We've added a lot of new readers these last 4-5 months. Like 30,000 of them. Most of whom probably only know The Mitch Man as our movie reviewer extraordinaire here on the site. Due to his status as a diehard Browns fan, his love of watching game film, and his abilities as a wordsmith .... we worked Mitch into the fray on the Browns beat last season, and our readers loved it. Mitch is back once again this season, and gives us his thoughts on the Brownies first preseason affair.

Last year, when the title of this column was "Random Thoughts", I had a certain award I gave out periodically...the "Of the Same Monetary Value As Mammary Glands On A Sus Scrofa" (for those not wanting to look it up, Sus Scrofa is the Latin for Boar Hog...I think you can figure it out from here).

Right now, that award has to go to the first "exhibition game" itself. As Gary Benz pointed out in his article , it's a total waste to get that worked up about exhibition games in general...especially the first, when everyone's still getting to know each other and get in shape, and the final game, when I think they actually bring homeless people in off the street and give them a uniform, just so they don't have to risk getting that 4th string fullback or backup long snapper hurt.

That being said...I'm going to talk about certain parts of the game anyway.

~ The worst part of exhibition games, as far as I'm concerned, is that living outside of the state of Ohio, I don't get to see them live, having to wait a few days until they are finally broadcast by the NFL Network (better known by Sen. Arlen Spectre and his Comcast Overloards as "Satan!"). This also means that I have to listen to the first half being broadcast by the visiting team, subjecting me to the inane blatherings of Ian Eagle and some former special teams player from the Jets. Yes, THAT Ian Eagle, the one who used to broadcast almost all of the Browns games, as he is so bad that they constantly stick him with the worst game of the week...which, prior to 2007, usually meant he was able to make a permanent butt impression in the broadcast booth at Cleveland Browns Stadium.

But wait! For some reason, the NFL Network decided that since New York City is the most important place in the entire universe, I don't get to hear Bernie Kosar slurring his always excellent analysis in the second half...I get MORE Ian soliloquies about a certain gray haired QB that just so happened to sign with the Jets the day before!

Then I'm reminded that Bernie isn't so bad, as Ian and Mr. Nobody yak through an entire Browns offensive series with Joe Namath, yammering about what Broadway Joe thinks about Brett Favre. **I'm** thinking I'd rather sit through another showing of
"The Happening"
than to listen to another minute of this. Seriously, Joe, if you don't get help from Charter on that booze problem, get help somewhere. Back at the local Hooters, John Daly was watching, while saying to himself,

"damn, I hope I don't get to be THAT much of a lush".

~ Oh...what about the game? Well, I'm glad you asked. The Browns first team beat the Jets first team in 19 minutes (real time, not game clock time), of pulse raising, nail biting...eh, whatever. But even in that short period of time, I was able to form these snap judgments:

- Shaun Rogers is the Real Deal. And believe me, after watching Ted Washington, the man who was so big he had his own gravity, getting pushed around for years, it's easy to spot someone who doesn't suck rotten eggs, and Rogers is that man. I rewound the 4th and 1 play where Clemens tried to sneak it for the first down...something that succeeded 99% of the time teams tried it outside of the Red Zone last year. This time, Rogers pushed TWO Jets linemen back at least a half yard, totally blowing up the play.

- Donte Stallworth looked very good as well, but even more impressive was the fact that Chudzinski and Derek Anderson had no problem working him into the offense right off the bat. My problem is with he and his dreadlocks wearing number 18, and Joshua Cribbs and his dreadlocks wearing number 16, I might not know when Cribbs is on the field.

- Brandon McDonald impressed me with his tackling skills. Let's just hope that he won't be having to use them to be the leading tackler during a game, something that happened a ‘few' times last year.

- Braylon may have only had one catch, but his impact on a game is so much more than that. The interference penalty he induced will be something I think we'll see a lot of this year, as panicky DBs grab at him, willing to take the penalty to save a TD. And then his one-handed TD grab? He hasn't skipped a beat from last year.

~ And then Braylon turns around and gets a cut on his foot requiring stitches, because he's decided it's Hee Haw day at Berea, and is running drills with no shoes. You don't live in Cincitucky, Braylon, you live in Cleveland!

~ Overall, I came out of this game feeling much better about the WR situation. It was a battle last year between Hiko and myself regarding who could insult Travis Wilson more...a competition that I think was a draw. But it seems that this year, The Hands That Footballs Avoid seems to understand that he better get his act together, or he's going to be working for Quincy Morgan at the regional FedEx Distribution Center. He looked good. So did the Kellen Winslow Insurance Policy, aka Martin Rucker. Consequently, I'm not as concerned about the depth in this area as I am at certain other areas.

~ Like cornerback. O. My. Gawd. There is more depth to a Ryan Secrest interview of Paris Hilton than the Browns have at

the corners. Terry Cousins? A.J. Davis? Mil'von James? Right now, I'm about to the point that I'd rather see Kenny Wright come back, hoping he can make believe the guy he's covering is about to run away with his ganja. There is no way any of those three should even be on the roster in four weeks, let alone stepping foot into the defensive huddle.

~ One thing worth watching this exhibition season will be the battle for the backup running back spot between Jason Wright and Jerome Harrison. After Round 1, give the substantial advantage to Harrison, as the Ghost looks quicker on his first step, is definitely faster, and seems to have bulked up enough now to break the same kind of tackles that Wright can.

~ The Great QB Debate! Can't go a week without it, can we? OK, I'll chime in. From what I saw, Derek's pocket presence looked a lot better on Thursday than what we saw late last year. Of course, saying it's better than last year is sort of like saying, "you have more credibility than John Edwards". But in any case, DA didn't have Happy Feet, didn't totally brain fart and force the ball into quintuple coverage, and even had a good scramble.

Quinn, on the other hand, also looked very good, and still has a much better touch on the ball than DA. The latest "story" coming out, complaining about Quinn turning

into a "dink and dunker?" Complete and utter B.S. Brady wasn't getting the time that DA was getting, given the fact that the best lineman on the field with Brady was Lenny Friedman. Going 13 of 17 was exceptional.

No, I'm not advocating Brady starting...that's just not going to happen unless DA melts down or gets hurt.

~ On the other hand, if either DA or Brady would get hurt, Phil had better be signing another QB before the stretcher leaves the field, because the prospect of Ken Dorsey being one snap away from taking the field scares me as bad as the two most frightening words in the Cleveland Browns Signal Caller Language; "Spergon Wynn" (admit it...you just winced).

In fact, for those of you who know my Movie Review Scale...I'm thinking of adding a rating of "Ken Dorsey". It would be for a film that should only be seen in a classroom as a boring educational flick, and should not be on a big screen, trying to pass itself off as legitimate entertainment. Get this man a headset and let him get on with his next job as a QB coach.

~ Phil Hubbard: nice catch...don't ever f*^#*&% do that stupid

dance again.

~ I guess the only good thing about catching the NFL Network's broadcast was that I didn't have to wait through the long delay due to the thunderstorm.

Nah...I'm still pissed at having to listen to Bore and Boringer for three hours. Where can I contribute to Arlen Specter's next Senate campaign?

At least next week, I'm SURE those fantastic announcers at E$PN will be completely fair, and will not be gushing all over the NEW YORK FOOTBALL GIANTS at all.

What? You have some swampland next to a certain N.J. stadium to sell me? I'm there!