

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION AND NEWS COVERAGE

Table Tennis *Review*

Vol. 9

No. 5

SUMMER ISSUE 1955

1/-

Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

★

In this issue

**Victor
Barna's**
*final article
in his
brilliant
series*

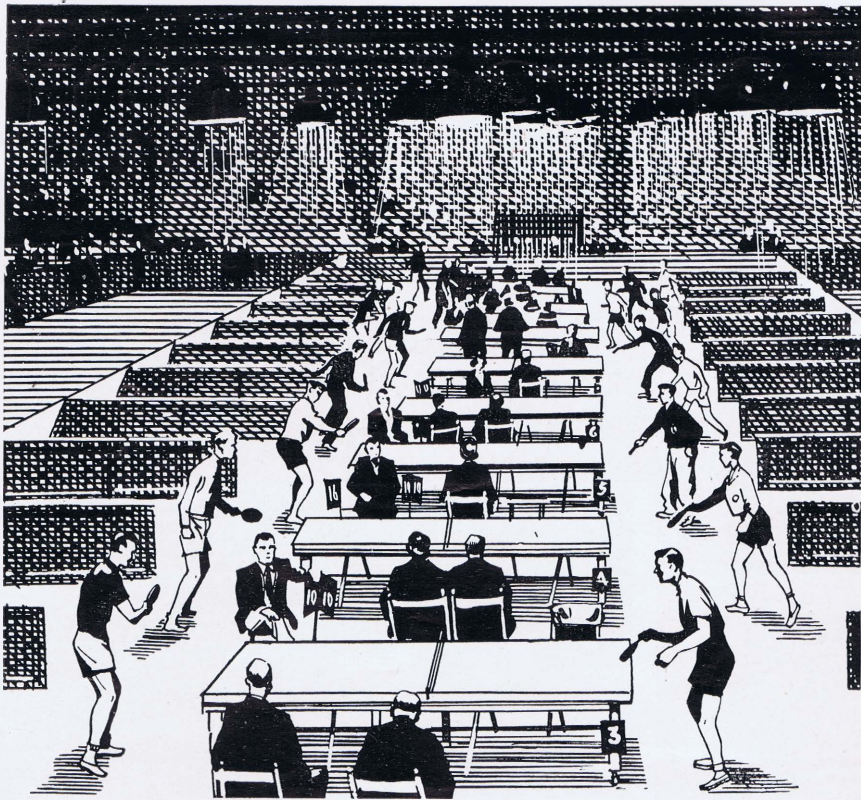
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**UTRECHT
PICTURES**

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Cover Portrait :
ANGELICA ROZEANU
Six Times a Champion





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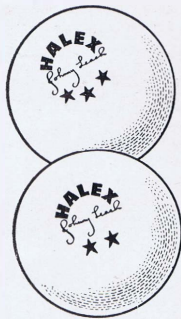
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TABLE TENNIS

Review

VOLUME 9
No. 5

SUMMER ISSUE
1955

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

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ONCE again the cut and thrust of competitive play has come to an end, for a few short months—but before we know where we are, season 1955/56 will be upon us, and there are a few things more pressing than the restoration of our national prestige.

Table Tennis has no peer in the matter of making international friendships—witness the reciprocal visit of the Beckenham League to Holland (reported elsewhere in this issue).

The game has, so far, escaped the ugly wrangles arising from international boxing, football, cricket, etc.—but with all the goodwill in the world, being forced among the "also rans" is not good enough for Britain.

This magazine has always championed the cause of youth, and who can deny that youth, allied to talent, is a tremendous driving force in any sphere of sport.

Let us face it squarely. The old guard has served us magnificently in the past—but they are no longer a winning spearhead. The up-and-coming internationals may not be so either at the start, but in giving them their chance to show their true mettle at the earliest opportunity may lie the return to power play and world supremacy.

The Editor.



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LETTERS

to the EDITOR

I SHOULD like to congratulate "Table Tennis Review," on the splendid series by Victor Barna. Mr. Barna is so obviously sincere in everything he has said, that young players especially must reap benefit if they pay careful attention to the points he has brought out.

It is also cheering to realise that a man who for so long dominated the world championships still has time to advise others, and I am looking forward to reading his final contribution.

The "Review" is doing a grand job of work in putting the views of famous players before its readers. Keep it up.

Albert Hamilton,
Liverpool.

I HAVE been wondering why more enterprise has not been shown in opening public Table Tennis halls in the big towns.

I know that there are a great many clubs operating, but there are also a great many billiards clubs in existence and this does not stop chaps patronising public halls.

In places such as Manchester and Edinburgh I believe there are Table Tennis halls where keen players can nip in during lunch breaks, and if desired in the evenings, and I feel that the idea could be expanded.

If snack bars were opened I think halls of this nature would benefit both the promoters and the patrons.

W. H.,
Preston.

THERE is something I should very much like to see enforced in Table Tennis. "Enforced" is not a pleasant word to use in relation to any sport, but I refer to dress at club

matches.

Surely pride in one's club is a great thing and uniform turnout should be the rule. It is to me, most distressing to see team members playing in non-descript attire, when at little cost smartness and uniformity can be achieved.

A set club dress such as a reasonably cheap shirt (complete with badge) and either grey flannels or shorts for the men, and grey skirts or shorts for the ladies would not be prohibitive.

H. P.,
Leeds.

I NOTED in the World Championship Issue, some very nice comments on the way the Dutchmen arranged the World series at Utrecht. Your panel was headed "Nostalgia" and it certainly brought back some pleasant memories for me.

As a soldier in Holland during war-time I have to hand it to the good Netherlands folk for taking difficulties in their stride. Even while still reeling from the effects of enemy occupation the Dutchmen saw that no British sportsman lacked the best facilities available, and they really went out of their way to provide them.

I derived great pleasure from playing Table Tennis and cricket in Amsterdam, Table Tennis and football at Nijmegen, and tennis in various other towns and villages.

But wherever I went I only had to mention that I was keen (although not very skilful) on Table Tennis, and somehow or other the necessary equipment was provided.

This may appear a very belated "thank you" ten years after . . . but it is nevertheless a sincere one.

Henry Burns,
Allerton, Liverpool.

Let us get rid of the 'BIG-HEADS'

I HAVE been vastly intrigued in recent months by the statements by various contributors, that certain stars show unmistakable signs of what is commonly known as "big-headedness."

To me this distressing malady falls into three distinct categories—(1) the most objectionable of all—those who are climbing and think they know it all, (2) those who are on top of the heap, and mean to stay there untouched by the pleas of lesser mortals who need guidance—and (3) those who are on the toboggan, but strain every nerve to bolster their miserable egos by belittling those who could soften the final crash into sporting oblivion.

This is not to say that all the top notchers—the up-and-coming and the has-beens are Table Tennis snobs—far from it. But unquestionably there is the obnoxious minority who reflects no glory on the game and gives newcomers little or no encouragement.

A SICKENER

I know of one young player in a Northern industrial town who was not too well endowed with cash. He got a sickener when he tried to join a so-called "good club," and would have abandoned the game for ever had not a friend induced him to join a working-lads' club where he is now going great guns.

No names, no pack drill, but there were one or two fairish players in the first club who might have provided their organisation with a real asset had they deigned to come off the "high horse."

Class Two—the really big shots—cannot be forgiven for conveniently forgetting the grinding progress to fame. If it were not for the average player there just would not be any stars.

And if there is a star whom I abominate it is the one who is always available when there is favourable publicity in the offing, and conveniently absent when someone else needs a leg-up.

But in my opinion class No. 3 caps the lot. There is nothing more pathetic than a "has-been" trying to keep up the pace. There comes a time when every player must realise it is time to put the old bat aside, and when old reputations no longer mean a thing. That is the graceful way, but preserve me from those who hang

says

ROBERT FENTON

on by their eyelashes, and belittle those who conquer them by making luke-warm excuses for defeat.

THE CAP

It is almost certain that someone is going to ask whom I have in mind. I'll tell them now—no one in particular! The cap however will fit a few (fortunately it is a few) who could quit the game now without causing heartbreaks anywhere.

Don't get the idea that this applies only to Table Tennis—it doesn't. Go into any tennis club and you'll soon find who is boss "lady" and "gent."

Try to make headway in a cricket club where your face doesn't fit or your tie isn't the right colour and see what happens. I don't need to tell you what happens. You already know. But since Table Tennis is within the financial range of the poorest of us let it remain the democratic sport it is and let it be known that decent folk like their champions, past, present and future, to keep the same size in hats, and to retain some measure of respect for those less skilfully endowed than themselves.

SOUTH AFRICAN

Table Tennis History

by DAVE GOLDBERG

(Reproduced from the *South African T.T. News*)

ON May 2nd we will celebrate an epoch-making event in our Table Tennis calendar, for it marks the start of the Israeli tour of South Africa. Their impending visit has naturally aroused unprecedented nation-wide interest and the South African press has highlighted the event with much relish and enthusiasm. The news has descended like a bombshell upon the table tennis scene and both players and followers alike anticipate their presence with pleasurable feelings of joy, hope and expectancy. To our distinguished guests we extend a very hearty welcome and trust that their stay here will be a memorable and successful one.

THE 1920's

For the beginnings of our history, let us go back in time to the gay carefree 1920's—a period of leisurely living. Come with me into this artificial world and observe the people at play. We step into a typical drawing-room scene—the heavy pall of tobacco smoke, the clink of cocktail glasses, the excited babel of voices and the impassive card-playing groups assail our senses. Amidst all this clamour a be-whiskered gentleman, complete with waistcoat and tails indulges in ping-pong antics with a bejewelled lady draped in all her finery. The smiling antagonists, employing outside wooden bats shaped like frying pans, strike a white celluloid ball in a slow, awkward motion, and as ball meets bat a dull, monotonous ping-pong sound echoes through the room.

Backwards and forwards the ball passes, ascending higher and higher in a leisurely fashion before beginning its laboriously downward descent. The audience is convulsed with laughter.

Yes, my dear readers, Ping-Pong as it was then called was an amusing, lighthearted social pastime to while away some idle moments. From this lowly parent, your modern game of Table Tennis, as we know it today, was born.

It was against such a background more than 25 years back that an idealistic group of pioneers in the Western Province came together to found our sport. Fired with a

vision and purpose, imbued with an invincible courage and tenacity they plunged into an unknown future. The road ahead was strange and uncharted, the journey a long and difficult one. In those far off days they had to contend with ill-lit, badly ventilated halls, defective equipment and primitive playing conditions. The game nevertheless progressed. I recall one of our indefatigable workers for the cause, genial Mr. Rapp, a small rotund figure (still

This Report from South Africa is a further indication of the world-wide coverage that the Review gives to Table Tennis. It was, unfortunately, too late to be included in the World Championships issue—and finally, I thought it too interesting to be held back from Readers.

Editor.

numbered among our active workers), modest and retiring by nature, always lurking in the shadows and leaving the limelight to others. His presence was like a beacon of light in a sea of darkness and he illuminated the path down the years for others to follow.

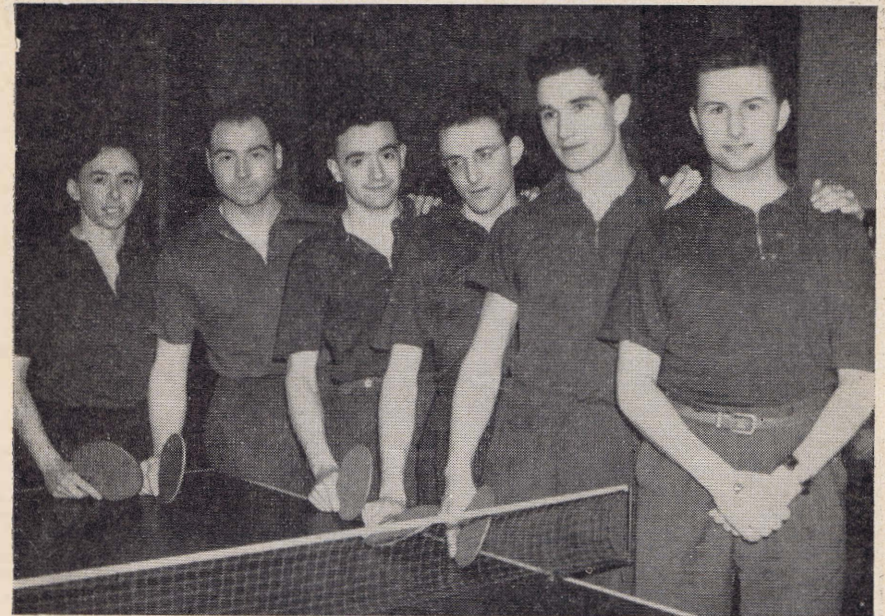
FIRST INTER-PROVINCIAL

Shortly thereafter the game spread to the Transvaal and Natal and in 1937 the first Interprovincial Tournament was staged in Durban.

In 1938 the world famous stars Szabados and Kelen visited South Africa for a series of exhibition matches. They came as educators and not as conquerors and the lesson they taught was well learned. Their magical artistry transported us into an enchanting world of subtlety and scientific method, and we were entranced. The elements of footwork, style, playing technique and stroke play were a revelation to us and a joy to behold. In contrast, our hit-and-miss methods were shown up in an unfavourable light and we applied ourselves to the new knowledge with a redoubled fervour. They had initiated a veritable revolution in our thinking and approach to the game and we were eternally

Continued on page 13

CHAMPIONS



Here is the Mount Y.M.C.A. side, Belfast and District League (Div. 1) winners
Left to right: Johnny Moore, Ivan Martin, Peter Kelly, Colin Senior, Brendan McCusker, Ernie Allen

THE news of Harry O'Prey's retirement from the international and championship scene strikes a rather sad note at the end of the season.

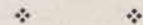
The popular Harry, who has represented Ireland in some 60 international matches, feels that he has had a fair innings and now intends to devote more time to coaching and administration. He will, however, continue to play for his club, Ards, in the Belfast and District League. If he shows the same enthusiasm and competence as a coach and administrator as he has as a player—and I know that he will—his services to Irish Table Tennis in these spheres will be no less distinguished, writes Bill Ravey.

THE small panel of coaches which was formed following a number of visits by Jack Carrington has been doing an outside job in boys' and girls' clubs throughout the country. The coaches, working in pairs, make about six visits to each interested club.

Unfortunately the scheme has not yet attracted many of the "big names" in Irish Table Tennis. This may be due to the long and rigorous course of training—culminating in a practical examination—which players must undertake before qualifying as fully fledged coaches.

ONE of the chief difficulties encountered in staging Irish tournaments is the shortage of suitable venues. Most halls are booked up many months in advance, and for this reason a number of tournaments have had to be scrapped.

I have heard it advocated that organisers should try to surmount this difficulty by planning their programmes a season in advance. This might not always be practicable, but it is certainly a suggestion worthy of serious consideration.



AT least four well-known players have been getting in some serious summer training. They are Ernie Allen, Colin Senior, Peter Kelly and Brendan McCusker, all stout-hearted lads who don't tolerate half-hearted measures. Their schedule at the moment includes skipping, P.T. and road-work.

I couldn't help laughing at an incident which occurred a couple of weeks ago in the gym. where the boys train. Brendan McCusker, in the throes of a skipping session, was being constantly heckled by an unknown youngster who had come in to watch. Eventually the young pain-in-the-neck enquired: "What are you training for, anyway?" Without a moment's hesitation Brendan replied: "What do you think we're training for—Ping-Pong?"

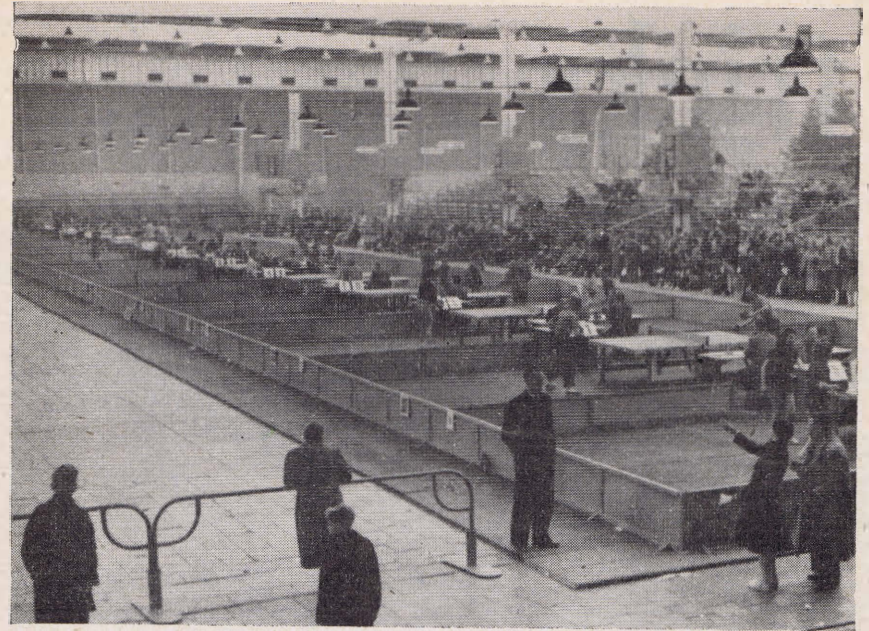
Memories of Utrecht



Left :

RICHARD BERGMANN finds feminine charm an undeniable attraction, especially when it's said with flowers.

Below : The same young charmer is evidently more interested in the camera than DI ROWE's technique



Above :

An impressive view of the BERNDHAL, where a wooden floor was laid for the championships

Below :

And here are the Swaythling winners — Japanese stars, TOMITA, OGIMURA, HASEGAWA, TAMASU and TANAKA



tricks OF THE T.T. TRADE

by M. S. HACKNEY

IN all sports it is interesting, if not always exciting, to observe the "game within a game." We have all seen the boxer in trouble who hangs on to his opponent, the time-wasting tactics of a football team in the lead, and the cricket team which without hope of winning bats stolidly for a draw. Table Tennis has its tricks of the trade and these sometimes amuse and sometimes irritate.

Richard Bergmann often rouses laughter by sprinting for a ball which has gone out of play and then tearing back to the table with it. He even does this at large arenas, where ball-boys are employed for the specific purpose of retrieving the ball.

But Richard on such occasions is not working off excess energy or trying to show that Roger Bannister is not the only man with springs in his limbs; he is bent on getting on with the game with the minimum of delay. He puts on his breaking-the-sound-barrier act when he knows that an opponent has lost his rhythm and needs time to recover. Richard is determined not to give this chance and so hustles for all he's worth.

TOUGH TUSSLE

At Wembley's Empire Pool in November 1953, during the England v. Hungary international, he was having a tough tussle with Ferenc Sido. Sido took the first set by a narrow margin, but in the second Richard was retrieving beautifully and getting in a few hits on his own account. The Hungarian looked worried and faltered a little. Our man sensed the giant's wavering confidence and hustled like nobody's business. Sure enough Sido broke.

Contrariwise, when he isn't functioning too well and his rival is enjoying a can't-go-wrong phase, Richard tries to slow down the game by dallying between services. He knows that just as a player can regain control in a matter of seconds so he can, in the same short spell lose it.

BLASTED!

In the Swaythling Cup final, against Japan at Wembley last year, Richard, who was very tired, faced Tomita, an attacker in full cry. He was blasted 21-13 in the first game. In the second he fought for time, and gained valuable breathing space, when the ball in use accidentally crushed. He refused one of the balls in the box on the

umpire's table, wouldn't take one from the new carton brought out from somewhere in the stadium, and rested until yet another box was sent for. Only after he had carefully inspected the third set of pills did he resume. The respite helped him a lot, although not sufficiently to enable him to win.

The Japanese have made a fine art of dilly-dallying between services when hard-pressed and it is common for them to gain time by walking over to their manager, ostensibly for advice yet in fact to rattle foes rarin' to go.

This is a manoeuvre which has raised criticism against our Oriental friends, who otherwise are models of courtesy.

It is noticeable, incidentally, how they press on the accelerator when things are going well for them. They know that if you can break or upset a rival's control you're on the way to victory.

WORSENING EFFECT

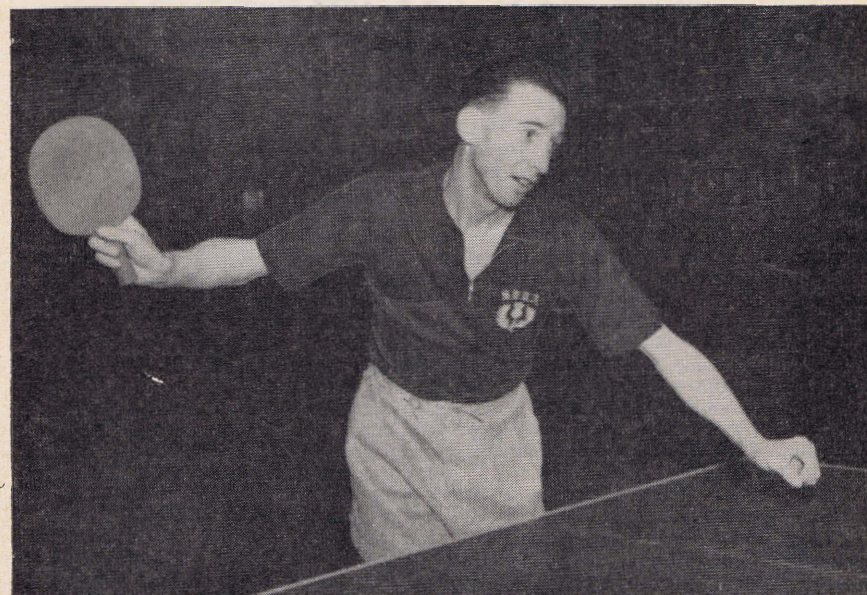
There's a certain English county player who can show the Japs a thing or three in delaying tactics when he's having a rough time. Between points he will remove his track-suit jacket, wipe his spectacles, pull up his socks, tie his laces, hitch his shorts, and even leave the table to get an energy tablet to suck. Not unnaturally this irritates the man at the other end and often has the effect of reacting, for the worse, on his game.

Other legitimate means of pulling a fast one include wiping one's face, hands and arms with a towel; zipping or unzipping—(or buttoning or unbuttoning)—one's shirt collar, combing one's hair and wiping one's nose. On more than one occasion I have seen a player deliberately tread on a ball.

Table Tennis is more than a clash of skill; it is a battle of wits and cunning, with victory sometimes depending on what takes place off the table.

FROM SCOTLAND . . .

GORDON WALKER focuses the spotlight on TOMMY GILMOUR



[By kind permission of D. C. THOMSON, LTD.]

TOMMY joined Dundee Y.M.C.A. at 14. Before going into the Army he won the Midlands Men's Singles, and last season, his first since leaving the Forces, he won the North of Scotland Singles and Doubles.

This season Tommy really came into his own, taking the Murrayfield Singles and Doubles, North of Scotland Singles and Doubles, West of Scotland Doubles, and crowning the run by being selected for Scotland's World Cup team.

Now aged 23, he is a compositor with D. C. Thomson, Ltd., proprietors of "Sunday Post" and other publications.

GOLF — SECRET

Many people have wondered at his striking placidity and unruffled composure at the table. The secret is—golf! Tommy plays all summer (handicap 10) and any of you who have tried, will know that it is a game which either sends you raving mad or else builds up iron self-control; the latter is obviously the case with Tommy.

Lithe, fit, and fleet of foot, defence, is

his strongest game. He is a great believer in physical fitness; thinks that practice as such for Table Tennis is overrated as compared with fitness. His brother is a footballer, and Tommy trains with him. Runs of three miles are spoken of without a tremor.

Under pressure, however, Tommy confessed that he chooses his night for this. When it's raining, he can be convinced that his forehand needs a little practise. Tom strongly advocates skipping for foot-work development.

IMMACULATE

Likes and dislikes? Very strong against the prevailing untidiness of dress among some Table Tennis "stars." Himself, spruce and clean, Tom is indeed a pleasant contrast to some.

There seems to be a hoodoo on the voyagings of Table Tennis players. Tom caps Helen Elliot's travelling hardships with the story of the Table Tennis bus from Edinburgh—Dundee. Left Edinburgh around 11-30 p.m., left the road around 1 a.m., and went into a ditch. Around 12 noon next day relief in the shape of another bus arrived.

In the final article of his brilliant series

VICTOR BARNÁ discusses

GRIPS AND OUTLOOK

THE Japanese, Tanaka, won the World's championship in Utrecht, and he, like his compatriots Satoh and Ogimura, who won the title in 1952 and 1954 respectively, is a penholder."

The fact that Satoh and Ogimura use sponge bats (Tanaka uses something different) and the effects of these bats, has been and will continue to be discussed at great length. And naturally there has been a lot of argument concerning the merit of the penholder grip.

According to some, it is much easier to hit with that "old fashioned" grip, than with any of the so-called "modern" grips, and they conclude that the penholder grip is the thing of the future and not a remnant of the past.

MORE NATURAL

Although I cannot possibly agree with that view, I must admit there is something to be said for the opinion that a penholder finds hitting easier and more natural. Just take a bat in your hand, holding it penholder-wise, and your first reaction is that you *want* to hit the ball; whereas, using the "shake-hands" modern grip, you instinctively feel an impulse to push the ball back, instead of clouting it. Yes, hitting comes to a penholder quite naturally.

It is also true that because he has only the one grip, a penholder can hit faster and make up his mind quicker what to do and how to do it; while a "modern" player has to decide whether to take the ball backhand or forehand, which in most cases means slight alterations of the grip. Quite an advantage, if you think of it that way!

However, the new advocates of the penholder-grippers, quite forget to point out that they can have no backhand and little—if any—defence. Though I have heard it argued that defence is not needed because reasonably accurate attack and counter-attack is usually good enough to beat anybody.

NO SUBSTITUTE

This brings me to the question of mental outlook—call it "intelligence" if you like. I have always maintained, and still do, that it matters little whether you have only

one stroke, or many. The main thing is to make the most of what you have, and match your very best against your opponent's weakness. If you are good or clever enough to do that, you will win, even though his game may have greater variety than yours. Of course, the more one knows the easier the task; there is no substitute for experience.

The mental approach to Table Tennis is the most important factor of all. I have watched many players, noted their attitude towards the game, and drawn many conclusions from them.

Usually, I prefer not to give names to illustrate my meaning, but in this case I am sure my friend Harangozo will not mind my mentioning his. Here is a player who had everything, a beautiful, penetrating attack, forehand and backhand, coupled with a brilliant defence.

However, as the years went by, he lost his marvellous backhand and the consistency of his forehand—just because he gained some great successes by reason of his splendid defence alone. For this, I cannot blame him entirely. Unfortunately, the password in the last ten years or so has been "defence," and Harangozo tried to imitate others who had profited by specialising in it.

BY INSTINCT

Generally speaking, when you are young, you seldom think. You simply play—almost by instinct. With growing experience, one begins to think—which in some cases can be a doubtful asset. If I may be allowed to give a little advice to the thinkers, I would say:—"Do not analyse things too much before a match; rather be alert *during* the game—always searching for your opponent's weaknesses."

I myself, with one or two exceptions, never went to the table with a set plan of campaign. I never knew in advance what type of game I was going to play—even if I already knew my opponents' game blindfold; because I had learned from ex-

SOUTH AFRICAN T.T. HISTORY

Continued from page 6

grateful.

Progress was steadily maintained, and in 1946 the inauguration of the South African Championships climaxed our years of endeavour. All the provinces have since established their own playing organisations and the sport has become truly national.

LACK OF CONTACT

For the past few years there has been a brake on our development due to lack of contact with overseas talent and the game has languished in the doldrums. The ban forbidding our participation in international competition was recently relaxed and an ever-widening chasm separating us from the Table Tennis centres across the seas is slowly being narrowed. The visit of the Israelis has helped to change all this. We have now entered the international table tennis scene and loosed our fetters from the narrow parochialism which has enmeshed our sport. The struggling infant has grown up at last.

As we lift the veil from the future, we behold exciting possibilities for our youth. Regular annual participation in international competition and perhaps later in the World Championships. The motto for aspiring youth will be "excel at Table Tennis and see the world" and during the next few years the familiar Springbok emblem may encompass the globe. In addition, this constant mingling with overseas talent will profoundly influence our play and the sport will soar to undreamed of heights. The future is thus pregnant with opportunity and challenge.

THE ISRAELIS

Now we come to the 64 dollar question. How good are the Israelis? What are our chances of success? I do not claim divine insight regarding the latter part of the question and will therefore leave it unanswered. Our visitors have participated in international competition for several years and have acquitted themselves in creditable fashion. The press reports have been favourable and some sparkling duels

Continued on page 32



perience, among other things, that playing conditions (fast or slow tables, etc.) call for different methods and different tactics.

Let me add one more tip:—"play at the *other side* of the table." That is to say, watch your opponent constantly and try to find out his intentions, instead of concentrating on the bounce of the ball, or checking up on your grip.

NOT ADVISABLE

And now back to the merits of the penholder grip. It served well some of the Japs, and some of our own players, too, like Adrian Haydon and Alan Rhodes. But generally, in spite of its recent run of success, it cannot be advised. It needs tremendous footwork and speed, because the whole table has to be covered practically from the backhand corner; and this in turn requires exceptional fitness and stamina.

Furthermore, the lack of backhand and defence is an enormous handicap as the Japs found to their cost when they were up against Sido and Andreadis, who possess powerful backhands as well as forehands.

With a modern grip, one can mould a style which suits one's physical ability. But with a penholder grip, it is a matter of everything, or nothing. You *must* have a go, whether you like it or not.

If you really think that the penholder grip with its attractive hitting and counter-hitting is the thing for you, adopt it by all means. But above all, be sure it suits your temperament; and in any case, don't fail to remember what I said earlier on:—"make the most of it!"

In the
AUTUMN 1955 ISSUE

to be published

SEPTEMBER 1st

The keen student of the sport will find an analysis of all the current or new books on the game which will then be available

SAM ★ ★ ★ KIRKWOOD'S ★ ★ ★ COLUMN

A SHIRT of eye-popping quality, a garment which the Biblical Joseph might have thought twice about wearing in public, was paraded with evident relish by Lou Hoffman, our North London friend.

The front was painlessly one-colour (as regulations force it to be, thank goodness), but the back was a blaze of red, green yellow and white embroidered lettering covering its entire area.

I wasn't brave enough to go close and examine the script, but from a distance I did manage to read "English, 1955," so I assume details of Lou's playing career were on exhibition for the benefit of those who might care to examine his case history.

I suppose one might call the article Lou's operatic shirt—"Tales of Hoffman" and all that. Anyway, it was terrific... it sent me... right to the other side of the hall, when I could rest my punished peepers.

A PERSON quite well known in London circles regaled me the other day with a tale which yet again indicates that some of us are inclined to think we are rather more important than in fact we are. My confidant, so he would have me believe, and so it seemed he himself believed, persuaded Dick Bergmann not to retire following his performances in the English and World tournaments. Apparently Richard was so cut up that he was on the point of finishing with the game and only the efforts of the aforesaid gentleman prevented this.

I couldn't help smiling at this "revelation," as on the day of his defeat by Jimmy Lowe at Wembley, Richard was cheerful and not the least put out by his lack of form. Said he to yours truly, "After four months of exhibition play it takes time to get match fit. If I hadn't been defending champion I wouldn't have played." Not a whisper of retirement, of fed-upness—just commonsense remarks on the inevitable lack of touch consequent on absence from match play.

Less than a month later Richard had recovered to such an extent that he trounced new World champion "Tosh" Tanaka and cheekily toyed around with Tomita, the other Jap star. I don't profess to be "in the know," but I'm willing to lay the

odds that Richard will be around, and will still be a world force, five years from now.

THE ladies, bless 'em, have a reputation for being inconsistent. The charge, however, cannot be levelled against them when it comes to that most important title, the World singles. Since the series was resumed in 1946 only two girls have claimed the title—Gizi Farkas, who had a run of three successive wins, and "Angel" Rozeanu, who took over and has been queenpin ever since.

Contrast this with the record of the men. There have been no fewer than seven titleholders—Vana, Bergmann, Leach, Satoh, Sido, Ogimura and Tanaka.

We can go a little further. Since 1926-27, the season of the first World rally, eight women have reigned, three of them claiming the title 14 times between them—Maria Mednyanszky five, Gizi three, and "Angel" six. In that time there have been 13 male champions, with Barna top-dog with five wins and Bergmann next with four.

WE may not always agree with Ivor Montagu, but by gum we've got to admit he has a brilliant mind and knows the game from every angle. I was reminded of this yet again when I read his article on the sponge bat in the programme of the English Open.

I have no hesitation in saying it is far and away the best summing-up on sponge yet written and is packed with good sense. These are some of the points which the Hon. Ivor makes: "... Do we really know enough to say that sponge spin and speed cannot be foreseen? Is this proved by the fact that our good players cannot foresee it? May it not be that precisely the best players who have learned the game before sponge are those least likely to cope with new effects?... Are we sure sponge will destroy the game?"

"Where is sponge most used? Japan? Has the game been destroyed there? Are

not Japanese players, sponge and non-sponge alike, interesting and spectacular... Suppose we decide to ban sponge—how? The simple words 'no sponge' can hardly be adequate.

"What is sponge? Define it. And in such words, please, that the referee can apply the rule in borderline cases... Are we sure, too, that our way is the best, and that the racket (orthodox) which produces some of our pushing marvels is so much better than the kind of game that has produced the fine Japanese hitters, sponge and non-sponge..."

These are only isolated excerpts from an article which analyses all angles of the problem and which must make even the most hasty and biased amongst us pause to reflect. Reading I.M.'s minor masterpiece it is not to be wondered at that the International Federation, of which he is a powerful member, threw out the "let's ban sponge" proposal in no uncertain fashion.

IN the Spring issue of the "Review" reference was made in an article, headed "Boing-g-g-g!" of the action of the Central London League in awarding points to two teams beaten by a club all of whose players were found to be unregistered. The article claimed that the C.L.L. was negligent in not having verified at the outset that the club had failed to pay its affiliation dues; and that furthermore the giving of points to beaten clubs might affect promotion and relegation.

A Central London official has since pointed out that it was known the offending club hadn't registered its players but that it had repeatedly promised to do so and was taken at its word. No action was taken as the club was one of old standing and had rendered much valuable service to the league. Thus it was given scope beyond the ordinary to make good its dues.

This tolerance—NOT negligence!—on the part of the C.L.L. is understandable, but, just the same, it would have been unjust had a team gained promotion or been relegated because of those unearned points. One of the teams which was given points after being beaten, by the way, was in the running for the championship and was only just beaten to the post.

Tolerance is a fine virtue—but it shouldn't be practised at the expense of the innocent! If a club won't fall into line then it must be dealt with accordingly.

GUEST of honour at a recent Variety Club of Great Britain luncheon was Vic Barna, whose co-guests included athletic personalities Gordon Pirie, Jim Peters, Jean Desforges, Chris Brasher,

CRITICISM and EXPLANATION

We have been taken to task by Mr. Kenneth Daniel, of 22, St. Michael's Road, Welling, Kent, over what he considers was insufficiently adequate reporting of the world championship events in the relevant issue.

Mr. Daniel points out that when the events were held in London, the previous year, the coverage amounted to 20 pages, against 10 this time.

The explanation is simple. When the series was held in London, day-to-day reports enabled the printers to make-up the reserved pages daily, but in this case it was not possible to do this, even though our correspondent in Utrecht completed his commentaries with the utmost speed.

It was only after careful consideration of the time factor that it was decided to concentrate, in the main, on the achievements of the English players.

Mr. Daniel adds that analysis of the fortunes of the world's major players could have been given more prominence. To that we say every available inch of the reserved space was used to what we considered the best advantage, and the achievements of the foreign players given the best publicity possible under the conditions.

Mr. Daniel states that he hopes his criticism will be regarded as constructive. We assure him that it is, and we are grateful to him for having the courage of his convictions.

EDITOR.

Jack Crump, Harold Abrahams and Joe Binks. Occasion was the presentation of the Helms Trophy to Dr. Roger Bannister for his under-four-minute miles last year. Menu note on Victor, the only non-track "name" invited to the function, read: "Conceded to be the greatest player Table Tennis has ever produced. Winner of 15 World and over 100 national championships." Vic was introduced to the distinguished assembly, which included the High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Earl of Midleton, Eamonn Andrews and film and stage stars, and he received a very cordial reception.

The Variety Club, incidentally, is a charitable organisation comprised of 350 men in show business who have raised £120,000 in five years for needy children and whose members include the Duke of Edinburgh and the Earl Mountbatten.

FOR THE

FOR those who like to have their facts readily available, here is a special compiled record of Major English Open tournament winners of the 1954/55 season.

BIRMINGHAM OPEN

Men's Singles—Ray Hinchliffe. **Women's Singles**—Helen Elliott. **Women's Doubles**—Helen Elliott and Margaret Fry. **Mixed Doubles**—Alan Rhodes and Jean Winn.

EAST OF ENGLAND

Men's Singles—Bobby Stevens. **Women's Singles**—Betty Gray. **Men's Doubles**—Peter Pudney and Alan Sherwood. **Women's Doubles**—Betty Gray and Shirley Jones. **Mixed Doubles**—Ivor Jones and S. Jones.

SUSSEX OPEN

Men's Singles—Derek Burridge. **Women's Singles**—Barbara Milbank. **Men's Doubles**—B. Stevens and I. Jones. **Women's Doubles**—B. Milbank and Mrs. Carrington. **Mixed Doubles**—Harry Venner and Ann Haydon.

EASTERN SUBURBAN

Men's Singles—Ken Craigie. **Women's Singles**—Betty Isaacs. **Men's Doubles**—I. Jones and B. Stevens. **Women's Doubles**—Joy Seaman and J. Winn. **Mixed Doubles**—Jackie Head and J. Seaman.

SOUTH LONDON

Men's Singles—H. Venner. **Women's Singles**—J. Winn. **Men's Doubles**—R. Raybould and I. Jones. **Women's Doubles**—J. Winn and J. Seaman. **Mixed Doubles**—Jimmy Lowe and B. Isaacs.

SOUTH OF ENGLAND

Men's Singles—H. Venner. **Women's Singles**—H. Elliott. **Men's Doubles**—K. Craigie and A. Rhodes. **Women's Doubles**—Jill Rook and Peggy Piper. **Mixed Doubles**—K. Craigie and J. Rook.

MERSEYSIDE OPEN

Men's Singles—B. Kennedy. **Women's Singles**—H. Elliott. **Men's Doubles**—Aubrey Simons and B. Kennedy. **Women's Doubles**—Kathleen Best and A. Haydon. **Mixed Doubles**—A. Simons and H. Elliott.

CENTRAL LONDON

Men's Singles—Michael Thornhill. **Women's Singles**—A. Haydon. **Men's Doubles**—Len Adams and Ron Crayden. **Women's Doubles**—B. Milbank and Mrs. Carrington. **Mixed Doubles**—M. Thornhill and A. Haydon.

WELSH OPEN

Men's Singles—B. Kennedy. **Women's Singles**—A. Haydon. **Men's Doubles**—A. Simons and B. Kennedy. **Women's Doubles**—K. Best and A. Haydon. **Mixed Doubles**—I. Jones and S. Jones.

RECORD

METROPOLITAN OPEN

Men's Singles—H. Venner. **Women's Singles**—S. Jones. **Men's Doubles**—J. Leach and J. Carrington. **Women's Doubles**—S. Jones and B. Gray. **Mixed Doubles**—I. Jones and S. Jones.

S. YORKS. OPEN

Men's Singles—R. Hinchliffe. **Women's Singles**—Mrs. B. Cassell. **Men's Doubles**—J. Crookes and R. Dove. **Women's Doubles**—M. Lightfoot and F. Wright. **Mixed Doubles**—P. Skerratt and P. Heppell.

N.W. KENT OPEN

Men's Singles—Lou Laza. **Women's Singles**—Rosalind Rowe. **Men's Doubles**—Ken Craigie and A. Rhodes. **Women's Doubles**—D. and R. Rowe. **Mixed Doubles**—B. Kennedy and R. Rowe.

KENT OPEN

Men's Singles—D. Burridge. **Women's Singles**—B. Milbank. **Men's Doubles**—P. Pudney and M. Thornhill. **Women's Doubles**—Mrs. J. Beadle and J. Robeson. **Mixed Doubles**—A. Rhodes and J. Winn.

MIDLANDS OPEN

Men's Singles—D. Burridge. **Women's Singles**—R. Rowe. **Men's Doubles**—A. Rhodes and K. Craigie. **Women's Doubles**—D. and R. Rowe. **Mixed Doubles**—K. Craigie and A. Haydon.

SURREY OPEN

Men's Singles—H. Venner. **Women's Singles**—D. Rowe. **Men's Doubles**—K. Craigie and A. Rhodes. **Women's Doubles**—J. Fielder and M. Franks. **Mixed Doubles**—R. Stevens and Y. Baker.

WEST MIDDLESEX OPEN

Men's Singles—D. Burridge. **Women's Singles**—M. Franks. **Men's Doubles**—D. Burridge and L. Adams. **Women's Doubles**—D. Spooner and M. Franks. **Mixed Doubles**—L. Adams and M. Fry.

WEST OF ENGLAND OPEN

Men's Singles—B. Kennedy. **Women's Singles**—M. Franks. **Men's Doubles**—A. Simons and B. Kennedy. **Women's Doubles**—M. Fry and J. Crosby. **Mixed Doubles**—B. Kennedy and J. Crosby.

ENGLISH OPEN

Men's Singles—Zarko Dolinar. **Women's Singles**—R. Rowe. **Men's Doubles**—I. Andreadis and L. Stipek. **Women's Doubles**—R. and D. Rowe. **Mixed Doubles**—A. Simons and H. Elliott.

PLAYER OF THE YEAR

This Selection will be TOUGH!

WHAT a task it's going to be for those responsible for nominating the "Player of the Year" for the Victor Barna Trophy. Joint-holders last season were Rosalind and Diane Rowe, who won the World and English titles, in addition to important Continental championships, and who the summer before the opening of the T.T. calendar had done valuable work on their tour of Australia and New Zealand.

The year before, Aubrey Simons had the honour to be named the first-ever winner, following his gallant showing in helping England to register her first Swaythling Cup win.

Top player for the recently defunct season is—who?

Review the position. Richard Bergmann was away for the greater part of the season playing exhibition games on tour with the Harlem Globetrotters in the United States. On his return to defend his English Open title he was k.o.'d in the 3rd round in straight sets by Jimmy Lowe and lost to Zarko Dolinar in the quarter-finals of the World Series.

His best performances were registered in representative games in this country, and comprised his defeats of Andreadis, World champion Tanaka, and Tomita.

Johnnie Leach, lack-lustre for most of the season, showed a remarkable return to form in the English, in which he was defeated in the semi-finals by Dolinar after beating Tereba, but lost in World quarter-finals to Frenchman Cafeiro. In the Swaythling Cup tie against Czechoslovakia, however, he beat Andreadis and was very narrowly beaten by Tereba.

Indifferent

His previous national tournament jousts on the Continent had brought him little success. In Scandinavia, in "invitation" matches, he did however beat Flisberg and the then reigning champion, Ogimura. His record at home was indifferent—in fact, poor.

Simons' form was almost pathetic—his worst by far since reaching stardom. He recovered a little of his prestige by winning the Mixed Doubles, with Helen Elliot, of the English Open and reaching the Mixed final of the World's, also with the Scottish girl.

The Rowe girls gained several national titles on the Continent. The Yugoslav, Austrian, French and Belgian Doubles went their way (they failed only in the final of the Scandinavian tournament—to Rozeanu-Zeller); Ros took the Austrian Singles and Scandinavian Mixed with Andreadis, who in the final beat Di and

Leach; and Di and Johnnie annexed the French Mixed.

The twins took the English Open Doubles for the sixth successive year and Ros emerged Singles champion. In the World's they had a bad time, losing their Doubles crown and failing in their Corbillon Cup final ties against Rumania and Japan. Di, however, in the Rumania match, became the first English girl to beat World champ Angelica Rozeanu. The girls also suffered Singles and Doubles defeats against Japan in this country after the World's.

Further Claims

Ann Haydon again won the English "junior" Singles and reached the finals of the senior Singles and Doubles, but has no international performances to implement her claims.

The rest of the leading players did little to qualify them for consideration. Harry Venner, Brian Kennedy, Jean Winn, and others of similar standing, had their home successes but made no impact elsewhere.

In such awards it is traditional to name a different player each year, but who can deny that the Rowes stand out head and shoulders above the rest? If they cannot be named as they were honoured last year, whom have we? I can see only two players in the running: Leach and Ann Haydon. Their records aren't outstandingly brilliant, perhaps, but they're better than anyone else can show—the Rowes excluded, of course.

Myself, I'd forget tradition and give the award, solo, to Rosalind, who performed most valiantly throughout the season and, to my mind, was prevented only by tiredness from keeping up the good work in Utrecht.

FIRST ISSUE

of *Table Tennis Review* for the

1955-56 SEASON

will be on sale

SEPTEMBER 1st

DOWN THE WHITE LINE

by "Gossima"

OPENING 1955-56 tournaments in England may be graced by the presence of Zarko Dolinar, the popular Yugoslav who holds the English Open Singles and several major Continental championships.

Zarko, a veterinary surgeon, hopes to spend a month or so in London, taking advanced study at his profession, and, if his plan matures, will come here in autumn. Should Zarko visit us he is assured of a big welcome, oversized sponge bat and all. He can be equally sure that his presence as a competitor would boost box-office takings at such tournaments as he could contrive to enter.

IT'S orange blossoms, white regalia and wedding bells for Rosalind Rowe. She and Dr. Jack Cornett are to marry in October and present plans are for them to live in Gillingham, Jack's home town. We wish both of them the very best of good luck and a long, happy and healthy life together. Fans, incidentally, will be pleased to know that Rosalind is continuing her Table Tennis career, and has no thought of restricting her activities, let alone resigning. It just wouldn't be the same without Rosalind around, would it?

ANOTHER girl who has no thought of retiring is Angelica Rozeanu, the World champion. Angelica recently stated that she intends to keep at the game for an indefinite period and that recurring rumours to the effect that she is packing up can be ignored. Her ambition is to win an all-time number of World titles.

One record she already holds. She has won the Singles six times, beating the tallies of Victor Barna and Maria Mednyanszky by one. But she has a long way to go before she beats Barna's record of 15 individual and 7 team World wins.

"Angel" has won a total of 15 World titles—six at Singles and 9 at Mixed and Corbillon events. She took up the game at the age of nine and competed for the first time in a World rally at fourteen, in

Prague in 1936. Many good judges think that her reign as Singles champion is threatened by her countrywoman, Ella Zeller, who is 22 and fast improving in her attacking play. Others hot on her trail are Eva Koczian, of Hungary, Linde Werthl, of Austria, Ann Haydon, of England, and of course the Japanese girls.

I LIKED this extract from an official Rumanian handout on the recent World Series: "At the Utrecht World Championships an increased number of players as compared to last year announced their using a spongy bat. I deem that the use of spongy bats deprives the game of its spectacular moments, since it is conducive to schematism and simplification." ? ? ?

THE Scandinavian Open Championships, always a popular attraction, are being held in Stockholm on December 4-7th. The tournament, which is sponsored jointly by the Scandinavian and Swedish Associations, attracted competitors from ten countries last season, and it is hoped that an even bigger entry will travel to Sweden this time. Title-holders are: Men's Singles, Dolinar; Men's Doubles, Andreadis and Stipek; Women's Singles, A. Rozeanu; Women's Doubles, Rozeanu and E. Zeller; Mixed Doubles, Andreadis and R. Rowe; Boys' Junior Singles, E. Hodson.

NEW French Closed champion is Guy Amouretti, who beat Rene Roothoof, the holder, in the final, after being two sets down.

DURING July a big tournament for juniors only, is to be staged in Germany. Most of the Continent's top juniors are competing, and England is sending a team.

IT'S work at Butlin Holiday Camps this summer for British stars. Dotted round the country at various centres are the

Continued on page 32

'MIRROR' FINALS*were real crowd-pleasers*

REMEMBER complaining that last year's "Daily Mirror" national tournament finals night at the Albert Hall was staged too late—it was held in May—to be anything but anti-climatic, which, together with the humid atmosphere, accounted for the evening's comparative failure.

There are no such complaints about this year's "do," held at the same venue, when the excitement of the World Series was still with us, and with the added attraction of the Japanese boys and girls in action against the South of England. Small wonder that there was an almost capacity crowd in attendance—and thank goodness the weather was favourable to Table Tennis.

The "Mirror" finals normally take place one match at a time. As there was the Jap. v. S. of E. match to be considered as very much a part of the programme, two tables were used simultaneously for the boys' and girls' events. The tables, incidentally, carried weights in neat green containers, situated on the crossbars at the leg bases and caused puzzlement, until the commentator explained things.

The weights, so we were told, helped to press the tables on to the special plastic flooring, and so cause a reaction on the ball, similar to that given by a table on a wooden floor. If this technical gambit is a little too scientific for you, you're in good company!

ASPIRING CHAMPIONS

However, on with the play. To the two tables trotted our aspiring champions of the future; high-school girl Rhoda Robins (17), of Notting Hill, facing chubby little Ivy Haney, a 16-year-old from Burnley; and Ernest McLeish, slender 17-year-old apprentice bricklayer from Hinckley, up against tousle-haired Pat Tindale (16), who hails from Gateshead.

The girls' match was a clean-cut, straight-forward affair, with no "ifs" or "buts" about it. Rhoda was steadier, more consistent and less afflicted by nerves than the red-faced little 'un across the net, and saw her off with no trouble at all, in three straight: 21-16, 21-12, 21-10. I commend Ivy on her gameness—and I think she'll agree with me that there was no question but that she was bettered on merit.

A very different kettle of fish was the boys' match. It was a rousing affair in which the fortunes of war swung first one way and then the other, and in which the issue was in doubt until the very last rally.

Ernest had a hard hit on both wings and made it clear that he was a devotee of the Wilfred Pickles axiom, "have a go."

Pat carried a hefty forehand wallop, but was a little more restrained.

That was the difference between the two—and why, as I see it, Ernest, in my opinion, the better all-round player, had victory snatched from under his nose.

In both the two opening games Ernie gained comfortable leads, only to throw them away through sheer recklessness. When he drew in his horns a little he grabbed the next two, looking definitely the superior player. In the deciding set, however, he was out on the rampage again, thumping away with forehand and backhand and more often than not failing to get away with it. Pat scraped through, 21-18, 21-18, 9-21, 15-21, 22-20. I hope young Ernie learned something from the defeat.

CONCENTRATION

That was the end of the two-table stand and we settled down to concentrate on one match at a time and give our overworked peepers a rest.

There followed the opening stanzas of the clash against the Japs, having first been heartily disappointed by the announcement that Toshiaki Tanaka, the new World champion, and Ichiro Ogimura, last year's kingpin, were unable to play as they were suffering from strains.

From unofficial sources I heard that Dickie Bergmann's defeat of Tanaka the night before in the Leeds, England v. Japan international was more than somewhat responsible for the "strains," but we'll let that pass.

Diane Rowe took the field first in a singles against Fujie Eguchi and narrowly lost 24-22, 21-18. Fujie was the more aggressive player and infinitely the harder hitter, throwing in some excellent drop-shots also which left Diane flatfooted.

But our girl managed to get in several nicely placed smashes, defended well and was always in the hunt.

With the help of some three edge and netcord shots, she was 17-13 up in the second, but Fujie pressed on regardless and grabbed eight points to Di's one.

Rosalind followed on against Yoshiko Tanaka, took the first game, after being behind, but couldn't maintain the pace. Yoshiko came through 19-21, 21-11, 21-19.

The old firm of Di Rowe and Johnnie Leach set the ball rolling for their side with a fairly comfortable win over Eguchi and Yoshio Tomita, 21-16, 16-21, 21-12, Johnnie being the outstanding player of the quartet and dictating policy.

Back again to the "Daily Mirror" events. The Women's Singles saw well-built, 17-year-old Joyce Fielder, Eltham girl, who won the Junior title in 1953, and has since twice played as a junior international, opposed to 26-year-old Wigan school-teacher, Winnie Swift, a frail-looking, fair-haired girl.

FATAL RELAXATION

Joyce trailed 1-6 in the first session, carried on blithely, got her attack going and eased out to the front. She did the same again in the next game and it seemed that Winnie, a dour defensive player, who very rarely ventured a hit, had had it.

Maybe she tried a little harder, or maybe Joyce was convinced the match was in the bag and relaxed a little, but whatever the reason Winnie surprised everyone by taking the next two games and seemed to have everything well under control.

Joyce looked worried, but by mixing her game and waiting for the right ball to hit, she passed the "21" post first in the final set, with Winnie well beaten. Score: 21-14, 21-14, 17-21, 19-21, 21-13.

By contrast, the men's final between Michael McLaren, 18-year-old Surrey lad, who was a losing finalist two years ago, and 27-year-old Gordon Fraser from Edinburgh, holder of the Scottish Open Doubles, offered no puzzles and kept no-one guessing as to the identity of the eventual winner.

CASUAL STYLE

McLaren, a close-to-the-table exponent, with a style so apparently casual, couldn't-care-less and lazy, that it might have been modelled on that of Ivan Andreadis himself, had far too much of the ball for the Scotsman, whose main asset was a lovely backhand drive.

McLaren saw to it that the drive wasn't given the freedom of the table, meanwhile he exploited his own raking shots in his own seemingly indolent yet highly effective manner. It was Michael all the way—21-14, 21-17, 13-21, 21-5.

Back again to the Jap v. S. of E. Tournament. Ros and Diane Rowe, who had been beaten the night before by Eguchi and Watanabe, were again beaten by the same pair after a game which saw the English girls deteriorate into a lacklustre and erratic couple.

In the second game they looked and played as though they were near the point of exhaustion, completely muffing sitters and never even beginning to move towards several drop-shots—most unusual for the

fleet-footed Greenford lasses. Win for the Japs, 21-19, 21-15.

It was left to Bergmann to wash the taste of that defeat out of our mouths, with an entertaining exhibition against Tomita. Richard, playing more like his old self and obviously enjoying the outing, showed how much in charge of the game he was by defending, half-volleying, attacking and chiselling at will to give the crowd a treat. He was most lighthearted about it, in contrast to Yoshio, who looked grim and played grimly.

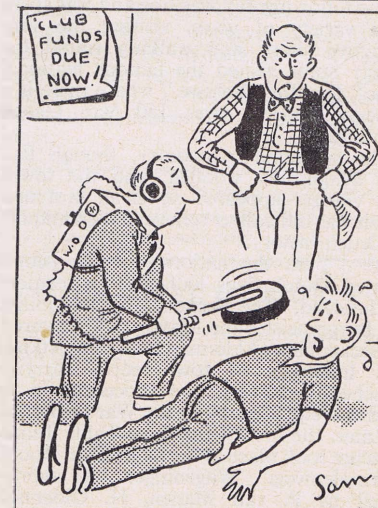
THE DECIDER

Richard took the first game 22-20, allowed (yes, allowed) Tomita to annex the second 2-18, then put the clamp on to take the deciding game at 21-17.

As Tomita had beaten Brian Merrett 21-16, 21-12, and Kichiji Tamasu had defeated Jimmy Lowe 21-12, 21-18 in the afternoon when the "Mirror" semi-finals had been played, this made Japan winners over S. of E. by 5-2.

The juniors received their prizes from Mr. Jack Nener, Editor of the "Daily Mirror," who also presented souvenirs to each of the representative players. Victor Barna, who that day celebrated his 16th wedding anniversary and looked very happy about it, handed trophies to the seniors.

Less than ten years ago an atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. At the Albert Hall we stood while an organist played the Japanese National Anthem. That's the way all sane people prefer it—and is a significant pointer to the value of Table Tennis as a friend-maker on the international scene. S.K.



"Honestly—I can't give you any more subs this week!"

FROM BECKENHAM TO HOLLAND

THIS WAS AN

Historic Occasion

A PARTY from the Beckenham Table Tennis League was privileged to play a series of matches in Holland and to take part in the historic and memorable celebrations commemorating the liberation of the Netherlands 10 years ago. This visit to Wageningen returned that of the Dutch team which came to Beckenham last Easter.

Led by the League Secretary, Cecil Burton, those in the party were Vera Straker, Elizabeth Wakelam, Nora Stephens, Jean Simmons, Ivy Winter, John and Elsie Nixon, Syd Rowe, Ray King, Geoff Lindfield and Geoff Murray.

After an official reception by the Burgomeister of Wageningen, Mr. M. de Niet, and his English wife in the Gemeentehuis, the party were introduced to their hosts and dispersed to the various homes.

Immediately noticeable were the large windows common to most of the houses, the profusion of beautiful indoor plants and the number and variety of attractive lamp-shades of a type rarely seen in this country. As blinds are not usually drawn in Holland, the houses presented a most beautiful appearance after dark.

Visiting

The following day was free and was spent in a variety of ways, visiting the very attractive shops and walking round the town. Some visited the famous National Park "De Hoge Veluwe" where there is a museum housing over 150 Van Geogh paintings.

The surrounding country, though flat, was delightfully wooded, and the towns and villages appeared so clean and new that it was difficult to believe in the antiquity of Dutch history.

At 6 p.m. the majority of the people hoisted Dutch flags half-mast in memory of the dead. The Beckenham party joined the Burgomeister the Mayor and Mayoress of Beckenham (Alderman and Mrs. Atkins) and hundreds of townspeople carrying bunches of flowers, and proceeded in an impressive procession to the War memorial.

Later, the first of the three Table Tennis matches took place at the Swift Club Room, Eukmolenweg. Wageningen was represented by P. van Manen, H. Oldenhof, J. P. Koole, G. Moers, B. Tardijn, W. Lamers, Mrs. J. Abrahamsz, Miss N. Tanis

and Miss H. Potappel. After some hard fought games Beckenham won 15—9.

On May 5th—Liberation Day—the whole party was invited to watch the ceremony from a special stand opposite the Hotel De Wereld, in which the German capitulation in Holland was signed. The flags of the Netherlands, Belgium, Canada, France, Luxemburg, the United Kingdom and the United States were hoisted, and then a group of motor-cyclists arrived from Nijmegen carrying torches to light the Flame of Freedom, which remained burning for the rest of the week.

After addresses by General Foulkes and Queen Juliana, they and Prince Bernhard took the salute at the march-past of the Allied troops, and the fly-past of the Netherlands Air Force.

At Arnhem

The next day, a trip was organised to Oosterbeek, where the Airborne Cemetery was visited, and thence to Arnhem for lunch at Rutecks. The management placed a Union Jack prominently on the table, and the extensive menu was provided in four languages.

Then by train, over the Rhine to Nijmegen, where a visit was paid to the famous bridge, so courageously saved from German destruction by an 18-year-old Dutchman, who subsequently lost his life. To complete the tour, drinks were taken in an underground beer-cellar over 400 years old.

In the evening, the Beckenham party were guests of the Burgomeister at the Junushof theatre, where the liberation play "The Persians" by Aeschylus was performed.

Many of the audience then adjourned to a reception and dance upstairs, and inevitably the English made their presence felt. First, Cecil Burton occupied the piano stool and played for some of the dancing, during which the gathering was introduced to the

Palais-Glife, Then the Mayoress took over, and an impromptu English choir rendered selections from their repertoire. The party eventually broke up about 3 a.m.

The following evening, again at the Swift Club Room, Wageningen gathered a very formidable team together from the surrounding district, including Jan Scheffer, the Dutch Swaythling Cup player, ranked No. 5 in Holland, and the Misses Noortje and Coby van Megen, the Dutch lady champion and her sister, ranked No. 2. With N. van Manen, W. van de Pol, P. van Manen, G. Moers, H. Decker, Miss N. Tanis, Miss B. Knavel and Mrs. J. Abrahamsz, the opposition was very strong, and Beckenham did well to lose only by the narrow margin of 15—17, after many matches had gone to deuce.

And so to Tea

On the Sunday the Beckenham party called at the Burgomeister's house, where they were entertained to tea, and in the evening, a friendly match against the hosts took place at the R. K. School, Otto van Gelreweg.

And so to the final day, when all the English players, Ald. and Mrs. Atkins, Ald. Beyer, Ald. Geldof and many of the Dutch hosts went by coach to the wonderful Keukenhof, where no less than 10 million bulbs were planted—mainly tulips, daffodils and hyacinths.

On to Amsterdam, where a most interesting trip round the canals was followed by a very rapid shopping expedition.

On the return journey, the party was again privileged to see the Queen outside her summer palace at Soestdyk, and among other places of interest passed during the day were Utrecht, Hilversum, Schipol Airport, Amersfoort and the Zuyder Zee.

Later, the final match was played at the P.I.T. & L.M. Club Room, S.L. Mansholtlaan. Beckenham won this time by 9-3, the Netherlands team being J. Scheffer, M. van de Elst, H. van de Loosdrecht, H.

Oldenhof and Dr. J. Businger.

Presentation

By cycle (up to three may be carried on each machine in Holland) the Beckenham team returned to the Junushof, where Cecil Burton, on behalf of Beckenham, was presented with the cup which had been given by the Beckenham League for competition between the two towns. He also received a plaque of the Wageningen crest and copies of the Capitulation painting for each member of the English party.

A few hours later, the party left for the Hook, via Utrecht and Rotterdam, and after a rough trip which few safely survived, England was reached in the early evening.

So many happy memories and experiences crowd upon the mind, but it is certain that none of those who took part in this visit will forget the warmth of their welcome, the beauty of the countryside and the many good friends made among the Dutch. All concerned are anxious that this link, now firmly forged, shall be constantly renewed and strengthened to the benefit of both Wageningen and Beckenham.

E.T.T.A. ELECTIONS

AT the Annual Meeting of the E.T.T.A. in Caxton Hall, London, the Hon. Ivor Montague was re-elected chairman, without opposition. Also unopposed was Mr. A. K. Vint for the Joint offices of Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

Regional members on the National Executive are:—

Midland : M. Goldstein, M. E. Scott.
North-Eastern : E. Reay. North-Western : N. Cook, W. Stamp. Southern : F. G. Mannooch, W. G. Goldfinch. South-Western : H. J. Amery, I. C. Eyles. Eastern : L. S. Woollard, H. Walker. London : G. James, R. St. G. Good. Yorkshire : L. E. Forrest, J. Senescall. National Members : J. Carrington, T. Blunn.

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CAPITALS PLEASE

KENNETH RAWNSLEY *presents* . . .

CURES for CRAMP

THIS article is the answer to all those players who have been asking me for a means to combat cramp. My advice will help solve the problem, but if it does not do the trick for you personally write me again—there are other “cures”!

WHAT'S preventing you from reaching the top-flight? Are you one of those misguided individuals who takes part in every possible event only to be ranked among the “also-rans”? If such a state of affairs comes your way then it's possible that C-R-A-M-P is at the bottom of it, providing always that you apply yourselves assiduously to the game in hand!

So if the cramp gremlin attacks you be sure there is a sound reason for it and YOU ARE THE ONE TO BLAME! Whether you play in the top-flight or just “to kill time” you will sooner or later have the experience when every muscle of the body tightens or “freezes up.”

While making the perfect shot does your arm flex itself and the fingers become numb? If these are your worries get rid of them now and for ever. It's easy, as many other players have found.

What causes Cramp? How is it that some players get it and others don't? Well, as in all other health queries, the answer is “every player gets it at times, but some players know how to combat it.” You may be a master of relaxation but that won't keep cramp at bay any more than cure it, since cramp is a physical complaint.

VARIOUS factors contribute to cramp—tiredness, rundown condition, anaemia, lack of energy, but generally it can be found in your circulatory system, and if for some reason the circulation is interfered with then cramp is ever with you.

What then causes this lack of circulation? Simply that colds, chills or a general feeling of lassitude makes the blood alternate as it courses through the body, and in point of fact the blood flows fast, then slow, and so it goes on. Instead of flooding at an even, steady pace it ebbs and flows and does not reach the extremities, for in 9 cases out of 10 it's the extremities that suffer. Your fingers, hands, toes and feet are the first places to feel the pinch and sometimes

your legs and thighs. You don't feel cramp around your heart. Yes, many readers have said they get cramp around the stomach but that's not due to circulation.

Eminent doctors have said that cramp is due to lack of salt in the body and this is true in some cases for, though too much salt hardens the arteries, at the same time too little sends you into the cemetery.

Perspiration carried to excess dries up the blood and takes nature's salt quota with it.

WORLD champion boxers and others who depend on energy for their success take glucose, salt, orange juice and other invigorating aids in order to fill up the body with extra energy. There is a better method and one which can have no after-effects, but first of all make up your mind that you understand how cramp comes about.

It's only a condition of the blood—“poor circulation” as doctors call it.

When the blood is circulating, the arteries are said to be “full.” When poor and feeble circulation is the state of affairs the arteries become deficient and so the extremities suffer. That is why you get “white” hands and face, “cold feet” (some get this through nerves!) and you get a creepy sensation down the spine. It's all due to poor blood.

Fatigue, or that constant “done up” feeling, almost every time comes through poor circulation. So whenever some advertisement mentions “poor circulation” you'll know it leads to cramp. Like most other health problems however there is an answer, so now to give you the key!

NEVER mind about drinking salt-water (it will only make you sick); don't waste cash on temporary measures which have no lasting effects. Here is the Twentieth Century Wonder—the answer to

Continued on page 32

SKILL *plus* GLAMOUR was a pleasant surprise

A BLACK COUNTRY factory is hardly the place in which one would expect to find Table Tennis glamour, but recently I was very pleased to receive an invitation to attend a finals night at a big works, where the click of bat on ball had to compete with the rumble of machinery.

And who should be there on exhibition bent—primarily Table Tennis—but nevertheless extremely decorative as always—Di and Ros Rowe, Pam Mortimer and Ann Haydon.

They could have had little complaint about the playing conditions apart from the fact that some of the faster shots tended to become lost in the gloom outside the actual perimeter of the table lighting, and didn't the girls give a capacity crowd something to shout about!

The Doubles display put up by the lassies really whetted spectatorial appetite, and it was sharpened by one particularly hectic session by two of the works finalists.

Few of those present will however forget the scintillating play in the Singles exhibition by the twins.

One could forgive the time honoured by-play by way of which the sisters stole points from each other, for their stroke play preached almost perfection and their power and accuracy appeared almost uncanny.

Forgive me if I sound lyrical about this, but a companion who has been watching championship stuff for years, commented that he had not seen anything quite so thrilling for a long, long time—particularly from the ladies.

I personally could stand a lot more of this type of power play in preference to some of the mamby-pamby stuff that does masquerade as Table Tennis.

The twins hinted that Rosalind's impending marriage to Dr. J. A. Cornett may not split the partnership, and I know now of one works' club at least in the Black Country, whose members will be anxious to see them in action together at some future date.

Incidentally it was very interesting to see spectators paying so much attention to what was going on, no matter whether it was the works' folk or the guest stars at the table.

Most people refrained from smoking, a

particularly happy gesture, since there were a good many people standing at the back. Chair scraping and fidgeting was reduced to a minimum—those who did have to move about from time to time, did so with the minimum of fuss.

Mark you—no-one asked them to observe the courtesies—they just did so and it was a pleasant change.

I am not making cracks at anyone, but there are a few regular audiences in other parts of the country who could have picked up a tip or two here on how to behave.

FIRST TIME

THIS incidentally was the first time I had seen Derek Backhouse, England Junior international, in action.

I don't like to criticise a player of such obvious ability from only one view, but he seems lacking in confidence in his own undoubted skill at the start of a gruelling match with Ann Haydon. Perhaps it was just one of those things, but he certainly looked a very worried young man at the outset.

But coming back to the subject of match arrangements. While I am on the subject of tidily arranged jousts such as this one worked-out by an energetic works committee, might I make a plea for curtailing the hours of play in some of the bigger tournaments next season.

If play finishes say at 11 p.m. at the latest, I am sure that everyone, players and on-lookers alike, have had enough for one evening. After that even the most thrilling games tend to lose their attraction, and the thought of missing the last bus home becomes a much more pressing matter than wondering who is going to win.

I know that bloated entry lists, and at times limited accommodation, prove difficult obstacles to surmount, but surely there is some way of confining hours to reasonable proportions.

K.R.J.

AT THE A.G.M.

AT the commencement of his twenty-fifth year as Treasurer of the E.T.T.A., Mr. K. Vint said it would cost £300 per head to send players to Tokyo.

THE Treasurer submitted a Balance Sheet as at 30th June, 1954, and a Receipts and Payments Account from the 1st July, 1954 to the 9th April, 1955. He was of the opinion that the general financial position was satisfactory, and was asked (i) whether the World Championships 1954 cost the Association any money; (ii) whether there was any additional revenue to come in from International matches; (iii) what the cost would be to send players to Tokyo in 1956.

Mr. Vint in reply said the answer to the question of whether the World Championships 1954 cost the Association any money was most definitely no. So far as the International matches were concerned, it had to be borne in mind that as the World Championships took place 16/24th April, followed by the tour of the Japanese players, the Treasurer had been compelled to close the accounts at the 14th April, but there was additional revenue to come from certain International matches.

So far as the World Championships in Tokyo were concerned, the estimated cost of fare and other expenses to Japan was £300 per person (special rate) instead of the normal charge of £450. Minimum team would be 3 men and 2 women and one official making 6 in all.

WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE

The Chairman said that he and Mr. Vint as the English delegates to the I.T.T.F. Congress had intimated that England hoped to take part. He felt it would be unfortunate if this country was not represented, as England had the greatest reputation in the game today, partly because it was the founder of the game and created the rules. England's playing standard was considered high and it would be a bad thing for the prestige of this country if no teams were sent.

Mr. Vint said that the A.G.M. would remember that about four years ago it was decided to launch a fund in connection with the 1954 World Championships and the Officers and National Executive Committee were very grateful for the way in which Counties, Leagues and Clubs had responded to the appeal. Other friends of the Association had also supported the appeal. It was also quite clear that certain newspapers were very interested in our activities and ways and means of raising

funds for Tokyo were being investigated.

A member who had been at the I.T.T.F. Congress in Utrecht, said he was very impressed with the way in which the I.T.T.F. Congress was conducted from the Chair (Mr. Montagu being in the chair). He felt that it would be disastrous if this country was not represented at any of the I.T.T.F. Congresses. Mr. J. Carrington reinforced Mr. Scott's remarks.

It was announced that Mr. Vint was embarking on his twenty-fifth successive year of Treasurership.

FILM LOOPS

ASERIES of 17 slow motion film loops have been produced for the E.T.T.A. by Educational Productions Ltd.

Many of the strokes have been filmed with a special high speed camera to slow down the action to an eighth of its normal speed to facilitate detailed study. Victor Barna and Johnnie Leach give the special demonstrations and are responsible for teaching notes accompanying the series.

There are two sections which may be purchased separately. Elementary strokes (9 loops) £4 10s. 0d. More advanced strokes (8 loops) £4. Price per complete set of 17 loops £7 10s. 0d. An uncut, unspooled print can be obtained for £5.

The film loop is recognised as one of the best forms of visual aid for sports coaching, and this series for Table Tennis should fill a long felt need in Leagues and Clubs.

Full details may be obtained from Educational Productions Ltd., East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorkshire.



"I say, Fenshaw, play the game!"

The Editor Appeals

IF IT'S PUBLICITY YOU WANT...

AFTER filling the Editorial chair of the magazine for the past season, I have taken the somewhat unusual course of claiming additional space in order to make a special appeal, which, if acted upon, should produce results. I sincerely hope it draws the support of every club official who reads it.

The "It Pays to Advertise" tag is probably the oldest and most hackneyed slogan in the publicity game. At the same time it is the truest. Now you can publicise your own club in two ways—by paying to advertise, or by passing over interesting information to publications such as this.

I know as well as anyone that club secretaryship means hard work for the office holder, but most progressive organisations have publicity secretaries. All the *Review* asks them to do is send club news every so often.

ALL MAKE NEWS

It's surprising what makes news. It's not only results, future tournaments etc., which arouse interest. There are other things, club personalities, your back-room boys and girls, even those who simply make the tea on match nights. They all have their quota of news value.

This magazine, so far as it has been able, has always tried to give credit where it is due to those people who help to make Table Tennis the most fascinating of indoor games, but our style is cramped unless we get the

full co-operation of clubs. So why not put your club on the map instead of allowing the limelight to fall on the few who already take advantage of the free publicity available?

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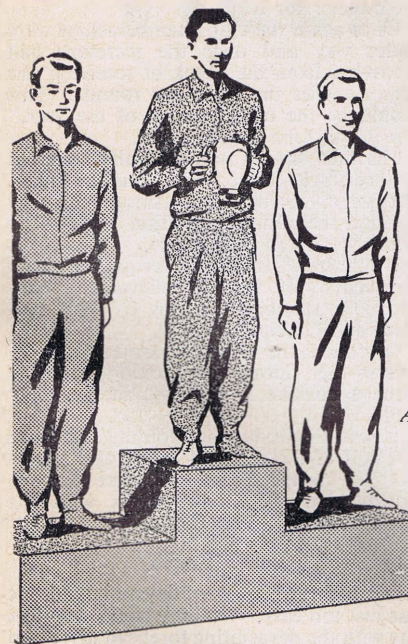
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Once upon a Time . . .

A FANTASY WITH A MORAL

IN days gone by all good fairy stories started with "Once upon a time," and ended "so they lived happily ever after." For the purpose of this tale the first applies, but the second can be written off—to a point.

NOW it appears that in the not so dim and distant past young Johnny Jones, five feet nothing of skin, bone and shyness, joined his local Table Tennis club, determined to learn, to put his heart and soul into the game, and perhaps with a little luck, make the first team.

Dreaming over his tea the evening he was to blister the members with his personality for the first time, he saw the lads and lassies sniggering at his first fumbling attempts to control the elusive white ball.

Then his wandering thoughts took him through time when the assembled multitudes gradually realised that here was the stuff of which champions are made, until finally he saw them worshipping at his shrine as the unknown who, by sheer will power, had thrust himself into the centre of the scramble for fame.

But was young John headed for trouble—of course he was—and how!

And trouble it was in the shape of the club champion, and as nifty a little bit of blonde bat welder as you have seen in a long time.

A VICTIM

The first time our Johnny went to the table the "Mickey" was extracted in no uncertain fashion—and why? Because the club champ was bursting to work off a bad hangover on the first victim he could find. And that happened to be our little friend.

Now the "new boy" didn't mind so much that he got the father and mother of a hiding—but love at first sight had already done its deadly work—SHE had seen his humiliation. So Johnny boy crept away. To hide his head in eternal shame? Oh no! Our hero was made of sterner stuff.

Would he return? Of course he would. When the initial shock had worn off he came night after night for his punishment until the most rabby of the club's rabbits knew that they could give him a working over any time they liked.

Came the local championships with poor John able only to watch in envy as his first conqueror swept the boards, and was assisted away with the trophies by whom?—none other than the adorable little blonde.

That did it! John could take no more.

NO COURAGE

His subs were paid regularly, but the same could not be said of his attendances. He appeared on the odd night each week, took his inevitable hiding, and left, without having the courage to address even the most commonplace remarks to her.

And so it went on for months—coming, being wolloped—and going.

But perhaps the hammerings which they had handed out since his first appearance had dulled the perceptive faculties of the members, for had they been a little more observant they would have seen a new, calculating glint in young Johnny's eye, a certain spring in his step, and also that there was muscle building up on those scrawny arms.

However, for the purpose of this story, they didn't, and his final triumph was all the sweeter for it.

Once again the club championships were under way and once the secretary had recovered from the shock of receiving our hero's entries the word got round, "This should be the biggest laugh of the year." But it was John who laughed.

His first victory was naturally regarded as sheer luck, the second a series of flukes. But when he began to smash his way through the stiffer opposition folks really began to sit and take notice.

How had the transformation been achieved? It was unbelievable. Who had been teaching this boy? What had made him so irresistible?

Of course the blonde charmer began to reverse her ideas too—could she have made a mistake?—Oh boy, she certainly could!

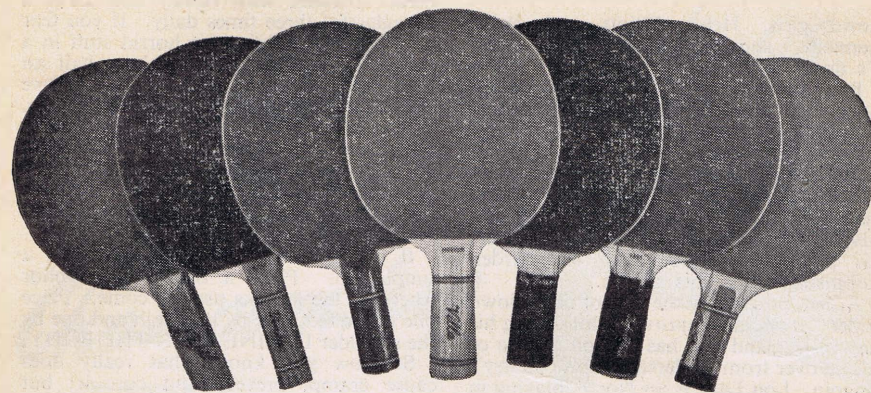
It was Finals Night. Johnny had been one half of the winning Men's and Mixed Doubles partnerships, and there he was battling out the Singles finals with his mortal enemy "The Champ."

TOO EASY

Did he beat him?—of course he did. It was just too easy. Nothing could stop this boy with the devastating forehead drive, the whiplash backhand, the cunning chop, and the footwork of a ballet dancer.

Continued on page 32

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DOWN THE WHITE LINE

Continued from page 19

Rowe girls, Helen Elliott and Brian Kennedy, showing holidaymakers how it's done.

Phil Anderson, the quiet and pleasant Australian title-holder, is also at work at a Butlin Camp—at Clacton. Phil doesn't leave for home until September, so won't be able to defend his title at the Australian national championships, taking place early that month. Of the other Australians who have been in this country, Barney Peters has already left for home and Arden Robinson leaves this month.

Arden, potentially the best of the "down under" men, has improved a lot during his stay in England and has a good chance of taking over from Anderson as his country's kingpin. Lou Laza is up North, playing in Lancashire League cricket as a professional and will be here all summer at least.



VICTOR BARNA has received a cordial invitation to undertake another four-month coaching assignment in India, following his great success last November—March in the land of the Taj Mahal. More than that, he has been asked to travel with the Indian team to the 1956 World Series in Tokio as official coach for the side. He has also been invited to tour the West Indies in early autumn.

Victor is attracted by both offers, but finds time his enemy. Apart from his many business commitments he is busy on his life story and is eager to see the book published as soon as possible. He also has in mind other books to follow his autobiography.



THE International Table Tennis Federation is to discuss, at its Congress, during the Tokio World meeting, the proposal that World tournaments be held every two years. The 1957 joust, by the way, is already fixed for Stockholm. It is interesting to note that although it has long been a standing complaint that organising a World championships is a vastly expensive undertaking, six nations have already forwarded preliminary applications to stage the 1958 or 1959 event (depending on the outcome of discussions on the every-two-years proposal).

CURES FOR CRAMP

Continued from page 24

the cramp addict's prayers and yet, it's as old as the hills.

Take this simple herbal remedy. It costs a few pence only—1 oz. Cramp

Bark, pour a pint boiling water over the herb. Flavour with Honey and drink a wineglassful three times daily. If you fear the "gremlin" doing his horrid stuff in a game, drink a wineglassful about half an hour before the show commences. Believe me you'll go right through without cramp.

You can obtain it too in pill or tablet form from a good herb store. Should you be subject to repeated attacks of cramp this remedy will still do the trick. No, it's not a "pain killer"—it's to boost up that poor circulation.

If cramp attacks you in bed here's a simple tip. Place a block of camphor wherever the attacks usually come. Place one at the feet, one by the thigh and one by the shoulder IN LINE WITH THE BODY.

So now you know what really does cause cramp, prevent and cure it; but what can follow if you don't do anything about it? Frankly, all kinds of symptoms and complaints but we won't go into those too deeply here. If you follow the advice given, amplification of what would follow becomes unnecessary.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Continued from page 30

Then it was over. It was his wonderful moment of glory as he stood with the Singles trophy crooked in one arm and HER in the other. Her eyes flashed a message of hero-worshipping admiration as she whispered, "Johnny, you were marvellous—how did you learn to play like that?"

Like a flash the answer came: "There was nothing to it. I've been following the tips from the stars in *Table Tennis Review*."

SOUTH AFRICAN T.T. HISTORY

Continued from page 13

should be witnessed here. I understand that Aloisy Ehrlich has settled in Israel and is a member of the team. Those of an older generation will recall with pride that Ehrlich figured in three world's singles finals just prior to World War II, twice runner-up to the remarkable Bergmann. Although getting on in years, he was only last year a finalist in the English Open, second in importance to the world's event—convincing evidence that the lustre of his brilliance remains undimmed.

The South African team picks itself with the exception of the fourth male member. Messrs. Fry, Edwards, McKie and Mrs. Hart are virtual certainties. The last berth is, however, likely to stir up a hornet's nest in selection circles. Whatever the result, a delectable table tennis feast is anticipated. The happy contemplation of this event has transfused our flagging game with a new-found vigour and enthusiasm.

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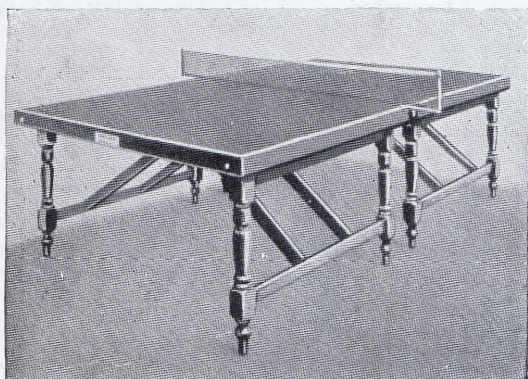
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