

# DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE

ISSUE 91 MAY 2014

## I, Chap

Acturius bares his soul (and explains his name) in the Brogues Gallery

## Is the sun over the yardarm?

The Curé equips for the annual Oxford punting expedition

## Summer fashion special

### Knowing your batwing from your butterfly

Mikail Korasch on bow ties

### Sartorial tips from a 70s sitcom

Tim Eyre on pocket squares

## Lemon or lime?

The fierce debate over the best garnish for a G&T

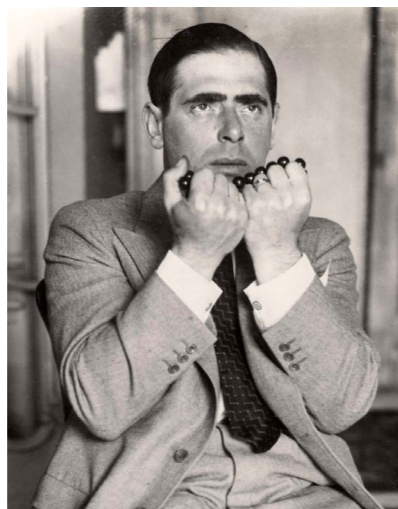




The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of The Wheatsheaf, just off Oxford Street. The Wheatsheaf is one of Fitzrovia's historic pubs, a one-time haunt of Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Augustus John and Julian Maclaren-Ross. In fact Thomas met his wife Caitlin in The Wheatsheaf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

**The Next Meeting**

The next Club Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th May in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm. Birgit Gebhardt will spill the beans on Erik Jan Hanussen, Hitler's personal clairvoyant. "He was the most famous clairvoyant, hypnotist and mind-reader in the German-speaking countries in the 1920s and early 30s, and rich as Croesus," she adds. "He allegedly advised Hitler on how to give speeches and crowd control, and predicted the rise of the Nazis to power and the Reichstag fire. But his birth name was Hermann Steinschneider, the son of two failed Austrian small-time actors. And he was Jewish."



(Above) Hanussen c.1930; (below) Hanussen hypnotises Baroness van Swieten at a Berlin ball in 1932



**The Last Meeting**

Our speaker was Mr Mikhail Korasch. A Frenchman by birth, Mikhail first joined the Club a couple of years ago, seemingly with a primary interest in photography, though with a day job in banking.

However, after his return to France it seems he has worked as a teacher and travelled the world, before reinventing himself as a maker and seller of bow ties. He was inspired to get into this game by his frustration at being unable to find bow ties of satisfactory generosity and plumpness. (He passed round examples of inferior ties, flimsy in weight and seemingly glued together.) He sourced silks from Italian mills and taught himself to cut and sew the kind of tie he wanted, generously proportioned, with a proper lining and not over-pressed. His ties come in various sizes and different shapes—the classic butterfly shape, the straight batwing, with diamond-shaped tips and a more informal shape with rounded ends for relaxing at home, gardening or working on the car. Everything is done by Mikhail himself, including the photography on his website and he has even sourced bespoke boxes made from a sort of flexible plywood. You can see Mikhail's range at [www.labowtique.com](http://www.labowtique.com). An essay version begins on page 4.



(Right) Torquil delivers his introduction; note the illuminated guide to tying a bow tie; (below) Mark Gidman takes it upon himself to translate but (left) Mikhail is more than able to deliver his lecture in English



(Right) Chuckles has no patience with the paparazzi; (left and below) the Curé delivers an impromptu bow-tie striptease, to demonstrate the merits of a real (not pre-tied) example



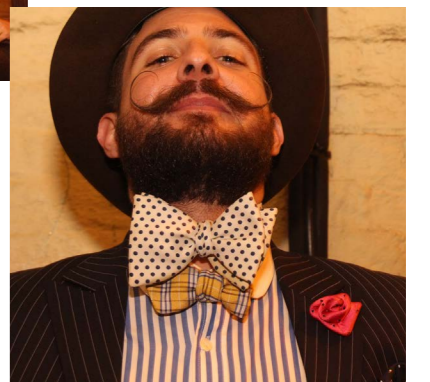
(Right) Dorian and Birgit inspect the merchandise



(Left) Craigoh dips a toe into bowtiedom



(Right) Mikhail demonstrates the advanced two-tie look, simultaneously modelling both a large butterfly and a smaller diamond-ended number



**I**T ALL STARTED on an autumn day in Brighton, as I was strolling in the streets of this beach town, enjoying a rare sunny day. While looking in a shop window I noticed an amusing photograph of a gentleman wearing a striped summer suit, a white cap, a splendid handlebar moustache, a pair of magnifying glasses hanging around his neck, saluting. It was the cover of *The Chap* magazine. I thought that I should get inside the shop and buy it.

I had absolutely no idea about that community and, to be honest, when I started reading the magazine I had no clue what it all was about. I understood maybe one word in two, but still found it extremely funny.

Pipe smoking, walking with a cane, how to make the best martini and such—I was very intrigued. And while turning pages I ended up on a double page reading “The Grand Anarcho Dandyist Ball”, celebrating 10 years of the magazine. How does that sound to a French man? All very exciting.

As soon as I read that, I decided I would go, on my own. So I started looking for a three-piece tweed suit in Brighton for the party, and I found one. I didn’t know that it was the start of a long addiction.

A few weeks passed and there was the day arriving, so I put on my suit, my brown velvet bow tie, my boots and headed to the Ball with my camera. As the night passed by, I took tons of pictures of people, and chatted to anyone who crossed my camera. That’s how I talked to Robert Evans: he was one of the first, wearing a monocle, a yellow vest, red corduroy trousers



and a tweed jacket. Then at some point I ended up talking to Nik Bartram, who is a member of the Club, who asked me what I was doing here, what I was taking pictures for. I told him I had no idea, but that I wanted to be here and that I would love to discover about this whole new universe. He then told me to talk to Clayton if I wanted to know more about the NSC, and that is how I joined.

I started coming to the monthly meetings for a few months while I was still living in England, and sincerely enjoyed it; it made me

### Mikhail Korasch on his journey to becoming a maker of bow ties

discover England as I imagined it to be. A place full of very friendly people.

Then I left for Australia, lived there for a year, travelled around south-east Asia, and returned to France. I was 25 and had dabbled in business studies, banking, teaching and French antiques. And I thought, what should I do, now?

#### Why make bow ties?

I thought about what was really important to me, and all I could think about was elegance, and making the world a more beautiful place



Mikhail in his Paris atelier (Left) Three ties from La Bowtique's current range

# Bowtieology

to live in. I wanted to create things, with great passion and dedication, I wanted to do something that matters to people, that will bring beauty and happiness into their lives. I listed what I knew how to do, and in that list was sewing. I did not know much about it at the time but it became evident that I could use this skill—which had to be improved—in order to create something elegant.

I remember one day I was wandering around Paris, looking for a bow tie, and after a few hours of going around all the shops selling them,

I still could not find any that I really had a crush on. There was no colour, no different shapes and above all, no one who really knew anything about them in the shop. I started looking at what was offered on the internet, but again after a few days of browsing I thought, where is the colour, the variety, the luxurious silks for a decent price? Very few companies dared to offer colourful bow ties using heavy silk and, above all, no one really considered the fact that bow

# la Bowtique

## The Bow Tie Guide

HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT BOW TIE

The **Butterfly** is a butterfly shaped bow tie, spreading its wings on either side of the knot, giving it the natural twist of bow ties. These are the most common shape that has been living through years, and perhaps the most iconic one.

It suits most face shapes.

The **Batwing** is a straight edges shaped bow tie, giving a bolder look, squarer than the classic one. It is the shape that shows the best of the fabric, especially the geometrical patterned ones.

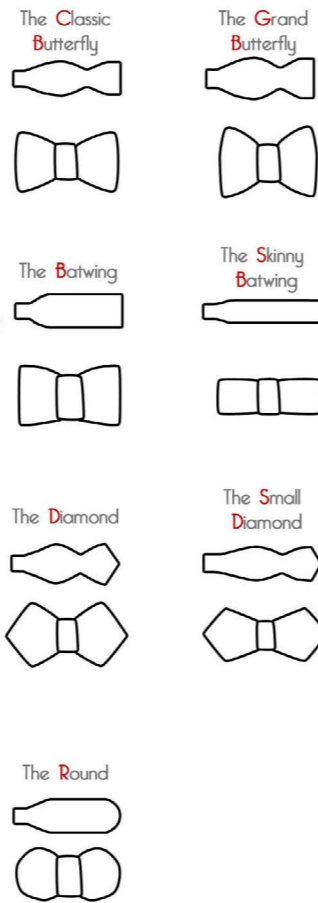
It suits best round face types.

The **Diamond Point** is a pointed ends bow tie, giving it a sharp look and making it more original than the other shapes, it sure will stand out. It usually is a bit longer than the other ones as the points extend from the shape of the butterfly.

It suits best square faces types as well as round faces types.

The **Round** is a rounded ends bow tie, giving it a puffy look, less formal than the other shapes. It will add a tonic twist to your whole attire.

It suits best square faces and balanced ones.



ties can have different shapes. It is very hard to find books or magazines about this kind of neckwear but I wanted to capture the essence of bow ties, so I started reading everything I could find about them. I started learning about fabrics, experimented with shapes and proportions, width and length, different thicknesses of fabric, interlining, etc. I made tons of bow ties just to understand what they really were.

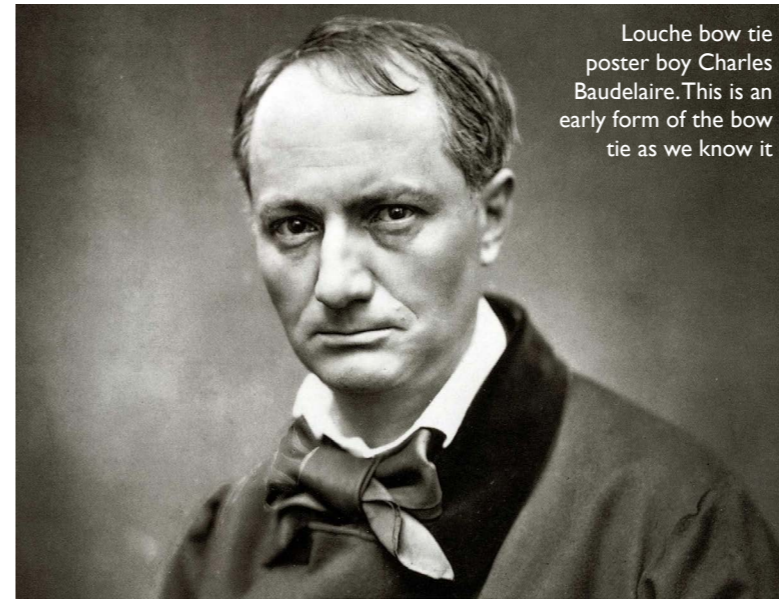
### What is a bow tie?

Whether it be in French or in English—a bow

tie, or *noeud papillon* (knot of the butterfly), as we call it—for once the English and French agree on something; it does imply the notion of tying it, the tricky part. And this is probably the most important point about a bow tie—it does have to be tied and, of course, untied too.

So a bow tie is a man's neckwear accessory made of a ribbon-type fabric, that can be tied and untied as one wishes.

The visual aspect of a self-tie bow tie is a totally different thing compared to the pre-tied bows. A tied bow tie will appear, depending



Louche bow tie poster boy Charles Baudelaire. This is an early form of the bow tie as we know it

on the fabric and interlining used, fluffy and generous with heavy silks, floating and falling with delicate and thin silk, whereas a pre-knotted bow tie is stiff and motionless, stuck around your neck just like a rock, removing all the panache that a proper bow tie offers. This negative effect is amplified by the use of fabrics that are mostly composed of synthetic fibres rather than natural ones.

Tying a bow tie is a ritual, and one that has long been lost partly thanks to these pre-tied bow ties. It is the duty of elegant men to perpetuate this too often neglected tradition. There is an art and tradition of dressing, and tying a bow tie must be part of the knowledge of modern gentlemen such as ourselves.

Two characters from *Boardwalk Empire*, Chalky White and Arnold Rothstein, seemingly wearing the same diamond-end tie



### Bow tie shapes

Most of you know that bow ties come in different shapes, we all know the classic butterfly shape, probably the diamond point; less common are the batwings and the rounded.

I wondered—why different shapes? What does it actually change when tied? And why one would rather wear a classic shape or a batwing?

I did get in touch with NSC Member Ray Frensham who kindly helped me learn more about bow ties. Then by looking at pictures of people wearing bow ties, I tried to figure out what worked and what did not work, and for what reasons. And this is what I discovered.

The beauty of a bow tie is in its proportions and how these relate to the face of the wearer. A certain tie could fit one person's face, but not another's, unless they have the same face shape.

### Five rules on wearing a bow tie:

- First of all, once tied, a bow tie should not exceed the distance between the ends of the two eyes. That is the first, and most essential point.
- Just as people with bigger hands or feet would wear bigger gloves or shoes and socks, the same goes with bow ties.
- The shape of bow tie you wear should be chosen according to the shape of your face, to balance its features and not accentuate it.
- Just as with straight neckties, the size of your bow tie should be matched to the lapel of your jacket. Don't go for a narrow bow tie if you are wearing a very wide-lapelled jacket.
- The last rule is probably the most important one: once your bow tie is tied, forget about it.

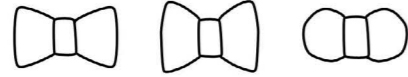
# la Bowtique

## The Bow Tie Guide

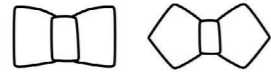
HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT BOW TIE



Square face shape should go for curved bowties with gentle lines to soften a square jaw, such as the classic shape or the round ends. Avoid batwing which are rather square already and will enhance this feature of your face.



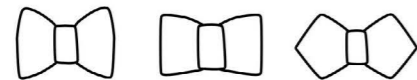
Round face shape should go for bow ties with strong lines, angular, such as batwings and diamond ends to draw attention towards your neck rather than your chin. Avoid round ends bow ties and small ones as it will accentuate your round face.



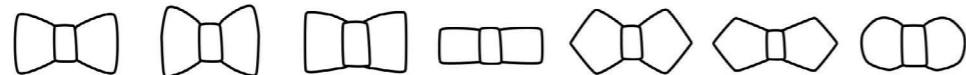
Triangular face shape should go for strong lines bowties such as batwings and diamond ends, this will help drawing more attention to your bow ties.



Long face shape should go for bigger bow ties than usual, rather than narrow ones. Prefer the classic batwing, the wide butterfly or the wide diamond ends.



Balanced face shape can go for any bow tie, experiment different ones to see what best suits your style.

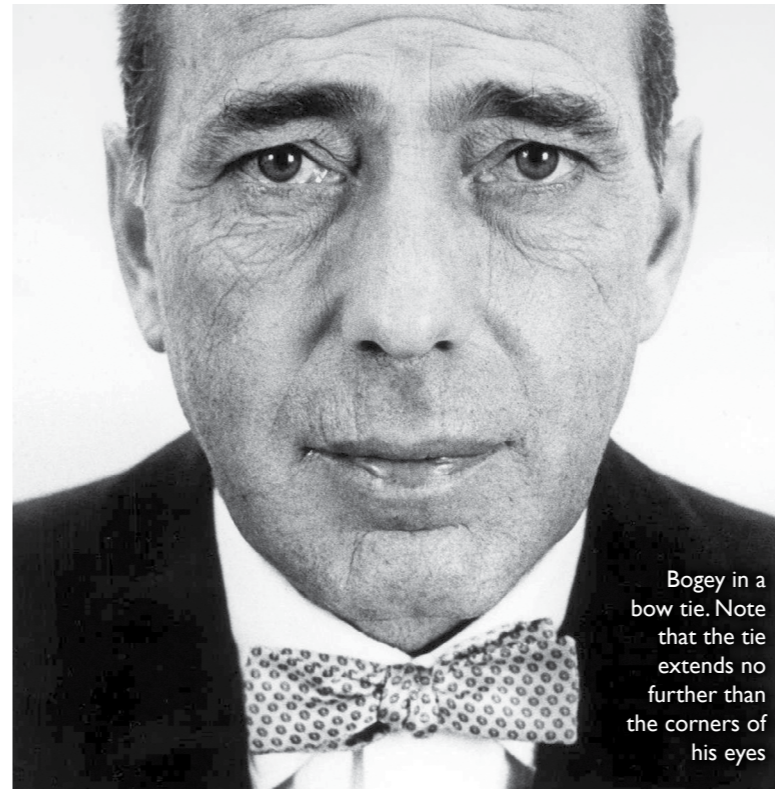


Remember that harmony and balance make beauty. (And that does not apply only to bow ties.)

In order to help men wear proper bow ties with the right proportions, and to turn the wearing of bow ties into the art it should be, I decided to start my own company, called La Bowtique. I wanted to make bow ties that are

different from what we can see on the market. I wanted colour. Heavy silks. Volume. Perfect shapes.

My first step was to find suppliers of silk, so I thought about where to get the best silk in Europe. I searched on the internet and found out about Como, which is a city of Northern Italy, and also the capital of silk—it produces



85% of all silk made in Italy, and provides 70% of all the silk in Europe.

It wasn't easy finding silk mills online, as they are usually very small family companies. But I got in touch with a few to make appointments to visit and see what they had to offer; they told me I could just turn up.

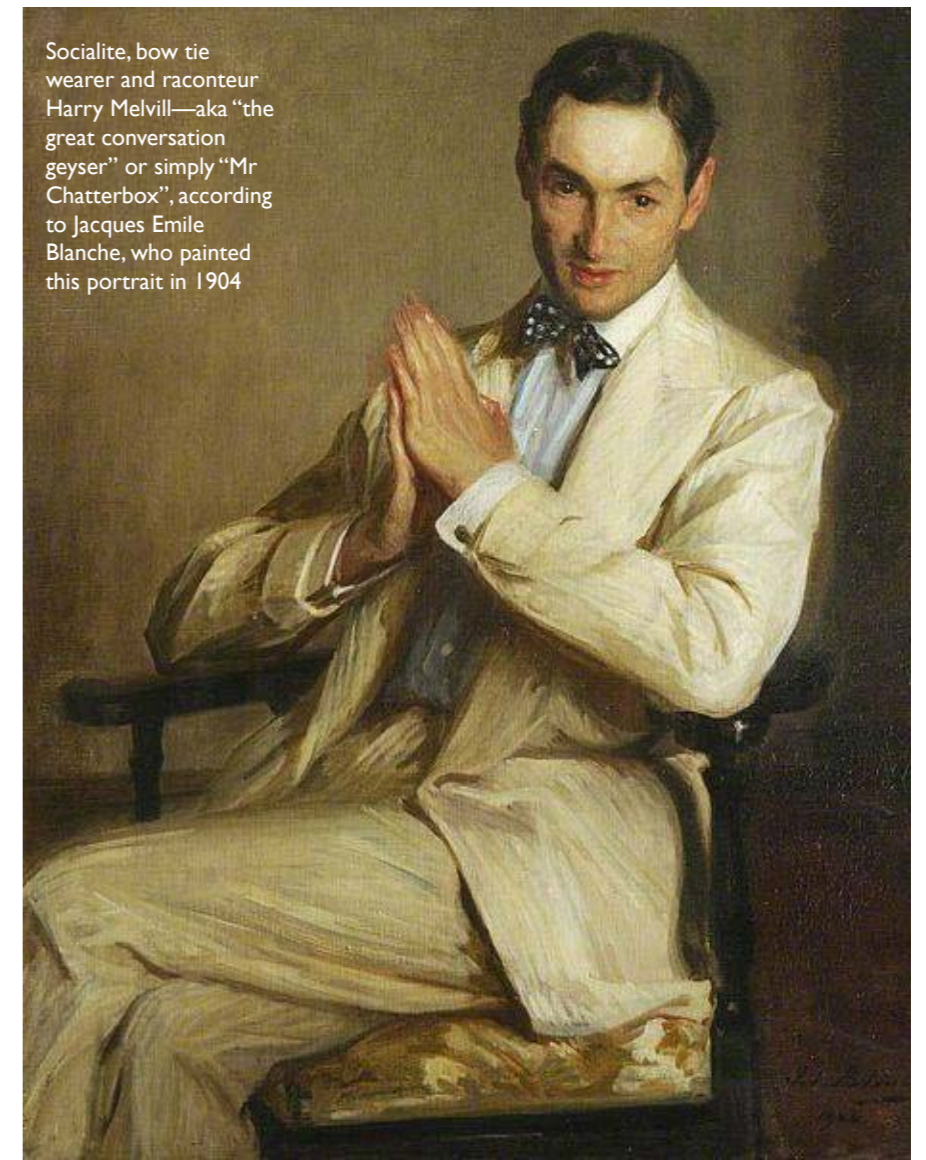
So I went to Italy and visited a few, including the Ratti company, which is one of the biggest. I was not too sure about what I saw there—the silks looked nice but were not what I was looking for. I bought a few examples anyway, came back to France and started working with what I had bought. I was discovering step by step that each fabric reacts differently when sewn and when tied. Not being from the trade, I had to discover everything for myself as I went along.

I took sewing classes with a great friend of mine, worked on the perfect

proportions for my bow ties, got it just right, now I needed my dream silks. What I wanted was the softest woven silk on the market.

So I made a second trip to Italy, to Como in June of last year, this time with a better idea of what I wanted. And on my first visit of a silk mill, I fell in love with what they had to offer. Aisles and aisles of woven silks. Tons of different colours. Millions of patterns. All the weavings you could imagine, here in front of me. I could close my eyes and imagine every fabric as a bow tie. I was like a kid in a sweet shop (or a Frenchman in a cheese shop). I spent hours looking for fabrics that really caught my eye. I wanted diversity in colour and pattern. Fortunately I went there with a friend, and he managed to get me to focus on a limited number of fabrics: I ended up selecting 20. I visited the other silk mills out of curiosity, but the first one really was love at first sight—and that means a lot to a Frenchman.

A few days later, back in France, I received my package. It was like discovering a treasure; I had seen so many silks that I did not exactly know which ones were inside. These would be



the first bow ties of my collection. I was ready to start sewing.

### La Bowtique

La Bowtique creates elegant bow ties for modern gentlemen, in very limited editions. Our bow ties are handmade at our atelier in France and we undertake every step of production, from the sourcing to the packaging, using the finest Italian silks that I picked when visiting the silk mills in Como.

We offer a wide range of bow ties, both through shapes, textures and colours because it is important to us that the most fastidious bow tie wearers are satisfied.

To us, the bow tie and the wearer are intimately related, that is why we focus on customizing your tie to your exacting taste.

At La Bowtique, we offer three ranges:

- Our Ready to Tie line are bow ties for which I chose the shape that best suited the fabric.

- With the Unique Bowtique you can create your own tie by picking from dozens of fabrics and seven different shapes.

- Or you can tell us about your specific requirements for our Bespoke Bowtique service. These are one-off pieces made to your precise collar size, so there are no adjusters.

All our bow ties come in limited editions. When I run out of fabric, it is gone and will not be made again.



The innovative La Bowtique boxes, made from very thin, flexible shavings of wood.



(1939), *Shadow of the Thin Man* (1941), *The Thin Man Goes Home* (1945) and *Song of the Thin Man* (1947).

The film was not a major investment, shot in just 14 days, but it was one of the ten highest earners of the year, endearing itself to audiences mainly because of the wise-cracking dialogue between husband and wife, who exhibit a flirtatious chemistry throughout (yes, even though they are married). Critic Roger Ebert, who places it on his personal list of Great Movies, particularly praises Powell, whom he believes "is to dialogue what Fred Astaire is to dance. His delivery is so droll and insinuating, so knowing and innocent at the same time, that it hardly matters what he's saying". Whatever the reason, the film's innovative blend of mystery, romance and comedy created a template that remained popular with studios for many years. In addition to the film sequels there was a spin-off radio series in the 1930s, a TV series in the

### NSC FILM NIGHT

#### *The Thin Man* (1934)

Sunday 11th May

7pm-11pm (screening from 8pm)

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

Admission: Free



Ahead of the remake that will apparently star Johnny Depp, our Film Night this time, presented by Mai Møller, is the original 1934 version of *The Thin Man*, based on the novel by Dashiell Hammett.

The two main characters are Nick and Nora Charles (played by William Powell and Myrna Loy), he an ex-private detective and she a wealthy heiress. The plot is kicked off when a friend, Clyde Wynant, disappears after a murder. Wynant is the "thin man" of the title, but audiences apparently assumed that the epithet referred to the film's hero, Nick, and all five of the sequels ran with this concept: *After the Thin Man* (1936), *Another Thin Man*

(1939), a TV movie in 1977 and a Broadway musical in 1991.

NSC Members might also appreciate the sheer amount of time that Mr and Mrs Charles seem to spend in bars, cocktail in hand. (In fact on the film's release one Southern distributor complained to the studio about the excessive amount of drinking that goes on.)

And if that isn't enough, Nick and Nora have a dog, a wire-haired terrier called Asta, who appears in all six films.



# 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.*



## Actuarius

'You can do anything you want in life'

**Name or preferred name?**  
Actuarius.

**Why that nickname or nom de plume?**  
I chose it when I first published my personal manifesto online. I have used it ever since within both Chappist and artistic circles. An Actuarius is a small fast-moving Roman boat which reflects my interests in the Roman Empire and in speedy

vehicles.

### Where do you hail from?

I was born and raised in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, moving to the south coast in my late teens where I have stayed ever since—largely in the role of missionary.

### Favourite Cocktail?

Bellini, the drink that refreshes and inebriates. A fine concoction that I stumbled across during the first gathering of the Rivoli Set.

### Most Chappist Skill?

As a writer, painter and photographer I find being able to lie languidly on the chaise-longue in our library, the back of one hand resting across my brow, to be an indispensable skill.

### Most Chappist Possession?

I am never without my Art Deco cigarette case.

### Personal Motto?

You can do anything you want in life but you have to want it enough to make the sacrifices needed.

### Favourite Quotes?

'If Hitler doesn't invade soon he will miss the garden at its best.' —A mother to her teenage son in Emsworth  
'Flat out until you see the face of God, count to three, then brake.' —Unknown  
'I've often speculated why you don't return to America. Did you abscond with the church funds? Run off with a senator's wife? I like to think you killed a man. It's the Romantic in me.' —Captain Renault to Rick, in *Casablanca*



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

I used to be a professional steam locomotive driver.

**How long have you been involved with the NSC?**

I think pretty much since its inception. That reminds me, I must have a word with Hartley to see if my subs are due...

**How did you hear about the Club to begin with?**

I am also a long standing member of the Sheridan Club (the online bolt hole for those of a Chappist disposition). I believe it was through there.

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

Brays department store in Malvern. Wooden drawer cash boxes, a fine selection of hats, jackets and cravats, and proper service that is neither brusque nor overly-familiar.

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

Only three? Bernd Rosemeyer because he is a personal hero and seems like a proper "boys' own" hero with his attitude and approach to life. T. E. Lawrence, a fellow about whom I have read a lot over the past few years. Apart from trying to get an insight into the "real" Lawrence, the more I have learnt of him the more I suspect we share similar traits (although certainly nothing that relates to either his bravery or ability to withstand hardships!) Tamara de Lempicka, just because she's Tamara de Lempicka.

**Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?**



This is rather like asking who's your favourite pet gnu? All members of the committee are equally admirable and, of course, also equally flawed. [There seems to be a typo—should read "Artemis Scarheart".]

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

Being an out-of-town member I've never made it to a meeting yet although The Memsahib and I can often be seen biffing about at the parties. I did grasp my opportunity to deliver a rousing speech at the "Back to the Futurists" party. (I say "rousing"—I believe one person paused momentarily whilst raising their glass to their mouth.) Being a Futurist myself, I talked on Futurism and its relevance today. If you will forgive the impertinence, you can find my views laid out here.

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



*With Scarheart on the Seamball Rally, by the late, lamented Banshee*

# "HOW TO FOLD A POCKET SQUARE"



**STARRING DR TIMOTHY EYRE**

**T**HE POCKET SQUARE is a key element of a dandy's wardrobe. This inexpensive piece of fabric can add considerable flair to a suit; with a pocket square in place one can never be mistaken for the manager

of a building society. Simply inserting a silk square into your breast pocket announces to the world that you are a man who cares for his appearance. Indeed, it is for this very reason that we have breast pockets at all.

Pocket squares originated from the pocket handkerchief. Of course, nowadays a gentleman will also carry a real handkerchief in his hip pocket to offer to a distressed lady; his pocket square will be reserved for decoration and especially inconsolable chappettes.

The squareness of the pocket square was decreed by no less an individual than Louis XVI. The unfortunate young queen Marie Antoinette decided that she disliked handkerchiefs that were any shape other than square. Unwilling to stand by as the geometry of French handkerchiefs ran riot, she persuaded her pliable husband to issue a royal command stating that the length of a handkerchief should not exceed its width. This edict came into force on 2nd January 1785. Handkerchiefs have been square ever since; it appears that there are some royal decrees that even the French Revolution could not overturn.

Though I have worn pocket squares for some years now, I have always felt a little unsure of how to fold them. Each time I stuffed one into my breast pocket I had a vague sense that I was neglecting some sartorial technique. I am ashamed to admit that I never followed through on this unease by looking up the correct way to fold a pocket square in a book or by means of a Babbage engine.

However, as luck would have it, the answer recently came to me from a somewhat unexpected source: the 1970s televideo show *Are You Being Served?* For those unfamiliar with the light entertainment of that era, this was an innuendo-drenched situation comedy set in a department store. While unsophisticated, it did address some of the preoccupations of the time: strikes, shortages and a class-ridden hierarchy. The characters work in the menswear and ladieswear departments, which yields occasional flickers of sartorial interest. In particular, my pocket square revelation came while watching the 1972 pilot episode.

Approximately a third of the way into this episode, there is a scene where the experienced floorwalker Captain Peacock shows the junior sales clerk Mr Lucas how to fold a pocket square. Here the BBC gives the viewer a clear video demonstration, which Mr Lucas repeats in case the viewer missed any detail the first time through. The reader may find the following stills of interest (the video may be viewed on YouTube):

Step 1: Lay the pocket square flat

Step 2: Pick it up at the centre

Step 3: Flute it

Step 4: Fold it over at the middle

Step 5: Tuck it into your breast pocket

Step 6: "The effect is casual, but smart."

This technique is known as "Puff and Point" and is not the only way to fold a pocket square. I have since found a further fourteen different techniques and there are no doubt more. Given their modest cost, their striking sartorial effect and how easy it is to fold them (compared with, say, bow ties [see pages 4-10!—Ed]), there is little excuse for brandishing an empty breast pocket.





# BRIDES OF THE RIVER GOD<sup>18</sup>

BY ARTEMIS SCARHEART

**A**ND SO IT came to pass that the ninth annual Club Punting Trip was upon us. The tradition of punting in Oxford on or around St George's Day actually predates the existence of the New Sheridan Club, but is an event we have taken as our own and now it is a firm fixture in the calendar. The date of being near St G's Day has become more controversial in recent years as the weather in April has tended to be wet. In 2013 it hailed as we were leaving the dock, for example. However, we have always battled on and the 2014 season was no different.

On the day itself, I was coming up from



(l-r) Lucky Henry, Felix Glass, Charles Tsua

Town on the Oxford Tube. Do not be fooled—this is a bus and not an underground train, but it takes around an hour and a half, runs 24/7 and is very regular, so if one is on Queer Street then it is a cheap and convenient way to travel.

Various members of the party had been up the previous evening for the usual black-tie dinner and would be assembling at the Turf Tavern today for our usual sharpener, so I made my way to Notting Hill to meet with Lucky Henry, with whom I would be travelling up. After a few minutes' confusion over which side of the road to be on we boarded after an enormous school party and sat down in a scorching hot bus for the ride. No sign of rain anywhere this year. Ha! Pulling into Oxford just after 11am, we made our way to the drink shop and then to pick up a game and pork pie in the covered market. Then to the Turf where there was a merry throng awaiting



Early arrivals at the Turf. (l-r) Stuart Turner, Laurence Bennion and Edward and Kellyanne O'Callaghan



Scarheart challenges the River God to do his worst. Bad idea, as it turned out

us, including our Guest of Honour, Felix Glass all the way from New Zealand. Hail fellow, well met, indeed. Time enough here for a couple of pints next to a blackboard with a rather skewiff picture of John Thaw as that detective fellow he used to play and then on to the sweepstake.

The sweepstake is ancient tradition that dates back to as early as 2013; the idea is simple but the reward could be huge. Every single one of the nine years we have gone punting has seen someone fall into the river. Every year. Statistically this is impossible but there you go—the River God will always extract his price for allowing our frolics. This led to the inevitable conclusion that we should have a wager on who would fall in.

To ensure that people are not tempted to push others in or to hurl themselves in to get the pot a simple system was devised by the Glorious Committee. Each person pays one pound and takes a number from the hat. Their names are then entered in the book and they are assigned a random number by myself. If they have the ticket with the number of the person who falls in, they win the pot. However, no one knows their own number or that of anyone else and the traditional announcement of who wins the cash happens back at the Turf after the day is over. If I fall in, as a Member of the Glorious Committee I keep the money, obviously, but as it's in my pocket it probably ends up with Davy Jones at the bottom of the



Scarheart takes bets on who will fall in this year



The punts begin to limp away from port

Cherwell. This year we had £24 up for grabs—a princely sum indeed.

After tossing back the last of our pints we headed off to Magdalen Bridge and our crafts, this year four punts and one rowing boat. Andy who runs the punt house always remembers us and, as he says, he “knows what to expect from us”. As we arrived a Hen Party was punting back and they were all attired as jockeys. Yes, the future leaders

of the nation were in white and mud-spattered jodphurs braying away and it was a stirring sight to see. Andy tells us that the stag parties often return having overturned the punts, sans the seats and much worse, so he is happy to see us, as for all our tomfoolery, we're never that bad.

As we split into our separate boats (Felix Glass, Guest of Honour, was lashed to the oars in the rowboat) we headed upstream. We had thought of going downstream, the way of the very first punt, but decided to head up after all. We had already heard from Andy that for yet another year the water had flooded the rollers, which connect two levels in the river, so our path



The gang assembles at the boat yard



Kellyanne takes the punting duties



Felix nervously takes the oars



Priya looks relaxed, unaware of the dunking to come

and enjoy the view. The sun was out and all was well with the world as the corks popped and Henry worked like a stevedore.

After some time we caught up with the rest of the fleet at the Magdalen College moorings. These are easily identified as a place to moor by the signs every five feet declaring 'MAGDALEN COLLEGE. PRIVATE PROPERTY. STRICTLY

NO MOORING AT ANY TIME'. So we halted here while witticisms were exchanged, empty bottles placed into neighbouring punts and fresh ones pilfered, and for the last punt to catch up. Eventually she rounded the corner with Kellyanne Nash doing a sterling job at the pole. Despite never having punted before, she was being used as the engine room by a punt laden with men, which shows the commitment

to the old punting ground was blocked but there are other places to pull up and savage a sandwich. I was in a punt which scudded along at a fair old pace after a few teething troubles by Lucky Henry punting from the front. It was his first bash at this and as I enjoyed some fizz in the back I found the journey very relaxing. As I was in the bow of the boat I could not use the paddle, so all I could do was offer advice and encouragement



Henry hails from the provinces and hasn't seen a camera before

to equality that the Sheridanites are at pains to exhibit. After a pause to allow them to catch their breath we set off again on the next stage of the adventure.

The fleet soon broke up again, with the Beckwith Punt in the lead, the German Turniptz and her sea mines gallivanting along, my punt smashing her way up river with a new driver, the poor Guest of Honour being lashed ever harder by his cruel British overseers and finally the Nash punt. (If there were any more vessels in our flotilla then they sank that day and I can speak of them no more. After all dear reader I was a little pooped by all the encouragement I had given, to say nothing of the champagne consumed.)

There were some rumours running that the sweepstake could already be claimed. That a Beckwith had gone in and a Nash too. As adjudicator (with power of life and death, naturally) I would have to examine the evidence fully before I could announce a winner and that could only take place back at the Turf. I had heard a Nash had gone in up to the mid-thigh but a Beckwith to the neck. The neck would have it if we had more than one dunking this year and it seemed that the River God was more...hungry...than usual. Generally he has preferred male companions to join him at the riverbed, even a Member of the Glorious Committee one year, but he is as fickle as he is dangerous and we underestimate him at our peril.

Rounding yet another bend we decided we would moor up along a certain stretch of bank. After a very dignified amount of scrabbling, pushing, knot-tying, passing of bags and pulling and pushing, we all assembled near a convenient bench and started to tuck in. Pies, cakes, sandwiches, port, cheese, biscuits—all the



Birgit is at ease as she imagines herself in a war canoe; (above) for more sport, she thoughtfully made some sea mines to bring along on the jaunt

treasures one may wish to feast on were there and good cheer was in the air.

What was also in the air was water. About ten minutes into the picnic a very, very light rain started. Well, I maintained it was light but the panic-mongers among us insisted on putting up their brollies and sheltering under trees. Did this dampen our spirits? Of course not. As



Juan and Helena Watterson. He's a member of the Manx parliament, you know



(This page) Several bottles of Champagne in, the flotilla finds a suitable spot to picnic and moors up

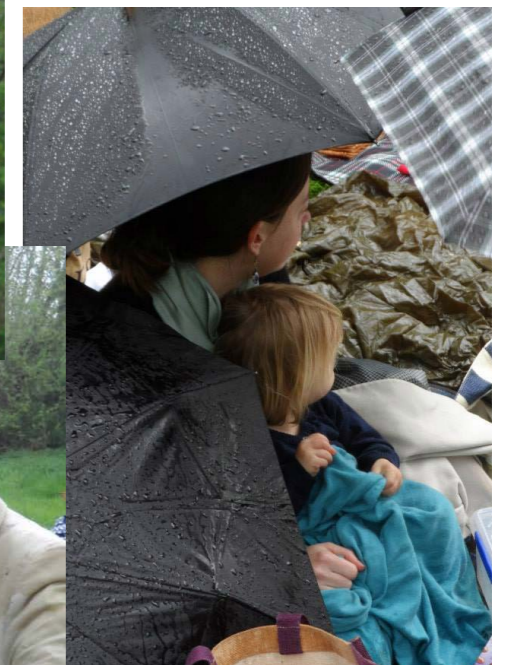


the rain lashed down and we ate our Battenburg under trees and canvas, morale was never higher. Just the knowledge that Felix was experiencing a true British summer brought a smile to our faces as our pipes went out from the rain. Plus, of course, there was the sweepstake. After some investigation I could confirm that Seonaid Beckwith was a neck job and Kellyanne Nash a halfway house. It seemed the sweepstake would be claimed but there was a hitch—as the Beckwiths had joined us at the boathouse they had missed the chance and Seonaid’s name was not on the books! No one could claim for her, so the cash was still in the air. Both Seonaid and Kellyanne were in good spirits and didn’t let a little water get them down.

With this excitement pulling at us and the picnic consumed, we cleared away our litter and headed back to the boats. With the current now on our side, boats quickly vanished around the corner as the flow caught them. In my punt Pri had become the punter and seemed very at ease, easily managing to stand on the slick deck and handle the punt. We made a good pace but then



(This page) No sooner have our crew made land than the heavens open—fine picnicking weather! All the water prompts master William Beckwith to consider a career in the Coastguard (above)



the River God decided to take his last bride of the day and called Pri to him. She could not resist and—hat, boots and all—in she went. A full dunking requiring her to swim back to the punt. However, as soon as she was back and had stripped off her boots, she clambered fo'ard and was punting again. And then she fell in again, requiring another swim back to the boat. I have seen several of my friends fall in over the years but Pri really took it like a trooper and, as a University swimmer herself, just buckled down and got us home again with some paddle assistance. No moaning, no complaining, just action. Sterling stuff.

The rain had stopped by now so it was a drier experience as we returned to the boat house and moored our craft. Alighting we took with us the various empties and settled the bill, £20 per head for a full day of adventure on the river. Andy bid us all farewell for another year and expressed hopes that next year the weather would be better for us. Back at the Turf, the evening was full of fun, games and pints. Stuart Turner won the sweepstake and he also won a black eye from an errant punt pole, but as he is working in Coventry he has one thing they have never seen (paper money) and one thing they admire (a shiner). Jokes were told, friendships made, Felix toasted and hands shaken.

Myself and Lucky Henry slipped out just afore 11pm, boarded the Tube and he snoozed our way back to Town. I sat up, my brain turning over the day's events and also thinking about next year. The tenth year, certainly a cause for celebration and possibly even calling for a later date to ensure better weather. Time will tell.



(Above) Young William is eager to help his dad; (left) Craigoh is an old hand at this; (below) Henry is, oddly, punting from the front; (below left) the rowing boat is a picture of serenity



James Blah



Stuart Turner

Thanks to Suzanne Coles, Charles Tsua, Birgit Gebhardt, Artemis Scarheart and Kellyanne O'Callaghan for the photos



(This page) Safely back on dry land, the crew head back to the Turf Tavern for tall tales of nautical adventures and a lot more beer



Laurence Bennion



Lord Rupert



Charles Tsua



Viscount Rushen (left) and Artemis Scarheart

## The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Members offer orations about libations

### Lemon or lime?

By David Bridgman-Smith

Ever since the invention of the Gin & Tonic, there has been debate and discussion on what is the best garnish to use. The two main contenders are lemon (*Citrus limon*) and lime (*Citrus latifolia* or *Citrus aurantiifolia*), although some folks compromise and toss in a wedge of each (known as the “Evans” G&T).\*

Whilst the default garnish for an American Gin & Tonic is lime, the citrus garnish for a Martini cocktail is often lemon. This shows that both of the fruits’ flavours work well with the juniper spirit. This is not only because of the common use of citrus as a botanical (both lemon and lime are often used, as well as less readily available species, from Buddah’s Palm to pomelo), but also because another popular ingredient—coriander seed—often adds a dry, citrus flavour.

In the UK, there is more of a 50/50 split between the preference for lemons or limes as garnishes. Lemons used to dominate, but following the release of Tanqueray 10 and a new marketing campaign from Gordon’s (the bestselling gin

in the UK) that linked lime to the colour of their bottle, lime has made up some ground. Go to a British pub, however, and you’re almost guaranteed to get the (to them) more traditional lemon.

It is worth noting here that, while the most popular citrus gin botanicals in Europe are dried lemon and orange peel (usually from the Mediterranean), lemon and lime are far more popular in the US, where they are also prepared in different ways, sometimes used whole or as fresh peels.

#### How do limes differ from lemons?

A look at their chemical composition reveals that lemons, pound for pound, contain around 50% more sugar than limes. This makes limes,

especially Key Limes, more sour and therefore more palatable when used to balance out sweet tonic water (such as some American brands, made with high-fructose corn syrup). They are also a better fit in the flavour profile of the more contemporary, less juniper-forward gins, which have a greater focus on sweet spice or floral notes.

This contrast is what gives a Gin & Tonic garnished with lime its crispness and, when you consider the fashion for squeezing juice from a



Choose your citrus: left to right, grapefruit, lemon, lemon and lime (‘Evans’ style) and lime

citrus wedge directly into the drink, the difference in a modern G&T will be even more pronounced. At the same time, lemon, with its extra sweetness, lends itself more to exceptionally dry or even slightly bitter gins, where the sourness of lime would make the drink a little overpowering.

As new, more contemporary, styles of gin arrive, either produced domestically by innovative Brits or shipped in from across the pond, there is a growing move away from the lemon, which suits the more traditional, dry style.

Marketing also has a part to play in the garnish debate, with Hendrick’s using cucumber, Miller’s using strawberry and black pepper, and Caorunn using apple, to help their Gin & Tonics stand out and shake off the shackles of Hogarthian propaganda.

Of course, I’m not suggesting that the use of lime to garnish drinks is new—it isn’t. In fact, an advert for Gilbey’s Gin from 1936 contains a Gin & Tonic recipe as served at the Shephard’s Bar in Cairo, and offers drinkers the choice of either lemon or lime (click on the image left).

In some ways, I think that the two-sided argument of lemon vs lime is a bit distracting, and it would probably be good to move away from it, a thought shared by the 1936 recipe,

giving the drinker the freedom to choose their own garnish. This attitude is actually shared by a lot of the distillers that I have spoken to, both in the US and in Europe; they may make a recommendation, but few are prescriptive, instead encouraging people to experiment with their product. “After all,” as one distiller said to me, “once they’ve bought it, it’s their gin to do with as they please.”

As for me, I recently did an experiment where I compared two gins (based on the same recipe, with the exception of one being made with citrus and the other without) in seven Gin & Tonics, the only variable being the garnish used. The results were fascinating and clearly demonstrated the difference that a garnish can make.

Did I prefer lemon or lime? Neither—I’ll take grapefruit.

\* Named after a member of the NSC. The Earl of Essex, too, has a Gin & Tonic serve named after him (involving Earl Grey Tea and orange peel). If any other club members fancy having an eponymous tippie, please contact: david@instituteforallcoholicexperimentation.com

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

**THE WORLD'S GREAT DRINKS BEGIN WITH GILBEY'S GIN**

**GIN and TONIC as served at Shephard's in CAIRO**

Take a rickety glass... rub the inside edge with the twisted peel of a lime. Pour in one jigger of Gilbey's Gin for cubes. A slice of lime or lemon. Fill with Indian Tonic Water.

**Gilbey's Gin**

LATE afternoon in Cairo... camels lurching through the dust... curio dealers bickering... dragomen herding tourists home from the Pyramids... and there on the shady Terrace at Shephard's as you watch Cairo's fashionables lounge in fine cocktails... you order your first gin and tonic in Cairo... and do you need to be told why so many of the world's great drinks begin with Gilbey's? No, sir! Not after your first sip!

Of course, if you can't go to Cairo, let Cairo come to you. Mix yourself a "gin and tonic" at La Shephard's... with Gilbey's! And remember that same fullness of flavor and that same smooth-mouth perfection have been making great drinks greater for over 80 years!

Copyright 1936, National Distillers Products Corporation, N.Y. Gilbey's Gin is made from 100% grain neutral spirits, 90 Proof. Gilbey's Gin Plants in England, Australia, Canada, and Cincinnati, Ohio.

# The thoughts of Chairman Torquil

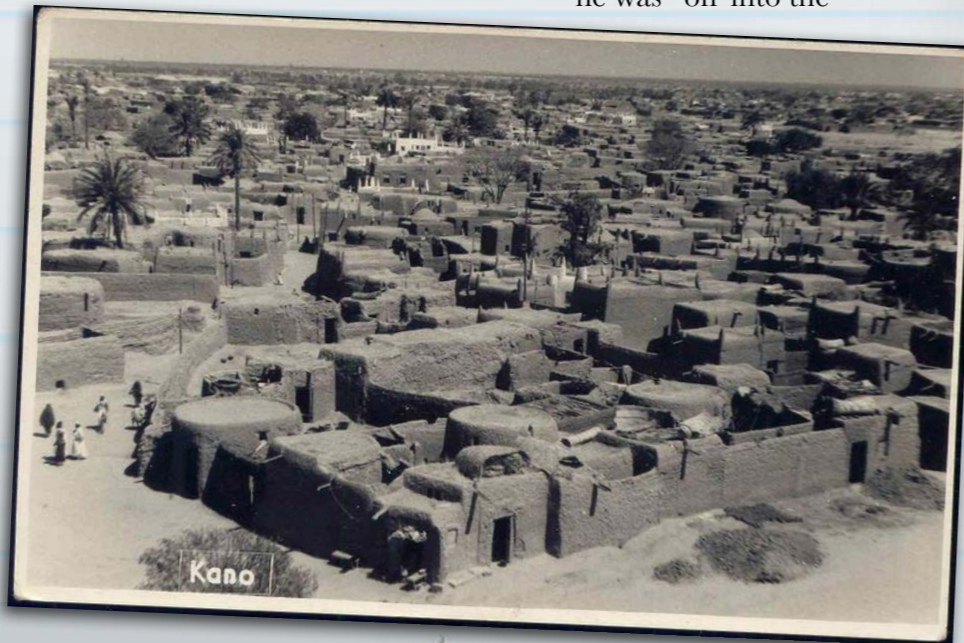
## My Thoughts on Camels

By Torquil Arbuthnot

I GREW UP IN Nigeria, and the first place I was plonked down in was Kano, on the edge of the Sahara. I landed at Kano aerodrome in a BOAC aeroplane. BOAC stands for Better On A Camel. Kano aerodrome employed a bird-scarer, a man on a camel with a long trumpet who would amble to the end of the runway and tootle away hoping to scare off the vultures. Being British and having drunk too many bottles of Star Beer, the Kano Motor Club decided their suitable badge was/is a picture of a man on a camel with a trumpet next to a Lockheed Super Constellation.

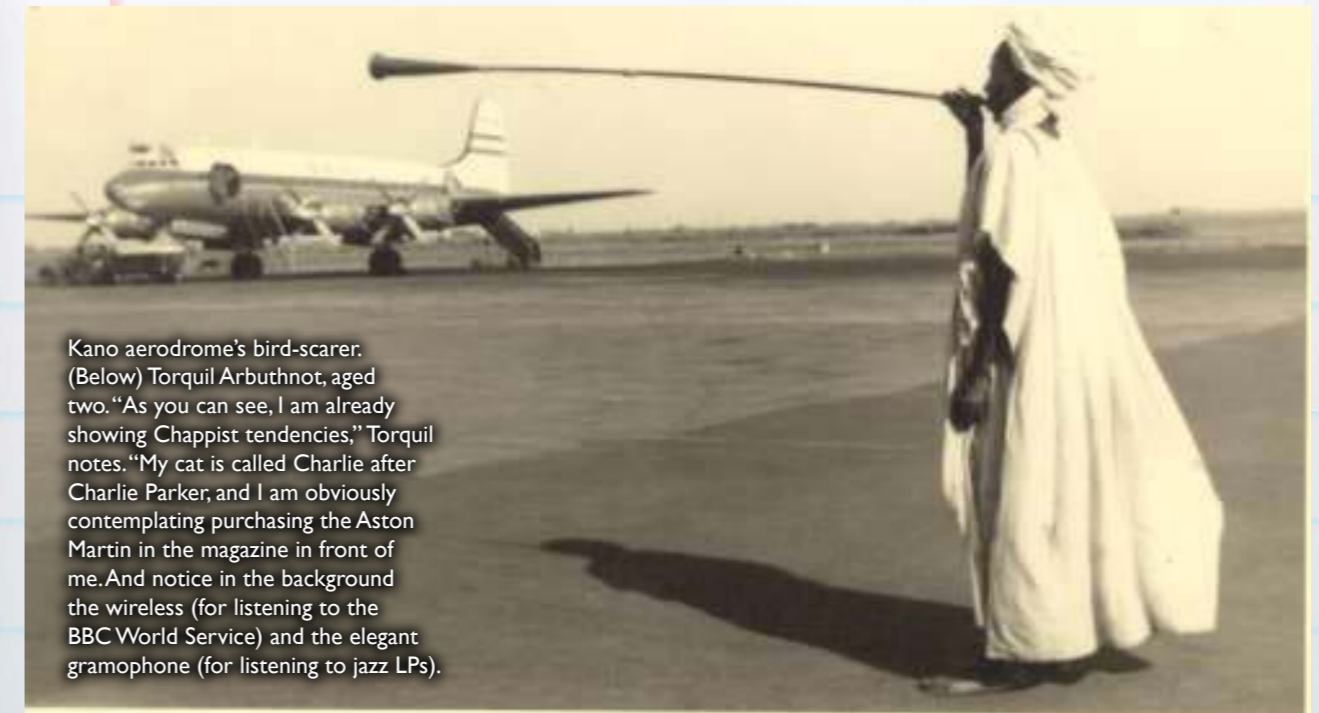
A family friend was

James Wright. James was born a century too late. As my father says, "He should have been here with Lugard." He was an area manager for the Bank of British West Africa and instead of a Land Rover he successfully put in a chit for three camels. He used to dress in Sheikh of Araby robes and amble off around northern Nigeria on his camels checking up on overdrafts. He also used to leave word with my father that he was "off into the



Kano

The Emir of Kano's guard of honour



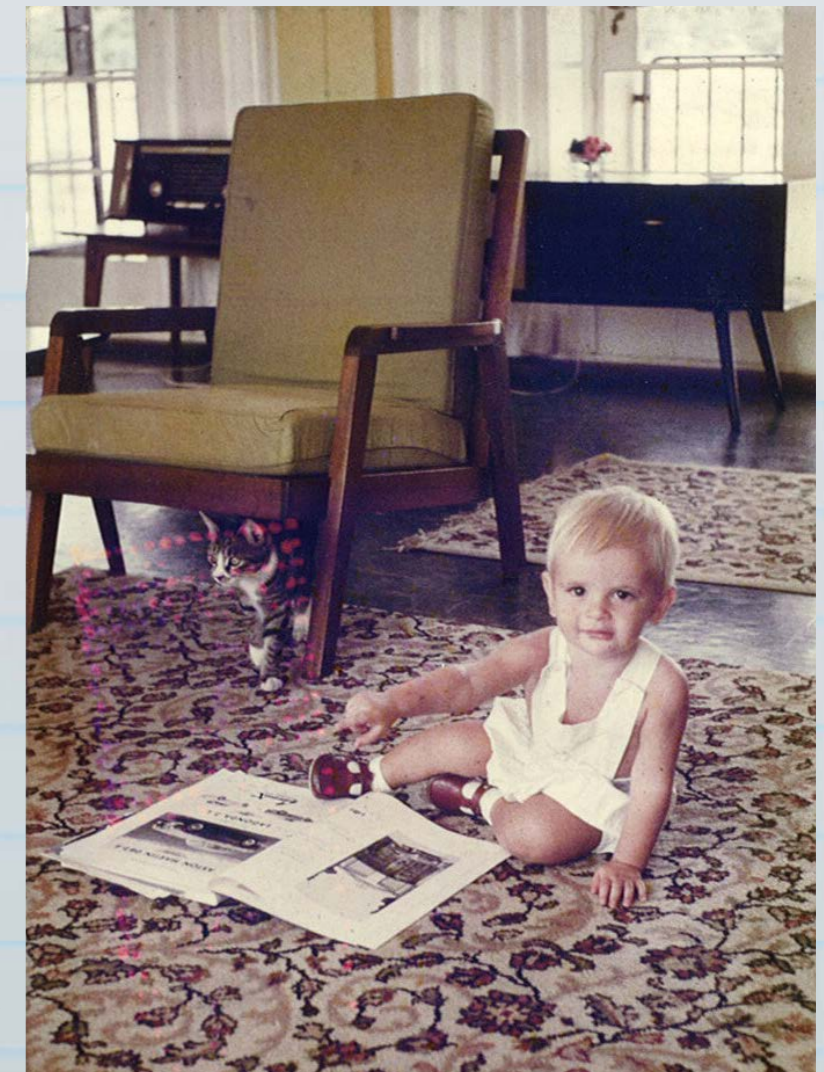
Kano aerodrome's bird-scarer. (Below) Torquil Arbuthnot, aged two. "As you can see, I am already showing Chappist tendencies," Torquil notes. "My cat is called Charlie after Charlie Parker, and I am obviously contemplating purchasing the Aston Martin in the magazine in front of me. And notice in the background the wireless (for listening to the BBC World Service) and the elegant gramophone (for listening to jazz LPs).

blue" and would disappear for two months. James spoke Hausa and Fulani and Targui (and Yoruba and Kanuri), as does my father, so they used to chat to each other in those languages, to the annoyance of my mother. James' Hausa name was Me Rakume, which is "Camel Man". His pidgin name, as he wore a monocle, was "Window for Eye". Apparently he didn't like visitors so if anyone came into his compound he would stride on to the *stoep*, unstrapping his Webley, and shout, "State your business!"

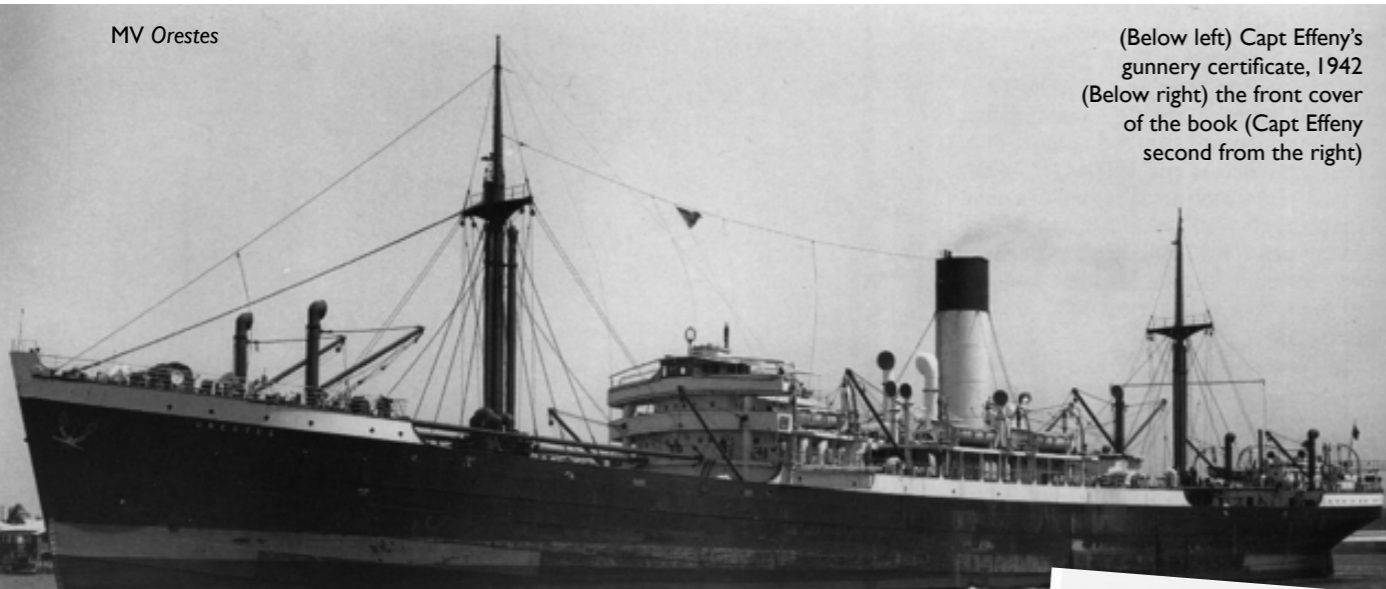
Another colleague of my father's, a seven-foot Australian called Leigh Wolham who did his Nasho in the Grenadier Guards, once put in an insurance claim (paid in full) for his MG which was kicked by a camel tethered to the only (non-working) traffic light in Kano in 1964.

I don't remember Kano, but vaguely remember other towns in northern Nigeria: Maidugri, Kaduna, Sokoto. I was taken to a durbar where the Emir of Kano's guard of honour galloped up to him and reined in their horses inches from his throne. The horsemen were wearing chain-mail vests, supposedly handed down from the Crusades.

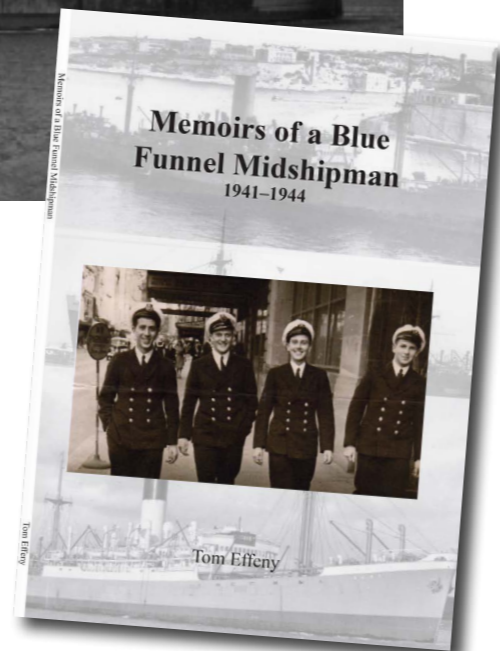
I later found out they were manufactured new in Wolverhampton. (James Wright had brokered the deal.)



MV Orestes



(Below left) Capt Effeny's gunnery certificate, 1942  
(Below right) the front cover of the book (Capt Effeny second from the right)



## PUBLISHING NEWS

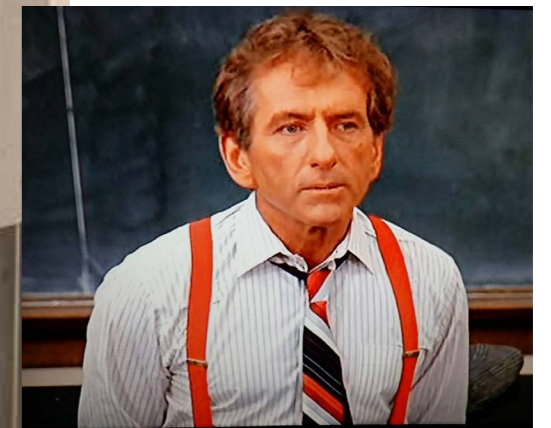
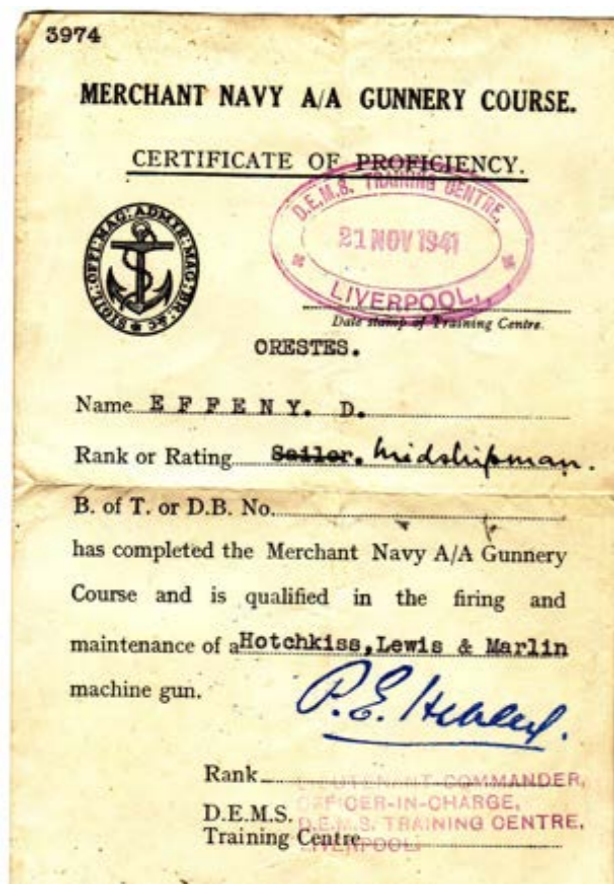
# Memoirs of a Beetle-Hunting Man

MRS H'S FATHER has just produced a short memoir of his experiences in the merchant navy during the Second World War. After a boyhood spent sailing and fishing on Southampton Water the opportunity

to make a career at sea came in 1941, when he turned 16 and was apprenticed to Alfred Holt and Co., known as the Blue Funnel Line. The book is a record of his first four trips as a midshipman, learning to 'sailorise' and seeing the world. As well as the itinerary of each voyage, including Stuka attacks in North Africa and being shelled by a Japanese mini-sub off Australia, it recalls everyday life on board, explaining how a sailor's cap acquires its necessary character, the drawbacks of the Holman projector, and how to catch steam beetles.

All profits from the sale of the book will go to the Mission to Seafarers charity (for more information about their work, see [www.missiontoseafarers.org](http://www.missiontoseafarers.org)).

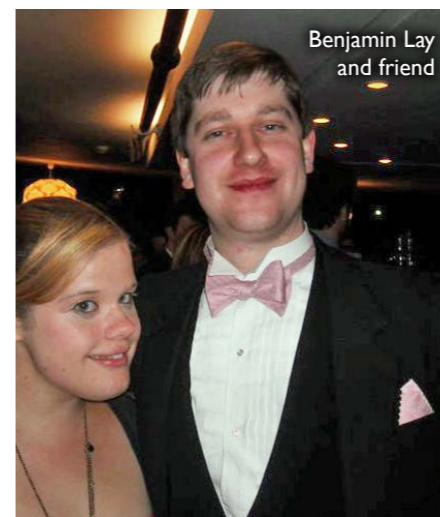
Any NSC member interested in buying a copy should send his or her name and address and a cheque for £10 (£8 plus £2 post and packing) to Ian Thomson, 82 Hiltingbury Road, Chandlers Ford, Eastleigh SO53 5NZ or Benn Goulding, 36 Christchurch Road, Winchester SO23 9SS.



## CLUB NOTES

### Club Tie Corner

SOME OF YOUR Club Tie spots this time are pretty tenuous but I pass them on dutifully: clockwise from top left we have Don Draper from the new *Mad Men*; a geezer on *Antiques Roadshow* (courtesy of Luke Wenban); someone from *Murder She Wrote* (Suzi Livingstone); and the US Olympic team from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (John Delikanakis)



Benjamin Lay and friend

## New Members

SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN and, as the NSC leads the capers in the May Day parade, following on like children to the Pied Piper are new Members Jonathan Rooke from Quedgeley, Gloucestershire, Byron Hadley from Cheltenham and Benjamin Lay from Keighley, West Yorkshire





## Forthcoming Events



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

FOR THE LATEST developments, see the Events page at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) plus our Facebook page and the web forum.

### **NSC Club Night**

Wednesday 7th May

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

7pm–1am (swing dance classes 7–8pm, 8–9pm)

Passing Clouds, 1 Richmond Road, Dalston, London E8 4AA

Admission: £8 for the dance class, £4 for the club (discounted if you're doing the class)

Dress: 1920s/1930s preferred

Live swing jazz every Wednesday featuring Ewan Bleach and chums, with optional dance classes from Swing Patrol.

### **Lucky Dog Picture House**

Thursday 8th May

7.30pm, show from 8pm

The Teahouse Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL

Admission: £10 from [www.teahousetheatre.co.uk](http://www.teahousetheatre.co.uk)

A film night with a difference: Lucky Dog only show silent movies, presented with a live musical accompaniment by their in-house band (featuring music from the era in which the films were made, I believe). This time featuring Harold Lloyd in *Never Weaken* (1921) and Charlie Chaplin in *The Adventurer* (1921).

### **The Excelsior Club**

Saturday 10th May

7pm–12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20/25 in advance

Dress: Golden Age of Hollywood, flapper socialites, elegant evening wear

Everyone's favourite speakeasy The Candlelight Club presents a new incarnation. Not all speakeasies were makeshift basement dens. Some were large, bright, glamorous and luxurious, and operated quite openly, thanks to ownership by an influential bootlegger and the protection of a corrupt Chief of Police.

Welcome, sir and madam, to the Excelsior Club, where nothing but the best will do—a recreation of the grand, airy, palm-fronted nightclubs of the 1920s and 1930s, where uniformed attendants wait on guests in elegant evening wear. There will be fine cuisine with silver service, and a classic cocktail menu courtesy of Brian Silva (The Connaught, Rules), served from our specially built 30-foot bar. There will be

Mr Quinn's Radio Theatre



You've got two chances to visit the Excelsior Club this month, on 10th and 31st

two stages, with dancing to live music from the mighty 12-piece Alex Mendham Orchestra and a floor show from six-piece showgirl troupe the Bee's Knees.

### **Saturday Night Swing Club**

Saturday 10th May

7.30pm–2am

Magpie and Stumpe (formerly the City Firefly), 18 Old Bailey, London EC4M 7EP

Admission: £12 (includes a £3 drinks voucher)

Three dance floors playing swing, R n' B and rock n' roll music from the 1920s to the 1950s, with resident DJs Swing Maniac and Simon "Mr Kicks" Selmon, plus guest DJs this time Miss Aloha, Voodoo doll and Nina. On the middle floor there are dance classes from 8.15 till 11pm offering beginners' Lindy Hop, Collegiate Shag, then more Lindy Hop.

### **Clerkenwell Vintage Fashion Fair**

Sunday 11th May

11am–5pm (trade from 10.30am)

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. More details at [www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk](http://www.clerkenwellvintagefashionfair.co.uk).

### **Matinee Swing Dance**

Sunday 11th May

2–6pm

The Rivoli Ballroom, 350 Brockley Road, SE4 2BY London

Admission: £12 in advance

A charity bop featuring live music from the





For a taste of vintage Morocco, try the Candlelight Club's "A Night in Casablanca" party

**Mr Quinn's Radio Theatre**

Tuesday 13th and Thursday 15th May  
Doors 7pm, show 8pm  
The Network Theatre, 246A Lower Road, Waterloo, London SE1 8SF

Admission: £15 in advance

A theatrical performance with the conceit that we are watching a live radio broadcast in

Jive Aces and the Three Belles, plus DJing from Sizzlin' Jim Williams. Those are the only details so far, but there is a Facebook event. The object is to raise money for the Mons 2014 charity march for Help for Heroes.

 NSC Film Night: *The Thin Man* (1934)  
Sunday 11th May  
7pm-11pm  
The Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL (020 7207 4585)  
Admission: Free  
See page 11.

the 1920s or 1930s. In this sense it is not dissimilar to the Fitzrovia Radio Hour, but one gets the impression that this is more about the backstories, secrets and evolving tensions between the cast members as the tyrannical Mr Quinn struggles to keep the show together. Each show, moreover, is completely improvised! The theatre itself is a mysterious gem, an amateur theatrical club located under Waterloo Station. Governed by a constitution, it has been running since 1939. See [mrquinnsradiotheatre.com](http://mrquinnsradiotheatre.com).

(Below and opposite) Dust down your velocipede for the annual Tweed Run cycle ride



**The Candlelight Club: A Night in Casablanca**

Friday 16th and Saturday 17th May  
7pm-12am

A secret London location

Admission: £20 in advance

Dress: Prohibition dandies, swells, gangsters and molls, 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 lit by candles. Each event offers a one-off cocktail menu with special themes, plus live period jazz bands and vintage vinylism (frequently from the New Sheridan Club's own Auntie Maureen). Ticket holders get an email two days before revealing the location.

Firmly under French colonial rule, Casablanca in the 1920s experienced an economic boom and an influx of Western visitors. Perhaps you are drawn there by the chance of making your fortune, perhaps you have a taste for the exotic, or perhaps you have simply come here to forget. But one way or another, come nightfall everyone finds their way to the Candlelight Club... There will be Moroccan cuisine and shisha pipes in the courtyard, plus live music from those fez-wearing funsters the Top Shelf Band.

**The Tweed Run**

Saturday 17th May



Catch Brandy Shaw's revue at Brasserie Zédel, or see him with his Rhythm Makers at the Coco Club in Sevenoaks



Timings and route to come...

Admission: £20 in advance, from 17th March  
Dress: Tweed, ideally. And you'll need a bicycle

The sixth annual London Tweed Run looms. Tickets are limited to 500 and went on sale at

noon on 17th March, priced at £20 (half of which goes to the London Cycling Campaign charity). "This year's route starts at a beautiful, iconic Central London courtyard," they say, "takes in a healthy handful of London's well-loved landmarks and a few hidden gems, stopping along the way for our famous Tea Break, and a Picnic of course, and ending with a glass of bubbly and a bit of an early evening knees-up in a fantastic Clerkenwell locale. We promise an unforgettable day out."

**White Mischief West**

Saturday 17th May  
7pm-12.30am  
Bush Hall, 310 Uxbridge Road, W12 7LJ London  
Admission: £14.99-£54.99 from

### Brown Paper Tickets

White Mischief have a run of monthly cabaret/circus shows at the historic Bush Hall. Expect vaudeville and burlesque, aerialism and comic turns, plus vintage DJing. Vintage dressing is encouraged though not compulsory.

### Alex Mendham and his Orchestra at St Pancras

Sunday 18th May  
Midday–2pm

The concourse, Pancras International railway station, Pancras Road, London N 1W 2QP  
Admission: Free

Part of a year-long series of free concerts at the railway station (facilitated, I suspect, by the fact that there is a piano on the concourse), given by Alex and his 12-piece orchestra, recreating the music of the big dance orchestras of the 1920s and 1930s.

### “They Called Me Al”

Monday 19th May  
8–10.30pm

Crazy Coqs @ Brasserie Zédel, 20 Sherwood Street, W1F 9ED London

Admission: £15 from Brasserie Ziedel

Brandyn Shaw, impersonator of the legendary Al Bowlly, presents a musical revue charting the history of his idol, widely regarded as Britain’s first “pop” singer. Also starring Jon Butterfield as Bowlly’s regular pianist Monia Liter. Presented as part of the London Festival of Cabaret.

Coco Club impresario Iain Dawson, aka Viv the Spiv



### Spin-a-Disc Social

Monday 19th May  
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.

### Dinner Dance at the Savoy

Saturday 24th May  
7.30pm

The Savoy Hotel, Strand, London WC2R 0EU  
Admission: £125 for full dining tickets, though you can alternatively get a table at the Beaufort Bar

Dress: The Savoy itself doesn’t seem to have any standards any more, but Alex encourages guests to dress in formal evening wear

Following in the footsteps of Carroll Gibbons and his legendary Savoy Orpheans, Alex Mendham & His Orchestra have taken up the baton as resident dance orchestra for the Savoy Hotel, playing the sounds of the Art Deco era with unmatched sophistication. Cut a rug under the stunning glass cupola in the Thames Foyer after a three-course dinner. Your evening begins at 7.30 with a cocktail reception, followed by dinner at 8pm and music from 8.30. Dancing till midnight. To book telephone 020 7420 2111.

### The Coco Club

Saturday 24th May  
7.30pm

Plaza Suite, Stag Theatre, London Road, Sevenoaks TN13 1ZZ

Admission: £12.50 available online  
Dress: “Your best classic clothing”

An evening of 1930s glamour featuring live music from Brandyn Shaw and his Rhythm Makers, plus DJing from Empire Radio.

### The Excelsior Club

Saturday 31st May  
7pm–12am



Alex Mendham’s band will be both lording it at the opulent Excelsior Club and also slumming it at St Pancras Station this month

A secret London location  
Admission: £20/25 in advance  
Dress: Golden Age of Hollywood, flapper socialites, elegant evening wear

See above. This time there will be two stages, with dancing to live music from Champagne Charlie and the Bubbly Boys and a floor show from six-piece showgirl troupe the Bee’s Knees.

### Curious Orange presents Kazimier Summer Vintage Fair

Sunday 1st June  
3–11pm

Kazimier Garden, 32 Seel Street, Liverpool  
Admission: Free

A monthly vintage fair that also features live music, DJs, puppetry and more. Will this time feature a collection from the new Sheridan



Club’s own Susie Ford, aka Agent Bluebell.

### Tango Supper

Sunday 1st June  
6.30–11pm

Waldorf Hilton, Aldwych, London WC2B 4DD  
Admission: £65

If tango dancing is your thing this might be just the ticket. Apparently the Waldorf was the first British venue to embrace the tango and held its first tango supper in 1910. This is an attempt to recreate the glamour of those days. Ticket price includes a welcome drink, two-course dinner, dance performance, 45-minute lesson and dancing till 11pm. For more details see [tango-fandangocouk](http://tango-fandangocouk).



Scarheart stokes  
his briar at the  
April meeting



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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](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For more photos of Club events go to [www.flickr.com/sheridanclub](http://www.flickr.com/sheridanclub). You can even befriend us electrically at [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com).