

# RESUME!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIFFS  
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## TALLY HO!

Strong showing from the Club at the annual Tweed Run

### Are 'chapbooks' books for chaps?

Francesca Albin on this populist press and her involvement in its continuing history

### In search of dinosaurs

A party of NSC children hit the Jurassic Coast and return with old fossils (and not just their parents)

### Boffin island

The Club pays a visit to Bletchley Park, home of Britain's WWII codebreakers

## DAYS OF FUTURE PAST

Welcome to a world not only of sight and sound but also of beer and crisps. A world we call The Twiglet Zone... The summer party is upon us!



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women there as well. Fitzrovia's associations with literature go back to the eighteenth century. In the twentieth century both Woolf and Shaw lived in Fitzroy Square; Pound and Lewis launched *Blast!* at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in Percy Street. John Buchan lived in Portland Place and in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* Richard Hannay has a flat there. Both Lawrences (D.H. and T.E.) took rooms there, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

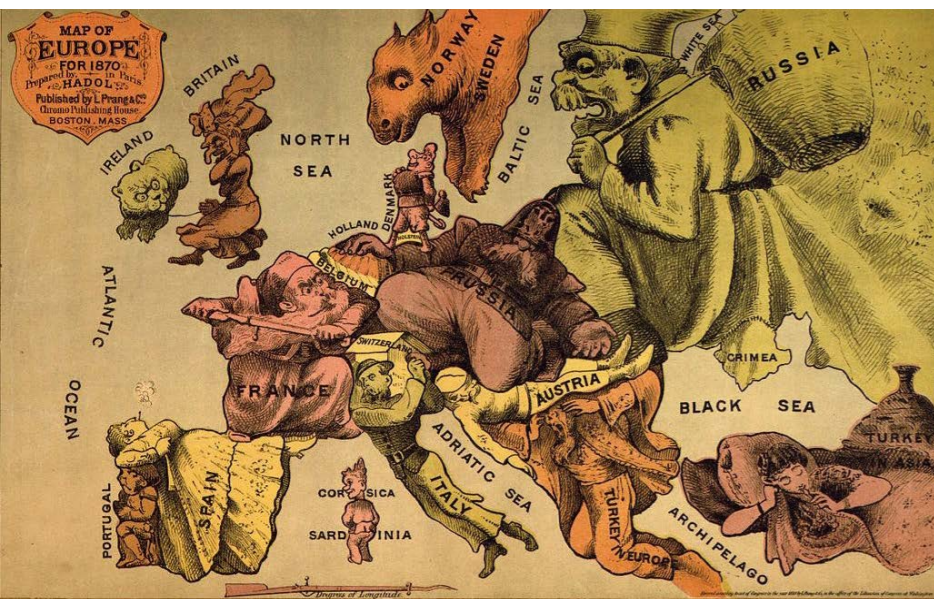
### The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Matthew Howard will deliver the fifth "Lady Malvern Memorial lecture", *Ode to Joy: Britain, Europe and the Europeans*, which he makes a point of saying is aimed at "those broadminded enough to accept some recreational euro-joshing on the day before the general election. If you've ever wanted to see what links Bridget Bardot, Samantha Fox and Angela Merkel, then please do pop along, especially if you are easily offended as, when you've seen Europe the Howard's Way, you'll never see it quite the same way again."

### The Last Meeting

Our speaker in May was Francesca Albini, talking about "chapbooks" and the "chapmen" who sold them, primarily in the 17th and 18th centuries. Essentially these were very cheaply made books, without covers, usually produced from a single sheet of paper folded and cut to make pages, sold for the entertainment of those without much money. The content might be folk stories or folk wisdom, tales from the Bible or scurrilous gossip (including libellous allegations that often seemed to get the publishers imprisoned). They might be illustrated with simple woodcuts—which often had no connection to the content—sometimes crudely coloured by hand, perhaps using child labour. Francesca herself writes chapbooks and her publisher, Alban Low, was present, showing us how a single large sheet was folded, stapled and trimmed to make the A6-sized pamphlets, which in his case are always just 16 pages—he feels that the limitations of the format create discipline and focus for the writer. His publishing company, Sampson Low, has actually been running since 1793, though in fact it didn't publish chapbooks back in the day. Many thanks to Francesca and Alban.

An essay from the talk begins on page 4.



(Left) Pri and Stuart tout their trip to Bletchley (see p.22); (above) Francesca begins; (below) a selection of modern chapbooks



(Above) Alban Low shows how a chapbook is folded; (below) Floyd seems to be getting the hard sell from this gent (presumably an author)



George, envious of Floyd's height, attempts to elevate himself by standing on the bar rail



(Right) Louise arrives fashionably late with new squeeze Hiro



(Left) Scarheart holds court behind the bar; (above) Stephen Myhill looking suspicious; (right) Eugenie and the Curé

# Chapbooks

A brief history, modern chapbooks and the resurgence of publisher Sampson Low  
 By Francesca Albini and Alban Low

WERE CHAPBOOKS A TYPE of book written by chaps? Or were they books read by chaps? To answer these questions, we must look at the etymology of the word “chap”. Its origins go back to Ancient Greece. In Greek, *kapelos* describes a market seller or a shopkeeper. Its Latin equivalent, *caupo*, means innkeeper or shopkeeper. Similarly, in Old English, *cēap* means cattle, purchase, sale, traffic, bargain. A *cēapman*, later *chapman*, was a trader. From *cēap* came the word “cheap”, which, initially, just meant trade or market (we still see remnants of that use, as in the street name Cheapside, meaning “market square”). The modern sense of “cheap” as low in price is an ellipse for “good cheap”.

“Chap”, as in man or boy, is shortened from *chapman*. The word as we intend it is an ellipse for “good chap”. (We knew that!) A chapbook was a small book, a pamphlet, sold

by chapmen, itinerant sellers. Of course, it was also cheap, as in affordable.

## Format and print

Street literature was born with the dawn of printing and lasted until the end of the 19th century. Well into the 20th century books were far too expensive for ordinary people, costing as much as a weekly salary. Among the first formats of cheap publication were broadsides, large sheets of paper printed on one side, used as posters to be affixed on the streets, or to publish ballads and news.

Chapbooks were one of the evolutions of broadsides. A chapbook was made from a single sheet of paper, about 16 inches by 18 inches, printed on both sides and ingeniously folded into a single gathering of 8, 12, 16, or, more commonly, 24 pages. For the pages to be printed in the right order a certain amount of planning was required, and sometimes there were misplacements, which, together



The complex arrangement of pages on the single sheet from which a chapbook is folded and cut

with bad trimming and folding, crooked lines and words shaved off, could leave the reader rather baffled.

Although the printing was awful, and the paper worse, for centuries chapbooks brought the work of historians, poets, balladeers, clergymen, politicians, biographers, etc., to the people and, as such, they had an important role in spreading news, knowledge and entertainment, despite frequent deviation from accuracy and good taste.

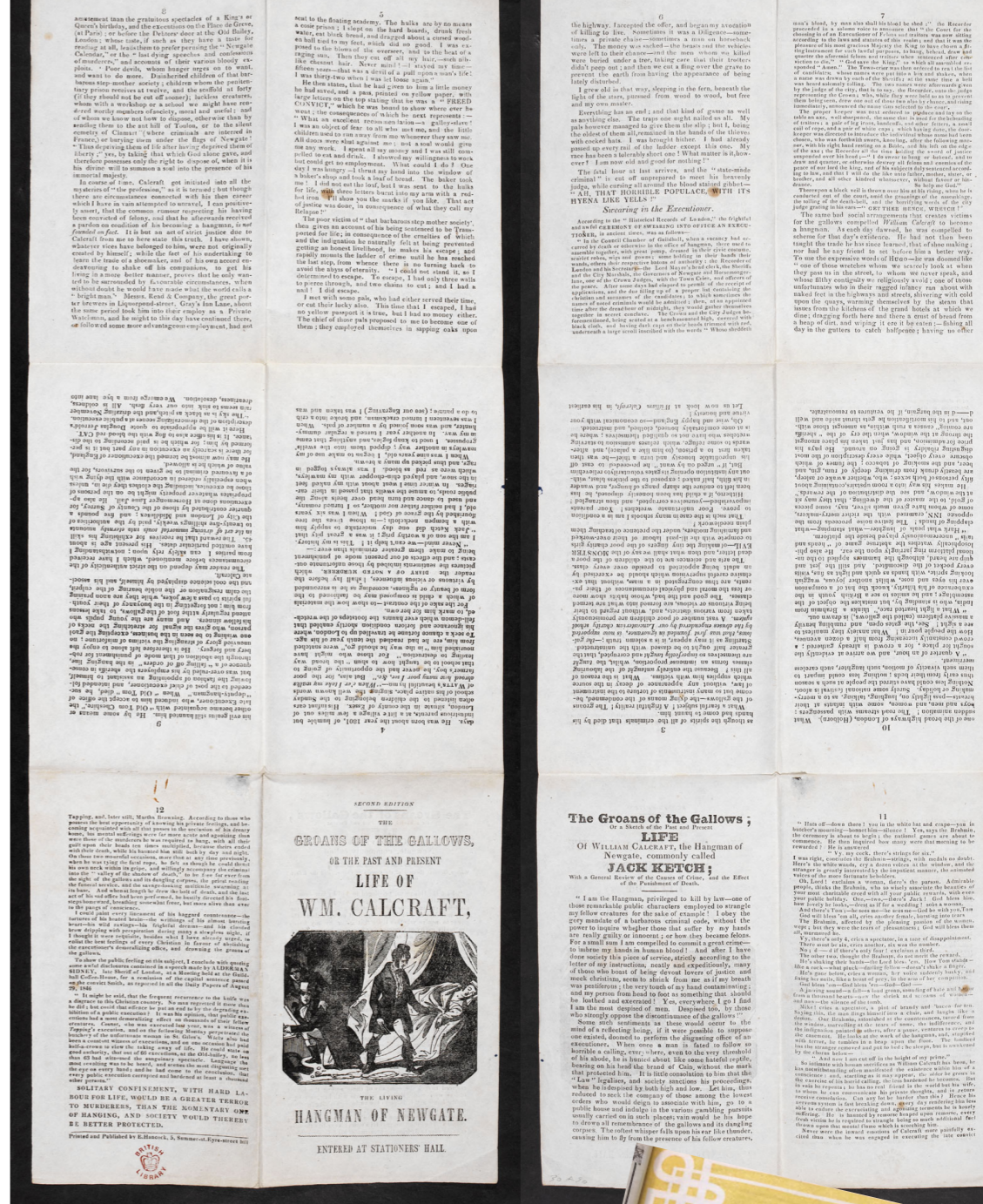
Chapbooks had no cover: the front of the first page served as title-page and was decorated with a wood-cut, very often the only one in the booklet. To contain production costs, printers would reuse the same woodcuts, as long as they were still good enough to produce some kind of print. If the pictures were to be in colour, children were recruited to paint them by hand, with rather approximate results. The choice of woodcuts very often was mindless: a Turk with baggy trousers and a curved sword decorates the title-page of a life of Dick Turpin, and reappears on *The Irish Assassin*. St George and the Dragon appear on the life of the gentleman-robber Redmond O’Hanlon.

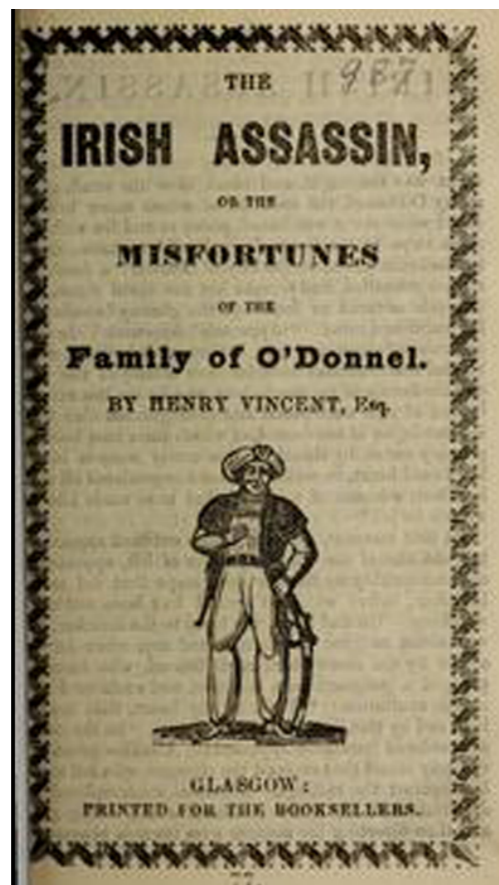
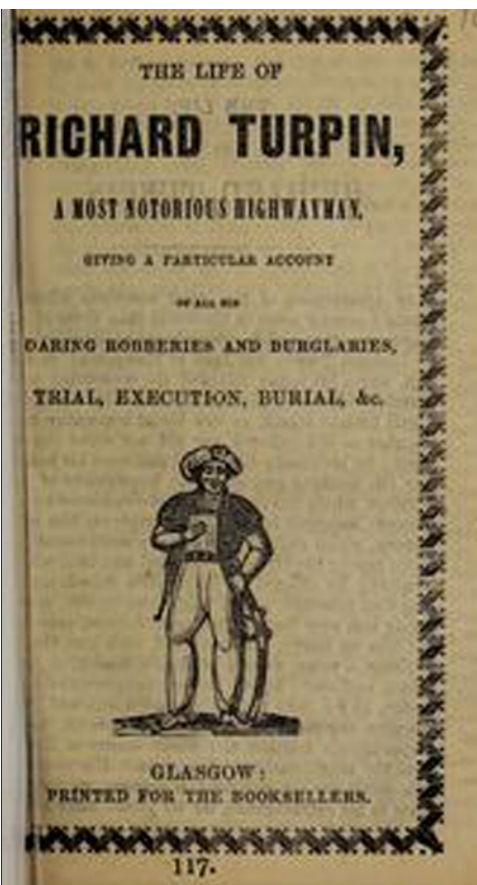
Pretty much every inch of paper was used, so the blank space at the end was filled with

anything that had the right length. It could be a story or an anecdote, often without any obvious links to the main content.

## Readership

Chapbooks on the whole were intended to uplift the spirit and to





The same woodcut of a Turk adorns both of these volumes, and seems relevant to neither

entertain. Very often they are advertised on the front cover as “A pill to purge melancholy”. Although principally appealing to the lower classes, they were probably read for relaxation by a more literary audience as well.

Samuel Pepys was an avid collector of chapbooks; the Pepys Library’s collection is possibly the largest in the world and some of the items are unique. Pepys had his volumes bound together into sets defined by genre (“Penny Merriments”, “Penny Godlinesses”, “Penny Witticisms” and “Vulgaria”). Few chapbooks survive today due to their fragile nature and the fact that they were often repurposed after they were read, for example to wrap food for baking. They are often an important, if not the only, source of popular culture for historians, so collections like Pepys’s are invaluable.

Some writers were also fascinated by the format. In a letter to Francis Wrangham, Wordsworth mentions the chapbook trade, and his desire to write content for chapbooks: “I find among the people I am speaking of, halfpenny ballads, and penny and twopenny histories, in great abundance; these are often

bought as charitable tributes to the poor Persons who hawk them about (and it is the best way of procuring them); ... I have many a time wished that I had talents to produce songs, poems, little histories, that may circulate among other good things in this way, supplanting partly the bad... Indeed, some of the poems I have published were composed not without a hope that at some time or other they may answer this purpose...”

*Moral Emblems* by Robert Louis Stevenson uses the style and format of the chapbook, with rough handmade woodcuts on one side and text on the other, obviously tongue-in-cheek, but still inspired by the genre.

### Printers

Especially in the early days, there was very little or no information as to the printers, authors and dates of printing of chapbooks—only the laconic indication “Printed for the booksellers” appearing on the title page. Later, at the beginning of the 19th century, some defined and fascinating characters begin to emerge. In London, street literature printers seemed to set up shop in Seven Dials, probably because they could find cheap writers in that area. Among the most well-known printers of Seven Dials were James Catnach, John Pitts and Thomas Birt.

Often printers were also writers and editors, and took risks in order to find news that would attract buyers. In 1818, Catnach produced a ballad claiming the butchers of Drury Lane were selling sausages made from human flesh. In consequence, one of the butchers that he named, Mr Pizzey of Blackmore Street, was beaten up by an angry mob. As the printer’s name and address was now printed on every publication, Pizzey obtained the information he needed to sue for libel. Catnach was found guilty and served a six-month term in jail.

John Pitts immediately jumped at the opportunity to mock his rival and printed a ballad with these lines:

Poor Pizzey was in an awful mess,  
And looked the colour of cinders,  
A crowd assembled from far and near,  
And they smashed in all his windows.

Now Jemmy Catnach’s gone to prison,  
And what’s he gone to prison for?  
For printing a libel against Mr Pizzey,  
Which was sung from door to door.”

Catnach’s mother took over the business while he was in prison, and hoped to profit from a rumour about the murder of Thomas Lane and his family in Dartford. The rumour turned out to be unfounded and Mrs Catnach was herself dragged before the magistrates. To be a printer was a dangerous occupation.

### Chapmen

A chapman was an itinerant seller, bringing a variety of goods to isolated communities: ribbons, pins, tea, medicines and stories. Chapbooks were thin and light, so he would carry bundles of them. Often, chapmen were rogues, who overpriced goods, drank heavily and seduced women. To operate they needed a licence, and in old byelaws they were classed among “Hawkers, Vendors, Pedlars, petty Chapmen, and unruly people”. They might have lived rough and misbehaved, but they were also the only connection with the outside world, bringing new ideas and spreading literary education.

Chapmen could be authors as well, and among the most famous are three Scots, Dougal Graham, William Hawkie Cameron, and Alexander Wilson.

Dougal Graham

An example of crude hand-colouring

was a chapbook writer and bellman, born near Sterling in 1724. He was much deformed, with a large hunch on his back, another on his chest and was lame in one leg. He enjoyed the wondering life of a chapman, but in 1745 he left his occupation to follow the army of Prince Charles Edward to Derby and back to Scotland, and was present at Culloden (16th April, 1746). Five months later he published *A full, particular, and true Account of the Rebellion in the year 1745–6*. Due to his physical condition he was probably not a soldier but his work, although written in rough doggerel, is of historical value as the testimony of a real eye-witness. Graham wrote many chapbooks, all extremely popular and humorous. Today they are an important source of information on the beliefs of his time. Sir Walter Scott was so taken by Graham’s talent that he wanted to print a correct copy of the history of the rebellion, but the project was never carried out.

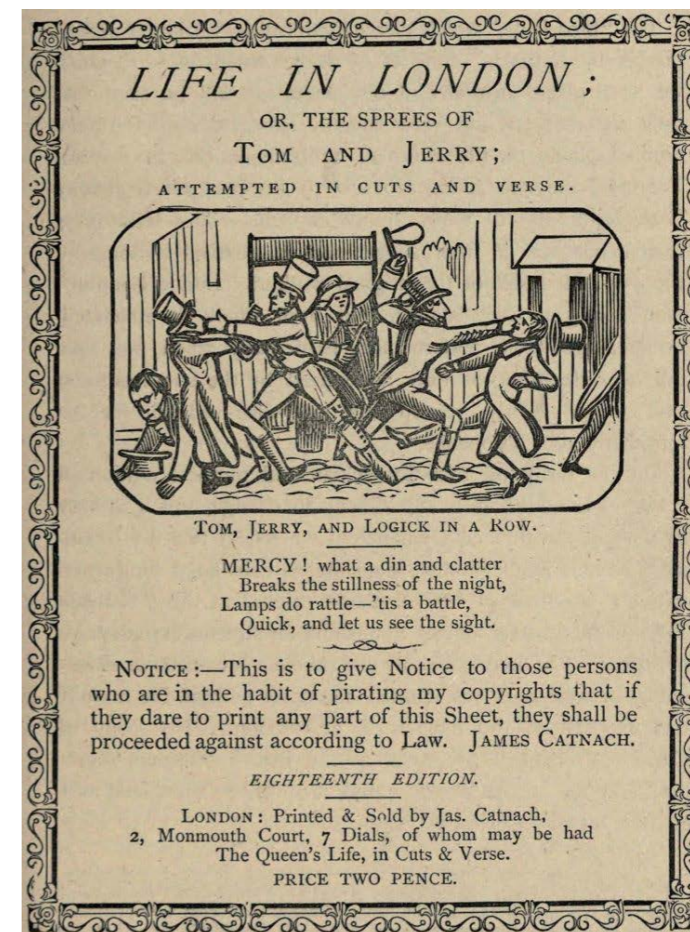


Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,  
To get the poor dog a-bone;  
But when she came there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

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William “Hawkie” Cameron,

Catnach’s warning shows that pirating of content was rife among chapbook publishers



TOM, JERRY, AND LOGICK IN A ROW.

MERCY! what a din and clatter  
Breaks the stillness of the night,  
Lamps do rattle—’tis a battle,  
Quick, and let us see the sight.

NOTICE:—This is to give Notice to those persons who are in the habit of pirating my copyrights that if they dare to print any part of this Sheet, they shall be proceeded against according to Law. JAMES CATNACH.

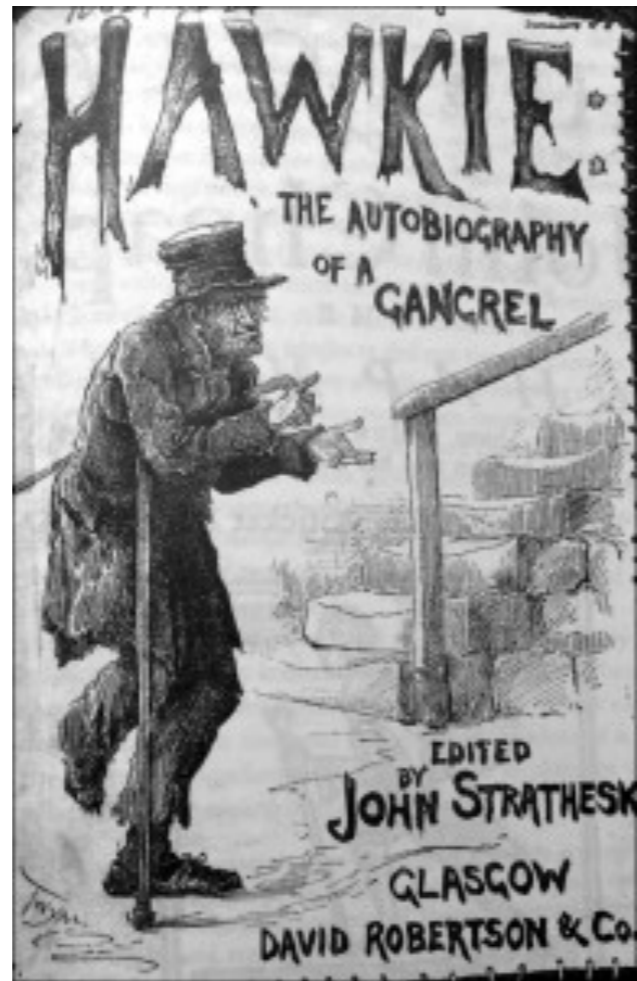
EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON: Printed & Sold by Jas. Catnach,  
2, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials, of whom may be had  
The Queen’s Life, in Cuts & Verse.  
PRICE TWO PENCE.



born in Stirlingshire around 1790, was also lame. A tailor's apprentice, he gave this up to become an evangelical field preacher. On his return from a preaching trip to Newcastle, he started to live as a "gangrel" (a drifter). He eventually settled in Glasgow, where he became a well-known local character. A talented showman and orator, he attracted audiences and sold his writings. His nickname comes from a satirical text he wrote, narrated by Hawkie, a "twa-year-auld quey [cow] frae Aberdour", who prophesied the destruction of the Briggate area of Glasgow under a tide of whisky. Cameron's *Autobiography of a Gangrel* is a great source of information on the production and selling of street literature and a useful guide on how to survive in extreme poverty.

Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley, Scotland. A weaver's apprentice, he soon began writing ballads and other pieces on the condition of weavers, inspired by the dialect verse of Robert Burns. A satirical poem against a mill owner resulted in his arrest and Wilson was sentenced to burn his work in public and serve



(Left) 17th-century image of a chapman; (above) Hawkie's memoir

a jail sentence. After his release he emigrated to America, where he met the naturalist William Bartram and, with his encouragement, became an illustrator. Wilson travelled widely, worked hard and produced a nine-volume book, *American Ornithology*, with illustrations of all the birds of North America.

### Content

Fables, murder, romance, religion, speeches, executions, poems, jests, jokes, recipes and witchcraft are among the regular ingredients of chapbook content.

Comical characters and mischief makers were particularly popular. Thousands of copies were sold of the comical sayings of Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind. Paddy had to leave Ireland because he took an old gentleman's gun. In his defence, he says that he got it from his father when it was a little pistol, it then grew into a gun, and would eventually become a cannon, which he intended to sell to the military. George Buchanan, the king's fool (a real person, but never a king's fool), was another

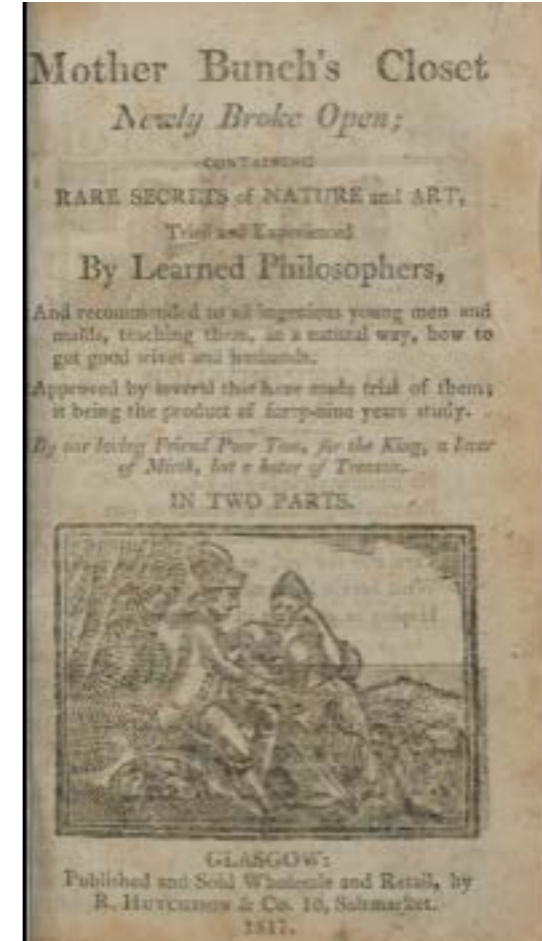
humorous character: banished by James I "from English ground" he went to Scotland, put earth in his boots and came back.

The reporting of crime was a staple of the industry. William Corder's execution for the murder of Maria Marten (the famous Red Barn Murder) drew an immense crowd, and the chronicle of the crime sold over a million copies.

Royals and history were also successful subjects, the Battle of Waterloo being a most rewarding event for chapbook printers.

Children's stories were popular of course—although at the time, fables were read both by adults and children. To give you an example of the different slant of children's stories of the time, compared to now, here is an excerpt from Jack the Giant Killer:

When Jack was no more than seven years of age, his father sent him into the field to look after his oxen. A country Vicar, by chance, one day coming across the field, called Jack, and asked him several questions; in particular, how many commandments were there? Jack told him, there were nine. The Parson replied, there are ten. Nay, quoth Jack, master Parson, you are out of



that; it is true that there were ten, but you broke one of them with your own maid Margery. The Parson replied, thou art an arch wag, Jack. Well, master Parson, quoth Jack, you have asked me one question, and I have answered it; let me ask you another. Who made these oxen? the Parson replied, God. You are out again, quoth Jack, for God made them bulls, but my father and his man Hobson made oxen of them."

Other subjects included stories from the Bible (usually heavily illustrated), miracles, dream

interpretation, superstitions, fortune telling and the supernatural.

### Chapbooks today

In the digital age, chapbooks are making a welcome comeback, as portable, disposable or collectible treasures, precious but affordable





artworks. Among the keenest promoters of this revival are the London-based publishers Sampson Low.

The first book published by Sampson Low dates back to 1793. In the 1800s, the son of the first Sampson Low, also called Sampson, became an international publishing figure. He was one of the key publishers in setting up the first international copyright agreement and the net book agreement with booksellers across the United Kingdom. A collection of letters from the heyday of Sampson Low in the early 1860s, shows a fascinating array of Mid-Victorian literary figures on his writers' and readers' list. There are about 200 letters in all, never published, from such writers as Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Anthony Trollope, Alfred Lord Tennyson, William Makepeace Thackeray, Richard Blackmore, Mrs Gaskell and Lady Noel Byron. There are several from eminent politicians too—W.E. Gladstone, John Bright, Henry Mayhew and Lord Shaftesbury. There too are the scribbblings of worthy and well-known figures as Florence Nightingale, the Duke of Wellington and Robert E. Lee. Turn the pages on and you will find such divine and saintly names as

those of Cardinal Newman, Charles Kingsley and John Stuart Mill, the philosopher. There are famed artists, too, such as John Everett Millais and George Cruikshank, many of whom illustrated Low's publications. You will also stumble across immortal American names, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wilkie Collins, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Harriet Beacher Stowe.

Under Sampson Low's leadership the publishing business thrived and survived for 60 years, but as he grew older he relied more on his three sons, Sampson, William and Walter. He also took on a promising associate editor named Edward Marston in his main office on Ludgate Hill beneath St Paul's Cathedral. Sadly, his three sons all died before he did in 1886 and Marston took over the firm.

After Sampson died, the firm continued to publish as Sampson Low, Marston and Co. and flourished well into the Edwardian age. The Low family had lost their involvement with the company, but Sampson Low Marston remained a separate publishing house until the end of the Second World War. The shortage of paper after the war made life hard for book publishers; even so Sampson Low published such famous children's authors and romantic novelists as Enid Blyton and Jeffery Farnol. But in 1950 the company was taken over by Purnells, the printers of its novels in Somerset, and became part of the British Printing Corporation (BPC).

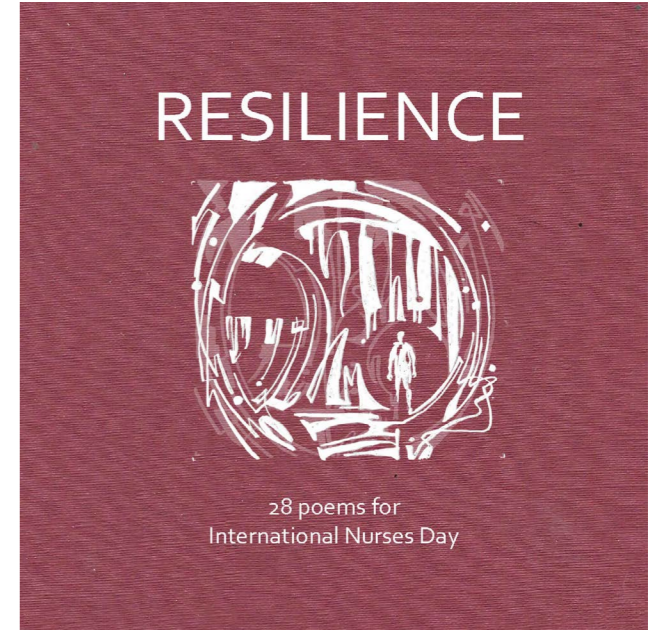
However, the media mogul Robert Maxwell bought up the parent corporation BPC in 1981 as part of his over-ambitious publishing empire. Over the next 10 years Sampson Low Ltd was systematically asset-stripped with all its publications being either sold off or closed down. Maxwell himself fell from his yacht and drowned off the Canary Islands on 5th November 1991 and his whole empire was declared bankrupt a year later. Sampson Low was offered for sale for a few thousand pounds; when nobody offered to buy it, the company was wound up and de-registered exactly 200 years after it was first founded. The family name was dead...or was it?

George Low, one of the direct descendants of the founder, discovered the remains of the dismembered company, and brought it back to life by re-registering Sampson Low Ltd in October 1997. The Lows now own the company again, with his wife Sally as company secretary, and his four sons, Sampson, Alban, Joshua and Jaco, as the directors.

Sampson Low never published chapbooks in the age of street literature, but they do now, promoting this old format with new content and the quality of images and print, and are encouraging an interest in the old world of publishing, the tradition of street literature and its fascinating characters.

To see the current range of Sampson Low chapbooks go to [sampsonlow.co](http://sampsonlow.co).

Some of Sampson Low's contemporary chapbooks



# RUN T



## The NSC returns once more to take on the Tweed Run

By Stuart Turner

# THE TWILLS



IT IS WIDELY ACCEPTED that the key to success in any sporting pursuit is training and preparation.

Therefore, with that sage advice forefront in my mind, it seemed only prudent to kick the tyres, cycle once around the block and indulge in a Full English breakfast with extra black pudding before embarking upon a 12-mile cycle ride across London.

As I sat enjoying my tea and sausages, a gentleman in breeches casually rode by on a penny farthing. I was definitely in the right place; the Tweed Runners were starting to arrive.

Having discovered during my extensive athletic preparations that my trusty boater was not aerodynamically stable at pedalling speeds,

I donned my emergency back-up fez and struck out for the appointed meeting point.

By this point, groups of cyclists were beginning to appear from side roads, cafés and convenience stores, all be-tweeded and mostly sporting vintage or retro-styled bicycles.

As I turned the corner to Bourne and Hollingsworth in Clerkenwell I was met by a veritable artist's palette of tweeds in every colour and hue. The place was abuzz with excitement and good natured bonhomie. Cheery “good mornings” were being exchanged, caps were being doffed, selfies were being taken, statuses updated and outfits and cycles complimented.

The diversity of bicycles was impressive with an eclectic mixture of retro roadsters, mountain bikes, drop-handlebar racers, Raleigh Choppers

and Boris bikes, all rubbing tyres with huge penny farthings, a wooden “hobby horse” and even a bicycle made from bamboo.

I soon caught up with fellow Club members Lobby Ludd, Stephen Myhill, Harrison Goldman, Stewart Lister Vickers and his lovely lady George who, accompanied by her mother (and dog Alfred) and Jack Defer, were volunteer marshals for the event.

As George headed off to take up official duties, the rest of us compared our mounts for the day. Having travelled down from Derbyshire on the train, my weapon of choice was a trusty green Brompton, a clownish, collapsible cycle with a multitude of hinges and wheels the size of digestive biscuits.

Harrison was captain of the SS Goldman,

a splendid black “sit up and beg” style roadster of Dutch origin which, though capable of a surprising turn of pace once moving, had a stopping distance of somewhere about a week and a half.

Mr Lister Vickers’ steed was a machine of significant vintage, which was a last-minute eBay purchase, necessitated by the theft of the handlebars from his previous cycle. Although it looked like it had just been pulled out of the back of a derelict barn, the seller had assured Stewart that it was roadworthy and in perfect working order (right up until the point where the front brake fell off).

What could possibly go wrong..?

At this point, Tom Carradine and Champagne Charlie arrived, in true theatrical

style, both sporting magnificent waxed mustaches and decked out in matching purple fedoras, bow ties and weskits.

This sent the attendant photographers into a frenzy, with the pair of them camping it up like true pros.

The crowds thickened and by this point the street was gridlocked with people, bicycles and, bizarrely, two alpacas (or did I dream that?), but we still spotted some welcome faces in the throng. The lovely ladies of the Vintage Mafia were out in force, chaperoned by Harrison Leatherby. Pandora Harrison was, unsurprisingly, flawlessly turned out in another custom outfit and Russell Nash and Sally Sewandsew were looking fabulous as always.

My ear was suddenly caught by the unmistakably joyous laugh of Sally Sweetlove, resplendent in a scarlet tweed creation of her own making and ably supported by her beau Ian. I am, as always, in awe of those like Sally, George and Pandora who are talented and creative enough to design and make their own outfits.

Then the call went up—the appointed hour was upon us and we were off!

Except we weren't. In a scene, reminiscent of the David Attenborough film showing whole colonies of penguins shuffling slowly in single file across glaciers in Antarctica, nigh on 900 Tweed Runners slowly shambled and lumbered their way down the narrow street.

This bout of slow-speed manoeuvring provided evidence that a not insignificant proportion of the attendees were maybe far more practised in the accomplishment of the perfect vintage cycling outfit than they were at cycling itself. With many appearing to be on borrowed or hired bicycles, there was a lot of wobbling, a few early “offs” and one poor lady who lost a pedal while still within sight of the

start line. Luckily, in the spirit of the event, she was soon overwhelmed by chivalrous offers of tools and assistance.

The necessity to wait at traffic lights and cross junctions soon meant that the group spread out with everyone finding their own pace. Bicycle bells chimed, passers-by waved, residents cheered out of their windows and motorists (even taxi drivers) accepted the ensuing disruption with surprisingly good humour.

No sooner had we started than we stopped, this time allegedly for “tea and biscuits” in St Pancras Churchyard. The tea queue seemed never-ending, so I decided to forgo that and opted instead for a slug of rum from my hipflask and a slightly squashed Scotch egg.

Here we met up with Suzanne Coles on her beautiful new Pashley bicycle and Grace Iggulden aboard the marvellous, magnificent “Iggmobile”. Part bicycle, part minibus, part Boudicca’s chariot, this amazing machine transports Grace, her four children and all their luggage back and forth across London and was the source of much interest during the day, not in the least due to Grace and her children being all dressed in matching white outfits and looking like a featurette in a cosmopolitan lifestyle magazine.

Suitably refreshed, we set off and soon came across a sheepish looking gentleman standing on the pavement holding a bicycle wheel. (The result, I was later told, of snapped forks brought on by an ill-advised “bunny-hop” on a bike of an advancing vintage.)

The marshals did a splendid job of shepherding everyone safely across the busy St Pancras Road and we headed onward towards the river. We certainly provided a suitably clichéd picture of English eccentricity for the tourists as we advanced down the embankment towards the Palace of Westminster like some



Paul Huish, full of joie de vivre



Left to right: Champagne Charlie, Tom Carradine, your correspondent, Harrison Goldman



Susie Ford



Russell Nash and Sarah Sewandsew



(Right) Fleur de Guerre with fellow vintage Mafiose



For one day this sort of sight becomes quite normal





Sally Sweetlove heads a phalanx. Your correspondent can be seen far left, resplendent in his racing fez

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genteel advancing tweed army.

As we wended our way through Lambeth, splinter groups, denounced as “sinners” by the marshals, peeled off and were to be found “hydrating” outside various en-route pubs and hostelrys. But we were resolute, made of sterner stuff, so cycled on, with nary a thought for gin nor tonic. (Resignations will be forthcoming.)

Luncheon had been arranged in the spacious grounds of the Imperial War Museum where, in between bites of “steak bake” (classy I know, but in my defence, I am from the Midlands), Harrison and I teamed up with Grace and Suzanne in the little known extreme sport of “Igg-wrangling”.

For those, like myself, who are not aware of this pastime, it involves trying to keep four excited and inquisitive children, fuelled up on apple juice and blueberries, within the confines of a family sized picnic blanket. (“How difficult can that be?” I naïvely thought.)

Cording’s Country Clothing had set up some lunchtime entertainment in the form of a game where, for reasons unknown, the object was to throw a gentleman’s flat cap over a plastic pigeon in order to win a pair of cufflinks. Harrison, to the seeming delight of the young ladies running the stall, was the first to successfully “cap a pigeon” (though in keeping with club tradition, he doesn’t like to talk about it). This appeared to inspire one of Grace’s daughters, as she herself then devised an ethically dubious game whereby you could win one of her own siblings by correctly guessing which hand the blueberry was in.

Luncheon over, we had the fun of facilitating a three-point turn with the Iggmobile, which was by now, surrounded by tweed runners.

As we headed back towards the river, Stewart Lister Vickers and myself received “field commissions” to the rank of marshal and were immediately put to good use directing riders and stopping traffic.

We gladly relinquished command to the next vaguely competent looking person we saw, caught up with Harrison and headed back over Blackfriars Bridge, where we were greeted by the beacon of sartorial splendour that is Floyd Toussaint-kaye.

With a final push up the Farringdon Road and through Smithfield Market we were back at Bourne and Hollingsworth, where they were hosting the grandly titled “Cycle Revolution Festival”. (Truth be told, “festival” may have been slightly overselling it.)

We headed straight for the beer tent to wash the trail dust from out of our throats, where we all regrouped and were delighted to be joined by Clayton Hartley and Dr Blah.

There was apparently a prize-giving for competitors, in categories such as best-dressed gent and dame, best bicycle and best hat, but unfortunately I cannot shed any light on the winners as, in their infinite wisdom, B&H had decreed that paying customers could not take drinks from the B&H bar area into the B&H stage area.

As the sun and temperature dropped we accompanied George, Jack and a group of marshals to a local hostelry which had kindly



opened some upstairs rooms for us. Here we drank ale, ate crisps and were treated to an impromptu “Cockney singalong” from Tom and Charlie.

The next day I was delighted to learn that Sally Sweetlove, Ian Gale and myself had been featured in the illustrious *Shanghai Daily News*.

All in, the Tweed Run is an experience I would recommend, be it as a participant or an observer. My thanks go to the marshalling team for a splendid job keeping so many people moving safely and in the right direction, while maintaining good humour—a special mention

must go to the posse who decided to indicate the route through the medium of expressive dance.

(Above) Judging the Most Dashing Dame—for some reason Pandora (second from left) didn’t win; (right) Stewart on his recently-acquired death trap



Lunch at the Imperial War Museum

# A-Fossil-Hunting We Will Go

Jessica Lakin reports on a recent attempt to instruct the Club's youth in the Chappist pleasures of collecting prehistoric specimens and enjoying bracing weather

THE GLORIOUS COMMITTEE looks with a benevolent eye not only upon the members of the NSC, but also upon the children of the members of the NSC. We members despair of the vulgarity of modern life and long wistfully for a more elegant and languid world, but some of us are now responsible for a growing number of souls who will be the next generation of amiable coves. We find, to our horror, that our lives are suddenly filled with Disney films, plastic toys, Pom Bears and Aspartame-filled drinks. Naturally we recoil from such vulgarities and remember our duty to teach the little darlings to doff hats to ladies, perfect tie knots, admire each other's tweed suits and listen to wind-up gramophones.

So we decided to take our various children fossil-hunting, in order to give them a thoroughly British Bank Holiday weekend experience. It rained.

Charmouth is a lovely spot on the Jurassic Coast. It boasts a heritage centre which takes guided fossil-hunting jaunts along the beach, where they guarantee you will find scores of belemnites (ancient squid tails), and you will probably find ammonites (ancient molluscs that looked like swirly snail shells) and crinoids (which in fossil shape look like little starfish). The town also boasts a cracking fish and chip shop, where they serve a most acceptable Prosecco.

The following families attended roll-call on Charmouth Beach: Beckwith, Fowler, Iggulden, Lakin, Watterson. The Glorious Committee had benevolently commissioned a new New



Sheridan flag to grace our endeavours, around which we proudly gathered.

Arriving on Saturday morning we all headed straight to the beach, in sunshine and a stiff breeze. The children gambolled in the sand, flew a kite, chased each other to the sea, got wet, hunted crabs in rockpools, paddled in the shallows, ate ice cream, ran up and down the cliffs while the parents chatted about this and that and exchanged good-natured badinage. A concerted effort at finding fossils was begun, with many stones

hammered, but to no avail—we were on the wrong bit of beach. But we were by the tea hut so we were happy.

That night we retreated to our accommodation as the winds grew. The Fowlers and Igguldens, having no shame, had booked warm and weatherproof caravans and they passed a comfortable night. The Beckwiths stayed in an elegant bell tent, from which they could hear the rising winds, but stayed cosy and safe. The Lakins rejected their sensible modern tent, in favour of sleeping in a 1950s Girl Guides' canvas tent. By midnight, with winds of 40 mph (force 8 gale), they dropped the tent and slept in the car.

The next day dawned and the rains began.

In spitting, scudding, sideways rain the Charmouth fossil tour guides led us to the best bit of the beach and showed us where to look. And we found lots! Every child came away with a joyous clutch of fossils. William Beckwith led the way by finding a perfect ammonite on almost the first stone he overturned. Once Caroline Lakin's rucksack was filled to bursting with belemnites the Lakins decided to run for



(Above) Lizzie Beckwith gets stuck in with a rock hammer; (left) precisely the right anorak and umbrella for hunting fossilised dinosaurs; (below) William with his early ammonite find



the comfort of home and skip another night under canvas in the continuing wind and rain. The Stalwart Beckwiths persevered.

I thoroughly enjoyed the weekend. It was a joy to see a scrumpage of Sheridan children frolic together, enjoying one of Blyth's coastline's best pastimes. I hope that something similar will be attempted next year, remembering that there's no such thing as bad weather, just insufficient amounts of tweed.



(Left) In the face of foul weather the Igguldens don't know which to gloat over more, their sturdy accommodation of their matching waders; (below) the Beckwiths' bell tent may not be quite as robust but it has wine and a ukulele



(Left) what was, by all accounts, very good fish and chips; (below) with white knuckles, our staunch crew proudly display the specially-commissioned NSC flag in the face of a wind that evidently wants to claim it



(Above) The Iggulden family's haul of ancient specimens; (right) the irresistible lure of the sea; (below) Lizzie already understands the importance of avoiding burn-out



# NOTHING TO SEE HERE

## THE DAY WE DIDN'T GO TO BLETCHLEY PARK

**Stuart Mitchell** reports on a Club jaunt that didn't take place, to a Buckinghamshire estate where nothing happens, and certainly nothing important to the war effort in WWII. Move along, please



**A**FTER MONTHS OF PLANNING 3rd June arrived and the day trip to Bletchley Park got under way with participants gathering at the allotted hour of 11am or thereabouts.

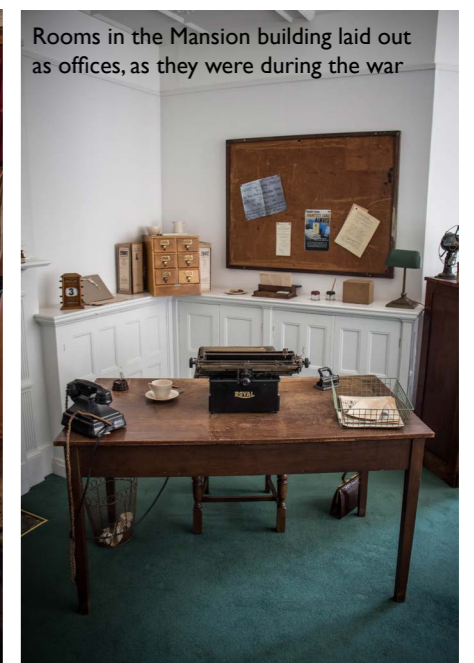
The weather forecast also turned out to be not entirely incorrect, and the promise of sunshine duly materialised, much to the relief of Stuart M. who had provided said forecast a couple of days before.

The plan to rendezvous close to the ticket desks in C block worked well and after mustering the troops we proceeded out of C block towards the lake, without losing anyone to the distraction of the Gift Shop, even though it

was strategically located on the only route out of the building.

Unusually for Sheridan outings the day didn't start in a hostelry or other location serving alcoholic beverages, but despite the setback of complete sobriety the expedition strode forth regardless.

Once assembled at the lake Stuart M. gave an overview of the site with the location of the various points of interest and outlined a plan of attack, commencing with a flanking manoeuvre circling the lake to approach the Mansion from the south-east. This was to be followed up by heading due north to Hut 11 and then on to subsequent locations of interest. The plan was





Stuart explains the battle plan

to end the day in a local public house, the Eight Belles, for afternoon tea and probable quaffing of ale.

After posing for an official group photo outside we proceeded to explore a number of exhibitions in the Mansion including:

- The Office of Alastair Denniston, Head of the Government Code and Cipher School, and the room where the US Special Relationship was born
- The Library, dressed as it would have looked during WWII as a Naval Intelligence office
- Wartime garages, complete with WWII vehicles

Upon leaving the Mansion we continued on to Hut 11, the wartime hut that housed the Turing-Welchman Bombe machines. This had exhibitions about the women who worked the machines in the hut they dubbed the “Hell-Hole”, using a mixture of static and multimedia pieces. The exhibition gives an experience of the sounds of the wartime Bombe devices and what it was like to work on these magnificent machines in the primitive hut conditions.

After departing Hut 11, and sticking with the original plan, we moved on to Block B to peruse the various exhibits therein, including:

- Hitler’s “Unbreakable” Cipher Machine, a gallery dedicated to telling the story of the breaking of the Lorenz cipher
- The world’s only fully operational Bombe rebuild—the electro-mechanical device used to mechanise the process of breaking Enigma
- The Life and Works of Alan Turing gallery
- The largest and most comprehensive public display of Enigma machines in the world
- A Home Front exhibition—how people



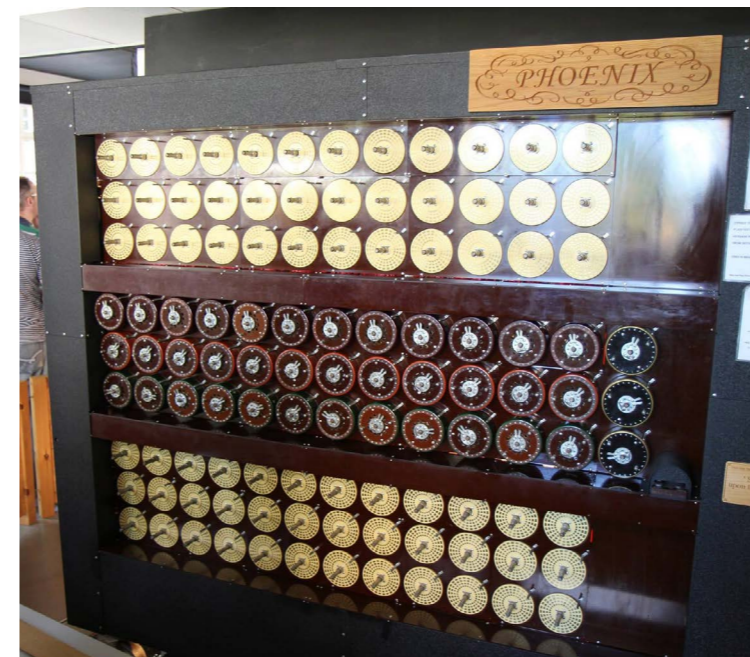
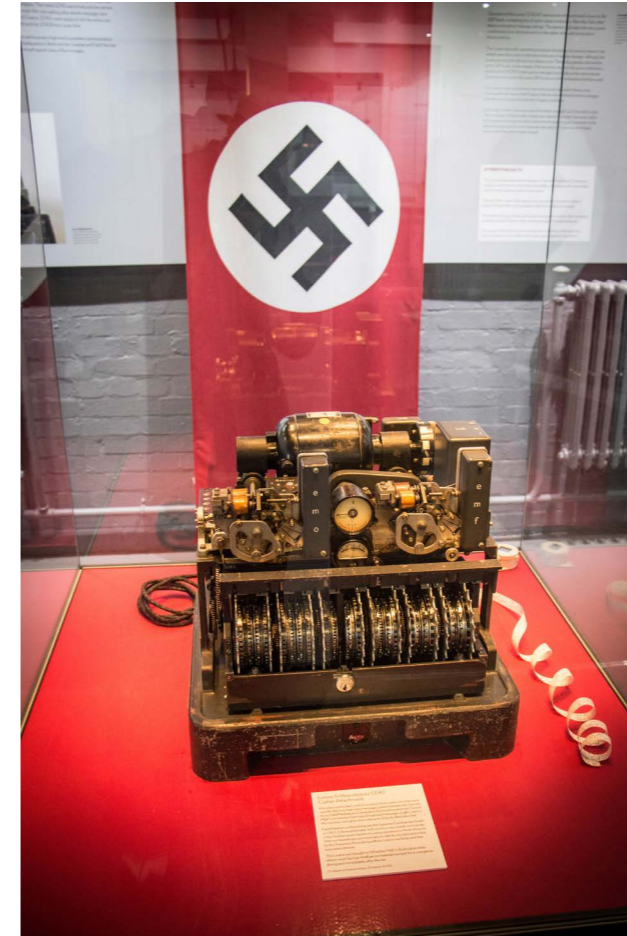
Betty Bluebird, discovered warbling on stage, who took a keen interest in the NSC

lived in WWII

- The Japanese Challenge: Breaking the Japanese Codes
- Bletchley Park Timeline—how the work of Bletchley Park influenced key WWII events
- From Intercept to Action—the codebreaking process explained

As the cracking of the German Enigma encrypted communications was one of the most famous activities undertaken at Bletchley during WWII, a priority on most people’s list was to see the “Bombe rebuild” exhibition. The Bombe was a device created to allow the systematic decoding of Enigma encrypted messages and the exhibition included a live demonstration and explanation of its operation.

In order to appreciate the Bombe it helps to understand the Enigma machine itself. Enigma is a portable electromechanical device used to encrypt and decrypt messages using a substitution cipher. With this kind of cipher each letter of the original message is replaced with a different letter and is sometimes referred to as a Caesar cipher as it was used by Julius Caesar for military messages. In his use each letter was substituted by “shifting” along the alphabet by a number of characters, e.g. A → D, B → E,



C → F, etc. A more sophisticated form of cipher can be achieved using non-linear mappings of characters through the use of look-up tables, e.g. A → Q, B → E, C → B, etc. For both of these ciphers the method is reversible, allowing decrypting of the transmitted message if the sender and receiver both have identical copies of the mappings used for any given message.

Enigma took the basic idea of substitution, but by combining three rotors chosen from a set of five, the rotor settings each with 26 positions,

(Clockwise from top left) A German Lorenz cipher machine; Alan Turing’s teddy bear; a Triumph Dolomite, one of the many vintage vehicles on display as part of the special 1940s weekend; the world’s only working rebuild of a Bombe machine



Because of the themed weekend going on, there was a heavy military presence



A useful bomb disposal demonstration



While I was taking this photo, that dapper fellow got into the car and drove away

and a plugboard with ten pairs of letters connected, it has 158,962,555,217,826,360,000 (nearly 159 quintillion) different settings or sets of mappings available. When you consider that every character typed automatically advanced the rotors and thus changed the mapping for every single character in the message, it gives an insight into the complexity of the encoding and the scale of the challenge for those tasked with breaking such a code.

To be able to encrypt and decrypt a transmission both sender and receiver needed to use the same choice of rotors, starting positions of each rotor, and the plugboard wiring; in effect a shared “key”. The key settings were communicated by publishing them in manuals distributed to Enigma operators and there was a different key setting used every day.

Enigma had a weakness in that a letter could never be encoded to itself, and it was this, together with estimates of the time and location of transmissions which could be used to guess likely words in a message. For example, a message intercepted from a location in the North Atlantic early in the morning was likely to come from a weather forecasting ship, and thus would likely contain the word *Wetter* and/or *Vorhersage*. Using this “crib” the Bombes could be set up to search for key settings that would produce that resulting text, and hence

find the key settings for that day’s transmissions. The three different German military forces used different sets of keys, and slightly different operating procedures, so there were correspondingly different sets of codebreakers at Bletchley assigned to cracking the different forces transmissions. There are many more technical details that could be described here, but that’s probably best left for another time and place.

Some time after midday saw the arrival of reinforcements in the shape of Oliver and Ella Lane together with Sheridan associates Liam and Emma, who cunningly live within a few minutes’ walk of Bletchley Park. Oliver volunteered to “get a round in” as he had spied what appeared to be a stall on the main lawn area providing bottles of “Station X” beer. However it turned out he had been cruelly deceived and the stall was only offering samples in minuscule quantities. So it was decided to regroup and make our way *en masse* to Hut 4 in order to ensure that supplies of alcoholic beverages could be secured in sufficient quantities.

Having secured a sufficiency of beer, and a table on the lawn behind Hut 4, it was time to relax, enjoy the sunshine and reflect on the day so far. It was after this point that the group dispersed somewhat with various members



Wing Commander Stuart Mitchell with sinister civilian Lord Hare of Newham

following their own interests, some visiting the other Huts 3, 6 and 8, others admiring some of the vintage vehicles on display.

Codebreaking Huts 3 and 6 were where Enigma messages sent by the German Army and Air Force were decrypted, translated and analysed for vital intelligence. In these iconic huts, the rooms are dressed to resemble how they were when the Codebreakers worked there.

Hut 8 was leading the breaking of German Naval Enigma messages, and has exhibitions helping to understand the different methods the Codebreakers used to help them with their work.

In addition, this hut also houses:

- The real office of Alan Turing, Head of Hut 8, recreated to how it would have looked in WWII complete with the mug chained to the radiator.
- Royal Pigeon Racing Association exhibition, explaining the use of pigeons in WWII (yes, pigeons!)

Floyd was, as always, on the lookout for possible new Sheridan converts and found one in the person of Betty Bluebird who was singing on the main lawn, as part of the WWII theme for the weekend. He introduced her to glorious committee member Clayton who tried to convince her of the benefits of Sheridan

membership, so maybe we can welcome her as a new member in due course?

It was now late-ish afternoon, and there was a general feeling that the party should wend its way towards the exit, and onwards to the final part of the planned itinerary in a local hostelry.

As the only way out of the site required running the gauntlet of the gift shop a second time it was inevitable that we suffered some casualties, one of them being my wallet, but I'm sure it will make a complete recovery in the fullness of time.

A short walk from the main gates took us to the Eight Belles for a cream tea including sandwiches, scones with lashings of jam and cream, and the drinking of more beer, thus rounding off a very satisfactory day trip for all concerned.

Thanks to Pri and Floyd both, for serendipitous conversations without whom this probably wouldn't have happened—Pri for the concept and assistance in planning the visit to Bletchley, and Floyd for pointing out the vintage event scheduled for the weekend of 3rd and 4th June. Thanks also to Wayne and the team at the Eight Belles, for providing sustenance (and beer) at the end of a long day which was much appreciated.



The Eight Belles, where a sumptuous cream tea was laid on for us

# 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.



### Where do you hail from?

The Vast Great Northern Wilds of Toronto, Canada, earlier known as "Toronto the Good" or "Hogtown".

### Favourite Cocktail?

Bloody Mary. Spicy. Although now that I recently made my own elderflower cordial, I will be keen to explore the fascinating world of Champagne cocktails.

### Most Chappist skill?

Tying a shoelace while riding my 1960s racing green Raleigh bike. Then ringing the original bell very loudly at the pedestrians who are crossing the street without looking up from their mobile telephones, in order to preserve their wellbeing while on the road with oncoming fast bicycles. They would be much safer if they used a landline telephone.

### Most Chappist possession?

A 19th-century Canadian black wool waistcoat which is far too big for me to wear, but I do love

## Pri Kali

"No woman is an island"

### Name or preferred name?

Pri Kali, aka Dr Kali or Lady Sweetpea.

### Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Lady Sweetpea is sweet yet ladylike, a dream in a name. Dr Kali because (yes, the rumours are true), I am a doctor but not "that kind"—I have a PhD.



With boyfriend (now husband) Gary

looking at it and sighing politely.

### Personal Motto?

No man is an island... No woman either!

### Favourite Quote?

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." —The Bible, Matthew, 6:31

"My earnest hope is that the entire remainder of my existence will be one round of unruffled monotony." —P.G. Wodehouse

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

I once headlined a private music festival in Herefordshire.

### How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since Oct 2013, a notable life-changing event in my life's humble timeline.

### How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

While rifle-shooting underground.

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

Gaz's Rockin' Blues is the longest running night in London—it's in Soho's St Moritz Club on Wardour Street on a Thursday from 10pm until late. Jazz, ska and reggae with lots of hats.

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

- 1.. T.S. Eliot, to make clever trans-Atlantic and classical quips that I do not understand.
- 2.. Kurt Vonnegut, to make clever trans-Atlantic quips that I do understand, most of the time.
3. Virginia Woolf, to make



At the Christmas House jaunt she organised in 2015, about to perform sabrage with a kukri

clever feminist quips about the other two's clever quips.

### Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Artemis Scarheart. And Max Scarheart.

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

Yes this was on the Art of Letter Writing—please consider joining Milady Sweetpea's Postal Service and write letters by hand to other NSC members. Contact miladysweetpps@gmail.com for more details or to join.

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





## CLUB NOTES

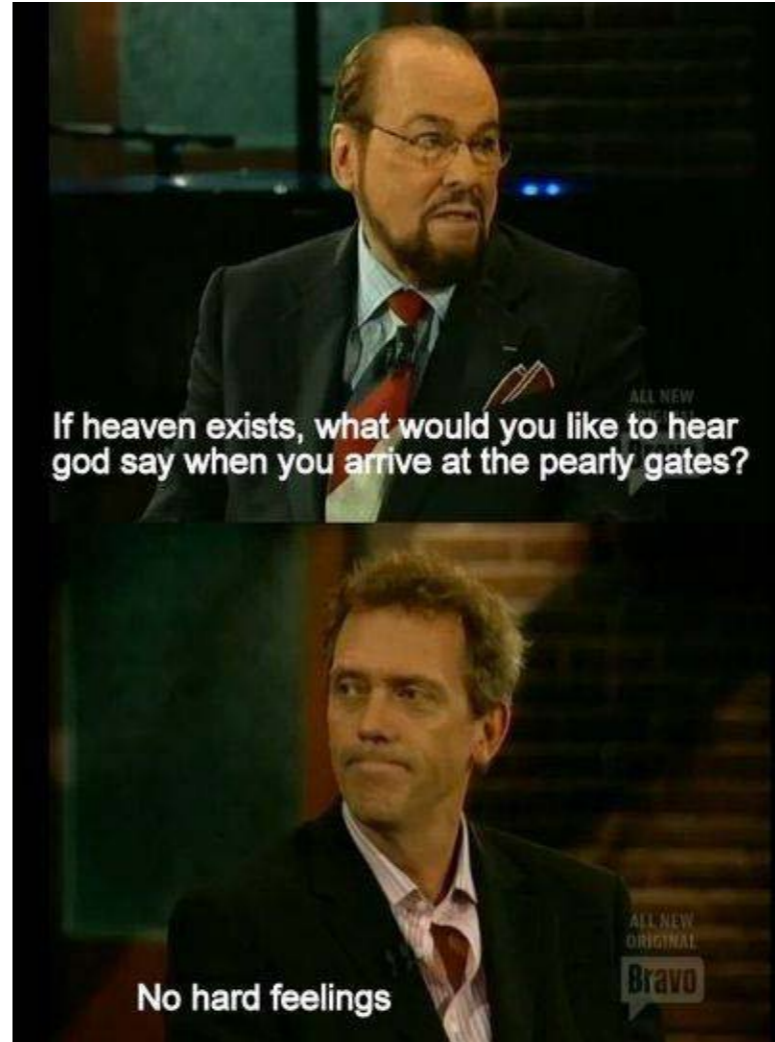
### New Members

FOR THE SECOND month in a row we have a new Member from France. Historically this is quite rare (a notable exception being Mikhail Korasch, but then he prefers to live in London), and last month's Ivan Debono made of point of assuring us that, despite living in Paris, he was not actually French. Benjamin Charles Negroto, on the other hand, very much describes himself as French—as well as a reader of *The Chap*, a pipe-smoker a drinker of tea and malt whisky, and an enthusiastic member of the French Sherlock Holmes Society. It's a wonder the Académie française haven't yet consigned him to the attentions of Madame Guillotine...

Benjamin Negroto



Peter Benton actually joined the NSC a couple of months ago (see issue 125) but I've only just acquired this splendid photo of him



### Club Tie Corner

From the Earl of Waveney we have the NSC pyjamas opposite, as well as Sir Martyn Lewis above right and James Lipton from *Inside the Actors' Studio* (above), while Chloe Clark spotted Paul Kinsley from *Mad Men* in a very skinny

Club tie (above), and Kiwi Dirk Heinsius takes responsibility for these ladies handing out poppies on ANZAC Day



# THE TWIGLET ZONE

## THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB'S SUMMER PARTY

**Saturday 1st July, 6–11pm**

**The Water Poet, 9–11 Folgate Street, London E1 6BX**

**Admission: Members free, guests £5**

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. 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 straight-forward 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 a **live theremin** recital from Club Member Susi O'Neill—you'll recognise the theremin as the eerie electronic instrument that appears on many a sci-fi soundtrack from the era.

After the success of the pizza at our anniversary party last year, there will be **party platters** of classy meat, fish and veggy morsels, all on the club's tab.

There will be **silly games** as usual, including a mission to shoot down the War Rocket Ajax before it reaches Earth, a chance to design a logo for NSC Star Fleet, and a competition for the best evil laugh, as well as our famous Grand Raffle (free entry but only to NSC Members, including anyone who joins on the night). Prizes include a genuine theremin, a UFO drone with built-in HD camera, a plasma ball, rocket ship cufflinks, astronaut food and heaps of books, CDs and DVDs.



Thereminist Susi O'Neill when she performed at one of our monthly Club Nights



### 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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

#### 🍷 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th June

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 9th June

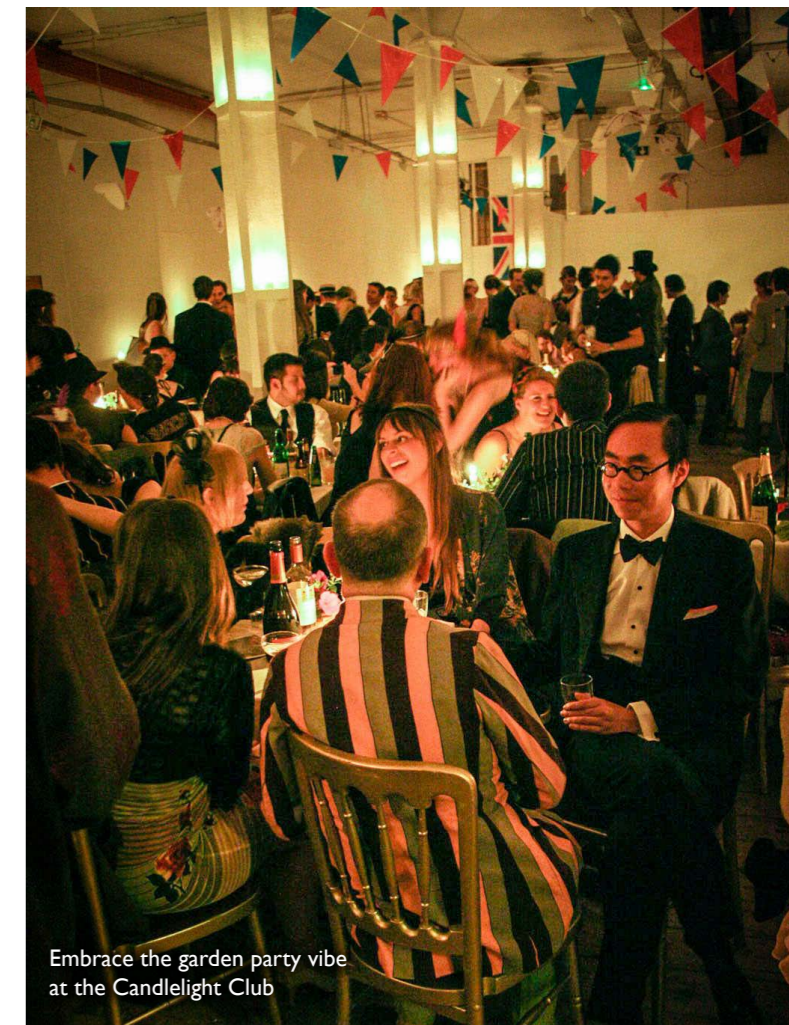
Beginners' class from 7pm, main dance from 7.30–11pm

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



Embrace the garden party vibe at the Candlelight Club



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.

Delve into the meaning of tweed at the Morris Room



Any questions please phone George Tudor-Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details see the Facebook group.

### The Candlelight Club

Saturday 10th June  
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.

At our June party live music will come from our guest band The Cable Street Rag Band, belting out swing and ragtime rhythms to keep your feet moving.

Since it will doubtless be a glorious English summer's evening and we have a private courtyard, let's make it a Jeeves-and-Wooster-style Jazz Age garden party: I'm thinking boating blazers, parasols, Pimm's and "Anyone for tennis?" Fear not, there will be bunting.

As ever, the revels will be led by cabaret sprite Champagne Charlie, and when the band aren't playing we'll have DJing from the NSC's own Auntie Maureen, spinning platters of yesteryear and getting up to musical mischief.

"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

The Order of the Fez invites you to

### The Mummy Movie

Sunday 11th June  
6.20pm

The Odeon Camden Town, 14 Parkway,  
Camden Town, London NW1 7AA

Admission: £14.50

Adrian Prooth, in his role as Grand Vizier of the Order of the Fez, invites you on a group jaunt to catch the new movie version of *The Mummy*. Keep an eye on the Facebook page for late-breaking news: <https://www.facebook.com/events/1906817796256781>

The Morris Room presents

### Skin Deep Tweed

Wednesday 14th June  
5–9pm

174 Winns Avenue, Walthamstow,  
London E17 5LR

Admission: Free

Our own Auntie Maureen has decorated one of the rooms in her house in William Morris style, and as part of the E17 Art Trail this room is hosting an exhibition of photographs by Ani Lang Photography entitled Skin Deep Tweed, looking at our evolving relationship with this fabric, rugged and practical yet with associations



of aristocracy, with allegiance to clans or estates, constantly reinvented and adopted by new generations in new ways. Entry is free: just ring the doorbell.

### Poppy Posse

Sunday 25th June

Muster from 10.30am for registration and setting off at 11.10.

Around central London, beginning at the Royal British Legion HQ, London Pop In Centre, Haig House, SE1 1AA

Dress: Can be modern or vintage but wear something red

A cycle ride organised by the Royal British Legion in remembrance, for Armed Forces Day. The 13-mile route will take in more than 30 war memorials. The event is free to take part in, and is not a fund-raiser as such, but there will be an opportunity to donate to the RBL if you wish. More details at <https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/poppy-posse-tickets-26924200007>.

### Elysian Den

Sunday 25th June  
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 apparently comes highly recommended.

### The NSC Summer Party: The Twiglet Zone!

Saturday 1st July

6–11pm

The Cellar Bar, The Water Poet, 9–11 Folgate  
St, Spitalfields, London E1 6BX

Admission: Free for NSC Members, £5 for  
guests

Dress: vintage sci-fi, Eerie Tales and Astounding Science, Moon Men, High Priestesses of Mongo, hubristic mad scientists, rocket men, space Amazons in battle bikinis, out-of-control robots and evil brains in tanks.

The Club's annual summer party, this time with a vintage sci-fi theme. See page 34.

### Greenwich Swing Dance Picnic

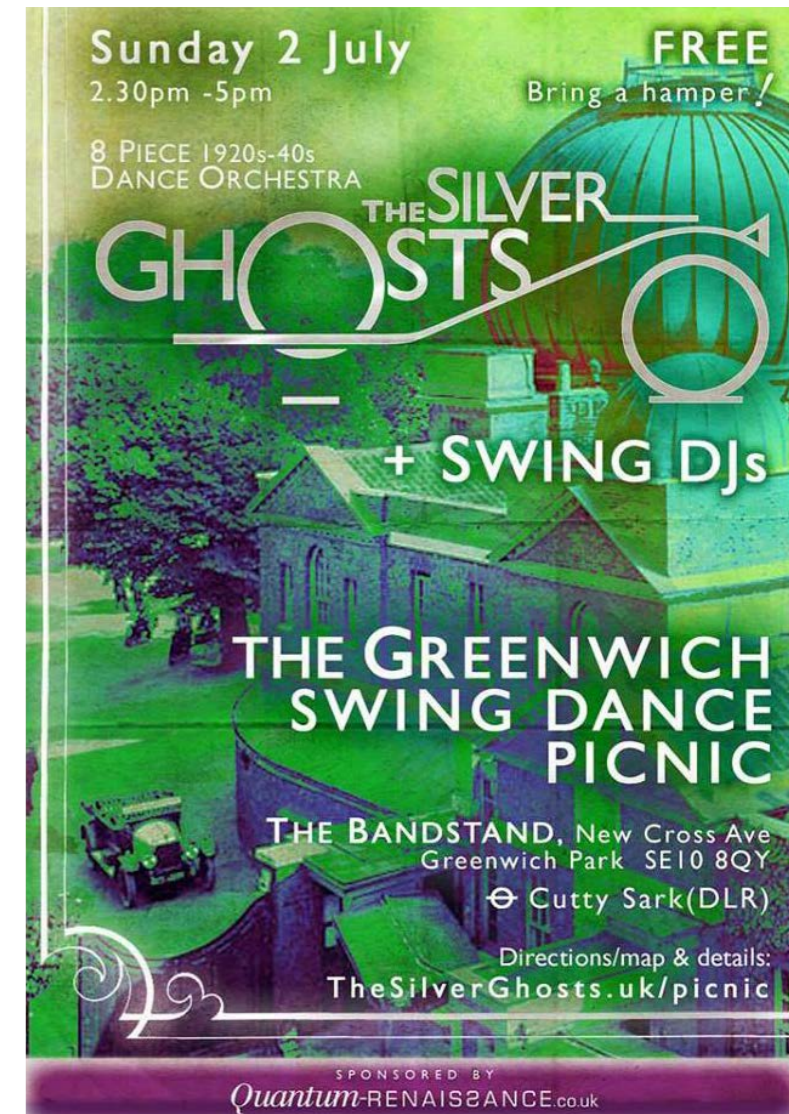
Sunday 2nd July

2.30–5pm

The bandstand in Greenwich Park, London

Admission: Free

An event aimed at the swing dance fraternity but open to all comers, featuring live music from the Silver Ghosts and DJing from MC Mel. Feel free to bring a picnic, though the nearby Pavilion Café also sells food.



Fossil hunting on the Jurassic  
Coast (see pages 18–21)

### CONTACTING US

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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For more photos of Club events go to [www.flickr.com/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/sheridanclub). You can even befriend us electrically at [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com).