

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 127 MAY 2017

A-PUNTING WE WILL GO

Tales of the annual
“Punt, Picnic ‘n’
Plunge” in Oxford

**A gentleperson’s
guide to letter
writing**

Part 2 of Richard
D’Astartly’s paean to the
handwritten missive

How queer!

Auntie Maureen on
London’s illicit club
scene in the early
20th century

Essex Gothic

A peek into the world
of Chloe Clark





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 3rd May in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Francesca Albini will give a talk on chapbooks, together with her publisher Alban Low of Sampson Low. The talk will be about chapbooks in the past and in the present, about the chapmen who sold them and sometimes wrote them, and about the publisher Sampson Low, founded in 1793.

The Last Meeting

Our speaker was Auntie Maureen, with a talk examining the forbidden subcultures of early 20th-century London and the clandestine clubs that sprouted up to cater for them, safe places where gay men and women could be themselves—beginning with the fancy-dress Chelsea Arts Ball which was seen to be

hijacked by men seizing the opportunity to dress in drag and going on to include clubs like the Caravan and Billies, as well as the Shim Sham which specifically catered for queer black customers. Sadly the history of these places seemed to have revolved mostly around police surveillance, disgusted neighbours, raids and

arrests. In this year, the 50th since homosexual acts were legalised by the Sexual Offences Act, Maureen has been engaged in a number of events marking this anniversary, and she showed us photos from a recent one at what is, as near as possible, the original site of the Caravan, which they lovingly decorated to match original photos of it. (They even smoked loads of fags in there and stamped out the butts, to get an authentic stale cigarette aroma...)

An essay from the talk begins on page 4.

An example of the chapman's wares





(Above) Maureen commences, to a packed house (right); (below, l-r) Birgit, Mrs Palmer-Lewis and Dave "Affability" Hollander



(Right) "Chuckles" Youngusband attempts to film the talk, even putting a microphone on Maureen; I don't think it worked



(Above) Maureen with a pair of "Hitchy Koos"; Darcy Sullivan; (right) Brandi Amiss-Towler; Mark Christopher and Jack Defer; (below) new member Stav Bee expounds



Dave and Craigho with the Club's latest acquisition, a flag

Queer City Nights

Stories of London's hidden homo nightlife before
The Sexual Offences Act 1967 • By Auntie Maureen

IN THE 1960s, a socialist MP, Leo Abse, and a peer, Lord Arran, put forward proposals to change the way in which criminal law treated homosexual men by means of the Sexual Offences Bill. This was an attempt to liberalise the law relating to male homosexuality.

After World War II there had been an increase in arrests and prosecutions, and by the end of 1954, in England and Wales, there were 1,069 men in prison for homosexual acts, with an average age of 37. The Wolfenden committee had been set up to investigate homosexuality and prostitution in 1954. It came to the conclusion that criminal law could not credibly intervene in the private sexual affairs of consenting adults in the privacy of their homes. The position was summarised by the committee as “unless a deliberate attempt be made by society through the agency of the law to equate the sphere of crime with that of sin, there must remain a realm of private that is in brief, not the law’s business” (Wolfenden Report, 1957).

What followed was The Sexual Offences Act 1967, an Act of Parliament in the United Kingdom to amend the law of England and Wales relating to homosexual acts. It decriminalised these homosexual acts in private between two men, both of whom had to have attained the age of 21. But until that point in time it *had* been the law’s business—its presence had been felt across the social landscape for men between the start of the 20th century until The Sexual Offences Act 1967. The stories that follow are based on police surveillance reports,

army documents, letters of complaint and seized evidence during police raids, including love letters. While these official documents, many now at the National Archives in Kew or the Metropolitan Archives in Clerkenwell, show how the law criminalised gay men, they are also the proof of a vibrant hidden homo history of queer London. These nightlife adventures are mostly about gay men, as women’s gay lives were even more hidden, denied or erased.

Chelsea Arts Balls
The Chelsea Arts Club



Two Men as
“Hitchy Koos”
(a Cole Porter
reference),
Chelsea Arts
Ball, 1913

was established on 21st March 1891. One of the main sources of income in the early days were the Chelsea Arts Balls. “Quartz Arts” Balls had been held in Paris and Rome for years, in which artists, musicians and people of the theatre celebrated “Mardi Gras”. The Club decided to hold a ball in London which would rival those of Paris or Rome, and the first was held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in 1908. It was a great success, and attracted many celebrities, socialites, and leading actors.

Encouraged by their success, they sought a larger venue and from 1910 the Chelsea Arts Balls were held in the Royal Albert Hall, and for the next 30 years these were the Bohemian centrepiece in London’s social season. Either held on Mardi Gras or New Year’s Eve, the balls were extravagant affairs with over 100 performers, lavish decorations and up to 4,000 dancers, ranging from artists to ordinary Londoners, all in fancy dress on the “Great Floor” of the Albert

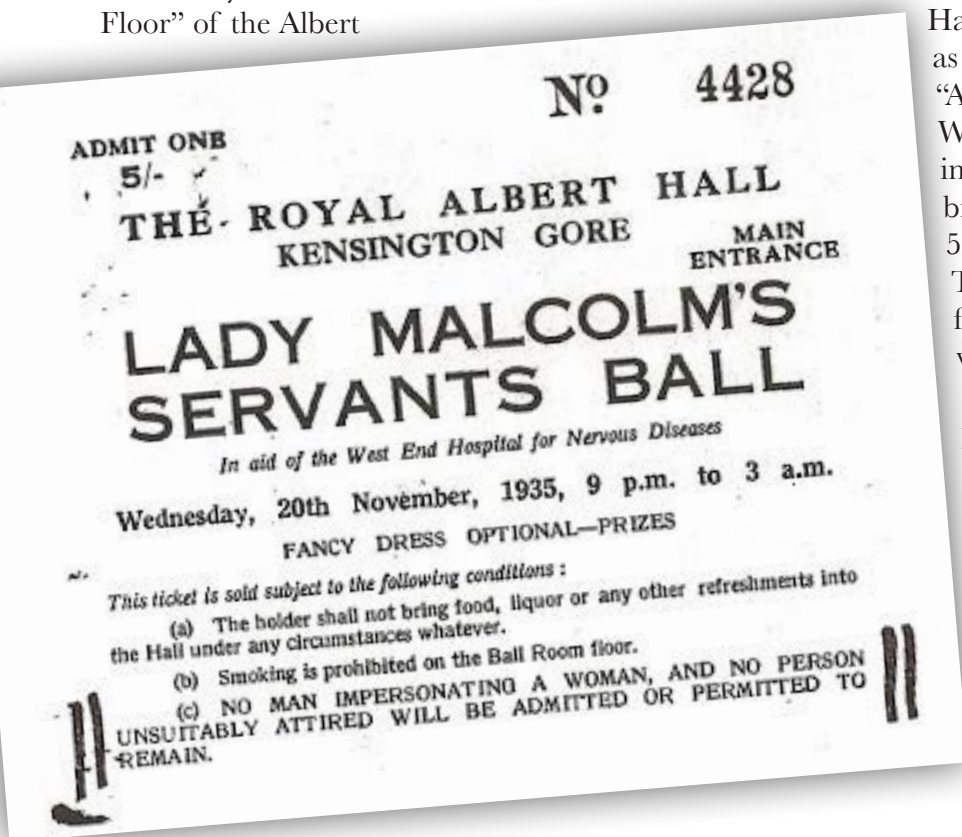


Chelsea Arts Ball in 1929 and (above) 1927



Hall. With exotic themes such as “Egyptian”, “Noah’s Ark”, “Arabian Nights” and “Sun Worship”, revellers would dance into the early hours until a breakfast was eventually served at 5am as an end to the festivities. These pageants were notable for their “variety, inventiveness, vivacity and colour.”

For many men, becoming part of this carnival generated a palpable sense of release. Hundreds of working-class queens flocked to the balls, discarding the masks they wore in everyday life, wearing drag, dressing outrageously, and socialising unashamedly while never appearing to be anything out of the ordinary. In so doing, they were further



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Are the Police really going
to allow the disgraceful
scenes, of previous years,
of degenerate Boys and
in female attire
parading about
at Lady Malcolm's Servants
Ball, at the Albert
Hall tomorrow night?
Such Exhibitions are degrading
in the extreme, and can
only lead to such cases

protected
by the Albert Hall's
unique legal status: it was outside the
Met's operational sphere. For once, temporarily
and locally, men could fully escape police
surveillance.

The results were spectacular. In 1934, one
observer described "groups of men dressed
in coloured silk blouses and tight-hipped
trousers...lips...rouged and faces painted. By
their attitude and general behaviour they were
obviously male prostitutes."

Working-class men re-appropriated not only
The Chelsea Arts Balls but also another high-
profile public event, creating a further space
at the center of metropolitan culture in which
they could be together and socialise, free of the
constraints that braced everyday queer lives.
This other annual dancing and socialising spot
was Lady Malcolm's Servants Ball.

Lady Malcolm's Servants' Balls

In the past, the Royal Albert Hall had been
associated with Royalty and the upper classes
of British society, but between 1930 and 1938
it played host to a rather different event for

the large population of London's domestic
servants. Lady Malcolm's Servants' Balls were
an amazing opportunity for servants from all
over the capital to have a night of dancing and
socialising at a reasonable cost. This would
almost certainly be the only night of the year
when they would be able to dress up and dance
until midnight, meet other servants and to
have the sort of evening that was normally the
preserve of their masters and mistresses.

The Servants' Balls were organised by
Lady Jeanne Malcolm, wife of the Scottish
Conservative MP Sir Ian Malcolm. Lady
Malcolm had started the balls in 1923, in a
very small venue in Kensington with only 360
guests. The event was a huge success, word
spread and the event grew bigger every year,
moving from venue to venue until it ended
up at the Royal Albert Hall. In 1986, a letter
appeared in the *Mirror* newspaper from a
reader who had been a 13-year-old servant
in a house in Grosvenor Square, saying
that the ball was a thrilling, glamorous
occasion for servants and was very much
appreciated by many for whom a night
out was a rare event and whose wages
were usually sent home to support their family.

Lady Malcolm also ensured that well-known
figures from the music and theatre world were
invited to judge the fancy dress competitions
and to hand out prizes. One newspaper
reported that Lady Malcolm had specified
fancy dress, so that the servants would not feel
embarrassed by not being able to buy expensive
dresses or suits for the evening.

However, exactly because of the fancy dress
and masked ball themes the annual event
became a home for some "undesired elements".
In the 1920s and 1930s the balls became a
fixture of the gay scene in London, perhaps
because of the cheap ticket prices and the
degree of privacy offered by such large numbers
of people. From the early 1930s the organisers
of both the Chelsea Arts Ball as well as Lady
Malcolm's Servants Balls were increasingly
alarmed by these "disgraceful scenes", and
a nagging sense that men's behaviour was
somehow out of control.

In 1936 Lady Malcolm herself wrote
cryptically—apparently in some desperation—to
The Times: "Each year I notice at the ball a
growing number of people, who, to be frank,

are not of the class for whom the ball is designed. It is what it is called—a servants’ ball, and I am jealous that it shall go on deserving that name.”

Both balls employed private stewards to maintain “order” and exclude “undesirables”. From 1933, having failed to secure a police presence, Lady Malcolm employed two ex-CID officers to remove any identifiable “sexual perverts”. From 1935 her tickets were sold with the proviso that “NO MAN IMPERSONATING A WOMAN AND NO PERSON UNSUITABLY ATTIRED WILL BE ADMITTED”. On entry, men’s costumes had to be approved by a “Board of Scrutineers”.

Whatever they tried, however, the organizers could neither keep the “degenerate boys” out nor adequately contain their visibility; indeed, they often struggled even to identify them amidst the fancy dressed crowds. In 1938, an observer thus described the “extraordinary number of undesirable men at this Ball who were unmistakably of the Homo-Sexual and male prostitute types”.

Alongside the balls, nightclubs and underground bars mushroomed in Soho from the early 20th century. Located next to the fashionable West End, London shopping districts and Theatreland, Soho was also a district of migrants. The growth of jazz clubs, bottle parties, queer clubs and dining clubs



meant it was increasingly seen as a cosmopolitan and bohemian area. Challenging social conventions in their sexual behaviour, artists and writers mixed with the wealthy Bright Young Things of high society and the criminal underworld in these clubs.

The Cave of the Golden Calf

In 1912 Frida Strindberg opened one of the earliest nightclubs for queer socialising in Mayfair. The Cave of the Golden Calf was a drapers’ basement located at 9 Heddon Street, not far from the Café Royal (68 Regent Street), which had been the haunt of Oscar Wilde and his circle and a well-known gay venue of the time. It has been described as possibly the first “gay bar” in the modern sense. It offered Londoners modern jazz and shocking dancers, and had a reputation for bohemianism and toleration of same-sex intimacy.

Frida Strindberg set up the low-ceilinged nightclub up as an avant-garde and artistic venture. It was decorated by Spencer Gore in Russian-Ballet-inspired murals, with contributions by Jacob Epstein and Wyndham Lewis. The club’s emblem, the Golden Calf, is the symbol of biblical dissipation and idolatry. Luminaries who frequented the establishment included Ezra Pound, Katherine Mansfield, Ford Madox Ford and Augustus John. The club’s self-advertised aim was to be “a place given up to gaiety”. Here the cult of Oscar Wilde could continue to worship.

A NIGHT IN THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN CALF.





Garland Wilson



Elisabeth Welch



Leslie Hutchinson

guarantee safety. Raids and police harassment ensured that, while they were open to anyone for the price of a pint, they might be risky to visit.

Billie’s Club on Little Denmark Street in London attracted a primarily queer male clientele and offered a space for men to meet, socialise and dance together. Police officers went undercover at Billie’s and raided the club in 1936. According to Detective Sergeant George Miller there were few women present. He reported that the “majority of the males present

were of the nancy boy type. They used makeup and their hair was waved or dyed”.

The Shim Sham Club

Interwar Soho was ethnically and sexually diverse. Queer black artists and musicians made their mark on British culture

and LGBTQIA heritage in Soho’s bars and clubs. Raids were therefore also targeted against black venues such as the Shim Sham Club that were tolerant to queer patrons.

The Shim Sham Club opened in the mid-1930s at 37 Wardour Street. It ran as a bottle party, a type of members club, which meant it could avoid late-night licensing restrictions on alcohol. The Shim Sham was frequented by artists, artist’s models, writers and musicians. It also welcomed queer, black and Jewish Londoners. In the 1930s queer African-American creatives visiting London brought the buzz of the Harlem renaissance with them. The Shim Sham was a place of black queer liberation in a time of persecution. One of the key musicians there was queer African-American pianist Garland Wilson. Born in West Virginia in 1909, he performed in Europe in the 1930s and played at the Shim Sham many times, including its opening night in 1935.

Another habitué was Elisabeth Welch, an American singer and actor of African-American, Native-American, Irish and Scottish heritage, who starred in feature films including

Many gay men, however, could not afford the cost of entry to such lavish surroundings and ended up instead frequenting cottages and pubs. In Fitzrovia, just north of Oxford Street, there was a cluster of pubs (the Bricklayers Arms, the Wheatsheaf, the Marquis of Granby and the Fitzroy Tavern) which were bohemian enough to accommodate “the fringe of the gay worlds”.

Billie’s Club

The publicly accessible pubs and clubs that appeared from the 1930s onwards could not

the 1936 *Song of Freedom* alongside Paul Robeson. Elisabeth also knew bisexual black musician Leslie Hutchinson, lover to Cole Porter at one point, with whom she went to what she described as “the marvellous late-night dives of Soho which, in those days, attracted all the stars and theatregoers”.

The Colony Room

The Colony Room was a private drinking club for artists and other creative people on the first floor of 41 Dean Street, Soho. The club was founded and presided over by Muriel Belcher from its inception in 1948 until her death in 1979. The artist Francis Bacon was a founder and lifelong member, and the club attracted Soho’s alcoholic, artistic elite, including George Melly, Peter O’Toole, and Lucian Freud. After Belcher’s death, the club attracted a new generation of young British artists including Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin. It finally closed its doors in 2008.

In 1948 Muriel Belcher managed to secure a 3–11pm licence for the Colony Room as a private members’ club—public houses, by comparison, had to close at 2.30pm. Francis Bacon walked in the day after it opened. He was “adopted” by Belcher who called him “daughter”, and gave him free drinks and £10 a week to bring in friends and rich patrons.

The club had a certain notoriety for its decor as well as its clientele; its bilious green walls were famous. In addition to its vile colour, the staircase that led to the establishment was described as foul-smelling and flanked by dustbins. Indeed, many members referred to it as “going up the dirty stairs”.

Belcher’s open attitude towards sexuality attracted many gay men to the club, many of them brought by her Jamaican girlfriend, Carmel. The Museum of London website describes how Belcher “created an ambiance which suited those who thought of themselves as misfits or outsiders”. She has been described as “an imperious

lesbian with a fondness for insulting banter”. Poet Brian Patten described the Colony Room as “a small urinal full of fractious old geezers bitching about each other”. For journalist Molly Parkin, the club was “a character-building glorious hell-hole. Everyone left their careers at the roadside before clambering up the stairs and plunging into questionable behaviour”.

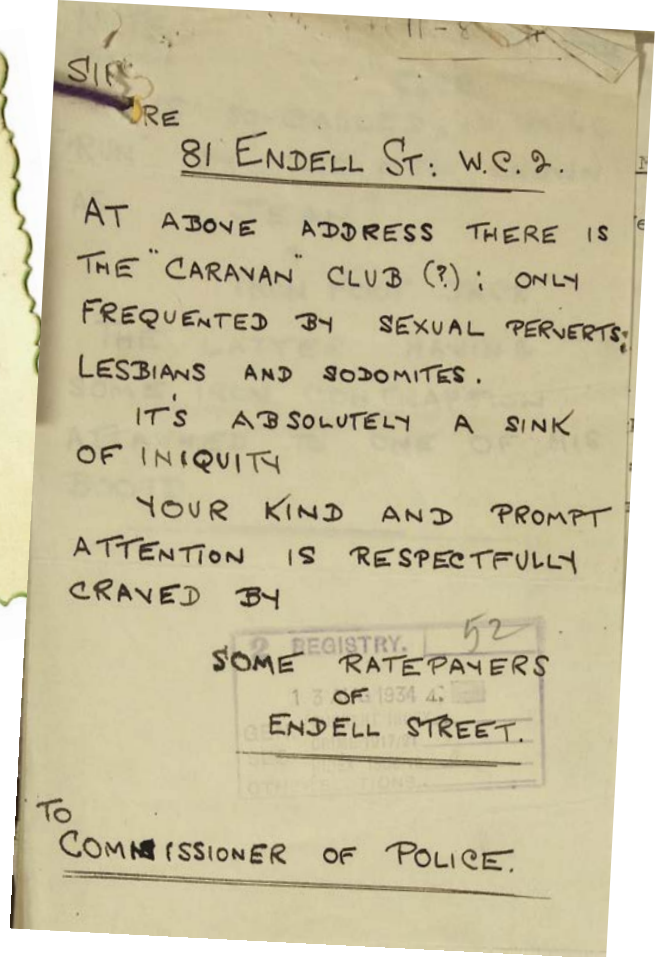
The Caravan

Another place of questionable reputation, according to various letters of complaint, was The Caravan, which billed itself as “London’s greatest bohemian rendezvous, said to be the most unconventional place in town”, a queer-friendly members’ club founded in 1934 located at 81 Endell Street near Covent Garden. It was run by Billy Reynolds and a former strongman and escapologist called Jack Neave, known as “Iron Foot Jack” because of the metal platform he wore to compensate for a shortened leg.

To some, the Caravan Club was a fun place offering friendship and “all-night gaiety”; to others it was “absolutely a sink of iniquity... only frequented by sexual perverts, lesbians and sodomites”. For the police, it was a place so dangerous that it required regular surveillance and a raid. Records in the National Archives



Muriel Belcher with bartender Ian Board (who took over after her death) and friends at the Colony



reveal
the Metropolitan
Police had it under surveillance from
October 1933 after a series of complaints.
Officers appear to have been stationed in the
Shaftesbury Theatre opposite, watching the
comings and goings from unused offices.

Reports include the observations that “men
were dancing with men and women were
dancing with women, a number of couples were
simply standing still, and I saw couples wriggling
their posteriors, and where I saw men together
they had their hands on the other’s buttocks and
were pressing themselves together. In fact all
the couples I saw were acting in a very obscene
manner.”

A total of 103 men and women were
arrested and taken to the nearby Bow Street
police station. Many of the young men there
were working class—labourers, shop assistants,
waiters. After the club’s very public closure in
1934, a big, farcical court case followed; *The
Daily Mirror* made a minor celebrity out of Jack

Neave. The
majority of the accused were found not guilty
in court on condition they never frequented
such a club again. There was, however, no
leniency for Reynolds and Neave, respectively
given sentences of 12 months and 20 months
hard labour in prison.

To celebrate 50 years since the
decriminalisation of male homosexuality the
National Trust recreated The Caravan in
March behind a shop front belonging to the
Freud Café-Bar on Shaftesbury Avenue. (This
location backed on to the building where the
original Caravan had traded in a basement.)
The Caravan’s striking orientalist bohemian
interior was re-created based on police
photographs taken after the raid in 1934,
now at the National and Metropolitan
Archives. Using documents, reports and
letters from these same archives I worked
with performance artist Timberlina to
re-imagine the club.



The Caravan in 1934 and
(right) recreated in 2017

RESOURCES

“If you went to clubs in those days before the war, you’d have been arrested and put in prison. I know personally a case where a woman, who I knew very well, started this gay club. Now I am talking many years ago, before the war, and I could see the danger. I said, you’ve got to stop it. But she took a house in Holland Park. It was known as the Holland Park case. They just danced, nothing so blatant as they do now. And one Saturday night the whole of Holland Park, reaching up to Shepherd’s Bush I should think, was simply full of Black Marias and police. People thought the war had started or something. And there were two young policemen who were dressed up. Of course they gave the evidence. And everyone was arrested.

“Now what I’m saying is history. They took them all to Brixton prison. And kept them there, they were not given bail. When they went up to the Old Bailey, it was top news, they had placards then, you know. *The Evening News* used to have a placard on, and everyone was talking about it.

“The judge made them wear a placard. He said there’s too many to deal with these terrible people, put a placard on them and a number. And so they were numbered, with the indignity of this bloody placard. And then the trial came to the time of the sentences and he sentenced them to imprisonment.

“When it was all over, the judge called these two detectives and praised them. He said, I am going to recommend your promotion for dealing with this horrible case. I feel so sorry, it must have affected you mentally. And I direct now that under no circumstances must you ever be involved in a case again of any description with homosexual men because no human being could stand it. It just shows you the scathing bitterness they had for it.”

—Roy, born in Brixton in 1908, *Between the Acts: Lives of Homosexual Men 1885–1967*, edited by Kevin Porter and Jeffrey Weeks (London: Routledge, 1991).

The Holland Park Avenue drag ball raid is also covered in Matt Houlbrook’s excellent book *Queer London*, where it is reported that 60 men were arrested in the raid leading to a trial in March 1933: “The ballroom had been let for a series of dances by Austin S.—more commonly Lady Austin—a 24-year-old barman, John P., a 22-year-old-waiter, and Betty, who ran other West London dance balls. Publicised via word of mouth and a flyer advertising “Hotel Staff Dances” within a network of friends working in nearby hotels, the events were run “only for our love for each other”.



In court, arresting officers described a “blatant” spectacle of sexual transgression: men had danced together, kissed, and been intimate: they had worn women’s clothes and makeup and called themselves “Lady Austin’s Camp Boys”... David M., one of these arrested, asked of one policeman: “Surely in a free country we can do what we like? We know each other and are doing no harm...it is a pity these people don’t understand our love. I am afraid a few will have to suffer yet before our ways are made legal.”

For those interested in viewing scans of some of the original documents from the National and London Metropolitan Archives please email ask@auntimaureen.info and I can give you access to a Dropbox archive for your queer perusal.

And upon this charge cry 'God for Champagne, Scotch Eggs and St George'

By Stuart
Turner

A HALCYON MORNING OF clear blue skies and warming sunshine heralded the NSC's annual St George's Day "Punt, Picnic and Plunge" in the city of dreaming spires.

This was fortunate for Stuart Mitchell who, as our resident club "weather scryer", was under threat of significant marital strife if wife Frances' chosen outfit was despoiled by an unforeseen shower.

Following previous disappointing experiences at the Turf Tavern, Artemis had secured the club a splendid new forward base of operations in the form of the Bear Inn. Claiming to be the "Oldest pub in Oxford" the Bear is a charming old hostelry with its walls adorned with thousands of club ties (unfortunately the collection is now closed and the proffered NSC tie was politely refused).

To the great delight of Lady Compton-Bassett, the Glorious Committee for Life (in absentia) had generously laid on some light entertainment in the form of a Morris Dancing Festival, a troop from which was enthusiastically "Morrissing" on the road outside the pub. (I believe some photos were taken.) Frances Mitchell, unable to suppress her Irish heritage, was soon to be found in a side room giving it the full "river dance" accompanied by a trio of folk musicians on fiddles and drums.

Quickly the pub filled to capacity with straw boaters, striped blazers, picnic baskets and Beckwiths aplenty, mingling good heartedly with beards, bells, ribbons and top hats adorned with flowers and pheasant feathers.

At the allotted hour, the group supped up and



set off on the short brisk stroll to the boatyard at Magdalen Bridge.

Our numbers swelled as members assembled from all corners of the civilised world (and Wales), but we were still lacking the shaman-like leadership of a member of the Glorious Committee.

As the minutes ticked by, minds and bladders turned to the retrospective wisdom of downing that last sneaky drink before leaving the pub.

This resulted in a lady member, who in the interests of gentlemanly discretion I shall not name, to adopt drastic measures by faking a pregnancy to gain benevolent access to a nearby hotel bathroom.

Eventually La Famille Scarheart arrived, we were quorate, and Andrew and his team did their usual very efficient job of getting people, children and picnics safely and drily ensconced into their respective punts.

Having been spoilt by uncharacteristically nice weather, we were further blessed by the



Clockwise from the top: Stewart before he fell in, just above the rollers; Stuart Mitchell punts Dr Blah and George; the children do a spot of trawling for haddock; the Beckwith and Lakin families set sail:

River Gods with a low and slow-moving current, the upshot of which was that the flotilla made splendid progress to our first stop where tradition dictates we moor up against the *Magdalen College – No Mooring, Strictly Private* sign. Once the flotilla had regrouped, we punted onward up river.

Our blessing continued when we reached The Rollers and found them dry, available for use and agreeably free of goose excrement (a substance that has caused the downfall of many a hearty chap and fair lady). Biceps bulged and backs strained as the boats were hauled up over the rollers and launched into the uncharted “upper reaches” of the river.

All the boats that is, bar one...

For in this, the year of our lord two thousand and seventeen, and in the absence of his Squire Henri De La Chance, the venerable Scarheart had at last exhausted his supply of “I would gladly do the punting this year but ...” excuses and found himself stood on the unfamiliar business end of a punt with a large pole thrust into his hand.



Stuart and Frances Mitchell

It transpires that for all the qualities that he undoubtable possesses (Member of the Glorious Committee for Life, Defence Secretary, Humanitarian, Philanthropist, Raconteur, Bon Vivant, Father to the Future King of Warwickshire, Gold Medal Winner at the Chap Olympiad, etc...) proficiency in propelling a flat-bottomed boat with a stick is not counted amongst them.

It reached the point where the Curé, appearing simply accepting that his fate was now to spend his remaining eternity bouncing twixt bank and bush on the Cherwell, calmly handed his paddle to Chloe,

laid on his back in the prow of the punt and waited for death’s sweet release (see photo).

When it appeared that all hope was lost, Robert of the Clan Beckwith appeared like a tweed-clad superhero and with a single bound boarded the wayward punt.

Scarheart graciously relinquished the captaincy and, with a couple of deftly executed sweeps of the pole, Robert had the errant punt safely moored.

Chloe gamely volunteered to be launched “over the rollers” and soon found herself singlehandedly facing down a staunchly territorial Canadian Goose.

A picnic was taken in the park, where absent friends were toasted, fine provender was consumed and small children were exercised beneath the colours of the brand new NSC standard, which, in lieu of the flagpole, was tied to a nearby tree.

It was during luncheon that it was realised that in our haste to get underway, we had neglected to do the traditional “Chico St Martin Memorial Sweepstake”.



The Curé collapses under the weight of ennui



(Above) Young Max Scarheart is the centre of attention, with his aunt, mother and sun lounger; (below right) Stewart and George



This inexcusable oversight was swiftly rectified by Artemis and his trusty Moleskine notebook.

Once fed and (very well) hydrated, the flotilla launched back over the rollers and headed downstream. The stakes were high, the river gods had been very good to us all day, and this benevolence ultimately had to be repaid.

And the fates had chosen Stewart “Rockstar” Lister-Vickers to be that sacrifice. Not once, not twice, but thrice.

In Stewart’s defence, he claimed that this was all due to the defective nature of the punt and in no way related to the amount of alcohol that had been imbibed over the previous five hours.

Plunge 1 was caused by “the punt being too short”; for Plunge 2 “the punt was too narrow”; and for the final soaking “the pole was too long”.



The rest of the flotilla, Chico included, arrived back at the boatyard without incident where Dr Pri received her winnings from the sweep.

Our tired and soggy band of mariners then wearily made its way back to the beer garden of the Bear Inn. Where ales were drunk,



Waiting for all the flotilla to catch up before heading on up river



Lunchtime!



Stewart, perhaps with a glass of what Blah is making on the right



Dr Blah, evidently about to mix Chambord and Champagne



Caroline Lakin



I think that is Chico St Martin under that cap



The Curé ruminates on ecumenical matters



Posing with the new NSC flag



achievements exaggerated and tall tales of derring-do on the high seas were told, until darkness and rapidly dropping temperatures forced us to wend our separate ways into the night.

Our thanks as always go to Andrew and his splendid team at the Magdalen Bridge Boathouse for their continued support and good humour and the Cherwell Boathouse



Restaurant for their hospitality and flexibility in hosting the previous night's traditional Black Tie Dinner.



(Clockwise from top) The River Gods claim their pound of flesh; Scarheart actually punting; the display of ties in the Bear; two sea dogs swap improbable tales; Priya claims her sweep prize



HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S DIPLOMATIC MAIL



Sir Richard D'Asardly on how to become a chap of letters

PART TWO

Letter headings
Several stationery companies offer a basic letter heading which is usually your address, but you can design your own. There are sites on the internet that specialise in images of historic or important letter headings. It is inspirational to view letter headings of the great and the good, figures from politics, sport and commerce. Reggie Kray had his own letter heading which he used from prison. The son of historian B.H. Liddell-Hart had his address as a two-liner the name of which I forget but was something like “Castle Somethingorther, Ambridge”. When a friend of mine went down to interview him, he found that “Castle Somethingorther” was the village hostelry, where Liddell-Hart junior spent most of his time.

Naturally, if you are the 14th Duke of Cumbeshire, then it is unlikely your address will change in your lifetime, and you can safely add it to your letter heading, but if you have just left college then your address may change frequently. Certainly your telephone number will. This may mean that your letter heading would be better if it consisted of a symbol or design.

With the advent of the inland telegraph and the trans-Atlantic cable, companies and personages would add their telegraphic address to their letter heading. Just as you can buy an internet domain name now, you could register a telegraphic address (called “RTA”) with the various telegraph and cable companies which would mean that senders did not have to give your full address.

The British Racing Drivers Association had SPEEDMEN, SOUTHKEN, LONDON. Mauser Werke had PARABELLUM, OBERNDORF. Morris Garages had SPEEDILY, OXFORD. The Automobile Association used FANUM, LONDON, because

in their glory days their head office was at Fanum House in London. To facilitate rapid contact with their provincial offices, the RTA of each office was FANUM followed by the name of the town in which it was located.

When you sent cables internationally, there might be a different company involved, hence you see sometimes two telegraphic addresses on letter headings, one for TELEGRAMS and another for CABLES. Furthermore you would sometimes see an additional line or lines marked CODES:BENTLEYS. These were commercial telegraph code books which reduced to a lengthy mnemonic a long commercial phrase from the legal boilerplate of international trade such as “free on board”. For example, BRONB in Bentley’s code-book meant, “What cargo have you booked?” This saved telegraphic costs where you paid by the word. Copies of *Bentley’s Phrasecode* (thick as a telephone directory) sometimes come up on Ebay, but thanks to the miracle of modern reference that is the internet, you can find PDF copies of the entire text. RTAs were listed in *Sell’s Directory*, copies of which also occasionally come up for sale on Ebay.

The telegraph and cable were considered by HMG to be of strategic importance. It was HMG policy, termed “All Red Line”, to connect all parts of the Empire (i.e. all parts of the world) via cable. Thus global telecommunications were invented, installed and controlled by the Royal Navy and the British Empire. This was an outstanding piece of foresight for when the Great War began communications were maintained throughout the conflict. German policy had been to try to span the globe using the new technique of wireless telegraphy, but their network proved insufficiently resilient to withstand destruction by the Royal Navy.

It is not easy to find a telegram service in these times and even circuit-switched telegraph,


FERRARI
SOCIETÀ PER AZIONI ESERCIZIO FABBRICAZIONE AUTOMOBILI E CORSE
CAPITALE SOCIALE IN LIRE 100.000.000

Modena, 11 luglio 1971

Preg.mo Mr.
MALCOLM CURRIE
GRAND PRIX CORPORATION
WATKINS GLEN

Con la presente Vi alleghiamo modulo iscrizione per 6 ore W.G. del 24/7/71, piloti J. Ickx e M. Andretti, e Vi confermiamo la partecipazione alla corsa Can-Am del 25/7/71 con una vettura 312/P ed una vettura Can-Am.


Vogliate gradire i migliori saluti.


Soc. per azioni s.p.a.

[Signature]

Sede sociale - Servizi commerciali e assistenza clienti - Viale Trento Trieste 31 - Modena - 41100 - Tel. 24.081 - 24.082 - Telex - Ferrari 51147 - Casella postale: 509 Modena
Direzione - Amministrazione - Gestione sportiva - Ufficio: Maranello - 41053 - Tel. 91.101 - 91.102 - 91.108 - Telex - Ferrari 51013 - Telegrammi: Ferrari Modena

466
Feb: 19th 65


House of Lords

Dear Mr's Kay,

Sorry I did not
reply. - I had asked
Boothby to thank you
in kind wishes on his
part. I do hope you are
well and not worrying
I am sure that I will
be myself realise the
of this treatment
etc. - but hope all
in the end.

Yours sincerely,
[Signature]

WILLIAM ARNOLD, LIMITED.

AIRCRAFT
ON AIR MINISTRY LIST

Directors:
J. WILLIAM ARNOLD,
M.I.A.E., F.I.M.T.
(GOVERNING DIRECTOR),
ALLAN A. ARNOLD,
Secretary:
J. L. E. WRIGHT.

Also at:
HAZEL GROVE WORKS, HAZEL GROVE,
and
MEDLOCK WORKS, MANCHESTER 13.

TELEPHONE: ARDWICK 2652/3/4.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"LUXURIOUS", MANCHESTER.

UPPER BROOK STREET,
MANCHESTER, 13.

which is TELEX, is uncommon except in third world countries. However, this means there is no harm in adding a spurious telegraphic address to your letterhead.

If you wish to add your email address to your letterhead and you have a requirement for a more permanent email address then you can use www.pobox.com.

Another possibility is to add lines such as telephone number, fax number, email address, DX code, ham radio call sign, to a rubber

stamp (see below) which is then appended to the foot of your letter.

Mourning paper

Mourning paper can be fabricated rather than specified and purchased at additional cost. One method is to place broad black bars down both sides of the paper using either oil paints or very large felt marker. Art supply houses will have a selection of materials which will be suitable. The staff at Cornelissen's in Bloomsbury have

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
American Consulate General,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

CORRESPONDENCIA CONSULAR
LIVRE DE PORTE

Mr. Everett Erle,
"Pacific Philatelist"
3546 22nd Street,
San Francisco, California,
U.S.A.

the British Museum. They make their stamps using a clear Perspex structural element which has a copy of your stamp visible

through it, so that you

been able to advise me on all manner of these projects. The same treatment with black bars can be given to the edge of the envelope. (I would suggest to all Sheridanites that if their wardrobe does not contain a black tie and black armband then this omission should be remedied forthwith, on the grounds that we will see some use out of these articles in the not too distant future.)

Rubber stamps

You will see mainly on business correspondence that the lip of the envelope is rubber-stamped with the company symbol as an authentication. A rubber stamp can be used in place of a wax seal on your second-class stationery. Rubber stamp manufacture is now quite difficult to find in England. For some reason, even the smallest town in Austria seems to have a shop which makes rubber stamps, brass nameplates, signage, etc. However, it is a stroke of luck that one of the best rubber stamp manufactories I have come across is a shop called Bladerubber (www.bladerubberstamps.co.uk) a few yards from

can see what you are stamping.

Over and above adding your armorial seal to an envelope, you can add it to the top of your third-class stationery to give the impression that it has been printed.

Embossment stamps

A class above the rubber stamp is the embossment stamp, which crushes the paper between two brass dies that have had your seal machined into their surface. In fact only the depressed surface is machined. The raised surface of the other half of the die is made by casting it from the depressed surface. Company secretaries require embossment stamps to authenticate official documents therefore makers of embossment stamps do exist (Smythsons) but are rare. The actual press into which the die is placed has to be strong and therefore short, which means that it can only reach perhaps an inch from the lower edge of the paper. There are presses available which will stretch to the center of A4, which means that you can use the embossment stamp to make a letter heading,



MOSSAD: IT IS NEVER AN ACCIDENT

TELEPHONE: TEL AVIV 1212
CABLES: FUNERALSINC, TEL AVIV

either to tune individually your first-class stationery or to make your third-class stationery look more impressive.

Design

Letter headings, rubber stamps and embossment stamps all require design. While your initial ideas can be assembled on scrap paper, at some point your design will have to go to a workshop.

Companies like Smythson will do it all for you. My first set of customised stationery was designed by Smythson. The letter heading was designed by my showing them a torn-out strip of a German newspaper for the font of the main title, and then for the typeface of the address I told the designer that I wanted something which felt like the foyer of a 1920s Parisienne apartment block with a marble interior and cast bronze banisters. The result

was magnificent, which is unusual because it is very difficult to express something which exists only as a nebulous set of associations within the mind. The same typeface was used to emboss the lip of the envelopes, which I had specified as lined with red tissue paper. The cost turned out to be eye-watering but the results were outstanding.

I notice that Smythson watermark their writing paper with “Smythson” and roll a small embossed “Smythson” on to the lower edge of the lip of your envelopes. Which means that one finds oneself in the “free advertising” business.

They will make writing paper with your own water-mark, of course. This purchase can easily be funded by selling one’s other kidney.

The more closely you specify your design, the more closely the results will match your expectations, which is the key to happiness in all things.

This means that once you have finished your sketches, the next step is using a computer. My adventure started by deciding that I would best pursue the design process by taking over some of the details myself and ended with my complete control over the whole affair. Typically, images are prepared in Adobe Photoshop.

Mixtures of text and images such as letter headings, rubber stamps and embossment stamps can also be prepared in software such as Adobe Illustrator or CorelDraw, which are used to prepare posters, flyers and book covers. Several other packages, as well as those mentioned, will facilitate the manipulation of text around a circular pattern, which is what is required to produce a stamp.

Letter headings, where the text is all horizontal, can be prepared in something as simple as a word processor, which will also accept images.

The Adobe Creative Suite software is expensive but because Adobe Photoshop has become the *de facto* industry standard a group of independent software developers have developed a free opensource program called Gimp which has exactly the same functions as Adobe

Photoshop. You can use Gimp without charge.

Heraldry

In the unlikely event you do not have a family crest, take some scrap paper and sketch all the symbols which are associated with you and your values and activities. For example, a few moments’ thought assembled a coat of

arms for my Noble Lord the Earl of Essex which consisted of a burned-out stolen car, wheels uppermost, on a roundabout, with a background of a skyline of a shopping mall and a retail park.

Ladies might like to search among the images of the great illustrators of haute couture, such as René Gruau, David Downton or Christian David Moore.

Once you have assembled the images, make sketches of them in arrangements that seem likely to be complimentary. Work by elimination until you come up with something that will look good when rendered as a black and white symbol. If you are good at artwork then you can render the entire image on paper and then scan it. The less able you are at art work, the better your computer skills need to be, in order that you can process more of the design on a computer. Any deficiency in either of these



From top to bottom: Times New Roman, Courier Final Draft, Gill Sans MT Pro, Old Road Signs, vtypewritertelegram2

departments will have to be made up by a friend in the trade or a reduction in complexity of the heraldry.

Fonts

The next thing you will need is a font (typeface). By far the greatest number of words have been printed in the ubiquitous book printing fonts like Times Roman, which is on every computer. They are easy to read and therein lies their universal acceptance. But the bulk of fonts available are only intended for titles, headings or posters. There are vast numbers of free fonts which can be downloaded and used on your letterhead or stamp.

“Courier” you will recognise as “typewriter”. *[You may also recognise it as the font to which computer systems often default if they can’t find or render an intended font —Ed.]* It was invented by IBM in

hardly notice it. However it is not Transport that is the most use to chaps but the font that was used on road signage prior to Transport, with which younger members will only be familiar from watching Ealing comedies. You see road signs of this age only very rarely nowadays. This font I have only ever seen referred to as “Old Road Sign” but it is available for computers.

If you are searching for fonts then an idea is to type in a noun such as your favourite marque of automobile, sporting team, motion picture, architect, composer, followed by “download font”. It is rare that someone has not written a font on that theme. There is even a font called Kidnap which consists of randomly cut-out letters from newspaper headlines in order to modernise the process of producing ransom notes. It’s a great time-saver and highly recommended.

Some examples in reverse historical era:

Barcodes: fonts which produce a barcode output, including US zipcodes.

Cheques: fonts which reproduce the computer lettering on cheques, called Westminster and MICR.

Typewriters: hundreds of fonts dedicated to reproducing the effect of an old smudgy typewriter.

Telegrams: There is a font called Vtypewritertelegram2 which recreates as closely as possible the print-out of a telegram printer, with the bars underneath and above the all-capitals lettering. Having this font means that you can blast off a telegram and send it first class post. I recommend study at one of the telegram websites for correct telegram form such as the headers, as well as ENDIT, STOP. The H.P. Lovecraft website has this and several other historic document formats.

Illuminated manuscripts, copper plate handwriting, fonts off Latin inscriptions on Roman monuments...

If you cannot find what you wish for then there is software available which allows you to design your own fonts.

From the other direction, there is an engine which will identify fonts which you have found at www.fontmoose.devroye.org.

The new Design Museum at High St Kensington/Holland Park has a very good section on typeface design which is worth a visit.



Hot rubber-stamp action in *The Blue Max*

1955. US Government documents had a main body text of Courier and for headings and titles used Futura. You can view pages of the Apollo Space Program on the internet which show these fonts. Futura was and is also used for aircraft instrumentation dashboards.

Fonts that reflect Chap values include:

Gill Sans: Designed by Eric Gill, it is ubiquitous on wartime MoD posters and inter-war railway posters. Redolent of all things Chappist.

Johnston Underground: Designed for London Underground, it is the font used in the signage on the network.

Transport: A font invented in the 1960s for use on the UK road system and was designed to be read easily at speed. It is so common you

More fun with rubber stamps

Most of this design effort will go into a letterhead in text and heraldic image for use on rubber stamps or embossment stamps. However, you can add yet more decoration to the exterior of an envelope with a rubber stamp you have designed yourself. A stamp can be added to the upper left side of the face of the envelope. This could be something ambiguous, distant and romantic, such as an inscription in Japanese or Cyrillic lettering, or something more express such “The Indian Mail—Brindisi” or “Universal Exports—London”. Mail from Royal Navy ships used to go ashore in a canvas dunnage sack printed with the Crown symbol below which were the letters “HBM DIPLOMATIC MAIL” but I doubt there was an equivalent rubber stamp because diplomatic mail would go directly into the diplomatic bag. The beauty of the internet is that you can perform research in foreign languages. This allows one to find images of rubber stamps and letter headings used by SMERSH, the KGB and Mossad.

Alternatively your choice of stamp could be something waggish: I have seen with my own eyes the imprint of a rubber stamp “Destroy Before Reading” and “I haven’t got time to read all this #####”.

More prosaically, your rubber stamp could just indicate Air Mail, First Class, Second Class, By Hand, etc.

I have always wanted to create a large “tick-box” rubber stamp which has a column of entries with a corresponding tick-box starting with “Merry Christmas”, “Happy New Year”, “Happy Saturnalia”, “Enjoyable Solstice”, “Ramadam Kareem”, “Happy birthday”, “Condolences on your bereavement”, “Your account is overdue”, etc., just to add that personal touch to a greetings card.

Rubber stamps are a thing of official documentation and not personal correspondence. So if you pen a handwritten sugar-sweet *billet doux* on your baby-blue Crown



OPENED BY CENSOR

ON ACTIVE SERVICE



Mill it may not be enhanced by adding at the bottom a large black ink-stamp of “Panzer Abteilung 503—Feldpost”.

Rubber stamps in film history

The three greatest moments in film for the rubber stamp are, in reverse order:

1. *The Great Escape* (1963), where the forging of the Ausweiss pass is crucial to chances of a successful home run.

2. In the dramatisation of the 1972 Munich Olympic games massacre *Munich* (2005) where in one scene in an office, the man behind the desk has upon his desk a circular stand with all his rubber stamps on it. It is a veritable Christmas tree of rubber stamps. He had more stamps than I have. It was the worst case of rubber-stamp-envy I have ever had.

3. The jewel in the crown of rubberstampdom’s film career must be the speaking part in *The Blue Max* (1966). As George Peppard’s aircraft hurtles earthward to its doom, James Mason signs and stamps his death certificate in front of a distressed Ursula Andress. Ker-blam! The rubber-stamp comes

down with a rubbery-stamping sound that is the mainstay of the rubber-stamp acting repertoire. “Come dear, we can’t be late for lunch,” announces Mason.

Envelopes—further decoration

Envelopes may be embossed and printed to your requirements by your stationer but further decoration can be achieved by your own hand without resorting to the expense of a stationer by using materials such as oil paints and water colours. It could be something simple such as blue bars for airmail in a fabulous cobalt blue oil colour or perhaps your Jockey Club racing colours, or if of an Ian Fleming persuasion you could reproduce the naval rank of Commander in black and gold oils. Alternatively the New Sheridan Club colours could be applied. I will have Cornelissen’s prepare a triumvirate of the matching oil colours as an “under the counter” special.

When applying oils I find I get more controllable results from the paintbrushes which have the soft rubber blades rather than the usual bristles.

If hand-addressing an envelope then you can write using dipping ink and a dipping pen (which you can see on First Wednesday club nights next to the visitor’s book). Dipping ink leaves a raised surface unlike a fountain pen. Dipping pens are available with a vast range of different nibs, even ones which look like a garden rake which are used for preparing music scores. A friend of mine has a business preparing handwritten place cards for weddings and makes it all look very easy but it does take some level of practice to be able to produce respectable results with a dipping pen. One advantage is that you can find dipping inks in a great variety of colours and compositions, including metallic gold.

My preference for the addressing of non-personal letters is the typewriter. The slightly raised embossment of the finish makes the typewritten address unmistakable, and in my view, commands attention and raises the expectations of the recipient. I have only one spare typewriter ribbon left and I have not seen typewriter ribbon for sale for 20 years.

If you are of a waggish nature then you can manufacture one of the square block codes which are read by iPhones, called “QR codes”.

There are websites such as www.barcode-generator.org which allow you to input text and see it represented as a QR code (or other codes such as ZIP codes). Your rude message can be printed as a code and then applied to the reverse of your envelope with 3M Photomount spray glue. To the casual observer it looks like something applied by the post office, but the more curious will apply their iPhones to the image.

Binding

The pages of your letter can be further decorated by either binding it with legal ribbon laterally and horizontally like a parcel or by punching the edge with a regular hole punch and looping the legal ribbon through the holes.

It is decades since I have seen legal ribbon in a stationers but it is available through on-line stationers. The type of legal ribbon most commonly observed is “pink” legal ribbon used by lawyers. Believe it or not, not all legal ribbon is created equal and some is more tightly woven than others. The ribbon is available in other colours such as black, blue and green. An alternative which is more readily available and more suitable for ladies is haberdasher’s ribbon the same size as legal ribbon. This is available from places like John Lewis and may be found in a much greater variety of colours, as well as patterns.

Calling cards

Once you have completed your artwork for your letterhead and rubber stamps you can re-use it on the design of your calling card. Some persons have their calling card printed as a half-size postcard (like a plain index card) or full-size postcard so that the recipient or yourself can annotate by hand an aide memoir relating the nature of your conversation or actions you were going to take as a result of the meeting. This is useful if you meet a lot of people over technical discussions. This is not a standard size but Smythsons will print on any size you like.

You can apply the same policy to the calling card as you apply to your letter heading to avoid having to reprint your calling card when your address or other details change. The front of the calling card can be printed with your name, armorial crest and motto, and the reverse can be stamped with a rubber stamp bearing your address, telephone number, ham radio call-sign, etc.



New Sheridan Club



Another item of stationery not seen since a kinder, gentler, more civilised time

INCORPORATING: THE SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS
PATRONS: GEORGE BEST, LORD LUCAN

LETTERS: 8-10 BREWER ST LONDON W1
WRITS: DX FRESHFIELDS CHANCERY LANE
TELEGRAMS: BOUNCEANDJIGGLE, SOHO
CABLES: RESIGN, LONDON
CODES: ROT13
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1212
CLUBS: DRONES
SHORTWAVE: G6NSC
ICBM: +51.512447 -0.133743

is the “death card”, which were packs of playing cards printed with the divisional symbol of US troops fighting in Vietnam. Your armorial crest can be re-used on the reverse of the playing card, so that whether you have just machine-gunned an entire village of grass huts from your helicopter or merely thrown an egg at the storefront of Abercrombie & Fitch then you can leave a death card so that they know by whose hand the work of Nemesis was done.

Stationery—the final frontier

Assembling all of the above for a supreme effort of stationery is a heady experience. After I had completed my “first class” stationery I wrote to a friend who was an ordained minister in the Church of England. He had been seconded to a position in the one of the CoE’s overseas offices in New York City. I used my headed stationery which was an embellishment of the original Voss Strasse Reichschancellery headed paper of the Nazi era using a rich red and black die-stamping embossment. I finished the letter with several original rubber stamps used by units of the Waffen-SS, then sealed the envelope with a black wax seal and an original Gestapo “Reichsadler” brass wax stamp. The actual letter I penned in black Pelikan ink from a vintage Mont Blanc Meisterstück fountain pen of the same type used by General von Manstein. In the text I wrote I thanked him for his provision of the blessing at the recent reunion of Waffen-SS veterans at Bad Reichenhall and hoped that the late hour at which we departed from the pole-dancing club did not cause him to miss his flight. Of course it was all done in the best possible taste.

I cried with laughter as I thought of the office secretary reading out the mail to him, and

guffawed out loud as I thought of him being de-frocked by the Bishop, cashiered by the Grand Metropolitan and rusticated by the Arch-Primate. He must have been sore for a week. I think he was posted to somewhere in the Yemen after that. I told you that letter writing can be fun.

The Glorious Committee

Armed with the above paragraphs, we can make an educated guess at the letter heading which best reflects the values of our own dear Glorious Committee. This would bear the mark of the club crest top and centre, below which was the address of the NSC operations room. The heavy white laid paper can be printed with the light brown circular stain of a mug of instant coffee, and perfumed with a cheap blended whisky. Using Smythson’s hand-manufacture service the lower right hand edge can be torn off in a strip in the manner of one who has removed a section for use as a roach.

After I specified the lattermost addition, Smythsons had me thrown out on to the street and I was told that they had called the police. As I dusted off my knees and picked up my hat, I gave an internationally recognised hand-signal back at the shop and reflected on how fortunate it was that I had given the name “Artemis Scarheart”...

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.



Originally Essex, now the picturesque Thames suburb of Richmond.

Favourite Cocktail?

White Russian.

Most Chappist skill?

Treasure hunting. More prosaically known as archaeology to some.

Most Chappist possession?

A miniature digital replica of a Leica Rangefinder camera. It is 1/3 the size of the original 1950s version and makes me feel like a spy.

Personal Motto?

What Would Dolly Do? (In reference to Dolly Parton).

Favourite Quote?

"Never complain, never explain." – Benjamin Disraeli

Chloe Clark

"What would Dolly do?"

Name or preferred name?

Simply Chloe Clark I'm afraid.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It seems I enjoy alliteration as much as my parents.

Where do you hail from?



At the Chap Olympics

"Either those curtains go or I do." — Oscar Wilde

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

But I drove solo down the west coast of America last year. I would recommend it to anyone, particularly the Redwood forests and Hearst Castle.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

About four years I think.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

My sister began stepping out with some chap who it turned out was neither a bigamist nor swindler as I had first suspected, but merely a member of The Glorious Committee. I started coming along to parties in the guise of companion-chaperone as any self-respecting spinster sister would.

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

Breakfast at The Wolesley. It's a lovely way to start the day and the kedgereee is very good.

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

Anne Boleyn so I could see what all the fuss was about.

Elizabeth Taylor for the gossip and drinks.

Alcibiades because he always struck me as disreputable and fun.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee? *Artemis Scarheart.*

Christmas will be unbearable if I say otherwise.

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



At our Alice in Wonderland party in 2015

Funny you should ask... I am doing a turn in September on death and burial in the Roman world. It should be a fun night. Bring the kids!

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.



In Time Team made on a dig in Pylor



CLUB NOTES

New Members

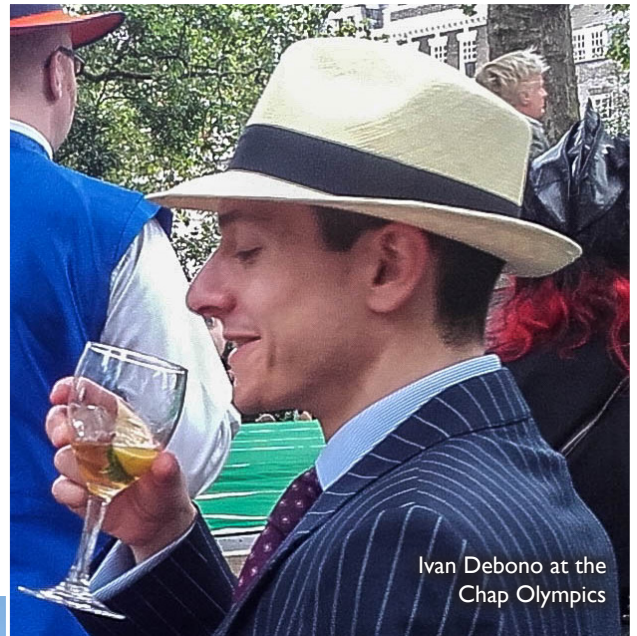
A ROAR OF HEARTY congratulations goes out to Ivan Debono from Paris (though he makes a point of insisting, “I’m not French”), Martin Pritchard from Shrewsbury, Shropshire, and Stav Bee from London, all of whom have joined the Club in the last month (in Stav’s case at the last meeting in April—see page 3 for photographic evidence).



Martin Pritchard

Club Tie Corner

A lumpy selection this time (on the opposite page, clockwise from top left): Birgit thinks Jack Whitehall is wearing NSC braces in *Decline and Fall*; Mark Christopher spotted this Club tie knock-off in *Global Luggage on the Strand*; Iain Treal noticed that Ray Davies was a dedicated follower of Sheridan; Actuarius declines to offer an explanation for this... although his eye was caught by Harry Dean Stanton’s tie in *Christine* (1983); Adrian Prooth detected that Denis Waterman is wearing Club silk in *The Sweeney*.



Ivan Debono at the Chap Olympics

This is also Ivan Debono. I think he’s the one on the left



As a bonus, Mark Christopher sent in this snap of him in a Panama he bought with a voucher for Laird, won in the raffle at the last NSC party





Saturday 1st July, 6–11pm
The Water Poet, 9–11 Folgate Street,
London E1 6BX

Celebrate the sci-fi of the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s! When the unexplored reaches of the Earth’s dark continents were no longer a big enough backdrop for daring adventure stories, the era’s faith in science, machines, speed and a gleaming future created a whole new genre for thrills, peril, xenophobia and scantily-clad women (who spent most of their time suspended inside sinister glass tubes or pods, if the magazine covers are to be believed). Magazines of pulp fiction flourished, with names like *Amazing Stories* (launched in 1926), *Astounding Stories*, *Startling Stories*, *Planet Stories*, *Super Science Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*—you get the picture. H.P Lovecraft was ploughing his own furrow, writing tales of ancient, powerful aliens and eldritch inter-dimensional beings (in which heroes get a glimpse of the true horrific

nature of the universe which usually sends them mad). A more straightforward hero was Flash Gordon, who first appeared in comic-strip form in 1934, followed two years later by the movie serial starring Olympic swimmer Larry “Buster” Crabbe, who also played Buck Rogers, another sci-fi hero, in 1938. By the 1950s Earth was in regular peril in the movies and canoodling teenagers could only expect to be attacked by monstrous aliens.

At our party there will be silly games as usual, such as Plant the Flag on the Moon, Throw the Ring Around Saturn, a chance to design a logo for NSC Star Fleet, plus a buffet of nutri-pills. And of course there will be our famous Grand Raffle, prizes for the best costume, the best mad ruler evil laugh, and lashings of healthy space-fun.





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 3rd May

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.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 5th May

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 Design My Night), £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 7.30 pm. 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 or £15 on the door. The venue has a large wooden dance floor and is 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. 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.

Lucky Dog Picture House presents **Deeds Not Words: The Women Pioneers of Silent Comedy**

Saturday 6th May

1.30pm

NFT3, BFI Southbank, Belvedere Road, South Bank, London SE1 8XT

Admission: £8.80–11 from whatson.bfi.org.uk

While the Suffragettes were fighting for women to have the vote, their cinematic counterparts were more than equal to the men, creating and starring in some of the most successful, subversive and inventive films of the



era. This special selection of rarely-screened shorts celebrates the brilliant women of silent comedy. Curated and presented by BFI Silent Film Curator Bryony Dixon with a new live score by The Lucky Dog Picturehouse. For full film listings please visit locofilmfestival.com.

Lucky Dog Picture House

Tuesday 9th May

Doors 7pm, films 7.45pm, jazz from 9.30pm
Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: £5 (which can be reserved by emailing tldpicturehouse@hotmail.co.uk; reserved tickets must be collected by 7.30)

A film night with a difference: Lucky Dog only show silent movies, presented with a live musical accompaniment by their in-house band (featuring music from the era in which the films were made, I believe. Nothing by

Admission: £9 for adults

A weekend of fun and nostalgia. There will be a free park and ride service and bus services running to Lowestoft and Beccles using period buses, along with visiting vehicles of the era on both days. There will be trade stands and a BBQ in the park, plus the early evening running of the museum's vehicle fleet on Saturday in the unique setting of the museum, as well as music and dancing. There will be a price concession for those coming in costume. See eatransportmuseum.co.uk.

Bluestocking Salon at Dr Johnson's House

Thursday 18th May

6.30–9pm

17 Gough Square, London EC4A 3DE

Admission: £45 in advance

In collaboration with Dr Johnson's House,

a special event to celebrate the literary legend's friends and acquaintances with a Bluestocking Salon. We will be working our Georgian magic throughout the floors of this historic home to pay homage to Samuel Johnson and his many fascinating friends. A fitting place to celebrate the intellectual and artistic life of Georgian London, a bespoke event to bring this giant of a man and the Georgian period back to life. More details on the booking page.



Comediennes from the Suffragette era

Georgio Moroder). This time featuring a double bill of Buster Keaton's *One Week* (1920) about newlyweds' attempts to build a house from a prefabricated kit, and the Laurel and Hardy comedy *Liberty!* (1929) about two escaping convicts who change clothes in a car but manage to put on each other's trousers—the whole film is about their attempts to swap the trousers back, in alleys, in cabs and high up on the steel frame of a skyscraper under construction. The films will be followed by live jazz till closing.

1940s Weekend

Saturday 13th–Sunday 14th May

11am Saturday–5pm Sunday

East Anglia Transport Museum, Chapel Road, Carlton Colville, Suffolk NR33 8BN

Lipstick & Curls at Hemsby 58:

Full Parlour Service

Friday 19th–Sunday 21st May

3–6pm

Hemsby Rock 'n' Roll Weekender, Seacroft Holiday Site, Beach Rd, Hemsby, Great Yarmouth NR29 4HR

Vintage styling team Lipstick & Curls will be at the Hemsby Rock 'N' Roll Weekender offering a full parlour service for the ladies. Appointments already booking up. To make your reservation please email info@lipstickandcurls.net. Hair styling is £35, makeup £25 or £50 for both. For tickets to this great weekender please go to www.hemsbyrocknroll.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club

Friday 19th and Saturday 20th
May

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 for your dancing pleasure we will have live music from Duncan Hemstock and his All-Stars, who proved a revelation when they played for us for the first time in February. (You can hear live recordings of that session on Soundcloud here.) Your host with the most will, as usual, be Champagne Charlie and DJing will be the NSC's own 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

Elysian Den

Sunday 28th May

5.30–10.30pm

The Boston Room, The George IV, 185
Chiswick High Road, London W4 2DR
Admission: £10 including £5 drinks voucher

Vintage music night featuring a beginners’ swing dance class at 6pm followed by swing DJing from Tim Hellzapoppin’. The pub’s Sunday roast comes highly recommended.

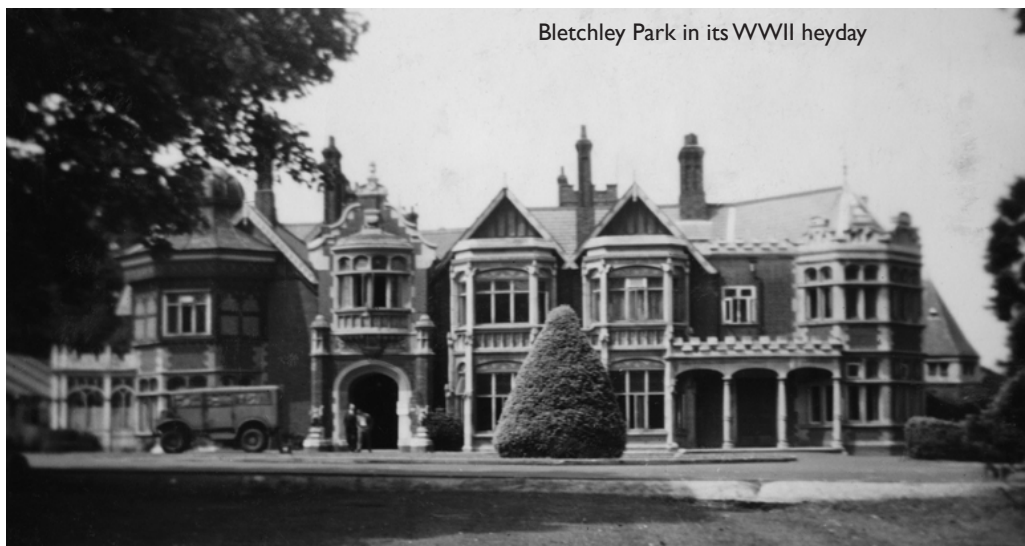
Day Trip to Bletchley Park

Saturday 3rd June

11am

The Mansion, Bletchley Park, Sherwood Dr,
Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK3 6EB

Priya Kali and Stuart Mitchell have colluded to propose a club outing to Bletchley Park, home of the British codebreakers during World War II. Bletchley is having a special event on the weekend of 3rd and 4th of June with a “1940s vintage weekend” which we thought



Bletchley Park in its WWII heyday

would make for a spiffing day out for NSC chums. (There are more details here: <https://www.bletchleypark.org.uk/whats-on/1940s-weekend/>).

The proposed schedule is: meet up at Bletchley Park ticket office at 11am. There is a 10.13am train from Euston station for those coming from London (price £16.20 return), but obviously choice of transport is down to individuals. Bletchley station is a 10 minute walk from the park ticket office.

Ticket price is £17.25, which includes admission to the mansion, museum and the huts. Tickets can be purchased in advance online, but if we get more than 12 people then we can get group rates with discounted prices. (Please note that this doesn’t include the Colossus exhibit, which is part of the National Museum of Computing [NMOC]. NMOC is on the same site, but in a separate building, and has various historic computers dating from the 1950s onwards.

Admission to NMOC requires a separate ticket.

There are catering facilities on site, but from experience these can be cramped and somewhat limited, and as Bletchley closes at 5.30pm we propose to decamp to a local public house close by. This is the Eight Belles, which looks a suitable place to receive sustenance after a hard day’s outing (they are a 1940s style pub, with a website at www.eightbellesbletchley.co.uk).

Please let Pri or Stuart know if you’re interested, and we can try and arrange group tickets if there is sufficient interest. (emails: miladysweetpps@gmail.com or stuart.david.mitchell@gmail.com).

UNISEX
TOILETS

Prof. Philip Hancock
relaxes at the
Candlelight Club

← Fire
exit



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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.