

DRUMBEAT

The Quarterly Journal of The Savage Club
No. 144 - Winter 2019



Happy New Year!

The Quarterly Journal of The Savage Club

Founded 1857

No: 144 - Winter 2019

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SAVAGE CLUB EVENTS

February

Friday 8	Ladies Night (Black Tie)	Elliot Rice - In the Chair
Wednesday 13	Club Luncheon	Bo Drasar - Guest Speaker
Friday 22	Friday Night Is Savage Night	Paul Ryan Entertains

March

Wednesday 13	Club Luncheon	Eric Midwinter - Guest Speaker
Thursday 21	Annual General Meeting at 6.30pm	
Friday 22	House Dinner	Stephen Shuttleworth - In the Chair

April

Wednesday 10	Club Luncheon	Philip Fowke - Guest Speaker
Friday 12	House Dinner	John Rees-Jones - In the Chair
Friday 26	Friday Night Is Savage Night	TBC

May

Wednesday 8	Club Luncheon	Michael Pickersgill - Guest Speaker
Friday 10	Ladies Night (Black Tie)	Stuart Thomson - In the Chair
Friday 31	House Dinner	Mark Dean - In the Chair

Chairman's Message



Happy New Year Brother Savages!

Yes, it's true – the days are drawing out already and before we know it, we'll be admiring the crocuses.

I hope you all had a wonderful festive season and are not suffering winter or January blues. And please – no dry January for us!

For me, Christmas starts with our annual Carol Service at St. Clement Danes and what a joy to see and hear Brother Savage Ken Jones singing once again. I am sure we all wish him the very best of Savage good wishes and look forward to his return this year.

2018 was another very successful year for the Club, with membership up once again. We are growing in numbers still, although sadly, we lost some much-loved Savages in the past year who will never be forgotten. Our events continue to be well supported and, as my predecessor always urged us – sign up early for House Dinners and Lunches. They are always well attended. Entertainment at House Dinners continues to be marvellous, of course.

Another full programme of events is planned for 2019 – I am writing this between our first successful Club Lunch of the year and looking forward to the first House Dinner. On the matter of Club Lunches, I should like to point out that we have three external (non- Savage) speakers in 2019 and four distaff lunches. I look forward to seeing many of you at these and other events.

Finally, I would like to thank the General Committee for its support during my first year as Chairman and, of course, our staff without whom the Club could not function.

I wish you all a very Happy, Joyful and Healthy 2019.

Alan Stratton

Jottings from our Honorary Secretary



Reading in *The Times* today the obituary of a man called James Batten who discovered that King Henry's Mound in Richmond Park originally had a view directly to St Paul's, I thought first of the view from my desk on the 25th floor of a building looking right across London...and how great it was...and then thought further that my view from my usual perch in the corner of the bar is even better. Not for

the scenery but for the health of our great Club. All dinners now seem to have waiting lists, the bar is buoyantly busy, a lively programme of events, our excellent new wines and the continuing competitive cost of consumption.

Membership is now higher than I have known it in my years as a member, inching towards the allegedly magic number. We do not have a waiting list but we do now decline "cold callers" and the Qualifications Sub-Committee is vigilant in only allowing suitably Savage types to proceed towards candidacy. As ever, please take a moment after accepting your first drink to peruse the Candidates' Book to see if you have met any of them.

This comes with a slight downside (and this is the Nanny-state moment) - with a busy bar, please be thoughtful when contemplating bringing large parties of guests to the Club without notice. Our bar staff work very hard but surprise visits can cause problems. The tab on the website entitled "Organising An Event" provides details and forms should be submitted well in advance to allow us to prepare.

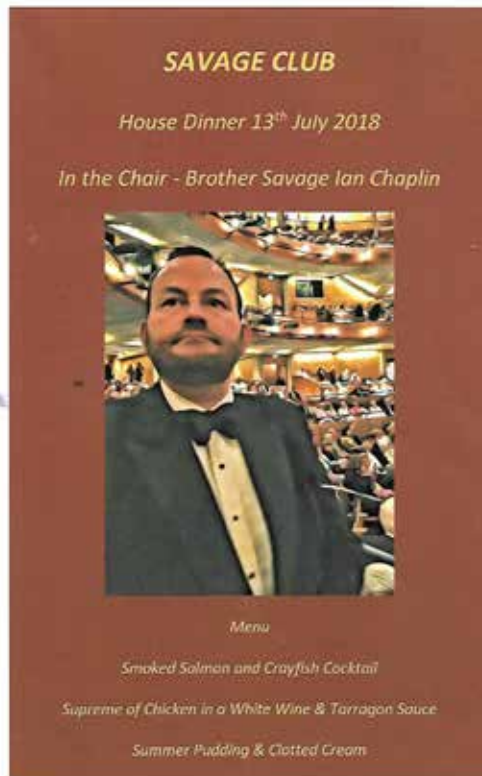
In general, as we approach our AGM, I hope that we will be reporting another small surplus, taking into account the works done in the Autumn and some artwork and other memorabilia which has been purchased. Our hard-working Archivist, Michael Gray, is always on the lookout for interesting items and I praise his hard work. Praise also to Mark Hayward for his work in dealing with our Library.

Best of all, the view from my perch is one of a Club made up of diverse characters enjoying diverse conversations and the sound of laughter echoing around our walls, as we continue to observe the old tradition of welcome in the form of a greeting and ensuring that no member buys his own first drink...and for those of you present when I wander in, mine is a GnT.

Craig Barrett

DINNER REPORTS

House Dinner *Friday 13 July 2018* *Ian Chaplin - In The Chair*



On Friday 13th July 2018 - a sweltering summer's evening was the backdrop to Brother Savage Ian Chaplin's House Dinner. Across the city, Kevin Anderson and John Isner were finishing a six hour and thirty-five minute Wimbledon semi-final. That timing is significant, as it has previously been the cooking time that the NLC kitchen has used for chicken breast. Not on this evening however, where the main was succulent, and it followed a fine smoked salmon and crayfish cocktail and preceded a much-needed summer pudding.

That day, the nation had been "graced" with a visit from the President of the United States, sometimes known as "the Donald". Not in the Savage. That title belongs to the peerless Brother Savage Donald MacKenzie, who kicked things off by leading the assembled Brother Savages through the choruses; 'like Zubin Mehta trying to conduct the members of the Battersea Dogs Home'.

The sing-song was notable because Brother Savage Paul Ryan was seen frowning at his fellow members, turning throughout before rising to his feet and showing us how it should be done. He walked over to Donald MacKenzie and said "We've never worked together, as you're about to find out." Modesty – the pair brought the house down.

He reached for his microphone and picked up his drink. "I mustn't get these two confused," he quipped – one

of many fine lines. Paul noted that the President was now on the way to a weekend at his golf courses, and he feared that Trump would be with us for a long time. "He's a terrible golfer." He decided to pay tribute to the President by singing a song about Trump's favourite country, so we delighted in the strains of *South of the Border, down Mexico way*.

Brother Savage David Brown followed with his much-loved spoken word portion and regaled us with stories dedicated to our chairman's true passion. Ian is a man of many loves (rugby, Hove, eye-rolling), however, he is completely enamoured with opera, and David found some wonderful anecdotes. The best was of the barrel-organ player in the street whose slow playing irritated a passing Puccini, who moved in and turned the handle round faster and faster. The next day, Puccini passed the organist who now had a new sign which read "Pupil of Puccini".

Donald returned and played *A Waltz Sequence* from *Der Rosenkavalier* by Richard Strauss. My notes say "exquisite skill" – which no doubt it was, but by now my hand-writing had taken a Savage turn. The excellence of the evening was being measured out in empty bottles, beautiful music and marvellous stories, but there was still one treat in store.

Brother Savage Gordon Campbell's trombone will be forever imprinted on my memory (in a manner of speaking). The control of his slider as he entertained us was astonishing, getting it to follow his beck and call with the merest twiddle of his fingers. I agreed with my neighbour, Brother Savage Henry Salmon that we were in the presence of greatness.

The Chairman then thanked his entertainers, and the gratitude was shared by every member and guest there. They, the chairman and even the chicken supreme had proved the age-old truth: 'every house dinner is better than the last'.

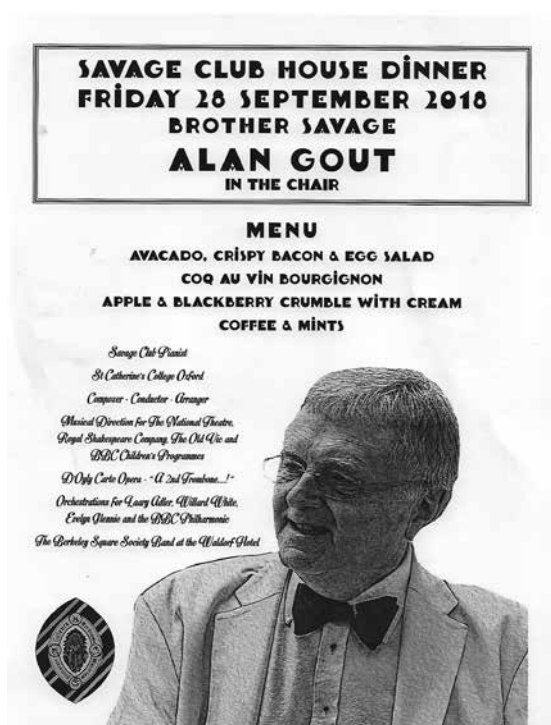
Jack Blackburn



House Dinner

Friday 28 September 2018

Alan Gout - In The Chair



Those of us assembled in the Savage Club bar that evening were able to catch glimpses of the refurbishment work currently being carried out in the bar and kitchen area. Prior to departure upstairs for dinner Brother Savage Donald MacKenzie, the organiser for the evening, read out the Parish Notices, that included the upcoming Founders Dinner to be held on 19th October.

The Brother Savage in the Chair for this evening was Alan Gout who opened proceedings by reading the Grace. He then introduced his guests seated at the top table. These included Brother Savages Donald MacKenzie, Stephen Henderson, John de la Cour, Elmley de la Cour, Colin Bradbury and Philip Fowke.

The menu for the evening started with avocado, crispy bacon & egg salad followed by coq au vin bourguignon and rounded off with apple & blackberry crumble with cream. There followed the Loyal Toast. Thanks were given to Sandra and her Ladies for the serving of the meal and to Ken the Chef. Thanks were also added to Philip Voke and his team for the bar and kitchen refurbishment work.

After a short comfort break the Rosemary Draw took place – the funds being raised to support the widows of deceased Brother Savages. Alan Gout then introduced Donald MacKenzie to play for the Choruses that he had chosen for the evening.

The entertainments commenced with Brother Savage Julian Baker who spoke on remembrances of Tony Tunstall, who had recently died at the age of 93 having been a Savage since 1981. Tony was a very fine horn player and a great Savage.

Tony's musical studies included a year in the choir at King's College, Cambridge to where he returned after a spell in the navy, but did not stay long, moving to the Guildhall school of Music to study the horn seriously.

Tony auditioned to the conductor Karl Rankl at Covent Garden in 1949 where he was engaged and later became principal horn. Soon after arriving at the opera house he had married the famous mezzo soprano Monica Sinclair and they had six children. After her death Tony remarried, increasing his family by two more members. One son, Oliver, studied the horn and there was a new Member of the Savage present this evening, who studied with him.

Julian spoke of various events in Tony's life. Julian remembers the time when he himself returned to a posting at Covent Garden, and on his first day Tony presented him with a pineapple. It was a sign of friendship and as a fellow horn player. The last five minutes of Swan Lake is one big climax in the key of E minor. One night Tony wished to give it a happy ending by transforming the minor chord into a happy major one. So he played possibly the loudest G sharp ever heard in the Royal Opera House and held it on. Tony was on a police list of accredited South London beekeepers and one night he missed the first act, having been called by the police to Vauxhall station to deal with a swarm of bees on platform 2.

Tony disliked the Hungarian born conductor Georg Solti and resented him being knighted. At a Freischutz rehearsal the maestro looked round the orchestra and said 'Eet is some time since I was here and I see some new faces'. Tony leaped to his feet and (wanting to imply that Julian was someone further up the social ladder than Sir George announced in a loud voice "S' George may I introduce Viscount Baker!")

Brother Savage Max Brittain then introduced Alan Gout by telling us that not only was he a wonderful musician but also a keen ferroequinologist, cue the theme from "The Magnificent Seven"! He backed this up on guitar by playing excerpts of various train related numbers including "Night Train" followed by "Great Western", "Fall of Autumn Leaves" and finally "Coronation Scot", these he said brought him to the next item: Donald's poems. Donald then delighted us with poems, accompanied by Max Brittain, commencing with "On the Slow Train" by Flanders and Swann. This was followed by "Great Central Railway – Sheffield Victoria to Banbury" by John Betjeman and then by the verse commentary written by W. H. Auden to a score by Benjamin Britten for the classic 1936 documentary film "Night Mail". The final poem was "Chuffing Trouble", written by Donald himself for this very occasion.

The entertainment then concluded with Donald introducing the Hendo Washboard Trombony Kings, consisting of four trombonists Patrick Johns, Mike Hogh, Dave Chandler and Gordon Campbell, plus washboard and bass guitar, (all Brother Savages) who gave a rousing performance of "When the Saints Come Marching In"

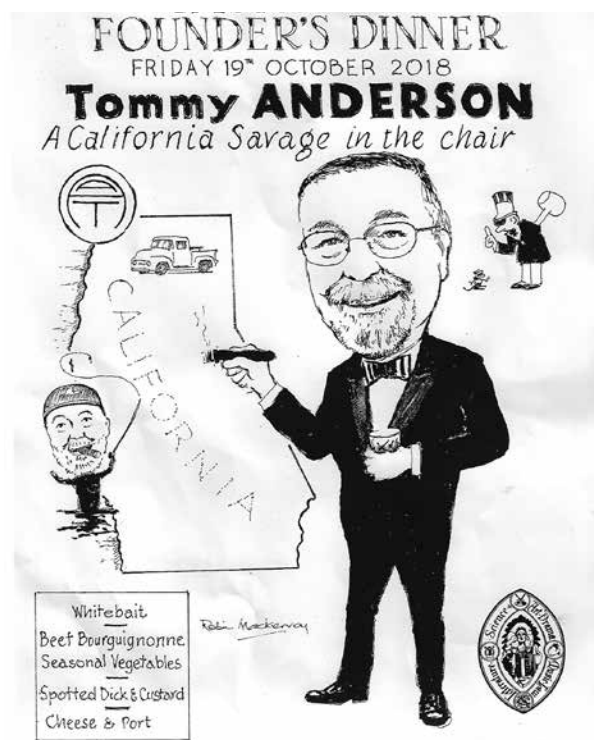
Thanks were then rendered to Donald MacKenzie for planning and arranging the entertainments, choruses and all the music, prior to the return to the bar for nightcaps and further Savage conversations, following another great Savage evening.

Michael Gray

Founders Dinner

Friday 19 October 2018

Tommy Anderson - In The Chair



"Every Founder's dinner is better than any previous Founder's dinner". If I am misquoting our esteemed member, Brother Savage Ken Jones, I make no apology. I joined the Savage Club in 1980/81 and I have attended most Founder's dinners and have to say that there is something special about the evening. Perhaps it is because there are no guests who we have to entertain and therefore our conversations are solely with Brother Savages. Certainly, the buzz of talk in the bar is lively and conversations just continue where they were broken off when our Brothers last met.

About 80 members sat down to dinner and our chairman for the evening was none other than Brother Savage Tommy Anderson from sunny California. The menu card showed a superb likeness of Tommy and was drawn by Brother Savage Robin Mackervoy. There was a goodly crowd of guests who included a couple of USA Savages. After grace, we settled down to Whitebait followed Beef Bourguignon. Generally, dessert would be the last course but being Founder's dinner, the club went the extra mile and followed Spotted Dick with Cheese and Port. The generosity of our chairman knows no bounds as he provided the much-appreciated port.

The Loyal Toast was preceded by a verse of God Save the Queen (also known to some as My Country, 'tis of Thee.) The entertainment kicked off with the usual rousing chorus of songs accompanied by Brother Savage Alan Gout. Then followed some piano playing of such virtuosity that we were all spellbound. Brother Savage Philip Fowke played three Chopin waltzes to perfection. I timed his *Minute Waltz* to about 1 minute 45 seconds. He then performed an encore of *Rush hour in Hong Kong* by Abram Chasins. I've never heard it myself, but then how many Savages had?

Brother Savage Roy Davenport then followed with some amazing magic. Perhaps Roy is not a magician but a hypnotist, putting us all in a trance as he cuts rope into little

pieces and then joins them together; and we believe him. He followed this with his magic rings which he can join and separate with Davenport ease.

To finish the evening Hendo's Washboard Kings had us all tapping our feet. The performers were Brother Savages Enrico Tomasso (trumpet), Gordon Campbell (trombone), Paul Morgan (double bass), Max Brittain (banjo) and Stephen Henderson (washboard and percussion). They played some old favourites but finished with a *Savage Slow March* followed by *When the Saints go marching in*.

For years, the Founder's Dinner has finished with *Watchman, what of the night?* Any Savage who still has any voice left, crowds around the stage and peers over someone's shoulder at some sheet music. He then hopes that Hendo knows what he is doing and tries to follow him. It may not be the best rendition but who cares - we had fun!

The Savage is a unique Club. Where else would we have such entertainment? Thanks to Hendo for organising it. The last word goes to the evening's Chairman - I asked Tommy Anderson for a quote. He thought about it and gave me the following:

*So we gather round the room,
Remember all the others.
Drink deep a toast, without a word,
"Here's to our absent Brothers"*

Kin Wang

House & Bar Report

Dear Brother Savages

It is sometimes difficult to think of exciting things from your House and Bar Committee to report on. Most of our work is literally behind the scenes and I am sure that most of you don't want an epistle on till technology!

In the last Drumbeat I mentioned that we have a new wine list. This is now fully for sale and Massimo has written notes on each of the wines if you want to venture beyond the house wines.

At the end of year stocktake, we noted the good array of spirits that we hold beyond Tanqueray. (I am thinking of running a sweepstake for the AGM to see if anyone can guess the number of Large Tanqueray & Tonics we serve in the year!) Some though are very slow sellers and we are considering how to bring these to your attention. I have a draft spirits list which should be available soon, but in the meantime do ask if you want a specific drink that you can't see, it might be gathering dust at the back of the shelf. We will be offering some of these spirits as a special offer over the next few months, so do look out for advertisements in the Monday email.

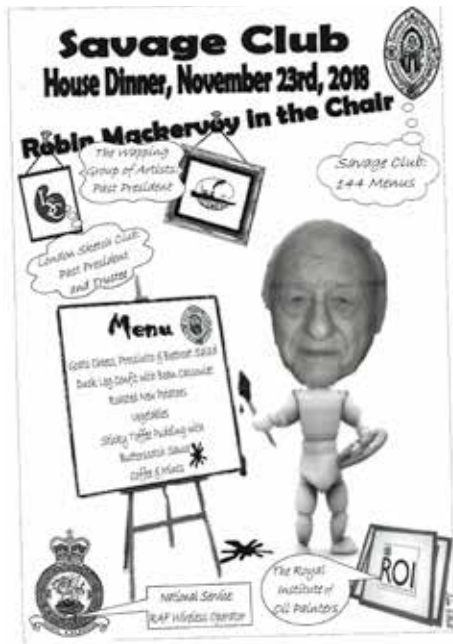
Finally, my usual hint at bar tabs. The system is designed for ease of drinking, not for acquiring debit balances. At the date of the last committee meeting balances amounted to a four-figure sum. Please search your consciences and when you're in the club flash the cash at the end of the evening.

Ian Chaplin

House Dinner

Friday 23 November 2018

Robin Mackervoy - In The Chair



Since his election to Art in 1987, Brother Savage Robin Mackervoy has created 144 Club House Dinner and Luncheon Menu Cards, including at least one self-portrait. However for the House Dinner at which he was chairman, Robin called on the skills of Brother Savage John Elliott (Bombardone in another hat) to produce his menu card.

After a starter of Goat's Cheese Prosciutto and Beetroot Salad the main course was Duck Leg Confit with a Bean Cassoulet. For dessert we enjoyed a slice of Sticky Toffee pudding with Butterscotch Sauce. Robin then introduced those on his table, who included his son and grandson and Brother Savages John Elliott (the evening's organiser), Stephen Henderson, Eric Midwinter, Martin Reynolds and David Brown.

Following the loyal Toast, Brother Savage Alan Gout led us in the following choruses: *Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside; Who's your lady friend? All the nice girls love a sailor; Don't dilly dally; I'm for ever blowing bubbles* and (of course) *If you were the only girl in the world*.

Then Brother Savage Paul Brough accompanied by Alan Gout, sang for our delight Noel Coward's *There are dark clouds just around the corner*. Paul the joined Alan on the bar stool as they played a duet on our Steinway *The Berceuse* from Fauré's *Dolly Suite* - familiar as the *Listen With Mother* music. They followed this with Percy Grainger's *Country Gardens*.

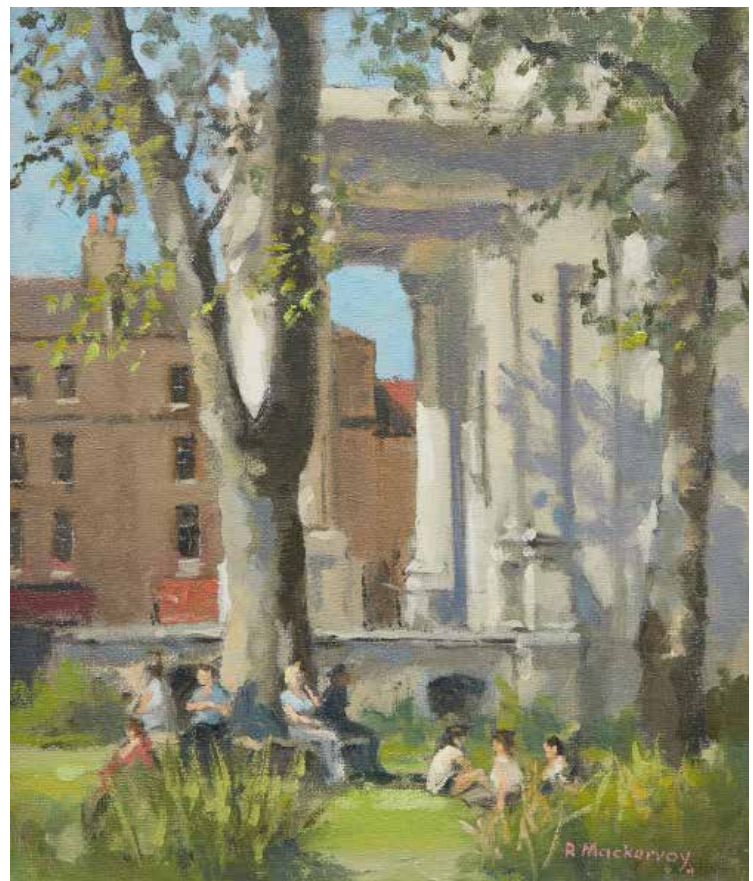
We were then delighted to welcome back a magician, Brother Savage Max Somerset, who performed the most convoluted card trick ever devised with the help of many from the audience and special assistance by Massimo. Having got one assistant to identify a card from a standard pack, Max was then locked by Massimo into large tarpaulin sack, taking with him an unsolved Rubik's Cube (marked by an assistant), a box of sweets (counted by another assistant), a slate and chalk and a bucket full of fruit, including a cucumber sealed in plastic. Once the sack was locked, the audience began a minute's count-down, at the end of which Max emerged from the sack with the sweet numbers chalked on the slate, a perfectly-done Rubik's Cube, a bucketful of fruit juice and the cucumber in its plastic

'coat'. The coat was cut off and the cucumber broken into two – at which point out popped the Seven of Spades (the card originally identified). Magic at its most magnificent!

The evening came to a joyous conclusion with yet another unique event for the Club – the appearance of The Savage Club Brown Brothers, who had evolved from a group of similar name from the period 1880 to 1900.

The group consisted of six saxophones – the Soprano Sax was played by Brother Savage Richard White; the Alto Sax by welcome visitor Peter Ripper; the C Melody Sax by another welcome visitor Nick Charles; the Tenor Sax by Brother Savage Richard Wimpenny; the Baritone Sax by Brother Savage Jay Craig and the big Bass Sax by Brother Savage John Elliott. What a great sound they made as they played *Smiles and Chuckles*, *Russian Rag*, *Egyptland* and *Bull-Frog Blues* to the obvious delight of those at this House Dinner. Our chairman Robin ended the evening by thanking all the performers and those who had joined us for this memorable evening.

David Brown



Robin Mackervoy, ROI

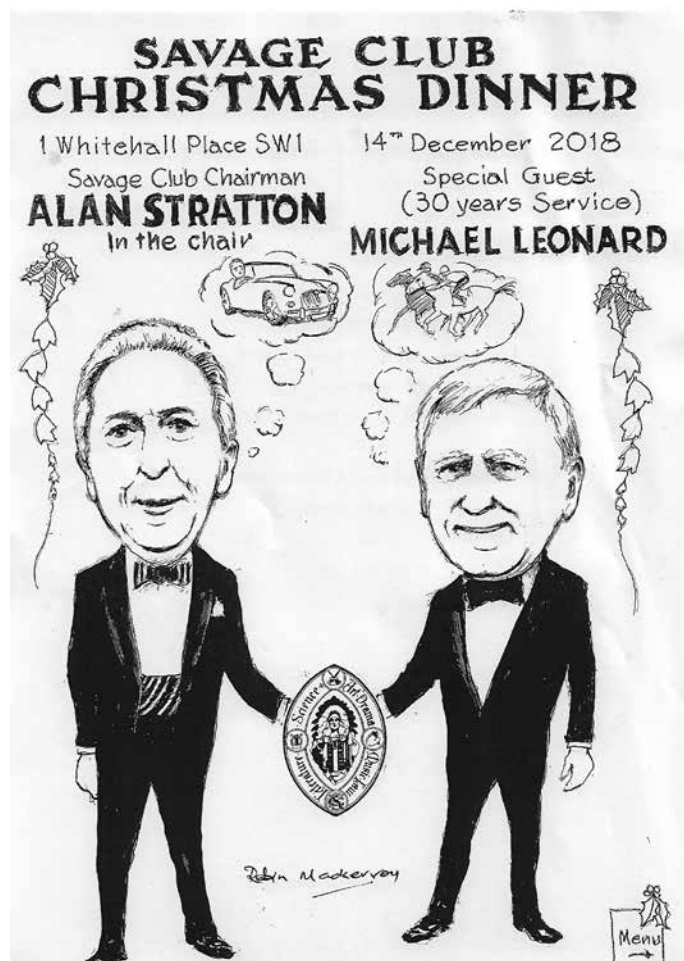
On Tuesday 27th November 2018, Brother Savage Robin Mackervoy could be seen 'wearing another hat' as a member of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, who held their Annual Exhibition in the Mall Galleries for a fortnight. At the Private View 'the great and the good' could be see perusing paintings in oil of all sizes and subjects, costing between £300 and £47,000. Robin's own contributions were priced at between £600 and £1,000 and he was delighted on the opening day to have made the above 40 x 35 cm painting *Lunchtime, Spitalfields* as one of his sales.

The Christmas Dinner

Friday 14 December 2018

Alan Stratton - In The Chair

Michael Leonard - Special Guest



In the middle of December, in the week following our always 'better than the last' carol service, it was time for the Christmas House Dinner. Our chairman for the evening was the Club's Chairman, Brother Savage Alan Stratton, and alongside him, in pride of place at his right hand, Michael Leonard, the Club's bar steward of 30 years standing. Michael was rightly rewarded with some gifts which were accompanied by three lustily sung rounds of 'For he's a jolly good fellow!'

After our chairman had delivered a heartfelt grace we commenced with prosciutto and melon which was consumed as he introduced us to his other guests for the evening, being predominantly members of his close family. Next, given that it was Christmas after all, came roast turkey with all the trimmings, followed by a non-traditional white chocolate bread and butter pudding and mince pies instead of the usual chocolates.

After thanking Sandra and her ladies for their sterling service and performing the loyal toast there was a much appreciated comfort break before the serious business of the entertainments began.

At the piano for the Club's choruses, who else but, Brother Savage Alan Gout who gave us a geographically themed set of choruses starting in London - *Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner*, before travelling to Holland - *My Old Dutch* and on to Scotland - *I belong to Glasgow*. There was a slight diversion, perhaps in honour of one of the evening's performers, Alice Bell, with a rendition of Daisy Bell, before coming back

to that only girl in the world sung, at the chairman's request, on bended knee to those with inamorata in the audience.

Immediately afterwards came the virtuoso delights of Brother Savage Peter Poole on the violin accompanied by Alan who remained at the piano, where we were treated to three delicious pieces the last of which wasn't introduced but given the time of year those assembled quickly recognised as *Have yourself a Merry Little Christmas*.

Then came to the stage a guest, Alice Bell, who, again assisted by Alan Gout, performed three beautiful songs starting with *La vie en rose* before moving to *A Christmas Carol* by Tom Lehrer and finally *Waltz of my heart*. She departed to rapturous applause and was replaced by the Entertainments Organiser for the evening Brother Savage Mike Purton who revealed another part of the tortured life story of that 'forgotten genius' Otto Fisch (as distinct from his continental relations Otto Poisson or Otto Pescado) whose grandfather, we were told, had been amongst the first singers of *Silent Night* which we learnt was 200 years old this year.

Mike then invited up on stage three other members of the soon to be infamous Sava-croak Male Voice Choir to perform a rendition of, not so, *Silent Night!* This writer cannot ever remember hearing dogs barking, babies crying, pipers playing, motorbike engines roaring and bombs exploding as part of an entertainment before and the discordant cacophony certainly ensured that those Savages who perhaps sometimes 'rest their eyes' during some of the entertainments had no chance of doing so during this rendition. Sava-croak followed the din with a more melodic rendition of that New Year perennial *Auld Lang Syne* before making way for The Phil-Savonia Light Orchestra, fresh from their non-stop 3 year tour of the Isle of Sheppey, to continue the Christmas theme and take us on a *Sleigh Ride*. This was closely followed by the Savage Orphean Left Foot Stompers (who bore a striking similarity to Phil-Savonia it must be said) accompanied by the Sava-croak Male Voice Choir returning to give those assembled the challenge of identifying all the songs in *The Savoy Christmas Medley*.

The evening ended as it began with our chairman rising to say a few words and after thanking all those who had performed that evening he kindly reminded us to return what glassware we had brought with us back to the bar to which many then made their way.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year followed.

Leslie Cuthbert

SAVDOKU No. 143

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LUNCHEON REPORTS

Savalunch 10th October, 2018

Speaker:

Brother Savage Ian Wiseman
'The Myths and Mysteries of Billericay'



After feasting on Boiled Salt Brisket with dumplings and vegetables followed by Baked Rice Pudding and Jam – (now there's a treat!) which was eschewed by Brother Savage Adrian Macintosh in favour of a piece of fresh Cheddar cheese (which he asked for and received), and those nearby who scrounged a piece agreed that it was superior to the rather sweet jam, we heard from Brother Savage Ian Wiseman (caught by Brother Savage Joshua Mowll on the menu card looking twenty years younger than his actual self.

Ian revealed to us the myths and mysteries of Billericay, that small town in Essex, which with a turnout of 46,000 in 1959 enabled it to declare the result of the General Election only 57 minutes after the poll closed. Ian and his family ended up there in 1969 when he left his banking office on the island of Grenada and came back to the UK to join a new team running the amalgamated group of Barclays International and the Barclays domestic network. They sought guidance from friends in Shenfield as to where to live and took their advice to live somewhere on the main line into Liverpool Street Station. They chose Billericay where they have lived now for 50 years.

Ian then gave us a condensed history of Billericay and the local area starting with its geography and moving on to the times the area developed.- through the Middle Stone Age (8,000 to 2,700 BC), the Bronze Age (2,000 – 1,000 BC), the Iron Age – which began in 500 BC and which led to the arrival of the Romans, who occupied much of Essex at that time, only withdrawing at the end of the 4th Century and leaving the area to the Saxons (although as Ian said no mention of Billericay is made in the Domesday Book of 1086. It appears that it was subsumed into Great Burstead prior to the Norman Conquest. With the Normans came the feudal system of government, in which the Manor and the Church became the main factors of village life.

In his research Ian had discovered that there were many spellings of 'Billericay', whose name first appeared in 1291, which was a time that the Stratford monks granted the village a concession by allowing it a weekly market and two fairs in the autumn. It became a place that pilgrims spent a night before journeying to Canterbury.

We then heard how the 'Black Death' decimated the population from 1348 to 1362 and Ian went on to remind us of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, which ended with many who perished in the conflict being buried in the churchyard of Great Burstead. Apparently many heretics were burnt at the stake in Chelmsford under the Order of Mary Tudor and we heard how the Reformation allowed Protestantism to develop.

It was fascinating to hear that several passengers on the Mayflower's epic voyage from Plymouth to New England were from Billericay and that the emblem of the town is indeed the Mayflower. Regrettably the Essex adventurers did not survive the harsh, bitterly cold conditions they encountered, but during their time in New England were responsible for founding Billerica, Massachusetts in 1655.

During the Civil War Billericay and Great Burstead were bastions of Puritanism and life became much quieter, until in 1916 a German zeppelin was shot down during a bombing raid on London and came to earth in Billericay – an event which led to special trains being laid on for sight-seers.

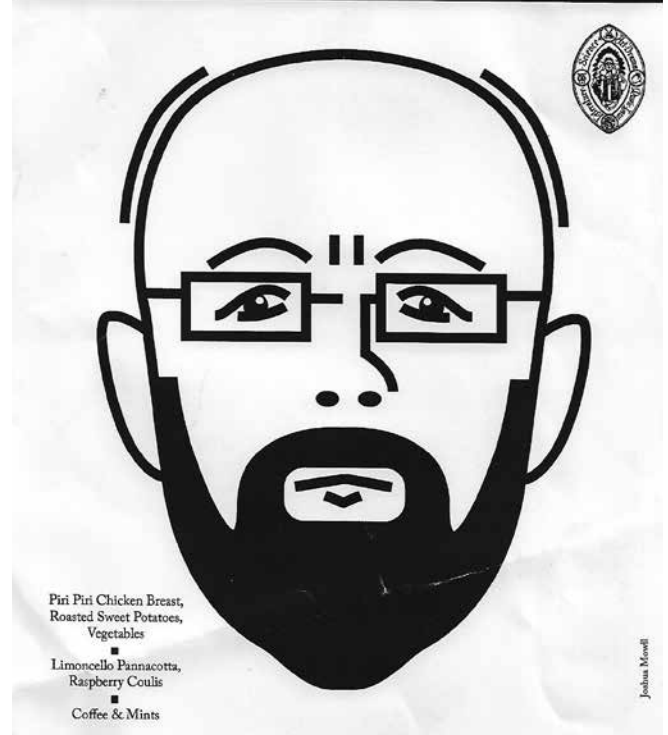
Ian finished by telling us that in the recent third round of the F.A.Cup, Billericay beat their opponents 9-1. Oh, that all games could have a score like that!

David Brown

Savalunch 14th November, 2018

Speaker: Brother Savage Bo Drasar

"Defeat of the 'Most terrible of all the men of Death'"



Eighteen Brother Savages, two Club Rosemaries and four other lady guests assembled in the Lady Violet Room of the NLC to hear Brother Savage Philip Talbot recall some of his theatrical memories.

However, as Philip was recovering in hospital after an operation, we missed his recollections and instead we all signed a Menu Card wishing him a speedy recovery.

Thus after Piri-Piri Chicken Breast with roast sweet potatoes, followed by a Lemoncello Panacotta, we sat back, slightly terrified by the title of Brother Savage Bo Drasār's talk Defeat of the 'Most terrible of all the men of Death'; for Bo had kindly stepped into Philip's shoes. We were fortified for the talk by a finger each of our late Brother Savage Dave Allsop's favourite whisky from the Scotch Whisky Society, which he had left for the Luncheon group to help us remember his management of our Club Lunches for many years.

We should not have worried, for Bo gave us a masterly survey of how smallpox had been eradicated from the plethora of diseases causing painful death amongst mankind. Bo explained that there is no treatment for smallpox victims who die a terrible death. He provided a historical background of its origins and its spread throughout the world, and he mentioned some of its famous victims, including Edward IV of England and Louis 15th of France. In his talk he provided us with a history of its worldwide presence with 50 million cases recorded in 1950. Due to vaccination (developed after the pioneering work of Jenner) by 1967 this had fallen to 15 million cases and in 1980 a declaration was made that it had been eradicated.

Relief all round! Thanks we expressed to Bo for his guidance through a terrible period in the world's medical history; for which we all took another sip of Dave Allsop's favourite tipple.

David Brown

an unusually generous supply of custard, the twenty Brother Savages sat back in the Lady Violet room of the NLC to listen to former judge Brother Savage Michael Segal as he outlined the legal mysteries associated with taking your car into traffic.

His pragmatic approach to careless driving (driving in a way that falls below what would be expected of a competent and careful driver) and to dangerous driving (driving in a way that falls far below what would be expected of a competent and careful driver) becomes a nightmare if the driver is prosecuted for misdemeanours, particularly if the driving involves an accident in which someone is killed.

If found guilty of careless driving one can expect a maximum punishment of £5,000, but no prison sentence. In this case if someone is killed the maximum punishment is five years in prison. However, if you are found guilty of dangerous driving you can expect up to two years in prison, and if you kill someone then the maximum punishment is 14 years in prison.

Alan then expounded the relevant philosophical principles associated with control and considered the views of 'popular intuition' of various members of society. These included the 'man-in-the street', the judge, the pressure group, the politician and popular press and finally the legal establishment. He concluded by revealing that what the judges have to grasp is the nettle of 'moral luck'.

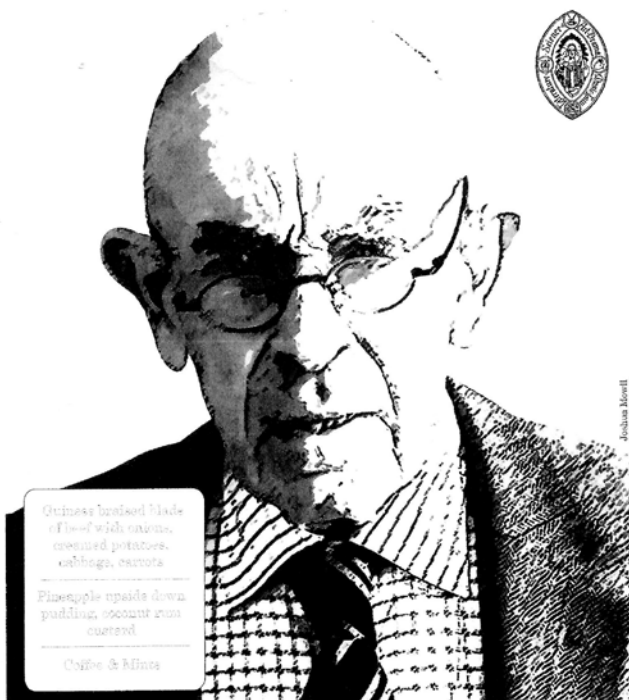
Thus the warning to Brother Savages who drive is 'drive carefully', and to all of us as pedestrians 'keep alert and watch your step'!

David Brown

Savalunch 9th January, 2019

Speaker:

Brother Savage Michael Segal
'The Lucky Motorist'



On 9 January 2019, after feasting on Blade of Beef braised in Guinness with creamed potatoes, cabbage and carrots, followed by Pineapple upside-down pudding and

OTHER CLUB EVENTS

Benevolent Fund Awareness Evening

Friday 9 November 2018

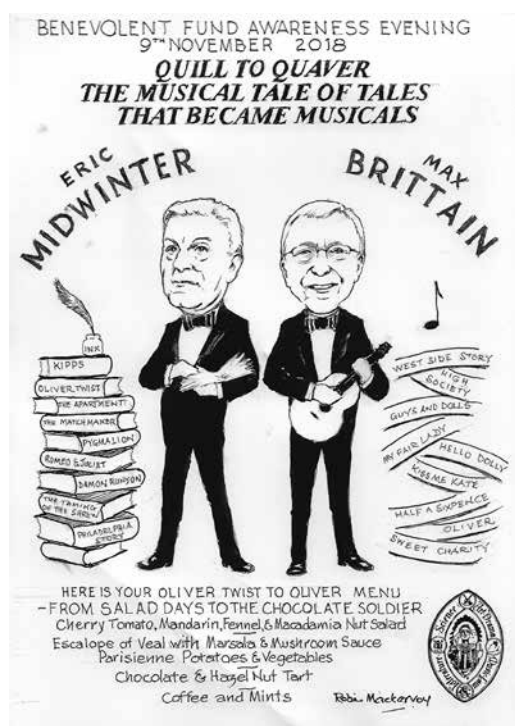
There was an air of anticipation and expectancy in the crowded bar before the Benevolent Fund Awareness Evening. With the drumbeat at 6.55, our Chairman for the evening, Brother Savage Eric Midwinter, explained what was going to be happening. It was to be an evening of nostalgia. Indeed, he had looked back to see what had happened on this date in previous years and revealed that it was Brother Savage John Rees-Jones's 70th birthday.

We proceeded upstairs to a packed David Lloyd George Room. Michael Leonard, Bar Steward of 30 years' standing, was a guest of the club on the chairman's table. We dined well on a cherry tomato, mandarin, fennel and macadamia nut salad. This was followed by escalope of veal and finally chocolate and hazelnut tart. We then adjourned for a short comfort break.

The theme of the entertainment was *Quill to Quaver*; the musical tale of tales that became musicals. The chairman hosted the entertainment. He was assisted by a quintet of musicians. Amongst these, Brother Savage Alan Gout played the piano and trombone, although not at the same time. Brother Savage Max Brittain not only played the banjo, but also provided one of the other entertainers. His daughter Emily Stride had

recently been married, but had deferred her honeymoon, so that she could sing and act for us. She was the Doll and, in the theme of the musical, Richard Whennell was the Guy. We were taken through a series of musicals and what had inspired them; we heard numbers from ten in all. The first was ‘O what a beautiful morning’ from Oklahoma. We heard how Kiss me Kate had been based on The Taming of the Shrew. There was then a medley of tunes from West Side Story provided by Max Brittain and his ensemble. The next theme was Dickens and the musical Oliver in particular. Emily and Richard sang the duet ‘You’ve got to pick a pocket or two’, which seemed oddly appropriate for a Benevolent Fund awareness evening. Other well-known numbers followed such as ‘Wouldn’t it be lovely’ from My Fair Lady, beautifully rendered by Emily. The finale was ‘Who wants to be a millionaire’ from The Philadelphia Story. The whole entertainment was very well received and the diners sorry when it all had to come to an end. People repaired to the bar with the assortment of tunes still ringing in their heads.

Stephen Shuttleworth



Quill to Quaver : A Savage Spectacular

Even when restricting their choice to musical numbers from shows directly or indirectly inspired by original books, I am wondering just how difficult it must have been for Brother Savages Max Brittain and Eric Midwinter to choose which numbers to include in the splendid evening’s entertainment they provided for us. For an entertainment such as this to be a success there must have been planning considerations that not everyone might immediately appreciate. It is tempting to imagine much discussion in the bar, between Eric and Max along the lines of Tommy Handley and the ITMA team during the war. A usually reliable source tells me however that the venue for the ITMA team was actually the café in Embankment Gardens and the choice of sustenance bacon butties. They must have done the trick, for what we ended with anyway was an eclectically Savage mix of words and music calculated to stimulate the musical and literary taste buds of all those privileged to be there.

On these occasions I always hear people wondering where else in London can one have professional entertainment of the sort we enjoy in the Savage Club. I have been saying it since 1974. It seems to me to be almost better than that. Many hours are involved in the planning. The resulting rare treat is guaranteed by the creation a unique mix of complete professionalism and a healthy dash of amateur – in its true sense - enthusiasm.

The show comprised a diverse mixture of popular and well-known stage show numbers, together with a few less well-known and some important evergreens that demand a high degree of ‘acting’ on stage. Both singer/actors, Richard Whennell and Emily Stride are consummate artists and were able to change pace at the drop of a hat (for I did not see a baton in evidence) in order to communicate the emotions behind individual numbers.

After a satisfying meal, we knew immediately that this was going to be special when we heard the first inimitable harmonic invention in Max Brittain’s imaginative and uniquely musical guitar playing, introducing *Oh what a Beautiful Morning*. It was one of those satisfying ‘OK, there’s definitely a bright golden haze on the Bordeaux, and now we can sit back and enjoy’ moments. *What Lola Wants* from ‘Damn Yankees’ demonstrated a perfect dynamic match between the band and Emily’s voice, something not easy to achieve in the Lloyd George Room. It was a tribute to the careful arranging and subtle individual playing of Max’s forces.

In 1955, the year ‘Damn Yankees’ was staged, the bottom placed Washington Senators did indeed win only a third of their games whereas the Yankees won 60%, but it is worth mentioning – if only to demonstrate both my knowledge and pedantic nature – that the Yankees actually did lose to the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series that year. Eric Midwinter, as a devotee of the English Beautiful Game couldn’t help mentioning ‘West Brom’. In Shropshire we have Telford United whose worst defeat (14-1) in 2017 prompted the joke about a supporter ringing to find out the time of the next game, only to be asked in return “What time can you get here?” As we speak they are actually a fine team.

As Eric pointed out in his erudite narration between numbers, the distinction of the original story often seems to encourage an equal quality in the eventual musical realisation of it regardless of the length of time in between. Nowhere is this more true than in ‘Kiss me Kate’ written 350 years after the first performance of Shakespeare’s ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ in a theatre in Newington Butts in 1592. It was fascinating for me to be able to enjoy a fine live rendition (although it has been often recorded) of *We open in Venice*, the first number in this ‘play within a play’. It cannot be easy for the two singers with its frequent key changes and modulations. Again the singing matched the accompaniment seamlessly.

Coming into the second half of the 20th century the audience was treated to a medley from one of most loved shows in living memory, ‘West Side Story’. I know to my cost that this music with its rhythmic complexities is not easy to play, and the band put it across with aplomb.

Charles Dickens had most of his oeuvre transformed into stage musicals, and his stories were ‘gifts’ to anyone with imagination. ‘Oliver’ was of course based on his novel Oliver Twist, but we were also informed of a short-lived show based on ‘Hard Times’.

I know of three musical plays based on the Tale of Two cities. The music for one of them (2008) was written by Jill Santoriello and was not overly successful on Broadway. Another, with the story redirected to The Russian Revolution in 1917 had the music of that fine musician Howard Goodall, and was staged in 2006 and suffered a similar fate. The third had its story based on two regional newspapers – they were the Bicester Times and the Worcester Times.

Lionel Bart had, in one sense, arguably the most prodigious talent of all as a songwriter, but there is one fact that is quite well known in the music profession. When working on his songs, he would have an idea and hum it to Eric Rogers (of ‘Carry On’ fame). Rogers would then write it down, arrange and orchestrate it and prepare it for eventual performance. These hummings achieved their greatest success with *Oliver* in 1960. They won Bart 6 Academy awards. Bart’s fortune and fortunes came and went. He was nearly bankrupted by ‘Twang’ in 1965, which did not last long beyond the preview in Manchester, in which I admit to playing. His friend Barry Humphries who was in the original cast took him to Australia to help him revive his fortunes. We heard Richard singing *You’ve Gotta Pick a Pocket or Two*, which I notice contains a brief reference to Robin Hood, and the redistribution of wealth which didn’t help him much 5 years later.

I cannot be alone in being moved by the sentiments portrayed in Victor Hugo’s story ‘*Les Miserables*’ (running in London since 1985) and nowhere more uncompromisingly and grittily emphasized by Richard and Emily in *Master of the house* from the show.

Eric Midwinter talked amusingly and informatively about George Bernard Shaw’s reluctance to allow his stage works to be turned into musicals, and how Lerner and Lowe got around this embargo by turning the film rather than the play into a musical. Brother Savage Sir Edward Elgar, approaching death, similarly insisted that no one ‘muck around’ with his sketches for a third symphony. Of course his wishes were ignored, no doubt for reasons concerned with the ‘Greater Good’. ‘*My Fair Lady*’ is probably one of my two favourite musicals, both musically and from a story point of view. Emily’s cockney was distinctly Bow Bells-esque and perfectly judged.

Richard Whennell, doing his Tommy Steele act, successfully transported us into the frenetic world of ‘*Half a Sixpence*’ a show from 1965 that had the audience of that time stupefied by its relentless energy. Eric pointed out that most of this energy was whipped up by Tommy Steele himself, who sang in no less than 12 of its 15 songs. It struck me that, at the time, its ‘lingo’ must have defined the archetypal 60’s musical.

Damon Runyon, I was once told, only wrote one story that was not in the present tense, and this immediacy comes over nowhere better in my other most favourite musical, ‘*Guys and Dolls*’. Kenneth Tynan was similarly excited by it, saying that alongside ‘*Death of a Salesman*’ it was the best play ever produced in America. The performance I recently saw in the West End could not have come closer to bringing the house down. *Adelaide’s Lament* is a winner of a song, and was perfectly characterised by Emily Stride.

The adaptation of J B Priestley’s ‘*The Good Companions*’ concerns the convoluted trials and tribulations of a travelling concert party in the English countryside, all of whose problems are ironed out by the end of the musical. Bernstein and Previn were responsible for the greatest successes on stage and screen in the 20th Century, and *Stage door John*, André

Previn’s *mezzo soprano* song from our heroine Suzie Dean, sung towards the end of the show by was yearningly portrayed by Emily Stride. Sadly, the concept of the English concert party in 1974 was rather foreign to US audiences and not to be risked. Even here, where nostalgia has its enduring place in our lives it was by then rather out of its time (rock and Roll was in the ascendency) and despite its stellar cast and provenance lasted only 274 performances in London.

‘*High Society*’ was the 1998 stage version of the very popular film of 1956 with music by the wonderful Cole Porter, itself a musical version of the stage play ‘*The Philadelphia Story*’ of 1939. Being a relatively ‘new’ musical, and on the strength of its musical content and story I trust it may survive its rather hesitant beginnings on Broadway and London. It certainly deserves to. The duet *Who wants to be a Millionaire* deserves to live forever, partly because of its uncanny resemblance to the sublime first movement theme in Schumann’s Piano Quintet op.44 which everyone who knows it loves equally.

Yet again this was an evening to remember. The two masterminds and good musical companions who put it together were of course the magic wordsmith Eric Midwinter, and Max Brittain, who had arranged and adapted dozens of numbers especially for the evening, tailoring each part to suit the individual talents of the individual singers, Richard Whennell and Emily Stride, and musicians John Elliott, Alan Gout, Peter Ripper and Enrico Tomasso. They and everyone else from the Savage and National Liberal Clubs who ensured the evening success all deserve our utmost thanks.

Julian Baker

Rosemaries visit the Club



The second Rosemary tea party was a happy event. It took place in the Club room in October, where the table groaned with sandwiches, cakes, scones and biscuits. Several bottles of bubbly, nestling in ice, were expertly turned into Bellinis or Bucks Fizz by the practiced hands of Michael...oh, and there was also the occasional cuppa.

The get-together was attended by several local Rosemaries, including Jean Hall, Margaret Gibb, Pru Rex-Hassan and Shirley Civil. Christa Brian came up from Surrey, and as co-organiser I travelled in from Somerset. As usual

Joyce Wischhoff was my partner in crime (well, the amount of calories involved was criminal!), and apart from the hard work she put in, once again the champagne was her generous gift, along with the orange juice and peach liqueur. Many thanks to Joyce; to the Savage Club Benevolent Fund for funding most of the comestibles, and to those Rosemaries who brought cakes and biscuits. Everyone loves a shared tea.

A few friends joined us, one of them being Lady Alicia Young (widow of Sir Jimmy Young). Gracing us with balletic elegance was Naomi Tate, Director of the Playground Theatre in Latimer Road (dubbed 'the newest of venues on the London fringe'), which celebrated its first anniversary on November 1st. We may very well arrange a Rosemary evening visit next year.



Naomi Tate and Michael Leonard

Another guest was the very talented singer/songwriter, entrepreneur and ex-Iron Maiden Tony Moore, who entertained us on keyboard and vocals with the Labi Siffre song, Something Inside so Strong. I hear he organises some fine entertainments: how about it, ladies?

Sadly, no Brothers joined us, although some arrived later to polish-off the remaining sandwiches and cake. Perhaps next time...? A Wednesday afternoon in spring, we think.

Fran Pitt

Friday Night is Savage Night ***Friday 16 November 2018***

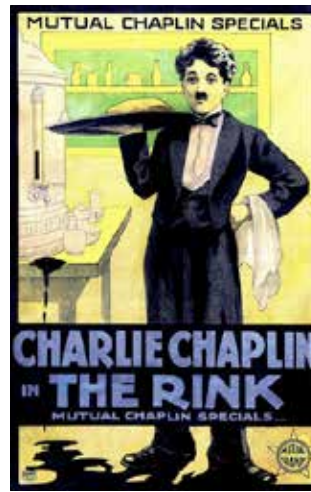
Charlie Chaplin in 'The Rink' and 'The Kid'
Accompanied by Donald MacKenzie on the Steinway

In this our second ever Friday Night Is *Silent Savage Night* (and our 8th 'Friday Night is Savage Night' event), those of us privileged to be present were treated to a true Masterclass in Black and White. With the one-and-only Charlie Chaplin in two delightful and quite contrasting films, accompanied as only he can by our very own Master of the Ivory Keys, Brother Savage Donald Mackenzie.

The performance was attended in the David Lloyd George Room by an audience of some 27 enraptured souls including an 18 strong troop from the NLC Theatre Group. The evening began as always with a healthy portion of liquid fuel for all in the Savage Club bar, accompanied by a delicious

beef and vegetable stew and mash! This was followed by 'Red Berries and Panna Cotta', all served up with his usual immaculate hospitality and panache by Massimo.

We all then took our seats upstairs in the DLG Room at around 8pm for the main event, which started with an introduction to both films by Donald in which he provided us with a brief but fascinating background history to each film. The first film, *The Rink* (1916), ran for 25 minutes and was then followed immediately and without intermission by *The*



Kid (1921), which would run for another 51 minutes, thus providing us with an uninterrupted 76 minutes of the finest in silent movies and live piano accompaniment. Donald's performance was faultless and never missed a beat. For my own part, I felt as though the piano was almost speaking to us and it provided a perfect musical narration to both these great old movies.

In 'The Rink', Chaplain

kept us all in stitches whilst simultaneously demonstrating a truly amazing set of roller skating skills and an array of acrobatic tricks that must have required the sort of core strength that one would normally associate with an Olympic gymnast! He plays a waiter in a restaurant next door to an ice rink and of course wreaks havoc in both venues. Donald had to maintain a furious pace on the Steinway throughout, demonstrating a few acrobatic skills of his own!

'The Kid', described by the film promotion at the time as '6 reels of joy', then opened with the added touching caption "A picture with a smile – and perhaps, a tear." This certainly turned out to be the case! In the film Chaplain plays the part he is most famed for – a tramp, albeit a rather cheerful one with a small room of his own to cook and sleep in. Whilst just going about his usual morning routine one day The Tramp chances upon a small bundle in a corner of a backstreet that turns out to be a newborn baby boy. Unbeknown to our hero, the little child has been recently left in the back of an expensive car by its young mother, a penniless woman who has been abandoned by the father and evidently has decided she is unable to bring up the child by herself. The car is stolen and then the unwitting thieves discover the child and leave it in the backstreet corner where The Tramp then stumbles upon it.

After first unsuccessfully trying to find an alternative mother for the boy, with some delicately comical scenes in the process, The Tramp discovers a note from the mother hidden within the baby's wrappings which implores the finder to "Please love and care for this orphan child". Our hero appears to be rather pleased to find this note and decides on the spot to adopt the child. Fast forward five years and the young boy, played by Jackie Coogan of later 'Adam's Family' fame in the part of Uncle Fester, is now The Tramp's young partner-in-minor-crime, assisting The Tramp to find work as a glazier by



first surreptitiously breaking windows for our hero to then go and repair.

The film moves on through a series of adventures and drama, including a heart-rending parting and joyous reuniting of our hero and the boy, to a conclusion where The Kid is finally reunited with his mother, who has now found fame and wealth as a star herself. A film with a truly uplifting, happy ending!

The film contains some brilliantly clever and touching scenes, showcasing Chaplain's skills as writer, performer, producer and director, and eventually even music composer when he rewrote the score in 1971. 'The Kid' is regarded as one of Chaplain's greatest works and one of cinema's most important films of all time.

Meanwhile, we lucky spectators certainly witnessed one of the greatest musical accompaniments to this film that one could hope to experience. A very big thank you indeed to Donald, and I for one am now looking forward to next year's offering with baited breath! I hope, that next time, there may be a few more Savages in attendance – come on, there are plenty more chairs to fill and you won't regret it!!

Paul Francis

21st Savage Club Carol Service

3rd December 2018

St Clement Danes Church

A large congregation of Brother Savages and guests, including a very welcome sprinkling of Rosemaries, gathered at 6.00 pm on Monday 3rd December for the annual treat that is the Service of Readings and Carols for Christmas. As he has done for many years, proceedings were organized with military precision and led by Brother Savage the Venerable Canon Brian Lucas CB.

This popular event is noted for the fine quality of the music on display, and this year was no exception. The excellent professional choir of St Clement Danes, conducted by the resident Director of Music, Simon Over MA, FRCO, was in good voice, and accompanied with great aplomb on the organ by Brother Savage Paul Brough. A unique feature of this particular service is the additional accompaniment provided for some of the well-known congregational carols by Philsavonia, a splendid instrumental group comprising four trumpets, four trombones, tuba and percussion, directed by Brother Savage Stephen Henderson (who also played percussion). The players on this occasion were Brother Savages Enrico Tomasso, John Hardy, Dave Chandler, Alan Gout, Mike Hogh, and John Elliott, together with guests Katie Smith, Emily Mitchell and Alan Tomlinson. One wonders which other club in London could provide such a talented line-up of musicians on occasions like this?

Prior to the start of the service, Brother Savage Donald MacKenzie played on the organ what was billed as *An Improvisation: 'Prelude to a Savage Christmas'*. This was a delightful interlude, sounding decidedly Handelian to this listener; never can his blacksmith have sounded more harmonious.

The nine readings, interspersed between the various carols, were read in the following order by Brother Savages

Jeremy Hardie, James Smithdale, Donald MacKenzie, Eric Midwinter OBE (Chairman of the Savage Club Benevolent Fund), Gordon Hardwick, Julian Baker, John Carpenter, Alan Stratton (Chairman of the General Committee) and the Reverend Neil Mercer. Most of these readings were biblical passages unfolding the Christmas story, but, as has become customary at these services, Eric Midwinter's reading was taken from a non-scriptural source. On this occasion it was 'Carol Singing' from *Goodnight Mister Tom*, by Michelle Magorian. Very helpfully, for those not familiar with this piece, the text of the reading was reproduced at the back of the order of service.

The choir started the service by singing *The Responsory for Advent Sunday* by Palestrina, followed immediately by *Once in Royal David's City*, with the first verse sung by a soprano soloist and everyone joining in for the third and fourth verses. Following The Bidding Prayer from Brother Savage Brian Lucas, the choir sang Boris Ord's unaccompanied carol, *Adam lay ybounden*. After the First Lesson, the congregation and Philsavonia joined the choir in singing *O come, O come, Emmanuel*.

Between the Second and Third Lessons, everyone had a further opportunity to exercise their lungs by singing *Unto us is born a Son*, followed after the next Lesson by J.S. Bach's beautiful arrangement of *O little one sweet*, sung by the choir. Immediately following Brother Savage Eric Midwinter's Fourth Reading, perhaps unsurprisingly, everyone joined in singing Gustav Holst's version of *In the bleak mid-winter*.

The Fifth Lesson was followed by the choir, singing *Infant Holy, infant lowly*, as arranged by David Willcocks. *Hark! The herald angels sing* came next, with choir and congregation supported enthusiastically once more by the organ and instrumentalists in the gallery. John Rutter's rhythmic *Jesus child* was sung by the choir between lessons Six and Seven, then all joined forces once again for a lusty performance of *God rest you merry gentlemen*, prior to the reading of the Eighth Lesson.

The next choral item was something of a novelty and, since it is hitherto unpublished, was almost certainly previously unheard by most of those present. It is an inventive and entertaining compilation of several well-loved Christmas songs and carols, arranged by the brilliant English baritone and composer Roderick Williams. Amongst the items included were references to *White Christmas*, *Jingle Bells*, *In the bleak mid-winter*, *Hark the herald angels sing*, *Ding dong merrily on high*, *On the first day of Christmas*, *O Tannenbaum*, *Il est né, le divin Enfant*, *Stille nacht* and *We wish you a merry Christmas*. During the course of this delightful romp through so many old favourites the composer also managed to introduce no fewer than nine changes of key, just to make things more interesting and keep the singers on their toes.

Excitement and anticipation mounted at this point as Brother Savage Ken Jones joined the choir in his wheel chair, ably piloted by Brother Savage Robin Barda, to sing *We three kings of Orient are*, in which he took the solo part of one of the kings. It was marvellous to hear that fine voice once again, so familiar to members from many previous Carol Services and innumerable House Dinner entertainments (each one better than the last, and this was no exception).

After the reading of the Ninth Lesson – those familiar words unfolding the mystery of the Incarnation from St John's Gospel – the carol *O come, all ye faithful* was sung and played by the assembled throng, and the congregation remained standing

for the final Prayer and Blessing delivered by Brian Lucas. Brother Savage Paul Brough brought the musical proceedings to a conclusion with the rousing organ voluntary *War March of the Priests*, from 'Athalic' by Mendelssohn.

Once again, the service was a happy and uplifting event, greatly enhanced by the quality of the music and musicians, and of the readings. On leaving the church, many of those lucky enough to be present repaired to the Savage Club for refreshments and continuing fellowship, whilst others slipped away quietly to other destinations, with fond memories of yet another a splendid event still fresh in their minds. Hearty thanks are due to the Savage Club Benevolent Fund who provided generous support for the event, as always, and to all those who organized and took part in it.

Jeremy Hardie

REVIEWS

NOBLE SAVAGES

James Wilson *Noble Savages; The Savage Club and the Great War 1914-1918* (J.H.Productions) 2018. Hardback, 544 pages. £30 inc p&p

This is a literally staggering book – and, a rarity, I use the adverb literally, literally. It is momentous. It takes up the lives and experiences of Savages with World War I duties and drops them delicately in the teeming lake of Savagery. Then, with meticulous research, it smoothly follows the ripples that touch on other Savages, so that the whole becomes a sumptuous review of Savage society and its impact over the generations. It reaches back to the glory of Victorian days and it embraces Savages known to current members of long standing...and all these twists and turns, footnotes and all, without a hint, given the fluency of the prose, of chunky digression.

It is perhaps helped by the then Savage practice of appointing as honorary members royals, generals and other notables, not the sort you would find propping up the bar over a gin and tonic on a wintry Tuesday night. Personally, I think the Club is right to avoid this habit, especially in these days of full disclosure. I recall several secondary schools in the 1970s and 1980s who had named 'houses' after imperial heroes. The schools were acutely embarrassed when revisionist biographers dished the alleged dirt on the likes of Captain Scott, Lawrence of Arabia and Cecil Rhodes.

However, **James Wilson** adopts a liberal and even-handed view of all Savages. It is this non-partisan stance that elevates his book above the rank and file of club memoirs, Savage or otherwise. Most err on the side of the hagiographical; most Club geese are Club swans.

Not so with James. Earl Mountbatten is justly riddled with both barrels of the Wilsonian shotgun, while the Duke of Windsor is critically wounded with one such cartridge. He possibly deserved the second but the point is that these notices are kindly but fearless. Henry Williamson is lauded for his *Tarka the Otter* and environmental awareness but assailed for his relentlessly noisome Fascist sympathies.

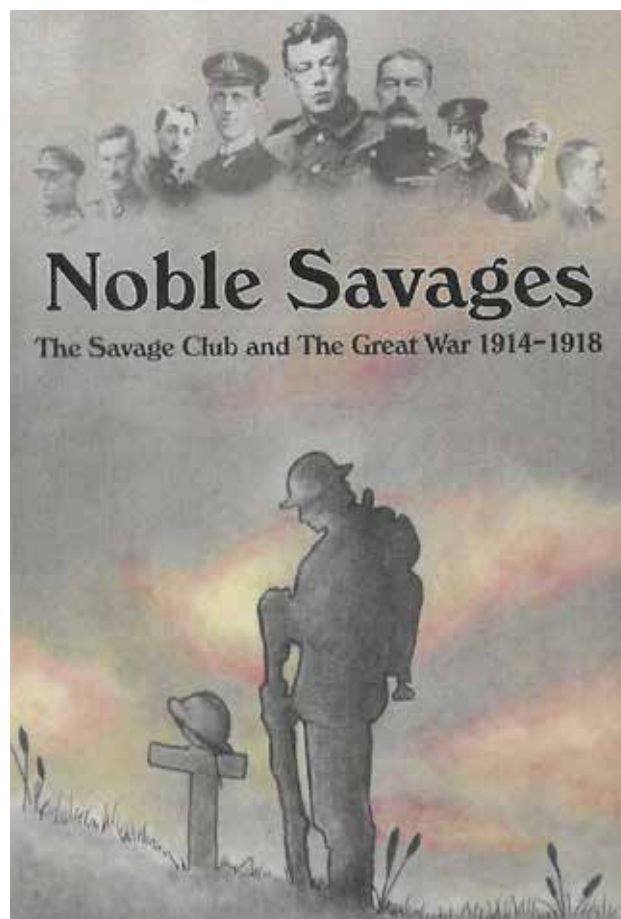
Above all, *Noble Savages* gets you thinking. The multiple assortment – no less the consequent humbleness felt under the weight of the heritage – of the famous who have been Savages means that every paragraph could motivate a conversation.

Here's my two-pennyworth. I would have liked Charles Alcock to have been developed more. He has been dubbed 'the Father of Modern Sport'. I am certain of that because I did the dubbing. And then there's Tommy Handley, downgraded to the appendix. His musical sketch which he did on the halls for some twenty years and which led to his radio fame with *ITMA*, in which no less than seven Savages were involved, was entitled 'the Disorderly Room' and was based on his WWI experience.

How good is this book? Well, when asked what influence the 1789 French Revolution had had on history, Chou En Lai replied it was too early to tell. It's on that same precept that, a fervent novel reader, I rarely pick a text published after 1914 on the ground that it is too early to tell whether it is going to endure. I am also a great admirer of Percy Bradshaw's splendid 1958 work on Savage history. I mention this perhaps obsessive yearning for the past to underscore the unlikelihood of my making a favourable judgement about the present, as I tender here my unexpected but resolute verdict.

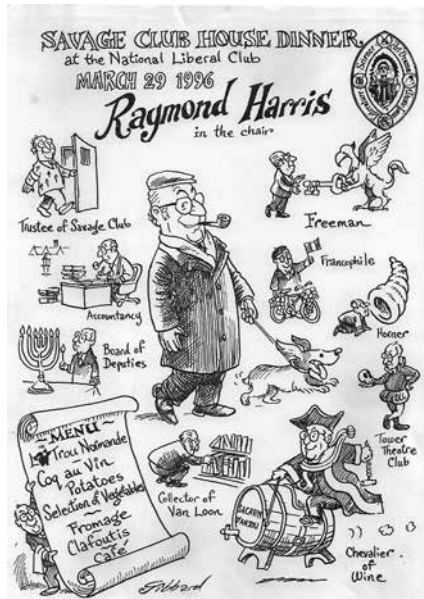
This is the best book ever written about the Savage Club.

Eric Midwinter



NOBLE SAVAGES IN LOVING MEMORY

Raymond Harris



Raymond was a neighbour of mine in Islington. He was the Treasurer of the Tower Theatre Company where his first wife Sheila was a regular performer. When Crystal Hale, daughter of Brother Savage A.P. Herbert, and I set up the Islington Boat Club, a club for local children on the City Road Basin, it was natural to call on Raymond Harris, as an Accountant for assistance. I then asked him to act as my

accountant, and did my best over the years to introduce other members of my Chambers as clients. His offices were in a half-timbered building looking out on Holborn and inwards on to Sergeants Inn. A visit there was redolent of a visit to an old-styled lawyer with well-worn furniture and an atmosphere perfumed with Raymond's pipe smoke. He proudly displayed his certificate as a freeman of the City of London and proudly asserted his right to drive his sheep over London Bridge. His approach was always honourable and when I asked him how I could pay less tax, his response would be that I could work less hard.

He had become a Savage in 1983 in the category of law and soon his skills were put to good use by the Club both as a Trustee and a member of the Wine Committee (forerunner of the House and Bar Committee). One evening after I had visited his office in a professional capacity, he suggested that we should go clubbing. I hasten to add that this phrase does not bear the same meaning that it does today! We came for a drink at the Savage, then occupying premises at the Lansdown Club, and then on to dine at Raymond's other Club, the Savile. It was a memorable evening and I asked him then and there if he would be prepared to propose me for membership of the Savage, which I am glad to say he was prepared to do. He has been an enthusiastic Brother Savage, not only as a Trustee and serving on committees, but also attending dinners, of which he has chaired at least once, but also in latter years being a regular attendee at the Monday Club. He also provided quiet support, contributing to the cost of the lawyers' chesterfield and paying for the recent publication of the list of members.

Sadly his first wife died of cancer. However, later he remarried Janine, who was born a French catholic, but converted to Judaism with Raymond's assistance. Later she published a book on Jewish Customs. Both Janine and Raymond were keen vinophiles and both became *Chevaliers of the Sacavins of Anger* and Raymond was promoted to the rank of Halberdier.

He was also a liveryman of the Horners' Company. Privately, Raymond used to go on retreat each year to study his faith and right up to the start of his final illness he would spend time each week at the gym. When Janine died, also as a result of cancer, he found the Club a support.

We shall all miss him. Farewell Raymond. Shalom.

Martin Reynolds

The funeral of Raymond Harris

Raymond's funeral was held on Monday 22 October 2018 at Golders Green Crematorium in the very well attended East Chapel in a service held in the Jewish rite. The service was conducted by a lady Rabbi.

The Savage Club was represented by Martin Reynolds, Michael Gray, Alan Stratton, Adrian Macintosh who came with his wife Sheila, David Brown, Peter Cockle and me.

The Eulogy was read by Raymond's sister. Raymond's daughter was also present and she was so pleased that people from *Sacavin* and the Savage Club had attended as she said that he so much liked going to the Savage Club each week and *Sacavin* events when he was fit. After the service we paid our respects to Yvonne, Raymond's daughter and Raymond's sister. Some of us went to the Old Bull and Bush to celebrate Raymond's life in a way I am sure he would have approved of.

Details of his sister's eulogy:

She said that "he was a wonderful brother. When she was at university he gave her £5.00 a term to help her. She said that at the time £5.00 was a lot of money. Even although he wasn't earning very much as a struggling articled clerk. He was well read. He married twice. Both his wives died of cancer. His first wife (the mother of their daughter Yvonne) acted with Tower Theatre, of which he was a great supporter. His second wife Janine was French and came as a nanny to look after Yvonne when his first wife died. She had been brought up as a Roman Catholic but converted to Judaism when she married Raymond and he published a book on the notes she made when she converted.

When the book went into its third edition he added a section about whether it was wise for non-Jews to tell Jewish jokes. He was 89 years old when he died.

Martin Hart

Dave Allsop, CBE

On a beautifully bright November day, 140 people, gathered at the North East Surrey Crematorium to pay their respects and say farewell to Dave Allsop. Such was the crowd inside the chapel, many mourners had to stand throughout the service. Among this throng were around a dozen Savages who wished to say a final farewell to an outstanding Brother Savage. This secular service was arranged to celebrate the life and times of Dave and so it did.

On arrival we were greeted by a recording of Nat King Cole singing Hoagy Carmichael's 'Stardust'. One of Dave's favourite songs. Following the welcome, a wonderfully touching eulogy, entitled 'A Life Lived to the Full' was delivered by Dave's son Ian. This was followed by a quiet reflective musical interlude as we listened to 'When You Were

Sweet Sixteen' by The Fureys

Our own Brother Savage, Eric Midwinter then delivered his own personal tribute to Dave, entitled 'Dave the Character', which you will find printed elsewhere in this edition of Drumbeat.

We then heard Betjeman's poem 'Cornish Cliffs' and, on departure, we listened to the Cornish Anthem 'The Song of the Western Men'.

Afterwards, a further celebration was held at Dave's local bowls club where food and beverages were in generous supply.

So, farewell to a proud Cornishman, sportsman, trencherman and jovial man – and an extremely jolly good Savage man.

Alan Stratton

DAVE ALLSOP THE CHARACTER



Dave Allsop was a Dickensian character, in that he defined a splendid human trait. Pallid, cabined critics said that Dickens created caricatures, but Dickens, perhaps because he was one himself, knew that, occasionally, we do encounter larger than life personalities who strongly represent an evident characteristic, for good or ill, be it the hypocrisy of Mr Pecksniff in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' or the cordiality of the Cheeryble

Brothers in 'Nicholas Nickleby'. Dave personified *Generosity*, in all its forms.

He was generous in the conventional way of always standing his round and other such liberalities; 'it's only money' he used to say; and he was scrupulous in those little civilities, like if you had achieved something or been involved in some activity, there would always be an encouraging message of praise or appreciation to follow. But, importantly, he was hugely generous in his friendship and in his expansive flair for companionability. I have not known a man more at ease with himself – and this was the key to his brimming confidence and his wholesome genius for being at ease with all humanity.

Many years ago I was chatting to a neighbour of mine, a civil servant, when I suddenly realised he might know David Allsop; his immediate rejoinder was 'he handles ministers better than any other civil servant there is'. Yes, high or low – in Rudyard Kipling's phrase 'to walk with kings yet keep the common touch' - his generous-spirited demeanour could embrace us all. His beaming countenance, like summer sunshine, and his ample Old King Cole girth, was the bodily medium for his conviviality. Its verbal counterpart was rumbustious and frequently marked by jovial abuse; and the closer the friendship, the warmer the vilification. We wore an Allsopian insult as a proud medal of honour. In spirited conversation, his

speed of riposte was noteworthy, quick on the draw like some Wyatt Earp of speech communication. To be honest, some of his bullets missed the target but their velocity always caused sufficient collateral damage.

He was generous too, in the spread of his interests, most of them congenially conjoined with his fellow-men and women, and very generous was he in such involvements. He was rarely the passive onlooker or recipient; mostly he was the one running affairs and organising activities, ever the enthusiastic driver, seldom the supine passenger. Just as a flavour of a long, long roster, there was cricket, rugby union, bowls, railways, poetry, novels, whisky, gin, food. Yes, food: I have done a quick calculation that, over the last twenty years, chiefly at the Savage Club, I have sat next to Dave at roughly 300 lunches and dinners, at which scarcely a dish was laid before us about which he didn't explain, in what I sometimes plaintively and vainly complained was unnecessarily tedious detail, how he would have more effectually cooked it.

Dave was also generous with his opinions, although, as the mass production line he employed to create them on an industrial scale would have been the envy of Henry Ford, there were plenty to go round. These were not frail, tentative musings. These were trenchant, forthright, combative racing certainties. Had he needed an alliterative motto, it might have been 'Dave doesn't do doubt'. Politics, sport, the menu; Dave always had something to say, and even if he didn't, he still said it anyway; and, ever boldly, if occasionally undiplomatically, in tones that made his opinions available to anyone within earshot, which, in his case, was a radius of about fifty yards. The one item in the material universe that was completely safe from Dave was the fence. He never sat on one in his life.

Alas, Charles Dickens is not available to do vivid justice to Dave, this epitome of generosity, but perhaps you would be generous in return and share with me a borrowing from the later pages of 'the Pickwick Papers' and make your own personal connections, as, reluctantly, we bid farewell to a much loved family member and friend.

'And in the middle of this sat Mr Pickwick, his countenance lighted up with smiles, which the heart of no man, woman or child could resist; himself the happiest of the group...turning around in a different direction at every fresh expression of gratification or curiosity, and inspiring everybody with his looks of gladness and delight.'

'Let us leave our old friend in one of those moments of unmixed happiness, of which, if we seek them, there are ever some to cheer our transitory existence here. There are dark shadows on the earth, but the lights are stronger in the contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness than the light. We, who have no such optical powers, are better pleased to take our last parting look at our old companion, when the brief sunshine of the world is shining upon him'

Eric Midwinter

SPORTING NEWS

Savage Snooker Team are CHAMPIONS of London

London Clubs Snooker (Handicap) Competition 2018

Final Result

14th June 2018 held at the East India Club

(Note: This report is somewhat late due to the excessive inebriation that it behoved the participants to submit themselves to following this extraordinary happening in the club's history.)

It is my sad duty to report that the SavaSnooker team has brought shame and dishonour on our noble organisation by winning something. I don't even mean a lottery or anything like that, but something that one competes in and wins against other people, namely, the Association of London Clubs' snooker players. Implausibly, these were all reduced to also-rans by our hitherto hapless stick-men who showed just what they were capable of with the right amount of alcohol inside them. This feat had never previously been achieved in the (not so) long history of the current SavaSnooker team and, looking at the state of our players at 1am that night, it is unlikely to be again.

The tilt at glory commenced with the "Obliteration of the Oriental". Philip Talbot, our canny non-playing Captain, played a behind-the-scenes blinder, having spotted a penchant for the "sauce" amongst the Oriental's senior exponents of the art of cuemanship. Rendered insensible by his "hospitality", they surrendered meekly and ushered the Savage into the second round. Tribute should be paid to one of their number, Clive, who shall remain nameless. I think the Talbot magic had worked so well he thought he was celebrating winning. The highly respected former champions, the East India Club, lay in wait.

Undaunted, the "Evisceration of East India", was achieved despite our lads having the most triflingly enormous handicap advantage over their opponents - about which they have yet to cease bleating. Again, one of the opposition players succumbed to the "Curse of Talbot" and had to be helped into a taxi before his second match, but they were already lambs to the slaughter.

The "Rout of Roehampton", which ensued in the semi-final, was preceded by the team commandeering the Prince of Wales in Barnes - the pub, that is, not Charles - for the time-honoured, pre-match warm-up ritual. Our athletic and youthful hosts, who conversely entered the arena straight from the gym, were baffled by our liquid tactics and lost themselves and the match in arcane attempts at taking it seriously.

This meant that the Final awaited: "The Laceration of the Liberals". Our opponents, the National Liberals, adopted similar tactics to ourselves in loosening the arm muscles in a long pre-match exercise session in the National Liberal Club. Their mistake was doing it by practising in the Snooker Room, which is never the way to practise snooker for a snooker final. The way to practise snooker for a snooker final is in the Savage clubroom drinking a good few Timothy Taylor's Landlords served by a piss-taking Irish barman who cannot believe you are in a final, let alone in with a chance of winning it.

After two frames the Savages were staring through a half-empty glass darkly but pulled themselves back from the brink to square the singles at 2-2. The doubles were also shared which meant that after months of dedication and resolve, of not being allowed to see daylight or spend time with any other human beings for over half the year, a lifetime of dedication was now to be resolved by a single, shortened, tie-break frame. But not before everyone had some dinner.

It was here that the greater fortitude and wisdom of the Savage philosophy came to bear upon the Liberal disposition. The manner in which the Savage's chosen representative attacked the port reduced his Liberal opponent to a quivering, awe-struck wreck. The outcome was now a foregone conclusion. Ultimately, glass, sorry, class had prevailed and the Trophy was Savage!



As our heroes emerged blinking into the light afforded by the lampposts of St. James's Square, the reception committee (a police constable) acknowledged their feat: "Keep the noise down you lot!" was his congratulatory acclamation as the team performed their post-match version of the haka.

And so, with the dust settled, the ticker tape swept up, the bottles banked and history made: SavaSnooker reigns supreme! I can't believe it!

Greg Davis

Postscript by Paul Francis

I should just like to add, on behalf of the rest of the team, my thanks and expression of admiration, nay, adulation (!) of our plucky Captain Greg Davis, for leading us on to victory and obstinately refusing to lie down and accept that all the others were really better than us, or even just to lie down! In fact, it is Greg to whom we ultimately owe our final glory when we proved unable to send the Libs packing by about 10.30pm and we were deadlocked at 3-3.

Greg took up the gauntlet and was magnificent in a shortened tie-breaker frame against the NLC's gladiator selected for the showdown. Still refusing to establish any kind of decisive lead with just blue, pink and black left, the blue was proving to be more obstinate than any other ball up to that point and simply defied any attempt by either Greg or his Lib opponent to put away.

Finally, after about 5 minutes of both players chasing this colour around the table, Greg got down for yet another safety shot, any attempt on the full table length pot that presented itself surely being foolhardy and beyond even the abilities of Ronnie

O'Sullivan. Then he stood up again, re-chalked his cue, took a long deep breath and uttered two Championship-deciding words... *“*****ING BLUE !”*.

Whereupon Greg then slammed the blue straight down the pocket at the far end of the table, positioned the white for a completely impossible angle on the pink that must have been all of 89°, and then potted the pink without further ado for an improbable but glorious victory.

Hooray for Savage intractability reaching an all-time high!!

Brother Savage Martin Benson ***1918-2010***

Martin Benjamin Benson was an English character actor who appeared in films, television and theatre. His film credits include *The King and I* (1956), *Cleopatra* (1963), *A Shot in the Dark* (1964), *Doctor at Large* and *Doctor at Sea* in the 1950s, *The Sea Wolves* (1980), *Angela's Ashes* (1997) and probably most famously *Goldfinger* (1964).

Martin was born in 1918 in the East End of London, the son of a Russian Jewish grocer and Polish Jewish mother who had both left Russia fearing persecution in 1917. He won a scholarship to Tottenham Grammar School and later served in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War. He found himself in Egypt and he and another serviceman, the late Arthur Lowe, of Dad's Army fame, started a repertory company to entertain the troops.

After the War he played mostly supporting characters or villains: he could play both serious and comic roles (such as Maurice in *A Shot in the Dark*). However, it was his role

as Mr Solo, the gangster killed by Goldfinger's henchman, Odd Job, that is mainly remembered today. *Goldfinger* was one of the early Sean Connery Bond films (1964). Some of us can claim to have seen it rather more than once! Indeed it is so ancient that I was at school when it was released.

Martin Benson was Mr Solo, a gangster recruited by an even bigger villain, Goldfinger, to help in the raid on Fort Knox which housed the gold reserves of the United States. Mr Solo, however, was unimpressed with Goldfinger's plan and leaves the criminal enterprise and is driven to the airport with his gold by Odd Job, the other leading villain in the story. To cut a long story short, Mr Solo is shot by Odd Job in the car which is later crushed with Mr. Solo and his gold still in the car in a mechanical car crusher situated conveniently near the airport. Goldfinger later comments that he needs to separate the gold from the crushed car and the late Mr. Solo.

Luckily Martin Benson survives this appalling trauma and goes on to appear in the television production of *The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy* (1981). His last appearance was in television's *Casualty* in 2005. He died in 2010.

Of more importance, perhaps, Martin Benson was a member of our Club and history shows, namely *Drumbeat* of the 1980s and beyond, that he was a very active member. In his first Chairman's column he talks of the importance of increasing membership and "to approach problems with vigour and an intelligent interpretation of the Rules". He goes on to say this: "Our long term prosperity depends on our membership, particularly younger members, to enable the Savage Club to thrive and prosper when other equally august communities are falling apart." He advises Members to "keep an eye out for events to come".

Martin Benson ends his column by saying that he personally intended to enjoy to the full everything that was going on.

His sentiments are as true today as they were then.

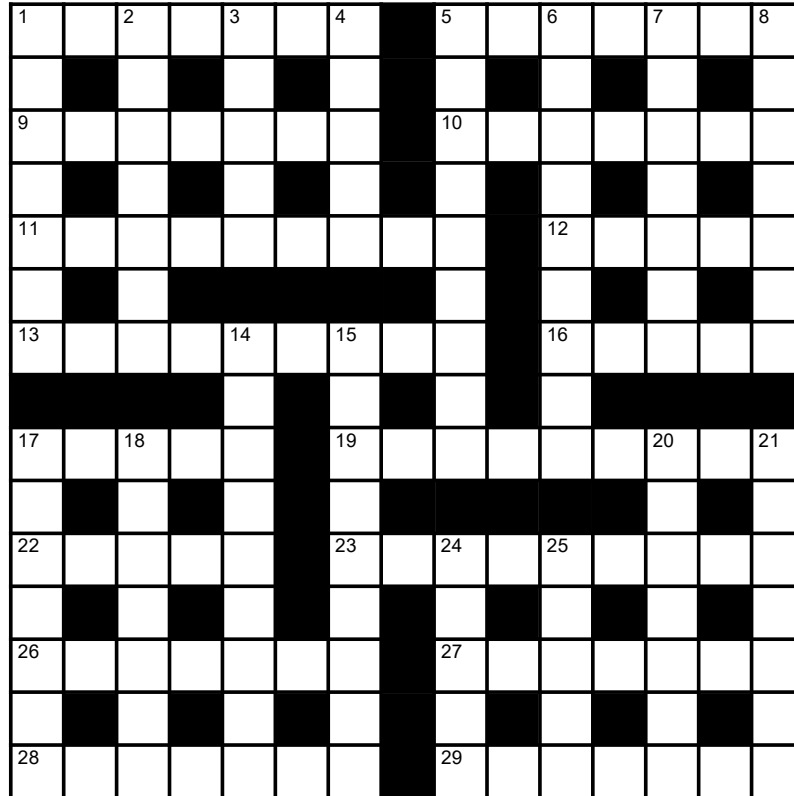
Alan Williams



*Yul Brynner & Martin Benson
in a scene from the 1960 British Film
'Once More With Feeling'*

Bombardone #144

This puzzle contains rather more "contained clues" than usual. Beware!



Across

- 1 Lear, mad - mad? Mr. Gore is carrying a gun, it would appear. (7)
- 5 Coo, Bert, let's make a date for the revolution! (7)
- 9 A chronicle of the past, re-edited, gave Roy shit. (7)
- 10 Clue about non-specific urethritis. Treated, and charged - positively! (7)
- 11 Ernie Penk breaks down when becoming landlord. (9)
- 12 This could be cacophonous answer to algebra problem. (5)
- 13 Timon Hill, playing very small part. (9)
- 16 Sole, when fried, suitable for vegetarians? (5)
- 17 Teacher's pet, no longer having herpes, is very quiet once treated. (5)
- 19 Dreadful result of mixing pagan pill. (9)
- 22 Health professional, having vocation without note. (5)
- 23 Could be drunk - symptom of the malingerer, by the sound of it. (9)
- 26 *Je voudrais une table au coin de la salle*" said the intrepid diner who wanted to see the *poseurs*. (7)
- 27 "Bring me the lamp, Horatio. It holds a container of oil." (7)
- 28 Powdered tobacco with sex appeal. What a way to pop your clogs! (5,2)
- 29 Carmel Angelito holds a gallimaufry. A salmagundi! (7)

Down

- 1 Could the Sami be godless? (7)
- 2 Arms cache that can be found north and south of the river. (7)
- 3 Cow may moo several times, admitting a different ruminant. (5)
- 4 Forget what to say when dessicating. (3,2)
- 5 What Seabourne Freight doesn't do for the audience. (9)
- 6 Kind of problem when you don't get a clean hit, perhaps. (9)
- 7 Conduct oneself properly, we might hear, with bouffant hairdo... (7)
- 8 ...about 7 having a makeover, as it might be. (7)
- 14 Eternal if published as blank folio. (9)
- 15 Good-for-nothing who doesn't trust banks, it appears. (2-7)
- 17 17a and the Savages, by the sound of it? Writer of 9. (7)
- 18 Relative of 3, found inside car I bought. (7)
- 20 Exhibiting deformed toenail, won ring. In need of surgery. (7)
- 21 Angered, enraged even, producing explosive device. (7)
- 24 1 with no balls, perhaps. (5)
- 25 The young lawyer - Iris, in part. (5)