

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 124 FEBRUARY 2017

CALL OF THE RIVIERA

Tim Eyre on the Club's latest expedition into the heart of darkness that is Henley-on-Thames

Underground city

Jack Defer tells some family tales of the Blitz and the sophisticated communities taking shelter in Chiselhurst Caves

Floyd on Floyd

Mr Toussaint-Kaye on wrestling with Atters and flirting with toastmasters



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 February in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when The Earl of Essex will spill the beans on the infamous "White Mischief" murder of Lord Erroll in Kenya in 1941. A notorious playboy in the "Happy Valley" set of ex-pats who whiled away their time in drink, drugs and adultery, Erroll had begun an affair with the wife of Sir "Jock" Delves Broughton and suspicion for the murder naturally fell on the cuckold. But others have suggested he was slain by his lover because he wanted to end the affair, or by a jealous former mistress. Moreover, Erroll had also thrown his lot in with Oswald Moseley and declared a desire to bring Fascism to Africa—was his killing political? Was he assassinated by government spooks as a Nazi collaborator? No one was ever convicted of the crime, but Essex

informs us that he hopes to reveal the true identity of the killer or killers.

The Last Meeting

At what was not a bad turn-out for the early days of January, we gathered for a low-key meeting. Eschewing audio-visual display technology in favour of simple words, our speaker, Jack Defer, told us about his great uncle who was a fire fighter during the Second World War. There was talk about Chiselhurst caves, which were used as an air raid shelter. There was considerable discussion about Anderson Shelters. We were clearly having such a jolly time that two interlopers from downstairs came to see what it was all about. They bummed a fag from Adrian and demanded to be photographed, but I don't think they really threw themselves into it (see opposite)...

An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.



Josslyn Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll (before his brutal murder)



(Above) Mark Gidman shoulders his way to the front to propose dinner on a vintage train (see p.17)



(Above) Jack warms to his subject; (left) Tweed-le Dee and Tweed-le Dum—a fine example of pattern-matching; (right) Craigho poses a knotty question (probably about Anderson shelters)



Cdr Paul Fletcher looks on



(Right) Mark tries to persuade Stewart and George of the genius of his idea; (below) a stranger bums a Sobranie off Adrian



Curé Michael Silver and Lorna Mower-Johnson



(Right) Hartley, a still point in a turning world; (below) the two interlopers pose with the gang



Vince Moses and Matthew Howard make shapes



Family Stories

AND

CHISELHURST CAVES

A fully considered and in no way botched presentation by Jack Defer

AS SEEMS TO BE tradition in the New Sheridan Club when one sets out to present a turn, the phrase “don’t mention the war” is thrown out the window with gleeful abandon. I had originally intended to write about other subjects but they seemed to be covered in previous turns, so...

“DURING THE WAR” my great grandfather; Albert Edwin Oliver (on my mother’s side) stayed in Blighty as he was blind in one eye and not fit for frontline service. He did, however, enlist into a number of groups that helped with the war effort at home. Albert was a member of the Red Cross and spent a great many years working for them after the war. In his most worrying role as a fire watcher, the dangers of shimmying up the tallest buildings and watching out for incendiary bomb fires were apparent enough—but add to this a total lack of depth perception and reporting the precise locations to the fire brigade became an absolute nightmare.

This role often meant Albert had to be away from Mrs Oliver and the children during the most hazardous of times. For peace of mind they built an Anderson shelter at the end of the garden with all the conveniences one would find in the house—electricity was fed through from the house to power the lights/radio and a heavy wooden door stood to keep the out the cold in the winter months.

A story goes that the air raid sirens went off one night, and my great grandmother and her daughters (grandmother Constance and my aunt Silvi) went down to their Anderson shelter,

readying themselves for a sleepless, nervous wait. Some time after, a loud nearby thud sounded and shook the shelter’s walls, much to the alarm of the trio inside. Anxious silence was to follow for some hours, only to be broken by a neighbour’s frantic rapping at the door.

It was later realised that the neighbour’s panic was more than justified. A five-and-a-half-foot unexploded bomb had landed in the middle of the family rhubarb patch. The rhubarb, by all accounts, was beyond salvageable (much to the dismay of my great grandmother, seemingly more concerned that her bumper crop had miraculously turned to purée).

Blessedly, however, no one had been harmed, despite the potential for decimation to the family home and neighbouring properties. Only the impact crater would remain to tell the tale, coupled with my mother’s memories of visiting her grandparents and playing near “the garden dent” years after the incident.

(For readers curious or concerned about matters regarding rhubarb. I must report that they did have to replant the crop, which was healthy and unscathed thereafter)

However, the Oliver family would find themselves in a more fortunate position from such destruction some time later. As many may know, during the war the use of bartering was a widespread fact of life, which often led to Albert agreeing to some unexpected arrangements. One such instance found him approached by a chap who had acquired a fair supply of wood and a glut of rabbits. Being a carpenter by trade previously, Albert was commissioned to build



(Above and right) Albert Edwin Oliver with fellow ARP volunteers

hutches to manage them. As you can imagine, rabbits were commonly farmed by enterprising folk in these times as an easy supply of fresh meat when rationing was fully enforced, and a share in this venture served as stronger payment than money in times of scarcity.

The agreed exchange was a share of the wood





(Above) Albert Oliver in the uniform he wore while on duty as a fire watcher; (opposite) wartime rules in the caves

and two young rabbits, ultimately not used for food but as his daughters' Christmas presents. Not surprisingly, it was later discovered that the proper sexing of young rabbits proved to be more difficult than first thought—no doubt made more problematic with just one good eye on Albert's part.

As it transpired, two "female" rabbits led to the inevitable, and poor Albert had to find himself time to house the 96 offspring that ensued. This surprise supply of rabbits was an extremely valuable commodity for the Oliver family, who traded these for chickens, luxuries like chocolate and supplies for Albert's carpentry. This run of good fortune came to somewhat of an abrupt end, when a late night air raid planted a particularly large bomb at the end of the street. The distance of the bomb meant there wasn't any structural damage to the house itself, but the shock wave that ripped over the gardens would strike all

the rabbits cleanly dead overnight.

In the morning when the grizzly discovery was made, Albert, not to be outwitted, quickly turned this situation to his advantage. Taking a few planks of wood and quickly constructing a sign, one last endeavour was hatched. "Blasted rabbits: for sale or open to trade," read the post, and while this did indeed go a little way to recouping the families losses, it couldn't lessen the monotony of rabbit pie/casserole and stew for the weeks to come.

Chislehurst Caves

These caves had accrued naturally but were excavated over the centuries by Saxons, Romans and Druids for chalk, flint and other minerals. The excavation was so extensive that miles of tunnels and passages were left behind making the perfect mass air-raid shelter. During the war the British government took charge of the caves and used them both for the public and the military. The cave could hold 15,000 people—the collective body heat of this many people raised the caves' constant ambient temperature of 9 degrees C up to as much as 30 degrees. There was a voluntary charge of a penny a night or sixpence a week, this charge did help the war effort but also paid for the electricity to power the caves and run the two cinemas, stage with bars, hairdressers, church, hospital and a Citizen's Advice Bureau.

Staying in the caves was a bit of a double-edged sword as it was also used as overspill storage for the Woolwich arsenal, resulting in an exceptionally large amount of high-explosives stored within metres of where citizens were sleeping, all guarded by the military who used paraffin lamps to see what they were doing.

The Olivers lived in a town called Mottingham which was some 3½ miles away. Initially they used to walk to the caves for shelter, until my aunt nearly died from breathing in the spores that naturally occur in the subterranean environment.

As a point of interest, in later years the caves' stage was graced by the presence of some of the biggest rock stars of the 1960s and 1970s, including Jimmy Hendrix, who played twice, Pink Floyd and the Rolling Stones. David Bowie used to live locally and played regularly. Led Zeppelin celebrated the launch of their Swan Song record label there.

NOTICE

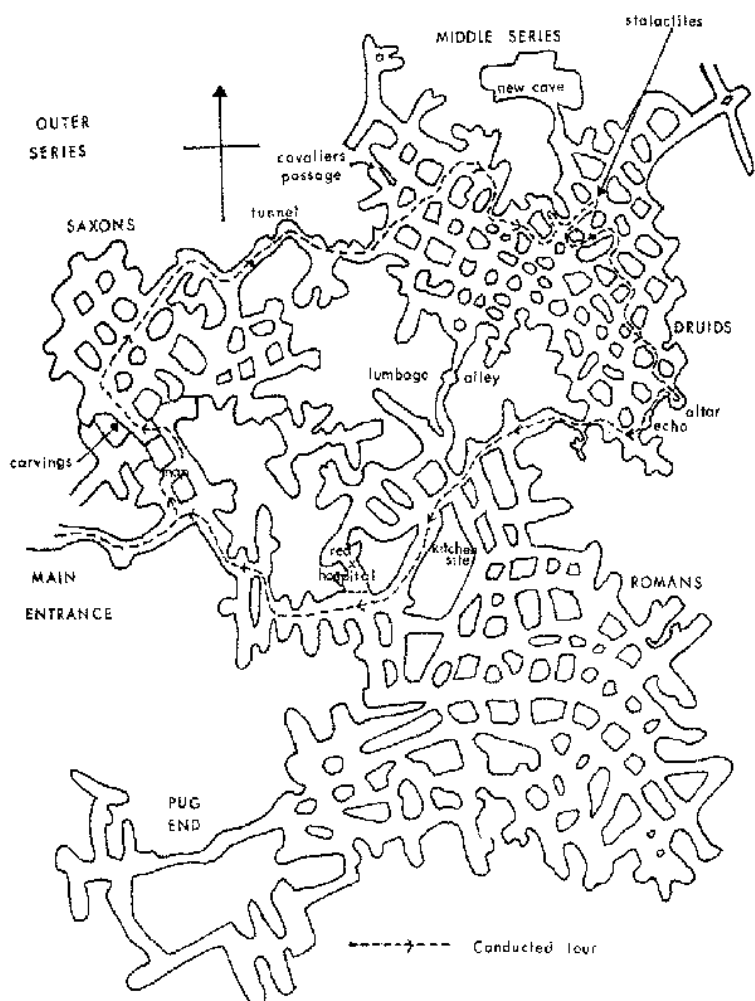
- 1 No admission or re-entry to the Dormitory Section after 9.30 p.m. (or 10 p.m. during double Summer Time)
- 2 Shelterers already asleep in the Main Caves must not be disturbed by persons coming to their pitches.
- 3 Pitches must be kept clean.
- 4 No furniture admitted.
- 5 Stoves of all kinds are prohibited.
- 6 Rubbish must be placed in the bins.
- 7 Children should be on their pitches by 9 p.m. & remain there.
- 8 Unauthorised sale of goods is prohibited.
- 9 There must be reasonable quiet by 10 p.m.
- 10 Lights out and absolute silence by 10.30 p.m. in the Dormitory Section.
- 11 Pitches must not be changed, exchanged or sold.
- 12 Four days absence may involve loss of pitch.
- 13 The Cave Captain controls his section.
- 14 Music must cease by 9 p.m.
- 15 Organised concerts can be held only by permission.
- 16 Breach of rules involves loss of pitch.
- 17 Arrive early and stay put.

By Order
Caves Committee



(Above) Citizens pass the time with a whist drive in the caves during the Blitz; (below) the cave system even had its own hospital with seven wards and an isolation unit





AS DISPLAYED ON THE WALL IN THE CAVES



(Above left) A map of the caves; (above right) Led Zeppelin singer Robert Plant at the band's infamous Halloween party in the caves to launch their record label Swan Song, an event described by *The Old Grey Whistle Test's* Bob Harris as "like a medieval orgy", with magicians, fire-eaters and topless nuns in suspenders serving drinks or wrestling in a coffin full of jelly; various acts performed, including Swan Song signs the Pretty Things, Bad Company and Roy Harper—the picture below is, I think, of George Melly



Pies, Pistols & Tea

ON SATURDAY 28TH JANUARY New Sheridan Club member Stewart Lister Vickers led a day trip to his former stomping ground of Henley-on-Thames. The expedition to Henley that Stewart arranged last year had established the town's chappist credentials. As such, we could head there safe in the knowledge that the town was built of stone rather than concrete, hosted tea shops rather than fried chicken joints and that sportswear was most likely to be seen being worn by a rower.

Geographically-aware readers will know that Henley-on-Thames lies on the edge of Oxfordshire, touching the tripoint of that county with Middlesex and Berkshire. It is most famous for the Henley Royal Regatta, a series of rowing races held over five days at the start of each July. The event dates back to 1839, but this date is comparatively recent in the town's history: Henley is mentioned in documents as early as the twelfth century and it is thought that the town's current layout dates back to the 13th century.

Proceedings started at Paddington station, where we boarded the Oxford train. As we chugged along the Thames Valley we lamented

The New Sheridan Club outing to Henley-on-Thames by Tim Eyre

the demise of separate compartments and brass fittings in trains. The buildings of West London gave way to the charming countryside of the Home Counties bathed in weak winter sunshine. We alighted at the village of Twyford where we collected more attendees, including a dog by the name of "Brioche", and changed to the Henley branch line. Although it is only 4½ miles long this line nevertheless manages to boast a New Sheridan Club connection: it serves the village of Shiplake, childhood home of the writer George Orwell who drank at The Wheatsheaf in Fitzrovia, the venue for our monthly meetings.

In a matter of minutes we had arrived at Henley. Members Floyd and Amy were waiting for us outside the station and brought our group up to its full strength of a dozen. Clad in tweed, detachable collars, wax jackets, flat caps, waistcoats and woolly scarves, we cut quite a dash as we strolled through the town towards



Chowing down in the Flower Pot



Henley Bridge. This five-arch structure was built in 1786 and is a Grade I listed building. Crossing it took us into Berkshire and past the Leander Club. With 123 Olympic and three Paralympic medals to its name, the Leander is the most successful rowing club in the world. It is also one of the oldest, having been founded in 1818.

On descending from the bridge we commenced a pleasant walk along the left bank of the Thames. Learning from the experience of the previous year, we preserved our footwear from excessive soiling by ascending to a country lane before reaching the muddier stretch of the riverbank path: only two of our number had the foresight to wear Wellington boots. This lane took us past the village of Remenham (home to a church founded in Norman times and UK headquarters of posh pushchair pushers, Bugaboo) and on to one of our primary objectives of the day: a pub in the village of Aston called The Flowerpot Hotel.

The Flowerpot is notable for two things: taxidermy and pies. One hopes that these two enterprises are not connected, although the bill of fare does offer various types of game. As well as stuffed otters, stoats, weasels and the like, the pub had on display a wide range of stuffed fish; their collection of piscine taxidermy is said to be the largest in the country. However, our attention soon turned to the pies and we spent an enjoyable couple of

(Right) Organiser Stewart Lister Vickers enjoys a cup of tea in Upstairs and Downstairs, where he used to skivvy as a lad; (above) patrolling the riverbank



hours tucking into generous portions of tasty stodge. Jack inadvertently authenticated his pie's provenance by finding some shot in it. With decent food, an open fire for the winter and a large beer garden for the summer The Flowerpot is an enticing country pub.

The time came for us to continue our tour so we walked back into Henley. As we reached Henley Bridge we were treated to a vivid double rainbow. This could be taken as an auspicious sign from the shopping gods: our next activity was to scour the town's secondhand shops for vintage bargains. Our first stop was an impressive emporium called The Vintage Look, which brings together multiple vendors under one roof. As such, it had a varied range of goods on display, from old vinyl LPs to a selection of antique flintlock pistols that were some



hundreds of years in age and priced accordingly.

From here we dispersed to the town's various charity shops. It was at this moment that we experienced the only noticeable precipitation of the day. Fortunately it was in the form of hail rather than rain, so our delicate silks were safe from damage. Jack was pleased to find a morning suit in Henley's branch of Oxfam, which is rather smartly located in a half-timbered building by the town hall.

Come four o'clock it was time for tea so we started to gather in the upstairs portion of a delightfully old-fashioned tea room by the name of Upstairs & Downstairs. Our leader Stewart had once worked here and he was most fortunate to find such an aesthetically-aware employer. Even while ascending the stairs I knew we were on to a good thing, for not only did they provide hooks for the hanging of coats but also a rack for the storage of hats. We sat at a table covered by a proper tablecloth and set with proper crockery, including porcelain napkin rings. Cakes stood on display beneath glass domes and tea was served from teapots that were at once large and attractive. The cutlery was highly specialised, including pastry forks and butter knives, thereby completing this admirable recreation of a 1920s tea shop. Despite the sophistication of the experience, the prices were comparable to those seen in high-street coffee shop chains. Most of us were too full to indulge much but George and I shared a "Duchess Tea", with finger sandwiches, scones and slices of cake arranged on a cake stand that swayed dangerously under its load. The tea



(Above left) Dr Blah; (above) the Mitchells and (below) Tim Eyre and George Davies enjoy a Duchess Tea in the Upstairs and Downstairs tea rooms



menu was a joy to behold.

Dusk had fallen by the time we departed from the tea shop. Our next venue was a pub by the name of "The Angel on the Bridge", which is unsurprisingly located next to Henley Bridge. This pub is most notable for its riverside terrace but we preferred the warmth of the indoor bar, which sports a log fire and a low beamed ceiling. By this time only six of us remained, so we easily fitted around a single table in a fine spirit of *hygge*.

From here we moved on to The Anchor. Like The Angel, this is a Brakspear pub, with Brakspear being both a chain of pubs and a brewery. Brakspear beer was brewed in Henley until 2002 when the brewery decamped to the nearby town of Witney, complete with its original Brakspear copper dating back to 1779.

As well as beer, the Brakspear name is also associated with the papal throne: Nicholas Brakspear became Pope Adrian IV in 1154, the only Englishman ever to have done so. The Angel is to be commended on its smart but understated interior and comfortable chairs. In fact the chairs were so comfortable that I started to doze off, so I joined Jack and Jess on the train back to London. The remaining three Sheridanites

rounded off the evening at Henley's Wetherspoon pub, which is called The Catherine Wheel and is located in a fine old building on the high street that was once an important coaching inn.

Many thanks are due to Stewart for arranging this trip and we hope that it will become a regular Sheridan fixture. Any members interested in organising similar excursions are strongly encouraged to do so: the mighty bureaucracy of The Glorious Committee (and Facebook) is available to all for the advertising of such events.



(Top) Group shot while hacking across country; (above) Floyd Toussaint-Kaye and Amy Barber; (below) Dr Blah enjoys the rainbow



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.



Floyd Toussaint-Kaye

“Leave it better than you found it.”

Name or preferred name?

Just plain and simply Floyd is fine.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

I had the nickname of Lord Eaton when I lived in Manchester.

Where do you hail from?

Preston, Lancashire, but elocution lessons have fortunately wrestled the majority of that comedy accent away.

Favourite Cocktail?

It would always be a gin and tonic.

Most Chappist skill?

I am a public speaker of some acclaim, winning many speech contests during my short flirtation with toastmasters.

Most Chappist possession?

I managed to wrestle Michael “Atters” Attree’s most Chappist possession from his grasp and have made it my own—a very rare metal cast used to make plaster figurines of the late, great Harry Randall (see picture below). It cost me a king’s ransom, as Atters had had it for some time and had no desire to part with it. However, I caught him during an hour of desperation when his funds were low and his desire for drink high, and we shook on a deal that left each party feeling they had robbed and royally shafted the other.

Personal Motto?

Leave it better than you found it, and leave a light on for the children following behind.

Favourite Quote?

What is Success?
To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;



To earn the appreciation of honest critics
and endure the betrayal of false friends;
To appreciate beauty;
To find the best in others;
To leave the world a bit better, whether by
a healthy child, a garden patch
or a redeemed social condition;
To know even one life has breathed
easier because you have lived;
This is to have succeeded.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...
I'm a lot older than I look.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?
I have known many of its members for over four
years, but actively around a year or two.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?
C/O the Chap Olympiad.

**What one thing would you recommend to fellow
Members and why (cocktail, night out, tailor,
watchmaker, public house, etc.)?**
Buy the best quality that you can afford in all
things.

**Your three chosen dinner party guests from
history or fiction and why?**
Jeeves, as he would ensure it ran smoothly; Noel
Coward, as he would provide the entertainment;
Marilyn Monroe, as she'd provide the eye
candy.

**Favourite Member of the Glorious
Committee?**
Artemis Scarheart. As for my favourite
Member of the Club, I make no secret of
my adoration for Pandora Harrison.

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

Not done one yet, but keen to get up
on stage and seize my moment in
the spotlight, I need to first start
attending the monthly meet ups.



*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.*



*With Pandora
Harrison*



CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

ACTUALLY NO TIES at all this time, but nevertheless some convincing evidence of the pervasive cultural influence of the Club. Below, captaining the Club darts team, we have Tipton's very own diminutive projectile tosser Jamie Hughes, courtesy of David "Bingo" Pittard; and at the bottom, from Mrs H. we see the Secretary of the Ethiopian Chapter hailing a cab on the way home from his club.



New Member

I'D LIKE YOU ALL to join me in uttering a hearty "Aloha!" to Nancy Smiley M.D. (pictured above), who is, believe it or not, the third person from Hawaii to join the Club. I'm sure that Club funds will stretch to a long-overdue fact-finding mission for the Committee to discover the secret of that island's Heart of Chappishness. Shipments of official *leis* in Club colours begin soon...



NSC Summer Steam Train Spectacular

Mark Gidman writes

Where: South Devon Railway, The Station,
Buckfastleigh, Devon TQ11 0DZ

When: 28th August 2017 (Bank Holiday
Weekend)

Cost: £TBC (confirmation by next newsletter –
or sooner)

Contact: mcjgidman@googlemail.com

THE CLUB HAS enjoyed many outstanding trips, so it gives me great pleasure to organise this wonderful day out—an opportune way to make best use of the bank holiday. In the spirit of the grand age of steam travel, I am hoping that a sizeable group of us can make the trip to the glorious Devon countryside to enjoy an evening of pleasant dining and wonderful views. I have travelled this line many times and it's simply a beautiful escape from chimney stacks and detritus of the city.

At the last club meeting, there seemed to be a good show of hands for this, so I am hoping that will be replicated across the constituency—so sign up quick!

I am still in negotiations with the train company regarding the dining arrangements among other things: I am hoping that an à la carte meal can be organised. Details of that will follow, along with all the other information, by the next newsletter and on the NSC website.

The train will take us from Buckfastleigh to Totnes and back and includes our two Ocean Saloons, King George and Duchess of York, that used to work between Paddington and Plymouth to connect with the ocean liner traffic to and from America, 1930-built special saloon 9004, 1937-built special saloon 9005 and, on certain trains, the Victorian saloon built in 1897 for Queen Victoria's Royal Train.

Please do drop me an email (to mcjgidman@googlemail.com) with your name and details indicating your intention to come. It is early days yet on the organisational front but by March I should have this booked up. As with so much in life it is first come, first served and I would be seeking a deposit to secure your place.



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 February

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.



Fancy dinner aboard
a steam train?



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.

Tiger Rag

Every Friday

Arcola Bar, Arcola Theatre, 24 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL

10pm–2.30am

Admission: £5 on the door; dance lessons £10

The Vintage Arts Asylum and Ewan Bleach of Passing Clouds' Cakewalk Cafe collaborate on a new weekly event at The Arcola Theatre, Dalston Junction, featuring live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland, ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at the beginner lesson in swing, Lindy hop, shag, balboa and Charleston dancing, with no partner or prebooking required. Intermediate lessons 8–9pm and beginner lessons 9–10pm.

Sunday Tweeds visit Hampstead Heath

Sunday 5th February

From midday

Meet at the Freemason's Arms, 32 Downshire Hill, London NW3 1NT (020 7433 6811)

Priya Kali invites you to join a gently boisterous group of friendly Sunday tweed-clad trekkers on a journey that will take you from the wilds of Hampstead Heath rail station through woods, hills and fields to what could be the cosiest hillside pub that our big city of little towns has to offer. Warm tweeds, woollens, sturdy footwear, thermoses and hip flasks encouraged. Swimming in the Ponds optional but slightly chilly. Note that actual lunch numbers are required for booking, so please indicate on the Facebook event page if you are joining for food.

Itinerary

12 pm: Meet at the Freemason's Arms pub, 32 Downshire Hill for light refreshments (or midday pick-me-up depending on your Saturday night)

12.30pm: Depart for walk (route to be posted on FB event site in advance)

2pm: Walk towards the Holly Bush, 22 Hollymount

2.30 pm: Lunch at the Holly Bush (excellent food and Fuller's ales on tap)

Optional extra: Head to Louis Patisserie to fulfil any afternoon tea desires.

There will be a prize for the best walking outfit (sponsorship/prize donations graciously accepted).

Mr B. at the Half Moon

Wednesday 8th February

7–11pm

The Half Moon, 93 Lower Richmond Rd, Putney, London SW15 1EU (020 8780 9383)

Admission: £8 in advance, £10 on the door

Mr B. began his Chap-Hop career in the summer of 2007 when he decided to bring elements of his previous incarnations (UK rapper, jump-up breaks producer, banjolele maverick and dandy) together and create a genre. Since then he has toured the world from Surrey to Osaka, Banstead to Berlin, Middlesbrough to Minneapolis, Norway to New York, the Edinburgh Fringe to Glastonbury—and of course his crowning glory, appearing at a number of NSC parties, including our 10th birthday bash last October—bringing his beats, rhymes and good manners. He was twice in *The Guardian's* top ten list of must-sees at Glastonbury. His videos have garnered millions of views on YouTube and his 7th studio album *There's a Rumpus Going On* was released last November.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 10th February

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),

His name is Mr B.



£15 on the door

Dress code: Strictly black tie, evening dress or vintage

Dance progressive partnered dancing to a strict-tempo ten-piece orchestra and a selection of pre war records of slow foxtrot, waltz, quickstep, tango, rumba, jive and Charleston. Free ballroom dance lesson for absolute beginners from 7pm to 7.30pm. Candlelit tables and chairs for all guests, a balcony area with tables for those who don't choose to dance, and four of five male and female taxi dancers available free of charge for those who do. The venue is dry, but free tea and Coca Cola is provided, and guests may smuggle in their own drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10 online through wegottickets under "black tie ballroom club" or £15 on the door. We have a large wooden dance floor and are located in beautiful Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-house canteen does a set vegetarian three course meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm. Dress code is strictly black tie and evening dress only, and we have sold out for the past four dances. Activities include a

Enter the fragile world of La Poule Plombée





Guns and roses at the Candlelight Club's St Valentine's Day Massacre

quickstep bus stop and ten most glamorously dressed women able to get around the floor doing a slow waltz competition. Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490 For more details see the Facebook group.

La Poule Plombée in *Je Regrette!*

16th, 17th, 19th February and 5th March

7pm

Crazy Coqs Cabaret @ Brasserie Zedel, 20 Sherwood Street, London W1F 7ED

Admission: £17.50 from www.brasseriezedel.com

If cabaret is your thing you may like this award-winning musical character comedy (and if not you may still want to check out the Art Deco venue). Funny, tragic and compelling, *Je Regrette!* is the story of La Poule Plombée, a French singer tortured by jealousy and unrequited love. Propped up by her hen-pecked pianist Mumu, she weaves her darkly comic tale. Written and performed by Sarah-Louise Young and Michael Roulston (Champagne Charlie's partner, by coincidence), creators of *Roulston & Young*, *Julie Madly Deeply* and *Cabaret Whore*, this show was a hit at the Edinburgh Fringe, winning The Stage Award and an Argus Angel Award. "An effortlessly slick send-up of chanson... a masterclass in character comedy and yet another success for the partnership of Young and Roulston." *Broadway Baby*

The Candlelight Club's St Valentine's Day Massacre

Friday 17th and Saturday 18th February

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £25 in advance

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, in honour of both the patron saint of lovers and Chicago's infamous St Valentine's Day shooting in 1929, watch us shoehorn romance and mobster slayings into one theme—think guys and dolls, gangsters and molls, Guns n' Roses. As it were. There will be a cocktail menu full of passion, served on tables scattered with rose petals and machine-gun cartridge cases. There will be dancing to live 1920s swing from French smoothie Benoit Viellefon and his Orchestra, cabaret barbs from camp cupid Champagne Charlie, plus vintage DJing and a shoulder to cry on from Auntie Maureen.

"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 on BBC2's *Hair!* More at www.thecandlelightclub.com. See the video.

The Ragman's Ball

Saturday 18th February

3.30–11pm

The Dog and Bone, 10 John Street, Lincoln
LN2 5BH

Admission: Free, as far as I can tell

Dress: Period dress and Allied uniform
encouraged

Meet-up for 1940s enthusiasts in the small
function room of a real-ale pub—not a dance,
as such, but period music will be playing if you
fancy rolling back the carpets.

Lipstick & Curls presents

Hair and Makeup Academy

Sunday 26th February

11am–4pm

Rosemary Branch Theatre, 2 Shepperton Road,
London N1 3DT

Admission: £144

Vintage styling team Lipstick & Curls
offer this one-day course, with only 14 places
available, which will sell quickly. Contact info@lipstickandcurls.net
to book yours (requiring
a 50% deposit). Part 1 covers pin curling and
the perfect set: pin curls are the basis of every
vintage style from the 40s/50s and a great place
to start your session. You will be looking at
different ways to pin curl the hair, by applying
your skills to various hair types and length.

Amanda will share her tips and tricks to ensure
you understand the importance of this process.
The perfect set requires confidence in brushing
and styling. Amanda explains the importance
of getting this stage right, to be the base for
any vintage hairstyle. Part 2 then covers various
classic vintage hair-dos, including the victory
roll, the poodle and the French pleat. More info

Hmm... the gravdax or
the duck liver paté?



at <http://www.lipstickandcurls.net/services/hair-and-make-up-academy>.

Sherlock Holmes Banquet

Monday 27th February

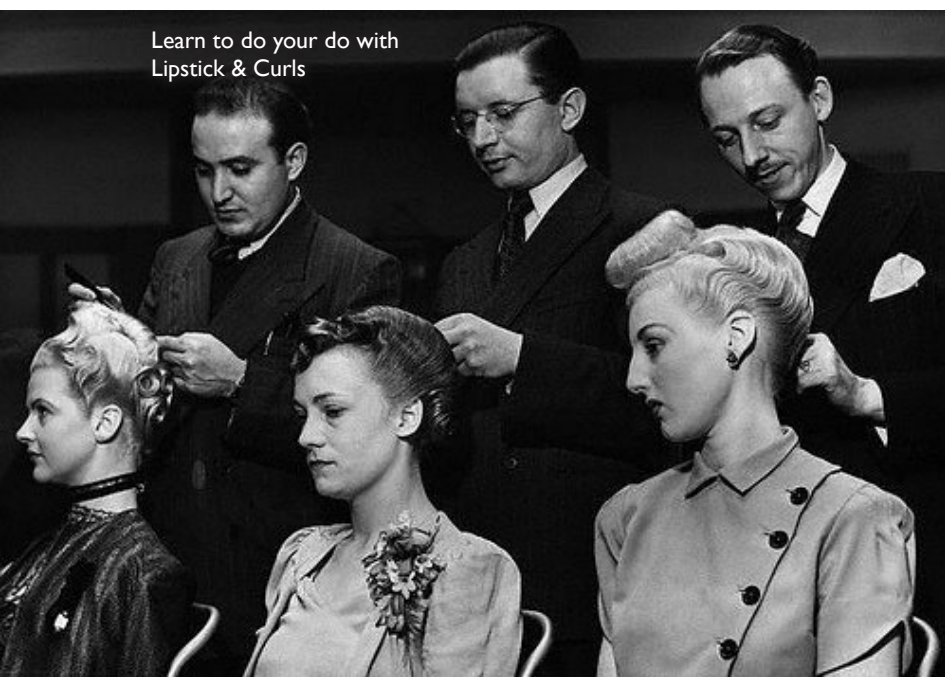
6.30pm

Stationers' Hall, Ave Maria Lane, London,
EC4M 7DD

Admission: £85

Our own Miss Minna is on the committee for
this event, offering a chance to attend a banquet
in one of the City's handsome livery
halls. The price includes a reception
with amuse bouche, a three-course
meal with wine, coffee, port and
cognac and finally a stirrup cup
(more drinks in the Stocks room).
It also includes a hefty donation to
literacy and educational charities
helping children in London. There
is entertainment, a parlour game
and a prize for best dressed for the
theme, although straight-forward
black tie is perfectly acceptable.
More details [here](#).

Learn to do your do with
Lipstick & Curls



Mr Adrian Prooth in full
fig and in his element at
the Candlelight Club last
month



CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrarbuthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk



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