


- 
- PLUS:
- The Club Cufflink unveiled
  - Sex tips from the 1890s
  - Hats at the V&A
  - The secret life of WWII uniforms

## Going For Gold

Mrs H. single-handedly wins the Alehouse Challenge

The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

XXX • April 2009



The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of the Wheatsheaf pub 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 here and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women here 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 here, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

### The Editor Writes

AS I SIT AT the Newsletter office's steam-powered typewriter and gaze out of the window, it seems that the season has turned at last. No longer will lazy journalists such as myself be able to talk about the credit-crunch-driven "Winter of Discontent". Instead it will have to be the Spring of Parsimony or some such. Or perhaps a Spring Offensive: I'm sure Artemis can oblige. Anyway, here goes...

### The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 1st April in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. No, it really will: despite the date, that is not a joke. Our guest speaker will be the Earl of Essex, returning for a second innings as a Turn. His subject will be *Woolworths: The Rise and Decline of a Five-and-Dime Dynasty*, a ballad of the retail chain founded in 1878 by an American potato farmer and the notoriety of some of his family.

### The Last Meeting

There was a good turn-out for the March gathering, where the historian, Mr Sean Longden delighted us on a subject close to all our hearts, 1940s fashion. In particular he

examined the ways that British soldiers, envious of the stylish uniforms worn by the Americans and others, tried to enhance their own unflattering dress to make it more modish. We heard how some would have tailors adjust the lines and how it became fashionable to wear German army belts. In addition, we learned how, as the war drew on, some soldiers found ways to express their individuality by augmenting their uniforms with silk scarves, riding boots, umbrellas and eccentric headgear such as top hats.

For the evening we were also graced by the presence of a team of cinematographers from Lincoln University. Needless to say, the Earl of Waveney is the connection here and the film crew were making a documentary about Chappism. They interviewed Mr Longden and various other Members. They even took what I believe is known as a subjective tracking shot from the point of view of someone entering the venue, climbing the stairs and approaching the Club table to sign in. Very sophisticated, though I fear this technology will have grave consequences: surely when the unwashed public stare slack-jawed at this film in cinematic theatres they will presumably believe they really are in the Club—and will doubtless panic, clutching fearfully at their tie-free throats as they realise how woefully underdressed they are for the environment in which they find themselves. Bit like a strange bad dream.



(Above) Emma Presland signs her life away. Like many, she joined to forget.



(Above) Ernie Samat demonstrates the shortcomings of British battledress; (right) Mr Longden orates; (below right) the rapt audience; (below) Torquil displays a Club cufflink (see p.20); (right) Ernie with his military issue teddy bear; (bottom left) Mr Stephen Smith



(Above) Mrs Downer seems to be showing off her engagement ring to an adoring throng

(Right) These flyers for Nosey Joe's club night feature none other than NSC Member Miss Charlotte Louise Newton



(Above) The film crew interview Mr Longden and (below) seem relieved to have had their sartorial standards yanked up a notch.



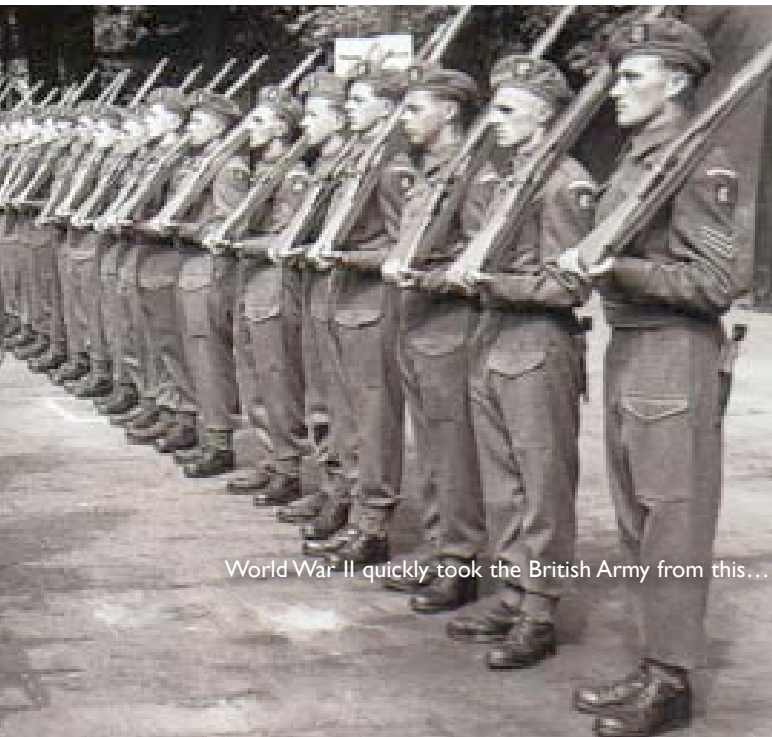


## “We Didn’t Have a Uniform As Such...”

### Fashion in the British Army During the Second World War

By Sean Longden

EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS of tourists descend on London to witness the pomp and pageantry of Britain’s heritage. At the very centre of this are the traditional military displays of the Changing Of The Guard and the Trooping Of The Colour. These soldiers of the Guards regiments and the Household Cavalry, with their spotless tunics, shining boots and faultlessly synchronised drill, are the very picture of British military tradition. These are the descendants of the men sent all over the globe to serve the Empire. It was a tradition where ability and efficiency were sometimes perceived as secondary to appearance. British military mythology is full of tales of men fighting last-gasp actions, constantly dogged by a Sergeant Major admonishing them for having a button missing. Tales abound of officers fighting colonial wars with their swelteringly hot woollen tunics buttoned to the neck—“Mad Dogs and Englishmen” indeed.



World War II quickly took the British Army from this...

Twentieth century peacetime soldiering had changed little, with a constant struggle to keep uniforms and barracks spotless. The razor sharp creases, gleaming brass, shining boots and faultless parade ground drill were the bedrock upon which discipline was based and gave men pride in their regiment.

New recruits during World War Two were subjected to the same exacting standards. Assessing the shock to the “civilian” soldiers one military chaplain wrote: “He is no longer free to dress as he pleases or to go where he pleases. He can be ordered to do things against his will. His whole life is regulated without his wishes being consulted. His personality is merged in that of the group.” Little wonder most of the fighting men would use amendments to their uniform as a way to express their individuality as soon as the opportunity arose.

Why is it that the American style of WW2 is still perceived as “cool”—how many people in so-called “cargo pants” realise they are wearing a copy of a WW2 American parachutist’s trouser?—yet the British Army style of the period just seems old fashioned? To understand this we must explore the nature of the British uniform. The basis of all British uniforms of the period was the Battledress, a two-piece outfit of blouson jacket and loose-fitting trousers made from rough khaki serge. The battledress remained an unpopular garment and most of its wearers thought they were the worst dressed army on the battlefields of Europe. They laughed that the jacket could make them look pregnant in front and hunchbacked in the rear. Tall thin men found



...to this

their trousers needed to be pulled in at the waist, the crotch hanging down towards their knees, whilst stout men found the trousers too tight across the seat. One Private recalls: “Who invented the battledress? To begin with it looked slovenly. A soldier is supposed to look smart, but in battledress most of us looked like out-of-work dustcart attendants. When the Australian and American servicemen came to Britain they put our lads to shame. If a bloke got one that fitted perfect when he was standing up it was half way up his back when he bent to pick anything up, and when he straightened up it stayed there. When this happened with equipment on it was most uncomfortable and almost impossible to rectify unless the wearer undid the equipment belt first.”

There were many other styles of headgear for use when the helmet was not needed. The ludicrous forage caps of the early war years had been replaced in all but a few regiments. The forage cap had served little purpose apart from annoying drill instructors when it fell from the heads of new recruits. In its place most regiments had adopted the General Service Cap, a floppy brown hat not dissimilar in shape and design to the “Tam O’Shanters” that remained the basic headgear of many Scottish and Canadian Scottish regiments. This cap—itchy, misshapen and sloppy—was the perfect accompaniment to the battledress.

The general rule was that berets, Tams and caps should always angle to the right. However there were exceptions. Irish regiments wore theirs to the left. Royal Armoured Corps men learned to wear their black beret to the rear of their heads whilst the Yeomanry they served alongside wore theirs to the side. And paratroops tended to wear their red berets square upon the top of the head. It was all a matter of tradition, designed to instill a sense of



Battledress: not sexy

identity and cohesion.

At the outbreak of war the British Army looked far different from the way it would look in 1945. Yet many of these changes would be the result not just of the experience of war but also of the soldiers’ desire to express themselves. Right from the start this was something the army struggled with: serving in France in 1940 General Montgomery had been appalled by his troops’ appearance. “I see men lounging about in the streets with their tunics open, hats on the back of their head...in all sorts of kit; in the same party some men wore helmets, some soft caps, some no headgear at all.” However Montgomery, the first British General to wear battledress rather than service dress, did qualify this

by saying that “when battle is

joined we can think again”.

With the failure of the campaign in France and Belgium in 1940 the British public went in search of heroes. The first offering was “The Few”. The RAF pilots of the Battle of Britain were to capture the public imagination—they flew in their shirtsleeves and soft shoes, their necks wrapped in coloured scarves, their hair worn fashionably long. They appeared more like civilians, men who had strayed straight from a university bar or riverside picnic on to an airfield. Considering how young many of them were, this was not far from the truth.

It was to be two more years before another group of men won the public’s heart—the Eighth Army with its long-awaited victory at El Alamein. Again these men’s appearance would have incurred the wrath of every Sergeant Major on the parade grounds back home. The conditions in the desert prevented the upkeep of old standards and gradually the look changed. Men wore whatever headgear was comfortable—tin helmets, solar topees, forage caps, bush hats, woollen cap comforters and even Arab headdress. The days could be



The agreeably dishevelled flyboys of the RAF

Guardsmen of postcards and advertisements, but the unkempt men of the less fashionable regiments. And these were the men who continued the campaign through Sicily and Italy where their style underwent more permutations. In the searing Sicilian sun some soldiers adopted the wide-brimmed straw hats favoured by the locals. The unconventional appearance of one Eighth Army soldier finally

blistering and the nights perishing. Pullovers, unacceptable back home, became *de rigueur*, their waistbands visible in the gap between battledress blouse and trousers. Clothes were worn to taste in the Eighth Army. Soldiers often sported a combination of tropical khaki drill and battledress, some men in long trousers, others in shorts. Some men wore leather boots, others suede. Many officers took to wearing civilian clothing—“mufti”, as they called it—purchased on visits to Cairo or Alexandria, that they found better suited to local conditions. One officer recalled that when captured by the Italians in 1941 he wore: “no badges of rank, but a golf jacket, a pink shirt into which was tucked a yellow silk scarf, a pair of green corduroy trousers and an expensive pair of suede boots”.

This was the look made famous in Jon’s “Two Types” cartoon (see right) which featured two of this new breed, men who sported large moustaches and carried fly whisks. It was in the desert that Montgomery himself adopted the individual style that was soon to become his trademark. His black tank man’s beret with its two badges and his customary civilian trousers were to become instantly recognisable to troops and public alike.

These were the men who won the battles that finally turned the tide of war. Not the spotless

caused Montgomery to act: “I saw a lorry coming towards me with a soldier wearing a silk top hat. As the lorry passed me, the driver leant out from his cab and took off his hat to me with a sweeping and gallant gesture. I just roared with laughter. However, while I was not particular about dress so long as soldiers fought well and we won our battles, I at once decided there were limits. When I got back to my headquarters I issued the only order I ever issued about dress in the Eighth Army; it read: “Top hats will not be worn in the Eighth Army.””

The general public back home agreed with



Cartoon lampooning the Eighth Army casual style

Monty that you had to have a victory before you could have the parade. By 1944 the soldiers in England preparing for the invasion of the Continent, learning from returning Eighth Army veterans, were aware that, once battle was joined, the barrack room standards would slip and comfort would become the overriding issue. From 1944 the hard fighting of the Normandy campaign did indeed bring changes. As Alexander Baron wrote to his family on the first anniversary of D-Day: “If you wanted to dress like a comic opera pirate you could.”

In the heat of summer the soldiers had to change their clothing to make it more comfortable. The warm serge of the battledress was the first thing to go. It was too heavy and rubbed at their necks. At first they unbuttoned their blouses and rolled back the cuffs, then the soldiers removed them, strapped them into their webbing, and fought in their shirtsleeves. The ever-busy gunners of the artillery stood for hours under the scorching sun, reacting to fire orders, laying down barrages. For comfort they stripped off their jackets and shirts—in extreme cases working in bathing trunks—yet all the while with their heads protected by their helmets.

The relaxation of the standards of discipline over uniforms allowed men to express themselves with small details. They picked up umbrellas from the ruins of villages and marched *en masse* sheltering under the canopies.

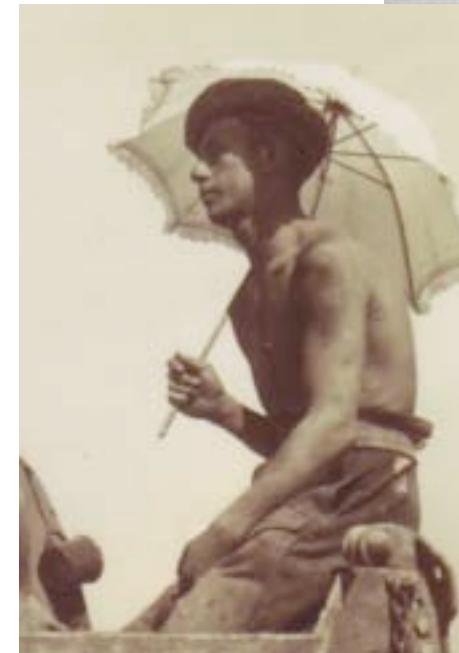
Whole units picked roses—the traditional English symbol—from bushes lining the roads of France to decorate their hats. Why this desire to stand out? It is said that the troops were bound first to their own unit rather than to the army as a whole. It was also a way of saying that despite being soldiers they were still civilians at heart. By appearing casual men were

attempting to feel casual, as one sergeant explained: “The psychological advantages of going into battle with your tunic collar turned up and one hand in your pocket, when possible, cannot be overemphasised.”

These stylistic gestures were just the start of a movement. They were young men, with the same fashion interests as men of their age across the world. In the glare of Normandy



In Sicily men adopted both umbrellas and local straw hats against the sun



sunglasses became popular and throughout the campaign scarves were widely worn by the soldiers. For some it was decoration and for others just comfort. Scarves prevented the heavy serge of the blouse from chafing the neck. They could act as facemasks against smoke or dust or could mop up sweat. For the most basic neckwear the soldiers tore strips from their camouflage face veils. Or they might

pick up table-cloths from the wreckage of houses and cafés, tear coloured silk from parachutes abandoned after airborne operations or simply take women’s headscarves from local houses. Operation Varsity, the airborne drop to the east of the Rhine, left plenty of variously coloured parachutes littering the fields. In the days that followed there was a craze among



Two shots showing the popularity of neck scarves

soldiers for having the brightest silk scarf. In the final days of the war a German pilot reported how he parachuted into a field to be met by British infantrymen who ignored him and set about cutting up his parachute.

Even when men retained regulation issue uniform it was not to say they all looked alike. There were still opportunities for personal expression without breaking the rules. Vehicle crews noted how one man might wear battledress, another a tank suit, a third a leather jerkin and so on.

But while most riflemen could only make minor adjustments to their uniforms some of their infantry colleagues were dressing up to a degree few could have expected before they arrived on the continent. The top hat described by Montgomery was not unique. Out of the line many men took to wearing all manner of headgear—straw sunhats, fur hats, bowlers, trilbys—but it was the top hat that really caught the imagination of the soldiers, who were amused by the upper-class connotations. In the moments before the start of Operation Market Garden General Horrocks noticed a complete

carrier crew, waiting for the advance to begin, all sporting tall black hats. During the battles around Oosterbeek, outside Arnhem, one NCO kept his men entertained by walking around in a stovepipe hat that he claimed made him impervious to shellfire.

Somehow the “high ups” in the army misjudged the mood of the men. While the soldiers were fighting well—succeeding in their tasks and advancing slowly towards Germany—the Provost Corps were being told to check up on headgear. With hundreds of men wearing comical civilian hats the MPs were being instructed to make sure berets and caps were being correctly worn on top of heads, rather than hanging off the side or the back. Judging by film and photographs of the time, it was an order they would never be able to enforce. The MPs themselves were known regularly to ignore regulations by breaking their service caps to change the look.

Hairstyles were also influenced by war. The extremes of the “short back and sides” so favoured by Sergeant Majors was slowly replaced by more relaxed styles. In preparation for their leading role in the D-Day landings some men adopted unusual hairstyles. Crew cuts became popular and some of the more

adventurous, such as some paratroopers of the 6th Airborne Division, shaved the sides of their heads for the “Mohican” look. One East Yorkshire Regiment soldier was even seen to have his hair shaved just leaving the three dots and a dash to denote the “V for Victory” morse sign; others shaved their hair into diamonds or square patterns. Haircuts were used by some men as a distinctive mark of their “esprit de corps”. One tank commander noted how the crews of the recovery vehicles in his squadron all went without headwear to show off their shaven heads.

With the escalation of the fighting in France in the months following D-Day there were to be few opportunities for the front line soldiers to get haircuts or wash their hair and the appearance of most soldiers deteriorated. It would only be once the fighting had died down and leave to the towns and cities of Belgium and France had been initiated that the soldiers could use their 48 hours of freedom to get a professional haircut. Once newly coiffured the soldiers would then go to photographic studios to have their portraits taken to be sent home to their families.

The only problem was that continental hairdressers seemed to have a very different idea of how men’s hair should be treated than the barbers back at home. They left hair longer than regulation length and used oils and waxes to shape it in a way few soldiers had previously encountered. Men with their hair treated in this way initially found themselves the subject of ridicule. Their mates laughed, calling them “poofs” and comparing



Note both the extreme cap angle and the generous coiffure of this fellow

them to the pampered poodles carried by French women. But, despite the teasing, hairstyles began to change: the shaven sides and backs disappeared and the tops got longer and wavier. Soon off-duty soldiers were pushing their general service caps back as far as possible to show off ever-growing quiffs, a change that would be realised more fully in the post-war years.

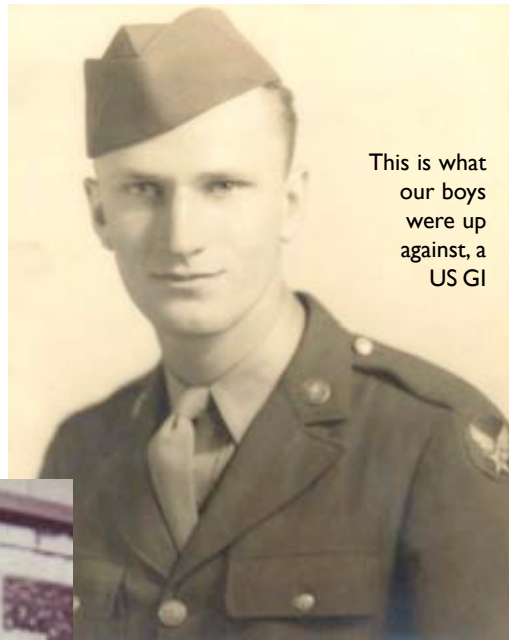
Another fad was for German belts. These were taken from corpses, picked up from abandoned positions or removed from prisoners. As one man later told me, he had turned over a dead German whose body was still warm, just to remove his belt. He later realised this was a bizarre action for a quiet, young bank clerk. Why was a leather belt with a German eagle and the words “Gott Mitt Uns” so important to him? The answer was



Soldiers adopted all manner of comical civilian hats



fashion. Others decorated their belts with badges taken from the corpses of defeated enemies, like personal battle honours—each marking a unit he had defeated. Such displays were a way of binding units together, even



This is what our boys were up against, a US GI

their battledress blouse and to wear collars and ties when off duty. For men going on leave it made a welcome change to appear smart and, ideally, impress the local women. The only problem was that few had access to either collared shirts or ties. Once more the soldiers had to improvise and when MPs began to check they discovered men were

if just one eight-man section. Though most soldiers took pleasure in dressing down whenever they could, when they came into contact

wearing unauthorised patterns.

Many had managed to acquire officers' pattern shirts and ties. Others traded with their American allies, for whom ties were an integral part of the uniform. Some British units shared a collared shirt and tie, given to each man in turn as he went on leave. When it came time for John Mercer to visit Brussels he was fortunate: "One of my mates was a tailor's cutter. He sat down on his haunches and altered my shirt, and several other shirts, making us collars and ties."

Some men took their trousers into local tailor's workshops and had them altered to give a better fit around the waist and seat and for the legs to be less baggy—similar to the GI's trousers. However, some senior officers were not keen. The Commanding Officer of the 1/5th Queens Regiment, part of the 7th Armoured Division, ordered checks to be carried out on his men. Between the 15th and 17th January 1945 full kit inspections were ordered with prizes of 48 hour leave passes and free NAAFI issue for the best turned-out men. Tailor's tickets, indicating unofficial alterations, were just one criteria of the inspections. Officers were also instructed to check uniforms for the correct number of buttons on shirts, that socks were correctly darned, there were no oil stains on battledress, boots were laced properly and that trousers hung in the correct manner. The timing of these checks seems strange since on the 17th the battalion took 68 casualties—men who would not have been spared by having the correct number of shirt buttons.

The tank and armoured yeomanry regiments had a lax attitude towards clothing. They were military revolutionaries, men who were looking forward to a new kind of war, not back at the

battles of two hundred years before. This seemed to have been passed down to the men of the tank crews, many of whom displayed little more than a passing knowledge of the accepted dress codes. The officers of the Royal Tank Regiment considered themselves the elite of mobile armoured warfare, feeling they were more professional than the recently armoured Guards regiments or the dashing figures of the newly armoured cavalry regiments. The cavalrymen thought likewise. They were an elite; they may have traded their horses for tanks and armoured cars but many were still determined to show their fighting abilities with the reckless abandon that had characterised cavalry warfare through history.

Hand in hand with this came a sartorial style that seemed a direct heir of the cavaliers of the English Civil War. Of all the men making stylistic amendments to their uniforms the tank officers were to display more abandon than most. Unlike infantry officers, who needed to blend in with the other ranks to avoid observation by the enemy, tank commanders were already conspicuous since they were usually visible to the enemy as they needed to sit on the rims of their turrets. There was no point in being disguised and so they dressed as they felt most comfortable. The loading of

landing craft in preparation for D-Day was given an almost holiday atmosphere when one Guards officer supervised the loading of his tanks dressed in grey flannels and a white shirt. This was the spirit carried throughout the armoured units. In many regiments it became *de rigueur* to dress in the "Eighth Army Style" of scarves, cords and desert boots. Not all were actually veterans of the North African campaign but they liked to appear confident, experienced soldiers.

One tank commander described his regiment: "The officers look as though they are dressed for a fancy dress ball. One has a leather jerkin. Another is wearing denim overalls. One has a cricket sweater on. Others are in full battledress. One or two are in shirtsleeves. Trousers range from sloppy corduroys to sloppy serge." Other items of clothing seen in use in Normandy included a fur-lined leather jacket and even a Harlequins rugby shirt. Our tank commander recalled one of his officers being reprimanded for his appearance: "He was wearing German jackboots, riding breeches and a coloured scarf in a remote outpost in Holland when the Brigadier unexpectedly appeared. Brig. Scott, a strict disciplinarian but respected leader, 'bawled him out'—shouting, 'Get some bloody proper uniform on and try to look like an officer!'"

While the situation was different in the infantry, many officers there still adopted deliberately relaxed images, as if a direct challenge to the perceived precise military bearing of the German officer class. The monocle-wearing Prussian officer with high-collared jacket, shaven head and duelling scars had long been a comic figure in British eyes, from the First World War to the stereotype perpetuated by Hollywood in the 1920s and 1930s in characters played by George Sanders and Eric Von Stroheim.

The sheer variety of dress on display here is a delight in itself, but note in particular the wide range of lapel styles sported by these officers



Note the ties these British soldiers are now wearing

with civilians they wanted to be as smart as possible. The soldiers going on leave were irritated that they had to go into Brussels dressed in baggy khaki serge uniforms. Even after pressing out the creases they realised battledress wouldn't compete with the GIs' uniforms—the Americans went on leave dressed in smart trousers, skirted jackets, shoes and a collared shirt with tie. The British felt they looked like binmen in comparison and feared the Yanks would "pull all the good looking birds". Even the officers of 21st Army Group couldn't compare to the average American riflemen.

In an attempt to redress the balance the soldiers defied regulations and contrived to get ties to wear whilst on leave. Such was the disquiet among the troops that the rules were changed to correspond with the changes being unofficially made. From late 1944 other ranks were permitted to leave open the top button of





(Above) An officer admires a homemade rabbit-skin jacket; (right) this fellow is using all he can to keep out the cold



With service dress put aside for the duration of the war officers, like their men, wore battledress. They were allowed to wear either issue battledress or have an individual suit made by a tailor. If they chose to wear the issue battledress blouse they were allowed to have the collar altered so that the jacket lining was not visible. Instead it could be reshaped and lined with fabric to give the appearance of jacket lapels. Tailor-made garments often had a similar appearance but were obviously better fitting. Photographs of senior officers show a wide variety of styles, some wearing the most basic “Economy Issue” blouses, without alterations, some wearing tailored jackets with various collar and lapel sizes. Some favoured small neat lapels, others preferred wider, open collars. Men like Brigadier Roscoe Harvey favoured a modern image—he wore a battledress blouse with a zipped front giving it the appearance of a civilian blouson jacket. Others like Major General Thomas, commander of the 43rd Division, resembled a cross between a Great War general and the villain in a Victorian melodrama—he wore riding boots, breeches

and a long leather coat.

Not all the officers had the luxury of such alterations. Many did not have the financial backing of the traditional officer class and couldn't afford the luxury of tailor-made uniforms. This new breed of officer, many from the working classes or the lower middle classes of 1930s suburbia, instead wore exactly the same outfit as the riflemen of their platoons. This in itself was an expression—a challenge to the old ways of the army. Ken Hardy, a young

subaltern serving in the Hallams, was one of those infantry officers who enjoyed the anonymity of dressing to merge in with his platoon. He recalled: “I knew about dressing down before I went out to Normandy. I never carried a pistol, I never carried a map and I never carried binoculars. If I did they were underneath my jacket. But I carried a rifle from the word go. I mean, you want to live! We all realised you had to dress accordingly. The senior officers accepted this. They didn't do likewise, but they realised us platoon commanders weren't going to live very long if we didn't dress like privates. It stood me in hellish good stead.” This was a revolt against the old, decorative ways of the gentlemen soldiers and was a reflection of what was to come in the post-war

years—both in fashion and throughout society.

Still, there were some infantry officers who dressed to stand out. Though few, they made an indelible impression in the minds of the men. Peter Young, commanding No 3 Commando, was seen wearing an Arab headdress during the fighting in Normandy. In the final anarchic weeks of the war the SAS were let off the leash in northern Germany to cause chaos and confusion behind the enemy lines. One officer led his jeep patrols wearing a top hat and corduroy trousers. Others took to wearing two revolvers on their belts, giving them the appearance of Western gunslingers. At his briefing for Operation Market Garden General

Horrocks noted how few of his officers wore regular uniforms. Steel helmets were nowhere to be seen and berets of various hues were the order of the day. Royal Armoured Corps officers seemed all to be wearing corduroys or brightly coloured slacks. Many artillery officers were wearing riding breeches or jodhpurs. Ties seemed to have been abandoned in favour of polka dot scarves of various colours. Horrocks himself was dressed in a high-necked woolly jumper and airborne camouflaged smock.

With the onset of winter the soldiers needed more protection than that offered by their battledress, leather jerkins and greatcoats. The problem for the infantrymen was that these brown doublebreasted coats were too cumbersome for use much of the time. They were ideal for wearing when sleeping curled up in the bottom of a slit trench or standing on guard duty, but unsuited to battle. Some soldiers found the solution was to cut off the bottom of the coat, just keeping it as long as the skirt of a jacket. This innovation kept the upper body warm whilst allowing the legs to move unimpeded. The only problem with this was the wearer would also have to endure the shortened coat at night, when it was not large enough to snuggle down in. Instead most infantrymen preferred the wool-lined leather jerkins. These kept the body warm without restricting the movement of the arms.

Fortunately with the lines static for much of

the winter the infantry were able to acquire all manner of clothing to ward off the cold.

Necessity once more became the mother of invention as the British and Canadian soldiers utilised whatever they could beg, borrow or steal. Some cut the sleeves from greatcoats and sewed them on to leather jerkins to make warm jackets. In time some official supplies were made available. All manner of winter clothing was issued—duffle coats, Wellington boots, fur-lined RAF boots, sea boot socks and even rabbit fur waistcoats. The soldiers may no longer have all looked like soldiers but at least they were warm. It was the look of the British working man translated into a military setting. I call it the “farmhand with a flourish” look—Wellingtons, woollen jumpers, caps at all angles, gauntlets, scarves and jerkins.

Wellingtons became standard footwear in the winter of 1944



Look closely at the feet of the man on the far right—he's wearing moccasins

While many of the troops spent the winter wearing Wellingtons some found a convenient local alternative—in Holland and Belgium some off-duty soldiers took to wearing wooden-soled clogs. They claimed the felt lining made the clogs warmer and more comfortable than issue boots. One soldier was seen wearing the clogs of a Belgian miner, part wooden, part leather, topped with

anklets made from the felt linings of mortar bomb cases.

The British army began to lose its cohesive look. Veterans looked on in wonder at new arrivals in polished boots

rather than Wellingtons. Officers couldn't believe that map cases or holsters still existed. Soldiers joked that they could spot an inexperienced man by his greatcoat—which had obviously never been slept in. Once again, the fashions of the front line were really a badge of identity.

This identity began to find expression in increasingly comic behaviour. A veteran infantryman of the 7th Armoured Division remembered the behaviour of his comrades: "If you were going down the road and there was a house that had been knocked about a bit, you'd go in and come out with a saucepan on your head. Or they'd pick up a woman's handbag and wear knickers and a brassiere over their uniform. That was a lovely spell-breaker, especially if you've had a rough time. It keeps you sane. Remember we were just kids. We didn't think as we did when we were in civvy street. We were children, with no minds. So anything like that was marvellous."

As the British and Canadian armies charged across northern Germany in the last days of the war little did they realise they were enjoying their last days of stylistic freedom. With the war nearing its end the senior officers began to look forward to the peace and plan for the role of their men in occupying the defeated Reich. Discipline would be the order of the day and they wanted their men to look like a conquering army, not a gang of tramps. In the first days of May 1945, as the 7th Armoured Division approached Hamburg, the men got the first taste of the new regime. Orders were given to them: "No item of unauthorised clothing will be worn and it is the duty of all offfrs & NCOs to enforce this order rigidly." The story was the



Some hilarious dressing-up antics help to relieve tension in the latter days of the war

same throughout 21st Army Group. The officers of the 9th RTR looked on aghast as their crews paraded in a curious mixture of uniforms, that had

been altered to meet individual tastes, and looted civilian clothing. They were soon told to discard them. Harry Free of the 43rd Reconnaissance Regiment noticed the sudden change: "On active service I was something of a rebel—whilst on recce duties I never wore a hard hat, wore a black leather jacket, air gauntlets, gumboots, a yellow neckerchief and a beret. I was never challenged by senior officers, they seemed to be very lax... No-one had to tell us when the war ended—it was "on parade", all brasses polished, marching here, there and everywhere—a very strict dress code enforced!"

In the first weeks after the surrender of Germany the soldiers had to get used to all the old standards. The long-neglected tins of blanco, brasso and boot polish were dug out from the bottom of packs. Buttons and brasses shone again. Belts and webbing changed colour. Sergeant Majors could once again see their faces in toe caps. Hats returned to regulation angles. Collars were turned down, scarves packed away, hands kept out of pockets. Now they were ready for the victory parades.

Of course, these new standards could not be kept up forever. In the months following the parades and victory celebrations a certain malaise crept into many of those charged with occupying Germany. Those men who had seen their only military role as being to defeat the Nazis were anxious to be demobbed. Those who had already got their demob date, and knew they had but days to go, let their standards slip. One man later wrote of his behaviour: "We slouched across our corner of a foreign field with hats on or off according to our fancy, collars undone, boots unpolished, hands in pockets, with many mouths drooping

with our free allowance of fags. We could not have looked much like an all-conquering army."

Those who were not getting out so quickly also made modifications to their uniforms—to make them smarter. Tailors were engaged, paid in cigarettes, to make uniforms more flattering. Battledress blouses were brought in on the body to hang better. Triangles of cloth inserted at the bottom of trouser legs to create a flare.

The look of this army survived. After being forced to wear hats and have their hair cut for years, men returned to civvy street and abandoned headwear. The quiffs that emerged from beneath berets and caps in the last year of the war became the general look of the 1950s.

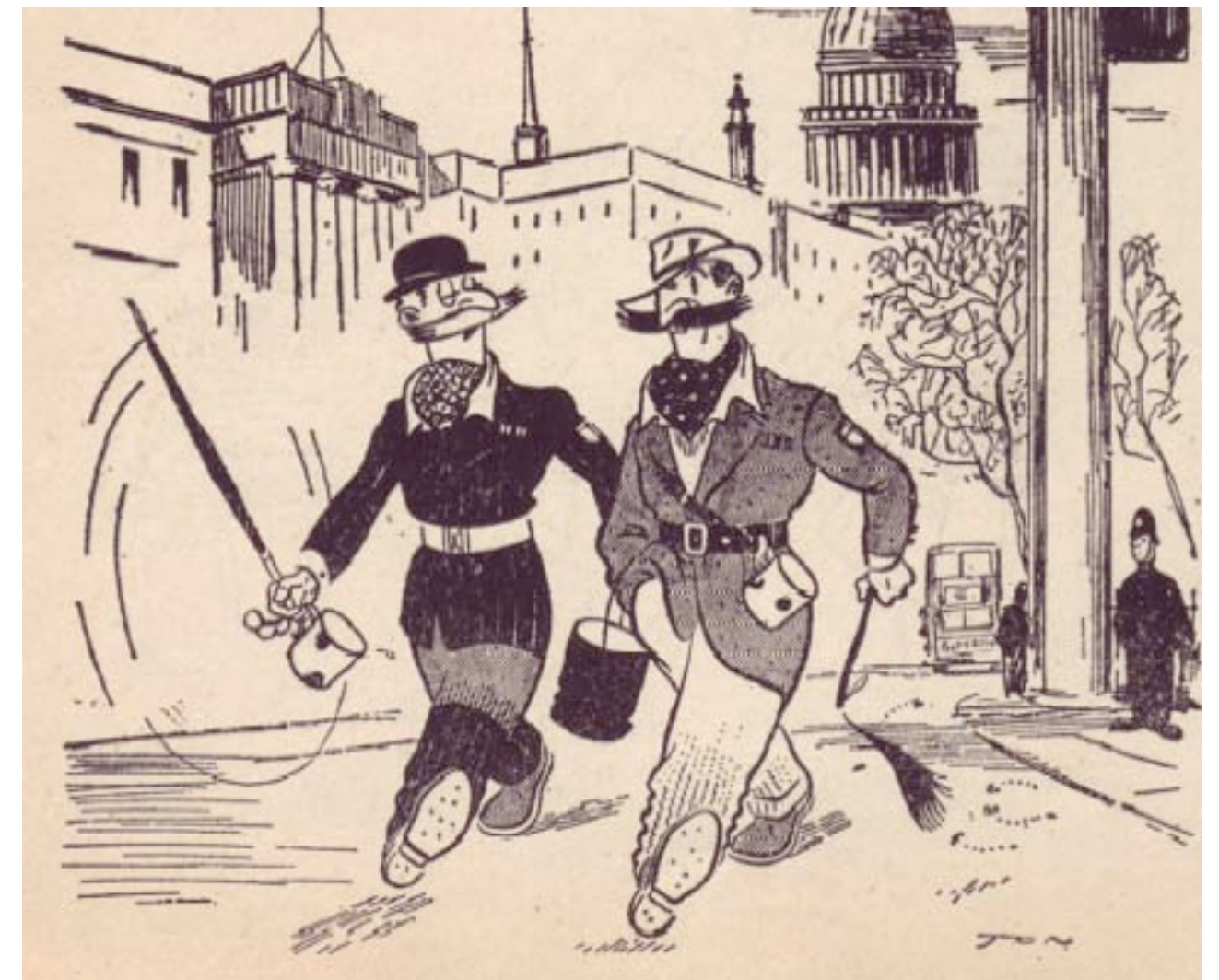
The casual dress of the "Two Types" officers emerged into the post-war world, denting the control the suit had over the wardrobes of the British male. Sports jackets and flannels became the look of the demobbed officer. Old suit jackets that had outlived their matching trousers were resurrected to be worn with contrasting cloths. It was not just the class system that had been levelled: it seemed everybody had adapted the newly casual style upon demob.

The "Two Types" officers return to civvy street

For years it seemed the "farmhand" look favoured in so many units never disappeared from society. In my childhood every dustman, market trader and coalman seemed to be wearing a leather jerkin, maybe an ancient battered beret and a pair of Wellingtons or hobnailed army boots.

Army service had left its mark on every part of society. A couple of years ago I saw the last remnants of those days when I spotted a pensioner mowing his lawn in a battered leather jerkin and black beret—obviously his gardening clothes ever since demob. With him the fashions of the young men of WW2 will die. The individual flourishes of fashion—worn under the most trying of circumstances—by young men who wanted to express their status as civilians first rather than soldiers are forgotten by a society which instead remembers the fashions that came from across the Atlantic.

*Sean Longden is the author of "Dunkirk: The Men They Left Behind" (Constable), "To the Victor the Spoils" (Arris), about the reality of the behaviour of British troops in Europe after D-Day, and "Hitler's British Slaves" (Arris), about the treatment of Allied POWs in Germany.*







# The NSC Alehouse Challenge

Report by Artemis Scarheart

THE FITZROY TAVERN—which gave its name to the area now known as Fitzrovia—has been a haunt of artists and intellectuals for decades. Famous names have drowned their sorrows or found inspiration among the ales of the upstairs saloon or made their way to the Artists & Writers Bar downstairs. Novels have been penned there, poetry created and history made.

On March 7th 2009 that was all thrown on to the fire as the New Sheridan Club hosted its first Public Ale House Knowledge Challenge, or “pub quiz” in the vernacular. From now on all previous intellectualism and artistry that occurred there is BUNK as a glorious new chapter was written in biro on scrappy pieces of paper covered in Alpine Lager.

Over 30 Sheridanites and guests crowded into the downstairs room for the Challenge, making it not unlike a tropical version of Hitler’s bunker. Gentlemen were permitted to remove jackets and when a few men had divested themselves of their outer layer they were declared not to be gentlemen—as a true gentlemen never removes his jacket, neither for lethal heat nor a bullet in the chest.

Starting as near to time as could be managed (as always—*Ed*) the throng divided into teams, the names of which I reproduce below. Readers may draw their own conclusions.

- 664 The Neighbour of the Beast
- Ken Dodd’s Dad’s Dog Is Dead
- The Thermidoreans
- Devils in Skirts
- Gaius Petronius Arbiter
- Manuit Es Cogint Vires

The battle lines thus drawn, the first round began. Laughter and chatter faded as the questions came thick and fast. Well, the questions came fast and the teams were revealing themselves as... well, you get the picture. The problem with hosting a quiz is you never know just how bright people really are.

Pitch too low and it’s a walkover. Pitch too high and it’s impenetrable. This meant that the wide range of questions could not be entirely Chappist but neither could they be too “pop” culture.

As the first round ended there were many furrowed brows and the balance seemed to have been struck correctly. Every team had managed to get some of the conundrums quick sharp, but others proved more elusive. Questions were scribbled down to return to, opium addled brains cudged and faces slapped by their owners to jog a recalcitrant fact.

The first half featured four rounds of ten questions. After the last poser, a 20 minute break was announced and eagerly people bounded for the stairs to refresh their glasses and grab a spot of Vitamin N. But we couldn’t have them lollygagging for a whole 20 minutes! For in this time they would also have to complete the Picture and Fill-in-The-Gap Round...

As we settled in for the second half the answer sheets were collected and the scores (ably computed by Torquil) announced. Still much to play for and no definite winner as yet. So forward we plunged into the second half of another four rounds.

After the barrage of brainteasers, a 15-minute hiatus ensued while scores were tallied, the dead and dying stretched out and more ales purchased by weary contestants now eager to claim their rewards: they had been promised “fabulous prizes”. It had been pointed out that “fabulous” was a subjective term yet spirits remained high.

Finally, the results were announced with a presentation of prizes and much good-natured clapping and self-deprecation.

In last place with 34 points: Gaius Petronius Arbiter... In fifth place with 40 points: Manuit Es Cogint Vires... In fourth place with 41 points: 664 The Neighbour of the Beast... In third place with 42 points: Ken Dodds Dad’s Dog Is Dead... In second place with 46 points: The Thermidoreans... meaning first place (and subjective prizes) went to: Devils in Skirts.

The Public Ale House Knowledge Challenge will return in 2010. Meanwhile a hearty thanks to all those who came along to make it such a success and rest assured that the answer sheets have been appended to your Permanent Club Records.

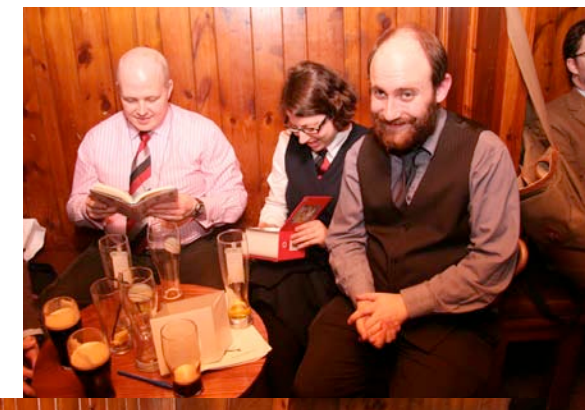
(Right) Mrs H. cudgels her mighty brain; (far right) Artemis barks out the questions; (below) Manuit Es Cogint Vires appear relaxed at the off; (below that) Torquil (r) with ringer Mr Gavin Hadland



(Below) Isabel’s famous poker face reveals nothing; (below right) Fleur and Mark, on the other hand, clearly have something to hide



(Right) Ken Dodd’s Dad’s Dog Is Dead gloat over their prizes; (far right) The Baron exalts in the loser’s wooden spoon; (below) The Thermidoreans seem happy with their haul; (bottom right) winners Devils in Skirts betray no vulgar pride



IF YOU WERE unable to attend the Alehouse Challenge but would have liked to, here are all the questions so you can restage the excitement of the event in the comfort of your own home. (The answers are on page 22.)

### History, By God

1. In 1745 during the Jacobite invasion of England, what song was first performed after the staging of Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist* in London.
2. What is the significance of the dates 9th August 1902, 23rd June 1911, 12th May 1937 and 2nd June 1953?
3. Ginger ale and the pneumatic tyre were both invented in which European city?
4. In which British city was Guy Fawkes born and Dick Turpin killed?
5. There is only one member of the present British Commonwealth that has never had any constitutional link to the British Empire or a Commonwealth member. Which is it?
6. In what year did London's last tram run—1942, 1952 or 1962?
7. In 1785, Blanchard and Jeffries became the first to cross the English Channel using which method of transport?
8. What was the name of King Henry VIII's older brother?
9. How many of Henry VIII's wives were called Catherine?
10. Who is the only British Prime Minister to be assassinated?

### Numerology

1. If James is five, Henry is three, and Edward is two, who is one?
2. Who is associated with the number 46664?
3. NCC 1701 is the registration number of which fictional vehicle?
4. What are the names of the historic "Cinque ports" in Southern England?
5. On the Beaufort scale, what number represents a fresh breeze—1, 3 or 5?
6. In maths what name is given to the series of numbers where each number is the sum of the previous two?
7. Which literary figure is associated with the number 6079?

8. 10 to the power 0 is equal to what number—0, 1 or 10?
9. What is the maximum number of golf clubs a golfer is allowed to carry in his or her bag during a game?
10. How many prime numbers are there between 10 and 20?

### General Knowledge, Part I

1. Thomas Hardy's heart is buried in his native Dorset, but where is his body buried?
2. In the television animation series chronicling the exploits of the Simpson family, what is the Christian name of the despotic Mr Burns character?
3. In Literature, how is the character of Oliver Mellors better known?
4. Which is the oldest of the royal parks in London?
5. Which author invented the denomination of "Orange Catholic" for his works?
6. What is the title of the second James Bond film?
7. In the current NATO phonetic alphabet, what are the code words for the following letters—U, Q, N? (One point for getting them all right.)
8. What South American capital city has a name that means "our lady of peace"?
9. Which animal is the source of cashmere?
10. In the famous equation  $E = MC^2$ , if "E" stands for Energy and "M" for Mass, what does "C" stand for?

### Chappelle Round

1. What is the Latin motto of St Trinians? (Should no correct answer be forthcoming the most witty suggestion will receive a mark).
2. Which eminent Victorian kept a baby owl in her pocket?
3. What is Miss Money Penny's Christian name?
4. Which actress was investigated by the British Secret Services in the 1920s for allegedly corrupting the morals of Eton schoolboys?
5. From which animal's genitals is the traditional fixative for perfume collected?
6. Karl Ludwig Nessler was the inventor of the artificial eyebrow. What else did he invent in

1906?

7. Which pioneer lady racing driver has a room named after her at the Brooklands circuit?
8. Which English actress of Austro-French extraction starred in all of the following films: *Night Train to Munich*, *Spellbound*, *The Italian Job* (1969 version), *Brief Encounter* and *I'm All Right, Jack*?
9. Where upon her person would a lady have secreted a silver mousetrap?
10. What was the name of the ghostly first wife in Noel Coward's *Blythe Spirit*?

### War & Sport

1. What official number Olympiad will London's Olympic Games be in 2012?
2. What is the oldest surviving regiment in the British army?
3. Which football club is the oldest documented non-university club in the world?
4. The Golden Lions are what—The Royal Canadian Naval Display Team, the Scottish Infantry Parachute Display Team or the Egyptian Aerial Display Team?
5. In which city were the 1940 Olympic Games scheduled to take place before being cancelled due to the Hitler War?
6. HMS Belfast is currently moored in the Thames. Which major German ship did she help to sink—Bismarck, Scharnhorst or Prinz Eugen?
7. Which University is currently ahead in Boat Race wins?
8. The Anglo-Zanzibar War of 1896 was the shortest in history. Approximately how long did it last?
9. The Hurlingham Club in London is historically most associated with what sport?
10. What was Operation Hurricane?

### Quoth The Raven?

1. Who said, "Alcohol may be man's worst enemy, but the bible says love your enemy"?
2. Whose supposed last words were, "I've had eighteen straight whiskies. I think that's the record"?
3. When asked about inspiration who replied, "Gin and drugs, dear lady, gin and drugs"?
4. Who said, "Science without religion is

lame. Religion without science is blind"?

5. Which revolutionary's supposed last words were, "Go on, get out—last words are for fools who haven't said enough"?
6. Who said, "Anyone who lives within their means suffers from a lack of imagination"?
7. Who said, "He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire"?
8. Which author's supposed last words were "I can't sleep"?
9. Which monarch's supposed last words were, "All my possessions for a moment of time"?
10. Who's supposed last words were, "I expected my sentence and believe it was just. Standing, as I do, in the view of God and eternity I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone"?

### Proper Geography

1. German East Africa—what would it be called in 2009?
2. How many non-metropolitan counties or shire counties are there in England—21, 43, 75, 89?
3. German South West Africa—what would it be called in 2009?
4. What was the capital of Rhodesia?
5. What settlement was renamed Puerto Argentino in the 1980s?
6. The Republic of Biafra was a secessionist state from which nation?
7. Upper Volta was a French colony. What would it be called in 2009?
8. In which ocean would you be if you were at the geographical position 0 degrees latitude and 0 degrees longitude?
9. The country of Siam was renamed what in 1939?
10. In which country would you find Lake Disappointment?

### General Knowledge, Part II

1. Of which book did Dr Johnson say that it taught "the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing-master"?
2. Which actor's autobiography was entitled *Memoirs of a Professional Cad*?
3. Which cartoon character's theme song describes him thus: "He's a gentleman, a

scholar, he's an acrobat"?

4. Who lived at 4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair W1 between 1799 and 1816?

5. Which 1953 spy novel begins, "The scent and smoke and sweat of a casino are nauseating at three in the morning"?

6. In the PG Wodehouse books, what is Jeeves' first name?

7. Which bar in which city is credited with inventing the Bellini?

8. In the Sherlock Holmes story, the "Bruce Partington plans" were plans for what?

9. What do the following have in common? The battle of Bir-Hakeim, Simon Bolivar, the Danube, Europe, Victor Hugo, Robespierre, the city of Rome, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Stalingrad?

10. What did Oliver Reed have tattooed on his penis?

### Picture and Fill-in-The-Gap Round

Identify the people in these pictures and fill in the gaps in the text.

1.



2.



3. Fill in the missing words:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this

\_\_\_\_\_ ,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against \_\_\_\_\_  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in a silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house

Against \_\_\_\_\_  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm  
This England

4. The first verse of the stirring anthem "The British Grenadiers" contains references to four people of antiquity. Who are they?

5.



6.



7.



8.



9.




**A NEW TYPE OF GENTRIFICATION?**

Your correspondent was taking a quiet Sunday afternoon stroll with Mrs H. the other day. We were about to visit Deptford's Albany Theatre, a rather noble and invigorating institution in what otherwise appears quite a depressing part of Town (as we edged gingerly around the flea market it struck me that it resembled the aftermath of a bombing raid being picked over by looters). All the more heartening to encounter this sight. A neighbourhood clearly going up in the world.



## Sex Tips for Wives

By Ruth Smythers

*This advice was first published in 1894 by the Spiritual Guidance Press of New York City (and recently republished by Summersdale). Mrs Smythers describes herself as the "beloved wife of the Reverend L. D. Smithers", so she knew what she was talking about. I'm sure all right-thinking ladies will agree her thoughts are as sound today as they were then. Not, of course, that any gentleman reading this Newsletter would allow his wife or servants to persuse what follows...*

TO THE SENSITIVE YOUNG WOMAN who has had the benefits of proper upbringing the wedding day is, ironically, the happiest and most terrifying day of her life. On the positive side there is the wedding itself, in which the bride is the central attraction in a beautiful and inspiring ceremony symbolising her triumph in securing a male to provide for all her needs for the rest of her life. On the negative side there is the wedding night, during which the bride must pay the piper, so to speak, by facing for the first time the terrible experience of sex.

At this point, dear reader, let me concede one shocking truth. Some young woman actually anticipate the wedding night ordeal with curiosity and pleasure! Beware such an attitude! A selfish and sensual husband can easily take advantage of such a bride. One cardinal rule of marriage should never be forgotten: GIVE LITTLE, GIVE SELDOM AND ABOVE ALL GIVE GRUDINGLY. Otherwise what could have been a proper marriage could become an orgy of sexual lust.

On the other hand, the bride's terror need not be extreme. While sex is at best revolting and at worst rather painful it is to be endured, and has been by women since the beginning of time, and is compensated for by the

monogamous home and by the children produced through it.

It is useless, in most cases, for the bride to prevail upon the groom to forgo the sexual initiation. While the ideal husband would be one who would approach the bride only at her request and only for the purpose of begetting offspring, such nobility and unselfishness cannot be expected from the average man.

Most men, if not denied, would demand sex almost every day. The wise bride will permit a maximum of two brief sexual experiences weekly during the first months of marriage. As time goes by she should make every effort to reduce this frequency.



Feigned illness, sleepiness and headaches are among the wife's best friends in this matter. Arguments, nagging, scolding and bickering also prove very effective, if used in the late evening about an hour before the husband would normally commence his seduction. Clever wives are ever on the alert for new and better methods of denying and discouraging the amorous overtures of the husband.

A good wife should expect to have reduced sexual contacts to once a week by the end of the first year of marriage and to once a month by the end of the fifth year of marriage. By the tenth anniversary many wives have managed to complete their child bearing and have achieved the ultimate goal of terminating all sexual contacts with the husband. By this time she can depend upon his love for the children and the social pressures to hold the husband in the home.

Just as she should be ever alert to keep the quantity of sex as low as possible, the wise bride will pay equal attention to limiting the kind and degree of sexual contacts. Most men are by nature rather perverted and if given half a chance would engage in quite a variety of the most revolting practices. These practices include among others performing the normal act in abnormal positions; mouthing the female body; and offering their own vile bodies to be mouthed in turn. Nudity, talking about sex, reading stories about sex, viewing photographs and drawings depicting or suggesting sex are

the obnoxious habits the male is likely to acquire if permitted.

A wise bride will make it the goal never to allow her husband to see her unclothed body and never allow him to display his unclothed body to her. Sex, when it cannot be prevented, should be practised only in total darkness. Many women have found it useful to have thick cotton nightgowns for themselves and pajamas for their husbands. These should be donned in separate rooms. They need not be removed during the sex act. Thus, a minimum of flesh is exposed.

Once the bride has donned her gown and turned off all the lights, she should lie quietly upon the bed and await her groom. When he comes groping into the room she should make no sound to guide him in her direction, lest he take this as a sign of encouragement. She should let him grope in the dark. There is always the hope that he will stumble and incur some slight injury which she can use as an excuse to deny him sexual access.

When he finds her, the wife should lie as still as possible. Bodily motion on her part could be interpreted as sexual excitement by the optimistic husband.

If he attempts to kiss her on the lips she should turn her head slightly so that the kiss falls harmlessly on her cheek instead. If he attempts to kiss her hand she should make a fist. If he attempts to lift her gown and kiss her any place else she should quickly pull the gown back in place, spring from the bed and announce that nature calls her to the toilet. This will dampen his desire to kiss in the forbidden territory.

If the husband attempts to seduce her with lascivious talk, the wise wife will suddenly remember some trivial non-sexual question to ask him. Once he answers she should keep the conversation going, no matter how frivolous it may

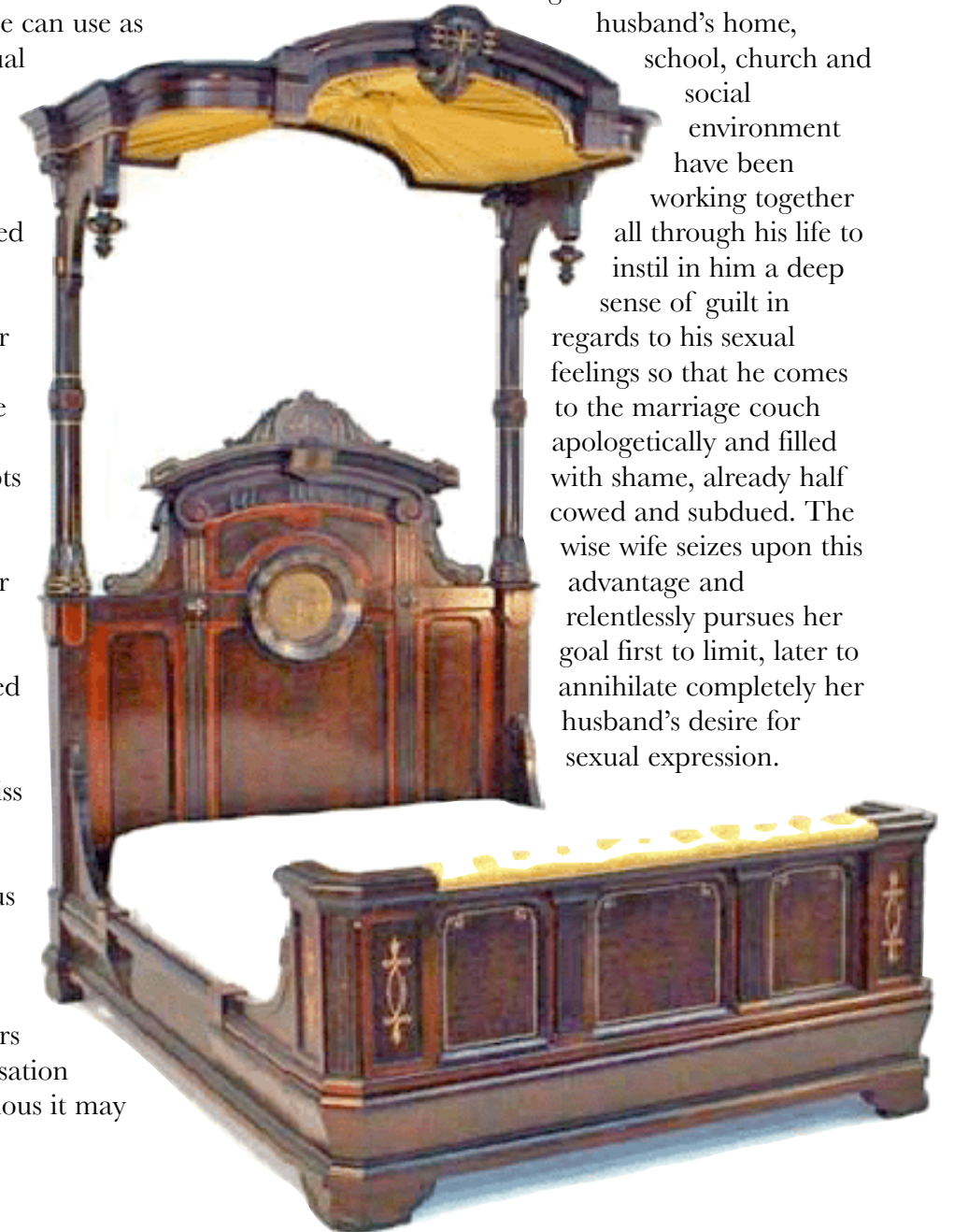
seem at the time.

Eventually the husband will learn that if he insists on having sexual contact he must get on with it without amorous embellishment.

The wise wife will be absolutely silent or babble about her housework while he is huffing and puffing away. Above all she will lie perfectly still and never under any circumstance grunt or groan while the act is in progress.

As soon as he has completed the act the wise wife will start nagging him about various minor tasks she wishes him to perform on the morrow. Many men obtain a major portion of their sexual satisfaction from the peaceful exhaustion immediately after the act is over. Thus the wife must insure that there is no peace in this period for him to enjoy. Otherwise, he might be encouraged to soon try for more.

One heartening factor for which the wife can be grateful is the fact that the husband's home, school, church and social environment have been working together all through his life to instil in him a deep sense of guilt in regards to his sexual feelings so that he comes to the marriage couch apologetically and filled with shame, already half cowed and subdued. The wise wife seizes upon this advantage and relentlessly pursues her goal first to limit, later to annihilate completely her husband's desire for sexual expression.





## CLUB NOTES

### New Members

I WOULD LIKE to waft into the welcoming, light-filled near-death tunnel of NSC *bonhomie* Ms Emma Presland, Mr Rupert Harper and Mr Otto Montgomery-Stenforth, all of whom have joined the Club in the last month.

### Club Cufflink Unveiled

THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB has been working with jeweller Ring Jewellers of Brighton to bring you a cufflink emblazoned with the Club emblem. See the back cover for a close-up and page 3 for an action shot of the link on Torquil's cuff. They are £24 a pair (plus £1 if you would like them posted to you). Enquiries to [telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk).

### Chap Olympics Date Announced

*The following message was discovered nailed to the doors of the offices of The Chap magazine:*

THE DATE HAS ALREADY been set for this year's Chap Olympiad: Saturday 11th July, in Bedford Square Gardens, London WC1. On this day, as in previous years, hundreds of well-dressed competitors will descend upon this verdant garden in Bloomsbury to pit their wits, their trouser creases, their cocktail mixing abilities—but not their athleticism—against their peers.

After a brief relocation last year to Hampstead Heath, with the precise location revealed via a series of clues collected from Jermyn Street emporia, the Chap Olympiad returns to its spiritual home, having formed a fruitful union with elegant London speakeasy Bourne & Hollingsworth. This will mean more and a better variety of drinks on offer, proper

catering stalls to keep one's strength up and further entertainment beyond the Olympiad events, late into the night.

But let us not forget the real purpose of the afternoon: to compete in such challenging events as the Three-Trousered Limbo, Moustache Wrestling, Quill Throwing and Bounders. A full list of all ten events will be published closer to the Olympiad. All events are open to members of the audience, but please do not embark on any form of training until you have understood that this Olympiad is not a celebration of sporting prowess.

The Chap Olympiad seeks to celebrate specifically British qualities, such as the excessive drinking of dry martinis before lunch, the wearing of monocles, the smoking of pipes and the maintenance of an immaculate crease in one's trousers despite having tripped over a basset hound on the way to the pavilion. All our events are designed to test competitors' levels of panache, elegance and *savoir-faire*, as a cheerful alternative to watching our nation's hopeless attempts to compete on the world stage in sports such as soccer and cricket.

### Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk).

#### Hats: An Anthology by Stephen Jones

Till 31st May  
The Porter Gallery, The Victoria and Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, SW7 2R  
10am–5.45pm (Friday 10pm) £5 Adults, £4 Seniors, Students, 12–17 yrs, ES40 Holders

Working with radical hat designer Stephen Jones, the V&A presents an “anthology of hats”. Drawn from V&A and international collections and ranging in style and period from

#### Hats Exhibition Ticket Giveaway!

Don't get too excited, but if you'd like to see the exhibition described above but don't fancy the admission price, we have one ticket (only one, I'm afraid) that is FREE to the first taker. Email [telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

a 17th-century Puritan's hat to a 1950s Balenciaga couture piece, from hats by Jones and his contemporaries to the latest creations by young milliners such as Noel Stewart, the exhibition investigates the cultural and historic importance of millinery. It is arranged in four main themes—*Inspiration* looks at the myriad sources including historicism, exoticism and the natural world; *Creation* explores the techniques, materials and processes; *The Salon* focuses on the buying and selling of hats and the millinery shop; and *The Clients* will examine the wearing and etiquette of hats and will feature headgear worn by well-known clients, and some of some of the world's top milliners, including Audrey Hepburn, Anna Piaggi, Dita von Teese.

#### NSC Club Night

Wednesday 1st April  
8pm–11pm  
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf,  
25 Rathbone Place, London  
W1T 1JB  
Members: Free  
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)  
See page 2.

#### Nosey Joe's

The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge  
London SE20 7QW  
Saturday 4th April  
Doors 7.30pm, bar till 11.30, dancing till 12am  
Admission: £12 available in advance from Caron and Steve on 020 8265 4020, or £10 on the door

A 52nd Street Jump joint, this is a club night presenting an eclectic mix of music from the 1930s to the 1950s from DJ Dr Swing plus live music, this time from King Pleasures and the Biscuit Boys.

#### The Burlesque Brunch

Sunday 12th April



12pm–9pm  
The Last Days of Decadence, 145 Shoreditch High Street, London E1 6JE  
Tickets: £28 for a full day including full English breakfast, or £18 for a half day from 2.30pm on (no brunch); £95 buys you a pair of tickets with a front-row seat, special extra cake and bottle of sparkling wine  
Dress: Something retro, perhaps a little louche, or just what you're still wearing from the night before. There's an Easter bonnet theme, so you might want to wear your favourite hat

After a brief hiatus to have a daughter (the splendidly named Wednesday) Miss Tenacity Flux, burlesque performer, baker and designer of ladythings ([myspace.com/tenacityflux](http://myspace.com/tenacityflux)), returns with another of her decadent afternoons. A full ticket buys you brunch and afternoon tea plus three burlesque displays and

some fashion shows of exotic clothing.

This time performing will be Ruby Rose, every one's favorite Easter bunny; Cassandra Killjoy and her Easter Parade; and the luminous Vicky Butterfly and her Swan's Bride. The Brunch Belles will be showing off the work of corset couturier Valkyrie Corsets and hats by Tricia Cox which will also be on sale on the day.

The day will also feature the engagingly random "Not Cricket" pub quiz and several bouts of Orange Battle, a game involving spoons and oranges.

Tickets may be purchased from [www.theburlesquebrunch.co.uk](http://www.theburlesquebrunch.co.uk).

### Oxford Punting Jaunt

Friday 24th–Sunday 26th April

Various locations in Oxford

Admission: A share of the punt hire, plus the cost of food and drink

The annual trip to the fair city of Oxford. We tend to meet for a black tie dinner on the Friday night, for those who are there yet; then on Saturday we rendezvous around midday at the boat yard, punt out for a bit, pull over for a picnic then punt home again before repairing to a public house. There is often a lunchtime gathering too on the Sunday for those whose hands are still steady enough to hold a fork. (Note that some of the throng this year will be heading back to London on Saturday evening for a birthday party being held by a couple of Members.)

I'm not actually sure who is booking things but if you'd like to troll along get in touch with us here ([telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk)) and we'll make sure you are factored into the calculations and "kept in the loop".

### Nosey Joe's

The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge

London SE20 7QW

Saturday 2nd May

Doors 7.30pm, bar till 11.30, dancing till 12am

Admission: £12 available in advance from Caron and Steve on 020 8265 4020, or £10 on the door

A 52nd Street Jump joint, this is a club night presenting an eclectic mix of music from the 1930s to the 1950s from DJ Dr Swing plus live music, this time from Honey B. and the Kings of Sting.

## Answers to the Alehouse Challenge

(See page 18 for the questions.)

### History, By God

1. "God Save the King/Queen" (both acceptable)
2. They are Coronation dates
3. Belfast
4. York
5. Mozambique, a former Portuguese colony.
6. 1952
7. Balloon
8. Arthur, Prince of Wales
9. 3
10. Spencer Perceval (in 1812)

### Numerology

1. Thomas the Tank Engine (engine numbers)
2. Nelson Mandela
3. The Starship *Enterprise*
4. Dover, Hastings, New Romney, Hythe and Sandwich
5. 5
6. Fibonacci Series
7. Winston Smith, *1984*
8. 1
9. 14
10. Four (11, 13, 17 and 19)

### General Knowledge, Part I

1. Poets Corner, Westminster Abbey
2. Charles
3. Lady Chatterley's lover
4. St James's Park
5. Frank Herbert, *Dune* series
6. *From Russia With Love*
7. Uniform, Quebec, November
8. La Paz, capital of Bolivia
9. The goat
10. The speed of light

### Chappelle Round

1. In Flagrate Delicto.

2. Florence Nightingale (Owlet Athena)
3. Jane
4. Tallulah Bankhead (according to MI5 files declassified in 2000)
5. Beaver
6. The permanent wave or "perm"
7. Barbara Cartland
8. Irene Handl
9. Upon her head, in her hair or wig to catch stray rodents
10. Elvira

### War & Sport

1. XXX (30) (They are sequentially numbered every 4 years since 1896 whether cancelled or not)
2. Honourable Artillery Company (HAC)
3. Sheffield FC, 1857, recognised by the FA and FIFA.
4. Scottish Infantry Parachute Display Team
5. Tokyo
6. Scharnhorst
7. Cambridge leads 79 to 74
8. 40 minutes (to within 10 minutes)
9. Polo
10. The first British atomic weapon test. I will accept nuclear.

### Quoth The Raven?

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Dylan Thomas, poet, d. 1953
3. T. S. Eliot
4. Albert Einstein
5. Karl Marx, d. 1883, to his housekeeper, who urged him to tell her his last words so she could write them down for posterity.
6. Oscar Wilde
7. Sir Winston Churchill
8. James M. Barrie, author, d. 1937
9. Elizabeth I
10. Edith Cavell, British nurse executed by the Germans in 1915 for helping Allied personnel to escape occupied Europe.

### Proper Geography

1. Tanzania after a merger with Zanzibar. Previously also known as Tanganyika under British rule but that's not the answer we are looking for.

2. 75
3. Namibia
4. Salisbury
5. (Port) Stanley in the Falkland Islands during the 1982 invasion. The name is not universally accepted and certainly not by the FI and UK.
6. Nigeria
7. Burkina-Faso
8. Atlantic
9. Thailand
10. Australia

### General Knowledge, Part II

1. *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son*
2. George Sanders
3. The Pink Panther
4. Beau Brummell
5. Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale*
6. Reginald
7. Harry's Bar in Venice
8. A submarine
9. They all have Paris Metro stations named after them.
10. Two eagle's claws. (He also had an eagle's head tattooed on his shoulder, and when ladies admired the shoulder tattoo he would enquire, "Would you like to see where it's perched?")

### Picture and Fill-in-The-Gap Round

1. Cecil Rhodes
2. Dr David Livingstone
3. (i) seat of Mars  
(ii) infection and the hand of war  
(iii) the envy of less happier lands
4. Alexander, Hercules, Hector and Lysander:  
*Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these But of all the world's braves heroes, there's none that can compare With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.*
5. Clive of India (Robert Clive)
6. Beau Brummell (George Byran Brummell)
7. Captain W. E. Johns, creator of Biggles
8. Edward Elgar, composer
9. Johnson Beharry, VC

## THE TIMELESS JOY OF THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE

You've come a long way.

Sure, you've made a few mistakes. But you were man enough to learn from them—that's what's got you where you are today. And a man in your position deserves something a bit special nestling at his cuffs like a sycophantic whelp, glinting from the shadows of his jacket sleeves like a stiletto.

He deserves  
NSC cufflinks.

Drop a hint  
to your  
nearest and  
dearest today.  
See page 20 for  
details.

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk  
mrrarbutthnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk  
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk  
mrscotney-lecheyne@newsheridanclub.co.uk  
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk

FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For more photos of Club events go to [www.flickr.com/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/sheridanclub). Those of a more technological bent can also help spread the word by befriending us electrically at [www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub](http://www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub) or indeed [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com).