

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION AND COVERAGE

Table Tennis *Review*



Vol. 8

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WINTER ISSUE 1953

1/-

Founded by
ARTHUR WAITE
Ex-International

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ENGLISH OPEN

RESULTS
• PHOTOGRAPHS
• REPORT

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TOURNAMENT
Results and Reports

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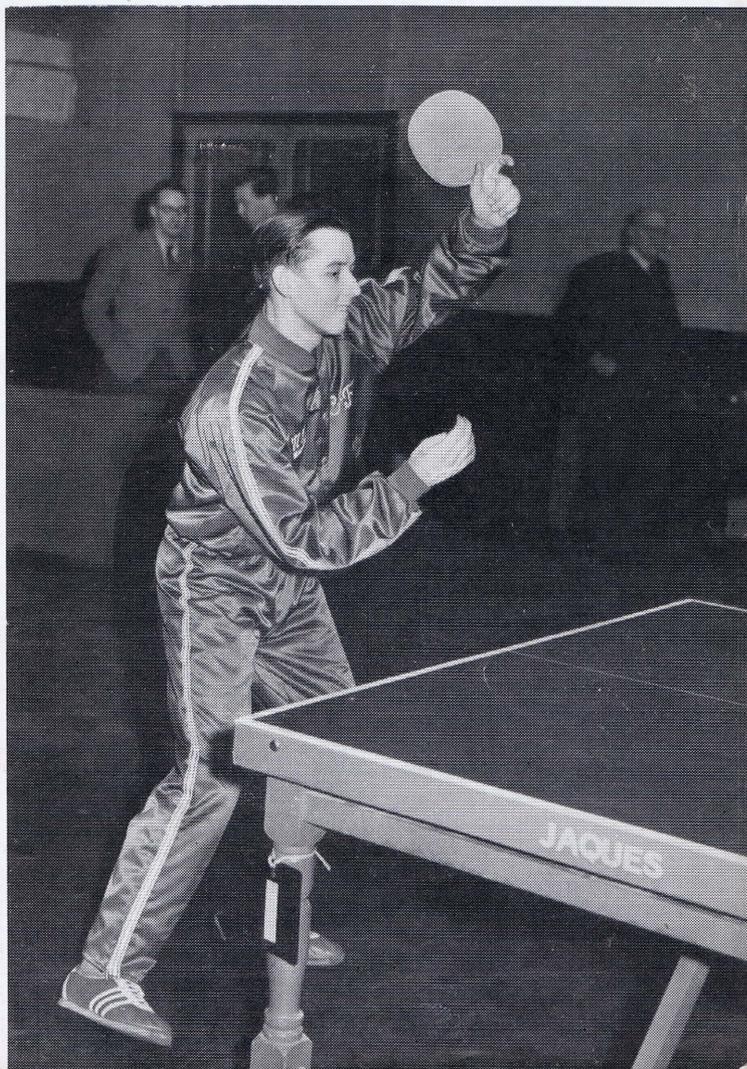
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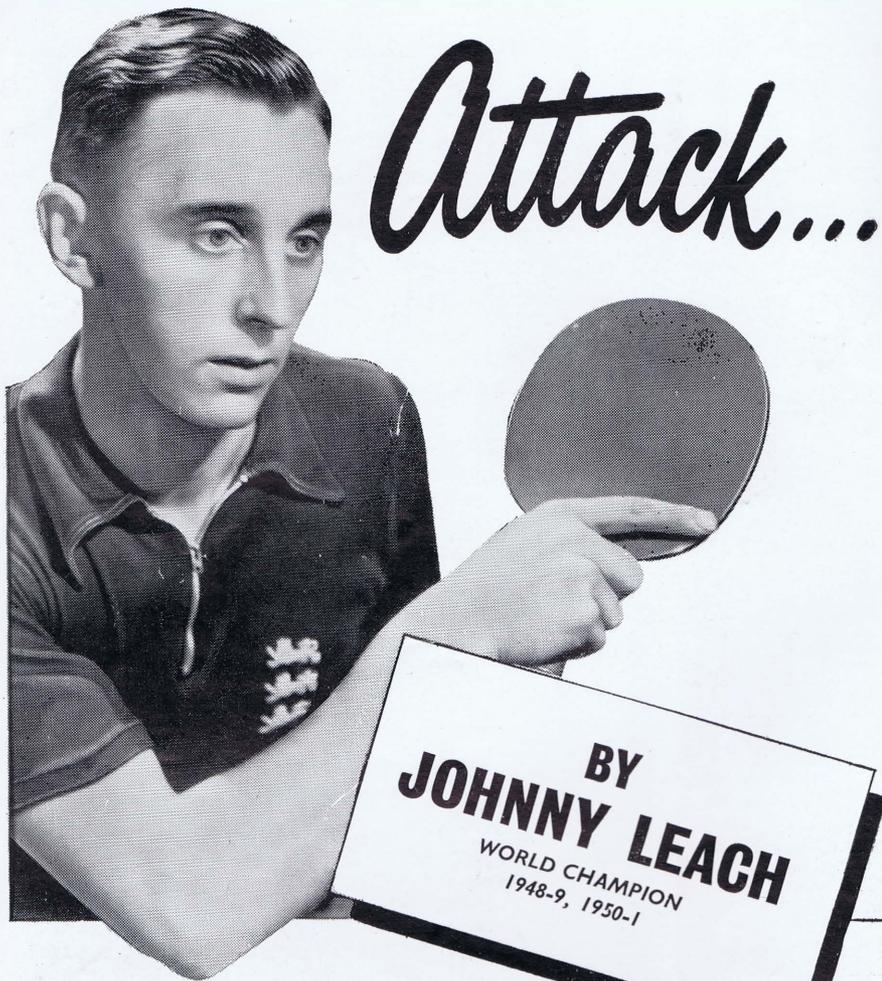
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and others

★

Cover Portrait:
C. FREUNDORFER
of GERMANY
at the English Open





Attack...

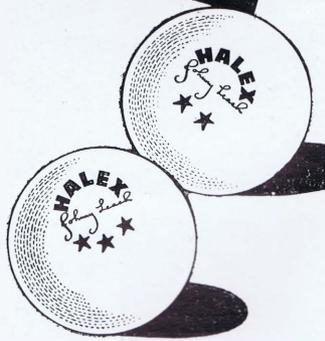
**BY
JOHNNY LEACH**
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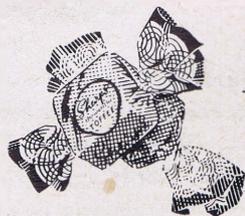


TABLE TENNIS

Review

VOLUME 8
No. 2

WINTER ISSUE
1953

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

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THE English Open Championships Tournament of 1953 is over and, as the mists of stardust clear, some pretty problems are left stark and clear.

First of all "Table Tennis Review" salutes Richard Bergmann on his record-breaking sixth Singles title, and Aubrey Simons on being voted "player of the year," but with that very pleasant duty performed, sterner realities must be faced.

There is a public for "big time" Table Tennis, if it is kept vibrant and alive, but the cash customers will not be dragged in to see top-liners defending, defending and defending—and they made this clear on Finals Night at Belle Vue.

After the tedium of the first game, in the Men's Singles, they voiced their approval of the referee applying the 10-minute time-limit for the remaining games. Finals Night to them, especially in a National Tournament, means the ultimate in quality and thrills—they pay to see both—they are entitled to them. Let us hope that 1954 will see them getting their fill.

And an appeal to organisers. Events dragged out over more than five hours in any one evening tend to pall, no matter what the occasion, and watching after midnight becomes a physical strain, even to the most enthusiastic. Can we hope for some speeding up?

Finally, in a switch to the lighter side, let me wish all our readers, those who we hope will become readers, the players, officials and fans everywhere, the happiest of Christmases and all the very best for the New Year.

The Editor.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

J. G. TOMS · 18 NORBETT ROAD · ARNOLD · NOTTS.

how you develop “nerves”

IT was the night of an important match and Fred, our No. 3 player, was looking his usual over-keen and slightly nervous self. Fred, like thousands of other players, gets more than his fair share of high tension and the jitters before a big game, but on this particular night there was a hopeful gleam in his eye.

“I have found something guaranteed to steady the nerves before a match,” he said.

“A double Scotch?” I queried.

“No,” came the reply. “It’s a new capsule that has just been brought out. It’s all the rage. There was a girl who took part in the International Ice-Skating Contest at the Richmond Rink who is supposed to always have the jitters before a big event. Anyway, her doctor advised her to take one of these capsules and it worked. She came out on top and was amazed at her own calm. I believe lots of T.V. stars take these things before they go on to give a show, and they always work.”

“But drugs can have such depressing after-effects,” I put in sceptically.

“You don’t get after-effects with these capsules,” he explained. “My wife’s mother plays in a darts team and she always has one before a match. She says it steadies her hand. She gave me one for tonight and I took it half an hour ago.”

HUMAN GUINEA-PIG

SO the game acquired a new interest for me. Here was a real human-guinea-pig experiment right before my very eyes. I gave Fred the once over. He looked no different to me. But what if the thing worked? This series of articles would then have been as out of date as the ancient theory about the world being flat. In the place of my article would probably appear an advertisement with some such heading as, “Take Nuttall’s Nerve Nougats Before a Big Game.”

Perhaps ice-skating and T.V. stars are made differently to T.T. players, but anyway, the magic potion did not work on Fred. In fact, he assured me that it had worked in the opposite direction.

So much for the easy way out. Paradoxically the answer to *How to Acquire a Big Game Temperament* is an easy and simple one, yet it is certainly not easy to put into practice. Hence the reason for a series of articles. After you have read my articles you will be in a position to master, to a certain extent, your “playing nerves.” You can’t expect to eradicate them altogether. If you could you would be the equal of a Yogi with exceptional powers, or else a dumb, soulless cluck without any emotions.

But I do promise you this: follow my instructions and exercises, which are to start in the next instalment, and you will do more to improve your game than any amount of coaching from a top class player.

A RECAP

FOR the benefit of new readers, and also to jog the memory of others let me recap on the first of this series.

All players experience nervous tension in some degree before a big match. Some are unfortunate in this respect because their tension gets out of control and takes the form of the jitters and lack of concentrative power.

Tension affects your play in many ways. Before the match it burns up your reserves of energy, making you tire easily. Your

by **ARTHUR WAITE**

breathing becomes shallow and you find yourself panting after only a little energetic play. Your ability to concentrate on your stroke play to the exclusion of everything else is brought to a low level, and your reflex action (speed of co-operation between brain and muscle) is slowed down by that vital split-second.

I said in my last article that it was possible for you to decrease your nervous tension, and that some players could eliminate it almost completely. I promised that in this series of articles I would show you how to do this, so here we make a start.

FIRST STEPS FIRST

FIRST I want you to realise how nerve tensions are built up before a big game or tournament. And don’t forget that even though you may not feel jittery like some folk when the score reaches twenty-all, it does not mean that you have no tension. Nerve tension is an insidious thing and affects people in scores of different ways. In the majority of cases it is quite unnoticed in the preliminary stages, but even if it does not progress farther than the preliminary stages it can be a burden on your playing ability. You might consider yourself to be constantly as cool as the other side of the pillow, but tension can cost you the game.

MENTAL SUGGESTIONS

HOW and when does tension start? Obviously the root of the trouble is your own mental suggestions. A thought enters your mind and if not controlled soon becomes an emotion. For instance it is the night before a big tournament and as you go to bed you have one thought on your mind, namely, “Tomorrow is the big tournament. I hope I do well.” If you are the worrying or emotional type, then this thought takes root and you allow your mind to dwell on things like, “I hope I don’t get smacked up in the first round. I hope I make an impression on the Selection Committee. I hope my girl friend and club-mates admire my display. etc., etc.” You go to bed with those thoughts on your mind and automatically a certain measure of tension creeps in while you are waiting to go to sleep. You may not fall asleep so easily, but when you do, very likely your body tightens up. Whenever you go to sleep with anxiety on your mind you don’t get the kind of deep sleep necessary for a big tournament.

EMOTIONAL VICTIM

WHEN you rise on the day of the tournament you may feel perfectly fit, but if you have lost some of your reserves of energy during the night through

tense muscles, then you are going to be an easy victim of any emotional thoughts you may have about the tournament. As you enter the hall you come into contact with a strange atmosphere, unfamiliar playing lay-out and conditions, and unfamiliar people. Anything inclined to be unusual or strange will bring on a little unnoticed nervous tension (and tension is like a snowball rolling downhill. It holds on to every little bit it acquires and sheds none so easily). As a matter of fact this matter of strange playing environment is an important one, and is one of the reasons why any team in any sport usually plays better at home.

After reporting at the umpire’s table you then dress and wait for your name to be called out. It is this waiting period where nerve tension creeps in by the bucketful. By the time you go on to play you are certainly not the player you are in your own club-room among your own pals. Your muscles have stiffened up through your self-imposed tension. If the room happens to be cold you will feel definite effects in the form of a dither or two here and there. No doubt you have experienced this and have blamed it on a chilly room, but you felt the draught and cold simply because you were tense. You will probably have found that lots of the spectators feel no cold.

Continued on page 30

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DOWN THE WHITE LINE

by "Gossima"

HAVE you noticed how those high balls, the ones that seem to say, "Come on, chum, and 'do' me," are far more often than not completely and hopelessly muffed? I'm as guilty as the next member of the awkward squad in making a B.F. of myself with these apparent gifts from heaven which are in fact temptations of the Devil. And why? Because, like you, I never learn that I mustn't relax my concentration, and take the putting away of the sphere so much for granted I instinctively become arrogantly contemptuous in my attitude towards the sitting bird.

And, also like you, I swear most foully at each incongruous failure. But because I curse inwardly nothing is heard but the sound of the dropping of an outsized clanger.

VOTED by fans one of the best, brightest and breeziest "open" finals in a long time: the Ken Craigie—Brian Brumwell clash in the Eastern Suburban, London, just prior to the "English."

Ken, as we all know, is one of that rare brand of stars who play as though they're really enjoying themselves, while Brian (who incidentally lashed Johnnie Leach out of the tourney) is another exponent who hasn't much time for the "I'm at war—it's kill or be killed" attitude.

Their match was marked by high spirits and daredevil shots, with the accent on attack and counter-attack, and jolly-hearted fun between rallies after a net-cord shot, edger, or particularly hectic bout of give-and-take.

THE Hungarian authorities believe that the tougher a player is the better he'll perform. They also believe that international tournaments are important prestige affairs. That's why their "aces" are as sound in wind and limb as it is humanly possible to make them.

This is the sort of schedule laid down for a Hungarian team prior to an important meeting. Early morning gymnastics, then exercises, a cross-country run, skipping and basket-ball. These activities, it is claimed, are aimed at increasing tactical knowledge and team spirit, as well as increasing physical capacity. After this

rigorous and vigorous labour, players go to their daily work. When time permits, other exercises utilised are putting the shot (for wrist power), high jumping (for agility), and sprinting (for speed).

Ferenc Sido, it is reported, can clear five feet at the high jump bar, despite his heavyweight build and poundage, while Gizi Farkas can churn up the cinders over the 100 metres course in 14 seconds.

Oh, yes: the boys and girls also play Table Tennis—in the evenings. We must all agree that if results are anything to go by, the Hungarians, who took three titles at the last World Series, definitely seem to have the right approach.

THE Hungarians, by the way, claim they have many bright youngsters ready to take over the reins when their current stars have had their day.

Joseph Koczian's 17-year-old sister, Eva, is named as Miss Farkas's natural successor, and other teenage girls in Agnes Almási, Edit Sagi and Zsuzsanna Fantusz are said to be more than promising. Left-handed, 18-year-old Laszlo Foldi beat Sido in the Hungarian championships this year, and rated with him in the up-and-coming world category are Kalman Szepesi and Elemer Gyetvai. If those young 'uns are half as fearsome at the table as their names are to spell and pronounce, they must be good!

THE other day I received this letter, with a London postmark and addressed to me at my London club. Signed "Observer," the contents roughly read thus: "Why don't you visit a psychiatrist? You don't like our stars, you have no time for young players, and you run down the Selection Committee. Whatever and whoever you talk about you criticise with venom. What makes you think you know it all? Take my advice and wrap up. You talk too much."

I have a sneaking suspicion that someone doesn't like me. Anyway, may I remind my undercover correspondent of Samuel Goldwyn's solemn pronouncement that "anyone who visits a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined?" As for the rest of his remarks, I flatly deny that the song, "Why does everybody call me Bighead?" was specifically written in my honour.

WITH THE JUNIORS . .

by HAROLD EVANS

ENGLAND v. GERMANY

WATCHED by many keyed-up English Open entrants, and the Hon. Ivor Montagu, chairman of the E.T.T.A., England's juniors beat Germany by 7-3 at Ken Stanley's Academy, Middleton, near Manchester, on the night before the start of the English—and, they have to thank the girls for victory.

ANN Haydon (Warwick) and Jill Rook (Surrey) overpowered the German girls Oda Mielehhausen and Hannelore Walz, but the 17-year-old Conny Freundorfer was never really extended in disposing of Ray Dorking (Essex) and Michael Maclaren (Surrey), and 15-year-old Erich Arndt gave a perfect display of attacking doubles.

But there was more about this match that was noteworthy than Freundorfer's immaculate two-wing hitting. It was newly-affiliated Middleton's first international match and it was run with all the efficiency of an inspired veteran organisation. Chairman Mr. E. Barker and Secretary Mr. Alan Barnard were largely responsible for this, aided by the expert advice of Referee Ken Stanley who laid on first-class conditions in his new Table Tennis hall.

STRONG LEAD

ENGLAND soon built up a strong lead of 3-0, Jill Rook setting the style in beating Walz, the weaker of the German girls, 21-8 in both games. Officially described as a "purely defensive player," the German girl who won the English Junior in 1951, got her points by an occasional hit; her defence was scrappy. Maclaren had a tighter game against the tiny Arndt, losing the first at 19 and then coming home 21-14, 21-12. Arndt's all-round hitting was promising but never powerful. Ann Haydon gave England the "hat trick" now by hitting off a nervous Mielehhausen 21-7, 21-18.

And now came the fabulous Freundorfer, German Senior champion, and Junior champion of Sweden, Yugoslavia, France

and England. Resplendent in gay blue nylon track suit trousers, he broke Ray Dorking's defence 21-13, 21-17, exploiting a beautiful forehand diagonal kill time and time again from openings created by consistent, medium-pace forehand and backhand drives, executed crisply with a long swing—and by cunning services and net-crawling drop shots.

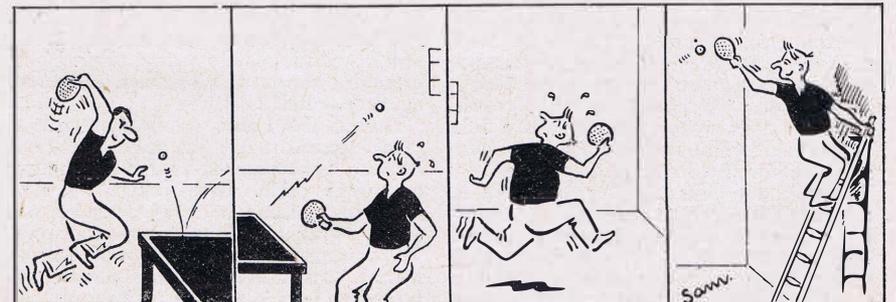
GALLANT DEFENCE

PLAYING doubles, the English girls saved the lead and England were ahead 4-1 when Arndt and Freundorfer came to play the Boys' Doubles. Dorking and Maclaren defended gallantly, but they could not stop the smooth-working hitting machine at the other side from winning—22-20, 21-10.

Four-Two . . . until Ann Haydon played Walz, no match for her at 21-13, 21-12. So now the German side had the next game to stave off defeat in a 10-set match.

The task fell to Erich Arndt. His game with Dorking was the best of the night—for a change you could hear a pin drop (Table Tennis spectators' manners do seem to be deteriorating). First game to Dorking 21-11 . . . and now Arndt tries everything he knows, driving, pushing, defending, but Dorking's chop and occasional smash prove too much. He leads, then Arndt in last-minute desperation wins point after point to 20-20. Dorking rallies . . . 22-20 and England have won 7-3 by the time the match is over, for though Rook plays next and beats Mielehhausen, Freundorfer has another game and Maclaren has no answer to that cross-table forehand.

Yes, Freundorfer is a name to note we say going home . . . and so is Middleton.



THE ENGLISH OPEN

REVIEWED BY ARTHUR WAITE

BERGMANN'S NEW RECORD

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE this season's World Championships are to be staged at Wembley once more, the English Open was brought North, on November 9th to 13th, to that famous playground, Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester.

Under the roof of the gigantic new Exhibition Hall, many a grim battle was fought by the lads and lasses of the Table Tennis world, while outside, the animals in the Zoological Gardens sat or stood in mournful silence. Sad countenances seemed to be fashionable at Belle Vue, for even the famous cartoonist, Tom Webster, remarked upon it. To a caricature of Johnnie Leach he gave the caption, "Johnnie Leach twice world champion and sometimes looks very miserable about it."

But apart from the harassed looking officials, and those players with the do-or-die expressions, there was a degree of cheerfulness to be found in this grand "get-together" of the Table Tennis fraternity of many countries. Yugoslavia, France, Germany, Sweden and Austria were all strongly represented.

FIRST RESULTS

THOUGH the other Germans did not take part in any Senior events Conny Freundorfer did, and in the Second Round he met 1951/52 winner of the title, Richard Bergmann. In the past two or three years Bergmann has put on much unwanted weight and is certainly not the player he was when he won the World's title at Wembley, just four years ago, but in this match against the German boy, Bergmann settled down to his scientific pushing, with occasional bursts of spasmodic hitting and ran out winner with scores of 21-12, 18-21, 21-13, 21-11.

MAGNIFICENT MERRETT

ON this first night, however, the match of the evening was between nineteen-year-old Brian Merrett of Gloucester, and the French Swaythling Cup star, 37-year-old Michael Haguenaer, holder of the Men's Singles title. This match gave the crowd value for their money, if nothing else did. It sparkled, scintillated and throbbled with suspense for five long exciting games.

With a top-class attacker opposing a top-class defender you have the ideal recipe for a game to thrill the crowd, and how they lapped it up. Though two games down, Brian Merrett went on blazing away with an attack which finally broke

down the wonderful defence of the No. 1 seed and hot favourite for the title. With the scores in games levelled at two-all the crowd sat in a hushed silence as the deciding game began... the silence became even more tense when Merrett was behind at 10-15. But then came a magnificent fighting finish and Merrett forged ahead to 20-15. Then came another moment of drama for the courageous Haguenaer took three points on the run, but the Merrett attack continued and he drove on to that last point and victory.

In the final match of the evening Brian Merrett tasted defeat at the hands of whirlwind-hitter Ken Craigie of Surrey, scores being in favour of Craigie, 16-21, 21-7, 21-13, 21-15.

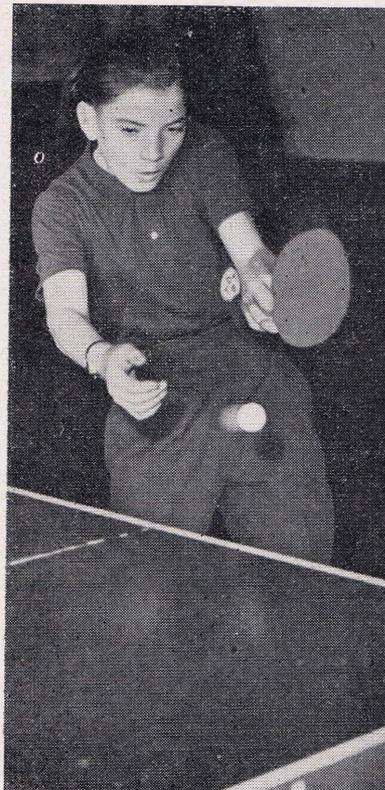
Prior to this, in a match that contained some rapid quick-fire counter hitting, Ronnie Allcock (Manchester) beat Alan Rhodes (Middlesex).

THE GIANTS MEET

PROBABLY the best time to go to any tournament is the evening before finals night, for it is then that the giants or seeded players meet. This was no exception at Belle Vue and one grand game was that between Len Adams (Middlesex) and Johnnie Leach (Essex). There was little between the players, although the forceful play of Adams completely dominated the game. With the score at two games all, Leach realised that his back was, very definitely, against the wall. Streaming with perspiration, Leach only found courage to drive whenever Adams made a slightly high return... which wasn't very often. Adams went down in the final game 21-16, and it was the old story once again of the defending player winning from his opponent's eventual mistakes.

During the Leach v. Adams battle a really titanic struggle was being fought out between Ken Craigie and Vilim Harangozo, on another table. Here, Craigie was even more hard-hitting and the defender was almost faultless in his returns and footwork. This was, perhaps, the match of the tournament. Craigie's hitting was almost unbelievably ferocious. The rallies were long

and there was a thrill in every return. How Craigie found the tremendous energy to keep up such a ceaseless attack for five long games was nothing short of a miracle.



ERICH ARENDT, the promising GERMAN boy, who partnered FREUNDORFER in the Boys' Doubles.

At the end of the third game, Craigie was leading two games to one, and promptly claimed the five-minute rest, which can be taken between the third and fourth games. During that time he needed to build up a new store of energy for the resumption of the battle, but he didn't show much knowledge of how to take advantage of the break.

Harangozo filled in the break with a little massage from his countryman Josef Gabric. By now the crowd had increased to approximately 700 people, and the struggle was resumed, with Craigie immediately going on the attack. His angle drives were stupendous, but the end of this game could be foreseen, for Craigie broke first. The final point of the game was won by a hard drive from Harangozo... his first one of the match! And so again the defensive player won.

In the other quarter-final matches Bergmann beat Amouretti (France) in a boring display. As Amouretti came off he muttered to the crowd, "It ees not my on night." Personally I doubt if either of these two players ever have an "on" night when they meet each other. In the past they have both been responsible for some of the most weary stuff ever dished up to the public.

The match between Aubrey Simons and Josef Gabric (Yugoslavia) was interesting, without being spectacular. Gabric amused the crowd with his unrestrained gesticulations. Aubrey Simons hit one particular shot and felt so sure it would not be returned that he began to take off his spectacles, in order to wipe them. The ball returned to the amazement of the English Swaythling Cup player.

MEN'S FINAL

AFTER a glance at the names of the Men's Singles Semi-finalists, the student of Table Tennis didn't need to be told that there wouldn't be any fireworks or games like Craigie v. Harangozo, and Merrett v. Haguenaer. Friday night, in the King's Hall, looked anything but promising, and these prospects turned out to be all too correct. At 12-30 a.m. the events were still being dragged out to their weary conclusion. The keepers locked-up and went home, and those people who didn't mind missing a bit of sleep, including the Earl of Stamford who had come to present the prizes, all had to wait half an hour before they were released!

The play started at 7-0 p.m. and the only events which had to be played were the Men's Singles semi-finals and finals, and the finals of Women's Singles, Men's and Women's Doubles. If the Junior finals and Mixed Doubles finals had not been played the previous night then it would have resembled an all-night Parliament sitting. And all because of what? Because when defensive player meets defensive player you can bed down for a nap.

Richard Bergmann won the title and set up a record by winning the Men's Singles on six occasions. But the final was something of a farce. The first and third games were decided on the time limit and the second game very nearly ended in that manner.

SAVING SECONDS

IF any player knows how to adopt his tactics to suit the time limit, then that player is Bergmann. Whenever he is in arrears he will work to save every vital second. He even runs round to his opponent's side to pick the ball off the floor, so that the game can be continued with the minimum waste of time.

Bergmann took the first game at 20-18, but won the second game outright at 21-14. In the third, time was called when the score

stood at twelve all. This meant that one final point had to be played with a time limit of five minutes for it. Had Harangozo been able to play out time then that game would have been declared void and the next game commenced, but Bergmann took the point inside the five minutes and consequently won the match and English title.

An interesting situation would have arisen had the game been declared void, for it would have meant two more games to play, in which Harangozo could have levelled the score in games, resulting in both players being disqualified!

After the match, Harangozo said, "My watch indicated that the game should have ended on time earlier, when I was leading."

Bergmann, on the other hand remarked, "I wish I hadn't won in such a manner." He then added that he did not consider twenty minutes long enough for a top-class game. But the crowd in the King's Hall seemed to think differently about that, for they cheered and clapped when, after the first twenty-minute game, the umpire announced that the succeeding games would be limited to ten minutes each.

The semi-final games were lukewarm in interest, the time limit being applied to one of the games played between Leach and Harangozo.

RESULTS

MEN'S SINGLES

Holder : M. Haguenaer (France)

FOURTH ROUND.—K. Craigie beat B. Kennedy, 21-12, 22-20, 21-14. V. Harangozo beat R. Baker, 21-10, 21-6, 21-12. J. Leach beat D. C. Burridge, 21-15, 21-16, 21-15. A. Simons beat R. Markwell, 19-21, 21-7, 21-15, 21-16. J. Gabric beat R. Roothoft, 21-8, 21-14, 21-14. R. Bergmann beat H. J. Venner, 21-8, 21-15, 21-15. L. G. Adams beat R. Hinchcliff, 21-8, 13-21, 22-20, 21-14. G. Amouretti beat G. Roland, 18-21, 21-14, 21-16, 21-19.

QUARTER-FINALS.—J. Leach beat L. G. Adams, 21-16, 18-21, 21-19, 17-21, 21-16. V. Harangozo beat K. Craigie, 21-13, 18-21, 18-21, 21-18, 21-13. R. Bergmann beat G. Amouretti, 21-16, 21-11, 21-13. A. W. C. Simons beat J. Gabric, 21-15, 17-21, 21-13, 18-21, 21-12.

SEMI-FINALS.—V. Harangozo beat J. Leach, 21-10, 18-20, 11-21, 21-18, 18-17 (time limit). R. Bergmann beat A. W. C. Simons, 21-13, 18-21, 21-16, 21-17.

FINAL.—R. Bergmann beat V. Harangozo, 20-18 (time limit), 21-14, 13-12 (time limit).

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Holder : Miss R. Rowe (England)

QUARTER-FINALS.—Miss R. Rowe beat Miss H. Elliott, 19-21, 21-8, 21-8, 21-15. Miss J. Rook beat Miss C. K. Best, 21-12, 17-21, 22-20, 21-17. Miss L. Wertl beat Miss J. Winn, 21-7, 21-12, 21-14. Miss D. Rowe beat Miss C. Wantel, 19-21, 21-17, 21-18, 20-22, 21-18.

SEMI-FINALS.—Miss R. Rowe beat Miss J. Rook, 21-14, 21-14, 21-11. Miss L. Wertl beat Miss D. Rowe, 21-18, 21-10, 13-21, 21-17.

FINAL.—Miss L. Wertl beat Miss R. Rowe, 21-18, 21-13, 15-21, 22-20.

WOMEN'S SINGLES

THE personality of the women's section was ginger-haired Austrian, Linde Wertl, whose forehand hit (nothing else), took her to the final, where she defeated Miss R. Rowe, 21-18, 21-10, 13-21, 21-17. A spectator on finals night was the Manchester girl Jean Titterington, who had such a tragic accident when returning from the last Merseyside Open. Jean has had a leg amputated and though still under hospital treatment is getting around a little.

Miss Wertl accounted for Diane Rowe in the semi, 21-18, 21-10, 13-21, 21-17. The junior girl Jill Rook (Surrey) did extremely well, reaching the semi-final with an array of creditable wins over Miss M. Thompson (Surrey), Mrs. Jean Brad-dock (Manchester), Audrey Bates (Wales), Kathleen Best (Yorks.). Jill was defeated in the semi in three straight by Rosalind Rowe.

BARNA ILL

VICTOR BARNA was down to partner Miss R. Rowe in the Mixed Doubles, but a telegram was received to say he was ill in bed and could not possibly attend. Richard Bergmann stepped in and took his place. Previously Bergmann had scratched from the Mixed after having been paired with Adele Wood.

MEN'S DOUBLES

Holders : R. Bergmann and J. Leach (England)

QUARTER-FINALS.—R. Bergmann and J. Leach beat B. Merrett and R. Morley, 21-9, 21-9, 21-16. A. W. C. Simons and B. Kennedy beat S. Cahero and J. Sala, 22-20, 21-16, 21-16. V. Harangozo and J. Gabric beat R. Hinchcliff and G. Wadsworth, 21-17, 21-18, 21-17. P. G. A. Pudney and R. J. Turner beat R. Roothoft and M. Lanskoj, 24-26, 13-21, 21-19, 21-19, 24-22.

SEMI-FINALS.—R. Bergmann and J. Leach beat P. G. A. Pudney and R. J. Turner, 21-6, 21-14, 22-20. A. W. C. Simons and B. Kennedy beat V. Harangozo and J. Gabric, 18-21, 18-21, 21-16, 21-17, 21-14.

FINAL.—A. W. C. Simons and B. Kennedy beat R. Bergmann and J. Leach, 19-21, 21-14, 17-21, 21-16, 21-17.

MIXED DOUBLES

Holders : V. Barna and Miss R. Rowe (England)

QUARTER-FINALS.—A. W. C. Simons and Miss H. Elliott beat L. G. Adams and Miss S. Threlfall, 21-14, 15-21, 21-18, 21-15. J. Leach and Miss D. Rowe beat R. Allcock and Miss P. Mortimer, 21-9, 21-12, 21-18. K. Craigie and Miss J. Rook beat V. Harangozo and Miss L. Wertl, 21-11, 24-22, 21-18. R. Bergmann and Miss R. Rowe beat R. J. Crayden and Miss J. Winn, 27-25, 17-21, 21-18, 13-21, 21-19.

SEMI-FINALS.—J. Leach and D. Rowe beat A. W. C. Simons and Miss H. Elliott, 18-21, 21-18, 22-20, 21-15. R. Bergmann and Miss R. Rowe beat K. Craigie and Miss J. Rook, 21-15, 21-12, 21-17.

FINAL.—J. Leach and Miss D. Rowe beat R. Bergmann and Miss R. Rowe, 21-16, 20-22, 21-13, 21-16.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES

Holders : Miss D. and R. Rowe (England)

QUARTER-FINALS.—Miss D. Rowe and Miss R. Rowe beat Miss W. Blades and Miss M. Thompson, 21-6, 21-14, 21-12. Miss H. Elliott and Miss L. Wertl beat Miss B. Gray and Miss S. J. Jones, 17-21, 21-17, 21-14, 21-17. Miss A. Bates and Miss G. Holden beat Miss C. K. Best and Miss A. Haydon, 19-21, 21-14, 23-21, 21-16. Miss J. Winn and Miss P. Mortimer beat Miss P. Gall and Miss J. Rook, 21-7, 21-16, 21-23, 21-19.

SEMI-FINALS.—Miss D. Rowe and Miss R. Rowe beat Miss A. Bates and Miss G. Holden, 21-15, 21-15, 21-10. Miss H. Elliott and Miss L. Wertl beat Miss J. Winn and Miss P. Mortimer, 21-9, 20-22, 21-14, 21-9.

FINAL.—Miss D. Rowe and Miss R. Rowe beat Miss H. Elliott and Miss L. Wertl, 21-13, 21-14, 21-15.

BOY'S SINGLES

Holder : K. Freundorfer (Germany)

QUARTER-FINALS.—E. Arendt (Germany) beat L. A. H. Jonsson (Sweden), 21-16, 21-18. K. Freundorfer (Germany) beat B. Barr (England), 21-14, 21-17. M. C. MacLaren (England) beat B. T. Borg (Sweden), 21-6, 21-17. L. H. Petterson (Sweden) beat R. Dorking (England), 21-14, 21-18.

SEMI-FINALS.—K. Freundorfer beat M. G. MacLaren, 21-17, 21-10. L. H. Petterson beat E. Arendt, 21-12, 21-12.

FINAL.—K. Freundorfer beat H. Petterson, 21-12, 21-13.

BOYS' DOUBLES

Holders : A. Danton and R. Dorking (England)

FINAL.—R. Dorking and M. G. MacLaren beat E. Arendt and K. Freundorfer, 18-21, 21-18, 21-9.

MEN'S VETERANS

Holder : L. Kerslake (Devon)

FINAL.—L. Kerslake (Devon) beat F. Bamford (Lancs.).

GIRLS' SINGLES

Holder : Miss A. Haydon (England)

SEMI-FINALS.—Miss A. Haydon (England), beat Miss O. Mielenhausen (Germany), 21-12, 21-10. Miss J. Rook (England) beat Miss J. Hodson (England), 21-5, 21-12.

FINAL.—Miss J. Rook beat Miss A. Haydon, 21-18, 11-21, 21-17.

GIRLS' DOUBLES

Holders : Miss A. Haydon & Miss J. Rook (England)

FINAL.—Miss J. Rook and Miss A. Haydon beat Miss J. Fielder and Miss J. Hodson, 21-12, 21-10.

JUNIOR MIXED DOUBLES

Holders : D. Phillips and Miss F. Lauben (England)

FINAL.—R. Dorking and Miss A. Haydon beat K. Freundorfer and Miss O. Mielenhausen, 21-10, 21-8.

GOSSIP

from the

"ENGLISH"

★

ON quarter-finals night the old-time English star and Swaythling Cup player, Ken Hyde, dropped in to see what present-day Table Tennis is like. Ken is now out of touch with the game, but told me he wasn't very impressed with present day standards compared to the 1930's.

ANOTHER caller the same night was Bert Trautman, Manchester City's German goalkeeper. He came to chat with the competitors from his homeland.

Many disparaging remarks were made about the slovenly dress of the men players. One spectator asked why Freundorfer, the German Junior Champion, was allowed to play in his blue, silk-striped pyjamas! Another person in the audience remarked on the players being allowed to play in track suits while they warmed up. He said, "Fancy seeing the Arsenal play the first ten minutes in track suits while they warmed up!" Praise was handed out to the girl players for their very attractive outfits, and also to one or two men players, including Aubrey Simons. But many of the men certainly belittled the game by appearing in baggy, untidy cardigans of a washed-out colour.

THE Table Tennis Leagues of Liverpool and Wirral have rules stating that at the beginning of a season clubs must register the colour of their sports shirt and from then on must appear in dress as stipulated in the rules.

BEFORE one match Bergmann was sent off to change his shirt. He had appeared in one of a bright yellow colour. He returned wearing one of a faded pale blue. One of the Rowe twins was also asked to change from a bright yellow cardigan.

FULL marks to Leslie Woollard for his bright coverage of the tournament in the *News Chronicle*. Praise is also due to the Manchester Table Tennis writer, Harold Evans, for his breezy articles.

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'THE GHOST STILL WALKS'

FRIDAY, November 13th, at the 1953 English Open Championship Finals, was "Friday the Thirteenth" for more people than those who did not win titles. It was unlucky for those ardent fans who had brought with them non-playing Table Tennis friends to witness some thrills. It was also as unlucky a day for Table Tennis as that tragic evening when the vast television audience was allowed to watch the lamentable performances of last season's "Daily Mirror" Men's Singles finalists.

DURING the days of the Barna-Szabados-Perry-Haydon era, Table Tennis followers had good reason to believe that here, in the making, was a sport which would, throughout the years, thrill the non-playing public, and maybe draw gates of many hundreds to ordinary weekly County matches. Since then the game has become stuck in the mud of unenterprising play. To win at all costs is the outlook of many top-class players. Premier titles, such as the World's and the English, are now won by playing to the time-limit rule.

Yes, our beloved game is still chained down by the stigma of "Ping Pong." At the English Open, in all rounds, including the "grand" finals, the ghost of "Ping Pong" still walked.

During the tournament a newspaper columnist resurrected this story of Fred Perry, the famous lawn tennis player.

Perry was waiting for his turn at Wimbledon when his opponent said to him, "While we're waiting let's play this kid's game of ping-pong. I suppose you can play?"

Perry nodded, "As a matter of fact old man, I was world champion in 1929, but took up lawn tennis because it was easier."

In an effort to defeat unenterprising players the net was lowered three quarters of an inch! Some folk think that that move handicapped the really top-class player more than the chiseller. Maybe they are right.

But perhaps there is another reason for dull play in world important tournaments. Can it be that big money is a dominating factor. To win an event like the English or the World obviously means more bookings in the way of exhibitions. A world title is certainly worth many thousands of pounds to a player with a head for business, and the English Open brings a good price. With so much at stake every point is worth a few hundred pounds! No room here for bold courageous hitting, which is likely to raise the roof at Wembley. It is certainly

too expensive to hit at twenty-all! Cautious play is the order of the day. And in this game of £ s. d. an entirely new set of tactics dominates the top-class player's strategy . . . how to play to the time limit!

In many cases it is the luck of the draw. When you get defensive player meeting defensive player, then bring out the clocks. But need this be so in the latter stages of a tournament, when the public come, expecting excitement? The organisers of tournaments have themselves to blame, for they seed players so that they meet in the closing stages of a tournament.

If they can do this, then why not do the seeding from an entirely different viewpoint. Seed the players so that you are sure to get attackers in the top half of the draw and defending players in the bottom half. You are then assured of at least a bright final, and certainly something of a bright top portion.

— TIME-LIMIT RULE —

International regulations prescribe two alternative methods for controlling pushing play; these are commonly known as the Time-Limit Rule and the Expedite Rule.

The Time-Limit Rule will be applied in this tournament.

Briefly, this Rule provides that, if a game is unfinished twenty minutes after its commencement, the player (or pair, in doubles) who is then leading is awarded that game. Once any game in a match has been stopped in this way, the remaining games in that match are limited to ten minutes and, if unfinished after that period, are awarded to the player or pair then leading.

If, after the prescribed period, the players have equal scores, one further point is played to decide the game; if that point is unfinished after five minutes, then that game is declared void and the match proceeds with the next game—if one is due to be played. Should neither player have a lead of games at the end of the match, as a result of application of this rule, then both players are disqualified.

At any time after a game has been stopped at the time limit, the Referee may exercise certain powers, including the right to transfer the remainder of the match to another table.

BRIGHT YOUNGSTERS

by G. R. WALKER, Junr.

ATTEENTIVE readers (hope springs eternal!) may remember that when I assessed Scottish prospects at the end of last season, I mentioned Juniors Bert Park (Aberdeen) and Helen Houliston (Edinburgh).

These two are now more than fulfilling my hopes of them. Bert Park, now a senior, met Internationalist John Campbell (holder) in the Scottish and promptly disposed of him in two dynamic straight sets.

Meanwhile, Miss Houliston, playing with Helen Elliot, continues to help herself to Doubles titles. She is, however, deplorably weak on the backhand and something should be done about this before she develops bad playing habits in order to "cover-up" her deficiency. How about it, Helen?

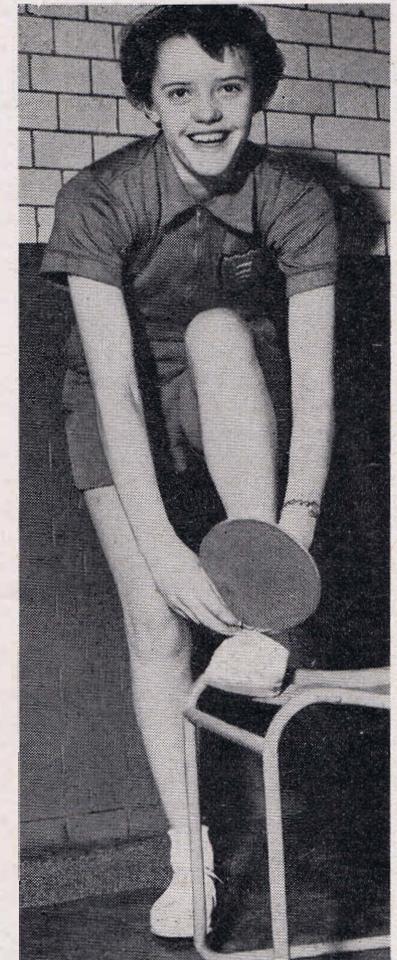
PLAYER OF THE YEAR



Finals Night at the English Open Championships was one that Aubrey Simons will remember all his life. That was the night he received the handsome "Victor Barna Trophy" as "Player of the Year."

No-one has deserved honour more than this modest sportsman who did so much to bring the Swaythling Cup to Britain for the first time. The award was a fitting tribute for 'services rendered.'

A HAPPY PLAYER



Miss YVONNE BAKER of Chingford, Essex. St. Mark's T.T. Club and Essex County player. Holder of Essex Singles title, three years running.

Swansea and District Table Tennis League comes into the news this month with the announcement that Swansea "Open" Tournament is to be held in the works canteen of Messrs. Louis Marx & Co., Ltd., and Lama Ltd., at Fforestfach, Swansea, on Saturday, January 9th.

Twelve tables will be used for the M.S., W.S., M.D., W.D., X.D., B. and G.S. events.

Referee will be Mr. Ivor Williams, and closing date for entries is December 31st, 1953.

SCOTTISH CONFINED CHAMPIONSHIPS

Major Title for Still

AT the Palace of Arts, Bellahouston, Eddie Still (Glasgow) finally gained himself a major title. Still has been so near and yet so far so very often that there were few who were not delighted at his victory.

Edinburgh's Helen Elliot, as expected, swept the boards, taking the Women's Singles, Doubles and Mixed Doubles titles.

Despite the fact that the titles eventually went to "KNOWN NAMES," the keynote of this tournament was the wholesale upset of stars.

Serviceman and Internationalist Johnny Braithwaite travelled half the length of the country on 48 hours' leave to be knocked out in the 1st round to the tune of 9, 16 by Laidlaw of Glasgow. Laidlaw, a sound all-round left-hander, deserved his win, but its ease was due at least in some part to the fact that Braithwaite was patently out of practice. Johnny tells me he has now started to play with Ebor (York), where also has landed his countryman and clubmate, Alan Glass.

Monty McMillan is, as we had hoped, a different man this year, but on Saturday, was full of loose shots of which the "New" Garland took full advantage in the quarter-finals.

An unimpressive Bertie Kerr went the way of his Internationalist colleagues in the fourth round when he was defeated by A. D. Culloch (Paisley).

PURPLE PATCHES

Culloch is a very clever player who plays a subtle game of mixed lengths which came within an ace of being too much for Still in the semi-final. Still had about the worst run of bad luck with edge balls and net cords that I've ever seen, but fortunately for him, Culloch was subject to purple patches (9-3 to 12 all in the second set) and Still finally got through to 17 in the third. For quality, this game was about the best of the final stages.

Aberdeen's Victor Garland has suddenly developed a defence which had everybody gasping, especially Teasdale, who was on his last legs when he won the semi-final against Garland at 23-21 in the third. This

was a touch-and-go affair in which Garland was unlucky to lose.

The nervous tension aroused by the clash of Still and Teasdale in the final was terrific—and out of all proportion to the standard of play, except for a very few good rallies. Still is subject to nerves at the best of times, but he reached a peak in this game, with the result that loose shots flowed from his bat in rapid succession. Still has no attack whatever, a fact which was pin-pointed by the way in which Teasdale found it easy to hit the few apologetically offensive strokes Still ventured to make.

NOT FORCING

The reason for this is that when Still does make an offensive stroke, he merely goes through the motion; he does not force the ball, with the result that the shot has even less bite than his habitual chops. He will never make an impression in the International field until he rectifies this. After Still's loose shots had cost him the first set at 16, he was down 17-20 in the second, and it looked all over. Teasdale, however, by this time as nervous as his opponent, cracked deplorably, and lost five points in a row to let Still win the second set. The final set was fought out in rapidly deteriorating play and breathtaking changes of fortune, highlighted when Teasdale, down 16-18, failed to return service, then served at 16-19 and Still also failed to return service. After a jittery three minutes Still made the grade at 22-20—just!

WOMEN'S SINGLES

In the Women's Singles, Glasgow's Miss Cruickshanks got the better of Edinburgh's Mrs. Cocker in the third round, but fell to Mrs. Cababi in the "quarters." Mrs. Cababi's victory was, however, a trifle unconvincing in the face of Miss Cruickshanks' fierce half-volley attack. Mrs. Cababi has a fine forehand but plays some deplorably loose shots. Meanwhile, Helen Elliot was marching steadily on, while in the bottom half Glasgow's Mina Josephson had the beating of ping-pong Mrs. Sinclair. In the "semis," Mrs. Cababi was outclassed by Helen Elliot, while Mrs. Josephson was too steady for Mrs. Sutherland. Mrs. Sutherland is a newcomer to these airy realms but did not impress. In

the final, Helen Elliot beat Mrs. Josephson in characteristically ferocious style.

Outstanding performance in the Men's Doubles was put up by Pringle and Topley (Dundee) who made their way to the semi-final over the bodies of Metcalfe and Campbell (Glasgow). Other semi-finalists were Garland and Forman, Hillan and Baxter, old firms of the North and Glasgow respectively, plus star pair McMillan and Kerr. In the final, Forman and Garland met McMillan and Kerr.

A ROUSING TIE

This was a rousing tie, though Kerr had rather an off-day, so that the star pair did not shine so brightly as usual and were indeed just eclipsed in the first set at 22-20. They regained their lustre, however, and were easy third set winners; sheer criminal carelessness gave Forman and Garland a flattering 15 points here.

Helen Elliot was at times surprisingly poor, and this nearly let in Mrs. Josephson and Miss Segal (Glasgow) for a sensational semi-final victory in the Women's Doubles. The Glasgow pair led by 20-17 in the second set after winning the first, and only something akin to shock at the idea of victory prevented their winning.

In the other half, the young Misses McCandlish and Fraser (Glasgow) put up a plucky show which just failed against

Mrs. Cocker and Mrs. Cababi of Edinburgh. In the final, Elliot and Houliston redeemed themselves with a two set victory over Cocker and Cababi.

In the semi-finals of the Mixed Doubles, the off-form play of Helen Elliot and Bertie Kerr nearly cost them the match against Herry Baxter and Mrs. Josephson. The score—22, 5, 18, speaks volumes on erratic play. Meanwhile, Laidlaw and Farquhar beat Forman and Black (Dundee) to enter the final, only to lose in straight sets.

RESULTS

MEN'S SINGLES. E. Still (Glasgow) beat E. A. Teasdale (Edinburgh),—16, 20, 20.

WOMEN'S SINGLES. H. Elliot (Edinburgh) beat M. Josephson (Glasgow), 12, 5.

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

MIXED DOUBLES. McMillan and Kerr beat Garland and Forman,—24, 19, 15.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES. Elliot and Houliston beat Cababi and Cocker, 12, 19.

MIXED DOUBLES. Elliot and Kerr beat Farquhar and Laidlaw, 16, 7.

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by G. R. WALKER, Jr.

Champions v. The Rest

(AT HANLEY)



MIDDLESEX, though vanquished in the score, were never bowed. Heroic in defeat, they gave a public demonstration of why they have been champions for six years.

Internationals Micky Thornhill and Alan Rhodes, Nos. 1 and 2 of the Middlesex team, were not available. Micky could not get to Hanley until 9 p.m., but, nevertheless, made the long journey, just to play in the Men's Doubles match.

The unfamiliar 1—2—3 was Adams, Lowe and Burrige. These doughty fighters had to face Leach, Simons and Kennedy—in fact, it only needed Bergmann to complete an opposition comprised of England's World championship Swaythling Cup team!

The first tie, Brian Kennedy v. Derek Burrige, set the tone. Brian opened confidently with a fusillade of power drives, and it looked an easy 2-straight win for The Rest. Yet the agile Burrige was getting the ball back again and again, and scoring with some lovely counter-hits. Scores see-sawed, until Brian finally scraped home at 18. The second game was reversed, with the determined and dextrous Derek holding Brian's game. In the third and deciding game Brian took firm control of the game, picking his winners with caution, but although the score shows a 21-10 win to the Yorkshireman, it was a much harder game than that suggests.

A cautious Aubrey Simons dare take no chances with Len Adams, who had beaten him in the Home Counties tournament. Winning a tight first game, Aubrey opened out, and Adams grabbed every opportunity and equalised 18-21, 21-18. In the decider Simons closed the floodgates with his vicious, short chops and quick-silver drives on both hands. Adams attacked with heavily rolled topspin, he defended mightily, but Simons kept his lead to win at 14.

Johnnie Leach beat Jimmy Lowe 17, 17. Short, but no walkover. Match score was 3—0. Next the Women's Doubles, and the Rowe twins just back from their magnificent tour "Down Under." To face them was the new pairing of Kathleen Best and 15-year-old Ann Haydon; one left-hander on each side. Kath and Ann sailed in like jet-fighters with a speed and fury that drove the twins back to the surround, to a stylish defence and swift darting counter-attacks. The vigorous

"blitzkrieg" was exhilarating and a delight to see; this was the best tie of the evening. Haydon, with little doubles experience, showed a natural sense of movement, gilded in its promise, even if timing was occasionally ragged. Victory 22-20, 21-17 for twins, and the first win for Middlesex.

Diane Rowe won a crisp encounter with the Yorkshire whirlwind Kathie Best, after losing the first game. Then Victor Barna and Rosalind Rowe, with graceful elegance and reasonable comfort, beat Johnnie Leach and Ann Haydon, 17, 13. Middlesex had stopped the flood and were still in the fight, with a 3—3 match score.

Micky Thornhill arrived from London at 9 p.m. and joined Barna in the Men's Doubles against Kennedy and Simons, and things looked bright for Middlesex, when Victor and Micky won the first game at 12. Micky was playing well but, new to the table after his journey, was handi-capped, and Kennedy and Simons pulled out to win and give The Rest the lead at 4-3.

But although Middlesex had lost this critical doubles tie, they never gave up, and were still fighting as determinedly for the last point of the evening as they were for the first. Burrige went grimly after the Simons crown and his losing score of 16-21 and 18-21 scarcely reflects the merit of his performance.

Adams v. Leach was dour stuff that kept Johnnie on the alert to work for his win.

The last match of the evening was by no means the least. Here we saw something of the Jimmy Lowe potential as he fought back and took a game from the sporadically fierce-hitting Kennedy. Lowe played cleverly and we dare to hope that this match may mark a consistent upward resumption of his interrupted playing career.

RESULTS

(Rest of England names first:—
J. Leach beat L. Adams, 11, —23, 12; beat J. Lowe, 17, 17. A. W. C. Simons beat L. Adams, 18, —18, 14; beat D. Burrige, 16, 18. B. Kennedy beat D. Burrige, 18, —18, 14; beat J. Lowe, —22, 15, 19. Miss C. K. Best lost to Miss D. Rowe, 15, —16, —15. B. Kennedy and A. Simons beat V. Barna and M. Thornhill, —12, 10, 17. Miss C. K. Best and Miss A. Haydon lost to Misses D. and R. Rowe, —20, —17. J. Leach and Miss A. Haydon lost to V. Barna and Miss R. Rowe, —17, —13.

LESLIE S. WOOLLARD

EAST OF ENGLAND 'OPEN'

by our Special Correspondent

THE finals of this tournament, held at Butlin's Holiday Camp, Skegness, provided some thrilling games. Especially good were the women's events—the semi-finals and finals of the singles and doubles. Peggy Piper played sparkling Table Tennis to beat Betty Gray (Wales) in the semi-final, and Shirley Jones (also of Wales) in the final.

The Welsh girls, nevertheless, departed with a good collection of trophies, as usual, sharing the Women's Doubles title, and Shirley winning the Mixed Doubles with her namesake, Ivor Jones (Essex). It takes good girls to stop these two!

Brian Kennedy clinched his second singles title here this season, having won the Home Counties in grand style at the beginning of September. Brian was fully extended in the semi-final by Jackie Head (Surrey), and just scraped horpe deuce in the third game.

One young lady who impressed us was Miss Florence Wright (Barnsley), who, having beaten Wendy Blades, the favourite, in the Girls' Singles semi-final, only narrowly lost to Beryl Spooner (Middlesex) in the final. Fifteen-year-old Florence certainly looks set to "go places" in the near future.

About the biggest surprise was the elimination of Kennedy and Thornhill in the early rounds of the Men's Doubles, by Glyn Bebb and John Bryant (Herts.), who in turn lost to G. Brook and S. Dyson.

Bernard Crouch, who has won the Men's Doubles titles with Roy Turner (Surrey) for the previous four years, did not take part. This year, Roy was partnered by Ron Litten, and they were beaten by the Essex youngsters, Ray Dorking and Bobby Raybould.

Although there were quite a few of the "names" missing from this tournament, the general standard of play was good, and, as already mentioned, some were exceptional. The good weather and sea air completed a very enjoyable weekend.

RESULTS

M.S. Semi-finals.—B. KENNEDY beat J. Head, 20, —19, 20. R. HINCHLIFF beat M. Thornhill, —12, 8, 16.

Final.—B. KENNEDY beat R. Hinchliff, 16, 18.

W.S. Semi-finals.—Miss S. JONES beat Mrs. E. Carrington, 13, —16, 15. Miss P. PIPER beat Miss B. Gray, —22, 14, 17.

Final.—Miss P. PIPER beat Miss S. Jones, 22, —15, 16.

M.D. Semi-finals.—G. BROOK/S. DYSON beat J. Bryant/G. Bebb, 14, 18. J. HEAD/D. MILLER beat R. Hinchliff/G. Wadsworth, —19, 13, 11.

Final.—J. HEAD/D. MILLER beat G. Brook/S. Dyson, 16, 17.

W.D. Semi-finals.—B. GRAY/S. JONES beat E. Carrington/B. Milbank, 10, 17. P. PIPER/M. CUMBERBATCH beat W. Blades/K. Simpson, 4, 14.

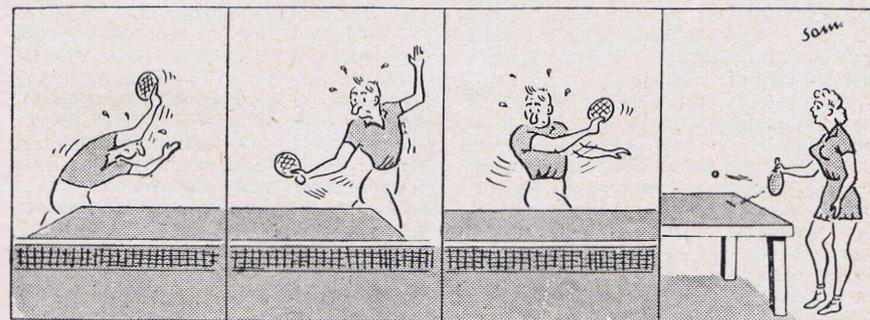
Final.—B. GRAY/S. JONES beat P. Piper/M. Cumberbatch, —19, 17, 20.

X.D. Semi-finals.—I. JONES/Miss S. JONES beat K. Hurlock/Miss P. Piper, 11, 11. J. CARRINGTON/Miss B. MILBANK beat B. Kennedy/Miss B. Gray, 13, 20.

Final.—I. JONES/Miss S. JONES beat J. Carrington/Miss B. Milbank, 15, 8.

B.S. Final.—R. DORKING beat D. Backhouse, 19, —16, 17.

G.S. Final.—Miss B. SPOONER beat Miss F. Wright, 19, 21.



SAM

★ KIRKWOOD'S ★
COLUMN

ANDY Miller, the Manchester ex-international who has come back in a small way, is not the only player to find that without big-time aspirations he's enjoying his games as never before. Pre-war international Harry Rosen, stylish left-handed Londoner who looked like reaching the heights before the war, is also playing again—as a member of the Polytechnic T.T.C., in the Central London League. And he's happy to remain in obscurity and leave cups, trophies and badges to others as want 'em. Says Harry, "I've lost all my ambitions. I'm no longer 18 and I couldn't care less about honours. I'm an average club player now and enjoy my game more than I've ever done in my life. With no worries about getting beaten, I play with a free mind."

It isn't difficult to understand. The ambitious player is always sweating to beat those above him and scared rigid to lose to those ranked below him. Every match is an obstacle to be cleared at all costs if honours are to be won. There is little pleasure in a win and, a loss assumes the proportions of a major disaster. The game, in short, takes a poor second place to the result. No wonder that after finding it tough at the top, some of the boys are finding it sweet near the bottom!

A FRIEND who attended the last Australian championships at Sydney has forwarded some interesting comments on the sensational downfall of Singles title-holders "Mik" Szabados and Dora Beregi. Szabados, thrashed 21-13, 21-13, 21-4 by P. Anderson (Queensland), is generally regarded to have gone "over the hill." Anno Domini, so it is clearly inferred, has caught up with him. Beregi's case is different. Beaten by "unknown" N. Buckland (Victoria) in two straight in the penultimate round, Dora is said to be the victim of her own carelessness. For six months prior to the championships she had no practice and entered no tournaments—at least not against better players. Buckland is a comparative second-rater who'd never live with an "in-trim" Beregi. Everyone "down under" is sorry the popular red-haired ex-Hungarian girl went down to ignominious defeat—but it

is felt she asked for it. Even champions can't afford the luxury of carelessness....

THOSE Jap-style crepe bats are still creating shindigs here, there and about. Some countries are even proposing that they be banned, as though they were some sort of freakish weapon which gives their users an unfair advantage. What stupid nonsense! The bats have only a nuisance value by virtue of their silence, which admittedly is, at first, unsettling to the player whose ears are conditioned to hear the clonk that normally follows the impact of ball on racket. The crepe articles, once you've got used to facing them, are no more dangerous than the orthodox specimens. The Japs took Westerners by surprise in the 1951 Bombay World series—but since then, it is significant to note, the Hong Kong players have rubbed the noses of the Jap aces well and truly in the dust. We can also remember that Bergmann and Leach, no longer ignorant of the sponge-bat reaction, did the same thing two years ago during their Far East tour. Talent and ability are, in the long run, enormously more telling than any implement, crepe-covered or otherwise.

THAT fortunate gentleman, the Sultan of Morocco, who had 20 concubines flown out to him, was recently reported to have ordered ping-pong tables—"as quickly as possible and regardless of cost." Oh, the wondrous fascination of Table Tennis! The news also answers for him the question: "And what do you do in your spare time?"

DETERMINED bloke, this Richard Bergmann. He has been dealing with his tendency, noticeable last season, towards a tubby figure which was beginning to slow him up and lessen his staying power. With his eyes on another World Singles title to make his total five, equalling Barna's record tally, he has been taking early morning runs. Bad weather hasn't been allowed to interfere with his back-to-slimness routine. Even a "not-at-peak" Bergmann commands respect, but trained-to-the-hair he is one even the greatest player is happy to give a very wide berth to. Not generally realised, incidentally, is

the fact that much of Richard's success has been due to his great physical strength.

CURIOS that the biggest moan which went up following the selection of Leach, Simons and Bergmann to do battle with the Hungarians in this month's London international, came from an ex-selector, whose newspaper column seemed pained that Brian Kennedy had been "overlooked" in favour of the older man. I say "curious" because when the person in question was himself a power on the selection committee, he (and his fellows) was responsible for quite a few awkward clangers, including the notorious dropping of Bergmann from the Swaythling Cup team a season or two back—surely the greatest *faux pas* in English Table Tennis history!

Now that he is a free agent, he is not backward in acting the all-wise seer. Well, well. Incidentally, his Kennedy angle was a little cockeyed. True Brian had up to that time won three open tournaments—but his mettle against world-class international opposition has yet to be proved, whereas England's chosen trio have shown they have what it takes. The match against top-notchers Hungary was very definitely no time for experimenting or "bleeding." The selectors were in order in choosing the tried and tested Swaythling Cup stars against the side they beat in last season's final.

MIXED Doubles twosome on which to concentrate an optic is the Shirley Jones—Ivor Jones combination. The young Welsh girl and Essex boy make up a slashing, fiery, tearaway, daredevil and hard-hitting pair who are going to create havoc when they become more attuned to each other. Even now they are belting their way through noted twosomes and causing established pairs furiously to think. I once had occasion, by the way, to take Ivor to task for his tendency to act the goat at the table, and suggested he'd be a sight better player if he saved his concentration for the game and forgot the gallery. It seems the "golden-haired killer" has acted on the advice, for now he devotes his mind exclusively to ball and table—and he is a sight better player for it.

THE "Season of Festivity" is almost on top of us. Forgetting T.T. for the time being, here's wishing everyone—players, officials, spectators, the Association en masse and individually, and even those who don't like us in general and me in particular—lashings of turkey, pudding, drink, and luscious kisses under the mistletoe. And freedom, when it's all over, from hangovers, regrets, dyspepsia, and a bearily blue-nosed outlook on life. Glasses up!

BARBARA MILBANK'S

LONDON
NOTES

HALLO again, readers! Here's hoping you are now settling down to another enjoyable season, and doing as well as you hoped. Congratulations to Jean Winn (Surrey), Peggy Piper (Surrey), Yvonne Baker (Essex), Joy Seaman (Middlesex) and Marjorie Cumberbatch (Warwick) on being selected to play for England against Wales in December, and also to Anne Haydon (Warwick) who was in the team against France on November 14th.

I hear that Peggy Franks will not be around the tournaments, at least until Christmas, owing to business reasons. Let's hope Peggy will get in shape for the World's—it would be nice to see her play as well as she did when beating Trudi Pritz two years ago in the English Open.

The "Battle of Dress" is continuing: Surrey County players have added to their uniform of maroon blazer with turquoise binding, by wearing a matching sweater with stripes of turquoise included in the neck band, wrists and waist band. Putney club now have a uniform consisting of turquoise shirts and matching sweaters, with distinguishing black bars for County and International players—one for County, and two for International honours.

I do think, though, that the new Essex County blazers beat all others. But it may be that I am prejudiced. Their badge, made in wire, is worn on a plain navy blazer, and looks very smart.

The Grove Club, which has been running Sunday Practice Tournaments regularly, has now completed its first seven months' life, and is becoming increasingly popular. For the uninitiated, the "Grove" is in Grove Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex, and all enquiries should be addressed to P. L. Bunten, 11 Baxter Road, Ilford, Essex, or to A. W. Pickford, 126 Lansdowne Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

JUST A FEW LEFT

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BEGINNER'S LUCK . . .

AN INTRODUCTION TO TABLE TENNIS

AS the Winter approached, our local Lawn Tennis club retired earlier and earlier to the clubroom to play indoor games. At first I had confined my attentions to the more debauched of these sports—billiards, snooker, darts, solo, dice, and so on, but after a time these began to pall, so I looked around for some other occupation.

Table Tennis took my eye—people told me it was a good game—I had seen others playing it and it seemed easy enough, so I decided to have a go. I was quite an expert at the outdoor game and so I saw no reason why this miniature version should beat me.

SHATTERING EXPERIENCE

My first game was a shattering experience and one I will long remember. It seemed that in serving, the ball had to be bounced on both sides of the net. This, to me, appeared a queer arrangement, but I decided that it would be unwise to argue during my first game. This bouncing business, I found, was more difficult than it first looked—the ball tended either to leave the end of the table or else to fall in the net. This meant that I spent a considerable time grovelling under various articles of furniture looking for the ball.

by A. G. PEPPER

This was frustrating, to say the least, and so I thought I would have a proper game, to see if I did any better that way.

A sweet young thing, five feet tall and with the biggest blue eyes imaginable, gently hit the ball over to me. Wishing to impress this miniature Venus with my manly powers I smote the ball violently; to my surprise and horror it rose sharply into the air and landed far away at the other end of the hall. Learning by experience, I gently tapped the next one across, when, to my consternation, the sylph-like creature drove it so hard to my side of the net that I hardly saw it.

NOT FINISHED!

AFTER losing heavily I played no more that night, but let it not be thought that I was finished with the game! I would not be beaten by a slip of a girl. The next day I gathered all the information I could muster concerning this game and before long I was absorbed on details of style, footwork, tactics and other technicalities, which I had imagined were only to be found in the outdoor game.

Theory was not enough though, I had to have practice. To this end, unknown to the rest of the club, I let myself into the clubroom several times that week and, gathering all the balls I could, I practised serving. Having attained a moderate degree of skill, I let a sympathetic friend into my secret and, for a couple of evenings, we practised together.

The next Sunday I challenged the little girl again and she, very kindly, offered me a few points start. These I scornfully rejected—with the result that I, once more, lost! However, my loss was not quite as heavy as before so I did not take it to heart too much; I even went as far as to buy my bewitching conqueror a drink.

Since then I have been playing regularly and have even gone as far as to enter a few local tournaments. As a veteran of one season, my advice to anyone who is scornful of the game of Table Tennis is this:—'Have a go yourself and you, too, will find that there is more to this fine sport than meets the eye.'

ATTENTION!

If you live or play within striking distance of Barnehurst, Kent, and have not yet entered for the North West Kent Open now is the time to do so. The competition will run from January 17th to 23rd and there are MS; MD; WS; WD; XD; JSB; JSG; events. Closing date for entries is December 14th.

The venue is Barnehurst Residents' Club (only 30 minutes from London Bridge) and entry forms and tickets for the Finals Night (admittance is 2/6d.) can be obtained from F. T. Burvill, Organising Secretary, at 2, Lime Avenue, Northfleet, Kent.

Referee will be Mr. G. A. Owen and the Saturday night Finals will begin promptly at 7 p.m.

LEACH-BRUMWELL THRILLER IN EASTERN SUBURBAN

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

HIGHLIGHT of Finals Night (which provided exceptionally good entertainment throughout) was the Men's Singles semi-final between Johnnie Leach and Brian Brumwell (Essex). Never are we likely to see such a match again! After three games packed with amazing hitting by Brian and equally amazing retrieving by Johnnie, the former emerged the winner, —17, 19, 19.

The second semi-final between Ken Craigie and Roy Turner (both of Surrey) was a very weak display—but there, perhaps any game would have appeared so, following immediately after the "Lord Mayor's Show." It should be mentioned, however, that unfortunately Roy Turner never does himself justice when "out in the centre," and did not seem like the same player who, only the previous night, had beaten Harry Venner (20, 15).

The final between Craigie and Brumwell was excellent, and although Brian didn't quite reach the heights of his semi, Craigie nevertheless had to play very well to retain his title.

In the Women's Doubles between the Rowe Twins and Jean Winn (Surrey) and Joy Seaman (Middlesex), the latter pair seemed set for a comfortable win with a lead of 13—5 in the third game. However, as usual, Di and Ros pulled themselves together at this crucial stage and made the score 14—13 in their favour, eventually winning 21—19.

BIG SHOCKS

The Women's Singles final between Joy Seaman and Peggy Piper (Surrey), although quite a good game, did not truly reflect the high standard of play seen throughout the closing stages of this event, which included some of the biggest shocks of the Tournament. Di Rowe, after scraping home 17, —18, 22 against Barbara Milbank (Essex), lost to Joyce Roberts in her second round; Joyce looked set to retain her title, but lost to Joy Seaman in the third round (—17, 17, —13). Jean Winn also fell to Joy, "deuce" in the third game. In the other half of the draw, Peggy Piper beat Margaret Fry (15, 17), Yvonne Baker (11, 22) and Betty Isaacs (17, 16) on her way to the final, and then beat Joy 18, 19, thus winning the title without dropping a game.

The standard of the Men's Doubles final was in keeping with the other first-class

matches already mentioned. It must have been a great disappointment to Harry Venner and Jimmy Lowe to lose this match, after beating such strong partnerships as Head / Craigie, Leach / Carrington and Turner / Pudney in previous rounds. Their victors, Keith Hurlock and Derek Burridge, played very soundly, however, and fully deserved their win.

The experienced partnership of Johnnie Leach and Di Rowe proved too strong for the newly formed team of Jack Carrington and Barbara Milbank in the Mixed Doubles final, although they were taken to "deuce" in the second game.

The finals of the Junior events were played during the week, the most interesting result being the defeat of Ray Dorking by Terry Densham (Surrey), 18, —9, 16.

It is interesting to note that four of the five new women Internationals participating in this tournament reached the finals.

Results :—

MEN'S SINGLES : K. Craigie beat B. Brumwell —19, 14, 17.

WOMEN'S SINGLES : M. Piper beat Y. Seaman 18, 19.

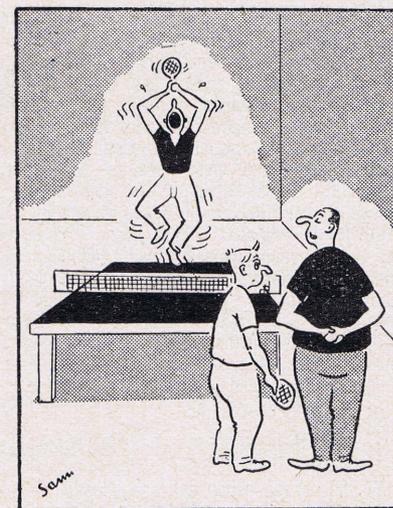
MEN'S DOUBLES : K. Hurlock / D. Burridge beat H. Venner / J. Lowe —17, 17, 18.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES : R. Rowe / D. Rowe beat Y. Seaman / J. Winn 19, —11, 19.

MIXED DOUBLES : J. Leach / D. Rowe beat J. Carrington / B. Milbank 13, 21.

JUNIOR BOYS' SINGLES : K. Shoaib beat T. Densham 18, 20.

JUNIOR GIRLS' SINGLES : J. Fielder beat B. Spooner 19, —15, 16.



"It seems he's won a game, at last"

Scottish Prospects not bright for England Game

★

ASSESSING prospects for the match against England (December 2nd) is made very difficult by the displays in the Scottish and the picture is not at all bright.

Helen Elliot, of course, is far and away our best lady, but she will have to tighten up her game considerably if she is to score against England. Mina Josephson would be my choice for second-string, if only because she is steady and experienced and is not affected by the same tendency towards occasional "novice" strokes as seems to afflict challengers Mrs. Cababi and Mrs. Hawkins.

Among the men the brainy Culloch (Paisley) may be a surprise selection, though the Selectors are not given to surprises. Teasdale is an Englishman with residential qualifications who has played for Scotland before and may be brought back, though he is too apt to panic for my liking.

Kerr and McMillan can do much better both individually and collectively and should be picked. Their tendency to gay abandon when six points ahead, as evidenced in the Men's Doubles final in the Scottish, must be checked at once if they are to fulfil their promise. Such play does not go unpunished in the International sphere, especially against England. Steady up, boys!

One man who in my view has suddenly made himself a "Must" is Victor Garland (Aberdeen). Garland always played a crashing attacking game, but has suddenly developed a masterful defence which made him the most impressive all-round player on show at the Scottish. He beat McMillan in fine style and was unlucky to lose to Teasdale. Had Garland entered the final he would certainly have taken a severe toll of Still's nerves and "looseness." Garland has seen International tables before and, given the chance at No. 4, might easily cause an upset.

Further, Garland would probably blend well with Still who must, I think, be No. 3. Therefore, my team would read:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| 1. M. McMillan (Glasgow) | } 1st Doubles. |
| 2. R. Kerr (Edinburgh) | |
| 3. E. Still (Glasgow) | } 2nd Doubles. |
| 4. V. Garland (Aberdeen) | |
| 5. H. Elliot (Edinburgh) | |
| 6. M. Josephson (Glasgow) | |

G.R.W.

ALL sorts of requests reach the Editor's desk and here is one that cannot be ignored.

It comes from W. L. (Bill) Hodge of 28, Johnson Street, Annandale, Sydney, Australia, who writes:—

"I am a reader of 'Table Tennis Review' and wish to convey my congratulations to you for a splendid and helpful magazine.

Being a keen Table Tennis player myself I wonder whether it would be possible for you to add a small paragraph in your next issue for me. I would like to ask for pen friends, male or female. My age is twenty-two years."



"Don't take it to heart, all he's got is a good backhand flick!"

EXCLUDED

A number of clubs who have done well in the past may be excluded from competing in the national Rose Bowl and Wilmott Cup Competitions this season.

A change of rules provides that only bona fide league clubs may compete in these tournaments in future. That will mean such London clubs as Putney and Fellowes Cranleigh will be excluded, as they are independent.

It seems likely that members of these will now join league teams.

Shall we see

PERRY!
BELLAK !!
SZABADOS!!!
in the JUBILEE CUP ?

'Way back in 1928/29, one Fred Perry earned Table Tennis immortality by winning the World singles title—the first Englishman ever to achieve the feat. As we all know, the lean, lanky and volatile Perry went over to lawn tennis and achieved world fame by winning three Wimbledon singles titles in a row and being dubbed the greatest-ever English star of the courts.

Now post-war followers of the table sport may see this legendary figure in action with the celluloid ball, for 43-year-old Fred has been invited by the E.T.T.A. to compete in the Jubilee Cup event at the World gathering at Wembley next April. The competition is open to those who played in World tournaments 20 years ago or more.

If Perry accepts, he is certain to attract a big following as well as valuable publicity for the meeting in general.

Vic Barna, holder for the past three years of the Jubilee trophy, which he is not defending, is associated with Perry in a business venture—the manufacture of a specially designed T.T. shirt in various colours and styles.

"THREE MUSKETEERS"

The Cup in question is also attracting the attention of two men who would be enthusiastically received by everyone. They are Miklos Szabados and Laszlo Bellak, who need very little introduction, even to young followers.

It is T.T. history how Szabados, Bellak and Barna, Hungarian-born all, toured the world as a team some 20 years ago and earned popularity as "The Three Musketeers."

"Szabo" was World Singles champion in 1930/31, and on six occasions, between 1928 and 1935, won the Men's Doubles with Barna. He is currently the only full-time T.T. "professional" in Australia.

Bellak, possibly the greatest exhibition player of them all, won the World's Mixed Doubles title in 1937/38 with Amersham girl Wendy Woodhead.

He is now a lithographer in California. Both old-timers have indicated that they are tremendously keen to come to London and play, and it certainly would be nice to see their hairless pates again. What fun it would be if they gave forth with exhibitions of the sort which roused pre-war crowds to a frenzy of enthusiasm!

JUNIORS DO WELL IN SUSSEX 'OPEN'

by . . . BARBARA MILBANK

ALTHOUGH the weather was very bad, this did not prevent everyone from enjoying themselves at Hastings, as usual. Quite a number of the "names" made their exit in early rounds, owing to the "luck of the draw." These included Keith Hurlock and Jackie Head, both of whom lost to fellow County player Ken Craigie (Surrey) in the 1st and 2nd rounds respectively.

Credit is due to Jean Winn for reaching the Women's Singles final after beating such players as Pam Mortimer (Warwick), Peggy Piper (Surrey), and Ann Haydon (Warwick). The game between Jean and Ann, a semi-final, was especially exciting, as can be imagined by the scores 17, —18, 17.

Other games which deserve special mention were in the Men's Doubles between Hurlock/Maclaren versus Crayden/Adams (1st round), and Head/D. Miller versus Venner/Lowe (4th round), the first named pair winning in each case.

Several Juniors did well in Senior events: Wendy Bates (Sussex) beat Dot Ellis, and took Peggy Piper to three games; the Joy Fielder/Janet White combination beat Margaret Fry/Dot Ellis in the Women's Doubles; George Gladwish (Sussex) reached the 3rd round of the Men's Singles before losing to Terry Kirby (who beat Derek Burridge in the next round), and Ray Dorking (Essex) did one better by reaching the 4th round.

On the whole, the evening's play was not especially spectacular, but many of the games were very interesting from the tactical point of view.

Results:—

MEN'S SINGLES:—Semi-Finals:
H. Venner beat L. Adams —19, 17, 14.
A. Simons beat K. Craigie —18, 23, 14.
Final: A. Simons beat H. Venner —13, 18, 20, —14, 15.

WOMEN'S SINGLES: B. Milbank beat J. Winn 16, 18.

MEN'S DOUBLES: K. Craigie/A. Rhodes beat J. Head/D. Miller —14, 13, 13.

WOMEN'S DOUBLES: J. Rook/P. Gall beat J. Winn/Y. Seaman 16, 15.

MIXED DOUBLES: H. Venner/A. Haydon beat R. Allcock/P. Mortimer 12, —17, 14.

JUNIOR BOYS': R. Dorking beat T. Densham 13, 12.

What of the FUTURE

for Table Tennis?

BY . . .

ALEC BROOK



LADIES and gentlemen. . . . The red light is on and that red light refers to the future of Table Tennis. Let those who matter give a little gentle thought to the future of our sport, as I honestly believe we are in a state of retrogression.

Table Tennis is a remarkable game. It has made phenomenal strides in a comparatively short space of time and the once-derided child has become a respected personage, but even now he cannot afford to rest in a state of complacency; rather to the contrary, he needs to pull his socks up.

Television can make or mar a comedian; in the same way it can boost a sport and recently one or two games on television have done much to reduce our popularity. It is not the fault of the B.B.C., but the players or, if you like, the administrators of our game. It depends on your views whether the game or the players are at fault.

I heard many adverse comments on the play in the England versus France match and none of us will forget the English Open Final last season. How many went away disgusted?

THE BEGINNING. . .

LET us retrace our steps to somewhere in the middle thirties. Table Tennis was beginning to come into its own and the E.T.T.A. at every opportunity was arranging nation-wide tours of the Hungarian players. These were some of the reports in the National press. . . . "Barna tour a triumph" . . . "Records everywhere." At Plymouth 2,500 watched and hundreds turned away, the same at Newcastle, Leeds and Liverpool. "What personalities and what magnificent play." "Barna's wonderful backhand flick; Szabados' incredible retrieving and smash-

ing forehand and above all Bellak's juggling." One newspaper wrote. . . "Congratulations for a wonderful evening. . . success undreamed of must be coming to the E.T.T.A." Yes it was and went on until the war started. Then an entirely new field was opened and we had young service men in their thousands joining the ranks, both ranks, the services and Table Tennis. The number of players, 40,000 odd in 1936, more than doubled itself by 1951. Yet today, there is apathy, the game as a spectacle is well on the decline, the number of players really interested is decreasing, the press takes less notice of us and generally, I say again, we are on the downward path. Last season for the first time since 1946 almost every tournament whether closed or open reported entries were down, yet the year before many entries were restricted.

IS it the game? Is it the personalities?

Is it the shortage of money? I believe it is a combination of all three, and would like to hear other readers' views. Some will say I am talking poppycock, but I am content to rest on facts and figures and the views of my fellow journalists.

Let us deal first with the game. . . . Who can deny the same thrilling speed and skill does not exist now? The old game was packed with excitement from beginning to end and many of the rallies brought the house down. I know we had the "chiselling" era, but not with the world-class

Continued on page 30

WHAT is this "PERSONALITY"?

WHEN someone mentions that he is attracted to watch "so-and-so" in action because the person referred to has a "magnetic attraction" or "dynamic personality," does the speaker realise what he's saying?

Many of us delude ourselves with this "personality" talk, ascribing the mystical quality as an irresistible reason for being impelled to look at a particular player in preference to other exponents of the game.

I say "delude" carefully. For what, after all, is the magical asset so freely talked about? Does it exist, and if so of what is it compounded? I defy anyone to say that it does (in the sense touched on here), let alone analyse it.

Challengers will now come forth with arguments. I can hear them clearly. "Bill Jones is a man you simply can't help looking at. Harry Smith pulls you to his table despite yourself. Millie Robinson overshadows all other girls. And, continue antagonists to my theory, why is this? Because those stars exude that indefinable yet wonderful quality called personality."

That's the sort of guff blown off in all sincerity.

But just think a little and you'll see how easily the myth is exploded. Now, why do we really crowd round Bill, Harry and Millie? Isn't it simply because they're match-winners who have earned renown through their prowess with the bat, and not

because they have charm, or good looks, or other virtues divorced from actual playing merit?

Would we be rubber-necks on their behalf if they weren't above-average players? Would we care about Jones's sunny smile or Smith's fine physique or Miss Robinson's curves, if the trio were mediocre performers?

Very few of us paid much attention to Brian Kennedy prior to his reaching the final of the "English" a couple of seasons back. After his sensational wins, if you remember, he gathered round him quite a following. Was it that he suddenly and unaccountably developed "personality"—or was it, perhaps, that fans hemmed round him because they expected big things of him as a player pure and simple?

There are players handsomer by far than our top stars, with nicer figures, more brilliant smiles, greater charm, but as they don't add up to much at the table they're left to play in splendid isolation.

Is the "personality" theory still with you? Answer this one, then.

If a bald man with squint eyes, knock-knees, a toothless leer, deformed back, the manners of a particularly obnoxious hog and a nasty hatred of everyone and everything, were to smash the big stars to defeat and win all tournaments he cared to play in, would you make it your business to see him, no matter who were in action around him at the same time? Well. . . . would you?

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LEARN with KEN STANLEY

This former England star and famous Coach follows up his first instructional article with still more valuable tips to young players



THE ideal type of training for Table Tennis is similar to that of a boxer. Roadwork for building up your stamina and skipping for improving the speed of your footwork. It is of course important to do your training between meals. Give yourself at least an hour and a half clear after a meal before you start.

CORRECT dress for roadwork is heavy boots, long trousers (if you are a junior still in shorts—then shorts), absorbent vest, thick sweater and either an old sports coat or the top of a track suit, or windcheater. If you are fortunate to have a track suit, wear this along with a thick sweater.

With all forms of physical training, you should build up slowly, don't start like a mad bull at a gate. You can start your first night by walking and jogging over a distance of two miles, gradually increasing the distance up to anything around ten miles. If you build your training up slowly, ten miles isn't half as bad as it sounds. Split your distance into periods of fast walking, jogging and occasional fast short sprints. This steady jogging along is by far the best type of exercise for increasing stamina and conditioning your inner organs.

If you are training with a friend or a few friends, you should arrange these periodical fast sprints, say short spurts of 20 yards—so that one of you gives the word 'Go'—this is good for quickening your reaction as well as conditioning your legs.

STAMINA NEEDED

This type of training is mostly for building up stamina and if you are aiming at winning tournaments, take it from me you need all the stamina that's going in tournaments these days.

Skipping is the finest method for improving and quickening your footwork. Develop your skipping on the same lines as the boxers train. As they skip, they bring in the appropriate footwork moves as if they are boxing against their future opponent. You can do the same, bringing in correct footwork moves for all the various shots. Boxers also include shadow boxing in their training. When they are doing this, they really do imagine that they are boxing against an opponent and make moves to counter the moves they are likely to come across later in the ring. This type of training can be made good use of in your Table Tennis.

You can play an imaginary game of Table Tennis against anyone you like. If

you have seen Leach or Bergmann, or any of the top line players enough to know their style, then you can play an imaginary game against them. It is no good fooling around with this, you have to take it seriously, so that you serve minus a ball and from then on you can have your rallies lasting as long as you wish and as thrilling as you wish. Aiming all the time at playing correct strokes, practise variations with your footwork and believe me, you will find it a lot easier than playing with a ball. If you practise often enough though off the table and with this Shadow Table Tennis, you will find that these strokes that you have practised so long and so patiently, eventually just fit into your game.

WORD OF WARNING

A word of warning, lock the door when you are playing this imaginary game; if someone walks in and sees you tearing around playing a magnificent game against nobody—they might get the wrong idea!

Practise—practise—practise, but be very careful not to practise too much. By this I mean, if you are working indoors all day at an office job and immediately you have finished you dash in the club and play all night and repeat this every night of the week, you are probably overdoing it a little. Especially if you are young and still growing.

If you can arrange to have three nights good practice a week, say a two-hour period each time, or an hour each lunch-time, with another six hours' practice at convenient times, this should be ample practice. The rest of the time you can arrange for your training. A very important point is to see that you have enough sleep. If you are a father like me, forget that remark, but it is essential for young players to have plenty of regular sleep.

Try to train so as to keep at your peak all the time, you know yourself when you have had enough practice, don't keep on when you are tired and your game is gradually going worse and worse, stop playing immediately you feel tired and can't be bothered concentrating. There will be many a night when right from the

Continued on page 28

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LEARN WITH K. STANLEY *Cont. from page 26*
 start you find it hard work, you have to make up your mind whether you are going to work harder and get through this period, or whether you stop immediately. If you wish to reach the top, it's no good fooling around, every time you go on the table, you go on to improve your game. If you are only playing for the fun you have out of the game, well that's different.

GOOD METHOD

I have always found a good method of building up a good all-round game is to play one game defensive, this means that you haven't got to hit the ball during that game. Your opponent plays an attacking game, but this doesn't mean that he has to hit every ball, he can play balls back safe when he is off balance and make the fullest use of drop shots. Then you change over for the next game, so that you are the attacker, and in the third game it's every man for himself. This means that you have played one defensive and one attacking game and then the game which you think is the winning game in the third.

It is most important to make the conditions in the club in which you play as near perfect as possible. Arrange the lighting so that you can see the ball clearly in any one spot of the playing area without shadows, use a good ball. If conditions are not what you would like—well don't sit back waiting for an official to make the first move, help yourself.

Change for all your practice games and have a good rub down when you have finished. Don't keep swopping and changing your bat ; once you have decided on the bat you are going to play with, stick to it. If you can afford it, buy a spare bat as near the same as the one you play with—be prepared for if the other one breaks—or disappears.

COMPETITION PLAY

Enter as many open tournaments as you possibly can ; if you are knocked out in the early rounds, then spend the rest of the time studying the leading players in action. Don't watch the ball, watch them, their stroke action, where their feet are when they start the stroke and finish it, their body action, the tactics which they employ against their opponents on the way through to the final.

Do not be afraid of asking the stars at these tournaments for advice ; Table Tennis is the friendliest of games and if a leading player sees you are really keen, he will do all he can to help you with your questions.

Finally, don't develop that attitude of sitting down and expecting everything to be done for you, most officials have plenty of work to do, help them all you can and you will not only be helping them, but the game and yourself.

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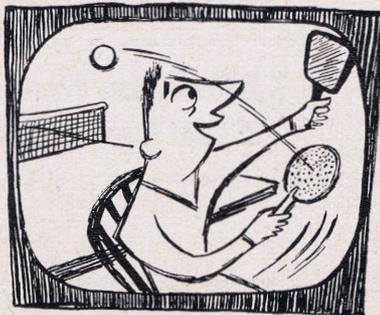
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BIG MATCH TEMPERAMENT *Cont. from page 5*
"20-ALL" TENSION

IF your emotional reaction is normal you will soon work off acquired tension and muscle stiffness as you begin to play. You will probably soon forget most of your playing anxieties once you are in action . . . until the score begins to make an impression on you. Twenty-all is always a time for tension with most people. Few players can hope to hit as accurately at this vital score as they do throughout the game. The defensive player always has the psychological advantage when the scoring is close and each point may mean the difference between victory and defeat.

In the last world championship at Wembley Stadium, Bergmann played Andreadis in the semi-final. Andreadis was the hitter . . . a superb hitter. Bergmann was the defender . . . a superb defender. There was nothing between the two players. In his own particular style of play each was the master . . . indeed each was a worthy world champion. The scoring throughout was dramatically close even in the breath-taking fifth and final game. Towards the end, the game reached a crucial stage. Gradually tension crept in with both players but had the greatest effect on the attacker . . . poor Andreadis. Had Andreadis won then what a great champion he would have been. But it was not possible for him to maintain accurate judgment in his hitting once tension had crept in.

THE WAY AHEAD

AND so we have the three periods in which tension accumulates. No. 1—The night before the event (important because of its effect on sleep). No. 2—The journey to the hall of play and the strange playing environment. No. 3—The run of the play and the scoring.

The unhappy part about this state of tension is that if it results in a poor display on your part in a match or tournament, then the memory of it will be impressed on your mind so that at the next major event your equilibrium will have additional strain. It would not be too bad if one could wipe the slate of memory clean prior to each event, but the player inclined to be highly strung finds his tension feeding on past events.

I once saw a player of fairly high standard play in his first inter-city match. He literally trembled at the table and you could actually see his bat shaking. He was beaten up 21 —2, 21 —7. The memory stayed with him and he took part in no more games of importance.

In this article I have tried to illustrate to you how tension is built up before and during a match. In the next article I pro-

pose to tackle the period before a tournament, or the general training periods. I will show you how to train yourself in the release of tension. I will start you on exercises designed to give a certain amount of control over your nerves. In succeeding articles I will tell you how to completely throw off the jitters, and how to loosen up muscles that have become rigid through tension.

And what will all this mean to you? It will mean that you should be able to acquire a temperament for big games, bringing about a full enjoyment from Table Tennis and a vast improvement in your playing achievements.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE? *Cont. from page 24*

players. Today, even our world champions are almost reduced to chiselling. Should the net be raised again? Does the present height lessen the element of skill?

Those who watched the game in the thirties agree the standard is much lower today. Whether one likes to agree is a different matter, but facts speak for themselves and something is radically wrong when, with Table Tennis considered to be a young man's game, we find the best are still the old hands.

Can our present-day coaching methods be wrong? Have we too many coaches or do our players model their games on the wrong lines? There must be an answer somewhere.

Personalities. They go a long way to furthering the sport, and the press which means so much are quick to take them up, but personalities are no good without the game as well. We are quite definitely short of young players who are in the top flight and are also individualists.

...AND THE ENDING

HOW much of this change can we attribute to shortage of money with the younger fraternity? To my mind a very small part. Certainly quite a few of those who a couple or three years ago would have been able to travel around to a number of tournaments may now be in the services or otherwise engaged, yet if the game was continuing to make progress, then the answer is that others should be following in their footsteps.

Summing up, I again say to the association. . . the red light is there. We have the World Championships coming along, the greatest we have ever held. Are we to lose prestige or gain it? The E.T.T.A. can decide that and they should think hard. Thousands are being asked to watch at Wembley and no doubt television and the press will be well represented. Will they be watching games such as we have seen recently, or will the press acclaim the play and we be proud to be associated with the sport?

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THE EASY SIX ?

OR

MIND HOW YOU FALL!

by STANLEY PRESTON

NEVER judge the jam by the label on the jar. Table Tennis players come in all shapes and sizes, and under all guises. A wrong assessment can leave you on the receiving end of a hiding.....so watch out when you meet these types.

1. The Robot Type.

He grants you an initial half-smile, then, the moment the game starts, he becomes a machine. All traces of humanity vanish. His face becomes the casing for a remote-controlled breathing apparatus, his forehead the panel for a quick-fire mechanical brain. If he says, "Sorry!" or "Shot!" you feel a chill run up your spine, as if you had suddenly heard your own bat swear aloud. At the end of the two games, you (as a good loser) shake hands, but his grasp has the rigid impersonality of a paper-clip fastening on a piece of blotting paper.

2. The Disinterested Type.

Judging by the far-away look in his eyes, you would think his mind was fixed on his Saturday date, rather than the game in hand. His gaze, which thriller-writers would call "sightless," is fixed stonily on the opposite wall, and when he smashes through your defence it is with an air of preoccupation, rather like an absent-minded smoker flicking ash across the hearth-rug.

When you have lost the set and you meet him at the net's edge, he seems to notice you for the first time, and shakes your hand with an air of frank surprise.

3. The Semi-Obsequious Type.

A perpetual grin distorts his features all through the set. He is very lavish with condolences ("Oh, hard luck!"—"Wasn't far off, that one!" "Oh, sorry—Tch, tch!") and as the game proceeds, you grow to hate him. For, however obsequious he sounds, he plays entirely differently. Yet, in the end, you feel it is the grin that beat you. For he can put any expression into that smirk of his. If he misses the table-end, it is a rueful one; if you make a mistake, it is a sympathetic one; if he is leading 20-7, it is an encouraging one; and if you are in the lead (which is quite unlikely) it is the courageous smile of a noble fighter.

4. The Apparently-Nervous Type.

He can't sit still while waiting for his set,

and when he begins knocking-up, his nervous tension becomes even more heightened. He simply can't hit a thing. At first, you feel pleased about this, but before the game starts, something of his nervousness transfers itself to you. All the while, he hops about like a Yogi doing a square-dance in a trench of live coals, yet his shots now have the precision of a stamping machine. At the end, your teammates gently lead you from the table—you are so dazed and dizzy that you are still trying to serve after it is all over.

5. The Muscular Type.

When you first see him, you whisper scornfully to your friend: "Look at those padded shoulders!" But when he takes off his coat you find that his shoulders were not padded after all—that bulk is sheer honest muscle! You face him across the plywood arena and tell yourself reassuringly, "He'll be slow, and muscle-bound!"—but you are wrong. He is extremely quick; and though his biceps seem to be bursting at every stroke, they are supple, and his wrist (which is nearly as broad as his bat) is quite pliant. When he smashes, fragments of dried paint from the table-top spatter your face.

After the devastation, you shake hands with him with the other-than-the-bat-hand, for obvious reasons.

6. The Frail Type.

He faces you; a veritable skeleton with long, pitifully thin arms, his wrists no thicker than the seam in a three-star ball. From the pallor of his face, he looks as though he died two days ago. Confidently you begin to smash with deadly precision. But from the far corner of the room, the "living corpse" is just as confidently returning your shots. Tiring, you fall into a defensive stupor close to the table. Before you know it, the fierceness of his attacking strokes has caused you to flatten yourself against the wall. At the end of the set, you crawl humbly towards him and kiss his feet.

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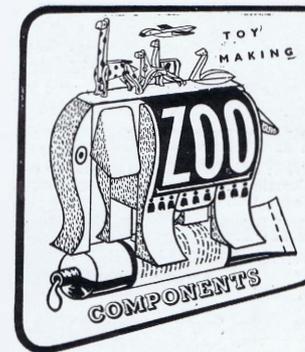


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