

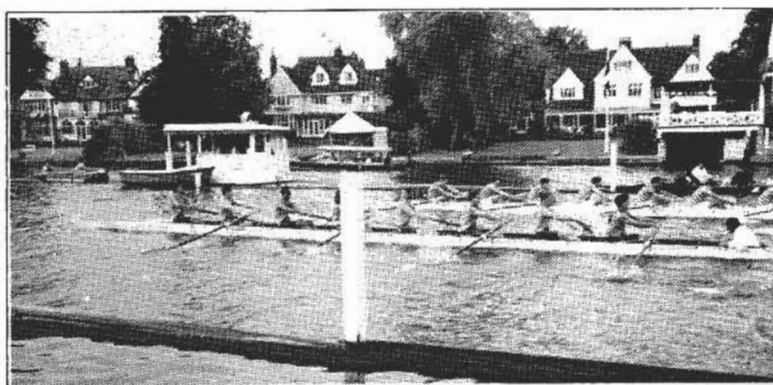
23.01 TCD, March, 1993

So close in Henley Final

ONCE AGAIN Trinity came close at Henley, so close that, until ten strokes from the line, it looked as if our 15-year drought would end. If only Henley was raced over 2,000 metres, if only; the reality is that it's not, and that's part of the attraction of the place.

The Temple Challenge Cup was introduced in 1990 as an event for College VIII's and in that inaugural year Trinity made the final, losing by over a length to Imperial. The 1992 crew was composed almost entirely of those who had been beaten in the second round the previous year by Nihon University, Japan. A year can make an enormous difference, and the crew which backed onto the stakeboats on the first day of Henley '92 had every reason to feel confident; the hours and days of training had been done, the boat had been moving consistently well in practice and they were beginning to thrive on Mrs. Dudeney's cooking.

First and Third Trinity were the Wednesday opponents and, though we didn't expect trouble, it was decided to race to the Barrier and take the rate down afterwards, if the opportunity arose. We equalled the record to the Barrier and lost First and Third some-



Oops! Imperial College come through in the enclosures

where in the first ten strokes; everybody agreed it had been a demolition job.

Thursday morning dawned and the lambs being led to the slaughter were Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Again the it was less of a race than a practice spin; kill the crew off by the end of the island and stroll home. The added bonus was that we managed to break the Barrier record this time around. The victory was described by the recorder as 'impressive'.

Crews which make it to the third day at Henley are normally useful and

Trinity's opponents that day, a composite of Jesus and Oriel Colleges, looked impressive enough at the start. Not unusually we had clear water by the Barrier and decided, as normal, to take the rate down and run it home. Jesus and Oriel kept pegging back, however, and when our rate came back up, the run somehow didn't come back into it. A little panic saw us over the line a length ahead. "A win is a win", an old boy commented sagely.

Semi-Finals day was hot and humid

(Continued on page 2)

Captain's Report

Words from the Throne by Brendan Smyth

DUBC IS yet again in a very healthy position as we face into the regatta season! The year began with a massive intake of over 200 new recruits in Fresher's Week, enticed, no doubt, by promises of fame and pints of Guinness. The task of developing these novices in the fine art of rowing has been undertaken by Mick Doyle and Andy Sides, with help from Brian Roberts. Presently there are three novice VIII's, all of whom are coming on well under their gentle guidance. They have also recently received some enthusiastic coaching from Martin Coulter, just back from Poland, and whose younger brother is among the raw recruits.

At Intermediate level the club has two very competitive VIII's on the water. Over the New Year they spent a

training camp in Cappoquin and have emerged from this as a strongly knit unit. Their enthusiasm and emerging potential is in no small part due to their coaches, Raymond Blake and Nick Dunlop, and we expect them to feature regularly on the winning podium in the coming racing season.

All of last year's senior VIII have returned this season, as has our coach, Mark Pattison, who continues to devote an enormous amount of time to the crew. The eight this year are hungrier than ever for the Henley victory which eluded them last July and of course the Senior Championship Pot which remains the club's main target. Pressure from the abundant and youthful talent at Intermediate level has served to focus minds on our new training programme and the signs to

date have been encouraging.

Last June the club was very fortunate in hiring a new boatman, Michael McGurk. Already he has proved a great help in the upkeep of the fleet and the boathouse itself. We hope that he and his wife Olive will be with us for many years to come.

Just before Christmas the club received delivery of a new coxless four and a coxless pair, built by Ray Sims at Nottingham. These craft are proving very useful for our lost weekends on Blessington lake and a sincere thanks must go to all those old members who helped with their purchase by contributing to the appeal fund.

Finally I am confident that the 1993 season will be a successful one for the club and I look forward to seeing you at Trinity Regatta or at Henley.

An appreciation

BENJAMIN GUINNESS, THIRD EARL OF IVEAGH

IT WAS with sadness that the club heard of the death of our patron, Lord Iveagh, in June of last year. He had been our patron since 1979, when the office was created at the suggestion of Bobbie Steen, who had just retired as club president. In accepting the office Lord Iveagh renewed his family's links with the club which had been severed by the death of his grandfather, Rupert Guinness, in 1967. Rupert Guinness had been chancellor of the university and also, from 1949 to 1967, president of the Boat Club.

Benjamin Guinness had himself rowed at Eton and Cambridge, and was later a member of Thames Rowing Club. Whilst he was not a familiar face at DUBC functions, being a shy and retiring man, he was occasionally seen at the regatta and made a

special point of attending the sesquicentenary dinner in 1986. Moreover he was a munificent benefactor, helping with the purchase of a coxless four, named after him, in 1979, and more recently with the publication of 'In Black and White', the club's history. He was particularly pleased to be associated with this project, for he had an abiding love of books, with a particular interest in specialist book bindings. When presented with a commemorative copy it was clear that he would add it with pride to his already extensive collection.

Sadly, he was not to live long after this, but it is with fondness that he will be remembered by those DUBC men who met him, and who join with the club in extending condolences to his family.
RFB.



Lord Iveagh, with (from L to R) Raymond Blake, Ciaran Lewis (Captain) and Robin Tamplin at the presentation of the commemorative copy of the club history in December '91

So close in Henley Final (continued from Page 1)

but the previous day's lung opener left us feeling confident; Orange Coast College were intimidating in appearance, weighing in at over a stone a man heavier and so the plan was to get an early lead to break them. By the Barrier they had a half a length and almost a length by Fawley. Coming into Remenham we threw the kitchen sink at it and they cracked; a shout of panic from their boat lifted our rate to 42. We burned through to win by just under a length.

And so to the final and, once again, Imperial lined up against us in one-piece lycra. Nine Henley medals waited 2,113

metres down the course; 'win this one and everything else pales into insignificance'. The race survives in the memory as a blurred stream of consciousness, a race where we broke both the Barrier and Fawley records, had almost a length coming into the public enclosure and yet still managed to lose by six feet.

Henley is a nightmare; frustrating, claustrophobic and unrewarding yet hopelessly attractive. We keep losing and we keep returning. Sooner or later, even if only by the law of averages, we're bound to crack this nut.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Trial VIII's Dinner	27th March
Gannon Cup	10th April
Trinity Regatta	15th/16th May
Henley R.R.	30th June-4th July
National Champs,	
Inniscarra	27th-29th July

Appeal 1992

THE GOOD response to the annual club appeal continued in 1992, and the final tally was a little up on '91, being £4,300 approximately. The fluctuating Sterling/ Punt exchange rates during the year has led to ups and downs as contributions came in either currency over an extended period. Those pin pricks aside it was good to see the line being held in the £4,000 area, and an encouraging increase too in the numbers subscribing, a trend we hope will continue.

The crew received slightly less for Henley last year, which meant more was available towards the replacement and refurbishment of equipment. Attention to equipment has been a recurring theme over the last few years, and the trustees and captain have worked closely together to ensure the best use of the money; compatible with the crew being well fed and accommodated at Henley, all important, and what, after all, the fund was originally all about.

On the equipment side the money this time has gone primarily towards a new coxless four, and a pair, and £500 was well spent on refurbishing a number of the older boats to cater for the increased number of new members.

Our thanks to all who once again have given very real help to the club through this fund.

RWRT

STOP PRESS...STOP PRESS

PERFORMANCES ON the water this season have laid a firm basis for confidence; the Senior VIII won both the Erne and Galway heads, beating Belfast R.C. in the former and both Galway and Neptune in the latter.

London Head witnessed another credible performance; the crew started in 359th position and finished 62nd, ensuring a more favourable starting position for next year's crew.

Meanwhile the Intermediate VIII kept the DUBC flag flying in Wexford, where they headed the New Ross Marathon.

Quatercentenary Regatta

The Carlsberg Quatercentenary Regatta was, by any standards, an unqualified success; both the numbers of crews and supporters were up on previous years, and some great racing unfolded over the two days.

A full complement of domestic crews joined entries from London Rowing Club, Imperial College, Bristol, Cercle Nautique Francais, First and Third Trinity and Oriol Colleges, as well as crews from France and the Netherlands to make scheduling the vast number of races the greatest problem for the regatta committee. The Arthur Ball featured some bodies which hadn't seen a seat nor slide in decades and was eventually won by a Garda entry. On the more

serious side of things DUBC took the Elite VIII's and the Quatercentenary trophy, with Neptune winning the Elite IV's and Imperial taking the Elite 2 VIII's title across the Irish Sea for the first time.

The 1992 Regatta Committee were; John Aiken, John Bolton, Niall Burke, Enda Cahill, Len Dunne, Brendan Flynn, Luke Johnston, Clive Lee, James Murnane, Mark Pattison, Mike Ryder and Kevin Towey. Their work, in creating a regatta we can all be proud of, is immensely appreciated.

This year promises more competitive racing, with entries already confirmed from Tideway Scullers, Imperial, Oxford Polytechnic and Club de Tours, France.

A stern test of stamina

An old boy remembers the conduct at Islandbridge

BLACK BLAZERS dusted off and picnic baskets readied in the lunatic belief that the sun might just make an appearance; ah yes, it's that time of the year again. But Trinity Regatta 1992 was not just another year - it was the Quatercentenary Regatta, complete with more old faces, bigger entries and a lot more to talk about.

Lizzie men came from the four corners of the earth and obviously thought they had enough of travelling; some of them never left the bar marquee all weekend. The slagging, when it got going, was merciless and unrelenting. It begins with the harmless gibes about how nobody can seem to fit into the colours waistcoats any more and quickly degenerates. "Would you look at him, sure he never made it past the third Novice IV", "No, no offence taken, you were never able to hold your drink". This was a stern test of stamina, unknown since those dark evenings plodding around College Park.

Meanwhile, out in the world of daylight and racing, those who had arrived accompanied by girlfriends, wives and families strolled nonchalantly along the peaceful riverbank, stopping occasionally to remark on the tranquility of the scene and to hurl the odd bit of abuse at a passing UCD crew. The Regatta had been restored to its two day status and there was much to enjoy.

A bike was essential, if the racing was to



Some of the past captains who made it to the Trinity 400 Regatta

be enjoyed to its full potential, and so rear ends which hadn't felt anything harder than a theatre seat in years once again experienced the sturdy rattle of the towpath. Later on, someone managed to get a jeep up to the start and it careered overloaded down the path for much of Sunday afternoon, stopping for neither man nor beast. And all the while there was the sweet thud of the catch, the dulcet tones of the Dublin Concert Orchestra and the pitched screams of many an upset cox.

The rain came, as it inevitably does, on Sunday afternoon and those who had made it into the bunfight at the Regatta tea looked down smugly from the balcony as the great unwashed were soaked. The sun came out for the Elite VIII's final, and any common sense notion of going home early was quickly dispelled as DUBC made their way down the home straight a reassuring length ahead of Neptune.

The Celebration Dinner that night was an innovation, and a great success. The number of ladies present lent a welcome air of normality to the proceedings, given the conduct which was to follow. There was no formal entertainment laid on for the boat-house afterwards but the wit, wine and song which flowed would have defeated any band. The night wore on and there were PMC meetings, recitations of bawdy poetry and a magnificent sumo wrestling bout in the Long Room. The undefeated champion in this latter event shall remain nameless, as long as he promises to repeat the performance again next year. And the final stragglers? Well, apparently they left when it was light...or sometime later.

John Aiken, Regatta Chairman - you and your team have done a job of which you can be justly proud and we look forward to more frolics by the Liffey in '93!



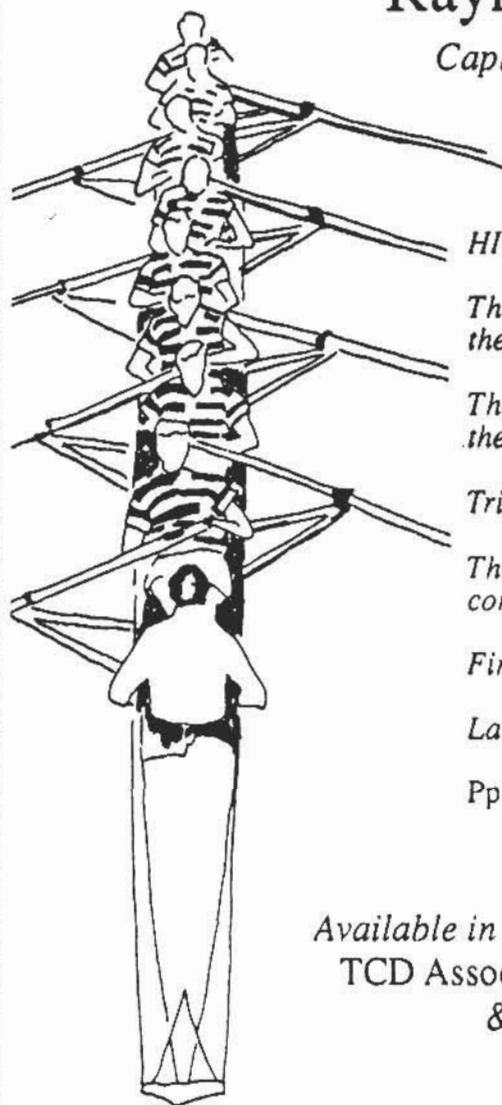
In the enclosure at the Regatta were (L to R) Henry Clark, Siobhan Kilroy, Tony Wilson, Pat Wilson and Tony Kilroy

In Black & White

The colourful Story of the
Dublin University Boat Club

By
Raymond Blake

Captain DUBC 1979



HIGHLIGHTS:

The beginnings of the Club at Ringsend in 1836, and the turbulent times there.

The controversy and split into two clubs in 1867, and the reconciliation in 1898.

Triumphs on the water at Henley in the 1870's.

The momentous move to Islandbridge in 1898, and the construction of the regatta course and Clubhouse.

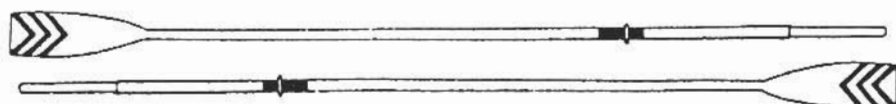
Financial struggles and wartime privations.

Latter-day success on Irish waters.

Pp xii, 260. 42 illustrations. Index. ISBN 0 951 833804.

*Available in Trinity College Dublin from:-
TCD Association & Trust, East Chapel
& The Library Shop*

Price £25



Orders through the post should be addressed to TCD Association & Trust and include cost of Postage and Packing: Ireland & UK IR£3; Elsewhere IR£4.50. Cheques should be made payable to Trinity Trust.

Veteran Antics

Lizzie take to the water in mainland Europe

The 1992 FISA Veterans World Championships were held in Koln, Germany from the 25th to the 27th of September and, once again, the aging ranks of former Irish oarsmen made an appearance. The Irish entry comprised of members of Old Collegians and Lady Elizabeth Boat Clubs.

The airborne division of the group landed at Koln on Tuesday 22nd. The surface group arrived the following day, with all boats from Ireland intact!

We checked into a local hotel which was run by a Welsh Rarebit. Later boats were built and we sussed out the opposition. The Russian Polar Bears were in town and there was a strong contingent from England, mainland Europe and the US. We took to the water in the VIII and had a good outing.

Friday 25th; everybody got an alarm call from Donagh McDonagh, while he was still asleep!!

The regatta was well organised and the water was reasonably calm. There was a submerged pipe with compressed air escaping on the

finishing line, presumably a way of letting you know you could wind down, or collapse in a heap over your oar. Thank you very much.

We entered pairs, coxed and coxless IV's and the VIII, with just a win for the B coxless pair for the first two days.

On Sunday 27th there was a good win for a mixed VIII but there was no joy for the Lizzie men here; this boat was entirely an Old Collegians' affair!

The entire party are grateful to DUBC who allowed us the use of their VIII, IV and pair and to the IARU for their road trailer and a IV for the event.

For the season ahead, Head of the River events and Irish Regattas have already been targeted. Several members of the squad have ordered their own ergometer directly from the USA.

Many thanks to our sponsors and to all our friends and supporters. The 1993 Veteran World Championships will be held in Vienna on 24th- 26th September.

JM

At the Regatta



L to R; Rob van Mesdag, Cedric Sheppard and Alan Browne



Three coxes; L to R Noel Graham, Brendan Farrell and Brian Roberts

Regatta Dinner

ON SUNDAY evening, 16th of May, a celebration dinner will be held at Islandbridge at 7.30p.m. for 8.00p.m. This is intended to be the social event of the weekend. The cost of this dinner will be £25 per head, and we hope to cater for somewhere in the region of 150-200. Wives or girlfriends will, of course, be most welcome and dress for the occasion is 'Regatta Wear'. We would appreciate if you would return the slip underneath as soon as possible

Return to: Ben Hurley, 89 Pembroke Cottages, Donnybrook, Dublin 4. Tel: 353-1-2838031(h) 353-1-761531(w) 353-1-761532 (Fax)

I wish to attend the celebration dinner.

Enclosed is a cheque/Draft for IR£25/£50

Signed: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____



L to R; Desmond Hill, John Carey and Brian Persson

The Senior report...

... which, for the second year in a row, is far too long

THE SENIOR report for this year is not very different from those of previous newsletters; tales of hardship, grief and victory, of races won and lost, of hope for next season. Same old stuff really, as the bored reader flicks the page to look for the cartoon. What can I write? That we tried and lost? No description can do justice to hours and days spent in the gym and on the water. Countless others have experienced the same sense of disappointment, the same conviction that this rowing game really isn't fair. That doesn't make losing any easier.

The season began with two simple objectives; the Senior Pot in the Irish National Championships and the Temple Challenge Cup at Henley. To win the former we knew we would have to beat Neptune, to win the latter we estimated that we would have to find six seconds, or two lengths, on the previous year's performance. Beating Neptune and becoming six seconds faster in the process; it became a mantra to train to.

Limerick Head we flaked down and came within five seconds of Neptune, beating the National Squad boat in the process. Forget the squad, Neptune were in our sights and this early reward whetted our appetite. After Christmas we almost overtook them at Newry; lesser crews would have cracked but their racing experience saw them scrape home by two seconds. They were in our sights, we were on course.

The Erne Head followed in late February, where a howling tailwind would sort out the young pups from the old dogs. Neptune were clever and sharper and left us eleven seconds in their wake. It served as a timely reminder that we had much to learn and that the task we had set ourselves was not simply going to be accomplished by being fitter and more enthusiastic.

Galway Head was tighter and more satisfying; the home crew, UCG, led off, followed by Neptune, followed by ourselves. We hurtled down the Menlows straight, pushing, burning, gaining and slipping, all the while with the two crews in our sights. UCG won, five seconds ahead of Neptune, with DUBC a further two seconds adrift. Close, but no ba-



Bow to stern; O' Neill, McMahon, Levins, Andrews, Herlihy, Lewis, Galvin, Smyth and Cox, Farrell

nana. three seconds, to Neptune.

The Gannon came and went and it was a measure of the standards we had set that the race turned out to be a disappointment; beating UCD, while always enjoyable in a sadistic sort of way, is really just too easy. The coach thought so too and organised a IV's outing straight after the race. Regatta season beckoned and we had work to do.

On we went to the sprint season and Neptune regatta would give us the perfect opportunity to show that, over a short distance, our power and workrate would pay dividends. UCG took half a length off us at the minute mark bend and we never got it back, even if the rate did go through the ceiling. Neptune put to the water later in the day and wiped the Galway lads with clear water to spare. Exams loomed and depression set in; the thought of rowing the whole season without ever seeing these guys' backs instead of their wake began to take hold.

The University champs proved to be another re-run of the Gannon; put the boat on the water, row, win and take the boat out again. I don't mean to be cocky but I don't remember breaking sweat. Neptune didn't row at Queens so we staged a repeat performance; collect the pots, home, study, bed.

Trinity Regatta was important for many reasons - winning the Quatercentenary event would be adequate compensation for a lousy

set of exams and beating Neptune in the process would prove beyond all reasonable doubt that there was a god. Saturday's racing didn't boost our confidence; both senior IV's met their Neptune counterparts and both lost, one by a canvas, the other by 1/2 a length. Sunday brought the crowds and the nerves; we drew Neptune in the final. The scene that followed was textbook movie stuff; the rain stopped, the wind died and the sun came out. The church bell rang out from Chapelized as we took our place on the starting blocks and all that was missing was the theme music from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. And the fact that Neptune weren't wearing black. Two false starts followed as coxes fought for the stream. On the third we got away, clashed and kept rowing. The Boo house bend was crucial; we squeezed, held on to them and took a length down the straight. For the first time ever we saw their backs, and their bow man looking around to see where we were. The boat took off; pain isn't a problem when you've waited this long for a sight so beautiful. We came home with clear water; there was a god, and he was wearing a stripey.

The Henley experience you will have read about; we came back with pained expressions of the victimised, convinced that we were robbed to what was rightfully ours. If the Henley final was daylight robbery, what was to

follow was grand larceny at Blessington for the National Championships.

In the final of the elite IV's our first IV stormed home to win their heat, in a time some ten seconds faster than the other heat. Hopes of taking the title last won by DUBC in 1991 were firmly quashed by the ruling military junta of the IARU. They ruled by a three to two majority (justices Johnston and Henihan dissenting) that the two men in our IV was not a registered oarsman and so the IV was disqualified. In a textbook case of a myopic power trip, a regulation initially introduced to prevent the packing of boats with oarsmen from foreign clubs was used to prevent an active member of DUBC since 1986 from rowing in an elite final.

The VIII's event turned out to be a similar comic opera, as we struggled to circumvent the IARU ruling that left us with seven oarsmen and a draw in lane four which did us no favours. The outcome was predictable, and deeply unjust.

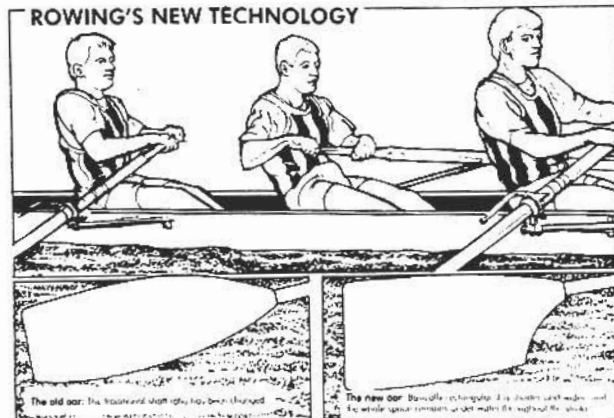
An unhappy ending to a rowing season, one where we had beaten Neptune and become six seconds faster, but somehow the goalposts seemed to have moved. An end to a season but not to rowing careers; the entire crew has returned again this year, all are happily registered and we look forward to displaying our talent on Inniscarra lake, the setting of our last Big Pot win in 1981.

Hatchets - the full story

THE TRINITY win in the final of the Quatercentenary Regatta Elite VIII's was a memorable achievement in many respects, but what those watching the race on that day did not realise was that it would be the last time that the 1992 crew would race with conventional, symmetric blades. The industry which had for so long been obsessed with producing lighter and faster boats had finally come up with a modification in blade design. Late in May the club received delivery of ten new 'hatchet' oars and, after a week of trials on Blessington Lake, decided that they liked the difference.

Hatchets were developed in Vermont by the rowing manufacturer Concept II, previously better known for their ergometers. They decided during three years of testing to shorten the outboard length of the oar; the conventional ratio of outboard to inboard was 2:1. This had the effect of making the load in the hand lighter. They then increased the blade area until the load was the same as a normal oar and adapted its shape until the whole spoon remained covered in the water throughout the stroke.

The mechanical theory is that



more force is developed at the end of the blade for the same power applied to the handle and that, because the blade is on a shorter lever and has a more efficient shape, it slips and rips less through the water.

In practice what the oarsman feels is a much more secure hook at the catch and a consistent drive phase. Tests have shown that 'hatchets' tend to bring most benefit to crews who have not yet reached elite level, though the experience of Henley R.R. was to show that very few clubs were leaving anything to chance; of the five eights finals, four were rowed entirely by crews using hatchet

blades, the exception being Lea, the winners of the Thames Cup.

Sceptics of the innovation point out that the only real change hatchets have brought is that in the bank balance of oar manufacturers. Indeed, it does seem as if we are now all back to square one, with every competitive crew having shelled out for a new set of blades to avoid being left behind. While flicking through a copy of the 1964 British Rowing Almanac I discovered an article by Peter Ayling which gave a withering view of these new developments. The article dealt at length with the move from the conventional 'straight' blade to the

'spade' design, first introduced in 1960. Ayling commented; "As with the varieties of blade shapes and oar construction there is no magic, but a supreme dedication of mind and body to proper physical preparation for racing. Rowing is an 'implement' sport and in this country, and where the manufacturer is willing and able to accede to every whim and refinement in variations of equipment, an enormous and often unfortunate over-estimation of these diversions of boats and blades readily make for excuses for lack of success. One of Steve Fairbairn's truest disciples at Cambridge has been heard to remark that so long as the actual rowing equipment is good and true, any excuses offered reflect to the discredit of the man or men in the boat."

An unusual bit of common sense from a rowing manufacturer but it is nevertheless inevitable that new technology will continue to be developed to improve the speed, and no doubt, the expense of rowing. There seems little we can do to return to the more simple days of Fairbairn and the club which refuses to be a part of the excess will inevitably be left in the others' wake. Hatchets are here to stay.

The Maiden experience

Or, how to win friends and blister badly

THE YEAR began, as it has always done, with countless groups of raw maidens freezing in t-shirts by the tank and rough, unfamiliar men showing us where and what to pull. The oar was introduced to us by Mick Doyle and Andy Sides, and they continued to be our chief coaches for most of the year.

Our head season record was not very heartening as we finished some distance from the top of our category at St Michaels, Lagan, Erne, Galway and Dublin with both our VIII's. The Galway head was preceded by a week long training camp on the Corrib. Andy Sides coached us from the launch, and Galway rowing club kindly let us use their facilities.

Up to Dublin head and Trial VIII's Mick and Deano had been coaching with occasional cameos from a number of others. Following Trial VIII's however, Raymond Blake and Nick Dunlop coached the Novice VIII 'A' for the two weeks prior to the Gannon, with Mick and Deano focusing their attentions on the 'B' crew.

In the Gannon the 'A' crew came from almost two lengths down to pip National in

the last thirty strokes of the race. The 'B' crew were not so lucky; the two man's oar broke in his hands shortly after the start, more from accumulated wooden fatigue than the strength of his stroke, and the seven remaining oarsmen brought their tub home five lengths behind UCD.

The season continued with mixed results; wins at Commercial, Metro and Limerick kept up the spirit in those black days when it seemed that we would never cross the finishing line first. Limerick, in particular, was a satisfying win, allowing us to avenge our defeat by Athlunkard at the Trinity 400 Regatta by rowing them down in an exciting final. Athlone, despite the warm hospitality and nourishment chez Furlong, proved to something of a let down on the water.

And so we arrived the Championships in the unusually strong position of having two VIII's to challenge for the title. Our progress since the exams had been nothing short of spectacular and both VIII's put to the water quietly confident of victory. The weather was

typical of Blessington; miserable, with a strong cross wind. The inside lanes were afforded more protection from the choppy conditions and were clearly favoured. The Novice 'A' crew drew the outside lane with their club-mates in lane four. Arch rivals UCD were drawn in lane three and got away to an early lead. We tried to hold on, rating 38 down the course and pushing this to 44 at the finish, but it was to no avail; National had pipped us by a half length.

A disappointing end to the season, but one in which we laid the groundwork for victories in the months to come; having had two crews in training throughout the year has resulted in a strong Intermediate squad this season, with the promise of better times to come. For this we have Mick, Deano, Raymond, Nick and Enda Cahill to thank; without their time, expertise and wily judgment we would be lesser men, untutored in the fine art of the catch, the gulp of the Guinness and the wealth of harmony in the Club Bible.

A.O.R.

OUT & ABOUT

IAN HUNTER continues his involvement in rowing in Zimbabwe, in particular coaching the Zimbabwe women's coxless pair for the Barcelona Olympics, where they finished 12th overall.

Friday, October 1st 1993 promises to be a special day for Lizzie; the club will be celebrating Dr. R. B. McDowell's 80th birthday at the London Rowing Club. R.B. has been a great supporter of DUBC in the past and many will no doubt take this opportunity to join with old friends in toasting his continued health. Simon Newman is dealing with the bookings and will be sending out a circular; ladies, he assures us, are also invited. His address is 55 Summerleaze Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire, SL6 8ER, Tel: 0628 39906

Visitors to the boathouse will have noticed that the long task of re-framing and mounting all the old photographs is now complete. Much of this work was done in time for the Quatercentenary Regatta but the project was only finally finished in September. Thanks are due in particular to Mark Pattison, whose trojan work at the Boathouse is as welcome as it is on

the towpath. His assistant, Dr. Aidan MacMahon, also deserves a commendatory mention.

Speaking of doctors, we hear from our sources across the pond that one Marcel 'trust me, I'm a doctor' Jaspers is moving from Texas to California and intends to take up surfing. Everybody's invited to join him....apparently.

More correspondence to 23.01, this time from James Som-



Henley 1992; those who managed to get into the Fawley Bar included Nick Dunlop, Andy Hogan, Brian Roberts, Phil and Alan Browne, along with a gaggle of unidentified women

erville, onetime Regatta secretary and now looking for himself in India. We look forward to a contribution to the Henley appeal in rupees.

The New Year very nearly saw the demise of none other than the club historian, Ray-

mond Blake, while coaching the Intermediate squad on the river Blackwater in Cork. Apparently Raymond fell out of the launch, couldn't climb back in while the engine kept it going around in circles and the pantomime only came to a halt when his tracksuit bottoms became entangled in the motor. The man who very nearly had the distinction of becoming First Club Martyr was then towed to the bank hanging onto

provided by Rob van Mesdag, John Pearson and George Hallows and the crew were treated most generously by all three. Mention must also go to Len Dunne, who provided scandal and refreshment.

Lizzie men who rowed in the London Head include the aforementioned Len Dunne ("in a recreational VIII"), and Edward Davis and Nick Mahoney together on the Tideway Scullers VIII. Edward did not help us to get into the Tideway disco that night. Other Lizzie men who should have rowed in the event, but somehow conspired not to, include James Tarpey, now a dentist in Peckham (!) and rowing with LRC and Donal Hanrahan, still with Rob Roy.

Congratulations or commiserations are due, depending on your outlook, to both Martin Coulter and Len Dunne, who have recently announced their engagements. Martin is to marry a Polish girl before his departure for the US while Len has chosen a Liverpoolian bride. No firm date has been set for either but both suckers gentlemen have assured us that any Stag night will have to be held at Islandbridge.

Christmas on the Blackwater

Or, Christmas in a backwater

THE INTERMEDIATE squad spent a few very pleasurable days on the Blackwater over Christmas, though there were some complaints about the lack of opportunity to fit in some sightseeing.

Messrs. Blake and Dunlop apparently had the two VIII's on the water at sunrise and, apart from a break for lunch, they stayed on it until sunset. Rowing conditions were perfect and the hospitality extended to the club by Cappelquin Rowing Club

and Dan Murray was greatly appreciated. The picture shows some members of the squad preparing to ring in the New Year at the Cappelquin Club Bash. Alcohol was imbibed purely for medicinal purposes and hungover bodies were suitably purged the next morning with a workout. Thanks in particular must go to the Lizzie members who helped out financially, subsidising a trip which otherwise would not have been viable.

