

RUN SIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 122 DECEMBER 2016

On the square

Juan Watterson comes clean about Freemasonry

Jazz Age fashion

A new exhibition of 1920s womenswear

HERE FOR THE BEER

The annual NSC Pub Crawl explores the east London riviera

The big smoke

The Earl of Essex reprises his cigar walk in memory of Nic Wing





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 7th December in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Dr Jonathan Black will lead us into a swoon on the subject of *“Havoc from the Heavens”*: *The Contribution of British Air Power to the Destruction of Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Turkish Forces in 1918 through the eyes of British War Artist Lieutenant Sydney Carline RAF*. Carline started producing works while an active fighter pilot, such as dramatic views from the cockpit of his Sopwith Camel, and later he became an official war artist

The Last Meeting

Our speaker this time was Viscount Rushen MHK, with a talk that he described as *“An introduction 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).” Rushen attempted to explain what Freemasons actually do, what Freemasonry’s appeal might be (mostly a love of ritual and feasting, as far as I can tell) and what it is not. He also looked at where the order came from and why it might have developed a reputation for sinister secrecy. I wasn’t able to attend myself (not because I am excluded from

certain levels of revelation, but simply because I was on holiday), so my thanks go to the Earl of Essex and Richard D’Astartly for the photos opposite. Viscount Rushen is by day the Speaker of the House of Keys, the parliament of the Isle of Man, and had taken a break in his busy schedule to fly in and deliver his talk—thus dispelling the myth that Freemasonry is a secret club for the powerful elite who pull the strings of history from the shadows. Many thanks to his lordship.

An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



Sidney Carline, *The Destruction of the Turkish Transport in the Gorge of the Wadi Fara, Palestine (1920)*



An Introduction to FREEMASONRY

By Viscount
Rushen

FREEMASONRY. A topic so secret that even Members of the Glorious Committee could not attend our auspicious gathering (mainly claiming excuses such as holiday and paternity—pah!) [*There were in fact no Committee Members present on the night—Ed.*] According to legend, Freemasonry can trace its origins back to the time of the Pyramids and other structures of the Old Testament. There are of course no written records for this, but masonry has always had an oral rather than written tradition. As time went on, these stone masons found themselves working on the stately and superb edifices of medieval cathedrals. They met in lodges, often lean-tos butted up against the cathedral wall and open to the stars. There is documentary evidence charting the conversion of these “operative” masons’ lodges to those of “free, accepted or speculative masonry”. Early minutes go back to 1580, and the current United Grand Lodge of England (UGLE) dates back to 1717. There are separate grand lodges in Scotland, Ireland, the United States and other parts of the world.

Structure and Membership

There are six million Freemasons worldwide, and UGLE alone boasts some 8,000 lodges up and down the country. Membership is open to “free” men (i.e. not serfs or indentured men), 21 years of age who believe in a supreme being. Contrary to popular belief, one is not invited to be a Freemason, one must ask to be one. Many notable people have been Freemasons, including most Kings of England since George IV, 14 American Presidents, numerous Prime Ministers (from Duke of Wellington to Winston Churchill), as well as famous soldiers (Earl Haig, Earl Kitchener, Lt Col “Paddy” Mayne DSO), explorers (Capt Robert Falcon Scott, Sir Ernest Shackleton), scientists (Edward Jenner, Alexander Fleming), as well as artists, authors and people of all walks of life.

The Degrees

There are four principal ceremonies: initiation, passing and raising, and the installation of the Worshipful Master, with particular secrets restricted to each. The ceremonies are published in the book of ritual freely available at the shop at Freemasons’ Hall or via the

internet. During the ceremony of initiation, the candidate is required to affirm that they meet the requirements of membership and take an obligation to uphold moral principles (but nothing inconsistent with your civil, moral or religious duties and without detriment to yourself or connections); they are told the secrets of the degree and given a white apron, this being the badge of innocence and the bond of friendship. This is followed by a lecture on morality, learning and charity.

The second and third degrees follow a similar pattern, with different allegory, secrets and an apron upgrade. Once you have been through the three degrees, you are at liberty to climb the ladder of the lodge offices, all of whom play a different part in the ceremonies. On reaching the top of this ladder one is installed (the fourth ceremony) as Worshipful Master, effectively the Chairman of the Lodge.

Beyond this follows provincial ranks and ultimately grand ranks depending on merit and ability.

In parallel with this “Craft” masonry is Royal Arch Masonry, open to anyone who has been through the “three degrees”, and which is often considered the completion of the three degrees. This is done in Chapters (as opposed to lodges) with red aprons rather than blue, and members refer to each other as “Companion” instead of

“Brother”. There is no Worshipful Master in this order of masonry but three Principals.

These are the only official orders under the United Grand Lodge of England. There are many other “side orders” of differing antiquity and popularity, but all have their root in the Craft Freemasonry of the first three degrees.

A Secret Society?

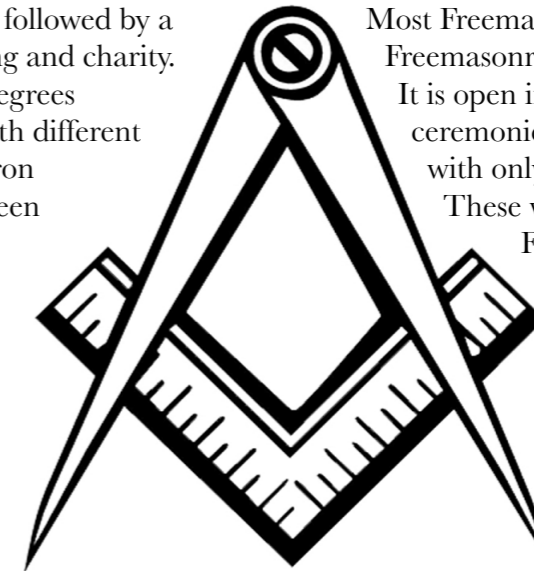
Most Freemasons would contend that Freemasonry is not a secret society.

It is open in its membership, and its ceremonies are printed and published with only a few words redacted.

These words are the “secrets” of Freemasonry and take their

origin from the early masons. As masons were itinerant they needed a way of demonstrating their seniority and skill when visiting a new building project. Those who had more experience were entitled to more pay, so the secrets became a way of

differentiating expert craftsmen from the uninitiated cowans (builders of low walls). It was for this important reason that in the early days the mason would promise not to divulge these secrets on pain of death, which is the start to any self-respecting conspiracy theory. It goes without saying that this is not the case anymore, being a solemn obligation and binding promise, but there are in the ceremonies allusions to this early penalty.



The New Sheridan Club prepares to receive the Secrets

Freemasons' Hall in London



Another contributing factor to the secrecy of Freemasonry was the persecution of its members by Nazi Germany. Lists of Freemasons across Europe were drawn up for imprisonment or deportation. With the invasion of the Channel Islands, and Britain herself being poised for invasion, Freemasonry went underground. It didn't really emerge again until the publication of the book of ritual in the 1960s. Since then, more effort has been made in promoting and explaining Freemasonry. There are open days up and down the country. Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street—a masterpiece of architecture—has four free public tours per day and is well worth a visit.

Freemasons and Chappism

Freemasonry is a very Chappist institution, with the wearing of morning dress to meetings, learning lines and ritual, the sense of theatre, and the robes and regalia. After the lodge meeting, members retire for a three course (or more) “festive board”, often with wine and port. After dinner, toasts are drunk and speeches given. Toasts are to The Queen (Lord of Man*) and the Craft, The Grand Master (the Duke of Kent), Grand Officers, The Provincial Grand Master, Provincial Officers, the Worshipful Master, our Visitors, Entertainers, absent and

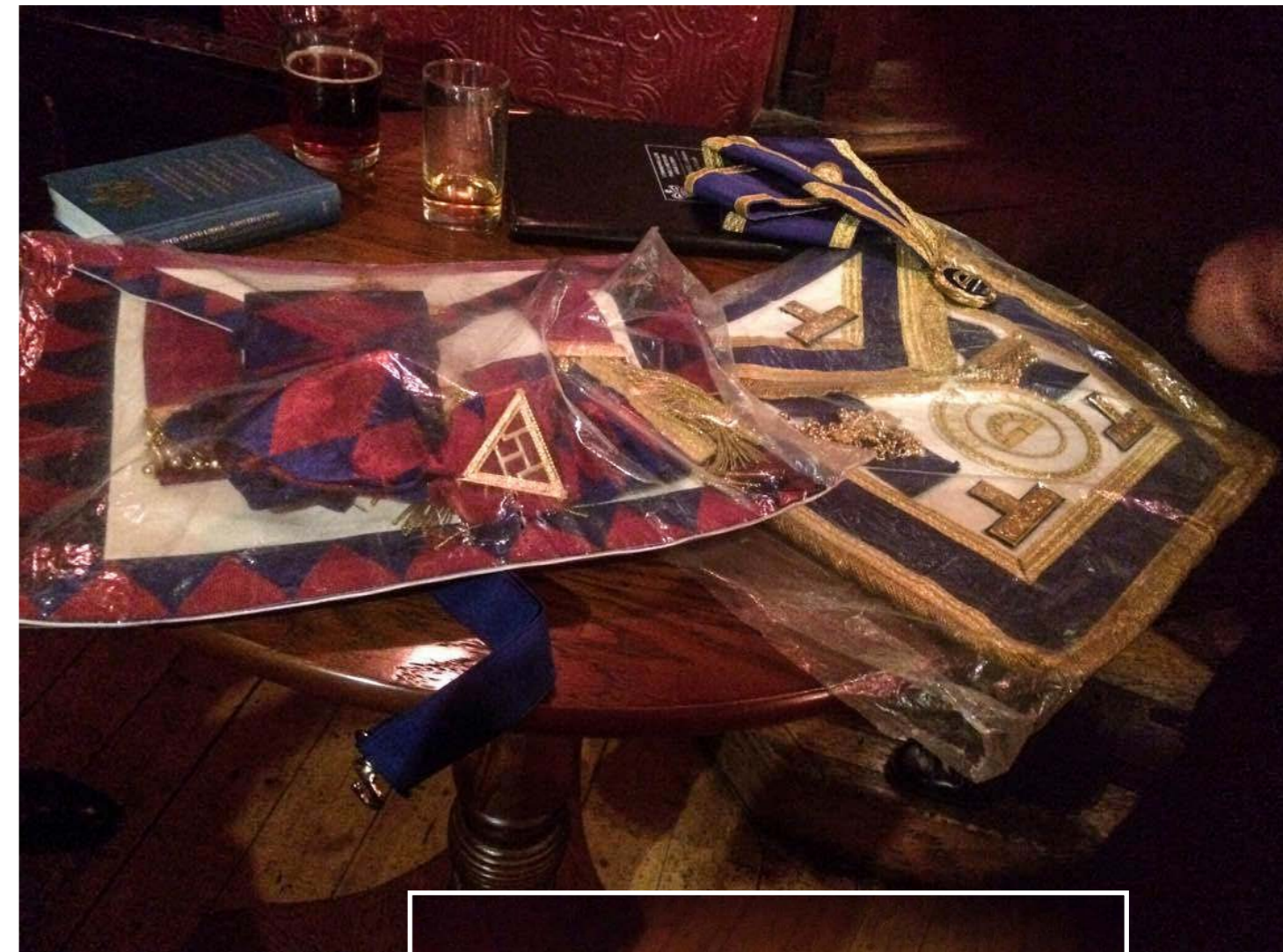
seafaring brethren, and finally to “all poor and distressed masons scattered over the face of land and water, a speedy relief from their suffering and a safe return to their native shore should they so desire”.

Endnote

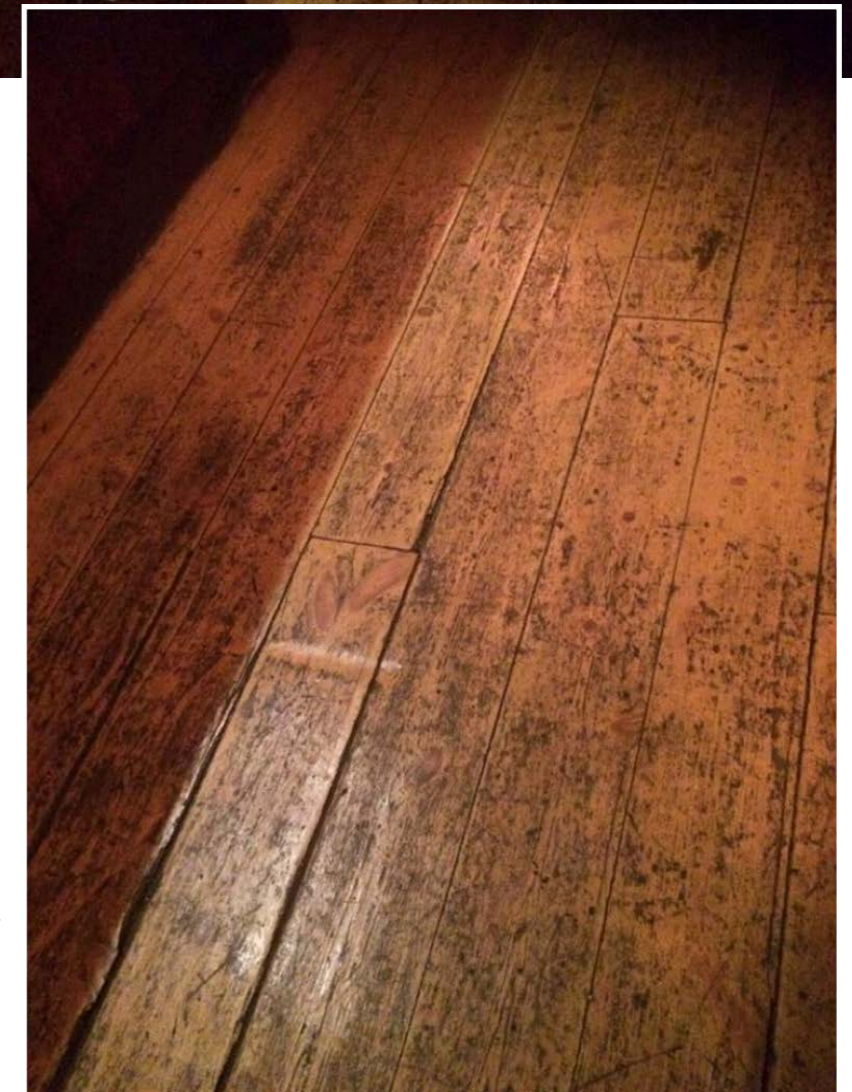
Your correspondent was initiated into the Rushen Lodge, No.3944, in 2001. Rushen is one of the many lodges that sprang up after the First World War as the returning troops looked to emulate the fraternal spirit they relied upon in the trenches. I became “Worshipful Master” of the Lodge in 2008 and am currently a Past Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works (see picture of regalia). During the day, I am the Speaker of the House of Keys, the elected House of Tynwald, the Isle of Man Parliament and the oldest continuous Parliament in the world.

I am grateful to Craig Young for the photographs of the evening. To the Hon. Colonel of the Isle of Man ACF for his rousing introduction and to the Isle of Man's former Home Affairs Minister for a touching and generous vote of thanks.

*There are of course a lot of regional variations on this which I may return to bore the club with at a later date.



(Above) The regalia of an Installed Principal of Royal Arch Masonry (on the left) and that of a Past Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works (on the right). A reading of the Book of Constitutions (also pictured) forbade wearing of the regalia on this occasion, but nothing could be found to prevent me leaving it on the table for people to look at.



(Right) The moment arrives and finally the secrets are revealed. Sadly the camera slipped.

Here for the beer

BY CLUB TRADITION, this is the time of year when Mr Ian White, a member of the Campaign for Real Ale as well as the New Sheridan Club, organises a pub crawl to introduce fellow Sheridanites to the delights of London's many historic watering holes and the nutty nectar purveyed therein.

This time the route celebrated Old Father Thames by exploring some of our capital's fine selection of riverside taverns, pouring oil on the troubled waters of the eternal rivalry between north and south by reflecting both sides of the river equally.

Our odyssey began at the Mayflower in Rotherhithe on the south bank. This 16th-century pub is so named because the Pilgrim Fathers allegedly set off from here—apparently you can see the ship's actual mooring point from



Jets of burning gas are deployed to try and heat the flimsy canvas covering the rear deck of the Mayflower

The Club pub crawl explores the east London riviera

the back windows. It's a wonderful olde worlde environment full of blackened beams, dusty nooks and low lintels. This does, of course, mean that it is pretty tiny and by the time I arrived it was rammed, meaning our party was relegated to a sort of tent out the back overhanging the water's edge (you could see the water rippling beneath the decking boards under your feet). Despite the presence of gas-fired heaters I noticed that most of our throng still had their coats on. However, I was late in arriving and almost immediately our rabble were herded on to the next establishment.

Along the waterfront we came to the Angel. Now a Sam Smith's pub, the present building dates from around 1830, though in 1682 there was an Angel nearby, mentioned by Pepys as "the famous Angel" (and in the late 20th century seems to have called itself The Famous Angel). Judge Jeffreys, the "hanging judge" is said to have enjoyed coming here to watch men die at Execution Dock opposite, and its popularity with pirates, thieves, smugglers and press gangs may explain its popularity also with artists such as Whistler and Augustus John. No such celebs were there when we visited but we did get to enjoy the view on to the river from the upstairs lounge, with Tower Bridge looking magnificent.

The next leg of our journey meant crossing the river, and so (possibly for the first time in history) the crawl required the



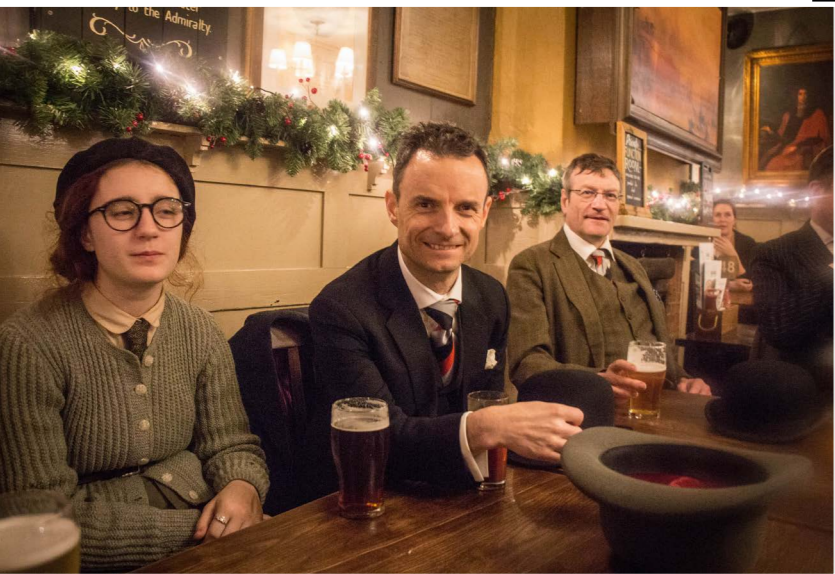
(Above) The view from the upstairs lounge at the Angel; (below) Lucky Henry can't keep up with the serious drinkers and needs some help from Mr White; (right) the mob tumble out on to the Angel's steps



use of public transport, in the form of the Overground, embarking at Rotherhithe and alighting one stop later at Wapping. From here we made our way through cobbled streets to the Prospect of Whitby.

If you thought the other pubs were old, this dates itself back to 1520 (and also claims to have been popular with Whistler, Pepys and Judge Jeffreys...).





(Top right) For the first time, public transport plays a part in the pub crawl itself; (above) Tim Eyre is at ease with the camera; (right) it turns out we all have different sized heads—with hilarious consequences (clockwise from right, Giles Culpepper, Clayton Hartley, Luca Jellinek, Artemis Scarheart)



It ticks all the boxes, with wood floors, fat, twisted beams and rickety stairs. We installed ourselves in a comfy corner of the upstairs back room, overlooking the water. I think the ale was kicking in by this point, as it was here that a certain amount of hilarity-inducing hat swapping took place and Scarheart announced that he regretted that the NSC had not been named the Banana Importers Union (I think he got the idea from an artfully



(Above) Ian's secret battle plans revealed; (below) group shot showcasing the glories of Pelican Steps

placed bit of ephemera on display to makes us feel immersed in the area's heritage as a busy port).

The creative juices were clearly flowing by the time we left, and in addition to a group photo by the pub's handsome frontage, Scarheart also insisted we pose at the end of a narrow alley (named Pelican Steps, if I recall correctly). The photo is unedifying but I include it for completeness' sake.



Our final destination (and I don't mean that in a filmic sense, though that was always a possibility) was the Captain Kidd, named after the notorious pirate who was one of those hanged at Execution Dock. It's actually only been here since the 1980s, housed in an old warehouse, with a spacious, less higgledy-piggledy interior than some of the others. By this stage all inhibitions had gone overboard and my recollections are mostly of strangers trying to sneak photos of us then, when collared, coming to ask What it Was All About. I guess it is sadly rare to see so many bowler hats being deployed in one place at one time. I'd be surprised if the management have not since erected some sort of plaque.

And so the cheery London cry of the landlord calling last orders brought our adventure to an end—barring some more strange photo ops on the way back to the station. Many thanks, as ever, to Mr White for organising our beerathon.



(Above) More hijinks on the way to our final pub; (left) within the relatively tame environment of the Captain Kidd, Craigho expounds; (below) the ladies are like moths to the bowler hat's flame; (below left) the moment when Mr White is struck by the full horror of what he has done



(Above) One final survivors' photo at the Captain Kidd—the barman may look startled but in an alternative shot he is cheerily hoisting his thumbs aloft for the camera; (left) by chance a photo op is provided by this street sign. If Henry ever records an album at least now he's got the cover art done and dusted. (Of course he'll have to call the album *King Henry's Stairs*, which is frankly as good a title as any. And it looks like it might have to be a gatefold (ask your parents))

(Right) An evening of bonding like this pays dividends for the rest of your life—here, from opposite sides of the homeward-bound station platform, our plucky beeronauts exchange parting gestures of bonhomie



A DECADE OF CHANGE

1920s Jazz Age Fashion & Photographs

The Fashion and Textile Museum

CONFESS I WAS lured to this exhibition by an alcoholic event, styled as a “Jazz Age gin tasting”—in fact a showcase for BTW tonic water, produced by local gin bar 214 Bermondsey, served with three gins, two of which had Prohibition-themed names, Bathtub and Blind Tiger. (I’m not sure how much tonic water was consumed during Prohibition, though it is generally considered that cocktails gained in popularity in the era, as a way of using other ingredients to mask the sometimes dodgy quality of the gin, and we did get a welcome drink of a Bee’s Knees, a genuine cocktail from the time.)

The connection may have been flimsy, but the event was a good example of the thought and attention to detail that has gone into this exhibition, and was part of an imaginative range of extra activities that have been laid on, including a number of evening lectures on topics including fashion shows from the era and Art Deco architecture.

You may think you have a pretty good idea of what 1920s fashions look like—knee-length, drop-waisted flapper dresses, right? But the thrust of this show is the simmering sense of constant change that characterised the period following the Great War, when women were suddenly offered greater freedoms than ever before. Near the

beginning is a timeline summarising the shifts in hemlines, waists and silhouettes, year by year (and it makes you realise, of course, that it would be absurd if someone asked you to describe the last ten years of modern fashion in a single look).

However, the bulk of the exhibition, comprising some 150 garments, both couture and ready-to-wear and mostly loaned from the vast collection of Cleo and Mark Butterfield, is not presented along chronological lines but in a series of tableaux representing aspects of life—beachwear, a picnic or garden party, a night out in the city, etc.

Right from the beginning the point is made that this was an era of the movies, and the clothes worn by movie stars had a huge and constantly evolving effect on street

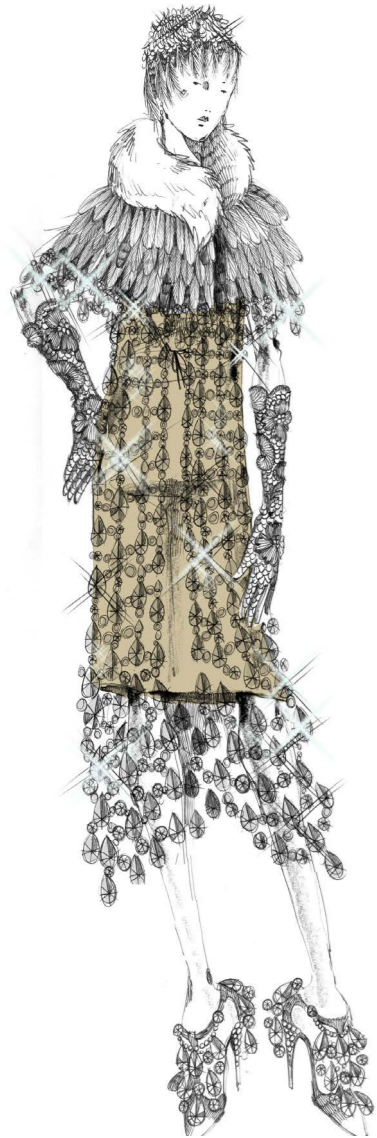
fashions. In fact the

first display you encounter is a row of cases featuring costumes from the 2013 movie *The Great Gatsby* by Catherine Martin and Prada, including the crystal gown worn by Carey Mulligan as Daisy Buchanan. This is followed by a mock-up cinema featuring ephemera from the awesome and little-known Cinema Museum at Elephant and Castle and some pretty wild usherette’s uniforms—those were the days.



Images © The Fashion and Textile Museum





This theme is carried on, and each subsequent display is styled as a movie scene (Scene Five: the Boudoir, etc). And if you look up, doubtless unnoticed by many is the figure of a (female) film director, presiding over the whole exhibition. The tableaux have painted backdrops, reminiscent in style of period wallpaper, which, the curator told me, were produced by a theatrical set painter.

By the 1920s the bust and waist had ceased to be the focus of fashion. While designers claimed to have banished the corset it continued to be worn but with a

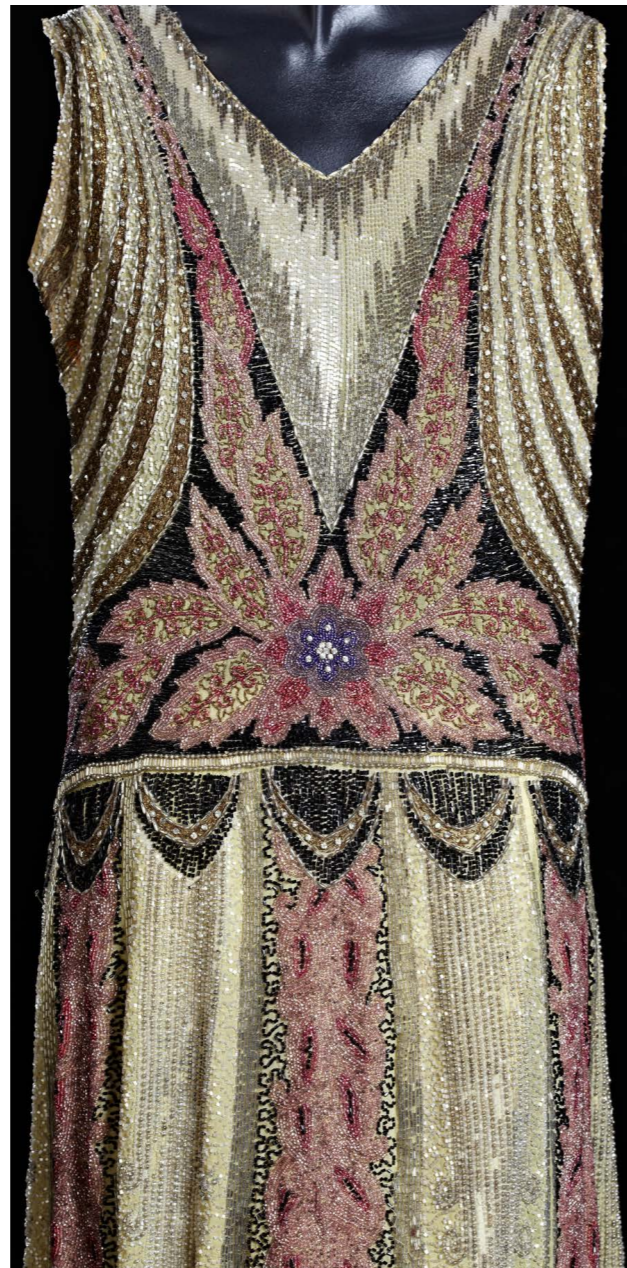
longer, more natural shape. Lingerie, some of which is on display, was designed to flatten the figure into the more tubular silhouette that broadly characterised the era. Having said that, those with only a sketchy idea of the period's fashions may be surprised by the "robe de style" look, with its unexpected panniers jutting from the hip.

The point is also well made that the clothing of the period reflected dynamism and movement: women were no longer expected to be static and doll-like. Healthy outdoor pursuits were modish, whether picnicking, swimming or playing tennis or golf, and the flowing lines and unrestricted movement of the clothing reflected this. But paramount, of course, was dancing. The 1920s throbbed to the rhythm of jazz and evening clothes were designed to move and shift.

The swing of a beaded hem or fringe, or an evening cape sliding off a shoulder, was intrinsic to the look and the feel of garments.

Of course the dazzling gowns intricately beaded with geometric designs would have been enormously expensive to make at the time, but the exhibition also includes ready-to-wear items and gives a good impression of what women from all walks of life would have worn. Also on display is a range of accessories, from fans to handbags to cigarette holders to monocles (for that garçonne look), and mock-ups of dressing tables showing the shift from the relative austerity of the Edwardian era to the variety, colour and affordable effervescence of the Jazz Age.

The garments are accompanied by fashion prints from the time, the flowing, willowy figures of which give a good idea of what the fashions were striving for, along with photographs by Cecil Beaton, Man Ray and Baron de Meyer, highlighting the role played by visual arts in



(Opposite) Drawing for a costume worn by Carey Mulligan in *The Great Gatsby* (© Prada) and pink sequined dress (© Tessa Hallman); (above) on display are both classic beaded flapper dresses and less familiar styles; (below) the Dolly Sisters (© James Abbe Archive)

promoting the Jazz Age look. The final room also features an exhibition of photographs by James Abbe, offering a commentary on early 20th century celebrity, from stars of Hollywood



and the Folies Bergère to fashion studies of Gilda Gray, the Dolly Sisters and Louise Brooks, to studio and location shots for movies and theatre productions featuring Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Fred and Adele Astaire.

1920s JAZZ AGE Fashion & Photographs continues at the Fashion and Textile Museum, 83 Bermondsey Street, London SE1 3XF (020 7407 8664), until 15th January. For details of the exhibition and associated events see www.ftmlondon.org

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.



good sense to move north, closer to San Francisco

Favourite Cocktail?

Pimm's No.7, which is almost impossible to find in the States. I like to order a shandy over here: the bewildered expressions on the faces of the barkeeps amuse me.

Most Chappist skill?

Being able to pick out the perfect tie for an outfit.

Most Chappist possession?

My vintage shooting stick and my 1910 gold pocket watch.

Personal Motto?

Life is like a banquet and most poor SOB's are starving to death.

Favourite Quote?

The sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow. —Ralph Waldo Emerson

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

I'm an award winning educator—at least in California.

How long have you been involved

Roy S. Engoron

"Life is like a banquet."

Name or preferred name?

Roy S. Engoron

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

My parents hated their middle names and made certain that I did not hate mine so I always use my middle initial. My middle name is Stephen.

Where do you hail from?

Born in New York City, grew up in LA, but had the



with the NSC?

About five years now, I imagine.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I believe I heard about it first from Mr. Bell, the butler.

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

Go to the legitimate theatre as often as possible. It's cultural, it's sophisticated, it allows one to dress properly—and, OH YES, it's entertaining fun.

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

Julius Caesar, Scarlett O'Hara, Laurence Olivier. I want to warn Caesar to listen to his wife and stay home. I want to tell Scarlett how much I admire her courage. Olivier: need you ask? Probably the greatest actor of the 20th century. Hopefully by being near him, one tenth of his talent might rub off on me.

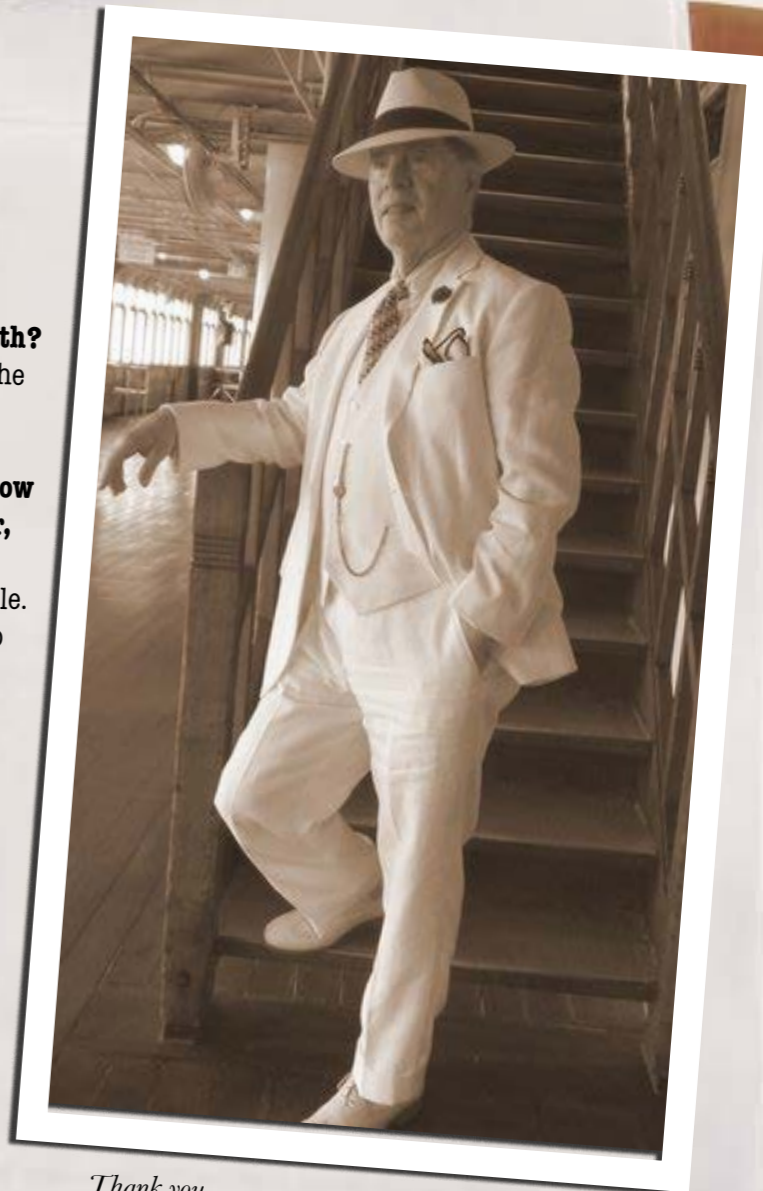
Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart.

I see this is a rigged question as are Mr Scarheart's lotteries.

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

I did do *Heroes, Villains, Damsels, and Clowns/Hollywood: The Dream Factory* at the Tea House Theatre in Vauxhall. Does that count? I'd love to do another on American Theatre.



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.



THE BIG SMOKE

The Earl of Essex reports on his recent cigar walking tour

THE SECOND NEW SHERIDAN cigar walk was held on Saturday 19th November, on a fine and chilly Autumnal day.

Following the success of the inaugural walk in October last year, it was decided to repeat the tour, but inevitably with a sadder tone, as it was held in memory of Nic Wing, who had passed away in September.

Nic had created the London Cigar Walk, through his company, Cities in Sound, which expounded on two of his great loves: Cuban cigars and Winston Churchill.

Nic was pre-eminent in the London cigar scene, through his online magazine of the same name, promoting cigar events, interviews with cigar industry insiders and providing invaluable information about Cuban cigars in general, at no cost to the subscriber. He will be greatly missed.

Our first port of call was the cigar humidor of Alfred Dunhill in Bourdon House in Davies Street. Dunhill have a wide selection of Cuban cigars available in their basement humidor, which utilises what was once the larder of the Duke of Westminster's former home, and provides a limited number of cigar "keeps", where their customers can hold their cigars.

From Dunhill, it was a short walk to Sautter in Mount Street, above premises in which Winston Churchill resided in the early part of the 20th century, in his so-called, "wilderness years".

We were fortunate to find the owner of Sautter, Laurence Davis, in residence, and he showed us a cabinet of cigars from 1892.

They were still in relatively good condition, if understandably somewhat dry and cracking, and Mr Davis assured us that they were still smoking well, and estimated that the cabinet would fetch some £500,000, if auctioned. Fortunately, Sautter's specialises in aged Cuban cigars at



Our questing tobacconauts meet at the Churchill and Roosevelt statue on Bond Street

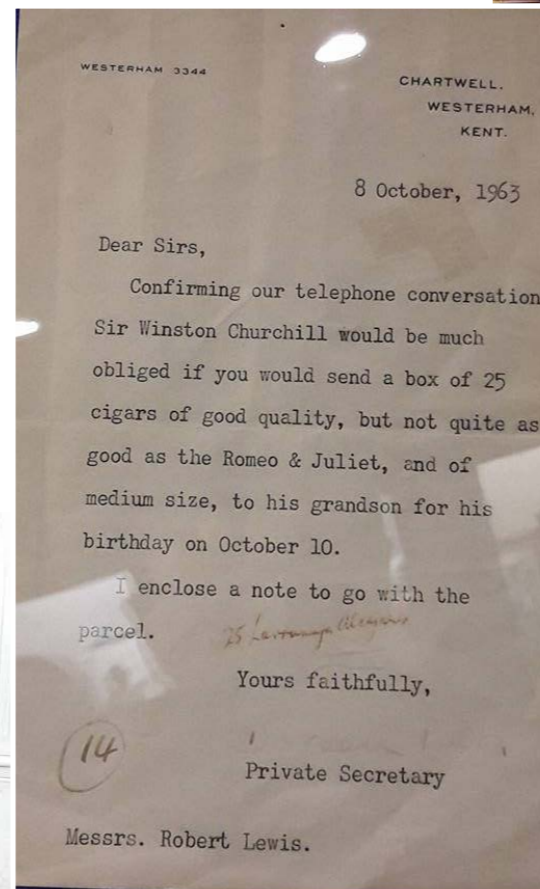
somewhat more reasonable prices.

From Sautter it was on to London's most fashionable cigar store, Davidoff in Jermyn Street. Once again, we were shown their impressive cigar humidor, and marvelled at their fine collection of gentlemen's accessories.

Our walk concluded at J.J. Fox of St James's, formerly Robert Lewis, and the oldest cigar store in London, where Winston Churchill purchased his first and last cigars.

A visit was, as ever, in order to their downstairs museum, where Churchill's chair is available to sit upon and the store's ledgers for famous customers are on display—including the account of Oscar Wilde, which remained unpaid.

We then purchased some cigars and smoked them upstairs in Fox's expansive and well-furnished cigar room, whilst discussing the finer points of cigar smoking etiquette over a coffee or two.



Clockwise from top left: one of the items in the museum at J.J. Fox; the humidor at Dunhill; 1892 cigars at Sautter; wares on display at Davidoff; a post-tour sharpener; the shopfront of Davidoff



CLUB NOTES

New Member

A HOOT OF CONGRATULATIONS this time goes out to Nick Scherf who plucked up courage to join the Club this month. It will have to be quite a hearty hoot, as Nick is a long way off in a suburb of Melbourne, Australia.

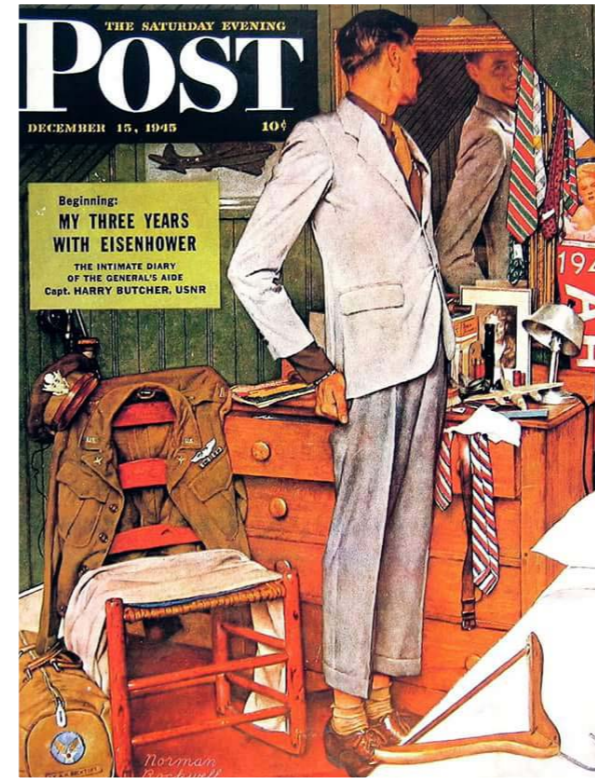
Club Honours the Fallen

THANKS TO ALL those who came along last week to the farewell drinks in honour of Albion, who suffered an unexpected and fatal heart attack recently. (See the note in last month's *Resign!*) Thanks also to Alexa Perrin and Stuart White for organising the memorial get-together.



Club Tie Corner

BECAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS we have a bumper selection of tie spots this time (clockwise from left): Bertie Wooster (thanks to Col. Cyrus Choke); Deadpool (Anton Krause); a young John Peel (Stephen Smith); and while we've had a number of spots of Basil Fawlty (shown for comparison) this is the first sighting of The Major sporting Club silk (Stuart Turner).



(Top) Even in black and white you can clearly see Bogie is wearing the Club tie in *Dead End* (Actuarious); (above) Norman Rockwell was ahead of his time (John Laking)



(Right) Always sad to see a Clubman fallen on hard times (Jack Wild as the Artful Dodger, thanks to Stephen Myhill)

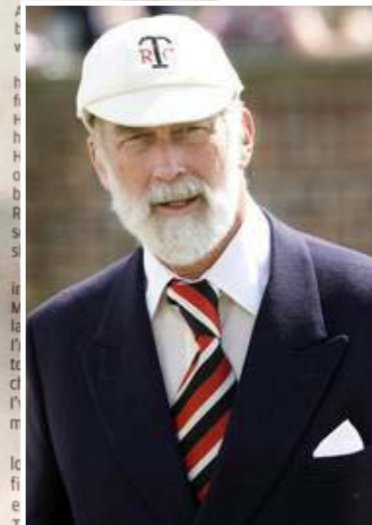


This Betfred commercial cynically exploits the trust the public instinctively puts in NSC colours

Promo code VEGAS. £250 max winnings, wager within 7 days. T&C's apply. Bonus cash out conditions apply.



(Left) The Club does its bit for charity, courtesy of the Chairman; (bottom) Prince Michael of Kent (the Earl of Waveney); (below) plans for the Committee's new ceremonial regalia continue apace





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.

Jeeves and Wooster in *Perfect Nonsense*

Tuesday 6th–Saturday 10th December

7.30–10pm

Bridewell Theatre, 14 Bride Lane, London EC4Y 8EQ

Admission: £12 in advance, £14 on the door (£11/13 concs)

A Perrier Award-winning stage adaptation of the Wodehouse novel *The Code of the Woosters* (the one with the silver cow creamer). Performed by the Tower Theatre Company, the busiest non-professional theatre company in central London, founded in 1932 to bring high-quality theatre to audiences of all means and backgrounds (and this year chosen by the Royal Shakespeare Company at their London partner for the 400th anniversary of the Bard's death). See also the Facebook event.

The Fitzrovia Radio Hour presents *A Christmas Carol*

Tuesday 6th–Saturday 31st December

7.30–11.30pm, matinées 4pm (2pm on 24th and 31st December)

The Vault Theatre, Launcelot Street, London SE1 7AD

Admission: £20, £30 or £35 in advance or on the door

The Fitzrovia Radio Hour, purveyors of live 1930s “radio broadcasts”, complete with cut-glass accent, imaginatively produced sound effects and much fun at the expense of the mores of the era, present their own twist on Dickens’ classic tale of redemption, ghosts and humbug. Ebenezer Scrooge is a man for whom

Christmas means very little. A miserable miser, a mean-spirited misanthrope, Scrooge despises everything about the festive season and anyone who celebrates it. Can someone, or something, help him to “see the light”? And can the multi-tasking cast fight off visitations from more ghosts than they bargained for? Generously sponsored by Rathbone’s Gin. “It’s your Christmas friend.”

🎩 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th December

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

NSC Christmas Drinks

Thursday 22nd December

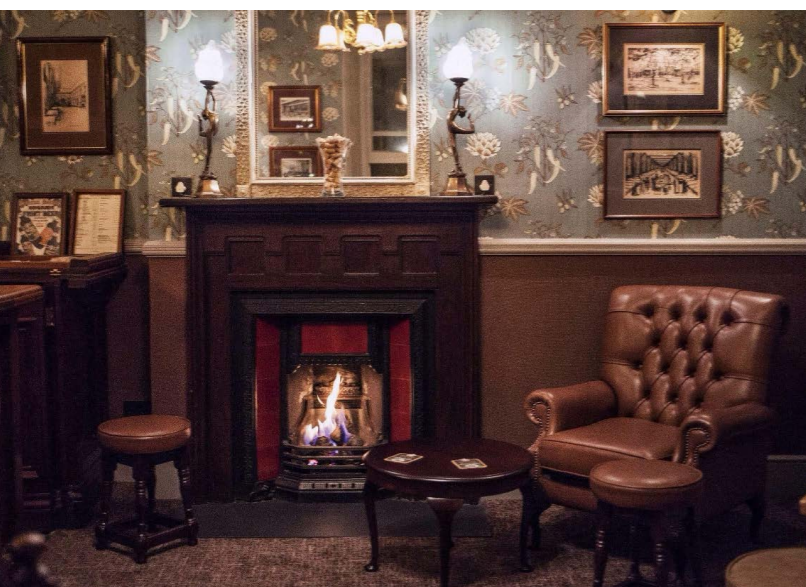
6pm till closing time

The Rising Sun, 38 Cloth Fair, London EC1A 7JQ (020 7726 6671)

GIVEN THAT OUR special Tenth Anniversary Party pushed the traditional Christmas party out of the calendar, our traditional pub meet just before Christmas therefore became all the more important this year—so it was an especially devastating blow when the hallowed venue for this annual ale-sup, the Dover Castle public house on Weymouth Mews, closed down.

The race was on to find a replacement, and I’m pleased to say that Matthew Howard believes he has found just the place. The Rising Sun on Cloth Fair is pleasantly olde worlde, is reasonably accessible (near to Smithfield, round the corner from Barbican tube and not far from Farringdon either—the fact that it is a stone’s throw from Howard’s office is neither here nor there) and, despite this being the last Thursday before Christmas, Howard is quietly confident that it will not be too busy for us to colonise a fair chunk of the place. There is an upstairs room as well as the main bar.

Of course the main purpose of this annual ritual is to check that Lord Mendrick is not dead. We don’t see him for the rest of the year, as he languishes in some far-flung, swamp-infested part of the Empire, where he scratches a living teaching history to the children of wealthy local dignitaries. Of course one can only speculate as to the real reason he feels he can never permanently return to Blighty. Some say he killed a man in a duel with blackboard rubbers. Others say his lesson attempting to bring the battle of Stalingrad alive for his Year Nine class got out of hand and three boys fell to snipers. Still others say he fell foul of a powerful and vicious pipe-tobacco kingpin and his heels are dogged by tweedy hitmen. Come along on 22nd December and you may finally learn the truth.



The Fitzrovia Radio Hour return with a Christmas special



Two chances to visit the Candlelight Club this month: the Christmas party on the 9th plus New Year's Eve

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 clarinettist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

The Candlelight Club: Christmas by Candlelight

Friday 9th and Saturday 10th December
7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 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 Christmas special, so come and rock around our Christmas tree to live music from the Shirt Tail Stompers, hosting by cabaret cove Champagne Charlie and DJing from our own 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 in summer of last year on BBC2’s *Hair!* More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 9th December

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.

Tricity Vogue’s All-Girl Swing Band

Saturday 10th December
5.30–7.15pm

Clore Ballroom, Level 2, Royal Festival Hall, Southbank Centre, Belvedere Rd, Lambeth, London SE1 8XX

Admission: Free

Cabaret artist Tricity Vogue leads her own nine-piece all-girl band playing tunes from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s, as part of the entertainment bill for the Royal Festival Hall’s Charity Shop Emporium weekend, in which charity shops from all over converge on the Southbank with their wares. Joining Tricity live will be tap-dance star Josephine Shaker.

NSC Christmas Pub Meet

Thursday 22nd
December

6pm till closing time
The Rising Sun, 38
Cloth Fair, London
EC1A 7JQ (020 7726
6671)

Admission: Free
See page 24.

The Candlelight Club: New Year’s Eve Special

Saturday 31st December
7pm–2am

A secret London location
Admission: Earlybird
and Super-Earlybird
tickets sold out; currently

selling standard tickets at £55 in advance

Come and see in the new year in a Jazz Age style, hosted by Champagne Charlie with live music from his band the Bubbly Boys, DJing from Auntie Maureen and, as a special treat, dance performances from Charleston hoofers the Gatsby Girls. And if you want to know what 2017 holds for you, we will have fortune tellings by our tarot readers Foxglove and Pure Venom.

Vintage New Year’s Eve Party

Saturday 31st December
7pm–2am

Royal Festival Hall, Southbank Centre,
Belvedere Rd, Lambeth, London SE1 8XX
Admission: From £99 (dining options available
as well); see www.southbankcentre.co.uk

Dress: Pick your era

The Wayne Hemingway vintage machine growls into life once more, offering six different pop-up nightclubs to tickle your fancy. The 1930s Torch Club features live music from Miss Rosie and the Moonshyne Runners and Natty Congeroot and the Flames of Rhythm, plus DJs and dance lessons, but you also have a 1950s rock and roll zone, a 1970s disco, an 80s/90s club and a tiki lounge. (OK, that only adds up to five, but the website says six; the Facebook event goes further and claims there are seven. Perhaps there is a prize for finding the others.) If you can bag a space on the balcony you can watch the fireworks at midnight.



Tricity Vogue’s all-girl swing band will be taking to the stage at the Royal Festival Hall

Photograph of Norma
Talmadge by James
Abbe, part of the
exhibition currently at
the Fashion and
Textile Museum (see
pages 14-17)



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