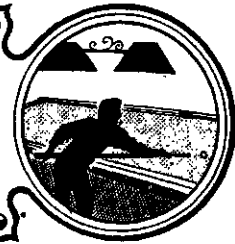


# Pars About Players



It was bound to come. Unless I am a bad judge, Dawson's 823 will not be the biggest effort to come from his prolific cue before the season ends. It is the top note struck under the Rimington-Wilson code.

\* \*

All who saw the break were in ecstasies of enthusiasm about it. More daring play than that which enabled Dawson, who is at the very pink of billiard perfection just now, to top Stevenson's 802 and Roberts' 821 can hardly be imagined.

\* \*

At 708 he lost the white in playing a cannon in a top corner. He went stubbornly on with the red with losing hazards. His middle-pocket strength was splendid. Now and again he holed the red in the middle and steered his ball up to the top-end behind the spot.

\* \*

Not more than a dozen people saw the break, yet the room fairly scintillated with excitement as the great player, with that strong jaw of his set hard, went towards the eight hundred mark. The pressmen were breathing hard, and Referee Dixon (usually the most stolid of men) was seen in the throes of nervous apprehension.

\* \*

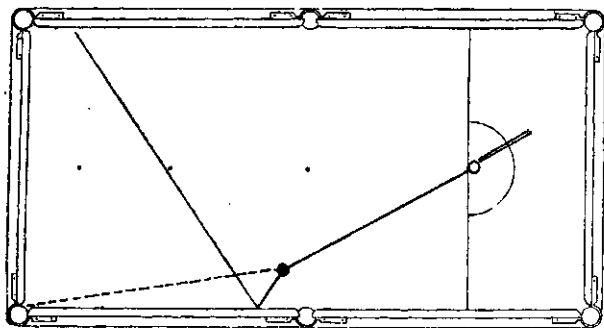
The spot-boy's anxiety made the rest fairly quiver in his hands. Stately Sergeant-Major Fitzgerald forsook his usual post at the "counting-house," the prim young lady who controls the seating arrangements, young Mr. Wright, and all within eyesight of the play, were filled with high expectation.

\* \*

Least concerned of all was Dawson. Playing with the precision of a piece of the finest machinery, he found the pockets truly, stroke by stroke. On to and past the 802 he went. His objective, however, was the 821, down to Roberts' name. This was a task only he could have accomplished, and only his remarkable hazard striking powers permitted him to reach it and pass that total.

\* \*

At 820 the red ran into awkward scoring quarters. It stopped above the left middle pocket, too far up for the screw loser and too far away from the side-cushion for a jenny. Then Dawson's great reserve force—the real secret of his supremacy, by the way—came to his aid. He put the red down with a wonderfully accurate stroke in the top left pocket—as illustrated on the annexed diagram:—



\* \*

It is one thing, however, to bring off a great individual shot, such as this winning hazard was, and quite another to guide the cue-ball into favourable quarters. As it turned out the half-stunned white ball drifted into an unpromising "leave" under the right top cushion. It was almost in a straight line with the billiard-spot, right against the cushion.

Dawson looked at the winner in the further corner; he looked, too, at the loser across the table at the middle pocket. Neither was anything like easy. He trusted to his hazard-striking again. But, this time, he failed. The red did not go in, and, when the cheering had subsided, Dixon made the announcement of—"823 break, gentlemen; a record under the present rules!"

\* \*

Our Editor prepared us for something of the kind in one of his paragraphs in the weekly *causerie*, "How the Game Goes." He pointed out that the biggest come as the season advances and the leading players attune themselves physically to the game.

\* \*

While this stirring scene of great scoring was being enacted, it saddened us to know the Chief was "going through it," as someone expressively put it, in the Minor Hall adjoining. He couldn't raise a gallop. We are going to club round to buy him a pair of binoculars to enable him to locate the position of the pockets.

\* \*

It was simply pathetic to hear him ask, "Where did you get these balls from—the North Pole?" Certainly they came off a bit sharp and wishy, but they were hardly the "petrified granite" he took them to be.

\* \*

But if one of THE NEW WORLD OF BILLIARDS staff—known to Pressdom by the uninteresting title of the Wobblers—has received the ancient and modern order of the knock-out, we have still a formidable trio to uphold our name and fame. There is "The Angry Captain," likewise "The Talking Fish," to say nothing of our martial hero, "The Dud."

\* \*

We were all pleased to see that fine sportsman, Mr. "Larry Lynx" Lotinga, the *People's* prophet, win his second heat. May he be well in the running at the finish.

\* \*

By the way, there is another candidate for the honour of being known as the "Champion Spectator." We refer to Joe Chapman, the Birmingham player, who figured as Dawson's opponent. He has unique claims to the title.

\* \*

Chapman's qualifications are of the strongest. He was playing against Reece when the latter occupied the table for five weeks on end (almost night and day, according to the sole survivor of the heroic deed), and turned on some hundred of thousands of cradle cannons, somewhere in June and July last.

\* \*

Daily Chapman turned up to take off his coat, uncase his cue, chalk it, and sit down. Now he has had to watch Dawson's 823 and only get one stroke during that great evening's play. If he isn't the "Champion Spectator," we should very much like to meet the other fellow!

\* \*

Tom Aiken is a billiardist that Scotland and all Scotsmen should be proud of. He is a great player who has suffered for lack of opportunities. He won his game in great style last week.

\* \*

Collens proved himself to be stronger at snooker than at billiards. He fairly had the beating of Aiken all the week through at the winning-hazard game, and he made the biggest break, so far, recorded in this particular tournament—a 40. The previous best was 38 by Reece.

\* \*

We should feel obliged if our readers will help us in trying to arrive at a definite snooker's pool break record. The highest