

SPECIAL CHAMPIONSHIPS ISSUE - 1953

Table Tennis *Review*



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1/-

Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

★

WORLD

and

ENGLISH Championships

FULL REPORT
and
RESULTS

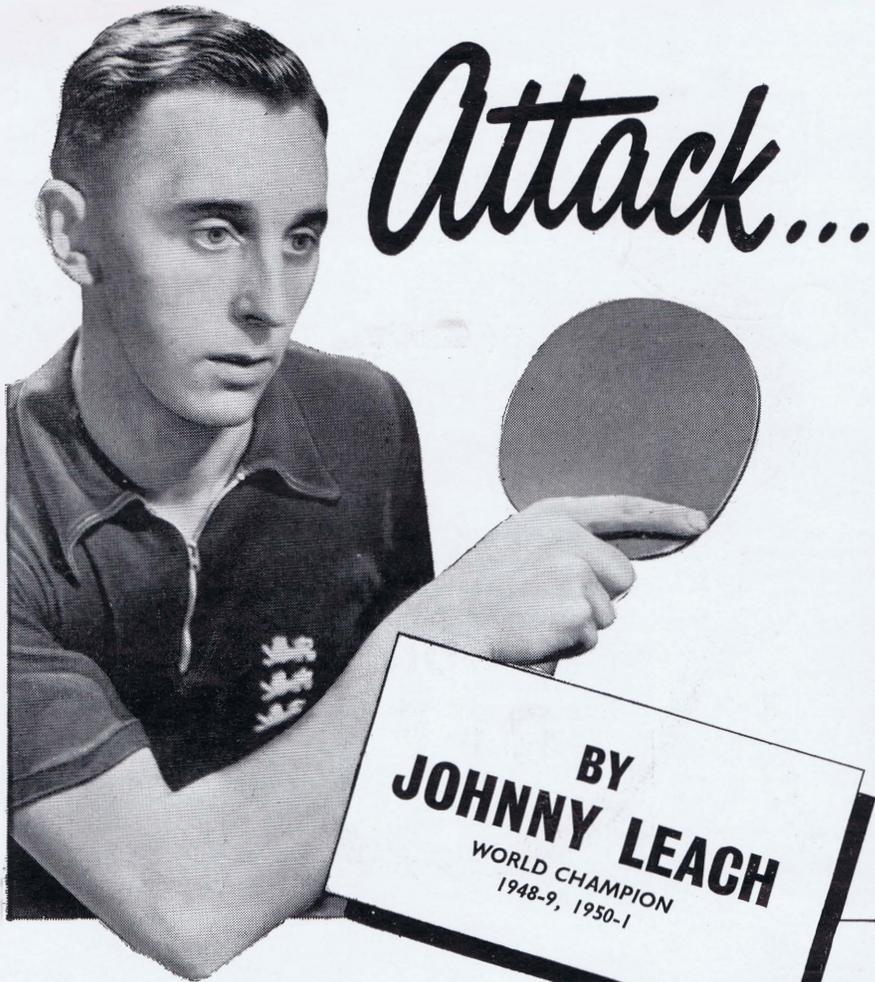
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Lancashire Open Championships

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Cover Portrait:
RICHARD BERGMANN and
AUBREY SIMONS pictured
before their departure
for Bucharest





BY
JOHNNY LEACH
 WORLD CHAMPION
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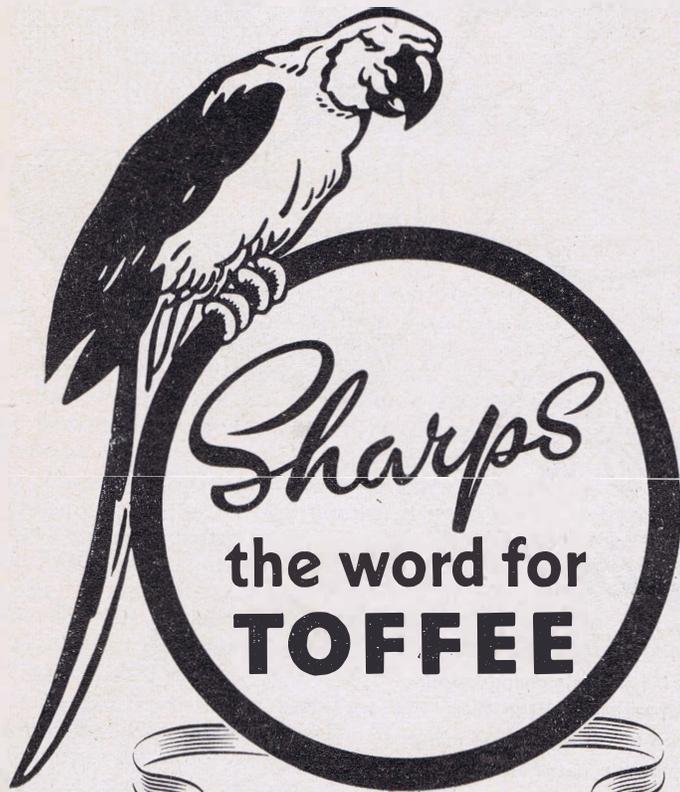
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TABLE TENNIS

Review

VOLUME 7
No. 4

WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIPS
ISSUE, 1953

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

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AFTER years of struggle-heartbreak, and "so near and yet so far" the Swaythling Cup has come to Britain, and all the disappointments of the past are forgotten. The women's Corbillon Cup team all but made it a breath-taking double, but went down to their Rumanian hosts.....Next year the battles will be fought on the "green tables of England" and perhaps then.....

There have been those who have bemoaned the fact that Table Tennis players of to-day cannot match up to the giants of the past. There may be some truth in what they say.....but whichever way one looks at it there can be no gainsaying the fact that the triumph in the "Swaythling" and the near victory in the "Corbillon" will give British players that very necessary will to win and the confidence that they can face up to the best that any other nation can pit against them.

To Richard Bergmann go our commiserations in his failure to capture his sixth English Singles title, and to Rosalind Rowe our congratulations on winning three crowns to make her the English woman "player of the year."

To those who fought and lost in the World and English series a resounding "Hard luck—well done," and remember "we'll have them on our own midden next time."

The Editor.

**Please
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The 1952 - 1953 World Championships

THE 1952/3 World Table Tennis Championships were contested in Bucharest, on March 20—29.

This sports event brought together in the capital of Rumania the most renowned Table Tennis champions in the world. 150 players from 15 countries: Britain, Austria, Brazil, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, China, Switzerland, France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Holland, Sweden, Wales, Hungary and Rumania, competed for the title of world champion.

These championships which arouse a general interest, enjoyed an unprecedented success, surpassing by far the level of the former championships in organisation, the technique of the competitions, and the participation of the public.

During the competitions, the 5,000 seating Floreasca Hall was filled to capacity, three times every day, by the highly interested Bucharest sport fans.

The 20th World Table Tennis Championships concluded with an important success of the sportsmen of the countries of People's Democracy who won six of the seven world titles disputed. The greatest success was registered by Angelica Rozeanu, merited Master of Sports of R.P.R. who brought to her country four world titles, achieving a performance without precedent in the history of Table Tennis. A similar success was obtained by the players of Hungary, at head with Sido, who won three world titles.

In conformity with the traditional rules, the world championships began with the competitions on teams—men's and women's—for the Swaythling and Corbillon Cups. The teams—both men's and women's—were divided in two series.

After categorical victories obtained over the teams of Austria, Wales and Bulgaria, the Rumanian sportswomen qualified for the final in which they were to meet the powerful team of Britain, winner in the A group. Fighting with an unshakable confidence in victory, the three representatives of Rumania, Angelica Rozeanu, Sari Szasz and Ella Zeller succeeded in defeating by 3—0 Britain's team formed of the renowned champions, the sisters Rosalind and Diane Rowe. The perfect technique of their game, the fighting capacity and the calm showed by the Rumanian sportswomen aroused the enthusiasm both of the public and of all the participants in the competition. By this splendid victory the Rumanian women's team won for the third time the Corbillon Cup—important sports

trophy which is awarded to the best Table Tennis team in the world. In this competition the Rowe sisters proved powerful opponents. They were well trained and exerted every effort for obtaining the victory.

The final of the men's team competitions was disputed between the teams of Britain and the Hungarian People's Republic.

The experienced British formation, including two former world champions, won the game by 5—3. But their victory was shadowed by the fact that the Hungarian player Ferenc Sido outdid all the three British players Leach, Bergmann and Simons.

The teams of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, China and Bulgaria made a good showing.

CHINESE PLAYED WELL

Although they were participating for the first time in a world championship, the Chinese players succeeded in defeating the teams of Sweden, Switzerland and Austria, producing a good impression by their virtuosity, their dynamic and spectacular game. The Chinese players Wang Chuan Yao, Chiang Young Ning and Tsen Huai Kuang were warmly applauded for their beautiful game. As good, was the play of the Rumanian team which defeated the teams of Germany, Holland, Brazil, Bulgaria and ceded by 4—5 to the French team including players of world value such as Hagenauer, Roothof and Lansky. Particularly remarkable was the victory won by the Rumanian player Toma Reiter over the French Roothof, semi-finalist in the Bombay world championships.

The championships continued with the Men's Singles, Women's Singles, Women's Doubles, Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles tests. The superiority of the sportsmen of the countries of People's Democracy proved here more categorical. Results of exceptional value in men's test

were registered by the Czechoslovak and Hungarian sportsmen who had six representatives each in the quarter-finals. The British players Bergmann and Leach were eliminated by the Czechoslovaks Stipek and Tokar. Likewise, the Rumanian Toma Reiter eliminated the third British player Simons, realising a valuable performance. The final test was disputed between F. Sido (Hungarian) and I. Andreadis (Czechoslovak). The Hungarian sportsman proved the best player in the world, winning by 3—0.

ROZEANU ON TOP

In women's tests, Angelica Rozeanu dominated all during the games, eliminating in the decisive games the British sportswomen K. Best and Diane Rowe. In the final, she met again the Hungarian champion Gizi Farcas. This time too, the Rumanian sportswoman proved the best Table Tennis player in the world, winning by 3—1 after a game in which her unequalled technique, together with a superior tactic and an excellent physical training were decisive. Angelica Rozeanu obtained thus for the fourth time, consecutively, the title of world champion.

In the women's doubles test the couple Angelica Rozeanu (Rumania)—Gizi Farcas (Hungary) matched their forces with the sisters Rosalind and Diana Rowe (Britain). Angelica Rozeanu and Gizi Farcas formed a perfect couple which defeated the British couple by 3—1.

An important victory in the final of the Men's Doubles was obtained by the Hungarian sportsmen Sido and Koczian, who defeated the British Bergmann and Leach by 3—2. The championships concluded with the Mixed Doubles test. The two world champions Sido and Angelica Rozeanu came out victorious in this test too, outdoing by 3—2 the couple Dolinar (Yugoslavia), Wertl (Austria). Thus, the seven world Table Tennis titles for 1953 went to the following sportsmen: Corbillon Cup (women's teams): Rumania (Angelica Rozeanu, Sari Szasz, Ella Zeller); Swaythling Cup (men's teams): Britain (Leach, Bergmann, Simons); Women's Singles: Angelica Rozeanu (Rumania); Men's Singles: Ferenc Sido (Hungary); Women's Doubles: Rozeanu (Rumania)—Farcas (Hungary); Men's Doubles: Sido-Koczian (Hungary); Mixed Doubles: Rozeanu (Rumania)—Sido (Hungary).

The list of champions sets out the incontestable superiority of the Table Tennis players of the People's Democratic countries. These victories reflect the progress achieved by the movement of physical culture and sports in these countries, in which optimum conditions for practising any sports branch are put at the disposal of the broadest people's

masses, steadily promoting from their ranks sports champions and masters.

SUCCESSFUL GAMES

The 20th World Table Tennis Championships held in Bucharest brought out forcefully the advancement gained by the new sport movement of the Rumanian People's Republic, whose world-wide prestige is ever more growing. These championships revealed the great possibilities of organisation and the support granted by the People's Democratic State to any sport discipline.

Ivor Montagu (Britain), the Chairman of the International Table Tennis Federation, Marcel Corbillon (France), the donor of the Cup which bears his name, the ex-world champion Richard Bergmann, and all the other guests eulogized the Rumanian sportsmen for their warm hospitality, for the wonderful organisation ensured to the championships. Full of enthusiasm, the Swiss player Urchetti said "I have participated in numerous world Table Tennis championships, but in none of them was there such a perfect organisation as here in Bucharest."

Report by British Rumanian Friendship Association in London.

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REPORT on the WORLD'S

by Our Special Correspondent

Introductory Notes ...

AT last! England made it after years of near misses. It was glorious, exhilarating victory. We swept the world.

The well-tried and trusted trio of Richard Bergmann, Johnnie Leach and Aubrey Simons have brought back from Bucharest the Swaythling Cup—a piece of Table Tennis silver which has always eluded us, sometimes agonisingly so.

This time, in the twentieth world championships in Rumania, we took the trophy. It was no fluke victory. It was a fighting England side, desperately keen to avenge their fractional failure in sweltering Bombay.

The Swaythling Cup for the first time. What a boost for home Table Tennis fans and what a stimulant for next year's world clashes at Wembley.

But remember the success was not without cost. The terrific strain in toppling the erratic Czechs (at 3 a.m. if you please) plus the anxieties of that final fight with the holders, Hungary, took its toll in the singles event.

England's men had fought their hearts out ; their legs were wobbly ; their bat hands trembled in confusion. Consequently they flopped in the singles.

Our Corbillon Cup girls, Rosalind and Diane Rowe, and Kathleen Best, once again reached the finals, but this time Rumania, the energetic hosts, tumbled them out in a snappy, sure victory. Rumania's queen of the table, graceful, polished Angelica Rozeanu, shattered our girls and made the locals chant with the sheer jubilation of it all.

Our girls were fighting national fervour. The Rozeanu-Szasz-Zeller combination had so much to win. Playing before one's own people means so much and has so often been, in the past, the positive driving force for victory.

When the world championships come here next year what a chance for the home fans—to cheer the men on to retain the Swaythling, to give our girls that extra, wonderful, boost for the Corbillon. Who knows we may land a cluster of the singles titles as well!

To our men great congratulations ; to our girls a "well-done" for being near and best wishes for complete victory next time.

England Won FIRST MATCH FOR CORBILLON

IT was left to England to win the first match in the 1953 championships, a 3—0 success for the girls over China. And just as Eastern spin girls had given us so much heart-break the year before, on came Sun Mei Ying, a solemn young lady, only five feet high, to cause more than a flutter in the English ranks.

Before anyone had time to appreciate the seriousness of the situation little Sun had taken the first game from Diane Rowe, squeezing home 24—22.

As usual in world events, when everyone is still trying so hard to find their feet, there was a minor flap. There was a line of grim faces around the match when Di went all out for the second game.

The Middlesex twin set all fears at rest—for the moment—by mastering the wiles of her effervescent opponent and strolled home an easy winner, 21—14.

Then came more palpitations. She was 12—7 down in the third and deciding game ; then 17—14 down.

But it seems Di revels in tight situations. She pulled out her usual talented winners, just like she did in the French championships against Trudi Pritzi in the final of the women's singles, and won 22—20.

Loud gasps from the locals. Diane got a rather reproachful glance from Ros as if to say, "Don't do that again in a hurry!"

CHINA BEATEN

China, after that tricky start, were beaten fairly easily. Rosalind beat Li Ling Shu 21—6, 21—9, taking only ten minutes to do a splendid piece of demolition. Indeed Ros, with her great gift for accurate timing and splendid ball control, played the major role in the doubles match which England won comfortably 21—6, 21—16.

On to the girls' clash with the Czechs. This followed a similar pattern to the China win and England chalked up another

3—0 success. The Czech girls, so rumour had it round this part of the world, were supposed to be on top and had much to worry any opposition at the championships.

Krejцова, the Czech No. 1, who had not been playing long following a serious illness, completely unnerved Diane Rowe to take the first game 21—14. Diane retaliated by tearing in for the kill in the second, exploiting her telling forehand attack on her older rival and winning 21—7.

DON'T DO IT, DIANE!

Second attack of palpitations :—Diane was leading 20—11 in the third and deciding game and then proceeded, in the hush and tenseness of the stadium, to lose seven points in a row before getting the winner.

The twins' magnificent understanding and playing ability brought them doubles victory 21—12, 21—18, but Ros clipped the heavy Hruskova in two super-straight wins. Diane's setbacks gave the English party quite enough to think about that night.

Kathie Best came in for her first Corbillon outing in 1953 as doubles partner with Diane against Germany. This was no real obstacle and we continued the 3—0 success story.

It was Hungary now and old friend Gizi Farkas and the much-talked-about Eve Koczian, fifteen-year-old sister of the famous Josef. If only Rosalind could produce her sensational form of Bombay, when she utterly demoralised the world No. 2, then it was only a matter of doubles supremacy and England was in the final play-off with Rumania.

What a start! With studied calm and a succession of technically perfect strokes Rosalind sailed off to a great start with a 21—15 win. This was something the Rumanians really loved to see.

The rivalry between Farkas, three times champion since the war, and their own Rozeanu is quite intense—and here was the pretty little English girl toppling the Hungarian tigress.

Farkas was not finished quite so easily and came in to hit through the Middlesex twin and take the second game at 21—7

ROS SUPERIOR

This served us well. It made Rosalind greater than ever and there was Farkas beaten by fight and superior Table Tennis. She lost the decider 21—13.

Farkas claimed Diane as a victim, her steady style being too good for the left-hander who went down 21—12, 21—12. But Rosalind ended any doubt about Koczian's surprise potentialities by skipping

through her younger opponent in two straight, very easy games.

The doubles was in doubt for one game only, the twins finally making sure at 26—24. As often happens in the "big-time" when there is a long, tense opening clash the second was a bit of an anticlimax and we were there, in the final, against the Rumanians.

It was the Monday night match our girls will probably want to forget about. The final was a tame, one-sided affair with the hosts heading to a victory, which, to be honest, was never really in doubt.

But few nineteen-year-old girls, whether they were the finest technicians in the game, could have mastered the amazing conditions.

This was the first time that a world championships had ever been held in Rumania—and the locals seemed determined to shower down enough noise to last the competitors until Congress decided to come back there again, it seemed.

TOO MUCH NOISE

The background of organised clapping and chanting was quite unnerving. Our girls looked worried. And when both of them look worried you can bet your life they are in trouble.

No wonder. The Rumanian girls had been training long and arduously for the event. They deserved victory. Rozeanu was masterful, a joy to watch.

This thirty-one-year-old mother sauntered through Rosalind with absolute disdain. "Master of Sports" is what the Rumanians call their queen of the table. How she deserves that title.

When she comes over here to defend her title in 1954 not a player or follower of the sport should miss watching her. Every move is perfection.

She beat Ros 21—9, 21—10. And the puffing Szasz had no trouble with Diane after losing the first game. The score was 17—21, 21—19, 21—19.

Few thought the twins would be so decisively beaten in the doubles as theirs is the most natural and effective partnership in the world, but we had forgotten about Ella Zeller, the queen's new doubles partner.

Szasz, as a doubles player, had not been effective in Bombay. She did not seem to click with Rozeanu, although she is a good enough player.

But the facts had already proved Zeller's ability. Rozeanu and she had already won the MEN'S doubles title for Rumania. Vigorous, thrustful, intelligent. Their understanding was too much for the twins. A great triumph for the host nation.

THE MEN'S SINGLES

OUR CORRESPONDENT CONTINUES HIS REPORT FROM BUCHAREST

FOR two of the over-thirties, Ferenc Sido of Hungary and Angelica Rozeanu of Rumania, the individual events in the world championships were crowned with success.

Both followed their undefeated record in the team events by remaining unbeaten in the singles and doubles and each won three titles. All six were thoroughly deserved. They took their chances; they exploited the weaknesses of their opponents time and time again and made full use of the conditions which well suited their style of play.

It is significant to note that the only player (apart from Farkas) to take a game from Rozeanu in the entire world championship play was our own Kathie Best.

The men's singles event started on a sensational note and a disappointing one for the French. First, their boy wonder, coloured Jean Claude Sala, was beaten by our veteran skipper, Adrian Haydon, and later, on the opening day of the singles events, six-foot-six-inch Michael Haguenaer was trounced in three straight games by Vladimir Popov, a 22-year-old Bulgarian Army sergeant.

Sala, confident as a nineteen-year-old who has victories over Bergmann and Leach should be, had never met a left-hander who was so unorthodox and erratic as Haydon. Both are left-handers and Sala has a deceptively fast two-wing attack, plus a confident defence.

He took the first before Haydon shattered him with his terrifically fast and spirited game. I don't think Sala expected to be pulled out to such a speedy and accurate battle of wits, not, at least, in the opening round.

SUCCESS OVER YOUTH

The match lasted fifty minutes and Haydon won the five-setter, 18-21, 21-15, 16-21, 21-13, 21-18. The Paris boy had met his match from an opponent who had been playing in his first world championships before Sala was born.

Sponge rubber cropped up again, with devastating results for the wily Haguenaer. Mr. Popov used a sponge bat and, despite the fact the Frenchman must have had long practice in France with Alex Ehrlich, who also uses a sponge bat, he did not appear to have a clue about mastering the Bulgarian. He tumbled out 21-17, 21-18, 21-10 and admitted afterwards he was powerless to do anything about it.

All our men followed the good example set by the captain and won comfortably,

Brian Kennedy beating Wassner of Switzerland 21-15, 21-13, 24-22; Aubrey Simons had no trouble with Austria's Just and won 21-13, 21-17, 21-11; Johnnie Leach swept through France's Stefan Caffiero 21-8, 21-19, 21-16 in a form which suggested brighter things for England in this event.

On to round two, where the tongues had it that friend Popov would use his sponge to some effect on his next-round opponent, who was Richard Bergmann. Many doubted it in view of Richard's taming of all the spin and sponge merchants he had come up against in his Far Eastern tour, with Johnnie Leach, in the summer.

Bergmann won but he made hard work of it, I thought. Or was he just testing himself out against a new man? Anyway Popov's brief reign of brilliance came to an end when he was beaten by the English champion, 15-21, 21-15, 21-10, 21-18.

First casualty of note was Brian Kennedy, who was not having too happy a time. The slim, idol of Paris, Rene Roothoft, beat him in three straight games 21-14, 21-19, 21-17. It was simply a case of Roothoft's masterly defence holding tight against everything the left-hander could toss up.

Leach was not troubled with the crisp-sounding Monsieur Pop of the local brigade and won 21-8, 21-18, 21-10; Simons crushed Petchovschi, also of Rumania, 21-9, 21-17, 21-9; while Adrian Haydon went on to round three with a 21-18, 21-15, 21-15 success against Rumanian Garabedian.

That left us with the last thirty-two in the men's and they were made up as follows:—

Rumanians, six; Czechs, six; English, four; Hungarians, four; French, three; Germans, three; Yugoslavs, two; Chinese, two; Dutch, one; Swedes, one.

We seemed in a strong position, from this make-up of strength, for at least three in the last sixteen, Bergmann, Leach and Simons. It didn't quite turn out like that.

Haydon ended his 1953 run by bowing out to the young, but efficient, Hungarian, Szesepi, who won 21-17, 21-12, 21-17, while shock result for us, Simons was beaten.

It seems a good stage to comment on the great work of Simons as a team man but the failure he encounters in individual events. When he is fighting with the lads he rises to tremendous heights, as witness his shattering defeats of four seeds in the Swaythling contest. Now he went early,

Continued on page 10

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

BUCHAREST, MARCH, 1953



MEN'S SINGLES

Holder: W. SATO (Japan)

Koczian	(Hungary)	} Koczian 21-16, 21-19, 18-21, 21-11	} Andreadis 21-18, 21-16, 21-15
Lansky	(France)		
Tokar	(Czech)	} Koczian 12-21, 21-18, 26-28, 21-12, 21-16	
Leach	(England)		
Harangozo	(Yugoslavia)	} Tokar 18-21, 23-21, 15-21, 21-13, 22-20	
Reiter	(Rumania)		
Andreadis	(Czech)	} Harangozo 21-13, 21-14, 21-10	
Szepesi	(Hungary)		
Sido	(Hungary)	} Andreadis 21-18, 21-19, 21-18	
Popescu	(Rumania)		
Roothoft	(France)	} Andreadis 21-11, 21-12, 21-9	
Dolar	(Yugoslavia)		
Stipek	(Czech)	} Sido 21-15, 21-16, 21-14	
Bergmann	(England)		
Tereba	(Czech)	} Sido 12-21, 16-21, 21-12, 21-13, 21-15	
Flisberg	(Sweden)		
		} Roothoft 22-20, 21-16, 21-9	
		} Sido 21-11, 21-18, 21-18	
		} Stipek 21-16, 21-13, 18-21, 11-21, 21-16	
		} Tereba 21-11, 21-13, 21-17	

MEN'S SINGLES

Continued from page 8

when all thought this was his year to really shatter much more impressive opposition.

With all his bursting attack he could not break through the stubborn defence of the Rumanian No. 1, T. Reiter, who won 14-21, 21-10, 21-15, 21-10. Hard lines, Aubrey!

Bergmann and Leach were rarely troubled. Bergmann encountering Chinaman Feng Kuo Hao, to win in a canter 21-9, 21-7, 21-12, while old rival Cor du Buy of Holland could not produce anything new to beat Johnnie Leach and lost 8-21, 11-21, 6-21.

ENGLAND WENT DOWN

But Simons was not the only casualty. The great Bo Vana of Prague went out also, surely one of his earliest exits ever in the world championships. Handsome Zarko Dolinar held too many big guns and out went the brilliant Bohumil in three straight games. Young Konrad Freundorfer sank in this third round, along with Amouretti of France, beaten by Ivan Andreadis.

By this stage Sido was showing all his brilliance, and the draw favoured him so much that only Roothoft or Dolinar was a serious rival to him getting in the final.

What a black day it was for English Table Tennis in this unhappy fourth round. Both Bergmann and Leach lost.

The only excuse I can put forward for

Bergmann is the terrific strain the Swaythling Cup had imposed on him. Because, and it is a remarkable thing to say of Richard, he never looked like winning.

He was beaten 21-15, 21-18, 7-21, 21-18. Crash!

Leach should have won. His victor was Frantisek Tokar, fourth ranked of the Czechs. In the fifth game Leach was leading 5-1, 12-4, 14-7 and 20-16 and then could not win. The failure was due to one thing—Leach's inability to produce the killer stroke, the ball from which there is no return.

Johnnie's nerves cracked at the critical stage. He tip-tapped his way to defeat and Tokar, almost out of this world with delight at seeing he had little to beat, even at the fifth game, produced six successive winning points to send the Czechs dizzy with joy.

Leach was beaten 18-21, 23-21, 15-21, 12-21, 20-22 by the Czech. A sorry result for England.

So our interest in the last eight was exactly nil. And the Europeans were delighted with no Bergmann and no Leach to contend with. Roothoft had put out Dolinar and there were four Czechs in the last eight.

We had nothing to do but sit back and watch how Sido would fare.

It was an exhilarating performance that the big man put in.

**SIDO'S FAST PLAY
WON HIM TITLE**

For a man who is so big and heavy his footwork is tremendously fast and agile. He is difficult to out-manoeuvre and certainly well-nigh impossible to hit through. He has possibly the best all-round flick in the game to-day, because it is so strong on both fore-hand and back-hand wings.

He lost the first two games against Roothoft in his quarter-final, then recovered miraculously to take the next three at comfortable scores. Andreadis made a mess of Harnagozo; Stipek continued his winning run with a marathon duel success over Tereba; Tokar's brief reign of glory was ended by Koczian, and the last four stood at Koczian, Andreadis, Sido and Stipek.

Both semi-finals were tame affairs and over very quickly. Andreadis, whose long and arduous practice at home prior to these championships was certainly paying dividends, took Koczian 21-18, 21-16, 21-15; while Sido, now a hot favourite, had no trouble with Stipek 21-11, 21-18, 21-18.

The final was another three-straight win for Sido, 21-16, 23-21, 21-18.

The black-haired giant, buoyant of step, and the man with one of the cheeriest smiles in the game, was the new world champion.



KOCZIAN pictured in play

MEN'S DOUBLES

Holders : FUJII & HAYASHI

4th ROUND

R. Bergmann & J. Leach (England)	}	R. Bergmann & J. Leach	}	R. Bergmann & J. Leach
Z. Dolinar & V. Harangozo (Yugoslavia)		24-22, 13-21, 21-14, 21-7		21-13, 21-15, 18-21, 21-12
V. Barna & A. Haydon (England)	}	V. Barna & A. Haydon	}	J. Koczian & F. Sido
Jonsson & Larsson (Sweden)		21-15, 19-21, 21-15, 21-12		
J. Koczian & F. Sido (Hungary)	}	J. Koczian & F. Sido	}	J. Koczian & F. Sido
Cor Du Buy & Van Zoelen (Holland)		21-12, 21-11, 25-27, 21-16		
I. Andreadis & B. Vana (Czechoslovakia)	}	I. Andreadis & B. Vana	}	
B. Kennedy & A. Simons (England)		21-11, 21-12, 21-17		

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Holder : Mrs. ANGELICA ROZEANU

4th ROUND

A. Rozeanu (Rumania)	}	A. Rozeanu	}	A. Rozeanu
K. Best (England)		22-24, 21-14, 21-13, 21-13		
D. Rowe (England)	}	D. Rowe	}	A. Rozeanu
L. Wertl (Austria)		21-14, 21-13, 21-16		
R. Rowe (England)	}	R. Rowe	}	G. Farkas
E. Zeller (Rumania)		21-16, 21-13, 21-17		
G. Farkas (Hungary)	}	G. Farkas	}	
E. Sagi (Hungary)		21-15, 26-28, 21-12, 21-10		

WOMEN'S DOUBLES

Holders : NISHIMURA & NARAHARA

D. Rowe & R. Rowe (England)	}	D. Rowe & R. Rowe	}	D. Rowe & R. Rowe
Cedlova & Vhynanovska (Czechoslovakia)		21-10, 21-17, 18-21, 19-21, 24-22		
K. Best & L. Wertl (England) (Austria)	}	K. Best & L. Wertl	}	G. Farkas & A. Rozeanu
Almasi & Koczian (Hungary)		12-21, 21-14, 21-14, 21-18		
Fantosz & Sagi (Hungary)	}	Fantosz & Sagi	}	G. Farkas & A. Rozeanu
Hruskova & Krejcova (Czechoslovakia)		22-20, 22-20, 16-21, 13-21, 21-16		
G. Farkas & A. Rozeanu (Hungary) (Rumania)	}	G. Farkas & A. Rozeanu	}	
A. Bates & B. Gray (Wales)		21-5, 21-13, 21-7		

Obituary

It is with the deepest regret that the publishers of *Table Tennis Review* learn of the death, on April 8th, of Mr. Harold Oldroyd, President of the English Table Tennis Association. Mr. Oldroyd took over the office in 1931, but even before that, was one of the game's stalwarts and an indomitable pioneer in popularising it. He will be missed, not only as an official and administrator, but as a friend, by all who knew him.

MIXED DOUBLES

Holder: SIDO & ROZEANU

F. Sido & A. Rozeanu (Hungary/Romania)	}	F. Sido & A. Rozeanu 21-14, 21-10, 21-18	}	F. Sido & A. Rozeanu 21-12, 21-15, 21-13
V. Tereba & Hruskova (Czechoslovakia)				
Foldi & Koczian (Hungary)	}	Foldi & Koczian 21-18, 21-18, 14-21, 9-21, 21-12	}	F. Sido & A. Rozeanu 9-21, 21-19, 10-21, 21-19, 21-19
V. Barna & R. Rowe (England)				
Dolinar & Wertl (Yugoslavia/Austria)	}	Dolinar & Wertl 21-16, 22-20, 19-21, 21-18	}	Dolinar & Wertl 16-21, 21-17, 21-18, 21-15
J. Leach & D. Rowe (England)				
J. Koczian & G. Farkas (Hungary)	}	J. Koczian & G. Farkas 22-20, 12-21, 21-19, 21-17	}	
B. Kennedy & K. Best (England)				

SWAYTHLING CUP

The final position of the teams were :-

GROUP "A"

Versus	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Matches Won Lost	Games Won Lost
1. ENGLAND	—	5-4	5-0	5-0	5-0	5-0	5-1	6	0
2. Czechoslovakia	4-5	—	5-0	5-0	5-0	5-1	5-1	5	1
3. Yugoslavia	0-5	0-5	—	5-0	5-0	5-2	5-0	4	2
4. China	0-5	0-5	0-5	—	5-1	5-1	5-0	3	3
5. Sweden	0-5	0-5	0-5	1-5	—	5-4	5-1	2	4
6. Austria	0-5	1-5	2-5	1-5	4-5	—	5-4	1	5
7. Switzerland	1-5	1-5	0-5	0-5	1-5	4-5	—	0	6

GROUP "B"

Versus	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Matches Won Lost	Games Won Lost
1. HUNGARY	—	5-1	5-1	5-1	5-0	5-1	5-0	6	0
2. France	1-5	—	5-4	5-3	5-1	5-2	5-1	5	1
3. Rumania	1-5	4-5	—	5-1	5-1	5-2	5-0	4	2
4. Germany	1-5	3-5	1-5	—	5-1	5-1	5-2	3	3
5. Netherlands	0-5	1-5	1-5	1-5	—	5-0	5-0	2	4
6. Bulgaria	1-5	2-5	2-5	1-5	0-5	—	5-1	1	5
7. Brazil	0-5	1-5	0-5	2-5	0-5	1-5	—	0	6

FINAL :-ENGLAND beat HUNGARY 5—3.

CORBILLON CUP

ENGLAND 3—CZECHOSLOVAKIA 0

R. ROWE beat Hruskova 18, 11. D. ROWE beat Krejцова —14, 7, 18. D. & R. ROWE beat Hruskova/Krejцова 12, 18.

ENGLAND 3—GERMANY 0

R. ROWE beat B. Cappelmann 14, 9. D. ROWE beat Imlau —19, 16, 14. K. BEST/D. ROWE beat Imlau/L. Rodel —17, 12, 16.

ENGLAND 3—CHINA 0

R. ROWE beat Li Ling Shu 6, 9. D. ROWE beat Sun Mei Ying —24, 14, 20. D. & R. ROWE beat L. L. Shu/S. M. Ying 6, 16.

ENGLAND 3—HUNGARY 1

R. ROWE beat G. Farkas 15, —7, 13; beat E. Koczian 15, 14. G. FARKAS beat D. Rowe 12, 12. D. & R. ROWE beat G. Farkas/E. Koczian 24, 13.

FINAL :

RUMANIA 3—ENGLAND 0
(Group "B") (Group "A")

A. ROZEANU beat R. Rowe 9, 10. S. SZASZ beat D. Rowe —17, 19, 19. A. ROZEANU/E. ZELLER beat D. & R. Rowe 15, 14.

"To have and to HOLD!"

ENGLAND WIN SWAYTHLING CUP

'Well Done Chaps'

FOURTEEN nations entered for the Swaythling Cup and although this was a comparatively small entry there was no shortage of stars. Number one priority for the English team, consisting of non-playing captain Adrian Haydon, Bergmann, Leach, Simons and Yorkshire's brilliant left-hander, Brian Kennedy, was to see how the Czech men were playing.

You may remember they decided at the last minute not to go to Bombay and, for various reasons, England's stars had not come into contact with them for nearly two years.

But the old names were there again—the brilliant Bo Vana; wizard of the table Ivan Andreadis; the terrible T's, Tokar and Tereba. And, by the irony of the draw (which, we must note, was very, very kind to the home country, Rumania!), the Czechs were placed in the same Group A as England.

So, on paper, it boiled down to a group final with the Czechs, just as we had in 1948-49 and 1949-50, and, if victorious there, a final with the holders, Hungary, to whom we had lost so narrowly in Bombay twelve months before.

Young Konrad Freundorfer was out for Germany; the famous Yugoslavs Dolinar, Harangozo, Vogrinic and Gabric had been whisked behind the Iron Curtain in a masterpiece of manoeuvring; the Chinese, with a selection of wicked-sounding names, had whipped up local imagination with wins over Koczian in a previous tour of Hungary; the irrepressible Ferenc Sido, the amiable sixteen-stone giant who always looks as if he needs a shave, was as cute as ever in his red shirt, while Holland's Cor du Buy, the usual French names, and Mr. Popov from Bulgaria, made it very interesting at the start.

The Chinese were in at the kill immediately and handed out a 5—1 trouncing to Austria. England warmed up nicely with a 5—0 win over Sweden, only Leach dropping a set in a brisk, one-sided encounter.

It was noticeable, even at this early stage, how confident and how aggressive Aubrey Simons was.

He had only one outing against Sweden, with Tage Flisberg, but the killer-look popped into the popular Bristol international's game so often that it was obvious Simons was at peak form and hungry for success.

Austria went down 5—0 to the England side, still with Bergmann, Leach and Simons. China held no terrors for us either, although Aubrey dropped a game to both Feng Kuo Hao and Tsen Huai Kuang.

Brian Kennedy came in for his first match of the Swaythling Cup—his one and only outing—and lost to Urchetti, 24—22, 21—13. Simons continued to exploit that wicked attack.

It was very noticeable that the Rumanian tables were taking his chop in wizardly fashion. He seemed to be able to do no wrong. In this Swiss clash both Stadelhofen and Estoppey could only tot up forty points against him, between them.

But it was not until the match with Yugoslavia that Simons really showed his true mettle, the mettle that makes him one of the most dangerous opponents in the world. He toppled the seeded Vilmos Harangozo in two straight games, 23—21, 21—10, in England's 5—0 victory over Yugoslavia. Gabric held no terrors for our Aubrey either and he went down 21—11, 21—18.

So we were, in the group final, with the Czechs. They had only dropped two games; we had only dropped one.

It was 10-30 p.m. on the Sunday night when the long-awaited tussle with Vana, Andreadis and the boys began.

Bergmann loves the battle with the Prague men. He seems to shine against the accepted star. It is the mediocre man with everything to gain and nothing to lose, who can pin-point the master's weaknesses in quick victories.

Richard went through Vana like nobody's business, 21—17, 21—17; Andreadis, whom we had been told had been training with great zeal for this contest, flopped 21—9, 21—14; Tereba seemed out of

touch, as far as this game was concerned, and Bergmann's steadily efficient game was too much for him.

But while Bergmann was swamping the opposition, Leach was having bad luck and three defeats. Three defeats spelt danger for England.

In a match of this kind the No. 2 must, at the very least, take one match, if you are to stand a chance. He was having bad luck, admittedly, as he extended Vana to the full. But he was losing.

We were saved by Simons. He was magnificent. He was the man of the match, make no mistake about it.

That crackerjack attack of his had accounted for Vana 21—15, 17—21, 23—21. That was one victory we did not expect. Andreadis had just a bit too much counter-attack in his play and beat the Gloucestershire man 21—18, 21—14.

There it was, Bergmann had won three, Simons had won one; Leach had lost three, Simons had lost one. Four games all and now we were in the fourth hour of this marathon match, a match which held the Rumanians and many of the other competitors, in great suspense.

It was all left to Aubrey in the last deciding match, where his opponent was the experienced Vaclav Tereba. And there was no hesitation or doubt at all about our No. 3's play. He slammed into Tereba with the gusto and fighting determination of which we all know he is capable. He swiped the feet from under the Czech to win 21—16, 22—20.

The crowd rose to him and he left the playing table to the loud, incisive chant of "Seemo, Seemo." How he was congratulated by the English party! Adrian



AUBREY SIMONS

Haydon, who, I am sure, suffers worse than any player during these nerve-racking affairs, was all set already for the match with Hungary to decide that Swaythling Cup.

Was it to be a repeat of last year when England's hopes rose with the punishing form of Bergmann and crashed when Simons injured his Achilles tendon and lost to young Szesepe in the last and deciding game?

Sido was playing brilliant stuff, although, to offset that, Koczian was not the spring-heeled attacker we knew of old.

Finals night began with the defeat of our girls, not the most encouraging beginning!

But, to wipe away any fears, along came the jaunty, ebullient Simons to begin the night again with wonderful triumph. He opened the match with a quick, decisive 21—16, 21—18 victory over Koczian, the world's No. 3 player.

That win gave Simons quite a remarkable record. In the Swaythling Cup event he had beaten four players, all seeded for the singles events—Harangozo, Vana, Tereba and Koczian, the No. 1 seed.

Bergmann followed up this victory with a 12—21, 21—6, 21—9 win over the thin Gyetvia, first man to take a game from the English champion so far. But how he paid for his temerity!

Two-up. We are sailing it. Hearts are high. Is this at last to be our year of triumph after all those heart-breaks and near things?

Leach could not find his way yet out of the "black patch." He lost against the brilliant Sido who, so far, had failed to do anything wrong in the men's team event. Sido won 23—21, 19—21, 21—17.

In came Richard again with a quick k.o. to Koczian; in came Sido to narrow the margin once again by taking Simons 21—18, 18—21, 21—15. We were leading 3—2. Very close. Very tough. Very wonderful table tennis for the Rumanians.

Continued on page 15

HOLIDAY COACHING

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The Women's Singles

ROZEANU WINS FOURTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR

by **MAN-ON-THE-SPOT**

"She is to be congratulated for her superior style of play"

OPENING sensation of the women's singles was how perilously closely Rosalind Rowe came to defeat in the second round against the seventeen-year-old Hungarian girl, Agnes Almasi, a factory worker.

Four thousand people were left in a nail-biting state as little Agnes led 17—12 over the English champion in the fifth and deciding game.

What a fright for the entire English party! What a palpitating period for sister Diane, who had to go outside the hall because she was so nervous!

All that Agnes had was tremendous composure and an accurate sense of ball control. Rosalind played badly in that match and only a miraculous piece of super-concentration pulled her out of real trouble.

She got out to win 15—21, 19—21, 21—16, 21—18, 21—19.

Diane had earlier beaten young Eve Koczian 21—18, 21—9, 21—15; Kathie Best, whirling that forehand attack about her with devastating effect, bounced through Eliska Krejcova 21—15, 21—13, 21—18, while Betty Gray of Wales came unstuck at the hands of world No. 2, Gizi Farkas, 9—21, 10—21, 11—21.

The Welsh girls, Betty Gray and Audrey Bates, by the way, finished in the middle of their Corbillon Cup Group B table, headed by Rumania. They had wins over

Sweden and Bulgaria, but lost to Rumania and Austria.

Last eight in the women's had the three English Corbillon Cup girls, while the others had an old and familiar look about them. They were:—Rozeanu, Wertl, Zeller, Farkas and Sagi.

But, in all fairness, nobody looked like troubling local idol Rozeanu. She was moving into each game with such polish and perfection that play needed to be out of this world to better her.

To begin with, her defence is perfect. She has made it so with constant play among male players. Then she has an attack which is based on shock tactics.

Opponents are lulled into a false sense of security by her lazy push on the backhand; then, like a bomb, she has lashed into the attack, flashed to the forehand attack with a one hundred per cent killer stroke.

So, you can see, with such a remarkable woman around, how sensational it was in the quarter-finals when Kathie Best took the first game from her at 22—24. A hush, almost a deathly hush, crept all over the hall. It seemed as if life itself had come to a halt.

Rozeanu was a game down and Bucaresti was worried.

Not for long. Her game, her speed, her anticipation, her footwork, her accurate sense of timing, her gift for hitting the right ball, proved superior in the end and she won the next three games 21—14, 21—13, 21—13.

Diane Rowe had just the right "needle"

SWAYTHLING CUP—REPORT ENDS

At last, Johnnie broke that losing spell. The tall, Essex international has a game which ranks with the best in the world but, as well, he gets fixed ideas, I am sure, of who he can beat and who he cannot.

Anyway he accounted for Gyetvia a hitter who, like all hitters, can be worn down if you've got time on your side. Johnnie won 21—15, 15—21, 21—17.

Now if only Bergmann could stop the winning run of Sido—both were undefeated so far in the Swaythling Cup—then the trophy would be ours for the first time.

But Bergmann could not. Sido was playing like the real Sido we knew of old, the brilliant technician, the deadly, easy wrist action which sprayed the ball around with centimetre accuracy. He broke the back of Bergmann's game with lightning

fast returns and won 21—15, 21—15. Match score 4—3 in our favour.

Leach again. Could he continue his victory twist? He could. He did.

He beat Koczian 21—17, 22—20, and the English party were dazed with success. But a word about Leach's win. He was 17—20 down in the second game and how he had to concentrate to pull out those vital winners when the marginal error was nil.

But he did it. He made it 5—3 and gave us the Swaythling Cup.

It didn't seem true at first. When you've waited so long for a thing it takes some getting used to. But there it was and there was a jubilant Adrian Haydon saying, "I've never captained a finer team."

The popular Birmingham skipper had to wait a long time for this win, but it was well worth it when it came. Bravo, boys!

about her game to beat Austria's whirlwind, Linde Wertl, 21-14, 21-13, 21-16. This was a very encouraging win for Diane in view of those early "heart-breaks" in the Corbillon Cup.

Rosalind exposed the severe limitations of Zeller in play at this stage. Also, I think, the effect of a near-defeat in one game produces play of great standard and fight in the following encounters, especially in Rosalind's play. She won easily, 21-16, 21-13, 21-17.

Farkas had a long, nerve-racking second game with Sagi, but, once that was over, had no trouble in qualifying for a semi-final place.

So the last four were the same as in Bombay, the previous year, with one exception—for Linde Wertl, read Diane Rowe.

Rozeanu and Di Rowe were three-straight for the "Queen." In the last game the Middlesex girl managed to take seventeen points from the Rumanian, which is no mean feat.

And Farkas revenged herself on Ros for that Corbillon Cup defeat after a very, very tight struggle indeed. It was touch and go in the first two games, but Farkas had all the breaks and ran out winner 23-25, 22-20, 21-16, 21-17.

It was the old firm, Rozeanu and Farkas, for yet another final. The day someone—and the likeliest candidate looks like Ros

Rowe—can split up this final pairing in the women's event, the bells should ring out.

I am convinced now that Rozeanu knows she can beat Farkas every time they meet; and I am equally convinced that Farkas appreciates the same fact too.

Rumania was very happy with the result though, their pretty, experienced "queen" winning again, 21-11, 21-19, 19-21, 21-16. This was her fourth successive year as World Champion.



The two leading women, Rozeanu and Farkas, teamed up admirably in the Women's Doubles to make the Rowe twins wait another year before they can win back that doubles title won in Vienna in 1951.

Only one match emerged which looked, in any way, like stopping a final between these four great players—and that was in the quarter-finals when the English girls met the Czech pair, Cedlova and Vhynanovska.

It was deuce in the fifth before the girls really looked like the champions we know they are. What a scrape through, though—21-10, 21-17, 18-21, 19-21, 24-22.

The international pairing of Kathie Best, England, and Linde Wertl, Austria, succeeded in reaching the last four, but the twins proved too decisive for them there and won 21-12, 21-12, 21-17.

Rozeanu and Farkas were just leisurely strolling through all opposition, beating Betty Gray and Audrey Bates by the incredible score of 21-5, 21-13, 21-17 in the quarter-finals and going on to whip Fantusz and Sagi 21-12, 21-12, 21-14 in the semi-finals.

The twins were two games down in the final before they could get the feel of the ball even. The support for the powerful national pairing of Rumania and Hungary was terrific. The organised chant and shout of "R.P.R." (Rumanian People's Republic) proved awkward for the twins who managed to take the third game by going out and having a hit, but they were a well-beaten pair.

So for two years running now, we have reached the final of the Women's Doubles without success. And the same thing happened in the Men's Doubles.

Richard Bergmann and Johnnie Leach, who lost in Bombay against the Jap pair of Fujii and Hayashi, were again at the last stage, this time with the destructive Sido and quick-moving Josef Koczian.

Their final proved the most exciting of the night. It went to five games, the same as the year before, but again our boys seemed to lack the necessary devil and kill to clinch victory.

There was an all-English semi-final (which is another instance of the peculiarities of the draw!) when Bergmann and Leach ousted the 41-year-old pairing of Adrian Haydon and Victor Barna.

The veterans, as Dolinar and Harangozo found out in the previous round, found the top English pair playing like a real doubles

pair for a change. Bergmann was keeping the ball low and Leach was hitting with more power and accuracy.

The third English pair, Brian Kennedy and Aubrey Simons, came up against those doubles wizards of a few years back, Andreadis and Vana, and went out 21-11, 21-12, 21-17.

But it was to be the Iron Curtain year for nearly everything. Sido and Koczian, after a tough clash with Andreadis and Sido, mastered the Englishmen, to take the doubles final 23-21, 19-21, 12-21, 21-18, 21-19. Another title so very near, yet so very far away.

It was not our year in the Mixed Doubles event either, as the three English pairs, Victor Barna and Ros Rowe, Johnnie Leach and Di Rowe, Brian Kennedy and Kathie Best, were all eliminated in the quarter-final matches.

The great successes of this event were, of course,—who else could they be, with the championships going as they were?—Sido and Rozeanu. After each having gained a singles title, after each having played a major role in the success of their own doubles game, they joined up to retain their Mixed Doubles title, beating Zarko Dolinar and Linde Wertl in the final 9-21, 21-19, 10-21, 21-19, 21-19.

With Victor Barna winning his proud annual, the Jubilee Cup, and Elemer Gyetvai of Hungary taking the Men's Singles consolation title and Trudi Pritzi of Austria the Women's, there was nothing else to do but to hold on tighter to the Swaythling Cup and wish for more titles in London next year.

THE HAPPY WINNERS



Corbillon Cup Winners — A. ROZEANU, S. SZASZ and E. ZELLER



A shot of the Rowe twins during the championships

"Sam Kirkwood Wants to Know" . . .

WILL SIDO'S SUCCESS FINISH

"PLODDING"?

GREATLY as I have always admired Richard Bergmann, a defensive genius; and much as I have respected the gallantry of Johnnie Leach—no genius but a product of sheer hard work, there is much in Ferenc Sido's winning of the World title that pleases me and, indeed, offers hope for a much-needed forward step in Table Tennis.

Far too many players who emphasise defence, are in love with it. They are much too content to stand back, adopt a passive attitude and wait for the other man to make a mistake, instead of being aggressive, taking the initiative and showing bite as well as fight. Viciousness is painfully absent.

That's why tournaments, generally speaking, are rendered yawn-producing by milk-and-water games lacking colour, excitement, spectacle—qualities which first-class games must possess in plenty if the paying public are to be attracted and held.

The reason for this, so I think, lies in the fact that world champions over the past few years have been defensive players. Not that I'm criticising or censuring Richard or Johnnie for playing the way they do: that would be absurd. But we all know youngsters try to ape champions. "If," says the average player, "so-and-so can win tournaments and world titles by standing back and plopping the ball over the net, that's good enough for me." So, when we have champions of the defence ilk, we automatically get a widespread passion for defensive styles.

Sido's success will, I hope, help change things. The burly Hungarian is a hitter with no inhibitions. He believes in killing the loose ball, in snapping up chances, in winning points by enterprise instead of waiting for the opposition to drop tame clangers. He has proved that a man prepared to take a chance and seize a chance can win the highest honours, even against top-class defenders. And, by gum, the sport needed a shaker of this sort to lift it out of its rut!

Why didn't Satoh supply a "shaker,"

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since he is an attacker? Because the Jap is a pen-holder, and pen-holders are regarded as "freaks" and as such impractical to imitate. But Sido is orthodox in stroke, even though he is by present-day standards unorthodox in outlook and approach.

Since 1936, only he and "Bo" Vana (again I except Satoh) have been genuine attacking champions. Can it be wondered that there exists this diabolical defence complex? Up, the Sidos of the game. . .

If only that young all-out attacker, Alan Rhodes, could complement Sido's success by becoming Britain's leading player, what another breath of fresh air it would be, and what a mighty change he could bring about, not only in the outlook of youngsters but in tournament attendances!

and what about this—

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

RUN ON

DAVIS CUP LINES

THE difficulties encountered by organisers in staging a World Championship are making many wonder if perhaps it wouldn't be advisable to run the tournament once every two or even four years. And, looking at things in a realistic light, there's something to be said for the proposal.

When, for one reason or another, well under half the total of affiliated nations compete, as in Bucharest, it isn't a truly representative gathering and tends to make the championship look a trifle silly. And when there is a majority gathering, the host country is faced with an almost intolerable financial burden as well as the heavy responsibilities of organisation. Either way it's tough.

Is there a satisfactory solution? That's something the I.T.T.F. must try to discover. Perhaps it would be better to run the competition on Davis Cup lines, with zone champions contesting titles at an agreed venue.

At the moment, teams and players with not the ghost of a hope of making even a fight of it spend money, and cause others to spend money, as well as make tournaments more lengthy than they need be.

Run on Davis Cup lines, all countries would have their fair chance to show their mettle, much money would be saved, and contestants at the final get-together itself would comprise tried and tested champions.

HERE and THERE

Strolling Down Table Tennis Avenue

by SAM KIRKWOOD

WHY were Tony Miller and Harry Venner announced as "non-travelling reserves" for the Swaythling Cup team at the recent World series? What function have such reserves, and what function could they possibly have? If the men were named to give them a feeling of satisfaction at having been officially considered for Bucharest selectors might well have gone the whole hog and nominated all leading players, with Uncle Tom Cobleigh thrown in, and thus at no cost whatsoever to themselves or anyone else have made everyone happy. The value of reserves many hundreds of miles from the scene of action is precisely . . . nil.

Having got that off my hair-matted chest, I'll hand the selectors a sweet-smelling bouquet. Wherefore? Because they plucked up courage enough this year to choose World teams on merit and performance alone, for a very welcome change, by-passing those alleged trials which drove so many frantic with their fatuity and uselessness. If this is the beginning of a new and long overdue policy, I give vent to three cheers. If, on the other hand, it's only a temporary measure cooked up to make us forget last year's Bergmann "fiasco," I shall revert to type and send forth on the breeze luscious raspberries in the direction of those with an angelic faith in one-night stands. In the meantime, that bouquet stands.

After watching certain of our more unenterprising stars going through the motions, I must say I understand and completely sympathise with the "new-to-the-game" spectator who, yawning over a safety-first-at-all-costs game, gave out with: "So this is ping-pong—and, cripes, does it pong!" Johnny Joyce has it that pre-war play doesn't match up to modern stuff. Surely, Johnny, your memory can't be that bad?

Some little while back I suggested that the edge ball should be eliminated from the game. Not a little ridicule came my way from those to whom any proposed reform is unthinkable. But one reader, glory be, has not only refrained from calling me "Big 'ed," but actually came forward with a constructive suggestion. Says he: "A lot of trouble seems to arise from balls

which nick the side, and not the top, of the table. Why not at least dispense with this headache by having sides bevelled inwards, so saving umpires a lot of doubt and soul-probing?" A good idea—son. However, it still doesn't completely satisfy this bird, who would love to see "edgers" kicked right out of the game.

Fashion note seen at the "Met": a leggy gentleman wearing a pair of very brief, beige-coloured beach shorts. Brother, did he look the cat's whiskers! In fact, he looked anything except a Table Tennis player. . . .

What's happened to Peggy Franks? A few seasons back an England team without her would have been unthinkable, yet now she doesn't rate. It can't be old age, as she is six years younger than Angelica Rozeanu, and ten years junior to Trudi Pritzi, who's still a potent force in upper circles. With her vast fund of international experience, Peggy, fluent of stroke and polished of style, should be at the top of the tree and not on the lower branches. But there it is. "Wimmin" players were ever a mystery.

And then there's the county umpire who has been going to great pains to let his acquaintances—both interested and the more numerous "couldn't-care-lessers"—know that he pulled up Victor Barna for a foul service. To hear the official you'd think he'd found a short cut to fame and immortality.

Beware, all you lady stars—a new threat has appeared. Her name is Jane Bublely, and she is the daughter of that be-gloved, half-volleying heart-breaker, Ernie. But, girls, there's no need to break into a cold sweat of apprehension for a little while yet, for Jane at the moment is somewhat too young, light and rubbery-legged for activity at the table or anywhere else. She weighs twelve pounds and her breathing days date back to February 17. All of which is my way of announcing that Ernie and "Jackie" Bublely are the proud parents of a bouncing female babe. Father is doing well and strutting around as though he had beaten Bergmann 21—0, 21—0, 21—0.

Continued on page 32

THE English Open 1952/53

Our Correspondent writes . . .

SENSATIONS studded this year's English championships, especially in the craziest Men's singles event the great tournament has ever known. "Seeds" were scattered like intoxicated nine-pins and among the forlorn victims before the quarter-final stage were Richard Bergmann, Aubrey Simons, Brian Kennedy, Rene Roothoft, Max Marinko and Alex Ehrlich.

But the final was one complete let-down. From the terrific to the tame. Johnnie Leach and Michael Haguenaer let us in for a tepid, time-wasting exhibition; not the best advertisement for the game with the huge TV audience looking in.

The great, gaunt Frenchman, complete and utter failure at the world championships a fortnight before, beat Leach 21—15, 21—18, 20—16 (time limit) . . . and Leach

lost his finest chance ever of being the first native-born Englishman to win the title since the days of Percy Bromfield in 1924.

What were the other highlights of this English which followed so quickly—some said too quickly—on the heels of the Bucharest world championships!

ROSALIND — No. 1

First the tremendous success of Rosalind Rowe, who becomes the undisputed best girl (in the land) by winning three titles—the singles, the doubles with sister Diane, and the mixed doubles with Victor Barna.

Her superb defeat of the women's holder, tempestuous Linde Werlt of Austria, in easily the best final, was the inspiring highlight of the championships.

What an emphatic boost for the game if only this and not the men's soul-destroying affair could have been caught by the TV cameras!

Our junior boys were all forced to play second fiddle to Germany. Not only did they bring the holder, Konrad Freundorfer, but a remarkable poker-faced puppet called Erich Arndt, from Frankfurt, who began by beating our best boy, Cliff Booth of Bolton, in the second round, and then steam-rolled his path to the final to meet colleague Konrad.

Arndt was amazing. Dapper, deadly and possessor of a fascinating left hand, he seemed unmoved by the surroundings, the strange setting and Booth's reputation when he went in and speedily demoralised the Bolton boy in two straight games.

Ann Haydon, the daughter of England skipper Adrian Haydon, merely clinched her growing reputation as the best girl prospect England has had for many a year. She won the girls' singles at her first attempt, the girls' doubles with Jill Rook, and reached the last eight in the women's singles, taking a game off Rosalind Rowe before going down to the English champion in the quarter-finals.

Pretty Jill Rook of Surrey takes the title of prize runner-up in the championships. She went on the floor on finals night four times as beaten finalist in the girls' singles, as beaten mixed doubles finalist (with Cliff Booth), as beaten women's doubles finalist (with Pam Gall), and for the doubles success with Ann Haydon.

REPORT STARTS NEXT PAGE

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

As I saw them . . .

NOT an inspiring championships. We applauded the sensational exits of the stars in the Men's event . . . then we missed them dreadfully from the quarter-finals onwards! How exactly did they go out?

by Our Staff Reporter

First inkling that something sensational was going to happen was the crowd streaming to table No. 4 in the Wembley Restaurant hall. There pink-cheeked Lionel Kerslake, 47 years-old chairman of the Exeter Table Tennis League, and a member of Devon's county side, had just taken the first game from the powerful Max Marinko, former Yugoslav, former Czech, now of Austria.

The score (hold your breath!) was 21—4. Marinko, in his red shirt, was being shown no mercy by a sponge rubber man!

Kerslake's unorthodox play had already beaten Micky Thornhill in a county match this year and he had reached the final of the Men's singles event at the Devon Open championships where his peculiar style had caused trouble at first to Brian Merrett.

Now Marinko was mighty upset. He had started the game with a sponge bat but, losing 12—4 he had changed, rather hurriedly, to his large wooden affair which usually clicks away in a merry song of victory.

But neither the bat nor big Maxie were clicking this time. If anything it was a rather painful lament coming forth!

Kerslake, balding clerk who had taken a week of his holidays to play in London, stood there, quite happy, beating Marinko as if this was just another outing in the Exeter League.

His big lead in the second drifted as Marinko, playing now with a courage born of desperation, rallied to 20 all. But Lionel stuck it out far better, took the second game 22—20.

Marinko really never had a chance. People who have played Kerslake before say they could never fathom him at first but, given a second chance, know how to deal with him. This was Marinko's first outing with the Exeter veteran and he was without a single clue. He lost the third 21—17 and this was really something.

The first big name had bit the dust.

Next to follow big Max, if I can remember the correct order of dismissal on that sensational Wednesday night, was Aubrey Simons—his victor Gloucester county colleague Brian Merrett.

I had spoken to Merrett earlier in the day and he had bemoaned the fact that, so

early in the draw, he had to meet Simons who, only the previous week-end, had whipped him two straight.

There they were in the second round. Simons hit out; Merrett hit out; Simons defended; Merrett defended. And the crux of the matter was that Brian could defend much better than the bespectacled England No. 3.

The young Gloucester lad lost the first, rallied, lost the third at deuce, but punched his way to a grand slam-bang win in the final two games. Merrett had shown the true form of which he is capable and looked as good as he did at Cardiff, when he beat Amouretti, Venner and Leach in the Welsh championships.

THIRD in line for the big jump was polished, immaculate, Rene Roothoft, champion of France. I say he knew right from the start he had had it when he found out his opponent in the third round was Alan Rhodes, the Wembley left-hander, tenth-ranked English player who had whisked the debonair Rene out of the English in the same round last year.

Then it had been five grim sets, every point fought for, few mistakes, long rallies (or as long as you can get when Rhodes is around!) and the score 20—22, 23—21, 17—21, 22—20, 21—16.

This time it was one-way traffic from the first point and Rhodes won by the quite fantastic scores of 21—11, 21—17, 21—13.

Roothoft had no heart for the fight. He popped them up, high, wide and handsome for the young England left-hander whose killer pace spreadeagled any hopes the Parisian ace might have had.

Many believe that Roothoft's polished play will one day win him the world title. Not when Rhodes is around. I would back the Wembley youngster ten times in ten matches.

Roothoft had no easy task in the second round when he met Tony Miller of Surrey. Miller had lost the first two games, but rallied magnificently to level after four. I think the blisters on his hands didn't help in the fifth during which he lost the

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high level of concentration he had displayed earlier. The score read 21—13, 21—15, 16—21, 20—22, 21—14.

Marinko .. Simons .. Roothoft .. and next came the man himself, Richard Bergmann. His victor, round-faced, bespectacled George Roland, 31-year-old Belgian champion, patient and with a steady defence.

I don't know whether it was the shock he got in the second round or not, but Bergmann made in his exit the most fantastic circumstances. This is one defeat he will want to forget. To lose to Roland is a blot on his very prized list of conquerors.

Earlier, in his first match of the tournament, Bergmann was in great trouble against Brian Brumwell, the Essex county player who was hitting out like a man gone mad and breaking through the English champion's defence at will.

Richard was sweating, unhappy and careless in his first two games which he lost 20—22, 18—21. In the third he was 17—18 down... and then Brian made his careless mistakes, probably due to nerves. He coaxed Brumwell into over-hitting and sneaked victory at 21—19. Brumwell never recovered from this, played on much below his form of the opening games, and lost the next two 21—13, 21—17.

Again Roland, when the night was getting on, Bergmann held a 2—1 lead and seemed safe and happy.

Suddenly, unaccountably, the Belgian drew level with as soft a fourth game victory as ever Bergmann has allowed to slip through his fingers in all his years of playing. The last saw Roland playing with everything of which he is capable, and Bergmann, slow, tired, confidence shattered and accuracy impaired.

To a deafening roar Roland won the fifth. It was almost unbelievable. Bergmann stood there, head bowed, alone, beaten by a second class European 21—17, 17—2, 15—21, 21—14, 21—15... and crash went those hopes of winning his sixth English Men's Singles title.

THE Thornhill-Ehrlich clash, on the adjoining table to Bergmann, suffered in stature because of the exit of the holder, but credit must go to the young Middlesex international because of his fine, talented assessment of the Ehrlich game. It takes a lot to beat the wily Alex, and Micky, in winning three straight, had proved once again he tackles foreigners in a much better fashion than people on his own doorstep. Thornhill won 21—18, 21—19, 21—17.

With so much drama among the very top class names going on, it was difficult to keep pace with the rest of the men's comings and goings.

The two Manchester favourites, Ron Allcock and Ronnie Baker, had gone out by the second round... Allcock meeting a

"ON GUARD"

Strong contender for the title "lady with the best defence South of the Thames" is 18-years-old Miss Ann Davies, the Worthing and Sussex champion.

Among her many victims in league play are three men who operate in the strong 1st Division of the Brighton League.

She made her debut for Sussex against Warwickshire on March 7th and held three match points over Mrs. Marjorie Cumberbatch (England No. 5) before losing 15—21, 22—20, 22—24. Big things will be expected of her next season when, following the promotion of Sussex to the Premier Division, she will oppose the top-ranking women players.

fellow-hitter in Londoner Bernard Crouch and losing 21—12, 15—21, 21—19, 21—18; while Baker, rather surprisingly, failed to beat the Bucks' veteran Leo Thompson who won 21—14, 21—19, 7—21, 8—21, 21—17.

Of the eleven Scots who entered only three, J. R. Braithwaite, R. P. Park and R. Kerr got as far as the second round and all three met defeat there.

Thursday saw the exit of another seed, Yorkshire's Brian Kennedy. Brian, on the Monday of the same week had given a fine sample of his Yorkshire grit and courage by taking Leach to the fifth game in the final of the Men's Singles at the North East of England championships at Scarborough.

Now at the English he collapsed completely in the fourth round to Alan Sherwood, 24-year-old London accountant, who, while a steady club player, had never achieved anything of note.

Sherwood tackled Kennedy in as blunt and aggressive a manner possible. He smacked the ball hard at the Yorkshireman's stomach and was a deserved and remarkable victor.

Kennedy has never had as great an opportunity to do well in the English as he had this time. The draw was in his favour. Bergmann was out. A win would have taken him to the quarter finals, but it wasn't to be so.

In disgust Brian went off to the cinema to see the "Titfield Thunderbolt." Meanwhile Sherwood, nursed by his enthusiastic London fraternity, went off to nurse his thunderbolts and get ready for his quarter-final match with Ken Craigie.

Kennedy's Yorkshire colleague, Ray Hinchliff, whom I would classify as the

most improved player of the entire season, had reached the third round where he failed to get past Thornhill.

ANOTHER Northerner made a fourth round exit. Cliff Booth of Bolton, having proved himself once and for all a better player than the South's leading junior, Ray Dorking of Essex, by a 21—11, 21—17, 21—19 win in the second round of the senior event, had gone on to knock out the redoubtable Kerslake, the wizard of spin.

Booth stuck hard to his more complete game and this was the answer to Lionel who lost after a long five games, 11—21, 21—19, 21—14, 13—21, 21—2. But Jackie Head's zest caught the Lancashire youngster napping in the fourth and out he went.

Then followed the best singles match of the entire event, the fourth round clash between Leach and Guy Amouretti, the handsome Frenchman with the best ball play and chop of the championships.

Amouretti took the first, lost the second, took the third, tossed away the fourth when Leach had built up a formidable lead, and led 20—17 in the fifth.

Great credit to Leach in this game as he did concentrate and stick to the Frenchman's tail. Leach did have the lucky assistance of a helpful "net" ball to make it twenty-all. This agonising slice of bad luck seemed to knock the heart right out of Amouretti who, until then, had revealed a remarkable store and fluency of strokes.

Leach won 19—21, 21—19, 12—21, 21—10, 22—20. And this ended the Men's Singles as far as I was concerned. The Men's quarter-finals were dull; the semi-finals were dull; the final was dull.

Haguenauer was two down to Venner in one quarter-final and he looked like being completely shot off the table. But the six-foot-six-inch Frenchman broke Venner's heart with the monotonous regularity of his returns. He did the same to Lansky and he did the same to Leach.

Leach and Haguenauer must have met hundreds upon hundreds of times before. They did a Far Eastern tour two years ago. Yet the Essex international played him as if he was the newest, freshest star of the generation. And he paid for this negative attitude. Gentle defence will never win titles.

AN APOLOGY

Owing to the World Championships being held in Bucharest, it has not been possible to obtain many photographs for this issue, but we hope you will enjoy reading these detailed accounts of the World and English Open Championships, and other events

Women's Singles

THIS was the finest fifty minutes yet in the Table Tennis life of Rosalind Rowe.

England's No. 1 girl had won the English championship—a title which had eluded home-born girls since Vera Dace claimed it in 1940. But it wasn't so much the victory but the manner of victory which was the stimulating thing.

She had to meet Linde Wertl, probably the best fighter-player the girls' game has at the moment.

Wertl, at the English, is a jet-propelled product, a slender, flame-haired piece of Wagnerian fury who hits, hits, hits, all the time pressing her incessant attack.

Rosalind, defending accurately, and just with that occasional burst of timed attack, took the first two games and Wertl, under pressure, seemed to collapse.

How wrong we were! The little Austrian thunderbolt clenched her teeth in the third, flung her hair back, and set about the Middlesex girl like an experienced champion trimming down an opponent to novice status. Two-one for Ros and off goes Wertl to claim her five-minute rest.

Rosalind stayed around having a chat to people near by, but Wertl—and I cannot help feeling she does the right thing in these rest periods—got right away from it all for five brief minutes.

She came back and it seemed as if the new Wertl was going to blast away in a successful defence of her title. She took a 17—11 lead in the fourth.

This game seemed well lost by Ros, but suddenly she dug her toes in and, point by point, in a hushed and tremulous stadium, drew level at 19—19.

So the point-for-point battle went on to 24-all, when Wertl saw her chance to slam home the winners.

The fifth and deciding game was a triumph for Rosalind's composed but accurate game. She had to tame Wertl. She had to make the Austrian girl tire of slamming down that whiplash forehead. To do that she had to get the ball back so often and so well that Wertl would lose her confidence and over-hit. That was her game and how splendidly she adhered to it.

Wertl led 6—4, but the girls turned at 10—7 for Ros, who increased her lead to 14—11. But Wertl crashed back to level 14—all. It needed a supreme effort now by the twin to clinch the game; if she lost her lead she was finished.

She swept into the ascendancy at 17—15, 18—15, 19—16 and 20—16 and 21—16. Great girl!

It turned out to be the best final of the championships. It also served as an

answer to those unkind critics of the Rowe girls who say they have no competitive edge to their play because they play too many exhibitions.

THE games throughout the women's event were of a high standard and struck a keen competitive note right from the first round when Joy Seaman, the Middlesex girl, had veteran Trudi Pritzi in real trouble in the second round.

Twice Pritzi led, only to be pulled back by Miss Seaman, who always seems to reserve her best game for the established stars. The fifth was a corker. Joy led; Pritzi gasped. But Trudi drew on the years of experience and let her younger opponent make all the mistakes before winning 21-13, 10-21, 21-12, 20-22, 23-21.

Pritzi got as far as the quarter-finals before going out very easily to Kathie Best, who played some sterling stuff—until she met Rosalind Rowe.

Kathie swung that high forehand of hers to devastating effect against Joan Riddick, Middlesex, Pam Mortimer, Birmingham, Yvonne Baker, Essex, and Pritzi, but lost, rather tamely I thought, to Ros.

WELL DONE, ANN

Next to the England No. 1's victory, the most promising performance, as far as looking ahead is concerned, was the success of Ann Haydon in reaching the last eight.

Ann, by one of these peculiar ironies of the draw, was down to meet old junior rival Jill Rook, in the first round and, after beating her, hurriedly eliminated Giselle Arnaud of France in three quick games.

Her remarkable defeat of Betty Gray, of Swansea, the Welsh international, followed, 21-11, 21-12, 21-12. Betty was hopelessly at sea against this tall, well-made left-hander who scorns defence and attacks with a magnificent hostility.

She gave Ros Rowe a much more trying time in the quarter-final than Kathie Best did in the semi-final. After taking the first game she should have won the third until a rather debatable umpire's decision shattered the fourteen-year-old's composure.

Helen Elliot, the Scottish champion, proved her undoubted world class by her easy defeat of Diane Rowe, but went down to Wertl in the semi-final. Wertl showed traces of nerves in her quarter- and semi-final matches probably due to the fright she got in the third round by Marjorie Cumberbatch of Birmingham.

Marjorie's unorthodox attack scattered the haphazard defence of Wertl and the Warwickshire girl's counter-hit was in venomous mood. Wertl was very relieved to win 17-21, 21-8, 21-23, 21-19, 23-21.

THE DOUBLES

The Rowe twins won the women's doubles for the fourth successive year, but had their toughest match in the second round when Jean Winn and Joy Seaman took them to the fifth game.

Their 1952 rivals in the final, Peggy Franks and Joyce Roberts, had to call off in their semi-final due to Miss Roberts's indisposition, leaving the young, inexperienced pair, Pamela Gall and Jill Rook a final meeting with the Rowe twins. Earlier these two had eliminated the powerful Helen Elliot-Linde Wertl pairing.

The men's doubles culminated in a flat final between members of the successful Swaythling Cup side. Johnnie Leach and Richard Bergmann beat Aubrey Simons and Brian Kennedy in three dull—pathetically dull, games.

The Essex pair of Brian Brumwell and K. B. G. Collar reached the semi-final of this event after knocking out the seeded pair Ehrlich and Marinko, 19, 16, 15.

The best of the doubles finals was that between Victor Barna and Ros Rowe and Johnnie Leach and Di Rowe. Barna played accurately and intelligently and it is very obvious he still keeps himself in good condition. It was his brilliant strategy which brought the Middlesex pair the title and added yet one more to the powerful array which the "Grand Old Man" already boasts.

THE JUNIORS

The two junior champions at the French championships earlier in the year, Konrad Freundorfer of Germany and Ann Haydon of England, repeated their victories in the English championships, and neither looked like being troubled.

And it will be the same, I should say, when the English championships are held again this year, in November.

Freundorfer looks and plays like a senior. He hits hard and often; his footwork is quick and correct; his forehand attack is better than most seniors in this country. His big weakness at the moment is his drop shot which is not used often enough, and when it is, falls short.

Nevertheless he went right through our junior boys until he met his own compatriot, 14 years-old Erich Arndt in the final.

Freundorfer beat B. E. Wright of Essex 21-17, 21-15; T. Foster of Yorkshire 21-10, 21-11; the fancied Ray Dorking of Essex tumbled 21-12, 21-18 to him; David House lost 12-21, 21-12, 21-14, and he beat Arndt 21-16, 19-21, 21-12.

Arndt sensationally disposed of top boy Cliff Booth in as amazing a Boys' match as I have ever seen. Nonchalantly the Frankfurt lad swept through Booth's defence and managed to catch the few attacking shots

Reports continued on page 31

ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1953



**MEN'S SINGLES
(OLDROYD CUP)**

Roland .. (Belgium)	..	} Venner 21-14, 14-21, 21-18, 21-16	} Haguenaer 14-21, 19-21, 21-12, 21-18, 21-16		
Venner .. (Surrey)	..				
Crayden .. (Surrey)	..	} Haguenaer 21-18, 21-18, 14-21, 22-20			
Haguenaer .. (France)	..				
Merrett .. (Glos)	..	} Lanskoj 21-15, 21-15, 21-14		} Haguenaer 22-20, 13-21, 21-12, 21-17	
Lanskoj .. (France)	..				
Hinchliffe .. (Yorks)	..	} Lanskoj 21-9, 21-11, 21-12			
Thornhill .. (Middx.)	..				
Leach .. (England)	..	} Leach 19-21, 21-19, 17-21, 21-10, 22-20			} Haguenaer 21-15, 21-18, 20-16 (time limit)
Amouretti .. (France)	..				
Head .. (Surrey)	..	} Leach 21-14, 21-14, 21-18			
Booth .. (Lancs)	..				
Kennedy .. (England)	..	} Sherwood 21-19, 17-21, 22-20, 21-18	} Leach 20-22, 21-18, 21-15, 21-15		
Sherwood .. (Hants)	..				
Craigie .. (Surrey)	..	} Craigie 21-9, 17-21, 21-15, 21-16			
Rhodes .. (Middx.)	..				
		} Craigie 20-22, 19-21, 21-14, 21-14, 21-15			

Scottish Open Championships

Report by G. R. Walker, Jnr.

ONLY Scottish Internationalist who failed to qualify for the quarter-finals was Monty McMillan, who was rather easily beaten in the previous round by Kenny Campbell (Ireland).

The quarter-finals line-up showed an impressive array of international talent, consisting of three Scots (Kerr, Braithwaite and Still); two Irish (Campbell and Martin) and three Welsh (Jones, Davies and Sweetland).

Moving forward to the semi-finals, the home ranks were sadly depleted, only Braithwaite surviving. Kerr was beaten by Sweetland (18, 18) and Still by Davies (10, —19, 19). Irishmen Martin and Campbell fell to Jones (18, 8) and Braithwaite (10, 20) respectively.

Thus the semi-finalists were Jones v. Sweetland and Braithwaite v. Davies. Braithwaite had performed brilliantly up to this stage, having defeated not only Campbell but also Phillips (Wales), his conqueror of Friday night. This was a most creditable performance though a little tantalising to home supporters in view of his earlier display, which he unfortunately repeated against Davies, losing 12 and 16.

In the other semi-final, we were rather surprised to see veteran Stan Jones defeat his team-mate Walter Sweetland. The latter, though a little erratic, looked an easy winner in the first set, which he took to 11. However, Jones' dogged patience won the day, for Sweetland's game collapsed in the second, and he was too late to be cautious in the third, which he lost 18—21.

In the final, John Davies proved a better match for Jones, and in the most thrilling event of the evening, Jones' greater experience carried him through an atmosphere vibrant with concentration to a 24—22 victory in the fifth set.

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Glasgow's Mrs. Josephson made a great end-of-the-season come-back, disposing of Mrs. Cababi in the quarter-finals of the Women's Singles to the tune of 10 and 9; in the semi's she played a grand game against Welsh No. 1, Betty Gray, whom she pushed close in the first set at 18. Had Mrs. Josephson won this set, as she might well have done, the result might have been very different; as it was, she seemed to lose heart, and was more easily beaten in the second set.

In the other semi-final, it was Shirley Jones who nearly provided the sensation. She led a very shaken Helen Elliot at 20—17 in the third set, and lost at 20—22 only by virtue of an almost super-human come-back by Helen. Miss Jones played brilliantly throughout, and was a gallant loser. This ubiquitous sixteen-year-old will do great deeds once she acquires a little polish; she already has in large measure the fierce determination which is the hall-mark of a champion.

In the final, Miss Elliot was evidently determined that Betty Gray would not emulate her countrywoman, and had her teeth set in characteristic fashion right from the start. In the first set, Helen was indeed just a little too tense, and lost in nervy fashion at 20—22. She settled down, however, and eventually scored a much more convincing victory than she had done in the memorable forerunner with Miss Jones.

MIXED DOUBLES

This event was completely monopolised by the Welshmen, though Sweetland and Phillips had a more stormy passage to the final than their colleagues, winning their semi very narrowly against McMillan and Braithwaite.

In the final, Jones and Davies, the more cohesive pair, eventually won after an exceptionally see-saw struggle.

We may be rushing in where angels fear to tread, but it occurred to us that this title need never have left Scotland, in view of the summary fashion in which McMillan and Kerr disposed of the new holders in the International.

RESULTS

M.S.—S. JONES (Wales) beat J. Davies (Wales) : —11, 13, 13, —16, 22.

W.S.—H. ELLIOT (Edinburgh) beat B. Gray (Wales) : —21, 7, 15.

M.D.—DAVIES/JONES (Wales) beat Sweetland/Phillips (Wales) : —10, 22, 8.

W.D.—GRAY/JONES (Wales) beat Elliot/Houlston (Edinburgh) : 18, 17.

X.D.—KERR/ELLIOT (Edinburgh) beat Phillips/Jones (Wales) : —14, 15, 18.

B.S.—D. PHILLIPS (Wales) beat R. Park (Aberdeen) : 18, 14.

G.S.—Miss BLACK (Dundee) beat Miss Houlston (Edinburgh) : —19, 15, 20.

OUR SUMMER ISSUE
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CORONATION ISSUE
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AND THE ROYAL FAMILY
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G. R. Walker Summarises Scottish Hopes for 1953/4

A WORD OR TWO, PLEASE!

The last word on the Scottish Season goes to Mr. H. Roy Evans, who made a polished and informative after-dinner speech at Greenock. Mr. Evans gave full credit to the Scots for a good match, and added the following words of advice to their young team.

"You must be patient—wait for the right ball. Never be in too much of a hurry to win the point."

And how these words of wisdom were borne out the very next night in Edinburgh. Both McCandlish and Still had Jones and Davies beaten all ends up, but threw the match away in trying to ram home their advantage.

The Editor of *The Review* is contacting T.T. writers throughout the world and hopes to present bigger and better editions of *Table Tennis Review* next year when it will be published as a MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The season ends in a star-spangled banner of hope for the future, which I would rate thus :—

McMILLAN and KERR.

This pair can play any game, defensive, aggressive, or negative AS A TEAM, and, with more experience, have the beating of anything BRITISH.

BERTIE KERR.

Will reach the heights if he will learn to use his forehand as the "killer" it is, rather than as his entire game.

MONTY McMILLAN.

Had a bad season due to ankle trouble. EDDIE STILL.

May easily surpass all the above through sheer grit.

JOHNNY BRAITHWAITE.

Must develop some "bite" in his game.

BOYS :—

BERT PARK (Aberdeen), T. McMICHAEL (Edinburgh), JIM FULTON (Glasgow) and C. PURCELL (Glasgow) in that order.

GIRLS :—

Misses BLACK and HOULISTON.

Add to this galaxy HELEN ELLIOT, uncrowned "Queen" of Scottish T.T., and you will see why we can't wait for next season to come round. Till then... adieu.



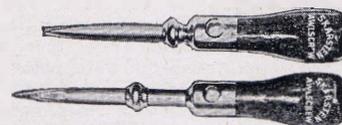
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SCOTLAND versus WALES

— Win for the Visitors . . . 6 games to 3

SCOTTISH fans were disappointed at the announcement that Audrey Bates, who plays squash and hockey as well as table tennis for Wales, was unable to play, and that her place would be taken by Shirley Jones, Welsh Junior champion. Over the week-end (the Welsh team competed in the Scottish Championships) Miss Jones proved herself a worthy and (to the Scots) a troublesome deputy.

We got off to a belated start with new Scots cap Braithwaite facing Welsh Junior champion, David Phillips. Braithwaite played a listless, disappointing match, and never seemed to get going; Phillips, on the other hand, was on his toes from the start and dictated the play throughout. So Wales drew first blood.

The second tie, between Eddie Still and Walter Sweetland, maintained a standard of concentration and skill which was not equalled by any of the other matches; though perhaps the battle royal between Helen Elliot and Betty Gray was more spectacular. Still played a great game and was definitely unlucky to lose. Staging a magnificent come-back in this third set, Still lost his footing and the point at 14-15, making the score 14-16. Since this was one of those games in which one point seemed like ten, the slip was disastrous, and undoubtedly upset Still, who cracked completely, much to the relief of Sweetland, who had been in plenty of trouble.

Kerr and McMillan fell rather flat against Jones and Davies respectively, though McMillan showed flashes of his former self, and Jones beat Bertie Kerr more through experience than superior play. Another disappointment was the doubles match Braithwaite and Still v. Sweetland and Phillips, who never looked like losing.

PLUCKY NEWCOMER

The other newcomer to the Scots team, Mrs. Cababi, played pluckily throughout, never getting a chance to settle against spring-heeled Shirley Jones; in the doubles Mrs. Cababi played at least as well as her famous partner, who played some amazingly weak shots, due to which the Scots girl's victory was, to say the least, shaky.

My programme billed Welsh No. 1 Betty Gray as a "very steady defensive player";

by **G. R. WALKER, Jr.**

I won't say this was sabotage by the Welsh, but at any rate Miss Gray knocked "our Helen" off the table in the first set, and showed no inclination to defend even when Helen played much more aggressively in the next two. The result was a grand, ding-dong struggle, in which Helen Elliot eventually took the honours thus fully compensating for her doubtful doubles performance.

Highlight of the evening from the Scottish point of view, was the brilliant doubles performance of Monty McMillan and Bertie Kerr, who defeated their highly reputed opponents Davies and Jones in a very straight two sets. McMillan and Kerr have proved an inspired doubles pairing; they played together in all three Internationals this season, losing only to England, and that by the margin of 22-20 in the third. Take a bow, boys!

RESULTS

J. Braithwaite (Scotland) lost to D. PHILLIPS (Wales); —10, —15.

E. Still (Scotland) lost to W. SWEETLAND (Wales); 18, —14, —16.

R. Kerr (Scotland) lost to S. JONES (Wales); —9, —13.

M. McMillan (Scotland) lost to J. DAVIES (Wales); —18, —14.

H. ELLIOT (Scotland) beat B. Gray (Wales); —14, 11, 15.

I. Cababi (Scotland) lost to S. JONES (Wales). Braithwaite/Still (Scotland) lost to SWEETLAND/PHILLIPS (Wales); —13, —15.

McMILLAN/KERR (Scotland) beat Jones/Davies (Wales); 14, 17.

ELLIOT/CABABI (Scotland) beat Gray/Jones (Wales); 16, —16, 19.

WALES WON BY 6 MATCHES TO 3.

News from AMERICA

SHARON KOEHNKE did not play in the U.S. National Championships at Kansas City in March. She passed up her last chance to be Junior Champion, because she was called for a U.S.O. Camp Show that started its two-months tour just three days before the Championships. Sharon, who is 10 points better than any other U.S. Junior, tied for third place on the U.S. Women's International Team.

Leah Neuberger again won the Women's title by defeating Sally Green Prouty, a former National Champion, and Dick Miles took the men's title again by defeating John Someal of New York, another ex-National Champion. In the Mixed Doubles, Leah Neuberger and Tibor Hazi defeated Peggy Itchkoff and Alan Levy, while in the Women's Doubles, Leah Neuberger and Peggy McLean defeated Peggy Itchkoff and Sally Green Prouty.

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THE LANCASHIRE OPEN

BLACKPOOL, APRIL 17th/18th

IF officials honestly intend to profit by experience, the following comments should bring about a necessary improvement at Squires Gate Holiday Camp next year should this venue be chosen again.

The first effort to popularise this venue in 1952 was commendable and I went this year expecting a high standard of organisation, only to be disappointed.

This year's championships were badly planned and loose ends hung untidily.

The competitor's portion of the entry form stated, A :—"The tournament will be held in ideal conditions." How far from the truth this was. Imagine a spacious arena housing 14 tables without any "surrounds" whatever. Consequently, players were continually chasing the ball any distance up to 15 yards, and the number of "lets" called throughout the hours of play because of crossing balls must have been astronomical.

One table faced a revolving door through which people were for ever moving and through the windows of which the natural light kept hitting the eye. There were far

too many "pockets" of shadows and the atmosphere was cold.

B :—"Restaurant and Running Buffet at reasonable prices." Fourpence for a cup of tea was considered reasonable, but what mattered most was that last year the Running Buffet was in the playing arena. On this occasion it was outside the building and no communication from the Control had been arranged.

C :—"Regulations (which will be strictly enforced)." Reg. 4 reads, "Players must wear rubber shoes and E.T.T.A. recommended dress and are prohibited from wearing white or light-coloured clothing which, in the opinion of the referee, tends to unsight an opponent." There were many flagrant violations.

D :—"Regulation 5 reads, "Competitors residing over 25 miles from Blackpool will be excused until 10-30 a.m. All other Competitors must be ready to play at 9-30 a.m."

A TRAVESTY

What a travesty of fact. I'll cite just one case. An ordinary league player arrived at 10-30 a.m. and discovered he was due to

Continued in Col. 1 opposite

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WE consider this item to be of major interest to all players and reproduce below an extract from the Foreword to the book, which is written by VICTOR BARNA.

Table Tennis Quiz is quite different from any other table tennis book. In my opinion it is most interesting and extremely instructive. The rules of table tennis may not be so complicated as with some other sports—nevertheless they are not so simple as all that.

Many years ago when the game was in its infancy anybody who could count up to 30 could act as umpire. It is different now. The International Table Tennis Federation is making new rules year after year and some of them are really complicated. I must confess that one of them, concerning a drawn game in a time limit match, even puzzles me.

Reading this book you can gain a wealth of information and, if you are a lover of the game, then you will really enjoy it.

PRICE : ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

LANCASHIRE OPEN *Continued from page 30*

play a Yorkshire international. He did so at 2 p.m. I've other examples up my sleeve if required.

E :—"Regulation 11. "The Committee reserve the right to restrict or refuse entries and to cancel any event." Agreed, but the abandonment of the Mixed Doubles event was a bad reflection on the organisers.

I make these criticisms in the friendliest possible manner with a view to throwing light on faults which must be remedied. That reminds me. There were lights everywhere except in the eerie ice-cold sandstone caves where the men changed. Nobody knew the switch which controlled the lighting, consequently in the chaos, you were liable to don anybody's shirt and trousers except your own.

Strangely, I enjoyed my day out. Perhaps it is because I have a sense of humour.

Results :— Men's Singles, Semi-finals :— R. HINCHCLIFFE (Yorks) beat R. Alcock (Lancs), 14—21, 21—11, 23—21. B. KENNEDY (Yorks) beat R. Baker (Lancs), 14—21, 21—15, 21—10. Final, R. HINCHCLIFFE beat B. Kennedy, 21—17, 21—17.

Ladies' Singles, Final :—ADELE WOOD (Lancs) beat Eileen Grimstone (Ches.), 21—12, 21—6.

Men's Doubles, Final :—B. KENNEDY/C. BOOTH beat B. Casofsky/K. Stanley, 21—14, 21—18.

Women's Doubles, Final :—Mrs. CUMBERBACH/J. McKAY beat J. Preston/P. Heppell, 21—19, 21—11.

Veterans' Singles :—J. HOLMES (Burnley) beat J. Heston (Burnley), 21—17, 21—12.

Boys' Singles—Winner :—G. PULLAR (Manchester).

Girls' Singles—Winner :—J. PRESTON (Huddersfield).

J. E. NEILL

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ENGLISH OPEN *Continued from page 24*

which the Bolton youngster dared to send through.

Booth ended by sending two of his services into the net—final indication of his dejection at such a quick and inglorious exit. Arndt did the same with another of our junior internationals, Roy Morley of Gloucester, who went down 21—18, 21—17 in the semi-final.

A great event for Germany.

HERE AND THERE *Continued from page 19*

At sporadic intervals the Press favours the public with a shot of a T.T. player in action. Such photographs, with few exceptions, take two forms. In Form One, players are seen apparently executing strokes with both legs off the ground or posturing in acrobatic positions in a way one never sees, or ever will see, in a match or even exhibition. In Form Two, the subject is a girl, generally one of ample proportions where ample proportions have a devastating effect on males, and posed in a way emphasising she is a generously-endowed female. Photographs as favoured by the general Press are, in short, either ridiculous or sexy and to my way of thinking do precious little to further the interests of the game or its exponents.

It is Spring, tra-la-la, so we may expect the usual outpourings on the question: To play or not to play during the close season. Despite the assertions of some leading experts that practice should be continued throughout the summer, I maintain young people should forget the game entirely and get cracking on outdoor pastimes and take every chance to fill their lungs with good, clean air. Anyone who

nominates of his own free will to stay in stuffy basements or dusty halls after the sort of filthy winters we suffer, must be nuts, keen T.T. addict or not. Get out and about, boys and girls, and let green fields take priority over green tables. Health is precious beyond an improved backhand, medals, and even (Oh, blasphemy!) an England badge.

You've all read about the Association's schemes to raise money for next year's bumper and inevitably very expensive World Championships at Wembley, London. Included in the money-making ideas are tournaments for every club in the country, with handsome, inscribed plaques donated by the Association for winners. This is a magnificent opportunity for everyone, international and rabbit alike, not only to help in a real way to make the 1954 get-together of T.T. nations a truly outstanding affair, but to win a prize worth having. If your club hasn't started to plan a special tournament, badger your officials to get cracking...and keep on pestering until you get your way. But no club with a vestige of pride in England's prestige should need to be nagged to give a helping hand, should it?

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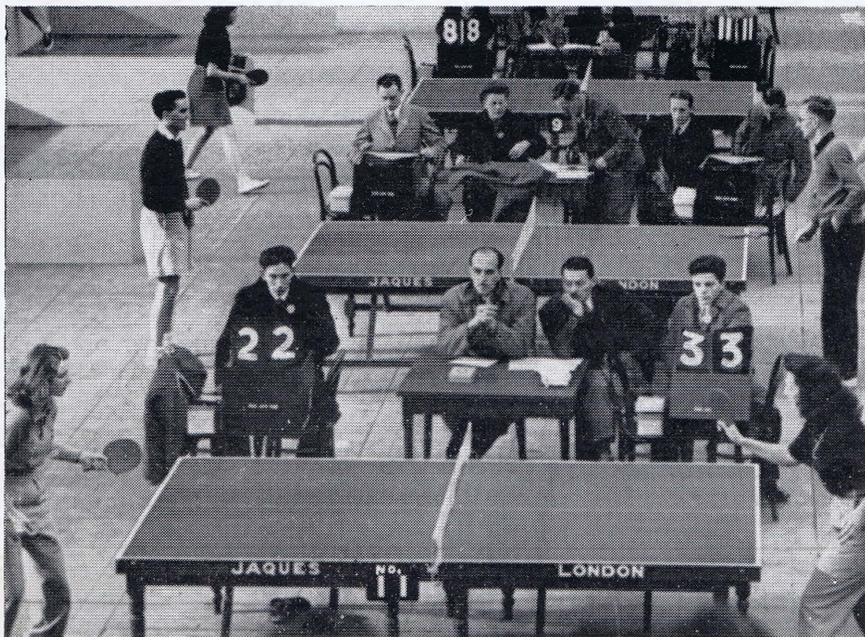
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