

THAMES JOURNAL



1995

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Thames Journal

1995

Contents

<i>Thames internationals</i>	3
<i>1995 World Championships, women's lightweight coxless pair</i>	4
<i>Men's first squad</i>	6
<i>Women's senior squad</i>	10
<i>Men's senior 3 squad</i>	14
<i>Women's novices</i>	17
<i>Men's veteran squad</i>	19
<i>Logica Rowing Club</i>	22
<i>Banyoles 1995</i>	22
<i>Thames Charitable Trust</i>	24
<i>Obituaries</i>	25
<i>Memories of Peter Kirkpatrick</i>	27
<i>Thames in 1995</i>	29
<i>Results</i>	32





Thames/Kingston/Tideway Scullers', winners of the Women's Head. Crew: Alison Brownless (bow), Jane Hall, Dot Blackie, Kate Pollitt, Jo Turvey, Guin Batten, Annamarie Stapleton, Miriam Batten (stroke), Suzie Ellis (cox).

Thames internationals

Thames Rowing Club continues to be one of the nurseries for the British Women's National Team. 1995 was a successful year for Thames members who made the team for the first time this year (Kate Pollitt, Kate Templeton, and Suzie Ellis). The squad boated during the week from Thames and the club provided us with a friendly home for the winter months. Bill Mason was appointed as Chief Coach for the open women with the ambitious task of winning a medal at the Olympic Games in Atlanta in 1996.

An all-Thames crew won the open coxless fours event at the Fours Head of the River in November. In the women's eights Head,

a crew boated with eight of nine Thames members and was victorious over the visiting World Champions from Germany, setting another record time of 18.13 mins.

As squad members we are allowed to race in Thames colours if the whole crew line up is Thames and we did this throughout the international racing season in Europe. Notable results were a gold medal in the women's pairs at Cologne Regatta for Miriam Batten and Annamarie Stapleton and two first places at Essen for the Thames four of Kate Pollitt, Dot Blackie, Annamarie Stapleton, and Miriam Batten. Our own revered journalist, Geoffrey Page, was a very vocal supporter during the medal presentation as the black,

white, and red colours stood on the rostrum and accepted the applause.

The final line-up for the eight was put together for Women's Henley and still contained five Thames members including the Captain. After winning at home the crew went on to Amsterdam Regatta and beat a talented Dutch crew. At Lucerne the field proved to be very tough and we finished fifth, 6 seconds behind the same Dutch crew who won gold.

The final line up for the World Championships included Guin Batten in the single, Kate Templeton in the four, and Suzie Ellis, Miriam Batten, Annamarie Stapleton, Kate Pollit, and Dot Blackie in the eight. Guin Batten

raced under club colours all year and was placed a commendable fourth in the World Cup and eighth at the World Championship.

The four came fifth in the final and the eight won the B final after narrowly missing qualification for the A final and the Olympics. We raced hard and aggressively in our final race to produce a time 5 seconds faster than the A final although conditions were variable.

The Piggy Club supported us with a small donation to help cover the increasing financial contribution that athletes are expected to make to represent their own country. We all thank Thames and Gavin Reddin and the Piggy Club for their support.

Miriam Batten

1995 World Championships, women's lightweight coxless pair

I 1995 was to provide a new challenge for me at the World Rowing Championships in Finland. After four years of medals in the lightweight women's coxless four, I was tempted to change to a brand new event—the lightweight women's coxless pair—along with partner Jane Hall.

Following a serene and productive pre-worlds training camp in Aiguebelette in France, we arrived at the Championship venue in Tampere to experience the worst racing conditions of my rowing career. On our first day there the weather was so windy and water conditions so treacherous we almost abandoned our outing, discovering that life is a lot harder in

a pair. However, we battled on and after a couple of days we had become relatively accustomed to the waves. We then settled down to the long wait for our straight final.

It's not easy bidding your time while one by one the crews around you start to race. At first it is nerve-racking, but then you learn to almost ignore it and just concentrate on what you are doing. At last the Friday of our final dawned, a grey day and, surprise, surprise, windy! We did not have any problems making the weight, so for something else to think about, Bill, our coach, told us to think about the gearing—an all important factor given the wind.



Alison Brownless (bow) and Jane Hall (stroke), winners of the silver medal in lightweight coxless pairs at the World Championships.

When we went out to race, the wind was cross-head and having become accustomed to the changeable nature of the Finnish weather we boated fully equipped with a screwdriver for last minute gearing changes. Getting to the warm-up area proved to be rather an adventure. First of all we all but crashed into the photographers' tower—right in front of the finish line and the spectators. A couple of strokes later I noticed that Jane's gate was not done up and we were doing square blade paddling! Near disaster, or at least a pre-race swim, was narrowly avoided. After that the warm-up went relatively smoothly until we had to make the decision to ease the gearing or not. The decision was made and the screwdriver put to good use. With two minutes to spare we were attached to the start praying we had made the right decision.

No false starts and we were off. We had quite a good start but the Germans and Americans had an even better one. We had expected the Germans in particular to go off hard and blow up, which they duly did, only they blew rather sooner than expected. The Americans, however, hit the front and by 500 m gone had a length lead on us. At this time, to our surprise, the Danish crew were slightly up on us too. The wind really started to hit us—the last minute change of gearing was justified.

We wanted to use the middle of the race to get back on terms with the leading crew, so we got down to some serious hard work. The USA crew seemed to be keen to keep their distance from us, and as for the surprise Danish crew, they were beginning to worry us. But we still had one card to play—our cavalry charge over the last 500



Jane Hall and Alison Brownless on the victory podium in Tampere.

m. With 750 m to go we knew that something special was needed, and Jane lifted our tempo. With 500 m to go we really started to wind it up to move dramatically away from the Danish crew and just overlap the USA. We put absolutely everything we had into those last 40 strokes but the strong Americans had one more push in them and maintained their lead. We finished in silver medal position with clear water over the Danes in third. The Germans, who had beaten us in Lucerne, finished fourth.

Alison Brownless

Men's first squad

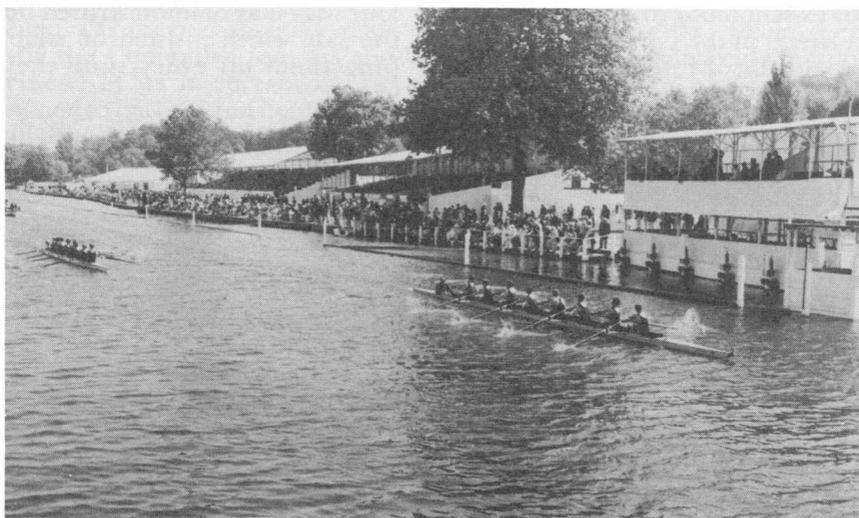
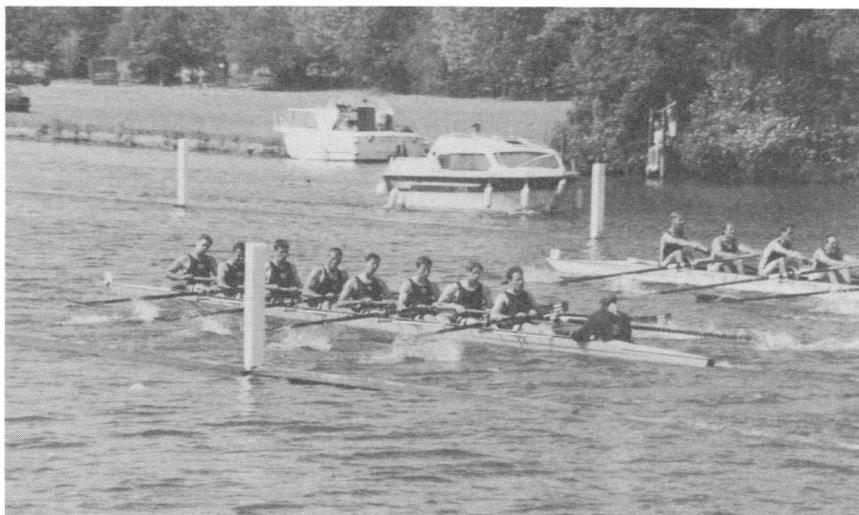
Writing about this crew's year was always going to be tricky with a coach as charismatic as Blair Thorpe. His impromptu mime acts of farm animals in a Peruvian restaurant in Barcelona, for example, are far more memorable than where we came in what races. While it may say something about the ultimate success of our boat,

there can be no doubting the enormous part played, or mimed, by the one man and his jumper. Blair's enthusiasm for sacrificing his weekends soon increased when he saw the raw material at his disposal.

"I want to row" boomed the giant. And so he did, the ex-Wasps wing wending his mighty way in enviably few Richter-shattering puddles from novice to elite oarsman. Stuart's rowing may have gone from nothing to warp factor Thorpe in heinously little time, but Blair never did teach him to tap down properly. For the first time the cheeky Kiwi was stumped—four man's thighs were simply too big. Which is perhaps why, for the rest of the season, Blair's favourite catchphrase was "up to your tits". If he couldn't tap down, we'd all have to pull up to compensate for the poor lad's lourdeur.

From the start the crew looked promising. Breadth of experience, eager might, and a strokeman's temperament to make Dante's Inferno feel positively glacial secured 65th place in the Head of the River. Not outstanding per se, the result was encouraging and pointed to a potential to be realised come the summer. Those hellishly freezing pairs outings up to Twickenham (café) and back were appreciated at last.

The Henley crew was not finalised until Banyoles. A tall stringy shape called Jon Scott had proved his worth in seat trials held just before the Head, and Blair swore blind he saw a number three stamped on the guy's forehead. So in he went, at number three. It was this same rookie who barely escaped a lynching at Nottingham Regatta when he proclaimed after a very hard-fought and narrowly



Thames D ease past Wallingford at Remenham (top) and go on to win by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths (bottom). Crew: Greg Reed (bow), Andrew Thorley, Jon Scott, Stuart Thomas, Paul Allan, Tim Ballantyne, Simon Leigh, Robin Oberst (stroke), Christine Hawes (cox).

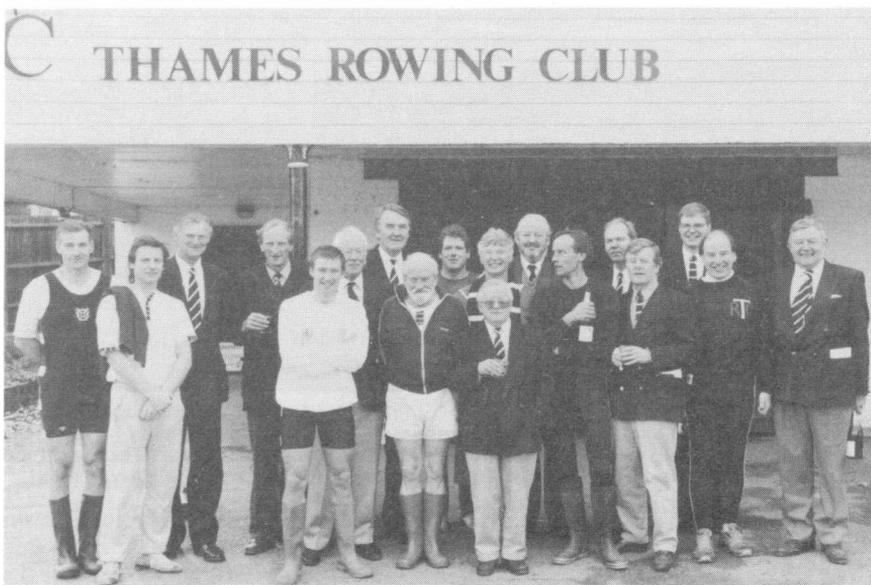
lost race "If I'd known it was that close, I'd have pulled harder." Thereafter his peculiar lack of sweat drew suspicion after each race.

Throughout the summer, the eight competed as two fours, ensuring a healthy rivalry which would surface on even the bleakest and most blustery evenings down at the Docks. The two boats were very different. There was the "grown-up" four, containing Robin, Paul, Tim, and Foot. Its crew, uniformly experienced and sized, should have always had the upper hand. Surely their pedigree and disdainful finishes would prove too much for the others.

However, Foot's shock of red hair was as a rag to a bull, the said animal being the upstart boat stroked by ex-schoolboy rower Andy (with a friend in the GB VIII). Practice would dissolve theory. Interboat

competition was often so heated right from the word Go! that tempers would not stop smouldering until we'd put our wellies back on. Indeed, Greg once grew so hot during one such race in Banyoles he was obliged to dive into the cool blue Campari-ad-like waters to cool off. Even more shocking, after one particularly humiliating defeat, Paul was heard to whisper to himself, "Damn it!"

The upstarts actually had more success during the summer than the grown-ups, but they contested easier events. They won senior 3 at Nottingham, senior 2 coxed at Docklands, and would also have won senior 1 if they'd only had a basketball-sized bowball. Robin's crew, though slightly quicker overall, were cursed by an Empacher four with Guy Salmon written up the side which insisted on snapping them up every time they



Captains of Thames gathered after the memorial service for Peter Kirkpatrick.



Philip Vondra (bow) and Meinhard Hausleitner (stroke) competing in the Double Sculls at Henley.

dared show their green gills on the start line.

With two such even boats, an eight was inevitable, and eventually the Committee too was convinced of its ineluctability. Designed to harness and homogenise all the rivalry that had developed, it was put through its paces at Hereford, where it won the Open event. Henley would be a doddle.

That both coxes were dispensed with just before the big event is not indicative of the crew's immense gratitude. The hardest work had been done by Emma and Sinara, and it was left to Chris Hawes to simply cox us to Thames Cup victory. Despite an appalling qualifier, we still breezed through. "I was never worried," lied Robin as the tannoy garbled our salvation.

Our Wednesday race worried us slightly, though. It was against Wallingford, against whom we'd had a practice start the previous week. Their superior acceleration had then been indubitable, and we knew if we didn't hang on in the race, we'd lose. As before, they beat us off the start, despite irre-

proachable timing on our part. But then something went wrong for them, and in one of those slow-motion moments, we surged through from behind right in front of Stewards, and striking forty crossed the line almost a length ahead.

Our Thursday race was against Nottingham BC, which seemed fair enough until research exposed them as Nottingham County disguised. Again the race was scheduled for 10 o'clock, calling for breakfast at half past five. We lost the race, but only by two lengths or so, against a crew that would only be beaten by a very strong Goldie. Blair's dream was over, and with a wry, slightly sad smile, he drove off to work.

Crew: stroke, Robin Oberst; seven, Simon (Foot) Leigh; six, Tim Ballantyne; five, Paul Allan; four, Stuart Thomas; three, Jon Scott; two, Andy Thorley; bow, Greg Reed. Coxes: Chris Hawes, Emma Barry, Sinara; also, until Banyoles, Jason Poole.

Jon Scott



From left to right, Rachel Wyness, Kate Mackenzie, Kate Elliot-Pyle, Liz Hill, and Jo Dowman, winners of coxed fours at the Home Countries regatta.

Women's senior squad

This year started with some new resolutions—no endless training weekends, more regattas, get out and about more. We began well: Helen Baird and I rowed in a quad with a couple of Tideway Scullers girls to end up fastest women's crew in the Lincoln to Boston Marathon.

A few 11/2 hour ergos later we disappeared off to Paris, ostensibly to race the 9th Traversée de Paris, but really to have a croissant eating competition. In between bouts of French lager drinking, we were coxed by Steve Austin. We survived nearly being drowned by the wash from a French police launch by stopping under the Eiffel Tower to empty out. Kate Templeton did some extra training runs up and down Metro escalators and Chris Hawes remained in a good mood throughout. Ali Hitch did the decent thing and

provided us with some entertainment on the way back, including being whisked away to Charles de Gaulle medical centre by three uniformed paramedics brandishing oxygen tanks and other evil looking medical equipment.

“De retour” from Paris, we got back to sculling. Miriam Batten became our regular early morning sculling coach. The outings, I imagine, provided entertainment for her as well as some valuable instruction for us. We also decided that it would be a good idea to go up to the development weekends in Nottingham. Despite the quality of the lectures and coaching sessions, the weather was permanently appalling—the course was more often than not shortened to 1000m because the first half was unrowable. I was once in a pair where we got to the point of undoing our shoelaces as the water had virtually come up to the top

of the saxboard. Another thing the organisers got ever so slightly wrong was to try and talk to us after dinner on the Saturday evening. No athlete will stay awake for a lecture at 9 o'clock on a Saturday evening after a three hour drive to Nottingham and three training sessions.

We had our first squad outing to the Indoor Rowing Championships, which were held in a huge hall at Bracknell Leisure Centre. Imagine walking into a room with over 40 ergos lined up, and ranks of spectators—yes, people do watch this thrilling event. Your worst nightmare?

The first set of squad trials at Peterborough were particularly joyous—5 km on the Nene. Everyone had to scull even if you had only been in a single twice before in your life, which produced some interesting results for the novice

scullers. The journey started well with some IC heavy metal in the minibus on the way up and finished several hours later with a tyre change by Jim Bichard in the Peterborough City RC car park in the pouring rain.

Jim then had the unenviable task of persuading us to try out pairing. It wasn't much fun to start off with but he remained patient. A number of people grew very familiar with the Fulham flats and other unusual parts of the river as they attempted to master the black art of steering. Eventually, we started to get the hang of it.

Christmas then crept up on us. Break in training? Forget it! We had some good rows on our mini training camp in between Christmas and New Year, with Suzie Ellis getting some of her crew to sub in and some kamikaze steering by Kate Elliot-Pyle producing some



Bronze medal winners in the eight at the National Championships. Crew: Helen Baird (bow), Zoe Williams, Philippa Cozens, Emma Wallace, Jane Fearnall, Rachel Wyness, Liz Hill, Alison Hitch (stroke), Vicki Dewar (cox).



The Thames eight celebrating their victory in the 10th Traversée de Paris.

interesting blade clashes coming in to Hammersmith Bridge. Personally, I think my worst effort of the year was attempting a 5 km test on New Year's Eve after a two day diet of chocolate and mulled wine. It was the biggest explosion this side of Hiroshima.

The next set of trials loomed—Helen Baird and Kate Giles would have performed outstandingly had it not been for a minor steering problem, exemplified by the grounding of their pair on the way up to the start in a field of cows directly opposite the spot where Brian Armstrong, Ron Needs and Bill Mason were standing.

By this stage we were beginning to look towards the Eight's Head and the difficulties of pairs rowing were occasionally alleviated by

the odd early morning paddle in an eight. Others tried more novel methods of avoiding the pairs: Elise Laverick managed to fall over on the beach during the holidays and broke a toe.

Two eights were formed out of our squad. These eights had some memorably competitive sessions on the Tideway before heading off to Nottingham for the Head of the Trent. Jim had managed to bring in a number of good oarswomen as a result of his coaching contacts and the first eight won in the same time as the Nottingham County women's crew. The weekend before the Head we raced Blondie and the other eight raced Cambridge. Having beaten Blondie without even trying, we were moved up to race the Blue Boat.

This also went well, leaving former Oxbridge rowers in the crew feeling very pleased with themselves.

The Head Race the next weekend was a different matter. We went off first and unfortunately the confusion at the start of the race led to some hitches in umpiring and communications, which resulted in our disqualification.

We started talking about training camps, and after some debate, settled on Marlow. We missed the tequila sessions in Banyoles, which was probably just as well, although at an earlier party Liz Hill had discovered an innovative use for a Wellington boot after a few too many gin and tonics. Marlow allowed us to get nearly all our outings on the water with at least one coach alongside us. We were also able to do some intensive technical work as well as getting the hard pieces in. Best of all though, were the food buying trips and the canoeing session. The longest anyone managed to stay afloat in a racing canoe was about four seconds.

We paid a quick visit to Hereford, where the combination of first night party and a few too many drinks in honour of coach Stewart James' birthday led to some decidedly nasty finals. After some abortive seat racing at Henley, the first regatta of the season was Nottingham. Due to some administrative mix-up, the eight we had tried to enter for the Saturday was unable to compete, so we split into fours.

The sequence of events over the next few weeks is almost as full of mistakes as it is of successes. We raced at the Metropolitan, Docks, and Henley, where chaotic selection procedures and the failure in

communications between the two squads meant that results were not as good as they could have been: some good oarswomen even missed Henley altogether.

There were still some excellent wins (the club eight, the open coxed four). In the run up to the National Championships, we had a reorganisation and produced a crew that could have done better than bronze, if only we had got together earlier on. The only racing we had together in the final crew order was at Molesey one week beforehand.

At Nottingham, the eight won bronze in a close and hard fought race. Jo Dowman and Kate MacKenzie made the pairs event look ridiculously easy. Last but not least was the coxed four, steered to victory by Kate Elliot-Pyle. Everyone had been doubling up, and particularly for the girls who had been in the eight, there was almost as much relief as exhilaration when we crossed the finish line well in front. The net result of the National Championships was an excursion to Ireland for the four and the pair to row in that most distinguished of international regattas, the Home Countries. We were of course disappointed to find that the event was not being held at Holme Pierrepont.

"Ireland '95" was a truly memorable weekend, not least for the crab that put us down to the Irish crew with just under a 1000 m to go—we had to work hard to go past them again. Neither are any of the girls likely to forget the party that followed or touring Kerry and Killarney afterwards. It was the icing on the cake of what, for many of us, had been a really good year.

Rachel Wyness



Guin Batten, seen competing at Henley Royal Regatta, where she reached the semi-finals of the single sculls event, and later went on to be Britain's representative in the single sculls at the World Championships.

Men's senior 3 squad

A very large group of cheerfully diverse characters, a distinct lack of rowing ability made up for with a general over-abundance of Spirit, and a "confusion of coaches"—the collective term for a large number of rowing coaches in a confined area all offering different advice—this was the senior 3 squad of 94–95. And they shall be known as "The Squad".

For some the year did not begin in The Squad, for in the beginning there was Blair—and He shall be known as "Bleer", and He did make oarsmen travel great distances in small boats (which was very tiring), and His word was wise for He did talk of technique and UT1 and UT2 (which was complete gaa-gaa to the very tired oarsmen), and then He did return the very tired and confused oarsmen gladly to The Squad, and They shall be known as the "Bleer Rejects". Bleer Rejects—Hugh Falkner, James Felt, Pat Taylor,

Julian Mellors, Mikey Dodd, Kit Eubank, Gary Stubbs.

For some the year did not end in The Squad, for despite all efforts to the contrary, They were large and strong, and displayed a passing semblance of technique in the boat (faults that were normally only found in the women's squads and seriously frowned upon by The Squad). They were branded "Girls" and banished to the realm of Bleer for all time. Girls—Stuart Thomas, Tim Ballantyne, Jon Scott.

For some the year marked the start of a rowing career; novices brutally cajoled, disciplined, and brutalised. They displayed an enthusiasm and crudity in their "epileptic spider" (or coxed squad as the more traditionally minded might describe it) that was greatly admired by The Squad. For the surviving "Virgins" promotion was not far off. Virgins—Alex Hcctor-Duncan, Edmund Noon.



Thames B competing in the Thames Cup. Crew: Chris Staneck (bow), Richard Hughes, James Felt, Kit Eubank, Hugh Falkner, Pat Taylor, Mark Pullen, Gary Stubbs (stroke), Lone Orneborg (cox).

And They did enter “The Twilight Zone”, that period of long, damp, cold outings between the fours and eights Heads, under the direction of that dynamic coaching duo, which shall be known as “The Little and Large Show”. The Little and Large Show—Mark Nixon, Kevin Mentzel.

The finer points of technique were hammered into The Squad by “The Bucket”, an activity that seemed to involve commands such as “Balls-Out Rowing”, that were presumably designed to harden the extremities against the harsh winter climate.

A more aggressive coxing style was the dictum of “Kev-the-Rev”, with the consequential beachings under Hammersmith Bridge, numerous all-Thames crew pile ups, and the £70 per head to refurbish the Dick Southwood being a valuable lesson to all. Yet He did bring an air of good old-fashioned fun to The Squad (befitting his role to society), although the decision to

introduce the likes of Mikey Dodd and Dr “Enda-Way” McVeigh to young, innocent church girls, as trustworthy escorts, smacks a little of sacrificial lambs to the slaughter.

In terms of rowing capability, the barometric reading was firmly set at *dull and damp, no change likely*. But, in spite of a resounding loss in the Bousted Cup, The Squad resiliently displayed an excess of Spirit, the highlight of any training weekend being the stretch routine and a resounding chorus of applause if Jon Scott could actually touch his toes. The Girls were thrown out of The Squad after over-achieving at the Peterborough pairs trials—the shame of it all.

With only two weeks to the eights Head, the peaceful ineptitude of The Squad was shattered by News—Steve Austin (“The Man Barely Alive”) was to be rescued from the evil clutches of the Women’s squads to “do a job” on The Squad (with his trusty side-kick



John Webb, who retired from umpiring in 1995.

“Dave-the-Wise”). And from here on in They would be subjected to excruciating lessons in “The three principles of rowing”—technique, technique, and technique. The Man Barely Alive—we have the technology, we can rebuild him, but not if its *too* early on Saturday or Sunday morning.

The MBA was naturally disappointed at first to find that there were no Girls allowed in The Squad, yet was content to work on the assorted collection of Rejects, Virgins, and Foreigners. Foreigners—a rower of overseas origin *or* an Imperial College “throwback”—Chris Stanek (USA), Richard Hughes (NZ), Hugh Falkner (NZ), James Felt (USA), Lone Orneborg (Den), Mark Pullin (IC), Mikey Dodd (Can), Tim Ballantyne (NZ).

It was a miracle. Not only did The Squad *not* disgrace themselves at the eights Head but, since the recent arrival of The MBA, they had dumped on a respectableish “Slims” crew one Sunday outing, learnt new words such as run, rhythm, and relax, and almost got a crew in the top 100.

“We’re all off to sunny Spain... Viva La Banyoles!!” The Squad finally managed to get Sean Farrely on the flight (passport expired), and then up-up-and-away. This was, for many, the highlight of the season. Who will forget the sun, the water, the food, the 6.00am alarm calls, pus-filled blisters, the “El Duko Heado”, the crew who went Jaap hunting in the morning mist (fine sport), the crew who had an orgasmic coxing experience at the hands of Polly (“quick-hands-away” is *etched* on their minds), and those large, large measures of Bacardi and Jack Daniels!

And back They came, back to the muddy waters of the Thames, back to the summer regatta season. And They did travel far and wide in the search of “silver”—which is generally where the eight seemed to finish every time They went to the Docks (Richard “Lovejoy” Proudlove preferred to throw himself out of the boat, while pushing off from the landing stage, rather than row at all). And The MBA did demonstrate a new use for the flat bed lorry, hired for Nottingham Regatta, which would not be found in the Highway Code. And the cries of “FL” (a reference to London RC) were victoriously resurrected at the Walton, Docklands, and Metropolitan regattas, which made The Squad very proud, and The MBA very happy, because The Squad would rather be branded Girls than be beaten by *them*.

And so to Henley, with the Beach Boys blaring at full volume, where many a lesson was learned (much respect goes to the Slims), and many a drink was drunk. And with a little help from James Felt’s credit cards and a huge number of champagne bottles, The Squad finished as it had started—with *Spirit*.

The crews A eight: coach, Steve Austin; cox, Lone Orneborg; stroke, Gary Stubbs; seven, Mark Pullin, six, "Pat" Taylor; five, Hugh "Huge" Falkner; four, "Kit" Eubank; three, James "Gentleman Amateur" Felt; two, Richard "Old-Man-River" Hughes; bow, Chris Stanek. **B eight:** coach, Dave Wise; cox, Inga; stroke, Richard "Lovejoy" Proudlove; seven, Sean Farrelly; six, Alex Hoctor-Duncan; five, "Mikey" Dodd; four, Julian Mellors; three, Connor White; two, Dr "Enda-Way" McVeigh; bow, Jamie McConnell.

A eight results: Walton, won senior 1; Metropolitan, Saturday, silver senior 2 (Kevin "Bam-Bam" Corley rowing at four); Metropolitan, Sunday, silver senior 2 (Jim Richard rowing at four); Docklands, silver senior 2; qualified for Thames Cup in 6 min 23 sec, and beaten in first round by Cambridge '99. B eight results: Walton, won senior 3; Docklands, bronze senior 3; Reading, won senior 2 (Steve Austin rowing at four); did not qualify for Thames Cup (Stuart Jeffries rowing at four). Other results: Kevin Corley and Edmund Noon won senior 3 coxless pairs at Richmond Regatta; Ian Mead and Julian Chalmers won senior 3 coxless pairs at the Boston Marathon, despite falling in after four miles.

The Squad thank everyone who gave their valuable time or advice during the year, particularly the coaches and coxes. We also thank Robert and Shirley Cranmer-Brown, and their family, home, and dogs, for their hospitality during Henley Royal Regatta.

Gary Stubbs

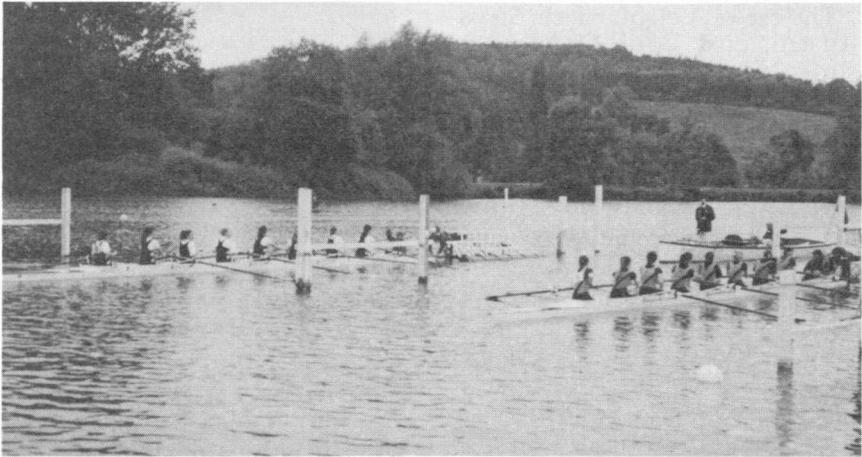


The women's novice eight celebrate their victory at Putney Amateur Regatta.

Women's novices

In October, 14 bodies gathered in front of the clubhouse and were frog-marched into the tank by Suzie Ellis. The usual mixture of complete novices plus a few who had rowed at college or joined the club too late in the previous season were put through their paces on ergos and in the tank. The early outings on the water were taken by John Russell, and for the first four months of the year we were coached in the tank twice a week by a very bored Richard (Roy) Rogers.

As is the case with all novice squads, various people came and went, and then at Christmas we were joined by a group of defectors from Kingston. About mid January someone in the club realised that as a group we had been drifting along, coached for the most part by Simon Rostron and John Russell, and that there was now six weeks to go to the Women's Head. At this point Suzie Ellis reappeared from squad duties and started to attempt to whip us into shape. Four weeks before the Head, Suzie became busy with her own boat and we were once more without a coach. At this point, we finally badgered Mark Nixon into taking us on and we embarked on



Thames D line up to race Neptune at Henley Women's Regatta.

a more rigorous training programme, building upon what Suzie had started. We entered our first race, the Hammersmith Double-Header, not knowing what to expect. We ended up being the only crew to complete the second run in a faster time than the first run, due to Suzie at six coming off her seat and catching the most appalling crab, so that the boat crossed the line using seven and not eight oars.

We did, however, have the satisfaction of beating an Imperial College senior 3 crew in the second leg, as well as taking the Novice pennant.

At a point 21/2 weeks before the Head, two of the chosen crew declared themselves injured and unable to row. The reserves were duly called up and Mark had the task of trying to introduce some cohesion into a crew with very little time available. In the end we produced a creditable row, beaten into third place among the novices by a very fast Pengwern crew

(containing, as we later discovered, six junior internationals) and by Vesta, although the chaps who were keeping an eye out for us believed that this placing was somewhat odd in view of our relative starting and finish positions (the last comment was purely sour grapes naturally).

We spent a couple of weeks recovering from the Head while our coaches Mark and Simon planned our first regatta—Putney Amateur. With three weeks to go, Helen did it again—ie, counted herself out—although this time sunning herself somewhere foreign was to blame and not injury. So once more we ended up with a crew reshuffle and were saved by the appearance of Jaquie. The morning of our first race dawned, an exceedingly hot May bank holiday weekend, and we dutifully went out for a warm-up with Mark and Simon in the launch. We were practising starts, something we hadn't quite mastered and things were not going well—the more starts we did, the

more miserable Mark looked. Eventually we paddled back to the boathouse, only to have our boat nicked by the senior 3 men, whose boat had failed control commission.

When we eventually got our boat back, we paddled off towards the start through Putney Bridge, obediently turned when the Umpire told us to and parked the boat sideways against the bridge, breaking one of the oars, not the most auspicious start. Twenty minutes later (equipped with a new blade) we very nervously lined up at the start.

The start went exactly as it had done in the warm-up—dreadfully—but Vicky the cox followed Mark's instructions and called for pushes at set intervals. About two-thirds of the way through the race the crew felt that we were losing badly, having gone down half a length at the start. Meanwhile Mark was running along the bank able to see that we had recovered most of the lost ground (or should that be water) and trying to send telepathic messages to push for the line. As the boat got to the marker for the final push, the message finally got through, although it was more in the form of "well we've lost anyway so we might as well go for the line". Whatever the message was, it worked and we crossed the line in front by a length and a quarter, didn't hear the Umpire call the finish, and were aiming for Hammersmith before someone stopped us.

Helen rejoined us for a senior 3 race at Metropolitan regatta and then five of us took part in the Docklands regatta. Some bodies were needed for the Thames C boat at Women's Henley, and so there were a few weeks' disruption while Henley boats were sorted

out. In the end the four bodies were returned to the ex-novice boat, which rowed as Thames D, and lost to the losing finalists by four lengths (and got a mention in *Regatta* magazine). We rowed in two more regattas, each time losing to the ultimate winners. However, at Staines a four also got their novice pots, bringing to 12 the number of squad members who had won. Six months later, five of us still rowing at the club, three appeared for a few outings, while one has returned to New Zealand, one to the USA, and one to Sweden.

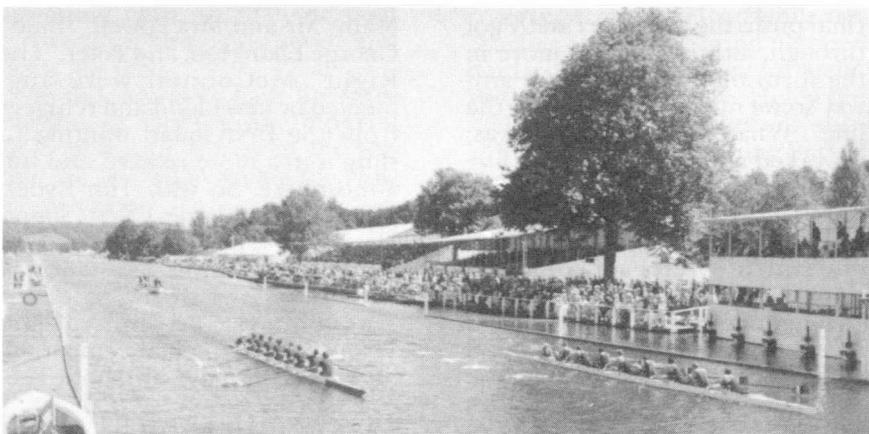
Elizabeth Platts

Men's veteran squad

The veteran squad (the "Slims") in 1995 built on their sound foundations from the previous year with an improved squad, an enjoyable season, and a good Henley.

The hard core of "Captain" Chris Maby, Mr and Mrs Powell, "Bald" George Elkington, and Peter "The Right" McConnell were augmented by new blood and refugees from the first squad wanting to slum it in a more relaxed and fun atmosphere. So with Tim Ryder, Stan (Matthew James), Reg (Simon Hattan), and Des (Guy Deslandes), plus the invaluable assistance as subs of James Berry, Richard Wedgebury, and John "The Wrong" McConnell, we embarked on winter training—in about February.

The Eights Head was as successful for the Slims as for the rest of the club, after which our perpetual haggle over use of equipment be-



Thames A take the strain off the start (top) during their race against Nephthys B, find themselves nearly a length down as the crews pass the Fawley bar (middle), but pull through to win by one third of a length (bottom). Crew: William Powell (bow), George Elkington, Matthew James, Guy Deslandes, Simon Hattan, Tim Ryder, Peter McConnell, Cris Maby (stroke), Nicky Powell (cox).

gan, culminating at the beginning of the summer with having to find a sponsor who would buy us some blades. Many thanks to PMS for the new set of Cleavers.

We rowed at a few early season regattas, having to race open due to the vast number of points in the boat. While not embarrassed at Wallingford, we found out our true form at Docklands, where we were very slightly off the pace.

After many more hard outings and a lot more weights we enjoyed a good Bank Holiday weekend at Worcester and Monmouth, mainly thanks to Stan's mother, who put us up in Monmouth girls' school! Also at Monmouth we had a good win against Quinten before being beaten in the final by UL.

By the time Henley came round we had raced a few more times and gained some speed. So we were feeling quite optimistic, despite being seen as "fat bastards" by most of the club just because we averaged 14st 5lb, and engendering even more resentment by not having to qualify.

Our first race in the Thames Cup on Wednesday against some even fatter American old timers, Tufts Alumni, was a breeze, and we won with an ease that surprised us. Little did we know that there were some young, fit lightweights in store the next day. Fortunately, they were the young, fit lightweights of Nephthys B: that's Oxford University Lightweights B crew, quite obviously packed with potential, but perhaps not yet ready to realise it.

After taking them easily on the start we determinedly raced our

own race plan, thus letting them pull past us by the Barrier. At Remenham the Mound pundits were predicting an "Easily" win for the Oxford crew, but little did they realise what was in store.

Passing the regatta enclosure we were still one and a half lengths down, by the Fawley Bar—a very important landmark for us—we were only one length down, and passing the Grandstand the crews were level. At the finishing post we had won by a third of a length—a surprise for everyone. Unfortunately, this meant that George had to send home his posse of admiring women and crates of Champagne, while the bar takings in Remenham were severely dented, since we all needed a long rest. Our thanks to Dave Wise for his few days of coaching at Henley, which gave us an extra edge.

On Friday, as the last Thames eight left in the regatta, we were pleased to be there, and lost without dishonour to the Nottingham Boat Club crew who had previously put out the D crew. "Thank God" cried the Remenham bar committee and gaggles of relieved women as the Slims squad really began to step up the pace.

After Henley, we performed in fours, coxed and coxless, and with hangovers at the Henley Veterans Regatta, but with little success.

The Slims swansong of the summer was Tim Ryder and George Elkington in a double at the Pairs Head, finding a whole new way to wreck a boat on the Barnes Bridge buttress.

A fun season for the ever more aptly named Slims.

Peter McConnell

Logica Rowing Club

This year saw the start of new THAMES affiliated club rowing from Thames: Logica RC (have you spotted the sexy black and yellow kit?) Before you ask, they are all fully paid up members of Thames. The gentlemen (unfortunately the only other woman apart from myself is Kath O'Malley up at Tideway Scullers) of the club meet on a Saturday or a Sunday afternoon to go out (mostly) in a coxed four.

They have also been known to try pairing and sculling—one of their number has in fact sculled the Boston Marathon, but inexplicably managed to escape the asylum to which he was committed immediately afterwards. Our first race, over a year after the club was founded, was the Fours Head, where the Logica senior 3 coxed four finished 322.

Next year I hope to have a couple of more experienced Logica employees take over the coaching, and if anyone at Thames would prefer a leisurely (can be hard sometimes) afternoon row rather than the painful early morning wake up call, please get in touch. Our plan for the coming year is to put a crew together for the Eight's Head—if you're interested, there are no restrictions on entry.

Rachel Wyness



The Thames armada arrives in Banyoles.

Banyoles 1995

This year was our second training camp to be held at the Spanish National Rowing Centre in Banyoles. Preparation began almost as soon as we had arrived back from the camp the previous year to enable smooth running. Rachel Frost, although unable to attend the camp herself, took on the responsibility of organising most of the trip while trying to plan her own wedding at the same time. There was endless fax messages going back and forth to Spain as an ever increasing number of athletes signed up for the camp, finally to be about 60 in total. Robin Oberst was then handed the "black file" to continue as operations manager at the other end.

Meanwhile Steve Austin took on the logistic nightmare of boat trailing, I don't think anyone actually believed that he would be able to fit all those boats onto the one trailer. He managed not only this, but, without all the boats tied on, he arrived in Banyoles on time, and I believe he broke the course record Putney Embankment to

Banyoles by several hours, IC having to settle for second place.

For the rest of us preparing for camp, there was last minute confusion as the tickets were handed out. They read, Lond-Bar, Bar-Lond! What with this, and the Club 1860 T-shirts designed by Leslie Baguley, purchased before the trip, it was questionable if rowing kit would be appropriate and if high heels and handbags should replace them.

On arrival in Banyoles, however, it became apparent from the beginning of the week that everyone was there to get some serious training completed. Jim Bichard had set a programme that included two to three rowing sessions every day, which was completed by almost all the athletes. Although Jim himself was not present, a handful of the women's development squad sneaked across to see what a good training camp was all about, and I think that they were impressed.

Our day would often start early, and for most of the women's squad it meant reporting to a strange man in a white hat and socks with a clip board for their instructions. We would then all complete several circuits of the lake before returning for a "set" breakfast. We would then be allowed a break of several hours, before returning to the course to set about further training sessions. On several afternoons our training was interrupted by high winds, which blew up extremely quickly. For those who didn't make it to the landing stage quick enough there was a great risk of swamping and a few of us did limp in on one particular afternoon, boats full and very nearly sinking. For many the days training also meant that you had

to be looking your best for a days filming. These video nasties would later be viewed and criticised after supper each evening. It is understandable that some had to take to the bar to console each other, and then later in the week to congratulate each other on improved performance.

It was in the bar, which was renamed the Duke's Head, that this consolation and a certain amount of "crew bonding" was to take place. The latter was, I am sure, to benefit certain mixed crew events later in the season.

An essential member of the party, who should not be forgotten and who was called upon on more than one occasion to perform, was our resident medical officer Dr Enda McVeigh. Within one hour of his arrival, a day later than the rest of us, he was summoned to his first casualty. Tim, a member of Blair's squad, who split open his elbow whilst cooling down on the roof. His second emergency was when Inga, acting beyond her call of duty as a cox, fell down some steps while trying to familiarise herself with the course by moonlight.

All those who attended, which included men and women from novice to senior oarsman and crews from single sculler to eight, would I think agree that the camp was a tremendous success. It not only allowed us to concentrate on a week's serious training but was invaluable to the club. We came back as one group, who supported each other throughout the rest of the season. Let's hope that next year's training camp can be as successful.

Polly Gough



Hank Rushmere christens the new men's eight watched by Alan Hawes.

Thames Rowing Club Charitable Trust

The death of Peter Kirkpatrick, founding Chairman of the Trust, was a sad blow during 1995. The Trustees will miss his determination to build the Trust on a sure foundation, his care that they abide by the terms of the Trust, and above all his enthusiasm that the Trust should contribute to the success of young and active Thames members on the river.

This year the Trustees have agreed to contribute towards an eight, appropriately named after Peter. Earlier in the year the Trust helped the Club with its purchase of lifejackets. They have also continued their policy of direct encouragement for active young members by offering to support some of the costs of transporting boats to the Home Countries International at Cork and to contribute towards regatta fees at Peterborough Regatta. They were de-

lighted to hear of the successes of the team at Cork and the winning of the Victor Ludorum at Peterborough.

The Trustees expect to continue to develop the Trust and its work during 1996. For this they depend on contributions and are grateful to all those who made donations or continued their covenants during 1995. The Trustees welcome the larger donations that some are able to make, but also welcome and would like to see many smaller donations from all categories of club member. Remember that the Trust is able to claim tax back on covenants and other donations because of its charitable status. This makes it a very sensible way to help Thames Rowing Club. If you want to find out more about the Trust, please speak to one of the Trustees

The Thames Rowing Club Charitable Trust is registered as charity number 299940.

Patron: A Burrough CBE
 Chairman: G I Blanchard
 Hon Secretary: V B A Temple QC
 Hon Treasurer: J H Fitzmaurice

Trustees: G I Blanchard
 G J Elkington
 J H Fitzmaurice
 J Pope
 V B A Temple QC

Gerry Blanchard



Alastair Ward, who died in 1995, seen rowing at two in the 1987 Wyfold four with Bill Baker (bow), Dominic McDonald (three), and Sean Bowden (stroke).

Obituaries

During the period December 1994 to November 1995, we have sadly lost a further seven past and present members: Dr J H Armstrong, J I M Crick, D Fairbairn, P C Kirkpatrick, C B M Lloyd, J Rayne, and A M Ward.

John Armstrong joined the club in 1932 after meeting Bill Williams on a number 14 bus. He rowed Junior and Junior-Senior eights from 1934 to 1936 and was in the Head for a few years after the war. He moved north and we last heard from him in 1982.

John Crick was a member from 1948 until 1962. In 1950 he was in the winning Cambridge crew. Rowing for Lady Margaret he won the Ladies Plate in 1949 and the Grand in 1951.

David Fairbairn joined the club in 1946 while at St Paul's. He rowed for Merton in the Wyfold

in 1949 and the Thames Cup in 1951, then going to St Bartholomew's hospital. Between 1948 and 1955 he rowed in many successful Thames crews at post Henley regattas and was also a good sculler. He was Hon House Steward in 1975/76 and was on the House committee for many years as wine adviser. He regularly came to the club until his recent retirement to France. He was 65.

Peter Kirkpatrick rowed for Monkton Combe in the Ladies Plate in 1934 and 1935. He joined Thames in 1936 and rowed in the Thames Cup eight in 1937. He rowed for Queens, Cambridge in the Ladies in 1938 and for Thames in the Grand and the Goblets in 1939. After war service he returned to Thames and entered two events at Henley every year from 1947 and 1952, winning the Grand once and the Stewards three times.

He also rowed in the 1947 European Championships, the 1948 Olympics, and the 1950 Empire Games. He was Captain in 1949 and a Vice President from 1969. He was frequently in the club, never missing a major event at Putney, and always encouraging younger members. He was 79.

Brian Lloyd was a member from 1948 to 1953. He was in the winning Cambridge crews in 1949, 1950, and 1951. Rowing for Leander he won the Grand twice, the Ladies Plate, and the Goblets and was in the 1952 Olympic eight. He was 68.

John Rayne was a member during the 1950s. He rowed for University College School and University of London at Henley between 1949 and 1952, and for Thames in the 1956 Thames Cup eight and at post Henley regattas in 1957.

Alastair Ward joined in 1982 and was in the Thames Cup eight in 1983 and the Wyfold four in 1986 and 1987. He died in a motor cycle accident, aged 30.

Tim Wilson



Peter Kirkpatrick strokes the 1950 Grand eight, with (from bow) Tim Wilson, Gilbert Wood, Jeremy Debenham, John Pope, Jerry Sangster, Jack Shaw, Alan Watson, and Brian Graydon (cox).



Graham Fisk (bow), Paul Massey, Hank Rushmere, and Peter Kirkpatrick (stroke) at the Serpentine Regatta in 1951.

Memories of Peter Kirkpatrick

My happiest memories of Peter were of his total dedication, first to keeping in touch with his vast circle of friends, second, to rowing in general and, third, to Thames in particular. But he always managed to appear not to take these objects of his devotion too seriously. There was always a joke, or at least a light-heartedness, implied about much of the very real good that he did over so many years.

For instance, after stroking the Thames Stewards four to victory at Henley in 1947, he attended a dinner at which our coach Ronnie Symonds made a stirring speech praising the hard training and determination to win that had made victory possible, only to be followed by Peter, who, in a series of witty, off-the-cuff remarks, managed to suggest that the whole affair was a rather embarrassing incident. "Suddenly", said Peter, "we

found ourselves in the final", as though we had arrived there by accident. Again, recalling the time in that final when Thames paddled across the finish-line some distance ahead of London, he referred, almost apologetically, to London as "somehow managing to 'blow up' near Remenham".

A couple of months later, when we were on the cross-Channel ferry bound for the European Championships, as we sat nervously by our luggage ready to jump to the command of any official on that boat, however minor, who chose to issue one, Peter had us all in stitches demonstrating in graphic mime how five years of war, deprivation, and virtual martial law throughout Britain and in the Forces had turned many of us into order-obeying zombies unable to think for ourselves—never, surely, an epithet applicable to Peter!

And when we finally reached Lucerne and the races began Peter soon became intrigued by the habit of one four (the Italians) starting, not when the old man in charge dropped his flag, but when their captain said (in his own language) "Go!" Peter wondered whether, if we took our start-signal from them and they then found out that we were doing so and started even earlier, all the fours would be gone before the old man had even raised his flag.

Although, in the end, we only finished fifth, at the finalists' ceremony, when Peter, looking every inch the quintessential Englishman, dignified, debonair, and immaculately dressed, went up to receive the finalist's medal, he received an enormous cheer from

the international crowd. Certainly a bigger cheer than that reserved for the other crew, even though they had beaten us.

Again, in 1951, when Peter stroked his third Stewards four to victory at Henley, he appeared totally unperturbed when we finished last at Marlow. By way of consolation, he took the crew in his large, open-top roadster for a "magical, mystery tour" of the Chiltern Hills, professing to want to "find Fingest", mainly because he had never been there and doubted the existence of a place with such a name. It was an hilariously chaotic ride, practically every village in the Chilterns being visited except Fingest. But the trip certainly took our minds off our defeat.

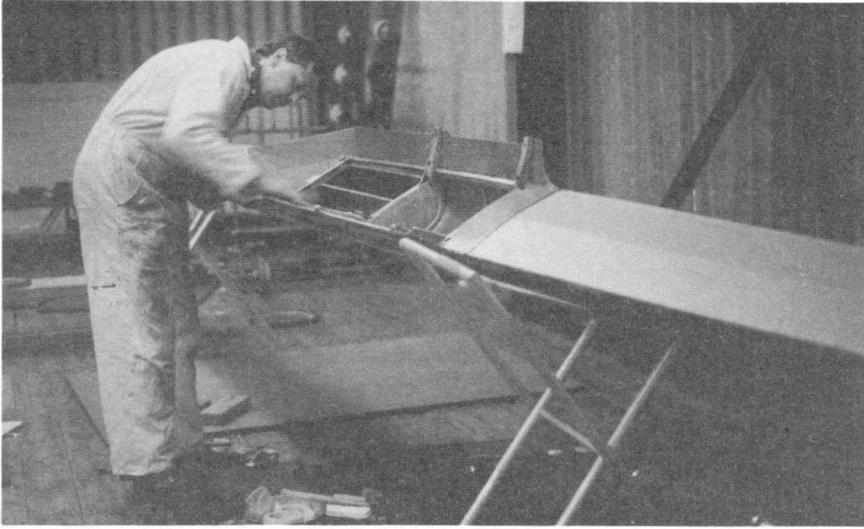
And Peter continued to radiate that same casual confidence so typical of him, successfully calming his bow man, who hated steering and was convinced that he would "foul-up" at Henley, as he believed he had at Marlow. Peter merely did a superb imitation of a then famous American coach, repeatedly saying in a broad American accent: "All you gotta do, boy, is get in that boat and row!"

Bow, suitably reassured, managed to avoid the booms and the other crews, and the four won even more convincingly than in 1947. And, this time, even Peter could no longer pretend that it was an accident!

It was once said of Sir Thomas More that he "served God wittily". Nobody has, surely, served Thames, for the last half-century or so, more wittily than Peter.

John Dizer

Thames in 1995



The boat used by Rupert Guinness to win the Diamond Sculls in 1895 sat for many years in the rafters of the club house balcony. In 1995, the boat was restored by John Russell (top) and used by Peter Haining (seen practising at Putney, bottom) in a demonstration race against Carl Smith on the Saturday of Henley. The Guinness boat lost narrowly to a craft 100 years its junior.



The Henley scene:
Mr and Mrs Powell
put a brave face on
another day without a
proper drink (top left);
Gordon Dear timetables
lunch (top right);
Alan Burrough oversees
events (bottom left);
"Look my dear, I told you
Henley is on the river"
(bottom right).





While training in Banyoles (left) the cox gets caught in mid stream (right).



A crew of Thames captains assembled for the first outing of the eight named in honour of Peter Kirkpatrick. Left to right: Simon Crump, David Shove, Martin Levy, Tim Levy, Steve Jones, Gordon Dear, Cris Maby, Steve Austin, and (in the front) Willie Ross.

The 'Slims' double of George E!kington and Tim Ryder about to take an early bath under Barnes Bridge in the Pairs Head.



Results

Head of the River – Men

TRC II	Senior 2	63rd	18:19.54
TRC III	Senior 3	114th	18:38.06
TRC I	Open	135th	18:49.09
TRC IV	Senior 3	186th	19:02.72
TRC V	Open	266th	19:36.68

Head of the River – Women

TRC/KRC/TSS	Open	1st	18:14.6
TRC II	Senior 1	5th	19:11.7
TRC III	Senior 3	19th	19:53.3
TRC V	Open	39th	20:31.1
TRC IV	Senior 2	47th	20:38.7
TRC VI	Senior 2	80th	21:05.7
TRC VII	Senior 3	110th	21:35.8
TRC VIII	Novice	149th	22:14.2
TRC I	Open	Disqualified	

Scullers Head

M Hausleitner	MO	6th	22:06.1
I Pritchard*	MVB	15th	22:13.8
T Spires	MS1	22nd	22:18.4
B Crawford	MO	36th	22:27.4
R Humphrey	MO	45th	22:32.7
C Berry	MN	54th	22:36.6
A Rennie	MS3 Lwt	72nd	22:46.5
M Urry	MO	116th	23:03.5
G Batten*	WO	117th	23:04.7
M Batten*	WS2	125th	23:11.2
R J Oepkes	MS3	199th	23:46.7
A Stapleton*	WN	210th	23:57.4
M Levy	MVB	225th	24:07.3
E Laverich*	WS3	269th	24:45.3
L Baguley	WS1	272nd	24:47.4
V Temple	MVD	285th	25:01.9
R Frost*	WS3 Lwt	303rd	25:20.1
P Gough	WN	318th	25:34.7
R Gullett	MVC	319th	25:36.4
M Maccallum	WS3	326th	25:44.1
S Malt	WVB	350th	26:02.1
M Kortelainen	WS3 Lwt	352nd	26:04.1
P Rayner	WVD	363rd	26:16.5
D Henley	WS3	366th	26:23.1
J Forshaw	WS3	371st	26:32.3
T K L Gullett	J15	380th	27:04.1
C Hill	WS2	386th	27:25.9

**penmant winner*

Henley Women's Regatta

Open eights

- Semi-final Nautilus (TRC/KRC/TSS) beat Bedford
Final Nautilus beat University College Dublin; easily; 4.42
(record)

Club Eights

- First round Neptune beat Thames D; 4 lengths; 5.53
Thames A beat Reading; 2 1/2 lengths; 5.25
Second round Henley beat Thames B; 1/2 length; 5.34
Quarter-final Thames A beat Oxford University Women's BC A; 1 length;
5.14
Semi-final Thames A beat Bedford A; 3 lengths; 5.18
Final Thames A beat Neptune; easily; 5.08

Open coxed four

- First round Thames beat Derby; 1 1/2 lengths; 5.59
Quarter-final Thames beat Wallingford; easily; NTT
Semi-final Thames beat Staines; 2 1/2 lengths; 5.32
Final Thames beat Tideway Scullers' School; 2 lengths; 5.30

Lightweight coxless four

- Quarter-final Thames beat Wallingford; 2 1/2 lengths; 5.53
Semi-final Staines beat Thames; 1 1/2 lengths; 5.39

Lightweight coxless pair

- Quarter-final Thames/Kingston beat Norwich B; easily; 6.03
Semi-final Thames/Kingston beat Nottingham and Union; 4 1/4
lengths; 5.52
Final Thames/Kingston beat Leicester; easily; 5.43

Open double sculls

- Quarter-final Thames beat Thames Tradesmen's; 3 feet; NTT
Semi-final Kingston beat Thames; 2 1/2 lengths; 5.40

Lightweight double sculls

- Quarter-final Thames rowed over
Semi-final Stourport beat Thames; 3 1/2 lengths; 6.01

Lightweight single sculls

- Second round Dale (Tideway Scullers') beat Maccallum (Thames); easily

Junior quadruple sculls

- Quarter-final Trident beat Thames; easily; 5.59

Junior double sculls

- First round Henley beat Thames B; 2 1/2 lengths; 6.34
Thames A rowed over
Quarter-final Henley beat Thames A; easily; 6.31

Henley Royal Regatta

Thames Challenge Cup

Crews

Thames A: W H A Powell, G J Elkington, M J James, G N Deslandes, S J Hattan, T S Ryder, P C McConnell, C A Maby, N S Powell (cox)
 Thames B: C Staneck, T R Hughes, J R Felt, C G Eubank, H A Falkner, P C A Taylor, M J P Pullen, G D Stubbs, L Orneborg (cox)
 Thames D: G W Reed, A M Thorley, J H Scott, S A Thomas, P Allan, T R Ballantyne, S I Leigh, R L Oberst, C M Hawes (cox)

	<i>Barrier</i>	<i>Fawley</i>	<i>Finish</i>	<i>Distance</i>
First round				
Thames A beat Tufts College Alumni	1.54	3.14	6.45	31/4 lengths
Cambridge '99 beat Thames B	1.52	3.08	6.36	11/2 lengths
Thames D beat Wallingford A	1.54*	3.08*	6.26	13/4 lengths
Second round				
Nottingham Boat Club beat Thames D	1.54	3.09	6.24	11/2 lengths
Thames A beat Nephthys Boat Club B	1.55	3.14*	6.39	1/3 length
Third round				
Nottingham Boat Club beat Thames A	1.52	3.10	6.42	4 lengths

Double Sculls Challenge Cup

Thames RC/London RC: E M Hausleitner, P J Vondra

First round

Thames/London beat Hollingworth Lake 2.10 3.37 7.46 31/2 lengths

Quarter-final

Leander beat Thames/London 2.03 3.31 7.23 Easily

Women's Single Sculls

First round

G Batten beat R A M Carroll (NCRA) 2.28 4.10 8.43 Easily

Quarter-final

G Batten beat J V Harkins (UL Phoenix) 2.23 4.13 8.51 1/2 length

Semi-final

M H Brandin beat G Batten 2.19† 3.54† 8.09† Easily
 (Kungälv, Sweden)

**losing crew leading at this point, †record time*

National Championships

Results of finals involving Thames crews

Women's eights

1	Tideway Scullers' School	7:10.09
2	Bedford/Thames Tradesmen's/UL/Weybridge	7:10.83
3	Thames RC A	7:13.63
4	Cambridge University A	7:18.32
5	Bedford RC A	7:26.56
6	Cambridge University B	7:31.86

Women's coxed four

1	Thames RC	8:02.00
2	Staines/Thames Tradesmen's	8:06.25
3	Thames Tradesmen's RC	8:07.24
4	Kingston RC	8:11.89
5	Bedford RC B	8:12.47
6	Durham ARC	8:14.94

Women's lightweight coxless four

1	Bedford/Thames Tradesmen's/UL/Weybridge	7:50.68
2	Staines BC	8:03.53
3	Weybridge RC	8:09.85
4	Thames RC	8:11.32
5	Wallingford RC	8:19.07
6	Bedford RC A	8:26.09

Women's coxless pair

1	Thames RC	8:45.88
2	Thames Tradesmen's RC	9:05.80
3	Edinburgh University/Glasgow University	9:15.87
4	Falcon RC A	9:23.23
5	Kingston RC	9:23.86
6	Derby/UL Tyrian	9:25.50

Women's double sculls

1	Henley/Tideway Scullers' School	8:07.01
2	Nottinghamshire County RA A	8:13.03
3	Royal Chester/Thames RC	8:13.60
4	Thames Tradesmen's RC	8:21.39
5	Thames RC/UL	8:25.54
6	Stourport/Twickenham	8:25.74

World Rowing Championships, Tampere, Finland

Results for crews containing Thames members

Women's eights

Susan Walker, Alison Gill, Dorothy Blackie, Catherine Bishop, Joanne Turvey, Katherine Pollit, Annamarie Stapleton, Miriam Batten, Suzanne Ellis (cox)

Heat		Repechage		B Final	
1	USA	6:39.91	Netherlands	6:14.37	Great Britain 6:45.79
2	Australia	6:41.45	Romania	6:15.14	Australia 6:47.93
3	Belarus	6:43.65	Australia	6:15.97	Russia 6:49.96
4	Great Britain	6:43.94	Great Britain	6:16.68	China 6:56.50
5	Canada	6:44.85	Ukraine	6:31.68	Ukraine 7:00.89
6	Romania	6:48.26			Denmark 7:15.34

Women's coxless four

Gillian Lindsay, Helen Raine, Kathrine Templeton, Lisa Eyre

Heat		Repechage		Final	
1	Germany	7:18.47	USA	6:55.89	USA 7:03.53
2	USA	7:22.92	Netherlands	6:59.57	Germany 7:05.13
3	Great Britain	7:53.01	Australia	7:02.59	Belarus 7:07.89
4			Great Britain	7:07.32	Australia 7:11.50
5			Czech Republic	7:11.99	Great Britain 7:23.64
6					Netherlands 7:38.47

Women's coxless pair

Kareen Marwick, Philippa Cross

Heat		Repechage		Semi-final	
1	Australia	7:44.23	South Africa	7:34.29	France 7:12.54
2	France	7:46.87	Great Britain	7:36.87	USA 7:14.35
3	Canada	7:50.99	Lithuania	7:39.07	Romania 7:23.63
4	Great Britain	8:03.62	New Zealand	7:39.51	China 7:24.29
5	South Africa	8:06.75	Belarus	7:40.93	Great Britain 7:29.73
6					South Africa 7:34.56

B Final		
1	Russia	7:22.15
2	Czech Republic	7:23.97
3	South Africa	7:25.07
4	Great Britain	7:30.61
5	Lithuania	7:36.27
6	China	7:37.48

Women's lightweight coxless pair

Alison Brownless, Jane Hall

Final

1	USA	7:55.99
2	Great Britain	7:59.17
3	Denmark	8:02.58
4	Germany	8:10.60
5	Australia	8:13.29

Women's single scull

Guin Batten

Heat

1	T Hansen (Denmark)	8:42.31
2	S Laumann (Canada)	8:47.63
3	G Batten (Great Britain)	9:00.54
4	R Davidon (USA)	9:09.00
5	C Lüthi (Switzerland)	9:14.66

Repechage

G Batten (Great Britain)	7:49.78
C Burcica (Romania)	7:53.24
P Jamnes (Estonia)	7:58.89
G Barz (Hungary)	8:18.89

Semi-final

1	K Boron (Germany)	7:40.44
2	T Hansen (Denmark)	7:42.47
3	A-E Bredael (Belgium)	7:45.05
4	G Batten (Great Britain)	7:48.46
5	L Finska-Bezerra (Finland)	7:49.50
6	X Zhou (China)	8:05.92

B Final

E Kodotovitch (Belarus)	7:35.72
G Batten (Great Britain)	7:38.63
L Finska-Bezerra (Finland)	7:40.38
G Kamenkova (Bulgaria)	7:43.30
C Burcica (Romania)	7:48.68
X Zhou (China)	7:53.95

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