

Cricket on an empty stomach

This was a post I typed on the message board on February 23rd. but it went missing. Can anyone explain the vagaries of technology or should we stick to cloth caps and clogs. Anyway here is my post for what it's worth. The venue at Hanging Heaton was excellent. Well done as usual to our organisers but just one little criticism if I may. At half time when we left the hallowed sanctum of the committee room I could have murdered pie and peas. However, Peter and Rob I shall not be going to the press unlike the reporter who wrote in The Rossendale Division Gazette 29/07/1893, 'these gentlemen are allowed to 'come out' by the pavilion door, whilst those of their confreres . . . have to pass through the gateway and suffer many other such indignities, amongst the rest having to dine off cold mutton, whilst the so-called amateur gets his salmon, and what is more, in some instances even having to pay for it . . . when is this snobbishness to cease, and when will the MCC authorities rise to the occasion and purge from our midst this obnoxious pestilence?' (Heywood 2004pp.181).And my Last Post from the front line which this little episode of the salmon and the mutton reminded me of. In his play R.C.Sheriff, a former officer himself, describes an incident which could have come from the same pen as the outraged journalist quoted above. Newly out to the front young Raleigh does not turn into the bunker to eat with his fellow officers (chicken, wine and later cigars), but settles for tea, bread and cheese in the line with the men. This infuriates Stanhope, the Company Commander, and he rounds on Raleigh, 'Are you telling me- you've been feeding with the men . . . Do you think they want an officer prowling round eating their rations . . . My officers are here to be respected – not laughed at (1993 pp.88-9).Amateurs and players Officers and men the distinction was there. Is all fair in love and war and sport ?

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