

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW DESIGN CLUB • ISSUE 100 FEBRUARY 2015



Brace yourself

Why and how you should wear braces

A @&%*ing good read!

Maximillion Conrad on the history of swearing

Just who are the Committee?

A special centenary edition of the Brogues Gallery

Nowhere to Go?

Then come to our February Film Night, featuring 1950s Brit noir thriller *Nowhere to Go*

100TH
ISSUE

The return of the Sheridan Christmas House. Almost

Mild in the Country

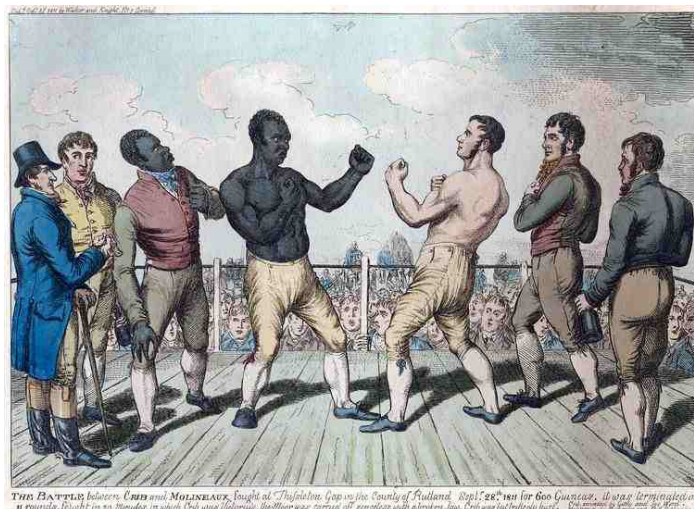


The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 4th February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when “Chuckles”

Younghusband (red shorts, 168 pounds, undefeated) will thrill us with *A History of Bare-Knuckle Boxing*, with a particular focus on the Victorian Camden-based hard man, Tom Sayers.



there was no outcry, fainting or raids by the Vice Squad. Mr Conrad explained that the concept originated as an oath, usually on God or some part of Him, swearing that something was true or would be done. This was effectively to involve God

in a three-way contract, and it was felt that to do this over something trivial was to use His name in vain—hence “swearing”. In these early days offensive oaths were all religious in nature, and many of the anatomical or scatological terms we now find shocking were just everyday terms for facts of life. By Victorian times, however, they reached a peak of sensitivity about the body—even the word “leg” was considered too racy to use in front of ladies. Today we are more easy-going (the BBC does not even have a list of banned words any more and few newspapers would probably bother to miss out crucial letters when printing a swearword) but the concept of “bad words” persists, perhaps nowadays focusing on racial slurs. Many thanks to Mr Conrad for an enlightening talk.

The Last Meeting

Despite January being traditionally a time when no one goes out, our gathering did fill up in time for this month's lecture, which was an address by Maximillion Conrad on *A Brief History of Profanity: Abridged but Uncensored*, which he introduced as, “A chap's guide to swearing like a stevedore. A shocking romp through the underbelly of society, to leafy spires of academia, to illuminate the many forms and uses of swearing, blasphemy, lewdness and vituperation!” It was always a risk, given that both his talk and his slides were cesspools of filth, but it seems NSC types are hard to shock and



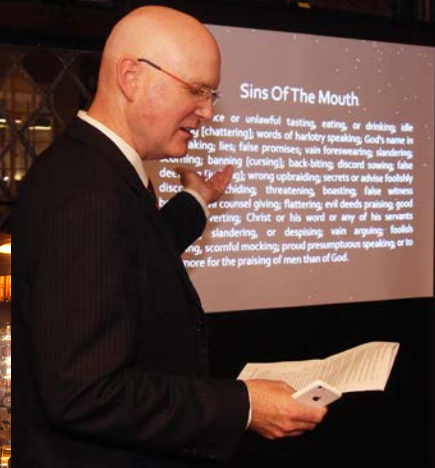
Scarheart stands in for Chairman Torquil to deliver the opening address



A first-time visitor hovers on the threshold behind Paul Fletcher



(Above and left) Mr Conrad gets stuck into his subject; (below) his labours over, he gets stuck into a pint with Matthew Howard



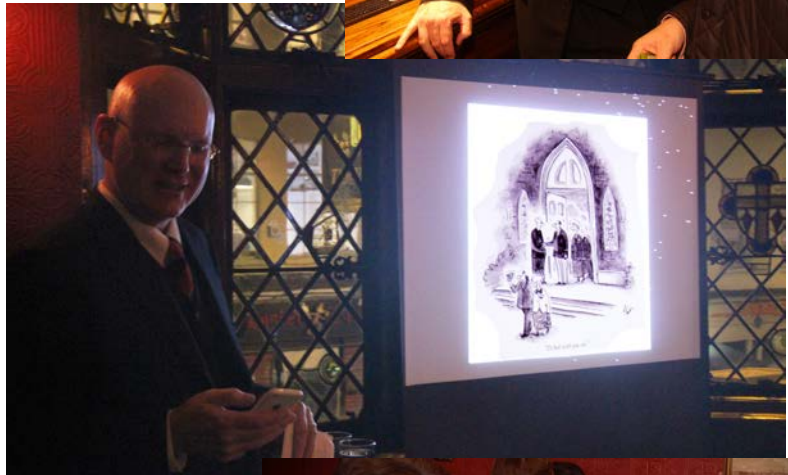
Sins Of The Mouth
... or unlawful tasting, eating, or drinking; idle
... [chattering]; words of haughty speaking; God's name in
...; lies; false promises; vain forewarning; swearing;
...; bantering (sousing); back-biting; discord; railing; false
...; wrong upraising; secrets or advice foolishly
...; childing; threatening; boasting; false witness
...; counsel giving; flattering; evil deeds; praising good
...; Christ or his word or any of his servants
...; or despising with arguing; foolish
...; scornful mocking; proud presumptuous speaking; or to
... more for the praising of men than of God.



(Left) Craigho props up the bar; (below) Maximillion shares a cartoon ridiculing a religion. Now where have I heard that before..? (Below left) Emily Lahey and a chap with a splendid tie



(Below), Craigho and Scarheart playfully threaten to glass Stewart;



(right) Mark's friend Taylor does some palmistry

A BRIEF HISTORY ABRIDGED BUT UNCENSORED

WHEN I WAS young—I don't recall exactly my age but I was probably six or seven years old—a classmate drew me aside and said he had to tell me something. He had just learned a new word. A very bad word. A word so bad that it was never to be spoken in front of adults or the consequences would surely be severe punishment. The word, and its possible effects were so great that he couldn't tell me the word, for my own protection. I thought I knew most words and wondered what this word could possibly be.

Days later, after much pestering from me he finally told me the word. I don't recall what it was now, but I do recall not understanding what it meant, or how to use it. Not that that mattered much. I now knew a bad word of such strength that its mere use could devastate any who heard it.

Such is the power of swear words, or profanity.

Swear words' strength started long ago when they were controlled by religion. In the Middle Ages swearing an oath was the primary contract between God and man and between individuals. Swearing an oath meant a promise to God, and false swearing was blasphemous or vain. Long ago, oaths were not so much made, as cut, literally. This included sacrifices of animals which bound the oath taker to their action; inviting God to do the same action to them if they should fail to keep their promise. Oaths were also cut into stone or bronze, sometimes on to pillars so all the public could witness their sincerity.

When swearing an oath there were rules that must be followed to ensure it was done correctly. Swearing could only be to God or some proxy of him such as his name, his holiness, or a part of him such as his arm or blood. Swearing cannot be idle or for no good reason. This kind of swearing is considered to be vain swearing, and was considered a grave enough sin to rate its own commandment. The third commandment says, "You should not take the name of the Lord your God in vain," meaning that if you swear falsely, you are asking God to give his imprimatur to a lie or something not worthy of his attention, implicating him

in your dishonesty and dishonouring him in turn.

Vain swearing was a big problem in the Middle Ages—swearing by God's bones, blood, hands, feet, nails, such as in the *Canterbury Tales* where one of the travellers shouts, "Tell us a fable now, for God's bones!" For it was believed that swearing in vain physically hurt God.

This was because when an oath is sworn, God takes part in the guaranteeing of the oath. So when someone swore falsely by God's blood, or sides, or nails they rend God limb from limb.

Now, gentle reader, you haven't heard me say anything, so far, that would by most common standards be considered to be swearing. Words like "bollocks", "fuck" or even "cunt" were not considered to be obscene in the Middle Ages. They knew these were foul words, but did not consider them to be obscene. They were more statements of fact than words that

**WARNING:
THIS ARTICLE
CONTAINS SOME
BLOODY RUDE WORDS!**

OF PROFANITY

By Maximillion Conrad

could endanger your soul. Some place names still survive that reflect this. Names such as Gropecuntelane (Oxford), Schetewellwey (Shitwell Way, Warwickshire), and Pissing Alley (various).

They did use words to insult, usually on a sexual nature, addressing a woman as a “whore” and “harlot” and a man as “cuckold” and “whoreson”. There were campaigns by the church against foul words, as they could lead people down the road to Hell. The early 15th-century *Speculum Christiani* (The Christian’s Mirror) listed the sins of the tongue as:

Intemperance or unlawful tasting, eating or drinking; idle jangling [chattering]; words of harlotry speaking; God’s name in vain taking; lies; false promises; vain forswearing; slandering; scorning; banning [cursing]; back-biting; discord sowing; false deeming [judging]; wrong upbraiding; secrets or advice foolishly discovering; chiding; threatening, boasting; false witness bearing, evil counsel giving; flattering; evil deeds praising; good deeds perverting; Christ or his word or any of his servants scorning, slandering, or despising; vain arguing; foolish laughing, scornful mocking; proud presumptuous speaking; or to sing more for the praising of men than of God.

The Renaissance period saw a decline in the

power of the church to compel obedience.

This was the beginning of equivocation.

Equivocation was a kind of swearing to deceive the listener without lying (to God), through the use of double meanings or mental reservation. An example of equivocation through mental reservation would be to say out loud, “I did not have sexual relations with that woman,” but add in your mind, “...so that it’s any of your business.” Or an equivocation through double meaning could be, “Thank you for the book. I will waste no time reading it.” The intended listener would hear what the speaker needed them to hear, and God would hear the speaker’s thoughts that represented the truth.

This may seem like simple wordplay to us but it was a deadly serious matter. It was used primarily by Catholics in England to avoid persecution by the Protestants without committing the sins of lying or perjury. They could then see the Catholic priest necessary to save their soul, and save their body by equivocating when questioned by Protestant authorities. But it also could be used by thieves





"To hell with you, too."

or plotters against the Queen to mislead the authorities, but remain truthful to God. This marked the beginning of the end for the power of holy oaths or swearing, and the beginning of the kinds of obscenities we have today.

When does “fuck” arrive on the scene? It started to appear in print in the 1500s. Dictionaries at the time would not print *fuck*, but instead used the words *swive*, *frig* or *sarde*. Everyone knew exactly what they meant, and they could then be spoken or printed without causing too much scandal. About this same time there developed a genre of poetry called

“flyting” that was a contest of using obscene words to insult one’s opponent. The written records of it surviving were primarily from royal courts but it was surely widely practiced. Here is an example of a flyting between Franciscan Friar Dunbar and Walter Kennedy, a court poet.

Kennedy to Dunbar:

*Diseased vulture and common parasite,
Weakly conceived foundling that Nature made a
dwarf...*

Dunbar to Kennedy:

*Deformed wretch, I warn you it is known
How, you shitting hermaphrodite, you have diarrhoea
behind,
Sad wriggling wasp, you have beshit more worms
Than there is grass on ground or leaf on linden tree.*

Around this time more shame began to be associated with our bodies. It was at one time considered to be a mark of favour to let a social inferior, say, see your balls or bare breasts. Hence, among the royals, the lowest of spaces for the Queen to receive you was in public, whereas the highest was in the Queens closet (bathroom).

Oaths were losing their power, and were being overtaken by words as a power to shock. This does not mean that oaths or holy swearing was declining in popularity. In fact, the holy oaths once considered so scandalous have become some of the most commonly used today. In a US study in 2006 roughly 80% of all swearing consisted of the words “Hell”, “Damn”, “God-damn”, “Jesus Christ” and “Oh, my God”, swear words we would now

consider absolutely banal.

Swear words were starting to transform in the 18th century as they started to assume more of the shock and emotional charge that oaths once had. This was especially true for bodily words, as they were considered to be very offensive among the Victorians. Legs, for example, were considered to be taboo. And the word “trousers”, because they enclosed legs, was also considered to be a difficult word among polite society; they were referred to as “inexpressibles”, “indescribables”, “etceteras”, “unmentionables”, “indispensables”, and “inexplicables”.

An excellent example of how shocking the Victorians found the mention of “intimate” bodily parts is encapsulated by Captain Fredrick Marryat, a British Royal Navy officer, novelist, and an acquaintance of Charles Dickens, in his 1839 book *Diary in America* that recounts:

When at Niagara Falls, I was escorting a young lady with whom I was on friendly terms. She had been standing on a piece of rock, the better to view the scene, when she slipped down, and was evidently hurt by the fall; she had



P. BYRNES.

“He’s swearing in full sentences now.”

Penis...

Alabama black snake – anaconda – anal impaler – baby arm – baby maker – bald-headed yogurt slinger – baloney pony – BBC – BBD – big Dick and the twins – big Italian salami – bird – bobby dangler – bologna pony – bone – boner – boom stick – bratwurst – broner – bud – cack – chap – choad – chode – chopper – chub – chubbie – chup – chut – cock – cock rocket – cornholer – cut – D – dangler – dick – dick smalls – ding – ding-a-ling – ding dong – dingis – dinker – dinky – dipstick – disco stick – dodder – doinker – domepiece – dong – dork, the D train – e-peen – general, two colonels – get it up – giggle stick – gut wrench – hard-on – head – helmet – hockey cocky – hog – hooded – hotdog – hung – jimmy – johnson – John Thomas – joystick – kielbasa – knob – lady boner – love muscle – love shaft – love stick – main vein – manhood – man muscle – master of ceremonies – meat popsicle – meat thermometer – member – middle leg – monster – Mr Happy – Mr Winky – ol’ one-eye – one-eyed monster – one-eyed snake – one-eyed trouser snake – P – packer – patz – pecker – peen – pee pee – peeper – peeter – Peter – Ph.D – pickle – piece – pink tractor beam – plonker – pocket rocket – polaroid – pole – pop a chub – pork sword – prick – pud – purple-headed soldier – purple headed solider man – purple-headed warrior – putz – rod – Russell the love muscle – salami – sausage – schlong – schlort – schmeckel – schwartz – sponge – shaft – shlitle – shlong – shrinkage – skin flute – steamin’ semen roadway – stiffie – stiffy – tallywhacker – tally whacker – tent pole – thing – third leg – throbbler – tonsil tickler – tool – tripod – trouser meat – trouser snake – tube steak – twig – unit – wang – wanker – wankie – wee – weenie – wee wee – weiner – whang – whiskey dick – who who dilly – wiener – willie – willy – winky – wood – yogurt slinger – yoo-hoo – zubra

in fact grazed her shin. As she limped a little in walking home, I said, “Did you hurt your leg much?” She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word leg was never mentioned before ladies. [I asked] what name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word limb was used; “nay,” continued she, “I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a piano-forte.”

Euphemisms became commonplace to describe anything that could give offence. The newly emerged middle-class were particularly conscious of what their words said about them and didn’t want to say the wrong thing that might jeopardise their hard-earned place in society. The toilet thus became “bathroom”, “rest room”, “lavatory” or “wash closet”.

In print, words that were once published completely began to appear in a form familiar enough for the reader to know what they meant, but not so complete as to give offence. The word “bloody” is a good example. It has gotten progressively stronger as an expletive over time, reaching a point in the late 1800s where it was written out as “b----y”, or just “b-----“. George Bernard Shaw in his play *Pygmalion*, wanting to create a scandal, but not too big a scandal, had Eliza Doolittle say in her newly acquired posh accent, “Walk! Not bloody likely! I am going in a taxi!”

There are a number of swear words or obscenities that have been forgotten. Words such as:

Huffle—defined as “a piece of bestiality too filthy for explanation”

To *bagpipe*—again “a lascivious practice too indecent for explanation”, but most likely a blowjob

Larking—yet again a word so foul that it is simply defined as a “lascivious practice that will not bear explanation”

Tip the velvet—“French kissing”

Lobcock—“a large, relaxed penis, also a dull inanimate fellow”

Rantallion—“one whose scrotum is so relaxed as to be longer than his penis”

But this doesn’t mean that we are not creating

new swear or obscene words. Mass media such as movies and music have been a fertile ground for developing and sharing new swear or obscene words with millions worldwide simultaneously. To take but two examples from the human anatomy the Victorians were most fearful of, the penis and the vagina, as the starting point, the tables on these two pages show the many ways they have been enhanced.

Following the World Wars people began to swear more than they had in the past. Euphemisms such as “fug” or “effing” were now being spelt out as “fuck”. The word “fuck” itself became embroidered, being married with other words to enhance its power to shock, examples including “dumbfuck”, “flying fuck”, “motherfucker”, “motherfucking”, and “absofuckinglutely”.

A popular song sung among the troops in the Second World War is a good example of the word’s ubiquitousness among swear words:

Fuck ’em all!
Fuck ’em all!
The long and the short and the tall;
Fuck all the Sergeants and W.O.1s,
Fuck all the corporals and their bastard sons;
For we’re saying goodbye to them all,
As up the C.O.’s arse they crawl;
You’ll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, fuck ’em all!

Moving into the 20th century, swearing and obscenity, once the preserve of the church, were now being regulated by the courts—the books *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* both being briefly banned as they were deemed to contain obscene words or descriptions. An example from *Ulysses* being the sentence, “God fuck old Bennet. He’s a whitearsed bugger. I don’t give a shit for him.”

That, gentle reader, brings us to today, where after 9pm on the BBC you can hear practically any swear word you care to listen to, and some far too frequently. So frequently, that in this writer’s opinion they begin to lose their ability to shock. Our society has become inured, to a great extent, to the shock and power of the swearing. Used sparingly, and with the right touch of humour (or threat, whichever is appropriate to the circumstances) they can be a powerful tool at a chap’s disposal.

Vagina...

Axe wound – badly wrapped kebab – bald man in a boat – bang hole – bat cave – bean – bearded clam – bearded oyster – beav – beaver – beefcurtain – beef curtain – beef flap – birth cannon – blue waffle – box – bread – buju – camel’s foot – camel toe – candy – chach – cha cha – cherry – chocha – cho-cho – chonch – choot – clit – clown hole – clunge – cock – cock pocket – cock socket – coo – cooch – coochie – cookie – coosie – cooter – cuder – cunny – cunt – cunt hole – cunt punt – cutty – cut up – ‘c’ word – fanny – fish taco – flange – front bottom – fuck hole – fur burger – fur pie – gap – gash – growler – hair burger – hair pie – hairy axe wound – ham flap – ham wallet – hatchet wound – hooded lady – hoo-hoo – hot pocket – ill na-na – incision – jute – kitty – kooch – kooter – kuder – lip – love cave – love taco – lunchmeat – mangina – man in the boat, the – meat curtains – meat flap – meatwallet – meat wallet – minge – moose knuckle – muff – muffin – na-na – nappy dugout – neden – ninja foot – nookie – open wound – pink – pink canoe – pink sausage wallet – pink taco – pink velvet sausage wallet – piss flaps – pookie – poon – poonaner – poonani – poontang – poon tang pie – pootang – poo tang – pooter – pootie tang – prison purse – promised land, the – punani – punanni – puss – pussy – putang – pu-tang – quif – quiff – quim – quivering mound of love pudding – roast beef – roast beef curtains – slit – smush mitten – snatch – snizz – soggy box – sprained vagina – tampon tunnel – tang – trim – tunnel of love – twat – twitchet – V – vadge – vag – vagine – vagoo – vajajjay – va-jay-jay – vajizzle – vertical smile – whisker biscuit – whispering eye – wizard sleeve – woo – woogit – wugget – wuss

Tweed, mud & Black Tie

A weekend celebration of Chappist tradition at the NSC Post-Christmas House

Report by the House Committee, Pri Kali and Harrison Goldman

THE CHRISTMAS TREES had just been packed away, extra crackers popped, wine, port and chestnuts all finished and enough turkey eaten to have easily fed all of the Quakers pioneering on the East Coast of America in the 17th century (provided they were still alive and hungry). Back from the pampering of our families, the little stockings emptied with care, Santa's cookies eaten and reindeer's droppings

cleared from the rooftops, and the exuberant, if intoxicating, New Year's celebrations survived—for some an annual rite of passage from which they had only recently recovered.

During this sobering time, the Average Man or Woman could be found desperately clinging to their New Year's resolutions, braving the cold with a strong mug of builder's, while donning such sufficiently large amounts of acrylic as to

almost be illegal. Above all, they wondered where their cheeky little bank balance had abandoned them to for the month.

Meanwhile, warm wool-wearing and forward-thinking members of the NSC packed into the most stylish modes of transport available and headed down to a big house in Kent, bags bursting with tweed, black tie and smoking accessories. Trains and motor cars, walkers and cabs, by Friday night most of us had





The party assemble at Hoath House and make themselves at home; (below right) Lizzie Beckwith dreams of a full-page portrait in *Country Life*





Organisers Pri Kali (above) and Harrison Goldman (left); (Below left) Stuart Turner; (below) Tim wins the Chromatic Prize by blending in with his seat cushion



joined the growing swoon that was the NSC Post-Christmas House, based at Hoath House, Edenbridge. As they settled into their rooms and their company for the weekend, some new faces, some old, the first meal was prepared and served, followed by evening drinks and a bit of waltzing. Bell, our butler-in-residence, was kindly joined by Mr Lay, and both volunteered their time, knowledge and skill to serve us at dinner. Pri's accomplished French onion soup was followed by Mr Robert Beckwith's famous Beef Wellington, chased up with Miss Suzanne Coles' fabulous summer pudding with port. All in all, a relaxing evening was had by all, and already by the end of that first fateful night new friendships had been kindled, with the promise of more to come.

Breakfast was a lazy and casual affair, full of tea, conversation and toast. Gentleman's Relish was relished, while all morning Miss Coles had been working hard in the kitchen preparing lunch with Alison Toussaint-Kaye and others. Conversation upon conversation, and chit-chatting and chatting about, eventually led

to a group assembling for a short walk across the Kentish plains, with the goal of visiting the local pub The Rock, with its ley lines, locals and fresh brew. Many hours later, after a slightly unanticipated and long voyage across the muddiest fields Kent had to offer, along with the mandatory pub visit, the return to Hoath House for tea cake and respite was well appreciated.

However, not long did we have to wait for our next event in the timetable. The sounding of the gong—ahem, Swedish cow bell—roused guests from the drawing rooms to their various dressing rooms to change for dinner. After the tying of ties, zipping of gowns, slipping of shoes and fastening of cuffs, Bell announced aperitifs were ready with champagne served in the panelled library. After the initial drink, we were entertained by a splendid demonstration of sabrage by Pri. Fortunately, no beams, glasses or object d'art were harmed in the making of that performance. Before the remainder of the house's champagne could be consumed, we entered the dining room for dinner. A stunning table was laid out resembling a candlelit supper



(Above) Birgit organises some *bartitsu* self-defence classes (can't be too careful in the country); (left and below) what starts as a bracing ramble to the pub degenerates into (bottom left) a sea of mud, a loss of direction and ultimately (bottom right) a bit of a sense-of-humour failure





(Left) Scarheart works out how to poison only parts of the duck while unsuspecting guests assemble (above); Pri demonstrates sabrage with a kukri (below) and Bell distributes the Champagne; dinner is followed by a cockney singalong (bottom right) and more conventional after-dinner pursuits (bottom left)



of which even Mrs Hyacinth Bucket would have been proud. A sumptuous banquet of Gravalax, Roast Goose and Duck finished by freshly baked cakes was created by Pri, Scarheart, Chez Clark and Kellyanne Nash respectively. After a trio of speeches by our representative from the Glorious Committee and the two organisers, we returned to the library for the evening's musical performance.

Without a doubt a great highlight of the weekend was our special guest Mr Tom Carradine. Famous for his performances at Wiltons Music Hall (see the events section of this issue). Digestif in one hand, songbook in the other, we all raised the roof bellowing out the old favourites, songs from the war, musicals and British anthems. As a thank-you, our gift was Club membership; we all very much hope to see more of Tom at the Club soon.

In Sheridanite tradition, the night was by no means over there, even after almost two great hours. The music veered into the more

contemporary period of history, and yes all dignity was lost by several unnamed members of the Club, who most certainly refused to *Resign!*

The morning after was a light-hearted affair mainly about consuming the leftovers. The brunch-eon of 15-plus courses varied from baked camembert (just one of the many cheeses kindly sponsored by Mr Stuart Turner), shredded duck and smoked salmon, to cream in several forms: clotted, single, whipped and pouring.

As if enough alcohol had not already been consumed, a return visit to the pub was made, returning just in time for carriages, trains and motorcars to ferry our guests home to the smoke and beyond.

It was such a delight to revive the tradition of the Sheridan Christmas House. We'd like to thank everyone for attending and helping in their own special way.

Members who dream of spending such a weekend immersed in the pleasures of the good old days should prepare for the soon-to-be-officially-announced NSC Christmas House coming this Christmastide, 4th-6th December 2015.

And so, although the year has but only begun, we can already begin to anticipate the delightful promise that early December has yet to bring, above all friendship, festivities, and good cheer.

Thanks to Birgit, Barbara, Floyd, Suzanne and Harrison for the photos



BRACE YOURSELF!

DR TIMOTHY EYRE EXPLAINS THE RUDIMENTS OF WEARING PROPER BRACES

BRACES HOLD YOUR TROUSERS UP. Americans call them “suspenders”, much to the amusement of the British, for whom suspenders are a device to hold up stockings. Proper braces are a sound indication of a Chap: wearing them requires some thought and effort, and in return they yield elegance and distinction. This article attempts to cover the basics of braces.

Let us get the nasty part out of the way first. A Chap should never wear clip-on braces. Clip-on braces are of comparable status to clip-on bow ties and stuck-on moustaches: an insulting travesty of the real thing that should be avoided altogether in Chapdom. If you have trousers to be proud of then you will not want to crush the cloth in the bite of the clips. Better to wear a belt, which of course should match your shoes. Wearing braces and a belt at the same time is even more outré and, besides, suggests a somewhat pessimistic personality.

Instead, braces should be buttoned on to your trousers. You may plead that your trousers are not equipped with buttons for braces. In that case you are wearing the wrong sort of trousers or, at least, the wrong sort of trousers for wearing braces. Again, you should wear a belt instead. At a pinch you could sew buttons into the waistband. However, for trousers to sit properly they really need to have been cut with the intention of been worn with braces from the outset. In this case they will have a high “rise” (the distance from the crotch to the waistband) and will have three pairs of buttons sewn into the waistband. Two pairs of these buttons will be located at the front, each pair about three inches apart and placed in such a way as to ensure that the braces sit properly. The third pair of buttons will sit either side of the back seam and will again be spaced about three inches apart. The back of the trousers will be cut with an M shape or, even better, in the traditional fishtail shape. If you decide to engage a tailor to run up some trousers of this sort (an

excellent idea) then be sure to request that there be no back pockets; these can only detract from the appearance of your posterior. Furthermore, belt loops do not belong on trousers designed for braces; your leg-coverings should opt for one or the other.

Until the 1930s the buttons for braces were typically worn on the outside of the waistband. They then started to migrate inside but are still often seen on the outside. Both modes are considered smart and this flexibility provides a chap with something to ponder when specifying a suit to a tailor. For what it’s worth, I prefer to have the front buttons on the inside to reduce clutter and the rear buttons on the outside so that the band of the braces can prevent the tips of the fishtail from curling. The journalist and former *Chap* magazine sartoracle Francis Bown prefers the opposite arrangement, the idea being to protect the upholstery of his automobile.

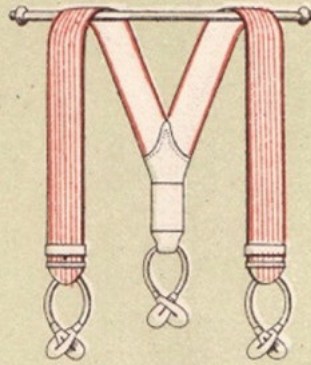
Whatever arrangement you choose, it will remain a private matter because the waistband of your trousers will be covered by your waistcoat. Braces were traditionally considered to be underwear and not to be displayed. Indeed, as waistcoats declined in popularity in the 1930s, men started to switch to belts because they did not want to expose what was then considered to be intimate apparel. Whether you adhere to this idea today is a matter of choice.

An advantage of treating braces as a hidden item of clothing is that the wearer need not concern himself with colour coordination; colours (and even patterns for the especially foppish) can be chosen at whim, for they will not be seen. An important exception is white tie. One should wear white braces with white tie; although the braces will not be seen in the course of a normal evening, one must be prepared to doff ones tailcoat to perform an act of heroism without sartorial embarrassment.

The straps of the braces themselves are normally not made of elasticated material but cloth. The sorts of cloth used include silk, linen,

THE INDIA RUBBER ALBERT BRACE.

BROAD LEVER
BUCKLES.



GUT FRONTS
AND BACK.

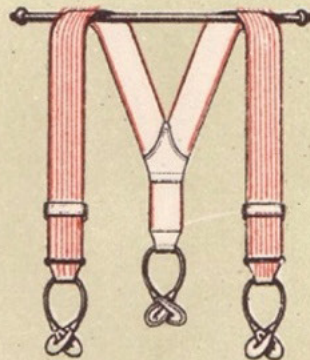
Assorted 32 to 36 inches—rising 1 inch.

WIDTH.
1 1/4 inch. 1 1/2 inch.

Cotton Vulcanized Albert Brace, broad lever buckle, plain gut fronts and back, web quality						374	33/-	36/-
Cotton Natural Rubber	”	”	”	”	”	265	33/-	36/-
”	”	”	”	”	”	81	48/-	54/-
Silk Face	”	”	”	”	”	269	66/-	72/-
Cotton Natural Rubber	”	”	covered gut	”	”	81	48/-	54/-
Silk Face	”	”	”	”	”	269	66/-	72/-

THE INDIA RUBBER ALBERT BRACE.

LEVERS AS SLIDES.



GUT FRONTS
AND BACK.

Assorted 32 to 36 inches—rising 1 inch.

WIDTH.
1 1/4 inch. 1 1/2 inch.

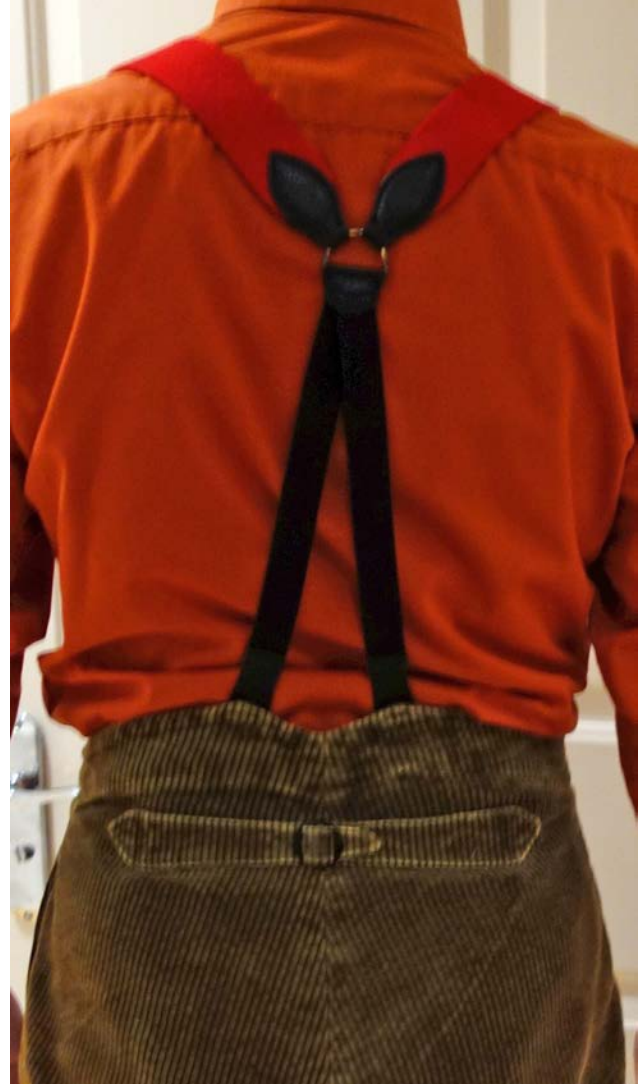
Cotton Vulcanized Albert Brace, levers as slides, plain gut fronts and back, web quality						374	33/-	36/-
Cotton Natural Rubber	”	”	”	”	”	265	33/-	36/-
”	”	”	”	”	”	81	48/-	54/-
Silk Face	”	”	”	”	”	269	66/-	72/-
Cotton Natural Rubber	”	”	covered gut	”	”	81	48/-	54/-
Silk Face	”	”	”	”	”	269	66/-	72/-

NOTE.—In ordering, state SHAPE, WIDTH, COLOUR, LENGTHS, and PRICE required.

The sizes quoted at foot of drawing are found the most saleable, but the above can be had ranging from 30 to 38 inches, rising 1 inch.

barathea and (my personal favourite) boxcloth, which is a deliberately shrunken woollen material. A pair of metal runners at the front

of the straps allow the braces to be adjusted to suit the trousers and wearer. The runners will sometimes not sit level with one another to allow



for differences in shoulder height; this facility for fine adjustment is one of the advantages that braces confer over belts. Excess cloth hanging down from the runners after adjustment can be cut off or left hanging at the wearer's preference. At the back an elasticated portion allows for the movement of the wearer. The ends of the braces that button on to the trousers are made of leather.

Fortunately sourcing decent braces is quite easy; they are readily available on Jermyn Street and at provincial menswear shops. Although they are sold under a variety of labels, top-notch braces are usually made by Albert Thurston. In 1820 this company invented modern-style braces and opened a shop on Panton Street in Haymarket. They now operate from the city of Leicester and sell their wares worldwide directly from their website. At around £50 a pair they are not cheap but you would be hard pressed to wear a pair out and you will have the satisfaction of knowing your trousers are being held up in the best possible way. I own only one pair of Thurston braces and swap them between trousers as I change outfits. This necessitates re-adjustment each time; if you are flush you might

prefer to keep a pair of braces for each pair of trousers so as to maintain perfect adjustment without unnecessary effort.

As for trousers that are suitable for wearing with braces, there are a few options. Most economically, you may find them at vintage clothes shops. A second (and ideal) option is to have your tailor make them for you. Be warned that some tailors in the Far East are unfamiliar with this style but are happy to make them if shown some photographic examples. Finally, a wide range of off-the-peg fishtail back trousers can be purchased from both Old Town in Holt, Norfolk, and Darcy Clothing in Lewes. I bought a few pairs from Darcy Clothing several years ago (when it was still known as The Vintage Shirt Company). Even though I wear them almost every day they steadfastly refuse to show any signs of attrition, let alone wearing out.

Trousers worn with proper braces are comfortable, hang well and mark out the wearer as someone serious about sartorial elegance. They are a bit of a faff, but to a Chap they repay the effort handsomely. If you have not tried them before then I suggest you do so. You have nothing to lose but your belts.



NSC FILM NIGHT

Nowhere to Go (1958)

Wednesday 11th February

7.30pm–11pm

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

If you have been to one of Member Sean Longden's talks at the Club, you'll know he has a keen interest in the culture of 1940s and 1950s Britain, particularly the fashions and lifestyles of ordinary people. For our February Film Night Sean has proposed *Nowhere to Go*, a little-known British noir thriller he feels is easily the equal of better known works of the genre.

The plot concerns Paul Gregory (played by George Nader) a London-based criminal who steals £55,000 from a wealthy widow, hides the money and allows himself to be caught so that he can safely retrieve

the money after he is released from prison. Everything goes wrong after he is sentenced to ten years rather than the three he expected. Forced to break out from prison he is soon double-crossed by his partner in crime (played by Bernard Lee) and finds himself trapped with no friends and no support from the criminal community. His one hope lies in a young woman played by a 24-year-old Maggie Smith.

Made by Ealing, though as far from an "Ealing comedy" as you could get, the film is bleak and gritty, suffused with a constant sense of confinement and entrapment—even the shadows are bars.

Sean will give a brief introduction before the screening.



THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings. This time, as a 100th-issue treat, all four Committee Members answer the questions...



Torquil Arbuthnot

Chairman of the New Sheridan Club

Name or preferred name?

Bwana Devil

Where do you hail from?

Kano, Maidugri, Sokoto, points south.

Favourite Cocktail?

A White Lady, made without egg white, in Claridge's.

Most Chappist Skill?

Telling three policemen to arrest people.

Most Chappist Possession?

Cheap netsuke.

Personal Motto?

"If in doubt, mumble."

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

I'm also a member of the Port Harcourt Flying Club.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?

Wandering through the streets of Paris.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

Luis Bunuel; Robert Mitchum; the busty blonde off "The Golden Shot" whose knockers were always falling out of the front of her dress.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Gorgeous, pouting Artemis Scarheart.



Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?

I delivered a eulogy on Nathaniel Slipper.
My next topic for a turn will be: *Me and the Baader-Meinhof Gang: My Struggle.*

At the Chap Olympics



Explaining the NSC to foreign media



In Kano, Nigeria, with Charlie the cat

Official Club Portrait





Clayton Hartley

Secretary of the New Sheridan Club

Name or preferred name?

Clayton Hartley

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Clayton is actually my middle name. When I was a child I was awkward about having such a strange name, but when I was a student I found myself playing in a rock band in which, out of five of us, two of us had the same first name—Simon. That clearly wasn't going to work, and when they discovered my middle name they fell upon it gleefully. For a while I got used to being introduced to people who only knew me by that name. Years later when the sheridanclub.co.uk chat room started up I (hesitant because I had never before been involved in an online forum) saw that people tended not to use their real names, paused and used Clayton once again. It stuck, and seemed appropriate.

Where do you hail from?

I grew up in Epsom, Surrey (where they have the Derby), but I was actually born in London, Ontario, Canada. I don't remember anything about it, though. My parents were both born and bred in South Africa, though my father's parents were English, hence my British citizenship. On

my mother's side I'm a bit Dutch, a bit French Huguenot and a bit Scottish.

Favourite Cocktail?

I'm too much of a flibbertigibbet to have one favourite, though the Negroni, the Manhattan, the Corpse Reviver No.2, the Daiquiri, the Margarita and the Dry Martini are all on heavy rotation in the Hartley household. Plus a few inventions of my own...

Most Chappist Skill?

I keep this Club together, don't I?

Most Chappist Possession?

Like most of us I have various pocket watches, cigarette holders and silver-topped canes from The Era. But I'm not by nature a collector—I buy things to use them, and after six months you have a good idea whether something fits naturally into your daily lifestyle. I have an evening tailcoat that I bought from Old Hat in Fulham because I needed one, and I always assumed it was late 20th century and happily wore it regularly. It was only recently when I bothered to look in the pocket and found the label that I realized it was tailor-made in 1926. I think the fact I wore it *without* knowing it was so old somehow shows we are naturally simpatico...

Personal Motto?

"Have a good time, all the time," to steal from Viv Savage of Spinal Tap. Of course no one really does that, but a more genuinely held motto like "Do as you would be done by" is not very rock and roll, is it?

Favourite Quotes?

"Nothing is true, everything is permitted."

—William Burroughs

"No one knows anything." —William Goldman. He was talking about the movie business, making the point that if anyone really knew the secret of a hit movie then there would be no flops, but it equally applies to music or anything else, really. It's the kind of observation that gives people the courage to try something for themselves.

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

I'm a blue belt in karate. We are going back 30

years here, so don't jump out at me, Kato-style. I did fail my purple belt grading (Wado Ryu style, for martial arts nerds), and I later learned that they make it easy before that, to encourage people, then clamp down around 4th kyu, so I was clearly natural wastage.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since we decided to create it in October 2006.

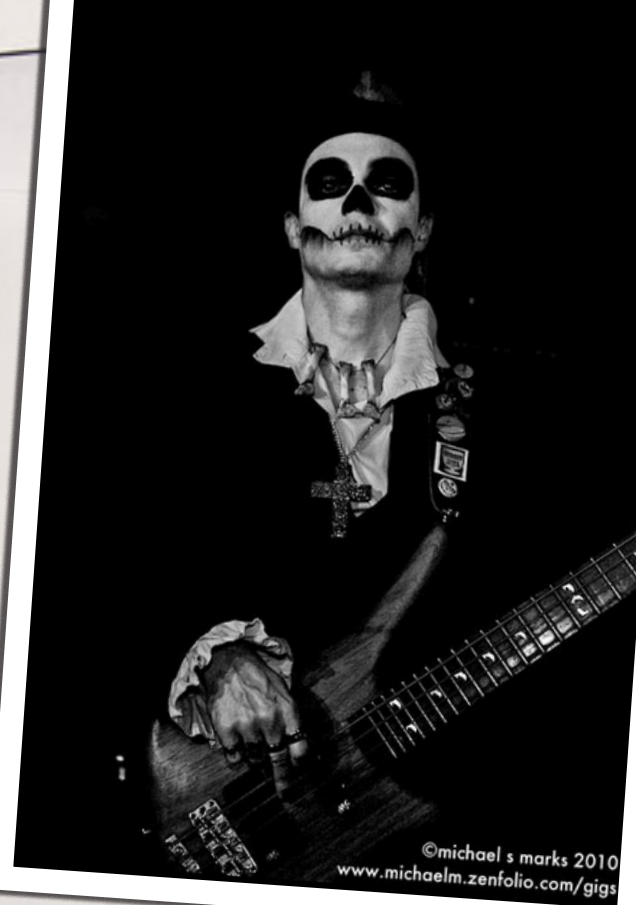
How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

See above. When I first became involved, Gustav (Editor of *The Chap*) had started the old Sheridan Club nights, first at the Blue Posts, then the Wheatsheaf. At the same time the Sheridan Club web forum was (perhaps unusually for the faceless world of chatrooms) spawning face-to-face meet-ups (including the St George's Day punting trips, which predate the NSC). When Gustav lost interest in running social events a bunch of us offered to take over. Gustav was OK with this but wanted us to make it clear it was not officially connected with *The Chap*, hence the name the New Sheridan Club and the reason our logo is reminiscent of, but different from, *The Chap's*.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)?

The Hartley Patent Shirt Straightener. I noticed that some vintage evening shirts and waistcoats

have a tab at the bottom with a buttonhole, which I realised attached to the top button of your dress trousers, having the effect of pulling your shirt straight and flat. I discovered you can achieve this effect with any



other dress shirt by using a tall collar stud in place of the bottom shirt stud (which no one sees anyway), clipping an old-fashioned metal curtain hook over the stud and looping the hook through the top buttonhole of your trousers. Also check out Old Town clothing. And if, like me, you have a collection of vintage watches, half of which at any time are in need of repair, check out the man with the tiny stall on Piccadilly underground station. There is always a queue and he pretends to be grumpy, but he isn't really and he frequently doesn't charge anything for repairs.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

William Burroughs again, one of my favourite prose stylists, always a smart dresser and pretty droll even after he gave up his prodigious habit for heroin and other stimulants (then living to the ripe age of 83). David Byrne: Talking Heads are probably my favourite band and Byrne's lyrics, like Burroughs' writing, combine a quirky outlook with a seductive economy of phrase. And perhaps one of the famous bartenders from the Golden Age, such as Harry Craddock (author of the 1930 *Savoy Cocktail Book*), to find out just how good their drinks could possibly have been. (Actually this is turning into an all-male drinking club, so best to get in Ada Coleman—"Coley", as she was known to regulars—Harry's predecessor, who ran the Savoy's American Bar from 1903 to 1926.)



Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Individually they are just men, but bring the four parts together and you have a power that can achieve almost anything. Though we could happily do without that fool Scarheart.

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?

Oddly, no. Though I have organized a lot of them, including bringing in many outside speakers. I always had plans for a talk on absinthe, or

possibly one on tie knots (culled largely from *The 85 Ways to Tie a Tie*, looking at how the shapes of different ties work with different faces, collars, suits, etc). But I've yet to get round to it.



Artemis Scarheart

Defence Secretary of the New Sheridan Club

Name or preferred name?

Artemis Scarheart

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

From the original Sheridan Club days, in the land before Facebook and MySpace, I needed a user name for this chat/chap room so I went for one both tough-sounding and rather arty. Artemis of course, I later realised, is a girl's name. I almost picked "Doktor Tottenkopf Von Monster" so a narrow squeak really. Plus, I really do detest my so called "first name" and am only called it by some family or those I work with, so any way to have another name is appreciated. When I met my fiancée I had to explain that I would be called different names by different groups of people. The game old thing stuck by me despite that being seemingly, in retrospect, the kind of thing a committed philanderer would do...

The Gazette: 23 December 1989

1159



Ill-advised early modelling career



Where do you hail from?

Warwickshire. We have a castle at the end of the road and it is the most romantic castle ruin in England, certainly not just a broken down heap of old stone.

Favourite Cocktail?

White Lady or Singapore Sling.

Most Chappist Skill?

Crushing self-doubt disguised as confidence.

Most Chappist Possession?

A silk top hat in seven and five eights size made in Magdeburg before the war which came with its own bucket as well. Worn once, at another Member's wedding.

Personal Motto?

Not If, How.

Family Motto: May God Hurl Destruction Upon Our Enemies

Favourite Motto of a Friend: Beds are for sleepy people, let's go to a rave.

Favourite Quotes?

"Someone offered him a boat cloak on a cold night. And he said no, he didn't need it. That he was quite warm. His zeal for his king and country kept him warm."

"Over the years, I've come to view you as... someone...I...met."

(Said to Club Member Niall Spooner-Harvey on the occasion of his leaving the shore of Blighty for America.)

Not a lot of people know this about me...



I once babysat the son of the director of *Terminator 2*.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since Day One. The other original three members of the Glorious Committee thought I would be the right sort and so I was invited to join in on this little wheeze which we thought would top out at around 50 members and last two years. I've been here ever since. I think my family have stopped looking for me.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Back in the days when it was the old Sheridan Club, I think it appeared in *The Chap* and it was through that that we came to meet at the George Tavern all those years ago. *Whatever happened to many of those old lags?* I sometimes think over a brandy in m'other Club. Some we still know. Some have left our orbit never to return. Some have, sadly, passed away. But you don't want to listen to an old fool like me prattling on about the old days. You must have a tea dance to get to...

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why? (cocktail, night out, tailors, watchmaker, public house, etc)

Knights Bar on the Strand for a cocktail or the Strand Continental for a curry.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?





Churchill, although one should always be careful about meeting one's heroes. But as an ex-soldier, ex-journalist politician he should be an excellent drinking buddy with some cracking yarns. Stalin: another corking drinker but I'd be interested in if he thought he was right, his real opinions on communism and his bank-robbing and bandit days in Baku before the revolution. Probably the pre-Great-Purge Stalin would be a better companion and certainly not the old curmudgeon who was the Generalissimo. Dorothy Parker to lighten the mood and also trounce us all with wit and humour. Jeeves would be buttlng that night so he could get us out of any scrapes we find ourselves in and join in where appropriate.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?
Artemis Scarheart.

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you/what are you planning to do?
Several I believe. One on the Glastonbury Festival in my quest to find music that I would listen to (not a fan of music, much of it is dangerous or too emotive). Another on the Charity Motor Rally I did around France with another Club Member a few

years ago, although I don't like to talk about my extensive charity work. And I have run two pub quizzes and made various other bellowing announcements at Club nights and parties.



Matthew "Chairman" Howard

Committee Member Without Portfolio of the New Sheridan Club

Name or preferred name?
Chairman

Why that nickname or nom de plume?
It hails from my being Chairman of the Witham Rowing Club, the world's only rowing club that does not row.

Where do you hail from?
Lincoln, the home of the River Witham.

Favourite Cocktail?
A Martini, as dry as the Sahara.

Most Chappist Skill?
Wife balancing.



Most Chappist Possession?

A fez from the last tarboush maker in Cairo and my original *Chap* badge (which I had to earn).

Personal Motto?

Tempus pro proximo, literally translated as "Time for another one".

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since August 2006 [Two months before it was founded, which shows his level of conviction –Ed]

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

The sharing of wisdom from Bunty (aka Sean Pearson), one of three chaps sporting pith helmets at the 2006 Chap Olympiad (which now resembles Rourke's Drift in light of their comparative ubiquity)

What one thing would you recommend to fellow why? (cocktail, night out, tailors, watchmaker, public house, etc)

Luke Eyres in Cambridge. They have made cricket caps, rowing wraps and cricket jumpers to my

Members and

exacting specifications for a comparatively nugatory sum.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?



The Witham Rowing Club (all bar the four from Melbourne and the Cox, who is 74), before the January 2015 AGM



With Bunty at the 2006 Olympiad

Dr Jonathan Miller for his wit, Sir John Betjamen for his wisdom and Kylie Minogue for her sunny disposition and her bottom.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

I rather liked Horatio Scotley-LeCheyne.

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you/what are you planning to do?

Four thus far: *Away with the Pharaohs*, *The Big Siam: Tales of Oriental Excess in the East Indies*, *A Package to India* and *U and Non-U Revisited*, an exploration into "upper class" English usage as debated in the 1950s by Nancy Mitford and others.



Wife balancing (not his own wife)



Taking the honours at the Olympiad

So, **New Sheridan Club,** who do you th

YOU MAY RECALL that when you joined this august institution you were asked to fill in an application form. The main reason for this, of course, is just to get the contact details we need to send you your Membership pack and email you details about events and the latest issue of *Resign!*.

But the form also asks some tomfool questions about skills, favourite cocktails and the like. There is no real purpose to these questions, other than just to set the tone of the Club. However, I have long had it in mind to go through these answers and see if any patterns emerge. Since this is the 100th issue of the newsletter, I decided that now was the time. So last night I went through all the application forms to create a picture of us.

In case you are wondering, the sequential assignment of Membership Numbers has brought us to 603 as of this week (welcome, Mr Andrea Caputo). In practice people come and go—I have 377 people on the list of current Members, though many of these are not really what you could call “active”, judging by the number who actually open emails I send to them. In fact I only have about 300 application forms on file—the rest must have been burned or shredded in one of our regular legal scares, air raids or bouts of drunken horseplay. However, they should still be statistically significant.

Men and women The Club is 72% male.

Geographical location There are three categories of Membership of the NSC: Town, Country and Overseas. The distinction is solely in the level of Membership fees, on the understanding that the further you are away from London the harder it would be for you to avail yourself of the events we organise (most of which are indeed in Town). In fact the make-up of the Club is fairly evenly spread: we are 43% Town, 39% Country and 18% Overseas.

And what about that Overseas Membership? It won't surprise you to hear that it is biased towards former colonies where a lingering Anglophilia might be found, with North America sweeping the board (including the USA, Canada and one from Mexico), followed by the Antipodes (but not one from India, interestingly). By contrast in the whole of South America we have just one Member. What is more surprising is the strong showing from Scandinavia—perhaps some of our Members in that part of the world can shed some light on the particular attractions of Chappism for them? Here are the rankings:

1. USA
2. Finland
3. Australia
4. New Zealand
5. Sweden
6. Canada
7. Norway
8. Belgium
9. Austria
- = 10. France
- = 10. The Netherlands

Hat size No need to beat around the bush here: the average hat size is 7¼ (UK size, converted from other formats where given). Bear in mind that this is based just on those application forms where the figure is given, and is mostly represented by men.

Favourite cocktail Needless to say, not everyone actually likes cocktails, and a number of Members gave their favourite as Champagne, ale, Guinness (including the “Guinness+” cocktail, which consists of a pint of Guinness plus another one) or just gin. But far and away the most popular answer was Gin & Tonic, which is arguably not a cocktail either:

A statistical analysis of the typical Club Member

think you are?

1. Gin & Tonic
2. Martini
3. Mojito
4. Old Fashioned
5. Long Island Iced Tea
6. Gimlet
7. White Russian
- = 8. Daiquiri
- = 8. Margarita
- = 8. Manhattan
- = 8. Singapore Sling

OK, so clearly a fondness for gin (and this doesn't include the three people who gave their favourite as "gin"), but even if you add the people who gave Martini variants, such as the Gibson, the Vesper Martini or the "Earl Grey Martini", the Martini itself would still not unseat the noble G&T from its throne. Beyond that there seems to be no obvious pattern, with the long, fruity Singapore Sling on an even footing with the relatively hardcore whiskey-based Manhattan, and the sweet, creamy White Russian more popular than either of them.

Other clubs It may surprise you that NSC types are not necessarily joiners by nature. Many claim to be members of nothing else, though one has to accept that the NSC is perhaps Not As Other Clubs. Where other clubs are given there is little overlap but here are the rankings:

1. The Eccentric Club
2. The Victory Services Club
3. Skinner's Horse
4. The Chelsea Arts Club
5. The Hellfire Club
- = 6. The Royal Society of Arts
- = 6. The Handlebar Club
- = 6. The Scotch Malt Whisky Society
- = 9. The Candlelight Club
- = 9. The Last Tuesday Society

OK, so those last two aren't clubs you can actually join, but I guess it shows a tendency to frequent them. I'm also not sure if references to the Hellfire Club are to an actual modern-day institution or just wishful thinking. Looking at general genres, you won't be surprised to hear that drinking, military or weapons-handling, and vintage transport all feature prominently.

Special skills or areas of expertise

You're a cultured lot, for sure, but first and foremost you like dressing up and boozing:

- = 1. Vintage clothing
- = 1. Drinking/cocktails
3. Music
4. Art
5. Medicine
6. Writing
7. Sewing/knitting
8. Dancing
9. History
10. Fencing
11. Military
- = 12. Singing
- = 12. Pipe-smoking
- = 12. Public speaking
- = 12. Bartitsu
- = 12. Acting
- = 12. Photography
- = 12. Computers
- = 19. Films
- = 19. Aviation
- = 19. Cabaret/burlesque

It's worth noting that if you add together all the martial arts (fencing, shooting, archery, Bartitsu, jujitsu, etc) they would jointly rank higher than anything else...

But my favourite single answer has to be from Lorna Mower-Johnson, who gave her areas of expertise as: "Druidry, turtles and reiki."

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members bicker about liquor

The mystery of Old Tom

By David Bridgman-Smith

This is the 100th edition of the illustrious New Sheridan Club newsletter—let us all raise a glass of French '75 to the editor, Mr Clayton Hartley, for his tireless toils—and so I wanted to feature something special in The Cocktail Cabinet. So here is an exclusive, uncovering some recent research that I have undertaken on the origins of Old Tom Gin, a type of gin that existed before London Dry Gin. It is generally considered to have been sweeter and perhaps more botanically intense (possibly to mask the poor quality of the underlying spirit). Early cocktail books sometimes specify Old Tom gin for particular recipes, and recently it has become fashionable for distilleries to start introducing their own interpretations of this old style. But where does this name Old Tom come from?



The author at a mock-up of the gin spout from the Bradstreet story, at the Beefeater distillery in London

On Consignment, and for Sale,

2,000 Gallons Old Tom Gin.....	9s. 0d. per Gal.
1,500 Gallons Old Jamaica Rum.....	14s. 5d.
80 Gallons very fine Old Cogniac Brandy.....	36s. 0d.
380 Dozen very fine Port Wine.....	44s. 0d. per Doz.
160 Dozen Old Sherry, of the most superior Quality.....	44s. 0d.
70 Dozen fine Old and Dry Lisbon.....	44s. 0d.
60 Dozen Teneriffe.....	44s. 0d.
45 Dozen rich Mountain.....	42s. 0d.
280 Dozen Cockagee Cyder.....	8s. 0d.
1,500 Dozen ripe Stout.....	7s. 5d.
18 Dozen very curious Rum Shrub.....	40s. 0d.
44 Dozen Red and White Noyeau.....	50s. 0d.
314 Dozen very Curious Crusted Old Port Wine, six Years in Bottles.....	50s. 0d.
114 Dozen curiously fine old West-India Madeira.....	51s. 0d.
84 Dozen of very old and curiously fine East-India Sherry.....	60s. 0d.
1,200 Gallons British Hollands, superior to most Foreign.....	18s. 6d. per Gal.

JOHNS SHEPHERD & Company respectfully inform Wine-Merchants, Inkeepers, and the Public in general, that they have always for Sale, at their Wine and Spirit Commission Warehouse, No. 18, Cullum-Street, Fenchurch-Street, London, which they offer at the above low Prices, in Quantities of not less than two Gallons or one Dozen, to be taken away at the Expense of the Buyer, and paid for at the Time of Purchase.—Wine and Spirit-Merchants, Inkeepers, and others, residing in the Country, may have their Orders executed; and, by remitting the Amount, the same shall be forwarded, at their Expense, by any Conveyance they advise.

The 1812 newspaper advertisement, the earliest reference

At one time, the origins of Old Tom were associated with the 1755 text, *The Life and Unusual Adventures of Captain Dudley Bradstreet*, where the Captain describes a scheme that he had devised to sell gin clandestinely through a cat-shaped sign in order to get round laws restricting the sale of gin. A patron would deposit a coin in the cat's mouth and gin would be dispensed from a tube beneath its paw. This gin was supplied to Bradstreet by Thomas Langdale (1713–1790) of Holbourn (Holborn). Langdale was the founder of the Langdale Distillery (which was destroyed in the Gordon Riots of 1780) and also inspired a character of the same name in Charles Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*.

Despite the curio quality of this anecdote and its players, the fact remains that, although there is a cat involved, Bradstreet does not mention "Old Tom" or "Tom Gin", so it is unlikely that the term originates here.

The 1870 edition of *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable* states: "Thomas Norris, one of the men employed in Messrs. Hodges' Distillery opened a gin palace in Great Russell Street,

Covent Garden, and called the gin concocted by Thomas Chamberlain, one of the firm of Hodges, Old Tom in compliment to his former master.”

An advert from an 1812 edition of the *Northampton Mercury* is currently the earliest known reference to the term “Old Tom Gin”. It is significant, because the previous earliest reference was thought to be in *Sketches by Boz*, dated 1836. So is this new earlier date compatible with the story in *Brewer’s*? The first step was to determine whether the key players even existed.

Benjamin George Hodges (1779–1843)

The Hodges Distillery did, indeed, exist: the 1794 *Directory of London Westminster & the Borough of Southwark* records Hodges being a distiller in Millbank. By 1827 the distillery had moved from Millbank to Church Street (now Lambeth Road) in Lambeth.

Thomas Chamberlain (1756–1816)

Birth and death records are available for Thomas Chamberlain and his will states his occupation as “Distiller, Millbank”.



9 Russell Street today

establishment that he ran was not in Great Russell Street (home of the British Museum), but in Russell Street (directly adjacent to Covent Garden piazza).

So these findings establish that the key individuals and distillery did exist, and at a time that predates the advert in the *Northampton Mercury*. It also establishes that Thomas Chamberlain was a distiller and that Thomas Norris was, at one time, a publican.

While the research broadly supports the story from *Brewer’s*, it does not offer definitive proof; short of finding a written “confession” from Norris, I think the absolute truth will likely elude us. Time for a drink, I think.

The Old Tom 1812 Cocktail

- 50ml Old Tom gin
 - 20ml white (unaged) whiskey
 - 20ml red vermouth
 - 2 dashes orange bitters
- Stir all ingredients together without ice

1812 predates the invention of the Coffey Still and continuous distillation, which means that the base spirit of any gin produced around that time would have been less refined than today—a characteristic that the inclusion of white whiskey is intended to restore. The drink is also made by stirring without ice, due to the poor availability of it 200 years ago.

The flavour is complex, but rather well-integrated. There is a nice combination of sweet and dry notes, with herbal hints from the vermouth and gin, and citrus from the bitters. This cocktail is a good illustration of the fact that a tasty cocktail doesn’t always need ice.

Many thanks to all those who helped with my research, in particular Aaron Knoll and genealogist Jean Carter.

For more cocktail recipes, reviews, group tests and musings on booze, see the *New Sheridan Club’s* fabled **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**

Thomas Norris

Norris is the greatest mystery in the story, largely because of a couple of errors by *Brewer’s*. Firstly, Norris ran a pub, not a gin palace (gin palaces did not really appear in London until the late 1820s) and the

Gordon’s made an Old Tom, available until the 1960s



Creeping the Boards

In which **Mark Gidman** drops titbits of tittle-tattle from his stellar career in the movie business

I COULD NEVER HAVE imagined that working in film would be anything that would happen to me. I thought I had a lifelong role in Her Majesty's Government, but that was only to be for eight years—redundancy is a cruel mistress. Since 2010, though, after a friend said, “You like this entire dressing-up, vintagey thing...stuff...old-fashioned, 1920s..?” I was lucky enough to be able to sign up for a few London-based casting agents she suggested. It has proved to be one of the more adventurous career moves in my life—fun people, lots of celebrities. (I count myself as one of them, naturally. You can all be sure that a top “Hollywood actor” walks amongst you at The Wheatsheaf!)

War Horse, The Krays, Captain America, Great Expectations, Kingsman and *Mortdecai* are just some of the films that I have been lucky enough to “star” in. This is in addition to some TV programmes including *Air Aces*—in which I had a “featured” role (that is when you get some dialogue or prominent “face time” to the camera)—a period drama about Second World War pilots filmed at RAF Mildenhall where, ironically, my grandfather was stationed during the war in Bomber Command.

As *Kingsman: The Secret Service* is currently showing at your local “Lumiere” I will recall my few days of filming at the old RAF Leavesden airbase, which has been converted for use by Warner Brothers. The atmosphere was buzzing; as well as the runners, assistant directors, and lighting and sound technicians, there are hair and makeup stylists who dart around you preparing to “set up the shot” and ensure you are looking pristine in front of the camera, with plenty of makeup to take the shine off your face. In this case we were filming a scene in an underground cave and the set designers had perfectly imitated the look of volcanic stone—with a contemporary bar in the centre (alas we were all served mocktails and not of the quality one would expect from this magazine's *The Cocktail Cabinet*). I was playing a diplomat mingling with dignitaries and world leaders who had taken refuge down there. The lead character in the scene was played by Samuel L. Jackson, who really has a strong presence on set. I noted the intent way he was listening to the director, always offering additional ideas or a new way of conveying his lines—a focused man indeed.

Technology is usurping many of the roles previously held by trained professionals. Some camera scenes are now pre-programmed to allow the camera to move without a cameraman. Look carefully at the overhead shots of the bar scene looking down at the



In costume in the artist area for *Kingsman*

characters in the cave and this was all automated by a technician programming the camera angles.

I did feel snug in my Charles Tyrwhitt suit and jacket. They had done some modest tailoring a few days before in what they call a “fitting”. Many costumes are usually hired from the long-establish costumier Angels, but in this case word was flying around that some of the suits were to be thrown/given away! After filming I begged and pleaded for the costumier to give it to me, even for a reduced rate. “You might want to check on eBay,” she replied. So folks, whenever you hear of suits being sold online en masse they have probably been used in a film. I never did find the suit.

The day starts early. Usually you are up and out of bed, brewing your tea for about 4.30am with filming generally starting around 7am. This is known as an “early call”. Locations are often in remote places but you cannot be late. However, a fantastic breakfast selection awaits—I never pass up a full English, two plates if it’s a cold day! My first day on *War Horse* saw me fumbling for some coins, only to find out that catering in films is provided gratis. Learning this, I munched my way through two breakfasts and brazenly asked for another sausage sandwich with HP Sauce. Needless to say I felt like a force-fed canard and could not later on endure the coffee with an array of flavourings that everyone seemed to enjoy so much, remarking “how much like Starbucks it was”.

The waiting time can last for up to two hours as they set up each shot. This is usually a good opportunity to head towards the buffet where cakes and snacks are offered and make some friends on the day. More often than not you see the same people working in the technical and artist areas, so exchanging stories and news is often done with a quick glance to check your phone for any more work on other films. Before the advent of the smartphone, knitting was a popular pastime for the ladies and taking a good book or a newspaper for the chaps. Sadly the former has mainly disappeared.

On set, I had to be careful that we did not step on the delicate pyrotechnics being set up. I chatted for a while to a chap who, prior



On location for *Air Aces*

to getting into the pyrotechnics business, was actually a professional babysitter—probably one of the most dramatic changes of career I have ever heard of! It seems to me that that is how many careers work out, usually somebody you know who happens to get you into a job. (As an aside, there are no technical qualifications for film pyrotechnics—it’s all learning on the job, save for perhaps some knowledge of electronics, and there just four professional companies out there.)

Soon enough the director calls, “Silence: standing by, please,” and the camera rolls for a take. Ideally the camera will pass your way and your fame will be assured—unless of course, like one person, you have been working for several straight weeks hopping from film to film, advert to advert, leaving you so tired that when you come to sit down in your designated place, you promptly fall asleep on set. The director Matthew Vaughn got an assistant director to try and wake him up. As we traipsed off for lunch we heard it took about two minutes to get him properly awake. And let me reassure you don’t want to be at the back of the queue for lunch. The director is within his rights to curtail it if they need you back on set (known as “broken lunch”), and that’s precisely what happened.

Next month: Mortdecai, and why Johnny Depp turned down my offer of an after-work drink down the pub.

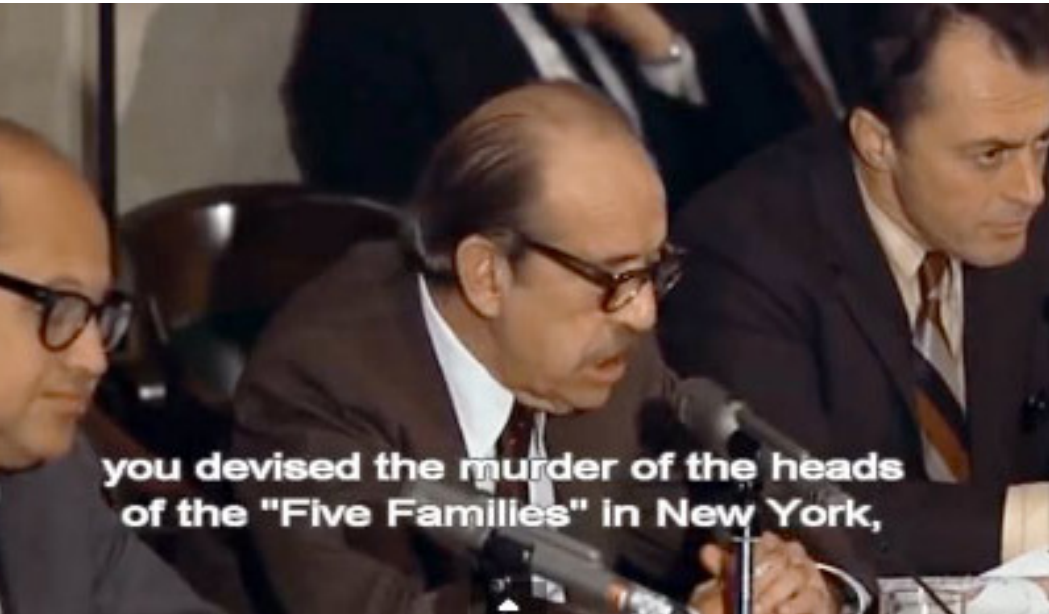


CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

ONE OF OUR tie spots this time has the unusual distinction of actually being a genuine NSC tie. In this still from the BBC's *Antiques Roadtrip* (top right) we see Clubman the Earl of Waveney caught on camera hard at work at his day job—as an auctioneer.

Below that we have a scene from the 1944 movie version of Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely* starring Dick Powell as Sam Spade (right) and Miles Mander as the elderly Grayle (left); even though the picture is in



monochrome, Mander is clearly wearing an NSC tie. (American Members should note that Powell was previously known for light comedies and musicals and studio execs, fearing that audiences would assume the movie was one of those, changed the title to *Murder, My Sweet* for US release).

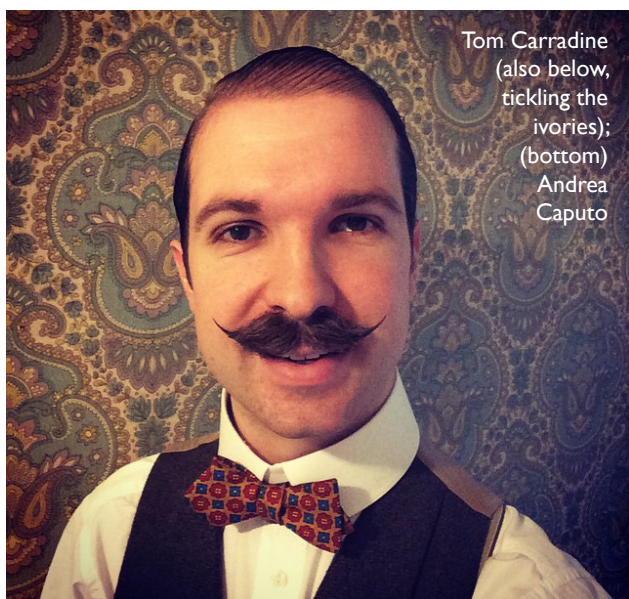
Staying with crime flicks, on the left we have the Senate speech scene from *The Godfather: Part 2* (1974), in which the chap on the right is clearly sporting Club neckwear.

Finally, we have a still from *Monte Carlo or Bust!* (1969), courtesy of Steven Myhill, in which Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, as British Army officers Dawlish and Barrington, both appear to be wearing NSC scarves (though on the real NSC scarves, the stripes go lenthways).



New Members

WHOEVER SAYS THAT no one goes out in January is clearly misguided: in the last month the following bold covers have gone out very much on a limb and chosen to make 2015 the Year They Joined the NSC: Tom Carradine from Tonbridge in Kent, and Mortimer Strangeways and Andrea Caputo, both from London.



Tom Carradine
(also below,
tickling the
ivories);
(bottom)
Andrea
Caputo



Forthcoming Events



**BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🎩) AND
THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY**

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 4th February

7pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday

7pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm, 8–9pm)

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: £8 for the dance class, £4 for the club (discounted if you're doing the class)

Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday

7pm

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that

A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinetist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Let's Misbehave!

Friday 6th February

8pm–2am

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB



Admission: £7–10

This time featuring the Top Shelf Band, purveyors of filthy swing.

The Liverpoolitan League of Gentleman and Extraordinary Ladies presents its

February Fandango

Saturday 7th February

From 11am

Begin at St George's Hall, St George's Place, Liverpool L1 1JJ

The LLG&EL is a Liverpool-based Steampunk fraternity. This is one of their regular days out, beginning at the antiques fair in St George's Hall, followed by a trip to the Walker Art Gallery, after which it seems to be a matter of whatever appeals on the day. See the Facebook event...

The Cocktail Hour

Tuesday 10th February

8.15pm

The Comedy pub, 7 Oxenden Street (by Leicester Square), London SW1Y 4EE

Admission: £7 on the door or in advance by ringing 07970 662550

Time to raise a glass, have a laugh and leave all inhibitions (and good taste) at the door. It's the Cocktail Hour Live! Hosted by Mark Marlowe and his Jazz Band, this show will have a bill of music and comedy guests including Awkward Silence (sketch comedy troupe), Chinfinger (comedy duo), Cassie

Atkinson (comedienne), Marike Pauscher (diva extraordinary), Paul Rhodes (legendary crooner) and The Delusionist (magician).

 **NSC Film Night**

Nowhere to Go (1958)

Wednesday 11th February

7pm–11pm

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

See page 19.

Alex Mendham & His Orchestra

Thursday 12th February

7pm

Pizza Express Jazz Club, 10 Dean Street, Soho, London W1D 3RW

Admission: £18

Alex Mendham and his vintage-style dance orchestra make their debut performance at Pizza Express Jazz Club with a swinging celebration of the Great American Songbook. Showcasing the music of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and the Gershwins among others, this first-class ensemble performs a blend of big band hits and jazz classics. Led by singer Alex Mendham, the Orchestra has enjoyed a long-running residency at London's Savoy Hotel.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 13th February

7–11pm

London Welsh Centre, 157 to 163 Grays Inn Road WC1X 8UE

Admission: £10

Dress: Black tie, evening gowns, vintage attire

A monthly social for ballroom dancers in a hall with a sprung wooden dance floor and plenty of space for partnered dancing. The eight-piece Kewdos Dance Orchestra will play two sets of strict tempo vintage dance music, and operatic baritone Alistair Sutherland will sing through the voice trumpet. The rest of the evening will be pre-war mainly English Dance Band records for slow waltz, slow foxtrot, Quickstep, tango, rumba, swing, jive, Viennese waltz, and the odd Charleston and cha cha. A free dance lesson in slow waltz for beginners is included in the ticket price. Five male and female taxi dancers will be available for all guests at no extra charge. Your hostess, Jean Bentley, will help newcomers to ballroom dancing and will arrange interactive social activities such as “excuse me” dances and a “bus stop” throughout the evening. There will be one simple sequence dance with ten minutes of instruction beforehand. The beginners’ dance lesson is from 7.15–7.55 and the main dance from 8pm. More at www.facebook.com/BlackTieBallroomClub.

The Dark Side of Love: Valentine’s Masked Ball

Friday 13th February

10pm

The Coronet, 28 New Kent Road, London SE1 6TJ

Admission: £20–25

Suzette Field’s A Curious Invitation invites you to a pre-Valentine’s, anti-Valentine’s shindig, with DJs, live music, cabaret, sad movies, a torture dungeon, a twisted chapel, a creepy-crawly petting zoo and more. See www.acuriousinvitation.com.

The Candlelight Club’s Valentine’s Day Ball

Saturday 14th February

7pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £30 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up 1920s speakeasy, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers cocktails and dinner options, plus live period jazz bands and vintage

vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan Club’s own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

This time we offer a special St Valentine’s Day Ball in an original 1920s ballroom, lit by hundreds of candles below and lofty chandeliers above, with palm trees and an Art Deco stage set. There will be dancing to Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra (who performed at Kate and William’s

MRS PEEL'S
FROM VENUS WITH LOVE

Saturday
14th February
8PM–2AM

COMPERE LOUNGE
LEGEND COUNT INDIGO

LIVE MUSIC FROM
RORY MORE DUO

DJS NARINDER AND
THOMAS DYNAMIC
CREATE A SOUNDTRACK
DISCOTHEQUE

GO-GO DANCERS

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTS

FACE PAINTING AND
LIVE ART HAPPENING

AWESOME VIEWS FROM
OUR ROOFTOP TERRACES

COUNT INDIGO AND CLAYTON HARTLEY OF THE CANDLELIGHT CLUB
PRESENT

**The Swinging Sixties
penthouse party
of your dreams**

THE EIGHT CLUB,
1 DYSART STREET,
LONDON
EC2A 2BX

£15 in advance
FROM
www.mrspeels.club

£20 ON THE DOOR, LIMITED TABLE RESERVATIONS £30
DRESS: 1960S



The Vintage Mafia get ready for their Ric Rac Club

wedding), cabaret from your host Champagne Charlie, burlesque from the shimmering Vicky Butterfly, dance routines from the Gatsby Girls and vintage DJing from Auntie Maureen.

A luxury three-course Valentine's dinner will be prepared by our Michelin Star trained chefs and served on crisp linen by white-gloved staff, accompanied by a fine wine list and Champagne from Mœt & Chandon. From our specially built ornate 30-foot bar comes a classic cocktail menu courtesy of Brian Silva (*The Connaught, Rules*). There will be a florist on hand in case you want a rose for your companion, and in case you just can't decide if they're the right one for you, there will be fortune tellers to peer into your future...

Mrs Peel's Valentine's Special

Saturday 14th February

8pm–2am

The Eight Club, 1 Dysart Street, London EC2A 2BX (Old Street, Shoreditch High Street, Liverpool Street and Moorgate stations)

Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door

Dress: 1960s

The Swinging Sixties party of your dreams! Inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from *The Avengers*, played by Diana Rigg, this Valentine's special features live music from

organ duo Rory More, loungecore DJing from Thomas Dynamic and DJ Narinder, vintage belly dancing from Caasi, compère and lounge legend Count Indigo—whose birthday also falls on this day—cocktails, free face-painting and hair styling services from Jenny Green, psychedelic light effects and more. See www.mrspeels.club.club.

The Vintage Mafia present

Roses are Red: The Valentine's Ric Rac Club

Saturday 14th February

8pm

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £15 with cocktails and canapés from 9pm sharp or £8 general admission from 10pm

Dress: Something red

The Maf present a Valentine's special of their Ric Rac Club in the new bar in Dalston opened last year by burlesque star Emerald Fontaine, featuring the Tiki-style Bamboo Lounge downstairs and authentic period Art Deco furniture upstairs. DJs will be spinning music from the 1920s to the 1960s all night. See the www.thevintagemafia.com/the-ric-rac-club for more details.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 15th February

11am–5pm

The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RP

Admission: £4

Some 50 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. This time it is "The Vintage Collections", focusing on "iconic" "investment pieces", to coincide with London Fashion Week. There is also a tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

Carradine's Cockney Sing-Along

Wednesday 18th February

8–10.30pm

Wilton's Music Hall, Graces Alley, London E1 8JB

Admission: Pay what you can (minimum £1)

New NSC recruit Tom Carradine leads an

evening of timeless songs with audience participation. In the atmospheric surroundings of Wilton's Music Hall you'll bellow along to traditional tunes from the music hall era, the First and Second World Wars, the West End stage and popular tradition from across the decades. See www.wiltons.org.uk.

Grand Tea Dance

Sunday 22nd February

2.45pm

The Pitville Pump Room, East Approach Drive, Cheltenham, GL52 3JE

Admission: £65 from here

You are invited to dance to Michael Law and his internationally famous 12-piece Piccadilly Dance Orchestra. Come and enjoy the music from the 1920s to the 1950s served together with a sumptuous afternoon tea (included in the ticket) in the jewel in the area's Regency architecture crown.

The Rendez-Vous

Friday 27th February

9pm–1am

Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £7

Mlle Chat Noir's new monthly club at the recently-opened Fontaine's venue (see above), with DJing from Lady Kamikaze and guest Richard Adamson.

Mardi Gras at the Candlelight Club



The Candlelight Club

Friday 27th and Saturday 28th February

7pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £20 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The secret 1920s-themed party—see above. In honour of the annual riotous Mardi Gras celebrations in New Orleans earlier this month, we have live music from the Candid Jug Orange Band, doling rolling rhythms from the Big Easy, the birthplace of jazz.

Wilton's Music Hall—at the centre of all this is Tom Carradine at the piano



At the Post-Xmas House, Bell the Butler dutifully changes the gramophone record (see pages 10–15)

FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.

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