop shots.

So often in the past have we seen an over-eager hitter lose the first match for Scotland that it was a pleasant experience to find the boot on the other foot, with a deliberate Scotsman stacking away the points.

Campbell made short work of Ireland's second youngster, Seacy. On this showing, he is a much improved player, in self-control as well as in stroke production. Seacy, like Pappin, was slow off the mark and showed signs of fight only towards the end of the second set.

So it fell to Ireland's maestro Harry O'Prey to stop the rot, and he and a very different Pappin reduced the leeway with a victory over Garland and Still.

Helen Elliot faced Miss J. Owens in the first ladies' event of the evening, and though the Irish girl put up a very creditable performance, Helen never looked like losing.

Fighting Spirit

IN running the slick snap-shooter Martin so close, Eddie Still played well and showed his usual fighting spirit in coming back from 13-17 to win a tense second set to 19. This recovery was acclaimed by the crowd, but despite their encouragement, Still lost the place again in the third and Ireland once more reduced the margin to 3-2 in Scotland's favour.

Since there is every indication that young Helen Houliston has joined the side for keeps, it was good to see how well she combined with her senior counterpart in the Ladies' Doubles. The Irish girls fought gamely, but their defeat was convincing.

In a classic of concentration and control, Harry O'Prey finally overcame Victor Garland, who seemed to me to lack a little of his accustomed "bite."

Thus Miss Houliston faced Miss Lyons, who has been giant killing in Ireland recently, with the Scots leading 4-3. It was a crucial moment for an international debutant, but young Helen was unabashed and scored her straight sets victory in characteristically tearaway fashion.

With the Scots in an unassailable position, Gilmour and Campbell were determined to make a night of it, and rounded off the triumph with an excellent Doubles victory over Martin and Seacy.

RESULTS (Scots named first) :-

T. Gilmour beat W. Pappin, 12, 16.
J. Campbell beat T. Seacy, 11, 18.
Garland & Still lost to O'Prey and Pappin, -11, -12. Miss H. Elliot beat Miss J. Owens, 16, 10. E. Still lost to I. E. Martin, -14, 19, -15. Elliot and Houliston beat Owens and Lyons, 7, 15. V. H. Garland lost to H. O'Prey, -15, -17. Miss H. M. Houliston beat Miss M. Lyons, 16, 15. Gilmour and Campbell beat Martin and Seacy, -17, 14, 15.

In our jubilation over the fact that Scotland has now definitely "arrived" in international Table Tennis as a power to be reckoned with, let us not forget to say a word of thanks to the team officials, past as well as present, who by their invincible patience in the face of countless exasperating disappointments have built up a young side which looks set to do Scotland proud for many seasons to come.

SPONGE!

THAT the ridiculous ease with which sponge-playing Johnny Miller lifted the Scottish title reduced the whole thing to a farce. That it is regrettable that so important an affair be rendered

farical no one will deny. But exactly where lies the fault is not so readily settled.

Was Miller at fault in using sponge? I fail to see it. He is clearly within the written rules, and, in my opinion, also within the unwritten ones. That certain people were among those prepared to cry "Shame!" surprised me; that certain others were similarly minded did not surprise me in the least. If he can beat the stars by using sponge then the fault lies with the stars and not with Miller.

He has obviously given his new medium much thought and a great deal of practice, so that he is as much its master as his ability can make him. His occasional attacking strokes came with venomous speed from the bat, and the uncanny silence from the far end of the table must at first have been unnerving.

But when you have said that much, you have said all. That players of such repute should be prepared to succumb to the losing battle of the chisel, when the obvious thing to do was to hit and hit hard, was unforgivable.

One or two may have discovered at the crucial moment that their hitting was off, but they were not all in that predicament, and even for those who were, it was surely better that they should put up a fight, than that Miller should be allowed literally to stand still and swish his way to victory.

Spirit Lacking

FINALLY, the unpardonable "aggrieved schoolboy" attitude adopted by many and actually expressed by one Internationalist who was overheard to say "it's hopeless," betrayed simply a lack of resource which was pathetic.

For fear of misinterpretation, let me say now that the above opinion does not in any way bar me from feeling that "Sponge" may be bad for the game as a spectacle, and that it is not intended as any sort of contribution to the current controversy on "To Sponge or not to Sponge"; it is aimed simply at those so lacking in spirit as to surrender before they reach the table.

£. s. d.

THE current poorness of attendances at International events in Scotland is worrying, and, as Harry Baxter said recently, it is shaping as if lack of finance is to be a greater obstacle to Scotland's international progress than lack of ability.

The cure, I feel, lies in more publicity before these events, and in an all-out drive by club secretaries to sell tickets to their members.

It may be a healthy sign that people are more interested in playing than they are in watching, but it is a well-acknowledged fact in coaching circles that for the

AUSTRALIAN champion, Phil Anderson, and Arden Robinson (Australian No. 5) left for Holland on Jan. 11th to represent their country in the Swaythling Cup competition. The other member of the side is Lou Laza.

Laza, it will be remembered, played at Wembley last year, and remained in England for a successful season in Lancashire League cricket.

Anderson and Robinson have raised most of their expenses for the trip by personal effort—and quite a bit of effort at that (writes our Brisbane contributor, Cecil Shaw).

JAPAN — SINGAPORE ARE EAGER

THE conference held at Singapore, during the All-Asian Championships, to discuss the venue for the 1956 World Series, left doubts that any Asian country could organise the tournament.

Reports indicate that the one possibility seems to be Ceylon.

Prior to the conference, Japan and Singapore indicated that they were eager to stage the series.

Asia has first claim to play hosts next year to the world's Table Tennis countries.

ambitious, nothing is more helpful than to watch the strokes properly produced.

The Scots team is doing well and can do better. Let's back them up, folks!

Elgin

READERS of my report on the Highland Open in the last issue will also remember its spine-chilling introduction. Some days later this was read in Morayshire.

That night the war fires were lit and the gnashing of teeth was drowned only by the grinding of claymores.

From the resultant literary rocket which I received from the chieftain of the Elgin and District League, it would appear that Elgin not only has one of the mildest climates in Great Britain, but is practically the Riviera of Scotland.

Gentlemen, I abase myself. This year my holiday labels will read "Sunny Elgin, Morayshire." (For readers familiar with the wildness of Heilanders when roused and anxious about my personal welfare, the Elginites' missive, though fiery, was good-natured, and all is now quiet on the home front.)

LOOKING BACK . . .

1954 was memorable for 'les girls'

LOOKING back on 1954—the period embracing the latter half of the 1953-54 season and the opening stanza of the current season—we are bound to admit that our players, by and large, didn't fare too badly. Pride of place must go to the girls, who without question overshadowed the men and did most to keep England to the forefront on the international scene.

Let's refresh our memories.

Rosalind and Diane Rowe ran away with the English Open Doubles title for the fifth consecutive year. A few weeks later, on the ideally appropriate occasion of their 21st birthday, they annexed the World crown for the second time, to the delight of every follower in the country. They were also the mainstays of the team which so very nearly won the Corbillon Cup. Between them, of course, they beat trophy winners Japan after being two down. In-between times the twins helped themselves to a hatful of national and home titles.

Ann Haydon established herself as a senior player of first-rank importance, despite her extreme youth. At 15 she became the youngest player ever to be picked for the Corbillon team and the youngest player ever to reach a World final. She is not flattered by her inclusion in the latest World ranking list.

STERLING

PERHAPS not as publicised as she might be, Kath Best was a sterling performer and deserves every credit for her magnificent play in the World doubles match versus holders Angelica Rozeanu and Gizi Farkas. Although young Ann received the lion's share of applause, there are many who think Kath was the dominating partner in the very thrilling semi-finals game.

Kath kept her end up too in international contests. She's too inconsistent to be World champ, but she'll always be an unusually talented and stout-hearted fighter.

Below this incomparable quartet were many girls—like Jean Winn, Barbara Milbank, Yvonne Baker, Pam Mortimer, Jill Rook and Betty Isaacs—who proved themselves on a level with each other. Good plucked 'uns, but not quite in the category of the leading four.

VALIANT TRIO

RICHARD BERGMANN, Johnnie Leach and Aubrey Simons, the trio who brought the Swaythling Cup to England for the first time in 1953, tried most valiantly to keep it here. They failed, but let us not forget that at least they reached the final ties and earned rating as the world's third best team. Much has already been said about those lost matches against Czechoslovakia and Japan, and there's little point in going again into the why's and wherefore's. The long and short of it is that our representatives did their darnedest but just weren't good enough.

Again "Old Man" Bergmann was our No. 1 star, with no rival anywhere near approaching his record. His outstanding achievements were his winning the English Singles for the sixth time, to beat Vic Barna's tally by one, and his progress to the World semi-finals. He also picked up a cup here and there at home and abroad.

Leach plodded away earnestly to recapture his form of a few years back, without making much headway. In the end of the year, however, he partly redeemed himself by beating Ichiro Ogimura and Tage Flisberg, Wembley finalists, in

Continued at foot of Col. 1, opposite

ALL-ASIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

★ ★ ★

EIGHT countries competed in the Men's team events and four in the Women's, and in both cases Hong Kong easily topped the list.

Final placings were:—

MEN

1, Hong Kong. 2, Singapore. 3, Philippines. 4, India. 5, Vietnam. 6, Korea. 7, Indonesia. 8, Malaya.

WOMEN

1, Hong Kong. 2, Korea. 3, Singapore. 4, Malaya.

Mai Van Hoa (Vietnam), No. 12 in the World ranking list, retained his Singles title. This was something of a surprise, since in the team events he lost no fewer than nine games.

He scraped through his preliminary rounds and met Chung-Ching-Shing (Hong Kong) in the semi-finals. Hoa won the first two games at 21-10, 21-17, and lost

the next two 15-21, 16-21. The deciding game developed into a stonewalling duel. After 18 minutes' play Hoa scored with a sudden flick, but within a minute Shing levelled with a somewhat lucky smash.

After 20 minutes the score still stood at 1-1. In the extra time, the Hong Kong player, who is essentially a defender, suddenly started to hit and sent across three smashes, which Hoa brilliantly retrieved. Shing sent his fourth hit into the net, to give Hoa the match.

The final was also a five-setter, Hoa beating Aguasin (Philippines) 17-21, 21-12, 21-17, 11-21, 21-13.

Other results were:—

MEN'S DOUBLES: Sih-Su-Cho and Lau-Seck-Fang (Hong Kong) beat Van Hoa—Tran Canh Duco (Vietnam) 22-24, 21-18, 21-9, 21-15.

MIXED DOUBLES: Wie Sang-Suk and Rhee-Yong-Ho (Korea) beat Vyas and Parandi (India) 21-13, 21-12, 21-15.

WOMEN: Baguio - Wong (Hong Kong) beat Han-Yong-Ya (Korea) 22-24, 21-18, 21-9, 21-15.

B. Wong was the outstanding woman player. She competed in the 1952 World Series in Bombay. Sih-Su-Cho seems to be past his best and he lost early on.

LOOKING BACK

Continued from page 12

Scandinavia, giving hope that the ex-World king-pin hasn't altogether lost the spark.

Ever since hitting the upper ranks Simons has never had so poor a time as he did this past year. Nothing went—or indeed is going—right for him. The many admirers of this immensely popular player and thorough sportsman, fervently hope that he'll pull out and show the fire which once earned him the Victor Barna Trophy and No. 4 spot in the World ranking list.

A rung down the ladder, Ken Craigie and Harry Venner had their successes, while Peter Shead, the dogged young Brighton player, forced himself into the limelight by being one of the only two Britons to reach the last 16 in the World's singles.

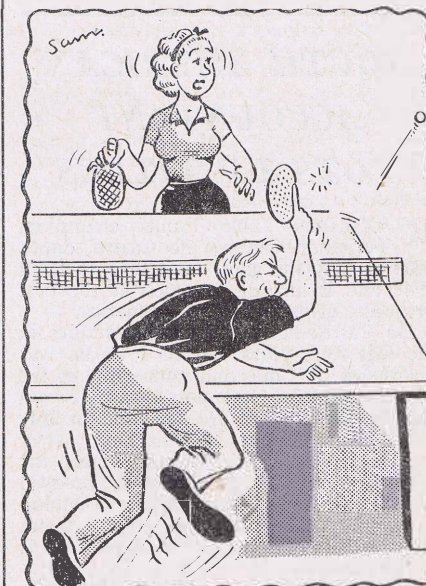
FITTING FAREWELL

BARNA bade farewell to competitive play in fitting style, reaching the World's Men's Doubles finals (with Haguenaer) and Mixed Doubles semi-finals (with Ros Rowe). Not bad at all for a 42-year-old?

Explosive topic was the inclusion of Ann Haydon in the Corbillon tie versus Hungary, to the exclusion of Di Rowe and Kath Best. Argument will long wax as to whether this was 1954's biggest blunder or a tactical move which didn't come off.

Also in the news was the sponge bat, which stirred a hundred conflicting opinions without getting anyone anywhere, and about which we haven't heard the last word by any manner of means.

What will the 1955 tale be—"les girls" topping the bill once more?



"Why, Fred — you never did that BEFORE we were married!"

Stars of the Future at "Briar Clyffe"

NOW here's something—a school with Table Tennis bats incorporated in its badge! Believe it or not it's true—and the school is Briar Clyffe at Lowestoft, which has produced some more than useful young players.

The Principal, Mr. Harry Levine writes that the school runs five league teams, and that a party of thirty boys entered the Kent Junior championship, travelling 180 miles to play.

BUDDING STARS

Three of the young members of the Suffolk County Junior team are provided by the school. They are 16 years old John Collins (Intermediate trialist 1954); 15 years old Peter Cole, who reached the fifth round of the *Daily Mirror* Senior Men's Singles; and Anthony Levine, aged 16.

To date Cole and Collins are undefeated in Suffolk County Senior Doubles.

Briar Clyffe's prominence has been won only in five years—the period of the school's existence, but if this standard is maintained there should be a title or two in the offing.

SOUTH AMERICAN ACCOUNTANT TOTS UP TITLES

BRAZILIAN Table Tennis champion, Fernando Olazarri de Castro, didn't start to play the game until he was 22 in 1948 and is already regarded as the best orthodox gripper in South America.

De Castro has won 45 Singles titles in the last four years and in 1950 he was champion of Chile and runner-up in the South American championships. He won the Sao Paulo title in 1953, and in July 1954 beat all comers in Brazil.

A Bachelor of Accountancy from the University of Chile, de Castro is employed as a cashier at the head office of Dunlop Brazil in Sao Paulo and speaks fluent English and Portuguese as well as his native Spanish.

He had only one coach, B. Pazdirek, the Czechoslovakian champion, who played with success in England in 1945-46.

'WORLD' FLIGHT and all for . . . A TENNER!

JIM FORREST, secretary of the Wandsworth (London) League, has chartered a Dakota. On April 14 twenty-eight of his league fledglings will step aboard the 'plane at London Airport and take off for Holland, where they will watch and possibly play in the World Series, and see the local sights. After their nine-day jaunt they will fly home.

A grand holiday, you'll agree. And all for £10! The party is paying £280 for the Dakota—and the rest is free.

This extraordinarily cheap outing comes as a reward to the Wandsworth boys and girls as a result of their hospitality to Dutch players who visited London during the Autumn. The visitors were put up at the homes of the Londoners, who in turn are now to be accommodated, without charge, by their Dutch friends.

All will agree this is a wonderful gesture on the part of Table Tennis followers over the water—and a gesture well earned by the warm-hearted enthusiasts in Wandsworth.

Good luck and a happy holiday to Jim and his lads and lasses!

The Association are similarly planning to fly over a limited number of enthusiasts, for whom will be laid on hotel accommodation, meals and daily transport to and from the playing venue. The trip will extend over 11 days and the all-in cost is the very reasonable one of £27.

Happy landings, too, to the E.T.T.A. party.

ODD ITEM

In the Stop Press column of the "Daily Express" during that disastrous first Test Match, England's score was reported as 156 for 8. Immediately below this depressing piece of cricket news was the bold and cheerful-looking headline: "BRITISH WIN"—the victory being that of our touring junior T.T. team in Sweden over a Gothenburg side.

It seems that Table Tennis, even on a "junior" scale, has its uses as a morale-booster for the general sporting public when things aren't going too happily for Britain in one of the major pastimes!

The Gentle Art of "Foxing"

THE tactic known as "foxing" is by no means restricted to Boxing. It has its place, too, in Table Tennis.

What is "foxing"? It is the art of making your opponent think you are weaker than you actually are, of making him think you're ripe for the kill. If you carry out the act artfully, you lull the foe into a false sense of security, then you turn on the works and shatter your man with a show of unexpected fire and skill. In short, having first kidded the opposition that you're more or less a dead duck, you tear in like a rip-roaring, won't-be-denied eagle.

Not Unsporting

Japan seems to have a sneaking fondness for this subtle—albeit, let it be emphasised, strictly legal and not unsporting—manoeuvre.

Prior to the last World tournament the folk from the Land of the Rising Sun let it be known far and wide that they were sending a team which was little better than a reserve side. The lads and lasses who had so brilliantly taken four titles at the Bombay series of 1952—Satoh, Hayashi, Fujii, Nishimura, Narahara—were not competing. In their place were coming players who, so we were given to understand, were young, inexperienced and, in the main, by no means their country's best "pongers."

As some of us saw it, this piece of subterfuge could serve two purposes: one, to lull Westerners into a false sense of security; and, two, in case of failure the Japanese could claim that lack of success was to be expected from second-string representatives. What transpired, we all know.

Now, with the Utrecht championships drawing near, the Nipponese have been at it again. A few weeks back World champ, Ichiro Ogimura, toured Europe. Whether he was well below the form he displayed at Wembley, or whether Johnnie Leach, Vogrinc (Yugoslavia) and Tage Flisberg, who beat him in Scandinavia, played above standard, I don't know. But I am inclined to the view that Ichiro was on a "foxing" expedition, preparing the ground for the April meeting.

Slim Chances?

Said Ichiro, on his return home: "Japan's chances of retaining the World



Recently I received a charming letter from Ron Crayden the Surrey star. With it was this picture, and Ron looked so chipper that I decided to brighten the pages of the *Review* with it.—Editor.

titles appear to be slim. Japan may retain both Men's and Women's team titles if we play our best, but I doubt whether we can win either individual title."

We can tell the Japanese that their champion's comments are valueless. If Japan sends Men's and Women's teams to Holland why shouldn't the sides play their best? And what did Ichiro see to convince him that he or his comrades have little chance of capturing individual honours? Are we so naïve as to believe that Ogimura would, of his own accord, make a statement encompassing his country's players, knowing as we do how jealous are the Japanese of their Table Tennis honours and national pride?

If this rush of modesty from the champion is, as many think, yet another example of "foxing," it is a pretty poor one and not a single Western country will be taken in by it. I admire the Orientals as magnificent players, but I really see no point in their trying to pull a bluff which has no psychological value whatever. If anything, Ogimura will spur Westerners to pull out everything they've got to send the Japs home empty-handed.

And then Ichiro will say, "What did I tell you?" Do you begin to see how the "foxer" works?

M.S.H.

In the second brilliant article of his series

VICTOR BARNA

talks

COACHING

IN Great Britain, just as in many other countries, one of the main problems is to spot new talent and to find potential champions. The search goes on continually, not only here but even more so in such countries as Hungary and Czechoslovakia—countries with long traditions and proud records in the World Championship class.

Now, this is one of the best things for the game because for a very long time nobody cared whether youngsters took it up or not, whether they developed on the right lines, or whether they got opportunities to gain experience and prove themselves.

I could tell many stories about the long, hard road that I and many of my pals (Szabados, Bellak, Kelen, Hazi, to mention just a few) had to travel before recognition came our way. It will suffice to say that when we were about 15, and began to beat our elders, they (the elders) brought in a new rule, whereby players under the age of 18 were not allowed to participate in a senior event. Of course things are totally different to-day. Young players are given plenty of encouragement and every possible help.

Naturally, the best way to help them is to see that they are properly coached. Now, this subject is a very interesting one—anyhow, to me—because Table Tennis coaching itself is fairly new and for a long time was almost entirely neglected. In the past, a player had to use his own initiative and rely on his own judgment if he wanted to make progress; now, there are many who are only too willing to give a helping hand.

FULL CONFIDENCE

Before giving my own idea of coaching, I would like to say this to clubs, associations and other people who are keen to teach their players:—

Do not appoint more than two coaches for any one player. All of us are different, and all coaches have different methods and ideas. I have seen many players ruined by having too many coaches thrust upon them. If a fresh one appears every month or so, it isn't long before the youngster gets quite bewildered and loses all conception of what is the best thing to do.

There is one very important thing I would like to say to the trainees. You must have full confidence in your coach. If you haven't got that, you are better off without one. On the other hand, if you have full confidence

in him and his ability, you must trust him and obey him implicitly. He should know what's good for you and how he can improve your play.

There is one more point I must make absolutely clear. Many times I have heard it said that in order to be a good coach one does not need to be a good player. Well, I don't know about other sports, but in Table Tennis, I maintain that this personal experience is absolutely essential. How can a coach know what goes on in the head of a player when he plays on the centre court or in the final of a great championship unless he himself experienced the same test and felt the same emotions? To play well in practice or in a minor event is a very different thing from playing for your country or in the World Championships, when the all-important thing is knowing when to execute a stroke, rather than how.

STRONG POINTS

One thing I am very much against is class coaching *en masse*. What is good for one person is by no means necessarily good for another. We are all made differently: one is short, another tall, some have a long reach, others are naturally quick on their feet, and so on. I don't like a coach who gathers everybody around him and explains how to hit a forehand or a backhand. He should seek out his pupil's ability and then build his game around the strong points.

"Feeding" should be avoided. It is not much good playing continuously, say to the pupil's forehand, when teaching this stroke. Anybody can hit a good forehand drive if he is told to stand sideways, left foot forward, left shoulder facing the net, and has the ball put in just the right place for him to hit. No, this won't do! It is much better to explain how to play the stroke, and if possible, when; and let the player find out what is expected of him. This will improve, among other things, his concentration and anticipation, which, after all, are very important aspects of the game.



It is difficult for me to go into long details of the various ways of coaching. However, there are one or two points I must mention. The chop, and chopping the chop, are the most difficult strokes in modern Table Tennis. One cannot practise them enough. These two strokes are completely different, and must not be confused.

PLAY ON

The best time to improve your game is in the off-season—during the summer. Don't give up the game at the end of the season—play on if you are keen to make progress, but don't make hard work of it; rather relax and enjoy it.

And play lots of doubles. In many countries this form of practice is neglected, although at times it can be more interesting than singles. As a rule, good players do not care to play against weaker opponents, but if you pair up, regardless of comparative strength, you may give (or be given) the chance to improve, while still fully enjoying the game.

Don't be afraid of playing against weak opposition. That is the time when you should put into practice the things you are trying out. Remember that a strong player will not allow you to play as you want to—he will be calling the tune.

Well, I think that's enough for the moment. I would add only that on top of hard and intelligent practice, and mastery of technique, one must possess absolute fitness, both mental and physical.

These are factors a shrewd coach will take as fully into account as stroke-production. They can be taught—and they must be absorbed.

Tournament Diary

- Feb. 2—3, 7—12
Middlesex (Herga) Open (Harrow).
Feb. 5.
NATIONAL COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS FIXTURE.
Feb. 12 and 19
Midland Open (Birmingham).
Feb. 21—25
Surrey Open (Epsom).
Feb. 26
WILMOTT CUP AND J.M. ROSE BOWL SEMI-FINALS AND FINALS.
Feb. 28, Mar. 4, 7—12
West Middlesex Open (West Ealing).
Mar. 5
NATIONAL COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS FIXTURE.
Mar. 12
Yorkshire Jnr. Open.
Mar. 18—19
Lancashire Open (Blackpool).
Mar. 18—19
West of England Open (Bristol).
Mar. 26
Grimsby Open (Cleethorpes).
Mar. 29—April 2
ENGLISH OPEN (Wembley).
April 9 and 11
North-East England Open (Scarborough).
April 15—24
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS (Utrecht).
April 25—30
Thames-side Open (Plaistow).

TWO MORE ARTICLES

by

VICTOR BARNA

The greatest personality the game has ever known will appear in the

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

and

SUMMER

Issues

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

What BILL RAVEY learned

when he bought

A Little Green Book

It was while rummaging through a second-hand book shop a few months ago, that I stumbled across it. A small, hard-backed green book entitled "How to Play Ping-Pong." Closer scrutiny revealed that it had been written for the guidance of ping-pongists at about the turn of the century, and that the author was the then Hon. Secretary of the Ping-Pong Association.

Being something of a glutton for the history of the game, I paid the shop-owner sixpence, pocketed the book and went off home to peruse it.

On the inside covers there were illustrated trade advertisements for bats, balls and tables. But what quaint advertisements—and what prices! That devastating new weapon, the wooden bat, was ousting the vellum just about that time, and already there was a wide selection of the new bats on the market. Prices ranged between one and three shillings, and you could have taken your choice from corrugated wood bats, cork-face bats, leather-face bats, sandpaper-face screw bats, bats with hard wood handles, cork handles, bound handles. . . . but need I go on? And if you had wanted really good match quality balls, you would have paid one-and-sixpence for a dozen in a tube, or—if you could afford it—fifteen shillings for a gross lot.

It was pointed out that these balls had the advantage of being heavier and stronger than any others, and that they were round, of a good colour, and had no lines or ridges. And for what more could anyone ask?

The prices of tables varied according to their size, but for less than five pounds you could have purchased a beauty of present regulation size, complete with folding legs.

Thousands of Clubs

WHEN I had gloated for a while over these things, I turned my attention to what the Hon. Secretary of the Ping-Pong Association had to say.

His remarks about the popularity of the infant game were illuminating. Although the majority of enthusiasts at that time played at home on the dining-room table,

there were thousands of clubs throughout the British Isles, many of them running eight or nine tables. One estimate had put the number of players in Great Britain and Ireland at about two million, "from the inhabitants of the humble cottage up through people of all grades of society to the highest in the land." And it was whispered that even in the Royal household the familiar sound was not entirely unknown.

Tournaments were tremendously popular, particularly in Ireland, and reference was made to one tournament held in Belfast for which there were close on 500 entries. These entries would be for singles events only, as the doubles game was practically unknown at that time.

It's surprising how the laws of the game have remained fairly constant over the last fifty years or so. But they did differ in a few quite important respects. For example, twenty points up constituted a game, and if the score happened to reach nineteen-all it was called "game-all," and the best of five points decided the game. Not a bad idea?

And the method of serving—how it favoured the tall player! The ball had to be served from below the waist direct on to the opponent's side of the table—i.e., without first hitting the server's court—so obviously the chips would be stacked against the diminutive chap who had to face a big fellow with a towering waist-line! Service, as now, changed after every five serves.

In Evening Dress!

DRESS? Even then, when gentlemen played in evening wear and ladies in long sweeping dresses, light colours were definitely out, and it was considered most unsporting for a gentleman to display a wide expanse of gleaming shirt-front! In addition, tournament entry forms usually made it clear that flimsy costumes would not be tolerated.

I gathered that even in those early days chiselling was generally regarded as almost criminal. To quote:—"Whatever may be said in favour of 'stonewalling' as the safest way to play in tournaments, where the winning of the prize is everything, and the enjoyment of the game little or nothing,

Continued on page 21

Boing-g-g!

THE following story is nominated for top prize in the giant clanger, dropped species, class.

A team in a Central London League division played three fixtures before league officials got round to discovering that not one of the team's members was registered. The team was deprived of the points gained via two wins, and the sides which had been beaten were awarded full points.

Obviously this may well affect promotion and relegation in the division; it has already caused much heartburn as well as jubilation to clubs intimately concerned.

What can the authorities have been about to allow a team to compete in three matches before uncovering the fact that all its players were unregistered and therefore ineligible? And how comes it that they tackle the problem of their own making by penalising innocent sides, in that defeated teams are given victory points to add to their tally?

The officials must accept responsibility for the situation, because they should have checked up long before they did. To my way of thinking they are guilty of negligence.

One of those officials, incidentally, agreed that the action taken was by no means an admirable one, but said that unless there was a combined protest from interested clubs the matter would be allowed to rest. In other words, the organisers were not so much concerned with right and wrong, as applicable to the division's clubs as a whole, as with ducking trouble!

They can quote their rule books until they're blue in the face, but for my money they have shown rather less than no idea over the whole sticky business.

It's hard to decide which is worse: their negligence in the first place or their so-called remedy.

R.M.

GRILLED . . .

ON THE FIRE
OF YOUTH

IF there's a chance to have a smack at me, trust one or two of some of the bright boys around to run full tilt into it.

One such gent buttonholed me not so long back, pulled out his copy of the Review, and showed me the paragraph of my "Give youth its chance" article which reads: "I suggest. . . that the time has come to try out such younger players as Brian Kennedy and Brian Merrett."

With an all-knowing look, he asked me if I knew that Kennedy had already had his chance in the Swaythling team.

I told the well-informed one I was not unaware of the fact, and that further I didn't consider one outing at the age of barely 20 an altogether conclusive basis for the selectors to finalise judgment on the Yorkshire player.

COCKEYED?

Perhaps my views are cockeyed, but I do think that if established stars are given chance after chance despite failures and obvious loss of form, untried youngsters can be forgiven for not showing up too well on their initial outing.

My "buttonholer," not easily discouraged, then tried a new tack. "What's all this about a new youngster, Burridge?" he asked, as though I had slipped up in being ignorant of the fact that Ken has been around for some time now.

It seems that calling Burridge "a youngster" is evidence of my dimness. If a player of 21 isn't a youngster, then I am dim.

For the rest, I advise my admirer to re-read the paragraph which apparently incensed him. What's he trying to prove, anyway?

S. KIRKWOOD

IF you have any difficulty in obtaining a regular copy of "TABLE TENNIS REVIEW" from your local Newsagent, Bookshop or Bookstall, then you can complete the coupon below to be certain of receiving your direct supply of the coming interesting issues

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CAPITALS PLEASE

SAM ★ ★ ★ KIRKWOOD'S ★ ★ ★ COLUMN

A LONDON player who several years ago gained an international badge without, so some said at the time, having done much of note to deserve one, has a sense of humour. Recently he played a lad who not long back was made an international, without having a too-brilliant record to merit the honour. At the end of the game, the Londoner, who had won, looked closely into the face of the vanquished and said, "You know, I never noticed before that you too have blue eyes." No prizes are offered for the meaning behind the remark.

IN a recent issue of the Review a firm which manufactures plastic handles expressed surprise that their wares have no tremendous market in this country. Surely the answer to that one is obvious, namely, that we've always got along without plastic handles and are used to plain, unadorned grips. True, our handles retain sweat, become smooth and slip on occasion—but we're hardened to it. And what we've never had we don't miss. That, surely, is why there has been no rush for plastic handles.

TWO or three seasons back, Richard Bergmann, engaged elsewhere earning a slice of bread and jam with exhibitions, was absent for more than half a season from tournaments in this country. When he returned he was made to participate in Swaythling Cup trials. We all know how he flopped and was omitted from the original team—and how he made the Selectors look sheepish by winning the French Open and then the Metropolitan. Richard was recalled post-haste to service and, as usual, propped up the Cup side.

Why I bring up this historic piece is because R.B. is away in America with the Harlem Globetrotters and won't be back for some time. Also, Johnnie Leach and the Rowe girls have by no means been over-busy in home tournaments. Will the Selectors, using the plea that they have to get a line on current form, resort to holding

trials especially for the benefit (or otherwise) of the Big Four, or will they, seeing that players other than Bergmann are involved, emulate the action of the renowned admiral whose likeness stands astride the column in Trafalgar Square?

A PLAYER who modestly describes himself as "small-fry" has forwarded the criticism that too many tournaments make too little provision for the average competitor, i.e., the mediocre player who enters for the fun of it without hope of winning or even getting in the later rounds. Says the player: "I'm not grouching about never winning, but, I do contend that non-stars are the financial backbone of 'opens' and should be given as many games as possible. Some organisers do us proud by staging preliminary groups in which we are assured of a number of matches. Far too many, on the other hand, dispense with groups and start off with the competition proper. This means we are lucky to get in two matches—more often than not it's one game and out for us. And it costs us quite a bit in entrance fees."

I sympathise with him and all like him and quite agree that where at all possible, and if time permits, there should be groups. I have stressed before, and do so again, that there is an inclination on the part of some to pander to the few stars at the expense of the many comparative rabbits whose entrance monies they are only too glad to accept and without whom there could be no tournaments. So, prelim groups, please, you organisers.

THAT new film, "Carrington, V.C.," has nothing to do with Jack, our national coach. If J.C. can produce a winning Swaythling team within the next year or two from the material at his disposal, however, he'll have earned a V.C. and Nobel Prize rolled into one. "Keep cracking, Jack, and the best of luck to yez....."

THE fittest girl in the game? I give you Audrey Bates, the tenacious Welsh battler. I saw her compete in the Middlesex squash championships in London last November and reach the final, in which she squared up to Janet Morgan, possibly

the greatest lady player in the world. Audrey lost in three straight sets after a tremendously punishing contest, but she kept at it point for point, sweating and straining and never flinching for a moment. She was gallantry personified—and fit, by gum, FIT! After such gallivantings on the squash court the Welsh tigress must find Table Tennis as restful as Postman's Knock.

VICTOR BARN A had an invitation to attend the Asiatic Championships at Singapore in December last, with all expenses paid, but had to refuse. Had he gone it would have meant extending his stay in India by 12 days, in fulfilment of his contract, which stipulates a definite period of coaching service. It would also have meant leaving Suzy, his missus, on her own in India while he was at the tournament. Victor forwards the interesting information that he has started on his book and completed 10,000 words. While there is a long way to go, he hopes that by the time he returns to England, in February, his manuscript will be ready.

The "Maestro" also has a special word to say on Derek Burridge, his protege. He is tickled pink that the Middlesex boy has received international recognition and gives it as his opinion that he has a fine career ahead of him. Victor's opinion of Derek as a person is: "He's a nice boy and not the least conceited."

INDIA has become a happy hunting ground for the stars of the green table. Following in the footsteps of Barna are the Rowe girls, on a four-week safari out East, and those Czech personalities, Andreadis and Tereba. The tours are independent and in no way connected. These travel-hungry ball-bashers certainly do get around.

DENNIS OFFER, whom all London tournament-goers well know as a competent umpire, is no mean exponent with the bat. A pen-holder, he has taken to sponge. That's nothing unusual. What is unusual is the fact that he carries around with him a veritable museum collection of rackets, usually about ten in number, of varying shapes and sizes and thicknesses. These include some of the rackets used by the Japanese players at Wembley and given to him, so at least he says, as souvenirs. His No. 1 prize specimen is Ogimura's weapon, suitably inscribed and reverently wrapped in cellophane.

I must confess I find his collection interesting to look at and examine, but I do hate having to face any of the bats at

the table. I'm all at sea against those grotesque, shovel-shaped horrors. Stick your collection under a glass case, Dennis, and come out fighting like an Englishman with a pimply rubber bat!

UP to the end of 1954 home tournament victories were spread around amongst a variety of players. The Birmingham Open went to Ray Hinchliffe (Yorks.), the Plymouth Open to Les Sawyer (Essex), the East of England to Bobby Stevens (Essex), the Sussex Open to Derek Burridge (Middlesex), the Eastern Suburban to Ken Craigie (Surrey), the South London and South of England to Harry Venner (Surrey), the Merseyside to Brian Kennedy (Yorks.) and the Central London to Micky Thornhill (Middlesex). Proving that our top males, after Bergmann, are pretty much of a muchness and capable of beating and losing to each other. Whether this is good or bad I don't know. But it's heartening, I think, that wins are going to younger players as well as veteran stars.

A LITTLE GREEN BOOK

Continued from page 18

the writer is convinced that it is a development that is acting seriously against Ping-Pong as a game. . . . Play to win on your strokes rather than on the misses or mistakes of your opponent, and keep the dull monotony of 'stonewalling' out of the dining-room." Except for the quaint tail-piece, those words might well have been written only yesterday.

. . . But don't get the idea that the game was always dull and unenterprising—far from it. At that time the "penholder" grip was losing much of its popularity in favour of the "bull-dog" grip, which differed from our modern orthodox grip only in that the forefinger was curled around the handle of the bat.

And what a fantastic variety of strokes were played! Sidespin was regarded as the be-all and end-all, and the really proficient exponent could produce a beautiful selection of forehand and backhand strokes, each having its own particular brand of spin. Topspin and backspin were also employed, the former being known as "onward spin" in those days.

And so the little green book carried me down through the years, back almost to the beginnings of the great game. I couldn't help wondering what would be the reaction if I were to walk out to the table some night wielding a corrugated wood bat, or, perhaps, an old vellum racket, and play ping-pong as my forefathers used to play it.

I have no doubt at all that from some corner would come the old familiar cry "Ban it!"

At full face value!

STANLEY PRESTON

puts a novel twist on this feature

... and perhaps others



HOW many games have you won with your face? If this question puzzles you, then obviously you are unaware of a system that will guarantee to raise your standard of play beyond recognition.

I assume, of course, that you are a keen, capable player who is just unable to get out of the rut. Here, then, is a system of facial tactics.

The main preliminary is to study your face in the mirror. To many, this will be no hardship, but the more modest (or honest) person will perhaps find great difficulty at this initial stage.

Persevere, however, and remember that if nature has issued you with a grim selection of standard fittings, they are more useful than an immobile face of noble proportions. The idea is, as psychiatrists never tire of telling us, to make the best use of what you've got. And for the purpose of this system, "the worse it is, the better it is." (Which is, perhaps, the most exciting paradox you'll ever read).

BASIC EQUIPMENT

THE basic equipment is self-supplied, and consists of: (1) Eyes; (2) Nose; (3) Ears; (4) Mouth (silent); and (5) Mouth (vocal). With these five basics you can permute dozens of combinations which may drive your opponent into just as many frenzies.

This aim, of course, is quite within the ideals of Good Sportsmanship. You must often have suffered at the hands of a player whose expression or manner put you off your game.

Now to get down to detail. The immense research of years cannot be condensed into a page or two, but the principles at least can be explained.

First of all, test your face as a whole. As an experiment try the Sardonic Expression. A little practice will reveal that you can develop this quite easily. (It will spring to your face if you think, for instance, of the international situation). The power to hold this expression through-

out a game or set, however, is not developed without constant, hard practice.

Expressions using all the five basics as a combination are almost limitless, and you are advised to develop as many as possible. Their respective uses are limited according to the kind of opponent you meet. What annoys one player has no effect on another. Experience is the only guide here.

IMMENSE RANGE

TO take the five basics separately, however, shows the immense range of the system, and points clearly to the vast fields as yet untilled. For example, take Basic 3: Ears. The person who can waggle both ears at regular intervals during a game, and make it seem like a genuine nervous complaint, has within his grasp a power more potent than atomic energy. To be able to waggle each ear alternately would perhaps bring him international honours in Table Tennis.

Basic 1 (Eyes) is most clearly grasped if the student trains himself to hold the eyebrows raised and the lids drooping. Most difficult to sustain at first, but a trial in your mirror will show how startling this expression can be.

Basic 4 (Mouth-silent) is perhaps the easiest. Almost everyone can smile, and certainly everyone can look glum. A sure winner is the thin-lipped, humourless smile. Don't be in despair if you are the owner of thick, sensual lips—you can learn to wear the bulk inside your mouth.

Basic 2 (Nose) offers at least one almost universal application, The Dilation of Nostrils. Apart from the suggestion of great animal strength, there is the distraction (akin to ear-wagging) of the bladder-like movement at the sides of the nose.

Basic 5 (Mouth-vocal touch) covers all forms of speech and all inflexions of the voice. The single word "Sorry" gives an illustration. The unemotional, insincere "Sorry" is useful, as is the gushing heart-cry of "Sorry!" The syllables themselves can be torn asunder as in "Sorr-ee," and repetition of these forms can do untold damage to an opponent who has skin-depth of less than 2". To put it briefly (here comes another paradox) "Be Glad You're Sorry."

The system, then, is yours for the using. Though primarily introductory this brief article must surely have brought renewed hope to the mediocre in Table Tennis. (If not, try reading alternate lines, but *don't* give up. There is something for you here, however deeply hidden).

VENNER WINS METROPOLITAN TITLE

HARRY VENNER again pressed his claims to a place in the Swaythling Cup side, when he won the Singles title of the popular Metropolitan Open, adding to the South London and South of England championships he had earlier annexed, thus becoming the season's most successful tournament player to date.

The bouncy little Surrey star faced Johnnie Leach in the ultimate round and confidently went into the attack against the ex-World champ., who abandoned his normal defensive methods, stayed up at the table, and tried to slug it out with his man. The natural attacker came through—although it must be said that the game was a fast and always interesting one, with the issue in doubt to the last point.

Venner led 19-16 in the first, relaxed a little, and Leach levelled and went to 20-19, only for Harry to deuce and take the next two points with quickfire hitting.

The Surrey man sagged a little in the second and was trailing 9-14. He kept plugging away unperturbedly and by the adroit use of angled hitting and drop shots, pulled level and raced to another 19-16 lead. Leach fought back to pull up to 19-20, but that was his final stand.

Venner was a worthy winner and on the form he showed must be a stronger candidate for Swaythling honours than Leach.

FIERY BATTLER

Outstanding star of the tournament, however, was without question Shirley Jones, the deceptively innocuous-looking bespectacled Welsh girl.

This fiery little battler, who carries a hefty slug on both wings, carried off three titles. In the Singles final she slammed a shade too hard and accurately for Pam Mortimer, the glamorous Warwickshire girl, who went under fighting grimly by 22-20, 21-19. Not much in it—but Shirley was that bit better.

Shirley and her countrywoman, Betty Gray, scored a surprisingly easy win over the Surrey combination of Jean Winn and Joy Seaman, whose reputation has stood high since their win last March over the Rowe twins.

Jean and Joy played badly, making mistake after mistake and seemed incapable of bringing out a hit of any sort. This was definitely not one of their better days.

The Welsh pair won in speedy time and no trouble at all, at 21-14, 21-17.

With the fair-haired slammer of Essex, Ivor Jones, Shirley made it three in the mixed event, out-belted Alan Rhodes (Middlesex) and Jean Winn 21-14, 23-21.

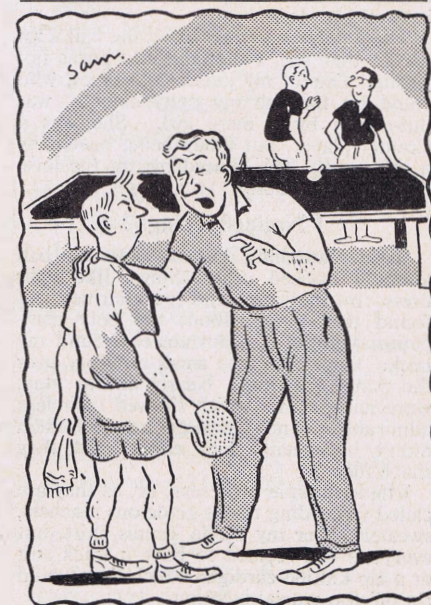
The famed team of Leach and Jack Carrington had far too much on the ball for the Middlesex lads, Michael Thornhill and recently capped Derek Burridge, and wrapped up the Men's Doubles final very nicely with a 21-11, 19-21, 21-8 win.

EXPERIENCE WON

This was a case of ripe experience being too good for eager youth and it was good to see the old-timers using their brains and making full use of the openings they so cunningly engineered.

In the Boys' final, L. Landry (Middlesex), scored over his rival, T. Densham, with a close 21-17, 19-21, 21-19 win, and in the Girls' final that petite Sussex lass, Wendy Bates, beat Joy Fielder (Kent) by 21-14, 11-21, 21-16.

Opening round surprises were created by Lou Hoffman, North London veteran, using a "three-tier" bat of wood, sponge and pimpled rubber, who beat Jimmy Lowe (Middlesex); Ron ("Slogger") Etheridge (Kent), who beat Jackie Head (Surrey); L. Wise (Berks), who beat Tony Miller (Surrey); and Jean Page, Essex County second team player, who beat her club-mate, Yvonne Baker, last year's winner.



"Now in this final game use your intelligence — but only as a LAST resort!"

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

'MAJOR' DEBUT

RECENTLY I entered my first major tournament. Previously my efforts had been confined to much smaller spheres and, naturally, I was a trifle overawed to see so many players—and good ones at that.

As I had come from a distance, I arrived late—with permission of course. As expected, this meant I had to go directly on the table. At every tournament I enter it is always my lot to go on immediately I arrive.

This latest foray was no exception, and there I was, battling away before I had time to acclimatise myself. I started off in a rush, killing the ball countless times, just like the fellows on the next table, but I was only knocking up with the umpire and my opponent had not arrived. When he did I couldn't drive a sitter, so I fell back on the trusted "poke," or defence, as I prefer to call it. After a very long game I lost—quite narrowly though.

So, out of the competition so soon after the start, I could sit quietly and watch how it should be done.

These players seemed to hit the ball a lot harder than me, I thought, and I was not wrong. One of my junior colleagues, who could hit through my puny defence, was out-driven by a mere girl. She was a County player, but fancy being beaten by a little girl! This placed me on the level of the super-rabbit.

I Noticed Things!

Besides watching the stars slam the ball about I noticed other things, like their dress, mannerisms, and peculiarities. I found that I was about the only competitor without a heavy towel around my neck. I was also in a small minority over the pants question. Nearly all the stars wore natty shorts which showed their legs admirably. And I noticed most of them didn't have hairy legs either: did they shave them?

I had a couple of jerseys, or, as they are called (according to the grade one reaches), sweaters, over my Table Tennis shirt, but everyone else seemed to have a track suit or a zip knitted cardigan which they would rip off at a crucial junction.

One thing which amazed me was the abnormal way which some people served.

Even County players were bending down, almost on their knees, to impart the maximum spin possible. I laughed when one ranked junior, "tubby," bent down in this way, and cut the ball into the table edge.

But this serving from below the table, as it more or less is, seems stupid to me. I should think that one could get just as much cut on the ball if one stayed on one's feet in the normal manner. And then there is all the bother of bending down and getting up—a risky procedure, if your opponent is a fast hitter.

I was frankly appalled at some players' sportsmanship. I'm no angel but I never argue with the umpire nor do I speak roughly to my opponent.

In one game between two juniors an incident occurred which caused a near-riot. The score was 23-22 to "tubby" (the same "tubby" as earlier). He served, and his opponent, "lanky," drove off the table. As the ball was going off the end the umpire shouted "let," for a ball had rolled along from another table. Thereupon, the umpire disregarded his previous cry and gave the game to "tubby."

~~~~~  
by D. B. SCOVELL  
~~~~~

"Lanky" threw his arms into the air, gesticulated, screamed, and finally turned round and appealed to the crowd in an aggrieved voice. Obviously it was nothing to do with us, we couldn't help it.

In the end, after a lot of disagreement, the referee asked the umpire to abide by his "let" and carry on. I'm glad to say "tubby" won after all.

On another occasion, after a mixed doubles match, one female said to her winning opponents, "Thanks for the game, but I feel you had all the luck."

But despite everything, I enjoyed every minute and I was disappointed I had to leave before the end to catch the train home.

I neglected to say that, earlier in the afternoon, I was eliminated from the doubles in the first round, and I also forgot to say why I went out so easily to such poor opposition—I was suffering from a heavy cold. But for that I feel sure that it would have been me receiving the accolades later in the evening instead of the eventual winners.

THE ROWES RETAIN FRENCH DOUBLES

HAPPIEST of the British contingent were undoubtedly Rosalind and Diane Rowe, who, in addition to retaining their Doubles crown, had the satisfaction of avenging the shock defeat they suffered against Rumanians Angelica Rozeanu and Ella Zeller in the Scandinavian championships.

Our World title holders turned the tables in the semi-finals, scoring 17-21, 22-20, 15-21, 21-11, 21-17 over their opponents. A very nice performance.

Although, as anticipated, the Rowes beat Ann Haydon and Betty Isaacs in the all-English final, the losers are to be congratulated on having progressed to the ultimate stage. Betty came in almost as a last-minute substitute for Kathy Best, who couldn't travel owing to illness, and the former and Ann were virtually a brand-new combination.

A Change

IT makes a change for Diane to eke more honours from a tournament than Rosalind, but she did it this time. With Johnnie Leach she scooped the mixed event, beating the formidable Rumanian pairing of young Tibor Harastazi and Rozeanu, the holders, in a tight match, which went to deuce in the fifth. In the semis Leach and Diane beat Ann Haydon and Ken Craigie in three straight, 22-20, 21-17, 21-10.

The Men's Doubles was not such a triumphant affair from the English point of view, Leach and Craigie going out in the quarter-finals, 21-18, 22-20, 19-21, 22-20, to the Rumanians M. Gantner and P. Pesch, and Kennedy and Middlesex junior Lawrence Landry being given the exit sign also in the "quarters," by Frenchmen M. Genton and P. Huy, 21-15, 21-17, 21-19.

The title eventually went to S. Cafeiri and J. Sala.

Forget Them

THE Singles events are something our representatives will wish to forget—particularly the men, none of whom survived the third round. First to go was Landry, given the K.O. in the opening round by coloured Frenchman Sala, 21-10, 15-21, 24-22, 21-14. In the next round Leach was "gated" by Lansky, the attacking Frenchman afflicted by deafness, to the tune of 21-17, 8-21, 21-18, 21-14. And in the same stanza Craigie came a purler against the blond

French veteran, A. Agopoff, after being two sets to the good: 13-21, 19-21, 21-14, 21-8, 21-13.

Our one survivor for the third round, Kennedy, came out second best against Michel Haguenaer, that popular French old-timer, at 23-21, 21-17, 17-21, 10-21, 21-14. It says much for Haguenaer's staying ability that he could give the Englishman something like 18 years in age and yet outlast him in the deciding game.

These early defeats of our men were not encouraging to say the least of it.

Roothoof, the ex-ballet dancer, regained the title, beating Gantner in the final.

Third Time

WITH World champion Rozeanu around it was hardly expected that our girls would capture the Singles crown.

Sure enough the great Rumanian player came through, beating Betty Isaacs in the quarter-finals and Ros Rowe in the semis, before outclassing Christiane Watel, the French No. 1, in the final. This was the third time this season that Rozeanu had beaten Rosalind, who, however, managed this time to grab a set.

In the quarter-finals Watel had slammed Diane in three straight, while Ann Haydon had succumbed in the third round to S. Szasz, the Rumanian girl, in a match which ended with a time-limit 20-18 fifth game.

Ann had the consolation of taking the Girls' Junior title, beating Holland's Greta Leurs 21-11, 21-4, 21-5 in the final.

RESULTS

MEN'S SINGLES:

R. Roothoof beat M. Gantner 21-16, 21-18, 16-21, 21-19.

WOMEN'S SINGLES:

R. Rozeanu beat C. Watel 21-13, 21-9, 21-8.

MEN'S DOUBLES:

S. Cafeiri and J. C. Sala beat Roothoof and M. Lansky 21-19, 14-21, 21-16, 16-21, 21-17.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES:

R. and D. Rowe beat B. Isaacs and A. Haydon 21-12, 21-13, 22-24, 22-20.

MIXED DOUBLES:

J. Leach and D. Rowe beat T. Harastazi and Rozeanu 18-21, 21-14, 21-16, 12-21, 22-20.

s p o n g e

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HEALTH

On Your Plate!

by KENNETH RAWNSLEY
The Review's 'Natural Health' writer

ARE you tired and weary? Has Winter taken its toll of you? If you are "nervy" and run-down; if you have developed the "couldn't-care-less-attitude" towards your play then it's time to read this article!

Spring is not far off! Not long now before we shall be feeling on top of the world, when life seems good—not long now before lovers go to the altar in time to claim Income Tax rebate. Yet, how many of us can honestly say we feel fit? Not so many! Winter has taken its heavy toll resulting in that jaded, run-down feeling and even the best of Table Tennis players feel below par, giving vent to the "take-it-or-leave-it" complex which we know is just not right.

If your interest has flagged; if the bat is too heavy for your hand; if (let's whisper it) you are "fed up" with the game then believe me, speaking from experience, you need something to buck you up. Everywhere I am being asked "How can I get back my energy and health without a long course of treatment"? The answer is on your plate!

Nature's Market

ANY time now the fields will be blossoming forth with the first shoots of the Stinging Nettle and later the Dandelion. So if you would attain your heart's desire take my advice and go into Mother Nature's open market where you can obtain health FREE OF CHARGE!

In order to remain fit you must have an abundance of NATURAL VITAMINS—not the so-called "pep" tablets on the market! Try Nettle Salad—it's rich in iron and excellent for anaemia. It gives you DRIVE!

"Who wants Nettles?" I can hear you say. "We do" is my reply.

Carefully, with gloved hands, pluck the "tops" while they are smooth. On arrival home wash them well and place them in a pan, covering with sufficient cold water. Boil for a while and when "cooked" dish up with a little butter, a pinch of salt and pepper and behold! In a few minutes there is a meal which is sustaining and energising. It has the added attraction that the meal is "buckshee"!

If "bad blood" runs in the family drink Nettle Juice prepared by pouring a

quantity of boiling water over a small handful of the leaves, flavouring with honey, and when cold drink in wineglassful doses during the day-time. It all adds up to good health.

A Real Treat

HAVE you ever tasted Dandelion Salad? If not you've missed a real treat! Here is something as old as the hills but just as health-giving to-day as when "Granny" cooked it. Gather the leaves when fresh and wash well. Pop on to a plate and sprinkle a little salt over them. In a few minutes once again there is a real picnic meal—and gratis.

If you suffer from "liverishness" then Dandelion Juice made as for Nettle Juice is YOUR special medicine. Take it daily and keep down that "sinking feeling."

For centuries dandelions have been advocated and used in the treatment of Gallstones. If therefore you have ever had this painful complaint you will thank your lucky stars that you tried Dandelion Juice. Take it daily.

For Constipation this herb has no equal. One dose first thing in the morning will see you through the day without the necessity of resorting to drastic purges. For Biliousness it is a sure-fire preventive and, since repeated bilious attacks are the real cause of Gallstones, dandelions should be featured on YOUR plate!

Other treasures of the countryside are good for health too. Apples are both a food and a medicine. Containing calcium, phosphorus, sodium, manganese, silicon and sulphur they are guaranteed to give you DRIVE so necessary in a big match.

Indeed, apples are nature's laboratories for manufacturing real health—building up the brain (you need this in a tournament!), sharpening your senses, cleaning the stomach and steadying the nerves.

Get vim daily by eating apples. Baked ones are excellent when "inner cleanliness" comes first! Apple Juice is said to endow ladies with that much yearned-for

Continued on page 30

'THE TWINS'

MADE IT A QUARTET

ROSALIND and Diane Rowe chalked up their fourth national Doubles title this season—they had previously won the Yugo-Slavian, Austrian and French crowns—and in so doing put it across Angelica Rozeanu and Ella Zeller for the second time in a week.

Ros and Diane, in the final, scored by an even bigger margin than in Paris the previous week, this time taking only four sets, as opposed to five, further to expunge the memory of their beating by the Rumanian pair in the Scandinavian tournament. Score to the English girls in Brussels was 24-22, 21-19, 17-21, 21-19.

Rozeanu and Zeller had beaten the other English pair, Betty Isaacs and Ann Haydon, 21-11, 21-14, 21-17 in the semi-finals, in which round the Rows had eliminated the young Austrians, Linde Werthl and Fritz Lauber, 21-17, 21-13, 21-16.

The Women's Singles provided the surprise of the tournament, Werthl beating World champ Rozeanu in the final, 21-16, 17-21, 21-17, 21-19. Linde last season beat Angelica twice prior to the World Series, yet flopped badly against the Japanese.

The highly-strung Austrian redhead is certainly an in-and-out performer! In addition to capturing the Rumanian's scalp on this outing she conquered Rosalind in the semis in no uncertain manner, 21-16, 21-13, 21-13.

Werthl and her countryman, Harry Just, annexed the Mixed Doubles, beating Rosalind and her French partner, S. Cafeiro, 22-20, 12-21, 21-17, 21-15 in the final.

Our only male representative, Ken Craigie, progressed to the quarter-finals of the singles, where he was defeated by T. Reiter (the Rumanian who in the last World "do" knocked out Johnnie Leach in the third round), 21-11, 21-18, 16-21, 22-24, 21-14. Reiter went on to win the title.

The Men's Doubles went to the Yugo-Slavs, J. Vogrinc and J. Gabric, who beat the Frenchmen, Cafeiro and J. Sala, 21-10, 21-10, 13-21, 21-8, in the final. Craigie and his partner, A. Crujic, were defeated in the second round by the Belgians, G. Roland and J. de Kemper, 19-21, 25-23, 22-20, 17-21, 21-16.

SURREY 'CLOSED'

THE Surrey County "Closed" Championships attracted a very powerful entry, quite as strong in the Men's Singles as some "opens."

This event was taken by Ken Craigie, who disposed of Harry Venner 3-1 in a final which was marred by many interruptions, caused by the faulting of Venner's service delivery.

The fault was rather unusual—serving outside the line of the table.

In the semi Craigie had beaten Tony Miller 2-0, after the match had looked to be going the other way. Craigie had earlier been taken to 19 in the third by the promising left-hand hitter John Gregory, son of the old Surrey cricketer, and beaten Ron Crayden in two straight.

Tony Miller had beaten Jackie Head (19 in the third) and Dennis Moore, a red-haired all-rounder from Byfleet, who made a most impressive debut in this class of play by beating ex-junior international Michael Maclaren.

Venner had scraped home by the narrowest of margins against Eric Filby (as stylish as ever) and demolished Roy Turner and (in the semi) poor Paul Brook, 21-3, 21-9.

In the Women's Singles Jill Rook caused a surprise in beating Jean Winn quite comfortably, while Miss C. Rose, an unknown defensive player, beat Peggy Piper, only to find Miss Rook too steady in the final.

JEAN BRADDOCK

Continued from page 9

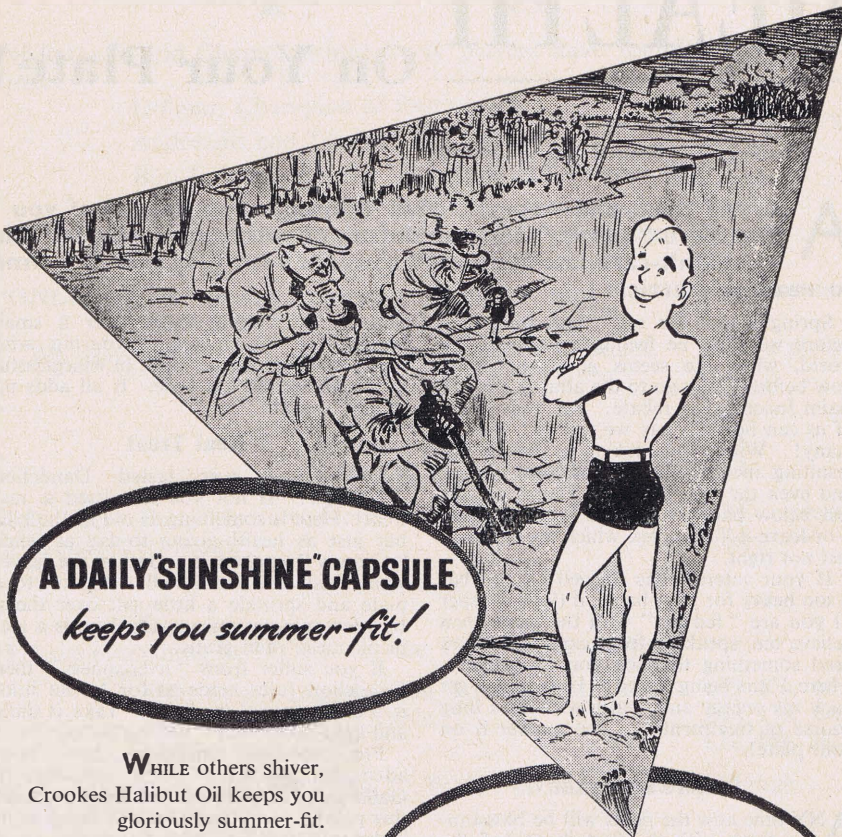
added. "One is guts and the other is temperament."

ABOVE her open tournament titles, Jean feels that her greatest achievement was to play for her county, Lancashire, and she is really proud of that badge.

I personally have played against Jean and she is the type of player I admire. Right from love-all she goes in fighting and hitting, and her forehand drives have equally as much power as a great many men players.

I like to hit myself, but I could not subdue Jean and force her to defend, for she counter-hit with equal verocity.

This charming personality was the Samba's loss and the green table's gain. Maybe her badge will one day have three lions on it.



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HEALTH ON YOUR PLATE*Continued from page 27*

"schoolgirl complexion"! Frankly, I wouldn't doubt it!

Ladies—if therefore, you are feeling older than your years; if life is taking its toll of your features; if you are taking on the look of the Man in the Moon then it's high time you got back the bloom of girlhood! Take a leaf out of Granny's books and attain beauty. You can you know, if you eat the apple way! Truly can it be said that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away"—in fact, the Apple is a complete medicine chest in itself.

Choice Recipes

AND here are a few choice herbal recipes to aid you in cooking your way to health!

HERB TARTLETS

Take a quarter of a pound of sifted flour and add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Rub in one ounce of butter or margarine and make into a thick paste with the yoke of an egg and add a little water. Then roll out. Bake in little tartlet cases. Just before they are ready, put in some grated cheese. When baked remove from the oven and pop on a plate. Finally, garnish with a tiny sprig of Thyme. Oh! How delicious and appetising!

EGGS WITH HERBS

Gather Sage and Thyme. Break the eggs into a bowl and pour a small quantity of Salad Oil into the frying pan. Heat on the stove or fire, then pop in the eggs. Using a spoon roll the whites of the eggs over the yolks and baste with hot oil. Sprinkle the herbs over the eggs and lift them out of the pan. Served with hot buttered toast they simply melt in the mouth! Try them and see.

HERB SANDWICHES

Going for a picnic? If so take herbs with you. A sandwich of bread and butter with a few Sage leaves is appetising and health-giving. Cut and chopped Angelica leaves sprinkled on food give it a delightful "tang." Just the thing are these aids to health even if you are only taking part in "friendlies."

So as you prepare to face the season anew, take my advice and add nourishing fare to your schedule. If you would bring happiness to your play you must have health and energy. You can get it so cheaply and easily. No need for taking chalk-tasting medicines by the bottle!

EAT YOUR WAY TO ENERGY AND START NOW!

THE SCOTTISH OPEN *Continued from page 7*

Martin and Miss Owens were never in the hunt in the final, and Ireland's last chance of a title had gone.

In the Girls' Singles, Miss Black of Dundee again fell before the withering Houlston blast. Miss Black is not reluctant to let go herself, and this pair can always be relied upon to make the sparks fly. If Miss Black was more consistent, she might well turn the tables, for hers is a better all-round game than that of her more successful opponent, who still insists on running "round" the ball.

Edinburgh's confident 14-year-old Ian Barclay has become the youngest player ever to win the Scottish Junior title. When he adds height to his assets, this boy will be a real bobby-dazzler. Barclay never for a moment lets up, and the more polished Latham of Glasgow simply could not last the pace.

Interesting footnote is the observation that all seven titles went to Edinburgh players. It now seems established that the Balance of Power has taken a swing to the East.

RESULTS

MEN'S SINGLES : Semi-Finals— Miller (Edinburgh) beat H. O'Prey (Ireland) 18, 17. A. Laidlaw (Edinburgh) beat C. Mattinson (Glasgow) 14, 15. Final—Miller beat A. Laidlaw 11, 15.

WOMEN'S SINGLES : Semi-Finals— H. Elliot (Edinburgh) beat H. M. Houlston (Edinburgh) —14, 15, 17. E. Steventon (England) beat J. Owens (Ireland) 17, 19. Final—Elliot beat Steventon 18, 12.

MEN'S DOUBLES : Semi-Finals— Fraser and Bell (Edinburgh) beat Gilmour (Dundee) and McMichael (Edinburgh) 15, 20. Hillan and Baxter (Glasgow) beat Laidlaw and Teasdale (Edinburgh) —9, 17, 16. Final—Fraser and Bell beat Hillan and Baxter 19, 11.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES: Semi-Finals— Elliot and Houlston beat Josephson and Segal (Glasgow) 7, 11. Cababe (Edinburgh) and Steventon beat Owens and Hawkins (Glasgow) 20, 20. Final—Elliot and Houlston beat Cababe and Steventon —22, 9, 10.

MIXED DOUBLES : Semi-Finals— Martin and Owens (Ireland) beat Teasdale (Edinburgh) and Steventon 18, 18. Miller and Elliot (Edinburgh) beat McMichael and Houlston (Edinburgh) 10, 8. Final—Miller and Elliot beat Martin and Owens 13, 13.

BOYS' SINGLES : I. Barclay (Edinburgh) beat E. Latham (Glasgow) 16, 19.

GIRLS' SINGLES : H. M. Houlston (Edinburgh) beat D. Black (Dundee) 13, 17.

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SOL SCHIFF, the international star Table Tennis player, wrote a book to help keen followers of the game. His book is called "Table Tennis Comes of Age" and was published by Rich and Cowan, who have branches all over the World. Sol Schiff dedicated the book to his Mother and Father. The foreword is written by Hon. Ivor Montague, the book contains 40 action photographs and is a complete instruction book in itself in that it also included the World Championship and English Championship record up to the time of its publication. We have managed to obtain the last supply of these books and we offer them to readers of "TABLE TENNIS REVIEW" at 3/6d. post paid.

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down in ALTON they call it 'Team Spirit'

ALRESFORD, quite a small town in Hampshire, is situated 10 miles from Alton and 7 miles from Winchester. In 1946 a club was formed and called the Alresford Table Tennis Club, its playing accommodation being a room large enough to hold only one table, and which was hired on two evenings a week for the season.

During the club's first four seasons of existence, friendly matches only were played, as the nearest league—the Winchester and District—was too distant and public transport too infrequent to permit travelling to and from matches.

Then, in 1950, the club was able to compete in the Winchester League through the courtesy of two of its members. These two each purchased a private car and, at once, placed them at the disposal of the committee for the purpose of travelling.

This is not an account of honours gained by the club, but, between 1950 and 1954, the fact that the club won the Championship of Division I once, and the Men's Doubles Championship upon two occasions may be worthy of mention.

Servicemen, Too!

Coming very quickly up to date, the present season finds the club with an average membership of 14, which includes a grocery manager, farmer, garage clerk, postman, bank clerk, railway porter, gardener, estate agent's clerk, motor mechanic and two who are doing their National Service.

Our President is Lieut.-Col. Palmer, M.B.E., M.C., and Mr. J. P. Willcock, O.B.E., and Mr. Jimmy Dickenson, the Portsmouth and England footballer, are vice-Presidents.

Four of our members reside at Alton and have a round distance of 20 miles to travel for practice and for home matches, and up to 45 miles for away games, which means that, quite often, these players do not return home until after midnight.

One of the members who is on National Service is stationed at Pirbright, in Surrey, but this does not deter him from playing when his duties allow, although it means that his return journey for an away match

has meant travelling a distance of 80 miles.

100-mile Trip

But even this does not constitute a record for the club. This is held by R. Cohu, who normally works at Alton, but had been moved to Camberley, in Surrey, on relief work. Whilst working there he turned out for the club in an away match at Eastleigh, which meant that his return journey was a distance of nearly 100 miles.

Is there any other small club whose members willingly travel such distances for the love of the game—and can anyone better that distance of 94 miles?

Among the good deeds of the club is the donating of a cup to the Winchester League, £1 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and £1 to the E.T.T.A. Guarantee Fund. I venture to say that without we small clubs the game of Table Tennis in this country would not have reached its present state of efficiency both in organisation and in play.

C.J.H.

DON'T DELAY!

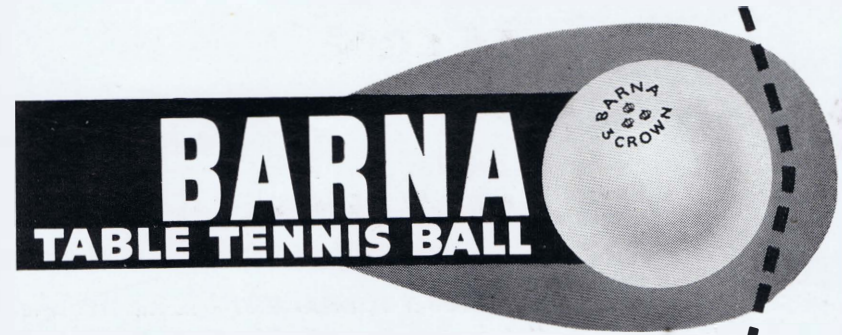
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