

The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

LIX

September 2011

WE DO LIKE  
TO BE BESIDE  
THE SEASIDE

Our **Kiss Me Quick** party authentically recreates the British seaside holiday experience

PLUS:

## **The Last King of America**

The strange tale of the self-appointed Emperor Norton I

## **Leather on Willow**

Blow-by-blow match report from the Tashes

## **Racing Pink**

Barbara Cartland's little-known early days as a speed freak



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 Editor writes**

Those of you who subscribe to *The Chap* magazine may feel a waft of *déjà vu* as you peruse this issue of the Newsletter—for a version of the article on page 24 about Barbara Cartland indeed appeared in the last issue of that magazine. The authoress is our own Pandora Harrison and, when the relevant issue of *The Chap* hit the newstands, she could be heard bellowing with indignation from several furlongs away: for it seems that the editing of her article had been a little careless, introducing factual errors which, she felt, reflected very badly on herself. As any gentleman would do, I offered to publish the correct version in the Newsletter for the record.



A mollusc yesterday

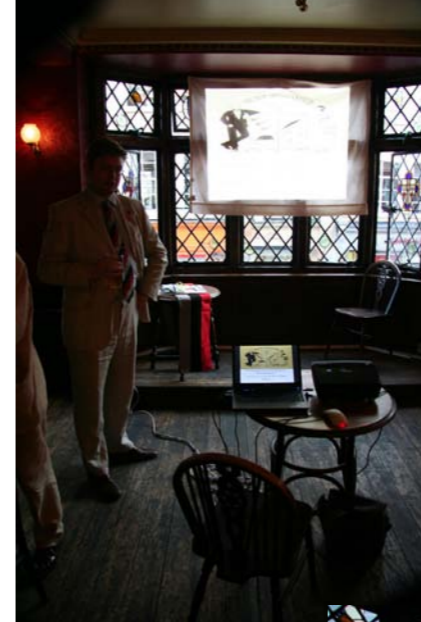
**The Next Meeting**

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Mrs H. will emerge from her scriptorium long enough to enlighten us all on a subject she refers to only as “mollusc-related”—though she has recently revealed that the talk will also be “now with added gambling and Jane Austen”. Given her known interest in conchology, you can make of this what you will...

**The Last Meeting**

Our speaker at the August meeting was scheduled to be Caroline Taggart, who was going to address us on the subject of her book about the origins of English place names. Unfortunately I discovered two days before the event that, while the PR girl from the publisher had enthusiastically accepted my proposal back in February, it seems she never got round to communicating it to the author herself, and then promptly forgot all about it.

However, the Committee's own Artemis Scarheart—already a hero for winning overall gold at the Chap Olympics—then entered mythology, and several primitive pantheons, by offering to step into the breach and deliver a lecture on his most recent expedition, explaining how he risked his health, reputation and even his very sanity to travel upriver to see just what lurks in that heart of hippy darkness that is The Glastonbury Festival of Contemporary Performing Arts. We heard of the joys of the camper van, the hazards of Chinese fire lanterns, the sheer vastness of the site, the healing power of drink and Scarheart's own personal journey as he attempt to discover a form of music that he actually likes. His experiences are being serialised in this very organ—last month saw the first instalment.



(Below) Mr Paul Fletcher and friend—there should be more boutonnières in the world; (below that) on such a warm evening the posse gradually moves out into the courtyard; (bottom) Fr Michael Silver holds court



(Far left) Scarheart nervously paces upstairs while (left) his audience lurks outside trying to avoid the ill-dressed hordes



(Right) Elegantly tweed-clad, Luke Wenban tries not to move too much in the heat; (below) Scarheart describes the cramped travelling conditions



(Left) Compton-Bassett (l) and Giles Culpepper QC; (below) Matthew Howard catches up with Ruth Laceby-Common, who has a rather splendid hat



# THE LAST KING OF AMERICA

By Isabel Spooner-Harvey

**M**OST OF YOU are probably aware that San Francisco has a reputation for eccentricity, but you probably didn't know that the city is the home of America's first emperor—namely His Imperial Majesty Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico.

No one is really sure when Joshua Abraham Norton was born. A plaque on his coffin said he was "about 65" when he died in 1880, and his obituary in the *San Francisco Chronicle* suggested he had been born in 1814. Other sources say that he was born in 1819, but immigration records for his family state that he was two years old when they sailed to South Africa in 1820. A record has been found of the birth of a Joshua Norton to a John and Sarah Norton in Priorslee (now Telford) in Shropshire, on 17 January 1811, but as it's such a common name there's no way of knowing if the record is for the same person.

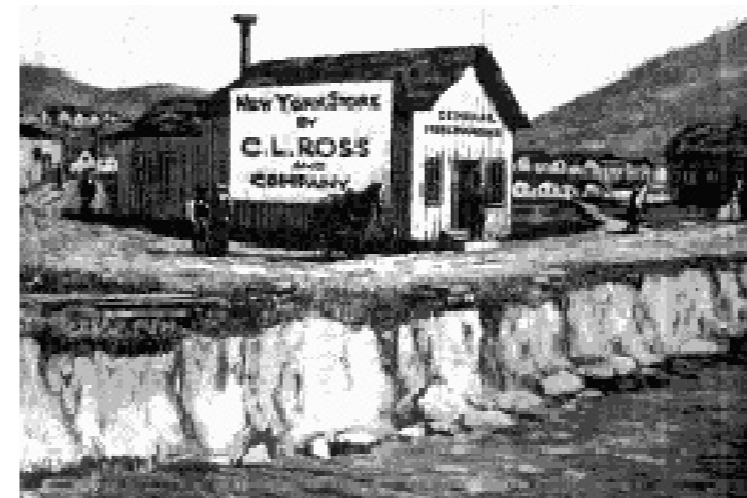
If we assume that the record from Shropshire is the correct Joshua Norton, then his family emigrated to South Africa in 1820 among a handful of Jews travelling to Algoa Bay with 5,000 other British settlers. John Norton was a leader in the Jewish community, who were called the 1820 Settlers and who helped

found Port Elizabeth.

Joshua Norton grew up in South Africa and tried and failed to go into business for himself. Eventually he went to work in his father's ship chandlery, and inherited his father's estate of \$40,000 when John Norton died in 1848.

By this time Joshua's mother and two brothers had also died. In the following year, 1849, he decided to move to San Francisco. This was the year that gold was discovered in California, and the year the state joined the union. Men were being Shanghaied out of pubs in the city, the Barbary Coast red light district was alive and well, and Chinese opium dens were still abundant. It was a lively time for San Francisco and California in general.

Norton settled in the city and proceeded to build up a real estate fortune worth about \$250,000 by the early 1850s, which is equivalent to around \$5 million dollars today. At first, Joshua Norton & Company, General Merchants, was housed in an adobe building at the corner of Jackson and Montgomery Streets, but this burned down so he moved to a granite building at 110 Battery Street where the British Consul also had offices. Originally the coast began at Montgomery Street but the eastern



(Above) In 1847 the shoreline was at Montgomery Street; (below) a view from Telegraph Hill showing Vallejo and Broadway wharves, taken the same year



part of the city expanded in 1906 when part of the bay was filled in with rubble from the earthquake.

So, he bought up lots of land, hobnobbed with the city's business and social elite, and was a charter member of the Occidental Lodge #22 of the Freemasons. Life was good.

Around this time, China banned the export of rice due to a severe famine, and rice prices skyrocketed from 4 cents per pound to 36 cents per pound. Norton saw a business opportunity. He heard that a ship called the Glyde had just left Peru carrying 200,000 pounds of rice and he bought the entire shipment for \$25,000, or 12.5 cents



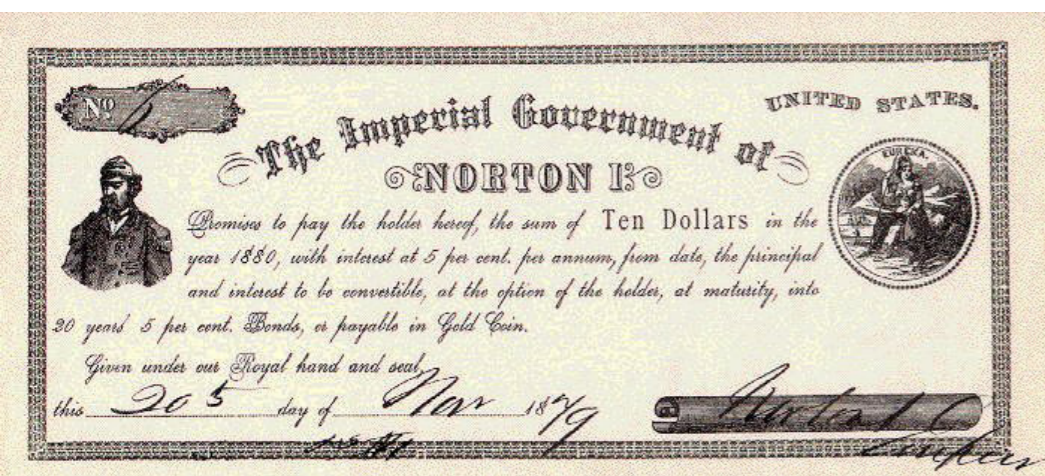
"White women in an opium den"—depravity and prosperity coexisted in San Francisco in Norton's day

per pound. However, shortly after he signed the contract, several other ships arrived from Peru in San Francisco carrying rice, and the price fell to 3 cents per pound. So Norton was basically ruined. He fought in the courts for several years to dissolve the contract but in the end they ruled against him. The bank foreclosed on his real estate business and he declared bankruptcy in 1858, and left the city for a while.

Historical documents agree that at this point, Norton became somewhat "odd."

There aren't any records of what Norton got up to during his time away from San Francisco, but in 1859 he returned to the city and he walked into the offices of the *Bulletin* newspaper and issued the following proclamation:

At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the last 9 years and 10 months past of S. F., Cal., declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these U.S.; and in virtue of the authority thereby in me vested, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different States of the Union to assemble in Musical Hall, of this city, on the 1st day of Feb. next, then



One of the banknotes issued by Norton. Tourists would happily exchange conventional currency for these

and there to make such alterations in the existing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.

NORTON I, Emperor of the United States

Apparently the editors only published his proclamation to try to relieve the news of a popular senator who had just died in a duel. Thus began Emperor Norton I's 21-year reign over America. When Napoleon III invaded Mexico in 1863, the Emperor added a new title: "Protector of Mexico". There is no evidence Norton ever set foot in Mexico.

I found a description of Norton in an essay by a Bishop Oscar P. Fitzgerald, who wrote in 1894, "Arrayed in a faded blue uniform, with brass buttons and epaulets, wearing a cocked hat with an eagle's feather,

and at times with a rusty sword at his side, he was a conspicuous figure in the streets of San Francisco, and a regular habitué of all its public places. In person he was stout, full-chested, though slightly stooped, with a large head heavily coated with bushy black hair, an aquiline nose, and dark gray eyes, whose mild expression added to the benignity of his face. On

the end of his nose grew a tuft of long hairs, which he seemed to prize as a natural mark of royalty or chieftainship."

Bishop Fitzgerald says that he saw Norton often in his congregation at the Pine Street Church in 1858 and into the 1860s. On one of his first visits to the church, Norton is quoted as saying, "I think it my duty to encourage religion and morality by showing myself at church, and to avoid jealousy I attend them all in turn."

A gentleman called Nathan Peisner who had lived with the Nortons in South Africa 25 years earlier actually ran into Emperor Norton in his hotel and they had a proper old catch-up, as you do. Nathan asked Norton why he called himself Emperor, and Norton responded by telling Nathan, in the utmost secrecy, that he was not the son of John and Sarah Norton. He was in fact of royal

blood, a member of the Bourbon family. He told Peisner that he kept the name Norton out of love for the man who adopted him, but that the title of Emperor was rightfully his. Indeed, Norton claimed that Queen Victoria had presented his uniform.

As Emperor, Norton issued numerous decrees on matters of state. After assuming absolute control over the country, he saw no further need for a legislature, and on October 12, 1859, he issued a decree that formally "dissolved" the United States Congress. In the decree, Norton observed:

...fraud and corruption prevent a fair and proper expression of the public voice; that open violation of the laws are constantly occurring, caused by mobs, parties, factions and undue influence of political sects; that the citizen has not that protection of person and property to which he is entitled.

As a result, Norton ordered that all interested parties gather at Platt's Music Hall in San Francisco in February 1860 to "remedy the evil complained of". Unfortunately Platt's burned down a few days before the meeting was to take place, so Norton rescheduled it at the Assembly Hall. The *SF Bulletin* urged people to attend and bring picnics and chairs with them, but when Norton arrived on the night, the hall was all locked up. The *Bulletin* did publish his entire prepared speech though, part of which said: "Taking all of these circumstances into consideration, and the internal dissensions on Slavery, we are certain that nothing will save the nation from utter ruin except an absolute monarchy under the supervision and authority of an independent Emperor."

In another imperial decree a month later, Norton summoned the army to depose the elected officials of the U.S. Congress:

WHEREAS, a body of men calling themselves the National Congress are now in session in Washington City, in violation of our Imperial edict of the 12th of October last, declaring the said Congress abolished;

WHEREAS, it is necessary for the repose of our Empire that the said decree should be strictly complied with;

NOW, THEREFORE, we do hereby Order and Direct Major-General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of our



Norton bicycling around San Francisco

Armies, immediately upon receipt of this, our Decree, to proceed with a suitable force and clear the Halls of Congress.

Obviously Norton's proclamations and decrees had no effect whatsoever on Congress or the military, but he kept trying anyway, issuing a decree to dissolve the Republic, and ordering the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Church to ordain him as Emperor. Perhaps one of his most famous edicts, at least to San Franciscans, was issued in 1872, saying

Whoever after due and proper warning shall be heard to utter the abominable word "Frisco", which has no linguistic or other warrant, shall be deemed guilty of a High Misdemeanor, and shall pay into the Imperial Treasury as penalty the sum of twenty-five dollars.

Despite the fact that Norton had clearly lost his marbles, he did have some quite bright ideas. In one of his proclamations, he called for the formation of a League of Nations, and explicitly forbade any form of discord or conflict between religions or their sects. He also decreed the construction of a suspension bridge and a tunnel to cross San Francisco bay. He became increasingly irritated about the bridge and tunnel not being built, and reacted by issuing a



**An Edict.**  
His Imperial Majesty, Norton I., has issued the following edict to Hall McAllister, Esq.:  
H. McALLISTER, Esq.—You are hereby commanded to apply to the United States Supreme Court for a Writ of Error, so that we can legally proceed to the capitol, at Sacramento, and burn up the new Constitution.  
Given under our hand and seal, this twenty-second day of May, A. D., 1879. NORTON I. [SEAL.]  
Dei Gratia Emperor of the United States, and Protector of Mexico.



Cartoon by SF Chronicle cartoonist Phil Frank

colourful decree calling for the army to arrest all members of the City Council for failing to obey his orders. Norton's bridge was finally completed 65 years later, and the Transbay Tube in 1969, with rail service commencing in 1974, so only about 80 years late.

Despite Norton's eccentric behaviour, and the fact that he had no actual legal or military power, he was loved by his people, and was looked after by the city of San Francisco.

Even though he was broke, he dined in all the best restaurants. In fact, often the owners would put up a brass plaque after he visited their establishment, to note that the Emperor of the United States had dined there or dined there on a regular basis. Not unlike the Queen's royal warrant.

Often theatres would reserve a box seat for him on opening night and be honoured by his attendance at a performance. Playgoers applauded and the orchestra played a fanfare upon his arrival, and he would be escorted to his seat by the manager.

Emperor Norton issued his own currency, which was often accepted as legal tender around the city. It is believed that he was looked after by the Freemasons and by his old business partners, who would occasionally give him 50 cents for lunch or rent. To retain his dignity, the former tycoon called this money "tax", and recorded his tax



collections in a notebook. He then began to visit local businesses, as often as monthly, to collect "taxes", which some gave out of fondness for the Emperor.

When Norton's navy blue military uniform began to look a bit shabby, a reminder of the condition of the imperial wardrobe would be issued in the newspaper and in a few days he would appear in a new suit.

Most notably, Norton was at one point arrested, but there was such an outcry by the citizens of San Francisco that the police released him. He was originally arrested for vagrancy but when it was pointed out to the police officer that he had money in his pocket and his hotel key, the cop changed the charge to lunacy to save face. Under a picture of Norton in his full uniform, the *Evening Bulletin* wrote:

In what can only be described as the most dastardly of errors, Joshua A. Norton was arrested today. He is being held on the ludicrous charge of 'Lunacy'. Known and loved by all true San Franciscans as Emperor Norton, this kindly Monarch of Montgomery Street is less a lunatic than those who have engineered these trumped up charges. As they will learn, His Majesty's loyal subjects are fully apprised of this outrage. Perhaps a return to the methods of the Vigilance Committees is in order.

This newspaper urges all right-thinking citizens to be in attendance tomorrow at the public hearing to be held before the Commissioner of Lunacy, Wingate Jones. The blot on the record of San Francisco must be removed.

The *Alta California* wrote: "The Emperor Norton has never shed blood. He has robbed no one, and despoiled no country. And that, gentlemen, is a hell of a lot more than can be said for anyone else in the king line."

All the charges were dropped, and from then on, city police officers would salute Emperor Norton in the street.

Emperor Norton is a romantic figure, and the realities of his life are noble and tragic. The official United States Census taker in 1870 recorded the presence of Norton. In the column marked occupation was the entry: "emperor." In the column that explained why Norton was not eligible to vote, the census taker chose the option of "insane."

He lived in a filthy flophouse on Commercial Street in a six-by-nine-foot room that cost 50 cents a day. On an average day, he would dress in his uniform, pay the daily rent, and walk next door to the fancy Empire House hotel to read the newspapers. He then walked a block and a half to Portsmouth Square, where he would spend the day on park benches with his friends. When Old St Mary's church bells signalled noon, Norton headed to Martin & Horton's on Clay near Montgomery or the Bank Exchange for his "free" lunch, which anyone could have for the price of a drink. Norton didn't drink, but Martin & Horton's gave him meals for the free publicity. In the evenings, Norton went to debating societies, lectures and the theatre.

It's worth mentioning that Norton was often accompanied by two stray dogs, Bummer and Lazarus. They didn't belong to him, they just liked to keep him company. Bummer and Lazarus were celebrities in their own right, as they were the only dogs in San Francisco who were exempt from the law that said any dog not wearing a muzzle would be taken to the pound. They were terrific rat catchers and as such were allowed to roam the streets. They are often mentioned in essays and stories about San Francisco.

Sadly, Emperor Norton died on 8th January

1880, in California Street. It is said that he had turned to acknowledge the greetings of his loyal subjects on a passing cable car when he tripped and fell. The autopsy determined that he died from a stroke. Passers-by sent for help but he died before the doctors could get there.

The day after his death, the *San Francisco Chronicle* published the headline "Le Roi est Mort" above his obituary. The *Alta California* printed a 34-inch story—on the same day that it devoted all of 38 words (a mere four lines of type) to the inaugural speech of George C. Perkins, newly elected Governor of California. In fact Norton's death was reported in papers all over the country including in the *New York Times*. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* devoted 16 inches, under a headline that said, in part, "An emperor without enemies, a king without a kingdom, supported in life by the willing tribute of a free people".

James Eastland, the president of the Pacific Club, had known Norton when he was a successful businessman, and would not let him be buried like a pauper. He paid for him to have a funeral fit for an emperor; 10,000 people came to view him lying in state at the mortuary. A funeral cortege that was two miles long followed Norton's body from the morgue to the cemetery. As they lay his body in the ground, the world grew dark with that phenomenon of infrequent occurrence, a total eclipse of the sun. He was buried under the

inscription, "Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico".

In 1934, San Francisco closed all its cemeteries to make more space for the living. Norton was re-interred with full civic and military honours at the Woodlawn Memorial Park in Colma.

The stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, Isobel Field, wrote about Norton in her biography *This Life I've Loved*: "He was a gentle and kindly man, and fortunately found himself in the friendliest and most sentimental city in the world, the idea being, 'Let him be emperor if he wants to.' San Francisco played the game with him."



Norton's headstone at Woodlawn Memorial Park

# "KISS ME QUICK!"

## Our summer party

THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB's summer party celebrated the great British seaside holiday. The venue was the suitably traditional Tea House Theatre run by Members Grace and Hal Iggulden, and we offered games including one that involved guiding a seagull to steal from a bag of chips, recreating the sinking of the Spanish Armada (well, a smallish armada of one galleon) and a knobbly knees contest.

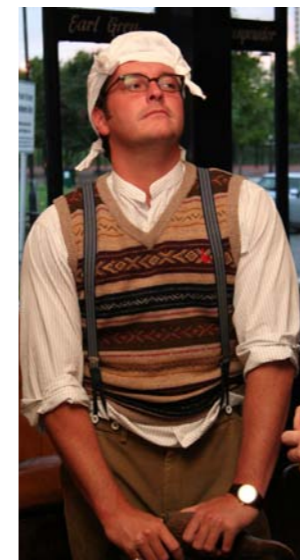
The evening culminated in our traditional **Grand Raffle**, the top prize of which was a pair of tickets to see *Betty Blue Eyes*, the 1940s-set

musical based on the film *A Private Function*.

We also presented our free **Snuff Bar**, kindly supplied by Wilson's of Sharrow, and this time featuring tobacco-free snuff—I have no idea what goes into that... We even had our own sticks of rock, in Club colours (yes, even a



(Opposite page, clockwise from top left) The magnificent Tea House Theatre, our venue for the evening; jars of old-fashioned sweets that the establishment sells by weight; Grace makes newspaper cones for the scampi and chips, with sumptuous cupcakes in the foreground; Chris Choy, drafted in as a waiter for the evening; Scarheart discusses strategy with Chuckles; the "Married Couples Only" sign we put on the door, in evocation of seaside guest houses of old—most guests wisely chose to sign in as "Mr and Mrs Smith". (This page, clockwise from above left) Will and Annika read the forbidding notice; the venue was serving sumptuous meals as well as tea and cake; Torquil welcomes Richard Evans; Mara and Johanne as sailor girls; not quite sure what's going on with the Tyrolean outfit here, but I do appreciate the slogan painted on the wall (the whole of the Tea House is decorated with such wise saws); Laurence Bennion in full Gummy mode; Torquil welcomes Rob Loveday





(Clockwise from top left) If we'd had a prize for outfits (and perhaps we should have) it would doubtless have gone to these Edwardian bathing costumes, sported by Edward Marlowe and Lucy Wills; Chuckles takes aim in the **Sink the Armada Game**; Edward has a go; the TV crew (making a doc about us for UKTV) are made to wear Punishment Ties; that expensive camera was of course hit by the dart; the target was actually a very small picture of a galleon stuck on to cardboard; Craig takes aim—all contestants are made to wear the eyepatch to hamper their depth-perception

(Clockwise from the top) Gary Grønnestad was carrying a weighty-looking cane, the top of which unscrews to reveal a compact telescope; and check out those waistcoat buttons; Watermere looking rakish in his Tashes facial plumage; Bethan Garland (l), Sean Rillo Raczka and Fleur de Guerre; Thomasina (aka Manthe Penton-Harrap) smiles for the camera

metallic silver stripe) with “New Sheridan Club” written through the middle. (These are still available at just £3 for a strikingly chunky stick.)

We also had a film crew with us, following Scarheart for a UKTV documentary about how different groups of Britons celebrate. I've no idea what they made of it but Scarheart tells us that the other people featured in the series are “two lesbians who got married, a posh nudist, an Essex jack-the-lad, a pregnant porn star, girl with a ‘massive fake rack’, a couple of Scousers who had a USA themed party, Vanda who dresses like a Panda, a Filipino’s eighteenth birthday and a lady who did a wing walk for her fiftieth birthday”.

Thanks again to Hal and Grace and to all who came, and congratulations to all our winners. At the moment we are planning our Christmas party for Saturday 3rd December.





(This page and opposite page) The **Seagull Chip Hunt Game**. This was devised in recognition of the hazard of being dive-bombed by seagulls if you are reckless enough to eat fish and chips in the open by the sea. In this game, however, players take the role of the seagull, here a wooden mobile on the end of a pole, with a hook attached to the underside. The "chips" in the newspaper are actually cut from wall cavity insulation foam sprayed cartoon-yellow and have loops of wire attached with which they can be hooked. Each player had 60 seconds to hook as many chips as they could. The winner was Fleur De Guerre who scavenged seven (all the more impressive considering her early attempts were disqualified for cheating, leaving her no more than 30 seconds of legitimate play).







(Opposite) Traditional photographic fun with face-holes cut in a humorous painting (courtesy of Mrs H.); (this page) **The Knobbly Knees Contest**, judged by Miss Catherine Baxter, and won by the favourite Compton-Basset, then borne aloft as a hero



(Clockwise from top left) C-B wins a history of Butlins for his puissant knees; Fleur wins the very seagull with which she triumphed; this cuddly ray Grand Raffle prize was kindly handmade by Lorna Mower-Jonson; Catherine gets an inflatable paddling pool (which we were going to fill with sand for a sandcastle competition but then realised the mess implications); Chris wins a Mary Stewart novel; Richard snares a DVD of *Carry on Camping* (donated by Mr Howard); what could be more apt than a book about the saucy postcards of Donald McGill?; having scored equal points, Frisax and Edward are made to arm-wrestle for first place in the Armada game



(Above) The special NSC rock that we had made for the party—only 100 sticks were ever made, so if you'd like one bung me £3 and it's yours; (above left) an entirely spurious Lock's of St James's knotted handkerchief that I made from two handkerchiefs and a sticky address label; (left) some of the wonderful array of snuff that was kindly donated by Wilson's of Sharrow for our famous **Snuff Bar**



(Clockwise from above) Sean gets polemical on the subject of raffles; Johanne wins the star prize—two tickets to see *Betty Blue Eyes*; Bethan, Fleur and Sarah pray for their numbers to come up; Frisax gets comfortable on the candy-striped deck chair he has won (as he later said of his journey home, one way to be sure of getting a seat on the tube was to bring one with you); (left) Giles Culpepper looks somewhat horrified by the hagiography of Queen Elizabeth II that he has just won in the Raffle





## The Tashes 2011



### GENTLEMEN SNATCH VICTORY FROM THE JAWS OF DEFEAT

By William Maple Watermere

ON SATURDAY 13 AUGUST, Roehampton Vale bore witness to the annual festival of willow-waving, facial topiary and sandwiches, otherwise known as the Tashes Trophy. As many long-time Tashes-watchers would doubtless attest, the NSC's seventh answer to the cricketing triumphs of the English national team produced yet another tense, absorbing and surprising finale as the Hirsute Gentlemen overcame an early batting collapse to claim victory with a heroic display of grit and improvisation.

This year both Hirsute and Clean-Shaven teams welcomed new players into their ranks. For the Clean-Shaven Players, Giles Culpepper lined up alongside Mathieu, a Frenchman destined for his cricketing entree. For the Hirsute Gentlemen, Jim Holding and the Frenchman Fraximus, a second cricketing newcomer, were set to make their Tashes debuts in the most English of settings. Sadly, the business of politicking in distant lands deprived the party of the umpiring services of Rushen; however, Bunty donned the white coat with a degree of enthusiasm

and willing usually reserved for the family-run firm of artisan butchers.

Bunty's first duty was to administer the toss. As last year's defeated captain, the Clean-Shaven Hayes-Ballantyne called "heads" only to see the coin come down against him. Considering that the overnight rain had left the pitch damp enough to make run scoring a challenging affair, Watermere asked the Clean-Shaven Players to bat; and Culpepper and Essex strode to the crease amid strengthening south-west London sunshine.

The opening exchanges quickly suggested that the Hirsute bowling attack might utilise the breezy conditions to their advantage. Arbuthnot and Spooner-Harvey kept the score down in their first spell, and were soon rewarded when Culpepper, after some elegant playing-and-missing, was bowled by Spooner-Harvey for 1 to be replaced by Krause. Essex was dismissed shortly afterwards, "gloving" a looping Spooner-Harvey delivery into the waiting hands of Watermere behind the stumps for 2.

With the score at 3-2, Krause and Michael attempted to restore some order to the Clean-Shaven innings, and exploited some temporary waywardness in the Hirsute bowling to lift

the scoring rate with some lusty blows to the leg-side boundary. Michael's aggressive hitting and Krause's well-judged singles threatened to wrest the momentum back from the Hirsute bowlers at a critical point in the innings. This promising partnership was only brought to its premature and unfortunate conclusion when the sheer momentum in Krause's attempt to launch a Watermere delivery over the boundary resulted in the batsman's cap falling from his head and dislodging the bails to seal his fate: hit wicket



for 10. Worse was to follow: Nicholas I survived a couple of balls at the crease before a mix-up over a tight single saw the younger Cassidy stranded at the wrong end of the pitch to be run out by Watermere for 1.

At 20-4, Hayes-Ballantyne strode to the crease with the Clean-Shaven innings appearing in serious jeopardy. The Clean-Shaven captain was nearly dispatched facing his very first ball after lobbing a straight, slow delivery to the perfectly placed Nippetweed, who failed to cling on to the catch. Hayes-Ballantyne took full advantage of his reprieve to bludgeon the Hirsute spin attack for a couple of enormous sixes, building a threatening partnership to which Michael contributed with power and flair. The pair were eventually separated when Michael missed a quick straight ball from Watermere to be bowled for a potentially match-defining 20. Hayes-Ballantyne was then bowled by Spooner-Harvey while attempting an ambitious straight heave for 22. The Clean-Shaven innings slumped to 46-6.

Tim and Mathieu laboured manfully for the batting side, but when Tim broke the stumps with his own bat to become Niall "The Annihilator" Spooner-Harvey's third victim, hit wicket for 0, and Mathieu had been bowled by Watermere for 0, Michael II, for all his sprightly movement between the wickets, was marooned

on 3 not out. The teams broke for lunch with the Clean-Shaven Players having been bowled out for 69 from 16 overs.

During the lunch interval, a handful of players and spectators were interviewed by the visiting press corps, the weather brightened considerably and Hayes-Ballantyne must have been wondering how his bowlers could skittle out the Hirsute Gentlemen for less than 70. By contrast, Watermere busied himself trying to persuade various members of his team to open the batting. At 2.30pm, Arbuthnot and Holding left off dining and stepped out to face the Clean-Shaven opening bowlers.

Much like their opposition counterparts, the Hirsute opening batsmen initially struggled to score; and after a couple of nippy singles from Holding, Arbuthnot was the first casualty of the innings, clean bowled by a pacy delivery from Krause for 0. It was exactly the start that the Clean-Shaven Players had needed and, with confidence restored in the fielding side, Scarheart took guard with the score at 2-1.

While Scarheart sought to protect his stumps by any means possible, Holding applied himself to the task of scoring, executing one picture-book on-drive to the boundary for four before taking some quick singles and rotating the strike to good effect. But just as the scoring rate was picking up, confusion struck, and

Holding was run out attempting a tight single by Hayes-Ballantyne for 9. Scarheart followed almost immediately, falling victim to a fine delivery from Nicholas I for 3, and his dismissal suggested that the Hirsute Gentlemen would need to fight for every run that came their way.

In previous years Nippetweed has established a reputation for himself as a useful and dogged middle-order anchorman; but on this occasion his contribution proved short-lived. After a determined display of defensive batting, Nippetweed finally chipped a slow delivery from Nicholas I straight to Mathieu, who took his first catch in Tashes cricket with ease. Nippetweed trudged back to the pavilion for 3; and the

Clean-Shaven Players congratulated themselves on making a decisive breakthrough.

When a brief cameo from Pimms O’Clock McSmashed was halted by an excellent Hayes-Ballantyne catch off of his own bowling for 0, the Hirsute Gentlemen had slipped to 27–5.

Only Spooner-Harvey seemed determined to take the game to the opposition; and when he was joined by Watermere, the Hirsute Gentlemen looked to consolidate their position with the scoring limited to a few singles stolen from the Clean-Shaven spinners. Eventually, a quick straight ball from Nicholas I bowled Spooner-Harvey for a battling 6. Spooner-Harvey’s departure was swiftly followed by that

of Waveney, who was barely into the second puff of a new pipe before being bowled for 0 by a menacing delivery from Krause.

Still 38 runs away from victory, the Gentlemen looked all but finished on 32–7. The last Hirsute batsman was Fraximus, who arrived at the crease having been hastily shown how to hold the bat by his Hirsute teammates. With just one wicket to take, the Clean-Shaven fielders clustered round the new batsman in expectation of the mistimed stroke.

And yet it just did not come as Krause, Essex, then Hayes-Ballantyne watched as ball after ball bounced over or wide of the stumps, or met the dead bat of Fraximus. Meanwhile, Watermere began to take more of the strike, declining singles in favour of twos and fours, and the score steadily began to creep upwards.

The key moments came in the eighteenth and twenty-second overs,



The sky may look ominous but the weather actually improved considerably as the day went on

which went for 10 and 12 runs respectively. By the end of the twenty-second over, crafty running and cautious boundary-hitting had brought the Hirsute Gentlemen to within six runs of victory. In a desperate attempt to make the final breakthrough, Hayes-Ballantyne brought Nicholas I, Essex, then himself into the attack to stifle the run rate. The plan so nearly worked: in the twenty-third over, and with the scores tied, Fraximus was finally tempted to edge a quick ball from Nicholas I into the hands of Hayes-Ballantyne behind the stumps. The Clean-Shaven fielders could only look on aghast as the ball trickled from the wicket-keeper’s hands and rolled to the ground.

Undeterred by his error, Hayes-Ballantyne stepped up to bowl the twenty-fourth over. The first ball was left by Watermere. The second ball was swept away to the leg-side boundary for four, to seal a memorable Hirsute victory. Watermere finished on 33 not out and Fraximus on a disciplined 0 not out to bring the Hirsute total to 73 for 8 after 24 overs.

In customary fashion, the teams lingered for photographs and

presentations, before adjourning to the Green Man pub, where Spooner-Harvey’s three-wicket haul secured him the Man of the Match, Fraximus’s mammoth scoreless innings, Michael’s powerful stroke-play and Hayes-Ballantyne’s shelled catch were recalled as the sun dipped over Putney Common. The main topic of the day, however, was the unlikely nature of the Hirsute Gentlemen’s third successive victory over the Clean-Shaven Players. This had nearly been the first tied finish in Tashes history; but the match will surely be remembered for the remarkable manner in which the Hirsute Gentlemen concocted their

great escape from little more than a soupcon of French craft and a dash of English polish.

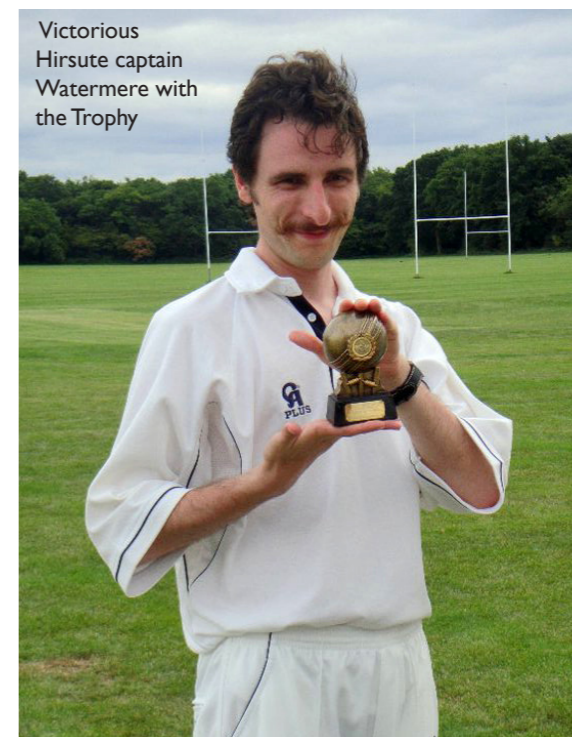
The teams:

**Hirsute Gentlemen:**

Watermere (c), Spooner-Harvey, Holding, Nippetweed, Waveney, Arbuthnot, Pimms O’Clock McSmashed, Scarheart, Fraximus.

**Clean-Shaven Players:**

Hayes-Ballantyne (c), Culpepper, Essex, M. Cassidy, N. Cassidy I, N. Cassidy II, Krause, Tim, Mathieu.



Victorious Hirsute captain Watermere with the Trophy



(Above) The Clean-Shaven Players; (below) the Hirsute Gentlemen





## A Study in Pink



THE LITTLE-KNOWN, LESS FLUFFY SIDE  
OF DAME BARBARA CARTLAND

By Pandora Harrison

**B**EFORE YOU ASK, no I have not read a Barbara Cartland romance novel nor do I intend to. My interest in this lauded vision in pink was piqued by a very good review of a book she had written in 1971, recording her memories of the 1920s describing the people she had known and the places she had been. The dust jacket promised, “A dazzling portrait of a glittering(?) era” so how could I resist? I purchased a well-thumbed copy of the book *We Danced All Night* and, to my surprise, I really enjoyed it. The lady herself was a fun-loving member of the Cult of Youth but for her it was all good clean fun—rather like her novels, or so I’m told.

Ms Cartland was born in 1901 into a family that although not wealthy, was certainly well connected. She would learn to use these connections to her advantage in the 1920s, accessing many of the movers and shakers of the day, who fell under the spell of her girlish charm and classic English-rose looks. Her educational background was patchy at best, involving private tuition and finishing schools. She was a spiritual child, seeing angels, reading fairytales and revelling in the romantic writing of Elinor Glyn. She was naive and flirtatious, embodying the innocence of a time before the Great War. The quintessential “nice” girl so

eagerly sought after by returning soldiers looking for a wife.

Barbara was a product of her time, when good girls did not read newspapers, wear face powder or lip rouge and only prostitutes were believed to be capable of feeling passion towards a man. She loved to love and loved the idea that every man was in love with her. She even claimed to have been proposed to 49 times, accepting the 50th. But don’t let this fool you; she was adept at surrounding herself with titled and/or wealthy men who became role models for her novels’ heroes. She could manipulate with the best of them. She got what she wanted and discovered that the secret to social climbing towards a peerage was through charity work. But how did she get started?

Barbara’s mother Polly moved her children to Belgravia, London, after the Great War. She was by now a war widow and a sentimental Edwardian, a member of the old guard.



Barbara in 1925

Barbara was a young debutante who loved to dance. Her recollections of this period of her life show her to be a supreme socialite cleverly infiltrating the Bright Young People and the Mayfair Merry-Go-Round set in secondhand designer clothes, her flirtatious manner hiding her ability to glean information, then secretly feed it to gossip columns. By 1923 she was a social diarist in her own right for *The Daily Express* and it is at this time she pens her first novel, *Jigsaw*, a tale of an innocent girl in wicked Mayfair. It earns her £250 and very mixed reviews.

Her career in journalism was furthered through her friendship with the 44-year-old Lord “Max” Beaverbrook (she was 22). He took a personal interest in her and edited her work himself thus improving her skills, one of which was saying “no”. He introduced her to his influential circle of powerful men such as Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, F.E. Smith and millionaire Sir James Dunn. Like ripples created in a mill pond, Barbara’s own circle

of friends spread ever outwards. She dated flying ace George Henderson, got to know Amy Johnson and was enamoured with the Bentley Boys (particularly Glen Kidston). She was often seen at Brooklands, the Ascot of its day, known for “all the right crowd and no crowding”. She was also a keen dancer—they all were—and was never short of an escort to all of the fashionable clubs like The Kit Kat, The Embassy, The 43, The Silver Slipper, The Café de Paris and Quagliano’s; anywhere the Prince of Wales could be found.

Along with the other Bright Young People she enjoyed the new motorised version of the paper chase—the treasure hunt. She could be found with her chums at 2am racing away from Horse Guards Parade dashing about London at night in search of clues and ending up at dawn in a Park Lane residence for breakfast and a dance band. There were scavenger hunts around town and hide-and-seek games of “follow my leader” in department stores, fancy dress parties, “pyjama and bottle” parties where one brings a bottle (any bottle will do from India ink to vintage Bollinger) and the all-new murder mystery party. Barbara was there and worked the room but wisely avoided too many cocktails for this was business and pleasure rolled into one.

After night clubs, the theatre was Barbara’s second home and she was encouraged by friends Noel Coward and Tallulah Bankhead to write a play. Her effort was *Blood Money* in 1926, which was deemed a bit racy and was banned but only because she has used the name of a real Indian prince. All good publicity, but the reviews discouraged any further dabbling in theatreland.

In 1927 Barbara met Alexander McCorquodale, the son of a wealthy printing baron. He was an “outdoors” man and driving enthusiast and, in her eyes, he was the embodiment of a romantic ideal. He was also



Portrait of the young Barbara as a Bright Young Thing

proposer number 50. They honeymooned on a grand tour of Europe in a new Rolls Royce complete with chauffeur and lady’s maid in the front seat. They mounted up £17,000 in debt in their first year as she launched herself as a society hostess and charity fundraiser. She was described as a self-publicising juggernaut organising pageants and galas in aide of a variety of charities and business promotions. One of her most famous promotions was a Ladies’ Race at Brooklands in 1931. The competitors were drawn from society beauties and real female racing drivers; the event was staged for the papers promoting women as good drivers, and consisted of one lap

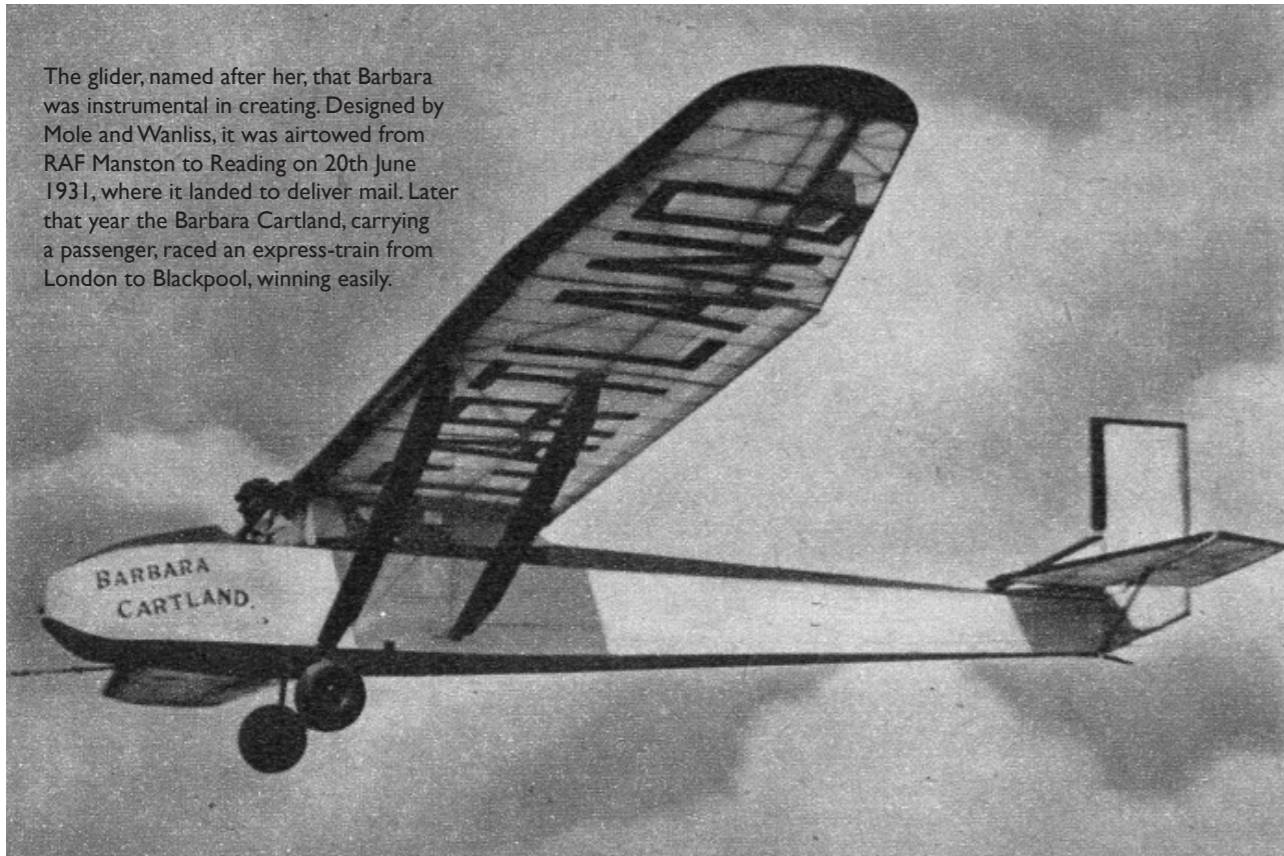


Eirane "Paddie" Naismith, who won a demonstration race in 1931 at Brooklands organised by Barbara Cartland in response to an article in the *Daily Express* entitled "Do women drive motor-cars with as much skill as men?"

her their interest in the aerotowing of multiple gliders from one plane for long-distance flights. Single "hand launched" gliders were popular in Germany where restrictions imposed by the Versailles Treaty made them a necessity. The idea put forward was to tow several from one plane and once at 10,000 feet they could be released and glide to their required location thus saving fuel. Even Barbara saw the commercial advantage in such flights crossing the Channel or delivering post. She heartily supported the idea and arranged to have her own glider built at a personal cost of £150. The "Barbara Cartland" glider, piloted by Flying Officer Mole took part in many air rallies and even won races against express trains. The glider successfully delivered goods and mail over distances of between 100 and 200 miles, proving it was a viable option. Barbara herself occasionally was a passenger in a two-seater model. The Air Ministry did not, however, take up the idea—it was deemed too dangerous—but Germany did and used gliders in its invasion of Crete in the Second World War. The Allies would be spurred into production of military gliders as troop carriers under the guidance of Officer Mole (now Group Captain) and would use hundreds of them on D-Day. Barbara would

around the track, with the contestants perched behind the wheel of a supercharged MG. In commemoration of this event, the Ladies Reading Room in the Brooklands club house is tinted pink and is named in her honour.

On the "must do" list of any socialite in the 1920s and 1930s, motorsport had to be at the top but a close second was anything to do with aeroplanes. In 1931 Barbara met Flying Officers E.L. Mole and E.C. Wanliss who discussed with



The glider, named after her, that Barbara was instrumental in creating. Designed by Mole and Wanliss, it was airtowed from RAF Manston to Reading on 20th June 1931, where it landed to deliver mail. Later that year the Barbara Cartland, carrying a passenger, raced an express-train from London to Blackpool, winning easily.

(Right) Still with a taste for motors in 1977, in this snap by Patrick Lichfield; (centre) Barbara with her mother in 1902 and (below) with her own daughter Raine in 1936; (bottom) the Dame Barbara Cartland that most of us remember



contributor to the *Mail* and the *Mirror*, and social diarist for the *Sunday Observer* and *Tatler*.

From the late 1930s Barbara was a prolific writer of bestselling romantic novels until her death at the age of 98 in 2000. She was, according to the *Guinness Book of World Records* in 1983, the top-selling novelist in the world with 350,000,000 books sold, and holder of the record for the most novels written in one year—23.

So you see, whether her writing is to one's taste or not, it's merely the tip of a very large iceberg. A pink one.

later be recognised for her contribution to their development.

After her marriage to Alexander ended in divorce in 1933, Barbara married his cousin Hugh in 1936, who she claimed fell madly in love with her upon meeting her on the day of her wedding to Alexander. Barbara ultimately had three children, most notably her daughter Raine with her first husband, born in 1928. Raine became Countess Spencer in 1976 and stepmother to Lady Diana. With the birth of her children Barbara gave up the social columns and embarked on a career as a self-appointed "expert" writing on love and marriage, child rearing, social and political issues of the day and women's health issues. She was a regular



## The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members finally open that bottle of 'local delicacy' brought back from holiday

### Boozing with Blackberries

By David Bridgman-Smith

Whether it's on a stroll to the sea or on board a train up to London [presumably looking out of the window—Ed], I've seen a lot of blackberry bushes lately and what is particularly noticeable is that they have ripened rather early. I spoke to my Aunt, who is living "The Good Life" down in Cornwall, and she said that most of her crops are four weeks early this year.

We're all familiar with sloe gin, but what spirits and liqueurs can you make with blackberries? Here are a couple of ideas:

#### Blackberry Gin/Whisky/Brandy

1. Wash 100g of fresh blackberries, add to a Kilner jar and cover with 500ml of spirit.
2. Leave for two weeks, shaking occasionally.
3. Strain with a fine sieve and add sugar to taste.

In the same way as when you make sloe gin, I find it best to sweeten the drink after the infusion process, as the sweetness level of the natural fruits may vary from crop to crop, as does personal taste.

This recipe could be modified to use almost any fruit/vegetable/herb, but it's worth bearing in mind that if you use an ingredient with a high water content it will cause a lot of dilution of your spirit.



#### Drink: Canadian Blackberry Fix

This is a variation of the precursor to the Bramble, made using Blackberry Whisky.

- 50ml Blackberry Whisky
- 30ml Lemon Juice
- 20ml Sugar Syrup

Fill a glass with crushed ice, add ingredients and stir.

This is a vibrant, red drink which is dry, refreshing and jammy, with a pleasant oaky, vanilla finish. Rather tasty.

#### Home-Made Crème de Mûre

I'm a big fan of the Bramble, but I do find that a lot of shop-bought crème de mûres are far too sweet. Well, if you can't buy what you want in the shops, there is but one option: make your own.

You could use the method above to make this, using vodka as your base spirit, blackberries and sugar, but I prefer an accelerated method:

- Add to a saucepan:
- 200g of blackberries
  - 50g sugar
  - 400ml of vodka (don't use one that is stronger

than 40% alcohol by volume)  
100ml water

Warm on a gentle heat and allow to simmer for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. (Be careful when heating spirit as the fumes are flammable; if in doubt get a responsible adult to help you.)

Turn off the heat and allow the mixture to cool, before straining. Keep refrigerated for up to six weeks.



#### Drink: Blackberry Julep

1. Take a metal (preferably silver) cup and gently rub some fresh mint leaves around the inside.

2. Discard the leaves.
3. Fill the cup to the top with crushed ice, making sure that it is firmly packed.
4. Add crème de mûre (at least a double).
5. Give it a quick stir.
6. Garnish with a spring of mint.

This was exceptionally cold and full of fruity, jammy berry notes. The subtle mint goes quite well with the blackberry. This is where a home-made mûre comes into its own, I feel, as many commercial varieties would be far too sweet to be used in a drink like this.

I hope this has given Members a few ideas for their hedgerow haul, beyond making crumble and jam. But remember Cornish folklore dictates that no Blackberries should be picked after the last day in September; what is left must be left for the fairies of the land.

Unfortunately (for these magical creatures) with an early season and a plethora of recipes I'm not sure there will be many Blackberries left by then.

For more musings on booze, see the NSC's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**

### Now that's what I call a Cocktail Cabinet...

New Member Mrs Ginger Parr Mackintosh sent me this snap of her and her husband's latest acquisition, a delightful Art Deco drinks cabinet, though she apologises that they have not yet acquired what she considers to be "suitable glassware". I like the base of the open section with deep holes for taking bottles: it's as if the whole thing has been engineered to handle hurricanes or pitching seas without any chance that a bottle might fall out and break. I'm also impressed that Mrs Parr Mackintosh is so indulgent of her husband's "ladies" on the wall. In fact between the gargantuan drinks cabinet and tolerance of soft porn on the walls, I'm beginning to wonder if the good lady is in fact just a figment of Mr Parr Mackintosh's imagination...





## CLUB NOTES

# Peeking into the Real Corridors of Power

NSC MEMBER Augustus Harlequin-foot (aka Seth Thevoz) is setting up a new venture offering tours of parts of London with the USP that all the tour guides have completed or are finishing PhD theses on their chosen subjects. (For more details see last month's Newsletter.)

On Sunday a number of us attended the first of two dummy-runs of a "walking lecture" around the Clubland of St James's, using NSC Members as the crash test dummies in question. The talk itself was highly informative, blending historical thesis (Mr Harlequin-foot's own doctoral offering looks at the important role in politics played by gentlemen's clubs during the heyday of these establishments—a period when there were so many clubs that fully 60 per cent of the enfranchised male population could belong to one) with racy anecdote and bon mot.

We were both unlucky and lucky: on the one hand the weather was decidedly inclement, with rain hammering down on our huddled umbrellas for most of the time; but on the other hand the Secretary of the Carlton Club (technically still closed for the summer) spotted us and invited us in to poke around, and, even better, our party



included Captain Coppice, who allowed us to dry out a bit in the In & Out Club and sit out the rain with a cup of tea.

There is another NSC-only jaunt next Sunday (see below).

## New Members

AS THE CARPET-ROD RAINSTORM of dishonesty, dishonourability and disposability rolls across the land, we proffer the broly of NSC Membership to the following nobly bedraggled coves, all of whom have signed up in the last month: Paul Fletcher, Jocelyn Fox, Alastair Veal, Lorna Mower-Johnson, Vaughan R.W. Dodds, Isabella Ferneti, Lindsey K. Aliksanyan, Coco M.B. Souness, Dr Niall J.P. McGuinness, Graeme Davies, Sarah Jane Brown and Simon Robertson.

Seth orates (below) in front of St James's Palace, (top) outside the RAC Club and (right) inside the Carlton Club



## Forthcoming Events



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

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

### 🚫 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 7th September

8pm–11pm

Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB

Members: Free

Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)

See page 2.

### Cakewalk Café

Wednesday 7th September

7pm–1am

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Rd (Behind the Haggerston), Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: Free

Night of live jazz led by Ewan Bleach and Nicholas D. Ball, featuring an open mic session from 7pm, live band from 8.30 and a late jam session from 11pm. If you would like to join in email [ewanbleach@gmail.com](mailto:ewanbleach@gmail.com).



"Machinegun" McGurn, Chicago hit man, Capone's bodyguard and owner of the Green Mill speakeasy, which is still in business. Cut out these two images and use them to make a brief but accurate flickbook of his life. Note that even in death (and despite being a brutal multiple murderer) he was very well dressed. Immerse yourself in more Chicago gang lore at the Candlelight Club this weekend...



### The Social Swing Night

Friday 9th September

8pm–1am

The Seven Dials Club, 42 Earlham Street, London WC2H 9LA

Admission: £7.50

Live swing manouche from the King's Cross Hot Club plus 1930s and 1940s DJing from Mr Fletcher and Swing Maniac. Large wooden dance floor. Dinner available till 10.30—dial 020 7691 1577 to book a table.

### The Candlelight Club's

#### Chicago Speakeasy Crawl

Friday 9th and Saturday 10th September

7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail bar with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off bespoke cocktail menu with special themes and featured ingredients. There are live period jazz bands plus dance or burlesque acts and vintage DJing.

This time we're looking at Chicago during Prohibition, when a town with an already breezy attitude towards the law became jaw-droppingly oblivious to it and breathtakingly corrupt. Speakeasies proliferated, some quite openly peddling Al Capone's finest hooch, thanks to bribes paid to officials to look the other way.

We'll be serving cocktails from the period,

plus some quintessentially Chicagoan hotdogs and hamburgers.

Music is from the Basin Street Brawlers, playing the works of Louis Armstrong, who spent most of the 1920s in Chicago, then the jazz centre



of the universe, plus the vintage vinylism of the NSC's own MC Fruity.

### **Bethnal Green Affordable Vintage Fair**

Saturday 10th September

11am–4.30pm (earlybird 10.30am)

York Hall, Old Ford Road, London E2 9PJ

Admission: £2 (earlybird £3)

Fresh from curating six festivals, including Vintage at Southbank, Judy's teams up with Rag & Bow to bring you a hall full of vintage traders. Joining them this time will be Benefit Cosmetics selling products and offering free makeovers, plus the Lipstick & Curls girls with vintage styling from £10.



The Vintage Mafia. Don't make them come over there.

### **The Ric Rac Club**

Saturday 10th September

8pm–1am

The Fox, 28 Shore Street, Shoreditch, London EC2A 4LB

Admission: £8 in advance, £10 on the door  
Dress: Your finest sartorial splendour

The Vintage Mafia launch their new club night in this characterful pub with two floors with a smoking terrace. All guests receive a FREE King's Ginger cocktail on arrival, and there will be dancing to music from 1930s dance bands to 1960s Northern Soul, with DJing by the Vintage Mafia ladies and special guest All Fringe, No Knickers, plus a set by ukulele lady Miss G. There will also be a FREE raffle.

### **Saturday Night Swing Club**

Saturday 10th September

7.30pm–2am

City Firefly, 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP  
Admission: £12 (includes a £3 drinks voucher)

Three dance floors playing swing, R n' B and rock n' roll music from the 1920s to the 1950s, with resident DJs Dr Swing and Simon "Mr Kicks" Selmon, plus guest DJs this time Pat Da Kat, Random Andy and Haydn (whom I thought was dead). On the middle floor there are dance classes from 8.15 till midnight.

### **Lost London Tour**

Sunday 11th September

1pm

Meet at the top of St James's Street, adjoining Piccadilly

Admission: £9 (£6.75 concs)

NSC Member Seth Thevoz has set up this venture with a fellow academic, offering guided tours, or "walking lectures", if you will, around London—see page 30. Seth has agreed to give the NSC a private walking tour of London clubs and clubland, with 25% off the usual price. The tour lasts around 90 minutes, and meets at the top of St James's Street, adjoining Piccadilly. To book your place, email [lostlondontours@gmail.com](mailto:lostlondontours@gmail.com).

### **Vintage Fashion Fair**

Sunday 11th September

11am–5pm (trade from 10.30am)

Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London NW1 7AY

Admission: £3 (£4 trade before 11am)

Clothing (both men's and women's), accessories and textiles from the 1800s to the 1980s. For more info see [www.vintagefashionfairlondon.co.uk](http://www.vintagefashionfairlondon.co.uk).

### **Nicholas D. Ball's Washboard Empire**

Sunday 11th September

8pm–11pm

The Vortex, Gillet Square, Dalston, London

Admission: £8

Mr Ball, here sans his usual Flying Aces (see below), appears as part of a trio, focusing on unusual instrumentage—spoons, washboards, megaphones and "a clarinet with a metal appendage"—making 1920s–1930s noises.

Tour de Force Theatre Company presents

### **The Great Gatsby**

Friday 16th September

The Cockpit Theatre, Gateforth Street, Marylebone, London, NW8 8EH

Admission: £10. See [www.thecockpit.org.uk](http://www.thecockpit.org.uk).

You might be interested in this stage version of *The Great Gatsby*, portraying a man's search for love in a society destroyed by money and dishonesty, played by five American actors in a manner described as "fast-paced, visually evocative and highly theatrical". Interestingly, the production uses live period jazz music. This night is a preview before a 23-week world tour.

### **Antique vs Vintage**

Saturday 24th September

10am–4pm (trade from 9am)

Bourne Hall, Spring Street, Ewell Village, Epsom, Surrey KT17 1UF

Admission: £2

Busy, high-quality fair with one hall for antiques and one for vintage fashions. More at [www.antiquevsvintage.co.uk](http://www.antiquevsvintage.co.uk).

### **The Dalston Vintage Fashion Fair**

Saturday 24th September

11am–6pm

The Boys Club, 68 Boleyn Road, London N16 8JG

Admission: £1

Affordable vintage clothing, accessories and collectables from the 1900s to the 1980s, at the handsome old Boys Club in Dalston. The event also features live jazz, burlesque and a vintage tea room.

### **Die Freche Muse**

Saturday 24th September

10pm–4am

A secret private Dalston residence

Admission: £10 in advance or £12.50 on the door (but you must RSVP in any case to [die.freche.muse@gmail.com](mailto:die.freche.muse@gmail.com))

Dress: 1920s and 1930s, strictly enforced

Hosted by Baron Von Sanderson, Die Freche Muse is a club night created in the great tradition of European Cabaret: irreverent, decadent, sexually ambivalent and dissolute. For your entertainment this time Mr Pustra presents his solo show *Kabarett des Namenlosen*, inspired by the Kabarett of Weimar Berlin, the salons of Paris and the opium dens of the Far East. Plus burlesque from Laurie Hagen who will showcase her French mannequin act.

### **Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair**

Sunday 25th September

11am–4.30pm (trade from 10.30am)

The Urdang, The Old Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RP

Admission: £4 (£5 trade before 11am)

Some 45 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a tea room, alterations booth plus sometimes live entertainment too. Currently nominated for Best Vintage Fair in the Vintage Guide to London 2011 awards. More details at [www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk](http://www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk).



Steve Buscemi as Nucky, contemplating some crime in *Boardwalk Empire*

### **The Candlelight Club presents Boardwalk Empire Launch Party**

Friday 30th September and Saturday 1st October

7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15 in advance

Dress: 1920s dandies and swells, gangsters and molls, degenerate aristos and decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

This time The Candlelight Club is celebrating the launch of the second series of *Boardwalk Empire*, the HBO Prohibition-era saga starring Steve Buscemi. On Thursday 29th we're actually doing a VIP event and screening of the first episode for Sky's social media agency but the Friday and Saturday events are open to normal (and doubtless far better dressed) people and there should be some Boardwalk Empire treats for all guests...

Tourguide Seth  
pauses outside the  
Carlton Club on  
St James's  
Street

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



## CONTACTING US

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