

## 6th Edition - 6th February 2007

Ever been at Waverley 10 minuets before tea? If you have then you have seen the internal organs of the Eastern Suburbs club at work. The players may be the heart, the past players the soul and the board the brains but the stalwarts are the pancreas of the East's club, and like any sporting body east's cannot function without it's pancreas.

As the sun disappears behind the grandstand and the temp drops from 40 Celsius to 18 C in less than ten minute's a curious ritual is played out. The terrace at Waverley is like a termite mound partially disturbed by an intruder because suddenly out of nowhere all these industrious stalwarts spring into action and fix everything up. The fun starts when Bruce and Mark carry out the trestle table 10 minutes before tea. All winging about selections and bitching about bad decisions subside as sandwiches, cakes and fruit are assembled on the table. First the glad wrap must be taken off the food. If it comes off too early the flies will beat Owen ridge to the sandwiches if it comes off too late then grumbling players have to press their sweaty digits through the plastic to grab a fist full of the most alluring produce. Mark is the master of when the plastic should be removed and he always gets it right. As players disappear to plan the last session it's time for supporters, and those who plan their day to coincide with the tea break, to pick through the remains. And the table cannot be removed until those last 3 pickle and ham white bread sandwiches are eaten. Once they are gone the table is whisked away. By now the first jumper is on and that means it's time for the umbrellas to be removed and once the umbrellas are gone there's no need for dinning chairs. If you stay on the terrace after tea you have to move around to keep warm anyway. Only one man has his shirt off at this time of day, Bob Wilson. His suntan was obtained in the seventies and that combined with a liberal covering of fur keeps Bob warm in the most artic of conditions. By now the wind has blown over the sandwich board twice so that has to go. Bobby usually takes care of this. About now attention turns briefly to the field to witness either a win or loss, and we await results of the other grades while we scan the sky for the pigeons that bring news from Snape. By the 88th over there are other important decisions to make. Is the 88th too early to bring in? Haddins Fitness or Philips Foote might pick up that extra booking if their respective signs flap a while longer. The Till must be taken from the canteen to the back room, left over pies and sausage roles don't walk to the back room by themselves, the scorers light must be put away. Bruce is ready from the 90th over onwards to put it away, and as Mosh and I will attest it's not an easy task. It took two of us 10 minutes to figure out how to get the entire apparatus through the bars of the canteen window. I must admit I'm not good with my hands. As an only child so I was never allowed to use utensils growing in case I managed to create something without parental help. A confident only child is much harder to smother. My mother used to cut my steak into cubes for me at restaurants. Particularly embarrassing at my 40th birthday. Anyway Bruce does it without complaint or help. Now the cones must be retrieved, stacked and stored, the electronic scoreboard secured, the canteen cleaned, the scores around the ground sign must be carried to the back room and secured to the wall. I received a hyperextension injury to my right shoulder doing this one sat, so it's not as straightforward as it seems. And of course the eternal problems with the keg must solved before Ron Boucher inserts the cash tray into the back room till, and so it goes. This is a tourist attraction to rival the fairy penguins on Philip Island; the mullet run at Crowdy Head or the changing of the bus drivers at the Waverley Depot. Three cheers the pancreas.

Regards the Xmas Party I have been in the entertainment industry for 27th years and I have never shared the stage with anyone like Ron Rimmer. It was a privilege to stand to the side and watch a performance that surprised us all, except of course for Kirk Rimmer. Ron killed as we say in the biz. Then I had the extra privilege to dance lewdly behind him during his encore. Just couldn't resist.

SPEAKING of showbiz. Recently I achieved a new PB in the TV game. For those of you who didn't know I was unexpectedly hired to be on Sunrise. I was surprised as anyone to be asked. Sunrise needing sandman is like Eastern Suburbs needing more off spinners, however the lure of cab charges got me over the line. Well I was phoned by the producers one day after my first performance and informed the Sunrise audience didn't get Sandman at all. I'm not sure if that is a compliment or a criticism. I predicted I'd last 3 weeks but Sunrise exceeded my expectations. It's good to be involved in the entertainment industry for so long

and still achieve things you've never achieved before, ie, getting sacked after one week. I was so looking forward to being on sunrise for six months.

Ps we are trying to arrange a golf day for the club. Anyone interested should make themselves known to our [web master](#). It will be a Sunday and we can accommodate 30 people.