# SPEED CAMERA'S KNIT REAL THING

**VILLAGERS sick of fast drivers have put up a fake knitted speed camera.**

By JAMES SOMPER

The DIY device is on a pole with a cover designed to pull the wool over motorists' eyes.

There is even a "30" sign woven in to remind people of the speed limit in the hamlet of Trewoon on the edge of St Austell, Cornwall.

Community care worker Amberrose Moone, 33, spotted the fake on the A3058, used by many drivers as a short cut. She said: "It really put a smile on my face."

Hundreds of locals have signed a petition calling for speed cameras, highlighting an "increasing number of incidents resulting from dangerous driving".

It adds: "Examples include damage to property, death/injury to pets, and multiple near-miss incidents. Average speed cameras are an efficient and cost-effective way of catching speeding drivers."

Fake . . . woollen camera

But social media users were quick to praise the ingenuity of the knitted camera.

One said: "Knitted speed cameras – at least they will be warm this winter."

Another added: "Doesn't get much more British than knitting a speed camera. Top work Trewoon."

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# AS FIRM GOES BUST...CONFESSIONS OF A BUTLER IN THE BUFF

LESS IS MORE . . . the guys do their stuff in just apron, collar and bow tie

By NATASHA HARDING

**BEING offered money for sex, locked in the loo by a woman old enough to be your mum and having shots drunk off your torso was all in a night's work for the naked butlers.**

And one thing Ryan Salter* learned is that when women get together — they are filthy.

Ryan, 37, worked for Butlers In The Buff, which provided waiters dressed solely in an apron, collar and bow tie, for 14 years before it went bust last week after 20 years.

*And he saw it all.*

On one of his first jobs, when he was just 23, a 50-year-old woman offered him £100 to sleep with her that night.

Although he politely declined, she was very persistent and told him she had just got divorced, and a night of passion with someone as hot as him would ease her sorrows.

Ryan, who lives with his girlfriend of five years, says: "She was very forward and I was a bit overwhelmed. I tried to reassure her and tell her I wasn't allowed, because I didn't want her to feel bad about herself, but I was relieved to get out of there at the end of the night."

## Down on all fours

Ryan gave the job a go after seeing a poster for the firm at his gym, and says: "I'm pretty body confident and thought it would be good fun.

"A few of my mates were doing it and I gave it a try and enjoyed it from the beginning.

"The role of the butler was to serve the women food and drink and to clear up after them. I liked making them feel special and knowing they'd had a great night.

"On the whole, the women were respectful and just wanted a laugh.

"Women often have a lot on their plates, with managing family life and working, and it was nice to see them let their hair down."

But the work had its challenges, and he found himself in many compromising positions.

Ryan, from Hove, East Sussex, reveals: "The worst happened four years ago. I was at a hen party, went to the loo, and the mother of the bride forced her way in and locked the door.

"I was stuck in there and she got down on all fours and proceeded to try and pull my apron off and grab me. I had to bang on the wall for help. Luckily, the hen arrived and got me out. She was obviously mortified and told her mum to behave herself.

"Another time at a hen party the hen shoved an After Eight chocolate into my bum and started eating it out of there before I managed to get away."

In the early days Ryan would often work alone, but later he was part of a team with three or four others.

He says: "I learned there was safety in numbers. Turning up on your own on a Friday night to a hen party, when the women had been drinking for hours, was daunting. I always knew the one who was going to be trouble. She was usually shouting, 'Show me your willy!' as soon as I had walked through the door, and just got louder and louder with every drink.

"Then there were the women who just kept touching you, and went in for a long, lingering kiss at every opportunity.

"Obviously you wanted them to have fun, but you had to work hard to keep a lid on it, otherwise they'd all have been at it."

Ryan never walked off a job in all the years he worked as a butler – although plenty of his workmates did.

His tactic was to defuse the situation by politely asking the women to stop their behaviour.

He says: "There was a no-touching policy but that went out the window very, very quickly.

"If I felt genuinely uncomfortable I'd talk to the person who'd made the booking and ask for their assistance.

"A quiet word with the person who had got rowdy was usually enough."

But it didn't always work. At a job in London, Ryan was held down by two women while another cut his apron strings with a pair of scissors.

He says: "I had to push them off me then retied my apron with a double knot and told them to pack it in, otherwise I'd leave. That settled them down." He added: "There was also usually one woman who ended up crawling on the floor, or dropping something next to me, to see if I was really naked under my apron – I always was."

There were times when Ryan was attracted to the women he was working for, and one former client at a job in Kent became a girlfriend. They exchanged numbers and dated for 18 months.

But that was a rarity. He says: "I liked to keep things professional."

Family and friends never gave Ryan grief about his work. He says: "I used to work in a bank and my colleagues found it funny. There weren't any issues about me doing it. In the end, I gave up my day job to focus on butlering. It could be lucrative, depending on how many hours you wanted to do.

"If you were prepared to work all weekends you could easily make £2,000 for two days' work, plus tips."

One of Ryan's favourite jobs was butlering for a 90-year-old woman in her care home.

He says: "That was a really fun night and the women told me at the end it was the highlight of their year. Those were the best kind of nights, when everybody left with a sore face from laughing and smiling so much."

Ryan works out at the gym but says being a naked butler was about more than just looks.

He adds: "You had to be a confident person to walk into a room of 20 or 30 people. You had to be able to command respect and hold the room. The jobs I really liked included serving food and drink to the women and playing a few games.

"We played Spin The Butler's Bottle, which was a drinking game. I spun the bottle and whoever it landed on had to drink a shot from part of my body – usually torso, leg or arm. It was good fun."

The nights got more raucous as they went on. Ryan says: "The later the night, and the more the drinks that had been downed, the worse the behaviour. You became really good at reading the room."

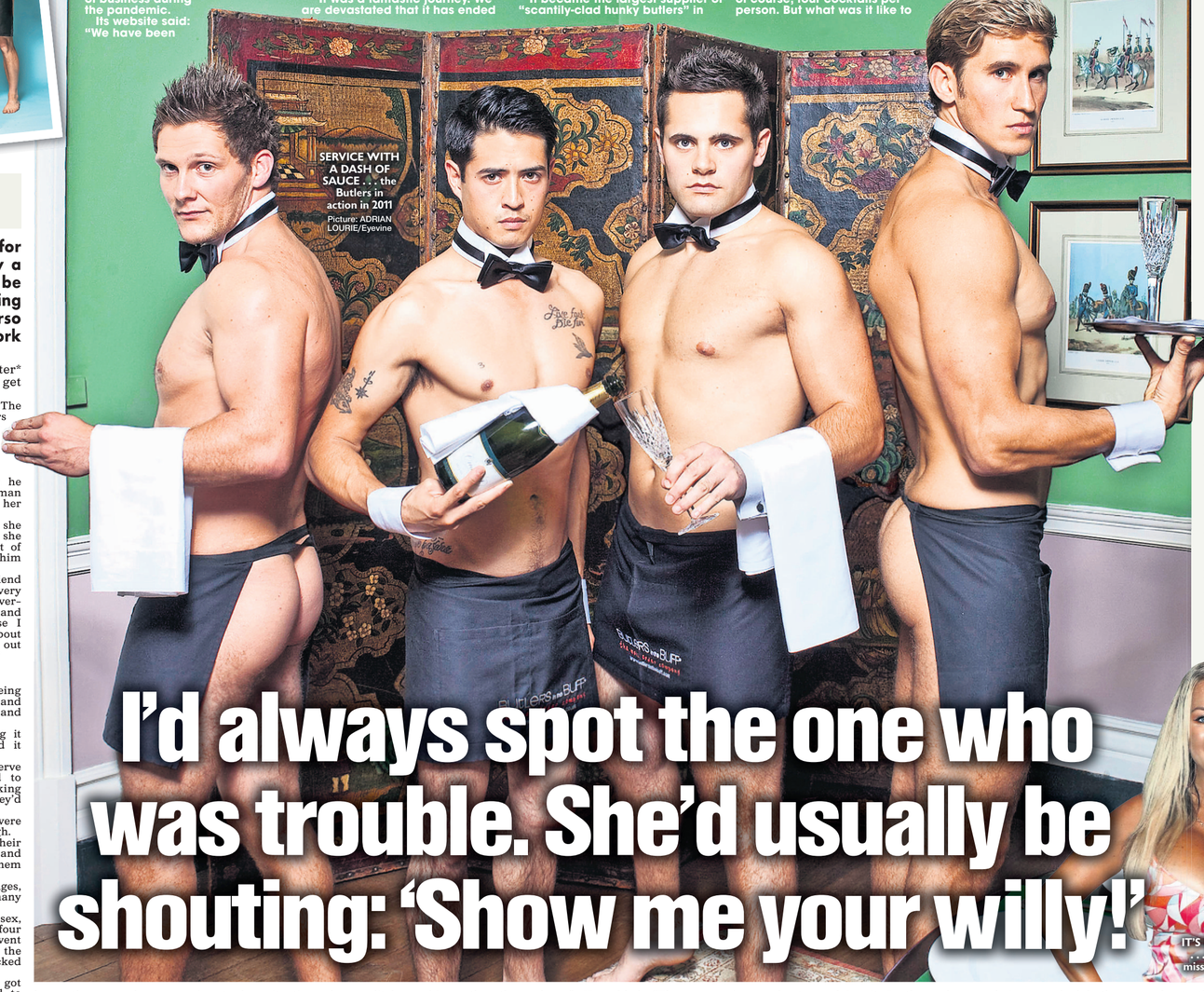
He admits he did get shocked by the things women talked about.

Ryan says: "You could say drunk women are like a pack of animals.

"They forgot I was in the room after a while and started talking about their sex lives, favourite positions and what they got up to on nights out without their partners. It was quite amusing."

He added of his years as a naked butler: "I really enjoyed the social side, and met so many people. I loved knowing the women had nights to remember."

**"not his real name**




# I'd always spot the one who was trouble. She'd usually be shouting: 'Show me your willy!'

THEY have caused thousands of brides-to-be to reconsider their impending vows at hen parties around the country.

But now Butlers In The Buff has gone bust after 20 years.

The company, which provided skimpily-dressed waiters, fell foul of the cost of living crisis and lack of business during the pandemic.

Its website said: "We have been doing everything to keep the business going but we have reached a point where we are simply no longer able to make the sums work."

It finished by saying: "To everyone else, customers and butlers old and new, thank you for all the memories.

"It was a fantastic journey. We are devastated that it has ended this way." The firm was started by former marine Jason Didcott in 2001, while he was a "penniless student" at university in Bristol.

It was intended as a side job, but Jason soon had to recruit four other "butlers" to keep up with demand, and in 2003 the firm was officially launched.

It became the largest supplier of "scantily-clad hunky butlers" in the UK, spicing up events from hen nights to bar openings.

For £67 per person, lucky clients could get a professional cocktail bartender for two and a half hours, a hunky Butler In The Buff for two hours, all the ingredients for a menu of four cocktails, plastic glassware and ice – and, of course, four cocktails per person. But what was it like to serve the country's friskiest women for so long? Here, one former Butler reveals all, and former Page 3 girl Nicola McLean mourns their passing.

IT'S BAD NUDES . . . Nicola will miss bare butlers

## GUYS' END IS HARD TO BARE

By NICOLA McLEAN

Former Sun Page 3 girl

I'M heartbroken that Butlers In The Buff have ended on a bum note. It is tragic we have lost another fun thing because of the pandemic.

A Butler In The Buff will have been at the centre of many memorable nights for thousands of women – and men – across the UK. They will remember the night with a twinkle in their eyes.

I have such fond memories of hen parties with this added bonus. I went to one and in incredible scenes the bride-to-be snogged her butler.

Everyone was horrified so I had to calm the situation, saying: "It's not that bad, it's her last night of freedom, I'm sure the men do much worse."

I felt so bad for her, knowing she would wake up in the morning horrified.

A friend was a Butler In The Buff and he thought it was fantastic when the clients were really up for it and he got a snog from the bridesmaid or bride-to-be. It made a great story for his mates.

It was bragging rights, and if they had friends in the industry they shared what they got up to.

I know the men sometimes had sex with the girls, and if you were both single and it was all consensual, that was brilliant.

If my friends come to me with a story about how they ended up having sex with one of those guys I'd beg them to tell me every detail.

According to my Butler In The Buff pal, more than one girl per party threw herself at the bloke every time.

He thinks girls are worse than guys, because when he has been on stag dos the men don't behave as wildly.

Those Butler guys have amazing bodies, so it was great for the women, and it was great for the men. Everybody there had fun and the guy got to walk away with his pay.

A Butler In The Buff took you away from your normal life. Hen dos are already hugely in decline and becoming too posh. The demise of Butlers In The Buff is another way of removing the fun. Some places ban willy straws at hens, because everyone wants a posh, Instagrammable hen do. A pic of the hen with her arms around a Butler In The Buff wouldn't fit with this bougie brief.

This cleaning-up of the hen party is so dull. For a good hen night you crave the tackiness, the fun. A Butler in The Buff party was an adrenalin-filled adventure. Hen dos will never be the same again.