



The SIN BIN!



**OSCAR
NIGHT
SPECIAL
EDITION**

Welcome to edition three of The SIN BIN! The Renegades RUFC information newsletter.



Mrs Vail arriving with 2 minders, Stuart and Nigel Faben



Chris 'Flora' Beddow. Looking like he's already tussled with the minders



The Editor and Mrs Vail



JB and Alison



Kirsty and friend, for once not having to worry about feeding 30 blokes!



Richard and Mrs Cowley Richard seems to have forgotten his jacket



Hardy and Fran Hall arriving with Sarah and Alfie Atkinson



Psycho and Mrs Psycho



Ren and Sue Pesci. For once Mrs pesci isn't being hassled by Bevington!



Rolando and Kirsty Pesci



Ant and Alice Brown.



*Birthdays boy Dave Steward and wife Angela.
Still oblivious to the Wheel of Doom.*



Darey and Nicola Horn.



Ian and Nichola Stephens.



*Bill and Mrs Agg. For once not
taking photos of the action!*



*Brian and Sue Smith. Shoulder recovering
well and those short were left at home!*



*Chris Milne and Catherine arriving with
Carl Goodey and Sarah Kupski*



Bob and Lisa



*Great to see Matthew and Vicky Price
out and about for Oscar Night!*



Terry and Wendy Sparks



... and it burns, burns, burns!!!





Cheryl and Les MacDonald



*El Capitano and Tish Beckford.
And the soon to be born Olivia!*



Ben Sutton and friend



Mick the bus driver and partner.



Shannon Neyland and Sophie.



Colin and Karen Weir



*Will Cleare, sadly Becca was
stuck with babysitting duties*



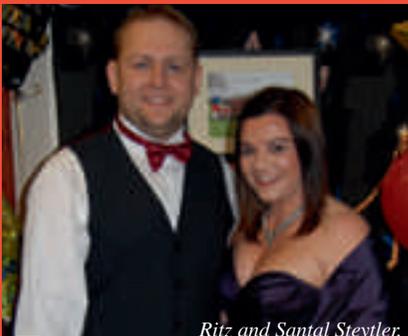
Roger McGachan and Hanna Wilkinson.



President Rik and Mrs Nicola Relph.



Matt Turner and guests.

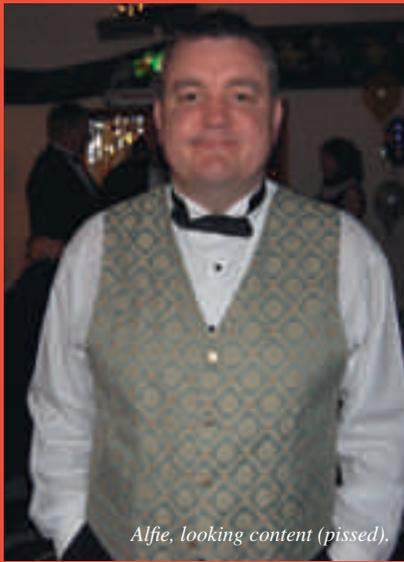


Ritz and Santal Steytler.





Rik, Nicola and Andy.



Alfie, looking content (pissed).



Alfie, 20 years ago!!



Mr President!



This is the guy we trust to look after the Renegades money



The new Skipper!!



Ren, making an arse of himself!



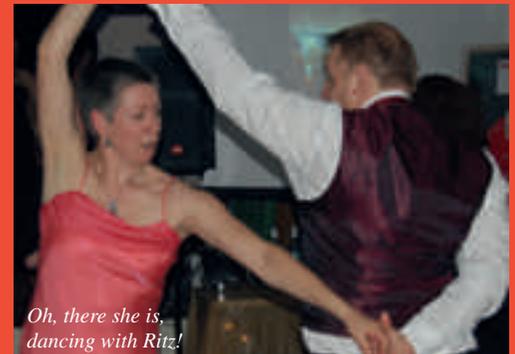
Ritz and Santal showing everybody how it should be done!



J.B. wondering where his wife Alison has gone ...



Ren, making an arse of himself!



Oh, there she is, dancing with Ritz!

Graham Beckford 2009–2010

Our first Merit Table season brought another first for Renegades, our first Club Captain. Up until now the burden of leadership had been shared, however as a club we decided if we picked someone short, wide and strong then perhaps the damage could be limited. So out of the unenthusiastic crowd Graham Beckford was pushed forward.

Beaky as everyone calls him was actually a very willing Skipper, and an ideal first choice. His experience of club and county rugby enabled him to formulate strategy, initiate a tactical approach, coach, cajole and lead by example. Encouraging us to “Keep it real” in training, run from deep and not buy dummies were just a few of the golden nuggets we managed to ignore. On the pitch we were encouraged to drive through, step over and clear out; this is obviously more about MacDonalds than Renegades, but again Beaky lead by example!

We lost count of the number of times we witnessed the “dummy-kick” and the through the legs pass, but surely we all remember the dummy-through-the-legs-pass; was it a dummy or had he sunk into the turf making his stubby little legs too short to get the ball through? His incessant banter with the opposition and referee cleverly hid just how bothered he was about getting on top, but was nevertheless part of the plan.

Although at times he admitted to losing it, and who wouldn't at times, his half-time talks were inspirational and were often the difference between defeat and victory. It wasn't just about talking though. He frequently created space for others, particularly off the back of the scrum. His lack of pace was deceptive, but his commitment was awesome. Pain was ignored, lungs burst and muscles ached as he



single-mindedly sought victory. We all raised our games though; played harder, better and more committed rugby than we have before at Renegades. We hated losing, loved winning and felt good in the Wagon after the game.

Here again Beaky was happy to lead by example. His consumption of lager and post match food accounts for his physique. He was then only too happy to continue the good times in town or around Cottenham. On tour he proved his ability to podium dance, enabling others to bask in his glory or chat up the redundant dancers. A master of the one liner, we can all learn about girls from him; don't ever follow his example unless you want to get into a lot of trouble.

Beaky didn't stint on the time he put in, yes we know he can't delegate, but he made a lot happen. Let's not forget Tish, although she's probably glad she doesn't have to listen to his jokes, he must have his uses at home; so thanks for lending us Beaky. Certainly I think we are all grateful and make no mistake Renegades is a better place to be because of his efforts.

By Chris Beddow



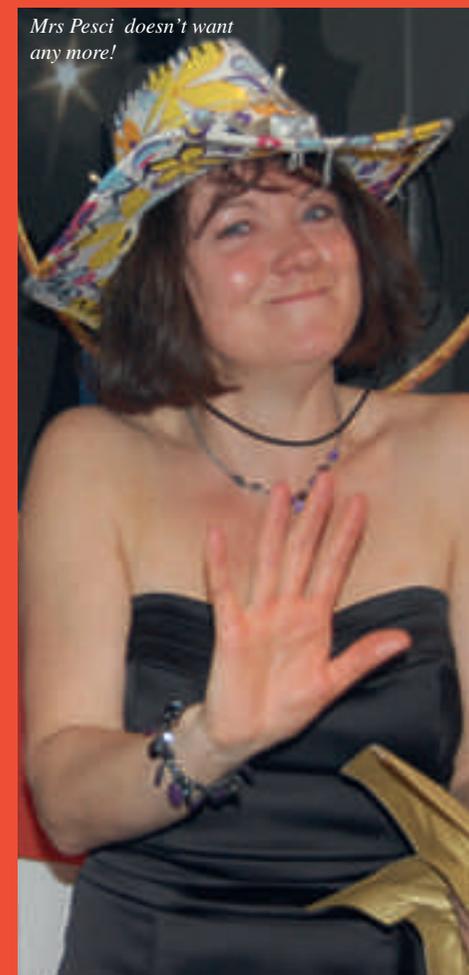
End of the evening and Beaky's still smiling!



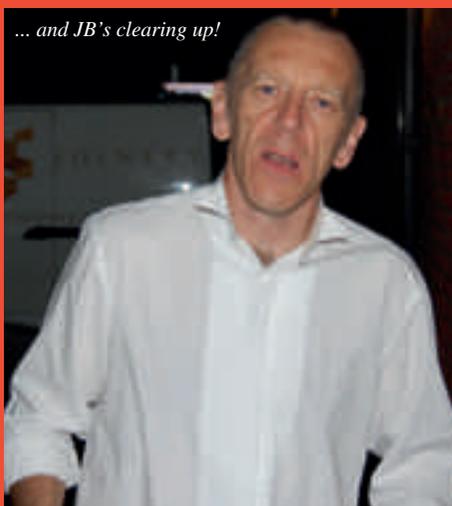
Darey's finished!



Ben's still dancing!



Mrs Pesci doesn't want any more!



... and JB's clearing up!