



A NEW KIND OF HERO IS BORN

Artemis teeters on the brink of fame. Or does he?

PLUS:

Knotting the tie and tying the knot

Naomi Liddle and Charles G. Doyle get hitched

Tippling on the go

What to look for in a hip flask

Football crazy

Miss Minna reveals her family's part in the history of soccer—back when it was a more gentlemanly game

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

LXI • November 2011



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 November in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Mr Joff Summerfield will warm our cockles and broaden our horizons with a talk on *Adventures on My Pennyfarthing*.

You will of course remember the news item on Mr Summerfield in issue 26 of this organ, back in December 2008, on the occasion of his return from circumnavigating the globe on his trusty pennyfarthing bicycle. Beginning and ending at the Greenwich meridian, the 22,000-mile solo journey took two and a half years to complete, on a replica of a Victorian bike which Joff handmade himself. Travelling with only a change of clothes, stove, tent and sleeping bag, Joff visited 23 countries, averaging 40 miles a day, crossing the Himalayas at 17,000ft, entering China without a permit, sneaking into Tibet by night and taking in landmarks like the Taj Mahal and the Grand Canyon. In Australia he took time out to race in the Penny Farthing World Championships and came second in the "novice" category. He



is the first man to cycle around the world on a pennyfarthing since Thomas Stevens in 1887.

The Last Meeting

At our October Club Meeting Miss Minna delivered a cockle-warming lecture about her great-grandfather Robert "Bill" Whiteman's experiences as a professional footballer, mostly for West Ham. Back then everything was a bit more relaxed and dandified—goalies and linesmen smoked during the match, the manager was a drunkard, the strip was infinitely more stylish than today and mass punch-ups on the pitch were not unusual. The team was nicknamed The Irons because they were originally the Thames Ironworks team, created to give the men something to occupy themselves to distract them from the evils of drink (which obviously didn't work in the case of manager Syd King). Their finest hour must surely be their "giant-killing" match against Manchester United in 1911, which they won 2-1. As rumours spread that the Irons were actually winning, tools were dropped and skirts were hitched, as some 27,000 local people tried to cram into a stadium that held 12,000. A written version of the talk begins on page 4.



(Far left) Watermere checks the value of this meeting as an alibi; (left) (l-r) Curé Michael Silver, Mrs Downer, Compton-Bassett and Craig Young; (below, left and right) Miss Minna with photos of the West Ham team in action and of her great grandfather and great grandmother; (below centre) NSC Chairman Torquil was called upon to read out newspaper reports from the time



(Below l-r) Pandora and Ed are mutually astonished; Lorna Mower- Johnson is amused; Essex asks a penetrating question



(Left, l-r) Watermere, Dr Jim Holding and Rob Loveday; (right) RN has clearly done something naughty; (below left) Stewart Waller, recently returned from a charity motor rally to Mongolia, tells Scarheart just how easy it is to acquire narcotics out there; (below right) in Smokers Alley, (l-r) Oliver Lane, the Honourable Lord Compton Basset, Matthew Howard, Ellie Halley, the Earl of Essex



FOOTBALL CRAZY!

MISS MINNA UNCOVERS A FOREBEAR'S UNEXPECTEDLY DISTINGUISHED SPORTING CAREER

FOOTBALL IS ONE of those subjects that rarely crop up in Club circles. Personally I dislike sport—however, I owe my existence to two footballers. One is Geoff Hurst without whose 1966 World Cup goal I would probably not be here and the other is my great grandfather Robert Whiteman, without whom I most definitely would not be here. He was a footballer, the bulk of whose playing career was spent at West Ham United. Although he died before my birth I visited his widow, my great grandmother Rose, regularly as a child and grew up with tales of his sense of humour, popularity and love of gardening.

I knew he was a footballer but had assumed that like keeping chickens or tending roses, his sporting life had been that of a gifted amateur. This was born out of a prejudice I held: he had been from a cultured lower middle-class background. For some reason I associated football with the industrial working class. While his partially Jewish family may once have been in the East End he was raised in the North London suburb of Walthamstow. I also erroneously assumed he had played football after the Great War. A bit of research

revealed two surprising facts: the first was that he had played football before the First World War; the second was that he appeared to have been a professional footballer. Mentally I didn't associate the idea of a career footballer with the decade of trams, music hall and big picture hats. My curiosity was piqued: what had it been like to be an Edwardian footballer?

Some initial research has revealed that he had found himself joining a singularly eccentric team. West Ham United had originally been formed as the Thames Ironworks Football Club in 1895. The impetus for its creation was a typical late-Victorian combination of wiliness and philanthropy. The Ironworks Chairman at

the time was Arnold Hills. Hills, an old Harrovian, had actually played for Cambridge University in the 1877 FA Cup. By the 1890s however he was rather more interested in promoting temperance and vegetarianism and indeed founded the magazine *The Vegetarian*. In his early life with the company, he even lived in a Canning Town house among the workers where he busily involved himself in organising recreation for them. These interests did not prevent him,

Official photograph of my great grandfather, Robert Whiteman while at West Ham United



Thames Ironworks' team in 1895

upon inheriting the business, from becoming embroiled in a bitter industrial dispute. Once this was resolved, reconciliation was required and the Ironwork's foreman suggested a football club might be a good idea. One was duly formed from the ranks of the employees. Hill declared that he hoped this would "wipe away the bitterness left by the recent strike". The Ironwork already had a band and a musical theatre troupe (who were apparently very good at Gilbert and Sullivan). There was also a temperance brigade, and futile attempts to steer players and supporters away from the demon drink are a recurrent theme in the club's history. As late as the 1900s they were sometimes dubbed 'The Teetotallers'.

The work of the Ironworks was dangerous and they experienced a number of terrible accidents. At the same time the efforts of the Trade Unions in garnering some element of rest for workers,

the effects of reform, especially in education, and the local area's expertise all resulted in an overcrowded poor population who were nonetheless ambitious, motivated and able. The Ironwork's team was manned by engineers and skilled craftsmen alongside dockers.

West Ham pioneered the development of the first modern floodlit games, using gas lighting and a ball dipped in whitewash (which rapidly became brown again). It didn't catch on but the idea of trying to hold games that could be watched after the working day and encourage an interest in watching and playing sport was a good one.

A combination of innovation, the nurture of local talent and aggressive independence are traits that the team has arguably maintained throughout its existence. Certainly they still like to sing. Indeed West Ham are sometimes accused of pioneering the football chant. This was in 1899 in response to a match played after the death of the team's erstwhile

Thames Ironworks workers when working





West Ham were the first team to attempt “floodlit” football

captain of consumption. A journalist complained, “At intervals during the game a chorus of about twenty voices felt it a duty to jerk—I say ‘jerk’ advisedly—out some encouragement to this effect: ‘Pl-a-a-y up I-I-ron-wor-ks’. The voices were the nearest approach to that of a foghorn I have ever heard on the mainland. Such a distracting row, surely, was never intended to help our fellows on.”

In the 1880s football was regarded as just a craze among the working classes, but by the turn of the century it was clear this was not the case. Strangely modern elements were already in place. Ticket receipts were important to maintain grounds and facilities. Players

could not risk injuries that would destroy their ability to earn a living so it became necessary to support and insure them. More and more, footballers were recruited through school leagues and were no longer automatically recruited from the industrial workforce of Canning Town. They could be teachers, skilled craftsmen or white collar employees or, increasingly by the 1900s, professional players. Indeed in 1900 the Thames Ironworks FC reorganised into something more resembling our modern idea of a football club and changed its name to West Ham United.

Those who romanticise the idea of the amateur gentleman sportsman may find these developments dispiriting but football itself was quite a different game and for many it was seen as a distraction from the privations of harsh lives and an instrument of social cohesion. Hills continued to see the team and the game as a force for improvement, advising them that, “As an old footballer myself, I would say, get into good condition at the beginning of the season, keep on the ball, play an unselfish game, pay heed to your captain and, whatever the fortunes of the first half of the game, never despair of winning, and never give up doing your very best to the last minute of the match. That is the way to play football and, better still, that is the way to make yourselves men.”

Thames Ironworks and West Ham United were keen to encourage their players to be role

My great grandfather in his strip, a portrait photograph and a picture of his wife, Rose



Top to bottom: Manager Syd King, George Kitchen, Danny Shea and George Webb



Rules were in effect to prevent drunkenness, especially if a player had time off for injury in which case they were banned from pubs and placed on a curfew. Despite these efforts, conduct on and off the pitch was sometimes rather louche. One prominent journalist complained:

“I am not an anti-tobacconist but I do not think it is at all good form for a goalkeeper to be seen smoking a cigarette in goal whilst the game is in progress, and for a linesman to be seen smoking a pipe. Yet both incidents occurred on Saturday at Ilford.”

The players were a diverse bunch by the time Robert Whiteman joined them in 1909: many were grammar school boys. Games themselves were sometimes rambunctious. Having been told my great grandfather “wouldn’t hurt a fly” I discovered that many of the games he played in involved fist fights on the pitch. However this seemed to result from the simple fact that if someone kicked you, you punched them; whether this resulted in fewer fouls, who knows? But certainly the amateur dramatics of modern football were not often seen. The stands were also rowdy and inclined to react dramatically to unfairnesses and perceived slights. Referees themselves were

models and they would be made to attend charitable events for children. It is clear that the players were not trusted to be paragons of virtue.

not particularly effective: one West Ham player, Danny Shea, revealed how during a particularly foggy match he had simply punched two balls into the goal.

Female supporters were at one point allowed in free of charge in the misguided hope they might civilise the crowd but the only result was the attendance of thousands of women with no appreciable reduction in misbehaviour. Not that the crowd were particularly rough—a ticket to see a football match cost twice that of a music hall ticket and excluded all but skilled workers and the lower middle classes. The stands would also be peppered with upper-class visitors viewing a game that three decades earlier had been the province of the public school and university.

This diversity extended to the players in the team and a brief description of some of the men alongside whom my great grandfather played illustrates this. His manager was **Syd King**, in charge for over 30 years

and one of the most famous men in 20th-century football, dandified, irrepressible and blunt. His ruthless wheeler-dealing and talent-spotting drove the team to the top and he was described as being “West Ham”. No

temperance for him—he would send out for beer and was eventually sacked in the 1930s by the board for being “drunk and insubordinate”. He committed



Newspaper photograph of Syd Puddefoot scoring a goal

suicide soon after by drinking a corrosive liquid. In a sense he was the pattern for managers to come: devious, in dispute with the managing board but devoted to the game.

One goalkeeper, **George Kitchen**, had originally been a professional golfer. When he tired of this he turned to cricket and was for a while the cricket coach at Dulwich College. He then decided on football, but in 1912 threw that in to teach golf in genteel Bournemouth. In fact footballers were very likely to be involved in other sports, and my great grandfather played club-level cricket and was very interested for a while in tennis. Prizes might consist of vouchers for shops such as Lilywhite's sporting goods store in Piccadilly, and my great grandfather spent a prize there on a top-of-the-range tennis racquet.

Danny Shea was an East End boy and was discovered playing football for the Builder's Arms in Stratford. A prolific scorer, he was described as "one of the greatest ball artists who has ever played for England... His manipulation of the ball was bewildering." His career was interrupted by the Great War, during which he worked as a docker, but he commenced a long football-related career after hostilities ceased.

George Webb joined the team the same year as my great grandfather. His family had their own toy business, so he played as an amateur. However, he scored a remarkable number of goals and began an international career playing for England. In 1912 Syd King transferred him to Manchester City. When Webb discovered King had received money for doing so without telling him he was so outraged he

walked out of his football career. He died of consumption in 1915, an illness that killed other players at that time.

Syd Puddefoot was from Bow where he was recruited straight from his school team and evolved into another star scorer, helping West Ham reach the 1921 FA Cup Final. In 1922 Syd King was up to his old tricks again and sold Puddefoot to Falkirk for the then record-breaking sum of £5000 nearly causing a riot amongst West Ham fans in the process. King, or rather the club, explained that Puddefoot had some kind of business opportunity and would "be branching out in commercial circles in Falkirk and when his football days are over he will be assured of a nice little competency". This was a lie, Puddefoot had little choice and claimed that his new Scots teammates disliked him and wouldn't pass the ball. Despite this he managed to score 45 goals for them in 2 years.

The players were also well paid, receiving some four times the salary of a docker or twice that of a skilled worker who might work long, dangerous hours. Training was not strenuous largely involving running, a few exercises and some practice games. This income allowed my

great grandfather to marry a young woman from a prosperous Norwich family and set up house in Walthamstow. His two children were sporty. Photographs from the 1920s show them wandering off to play tennis or on a succession of holidays, sometimes in fancy dress. There was a strong musical and theatrical element to the family and a succession of Pekinese dogs ran around the house and garden yapping.

Some worried about what effect this wealth would have on young working-class men, but my great grandfather seems to have been a reliable, humorous man. A wiry, sparse, slight individual, he was often mistaken for a foreigner due to his deep sunburn and angular features. His playing was stolid and dependable rather than flamboyant but it may be that he was valued for these very reasons. Syd King certainly never retained any player that he did not regard as helping his ambitions for the team.

My great grandfather played in several spectacular games. One of the most famous is the 2-1 victory against Manchester United in 1911. Manchester United was Goliath to West Ham's David and although victory was considered unlikely 27,000 tickets were sold for the match,

reflecting the loyalty and interest the team now inspired. As news spread on the day that the local boys were holding their own against the visitors it was said that workers downed tools and families ran out of their homes. It was such a major event for the area that it was, amazingly, filmed—this early newsreel footage of the match can be found on Youtube.

"Every vantage point was seized upon by the spectators," a contemporary journalist observed. "Some climbed up the telegraph pole; others sat on the top of advertisement hoardings and looked every minute as if they



My great grandmother in the 1930s with one of the infamous Pekinese and their children heading off to the tennis club



would topple over, while others seated themselves on the top of the covered stand. Round the banks there was one huge mass of humanity, packed like sardines in a box but all as happy as could be."

My great grandfather, who was defending, is mentioned in the match reports for contributing to a resilient defence that wore down the opposing team. When a surprise goal was scored by West Ham in the final moments of the game another journalist noted: "The height of human happiness appeared to have been reached at Upton Park on Saturday when West

Ham United in the last two minutes of a match of thrills provided the crowning sensation of a winning goal in the cup-tie with Manchester United. It was in every way a great achievement which will be best remembered by the ecstasy of the East End crowd that gave itself over to a headlong joy it was a privilege to share.”

West Ham continued to improve and by 1915 looked likely to win the Southern League for the first time in their history but in one of those twists that seem to dog the club the war intervened. The closure of the leagues during the conflict was not without controversy. Conan Doyle had stated in September 1914, “There was a time for all things in the world. There was a time for games, there was a time for business, and there was a time for domestic life. There was a time for everything, but there is only time for one thing now, and that thing is war. If the cricketer had a straight eye let him look along the barrel of a rifle. If a footballer had strength of limb let them serve and march in the field of battle.”

A chorus of other critics, most of whom notably stood no risk of fighting themselves, complained that professional footballers should be sent to the front forthwith. Others disagreed; a prominent sports newspaper

commented: “The whole agitation is nothing less than an attempt by the ruling classes to stop the recreation on one day in the week of the masses... What do they care for the poor man’s sport? The poor are giving their lives for this country in thousands. In many cases they have nothing else... These should, according to a small clique of virulent snobs, be deprived of the one distraction that they have had for over thirty years.”

In any case the die was cast. For West Ham and their supporters it would result in one of the highest death and injury tolls of any regiment during the Great War. The “West Ham Pals” 13th service battalion Essex Regiment formed by supporters of the team had 37,404 men killed or maimed by the end of the war. Five players died, two were gassed and the stands are said to have looked noticeably emptier when football resumed after the end of the war.

I have not yet had time to research what my great grandfather did during this period, but in any case his playing career with West Ham ceased in 1915. However, apart from a stint playing with Manor Park after the war, he maintained links with his old club and was involved in coaching its junior teams. His own son, my grandfather, made it on to the West

Ham youth team but was injured during the Second World War. Robert Whiteman finished his working life as head groundsman at the old deco Haringay stadium, one of the major sporting arenas of the time in London. He was

always known however as Bob Whiteman the West Ham player and when he retired late in life was presented with a mirror engraved with a picture of himself as a young man kicking a football.

His enthusiasm for sport was only tempered by his interest in growing roses—although many of the photographs of him in old age seem to show that a deckchair and a pipe were his favoured gardening tools.

West Ham of course continued to become one of the capital’s great football teams, one of their iconic moments being the famous White Horse Cup Final in 1921. Due to abysmal planning and poor ticketing at the new Wembley Stadium it was seriously overcrowded. The organisers had misjudged the level of interest in the match and the stadium was overfilled with largely West Ham fans who had no choice but to spill on to the pitch. A very few policeman, notably one mounted on a grey horse, were able to marshal the supporters and the game went ahead. This led to discussions in the House of Commons and new legislation. When the despicable Oswald



Delville Wood, one of the locations where the West Ham Pals saw action

Mosley accused the West Ham fans of being “hooligans” he was shouted down by his fellow MPs including Winston Churchill. Not only were the club’s wartime losses still raw but the fans behaviour had in fact been commendable. I cannot imagine that a similar situation today would end in anything but disaster.

While not feeling the need to rush out and buy a season ticket, I do believe that very few institutions reflect the social history of the ordinary people of London as well as their football clubs. I cannot help reflecting on the difference between professional footballers then and today in terms of income, but there are some surprising similarities too. Many of the characteristics of modern football are rooted in

the past, and although football may not have the soft whimsicality of cricket or the butch camaraderie of rugby it seems to me the most English of sports. The history of a club like West Ham is the history of the East End, encompassing gentleman players, terrible industrial disasters, social development, war, epidemic, sacrifice, joy—and a good natured baker’s son from Walthamstow.

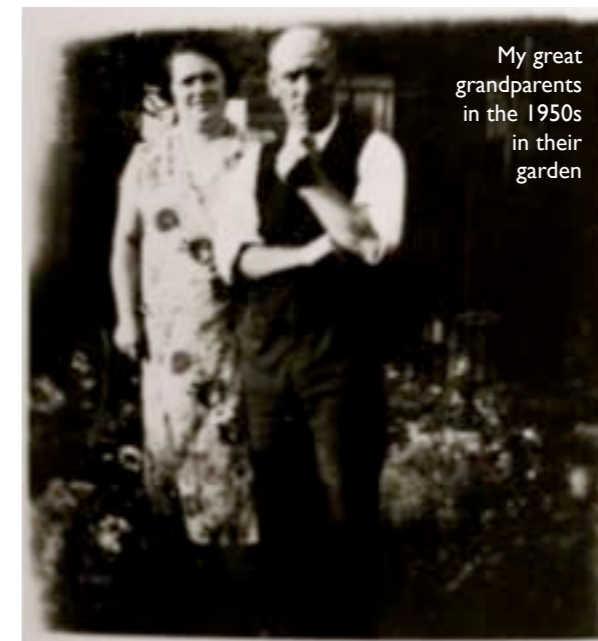


1896-Oct 1897 b

1907-1922 v

2011-2012

West Ham football strips have become less stylish in increments. I have no idea who or what SBOBET is...



My great grandparents in the 1950s in their garden



Scarheart Soars to Media Notoriety...



...OR IS AIRBRUSHED FROM HISTORY. WE'RE NOT SURE WHICH

THOSE OF YOU wise enough to attend our summer party will remember the presence of a camera crew, who were in fact also there at the August Club Night. They were from Firecracker Films, makers of such Reithian marvels as *My Big Fat Gypsy Wedding*, *Baby Bible Bashers*, *Autistic Driving School* and *The Man Whose Arms Exploded*, and they were shooting us for a strand in the series *A Very British Party*, which follows various lovable eccentrics as they plan and execute parties. One bash is a £30,000 celebration for dogs, one run by nudists and one is for Vanda the Panda, a woman who dresses as a panda. And there is us.

Our strand originally focused on Lord Rupert, who came to the producers' attention through the profile of him in *The Guardian* (see Newsletter 57). However Rupert suddenly became very busy and dropped out—so the producers latched on to Artemis Scarheart instead.

The series is currently being aired on Watch. Sadly this is a channel that I cannot tune into so I am unable to report on the show itself (neither can Artemis, who doesn't own a television). But the second episode (of eight) went out last Saturday.

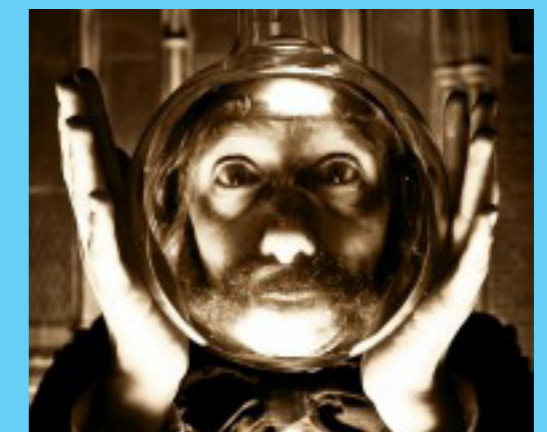
However a strange thing happened with the publicity. One of Artemis's last tasks was to attend a photo shoot at a lush country house, the results of which appear opposite, at the top. That's Scarheart in the middle at the back. But recently I've been staring at posters for the series on the underground featuring the same photo... except that Scarheart is no longer present. You can see a version of the doctored image at the bottom. Have they decided to write him out of the series? Who knows, but notice that the two lesbians kissing in guardsmen's uniforms have also

gone, as have a few other characters, so perhaps they just decided the original was too cluttered. Moreover, the undoctored version is still on the series's Facebook page and a still from our party is on the production company's website, where you can also see a trailer featuring our seagull game...



Member aids cutting edge comedy

NSC Member Dr Jim Holding, an anaesthetist by trade (by which I mean a real doctor, not just a barfly), was recently consulted by comedy troupe The Penny Dreadfuls, purveyors of humour that's usually set in a strange Victorian world, concerning a show they were putting together about the accidental discovery of anaesthesia, a tale set among America's carnival sideshows. Dr Holding tells me the result is rather good and recommends that fellow Members might like to see it. It's now on tour following a successful Edinburgh run. It plays in London at Jacksons Lane from 9th to 12th November.





Landmarks of Letters



SOME LITERARY ANNIVERSARIES IN 2011

By *Torquil Arbuthnot*

ALL LITERARY ANNIVERSARIES this year are overshadowed by the fact that the King James Bible, known as the Authorised Version, was published 400 years ago in 1611. In common with most other translations of the period, the New Testament was translated from Greek, the Old Testament was translated from Hebrew text, while the Apocrypha were translated from the Greek and Latin. It has even been suggested that Shakespeare had a hand in translating the work and that he even worked his name into the text. At the time Psalm 46 was translated Shakespeare was 46 years old. The forty-sixth word in the King James version of Psalm 46 is “shake”, while the word that is forty-sixth from the end is “spear”.

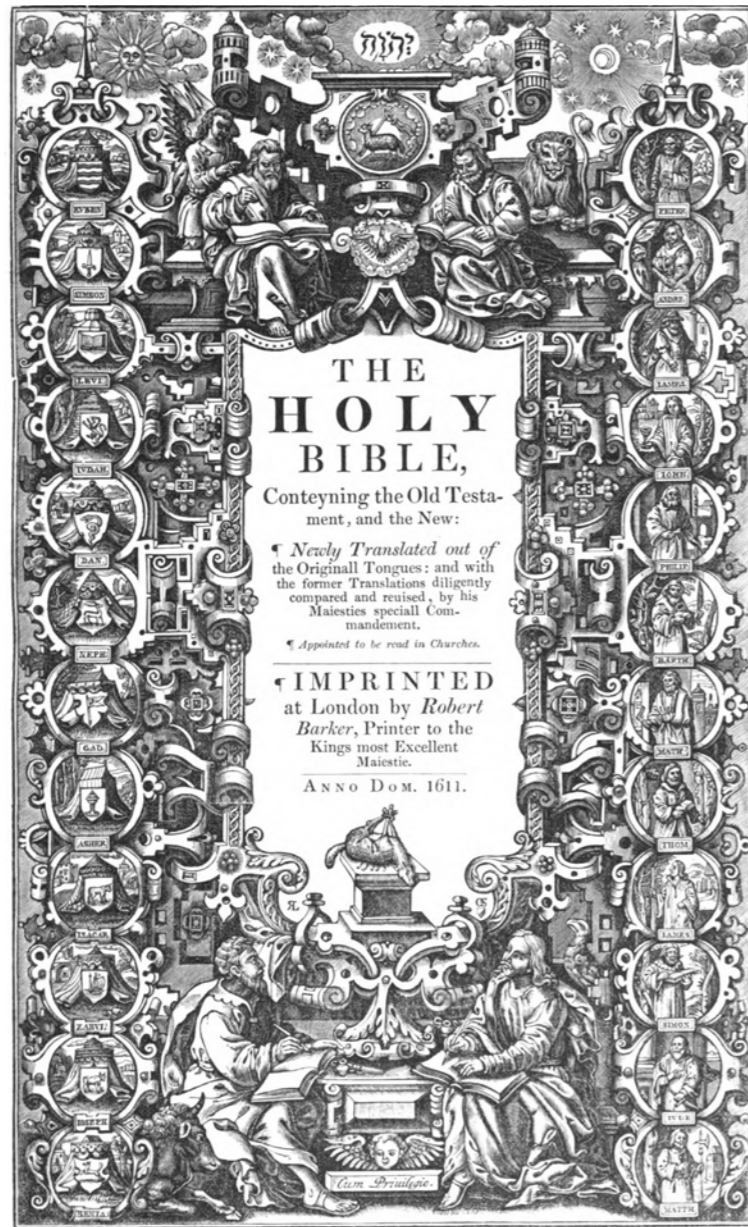
Other notable publications of 1611 include William Byrd’s *Psalms, Songs and Sonnets: Some Solemne, Others Joyfull* and John Donne’s *An Anatomy of the World* (published anonymously). Ben Jonson’s

Catiline His Conspiracy, Middleton and Dekker’s *The Roaring Girl* and Cyril Tourneur’s *The Atheist’s Tragedy* were all first performed in 1611.

David Hume, the Scottish philosopher and historian, was born in 1711. Daniel Defoe was in full flow. His anonymous publications included “An Essay on the History of Parties, and Persecution in Britain”. Alexander Pope’s “An Essay on Criticism” and Jonathan Swift’s *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* were published in 1711. *The Spectator*, edited by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, was first published in March 1711. The stated goal of *The Spectator* was “to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, ...to bring philosophy out of the closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffeehouses”.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Makepeace Thackeray, Arthur Hallam (subject of Tennyson’s poem “In Memoriam”), and Théophile Gautier were all born in 1811. Jane Austen’s *Sense and Sensibility*—“by a Lady”—and Walter Scott’s *The Vision of Don Roderick* were published. Shelley produced the pamphlet *The Necessity of Atheism* anonymously, and was expelled from Oxford for doing so.

Rabindrath Tagore was born in 1861 and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Arthur Hugh Clough died. Notable publications included the first complete edition of Isabella Beeton’s *The Book of Household Management*, George Eliot’s *Silas Marner*, Charles Dickens’s *Great Expectations*,

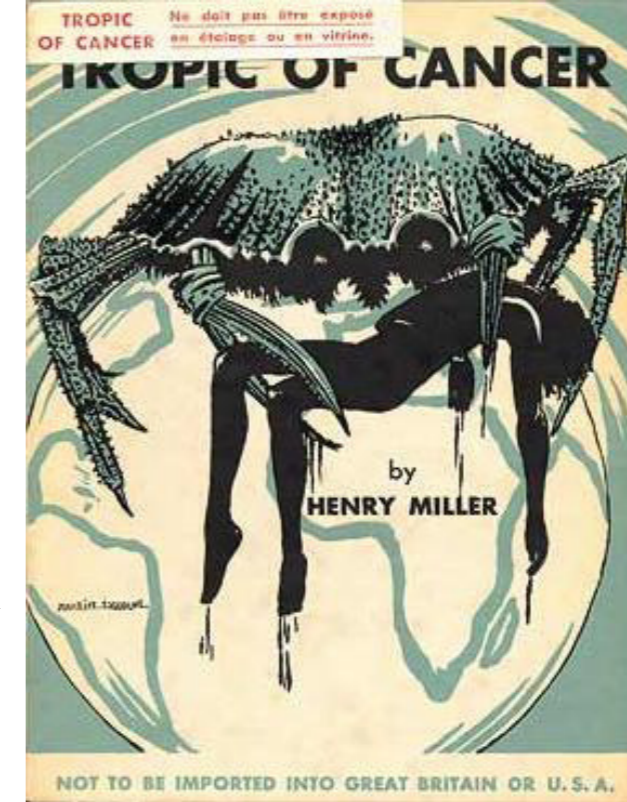


Thomas Hughes’ *Tom Brown at Oxford*, George Meredith’s *Evan Harrington*, Francis Palgrave’s *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, Charles Reade’s *The Cloister and the Hearth*, William Thackeray’s *Lovel the Widower*, Anthony Trollope’s *Framley Parsonage*, and Mrs Henry Wood’s *East Lynn*.

Literary births in 1911 included Walter Allen, Sybille Bedford, Terence Rattigan, Mervyn Peake, William Golding, Flann O’Brien, Elizabeth Bishop, Fitzroy Maclean, Tennessee Williams, Max Frisch, Czesław Miłosz, Marshall McLuhan, and Naguib Mahfouz. Books published included Max Beerbohm’s *Zuleika Dobson*, Arnold Bennett’s *The Card*, Rupert Brooke’s *Poems*, Frances Hodgson Burnett’s *The Secret Garden*, D. H. Lawrence’s *The White Peacock*, George Bernard Shaw’s *The Doctor’s Dilemma*, E. M. Forster’s *The Celestial Omnibus and Other Stories*, G. K. Chesterton’s *The Ballad of the White Horse* and *The Innocence of Father Brown*, Ivy Compton-Burnett’s *Dolores*, Joseph Conrad’s *Under Western Eyes*, Ford Madox Ford’s *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, H. W. and F. G. Fowler’s *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*, John Galsworthy’s *The Patrician*, M. R. James’ *More Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, Katherine Mansfield’s *In a German Pension*, Bram Stoker’s *The Lair of the White Worm*, H. G. Wells’ *The Country of the Blind and Other Stories*, and Gaston Leroux’s *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Stanislavski’s and Craig’s production of *Hamlet* opened at the Moscow Arts Theatre. The 1911 version of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* included articles written by the best-known scholars of the day, such as Edmund Gosse, J. B. Bury, Algernon Swinburne, John Muir, Peter Kropotkin, T. H. Huxley and William Michael Rossetti. Among the then lesser-known contributors were some who would later become distinguished, such as Ernest Rutherford and Bertrand Russell.

The 1911 Nobel Prize for Literature went



to Maurice Polydore Marie Bernard Maeterlinck.

(In the non-literary world, Roald Amundsen reached the South Pole before Scott, Hiram Bingham rediscovered Macchu Picchu, and Eugene B. Ely landed on the deck of the USS Pennsylvania stationed in San Francisco harbour, marking the first time an aircraft had landed on a ship.)

Jonathan Coe, Douglas Coupland, Chuck Palahniuk, Will Self and Arundhati Roy were born in 1961. Dashiell Hammett, James Thurber, Mazo De La Roche, Angela Thirkell, Carl Jung and Ernest Hemingway died that year.

Notable novels included Anthony Burgess’ *Devil of a State*, Roald Dahl’s *James and the Giant Peach*, Ian Fleming’s *Thunderball*, Graham Greene’s *A Burnt-Out Case*, Harry Harrison’s *The Stainless-Steel Rat*, Robert A. S. Heinlein’s *Stranger in a Strange Land*, Joseph Heller’s *Catch 22*, Richard Hughes’ *The Fox in the Attic*, John le Carré’s first novel *Call for the Dead*, Iris Murdoch’s *A Severed Head*, V. S. Naipaul’s *A House for Mr Biswas*, R. K. Narayan’s *The Man-Eater of Malgudi*, Flann O’Brien’s *The Hard Life*, J. D. Salinger’s *Franny and Zooey*, Alan Sillitoe’s *Key to the Door*, Muriel Spark’s *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, David Storey’s *Flight into Camden*, Evelyn Waugh’s *Unconditional Surrender*, Angus Wilson’s *The Old Men at the Zoo*, and Richard Yates’ *Revolutionary Road*. Henry Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer* was finally published in the USA 27 years after its original publication in France, and was immediately the subject of an obscenity trial. Notable verse collections included Thom Gunn’s *My Sad Captains and Other Poems*, Louis MacNeice’s *Solstices*, Peter Porter’s *Once Bitten, Twice Bitten* and C. H. Sisson’s *The London Zoo*. Plays included John Osborne’s *Luther*, Jean Genet’s *The Screens*, Tennessee Williams’ *The Night of the Iguana*, and Neil Simon’s *Come Blow Your Horn*.

The 1961 Nobel Prize for Literature went to the Yugoslav novelist Ivo Andrić.

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members pass on their knowledge like a celestial port decanter

Your Friend the Flask

By David Bridgman-Smith

As the nights draw in and the temperature drops, my hand increasingly reaches for the pewter and my mind turns to the hallowed topic of hipflasks. Flaskmanship is an art and not one that just any chap (or lady—my wife has a hipflask) can perform willy-nilly.

There are a variety of different materials that your flask can be made out of, but the three main ones are: glass, stainless steel and pewter. Below are the pros and cons of each, as well as tasting notes using one of my favourite hipflask fills, Calvados.

Glass

Pros No effect on flavour

Cons Breakable and heavy

Taste Pretty good, with no impact on flavour as the glass warms; the spirit seems to fit the glass better with some synergy between the two. In short, it tastes better.

Stainless Steel

Pros Inexpensive, good availability, durable

Cons Often looks cheap, can be unpleasant to drink out of and can affect flavour

Taste OK but doesn't feel so nice in the hand. The spout from which you sip is a bit sharp and uncomfortable (often the case with steel flasks) with tendency to hit your teeth. Doesn't allow the spirit to be warmed, flavour of the spirit seems dulled.

Pewter

Pros Hardy, looks good, great vintage examples available

Cons More expensive, not as strong as steel, not as clean as glass

Taste From this the spirit seems warmer, softer and more comforting. There doesn't seem to be much of an impact on the taste of the spirit but somehow the spirit seems to fit more snugly in this vessel.

A hipflask is a buffer between an individual and the harsh realities of the world; as such, it's best to fill it with something tasty. Over a period of two weeks, I've undertaken a meticulous study of 12 possible candidates. It's important to note that as you carry a hipflask your body warms the spirit so all these spirits have been carried with me throughout a day.

Each spirit will be rated out of 10 for taste (T), sippability (S), and warmth (W), all culminating in the overall Flask Factor (FF).

Monday Port

Works surprisingly well; smooth to drink and moderately warming. There are better alternatives, but the availability, affordability and accessibility makes this filling attractive. T5 S7 W6 **FF6**

Tuesday Cognac

Warming, woody, and slightly fruity with a touch of anis, this was quite complex and flavourful; very good indeed. Throughout the day, this was kept in my breast waistcoat pocket and it gradually heated up, making it even more warming. T7 S8 W8 **FF8**

Wednesday Sloe Gin

With sweet vanilla and cherry notes alongside hints of almond, this provided medium warmth, but could have been a bit heartier. The

ending seemed a bit harsh and needed to be more mellow. T6 S6 W6 **FF6**

Thursday Calvados

Lovely and warming; woody with a slight apple sweetness and some oaky vanilla. This was quite complex with creamy notes and a hint of spice. After some warming in a pocket, it's even better; the perfect winter warmer. T8 S9 W9 **FF9**

Friday Rum

Not the most pleasant filler, this was slightly sickly and rather thin, making it neither warming nor sippable. For thoroughness, I tried both a dark and a spiced rum, with similar results. This was definitely a spirit better served in a glass than in a flask. T1 S2 W3 **FF2**

Saturday Scotch

Your choice of Scotch whisky will be key: I used Talisker 10-year-old. This was certainly warming and flavourful but perhaps a bit too peppery for a flask. A more mellow whisky, maybe a Highland would, to me, be better. T6 S6 W10 **FF7**

Monday Old Fashioned

I used Master of Malt's premixed Old Fashioned Cocktail. It was flavourful and rather warming. The bitters give it a nice touch and it is sweeter than whisky or brandy served straight; this sweetness will probably appeal to some, but not to others. T6 S7 W7 **FF7**

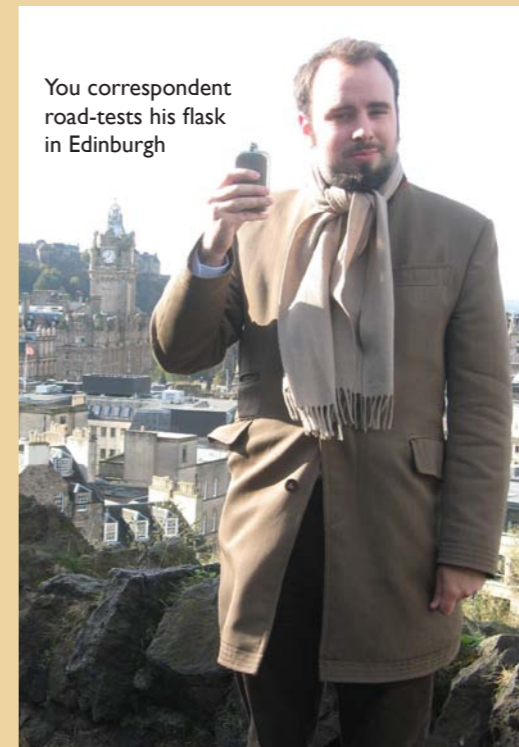
Tuesday Vodka

This was a low point of the experiment: while it was warming, and certainly gave a good dose of "courage", beyond that there's not much to be said in terms of its flavour. It had minimal taste and was pretty rough. Only the warmth would make you sip again. T0 S1 W5 **FF1**

Wednesday Dry Gin

Quite flavourful, but a touch on the rough side. Juniper and coriander came through as strong flavours and it was relatively warming. As it

You correspondent road-tests his flask in Edinburgh



heated up it improved, but not that much. I'd stick to drinking this with tonic or a splash of vermouth. T4 S2 W4 **FF3**

Thursday Tuaca

This Italian liqueur has initial flavours of vanilla and honey, surprisingly warming for a liqueur even before it has heated up. The slight sweetness makes it very sippable and something you want to go back to. As it warms up it becomes even more mellow. Excellent. T9 S9 W8 **FF9**

Friday Bourbon

Warming and less intense than the Scotch, as Bourbon usually is, with some lighter oaky, honey and vanilla notes. This was quite smooth and improved immensely as it warmed up, eventually gaining a comforting, almost liqueur-like quality. T6 S6 W7 **FF6**

Saturday Sherry

As with whisky, the choice of sherry is important. As we've just had Halloween, and being a fan of Poe, I used Amontillado. Fresh and crisp to start with and then sweeter, woodier and more comforting. More invigorating than warming but it works moderately well. Improves enormously as it warms. T6 S5 W5 **FF5**

A word on flask etiquette

Discretion and confidence are the keys to successful flaskmanship. I won't give a big list of situations when it is and is not suitable to drink from a flask, but you should be typically outside and not at a funeral or christening. Do not feel obliged to offer your flask to anyone; sharing the contents of your hipflask with another soul shows that an intimate bond exists between the two of you. For that reason, it's probably best to not have a nip whilst you are standing in a group of more than half a dozen people. Finally, in my opinion, the contents of the flask should be drunk only from the flask, "livening up" a non or low alcoholic drink with your flask puts you in peril of being labelled a tippler.



(l-r) pewter, glass and stainless steel examples



CLUB NOTES

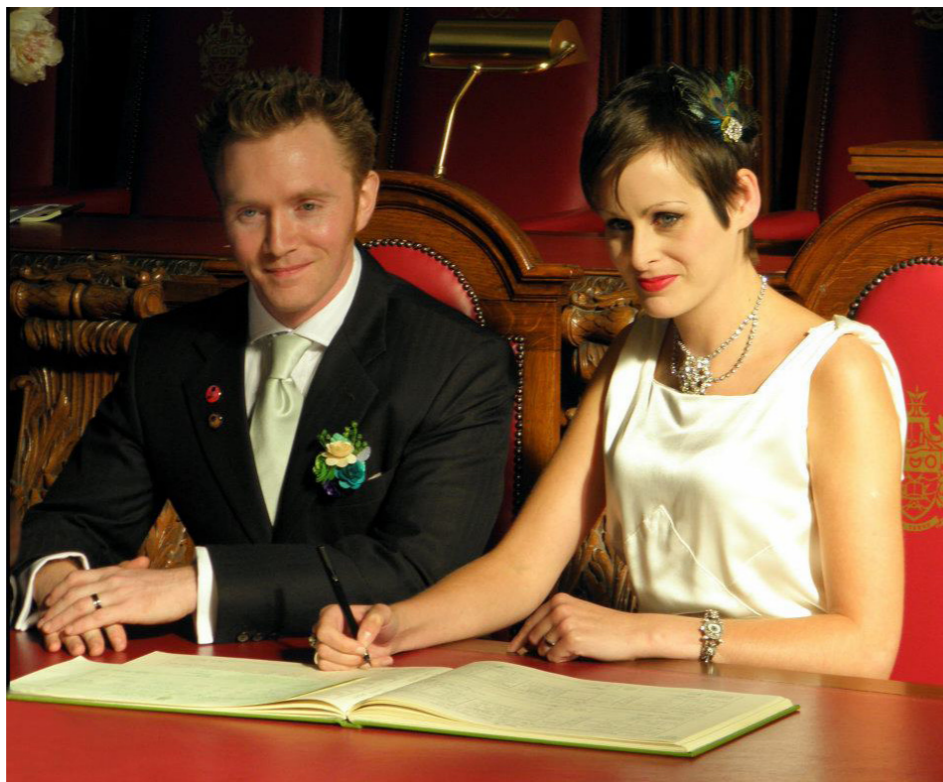
Club Tie Graces the Corridors of Power

ONE OF OUR handsome silk ties snuck its way into a solemn photograph last month, gracing the neck of NSC Member Viscount Rushen, aka Juan Watterson. Always keen on politics, as soon as he finally qualified as an accountant (on the third and final permissible attempt, if memory serves) he promptly abandoned commerce and ran for election as a Member of the House of Keys, the Isle of Man's equivalent of the House of Commons. Not only has he been re-elected but he is now Minister for Home Affairs. The photograph in question, shown above, is of the

whole Council of Ministers, with Juan and his tie circled. Hearty congratulations to him. Little by little, the NSC closes its grip around the windpipe of the world's body politic.

Members Tie the Knot

AND I DON'T just mean their tie knots. NSC Members Naomi Liddle and Charles G. Doyle were wed last month. In fact if you look closely at the photograph below you will see that Charles wore his NSC lapel badge on the day. Sir, we are honoured. I'm sure all Members will join the Committee in wishing Naomi and Charles the best of luck for their future together.



Member elected to fellowship

On Saturday 8th October Torquil Arbuthnot and I found ourselves in London's venerable Charterhouse, a 16th-century building that was formerly a monastery and school and is today still an almshouse. On this occasion we were guests of the Burgon Society and were present to see another NSC Club Member, Mr Charles Henry Wolfenblood (Charles Tsua to his parents), receive fellowship of the Society, which is dedicated to the research, preservation and wearing of academic dress.

Charles earned this distinction by writing a learned piece on the use of Academical Lace in gowns. When introduced to the society Charles's membership of the New Sheridan Club was mentioned and they were described as "rivals". This confused initially. Rivals for Charles's affections? in drinking (the wine had already been finished when we arrived) or for prancing around in flamboyant dress? It transpired in fact that the Burgon Society was formed in a particular upstairs bar of a particular Fitzrovia pub that members of the New Sheridan Club will be very familiar with—great minds obviously think alike.



I felt very sheepish not to have turned up wearing a Cambridge MA gown but fortunately Charles was wearing one for me, and looked rather more handsome in it than I ever did as you can see from the photograph above.

Miss Minna

Christmas Party Date Announced

IT SEEMS LIKE only yesterday that we were lolling in the summer sun, with only knotted handkerchiefs to protect our reddening pates, at the New Sheridan Club's summer party, "Kiss Me Quick!". (In fact it was a couple of months ago.) But time marches on, and the date has been settled for our other party of the year, The Christmas knees-up. This year it is entitled **Tinker, Tailor, Dandy, Spy**—think dapper spies and debonaire double agents, James Bond, George Smiley, Mata Hari, Anthony Blunt, the Scarlet Pimpernel... Well, you get the picture. The venue will once again be our old friend the Punch

Tavern at 99 Fleet Street. The date is **Saturday 10th December**. There will be silly games, arbitrary prizes, a lucky dip, live entertainment, our traditional Snuff Bar and our world famous Grand Raffle (with entry free but only to NSC Members, including any who join on the night).

New Members

AS THE GLOOM of autumn settles over the land like a musty blanket, we offer the electric torch of NSC Membership, for the after-hours reading of Biggles novels under the covers, to the following right-thinking souls, all of whom have thrown their lot in with us in the last month: Paul Williams, Sam Tutty, Sebastian Fotheringay-Thomas and Emmeline de Montfort.



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.

🔴 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 2nd November

8pm–11pm

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

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Wednesday 2nd

November

7pm–1am

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Rd (Behind the Haggerston), Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free

Night of live jazz led by Ewan Bleach and Nicholas D. Ball, featuring an open mic session from 7pm, live band from 8.30 and a late jam session from 11pm. If you would like to join in email ewanbleach@gmail.com.

The Candlelight Club's

Guy Fawkes Special

Friday 4th & Saturday 5th November

7.30pm–1am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15 in advance from www.thecandlelightclub.com

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 cocktail bar with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off bespoke cocktail menu with special themes and featured ingredients, plus live period jazz bands and vintage DJing from the NSC's own MC Fruity.

This time we're bringing you a sizzling seasonal sensation, with indoor fireworks, fire-eaters and smoky, fiery cocktails, plus white hot jazz from the Brass Volcanoes on Saturday and the Candid Jug Orange Band on Friday.

The Ric Rac Club

Saturday 5th November

8pm–3am

The Fox, 28 Shore Street, Shoreditch, London EC2A 4LB

Admission: £8 in advance, £10 on the door

Dress: Your finest sartorial splendour

The Vintage Mafia bring their second club night in this characterful pub with two floors and a smoking terrace. DJing will come from Johnny Chrome & Silver playing 1950s jazz and cocktail music and All Fringe No Knickers with their 1960s soul hits, plus a ukulele turn by Miss Gemma King. All guests receive a free

Ginger Gunpowder punch courtesy of sponsors The King's Ginger. There will also be a free raffle.

Tricity Vogue's Ukulele Cabaret's

Winter of Discontent

Tuesday 8th November

8–11pm



Guy Fawkes as envisioned by Paul Bommer for his regular "Twitter Ye Not" series in the *Daily Mail Weekend* magazine

The Lincoln Lounge, 52 York Way, London N1 9AB

Admission: Free

Ukulele-toting cabaret songstress Tricity Vogue presents a phalanx of professors of the diminutive stringed instrument, including Groblah Thugbucket and Grimley Toadspleen, Will Howells and the Men of Banking. You are encouraged to send in song suggestions, specifically "songs from 1978–9, winter songs, political songs or general songs of discontentment". Facebook event here.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 13th November

11am–4.30pm (trade from 10.30am)

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

Admission: £4 (£5 trade before 11am)

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. Runner up for Best Vintage Fair in the Vintage Guide to London 2011 awards. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club presents:

Shanghai Grand

Friday 18th & Saturday 19th November

7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15 in advance

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

See above. This time we're looking at Shanghai in the 1920s, a melting pot of opium gangs, international diplomacy and decadent opulence... Live Indochine swing from Frenchman Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra.

Wunderkabinett: An Exhibition of Work by Paul Bommer

Friday 18th–Sunday 20th November

Friday 6–9pm, Saturday and Sunday 11am–6pm

15 Wilkes Street, Spitalfields, London E1 6QF

Brief art show by the eccentric and Chappist printmaker and artist.

Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 20th November

11am–5pm (trade from 10.30am)

Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London NW1 7AY

Admission: £3 (£4 trade before 11am)

Clothing (both men's and women's), accessories and textiles from the 1800s to the 1980s. For more info see www.vintagefashionfairlondon.co.uk.

Antique vs Vintage

Saturday 26th November

10am–4pm (trade from 9am)

Bourne Hall, Spring Street, Ewell Village, Epsom, Surrey KT17 1UF

Admission: £2

Busy, high-quality fair with one hall for antiques and one for vintage fashions. More at www.antiquevsVintage.co.uk.

Lipstick & Curls Hair and Make-Up Workshop

Sunday 27th November

10am–4pm

A secret London location

Admission: £75 including afternoon tea

Vintage styling duo Lipstick & Curls are having another of their workshops, this time focusing on getting the Hollywood look of the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s. These events always sell out, so book early by dialling Amanda on 07879076449 or Natasha on 07765166460 or emailing info@lipstickandcurls.co.uk.



Guy Fawkes relaxes at home

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