

Devil may care

Would you buy a mausoleum and cave complex from these men? One careful owner...

PLUS:

- The Chap party
- The Christmas House
- The Saharan Saunter: how to do your bit
- **COMPETITION!**
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The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XXXIX • January 2010



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

I'd like to wish all of our Members a spiffing New Year and hope that you had pointlessly indulgent Christmases filled with small boxes of beautiful cufflinks and large cases of vintage Burgundy. I suspect that 2009 was something of an *annus horribilis* for many, so let's hope that 2010 proves more uplifting.

Resolutions? One thing I want to do this year is find a venue for our Film Nights: we've actually got two programmes waiting to be shown, from Evadne Raccat and Cally Callomon, so if you know anywhere suitable please advise me. I have just now discovered that the old William IV has reopened and they seem amenable, but the projector is now a 42" plasma set so I must check that it is still suitable.

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 6th January in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be Mr Anton Krause, who will fascinate and terrify us on the subject of *Duelling For Dummies: The European Sword in Personal Conflict*. Mr Krause joined the Club after appearing as half of the duo who demonstrated the gentlemanly walking-cane martial art of Bartitsu at our Tempting Fête party in the

summer. On this occasion he is threatening to bring some weapons along (assuming he is not arrested en route as a terror suspect) so make sure you don't upset him.

The Last Meeting

Lord Rupert addressed a packed room at our last monthly meeting of the year on 2nd December. His subject was Sir Francis Dashwood and Rupert's thesis is that an incident on his Grand Tour, when he was scared witless by a "demon" which turned out to be a cat, and the subsequent publicising of this embarrassing affair by a clergyman, was what turned Dashwood against all things to do with the Church. There followed a period of partying designed to outrage good folk with its decadence, often in the cave complex Dashwood had constructed, wherein revellers were allowed to penetrate deeper in accordance with their acceptance into the inner diabolical core. In the end, after one scandal too many, his Hellfire Club fell foul of internal politics. Its secrecy compromised by public accusations, the whole thing fizzled out. To what extent Dashwood was really into devilry, rather than just partying, is difficult to tell for sure, but Rupert clearly revels in the demonic possibilities. Many thanks to him for his talk.

I do hope Lord Rupert will be able to furnish us with an essay version for a future Newsletter.



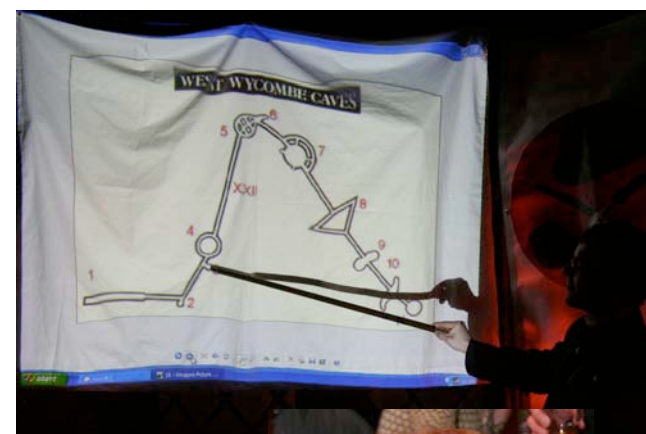
(Left) Suitably demonically lit, Rupert begins by apologising for the spelling mistake



(Above) Our speaker, Lord Rupert; (left) we were honoured by a visit from an overseas Member, in the form of Mr John Delikanakis from Las Vegas



(Left) Compton-Bassett gives it some Kenneth Williams; (below left) a plan of Dashwood's cave complex: spotted the martini glass?



(Below) Mr Henry Ball is stunned by how much fun he is having

(Left) I didn't catch this young lady's name but the Curé was in debate with her for some time so maybe she was just there for the diabolism



(Left) Lee looks as if he has contraband hidden under the table; (above) The Earl of Essex raises a point of information



The Grand Anarcho-Dandyist Ball

SATURDAY 5TH DECEMBER saw a rare thing—a party hosted by *The Chap* magazine (the last one was five years ago). The occasion was the magazine's tenth anniversary and the setting was Conway Hall in London's Red Lion Square.

It was an apt venue, its 1940s style perfectly complementing the Chappist tone, and a good size to accommodate the hordes of revellers. In the main hall we saw dancing duo The Bees Knees, swingsters Twin and Tonic and the Zen Hussies, plus the inimitable Mr B. the Gentleman

Rhymer who had the crowd roaring for more. In Louise Quatorze's oriental Mao Tse Tung Lounge we were treated to Atters' splendid paranormal lecture and the crooning of Antony Elvin.

And of course Gustav Temple himself addressed the masses at ten o'clock; his message seemed to be that Phase One of the glorious revolution—



Conway Hall by day

the spreading of the sartorial word—was going well and the time had come for Phase Two.

Which seemed to involve the removal from society of Chris Moyles, Katie Price and Elton John. Oddly specific. One wonders if there was something in the gin which, combined with cunning hypnotic tricks, might mean that all over the country revellers are waking up today with an

inexplicable urge to go out and do murder. I must switch on the noctovision and see if a mysterious well-dressed crowd has gathered outside Moyles' house waving candlesticks and cut-throat razors menacingly.

In any case a splendid time was had by all, though it would have been nice if the acts in the two rooms had not coincided so exactly, and some felt that the festivities should have gone on later. It turned out I was wise to get there by 8pm, as an hour later there was a huge queue to get in and for the cloakroom.

Following the departure of Hendricks as the sponsors of the Chap Olympics, I was surprised to see that ubiquitous gin so much in evidence. In fact I spent most



The hall at 5pm, frantic preparations under way



Matthew Howard (r) and Compton-Bassett

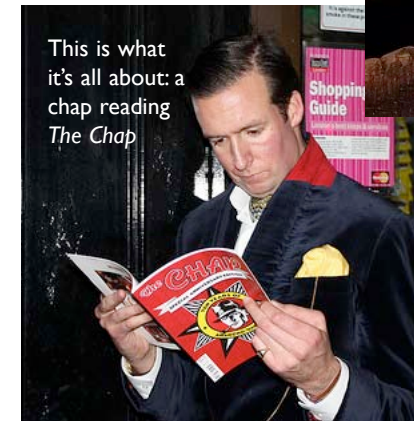
of the evening under the impression that gin was all they were serving, until I discovered that the bar I had been frequenting was just the Hendricks Bar—there was another, more fully stocked, bar in the main hall but, such was the throng, I had never even glimpsed it.

I'm sure we all join in thanking Gustav for putting the party on and hope that it won't be quite so long till the next one.

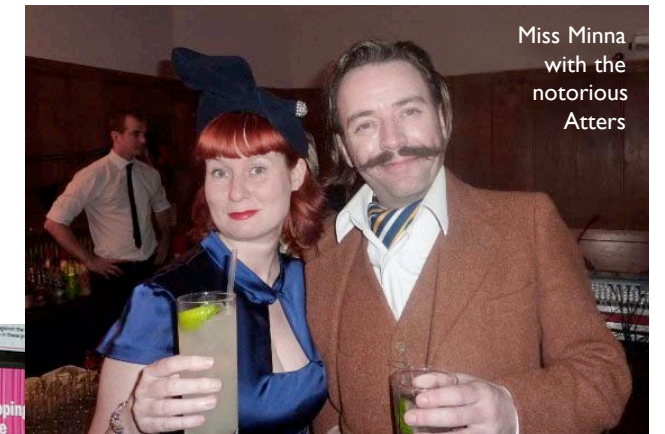
I'm afraid I was not on hand with my box brownie—I knew Trum was taking pictures in an official capacity, but of course it didn't occur to me that he would not be allowed to make the snaps publicly available till after the next issue of *The Chap* is out. Thanks to those good folk whose photographs I have raped from the pages of Facebook and Flickr.



Note the architectural details

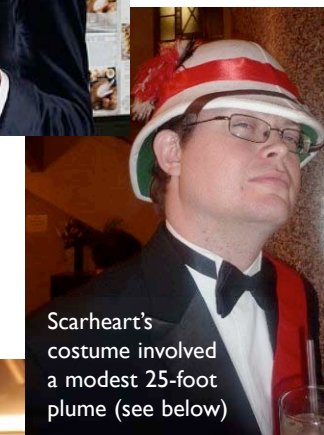


This is what it's all about: a chap reading *The Chap*



Miss Minna with the notorious Atters

(Right) guests were greeted by this charming cake stall



Scarheart's costume involved a modest 25-foot plume (see below)



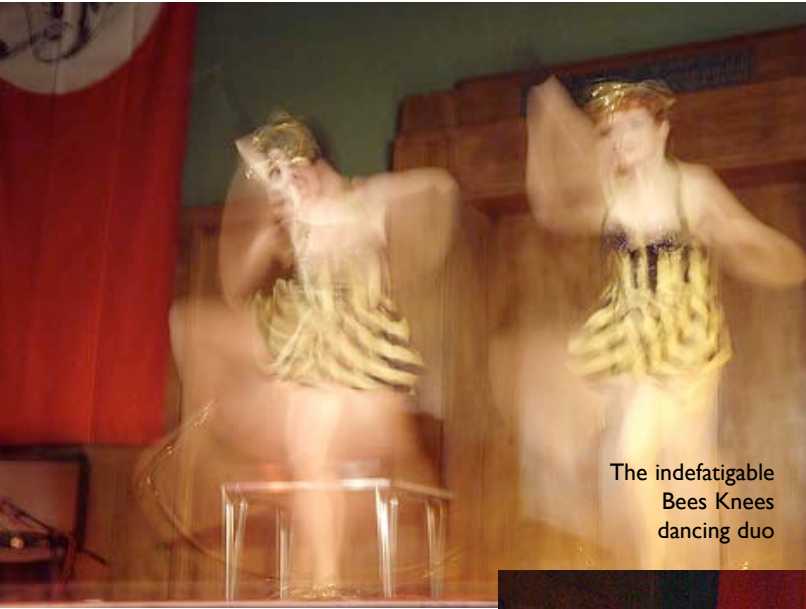
What's this? An anarcho-dandyist dancing, of course



This strange statuette adorned the Hendricks bar



Also to be found in the bar were these enthusiastic performers



The indefatigable Bees Knees dancing duo



(Above) escapologist Edwin Flay; (right) Some more of those cakes



Fronted by twin sisters, Twin and Tonic quickly had the audience on their feet (below right)



(Above) MC David Piper (in "Dictator of Love" guise)



Meanwhile in the Mao Tse Tung Lounge, Louise Quatorze (below left) held sway. It was where Atters delivered his Chaporgasmic Terrors lecture and also saw troubadour Antony Elvin (below) tread the boards. Sadly his head is obscured by a lantern, and on the night he had to go on stage at exactly the same time that Gustav was delivering his address



(Above) The Zen Hussies take to the stage



(Left) Torquil Arbuthnot as a tweed revolutionary



(Left) The man behind it all, Gustav Temple, in a somewhat Mad Hatter mode, with his wife Fiona; (far left) the unstoppable Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymers whips the crowd into a frenzy (below) with his sparkling brand of "chap hop" music



(Below left) Seonaid Beckwith (l) with Callie Suttie who constructed herself a uniform for the evening; (bottom left) at the height of the festivities an excess of booze and fun is taking its toll; (bottom right) at the end of the evening, as the fire hoses are about to be turned on to clear the room, the last few dancers keep bopping (though by this stage they



are probably bopping to the imaginary music leaking from their own fractured sanities)



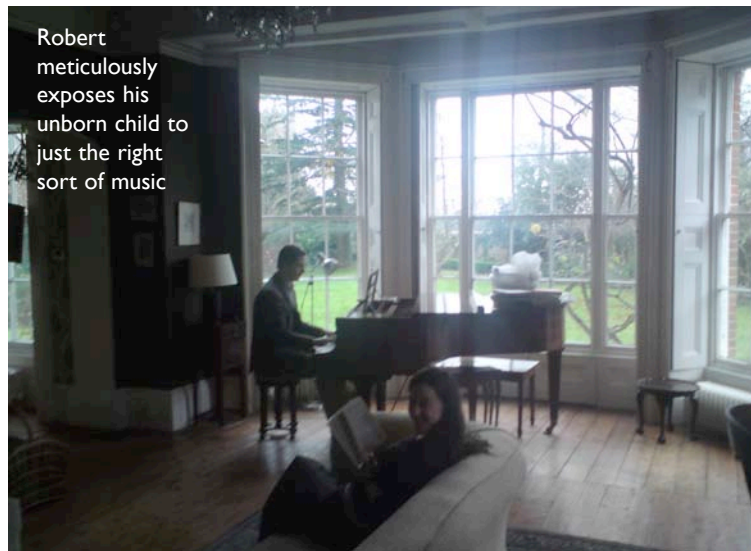


Christmas House 2010

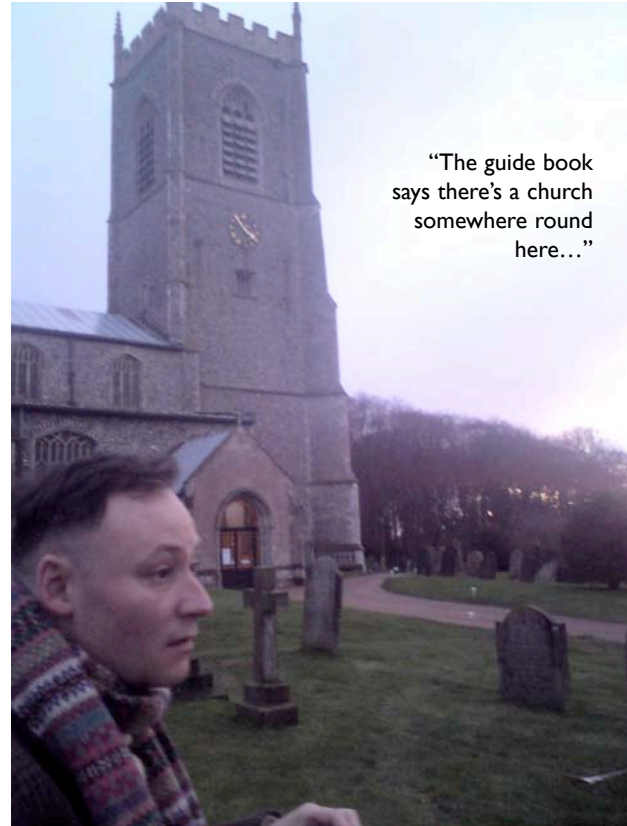
By Seonaid Beckwith

FOR THE FIFTH TIME in as many years, an eager group of Sheridanites left the comforts of the capital in December and sallied forth for a week to sample the delights on offer in the provinces, a trip admirably arranged by Ensign Polyethyl. This year the destination was Norfolk, to an old Vicarage owned by a friend of Captain Coppice, who had been skilfully persuaded to lend it to us. We arrived, some having braved the Friday night traffic, others having taking the same train as Her Majesty (though not, unfortunately, at the same time as she was on it) from King's Cross to King's Lynn, late on a cold evening. The tone of the week was set by the immediate repairing of all parties to a local hostelry. (The King's Head: parts of the King would, curiously, turn up in the name of almost every pub we visited or passed—to which King they referred I have not the faintest idea.)

The house was by far the most civilised of all



Robert meticulously exposes his unborn child to just the right sort of music



"The guide book says there's a church somewhere round here..."

the country houses I have stayed in, boasting not only the requisite Aga, open fires and four poster beds, but also heating which really worked and—joy of joys—modern plumbing. One uncivilised aspect, unfortunately, was the ear-piercing, house-wide smoke alarm. Disaster was averted by Laurence's precarious climbing on a stool on top of a table to silence the alarm, which had gone off after our perhaps optimistic lighting of the drawing room fire.

Outings included visits to several delightful churches, where we were suitably illuminated by the Curé on the particulars of ecclesiastical architecture. We took a, perhaps rather foolhardy, walk through the salt marshes at Blakeney though, after a bracing half hour, decided to retire to another of the King's appendages, where we found they could provide us with most excellent gins and tonics.

We also made a visit to the nearby town of Holt in search of the legendary "Old Town", a shop which sells clothing made to order. Holt



Fruity addresses the important matter of lighting the fire

was most satisfactory, having also an antiques fair in the village hall and a rather spiffing ladies' vintage shop. The town also yielded a Christmas tree (sold to Jessie by the owner of the village Budgens himself), necessary as Saturday was also the nominal "Christmas day", a tradition which involves our having a make-believe Christmas, complete with stockings, crackers and turkey.

This year the Christmas food was arranged by Captain Coppice and was first rate, although it must be admitted he did enlist the help of a catering company, the better to enjoy the festivities. After dinner, we had stockings and the ladies (naturally) withdrew to sip port in front of the fire and send the gentlemen for more wood. The separation on this particular evening was rather short, however, as there were Secret Santa presents to be unwrapped, which were received with much delight.

As for the following days' sustenance, the

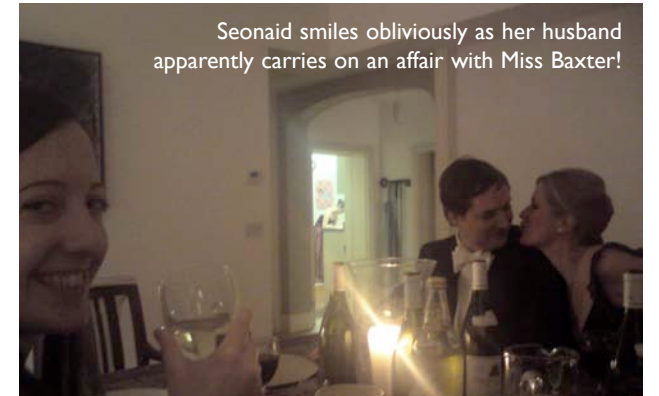
party was split into groups with each taking responsibility for one day's catering, comprising brunch and dinner (lunch was generally taken at an eatery if, indeed, required at all given the largesse which is usually a feature of these meals). Highlights included the Curé's succulent

chicken, Edwin Fischer-Price's beef pie, and Laurence's sausages.

After the port had flowed and the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies each night, various entertainments were on offer—"mafia" was particularly popular (I was pleased to note that my husband is incapable of lying) and is fast becoming a Christmas House necessity. Another treat was the singing around the piano admirably carried off by Miss Baxter, Ensign Polyethyl and Captain Coppice with musical



With the ladies safely retired, the gents break out the silly hats!



Seonaid smiles obliviously as her husband apparently carries on an affair with Miss Baxter!



(l-r) Compton-Bassett, Will (obscured), Seonaid, Laurence, Polyethyl, Robert (aka Edwin), Catherine, Fruity and Willow

accompaniment by Edwin Fischer-Price. There was also a candlelit game of Risk (due to an snow-induced electricity failure), played by the final remaining few: Lane, Compton-Bassett, Ensign Polyethyl and Fruity, before their hazardous journeys home.

Thanks to Will and Adrian for the photos.



Proof that the team did occasionally leave the dinner table and set foot outside



The man who sells newspapers through his living room window

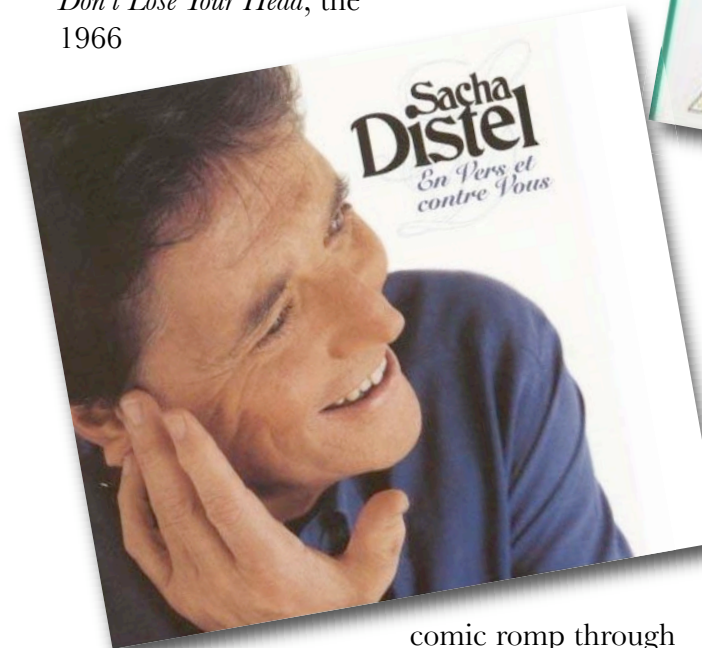
A drawing of cabaret singer Mademoiselle Maria, made by NSC Member Eugenie Rhodes at Yes We Can-Can!



'Yes We Can-Can!'—The Bounty Continues

WE ON THE COMMITTEE are all too aware that Members living further afield will struggle to make it to many of our official events (based as they so often are in London), even our twice-yearly main parties. For those of you who wished they could participate in that materialistic fever pitch of each party, the Grand Raffle, will be delighted with what fate has laid at your feet: a chance for you to live part of that dream (and, for those of you who were actually there, a chance for a terrifying flashback that will undo all the progress from the last six weeks of therapy.)

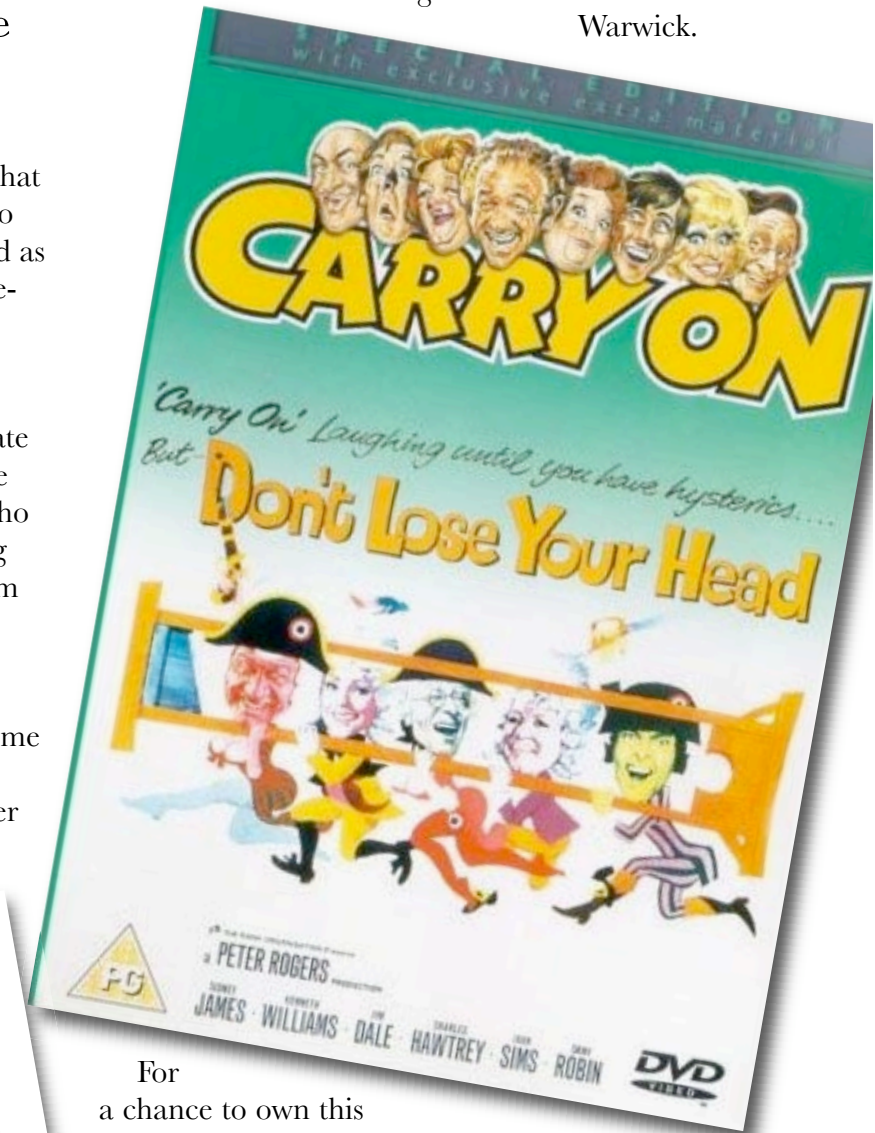
The fact is that, despite the prudent planning of the Committee, who obviously organised everything months in advance, some of the raffle prizes sourced for our last, French-themed, party didn't arrive until after the event. Specifically, a DVD of *Carry On Don't Lose Your Head*, the 1966



comic romp through revolutionary France in which Citizen Camembert (Kenneth Williams) and Citizen Bidet (Charles Hawtree) pursue the elusive Black Fingernail—in reality Sir Rodney Ffing (Sid James)—who has been freeing

condemned aristocrats.

With this is the compact disc album *En Vers Contre Vous* by the quintessentially French crooner Sacha Distel, recorded in 2003, a year before he died, and featuring among other things a duet with Dionne Warwick.



For a chance to own this lambent pair of desirables, simply answer these questions:

1. How many prisoners were actually freed from the Bastille when it was stormed in 1789?
2. What happened to the keys to the west gate of the Bastille?
3. If you were able to organise a (thoroughly genteel and well-dressed) mob to storm somewhere, which building would you choose?

Email your answer to mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk (or post it to 16 Kemsing Road, London SE10 0LL) and the answer I like the best wins the prizes, conveyed to your doorstep by cleft stick.

THE COCKTAIL CABINET

Wherein Members ponder the imponderables of the mystical world of booze

Moussec

Clayton Hartley

I had the clan round to Schloss Hartley this Christmas and my father-in-law arrived with a few festive bottles that had been cluttering his shelves (he is not a great wine drinker). One was this curio here.

I vaguely remember Moussec, though younger Members could be forgiven for never having heard of it. As the label says, it was British sparkling wine: the word “British” is important here, denoting that the wine was made in this country but from imported grapes (“English” wine, on the other hand, is all home grown). As in British sherry.

If the styling of the label weren't enough to date it, I was intrigued to see that the alcoholic strength is given in degrees proof. As far as I can ascertain, this practice was replaced by the Euro standard of percentage alcohol by volume in 1980, making this bottle at least 30 years old.

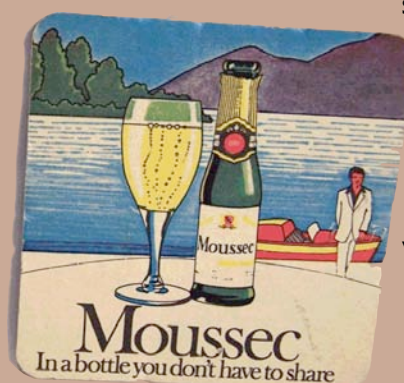
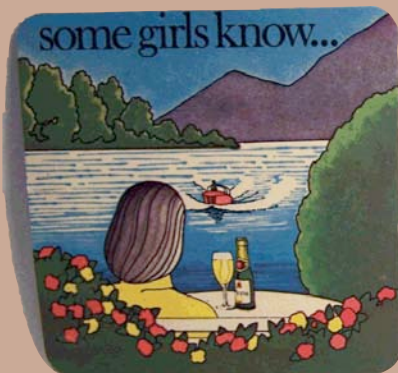
It is surprising how little one can glean about this brand from the internet. In 1932 the company moved into premises in Rickmansworth, though my bottle seems to have been made in Norwich. The latest reference I can find is to a TV advert (a mock-French couple are drinking it; slogan “Great leetle wines”) in 1980. Most references are to bottles, glasses or beer mats for sale on eBay as vintage curios. One assumes the idea is that by making the drink on these shores you avoid import duty, enabling you to make something with the glamour of bubbly but not the price tag. Perhaps as winemaking became more sophisticated around the world, it got easier for good quality, low-price fizz to be made in the countries where the grapes were grown, rendering Moussec's ruse economically less



viable. But if anyone out there knows anything about the brand's fate, I'd be curious to hear.

I did find this strange story online: “During the war my mother worked shifts at the Moussec Champagne and Wine Company at Rickmansworth, but she never wanted to tell me how she had got on at work. At the front of the factory there was a huge glass window and I used to watch them filling the bottles and putting in the corks. I always thought it was a strange thing. We were in the middle of a war—who could possibly want all this wine and champagne! A few years after the war I was talking to a man who used to work there and I put my puzzling questions to him. He gave me a knowing smile and told me the town's secret. There was never any wine there at all! It was a facade. The people I could see came in everyday and filled bottles with water. The night shift emptied them again ready for the day shift to start all over again. Behind this facade was a tank factory! Every day tanks were made there and shipped out in the dead of the night. My mother had never said a word.” I suspect the man was pulling her leg. But perhaps the subtext is: why would anyone make British sparkling wine?

(Left) One of Moussec's gimmicks was the single-serving bottle. Not sure what message they're trying to send.

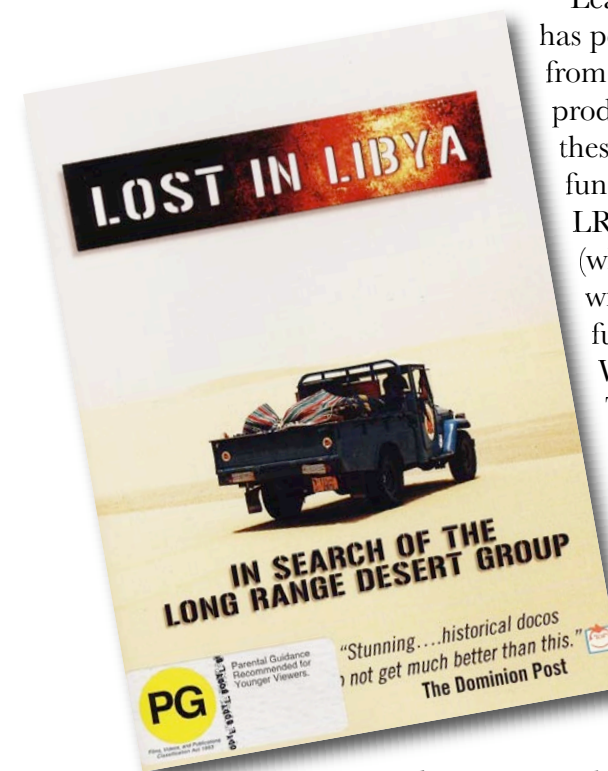


Lost in Libya DVD Available

FOLLOWING ON FROM Dr Leavingssoon's report last month on the slow but dogged progress towards the “Saharan Saunter” planned by The Western Desert Reconnaissance Group, you might like to know that he has obtained a cache of DVDs of the documentary *Lost In Libya* that he describes.

“This is a brand new documentary,” the good doctor explains, “about a Kiwi who travels to see the World's sole remaining untouched battle site—from a clash between New Zealanders of the LRDG and an Italian Special Forces unit formed to hunt them. Includes heart-rending footage of the bullet holes where one Kiwi lost his life buying time for his friends to escape. Not one single person who sees this documentary isn't moved at some point.”

Leavingssoon has permission from the producers to sell these to raise funds for the LRDG project (which in turn will raise funds for World War Two veterans). If you'd like to purchase one, he is selling them through



www.trademe.co.nz, which appears to be a Kiwi version of eBay. Go to the site and search for “Lost In Libya”.

More details of the wheeze at www.wdrg.org.

Monocles to Make a Come-Back

THE HIGH STREET optician Vision Express is to start stocking monocles, at least in its central London stores, following a surge of requests from young men. Management sound perplexed about the trend but are prepared to roll them out across the country (not literally) if the interest is there.

Monocles have never been entirely unavailable; you can buy an optical eyeglass from Dead Men's Spex, Daniel Cullen or Peter Christian. They were highly popular before the war (despite, or perhaps because of, a 50% tax hike on them by the Irish Free State) and armed forces regulations restricted them to officers until 1943, but their

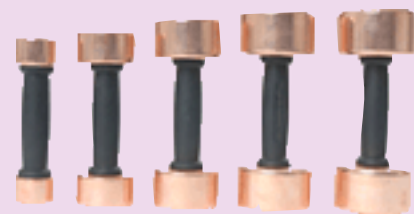
popularity with German infantry officers apparently dented their appeal after that. Writing in *The Telegraph*, eyeglass-wearer Gerald Warner opines: “An Englishman traditionally favours a gold-rimmed eyeglass with a gallery to hold it in place, attached to a black cord (my own practice). The degenerate French seducer will most likely sport his on a broad ribbon. Rimless eyeglasses are Prussian or Ruritanian. The Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, who wore the much more civilian-style pince-nez all his life, disliked monocles so intensely as symbols of strutting Prussian arrogance that he once refused to promote an Austrian general who sported one. P. G. Wodehouse himself set out the rules for eyeglasses in fiction: “Monocle: This may be worn by (1) good dukes (2) all Englishmen. No bad man may wear a monocle.” Nancy Mitford declared the term “monocle” to be Non-U while “eyeglass” was U.



TRINKET OF DREAMS!

All right, all right, I know that physical exercise is neither big nor clever and this publication would never recommend it. But since it is January, traditionally the month for short-lived self-improvement resolutions, I thought I'd

draw your attention to these rather charming items.



They may look old but they are a new line just released by Gold's Gym.

The name of the range, "Heritage 65", derives from the year 1965 when Joe Gold opened his first gymnasium at Venice Beach, California, much frequented by Arnold Schwarzenegger. The gear is

made from the finest leather and brass, it says here, so that "no longer will you want to hide your fitness accessories, but showcase them instead". Well, if

one must exercise these are probably the tools with which to do it. Mind you it also claims that these items will help you "achieve your personal goals".

Considering that my personal goals revolve around world domination and magical powers, I think this unlikely.

The range is available from John Lewis; £20 buys you two dumbbells, £149 a punchbag and a pair of boxing gloves.

Do you have a Trinket of Dreams? Why not write and share your lust?



CLUB NOTES

New Members

INTO THE FROZEN fingers of the following two gentleman, who have signed up for Club Membership in the last month, I would like to thrust the hot chestnuts of festive cheer and institutional good wishes: Professor Tarquin Foxe-Herbert, Mycroft, Viscount Matthew Churchill and Mr Mark James Heffernan.

Forthcoming Events

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

NSC Club Night

Wednesday 6th January
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Firefly Blues Club

Wednesday 6th January
7pm Fast-Beginners Lindy (You've done beginners or have other dance experience)
8pm Charleston and Black Bottom Partnered and Solo—dances in their own right, were also huge influences on the subsequent Lindy Hop.
9pm Blues or "ballrooming", the slow dancing of lindy hoppers at the Savoy Ballroom mixed with some modern ideas.
10pm Dancing, to the finest music from the 20s onwards!
City Firefly Bar, 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP
Admission: £11/£10 (members) for all classes and dancing; one class £6/£5 (members); FREE after 10pm
Courtesy of Caron and Steve of swing dance

promoters 52nd Street Jump.

South-East London Lindy Hop Club

Thursday 7th January
Doors 7.30pm, beginners 7.45, intermediate 8.30pm, freestyle 9.25pm
The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge, London SE20 7QW
Admission: £7, new starters £3.50

Presented by 52nd Street Jump, these Lindy Hop classes run on a nine-week rotation, with a taster class on the tenth week. For more details email Caron or ring 07859 814239.

Tricity Vogue and the Lost Band

Friday 8th January
Doors 7pm, show 8pm, carriages 3am
Volupté, 9 Norwich St, London EC4A 1EJ
Admission: seated £15 (dining optional), standing £10; after 10pm £5

The cheeky songstress dubbed by *Time Out* "mistress of the ukulele" has a new show in which she attempts to fashion a band for herself from the audience. (Something tells me she may have seeded musos among the crowd, but who knows?) She will also be unleashing burlesque in the form of Kitty Bang Bang and Spencer Maybe The Devil (yes, a male burlesquian). Not only is this event *Time Out's* Critic's Choice but it is also Tricity's birthday. After her performance concludes at 10pm, the reins are handed over to the Black



The Kitten Club

Cotton Club who will spin shellac until 3am.

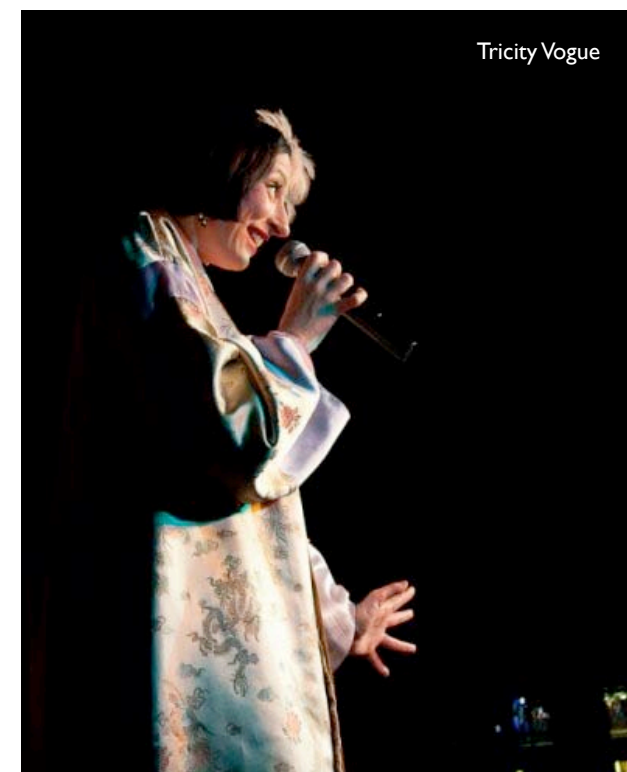
Suzi Q Club

Saturday 9th January
Doors 8pm–12am
The Royston Club, 85 Royston Road, Penge London SE20 7QW
Admission: £8/7 members (free membership in January)

In a vintage ballroom, 1940s Shag with Simon (London Swing Dance Society) 8.15–8.45pm, plus on the decks Mr Kicks, Dr Swing and special guest Nick Kirby (Jive Connection).

The Kitten Club

Sunday 10th January
Doors 6.30pm, show 7pm–9.30pm
Madam JoJo's, 8–10 Brewer Street London W1F 0SE
Admission: £12 in advance from www.thekittenclub.com or £15 on the door.
The Kitten Club are back for a New Year residency at Madame JoJo's. Every second Sunday of the month, The Kittens will be bringing their burlesque cabaret show to the centre of Soho. Join Delores Deluxe and her feisty troupe, Vixen de Ville, Tempest Rose,



Tricity Vogue

Vicious Delicious and “tomcat” Christian Lee, as they sashay their way through an evening of “characterful comedy, sultry vocals, mind blowing magic and death defying danger”.

They also seem to be playing at Volupté on 14th and 15th and at the Royal Vauxhall Tavern on 22nd.

Patriotism and Nationalism in London Clubs, 1870–1918

Monday 18th January
5pm–6.30pm
The Institute of Historical Research, Senate House, Russell Square, London WC1E 7HU
Admission: Free

NSC Member Seth Thévoz will give a talk looking at how far London’s late Victorian and Edwardian clubs were hotbeds of reaction, xenophobia, and patriotism—or not. The 45-minute talk with slides will be followed by 45 minutes of questions and discussion. (Mr Thévoz will give a version of this address later in the year at the NSC monthly Club Night.)

Threesome

Tuesday 19th
January–Saturday
6th February
7.30pm
The Tabard Theatre,
2 Bath Road, Chiswick,
London W4 1LW
Admission: £14 (£12



(Above and top) The Fitzrovia Radio Hour

concs) in advance from www.tabardtheatre.co.uk or on the door.

A play by the Club’s own Hal Iggulden (who also happens to be co-author of *The Dangerous Book for Boys*), this is described as a “dark, bloody comedy” and apparently revolves around the perils of Internet dating.

The Fitzrovia Radio Hour

Saturday 30th
January–Wednesday
10th February
7.30pm
The Last Days of Decadence, 144–145
Shoreditch High St,
London, E1 6JE (020 7729 2896)
Admission: £10

The mighty Fitzrovia Radio Hour perform vintage 1930s radio plays (well, they claim these are original plays, but I have my doubts) live, in proper evening wear and cut-glass accents, with much comic business derived from the production of live sound effects.

Between January and March they are actually performing three difference shows at two different venues (see below). The programme for this venue is:

30th January–1st
February: *Gangsters! Monsters! Imposters!*
2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th

February: *The Driven! The Decadent! The Damned!*
8th–10th February: *Ambition! Exploration! Invasion!*
More details at www.fitzroviaradio.co.uk.

The Fitzrovia Radio Hour

Tuesday 16th February–Saturday 6th March
8pm
The Swan, The Globe Theatre, Bankside,
London
Admission: £10

See above. At this venue the schedule is:
16th–20th February: *Gangsters! Monsters! Imposters!*
23rd–27th February: *The Driven! The Decadent! The Damned!*
2nd–6th March: *Ambition! Exploration! Invasion!*
More details at www.fitzroviaradio.co.uk.

And a reminder...

The Good Life...100 Years of Growing Your Own

Till Sunday 7th March
10.30am–5pm
The Garden Museum, Lambeth Palace Road,
London SE1 7LB, www.gardenmuseum.org.uk
Admission: £6 (£5 concs)

I’ve previously mentioned this exhibition of the “100-year history behind the country’s current love affair with growing food”, which started with the Allotment Act of 1908, primarily because of the WWII Dig for Victory connection.

However, Mrs H. has discovered that one item on display is a medal awarded for prize tomatoes—awarded at the British Expeditionary Force Vegetable Show held in Le Havre in 1918. Apparently the troops were encouraged to grow their own veg in the trenches to improve diet.

A similar outlook appears to have been maintained in the Second World War, during which a pamphlet entitled *Cloches vs. Hitler* was produced and another in 1948 called *Baccy—Grow And Smoke Your Own*. Both publications were penned by “Charles Wyse-Gardner”, whose real name was L. H. Chase. Allegedly he was also the man who came up with the very phrase “Dig For Victory”.

I felt these facts merited another mention.



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the show is in town

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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. Those of a technological bent can befriend us electrically at www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub or indeed www.facebook.com.



Some inspiration for the next few days in Blighty:
in this photograph taken somewhere in Britain around 1890 a patriotic sculptor fashions Queen Victoria from snow

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