

The Eton Mess 6

WORLD ROWING CHAMPS

FRIDAY 25 AUGUST 2006



Caption competition: (see left) come up with a line.

Suggestions to hammer @ rowingservice (dot) com or text to 07710-538114.

Deadline 6pm today.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"This fours event is turning into a bitchfight: the top five crews inside two seconds. But we're the biggest bitches." — Andy Hodge, stroke of GB coxless four

TODAY

Brits to look out for

13.00 the GB eight lines up against China, Australia, Poland, Canada and France — Toby Garbett, Tom Solesbury, Jonno Devlin, Richard Egington, Josh West, Kieran West, Matt Langridge, Tom Stallard and cox Acer Nethercott.

PLUS

9.30 Helene Raynsford in the arms-only women's singles
10.00 Shaun Sewell in the arms-only men's singles
10.20 Karen Comie and James Roberts in the trunk and arms doubles
10.30 Naomi Riches, Victoria Hansford, Alastair McKean, Alan Crowther and cox Alan Sherman in the legs, arms and trunk mixed fours.
11.02 Chris Bartley and Richard Chambers in the light pairs semi
11.30 Jane Hall and Helen Casey in the light double sculls semi
12.00 James Lindsay-Fynn and Mark Hunter in the light doubles semi
12.10 Matt Beechey, Daniel Harte, Paul Mattick and James Clarke in the light fours semi

Your TV guide

BBCi live 10.55-14.30 BST
Europe live 12.00-14.00 CET

Today's timetable

Semi-finals from 11.02 to 13.00
LM2-, LW2x, LM2x, LM4-, M4x and M8+
Adaptive heats 9.30 to 10.40
Arms women's singles, arms men's singles, trunk and arms double sculls, legs trunk and arms mixed 4+.

Finals C, DE from 13.06 to 13.48

PLUS

16.00 FISA Council meeting
18.30 BARJ BBQ*

**bloggers note: invitation only*

Connect to the Mess

E hammer@rowingservice.com
Text 07710-538114

Yesterday's burnt offerings:

"British visa authorities checking documents of the Egypt lightweight four during the repechage." (S Treffers)

"Egypt's chances go up the swannee" (Michael Cannon).

"Failure to feather at the finish leads to catching feathers at the catch." (ditto)



Security clampdown

Hammer Smith in the Walled Garden Centre, Gtr Eton

I had the misfortune yesterday to be arrive outside the FISA hierarchy's office just as heavies in suits with bulging shoulders were pouring out of the protocol division's office block. I have no idea what was going on, but I was then banned from all my usual haunts — the FISA lounge, the FISA Family lounge, Mr Baldwin's luxurious penthouse — because some member of the royal family was being shown around. Which is why I write from the caff of the nearby garden centre, enjoying a splendid old English cream tea.

I gather that yesterday was merely a rehearsal for the visit of a Really Big Cheese on Sunday. My friends on the IOC and the organizing committee are so tight-lipped about this personage that I am sworn to secrecy. Let us just say three things:

1) Eton is a venue for London 2012, and a bloke called Tony has pledged millions to the Games because the beach volleyball on Horseguards Parade will be visible from his current office window.

2) Air Force 1 was spotted from where I sit practising landing and taking off at Heathrow.

3) Dorney's next door neighbour is HM the Queen, who is partial to walking the dogs of a Sunday.

I rest my cases.

Wasn't me, guv 1

As I reported in my piece on last Saturday's opening ceremony, a hiatus was caused unexpectedly when the

radios transmitted an urgent message to get everyone off the water to avoid an imminent electric storm. Despite a Spanish Inquisition, nobody will admit to having given the order. After all the trouble it caused (see *Eton Mess 3*) I don't think I'd own up either.

Wasn't me, guv 2

Not to put too fine a point upon it, I advise those of a delicate disposition to avert their eyes now. A whiff of decomposition was detected on the VIP grandstand footway yesterday morning — so strong that it was inhaled by the occupants of the adjacent press stand, a fine body of men and women renowned for minding their own business.

As I say, not to put too fine a point on it, a large turd was spotted where the feet of the great and good tread. Indeed, just beforehand, a bevy of mayors wearing their chains of office had paraded along the boardwalk. There followed a long period of walking by on the other side until a volunteer, who should be awarded an EM (Eton Medal), cleared it up.

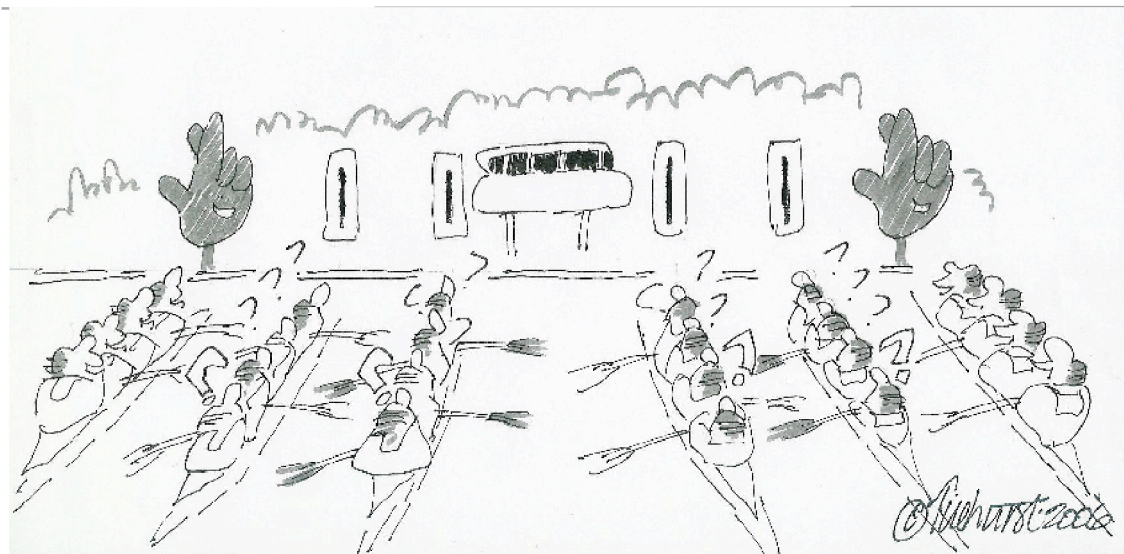
Funnily enough, no VIP, hack, FISA Family member or volunteer in the vicinity was prepared to claim ownership. I will therefore refer this foul business to my colleague "Jimmy" Haggerty, crime correspondent of the Mess, who has a nose for dirty deeds, to sniff out the miscreant.

I only hope that it does not turn out that someone flushed a mayoral chain.

Hammer Smith

The Eton Mess

Read this issue online at www.rowingservice.com/mess and print off as many copies as you want



Lane lottery...

Mystery of the seventh lane

FROM THE MESS CRIME DESK

“Jimmy” Haggerty writes:

This is getting serious. First it was Leander’s beer. Next was a coaching bike. Then it was half the racing programme. Now, the phantom traders of Slough have liberated Dorney Lake’s seventh lane from under our very noses. How else can you explain the need to make the US and New Zealand fours battle it out for a second time for a slot in what could have been a seven-boat final? A spokesman for the FISA Thought Police was unable to throw any light upon the matter.

RoddyWhats-On, the man who dug the course in the first place (see *Mess 2*), is now looking for a cure for apoplexia.

As I said, this is getting serious.

Meanwhile, the Crime Desk learns that there are growing occurrences of identity theft. Just who is this Zak Purchase? At least Siemens Championship Radio got it right when they announced Zak Pleasance as one of yesterday’s winners. They did get it right, didn’t they? Just as when they announced the win by that well-known football terrace Iztok Kop.

I don’t meet Princess Anne

Hello there.

I was very hurt yesterday. Princess Anne was apparently at the course and she didn’t come to see me, and after all I did for her at the World Championships in 1986 at Nottingham. Back then I walked around 50 yards ahead of her to meet various people who were stationed at strategic pre-arranged points, talking into my walkie talkie, which was about a foot square and weighed a ton, to let people know her progress, since she did not always follow the rules.

I remember she was due to be taken to the start in a smart car, but she decided to go in the spare blade lorry, much to the consternation of the Walton RC driver who was somewhat taken aback. She wandered into the crew’s rest tent, causing a batch of American oarsmen to jump up and bow slightly. We also gave her a World Championships waterproof for when she was riding, and world championships pens for the children. I remember her saying, “You think my children

can write?” I hope they’ve learned since. Anyway, nice to know she still likes rowing.

There were a lot of Olympic gold medallists around yesterday. Young Sir Steve and James Cracknell had a breakfast interview and James was nearly late. Apparently it was the first day for months that young Croyde had not woken him up at 6am. He then went up to the press stand to join the “old hacks”. “What do I do now?” he asked. “Get us all a coffee” came the reply. To his credit he did.

Four other gold medallists, Steve Trapmore, Rowley Douglas, and Tim Foster from the Sydney team and Ed Cooder from Athens, were persuaded by fitness guru Liz Webb to join some 10-year-olds from London in fitness and supplety exercises. Apparently the kids came out on top!

Cheers

AL7

Eton Mess Thesaurus:

A **stallion** of mayors (Mike Rosewell as a chained deputation visited the VIP grandstand)

An **excellency** of ambassadors (Rachel Quarrell)

A **rumour** of journalists (Hammer Smith)

An **absence** of buses (Dorney-world editors)

A **snap** of photographers (Patrick White)

A **lather** of results runners (anon)

A **blazerati** of prize givers (BARJ)

An **indecision** of umpires (Mark Blandford-Baker)

Crackersballs

James Cracknell: “How many of the Canadian four did we race at the Olympics? Just Barney? Yeah, I didn’t think I recognised any of their names but it’s best to check.”

Hello sailor!

It maybe something to do with the cross-winds, but Martin Cross’s report in yesterday’s Guardian (Sports p2) is printed under the heading of “Sailing”. (David Marsh).

Radioballs

“Again they are racing down-wind.”

“How’s the race going, Robin?”
“They’ve only done three strokes so they’re quite close.”

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