

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 72 OCTOBER 2012

'I'm ready for my close-up'

Club members appear in video for Chap Hop star Mr B.

The men who made menswear

Russell Nash launches his walking tour

A vintage frightfest

A special Halloween Film Night featuring the 1963 masterpiece *The Haunting*



BLUEBOTTLE!

Compton-Bassett's talk on the police ends in bun-fight



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 3rd October in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Mrs Pandora Harrison will doubtless hold our attention firmly with a discourse on *The Corset, the Foundation of Fashion*, a thorough analysis which “will cover aesthetics, history, health, myths, sex (within reason), icons, men in corsets and today’s culture”.

The Last Meeting

Member Lord Finsbury Windermere Compton-Bassett gave us a sterling address on *A Brief History of the Metropolitan Police & Special Constabulary*—his connection being that he joined the Specials himself not very long ago. “There are nearly 50,000 Police Officers on our streets,” he said by way of an introduction, “but how many of us know how they came into being and how their roles and powers have changed over the years to make the Metropolitan

Constabulary that we know today? As it’s a Force nearly 200 years old, there is plenty to tell.”

He ended his original introductory notes with, “Bread rolls optional.” Those of you familiar with the Woodhouse’s Jeeves and Wooster stories will know that the Drones Club knows only one way to respond to the appearance of a police officer—a cry of “Bluebottle!” and a hail of bread rolls. We needn’t have worried about keeping up traditions, as C-B’s closing remarks were the cue for an impressive bread-storm. Bakery products aside, we learned some interesting things about the Met, its divisions and ranking (and the fact that there is a move to get beat officers back into dress uniform—something of which I’m sure we all approve), and the distinction between Special Constables (who have all the powers of full time officers) and Community Support Officers (who don’t). Many

thanks to C-B for putting his neck on the block. An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



A sample image from Pandora’s talk. (Judging by the file name, it is Pandora herself...)



(Left and right) C-B makes his address;



(below) Torquil gives an avuncular intro

(Right) Whatever opinion Chuckles is offering, Ellie is clearly unconvinced



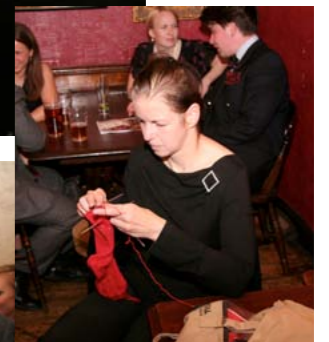
(Below) Torquil’s call for any questions is the cue for the hail of bread rolls; (below right) Chuckles moves in for the kill



(Above) Oliver makes his point forcefully; (right) the crowd are attentive, with no hint of the violence to come



(Below) While waiting for the talk to start, what better pastime than knitting socks for orphans?



(Below) Gabriel Blaze attempts to sell the Curé a used car



(Far left) Scarheart and Maximillion; (left) Henry and Robert; (below left) Kevin and Nicole; (below) the club dip pen, a source of traditional frustration



METROPOLITAN POLICE AND SPECIAL CONSTABULARY

BY LORD FINSBURY WINDERMERE COMPTON-BASSETT

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE SERVICE was formed in 1829, in great part due to the increasing unrest and social disorder prevalent in London after the Napoleonic Wars. London during this period was a pretty unsafe place to be, even for the upper classes: the great Duke of Wellington did not get his soubriquet of “The Iron Duke” through any military prowess but because Apsley House was once subjected to a bombardment of cobblestones from a riotous assembly. Iron shutters were henceforth fitted to all the windows—and the rest is history. A satirical poem written at the time, with the title of “Ways of the Town” ran:

Prepare for death if here at night
you roam;
and sign your Will before you sup
from home.

The Police are seen by most people today as something that came “out of the blue” in an immediate and unprecedented step to better combat the spiralling number of riots, clashes with the military and so forth. However, this is not so. There had been examples of earlier “forces” attempting to maintain law and order in the capital: for example, the “Marine Police” were formed in 1798 with the help of the West India Company—as you may gather, their job was to prevent corruption and theft from merchant vessels moored on the Thames. This small force is regarded by legal and police historians as the first police service in the world—they wore no uniform, but were apparently heavily-armed: little more than

“security guards” perhaps, but the basis of the Police we know today.

Moving onward a few years leads us to the well-named “Bow Street Horse and Foot Patrols”. These were formed in 1805, and should not to be confused with the “Bow Street Runners”, who were plain-clothes detectives. Moreover, there were only eight Runners as opposed to approximately one hundred men in the horse and foot patrols. However, at this time all officers of the law only operated at night—there were no day patrols until 1822, when Sir

Robert Peel, the man rightly considered the founder of the Force, established them under the Metropolitan Police Act of 1829.

The original strength of the Met was 895 Constables, 88 Sergeants, 20 Inspectors, and 8 Superintendents, who covered an area of seven square miles. However, within a year the Force was already 3,000-strong and organised into seven Divisions; even though there was often open hostility to this new force, clearly they were not so badly thought of that they failed to obtain recruits.

The original recruitment criteria were: men under 35, in good health, strong, and at least 5ft 7in tall. Pay was 1 guinea (£1.05) per week, the average shift lasted 12 hours, and up until 1918 a Constable had to work seven days a week!

There were problems with the early “Peelers” however: by 1831 over half the Met’s original manpower had been sacked for drink-related offences—somewhat ironically the man issued Warrant Card no.1 was sacked for drunkenness

within four hours of becoming a policeman!

“Officer safety” is a phrase often heard today, and it has always been at the forefront of all Police operations even going back to this period. The first officer to be killed on duty was PC Grantham, in 1830: he was kicked to death by two men while trying to apprehend one of them. This raised the first real issues of arming the Police, and in 1884 more than 900 officers were authorised to carry revolvers while on night duty, an order that was only ended in 1936.

The Metropolitan Special Constabulary was officially formed in 1915, due fairly obviously to the shortage of regular officers, most of whom were called up for military service. Immediately, they were given the same rights, powers, uniform, and duties, as their regular counterparts, a practice that continues to this day.

During the Second World War Specials were (for the one and only time so far in their history) allowed to volunteer for full-time work—and receive full-time pay too.

Since 1915, to the present day, a Special Constable cannot be ordered to perform a duty: it would need a national emergency and a change in the law to require a Special to report for duty with immediate effect. Even during the London riots last summer, Specials were “advised” to report for duty as soon as possible but could not be ordered to report. Things got pretty bad last summer, so you can see how seriously the Police and government take the role of the Special Constabulary.

Women were first admitted to the Service in 1918, again because of



Nightwatchman, c.1830

a lack of Regular manpower, and the fact that “Women Patrols” providing security for

ammunition depots had been very successful. However, their powers were at first nowhere near as great as their male colleagues’—they had no power to arrest—and the first recruits had to be unmarried (or widows) between the ages of 25 and 35. Up until 1946 women had to resign if they got married, and were barred from specialist postings—it was only in 1973 that women received exactly the same training, equipment, powers and rights as male police officers. These discrepancies between male and female roles led to

Liberal handbill, November 1830, showing that the idea of a police force was not universally popular

**Peel's Police,
RAW LOBSTERS,
Blue Devils,**

Or by whatever other appropriate Name
they may be known.

Notice is hereby given,

That a Subscription has been entered into, to supply the **PEOPLE** with **STAVES** of a superior Effect, either for Defence or Punishment, which will be in readiness to be gratuitously distributed whenever a similar unprovoked, and therefore unmanly and blood-thirsty Attack, be again made upon Englishmen, by a Force unknown to the British Constitution, and called into existence by a Parliament illegally constituted, legislating for their individual interests, consequently in opposition to the Public good.

—ooo—

“Put not your trust in Princes.”—DAVID.
“Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.”—FRENCH
MOTTO.

Wm. Souby, Printer, 91, Gracechurch Street.



(Above and below) Women Police Constables, c.1920

some pretty disparaging opinions on just how useful the WPCs were: one of the photographs on this page suggests that they were seen as being of little use except for chasing naked children with big sticks... As an afternote, I also know of a serving female colleague who still received a Met-issue handbag and miniature truncheon upon attesting about 20 years ago!

You may have noticed the silver letters and numbers on Police epaulettes: numbers have been used to identify Constables since the Met was first established. Regular Constables in the Met always have three numbers, while Specials have four. At the top of my epaulettes is the "SC" and crown, the distinction of a Special. Below that is my Borough Code: in this case BS for (somewhat strangely) Kensington & Chelsea. Borough Codes are very complicated to understand, and I have yet to meet even a senior Police officer who can explain why we use all the letters we do!

Regarding numbers, they also seem to be quite random: in my

training class we given all sorts of numbers when we attested and it has nothing to do with seniority or when you joined. Again, it is a bit of a mystery!

Regarding ranks, it is important to note that only one rank in the entire Force has any military connotations, that of Sergeant. This was a deliberate move on the part of Sir Robert Peel to show people that the Police were not a military force, and would not be trained and used as such. The Regulars have this system that you can see on the opposite page, from Constables to the Commissioner. Met Specials have their own rank system: Constable, Sergeant, Inspector, and Chief Officer. This is mainly because there is felt a need to differentiate between regulars and volunteers (though many think it won't last that much longer, and soon both will have exactly the same insignia).

Pretty obviously, the further one progresses so different tasks are yours to undertake. Anyone above Chief Inspector is rarely seen out on patrol, and as Specials are only volunteers a Special of any rank is immediately junior to a Regular of any rank—so a Regular Constable is, technically, senior to a Special Chief Officer.

Rank insignia is similar to the Army in most respects: Sergeants have "stripes", officers have "pips", and senior officers have "wreathes and tipstaves". Met Specials have silver bars: one for Sergeant, two for Inspector, etc.

A police officer's original uniform and equipment consisted of a rather smart dark-blue single-breasted tailcoat, and a black top hat



London Metropolitan Police ranks										
Police Constable	Sergeant	Inspector	Chief Inspector	Superintendent	Chief Superintendent	Commander	Deputy Assistant Commissioner	Assistant Commissioner	Deputy Commissioner	Commissioner

reinforced with cane—which apparently was for the purpose of aiding the Constable to look over walls. Just how much looking over walls they did is not recorded!

They were also required to wear a leather stock, similar to that worn by the British Army during the late 18th and early 19th centuries. In the Army this was merely to keep the head up and looking smart, but in the Police it had a much more useful role: it was to prevent officers being garrotted, apparently the criminal's favourite way of trying to kill a policeman, particularly at night, in the alleyway of some London slum. Happily, there are no cases of a Constable ever being killed in this manner.

Their equipment consisted of a wooden truncheon, and a wooden rattle to call for assistance. I have already mentioned firearms, and officers also occasionally carried swords—though I have been unable to find the official orders documenting their issue and when and where they were carried.

Officers wore the tailcoat and top hat until 1864, when they moved to the tunic and helmet (the helmet apparently based on the Imperial German Pikelhaube) that is the basis of Met Full Dress uniform today. Interestingly, it was only in 1991 that Full Dress was ordered to be replaced for everyday wear by basically what you see today—and there is a sizable portion of the Service that wants to see it brought back for everyday use. At present the Full Dress uniform is worn for Attestation, parades and major public celebrations in which the Royal Family are present, such as Trooping the Colour or the Jubilee. Out of all the Forces in Britain, only the Met still issues Full Dress to everyone; others get them issued on special occasions only. As another point of interest, Scottish officers apparently ceased wearing the helmet in the 1970s.

Officers today currently wear a great deal of kit and equipment: tactical boots, black trousers,



(Top) Insignia of the ranks of the Metropolitan Police Regulars and (above) of the Specials

white shirt, (both long and short-sleeved varieties) black clip-on tie (sartorially hurtful, but it does prevent you from being strangled), blue wool jumper, MetVest, helmet, and flat cap comprise the basic uniform. Other items include gloves, a fluorescent jacket, waterproofs, and even a Police-issue scarf!

On our belts we carry: handcuffs, ASP (a telescopic metal baton), CS spray (to which every Constable is exposed during training) first aid kit, and of course the radio, which is almost certainly the most important thing we carry. There are also optional extras such as a torch, notebook pouch, etc.

In the first days of the Police there was just one type of Constable, the Regular, and that was that. Today, it is important to differentiate between the different types of uniformed officer you will see walking or in vehicles on the streets of the metropolis. There are three we should cover: the Regular, the Special Constable, and the Police Community Support Officer. People often confuse a Special with a PCSO, which is annoying because they are very different!

A Regular is an Officer who is in the Police as their full-time paid job. They wear the classic uniform, have all the powers, etc.

A Special Constable is a volunteer Police officer. We give up a minimum of 16 hours every month to help the Regulars with their work. We wear the same uniform, have the same powers, and do the same jobs as any Regular. However, we are not paid for our time: our only benefit is our Warrant Card, which entitles us to free travel anywhere, anytime, on anything owned by TfL—quite a nice bonus.

A PCSO is doing the job full-time, and is paid pretty well. However, they have no power to arrest, do not carry handcuffs, batons or CS spray, and have to call upon Regulars or Specials for most of anything they may face.

This naturally leads many people to ask what their purpose is: I believe they are good as a uniformed presence on the streets—but possibly not the most useful people in a situation where someone knows they have very little power.

I mentioned earlier the Marine Police, not only the first police force in the world, but also the first specialist one. They are still going strong and you can still see their boats on the Thames today. Possibly they and the Mounted Section are most often seen of all the Specialists: Mounted Police have been used since the Bow Street Horse Patrols, and are very effective at clearing crowds of rioters and any public order events. One may occasionally see red Police cars around central London: these are all driven by armed officers known as the Diplomatic Protection Group; as the name suggests, they guard high-profile individuals in places of great national and international importance.

In order to be considered for any specialist role, a Constable has to have served for at least two years, and then applies to join the specialist unit to undergo role-specific training.

Detectives have always had a place in the

Met—the Bow Street Runners of the mid-1700s were all detectives. The Detective Branch was formed in 1842, and renamed the Criminal Investigation Department (CID) in 1878; the original Branch was 250 men strong. However, Detectives have possibly suffered the worst press of any section of the Police, possibly due to the fact that great things were expected from them from the very beginning, yet if they failed to deliver quickly then dissatisfaction was aired in the newspapers. As this article in *Police Review* of November 1894 shows, the Detectives needed to defend their position:



C-B in his Full Dress uniform

Why Detectives sometimes fail—the difficulties of finding people wanted

The stupidity of the Police and the failure of the Detective force are constant topics of the penny-a-liners despite the fact that the British Police system has been copied all over the world. The proportion of arrests following crimes is higher in London than in any other city in the world...the public should be more patient with the Detective force...do not imagine because you hear nothing of a certain crime or other that nothing is being done.

The first Police vehicles were two ex-RAF armoured cars, acquired in 1920 to combat a rising

number of illegal activities involving vehicles as means of escape. As an aside, one section of my power to search vehicles specifically states that I am allowed to search hovercraft. If a crime has ever been committed on a hovercraft, I have yet to hear of it!

Even in 1909 there were examples of vehicles being utilised by criminals: two armed Latvian anarchists hijacked a tram as means of escape, and are estimated to have fired over 400 rounds at Police, who commandeered another tram to pursue them, but also had to use bicycles and swords in an outlandish attempt to apprehend them. And all this took place in Tottenham...

Both Regulars and Specials have their own way of rewarding long and efficient service: the Regulars have the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, and the Specials have the Long Service Medal – notice Specials don't have "Good Conduct" included in their medal: it is assumed that as they are volunteers their service will always be of good character and conduct. The Regular medal is awarded after 22 years service, and the Specials' after five years. The reason for the latter's being awarded sooner is because comparatively few Specials stay in the job for more than five years: many leave after one or two to become regulars.

Officers are also entitled to Jubilee and Coronation medals, the most recent criteria being that if you have served for five years or more at the time of the event then you are entitled to the medal. There is also a Gallantry and Meritorious Service Medal, and both the George Cross and George Medal have been frequently awarded to Met officers for acts of gallantry.

The Met has come a long way since its founding in 1829, and has had to deal with a lot: from murders to terrorism, from everyday street patrols to mounted sections and the river police. When first formed, it was feared as another institution which would become "an engine for despotism". Whatever some may say, this has not happened.

I have deliberately not discussed the political aspects surrounding police, protests, the rights

and wrongs of policing, how the police may have treated (or been accused of treating) people, innocent or guilty. But I hope I have given a good account of the "my" force: its origins and how it has developed into something which, despite the sceptics' arguments and complaints, does, I believe, help keep the citizens of London safe, 24 hours a day and 365 days a year, has done so for 183 of years, and will continue to do—and of which I am proud to be a member.



A handbill from 1855. Then, as now, questions were sometimes raised about how police used their powers, but it is always a matter of perspective. The occasion was a rally in protest against the Sunday Trading Bill: the Chief Commissioner of Police had banned the meeting in advance but 150,000 still gathered on the day. When 30 or 40 police appeared they were booed, and when they attempted some arrests, the crowd knocked their hats off, laid hold of them and tried to rescue the prisoners. Later the mob moved to Rotten Row to hurl insults at aristocrats in carriages and frighten their horses. In fact around this time pretty much every Sunday Hyde Park seemed to play host to a rally or meeting, which often ended in rioting



All Hail the Ale Trail!

MR IAN WHITE, a longstanding member of both the NSC and the real ale body CAMRA, took us on his annual NSC Pub Crawl on 8th September, this time focusing on Belgravia. The meeting point was the Weatherspoons in Victoria Station—not an eminent public house in itself but relatively easy to find, given that some of the establishments we visited were tucked away down tiny mews. Next stop was the Grenadier on Wilton Row, a small, quiet place panelled in dark wood. Originally built in 1720 as the Officers' Mess for the First Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, it became a pub in 1818. It's apparently haunted by the ghost of a man beaten to death for cheating at cards, though we didn't experience anything paranormal. Next stop was the splendid Nag's Head on Kinnerton Street, the interior of which can occupy you for hours, such is the collection of swords, spears, hats, skis, shovels, even a typewriter adorning the walls. The ceiling is a collage of images from magazines. By this stage we had acquired Dave Hollander, who had earlier been on Russell Nash's menswear walking tour in St James's (see page 15), and Craigoh complete with his scion Zachary, who remained glued to his computer game for the whole afternoon. From here it was a stagger of about 50 feet to the Wilton Arms, purveyors of Shepherd



Neame ales (although I felt the interior was rather sterile). Having acquired Suzanne Coles, we next made for the Star Tavern in Belgrave Mews which offered a singular and well-chosen spirits range (Sipsmith is their sole gin and it's the only pub I've seen that stocks Amrut Indian whisky) and an impressive food menu. We then stopped at the Antelope on Eaton



Sadie is riveted by the manic interior of the Nag's Head



A Reservoir Dogs moment leaving the Grenadier

Terrace, where Scarheart pitched up having come from a wedding in the Cirencester. We huddled in the back room under a large television screen, before breaking for the last pub on the list, the Fox and Hounds on Passmore Street. Unfortunately there turned out to be a private event on that night. The landlady did run out to us and say that, since we were so well dressed, we could come in and buy drinks at the bar, but it was pretty crowded so we high-tailed it to the Orangery on Pimlico Road—where Manfred managed to find us, arriving with a companion fresh from watching a polo match somewhere.



An irresistible photo op. Never has so much sand-coloured linen accumulated spontaneously in one place at the same time

Many thanks to Mr White for organising this boozy bimbles and showing us some fine drinking establishments.



(Left) Robert nurses a pint of cider in the Star Tavern; (above) we settle at a table in the Antelope



(Left) As our numbers swell we move to the Antelope's back room; (above) having found no room at the inn at the Fox and Hounds we wind up at the Orangery



Murder, Theory and Practice

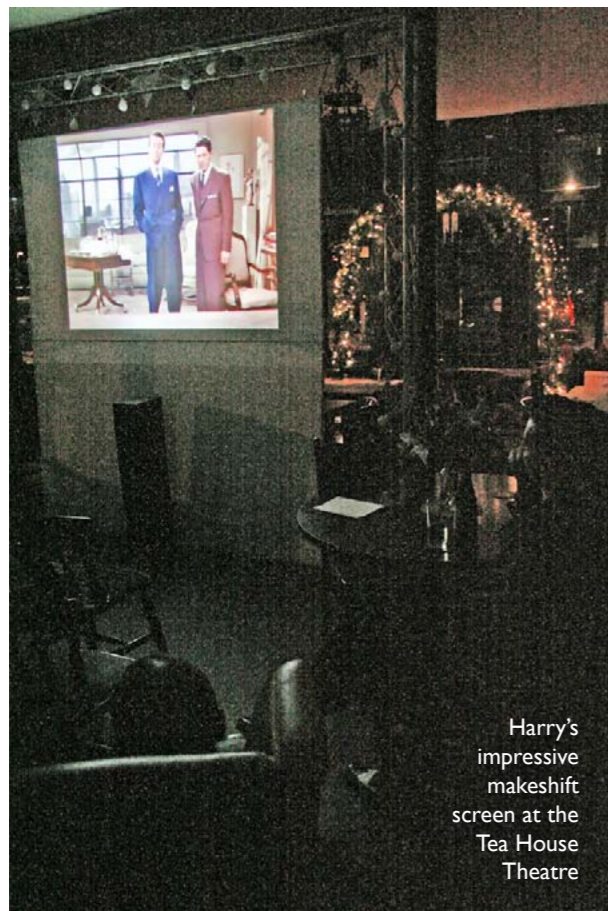
OUR SEPTEMBER FILM NIGHT this month was the Alfred Hitchcock classic *Rope* (1948), presented by David De Vinél. Two cocky students decide to strangle a classmate as an intellectual exercise to prove they are superior enough to commit the perfect murder—spurred on by the apparent theories of their old prep-school housemaster that superior people should have a moral right to commit murder, based on Nietzsche’s “übermensch” concept. To ram the point home the lads then host a dinner party in the very room where the body lies. One of the guests is the housemaster himself, played by James Stewart, whom they feel would surely approve. As the guests begin to wonder why the murder victim—also invited—has not appeared, Stewart begins to suspect. The film is based on a play (in turn based on real events); the original was set in



David delivers his thoughts on the importance of *Rope*

England with a public school background, (which might explain the ingrained concepts of natural superiority). *Rope* was experimental in a number of ways: it was an early example of Technicolour, and the narrative takes place in real time, filmed in long takes to give the impression of one continuous shot. This heightens the claustrophobic tension as one of the killers starts to crack under the strain and Stewart begins to suspect the horrific truth. The backdrop to the main set was an artificial New York skyline which had to evolve (at great expense) from day to night as the film progressed. This constant reminder of the height of the penthouse apartment does a good job of emphasising the killers’ lofty sense of superiority over the mass of humanity below. When the teacher discovers the truth, rather than calling the police he fires shots from the penthouse window—and we hear the gathering hue and cry of the masses who will bring the downfall of the *übermenschen* above.

David followed the main film with a screening of the episode of *Psychoville* that is an homage to *Rope*.



Harry's impressive makeshift screen at the Tea House Theatre



The NSC Film Night presents

The Haunting

Monday 29th October

7pm (screening starts around 8pm)

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

Admission: Free



To mark Halloween, our movie this time is Robert Wise’s 1963 horror flick based on the Shirley Jackson’s novel *The Haunting of Hill House*. Most people have never heard of it (even though Martin Scorsese placed it top of his list of scariest movies ever), but when a friend recommended it to me I was captivated. At a time when studios were increasingly turning to gore and cheap thrills, Wise decided to make a psychological horror movie: it feels more like a good ghost story, where the fear lies in what you imagine rather than what you see, as your mind joins the dots. It starts slowly, with a paranormal investigator putting together a team to do some scientific research at an allegedly haunted house. In this respect it’s a bit like a 1970s group-jeopardy movie,



where the evolving relations and tensions between the characters make for much of the the energy. Apart from the scientist Dr Markham, you have Cleo, a (groovy 1960s) clairvoyant, Luke, the (groovy 1960s) hipster who is heir to the house and doesn’t believe in ghosts, plus Eleanor, a fragile spinster who has had some experience with the paranormal as a child. The fifth main character is the house itself which seems to have a mind, or a spirit, of its own. Apart from one extraordinary effect with a door (which, given when it was made, I still don’t know how they did) all the edge-of-seat scariness comes from character observation, stylish camera angles, tight editing and a narrative that is eerily suggestive rather than explicit—the things that lurk in your mind are always more terrifying than anything a director can actually put on to film. The disastrous 1999 remake with Liam Neeson and Catherine Zeta-Jones, awash with tension-sapping CGI, only goes to show how right Wise got in the first time round. The one thing to be said in the remake’s favour is that they decided to keep the glorious line from the lugubrious housekeeper who says to the visitors: “I don’t stay after I set out the dinner, not after it begins to get dark. I leave before the dark ... So there won’t be anyone around if you need help ... In the night. In the dark.”



That's Mr B. himself on the right



Auntie Maureen poses with her gramophone



Most of the shots involved the camera moving slowly while the chaps stayed put

Lunchtime Thru a Lens

AT HIGH NOON on 18th September a dozen or so Club worthies gathered at the Wheatsheaf in Fitrovia at the behest of Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer. (I would like to suggest that he shone a moustache-shaped searchlight on to the clouds and we simply came, but in fact it was arranged by Facebook.) Mr B. was shooting footage for a video for his latest ditty 'Just Like a Chap'. The tune is, to a certain extent, a reference to the Paralympics theme

tune and the photography mostly consisted of a camera moving across stationary tableaux of figures, in reference to similar imagery featuring the "superhumans" used in idents and at the end of the promo video. We all await the finished film reels with eager anticipation.



A Sartorial Stroll

ON FOUR AFTERNOONS last month Member Russell Nash conducted a walking tour in central London, looking at places and people associated with the development of menswear, taking in the premises of influential tailors as well as the homes, clubs and statues of influential consumers. (You'll be pleased to hear that he focused primarily on the development of the lounge suit that is today still considered normal "smart" attire, and stopped short of exploring the deplorable rise to dominance of casual, sporting or "urban utility" clothing.)

Russell will be reviving this tour in December over the weekend of the *Chap* magazine's Anarcho-Dandyist Ball. For details of what to expect and how to reserve your place, see the panel on the right.

The Men Who Made Menswear

1pm, Saturday 1st December
3pm, Sunday 2nd December

Russell Nash is a professional tour guide and a member of the City of Westminster Guides & Lecturers Association. He has devised a London walking tour which charts the history of menswear over the past 200 years. Join him for a stroll around St James's and Mayfair as he tells the story of men's clothing through the lives and careers of the men who commissioned, inspired and made it.

John Lock, Bunny Rodger, The Duke of Windsor, Tommy Nutter, Henry Poole, John Stephen, Montague Burton, Beau Brummell, Lewis Hepworth, James Lock and Rupert Lycett Green are just some of the familiar and not so familiar names that crop up on this tour. Ever wanted to know why George "Beau" Brummell became so famous? Or where Mr Fish popularised the kipper tie? Or the sartorial connection between Jan 30th 1969 and Feb 14 1969? Or why St James's became associated with gentlemen's clubs in the first place? Or why the election of a Labour Government in 1945 inspired Teddy Boys? Or how the Marshall Street baths played a significant role in how today's high street looks? Or why Edward VIII looked so good in plus fours?

The tour will take place at 1pm on Saturday December 1st and 3pm on Sunday December 2nd—the perfect warm-up for The Chap

Ball or hangover cure the next day. It starts on the steps of the Athenaeum Club, corner of Pall Mall and Lower Regent Street, London SW1Y 5ER. Tickets are £8 (£6 for NSC members).

No need to book in advance, just turn up. However, please contact Mr Nash by electronic mail at mr.russnash@gmail.com to let him know you are coming.



The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members consider the gifts of grape and grain

A Little Tittle from the Big Apple

By David Bridgman-Smith

Last month, I set off across the Atlantic on a voyage of discovery (well, a flight on a BA-747). My destination? The city of New York. I was in search of the rarest and finest juniper spirits that the continent had to offer.

Things started off well, with a plentiful supply of in-flight gin & tonics (made with export-strength Gordon's Gin, a stronger and tastier version of its domestic counterpart) and the occasional whisky & ginger. It is worth noting that, during the flight, I was wearing my Club necktie and so this obviously signalled to flight staff that I was a member of an elite group of English luses.

During my stay in New York, I had the opportunity to visit two gin distilleries in Brooklyn and I decided to schedule both visits on the same day. My first port of call was New York Distilling, which was conveniently located next to a fire station (should any distilling incidents occur). Here, they make two main products: Dorothy Parker Gin and a "navy strength" gin called Perry's Tot. They were also working on some rye whiskey and have a small batch of "yellow gin" (see below).

Dorothy Parker

Named after the New York poet, writer and critic, this gin is of a contemporary style, with botanicals such as elderberries, citrus, cinnamon and hibiscus. Tasted neat, it is zesty and spicy, with a touch of sweetness. It makes a textbook Martini, which is exceptionally clean and crisp, and should please any aficionado.



Gins from New York Distilling and the famous faces that inspired them: on the left Matthew Perry and on the right Dorothy Parker

With tonic, the gin is extra zesty and thirst-quenching, with just a pinch of coriander. Like the Martini, a Negroni (gin, red vermouth and Campari) made with Dorothy Parker is also crisp and has a great flavour with strong citrus notes.

Perry's Tot

Named after Matthew Calbraith Perry, who served as Commandant of Brooklyn Navy Yard from 1841 to 1843, this gin is rather classic, with strong juniper and a healthy dose of coriander. It makes a crisp and spicy Martini, a powerful yet refreshing G&T, and a flavourful but well-balanced Negroni.

After tearing ourselves away from New York Distilling, and following a brief lunch at a Japanese delicatessen, we moved on to Breuckelen Distilling. "Breuckelen" is the Dutch spelling of Brooklyn; this company's name came about following some unpleasantness with another American gin called, but not actually made in, Brooklyn. In addition to their dry gin, Breukelen make both a wheat and a rye whiskey.

Breukelen Dry Gin

Breuckelen gin, when tasted neat, has notes of winter spice, a hint of honey and a smoky finish,

with lingering, dry juniper notes. It makes a rather perfumed G&T that will appeal to some, but not all, with some black pepper towards the end. In a Martini, it is fruity, with a touch of vanilla that reminds me of Opal Fruit sweets. Finally, it makes a lovely, warming Negroni.

Yellow Gin

From time to time, Breukelein have popped some of their gin into oak barrels for 90 days to add a woody character. Traditionally, this was known as "yellow gin" and was well-liked by Kingsley Amis, David Embury, Ian Fleming and others. One famous brand of "yellow gin" was Booth's House of Lords, which was kept in barrels for a few weeks prior to bottling. At the distillery we tried two yellow gins from Breukelen: one that was aged for 90 days during the summer and one that was aged for 90 days during the winter. The difference between the two was astonishing.

Summer Gin

Much darker in colour than the winter gin, this had heavier woody notes and warming hints of spice, such as cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, all from the barrel. The juniper and other botanicals were still evident, but this spirit had even more flavour.

Winter Gin

A lighter coloured gin, this was more of a medium straw yellow than the deep amber of the summer gin. The flavours were also lighter and more refreshing, with a hint of fruitiness and a light pinch of spice. The piney gin notes came through a lot more.

This just goes to show that when the weather is hot and more humid, the ageing process happens considerably more quickly (maybe even doubling in speed). The fascinating thing was that the gin aged in the summer, being more intense and spicy, was better suited to winter drinks, while the lighter gin from the winter would be



Cask ageing is increasingly important at Breukelen, both for whiskey and for their aged gins. Note the effect of wood ageing on the colour of the spirit

better suited to summer cocktails. The beauty being that, by the time the summer gin had been aged and bottled, it would be ready for the cool weather cocktails and vice-versa. Thank you, nature!

I've only mentioned but a few new gins that I tried (the final total was in excess of forty) but I think that, from the finding of my expedition, American gins are starting to give those made back in the good old UK a run for their money.

For more cocktail recipes, product reviews and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



DBS with Breukelen Distillery founder Brad Estabrooke



Mark and Malgorzata at Kettner's. For the record, dessert was Bakewell Tart and Calvados and the New Sheridan Club was toasted with a toothsome 2009 Malbec. Hmm, is it supper time yet?



CLUB NOTES

The Finer Things in Life

ONE OF THE PRIZES in the Grand Raffle at our summer party Never Mind the Jubilee was a £100 voucher from Kettner's, the historic Soho eatery, a favourite with Edward VIII and his mistress Lillie Langtry, where Oscar Wilde used to have assignations with young men, and also a party venue of choice for such luminaries as Bing Crosby and Agatha Christie. The winner of the voucher was Mr Mark Gidman, and he and his companion Malgorzata Kitowski have been kind enough to send us these snaps of them using it, seen here demolishing some oysters, mussels, a lobster and the belly of a pig. Many thanks to Kettner's for donating the prize.



instance I can assure the anxious that Mr Johnson is not a Member of this Club. Moreover, forensic examination of photographs suggests that, although the order of the colours is correct, the stripes seem too narrow.

New Members

AS OCTOBER UNDENIABLY ushers in the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, we delight in conferring NSC Membership—like a warm woolly scarf on a crisp Autumn day, with perhaps the Committee as labradors trotting faithfully at your heel—on the following sterling coves, who have all joined in the last month: Kevin Wheeler, Nicole Rumsey, Ian St John Stone, Julian Craven, Bernardo Gaia, Leslie Phillips and Jonathan Peterson.



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 3rd October
 8pm–11pm
 Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
 Members: Free
 Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
 See page 2.

Cakewalk Café
 Wednesdays 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st October
 8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)
 Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
 Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s clobber) or £8 including a dance class; £12 including both.
 Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

The Guinea Club
 Thursday 4th October
 8pm
 Bar Solo, 20 Inverness Street, London NW1 7HJ
 Admission: Free
 A night of traditional cabaret, hosted by NSC Member Anke Landau channelling Marlene Dietrich... This time featuring Scott McMahon, Micky P., Little Queenie and Rubber Ritchie. Heavens.



Boris Johnson in what looks like a NSC tie, with Ken Livingstone and Ed Miliband

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

Saturday 6th October

8pm–2am

Time for Tea, 110 Shoreditch High Street, London

Admission: Free for those in vintage schmutter, otherwise £5

Johnny Vercoutre's 1940s tea shop Time for Tea plays host to a night of music from the 1940s and 1950s, featuring live choons from Prince Monolulu and the Royal Ponces and DJing from Johnny Chrome & Silver (whom I suspect is Mr Vercoutre himself), Nola Hahn and Augusto Greenstreet.

Ciné Illuminé presents

Chicago (1927)

Sunday 7th October

Doors 5.30pm, screening 7pm, bar till 12am

Volupté Lounge, 9 Norwich Street, London EC4A 1EJ

Admission: £7 in advance (dial 0207 831 1622 or email reservations@volupte-lounge.com), £9 on the door

A screening of the original silent version of the movie we all know. Produced in 1927 by

Cecile B. DeMille and directed by Frank Urson and recently restored to its original glory. Drawn from the play of the same name by Maurine Dallas Watkins, which was in turn based on the true story of Beulah Annan, fictionalized as Roxie Hart (Phyllis Haver), and her spectacular murder of her boyfriend.

Spin-a-Disc

Mondays 8th and 22nd October

8–11pm

The Nag's Head Pub, 9 Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London E17 9LP

Admission: Free

A music night organised by Auntie Maureen: you bring your favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm) and she spins them.

Swing at the Light

Mondays 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th October

From 7pm

Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1

Admission: £8 for class and club, £3 just for the club night after 9pm

Dress: Vintage/retro appreciated

Weekly vintage dance night in a venue with a wooden floor and its own terrace. Beginners classes from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and "freestyle" from 9pm.

Paper Dress Vintage

5th Birthday Party

Friday 12th October

7.30pm–3am

Paper Dress Vintage, 114–116 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3AH

Admission: Free before 10pm, £3 after

Paper Dress Vintage, combining a vintage clothing emporium with a bar and an arts/events space, is marking its fifth birthday with a big party. There is a complimentary drinks reception at 7.30 courtesy of Hendrick's gin and Sailor Jerry spiced rum, live music, DJs, burlesque, go-go dancers, the works. Seems very reasonable for between £0 and £3 on a Friday night...

Seventh Liverpolitan Tweed Run:

On Safari No.2—Brighton

Saturday 13th October

11am

Muster point TBA

Admission: Free

Another tweed-cad vintage cycle ride from our Merseyside brethren, but this time making an excursion to Brighton. More details as they emerge from the Facebook page.

The Double R Club

Thursday 18th October

8pm–1am

The Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, 44–46 Pollard Row, Bethnal Green, London E2 6NB

Admission: £10 in advance

An evening of mystery and nightmares inspired by the films of David Lynch, featuring a parade of cabaret and burlesque performers. Comes highly recommended by our Chairman. More at www.thedoublerclub.co.uk.

The White Tie Club presents

Trafalgar Anniversary Dinner



Land girls get busy preparing for the London Vintage Kitchen 'Eat for Victory' dinner

Friday 19th October

7.30pm

The East India Club, 16 St James's Square, London SW1Y 4LH

Admission: £45

This event has been timed to coincide with the 207th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, which saw Admiral Horatio Nelson, 1st Viscount Nelson, give his life in the most decisive naval battle of the Napoleonic Wars. Incidentally, this is also about the time Beau Brummell introduced white tie to formal events. The dinner will be held in the Luncheon Room of the East India Club, London, with an outdoor drinks reception prior to dinner. Time enough for you to show off your toppers! David Verney, 21st Baron Willoughby de Broke, will speak after dinner. Lord Willoughby is the holder of one of the oldest hereditary peerages in the country (created in 1491) and is one of the 92 remaining hereditaries in the House of Lords. Tickets are £45, payable by bank transfer, cheque, or PayPal. Please send PayPal payments to paul.nizinskyj@gmail.com or email Paul Nizinskyj for bank details/postage address. More details at the Facebook event.

London Vintage Kitchen presents

Eat for Victory

Saturday 20th October



A scene from a previous Liverpolitan Tweed Run

7.30pm cocktails, followed by dinner at 8pm
Location (central London) will be emailed to you upon purchase of your ticket

Admission: £30 including a drink on arrival, dinner and entertainment; non-dining tickets, for dancing to live music after dinner, are available for £4 in advance, £7 on the door

Ella Armstrong Lach hosts another of her London Vintage Kitchen culinary timewarps—on this occasions she'll be taking us back to the 1940s countryside. "The nights are getting longer, the weather is getting colder and the harvest season is coming to an end. So after a long day of working hard in the fields, it's time to don a suit or your best dancing frock, and come and join your friends for a warming meal and a good old knees up. Think hearty stews cooked in a hay box, jam roly-poly puddings and lashings of mulled cider, followed by a lively evening of live 1940s music that's sure to get you dancing." For information email ella@londonvintagekitchen.com or have a gander at the Facebook page.

Vintage Photo Booth

Sunday 21st October
11am–5pm
South London Pacific,
340 Kennington Road
London, Greater London
SE11 4LD (020 7820
9189)

Admission: £175

A collaboration between vintage styling team Lipstick & Curls and "pin-up" photographer Tony Nylons. You get a complete hair and make-up makeover, some tips and tricks on vintage styling for your chosen decade, then you get a photo session with the insalubrious-sounding Mr Nylons. At the end of the day you can choose four photos to take away with you. They are happy doing individuals, couples or groups. For more details and to book email info@lipstickandcurls.net.

Hula Boogie

Sunday 21st October
7pm–1am

South London Pacific, 340 Kennington Road,
London SE11 4LD

Admission: £7

A night of cocktails and dancing to vintage music from the 1940s and 1950s, with a South Sea flavour in this splendidly styled Tiki bar in South London, with resident DJs Miss Aloha and Reverend Boogie. There is a jive class from 7.30 to 8pm and a lesson from Miss Aloha in the Hukilau Hula Dance from 8pm to 8.15.

The Last Tuesday Society presents Satan's Rout: A Halloween Ball

Friday 26th October
9pm–5am

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

A Viktor Wynd joint (he also has another ball the next night but that is sold out), this one is also a launch party for Suzette Fielding's new book *A Curious Invitation*, a round-up of unusual parties from literature. To celebrate, the venue has different entertainments in different rooms, each representing one of the parties from the book. It's all too much to go into here, and seems to involve a cast of thousands, but for more details see the LTS website or the event's Facebook page.



Lawrence Gullo: he's back, and this time he means business

The Candlelight Club: A Halloween Candlelight Ball

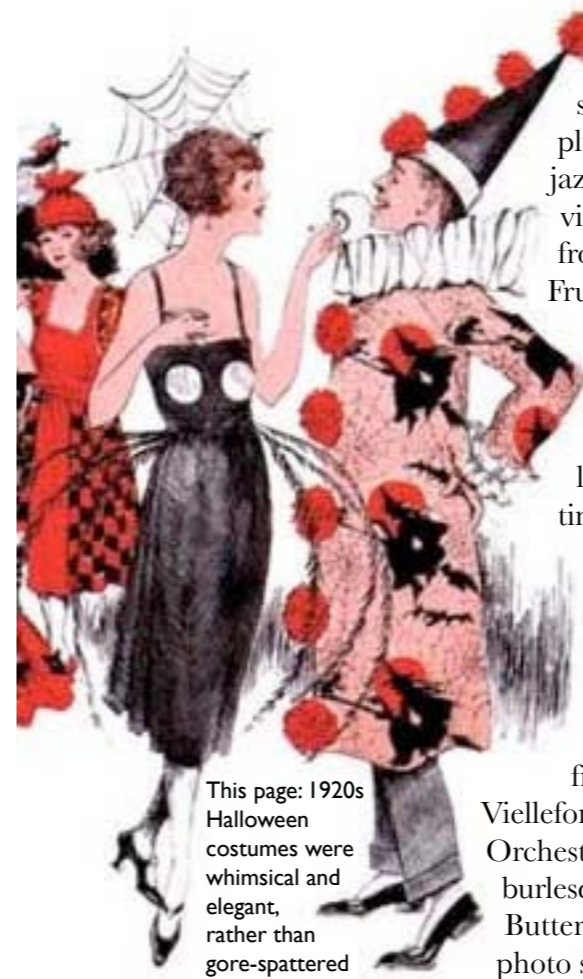
Saturday 27th October
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance (early bird tickets all gone now, I'm afraid)

Dress: 1920s Halloween costumes, Prohibition dandies, 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 party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with



This page: 1920s Halloween costumes were whimsical and elegant, rather than gore-spattered

special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location. This time it's a one-off special Halloween Ball in a 1920s ballroom, with live period jazz music from Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra, gothic burlesque from Vicky Butterfly, a vintage photo studio where you can be immortalised

in your ghoulish finery, free tarot readings from Madame La Cartomancer and her team of seers, Joyful Joyous, and more. There will be more elaborate dining options than usual, thanks to proper kitchens and a Michelin-starred consultant chef... More at www.thecandlelightclub.com.

The Vintage Mafia presents The Ric Rac Club: 'Help! A Zombie Ate My Girdle!'

Saturday 27th October
8pm–2am

The Blacksmith and the Toffeemaker, Islington,
London EC1V 4PA

Admission: £5 in advance
Dress: Vintage Halloween

The Vintage Mafia return with their own club night, now at a new venue that boasts a stellar selection of gin, for a night of spooky Halloween hijinks. There will be DJs playing music from the 1930s to the 1950s plus a raffle.

Die Freche Muse presents Halloween: Stars of the Silver Screen

Saturday 27th October
10pm–4am

A secret location in Hackney, revealed when you buy your ticket

Admission: Early bird tickets £15, £20 thereafter

Dress: Dead stars of the silver screen, 1920s–1960s, ghoulish glamour and deathly decadence

Baron Sanderson's evocation of pre-war cabaret decadence this time pays tribute to the dead stars of the silver screen, whether they were cut down tragically young or faded away, bitter and twisted. Entertainment will come from live band The Pris cillas plus performance art and burlesque from Banbury Cross, Billie Rae and Lalla Morte.

NSC Film Night The Haunting (1963)

Monday 29th October
7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free
See page 13.

Lawrence Gullo in Town

Thursday 1st November
7–11pm

The Dover Castle, 43 Weymouth Mews,
London W1G 7EQ

Admission: Free

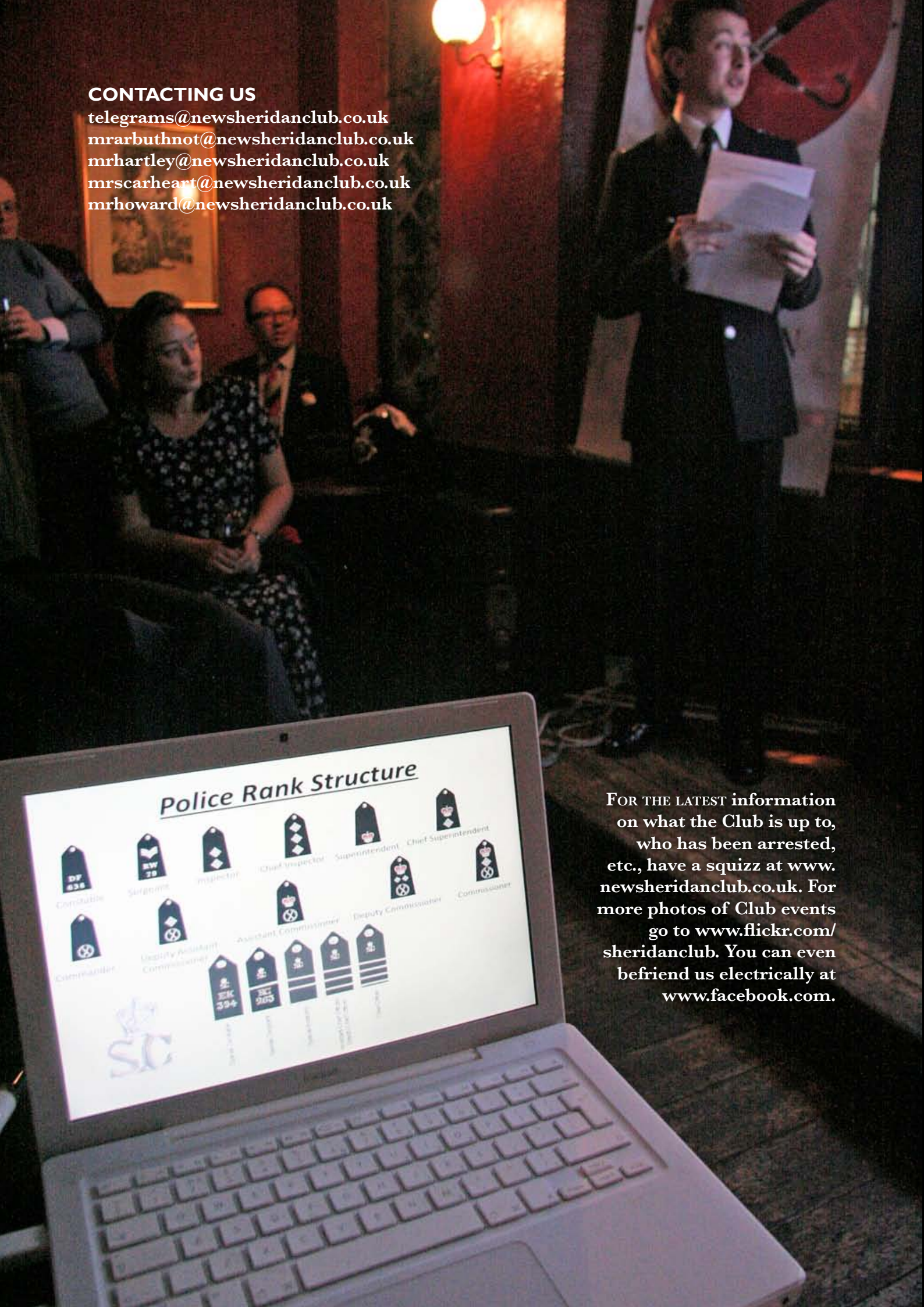
Overseas Member Mr Lawrence Gullo, or HRH Lawrence Fontana-Rosa Zorovich, as he is currently styled, will find himself briefly in Town this week,

so we are proposing a get-together at the traditional venue for these things, the Dover Castle public house.



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