

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 140 • JUNE 2018

The NSC and the Sea

Ensign Polyethyl reports from the second annual Club children's jaunt to the beach



Lisbon, City of Spies

The Earl of Essex on the left, and ultimately profitable, game played by Portugal's capital during the war

BACK IN THE SADDLE

The annual Tweed Run bicycle rally



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 June in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Adrian Prooth will offer us *A Brief History of Tea Time*, “a look at the history of afternoon and high tea, the rules, etiquette, settings, stories, styles, controversies and personalities”.

The Last Meeting

Our speaker last month was the Earl of Essex, our most prolific lecturer and, based on previous experience, no one was surprised when Nazis cropped up. The

subject was actually the city of Lisbon—officially neutral yet with a longstanding alliance with Britain, Portugal managed to tread a shrewd line and emerge from the war not only unscathed but rather wealthier than when she started. Because of her neutrality, agents for both the British and the Germans operated openly, each with their own favourite hotel (to the extent that the bar in the Palácio became known as the “Spies Bar”). As a port, Lisbon was a way out of Europe for refugees, POWs on the run and even the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who fled Paris just in time. The Portuguese president Salazar displayed Fascist sympathies, despite not actually joining Axis, and allowed German agents to try to recruit the Duke to represent Hitler's interest. In the end Churchill said *something* to the Duke that made him hurriedly accept the offer of the Governorship of the Bahamas. Lisbon was also the scene of the grim mystery of Leslie Howard. At the top of his game in Hollywood when the war started, the Jewish-born actor made propaganda films and gave anti-Nazi lectures in neutral countries—and it was flying out of Lisbon that his civilian plane was shot down by the Germans. Meanwhile Portugal, a major source of tungsten, a vital ingredient in weapons manufacture, was happily selling it to everyone and welcoming trainloads of Nazi gold. In short, it was all going on.

An essay from the talk begins on page 4.



NSC Members glimpsed over towering cake stands at a high tea party Adrian held last year



(Left) William is glued to the latest *Resign!*; (right) Torquil opens the show; (below) Essex with a photo of Salazar working the phones



(Below) Gabriel Blaze and Prof. Hancock prop up the bar



(Below) Essex's slaving audience eagerly awaits the first mention of Nazis



(Below) Adrian has a new camera; (below right) Tim of Many Hues



Scarheart's flag, left at the Russian party and now returned by me, inspires much horseplay



LISBON,

CITY OF SPIES

The Earl of Essex on the neutral city's dangerous WWII game

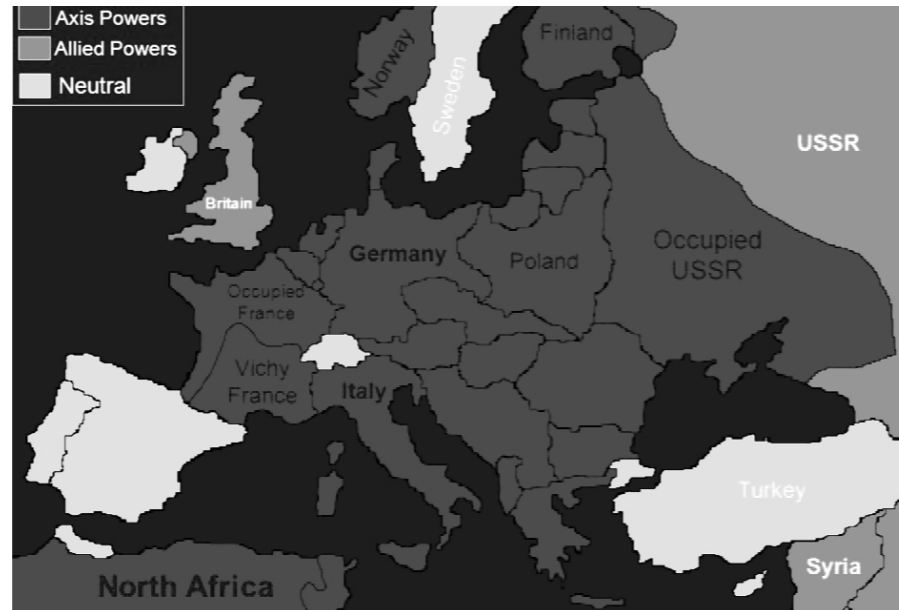
DURING THE YEARS of the Second World War, from 1939–45, Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was at the very centre of world attention and the only European city where both the Allies and the Axis powers openly operated.

Portugal had proclaimed neutrality, but in reality it was caught in the middle of the economic and naval warfare between the Allies and Nazi Germany; in Lisbon Allied and German agents openly monitored every move of the “enemy”.

As the British and German agents watched each other, so did the PVDE (Policia de Vigilancia e Defesa do Estado), the Portuguese secret police, watch them, and they reported to the government the espionage activities in the city that they tolerated and those they did not.

The role of the British and German agents was to log shipping movements in and around the busy deep-water harbour, spread propaganda and disrupt the vital supply of goods to the enemy.

Lisbon was also the end of the line for escaped Allied prisoners of war, who departed on the thrice-weekly BOAC-operated airport flights to Whitchurch Airport near Bristol. The passenger lists of these flights were a *Who's Who* of the senior network of British spies, as well



as the shadowy industrialists involved in the trade war against Germany. Allied and German agents operated at Lisbon airport 24 hours a day, bribing customs officials to gain access to the cargo and passenger lists.

Both BOAC and Lufthansa operated flights out of Lisbon, with the BOAC operating officer in Lisbon later describing the scene at the airport as like the movie *Casablanca*, but twenty-fold.

Central to the story of Lisbon and its role in the war was the Portuguese leader and dictator, António de Oliveira Salazar. He had come to power in 1932 with the establishment of the Estado Novo, the Second Republic, a corporatist authoritarian regime considered to be Fascist,

which had evolved following the coup d'état of May 1926 against the democratic but unstable First Republic. For Salazar the Second World War presented a potentially lethal challenge to his regime and to Portugal in general.

Salazar, described by one senior British official as the most physically beautiful of all the European dictators, operated alone in his sparsely-furnished Prime Minister's residence behind the magnificent palace of São Bento, assessing the international situation on a daily basis. On his desk were well-ordered piles of official papers and correspondence, together with a photograph of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini; when he became disillusioned with Il Duce this photo was replaced with one of the Pope.

Salazar was frugal. He didn't use heating to ward off the cold Lisbon winter but worked with a rug around him. He was wholly dedicated to his job and determined that his carefully crafted policy of neutrality would save the nation, and the Portuguese empire, from the horrors of war.

At the start of the war political power was totally centralised in Salazar's hands: he served as President of the Council (Prime Minister) and held the cabinet portfolios of war, foreign affairs and finance. His ability to work long hours, and an apparent lack of interest in a social life or family, allowed him to deal personally and directly with issues that other leaders would have delegated.

Salazar was originally destined to become a priest and undertook much of the required training. Although he gave up his attempt to join the Catholic church he never really left it, and it influenced the philosophy and policies of the



António de Oliveira Salazar



Salazar with Franco

governments he led. He studied law at Coimbra University and accepted a teaching position. He never married but enjoyed the company of women.

He arrived in Lisbon in 1928, very much an outsider to the establishment, to be appointed Minister of Finance. With a series of well-planned reforms, and without recourse to foreign borrowing, he succeeded in placing the public finances on a sound footing. While various administrations fell, Salazar remained in place as Minister of Finance before finally being appointed to lead the Council in 1932.

Despite these economic successes, the agricultural workers and industrial wage-earners



Rossio Square

continued to exist on meagre incomes, and Salazar's failure to empathise with them or improve their lot meant there remained a large degree of opposition to the regime, much of which was connected with the Communists.

Salazar spent the first part of 1939 carefully planning how Portugal would respond to the increasing likelihood of a major war. In reality it hardly tested Salazar's famed intellect to decide that Portugal would attempt to stay neutral; the nation had a small and badly equipped military, and its oldest ally, Britain, was unable or unwilling formally to guarantee its sovereignty.

However, the position of neutrality was to prove challenging to Portugal and its colonies, as it became ever more important to both the Allies and the Germans.

The United Kingdom, or England as it was at the time, had established the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty in 1373, between King Edward III and King Ferdinand and Queen Eleanor of Portugal. A treaty of "perpetual friendships, unions and alliances", it is the oldest active treaty in the world. However, Salazar was wary of the British government, and particularly of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's policy of appeasement towards Hitler, and had got wind of Chamberlain's offering Portuguese Angola to Hitler

among other concessions.

Salazar decided that neutrality would not be a rigid policy but would adapt to events and changing circumstances during the war. In reality he would have to play both sides of the coin with Britain and Germany.

His chief concern was to prevent an invasion by Germany and/or by "neutral" Spain, Portugal's oldest foe and now under the control of the dictator General Franco. He also wanted to avoid Portugal's being used as a battleground by foreign armies—it had suffered heavily in this way during the Peninsula Wars between Britain and France in 1807. He was mindful too of what had happened in the First World War, when Portugal had initially

declared neutrality then eventually joined the Allies in 1916, with disastrous consequences for the political, social and economic stability of the country.

At the outbreak of the war Salazar was not unduly concerned with the imperialist agenda of Franco and his threat to invade Portugal, but he was concerned that Spain might declare support for the Germans and then the Axis powers. Here he found common ground with the British who, like Salazar, had supported Franco during the Spanish Civil War. In Germany there was growing frustration that Spain had not immediately joined the Axis alliance and Hitler brought strong pressure on Franco to fall in line.

By the start of 1940 Lisbon was starting to experience the impact of both British and German propaganda campaigns. The German ambassador to Portugal, Baron Oswald von Hoyningen-Huene, was playing his campaign deftly, attempting to convince Salazar the



Refugees queuing for identity papers

British were planning to overthrow him and his authoritarian regime. A man of the old aristocratic school of the German diplomatic service, he had been busy developing closer ties between Lisbon and Berlin during the pre-war period. Sharp, clever and diplomatically astute, Hoyningen-Huene was good at socialising and an obsessive networker.

The British ambassador was Sir Walford Selby. He was a regular visitor to Salazar's office and enjoyed a workmanlike, if somewhat distant, relationship with the Portuguese leader. By his own admission Selby was in the twilight of his diplomatic career and represented the old school of the Foreign Office. Selby was viewed as bureaucratically sound but lacked oral skills or powers of persuasion; in times of peace he was more than competent, but as Lisbon moved to the centre stage of world events he lacked the stamina and dynamism to be head of the British mission.

Salazar was concerned about a potential renegotiation of the terms of the historic alliance between Britain and Portugal, with Britain modifying its obligation to defend its ally. The British hoped to sell Portugal arms in order to develop its armed forces and defend itself.

The summer of 1940 brought the war to Lisbon and Salazar's attempts to sit it out quietly on the sidelines appeared to have failed. The German invasion of France has taken its armies as far south as the French-Spanish borders, and while the Lisboetas still enjoyed the early summer warm weather on the beaches at Estoril and Cascais, the war was the major topic of conversation.

Before the fall of France there had been widespread indifference to the war but now there was widespread anxiety and fear. However, among the economic elite there was also a sense that there was money to be made, privately encouraged by Salazar's regime. Double-dealing became heavily institutionalised during the war years as Lisbon sought to reverse its slow decline and sense of decay.

During the warm summer nights of 1940 the lights of Lisbon continued to shine brightly and Rossio Square remained the beating heart of the city. Most of the trams routes passed through here and it was lined with cafés, shops and moderately-priced hotels. Outwardly there was little change from the previous summer.

Rationing had not yet been introduced. But the inhabitants now included British, French, German, Polish and even Russian refugees.

The foreign refugees usually spoke in hushed tones, and for good reason. The much-feared Portuguese secret police, the PVDE, were responsible for watching foreigners during their stay in Lisbon and many outsiders were under close surveillance by these agents.

Most of the foreign men wore suits, albeit in a more relaxed and baggy cut than the locals, while the women dressed in slacks and stood at street bars where previously only men had stood. At night these women often went out by themselves, and without hats, which in Lisbon society was the mark of a prostitute.

Most of the refugees were Jewish and looking to collect the complex relevant paperwork from the Lisbon authorities to travel on to America



The Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the Ritz Hotel, Madrid

and Palestine. Others, who were less well off, needed financial support from the Portuguese or British governments. But what they all had in common was the wait: nothing happened quickly in Lisbon.

More famous refugees to the city were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Having fled Paris before the advancing German forces, where the Duke was a serving British officer (he was a Major-General attached to the British Military Mission in France), the Windsors stayed first on the French Riviera. Then, on the morning of 17th June 1940, the Duke telephoned Major-General Edward Spears and asked him to arrange a Royal Navy warship

to collect him and the Duchess from Nice. An irritated Spears told him that no warship could be made available and that the road to Spain was open to motorcars.

The Duke, somewhat sulkily, motored down to Madrid, via Barcelona, arriving on the evening of Sunday, 23rd June, where he and the Duchess booked into the Madrid Ritz. Spain was not an ideal location for the Duke, as Madrid was a major centre of German intelligence activity, a vital listening post and decoding station. Moreover, the Spanish authorities generally favoured the Germans over the British.

Samuel Hoare, the newly appointed British ambassador, was also staying at the Ritz. He found it to be full of aggressive Germans and couldn't wait to find alternative accommodation. But he also came to the conclusion that there were no suitable rented rooms in Madrid available for the Windsors. As a result of this information, Prime Minister Winston Churchill hoped to get the Windsors out of Spain and on to Lisbon as quickly as possible, where they

could be better protected by the British. When the Duke dined with Hoare on his first night at the Ritz there was a telegram waiting for him from Churchill to this effect.

The British planned to take the Duke back to England via a flying boat from Lisbon and then provide him with an official residence. However, the Duke was less than enamoured with this prospect. He was still estranged from his brother King George VI, smarting from the King's refusal to allow the Duchess her Royal Highness title, and he much preferred to serve his country elsewhere in the British Empire.

Further complicating the issue, the Germans believed that the Duke, following his private criticism of the war, could be used against Churchill in potential peace talks with the British. Ribbentrop asked the Spanish authorities to detain the Duke in Madrid while they arranged to make contact with him. His Spanish counterpart, Juan Beigbeder, duly obliged by instructing Spanish diplomat Javier "Tiger" Bermejillo, an old friend of the Duke's, to meet him and advise him that he was invited to remain in Spain for as long as he wished as a guest of the Spanish government.

Subsequently Hoare, who dined with the Duke daily, put pressure on him from Churchill to move on to Lisbon, and the Duke finally acquiesced.

Walford Selby was an old friend of the Windsors too, from his days in Vienna, and he attempted to arrange suitable accommodation for them. But due to the heavy influx of refugees, the British embassy was forced to book the Duke and his party into the Hotel Palácio in the resort of Estoril.

The Palácio was the most glamorous hotel in town and it too had seen a large increase in the number of foreigners taking rooms, Americans, Spanish, British and French among them. It was a favoured haunt of spies, exiled businessmen and international aristocrats. One of its major attractions was its proximity to the Estoril Casino, the largest in Portugal, where each night the tables were filled by the "Riviera set", as well as spies, smugglers and diamond traders. Among those who played at the tables during

the war was a young British intelligence officer, Ian Fleming.

Just before the Windsors were due to arrive the hotel manager called the British embassy to inform them that owing to a shortage of rooms, and security concerns, he could no longer accommodate them. It was at this point that the Windsors were offered the opportunity of staying at the villa of Ricardo Espirito Santo in Cascais, a little further up the coast. The suggestion came from the hotel manager but Salazar was clearly behind the arrangement.

Espirito Santo was a Portuguese banker, thought by the British to be sympathetic to the Nazi regime, and indeed a German agent. However, he had a Jewish wife and was responsible for assisting prominent Jewish bankers the Rothschilds during the war. He regularly dined with both the German and British ambassadors and it seems likely that his loyalty was chiefly to Salazar, and his ability to improve the financial wellbeing of Espirito Santo's banking interests.

However, the British embassy officials in Lisbon remained concerned about the suitability of Espirito Santo (or "the Holy Ghost", as he was known to them) hosting the Duke and his party, as he was known to be a close friend of Von Hoyningen-Huene. They were also suspicious about the activities of his bank, Banco Epirito Santo, one of the largest private banks in Lisbon, which traded heavily with the Germans. But as it was only anticipated to be a short stay, and Espirito Santo was not expected to be staying at the villa while the Windsors were there, Walford Selby felt he had little choice under the circumstances but to accept.

In fact, despite assurances to the contrary, Espirito Santo was on the doorstep of his villa—aptly named Boca do Inferno ("Mouth of Hell")—to greet the Windsors warmly on their arrival, and we would keep Salazar directly informed of the private conversations that took place. This, together with the written reports of the PVDE, assigned to protect the Windsors, kept Salazar abreast of events and the plans of the Duke.

The Windsors arrived in Lisbon on 3rd July

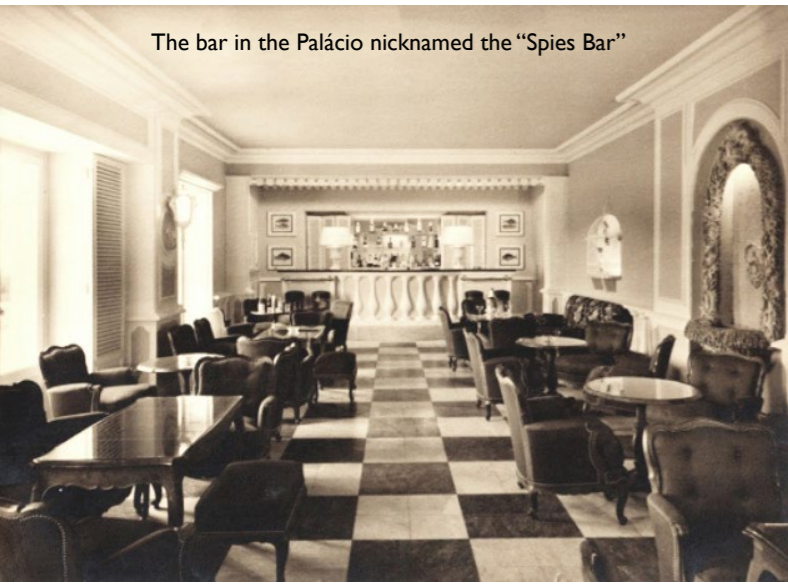
The Duke and Duchess of Windsor at Espirito Santo's villa



Palácio Hotel



The bar in the Palácio nicknamed the "Spies Bar"



The Duke with Espirito Santo



1940 and headed straight to Cascais, getting there at 6pm and settling in for the evening. Meanwhile a German kidnap plot known as Operation Willi was well underway.

The villa was in a quiet and remote location, on the edge of Cascais, facing the Atlantic. Its outdoor swimming pool and large, enclosed, terraced garden were not visible from either the coast road or the small side street that ran along the eastern edge of the garden. The essence of the German plot, which had been approved by Hitler but was largely devised by Ribbentrop, was to kidnap the Duke, take him across the



Von Ribbentrop

border to Spain and convince him to be of use to the Nazi regime; various roles were foreseen for the Duke, as an “honest broker” to negotiate peace with Britain to avoid its total destruction, and as a puppet king on the British throne in the event of Germany’s invading and conquering Britain in the autumn of 1940.

Ribbentrop had based his plan on the knowledge that the Duke was friendly towards Germany, indeed was half-German, and believed the war with Germany to be unnecessary, the real fight being against Russian Bolshevism. The Germans had also learned that the Duke had commented on social occasions in Madrid that he disliked the policies of the British government under Churchill and felt they were not going to succeed.

Having failed to get the Spanish authorities to detain the Duke in Madrid, Ribbentrop, nothing if not persistent, despatched Walter Schellenberg, later to become head of the Abwehr, German military intelligence, to Lisbon. Schellenberg wasn’t particularly optimistic about the prospect of persuading the Duke to return voluntarily with him to Spain, and he also felt that the plot was based largely on impulsive remarks made under the influence of alcohol, in which the Duke was always ready to indulge.

Hoyningen-Huene was also not an enthusiastic supporter of the plot. He had been on a major charm offensive with Salazar



during the summer of 1940, hoping to translate German military successes into greater influence with Lisbon, and feared that the plot would damage German–Portuguese relations. Nevertheless, he promised to provide whatever logistical support he could.

Schellenberg’s initial attempts to intimidate the Duke were somewhat amateurish, amounting to having some local jobs throw stones at his window in the villa, warning the couple to beware of the British secret service and that a Portuguese friend had their best interests at heart.

Meanwhile the Duke had received a harsh telegram from Churchill, reminding him that he was still a serving officer in the British Army and that disobeying orders would create a “serious situation”—in other words, a court martial. However unlikely this was, a furious Duke drafted a reply in which he resigned his military rank, but before he could send it he received an offer from Churchill of the Governorship of the Bahamas. There is evidence that Churchill was aware of the German plot through British intelligence intercepts of German cables and it was felt that the Duke needed to be removed as far away from Europe, and German influence, as possible.

The Duke did not respond to the job offer, considering the role far beneath his status, and decided to wait in Cascais and see how events developed in London.

The Windsors’ stay at the villa now appeared to be an open-ended one and, to the alarm of the British embassy, Espirito Santo had moved into the villa, giving him access to the

disgruntled Duke 24/7. The Windsors made the most of their time in Cascais, the Duke regularly visiting the British Embassy, which held his passport, and playing endless rounds of golf at the Estoril golf club with his host, who not only sponsored the course but was also a former Portuguese national champion.

Meanwhile the PVDE continued to provide detailed reports on the Duke’s activities to their immediate boss, the authoritarian Captain Agostinho Lourenco, who passed on the most salient points to Salazar. For the British, David Eccles from the Ministry of Economic Warfare (MEW) was sent to Lisbon to keep an eye on the Windsors. After his first lunch with the couple at the embassy he seemed to take an instant dislike to them, writing to his wife that he wouldn’t give ten shillings for the Duchess and that he considered the Duke to be pretty fifth-column. However he changed his mind after dining with them twice weekly and getting to know them better; he felt he’d been seduced by their charm and that they were hard to resist.

The Duke had asked the Spanish authorities if they could intervene to ensure that the Duchess’s two houses in France, in Paris and Cannes, were protected by the Germans and if it would be possible to dispatch someone to collect some of her personal possessions—an unusual request given that the Duke was a serving officer in an army currently at war with Germany.

Franco assigned Bermejillo to shadow the Duke and he was soon on a flight to Lisbon. The Duke was pleased to meet his old friend Tiger, and they talked at length before travelling together to the German embassy where Bermejillo arranged the necessary visas for the Duchess’s maid to

retrieve her possessions from France.

Bermejillo then returned to Madrid where he reported on the Duke’s continued negative views on the war—which encouraged a new German and Spanish sub-plot to delay the Duke’s departure from Lisbon.

On 26th July the Spanish ambassador to Lisbon, Nicolas Franco, the brother of General Franco, had a two-hour meeting with the Duke but, despite his best efforts to persuade him to stay, his mind appeared to have been made up to accept the offer of the Governorship of the Bahamas.

If the Duke had harboured any further doubts about leaving Portugal they were destroyed when Churchill sent Walter Monckton, the Duke’s longtime friend and legal advisor during the abdication crisis, down to Portugal on 28th July. Whatever was said in the ensuing meeting, the Duke was thoroughly alarmed about the prospects for his and the Duchess’s personal safety if they remained in Portugal, and he wrote to Churchill on 31st July, confirming his acceptance of the Governorship. They sailed from Lisbon the next day on the SS *Excalibur*, without either their maid or the possessions retrieved for them.

The Windsors weren’t the only high-profile figures to find themselves in danger in Lisbon. Leslie Howard was a major Hollywood star by



Alfred Chenalls



Leslie Howard delivering a lecture in Madrid



Howard's and Chenhalls's last night in Lisbon



Flight 777-A



The Junkers JU-88 heavy fighter

the time the war broke out, confirmed by his performance as the reticent Southern gentleman Ashley Wilkes in the 1939 blockbuster *Gone With the Wind*, but he'd been born Leslie Howard Steiner, into a Jewish family in Forest Hill, south-east London. He was consequently vehemently opposed to the Nazi regime and their persecution of the Jews, and he made several anti-German propaganda films in Britain.

He also undertook performance and speaking

tours to bolster the war effort. One such was a propaganda tour to Lisbon and Madrid in 1943, travelling with his agent and accountant Alfred Chenhalls, who was also the director of a number of films. Although the tour was ostensibly organised by the British Council, a body for promoting British services abroad, it was largely a front for the Foreign Office in its propaganda effort in neutral Europe.

However, if Howard spoke in large public theatres and halls he would have been required to submit the scripts of his speeches to the Spanish censors, meaning German agents would have sight of them. So the tour's organisers instead had Howard, already overworked and in poor health, give repeat performances, without scripts, in smaller venues.

When a weary Howard and Chenhalls arrived in Madrid after along train journey from Lisbon, he threw a theatrical tantrum and informed the local director of the British Council that he didn't wish to visit Madrid at all and had only agreed to go to Lisbon. After a blazing row Howard agreed to do the bare minimum of two lectures for the Council and failed to show up for several of the receptions and dinners arranged in his honour. Howard was keen to return to Portugal for a recuperative rest in Estoril before heading back to England.

The BOAC flight from Lisbon to Whitchurch was usually fully booked. Howard and Chenhalls actually showed up at the airport very early in the morning of 31st May, hoping to persuade a couple of passengers on an early flight to give up their seats, but they were out of luck. Instead they boarded their pre-booked Flight 777-A, departing at 9.30am.

The camouflaged DC-3 was contracted to BOAC from Dutch carrier KLM (after the German invasion of the Netherlands left some craft stranded overseas) and operated by KLM crew. Its route took it over the Bay of Biscay where it was at risk from Luftwaffe patrols from bases in western France, and to try to avoid detection the planes usually flew as low as possible. However, on this occasion the pilot chose to remain at high altitude, and the plane was spotted by a patrol of Junkers JU-88s and followed.

The pilot radioed Whitchurch to say he was being followed and then under attack. With no means of defence the DC-3 was shot down into the sea. No survivors or wreckage were ever found.

The initial theory put forward to explain why the unarmed commercial flight was attacked was that it was a case of mistaken identity. Chenhalls, a portly, bald, cigar-smoker, resembled Churchill, while Howard, tall and thin, was a dead ringer for Churchill's personal bodyguard Walter Thompson. A German agent at the airport, on seeing them, radioed Berlin, who gave the order for the plane to be shot down.

While certainly plausible, this theory was too simplistic. The Germans knew that Churchill was in Casablanca at this time for a summit and would be flying back to Britain at some point. However, with the RAF at his disposal it is most unlikely he would be travelling on a commercial flight.

There is a theory that British Intelligence, under the Ultra programme, were able to read the intercepts of German radio messages after cracking the code of the German Enigma coding machine. Therefore British intelligence were aware that the Germans were going to attack Flight 777-A, for whatever reason. The benefits of Ultra were huge for the British war effort, giving SIS (British intelligence) a strong advantage over German intelligence in Portugal and other neutral countries, but only if the Germans did not know their codes had been cracked. So, the theory goes, the British allowed the attack on the DC-3 to go ahead to protect the secrecy of Ultra. Meanwhile Churchill travelled safely back from Casablanca in a military transport.

The attack on Flight 777-A shocked Salazar

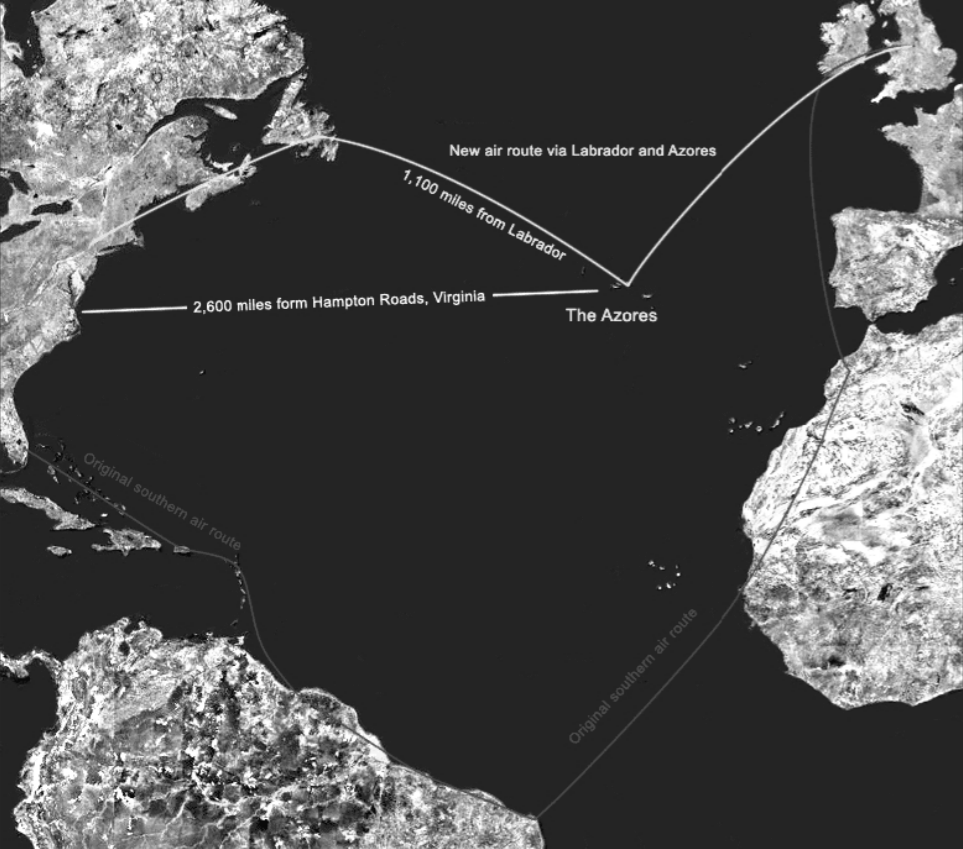
and he decided that Portugal had suffered enough during the espionage war. On 7th June 1943 a new decree was issued stating that spying by both foreigners and Portuguese had become a crime, and the PVDE was charged with enforcing the new law. However, giving them the power both to investigate and to enforce the ban simply helped them in securing information from both sides.

The British had been putting pressure on Salazar to take robust action against German espionage activity in Lisbon, but they had to tread carefully as they also sought to persuade Salazar to allow them access to the military facilities on the Azores, the Portuguese archipelago in the mid-Atlantic which was a vital bridge in the growing transatlantic service between New York and Lisbon, serving as a refuelling point for the Pan Am flying boats. Moreover, since the American entry into the war the islands had become a staging post for the transport of military equipment from the US to Europe, and also in the campaign against the German U-boats that were causing heavy losses to the Atlantic convoys so vital to Britain's survival. Hitler had originally wanted to invade the Azores to develop bases for his U-boats, but was persuaded by his High Command to concentrate on attacking Allied shipping in the Atlantic, an arena in which they were so successful.

Ronald Campbell, Britain's new ambassador in Lisbon, made a formal request to Salazar for Britain to have access to the facilities on the Azores on 18th June 1943. Six days later Salazar agreed in principle, under the terms of the ancient alliance between the two countries, but made it clear that Portuguese troops would not contribute to the Allied war effort and that adequate measures should be made by the British to protect Portugal's Atlantic coast from falling into German hands.

The British for their part were prepared to increase quotas for imports from Portugal and make it easier for Portugal to receive goods. Crucially for Salazar, the British did not expect Portugal to break off commercial ties with Germany; more specifically this meant the trade in wolfram, or tungsten.

Tungsten was mined in the centre and north-east of Portugal. Among its many uses was hardening steel for the armaments industry; it



effective Allied occupation of the archipelago, but military action did not materialise as Germany was suffering heavy losses on the Eastern Front throughout 1943, with the fall of Stalingrad and defeat at Kursk, and was therefore otherwise occupied.

With the Allies preparing the invasion of mainland Europe in 1944 Salazar felt that the German military threat to Portuguese neutrality was at an end, but he was still unwilling to commit his country to every aspect of the Allied political agenda.

The Allies, for their part, were determined to take the gold payments made to neutral countries by Germany, which in

turn had been looted by the Nazis from national banks, private businesses and individuals as they conquered Europe. The British, through BBC radio broadcasts, made it clear to the Portuguese that they were well aware of the Nazi gold shipped to Lisbon via Switzerland in payment for tungsten.

This caused panic among Lisbon gold dealers, who demanded that the Bank of Portugal exchange Reichsbank-marked gold bars for bars of unchallengeable origin. When the bank refused, the dealers arranged to have the bars melted down by unscrupulous refiners.

The trail of German gold to Portugal began in 1940 and the volume was staggering. In 1939 Portugal's gold reserves amounted to no more than 63.4 tons. By the end of 1945 they totalled 365.5 tons, an increase of nearly 600%. Salazar had decided that by far the safest form of payment for tungsten was gold. Its price was much less volatile than currencies during wartime, and in any case the Bank of Portugal had warned Salazar that, in their estimation, much of the currency used by Nazi Germany was forged.

The bank requested that the gold be deposited via a complex scheme into the Swiss national bank in Berne and then to the Bank of Portugal in Lisbon. Transportation of gold during wartime was risky and expensive, but because of the sheer volume involved it became physically necessary.

is one of the hardest and heaviest metals and has the highest melting point of any element. Tungsten was used by the Germans in the manufacture of armour, armour-piercing shells, bearings and cutting tools. Without it the German war effort would gradually grind to a halt, and while wolframite ore was also mined in neutral Sweden and Spain too, Portugal's mines produced ten tons for every one dug elsewhere. As supplies dried up the German armaments industry became extremely reliant on Portuguese tungsten and its price soared from \$1,444 per ton in mid-1940 to \$20,000 by late 1941.

Britain accepted that Salazar should be allowed to honour existing deals, but they were aware that the Germans also smuggled tungsten over the Portuguese-Spanish border, either simply strapping ore to the backs of donkeys or running unscheduled "ghost trains" from Portugal through Spain and into German-occupied France.

While the Americans welcomed the prospect of an Anglo-Portuguese agreement on the use of the Azores, they made it clear that any deal that limited the use of the facilities to British aircraft was unacceptable. On 23rd November 1943, Salazar received a joint delegation of British and US officials, where it was agreed that the Americans could use the British bases on the Azores, but only under British supervision.

The Germans were not happy with an

Allied knowledge of these transactions was enabled by cable intercepts and intelligence activities on the ground in Lisbon, where increased financial inducements to the populace provided the vital information. It became clear to them that large commercial banks were involved in the disguise of the gold trade, including Banco Espirito Santo. Espirito Santo himself admitted as much during dinner with James Wood, the US Financial Attaché, on 18th September 1943. He had asked Salazar if his bank should suspend business with the Germans, to which the Prime Minister replied that, while he realised that the Allies were going to win the war, suspending business with Germany was "unethical".

The Americans called for action against the Portuguese banks, and specifically Banco Espirito Santo, but when BES duly started to close some of the accounts of the Reichsbank, the Germans simply moved their accounts over the road to the Banco Lisboa & Açores.

The US State Department also called for action against Ricardo Espirito Santo personally, but this was resisted by Ronald Campbell. Eventually BES volunteered to cooperate with the Allies and halt all transactions with the Germans; the Americans believed that once BES fell into line the other Portuguese banks would follow.

Towards the end of the war the Germans increased their efforts to get gold out of Germany and France; Lisbon was a natural destination as gold could still be sold on the Lisbon exchange or smuggled out to South America. Allied intelligence reported a large increase in the number of irregular night flights from Berlin to Barcelona and thence on to Lisbon. Other sources confirmed that Lufthansa "ghost flights" from Berlin to Lisbon, not advertised to the public, carried gold in unmarked bags, with Potela Airport, opened during the war and used by both Allies and Germans, becoming the scene of much smuggling towards the end of hostilities. Agents on both sides watched and logged all the flights and bribed customs officials for details of the cargos.

As the collapse of the German military machine quickened and its eventual defeat became inevitable, Salazar was able to distance himself from Germany. Von Hoyningen-Huene, the longstanding German ambassador, was recalled to Berlin and not replaced.

But, bizarrely, Portugal was one of only three European countries to send condolences to Germany upon learning of the death of Adolf Hitler on 30th April 1945 (the others being Ireland and Spain). Salazar's message of condolence not only angered the British but upset many well-connected Portuguese and there were mass demonstrations in Lisbon in protest.

A few days later, however, on 8th May, Salazar sent a message to Churchill conveying the goodwill of the Portuguese government on the occasion of the Allied victory in Europe. The British Foreign Office considered not



replying at all, but eventually Churchill sent a message on 17th May, thanking Salazar and talking of the Azores and the alliance of 1373 that had been used to grant British access to the islands' bases, and describing Portugal as "our ally".

To the very end Salazar had continued to play "both sides of the coin" between the Allies and the Germans. After years of post-war haggling with the Allies—whose intelligence tracked up to 400 tons of Nazi gold from Switzerland to the Bank of Portugal—an agreement was eventually reached on 24th June 1953 whereby Portugal would return just four tons of gold.

Portugal, and Salazar, could be said to have had a very good war. Salazar would remain in office, for better or worse, for another 23 years.

IT AIN'T HALF

AS THE MERCURY continued to rise, following the longest spell of rain in living memory, it was becoming increasingly clear that the 2018 Tweed Run was going to be a scorcher.

Participants spent the preceding week anxiously comparing weather forecasts, selecting, deselecting, refining, rejecting and lightening their outfits. There were even appeals in the House for the event to be reclassified the "Linen Run" on humanitarian grounds.

At this point, the activity furthest from the mind of most right-minded individuals would

three-piece tweed suit, placed a feather in my fedora, strapped a picnic basket full of ale and scotch eggs to the front of my trusty Brompton and headed out on the highway, looking for adventure, or whatever came my way.

The first thing to come my way was Andrew and Pandora Harrison, Pandora looking as ever crisp and composed in spite of the weather.

Next up were Tom Carradine and Champagne Charlie, resplendent in their peacock hosiery with matching vivid blue berets, ties and boutonnieres, later to be joined by Tom's wife Faye and their young son also sporting the same.

Accompanying them at this point was the delightful Auntie Maureen who was gamely, if not wholly successfully, trying to balance several boxes full of cheese and—for reasons that never became totally clear—a large plastic lobster on the back of her bicycle while dressed in full Suffragette regalia complete with "Votes for Women" sash. Our numbers increased as we picked up other groups of be-tweed road warriors en-route to the Imperial War Museum where the ride was to begin.

Upon our arrival, the grounds were filled with an eclectic mix of retro roadsters, mountain bikes, drop-handlebar racers, recumbents and Boris bikes, all rubbing tyres with huge Penny Farthings.

The participants themselves were equally diverse, sporting tweeds of every hue and pattern in defiance of the ever-rising temperatures.

It was not long before more friends and members appeared: Ian Gale and Sally Sweetlove in another of her fabulous custom creations, accompanied by her son Josh, looking totally the part in a tweed hacking jacket and splendid red weskit. Steven Myhill wearing a lovely diamond point bowtie, Stewart Lister-Vickers on yet another new, old bicycle and George Davies in a huge multi-layered Edwardian style cycling dress of her own making, complete, I am told, with authentic bloomer undergarments.

be to embark upon a 12-mile cycle ride across London while sporting their finest Tweeds. But the loyal membership of the NSC have never counted right-mindedness among their core values; they are made of sterner stuff and would not countenance wardrobe compromises based upon the mere risk of heat exhaustion and sunstroke.

Therefore on the morning of the run, by way of preparation, I added an extra Cumberland sausage to my pre-ride breakfast, stoically donned my finest "Toad of Toad Hall"

HOT RUN

Stuart Turner reports as the NSC defies the sun once more to take on the majestic Tweed Run



The author (left) and Miss Minna (in the sash)



Pandora Harrison





The official group photo: at the centre, behind the penny farthing, are the blue berets of Team Carradine-Champagne Charlie

Also in attendance was Miss Minna, who was doing her first Tweed Run, despite being on a borrowed bicycle and not having ridden for 12 years.

At the appointed hour, to the sound of an enthusiastically, if not competently, played hunting bugle, we set off into the streets of Lambeth towards Westminster Bridge.

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.

Crossing the river, we ended up stuck in an exceptionally good-natured Tweed traffic jam on the Embankment caused, it seemed, by sheer weight of bicycles and a few unfortunately parked coaches.

Once clear of the Embankment, we all headed North towards Bloomsbury, for our appointed “tea stop” in Russell Square gardens.

I was cycling with Miss Minna who, as well as being splendid company, is also a registered London Tour Guide, meaning that I was treated to interesting facts and stories about the various suburbs we passed through, the highlight being as we wended our way west to Lisson Grove where, prompted by its apparent mention in *My Fair Lady* Minna treated me to a rousing rendition of “Wouldn’t It Be Luvly”.

We then skirted around the back of London Zoo on a canal towpath where, rather surprisingly, to the best of my knowledge, no one fell in, before heading through Camden and on to a late lunch stop at a strange place where they had made an apartment complex out of a



(Above and below) Some impressive customisation in evidence



(Below) Are these official tour jackets or skillfully homemade?





number of old gasometers.

Here we sought out a welcome patch of shade to lay out our picnics, before being most surprised when the wall against which we were sat opened to reveal a large lift and a surprised looking resident on a bicycle. We then learnt that this was in fact the lift to the carpark.

Once the obligatory team photo had been taken, those that had not succumbed to excessive inebriation, idleness or heatstroke set off on the short final leg back to the finish at the Bourne and Hollingsworth "Cycle Revolution Festival" in Clerkenwell and where we were joined by Giles Culpepper, resplendent in a white jacket, straw boater and striking pink tie.

This afforded the opportunity for a welcome refreshing cooling beverage and to shed a layer or two of tweeds.

Once again, I totally missed the prizegiving, choosing instead to drink George's smuggled gin, therefore I can

offer no meaningful insight into the categories or winners.

After a few hours the air cooled and the after-party started outside a pub in Exmouth Market where fine ale was drunk, sunburnt necks were compared and tall tales were told until last orders was called.

At which point I headed back to my hotel, where, after 15 hours in the baking sun in a full three piece tweed, I peeled off my clothes, beheld the horror beneath and took a long and a sorely needed shower.

Once more I have to thank the marshals for a well-run event, George for the gin and Minna for her excellent company and informative guided tour.

For any members who would like to avail themselves of Minna's expertise, I would recommend checking out her tours on www.facebook.com/laura.citymole.



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.



Augustus Harlequin-ffoote

"It was already broken"

Name or preferred name?
Augustus Harlequin-ffoote.

Why that nom de plume?

A combination of a tribute to the great "Gussie" Fink-Nottle, and a keen desire to see a more interesting variant on the Cornish surname "Foot".

Where do you hail from?

The remote mountains of Switzerland, on the banks of Lac Léman; near where the Evian mineral water comes from, just over the French border. But I don't own any lederhosen. Yet.

Favourite Cocktail?

More so than cocktails, I prefer cocktail recipe books, which I collect. My favourite one is replete with references to "The Great War", and a fondness for raw eggs in every other cocktail.

Most Chappist skill?

A talent for uncannily accurate deductions from people's attire. I once (correctly) twigged that a well-known politician was having an extra-marital affair, because of the angle of the creases on his trousers, which are a type of crease only found when trousers are repeatedly raised and dropped at great speed, in the course of frenetic activity—and I happened to know that this chap's wife was in Japan at the time!

Most Chappist possession?

A 19th-century parliamentary despatch box.

Personal Motto?

"It was already broken when I found it, constable."

Favourite Quotes?

"You see, there are still faint glimmers

of civilisation left in this barbaric slaughterhouse that was once known as humanity. Indeed, that's what we provide in our own modest, humble, insignificant...oh, f___ it."

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

...but I taught Carlos the Jackal everything he knows.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Cripes, I probably pre-date the NSC! I was an early subscriber to *The Chap* in the late 1990s, and while I was never a regular at the original Sheridan Club due to being away at university at the time, I did occasionally drop in. By the time I gravitated back to London, the NSC was up and running.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

Gossip among my cellmates after a few gay high spirits on the University Boat Race night.

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

Churchill's white port. It's aged for ten years, rather than the more usual seven, and blends in red grapes as well as white grapes, making for a much fuller-bodied taste, with a superb length on the palate, and a very clean finish. Irrefutably a treat for the summer months.

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

Sir Edward du Cann, John Stonehouse, and Jeremy Thorpe—because I never could resist the company of rogues. And Sir Edward could provide the wine—he invested his ill-gotten gains from Lonrho in a Cypriot vineyard and I recently obtained a case of his cabernet sauvignon. It's rather good—and very rich, as you might expect.

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

It would be Torquill Arbuthnot, if he ever



With a bottle of the cabernet sauvignon in question

finished Zambezi, the major motion picture he's been working on since 1956.

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

To my great shame Once, eight years ago. I'd just started my PhD on the history of London gentlemen's clubs. Now that that's behind me, and I've just launched a book on the topic, I shall be returning, to report back on what I've learned!

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.



Demonstrating his fabled eyebrow technique

The Sheridan Children's WEEKEND AT THE BEACH

IN GLORIOUS WEATHER the children of the Sheridan club gathered. This year we sampled the delights of Kent, staying at a campsite in Romney Sands. The following families attended roll call: Beckwith, Fowler, Iggulden, Lakin. The weather was ideal, bright sunshine, with a stiff sea breeze, perfect for the future Sheridanites to run as a pack, whilst dressed impeccably in tweed.

On Saturday morning the little darlings tumbled out of our tents and immediately launched into a 7am game of croquet, played noisily between the tents, while the adults slowly awoke. Once sufficient amounts of coffee had been consumed we ventured on to the beach—a huge expanse of lowtide sand below a high tide shingle bank. The children set to with bucket and spade and net—every crab in a pool was found, admired, returned to the water, re-found, re-admired and repeat. Mr Beckwith set off towards the low tide point to see the sea, and on he walked, and on. The tide goes far out at Romney!

As lunchtime approached I discovered to my astonishment that none of the group was interested in watching the Royal Wedding, so I abandoned my child to the pack and wandered off alone to the pub. When I returned the tide had risen, covering the sand, so the pack had retreated to the playground on the beach front green. Their occupation of running in circles and talking nonsense continued unchanged, clearly they needed no adult guidance in banter and repartee. At this point the blue, blue skies and blue green sea called to me so a lovely swim was had, as the waves rolled on to the shingle.

A beachfront restaurant provided a splendid repast of hearty food, served quickly, with a tasty glass of bubbly. By this point the pack of children were ravenous and they fell upon the food with vigour. Once the little darlings were sated and had quietened down, we returned to the campsite and lit a fire. By the evening's setting sun, with the warm, fiery glow of squaddie TV, the children settled down to an exhausted torpor, while the adults sang to Mr

Ensign Polyethyl reports from the annual NSC seaside jaunt

Beckwith's ukulele. Neighbouring campers were treated to such classics as *Danny Boy* and *Kumbaya*, *My Lord*, which can be sung and enjoyed, without irony, when at a campsite with a range of exhausted toddlers, staring into a fire.

Sunday morning dawned fine and fair, and the children raced off to play on the campsite's zipwire while the adults took their time about waking up. Sunday's jaunt was a trip on the miniature steam train, the Hythe and Dymchurch light railway. We went from Romney Sands to Dungeness—a stunning expanse of shingle headland. Climbing the 150 steps of the Dungeness lighthouse gave a breathtaking view of the sea, sky, nuclear power station and gravel. Gravel, gravel, everywhere you look, more gravel. The wild flowers growing on this extraordinary headland were simply beautiful. Who knew that irises thrive so well on gravel? The children, having been given stern warnings not to paddle in the sea on this current-swept headland, set to with wild enthusiasm sliding down the shingle bank, throwing stones, running in circles, poking interesting things washed up by the sea, examining a strange thing we found which may or may not have been a jellyfish, losing and finding their sunhats and admiring the glories of our wondrous nuclear power station.

As the afternoon wore on, and the end of the weekend approached, I can confirm that there is no better way to start your journey home, than on a miniature steam train. With the final icecream of the weekend we boarded the Winston Churchill, and chuffed slowly away from the fantastical landscape of Dungeness. The train's horn hooted our farewell across the expanse of the headland.

Next year —Broadstairs! May the ranks of Sheridanite Children grow ever more numerous, tweed clad and glorious.





At the top of the Dungeness lighthouse



Aboard the Hythe and Dymchurch miniature railway

(Above) Sign marking a former anti-aircraft gun: during WWII the campsite had the role of shooting down doodlebugs (needless to say, Jessie took this picture)





vivacious, glamorous and desired, yet “not the kind you marry”. As men and women fall for her she leaves a trail of heartache and despair in her wake. The coterie that surrounds her eventually betray each other over money, while Lulu slips all the while into poverty. I’m not clear if Lulu is a tragic naif, more sinned against than sinning, or if Pabst was telling a morality tale, where the moral is that, however alluring and fun-loving you may be, what really matters is respectability and money.

The BFI PR department arranged a group visit for us, with complimentary tickets, if we came dressed in 1920s outfits. It did seem a little haphazard—it turned out that, since it was a Sunday, they could not arrange a photographer to come and cover the photo op, so we took some photos ourselves, the results of which are here.

The film is running until 14th June and if you use the code BOX when booking tickets online you can get two tickets for the price of one (see whatson.bfi.org.uk/Online/pandorasbox2018).



Club Tie Corner

THIS MONTH WE run the gamut of homewares, footwear, swimwear, even neckwear. Top right we have this vintage ad from our most prolific spotter Ivan Debono, who is also responsible for this snapshot of Roger Moore in club silk below. Meanwhile Danny Boswell sent us the image of his chum Bingo intimidating a steward at Twickenham who was found in a Club tie.



CLUB NOTES

Pandora's Box Opened

WE HAD A SPECIAL treat this month when the British Film Institute got in touch about their current screening of a new digital restoration of Louise Brooks's most famous film, *Pandora's Box*. The 1929 silent epic, directed by G.W. Pabst in Germany, charts the tragic decline of showgirl Lulu,





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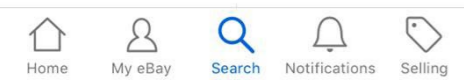


Curtains Eyelet Ring Top lined fully ready made tie backs 3 Tone black red grey

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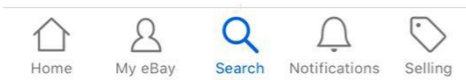


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Meanwhile Callum Coates seems to have been shopping hard—the four top items opposite are all from him. It’s as if the NSC had opened its own designer outlet. The one-piece bathing costume is from Debono again, while Craigho spotted this woman in what appears to be a deconstructed Club jumper. We have Ian Treal to thank for exposing us to the sight of US Secretary of State Mike Pompeo in a Club tie—and apparently it’s quite a favourite of his as it appears in a number of official photographs.

Benjamin Negroto probably wins the prize for most tenuous Tie Spot this month, with this image (above) of Rowan Atkinson as Mr Bean, wearing something that isn’t a great deal like a Club tie. Finally, this apt (given his appearance on pages 4–15) photo of the Duke of Windsor comes courtesy of Harrison Goldman.



New Member

JUST ONE NEW bug this time, Lindsay Sinclair from St Albans (above) who seems already to have his own Club tie.





Forthcoming Events



**BOTH OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS (🚫) AND
THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY**

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

🚫 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 6th 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 clarinetist 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
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 Dance Classes

Every Friday (except, presumably, when the

BTBC itself is taking place at the same venue)
6.30–8pm, followed by social dancing till
10.15pm

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London
W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £15 for lesson and social dancing or
£10 just for the social from Design My Night

From the makers of the Black Tie Ballroom
Club (see below), the method of these beginners
classes assumes new students have musicality or
experience in other dance forms such as Lindy,
places the emphasis on moving in time to the
music, and aims for 80% of beginner students
to confidently and gracefully get around the
dancefloor with a partner after the first lesson,
and be ready for the improvers class after two
lessons.

For King and Country

Until Sunday 10th June

Variable start time

Secret Cabinet War Rooms, 84 Long Lane,
London SE1 4AU

Admission: £29–35

Immersive theatre which imagines a version
of the Second World War where Edward VIII
is on the throne, Lord Halifax is Prime Minister
and a Nazi invasion of Britain is about to
become a reality. Customers play the roles of
a small group of backbench MPs taken to a
secret war room and given the task of saving the
nation from jackbooted oblivion. More at www.forkingandcountry.london.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 8th June

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

The Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Square, London
W1T 6AQ (02073870411)

Admission: £10 earlybird 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,



Brace yourself for the Dandy Pub Crawl

and four or five male and female taxi dancers
available free of charge for those who do. The
venue is dry, but free tea and coca cola are
provided, and guests may smuggle in their own
drinks if they are discreet. Tickets are £10
online or £15 on the door. We have a large
wooden dance floor and are located in beautiful
Fitzroy Square, London W1. In the same
building (the Indian YMCA) the excellent in-
house canteen does a set vegetarian three course
meal for just £8 from 7pm to 9 pm. Dress
code is strictly black tie and evening dress only,
and we have sold out for the past four dances.
Activities include a quickstep bus stop and ten
most glamorously dressed women able to get
around the floor doing a slow waltz competition.
Any questions, please phone George Tudor-
Hart on 020 8542 1490. For more details
see the Facebook group.

The Blitz Party

Saturday 9th June
8pm

A secret east London location

Admission: £35

Bourne & Hollingsworth's 1940s-themed
party returns in a cavernous venue meant
to evoke an air-raid shelter filled with Blitz
spirit. Live big-band music and swing-dance
instructors who will give a lesson beforehand
at 7pm, then demonstrations later on. More
at www.theblitzparty.com.

Victorian Summer Picnic

Sunday 10th June

12–5pm

Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd,
Knightsbridge, London SW7 2RL

Admission: £25

Dress: Victorian

Meet and picnic on the lawns at the V&A,
with a photo shoot, followed by a private tour
of part of the museum. Cost of admission
includes a small gift and there is a prize for
the best dressed. (Note that this is privately
organised, not a V&A event as such.) To book
email romana.art.uk@gmail.com. (I gather that
numbers are limited and notice is short so they
may be full already.)



Treat yourself to
Sunday afternoon
tea in the Art
Deco surroundings
of Fontaine's



Tea at Fontaine's

Sunday 10th June
2.30pm, 3pm, 3.30pm, 4pm, 4.30pm or 5pm
Fontaine's, 176 Stoke Newington Road, London N16 7UY

Admission: £30 or 35

Fontaine's, the diminutive Art Deco styled bar and cabaret venue run by burlesque veteran Emerald Fontaine, is starting a regular monthly afternoon tea, offering a selection of fine teas and speciality cocktails, as well as a choice of traditional and vegan afternoon tea menus (both £30 per person, or £35 with a glass of prosecco) with freshly made finger sandwiches, sumptuous cakes and classic scones served warm with clotted cream (or coconut butter) and jam. Email Ruby@Fontaines.Bar to reserve your table.

The Silver Ghosts at the Albert Hall

Sunday 24th June
12–3pm
The Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2AP

Admission: £31.50 including two courses from <https://goo.gl/ZfhWKq> or telephone 020 7589 8212
The Silver Ghosts,

1920s–40s jazz age revivalists, whose upbeat swing performances have previously effected exhilarating Boardwalk Empire/Great Gatsby-style atmospheres at venues like Ronnie Scott's bar, The Savoy, and The 100 Club (and, of course, the Candlelight Club), are offering you the opportunity to savour the experience while eating a two-course brunch at the Verdi restaurant in The Royal Albert Hall. Ticket price includes the meal and a welcome drink.

Dandy Pub Crawl

Thursday 28th June
6–11pm
Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, 145 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2BU
Admission: Free, but bring beer money
Dress: Male dandy attire from 17th to

mid-20th century

Jonny Haart's Dandy Drinking Club announces its next spree. Starting at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, the crawl will take in the Cittie of Yorke and the Princess Louise, so that's three pretty good reasons to go for a start. More details of the route will be announced nearer the time. Those who would like to attend are asked to RSVP through www.dandydrinkingclub.com. The club is a celebration of male sartorial elegance and the art of drinking. Women are very welcome to attend but are still expected to dress in male dandy attire. The event is free but



Join the Bright Young Things at the Candlelight Club's Summer Ball

Jonny will be selling annual membership of the club on the night—I imagine he'll be able to explain what you get for your money.

The Candlelight Club's Summer Ball

Saturday 30th June

7pm–12am

A secret east London location

Admission: £30 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

A 1920s clandestine speakeasy party in a secret London venue lit by candles, with live jazz bands, cabaret and vintage vinylism, a cocktail bar, and kitchens serving bar food as well as a three-course dinner menu. Guests receive an email a few days before the event revealing the secret location. See www.thecandlelightclub.com.

This time it's a special Summer Ball: relive the romance of the Jazz Age in a long-forgotten, candlelit hall in east London where a host of flappers and Bright Young Things will frolic in two rooms of entertainment.

In the Ballroom get ready to glide and shimmy to live music from cabaret cove Champagne Charlie and his band the Bubbly Boys. Dancing along to the band will be Charleston dance troupe the Gatsby Girls, showing you how it's done. When the band aren't playing DJs The Bee's Knees will be spinning vintage platters into the night.

There is also a three-course dinner menu to preorder, or the option to reserve tables with Champagne, plus a menu of bar snacks and sharing platters to order on the night.

Meanwhile in the Cabaret Lounge there will be another bar, and live music from Sara Spade and the Noisy Boys in the early evening, followed by two variety shows hosted by Amber Topaz, featuring Demi Noire, channelling scandalous 1920s dancer Josephine Baker, and hooping and feats of balance from pocket rocket Abi Collins.

Want to know what the future holds for you? Our fortune tellers Foxglove and Lucius will be on hand to advise.

"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*



Suffragette City

Saturday 30th June

2–4pm

Meet at the base of the Monument in London
Admission: £10 for NSC Members (discounted from regular price of £15)

Back by popular demand, Miss Minna will be repeating her Suffragette City walking tour of the Square Mile, looking at the important roles that women have played over the centuries in what might seem a male-dominated neck of the woods. It is particularly relevant in 2018—100 years after women first received partial suffrage—but women have always been in the City, making money, fighting their corner and facing challenges including fire, plague, war—and, of course, men. "You won't be able to miss me," she says. "I'll be wearing my 'Deeds not words!' banner. We'll be meeting aristocrats, merchants, maidservants, monarchs and, of course, Suffragettes. Representatives of the Patriarchy are welcome. We'll go to the pub afterwards. Book in advance by emailing laurathecitymole@gmail.com.

A motley crew of Club types assemble for a viewing of the new restored print of *Pandora's Box*, Louise Brooks's most famous film. See page 28

BFI
SOUTHERN
CITY
CINEMA

SHOWING IN JUNE

Agnès Varda

Ida Lupino

Animation 2018: The Female Pioneer

Big Screen Classics

Woman With a Movie Camera

Pandora's Box

Arcadia

The Piano

