

**Not  
cricket?**

The enigmatic man behind the sporting tour that nearly split the Empire

**Happiness  
is a warm  
valve**

Tim Eyre on the joys of vintage audio equipment

**Pyramid scheme**

Our summer party celebrates the discovery of King Tut's tomb and all things Egyptian

The NSC once again leads the pack at the Chap Olympics—especially when it comes to sneaking in booze past the security guards

**Smuggling  
Coves**

**DESIGN!**

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 94 AUGUST 2014**



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 6th August in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Mr David de Vynél will fill us in on *Sinking Problems: A History of the Submersible Ship*. "Man has been trying to sink for as long as he has been trying to fly," says Mr de Vynél, who has first-hand experience of the Royal Navy's nuclear submarine fleet, "and in this NSC talk I will give an account of man's desire to conquer the ocean floor. Specific focus will be given to World War II and Cold War submarines and their effects on changing warfare."

### The Last Meeting

At the July meeting our guest speaker on this sunny day was the Earl of Essex (probably the most prolific speaker we have), this time talking about D.R. Jardine, the man who captained the English cricket team during the infamous "Bodyline"



Ashes series. Essex gave us Jardine's background as a schoolboy cricketer at Winchester, where toughness and self-belief were taught, and outlined just how devastating Australia's batsman Don Bradman was known to be. Bodyline was developed as a way of neutralising Bradman, bowling fast and short so that the ball bounced up at the batsman's body or face, forcing him to knock it aside defensively into the hands of fielders standing in a crowd around him. The Australians were outraged and even telegraphed the MCC declaring the strategy to be unsportsmanlike—a word that incensed the MCC in turn. Jardine's behaviour (which some of his own team condemned) still divides opinion, but in time bodyline bowling was effectively banned.

We were also treated to a rare visit from New Zealand Member Dirk Heinsius, who brought with him a splendid churchwarden pipe.

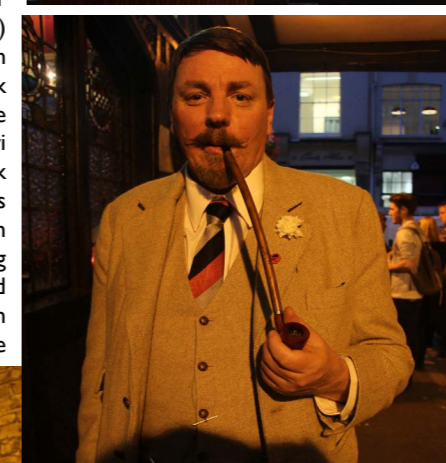
Many thanks to Essex for his talk. An essay version begins on page 4.



(Above) Our glorious Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot delivers his customary welcome and introduction to the evening; (left) the Earl of Essex begins his lecture accompanied by an image of the man under discussion, Douglas Robert Jardine



(Right) Essex draws our attention to a photo of Jardine's nemesis, Australian über-batsman Don Bradman; (far right top) Incy poses a question from the floor; (far right bottom) standing room only at the back of the lecture hall; (right) Kiwi Member Dirk Heinsius makes a flying visit with his intriguing all-wood churchwarden pipe



(left) Ian White looks calm and collected while, in the background, Essex looks as if delivering his talk has fair exhausted him; (below) there's a time for idle chit-chat and a time for drinking beer; (right) in a moment of chromatic revelation, Mikhail (right), Mark and Mai realise they are all wearing the same shade of yellow



# D.R. JARDINE

## AND THE 'BODYLINE' CONTROVERSY

### The Earl of Essex on the man behind a cricket tour that nearly split the Empire

**F**OLLOWING THE ENGLAND cricket team's disastrous tour of Australia last winter, in which they were "white washed" in the Ashes test series 5-0, and never looked remotely like winning a match, I thought it would be a good idea to recall a more successful England tour of Australia, some 80 years and more ago—if a somewhat more controversial one.

I refer to the tour in the winter of 1932-3, more infamously known as "The Bodyline Tour", and my focus is the one man with whom it is most closely identified, the England cricket captain, Douglas Robert Jardine.

Jardine only ever played 22 tests for England, 15 as captain, but he remains England's most famous cricket captain, due largely to the Bodyline Tour and the animosity it created between Australia and England at all levels. It remains today the most hotly contested Test rivalry in cricket.

Rockley Wilson, a don at Winchester College, Jardine's old school, and his cricket mentor, a man whom he supremely respected, when asked about Jardine's appointment as captain for England's tour of Australia replied, "He might well win us the Ashes, but he might lose a dominion."

Douglas Jardine was born on 23rd October

1900 in Bombay, India. His father Malcolm, a Scot, was a barrister like his father before him, and had gone to India in 1894, first as a professor of a law school in Bombay, becoming its Principal in 1902, before being appointed Advocate General of Bombay in 1915. Malcolm Jardine practised fairly lucratively and he and his family lived in an exclusive area of Bombay, Malabar Hill, and he and his wife Alison, a fellow Scot, were well-known figures in the city's social and sporting circles.

Malcolm was an accomplished batsman, though not in his son's league. He captained Oxford University in 1891 and scored his only

first-class century in the university match of 1892. However, he can at least take credit for introducing a shot known as the "leg glance" to the game (a powerful shot to leg off the batsman's legs), then unknown in the standard coaching manuals.

Douglas Jardine was deeply attached to his father but, as was the norm then, he was sent at the age of nine to receive his education in Britain. He stayed first with his Aunt Kitty in St Andrews, Scotland, in a large mansion which was to be his base throughout the major part of his schooldays. Cold and forbidding as it must have been, Jardine claimed to have been happy

there and had great affection for his aunt.

He entered Horris Hill Preparatory School near Newbury, Berkshire. The academic standard was very high and the school was (as it remains) one of the main suppliers to Winchester College. Its headmaster, A. H.

Evans, was an old Oxford blue and "country house" cricketer, who had founded the school for those who wanted their sons to have a proper cricketing education. Jardine edged his way into the school's first XI in 1912, and became its captain in his final year.

Jardine left Horris Hill and passed without undue difficulty, or indeed academic distinction, into Winchester College.

While other public schools had dispensed with some of the more austere 19th-century customs, Winchester remained largely unchanged. Life at the school was harsh, monastic and concerned with a strict routine, the aim being to produce young gentlemen with the minds of philosophers and the bodies of Olympians.

It was a terrifying place for any new boy, but Jardine's reputation as a cricketer had travelled before him, and at a time when sporting prowess was encouraged and lauded at public schools, he enjoyed a privileged status at Winchester.

The first task of a new "man" (there are no "boys" at Winchester) was to learn his notions, a secret vocabulary, grammar and code of behaviour consisting of over 1,000 items—the published glossary in the London Library runs to two volumes. It was a means of helping the Wykehamist (as all alumni of Winchester College are known, after the founder William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester in 1382), and was a heady mixture of Latin and obscure biblical allusions. For example, it was a "bad notion" to be seen walking alone, and the word "think" was not allowed—a Wykehamist did not think, he knew.

The daily routine would involve the boys being woken at 6.30am. They then washed in cold water (although hot water was plentiful) and work began at 7am with morning lines: 45 minutes of Latin or Greek. This was followed by chapel and a practically non-existent snack known as "Grubbing Hall", followed by a further four hours of morning school. Lunch was the main meal of the day, but during the wartime food shortages it was positively injurious to health. The afternoons were given over to games, known as "Ekker", which Jardine enjoyed.

Discipline was dreadfully harsh, and a considerable period of the day was set aside for corporal punishment, which can best be described as licensed sadism; one boy took his

revenge by putting his bleeding posterior on the headmaster's new chintz covers, following a beating in his study.

The headmaster Montague Rendall, who had thought up the BBC motto "Nation shall speak unto nation", believed that Wykehamists were taught to be honest, impervious to physical pain, uncomplaining and civilised. Hardly surprising, then, that in later life Jardine would gain a reputation as a man who could be dismissive of minor grievances and impatient with sensitive egos.

The First World War dominated life at Winchester during Jardine's time there, and there was an intense patriotic fervour and righteous hatred of the Germans. By the time Jardine had arrived at Winchester in 1914, most of the older "men" there had left or were about to leave, to take commissions in the services. For those left behind there was a gradual worsening of conditions and an uncertain wait until reaching military age. *The Wykehamist*, the school journal, did not inspire much confidence: the headmaster asked all men about to go to the front "to please send me a postcard stating their unit and rank. This will help us get our war roll accurate". No fewer than 500 Wykehamists were killed in the First World War.

Jardine's last cricket season at Winchester was triumphal. He scored 997 runs from 16 innings at an average score of 66.46 and an average stay at the crease of 2¼ hours. One of his last achievements was to captain the Winchester first XI in a rare victory against Eton in 1919. Jardine's captaincy left nothing to chance. He made his team go and pray in Eton College chapel the evening before the match. Jardine scored 35 and 89 in a low-scoring game, which was described by *The Times* as "a thoroughly commendable piece of batting". When the team's train returned to Winchester a large crowd was waiting to cheer them and Jardine was carried shoulder-high through the street to the college gates.

Jardine went up to Oxford in 1919, which at this time was somewhat overcrowded due to a large influx of young men who had had their education interrupted by the war, and Nissen huts had been erected to accommodate the increased population. Jardine was one of 88 freshmen who entered New College, which was the most fashionable, favoured by Eton

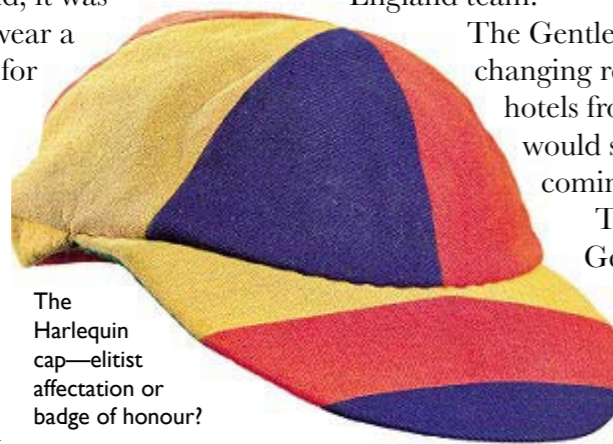


and, particularly, Winchester. Shy and not particularly hearty, Jardine found it difficult to mix and kept himself rather apart; he was thought rather aloof, if not a snob. However, he kept up with his Winchester friends and played cricket and football, among other sports.

In 1921 he scored an impressive 96 not out against the touring Australian side, which only the previous winter had massacred the touring England team in Australia 5–0. At this time all university matches were classified as first-class cricket. Later that year Jardine scored his maiden first-class century for Oxford against the Army.

It was at this time that Jardine took to wearing his Harlequin cap, for which he would become famous, if not infamous. The Harlequins Cricket Club was, and is, a wandering cricket club formed by the fellows of Merton College, Oxford, in 1852. The club is made up exclusively of current and former Oxford University first-class cricketers. Rather than play in the normal cricketing “whites”, the club’s whole kit was coloured Oxford blue, maroon and buff until the end of the 19th century. In Jardine’s time only the cap bore the full colours and he wore it throughout his cricketing career. Many saw it as an elitist affectation but Jardine saw it as a “badge of honour”. Although no doubt he enjoyed ruffling the feathers of the Australians when representing England, it was considered acceptable to wear a “fancy cap” when batting for England but somewhat *de trop* when fielding.

The Jardine family home was now at Walton-on-Thames and this gave Jardine a residential qualification to play cricket for Surrey. He was invited to join the county after the university season had finished, with Jardine then standing eighth in the national batting averages. In 1923 Jardine scored his first century for Surrey (127) against Hampshire, and 104 against the touring West Indians, finishing second in the Surrey batting averages with 464 runs at 51.55, but he had been hampered by a troublesome knee injury which restricted his movement running between wickets, and he was unable to bowl his



The Harlequin cap—elitist affectation or badge of honour?

leg-breaks. He was awarded his county cap later that season.

Having come down from Oxford for good he set about qualifying as a solicitor, a task that he approached with typical diligence if little enthusiasm. There was never any doubt that Jardine would have to earn his living—in fact very few gentlemen playing on the first-class circuit were free of that distasteful obligation. For the majority, including Jardine, playing first-class cricket was only possible with the cooperation of an employer and the burning of a good deal of midnight oil. However, the life of an amateur cricketer was an enjoyable one, and there was sufficient family money for Jardine to be installed in a flat in Kensington.

At this time there was a distinct social apartheid in cricket between the amateurs (the “Gentlemen”) and the professionals (the “Players”). For the Players cricket was a living and they were largely drawn from the working class, while the Gentlemen, drawn largely from the upper and upper-middle classes, were considered the guardians of the game, who played cricket in the right spirit and for the love of the game and nothing else. So much so that it was considered that only a Gentleman could captain England—in fact in 1938 Wally Hammond, a professional Player, had to become a “notional amateur” to captain the England team.

The Gentlemen used separate gates, changing rooms, dining facilities and hotels from the players and butlers would serve sherry to Gentlemen coming in for lunch.

There was an annual Gentlemen vs Players match, established in 1806 and played at either the Oval or Lord’s over three days. The Gentlemen would be listed with their initials first and followed by “Esq.,” while the Players would be listed with their surnames first, followed by their initials. The match ended in 1962, following the abolition of the distinction between Gentlemen and Players that year after a spiky six-hour meeting at Lord’s. It was considered an anachronism that was no longer defensible, following long-standing accusations



The England team for the 1928 Australian tour

of “shamateurism” with nominal amateurs in fact having paid administrative positions with their counties, and even receiving illicit payments from them so they could continue to play for “free”.

Jardine qualified as a solicitor with Crawley, Arnold, Ellis & Ellis in 1927, but chose not to practise and left to work as a clerk with Barings Bank in the City. His passion, however, was cricket and he was never to be entirely without money worries while he played the game.

He was first selected to play for England in 1928 against the West Indies at Lord’s after his greatest year playing for Surrey in 1927, in which his batting average was 114.33. He would also be selected for the 1928–9 tour of Australia with arguably England’s greatest ever batting line-up of Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Hendren and Jardine. It was on this tour that the Australian public noticed his wearing of the Harlequin cap, the aristocratic profile (his nose was slightly crooked as a result of a previous injury) and his stiff-legged “stork-like” run. He wore the cap not so much as a provocative gesture but out of superstition, believing it to be connected with his unprecedented run of high scores. He went on to score three centuries in his first three innings of the tour.

In the tour’s third match at Melbourne Jardine received considerable barracking from the local crowd for his occupation of the crease—he batted for three hours and 40

minutes to score 140 runs with almost arrogant ease. Don Bradman, the great Australian batsman, described it as one of the finest exhibitions of stroke play he had ever witnessed. When Jardine, one of only three amateurs in the side, returned to the dressing room after being out he passed Patsy Hendren on his way out to bat. “They don’t seem to like you much over here, Mr Jardine,” Hendren ventured. Tight-lipped, Jardine replied, “It’s fucking mutual.”

Jardine batted throughout the tour with great application and accomplishment and the Ashes were comfortably won by England, four tests to one. But the Australian crowd had universally taken against him.

On the other hand Percy Chapman, the amateur England Captain, was well regarded by the Australians, despite his wearing the cap of the Cambridge equivalent of the Harlequins, the Quidnuncs. In the fourth Test he had even appeared at the crease in a cap of riotous colour given to Cambridge undergraduates who had scored a “pair”, with two large “0”s on the front and the word “CHAPS” on the back. Chapman was an attacking, if inconsistent, batsman who was fond of a drink. When not batting or fielding he could invariably be found in the ladies’ spectators’ stand rather than the England dressing room.

If 1928–9 had been England’s year then 1930 was unequivocally Australia’s and

in particular that of their top scorer Don Bradman. Bradman, or “The Don”, was born in Cootamundra, New South Wales—essentially “the outback”—and was known to have practised the game on his own using just a cricket stump and a golf ball. He rose from being a virtual unknown to the world’s greatest batsman by his 22nd birthday. During a career spanning 20 years he broke all the batting records, setting new ones most of which will never be beaten. A complex and highly driven man, he was not given to close personal relationships but became a highly respected cricket administrator, selector and writer for 30 years after he stopped playing. In 1945, the year of his retirement, he received a knighthood.

During the Australian tour of England in 1930 Bradman played in five tests, scoring 974 runs in seven innings, with a top score of 334 and an average of 139.14. He was only 21 at the time and it was his first exposure to English conditions where the wickets were prepared to favour the England bowlers.

England won the first Test, Australia the second and the weather the third. The fourth Test was also spoiled by rain, but Chapman, who was still England captain, had a poor match and was

dropped by the England selectors. Having won nine out of 11 tests as captain, he felt suitably hard done by. In the fifth and final Test Bob Wyatt, the Warwickshire captain, replaced Chapman. He did well enough but England were caught on a sticky wicket in the fourth innings and Australia retained the Ashes.

There is little doubt that had Jardine been in match practice he would have been appointed captain ahead of Wyatt, but he had only played eight innings at the start of the season and had pulled out of the running for a Test place in the knowledge that his business commitments would allow him few opportunities to play for his county, Surrey.



Don Bradman, the batsman that Bodyline was invented to thwart

In June 1931, however, Jardine was appointed by the England selectors as captain. They were looking for a man of the right steel and resolve to regain the Ashes in the forthcoming tour of Australia in the winter of 1932–3, which they knew in advance would be an arduous task—the tour would need to be run on far more disciplined lines than the one led by cavalier Chapman in 1928–9.

Percy Fender was Jardine’s captain at Surrey. A fellow amateur and capable all-rounder, he had played for England on and off in the 1920s. He worked part time as a journalist and had covered the England tour of Australia in 1928 for the *Star* newspaper. Fender approved of

Jardine’s appointment as England captain and even offered to resign the Surrey captaincy in 1931 to give Jardine more experience. He was turned down by the Surrey committee but gradually fell out of favour with them through his habit of making arranged declarations of Surrey’s innings with the opposition to force a result, and—worst of all—selecting professional players ahead of amateurs who might fancy a knock. He was replaced by Jardine as captain in 1932.

It is often assumed that Jardine invented “bodyline” bowling, but in fact its precursor, “leg theory”, a method of concentrated bowling on the leg stump to prevent the batsman from scoring, had been introduced by the England bowler Frank Foster on the tour of Australia in 1911–12 to thwart the great Australian batsman Victor Trumper. Foster was known to have met Jardine in London to discuss the tactic, although he later disowned bodyline bowling.

Arthur Carr, the Nottinghamshire captain, had been using leg theory to great effect in the county championship season of 1932, utilising his two fast bowlers Harold Larwood and Bill Voce. Larwood had begun working in

the Nottinghamshire mines aged just 14. It was back-breaking and dangerous work, but those who exhibited sporting prowess could secure safer jobs on the surface. Larwood was recommended to Nottinghamshire on the basis of his club cricket performances and rapidly became recognised as England’s fastest and most accurate bowler, making his Test debut in 1926 aged just 22. He was on England’s victorious touring side that retained the Ashes in Australia in 1928–29.

Voce was a fellow Nottinghamshire miner turned professional cricketer, making his county debut in 1927, aged 18. Originally a classic left-arm spinner, he gradually emerged as a barrel-chested fast bowler to spearhead the Nottinghamshire attack with Larwood.

Bradman had single-handedly beaten England in the Ashes series of 1930 and Jardine scrutinised scoring diagrams of Bradman’s innings. He also watched newsreel film of the fifth and final Test at the Oval where, on a rain-affected wicket, George Duckworth, the England wicket keeper, had noticed that Bradman had flinched during a hostile bowling spell from Larwood. The fact that Bradman had gone on to make 232 in that innings was irrelevant to Jardine. He had his man, declaring, “I’ve got it—he’s yellow!”

Jardine decided to arrange a meeting in August 1932, before the county season ended, with Carr, Larwood and Voce at the Piccadilly Hotel in London. Over dinner in the Grill Room they discussed tactics for the forthcoming tour of Australia. In reality there was only one subject on the menu—how to stop Bradman scoring.

Jardine asked Larwood if he could bowl leg theory, with the difference of constantly pitching the ball short, aiming at the batsman’s ribs and forcing him to play the ball into the field of close catchers surrounding him on the leg side. Jardine explained that the bowling had to be fast and extremely accurate, as these were “timeless tests” played to a result and any ball that was not accurate would be a waste of energy. Larwood,



England team members stay in shape on the crossing on SS *Orontes*

who had suffered at the hands of Bradman in the summer of 1930, readily agreed.

On 17th September 1932 the England team left Tilbury on the SS *Orontes* for the month-long voyage to Australia. Among the team were:

- Bob Wyatt, the Warwickshire captain who had captained England at the final Test against the Australians at the Oval and who would be Jardine’s vice-captain on the tour.
- George Allen, known as “Gubby”, who had been born in Australia but was brought to England to be educated at Eton and Cambridge and played cricket for Middlesex. Primarily a fast bowler who could bat, he was a constant critic of Jardine’s tactics and refused to bowl bodyline.

- Iftikhar Ali Khan Pataudi, the Eighth Nawab of Pataudi, otherwise known as “Pat”. He had the distinction of playing for both England and India, whom he later captained.

Jardine kept himself separate from the rest of the team on the journey, in order to garner respect on a long, gruelling tour, but he was generally well liked by them. He instilled in his players that the only way to beat Australia was to hate them and decreed that henceforth Bradman would be referred to as “the little bastard”. For Gubby Allen, this was all rather too much.

Bodyline was a tactic employed specifically to stop Bradman scoring, but it was used against

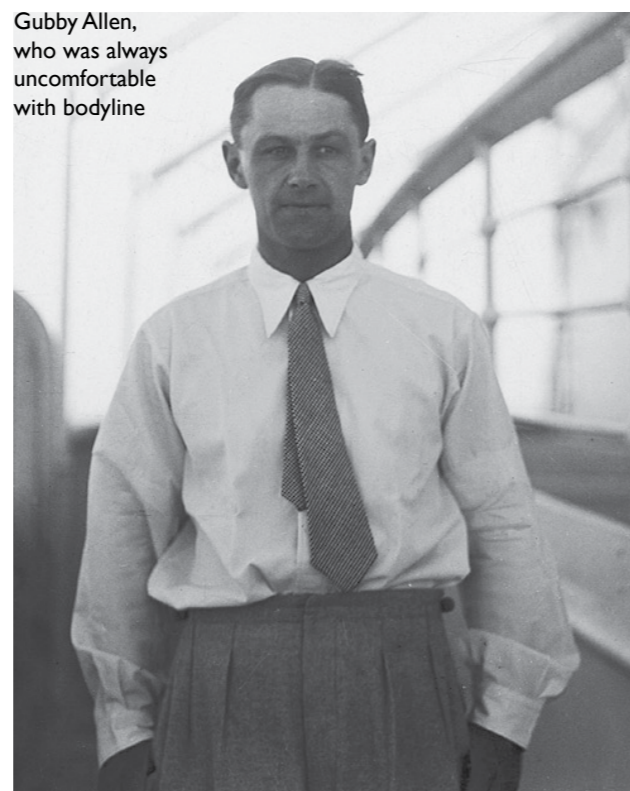
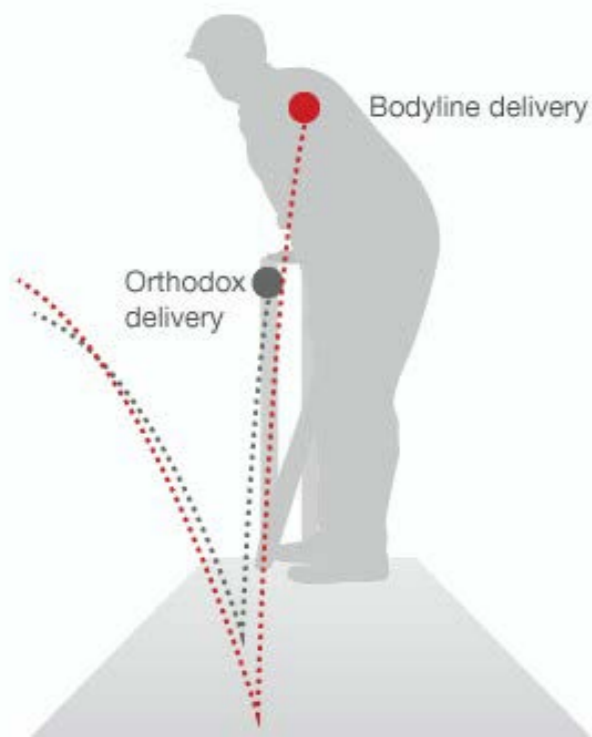
all the Australian batsmen. It involved placing the majority of the fielders in close catching positions so that when the batsman fended off the ball to prevent it from hitting him it would lob easily to a waiting fielder. There were usually one or two fielders near the boundary to catch a mistimed hook shot but Jardine varied the field constantly.

The actual term “bodyline” was a contraction of a comment by *Melbourne Herald* cricket correspondent Hugh Buggy, who referred to the England attack as “bowling on the line of the body” on the first day of the first Test at Sydney, on 2nd December 1932. This Test showed, however, that bodyline bowling could be played: the young Australian batsman Stan McCabe scored an unbeaten 187 runs in just four hours. His fellow batsmen, however, could not muster the same belligerence and England won comfortably by ten wickets.

Bradman had not played in the first Test due to illness, but great things were expected of him by the Australian crowd at the second Test at Melbourne, on 30 December 1932.

Bradman was well aware that the England fast-bowling attack had been specifically selected to target him. However the first ball he faced was from Bill Bowes, who lumbered in and bowled a short-pitched delivery, gentle of pace. Bradman neatly stepped across his wicket to pull the ball to the legside boundary but it caught the bottom edge of his bat and hit his stumps. It was the first golden duck of Bradman’s career

### Normal ball versus bodyline ball



Gubby Allen, who was always uncomfortable with bodyline

and Bowes was heard to exclaim in his resonant Yorkshire accent, “Well, I’ll be fooked!”

The Australian crowd were stunned into silence as Bradman returned to the pavilion, having taunted the England fielders about what he would do to their bowling. Bob Wyatt could not resist enquiring of them, “When’s your Don coming in?”

Bradman made amends in the second innings, however, scoring an unbeaten century, and Australia won the match by 111 runs, with the series all square.

If the first two tests had been inconclusive as to which team had the upper hand, the third, at Adelaide, would prove to be both decisive and divisive. The Adelaide Oval, with its picket-fence surround and genteel atmosphere, was considered to have the best-behaved crowd in Australia—certainly after the bear-pit atmosphere of Sydney and Melbourne. But all this was to change when the third Test began on 13th January 1933.

After a poor start (at one stage they were 30–4) England amassed a respectable total of 341, with the middle-order batting producing some solid if unspectacular scores on a pitch that was proving to provide some bounce for the fast bowlers. The Australian innings started badly with their opening batsman Fingleton quickly out for a duck off the bowling of Allen.

This brought Bradman in to join his captain, Woodfull.

Jardine immediately brought Larwood into the attack, and with the last ball of his second over he struck the Australian captain a fearful blow over his heart. Woodfull, winded, staggered away from his crease clutching his chest and the Adelaide crowd, including the elderly members in front of the pavilion, howled with rage.

Jardine went over to console Woodfull and asked him if he wanted to retire, but the Australian captain refused. Jardine then walked back to Larwood at the bowlers end and, in clear earshot of Bradman, said, “Well bowled, Harold,” just in case Bradman was in any doubt about what he would receive.

As Woodfull resumed his innings for Larwood’s next over, Jardine held up play to set the leg-side field for the bodyline attack. To the Australian crowd this seemed like kicking a man when he was down; the England players, fearing a riot, prepared to grab a stump to defend themselves. Woodfull was eventually bowled for 22 by Allen and returned to the Australian dressing room to nurse his injury. After a decent period of time the England manager, Pelham Warner, better known as “Plum”, visited to offer his sympathies.

Woodfull, who was still on the treatment table, replied: “I don’t want to see you, Mr Warner. There are two teams out there. One of us is trying to play cricket, the other is not. The game is too good to be spoilt. It is time some people got out of it. The matter is in your hands, Mr Warner, and I have nothing further to say to you.” Normally a reserved and quietly spoken man, Woodfull was not given to such outbursts of emotion.

Warner, suitably chastened, reported back to Jardine, who replied, “I couldn’t care less.”

This private conversation was leaked to the Australian press (who duly reported it verbatim). By whom it is still not clear, but Bill Fingleton accused Bradman, who was contracted to the *Sydney Sun* newspaper. In return Bradman accused Fingleton who was officially allowed to report on the Test series. The two did not speak to each other for some years.

When the Australian innings resumed after the weekend break, the anti-England feeling fuelled by these reports in the Australian papers

was at a fever pitch, and policemen were stationed all around the boundary with mounted police in reserve.

Bert Oldfield, the Australian wicket keeper, had batted for a steady 41 runs when he attempted to hook a short delivery from Larwood which unfortunately struck his head. He sustained a small fracture which forced him to retire. Woodfull came on to the pitch to assist him to the dressing room. Oldfield later stated to the press that he did not blame Larwood, but the die was cast and the crowd hooted and yelled at Larwood as he proceeded to polish off the Australian innings for a total of 222.

With a lead of 100, England were intent on wearing down the Australian bowling and building an unassailable lead in a match where they felt sure that victory would secure them the Ashes. Jardine was to the fore, batting for four and a half hours for 56 runs. England amassed a total of 412 in their second innings, asking the Australians to make an improbable 532 for victory. Only Woodfull with a courageous 73



The close positioning of fielders used with the Bodyline delivery

and Bradman with 66 offered any resistance, and Australia were bowled out for 193, England winning by the comfortable margin of 338 runs.

The match may have finished but the bodyline controversy had only just begun. The Australian Cricket Board of Control, incensed by the bowling at Adelaide, sent this cable to the MCC (Marylebone Cricket Club) in London:

BODYLINE BOWLING HAS ASSUMED SUCH PROPORTIONS AS TO MENACE THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE GAME, MAKING THE PROTECTION OF THE BODY BY THE BATSMEN THE MAIN CONSIDERATION. THIS IS CAUSING INTENSELY BITTER FEELINGS BETWEEN



Bert Oldfield takes a ball to the head, fracturing his skull

THE PLAYERS, AS WELL AS INJURY. IN OUR OPINION IT IS UNSPORTSMANLIKE. UNLESS STOPPED AT ONCE IT IS LIKELY TO UPSET THE FRIENDLY RELATIONS BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND.

The MCC was founded in 1787 and moved to its current site at Lord's Cricket Ground, St John's Wood, in 1814. It writes the rules and is the guardian of the game, although in the last 20 years a lot of its responsibilities have passed to the International Cricket Council (ICC) based in Dubai. From the beginning of the 20th century, and up to and including the England tour of Australia in 1976–7, it organised the England cricket team, with touring sides playing under its name and its famous scarlet and gold colours. The MCC Committee of 1932–3, which had appointed Jardine to regain the Ashes, was made up of the cream of English society, headed by Viscount Lewisham, as President and Sir Francis Lacey as the Club Secretary. Other distinguished members on the committee included Lord Hailsham, Lord Aberdare, the Duke of Buccleuch, Viscount Bridgeman, Brigadier General Viscount Hampden, Lord Hawke and Lord Belper. They did not take too kindly to accusations of being “unsportsmanlike”, and a cable fizzed back to the Australian Cricket Board in quick time:

WE, THE MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB, DEPLORE YOUR CABLE. WE DEPRECATE YOUR OPINION THAT THERE HAS BEEN UNSPORTSMANLIKE PLAY. WE HAVE FULLEST CONFIDENCE IN CAPTAIN, TEAM AND

MANAGERS AND ARE CONVINCED THAT THEY WOULD DO NOTHING TO INFRINGE EITHER THE LAWS OF CRICKET OR THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME. WE HAVE NO EVIDENCE THAT OUR CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN MISPLACED, MUCH AS WE REGRET ACCIDENTS TO WOODFULL AND OLDFIELD, WE UNDERSTAND THAT IN NEITHER CASE WAS THE BOWLER TO BLAME. IF THE AUSTRALIAN BOARD OF CONTROL WISH TO PROPOSE A NEW LAW OR RULE, IT SHALL RECEIVE OUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION IN DUE COURSE. WE HOPE THE SITUATION IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS YOUR CABLE WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE, BUT IF IT IS SUCH AS TO JEOPARDISE THE GOOD RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AND YOU CONSIDER IT DESIRABLE TO CANCEL THE REMAINDER OF THE PROGRAMME WE WOULD CONSENT BUT WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE.

In reality the MCC knew that in the midst of a depression from which the Australian economy was still suffering the Australian Cricket Board could ill afford to cancel the tour and deprive themselves of an income of £20,000. They were in no position to demand anything.

The England team, and particularly Jardine, also took great exception to being accused of unsportsmanlike conduct, and Jardine was prepared to withdraw his side from the fourth Test at Brisbane which was due to start on 10th February 1933 unless the “unsportsmanlike” stigma was removed. The team decided to issue a statement to the Australian press that there was no dissent in the team and that they all supported Jardine; even Gubby Allen signed it. It was duly printed, if not entirely believed.

The Australian Cricket Board climb-down began at the end of January. They cabled Lord's:

WE DO NOT REGARD THE SPORTSMANSHIP OF YOUR TEAM BEING IN QUESTION... IT IS THE PARTICULAR CLASS OF BOWLING REFERRED TO THEREIN WHICH WE CONSIDER IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF CRICKET.

The fourth Test at Brisbane went ahead, England winning by six wickets, and the fifth Test, again at Sydney, on 23 February, with England winning by eight wickets, and regaining the Ashes by four tests to one.

Bradman had long since decided that it was not his job to be beaten to a pulp by Larwood and proceeded to duck and weave against his bowling. While his scores were still respectable, they were not enough to give Australia victory.

Bodyline had tamed Bradman but it had destroyed Larwood and Jardine in the process—Larwood physically. He broke down in the fifth and final Test at Sydney, the hard and unforgiving Australian pitches taking their toll on his feet. As he pounded in during an over to Woodfull he collapsed in pain. Jardine made Larwood complete the over before leaving the pitch, lobbing the ball to Woodfull for the remaining three deliveries, who dutifully pushed them back without scoring.

Larwood had given his all for the team and Jardine had broken him physically, if not mentally. They had had their differences on the tour, but Larwood had the utmost respect for Jardine as a captain and as a man, and he did not speak ill of him. But he would not play Test cricket again, and settled in Australia to retire.

Jardine, though not physically hurt, was a wounded man emotionally. He would quote to his team from Thomas Osbert Mordaunt before they took to the field: “One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.” He was contemptuous of the charge of being called unsportsmanlike and reacted with haughty silence, deciding that to defend against the charge would imply that the Australian batsmen were cowards—it was something that he privately believed but he knew that a public acknowledgement would simply degenerate the argument to an undignified level.

Before sailing for home the England team made a short tour of New Zealand, which was well received and played in good humour, in stark contrast to the Australian tour.

At the end of 1933 the Australian Cricket Board sent the MCC a cable proposing an amendment to the laws of cricket to put a stop to “direct attack cricket”. The MCC rejected the proposal—and in turn asked the Australian board if they could please do something about the crowd barracking problem. This unseemly farce escalated when the Governor of South Australia, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, wrote to J. H. Thomas in London, the Secretary

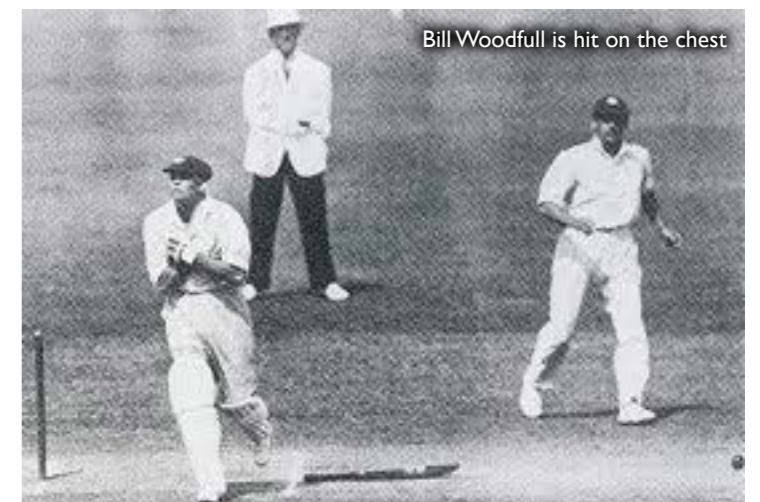
of State for the Dominions, protesting that the Australians had been badly treated by the MCC. Thomas, who was regarded by his Labour government colleagues as an arch-imperialist, was keen to defuse the situation which was a source of irritation at the height of the Depression. Lord Hailsham as both Secretary of State for War and now president of the MCC, was in an ideal position to mute discussion of the subject in Cabinet and there are no records of its being raised.

The MCC conducted a half-hearted inquiry into the tour taking submissions from Jardine, several of the players and the cricket managers. The club never revealed the findings but it was deemed that Plum Warner's report was critical of Jardine and his tactics.

Jardine was clearly surprised at the warmth with which he was received on his return to England, and he was greeted by several members of the MCC committee at Euston station, including Lord Lewisham, Lord Hawke and Findlay the club secretary. He was invited to captain England in the summer Test series of 1933 against the West Indies; although Jardine's appetite for international Test cricket had abated he felt obliged to accept the job.

In the Old Trafford Test the West Indian fast bowlers Constantine and Martindale used bodyline bowling at Jardine. Although battered, Jardine progressed to 127 runs in a little under five hours—his only Test century for England. England won the three-match series 2–0, drawing one match.

Jardine was also invited to captain the England team on the 1933–4 tour of India, with the proviso from the MCC that a repeat of bodyline tactics would be likely to



Bill Woodfull is hit on the chest

antagonise Indian crowds and cricket officialdom, thus endangering Colonial relations. Jardine despised political intervention but he was enticed by the prospect of returning to the land of his birth; his friends argued that to refuse would be to admit defeat over bodyline. He accepted, with himself and Hedley Verity the only remaining members of the Australian tour. It was Jardine's final tour and the last time he played for England, finishing with



Jardine with his first daughter, Fianach

a batting average of 96.25. England won the three-match series 2–0, with one draw.

Plum Warner fervently believed that Jardine should not be reappointed for the forthcoming home series against Australia, although he was still regarded as the best available candidate. On 5th March 1934 Surrey announced that Jardine had told them that he was unlikely to be able to play regularly and that they should appoint a regular player as captain. On 31st March the *Evening Standard* published a statement from Jardine that “I have no intention or desire to play cricket against Australia this summer”.

And so at the age of 33 he retired from first-class cricket. His record as England captain was played 15, won 9, drawn 5, lost 1. He scored 1,296 runs in 33 innings at an average of 48.

There was little doubt that Jardine was disillusioned and tired of the political interference in England cricket and, as he saw it, the failure of the MCC to support him in his bowling tactics—which he had fully agreed with them prior to touring Australia. Another factor was that he had become unofficially engaged at the end of the Indian tour, and as an amateur he was left severely out of pocket by touring for England. Sir Harry Peat, his prospective father-in-law, was keen that he practise law but Jardine preferred to continue his banking career and supplement his income by writing Test match reports for the *Evening Standard*. Jardine married Irene “Isla” Margaret Peat in London on 14th September 1934.

He penned a couple of books. *My Quest for the Ashes* was critical of the selectors, but less so

of the players. In 1936 he wrote *Cricket: How to Succeed*, which was written as an instruction book for the National Union of Teachers.

In 1935 the MCC changed the LBW law and prevented bodyline bowling by restricting the number of fielders that could stand on the leg side.

Jardine became disillusioned with first-class cricket, uncomfortable with the greed of the clubs and the large public following

of individual players, particularly Bradman. He continued to play club cricket and at heart this was where he believed the game's true ethics were to be found, devoid of the rabble of spectators. He once said that the only worthy definition of cricket was spoken by a New Zealander who said, “That beautiful, beautiful game, that is battle and service and sport and heart.”

In 1957 Jardine travelled to Rhodesia to inspect some land. While there he became ill with tick fever. On his return to England tests revealed that he had advanced lung cancer. He travelled with his wife to a clinic in Switzerland to find a cure, but his disease was inoperable and he died on 18th June 1958.

Douglas Jardine would probably be dismayed that his regaining of the Ashes in 1932–3, which he regarded as his duty above all else, would be the catalyst for the greatest rivalry in cricket, which most commentators regard as the only one worthy of interest, still eagerly anticipated and fought over by opposing England and Australian players and spectators alike.

Jardine may have divided opinion but perhaps the best tribute was given to him by Plum Warner, the England selector and manager, who first chose him and then rejected him: “In my opinion Jardine was a very fine captain, both on and off the field, and in the committee room he was also extremely good. If ever there was a cricket match between England and the rest of the world, and the fate of England depended on its result, I would pick Jardine as England captain every time.”

## The New Sheridan Club

# TASHES TROPHY FINAL

## 2014

By William Maple Watermere

**Saturday 16th August**

**10.30am–5pm**

**Ranger's Field, Greenwich Park, London SE10 8QY**

**Admission: Players are asked to contribute to ground hire**

**Dress: Whites for players**

The New Sheridan Club presents its annual cricket match between the Hirsute Gentlemen and the Clean-Shaven Players.

All skill levels are catered for, all levels of facial hair approved of, all players welcome. All kit is shared so please bring along any you have.

This is a knockabout match with a large communal picnic as a highlight, so spectators, umpires and scorers are invited along and we all repair to the pub afterwards to tell tall tales of previous sporting experience. A contribution from players for ground and pavilion hire will be necessary.

This year the venue is Greenwich Park so match fees will be lower but the competition will be as fierce as ever.

The timings for the day are as follows:

10.30am: Players meet to register and change  
11am–1pm: First Innings  
1–2pm: Lunch  
2–4pm: Second Innings  
4–5pm: Tea and Presentation  
5pm onwards: Drinks in a local hostelry

Would players please note that there is a Royal Parks Bye-Law stipulating that cricketers using the cricket square should be wearing full whites.

Could players please ensure they comply with this request.

The precise location is Rangers Field: it's in the bottom left corner of this map: [www.royalparks.org.uk/\\_\\_documents/park\\_maps/greenwichpark\\_english\\_map.pdf](http://www.royalparks.org.uk/__documents/park_maps/greenwichpark_english_map.pdf).





## THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB SUMMER PARTY

# THE CURSE OF PHARAOH SHERI-DAN

ON 26TH JULY a mob of Sheridanites descended on the capital for our annual summer party. This time our theme was all things Egyptian and in particular the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb in 1922 and the Egypt-mania it inspired in popular culture.

The venue was once again the Adam Street Club (whose underground vaults have so far doubled as a Mexican cantina, a WWI trench and now an ancient Egyptian tomb). Sadly the club has been bought by developers and was to close two weeks later—in fact it was looking a bit empty already as some of the furniture had gone...

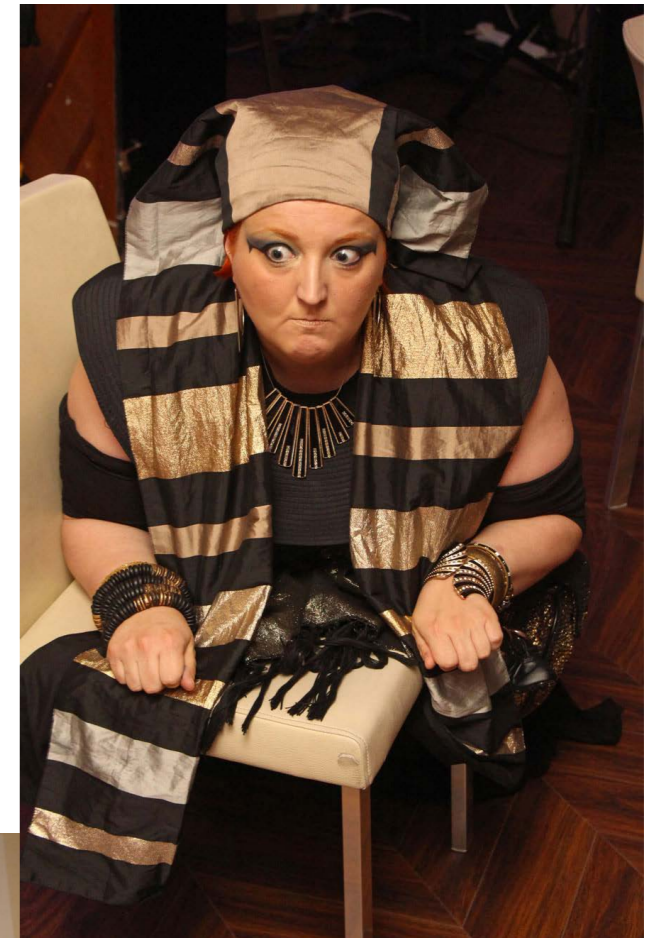
As usual we had our Snuff Bar and the Grand Raffle, with a fine haul of themed nonsense as prizes. Live music came from three members of the Top Shelf Band, to whom

wearing the fez is second nature.

Our games this time included Shoot the Nose Off the Sphinx (no one managed a direct hit—it may be time to invest in some less knackered darts for the dart gun); Unwrap the Mummy (Pass the Parcel by any other name, with the person who removes the last bandage finding a chocolate sarcophagus at the centre)—no pictures unfortunately as I was operating the music in this game—and our Tomb Raider game, in which players lower their faithful servant Abdul (looking a lot like Action Man in a fez) on a rope into the tomb where they have 60 seconds to scoop up as much treasure as they can, using a wire hook on Abdul's hand—harder than it looks.

Many thanks to all who came along and made such an effort with the costumes!

Mrs H—strangely unrecognisable in dark wig and eye makeup—with brother Paul



(Clockwise from top left) Pandora Harrison flanked by (right) husband Andrew Harrison and (left) Harrison Goldman (no relation); Louise gives us her impression of a sphinx; Incy has found just the right tie for the occasion, from the British Museum; Priya as a mummy plus the Tutankhamun mask she won in the sphinx game; note the uncanny resemblance between Anton's Winged Martini fez and Mrs H's wall painting





(Left) Scarheart gives William Cole some basic weapons training; (above) Zack takes aim; (right) Robert Beckwith



(Above) the projectile in flight; (right) the stunningly realistic target;



**Shoot the Nose Off the Sphinx**  
In which the Club's ancestral foam dart gun is used to try and dislodge the schnozz from our uncannily accurate recreation of what the Sphinx looked like when it still had all its features



Musical entertainment provided by fragments of the **Top Shelf Band**



(Right) Rachel gets the soft toy in her sights; (left) Suzanne is more interested in shooting the photographer





(Above left) Luke Wenban; (above) Curé Michael Silver; (left) Abdul's trousers had a tendency to fall down in the excitement and (below) he often just made a mess of the place but (bottom) he did occasionally grab hold of something valuable



**The Interactive Tomb Raiding Game**

In this game players engaged in the noble sport of robbing ancient tombs. Naturally fearful of entering the tomb complex themselves, they instead lower their faithful servant Abdul down on a rope with instructions to seize as much treasure as possible. Abdul was here played by Action Man, hanging from the end of a pole with a hook of wire attached to one hand. Each of the grave goods also had a loop of wire and the object was to hook as many of these as possible in 60 seconds. Manipulating the spinning figure is much harder than it looks and I think the record was only two items (and in playtesting I never managed more than three). Congratulations to Mai (below) who won



Group photos: (above) the Colonials and (below) the Natives

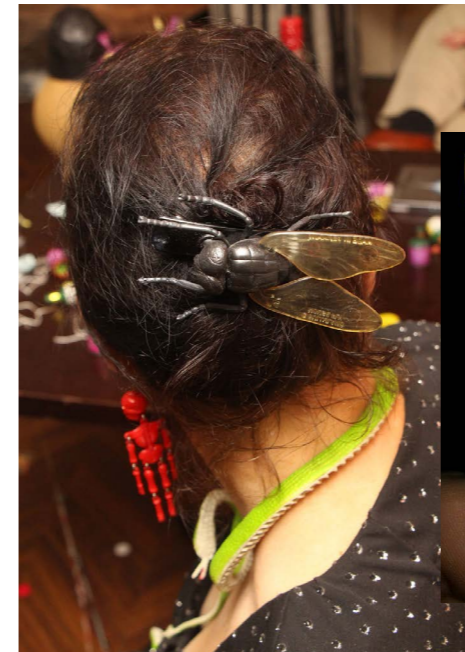




(Above) The Raffle prize haul; (right) Zack wins the prize for Best Undressed Man; (below) Kellyanne (as one of the tomb guardians from the modern Mummy films) gets a DVD of *Dr Who and the Temples of Mars*



The four black boxes were our Cursed Prizes. Edward's (above) held a roll of bandages and some embalming fluid (actually gin); Zack's (below) contained "Camel Balls" bubble gum; Craigoh (above right) went home the proud owner of a box of sand. The fourth box held some lollies with real scorpions in them



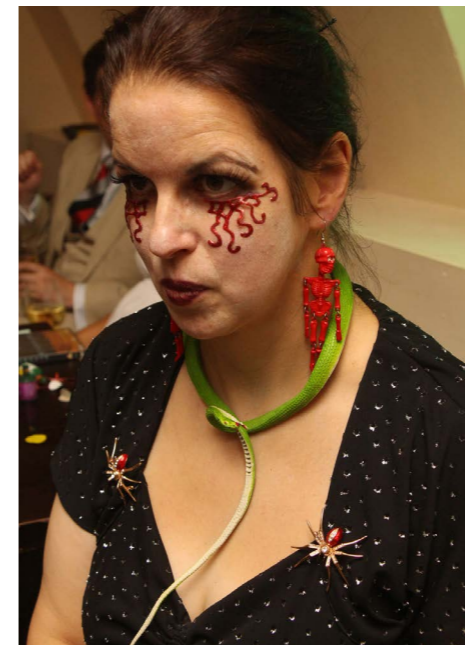
(Above) Anton wins an exquisite canopic jar made by Lorna Mower-Johnson (filled with sweets, not viscera); (below) Louise wins a working shisha pipe



(Above) Eugenie wins a King Tut duck, which she immediately christens Xenobia; (left) Ian wins *Tin Tin: Cigars of the Pharaohs*; (below) historian Sean Longden appropriately wins a history of Ancient Egypt



(Above and below) Birgit won the Best Dressed prize for coming as the Plagues of Egypt



To see many more daguerreotypes of this event, visit the Club's Flickr page at [www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub/sets/72157645590448498](http://www.flickr.com/photos/sheridanclub/sets/72157645590448498)

# Loose tubes and dry joints

**D**URING MY INVOLVEMENT with the New Sheridan Club I have encountered vintage clothes, vintage smoking accessories, vintage cars, vintage jewellery and even vintage omnibuses.

However, I have not encountered vintage audio equipment. Unsurprisingly, when it comes to technology, chapettes and chaps tend to prefer the modern, operational variety rather than the finicky and malfunctioning kind of yesteryear. Indeed, most members are unlikely to be aware that there is any such thing as vintage audio at all.

I only happen to know about this minority interest through an uncle who collects classical Long Playing records. His interest in vinyl led him in turn to the world of vintage audio. In the course of a few visits to his house I learned a few things about audio equipment dating from the 1950s. This equipment seems to lie somewhere between Chap and Steampunk and thus may be of some interest to readers of this magazine, albeit without a view to actually buying any of it.

The first thing I learned was that a favourite brand among vintage audio aficionados is

(Below) a Quad QCII preamplifier and (right) a pair of Quad II power amplifiers. Of course in 1953 you would have no need for two of them, as stereo hadn't been invented

## Dr Tim Eyre on the joys of owning vintage audio equipment

Quad. The company was founded in London by Peter J. Walker in 1936 as The Acoustical Manufacturing Company. The firm relocated to Huntingdon in Cambridgeshire in 1941 after being bombed out by the Luftwaffe and has remained there ever since. In 1953 they released the domestic Quad QC II preamplifier and the Quad II power amplifier. The latter was destined to become an audio classic, the former less so.

For those unfamiliar with audio terminology, a power amplifier simply makes the electric signal more powerful and does not have a volume control or any input selection controls. A preamplifier provides a volume control and selection between inputs such as radio and record player. The Quad QC II preamplifier



retailed for £19 10s and the Quad II power amplifier for £22. Thus the pair would have cost about a month's average pay for a manual worker of the day. Both were valve devices; transistor amplifiers were still some way off. Stereo LPs did not exist in 1953 so both the Quad QC II and the Quad II were mono devices. When stereo discs arrived in 1958, The Acoustical Manufacturing Company released the Quad 22 preamplifier, which boasted the ability to handle stereo material. There was no need to release a new model of power amplifier because the audiophile of the 1950s could simply purchase two of the Quad II mono amplifiers. The Quad II power amplifier remained in production until 1970, valves and all; with a power output of only 15 watts it was

hardly a beast ready for the disco era.

However, 1970 did not see the end of the buying and selling of Quad II's. Far from it; these power amplifiers are still sought after by vintage audio enthusiasts today and refurbished examples change hands for well over a thousand pounds a pair. My uncle owned a pair of Quad II's for over ten years. They were originally designed to be hidden in a cabinet but nowadays they are typically put on display to show off their glowing tubes.

The Acoustical Manufacturing Company went on to produce another product that has proved to be even more successful and enduring. In 1957 they released a loudspeaker that went by the name of the Quad ESL, retailing at £52 for a single mono unit. The moniker ESL





(Above) The Quad 22 preamplifier, introduced in 1958 to cope with stereo sound sources



(Above) The classic Garrard 301 turntable; (left) the Leak Troughline II FM tuner



Tim's home stereo, circa 2002, with a pair of Quad ESL electrostatic loudspeakers

denoted that the speaker operated by means of electrostatic rather than electromagnetic forces; it did this using a Mylar film weighing just a few milligrammes, instead of the paper cones used by most loudspeakers.

Rather than occupying a wooden box in the manner of conventional speakers, the Quad ESL consisted of a curved panel with a bronze grille, and looked rather like a radiator. The unconventional technology within meant that they needed to be plugged into the mains in order to work. My uncle owned a pair and they did sound fantastic, at least in the crucial mid-range frequencies. I even went as far as acquiring a pair for myself; I kept them for several years before fear of frying the delicate innards with overly loud music—and a desire to hear frequency extremes—led me to move on to more conventional loudspeakers.

Production of the ESL loudspeakers continued for 28 years until 1985. Such longevity is something of a contrast to the increasingly short product release cycles of today. By this time, The Acoustical Manufacturing Company had changed its name to Quad, presumably because the name of its product line was attracting better name recognition than the name of the company. The most notable change to the ESL in its lifetime was the colour of the grille, which Quad changed from 1950s bronze to black. Quad sold around 54,000 ESLs and a fair number of them appear to be still in circulation: refurbished stereo pairs of the original ESL sell today for anything up to £1,500. Quad still sell successor products to the ESL today, albeit at the sort of prices one generally associates with small cars.

Of course, amplifiers and loudspeakers are

of little use without some music to play through them. In 1955 The Acoustical Manufacturing Company released the Quad FM1 tuner for listening to FM broadcasts. However, my uncle preferred a different vintage radio in the form of the Troughline II made by a London company called Leak and first produced in 1960. My uncle claims that it sounds as good as modern hi-fi tuners, which is perhaps more a reflection on the simplicity of radio circuitry than anything else. In any case, aesthetically the Leak does have a distinct retro charm; the Art Deco styling suggests that it may have been somewhat retro in appearance even in the 1960s.

My uncle did not go as far as playing his beloved collection of classical LPs on a vintage record player. However, a little webular research has revealed to me that vintage audio enthusiasts are especially enthusiastic about a disc spinner called the Garrard 301. Released in 1954 and weighing in at over a stone, refurbished versions mounted on wooden plinths sell today for anything up to two grand and are no doubt the source of some marital disharmony.

There are no doubt plenty of other brands of vintage audio equipment out there, but so far as I can tell, the Quads and the Garrard are the most famous. By all accounts, vintage audio equipment is rather like vintage cars: unreliable and needing a fair amount of attention. Even my uncle has moved on to more modern equipment. For me it suffices to look at some photographs and reflect that 60 years ago music reproduction involved significant expense and a major item of furniture rather than simply an app on an iPhone.

# THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



*In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.*



## Viscount Rushen

'I started off with nothing...'

**Name or preferred name?**

Viscount Rushen

**Why that nickname or nom de plume?**

Rushen is a sheading in the Isle of Man. (The

island is divided into six such sheadings, the basis for certain electoral constituencies.)

**Where do you hail from?**

The Isle of Man. I live four doors down from God who describes it as "his own country". I don't think the Government recognises this claim.

**Favourite Cocktail?**

An Islay whisky. A cocktail you say? Then add another Islay whisky and perhaps a teaspoon of water.

**Most Chappist Skill?**

Landing a job where I get to wear morning dress. [Rushen is a Member of the House of Keys, the Manx parliament. —Ed]

**Most Chappist Possession?**

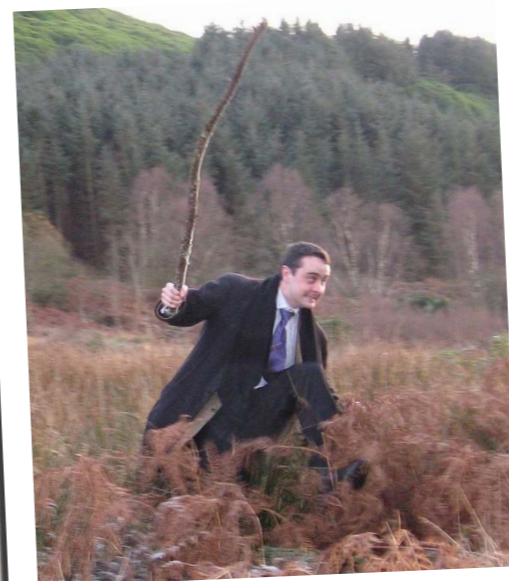
Torn between: my Wife, Great grandfather's pocket watch, my top hat or a brass reception bell.

**Personal Motto?**

I started off with nothing and I still have most of it left.



*Involved in Club hijinks since the very early days*



**Favourite Quotes?**

Anything by me.

**How long have you been involved with the NSC?**

Since the very early days, October 2004, about 2 weeks after the Chap Room appeared. (See [www.sheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.sheridanclub.co.uk).)

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

A visit to the Isle of Man—ride steam trains, an electric tram, the world's largest working water wheel and its oldest parliament.



*Frequently umpires at the Tashes when in the country*



*For a relaxed and civilised weekend away, why not visit the Isle of Man?*

**Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?**

Whoever is their auditor, must have a devil of a time. [What's an auditor? —Ed]

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

Not yet. The Committee, I am sure, are keeping me away, mainly by not paying my more than reasonable air fare, night in the Ritz and bar bill. I could do: the Isle of Man, especially its Victorian transport; my life in the Royal Navy; the Falkland Islands; the life of a Government Minister; or postmodern Marxism for fun and profit.

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



*Doesn't like to talk about his Manx nationality*

# FIELD OF DRAMS

If you build it he will come. And smuggle alcohol in with him  
**THE CHAP OLYMPIAD 2014**

**O**N 12TH JULY the Chap Magazine organised the tenth Chap Olympiad, its annual celebration of a sporting contest for people who don't really like sport and don't want to damage their trouser creases by exerting themselves too much.

The line-up of games changes every year: nowadays they are actually quite vigorous, involving charging at each other or whacking people with umbrellas, whereas in the past we had such games as the Martini Relay (relay teams make a Martini cocktail in stages, with the winner chosen on the quality of the finished drink), the Ten Yard Saunter (where the winner is the last person to cross the finish line) or Shouting at Foreigners (where contestants must somehow get a foreigner to do a specified task).

We had perfect weather this time, sunny but not too hot and only the briefest of rain showers. Much ingenuity had been applied to the traditional smuggling of alcohol into the event, including hollowed-out fruit, loaves of bread and even a book—Mikhail managed to conceal an entire bottle of Bombay Sapphire inside a melon—see the front cover, where he stands with Steven Myhill and his trick

pineapple. (The event is largely organised by Bourne and Hollingsworth who are keen to sell punters drinks, but many of the old guard remember when the Chap Olympics was just a group of people coming together with picnics in a park, and they somewhat resent the co-opting of it into a ticketed event.)

The New Sheridan Club had its traditional gazebo up, functioning as a rallying point as well as a shelter from the rain and sun. NSC Members made a good showing in the events—our Chairman Torquil Arbuthnot was even briefly knocked out during the Briefcase Phalanx game and had to be taken to hospital—but for the first time in many years we didn't take any of the main prizes. However, Mikhail Korasch kept the flag flying by being awarded the prize for Best Moustache and Katie Holt won Best Dressed, so honour was maintained.

Half-time entertainment this came in the inspired form of Sir Leopold Alexander, Victorian Strongman, and music was provided by NSC clubman and DJ Vince Moses.

Afterwards there was a general move to the Jack Horner pub where we baffled the non-Chaps, who were very much in the minority. Huzzah.



(Above) Mrs H and the Earl of Waveney



(Above) Grace Iggulden now has the good sense to label her children; (right) Viv the Spiv in full flow with his patter



(Above) Oliver Lane in a blazer pimped by Charles Tsua, bearing the NSC badge that he has had made up (contact him on Facebook if you'd like one); (left) picnic chaos







It has become something of a tradition to try and smuggle booze into the arena. Top marks must go to Mikhail and Steven (see the front cover), but here are some other notable efforts. (Clockwise from right) Stuart Turner found that this slim bottle of port would fit into a Pringles carton; this loaf shows signs of having been hollowed out for the carrying of contraband; this enterprising chap has a hollowed-out book, complete with drinking straw, concealing a bottle of whisky; Manfred shows what seems to be a camera lens but is actually a flask; meanwhile Chuckles indulges in the "legal high" of snuff taking



(Clockwise from top left) Darcy Sullivan; Sylvia Daisy Pouncer with a small dog in a sailor suit (the dog even changed into another outfit to go home); Charles Tsua; Pandora Harrison and Peter Stroud; Mikhail Korasch's ubiquitous bow tie salesman's case; a young lady helping to peddle moustache wax; (centre) Pandora's table was graced by a floral display in NSC club colours





**Umbrella Jousting**

Does what it says on the tin. The bikes invariably take a pasting so they wisely used Boris Bikes this year! The bouts typically descend into foot combat and anarchy



**The Ambassador's Ball**

Contestants catapult Ferrero Rocher chocolates into the air and others must catch them in Champagne glasses. Sadly the bit of wood broke immediately, but it turned out to work better shorter. The idea that launcher and catcher worked as a team quickly dissolved and the catching was a free-for-all

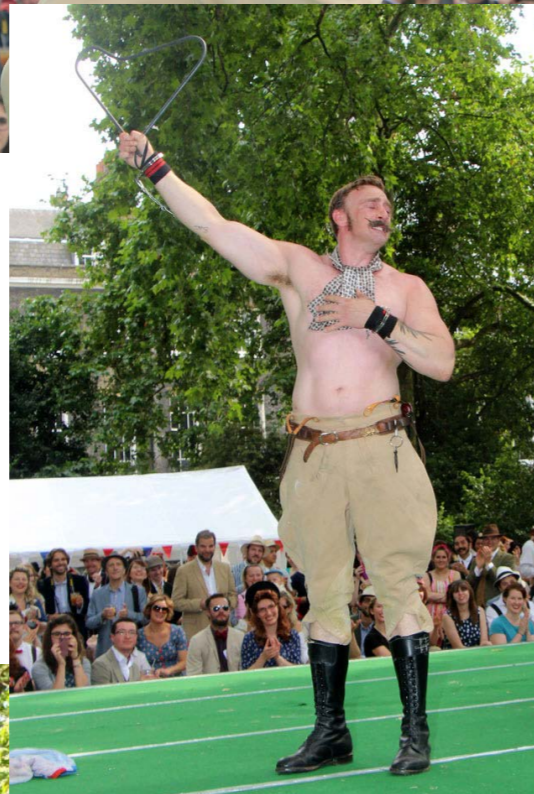


(Above and right) One running gag this year was the massive on-stage bundle: all it really took was for someone to hit the deck and they would soon find another half a dozen bodies hurling themselves on top. (Right) Zack joins in, in his own decorous way





Half-time entertainment came from Victorian strongman Sir Leopold Alexander, seen here rolling up a frying pan and bending a bar into the shape of a heart



**Tug of Hair**

A regular event, essentially a Tug of War using an extension of the moustache of "Atters" Attree. When Atters falls off his chair one side has won



**Bounder Hunt**

A rather mystifying game in which a horde of ladies must scour the area looking for bounders and bring them back to the stage. Quite what makes them bounders is hard to say, given that all they do is run away. (A previous game called Bounders required a line of men to approach a line of women, and the winner was the first man to get slapped)



**Briefcase Phalanx**

This is basically British Bulldogs with the addition of some briefcases to use as shields/battering rams. In the bottom picture you can see our Chairman Torquil (pale blue waistcoat) round about the time he was rendered briefly unconscious. The chap pictured on page 30 emerged with his boater a write-off. Mind you, no one has yet broken a bone, so it is arguably not as dangerous as a previous event called Ironing Board Surfing...





**Not Playing Tennis**

In which opponents must resolutely not play tennis. There is a ball but it hangs from a wire to save them the bother of hitting it. Strategies range from simple indolence to concentrating hard on something else



Zack retreated to the pavilion to drink gin, Andy Hill had a manicure and facial while the chap on the right indulged in pleasures of the flesh. Winner was this young man below, who put up with it for a bit before simply getting up and leaving the stage



**Awards Ceremony**

(Above) Editor of *The Chap* Gustav Temple prepares to hand out the prizes; (top left) Mikhail Korasch takes the prize for best facial hair; (top right) Katie Holt (in red) get Best Dressed; (above right) winners of Gold, Silver and Bronze Pipes; (right) Vince Moses spins discs while punters dance on the stage



# SORCERER

## The last unseen masterpiece of American 1970s cinema

IN THE MID-1970s, director William Friedkin had already made two of the era's blockbusters: *The French Connection* (1971) and *The Exorcist* (1972). The latter, in particular, was more than just a hit movie—it was a phenomenon. By Hollywood law, he could make anything he wanted.

Friedkin chose to make the film many consider his masterpiece. Stephen King named it his No.1 “reliable rental” in an article on great films to rent. Mark Kermode calls it brilliant.

But if *Sorcerer* (1977) is so great, why have you never seen it? Why has it never been released on UK home video or TV?

That's the question we discussed at the New Sheridan Club Film Night showing in July, as we screened the newly restored version of *Sorcerer*, released earlier this year on Blu-ray.

To explain the film's disappearance, you have to go right back to the filming. This was a big-budget jungle film, made from 1975 to 1977—you could even call it the first of a trio of troubled jungle productions, followed as it was by *Apocalypse Now* (1979) and *Fitzcarraldo* (1982). Send an obsessive director into the jungle and a

Roy Scheider: sadly not enough of a star



## Darcy Sullivan on our July NSC Film Night presentation

lot of money quickly becomes not enough money.

In *Sorcerer's* case, the original budget of \$11 million quickly swelled to \$15 million, at which point Universal studios baulked and the film nearly died, before Paramount decided to share production costs. While this ensured the film got made, it also complicated ownership rights, which is why the film has been largely unavailable since.

*Sorcerer* didn't cost \$15 million. In the end, it cost \$22 million—roughly twice the budget of *Star Wars*. Things go wrong in the jungle. To film a crucial scene involving a bridge over very troubled water (see opposite), the production crew built a \$1 million bridge, and as they installed it over a rampaging river in the Dominican Republic, the river shrank to a gurgle. The crew had to move the bridge to Mexico—where another rampaging river dwindled quickly. With no recourse, the team had to simulate a storm and a raging river using, among other tricks, a helicopter to whip the water higher. (This earned Friedkin the nickname “Hurricane Billy,” which is also the title of a great book about him by Nat Segaloff.) Ultimately, the bridge scenes took three months to film.

With two studios wiring millions of dollars to his remote filming, Friedkin still antagonised the suits who funded his folly, including Hollywood kingpin Lew Wasserman. When he found out Universal was screening his dailies before sending the processed film down to him, Friedkin trained a native to look into the camera and say, “More per diem, Meestah Wasserman.” Filming in the Dominican Republic, where Paramount's parent company Gulf+Western

had operations, Friedkin also thought it would be funny to put a photo of G+W's CEO in the office of a dodgy oil company.

Friedkin would have gotten away with it all, had he produced another smash. In fact, *Sorcerer* was a dud, earning just \$6 million on release.

Miraculously, *Sorcerer* didn't kill Friedkin's career. *Cruising* (1980) did—and that's a whole 'nother story.

So, what happened? Here are six reasons for *Sorcerer's* failure, starting with the received wisdom.

**1. *Star Wars*.** *Sorcerer* opened just one month after Lucas's surprise hit became the movie of the summer. *Star Wars* did change the nature of Hollywood blockbusters, but it didn't outright destroy serious dramas or non-SF action films. Anyway, can one film truly kill another one?

**2. *Confusion*.** The film's title is misleading, as there is no supernatural element. Club Member

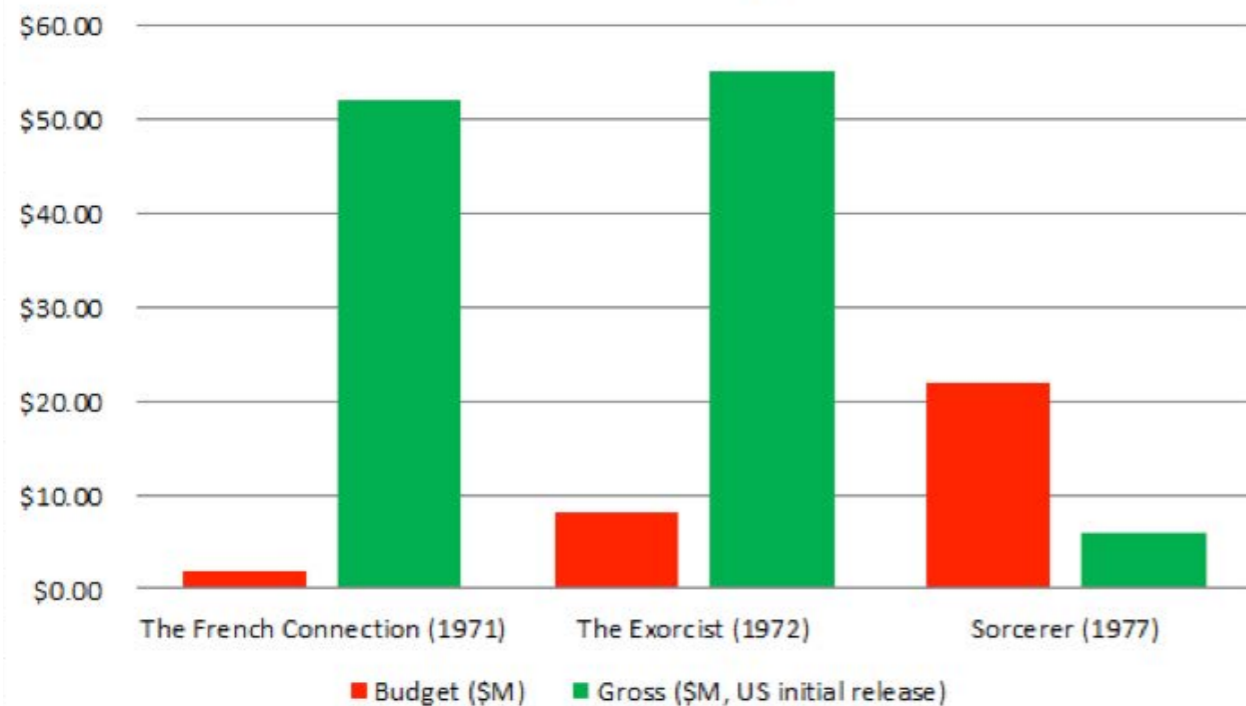
Birgit Gebhardt suggests a better title would be *Dynamite Jungle*. Audiences were also confused by the opening of the film—16 minutes go by before any English is spoken. Beset by customers requesting refunds, theatre owners put up placards reassuring customers that *Sorcerer* was not a foreign film.

**3. *Critics*.** The same people who had lauded his earlier films now saw a chance to take the bad boy down, sneering at *Sorcerer* as an inferior and overpriced remake of *The Wages of Fear* (1953), by Henri-Georges Clouzot.

**4. *Studio indifference*.** When two large American studios join forces on a production, you might think the film would get double the promotion. In fact, the politics involved often make the film an orphan when it's released. Once *Sorcerer* started to sink, Universal and Paramount opted not to throw good money after bad.



## William Friedkin Films, 1971-1977



**5. Lack of stars.** Steve McQueen was originally cast, but asked if a part could be written for his new wife Ali McGraw, so that she'd be with him on the months-long filming in the jungle. Friedkin said no, and later regretted it. Substitute Roy Scheider had starred in hit films (*The French Connection*, *Jaws*), but he hadn't been the draw. He wasn't this time either.

**6. Great expectations.** *Sorcerer* is a dark film, streaked with bitterness and a world view verging on the nihilistic. It's hard to believe any studio executives would ever have thought it would be a hit. The real mistake wasn't the casting or even the marketing—it was spending \$22 million on a film that could only attract a small audience.

*Sorcerer's* abject failure and subsequent obscurity have robbed it of an audience. With the new Blu-ray restoration, you can now discover what makes this film a lost gem.

First of all, it has a soundtrack by Tangerine Dream. Synthesized soundtracks date fast, but this early example still works, and prefigures films such as Walter Hill's *The Warriors* (a previous NSC Film Night screening).

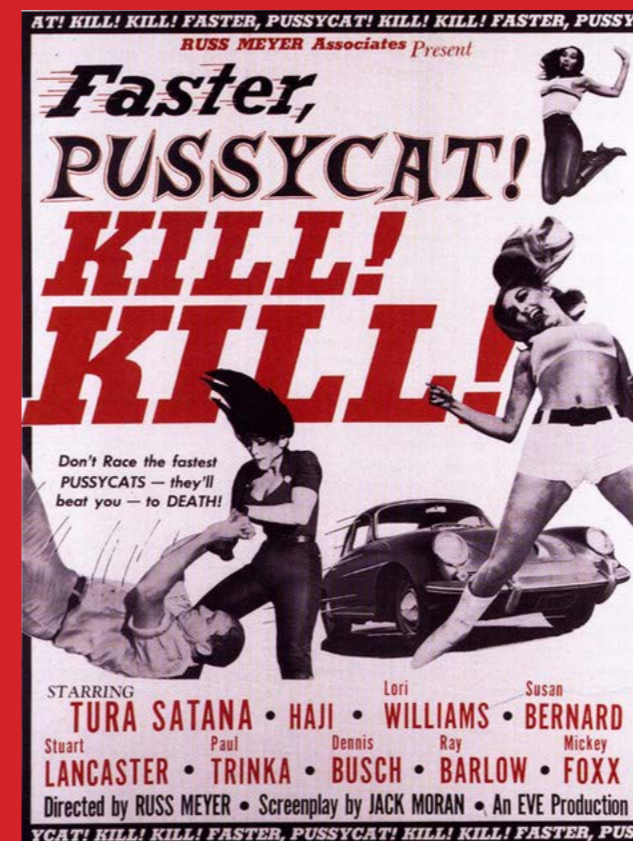
Unlike many costly bombs made by prima donna directors, *Sorcerer* is remarkably well-structured, with an excellent script by Walon Green, who wrote *The Wild Bunch* (1969).

Stripped of superfluous dialogue (to the point where it demands a second viewing), the film layers multiple back stories on to a politically charged central situation. It all feels real, and dangerous.

*Sorcerer* is also one of the most densely textured films ever made, rich in visual and sonic detail (its one Oscar nomination was for sound). The stunning bridge scenes in particular constitute moments of pure cinema, an immersive experience conveyed without words.

Ultimately, what makes this film so fascinating is the contrast between this sensory complexity and the profound simplicity of the main action. Leaving aside the theme and the complex set-up, *Sorcerer* is about a physical journey from A to B. The tension derives from watching a truck negotiate a tricky turn, slide down a muddy hillside or attempt to cross a swaying bridge. This is a film about fate, about geopolitics, about terrorism and betrayal, but above all about movement.

The new Blu-ray release from Warner Brothers (yes, not Universal or Paramount) is a Region ABC release. It's available in London through The Cinema Store on Upper St Martin's Lane, and elsewhere online. Avoid any DVD versions, as they are inferior pan-and-scan versions. For more on this unique and fascinating film, see the new issue of *Cinema Retro*.



## NSC FILM NIGHT

### *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965)

**Sunday 31st August**

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

Following an unavoidable cancellation in June, we are rescheduling this film, curated by our own Chairman, Torquil Arbuthnot. *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* is probably the best-known film from Russ Meyer, gleeful purveyor of exploitation flicks. Some might argue that it is not exactly Chappist, but if loucheness is a Chappist attribute then it definitely buys its way in—it was declared the best movie ever by none other than John Waters (and he has a pencil moustache).

The plot concerns three feisty and nubile go-go dancers who are racing their sports cars in the desert when they bump into a naive couple. The psychopathic

leader of the trio challenges the man to a race. It doesn't end well and the girls wind up at a secluded ranch where a lecherous but wheelchair-bound old man lives with his muscular but retarded son. Yes, it's a gallery of unlikely grotesques. The film makes no attempts to represent real life—despite a voiceover introduction suggesting it is intended as some sort of moral warning against a new breed of uninhibited and violent woman—and is more of a kinky hallucination (you can see why John Waters likes it), with a camp, tongue-in-cheek, comicbook cool that is very much of the period—like *Barbarella* but with a dirty laugh and a fag on the go.

Meyer allegedly chose the title because it summed up the combination of thrills on offer—pneumatic girls, fast cars and ultraviolence (the squeamish can note that the violence isn't graphic and there isn't even much nudity, though the movie still didn't get a UK certificate until 1980). Despite this, it wasn't a hit on release. Its reputation grew over the years at film festivals and art house cinemas.

The dialogue, by Jack Moran, is sharp, witty and knowing and Meyer uses deft editing to maximise the thrill and shock value without actually showing anything explicit that would fall foul of censors. (For his editing skill Waters called him “the Eisenstein of sex films”.) As one reviewer observes, Meyer “takes the sex and violence of the trash film and distills them into something more iconic than explicit”. You're not meant to sympathise with any of the characters but it's such a wilful orgy of camp and engagingly surreal components that you keep watching. In fact I wondered that Quentin Tarantino hadn't remade it—until I learned that he has indeed been connected with plans....



# SEDUCED! FANS AND THE ART OF ADVERTISING

Until 28th September  
 Tuesday–Saturday 11am–5pm,  
 Sunday 12–5pm  
 The Fan Museum, 12 Crooms Hill,  
 Greenwich London SE10 8ER  
 Admission: £4 (concs £3)

Hand-held fans seem to be making a bit of a (perhaps ironic) comeback, but our use of them is nothing like it used to be. So much so, that printed fans were a significant form of advertising, especially in the Art Nouveau and Art Deco eras.

You may never have heard of the Fan Museum, a small and quirky permanent institution in Greenwich, but if you are a fan (ho ho!) of ephemera from the early years of the 20th century you may be interested in an exhibition of advertising fans that is running at the museum until the end of September.



The exhibition reveals how commercial art—a dynamic, seductive art-form—emerged during the late 19th century to play a pivotal role in generating and sustaining a culture of consumption among the growing middle classes.

Focusing on the interwar period and the aesthetics of Art Deco, the exhibition includes an array of fans made to promote leisure activities such as travel, dining and shopping, featuring luxury brands such as Champagne, perfume and haute-couture houses.

Many of the fans exhibited feature designs by masters of commercial art including, Georges Barbier, Leonetto Cappiello and René Gruau, whose striking *pochoir* and chromolithographic prints evoke an age of decadence, glamour, exoticism and the birth of modern consumer culture.

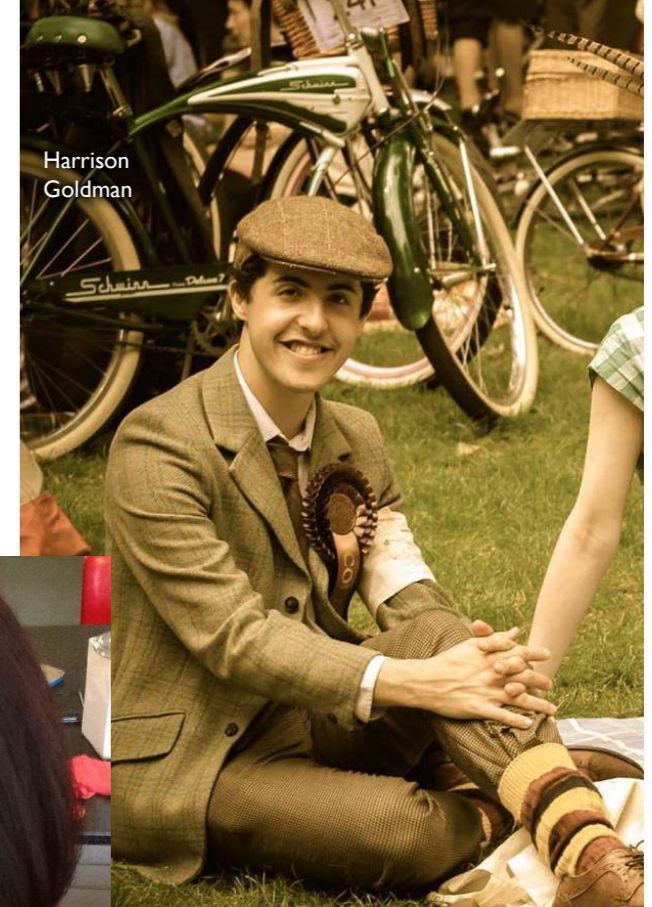
Images © The Fan Museum



CLUB NOTES

## New Members

THANKS IN PART to the profile-raising effects of the summer party and the Chap Olympics, this month we have a goodly crop of fresh meat trotting willingly up the ramp of decadent elegance into the abattoir of NSC induction: Harrison



Harrison Goldman



Lily Heinsius

Goldman, The Critique and Chez Clark, all from London, Edward Dutton from Finland, and James Loads, Chris Loads and Lily Heinsius, all from New Zealand.



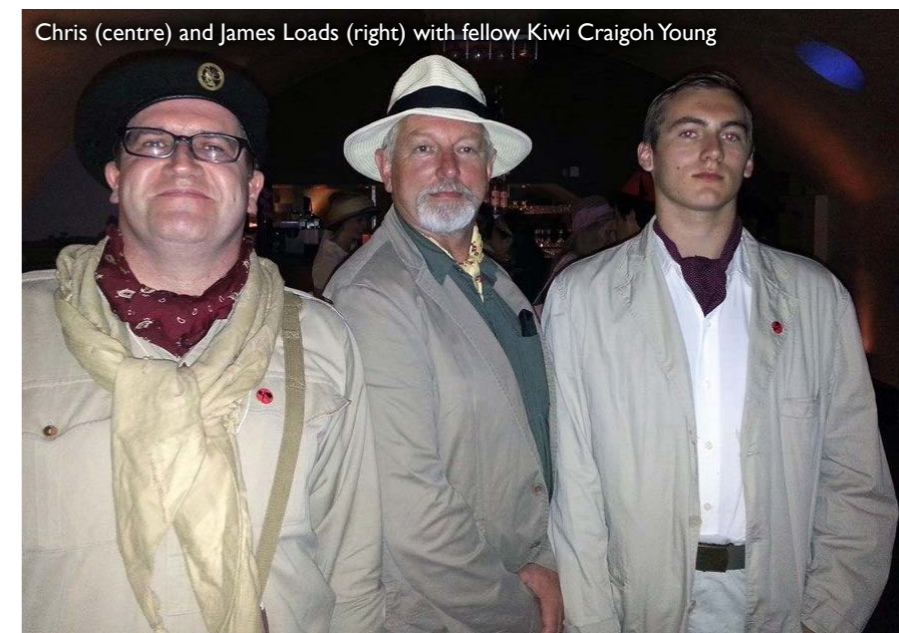
The Critique, a.k.a. William Cole, receiving a prize from Anubis at our summer party



Chez Clark, also with Anubis



Ed Dutton with "some very friendly Mormons"



Chris (centre) and James Loads (right) with fellow Kiwi Craigoh Young

## Club Tie Corner

THE CLUB COLOURS continue to infiltrate all levels of society around the globe. Col. Cyrus Choke of Las Vegas sends us this picture of Peter Shumlin, Governor of Vermont (right).

We have Oliver Lane to thank for this image of Sir Alan Haselhurst, MP for Saffron Walden since 1977 (middle right).

And, most uncanny of all, we have Byron Sherbourne to thank for this still from the 1977 Canadian schlock-horror movie *The Uncanny* (bottom), in which writer Wilbur Grey, played by Peter Cushing, is convinced that a raft of unsolved murders can all be pinned on a supernatural army of demonic cats. (You read that correctly.) Here he is trying to persuade sceptical publisher Frank Richards, played by Ray Milland. And, as you can see, Milland is clearly in the right, as he is proudly sporting a New Sheridan Club tie...



## Club Badge Offer

NSC MEMBER OLIVER LANE has been working on a gold wire embroidered blazer badge version of the New Sheridan Club crest, liaising with a nice man in India. Above is the finished product.

After the Chap Olympics he wrote: "I was pleased to wear out the prototype NSC blazer for the first time at the weekend. Many chaps expressed interest in acquiring one of the gold wire badges themselves. I have a pile of them sitting in the factory in India waiting to be paid for—I think including Fedex they will work out in the region of £20 each. If you want to put your name down for one please let me know. Once I've got the moolah together they should be shipped to England very quickly." You can contact Oliver via Facebook: [www.facebook.com/oliverlane](http://www.facebook.com/oliverlane).



## 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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

**🇬🇧 NSC Club Night**  
 Wednesday 6th August  
 7pm–11pm  
 Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB  
 Members: Free  
 Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)  
 See page 2.

**Cakewalk Café**  
 Every Wednesday  
 7pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm, 8–9pm)  
 Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA  
 Admission: £8 for the dance class, £4 for the club (discounted if you're doing the class)  
 Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred  
 Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

**The Golden Era of Jazz**  
 Every Thursday 7pm  
 Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB  
 Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that  
 A weekly (until 25th September) night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

The New Sheridan Club presents  
**The Tashes**  
 Saturday 16th August  
 From 10am  
 Rangers Field (near Blackheath Gate,



TAILS & TWIRLS  
PRESENTS

SATURDAY 16TH AUGUST

21 PIECE BAND

7PM-12AM

HOGARTH  
BALLROOM

WWW.TEAHOUSETHEATRE.CO.UK  
0207 207 4585

THE  
GRANDSUMMER BALL

by the pavilion), Greenwich Park,  
London SE10 8QY

Admission: Players will be asked to make a contribution to hire fees (probably around £5–10); you may wish to bring a picnic lunch as well

The Club's annual cricket match between the hirsute and the cleanshaven is once again in Greenwich (where the cost is only a third of what it was and there are better facilities). If you would like to take part please email Watermere at [cgvowles@gmail.com](mailto:cgvowles@gmail.com). Spectators are also welcome and picnicking is traditional. See p.15.

**Tails and Twirls Grand Summer Ball**

Saturday 16th August

7pm–12am

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

Admission: £20 from [www.teahousetheatre.co.uk](http://www.teahousetheatre.co.uk)

Dress: Glamorous romantic, black tie for men preferred but not essential

Dance to music from a bygone era, observing a strict tempo and the highest standards. All guests get a complimentary glass of Prosecco and there will be canapés and a barbecue. There will be live music from Isabel Bedale, a fabled Ecuadorian princess. [NOTE that this event was previously at Chiswick Town Hall but has been moved for technical reasons.]

**Twinwood Festival**

Saturday 23rd– Monday  
25th August

10.30 Friday till 11.45pm  
on Monday

Twinwood Arena and  
Airfield, near Bedford,  
MK41 6AB

Admission: From £41 for

a day, £92 for the whole weekend  
Dress: 1930s–1950s

Now in its 13th year (and voted by *The Telegraph* as among its top festivals for three years running), Twinwood is a celebration of all things 1930s–1950s, featuring more than 60 bands on 11 stages, eight indoor venues, four bars, plus air displays, classic vehicles, comedy, museums, styling, food, drink and camping. More details at <https://www.facebook.com/events/603003283079458>.

**NSC Film Night**

***Faster, Pussycat, Kill! Kill!* (1965)**

Sunday 31st August

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

The Club's monthly screening, offering classics or obscure gems, curated by Members who feel urged to bring their favourite films to the attention of others. See page 43.

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August 2014

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Camping**

**Buy Gift Tickets!**

Photo of Lori Jade at Twinwood Festival by Andrew Ogilvy

Now in its 13th year Twinwood Festival is The Original & Best Vintage 1930s, 1940s & 1950s Music & Dance Festival



Birthday boy Andy Hill, having spent all day celebrating his 40th, thanks God that he has made it to the NSC summer party before it ends



### **CONTACTING US**

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[mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

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