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THE
Nightwatchman

THE WISDEN CRICKET QUARTERLY

WISDEN

THE Nightwatchman
THE WISDEN CRICKET QUARTERLY

Cricket's past has been enriched by great writing and Wisden is making sure its future will be too. *The Nightwatchman* is a quarterly collection of essays and long-form articles and is available in print and e-book formats.

Co-edited by Anjali Doshi and Tanya Aldred, with Matt Thacker as managing editor, *The Nightwatchman* features an array of authors from around the world, writing beautifully and at length about the game and its myriad offshoots. Contributors are given free rein over subject matter and length, escaping the pressures of next-day deadlines and the despair of cramming heart and soul into a few paragraphs.

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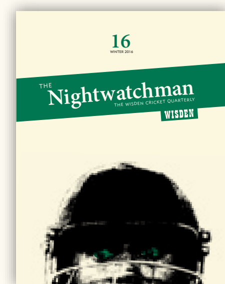

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Issue 16, out now, features the following:

Matt Thacker introduces issue 16 of *The Nightwatchman*

Anthony McGowan reinvents the *passeggiata*

Keshava Guha explains how greed killed romance in Indian cricket

Sarah Shephard looks forward to cricket's Olympic future

Benjamin Brill From Scarborough, with love

Alan Tyers follows Hong Kong's cricketing progress

Richard Beard explains why French cricket is never the solution

Tom Holland on the ancient heptarchy that might just save T20

John Schofield ponders creaking limbs finding joy in the Canadian wilderness

Behind closed doors – the view from the dressing-room

Mike Phillips on how cricket connects two Eurosceptic lands

Daniel Norcross hopes dice cricket can rescue 2016

Nick Hogg peels back the paint of a famous Viv Richards picture

Tim Cooke contemplates the importance of being Graham/Graeme

Peter Prendergast considers how club cricket saved him and made him

Tim Wigmore on why fielding will soon be a statistician's delight

Adam Collins reveals how a radical poem became England's anthem

Rob Johnston reflects on the glory of winter nets

Telford Vice flays South African cricket

Justin Robertson writes a love letter to Ottawa

John Crace relives the agony of the cricket dinner

WAS JERUSALEM BUILDED HERE?

Adam Collins unearths the fascinating story behind our non-national anthem

The coin was tossed, the players gently strolled out, the Test match would start. Just like that. No fuss. No fanfare. The only venue to play any sort of song was Adelaide, where tradition dictated its Tests began with national anthems on Australia Day. Other music, from the steel drums of the Caribbean to the brass band of Port Elizabeth, was a happy accident. It was a different world, and not that long ago.

This included in England. Especially in England. Graham Gooch said in the mid-1990s that he liked what he saw in Adelaide and wouldn't mind it becoming a ritual. But it never happened. By the early 2000s, as the ECB tinkered with start times, the first ball of a Test would be bowled in front of half-empty grounds. Thousands missed Dominic Cork's first-over-of-the-day hat-trick for England against West Indies at Old Trafford in 1995.

The soft opening was a source of frustration for npower after it assumed primary sponsorship responsibilities in 2001. Kevin Peake, then marketing tsar for the company, was anxious about his investment. Sure, cricket was conservative, but did it have to be so damn drab? "They just kind of trundled on; there was no sense of oomph," he recalls. "I was starting to wonder what I had done signing a three-year contract."

This is where Peake's background – far from a cricket man, he says himself – was an advantage. While there has always been a contrast between Lord's and Wembley, what about Lord's and, say, a professional wrestling ring? "At the time my son was into WWE quite heavily," he explains. "I went to one of those nights with him and saw how the wrestlers came out and I just thought: 'Wow! This is fantastic! Why can't we do

this in cricket?'" A bit of arm-wrestling and this nonconformist idea had won the day. There was a consensus inside the ECB that the song had to be "stirring" but distinct from football terrace anthems.

Enter "Jerusalem"...

• • •

"And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!"

Did a young Jesus Christ spend some time hanging out in Glastonbury with his uncle proclaiming later that the rolling hills reminded him of his home town? Look, probably not. But it has never affected the popularity of the pastoral-cum-industrial anthem "Jerusalem", 100 years since it was put to music. Think royal weddings. Think the bookend scenes of *Chariots of Fire* – a film named after the song to begin with. Think the London 2012 Olympics opening ceremony. Think state funerals. Think your grandparents' funerals.

The song's centenary prompted some parliamentarians to push for it to be adopted as England's formal national anthem, something David Cameron as prime minister – a man who admitted to shedding tears to the tune when Wills and Kate tied the knot – was open to.

In 1803, when William Blake – a mischief-making son of dissenters – penned what later became known as "Jerusalem", he was in the dock for sedition after getting into an altercation with a military man. Jump forward a century or so to the dreary World War-stricken year of 1916, and the nation's poet laureate Robert Bridges commissioned composer Sir Hubert Parry to put music to the words. Music that would lift the nation through its war weariness; a quintessential clarion call. From the moment it was played at the Fight for Right campaign at Queen's Hall in London later that year, it was precisely that.

In peacetime, it became the hymn of the Women's Institute. And after the Second World War Clement Attlee expressly promised to build the proverbial "New Jerusalem" if elected Labour prime minister over Winston Churchill's Conservative government in 1945. Attlee's government was a pioneer of the welfare state but also something else: "Jerusalem" had been claimed for politics, and since then all three major political parties have used it for their own ends.

As author Peter Silverton wrote in the *Independent* to mark the 100-year milestone in 2016: "There's something in it for everyone. For believers, an evocation of the possibility of a second coming. For socialists, the horror of dehumanising factories. For nationalists, the notion of England as God's chosen acres. For conservatives, nostalgia for the days when those acres didn't have theme parks and roadside litter trails. For feminists, it's the battle anthem of the Women's Institutes." Or as another left-wing agitator and master lyricist Billy Bragg said, singing it is the "one time I do actually feel pride being English."

Why the "Jerusalem" 101? To illustrate that this is an inescapably popular ode. But now back to our story. Back to the cricket.

• • •

"And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?"

But it's a Barmy Army thing, right? That may have been your response to that wrestling tale. And you would be right, to the extent that the Barmies were all over this well ahead of the formal adoption of the song as England's cricket anthem in 2003.

Graham Barber – or "Big G" as he is lovingly known – remembers the ill-fated Ashes tour of 1998–99, when the words were taught at the end-of-tour bash after members of their crew had taken to belting it out while England were in the field. Indeed, they sang it the day Dean Headley ran through Australia at the MCG to win their only Test that summer.

"That was when it became our standard," says Barber. "To start with, it wasn't brilliantly received as people thought it was a bit too public-schoolish. But since then it has grown and grown and grown." A bit too *public-schoolish*. We'll return to that later.

They prefer "Jerusalem" to the national anthem. For starters, they already repurposed that to mock Australia's antiquated constitutional arrangements with the number "God Save *Your* Queen." But there's more to it than that. "It is an English national anthem rather than a British one," Barber says. And nothing else will quite do – "Rule Britannia" is a bit insensitive when touring the Caribbean, while "Land of Hope and Glory" is just too long – whereas with "Jerusalem", he says, "the words sum up how we feel. That we have built Jerusalem on England's green and pleasant land."

It's that last line, the *green and pleasant land*; that's what hits the spot. Doubly so when England play away, when the song is "owned" by the Barmy Army. For those minutes, the corner of turf marked by the tourists does feel palpably English. Perhaps never more so than as England waltzed to Ashes-winning victories at Melbourne and Sydney in their 2010–11 pasting of the locals: a result beyond the wildest dreams of Gooch in Adelaide 15 years earlier.

It's a tour tradition that continues. It's what the Barmy Army does. Always after the first ball of the day (always). Never as back-up singers to the formal version at home (never).

• • •

"Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!"

2005. You get wistful pangs just saying it out loud. The greatest summer of them all. The Greatest Series Ever™. And, for our purposes, the summer inextricably linked to "Jerusalem" for ever after.

But it was a summer that also asked plenty of questions about identity beyond the boundary. A national election that was an early referendum on Britain's involvement in Iraq. The brutality of the 7 July London terror attacks, killing 56 and maiming scores more. A similarly-themed further attack of the Tube – mercifully ineffective – taking place on the day the Ashes series commenced. Then the wrongful death

of a Brazilian national the following day in the panic that ensued.

At the cricket, on the other hand, the national team sniffed an opportunity to do something profound: to beat the world's best, who had tapered off ever so slightly with age for the first time in a generation. To achieve something bold that would instil a sense of national pride the way that sport has a healthy knack of doing irrespective of how tough times are in the real world around them.

"I'm not sure if you remember Edgbaston?" asks Shaun Ruane, the opera singer who provided the musical backdrop to the summer through his multiple live performances of "Jerusalem". I assured him that, as an Australian, I really do. During Edgbaston's thrilling fourth innings the Barmy Army were urging their compatriots home with the song, Barber describing it as the best finale he has seen anywhere, with an atmosphere to match.

When England squared the series, the Ashes motorcade moved to Manchester. Having seen what had happened in Birmingham, the CEO of Old Trafford, Jim Cumbes, asked Ruane to sing "Jerusalem" live for a bit of added kick. He says the ECB weren't that keen on the idea, as on-pitch singers had not previously hit the mark. "Trust me. I am an opera singer, I am a performer, I have been doing this for 15 years," was Ruane's retort. So they agreed.

The response that first morning was so strong they asked him to stick around and do it again at lunchtime. It was a pattern that repeated as the momentum built. From Old Trafford, to Trent Bridge and ultimately, memorably, to The Oval for the decider that Andrew Miller at ESPNcricinfo described at the time as the nation's biggest sporting event since the 1966 World Cup final.

Meanwhile, npower didn't miss a beat. Peake ordered thousands of CDs to be pumped out, with lyric sheets at the ready. Stories – again reproducing the two verses – appeared in newspapers across the country urging Brits everywhere to down tools at 10:25am to joining with a national rendition of the song as their side took the field. The skipper Michael Vaughan was into it, observing that "the whole country singing a hymn as emotive as 'Jerusalem' is something that will get the boys stirred up just as we come onto the field."

While there is some conjecture about just how ferocious that opening-day chorus was (Miller describing the "bout of typically English antipathy," as the rendition "descended into a moderate burble of fluffed notes"), it continued throughout the match with "countless renditions," according to *Wisden*, both formal and crowd-inspired, before the fifth-morning crescendo.

On a BBC programme devoted to the song's 100 years, Jonathan Agnew (who listed the song first in his "Desert Island Discs") gave his own evocative retelling of what he says was an "extraordinary" final day at The Oval: "Shaun Ruane was only a few feet away from me. We looked at each other and we gave each other a little nod – and bang on cue he started," he said. "My hair was on end."

When it was over, the team stood arm in arm linked in Trafalgar Square, Ruane once more on the mic. They sang it again. As it had been designed to do decades earlier, in this tangential way "Jerusalem" had again become a rallying call for solidarity in a time of national uncertainty. And its place in English cricket hasn't been questioned since.

Ruane has been a staple of every home Ashes contest since, with his tailor-made recorded version used as the team run-out every morning. In 2009 the ECB, said Ruane, "wanted the song to get under the skin of the Aussies" due to the association it had with their previous failed visit. But they hit a bit of a problem: Australia were waiting at the top of the stairs until the song was over, sung as it was after the five-minute bell was rung. "So it was decided I wouldn't sing it until three minutes to go so they would be on pitch when it reached its climax, and they had to hear it on pitch. A little bit of gamesmanship." Never hurt anyone.

• • •

"I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land."

For all the disparate threads of British society who have at one time or another latched onto "Jerusalem", the song doesn't escape a considered critique of its appropriateness, principally when taking a closer look at the lyrics. It's an examination that anthems don't always measure up well against. The French? "La Marseillaise" (stirring as it is) pledges to "Let impure blood water our furrows." Ouch. And that bit in the (admittedly arcane) second verse of "God Save the Queen" about crushing the rebellious Scots? Probably not ideal for Andy Murray after winning a gold medal for Great Britain.

The evaluation of BBC commentator Daniel Norcross (a history scholar in an earlier life) is stirred by lyrics in "Jerusalem" inconsistent to the intent of the original author. Namely, the "satanic mills" referred to at the first stanza – accepted as a direct reference to oppressive conditions experienced by workers during the worst of the industrial revolution. "I detest the appropriation of Blake's words by the very people he would have despised today. Blake was a non-conformist who hated the subjugation of the working masses to the pecuniary interests of a factory-owning elite who worked hand in glove with the established church to repress social justice," he says. "As a keen supporter of both the French Revolution and Napoleon, he would be baffled and aghast to see the suited middle classes bellowing his words without irony as if it were a paean to the inherent and enduring superiority of Englishness over all others. In God's name, what in hell do they think the 'dark satanic mills' are?"

Similarly, the *Spectator*'s Kate Maltby wrote that the "fantasy" of a New Jerusalem in England is "widely understood by anyone who studies Blake to be a stonking parody of Napoleonic era nationalism. Even in 1804, no one sung and danced about their own 'mental fight' and expected to be taken seriously."

Current editor of *Wisden*, Lawrence Booth, is another "not wild" about the song's status as England's official cricket anthem. "It has

bugger all to do with cricket," is his first point. He continues: "Cricket isn't the kind of sport where people need revving up at the start of the play, like rugby or football."

It is a view that counters that of the marketers who suggested the innovation. But a sedate start for a more sedate game has its own persuasiveness. Especially when overdone to the extent of the opening 2015 Ashes Test, where huge herald's trumpets with flags bearing the ECB insignia were blown during the song, lyrics rolling on the scoreboard like a karaoke bar (in a match being played in Wales, no less).

Booth's final point is where he hits hardest. "It strengthens the prejudice, in England, of cricket being a sport for toffs: 'Jerusalem', let's be honest, conjures up images of Saturday-morning chapel at public schools, or the Women's Institute AGM. It doesn't suggest cricket is a sport for the people, when cricket's history suggests otherwise."

With four Muslims in England's South Asian touring party at time of writing, the underlying Christian nature of the song – a hymn, after all – is worth noting. Of course, being Muslim doesn't preclude someone from adoring the song. But in the same way that Fawad Ahmed vetoed one beer brand for his Australian uniform (and was racially vilified for it) and Hashim Amla's refused to have the Castle logo on his South Africa shirt, awareness begets inclusivity.

Returning to Norcross, it's his own final comment that highlights the conundrum here: that "Jerusalem" is, in his assessment and that of a great many others, "a cracking poem set to a great tune which is more stirring than our dirge of a national anthem."

It's a position Ruane readily agrees with: that musically, first and foremost, it is without peer for the task at hand; that the words, by and large, come second. "It's something you can get your teeth into musically and sing, and there are quite a few lines in there that are very powerful," he says, before launching into verse. "But the tune is wonderful, so that's first."

Which brings us back to the start. What is an anthem? Why do they work? You needn't be a jingoistic nationalist to burst out of your chair when "God Defend New Zealand" comes on the loudspeaker. And if you haven't gone on a YouTube deep dive to watch grown men cry when the Welsh national song "Land of my Fathers" comes on before a rugby international, you really haven't lived. For my part, I've watched the Euro 1996 semi-final rendition of "God Save the Queen" countless times, and I've spent most of my adult life campaigning against my country having a monarchy to begin with.

The point is that anthems act in different ways. "Advance Australia Fair" isn't winning any awards for inspirational scores, but it's *our* song and so it works for us. Especially in front of 80,000 at the MCG. Then it really works. And in a world that's so crippled with division and hate and worse, maybe stopping for a moment and bringing plenty of people together to sing is OK. Not perfect. Not awful. But pretty OK.

• • •

EXTRACTS

What characterised the romantic view? Above all, cricket was valued for beauty, for style: batsmen for the elegance of their strokeplay, with wrist- and foot-work prized over force; bowlers for the grace of their run-ups or actions; both for approximating a Platonic ideal of how a cover drive should be played or an outswinger bowled while projecting effortlessness. In India, this last quality was especially prized: the phrases "lazy elegance" and "effortless ease" connote pure approval, while "brute force" is pejorative. The interest in style went beyond the action on the field to how the players were turned out, from the cut and condition of their clothes to their hair and moustaches. Winning was secondary, even incidental.

KESHAVA GUHA

• • •

No one would argue that the amateur cricketer – however inept – is not playing essentially the same game as the professional. We abide by the same rules; we wear similar clothing, and wield broadly similar equipment (save for we ancients, who refuse the effeminate degeneracy of a helmet). But this is only to say that a bumbling field vole and a prowling leopard are both mammals, or that a Nando's half-chicken with free bottomless frozen yogurt, and the 17-course tasting menu at the Fat Duck are both meals. The greater skill, training, strength and fitness of the professional kicks in from the moment they slip lithely into their whites – and believe me, I wish I had a Nando's half-chicken for every time I've seen a teammate fall over trying to pull up his trousers in the cluttered turmoil of the changing-room.

ANTHONY MCGOWAN

• • •

Who are the reigning Olympic cricket champions? Given that the most recent Olympic cricket tournament took place 116 years ago in 1900, you can be forgiven a momentary pause for thought here.

The answer is, of course, Great Britain who defeated France (the only other nation in the tournament) by 158 runs to win gold at the 1900 Paris Games. That was it for cricket's Olympic involvement, though. Four years later, the sport was scheduled to be included at the 1904 Games in St Louis but a lack of facilities led to it being cancelled at short notice and – aside from a token appearance during the opening ceremony for London 2012 – it hasn't been seen at an Olympic Games since.

SARAH SHEPHARD

• • •

How did we end up here, Dad?
The two of us, side by side
For two days in the Scarborough sun.
Too close on white bucket seats
Saying nothing much that matters,
In a crowd full of strangers.

BENJAMIN BRILL

• • •

The Kowloon Cricket Club is a postage stamp-sized pool of calm in one of the busiest and most vibrant cities on earth. Kowloon, across the harbour from Hong Kong Island, is densely populated, hectic, ravenously mercantile and always hot and sticky. Its cricket club has a sturdy white wall which, along with some fencing, separates it from a public children's play area on Cox's Road. The ground runs most of the length of this residential street; next door is the Kowloon Bowling Green Club, whose coat of arms is a stolid, quartered shield of red and navy, the sensible colours of school games socks. An A4 sign added to it warns: "Pokémon Go users are not permitted to enter the club premises. Unauthorised entry will be prosecuted."

ALAN TYERS

• • •

French cricket is a deliberate contradiction, where "cricket" denotes human values beyond reproach. "French", on the other hand, stands for all that is irredeemably flawed. "French", paired with "cricket", is not the French of toast and kisses, the French good stuff, but of frogs' legs and air traffic control strikes.

Like the French cut (an earlier name for the Chinese cut, the false shot that squirts past the stumps and scoots to the boundary), French cricket is essentially a mistake. No wonder, then, that it's such a terrible game to play.

RICHARD BEARD

• • •

England is at once the most inventive and the most traditional of the cricket-playing nations. The country that invented overarm bowling, helmets and the professional limited-over tournament is also deeply protective of the sustenance to be gained from the sport's rich past. The result is a tension that can all too often paralyse the ability of English cricket to exploit its own innovations. History both inspires and gets in the way.

TOM HOLLAND

• • •

These ageing enthusiasts are organised in so-called over-40s teams in which a lot of the players are over 60 and some are well over 70. Off the west coast of Canada on Vancouver Island, across the Salish Sea from Vancouver, Cowichan XL has been in operation for more than 30 years, with only a handful of its current members as young as their forties or fifties. Cowichan XL plays "friendly" games, mostly on Thursday afternoons, against other geriatric outfits, about half of them from Vancouver.

The brainchild of an enterprising former teacher turned life-insurance salesman, known to almost everyone as PC, the XL was established in 1985 as an arm of Cowichan CC. The idea was to provide regular weekly cricket for older players who would otherwise be put out to pasture. Not coincidentally, it was also a way of putting additional resources into the coffers of the club. Annual XL subscriptions, game fees and beer sales have nicely supplemented funds available to the team that competes in the Victoria and District League.

This is the story of Cowichan XL: its unlikely setting; the somewhat unconventional brand of cricket played; and the players.

JOHN SCHOFIELD

• • •

Cricket on Ice in St Moritz, which Haering founded in 1988, is one of the most reassuring sights of the sporting year. The four-team round-robin – artificial grass pitch, 20 overs a side, pink or orange plasticky ball that stays dry in the snow – celebrates its 30th edition in February 2017, and deserves every bit of congratulation it gets. One confidently suspects the champagne is already ordered.

MIKE PHILLIPS

• • •

David has put into actual mathematics what my seven-year-old brain could sense but wasn't capable of working out. On average, a wicket falls every nine balls in Owzthat so – allowing for an average of two or three no-balls per innings – each innings lasts just 14.3 or 14.4 overs. The average team score is 242.5. On this basis an average Test match using Owzthat would be over just after tea on day one.

DANIEL NORCROSS

• • •

On his first day as newly-throned MCC president, Derek "Deadly" Underwood, taker of 2,465 first-class wickets at a little over 20 apiece, walked into the Lord's pavilion. Hanging on a wall just inside the entrance, towering six foot square, was the masterful Brendan Kelly portrait of Sir Vivian Richards.

"Oh, Christ," said Underwood. "Not him again."

NICK HOGG

• • •

In the sporting world, however, Graeme is synonymous with character and achievement. Tap "famous Graemes" into Google and the results are decidedly cricket-heavy, with a who's who of international and county players hailing predominantly from South Africa and England: Fowler, Gooch, Hick, Dilley, Thorpe, Swann, Ford, Onions, Wagg, Smith and Pollock, for example. Could it be that something in that two-syllable, five-phoneme proper noun, which begins like a snarl and rolls into a hesitation, predisposes its carriers to a competitive bent – a predilection for summer afternoons on the square and long winters in the nets?

TIM COOKE

• • •

In one of my first ever cricket matches I blocked resolutely for a draw. It was an under-11 Twenty20 fixture – best score wins of course, but I had recently been informed of the existence of the draw and had become temporarily fascinated by it. So I stoutly played out the last over. Two runs were required to win, maybe three. And I may have even shouldered arms at the final two deliveries. Anyhow, I shook hands with my grateful opponents and strode off wondering if it might seem precocious to raise my bat while Mario O'Kelly, showing the motivational nous that would see him one day manage the Clontarf first XI, climbed onto a bench and hit me on the top of the head with a stump. That's one of the cricket stories I tell my kids.

PETER PRENDERGAST

• • •

The ICC's annual awards can feel a little like a school sports day designed for every child to leave with a medal draped around their neck. Along with Test, ODI and overall players of the year, there's also an emerging cricketer of the year, an Associate and Affiliate player of the year, a T20 international performance of the year and – inevitably – a spirit of cricket award. One award, though, is conspicuous by its absence: fielder of the year.

TIM WIGMORE

• • •

Cricket is a game built on hope. Never is that hope greater for club players than during winter nets, a time of promise and future glory. Yet those emotions were far from my mind one cold and dark Sunday in February about 15 years ago. My only hope was that I would get out of the session with my pride and body intact.

I was 15 or 16 and had made my debut for the second team of my club the previous summer. I had obviously showed something in the previous few nets as I was invited to bat in the first-team lane. It would be ten minutes I would never forget.

ROB JOHNSTON

• • •

Never mind that the South Africans recently inflicted the Aussies' only 5-0 thrashing in a one-day rubber. Wasn't that triumph earned without an injured AB de Villiers? And with Hashim Amla, Dale Steyn and Kagiso Rabada performing below their skyscraping standards? Didn't it follow the brutalising of New Zealand in a Test at Centurion in August, which offered more than hope that a 2015/16 campaign in which South Africa lost five of eight Tests was but a speedbump on the detour they took after spending 40 of 41 months on top of the rankings?

TELFORD VICE

• • •

The bus dropped me off opposite 1 Sussex Drive the prime minister's elaborate residence with high walls, water fountains and courtyards for miles. And a few steps from there was a green wooden pavilion on a field fit for several rugby matches. I saw men – some dressed in whites – hitting each other catches, padding up and stretching. And with that, I joined the hodgepodge of cricket tragics at Rideau Hall, which embodied West Indians, the vast majority of the subcontinent, the occasional Brit and Australian. What I learned in the months to come is that cricket is as much a religion in Ottawa as in Lahore.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON

• • •

The whites have had their final wash of the summer and been bundled into the back of a wardrobe for winter. The bat – surprisingly unused, many of us find, apart from a few red marks around the edges – has been put into the cupboard under the stairs. But the biggest challenge of the cricket season still lies ahead. The time when final scores will be tallied and old ones settled. The end-of-year cricket dinner.

JOHN CRACE

• • •

THE Nightwatchman
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