

Wanganui Tennis Club Inc. www.wanganuitennis.co.nz



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Friday(ish) Flash – 2nd December 2011

Welcome all, in this edition:

- xmas lunch
- Wilton's bits
- Finally – A Kiwi abroad

TENNIS XMAS LUNCH AT CAROLINE'S CELTIC

Tuesday December 13th at 12 o'clock. If you would like to join us please put your name on the list in the control room by 6th December or ring Dawn Wright 3421868

WILTON'S BITS

The Junior Rep team plays Taranaki this Sunday at the WTC.

New Start Times: 10s and 12s 9am

14s 10am

16s 10.30am

What to bring:

- A plate of slice or biscuits
- Black or Blue Shorts, tops will be provided but bring a blue one in the event we run out.
- Drink bottle

Teams

10's

Jude Hiri

Beau Hourigan (*10's Supervisor Steve Ferguson*)

Patrick Hourigan

Bartje Feguson

Zach Farmer

12's

Sam Russell

Jane Lennox

Vitek Sosnowski

Kyla Pearce

Chris Ferguson

Olivia Alexander

Kasey Watson

Alice Bird

Zach Milward

14s

Tim McKenzie (*supervisor Roger Pearce*) Gabi Hiri

Dylan Rowe

Kate Russell

Sheldon Pearce

Georgia Millward

Bradley Wallace

Christy Thompson

16's

Adam Gill

Dana Hiri

Kieran Glentworth

Paris Butters

Michael Park

Shannen Cummins

Ben Kerr

Grace McMurray

“JUNIOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY CAMP”

The Junior Christmas Holiday Camp is targeting all future tennis stars aged between 5 and 12 years old who are eager to learn or improve their skills in a fun and challenging tennis environment. The camp will run for three days and will cover all strokes, revisiting key points learnt throughout term 2011. The camp will also involve target and game based drills, as well as a mini round robin tournament on the third day.

When: 21st – 23rd December (Wednesday, Thursday, Friday)

Where: Wanganui Tennis & Squash Club

Time: 9.00am – 11:30pm

Cost: \$ 80

Last Day: Shared Lunch and Prizes

Please note all children wishing to attend the camp must be enrolled

by December the 18th !

To register or for more information please contact:

Jeremy Pigou: 027 468 1662 (M) or Email: jeremy_pigou@hotmail.com

Tip of the week

Closing off the net

When playing singles or doubles it is important to stand a safe distance away from net to guard against the lob and allow you more time to react. However in order to put the ball away you must move aggressively toward the net called closing off the net. If you see your opponent opening the racquet face to throw up a lob don't move forward but in all other cases look to move forward and **close off the net**. You will be able to put the ball away easily by using angles and taking time away from your opponent.

FINALLY

Most of the male club members would remember Kait O'Callaghan for her fearless assaults on a tennis ball and her fearsomely shapely legs. Well, she is now based in Melbourne and when not x-raying broken limbs, she finds time to write a blog, the latest instalment of which appears below. Obviously her talents don't stop at the hospital gate or the tennis court...

Tennis season may be winding down around the world, but it's heating up in Melbourne Park where the air is already thick with anticipation over the Australian Open.

Courts are hard to come by due to resurfacing, broken drinking fountains have been fixed, there's new advertising up, and stands are slowly being erected.

These few months before the Australian Open are spent preparing for the brief two weeks in which professional tennis players grace the courts. It's a hell of a lot of hard work for such a short time, but by the time January rolls round, you're practically gagging for it.

I'm not at Melbourne Park to see professional tennis today, although at one stage Marinko Matosevic strolls past me. I'm here for the Optus 14s

Australian Teams Championships, which pits state against state in a boys' and girls' competition. Every state of Australia is represented here, and so is one entire country – New Zealand, of course, which is too small to be split.

I've always found watching young people play serious tennis inspirational. I love watching their mannerisms – did that Queensland boy just pull at his shirt like Andy Roddick? – and their emotion. They're raw, at this stage in their tennis years, and they play that way. Far too many of them are overly aggressive; you see many balls land in the top of the net and hear the accompanied cries of frustration.

Two boys playing behind me exemplify this, each possesses a nice technique but neither is willing to wait for a mistake. The bigger of the boys finally erupts with a "come on". It shakes the smaller one, and he's soon emitting his own yells. His catch phrase is "unbelievable", and I hear it echoing across the courts many times. It has an originality to it, a word you can imagine him being famous for one day. I like it.

There's a rather loud growl coming from court eight. I follow the noise and come across two boys who look far beyond their 14 years. They're playing a furiously competitive, hard-hitting match in which the loud boy seems to be coming off on top. He roars when he hits the ball, and like the small kid's "unbelievable", it's something I haven't heard before. He even emits a Kvitova-like yelp when he wins a point. I'm rooting for the other boy, though. He's handling his loud opponent with dignity.

There's much to ponder over when watching a new generation of players. As a boy comes to net to put away a skilful volley, I'm reminded that net play isn't dead, it's merely taken a back seat to the heavy topspin baseline rallies I'm seeing everywhere. Same goes with the one-handed backhand; it's still there, fighting hard as a minority but impressive to watch when you see one that works.

The young girls play like miniature versions of the professionals. They lean hard into their strong backhand but miss easy volleys. I'm also reminded of the fearlessness of youth. Gael Monfils antics are the norm as kids skid over the court, racquets toppling, lanky limbs falling to the ground. A kid hobbles past with an ice-pack strapped to his knee. It's no wonder.

I've come here to watch one boy in particular who hails from my hometown in New Zealand. It's a town of 40,000 people with an ageing population and dodgy reputation. It has nice tennis courts, though, and my brother has watched the rise and rise of Kyle Butters. He's playing as number one for New Zealand and he's won all his matches so far.

I spot him through his mop of hair playing doubles against Tasmania. He doesn't stand out in the warm-up. He possesses a nice backhand and forehand, but so does everyone else. It isn't until he lines up to serve you can see the big difference. While the others have struggled through close service games, Kyle powers through his. His height allows him to send down ace after ace, the Tasmanian kids can't even block it back.

He wins his first service game to love, and fails to control a smile. It's the only on-court smile I'll see during my time there. Amongst the yelling, the racquet tossing, and the looks of despair, Kyle emits a pleasant calm. He's shy after his match and it is endearing. He's one of few I see who looks completely focused.

Fourteen is an awkward age. It's an age where you begin to lose your innocence, when your friends take over from your parents as the top priority in your life, and the opposite sex starts to look inviting.

Most of these kids won't make it to the professional ranks. Some will find booze and girls and chuck in the racquet for nights out with friends. They might pick it up again in their 20s and wonder what could have been. Some of them will find that coveted growth spurt never comes, and despite giving it their all, won't quite get there. But I think some of them will.

I saw the future of Australian and New Zealand tennis today and it looked bright.

Excellent reading, you'll agree. This was reproduced with the kind permission of no-one, so I hope Kait doesn't mind and it's too late if she does.

It seems that anyone with a hotmail address may not have received last week's Flash. If anyone out there knows about such things could you throw me a lifeline as these automated error messages that get thrown up leave me a gibbering mess.

Enjoy your tennis.

Terry Wright
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