

# RFCGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB • ISSUE 131 • SEPTEMBER 2017

## NEW BALLS, PLEASE!

The Club completes the tricky transition from cricket to croquet

### Secrets in the stars

Eugenie Rhodes gives an introduction to astrology

### The London you don't know

Tim Eyre travels 3,600 miles to find himself in a place that's the same, but very different

### Oliver! Oliver!

Mr Lane explains himself





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 6th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Chloe Clark will give us a giggle with a talk entitled *Lifting the Shroud on Roman Death*, covering Roman funerals in Italy, among both the "elite" and poorer sections of society, running through the sequence of events from death to burial and looking at those who made their living from death. She will tease us with a few oddities found in Roman burials, such as people who have apparently been prevented from rising from the dead, plus examples of interesting burials from Britain. Chloe is doing a Ph.D. on the symbolism of different coloured beads found in Roman graves, so she knows what she's talking about.

### The Last Meeting

At our August meeting Our speaker was

Eugenie Rhodes, with a talk entitled *Stars and Hogs*. This began with an introduction to the principles of astrology, before then looking in detail at a chart showing astrological readings for King Richard III, examining how the predictions of the stars fit with what we know about Richard. (I think Eugenie chose Richard because she has an interest in the Ricardian apologist movement who are keen to remove the smears to Richard's reputation introduced by the tudor dynasty who came after his reign.) Eugenie began by asking who in the room believed in astrology, to which just one person raised their hand, joined by a couple of agnostics, so straight off the bat

she was playing to a hostile crowd. Well done to her for toughing it out: I can't say that I entirely followed all the intricacies, but it was certainly interesting to find out just how complex and nuanced it all is.

A written version of Eugenie's talk begins on page 4.



Beads from a Roman grave. Chloe can probably tell you what they mean



(Left) Torquil opens the show and (right) shows off his deconstructed Club tie; (above) Scarheart and Luca discuss the Gold Standard



(Above, l-r) Fiona Salter, Tim Eyre, Scarheart, Priya Kali



(Left) Our speaker (who would not let me photograph her during the talk)



(Above) Ian White looks contemplative at the bar; (above right) a question from the floor; (below right) some bon mot has just been lobbed, to general amusement; (below, l-r) Adrian Prooth, George Davies and Stewart Lister Vickers





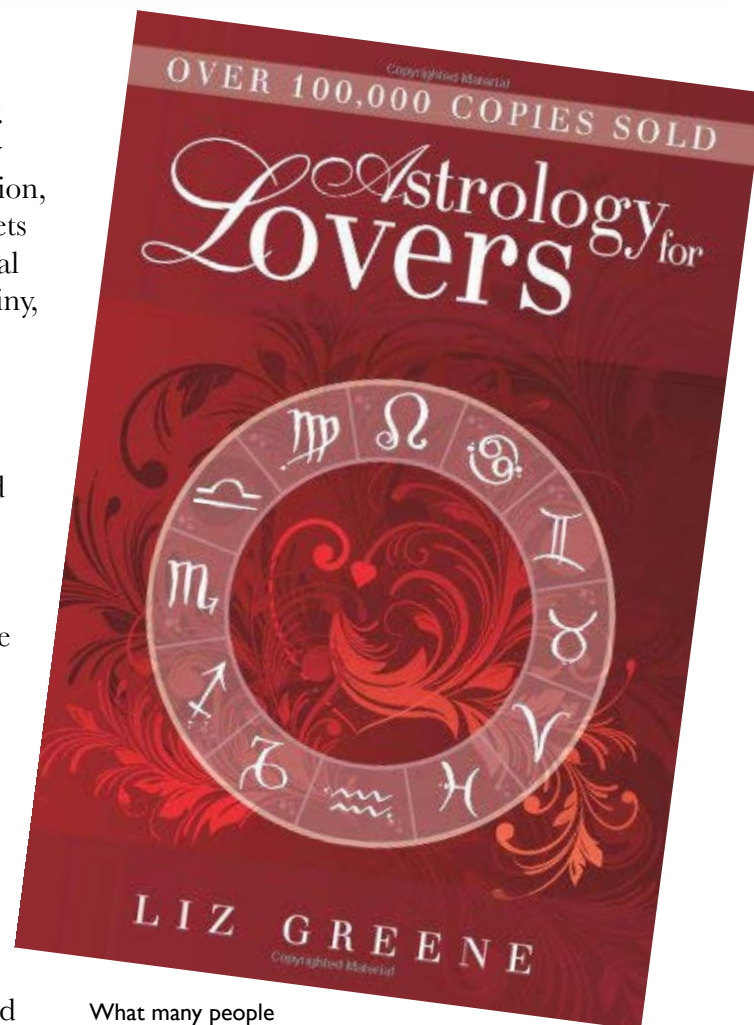
# Signs in the Stars

Eugenie Rhodes offers a beginner's guide to astrology

**I**N THIS ARTICLE I am going to discuss astrology as a fingerprint of personality. When people think of astrology they generally think of it in terms of prediction, but I am going to demonstrate how the planets reveal personality and formative psychological influences. In fact this is not unlinked to destiny, in that our character will influence how we handle our experiences, and our actions and behaviour influence our future.

The second thought that comes to mind with the word “astrology” is love-interest and compatibility. This angle comes closer to my exposé. However, rather than a bastardised form of astrology where “penny dreadful” star-readers declare, “Yes, you are compatible with Gemini because you are a Libra,” the theory being that like is happy with like, or, in complete contradiction, “No, you are poorly matched with Gemini because you are a Libra—a water sign would suit you better (the theory being that opposites attract and two people sharing the same sun sign element will bore each other), instead we are going to see how psychological or transpersonal astrology is complex, subtle and illuminating.

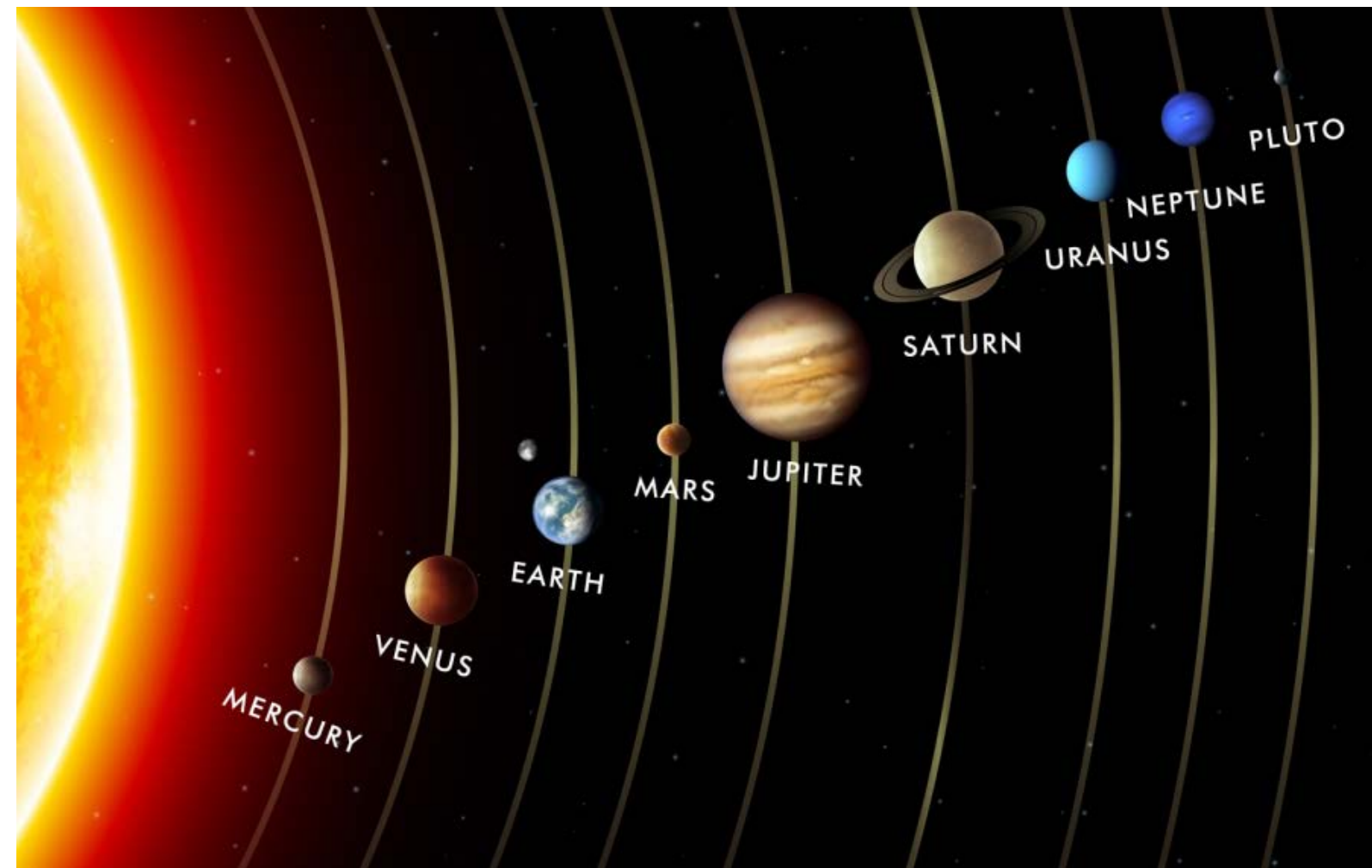
Western astrology is formed of four elements which are each subdivided into three signs, making a division that mirrors the 12 annual months. Each element has a specific approach to life, but because we are like cakes—a mixture of ingredients—we exhibit the traits of more than one element. The air signs are thinkers; they love the mental world of analysis and ideas and logic. The water signs are feelers, in touch with their emotions and responding primarily in accordance with how they feel about someone or something. The earth signs are practical doers, comfortable with the material plane of existence, pragmatic and realistic. The fire signs are adventurers, exploratory, creative and visionary.



What many people think of when they think of astrology. This particular book is not actually that bad

The lay person will usually know his or her sun sign (governed by the date on which you are born) but this is just the tip of the iceberg. There is also the ascendant, the sign rising on the eastern horizon at the hour of your birth, plus nine major planets and an every-increasing entourage of heavenly bodies and asteroids to add fresh flavours to the cake. These other planets will be in a variety of signs, and if the majority fall in a particular element the person will clearly exhibit traits of that element. Some birth charts are strong in two elements, some show the influence of three elements and some well-represented in all four.

Each planet personifies an aspect of our



(Below) The four elements and the 12 signs, plus the birthday ranges that determine your sun sign; (above) the nine major planets that also play a role in your star chart

## Air signs

Gemini, Libra, Aquarius

## Water signs

Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces

## Earth signs

Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn

## Fire signs

Aries, Leo, Sagittarius

Aries	21 March-20 April
Taurus	21 April-21 May
Gemini	22 May-21 June
Cancer	22 June-23 July
Leo	24 July-23 August
Virgo	24 August-23 September

Libra	24 September-23 October
Scorpio	24 October-22 November
Sagittarius	23 November-21 December
Capricorn	22 December-20 January
Aquarius	21 January-19 February
Pisces	20 February-20 March





psyche. The Sun is our basic personality, who we are, and also represents our father. The ascendant shows how we project ourselves, our appearance and manner. The Moon reveals our home, our childhood, our mother. Mercury is our mental self, how we communicate and think. Venus is how we relate, where we find beauty, our values and, in a woman's chart, her sexuality. Mars is how we pursue the things we want and, in a man's chart, his sexuality. Jupiter is the planet of good luck, expansion, vision and travel. Saturn is the representative of time, ageing, learning, discipline, patience, restriction, fear and respect. Neptune is the planet of dreams, longing, yearning, imagination, addiction and fusion. Uranus is the rebel, the awakener and the freedom-seeker. Pluto embodies the unconscious, the hidden, the taboo; paradoxically he is both the transformer and the fated.

Each planet is said to be the ruler of the sign with which it resonates most closely. For example, serious, hard-working Capricorn is ruled by stern Saturn, while questing, freedom-loving Sagittarius is the subject of aspirational Jupiter.

The chart is divided, according to the time of someone's birth, into 12 houses, and these represent spheres of influence. The first house is the manner in which we meet the world. The second is money, the third communication, the fourth the home, the fifth romance and creativity, the sixth work, the seventh partnerships and marriage, the eighth death, sex and transcendence, the ninth education and travel, the tenth career, the eleventh the social group and the twelfth the unconscious. The home in which a planet finds itself will make it express itself in a corresponding way. For example, a person with Mars in the eleventh house might work in groups, while someone with Mars in the second house might be a builder or a gardener.

The planets also form—or don't form—aspects of each other, adding further depth to the chart. For example if clever Mercury is in harmonious aspect to loving Venus, that person is likely to be skilled in verbal communication, while if restless Uranus is in harsh aspect to the home-loving Moon, that person is likely to be a rolling stone, finding it difficult to settle down in any one place.



Figures of Venus (above) and Mercury on the astrological clock tower at Cardiff Castle

As this is just a brief look at astrology there has been simplification, but I hope you will now have a basic understanding of its structure. Before closing I shall canter through the signs and their positive and negative aspects—and remember that if you don't see much of yourself in your sun sign, you could have many planets in another sign and/or your sun sign could be modified by how it interacts with other planets.

**Aries** is adventurous, courageous, competitive/arrogant, hot-tempered, hasty.

**Taurus** is stable, sensual, patient/stubborn, materialistic, possessive.

**Gemini** is entertaining, witty, curious/unreliable, fickle, flaky.

**Cancer** is nurturing, sensitive, home-loving/manipulative, moody, clinging.

**Leo** is romantic, generous,

colourful/selfish, bossy, domineering

**Virgo** is refined, hard-working, subtle/fussy, hypochondriacal petty.

**Libra** is romantic, elegant, charming/procrastinating, indecisive, shallow.

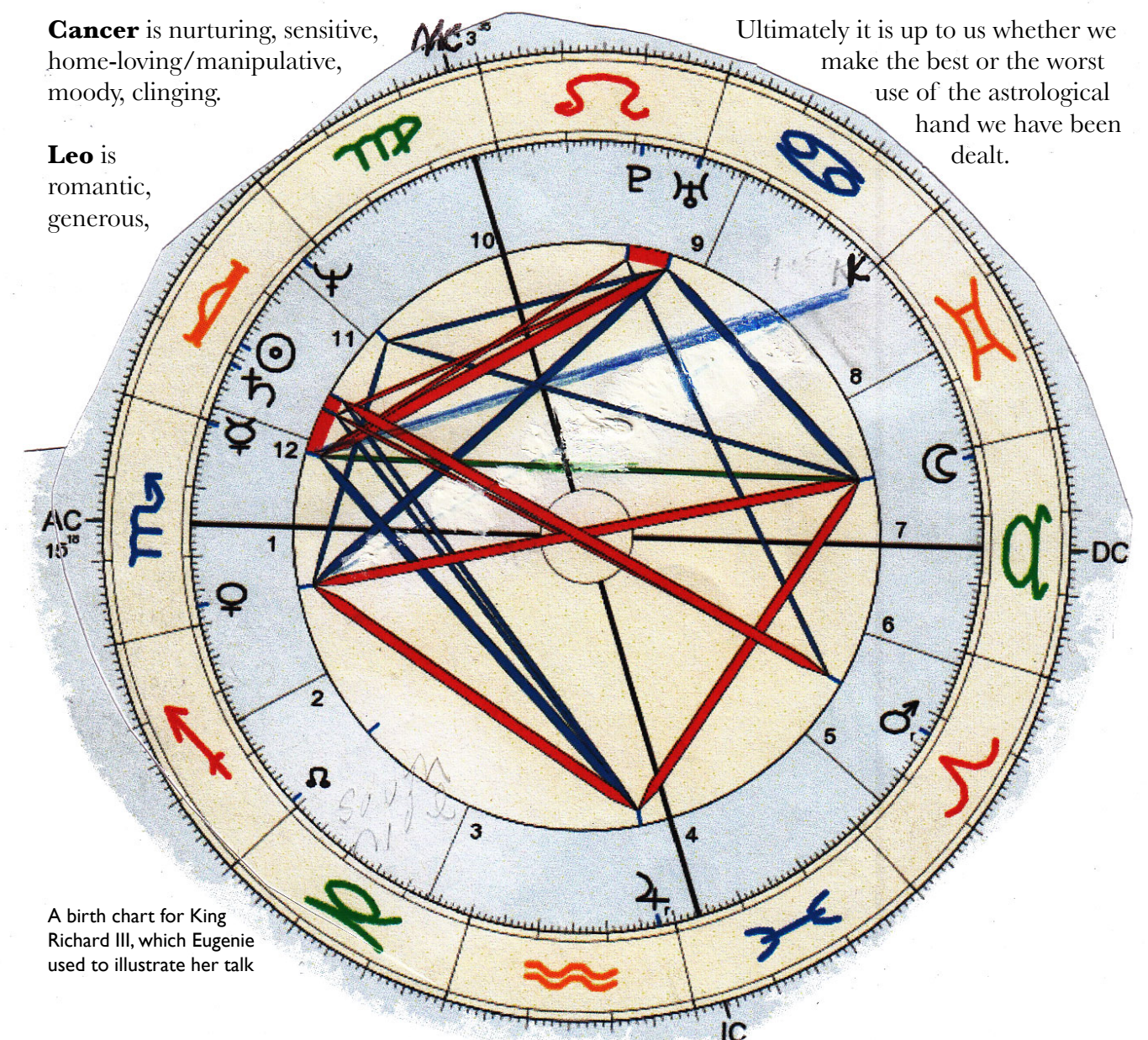
**Scorpio** is passionate, insightful, compassionate/possessive, ruthless, destructive.

**Capricorn** is reliable, focused, patient/power-hungry, suspicious, stingy.

**Aquarius** is friendly, humane, idealistic/cranky, unfeeling, obstinate.

**Pisces** is romantic, imaginative, empathetic/self-indulgent, evasive, irresponsible.

Ultimately it is up to us whether we make the best or the worst use of the astrological hand we have been dealt.



A birth chart for King Richard III, which Eugenie used to illustrate her talk



# Mallet Aforethought

The Club's annual sporting tournament makes a tricky transition from cricket to croquet

**T**HE ANNUAL TASHES cricket match has been a fixture in the Club calendar for longer than the Club has actually been in existence—dating back to the primordial era of ad hoc get-togethers organised through the old “Chaproom” ([www.sheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.sheridanclub.co.uk))—and in fact last year it celebrated its 12th anniversary.

Of course a cricket match needs two sides, ideally of 11 people each, and if truth be told our gatherings have rarely, if ever, produced that many; in some years there haven't really been enough combatants to have a proper game. The matches also involved no small amount of admin and materiel on the part of tireless organiser William Maple Watermere, and the levying of contributions towards the cost of ground fees. On top of that Watermere relocated to the frozen north some time ago and so has been commuting down for the matches, burdened with cricketing paraphernalia. So finally, after last year's farewell game he called it a day.

At first we looked for a replacement organiser, and the Earl of Essex did tentatively volunteer, but then Scarheart displayed some lateral thinking and suggested instead trying a



Torquil, who admitted to spending much of his sixth form playing croquet, shows us how it's done

different sport. In a trice the Watermere Memorial Croquet Tournament was born, with the inaugural fixture on Saturday 2nd September.

On the face of it there were several advantages to croquet:

1. We already had a croquet set, won by Craigho as a raffle prize in one of our previous Club parties. This includes mallets, hoops and balls. No other equipment or protective clothing is required (unless we were doing it wrong).

2. The minimum number of people required for a bout is two. In fact the maximum is four,

unless you are playing doubles, but there is time enough for at least half a dozen games in an afternoon, unless the call of the public house lures you away sooner.

3. No special pitch is required, just some level ground. We agreed to meet at Regent's Park, with the idea of finding a spot in the Gloucester Green area. But having rendezvoused at the Smokehouse eatery we then spotted some greensward just opposite which seemed suitable and not very far away. In practice, up close the ground was less level than it seemed (see the photos), which added an element of randomness to the balls' trajectories, but this gave a pleasing



Craigho and Stewart, ready for anything



levelling influence. But next year I think we will make the effort to go to Gloucester Green where, on the way out, we noted that the ground was more even.

4. Unlike cricket, croquet is a game that can be played with a reasonable hope of success by someone who has never played before. Moreover, Torquil found the rules to “Golf Croquet”, a variant that made for speedier play and no requirement for each person to battle their way through all the hoops.

These were powerful arguments and I think all concerned agreed that it was a fun afternoon, bolstered by booze, picnic food and good weather.

In case you don't know, the game consists of a course of hoops stuck into the ground and



Craigoh limbers up with a few basic moves

players each have their own ball which they must knock through the hoops with a mallet. The full rules of croquet are more complicated, but the golf version involves players taking it in turn to strike their ball, following a predefined route through the hoops. Once one person has made it through a hoop, he or she scores a point and everyone moves on to the next hoop. The winner is the person with the most points at the end of the prescribed course.

We may bring the date forward by a couple of weeks next year to

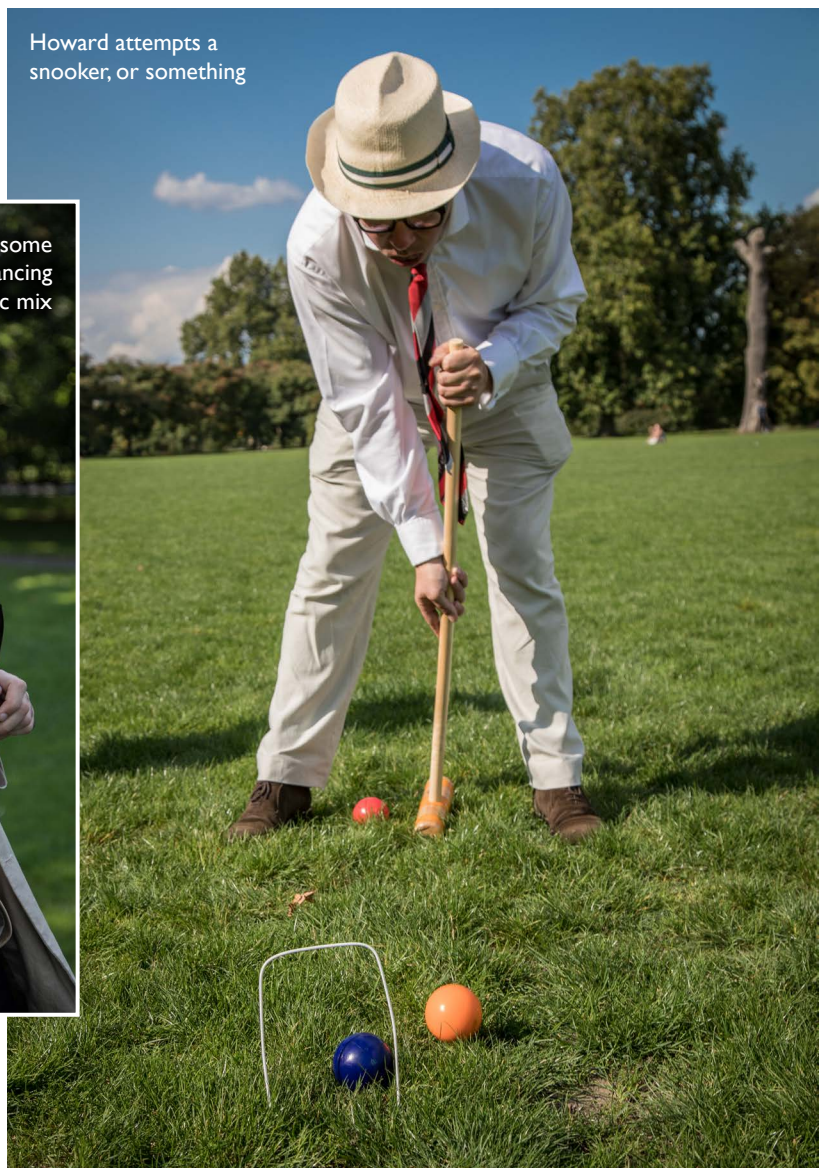
avoid some clashes, but I think this is definitely something we will keep in the schedule for the foreseeable future. Although I will have to glue the head back on the green mallet, as it flew off fairly early on in response to a hearty whack from Emma...



(Above) All for one and one for all: l-r, Matthew “The Chairman” Howard, Waveney’s friend Emma (obscured), Craigoh, Lucky Henry, Chloe Clark, Stewart Lister Vickers, Birgit Gebhardt, the Earl of Waveney, Adrian Prooth



I'm not trying to suggest in any way that Adrian is flat out as a result of having eaten all the picnic food



Howard attempts a snooker, or something



Waveney assays some performance-enhancing aromatic mix





(Top row) All the best players work best with a fag on



Evidence of Pimm's consumption



(Above) Howard is looking so pleased with himself because his mallet matches his Witham Rowing Club hatband; (left) the Post Office Tower looms, watching over proceedings with horror



The sun sets on Waveney as the last few strokes are played



I genuinely did not notice this sign until the end



# The *Other* London

Tim Eyre finds a city with connections to his own beyond the same name

**L**RAVEL WESTWARDS FROM London (the UK's largest city) to Toronto (Canada's largest city) and you will cover approximately 5,800km over the Atlantic. Travel a further 140km westwards from Toronto and you will find yourself in London again. Not the one you started in, mind, but a different London of comparative obscurity.

That few people (on this side of the pond at least) have heard of London, Ontario, is a little surprising because it is not a small place. Its population is greater than that of Cardiff, Wales, or Tampa, Florida, (see *Resign!* issue 125). London, Ontario occupies an area more than a quarter the size of its larger namesake. Most important of all for readers of *Resign!*, London, Ontario, is the birthplace of the Secretary and Treasurer of the New Sheridan Club and member of the Glorious Committee For Life, our very own Clayton Hartley [*True dat —Ed*].

London, Ontario, was named by the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe (1752–1806), who proposed the area as a possible location for the capital of Upper Canada in 1793 and accordingly named the region London and the river that flowed through it the Thames. The Governor General of British North America nixed this idea, but the names stuck. A village was founded in the area in 1826 and it became a city in 1855.

By this time the city was developing rapidly. Beer was a significant part of this development, with London being home to two major

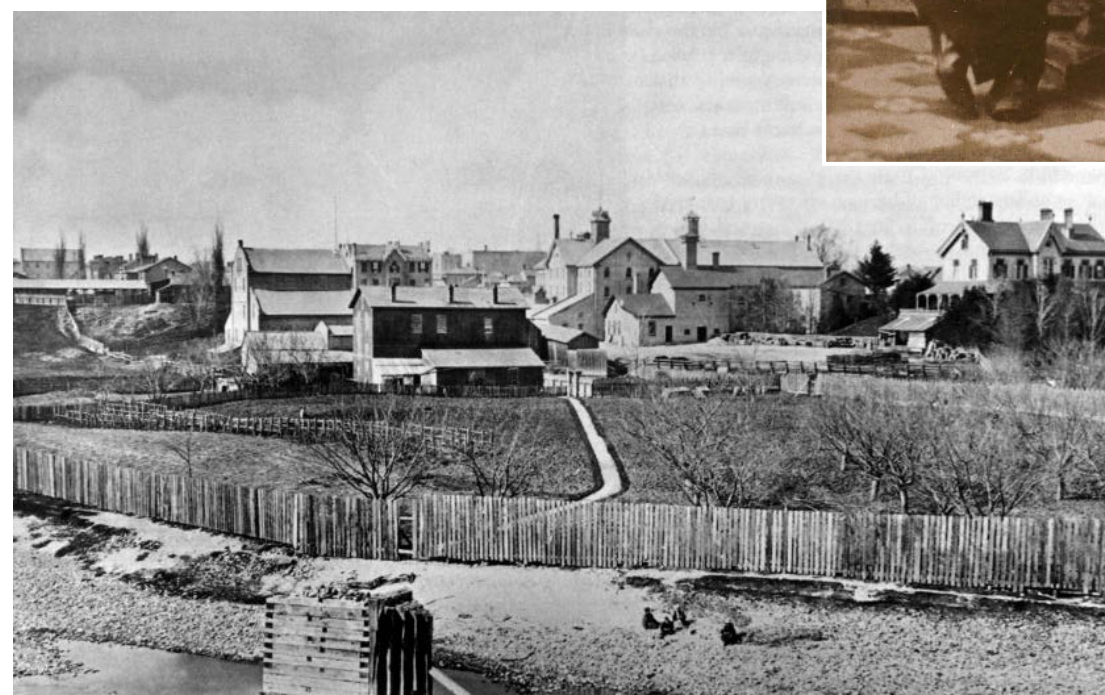
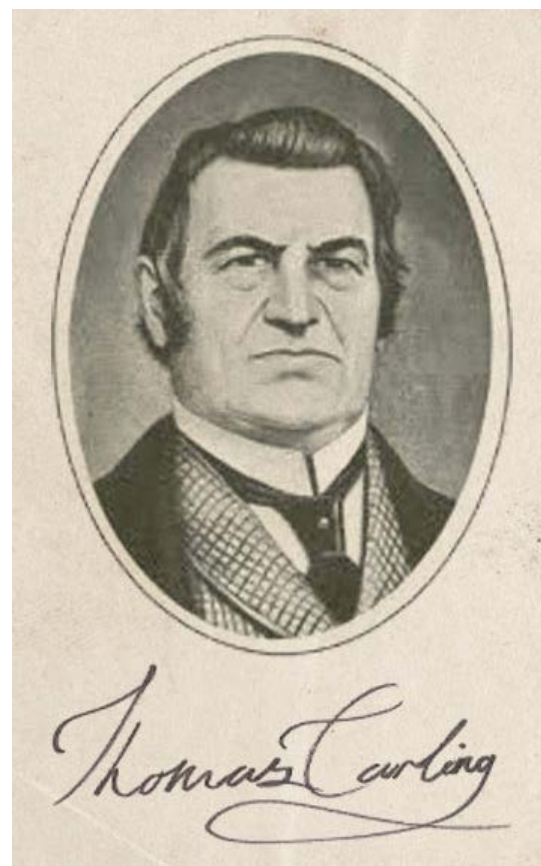


Great Uncle Fred in his RAF uniform

breweries. A certain Mr Thomas Carling, an émigré Yorkshireman, started brewing beer to a Yorkshire recipe in 1840 for sale to the British soldiers garrisoned nearby. His product was so successful that his sons helped him to expand the business by opening a six-storey brewery at the end of London's Piccadilly Street in 1878. It was not until the 1950s that this London brew was available in London, England, but by 1980 it had (for better or for worse) become the most popular beer brand in the United Kingdom.

The Labatt Brewing Company is less well known in the UK than Carling, but it is the largest brewer in Canada. Labatt was founded in London, Ontario, in 1847 by a John Kinder Labatt. The company expanded rapidly and was producing 30,000 barrels of beer annually by the 1870s. The Great Western Railway enabled Labatt to ship his brew to other Canadian cities and beyond, with the India Pale Ale earning accolades worldwide. Labatt continue to brew beer in London and it is even possible to take a guided tour of the brewery.

I have visited London, Ontario, twice. The first time was in May 2010 when I took a pleasant train journey there from Montréal. Two years later I visited again when I found myself working in the nearby city of Mississauga. These trips pre-dated my membership of the New Sheridan Club, so I am forced to admit that I was not making a Chappist pilgrimage to visit Mr Hartley's birthplace. Rather, I was visiting a long-lost relative: my Great Uncle Fred, whom I



(Clockwise from above) John Kinder Labatt founder of Canada's largest beer company, in London, Ontario; the Labatt Brewery; Thomas Carling, an early resident of London and founder of the eponymous beer company; the Carling Brewery, 1859; poster clearly showing the beer's origins





Typical London, Ontario, housing

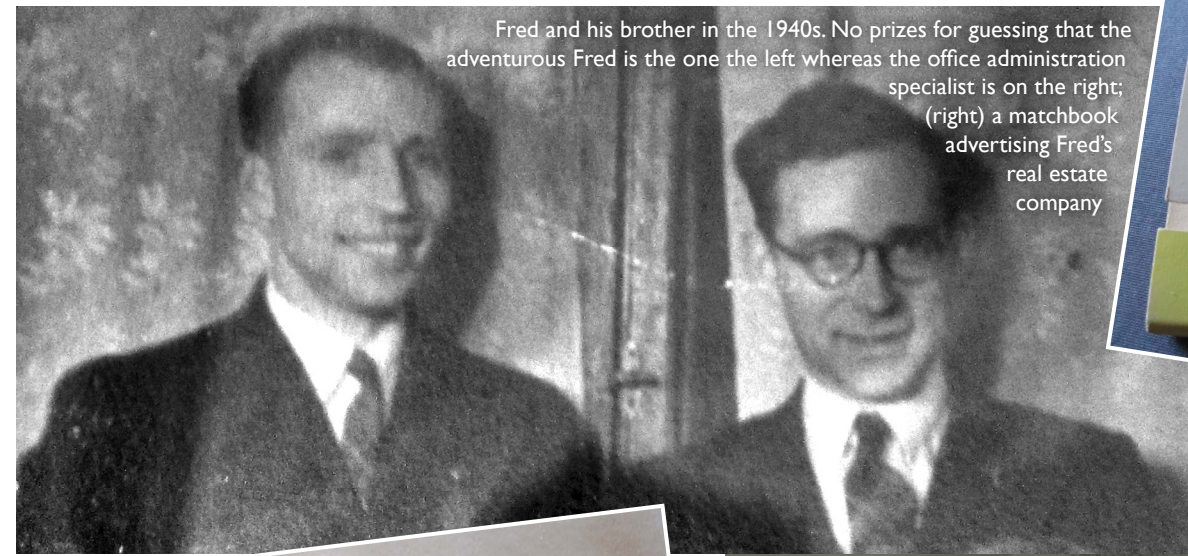
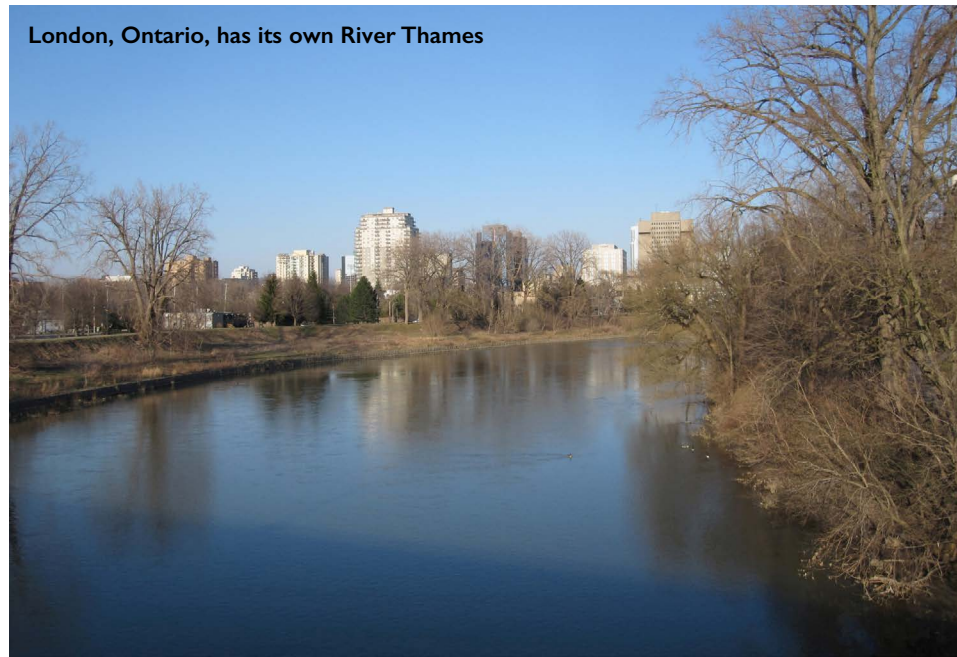
had never met before.

Great Uncle Fred was the brother of my paternal grandfather. Born a Cockney in the East End of London, England, in 1922, he was the more adventurous of the two brothers. While my grandfather was deemed unfit for active service in the Second World War, my Great Uncle served in the RAF. After the war my grandfather worked as a management consultant and then as a lecturer in office administration. Fred, on the other hand, emigrated to Canada in 1950.

While visiting him I learned a lot about his long life because he liked to tell a good story in his mid-Atlantic accent. I wasn't always convinced of the full veracity of these stories but they were entertaining nonetheless. For example, Fred claimed to have trained as an RAF pilot. He would likely have met his demise over Germany had it not been for a change in regulations that barred him from combat because of an inadequate inside leg measurement. Fred did show me a photograph of himself in RAF Volunteer Reserves uniform; perhaps the military historians among the readership can deduce from this what rank he might have held.

	London, England	London, Ontario
Founded	43CE	1855CE
Population	8,787,892	383,822
Area	1,572km <sup>2</sup>	420km <sup>2</sup>
Population density	5,590/km <sup>2</sup>	913/km <sup>2</sup>
Principal river	Thames	Thames
Head of State	HM Elizabeth II	HM Elizabeth II
Related county	Middlesex	Middlesex
Nearby settlements	Windsor Watford Chatham, Kent	Windsor Watford Chatham-Kent
Popular beer	Carling	Carling
Notable residents	Clayton Hartley Beau Brummell	Clayton Hartley Ryan Gosling

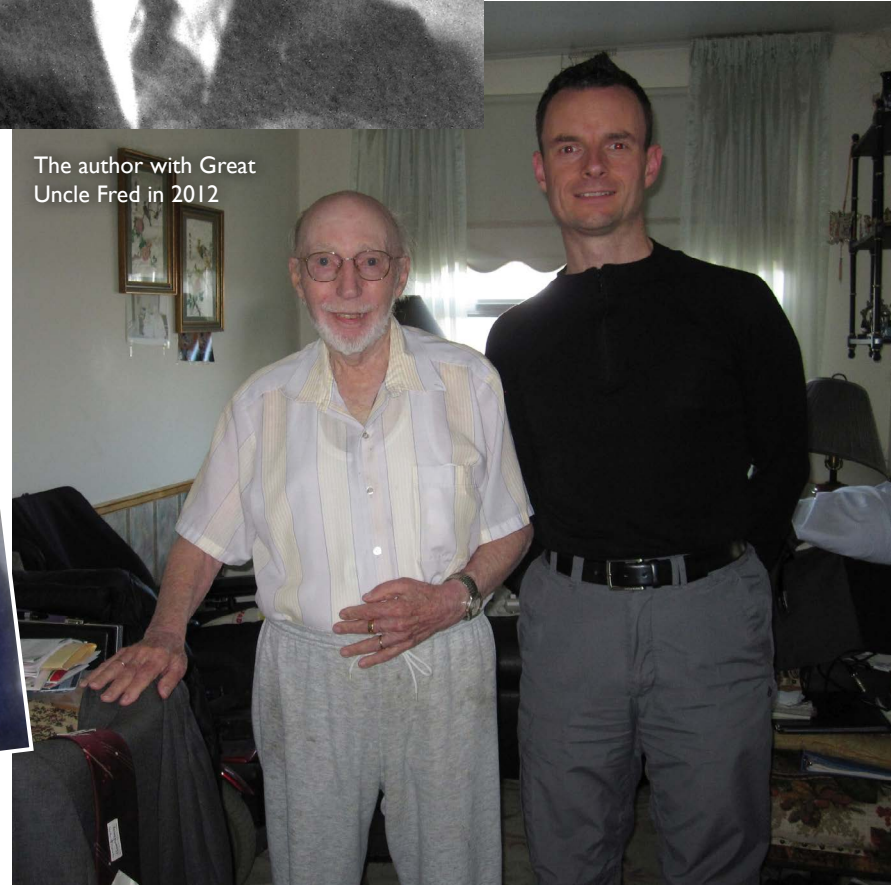
London, Ontario, has its own River Thames



Fred and his brother in the 1940s. No prizes for guessing that the adventurous Fred is the one on the left whereas the office administration specialist is on the right; (right) a matchbook advertising Fred's real estate company



A wartime sweetheart of Fred's, sadly killed in an air raid.



The author with Great Uncle Fred in 2012

On arriving in Canada Fred found work as a pastry chef in one of Toronto's fanciest hotels, the Royal York. He would spend days in the kitchen creating elaborate table display sculptures out of food for posh banquets. Unfortunately a heart problem forced him to retire from this job and so he took up watch repair. When quartz mechanisms rendered such services unnecessary, he set up his own real estate business in a small town to the north of London called Exeter. He rarely, if ever, visited England, although his adopted son attended my parent's wedding in 1966 as a pageboy.

By the time I met Great Uncle Fred he had been retired and widowed for many years. He was somewhat infirm, a far cry from the days when he cut a rug in the dance halls of the East

End. As well as reminiscing, he told jokes and made puns that provided an insight into the humour of the mid-20th century.

I found London itself to be pleasant enough, with numerous parks and a lively centre. Unsurprisingly, it was quite different from London, England, being entirely North American in character. I was glad to meet my Great Uncle Fred and I learned a good deal of family history from him. Pleasant as it is, there is no compelling reason to visit London while on a tour of Canada (although its location between Niagara and Toronto make it an easy place to stop off in). However, my experience of visiting the city certainly makes a compelling case for visiting aged relatives with a good tale to tell.



# 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.



Note the specially commissioned NSC blazer badge

## Lane of Arbury

"If it ain't broke, don't fix it"

### Name or preferred name?

Oliver J.J. Lane MA, KCL, BA Hons, a.k.a. Lane of Arbury.

### Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It always reminded me of "Carlton-Browne of the F.O."

### Where do you hail from?

Loamshire, although I'm now in hiding in East Devon, having made London too hot for myself.

### Favourite Cocktail?

Horse's neck—when served in a mug it will pass as a cup of tea—perfect for imbibing when worshipping Mammon.

### Most Chappist skill?

Sabrage, or the ancient art of opening bottles of Champagne with a sword

### Most Chappist possession?

Either the whangee-handled umbrella that I carry everywhere, or my 1966 convertible Morris Minor that we affectionately know as Æthelflæd.

### Personal Motto?

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

### Favourite Quote?

"To think of these stars that you see overhead at night, these vast worlds which we can never reach. I would annex the planets if I could; I often think of that. It makes me sad to see them so clear and yet so far." —Cecil Rhodes



Not a lot of people know this about me, but...  
...But I'm not even nearly as bad as they say.

**How long have you been involved with the NSC?**  
Since before it was the NSC, I think—I certainly recall attending at least one "Sheridan Club" all those years ago.

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

Many moons ago my kid sister handed me a copy of Kerrang! magazine that had an advert in for *The Chap*,\* as she exclaimed: "Look Oliver, it's you!" I had to agree. Fourteen painful, wasted years later, here we are...  
\* [Something deserving an explanation in itself, as Kerrang! is a magazine for heavy metal enthusiasts —Ed]

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

Easyjet Holidays—they aren't nearly as bad as you imagine.

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

Lieutenant General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart VC, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Viscount Nelson. Private dining room at Rules, port and cigars after. Why? The sangfroid on display at that table would be unmatched in all of human history.

**Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?** Artemis Scarheart. Pseudemys Star Chart.

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

I have a speech planned, where I explain precisely how I've managed to attend Sheridan meetings for over a decade without ever



Loitering with intent, Stonebarrow 2006

once giving a talk.

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.



Touting Ella's wares at the Chap Olympics





### CLUB NOTES

## Club Tie Corner

A DOCTOR MIGHT worry that Club Members were developing a monomania, seeing Club colours everywhere they look, although a conspiracy theorist would argue that you are simply seeing things clearly for the first time, now that the tin-foil hat is working its magic. *Wake up, sheeple!* as Scarheart would say.

Special mention goes to Ivan Debono, who clearly doesn't have any work to do: he is responsible for this tasteful vintage advertisement



Fig.1

figure (fig.1), but at the same time also these tool-shaped dog chews (fig.4), the electrical flex diagram (fig.5), this deconstructed tie on eBay (fig.6), this still from a sketch on *That Mitchell and Webb Look* (we've had it before, I think, but it is still an uncanny likeness) and even our own mineral, Sheridanite (fig.8). "It's just layers of some kind of iron oxide and silica," he explains.



Fig.2

"Nevertheless, these sediments were formed 1.8 to 2.5 billion years ago, thus proving that the spirit of the Club predates the rise of the sentient beings required to run it." (I think "sentient" is pushing it a bit.) Meanwhile Matthew Howard has spotted Denzel Dexter (fig.2), and Adrian Prouth the first British and Irish Lions rugby team in 1888 (fig.3). "They went to New Zealand and Australia and lost only two out of 35 matches. I am sure that some of it was down to choosing to play in NSC colours." Frances Mitchell noticed



Fig.3

something about her oven gloves while Oliver Lane was taken by this Leonardi scarf (fig.10) and Nigerian Aso Oke Gele head cloth (fig.11), both cruised on eBay.



Fig.4

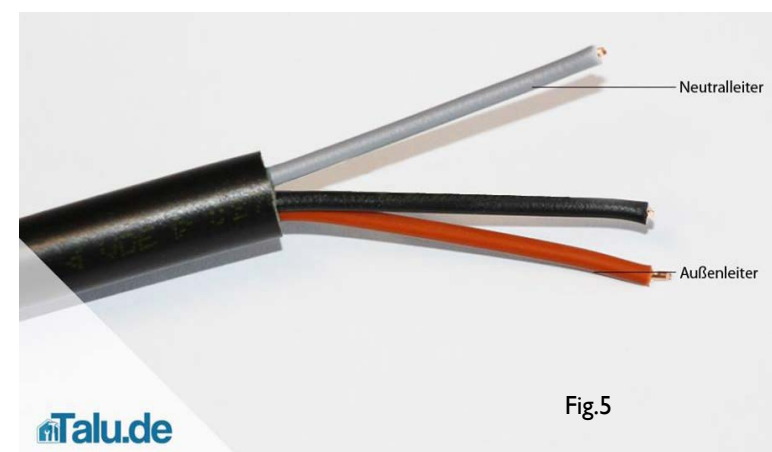


Fig.5



Fig.9



Fig.6



Fig.7

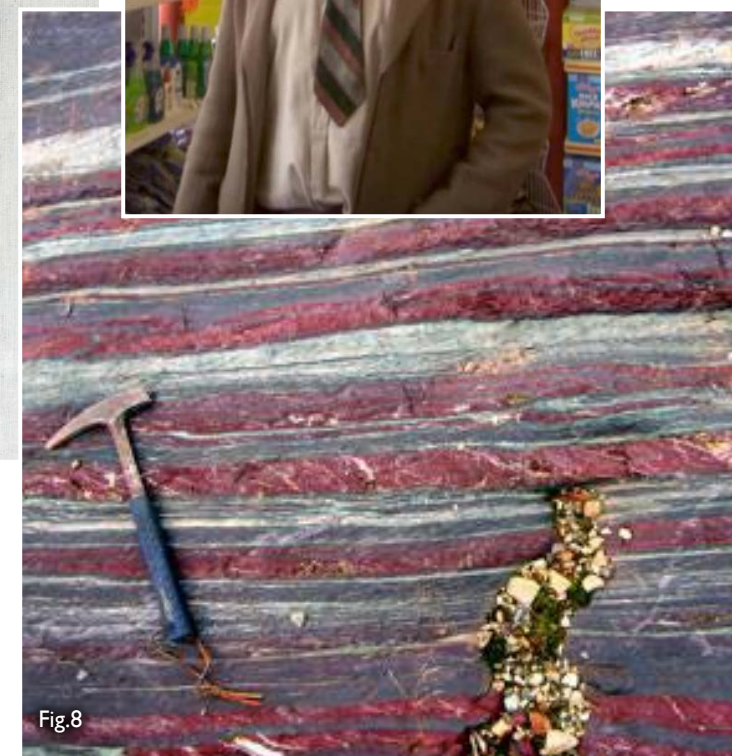


Fig.8



Fig.10



Fig.11





Club sweaters ahoy! Torquil has spotted that Don Draper is wearing one in *Mad Men* (above), while Kathryn Best informs us of *New Girl* Zooey Deschanel's sporting of the Louis Vuitton version (left)



(Below) The Royal Mail have chosen to remind us that *Sindy* was a Clubwoman back in 1963, while Frances Mitchell discovered infiltration on her own doorstep (right)—this is her daughter *Ellen* in Club colours



Babes in Clubland



Apparently there is always some sort of racing car on display in the lobby of the RAC



(Above) lounging in the RAC garden; (right) after the garden closed we repaired to an indoor bar where the glassware had tyre tread patterns



## Club Crawl II

AUGUST IN TOWN brings the seasonal closure of some of the members' clubs, and during this period club members are offered extended reciprocal arrangements with other clubs. Last year Miss Minna had the idea to organise a "club crawl" to exploit this and see how many clubs a group of us could get into. Of course any kind of pub crawl demands iron discipline to make sure you keep moving and stick to a plan, otherwise inertia will set in and you'll just stay put; bearing this in mind I think we didn't do too badly last time.

This year Eva decided it was time for a rematch, not least because she had just joined the Royal Thames Yacht Club. So a date was set and the word sent out.

However, things got a bit rocky from the outset: Eva discovered at the last minute that on the day of the crawl her club actually closed at 4pm for the rest of the summer! Then she got held up in some actual yachting in Cowes Week and could not make it back to town till later in the evening. Miss Minna once again stepped in and met us in the opulent surroundings of the National Liberal Club, to which she had reciprocal access. I must say they treated all of us, her guests, very well and we could probably have happily spent the rest of this sunny evening on the terrace overlooking the Thames. This is just as well, because Minna had to dash off to another engagement, leaving the rest of us (who did not ourselves belong to any relevant clubs) stranded. But Eva eventually made it along about 9pm and promptly made arrangements for us to decamp to the RAC. I'd never been before and I'm glad I had the chance. It is very well appointed and has a famous Turkish baths.

OK, so it was a crawl that covered just two venues, but it was a chance to peek inside two splendid establishments and there is no doubt that a good time was had by all.



## New Members

AFTER THE DELUGE of fresh meat last month thanks to the Chap Olympics, we have just one new member this time: welcome to Iain Benjamin Simpson of Laurencekirk, Scotland. He heard about the club through a colleague's husband and suspects that "we may be the only Chaps in a 40-mile radius of each other, so I am looking forward to acquainting myself with the club".

## 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 6th September  
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: £7 entry after 10pm; dance lessons £10  
Live jazz, blues, swing, calypso, Dixieland, ragtime, musette, tango, etc. Try your hand at



Iain Benjamin Simpson

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.

### The Candlelight Club

Friday 8th & Saturday 9th September  
7pm–12am  
A secret London location  
Admission: £25 in advance  
Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

A 1920s clandestine speakeasy party in a secret London venue completely lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism, a cocktail bar, and kitchens serving bar food as well as fine-dining. See [www.thecandlelightclub.com](http://www.thecandlelightclub.com).

The first party after the summer welcomes back the eight-piece Swing'it Dixieband who played a blinder in April. The classic line-up is actually disbanding as front man Martin goes off to travel the world but the Candlelight Club has persuaded them to stay together for a few weeks longer to play this last party.

"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*



### Benoit Viellefon Hot Club

Sunday 10th September  
6.30–11.30pm  
Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1D 3JG  
Admission: £9  
Cheeky Gallic swing star Benoit Viellefon, regular at the Candlelight Club, playing his bi-monthly residency at the legendary Ronnie Scott's club. These events tend to sell out, so get your tickets in advance from [benoit-viellefon-hot-club-at-ronnie-scotts.designmynight.com](http://benoit-viellefon-hot-club-at-ronnie-scotts.designmynight.com).

### Elysian Den

Sunday 10th September  
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.

### Chris Rand's Gathering

Saturday 23rd September  
12–5pm

Pizza Express Jazz Club, 10 Dean St, Soho, London W1D 3RW  
Admission: £15

Jazz saxophonist Chris Rand—habitué of the Candlelight Club and part of Champagne Charlie's band the Bubbly Boys—presenting his own band, featuring Tony Remy on guitar.

### Swing Street Ball

Sunday 23rd September  
7.50pm–12am  
Pimlico Academy, Lupus Street, London SW1V 3AT  
Admission: £16 in advance from [www.swingstreet.co.uk](http://www.swingstreet.co.uk)

Annual swing ball featuring live music from the noble King Candy and the Sugar Push, plus DJ Baroness Jo

Jo and a dance class at the beginning of the evening.

### On the Home Front: 1940s Weekend

Saturday 30th September and Sunday 1st October  
10.30am–4.30pm  
Rufford Abbey Country Park, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, NG22 9DF (01623 821338)  
Admission: Free, but £10-a-day parking charge  
Dress: 1940s  
Wartime-themed weekend with re-enactors and demonstrations, set in the parkland around Rufford Abbey.

Pimlico Academy Auditorium, Lupus St. SW1V 3AT - DRESS CODE: VINTAGE/RETRO/SMART





Chloe Clark hammers the pill expertly without getting fag ash on it. Thrill to more croquet exploits on pages 8-13