



Sandy Ross

FOREWORD

As I write this foreword in humble tribute to my very great friend, Sandy, it is nearly midsummer 2010 and almost a year has passed since, all of a sudden, he was called away from us during a cricket match at Ditchling.

How fitting it is that Desmond Devitt, a fine Martlet colleague, should be the inspiration behind this booklet. It gives Sandy's friends the chance to capture the essence of his life and remind us of the fullness of his spirit which grabbed so many of us in different ways.

Sandy would probably not believe me if I told him he was one of my sporting heroes. But he was, he really was. You see, I envied his great love of cricket and football and rugby. I envied him for never having been a professional, which left enthusiasm and joy still intact. He loved these games, and especially cricket which he played with great skill too. Sandy never wanted it to rain. Every day he looked forward to playing. It was a serious affair with lunch and tea always important too. But most important to Sandy were the people he was playing with and against. They really made his day and the game worth playing.

If you knew Sandy well, none of this will come as a surprise, for he was a giver at heart as opposed to a taker. He was generous and wanted everyone to enjoy each day as much as him. He wasn't one to grab the first place in the queue nor the best seat in the house. He laughed with opponents and team mates alike. Supper with Sandy and Di after matches at Caterham School were as important, if not more so, than the match itself. He was thrilled though when the school team played well.

Sandy wasn't perfect of course. After all, he did talk incessantly about cricket and football too – Sussex and Brighton prominent in the conversation and, latterly, Harlequins too. In supporting both Sussex and Brighton, Sandy was a man well used to the regimes of failure and disappointment. Together we even threw the combined weight of our support behind Horsham in the second round of the F.A. Cup at Swansea last year. A long journey, supper in TGI Friday's and defeat by 6 goals to 2, left us buoyant and happy. From time to time, defeat does as much to lift the spirits as victory.

But Sandy's life was notable both for its success and happiness. He radiated both. The lower moments, and there were some, simply served to strengthen his spirit and resolve. Few people can have spent their life on earth with such purpose and generosity as Sandy.

JOHN BARCLAY DL
Director of Cricket & Coaching at Arundel Castle Cricket Foundation
President of MCC (2009-10)

SANDY ROSS (1948 - 2009)

Sandy – one of few people to be recognised instantly by his first name alone – epitomised the Martlets. A good and knowledgeable cricketer, gregarious and spirited, he loved the game and its world, and was very much a man of Sussex. But he was much more than just this. His warmth of personality, beaming smile and enduring capacity for friendship and fellowship, allied to his considerable organisational powers and unstoppable enthusiasm and commitment, meant that he was much in demand in cricketing circles; and through his influence and stewardship the Sussex Martlets flourished, notably in its Centenary Year (2005) which he orchestrated brilliantly.

Brought up in Brighton, at school at Chesterton in Seaford, and then at Haileybury, he made his first appearance for the Martlets in 1964, aged 16. As a teenager Sandy worked hard at his game and with characteristic determination and careful study of the subtleties of the bowler's art, he developed into an outstanding medium-paced bowler. His natural in-swing was complemented by a well concealed and often devastating leg-cutter. Unceasing accuracy and an unflappable temperament meant that rarely was his bowling collared. For most of the 1970s and well into the 80s he was one of the very best bowlers in the Sussex League – for Three Bridges, Horsham, including helping them to the League Championship, and later for East Grinstead, with memorable figures of 16.4-6-27-10 v Bognor Regis in 1981. He was good enough to play for Sussex II on several occasions, with a youthful Alex Stewart as one of his victims.

For the past half century he has taken substantially more wickets for the Martlets than anyone else. His willingness to bowl in all conditions, and at all times, as well as his staying power, were legendary. His short, rhythmical, almost stately run up, high arm, and slightly open shouldered delivery, was a familiar sight on the cricket grounds of Sussex; likewise those singular yet authoritative sounds – ‘Ow-wazee’ and ‘You beauty’ – as one more batsman was undone.

As a match manger and captain he was superb. Very particular in his arrangements, he assembled well balanced sides, looked after everyone, and ensured that the game was played correctly and competitively, yet with a sure lightness of touch. He knew everybody in the Sussex cricketing world, and in return he was universally recognised, liked and respected.

There have been three key figures in the first hundred years of the Sussex Martlets and coincidentally all of them were fine medium-paced bowlers. Each took more or less one thousand wickets for the Club and each of them provided the drive, commitment and administrative capacity which every such club needs. Gerry Campbell was Secretary after the Great War and, in a more leisured age, played

in practically every Martlet match between the Club's foundation in 1905 and the Second World War. Eddie Harrison played between 1931 and 1981, was Secretary 1952 – 1984, and then President till he died in 2002. Sandy played for the Club for 45 years, including tours in Devon, Edinburgh, Paris, the Dordogne, Berlin and the Channel Islands. He served on the Committee for 30 years in a variety of capacities, not least as Chairman 2002-07 which included the Centenary year. In an age when wandering club cricket was under threat he worked conscientiously in a small team to preserve all that was best in Martlet cricket.

His all round qualities as a man of cricket were recognised way beyond the borders of the county. He played much for MCC and it was no surprise that he was invited to manage their tours to Malta, Greece, California, South America and last year its U19 team to India. He was a well known figure at Lord's, not least as an influential member of the Club's Membership Committee. He played for a number of other clubs, notably Cryptics, Jesters, Free Foresters, Buccaneers, and he was Chairman of Haileybury Hermits for whom he had played for many years in the Cricketer Cup, including an appearance in the Final at Burton Court in 1983. He was especially good with the young, notably as a highly committed Master i/c Cricket at Caterham School, as Chairman of the Sussex Youth Cricket Board, and was also closely involved with the ECB's pioneering *Chance to Shine* programme.

Early in his twenties Sandy experienced two pieces of good fortune which were to shape his life. First he won a prestigious management traineeship with Trust Houses Forte. This paved the way for a successful and productive career in the catering industry, where he played a major part in the growth of Happy Eater, managed Selfridge's many catering outlets, and then in a change of direction, became a highly successful bursar of Caterham School. Second, and by a long way the most important, he met and married Diana Millbourn. She was to prove the rock and sure foundation on which his life was built. He was enormously proud of his children, Emma, Lucy, and William who in his turn has become a significant Martlet cricketer, and first grandchild, Dylan, born earlier this year. Di and Sandy's hospitality at their homes, in Crawley, East Grinstead, and for the last 20 years in Felbridge, has been appreciated by many cricketing and especially Martlet people, not least some of the young Aussies, South Africans and Indians playing in Sussex and often a long way from home. Several of them such as Ken McLeay, Mark Rushmere and David Callaghan went on to play internationally and became life-long friends.

His extensive and cosmopolitan library, with its filing system incomprehensible to all but himself, was a great treasure house for sporting lovers. As well as cricket, there was much on his two winter loves, rugby and football. In younger years he had played for Hove Rugby Club and subsequently weekends were shared between Twickenham, the Stoop Memorial Ground (how appalled he would have been by the recent scandal of 'Bloodgate') and more prosaically the Goldstone Ground and

later the Withdean Stadium. His travels as a spectator were legendary – 92 Football League grounds, Test matches throughout the world, the Rugby World Cup in France, alongside obscure grounds in remote parts of the country! His knowledge and understanding of sport and its people were remarkable.

Sandy was a unique personality. His warmth, enthusiasms, huge energy and commitment were widely shared with others. A life enhancer in every sense of that phrase, there was fun and fellowship, and laughter, wherever he was to be found. But there was also a serious approach, he made things happen and his standards were high. He died as many of us would choose to go, playing for the Martlets with friends on a delightful Sussex ground, having spent the previous five days at the Lord's Test watching every ball of England's momentous victory. Yet at 61 he was taken from us far too early. He will be hugely missed and leaves a very big hole in the Martlet world.

Career Figures (1964-2009)

Those friends of Sandy who were familiar with his comprehensive cricket planning diary will not be surprised to know that he kept a meticulous record of all the adult matches in which he was involved. It begins on 4 May 1964 with Haileybury & ISC II v Highgate II (JAR 4-1-11-0 and 2 not out, match won) and ends on 21 July 2009 with Yellowhammers v Firlie (JAR 10-1-29-1 and DNB, match drawn), the day before he died. The essentials of every game, together with his own performance, are recorded in carefully ruled columns in that neat and clear handwriting which hardly changed over 45 years.

He did, of course, play a lot of cricket! Uninterruptedly for 45 English summers, together with a number of brief winter forays abroad, he played 2,467 matches. Rarely did he play less than 50 matches a season which was testimony, not least, to his remarkable fitness and stamina. Altogether he went on 25 tours, at home, especially the West Country, and abroad – to India twice, South Africa, California, Greece, the Dordogne, Brazil and Chile, Paris and Berlin, though surprisingly never to Australia or the West Indies.

He played under many different colours – most of all for the Sussex Martlets (606 matches), and much for MCC, Buccaneers, Cryptics, Jesters, Haileybury Hermits and Brighton Brunswick. He was a Sussex League cricketer for Three Bridges (1973-75), Horsham (1976-79, and 1984-87) and East Grinstead (1980-83). To his great joy and pride, he played two matches for Sussex II, 14 years apart. His capacities on the field, and gregarious good cheer off it, meant that he was much in demand – the Duchess of Norfolk's XI, Sir Michael Pickard's XI, practically every Headmaster's XI in the south of England, Seaford Seagulls (in the days when prep schools abounded in that South Coast town), a regular tourist with Old Sedberghians, Cross Arrows, and many, many others.

And as we all know, he bowled – 20,601 overs in fact, taking 3,298 wickets at exactly 16.00. Eight hundred and thirty-eight of these were for the Martlets at 17.57. He also took over 300 wickets for MCC, Horsham and East Grinstead, and over 100 wickets for Three Bridges, Buccaneers, Cryptics and Jesters. Extraordinarily consistent, he took over 100 wickets in a season on 15 occasions, with a record of 165 in that hot summer of 1976.

The statistics suggest that very rarely did he bowl badly. He kept the runs down and took wickets unceasingly. On 114 occasions he took five wickets in an innings with that ten for 27 for East Grinstead v Bognor Regis in 1981 as his best. Thrice he took nine, on one occasion when the opposition could only muster ten players! The Eton Ramblers never forgave him for ruining a good day's cricket at Arundel Castle in 1969 when his seven for 31, most clean bowled, and including a hat-trick, dismissed a powerful side on a blameless track for 52 well before lunch!

Sandy regarded himself as a bowler who batted when needed. He appeared at the crease on 860 occasions, and that solid, redoubtable and unflinching forward defensive push ensured that on more than half of these he was undefeated. He scored 4,099 runs at 11.26 with five fifties and a top score of 58 not out for Seaford Seagulls v Patcham Priory in 1966. And, for the record, those large and very safe hands held 489 catches.



The Ross defensive technique (Martlets v XL Club, 2006).

Statistics tell us something about a cricketer and there is no doubt that these are remarkable figures. They do however tell us only a small part of the person and cricketer who added so much to all of our lives.

David Gibbs



SUSSEX MARTLETS C.C

Sandy Ross – a tribute to a true Martlet.

It is virtually impossible to find words adequate enough to describe the character and lifestyle of Sandy. From a cricketing point of view, words such as enthusiastic, talented, loyal, competitive, jovial etc come readily to mind, but the true inner nature of the man requires words far more in depth and breadth than these to pay appropriate tribute.

I first came into contact with Sandy in, I believe, the early 1970's. If only he were still with us he would know the opponents, the date of the match involved, the venue and doubtless the result. In one game at the Castle in those early days, I kept wicket to what I considered to be the best opening spell by two "club" bowlers – Sandy and Alan Wadey – against the visiting Canadian team, it has been my privilege to experience. The game was over by lunchtime! I mentioned this to Sandy at a recent meeting. Not normally one for recounting his own achievements he did on this occasion volunteer the scores, and the individual figures of which he was justly proud. We won by 9 wickets by lunchtime. I was not so privileged to open the batting . . .



Geoff and Sandy at Arundel

Sandy's love and enthusiasm for the game was infectious. Whether it be at Arundel or a distant village ground, Sandy would give his all. Diplomacy on numerous occasions was one of his commendable traits and certainly stood him in good stead in the many Martlet "international" tours in which he participated: Scotland (1972), when I photographed him at the Grange ground in Edinburgh with the delightful and hugely supportive Di on his lap, Paris (on two occasions when he delighted in finding that our hotel was named Hotel Baldie – the booking arranged by John Bushell!) Alderney, and being entertained in company with John Arlott, Berlin – before the Wall came down, Jersey in more recent times, France again, to the Bordeaux region organised by Colin Oliver Redgate. The list is endless, especially when taking into account his tours elsewhere with MCC.

Apart from his prowess on the field of play, when representing Sussex II, MCC, Haileybury Hermits, Horsham or East Grinstead, Sandy had developed considerable talents in the skills of management and administration. On succeeding Adrian Ford as Chairman of the Martlets, Sandy continued the long line of respected Martlet administrators in ensuring that Martlet cricket was conducted in the correct spirit and in accordance with the many unwritten rules of conduct relating to the game. He had no time for cheats or poor sportsmanship whatsoever, and abhorred present day trends relating to “sledging” or not “walking” to a perfectly legitimate appeal. His commitment to the coaching of younger players displayed both technical knowledge and sensitivity. Encouragement and constructive criticism were his keywords, although he was not averse to a short sharp word of disapproval if the occasion demanded.

Not only has Martlet cricket suffered a severe loss, but the world of cricket is poorer for his passing. Far more in-depth tributes than this will reveal the full extent of his commitment and dedication to not only cricket but other sporting activities. He will be sorely missed but thoughts at this sad moment in time are totally with Di and his family. Their loss, will be shared by all who had the privilege of knowing Sandy and appreciating his many talents and infectious and loveable nature.

Geoff Wills
President, Sussex Martlets

Sandy Ross made his first tentative appearances for the Martlets in 1964, at the introduction of Dale Vargas.

One of these games was for me at Hove – later almost his second home – where he had already benefited greatly from the bowling coaching of Ian Thomson, a master of seam and swing, for which Sandy always expressed his gratitude.

A couple of years later Sandy had become a tough nut for the batsman to crack and a test of his skill, against persistence, steadiness, control and no mean penetration: all the bowling virtues, soon having figures of 67 wickets for 14 runs apiece for the Martlet season. He took countless wickets and recorded them all!

Looking back one cannot remember his bowling being less than accurate – total reliability.

He regularly played for me against Bank of England, of happy memory for him. He was an integral part of my team and we were often team mates.

Sandy was a wonderful match manager, making all feel involved and blending a team of wandering players into an effective unit – no mean skill. These qualities were

underlined in his splendid work coaching the cricketers at Caterham School. All were made to feel part of the enterprise and that all had a part to play, no matter how modest their attainments. He delighted in the company of cricketers as they did in his. It is no surprise that he revitalised the cricket of the Haileybury Hermits.

We shared friendship through all the years and many were the long conversations we had by phone, and on boundaries, where we would put the world of Cricket and Sport to rights and many the visits to Rugby and Football, at the Rocks, Bognor Regis Town, an example of his ability to share the enthusiasms of others.

There have been many total cricket enthusiasts; Sandy must be placed in the very front rank of that special group. It was fitting that the flags of Martlets and Yellowhammers – another of his clubs – were flown at half-mast at Arundel, a day or so after his passing.

No doubt he took much from cricket, but he certainly gave his utmost in return. Sandy has been one of the best-known and most respected cricketers of his time. We will all miss him – and speak of him often in the years ahead.

Brian O'Gorman
Sussex Martlets

An Englishman Abroad

Brown slip-on sneakers, blue cords – vintage unknown – doubtful towelling leisure shirt – different blue, vintage known but not admitted – and a cosy, casual anorak. All had seen much service on the terraces of UK sports grounds.

This was the much loved spectating ‘uniform’ Sandy wore to winter matches and the fact that we were treating our wives to the first international rugby match played at the new Stade de France in Paris was no reason to change it.

Over several years, more than that with some of the items, Sandy had grown fond of his ‘lived-in’ kit and as we checked in at Heathrow our womenfolk, who had dressed up a couple of notches, noticed that all other chaps on the *Sport Abroad* trip were enjoying similar comforts. Sandy had got it right and was soon in deep discussion with a similarly attired supporter about the merits of the England back row.

As ever, he was reassuringly unhurried and unflustered. “You’ve got the tickets haven’t you, Sandy?” who proceeded to pat each pocket before coming up with them from the last, knowing where they were all the time! Di rolled her eyes at her beloved husband’s little game.

She knew it wasn’t for Sandy, one of the world’s most organised individuals, to forget them. After all, detail was never overlooked by the experienced manager of

numerous MCC overseas cricket tours. The renowned multi-coloured high-lighted diary was testimony to Sandy's management skills in that direction and yes, he'd got that with him too!

La belle France here we come!

Checked in at the hotel and refreshed we collected *Our Englishman Abroad* on the way to the Metro. He had found a quiet corner of the lounge to soak himself in things English and the pre-match speculation on the Telegraph's sports' pages about the match had his attention.

Sandy eased himself to his feet, stowed the newspaper carefully into his anorak to await the football results before it joined the renowned pile in his study at home.

He was endearingly ebullient again. Noisy and excited at the prospect of another match. Of being there... of spectating... of supporting. Of hollering ENG..ER..LAND. Of experiencing... of sharing the excitement and... had I not been there with him, of ringing me up the following day, not to gloat – it wasn't his nature – but to discuss the finer points, to share and to see whether his opinion on players and performances matched my own.

He was a lovely guy and his enjoyment of sport was infectious. Perfect for a coach, I remember thinking.

Fittingly for the occasion I suppose, we 'rosbif' were given a good stuffing and there was little joy to take back to central Paris where Sandy, now getting urgent messages from his stomach, was targeting a croque-monsieur somewhere near the Seine. Mais comme toujours, when you haven't been to a city for a few years, the particular bar in mind goes into hiding and the goodly walk from the Metro suggested that it was a crucial part of Sandy's master plan.

You see, at that very time-difference moment, Angus Fraser was bowling well for England against West Indies in Jamaica and Sandy, oblivious of all sights and sounds of Europe's most romantic city and striding purposefully down a never ending boulevard in search of his croque-monsieur, had conjured a trannie from his jacket pocket and with the commentary clamped to his ear was in an English reverie which he punctuated with the occasional "You beauty".

More rolling of the eyes from Di and from Heather too as we finally squeezed into a busy bar on Boulevard St Michel and ordered quatre croque-monsieur et une carafe de la maison.

Our particular Englishman abroad was in heaven. With his ear still pressed to the

commentary – no such luxury as earphones – he'd spotted another group of rosbifs showing an interest in the cricket score. God bless him. Sandy had got it right again and was already infecting some more soon-to-be chums with his endearing priorities.

With the last ball bowled he was back in France tucking in to his croque-monsieur as only Sandy could and relating the cricket stats to the boys from Blighty.

What a lovely chap he was. By the way, what was the rugby score? Sandy had it written down! How we miss him.

Howard Spencer
Sussex Martlets

A number of Martlets were lucky enough to tour India with Sandy on one of Derek Semmence's "senior tours" in the late 80's when Sandy's front foot regularly thumped down on the crease sending up a small cloud of dust!

During this tour we were invited to play in a limited overs knockout tournament hosted by "Prince Sat" the Maharajah of Nawangar, in Jamnagar in memory of another young cricketer who had departed this earth before his time.

We reached the final thanks in no small part to Sandy's bowling (I recall that he was a little miffed that Tim Head, our 'keeper, was standing up to him!). By this time, my brother Roger had again been up to his tricks by telling various members of the small crowd who had gathered to watch the tournament that Ian Botham, John Snow and other famous names were playing in Derek's team!

The word soon spread and by the time it came for us to bat, the crowd had swelled to such a size that a number of baton-wielding policemen were required to keep control of the excited crowd who were all waiting to catch a glimpse of these international stars! You will appreciate that the locals' knowledge of cricketers was limited in the majority to what they heard on the radio. TV's and newspapers were a rarity and so they had no real idea what the real players actually looked like!

My memory is not as good as Sandy's for figures, but I believe that with only 3 or 4 overs left we lost another wicket still needing another dozen or so runs to win, with Charlie Hartridge still at the crease. Sandy (No 11) strode out to the wicket wielding his "Bombay Special" cricket bat, purchased especially to withstand the concrete cricket balls that the Indians played with.

Perhaps it was my brother, again, who started the rumour amongst the crowd that Sandy was in fact Fred Trueman.

The swelling crowd was now cheering every ball and the noise was deafening; the Barmy Army would have seemed like choirboys next to this lot. Every run was greeted with a roar and gasps after every swing and miss, as the score seemed to trickle towards the winning post. The bowling was far from friendly but Sandy resolutely stood his ground taking singles and waiting for a ball to pitch within his "smear zone".

The final over came and Sandy was "on strike". We needed 4 runs to win. Their fast bowler seemed to double the length of his run up and tore down into his delivery stride. "The crowds were hysterical". On the balcony in the pavilion we were all holding our breath and biting our fingernails. What would Sandy do? The fielders were in to stop the quick singles....they didn't know Sandy very well! With one long stride of his size 12 (?) hand-made leather soled cricket boots, Sandy launched into the ball and smeared it over mid wicket for 4. The crowd went wild and invaded the pitch from all angles. Sandy and Charlie were mobbed. Members of the opposing team helped to clear a way back to the pavilion for them and that is when I took this photograph....one that I think hangs up on the wall in his study. I shall never forget that moment.

John Goodacre
Sussex Martlets



My abiding memory of Sandy is connected with football not cricket! Sausages and mash before nearly every Albion evening match and the long slow walk back afterwards from the Withdean Stadium, whilst Sandy listened to the results and recorded them on the back of his *Sport Telegraph* – later to be transferred into his diary!

Christopher Snell
Sussex Martlets

I have so many wonderful memories of a very special man, who started life as a hero of mine when I first picked up a bat and came to watch Martlets cricket; then as a team mate to respect and try not to let down, he became a friend to speak to throughout the season and finally as a much cherished pal who lit up many a winter's night when his name appeared on my mobile phone to discuss anything from the state of our club, performance of Brighton and Hove Albion or the merits of Matt Prior and Mike Yardy, and always a heart felt inquiry into the health of family.

Jonathan Wills
Sussex Martlets



HAILEYBURY HERMITS C.C.

I have never known anyone who smiled as much as Sandy: he never seemed to let anything get him down. He had such a wonderful sense of humour. And his laugh...!! He had such a lovely booming laugh, which would literally fill the room!

As secretary for the Hermits CC, I rang Sandy one afternoon at his office at Selfridges to arrange one of our regular meetings. Little did I know he was in a meeting and he had put me on speaker phone: 'Rrrrrrastus!!' he shouted (my nickname from Haileybury) and burst out laughing. He told me afterwards, that the rest of the room all looked at him aghast thinking there was this large West Indian down the other end of the line.

One of my favourite memories of Sandy was during our Cricketer Cup run to the final in 1983. We beat Charterhouse in the semi final at Haileybury and I have never seen anyone as happy as Sandy after the game: he was so delighted to have got to the final; he did this marvellous little jig outside the pavilion...something I'll never forget. This big frame of a man, shaking his stuff was a sight to behold! But this was typical Sandy. He lived for the moment and boy did he savour every last drop! I remember us all going down the pub afterwards, with the opposition of course, and Sandy's smile got wider and wider as the night wore on. Unfortunately, we lost in the final to Repton, but Sandy very kindly gave each one of us a trophy to remember the day by. That's how much it meant to him.

Sandy and I always talked football; I'm a big Leeds fan and he followed Brighton. We never failed to chat about our teams when we met up. A couple of years ago, Leeds were playing down at Brighton and we met up for a couple of beers before the game. We lost and soon after the game, a booming voice came down the phone to give me some stick, in a nice way of course.

I have so many fond memories of Sandy. Suffice it to say, we have lost one of life's nicest gentlemen. There aren't enough words for me to describe him – generous, enthusiastic, caring, loving, fun, jovial, hospitable, passionate... the list goes on.

I for one will sorely miss him and I will be surprised if I ever come across the like of Sandy again in my lifetime.

I hope he is now upstairs, filling in his fixtures for 2010 – probably already full by now, with the yellow highlighter to hand!

A real gem of a man and I'm proud to have known him.

Chris Thompson
Haileybury Hermits C.C

Yes, the trademark diary, tiny writing, yellow highlighter pen, together with Daily Telegraph tucked under that blazered arm were Sandy's trademarks!!

He was a fantastic force in Hermits cricket, always in touch with me: "Bakes, Sandy here....", making sure that we were all on the ball, such was his dedication.

I echo Chris's sentiments. It was the mannerisms, habits, the booming laughter, constant smile and wholesome, genuine enthusiasm that I remember, along with loyalty and dedication to his sporting causes, particularly his beloved Sussex.

Mark Baker White
Chairman, Haileybury Hermits C.C

Cricket lost a great man in Sandy Ross. An Englishman to his boots and a man of Sussex, Sandy loved cricket and all its traditions. A solid club cricketer who occasionally hit the heights, he will be much missed by everyone who came into contact with him.

His pomp saw him enjoy his most successful season for the Haileybury Hermits during the Cricketer Cup run in 1983, when the team reached the final where they lost by seven wickets. Sandy was Haileybury's most successful bowler, taking two of the three Repton wickets.

I did not see him at that stage as a cricketer, but remember his selfless attitude and respect for others. As the secretary of the Haileybury Hermits Cricket Club, I have many times been grateful for his support as President. He was always concerned about the welfare of individuals and wanted to know what was happening.

I recall the time he played in a friendly I had organized against the Haileybury School team in 2005. It was bitterly cold and enthusiasm in the ranks was muted, but Sandy's smile and effervescence counteracted any negative vibes. A superb example to all, he bowled line and length and set us on the path to victory.

I also remember him coming down to Winchester in 2006 in the Cricketer Cup and filling in nobly with the bat. He helped add a vital 20 for the last wicket which made all the difference at the end.

In committee meetings which became tense, he had the useful knack of defusing the situation with a quip or a tale. Where a point had to be made or something done, he would act.

The game was enriched by his contribution and we are all the poorer for his early passing. A feeling of sadness persists but his memory and example will stay with many.

Thank you Sandy, you were a great and honourable man.

David Rimmer
Haileybury Hermits C.C

After his quintuple by-pass several years ago, Sandy was soon challenging his Maker by bowling for the Martlets at Christ's Hospital School – the nagging line and length were still there!

Since then he has led a very active life, with MCC tours to California, to India, with the Martlets to the Dordogne; coaching at Caterham School, and more recently taking on executive duties with Sussex CCC at Hove. This is but the briefest description of all the good work he has done in many other areas of cricket, and in rugby.

He has been in remarkably good health, and this comes as a great shock to us all. Sandy was always there for whoever needed his advice or help. His presence lauded the terraces of Lord's, Twickenham, Hove, Arundel Castle, Bigside, and Pavilion. He was passionate about Haileybury, and had a legion of friends from school that will miss his esteemed company. He was a wonderful person to have known; so kind, and so positive; always encouraging the best out of everyone, and with a great sense of humour. He valued his friends, and with any who passed on he was always at their funeral or their memorial service. He would travel many hundreds of miles to pay his respects.

I will end with the one word from Haileybury which Sandy loved to use both in greeting, and in parting. It says it all. VIVAT!

Colin Oliver-Redgate
Haileybury Hermits C.C (& Sussex Martlets)

JESTERS C.C.



Sandy first played for the Jesters as long ago as 1989. I had first met him the previous summer at a game in Leicestershire where his five wicket spell won the match. I can still remember his broad smile and almost schoolboy delight at the achievement. And over the years since, it's that enthusiasm for the game and that broad smile that I remember most – whether it was scoring his first 50 for the club at Newdigate in 1990, taking three wickets in the final over to pull off a tied draw at St John's College Cambridge, or taking a hat-trick at Chobham just three years ago as we took their last eight wickets for no runs, Sandy taking five. I last saw him at the Lord's Test when his wave and cheery grin summed up his outlook precisely, "isn't this exciting and isn't it fantastic that we're here to see it!"

The Jesters were only a small part of Sandy's cricketing life and you may not know of his achievements elsewhere. In his time he played for SussexII's, Horsham and East Grinstead, he was a playing member of the MCC managing tours to Greece, California and South America and he was elected onto the Membership Committee at Lord's. He was President of the Haileybury Hermits and was in 2008 asked to chair the Recreational Committee of the Sussex Cricket Board. His first love was the Sussex Martlets who he had played for since the mid-1960s and chaired from 2002 to 2007. Sandy's memorial service was exactly as it should be, a sad, moving but also very warm occasion, full of happy memories and stories of how Sandy enjoyed life to the full. Sandy's son Will gave a very moving tribute, to an audience of over 500 people who had turned out to commemorate their old friend.

Andrew Short
Jesters C.C



PRESTON NOMADS C.C

I knew Sandy Ross for many years, having played against him in numerous Sussex League matches, when I was captain of Preston Nomads CC. In fact, I never once felt that I played against him; because of his genuine charm and natural courtesy, it was always with him – despite his ever present determination and desire to win! He always played his cricket in the right way – to strive to succeed, but never unfairly and always with total respect for his opponents, the match officials and, of course, his team mates.

More recently, we have served together on the *Building Partnerships in Sussex Cricket* group and on the Sussex Cricket Board. Despite his many, many other interests, typically he responded very willingly to my invitation to become involved with these pioneering activities and his insights and imaginative approach to our deliberations will have long lasting effects.

Sandy was a man of many parts, my abiding memory of him being that he seemed to be everywhere at the same time – ubiquitous in the best sense of the word. Being a busy volunteer myself, it seemed that I was never at an event when Sandy was not there also – he having come from at least one other function to be present!

What was most impressive about this was that the reason he was there was not because he wanted to be seen to be so, but because of his enormous enthusiasm and passion for the activities involved. His love for life and his all round inquisitiveness was boundless and the joy he brought to others through his support was quite extraordinary.

I found in Sandy true friendship and sincere kindred fellowship. He had the rare gift of being on the one hand, always honest, conscientious and dependable, whilst, on the other hand, innovative, proactive and creative – a truly enviable combination.

He was a lovely man, with a wholehearted, joyful love of life. His loss to the Sussex Cricket Family, which he supported so wonderfully well, is massive.

We will miss him greatly.

David Bowden
Preston Nomads C.C.

Sandy represented so many of the best things about the game of cricket. He was competitive on the field, but always within the true spirit of the game. He was always prepared to share a joke or a laugh, whether with a team mate or an opponent, and any game with Sandy was always going to be fun. He was a joy to play with or against and we will all miss his infectious grin and his sheer love of cricket.

Chris Bidwell



CATERHAM SCHOOL

Tribute to Sandy Ross

I suspect that many of you may only remember Sandy Ross as the man who always walked around school sporting a cricket jumper or a club tie. However, to those lucky enough to know him better he will be remembered as, not only a great servant to the school, but a dear friend.

Sandy worked tirelessly as the Director of Cricket at Caterham School and would arrive ridiculously early before every game, organising the pitches and getting everything in order for the day ahead. Sandy loved his cricket and he was the most enthusiastic man I have ever and probably will ever meet. He was definitely at his happiest on a warm summer's day standing on a cricket field. He was in pretty good shape for someone who had had a heart by-pass, and would always give his all for his teams. Playing with him was something quite special, as he would get so excited when bowling, with constant "oos" and "ahhs" as the ball passed the bat.

Sandy didn't just enjoy playing cricket, he loved watching it too. I remember turning up the day after winning the MCC game and there he was with a massive grin on his face, practically dancing around ready to greet all the boys ready for another day of cricket. Sandy was special in the way that he could enjoy the success of others as much as his own success. We all knew that if we played well we would make Sandy's week, and that's a quality you rarely see in people.

Sandy was also a real character. Every away game we would be treated to a solo performance from him as he sang along to Magic FM all the way home. To the cricket team Sandy wasn't really just a coach, he was like one of the boys. He'd join in with all the jokes and the banter and just let us enjoy our cricket, which is exactly what a coach should do. Sandy not only loved his cricket but also his rugby and showed great support and loyalty to the school in the winter when he turned up to countless numbers of 1st XV games. He was simply one of a kind, and a genuinely honest, enthusiastic man who had a massive heart. Sandy was what sport is all about, he was fun, fair and with a twist of very British competitive spirit. Cricket won't be quite the same without Sandy Ross.

Robert Wilson
1st XI Captain 2009

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Having been a member of East Grinstead Cricket Club for over 50 years I cannot say that it is a pleasure to write a few lines about Sandy Ross, as I would rather be sitting in a deck chair at Hove or walking round the boundary at East Grinstead watching and talking about cricket with him.

Sadly he was taken from us and his life cut short, like someone hitting the ball out of the middle for a six to bring up his hundred and being caught on the boundary one handed by the tallest chap in the team.

Sandy joined East Grinstead when I was First Team captain and it is fair to say that we were delighted to get him – a fine opening bowler who tried his hardest every ball, with a lethal leg cutter that used to dart away from the right hander like a Shane Warne leg break. He got good players out and East Grinstead not being in the top section of the League, needed Sandy.

We were having our usual poor season with no wins behind us when we trotted off to the rather unprepossessing ground at Bognor, but as the day went on we had other things to look at rather than the attendant rugby posts. We watched as Sandy went through his entire range of deliveries – leg cutters, off cutters, cross seam and one after another succumbed to his bowling. Suddenly they were nine down and I was keeping wicket and had to decide who to bowl at the other end who was unlikely to take a wicket given that the batsman was Maurice Cowell, who only carried the bat because he had to. I chose Keith Churchward, who bowled very occasional leg breaks. The third ball was horribly close but thankfully he did his job. Next over Sandy steamed in and there it was – wicket number 10 – I can still see him now whooping and hollering around the ground. I think everyone in Littlehampton, Middleton and Arundel could hear him and if they were cricketers they would have known who owned that famous bellow!!

The dressing room was no quieter – every few minutes there was a shriek of delight from the corner where Sandy was changing.

The whole of Sandy's cricket and sport was encapsulated in those few moments: massive enthusiasm, massive enjoyment, massive commitment to everything and everyone and also a massive love of the game.

Sandy followed me as Captain of the First Eleven and of course he put his heart and soul into it. One day he came in at 11 to join me with 22 overs to go and said “We are not losing this” and we played out those 22 overs – cue another whoop of delight!!

He was still (even when turning out for the East Grinstead 3rd or 4th X1 or Sussex Martlets) in his mind opening the bowling for Sussex or England.



Sandy Ross – A Cryptic Star

If I had to select a Cryptics team of those with whom I have most enjoyed playing, the name of Sandy Ross would be at the top.

Few can have played for more clubs – Three Bridges, Horsham and East Grinstead; Sussex Martlets, Sussex 2nd XI, Sussex Over 50s; Haileybury Hermits, Cryptics, Free Foresters, Buccaneers, Jesters, Yellowhammers, Cross Arrows, Brighton Brunswick, Friends of Arundel Castle, Bunbury Cricket Club. Some readers will be able to add more. He was such a good team man and gave loyalty to them all.

The Cryptics held, I know, a special place in his big cricketing heart. For twenty-three years (I think that is correct; forgive me, Sandy, if it is not) he managed the Sussex Martlets side against the Cryptics on our major tour – the Southern Tour, and I was invariably the opposing manager. He then always joined the tour on the following day to play at Hurstpierpoint against the Old Hurst Johnians in their week. He often came to Warnford to play in our final match, a two-day contest against the Hampshire Hogs. He played in other Cryptics fixtures from time to time, even venturing to the Northern tour in 2005, fixtures carefully selected at the start of the year as he planned that remarkable cricketing diary and itinerary.

Sandy was the perfect opposing match manager. He raised a side with exceptional efficiency, and always had a competitive and delightful team, as everyone loved playing for Sandy. They knew that he would involve them in the game, and would greet any success with a huge smile and wondrous laughter. To the Cryptics, the welcome was warm and the game was played in the best spirit on a variety of grounds round Sussex – Arundel, Felbridge, Pagham, Singleton. I have a favourite picture of Sandy leading his side in and extending a huge hand to our captain with a vast grin on his face – and we had won!

Few people have had such an enthusiasm for the game of cricket, and, in a unique and wonderful way, have given so much to that game for so many as Sandy Ross.

I first met Sandy as a 17-year old junior Martlet at a game that I, as a recent senior Martlet, was managing. There was this chubby schoolboy with a gleaming smile and wide-eyed enthusiasm for the game. He came off a very long run and arrived exhausted at the wicket, and thrust his pad at the ball in a determined manner when he batted – and he laughed. Not much changed over the years, although the bowling gained wonderful control and the laugh developed further; but he was always, in spirit, that enthusiastic chubby schoolboy.

The run was cut down. The bowling developed skilfully. That lurching run, the in-swing, the leg-cutter, and a great grin when something different happened. He just loved bowling and loved the contest against batsmen in the best spirit of fairness and trial.

It was a special treat to captain Sandy in any side. We had a good bantering arrangement. After a time in his spell, I would say: “Last over, Sandy.” A minor frown would appear across his brow, the ball would be firmly grasped and an accurate, possibly productive, over would be bowled. “Just one more, Sandy.” He maintained that I had the record of seven “Just one more, Sandys” in one spell. In recent years, he was very excited to add the art of off-spin to his bowling craft.

Then he adored batting. He was a great no 11, of course, although he could have batted higher. He skilfully employed, as many will remember, the pad as an important part of defence, thrust well down the wicket. I particularly recall a last wicket partnership at Hurstpierpoint. The Cryptics were 101 for 9, David Woodhead, an eccentric genius of a batsman, 9 not out. It ended at 215/9 – David Woodhead 100 not out, Sandy 9 not out. He had acquired 5 runs by chance, and then when David reached his hundred, let fly and hit his first four. I could not resist declaring immediately in the middle of the over. A great roar came from the middle – “I have just got started” – and that booming laugh lasted all the way to the pavilion. I have a series of photographs of Sandy and David, and that wonderful grin of enjoyment.

Laughter tells a lot about people. Sandy’s laugh was booming, confident, optimistic and infectious – laughing with you, never at you. It underlined what his real love for cricket was about – friends and friendships. For Sandy, cricket was a theatre in which lovely people took part, and his role was to give to others. He loved to manage teams well, to give people the chance to play in super matches; he loved to be involved with making the clubs that he served run better – and how the Sussex Martlets in particular benefited, especially in that wondrous Centenary year.



David Woodhead and Sandy

Then he developed further, as the MCC recognised his talents and asked him to manage tours to California, to Greece and to Brazil and Chile. Those on those tours will, I know, record the selfless and caring way in which the tours were organised. I

only wish that I had been able to tempt him in the 1980s to come to Kenya with the Cryptics.

The Cryptics has always had a very strong schoolmaster link, and in many ways, Sandy Ross was a natural schoolmaster. His love of the game and of the players in it, drew him in recent years to coach young cricketers. He became the first Bursar, to my knowledge, to move to run the cricket – at Caterham School for the last five years. How lucky the boys there were to have such an example for the game. He chaired the development of players at Sussex, and last year the MCC, to his delight, invited Sandy to manage their Under 19 tour to India. Sandy's account of various adventures on Indian trains was uproarious. And he was involved with the MCC *Chance to Shine* initiative, and it was dear to his heart in encouraging young cricketers.

I was at Birchwood recently and Di gave me a file of Cryptic memorabilia from that most remarkable study – or library. There Sandy gathered, in huge, ordered and ever-growing piles, all the details of the matches that he had played in and watched, a mass of cricketing and other sporting memorabilia, and a wonderful collection of books.

One wondered how it all fitted together! He kept a complex diary of his own making on the wall fitting all the fixtures together, but most of all he was fortunate, as he always said, to have the wonderful support of Di. They met at a cricket match – where else could she have found him! – Sussex Martlets at the Bank of England. She was his rock and he was very proud of her and the family – Emma and Lucy, and a grandchild – and Will. I saw much of Sandy with Will as he entrusted Will to my stewardship at Epsom College; and I wrote to Will after Sandy's death. "I greatly admired your father-son relationship on both sides; love and admiration – and best mates as well as father and son." And it was not just cricket and sport: Sandy loved music and came, with Di, to listen proudly to Will's considerable musical talent.

"He who only cricket knows, knows not cricket." We do not just celebrate a cricket life, but a rare gift for friendship. Sandy was brilliant at "keeping his friendships in good repair." He specialised in the regular telephone call – "just want to check on you" – or in the note or email to confirm a match or a visit to some sporting occasion.

The Cryptics and all clubs mourn greatly Sandy's passing. He leaves a big gap and we think of what more he had to give. We offer our support to Di, Emma, Lucy and Will. We are delighted that Will is a keen Cryptic and will maintain the link.

The Cryptics give thanks for a life very well lived. And when we pass any cricket ground, watch any match, suddenly we will recall, with huge affection, that lurching run, that great laugh, that generous nature, that beaming smile – and the gift of friendship of a lovely man.

Tony Beadles



It was with great sadness that Sussex Cricket learnt of the passing of Sandy Ross. He was a much loved and dedicated servant to cricket.

Sandy was a stalwart of cricket in Sussex at all levels. He was the Chair of the Sussex Cricket Board Development Group and a member of the SCB Management Committee. He was dedicated to cricket and spent his life playing and coaching to bring the joys of the game to the younger generation. He was seen at almost every away venue around the country supporting his beloved county and has been supporting the club as long as anyone can remember.

Sandy played cricket for Horsham, Three Bridges and East Grinstead CCs in the Sussex Cricket league, once taking 10-27 for East Grinstead against Bognor. He was a long standing member of the MCC, for whom he was a tour manager on a number of occasions. He was well connected to the Sussex Martlets CC and Brighton Brunswick CC for many years and was a Committee member of the *Chance to Shine* scheme.

Sandy was a true supporter of cricket at all levels and his contribution will be sorely missed. He believed in the power of cricket and the positive effect it could have on young people and was passionate about growing the game at all levels. Cricket relies on volunteers and Sandy was a volunteer whose commitment, passion and love of cricket truly enhanced the game in Sussex. His smile will be very sadly missed across all elements of cricket in Sussex.

Andy Hobbs
Head of Recreational Cricket
Sussex Cricket Board

I asked Sandy to be on my benefit committee, only half expecting him to say yes – I knew he was a busy man. But he accepted with glee and spent the year being the most helpful and supportive member of the committee, forever on hand to offer advice and willing to muck in. In the short dealings I'd had with him before that year, I knew this to be typical of his unselfish and warm nature. Many of the Sussex players, especially those who came up through the ranks, knew him too and we remember him often and fondly.

Robin Martin-Jenkins
Sussex C.C.C

Sandy was always a friendly face and would appear at grounds far away to support us. He was always around for a quick chat and he will be sadly missed at Sussex, Horsham and all around the country. My thoughts are with his family and we will always remember his warm manner and vast contribution to cricket.

Chris Nash
Sussex C.C.C

What a great ambassador of the game. It is with great sadness that, we at Kingswood College in South Africa, learnt of Sandy's death. Unfortunately we didn't know Sandy for as long as most of you did, but like many others, he did a great deal for us while on tour there recently. In fact, he took us in to his home for dinner, after playing against our lads during the course of the day. It was there, where he enthralled us with his passion for the great game, as he chatted to the boys in his cricket library/museum at home. Thousands of scorecards, books, memorabilia and a ball encased in glass, which he proudly displayed after taking a 10-for in an innings, were all fascinating for the lads and myself. It was though, probably more his kind nature and friendly personality, which made the day and evening with him one of the highlights of our tour. What a great man and what a great ambassador for cricket. It is men like Sandy who make this game we all love dearly so special. I only wish I had had the chance to introduce more young men to Sandy, and watch their faces light up as he told his stories.

Gregg van Molendorff
Kingswood College,
Grahamstown, S.A

Sandy – if my memory serves me right, I must have known you nearly 20 years. I well recall being asked to look after you on your first day at Selfridges. Little did I know that I was sitting with a mind of amazing sporting memories, a man who visited more football league grounds than most journalists, a man who drove up to Murrayfield on more than one occasion, a man who was never happier than talking about his family and his love of cricket. You did me the great service of agreeing to be Jessica's godfather 13 years ago. As a family we have so many happy memories of you. I can remember to this day how you could sit in a meeting with your famous yellow highlighter pen making notes and your famous post-its. I swear to this day that you were making notes about cricket as opposed to staffing levels and productivity levels in your restaurants. In all the years that I knew you, you never aged, you were still a smiling, happy person at Twickenham last year and so proud of Will. Sadly I didn't see you after the game but knowing you, you would still be smiling despite a record defeat. My family's thoughts are with your family.

Peter Mallinson

I feel a tremendous amount of sadness on hearing of the passing of Sandy Ross. I played with Sandy for Horsham and against him a few times while he was at East Grinstead. Such a lovely, lovely man about whom I had never heard a bad word spoken. There are many people in the world of cricket who will be deeply saddened by this news. Goodbye Sandy and thanks for the memories. Dinghy.

Anthony Aduhene

Our contact with Sandy was not through the cricketing fraternity but rather when he was a colleague during our time at Selfridges in London. Our fond memories are of a guy who was as professional as he was positive and good fun, with that infectious laugh. A real gentleman, well described by others as “stalwart”.

Vivien & Robin Arbenz.

Astounded to hear the sad news from miles away in Sydney, Australia, but something curiously satisfying knowing that the great man passed away on the field. I was too late to see Rossco in full flight with the ball, but I didn't need to imagine much. What a handful it would have been facing him in full cry. An immaculate seam, a bit this way, a bit that way and then that canny cricketing brain, exploring, working out the angles, a friendly bit of banter and those huge hands at slip or gully to complete the package. Oh, and the big booming laugh. An absolute joy playing MCC cricket with or for Rossco and something calming about knowing we were batting and Rossco in his cords reaching for the paper ready for a long rest. And also stumping him with a soccer question once – now that was something to be proud of. Farewell Rossco – the memories will live with me forever. A gentle giant in all senses of the word and such a nice man!

**Paul Hillier,
MCC & Chichester CC**

I first met Sandy in the mid '70's when I was captain of Felbridge C.C. and he of East Grinstead C.C. Since then we played many times together, either for the MCC or Sussex Martlets. Sandy was indeed “Mr. Cricket”, and a superb ambassador for the game. But there was more to Sandy than cricket. He had a great zest for life, people and all things good in the world. I remember some years ago travelling to Seaford College with him to play for the MCC in his first game back after his heart by-pass operation, and how he marvelled at the wonder of the Sussex countryside, and how positive he felt. Always cheerful and an infectious laugh. “What do they know of cricket who only cricket know?” a phrase penned by C.L.R. James, could easily be answered by Sandy.

Graham Radford

Hearing that Sandy passed away on a cricket field is the only bit of comfort I can take from this terribly sad news. I had the privilege to captain the MCC team that Sandy managed to Greece and Corfu in 2003 and to serve as his tour captain. It was an immense pleasure and one I will remember for a long time. His selfless dedication to the tour, the MCC and the game of cricket, Sussex CCC and Brighton FC was infectious. He will be sadly missed by all. A complete gentleman.

Roland Horridge

I was lucky enough to be on the 1999 MCC California Tour that Sandy managed. It was brilliant, I can remember every day like it was yesterday. He made it so much fun. I also played in the reunion match that Sandy organised in 2003 at Caterham School, very impressive. I stayed with Sandy and Di at their house, probably the largest cricket library outside NW8. His enthusiasm for cricket was legendary. Sussex cricket is going to miss you. My thoughts are with you Di, Emma, Lucy and William.

David Lees

Having spent 5 years watching my son Robert play for Caterham School under the directorship of Sandy, I know we have all lost a very good friend. Sandy was everything that sport should be: fun, fair and with a twist of very British competitive spirit. But for me it was his love of developing talent in the young lads at school – truly fabulous. We will miss him dearly. Our thoughts are with his family.

Robert and Jeremy Willson

Sandy will be missed by all who ever met him. He loved the game tremendously and we will never forget his enthusiasm for the sport. We'll miss his cheerful face around the ground. I remember the passion he held when he was bowling (even in the nets) and the slightest mistake from the batsman would be greeted with passionate 'oohhs' and 'aaaaahhs'!! My thoughts are with his family.

Tim Jarvis

Mr. Ross was an inspiration to me and Caterham Cricket. To me he was not just a coach but a friend as well. I learnt some of the best techniques and actions while under him. He was a teacher who taught the merits of sportsmanship as well and I will miss him dearly. He never had a bad word to say against anyone, he always found ways to improve people's game. Sandy, thank you for this and other things. I have not and will not forget anything you have taught me. My thoughts are with his family, but we must remember him as one of the most enthusiastic and dedicated lovers of cricket that we have ever known. RIP Sandy Ross.

Chris Bishop

Mr Ross will be greatly missed by Caterham School, from the lunchtime batting sessions to the way he said cricket. Everything about this brilliant icon will be sorely missed. I'm sure all the boys from Caterham will remember him fondly and our thoughts are with his family.

Alex Blair & Caterham School

I am very saddened to hear of the passing of Sandy. A true lover and enthusiast of our great game. I like many young cricketers who played with him and for him remember Sandy fondly as a great captain, with endless passion for and knowledge of the game of cricket. My condolences to his family as I echo the comments of others that his passing should occur playing the game he so obviously loved.

Simon Collinge

Sandy will be missed by all of his friends in South Africa. The news was broken to me by Mark Rushmere, an ex East Grinstead and South African cricket player. Our memories of Sandy will never be forgotten; his passion for cricket started our friendship back in 1983/84, when Mark and I played for both Sussex and East Grinstead at the beginning of our cricket careers. Sandy's passion, dedication and enthusiasm for the game were a wonderful introduction to the game in the UK for both of us. On many of our visits to the UK we have had the pleasure of staying with Sandy and his family and we have enjoyed many hours talking about this wonderful game. We will always remember a wonderful person, who would do anything for the game of cricket.

Dave Callaghan

Sandy really deserved the word 'stalwart'. He was very supportive of young players and remained a very good cricketer himself, playing, it seemed, constantly during the season! He will be much missed and while dying on the field would perhaps have been his ideal way to go, it is far too soon.

Peter Brown

Sandy will be greatly missed by a vast number of club cricketers in Sussex. As an ex team friend at Horsham, Sussex Martlets and MCC cricket, he was a fantastic, positive individual with amazing enthusiasm. My thoughts are with his family and I can only say that with him dying on the cricket field, it most definitely would have been his wish.

Neil Trestrail

Sandy worked for me for a number of years at Selfridges and we shared a love of and great interest in cricket. Indeed he was a proposer for my MCC membership application. We played together in charity matches and I have fond memories of him as a gregarious and hard working colleague, a cricket mentor, a mine of information on sporting trivia, a kind and dignified man and a pleasure to be with.....and that signature roar of laughter! The world is a sadder place without him.

Rob Green

:(R.I.P Sandy Ross.

Sean Addley



The look that says, "Someone is trying to drop out of the match tomorrow and hasn't found a replacement..."

SUSSEX CCC HANDBOOK OBITUARY.

Sandy Ross tragically collapsed and died of a heart attack while fielding for Sussex Martlets against St James Montefiore at their Ditchling ground on July 22, 2009.

Educated at Haileybury, he was coached in the Sussex nets as a young teenager by George Cox and was well known in the game, particularly at Caterham School, Sussex and MCC.

A few days earlier I had been talking to him at Lord's during the Ashes Test and, as usual, he looked fit and well. We discussed Mitchell Johnson's poor wrist position and he cheered the England team loudly as they walked through the Long Room. He was looking forward to the Martlets game against the Armadillos in September at Sheffield Park.

Sandy took every opportunity he could to watch Sussex and Sussex Cricket Society members will recall him sitting in a deckchair at the north end. He could seemingly read a paper, watch the cricket, talk to friends from time to time and update the list of players of the many sides he managed. Sandy had long had an interest in Sussex cricket and was at the meeting in 1965 when the Cricket Society was formed.

Sandy played league cricket for Horsham, Three Bridges and East Grinstead and many times for Sussex Martlets, Brighton Brunswick, and MCC. Among other teams he turned out for were Old Haileyburians, Buccaneers and Cryptics. He took 10-27 for East Grinstead in a Sussex League match against Bognor and despite having a quintuple heart by-pass operation in 1996, he was soon back on the cricket pitch.

Even in recent years, despite a drop in pace, he was still keen to take 50 wickets a season. I often joked with him that if he had not reached that target by September he would find a tour to go on. He also played the day before he died and would have been delighted to let his friends know that he had bowled former Sussex captain and England batsman Alan Wells.

Sandy was chairman of the Sussex Cricket Board's development committee and a committee member of *Chance to Shine*, the organisation which does so much to promote cricket among young people. He was a dedicated coach and Director of Cricket at Caterham School, where he was also bursar from 1996-2004. Headmaster Julian Thomas described him as a "true gentleman" and added: "Sandy was a lovely man with the broadest of smiles. He genuinely believed that sport could improve the lives of young people." The Caterham School cricket captain said Sandy was the nicest guy he had ever met. "He put sportsmanship ahead of winning at all costs and his enthusiasm was infectious."

In recent years Sandy liked to play 40 games a season, the majority for Sussex Martlets. It is believed he took around 900 wickets for them. He joined the committee in the mid 1970s and was chairman from 2001-07, a period that covered

the club's centenary in 2005. Sandy organised the celebrations with great efficiency and energy. His son Will continues to carry Sandy's passion for cricket and plays for both MCC and Martlets.

As well as playing for MCC, Sandy managed matches for them at home and abroad, organising tours to Greece, Corfu, Chile, Brazil and California. In 2008 he managed an MCC Schools side in a Spirit of Cricket festival in India.

Sandy was always keen to arrive early at county or Test matches to pick up on the latest fielding drills so he could try them out at Caterham School. He was at the Ashes Test at Edgbaston in 2005 when the ball landed at his feet from an Australian batsman. Being a gentleman, he tossed the ball back onto the outfield. A short while later Glenn McGrath stepped on a ball and was out of the match. Was it the ball Sandy lobbed back? Probably not, but if you asked Sandy whether he had a part to play in the Ashes coming back he always responded with a broad smile!

Sandy's memorial service in East Grinstead was packed to the rafters with friends from the world of cricket. He is survived by Di, to whom he was married for 37 years, children Emma, Lucy and Will and a grandson.

Nicholas Sharp.

