

The New Sheridan Club

Newsletter

XLV • July 2010

Compton-Bassett meets his Waterloo

Or how we beat the French all over again

**WIN
TEA AT
THE LIBERAL
CLUB!**

See page 11

So. Farewell then
Egon Ronay

Ronald Porter spills the
beans on a master of
dining well on a tight budget

Come hell or
high bicycle

Meet the man behind
a daring penny
farthing adventure

EXCLUSIVE tailoring
offer for Members

Fully bespoke for a
fraction of Savile Row
prices? Suits you, sir



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

The Next Meeting

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th July in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 8pm until 11pm. Our guest speaker will be Club Member Eugenie Rhodes, who will gladden our hearts with a thesis on *How To Increase Luck In Our Lives*. Intriguing, eh? If you're expecting a standard life-coach pep talk along the lines of *How Winners Make Their Own Luck—Or, Who Moved My Lucky Cheese Parachute?* (Mongoo Business Press, £9.99), bear in mind that Eugenie's last talk was all about the faeries who inhabit the Royal Borough of Kensington. In fact she regularly takes investment advice from the faeries, so she is clearly someone who has "suction" with the people who matter in the business of bending chance to one's own benefit.

The Last Meeting

Fingers were crossed and buttocks clenched as Committee Member Matthew "The Chairman" Howard launched into his talk, *The Big Siam: Oriental Excess in the East Indies*, at our monthly meeting for June. Billed as the Second Lady Malvern Memorial Lecture—after a P. G. Wodehouse character who penned a book entitled *India and the Indians* after the briefest of stays there. The first Lady Malvern lecture was Mr Howard's own *The Manners And Customs of the Modern Egyptians (Revisited)*, extensively researched over two weeks in the Sinai

Peninsula and two days in Cairo, and his latest pronouncements were just as well grounded, offering an analysis of the life and culture of the Thai people, based on a fortnight's holiday.

Mr Howard's experiences were presented as those of a *naïf* innocently wandering into a den of iniquity (although he did have Mrs Howard there to keep him out of trouble)—from his assumption that the crowd of red-shirted demonstrators were Manchester United fans, to the cheerful acceptance that this Louis Vuitton luggage must be genuine, to his gentle curiosity over exactly what the young lady was going to do with that ping-pong ball... The chief lessons seem to be that luxury is available in the Orient but at a price that can be alarmingly high, in both pecuniary and moral terms.

It's always touch-and-go as to whether our high-tech audio-visual system will actually work, but on this occasion it did us proud, which was just as well as the guts of the talk lay in the succession of visual punchlines—the snap of the plane that jetted him to Siam was an old BOAC kite; the contrast between the Thais' heart-felt reverence for their king and the Sex Pistols' reinterpretation of our own Queen's image—for which reason, I am not really able to print an essay version of the talk this time, though you can see some of the slides well enough in the relevant set on the Club flickr page.

Many thanks to The Chairman for his hugely amusing oration.



(Above) Torquil delivers his customary introduction; (right) a slide of Matthew feeding an elephant



(Above) (l-r) Chuckles, Bunty, Essex, Robert, Stewart and RN; (right) Matthew orates



(Right) Fleur de Guerre as ace reporter; (above) top blazerage!



(Above and left) Some of the perplexing sights Matthew encountered; (below) Lucy Hayward closely attended by C-B and Augustus Harlequin-ffootie



Chuckles and Scarheart plot



“My, my, at Waterloo Napoleon did surrender” —Abba

One Member found out what it feels like to beat him

JUNE 2010: I HAD JUST COMPLETED my three-year degree course in War Studies at the University of Kent, Canterbury, and was thinking of a way to celebrate and relax. An old family friend whom I had not seen in many years had got in touch a few months earlier; among other things he’s a re-enactor of the Napoleonic period and portrays a trooper of the British 18th Hussars: “You’ve just finished your degree and have time to spare: why not come along to Waterloo?” he wrote to me one day in a Facebook message [*kids of today!* —Ed]. “As well as the 195th anniversary of the battle I’m also holding my 40th birthday party that weekend—how about it?” As many of you know I’m not one to pass on the opportunity for a party, so that helped to decide it!

The actual battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday 18th June 1815, and it has been a tradition of many years for enthusiasts to gather on the weekend closest to the 18th to re-enact the battle. This may sound like lots of fun—which, as I would find out, it most certainly is—but it is also our way of remembering and paying our respects to those of every nation who fought and fell at one of the most famous land battles in history.

My friend in the 18th Hussars pulled a few strings and got me a place with another of the British units there, the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders; and despite historically being a Scottish Highland regiment, the present-day recreated one is completely made up of Dutch and Germans—that’s re-enacting for you! Their founding-member and commanding officer is fifty-eight year old Donald Meulemans: in real life he was once an officer in the Dutch Air Force, and now runs a company selling marquees and sundry items to events companies. For the purpose of the weekend he was known as “Major MacDonald” and managed to “borrow” a rather splendid canvas tent from his company for this weekend.

Being the 195th anniversary of Waterloo this re-enactment was a big one: approximately

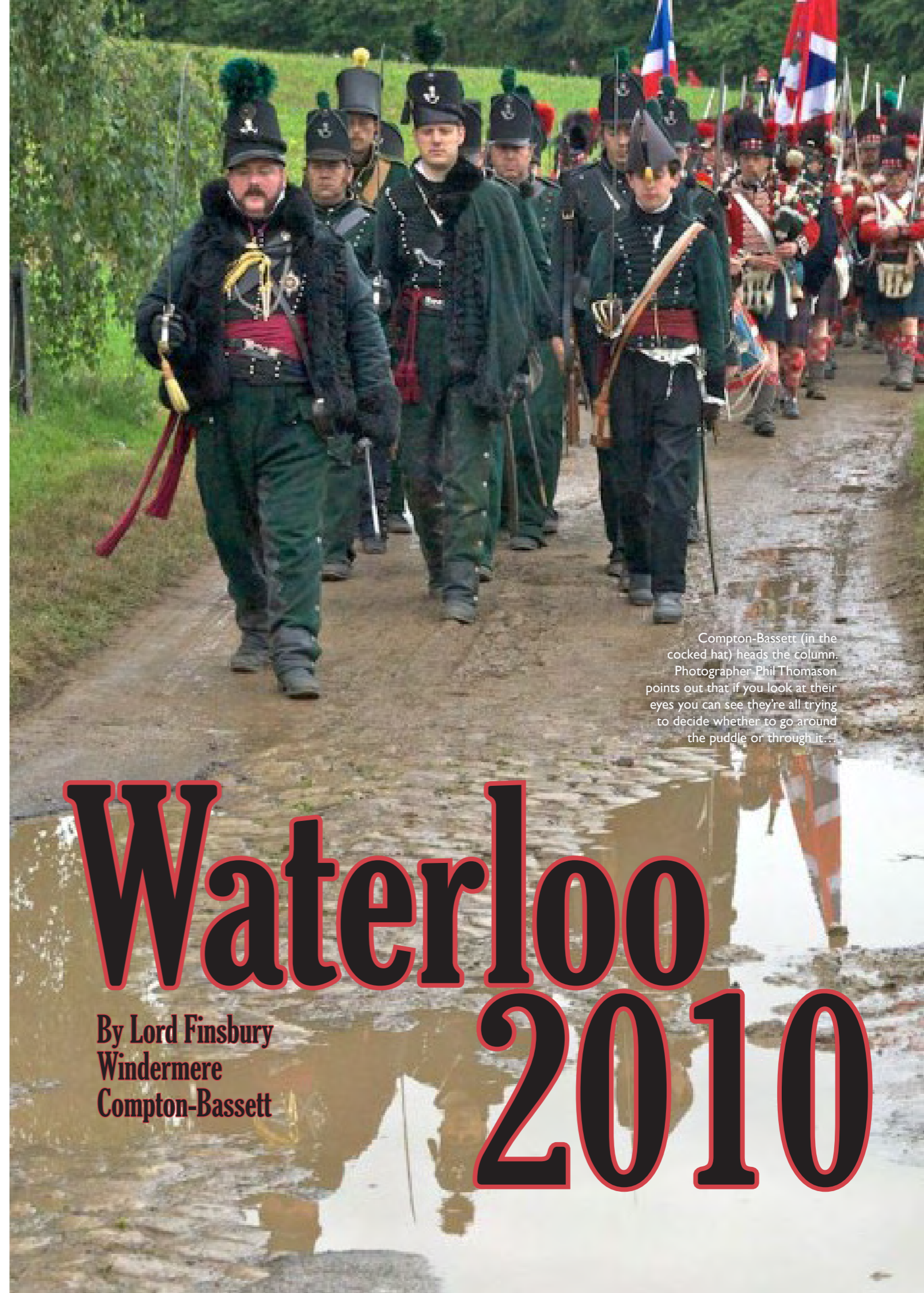
3,000 re-enactors came from all over the globe to be in a set of rather damp fields in Belgium for the weekend—one group, complete with a cannon, came all the way from Russia in their own privately-chartered coach: it took them three days to get there! The size of the armies was approximately 2,000 French versus 1,000 Allied troops. Although the actual battle saw 90,000 French against 69,000 Allied soldiers, there were battles during the actual Napoleonic Wars that had fewer combatants than we had on the field at Waterloo that weekend!

We were there from Friday 18th to Monday 21st June and from the moment we entered the camp we wore our uniforms, with modern equipment hidden away in our tents—not only did this make it more realistic for all the tourists who descended on us every day (including the French family who wanted to know if I was a General) but also helped us benefit more from the weekend: we tried to live as the soldiers did 195 years ago as realistically as possible.

Friday saw us completing our setting up arrangements of the camp—as the Allies we were very lucky to be able to set up our vast array of tents in the grounds of the Chateau de Hougoumont, the scene of some of the hardest fighting during the actual battle of Waterloo. On Friday night the Belgian organisers decided to hold a massive fireworks display on the Lion Mound* that went on for about 45 minutes and really lit-up the night sky.

The next morning I was up at 0645 hours to the sound of someone tuning a set of bagpipes—either that or a stray moggy had fallen foul of the battalion chef: I didn’t think to ask what was for breakfast...

At 1000 hours the Division formed up and marched out of the camp to hold a memorial service in a field next to Hougoumont: a drumhead service was conducted complete with prayers from a proper member of the clergy, wreaths were laid, we presented arms and had a bit of a march-past, then it was back to camp for lunch: which I managed to miss because I



Compton-Bassett (in the cocked hat) heads the column. Photographer Phil Thomason points out that if you look at their eyes you can see they’re all trying to decide whether to go around the puddle or through it...

Waterloo 2010

By Lord Finsbury
Windermere
Compton-Bassett



One look at the face of the chap second from the left at the front and you can see how noisy and confusing the battle it, even without the risk of actual death

was busy being ordered to find and hand out invitations to a drinks party for senior officers.

After lunch we had a period of Division Drill: most of the time I just had to stand around looking gallant (a tough job for old C-B, I hear you say!) but it was interesting watching all the units being put through their paces: forming line from column, forming square from line, then back into column again before forming line and firing volleys of musketry—and all the while the cavalry looked on and laughed at us for being fool enough to have to run around in the mud.

That evening we had our first big battle—kind of a rehearsal for Sunday, but also a proper battle in its own right: we fought at the village of Plancenoit, south-east of Hougomont, where historically the French and Prussians fought for many hours for control of Napoleon’s right flank. The battle started with us feeling pretty confident: we had the high ground, far more artillery, and

out. I was often asked to take messages to the Commanding Officers of various German and Dutch regiments—running through wheat fields and masses of powder smoke and praying I didn’t find myself in the middle of a sudden French cavalry charge, I would come across the unit in question. Shouting for their CO, I’d find him and relay the orders—and receive a grunt or nod in reply. “Umm...” I’d think. “Did he understand that?” So I just had to give a quick salute, say “Thank you, sir,” hope for the best and run along—and sometimes it worked. I’m not saying my lack of knowledge of



95th Rifles advance into skirmish line in front of the English Line



everyone was in high spirits—however, things started to go wrong pretty quickly. Communication between the three Allied divisions left much to be desired, and as a junior officer-messenger for the General of “C” Division (much to my amusement I had been “promoted”!) I was in the best position to find this

Dutch or German lost us the battle of course... The French fought a far more co-ordinated battle than we did and, though in the script we were supposed to win, everyone knew we’d been fairly beaten. Wellington was right—you can’t trust a Frenchman... On the plus side I crossed swords with a few French cavalymen and indulged in a bit of hand-to-hand combat with a French infantryman during a bayonet charge. And the only proper casualty of the entire battle was a young French drummer who fell over his feet and bashed his face on the edge of his drum: blood everywhere, but then you can’t have a battle without blood can you?

We got back to camp late—around 2350—and so missed dinner. Time for bed!

The next morning was “the big one”: the re-enactment of Waterloo itself! Up at 0630 again—and again I missed breakfast due to having to run around relaying orders to various regimental COs: ah, the life of an ADC! We formed up at 0900 and again marched to the battlefield: we had a few fields next to the Lion Mound, so actually fought on the real battlefield. Quite a thought! I marched at the head of the column (behind the general and Major MacDonald) to the sound of the pipes and drums of the Highland Brigade: we had five properly-trained pipers with us that weekend who were also re-enactors, and gosh what a splendid noise they made when we got going—the crowd loved us!

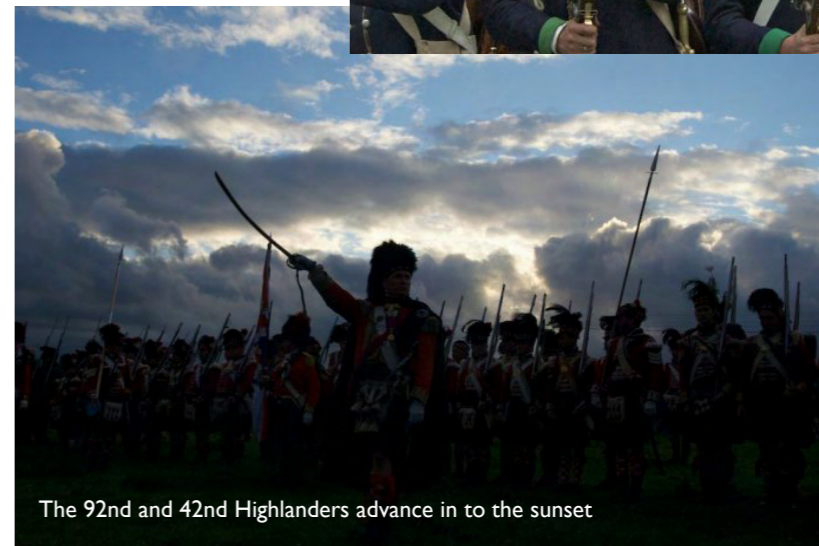
The field itself is still used as farmland—as it was 195 years ago—and the wheat was up to my waist. It was also rather wet, and the ground was heavily furrowed: picture C-B in full kit running through waist-high, wet wheat fields, clinging on to his sword while trying not to trip over the scabbard, and attempting to avoid the invisible furrows: fortunately I kept upright the entire

time, even if I did have rather damp legs after a mere ten minutes!

This battle went far better for us—but then there were (according to one Belgian newspaper) 70,000 spectators there to watch the Allies triumph, so perhaps the French were told to be on their best behaviour! And despite the extremely dodgy French/Belgian commentator



The Prussian square



The 92nd and 42nd Highlanders advance in to the sunset

(just how much did he actually know about the battle?) I can safely say we put on the best of shows! For me, one of the most memorable moments of

the weekend was in the space of a few minutes that day when the British and French infantry lines opposed each other and fired volley after volley of musketry—within seconds you can’t see more than a few feet in front of you, and you really have to be in the thick of it to know what it’s like. Those few minutes were thought-provoking: I stood there, completely detached from re-enacting, and thought: *This is as close as I’m ever going to get to seeing what it was actually like, what happened on this battlefield, this very piece of land, 195 years ago. Who was standing where I am now, and what happened to them?*

I freely admit that I felt something in my

Thanks to Phil Thomason the use of some of these photos, including the front and back covers

eye, and it wasn't just the black-powder smoke. I have been interested, enthralled even, by the Napoleonic Wars since the age of six or seven and now I was here, at the "Mecca" of the Napoleonic period, and getting as close as possible to experiencing what every single brave man went through that day. All right, so I didn't have to experience the fear of being killed at any moment, but it was still quite a thought.

"In other news" I again got to try and hit a few Frenchies with the flat of my sabre, went deaf in one ear for a few minutes when an Allied cannon went off and I was standing far too close, and nearly got hit by a rocket from the Rocket Battery—yes that's right, at Waterloo both in reality and this weekend the British had a Rocket Artillery battery in action! Rockets had been used against the British during the campaigns in India against the Marathas from 1799—1803; a chap in the Royal Horse Artillery called Congreve decided to copy them and use them against the French! Notoriously inaccurate, they were even known to turn round in mid-air and chase their own gun-crews. Though this didn't happen that weekend, at one point I happened to find myself with the general right out in front of the Allied lines when the rocket battery fired a salvo. There was a "Whooooosh!" as one sailed about three feet over our heads and pitched into the wheat about 15 yards away. What was that about Belgian health and safety regulations..?

Anyway, the battle ended with a British victory and a grand march back to camp—and then it was time to get gloriously, horrendously, utterly, drunk! Now, remember that I'd pretty much missed every single meal so far this

Not just for nerdy males: the ladies at Hougoumont keenly burn supper



weekend apart from the odd sneaked meringue and strawberry during a "Senior Officers Only" drinks party (I served the drinks)—and that the main beer on offer was a Belgian lager called "Waterloo Blond" at a heady 7.5%. I must have put down about three large bottles of the stuff: MacDonald staggered back to his tent and passed out for the rest of the night and after being plied with yet more alcohol in the form of Champagne by my new Dutch friends I decided to go for a walk to sober up... Next thing I knew I was staring up at the sky and three Prussian cavalrymen were asking me in broken English if I was all right. I was lying in the middle of the Brigade Drill field in a kilt and Highland bonnet (I've heard there's photographic evidence somewhere) and I had been asleep about two hours. Halfway back to camp I met a member of our unit who had been sent out to look for me—they were apparently quite concerned I'd not been seen in hours—and I was helped back to my tent, where I promptly fell asleep again.

Next morning was Monday and time to leave—so I was very sad! It was very strange to see everyone in their ordinary clothes and packing up; I helped stow the tents before saying farewell to everyone and then getting a lift to the nearest station, whence I travelled to Brussels and got the Eurostar back to Blighty. The first thing I did when I got back to Canterbury was to have a nice long shower and a big dinner—I really must have smelled awful after three days' worth of power smoke and sweat clinging to me; was it intentional that the seat next to me on the Eurostar remained empty for the entire journey?

So that was my experience of Waterloo: masses of fun, lots of new friends and memories to treasure forever—can anyone ask for more? And come Hell or high water, I'll be going back.

* The Belgian memorial to the battle erected in the 1830's and a feature that led the Duke of Wellington to exclaim "They have ruined my battlefield!"—the Belgians had simply scraped up earth from one of the principal features of the battlefield, the ridge that the Allied army held on to all day, to create a large pyramid, and put a giant bronze lion on top. The German army didn't complain as much: in 1940 they put a radio mast on top of it!



A Farewell to Egon Ronay



A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARMING MASTER OF AFFORDABLE FINE DINING

By Ronald Porter

EGON RONAY, author of the famous *Egon Ronay Good Food Guides*, died on Saturday 12th June at the incredible age of 94. As a food and wine writer, I met him on many occasions. I liked him. He was always charming and always had something interesting or witty to say.

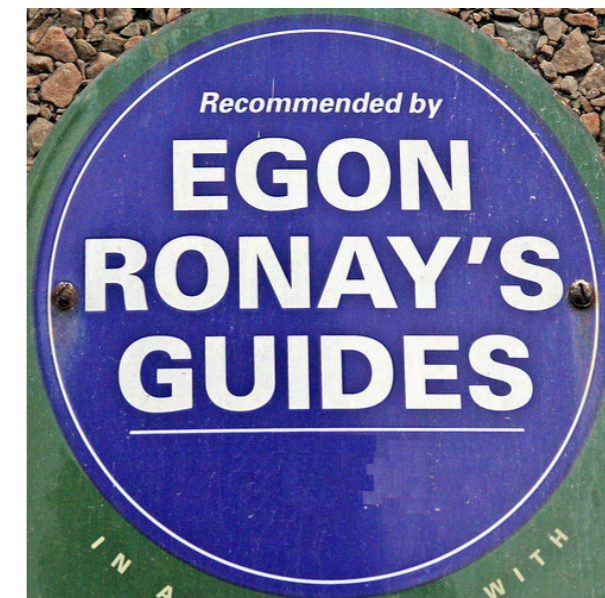
He was born in Hungary on 24th July 1915.

His family had their substantial estates confiscated by the Russians after the war, so Egon fled to England and started helping out at a restaurant in the West End. He later opened up his own restaurant near Harrods in 1949 to great success. Later, in 1957, he published his first *Good Food Guide*. They sold like hot cakes and, over the next few decades, he became a much admired and respected food critic. He sold the rights to his books to the AA in 1985 but later claimed them back and published his last guide, in conjunction with the RAC, in 2005. He died at his house in Berkshire with his wife and elder daughter by his bedside.

Over the years, I collected many copies of his guides. They were

highly readable and appeared far more reliable, to me at any rate, than all the rival publications put together. In fact, in the early 1960s, when I started to get seriously interested in food and wine, at the tender age of about 12, there were only two publications apart from Ronay's. One was a slightly stuffy book called *The Ashley Courtney Guide*. The other was the *Which? Good Food Guide*. It relied, too heavily for my liking, on reports from readers who tended, so I thought then, not to know a lot about food or anything else for that matter.

Egon's *Guides* were very useful to a novice like me. I found his tips priceless. For example, he would always point out to readers that astronomically dear restaurants did, on certain days and at certain times, dirt-cheap, set-priced meals. That was a godsend to some one like me. I only had pocket money to spend plus, from time to time, hand outs from rich aunts and uncles. It was through Egon's books that



"When I reminded Pajeres that he had closed the Ronay-recommended Causerie he said, 'Yes, it was crowded with your sort. But we could not afford to subsidise the hard-up genteel set any longer!'"

I got to know about the cheap, fixed-price menus at the Berkeley Hotel in Knightsbridge. And thanks to Egon, I became a persistent attender of the Causerie at Claridge's, where you could help yourself to masses of food, at a bargain basement price—and go up for more as often as you liked. As a teenager, I lunched and dined there as a king, and very often with real Kings, albeit most of them "ex", deposed former heads of state!

That fabulous, regal existence came to an abrupt end in the mid-Sixties. The then Chief Executive of the Savoy Group, Ramón Pajeres, decided it would be more profitable to close the Causerie and re-open it as an expensive drinks bar, also selling



Ronay in Tokyo in the 1960s



Tucking into what appears to be a hearty Full English



(Above) Blind-tasting supermarket Champagnes in 2006; (below) with Cherie Blair in 2004



rather pricey nursery food. When I reminded him of this dreadful deed a few years ago, he smiled and said, “Yes, it was crowded with your sort. But we could not afford to subsidise the hard-up genteel set any longer!”

Another of Egon’s tips, to the down-trodden folk like me on to their last million, was Afternoon Tea at London’s smartest of smart hotels. He pointed out, quite correctly, that their afternoon teas were loss leaders. They were a way of enticing people in who would not normally afford go there and “encourage them to experience a great hotel”. To be honest, after reading his books, I did not need much more in the way of “encouraging”. In a very short time, I was on first name terms with the Irish Maitre D’ at the Ritz, the late Michael Toomey. Nothing could keep me away from the cream and jam scones, the ham sandwiches, the delicious cakes and creamy pastries, served with piping hot cups of tea from a silver pot. I frequently saw people like Hardy Amies at the next table. And at other tables there were cabinet ministers like Norman St John Stevas and Christopher Soames. As a hard-up undergraduate, I would often take tea at the Ritz and sit, in utter poverty, amidst the splendours of the Ritz Winter Garden, in the days when the fountain actually worked! Although I was hard-up, I refused to be poor. And how could you be poor, with umpteen waiters ready to serve you delicious food in the finest of fin-de-siècle surroundings?

Of course, there are criticisms that can be made of his guides. He would sometimes spend far too much time talking about the interior of the restaurant, how it was decorated, the flower arrangements, the state of the table cloths, the state of the furniture, the patterns in the carpets and the condition of the curtains. After dealing with all that, you would be lucky to get a sentence or two on whether the food was any good and if it was worth the money. But then he was aiming at an English audience. And the English are unduly influenced by such matters. So, I must admit, am I!

He claimed his inspectors were unobtrusive and “anonymous”. So if you saw a chap at a table in a restaurant with a pencil and a notebook, writing furiously every time he tasted the food, looked at the wine list or the menu, you were supposed not to draw the inescapable

conclusion that he was a food and wine writer!

He was one of those foreigners who wanted us to believe the myth that before he arrived in England, our food was dreadful. Now, because of rationing and shortages during and after the war, our food was a bit boring for far longer than it should have been. But I do not agree it was universally awful. My mother’s house, in the Forties and Fifties, always had an excellent choice of food every day of the week. She had high standards right up until she died in 2002. So did a lot of other English housewives. And we had some excellent restaurants during and after the war, as we still do today. Had he never heard of Simpsons, the Goring Hotel and the restaurant at Selfridges, to name but a few in London? I admit that, on being asked by the then Transport Minister in the early 1970s, he did help to improve the cuisine in motorway service stations. But some of us, like me, still mourn the virtual disappearance of the old Wonderloaf bacon butty, oozing with melted margarine from the heat of the fried bacon!

Finally, he claimed to be totally independent and never to take money for product endorsements or be beholden to *anyone*. This is not the whole truth. His guides were full of adverts related, in some way, shape or form, to the world of food, wine and travel. In one guide I have just looked at, I have been told to drink Schweppes, to try Tio Pepe, to use gas from Mr Therm (did we have a choice in those days?), to cook with Sheffield Stainless Steel, to “keep going well, keep going Shell” and reminded that “Esso Blue means happy motoring”.

Ronald Parker was the food and wine critic for *What’s On* for 20 years, a job he now does for the London Press Club’s magazine. He is also a regular contributor to *The Conservative History Journal* and the magazine of *The National Liberal Club*. He also writes regular obituaries for *The Independent*, *The Times* and the *The Daily Telegraph*.

RONALD’S TIPS FOR PENNYWISE EATING

Breakfast at Weatherspoons

Egon Ronay was an advisor/consultant to the pub chain Weatherspoons. They do a Big British Breakfast offer in most—not all—of their pubs. You get a huge plate of eggs, bacon, sausages, tomatoes, beans, black pudding, mushrooms, etc, plus tea and toast for about £6. You must order it before 12 noon.

City Hall, Queen’s Walk, London SE12AA

One of the best bargains currently available is the restaurant at the Greater London Authority’s City Hall, next to HMS Belfast and a five-minute walk along the river from London Bridge tube/rail station. It’s not open in the evenings but you can have a three-course lunch for about £7 including a soft drink and coffee, and you can buy wine there too. Closed at week ends and bank holidays. Mayor Boris Johnson frequently lunches there.

The Ritz Hotel, 150 Piccadilly, London W1J 9BR

The Ritz still does fixed-price set menus for luncheon and dinner. I think these are a better bargain than their teas which are now about £40 pounds a person and must be booked way in advance (not so for dinner or lunch). The Dining Room is splendid—probably the best in any hotel in London, or Europe for that matter.

WIN THE BEST TEA IN LONDON!

Ronald believes that tea at the National Liberal Club is the best value in town—but you have to be a member or guest to enjoy it. So Ronald is kindly offering one NSC Member and his or her guest a free full afternoon tea there with strawberries and cream. To win simply answer this question: **Who was the architect of the National Liberal Club?** Email answers to telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk by 16th July. The tea must be by mutual arrangement regarding date and time (club closed weekends and bank hols). Dress code: lounge suit



“When bikes were invented they were the fastest things on the road. So the first thing that came in was racing.”



Come Hell or High Bicycle



CYCLING FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROATS—ON TUPPENCE HA'PENNY

IF YOU THOUGHT that April's "Tweed Run" mass bicycle rally was a call to arms for the dapper two-wheeler, a frightening show of tweedy force by the normally benign engine-free mobility nobility, then think again.

Cally Callomon (who, you may remember, curated a Club Film Night recently, and indeed is doing it again this month, so there!) is one half of a crack duo of velocipedists who soon will be cycling from Land's End to John O'Groats—on a pair of 1885 penny farthings, to raise money to help families who are riven by the curse of addiction in their ranks. The pair will set off on 18th August, and expect to complete their journey in 18 days, stopping at B&Bs and vowing to sample at least one local cheese and one local beer every day. Mr Callomon will be taking his 50-inch fixed-wheel Grafton Silent Compound Roadster, while his companion Mr John Malseed (in truth a veteran of the Veteran-Cycle Club) will be trusting his behind to a Victor Roadster 52-inch fixed-wheel Ordinary Bicycle. And there is no margin for slacking, getting lost or stopping to smell the flowers along the way—for Mr Malseed will be racing his machine the very day after the epic journey is scheduled to end, in the three-hour Knutsford



(l-r) Astrid Callomon, Cally Callomon, John Malseed, Tom Marshall Potter; (opposite) a 2001 illustration of Cally on his penny farthing by Bill Sanderson

race which happens only once a decade and attracts some 80 penny farthings.

Accompanying the pair will be a support team consisting of Astrid Callomon and Tom Marshall-Potter, riding their reproduction Dursley Pedersens, machines designed at the turn of the last century. They will have modern navigating equipment to help cut down on time-consuming map-reading stops, as well as carrying the odd Mars bar and fluids. Both are in their early twenties and should know better.

If you think this all sounds a bit hardcore for something so gentle and intrinsically comic as the penny farthing, then think again. Again. "One of the primary drives originally behind cycling was financial," says Cally. "Bikes were the fastest thing on the road when they were invented—suddenly people came across a sport where you could travel at 35mph and nothing else on the road could do that. So the first thing

that came in was racing and gambling, betting on cycling. But bicycles were expensive things so only really the upper middle classes and the wealthy could own them. Interestingly, women could cycle at the same time as men and it was seen as daring but acceptable to do so. It spawned a whole industry of equipment and special clothing—bloomers, and so on."

Cally knows whereof he speaks: he is a bicycle obsessive. Although he makes his living from the music industry, he claims all that is just to enable him to spend more time with his

bicycles: he has a whole museum of machines and associated memorabilia at his pile in Norfolk, where he has vowed to cycle every mile of road on the Ordnance Survey map in the centre of which he happens to live (sheet no.165 if you want to go and look it up).

On these pages you will see some images from a collection taken by one Nick Hand, who last year cycled the length of Britain's coast (it took him from April till October to do it). Along the way he interviewed artisans and other worthwhile, interesting, hands-on sort of people, editing their words together with slideshows of photographs. One of those interviewed was Cally himself, and it was this that gave him the idea of his own cycle challenge (which he considers to be a far easier task). To see the audio slideshow, click on the image below. (On Nick's website you can also see a slideshow about Old Town, who also hang out in Norfolk.)

For more about the challenge they are calling Toe-to-Head ("cycling the length of the UK on tuppence ha'penny"—which is true when you think about it), to pledge your sponsorship, and to track the pair's progress once it has begun or to get in touch (as Cally suggests "to offer us lodgings, come along for part of the ride or simply hurl abuse as we pass"), keep a weather eye on their website.

HAVENS FOR RETRO-CYCLISTS

The Veteran-Cycle Club

Formed in 1955 to promote the conservation and enjoyment of old bicycles, the club has 2,300 members all over the world and runs many events. Membership gives access to an online library in partnership with the National Cycle Collection at Llandrindod Wells, plus a physical Archive Room, a bimonthly magazine and a triannual journal.

The Tweed Cycling Club

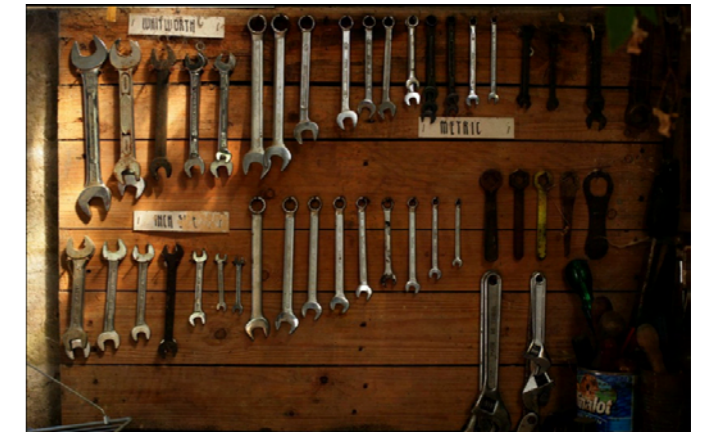
The Tweed CC focuses more on style and enjoyment than academic study. Their motto is "Style not speed, elegance not exertion". They organise regular rides.

The Tweed Run

Organisers of mass tweed-clad cycle rallies, including April's jaunt in London. Autumn will see stylish pedal-powered invasions of Toronto and New York.



As part of Cyclescreen, Bristol's bike film festival, Cally will be lecturing on *Cycling: A Social History* on Thursday 5th August, 6pm, at Watershed, 1 Canon's Road, Harboursdie, Bristol



JERSEY BOYS Cally thought cycling Members might like to know about Deluxe Jersey. They're French—bear with me—and make vintage-style cycling sweaters in various designs for 89 euros. You can even add your own wording.





Of Clubs and Libraries



A MODEST PROPOSAL

By *Artemis Scarheart*

A LONDON CLUB may have many hearts, depending on whom you talk to. To red-faced retired colonels the beating heart of any club must be the bar—chums aplenty, whisky and soda and gin and tonic and port and brandy flowing like water, bar snacks to stave off starvation, smartly jacketed attendants bringing foaming jugs of ale and noisy laughter and fun.

To the portly gentlemen the only place you could call a club's heart would be the kitchen and dining rooms—silver service, a different roast every day, fine wines matched expertly with fine food, steamy salvers, fresh seafood and plenty of meat and sauce.

And to yet another the beating heart of a club is its leafy area. Not the smoking terrace or veranda, but the Club Library.

Club libraries—like bars and dining rooms—can be very different places, and each reflects the club it serves. Some are small and mainly full of Clive Cussler and Dick Francis novels. Others groan with old editions of Wisden, sporting almanacs and autobiographies of long dead golf players. A bulging military and British and Imperial history section is a feature of many and others are stuffed with political literature, reflecting the club's alignment, past or present.

Recently I found myself at the National Liberal Club in Whitehall visiting a friend. It is as you would expect if you have seen it on television (it features in a number of TV shows and films) and is certainly rather Bertie Woosterish—very high ceilings, plenty of oil portraits and busts of Liberal politicians (Paddy Ashdown has recently gone up on the wall) and a myriad of rooms clustered around a magnificent marble staircase. It was originally built for 6,000 members, but now has around



The Gladstone Library shortly after completion

2,000 which means that there seems to be open marbled or carpeted space in every direction. They sold off the 140 bedrooms to a hotel next door and even host another club inside their own building it is of such a scale. Gormenghast was all I could think as I tried to find the gents.

But one thing that is missing from the NLC is a Club Library. As this was an overtly political club founded by William Gladstone (approx 15 busts, portraits or statues of him are present and it is a minor Cult of Personality) in 1882 it understandably built up a large and impressive collection of over 30,000 political pamphlets, 35,000 political books and other ephemera and was the largest library of 17th–20th century political material in the country.

Sadly, when the club was run by a Canadian conman in the 1970s this was sold off to Bristol University for the paltry sum of £40,000. The club then had a two-storey library with a balcony but no books so it too was sold off to be used as a function room for outside interests. The Club was financially saved but the spirit of it was damaged.

The club trundles on today but even though you could play two games of back-to-back

tennis in the Smoking Room—or read the newspapers and magazines there, it all depends on your preferences—there is clearly something missing. The Gladstone Library was, by all accounts, a magnificent place and a true temple of learning from which one could produce endless PhDs or MAs. It was also a place where members could sit and read, doze, work on their business papers, do their own research, suggest new additions to the library, look up witty quotes, find out who won an obscure 1906 cricket match and so on. Without a library there is no truly quiet place to which to retreat, to sit and think, do some uninterrupted reading or catch a quick nap. As someone may once have said, shortly before expiring of gout, “Along with roast meat and claret, knowledge is food and drink to man and woman.”

The collection at Bristol will never return but, as I talked to some young and radical members of the club, another possibility popped up. Apparently when the Crown Estates lease expires in the next decade or so the club will be able to renew—but only under the original terms of the lease. This could mean getting the bedrooms and Library back, even though they were sold some time ago. Now, there is no need for several floors of bedrooms, two ballrooms and all the associated costs of them but there is a chance that the club could get back its library. Naturally the present owners would complain but these radical plotters are convinced they would have been made aware of this when they purchased it and the Crown is rather stubborn on points like this.

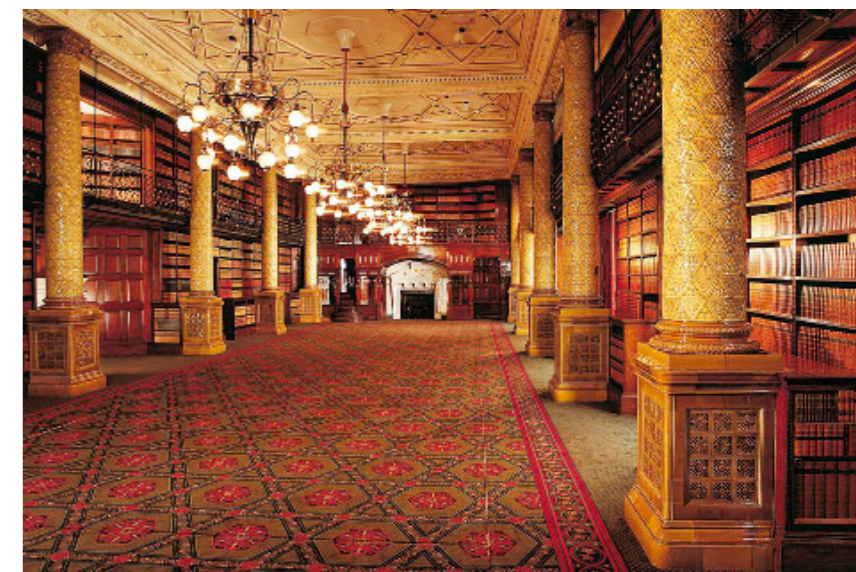
The return of this fine room would doubtless gladden the heart of any red-blooded clubman. But as a librarian I also have a professional interest—if the NLC got its library back it would have to fill it. The old collection is an impossibility but there are probably other seats of learning who hold large paper collections of valuable/interesting material and are facing the same storage issues as the rest of us. Could they be tempted to a deal whereby the collection would be on loan to an establishment like the NLC? This would free up space in the home institution and ensure that it was safely housed in another private building where access is controlled.

For a club it would mean that it had a reason to maintain its library, would have an admired academic collection and receive accredited visitors from around the country (maybe even the world) who would doubtless enjoy a drink and maybe even a meal after their research, perhaps even wanting to join the club after they have seen it.

I'm sure that scattered around London and the rest of the country there are grand old buildings, clubs and associations with stunning spaces that could house specialist archives and collections. Likewise there are many university libraries bulging at the seams with valuable hard copy resources they need to keep but can't house. Maybe, as time goes on, there will be a convergence of needs and the dusty shelves of Clubland will groan once more with unique tomes and be places of academic study, not just repositories for the latest offering by Andy McNab.

Or maybe that's just the first G&T of the day talking.

The Gladstone Library today, now a banqueting facility attached to the Royal Horseguards hotel





REVIEW

Megaphone to Microphone: The Al Bowly Years



THE JERMYN STREET THEATRE

By Augustus Harlequin-foot

IT WAS AN UNALLOYED PLEASURE to sit through *The Bowly Years: Megaphone to Microphone*, as the show traced the career of definitive 1930s crooner Al Bowly.

Australian singer Damion Scarcella delivered a tour de force in this one-man show portraying the exotic South African singer who could bring tears of sadness to your eyes one minute, and tears of joy the next—and could even inject an irrepressible *joi de vivre* into a song like “Come To Me My Melancholy Baby”. Scarcella sang for two hours, covering most of Bowly’s career highlights with an impressive evocation of the singer’s distinctive sincerity, whilst filling in between songs with a narrative of Bowly’s eventful and often tragic life.

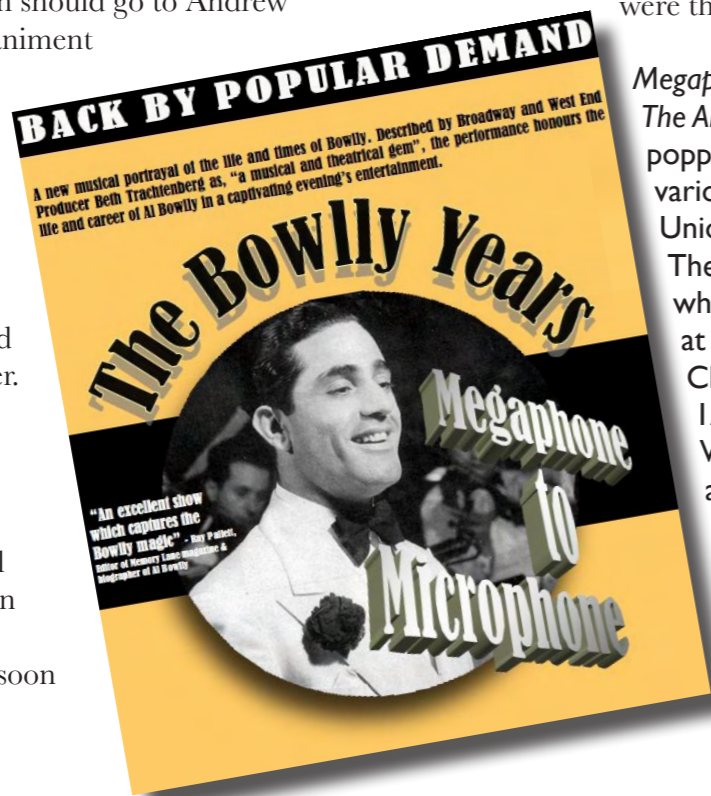
Special mention should go to Andrew Sackett’s accompaniment (worthy of Bowly’s own legendary accompanist Monia Liter) for its stamina and range, as the music never ceased its gusto and power.

The venue was also doubly appropriate. This was one of the last shows that will ever be mounted in the Jermyn Street Theatre, which is soon



to be demolished by Westminster City Council along with an entire segment of the street including such jewels as the old homes of the barber Geo. F Trumper, and Bertie Wooster’s own favourite hatter, Bates. The Jermyn Street Theatre is situated in a basement which had originally been the kitchen of the Monseigneur Restaurant—where Bowly himself sang live almost every night between 1931 and 1935. Bowly of course also died further along Jermyn Street, when a German parachute mine exploded outside his flat in 1941.

This was a superb evening, made even more enjoyable by the encore which the audience pleaded for at the end, and was granted. It’s been a long time since one singer and a pianist were this entertaining.



Megaphone to Microphone: The Al Bowly Years has been popping up intermittently at various venues, including the Union Theatre in Southwark. The next performance of which I am aware will be at the Regent Centre, Christchurch, Dorset BH23 1AS (01202 499199) on Wednesday 8th September at 2.30pm, priced £15 (£10 concs). OK, not terribly convenient, I admit, but the production itself seems to have no website.

Pistols at Dawn

Report on the NSC Film Night, Thursday 1st July

Returning to the Napoleonic theme, last Thursday saw the latest in our burgeoning new run of film screenings, when Mr Anton Krause presented *The Duellists*, the 1977 Ridley Scott adaptation of Joseph Conrad’s story about a pair of Napoleonic officers who fought a series of duels over some 30 years. The tale itself was based on a true story, and Scott was clearly at pains to represent the events and their *milieu* with historical accuracy—indeed the realism of the duels themselves is doubtless what appeals most about the film to Mr Krause, an expert in such matters. The film was actually shot on a meagre budget, which meant that there were some minor costume inaccuracies to do with specific uniforms, but overall the standard was high.

Mr Krause took particular delight in explaining to us how the evolving fashions for duelling weapons were faithfully represented. The initial fights used the European shortsword, essentially “a needle on a stick”, as Mr Krause put it; with no cutting edge your strategy was simply to skewer your opponent, something that the insanely pointy weapon could do so surgically that duellists might walk away from a bout and not realise at first that they had been run through. A later duel fought with sabres, by contrast, was long, bloody and clearly exhausting, until the duellists could scarcely lift their heavy blades. Towards the end the duels turned to pistols, including a final fight where the combatants scurry round some woods firing at will like some team-building paintball excursion.

We had a good turn-out and once again I was pleased to see total strangers wandering in for the fun. We chatted afterwards and I sensed they might not actually join the NSC, but it was



a good opportunity to spread the word.

**Next Film Night:
Thursday
22nd July**

You may remember we had a screening in April of two obscure documentaries from the 1970s and 1980s,

focusing on outsiders in society. One concerned a travelling knifegrinder, probably one of the last in the country, and the other, *The Moon and the Sledgehammer*, looked at an eccentric family living a secluded life on a patch of woodland in London. Anyway, our curator, Cally Callomon (see page 13—he’s a busy man) would like to have another screening so some of his London chums can see the flicks, films you are unlikely to see screened anywhere else, so I have booked the room again. Any Club Members who fancy seeing the films but couldn’t make the last screening are welcome to come along. Cally will introduce the programme with his thoughts on “the English media’s need for our ‘eccentrics’ to be pre-packaged whereas, in these films, they are free of all such convenient shrink-wrap and could even be seen as sinister”.



The Kindest Cut



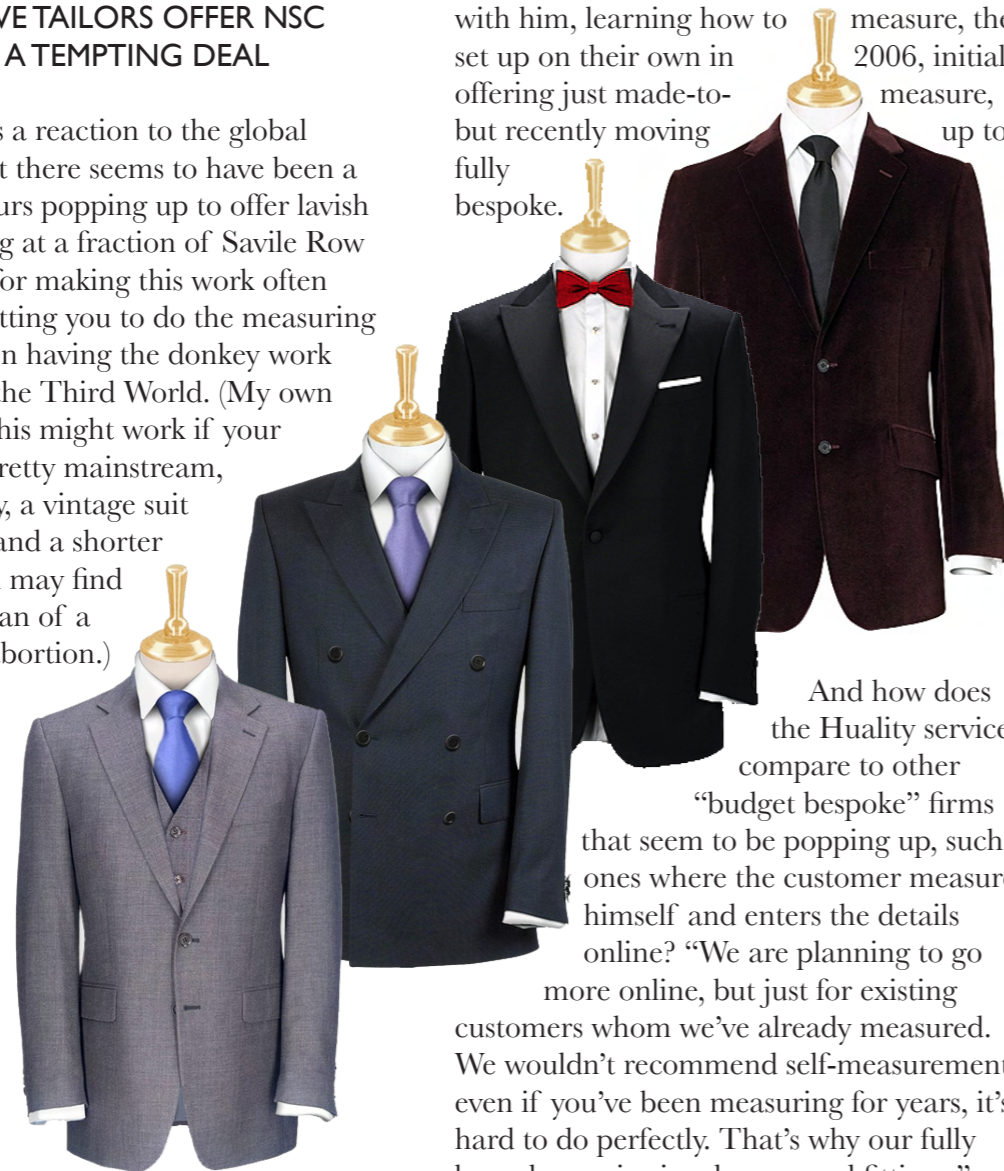
INNOVATIVE TAILORS OFFER NSC MEMBERS A TEMPTING DEAL

I DON'T KNOW if it's a reaction to the global economic crisis, but there seems to have been a rash of entrepreneurs popping up to offer lavish Savile Row tailoring at a fraction of Savile Row prices. Their plan for making this work often seems to involve getting you to do the measuring chores yourself, then having the donkey work done by people in the Third World. (My own experience is that this might work if your requirements are pretty mainstream, but if you want, say, a vintage suit with high trousers and a shorter waistcoat, then you may find yourself the guardian of a nameless woollen abortion.)

More or less by accident I came across a firm named Huality who are offering what sounds like a pretty good deal. "We do both made-to-measure and fully bespoke suits," says Chung Hua, "from our London fitting rooms at Liverpool Street and on Savile Row. The made-to-measure ones are made up in Hong Kong, while the bespoke suits are cut here by our cutter John Kelly then sent to Hong Kong for the stitching. The fully bespoke service also offers hand-cannassing, with no fusing in the chest canvas, and fabrics all sourced in the UK."

The Hong Kong connection is key. It's a family business, run by two brothers ("our family name is Hua and our father's name is

Lee, which is where the name Huality came from!"*) whose uncle, now retired, used to be a tailor in Hong Hong. After the hand-over to China, many of his ex-pat clients moved back to the UK; as much for the holiday as anything, he used to come over to Blighty to measure them while continuing to make the clothes in Honkers. It was that uncle who suggested the brothers start the business. After some years of apprenticeship with him, learning how to measure, they set up on their own in 2006, initially offering just made-to-measure, but recently moving up to fully bespoke.



And how does the Huality service compare to other "budget bespoke" firms that seem to be popping up, such as ones where the customer measures himself and enters the details online? "We are planning to go more online, but just for existing customers whom we've already measured. We wouldn't recommend self-measurement; even if you've been measuring for years, it's hard to do perfectly. That's why our fully bespoke service involves several fittings."

In what seems to be an increasingly crowded market, what will a customer get from Huality which they won't get from the competition? "Our price. Made-to-measure starts at just £179 and fully bespoke from £450. Having much of the work done in Hong Kong means we can keep our prices down, and we also maintain no shop fronts, just fitting rooms where clients can come to be measured and choose the fabric and style

they want." (The Savile Row fitting rooms are shared with other tailors and the Hua brothers only receive bespoke customers there. "We can't do the made-to-measure suits there," Chung admits. "The other tailors don't really like it—it takes the gloss off the place!")

"For our fully bespoke range we can do anything stylistically—we don't work from patterns. People wanting Mod suits can get very fussy about lapel width and the exact length of the jacket. We also get people who want really deep pockets—I don't know why! We do wedding suits and sometimes people want to match the bride's colours or there is a theme."

The standard Huality range includes evening wear and morning wear, plus jackets in linen, tweed or louche velvet. But it doesn't end there. "If you can show us an existing garment, or photos of one, then we can replicate it. Some of our lady customers bring in suits they like so we can send photos to our tailors and take measurements. I know of at least three women who have bought a suit from a boutique, brought it to us then taken the original back to the shop!"

Is he seeing any particular styles or features passing into the glare of fashionability at the moment—in the popular parlance of Cyberspace, what is "trending"? "We certainly wouldn't say to a customer, 'You should wear

SPECIAL OFFER!

Any Member of the New Sheridan Club will receive an automatic discount of 5% on all Huality services. Simply tell them in advance when you book your fitting and show them your Membership card when you visit.

this because it's fashionable.' To be honest it all depends on factors like your height and your posture. For example, I'm quite short, like most Chinese people, so I wouldn't go for a three-button suit. I much prefer a two-button coat. But it all depends on your frame and your colouring and we will offer advice on what suits you."

What's the strangest thing a customer has asked for? "There was a guy who wanted gold stitching all round the suit. And flares."

WWW.HUALITY.CO.UK

Huality has kindly offered a bespoke shirt worth £50 as a prize for the famous Grand Raffle at the NSC summer party on Saturday 21st August.

* Now that I think about it, as there are two brothers there may be a pun intended on "duality". Or maybe I'm reading too much into it.



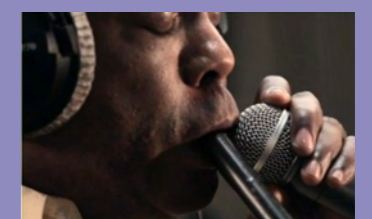
BEHOLD THE FUTURE OF THE PAST

In case you missed the online fuss, meet the USB typewriter. It looks just an old typewriter, you say. That's exactly what it is, but some boffins in America have modified it so that as you type it outputs keystroke information via a USB cable, so you can use it to pour words into a computer (Mac or PC) or even that new-fangled iPad. Even better, someone seems to have invented an iPad dock that is built into the carriage of the machine—not only can you enter data but the

iPad moves from side to side in the carriage as you do so. Genius.

You can buy ready-made USB typewriters from the boffins (each one unique, I assume) or, if you're handy with a soldering iron, you can purchase a kit so you can ruin that vintage Remington yourself. Or you can send your machine to the boffins and they can do it for you. Finished typewriters are around 300–500 dollars. **Click on the image above** to see the typewriter dock in action.

For a perverse treat, click on this image to see Michael Wimslow's *History of the Typewriter*, vocal impressions from an 1895 Barlok Mod.4 to a 1983 Olympia Monika Deluxe





CLUB NOTES

New Members

I WOULD LIKE to toss the sun-warmed raw chicken of collegiate friendship on to the petrol-soaked, smoke-belching barbecue of good intention, then hand it—all too eagerly—to the following delicate-stomached newcomers, all of whom have joined the New Sheridan Club in the last month: Phillip danger Corlis, Giles Culpepper, Frank McNab and Lady Emma-Jane of Willaston.

Club Member to Issue Commercial Wax Cylinder

CLUB MEMBER Marmaduke Dando, a “singer of morose ballads and frisky drunken jigs” who has graced the stage of the Cirque de Crème Anglaise no less, is launching his very own long-playing record album, *Heathcliffian Surly*. To celebrate he will be giving a special performance on Friday 3rd September at the delightful Hoxton Hall, 130 Hoxton Street, London N1. There will also be performances from special guests and every member of the audience will get a free copy of the long-player. (I gather the album will be available “on vinyl, download and stream”—I hope this means your free copy is a vinyl disc, but in

this modern age it may simply be a chit good for one Audio Thought Pulse or something. Anyway, It'll be a splendid night out. Tickets are £10 each and may be purchased from Mr Dando's website, www.marmadukedando.com.

Hallamshire-Smythe Dispatched to Belgium

THE SCION OF HALLAMSHIRE-SMYTHE, pipe-smoker, stalwart of The Tashes and all-round Good Egg, has had to flee the country, presumably hounded by creditors, furious husbands and/or the friends of someone he killed in a duel. A slave to the dairy industry, he used to be good for a wheel of cheese or two for a Tashes prize, but now peddles some sort of heavily processed yoghurt drink, I believe.


Anyway, he claims that his company, a kingpin in the global Military/Industrial/Dairy Complex, requires him to relocate with his family. We wish him the best of British luck in the daunting land of *moules frites*, chocolate and insanely strong beer (hmm, doesn't sound too bad, actually).

The good news is that this was all a delightful excuse for a knees-up, so a troupe headed down to the Dover Castle, the pub in Weymouth Mews that has become a traditional home for

the Club, though I can't remember why, exactly. On this occasion it proved highly inappropriate as it turned out to be shut (for “staff training”, we later discovered), so we decamped to the nearby Stag—nothing much to recommend it apart from its being open and not very far away, and indeed we found ourselves heckled incoherently by children from a first floor window as we sat outside.

Most bizarrely of

Marmaduke Dando
+ special guests



HOXTON HALL
3RD SEPTEMBER 2010
TO CELEBRATE THE RELEASE OF DEBUT ALBUM

Heathcliffian Surly

£10 TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM
WWW.MARMADUKEDANDO.COM
FREE ALBUM FOR EVERY GUEST



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Here is one for all your tractor fetishists out there (and I know you are legion). Mr Montague Gaylord Greene breathlessly contacted me to rush him a Club Tie so he could wear it to the Royal Norfolk Show a couple of days later. The bicycle messenger got there just in time, and here he is. As you can see from his rosette he has already won Best in Show for something...

all, as we relished our drinking-up time a car screeched to a halt where we sat and a dapper gent, unseasonably dressed in a buttoned-up overcoat, jumped out and asked if we wanted to buy any cigars. He had “just got back from Cuba” and “had loads in the trunk”. (“Trunk”? Was he deep in an American gangster fantasy? Did he have a shooter inside that overcoat? Was trying to muscle in on the Fitzrovia cigar racket? Had he mistaken me for Pedro “The Humidor” Diablo?) Personally I suspected that if the stoogies were legit then he wouldn't be pandering them on the fly to bibulous fops after closing time. No, he'd be selling them on eBay like a respectable person. (Actually, I'm told you aren't allowed to sell tobacco on eBay, so don't try it, kids.) I particularly liked the fact that he described them as “starting at” £20 each—and going down from there.

I could see Chris Choy was tempted but in the end we all declined. We drained our glasses and H-S and his young (and in some cases rather long-haired) chums headed off to Ronnie Scotts for some of that modern “jass” music I've been hearing about. No good will come of it.



Forthcoming Events



OFFICIAL NSC JAUNTS 🍁
AND THIRD-PARTY WHEEZES WE
THINK YOU MIGHT ENJOY

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. Further discussion may be at www.sheridanclub.co.uk.

🍁 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th July
8pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place,
London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.



A thrilling moment from the Three-Trousered Limbo at last year's Chap Olympics

Lane, London SE11 5HY
(020 7820 1222)
Admission: £10 in advance,
£12 on the door

Mayday! Mayday!
Wing Commander Edwin
Flay—aviator, escape artist,
daredevil and all-round
English cove—has been shot
down behind enemy lines!
Intelligence reports indicate
that he has been interred
in the dread maximum
security POW camp Stalag
Luft 32DD. Remarkably,
both captors and captives

in the camp are said to have a stupendous
variety of cabaret, burlesque and vaudeville
talents. Yet all live in fear of the diabolical
Obersturmbahnführer DeVille, a.k.a...“The
Camp Kommandant”! DeVille rules Stalag Luft
32DD with an iron fist in a well-lubed glove;
can Flay summon all his ingenuity and skills
and contrive to escape, or will Herr DeVille tear
his spirit in twain? Aiding the war effort: Frank
Sinazi, Audacity Chutzpah, Laurie Hagen, Paul
Brown, Shirley Windmill, plus many more...

The Chap Olympics

Saturday 17th July
1pm
Bedford Square Gardens, Bedford Square,
London

The annual contest of unathletic gentlemanly
pursuits where the goal is not to win (both losing
and cheating are strongly admired), which last
year featured bicycle jousting; hop, skip and
G&T; and the perennial martini relay. More
details at thechap.net.

Cabaret Carnival

Sunday 18th July
7pm–10pm
Madam JoJos, 8–10 Brewer Street, London
Admission: £10 in advance or on the door

A charity cabaret night featuring tap dancing
troupes, burlesque clowns, Victorian vamps,
and award winning talent gracing the stage in a
two-hour show of the best bawdy entertainment
in London. The show is all paid for by the
organiser, and the acts are there for free, so
your ticket money goes directly to the Mekhala

London Cuban Cigar Walk

Saturday 10th July
10.00am–4.00pm
Meet at the Churchill Statue on Bond Street
Admission: £45 including a glass of Pol Roger
Nic Wing will be conducting an accompanied
instance of the Cuban Cigar Walk London
(usually available as a downloadable audio file,
for listening to on portable music players as
you walk) taking in Bourdon House, Sautter of
Mount Street, Davidoff and JJ Fox plus lunch
in the Red Lion in Crown Passage (the cost of
which is extra). The walk has been designed
“for the keen cigar enthusiast and his or her
spouse”—you also get the history of Mayfair
and St James’s from the Civil War to the present
day, plus the Bentley dealership Jack Barclay, the
site of the Beatles’ last performance, the Royal
chocolatier Charbonnel & Walker and all the
gegwags of the Royal and Burlington Arcades.
Contact Nic at nic@citiesinsound.com or see
the Facebook event.

Edwardian Weekend at the Tram Museum

Saturday 10th and Sunday 11th July
10am–5pm
Crich Tramway Museum, Derbyshire
Relive the Edwardian period with soldiers,
suffragettes, civilians and period vehicles, plus
the only chance to ride on the horse tram.

Escape from Stalag Luft 32DD

Thursday 15th July
7.30pm–11pm
The Royal Vauxhall Tavern, 372 Kennington

House Orphanage, Cambodia. Starring: The
Beaux Belles, Hells Belle, Alaska Blue, Perversity
Lurks, Sophia Blackwell, Amanda Mae Stelle,
plus special guests The Folly Mixtures.

NSC Film Night

Thursday 22nd July
6pm–11pm
The Compass, 58 Penton Road (corner of
Chapel Market), Islington, London N1 9PZ
(020 7837 3891), nearest tube: Angel
Admission: Free, but you’ll need to pay for your
yummy food and drinks
See page 19 for details. The Compass is
a busy, tastefully decorated gastro-pub. The
food is recommended, though the venue would
rather we ate downstairs, so you are advised to
arrive early and eat before the screening starts: I
imagine the films won’t start before 7.30 or 8pm.

Classic Wings presents Dragon Rapide UK Tour 2010

Sundays 25th July and 1st August
Norwich Airport (25th); Goodwood (1st)
Tickets from £79
Following the success of a similar wheeze
last year, Classic Wings are taking their De
Havilland Dragon Rapide biplane on tour to
various locations other than their usual hang-
out of Duxford. The route on 25th July takes
you over Norwich and the Norfolk Broads,
while on 1st August you’ll pootle about over
the racetrack, motor circuit, airfield and stately
home on the Goodwood estate. Book your ticket
online. Each trip carries eight people. Portly bon
viveurs should note that passengers weighing in
at over 20 stone are not allowed on the flight!

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 25th July
Trade 10.30am, public 11am–4.30pm
The Urdang, The Old Finsbury Town Hall,
Rosebury Avenue, London EC1R 4RP
Admission £5 before 11am, £4 thereafter
A relatively new vintage fashion, accessory
and textile event, which *Time Out* apparently
describes as “one not to be missed”. “Come and
hand-pick your look from a fine selection of
beautiful vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats,
gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s-
1980s,” they say, “without its costing the earth
both financially and environmentally. Organiser

Savitri is an award-winning events organiser
with 18 years experience in the fashion, film,
advertising and music industry.” There is a
changing room, alterations booth and café.

Dulwich Vintage Fashion and Accessories Fair

Sunday 25th July
11am–5pm
The Crown and Greyhound, 73 Dulwich
Village, London SE21 7BJ
Admission £2 before 12pm, free thereafter
Last Sunday in the month. Website is under
construction but you can email for more
information.

The Swing Circus

Thursday 29th July–Monday 2nd August
Various venues in Bristol
Admission: £47 (Thursday–Monday), £43
(Friday–Sunday)
A whopping five-day swing dance jamboree
taking in various events and venues in Bristol,
with the Swing Thing at the Old Fire Station
on Silver Street at the core—and also featuring
a picnic, a walking tour of the city and even
dancing on the roof of a narrowboat—jointly
hosted by the Bristol Lindy Exchange and
Invisible Circus, purveyors of carney sideshow
titillation. I think that single “follows” are now
limited to a waiting list, but if you’re a “lead” or
a couple you can still register.



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.

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