

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION AND COVERAGE

# Table Tennis *Review*



Vol. 8 No. 1  
AUTUMN ISSUE 1953 1/-

Founded by  
ARTHUR WAITE  
Ex-International

## TIP-TOP TOPICS

ON

## TABLE TENNIS

WORLD'S STARS  
CONTRIBUTE

NEWS • VIEWS  
HINTS on PLAY

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NEWS

Cover Portrait:  
ROSALIND ROWE  
in action in  
MELBOURNE





Attack...

BY  
**JOHNNY LEACH**  
WORLD CHAMPION  
1948-9, 1950-1

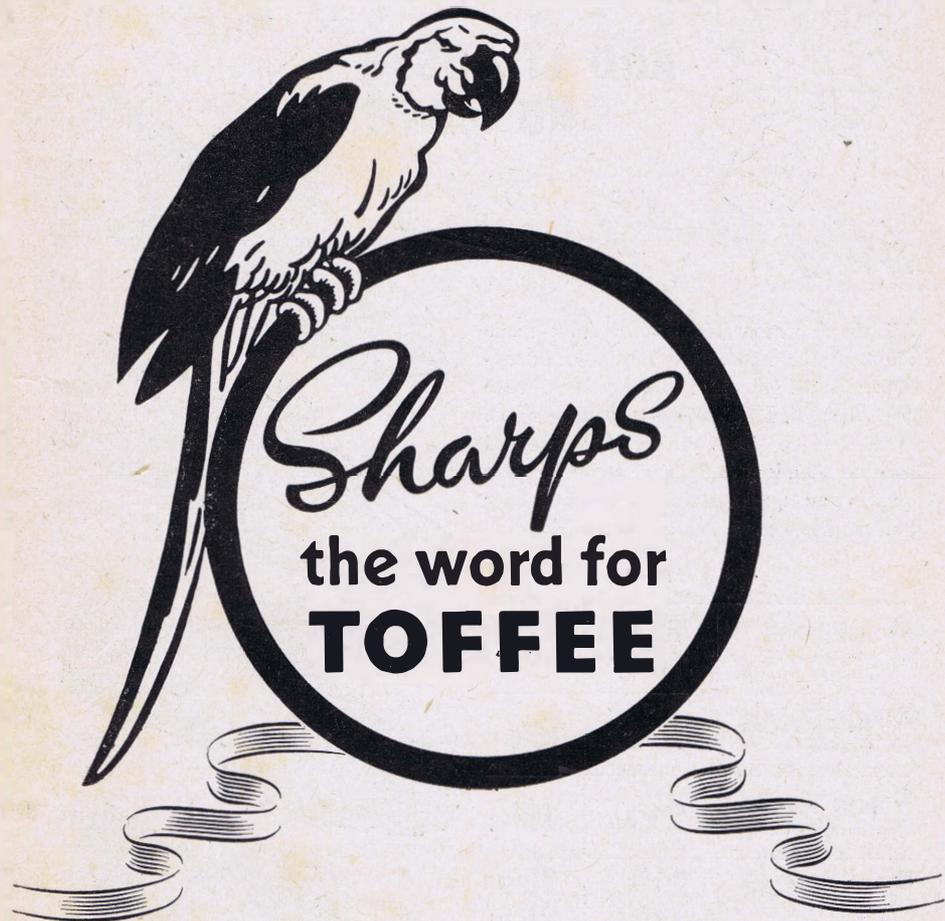
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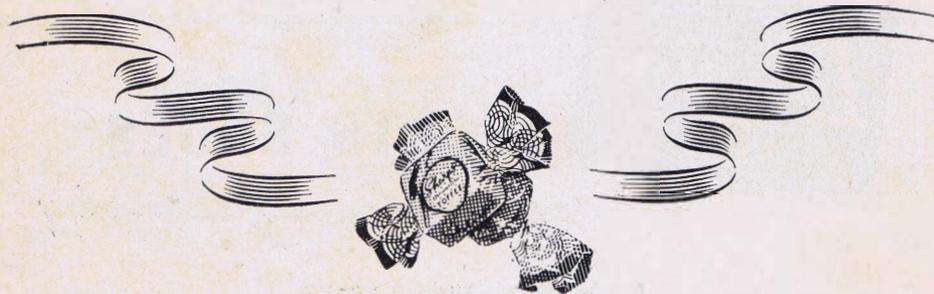
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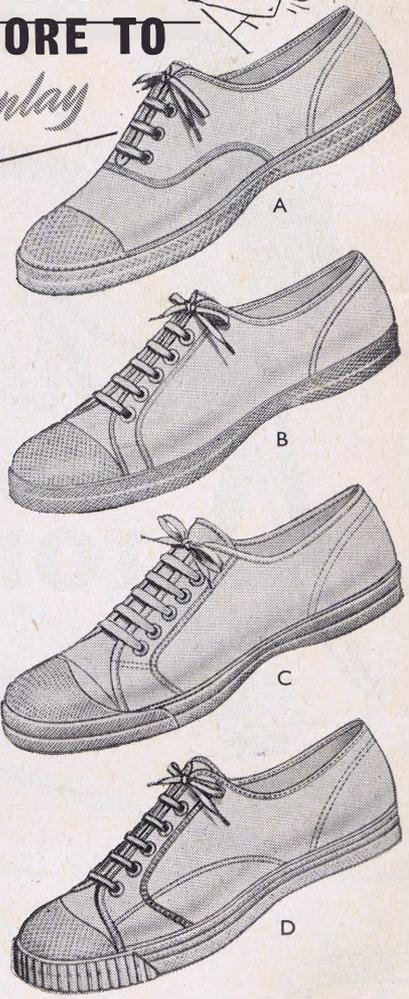
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# TABLE TENNIS

## Review

VOLUME 8  
No. 1

AUTUMN ISSUE  
1953

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

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**W**ELL here we are on the threshold of a new season with all its hopes and, unfortunately, its inevitable disappointments. Last year we "swiped" the Swaythling Cup; now it is up to us to produce the players to keep it and, what's more, to nail some of the honours in the World Championships at Wembley.

No one can say with certainty what the season holds in store for us, but providing we show the right fighting spirit and become even better winners than we are losers, then there could be a few world trophies adorning a few sideboards before long.

These, however, are the provinces of champions; the pillars of the game are the hard-working officials and those enthusiasts who play "just for the fun of it." To you we say "keep on plugging away, the game cannot live without you."

And finally, "Table Tennis Review" seeks to serve the best interests of the game as a whole. We will do our utmost to give you the brightest and best world-wide Table Tennis news, but we too cannot manage without you. We ask for items of interest about your club, your players and your experiences. Please let us have them, briefly and to the point. We will use them to the fullest extent that space permits. If you have any "beefs" tell us about them, we will do our best to bring them to light. If you have any bright ideas that will lead to increased efficiency in administration, get them off your chest. We will give them the publicity they warrant, but remember, state your case clearly and concisely...that's all we ask.

So good luck, hard hitting, and no "edgers" against you.

The Editor.

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by **ARTHUR WAITE**

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# GET THE BIG MATCH TEMPERAMENT

Do the "butterflies" congregate in **YOUR** stomach as you wait for your turn at the table . . . or are you ice-cold and ready for anything? If you come into the latter category you are lucky . . . if you don't, this first article in a series by an ex-England International will be of a paramount interest. And so will those which follow in future issues.

**D**URING my summer holiday I asked a rather nervous and elderly lady if she would oblige by using my camera and taking a snap of our family group. One would have thought I had asked her to dive off the top board at the swimming pool. "I can't take photographs," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "I will be scared of spoiling it." I replied that that wouldn't be anything to worry about and I would take a chance. She took the photograph and when the print did come out there was that tell-tale dither of the hand. Of course it was partly my own fault. I should have had the group ready arranged so that she wouldn't have had to wait so long holding the camera and building up her state of tension.

It's just the same in sport, isn't it? You don't expect to go on and play in that vital cup match for at least another three events, then suddenly and unexpectedly the captain shouts out your name and before you have time to bring on self-induced tension, you are serving; the game is on and you are then too occupied to think about nerves.

Perhaps you consider yourself not the type likely to get strung up over an on-coming event, but keep on reading. If you are not inclined to nervous tension then it is probably you are a leading player (well you should be, anyway), and as a leading player you probably do a little coaching now and then. As a coach, here is a department of the game which perhaps you rarely touch upon. So many coaches think of nothing but stroke play. They teach their pupils how to perfect a back-hand, then when the pupil plays in a match they see him in such a grip of nervous tension he just daren't try it out. Which all goes to prove that a good coach **MUST** be something of a psychologist.

## THE HANDICAP OF NERVES

This coming season thousands of players will take part in open tournaments and other competitive events. And almost as many thousands will have their play seriously affected by their own state of nerves. They will be amazed and dejected to see how far their competitive game

differs from the game they display in their own familiar club-room. To some it will be simple to diagnose the trouble. Others will argue that they never feel nervous. . . . no, perhaps they don't have "nerves" as they know it, but how much un-noticed nervous tension is present?

## DELAYED MESSAGES

Do you know some of the things nervous tension can do? And you get a certain amount of tension whether you are prepared to admit it or not, and that goes for you too Richard and Johnnie! Tension slows down your reflex action. That is to say when the ball falls short near to the net your brain flashes out a message for you to spring forward. That message is delayed just a fraction of a second if nerve and muscle tensions are present.

And do you know that tensed nerves burn up a colossal amount of energy. You can sit down all night in a state of high tension waiting to be called upon to play, and then perhaps for some reason you do not have to play at all. Such a thing does happen sometimes, yet you note with surprise that you feel more tired and weary than if you had played all evening.

Then obviously nervous tension decreases your concentration efficiency. In between serves and games some players are continually worrying about their own jittery state, and maybe they are just over-anxious about whether they are going to win or not. Their arms and legs are playing Table Tennis but their mind is only half-present.

Some folks are great believers in auto-suggestion, that great mystical force by which means they claim you are able to reach the equally mystical sub-conscious mind and make it your slave, so turning yourself into a kind of Captain Marvel. I can't see it myself. If I say to myself a score of times, "I WILL put up a good game against Leach," it does not naturally follow that I cannot fail to play well. Some folk even carry their faith in auto-suggestion still further. Before a match they keep repeating to themselves, "I WILL win! I WILL win!" Phooey! If that sort of thing worked then everyone would be

doing it. . . . then who would lose?

I believe that auto-suggestion is a complete flop, at least in Table Tennis. Because why? Because you are focusing attention on your weakness and making yourself more and more conscious of it, resulting in the inevitable mounting tension.

Well, is there an answer? Is it possible to improve a player's match temperament. Is it possible to cast off the jitters? Yes, it most certainly is possible to decrease your nervous tension. With some people it is possible to decrease tension to a negligible amount, but with others only a slight lessening of tension can be brought about. It all depends on the individual.

I propose in this new series of articles to show you how you can improve the psychological department of your game, bringing about a far better performance and more pleasure from your sport.

## WHY WAIT?

But even players with the worst of match temperaments will one day shed their nerves almost completely. During my own hey-day I think as an exhibition player I was among the best in the country, but put me in a tournament against class players and I became just about 50% of the player I was. Now I have reached (just) the veteran stage and it doesn't matter to me any more whether I lose to Bill Jones or not. I can play in a competitive match

with just the normal, natural amount of tension. I am now getting more fun out of the game. . . . and what is more, friends I used to know tell me I am playing far better. Of course I am. . . . well, for a couple of games, anyway! And that is one reason why I believe that the ex-Manchester Swaythling Cup player, Andy Millar, could make lots of people take notice of his come-back. . . . if he has the enthusiasm.

But why wait until you near the forty mark and your staying-power has fallen, before you acquire big-match temperament? There is quite a lot you can do about it NOW. You can obtain better results without adding one stroke to your game and without doing anything to perfect your present strokes.

After nearly thirty years of Table Tennis, I now know how I might have won far more honours than I did. By the time you are nearing the veteran stage you will have the same knowledge. But why wait? Meet me in the next issue of *Table Tennis Review* and we'll have a further chat. An order with your newsagent, or better still, completion of the Subscription form, will make certain you don't miss me. Failing that, you can obtain the same information from a three-guinea visit to a psychologist! Take your pick.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR WINTER ISSUE)

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# TIP-TOP TOPICS

Arthur Waite, ex-international and ex-Editor-Publisher of *Table Tennis Review*, is still very much active in the world of Table Tennis. At the time of going to press he is busy trying to bring into being a new Table Tennis league. The busy city of Salford, which adjoins Manchester, has for twenty-five years provided Manchester with some of its leading players, including internationals, yet Salford has never been able to boast a league of its own. If the plans of Arthur Waite succeed, this state of affairs will soon be altered, and maybe the Wilmot Cup and Rose Bowl events will see in the draw a new name whose players will command respect.

Way out in Brazil the fever for "Sato-Sponge-Covered-Bats" is at its height. Many top class-players are determined to give this type of bat a fair trial, but up to the present opinions are mixed. Some are quite happy with the change-over, while others are becoming increasingly disappointed and feel it is not the wonder-bat they had hoped for.

At first the sponge bat caused quite a sensation in Brazil, but eventually players became more accustomed to playing against it and now it does not cause the better-class players much concern. In the final of the Rio de Janeiro championships the contestants were Ivan and Hugo Severe, and both used the sponge-covered bat. The match was a dull, ping-pong sort of affair with no thrills for the spectators. Everyone was of the view that both these players performed much better with ordinary rubber facings. Hugo Severe was the winner of the event, but it was quite obvious that the sponge-rubber had taken the sting out of the furious attacking play of Ivan.

Lancashire officials are keeping their fingers crossed over the English Open which is to be held at Belle Vue, Manchester, on November 9th to 13th inclusive. The last time this event was held at Belle Vue it was a financial flop. Few people were drawn to the King's Hall on finals nights. The only item that made a worthwhile profit was the Programme which was printed at a cut figure by the *Table Tennis Review* printers. Let down at the last moment by one firm of printers the *Review* stepped in and helped to make at least one item a financial success. But then the flop was no fault of the organisers. A considerable amount was spent on advertising and all the very best international stars were

there, including Vana, Andreadis, Farkas, Sido, Koczian, Bergmann, Leach, Barna, etc.

It was just one of those failures that could not be accounted for.....

During July and August the two Yugoslav stars Harangoza and Dolinar made a tour of Argentine and Chile. This was the first time since 1938 that European Table Tennis players had visited South America and during that year the famous Hungarian pair Szabados and Kelen were the guests of honour.

In Argentine they trounced everyone they met, beating players like Cosentine, Tafure, Rozmanich and Roseschick without ever allowing their opponents to pass the score of 12. But over in Chile there was a different story to tell.

Although Brazilian Table Tennis is of a good standard, the really top-class players of the South American continent are to be found in Chile, whose players hold six out of the eight S.A. Championship titles. And so it was in Chile that Harangoza and Dolinar had to fight all the way, the latter being twice beaten.

It was the fast, pen-holder attacking player Raul Riveros who took the first win out of Dolinar, the scores being 21-16, 16-21, 21-18. This was a popular win for more reasons than one. Riveros is 44 years of age and for almost fifteen years he has been one of South America's leading exponents.

A real thrill came for the crowd when the 17-year-old pen-holder player, Manuel Gonzalez crashed down Dolinar for 21-11 and 21-13. Later the same evening he defeated Raul Riveros by the amazing scores of 21-7, 21-5, and carried on with another sweeping victory over Hugo Gozalez, 21-8 and 21-3. In South America Manuel Gonzalez is regarded as something of a wonder boy and they look upon him as a real threat to the world's best pen-holder players from Japan and Hong Kong. Had Gonzalez been able to defeat Harangoza then his name really would have gone up in lights, but against the No. 1 Yugoslav he could do little. Harangoza's defence was truly amazing and the crowd was treated to thrill after thrill.

The result of the International event was : No. 1 V. Harangoza, No. 2 Manuel Gonzalez, No. 3 Z. Dolinar and R. Riveros, No. 5 H. Gozalez.

## Liverpool & District League

The League's popular General Secretary, Mr. Billie Stamp, almost fully recovered in health, will be happy in the knowledge that progress is evident at the start of yet another season under his leadership.

Last season the League establishment was four premier Men's Divisions, two Ladies' and five Regional Divisions, with a grand total of 132 teams and 1,024 registered players.

This season the total number of Leagues has increased by one, making twelve and the registered players approximately 1,100.

One astonishing revelation, however, is a decrease in the number of women players and several clubs have sent out S.O.S. calls through the local press for experienced women players.

There is also evidence of players changing clubs, which will enhance some teams' prospects, and prove detrimental to their old loves.

An interesting point, worthy of note, is that the famous Merseyside Tournament finals revert to the Picton Hall, which in days gone by was graced by our own incomparable Ken Hyde, and the greatest of them all, Victor Barna.

Here is a word of encouragement to young players of either sex. The door is wide open for those who have the will to persevere to make the necessary standard and who are genuinely ambitious to gain honours.

The present standard by the men, who have gained City honours, is by no measure one that gives hope for County representation. With the ladies, who have done so well for our city, I lead with my chin, by daring to say "They grow old and their stars are on the wane."

Opportunity presents itself to youth and we look to the youngsters to put the city back in the picture.

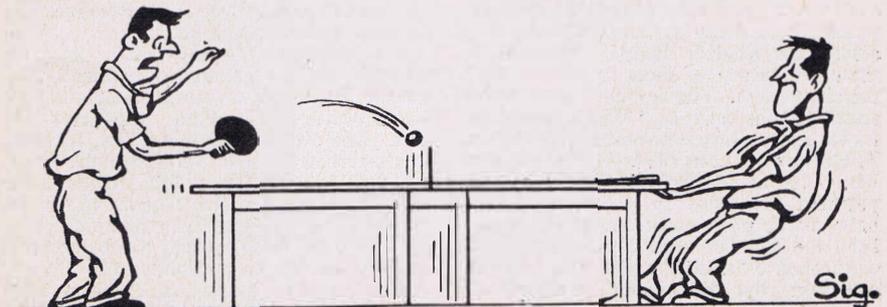
J.E.N.

## MANCHESTER PLAYERS' COME-BACK

Taking part in Manchester League activities once again will be ex-internationals Andy Millar and George Goodman. Goodman was a non-stylist and an unspectacular close-to-the-table player, but always difficult to beat. He once played Richard Bergmann in a friendly challenge match (there may have been a box of eggs at stake!) and the match went the full distance of two games all and twenty-all in the decider. Bergmann just scraped in the winner after a thrilling game of "ping-pong."

On the other hand Andy Millar was a most delightful player to watch, playing during the hey-day of that pocket-sized Barna, Hymie Lurie. Millar had all the shots in the book and a few more besides. Some of his fans at one time claimed that in exhibition games he was the most perfect Table Tennis player in the world. And that was Andy's trouble. He just had no match temperament. Maybe he is the only Swaythling Cup player who never won an open tournament, although during the war he did win All-India Championships in Bombay.

Time and again the English selection committee chose him to take part in world events, first putting their faith in him when he was fifteen, but he never acquired that fighting spirit which could easily have made him a world champion. Now he is taking part in Manchester League activities once again after a lapse of a few years. Once again he will battle on the green table with such old rivals as Casofsky, Cohen, Cromwell and will meet Manchester's present-day stars like Ronnie Allcock and Ronnie Baker. It is more than likely that Andy will now find he has a much better big-game temperament. People have forgotten him and he has no prestige to defend. That fact alone will have a tremendous psychological effect on his performances. He can now play the game for sheer enjoyment.



# WHO STARTED T.T.?

THE origins of Table Tennis seem to be as diverse and varied as there are strokes in the game itself, and for those who like to think that Table Tennis had its beginnings in the more remote eras of history, theorists can offer three tempting suggestions.

First, that the Syrians or Persians played a form of the game, using air-filled bladders and sticks. Then there is the Japanese claim, which suggests that the clever little Japs originated the game over 2,000 years ago, and that it bore a name that sounded like "Pom-pom." The third, and most colourful of these ancient origins is that the North American Red Indians whacked away at feather-type shuttlecocks with bats of deerskin stretched over wooden frames.

But perhaps you prefer a more recent origin, one that is less easily disputed? Then, what about the French theory, or *Jeu de Paume*, wherein some etymologists claim that the word "Paume" means "palm," inferring that the ball was hit with the palm. I hate to undermine this contention, but *Jeu de Paume*, since the 14th century at least, has been played with a racket.

Another two theories are that: (a) A British army officer in India created it, and (b) A British army officer in South Africa brought the game into existence before the Boer War.

## AMERICAN THEORY

Of course, we cannot overlook the American theory. For a nation so young in history, their claims are legion. Yes, they even claim the origin of Table Tennis. The date: 1890, or thereabouts. The locality: New England. They say that it was played with small rackets or battle-dores, and a firm, light web-covered ball. The American theory grants an Englishman the credit for suggesting celluloid balls, though the nearest concession to immortality their historians allow him is the comment: "it was an English clergyman."

But for the truly patriotic souls, there is always the English theory. Fortunately, there are plenty of facts to place before the challengers. The first catalogue, which advertised the game as "Miniature Indoor Lawn Tennis," was published by Messrs. F. H. Ayres Ltd., in 1884. Five years later, Mr. Charles Barter of Gloucestershire patented the game as played with cork balls, clamp posts and rectangular wooden bats, the latter covered with bookbinders' cloth to give 'a twist to the ball.' (You can stun your disclaimers by reeling off the patent number, which is 19070).

Two other Englishmen can honestly claim to support the English theory, in such a way that other theories pale into insignificance beside it. The first is famous sportsman James Gibb, who developed the cork-ball game in the bosom of his family and who, on a business trip to the U.S.A., bought some toy celluloid balls and took them home to use them for his game. (This fact repudiates the American theory's claim of the English clergyman, for by profession Mr. Gibb was an engineer).

## USEFUL SLOGAN

The versatile Mr. Gibb also coined the phrase "Ping-Pong," which he used mockingly while watching a couple of "stone-wallers." He offered the name to his neighbour, John Jaques, who promptly used it as a useful slogan on his equipment sets, calling them: "Ping-pong or Gossima." Incidentally, Messrs. Jaques patented the name "Ping-Pong" in 1900. But a year or so afterwards they sold the U.S. rights to Parker Brothers of Massachusetts. This was probably the most impressive occasion of England really 'putting it across' the Yanks, in selling them a name that is now used entirely in a derisive sense.

The other Englishman of stature in confirmation of the English theory is Mr. Goode, who lived in Putney. In 1902-3 he was a contestant in the great Ping-Pong tournament held in what was then the Royal Aquarium at Westminster. On the Saturday before the tournament, he left his office with a nasty headache. Calling in the local chemist's, he walked up to the glass counter and his eye fastened on the cash-mat. Something clicked in his brain and he went home with the mat as part of his purchases. Then, he cut down the unduly elevated rubber-spikes and pasted the rubber mat on to his bat (until this time, of course, bat surfaces were of wood, sandpaper or vellum) and practised over the weekend, until he had developed a capable backhand flick stroke.

His subsequent 'top-spin' progress through the Ping-Pong tournament was unique in its devastating effect on the straight-hitting Ping-Pong opponents he met. And he certainly met a few, because it is recorded that the tournament attracted a record entry of nearly 300. In the final, Mr. Goode of the rubber-studded bat made the then English Ping-Pong champion, Mr. A. C. Parker, wish he had taken up golf. Mr. Goode won by 50 points to 3.

Well, there are a few facts . . . now take your choice. **S.P.**

## THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

More than 50 years ago young John Mitchell of Ponteland, N. Ireland, fell for the attractions of Table Tennis. Looking back down the years he realises just what enjoyment he got, and still gets from the game, and tells all about it in this letter to the Editor.

*You, Mr. Editor, ask for early recollections and memories of Table Tennis. Well, still an active player, mine go back to its early days, when, passing down the gaslit street on a winter's evening, over fifty years ago, one heard from the gaslighted parlours the "ping-pong, ping, ping, pong" of that new and exciting game, so self-named, accompanied by shouts of laughter.*

*It was played with a sort of oval-shaped, long-handled, two-sided tambourine, and when the stroke became deadened through slackening of the air within the parchment, the weapon was tautened by warming in front of the glowing fire.*

*Service was then as in tennis, right across the net to the far court. And play was so leisurely—attack just spoiled the game—that players sometimes even lined themselves threes or fours at each end of the table, the first player serving and dropping the racket for the next player to pick up and strike, the whole line rushing round the table in turn to play.*

*Then with the parchment racket being found unsuitable for the fast developing play—although the name, alas, still persists—it was found that wooden bats were more effective, by which time it was inevitable that fast services direct were unplayable, so the present service came in.*

*And now, spin, twist and slice. So the bats were faced with sandpaper, forerunner of the present-day more effective rubber facings. "Barna flicks" were still in the future, for was Barna then with us? One recalls the stimulus given to the game by Barna and the brilliant Bellak, as well as that of our own fast improving English players.*

*From then on its developing history is more or less common knowledge, but one reviews with pleasure the progressive history of our present-day thrilling and energetic game from those pleasant and enjoyable social nights of "ping-pong."*

## LOOK OUT, LADS!

To develop the play of members of their Rose Bowl team, the South London T.T. League are allowing three ladies to play as a team in the first division of the men's section.

Jean Winn, Jill Rook and Pamela Gall are all members of the West Norwood club who played in South London's Rose Bowl team last year, and it is hoped that meeting opposition like Jackie Head, Harry Venner and Ron Craydon—winners of the Wilmott Shield for South London four years in succession—will improve their play considerably.

As a fourth Rose Bowl player, Betty Durrant, is also a West Norwood member, the team will now be able to work out tactics together throughout the season instead of doing so just prior to a competition.

This new venture is undoubtedly part of a plan to give the girls the best possible chance of bringing the Rose Bowl to South London—it was originally presented as a national trophy by a member of the League.



"He's not so hot . . . you can beat him easily by playing on his backhand"

## WINTER ISSUE

OF

"TABLE TENNIS REVIEW"  
WILL BE ON SALE **DEC. 21st**

# DOWN THE WHITE LINE

by "Gossima"

**E**RNIE Buble has undertaken a venture which, if it comes off, may net the Association several hundreds of pounds for the World Series kitty. The planned venture is a Sunday concert to be staged in a leading West End theatre, possibly the Victoria Palace. Ernie, who is in the preliminary stages of organising the concert, is confident that he can obtain the services of enough top-line stars to sell out the house.

The ex-England No. 1 is no newcomer to the theatre, either boards or backstage. As a child violinist ("the only player who wears a glove"), he appeared in many a hall with the late Sir Harry Lauder and has since performed at hundreds of concerts. During the past few years, he and his brother, Eddie, have raised some £10,000 for various charities with their shows. Let's hope the proposed undertaking becomes fact and is a rattling success. If it is it'll do much to relieve the outside financial headache currently being suffered, albeit voluntarily and with stout heart, by E.T.T.A. officials.

Within the space of a couple of weeks, two well-known players have complained that there are too many open tournaments. These, combined with league and representative games, they aver, cut into their spare time and whittle down home and social activities to a serious degree. The opinion I offered in both cases was the obvious one that no player is compelled to enter any tournament, and that he (or she) is at liberty to choose between T.T. and private life. To which came the protest that if they cut down their "open" appearances they may be disregarded when honours are allocated. Maybe and maybe not. But neither they, nor anyone else, can have it all ways. In any case, I really don't see that a top-class performer of known ability is going to suffer because his face isn't around at every tournament. How many average English tournaments per season, for example, do Bergmann and Leach enter?

Betty Isaacs, 18-year-old London girl who put up fine performances in reaching the quarter-finals of the last English Open

and the semi-finals of the more recent Home Counties Championship, is a youngster to keep an eye on. Betty, who looks remarkably like a miniature Joyce Roberts, has a devastating forehand kill, is very fast on her feet and in recovery, and has bags of fighting heart. I offer her the advice that she work hard to strengthen her backhand, which, so it seems to me, is the weak link likely to prevent her attaining top status and honours.

Yet again I take up the cudgels on behalf of my literary "foe," Tony Miller, by reminding selectors that they are way behind in awarding him his international badge. Last season Tony had an "open" record which proved him one of the country's six leading players. His reward—if such it may be called—was to be selected as reserve for a match against the by no means strong Scotland and to be named as a non-travelling reserve to the Swaythling Cup side. The Surrey lad has worked hard, long and conscientiously for honours—and has earned 'em by his success at the table. What has he got to do to obtain recognition—win the World title six years in succession?

Here's a loser I like. On holiday (pardon me while I shed a furtive tear!) I witnessed a knock-out tournament game between an obviously experienced club player and an equally obvious green ping-pong dilettante. All the latter gent could do most of the time was stand and watch the ball whizz by him on either wing. The victim was smashed to grinding defeat in record time. Yet as he left the table he grinned cheerfully at sympathetic onlookers and remarked, "That's the first time I've seen table tennis in 3-D!" Now you know why I like him.

Someone, it seems, dropped a minor and somewhat humorous clanger over the trials for the Maccabi Games in Israel. Top of the girls among final trialists was, as reported, Wendy Bates, 16-year-old Brighton girl. It so happened, unfortunately, that restricted funds permitted only two men to travel to the Games; but had

## IRISH GLEANINGS STIFFER FIGHT FOR ULSTER

**F**IRST representative games of the 1953/54 season will be the Inter-Provincial matches, arranged for the back end of November, when the Four Provinces will meet at one venue, arranged by the Leinster Province, to decide the destination of the season's championship. Play will take place on a Friday night, the Saturday afternoon and evening, when the big match of the tournament will probably be between Ulster and Leinster.

Teams of six will include two ladies, the events being Men's and Women's singles and doubles, and although the programmes will be long and strenuous, performances will serve as a guide to International Selectors.

Ulster are the present champions, but having held the title for a number of years they will now have to face stiffer opposition.

Belfast and District League games begin at the end of October, and under the secretaryship of Mr. Sam Cohen, who has worked very hard to raise the League to its present status. Leinster League for Dublin and District teams will also begin normal operations very soon, and with other organisations getting down to serious business competitive play should be in full swing all over the country before long.

Over the past few seasons four or five players have dominated the Irish scene, but they are now approaching the veteran stage, and a number of promising youngsters are waiting to step into the limelight. Those that come immediately to mind are G. Holden of Dublin, not yet eighteen, but an intelligent player, with a steady game. He is the present Irish and Ulster Boy 'Open' champion.

M. Behan, also from Dublin, is a strong attacker on both wings and gave Holden a stern fight in last year's Ulster 'Open' final. E. Allen of Belfast, who at seventeen represented his country at the Budapest World Championships, has not yet fulfilled his early promise but has every prospect of becoming one of Ireland's outstanding players. He possesses all the requisites for the job...temperament and lovely stroke play.

Among the ladies, Margaret Lyons of Rostrevor, Co. Down, looks to be the brightest star material discovered for some

*Continued at foot of previous column*

more cash been available Wendy would have made the trip—and thus been the only non-Jewish participant in the world event organised for Jewish athletes. How did she almost achieve this feat? She is a member of the Brighton Maccabi Club, whose membership form apparently does not require an applicant to specify religion. When trials began she was named as a candidate, and as such performed outstandingly, good little 'un that she is. The result was, as we know, that she almost went to Israel.

Apparently Brighton officials took it for granted that the young lady was Jewish, and the national selectors naturally assumed that since she was a Maccabi Club member and nominee she must be Jewish. Thus the comedy of errors. I wonder what would have happened had Wendy scooped honours at the Games?

T.T. is one of the sports embraced in the newly instituted Indian Government coaching scheme to encourage and foster athletic pastimes. And the coach they sought to give youngsters the Table Tennis know-how was Alec Brook, who has, as we all know, quite an international reputation as a tutor. Terms offered him for a six months' stay in India were handsome—free air travel both ways, first-class hotel and expenses paid, £20 a week and £100 a month bonus. But Alec, with a very busy sports equipment business on his hands, had very reluctantly to turn the offer down. Sighed the old Swaythling Cup stalwart: "It's almost criminal to refuse such a trip." There are many amongst us who agree with him!

time. A beautiful stylist, she reached the final of the Irish 'Open' last year, defeating Ireland No. 1, Miss D. Fearon. More practice against top flight opposition should see her hitting the high spots this season.

Provisional dates for the majority of the major tournaments have now been arranged. They are:—

- Nov. 13/14, Co. Down Open (at Bangor).
  - Dec. 4/5, Co. Antrim Open (at Ballymena).
  - Dec. 11/12, Irish Close (at Warrenpoint).
  - Jan. 15/16, Mid-Ulster Open (at Cookstown).
  - Feb. 12/13, Munster Open (at Cork).
  - March 5/6, North of Ireland Open (at Londonderry).
  - Mar. 12/13, Connaught Open (at Galway).
  - Mar. 19/20, Co. Armagh Open (at Armagh).
  - Mar. 26/27, Irish Open (at Limerick).
  - April 9/10, North-West Open (at Strabane).
  - April 23/24, Leinster Open (at Dublin).
- Date for the Ulster Open at Belfast has yet to be arranged.

# WEST of SCOTLAND JOTTINGS

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WILL

## GLASGOW CENTRAL REIGN SUPREME?

—by G. R. WALKER, Junr.—

SECRETARY Wm. Bennet tells me there will be one division fewer in the West of Scotland League next season, the format being as follows:—

**MEN.** Division I, II, III, IV (A), (B), (C) and (D), V (A), (B), (C) and (D).

The old VI Division is discontinued, and although some 156 players will represent 75 different clubs, there seems no reason why the supremacy of Glasgow Central Y.M.C.A., Division I champions and holders of the Maxwell Wilson Cup, should be upset in the coming season.

❖ ❖

Hamilton "A," last season's runners-up, will be without international John Braithwaite and will find their challenge hard to maintain.

❖ ❖

Possible "dark-horse" in this division may be the newly formed Maccabi-Jewish Institute Club, which is an amalgamation of the Maccabi and the Jewish Institute. Both these clubs had fine records, but have fallen away in recent years. By the amalgamation, international Monty McMillan joins forces with Harry Stone of the Jewish Institute. With a steady "third man" this pair could easily cause a major upset.

❖ ❖

Returning to Division I this season is the University Union "A" team. I doubt if they have the necessary poise to stay there. Division I demands that vital something over and above sheer playing ability; the University will meet many "old heads" who will not topple easily. However, the students have fought their way back to the major division in commendable fashion. They have youth and stamina on their side, and may easily provide some surprises.

### CALENDAR

West of Scotland Confined Championship, Palace of Arts, Mid-November.

Scotland v. England, Govan Town Hall, Glasgow, December 2nd, 1953.

West of Scotland Open Championship, Palace of Arts, Saturday and Sunday, January 30th/31st, 1954.

No other major dates available yet.

### INTERNATIONAL FRONT

The loss of Braithwaite (Hamilton) and McCandlish (Glasgow) to the Forces may be compensated by the return of Alan Glass (Hamilton). Glass is no newcomer to top-class Table Tennis, but may be out of practice. He is infallible in defence, has a sound attack, and his cool head might easily provide the stability which has been lacking in the youthful Scottish side.

McMillan was never really fit last season and though call-up time approaches, should still be here in December. Here's strength to your arm and health to that ankle, Monty.

For the rest, the dynamic Kerr (Edinburgh) and dour Still (Glasgow) improved with every outing last season and should give some polished displays this winter.

For the girls, Helen Elliot remains as much of an institution as Edinburgh Castle and we are just as proud of her. Nevertheless we are in a state of flux about our best second-string. Our hopes are likely to be pinned to either Mrs. Cababi (Edinburgh) or Mrs. Hawkins (Glasgow).

## JOHN SOMAEL WINS NEW YORK "OPEN"

AT the New York State Open, held on August 29th and 30th, at the Broadway Table Tennis Courts in New York City, John Somael defeated Lou Pagliaro in the final of the Men's Singles, —17, 3, 10 and 17.

Somael exhibited a brilliant defence to register his first victory over Pagliaro in several years of tournament competition. Dick Miles, Marty Reisman and Sol Schiff did not compete.

In the semi-finals, Somael defeated Bob Wilkenfeld, 3, 12 and 13; Pagliaro outlasted Harry Hirschowitz, —19, 16, 10, —16 and 12.

The Men's Doubles was won by Bob Gusikoff and Moniak Buki. Gusikoff also won the Junior title, beating Arnold Leibowitz in the final, 15, 10 and 23. Senior Singles title went to Gus Rehberger, who defeated George Sempeles in the final, 18 and 19, while Pauline Robinson won the Women's Singles and teamed with Harry Hirschowitz to win the Mixed Doubles.



Left:—

Finance prevents the Australian T.T. Association sending over a team to compete in the World Championships. Had they been able to do so, these players, H. Porter (left) and P. Anderson, the Queensland Doubles champions, would have proved a menace to the best. Anderson won the Australian Singles title at Sydney on September 7th.

Below:—

A Morning Tea Reception in Parliament Buildings, Wellington, N.Z., on June 16th gave us this happy picture of the Rowe twins chatting with Mrs. Ross, Minister of Social Welfare, and Mr. Bodkin, Minister of Internal Affairs. To mark the occasion the girls were presented with a commemorative album.



## Random Shots

... by A. R. (Tony) MILLER

LONDON, and the South of England in general awaits the commencement of the Wembley world championship season with excited interest and enthusiasm.

Will the bulky Sido retain his title after his brilliant unbeaten display at Bucharest, or will the unpredictable Bergmann crown his career with a fifth world singles title—thus equalling Barna's record? In view of his form last season it would appear to be his last chance.

Will we at last see the Czechs, Hungarians and Rumanians after their prolonged absence? Will the deadly Hong-Kong and Jap players (who are expected to play better here than in their home conditions) brave that Western mystery the London fog?

Whatever happens, the season is centred on the great events due to take place at Wembley and, until the championships are over, each news cable will be eagerly read and international form studied as a guide to the likely winner.

Who will win? . . . . . your guess is as good as mine!

The past season saw the general form of Bergmann, Leach and Simons—excepting the latter's sterling Swaythling Cup performances—suffer a slight decline which may, in the cases of Bergmann and Leach, be possibly traced to their exhausting pre-season Far East tour.

The gap between these three and the rest of the leading players has, however, slightly narrowed owing to the ever-improving overall standard of play.

I understand that Charlie Seaman is to play for Sussex in the first season in the Premier Division of the National County Championships. Yet about two years ago his retirement was announced in a magazine on Table Tennis. Which brings us to the remark passed by G. H. Elliot, the "Chocolate Coloured Coon," who when asked what he would do when his farewell tour was over replied, "That depends on how long it lasts."

It is also reported from Tibet that the fantastic Knockham Farre has died as the result of over-practice and the lack of opposition. It is stated that players from all over the world have sent wreaths. . . . . whether out of sympathy or relief is not yet known.

# SEX!

DONALD FEATHERSTONE is by no means the first expert to tell us (as he did in the last issue of T.T. Review) that women are not the physical weaklings so many males think they are.

Females may not possess the sheer brute force and muscular weight of men, but they are, so medical evidence has proved, strong, resilient and capable of taking strain. Yet their standard in Table Tennis lags far, far behind that of men. Why? Leaving organs, body structure and all the rest of it to specialists, I offer one aspect on the matter which, so far as I'm aware, no-one has touched on.

It is *SEX*, or, rather, a psychological aspect of it. How come? The vast majority of girls are, subconsciously or otherwise (and the effect is the same in both cases), haunted by their femininity and all to do with it.

A man goes to the table and worries only about the game. It's by no means such a simple matter for the lady, at the back of whose mind a host of questions keep nagging and niggling. Is anything that that shouldn't be, showing? How do I look from the back, side, front? Am I bulging for or aft? Will anything snap if I stretch too far or move too suddenly?

Fear of a "disaster," to do with her figure or clothing, is with her all the time to some extent, and it's obvious this must retard her.

Girls, unlike men, are easily embarrassed and shamed. It is more than conventional modesty. It's their primeval instinct for wanting to look their best all the time and craving to retain the "secrets" peculiar to their sex. Even in these so-called broad-minded times girls are fastidious to a degree men can't even begin to understand.

There are, of course, some women who couldn't care less and bash on regardless. And it is this type with the male mentality, or perhaps too many male hormones, that look like men as well as behave like them. But they are (thank goodness!) in a tiny minority. The average lass, the 100 per cent female, places her womanhood and all it implies first, and the game second. And who shall say this is wrong or undesirable?

Anyway, I submit this sex-consciousness is beyond dispute and responsible to some extent for the gap between the playing standards of the sexes.

But no girl worthy of the name need worry about it. For, after all, doesn't every daughter of Eve know that even the toughest man's strength is as water before a woman's guile!

## T.T. CAN TEACH LAWN TENNIS MANNERS

AFTER ex-British junior lawn tennis champion John Horn, when at match point in his game against Rhodesian Don Black in the last Wimbledon championships, called the umpire's attention to the fact that a ball which had been given "in" in his favour was actually "out," and then went on to lose the match, a controversy arose on the question: To play strictly by the umpire's ruling, or not?

Such situations arise quite frequently in Table Tennis, but followers don't get heated about it or start arguing amongst themselves: one and all agree it is up to the player to assist the umpire where and when necessary.

T.T. players know that often they are in a position to notice something beyond the ken of even the most efficient and keen-sighted official-in-charge. If, for instance, a ball nicks an edge so finely as to be almost imperceptible a short distance from the table, there is no hesitation in letting the umpire into the "secret." It is taken for granted that sportsmanship and fair play, quite apart from the rules, require us to be honest and not accept points to

which we have no right.

If Horn had accepted the point knowing his shot was "out" and therefore a point to his opponent, would it not have smacked of barefaced cheating and a mockery of regulations? Of course it would.

Thank goodness T.T. folk insist on points going to their legal winners and don't go hot under the collar because an umpire is helped in his by no means easy task.

Strange, by the way, how American star Gardner Mulloy was all but spat upon for disagreeing with an umpire. Apparently you may, in lawn tennis, contradict an official and get a decision reversed, providing the point is to go to the other party; but it seems you are something of a cad if you argue that a point given the other way rightly belongs to you! Frankly, I don't get it.

For all its rarefied atmosphere and link with accented socialities and old school tie gentlemen, the lawn variety might well borrow a leaf or five from the sporting book of the comparatively humble and working-class pastime of good old Table Tennis.



"Enlarged Adam's Apple be blown . . . If I hadn't opened my big mouth at a T.T. tournament . . ."



# WIRRAL T.T. LEAGUE

## TO TRY

# NEW MATCH PLAY SCHEMES



**W**IRRAL Table Tennis League, formed only a year ago, has already proved itself a "go ahead" organisation by staging some very interesting tournaments and representative games. Now the League is to try a new system as a variation to five players operating in strict order. The following communication from Mr. D. McNaught, Publicity Officer to the League, makes interesting reading.

There has been a feeling for a long time now that the team of five playing in strict order is not the ideal method for a match. In many parts of the country the system has been varied and in the South the team of three has been widely adopted. Advantages and disadvantages of teams of three are well known but so far as Wirral is concerned the disadvantages are such as to rule the system out for the time being.

Other recognised systems have been considered but none have been found to be completely satisfactory. Consequently the Wirral League has devised an entirely new method which is expected to overcome all difficulties and meet the requirements of all sections. The Wirral League feels that, given the backing of its members, the system will be a success.

The main rule reads as follows: A match will consist of ten sets and each team shall comprise sufficient players to complete a match. No player shall play more than three sets in one match nor be compelled to play three sets in succession and no player is to play the same opponent twice.

Other rules have been drafted to cover the points which may arise in the following notes.

### MINIMUM OF FOUR

Teams may now consist of four, five, six, or even any number up to ten if it is thought necessary, and with such a range the requirements of all clubs should be capable of being met. Youth clubs in particular will find a great advantage in being able to field a team of four, as finding a fifth player has always been difficult and many clubs have been prevented from entering the League because of this.

The large clubs with limited evenings will be able to give more players a game where otherwise they would only get in the team every week or so.

There are many variations and selection committees will be able to make good use

of these when choosing the teams. An untried player can be tried at No. 4 or 5 with only one set and given an additional set as he improves. A player losing form can be given one set instead of being dropped completely.

### CAPTAIN A TACTICIAN

The order of playing is left to the captains, who under the new rules will be the most important members of the team. The captains will exchange a list of ten names, such as A.A.A., B.B.B., C.C., D.D., for the home team and K.K., L.L., M.M., N.N., O.O., for the away team.

The captains toss for first choice and then call alternatively, each time deciding which two players will take part in the next set; there is no fixed order. It is up to the captain to choose the oppositions in such a manner as to provide the best tactical advantage. In doing this, therefore, a set must stand once it has been called and if one of the players is missing and it is before 8.00 p.m., the set is held over until after 8.00 p.m., and if the player is still missing when the set is called again a reserve must be played. A reserve may be an entirely new name or one of the other players who is not already down to play three sets.

### EXPERIENCE FOR YOUTH

A player will not be forced to play two sets in succession unless by agreement, and no player can play the same opponent twice in one match.

It will be seen that the lower grade players will be able to play against the better players and benefit accordingly. Those players taking full advantage of the rule and playing three sets will play fifty per cent more sets on one season than under the present system.

Forfeited sets should almost disappear and timekeeping should improve, because a tactical advantage can be thrown away

*Continued on page 20*

## "Ping-Pong Paradise"

by J. C. CLARE



**I** AM the guest of the prosperous family, the only Briton in a French crowd. We lounge in cane chairs, on a sunny verandah.

What to do? What to say?

"Come," suggests somebody, "Come and see the 'Ping-Pong' hut in the garden...?"

I raise my brows expectantly. Others raise no objections, and we amble slowly out into the heat, into the rambling grounds of the chateau. The garden is dotted with quaint cottages and barns, one-storied affairs, of rough stone, mud, and wooden beams. I anticipate the primitive state of the unfortunate "ping-pong" table.

We pass into an avenue of tall beeches, tread the unripe nuts underfoot, and turn—all seven of us—suddenly, into a clearing.

There it stands. Wide windows, cross-beamed walls, a veritable dream of a cottage. The most picturesque cabin that ever sheltered a "ping-pong" board.

"Ping-Pong, indeed!"

### AWESTRUCK

We go in. I stand in awe and breathe my fervent appreciation.

Inside it is cool—the mud and stone walls insulate it against the fiercest sun.

Here is the dark green net, and the familiar "bat and ball." Here, by the low windows (all open today) a wide window seat. Perfect level for the spectators... neither too high nor low.

And space! What space! Enough room here, I judge, for the most elaborate of players. Room here for three tables.

I look up. Fourteen eyes follow mine, with pride.

Above, they say, is the wood store, the apple store.

Plenty of crunchy refreshment for thirsty autumn days.

"You like it. Yes?"

I nod passionately. I stumble with words... French words... framing the questions that immediately come to mind.

Eventually, I learn that it is the pastime of the whole family, this game of games. Father, mother and the sons and daughters (there are seven of them, ages ranging from seven to twenty-seven) all bring their friends to this veritable little paradise in the trees, to enjoy an hour of sport.

I learn, also, that the "embryo" architect amongst them laid his plans just

over a year ago. Laid his plans for converting this barn, and rolled up his sleeves. Rolled up the sleeves of the rest of the family, who responded, and tackled the hewing, sawing, glass-cutting and stone-breaking necessary to effect the change.

Will I play a game now, perhaps?

Facing me across the table is a young, brown face. Grinning, eager. The owner of that face is just seven years old. The others take up various positions to watch the match.

I lose my head as I grip the roughened handle. I hear the stirring of the trees and the sharp staccato of the bouncing ball. Everybody is silent.

But is the scoring the same in France? The same technique?

The ball, when it falls, stays just where it landed. The floor is of heavy, yellow, faintly dampened sand. Soft, restful and silent.

"Ah, yes," they cry. "... a friendly gesture, to let him win. But he is old enough now to lose. He can beat father sometimes, you know..."

So friendly! I have lost my head and the game. The little chap seizes my hand.

I am bewitched by the cool, strangeness of it all. It is a spell. A spell cast on me at the moment when I first saw the house in the glade.

I have no words—no French words—to express my joy. But here the game is the same. Words are superfluous... My holiday has begun!

## ALL-OUT BID

"They have given us Table Tennis at its best. They have shown us what 'table' manners are, what sportswomen can be like when away from the table." Mr. A. M. Lyon, president of the South Australia Table Tennis Association said this of the Rowe twins shortly before they left to return home to prepare for the 1954 World Championships in April.

There can be no doubt that the twins made a tremendous impression "down under" where their successes added so much to the lustre they took with them and reports are that in order to make an all-out bid to wrest the doubles title from the Misses A. Rozeanu (Rumania) and Gizi Farkas (Hungary), Rosalind, an accounts clerk, and Diane, a shorthand typist, will not return to their daily tasks until the championships are over.



# YOU'VE MET HIM!!

## THE TABLE TENNIS MENACE

(With apologies to Al Read)

**M**ISTER Smart Guy. All who play, officiate at, or watch Table Tennis know him well. He is a blood relation to Mr. Smart Aleck, and disrupts many an evening's sport by his precise knowledge of everything to do with the game, including its wiles, tricks and stratagems.

Let us assume we are average club players about to play a match of no particular interest to anyone except those directly concerned. We prepare things to the best of our ability and facilities, then welcome the visitors, anticipating an enjoyable evening's sport, whether we win or lose. We get down to it. At least, we had hoped to get down to it.

We find, instead, that getting started is no simple and straightforward affair, not by any means. What's happened? Mister S. G. happens to be one of the visiting party and is letting all know he's around and not to be fooled with, "No Sir." He is peering closely at the net and has gone into a huddle with himself.

Then he whips out a rule (he always carries a rule) and meticulously measures the net from left to right, right to left, centre to right, centre to left, works out longitude and latitude, and glances up aggressively with the information that said net, at some point or other, is a 16th of an inch too high or low.

### STILL COMPLAINING

Whereupon he pushes the offending item down, or pulls it up, prods and pokes it, measures it again with his instrument of offence, and complains that it is still a 32nd of an inch too low or high. The deviation, incidentally, will vary according to his style: if he's an attacker it'll be too high, if a defender too low. And the announced discrepancy, so he explains for the benefit of the ignorant, is more than sufficient to upset the exquisite timing of a genius, meanwhile giving the impression that he is not to be excluded from the circle of geni.

The net is taken down and carefully re-adjusted, again measured by Mr. S. G. with *The Rule*, and is eventually O.K'd.

Justice in this direction obtained, Mr. S.G. indulges in a knockabout at the table to study conditions at first hand. The table, as he no doubt suspected from the beginning, is, so he pronounces, too slow, too fast, too inclined to "float" the ball,

or too prone to make the ball drop dead. The judgment depends entirely on the expert's particular likes or dislikes. As it is not possible to recondition the table then and there, the knowledgeable one is generous enough to let the patter pass with a mere frown of disapproval.

He turns his X-ray eyes to the lights. They are badly spaced, too patchy, hung too high or low, wrongly shaded. Next it's the turn of the ball, which is alleged to be egg-shaped, or too hard, or too soft, or of the wrong brand. The flooring leaves something to be desired. The runback is inadequate. Backgrounds are of the wrong colour. Everything, in short, is not as it should be.

### SELF-APPOINTED STAR

Preambles over, the match starts. When the self-appointed star of the evening goes to the table, he does so in a manner which suggests a round of applause would not be out of place. He keeps a hawk-like watch on his foe's service and doesn't hesitate to chide the umpire if the official doesn't uphold regulations. He isn't so fastidious about his own service and is mortified and prepared to argue to the death if the umpire has the effrontery to pull him up.

When losing points he contorts his face so that it looks a pan old man Mephistopheles himself might envy, and slaps his racket viciously across his leg to denote disgust with a prejudiced Goddess of Fortune.

To upset an opponent's rhythm he uses off-beat "strokes" peculiar to his repertoire, like stopping play to wipe his spectacles, straightening his socks, hitching his shorts, asking for a new ball, wiping his brow with a towel, taking a lozenge or energy tablet, or manipulating the zip of his shirt. Watching him is the equivalent of taking a free course in applied psychology.

If Mr. S.G. loses, he explains, loudly and for the benefit of his shattered admirers, that he was the victim of circumstances and anyone who thinks otherwise is a ridiculous ignoramus. When he wins he belittles his opponent and loudly talks "tactics" with his comrades, telling them of a sure way of beating the cheese he has just murdered. Mr. S.G. is sour in defeat, arrogant and ungracious in victory, incapable of enjoying a game for the game's sake and a deadly assassin with a positive gift for killing an evening. **S.K.**

## KEN STANLEY OPENS NEW T.T. HALL

By the time *Table Tennis Review* reaches you this month, there will have taken place an event that has long been awaited by players in all stages of proficiency in the Manchester and North Western area, the opening of a table tennis hall, run on billiard hall lines, at Middleton, Lancs.

This is not an entirely new idea, but former England international star, Ken Stanley, has taken this bold step, to offer unrivalled facilities for practice. Prices will be within the reach of all and, perhaps more important still, a player of international standing will be on duty each evening. Coaches will include Ken Stanley himself, Benny Casofsky, Andy Miller, Ron Allcock and Ken Baker, and the hall will be open seven nights a week.

Providing official recognition is given to the project, the hall will be affiliated to the E.T.T.A., and the object is to work in the closest harmony with local club officials, and for the improvement of playing standards, which will give back to Northern exponents their pre-war eminence.

No expense is being spared to make the venture a success. Equipment will be of the very best as, of course, will playing conditions. For those who have to travel any distance, refreshment facilities will be available, and by staging Sunday tournaments, it is hoped to attract really keen players from all over Lancashire and Cheshire. Particular attention will be given to youngsters whose chances of tournament play might otherwise be restricted.



"... first white men to set foot here, are we?"

## LONDON NOTES

Hearty congratulations to Johnnie and Daisy Leach on the birth of a brother for Johnnie, junior. The newcomer was born on August 9th at Wanstead (Essex) Hospital, and is named Jeffrey James.

It is good to hear that the dates of County matches have already been fixed for the season, thus saving clashes with other important events, such as major tournaments, as in the past.

The first tournament of the season has now passed. This was the Home Counties "Open," held at the Polytechnic Annexe, London, W.1.

The only titles won by Londoners were in the Junior events, Ray Dorking (Essex) beating Michael Maclaren (Surrey), and Joy Fielder (Kent) beating June Hodson (Middlesex), in the finals of the Junior Men's Singles and Junior Ladies' Singles respectively.

Each season, the opening tournament provides many staggering results, and the Home Counties had plenty! For example:—

Johnnie Leach lost to Bobby Stevens (Essex). Helen Elliott lost to Shirley Jones (Wales). Aubrey Simons lost to Len Adams (Middlesex).

Considering this tournament was run solely in aid of the World Championship Fund, the response—from both players and spectators—was very poor. The country's top players did their part by entering (at their own expense) and it may be stated here that conditions were tip-top, and the whole week's programme carried through very smoothly (as usual) by Geoff. Harrower.

Results in brief:

Men's Singles: Semi-finals: B. Kennedy beat L. G. Adams; R. Crayden beat R. Hinchliff.

Final: B. Kennedy beat R. Crayden. Ladies' Singles Final: Miss C. K. Best beat Miss J. Winn.

Men's Doubles Final: B. Kennedy/A. W. Simons beat J. Leach/G. V. Barna. Women's Doubles Final: C. K. Best/H. Elliott beat J. Winn/Y. Seaman.

Mixed Doubles Final: A. W. Simons/H. Elliott beat R. Crayden/J. Winn.

Junior Men's Singles Final: R. Dorking beat M. Maclaren.

Junior Ladies' Singles Final: J. Fielder beat J. Hodson.

PRACTISE, PRACTISE, but

# "Don't Rush the Job"

says **KEN STANLEY**

IN THE FIRST OF HIS BRILLIANT INSTRUCTIONAL ARTICLES

**A** WRONG start in any sport can mean months wasted while the damage is repaired. In the first of two instructional articles, former England International, **KEN STANLEY**, puts Table Tennis beginners on the right track.

If you are not already a member of an affiliated club, this should be your first move. Try to join one which has the leading players. This is not always possible, but it is a tremendous advantage if you can manage to get into the company of top-notchers.

If you cannot afford coaching, borrow a book from the library and swot up on the fundamentals of the game. Like everything else, it is best if you learn a bit of theory first instead of going on to the table completely ignorant of how strokes should be played. To begin with spend as much time as possible studying the methods of the leading players in your club and compare their games with what you have read in the instruction book. Don't be afraid of asking them for advice. I am sure they will be only too pleased to help.

Once you are quite clear of how strokes should be played (and when I say strokes I include footwork), practise all the orthodox ones off the table until you feel that they are fluent. Don't worry about going to the table until you can play these strokes through without having to think what you are doing. Practice in front of a mirror is very helpful.

## DON'T JUST WATCH

I was never lucky enough to be coached, but I was fortunate in joining what was in those days the best club in the country. Every night five or six internationals would be practising and I used to watch them for hours on end. Don't just watch the stroke as one movement, try and dissect it, viz :— watch just where the stroke commences and the position of the feet when it is played, the point of contact with the ball and the manner in which the stroke is followed through.

I used to copy the strokes of different players. I took a backhand which I fancied from one international and the forehand from another leading player. I copied the strokes which I found fitted in

In the next issue of "Table Tennis Review," Ken Stanley deals with the physical build-up to the game.

best with my own personality. I would spend hours practising them before a mirror, making them as perfect as possible until they felt smooth and easy and came instinctively. You can never practise too much off the table.

## STYLE — CONSISTENCY

When you feel satisfied that you are ready for practising on the table, your first aim should be for style and consistency. . . . do not worry about speed until you can control the ball. Once you have achieved ball control then speed is just a matter of correcting your timing and quickening up your follow-through; also make good use of the wall in your clubroom for practising your strokes and footwork. I am not going into detail with this article as to how to practise against the wall, because as I have said you will be able to read all about this in the many different instructional books.

A good idea is to keep all your cracked balls and use these for practising shots whilst you are on your own in the clubroom waiting for your partner to turn up. If you have twelve cracked balls, you can play 12 strokes on one shot, walk over the other side to collect the balls and play another twelve shots on the other wing.

Progress will be made much quicker if you can gather together a group of four players or so who are really keen on improving their play. Arrange regular practice nights and DO PRACTISE. Don't just go to the table and play games. Concentrate on improving your strokes, footwork, etc. It is much easier working with other keen players and you should plan a definite training schedule.

As I stress to all my pupils, you can have all the strokes in the game, but you need more than strokes to reach the top. In order, I place these additional qualities : (1) Physical Fitness. (2) Determination to win—fighting spirit. (3) Concentration. (4) Patience.

# Optimism is Irish Keynote

## "EXCELLENT RESULTS" EXPECTED

by

STAN LAWRENCE

★

**T**HE 1953/54 Irish Table Tennis season has opened on an optimistic note, and it is confidently expected that excellent results will follow the "course for coaches" which was held earlier in the year by Jack Carrington, the English star player and coach, and Mrs. Carrington.

For some time past the standard of play has been strongly criticised, and various remedies have been suggested to improve it. Following our defeat by England and Wales, the view was expressed that younger players should be included in the teams in representative games even though they lacked the older players' experience. The real trouble, of course, was the need for competent coaching, and this was only too evident when our players opposed cross-channel and Continental exponents.

The demonstrations given by the Carringtons should prove of considerable benefit and lead to a great improvement in the standard of play here. Unfortunately the time at their disposal was too short to permit of a visit to all the provincial centres, where the game is making rapid headway.

The "course for coaches" scheme is a good idea, and should go a long way towards enabling Irish players to make the grade in international competitions.

Among the men players likely to figure prominently in this season's winning lists are the Leinster man Sean Clerkin who won 50 of his 51 matches in Division I "A" of the Leinster League, and who reached the semi-final of the Men's Singles of the Irish Open Championships last season; Connacht's S. Egan and P. Ryan; the Ulster players Harry O'Prey, Ken Campbell and I. Martin who came on in place of Clerkin in the Ireland v. England match.

Also expected to do well are W. Pappin and Noel Kerr who finished second to Clerkin in the Leinster League, winning 45 of his 48 games, and the provincial player J. Conroy (Offaly) who won the Men's Singles in the Leinster Junior Championships. Graham Holden and M. Behan (Mallow) should repeat last season's form.

## PARTICULAR INTEREST

In the Ladies' section particular interest will be shown in the progress of the Rostrevor, Co. Down, girl Miss Lyons who, towards the end of last season, caused a major surprise by defeating two of our internationals and reaching the final of the Irish Open Singles. Up till then, Miss Lyons' form was unknown. A short time previously she took part in the Co. Louth Open and won the Ladies' Singles, defeating Miss V. Kerr in the final. She is remarkably competent for a player with such little experience, and should prove a distinct asset to Irish Table Tennis in the coming months.

Other players who should be to the fore this season are Irish Internationals Miss D. Fearon and Miss F. Dawkins; Miss M. Jones (Laois) who won the Ladies' Singles in the Leinster Junior Championships after an excellent display; Miss Agnew of Ulster and Miss Owens who captured the Ladies' Singles title in the Munster Championships at Limerick, where the entry was a record one.

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# MY LOCAL LEAGUE

by STANLEY PRESTON

The Leeds and District Table Tennis League does not offer any challenge regarding longevity, but is happy to claim twenty-three years' continuous service in the interests of Table Tennis. Even during the war years, the League carried on.

The handful of enthusiasts who founded the League in 1930, must be gratified, even dazzled perhaps, by its swift growth. Four years after its inception it comprised 21 teams, split into two divisions. Five seasons later, there were 66 teams, making five divisions. The war caused some depletion, but from 1946 membership grew, until in Season 1950/51, it reached a peak of 120 teams, with eleven divisions. Since that time, the average has been around 100 teams and eight divisions.

## VARIETY

Who plays Table Tennis? The variety of club names offers an interesting cross-sectional view of the city. The public services are well represented: The Electricity Department, General Post Office, The Gas Board and the National Assistance Board all have teams in the League. Prominent also, is the Fire Brigade, and at least two Ministries (Works and Labour) are keen members. Leeds University is well represented as also are the local Education Offices.

The military element enters in the form of a club at the R.A.P.C., and at least one prominent provincial newspaper has a club in the Leeds League.

Among the trades, engineering firms' clubs perhaps predominate, but also actively engaged are the tailoring and printing industries. Youth organisations and church and chapel groups are naturally there in goodly number.

The Leeds League has made its mark in the Yorkshire Inter-League competitions. Notable, indeed, have been the Women's achievements, as they have won the Yorkshire Competitions six times in eight years. The Men's team have won it four times and the Youths' also four times.

## NOTABLE SUCCESSES

Individually, too, the League players have had notable successes in the Yorkshire Closed Championships. Since the war, Brian Kennedy has three times taken the Men's Singles title, and Stanley Rosenberg once. Miss Marjorie Lightfoot and Miss Kathleen Best have each won the Ladies'

Singles twice. In the Youths' Singles, Brian Kennedy has twice held the top position and "Bill" Harrison once.

Despite the League's prominence and active interest in the world-wide aspects of the game, Leeds has never yet staged an international tournament (the whole of Yorkshire, in fact, can boast only one). November 14th, 1953, is therefore, another milestone in the Leeds League's journey, for this is the date for the staging of the contest between England and France, to be held in Leeds Town Hall.

## RESTLESS BODY

The League is a restless body. There is no complacency in its general make-up: no sitting back or leaning on past laurels. Enthusiasm is the predominant note; enthusiasm bred of a genuine love of the game for the game's sake. The latest experiment is the founding of a League clubroom, with good playing conditions and a membership drawn from the highest to the lowest divisions. Membership depends chiefly on those who perhaps have few facilities for practice and is probably limited in numbers because of this.

But here is a clear example of the Leeds League's enthusiasm: it will take infinite trouble for a *minority*—for as long as the need exists. Perhaps therein lies the basis of its success.

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# Jean Titterington's Benefit

As a result of a kindly suggestion made by Johnnie Leach, the above match was promoted by Mr. Les Jones of Manchester League and his colleagues, in aid of the Jean Titterington Fund. From start to finish it was a great success.

The sympathy and admiration for the brave Jean, who has for many months fought gallantly against an unkind fate, was clearly demonstrated by a complete sell-out of all tickets.

At the Y.M.C.A., Peter Street, Manchester, on Saturday, September 19th, three Northern stars, Ronnie Allcock, Benny Casofsky and Ken Stanley, did battle against three Southern representatives, Johnnie Leach, Harry Venner and Ken Craigie.

Before the match the audience was delighted when Miss Titterington was carried in, attended by her nurse, to watch the match. This was, indeed, a very kindly thought on the part of the hospital authorities, and the tremendous welcome given to Jean must have warmed her heart considerably.

Incidentally, I understand Harry Venner has now made Table Tennis a full-time job and another interesting piece of news was the engagement of Ron Allcock to Miss Pam Mortimer.

The match provided two-and-a-half hours of high standard play, excitement and comedy.

## OUTSTANDING ENTERTAINMENT

The two Kens were outstandingly entertaining when opposed to each other and their match certainly had no dull moments.

They served up Table Tennis of the aggressive type, interspersed from time to time with jocular banter, agonising squeals and gestures of despair. They received the appreciation due to them by a greatly impressed and amused audience.

The South took the first two sets through Venner and Craigie. Ronnie Allcock, fully tuned up, accounted for Johnnie Leach in two straight. Johnnie constantly made mistakes, and his exclamations of "No idea" were made more in concern than in light-heartedness. His defence and stroke fluency were always in evidence, but his attack lacked fire and accuracy.

South increased their lead to 4-1, with further victories by Venner and Craigie over Stanley and Casofsky.

The following match between Stanley and Leach was the highlight of the night. Stanley lost the first game, but took the

second with ease at 21-6. Johnnie Leach was perturbed by this display. From the commencement of the deciding game the smile was gone, and he became the essence of deep concentration. Down 1-4, he levelled 6 all, and never fell back. Slowly and surely he reached top gear. Ken Stanley fought magnificently in an endeavour to regain supremacy against the transformed Leach. There were many grand and thrilling rallies with the initiative ever changing. Then came one long thrilling rally that will long be remembered. Leach survived Stanley's hostile and swift changing attack by perfect craftsmanship. Leach taking over the attacking role found his opponent equally sound in his defensive work. Each player now resorted to counter-attacking and instantly exploited any position which might win the long-fought-for point. The rally finally terminated when Ken Stanley failed with a great defensive effort, which just failed to go over the net from several yards back. Johnnie finally took the game to win the set.

## CHAMPIONSHIP FORM

From the form Leach revealed in this game, he still possesses the ability to win another World title.

The hard-hitting Venner was too good for Casofsky, and the visitors now led 6-1, but Ronnie Allcock again struck back for the North with an exhilarating and convincing display to beat a strong opponent in Ken Craigie, who had played splendidly throughout the evening.

Benny Casofsky, who had shown his usual fine fighting qualities, when down in his match with Venner, 0-15, to recover to 16-19, went down to Leach in the last encounter of the night and so the South triumphed 8-2.

Mr. Les Jones warmly thanked the Y.M.C.A. for the free use of the hall, which considerably helped the financial side of the effort.

## Results

R. Allcock lost to H. Venner 15-21, 17-21; beat J. Leach 21-12, 21-15; beat K. Craigie 21-13, 21-17.

B. Casofsky lost to K. Craigie 9-21, 20-22; lost to H. Venner 15-21, 16-21; lost to J. Leach 12-21, 12-21.

K. Stanley lost to K. Craigie 21-12, 15-21, 16-21; lost to H. Venner 18-21, 16-21; lost to J. Leach 14-21, 21-6, 17-21.

North 2, South 7.

J. E. NEILL.

# SERVICE and DRESS

A new season is upon us and with it remains two major problems which I thought the E.T.T.A. might have clarified during the summer recess.

The rules concerning the service and also dress are very lax and need much consideration. When the umpires' scheme was brought in by the E.T.T.A. it did much to raise the standard of the handling of games. One now knows a county umpire has a fair conception of what is right and wrong, but many of them are still not standard in their decisions over these two points.

I do not blame them, but the authorities, who should be more explicit in their directives.

To deal with the service first. I have seen many players waiting to serve and at the same time have been lightly dancing the ball up and down on their hand whilst waiting for their opponent to be ready. Others will start to serve, change their minds, catch the ball, then start again.

According to the rules, immediately the ball leaves the palm of the server it is in play, in my opinion not an altogether satisfactory ruling. In tennis one is not penalised until an actual attempt to strike the ball has been made and I think we could well do with the same law.

Few umpires in Table Tennis keep strictly to the letter with the service, mainly because they are not quite certain of themselves, and I must admit there seems to be just cause. The service rule could do with one or two changes.

The problem of dress has been with us a long time. During the last year or so there has been a vast improvement, but there is still much to be desired. At the recent Home Counties Tournament I saw enough colours and stripes for a fashion parade. The caustic remarks I heard from one or two spectators were amusing enough, but surely the requests and warnings about clothing have been so numerous that all this should have been unnecessary. Where were our umpires on that occasion? They all had the right to stop the players from competing in these weird and wonderful outfits.

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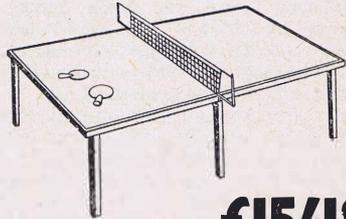
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**T**ONY MILLER and Johnny Joyce continue their amusing Box and Cox act. They rightly stress it's a matter of opinion that current English performers are inferior, equal or superior to those of twenty years ago. But one is sorely tempted to challenge their collective statement that "today giants do not stand out in relief as they did before, because thick around them are hundreds of very big men who in earlier times would probably have been recognised as giants, since there were fewer players of a very high calibre."

Where are these hundreds of unrecognised and unappreciated near-giants? What have these "very big men" achieved? I really am interested in the information that around us, not in ones, dozens or even scores, are hundreds of men of playing stature far beyond average. As I see it, if Mr. Box and Mr. Cox aren't literally trying to make mountains out of molehills, you can call me Tensing and chase me up Everest.

Say Tony-Johnny, veering to a subject which seems to have little bearing on the original theme: "The fault with these ageing veterans (Mr. B. and Mr. C. don't name them, but we must all have a pretty good idea who they mean) is that they don't like to step down and give present star players a chance to capture the public imagination . . . if the public had the opportunity of seeing some of our current stars in exhibitions a little more often instead of the 'old brigade' I'm certain it would encourage the non-playing public

## UNWITTING CONFESSION

What an unwitting confession of mediocrity! If the veterans referred to retain their hold on the public (and they do) while the younger men can make no impression (which they can't), who is to blame? How did the "old brigade" get cracking in the first place—by waiting for older stars to die or by pleading with them to retire like gentlemen and make way for others? No, they went ahead and beat the hide off opponents and made a name for themselves by sheer merit, without asking for favours or whining for others to make way. They also took the trouble to cultivate exhibition acts worth watching. They earned their popularity by hard work as well as ability.

If young players had it in them they'd have edged out the old-timers years ago. It's because the modern types haven't what

it takes that there's no demand for their services. If a player's good enough at his job, he'll go places—because nothing can stop him. The Rowe twins, for example, didn't take long to win a place in public favour. That's because they're crowd pleasers. They've got what it takes. And, do let us remember, it takes more than a player up at the table and another way back in the outfield to make an exhibition in the true sense of the word.

Even if these unnamed and horribly selfish veterans blew their brains out to oblige the newer generation of seekers of shekels and fame (in that order), does the Miller-Joyce combination really think the public would clamour for the services of even a handful of that alleged abundance of "very big men"? I have my very serious doubts.

## "OLD DODDERERS"

I am sometimes asked to arrange exhibitions for certain business firms. And which players are asked for? Why, without exception, the "dribbly old dodderers." Ah, but perhaps the firms concerned have never heard of so-and-so and such-and-such, those allegedly bright youngsters? They have, alas for the youngsters. They've even hired 'em—and don't want 'em again even for free. No, friends, people who pay for players go where they know they'll get a proper show—and the finger always points to the old faithfuls who know their business inside out.

Maybe some of our horde of modern near-giants aren't quite the dabs they're cracked up to be, and that a tinge of jealousy is around somewhere. This seems to me the most likely explanation for the extraordinary Miller-Joyce communique.

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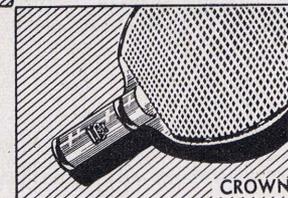
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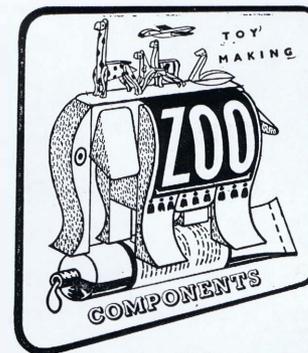
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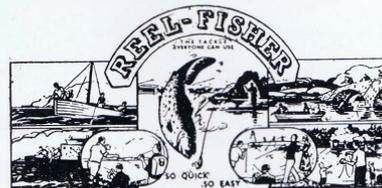
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