



The cats' meat man
And other vanished trades of London

Suffragette City

Miss Minna unveils the female history of the Square Mile

THE CRUEL SEA

In which the raging waters scatter the vessels of the Club's punting flotilla...

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 139 • MAY 2018



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 2nd May in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. The Earl of Essex will intrigue us with a lecture entitled *Lisbon: City of Spies (1939–45)*. “Lisbon in neutral Portugal was the only European city where British and German intelligence services operated openly during the War,” he explains. “It’s an intriguing story involving an attempted Royal kidnap, the murder of a Hollywood film star and the search for Nazi gold.” For a minute I thought there’d be no Nazis.

The bar in Lisbon’s Hotel Palácio was so riddled with agents that it became known as the Spies Bar. Ian Fleming was dispatched there once to manage Colonel Popov, a Yugoslav spook suspected of being a triple agent—but his nickname “Tricycle” was allegedly because he always arrived with three beautiful women



The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was Frances Mitchell, following on from her husband’s talk the previous month—the connection being William Henry Fox Talbot, the early photographer. Frances’s subject was vanished jobs from the Victorian era, and the starting point for her was a photograph she had come across in the Museum of London of a relative of hers, Thomas Garred, who had been a cats’ meat man. This was not a man who sold the meat of cats, but who sold low-quality meat to feed to pet cats. Much of this meat came from horses—London ran on horse power in those days, and their working lives were harsh and short, so the city was producing a lot of dead horses, which were recycled in innovative ways.

Other long-lost jobs were the crossing sweeps who cleared your path of horse manure if you wanted to cross the road, or gong farmers who cleared out cess pits in the night. There were those who collected dog faeces, which was a valuable ingredient in the leather tanning business, along with urine. Unsurprisingly all the tanners were clustered together in smelly enclaves. There were even those whose “job” it was to creep into the sewers and scavenge for stray valuables or things that had a value to someone (such as teeth, for example).

Many thanks to Frances for a thought-provoking and shudder-inducing address. An essay from the talk begins on page 4.



(Left) Frances gets stuck into her subject; (above) this is the photo of her ancestor that sparked her curiosity; (below left) Scarheart and Stuart do some guffawing; (below right) the attentive throng



(Clockwise from above) New member Samuel tells Tim Eyre that story about the elk; here he struggles with pen technology when trying to sign his application form; outside in Smoker's Alley; a rare photo of Lorna Mower-Johnson; Luke Wenban proudly displays his Chap Hop badge; Professor Hancock (l) and Gabriel Blaze



THOMAS GARRED CATS' MEAT MAN AND OTHER OBSOLETE VICTORIAN JOBS

By Mrs Frances Mitchell

MANY OF THE regular attendees at NSC meetings work within a few miles of the Wheatsheaf pub where we gather. Some of you may be feeling in need of a career change. If so, read on and take a brief look at some of the options available locally during the 19th and early 20th centuries.

First, however, a question: what links the items pictured on the right? Fig.1, a bone-handled knife; fig.2, bone buttons; fig.3, a Victorian lath and plaster wall; fig.4, a Tesco value brand lasagne.

The answer is horses, of which there were an estimated 50,000 in London in 1900. Traffic problems were as endemic as they are today and the likelihood of being killed in an RTA was much the same as today—in fact greater, when one considers that to be calculated in the statistics in the 19th century one would have had to die *in situ*, whereas nowadays a casualty appears in the annual statistics if death takes place up to 30 days after the initial accident.

And horses, like cars, wear out. The average working life of a London bus horse was five years: this equals a lot of dead animals. To put

it in perspective, on average 4,000 horses are euthanised in the UK each year; in the Victorian era the average was 4,000 per week. However, unlike cars, horses are 100% recyclable. As well as the items pictured above, leather, glue, sofas and porcelain all contain horse remains, as does the item pictured left.



Today pet food is more likely to contain the remains of Skippy than horses (for those of you of tender years, Skippy was a kangaroo who starred in a 1960s TV series), but before the Second World War it did not exist in cans. It was sold by a few small, specialist shops and street vendors





Thomas Garred and family



known colloquially as *cats' meat men*.

(There were women sellers too but these have gone largely unrecorded.) Vendors would hawk their produce round the streets on carts cutting up lumps of horseflesh and sticking it on skewers, much the same as a doner kebab. Think of this next time you get an attack of the munchies after a night in the pub!

A cats' meat man is the subject of a photograph by Victorian photographer John Galt, a social reformer who recognised the publicity value of the new medium of photography, and photographed the poor and working class Londoners. Little known today outside academia, his photographs are nevertheless seen as nationally important, housed in the Museum of London and appearing in countless books, papers and documentaries.

John Galt's cats' meat man is one of his most famous photographs. The picture features Thomas Garred (the man in a cap with a moustache next to the barrow) who was my great, great, great uncle. Thomas is pictured with members of his family (he had three wives and a least 12 children) outside his

house in Dagnall Place, off North Street (now Brady Street) in Whitechapel, where he was born in 1859. The picture can be accurately dated to between January 1901 and July 1902 by the large “ER” on the wall, put there to celebrate the coronation of Edward VII which was scheduled to take place in July 1902 but was delayed due to illness.

Thomas’s youngest grandchild is today a sprightly septuagenarian and it is from her that most of my information is derived. Although this photo was taken to show the hardships of the London poor, Thomas Garred actually made a relatively comfortable living from his trade, owning the house in the picture plus an



Thomas Garred's timber yard

adjacent property and two carts—the handcart pictured and a larger horse-drawn vehicle that he rented out. Having been born before the 1870 Education Act Thomas was illiterate but kept meticulous

accounts using tally marks and invested spare cash in gold jewellery, a piece of which has come down to me.

As well as cats’ meat, Thomas had another business selling wood from a yard behind his house, with two employees (which is why his name is not listed among the 600 cats’ meat vendors on the 1901 census—wood selling had more status than cats’ meat). In fact the census returns can only ever give an estimate of the number of people employed in any particular field, as many people held more than one job and there was no standard terminology for recording data.

Thomas would probably have obtained



Mary Smith, knocker-upper, with her pea shooter

his horsemeat from a knacker’s yard close by in Three Colts Lane. There were strict laws governing the slaughter of horses and the sale of their meat. Once handed over to the slaughterers horses could not be resold even if they were healthy. To prevent resale they were marked by having their manes and tails cut off (and the hair used in upholstery and plastering walls). They could then be kept for a maximum



A crossing sweeper

The George Inn in Southwark, a surviving coaching inn of the kind that would have employed ostlers



of three days and their carcass processed within 24 hours. The flesh was usually rendered overnight, going on sale in the early hours.

Thomas would have had to have been up early to purchase his supplies and may well have employed the services of a *knocker-upper*, such as Mrs Mary Smith of Brenton Street, who used to shoot dried peas at windows to wake people up. Other knockers used sticks and poles and some communities employed their local “bobby” on the beat to do the job. Knocker-uppers were common up to the 1950s when clocks became more reliable and affordable. Unofficial knocker-uppers are still to be found in most households containing teenagers, they are unpaid and commonly known as parents.

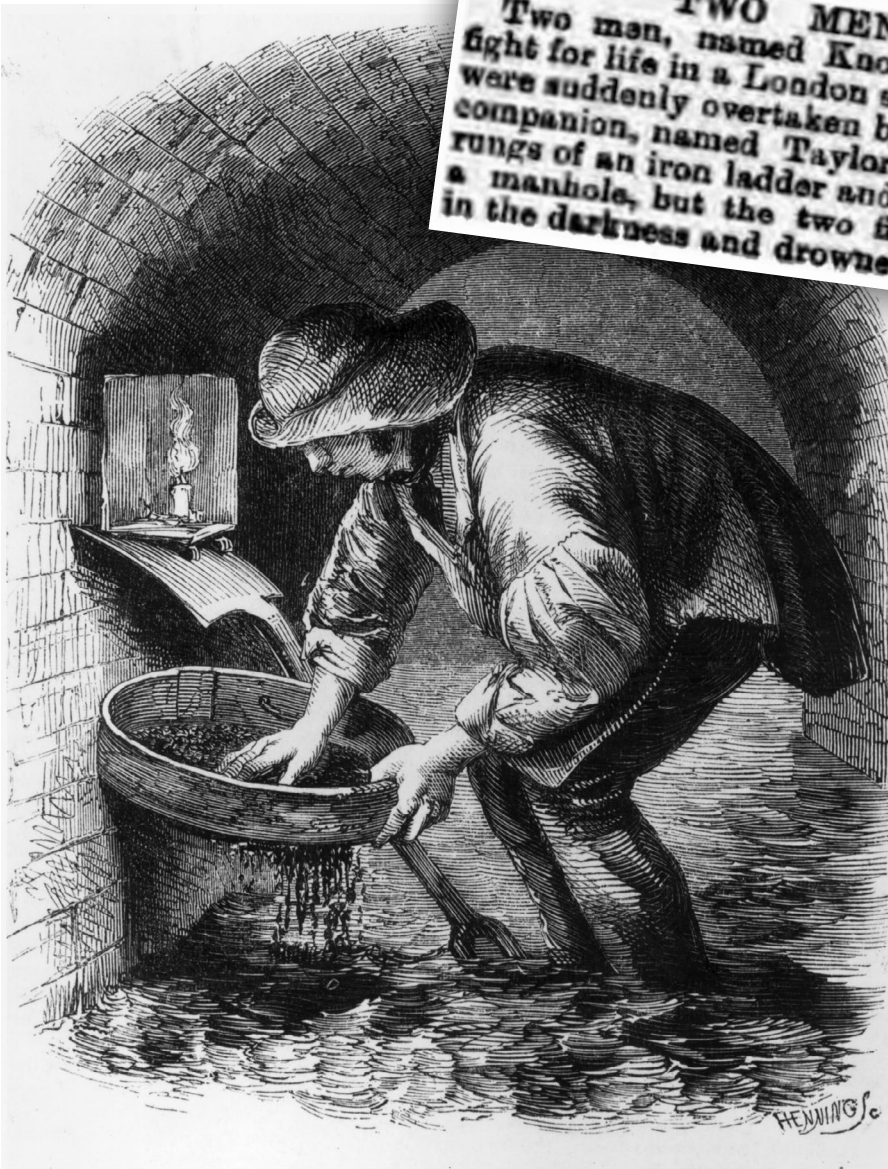
Londoners who wanted to work with horses could choose from hundreds of jobs, many of which still exist. One of the most important was that of *ostler*, a term which has become interchangeable with groom but was once a distinct profession. Ostlers worked in coaching

inns preparing teams of horses for the stage coaches. Rather like the pit lane team in F1 changing the tyres on a racing car, ostlers aimed to swap teams of horses in the fastest possible time. To facilitate this the coachman would sound a horn to signal his approach and a fresh team of horses would be brought into the yard harnessed and ready to be hitched to the vehicle. The coming of the railway brought an end to the coaching services and with them the demise of the ostler.

Ostlers may have disappeared before the end of the 19th century but there were at least 49 *cowboys* living and working in London in 1901. Not the John Wayne, gun-toting variety depicted in the Hollywood films, but rather young men employed to care for cows and other animals brought into the city from the countryside by herdsmen called *drovers*. Until the 1850s animals were herded through the city to Smithfield to be slaughtered and sold, but with the coming of the railways large holding

FLOOD IN A LONDON SEWER.

TWO MEN DROWNED.
Two men, named Knopps and Street, had a grim fight for life in a London sewer on Monday, when they were suddenly overtaken by a rush of storm water. A companion, named Taylor, succeeded in clasp[ing] the rungs of an iron ladder and in scrambling out through a manhole, but the two first-named were swept away in the darkness and drowned.



A tosher plying his trade, and a newspaper headline showing the risks of the business

a new set of problems in their wake.

However, as the saying goes, “Where there’s muck there’s brass,” and many people did indeed make a living from it (bringing a whole new meaning to having a s**t job).

The worst-paid were the *crossing sweepers*, young boys or elderly men who swept the road clean of filth to enable people to cross without soiling their trailing skirts or expensive shoes. A few sweepers were employed by big hotels or stores and supplied with a uniform and broom but these were the elite—most of them came from the abject poor and homeless, like Jo the sweeper in

pens and abattoirs were built close to the main London termini. Drovers and cowboys were still needed to herd the animals from the trains and it was not until the mid-20th century that road transport took over and the jobs disappeared.

Traffic pollution in the 21st century is a major problem in London, but it is not a new one. The Victorian transport system had its own massive and very smelly problem—that of poo. Horses produce about 15kg (35lb) of excrement each day and, with an estimated 40,000 animals in the capital, that is an awful lot of s**t. The problem generated lots of hysteria in the press and among politicians, culminating in the Great Horse Manure Crisis of 1894, when it was predicted that London would drown in manure by the end of the century if the authorities did not take action. Nothing was done, the hysteria abated and cars took over from horses, bringing

Dickens’s novel *Bleak House*, reliant on tips for wages and treated with contempt.

Much more profitable was the trade of *gong fermor* or *night soil man*, who came round at night to empty the cesspits beneath London houses, the contents of which were processed and sold for fertiliser. The building of the London sewers following the “Great Stink” in 1858 saw the demise of gong fermors in London but they continued to exist elsewhere well into the 20th century, with some becoming the owners of large chemical companies.

Another lucrative trade but one requiring no capital outlay was that of *pure finder*. “Pure” here is a euphemism for dog poo. This was the most valuable of all excrement (and the white kind was the most valuable) as it was a vital component of the tanning process. Pure finders collected poo from the streets and sold

it by the bucket to the many tanneries situated south of the River Thames. A good finder could earn up to 15 shillings a week. To put this into perspective a lower middle-class clerk such as Dickens's Bob Cratchit would be paid the same. Pure finding and tanning were not trades conducive to enhancing one's social life. Bare hands were used to collect poo and rub it into the hides. It is little wonder then that they usually married fellow finders and tanners.

Another smelly and dangerous trade was that of *tosh*, from where we get the slang term "tosh", meaning something that is poorly made or nonsensical as well as the less complimentary "tosser", the meaning of which should need no explanation. Toshers made their living from scavenging in the sewers. As early as 1841 legislation was passed making it a criminal offence to enter the sewers. To facilitate this the outfalls were gated and locked. This literally sent the trade underground: whole families would enter the sewers through manholes under the cover of darkness. Toshers faced the danger of being drowned in floods and surges or suffocated by toxic gases. Nevertheless the benefits outweighed the risks. Coins, teeth, bones and jewellery could all be found and sold for profit. Toshers could earn 6 shillings or more for a few hours work.

Far safer but less profitable was mudlarking. The poor relations of toshers, *mudlarks* sifted through the sandbanks at low tide looking for anything saleable. They are still to be seen on the Thames beaches at low tide, only now they come equipped with metal detectors and scavenge for pleasure not to earn a living.

With no "Elf and Safety" and little in the way of medical care, death was a way of life, so to speak, in Victorian London. With it came a whole raft of rituals and social conventions which are too wide for the scope of this article. There are

many jobs pertaining to the funeral trade but none quite so bizarre as that of *mute*. Mutes were employed on a casual basis to stand outside the homes of the deceased and follow the funeral cortege. In other words they were paid mourners. Originally adult men were employed but they had the reputation for scrounging food and getting drunk so pretty adolescent teenage boys came to be preferred. (Oliver Twist is employed as a mute.) This is just a small glimpse of the many obsolete jobs once found owithin walking distance of the Wheatsheaf on Rathbone Place ("reasonable" walking distance in Victorian times being 3–5 miles!) There are many more trades, such those associated with funerals as already mentioned, and also the docks, but these are both topics in themselves.

There is, however, one job which cannot go unmentioned, that of *useful man* of which there are five listed on the 1901 census. I'm sure most of the female members of the NSC will agree with me when I ask: do they really exist?



Elderly Victorian mutes

THE CRUEL SEA

Stirring tales of man against the elements on the New Sheridan Club punting trip to Oxford

THE ANNUAL JAUNT to Oxford, on or near St George's Day, is a tradition that's actually older than the NSC itself, dating back to the protozoan social instincts inspired by the original Sheridan Club chatroom. The basic idea is to hire a flotilla of punts, punt upriver, drag the boats over the rollers to the higher section of the river and punt on to the Rainbow Bridge, conveniently located by picnic-friendly parkland with handy public loos nearby. After lunch we punt back to the boat yard.

There are many traditions within this tradition: we always hire punts from the Magdalen Bridge Boathouse, who know us so well they waive any deposit. We always pause at exactly the same spot by the Magdalen Fellows Garden for a group photo (mooring up by the "no mooring" sign). And someone always falls into the river. In fact Scarheart runs a sweepstake every year: everyone wishing to enter contributes a pound and draws a number out of a hat. The numbers are assigned to the participants secretly by Scarheart so there is no scope for deliberate assassination. The player holding the number assigned to the unlucky dunkee wins the pot.

Oxford is the perfect venue for this sort of mullarkey: for one, it has a river with punts on it. (To be honest this first requirement does rule out most places in the world, apart from the odd few such as Cambridge, Canterbury, Christchurch in New Zealand and Spreewald in Germany.) Secondly Oxford is the sort of place where we really don't stand out as oddly-dressed. In fact on this occasion we seemed positively subdued, as the city was also the venue for some sort of Morris dance festival: as I got

off the train I found I had been sharing it with one group dressed all in red and black stripes (if they'd had an element of silver they could have passed for the NSC Morris). Around every corner were people with bells on their legs, waving handkerchiefs in the air. Moreover, there



seemed to be some sort of Steampunk element for some of the tribes (is Jinglepunk a thing?). As if that weren't enough, in the short walk to the boathouse we also passed several characters from *Star Wars* and some bloke in a suit of armour—I have subsequently learned that something called Ox Con was taking place.

The weather could not have been better. We have previously punted in hail, but this time it was warm and dry, but not so hot that exerting yourself with a pole in the baking sun might bring on heatstroke. However, this masked the fact that the river was actually showing a strong current. This happens some years, and it makes it very hard to punt upstream. Moreover, when the leading boat reached the rollers (literally metal rollers set in concrete, enabling you to haul the flat-bottomed punts up a slope to a higher level, in a manner reminiscent of



(Opposite and above) Sheridanites gather at the Bear Inn for some whistle-wetting before the business of the day



(Above and right) The streets are filled with Morris dancers, strange cyberpunk Morris dancers and Imperial bad guys from *Star Wars*



(Left) Club Members gather at the boatyard; Dr Blah is not dealing drugs but handing out ziplock bags for phone protection; (below) Scarheart collects money that will never be seen again





Our flotilla sets off gingerly from the boatyard into the swell

Fitzcarraldo) the crew found the area too flooded to get near (apparently kayakers were using it for white-water practice).

This is where things started to unravel, as a message was sent back that we could go no further. The front three boats responded by tying up where we were and picnicking there, on what, according to Google, is called Music Meadow. But by the time the Chinese whisper got further back in the flotilla the command “stop here” had become “turn back”, and the other half of our boats limped back to port (it wouldn’t surprise me if the punters were only too happy to turn round and run with the current for a bit). Some of those returnees did manage to join the picnic detail by taxi, others were never seen again.

After we had all returned the tradition is to meet up again in a pub, but even here chaos reigned as we somehow managed to go to three different pubs. But, as I think the photos attest, a good time was had by all.

One person who seems to have enjoyed herself on her first punt trip was Rowan, the two-year-old daughter of Rachel Downer and Paul Effeny. This was despite the fact that she managed to fall into the river from a moving punt—the urge to trail her hand in the water

proved too strong and she leaned out just a bit too far. Fortunately she was wearing a life jacket and was hauled back in immediately. After a bit of bawling from the cold dunking she bounced back cheerfully and spent the picnic carefully arranging slices of charcuterie on a blanket, eating hummus off her toes, hacking the top off a pork pie and gouging out the cream cheese stuffing from some stuffed cherry peppers.

But what of the sweepstake? Scarheart—and the money—were nowhere to be seen. Rumour had it that he had never actually got round to assigning numbers, and certainly no participant had been given a scrap of paper with a number on it. But (from the safety of Facebook) Scarheart insisted that all was above board—for Rowan was not enrolled in the sweepstake and nor was Liam, who took a tumble into the brine from Oliver Lane’s boat on the journey back. Thus, he limply argued, the sweepstake became a rollover to the next year. (By which time he will be living in a Swiss castle and his own son Max will mysteriously have acquired a collection of jewelled crowns.)

The following afternoon, Faiysal AliKhan had arranged for those who wished it to visit The Oxford Artisan Distillery (TOAD) on the outskirts of the city. The big idea here is



(Left) two punts helplessly clash in the torrent; (above) Bob the NSC



lobster is in attendance as always; (below) we tie up temporarily for a group shot by the "NO MOORING" sign





We stop for lunch (well, some of us do); (above) Oliver Lane shortly before eating all the pies; (left) Frances and Chopper do some arcadian reclining

Thanks to Chloe Clark and Ivan Debono for additional photographs



(Above) Rowan earnestly opens a pack of sliced charcuterie and cheese and helpfully arranges the slices on the picnic blanket, before walking across them and carefully putting them back in the pack; (right) Faiysal arrives with much-welcome booze reinforcements





(Above) Rowan has an existential moment as she considers her earlier dunking; (left) Max has an existential moment as he considers the years ahead in his father's household



(Above, l-r) Priya, Clayton, Stewart and George; (left and below) the flotilla re-embarks nervously before braving the current back downriver





sustainability, locality and heritage, and they make their base spirit from locally grown heritage rye (over a thousand different strains). Most gin makers in this country, whether small or large, buy in neutral grain spirit usually made from intensively farmed wheat from another part of the world: TOAD want to promote traceability as well as sustainability. (The use of rye instead of wheat also gives a different flavour.) The local identity of their product is further reflected in the botanicals used to flavour the gin: their Physic Gin is inspired by plants grown in the Oxford Botanic Garden (some of them foraged there) and their new Ashmolean Gin takes its inspiration from items in the Ashmolean Museum. Many thanks to founder Tom for showing us around. (Read more about the distillery at instituteforalcoholicexperimentation.com.)



And so, as the sun sets over the engorged weirs, we turn our thoughts to next year—what meteorological phenomena will tear into our formation? What unlucky souls will the River God pull down to his watery bosom? And will all the sweepstake money still be “resting” in Scarheart’s bank account? Only one thing is certain: we will return.





At TOAD, Tom Nicolson shows us the range (above left), the stills (above) and the mighty heritage rye plants (left); (below) dried "botanicals" in the gin lab



Before leaving Oxford a few of us go up the tower of the University Church to gaze out at the Dreaming Spires





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.



Will Smith

Name or preferred name?

Will.

Why that nom de plume?

It's short for William.

Where do you hail from?

Born in Paddington, raised in Shepherds Bush and Acton and now residing in Manor Park.

Favourite Cocktail?

Aviation or RumDum. Tough call. *[An Aviation is gin, maraschino, lemon juice and crème de violette; a Rum Dum is white rum, lemon juice,*

sugar and egg white shaken and poured over ice, then topped with a layer of dark rum. —Ed]

Most Chappist skill?

I am a world leader at not partaking in sport.

Most Chappist possession?

It's a toss-up between the contents of my wardrobe and my hedonistic nature.

Personal Motto?

Have you seen my keys?

Favourite Quotes?

"Sometimes I wish my first word was 'quote', so that on my death bed, my last words could be 'end quote'." —Steven Wright

Upon encountering him in a loo, a chap said to Winston Churchill, "At Eton, they taught us to wash our hands after using the lavatory." To which Churchill replied, "At Harrow, they taught us not to piss on our hands."

"I've met the man on the street and he's a c**t"
—Sid Vicious.



Not a lot of people know this about me...
And I'd like to keep it that way.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

I first attended the "Last Gasper" party on the eve of the public smoking ban and I haven't looked back since!

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Through reading the periodical *The Chap*.

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

Well, obviously my services as Cutter for the founders of Savile Row and inventors of the dinner jacket—Henry Poole & Co. Otherwise a café in San Francisco called Roxanne's that serves the best corned beef hash in the world.

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

1. Hardy Amies—to talk all things tailoring and spying.
2. Top chappelle, Katherine Hepburn—intelligence, beauty and a wicked sense of humour.
3. Zaphod Beeblebrox—so he could mix the perfect Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster for all of us.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Answer:
Artemis Scarheart.

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

To my great shame I have never done a



Energised by absinthe at our French-themed party in 2009

turn in the many years of being associated with the club. It would either be on the history of bespoke tailoring or the golden age of radio drama in the US and UK.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of the NSC Club House. On behalf of the Members may I respectfully ask you to resign.



On the NSC Oxford punting trip in 2016

CLUB STALWART MISS MINNA works for the City of London but is also a qualified tour guide, and last Saturday I had the chance to sample her Suffragette City tour. It took us around various sites in the oldest part of London examining the, often overlooked, roles played by women in the area's history.

We started at the Monument—in fact the first victim of the Great Fire was the maid at the bakery where it started, too scared to jump out of the window. The baker was quick to blame her for the fire, starting a theme of suppression and marginalisation. We learned of the fist-fighting fishwives (so riotous they were thrown *out* of prison), the home-brewing alewives and the nimble-fingered silkwives, all sectors where women could run independent businesses, but doomed by social and economic changes. We learned of Queen Anne, the only woman depicted on Temple Bar, who was the real brains behind James I's art collection, and of course the Suffragettes themselves, their daring actions and the brutal punishments they sometimes received.

Minna is planning to run the tour again so keep an eye on our Events page.



(Clockwise from top) Miss Minna and her group outside old Billingsgate fish market; figure of the Mercers' Maiden outside the Mercers' Company; some say she is the Virgin Mary but Minna tells us she's actually a silkwife; alley behind Mansion House, scene of window breaking by Suffragettes; old and new, cheek by jowl, in the shadow of the "Walkie Talkie"; (opposite) Minna begins her tour by the Monument

Suffragette City

Miss Minna's guide to
the neglected ladies of
the Square Mile





CLUB NOTES

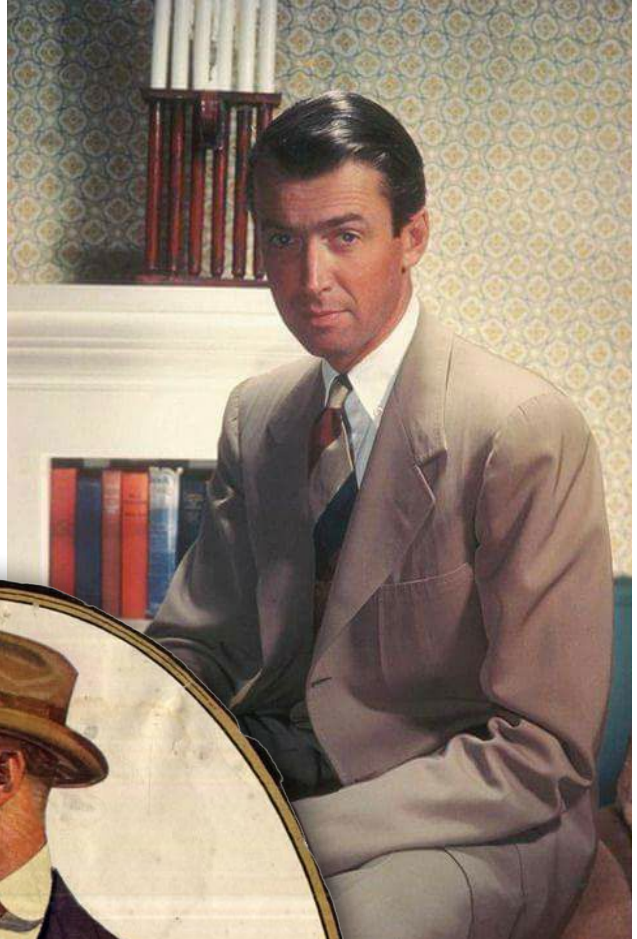
New Members

JUST ONE NEW COVE this time, one Samuel S. Marde Mehdiabad from Bristol, who signed up at our April meeting (you can see a picture of him on page 3.) He describes himself as a singer, organist and "bad classicist". I'm not sure what happens when classicists turn bad, but I guess we'll find out at future meetings.

Club Tie Corner

A BROAD SELECTION this month showing admirable gender-and age-diversity. This page, top to bottom, we have Jimmy Stewart sporting club colours, courtesy of David Wright; a splendid advert from the 1910s from Craigho; and Bingo Pittard offers this from *The Times*. "Legendary cricket journalist (and author of *Fungi and How to Know Them*) would appear to be flouting club rules by wearing our colours in the Long Room at Lords—they will be admitting women soon."

On the opposite page we have another print ad, from Anton Krause, a Prussian medal from the Franco-Prussian War (in case you ever wondered what side the Club supported) and

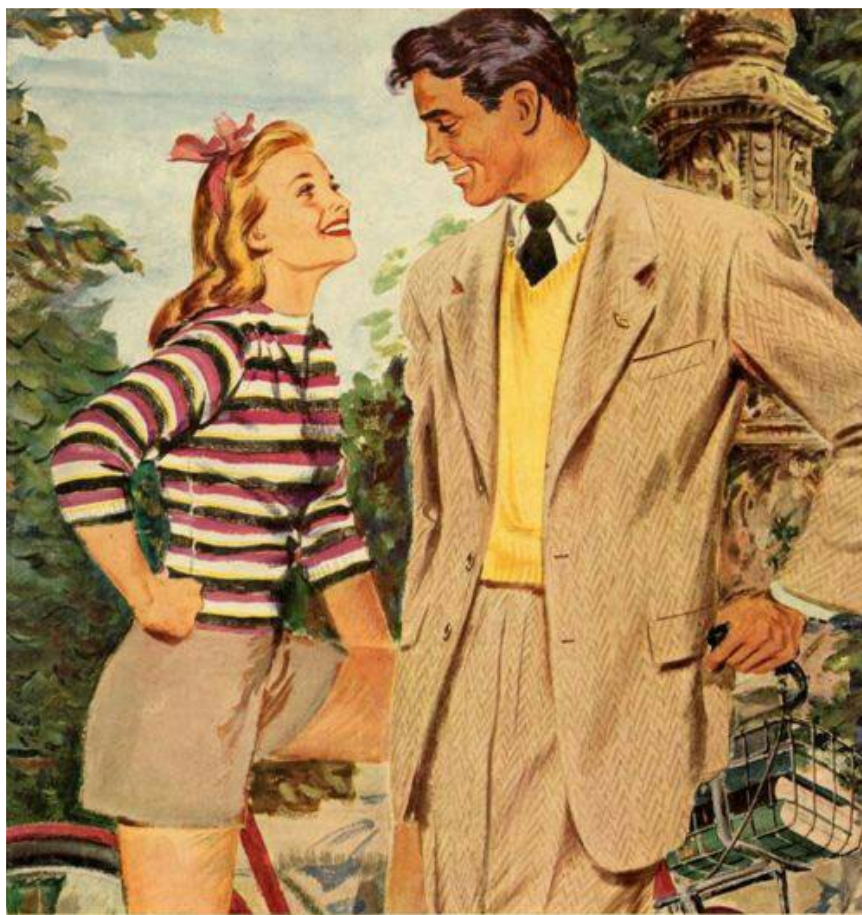


evidence from Col. Cyrus Choke that even the Incredible Hulk respects Club silk, here sported by a pre-Holmes Jeremy Brett.

Below: Andrew King's portrait of Swanton hangs in Pavilion at Lord's



The lives of... already been w... themselves (cri... puzzle as to w... Basingstoke Boy... third person). S... ing Mr Chalk a... one huge, d... biography, as S... aston have don... is to bring joy... who can bl... today's ch... ised an... world b... remen... The... that, ... hard... sitting... instan... classic... man's la... great Aus... just four run... average of 100... for nought (m... 99.94). "Now I



That made-for-you look...

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
...A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
...A BIG THING TO FIND



Wherever you are, wherever you're going, be sure your clothes are distinguished by the Trumpeter label... your assurance of that made-for-you look. Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer to show you this handsome new Varsity model. And remember—only Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes give you that Hart Schaffner & Marx smartness you want!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK





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 2nd May
7pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place,
London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

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 clarinettist Ewan Bleach
with various guests.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday
Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street,
Dalston, London E8 3DL
10pm–2.30am
Admission: £7 entry after 10pm; dance
lessons £10
Live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland,
ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at
the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag,
balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner
or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons
8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

Black Tie Ballroom Dance Classes

Every Friday (except, presumably, when the

BTBC itself is taking place at the same venue)
6.30–8pm, followed by social dancing till
10.15pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London
W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £15 for lesson and social dancing or
£10 just for the social from Design My Night

From the makers of the Black Tie Ballroom
Club (see below), the method of these beginners
classes assumes new students have musicality or
experience in other dance forms such as Lindy,
places the emphasis on moving in time to the
music, and aims for 80% of beginner students
to confidently and gracefully get around the
dancefloor with a partner after the first lesson,
and be ready for the improvers class after two
lessons.

For King and Country

Until Sunday 10th June
Variable start time
Secret Cabinet War Rooms, 84 Long Lane,
London SE1 4AU
Admission: £29–35

Immersive theatre which imagines a version
of the Second World War where Edward VIII
is on the throne, Lord Halifax is Prime Minister
and a Nazi invasion of Britain is about to
become a reality. Customers play the roles of
a small group of backbench MPs taken to a
secret war room and given the task of saving the
nation from jackbooted oblivion. More at www.forkingandcountry.london.

The Tweed Run

Saturday 5th May
From 11am
Location and route to be revealed
Admission: £30
Dress: Smart vintage, tweed or otherwise

The tenth annual Tweed Run, an idea
that is now replicated in many other cities
around the world. The idea being simply to
dress impeccably and cycle at a leisurely pace
around town en masse, and preferably on
vintage bicycles. Along the route there is a stop
for tea, a stop for a picnic lunch and usually an
after-party. Tickets were released on Thursday
1st March at noon (and sold out almost
immediately). The route ends in Clerkenwell
at the Cycle Revolution Festival for an awards
ceremony and afterparty, which I believe is free



entry. The route is generally kept a secret and revealed to ticket holders nearer the time. See www.tweedrun.com for details.

Mouthful O'Jam Cinco de Mayo Special

Saturday 5th May

8pm–2am

The Salisbury, 1 Grand Parade, Green Lanes,

London N4 1JX

Admission: £8

Regular swing night from Gaia Facchini, starting with a lesson at 8pm, following by DJing from Tim Hellzapoppin', Kid Krupa, Stompdown Geoff and Swing Maniac. It does indeed fall on Cinco de Mayo, though I don't know if there will be anything especially Mexican about it.

Swingamajig

Sunday 6th May

2pm–2am (afterparty till 6am)

The Digbeth Arena, 29 Lower Trinity Street, Birmingham B9 4AG (afterparty in the Digbeth Triangle)

Admission: From £25 in advance

A loosely vintage festival with seven stages offering a diverse musical line up from gypsy swing and jazz to Balkan beats, dubstep DJs and both traditional and electro swing. This year's bill includes Slamboree, Electric Swing Circus, King Pleasure & The Biscuit Boys, Swing Punks and returning Swingamajig veterans the 16-piece swing band, Jim Wynn Swing Orchestra. There will also be burlesque and cabaret, circus acts and magicians, street art and walkabout performance. Swingamajig has once again teamed up with Birmingham dance school The Swing Era to run a series of





Just some of the delights on offer at the Candlelight Club's May Ball, including the Swing'lt Dixieband (left), Ulrike Storch (above), Miss Betsy Rose (above right) and Champagne Charlie (top)

Lindy Hop and solo jazz workshops the day before the festival, when there will also be an aerial circus skills workshop. The different ticket options cover these Saturday workshops, and those taking part get reduced rates on tickets for the festival itself on Sunday. See swingamajig.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club's May Ball

Saturday 12th May

7pm–12am

A secret east London location

Admission: £30 in advance

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

A 1920s clandestine speakeasy party in a

secret London venue lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism, a cocktail bar, and kitchens serving bar food as well as a three-course dinner menu. Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location. See www.thecandlelightclub.com.

This time it's a special event to celebrate the rising of the sap: relive the romance of the Jazz Age at a special ball, in a long-forgotten, candlelit hall in east London where a host of flappers and Bright Young Things will frolic in two rooms of entertainment.

In the Ballroom get ready to glide and shimmy to live music from the Swing'lt Dixieband. Dancing along to the band will be Charleston troupe the Gatsby Girls, showing you

how it's done. When the band aren't playing DJ Holly from The Bee's Knees will be spinning vintage vinyl into the night.

There is also a three-course dinner menu to preorder, or the option to reserve tables with Champagne, plus a menu of bar snacks and sharing platters to order on the night.

Meanwhile in the Cabaret Lounge there will be another bar, and live music from the Volstead Orchestra in the early evening, followed by two variety shows hosted by the Lord of Cabaret Misrule Champagne Charlie, featuring burlesque from Miss Betsy Rose, Weimar juggling from Ulrike Storch and magic and mind-reading from sorcerer Neil Kelso.

Want to know what the future holds for you? Our fortune tellers Foxglove and Lucius will be on hand to advise.

Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location.

"The closest you'll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold." —*Time Out*

Uptown Swing present
Nighthawks: Big One

Saturday 12th May
7pm–2am

Walthamstow Assembly Hall, Forest Road,
Waltham Forest, London E17 4JF

Admission: £25 from upstownswing.co.uk
Dress: smart vintage preferred

Dance night from swing organisers Uptown Swing. Nighthawks is a regular night but this is a

special event with live music from 11-piece 9:20 Deluxe, DJs J Brunette, Swing Maniac, Tim Hellzapoppin' and Don Pucci, all preceded by a talk from blues expert John Thomas, author of *Kalamazoo Gals*, a book about the women who, during WWII, manufactured the Gibson Banner guitar, lending it a distinct tone which has allegedly never been reproduced. Mr Thomas will have a Banner guitar with him so you'll be able to decide for yourself.

Swing Out: Gatsby Party

Monday 14th May

7–10.30pm

Underbelly Festival, Belvedere Road, London SE1 8XX

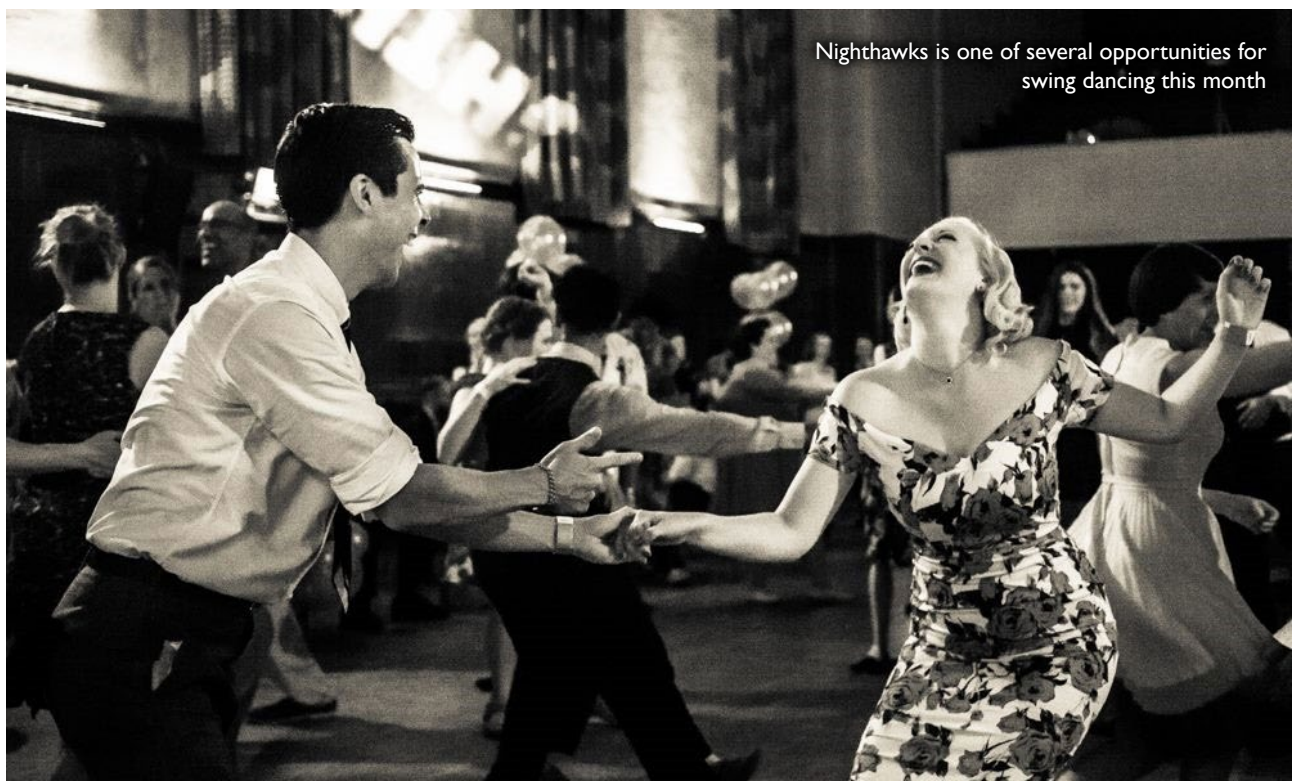
Admission: £14 in advance, £15 on the door
Dress: "Think sparkly flapper dresses, feather boas, bow ties, waistcoats & stripes"

A 1920s/Gatsby-themed party from Swingdance UK as part of the Underbelly Festival, with two swing classes (beginner and intermediate) by Simon Selmon, Anna Lambrecht and Holly France, DJ sets from Holly and Mr Kicks and authentic live ragtime music from the Vitality Five. During the band break there will be a freestyle dance competition, one of four heats taking place during the year, and the winners will enter the final on 17th September for a £200 prize.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 18th May

Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm



Nighthawks is one of several opportunities for swing dancing this month

See Frenchman Benoit and his orchestra on home turf at the Paris Grill



The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)
Admission: £10 earlybird from Design My Night, £15 on the door
Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Dance progressive partnered dancing to a strict-tempo ten-piece orchestra and a selection of pre-war records of slow foxtrot, waltz, quickstep, tango, rumba, Jive and Charleston. Free ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30 pm. Candlelit tables and chairs for all guests, a balcony area with tables for those who don't choose to dance, and four or five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do. The venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola is provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online or £15 on the door. We have a large wooden dance floor and are located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-house canteen does a set vegetarian three course meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm. Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only,

and we have sold out for the past four dances. Activities include a quickstep bus stop and ten most glamorously dressed women able to get around the floor doing a slow waltz competition. Any questions, please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

Sheridan Children's Weekend at the Beach

Friday 18th May–Sunday 20th May
New Romney Caravan Park, Clarke Road, Greatstone, New Romney, Kent TN28 8PB (01797 362247)

Please bring your tweed-clad children for a weekend by the seaside, enjoying British weather, ice cream, playing on Romney Sands, flying kites, toasting marshmallows over campfires and jaunting on the Hythe–Dymchurch light railway. Please book your

Brace yourself for a day on the beach with the New Sheridan Club



tent/caravan pitch or holiday cabin now, as it is a small campsite and might book up. Dogs welcome.

Swing Dancing with Benoit Viellefon

Friday 25th May

7.30–11pm

The Paris Grill Live, 37 Crutched Friars, London EC3N 2AE

Admission: £12 from Design My Night

French smoothie Benoit and his band have been playing the music of the 1920s to the 1940s for many years, regularly selling out upstairs at Ronnie Scott's. Now they are assaying the newly refurbished Belle Époque Paris Grill in a room with a wooden floor for dancing and space for up to 250 people. The venue has a bustling brasserie on the ground floor and a dining room and cocktail bar upstairs, which I think is where the music happens.

S.S. Atlantica

Saturday 26th May

8pm–2am (departs 9pm)

Depart from Savoy Pier, Victoria

Embankment, London WC2N 6ND

Tickets: £40 from Eventbrite

Dress: "At sea formalwear"

A boat party aboard the Silver Sturgeon celebrating the 1930s golden age of ocean travel. There will be live music, floorshows, cabaret and three bars. (It's a little unclear how the timing works: it says that "first cruise" departs and 9pm, which may mean that the boat plies a route more than once during the evening. So although the event ends at 2am there therefore may be an opportunity to get off earlier than that, but they are not giving anything away.) More at www.ssatlantica.com.

Paper Moon presents

Hot Club of Jupiter

Sunday 27th May

2.30–6.30pm

Upstairs at the Prince of Wales, 150–151 Drury Lane, Covent Garden, London

Admission: £9 in advance (from nikki@hotjazzrag.com) or £12 on the door

Swing dance club with live music this time from gypsy jazz outfit the Hot Club of Jupiter. Doors open at 2.30, there is a dance class at

3pm, followed by two hours from the band from 4pm.

The Candlelight Club:

A Night in Old Havana

Friday 1st and Saturday 2nd June

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance

Dress: Prohibition swells, gangsters and molls, rum-sodden ex-pats, straw-hatted tourists, urbane Latino dandies, Cuban heels

A 1920s clandestine speakeasy party in a secret London venue lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism—this time celebrating the glory days of Prohibition-era Havana.

When Prohibition was enacted, Cuba—tantalisingly close to the US but untroubled by the alcohol ban—suddenly became party central for thirsty Americans.

Airlines would organise "booze cruise" boat plane flights from Florida straight into Havana harbour. The local drink was rum and rum cocktails pioneered at famous bars like Sloppy Joe's and Floridita went on to become classics that we still drink today. We'll be serving a menu of these on the night.

Upmarket clubs and hotels had jazz bands just like their American counterparts, ensuring that the good times rolled. At our celebration of Old Havana, we too will have live jazz from the Shirt Tail Stompers, as well as cabaret from Champagne Charlie and the vintage vinylism of our DJ Auntie Maureen.

Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location. More at www.thecandlelightclub.com.



Matthew Howard
gives it some
gumshoe at our
April meeting

