

7th Edition 4 September 2007

Welcome to the Sandpit, East's Cricket Clubs filter that traps everything meaningful and real allowing only the most shallow and vapid tit bits to pass on. It's the place where players, administrators and supporters are cruelly isolated and teased, the only people protected from the glare are myself, Steve Abbott, blood relatives of mine and people that praise us more than once. The Sandpit is like a blue algae bloom resting upon our glorious club, but most importantly it's the place where you hear everything you need to know, second. .

I'm Steve Abbott, curator of the Sandpit. If you don't know me I'm the artist formerly known as Sandman; I'm not Tony Abbott's love child. I'm actually older than Tony so if I am his love child it's the worst case of premature ejaculation I've ever seen. I wasn't planning on doing a Sandpit quite yet but there is always internal pressure to contribute so here it is, the first Sandpit for 2007/8. I love this time of year. Motoring up Bondi Rd in my Champagne coloured Hyundai, or whiz bin on wheels, seeing the roller parked out on Waverley Oval, a Green Options employee standing near the square next to his wheelbarrow, contemplating how he can prepare a competitive wicket while 200 hundred lobster red backpackers kick a soccer ball into the sightscreen. Like the blooming of the Magnolias or the appearance of irritating Common Koels this to me signals springtime and the start of cricket season. Once again it's time to test the resilience of relationships and prepare kidneys and livers for the onslaught. As always the same questions shoot behind my large, impressive, brown, cow eyes, will Howard Warner start wearing sunscreen, who will use their mobile more, Chook or Lee Kirk, will Lee Kirk bowl, now he is third grade captain, check his green shield numbers, will Boozer spend a weekend at home, will Nathan Bracken attend training, will Luke Bower be bald by the end of the season and will we improve on 14th in the Club Championship? Myself well I'm not going bald, my hair is so lush you can bounce a Weet Bix off it, but I can't wait to get sunburnt at Waverley and finish my Sat night yelling over crappy music at Kitty o Sheas, along with the ever swaying Alex Way and Steve Warner and the like,.This is what club cricket is about.

Management wise, once again common sense prevailed and I've been elected non playing Club Captain, a honour I'm sharing with the worlds drunkest man and noted public speaker, Dave Richards. I was expecting to be drafted onto the board, where my intricate knowledge of cricket, sports administration, extensive

business prowess and pipeline to the entertainment world would be highly beneficial to the club but sadly this was not to be... I was disturbed when I attended training recently. I sincerely thought I'd stumbled onto the first Green Shield trial because our squad is so young. Is there anyone over 17 playing this year? The social committee's first job is to print fake ids so we can get most of the club into all the bars we frequent for post match celebrations.

Like many I hate change, I'm the sort of guy who will drive miles to use my own toilet, but the infusion of youth to the club is obviously the first sign that our new regimes blueprint is coming to fruition, so for mine we must embrace this change. If it works I fully support the focus on youth, if it fails naturally I will be the first to criticize this philosophy.

As Ambassador for the cultural development of East's Cricket club here are my thoughts for what lies ahead for 2007/8. PS Let me say there will be no more maverick golf days organized without my approval. I hope this day is not a success and something goes wrong.

The theme for the 2007/8 season is gambling. Just as we are gambling with youth on the field I'm gambling on gambling taking us to a new high off the field.

This year we're actually having a gambling night in the back room where players and supporters with gambling problems will have the chance to lose money playing roulette. There will be limits to ensure Boozer is not cleaned out and it will be black tie so the likes of Bob Wilson will be scared off. Vice president Jimmy Smith is cooking goulash and dumplings and Bruce Williamson promises to demonstrate the pole dancing skills he used to great effect in Vietnam to add to what will be a memorable night

There is a doubles tennis tournament called Simpleton on offer. We are seeking 32 players to register ASAP and put their names into a draw to decide who partners whom. It will be held on a Sunday and for those not playing there will be betting on the outcome and a post match function to drink on, or until there's an altercation between someone and Chas Keogh to halt proceedings. Hopefully this year there will be a gala night of comedy for the Christmas party (depending on how many comedic colleagues I can shanghai into participating) and I'm looking for a player with Dj'ing skills to provide post gala music. If this is you please make yourself known to moi. This is a paying gig but if the night doesn't work you will be used as a scapegoat. Naturally I'm a wanker and most of what I say is bullshit and never happens but this is the East's way.

So on behalf of the Sandpit welcome to the 2007/8 season, good luck to the new players hoodwinked into thinking East's can help you achieve higher honors, may your season be enjoyable and interesting and remember disappointment is a wonderful fertiliser.