

## CUESPORT ARTICLES WITH A TWIST

All taken from Australian newspapers on the National Library site "TROVE"

<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/search?adv=y>

Referee (Sydney) Wed 7 Feb 1900 Page 10

According to the "Billiard Review," a patent has been taken out for an apparatus for recording the length of time and the number of times a table has been played upon. The principal feature of the contrivance is an arm or rod placed over any part of the table to prevent play, which, when removed, acts on mechanism which indicates the total time it is so removed. The record of the number of times the table has been used is indicated by a revolving drum and pencil.

Referee (Sydney) Wed 14 Feb 1900 Page 10

## **A Square-tipped Cue.**

Our friends across the Pacific are again to the fore with an invention which is claimed to be a big improvement on the present-day round-tipped cue. The new idea is a billiard cue with a square tip, with which it is said a miss-cue is impossible, whilst with its aid a much greater amount of spin can be put on the ball. A square-tipped cue would look rather odd, but I suppose there is something in the invention. The Yanks have peculiar tastes in cues. Some of the officers of the U.S. transport Celtic, which was in port last week filling up with frozen meat for the troops at the Philippines, were having a knock at the Hotel Victoria, and were quite surprised that no rattle-cues were to be had in the room. This cue has a hollow in the butt, in which a small marble or pea is inserted, and makes a noise when in use like the small instrument which was the delight of our babyhood.

## **Will Push Billiard Ball For Four Miles**

**SYDNEY, Saturday.**—Mr. J. Hayward, a lift driver, and Arthur Davis, the champion Illawarra axeman, will go down on their hands and knees next Saturday and push billiard balls from Penshurst to Lakemba, a distance of four miles.

Permission to stage this unique billiards match has not yet been granted by the traffic police, but no difficulty in this direction is expected by the competitors.

Hayward said today that the contest was a sporting event and no stunt. The Mayor of Hurstville (Ald. Smith) will push the first ball.

The Advertiser Wed 29 Jul 1936 Page 21

**Phil Lee once put up a day's triple century record in the South-East. One morning at Mount Gambier he scored 100 out of a possible 105 on the rifle range. In the afternoon he made 100 runs, retired, in a cricket match, and in the evening, at Naracoorte, he made a break of 100 at billiards, playing with Jim Banks.**

## Brighter Billiards

"WHEN I was in Java in 1908," Charlie Yeomans said to me yesterday, "they played billiards with four balls—a brown, two whites and a red—at the Naval and Military Club at Sourabaya.

"I couldn't tell you how they score, although I played it often enough. You get a double cannon."

Charlie was commenting upon Walter Lindrum's suggestion to use a red, pink, and two white balls to popularise billiards.

And don't forget the three gold balls; but some of my friends say it is an expensive game.

News Thu 13 Jan 1944 Page 2

**I GUESS homesickness comes to every serviceman some time or other. It is expressed rather aptly in the following quaint verse penned by an Australian digger stationed in the bush:**

***Give me back the old main street,  
Give me back the pub,  
Give me back my Sundays off,  
A billiard cue to rub.***

***The bush is O.K. for a while,  
'Cept snakes are most unlawful;  
And bully beef and tins of beef  
Are simply ruddy awful.***

# Billiard Ball's Antics Started Googly

*By George Thatcher*

A queer spin of a billiard ball provided cricket with its great novelty—the googly ball.

The idea suggested itself to B. J. T. Bosanquet, Oxford University and Middlesex fast bowler, after he saw a billiard ball spun with what appeared a leg-break action turn from the off.

Bosanquet practised for a year on the billiard cloth, tried out the novelty on a grass court, and eventually decided to try to bowl the googly in a game.

He first exploited the googly in 1903.

Australia had its first taste of the novelty in March, 1903, when Bosanquet, playing for Lord Hawke's team against New South Wales, bowled Trumper, R. A. and W. S. Duff, Kelly, Howell, and McBeath in the one innings.

## SUCCESS IN TEST

Bosanquet toured Australia with the 1903-4 M.C.C. team. His 6/51 won the fourth Test for England.

His greatest triumph was 8 for 136 off 40 overs in the 1905 Test at Trent Bridge (Notts).

Veteran stumper H. Carter told me several days ago that Bosanquet bowled the bosome, googly, or wrong 'un with two fingers.

According to Carter, he was much harder to pick than any of his disciples.

## BUSH BILLIARD TABLE

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA. — Transport difficulties did not prevent Australian soldiers in New Guinea from possessing a billiard table. They made their own.

Wood for the frame was hewn from timber they felled themselves and then had put on circular saws.

Camouflage net, usually worn over tin hats, provided the pockets.

Old tyres, cut into strips, made resilient cushions; strips of old, unserviceable blankets were used for the cloth; Army machinists quickly ran off cues from local wood.

Only the balls, supplied by Amenities, were not locally made.



## Billiards Men To Discuss Pool Games

The interpretation that a pool game on a billiards table was a sweepstake and therefore illegal was wrong, in his opinion, said Mr. P. J. Brady, proprietor of one of Adelaide's leading billiards halls, today.

This would be one of the main points of discussion when representatives of many of the 170 billiards saloons throughout South Australia met tomorrow.

The meeting had been called because it would appear that the police were going to take action against all saloons and clubs where pools and tournaments of any nature were played.

The meeting would seek means of having the Lottery and Gaming Act altered if its clauses did prevent the playing of pools and tournaments on billiards tables.

# What he did for new record

London, Tuesday.—Dickie Flicker broke the world marathon snooker record of 44 hours 50 minutes tonight.

Drinking double gins, with bottles of beer in reserve, sniffing smelling salts and bathing his feet in brandy during "rests," Flicker stalled off exhaustion until he had played 44 hours 53 minutes.

Flicker's pedometer reading was 24 miles 140 yards. He played 136 games.

As soon as Flicker had completed his marathon, his wife packed him off to bed. For his effort Flicker will receive a certificate from the Billiards Association.—AAP.

News (Adelaide) Fri 5 Jan 1951 Page 3

## ● *Eyes have it*

**T**WO one-eyed Glenelg barrackers—one's a city banker—played a hilarious game of snooker against two other Glenelg citizens yesterday.

After a good pot, the banker gloated, "That's a pretty good pot for a one-eyed joker."

"Ah, one-eyed nothing," grunted one of the opponents.

"What!" exclaimed the banker, and he whipped out his blue glass eye and slapped it on the table. Not to be outdone, so did his one-eyed partner.

The doubter reeled back from the table, but HIS partner, practically hysterical, grabbed his cue, potted the banker's glass eye, and claimed "Five for the blue."

Then uproar.



# **Billiards game lasts 10 years**

Melbourne.—On February 15, 1940, two keen Melbourne amateur billiardists, C. Roberts, secretary of the Victorian Billiards Association, and A. Martin, owner of one of Melbourne's best private tables began a game which so far has almost reached 300,000.

Playing one evening each week, except during their holidays, and while the State and Australian championships are in progress, they have reached a total of 1,073½ hours with the progressive score showing Martin leading Roberts 291,603 to 275,740.

Every point has been carefully recorded, together with every break of 20 and over, and every minute of play.

Martin's highest break is 137, and his total of centuries stands at 14. Roberts's best is 123, and he has topped the 100 10 times.

Martin also leads in the total of breaks over 20. He has recorded no less than 4,662 to his opponent's 4,232.

## **WORLD SNOOKER**

The world snooker championship now being held in Brisbane is attracting crowds of enthusiasts, who welcome the opportunity of seeing star artists in action. Old-timers can recall when snooker was regarded with a very cold eye, and looked upon as a kind of glorified marbles. Thirty years ago in a saloon of 10 tables perhaps only one would be used for snooker. To-day the ratio is almost exactly reversed. In every club in the city snooker is preponderantly popular, obviously because it does not call for the skill that billiards demands. Even now the true billiards man looks upon the snooker player with something like pitying scorn. "Marbles, just marbles," he says, "only played on the first floor instead of on the ground." Nevertheless, the champions are drawing big crowds, and will continue to do so to the final night.

**G**ENUINE ivory is so sensitive to sudden changes in temperature that objects made of it are likely to crack or break unless they are warmed or cooled slowly. For this reason, boxes of billiard balls purchased in winter are not opened for about 35 hours and the balls are not used for a week, as they require that much time to reach room temperature. This reaction of ivory is illustrated by a mishap that occurred recently in a London warehouse. A workman left a door open one cold day and a draught began to play on a large Egyptian tusk. After a time it split open with such violence that it sounded like the explosion of a small bomb.

## TERSE VERSE

LONDON, Today: Epitaph for Willie John Jenkins, a Welsh Conservative club's billiard marker:

Here lies the body of William John

Billiard's marker of the local Con.

Gone for a long rest.



# "The Green Cloth Club"

(By A. E. YARRA)

One hot summer's day a swagman dropped his bag under the veranda in front of my place, and stepped off the footpath and sat himself down under the Liar's Tree, the big pepperina, which had a seat of slabs round it to accommodate anybody who needed a place where he could sit and yarn for a while when he was in Waita-while for a spell.

I happened to be sitting there myself in a slack half hour when there was nobody needed a shave or a haircut, or a game of billiards in my place so I bid him good day and looked him over while he wiped the perspiration from his face and neck with a big, clean handkerchief, and then dusted his bluchers with it.

He was an old timer, sixty at least, bush-wise, and the grin he gave me was disarming. So I opened up the talk. "Good day," I said, "nice day if it keeps fine. Travelling? Or going somewhere?"

"Travelling," he said. "Know anybody who wants a cabinet maker upholsterer, tinsmith horse-breaker, bush carpenter, billiard marker, fencer, shearer dingo catcher, rabbitier, dog poisoner, boundary rider, musterer, blacksmith, bullock driver, ring barker, prickly pear cutter, coach driver." I cut him short there.

"You wouldn't be looking for a job, by any chance?" I asked him, out of a poker face, meeting him half way in his bush style of humor.

"Anything, from two-up to cattle duffing," he said, so I settled for billiard marking and bush carpentering and upholstering and a bit of tinsmithing, and found him a first-class worker, sober and industrious, especially at marking for a game of billiards or snooker in the evening, or when I was busy in the barber shop and there was a crowd in. He played a fair stick, too, nothing wonderful, of course, but good enough to fill in when there was a shortage in, say, a snooker pool. And he didn't go for the grog, which was next door in Johnnie Henderson's pub.

Cont next page



The customers took to old Ned from the start, because they, most of them, could just shade him in a game, and he seemed just as happy beaten as winning.

Of course I had a big notice up at each end of the billiard room, "Betting Strictly Forbidden," and I enforced it so strictly that when the players wanted to make up a bigger gamble than usual they'd just step across the lane into the saloon bar at Henderson's pub, and Johnnie would hold the stakes and act as referee. And of course that was none of my business, and I kept my nose out of it, with profits all round. And the squatters and businessmen always invited old Ned in with them.

One day a fellow rode into town, on a good horse, leading a packhorse, put up at Johnnie's pub, next door to me, and he'd fed his horse and himself, when he'd fed his horse and himself, asked Johnnie if there was anything except the cemetery to visit, or any other amusement in Waitawhile.

Johnnie suggested snooker and the end of it was that with a number of barflies who buzzed from Johnnies over the lane to by saloon, they formed the Green Cloth Snooker Club, and called themselves The Knights of the Green Club. Johnnie was made President, and weighed in immediately with three substantial prizes. Of course they made a member of Old Ned, as official marker and referee. A few days after this a cove riding a bike loaded with swag and other gear pulled into town and put up at Johnnies.

He announced that he was a shearer and had rung the shed at Tinabby, and said he was a shark for billiards. He played a fair stick, but nothing to write home about. They made him a member and he settled down for a spell, mostly in the billiard room.

Then a tall, bearded, silent worker, one of the thinkin' kind, Old Ned said, pulled in and showed a wad of money that would choke a bullock, and started an S.P. business in Johnnie's bar, booking bets on the tourney the Green Cloth Club had started.

Cont next page

There was my big notice, "Betting Strictly Prohibited," but that applied to my premises. The S.P. stuff was in the pub. So, when I noticed Old Ned reading books by famous cueists and practising their shots and methods I took him in hand and gave him the benefit of my knowledge and experience, practising him behind doors after hours and on Sundays.

Before long it was obvious that Old Ned could better the scores by half, but we kept it a secret, and when Old Ned was quoted at write your own ticket by this S.P. Man, name of Mason, in Johnnie's bar, I laid of a couple of ponies on Old Ned for the final of the tourney, and that made Old Ned second favourite, with the shearer first favourite at three to one, on his play against the bush-

men and business men who flocked to the saloon every night to watch the play and nod their heads or lift a couple of fingers at this Red Mason, indicating another few quid on the favourite or Old Ned, or some other player who was showing a bit of form. Mason made the sky the limit, and he had the funds to back his hand.

But when the rank outsider, the packhorse man, won the final and made a packet for Red Mason, and the strangers had faded way, we discovered that Red Mason was the father of the packhorse man and the shearer, and they were the Hennesseys, from Borderville whose pub was burnt out.

Answer for Page 3 poser

**10-SECOND POSER—2, 2, 2, 2.**



