

DESIGN!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW SHERIDAN CLUB • ISSUE 98 DECEMBER 2014

THE EAGLE DRINKS AT MIDNIGHT

Comrade Oliver meets his handler under cover of our railway station pub crawl

I am not a number!

Our Christmas party celebrates the 1960s rebellious dandy

Oriental modern

Tim Eyre explores Japanese Art Deco

Willow on leather

We finally publish the Tashes 2014 match report

The Great Dinosaur Hunt

The Order of the Fez invades the Natural History Museum

Dr Leavingsoon, I presume?

A glimpse into the life of an intrepid Antipodean Member





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 3rd December in the upstairs room at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB, from 7pm until 11pm, when Ian Scott Kettle, a designer of men's accessories and teacher of fashion design at Central St Martin's will give us his view on *A History of Men's Fashion Accessories*, and will present his own range of offbeat ties, bowties, cravats, waistcoats and other, more surreal, items that seem inspired by obscure historical dress (coifs, jabots and tabards, anyone?). Mr Kettle attempts to straddle the No Man's Land between traditional gent's style and the cutting-edge world of high fashion. Ian has worked with Alberta Ferretti, Erdem, Dexter Wong, Bruce Oldfield, Bora Aksu, Katherine Hamnett and Joe Casely-Hayford. His designs have appeared in *Vogue*, *I.D.*, *Nylon*, *Dazed & Confused* and *125* magazines and his commissions have been worn



(Above) Ian Scott Kettle and (below) one of his more conventional accessories



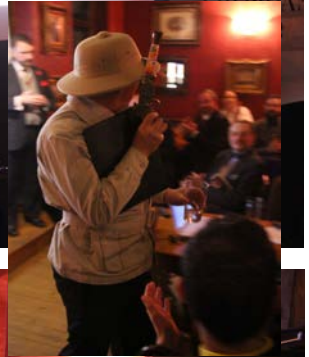
by Cindy Sherman and Michael Jackson.

The Last Meeting

Our speaker this time was none other than Matthew "The Chairman" Howard, with the latest instalment in his series of irreverent travelogues, "A Package to India", relating his own, less than glamorous, experiences in that country, how he "went on a package holiday to Goa by mistake and ended up in Bombay on a Third Class train", and featuring a rapid-fire series of sight gags on PowerPoint. We were also once more graced by a TV film crew; I had been initially told they were interested in "vintage lifestyles" but it turns out the documentary is actually about Mayfair and the colourful types who live there. In this case they were shadowing Club Member Manthe and her partner Anthony. Manthe certainly made an entrance, arriving in rather 18th-century garb with a parrot called Sebastian on her shoulder... Many thanks to the Chairman for his talk.



(Left) Mr Howard begins; (right) Manthe Penton Harrap arrives with a parrot called Sebastian; (below) the talk was a series of priming lines and sight gags; (below, inset) it also happened to be Matthew's birthday and a present was bestowed on him—what looks like a toy flintlock filled with treats



Incy and Ed discuss the Gold Standard

(Above) Torquil opens proceedings



(Above) The lecture proves a hit with the audience; (left) Stephen Myhill and Contess di Campari



Craigoh and Ian White discuss the beer

(Below) Torquil is interviewed by Manthe's TV crew

Suspicious types in Smoker's Alley



THE GREAT DINOSAUR HUNT

Dorian Loveday on a recent expedition he joined to the Natural History Museum

IT WAS AS I WAS nestling into the Chesterfield armchair, beside a roaring fire, smoking jacket on, Turkish cigarettes and my third Laphroaig of the evening at my elbow, that I heard a rap at the door. Upon answering it, a snotty urchin bore me a note in a cleft stick.

“Please sir,” said the oik, “Mr Incy Wincy Spider requests you to accompany him on a most important venture.”

“What might that be, you dreadful little tick?” I



The man behind the Order of the Fez, the man they call Incy Wincy Spider



The assembled intrepid explorers

A dinosaur



Roman remains, Aztec carvings, Grecian urns (about 10 drachmas a day), mummies, daddies and the blockheads of Easter Island (or was it Canvey Island? I can never remember) were all grist to the mill of Mr Incy, the deviser of said quest. What machinations had he prepared this time? What labyrinthine path would we have to follow through the bowels of the Natural History Museum? What would await us at the end (apart from the pub, obviously)?

There was only one way to find out. Grabbing my pith helmet, breeches, boots and my Fisher-Price My First Explorer's Kit in a suitable approximation of the character of Wisconsin Smith in Mr Spielberg's popular cinematic entertainments, I

replied.

"Why sir, it be a Great Dinosaur Hunt within the hallowed portals of the Natural 'Istory Museum," the wretch snivelled, "For the ORDER OF THE FEZ!"

I bade the grovelling toad begone with a swift clip round the ear, then unfurled the parchment in my hands.

The Order of the Fez! My encounters with that august yet mysterious organisation had so far been few, but memorable. Fond were my reminiscences of the event in May '14 (before the beastly affair of the Giant Rat of Sumatra), when, as is the Order's custom, myself and a fellow band of adventurers had appeared unwontedly at the British Museum to the consternation of the general public, and proceeded to solve fiendish puzzles based on the exhibits within its halls.



Mr Loveday weighs up the evidence



Some, but not all, of a dinosaur

made my way to the nearest subterranean railway station (such a marvel of our modern age!) and set course for deepest, darkest South Kensington.

A short while later, there it was—gargoyles and spires towering in the gloom, and always giving the impression that it's mildly pissing off the V&A across the road. The cryptic missive contained no more instructions other than to meet by the tail of the Diplodocus in the

museum's main hall.

A shambling queue of London's denizens and visitors from far shores was gradually being swallowed by the looming main entrance. I checked my watch: slightly late. Dammit, why hadn't I brought my service revolver? But thankfully the line of tourists trudged in and I was inside.

No sooner had I entered than I was confronted by a vast, towering reptile, its massive bulk filling my sight and the hideous expression on its face striking terror into my very bones. However, I stiffened my upper lip, summoned my courage, and then politely asked the security guard to step aside. He did so, and the famed Diplodocus entered my purview. And there, skulking by its tail, was a familiar band of rascals, ragamuffins and ne'er-do-wells that I recognised all too well—THE ORDER OF THE FEZ!

Mr Incy was of course in attendance, the éminence grise of the whole operation, with his lovely accomplice Ms Catherine



No dinosaurs in this room, but a bloody big whale



I thought Kellyanne had joined the security staff, but it was Remembrance Sunday and she is in the naval reserve



Pandora in natural history themed outfit

It was once again refreshing to see a number of younger persons present, and it was admirable to see that, as befits their clearly refined upbringing, they refrained from pulling the head off an archaeopteryx or whining for more fizzy pop as much of the rest of their birth cohort in the museum seemed to be doing that afternoon. Splendid fellows all.

A swift group photo by the skeleton of a giant ground sloth the size of a Mini (once again causing discombobulation on the part of the rest of those attending the museum, many of whom were taking much glee, mirth and merriment in photographing us on their personal communication

devices), and then the fateful list of questions was handed round. This was going to be tough.

The questions were intended to be answered in no particular order, so where to begin? My eye espied a question concerning the length of the teeth of that most fearsome of predators, the Tyrannosaurus Rex. So, off to the dinosaur section it was.

Anderson. And a hardy bunch indeed had assembled for this most testing and strenuous of adventures. Ms Lucy Wills was present, as were Ms Priya Kali, Mr Clayton Hartley, stalwart editor of this publication, Pandora Harrison and partner, Clare Franklin and partner, Fraulein Birgit Langfeld, Imants von Wenden and family and sundry others.



Priya Kali with a statue of Darwin



Harry Dickinson



Lyndon Yorke, whose fez has a rotating tassel, the visible wire of which got him a certain amount of attention from security

It was a race against time. We had but two hours to answer as many of the 20 or so questions set us. Particularly pleasing was to reacquaint myself with the Plesiosaur section when answering a question regarding that pioneering fossil hunter, scientist and trailblazer for her sex Mary Anning (I wrote a song once about a Plesiosaur, which may be the only jazz standard in existence written as a paean to an extinct marine reptile...but I digress).

More brain-twisting questions. I fancied I could hear Mr Incy laughing in the distance. What is the Latin name for the sabre-toothed tiger? How many mongooses (mongeese?) are there in the museum? How many types of arachnid? One type of arachnid, you may be interested to know, is the pseudoscorpion, which presumably spends its time in trendy bars and art galleries talking pretentiously about being a scorpion.

But the lifestyles of hipster arthropods would have to wait. Time was running out. Racing up the stairs to find the age of the giant sequoia, the final whistle was just seconds away. Breathlessly, we reconvened—those of us who survived—at



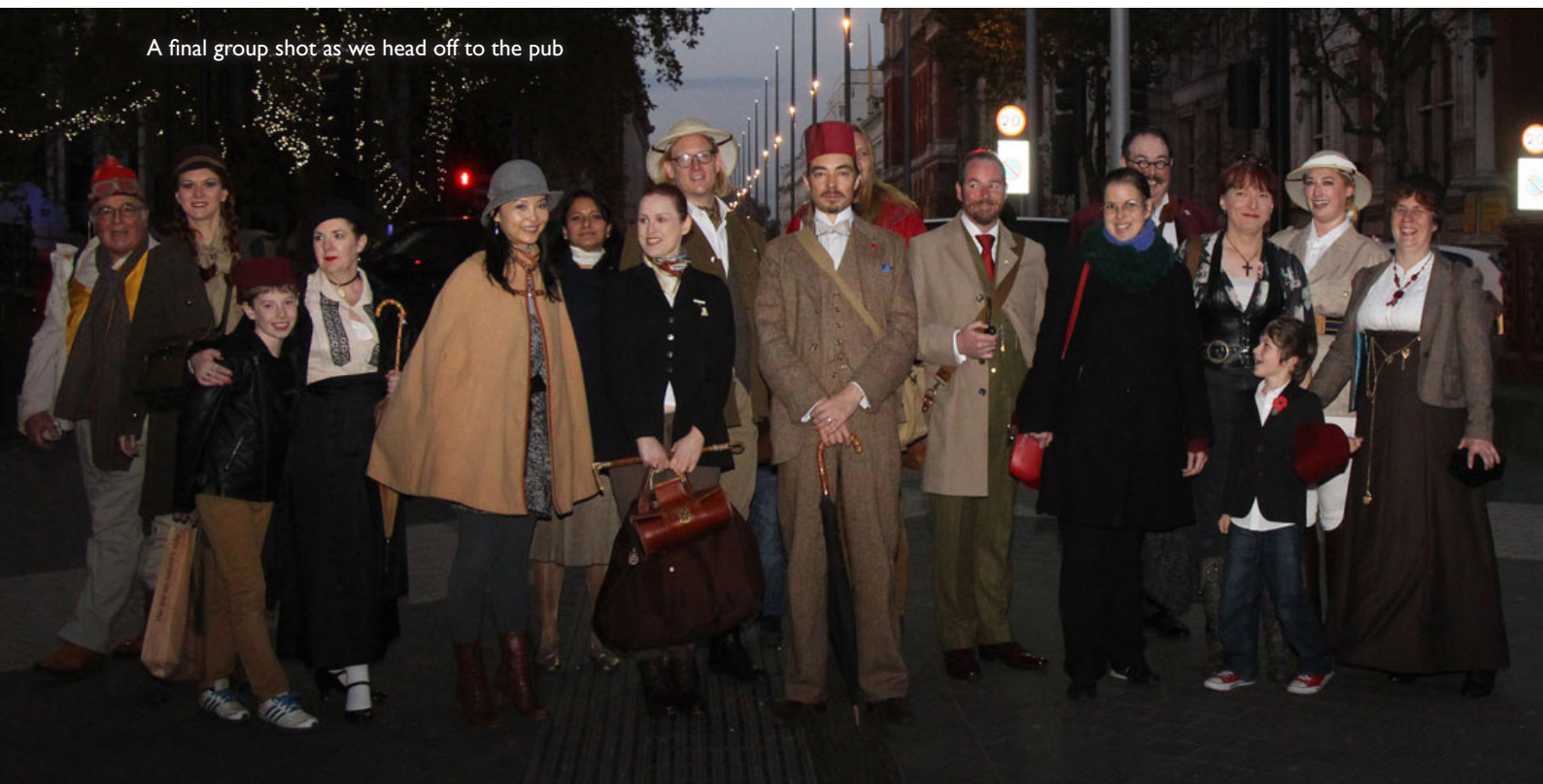
Mr Loveday looks as if he thinks he has cracked the mystery

the tail of the Diplodocus (fondly known to all as “Dippy”) and then unanimously decided to beat a path to the nearest hostelry.

There, among many foaming pints of ale, the answers were revealed and the winners named. Amazingly, I had come second! Which means I didn’t actually win anything, except of course a swelling sense of pride.

Still, there was always next time... But where and when would that be? Only Mr Incy Wincy Spider—to whom all in attendance are extremely grateful for the splendid job he did in organising the event, which we all greatly enjoyed—can tell... The National Gallery, perhaps?

A final group shot as we head off to the pub



I am not a number, I am a free Chap!

The New Sheridan Club Christmas Party
Saturday 6th December

7pm till 1am
The Bear, 2 St John's Square,
London EC1M 4DE

Admission: Members free, guests £5
Dress: 1960s—mods, Carnaby Street dandies,
eccentric Champagne-swilling secret agents,
catsuited martial artists, surreal boating wear, etc

This time we celebrate 1960s suited counter-culture and dandified rebellion, from the dapper youth tribalism of the Mods to playfully surreal TV and film such as *The Avengers* (John Steed must surely be a role model for every Chap) and, of course, *The Prisoner*, Patrick McGooohan's mysterious series in which a secret agent who dared to resign is held prisoner in The Village—where inhabitants with numbers instead of names are pacified with facile amusements and an illusion of democracy. Despite endless tricks, ruses, cajolements and regular brainwashing, McGooohan's character refuses to conform.

Silly Games As usual we will have games with prizes, including one in which you must rescue The Prisoner (played here by Action Man) from the beach by helicopter before he is caught by Rover, and the obligatory shooting game—this time your task is to shoot JFK with a foam dart gun as he passes in a remote controlled toy car.

Lucky Dip Try your luck and score some tat!
Only 10p a go.

Free Snuff
Bar Our traditional selection of snuffs courtesy of Wilson's of Sharrow

Groovy soundtrack
Dichard mod

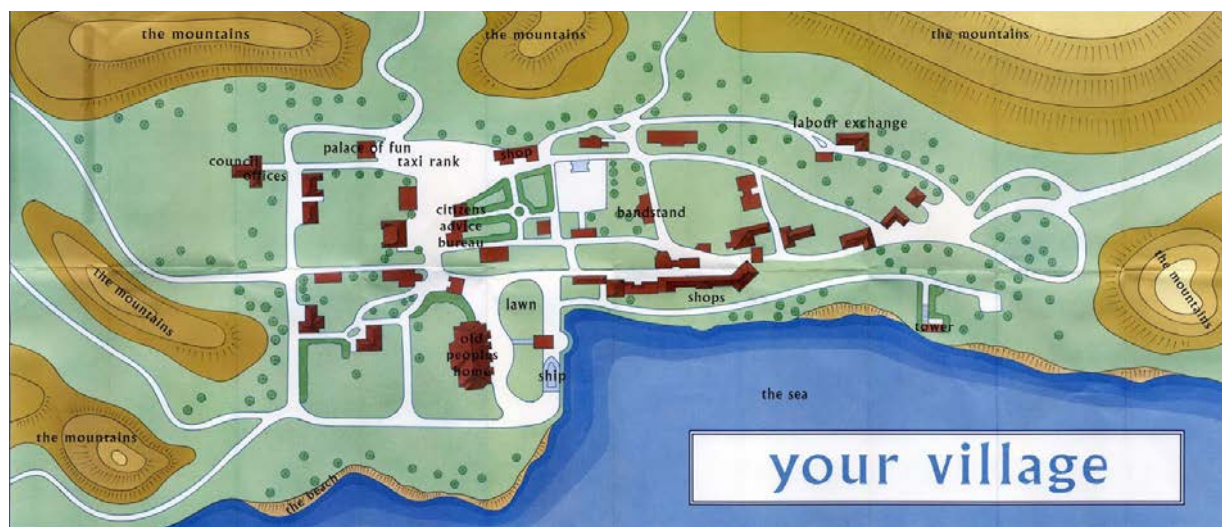


Matthew “The Chairman” Howard has been painstakingly assembling the perfect playlist.

The Grand Raffle Our famous raffle, this time offering a host of goodies including a lavishly bound 39-DVD set of the complete *Avengers*, a bowler hat, a map of The Village, some *Thunderbirds* marionettes, books on Sixties fashion, CDs, *Go!* a 1960s boardgame about jet-setting, and a six-foot white weather balloon. Entry is free but only to Members of the NSC, including anyone who joins up on the night.

We have a licence till 1am, the venue sells reasonably priced booze (cocktails just £7.95) and there will be food available. For details of the venue and menus see www.bearec1.co.uk.

All are welcome, so feel free to bring along impressionable guests. Admission is free for Members and £5 for non-Members, though this is refunded if they join the Club on the night.



JAPANESE ART DECO ON THE WAVES

By Tim Eyre

ULTRA-MODERN JAPAN is very much in evidence in Yokohama. The Minato Mirai 21 district bears an uncanny resemblance to the dystopian city scenes depicted in the 1927 silent science fiction epic *Metropolis*. Therefore, while on a recent visit to that city, I was pleased and surprised to blunder over a floating Art Deco masterpiece in the form of the ocean liner *Hikawa Maru*.

The *Hikawa Maru* was built in Japan to ply a

route between Yokohama and Seattle, making her maiden voyage in 1930. At the time Seattle was connected to New York by the Great Northern Railway. By sailing to Seattle instead of San Francisco passengers could reduce their travel time from Japan to New York by a full day. The sea passage took thirteen days, taking a great circular route that reached far north

The *Hikawa Maru* at permanent anchor in Yokohama



View of the ultra-modern city through one of the vessel's portholes



The main staircase



First Class Dining Saloon



First Class Social Hall

into Arctic waters, where heavy seas led to queasy passengers.

The *Hikawa Maru* accommodated 76 passengers in First Class, 69 passengers in Tourist Class and 185 passengers in Third Class. The classes were strictly segregated, with luxurious one- and two-berth cabins for First Class and cosier six-berth cabins for steerage. The liner also carried 130 crew, including no fewer than 60 galley staff. A first class ticket cost 500 yen—to put that in perspective, a new recruit to the crew could expect to earn around 70 yen a month and the recruit would be able to build a house for 1000 yen. Even Third Class tickets were pricey at 110 yen.

The *Hikawa Maru* had a strong reputation for excellent food. First Class passengers were served with no fewer than seven meals a day, starting with



The First Class Smoking Room

in the style that would become known as Art Deco. The first class cabins were luxurious and there was also a super-luxury suite for the likes of Charlie Chaplin.

In addition to passengers, the liner also carried cargo. From Yokohama to Seattle she carried tea, ceramics, goldfish and carefully-packaged silk. On the return journey she carried wheat, zinc, lumber and live rabbits for fur.

During the Second World War the *Hikawa Maru* was used as a hospital ship and was one of only two passenger ships to survive hostilities until Japan's defeat in August 1945. After the war the ship was used to repatriate Japanese soldiers. In 1953 the *Hikawa Maru* returned to plying her original Seattle-Yokohama route for a further seven years until she was decommissioned in 1960, having made a total of 238 crossings of the Pacific with a total of 25,000 passengers.

Today the *Hikawa Maru* lies in a permanent berth in Yokohama harbour and can be visited by anyone willing to pay the 300 yen (about £1.60) entry charge. Visitors can view



The ship's bridge

morning coffee at six, followed by breakfast at eight, beef soup, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and finishing with a late-night snack. The staff grew beansprouts in the galley so that passengers could eat at least one type of fresh vegetable. Charlie Chaplin sailed on the *Hikawa Maru* in June 1932 and prior to his journey arranged for one of the ship's chefs to be trained to cook tempura (a Japanese dish consisting of seafood and vegetables that have been deep fried in batter) by Japan's top tempura chef.

Food was not the only distraction on the ship. First Class passengers could pass their time in a dining saloon, a social hall, a smoking room and a reading room. One would be hard-pressed to wish for more in life. All were designed by Marc Simon (1883–1964)

the passenger areas of the ship and also descend into the engine rooms, where the heavy machinery and brass dials will send any steampunk into a frenzy of excitement. To visit the *Hikawa Maru* is to see a less well-known face of Japan, one that is neither traditional nor modern but rather mid-twentieth century without the militarisation. It's not worth a special trip to Japan, but any chapette or chap visiting in Tokyo will find it to be an easy and worthwhile excursion.

(Top right) A First Class cabin; (right) the luxury suite once occupied by Charlie Chaplin; (below) the day room of the luxury suite



Station to Station

BEER STREET

Ian White recalls this year's NSC pub crawl

IT WAS A SLIGHTLY unusual crawl. In the past station pubs were tired places with a few commuters draining their glasses of nondescript beer. But this now being the new millennium, I felt it was time we visit some of our finest stations and investigate their premises.

The meeting place at the beginning of our crawl was the fine and longstanding Victoria and Albert, a fine two-room pub in the Victorian style, in Marylebone, a lovely terminus more like a country station. A good dozen

assembled to enjoy beers such as Moorlands Golden Hen, and as it neared the time to depart another four or five swanned in. Dashing in from their day's labours they quickly downed a pint to keep up with the itinerary.

The journey to the next venue on a dark November night wasn't appealing to make by foot, so we took the bus—which involved an education for a few in the modern mechanics of fare paying...

Delivered on the Euston Road, we found





(Opposite) Lucky Henry joins the earlybirds gathering in the Victoria and Albert (Marylebone Station); (above left) Rachel and Robert opt for the Cider Tap, while (top right) Ed, Ben and Scarheart choose the Beer and Ale Tap on the opposite side of the road; (below) at the Betjeman Arms (St Pancras International Station) we initially encamp on the platform side of the pub, but the staff keep shooing us back across a line, so we end up on the street side at a table reserved for a Eurostar knees-up (above right)...





(Left) A ramshackle group shot, featuring only some of the persons on the crawl; (bottom) the man with the plan, Ian White

ourselves a short stroll from the Euston Taps, a pair of pubs in two converted gatehouses between Euston Road and the bus station. One Tap serves beer and ale the other cider. This



split the attendees—while most retired to the the beer and ale side of the street, a surprising number chose the fermented apple juice outlet, which included some very fine dry cider which had the effect of trying to remove the enamel from teeth. Just as we were rounding every one up to progress to the next premises, a very fine smell came from round the side of the Beer tap, of something that was deemed rather “herbal” and could have had the Met’s finest taking a professional interest in the gentlemen sharing it.

A further walk along the lovely Euston Road brought us to St Pancras International Station and the The Betjeman Arms. It was a busy pub so we retired outside to the area on the station platform side—only to be ushered by the bar staff into the bounds of the crowded designated drinking area. Alas, as more of us arrived we naturally spread out once, only to be asked again by the bar staff to stay within the holding pen. In the end, we pointed out to the staff a large unused area of seating at the front of the pub, officially earmarked for a private function by Eurostar, and they allowed us to invade and make ourselves at home.

Time called us to depart to the final place of refreshment on our itinerary, The Parcel Yard at King’s Cross Station—on the way there was some attempt at using the Harry Potter “Platform 9¾” props.

The Parcel Yard is a new pub, a multi-roomed establishment serving Fullers fine beers, recently created out of the old parcel offices overlooking the station, as part of the western redevelopment of Kings Cross. We made our selves comfy in one room trying our best to take it over completely. Eventually, the new premises thoroughly enjoyed, the night started to come to an end and attendees sloped away to sleep off the excess, and refreshed to face another day.



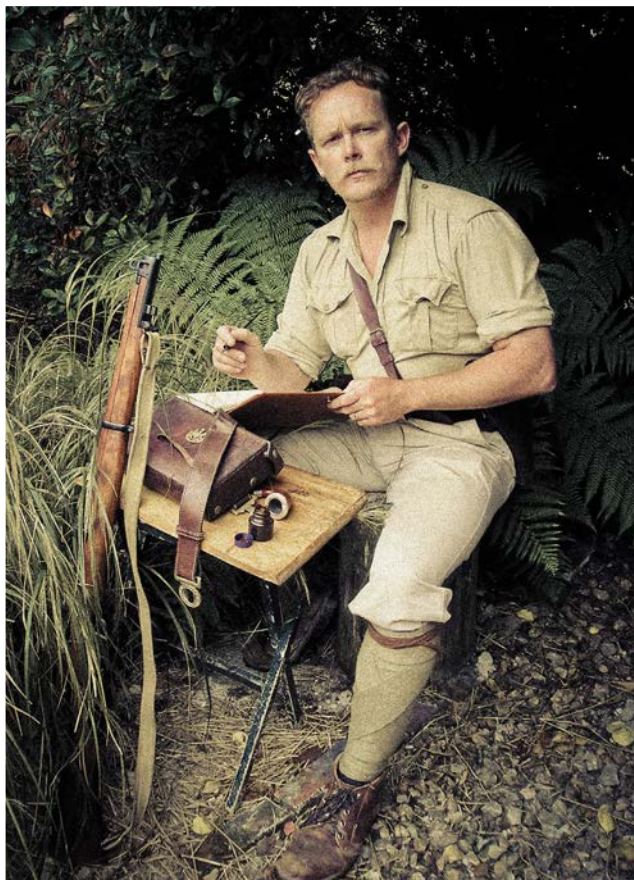
(Top) We make it to the final pub—cheers!
 (Above left) Despite appearances, there was no tribunal or show trial taking place.
 (Above right) The evening's imbibing did take a strange toll, however, when we all decided it would be a good idea to sign a *tontine*, a sort of group will where all the signatories bequeath something (in this case it was meant to be "your most prized possession") to the last survivor of the group.
 (Left) Scarheart with the paperwork

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.



Dr Leavingsoon

'If you're going to do something stupid, go all the way.'

Name or preferred name?

Dr Leavingsoon – dubbed 'Tornado' by some in the Club.

Why that nickname or nom de plume?

Always seem to be planning the next expedition,

off up some forsaken valley or hunting with the Rukai Tribe in the jungles of Southern Taiwan's mountains. 'Tornado' was foisted upon me after a particularly close call with a waterspout that became land-borne and chased me on a hair-raising pell-mell offroad scramble in my old 1957 Landrover in 2005/6.

Where do you hail from?

Christchurch, New Zealand. Scene of 22,000 earthquakes since 2010 which have largely destroyed the largest city in the South Island.

Favourite Cocktail?

I shan't go as far as to assume something I'm not. I prefer a hand pulled stout or, on a more notable event, a single malt; neat, no ice – a pure spirit should remain so in life as it is in crystal.

Most Chappist Skill?

Traditional adventure and a 23-year love of pipe smoking. I walk long distances through my beloved island in kit no later than the 40s and my pipe is never far from my whiskers.

Most Chappist Possession?

A Boer War era [2nd] mule-packable bell tent woodstove. Has been my salve in even the most inhospitable blizzard. Recently kept me from the fate of Scott in -18 degrees during a weather-forced base camp in the Southern Alps.

Personal Motto?

True adventure is an undertaking with no certain outcome; if you're going to do something stupid, go all the way.

Favourite Quotes?

I see no need in recalling another person's insights unless it's to impress others (which I gave up after being something of a prat). Life is there to develop your own.

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

I've been a musician for 26 years. As

Associate Principal horn of the Christchurch Symphony Orchestra, I once had to step up to the plate when the principal horn came down with a mouth ulcer. So without any rehearsal, I moved up to 1st and played R. Strauss' 'Four Last Songs' and Mahler's 9th Symphony without rehearsal, and to some critical acclaim. But I've had some lean, hard times sticking to my passion. I was once so poor I had to build a 'whare', a hut that the Maori make out of material from the bush. I was also working casually for the NZSO at the time. Ever try to keep a shirt collar white in the bush? I didn't see hot running water for three months. We have recently moved from the city to a Banks Peninsula property of nearly four hectares. A far cry from poverty, but we still get our water from a spring and are happily surrounded by native bush. I'm showing my boys how to make a whare near our stream, where brown trout spawn and there are plenty of freshwater crayfish to catch.



How long have you been involved with the NSC?

Since about 2005.

How did you hear about the Club to begin with?

I was told about *The Chap* magazine by a chum down at my local establishment (now destroyed in 2011's deadly earthquake, sadly) and the New Sheridan Club was merely a click away.

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

Cycle or walk your country from one side or end to the other. You will learn more about your nation and yourself than any book or web page could ever teach you; and when you do, take only your clothes on your back and the boots on your feet – the more traditional, the better. Your grandchildren will thank you for it.

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

Like Badger, I'm not a society man. If I were to chat by the side of a road with someone it would preferably be with Amundsen, Hillary or Earheart.

Favourite Member of the Glorious Committee?

Youssef. Naturally. Who else will 'Ply the Scot'?

Answer: *Artemis Scarheart*.

Pschaw, that Bounder? Resign!

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

Further yarns are best served in the Wheatsheaf. I hope to lift a pint in your names someday soon.

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.



The Earl of Essex reports on this year's annual Tashes cricket match



Clean Sweep!



Your correspondent, the Earl of Essex, at the crease; (opposite) the red mist descends on our glorious chairman Torquil Arbuthnot as Hallamshire-Smythe looks on

THE TASHES RETURNED to Greenwich Park on its traditional late-August date, for the annual cricketing contest between the Clean-Shaven Players and the Hirsute Gentlemen.

The inaugural event at its new location, last year, after being held for many years at Roehampton, had resulted in an emphatic victory for the Hirsute team by 66 runs; after this crushing defeat, revenge for the Clean-Shaven team was the order of the day.

The weather was reasonably warm and bright, with a threat of showers that hardly materialised. The match saw the welcome return of Torquil Arbuthnot to the fray, for the Hirsute team, and the long-anticipated return of The Scion of Hallamshire-Smythe, after his endeavours in the Low Countries, for the Clean-Shaven team.

The Hirsute team batted first, on what looked to be a very green wicket. Scarheart was soon making his way back to the pavilion, having not troubled the scorers, being clean-bowled by Hayes-Ballantine for 0.

Arbuthnot soon followed, pinned back on his stumps by Hallamshire-Smythe, lbw for 1; the Hirsute team were rocking on 5 runs for 2 wickets.

Nippetweed steadied the ship for the Hirsute team, making a welcome if unspectacular 31, and rode his luck, being dropped at mid-wicket twice in the same over by the wretched Scarheart, who was “assisting” the Clean-Shaven fielding side—the unfortunate bowler being Essex.

Waveney managed to hold an end up,

but was eventually out for 6, caught off the bowling of Hallamshire-Smythe. This brought the Hirsute captain, Watermere, to the crease, and in his usual attacking style he amassed 31 runs before he too succumbed to the accurate bowling of Hallamshire-Smythe, seeing his wicket shattered.

The Hirsute team finishing on a respectable, if hardly insurmountable, 88 runs for 4 wickets after their allotted 25 overs.

Hayes-Ballantine finished with tidy bowling



The man behind the Tashes, William Maple Watermere



Hayes-Ballantine focuses on the incoming ball



Maximillion Conrad belts the pill



Scarheart fumbles another catch



Culpepper finds it all a bit too much



Enough is enough: the players call it a day and submit to the charms of the pub



Waveney seems unaware that a match ever took place

figures of 8 overs for 30 runs and 2 wickets, whilst the impressive Hallamshire-Smythe returned 6 overs for 18 runs and 3 wickets.

After a break for a leisurely repast, the Clean-Shaven team's batting reply was begun by their captain, Hayes-Ballantine, and Essex.

Hayes-Ballantine was on belligerent form, and was soon hitting the ball to all parts of the boundary; the chief recipient of this onslaught being Arbutnot, who was finding it difficult to maintain his line and length upon his return.

Even the meandering of an elderly lady across the cricket square mid-innings, which held up proceedings for a while, could not prevent the inevitable result.

Essex managed to offer support to his captain, despite requiring the services of a "runner" (Culpepper) due to illness. When he was given out lbw to Arbutnot, after a steady 21 runs, the match was virtually over as a contest, as the Clean-Shaven team had already reached 74 runs off 13 overs, and only required another 15 runs for victory with 12 overs remaining; Hayes-Ballantine duly knocked-off the runs, and finished his innings on 51 runs not out, giving the Clean-Shaven team an emphatic victory by 9 wickets, after only 16 overs.

Due to the early finish, it was decided to allow the other Clean-Shaven players the opportunity to bat-on.

Arbutnot finished with bowling figures of 8 overs for 63 runs and 2 wickets, and Watermere with 10 overs for 47 runs and 1 wicket.

Hayes-Ballantine received The Tashes Trophy at the end of the match, presented as usual by Clayton Hartley, and was undoubtedly also "The Man of the Match", with his tidy bowling spell and lusty batting.

The Clean-Shaven Players now lead the Hirsute Gentlemen in the series by five victories to four.



Hard-working scorer Mrs Downer (right) with Mrs H,



Workshy fop Clayton Hartley presents Watermere with some vintage cigarette cards in recognition of ten years of the Tashes

(Right) The Tashes Trophy: more important than the Eagle of the Ninth



The Clean-Shaven Players celebrate their victory

Remember the Lusitania

GREG TAYLOR, whom some of you may recall chatting to in the pub after the Chap Olympics this summer, has written a novel based on the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915, spinning a yarn filled with spies and secret societies, superweapons, millionaires and martyrs, which attempts to take account of the known facts and explain some of the abiding mysteries.

After being struck by a single torpedo the *Lusitania* sank in only 18 minutes. Passengers such as Alfred Vanderbilt, one of the wealthiest men in the world (and a main character of Greg's novel), ignored warnings from the German embassy, confident that the fastest ship in the world could outrun enemy submarines.

But what caused the second explosion that sealed her fate? Imperial Germany immediately claimed she was loaded with explosives destined for the front.

Why did the Admiralty withdraw her escort ship?

Who were the

One Member remembers it so well he has written a novel about it, and invited fellow NSC types to the book launch

three German stowaways arrested shortly after sailing?

Why did Vanderbilt give away his lifebelt?

Mr Taylor launched his book at an event on 25th November at the gorgeous Art Deco interior of the Royal Institute of British Architects on Portland Place in London. He was keen that NSC types turned up in full Edwardian costume to help set the tone, and a half-dozen of us obliged.

There was live music from Patricia Hammond, “the Canadian Nightingale”—whom you may remember leading rousing singalongs at our WWI Christmas in the Trenches party last year—offering Edwardian pop songs from the era. There



Greg with an enormous copy of his book. Most commercial copies of it are much smaller than this



Hartley in full Edwardian fig

Greg at a storyboard of his source material. Note the NSC tie

Mmmm, love lovely Manhattan Cocktails



Yes, it's a Lusitania costume, made by Greg a while back for his own reasons and sported today by a game nephew

were, highly appropriately, Manhattan cocktails. And there was a reading from Greg's book, which he painstakingly researched, wading through period documentation and talking to survivors of the sinking, as well as the Duke of Marlborough, whose father and grandfather play a role in the real-life story. For more information on Lusitania R.E.X, see www.lusitaniarex.com.



Scarheart sucks up to movers and shakers



Patrica and Matt Redmond perform hits of the era



NSC FILM NIGHT

If I Whistle, Will You Come to Me? *An evening of ghost stories*

Sunday 14th December

7.30pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

Member Mark Gidman is curating an exciting evening of Victorian and Edwardian ghost stories at Christmas. Come and join him by the fireplace in the cosy setting of the Tea House Theatre in Vauxhall, London, as he introduces three wonderful screen adaptations of the stories of Montague Rhodes James and Charles Dickens.

Be inspired as the talent of M.R. James weaves his scholarly knowledge of the medieval, religious and architectural to bring you tales of the supernatural through the charm of the Edwardian period.

This is a rare opportunity to see these films—the titles of which will only be revealed on the night—on the big screen. Midway, a small

supper will be laid on courtesy of that other Victorian venerable Mrs Beeton via her famous recipe book from which an appropriate choice of fare will be prepared to accompany the evening.

Please let Mr Gidman know of your attendance so that appropriate catering arrangements can be made. The easiest way to do this is via the Facebook event (www.facebook.com/events/789316894465142). There is a small optional payment for the evening of £3.50—this is just to cover for the cost of the catering and can be made on the door.

So come, slide snugly into the armchairs and make this a very haunting Christmas indeed!





CLUB NOTES

Club Tie Corner

Our haul of Club Tie spots this time ranges from the, now traditional, sighting of Prince Charles (really must have him thrown out—he seems to be letting the side down a bit with all this handkerchief waving) to what seems to be a knock-off for sale in the Sunrise Duty Free Shop in Beijing Airport spotted by Ed Marlowe. I suppose it's a kind of flattery when the Chinese start counterfeiting your goods. We also have this promotional still from the new series of *Mad Men*, in which the plot clearly involved Don Draper becoming a clubman. And finally we have Meredith Lloyd to thank for this image of dishevelled MP Robert Clifton-Brown



(Above) Bonny Prince Charlie; (right) a knock-off Chinese imitation; (left) Robert Clifton-Brown MP (Con, The Cotswolds); (below) the cast of *Mad Men*



New Member

SEASONABLY ENOUGH our new Member this month is Master Alexander Higgs, whose aunt Dianne wisely decided that Membership of the New Sheridan Club would be just the sort of Christmas present a young chap in his situation requires. If only there were more aunts in the world like Dianne there would probably be no war, famine or disease and everyone would be impeccably dressed. Merry Christmas to Alexander and his aunt.



Forthcoming Events



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

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

🎪 NSC Club Night

Wednesday 3rd December

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.

The Golden Era of Jazz

Every Thursday

7pm

Jamboree, 566 Cable Street, London E1W 3HB

Admission: Free before 8pm, £4 between 8 and 9.30, £5 after that

A weekly night of 1920s jazz and 1930s swing presented by clarinetist Ewan Bleach with various guests.

Black Tie Ballroom Club

Friday 5th December

London Welsh Centre, 157 to 163 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8UE

7pm

Admission: £10. See the Facebook page.

Dress: Black tie/evening gowns

George Tudor-Hart's new venture, aimed at those who wish to dress up and meet other ballroom dancers, catering for both beginners and experienced dancers. There will be a free beginners' dance lesson from 7–8pm with the main dancing from 8–11pm. There will be one half-hour set from the Kewdos Dance Orchestra, featuring Alistair Sutherland on voice trumpet, of strict tempo vintage dance music, and the rest of the dancing will be to pre-war, mainly English, dance band records for slow waltz, slow foxtrot, quickstep, tango, rumba, swing, jive, Viennese waltz, and the odd Charleston and cha cha. Four or five male and female taxi dancers are available for all guests at no extra charge. Your hostess, Jean Bentley will arrange interactive social activities such as 'excuse me' dances, 'Paul Jones' and 'snowballs' and a bus stop throughout the evening. The venue has a large sprung dance floor and tickets are limited to 100 to ensure there is plenty of space. There is a licensed bar at pub prices. Any questions, phone George on 020 8542 1490.

The New Sheridan Club Christmas party I Am Not a Number, I am a Free Chap!

Saturday 6th December

7pm till midnight

The Bear, 2 St John's Square, London EC1M 4DE

Admission: Members free, guests £5

See page 9.

Auntie Maureen's Festive Food-a-Fair

Sunday 7th December

11am–5pm

Orford House Bowling Club, 73 Orford Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9QR

Our own Auntie Maureen is running another of her Walthamstow-based fairs, this time focusing on tasty homemade, hand-produced, locally sourced festive food. Food and food-inspired makers, bakers, growers and shakers can register interest via the online form at <http://tinyurl.com/oxanmxb>

(Food gifts and takeaway edibles and related gifts only—no street food or cooking on the premises is allowed.)

The Eccentric Club's Eccentric Dinner

Friday 12th December

7.13pm

The Smoking Room of the Oriental Club, Stratford House, Stratford Place, London W1C 1ES

Admission: £55 (members), £65 guests, in advance

Dress: Glamorous, tasteful and elegant, though slightly eccentric; gentlemen, jackets

The Eccentric Club, of which the NSC Members are officially friends, hosts a Members' Dinner. You can attend as a guest without actually being accompanied by a member, though you are requested to contact the club secretary first. See the booking page for more details.

Dinner Dance at the Savoy

Saturday 13th December

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 with 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.

NSC Film Night *A Trio of Ghost Stories*

Sunday 14th December

7pm–11pm

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

Admission: Free

See page 26.

The Berlin Baroness' Festive Christmas Antidote

Thursday 18th–Saturday 20th December

7.30–10.30pm

Camberley Theatre, Knoll Road, Camberley, Surrey GU15 3SY

Admission: £35 including a three-course meal

A night of sassy cabaret with the bolshy Berlin Baroness (a.k.a. Maria Trevis-Hackemann) serving up musical comedy with songs from the early 20th century and beyond (Fred Astaire, Cole Porter, Ginger Rogers, Ella Fitzgerald, Tom Lehrer, Liza Minelli and more). This is a cabaret dining experience and includes a three-course meal without the turkey! To book tickets call 01276 707600 or go to www.camberleytheatre.biz

The Teahouse Theatre presents Christmas Cabaret

Friday 19th December

7.30pm

Tea House Theatre, 139 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HL

Admission: £30 with dinner, £15 without, in advance

FRIDAY 19 DECEMBER THE ORIGINAL RABBIT FOOT SPASM BAND KNEES UP 2014

TICKETS £7.50 wegottickets.com

THE Rabbit Foot SPASM BAND

02 Academy Oxford

THE LONG INSIDERS & THE SHELLAC COLLECTIVE

rabbitfootspasmband.co.uk

Pen & Rose Productions invite you to get cosy by the fire this Christmas with their latest seasonal event, a Christmas Cabaret, a night to eat, drink and be merry, while being entertained by a festive selection of performers. Hear the delicate tones of songstress Of Embla coupled with stories and spoken word inspired by Norwegian and Scandinavian Christmas traditions. Sit back with a glass of something warm whilst Cat & Bea take you back to the 1920s and lead you through to the 1950s with smooth tunes on the piano and rich, soothing vocals. Chuckle at the misadventures of two hapless entertainers when you are invited to a Christmas Party like no other with the comedy sketch *The Secret Life of Elves*, devised and performed by Emma Minihan & Charlie Limm. The evening is hosted by Rebecca Felgate. A Dinner Ticket (£30) covers entry and dinner, including turkey and all the trimmings, or nut roast and all the trimmings, followed by Christmas pudding or mince pies/cake, with mulled wine and roast chestnuts. A Standard Ticket (£15) covers entry, a mince pie, and a choice of wine, mulled wine, beer, cider or a spirit and mixer (or a soft drink).

A decadent night of Christmas themed dinner and entertainment!

FRIDAY 19th DEC

CHRISTMAS CABARET

Hosted by presenter and comedian: Rebecca Felgate

Featuring

Of Embla
CAT AND BEA

The Secret Life of Elves – A Comedy Sketch

Dinner Ticket: £30 (Entry and a two course Christmas feast)

Standard Ticket: £15 (Includes entry, mince pie & a drink)

Doors 7.30pm. Entertainment starts at 8pm

Book tickets: www.teahousetheatre.co.uk / 02072074585

Tea House Theatre
139 vauxhall Walk
London SE11 5HL

PEN & ROSE
PRODUCTIONS
@penandrose



For more info visit: www.penandroseproductions.co.uk

The Original Rabbit's Foot Spasm Band presents

Knees Up 2014

Friday 19th December

8pm

O2 Academy Oxford, 190 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1UE

Admission: £7.50

The Original Rabbit's Foot Spasm Band's annual Knees Up is now an Oxford institution. Expect music, mayhem and mirth from these vintage troublemakers. Featuring Stuart Macbeth (vocals and piano), Julia Titus (vocals), Martin Martello (trumpet), Red Wilkins (tenor sax), Chuck Lloyd (Baritone Sax), Karl Demata (guitar), Buzz Booker (double bass), Skippy Gannon (drums) and special guests galore. Support this year comes from 50s B-Movie outcasts The Long Insiders, Bestival 78rpm DJs The Shellac Collective and Oxford pub rock legends The Shapes.

Mrs Peel's Christmas Cracker

Saturday 20th December

8pm–2am

The Eight Club, 1 Change Alley, London EC3V 3ND (Bank tube)

Admission: £15 in advance, £20 on the door

Dress: 1960s

The Swinging Sixties party of your dreams! Inspired by Emma Peel, the iconic character from The Avengers, played by Diana Rigg, the club night this time features live music from the Bikini Beach Band, loungecore and Sixties European DJing from Thomas Dynamic and El Diabolik, compère and lounge legend Count Indigo, go-go dancing from the Meyer Dancers, cocktails, face-painting services from Jenny Green, a live body-

painting art happening at midnight, psychedelic light effects and more. See www.mrspeels.club.

White Mischief: New Year's Eve Variety Extravaganza

Wednesday 31st 2014

8pm–3am

Bush Hall, 310 Uxbridge Road, London W12 7LJ

Admission: £35–97, depending on ticket category. See here.

Expect over a dozen of the finest cabaret/circus/aerial/music artists, plus DJs and dancing and a midnight ceremony with a few White Mischief surprises. For the full line-up see www.whitemischief.info.



MRS PEEL'S
CHRISTMAS CRACKER
Saturday 20th December
8PM-2AM

The Swinging Sixties party of your dreams

- LIVE MUSIC FROM SURF NOIR
EXTROVERTS THE BIKINI BEACH BAND
- DJ SETS FROM THOMAS DYNAMIC
AND EL DIABOLIK
- COMPERE AND LOUNGE
LEGEND COUNT INDIGO
- GO-GO DANCING FROM
THE MEYER DANCERS
- PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT EFFECTS
- FACE-PAINTING FOR GUESTS
BY JENNY GREEN
- LIVE BODY-PAINTING
ART HAPPENING
- COCKTAILS

COUNT INDIGO AND
CLAYTON HARTLEY OF CANDLELIGHT CLUB
PRESENT

THE EIGHT CLUB,
1 CHANGE ALLEY, LONDON
EC3V 3ND (BANK TUBE)
DRESS: 1960S

£15 in advance
FROM
www.mrspeels.club
£20 ON THE DOOR
LIMITED TABLE
RESERVATIONS £30



November saw the first ever visit of a parrot to a Club Night. Sebastian Lorenz, as he is known, (seen here on the shoulder of Manthe Penton Harrap) is being considered for honorary Membership

FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at www.newsheridanclub.co.uk. For more photos of Club events go to www.flickr.com/sheridanclub. You can even befriend us electrically at www.facebook.com.

CONTACTING US

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