

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB ISSUE 116 JUNE 2016

Pedal to the medal

Crossing lines

Sarah Bowerman on May's Film
Night choice *Some Like It Hot*

Life cycle

Cally Callomon on Edward Thomas's
bicycle paean *In Pursuit of Spring*

Club again takes honours
at the Tweed Run

Knocking Hitler for six

The Earl of Essex on the English
cricket tour to Nazi Germany



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 1st June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Miss Minna will talk to us about the Freedom of the City of London, an institution she now helps to administrate.

The Last Meeting

Spring finally seemed to have arrived, and to celebrate we had a talk from the Earl of Essex about cricket. And Nazis, of course, as Essex seldom delivers a talk that does not somehow touch upon Nazis. This time it was an account of a cricket tour of Nazi Germany in 1937 by an English team called the Gentlemen of Worcestershire. Hitler himself had a low opinion of cricket, considering it un-German, a bit too languid for his vision of a vigorous Aryan future, but there were cricket fans in the country who passionately pushed the idea through (seemingly helped by a bibulous afternoon spent by the Reichssportsführer in the Lord's Committee

Room). The two sides were oddly mismatched—the English team of middle-aged amateurs, aristocrats and wealthy businessmen who paid their own way and eschewed practice in favour of hitting the fleshpots of Berlin (one of whom may also have been a spy), and the earnest, middle-class Germans led by a Nazi captain with a penchant

for meting out corporal punishment. Tensions were still high, however, and the English were under a lot of pressure not to lose... An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



Miss Minna receiving her own Freedom of the City



(Above) Torquil kicks off proceedings; (right and below) Essex draws us into his tale



(Above) Essex's audience; (below right) Jack Defer



(Left) Craig sports his Monster Raving Loony Party rosette while the seldom-seen Benjamin looks on; (right) two guests attracted by the theme of the talk. Say no more



(Left) Scarheart (I) and Gabriel Blaze; (right) Priya Kali



(Right) Essex and Matthew Howard engage in synchronised smoking



The English Cricket Tour of Nazi Germany



1937



NOW, I'M AFRAID it's those damn Nazis again. Now, keen cricket aficionados among you will have noticed that this was not an "England" cricket tour, but an "English" side, though it was officially endorsed by the MCC, the Marylebone Cricket Club—then, as now, the custodian and interpreter of the laws of cricket since its formation in 1787 (although it is no longer the global governing body of cricket as it was in 1937).

The MCC is based at Lord's Cricket Ground in north-west London, which it owns and which is traditionally known as the "home of cricket". Since its foundation it has raised its own teams, which are essentially occasional and have never taken part in any formal competition, but which do have the classification of "first class" status, which accords to English county championship matches.

Then, as now, the MCC organised overseas touring sides to develop the game in cricket-playing as well as developing nations. The England cricket team toured as the MCC overseas until 1976, and only stopped wearing their famous "egg-and-bacon" colours and St George cap after the 1996–7 tour of New Zealand.

It may be thought that Germany and the Germans were temperamentally unsuited to the game of cricket, and indeed this was the widespread stereotypical view at Lord's in 1937. However, the truth is that cricket and Germany have shared a secret history for two centuries, and the first detailed published guide to the game was printed in the Bavarian village of

By the Earl of Essex

Schnepfenthal in 1796 as part of a collection of texts on pastimes, with the catchy title of *Games and Exercises for the Relaxation of the Body and the Mind for Young People, Their Instructors and All Friends of the Innocent Joys of Youth*.

Despite this there is little evidence of Germans playing the game of cricket anywhere for several decades after that publication, apart from a few exiled Englishmen. Germany played France in an unofficial test in Hamburg in 1865, but both teams were filled with English amateurs.

Nonetheless by the late 1880s a small group of Berliners had started playing the game. Most belonged to newly-established football clubs such as Germania, Preussen and Britannia, as a way of keeping in shape during the summer off-season.

The Deutsche Fussball Und Cricket Bund was formed in 1892 and the German authorities classified cricket in the highest rank of sports and activities. A batsman became a *Schlaemann*, a bowler, rather appropriately, a *Ballman*, the wicket was known a *Tor* and the umpire was the *Schfadsrichter*. Both teams were required to line up a quarter of an hour before the match for inspection, and a Dutch team found that Leg Before Wicket was open to Teutonic interpretation—the umpire gave their batsmen out whenever the ball hit their legs, whether or not it would have hit the wicket. When they asked him why, he replied, "That is the custom in Germany."

Willkommen, Worcestershire!



The Gentlemen of Worcestershire

The sport continued to develop as the 20th century turned, and the Berlin league was created. Matches were played at football grounds during the two months they were not in use. At its height the league boasted 14 teams while touring sides from the Netherlands and Denmark played stronger clubs like Victoria and Preussen.

In 1911 the Leicester cricket club became the first ever English team to visit Germany. They comfortably won all four matches, but it was hoped that reciprocal arrangements could be made, and to this end the German cricket authorities wanted to gain independence from football. So in 1913 the Deutsche Cricket Bund was founded.

In Germany, as in England, the First World War took its toll on cricketers, but following the Treaty of Versailles and the arrival of the British Army on the Rhine an influx of Englishmen seeking a game of cricket led to the reformation of the Berlin cricket league.

The sport gained

increasing popularity in the 1920s and by the end of the decade the country's most popular football magazine, *Die Fussball-Woche*, was running weekly reports on league matches. In 1930 the sport was sufficiently strong for a German team to be sent to tour England, followed by a reciprocal tour to Berlin by Dartford Cricket Club in 1931. However, when Hitler and the Nazis gained power in 1933 German cricket would lurch back into the darkness.

The Nazis were no real fans of the English and no real fans of modern sport. They transformed sport in Germany by politicising much of it, putting Nazi officials in charge of clubs, leagues and associations. Sporting clubs were out of bounds for Jews, communists, trade unionists, some churchmen and others who found themselves in opposition to the state. This drove people away from games and from cricket in particular; after 1933 the number of teams in Berlin dwindled from 12 to four.

For cricket and

Lloyd-George with Hitler





Promotional poster showing Hitler and Von Tschammer und Osten surveying the site for the 1936 Olympic stadium

other less celebrated sports in Germany, the turning point was the infamous Berlin Olympics of 1936. Before he came to power Hitler viewed the Games as “the invention of Jews and Freemasons that could not possibly be put on in a Reich ruled by National Socialists”. However, he was persuaded by Joseph Goebbels, his Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, that hosting the games would be of immense benefit—it would promote health and fitness among German youth, which was of huge importance to the Nazis, and, perhaps more crucially, it would act as a demonstration of German strength and vigour. With the eyes of the world on Berlin it was an opportunity not to be missed to present the new Germany’s best face to hundreds of thousands of visitors from across the globe.

One prominent group from Britain on an Olympic junket was the Anglo-German Fellowship, a shadowy group of aristocrats, businessmen and politicians, whose aim was to lobby the British government for closer links with Nazi Germany. Members of the Fellowship included Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times* and Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. Hitler entertained them at a function at the Chancellery and many returned

home gushing about their experiences, David Lloyd George referring to Hitler as “the greatest German of the age”.

Few of the men and women who voiced their admiration for Hitler and his politics moved in English cricket circles, but the most famous exception was C.B. Fry, undoubtedly the most colourful man to have played cricket for club and country. He played 26 test matches for England, equalled the long-jump record, played full-back for England at football, played Rugby Union for the Barbarians and was also something of an acrobat. Off the sporting field he stood as Liberal candidate for Brighton, gained the rank of Captain in the Royal Naval Reserve and claimed that he had once been approached to be King of Albania.

In 1934 Fry had travelled to Germany where he met Hitler and Joachim von Ribbentrop, the close confidante of the Führer and Special Commissioner for Disarmament—a somewhere ironic position in the Nazi hierarchy—who would later become ambassador to Great Britain. Von Ribbentrop was an Anglophile, though he never quite understood the English, and Fry encouraged his host to improve Anglo-German relations by investing money in training a cricket eleven that might compete with England. Fry was of the opinion that it would only take a few weeks to produce a competent side, but von Ribbentrop was unconvinced and the subject was not broached when Fry met Hitler.

However, the seed had been sown and in the afterglow of the Berlin Olympics the Nazi Reichssportführer visited England in 1937. He was Hans von Tschammer und Osten, described as a man who possessed personality in spades but no character, a clubbable man who loved to spin yarns while “downing glass after glass”, and who “knew next to nothing about sport”.

Von Tschammer und Osten was an aristocrat and had been a leading member of the SA, the paramilitary force that had been instrumental in securing power for Hitler. Although his own power had diminished after the “Night of the Long Knives” in 1934, when the SA’s leadership were arrested or executed on Hitler’s orders, he remained a close friend of the Führer. He had a penchant for wearing white suits and leather boots and caps; not one for day-to-day bureaucracy he channelled his energies into

wine, women and song.

Von Tschammer und Osten was in London to witness the conclusion of the Davis Cup in tennis at Wimbledon, between Germany and the USA. The previous year he had watched Australia defeat Germany 4–1 in the semi-final and did not wish to see a repeat.

The tie stood at 2–2 with the final singles game to come between American Don Budge and Germany’s finest player, the aristocratic Gottfried von Cramm, a blond Adonis who was the poster boy for Aryan supremacy—although in fact he despised Nazism and, what was worse for the Nazis, he was known by the Gestapo to be a homosexual with a Jewish lover. In essence, von Cramm was playing for his life, and the match reflected that, the American winning a brutal fifth set having been down two sets to love. Von Tschammer und Osten grimaced as he applauded the two players at the end of the match.

The Reichssportführer had another week to spend in London after the tennis, attending the British Athletics Championship at White City Stadium and a swimming competition between Germany and England at Wembley, and giving a talk at the German embassy on physical education in his home country. He also attended a tea reception held by the Anglo-German Fellowship at Claridges followed by dinner, and although it was not on his itinerary he found time to visit Lord’s. There he had lunch and watched Middlesex bowl out Worcestershire for 153 runs. No doubt in the post-prandial afterglow in the welcoming surroundings of the Lord’s Committee Room, he mentioned the Führer’s fondness for England, its customs and sports, in the company of the Chairman of Selectors and editor of *The Cricket Magazine*, Sir Pelham “Plum” Warner.

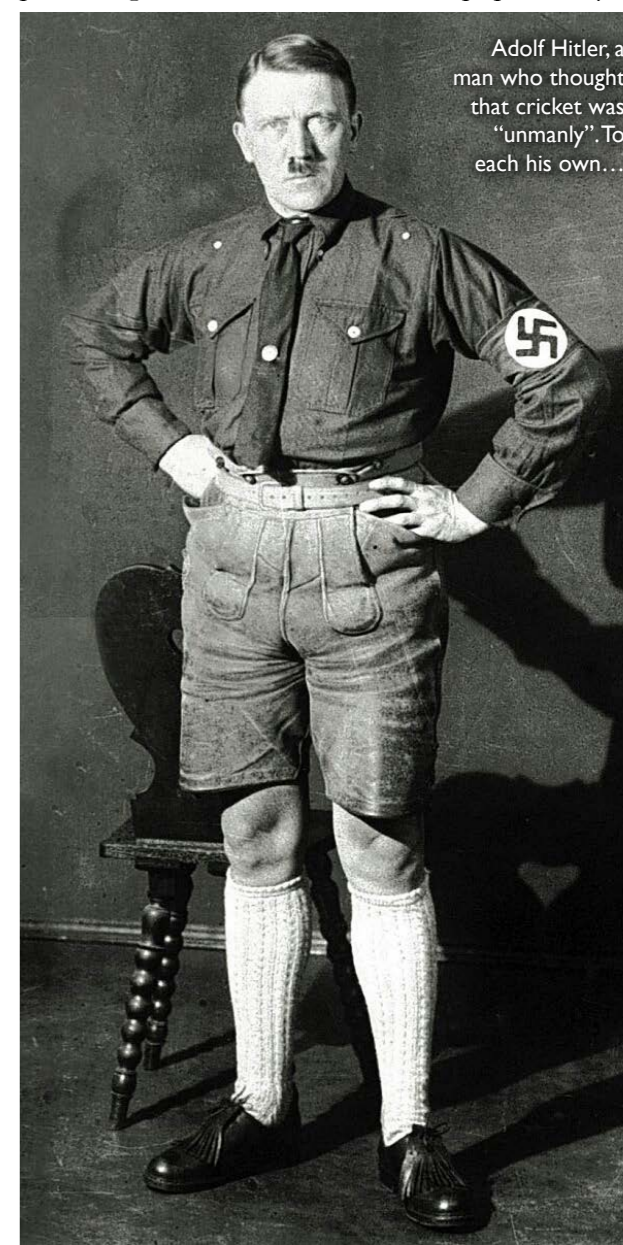
When he returned to Berlin, Von Tschammer und Osten wrote a report for his beloved Führer, in which he claimed that his visit strengthened Germany’s sporting relationship with England. Lord’s had made a favourable impression on him: “this is the so-called ‘Mecca’ of English cricket”, he rhapsodised.

Hitler himself had a somewhat less favourable impression of cricket: he felt it “unmanly and un-German” that batsmen wore pads to protect their legs. He had read the laws of cricket and considered them good enough

for pleasure-loving Englishmen, but proposed altering them entirely for the serious-minded Teuton.

Nevertheless, Von Tschammer und Osten sent personal invitations to cricket clubs to visit Berlin on a cricket tour. One of these arrived at the MCC’s headquarters at Lord’s, where it came to the attention of Sir Pelham Warner. Sir Pelham, a former England captain, was the pre-eminent cricket administrator of his time, although his reputation had suffered as the MCC tour manager during the infamous “Bodyline” tour of Australia in 1932–3. He mulled over the invitation before deciding that it might be a good idea to give it to an acquaintance, Major Maurice Jewell, Captain of the Gentlemen of Worcestershire. The pair had been on an MCC tour to South Africa together in 1926–7 and Warner had stayed as a guest on several occasions at Jewell’s house. The Major accepted and the tour was on.

The German embassy wasted no time in providing the Gentlemen with the papers they

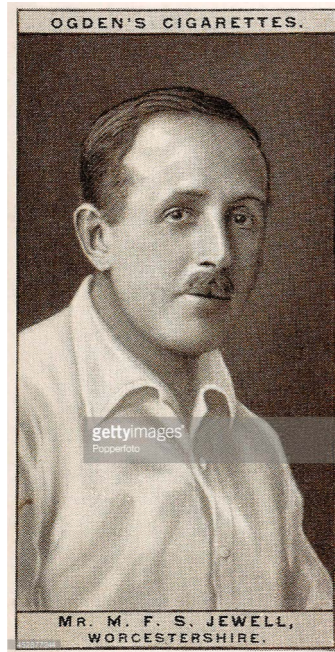


would need to move around freely and securely—unlike most foreigners travelling into and out of Berlin. Indeed they would be treated like special envoys.

If ever a team was able to go on an overseas cricket tour in style and at their own expense it was the Gentlemen of Worcester. The club's members were either independent men of leisure or so successful in business that they could afford a few days off for a game of cricket. They also relished playing in less familiar places: they had already made tours of the Netherlands, Portugal and Denmark in the 1930s.

Jewell was the son of the British Vice-Consul in the port of Iquique in Chile, where he was born in 1885; this together with his swarthy complexion led some to refer to him as “the Chilean”, although never to his face, and he was more commonly known as “the Major”. Beyond family life he had one passion—cricket. Although he had served with distinction in the First World War he rarely did any work, which enabled him to devote most of his time to cricket, as a player and later as an administrator.

He made his first-class debut for Worcestershire in 1909 alongside his best friend William Taylor, and in 1911 he married Taylor's sister Elsie. Hers was the family who owned Royal Brierly Crystal, which meant a rich source



of income to support her and her new husband. The Major had previously managed a dairy, but he had long given up work by the time he married. On his wedding certificate he gave his occupation as “gentleman”. He was 26 and an independent man of means.

As in Germany, English cricket suffered grievous losses in the war; Major Jewell's brother Dudley was killed in 1916 while serving with the Royal Fusiliers. Consequently the 1919 season was almost apologetic in nature, with authorities considering shorter boundaries and the banning of left-handed batsmen in the hope

of enticing spectators back. Thankfully none of these measures was enacted.

The Major and his wife had moved to The Hill, a large Georgian house in Upton-on-Severn, shortly before the war and he was to remain there for more than 50 years, becoming a Justice of the Peace, chairman of the town council and the local squire. Then, as now, Worcestershire was one of the smaller cricket counties and the club continually struggled to make ends meet. There was no squad of players, merely a collection of cricketers, mostly amateurs who wished to pick and choose the matches they played in.

The Major captained the side until 1930. Although unspecified health problems meant that his appearances were fewer towards the end of the decade, it's fair to say that without his dedication the club would not have survived the troubled years between the wars. He was also a tireless fundraiser, forming a concert party that toured the county during the off-season to raise money to pay professionals and improve the club's grounds.

By the mid-1930s he was still playing cricket, now in his fifties, and became a regular for the Gentlemen of Worcestershire. As their captain he recruited some of his former county colleagues, making them one of the strongest amateur sides in the country.

Plum Warner, writing in *The Cricketer* the day before the 1937 tour party was announced, believed the visit to Berlin would promote the game, “especially as Herr Hitler has shown

an interest in cricket”. Two of the three matches planned for the tour were regarded by the Berliners as unofficial “tests”. This created enough consternation among the MCC committee for Sir Pelham to warn the Major that he'd rather he didn't lose, given the simmering diplomatic tensions between London and Berlin. The last thing the MCC wanted was to hand the Nazis a propaganda coup.

It was Tuesday 3rd August 1937, a year to the day that Jesse Owens had sprinted into history, the African American 100-metre runner upsetting the Nazi dictum of Aryan supremacy. It was also the third anniversary of Hitler's joining the offices of President and Chancellor to make himself supreme Führer of Germany. The touring party caught the train from Worcester to Paddington then the underground to meet the rest of the team not based in the midlands. The boat train left Victoria mid-afternoon arriving at Dover in good time to catch the ferry to Ostend in Belgium.

The Major's men had no need to scrimp and travelled on the *Prince Badouin*, the fastest motor vessel in the world at its launch in 1934, and still by far the quickest boat on the Dover–Ostend crossing. The gentlemen were so used to travelling abroad that they even had their own baggage labels printed in the club's colours of green, purple and black, bearing a header that read “Worcestershire Gentlemen's CC”. At Ostend they caught the Nord-Express—second in luxury only to the Orient Express—and after an excellent meal in the restaurant car they settled into their bunks.

The Gentlemen were mostly middle-aged, apart from the “baby” of the group, Peter Robinson, aged just 17, who had joined the tour at the last minute. He wasn't much of a cricketer but he had dated one of the Major's daughters.

The Major took along his son Maurice and his childhood friend Peter Huntington-Whiteley. The Huntington-Whiteleys were minor aristocracy. You may have heard of Rosie Huntington-Whiteley the lingerie model and actress.

Also on the tour was Captain Robert Berkeley, a man of landed stock. His two addresses were Spetchley Park in Worcestershire, which had been in the family since 1606, and Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, which the family had owned since 1067. Berkeley had served with the Westminster Dragoons in Palestine and on the

Rosie Huntington-Whiteley. The more cynical among you might even think I have included this photo simply to enliven what could otherwise be a rather dull article about cricketing chaps. Let me assure you nothing could be closer to the truth.

Western Front in the Great War, before dedicating his life to his castles, their gardens in particular, hunting (he was joint Master of the Berkeley Hunt, the oldest pack in the

country), and finally cricket. However, his four appearances for the Worcestershire county side between the wars had only produced 37 runs.

Peter Terry was another well-connected member of the tour. His family were the Terrys of York, of chocolate-making fame. His father Noel had been responsible for revamping the company when he took control with his brother Frank in 1923, opening the imposing Art Deco factory that loomed over the city for decades to come.

As the Nord-Express rattled through the dark the August night was warm and windows were opened in the sleeping cars. One of the Gentlemen, Cyril Smith, awoke the next morning bothered by a chill, which was to develop with near-disastrous consequences.

The *laissez-passer* given to the Gentlemen by the German embassy spared them many inconveniences on their journey to Berlin, such as the customs examinations at border controls, often in the middle of the night, and the train arrived on the morning of 4th August. The Gentlemen were met at Friedrichstrasse, the city's busiest station, by a welcoming committee led by Hans Wolz of the Deutsche Reichsbund für Leibesübungen, the Nazi Ministry for Sport. Also present were members of the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft, the sister organisation of the Anglo-German Fellowship.



Jesse Owens's victory at the 1936 Berlin Olympics



The Hotel Adlon

From the station the team were taken to their accommodation for the next eight nights via the Unter Den Linden. This old boulevard, named after the row of linden trees lining the central reservation between the carriageways, was now adorned with three rows of white columns crowned with gilded swastikas and eagles stretching its entire length.

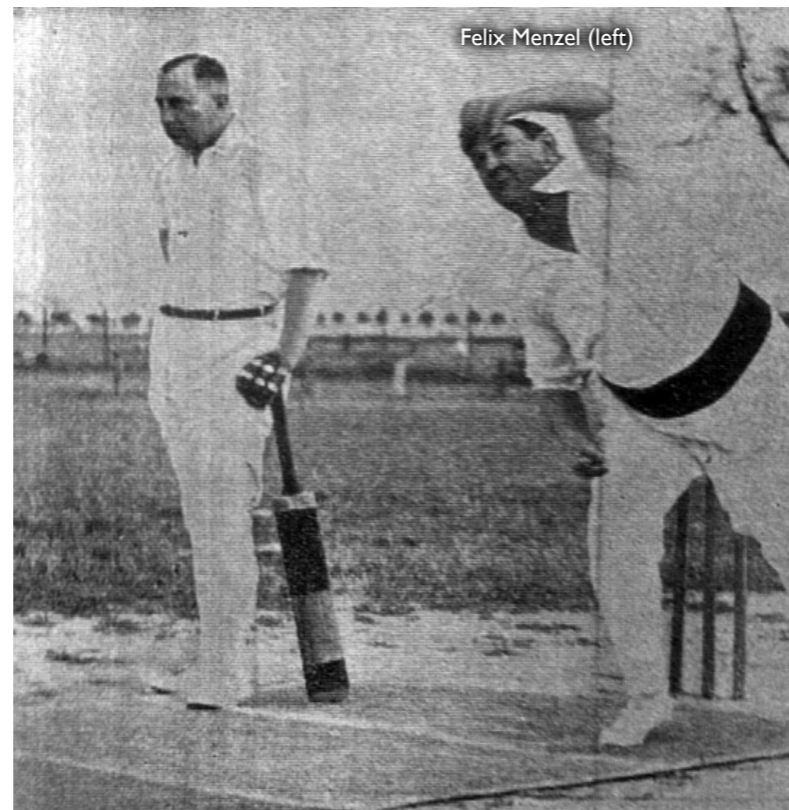
The Gentlemen were paying their own way in Berlin and despite their collected wealth the decision to stay at the Hotel Adlon was an extravagant one. One of the most sumptuous and iconic hotels in the world, in the 1920s it was the Bohemian heart of Berlin, where artists, actors, writers and politicians dined. Louise Brooks, Charlie Chaplin, Josephine Baker, Thomas Mann, Marlene Dietrich and Albert Einstein were regular guests. Because of its popularity with foreigners and its reputation for intemperance and licentiousness it was never the hotel of choice for leading Nazis, who preferred the Kaiserhof, located opposite the Propaganda Ministry and next to the Reich Chancellery on Wilhelmplatz.

Miraculously the Adlon survived most of the war without major harm, despite the RAF's best efforts, and rich Germans continued to stay there throughout, although the foreign correspondents and diplomats who once propped up the bar were long gone. In the final days of the conflict, with Russian shells beginning to fall, the SS commandeered it as a makeshift hospital and senior SS officers

proceeded to drink the contents of the wine cellar, playing the piano and grabbing nurses to dance with them. When the Russians finally entered the centre of Berlin they occupied the hotel, drinking what was left of the cellars, then razed it to the ground. (The hotel was later rebuilt, to a design based on the original, opening in 1997.)

The Gentlemen wasted no time in sampling the bar's selection of German beers—even though it was still only 9.30am. The rest of the first day was free for the touring party, before a scheduled practice the next day and the first match on Tuesday 6th. Their only appointment was lunch with the Berlin players at the Adlon, hosted and paid for by the Gentlemen.

Lunch at the Adlon was a real treat for the Berlin team, and also the first meeting between the Major and his opposite number Felix Menzel, the man who had worked tirelessly to ensure the survival, and indeed expansion, of the game of cricket in Berlin and wider Germany. It's fair to say that the two men shared the same dedication, if not obsession, with the game. They were of a similar vintage: Menzel was born around 1890–1, though much of his biography is uncertain as, unlike their English counterparts, German cricketers were drawn from the ranks of civil servants, small shopkeepers, students and Protestant pastors,



Felix Menzel (left)

and their activities were largely lost in the mists of time, especially in the aftermath of the Great War.

Menzel, or “Flips” as he was more commonly known, made his debut for the Berlin team, Preussen, in 1908 and was part of the side that played against the touring Leicester cricket club in 1911—hitting a six of such distance that it became known as the biggest hit of a German national for several decades. He was also an accurate medium-paced bowler. He fought in the First World War and there is a suggestion he was wounded, though not seriously enough to prevent him resuming his cricketer career. Together with his brother Guido, another all-rounder, he became the mainstay of the sport in the German capital as it blossomed with the influx of British troops and workers.

In 1930 Felix and Guido were part of a Berlin XI that toured England. It was the same summer that a young Australian named Don Bradman confirmed his outrageous batting talent to English spectators, scoring 974 runs in the five-test ashes series, at an average of 139.14 runs. Consequently the exploits of the German team roused very little interest among the British press, until they travelled to the Oval cricket ground in south London to watch Surrey play Nottinghamshire.

The start was delayed by rain and the public stands were uncovered, so the German team sought shelter in the main stand under the pavilion. It was customary for touring sides to be allowed access to the pavilion but a request to the Surrey secretary Richard Palairet was refused. News of the incident reached the press and the next day *The Daily Mail* ran the headline “GERMAN TOURISTS’ COLD WELCOME”. (Palairet eventually passed on his apologies for the “quite unintentional slight” and would later be joint manager of the England team on the “Bodyline” tour.)

Unlike the Gentlemen, the Berliners travelled Third Class all the way and dined on sardines, rollmops and pickled cucumber. That 1930 tour ended in three defeats and a draw, but it had been enjoyable all the same.

The fact that cricket in Germany survived the rise of the Nazis is almost entirely down to Felix's efforts. He was no Nazi, but he needed the ear of the most powerful men in German sport. The Gauführer in the Gau III Berlin-

Brandenburg region where cricket was played was Franz Breithaupt. He had been awarded both classes of Iron Cross in the First World War and had joined the Nazi party and SA in 1931, later joining the SS and serving as senior member of staff for Heinrich Himmler. It's reasonable to speculate that, as a jeweller, Felix supplied Breithaupt and other senior Nazis with cut-price jewellery and gold to curry favour, and allowing them to overlook his lack of party allegiance.

The Gentlemen of Worcestershire were not the sort to practise, especially after a night in the Adlon's cocktail bar, but perhaps because of Plum Warner's warning about the unacceptability of defeat they took a small fleet of taxis to the Berliner Sport-Verein 92 club in Wilmersdorf to prepare for the first match. Not all the team were present—the aristocratic Berkeley is presumed to have been somewhere “admiring botanical gardens”.

Also absent was Robin Evelyn Whetherley, who only joined the team later that day after arriving by aeroplane. Although just a student at Oxford, Whetherley came from a wealthy family and could afford the extravagance of return flights to Berlin. A good all-round sportsman, he excelled as a wicketkeeper and was a welcome addition to the team, who usually had to employ makeshift regulars in the role. He also had the advantage of speaking German. In fact one possible reason for his delayed arrival is that he was working for British intelligence. He is unlikely to have been noticed by the authorities, as Hitler had ordered the Abwehr (German intelligence) not to spy on the British in the period from 1935 to 1937.

That evening the Gentlemen booked another fleet of taxis and headed to Potsdamer Platz, Berlin's neon heart, with its shops, bars, hotels and restaurants. Their destination was Haus Vaterland, a pleasure palace of six floors the size of a department store, with restaurants, a café, cabaret, amusement arcades, a concert hall and a cinema, all for the entrance price of one Deutschmark. Its promotional literature described it as “*Die welt in einem haus*”. The Nazis were not enamoured of such a decadent place but it was a Berlin institution for locals and tourists alike so was tolerated, though its Jewish owners, the Kempinski family, were forced to sell for a pittance and flee the country. The



Die Fussball-Woche billed it a “Berlin versus London” while the *Berliner Tageblatt* helpfully informed its readers that “for the Englishman who does not play tennis, row or go to the races, this is the only summer sport that makes him happy”. Predictably the Nazis’ official newspaper, *Völkische Beobachter*, was more combative: “We can expect the Berlin team to fight

courageously and achieve a good result.”

The Gentlemen changed into their whites. Not for them a pre-match warm-up. A smearing of Elliman’s Athletic Rub on their legs and a cigarette or two would suffice. Four of the team were over 40 and two over 50. Fifty-six-year-old Geoffrey Tomkinson, chairman of Tomkinson’s Ltd of Kidderminster, one of the most famous carpet firms in the country, impressed the Berliners with his ability to hit the ball far and wide one-handed as he gave a little catching practice to the younger players. A few of them were moved to applaud each hit.

The Major and Thamer tossed the coin. The Gentlemen won and decided to bat first. Before starting the match the two sides stood in a line facing one another. Thamer barked, “Worcestershire Gentlemen, sieg...” and the rest of the team shouted “Heil!” in perfect unison. The Major cleared his throat and replied, “Berlin CC, sieg...” “Heil!” came the more uncertain response from his side.

The Major and Dickie Williams opened the batting and as they walked out to the middle there were joined by a photographer. Jewell thought that this would be for just a few opening shots, but the photographer stayed on the field throughout—a common practice in Germany, unbeknownst to the Gentlemen.

Thamer opened the bowling. A slight, humourless, blond-haired man, he surprised the Major by arranging his field in a vast semicircle behind and in front of square on the leg side. It certainly worked to good effect: half of the Gentlemen batting were out with

only 20 runs on the board, the Major scoring 14, while Thamer had bagged four wickets. He would eventually take five in the innings, but the Gentlemen recovered to finish on 147, all out.

Just as disconcerting to the English team as the photographer was the Berlin fielders’ habitual cry of “Aus!” whenever the ball struck the batsman’s pads. They felt it was an underhand tactic to unsettle them in the opening match. Fortunately for them the Berlin batsmen were no great shakes, being unable to hit the ball very far, allowing the Major to place his field close to the wicket. The Berliners were dismissed for a paltry 62 runs, with the Major himself taking four wickets.

In their second innings the Gentlemen cruised to a comfortable 118–3, allowing the Major to declare asking the Berlin team to score an improbably 204 runs for victory in what remained of the day’s play. Predictably the Berliners were not up to the task and could muster only 72 runs, leaving the Gentlemen victory by 131 runs. It had been a comfortable win, but the team felt the real challenge would come the next day when they faced the Berlin First XI in the first “Test”.

The Germans intended to replace almost all the eleven players for the match on Saturday. Felix Menzel was expected to captain, but on the morning of 7th August it was announced that Thamer would again play and captain. Certainly Thamer deserved his place, having taken seven wickets the day before, but his appointment was almost certainly politically motivated: he was a fully-fledged Nazi, strident, aggressive and vociferous. The Major started referring to him behind his back at the “Reichssportkaptein”.

Together with the veteran Menzel brothers and their stalwart wicketkeeper Alfred Ladwig, who wore specially adapted boots to support his feet and legs after suffering severe wounds in the First World War, the Berlin First XI featured some of the next generation of German cricketers. However, the team was missing its best player, probably the country’s finest home-grown cricketer of the 20th century: Arthur Schmidt. In England in 1930 he had taken eight wickets with his looping left-arm spin bowling and had finished second in the batting averages. He would have proved lethal to the Gentlemen’s batting on the matting wickets. He was present,

but he was umpiring for all three tour matches. He may have been injured but not as badly as Ladwig, who was missing half of his feet. Almost certainly he was excluded from playing because he was Jewish.

The first “Test” was held at the Turngemeinde in Berlin (TiB) sports club beside the Hasenheide Park, across the road from Tempelhof Airport. A gym and tennis club, the TiB was and remains one of the most picturesque sports grounds in Berlin. The match was the first and last cricket match to be played there and the same matting used the day before was in place for the wicket.

Even though it was a Saturday the crowd was disappointing. Cyril Smith was still indisposed at the Adlon so Peter Robinson played again. Once more the Gentlemen opened the batting and their performance proved sturdier second time around, this time against the bowling of the veteran Menzel brothers, who were still using the predominantly legside field. The Gentlemen amassed an impressive 271 runs, marred only by an unfortunate incident when Peter Robinson was run out by a Berlin bowler when he backed up too far from his crease. Thamer was certainly not about to reverse the appeal and ask the batsman back.

Felix Menzel had taken seven wickets and he was given a resounding ovation as he left the field by both the crowd and the Gentlemen. This was to prove the high point for the Berlin First XI, however, as they were dismissed for a paltry 48 runs. The Gentlemen shrugged off any temptation to enforce the follow-on, for fear it might seem like bullying. At stumps they had lost two early wickets but still had a whopping lead of 285 runs.

The next morning at the TiB ground the sun was as merciless as the Gentlemen’s batting. It was 30 degrees C with not a cloud in the sky. Dickie Williams completed his 50 but it was hardly exciting cricket. Williams, who ran a glove factory in Stourbridge, was a shy, retiring character but a dogged accumulator of runs. He went on to complete his century—making him the first man to do so in Germany. Even so the correspondent from *Die Fussball-Woche* declared that he found the breaks for lunch and tea the most entertaining parts of the game.

The Gentlemen were bowled out for 240, an impressive and unattainable lead of 463. In

Gentlemen drank, danced and played at the Vaterland before heading back to the Adlon.

On Friday 6th August the sun shone over Berlin and the Gentlemen took another fleet of taxis for the first match of the tour at the Berliner Sport-Verein ground for an 11.30 start. A thin matting pitch had been laid by their hosts in the middle of the ground which, as it was a football pitch, was somewhat bumpy. The Gentlemen had experience of artificial pitches from their previous tours to the Netherlands and Denmark, so it was not alien, but hardly ideal.

The team was one player short: not the mysterious Whetherley, but Cyril Smith, confined to bed with a fever caused by the chill he caught on the Nord-Express. His absence meant that young Peter Robinson, the twelfth man and general dogsbody, would get a game. Smith’s pugnacious batting in the middle order would be missed, but as the opposition was a makeshift Berlin 2nd XI the Gentlemen were not too concerned.

The German side was led by Gerhard Thamer, who had been on the 1930 tour of England and whose father had been part of the first German team to play England at football in 1901. The match was an opportunity for lesser lights of Berlin cricket to play against a “crack” English team, while allowing the visitors to accustom themselves to the local conditions.

A healthy, if unspectacular, crowd trickled through the turnstiles. Many were Berlin cricketers past and present, including the Menzel brothers, lured by a combination of free entry and previews in the local press.

the stifling heat the end of the match couldn't come too soon for them; Huntington-Whiteley, who had decimated the Berliners' batting in the first innings was too ill to bowl in the second. Fortunately, despite some stubborn resistance from the Berlin batsmen—a rearguard action that impressed the Berlin sports reporters—they could only muster 150 runs and suffered a resounding defeat.

Monday 9th August was the Gentlemen's last day off. In its tour preview *Das Fussball-Megaphon* informed its readers that they would be visiting Schloss Sanssouci in Potsdam, Frederick the Great's famed summer palace, and a "Reich's labour service camp". For reasons unknown this last part of the trip was cancelled, but the visit to the Sanssouci Palace went ahead. The Reichssportführer laid on official cars with swastikas flying and the police stopped all other traffic to let them pass.

After an enjoyable day exploring the palace and its lavish gardens the team returned to the Adlon to some bad news: Cyril Smith's illness had deteriorated and he had been rushed to hospital. Luckily for him a doctor had diagnosed pneumonia—without appropriate treatment he would have died within hours.



Smith's illness meant that Robinson would be playing the final match of the tour, an opportunity to improve on his, so far abysmal, form. The Gentlemen retired for an early night—though not without another excursion to Haus Vaterland's cornucopia of entertainment. As they returned to their rooms they received official invitations, slipped under their doors, to attend a party on Wednesday 11th August in the Stadionterrassen of the Reichssportfeld Station.

The next day's match would be the crowning moment of the tour, a chance to play at the prestigious Olympiastadion, scene of the previous year's Olympics. The sheer scale of the stadium took the Gentlemen's breath away. There was nothing else like it in the world: a limestone amphitheatre sunk forty feet below sea level, hidden by its imposing exterior.

Captain Berkeley was not present, probably keeping Smith comfortable in hospital, or possibly because he had found some new gardens to inspect, so the Gentlemen were given the services of Kuno Lehmann to make up the side. Lehmann had proved to be the best fielder on the Berlin side and a safe pair of hands. The Major was also grateful for another pair of young legs in the 30-degree heat.

As in the previous two matches, the Gentlemen batted first. The lush, uncut grass of the Schenkendorfplatz outfield and its sheer vastness meant that boundaries would be hard to come by. The Major again opened with Dickie Williams and they put on 50 runs with ease as the bowling attack of the Menzel brothers wilted in the heat. The Major attempted a lofted drive off Thamer's seamers but only succeeded in skying the ball to mid-off,

where the youngest player on the Berlin side proceeded to drop it.

Thamer had spent the entire series castigating his players for misfields and screaming his frustration whenever a chance went begging. The Gentlemen found it amusing but they disliked him intensely. This time Thamer seethed in silence, but when the same player dropped an identical chance in the next over, Thamer walked over to him and floored him with a right hook to the chin, picked up the ball and proceeded to bowl the next delivery.

The Major and Williams continued their opening stand as the Reichssportführer arrived to watch a few hours play before hosting a tea for the players. Gottfried von Cramm and his young protégé, the German number two tennis player Hennel Henkel, were also present.

While the other batsmen came and went the Major remained steadfast, reaching his century before tea. It was a remarkable feat of stamina considering he had had to run most of his runs in the searing heat. He then had to walk the best part of a mile and sit in a stuffy room for an hour to attend the Reichssportführer's reception. He made a short, heartfelt speech giving thanks to the Berlin team and German cricket in general, then after tea trudged back to the wicket and went on to reach 140—the new highest score by a player in Germany. He was given a rousing reception as he left the field, whereupon he slumped into a deckchair and fell asleep.

That evening the two teams came together for the last time to honour the series at the Stadionterrassen restaurant in the Olympic complex. The Reichssportführer gave a speech in halting English in which he proclaimed that "cricket is a very good game", doubtless remembering his bibulous afternoon in the Lord's Committee Room, and. "I hope I may visit England to watch cricket in 1938." Sadly there would be more pressing matters in Germany. He then presented the Major with a tie pin

emblazoned with a swastika, which he kept hold of until 1954, before presenting it to the Lord's museum, where it appears to have been "lost".

The Major gave a speech in which he thanked everyone for their hospitality and praised the spirit of his opponents. Later he was able to speak privately with the Reichssportführer about improving the game in Germany, and mentioned that the Thamer method of admonishing his team by delivering knock-out blows when they dropped catches might deter young people from taking it up. "Yes, I have heard about the incident," Von Tschammer und Osten said, "but I understand it was a very simple catch."

The Gentlemen were all out for 265, and in the remaining time left for play the Major placed an attacking field as the Berlin side slumped to 19 for 3 at stumps. That evening the Gentlemen enjoyed their final taste of the pleasures of the Haus Vaterland.

When play resumed on Wednesday morning any hope of a Berlin comeback inspired by the Reichssportführer's address were quickly dashed, as the German side was dismissed for a desultory 56 runs. The Gentlemen then sought to entertain the spectators with some quick runs in the second innings, but it did not pay

off: Robinson, Huntington-Whiteley and the best player, Lehmann, were all dismissed for ducks, the Major declaring on 59 for 8.

The question was whether the Berliners could bat out the remaining time and salvage an honourable draw. The short answer was no. Six of the Berlin batsmen failed to trouble the scorers and they crumbled to a humiliating 19 all out—and a thumping defeat by 245 runs.

There, in a nutshell, is why the game of cricket did not prosper in Germany. But it continued to be played. And perhaps if the Führer had adopted a more conciliatory approach towards the game the outcome for the world may have been very different (see artist's impression left).



THE NEED FOR TWEED

*Pandora Harrison
reports from a day of sartorial traffic snarl-ups
as the London Tweed Run strikes again*

APPROXIMATELY 1,000 STYLISH CYCLISTS (I did see registration numbers over 1,400!) pedalled off on Saturday 14th May at 11am with the promise of tweed-friendly cool weather through the streets of London for the eighth annual London Tweed Run.

Gathering at 10 am at the Bourne & Hollingsworth Buildings in Clerkenwell for a glass of something refreshing, a cup of tea or use of the loo (it was going to be a long and bumpy ride) members of the New Sheridan Club were in abundance sporting vintage wools, tweeds and home-made ensembles.

The saddle-sore-inducing ride was to be approximately 12 miles, so thank goodness there was a tea break scheduled about an hour and a half in at Tavistock Square. As the first to arrive finished their tea and set off again, the back of the column arrived to queue up for tea. Despite the numbers it was well organised and ran smoothly.

Next, heading towards Kensington Gardens for the lunch stop, the ride took in Bayswater and the posh neighbourhoods behind Hyde Park and up Kensington Church Street/High Street. For me one of the best parts of the ride is being able to take in the lovely architecture of areas I would not normally be inclined to visit. Another joy is keeping the tourists entertained with a cacophony of horns and bells—not to mention bemused as to why we are doing this. Taxi drivers on the other hand were not the slightest bit amused but the bad

language was kept to a minimum. Plenty of cap doffing soon disarmed them.

Lunch in Kensington Gardens was to be cut a bit short due to our late arrival. With such a huge number of riders this year and having to observe traffic lights which would normally be held up for us by the Marshalls, there were many moments of queuing and waiting to move on. Quite a challenge for the brave penny-farthing riders, to be sure. But once we arrived at the Gardens hampers were open and corks popped. Hendrick's gin (a most welcome sponsor) handed out a little liquid pick-me-up cutely called "Cucozade". This was actually quite an interesting mix of orange, gin and something a bit spicy giving it a nice kick. Auntie Maureen cranked the tunes with the biggest of smiles and the main sponsor, Cordings, peddled their wares and invited passers-by to try their toss-the-flat-cap-on-a-pidgeon game.

Then came the moment when a heights-shy Hanson Leatherby climbed a ladder to take the group photo in front of the Albert Memorial.

Then, having been fed, watered and inconvenienced (port-a-loos provided), off we set again for the final furlong.

The end of the ride was very scenic, taking in Buck House, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge and behind the South Bank where a few early arrival riders took advantage of a pitstop at a pub. Well, why not? The sun was out.

Finally the home stretch back to Clerkenwell via Smithfields for the post-ride "garden party" in the conveniently



situated Spa Fields, directly across from the organiser's hostelry (or in my case, round the corner from the multi-storey car park). Bikes littered the pavement, Tweed Runners lounged in the park and a sponsor pushed tempting gin-based cocktails at us in exchange for legal tender.

There was some musical entertainment in the form of a jazz/swing band and then the awards were announced. I am most pleased to report that the NSC yet again took a win with Richard Sherwood receiving the prize for Best-Dressed Gentleman Rider. Well, naturally.

Ultimately, The Tweed Run does what it says on the tin: it's a metropolitan bicycle ride with a bit of style.

Tweed Run 2016: NSC members in attendance:

Richard Sherwood (winner best dressed, male), Mark Elliott, Isabella Ferretti, Stephen Myhill, Sally Rachel Toogood, Susie Ann Ford, Stewart Lister Vickers, The Vintage Mafia (Fleur, Bethan, Jennifer), Pandora, Craig (picnic only), Russell and Sarah, Jon Fowler (lapsed but ever popular), Mikhail Korausch. This list is approximate—I may have missed one or two people out.



Mark Elliott and, at the rear, prize-winning Richard Sherwood



All photos © Michal Zagula Photography





(Left) Bethan Garland;
(below) Mikhail
Korausch and
Auntie Maureen



All photos © Michal Zagula Photography



In Pursuit of Spring

By Edward Thomas

Introduced by Alexandra Harris
Little Toller Books, March 2016
Paperback: 978-1-90821-343-3

Reviewed by Cally Callomon

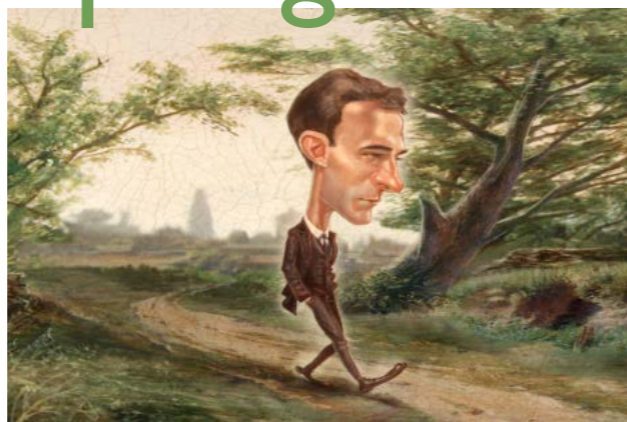
Easter 1913: Edward Thomas left his home in London, a town that, even today, has “only climate, not weather”, to take to his bicycle and pedal west to meet the forthcoming advance of spring head on, avoiding Easter Christian ceremonies, burrowing down into the clod and furrow that held a far more ancient rite.

Brakes gently applied; I should declare a two-fold vested interest, both of which may make this review redundant as an objective study: I cycle. I cycle a great deal, on ancient bikes, over long distances, often on my own. Plus, my introduction to Edward Thomas came via his grandson, Edward Thomas Jr, who lived in the Suffolk village next to mine. Until I met him I had Thomas down as a lesser-known soldier poet, one whom I by-passed in my O-Level youth, favouring, as we boys do, poems of gurgling lungs, missing limbs and the pointless futility of war, even though we often basked in such pointless futility.

Thomas the Rhymers abound in poetry, be they Henri, D.M., Wyatt, R.S. or Dylan in nomenclature, different voices all, no less valid than each other, but enough to confuse a Wiki-free lad of 16.

Thomas (the Edward variant), had eyes, and what's more, he had eyes that saw. His poetry is both depiction and description, but the addition of his photos in this volume turn the travel into poetopography. Grandson Edward also took masterful, poetic, loaded photos of his Suffolk life, a talent passed down through the ages.

I love a road, me. I quite like a river too, but see neither as more “natural” than the other. Roads and rivers are created by nature: it is natural for creatures, like the human, to wander and leave traces and tracks. If these became the metallated Edwardian roads Thomas pedalled down then these served the same import as any river our ancestors romantically sailed.



His description of the road itself harbours no shame, be they rain-soaked, puddled, dusty or beset with previous tyre tracks. “But it would take centuries to wipe away the scars of the footpaths up it,” he says of the famous Box Hill, scars added to by the recent Olympian cyclists some 100 years on.

Fortunately the carefully-worded prose survives intact. At times it climbs steep hills, dense words in need of re-reading, at others it belts along with a tailwind. Poor rendition cannot hamper this, only needless editing could, and here you have all the text intact, for the first time since 1914 (and let's not mention the war here, it was still far off and fleeting when this book came about, even though it claimed poor Edward Thomas just three years later).

On the pace of cycling, Thomas comments, “...Cycling is inferior to walking in this weather, because in cycling chiefly ample views are to be seen, and the mist conceals them. You travel too quickly to notice many small things; and you see nothing save the troops of elms on the verge of invisibility,” impressively prescient given the impending obliteration of both feeble man and mighty elm, both destructive acts of nature in themselves.

Many we cyclists make notes on our runs, few write them up; the notes remain as a flattering composition in the head, forgotten on the dismount, obliterated by the thirst for a triumphant beer. Thomas kept his notes for us all—the cycling was secondary to the travelling. The book is not so much a commentary of what is, but a crackling firework of what may be.

Much like the Tony Harrison of today, Thomas saw biography and whole lives in

anonymous gravestone poetry. Anyone who has enjoyed the recent Alexander Masters book *A Life Discarded* will understand the jewels found in anonymous lives, compared to the cut, thrust and parody found in the dubious loaded accounts of famous folk.

Alexandra Harris, in her excellent introduction, cites Thomas as a “visitor riding through it” which he most definitely was. In our current need to be a knowledgeable on-the-spot reporter and accurate witness to every event today, the role of the Tourist is loaded with disdain, but it is from this very removed perch that Thomas sees through the everyday into worlds hidden from we self-appointed experts. This is a much-needed stance in the Googledays of instant expertise: we know all, can be a know-all, yet signify so very little.

When commenting on an anonymous hunting painting hanging on a hotel wall Thomas says, “It had a background of a dim range of hills and a spire. The whole picture was as dim as memory, but more powerful to recall the nameless artist and nameless huntsman than that cross at Leatherhead.” Dim as memory: this is no forensic travel account, more a series of sauntering impressions down by-ways and meanders, loaded with insight.

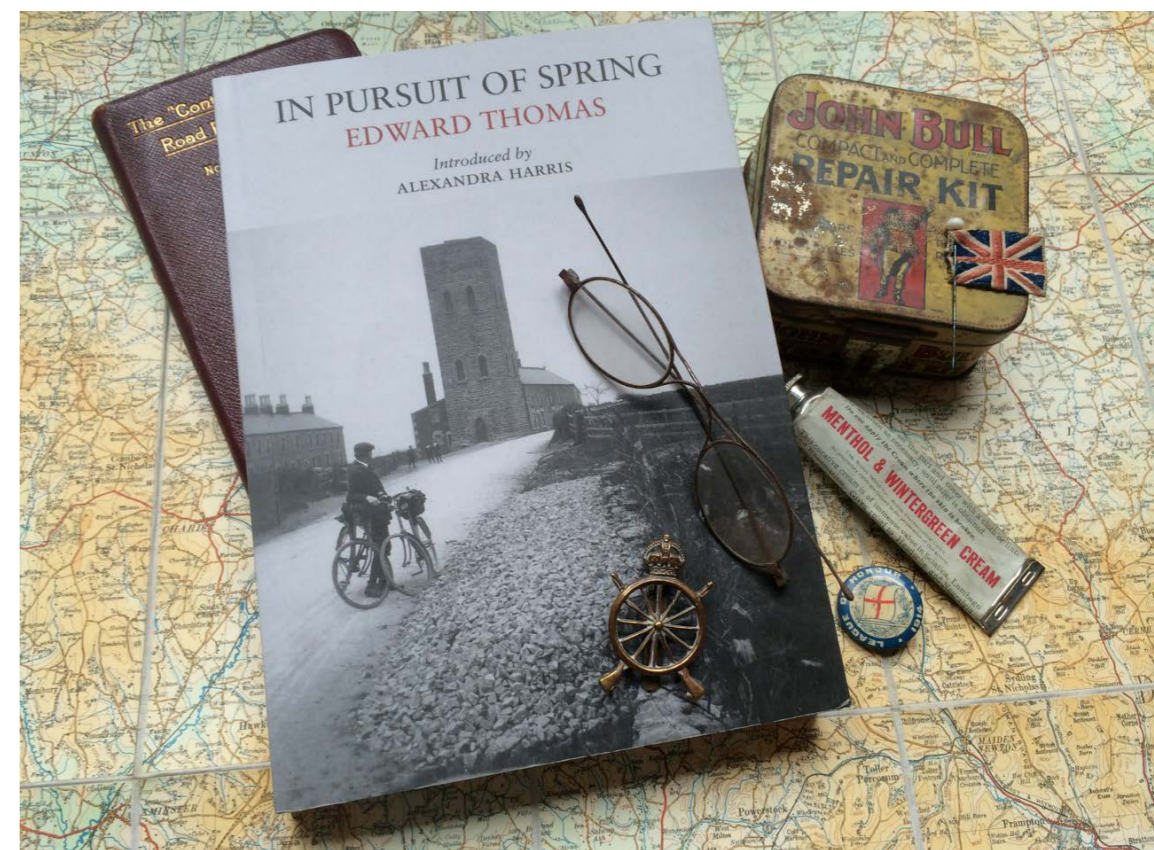
Thomas appears to meet another man en route, a shadow, an “other self”, the very same person we all talk to when alone and this welcome device, unashamed, shows us his different facets; his moods swing as much as his prose. While so many just write about themselves, Thomas includes themotherselves, and still finds time to belt out a few verses of “Oh Santiana” from the saddle.

Yet here is where we take a dip. On hearing of this book I eagerly awaited the postman and was bitterly disappointed to find that the large format hard-bound full-colour scanned epic was not to be. A

standard thin-papered paperback landed on my desk. The photography is weakly rendered, with text show-through to further obfuscate; the best image sits on the front cover (beware!) in full crisp detail—oh, if only!

Cardiff University houses a treasure chest of unpublished Thomasiana so, perhaps, all is not lost and the success of this book (helped by your purchase, dear reader) will result in less cheap versions of his writing, his scores, notebooks, letters, flower pressings and clay pipes (on which there is a lengthy discourse in this very book to what the tobaccatite) may follow. Little Toller have published triumphant tracts from previously lost Writers Of Place, but here they stray into territory that warranted greater depth and quality and, I fear, their initial attempt has scuppered another version for 10 more years. Until a next time then.

There is only one thing I can do with this book and that is to re-cycle it: next spring I will repeat Thomas's trip, day-for-day on the same machine as he used (a Sunbeam or Rover by the look of the front cover). I'll carry period map and tent, I'll try and take modern versions of the photos on my 'phone, I will re-read the book, draw a map, carry this book (which is infuriatingly just too large for the jacket pocket!) and scribble notes inside it, let it get wet and weathered, like the very best Wainwright guide, and when this combines with my memories and private thoughts it will truly come alive. Anyone care to join in—or is this for the other-self?



THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



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



Lucky Henry

"Life's too short to drink shit wine."

Name or preferred name?

Lucky Henry.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I was unfortunate enough to lose my wallet while travelling to a Club Night several years ago. On

remarking to a few members that I was usually "quite lucky" with such things, I was awarded the ironic sobriquet "Lucky". For better or worse, it seems to have stuck...

Where do you hail from?

Lewes in East Sussex. We tend to burn things in Lewes: effigies of the Pope and Alex Salmond (well, who wouldn't..?). My father even had his boat burnt once.

Favourite Cocktail?

A Gin Martini. Stirred, not shaken.

Most Chappist skill?

I like to think myself a dab hand with a *sabrage* sabre.

Most Chappist possession?

Probably an honest, faithful and well-worn pair of brown brogues. You really can't knock them for versatility (when you're not in "Town", of course).

Personal Motto?

Whatever the Latin is for "Life's too short to drink shit wine."

Favourite Quotes?

"Money can't buy you happiness but it does bring you a more pleasant form of misery." —Spike Milligan



Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

I'm usually quite lucky.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Coming up to seven long years.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I used to fence with Compton-Bassett at university. He was kind enough to introduce me and Artemis Scarheart has been collecting my subs ever since (though where that £50 a month goes, I don't know...).

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

Try the East India Club Cocktail.* You'll never have had anything like it before.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

Keith Floyd, Oliver Reed and Withnail. I'd like to see how the clash of egos plays out, though I don't fancy being left with the bill.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart, obviously.

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

I keep shirking my responsibilities in this respect, but eventually I hope to present a talk on the history of the swashbuckler.

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

* [Editor's note: As discussed in Compton-Bassett's Brogues Gallery



item in issue 84, there are several versions of the "East India Cocktail", all Cognac-based. One adjusts the brandy with small amounts of curaçao (e.g. Cointreau), maraschino (a light, cherry-flavoured liqueur much used in the Golden Age of cocktails) and either raspberry syrup, grenadine or pineapple syrup, plus bitters. Another tack is to use a larger amount of pineapple juice instead of the syrup, to make a longer drink. A third approach is to use dark rum instead of the maraschino, which obviously makes for a drier drink. For further discussion see pages 16–17 of issue 48 of *Resign!*. Of course the "East India Cocktail" originates in East India itself, rather than at the club. But the East India Club does offer a version today. According to the Bar Steward it is made with Cognac, curaçao, Angostura bitters and pineapple juice. "It's very sweet," he says. "It's good for the ladies."]



CROSSING LINES

Sarah Bowerman on her choice for the May Film Night, the 1920s-set cross-dressing comedy *Some Like It Hot* (1959)

I MUST ADMIT I was very late in coming to this film—I did not see it until I was in my twenties. And I came to it not being a fan of Marilyn Monroe, and I left it in the same state—but also a big fan of Jack Lemmon. Set in 1929 before the Wall Street Crash, *Some Like It Hot* follows the story of cash-strapped speakeasy sax and double bass players (Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon respectively) who accidentally cross the mob. In order to escape sleeping with fishes, they transform themselves and join an all-female jazz troupe heading for Florida. The troupe, Sweet Sue and Her Society Syncopators, contains singer and ukulele player Sugar Kane Kowalczyk (Monroe), a girl who wants a millionaire and has a drinking problem. Romantic and other shenanigans ensue.

Though filmed in 1959, the movie was shot in black and white. This was not unusual—there were still separate Best Picture and Cinematography categories in the Oscars for B/W films at this time—but it was unique for Monroe, who had it written into her contract that her films should be made in colour. However, the use of B/W is of great advantage, not only to the film, but also to Monroe. It supported the viewer's suspension

of disbelief for the story, it would have reminded many contemporary movie goers of the gangster movies of their past and it also enabled the central conceit of the film—two men dressing up as women. In 1959 they did not have the airbrush and prosthesis skills that modern make-up artists have, and had to rely on Max Factor Panstick and a wig to make Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon “female”. As can be seen in colour photos of them in costume, this would not have worked in colour. It ended up being a boon for Monroe for it hid the amount of make-up she too was using: during the shoot Monroe was on a cocktail of medications, and was pregnant, and this showed in her face. Being filmed in B/W hid some of the marks of exhaustion and strain.

The costumes for the film were created by Orry Kelly (1897–1964), an Australian designer who had costumed *Casablanca* (1942) and won Oscars for *An American in Paris* (1951) and *Les Girls* (1957). He is credited with dressing only Monroe, but in fact created both Curtis's and Lemmon's wardrobes.

Most of the female characters (and the male leads) are given a 1920s silhouette, but Monroe is stridently 1950s in very form-fitting garments—

particularly the famous black and white/flesh-tone “illusion” dresses Kelly created for her singing and seduction scenes. Illusion dresses are those created using flesh coloured net with strategically placed decoration. Marlene Dietrich adopted them for performances in the 1950s and they have recently become popular on the catwalk and red carpet—particularly with Riccardo Tisci at Givenchy.

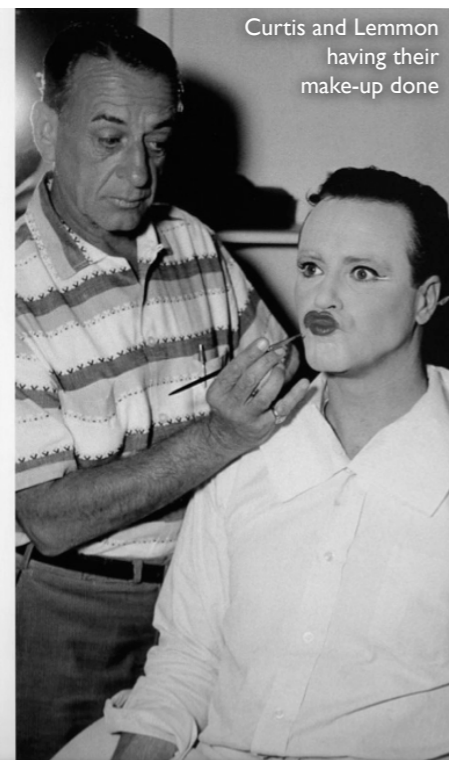
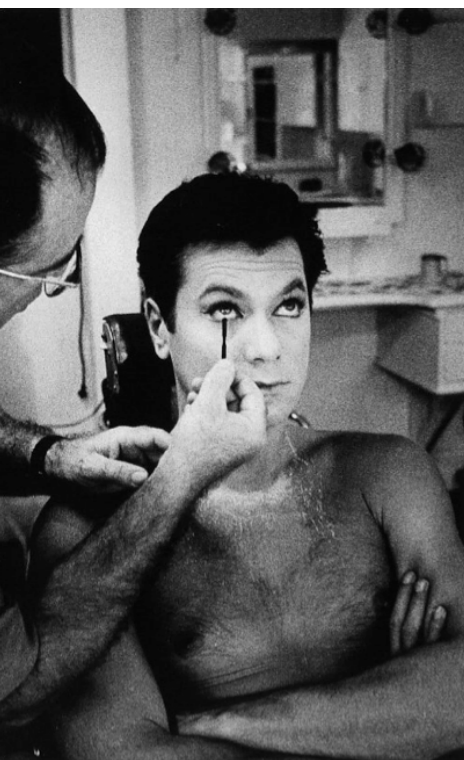
But dressing Monroe posed difficulties for Kelly. Famous for her curves, Monroe needed “support” beneath her sequins, but support that would not show. Kelly's illusion dresses appear to be made merely of net and spangles, but they are really feats of engineering. Monroe was kept pert and in place by a hidden sling bra and a web of elastic strapping. Kelly created at least two of each dress—one for front view, one for back, each adapted for the type of movements Monroe was going to be making in them. Sometimes the continuity of the film lets you see what is going on—as Birgit noted at the screening, when Monroe joins Curtis on a yacht, she suddenly gains a supportive strap across the back of her gown that is not there earlier.

It was not just keeping Monroe “decent” that caused Kelly problems. During the production she became pregnant. This caused trouble for all departments. Kelly kept to his original designs, but as her body shape changed they became less slinky than intended.

The pregnancy also meant that much of the footage of Monroe performing (on a train or in the hotel) had to be shot from the waist up, or was not as fluid as expected—her movements (particularly her famous wiggle) curtailed by her situation. As stated, Kelly also dressed Lemmon and Curtis and he would tease Monroe about how the latter had a better bum than she did—to which she would reply by lifting her top and declaring “but he doesn't have a pair of these”. A joke is made in one scene of the contrast between Monroe and Lemmon in drag where,



(Above) colour promotional image of Curtis and Lemmon; (below); photo by Annie Leibovitz taken in 1990 for *Vanity Fair*



Curtis and Lemmon having their make-up done



Barbette



In this promotional image it's
Monroe's head but not her body



coming from swimming, Monroe notes Lemmon's big muscles and tells him she is jealous of his flat chest for "clothes hang so much better on you". Monroe's pregnancy also affected the publicity for the film: in the stills taken for adverts and lobby cards, Monroe was replaced by her body doubles Sandra Warner and Evelyn Moriarty, her head being attached at a later date. Her doubles were given small parts and credited in the film.

Monroe caused further problems on set. She was always accompanied by her acting mentors the Strasbergs (Lee and Paula) and frequently by her then husband Arthur Miller. She consulted these people on every element of her performance, and this led to delays. There was also the problem with her being heavily medicated and forgetting her lines. There is a famous anecdote that it took 47 takes for her to say, "It's me, Sugar," after every variation of that phrase you could imagine.

At first Lemmon and Curtis were not too dismayed, taking bets on how long it would take for her to get things right, but eventually it began to affect their performances. While Monroe was getting it wrong, they were stuck in uncomfortable heels and wigs in the sun, and as the hours passed their performances suffered. Curtis was particularly grieved by this: he found it difficult to maintain his falsetto voice as "Josephine" take after take, and eventually it had to be dubbed.

Some days Monroe would not leave her bungalow, and the production ran over budget.

The scenes set in Florida were actually filmed in a self-contained holiday resort in San Diego, to make sure that Monroe would be forced to stay, and also so that she would be comfortable, but this did not help her performance. Wilder resorted to writing her lines on chalkboards to be held up for her to read (noticeable in a telephone exchange between Monroe and Curtis late in the film), and sticking them in drawers and on props. After a day's filming, Curtis and Lemmon would have to be cut out of their shoes and soak their feet until the next day.

Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon approached their transvestite roles in completely different ways. Billy Wilder employed Vander Clyde Broadway, an American female impersonator famous in 1920s Paris, where he was known as "Barbette", to help. Barbette was a friend and muse of Cocteau and Man Ray and Wilder wanted him to teach Curtis and Lemmon to walk in heels and mimic the mannerisms of women. While Lemmon took to cross dressing easily and learned to do his own make up, he did not want to learn to walk elegantly, stating that he wanted to appear like a man walking in heels. Curtis was the opposite: he found it very difficult to adapt to women's clothing. Lemmon had to go to his dressing room, collect him and bring him on to set in his dress, and it took until the end of the production for him to be comfortable applying his own make up. But he wanted to learn to walk properly and was tutored by Barbette.

Beyond cross-dressing and gangsters (there's a surprising amount of violence in the film) there are also exciting representations of women and explorations of sexuality—all enabled by the film being set in the past. Exciting and dangerous things are safe if they are set in the past, and even safer if they are black and white. *Some Like it Hot* has a troupe of free-spirited women travelling to play "hot" jazz and make money. When Lemmon and Curtis join to perform with the band, Sweet Sue the conductor asks them to spice it up a bit: their performance is not "hot" enough for the rest of the band—the women. Then you have the interactions between these women, piling into each others sleeper berths to drink hooch they've smuggled with them (it's set during Prohibition), going in and out of each others rooms in their pajamas, taking impromptu swims and searching for millionaires. The women in this film are independent working women.

There is also an interesting and somewhat unsavoury exploration of how men treated women. When Lemmon as "Daphne" gets "pinched in the elevator" by her future suitor (Osgood Fielding III, an ageing playboy millionaire played to perfection by Joe E Brown), she slaps him, but Osgood merely responds with an excited "Zowie!" On telling Curtis what has happened, Lemmon is told, "Now you know how the other half live." It is interesting that Lemmon/Daphne and Curtis/Josephine get the most male attention of all the women in the film. Lemmon has Osgood and Curtis the young, persistent Bellhop. Both men will not take no for an answer, and both seem to thrive on Curtis and Lemmon's "unladylike" mistreatment of them. Though Curtis is the one who mentions and is conscious of "how the other half live", it is he who plans to seduce and take advantage of Monroe.

Aside from men who like being slapped by big women, *Some Like It Hot* also represents the then-taboo subject of same-sex relationships. In one scene Curtis as Josephine kisses Monroe in front of a large crowd, and another of the plots involves Lemmon managing to get engaged to Osgood—and the latter seemingly being completely happy when he finds out Daphne is male.

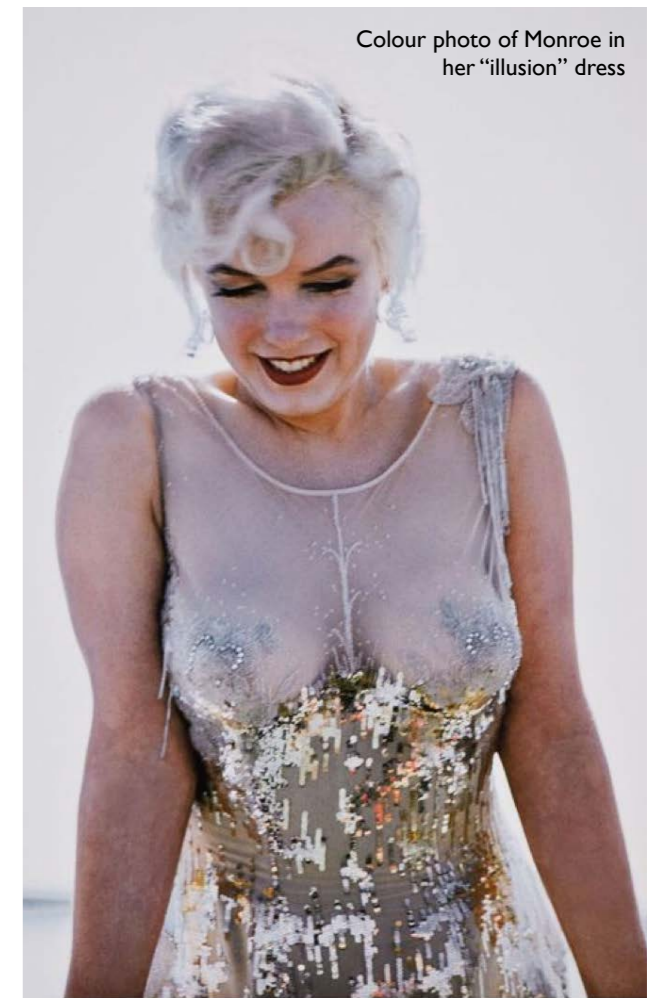
The film also addresses comically that rare cinema subject, frigidity in men. As a plot to snare Sugar, Curtis pretends to be a Shell Oil millionaire "Junior". In creating the character of Junior, Curtis decided to mimic the mannerisms and voice of

Cary Grant (with whom he would star that same year in *Operation Petticoat*) and adopt the persona of a man made frigid and unresponsive to females by loss. Monroe does her best, via the medium of Champagne and avid osculation to "treat" and "fix" Curtis, eventually eliciting a positive response.

During this scene, Curtis throws himself on a couch and recalls how he saw Freud to try and get his problem sorted. Interestingly enough, Curtis was himself in therapy at the time. He later would claim to have had an affair with Monroe and, when asked about this scene, said kissing her was "like kissing Hitler". He would also go on to state in interviews that he had had relationships with women who made Monroe "look like a man"—not very gentlemanly conduct. Monroe herself had been in therapy for years.

The sexual element of the movie is enabled by its being set during the 1920s, a time notorious for its lax morals and emancipated flappers—or at least mythologised in movies for this—and also by the slapstick, humorous treatment of the subject. Indeed the physical comedy involved in the film echoes powerfully the visual humour of silent, black and white cinema, and again it would not have been as successful were the film shot in colour.

The film cost some \$2,883,848, and made an estimated \$14–25 million on first release. Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe took percentages of



Colour photo of Monroe in
her "illusion" dress

the profits, but Jack Lemmon got a flat fee. Curtis and Monroe were already stars, but this film launched Lemmon. Indeed it led to him making both *The Apartment* (1960) and *Irma la Douce* (1963) with Wilder.

These films also helped the career of Shirley Maclaine, for had Monroe been more reliable she was to have played the Maclaine part in *The Apartment*. Though *Some Like It Hot* was a success, Wilder never wanted to work with Monroe again, and didn't invite her to the closing party. In fact he stated, "I have discussed this with my doctor and my psychiatrist and they tell me I'm too old and too rich to go through this again."



Extant illusion dress

Beyond its leads the film also starred George Raft as gangster "Spats" Colombo—a performance that parodies Raft's performance in *Scarface* (1932) and the excellent Nehemiah Persoff as the head of the Mafia, "Little Bonaparte", a parody of Edward G. Robinson's performance in *Little Caesar* (1932). Wilder had wanted Robinson to play the part but the actor, who had been blacklisted in Hollywood, decided to take a part in the Frank Capra/Frank Sinatra vehicle *A Hole in the*

Head (1959). A Robinson did perform in the film, however—Edward G.'s son Edward G. Jnr, who pops out of a birthday cake with a Thompson sub-machinegun. Persoff gives a great performance, using Mussolini as an inspiration in looks and manner.

The famous last line—Lemmon gives Osgood a series of reasons why he can't marry him, finally pulling off his wig and saying, "I'm a man," to which Osgood shrugs and says "Nobody's perfect"—was meant to be temporary, as Wilder and his fellow writers had not finished the script at the time of filming. Indeed the story was kept incomplete throughout filming. The plot was based on two European films, *Fanfare d'Amour* (1935) and *Fanfaren der Liebe* (1951), stories where male musicians cross-dress in order to have employment (featuring contemporary settings, note, something that would have been unacceptable in the US) but the story was always going to be different. However, Monroe's unreliability and the delays in filming meant that Curtis was running out of time before he had to start shooting another movie, and the conclusion to the story was for a long time unclear. One possible scenario even had George Raft ending up with Monroe.

Some Like it Hot was nominated for six Oscars—Best Director, Best Actor (Jack Lemmon), Best Cinematography (B/W), Best Art Direction (B/W), Best Costumes (B/W) and Best Adapted Screenplay—but only won one for its costumes. The big hitter of the 1960 Oscars was *Ben Hur*. Now, I must admit this surprised me. Not that *Ben Hur* won—I knew that—but that *Some Like It Hot* was released in the same year. Think about it. A gangster comedy film that contains cross-dressing and plays with gender/sexuality, has hot jazz ladies keeping booze in their garters and Monroe in a see-through dress, is the same year as the Voice of God riding a chariot. From all I've read about the film and from watching it now, many times, that was the biggest thing that struck me. Both *Ben Hur* and *Some Like It Hot* regularly feature in lists of "Best Films", but they seem to come from completely different places—not the same Hollywood at all.

Marilyn Monroe's illusion dresses survive: they have been displayed recently at the V&A and are currently on display as part of a pre-auction exhibition of her belongings in Chelsea. See <http://www.dch.co.uk/Marilyn-Monroe-Legacy-of-a-Legend-Exhibi>

NSC FILM NIGHT

Dean Spanley (2008)

Wednesday 8th June

7.30pm–11pm

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL

(020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

A low-key but heartwarming tale set in Edwardian England and based on *My Talks With Dean Spanley*, a novella written in 1936 by Lord Dunsany, an Irish writer interested in the occult. The film combines humour and fantasy with poignance to explore father-son relationships.

Each Thursday, Henslowe Fisk (Jeremy Northam), a man approaching middle age, calls upon his father Horatio Fisk (Peter O'Toole)—aged, caustic, nihilistic and emotionally distant, bottling up his grief over the loss of his eldest son in the Boer War and his wife soon after. On this day, the son spots a notice in his father's newspaper and suggests they attend a visiting guru's lecture on the transmigration of souls. There they chat with a vicar and a soldier of fortune; dinner follows, where the vicar, Dean Spanley (Sam Neill), tells a story of friendship, freedom and reincarnation.

Henslowe becomes fascinated by Spanley's open-minded attitude towards spiritualism and lures him to a series of dinners, using the clergyman's weakness for rare Hungarian Tokay wine—wine that produces in him a strange dreamlike state that gradually suggests he is



himself the reincarnation of someone rather surprising.

The surreal story proves to be a cathartic catalyst whereby Fisks senior and junior come to understand one another better and the father learns to let go of the past.

The film, directed by New Zealander Toa Fraser, rests on, and is ably supported by, the nuanced performances of O'Toole, Northam, Neill and Bryan Brown as the Australian "conveyancer" who prides himself on being able to acquire anything.

Peter O'Toole said the use of comedy to explore the relationship between a father and son was part of what attracted him to the film, remarking, "All of us had difficult familial relationships. I think it's a film for all of us who understand the relationship between a father and son. It's been interesting watching various members of the crew looking at the monitors during scenes. They come up to me then and say "I had the same thing with my father."

Our screening is presented by Dorian Loveday, who will precede it with some observations about Lord Dunsany.



Indulgent Summer Sips

By David Bridgman-Smith

As things start to heat up a bit Mrs B. and I have been enjoying some cooling beverages—in particular the soda float. I became reacquainted with this drink on a recent train journey from Chicago to San Francisco, when the Amtrak steward suggested it as an alternative to the rather plain desserts (strawberry cheesecake, low-fat vanilla pudding, and vanilla ice-cream).

As with many drinks, the exact history is misty, but general origin stories point to Robert M. Green from Philadelphia, who in 1874 created the first ice-cream soda. Reasons vary as to how the drink came about, but possible explanations include that he had run out of ice and so used ice-cream to chill drinks, or that he wanted to create a deluxe soda to counter fierce local competition.

Early versions would have been made using syrup, seltzer water, and ice-cream, but today, especially when being made at home, the float is made using pre-mixed fizzy drinks.

The float quickly

became popular with the teens of the late 19th century, but some adults were less keen, leading to a number of local governments banning the consumption of soda on Sundays and Holy Days—the state of Illinois was one such. This boosted sales of the soda-less treat, the ice-cream sundae.

While the flavour profile is very similar, the vanilla-flavoured American soft drink Cream Soda actually predates the soda float by a decade.

As a nod to one of the drink's origin stories, I usually do not add ice to my soda floats. The ice-cream/sorbet should be enough to chill the drink (however I always pre-chill my soda and, ideally, my glass).

Root Beer Float

Fill a tall glass two thirds with root beer, add a scoop of vanilla ice-cream (I like Cornish). Allow the drink to foam and top-up with soda as required. Add a straw and enjoy.

Perhaps one of the hardest sodas to mix drinks with—its hints of sarsaparilla, sassafras, and wintergreen overwhelm almost every spirit—root beer is, nonetheless, the perfect partner for vanilla ice-cream. This float is sweet, yet earthy, herbal, syrupy and creamy. If you do want to add hooch to your drink, I would recommend a vanilla vodka.



Root Beer Float



Rum Coke Float

Rum Coke Float

[50ml rum, 150ml cola, 1 scoop of rum and raisin ice-cream]

This simple combination of cola and ice-cream works superbly. There is a delightful creaminess and a boozy flourish that you get from the rum-and-raisin. This is possibly one of the best “soft” drinks out there, with the rum adding both heartiness and greater depth of flavour.

Floating Screwdriver

[50ml vodka, 10ml Galliano, 150ml orange soda, 1 scoop of vanilla ice-cream]

Combine the vodka and Galliano in a glass. Top-up with orange soda and add ice-cream.

The orange soda has a sharp, slightly sour zestiness, which is offset by the rich, creamy indulgence of the ice-cream. The Galliano adds depth, with its vanilla and spice. Finally, the vodka stops it from becoming too sickly.

Neapolitan Float

[50ml vodka, 150ml soda water, 1 scoop of each flavour of Neapolitan ice-cream]

Add a scoop of each flavour of the Neapolitan ice-cream to a mix of vodka and soda water. This simple yet flavoursome drink is a great example of how you don't need sugary drinks as the base for your float. The soda water is clean and perfectly chilled, and provides a blank canvas for the ice-cream; in this instance, the trio of strawberry, vanilla, and chocolate are clearly recognisable, one after the other. It gradually increases in creaminess as the ice-cream melts, but never becomes sickly.



Floating Screwdriver



Neapolitan Float



Gin and Tonic Float



Crème de Whisky

Gin and Tonic Float

Mix a gin and tonic to your usual recipe, making sure that there is enough space in the glass to add your scoop of lemon sorbet. Garnish with a long thin piece of orange peel.

Made with the excellent Redsmith Gin from Nottingham, this starts off like a classic and crisp Gin and Tonic, with good solid notes of citrus and juniper, but, as the sorbet begins to melt, there is a bright, zesty lemon flavour with a lovely sweetness to it. Very refreshing, and the orange adds some deeper citrus notes.

Crème de Whisky

[30ml Scotch whisky, 150ml dry ginger ale, 1 scoop of toffee/honeycomb ice-cream]

A delicious variation of a whisky and ginger, with fresh, sweet ginger and light citrus at the start, then a rich creaminess and caramel sweetness from the ice-cream that blends smoothly into the warmth of the whisky on the finish. Deliciously reminiscent of a dessert.

Ice-cream floats can be enjoyed in both a boozy and non-boozy way and are a quick and easy way to spruce up a soft drink. Personally, I have found a soft-spot for the rum-and-raisin and Coke—so much so, that a tub of this ice-cream is now a regular fixture in our freezer. Cheers!

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



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

THE NSC CONTINUES to extend its tentacles into global culture, burrowing effortlessly back into the past to produce this month's snapshots of affiliation. Actuarium sends us this still from 1951 show-must-go-on comedy of errors *Happy Go Lovely*, in the which the two male dancers are clearly sporting Club silk. The Earl of Waveney has shrewdly identified Kenneth More as a Clubman, while K. Todd Freeman, in his role as a dodgy NSA agent in *Grosse Pointe Blank* (1997), spends much of the film wearing what may or may not be a Club Tie (well, he is a spook, so he can't be too overt). On a more unusual note, Mark Gidman (it could only be him) has noticed that in *American Psycho* (2000) the prostitute Christie appears to be wearing a New Sheridan Club dressing gown. I don't know who leaked the prototype, but I must say this is not quite the product placement we had in mind. And finally, it has now become something of a tradition to feature Basil Fawly's iconic Club Tie: this time the spot comes from Bingo.



(Above) Cara Seymour as Christie in *American Psycho*, wearing an NSC dressing gown; (left) new Member Diana Trinca

New Member

IT SEEMS THAT Francesca Albini, who joined up last month, has been spreading the word fervently, as she has now recruited into the tweed ranks her chum Diana Trinca, who took the king's shilling this month. Actually Diana, who hails from Muswell Hill, has been to a meeting before so she only has herself to blame.

(Clockwise from top) a scene from *Happy Go Lovely*; John Cleese as Basil Fawly; K Todd Freeman in *Grosse Pointe Blank*; Kenneth More



Forthcoming Events



**BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🎩) AND
THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY**

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 1st June
7pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf,
25 Rathbone
Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday
7pm–1am
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston,
London E8 4AA
Admission: Free before 9pm, £5 after that
Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred
Live swing jazz every Wednesday hosted by
Ewan Bleach with guest performers each time.

The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday
7pm
Jamboree, 566 Cable Street,
London E1W 3HB
Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between
8 and 9.30, £5 after that
A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s
swing presented by clarinetist Ewan Bleach
with various guests.

Central Railway 1940s Wartime Weekend

Friday 3rd June–Sunday 5th June
Great Central Railway, Great Central Road,
Loughborough, Leicestershire LE11 1RW

Admission: Hugely variable

The 1940s brought to life, with a Hurricane flypast, a Spitfire aerial display and a remembrance poppy drop. Thrill to mock battles, live music and theatre, dance to vintage tunes with live acts to entertain you throughout the weekend. Take the train over Swithland reservoir into occupied territory—keep your ID card at the ready. The event will also feature period entertainment, displays of military vehicles and visiting dignitaries including Winston Churchill and the King and Queen, at stations along the line. At Quorn station there will be singing and dancing across three stages, a real ale tent, a shopping village, an air raid scenario and land army and working farm equipment displays. Hundreds of re-enactors will bring the stations and trains to life and cameo scenes will be staged throughout the weekend invoking the warring forties. More at www.gcrailway.co.uk/wartime.

Ghost in the Machine: A Candlelit Theremin Concert with Lydia Kavina

Saturday 4th June
7pm
Brompton Cemetary, Fulham Road, London
SW5 9UG
Admission: £15 from londonmonthofthedead.com/alchemyofsound.html

No other instrument has as much right to be called ethereal as the theremin. Not only is its tone eerie and otherworldly but its notes are literally plucked out of the ether by the player's hands in a series of passes and gestures more reminiscent of a shaman than a musician. The instrument was first demonstrated to the public in 1920 by its Russian inventor Leon Theremin. By 1928 he was playing it on stage with the New York Philharmonic. The theremin enjoyed its heyday in the 1930s and 40s where virtuosos such as Clara Rockmore and Lucie Bigelow Rosen toured the concert halls and a whole theremin orchestra once graced the stage of Carnegie Hall. Its sound quickly became shorthand for the supernatural and sinister and was much in demand in the movie industry, being used in the soundtracks for films such as *Spellbound* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. Lydia Kavina who studied the instrument under its inventor himself in Moscow is one of the world's leading theremin virtuosos and has

helped engender the instrument's renaissance over recent years. Tickets for this event include a Hendrick's Gin Cocktail.

Blitz Party D-Day Special

Saturday 4th June
8pm–2am
The Laundry, 2–18 Warburton Rd,
E8 3FN London

Bourne & Hollingsworth's 1940s-themed night returns, with live music and other entertainment, though it is hard to glean many details. Try your luck at www.bourneandhollingsworth.com/blitzparty.

Ask Clayton

Monday 6th June
Cyberspace
Not really an event as such, but Fred Snow from the Top Shelf Band (whom you may know from Candlelight Club events and our Egyptian-themed NSC party) has embarked upon a series of podcasts in which he interviews unsavoury types from the world of "alternative entertainment". To which end he will be filming an interview with me on 7th June. I'm afraid that this is not something you can actually attend, but if you go to the Facebook "event" you are warmly encouraged to suggest questions that Fred might like to ask. See www.facebook.com/events/1710077055899212.

🎩 NSC Film Night: Dean Spanley (2008)

Wednesday 8th June
7.30pm–11pm
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk,
London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)
Admission: Free
See page 31.

The Candlelight Club's Welcome Back Party

Saturday 11th June



Relive the riotous 1920s at the Candlelight Club's Welcome Back party



Champagne Charlie, with Auntie Maureen and NSC Chairman Torquil in tow



Benoit and his band

7pm–12am
A secret London location
Admission: £25 in advance
Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know
The Candlelight Club is a clandestine 1920s speakeasy party in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live period jazz

bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism. The bar dispenses vintage cocktails and the kitchens offer bar snacks and sharing platters, as well as a fine-dining set menu option.

After a mysterious absence of five months (no questions asked), the Candlelight Club returns with a riotous Welcome Back party, with music from the Benoit Viellefon Quintet, your host with the most, cabaret cove Champagne Charlie and the NSC's own DJ Auntie Maureen. Let the music play and the bootleg liquor flow! Guests receive an email two days before revealing the secret location and are encouraged to dress in 1920s outfits—so pull on your flapper dress and get ready to Charleston!

“The closest you’ll find to an authentic Jazz Age experience in central London. Its unique ambience, fuelled by hundreds of candles, is truly a scene to behold.” —Time Out

As seen last summer on BBC2's *Hair!* More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=11sUY9sX_rk

21st Russian Summer Ball

Saturday 11th June

6.45pm–1.30am

Lancaster House, Stable Yard, London SW1A 1BB

Admission: Full ticket £199, after-dinner only

£94.50 from russiansummerball.com.

Dress: White Tie and Decorations or Black Tie

If you crave traditional white-tie balls then this may be for you. In the presence of various Russian princes and princesses, plus the Russian ambassador, there will be a vodka reception, a three-course dinner, displays of ballet and gymnastics, a silent auction then dancing to the Katya Lazarev Orchestra and Bibs Ekkel and his Balalaika Orchestra. More details at russiansummerball.com.

The Double R Club presents Mr Twin Peaks Contest

Thursday 16th June

8pm

Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, 42–46

Pollard Row, London E2 6NB

Admission: £10 from wegottickets.com

The Double R Club is an evening of mystery and nightmares inspired by the films of David Lynch, featuring a parade of cabaret and burlesque performers. Comes highly recommended by our Chairman. This time it proudly announces a Mr Twin Peaks Contest as a final event before the summer break, “a beauty pageant from another place, a tournament between the beautiful and the bestial, the feminine and the feral, all played out in a world of dreams”.

Dress as your favourite Lynch character, image or idea, to win prizes. Table reservations are strictly limited, and are offered on a first come first served basis via email (therrclub@gmail.com) from noon on 1st June only.

Mrs Peel's Penthouse Beach Party

Saturday 18th June

8pm–2am

The Eight Club, 1 Dysart Street, Moorgate, London EC2A 2BX

Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door

Dress: 1960s

The Swinging Sixties party of your dreams in a penthouse lounge club, inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from *The Avengers*, played by Diana Rigg. This time we celebrate summer

with a nod to the “beach party” teen movies of the 1960s. We can't promise actual sea, sand and surfing in our high-rise urban venue, but we will have live music from the twangtastic Bikini Beach Band, plus hosting by Count Indigo, dance performances, DJing from DJ El Sagado of Vienna, founder of easy-listening-hardcore club BEATZENTRALE, with his Sixties global penthouse funk, psychedelic lighting effects, movie projections, cocktails and splendid views from penthouse terraces. More details at www.mrspeels.club.

Benoit Viellefon at Toulouse Lautrec Bar

Sunday 19th June

6.30–11pm

Toulouse Lautrec Brasserie and Jazz Bar, 140 Newington Butts, Kennington, London SE11 4RN

Admission: £12 in advance, £15 on the door

Gallic charmer Benoit Viellefon and his Hot Club gypsy jazz group are putting on their own night, offering 1920s, 30s and 40s music aimed particularly at the swing dance crowd. This replaces their Sunday night residency at Ronnie Scott's and is hosted in the newly refurbished loft of the Toulouse Lautrec. Snap up your tickets early as there is capacity of just 70.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 24th June

7.30–11.30pm

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

Admission: £10 in advance

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Vintage ballroom dancing at the Tea House Theatre with American-Parisian performer Hailey Tuck, who will sing two half-hour sets of strict-tempo songs, plus a selection of vintage records for dancing slow and Viennese waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot, tango, rumba, jive, plus some cha cha, samba and Charleston. There will be an absolute beginners' dance lesson in



Join us for the elegant, and definitely not rain-lashed, NSC Summer Picnic

slow waltz from 7.30 to 8pm. There is no need to bring a partner as guests are encouraged to mix and there will be five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for all guests. Diversions will include a quickstep bus stop and an “excuse me” waltz. There will be a fully licensed bar and an intimate atmosphere. Dress code is black tie and evening dress and the ten most glamorous ladies will be awarded a free glass of bubbly. For tickets at £10 see wegottickets.com. Facebook: www.facebook.com/BlackTieBallroomClub.

The NSC Summer Picnic

Saturday 25th June

12.20–10pm

Hyde Park, London W2 2UH

Admission: Free but bring some food and drink

“A picnic is more than eating a meal, it is a pleasurable state of mind.”

With no Summer Bash this year due to the 10th Anniversary Party in October, and the weather not having been too British so far, why not join us for the return of the New Sheridan Club Picnic? All are most welcome to come along and if rain stops play we'll have a pub crawl instead in damp linen and floppy Panamas. We'll meet at the base of the statue of Achilles and then totter off to a likely spot not far from the boathouse on the Serpentine. If you have any park-friendly games bring them along. Once we're the colour of lobsters, had too much to eat and someone's been stung by a wasp we'll march off to a public house for the evening. Excellent weather guaranteed.*

* Not a guarantee.

The 1960s teen surf party of your dreams. In a London penthouse.

MRS PEEL'S
Penthouse Beach Party

Saturday 18th June
8PM–2AM
£15 EARLYBIRD FROM
www.mrspeels.club
£20 ON THE DOOR
DRESS: 1960s, BEACHWEAR, SAFARI SUITS, KIMONOS, HAWAIIAN SHIRTS

THE EIGHT CLUB
1 DYSART STREET, MOORGATE
LONDON EC2A 2BX

HOST COUNT INDIGO • DJ EL SALGADO •
LIVE MUSIC FROM THE BIKINI BEACH BAND •
PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING AND PROJECTIONS
• VIEWS FROM OUR PENTHOUSE TERRACES

At the last Club Night, the excitement peaks as Howard loses the heel off his shoe. All the stories as they break, folks...

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

You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.