

RESIGN!

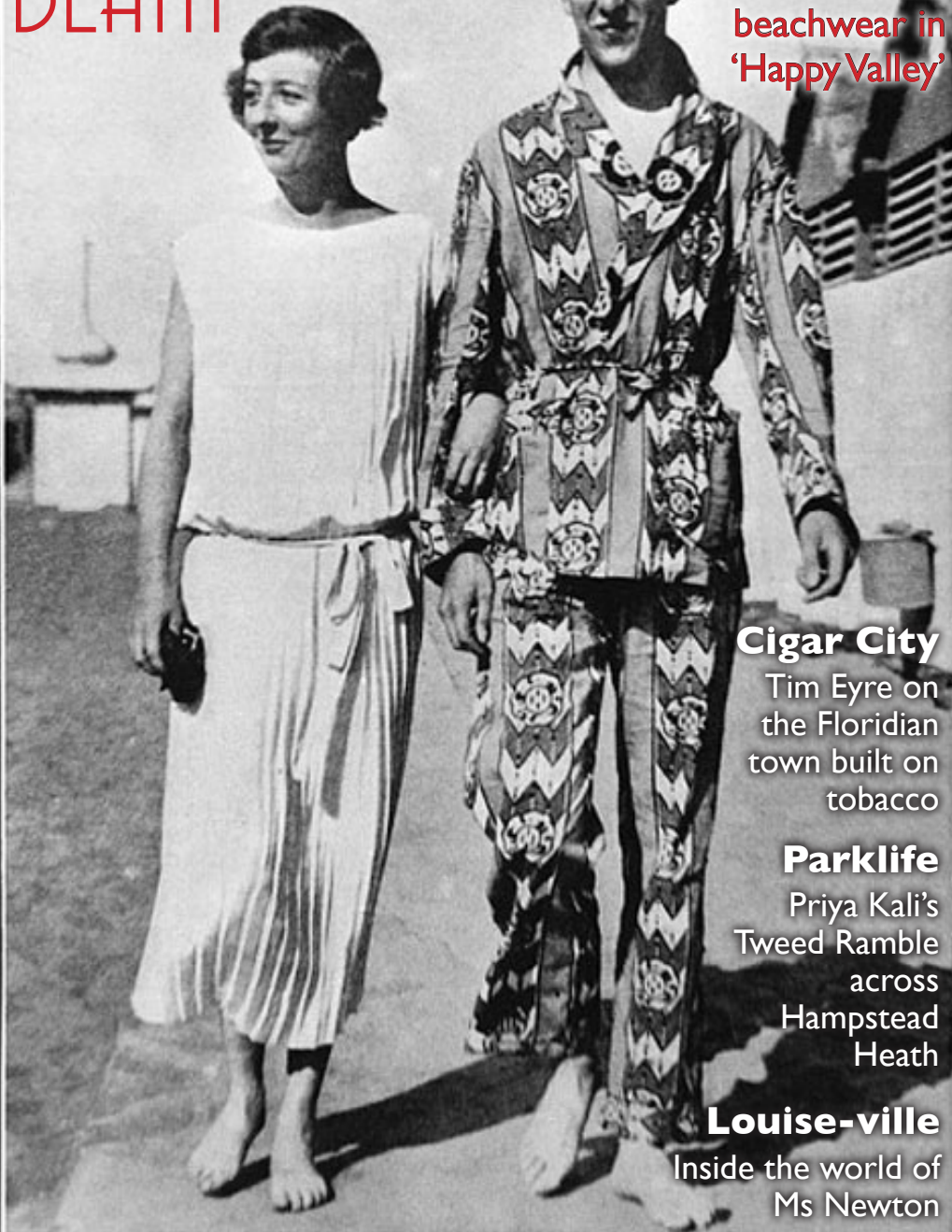
The newsletter of the New Sheridan Club
Issue 125 • March 2017

POSTAGE
Inland, 2d.; Canada and New-
foundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4½d.

Price
One Shilling

**BORED TO
DEATH**

**Adultery,
murder, and
directional
beachwear in
'Happy Valley'**



Cigar City

Tim Eyre on
the Floridian
town built on
tobacco

Parklife

Priya Kali's
Tweed Ramble
across
Hampstead
Heath

Louise-ville

Inside the world of
Ms Newton

LADY IDINA GORDON AND THE HON. JOSSLYN HAY

A snapshot recently taken at a well-known Italian resort. Lady Idina Gordon is the Earl of De la Warr's sister, and the Hon. Josslyn Hay is a son of Lord Kilmarnock and a grandson of the Earl of Erroll. The engagement of Lady Idina Gordon and Mr. Josslyn Hay was announced a short time ago



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.

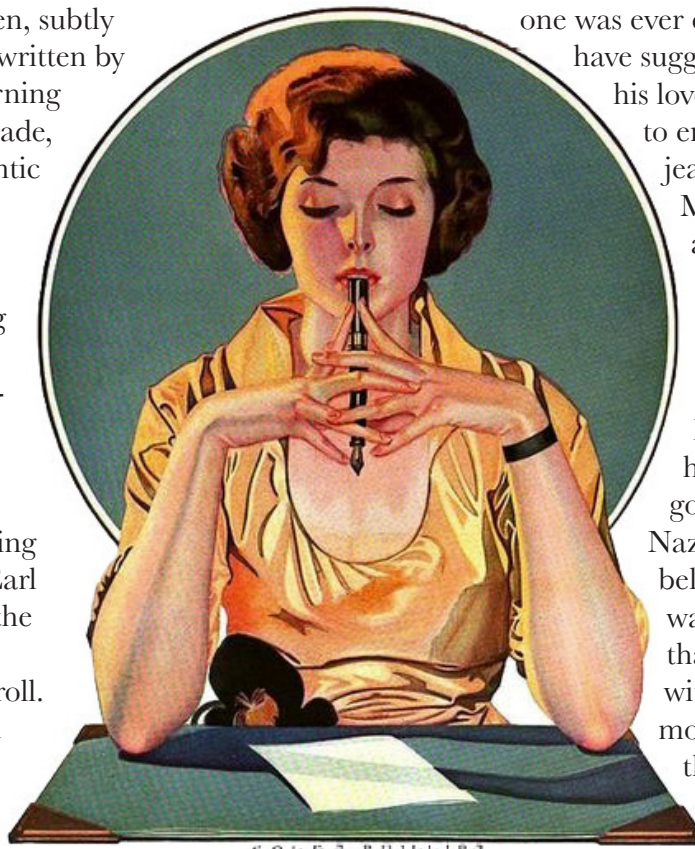
The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 1st March in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Priya Kali will speak to us about the lost art of letter writing. "What better than to receive a beautiful, hand-written letter in the post?" she muses. "On proper thick, classic water-marked paper, written by fountain pen, subtly fragranced (or not), written by the light of a lone burning candle, stylish lampshade, or, for the most romantic effect, by the pale summer moonlight?" In fact last year she started a letter-writing group to set up a community of epistle-posters.

The Last Meeting

At the February meeting our speaker was the Earl of Essex, recounting the lurid story of Josslyn Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll. Always a playboy and a rogue, round about the time of WWII he got himself into

a situation where it seemed best to start a new life in Kenya, among the drug- and booze-addled expat community known as "Happy Valley". Soon he was once again carrying on with another man's wife, in this case Sir "Jock" Delves Broughton. So when Erroll was found shot dead in his car by the side of the road, suspicion naturally fell on the cuckold—but a jury failed to find him guilty. In fact no one was ever convicted. 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? Essex believes that the way Erroll was shot and the fact that his body was moved within the car rules out most of the conventional theories. To find out whodunnit, turn to page 4...





Robert Beckwith, naturally concerned about how the evening will turn out



In a Wheatsheaf stripped for refurbishment, William Cole avidly devours the latest edition of *Resign!*



(Above, l-r) Kathryn Best, Francesca Albini and Lobby Lud; (right) the car in which Erroll's body was found



Essex begins his grim tale



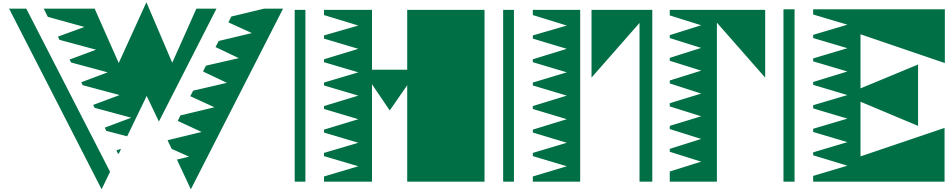
(Left) Ed and Kellyanne O'Callaghan with Adrian Prooth



(Above) Curé Michael Silver, in the foreground, is sufficiently intrigued by the talk to be distracted from his absinthe; (left, l-r) Dr Blah, with Stewart Lister Vickers and George Davies, outside in Smokers' Alley; (below) Mark Gidman makes the observation that even the scaffolding in the alley seems to have been decked out in Club livery. For more uncanny Club colours spots see pages 24-5.



By the Earl of Essex



YOU MAY BE familiar with the story of the mysterious murder of

Lord Erroll in Kenya in 1941 through the 1982 book *White Mischief*, and subsequent film of the same name in 1987, a rather over-dramatised version of events with scenes of somewhat dubious veracity, which I had the pleasure to view at the royal premiere at the Odeon Marble Arch in the presence of the recently-married Duke and Duchess of York, both now sadly diminished.

Josslyn Victor Hay was born on 11th May 1901, eleven days before the first wedding anniversary of his parents Lord and Lady Kilmarnock. Shortly after his christening his parents took him to Scotland to be introduced to Slains, the Errol family seat near Cruden Bay, about 20 miles up the coast from Aberdeen. This was where his father had been born in 1876 and his mother, Lucy, would regard a visit to Slains as an important initiation rite for her children, one which she also followed with his



Josslyn Hay

younger brother and sister, Gilbert and Rosemary.

Kilmarnock was a diplomat working for the British legation in Brussels, but always took his annual holiday in Scotland in time for the shooting season on the Glorious Twelfth (of August). He was the heir to the Earldom of Erroll, which from the 12th century had a history of glorious heroism and despicable double-crossing in defending the Protestant faith and their king.

The Earls of Erroll take precedence in Scotland over dukes and every other hereditary honour after the blood royal, and hold the office of Lord High Constable of Scotland. Combining the functions of Secretary of State and Commander in Chief, this office was first created for Sir Gilbert Hay of Erroll, fifth chief of the Hay clan, by Robert the Bruce in 1314 for helping to defeat the English at Bannockburn.

Sir Gilbert's service to the Scots crown earned the family many privileges and much local power. They could levy taxes on their tenants, raise an army and dispense justice

Slains, Josslyn's family seat



MISCHIEF

THE MURDER OF LORD ERROLL

to wrongdoers. Sir Gilbert was also given Slains Castle, which stood on the coast of Aberdeenshire, 15 miles south of Peterhead, in recognition of the part he had played in the war against Edward II. The corrupting influence of power was fully in evidence, with plenty of scandals, beheadings, imprisonments, treason and suicide in the Erroll dynasty—but only one murder.

Francis, the 9th Earl, collaborated in the Catholic rebellion of 1594. He had always been a Catholic and his father and grandfather had both been staunch supporters of Mary, Queen of Scots. James VI was lenient towards Francis for his part in the rebellion, the *quid pro quo* being that his son be educated at court as a Protestant. James also marched north and personally supervised the burning of Slains Castle. The family's new seat, known as "New Slains", some seven miles from "Old Slains", took a hundred years to complete.

By the time Joss was born Slains had an annual income of £9,599 (about £1.75m in today's money) from its 4,245 acres, and was still the principal residence of his grandfather, the 20th Earl, Lord-in-Waiting to Edward VII. (The family also owned Walls near Ravensglass and an estate in Northumberland called Etal.)

With his father a diplomat, Joss's first home was Brussels, then Vienna and Tokyo, then Copenhagen, Berlin and finally Coblenz, where his father had been promoted to British High Commissioner of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission in 1921. The Kilmarnocks' life at the various British legations was very grand, meeting royalty and enabling Joss to be familiar with several languages.

Joss was sent to Eton, where he studied modern languages as well as Greek and Latin. A handsome blond boy with piercing blue eyes, he attracted both men and women, and it was not long before he was caught *in flagrante delicto* with a maid, a woman old enough to be his

mother. The usual punishment was a private beating and the sack, and Joss Erroll was duly expelled, aged 15.

This capped a bad few months for Joss. To raise much-needed funds his father had sold Slains, along with Longhaven House, to shipping magnate Sir John Ellerman, who had disposed of them for scrap without ever occupying them.

Portrait of Idina by Cecil Beaton



© Cecil Beaton / Vogue © The Condé Nast Publications

Joss continued his education at Le Havre, wartime base of the British legation to Brussels. When Kilmarnock moved to Copenhagen after the war as Chargé d'Affaires, Joss transferred too as an Honorary Attaché, aged 18. In 1919 Kilmarnock was made a CMG (Companion of St Michael and St George) and later a Counsellor of Embassy in the Diplomatic



(Left to right) Idina, de Trafford, Alice de Janzé, Erroll

Service. Inspired by this, Joss took his Foreign Office Examination, considered to be the “top examination of all”, and passed comfortably. On the strength of this he received a posting as Private Secretary to HM Ambassador to Berlin for three years in January 1920.

The Diplomatic Service enabled Joss to visit the capitals of Europe and he paid regular visits to Paris. There he got to know a wealthy American socialite, Alice Silverthorne, with whom he enjoyed an intermittent affair for many years. In 1923 she married a young French aristocrat Frédéric Jacques, Comte de Janzé. She was to become notorious as the Comtesse de Janzé when she was tried for the attempted murder of her lover, Raymond de Trafford, in Paris in 1927. Alice and another beauty, Kiki Preston, a Whitney by birth, were part of an American colony in Paris who welcomed Joss into their social circle.

Another eccentric socialite whom Joss met at this time was Idina, the elder of two daughters born to the 8th Earl De La Warr (Delaware). Idina, with her red-gold hair, dazzled men and had been married twice by the time she met Joss. She was also eight years older than him.

Although society was sexually promiscuous at

this time, the company Idina kept in Paris was particularly disreputable. Her first marriage, to Captain the Hon. Euan Wallace, MC, MP, had produced two sons, but after six years it was dissolved; the boys remained with their father and she virtually abandoned them. She found Joss irresistible and Joss was madly in love with her, making secret plans to marry while Idina waited for divorce from her second husband, Captain the Hon. Charles Gordon of Park Hill, Aberdeen.

In 1923 Joss became Secretary at the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission; nepotistic as the appointment was, Joss had acquired extensive experience in the Foreign Office and could switch to another language without a moment's hesitation.

Joss brought Idina to meet his parents in Coblenz, but never mentioned that he intended to

marry her. Sexual mores may have changed but the social order had not: divorcées were not accepted at Ascot or Court and the Foreign Office would not have kept Joss as Idina's husband.

Idina meanwhile spent her time shopping for furniture for the new home she would receive through her divorce settlement, in Kenya.

Arrangements for Joss and Idina's Register Office wedding in London were in hand for 22nd September 1923, with the engagement announced in *Tatler* magazine on 19th September.

Kilmarnock went berserk when he heard the news and Joss returned to Coblenz to make his peace with his parents early in the New Year of 1924. This seems to have been accepted but, having ruined a promising Foreign Office career, possessing no money, and limited by the social restrictions that marriage to a divorcée imposed, he looked forward to starting a new life in Kenya.

Joss decided to name his first home in Africa after his ancestral castle. The new “Slains” was backed by a dramatic forest ridge with streams, reminiscent of a Scottish landscape.

Nairobi in 1924 was something akin to

a Wild West frontier town. Her Majesty's Commissioner for East Africa, Sir Charles Elliot, had embarked on a policy of attracting white settlers, and Nairobi became a melting pot of immigrants from all over the world. When the European population amounted to 550 it was decided to build a town hall.

Joss was joining a community of pioneers who were still trying to redress the effects of their absence from their farms during the First World War. They had picked up land at bargain prices; in the early part of the 20th century land for farms had been parcelled out under 99-year leases with periodic revision of rent and reversion to the Crown with compensation for improvements, meaning that purchasers would lose everything unless they developed the land to pre-fixed standards.

In 1920 the Governor, Sir Edward Northey, had made major innovations. In that year the Protectorate converted to a Crown Colony and a new legislative council was set up to represent the settlers and commercial interests, and Europeans were granted the vote. British East Africa became Kenya. The colony's affairs could now be debated in the local parliament, although it was still to be ruled by Whitehall. In due course Joss was to become a member of the Legislative Council ("LegCo", as it was known).

A soldier settlement scheme was launched, wherein ex-soldiers got land in Kenya on easy terms. Idina's ex-husband, Charles Gordon, obtained land this way, as did Sir Jock Delves Broughton, of whom more later.

One of the first to settle in Kenya was Hugh Cholmondley, 3rd Baron Delamere, who applied for, and was granted 100,000 acres. Known as "D" he became the most influential of all the

settlers and a powerful influence on Joss. They became near neighbours.

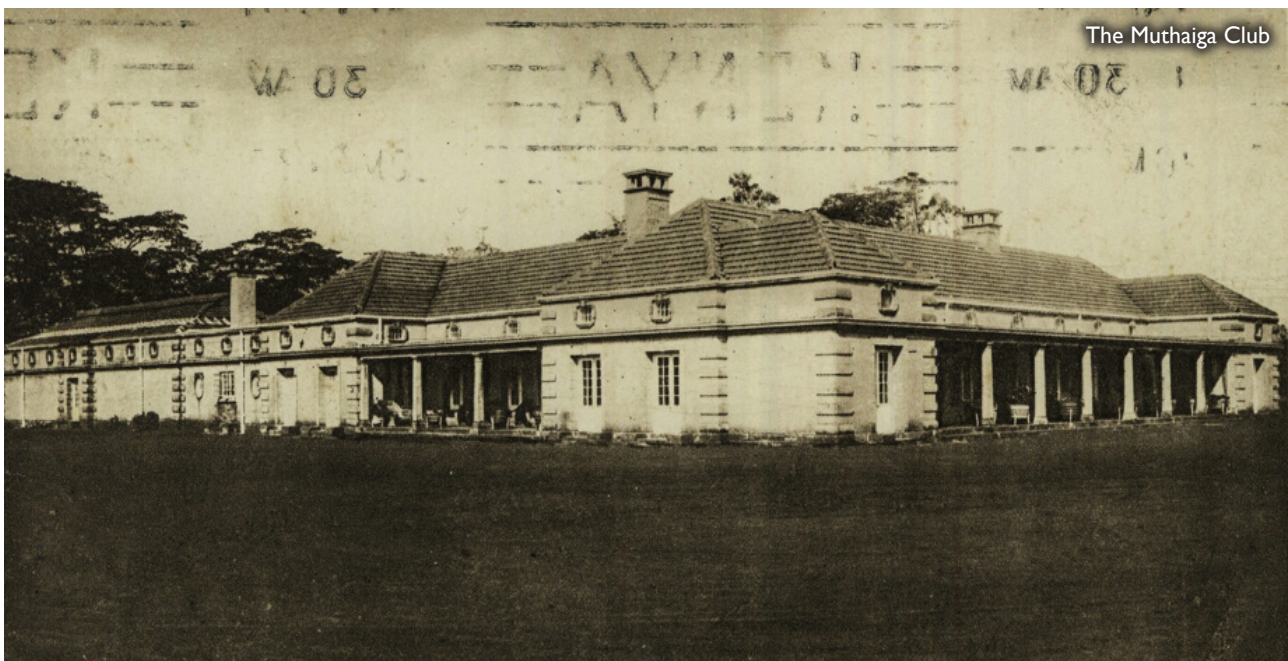
Joss was serious about farming and the Hays were the first to breed high-grade Guernsey cattle. They had their own polo ground at Slains, playing at weekends, generally attracting a crowd of spectators, typically some of Joss's old Etonian friends, settlers and titled guests from abroad. Joss was a first-class player.

In every bedroom in Slains a bottle of whisky and tumblers stood on a tray and on each pillow was a pair of folded silk pyjamas. Joss had decided to adopt the boldly patterned beach pyjamas from Venice (see the front cover of this issue) where they were all the rage. Since they were comfortable, attractive and practical, the fashion became de rigueur for evening wear.

In May 1925 Idina discovered she was pregnant. Shortly after, the Hays invited Frédéric and Alice de Janzé to Slains, in the autumn when the weather made Paris less appealing. While they were visiting, Wanjohi Farm, about five miles away, came up for sale and the de Janzés bought it. This was convenient for Alice to continue her affair with Joss, of which Idina was aware but to which she was indifferent. Frédéric was also unaffected, referring to Joss as "the boyfriend".

Idina's baby was born on 5th January 1926, a daughter named Diana Denyse, but more commonly known by her nickname of "Dinan".

Not long after, Joss received an invitation from a new settler, Cyril Ramsay-Hill; he and his wife Molly had just moved into a new house on Lake Naivasha and he was keen to show it off. Joss would later begin a serious affair with Molly, although at the time it was thought to be another of his habitual flirtations.



Also arriving in 1926 were Kiki and Gerry Preston, to their splendid home at Naivasha, thus completing the Paris clique's affirmation in Kenya.

The social scene in Nairobi centred around the Muthaiga Club, a drive of around 100 miles on the rough Kenyan roads, taking some six hours. The de Janzés would race the Hays' Hispano-Suiza in their Buick, and usually won. The parties during the Nairobi race week, held four times a year, were notoriously wild, involving excessive drinking and party games, although Joss himself was teetotal.

The harmony between the Hays and the de Janzés was broken by the appearance of Raymond de Trafford, a heavy drinker and womaniser. He fell heavily for Alice and they eventually married in 1932. Meanwhile Joss's affair with Molly Ramsay-Hill continued apace. She was 34 when she met him, and if his looks and charm dazzled her, his title dazzled her even more.

Molly appeared to have made up her

background as she went along. She claimed to be an heiress to the Boots the Chemist fortune, and was undeniably wealthy, worth an estimated £30,000 (£1.5m today). When she met the already-married Major Ramsay-Hill, he was smitten enough to pay for the legal unravelling of both their matrimonial ties.

Determined to marry Joss, in December 1927 Molly persuaded her husband to see their solicitors and sign over to her an undisputed half share and interest in their palatial home, Oserian, even though the deeds to the property were in the Major's name only. The fact that she got it, after an acrimonious struggle, may not have been unconnected to her knowledge of the contents of a locked room at the property, where the Major kept a collection of classic French pornography, with many original paintings and books, ownership of which was illegal. Joss declared to Idina that he wished to marry Molly in January 1928.

On 20th February Joss's father died suddenly, aged 52, in Coblenz, and Joss persuaded

Molly to travel to London with him to see his mother, while the Major was on safari. When Ramsay-Hill found out on his return, he drove in a rage to Nairobi, determined to head off the couple travelling by train, and shoot Joss. Ultimately he set about Joss with a horsewhip as he alighted from the train, in full view of the passengers.

Joss and Molly spent several months in London and Europe, Joss having succeeded to the Earldom. There proved to be no acrimony between Joss and Idina over their divorce, although she still adored him. Joss and Molly married on 8th February 1930 in London at St Martin's Register Office.

After a two-year absence, Joss was happy to return to Kenya, and Lord and Lady Erroll settled into their new home, Oserian.

Kenya had been affected by the Great Depression as commodity prices dropped, and only the farmers who really knew their jobs survived. Matters were helped, however, by gold fields at Kakamega coming into production and the discovery of good quality pyrethrum at high altitudes.

Lord Delamere had married again. His new wife, Gladys Markham, was a glamorous woman who masked her face in fashionable heavy white makeup and dashed about in



Molly and Joss



Oserian, the
“Djinn’s Palace”

a cloud of Chanel No.5. Delamere died in November 1931 after a long decline in his health, and was a terrible loss to the European settlers, for whom he had worked tirelessly against Whitehall.

Joss kept himself busy at Oserian, otherwise known as “the Djinn’s Palace”, which was as different from Slains as it is possible to imagine. Its Saracen castellations and two Arabesque domes could be picked out in silhouette for miles across Lake Naivasha. Tennis, squash, riding, polo and yachting were all part of daily life at Oserian, which had its own polo ground.

By the early 1930s Joss had begun to take a serious interest and active role in local politics. Less than two years after being nominated as a councillor for the lake ward on Naivasha District Council, he became its chairman. Meanwhile Kiki Preston became close friends with Molly, and an altogether unhealthy influence. Kiki had a dubious reputation for introducing her friends to drugs, one being George, Duke of Kent, with whom she was involved for some years. She had charmed her with her silver syringe, with which she would openly inject herself, oblivious to onlookers. Molly, seemingly unable to produce a son and heir for Joss, was vulnerable to Kiki offering her drugs from her own supplies.

In 1933 political events in Europe cast a shadow over the settlers’ interests. The new German Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, was determined to claw back colonies lost under

the 1919 Versailles peace treaty, and first under consideration was Tanganyika, on account of its vast mineral wealth, and the German settler community there began to swell. On 21st April 1934 Joss and Molly took the Imperial Airways flying-boat service, night-stopping at Khartoum, to spend the summer in London. The visit would mark Joss’s entry into controversial national politics.

A week before his 33rd birthday, on 3rd May, Joss paid his first visit to the black house on the King’s Road in Chelsea, to sign up as a member of the British Union of Fascists. Tom Mosley, otherwise known as Sir Oswald, was the dominant influence in Joss’s decision to join. They had become friends in Venice in the 1920s and, in October 1932, following a visit to Mussolini in Rome in January of that year, Mosley had established the BUF and set about connecting Britain to the tenets of Fascism—which, after the Wall Street Crash and the General Strike of 1929, became increasingly popular in the face of the abject inertia of traditional party politics. Mosley now sought to spread the Fascist gospel in the colonies.

Through his increasing involvement in local politics and deepening commitment to protecting his land, Joss knew how profoundly disillusioned the settlers had become with government by Westminster. He believed that if the Kenyan economy was to recover from the depression, the men on the spot must be

allowed to make the decisions and looked upon Mosley's brand of fascism as the solution.

During the summer of 1934 Joss trailed around after Mosley in London, steeping himself in Fascist ideology. The 22nd Earl of Erroll was a major asset to Mosley. His title and the fact that he lived in Kenya attracted all the more publicity to the Fascist cause in London and the colony, and aroused much suspicion on Whitehall.

In Kenya the settlers were also disconcerted about the Blackshirts' new representative in the colony, and its slogan of "Britain first, dominions and colonies second, and the foreigner nowhere".

At the end of August 1934 Joss and Molly flew back to Kenya. By 1936 Italian troops were threatening the colony to the north and Mosley's Fascists, largely funded by the Italian *Duce*, Mussolini, were calling for a return of Germany's former colonies, including Tanganyika. Thus Fascism, already increasingly anti-semitic and expansionist, now threatened Kenya, and Joss withdrew his support.

Over the course of 1936 Molly's health degenerated, her morphine dependency increasing, so Joss rented a bungalow in Muthaiga in order that they might have a Nairobi base of their own, where he was preparing for election to the Legislative Council.

Joss and Molly attended the coronation of George VI on 12th May 1937 at Westminster Abbey, which Joss attended in his regalia as



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1. Jubaland (to Italian Somaliland, 1925)	British possessions
2. Rwanda (to Belgium, 1920)	French possessions
3. Urundi (to Belgium, 1920)	German possessions
4. Tanganyika Territory (to Britain, 1920)	Italian possessions

High Constable of Scotland. Joss used the stay in London to do business on behalf of the Legislative Council and on 9th June he made his maiden speech in the House of Lords. It was well received in Kenya. But by the time he and Molly returned home in October Molly's health was in serious decline and she was dependent on drugs.

Joss was invited to stand for the Kiambu constituency in the 1938 general election, and he was duly elected to the Legislative Council, officially

sworn in on 8th April.

In response to the threat of war the Legion of Frontiersmen in Nairobi was resurrected for the first time since the First World War. Joss was heartily committed to the Legion while attending every LegCo debate. By the autumn he was on first name terms with every important person in the colony, from the Governor down, including their wives. Some time in 1938 Joss began an affair with Phyllis Filmer, wife of Percy Filmer, managing director of the Shell Company of East Africa. A petite blonde with page-boy hair, she was plain compared to Joss's usual conquests.

In early January 1939, questions were again asked in the House of Commons about Tanganyika and whether it was regarded as integral to the Empire. Joss was highly critical of the Colonial Office and its inertia, especially as it appeared the territory was infested with Nazism, where German nationals now outnumbered the British non-official element.

The threat of pre-war Nazi penetration of British East Africa was very real.

Joss took on another responsibility when he was made Deputy Director of the Central Manpower Committee in February, preparing the colony to meet military requirements in the face of hostilities, all while maintaining the civil duties of LegCo and the interests of the settlers. European manpower in Kenya amounted to 8,998; before long over 3,500 would be serving in the armed forces.

Joss's affair with Phyllis Filmer was now out in the open. Molly was by this stage consuming vast amounts of alcohol and drugs to fend off pain, and once she learned of the death of her friend Kiki Preston from a heroin overdose at Claridge's hotel in London there was no going back. She died on 12th October and was buried the next day at St Paul's Church in Kiambu.

On about 12th November 1940 Sir Jock Delves Broughton and his new bride Diana arrived in Nairobi. Ostensibly Broughton had come over to farm land he had been awarded in the 1919 soldier settlement scheme, claiming that the colony offered him the opportunity to obtain some "proper war work". He was keen to redeem his own poor First World War army record—an old Etonian, he had held a commission in the Irish Guards for 17 years but never made it to France, having come down with sunstroke at Wellington Barracks. In truth, however, Broughton's reasons for leaving England were far more prosaic.

Sir Jock, generally accepted to be an irascible, cold, remote and vain individual, always impeccably dressed in tailoring by Henry Poole of Savile Row, had been born at Doddington Hall in Cheshire in 1883 and had inherited the baronetcy in 1914, a year after his first marriage, to Vera Griffith-Boscawen. He was a gambler and a man of the turf who was part of a consortium that owned Ensbury Park Race Course in Dorset, and he sustained repeated losses forcing him to sell off most of the family estates to settle bad debts. Further, in 1939 he was suspected of insurance fraud, having reported the theft of Lady Vera's pearls and several important paintings from Doddington Hall, although he was never formally charged.

Within six months of this incident Sir Jock, aged 56, divorced Lady Vera and married 26-year-old platinum-blond beauty Diana Caldwell. Sir Jock had first met Diana in 1935 and she soon became his mistress. He referred to her as "my blonde" and installed her in the garden house at Doddington, which she occupied with her mother and sister.

Aged 22 at the time, Diana worked as a model in a fashion house during the day and ran the Blue Goose cocktail bar in the evening, a popular haunt for ladies to meet the "right sort" of men, with a private income and a title, based in Bruton Mews off Berkeley Square. At weekends she enjoyed hunting and shooting at various country houses, and had several affairs and not a few abortions. In 1937, pregnant again, she married musician Vernon Motion, although the marriage lasted only a fortnight and the pregnancy was terminated.

When Sir Jock and Diana undertook the journey to Kenya, via Cape Town, they were unmarried, the decree absolute arriving as they docked in South Africa. Broughton's first application for immigration into Kenya for himself, Diana and her maid was refused, because of the women's single status—a law had been passed in September 1939 forbidding unmarried white women from entering the colony, to prevent an influx of South African

Sir Jock and Lady Broughton



prostitutes. Before marrying Diana, which he legalised in Cape Town on 21st September 1940, Jock made a pact to give her a divorce and make over to her the sum of £5,000 a year (£270,000 today) for life should she fall in love with another man.

Once the Broughtons had received clearance from the Kenyan authorities they reached Muthaiga in mid-November. Also arriving at about the same time was Lieutenant Hugh Thomson Dickinson with a posting in Nairobi. He was eagerly awaiting the arrival of Diana, with whom he was an intimate friend and intermittent lover, often filling the role of escort for her. She referred to him as “Hughsie Daisy”.

Broughton had met Joss Erroll fleetingly over a decade before at the Muthaiga Club in 1927. Their friendship grew from this point, although Joss declined to let his main home, Oserian, to him. Broughton eventually rented a fully-furnished property in Marula Lane for six months; it came with a guest house which Diana offered to Dickinson.

Before long Joss abandoned his usual habit of lunching at home and spent the two-hour break in the company of the Broughtons. Soon they were all going out together for long horse rides in Kikuyu Reserve, until Sir Jock stopped going when he began to feel his bad leg, which had been injured during the war.

By now Joss was developing a serious infatuation with Diana, at the expense of his relationship with Phyllis. Whenever they danced together they requested their own special song, “Let’s Fall in Love”. From the New Year of 1941 they took every opportunity to be together that Joss’s duties allowed.

Joss now made it perfectly clear that he intended to marry Diana and invoke the marriage pact that Broughton had made with her.

On Monday 20th January Joss and Broughton each consulted his lawyer about divorce. At about lunchtime the same day Broughton took his two Colt revolvers from the bedroom, together with the ammunition, leaving them in his study prior to locking them in his gun cabinet. But by Tuesday morning both revolvers and the ammunition had disappeared. Broughton left his home to report the “theft” to the police.

Later than day Broughton wrote to his friend Jack Soames, a near neighbour, that he had



Diana Broughton

spoken to Erroll and Diana—they claimed they loved one another and intended to get married, while he intended to cut his losses and leave Kenya. On Thursday January 23rd Broughton, Diana and Joss made plans to meet at the Muthaiga Club for drinks at 8.30pm, where Broughton was playing backgammon with another club member.

During the evening Broughton raised his Champagne glass to Joss and Diana, wishing them every happiness for the future. But he also insisted that Joss bring Diana back to Marula Lane before 3am; Joss thought this an odd request but he too needed to be back at work early the next day. At around 10.15 he took Diana off to the Clairmont Hotel to dance, before taking her back to Marula Lane around 2.30, as agreed.

At about 3.30am two African dairy workers setting out on their pre-dawn milk round discovered a stationary Buick on the grass verge of the road to Nairobi. The car’s headlights still glowed through the slits of the wartime blackout device and they could make out the body of a white male in uniform in the front of the car.

Leslie Condon, the manager of the dairy, was flagged down and peered through the open window of the car, noticing a wound behind the ear of the dead man. He suspected it was a bullet and drove straight to Kilimani Police Station in Nairobi to report what he had seen.

When the police arrived not one had brought

any finger print powder so no impressions were taken. (When the car was later returned to the garage from which it had been hired it was immediately washed.) The area around the Buick had not been roped off and 11 pairs of feet had trampled over any footprints, with overnight rain further obliterating any crucial evidence.

An ambulance arrived to remove the body at 8.15, at which point it was clearly revealed to be that of Lord Erroll. He had been shot behind the ear at close range, the bullet fragmenting into two parts as it passed through the brain. Death would have been instantaneous.

It was also established that the Buick had reached its position at no more than 8mph, suffering very little damage, and may even have been rolled there. The gear lever was also unaccountably in top gear.

Erroll's body had been lying in the passenger footwell in a "praying position", his knees folded and his head in his hands. It was concluded that the muzzle of a revolver had been held between three and nine inches from the Earl's left ear, and that after his death his body had been dragged from the seat of the car and placed on the floor; someone else then drove the car to where it was found. It was considered unlikely that one person alone would have been able to move Erroll's body to its final position.

Assistant Inspector Arthur Poppy, ex-Metropolitan Police, was appointed to head the murder enquiry. His first job was to keep news of the cause of death quiet for a while, as Erroll had been Kenya's Assistant Military Secretary.

Joss was buried next to Molly at St Paul's Church with full military honours, a Union Flag draped across his coffin and a firing party present. A private memorial service was held in Scotland on 6th February, attended by Joss's mother and the rest of the family.

People were generally not surprised that Joss had died in a "road accident", as he was known to be a reckless driver. The inquest into the death was held the following Monday, with the pretence of an accident still being maintained.

The investigation into the murder presented great difficulties for the Kenyan government, as the CID department of the police force was very small. Suspicion soon fell on cuckolded husband Jock Broughton—everyone in Nairobi knew of Diana's affair with Erroll—and he

was eventually arrested on 10th March. Poppy himself made the arrest and Broughton simply replied, "I'm sorry, you've made a big mistake." The following day he appeared in the Resident Magistrate's Court in Nairobi to be formally charged.

Diana, meanwhile, took everything in her stride. During questioning by Inspector Poppy she constantly addressed him as "Popski, darling" and advised him that she would only answer further questions if he gave her another double brandy. During the preliminary hearing it was noted that Diana wore a new outfit every day; she had specially selected a whole new wardrobe from South Africa for the trial.

The court case began on 26th May, and became the longest trial ever held in central Africa at the time, ending on 1st July. The Attorney General, Mr Walter Harrigan KC led for the crown; he had known Joss for over five years. Henry Morris KC represented Broughton. Reputed to be the only counsel outside of England to be a ballistics expert, he proved vital to the defence. Broughton's trial depended heavily on ballistics, proof of his guilt or innocence hanging on the identity of the gun and bullet used.

The Crown case was that the bullet that killed Erroll was fired from one of Broughton's revolvers lost in the "burglary" the Tuesday before the murder. Morris examined every scratch, mark and groove on every photograph of each bullet at the crime scene and succeeded in confusing everybody. A bullet had been fired outside of the car, seemingly to confuse police.

After two ballistics expert witnesses for the prosecution confirmed that the bullet that killed Erroll had been fired from a weapon with five right-hand rifling grooves, Morris eventually persuaded the court that it stood to reason that you

Diana and Joss





Jock's house at Marula Lane

could not get a five-grooved bullet out of a six-grooved gun, and Broughton's missing Colt revolvers were six-grooved weapons.

In his summing up Judge Sheridan drew the jury's attention to the ballistic evidence specifically, calling it pivotal, and directing that if they could not say with legal certainty that the bullet fired at the crime scene was from Broughton's guns he should be given the benefit of the doubt.

Later in July, Broughton and Diana made a trip to India and Ceylon but by the autumn their relationship had fallen apart. In October Broughton took a passage to Liverpool and later died from a morphine overdose in the Adelphi hotel there, on 5th December 1942.

The following year Diana married Gilbert Colville, a reclusive settler, the marriage lasting 12 years—she eventually divorced him, amicably, to marry Lord Delamere's son Tom, a friend of Colville's, and the only man apart from Joss, she claimed, whom she had ever loved.

By the time she died of a stroke on 3rd September 1987 in Ascot she had amassed a great fortune and become known as the "Great White Queen of Africa". She was buried in a small cemetery she had built at Soysambu Ranch, 100 miles from Nairobi, alongside Colville and Lord Delamere.

So who did murder Lord Erroll? There were three main suspects.

Despite his acquittal, Sir Jock Delves

Broughton was still considered by Kenyan society to be guilty and he became *persona non grata*. Certainly this was the conclusion of the author of the book *White Mischief*, James Fox. Broughton had acted suspiciously, and the "theft" of the revolvers and his insistence that Joss return Diana to his home on the night of the murder do seem contrived. Further, he seemed overly confident during the trial, even examining the Crown prosecutor's evidence in his office when it took his fancy.

However, the case against him supposes that he slipped into the back of Erroll's car while he was seeing Diana indoors, and when Erroll drove back to Nairobi Broughton shot him and was picked

up further along the road at a pre-arranged spot by another car. Given that Broughton was 56, dragged his foot due to the effects of a thrombosis and would have had great difficulty moving the heavily built body of Lord Erroll in a confined space, this seems unlikely.

Alice de Jancé was also considered a suspect. She was certainly in love with Joss, having had an on-off affair with him over several years, and the theory is that she decided that if she could not have him then no one else could and murdered him in a fit of jealous pique. And she had form, having previously shot Raymond de Trafford in Paris—the joke at the time was, "Did she shoot him in the Gare du Nord? No, in the balls." She also shot herself in that incident, but they both survived.

However, Alice was known to be a heavy drug user and the murder of Erroll appeared to be a carefully planned execution. Moreover, she would have been quite incapable of physically moving the body.

In August 1941, after being diagnosed with uterine cancer, she underwent a hysterectomy. On 23rd September she attempted suicide by a drug overdose, finally succeeding seven days later with a self-inflicted gunshot.

Hugh Dickinson—"Hughsie Daisy"—was also considered a suspect. Certainly he was obsessed with Diana and had followed her to Kenya. When questioned about his movements on the night of the murder he gave a false alibi

to the police, claiming that he was in a hospital in Mombasa suffering from a septic toe.

However, although he assisted Broughton in his false insurance claims, it is a stretch to think that he would have committed murder, and he would have had to cross a swamp to reach the scene of the crime.

Far more plausible, in my view, is that Erroll's execution was on the orders of the British Government and carried out by the newly formed Special Operations Executive (SOE), whose purpose was to coordinate subversion and sabotage in enemy-occupied countries. Erroll had certainly raised alarm in the British Government when he became associated with Mosley and his Blackshirts. Mosley himself was interned by the government under Defence Regulation 18B, along with most other active Fascists.

Kenya was the single most important recruiting ground for the British Army in Africa and 98,240 Kenyans joined the King's African Rifles. The government was concerned that Erroll, who now held a key post in Kenya's administration for recruitment, was actively working to stop the war against Germany and form an alliance with her against Communist Russia.

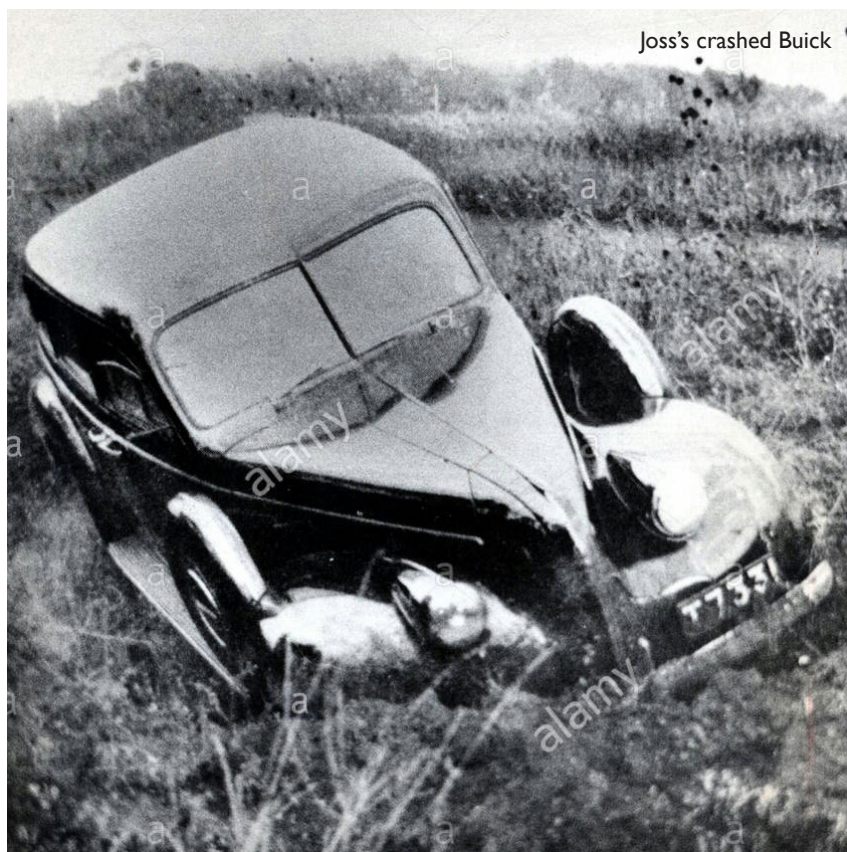
Faced with the threat of a large Italian army advancing into Kenya from the north, as it had into British Somaliland, and German infiltration from Tanganyika in the south, it was felt that Erroll had to be removed, as he was privy to secret military information and was too prominent and too popular to be imprisoned.

Tony Trafford, a retired intelligence officer whose father had supposedly played a minor role in the assassination plot, evidenced this in a detailed memorandum, called the "Sallyport papers", written shortly before his death. The story is that an operation named "Highland Clearance" involved two agents, a man and a woman, being flown into Kenya via Cairo. The female agent, "Susan Melanie", arrived in Nairobi in good time to ingratiate herself into the social scene and become acquainted

with Lord Erroll. Meanwhile the male agent, "James Gregory", arriving separately, took the time to familiarise himself with Erroll's movement and general timetable.

On the night of the murder, so the theory goes, the two agents left their safe house and drove to a position on the road to Nairobi from Marula Lane, pretending to have suffered an engine failure. On seeing Erroll's Buick, as expected, Susan Melanie walked out into the road. Once Erroll had stopped, Gregory implored him to take Susan into Nairobi while he sought to repair the car. Susan got into the passenger seat and, just as Erroll passed Gregory's car, Gregory blinded him with a torchlight while Susan shot him at close range. Erroll's car was pushed off the road, with his body moved into the footwell. Susan then fired a second shot from outside the car to make it look like both shots had come from the exterior on the driver's side.

Their mission accomplished the two agents returned to their safe house. In their debrief their controller reminded them, in no uncertain terms, that any indiscretion would be "exposed to their own neglect". In the event, James Gregory was posted to a Royal Signals unit and killed at Bar Hakeim during an advance by Rommel in 1942. Susan Melanie took part in several airdrops and SOE operations in conjunction with the French resistance, until she was captured in Limoges in October 1942. Suspected of being a double agent, she was shot.



YBOR

CIGAR CITY

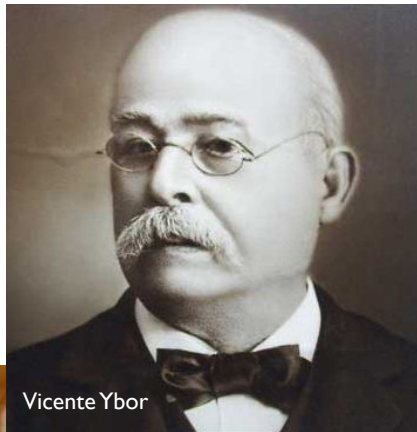
LAST JULY MY travels took me to Tampa, half-way down the west coast of Florida. Here I naturally gravitated towards the vintage/hipster area of the city, known as Ybor (pronounced ee-bor). One travels from Downtown Tampa to Ybor by means of a heritage electric streetcar. The interior of the cars boast wood-panelled interiors and reversible seats. They also boast air-conditioning (important in such a warm climate), for the cars are modern replicas rather than restored originals.

The journey sets the scene rather well for, as well as being Tampa's main entertainment

Tim Eyre communes with the ghosts of holy rollers

area, Ybor is one of America's most notable historic districts. Ybor came into existence for one reason only: cigars.

In the early 1880s Tampa was just a poor fishing village in a swamp, with a small population beset by typhoid and yellow fever. In 1884 a businessman by the name of Gavino Gutierrez visited Tampa in search of commercial-grade guavas for his New York City-based fruit packing firm. He found no good guavas in Tampa but his visit eventually led to the village's expansion into a major city. On his sea journey back to New York, Gutierrez broke his journey in Key West (an island off Florida's south coast) to visit his friend Vicente Martínez Ybor. Mr Ybor was a major cigar manufacturer. He was a Cuban and had originally made cigars in Havana. However, his support for the cause of



Vicente Ybor

One of the reproduction heritage streetcars





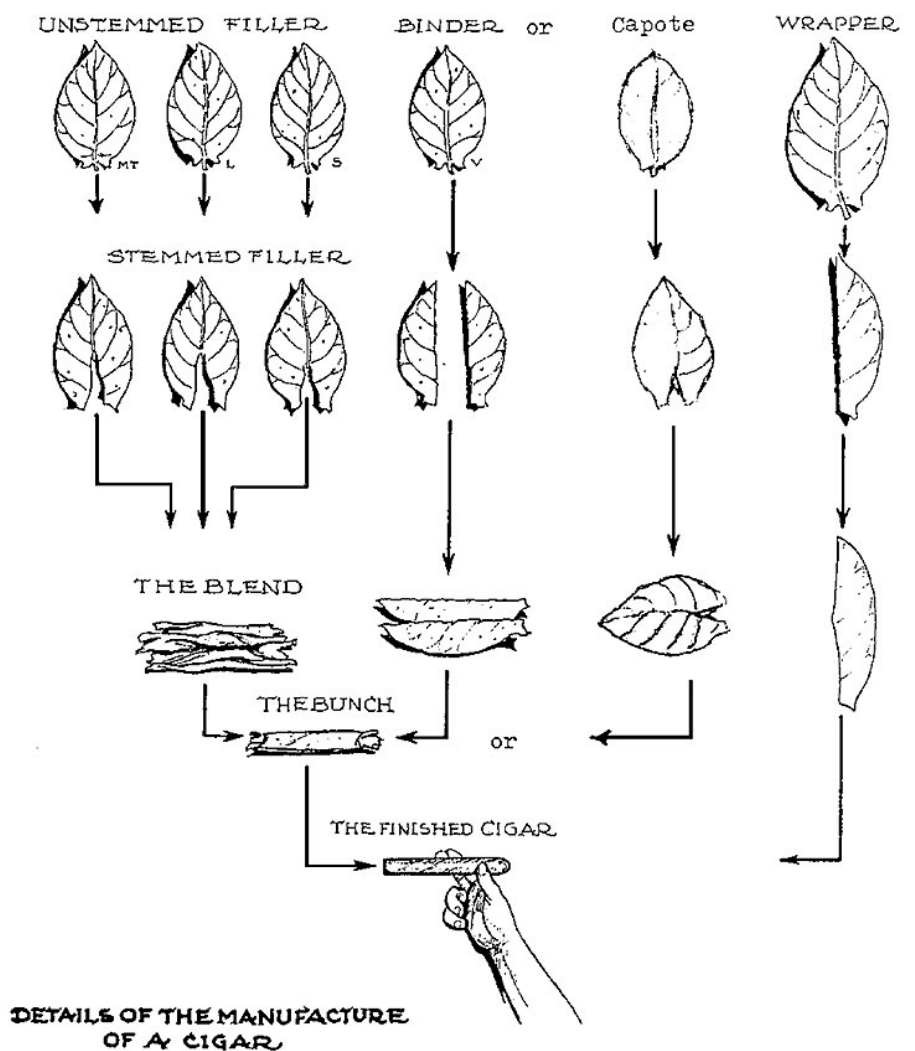
an ideal location for cigar manufacture and quickly bought a tract of land on which to build Mr Ybor's vision of a cigar city. Within days Mr Ybor had men clearing the land. He and Mr Haya had wooden factories built and, at the same time, erected 50 family homes called *casitas*. These were offered to employees at a price of \$400 (little more than the cost of construction), payable by interest-free deductions from the worker's pay. The new district was named Ybor City.

In April 1886 the factories started producing cigars. Mr Ybor hoped to induce other cigar manufacturers to move from Key West to Ybor City to increase the pool of available workers. They were initially wary of making such a move, but soon after the factories of Ybor City started production, a fire destroyed much of Key West. In urgent need of homes and employment, many trained tobacco workers (known as *tabaqueros*) moved to Ybor City. The other manufacturers followed. A tipping point had been reached and by the end of 1886, Ybor City had rolled a million cigars.

Cuban independence had seen him exiled from Cuba to Florida, where he had re-established his cigar factory in Key West. Here he was experiencing trouble with labour strife and a high turnover of staff, who would (unsurprisingly) move to Cuba whenever better pay was on offer. Poor transport links were another concern.

Mr Ybor related to Gutierrez his vision of a company town, where he would provide his workforce with conditions that were so good that they would want to stay of their own accord. Mr Ybor had been searching for a location to establish this town but had not yet found the right spot. Mindful of his recent visit, Gutierrez suggested Tampa. Although it was small and poor, it had a port (used to ship cattle and citrus fruits) that could receive tobacco from Cuba and a railroad was soon to open, which could carry away the finished cigars.

Mr Ybor was intrigued by Gutierrez's suggestion and set off to visit Tampa with a Spanish cigar entrepreneur by the name of Ignacio Haya. They found that Tampa did indeed provide



A row of Casitas



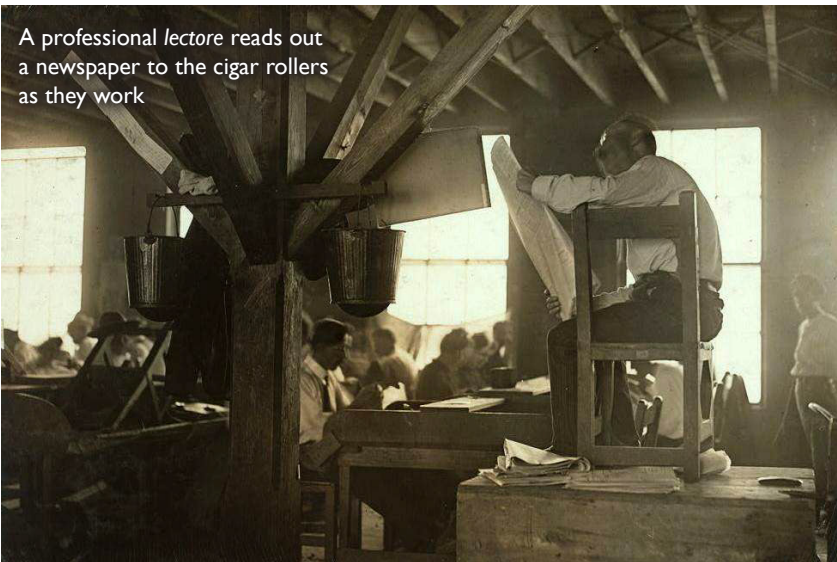
by the early years of the 20th century. The population grew rapidly, with Sicilians joining the predominantly Spanish and Cuban workforce. German, Romanian and Chinese immigrants added to the diversity.

Tabaqueros at work



The various ethnic groups formed mutual aid societies. These were a major part of life in Ybor City. As well as acting as a social hub, they offered libraries, education, theatre, sports teams and medical facilities. Members paid dues of 5% of their salary. There was friendly rivalry between the clubs but no conflict. By all accounts, the residents of Ybor City got along together very well. The mutual aid buildings still stand today. They are large and impressive buildings and have been put to new uses; the former Centro Español is now a shopping and entertainment complex.

A professional *lectore* reads out a newspaper to the cigar rollers as they work



As well as clubbing together for mutual support, the workers in Ybor City clubbed together for workplace entertainment. They employed *Los Lectores*, men who would read out newspapers and novels to the cigar rollers as they worked. The *Lectores* saw to it that the workers were well-informed and as such they were esteemed members of the community and remunerated accordingly. Indeed, Ybor

Nevertheless, at this stage Ybor City was still a primitive place, with no streetlights, poor sanitation, clouds of mosquitoes and serious risks from dangerous wildlife such as alligators. However, the success of the factories saw Ybor City described as the “Cigar Capital of the World” by 1900. This prosperity enabled Ybor City to become a well-developed settlement

City provided a high quality of life in general and was a far cry from the slums that so many immigrants found themselves in. One visitor to Ybor City described its bustling streets as a “Spanish India”.

Unfortunately, the decline of Ybor City came as quickly as its rise. “Peak cigar” came in 1929, when Ybor City produced half a billion units.



The enthusiastic consumption of cigars might be linked to the irrational exuberance of the 1929 stock market. When that bubble burst and the Great Depression set in, cigar consumption went into decline. Smokers migrated from cigars to cigarettes; these were cheaper than cigars because suitable tobacco could be grown in the USA, whereas cigar tobacco had to be imported from Cuba. The cigar manufacture that remained became increasingly mechanised.

In addition to the declining market for its wares, the 1960s brought serious physical blows to Ybor City. Many homes were demolished as part of a botched urban renewal project that renewed little and left many blocks empty. To make things worse, Interstate Highway 4 was built directly through Ybor City, bisecting it. By the 1970s the population had largely emptied out, although a few cultural icons such as the Colombia Restaurant and La Segunda Bakery survived.

Renewal came when Tampa officials relaxed local regulations to encourage nightlife in Ybor City. Revellers joined the artists and Bohemians who had

moved there for the cheap rent and abundant space. The process of gentrification started and today it is complete. Erstwhile cigar factories have been converted into loft apartments and trendy bars line Seventh Avenue. Local signage and an excellent museum explain the district's history to visitors. It is even possible to tour a restored casita to see how the tabaqueros lived. Best of all, Ybor's legacy as Cigar City lives on. Although cigar production has moved to the Caribbean islands, Ybor City today sports numerous cigar lounges and shops.

Ybor City's combination of history and cigars makes it an attractive destination for New Sheridanites. If you find yourself on a family visit to Disney World in Orlando then a detour to Ybor City an hour or two away may provide the perfect antidote.

(Top) The lavish Spanish Mutual Aid Society building in 1925, a complex that included a 1,110-seat theatre, a ballroom and a library; (below) Ybor's main drag during its prosperous commercial Golden Age and (bottom) as it is today, a vibrant entertainment district





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.



Louise Newton

“Let them eat cake.”

Name or preferred name?

My name was Tallulah for almost a decade, but she was an alter ego I killed off. When manning the wheels of steel, I went by the moniker DJ Louise XIV. However, I’m now perfectly at ease with my birth name “Louise Newton”.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Tallulah was taken from a lyric by the glam rock band Rachel Stamp. Louise XIV was because I was the shining sun around which my courtiers

circled.

Where do you hail from?

Nottingham. For the record, Tony Robinson’s “Maid Marian and Her Merry Men” is the most accurate depiction of my homeland and its people.

Favourite Cocktail?

Caipirinha or Mojito.

Most Chappist skill?

I’m actually not half bad at busting out solo Charleston moves, provided that some sick beats are laid down.

Most Chappist possession?

An antique Lock & Co. black silk top hat

Personal Motto?

“You can’t have your cake and eat it.”

Favourite Quote?

“Let them eat cake.”

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

I was raised as a naturist. No, seriously. This is why I’m so fetishistic about extravagant fashions and voluminous costumes.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

I’ve endured the mayhem since 2007.



How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I cannot remember the source. What I do remember is The Conte and Fruity Hatfield-Peverel taking my friend and me to a gay bar in Soho after attending my first Sheridan meeting. Oooh, and winning Best Pipe at the Last Gasper party (the day before the smoking ban came into play).

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

As much as I adore a traditional heritage pub, Wetherspoons is my guilty pleasure. I like the renovation they do of disused buildings (crazy art deco carpets!) and you just can't argue with a pint of reasonably priced real ale. Especially not in London.

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

Billie MacKenzie—the singer from the 80s electronic pop group The Associates. He tragically committed suicide during the 90s so I never got to hear him perform live. An incredible vocal talent.

Nell Gwynne—I have an inkling we'd get on like a house on fire. Or the entire city of London aflame. We both dig dudes in big wigs.

Arnold Rimmer from *Red Dwarf*—hearing him talk about his photo collection of 20th-century telegraph poles or having him regale us with stories from when he was treasurer of the Hammond Organ Owners Society would not be that dissimilar to an average Wednesday evening upstairs at The Wheatsheaf.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

If I could create a mutant hybrid of all four members, I would select the following characteristics:

The creativity, generosity and cheekbones of Clayton Hartley.

The warm nature and bashful, coquettish glances of Torquil Arbuthnot.

The thunderous guffawing

At the Gala Nocturna last year



laughter and red trousers of The Chairman.

The wry wit and ceaseless sarcasm of Artemis Scarheart.

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

No, which is shameful considering that I've been going to Sheridan events for over ten years. Perhaps I could sing a medley of 80s pop group Japan's greatest hits via the means of a reasonably convincing Betty Boop impression.

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.

At the Chap Olympics, 2009





CLUB NOTES

Tweed Ramble

IF YOU'RE THE SORT of relaxed individual for whom the annual Tweed Run seems a bit too energetic (and certainly nabbing a ticket to partake requires the speed and reflexes of a panther), you may be interested in Priya Kali's latest jaunt. Perhaps inspired by the Club's two riverside ambles to Henley on Thames (see last month's edition of *Resign!*), on Sunday 5th February she organised a leisurely stroll across Hampstead Heath.

You'll be relieved to hear that pubs featured heavily: we gathered at the Freemason's Arms at the southern edge of the heath for a sharpener before setting off across the mist-shrouded badlands, doing our best to avoid the Grimpen Mire. Our destination was another pub, the Holly Bush. (If you look at a map you'll see that the best way to get from the one pub to the other is not actually to go across the heath at all, but that was not really the point.)

Halfway through our journey, for the benefit of those who might be flagging, we sloped into Kenwood House, a Georgian stately home now administered by English Heritage, but free to enter thanks to the terms of the bequest of Edward Cecil Guinness, 1st Earl of Iveagh. It is stuffed with Old Masters and Adrian Prooth felt very much at home (see photo).

We didn't have too long to tarry at Kenwood, as we had an appointment with lunch at the Holly Bush, a labyrinthine gastro-pub where we lunched very well indeed. Here's hoping that the success of this jaunt leads to other ale-and-pie-fuelled tweedy saunters.

(Below) Adrian at ease in Kenwood House; (bottom) as we set off the trees vanish into billows of mist, or possibly mustard gas





(Above) our starting point and (left) our finishing point; (below) as a bonus, in the final pub Priya announced a prize for the best dressed—I'm pleased to say that, after a close run with Adrian, I won, and was duly awarded this splendid harmonica. You can imagine Mrs H's delight when I produced this at home and gave her a few rousing honks and wheezes on it. (Bottom) Adrian's new toy was a weird robot eyeball that takes 3D images of the inside of pubs, like this one in the Freemason's Arms



New Member

Kathryn Best

A THUNDEROUS ROUND of congratulatory applause for Kathryn Best who joins the Club this month—interestingly finding her way to us via the shady Order of the Fez (possibly the first person to do so)...

Club Tie Corner

Only one actual tie this time (opposite centre), from Luca Jellinek via Instagram, but it's a double whammy as both the tie and the vintage illustration the chap is trying to match qualify. Meanwhile our glorious Chairman Torquil observed that the dodgy Principality of Sealand



(a platform in the North Sea) has chosen our colours for its own; (left) Col. Cyrus Choke is confident that Herbert Marshall, playing Somerset Maugham in *The Razor's Edge* (1946), is also a Clubman, and further notes Freddy Honeychurch's Club blazer in *A Room With a View* (1985, below right); also on the opposite page we find Gomez Adams in a rival Club blazer (from Jack Defer), comedy chat show stalwart Alan Davies in the official Club lumberjack shirt, and, bottom right, the dapper David Niven as Raffles, again clearly in a Club tie, for which we have both Actuarius and Hallamshire-Smythe to thank.



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PRINCIPALITY OF SEALAND

Sealand was founded as a sovereign Principality in 1967 in international waters, seven miles off the eastern shores of Britain.

READ MORE



OUR HISTORY




BECOME A LORD OR LADY



LATEST NEWS



 **matthewkargale** [Follow](#)

68 likes 52w

matthewkargale I bought this tie from @bobbyfromboston because it reminded me of this tie in a Leyendecker illustration. It's not a perfect match but I'm getting closer. #menswear #jcleynedecker #vintagemenswear

matthewkargale #redandyellowkillafellow

ashleys_musings Nice!

alexanderoviatt Have you noticed that certain color combinations and stripe widths in vintage repp ties are no longer produced? Great ones, too. It's a pity!

thetieguy Ivy 🍷

matthewkargale @alexanderoviatt yes, I've noticed that too. :(Thanks @thetieguy

theodore.crispino.esq Is it black, red & white? I've been looking for that exact tie for a while

♡ Add a comment... ⋮





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 March

7pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf,
25 Rathbone

Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

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.

Ashes to Ashes II:

A Cabaret Tribute to David Bowie

Wednesday 1st March

7pm–11.45pm

Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, 42–46
Pollard Row, London E2 6ND

Admission: £12 in advance

In case, for some reason you choose not to come to the NSC Club Night (or endeavour to move on afterwards), this is a follow-up to the success of *Ashes to Ashes*, a cabaret tribute to David Bowie on Ash Wednesday 2016. The all-star cast includes Dusty Limits, Marcella Puppini and Clifford Slapper, Benjamin Louche, Jo Foley, Laurence Owen, Champagne Charlie, Abnormalik and Molly Beth Morose plus many more! There will be a Bowie raffle on the night and running until March 2nd an online auction of Bowie inspired art all donated to Cabaret vs Cancer. www.jumblebee.co.uk/ashestoashes2017. Running alongside the London event are events in Glasgow, Leeds and Melbourne, and 100% of monies raised on the night will be donated to Cabaret vs Cancer, a London-based charity who support those living with cancer, as well as the child bereavement team at St Joseph's in Hackney.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 3rd March

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

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 or 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

Interior of the Caravan Club



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*

Time Travelling Soirée with Auntie Maureen and Timberlina

Sunday 12th March
7–10pm

Upstairs at Frevd Bar, 198 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8JL

Admission: £12 in advance

This March The National Trust is hosting a themed programme of talks, debates and performances that explore queer life before the

AFTER
the caravan
81 ENDELL ST.
ENTRANCE IN COURT
(Corner of Shaftesbury Avenue, facing Princes Theatre)
Phone: Temple Bar 7665
London's Greatest Bohemian Rendezvous
said to be the most unconventional spot in town
Dancing to Charlie
ALL NIGHT GAIETY
PERIODICAL NIGHT TRIPS TO THE GREAT OPEN SPACES, INCLUDING THE ACE OF SPADES, ETC.

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 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!*

Sunday 5th March
7pm

Sexual Offences Act of 1967 in London. As part of this programme Auntie Maureen and Timberlina invite you to their Time Travelling Soiree, a reimagining of The Caravan, London's legendary lesbian and gay haunt where the queer-in-the-know danced the night away during the fashionable 1930s, featuring queer storytelling, testimonies and tunes from the past 50 years. This evening will use authentic gramophone music & original documents and letters to tell the story of London's historic club culture.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being Earnest

Wednesday 15th March
6.30–11pm

The Battersea Barge, Nine Elms Lane, London SW8 5BP

Admission: Donation. To reserve a seat, pre-donate by PayPal (dorianoblack@gmail.com), minimum £5, please!

A rehearsed reading of *The Importance of Being Earnest* featuring an all-star cabaret cast: Champagne Charlie, Ginger Blush, Meth, Becky John, Audacity Chutzpah, Benjamin Louche,

Come and enjoy some whiskey-fuelled, Prohibition-era, Irish-American fun on St Patrick's Day at the Candlelight Club

Kiki Lovechild and Dusty Limits. Entry by donation—all profits will go to Albert Kennedy Trust and Cabaret vs Cancer. (It's also Dusty's birthday and he's terribly old, so make a donation in lieu of giving a gift or giving a card. He only throws the cards away anyway).

Seating is limited, so if you want to reserve seats, please pre-donate and in the Note specify the name for the booking and the number of seats required: £5 per seat minimum donation, please! If you're not able to PayPal, email to the same address stating the number of seats required. First in, first served, you snooze, you lose.

Access to the Barge is off Nine Elms Lane. It's about a ten-minute walk from Vauxhall Tube. Maps etc here: www.batterseabarge.com/bbevents/location.

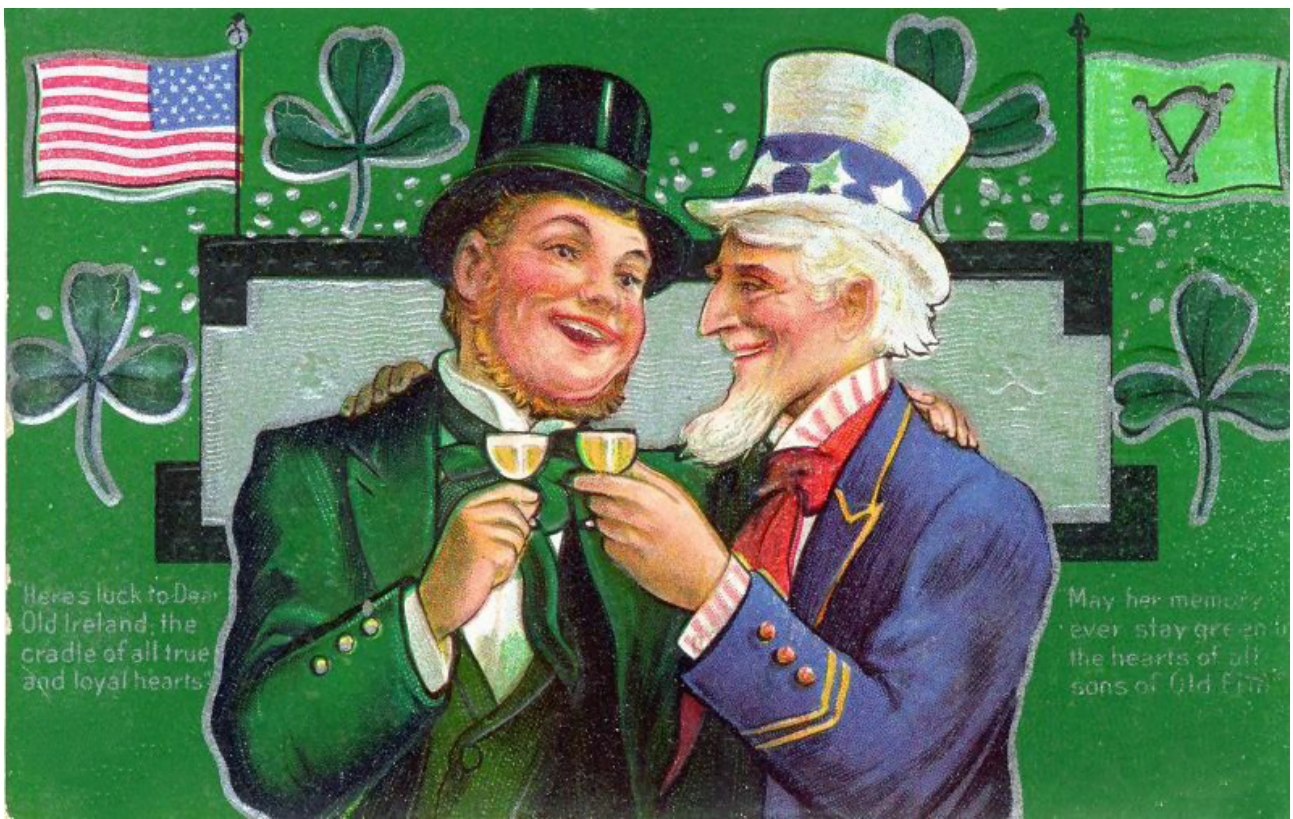
The Candlelight Club's St Patrick Day Party

Friday 17th and Saturday 18th March
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





Tom Carradine's
Cockney Singalong

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

Friday 17th March is St Patrick's Day, and no one celebrates St Patrick's Day like the Americans—something which went unhindered by Prohibition. Criminal gangs were often based around social background—Irish, Italian, Jewish, etc—and the Irish Americans could be more Irish than the Irish. If you've seen the relevant episode of *Boardwalk Empire* you'll get the picture.

At our St Patrick's Day celebration there will be Irish-tinged cocktails, things pointlessly coloured green, perhaps some poteen and live music from The Silver Ghosts with a Celtically inclined offering of 1920s jazz. Hosting will be louche leprechaun Champagne Charlie, with vintage DJing 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.

Carradine's Cockney Singalong

Monday 20th March

7.30–10pm

Hoxton Hall, 130 Hoxton Street, London N1 6SH

Admission: £10 from www.hoxtonhall.co.uk

Fancy a good old-fashioned knees-up in a

genuine Victorian Music Hall? Join Mr Tom Carradine, on the Ol' Joanna, as he presents an evening of timeless songs with audience participation. For the first time at Hoxton Hall, let your host lead you in a traditional cockney singalong, with songs from the music hall era, the First and Second World Wars, the West End stage and popular tradition across the decades. For regulars to Tom's events, his debut at Hoxton Hall will see him perform a number of new medleys and a few hidden gems from his archive of music hall and variety songs, alongside all the old favourites.

"Carradine's Cockney Sing-a-long is a deceptively simple, winning formula, brilliantly executed. A terrific night out." —*Cabaret Scenes*

"Tom Carradine really gets the atmosphere going. As well as an accomplished musician, Carradine is a good showman with a charming personality. The audience clearly love what he does." —www.capitalcabaretsandshowsscene.net.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 26th March

11am–5p

Courthouse Hotel, 335–337 Old Street, London

Admission: £4 (£2 with NUS card)

A London Fashion Week special iteration of this regular fair, with an emphasis this time on vintage designer labels, plus tea room, alterations booth and live jazz. Details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

Matthew "The
Chairman" Howard
looking impish at the
last club night

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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.