

The New Sheridan Club

# Newsletter

XXI • July 2008

## All Tomorrow's Parties

A season of debauchery kicks off

PLUS:

The Mystery of  
The Chap Olympics

The first event: the riddle of where it is

I Was Bombed By a Swedish Mercenary

Torquil Arbuthnot has a fiendish flashback

G&T FAQ

Artemis Scarheart on his favourite sharpener





The New Sheridan Club traditionally meets in the upstairs room of the Wheatsheaf pub 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 here and, legend has it, he was known to flash at women in here 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 here, as did Aleister Crowley, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield.

### The Editor Writes

Greetings, Chumrades. It seems that, a bit like summer itself, a season of wild partying has slyly but decisively crept up on us. Looming large, or course, is the NSC's own summer party, **Mad Dogs and Englishmen**, on Saturday 19th July, an exploration into the colonial experience and the eccentricities of the British abroad. As I write, sinister black lorries are reversing into the Club's loading bay, from the back of which come baskets of alien fruits, brutally beautiful artefacts and crates that seem to contain something alive—alive and most definitely kicking. Well, we did promise you a live tiger shoot...

A week before that is the annual Chap Olympics. This time the corporate sponsors Hendricks have melted away and it sounds as if the affair will be more like the Olympics of old, all plastic cups, tracks marked out in flour, jumpers for goalposts. Enduring image, eh? If you actually want to get to the event there is some riddling to be done.

Don't forget also that on the evening before the summer party, Friday 18th July, there is a special discounted group excursion to see the humorous stage version of *The 39 Steps*.

Also in this issue you'll find reports of a couple of parties that have already taken place: birthday bashes for Torquil Arbuthnot and Ft. Lt. Fruity Hatfield-Peverel.

### The Next Meeting

The next Meeting of the New Sheridan Club will take place on Wednesday 2nd July, 8pm-11pm, upstairs at The Wheatsheaf, 25 Rathbone Place, London W1T 1JB. This month, our own Glorious Committee Member Without Portfolio, Mr Horatio Scotney-Le Cheyne will chill our spines with tales from his recent stint deep in *The Jungles of British North Borneo*.

### The Last Meeting

At our June meeting, Mr Lee Sayer enlightened us all on *The History of the Camera*, from early pinhole numbers right up to modern digital wonders. He brought with him a mysterious black box from which he produced about eight different contraptions. (He later confessed that, unsurprisingly, the box was extremely heavy. So it wasn't magic after all.)

Pride of place must go to the glorious wood and brass replica (see pictures opposite) but Mr Sayer also made some cardboard models of simple devices to illustrate his points. He then passed the various cameras around amongst Members in attendance, who were quite happy to snap away like a room full of Japanese tourists.

Many thanks to Mr Sayer for a most entertaining talk.



(Above) The Curé grapples with technology; (r) a convivial throng; (below) Miss DeLand and Mrs H. get shutterbuggin'



(Below) Mrs H. turns the camera on the pap



(Left) Parson Woodforde and Essex; (r) Miss Hartley opens an engagement gift; (above) Mr Lee Sayer



(Right) The mysterious Box of Photographic Delights; (l) Mr Matt Dupuy experiments with a bowler







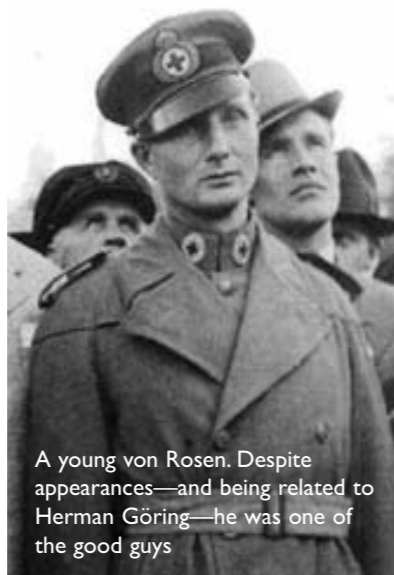
ESSAYS OF NOTE AND WORTH

# Count von Rosen Bombed My Nursery

By *Torquil Arbuthnot*

CARL GUSTAF VON ROSEN was born in Sweden in 1909, the son of the explorer Eric von Rosen. He was also nephew of Hermann Göring's wife, Carin, which partly explains his early fascination with aeroplanes.

He began flying with a flying circus, but when Mussolini invaded Abyssinia, von Rosen went out there to fly relief missions. When Finland was invaded by Russia in 1940 von Rosen volunteered to fly for the Finns, carrying out bomber raids. He even bought the Finns three aeroplanes with money borrowed from a relative. When Germany invaded the Netherlands, von Rosen (who had a Dutch wife) applied to join the RAF but was turned down because of his being related to Göring, head of the Luftwaffe. So he



A young von Rosen. Despite appearances—and being related to Herman Göring—he was one of the good guys

joined KLM as a civilian pilot, flying the dangerous Lisbon–London route.

At the end of the war he returned to Ethiopia, to help train its air force. He left to become UN Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld's personal pilot. Hammarskjöld was killed when his aeroplane crashed in mysterious circumstances during the Congo crisis in 1961. Von Rosen had called in sick that day and a reserve pilot took his place.

In 1967 the south-eastern part of Nigeria attempted to break away and form a separate republic, Biafra. The Nigerians resisted this by force (aided by Britain and Russia) and the Nigerian Civil War (also known as the Biafran War) ran between 1967 and 1970. Biafra had no air force of its own so relied on mercenaries to fly both relief and military missions for them. They used the nearby islands of São Tomé as an air base, and it was from there that von Rosen first started flying relief missions into Biafra.

The Nigerian Air Force would try to shoot down these relief flights, to von Rosen's disgust, and he decided to do something about it. Von Rosen was familiar with a Swedish military trainer called the MFI-9, which was robust enough to be able to carry significant loads of ordnance suspended from hard points on the wings. A number of MFI-9Bs had been constructed in hopes of a sale to the Swedish Air Force, but when the sale fell through, the aircraft became available at a low price. In the spring of 1969 Von Rosen imported five of them to Gabon and transformed them into attack aircraft by painting them green (using Volkswagen car paint) and fitting anti-armour rockets under the wings. He rechristened them MiniCoins (an acronym for "Miniature Counter-Insurrection"). Needless to say, the French Secret Service, eager to meddle in something that would annoy the British, helped him purchase and arm the MiniCoins.

Their first attack (flown by two Swedish and three Biafran pilots, led by



Artist's impression of a MiniCoin raid

von Rosen) was on 22nd March 1969 when they attacked Port Harcourt airport. Their second attack was two weeks before my sixth birthday when they launched a dawn attack on Benin airport. At the time my family was living in Benin, only a mile or two from the airport. The Biafran War was in full swing and Benin was only a few miles from the front line. Most expatriates had chosen to stay. I remember being woken up by the sound of the explosions as von Rosen attacked the Mig-17 and Ilyushin Il-28 bombers that I'd often seen parked on the tarmac at Benin airport. About twenty minutes after they'd attacked and flown back to Gabon, the gallant anti-aircraft crew at Benin airport scuttled back from the forest where they'd fled at the first sign of trouble, and began firing blindly into the dawn sky. This went on for a good half hour. I'd been watching the flashes of the rockets and the gunfire from my bedroom window, but was pulled away by my parents. To this day I still think them spoilsports for not letting me watch it all. We had emergency suitcases always waiting in the hallway in case

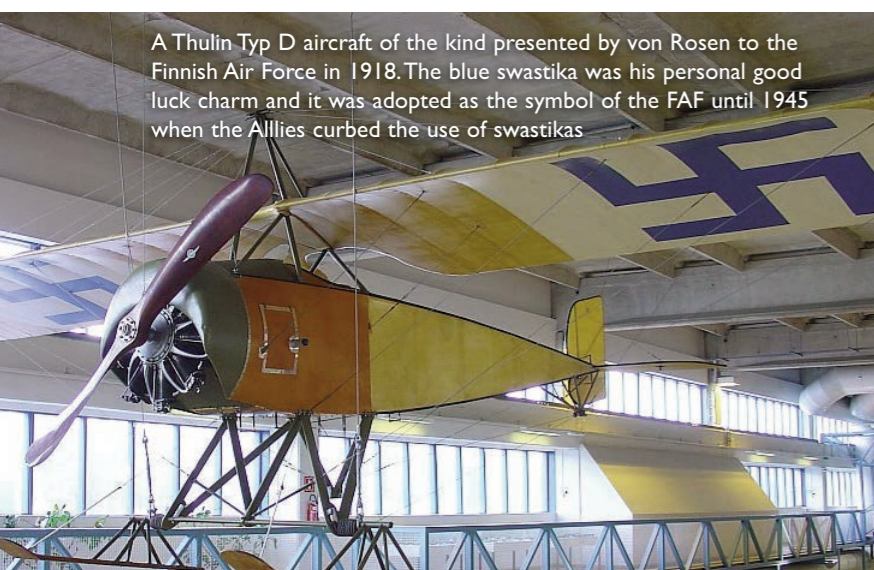
things got sticky for the expatriates, so waited downstairs next to them until things settled own again.

In all von Rosen flew over 25 attacks in the MiniCoins, destroying several aeroplanes on the ground, and putting an important powerplant in Ugheli out of action for six months.

In 1977 von Rosen was back in Africa again, flying relief sorties for the Ethiopians during the Ogaden War against Somalia. He was killed on the ground in July 1977 when Somali guerrillas attacked the camp where he was billeted.



Von Rosen at the time of the Biafran War



A Thulin Typ D aircraft of the kind presented by von Rosen to the Finnish Air Force in 1918. The blue swastika was his personal good luck charm and it was adopted as the symbol of the FAF until 1945 when the Allies curbed the use of swastikas





(Top left) Torquil shares a guffaw with Gustav Temple (on the left) and Mrs Temple; (above) Miss Suzette Field (of the Last Tuesday Society) and her young man Russell; (left) Miss Rose Thorne begins her famous 'Squaw Blimey' routine



(Right) Miss Nicola (aka Miss Honey, aka Miss Roulette—she's more sinister than she appears) and Todd; (below) Rick Hollingworth, a star of last year's Chap Olympics



## Stars Turn Out to Celebrate Torquil's Birthday

OUR GLORIOUS (and hitherto seemingly ageless) Chairman, Torquil Arbuthnot, has apparently turned a milestone and recently celebrated his birthday at the Punch Tavern, in London's City district. Even Gustav Temple himself, editor of *The Chap*, was there.

Highlight of the evening had to be the expression on Torquil's face (and the twinkle in his eye) when his special birthday treat arrived—in the form of burlesque dancer Rose Thorne and her award-winning routine "Squaw Blimey", in which she does a rain dance, gets the rain and then decides she *really* has to get out of those wet clothes... (I'm afraid your correspondent didn't actually have his



Artemis Scarheart pretends he can read

box brownie, so no snaps of Miss Thorne were taken, but I do happen to have one of her doing the same routine on another occasion.)



## Ensign Polyethyl Becomes Media Magnet

SHOULD YOU have tuned your wireless in to the British Broadcasting Company's frequency recently you may have heard our own Ensign Polyethyl gushing about her stint in Iraq with the TA. "It's such *fun!*" is one phrase that sticks in the mind. I gather she was also on the noctovision and there is an article on the BBC website too. For your convenience, I reproduce the relevant section:

Trooper Jessica Beattie, 30, is a TA combat medic technician in the Royal Yeomanry—a role she combines with her day job as a chartered surveyor for London Underground.

In 2006, she was deployed to Iraq for a six-month tour with the Royal Dragoon Guards.

She says: "I'm from a family with a long history of involvement with the TA. My great-grandfather was a founder member in 1908. Since then, my mother, father, uncle and brother have all been in the TA and I've been serving in green one way or another since I was a cadet.

"I trained as a first aid instructor and was in the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, which is a civilian volunteer organisation, not TA.

"Then the medics that went to Iraq in the very early days were writing, saying conditions were really tough and I knew I could make myself useful."

Trooper Beattie volunteered for Iraq, was transferred to the TA and by spring 2006 she was on duty in Al Muthaba province. There she set to work supporting Army



Ensign Polyethyl in uniform, with the badge that marks her as Platoon Milk Monitor

medics, teaching first aid to British and Iraqi troops and carrying out first aid herself.

She says: "I looked after boys who had a bit of diarrhoea—it wasn't very glamorous but it was helpful.

"Those boys work very hard—it's physically demanding to go out on patrol in the back of a Land Rover, so anything I could do to help was welcome—from powdering their athlete's foot to bringing tea and

toast when they had the squits or just passing bandages to the doctor when he needed them, or clearing up afterwards. I'm so grateful and proud of the fact I was able to help the lads."

She also attended seriously wounded men, including some who died from their injuries, and came under mortar fire herself.

She said: "It's actually less terrifying than you imagine it to be because you're all in it together. You're all in the same circumstances and you can all laugh and joke and let off steam about it afterwards."

"My family were very worried about me, despite the fact I come from such a heavily TA family. My brother went to Bosnia and Northern Ireland repeatedly and my father went all over the place.

"But it seemed to come as a surprise to them that I would too. No one wants to have their child being mortared. I just wrote letters and tried to lessen their worries."



Ensign Polyethyl in mufti at the last Club Night





## All Rowdy on the Home Front as Fruity is Toasted

FLT. LT. FRUITY HATFIELD-PEVEREL also celebrated his birthday recently and threw a party to mark the occasion. The theme was The Home Front and the venue was the upstairs room of the William IV pub, a space that seems to have been decorated with Fruity in mind.

We were treated to a screening of some of the Fruitster's collection of Second World War public information films, lashings of grub (not all strictly period, but then how much powdered egg do you really want?) and even some swing dancing. A splendid time was had by all. (Particularly Ed, an American chum of Isabel Von Appel, whose disintegration is documented on the cover of this magazine. I'm told that the next day he could remember nothing of the evening...)



(Clockwise from above) The film show under way (note Mrs H.'s marvellous 1940s 'do'); Willow does her Rosie the Riveter impression, while wielding a slice of cake; as we leave, the upstairs room is clearly still jumping; as a birthday treat, Fruity gets a tender dancing lesson, while above some ship's guns blaze away; one of the many well-chosen gifts showered upon young Fruity.



(Far left) Fruity himself, oozing gravitas; (left) Maud as land girl; (top) candlelit remnants; (right) jitter-bugging breaks out among the ranks; (below, l-r) Willow, Alex, Robert Beckwith and Mrs Beckwith





Are these the shoots of a new decency in the land?



Please be considerate to others



## Pocket of Decorum Found in East Cornwall

WHILST ON A pipe-smoking and pasty-eating tour of Cornwall's Rame peninsula recently, Committee Member Mr Clayton Hartley came across the sign shown on the left.

It's nice to know there is still somewhere in this land where hat-doffing is prescribed by order, though it's worth noting that the sign was erected on a privately-owned beach rather than any facility in which taxpayers' money had been invested. And in fact the image shown was surrounded by seven other pictographic instructions telling one to obey the lifeguards, be careful in the sun and allow at least an hour after eating before braving the sea.

It also suggests that if you get into trouble in the brine you might want to "wave arm from side to side". The character in the picture has been further graced with a speech bubble uttering, "Help!" It's a relief to know the correct drill.



Rousing scenes from last year's Chap Olympics



## Chap Olympics Take Ominous Cerebral Turn

THE CHAP OLYMPICS is on Saturday 12th July this year, from 1pm till 6pm. However, after the burgeoning corporate scale of the last couple of years, sponsors Hendricks have pulled out, meaning that this year's event will have the low-key tone of old. One thing that is new, however, is that the location is a secret. To deduce it, you must visit a series of Chappist retailers and ask specific password questions: the shopkeeper will then give you a token—and all the tokens together will give you the information you need to find the Field of Champions. Here are the emporia and the questions in question:

**J.J. Fox and Robert Lewis** 19 St James's Street, London, SW1A 1ES Tel 020 7930 3787. "I need a pipe tobacco that will last a hundred yard sprint."

**Lock & Co.** 6 St James's Street, London, SW1A 1EF Tel 020 7930 8874. "I'm looking for a bowler hat that will offer protection from flying saucers."

**R.E. Tricker** 67 Jermyn Street, London SW1Y 6NY Tel 020 7930 6395. "Which of your brogues would allow for the swiftest getaway from a

furiously lady?"

**Geo. F. Trumper** 20 Jermyn Street London SW1Y 6HP Tel 020 7734 1370. "Could I have my moustache trimmed in the Leslie Phillips style, please?"

**Mackintosh** 54-55 Burlington Arcade, London, W1J 0LB Tel 020 7529 5950. "I'm looking for a raincoat that will withstand several hundred spilt martinis."

**The Criterion Theatre** Piccadilly Circus, London W1. "Is the memory man available? I've forgotten where I left my umbrella."

**Old Hat** 66 Fulham High Street, London SW6 3LQ Tel 0207 610 6558. "My aunt has suggested I invest in a pair of velvet jodhpurs. Can you help her?"



## TRINKET OF DREAMS!

"Coffee and tea, the Java and me..." Yes, there can be a romance about coffee, but it's hard to feel that way when queueing before the MDF and vinyl altar of Starbucks. So it's all the more gratifying to come across this device. It was photographed by one of Mrs H's chums as he was trekking through deepest, darkest Colombia. I can't quite make out the brand, but they seem to have thought it appropriate to put some sort of winged Victory figure on the front; the imperial eagle on top is just the icing on the cake. These are people who take their coffee seriously. So if you never thought you'd see a steampunk coffee machine, fill your boots. It's what R2D2 would have looked like had he been in Flash Gordon. Or if he had been a robo-waiter on the Nautilus.

**Do you have a Trinket of Dreams? Why not write and share your lust?**





## The Cocktail Cabinet

Wherein Club Members salute their balmiest beverage

### The Gin and Tonic

Artemis Scarheart



The G&T is something of an enigma, I believe, although a very well hidden one as it is in plain sight. Although it appears everywhere civilised (and many places that are not) and seems to be an obvious drink, the sheer variety of the Gin, the Tonic, the slice, the glass, the ice, the stirrer and so on is so enormous that there are nearly limitless permutations.

It is to this humble, common or garden drink that I will devote this article, a drink so ubiquitous that it can spend its whole life in front of our eyes yet we do not see it.

#### GIN

We are nearly all familiar with Hendricks gin. The slice of cucumber where possible—often before you can say “My word!” the barman has hoicked a chunk of lemon in it—the interesting taste which, though not to everyone’s palate, is certainly unique. I do like a H&T but I have never, ever paid for one and never intend to. For me it is a gin that should always be gratis.

Tanqueray I find harsh and metallic and it has no place in my cabinet.

Gordons is pleasing to drink but somewhat associated—for those who worry about such things—either with swearing chefs or older relatives. It is often the “Club Measure” at private members clubs and is a thoroughly

inoffensive workhorse gin. It has a favoured place in my cabinet and I would never hesitate to order it. Being common does not make it common.

Boodles: I have never tried this but am keen to after Mr Bridgman-Smith talked about it in his Martini lecture to the NSC. Should it be in this list? As an aspiration, if nothing else. Perhaps it will not suit a G&T and is better for a martini?

Bombay Sapphire seems to have lost its lustre recently as a superior gin. Because it is more available, perhaps? Or maybe it was never that good but seemed attractive when it was more exclusive? This is usually a gin that you can have instead of the standard club or house gin but for the extra pennies it is not worth it. A nice gin certainly, but nothing that special.

Beefeater: I find this rather dry and old fashioned. Not one I would order as a matter of course, but a good drink none the less. One of Mr Bond’s favourites, I believe.

#### TONIC

Schweppes has such a commanding lead in the field that I nearly always have one of theirs as my tonic at home and have no real choice when braving the world.

I am aware that there will be better out there (Fever-Tree comes recommended) but as long as it is not diet or any additive-free, bargain or home brand and comes from a bottle which fizzes when I twist or flip the cap, I am happy. A good gin can be ruined by a cheap or substandard tonic so it is something to beware of. When out and about always get the tonic from the small glass bottles, never from the pump. So much other rubbish flows through those pipes from massive barrels that the whole drinking experience can become a damp squib.

#### ICE

I like ice in my G&T as I find it can take the edge off and gives it a clear, crisp flavour which

adds the to experience. Not too much though—only two or three cubes at most as otherwise the flavour of the whole thing is lost to melted water. A gentle swirl of the glass, the soft clink of the ice and a stare into the distance can be most relaxing on the veranda.

#### GLASS

I prefer a G&T to be served in a taller glass, perhaps a highball. A squat tumbler can be fine for them but I see a G&T as different from a Scotch and deserving a taller glass commensurate with its status as a joy bringer. Shorter glasses imply late nights, cigars and serious talks around the fire. A taller glass suggests a lighter, crisper drink with ice to start off the evening, mark the going down of the sun or to steady the hand enough to put on your formal trousers in time for the regimental dinner.

#### SLICE

Leaving aside the oddballs like cucumber, there are three camps—lemon, lime or none. Those who take none are missing out and being far too frugal for my liking. Let’s move on.

Lemon or lime? We all know the pain of having that choice taken away by barmen working too fast. In a crowded bar, throw a glance at the options—if the lemon looks like it has been out too long, was sliced hours ago or just looks unappealing, go for the lime. It has a sharper flavour less likely to have gone stale but often will not complement the drink. It will be crisp but feel “wrong” at the same time.

Given a clear choice I would always go for lemon as I believe any right-thinking person would. The lemon has just the right edge for 99.99% of gin while lime brings too many memories of more “tropical” drinks.

I am aware that many people take theirs

with lime. Nothing wrong with that per se and certainly not a cause for violence, but I do find the bright green rather distracting and showy.

#### SEASON

Gin and Tonic is unhampered by season or time of year so it can always be enjoyed.

#### TIME

Sun over the yard arm? Its being past 12.00 somewhere in the Empire? Breakfast? To my mind, anytime after 1.30 pip-emma is perfect for the first G&T of the day. This would not be a day when I would be operating heavy machinery but when I was at leisure, with friends, before the day’s fun had begun. Alone I would have one at 4.30 if at home and 6.30 on a working day. One does not wish to get blotto before dinner, after all.

I would never have a G&T after dinner or 8.30. Even on a long summer’s night it is a pre-dinner drink to freshen the palate, wash away the dreary day’s dust and sharpen the appetite. To drink it post dinner is to drink it too late, when you should have moved through sherry, wine and port into new territory. The bar is well stocked, Sir, take advantage of its full range!

In conclusion, a Gin and Tonic is one of life’s greatest but most overlooked pleasures. An easy drink to make, available nearly everywhere, yet one with such a strong connection to the working day’s being over—dinner is coming, look at that sunset, where’s my formal shirt, had a terrible meeting today darling and so on—that it is as much a part of a good life as a full Sunday dinner or complaining about the weather while inside.

So next time you have a G&T, have a think about it while you sip. You have near infinite variation in this drink that seems so simple.





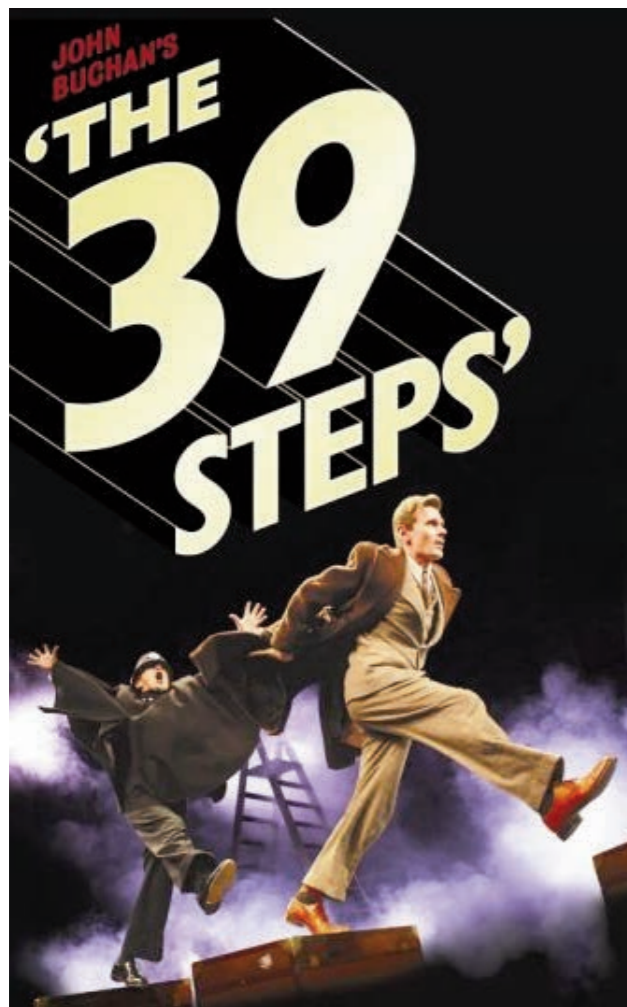


### CLUB NOTES

## Summer Party Approaches

PREPARATIONS FOR **MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN**, the New Sheridan Club's summer party, continue apace, and a reasonably reliable list of the Grand Raffle prizes so far ~~stolen~~ traded for has been drawn up—see the handbill reproduced opposite.

I would particularly draw your attention to the fact that toothsome Oriental food will be available in the evening at the party venue and the fact that the day's entertainment starts long before that: at 12.30pm we'll be having lunch at the delightfully ramshackle (and dirt cheap) India Club (on the second floor of the Strand



Continental Hotel building, 143 Strand, London WC2R 1JA). Then in the afternoon there is an Urban Safari game promising thrills, spills, cunning, bushcraft and an exciting prize for the victor.

In fact, I'll warrant that Actuarious will actually start the day earlier, at 11am in the Rivoli Bar of the Ritz Hotel, if anyone would care to join him.

## Special Theatre Offer for "The 39 Steps"

DON'T FORGET also that on the evening before the party, Friday 18th July, we have organised a group booking to see the light-hearted stage adaptation of John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* at the Criterion Theatre. For the occasion the theatre has discounted the tickets from £42.50 to just £19.95. Please email [mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk) if you would like to go, so we can reassure the venue that the tickets will be used. For more details of the production see [www.love39steps.com](http://www.love39steps.com).

## New Members

WE'D LIKE to welcome Matthew Dupuy, Major Reggie Iyse-Waughter, Rupert Willoughby, Timothy Yeo, Theo Wang, Gillian Bennetts and Cathal Tohil, all of whom have joined the NSC in the last month. We hope to be seeing you all in the flesh in due course.

## Forthcoming Events

*No space this time: please check the Events page at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk) for the latest details*

**Open Day at Kensal Green Cemetary**  
Saturday 5th July, 11am–5pm (tours of the catacombs from 11.30am)  
Kensal Green Cemetary, Harrow Rd, London W10 4RA

Described by *The Evening Standard* last year as "A cross between a funeral, a gig by the Cure and a village fête." Sounds like a picnic to me.

COLONIAL ECCENTRICS

The New Sheridan Club

presents its **Summer Party**

THE BRITISH ABROAD

# MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

SATURDAY 19TH JULY

7pm till 1am

**Positively 4th Street**, 119 Hampstead Road, London NW1 3EE (Warren St ☺)

**Admission:** Members FREE, non-Members £5 (which may be offset against Membership if you join on the night)

**Dress:** Heat and dust, Colonial administrators gone native, white mischief, interesting drug addictions, Noel Coward, French Foreign Legion, Oriental fleshpots, Man's eternal heart of darkness and, oh, those damned drums!

**IN THE LONG BAR THERE WILL BE FINE COCKTAILS AND PERFORMERS:**

**Mr B. the Gentleman Rhymer** with his own brand of "chap hop" • **Joe Paice** leads a Noel Coward singalong from the piano • poet **Niall Spooner-Harvey** celebrates his birthday • Exotic **Belly Dancing!**

**IN THE OPIUM DEN THERE WILL BE ASSIGNATIONS, SILLY GAMES AND THE DISSIPATION OF HOPE:**

Miniature live **Tiger Shoot** • **Pin the Sundowner on the Ex-Pat** • Test your **Knowledge of the Empire**  
• Beat the **Tomb-Raider's Curse**

**PLUS! Table-to-table missionary service** • Return of the free **Snuff Bar** with 24 varieties • bathrooms stocked with fine **soaps, pomades, colognes and moustache wax** • **Prizes** for costumes, behaviour and grand futile gestures, such as building railways to nowhere through the jungle or dragging ships over mountains

FINE ORIENTAL  
CUISINE SERVED

THE GRAND RAFFLE!  
SEE OVERLEAF FOR PRIZES



DAYTIME BONUS ACTIVITIES: **LUNCH AT THE INDIA CLUB**  
**THE GREAT URBAN SAFARI GAME WITH SPLENDID PRIZES**

Email [telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk) for details



# THE GRAND RAFFLE

Entrance is FREE, but to Members only—including anyone who joins on the night!  
(For details of the benefits and costs of Membership, see the Membership page at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk).)

## PRIZES SO FAR INCLUDE:

A pith helmet from **James Lock of St James's**, the world's finest hatter

A plane ride in a vintage De Havilland Dragon Rapide aeroplane

A genuine Fairtrade Panama hat from **Pachacuti**

A hamper of exotic meats—ostrich, wildebeest, springbok, kudu and impala

A bottle of **Martin Miller's** exquisite gin

An assortment of mixers from **Fever Tree**, makers of fine tonic water

A rubber plantation starter kit (rubber plant, macheté, neckerchief)

Dune perfume

Safari aftershave

An African mask

A Chinese parasol

Turkish delight sweetmeats

A 7-DVD set of Noel Coward plays

A book of Noel Coward lyrics and another of his letters

A hammock

Books: *Heart of Darkness*, *White Mischief*, *Teach Yourself Flying* and *Teach Yourself Cooking*

DVDs: *Out of Africa*, *Carry On Up the Khyber*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Khartoum*, *Zulu*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Four Feathers*, *Heat and Dust*, *A Passage to India...*

and for the unlucky...

A voucher good for (doubtless futile) psychiatric treatment

Enrolment into the French Foreign Legion

With special thanks to:



PACHACUTI



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



The Coach and Horses Presents  
**Foodie Quiz for Action Against Hunger.**

Wednesday 9th July

Time 6.30 for 7pm kick-off

The Coach and Horses, 26–28 Ray Street,  
Clerkenwell, London EC1 R 3DJ

Admission: £10

Pit your wits against media foodies and lay foodies alike, raise money for charity, enjoy nibbles and wine and maybe even win a magnum of champagne. All for the bargainous price of £10. The NSC has held a number of events at the Coach and Horses, and our host Giles will be in the role of eccentric quizmaster. The venue writes, "The rowdier and quirkier the better, so we'd be delighted if some of the Sheridan Massive could make it down." Sounds like a wager to me.

The Sohemian Society and the  
London Adventure Society Present  
**Danger and Madness in Earl's  
Court: The Sinister World of  
Patrick Hamilton**

Saturday 12th July

3pm

Meet at Earls Court station, Earls  
Court Road exit.

Admission: Free

This journey in deepest Hangover  
Square territory will take approximately  
two hours and conclude at the King's  
Head, 17 Hogarth Place (off Earls Court Road)  
Afterwards you can see the stage version of  
Hangover Square at the Finborough Theatre.  
More at [www.sohemians.com](http://www.sohemians.com).

**National Trust Victorian Music, Song and  
Entertainments**

12th–13th July

Time: 11am–4.30pm

Clumber Park, Worksop, Nottinghamshire S80  
3AZ (01909 544917)

Admission: Free (modest parking charge applies;  
National Trust members free)

An event bringing the early Victorian world of  
the 1830s and 40s to life, with music and song,  
entertainments and characters. Find out about  
fashion, science and inventions, and join in with

a "distinctly dodgy (but very funny)" election  
husting. The mind boggles.

**First Greenwich Beer and Jazz Festival**

16th–20th July

12pm–10.30pm

Admission: £7 before 5pm (concessions,  
including CAMRA members, £6); £12.50 after  
5pm (concessions £11.50)

The Old Royal Naval College, Greenwich,  
London SE10

Held outdoors in marquees in the grounds of  
this picturesque location, about ten minutes'  
walk from Greenwich railway station and about  
a minute from Cutty Sark DLR, this event  
replaces the Catford Beer Festival and is

organised in part by our own Mr Ian  
White, in association with PWR  
events. There will be more than 70  
beers, 25 ciders, many imported  
beers and country wines. Live  
entertainment will include Snake  
Davis, Zoot Money's Big Roll Band,  
Gentle Jim McIntosh and the  
Jazzaholics, Bootleg Blues Brothers,  
The Commitments and Boogie  
Lightening. If this isn't your cup of  
tea there will also be a quiet area.  
Good quality food will also be  
available to soak up the beer. All  
guests get a souvenir glass.

Further gen at [www.greenwichbeerandjazz.com](http://www.greenwichbeerandjazz.com)

or the  
regional CAMRA website [www.selcamra.org.uk](http://www.selcamra.org.uk).



The Coach and Horses Presents  
**An Italian Food and Wine Night.**

Wednesday 16th July

The Coach and Horses, 26-28 Ray Street,  
Clerkenwell, London EC1 R 3DJ

Time 7pm–8.30pm

Admission: £10

For centuries Clerkenwell has been London's  
Little Italy, and every year a traditional Italian  
procession and festival are held right outside  
this pub. To celebrate they are having an  
evening of food and wine pairing: 8 wines will  
be on taste and matched with antipasto goodies.  
The evening will be hosted by encyclopaedic  
Italophile Chris McCann of GWC.





Until next time, Chumrades!

[telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:telegrams@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

[mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrarbutnot@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

[mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrscarheart@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

[mrscotney-lecheyne@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrscotney-lecheyne@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

[mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk](mailto:mrhartley@newsheridanclub.co.uk)

FOR THE LATEST information on what the Club is up to and has done, who has been arrested, etc., have a squizz at [www.newsheridanclub.co.uk](http://www.newsheridanclub.co.uk). For those of a more technological bent, you can also help spread the word by becoming a “friend” of the NSC in its “Myspace” incarnation at [www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub](http://www.myspace.com/newsheridanclub). There is also a “Facebook” page but how you get there I have no idea. We dare not vouch for those who link to our “Myspace” and “Facebook” pages but most of them seem to be good eggs.