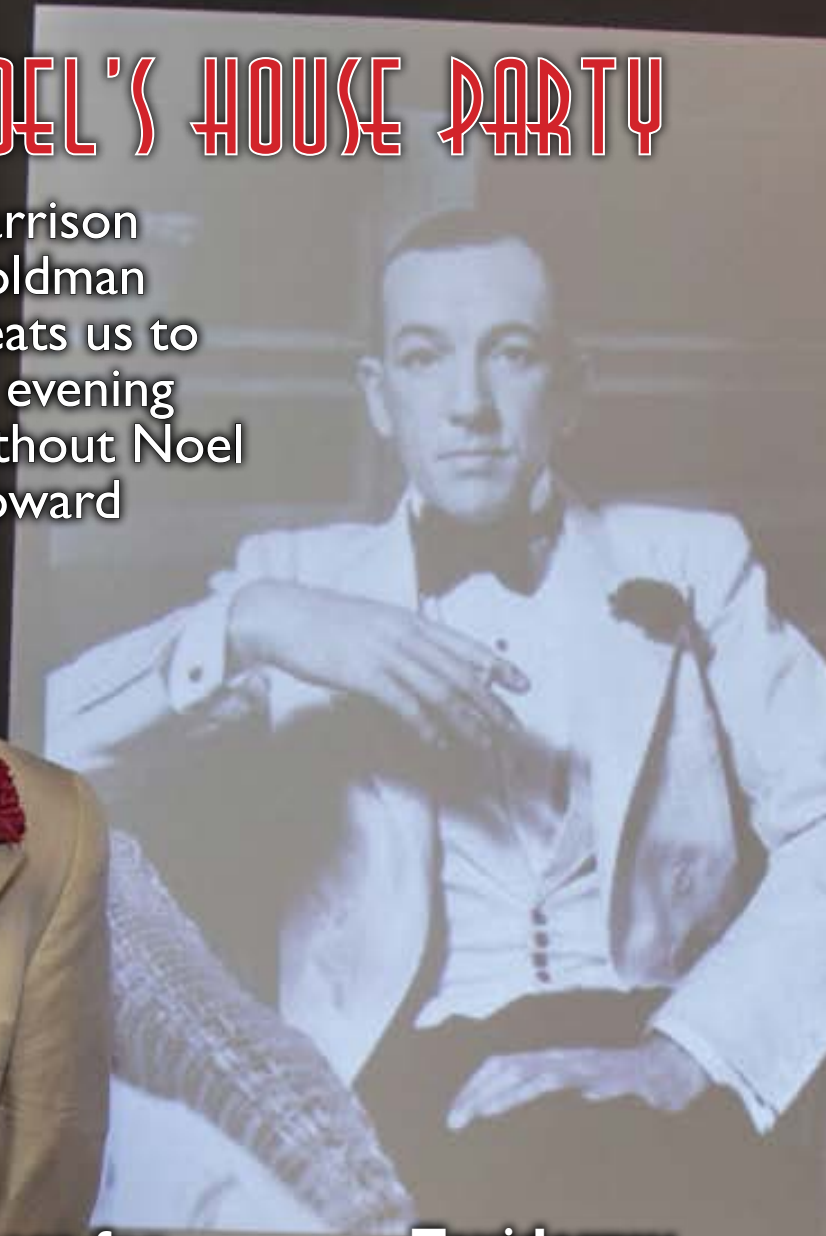


NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY

Harrison
Goldman
treats us to
an evening
without Noel
Coward



October plenty

Ancient pagan
practices on
London's South Bank

Be here for the beer

Ian White's annual
New Sheridan Club
pub crawl

Taxidermy and the occult

Welcome to the world
of Jessica Von
Hammersmark

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 121 NOVEMBER 2016



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

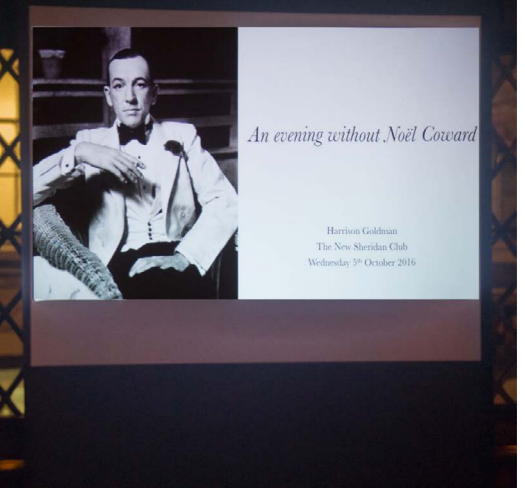
The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 2nd November in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Viscount Rushen will be flying in from the Isle of Man to deliver the address this month. As of yesterday he still hadn't decided what he was going to talk about, but I'm sure it'll be a corker. In the absence of a stated subject, here's a picture of Juan with an onion ring instead. [STOP PRESS: This description just in: "An intro to freemasonry. Those expecting an exposé will be disappointed! A useful talk for the uninitiated dispelling a few myths and explaining what it is and how it works (but no secrets)."]

The Last Meeting

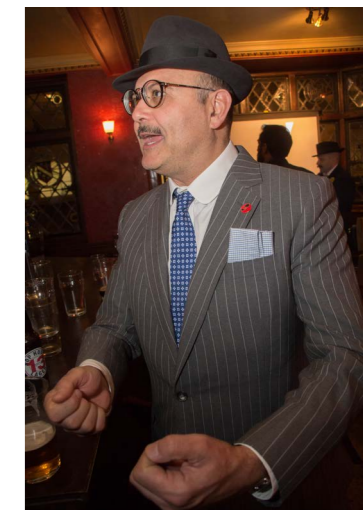
Our speaker this time was Member Harrison Goldman, with a talk entitled *An Evening Without Noel Coward*, examining the life and impact of this hardy perennial of the Chappist sphere of approval. In a technological coup we were treated to video footage of Mr Coward performing some of his ditties. It was almost as if he were there. An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



(left) Scarheart presides, standing in for Chairman Torquil; (above) Harrison warms to his subject



(Left) Darcy Sullivan surveys the riff-raff; (above) Craigho pretends he isn't desperate to pore over that copy of Resign!



(Above, l-r) Eugenie with her fave mag; new Member Marcus Wood; aspirant Ridade Starsies; Luca Jellinek; (right) Ridade with Jessica Von Hammersmark;



REMEMBERING A BLITHE SPIRIT

By Harrison
Goldman

SIR NOËL PEIRCE COWARD exemplifies the rags-to-riches story. Born on 16th December 1899, he would go on to have a celebrated career spanning over six decades as a playwright, singer, actor, director, composer and artist, juggling all of these occupations simultaneously. *Time* magazine eulogised his skill in doing this, but also his unfaltering success at “projecting a sense of personal style, a combination of cheek and chic, pose and poise”.

It was in humble Teddington that Coward first developed a taste for the performing arts. The combination of a pushy mother who sent him to a dance school and a father who sold pianos instilled in him a love of music from an early age. He would make his first professional stage debut aged only eleven, and was soon

projected into high society, meeting the rich and famous—upon whose antics he would base his life’s work. He developed a penchant for eccentric women and forged a strong alliance with his famous stage partner Gertrude Lawrence, writing in his memoirs, “She gave me an orange and told me a few mildly dirty stories, and I loved her from then onwards.” He had a similar relationship with Marlene Dietrich, to whom he referred as his “loyal and lifelong *amitié amoureuse*”.

At the untimely arrival of The Great War, the young actor was conscripted into the Artists Rifles regiment, but was quickly judged unfit on health grounds and turned to selling magazines to support the family. (Coward never forgot his early hard times and later served as President of the Actors Orphanage.) In the Second World

Coward appearing with Gertrude Lawrence in a stage production of *Private Lives*



War he was by no means inactive, running the British propaganda office in Paris, directing the naval film drama *In Which We Serve* (1943) and regularly entertaining the troops—in fact Churchill instructed him to “go and sing to them when the guns are firing—that’s your job!” While staying at The Savoy (due to his own

home having been bombed), he even coerced the hotel band to play an impromptu cabaret to settle nervous guests during a raid.

It is probably as a playwright Coward is most well known, and it has been said that at any given point a Coward play is being watched, read or rehearsed somewhere in the



Coward made the cover of *The Sketch* in April 1925

world. His first major play *The Vortex* (1924) was a great success, and along with *Hay Fever* (1925) it stunned and shocked audiences with its brash depiction of reality—specifically the egocentric, drug-taking, sexually vain aristocrats and socialites who had previously escaped such blatant representation. As the Depression loomed he personally thrived, earning the equivalent of £2,000,000 in 1929. Perhaps his most famous work from the war years, *Blithe Spirit* (1941), about a medium who brings back a first wife who begins to cause complete havoc, was a resounding success, breaking box-office records for a West End comedy—1,997 consecutive performances, topped with a further 650 shows on Broadway. Between the wars, some of his most famous songs were recorded with His Master's Voice (HMV), including *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, *Mrs Worthington* and *I Went to A Marvelous Party*, all of which I am sure will feature in any NSC member's collection of 78s.

A rather less famous “skill” of Sir Noël's was his passion for painting. Aged 14 he was elevated into famous circles by the society painter Philip Streatfeild—and there were

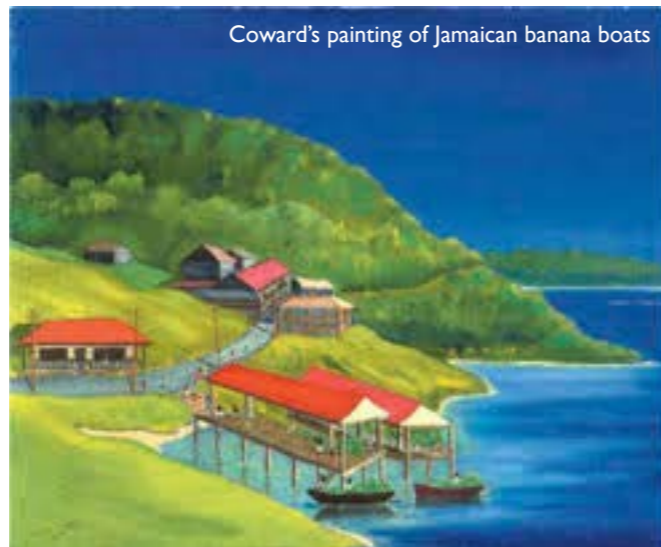
rumors of romance. Streatfeild sadly died a year later, and many of the artist's friends and sitters took a shine to Noël, semi-adopting him. Coward would pick up the paintbrush himself frequently in later life, especially as a pastime in tax exile in Jamaica and Switzerland—no doubt also an excuse to gaze at local workers. He never sold his works, but rather gave them to friends, and would probably be astounded to know that one of his paintings of banana boats would sell at Christie's in 2006 for £15,600. (The author at this point would like to emphasise to readers that he himself had not at that time begun his current employment with Christie's, and as a holder of a degree in History of Art he finds the art of Noël Coward, Sir or otherwise, in short, utter tosh. This said, he cannot disagree with the the artist's own statement: “Compared with the pretentious muck in some London galleries...my amateur efforts

appear brilliant.”)

It would be in Jamaica that Coward “sang his last song” at his home, the Firefly Estate, on 26th May 1973. He was buried overlooking the north coast of the island, a spot from which he often painted, far away from the media attention he so thrived on in busy metropolitan cities.

I shall end with a selection of Coward's quotes and anecdotes:

- “Wit ought to be a glorious treat like caviar; never spread it about like marmalade.”
- “Wouldn't it be dreadful to live in a country



Coward's painting of Jamaican banana boats

Photographed in 1963. He was finally knighted in 1970, though the honour had been proposed in 1942 for wartime spying work, but blocked by Churchill, who disapproved of Coward's flamboyant lifestyle

where they didn't have tea?”

- Invited to play the title role in the 1962 film *Dr. No*, he replied, “No, no, no, a thousand times, no.”

- When a *Time* interviewer apologised, saying, “I hope you haven't been bored having to go through all these interviews for your [70th] birthday, having to answer the same old questions about yourself”, Coward quickly replied, “Not at all. I'm fascinated by the subject.”

- “I love criticism just so long as it's unqualified praise.”

- “Television is for appearing on, not looking at.”

- “Why do I drink Champagne for breakfast? Doesn't everyone?”

- “If you must have motivation, think of your paycheck on Friday.”

- “Mona Lisa looks as if she has just been sick, or is about to be.”

- “The higher the building the lower the morals.”

- “My sense of my importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous.”



More information and events can be found via The Noël Coward Society: <http://www.noelcoward.net>.

Coward's former home in the Kent countryside, Goldenhurst Farm, is now owned by the less well-dressed Julian Clary



October Plenty

CLUB MEMBER CALLUM COATES is an actor with many strings to his bow, one of which is his role in The Lions part, a group who put on free performances in public and community spaces, focusing on tradition and heritage, seasonal festivals, storytelling, music and verse theatre. The weekend before last your correspondent sloped along to see October Plenty, a sort of harvest festival held on London's South Bank, at the Globe Theatre and Borough Market, in association with the market's Apple Day.

Things kicked off with a procession, an opportunity to clock the extraordinary costumes on display: the profusion of animal-head masks immediately reminded me of *The Wicker Man* and had an effect that was as much sinister as it was celebratory, but most striking was the Berry Man, a sort of autumnal Green Man figure, and

the Corn Queene. The Queene wasn't actually a costume but a huge figure constructed from straw and produce, so large that she was wheeled about on a stout trolley.

Spectators were then ushered into Shakespeare's Globe theatre where we were treated to Morris dancing, a performance of the Masque from *The Tempest* and the spectacle of Callum as the Hobby Horse attempting to jump over volunteers from the audience.

We then processed back to Borough Market where the rest of the day's activities took place. A stage had been set up for a performance of *Reynard the Fox* by the Fabularium, but there were also apple tastings, apple species identification services, an apple peeling competition, story

(Below) The October Plenty procession on Globe Walk on the South Bank; (right) the Corn Queene, with her creator (and ultimately her destroyer) David Perkins on the left





(Top) Throughout the day we were treated to performances from the Ravensbourne Morris and the Redding Moreys Dawncers; (above left and right) Callum, as the Hobby Horse, jumps over volunteers

telling, games of conkers and apple bobbing, and more.

Towards the end of the day things took a more sinister folk-horror twist with the Execution of John Barleycorn. John Barleycorn is another Green Man figure, personifying cereal crops and all that we make from them. In the mumming play of his execution, he suffers a string of assaults and indignities corresponding to the stages of the reaping and malting process, ultimately resulting in an unpleasant death.

But from his death we are able to make bread and beer, so his death is so that others might live. This motif of the King who dies and is reborn through the agricultural cycles is found in ancient cultures all over the world, and celebrations like October Plenty are to give thanks for this continuing sacrifice and bounty.

After John Barleycorn's demise it was the Corn Queene's turn next. This seems to have been the mostly hotly anticipated part of the proceedings: David Perkins, the man who



(Above) The Berry Man; (right) the troupe processes from the Globe to Borough Market

supervised the Queene's construction, and his helpers gradually dismantle the figure and hurl the components into the crowd, who stampede to grab the produce. All I managed to secure was a single shallot (which I later roasted with a pheasant) while Mrs H. scored some wheat stalks which she subsequently wove into a corn dolly. The Queene's crown, and also her saucy mammary pumpkins, are auctioned off. All the components of the Corn Queene this year came from Rosemary Sault's farm in Yoxall, Staffordshire.

With the Queen torn to pieces the festivities were more or less over, though there was a sort of after-party as a group went on to visit the nearby Cross Bones Graveyard.

The performers are all volunteers and a hat is passed round to help fund the events. It is certainly inspiring and uplifting to see these ancient, earthy traditions kept alive. For more of this sort of thing, the Lions part's next gig is their Twelfth Night celebration, which likewise takes place at the same venue, feature more mumming and leafy costumes. See www.thelionspart.co.uk.



The New Sheridan Club Annual Pub Crawl

Thursday 24th November

6pm till closing time

North and south of the river...

Admission: Free but you'll need beer money

CAMRA luminary and Club Member Mr Ian White will once again hold his annual pub crawl for us this month. This time the route is *North and South of the River*. We begin in Rotherhithe to take in Mayflower and the Famous Angel, before crossing under the mighty Thames via the London Overground to Wapping where our momentum carries us to the Prospect of Whitby and the Captain Kidd.

Here is the precise itinerary:

Rotherhithe Tube, East London Line, then a minute's walk to:

The Mayflower, 117 Rotherhithe Street SE16 4NF (arrive 7pm or earlier, depart 7.40), a 16th-century pub where the Pilgrim Fathers departed from London, offering Greene King and guest beers. Then walk along the riverside alleyways westwards to:

The Famous Angel, 101 Bermondsey Wall East, SE16 4NB (arrive 8pm, depart 8.40), a Victorian tavern with Sam Smiths beers and a glorious view of Tower Bridge; note that we may be upstairs in the lounge. Then to Rotherhithe station, to Wapping on the East London Line via Brunel's tunnel; 5 mins walk to:

The Prospect of Whitby, 57 Wapping Wall, London E1W 3SH (arrive 9pm, depart 9.40). The Prospect of Whitby has been on this site since 1520 and is reputed to have been the haunt of sailors, smugglers, cut-throats, footpads and "Hanging" Judge Jeffreys. Taylor Walker, thus various beers. Walk back past Wapping



Mr White (top) supervises the synchronising of watches: nothing can be left to chance

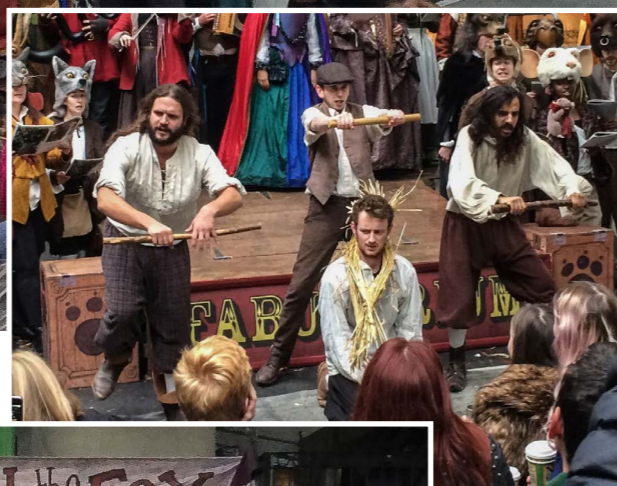
Station and 1 minute walk to:

The Captain Kidd, 108 Wapping High St, London E1W 2NE (arrive 10pm until Carriages or East London Line Wapping tube at 11pm), actually a newish pub (late 1980s) in a former coffee warehouse, named after the 17th-century pirate William Kidd who was executed at the nearby Execution Dock. Sam Smiths beers.

Members and guests are welcome to join or leave the crawl at any stage. Mr White emphasises that this is intended as an appreciation of four fine premises with the savouring of liquid refreshments at leisure, rather than a "pub crawl" of olde where the expectation was to drink large amounts of beer in short amounts of time.



(Above) At the specially constructed stage within Borough Market. Yes, that's the Mayor of Southwark gamely taking part



(Above) the Execution of John Barleycorn, which ended with a beer-drinking competition; (left) as a finale, Mr Perkins oversees the dismantling of the Corn Queene and the distribution of her component parts to the baying masses



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.



Deepest darkest Kingston upon Thames

Favourite Cocktail?

Anything gin.

Most Chappist skill?

Taxidermist and antiques restoration hobbyist.

Most Chappist possession?

Tea set reserved strictly for gin consumption.

Personal Motto?

I don't want to look back at my life and think, "I could have made that a double."

Favourite Quote?

"There is much to be learned from beasts."
—Bram Stoker's Dracula (1992)

Jessica Von Hammersmark

"I could have made that a double."

Name or preferred name?

Jessica Von Hammersmark.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It's a smoky and delicious tale—involving red wine and Tarantino. I shan't bore you with the details.

Where do you hail from?

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

I have fantasies about becoming the tyrannical ruler of my regional WI and plunging the county into knitwear and jam-soaked darkness.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

About a year.

How did you hear about the Club

to begin with?

Stumbled quite literally into some members a year ago at The Olympiad.

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

The Crooked Billet of Wimbledon Village is a glorious establishment if you find yourself wanting for leather armchairs, open fires and tweed upholstery. Many Sundays have been wiled away there—winter is especially cosy.

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

H.P Lovecraft, Dali and George Carlin—simply for the levels of potential surreal comedy and introspection.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.

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

Not yet! Taxidermy has already had its night on stage. Maybe I'll dig out my occult books and chinwag about



With Jack Defer (see last month's Brogues Gallery)

voodoo...

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.



On this year's NSC Oxford punting jaunt



CLUB NOTES

New Member

A HEARTY CLAP on the shoulder is due to Mr Marcus Wood, who took the King’s shilling last meeting and signed up—a shoulder clap signifying both convivial congratulations and approval of his devil-may-care attitude in taking on such an appalling risk to his reputation, health and family fortune. I’m joking, of course. You can see a picture of Mr Wood looking ashen on page 3.

Club Walks Tall for Headwear

London Hat Week, co-created by Georgina Abbott of Atelier Millinery, has just enjoyed its third year, with over 70 events taking place, including workshops, discounts on materials, a sample sale at Lock’s the hatters, talks and more. The London Hat Walk is an enjoyable part of this, sponsored this year by Laird Hatters. It really is just a bunch of people in hats promenading around Covent Garden, the Strand and Trafalgar Square—but sadly this



Miss Minna gives another airing to the hat she acquired for our Alice in Wonderland party—complete with pocket watch and tea cup



Clayton Hartley snapped by Richard D’Astartly



(Above) This gentleman was urged by several to join the NSC; (left) the horses and roses suggest a Kentucky Derby theme; (below) these ladies in plum, purple and fuschia seemed to be marching in support of a separate issue of their own but I didn’t catch what it was



(Top) Galih Richardson of Laird Hats (on the right) with a delightfully dapper gentleman, whose chum “Flash Gordon, Urban Dandy” accosted Darcy (above) with the words “Where’s the riverboat?”



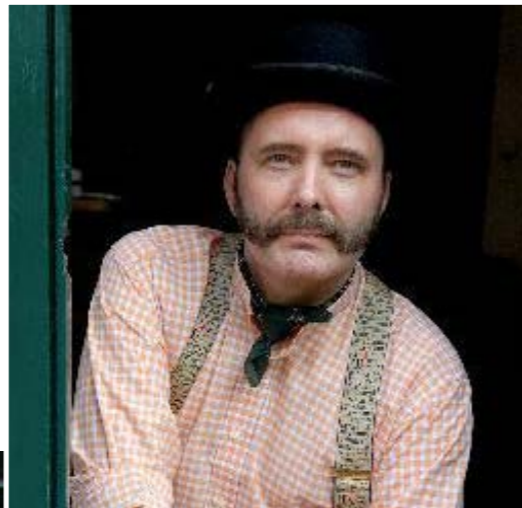
Outside the Laird Shop in Covent Garden (l-r): Darcy, Frances and Stuart Mitchell, Miss Minna

is still such an unusual sight that camera shutters are clicking all the way. Representatives of the Club were in attendance, and even Darcy Sullivan (“The Silver Peacock”) claimed that he’d never been looked at or photographed so much before. Which is probably quite saying something.



RIP Albion

IT IS WITH SADNESS that we learn of the untimely passing of Albion (a.k.a. Alexander Betts). You would most likely have seen him at the Chap Olympics, usually stumping around in a pith helmet (see the back cover), but he was also a founder of the Geovictwardian movement (the name being a compound of “Georgian”, “Victorian” and “Edwardian”) seeking a return to elegant dressing, noble living and good manners—his own

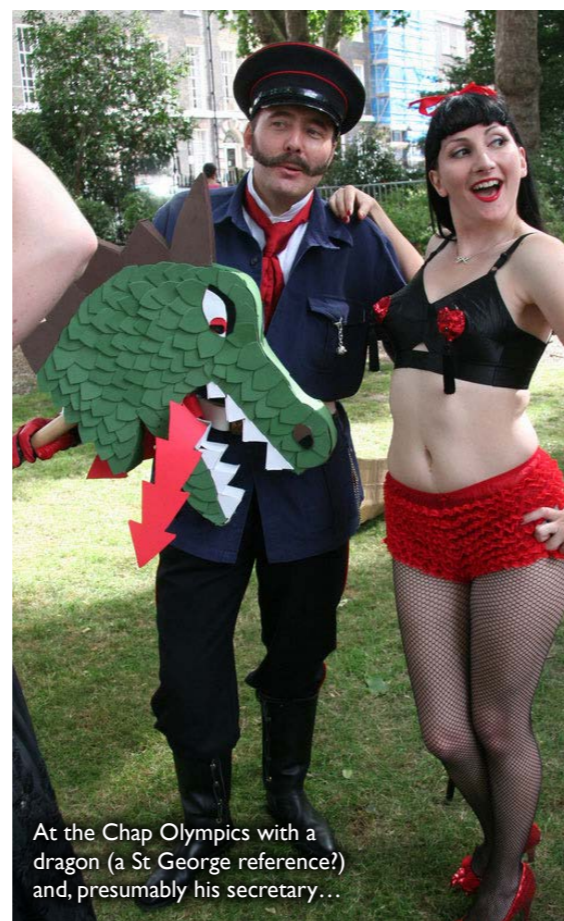


sartorial inspiration came from these eras, but I think he wanted men to be free to express themselves sartorially in whatever manner they chose, without the suggestion of camp eccentricity. I think he saw Geovictwardianism as a manly pursuit and said its adherents sought

to be “true gentlemen without the foppishness”. He gave demonstrations of the walking-stick martial art bartitsu at the Chap Olympics once and in a 2013 interview for *Hunger* he poses fists-up, pugilist style. He also described himself as a pagan.

He was a solicitor by trade, although for a while ran his own shop near Covent Garden, The Albion Emporium, selling all manner of

English comestibles, where he employed a couple of other NSC Members. In this capacity he was featured on the cover of issue 20 of this newsletter.



At the Chap Olympics with a dragon (a St George reference?) and, presumably his secretary...



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 2nd November
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.

Lady Luck Deluxe 3

Friday 4th November
8pm–3am
229 The Venue, 229 Great Portland Street,
London W1W 5PN
Admission: £15 in advance
The third annual tribute to the late DJ EL Niño, featuring live music from Tony Diavolo and the Dirty Luckers, Carlos Bandido, Florence Joelle, Colbert Hamilton, Laura Ashleigh and MC Paul-Ronney Angel, DJs Daddy Rich, Lady Kamikaze, Virgil DeNice, Rob Bailey and Jon Clay, plus burlesque from Cherry Shakewell.

Theremin Adventures with the Theremin @ London Theremin Academy

Saturday 5th November
4.30–5.30pm
Greenwood Theatre, 55 Weston Street, London SE1 3RA
Admission: Free
Performer Hypnotique (a.k.a. NSC Member Susi O’Neill) tells her personal story about the world’s first electronic instrument (from 1920s Russia) and its influence on music

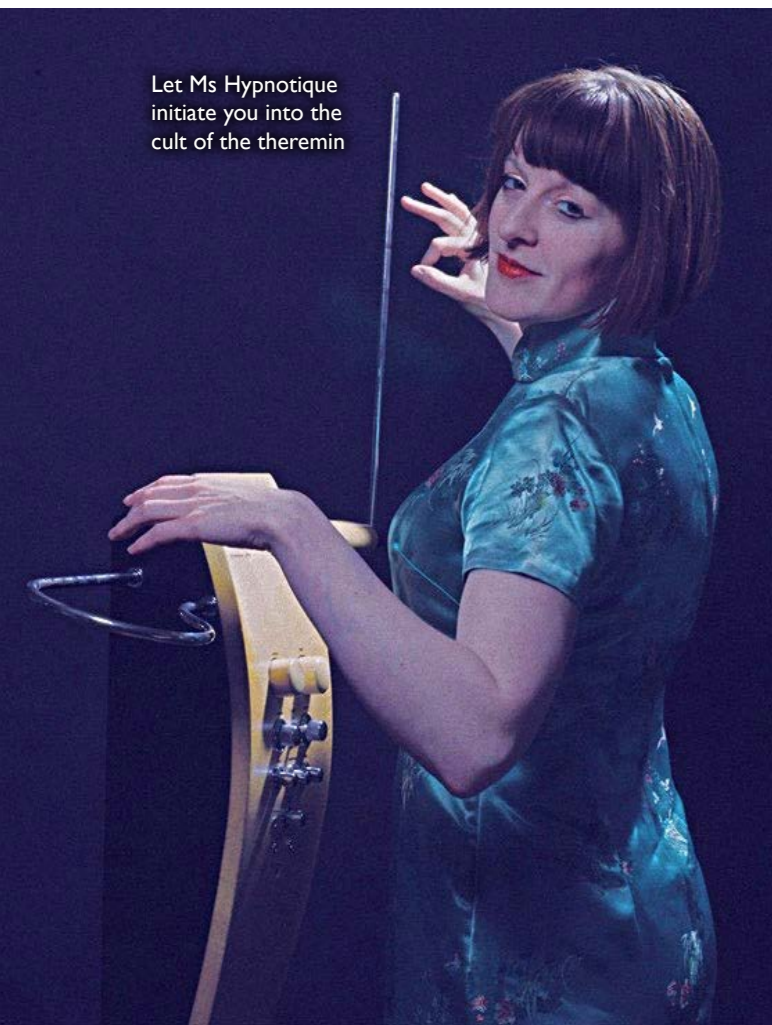


PLUS:
Mad Dogs and Englishmen
Preparations begin for the summer party
Gordon Brettell
Real life rake and daredevil
What Whisky Is For
The first NSC tasting takes place
The 39 Steps
Club discount to see stage production

Albion Means Business

The Geovictwardian purveyor of all things British

Let Ms Hypnotique initiate you into the cult of the theremin



today – including Led Zeppelin, Kraftwerk and Portishead. In this multimedia talk and music performance, expect tall tales of KGB espionage, spooky soundtracks and her encounters with Amazonians, Bob Moog and Simon Cowell. Hypnotique studied the theremin with Lydia Kavina, grand-niece of its inventor Leon Theremin. She has performed with The Heliocentrics, Gong, Dawn of the Replicants and on James May’s 20th Century documentary. After the talk, it’s your chance to get your hands on trying some rare theremins including the Matryomin (a theremin inside a Russian doll) and Moog Etherwave Pro.

This event is part of a free afternoon of talks and demonstrations.

1pm–2.30 Charlie Draper
2.45–3.15 Gordon Charlton
3.30–5pm Adventures with the Theremin

More details and tickets for the London Theremin Academy weekend:
<http://theremin.academy/event/london-november-2016>.

**The Candlelight Club:
Shine for Shelterbox**

Friday 11th and Saturday 12th November
7pm–12am

A secret London location
Admission: £20 in advance (Saturday sold out)
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.

This time it is a charity event raising money for the “Shine for Shelterbox” campaign. Shelterbox is a charity that sends individual survival packs—“shelterboxes”—to families caught up in natural disasters and political upheavals around the world. Their annual Shine for Shelterbox campaign encourages family and friends to come together by candlelight to raise money to help bring a glimmer of hope into the lives of those without light, warmth, food or shelter.

Hosting will be by cabaret cove Champagne Charlie, live music from the Candid Jug Orange Band and DJing from our own Auntie Maureen.

Join Champagne Charlie and Auntie Maureen at the Candlelight Club, raising funds for Shelterbox



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 in summer of last year on BBC2’s *Hair!* More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 11th November
Beginners’ class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £10 in advance (from [wegottickets](http://wegottickets.com)), £15 on the door

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

An evening tea dance on a large sprung floor to vintage records plus a one-hour set from the ten-piece Kewdos strict tempo dance orchestra with vocals from operatic baritone Alistair Sutherland. Quickstep, foxtrot, waltz, tango, jive, swing, rumba plus some cha cha, samba and Charleston. Ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30pm. No need to bring a partner. Balcony with tables and chairs for those who prefer not to dance. Five male and female taxi dancers available at no extra charge for all guests. Quickstep “bus stop”, “snowball” and “excuse me” waltz and

five minutes of instruction in one sequence dance. The new venue is the Indian YMCA in the beautiful Fitzroy Square, five minutes walk from Warren Street and Euston stations. The dance floor is on the lower ground floor with large opening windows, so there’s plenty of fresh air. Upstairs, the canteen with a garden serves a set two-course authentic Indian vegetarian meal for only £9. Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

Cigar Walk

Saturday 19th November
Midday till about 1.30

Meet at the Churchill and Roosevelt statues, where New Bond Street meets Old Bond Street, just outside the Patek Philippe store
Admission: Free

After our failure to muster a quorum for two attempts at a professional cigar walk hosted by Nic Wing, the Earl of Essex stepped forward earlier in the year and offered to run one himself for free. It was a success and he has offered to run the walk again in memory of Nic who has sadly since died. There will be no charge and there is no minimum number.

The itinerary will take in Alfred Dunhill in Davies Street, where they have a walk-in humidor; it is usually not busy and we can

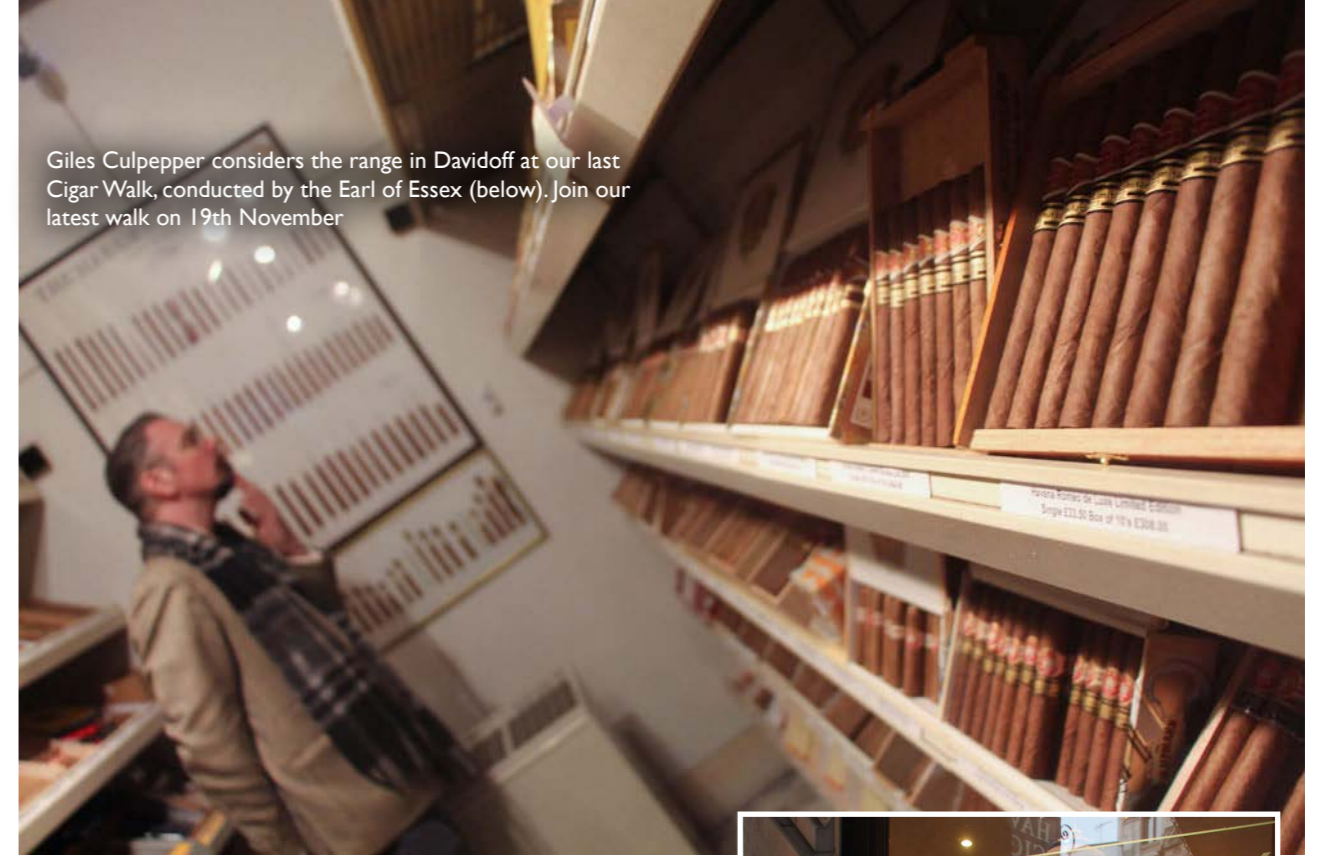


Strut your bad stuff at the Black Tie Ballroom Club

The Fox and Anchor, one of the stops on last year's NSC Pub Crawl



Giles Culpepper considers the range in Davidoff at our last Cigar Walk, conducted by the Earl of Essex (below). Join our latest walk on 19th November



inspect a whole range of Havana cigars.

From there, a short walk to Sautter in Mount Street, which generally is quite busy on a Saturday, and is a very small store, but we may be able to have a look at some very old Havana cigars, which they specialise in.

Then on to Davidoff, on the corner of Jermyn Street and St James's, which is possibly the poshest cigar store in London. Finally, on to J.J. Fox, the oldest cigar store in London, but with a very relaxed atmosphere, to visit the museum and, for those who wish, a smoke upstairs.

Essex adds, "Incidentally, for members who have never smoked a cigar and are not sure whether they will like it—and let's face it, Havana cigars can be very expensive—you can try a mild, non-Havana cigar for around £5–6 at J.J. Fox which, together with the free coffee there, means that you won't be wasting much money if you put it down after a couple of draws, and never want to touch the filthy weed again." If you would like to come can you drop me a message at mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk so we can gauge interest.

NSC Annual Pub Crawl

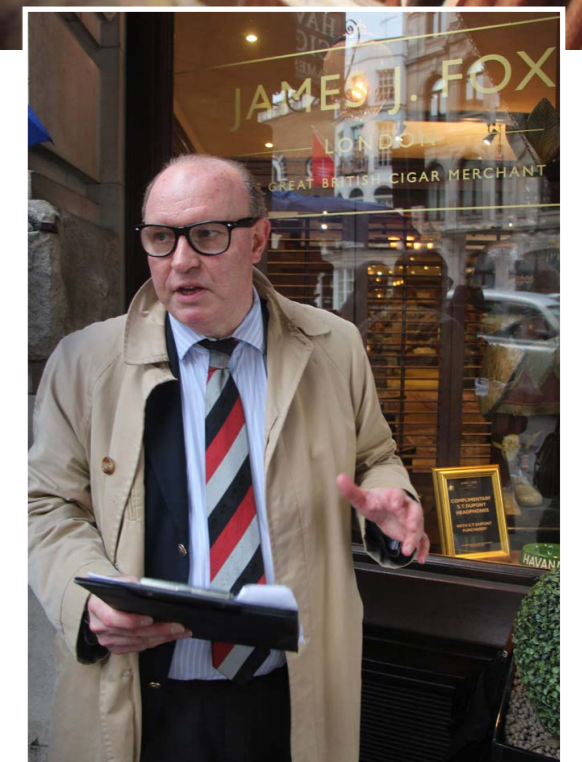
Thursday 24th November

6pm till closing time

North and south of the river...

Admission: Free but you'll need beer money

See page 13.



Voodoo Doll's

Saturday 26th November

8pm–1.30am

The Red Lion Ballroom, 640 High Road, London E11 3AA

Admission: £10 from <https://billetto.co.uk/voodoo-dolls-with-the-jive-romeros>

Regular dance night playing music from the 1940s and 1950s, featuring live music from the Jive Romeros, "kings of Be-Bop, Rock 'n' Roll, Jive and Swing", plus DJing from Lady Kamikaze, Rob de Bop and Voodoo Doll herself.

Albion, who sadly passed away last month



CONTACTING US

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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.