



Colonial outpost of calm

Justin Ellis-Yorke explores South Africa's
Kimberley Club

**The White Lady
and her sisters**

David Bridgman-Smith
traces a cocktail family tree

Curse of the Candyman

The classic, and controversial, *The Life and
Death of Colonel Blimp* at our Film Night

TOM CREAN
QUIET HERO OF THE ARCTIC
Dorian Loveday idolises the gentle 'Irish Giant'

RESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 71 SEPTEMBER 2012



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 5th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Lord Finsbury Windermere Compton-Bassett will set us straight on *A Brief History of the Metropolitan Police & Special Constabulary*.

The Last Meeting

Given how empty London had become since Boris warned us all to stay away during the Olympics, it was heartwarming to have such a throng turn up for Dorian Loveday's lecture on *"The Irish Giant": Tom Crean, Greatest Polar Explorer of Them All* at our August meeting, with spectators lining the corridor, straining to hear Dorian's words. Most of us have probably never heard of Crean, but the unassuming Irishman served on expeditions with both Scott and Shackleton—the first time largely by accident, as he just happened to be in Christchurch when the *Discovery* was in



A good example of modern policing: *Carry On Constable* (1960)



Members of the Drones Club have only one response to a policeman—a cry of "Bluebottle!" and a hail of bread rolls

port, short of a hand. As a young navy man who had recently been demoted to Able Seaman, he perhaps saw volunteering as a way to advance his career. His toughness, optimism and mental fortitude proved invaluable, and Scott was quick to choose him for his second attempt on the Pole—in which Scott perished and Crean made an epic 18-hour solo trek to save his remaining comrades. Shackleton chose Crean for his planned Trans-Antarctic expedition, and when the *Endurance* sank Crean was one of the six who made the perilous sea voyage to South Georgia, in an open boat in the polar winter, then the treacherous crossing of the island on foot (something no one has been able to repeat with the speed in which they did it). He survived all of this and even (unlike some of the team) survived the Great War upon his return, and went on to a quiet life running a pub, where he was modest about his achievements, for which he won three Polar Medals. See page 4.



(Above, left and right) Dorian delivers



(Below) spectators line the corridor

(Right) A comment from the floor causes amusement; (below) Capt. Coppice and Pandora Harrison, locked in debate



(Below) The Curé's ID card prompts a knee-jerk display of Chap Olympic gold medal from Craig



(Above) Ed poses a penetrating question



(Left) Paul Fletcher and (below) Tim Eyre, both looking dapper



(Above) David De Vynél, wreathed in smoke; (below) Bluebell Fitch-Foxington



(Left) Willoughby Chase



(Left) Suzanne Coles, out among the denizens of Smoker's Alley



'THE IRISH GIANT'

TOM CREAN, GREATEST POLAR EXPLORER OF THEM ALL

BY DORIAN LOVEDAY



IF YOU THINK this summer has been a bit of a wash-out, consider that, almost exactly a century ago, a group of brave men were struggling against weather conditions far more severe and far more deadly than most of us face in the course of our entire lives. Temperatures of -40°C , winds of hurricane strength, and months of complete darkness, with equipment and clothing that today we would regard as risibly primitive, hundreds of miles from any outside contact or hope of rescue if anything went wrong. Small wonder then, that the period from 1898 to 1917 is known as “the heroic era of Antarctic exploration”.

One man's story brings to life those extraordinary feats of endurance and privation—a man whose story has perhaps been overlooked, but who arguably played a part as great as any of his more famous

companions. His name was Tom Crean.

Crean served with Scott and Shackleton, winning three Polar medals. He was a straightforward and modest man, who never wrote about his exploits. But he had extraordinary reserves of strength, courage and optimism that were to prove crucial in ensuring his fellow expedition members returned alive.



Tom Crean was born on 20th July 1877 near the small village of Anascaul, on the Dingle peninsula in Ireland's County Kerry, which was then, as it is now, a sleepy, rural backwater. He was one of ten children in a farming family, and at the age of 15 Tom had a row with his father and decided to run away to sea. At the nearest Royal Navy recruiting office, Crean enlisted as Boy, 2nd Class, on 10 July 1893, ten days before his 16th birthday—meaning that he lied about his age to join up.

(Above) Crean's home village of Anascaul; (right) Crean at the age of 24

Over the next seven years he was posted to various ships, with generally excellent reports of reliability and conduct, and fairly regular promotion. By late 1901, Crean was serving on the torpedo cruiser HMS *Ringarooma* in Australian waters, when a chance event changed his life entirely.

When birthed in Lyttleton harbour in New Zealand, Crean was asked to join a work party aboard a neighbouring ship. That ship was *Discovery*, under the command of 33-year-old Royal Navy commander Robert Falcon Scott. It was being resupplied before heading south to the Antarctic.

Crean would have known about the historic British National Antarctic Expedition (commonly referred to, like most Antarctic expeditions of the time, after the ship used—therefore the “*Discovery* expedition”). However, Scott had a problem: one of his crew members had deserted, leaving him with a place on the crew to fill. Crean—just 24 years old—volunteered. And thus it was that Tom Crean, with no experience of the polar regions at all, was headed to the Antarctic. He wouldn't return for two years.



In fact, his lack of experience was hardly worthy of mention, because Scott himself had never been to the Antarctic either. Nor had all but three of the rest of the party. Scott in fact himself said afterwards “I may as well confess I had no predilection for polar exploration.” And indeed the entire operation proceeded with a very British sense of enthusiastic amateurism. The purpose of the *Discovery* expedition was primarily

scientific and geographic. It didn't make a serious attempt on the pole but it set a new “Farthest South” record, $82^{\circ}17'S$, a journey undertaken by Scott, Ernest Shackleton (third officer on the expedition) and Edward Wilson. In many ways, it was a dress rehearsal for future expeditions to accomplish greater things. However, one thing that the party didn't get to grips with was gaining experience with skis or dog teams—the British instead preferring to romanticise what they perceived as the “more noble” but already outdated technique of man-hauling supplies on sledges.

The *Discovery* made its way to McMurdo Sound—and was fated to stay there for two years, after Scott allowed her to become iced-in. It took a costly recovery attempt by two ships



(Above) The *Discovery*; (right) Cdr Robert Scott; (bottom) The Ross Ice Shelf—the size of France

in 1902 to free her. Tom Crean was kept pretty busy, quickly establishing himself as a popular member of the party, turning his hand to most tasks and with a great appetite for work. In fact, he became one of the most experienced and dependable sledgers in the entire party.

But what of Crean the man? Albert Armitage, Scott's second-in-command, said "Crean is an Irishman with a fund of wit and an even temper which nothing disturbs." Indeed, most accounts of Crean mention a warm, welcoming grin and unending cheerfulness, plus his habit of launching into song at the slightest excuse. He even retained



his chirpy demeanour after falling through sea ice twice in one day.

The *Discovery* returned to Portsmouth on 10th September 1904. Crean had proved himself a valuable member of the expedition, winning his first polar medal. He stayed under Scott's command for a number of years afterwards, on various ships, Scott personally requesting him.

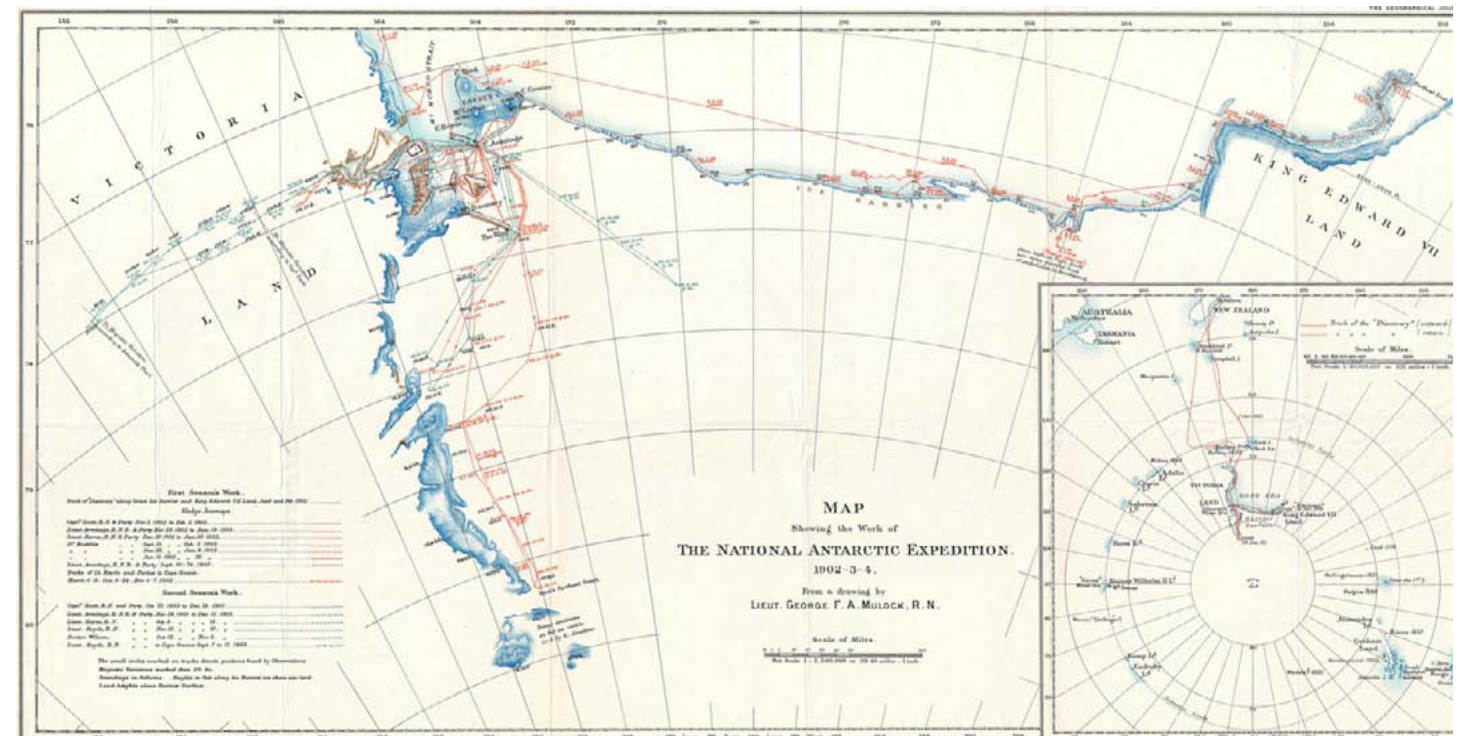
Scott began planning another expedition south in 1907. He was spurred on by the news in 1909 that Shackleton, leading his own expedition, had reached a new

"Farthest South"—a point just 97 miles from the south pole. Scott was with Crean when he heard the news, turning to the Irishman and saying, "I think we'd better have a shot next."

The result was the British Antarctic Expedition 1910, better known as the *Terra Nova* expedition. Crean duly signed up, at a salary of 15 shillings a week. He was also reunited with two good friends he'd made on the *Discovery* expedition, Edward "Teddy" Evans and William Lashly.

This time, the clear object of the expedition was to make an attempt at the pole, though Scott also planned a programme of scientific work. They arrived off Ross Island on 4th January 1911 and established a base there. Various journeys were undertaken during that time, especially laying depots for the upcoming polar attempt.

At one point, Crean became marooned on a floating ice floe with two other men, and volunteered to go alone to get help. Leaping from ice floe to ice floe, and dodging killer whales on the way, it took him six



(Above) The area covered by the *Discovery* expedition; (right) Scott at Hut Point; (below) *Terra Nova*; (below right) the polar party

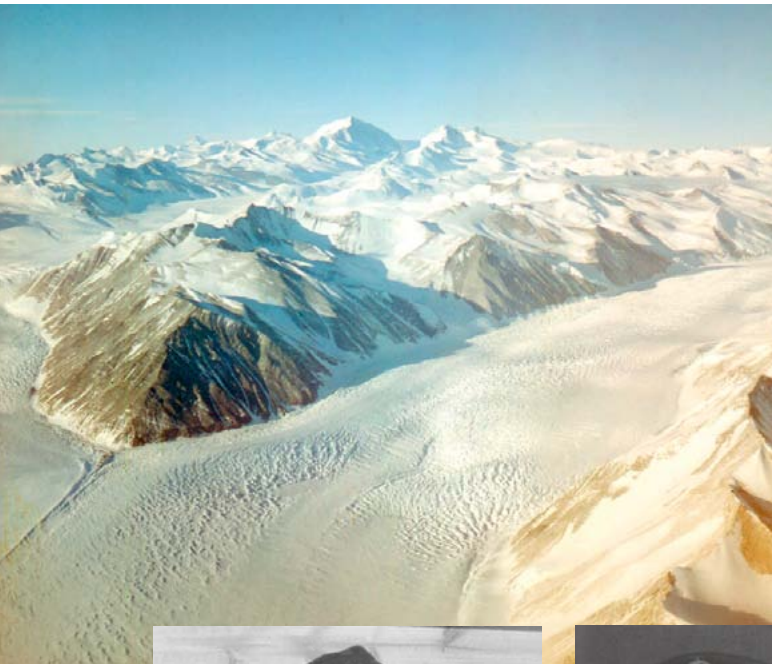
hours to reach their base, known as Hut Point, after climbing the Great Ice Barrier—a sheer cliff of ice—with nothing more than a ski stick. And yet afterwards, all he said was, "Oh, I just kept going pretty lively, sorr, them killers wasn't too healthy company."

Scott set off for the pole on 1st November 1911 with 12 men. Tom Crean was one of them. Scott had originally planned three teams of four men, with successive teams providing supplies and turning back before the pole. To the pole and back itself involved a round trip of 1,800 miles, walking all the way and dragging 90kg of supplies each.

The party made its way across the great ice barrier and up the Beardmore glacier on to the polar plateau, 10,000 feet above sea level. The first party turned back 300 miles from the pole on 20th



December, but Crean continued onwards. Finally, on 3rd January 1912, Scott announced that that he would take a five-man party to the pole—whereas Crean, Lashly and Teddy Evans would return home. After two months of effort to reach this point, Crean wept that he would



the cause of which was still unknown at that time. By 7th February he could no longer haul. By the 13th, he could no longer walk, and had to be dragged on the sledge. They were still 100 miles from safety.

Evans was close to death: at one point it was Crean's tears falling on Evans' face that helped to revive him. By the 18th, the men had made it to within 35 miles of Hut Point. In their condition, it would take four days or longer to get there—but they had only rations enough for perhaps two days. There was only one option. One of the men would have to remain behind with Evans, and the other would have to march, alone, to Hut Point to get help. The man who volunteered was Tom Crean.

Stuffing his pockets with the only food they had left—three biscuits and a stick of chocolate—he trudged 16 miles, sometimes plunging waist-deep into the snow, before he took a break. He had no tent, so there was no question of stopping. By midnight on the 19th, he was roughly seven miles from Hut Point. By 3.30am, he reached the hut, blurting out that his comrades needed to be rescued before collapsing almost delirious with cold and exhaustion. The journey had taken him 18 hours.

Within 30 minutes of reaching the hut, a blizzard, which he could not have survived, struck. As soon as it lifted, Lashly and Evans were rescued. Crean was characteristically modest about his solo trek—for which he later won the Albert Medal (now replaced by the George Cross)—though in a letter penned seven days after his ordeal, he did write, “If anyone has earned fame, it is your own County Kerry man.”

By late March, it was obvious the polar party had perished. Again, Crean was the mainstay for cheerfulness in the expedition's now-depleted ranks. He also formed part of the search party that found the bodies of Scott, Wilson and Bowers in their tent on 12th November 1912. Of Scott, he said afterwards, in typically understated fashion, “I have lost a good friend.”

You'd think Crean would have had enough of the Antarctic by that time, but he returned for a third time with the Imperial Trans-Antarctic

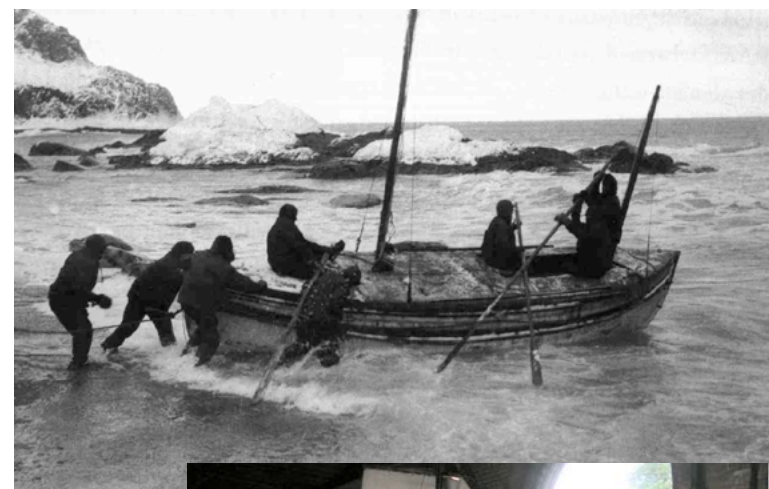


(Top) The Beardmore Glacier; (above left) Crean just after his solo march and (above right) with his Polar Medal

not be going with Scott. They were at 87° 32'S, 168 statute miles from the pole.

What happened to Scott and his companions is common knowledge. But for Crean, Lashly and Evans, the journey home was a desperate race for life. They now faced a 700-statute mile journey back to Hut Point. Soon after heading north, they were faced with a long detour around an icefall. With food supplies short they needed to reach their next depot, and decided to slide on their sledge down the icefall. The three men slid 2,000 feet, dodging crevasses up to 200 feet wide. Evans later wrote: “How we escaped entirely uninjured is beyond me to explain.”

Next, they picked their way through a labyrinth of crevasses down the Beardmore Glacier, but at the bottom, another problem arose. Evans was showing symptoms of scurvy,



Expedition, commanded by Ernest Shackleton and better known as the *Endurance* expedition. (The ship took its name from Shackleton's family motto, “By endurance, we conquer.”)

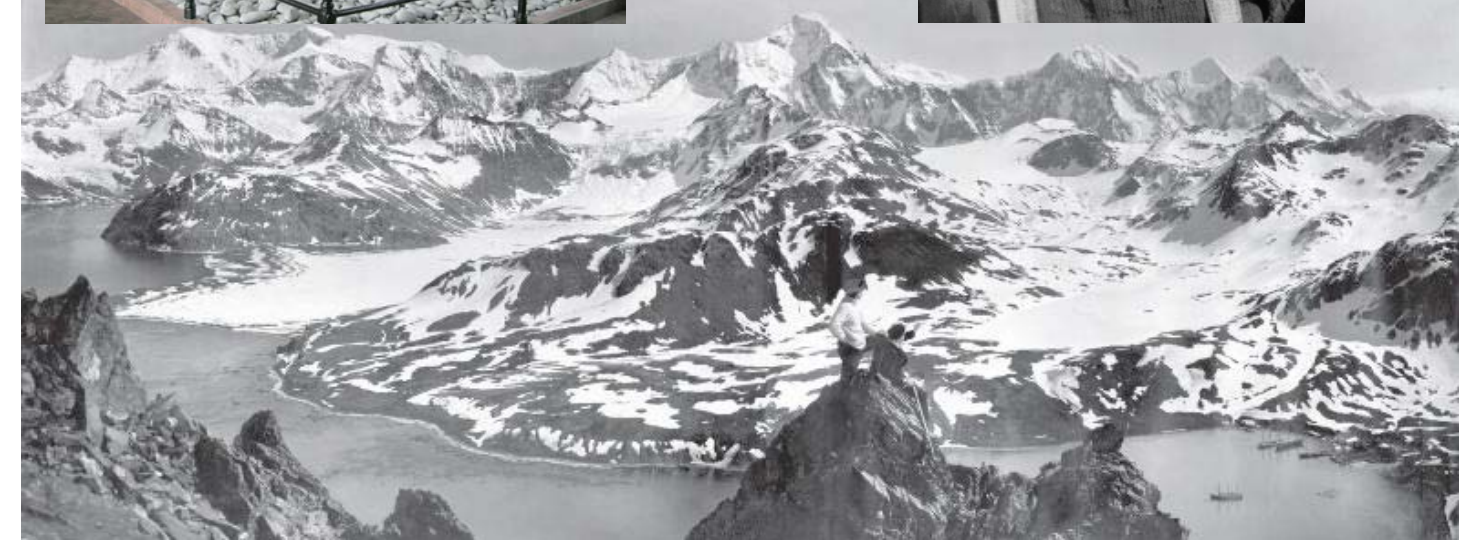
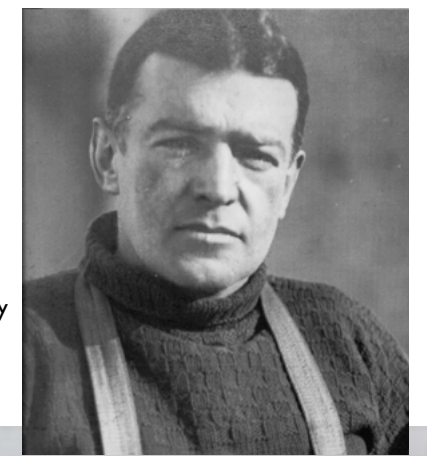
The expedition's goal was ambitious: the first crossing of the Antarctic continent. But as the ship was about to leave England on 4th August 1914, the Great War broke out. Shackleton immediately offered the services of his ship and his crew to the Government, but received a one-word telegram from the First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill: “Proceed.”

The *Endurance* sailed towards the Weddell Sea, first encountering pack ice at 57° south. The ship picked its way southwards until 19th January 1915, when the 28-man crew awoke to find the ice had closed around the ship. Despite the efforts of the men with picks and saws, they were stuck fast, and locked in for the winter.

The ship continued to drift with the ice over the next nine months, in a huge 1,200-mile circle through the long months of winter. But on 1st August, pressure from the ice gave the *Endurance* a list of about 10 degrees. On 24th October, the hull cracked and water poured in. Shackleton gave the order to abandon ship, and the *Endurance* finally disappeared beneath the ice on 21st November. They were adrift in a million square miles of frozen ocean, 1,000 miles from the nearest settlement.

The men set up camp on the ice, having initially tried to drag the ship's

(Top to bottom) The end of *Endurance*; the launch of the *James Caird*; *James Caird* today in Dulwich College; South Georgia; (right) Shackleton



three lifeboats to open water. The party continued to drift with the ice until, on 8th April, a huge crack appeared in the floe. The only option was to cram into the lifeboats and row for dry land. Shackleton's first thought was Deception Island, where he knew there was an emergency supply dump. However, the rapidly deteriorating condition of his men in temperatures of -30°C , much of the time soaked with seawater, forced him to aim for Elephant Island, the closest possible refuge.

Crean assumed effective command of one of the boats after its nominal commander suffered a breakdown. After seven days in the open boats, camping at night on ice floes, the men finally reached Elephant Island—the first time anyone had set foot there. It was also the first time they had stood on dry land in 497 days.

However, their troubles weren't over. Elephant Island was way off any shipping or whaling route, and no one in the outside world knew where the small party was. Shackleton had to make a desperate decision: he and five others would have to sail in one of the lifeboats, at the beginning of the Antarctic winter, across the roughest seas in the world, in order to summon help. Many of the men were physically and mentally done in by this time. But Crean wasn't, and he begged to go (despite being Shackleton's first choice anyway).

The Falklands and Cape Horn were the closest options—but lay in the face of the prevailing winds. The only option therefore was to make the 800-mile trip to South Georgia. The 22-foot *James Caird* was selected, and was improved by raising the gunwales with wood from packing crates and adding small decks

(Top) Worsley, Shackleton and Crean; (left) Crean and Nell



fore and aft. Supplies for four weeks were loaded: the men knew they had no chance of survival beyond that time. Leaving the rest of the crew camped under the remaining two boats, the *James Caird* set sail on 24th April 1916.

The voyage was a journey from hell. The men hardly slept; they were constantly soaked (they had no waterproof clothing); the navigator Frank Worsley only managed to get a clear shot of the sun with his sextant four times during the entire journey, his navigation being, as he termed it, “a jest of merry guesswork”. They had to clamber on to the boat to chip the ice off. Crean somehow kept them all fed, acting as cook. He also never lost his optimism. When at the tiller, he would continually sing, though according to Shackleton, “nobody ever discovered what song it was. It was devoid of tune and as monotonous as the chanting of a Buddhist monk, yet somehow it was cheerful. In moments of inspiration Crean would attempt ‘The Wearin’ of the Green’.”

At one point, the men faced waves over 50 feet high that threatened to engulf the boat. But on 8th May they sighted seabirds and kelp and, a little later, South Georgia itself. However, they couldn't land until the following day, as a hurricane-force gale sprang up that threatened to dash them against the rocks. After 16 days at sea, the men finally made landfall in King Haakon Bay, on the south side of the island.

Yet, even here, they faced a further problem. The settlements were on the north side of the island, and further sailing was out of the question, as three of the party were too exhausted. That meant the three fittest members of the party, Shackleton, Worsley and Crean, would have to march 30 miles across the uncharted, mountainous interior of South Georgia, which had never been crossed on foot, to reach the whaling station on Stromness on the opposite side of the island, with no map, and no equipment save a 50ft length of rope and a carpenter's adze to use as an ice axe.

After a few days' rest, the trio set off, with crampons improvised by sticking nails from the *James Caird* through the soles of their boots.

They travelled light, without a tent or sleeping bags. Time and again, they ascended steep mountain passes only to retrace their steps when the descent proved impossible. At one point, faced with rapidly dropping daylight and temperatures, the men actually slid down a 2,000ft slope on the coiled length of rope (Crean must have been thinking of his sledge ride four years previously). Sleep was impossible, as the party would have frozen to death. Finally, after 36 hours of almost non-stop marching, at 7am they reached the whaling station at Stromness. It was their first contact with outside civilisation in 18 months. They had made it. And it is doubtful that they would have done so were it not for the unflappable presence of Tom Crean.

Yet it still took Shackleton three months and four separate attempts, beaten back by weather and ice each time, to reach Elephant Island to rescue the rest of his men. Even more astonishing is the fact that not a single member of the expedition was lost.

Tom Crean was recalled to the Navy, passing a quiet war at the Chatham barracks in Kent. He was promoted to warrant officer and awarded his third polar medal. But it wasn't an entirely uneventful period for him: on 5th September 1917 Crean married Ellen (known as Nell) Herlihy from his home village of Anascaul, whom he had known since childhood.



(Top) The South Pole Inn today; (above) Crean and family; (below) the last known photograph



Crean was now 39 years old and, after 24 years, was making plans to leave the navy; but his hand was forced when, on 29th April 1919, he fell through an open hatch on the cruiser HMS *Fox*, badly wounding his head. It affected his vision and on 24th March 1920 he was declared

medically unfit for service.

Crean now concentrated on building a home and a family. He moved back to Anascaul and with Nell opened a pub, the South Pole Inn, which still exists today. He had three daughters, Mary, Katherine and Eileen, Katherine sadly dying at the age of four.

He also turned his back on polar exploration. The pub became a favourite haunt of many locals, with Crean himself being known predictably as “Tom the Pole”. But his daughters and those who knew him said he

seldom spoke about his former life. His daughter Eileen said: “He put his medals in a box... and that was that. He was a very humble man.” All Tom Crean wanted now was a quiet life. Sadly that life came to an end shortly after his 61st birthday on 27th July 1938, when Crean caught an infection after suffering a burst appendix.

So what can we learn from this extraordinary man's story? I think, simply, some of the cardinal virtues—of loyalty, fortitude, optimism, strength of character, and most of all modesty. The next time you're in the pub, buy a pint of Guinness, and raise a toast to perhaps the greatest polar explorer of them all.



War Starts at Midnight!

M.C. TIERNEY tells us why he chose The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp for our August NSC Film Night

“WAR STARTS AT MIDNIGHT!” is the cry at the start and end of the film, and is one of the main themes throughout what I firmly believe is one of the finest pieces of British cinema. Made in 1943, at the height of the Second World War, the film was intended primarily as a propaganda piece, but was also a satire on Britain, the nature of Britishness, and its insistence on fair play, and indeed playing by the rules. There was also a subplot, that of the three women in Blimp’s life, who were all remarkably similar: Not surprising, really, as they were all played by Deborah Kerr.

Colonel Blimp started life as a cartoon, produced by New Zealander David Low. It was a satire on old-fashioned, outdated views, the stereotype of a stuffy Imperial soldier who held firm views on soldiering and how society at large should behave. The Archers production company, headed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, negotiated to make a film fleshing out the two-dimensional life of Blimp, and filming started in 1942. Initially Blimp was going to be played by Laurence Olivier, but the Royal Navy wouldn’t release him. Instead, they



MC Tierney warms us up for the film presentation

turned to the ever-reliable Roger Livesey, with his deep voice, broad shoulders and thick mop of hair. It is unimaginable now that

anyone else could play Clive Candy (Blimp’s real name). Indeed, it shows that Livesey was a replacement—he is listed third in the credits, after Anton Walbrook and Deborah Kerr. The cast was fantastic, using in support both character actors such as John Laurie (better known to modern audiences as Private Frazer in *Dad’s Army*) and serving soldiers: the Americans in the trenches in 1918 were played by American soldiers stationed in England.

That was no mean feat, as official support for the film was removed when it was realized that one of the three lead characters was a German, and worse (to the censors) it showed him in a sympathetic light. In fact, Winston Churchill detested the film for that very reason. This is a shame, as I think the character gives the film a lot of its sympathetic nature, but it was understandable at the time.

The cinematography is sublime, and was filmed in Technicolor—impressive in a wartime British film, and there was a huge budget of £200,000. Not a penny of this was wasted, and I feel it shows, in its sets, costumes, and glorious scene setting.

(Left) Sheridanites make themselves comfortable in the Tea House’s agreeable surroundings; (below) Callum and Emma



The story is fantastic, and glides between 1902 and 1943 easily, with Lieutenant Clive Candy VC, becoming (acting) Brigadier Clive Candy VC, DSO before finally becoming Major General Clive Wynne-Candy VC, DSO and several other post nominals. He is played beautifully by Livesey, who ages believably from a young, impetuous subaltern through to a crusty stuck-in-the mud officer of a certain vintage, refusing to believe that his old foe, Germany, could fight a war in any other way than by the rules. It is only at the intervention of his driver (played by Miss Kerr) and the actions of her impetuous army



(Left) The film begins in a Turkish bath where, in a continuous shot, Candy dives below the water and emerges as his younger self, 40 years earlier—with a full head of hair (compare with the opening scene in *A Canterbury Tale* where we also shift forward by centuries seemingly without an edit); (right) the duel in which Candy meets his lifelong friend

Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff—Martin Scorsese said that the way it is handled, showing the preparation but cutting away when the fighting starts, inspired his own approach in *Raging Bull*; (left) Deborah Kerr in the first of her three roles



when he meets, and loses, Deborah Kerr in her first role. Anton Walbrook, as Clive’s friend, rival in love and one-time foe, Theodor Kretschmar-Schuldorff, gives one of the most moving and impassioned speeches in film history, a soliloquy to Britain and the British that is the stand-out scene of the film for me.

Blimp is often overlooked in favour of The Archers’ later films, *A Matter of Life and Death* (1946, also starring Livesey) and *The Red Shoes* (1948), but for me at least this is their best work. It is a film that you should all see, at least once. It is a film that I have skived off work to see, with my then boss Cdr K. Scanlon, RN’s full understanding and permission, and I would (and probably will) do so again. I thank the Tea House Theatre for allowing me to see it on the big screen, in such comfortable and convivial surroundings.

The NSC Film Night presents

Rope (1948)

Monday 17th September

7pm (screening starts around 8pm)

The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

David De Vinél presents Alfred Hitchcock's thriller about two cocky students who strangle a classmate as an intellectual exercise to prove they are superior enough to commit the perfect murder. To ram the point home they then host a dinner party in the very room where the body lies. One of the guests is their former prep-school housemaster, played by James Stewart, who had discussed Nietzsche's "übermensch" concept with them and whom they feel would surely approve. The film is based on a play (in turn based on real



events) and takes place in real time, filmed in long takes to give the impression of one continuous shot. This heightens the claustrophobic tension as one of the killers starts to crack under the strain and Stewart begins to suspect the horrific truth. But how will the übermensch killers react if they realise their ruse is rumbled?



The Kimberley Club

JUSTIN ELLIS-YORKE reports from the colonies on a handsome club with a history

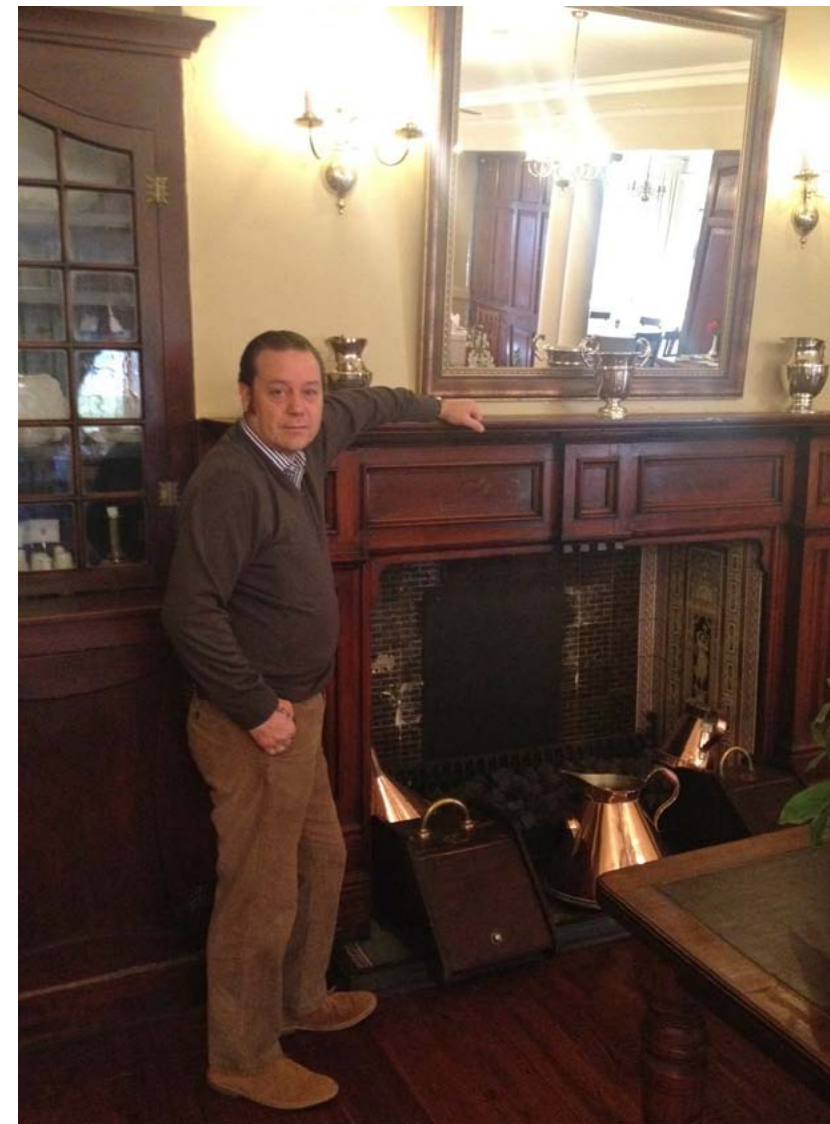
HAVING HAD THE opportunity and pleasure of staying at the Kimberley Club, South Africa, last week on my way through Kimberley I thought some snaps of the club may be of interest. Some sympathetic restoration of the building and decor by the club's patron DeBeers has burnished its timeless elegance.

Flicking through the voluminous visitor's book, spanning over 100 years of guests, almost all the

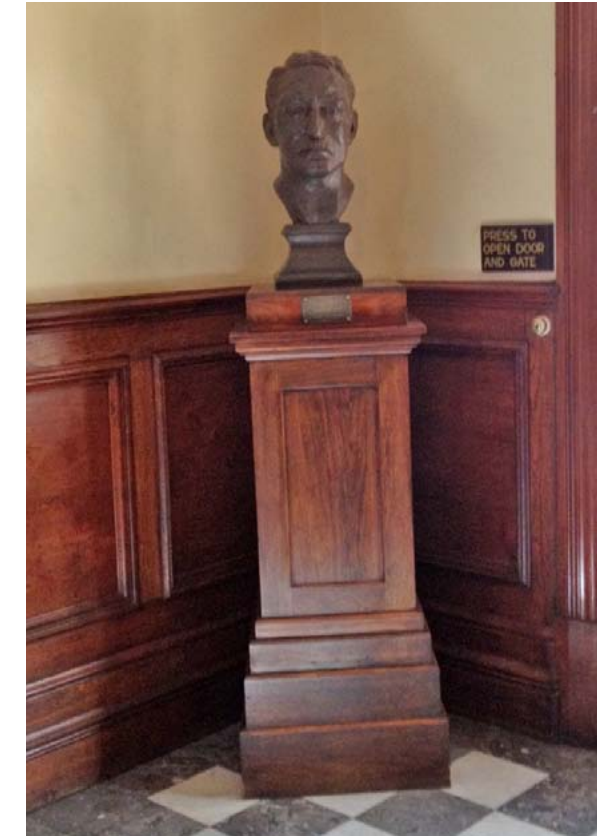


current and defunct London clubs are present—needless to say the New Sheridan Club now graces the pages in my rather doctor-like scrawl!

The club was founded in 1881 by Cecil John Rhodes and the top men in the diamond industry. A visitor once said "the place was stuffed with more millionaires to the square foot than any other place in the world". Many historic decisions have been made at the club, affecting not only Kimberley, but southern and central Africa and the international diamond industry. The original building burned to the ground in 1885 after an oil lamp chandelier fell in the Billiard Room during dinner



(Left) Mr Ellis-Yorke in his natural environment; (below) a bust of founder Cecil John Rhodes. From the verandah Rhodes, then just 28, planned the colonisation of the land north of the Zambesi—what would become Rhodesia



(Below) these shell cases are members' trophies from the Boer War



(Above) the Dining Room. Early club rules included "No women in the Club", "No dogs on the premises" and "No smoking in the Dining Room", which was later amended to "No smoking until one hour after the commencement of the meal"—Rhodes and co-founder Dr Leander Starr Jameson were inveterate smokers.

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members share their notions about potions

Find the Lady...

By David Bridgman-Smith.

As Torquil Arbuthnot noted back in issue 19 (May 2008) of this organ, the White Lady cocktail is a variation on the Sidecar where the brandy is replaced by gin. The Sidecar dates from the end of the First World War and the White Lady in its present incarnation first appeared in the late 1920s. Interestingly, the cocktail is also very similar to the Aviation, which pre-dates both to 1916.

The White Lady cocktail was invented twice, by both Harry Craddock of the Savoy (who used gin, lemon and Cointreau) and Harry MacElhone of Harry's Bar, Paris (who used brandy, creme de menthe and Cointreau).

1. White Lady (Version 1, Harry Craddock)

30ml dry gin
15ml triple sec
15ml lemon juice
White of an egg

Shake with ice. When well-made, this is smooth, crisp and refreshing. Well-balanced, with the subtle flavours of the gin's botanicals peeking through. The egg white is less about taste and more about providing a silky texture.

2. White Lady (Version 2, Harry MacElhone)

10ml brandy
10ml crème de menthe
20ml Cointreau

Shake with ice. A different creature and one that is, initially, odd. But you get used to it. The mint is very powerful,



Blue Lady



White Lady, version one (left) and two (right)

although there is a little citrus. To some extent this clashes with the mint, but it's not that bad.

After trying both, it is easy to see why Harry Craddock's drink is the one that has maintained its popularity in the present day.

So with the basics under our belts, let's move on to some variations. All of these come from a variety of period cocktail books (with the occasional modification) and indeed it seems that at one time there was a race to make "lady" cocktails of various hues. Many of these come from the *Café Royale Cocktail Book* (1937).

3. Blue Lady

50ml blue curaçao
25ml yellow gin
25ml lemon juice

Shake with ice. This uses yellow gin (dry gin that has been rested in wooden barrels) and I have decided to use Hayman's 1850. It makes a rather tasty cocktail that is very similar to the original except it is a lovely shade of blue and the yellow gin adds a mellow, woody/vanilla note.



Green Lady

4. Green Lady

15ml lemon juice
15ml Pisang Ambon, 30ml vodka

Shake with ice. Although "based on an original recipe", some of the ingredients are no longer available and so, in the spirit of the club, I improvised.

Notes of creamy banana, then some more fruity notes with a touch of spice. There's then a lovely finish of tart lemon.



Perfect Lady

5. Perfect Lady

30ml dry gin
15ml apricot brandy
15ml lemon juice

Shake with ice. Another drink that's very similar to the White Lady, but the apricot brandy adds a nice jammy note without making the

drink too sweet. At the risk of controversy, I prefer it.

6. Red Lady

25ml kirsch
25ml gin
25ml cherry brandy
25ml lemon juice

Shake with ice. This is a flavour-packed drink with both sweet and dry cherry elements and a tart finish. Delicious. This has lots of character and wasn't too sweet.



Red Lady

7. Brown Lady

30ml Cognac
15ml lemon juice
15ml Clayton's Cola Tonic

Shake with ice. Warmth from the Cognac and some tart lemon, followed by a touch of the Cola Tonic. The cola only comes through subtly, but its sweetness gives

balance to the drink overall. Rather good.

8. Pink Lady

50ml gin
1 tsp grenadine
Dash of Angostura Bitters

Shake with ice. I added some bitters to add a little more character, so you have some extra spice alongside jammy, berry notes. A good quality gin is needed in this cocktail.



Pink Lady

9. Golden Lady

25ml orange juice
25ml curaçao
25ml brandy

Shake with ice. Tastes very much like a Sidecar, but with orange juice instead of lemon juice. This makes it a more rounded, rich, juicy and fruity cocktail. It is also less tart and crisp and, as a



Golden Lady



Brown Lady

result, some people will prefer it, while others won't.

For more cocktail recipes, product reviews and musings on booze, see the New Sheridan Club's **Institute for Alcoholic Experimentation**



CLUB NOTES

Two for Tweed

CLUB MEMBER MR RICHARD SHERWOOD has sent in the photograph above of himself and his chum Mr Mark Elliot with their venerable tandem bicycle, “having been selected for display at the Goodwood Road Racing Club Member’s Open Day”. The scene depicted on the right he describes as “synchronised snuff taking”, asserting that “it’s the future”. The open day featured a wide range of vehicles on display, such as the two other motor vehicles on this page. For more on the various clubs and festivals associated with Goodwood see www.goodwood.co.uk. Photographs courtesy of James Ewing; to see more of his snaps from this event click [here](#).



Pub Crawl Reminder

DON’T FORGET THAT Club ale guru Ian White, will be guiding us on one of his London pub crawls on **Saturday 8th September**, designed to introduce Members to the wealth of fine public houses in the capital and the fine ales and ciders that may be found within them. This time the focus is on Belgravia.

Kick-off is at 1.30pm at the Wetherspoons on Victoria Station, but in case you can only make part of the day, here is the planned itinerary:

1.30pm–2.30 pm Wetherspoons, Unit 5, Victoria Island, Victoria Station, Victoria, SW1V 1JT. Assembly point right in the middle of Victoria Station. Real ales and food. Couldn’t be easier to find!

3.00pm The Grenadier, 18 Wilton Row, SW1X 7NR. Various ales. Originally built in 1720 as the Officers Mess for The First Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, the Grenadier became licensed premises in 1818. Haunted by the ghost of a man beaten to death for cheating at cards, apparently.

4.15pm The Nags Head, 53 Kinnerton St, SW1X 8ED. Adnams. Small pub filled with curios; has a rule of no mobiles allowed!

5.00pm The Wilton Arms, 71 Kinnerton St, SW1X 8ED. Shepherd Neame. Built 1826, wood-panelled pub, has grand flora display.

6.00pm The Star Tavern, 6 Belgrave Mews West, SW1X 8HT. Fullers. Well-known historic pub in a cobbled mews.

8.00pm The Antelope, 22 Eaton Terrace, SW1W 8EZ. Fullers. Seventeenth-century pub; does food until 9pm.

9.30pm The Fox and Hounds, 29 Passmore Street, SW1W 8HR. Youngs. Small and unspoilt.



NSC polo shirt, anyone?

More NSC Merchandise Mysteriously Materialises

EVADNE RACCAT HAS drawn our attention to the above polo shirt currently on sale at M&S, which would appear to be lovingly constructed in New Sheridan Club colours. Meanwhile Actuarious wonders if the scene below from *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962) suggests that Omar Sharif’s character Sherif Ali was an Overseas Member?



New Members

AS OUR PLUCKY Paralympians effortlessly overcome physical handicaps to achieve sporting greatness, we are of course reminded of the Chap Olympics, where many a NSC member has overcome congenital ineptitude, a highly starched collar and prodigious drunkenness to grasp a noble achievement that he or she will sadly not remember in the morning. Likewise, the following Greek gods and goddesses of elan, decorum and exquisite dress sense have all overcome Society's pressure to conform, to step up to the podium of NSC Membership in the last month: Captain John Hawley-Groat, Persephone Stickle-Brick, Bernard J. Richards and Stephen Myhill.

Forthcoming Events



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

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

🍷 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 5th 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

Wednesdays 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th September
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm and 8–9pm)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: £5 (£3.50 if you're in 1920s/1930s clobber) or £8 including a dance class; £12 including both.

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Nicholas Ball, Ewan Bleach and chums, with

optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

🍷 Ian White's NSC Pub Crawl

Saturday 8th September
Assemble 1.30pm at Wetherspoons, Victoria Station
Admission: Free, but you'll need shekels for pies and pints
See page 19.

Shoreditch Vintage Fair

Saturday 8th September
Midday till 5pm
Shoreditch Town Hall, 380 Old Street London, Greater London EC1V 9LT
(020 7739 6176)
Admission: £2
Some 60 traders gather to peddle clothes, accessories, homewares, and jewellery from the 1940s to the 1980s (eek!). There is also a Vintage Tearoom by Teaspoon Events and a Vintage Beauty Parlour by Lipstick and Curls, plus live performances. To keep up to date see the Facebook page.

Corsets & Diamonds and What the Butler Saw present The Secret Enchanted Ball

Saturday 8th September
8pm–3am
66 West Smithfield, London EC1A 9DY
Admission: £25 or two for £45 from eventbrite but NSC Members get a discounted price of just £17.50 if you use the code NEWSHERIDAN
Dress: Faeries, demons, unicorns, you know the drill

A sort of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* party, with plenty of burlesque and cabaret, vintage DJing, etc. Corsets & Diamonds seem to have an emphasis on electroswing, if that's your bag, and also an emphasis on creating an environment where women feel comfortable and able to express themselves in glamorous fantastical ways (it says here that men are only allowed if accompanied by women, though I'm not sure if that applies to this event). For more details see the Facebook event.

Beer-related hijinks at a previous NSC pub crawl: this is the grand interior of the Warrington in Maida Vale



Trolleybus Gala Weekend

Saturday 8th and Sunday 9th September
1–9pm Saturday, 10.30am–5pm Sunday
East Anglia Transport Museum, Carlton Colville, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 8BL

This is the museum's annual gala of trolleybuses when all operational trolleys will be in action and usually there is a visiting trolley (this year there will be one that has never visited the museum before). Another aspect of this weekend, which makes it all the more special, is the Saturday evening operation—the only time during the year where the vehicles operate at night and the museum is bathed in light from vintage street-lamps. As ever, there is a free vintage bus service from Lowestoft and Beccles, so those venturing to Suffolk by train need not fear a long walk.

The Men Who Made Menswear

Saturday 8th, Saturday 21st and Sunday 22nd September
Begins 1pm
St James's and environs
Admission: £8 (£6 for NSC Members)

Professional tour guide Russell Nash has devised this London walking tour: join him for a stroll around St James's and Mayfair as he tells stories of "the men who made menswear". See the places where they worked, lived and played, as he tells the story of men's clothing over the past 200 years through the lives of the men who commissioned, inspired and constructed it. John Lobb, Bunny Rodger, The Duke of Windsor, Tommy Nutter, Henry Poole, Beau Brummell, Edward VII, James Lock, The Prince Regent, John Stephen and Mr Fish are just some of the names who crop up. The tours will take place at 1pm on Saturday 8th, Saturday 21st and Sunday 22nd September 2012. Tickets should be booked in advance and cost £8 each or £6 for NSC members. Contact Mr Nash by electronic mail at mr.russnash@gmail.com.

Swing at the Light

Mondays 10th, 17th and 24th September
From 7pm
Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1
Admission: £8 for class and club, £3 just for the club night after 9pm
Dress: Vintage/retro appreciated

Weekly vintage dance night in a venue with a wooden floor and its own terrace. Beginners classes from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and “freestyle” from 9pm.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 10th September
8–11pm
The Nag’s Head Pub, 9 Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London E17 9LP

Admission: Free

A music night organised by Auntie Maureen: you bring your favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm) and she spins them.

Tricity Vogue’s 50 Shades of Ukulele

Tuesday 11th September
8–11pm
The Lincoln Lounge, 53 York Way, King’s Cross, London N1 9AB

Admission: Free

The brightest stars in the ukulele universe strum their stuff as celebrated cabaret diva Tricity Vogue returns triumphantly from Edinburgh. Performers this time include Helen Arney, Joby Mageean and Jolly Boat. There will also be open mic opportunities and BDSM singalongs.

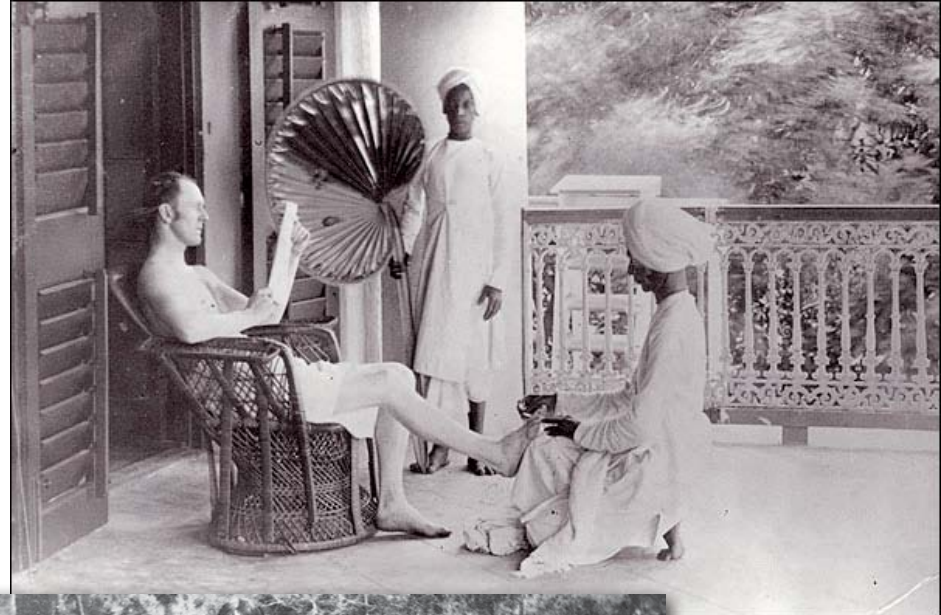
Beginners’ Lindy Hop Course

Thursday 13th September (then 20th, 27th and 4th and 11th October)
7.30–8.30 beginners’ 6-count Lindy Hop
8.30–9.30 beginners’ 8-count Lindy Hop

The Brix at St Matthews, Brixton Hill, London SW2 1JF

Admission: £40 for the course (£70 for a couple), £32 for students

Course in authentic swing dancing from the 1930s and 1940s with the London Swing Cats. No need to bring a partner, though couples get a



See out the summer at the Candlelight Club’s Raj-themed party

Mummy + her tiger. May 1920



discount. More at www.londonswingcats.com.

The Candlelight Club: Indian Summer

Friday 14th and Saturday 15th September
7.30pm–12am

A secret central London location

Admission: £15.75 in advance

Dress: 1920s colonial degenerates, polo-playing aristocrats, bejewelled maharajahs and

maharanis, snake charmers, pith-helmeted adventuresses, or the usual Prohibition mobsters, decadent aesthetes, corrupt politicians and the Smart Set In the Know

The Candlelight Club is a clandestine pop-up cocktail party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue completely lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism from DJ MC Fruity. Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

This time we offer a hint of the Raj, the dying days of Empire for the dying days of summer. In the 1920s the bustling ports of Bombay and Calcutta—en route between Prohibition-stricken America and the insatiable fleshpots of Shanghai—were magnets for itinerant jazzmen and quickly developed a swing scene. Local architects embraced the Art Deco style, creating cityscapes to rival Miami; Bombay’s Taj Mahal hotel had an Art Deco ballroom where jazz bands played. Post-WWI, the dearth of eligible men in Britain prompted thousands of women to travel to India in search of a husband from among the soldiers, administrators and businessmen who made the Empire tick: life could be a frenetic round of dances, parties, polo matches and tiger shoots. For our party we’ll be offering a special Raj-tinged cocktail menu, plus live music from those Imperial syncopators Albert Ball’s Flying Aces and vintage vinylism from our own MC Fruity.

The Goodwood Revival

Friday 14th–Sunday 16th September
Goodwood Estate, Chichester, West Sussex, PO18 0PX (01243 755000)
Admission: From £36 for Friday (Saturday and Sunday now sold

out), plus extra for Grandstand access, etc. Tickets only sold in advance.

The annual vintage motor rally, at the restored race track at the great country house Goodwood, goes from strength to strength—this time also featuring our own Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer and a recreation of the Chap Olympiad. The track itself rivalled Silverstone in its heyday from 1948 to 1966 and the festival focuses on those decades, the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s.

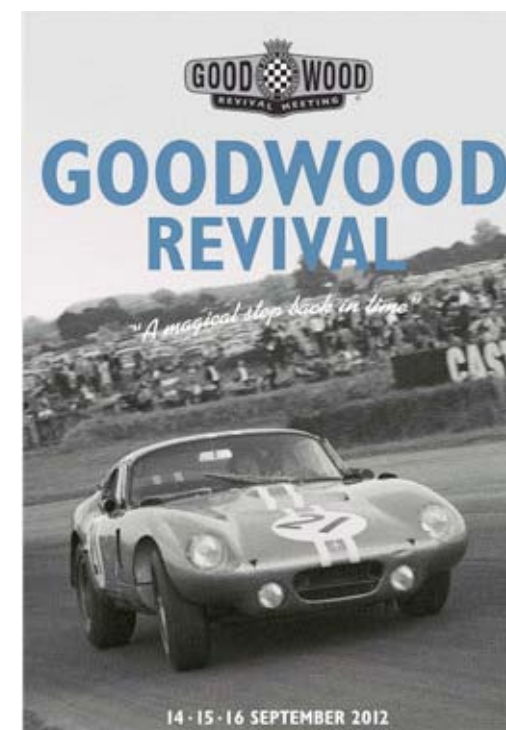
Vintage Photo Booth

Sunday 16th September
11am–5pm
South London Pacific, 340 Kennington Road London, Greater London SE11 4LD (020 7820 9189)

Admission: £175

A collaboration between vintage styling team Lipstick & Curls and “pin-up” photographer

Tony Nylons. You get a complete hair and make-up makeover, some tips and tricks on vintage styling for your chosen decade, then you get a photo session with the insalubrious-sounding Mr Nylons. At the end of the day you can choose four photos to take away with you. They are happy doing individuals, couples or groups. For more details and to book email info@lipstickandcurls.net.



Internal-combustion-related larks at the Goodwood Revival



The Oxjam Speakeasy

Sunday 16th September

Dinner from 5pm (seated by 6pm), after-party from 7.30pm (show from 8pm)

A secret location in Islington

Admission: £49 (£39 early bird) with dinner and wine; £19 (£13 early bird) just for the after-dinner party

Dress: 1920s, I assume

Prohibition-themed fundraiser organised by Oxjam, with entertainment from the Puppini Sisters and the Wavy Tones plus a dining option courtesy of the head chef at Gary Rhodes 24. Tickets available from <http://www.wegotickets.com/f/5019>.

The New Sheridan Club Film Night *Rope* (1948)

Monday 17th September

7pm (screening from about 8pm)



Just some of the entertainment at Herr Kettner's Kabaret: (clockwise from above) Josephine Shaker, The Shirt Tail Stompers, Sophia St Villier

The Tea House Theatre, The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)

Admission: Free

See page 14.

The Double R Club

Thursday 20th September

8pm–1am

The Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, 44–46 Pollard Row, Bethnal Green, London E2 6NB

Admission: £10 in advance

An evening of mystery and nightmares inspired by the films of David Lynch, featuring a parade of cabaret and burlesque performers. Comes highly recommended by our Chairman. This time it's a third birthday special, with various presents for early arrivals. More at www.thedoublerclub.co.uk.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 24th September

8–11pm



The Nag's Head, 9 Orford Road, Walthamstow Village, London E17 9LP
Admission: Free

A music night organised by Auntie Maureen: you bring your favourite discs (33, 45 or 78 rpm) and she spins them.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 25th September

11am–4.30pm (trade from 10.30am)

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

Admission: £4 (£10 trade before 11am)

Some 50 stalls offering vintage clothes, shoes, handbags, hats, gloves, textiles and jewellery from the 1800s to the 1980s. There is also a tea room, vintage styling salon, alterations booth and exhibition of fashion drawings. Winner of Best Vintage Fair in the Vintage Guide to London 2012 awards. More details at www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 28th September

7pm–2am

Kettner's, 29 Romilly Street, Soho, London W1D 5HP

Admission: Non-dining tickets £17, dining tickets £55. Telephone 0207 292 0512 to book or email hannah@kettners.com

Dress: 1920s Berlin, moustachioed dandies, dizzy flappers, monocled counts, decadent aesthetes, firebrand radicals, apoplectic Teutonic military officers, predatory cross-dressers, itinerant jazz musicians, black or white tie

A special collaboration between Clayton Hartley of the Candlelight Club and Kettner's, the Soho institution that has been throwing parties since 1867, this night evokes the bohemian spirit of 1920s Weimar Berlin—the economy in tatters and the government a political free-for-all, citizens plunge into nightly whirls of Champagne, dancing and laughter while their money still has some value. Spread across two floors of Herr Kettner's beautifully decadent house, this party offers you live 1920s jazz from the Shirt Tail Stompers in the Ballroom, with DJing from the NSC's own MC Fruity, complimentary swing dance lessons from the London Swingcats; in the Kabaret Lounge there will be burlesque from Sophia St Villier, comic song from Tricity Vogue, cabaret vamp from Laurie Hagen, ivory-tickling from Michael



Burnish your spoked steeds for the Sixth Liverpoolian Tweed Run, this time making a daring excursion to Chester

Roulston, and a tap-dancing tour de force from Josephine Shaker. Gasp at wandering magician Oli B, guffaw at vintage-themed improv comedy from Viv Groskop's Upstairs Downton, have your photo taken in our vintage photo booth, or sip on a complimentary dose of absinthe. There are dining tickets too, offering a three-course meal with exclusive cabaret performances. More at HerrKettnersKabaret.com.

Die Freche Muse

Saturday 29th September

10pm–4am

A secret private Hackney residence

Admission: £15 in advance

Dress: 1920s, 1930s and 1940s, 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 there will be Mr Pustra plus burlesque from Miss Macabre. More at www.diefrechemuse.co.uk.

Sixth Liverpoolian Tweed Run:

On Safari No.1—Chester

Sunday 30th September

11am

Muster at Chester Station, City Road, Chester CH1 3NS

Admission: Free

Another tweed-clad vintage cycle ride from our Merseyside brethren, but this time making an excursion to Chester. More details as they emerge at the event's official website.

Messrs Richard Sherwood and Mark Elliot on their vintage tandem at the Goodwood Road Racing Club's members' open day last month. See page 18.



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. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.



CONTACTING US

telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk
mrhoward@newsheridanclub.co.uk