



**Agent
Zigzag**

The wartime
double agent who
makes Bond look
timid and dull

**Ladies'
Night**

Our Film Night
features *The Women*,
Cukor's all-female
comedy of manners

**Compact
cocktails**

All the goodness of
a long drink,
compressed into a
space-saving slug

HOWZAT!

Leather-on-willow carnage
at the Tashes Trophy final

RESIGN!

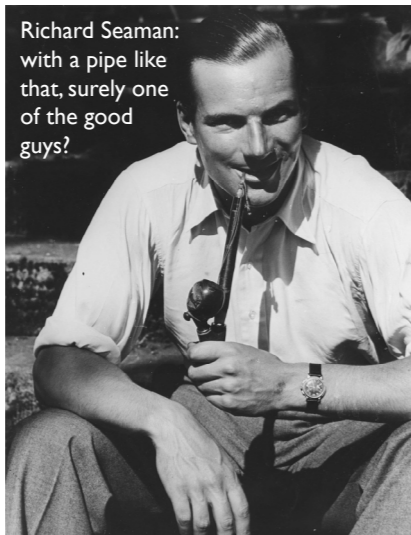
ISSUE 83 SEPTEMBER 2013 • THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB



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 4th September in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Member The Earl of Essex will deliver a talk on *Richard Seaman: The British Nazi Party Motor Racing Hero*. "Many people believe that Stirling Moss was the first professional British Grand Prix driver, and the first to drive for the mighty Mercedes-Benz team in the 1950s," Essex explains. "But before him was a dashing young Englishman who not only drove for Mercedes in an otherwise all-German line-up, but beat all of them to win the 1938 German Grand Prix—a showpiece event for the Nazi Party to exhibit Aryan supremacy."



Richard Seaman: with a pipe like that, surely one of the good guys?

amoral, he drifted into crime as a youth and happened to be in jail on Jersey when the Germans took it. To save his bacon he offered to spy for his captors, who spent a year training him before parachuting him into Britain—where he promptly turned himself in and offered to be a double agent. MI5 created an illusion to make it look as if Chapman had blown up the De Havilland aeroplane factory. The Germans were delighted and awarded Edwards the Iron Cross

when he returned. He taught in a German spy school in Norway (where he secretly photographed the agents) and later returned to London where he fed false data to the Germans about V-1 targeting. Financially he came out of it all very well, but did make significant



Seaman at the 1938 Grand Prix

contributions to the war effort. As an MI5 officer wrote, "Chapman loved himself, loved adventure, and loved his country, probably in that order." An essay version of the talk begins on page 4.

The Last Meeting

At our August gathering Mr Luke Wenban spun us the yarn of WWII ace spy Edward Arnold Chapman. Charming but



(Left) Mr Luke Wenban; (far left) not only does Manfred manage a shirt and tie but also a striking white suit; (below) Ed Marlowe, cheerful in a splendid boating blazer, with Birgit Gebhardt

(Right) Luke warms to his subject; and (below) he is clearly hitting the right note with his delighted audience; (bottom) two babies make their debut at the Club, Caroline Lakin and Michaela Spooner-Harvey

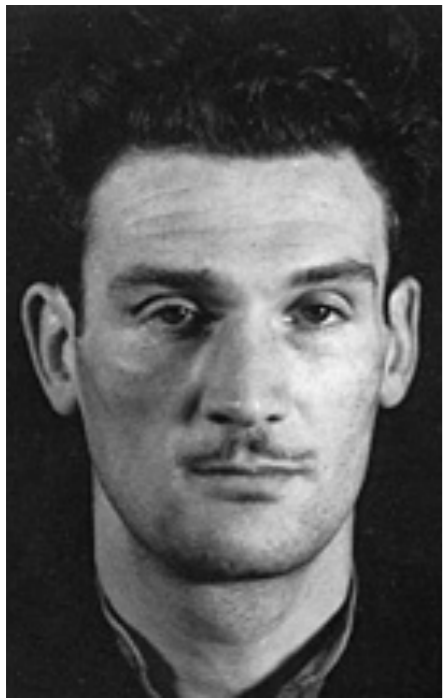


(Right) An unexpected sighting of Mendrick (on the left), who has fled his job in Egypt; (below right) also good to see Maximillion Conrad (r)



(Right) Tim Eyre sporting a dazzlingly patriotic waistcoat; (righter) Kevin Wheeler has found what is to all intents and purposes a New Sheridan Club bow tie; (rightest) Eugenie works on her film-star smoking technique aided and abetted by Jacky Fitz-William





AGENT BY LUKE WENBAN ZIGZAG

The true story of a daring, rakish World War II double agent

LONDON, HATFIELD. A loud explosion woke residents at midnight on 1st January 1942. When dawn broke bricks, rubble, bent iron, lumps of concrete and splintered wood lay scattered around the substation courtyard. The electrical transformers lay smashed among the debris of the De Havilland aircraft factory. A screen was quickly erected to keep out prying eyes.

The *Daily Express* carried the story the next morning: *Investigations are being made into the cause of an explosion at a factory on the outskirts of London. It is understood that the damage was slight and there was no loss of life.*

There had been no reports of aircraft in the area that evening, nor had any sirens gone off. This left only one possibility. *Sabotage!*

De Havilland built, among other things, the Mosquito, a wooden fighter bomber that had caused great havoc over occupied Europe. One of the wonders of British warplane design, it could be used for nearly everything, being light, long-ranged and incredibly fast.

Reichsmarschall Herman Göring: “It makes me furious when I see the Mosquito. I turn green and yellow with envy. The British, who can afford aluminium better than we can, knock together a beautiful wooden aircraft that every piano factory over there is building, and they give it a speed that they

have now increased yet again. What do you make of that? There is nothing the British do not have. They have the geniuses and we have the nincompoops. After the war is over I’m going to buy a British radio set—then at least I’ll own something that has always worked!”

Sabotage! German agents had penetrated Britain and delivered a blow to the military effort. Well, yes, and no.

Enter Agent Zigzag—Agent X, Fritz, Fritzchen, Hugh Anson, Arnold Thompson,

London’s Soho, a district that stayed close to Chapman’s heart



Edward Simpson, Edward Edwards, or rather Edward Arnold Chapman.

Born in Burnopfield, Durham, in 1914, he suffered the death of his mother from TB early in his life. His school days were troubled and he was known to the police at a young age. At 17 he joined the army, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, but was dishonourably discharged. His posting at the Tower of London gave him access to London’s night life: six days’ leave turned into two months of heady excess in the delights of Soho and the West End.

1930s Soho was the heart of vice, crime and, for Chapman, fun! Crime gave him instant access to money, which meant wine and women. It also kept the bookmakers off his back. Fraud put him in Wormwood Scrubs, where he met James Hunt, “the best cracksmith in London”, Antony Lott and Hugh Anson. The four formed the “Jelly Gang”. *Modus operandi*—gelignite.

They became so successful that Savile Row suits, fine cigars and finer women were soon *de rigueur*. During this period he married Vera Friedberg in 1935, but this only lasted a few months

(Right and below) Jersey during Nazi occupation



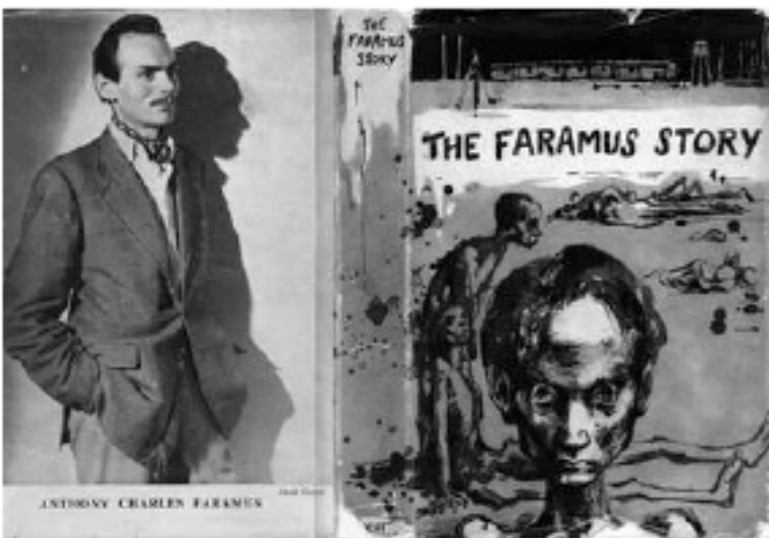
The feared De Havilland Mosquito

before he moved on to Freda Stevenson, with whom he had a little girl, and then he moved on again to Betty Farmer. By 1938 a Gelignite Squad had been formed by Scotland Yard and this was soon on to the gang. Fleeing to Edinburgh in 1939 they were soon captured after a bungled robbery and a classic car chase. Oddly they were granted bail and quickly absconded to Jersey, pausing only to rob a Co-op in Bournemouth and pick up Betty Farmer.

As Chapman said, “Save time for the important things.”

The police followed. When they tried to arrest Chapman as he was having tea with Betty at a seaside hotel, he jumped through a closed window down on to the beach below, leaving his pursuers watching his coat tails flap as he legged it off into the distance.

Now free, but without funds and no way back to the mainland, Chapman needed money. He robbed the West Park Pavilion. The next morning his landlady turned him in. His crime in Jersey meant he wasn’t deported back to Britain and on March 11th 1939 he received two years hard labour. Jersey’s gaol was run by an ex-soldier, Captain Forster, and he took an instant liking to Chapman, appointing him his personal batman. This gave him incredible freedom around the gaol, so much so that he was able to escape on



Chapman's friend and cellmate Anthony Faramus went on to endure Buchenwald and Mauthausen concentration camps, an experience he later wrote about

the afternoon of July 7th, pausing only to rob a couple of their clothing and break into the local quarry for explosives. He then roamed the island looking for opportunities. His luck ran out when, dressed as a trawlerman with sticks of explosives in his trouser waistband, he was grabbed by the police on the beach. His calls for help were responded to by a group of holidaymakers playing football. An all-in brawl then ensued and everyone was lucky not to have been blown sky high, if one punch had landed in Chapman's midriff it would have all been over!

Another year was added to his sentence. This time he spent it reading and re-reading the two hundred or so books in the gaol's library, improving his German and teaching himself French. He was totally unaware of the developments in Europe. By early July the

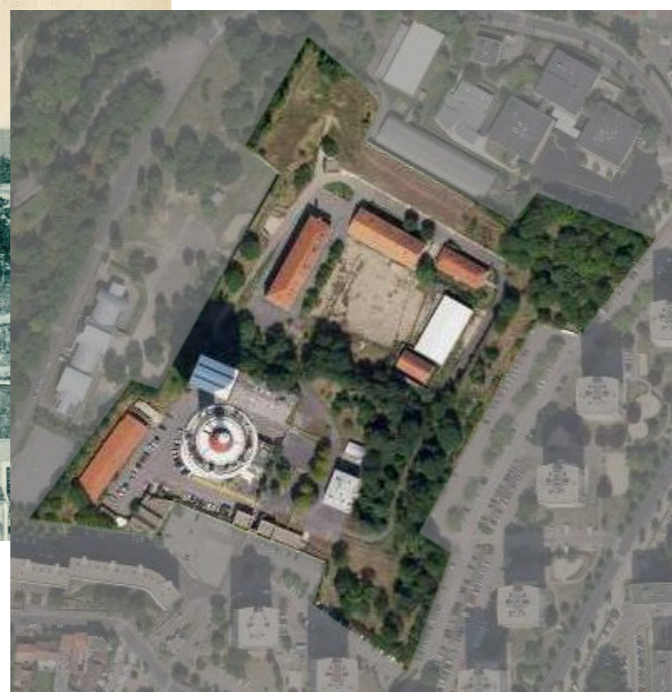
Germans had invaded Jersey. In December Chapman had a new cell mate, Anthony Faramus. They became instant friends; when Chapman was released in October 1941 they set up a barber's shop; a good front for black market dealings. However, the German military police were soon on to them.

They were interned in the Fort de Romainville, just outside Paris. This was filled with "hostages": civilians, resistance fighters, political prisoners, prominent Jews, communists, intellectuals, suspected spies, political subversives and "trouble makers". It was known as "Death's Waiting Room" and "hostages" were executed on a regular basis, reprisals for any acts of resistance by the Parisians. It was a truly brutal place. Chapman, though, still found time for a relationship with a female prisoner.

December 1941 brought Chapman to the awareness of the Abwehr, the German secret service. He was interviewed on a number of occasions to see if he would be a good potential spy. SS Oberleutnant Walter Thomas seemed to know a great deal about Chapman's "career", even things the British police knew nothing about! His second interview with Doktor Stephan Graumann (Stephan Von Gröning) led to an offer of a substantial monetary reward if he agreed to be trained in sabotage, wireless telegraphy and intelligence work. However, Faramus would have to stay as a hostage. Two weeks later Chapman became spy number V-6523—code name: Fritzchen (Little Fritz)—and was relocated to the Villa de la Bretonnière, just outside Nantes.



2. - LES LILAS. - Panorama du Fort de Romainville (Côté Nord-Est)



Fort de Romainville from the ground and from above

He adopted a piglet he named Bobby for company and began training in earnest:

10am Morse code in English, German and French

11am Bomb making

12pm Parachuting (and again at 3pm)

Evenings were spent smoking, drinking, playing bridge or bowls on the lawn, or a taking a walk up the road to the Café des Pêcheurs. Saturday evenings were spent in Nantes dining, dancing and watching cabaret. Money was never a problem as he was given as much "pocket money" as he wanted.

By May the pressure intensified on Chapman with gruelling interviews and interrogations by high-up Abwehr officials in preparation for his mission. The training intensified as well. One of his practice messages sent to the Parisian HQ of the Abwehr was intercepted by "Station X" (Bletchley Park). They were extremely puzzled by it: "Dear France, your friend Bobby the pig grows fatter every day. He is gorging now like a king, roars like a lion and shits like an elephant. Fritz."

The British had been following the Fritz traffic for some time. They knew when he had arrived in Nantes, how many teeth had been knocked out when Chapman's parachute folded fifty feet from the ground, how much the dental work had cost (9,500 Fr), that he spoke English and might even be an Englishman. Later on they even knew his name.

On 29th August 1942 Chapman signed a formal contract for his spy work. He would be paid £7,500 in today's money. However, it was taxable! He was then given his mission to sabotage the De Havilland Aircraft Company in Hatfield.



Stephan Von Gröning

On 16th December 1942 Chapman parachuted into Downham Market, Lincolnshire. "Operation Night Cap", MI5's codename for "Fritz-trap", swung into action even before he landed. Through their "Most Secret Sources" (the interception of German wireless traffic) they knew his name, password, drop-zone, the colour of his boots and the poison pill concealed in his turn-ups. However, Chapman, smelling slightly of celery after his roll around in the field he landed in, gave

himself up. He found the nearest farm house and at 3.30am rang the local police station. By 6am the Secret Service had him in Whitehall.

Majors Tommy "Tar" Robertson and John Masterman oversaw the Twenty Committee (double-cross, the two Roman numerals for ten), the counter espionage division of MI5—B1A. They ensured captured agents, if turned, would provide their German handlers with a mixture of real information, to ensure credibility, and that which had been carefully created. During the course of the war 480 agents were detained; 120 became double agents, with 40 making significant contributions.

Chapman was whisked to Camp 020, the British Secret Service interrogation centre. Lieutenant-Colonel Robin "Tin Eye" Stephens



Lieut.-Col. Robin "Tin Eye" Stephens

awaited him. He was a master of interrogation and relied only on psychology, abhorring violence as a method— "No chivalry. No gossip. No cigarettes... A spy in war should be at the point of a bayonet. It is a question of atmosphere. The room is like a court and he is made to stand up and answer questions as before a judge."

In 48 hours Chapman

30th December

The visit to De Havilland, Hatfield.

Had a look round at King Cross and St Pancras station areas, and saw a few lorries (w.D.). A no. of troops were travelling with full kit individually, not in parties.

On arrival at Hatfield Station, asked way to Comet Hotel & were directed. Took a bus past the factory a short distance and walked back slowly, pausing to talk now and again myself with my back to D.H. Works & facing the area. A most extensive study was made of the whole area. It is well protected in most places. Best entry is in the neighbourhood of the Comet on the main road. Defences at back of private houses not known. Other sector for possible entry is road down side of factory & field at right angles to the main road. (Shown on sketch). We walked the whole length of the area along the main road, observed all entrances and buildings. Rough sketch is appended. The following points have been noted.

A page from Chapman's report of his and his handlers' visit to the Mosquito factory

willingly gave up the whole story. He provided descriptions of over 50 individuals and carefully memorised details of everything he had seen in France. For the Intelligence Service this was a boon, as it proved their "Most Secret Sources" were indeed secure. Chapman didn't take any convincing to turn double agent. He was desperate to save Faramus.

He now became Agent Zigzag.

Unfortunately, Chapman proved a little unstable during his period of confinement, so regular jaunts to Soho were required! It was also apparent that he wouldn't be able to stay for long in Britain, especially with the police still looking for him for his previous crimes. A plan was hatched to fake the sabotage on the De Havilland factory as elaborately, loudly and convincingly as possible and then return him to France, via Lisbon.

He was given two MI5 officers as minders, Backwell and Tooth, and they set up "home"

in Hendon. Agents needed to "live" the life so that they had realistic details to report back. The three men set off to "case the joint" so that Chapman could send back his reports.

Enter, stage right, Jasper Maskelyn, a pre-war professional conjurer, now working for the British Army creating fake tanks and spitfires, tanks disguised as trucks and numerous other ingenious devices. For this plan he had his "Magic Gang" create four papier-mâché replica transformers, two to be rolled on their sides. The real ones would be covered in netting and corrugated sheets, and painted to look like a huge hole in the ground. Mangled and broken gates would replace the real ones; tarpaulins would be draped over walls and smaller buildings, and painted to look like they had been demolished. German air reconnaissance would be fooled by this, but it was not enough on its own. The press would have to play their part too. *The Times* had been used to send coded messages between Chapman and Von Gröning; now MI5 wanted to send a more direct message. However, the editor refused, stating, "*The Times* depends entirely on the principle that it should never insert any item of news it did not believe to be true." He did suggest, however, that an approach to less ethical papers might be the solution. *The Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Express* readily agreed.

The report would be carried in early editions, and then omitted from later ones, as if the censors had been at work.

By coincidence the day after the "sabotage" Hermann Göring, who had bragged that no Allied aircraft could bomb Berlin unscathed, was about to address a military parade when a squadron of Mosquitos flew overhead and began pounding the city. The same afternoon Dr Goebbels received a similar reception at a parade he was about to address. So the news of the success of Chapman's mission must have pleased the German High Command no end.

After three months in London Chapman was returned to France. He became Hugh Anson (the name of the Jelly Gang's get-away driver) and sailed as a crew member on the *City of Lancaster*. Chapman's papers were faked by MI5—all but the seaman's papers, which they had to steal from the Merchant Navy offices in Liverpool.

When he arrived in Lisbon Chapman



Jasper Maskelyn

After being transported to Paris he learnt that Von Gröning had been sent to the Eastern Front, having falling out with his superiors. After ten days in Paris he was moved to Berlin for further interrogation. Passing this with ease, due to his MI5 training, he was issued with a

discovered that the Abwehr safe house had been closed down. So he spent a few days "enjoying" the city before announcing himself at the German legation. Five days of interrogation in Madrid followed.

German passport in the name of "Fritz Graumann". He was then sent to Norway, for another two weeks of interrogations.

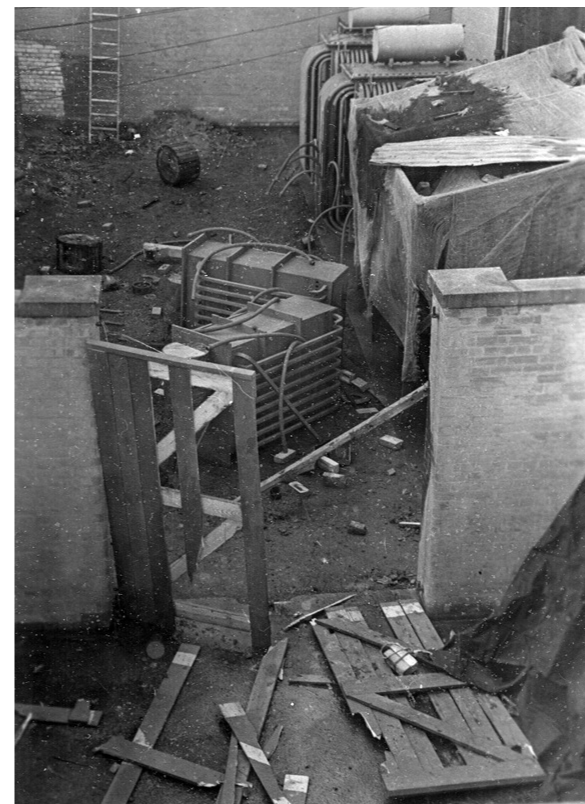
By this

time Von Gröning had been sent back and this was to prove vital for both of them. Von Gröning didn't want to go back to the Russian front and also needed his protégé to keep bringing in results; Chapman needed Von Gröning's protection from the Gestapo and SS. Von Gröning ensured that Chapman's interrogation details were "correct", even going over small errors in his stories until they were "right".

In Berlin arguments raged over whether Chapman should be rewarded or eliminated—there were those who distrusted him. After five days of heated debate, Canaris, the head of the Abwehr, decided Chapman was good PR and should be rewarded, congratulated, pampered, but also watched. Chapman received 110,000 Reichsmarks and the Iron Cross, the only Englishman to have done so.

While in Oslo Chapman's eye was still roving, and he met and fell in love with Dagmar Lahlum, a member of the Norwegian resistance movement Milorg.

In August 1943 a new contract was drawn up. Chapman was to return to England to steal plans for the secret submarine detection system the British navy must have developed. The recent loss of so many U-boats had the German



(Right and above) the faked "bomb damage" at the De Havilland factory



navy in panic. They were totally unaware that British Intelligence had broken their Enigma code through Ultra. He also had to gather plans on a new radar system the RAF were using in their bombers, and run any distraction activities of his choosing. His reward would be 600,000 Reichsmarks, plus 200,000 in a currency of his choice and his own Abwehr command on his return.

Back in England MI5 were worried. They hadn't heard anything about Chapman in five months. The Most Secret Sources hadn't picked up any traffic either. Even Churchill demanded to be informed the moment any news was picked up.

When D-Day occurred (6th June 1944) the German High Command had a re-think about Chapman's role. Some argued that he should be sent to Paris to run resistance activities against the advancing Allies. Others suggested he should be slipped behind enemy lines, on to the beaches, to gather intelligence and run counter operations. One idea was to disguise him as a padre. He could even get to the ships and steal vital plans. It was then pointed out that swimming to a ship dressed as a cleric, stealing plans and then swimming back during the middle of a battle probably was not a sound idea. So they eventually stuck to their original plan.

On 29th June 1944 Chapman returned to England. His first parachute jump into Britain, back in 1942, didn't



(Above) Dagmar Lahlum; (bottom) Betty Farmer; (below) Chapman in later life, when he became an honorary crime correspondent for the *Sunday Telegraph*



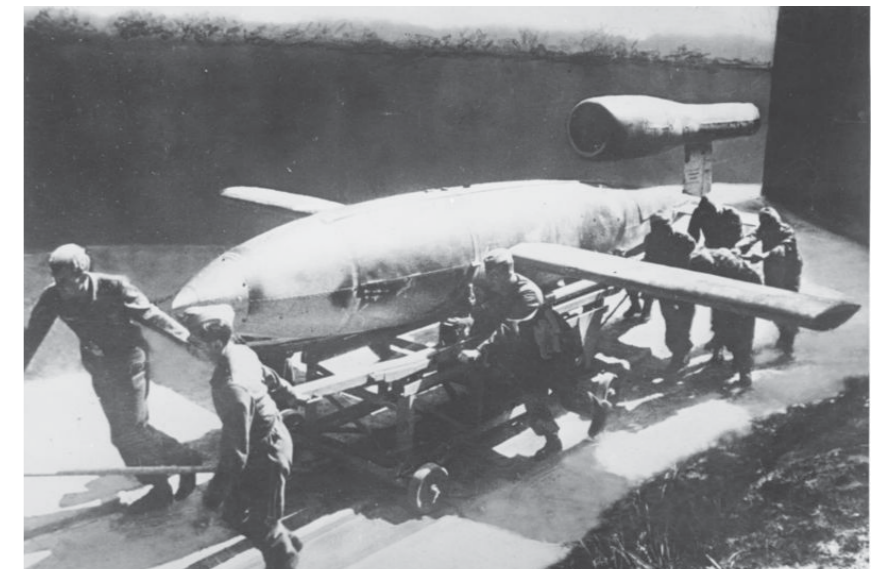
go too well. He broke his nose while exiting the plane. This entrance was no better. The plane was shot at on its way into British airspace; he threw up over himself on the way down; and knocked himself out when he landed. When he eventually got in contact with the local police station by phone they told him not to be so silly and go to bed.

His return was greeted with mixed reactions at MI5. While his intelligence was first rate, questions remained over his loyalties and relationship with Von Gröning. MI5 had been supporting Freda Stevenson, a deal he had brokered when he

agreed to work for MI5, and now they learnt that he had set up a similar deal with the Abwehr in regards to Dagmar Lahlum. There were too many elements mixed together.

Despite this Chapman was still prepared to work for MI5. Working alongside Agent Garbo, another double agent, they began to deliver reports to the Germans that the V-1 rockets were overshooting their targets.

This would, hopefully, make them shorten the range, effectively drawing them south and away from central London. The Cabinet were not happy with this notion—it felt as if they were aiming the bombs at potential targets themselves—but MI5 continued anyway. After the war they destroyed most of the evidence of this activity in case there were reprisals. In July they suspended the operation anyway, as the papers began publishing maps showing V-1 strikes and



The feared V-1, "flying bomb", the accuracy of which Chapman did much to undermine

the US had introduced radar-controlled anti-aircraft batteries which almost neutralised the V-1's effectiveness as a weapon.

MI5 now decided to wipe Chapman's slate clean and a directive was sent to all police forces that Chapman was not to be arrested or charged with any previous crimes.

Chapman then moved on to "Operation Squid". Through careful manipulation of the truth—faked documents, photographs and letters—the Abwehr were sent details of the sub-hunting deep water depth charge, that didn't exist. Even Ian Fleming, during his time in Naval Intelligence, was involved in the scheme. The results were successful, creating a small panic among U-boat captains, and helped draw them away from attacking convoys.

However, Chapman's days were now definitely numbered. His case officer and friend, Captain Ronnie Reed, was posted to France. His replacement, Major Ryde, had it in for him from day one. He worked hard to undermine MI5's faith in Chapman and used all and any excuse to devalue his importance to the cause.

Masterman and Robertson turned their thoughts to after the war and decided that Chapman should be set up in a legitimate business as a reward for his hard work.

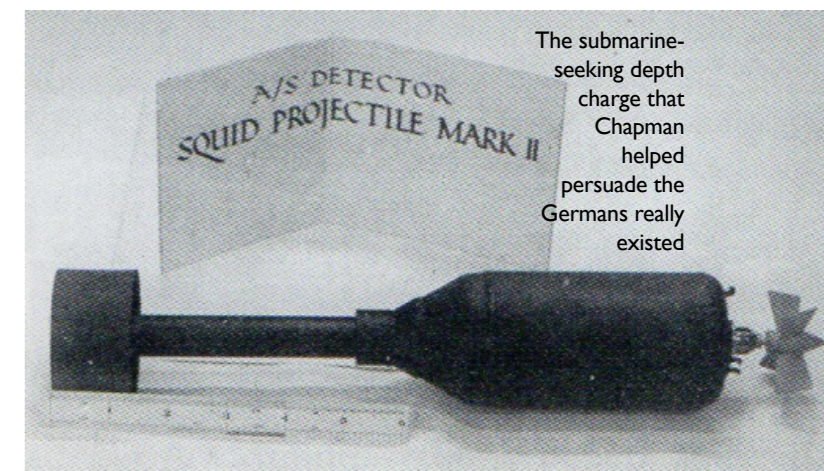
Meanwhile, Hitler had dismantled the Abwehr after the failed assassination attempt in the "Wolf's Lair". Chapman was effectively now on his own. Ryde jumped

on the situation, and on 2nd November 1944 Chapman was made to sign the Official Secrets Act and then forcibly thrown out of his MI5 flat.

He was now free. He didn't have to worry about the police, nor about being controlled by either side. He quickly drifted back into his old ways—making money through crime. He became friends with Billy Hill, self-styled "King of Soho", and made good money from betting on fixed dog racing. He also began to search for Betty Farmer, the girlfriend he had been having tea with in Jersey when his adventures first began.

Chapman contacted Backwell and Tooth, his old MI5 minders, and a private investigator to help him track Betty down. It was a fruitless endeavour, especially during war time. He finally called a meeting and, over lunch in the Berkeley Hotel, they discussed matters. Finding a woman without a photograph had been their sticking point. They asked if Chapman could point out anyone that looked a little like her so that they had a better idea of what to look for. "That girl," he said, "looks exactly like her from the back." At that moment the woman turned round.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Chapman. "It is Betty!"



The submarine-seeking depth charge that Chapman helped persuade the Germans really existed

VICTORY BY A WHISKER!

William Maple
Watermere's
official match
report from this
year's Tashes
Trophy final



Clean-Shaven Players fall short under scoreboard pressure

ON SATURDAY 17 AUGUST, a select group of NSC members with a healthy disregard for the national weather forecast and an enthusiasm for the distinctive sound of bat on rubberised safety ball assembled at the Ranger's Field, Greenwich Park, for the ninth Tashes Trophy final. Banishing memories of last year's washout, the two teams were unable to reproduce the drama of the 2011 final, but treated spectators to an attritional contest from which the Hirsute Gentlemen emerged victorious.

This year both Hirsute and Clean-Shaven teams lacked the established regulars who had contributed to some memorable action in recent matches. For the Clean-Shaven Players, Culpepper, Essex, Choy and Craigoh joined Hayes-Ballantyne in seeking to avenge their French-assisted defeat of two years ago. For the Hirsute Gentlemen,

Nippetweed, David, Scarheart and Paul lined up alongside Watermere in seeking to level the Tashes series at 4-4 with another back-to-back success. Because of the short numbers, both teams agreed that each batsman would bat twice per innings to provide each team with ten wickets. The promise of afternoon rain also prompted a reduction to twenty-one overs per innings. Bunty again took up umpiring duties in the white coat, while Rachel kindly resumed scoring for the teams.

The toss was won by the Hirsute Gentlemen, who elected to bat in the hope of enjoying first use of an immaculate pitch in what little sunshine had been forecast. The Hirsute innings opened with Watermere and Nippetweed facing Culpepper and Hayes-Ballantyne, Watermere dispatching Culpepper's first ball full-toss to the boundary for four. As Culpepper refined his line, and Hayes-Ballantyne



and his accurate bowling diminished the scoring rate for a spell but failed to remove the stubborn Scarheart and the dangerous David. Eventually Hayes-Ballantyne drew Scarheart into a risky shot and Craigoh took a good catch at square leg to dismiss Scarheart for one of the longest scoreless innings in Tashes history.

bowled fuller and straighter to Nippetweed, however, it soon became apparent that scoring on a greenish wicket was likely to be a challenge. Both Nippetweed and Watermere struggled to get the ball to the boundary, and Hayes-Ballantyne soon made the break-through, bowling Watermere for 9 as he tried to slog a straight ball to leg. Nippetweed was joined at the crease by David and the pair looked to consolidate the innings with some sharply-run singles and a few boundaries.

The Hirsutes' progress was surprisingly halted, as a momentary lapse in concentration by Nippetweed gave Hayes-Ballantyne the opportunity to stump the batsman for 9 and present Essex with a well-deserved wicket for some disciplined bowling. Scarheart was the next batsman in, and he provided a steadying influence at one end as David began to increase his scoring rate with some hefty boundaries off the bowling of Culpepper and Hayes-Ballantyne. Choy was brought into the Clean-Shaven attack,

The departure of Scarheart came at a critical point in the innings: David was beginning to score freely, but the Hirsutes' third wicket had fallen on 48 runs in the eleventh of twenty-one overs and an increase in the scoring rate would be necessary if the Gentlemen were to post a competitive target. Paul arrived at the crease and soon looked to score, but the bowling of Choy in particular ensured that the Hirsutes could only add 10 runs in the next three overs. Momentum was also partially slowed by the intervention of a small terrier, who ran off with the ball as it trickled over the boundary edge. Paul's innings was defined by a dogged caution, but he was eventually caught by Essex off Hayes-Ballantyne for 6. Watermere returned to the crease with the score at 56-4 and played second fiddle to David as the established batsman scored some hefty boundaries and the pair had accelerated the score to 105 when Watermere galloped past a slow Culpepper full-toss to be stumped by Choy for 15.



The return of Nippetweed saw the Hirsutes' scoring only partially slowed by a tight over from Craigho, as David and Nippetweed brought the late innings to a close with some tight singles and a few boundaries to the shorter boundary. After 21 overs, the Hirsutes had finished on 124-5, comprising a commanding 59* from David and a purposeful 9* from Nippetweed and achieved at a rate of 5.9 runs per over. The Clean-Shaven Players seemed pleased with their performance, although they had certainly let the Hirsute batsmen accelerate rather quickly in the last five overs. The Hirsute Gentlemen seemed equally content that, given the difficulty of hitting the Clean-Shaven slower bowlers off the square, they had set up a tricky run-chase for the opposition.

The players and spectators eagerly tucked into a well-deserved picnic lunch between

innings, as the cloud cover increased and the wind began to pick up on an afternoon that had, so far, denied predictions of a deluge. A scoreboard was discovered in the pavilion and carried out to provide extra spice to the much-anticipated Clean-Shaven assault on the Hirsutes total.

Shortly after 2pm, the Clean-Shaven innings began with Culpepper and Hayes-Ballantyne opening the batting and Watermere and Nippetweed opening the bowling. In blustery conditions, Culpepper fell in the first over after lofting a Nippetweed delivery to Scarheart for 1. Essex replaced Culpepper, and miserly bowling from the Hirsutes restricted the batsmen to running singles and twos as the Clean-Shaven Players made just 10 runs in the first seven overs. In the eighth over the Hirsute Gentlemen were rewarded with two quick wickets for their efforts as Hayes-Ballantyne, smashing a Watermere delivery back at the bowler, set off for a run, only to see the Hirsute captain intercept the drive with his foot and remove the bails at the bowler's end. With both Essex and Hayes-Ballantyne trapped at the wicket-keeper's end, Hayes-Ballantyne was run out for 8 to be replaced by Choy. Essex, having already survived three optimistic lbw appeals, was then bowled by Watermere in the same over for 1 to reduce the Clean-Shaven Players to 11-3 after eight overs.

Choy and Craigho put up some determined resistance, but the Clean-Shaven Players were slipping behind the required run-rate and boundaries appeared to be in short supply. Choy was bowled by David for 1 in the tenth over to be replaced by Culpepper II. Craigho was dispatched in the following over for 3, as Watermere clung on to a thin edge behind the stumps to take a low catch off the bowling of Nippetweed.

Culpepper returned to the crease with the Clean-Shaven innings teetering on 17-5 from



12 overs and looked to play a more disciplined innings than his first had been, leaving those balls that were drifting wide of the off-stump and drawing the Hirsute bowlers into conceding a few wides. At about 3.15pm the anticipated rain arrived and the wind picked up, although fortunately this proved to be only a short-lived intervention and play continued unabated. As Culpepper defended at one end, Hayes-Ballantyne stole a couple of singles before Culpepper's innings was emphatically ended for 1 in the twelfth over by a quick straight delivery from Paul that cannoned into the middle stump.

Essex II joined Hayes-Ballantyne II at 19-6 and the Clean-Shaven captain finally struck a long-awaited boundary as Essex II nudged David and Nippetweed for a few singles. In the fifteenth over, however, Essex II was finally trapped lbw by Paul for 3. The final six overs of the match saw the Hirsute Gentlemen defending the boundary as Choy II and Craigho II valiantly attempted to increase the scoring rate, but the required run rate of 19.6 proved to be beyond them. As the twenty-first over was bowled Choy II and Craigho II rotated the strike to finish on 8* and 1* respectively and close the Clean-Shaven innings on 51-8.

As has become a pleasant tradition, the presentations and post-match photographs were succeeded by a group visit to a nearby pub, where discussion turned to the splendid 59* that had secured David the Man of the Match award, the three wickets claimed by Hayes-Ballantyne and Nippetweed, the size of the bruise sustained by Culpepper in preventing a certain boundary for David and German-Japanese alliances. The consensus was that Greenwich Park represented a more suitable venue for Tashes cricket than its Roehampton predecessor and should be secured for next year's event. 2014 will mark the tenth anniversary of the Tashes Trophy final and the scores are now perfectly poised at 4-4, following the washout of 2012. If both sides can attract a full complement

of players and the weather permits a full 30 overs to be bowled then next year's event promises to be a much closer contest.

For more pictures see the Club Flickr page.



The teams:

Hirsute Gentlemen: Watermere (c), Nippetweed, David, Scarheart, Paul.

Clean-Shaven Players: Hayes-Ballantyne (c), Culpepper, Essex, Choy, Craigho.

Hirsute Gentlemen (124-5) beat Clean-Shaven Players (51-8) by 73 runs.

Hirsute batting: David 59*

Clean-Shaven bowling: Hayes-Ballantyne 3-27; Essex 1-27; Culpepper 1-42

Clean-Shaven batting: Choy II 8*; Hayes-Ballantyne 8

Hirsute bowling: Nippetweed 3-13, Watermere 1-6; Paul 2-10; David 1-16

THE BROGUES GALLERY

WITH ARTEMIS SCARHEART



In which a Member of the New Sheridan Club is asked to introduce themselves to other Members so that those at Home and Across the Seas may all get to know fellow Club Members. No part of this interview may be used in court or bankruptcy proceedings.



The Earl of Essex

'Tomorrow is another day'

Name or preferred name?

The Earl of Essex

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

It's one of Britain's oldest Earldoms, and should rightfully be mine. [There was an amusing incident recently when some Americans made a polite genealogical enquiry, believing him to be the real Earl of Essex—Ed.]

Where do you hail from?

I was Born in Gidea Park, near Romford, but have

lived most of my life in Shenfield, Essex.

Favourite Cocktail?

A very dry Martini. Everything else is superfluous.

Most Chappist Skill?

I have never been known to spill a drop when opening a bottle of Champagne.

Personal Motto?

Be true to yourself and, no matter how difficult things are, tomorrow is another day.

Favourite Quotes?

'No man is an island, entire of itself'

—John Donne, *Meditation XVII*

'Oh to be in England, now that April's there'

—Robert Browning, *Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

Not a lot of people know this about me, but...

As my first job I worked in Harrods' piano department, which is now sadly no more.

How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since original Sheridan Club meetings [run by Gustav Temple, editor of *The Chap—Ed*] at The Wheatsheaf pub morphed into The New Sheridan Club in 2006.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I was a member of The Sheridan Club and knew everyone there when it was closed and continued as The New Sheridan Club.

What one thing would you recommend to fellow Members and why? (cocktail, night out, tailor, watchmaker, public house, etc.)



Pocket-picking at the 2012 Xmas party

If you have the money, buy a Patek Philippe 'Calatrava': the only watch you'll ever need, by the finest watchmaker in the world. It can be passed down as a family heirloom that will never lose its value.

Your three chosen dinner party guests from history or fiction and why?

The Duke of Windsor: the only King of England ever to abdicate the throne, and probably the most influential figure in men's fashion in the 20th century, and beyond.

Douglas Jardine: England's greatest ever cricket captain, who studied film footage of Don Bradman, Australia's and the world's best batsman, to mastermind the 'Bodyline' tactics that secured victory in The Ashes tour of Australia of 1932/33.

John Donne: probably England's greatest poet, who spent his considerable fortune on womanising (eventually marrying and having 12 children), fought with Raleigh at Cadiz, and became a lawyer, diplomat, Member of Parliament and also Dean of St Paul's.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?
Artemis Scarheart

Have you done a Turn yet? If so what was it on, if not what are you planning to do?

I have had the pleasure of giving three talks—on Sir Henry 'Chips' Channon; on the question of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's possible Nazi sympathies; and on the history of the Woolworth dynasty—and shall give my fourth this month on the great, but sadly much forgotten, British racing driver of the 1930s, Dick Seaman.

Thank you for allowing yourself to be interviewed in the palatial surroundings of New Sheridan Club House. On behalf of the Members of the Club may I respectfully ask you to resign.



Film Night: *The Women* (1939)

Monday 23rd September

7pm–11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free

Evadne Raccat presents George Cukor's comedy-drama following the lives and power struggles of upper class women in Manhattan, based on a play by Clare Boothe Luce and starring Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell. Although the characters frequently discuss men, the entire cast (some 130 speaking roles) is female. Even pets and portrait images are all female.

Cukor was apparently known as “the women’s director”, and he seems to have been able to wrangle his cast. When Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford were called to shoot publicity stills, neither actress would enter the studio first. Instead they remained in their limousines and circled the carpark until



going to *Gone with the Wind*. Cukor was fired as director of *Gone with the Wind* only a month before *The Women* was scheduled to begin filming.

Filmed in black and white, the original release featured a ten-minute Technicolor fashion parade showcasing some outré designs by Adrian, though modern screenings often omit this. There is also an alternative black and white version of the scene. I'm not sure which version we will be seeing—come along and find out...



Cukor directing the all-female cast

Cukor summoned them and they were instantly sweetness and light.

No stand-ins were used in the fight scene where Rosalind Russell bites Paulette Goddard—the two women gave it their all. (Despite Russell's bite leaving a permanent scar, they allegedly remained friends.)

An enormous studio success, *The Women* was the second highest grossing film for MGM in 1939—first place



Rosalind Russell gets pampered at Sydney's Salon, a focal point of the characters' lives

Chemistry Lesson

Mark Davies explains why he loves our August Film Night main feature 'Charade' (1963) which he presented

IT SEEMS AT FIRST surprising that *Charade* was the only movie that Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn made together. Evidently their age difference (of 26 years) was a big factor—apparently Grant had been offered the role of Joe Bradley in *Roman Holiday* (1953) ten years earlier but had turned it down because of this. Nevertheless the two have a wonderful chemistry in this part-screwball, part-espionage and part-murder-mystery film, directed by Stanley Donen.

It has a Hitchcock style to it (some say it's the best Hitchcock Hitchcock never made), and nods to James Bond, who had taken to the big screen the year before—in fact the title sequences were designed by Maurice Binder, whose most famous creation is the Bond gunbarrel sequence. However, the music isn't by John Barry—instead it is Henry Mancini whose score is excellent.

The story concerns the young socialite Regina Lampert (Hepburn), Reggie to her friends, who returns to Paris from a skiing holiday to find her husband dead and her flat completely empty. She is quizzed by Inspector Grandpierre (wonderfully played by Jacques Marin) who is frustrated that she does not really know much about her late husband. The funeral has few mourners, but three strange men come and check that the deceased is really deceased, and a subsequent interview with supposed CIA



Mark delivers a pre-screening introduction

man Bartholomew (Walter Matthau) reveals that her late husband was in a pact with them to steal some money meant for the French Resistance. The three men (played by George Kennedy, James Coburn and Ned Glass) believe she has the money and try various threats to extort it out of her. In fact she knows nothing about it. All the while Grant is never far away, trying to protect her. But even he isn't who he seems...



The film is a rather far-fetched but highly enjoyable romp with some lovely twists and turns to keep you guessing; however, it's all about the chemistry between Hepburn and Grant, some wonderful scenes (my favourite when Grant demonstrates his drip-dry suit in the shower in front of Hepburn). I think the line that got the biggest laugh on the night was that of Inspector Grandpierre: “A man drowned in his bed? Impossible! And in his pyjamas!”



Guests begin to gather in the Tea House's sumptuously comfortable “screening room”

The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members raise their spirits

Compressed Cocktails

By David Bridgman-Smith

A few years back, in the first flush of “molecular mixology” (the cocktail equivalent of Heston Blumenthal-style “molecular gastronomy”), I had a “compressed Gin & Tonic” created by the folks at Purl, a bar on Blandford Street in London that specialises in the “weird science” approach to beverage construction. This was essentially a concentrated version of the classic colonial drink, sans the sparkling water, using a tonic syrup (a condensed form with the citrus and bitter quinine flavours of tonic water):

GT Turbo (Compressed Gin & Tonic)

2 shots gin
1 shot lime juice
½ shot tonic syrup
Dash of orange bitters
Shake all ingredients together with ice.

It is possible to use recipes to make your own tonic syrup from scratch, but as cinchona bark is increasingly difficult to come by I suggest gently heating some tonic water (especially if it has gone flat and is of no other use) until it is about ¼ of its original volume.

What does it taste like?

The first “compressed” drink I tried and still

my favourite. Funnily enough, my research into the early, non-fizzy Gin & Tonics has led me to believe that they tasted like the GT Turbo, with its combination of dry gin, zesty lime and a dry, bitter earthiness. A refreshing drink exhibiting qualities of the Dry Martini, the Gin & Tonic and the Gimlet (gin and lime cordial).

My fondness for the GT Turbo got me thinking about the possibilities for other “compressed” drinks, using concentrates instead of mixers.



GT Turbo

Compressed Whisky Ginger

2 shots Scotch whisky
1 shot lemon juice
½ shot ginger syrup

Shake all ingredients together with ice. Light and vibrant, this has notes of lemon and vanilla to start, followed by the refreshing flavour of brown sugar and ginger. The finish is dry and fruity, with additional notes of light wood. There’s a final burst of ginger at the end, making this a warming drink that nonetheless retains the refreshing nature of a Whisky Ginger.

Compressed Horse’s Neck

2 shots brandy
½ shot lemon juice
½ shot ginger syrup

Shake all ingredients

together with ice.

An amber-gold drink; zesty lemon is the first flavour, followed by some dark sugar from the syrup and brandy. Notes from the brandy and ginger are followed by a fresh finish of lemon.



Compressed Whisky Ginger



Compressed Horse’s Neck

This cocktail has an interesting combination of liquorice—rich, slightly bitter liquorice with notes of treacle—and lime. Distinctive hints of cola follow the liquorice, before a long, dry finish. Simple, but really rather good.

In Conclusion

I was already a fan of the GT Turbo and have enjoyed all of the drinks created during this experiment. However, I think that the PPH (a compressed Cuba Libre with dark rum) is probably my second favourite and certainly worth a try. Not a fan of mixed drinks? Then I’d recommend a “compressed” Scotch & Soda...

Compressed Cuba Libre (White)

2 shots white rum (Brugal)
1 shot lime juice
½ measure Clayton’s Cola Tonic

Shake all ingredients together with ice.

Smooth and easy to drink: creamy vanilla

to start, then sharper notes of lime and sweet cola fade in. Fresh citrus continues throughout in the form of light, sherbet-like notes. The finish has a little more vanilla, making it somewhat reminiscent of a zesty lime cheesecake.

Compressed Cuba Libre (Dark), aka PPH*

2 shots Wood’s Navy Rum (or any other dark rum)

1 shot lime juice
½ measure Clayton’s Cola Tonic

Shake all ingredients together with ice.

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

*Named after Peter and Pauline Holland of the Floating Rum Shack



Compressed Cuba Libre (White)



Compressed Cuba Libre (Dark) or PPH



CLUB NOTES

Club Infiltrates Bureau of Prohibition

THANKS TO JOHN DELIKANAKIS for spotting this evidence (above), clearly showing Prohibition Agent Nelson Van Alden (from the HBO television series *Boardwalk Empire*) sporting a New Sheridan Club tie. It's good to know that our parties and Club Nights are "protected"...

New Member

AS THE LIGHT AND GAIETY of summer gradually tarnish into the mists and mellow fruitfulness of autumn, as the night air cools and the waft of flowers and mown grass is replaced by burning leaves and rain-dampened soil, we offer the consolation of Harvest Festivals with church halls filled with donated tins of peas, Oktoberfest and its opportunity to pretend we like German culture, and of course an excuse to break out the tweed and stoke the open fire, to Ms Isobel Heyworth who had the prudence and good taste to join the New Sheridan Club in the last month.

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.

The Congress for Curious People

Until Sunday 8th September
A range of venues across the UK
A week-long festival of the strange, exotic, eccentric and alternative, with an emphasis on morbid culture and entertainment, followed by a two-day symposium. For a full list of events see curiouscongress.wordpress.com/programme, but the feast includes talks on the occult, the history of gin, anthropomorphic taxidermy and fairgrounds, an exhibition of art by a 1920s psychic, a magic lantern show with live music by The Real Tuesday Weld, and a day trip to Blackpool.

🔴 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 4th September
7pm–11pm
Upstairs, The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB
Members: Free
Non-Members: £2 (first visit free)
See page 2.

Cakewalk Café

Every Wednesday
8pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–9.15pm, uke classes 5–6pm, live music from 8.30)
Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA
Admission: Free before 9pm, £4 after (plus £2 for the uke class and £1 for the dance class)
Live swing jazz every Wednesday —on 4th

September featuring Man Overboard—with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol and ukulele classes too, plus a uke open mic session and a late jam session with the band.

Vauxhall Vintage Bazaar

Wednesday 4th September
7pm–12am
Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL
Admission: £8 in advance, £10 on the door
A private sale of top-quality vintage, repro and bespoke clothing, hand-picked by private sellers from the biggest institutions on the vintage fashion scene, including *The Chap* magazine, The Ric Rac Club and the New Sheridan Club (it says here). Try on clothes and accessories from the 1920s to 1950s in an intimate, elegant setting, without the disheartening chore of digging through endless rails of moth-eaten 1980s mohair and taffetta. Tickets include a free Champagne reception, gourmet canapés, swinging tunes from a vintage DJ duo and a bar serving classic cocktails and home-made cakes. Mavens will be on hand offering styling, hair and makeup advice as well as an on-the-spot alterations service for that perfect

dress which doesn't quite fit and quick repairs.

Red Gate Arts presents Whitstable Pop-Up Shop

Wednesday 4th–Tuesday 10th September
9.30am–6pm
Show Off Gallery, 13 Harbour Street, Whitstable, Kent
Admission: Free

Red Gate Arts, purveyors of vintage-inspired posters and prints, are running a week-long pop-up shop to clear their house. Wares include greetings cards, jewellery and hand-turned wooden bowls by Adam Whitaker.

The Phoenix Dance Club

Friday 6th September
10pm–2am
The Phoenix, 37 Cavendish Square, London W1G 0PP
Admission: £7

Dress: Smart or vintage
A monthly night of hot jazz and swing for dancers at the (fully air-conditioned) Phoenix Bar, Oxford Street,



Examples of Red Gate's work

It's not cheap to get in, but a ticket to the Eltham Palace Art Deco Fair also gets you into the house itself, a masterpiece of modernist convenience and style, tacked on to a medieval great hall



entrance to the house)

Eltham Palace, a marvellous combination of medieval hall and Art Deco country house, is having another of its fairs; if previous ones are anything to go by there will be an exquisite collection of 1920s and 1930s goods for sale—but bring plenty of cash!

on the last Friday of the month. With resident DJs Turn on the Heat and Swingin' Dickie, plus special guests playing the best sounds from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s—this time featuring DJ Kid Krupa. They also now have their own Phoenix Dance Club cocktails: the Broadway Limited, the I Can't Dance, the Al Capone's Spats and the Cotton Club.

Hip Shake

Friday 6th September
7pm (swing taster class at 7.30) till midnight
Orford House Social Club, 73 Orford Road, London E17

Admission: £10 (students/MU £7)

A Rhythm and Blues (in the old sense) dance party, with stompin' sounds from DJs Voodoo Doll and Terry Elliott, plus stalls selling vintage and retro clothing, accessories and collectables. No need to book, just turn up. More at www.londonswingcats.com or dial 020 8829 0919 or 07790 762932 for further info.

Art Deco Fair

Saturday 7th and Sunday 8th September
10am–5pm
Eltham Palace, Court Yard, Eltham, Greenwich, London SE9 5QE
Admission: £9.90 (£8.90 concs; includes

1940s Night at the Potato Merchant

Saturday 7th September
6.30pm–11pm
The Potato Merchant, 55 Exmouth Market EC1R 4QL
Admission: £20

A three-course meal (see the Facebook event for the menu) plus music and dancing, at this retro-caff with a utilitarian chic.

9th Liverpoolitan Tweed Run

Sunday 8th September
11am rendezvous
Gather at Waterloo Station, South Road, Waterloo, L22 0LY
Admission: Free

Once more the Chappistly-inclined of the Merseywide area will be coming together for an elegantly-attired bicycle tour, taking in Sefton Village, Haskayne, Freshfield, Hightown and returning to Crosby and Waterloo for further merriment and trains home. The route is nearly all on cycle paths, following the former tracks of the Cheshire Lines Committee railways. Competitiveness and exertion are frowned upon and conviviality is the watchword. For more information see the Facebook event.

Spin-a-Disc

Monday 9th September
8pm–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.

Swing at the Light

Every Monday
From 7pm
Upstairs at The Light Restaurant and Bar, 233 Shoreditch High Street, London E1
Admission: £8 for class and club, £4 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 by Natasha and Paul from the Swingtime Dance Co. from 7.30, intermediate classes from 8.15, and "freestyle" from 9pm.

The Diva Double Bill

Thursday 12th September
7pm
The Battersea Barge, Nine Elms Lane, London SW8 5BP
Admission: £10 from We Got Tickets

Two cabaret/musical comedy shows for the price of one: NSC Member Maria von Hackeman offers her *From Head to Toe in Berlin* and Melody La Rouge gives us *Kiss of the Red Menace: A Tribute to Kander and Ebb*.

Seething Tricyclingathon

Sunday 15th September
11am–5pm
Claremont Gardens, The Crescent, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 4BN
Admission: Unclear... Probably free
A community event described as, "Three cycle rides to suit all ages and abilities—44 mile for experienced, 11 miles for fun and family and 6 miles for vintage, steampunk and fancy dress. Starts from Claremont Gardens, Surbiton, KT6 4BN." The Chappiest element is peripheral, but if you're local it may be of interest. Here is a video from last year. There are evidently vintage stalls, food stalls, musical entertainment and the like. Facebook event here.

Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair

Sunday 15th September
11am–5pm (trade from 10am)
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. Nominated for Best Vintage Fair in the Vintage Guide to London 2011 awards. More details at www.vintageguide.com





David Farrant relaxing at home (see *The Highgate Vampire: Fact or Fiction?*)

burlesque from seductive siren Ruby Deshabillé, raucous, ribald, accordion-driven musical mayhem from East End Cabaret, straight from the bierkellers of 1920s Berlin, and breathtakingly elegant juggling from dapper Belgian maestro Florian Brooks, all with Nick Williamson accompanying on piano

- Wonder at wandering magician Oliver B as he delights and befuddles with his sleight of hand
- At the Pernod absinthe fountain allow the Green Fairy to soothe and inspire your troubled soul, and receive a complimentary sample and masterclass in her history and preparation

clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk.

Herr Kettner's Kabaret

Friday 20th September
7pm–2am

Kettner's, 29 Romilly Street, Soho, London W1D 5HP (020 7734 6112)

Admission: £20 non-dining, £65 dining, either online or by ringing 020 7292 0513

Relive the decadent, desperate days of 1920s Weimar Berlin, when people really knew how to respond to an economic recession—with a maelstrom of Champagne, dancing, laughter and song. Forget the gloom outside: here, across two floors of Herr Kettner's decadently beautiful house, you can sway to the new "jazz" music coming from America, learn to dance the Charleston, flirt with our cabaret singers, guffaw at our comedians, and quaff cocktails like there's no tomorrow—there probably isn't.

- In the Ballroom there will be live ragtime and swing music courtesy of Albert Ball's Flying Aces, vintage DJing from Vince Moses, plus complimentary dance lessons from Robert and Claire of London Swing Cats

- In the Kabaret Lounge the revels will be led by ukulele-toting, panda-faced master of ceremonies Desmond O'Connor, with sultry

from our Absinthe Guru

- Have a glamorous vintage photo portrait taken at our in-house studio by NSC Member Hanson Leatherby, gentleman photographer
 - Sample the specially designed cocktails at our two bars
 - With a dining ticket enjoy a three-course gourmet meal in the oak-panelled dining room, with a complimentary welcome cocktail, plus exclusive cabaret performances between courses
 - For those with non-dining tickets there is also a classy bar food menu
- More at www.herrkettnerskabaret.com. See also the Facebook page.

NSC Film Night *The Women* (1939)

Monday 23rd September
7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free
See page 18.

London Haunts & Horrors presents
The Highgate Vampire: Fact or Fiction?
Monday 23rd September 2013
7.30pm–9.30pm

The Green, 29 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1M 5TA

Admission: £5 from Eventbrite

David Farrant, President of the British Psychic and Occult Society, will explore the myths and realities of the world-renowned Highgate Vampire case. Discover how a ghost reported since the Victorian era became hijacked by the 1970s vampire craze and reduced to an urban myth. What really existed at Highgate Cemetery and, if it was a vampire, allegedly staked in the 1980s, why do people still encounter it today? More here. More on David Farrant at davidfarrant.org.

Groove Lounge

Friday 27th September
7.30pm–11.30pm

Buckden Millennium Centre, Burberry Road, Buckden, St Neots, Cambridgeshire PE19 5UY

Admission: £5

Monthly swing dance night with DJ Pinball Paul and a high-quality sprung dance floor. More at www.rug-cutters.co.uk.

The Candlelight Club

Saturday 28th September
7pm–12am

A secret London location
Admission: £20 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, 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

Some of Hanson Leatherby's photos from the last Herr Kettner's Kabaret

party with a 1920s speakeasy flavour, in a secret London venue lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands—this time in the shape of the Boomtown Swingalings—and vintage vinylism (sometimes from the New Sheridan Club's own DJ MC Fruity). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

On this occasion four or five Sheridanites will also all be celebrating their birthdays, so all the more excuse for a knees-up!





Scarheart presents the Tashes Man of the Match, David Pile, with a selection of cheese. This tradition goes back to when Hallamshire-Smythe (now tragically exiled to Belgium) was in attendance. He was marketing cheese for a living back then and brought a whole cheddar as a prize. (See pages 12–15)



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FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk.

For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub.

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