

# InsidePool

www.InsidePOOL.com

M A G I N E

September 2003  
Volume III, Issue 7  
\$3.95 U.S.A.  
\$4.95 Canada

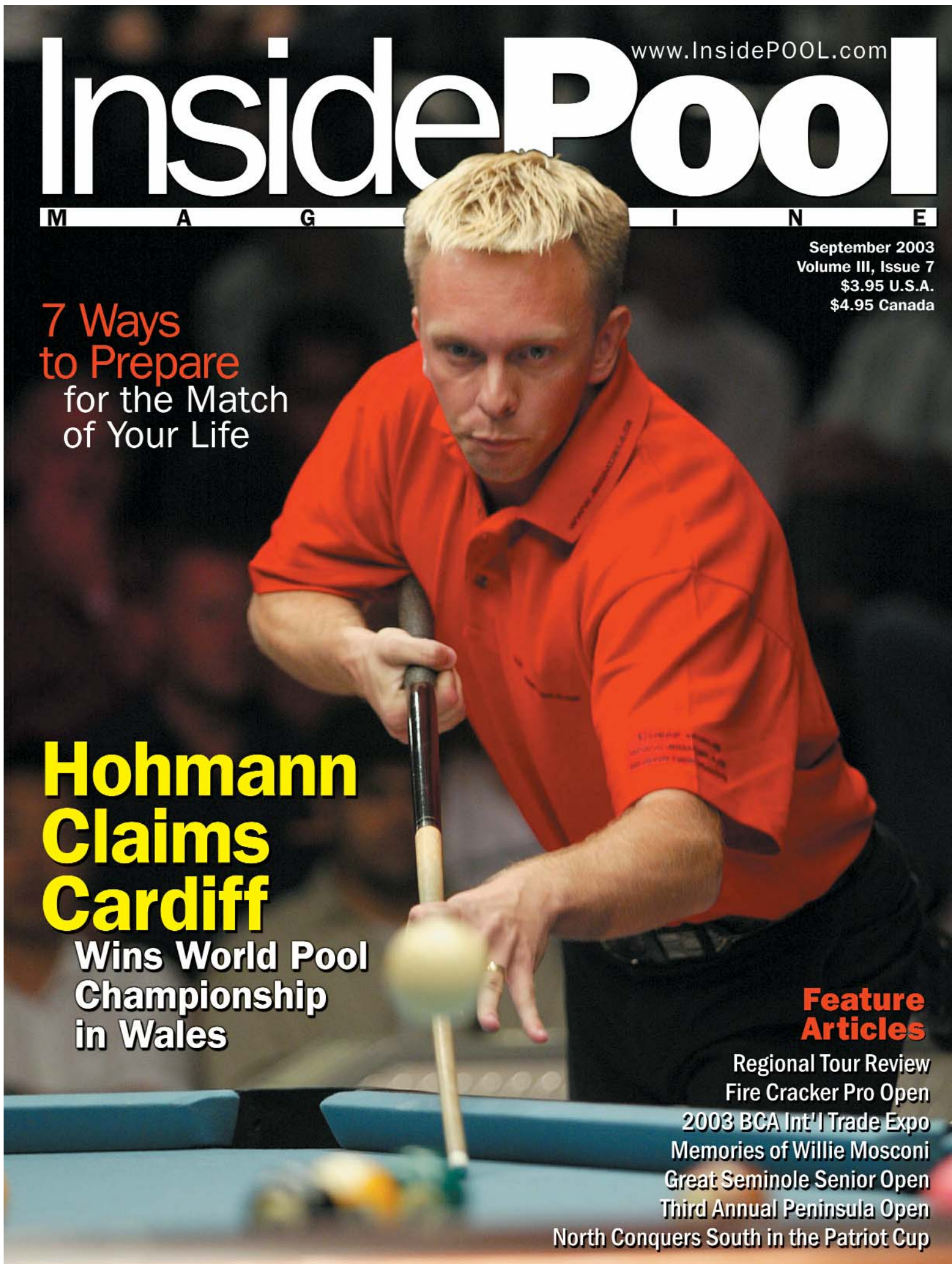
**7 Ways  
to Prepare**  
for the Match  
of Your Life

## **Hohmann Claims Cardiff**

**Wins World Pool  
Championship  
in Wales**

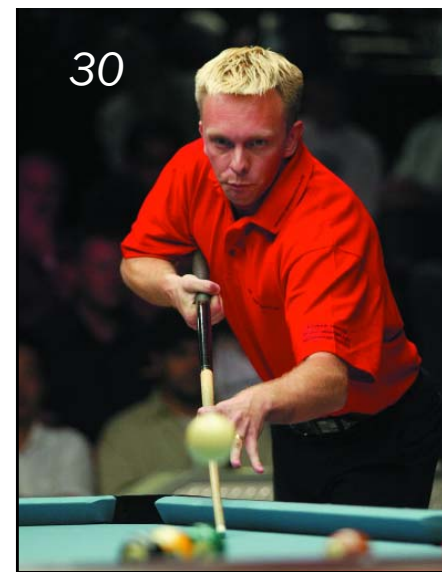
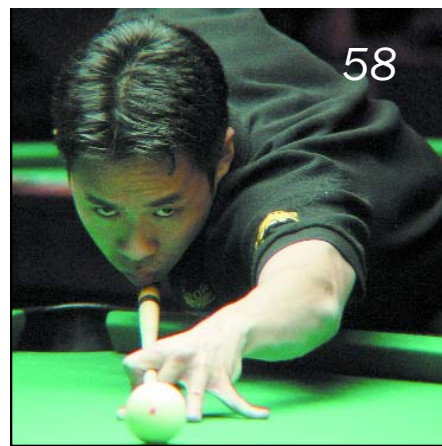
### **Feature Articles**

Regional Tour Review  
Fire Cracker Pro Open  
2003 BCA Int'l Trade Expo  
Memories of Willie Mosconi  
Great Seminole Senior Open  
Third Annual Peninsula Open  
North Conquers South in the Patriot Cup





## Table of Contents



### < On the Cover

Relative unknown German player Thorsten Hohmann surprised many with his first place win at Cardiff, Wales, over Alex Pagulayan.

Cover photo by Lawrence Lustig.



### Features

- 30** Hohmann Hooks World Pool Championship  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*  
Wins in Cardiff over Pagulayan in the Finals
- 38** The 2003 BCA International Trade Expo  
by *Sally P. Timko*  
The Best Show Ever!
- 40** Regional Tour Review  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*  
Find the Tour That's Right for You
- 52** 7 Ways to Prepare for the Match of Your Life  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*
- 54** Parica Sweeps Great Seminole Seniors Open  
by *Paul Berg*  
Wins Largest Payday in Senior History
- 58** Williams Sets Off Florida Pro Tour  
by *Paul Berg*  
Wins Inaugural Fire Cracker Open
- 62** North Conquers South in the Patriot Cup  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*  
Team Fury Defeats Team Lucasi
- 66** The Iceman Melts Competition at Shooters'  
by *Paul Berg*  
Averages Loss to Davis with Finals Triumph at Peninsula Open
- 70** My Memories of Willie Mosconi  
by *Peter Burrows*  
Recounted in a Letter to My Daughter

### Instruction

- 10** Ask Allison  
by *Allison Fisher*  
How to Go Pro
- 12** What's the Move?  
by *Jimmy Reid*  
Banking and Kicking
- 14** That's What I'm Talking About  
by *Keith McCreedy*  
The Dipsy-Do
- 16** Grady's Grad School  
by *Grady Mathews*  
Aggressive but Intelligent End-Game Play
- 18** Beat People with a Stick  
by *Tom Simpson*  
A Change of Perspective
- 20** Pro Pool Workout  
by *Bob Henning*  
The Set-Up



- 22** Technically Speaking  
by *Steve Crutchfield*  
The Myth of the Tangent Line, Part 2
- 24** Pool Prayers  
by *Richard Kranicki*  
Foot Alignment, Part 3 of 5
- 26** On the Road with the Monk  
by *Tim Miller*  
Where Do You Stand in this Game?



### Columns

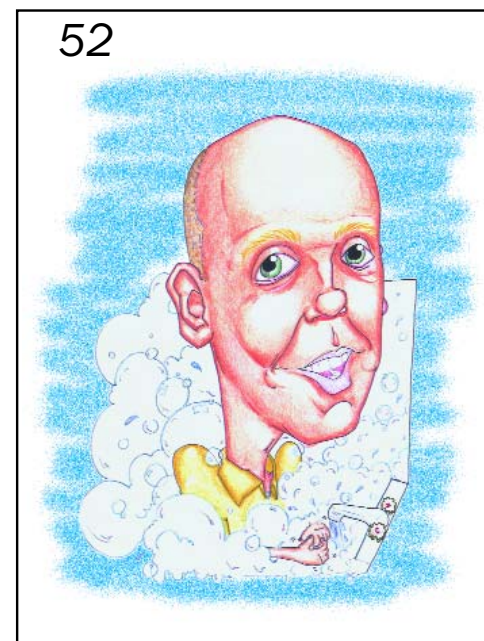
- 8** There It is There  
by *Sally P. Timko*
- 74** What's in the Case  
Monica Webb
- 76** Site Seeing  
by *Dain Anderson*  
High Tech May Get You Half Price
- 78** The Good Old Days  
by *Mark & Connie Stellinga*  
Rack 'Em Up
- 80** What's New?  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*
- 84** Hall Monitor  
by *Paul Berg*  
Ghosts of Champions Fill Raleigh's Brass Tap & Billiards



- 86** The School for Scoundrels  
by *Chef Anton*  
The Grifter's Dream
- 88** The Buss Stop  
by *Jim Buss*  
Where the Leather Meets the Glue
- 90** Industry Ink  
by *InsidePOOL Staff*  
The Players Tournament  
New Online Marketing Tools for BCA Business Members

### Departments

- 4** Pool on TV
- 6** Advertiser Directory
- 96** League Report  
Regional Roundup
- 102** Northeastern
- 108** Southeastern
- 112** Central
- 118** Western







# My Memories of Willie Mosconi

## Recounted in a Letter to My Daughter

by Peter Burrows

In 1993, my youngest daughter, Katie, the one of my three daughters who had showed the most interest in pool was a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. She was married in 2003 and is now finishing law school in Baltimore. But in 1993 at the time of her birthday I wrote her a little note:

Merry Christmas  
December 25, 1993  
Remembering Willie & Mr. Rambow”

For My Daughter Katie:

This little book, *Willie Mosconi's Winning Pocket Billiards*, is for you, my dear, and I thought that I would tell you of my memories of Willie Mosconi.

For me, he was without question the very finest pool player who ever lived, and his real love was straight pool, known also as 14.1. This, as you well know, also happens to be daddy's favorite pool game, although now today I enjoy three-cushion billiards (played on a table without any pockets) also.

I first met Willie Mosconi not long after I began to play pool on our table at our North Sheridan Road home, "Quiet Nook," in Chicago about 1948 or '49. Maybe it was a year or two later. He was playing in a tournament at Bensingers, a very famous poolroom on Randolph Street, in downtown Chicago. Many of the best players and tournaments were there, and later on in high school, I too would go there to play but mostly to learn and watch all the great players who

hung around the place. There were three floors, two with about fifty pool tables each, and one floor had many billiard tables also. It was a somber, old, and musty place, just perfect for pool. Row upon row of those heavy wooden tables with stout legs that I loved so much in my youth. Dark glass shades above each green table glowed with a soft light, hardly a sound save the click of ivory balls against one another. The best sound in the world—my aphrodisiac. The expansive room was thick with cigarette and cigar smoke. Yes, a real old fashioned "pool hall," not like the fancy, dolled-up spots of today at all. Those places that now even let girls in! Imagine!

And so one cold Chicago winter night forty years ago, Father took me for the very first time to see the great Willie play. Wow! is about all I can say. He ran over 100 balls in what seemed like no time at all, played some delicate and perfect safeties, and then ran out, winning the 125 point match by an ample margin. Truly amazing. My mouth hung open. I think my own high run when I was that age was maybe eighteen.

Father took me over after the match, and I was introduced. Nothing shy about Dr. Sam. "Here, Mr. Mosconi," (my father called him Willie, I'm sure), "I'd like you to shake hands with my boy. He can run a whole rack of balls, and he's only twelve." I think Willie had run 100 balls when he was nine! Just like that. I was pretty young and just beginning to play. Naturally, Father right away asked the great champion if he would play a rack with his son. Today I am not sure, but I think that night was also the first time that Father met Willie. I don't think he knew him or had actual-

ly ever seen him play before. Of course, anyone who followed pool in 1950 knew who the legendary Willie Mosconi was.

Willie pulled out his second cue. Great players always carried a handsome case with at least one extra cue. It was two pieces, which I was not used to, and Willie screwed it together and handed it to me. To this day, I clearly remember the very first thing that I did was rub my finger across the blue leather tip. "Oh, no," Willie said, "that will get oil from your finger onto the tip, and we don't want that." First childhood lesson from the master.

We played a couple of quick racks, and lots of people watched, and then Willie set up a very fancy trick shot, with the 1-6 balls set in the middle of the table. He leaned over and whispered into my ear exactly how to play the shot, just which ball to hit, where, and the english to use, "Hit right between the three and the four ball, shoot hard with draw," he said. Bam! All six balls shot straight into six different pockets. Lots of clapping and cheers, and little Peter beaming from ear to ear. A trick shot Willie had set up thousands of times in exhibitions around the country but the first time for me. Some years later at college, I was to make the same shot when playing an exhibition there with him, I think maybe 1957.

Right after we first met him, and he and Father became friendly, Willie told Father about Herman J. Rambow, a wonderful old cue maker who had a shop high up in a turn-of-the-century loft building on S. Dearborn Street, at the edge of Chicago's Loop. Straight away father and I went to see Mr. Rambow. What a place he had! He was close to seventy by that time and had been making cues since the turn of the century. Today his biography is legendary to those who have followed the annals of pool.

Mr. Rambow's shop was right out of John Galsworthy's "Quality," if you recall the tale of the ancient maker of custom hand-made boots. Truly a unique shop and never to be forgotten. Talk about a boy in a candy store. Over time, I

was to visit Mr. Rambow often, and a few years later, he moved his shop to 17 N. Wabash Avenue. Keefe & Hamer it was called. I can still see my very first impressions in my mind's eye. Mr. Rambow, with farmer overalls and an apron, black high button shoes! Yes, really. I can still see them. Wood shavings everywhere, some lathes of course, and wood shop-type tools, but mostly I remember the lovely

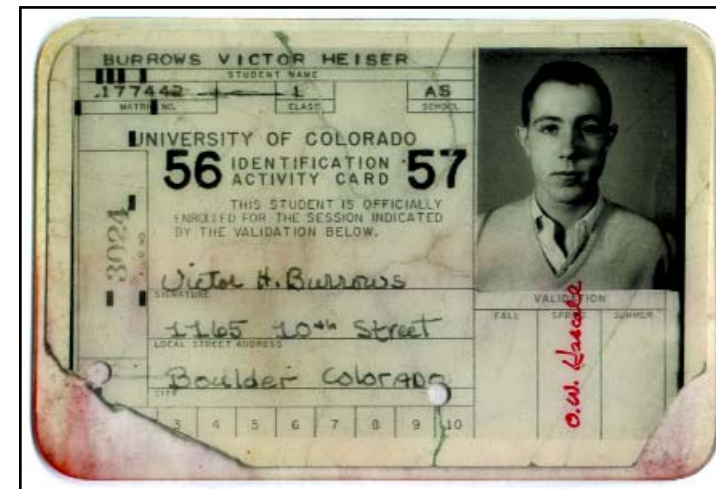
butts he was working on, and the ivory elephant tusks standing in a dusty corner, which he used for ferrules, inlays, and butt plates. Maybe the most memorable was the majestic old cue rack with glass doors that hung high up on the wall. Mr. Rambow explained that he had made a duplicate of every cue he had made for most of the world's handful of great players, beginning with people like Schaefer and Layton, Hoppe and Greenleaf, to the present: Crane, Mosconi, Ponzi, Caras and others.

Each cue was an identical mate, same, weigh, size, butt, etc., to the original. This way he always had a cue so he could provide another and make additional ones that would be identical when one of the great champions needed a new cue on short notice. Sadly, sometime in the 1960s, someone broke into Mr. Rambow's shop one night and stole the entire rack of all those old and priceless duplicate cues. Mr. Rambow was heartsick.

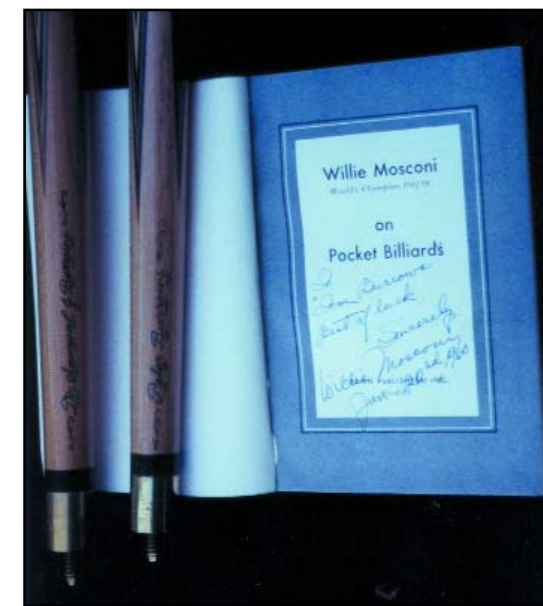
At our first visit, Father ordered a cue to be made, specifying that it must be exact in every way to the one that Willie Mosconi used. And so it was. This first cue has a four-point ebony butt, a black linen wrap and a single ivory ring just above the butt, with father's name penciled just below the joint, "Dr.

Samuel J. Burrows," and his initials on the shaft. This was standard format for Mr. Rambow, and I know that this cue is an identical match for the one that Willie was using in 1950 (see footnote).

About 1954, when I was 15, Mr. Rambow made my first cue, a simple jointed Brunswick-type "house cue." Two years later, in 1956, he made my second cue. I had it made



The author's student identification card when he was attending the University of Colorado.



Dr. Samuel Burrows' and Peter Burrows' Rambow cues on display with a signed copy of Willie Mosconi's book.



in the style that Mosconi was using in the mid-1950s. My 1956 Rambow cue has four rosewood points, a light gray-green Irish linen wrap, six ivory spots in the rosewood butt just below the wrap, and a two-inch ivory butt plate. My name is inscribed, "Peter Burrows," and my initials on both shafts. This 1956 Rambow is the cue that I still use every time I play, and on occasion, when playing three-cushion, I also use the SJB cue as well. These two old Rambow cues are among my most prized possessions, and they have been all over the world with me, from Korea and Japan, to New Zealand, Ireland, and beyond. Sadly, long ago I gave my own first 1954 cue away to a boy I knew in Boulder, Colorado, and I do not even remember his name. It was a very simple cue, however, a basic jointed house cue, and nothing like the two that I have today.

Willie and his family came to Quiet Nook for dinner with my parents and our family a couple of times in the 1950s and '60s when he and his wife and their daughter were in Chicago. We would play on our well-worn 4' x 9' Brunswick table, which is now at your Aunt Penny Barton's house in Palatine, IL. I do not imagine that many people actually own a table and two cues that Willie himself used. In our billiard room at Quiet Nook, above the fireplace was a funky little sign, written in crayon: "High Run by Peter, 38."

So Willie ran 37 balls, and then he would miss; I would play; he would run 37 more and miss! Ever the gentleman, and that he surely was. For me, those brief games with the greatest of all players were indeed a highlight of my young days, so filled with playing pool.

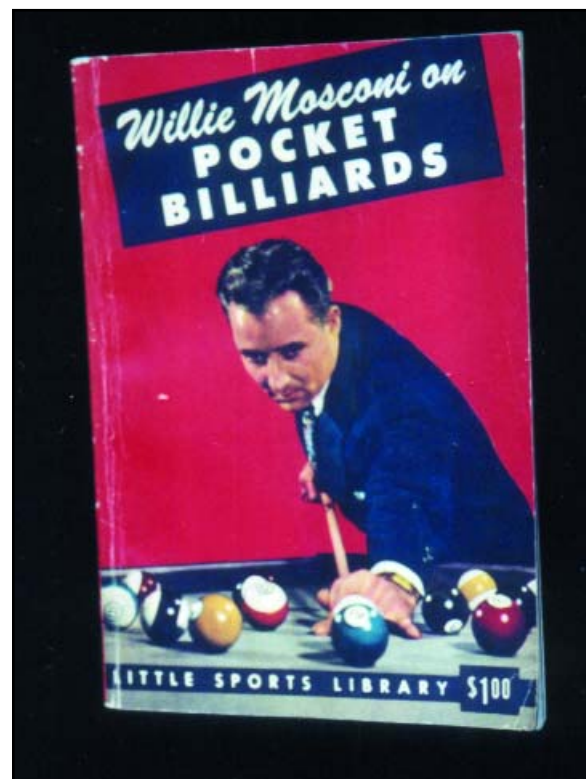
In 1967, I think it was, Herman J. Rambow passed away, and sadly, he was making another new cue for me, one that I had ordered many months before, and it was to be a beau-

ty, more modern and elegant. Often orders from him would take a year or more to complete, but so worth the wait! But Mr. Rambow died before ever completing the cue that I had ordered many months before. The order blank was found later, stuck on the little spindle on his old cluttered desk.

It was that same year I saw Willie Mosconi play for the last time in person, when he played at an exhibition at the



The top cue was made for Dr. Sam Burrows by Herman Rambow. The cue below was made by Rambow for Peter Burrows. The cue ball was a gift to Peter from Willie Mosconi.



Peter Burrows' personal copy of one of Willie Mosconi's books, "Willie Mosconi on Pocket Billiards."

n e w Bensingers in Chicago. I shook his hand one last time and spoke a few brief words to him. He was very cordial, said he remembered me, "Hello, Peter," and asked about Father, "How is Dr. Burrows doing?" I was very flattered, and my memories of that first rack of balls with him as a little boy, our few games on the table at Quiet Nook, and the exhibition at Boulder will stay with me forever.

Willie Mosconi passed away on September 12, 1993. I will always remember him.

Your dad, an old pool player.  
Peter Burrows

*Footnote: Katie Burrows was married on March 23, 2002, to Rolf Hill. I gave Rolf one of my classic Herman Rambow cues, the one that Mr. Rambow had made and signed for my father in 1950.*

*Editor's Note: With the passing of Willie Mosconi ten years ago this September, InsidePOOL Magazine thought this piece would be poignant. Perhaps the best-known pool player of*

*the twentieth century, Mosconi was the technical advisor for "The Hustler" and wrote several books on pool. Not only a 15-time World Champion at straight pool and a Hall of Fame inductee, he still holds the record for the high run of 526 balls run in a single inning, which was set in 1954. ♦*



**DEFINITIVE SYNERGY**  
Bringing Talents Together for Better Solutions

## Billiard Business Solutions

This is the best solution available for operating pool rooms. This software is capable of performing all of the player and table functions, light controls, memberships, automatic rate changeovers, waiting lists, table alarms and more. Billiard Business Solutions is available alone, but if you need hardware, touch screen and standard turnkey systems are available. Operate your room knowing that you're in safe hands.

## Sales Tracker

This POS solution is perfect for pool rooms, bars and restaurants. It carries out all of the standard restaurant and bar functions, adds sales to tables, performs inventory control, runs tabs and offers itemized sales accounting reports. Sales Tracker is available alone, but if you need hardware, touch screen and standard turnkey systems are available. Operate your room knowing that you're in safe hands.



### Billiard Business Solutions Features:

- 10 Cash Registers
- Waiting List
- Table Time Alert
- Player Tracking
- Transaction Tracking
- Daily Dollars/Table Tracking
- Additional Charge/Discount Codes
- Membership Tracking
- Membership Reward Program
- Pre-Pay Program
- Member's Hours Played Tracking



### Sales Tracker Features:

- 450 Menu Items
- 45 Refund Items
- Touch Screen compatible
- Easy Database Search
- Stands alone or automatically interfaces with Billiard Business Solutions
- Supports almost unlimited products
- Supports adding sales to a table
- Automatic Inventory Tracking and Updating
- Creates customer invoices
- Tracks every sales transaction
- Retrieves receipts for up to 31 days
- Tracks Total Dollars on each menu item daily - you can review for any day, week, month(s) or year(s)
- Know what is selling and what is not
- Supports Custom Receipt Printing

**888-245-7665 Toll Free**

**www.definitivesynergy.com**

Download a demo edition and, for a limited time, receive a coupon for 20% off your purchase!